

OFFICIAL FOOTBALL REVIEW

UNIVERSITY
NOTRE DAME

1931



ROCKNE
MEMORIAL
EDITION

THE
LACED
WIVES

MADE IN
AMERICA

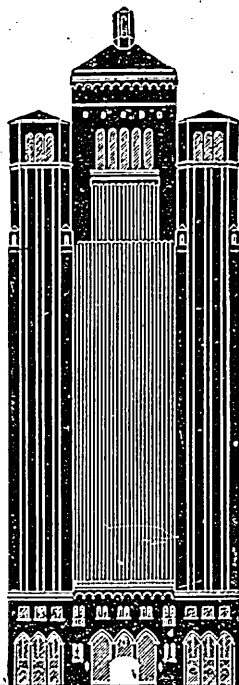
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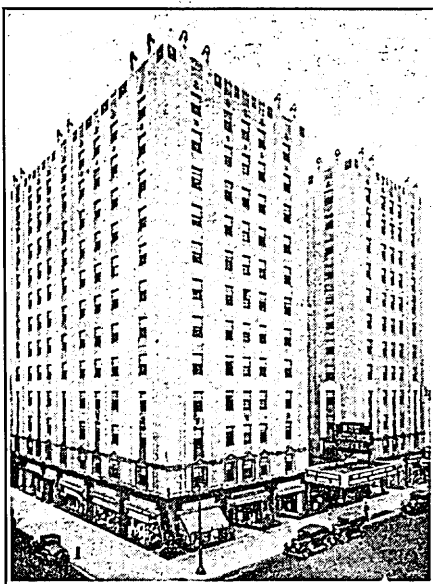
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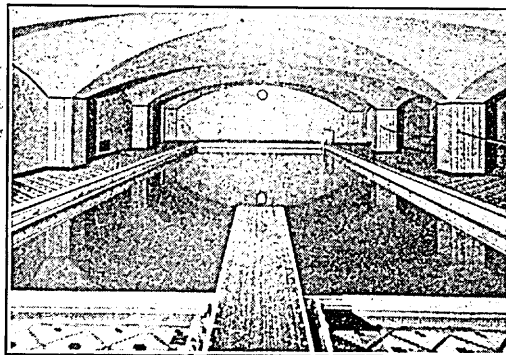
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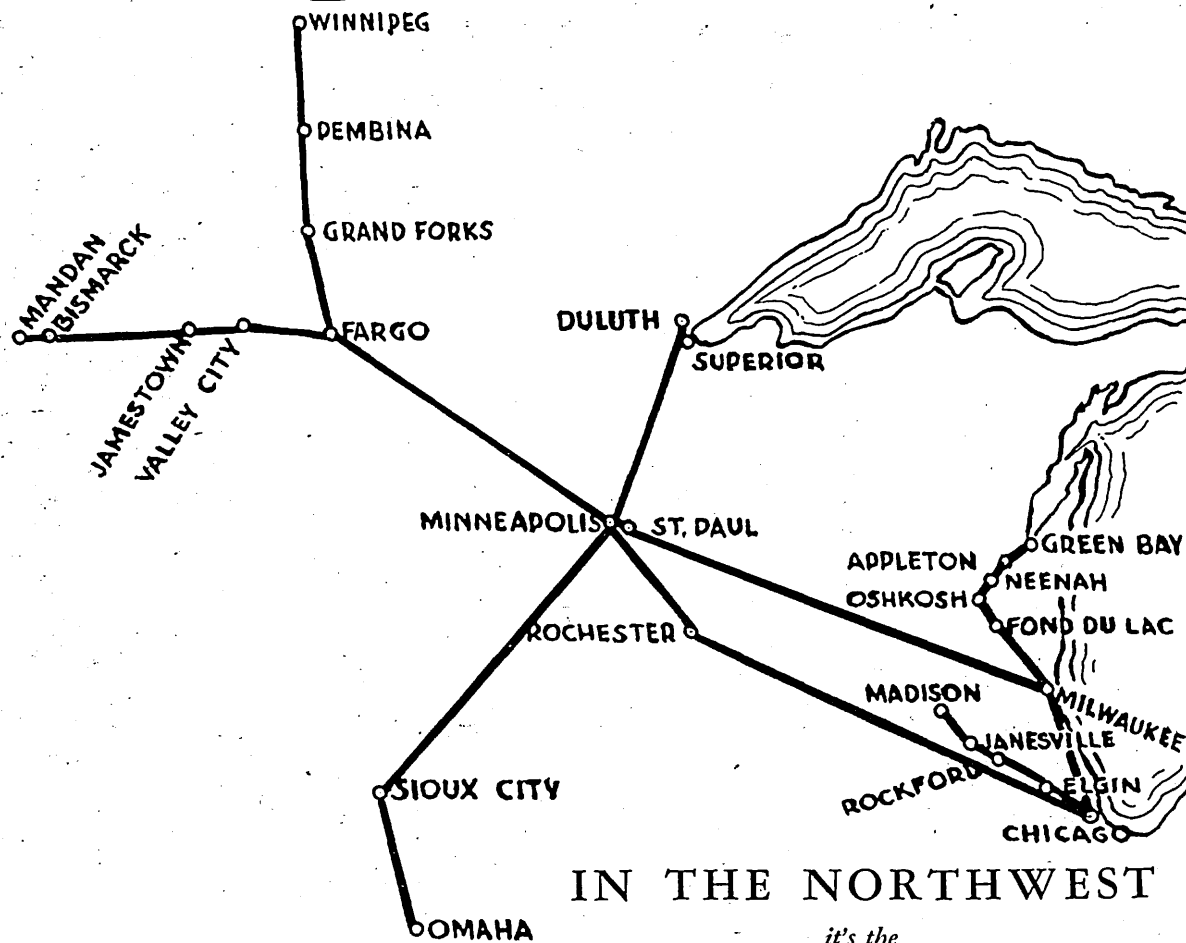
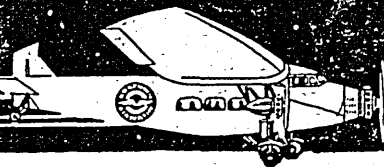
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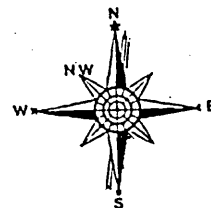


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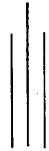
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« 1931 »

Official Football Review

ROCKNE MEMORIAL EDITION



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Jack Elder	Neil C. Hurley
Ted Husing	John A. Kiener
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Feg Murray	James McFeely
George Kirksey	George A. Belting
Alan Gould	Walter Kennedy
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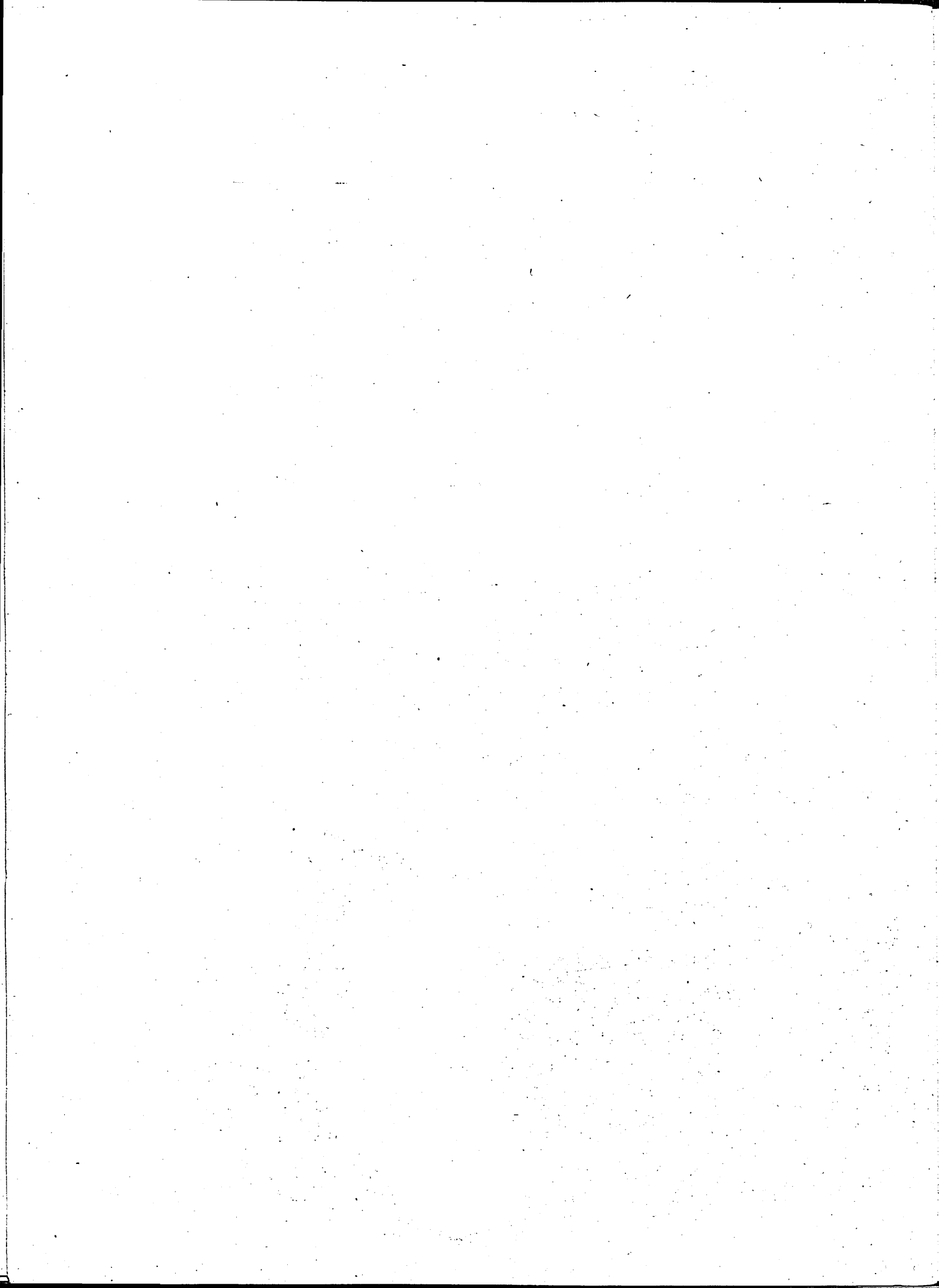
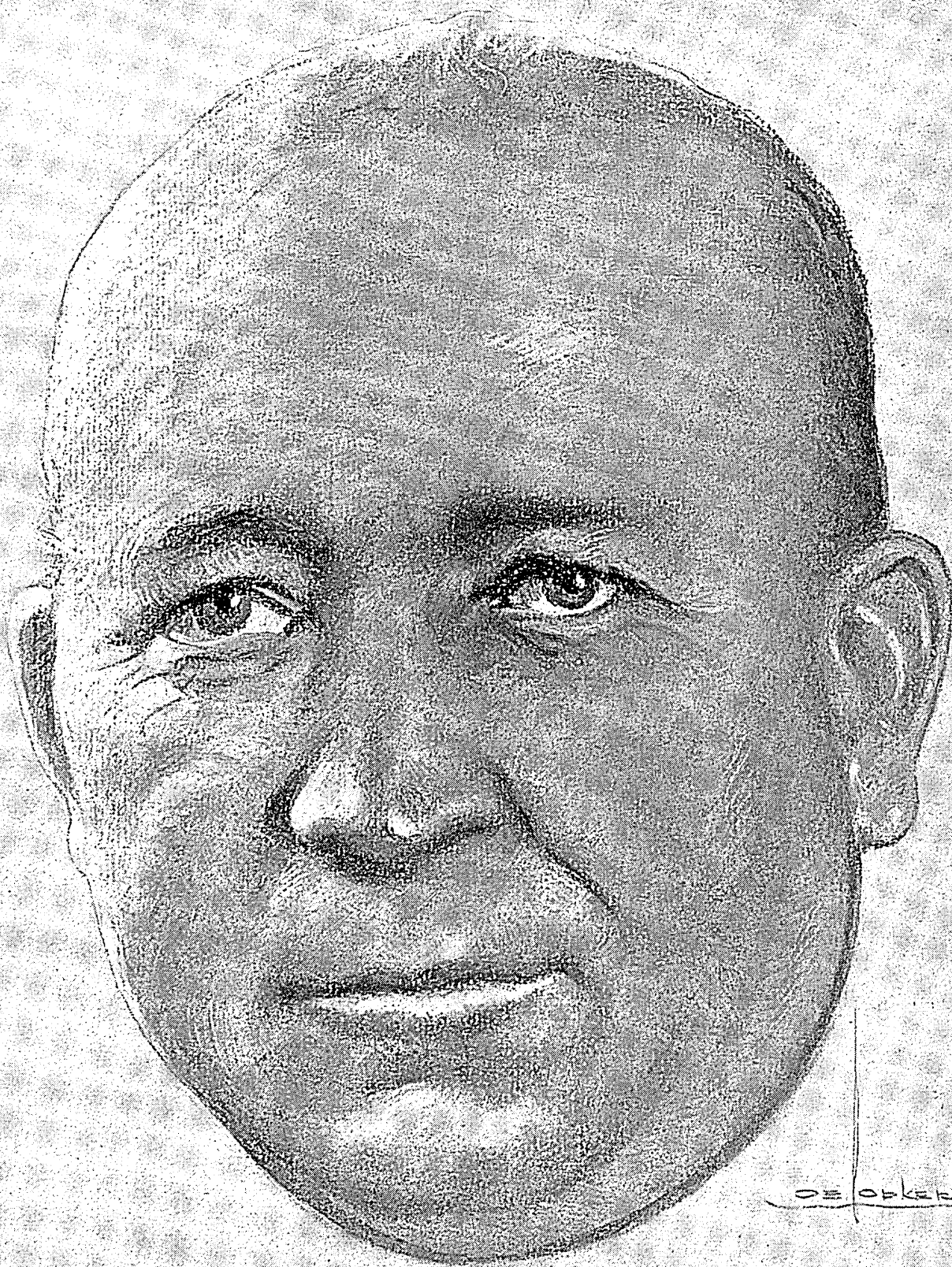


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DEDICATION



THIS edition of the OFFICIAL
FOOTBALL REVIEW is
respectfully dedicated to the
memory of
KNUTE K. ROCKNE

*IN MEASURED beat I hear your teams
march by,*

*Dim ghosts of yesterday, whose work is done;
And where young April's glow should light the
sky*

*There is a shadow now across the sun.
O, spirit brighter than the flaming ship
That drove you downward on life's final trip.*

*And now the curtain falls. Yes, other teams
Upon remembered fields will hold their sway;
But will they bring the same for lasting dreams
To span the sunset of an older day?
What master brush will paint for weary eyes
After a flame rode down the western skies?*

—GRANTLAND RICE.

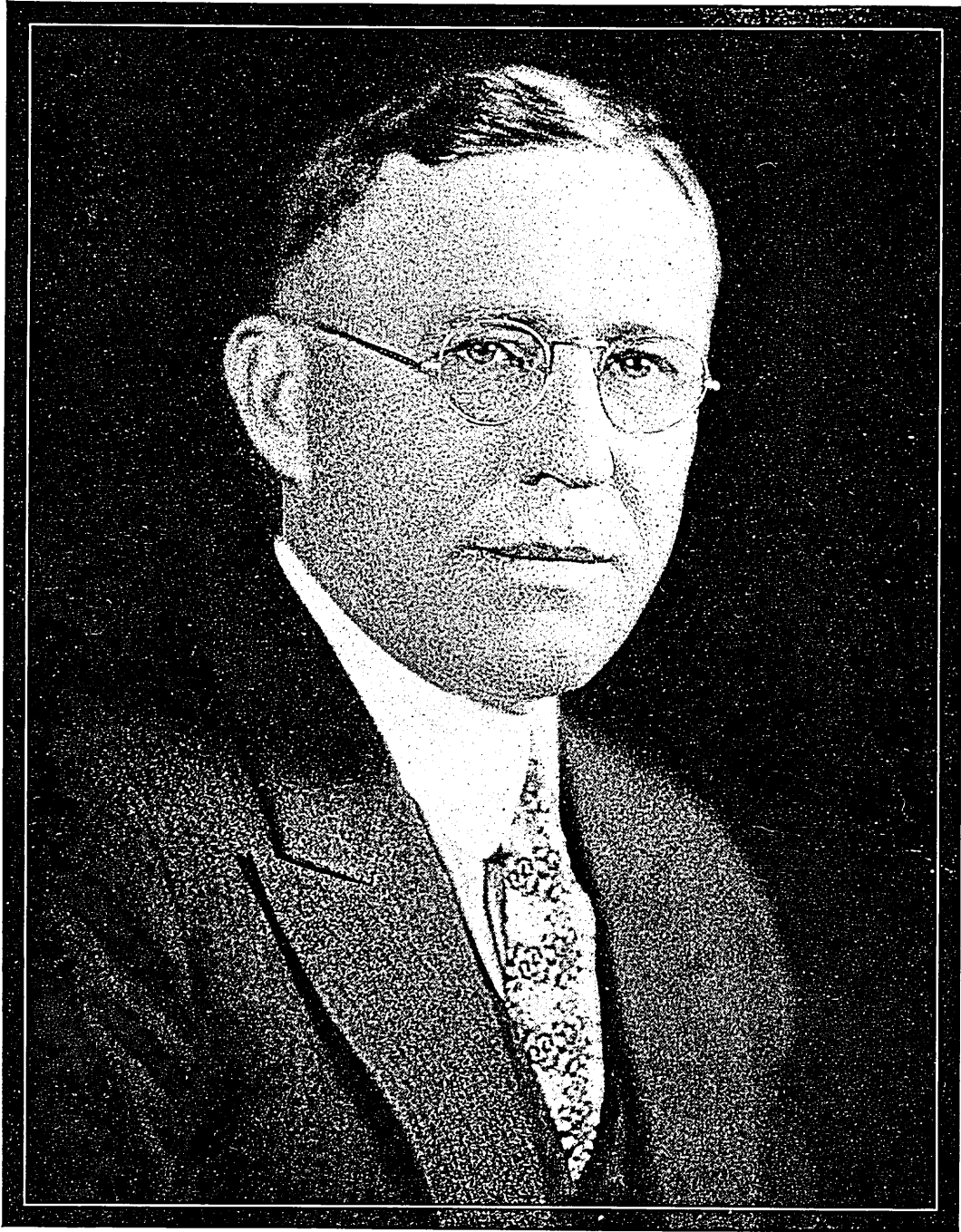


REV. CHARLES LEO O'DONNELL, C.S.C.
President, University of Notre Dame

*I*F ONE speaks of a particular sport directly and exclusively, it is because that particular subject is under discussion. One would hardly expect in a FOOTBALL REVIEW a statement from the President of the University on important work done in other fields, such as an epoch-making discovery, say, in the field of Chemistry. The point is that, due proportion being kept among all the interests and concerns of life at Notre Dame, football has its assured place, and, happily, it is a place of honor.

The record of this season illustrates and confirms this judgment. Notwithstanding the catastrophic blow that took from us "the greatest coach American football has known," and notwithstanding the loss of players identified with two national championships in successive years, the coaches and the players of this year have achieved such distinction as fully to repay and justify the confidence of the student body whom they represent and all friends of Notre Dame. It is not likely that this particular sport will ever lose its position of honor in the range of extra-curricular activities at Notre Dame.

—CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.



JESSE C. HARPER
Director of Athletics

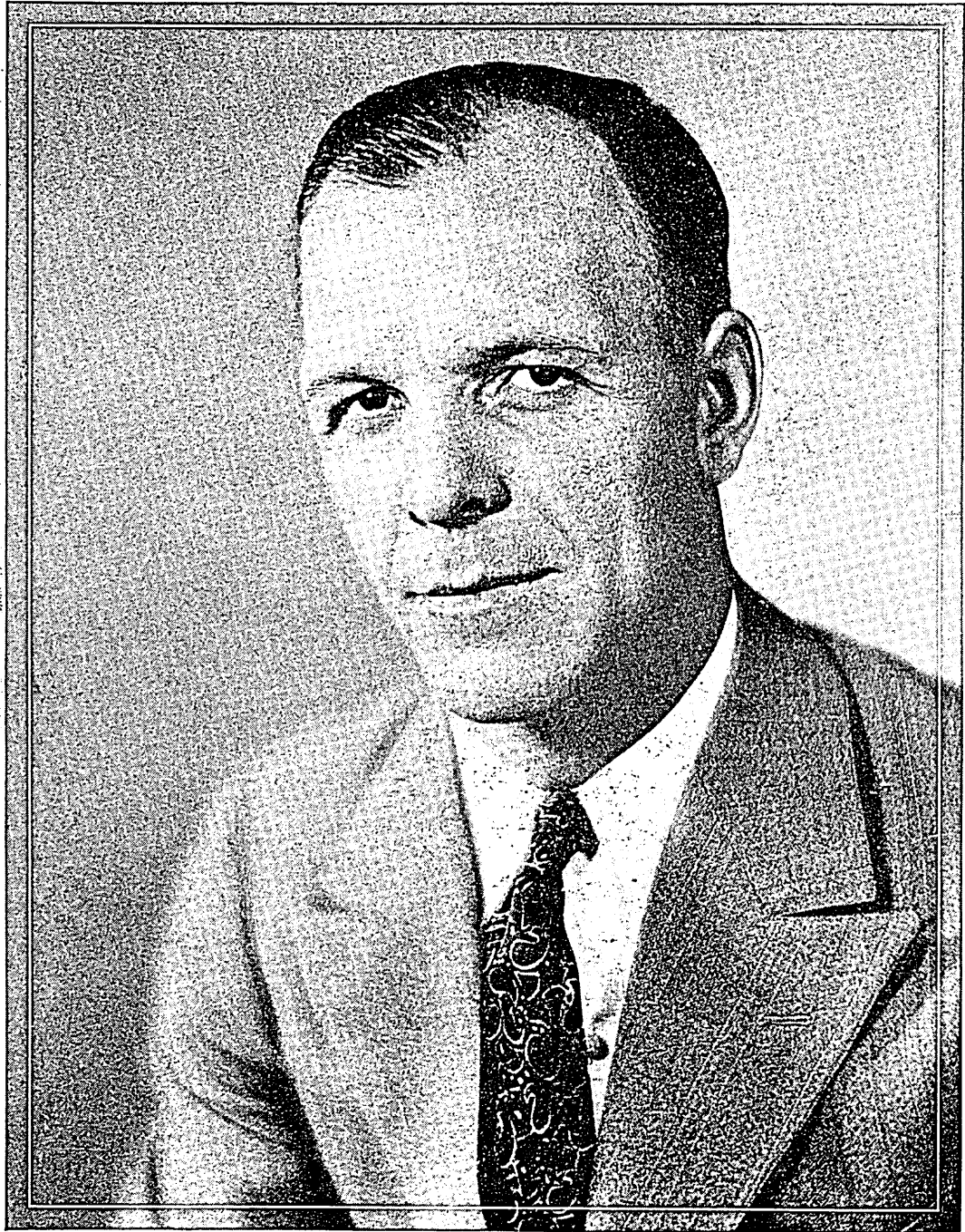
THE PAST season has been characterized by the wonderful spirit of the players, their interest in their work, and their willingness to help one another. They were always on time for practice, there was no ill-will because a man was demoted from the first team to the second or third team. Everyone apparently was glad when a second or third team man was good enough to come up and beat a first team man out of his job.

A great deal of this was due to our Senior Coach, "Hunk" Anderson, who has the same responsibilities as the head coach at other schools. Never have I seen a squad like and respect a coach more than the 1931 team did Anderson. And he was fortunate in having the assistance of Junior Coach Jack Chevigny, End Coach Ike Voedisch, and Center Coach John Frederick.

Our relations with all our opponents were delightful and not once has a visiting coach or team had anything but praise for our men on the team and for the treatment received at Notre Dame. This was due largely to the work of our efficient group of student managers, headed by John Grams, who was assisted by Joe E. McKean and Charles Weiss. They played their part in the success of the football team and also in the entertainment of visiting teams.

We can say truthfully that our treatment from and associations with all of our opponents whom we played on their own fields was all that we could ask.

—JESSE C. HARPER.



COACH HEARTLY W. (HUNK) ANDERSON

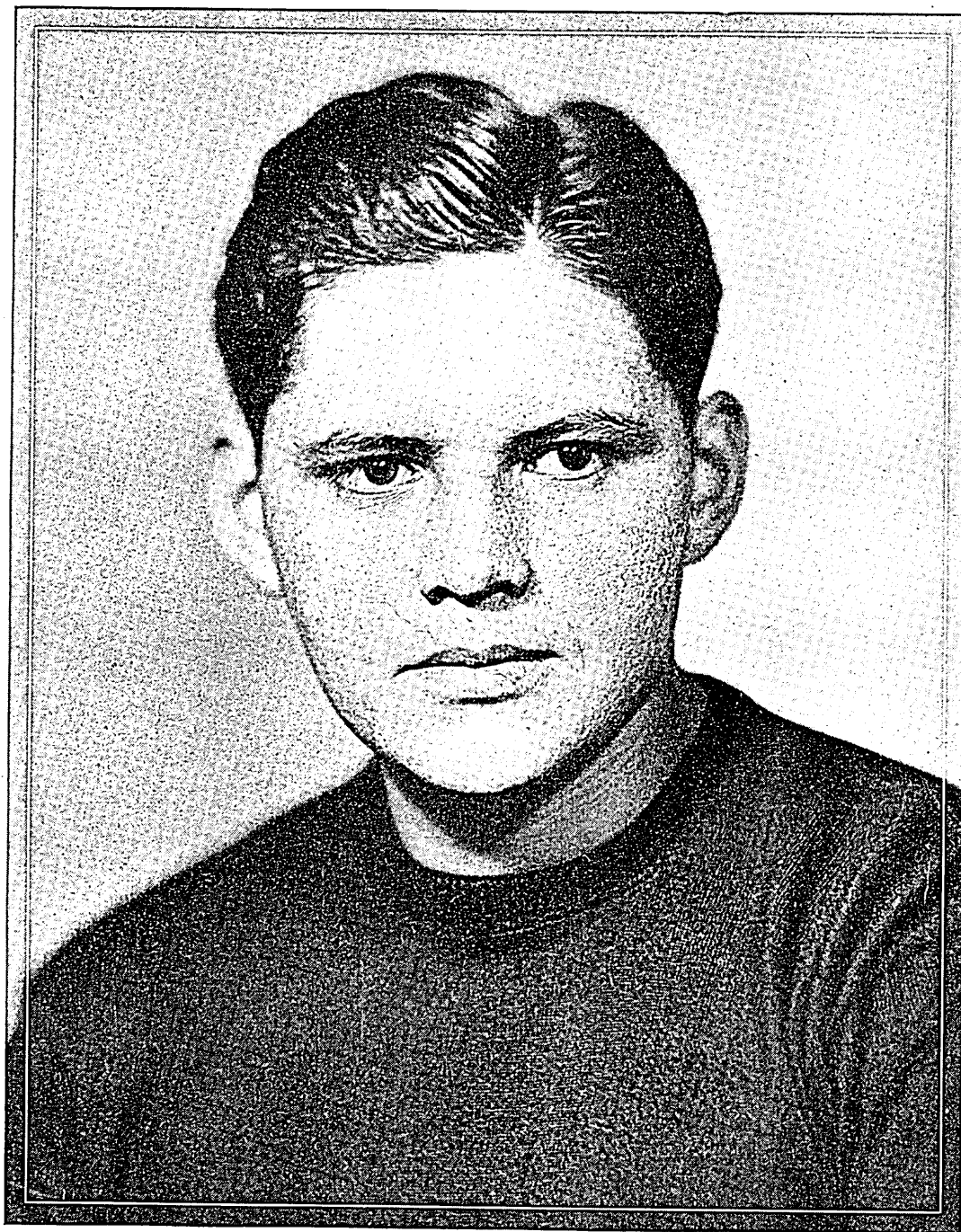
NOTRE DAME has just passed through one of the hardest athletic seasons in its history, but the co-operation of everyone concerned made it a successful one.

I want first of all to thank the players for the great spirit and willingness they showed both in practice and in games. They were always prompt at practice and never questioned anything the coaches had to tell them. In games they fought their hearts out week after week like true sons of Notre Dame.

The university administration and the athletic board has co-operated at all times with the coaches to make things as easy as possible. Much credit for the season should go, too, to the other coaches who were of great help to me and who worked untiringly with me. A word of thanks to the student managers for their great efficiency and work.

Finally, I want to thank the students, faculty, alumni, fans, and our opponents for the way they received me in my first year as coach. I felt that I had the support of all Notre Dame supporters at all times and our relations with our opponents were of the finest.

—HEARTLY W. ANDERSON.



CAPTAIN THOMAS YARR

I AM GLAD of this opportunity to thank the members of the 1931 team for their confidence in me in making me captain, and for the wonderful spirit of co-operation they showed.

In the name of the team, I want to thank "Hunk" Anderson and the other coaches for the lessons they taught us and for the way they gave themselves up to work for the success of the team.

The students showed their true manhood by standing behind the team, win or lose, every day of the year, and the football men want me to thank them for this support. Our defeat was the real test of their loyalty which had not been tested in the previous two years. And let me say that they took it like real Notre Dame men.

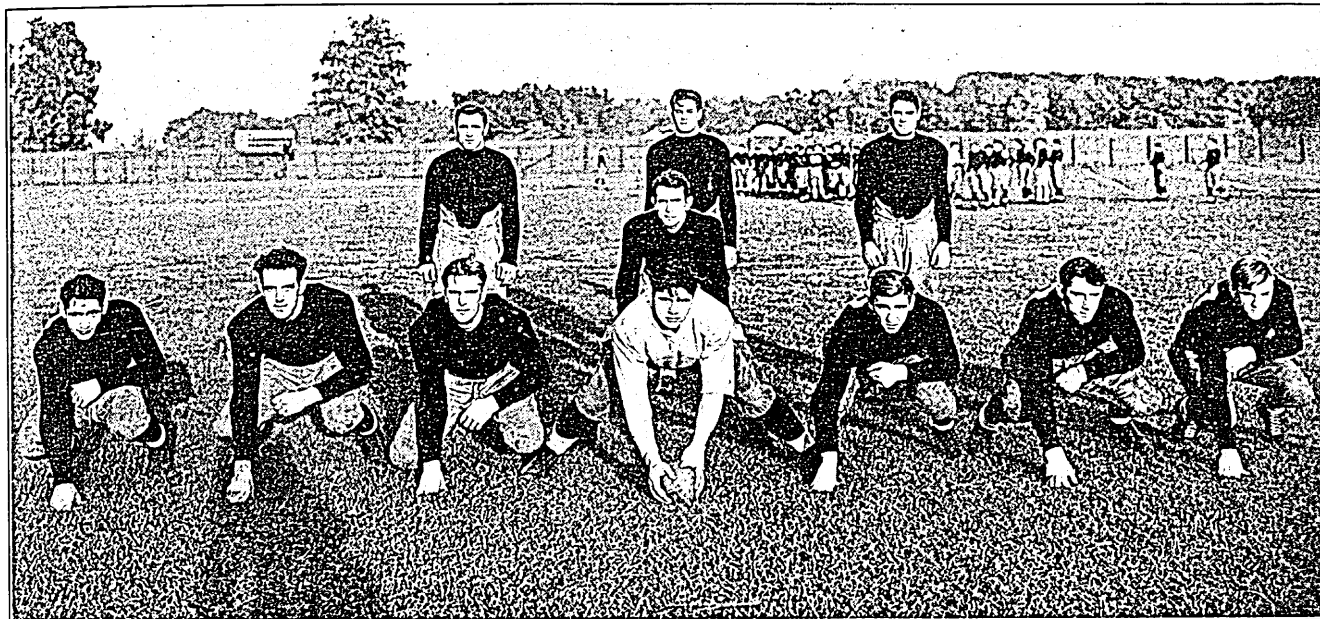
The best of luck to next year's team, and to the reserves, and freshmen who helped the varsity so greatly this year.

—THOMAS YARR.

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- L. J. Adams
Chicago, Illinois
- Eugene D. Baerle
Paterson, New Jersey
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- William Bonfield
Oakland, Calif.
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Chicago, Illinois
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Chicago, Illinois
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Chicago, Illinois
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- John C. Burns
LaCrosse, Wisconsin
- James C. Carlyle
Chicago, Illinois
- Leo J. Chelminiak
South Bend, Indiana
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Chicago, Illinois
- Madeleine G. Cullinan
Chicago, Illinois
- Leonard R. Condon
Rockford, Illinois
- W. J. Corbett
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Chicago, Illinois
- Frank J. Callahan
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Hartford, Conn.
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Chicago, Illinois
- Thomas J. Cronin
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Flint, Michigan
- Robert Livingston Cahill
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- Herbert G. Callan
Newark, N. J.
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New York, N. Y.
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They Carried On!



SHEEKETSKI MELINKOVICH SCHWARTZ
JASKWHICH
DE VORE KURTH HOFFMANN CAPT. YARR HARRIS KRAUSE KOSKY

1931 Record

Notre Dame	25; Indiana	0
Notre Dame	0; Northwestern	0
Notre Dame	63; Drake	0
Notre Dame	25; Pittsburgh	12
Notre Dame	19; Carnegie Tech	0
Notre Dame	49; Pennsylvania	0
Notre Dame	20; Navy	0
Notre Dame	14; Southern California	16
Notre Dame	0; Army	12

1931 Coaching Staff

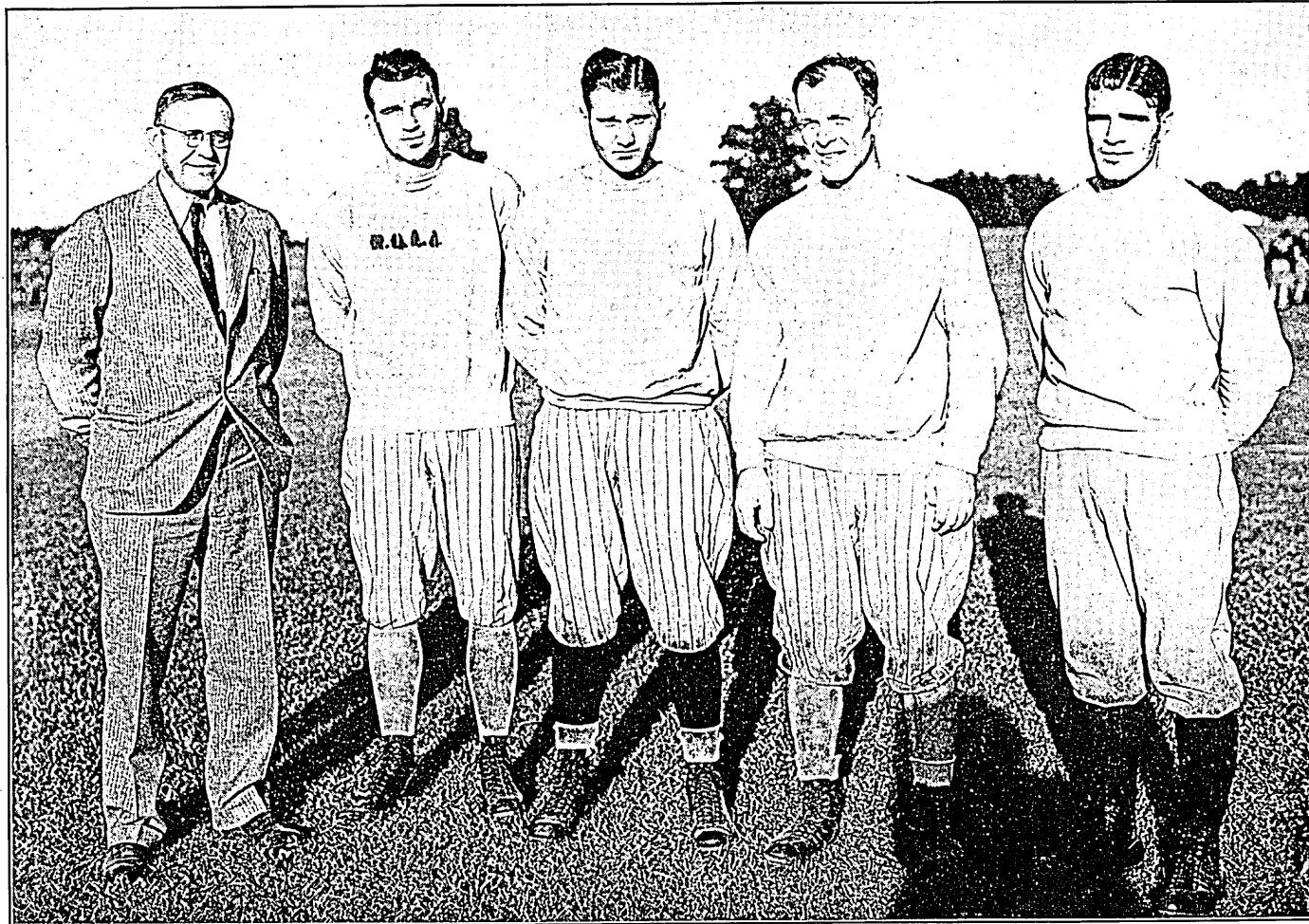
Heartly W. Anderson	Senior Coach
John E. Chevigny	Junior Coach
John (Ike) Voedisch	Assistant Coach
John Frederick	Center Coach
Art. Parisien	Freshman Coach
Clarence Kaplan	Freshman Coach
John Carberry	Freshman Coach
Art Kline	Freshman Coach

Varsity Personnel

Thomas Yarr, Captain

Benjamin Alexander	Alvin Culver	James Harris	Joseph Kurth	Regis McNamara
Stephen Banas	Hugh DeVore	Nordoff Hoffmann	Frank LaBorne	William Pierce
Fred Barstow	Jack Flynn	Paul Host	Bernard Leahy	Joseph Pivarnik
Ray Brancheau	Joseph Foley	Charles Jaskwhich	James Leonard	John Rogers
Frank Canale	Hubert Gildea	Michael Koken	H. Richard Mahony	Joseph Sheeketski
James Carmody	Thomas Gorman	Edwin Kosky	George Melinkovich	Marchmont Schwartz
Norbert Christman	Norman Greeney	George Kozac	Duke Millheam	Laurie Vejar
Carl Cronin	Reuben Grundeman	Edward Krause	Emmett Murphy	Harry Wunsch

Rockne's Heritage



JESSE C. HARPER JOHN FREDERICK JOHN T. VOEDISCH HEARTLY W. ANDERSON JACK E. CHEVIGNY

Varsity Coaches

JESSE C. HARPER

Director of Athletics

When Jesse Harper left Notre Dame in the spring of 1918 he thought he was through in an active way with the university. He had spent five successful years as head coach of football, baseball, and basketball and he had handled the athletic administration of the university commendably.

He had left young Knute Rockne in charge of football and track. He looked around his little office for the last time and left for a ranch in Kansas. He had turned out football teams that lost only five games in five years. His basketball and baseball teams were not far behind. He had scheduled games in all sports in all sections of the country but the far west.

He was content to look on at the rapid rise of his young protégé—his captain and star left end in 1913—now and then to

advise him, always to take pride in the way his chosen successor was carrying on his work.

Then last spring Knute Rockne crashed to his death and the situation was reversed. Harper was the one man the university could turn to with confidence and ask to replace Rockne. He responded gladly, putting aside his duties as the president of the Live Stock Growers' association in Kansas.

At Mr. Harper's request, let us say that he has had nothing to do with actual coaching—he has left this up to "Hunk" Anderson in football and to the other coaches of other sports.

The university is glad to welcome Jesse Harper back to its fold. He has proved himself one of Notre Dame's greatest friends—may relations between him and the university in the future be as pleasant and as mutually satisfactory as in the past!

HEARTLY W. (HUNK) ANDERSON

Senior Football Coach

"Rockne built for the future and his greatest heritage to Notre Dame was Coach 'Hunk' Anderson." These words, scanned in a newspaper last fall, tell more eloquently than we can the story of the successor to Rockne on the coaching field.

One of Rockne's greatest linemen back in the days when the lamented Notre Dame leader was getting his first recognition, "Hunk" was content to move along in the background as Rockne's line coach for eight years. Once, in 1928, he left the university for two years and became head coach at St. Louis, Mo., university. But this was not to his liking and he returned in 1930 to mold the line of that year's national champions just as he had provided the Four Horsemen of 1924 with an advance guard for their devastating rides.

As a player, "Hunk" was quiet and modest. Asked to address a pep meeting, he blushed and muttered, "I'll do the best we can." As an assistant coach, he was equally backward; that is,

in everything but coaching. And now that he's the head man for Notre Dame, he's the same old "Hunker." Without knowing it, he has inspired the men of the 1931 team to go out and fight as they fought for Rockne, to die if necessary. The boys on this team love Anderson—he talks their language, he shows them how to play but doesn't ride them; he doesn't believe much in pep talks and inspiration because his team is good enough to beat the average good team without artificial stimulus. He's with the boys; they feel that they are close to him.

His results? Six victories, a tie with the best team in the Western Conference under impossible playing conditions and two defeats to what were the best teams in the country the days they met Notre Dame—not bad for a starter, when you are playing top-notch teams every Saturday of the year.

"Hunk" will carry on for Rockne; he'll do it without any fireworks; he'll do it thoroughly, and you'll like him. He's that kind of a guy.

JOHN E. CHEVIGNY

Junior Coach

Two plays stand out in our mind among the greatest in football history. In one a green-jersied halfback is throwing himself bodily over a mass of struggling linemen and shouting, "There's one for the Gipper!" The other is this same player the following week with his team behind him, 27 to 7, lunging furiously at a 200-pound fullback who is driving through a gaping hole in the beaten team's line. He hits this charging mass of muscle, grasps at his mud-covered socks, and falls to the ground limp, exhausted.

In the first play, Jack Chevigny is leading Rockne's weakest but most courageous team—that of 1928—to a 12 to 6 victory over a powerful Army team at New York. In the second, this

same Chevigny is showing himself to be as great in defeat as he was in the previous week's victory when Carnegie Tech beat Notre Dame at Cartier Field. In both games, Chevigny played his heart out and came back for more like the thoroughbred.

Rockne liked him so well that in 1929 he made him coach of his backfield. In three years, Chevigny has turned three all-American stars, Carideo, Brill, and Schwartz. Playing with the same three teams, Chevigny undoubtedly would have been all-American himself. This year, with characteristic thoroughness, he replaced all the lost backs of those two national championship campaigns of 1929 and 1930 and from nowhere brought out a new set—or was it three sets?—of horsemen.

JOHN (IKE) VOEDISCH

Assistant Coach

It's hard to say anything about "Ike" Voedisch because he never says anything about himself. The quietest man on the practice field, he is equally quiet and likeable outside of coaching hours. This year he turned out Kosky, Host, Mahony and

DeVore, and if you can beat that combination of ends anywhere, we'll quit right here. "Ike" starred at end himself up to and including the 1927 season. He has been turning them out nearly as good as he was ever since.

JOHN FREDERICK

Center Coach

Johnny Frederick got his first look at Notre Dame football as center on the freshman squad in 1924 when the Four Horsemen used to condescend now and then to run through the frosh in scrimmage. The next two years he played under all-American Arthur (Bud) Boeringer. In 1927, he developed himself into

one of Notre Dame's greatest, although more or less unsung, varsity centers. This year he brought Tom Gorman and Ben Alexander along at a fast clip. They'll be varsity next year and we'll leave it up to you then whether or not Frederick knows his line play.

Varsity Roster

Name	Position	Home Town	Prep School	Age	Wt.	Ht.	Years On Squad
Acers, Julian	L. H.	Chicago, Ill.	Campion	21	175	5:11	0
Alexander, Benjamin	C.	San Marino, Cal.	S. Pasadena High	22	185	6:	1
Aug, George	C.	Cincinnati, Ohio	Elder	20	185	6:1	0
Banas, Steve	F. B.	East Chicago, Ind.	Cath. Cent. Hammond	22	188	5:11	1
Barstow, Fred	R. T.	Menominee, Mich.	Menominee High	19	207	6:2	1
Begley, John	R. E.	Cleveland, Ohio	Holy Name	20	185	6:	0
Beirne, Roger	L. E.	Fairfield, Conn.	Peddle	20	175	6:1	0
Blake, Marion	F. B.	Tulsa, Okla.	Holy Family	20	186	5:11	0
Boland, Raymond	Q. B.	Chicago, Ill.	De LaSalle	20	160	5:7	0
Bolger, Charles	L. E.	Chicago, Ill.	De LaSalle	20	170	6:1	0
Bosco, James	Q. B.	Maywood, Ill.	Proviso High	22	158	5:7	0
Brancheau, Ray	R. H.	Monroe, Mich.	Monroe High	21	180	5:10	1
Burke, Vince	Q. B.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Sacred Heart High	19	152	5:9	0
Canale, Frank	L. E.	Memphis, Tenn.	Catholic High	20	190	6:	0
Carmody, James	R. T.	Chicago, Ill.	Mt. Carmel	21	210	6:1	1
Cavanaugh, Vincent	R. G.	Chicago, Ill.	St. Ignatius	21	175	5:10	0
Chapman, Richard	L. G.	Los Angeles, Cal.	Los Angeles High	20	175	5:8	0
Christman, Norb	Q. B.	Green Bay, Wis.	E. Green Bay	21	172	5:9	2
Cousino, Bernard	R. T.	Toledo, Ohio	St. John's	21	175	6:	0
Cronin, Carl	R. H.	Chicago, Ill.	St. Rita's	22	157	5:7	3
Culver, Alvin	L. T.	Wilmette, Ill.	St. Thos., St. Paul	23	212	6:2	3
Curry, Wally	Q. B.	Hastings, Nebr.	Hastings High	20	150	5:10	0
DeVore, Hugh	R. E.	Bloomfield, N. J.	St. Benedict's	20	180	6:	1
Donovan, Robert	Q. B.	New York City	Fordham Prep	20	160	5:8	0
Finneran, Gerald	R. E.	New York City	George Washington	21	190	6:3	0
Flynn, Jack	R. T.	Quincy, Ill.	Quincy High	19	196	6:	1
Foley, Joe	Q. B.	Jacksonville, Fla.	Robert E. Lee	21	158	5:7	1
Franklin, Randolph	R. E.	Youngstown, Ohio	South High	21	174	5:11	0
Gildea, Hubert	L. E.	New Haven, Conn.	Milford & Hillhouse	20	188	6:1	1
Gleeson, Edw. M.	L. G.	Chicago, Ill.	St. Mel's	20	186	6:1	1
Gorman, Tom	C.	Chicago, Ill.	St. Phillip's	21	187	6:	1
Greeney, Norman	L. G.	Cleveland, Ohio	John Marshall	22	185	5:11	2
Grundeman, Reuben	F. B.	Merrill, Wis.	Merrill High	20	183	5:11	1
Hafron, Charles	R. E.	South Bend, Ind.	South Bend High	21	165	5:11	0
Halpin, Robert	C.	New Haven, Conn.	New Haven High	20	178	6:	0
Harris, James	L. G.	Bellaire, Ohio	Linsley (Bellaire)	22	187	5:9	2
Hoffmann, Frank Nurdy	R. G.	Seattle, Wash.	St. Martin's	21	204	6:2	2
Host, Paul	L. E.	LaCrosse, Wis.	LaCrosse High	21	175	5:11	2
Jaskwhich, Charles	Q. B.	Kenosha, Wis.	Kenosha High	20	174	5:11	2
Jehle, Frank	L. T.	Detroit, Mich.	Western High	20	195	6:1	0
Johnson, Harold	R. H.	Kewanee, Ill.	Kewanee High	20	175	5:9	0
Kennedy, Ken	R. T.	Chicago, Ill.	Papillion (Neb.) High	19	188	6:1	0
Kieltyka, Steve	L. T.	Yonkers, N. Y.	Yonkers High	19	200	6:	0
Koken, Mike	L. H.	Youngstown, Ohio	South High	22	170	5:9	2
Kosky, Edwin	L. E.	Yonkers, N. Y.	Yonkers High	21	185	6:	2
Kozak, George	R. T.	Cleveland, Ohio	Holy Name High	22	198	6:2	1
Krause, Ed.	L. T.	Chicago, Ill.	De LaSalle	19	210	6:3	1
Krusiec, E. F.	F. B.	Chicago, Ill.	De LaSalle	20	180	5:8	0

Varsity Roster

Name	Position	Home Town	Prep School	Age	Wt.	Ht.	Years On Squad
Kurth, Joe	R. T.	Los Angeles, Cal.	Madison, Wis. High	21	200	6:1	2
LaBorne, Frank	L. H.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Brooklyn Prep	21	163	5:10	1
Leahy, Bernie	R. H.	Chicago, Ill.	St. Mel's	22	175	5:10	3
Leding, Mike	L. T.	South Bend, Ind.	South Bend High	21	180	6:1	0
Loughery, Charles	L. E.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Brooklyn Prep	21	190	6:2	0
Leonard, James	F. B.	Pedricktown, N. J.	St. Joseph's	20	190	6:	1
Lynch, John	R. G.	Benton Harbor, Mich.	St. John's	19	200	6:2	0
Mahaffey, Tom	L. G.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Cathedral High	21	170	5:9	0
Mahony, Dick	R. E.	Cleveland, Ohio	Cathedral Latin	20	175	5:10	2
Malan, John	Q. B.	Hudson Falls, N. Y.	Hudson Falls High	20	160	5:10	0
Mariani, H.	L. T.	Pearl River, N. Y.	Pearl River High	20	193	5:11	0
Melinkovich, George	F. B.	Tooele, Utah	Tooele High	20	180	5:11	1
Millheam, Duke	R. H.	Beloit, Wis.	Beloit High	20	156	5:7	1
Mueller, Arthur	R. G.	Kew Gardens, L. I.		21	175	5:10	0
Murphy, Emmett	Q. B.	Duluth, Minn.	De LaSalle, K. C., Mo.	22	153	5:8	2
McCabe, Joseph	Q. B.	N. Attleboro, Mass.	N. Attleboro High	21	160	5:8	0
McCarthy, Edward	L. E.	Chicago, Ill.	Loyola	19	158	5:11	0
McClurg, John	F. B.	Providence, R. I.	Pawtucket High	20	160	5:8	0
McGuff, Al	Q. B.	Chicago, Ill.	St. Mel's	20	170	5:10	0
McKeever, Ed	R. H.	Spoffard, Tex.	St. Edward's	20	165	5:10	0
McNamara, Regis	R. T.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Binghampton, N. Y. H. S.	23	190	6:1	3
Nichols, Samuel	F. B.	Yazoo City, Miss.	Yazoo High	21	188	5:10	0
Paulson, Howard	L. G.	South Bend, Ind.	South Bend High	20	175	5:10	0
Pierce, Bill	R. G.	Sherman, Tex.	Sherman High	22	185	5:8	2
Pivarnik, Joe	L. G.	Bridgeport, Conn.	Harding High	19	195	5:9	1
Rascher, Norb	R. E.	Cedar Lake, Wis.	St. Viator	19	185	6:1	0
Reuland, Ray	R. E.	Reedsburg, Wis.	Reedsburg High	21	182	6:2	0
Roberts, Earl	L. E.	St. Louis, Mo.	University High	22	175	6:1	0
Robinson, John	C.	Huntington, N. Y.	Georgetown Prep	18	195	6:3	0
Rogers, John	C.	Alexis, Ill.	Alexis High	21	175	5:8	2
Rohrs, George	R. E.	New York City	Fordham Prep	20	168	5:10	0
Ryan, Jack	C.	Chicago, Ill.	St. Leo's	19	185	6:	0
Schrenker, Paul	L. G.	Elwood, Ind.	Elwood High	19	185	5:11	0
Schumacher, Al	L. H.	Shawano, Wis.	Shawano High	21	171	6:	0
Sheeketski, Joe	R. H.	Shadyside, Ohio	Shadyside High	21	172	5:9	2
Schwartz, Marchmont	L. H.	Bay St. Louis, Miss.	St. Stanislaus	22	170	5:11	3
Smith, Albert	R. H.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Cathedral High	20	170	5:11	0
Streb, Robert	Q. B.	Canton, Ohio	Canton High	22	176	5:9	0
Tobin, John	R. H.	Janesville, Wis.	Janesville High	21	180	5:9	0
Van Rooy, William	R. G.	Cleveland, Ohio	Cathedral Latin	21	195	5:10	0
Vejar, Laurie	Q. B.	Hollywood, Cal.	Hollywood High	21	168	5:7	1
Vettel, Louis	R. H.	Ashtabula, Ohio	Ashtabula High	19	175	5:10	0
Vyzral, Edward	R. T.	Chicago, Ill.	Lindblom	21	219	6:4	1
Weidner, Fred	R. G.	La Porte, Ind.	La Porte High	20	167	5:10	0
Whelan, Vincent	C.	Grantwood, N. J.	St. Benedict's	21	175	5:8	0
Witucki, Bernard	C.	South Bend, Ind.	South Bend High	20	175	5:11	0
Wunsch, Harry	L. G.	South Bend, Ind.	South Bend High	20	200	5:11	1
Yarr, Tommy (Capt.)	C.	Dabob, Wash.	Chimacum Prep	22	197	5:11	3
Zoss, Oscar	C.	South Bend, Ind.	South Bend High	20	175	5:11	0

CAPT. TOMMY YARR

Center

All-American*

Combining all the fire of a Dublin-born father and the stolidity of an Indian-blooded mother with the courage of both, Capt. Tommy Yarr proved himself during the 1931 season worthy of a niche in the hall of fame reserved for Notre Dame football captains.

After playing third string ball in 1929 and making a wild but not so costly pass against Northwestern that year, Tommy gathered himself together and played the most brilliant defensive ball of any man on the squad the next year when he went up to the varsity.

As captain, he was given a chance to bring out his ability as a leader. Never did he rise to greater heights than in Notre Dame's two hardest games. When Northwestern held the Fighting Irish to a scoreless tie in the mire of Soldier field, Tommy played perfect ball, despite the fact that his left hand was in cast, broken in practice that week, and a finger in his right hand was cut to the bone. Every pass he made was perfectly timed and placed—five of them were to Marchy Schwartz kicking from behind his own goal with a heavy wet ball and 75,000 pairs of eyes watching for him to slip. On defense he was equally brilliant.

Against Southern California, in the heart-breaking last quarter when the mighty Trojan attack unleashed itself, Tommy never lost heart and he didn't let his teammates lose their spirit. When Southern California led Notre Dame, 16 to 14, with a minute to play, Tommy was still in there, giving everything he had, as he had been taught to give by great Notre Dame captains before him.

They don't make men like Tommy every day. Let him know Notre Dame appreciates him and loves him. He won't be forgotten as long as people meet to talk football and to reminisce.



MARCHMONT SCHWARTZ

Left Halfback

All-American†

Class! This word, possibly not the best possible choice, sums up better than any other we know, the most brilliant of many brilliant left halfbacks in Notre Dame history. When Rockne told his teams to "Be classy!", he wanted them to be like Marchy Schwartz has been in his three years as a Notre Dame player.

He wanted them to do things well, to know from experience and hard work what they were trying to do, to fight like fury, in short, not to "go out and die, but to go out and win!" And this, without showing a great deal of emotion, too much confidence, or a "hero complex."

After going through the 1930 season as the man directly responsible for nearly all of Notre Dame's victories, Schwartz returned during the past season to rise to new heights. In every hard game, he came through like a master. He averaged five yards a trip against Northwestern and averaged 46 yards on his punts with a wet, heavy, slippery ball.

His two passes to Melinkovich and Jaskwich put the Pitt game away before the half; he ran 59 yards against Carnegie Tech to score; he averaged five yards against Southern California and kicked and passed like a demon all afternoon because there was no one to replace him; he ran 16 yards to score against Navy and then threw two passes for other touchdowns.

He was named all-American unanimously and many writers called him the outstanding gridiron star of the year. He was the perfect football player in every game. He was just as perfect a gentleman on and off the field.

Marchy is through with football now, although he will return to Notre Dame next year to complete his Law course. He is another whose name will go down in a brilliant history of Fighting Irish football men.

* Associated Press Selections. † Unanimous.



JOSEPH KURTH

*Right Tackle
All-American**

Few Notre Dame football players make the long jump from the freshman team to the varsity squad of three teams in one season; fewer still go to the first team. Only one has ever played as a sophomore with a national championship Irish eleven.

He is Joe Kurth, the strapping right tackle whom Rockne selected to replace Dick Donoghue in the opening game of 1930 when Donoghue was injured. Rockne seldom had to make a second guess and he was dead right from the start in Joe's case—Joe saw to that.

After one brilliant season, Kurth came back during 1931 to establish himself as the first all-American tackle in Notre Dame history in a system that does not give the tackle much chance to play in the open. Kurth was great enough, however, both in courage and ability, to perform the ordinary duties perfectly and take on additional burdens.

He played longer than any one else in the Northwestern game but never got credit because he wore a different jersey number the second half. He opposed Pitt against doctors' orders when injured because the second and third string men were not able to play; he spent three days of the next week on a hospital cot and was back the following Saturday to carry on against Carnegie.

Against Southern California, though, he was superb. Not a yard was gained through him; he blocked Baker's first attempted conversion, fell on Musick's fumble on his own three-yard line in the first quarter, made the large majority of tackles on punts, and on offense made the holes through which Schwartz made all his longer runs.

If this isn't all-American performance, what is? Kurth has another year to play and you can put down one 1932 star for the books right now.



FRANK NORDY HOFFMANN

*Right Guard
All-American†*

This is probably the only publication in the country to spell Nordy Hoffmann's name with both "n's," but we asked him and it's right. He's all German—with a spark of Irish picked up by association.

Frank Merriwell came to Notre Dame in the fall of 1928 in the form of a robust blond lad of some 200 pounds, who measured something like six feet two inches in height. He came under a different name but it was Frank Merriwell, all right.

He hadn't played football at St. Martin's of Seattle but he liked to watch the game and went out as a freshman manager. When track season came along, he was told to toss the weight back to the shot-putters. He tossed it so far that Coach John Nicholson spotted him and measured him for a suit. He was pretty good—he was runner-up for the state championship the next year. As a track man, he met a lad named Marty Brill, a right halfback, who told him to try out for the team.

He did; he made the third team at right tackle and came back the next year to make the third team again under Joe Kurth and Art McManmon, who had got the jump on him by playing in high school.

Pressed for material, "Hunk" Anderson shifted him to right guard last fall and he rose to the heights of stardom, even getting considerable all-American mention as a real varsity player.

Aggressive, fast, brainy, and fortitudinous, he played brilliant all-around ball in every game, although badly injured in the Southern California and Army contests. This wasn't revealed at the time because he could take no chances on receiving further injuries.

Now he has finished his career, a shining example of what hard work will do, an inspiration to a host of not-so-good high school stars, and a hale fellow if there ever was one.

* New York Sun, World-Telegram, and Post. † Associated Press Selections.



ALVIN CULVER

Left Tackle

Long perhaps after his name is forgotten—if it is ever forgotten—people will talk about the big tackle at Notre Dame, who for almost three complete seasons wore the same old bent, short-rimmed, brown felt hat.

It wasn't an ordinary hat. It was Big Al Culver's Victory Hat and he said, "I'll wear it until we get bumped." No fault of Culver's—nor anyone else's on the Notre Dame team—was it that Notre Dame did "get bumped" in the last two games of its three greatest seasons.

Known around the campus as a quiet, philosophical sort of fellow who liked books more than anything else, Al was called in 1930 the most "under-rated player of the season." Not the fiery type who runs up and down the scrimmage line shouting and exhorting his mates to greater efforts, he was just another lineman to most of the public. He couldn't even pose naturally for an action picture.

He was content to do his job and let someone else be the spark plug of the line. And he did his job. You don't play with a Notre Dame team for two years under Rockne and another under "Hunk" Anderson unless you are doing your job. Al could stop a power play, he could block a kick, break up a pass, block and tackle with the force of a ram—anything you asked for, except make a hero of himself.

Injuries last fall slowed him and for a while he lost his position to another man. But with all his Scotch-Irish tenacity he hung in there, and by the end of the season was back up with the varsity where he belonged. His loss to next year's team and to the campus will be sorely felt—and this is not just a platitude.



GEORGE MELINKOVICH

Fullback

Out of the West rode George Melinkovich one day in the fall of 1930. We were going to say he pulled up rein at Notre Dame, but in the interests of truth, we'll admit he stepped from a Pullman platform. He wasn't wearing chaps and spurs, but a neatly pressed suit of late mode with all the trimmings. He didn't carry his clothes wrapped in a bandana at the end of a stick, but had a few of them in a neat leather suitcase and the rest in his wardrobe trunk.

In fact, he made a mighty good appearance for a far westerner, who for the benefit of our eastern trade is supposed to be far cruder than even the middle westerner. His frank eyes had a friendly twinkle in them. This was deceiving to the Notre Dame national championship varsity of 1930 because George immediately made good as a left halfback with the freshman team and he had no scruples when it came to running the champions ragged in scrimmage.

Last spring, he was among the 300 candidates out for spring football. He was among them for a while but in two weeks he was 'way ahead of them. With Schwartz and Koken back and with LaBorne, Banas, and Lukats available at left half, it looked like George might never get a chance to strut the stuff which won him a Frank Hering medal for pass receiving and made him runner up for passing and blocking proficiency. Then the fullback jinx went into action and took Banas and Lukats, who had been shifted to that position.

George was shifted over and in two weeks won his way to the varsity. Well that he did, for Banas was hurt the day George started with the regulars and he stayed in there until Banas was able to return three weeks later. Then he got hurt in the Navy game, ending his 1930 career. He has two more years to go and we're asking you to paste this in your respective hats—here's all-American talent. Can he smack a line! If you didn't notice last year, watch him in the next two seasons.



EDWIN KOSKY

Left End

All-Western

One distinction Ed Kosky will have held by the end of next season, barring injuries, famine, and pestilence, will be that of playing varsity end for three consecutive years. He now has two to his credit and was ranked all-Western by nearly all the experts last fall.

Another distinction to his credit will be that he is in that great class of under-rated players. Much as we wish to avoid any approach to an alibi for the Southern California game—for none is needed—if little Duke Millheim had been able to get off that pass on the next to last play, Notre Dame would have been the victor. Kosky, if you were not there or at your radio, was a good 25 yards from the nearest Trojan at the time the pass was due to sail—and he never misses if they're in the same county.

Kosky came into his own last year with the great line of 1930, called by experts the greatest in Notre Dame history with the possible exception of last fall's. He had dribbled around a season with the reserves and was not looked upon with any great degree of hope for the future. He and Hunk Anderson got together, though, in the spring of 1930 and, with the capable tutelage of Ike Voedisich, end coach, Ed's great potentialities began to be realized.

Never a grandstand star, Kosky is typical of the Notre Dame lineman; cool, composed, and efficient. Watch him next year!



CHARLES JASKWHICH

Quarterback

Last year Charlie Jaskwhich, who made various plain and fancy records in high school, was groomed by none other than Knute Rockne as the successor to the great Frank Carideo.

Campus "experts" and down town coaches were of the opinion that for once Rockne had erred. After all, he was only human for all his genius. True enough, Jaskwhich came to Notre Dame after winning all-state honors in football and basketball and establishing a state pole vault mark which still stands at Kenosha, Wis., high. He had been captain in these three sports and was supposed to be, in the vernacular of the campus, "quite the hot shot."

But somehow, he seemed to lack the stuff needed for college football. It wasn't courage, maybe it was confidence, it wasn't brains for he was and is an honor student, it might have been experience. At any rate, he dropped a couple of punts and got off a bad kick, and when somebody didn't catch a pass when he was supposed to, Jaskwhich was given credit for a bone-head play.

Now, as you've guessed, it's all different. For a while a couple of other lads gave Charlie a battle for his position. Then he put on steam and pulled away so fast it made them dizzy. He was established as a first string man in the Pitt game, the fourth of the season, and never after was there any doubt as to his status.

He handled his punts with the coolness of a movie star before a news camera; his own punts drilled down the field 50 and 60 yards at a crack, he would call his own number and then go out and snag a pass that made you strain away from your seat; he seldom missed a point after touchdown, and his kickoffs went sailing into the end zone more often than not. We'll take the coaches' word for it that his blocking was on a par with his more open play, and the way he took that club down the field for "them touchdowns," as Roundy, the sage of Madison, would say it, vouched for his generalship. We like to remember the Pitt game as the unfolding of a new success story. Next installment, 1932.



JOSEPH SHEEKETSKI

Right Halfback



For one man to replace three such bearcats as Marty Brill, "Bucky" O'Connor, and Clarence Kaplan all in one season and without batting an eyelash, is slightly breath-taking. But Joe Sheeketski, the guy Rockne was always asking to give a vowel to George Vlk, has just done it and without leaving any doubt that he has done it well.

Joe played only a few minutes in 1930 against Navy, Pitt, and Penn after Messrs. Carideo, Schwartz, Mullins, and Brill had seen that the game was safely on ice. Then he showed mainly as a snake-hipped open field runner. But the right halfback for Notre Dame is and must be a blocker. So Notre Dame was supposed to be weak there this year.

We don't know much about a reverse body block, but one day last spring we watched Jack Chevigny, backfield coach, drilling a bunch of prospective backfield-greats. Sheeketski was the model and he was showing about 50 other fellows the fine points of how the reverse body block should be executed. That was enough; if he was that good, we could go over and worry about the ends or something.

And if Joe can't block and tackle quite as destructively as Brill, it's because he is not as heavy, but he can run faster. If he can't run as fast as O'Connor, he's trickier. And if he's not as slippery as Kaplan, he's a better blocker. In short, he combines the desirable traits of all three.

He scampered through a surprised Indiana team in the opening game, 70 yards for a touchdown, the first of the season for Notre Dame. Thereafter he made several other point-scoring excursions over shorter distances. And we'll leave it up to Marchy Schwartz how far he would have gone at right end if Joe hadn't been in there driving out those ends. He played himself to exhaustion against U. S. C. and then returned to the lineup for more.

Joe has another season in which to rise to still greater heights.

RICHARD MAHONY

Right End

Like his colleague on this same page, Dick Mahony had lots of shoes to fill at the beginning of the past season. Capt. Tom Conley, all-Western star wingman, and George Vlk of the 1930 team were both gone when "Hunk" Anderson looked at the remnants of his squad not lost by graduation.

A couple of his best freshman players were lost. A right guard did not return to school, Metzger was graduated, a right tackle got his diploma and three right halfbacks and fullbacks were gone. It looked like the whole right side of the Notre Dame team would be weak.

The results of the season show that you can't go by what you read in the newspapers at the beginning of the season. Especially with men like Dick Mahony lying around ready to tackle any job—or any fullback of any size traveling at a given speed in any ball game. Dick is one of those care-free boys who likes to throw himself headlong into a flying wedge on a kickoff, who labors under the impression that he is always in swimming and makes beautiful dives into the areas of most concentrated action time after time.

With utter disregard for the welfare of his neck, Mahony stepped into Tom Conley's place, got rid of the responsibility with a shrug of his shoulders, and said, "When do we start the slaughter?" Let you might think his only stock in trade is a fighting Irish spirit, a bloody eye, and a good physique, let us put you right.

If you ever watched him break up a lateral pass combination on which some poor coach stayed awake nights figuring, or if you ever saw an opposing back run for the sidelines when he saw his interferers dive one by one at the twinkling Mahony feet and get left, you'll get the idea. Dick has everything it takes—and he uses everything he has. Right end is one position Coach "Hunker" won't worry about next year; we don't think he was worrying about it last spring, either.



JAMES HARRIS

Left Guard

The main difference between lightning and Jim Harris is that lightning doesn't strike the same place twice, except in a few remote instances which have been covered by Mr. Ripley.

He combines the finer qualities of a knife and a pile driver. How he gets those stumpy legs of his to work so fast, we can't tell you. How he gets those 185 pounds of bone and muscle through two shoulder-to-shoulder opposing linemen, we can't understand, either. But he does it and does it fast enough more often than not to nail in his tracks the fleetest of halfbacks.

Jim got his early training at Linsley Institute of Wheeling, W. Va., where he was captain, all-city, all-state and whatever else there was to be. His presence at Notre Dame is best accounted for perhaps by the fact that his home is in Bellaire, Ohio, a Notre Dame hotbed which produced Johnny Niemiec and "Bull" Poliski of the 1927 team. Joe Sheeketski, from Shadyside, Ohio, two miles out of Bellaire, was also making good at Notre Dame with the freshmen when Jim finished his high school career.

He and Norm Greeney of Cleveland—will someone please stop us before the governor of Ohio presents us with something—fought it our last year with the shock troops under Tom Kassiss. This year when Greeney was injured against Carnegie, the duel ended in favor of Harris, at least for the season. There was nothing at that time to choose between them and we'll leave it to the coaches whether there is next year when both come back.



EDWARD KRAUSE

Left Tackle

After the Notre Dame-Southern California game last year at Los Angeles, sport critics who witnessed the fracas were loud in their praises of the Irish left tackle, Al Culver. This fall came, footballs were inflated, and another great season began. Before long Culver found himself with his hands full; and the difficulty was not opposing linemen, but a young sophomore on his own team who persisted in ousting Al from his berth. That young gentleman was Ed Krause. Time after time his name, in place of Culver's, appeared on the first string lineup. It seemed an inconceivable thing to those who the previous year had judged Culver the last word in tackles. But there was the incontestable fact staring them in the face. "What a man," they said, "this Krause must be!"

What a man he is, to be sure. He stands six feet three inches tall and weighs 210 pounds. He has the largest hands of any man on the team. He is a first-rate basketball player and handles the big oval like a baseball. On a practice field he can throw 60- and 70-yard forward passes with a football. Being a lineman, there is no likelihood of his being called on to demonstrate these prodigious heaves, but they are a sight to see. He and his teammate, George Kozac, stand with almost the length of a regulation field between them and loft those long passes to one another with the ease of small boys tossing pebbles.

Krause was the man who recovered that blocked punt in the Northwestern game. Hoffmann had broken through to knock it down and Ed fell on it inside Northwestern's 20-yard line. That a muddy field and a stout Purple defense prevented a score was no fault of his.

He and Culver have waged a nip and tuck battle for their position this year. But Culver has played his last game, and Ed should have undisputed first string rating next year.



PAUL HOST

Left End



Perfection can not be beaten, and Paul Host is perhaps the closest approach to perfection ever seen in a Notre Dame end. This is a big statement but it carries its own freight.

Host has combined the ability of a natural athlete with the mind of an honor student and the spirit of a real warrior to make himself outstanding as the most effortless player on the squad. In his two years of competition we have yet to see the tackle that could get to his body and drive him out of a running play. His feet move with the rapidity and lightness of a pianist's fingers.

On offense, he is equally a threat to the opposition. He carried the ball three times on an end-around play this year and averaged 20 yards a trip—no back on the squad can approach this mark. Once, he caught a kickoff and returned 35 yards before he was forced out of bounds. He scored against Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania on goal line passes, short quick flips over the center of the line, neither of which seemed to be within reach.

His greatest defensive performance was probably that against Southern California when he time and again threw back thrusts at his position when he was in relieving Kosky. On four distinct occasions, he piled up the interference on power rushes so that the ball carrier had no place to turn. On other plays, he was in there fast, sometimes stopping plays at the other side of the line before they could get started.

On any team but Notre Dame's, he would be first string material. As it is, he alternates with Kosky and at the end of two years, it's not for us to say who is ahead. Both are back next year.

EMMETT MURPHY

Quarterback

One of the greatest things said for the late Knute Rockne is that he, more than anyone else, developed the open game. As a player back in 1911 to 1913 inclusive, he was short and light himself. He overcame his handicaps by working out a pass combination in which speed and agility triumphed over brawn and muscle.

To his influence in thus opening up the game, such diminutive stars as Emmett Murphy owe much. Weighing only 153 pounds, Murphy, for all his strategy and courage, would have been laughed at had he gone out for the Notre Dame team of, for example, 1904 when "The Mighty" Lou Salmon was establishing himself as one of the game's greatest fullbacks.

Now the axiom that a good big man is better than a good little man has come into use. But Murphy is better than about a dozen other bigger candidates for his post on the Notre Dame squad. With both Murphy and Jaskwich available, Coach "Hunk" Anderson has a combination more satisfactory than any one man could possibly be. The answer is brains and coolness under fire. If one makes a slip, the other goes in and rectifies the error.

You almost feel sorry for Murphy when he is back to catch a punt with a half dozen murderous linemen bearing down on him. We felt sorry for him at Pittsburgh under these conditions, until we saw what happened. With a Carnegie Tech lineman coming at him from each direction, pointing for the kill, it looked as if he would be annihilated on the spot. We shuddered and looked away. We looked back. He had sidestepped them and gone out of bounds. One was knocked out and the other was being carried away on a stretcher with a broken arm.

So what? So write your own ticket. He'll be back again next year.



BERNIE LEAHY

Fullback

After the annual Freshman-Varsity battle in the fall of 1929, the late Coach Rockne made the statement that he had discovered a great halfback in Bernie Leahy. Bernie's playing couldn't be surpassed that day. He excelled in every department of the game—passing, punting, backing up the line, and carrying the ball. He moved among the Frosh like an irresistible cyclone wreaking havoc. He was a "find."

In practice he continued to play sensational ball but when sent into a regular game, Bernie tightened up. He couldn't loosen up, couldn't relax. The responsibility of playing his position weighed disastrously upon him. His emotional mechanism was so keyed up, that he was stiff, taut and practically useless.

All the psychology in the world did Bernie no good and he had to yield to other men. Fighting this emotional handicap, he went through last season playing steady ball, gaining experience, and winning a monogram.

With this year came his big chance. He has made as fine a comeback as was ever staged. At the start of the season he was shifted from left to right half. Then the famous jinx assailed the fullback post. Lukats and Banas were out because of injuries. Leahy was shifted again. He began playing a smashing game at fullback, and no sign of his old trouble appeared. He was substituted regularly into games and has been a consistent ground-gainer. His best performances were against Northwestern and Carnegie Tech. In the rain and mud at Chicago he showed himself a great defensive back. Against Tech he scored two touchdowns.

Bernie lives in Chicago. He is five feet 10 inches tall and weighs 175 pounds. He prepped at St. Mel's. His coach, Paddy Driscoll, said he believes him the greatest high school player he had ever seen.



CARL CRONIN

Right Halfback

Last year it was Carl Cronin, quarterback and monogram man—even with Carideo, Jaskwich, Murphy, Christman, Vejar and some others after the job.

Carl's lack of size, which is so obvious that they call him "Stumpy," hasn't slowed him up a bit in gaining recognition with Notre Dame. He has an indomitable fighting spirit and it's hard to keep a good fighter down.

Cronin was shifted to right half because in his 165 pounds, compressed into five feet seven inches of height, there is dynamite. When he blocks, they stay blocked. And those short legs of his can pump—even when some burly giant of a tackle has him by the neck, they keep pumping and he goes around in a circle trying to get extra inches out of what is usually a substantial gain.

Cronin started out the season with the third string gang which at the time of the Indiana game included Pivarnik, Leonard, Wunsch, LaBorne, Vejar and a few other Fighting Irish. Cronin was the best battler of them all, though. They tell, in more or less clandestine way, the not very nice story about how a certain all-American fullback became riled in the heat of scrimmage, after Cronin had cut him down with a bullet tackle, and called Stumpy a bad name. Stumpy, until then going about his business of being a football player, "hung one on" the 200-pounder and laid him out. When he came to, the managers helped him to the gym. He didn't say anything more to Cronin.

To get back to the Indiana game, Carl went in with the third team and, after a 15-yard penalty, climaxed an 85-yard touchdown march by sprinting 35 yards for a score. He made some other longer and shorter runs during the season and some other touchdowns. He shifted around from the third to second team off and on during the year. But he never quit fighting.





MIKE KOKEN

Left Halfback

Introducing—the 1932 varsity left halfback for Notre Dame, the successor to Gipp, Crowley, Flanagan, Niemiec, Elder, and Schwartz. The lad who has played second string ball for two years and on many occasions out-Schwartzed Schwartz.

There's no one better you could ask for to succeed Marchy. Koken is one of the niftiest open field runners on the squad. He doesn't run; he scoots, dodges, squirms, kicks for the extra inches when he's down, shows 'em his legs and takes 'em away like "Rock" told him to.

He passes almost as well as Marchy and many of Notre Dame's touchdowns which he didn't make himself were brought about by his passes last fall. He can punt with the best of them—55 and 60 yards consistently and well-placed. He can back up a line, cover on passes, and he can block. This gives you a fair idea of Mike's talents.

But he's not the type that does these things in practice and then folds up in a game. He goes into any game cold and starts off as if someone had released a spring. One of the many reasons given, from the Notre Dame side of the picture, why the Irish did not win over Southern California was the fact that Mike was injured the week before and could not play. Schwartz had to stick in there for 60 bruising, nerve-racking minutes of play. Had Mike been able to go in at the end, fresh and rarin' to go, the Irish might have won. All credit, however, to the Trojans.

Here's your 1932 backfield: Jaskwhich, Koken, Melinkovich, and Sheeketski. Try to stop them.

GEORGE KOZAC

Right Tackle

It will be a great disappointment to many to learn that big George Kozak will not be eligible for football next year. Unfortunately "Kozy" had played two years of college football, before coming to Notre Dame, at Marshall college in Huntington, West Va. His home is in Cleveland, Ohio, and it was with Holy Name high there that he first started playing football. He had always wanted to play on a Notre Dame football team, and finally made the break from Marshall and came on. He took a chance, did this big fellow, with only one year's eligibility, of ever making a Notre Dame team. But he thought he had the stuff, and soon was able to prove himself.

Last spring at football practice, George and his running mate, Krause, were the surprise of the sessions. Apparently novices, fresh from the yearling team, they nevertheless seemed to take especial delight in smearing veteran tackles who had been regulars for two years. Carrying that same energy over into the fall, Kozak won a place as second string right tackle, understudying Joe Kurth.

Despite a bad knee that has been a considerable handicap to him all season, George has seen a great deal of action and has kept Notre Dame's first string all-American tackle hustling to hold his position.

He is as strong offensively as defensively. He can knife his way through an opposing line to make tackle after tackle behind the line of scrimmage. On sweeps around end he crashes through, piles up the interference, and if he doesn't get the ball carrier, at least he leaves him unprotected. On offense he charges like a demon, and makes possible many a gain through his position.

George is big and fast. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 198 pounds. It is too bad that he will not be seen in action next year. He has given yeoman service.



NORMAN GREENEY

Left Guard

Up until the Carnegie Tech game Norm Greeney gave Jim Harris, his fellow Ohioan, a merry fight for the varsity job at left guard. They had battled it out in 1930 for the second string berth under Tom Kassis, sort of a lower berth.

They had even that expert diagnostician of front line ailments and curer of all guard ills, "Hunk" Anderson himself, puzzled. One week would see Norm with the varsity, the next week Harris was up there. But in the Carnegie Tech game, Anderson's problem was solved, although not in a very satisfactory way.

They carried Norm off the field that day with a torn ligament. The job went to Harris and Norm was more or less in the background; never, because of the uncertainty of who was first string, having received his proper recognition anyhow. But Norm was back out for practice by Wednesday, not in uniform, but smiling and waiting immediately for the injury to heal. He wasn't really right the rest of the season, but he played. "Still faking," he would say with a friendly grin as he limped about the field.

But both he and his rival and pal, Harris, will be back next year for more dueling. Lest you misjudge Anderson, let me say that it was not his order that Greeney play and scrimmage when not in the best condition. It was Norm's own idea.

"That's what I like about coaching at Notre Dame," Anderson said one day while squatting on the sidelines as his boys rolled up an easy victory over a hitherto undefeated team. "Look at them (the opposition). They fold up when you block them. They don't like it. They want to get out of there. At Notre Dame they all WANT to play." Norm Greeney, let it be said, is one of the strongest proofs to back up this statement.



BILL PIERCE

Right Guard

When a lad comes all the way from Sherman, Tex., to play football at Notre Dame, he means business. That's what little Bill Pierce, the only "watch-charm" guard, strange to say, on the first three teams this year, did and means.

He and Bob Terlaak played with the shock troops last year and got plenty of chance to watch little Bert Metzger in action. Terlaak did not return to school so it looked like Bill was a cinch to play with the first string. But then, Nordy Hoffmann decided he would have a better chance at guard than at tackle—and a good big man is still better than a good little man.

You'll hear from Bill next year, though, unless Coach Anderson finds out he has another year to play and goes in there himself. There'll be no denying Bill next year. He's not quite as small as Metzger was—five feet seven inches the same as Bert but he weighs more, 185. He fights the same way.

One of the tragedies of the Southern California game was the fact that Bill received a broken right arm the week of the classic battle and when Hoffmann's bad knee gave out, Anderson had only Harry Wunsch, a more or less inexperienced sophomore left guard, who played remarkable ball, considering everything, to send in.

Bill, by the way, is a buddy of Big Joe Kurth's and Joe in turn pals around with Dick Mahony. Reading from right guard to right end, you will have Pierce, Kurth, and Mahony in the 1932 Notre Dame line. Right!



THOMAS GORMAN

Center



This is the man who in all likelihood will be first-string center next year. Stepping into Capt. Tommy Yarr's shoes is a man-sized job; but "Kitty" has been coming right along, perfecting himself in pivot play, gaining valuable experience, and developing into a fit successor to this year's captain.

Gorman has seen action in nearly every game. That he is a sure handler of the ball and an accurate passer was demonstrated by Coach Anderson's confidence in trusting a wet, muddy, and exceedingly slippery ball to him in the Northwestern game.

He is big, powerful, and fast. He can open up holes in the line, and on defense seems to be everywhere at once. He is quick to sense a pass, and has broken up many an aerial attack by his speed and alertness. In the Indiana game he intercepted a Hoosier pass and raced 30 yards to a touchdown. That earned for him a new monicker. "T. D.," they call him now—"Touchdown" Gorman.

Gorman is another who hails from the mid-western metropolis. He made quite a reputation in high school playing ball with St. Philip's, in the Chicago Catholic league.

Gorman weighs in at 187 pounds and stands six feet even. Competition for center on next year's team will be keen with Ben Alexander, John Rogers and others giving "Kitty" a good race for the position. The Fighting Irishman will be right in there with the best of them, however, and a thrilling fight should result.

HUGH DEVORE

Right End

Almost unanimously the critics rise to aver that DeVore is the most vicious tackler on the squad; and as an afterthought add that he is one swell blocker, too. A hard tackler is noticed. There is a distinct thrill felt even by the witnesses of a sure and deadly tackle. Last year in the opening game with Southern Methodist, Joe Kurth made a meteoric rise to cinch a first string tackle berth. Outstanding in the great game he played that day was the smashing tackle he made of Mason, fleet ace of the Mustang backfield. The crash made as they came together was heard in the far corners of the Notre Dame stadium. That tackle was remembered and the story of it is oft-repeated.

Then along came Sophomore Hugh DeVore this year to attract attention by the same method—savage, ruthless smearing. He gives no quarter. After the Navy game sports writers who had attended agreed on one thing at least—that in all the football they had seen there had never been anything to compare with the fierceness of one of DeVore's tackles.

Davis, the Navy quarterback, had gone back for a punt. He caught it, tucked it away and started forward. But he hadn't gone far when a green-jersied right end, charging like one of the Furies, met him head-on. The right end was DeVore and the crack of that impact still resounds in the Baltimore stadium.

His blocking is equally fatal. He turned in the neatest trick of the year in the Pittsburgh game, where on one play he made two blocks, cutting down three men. Pitt punted and DeVore blocked a tackle. Jaskwich caught the punt and was chased by the Panthers. When the Notre Dame quarterback reversed his field, DeVore had time to go back to give interference. Two Pitt men running one behind the other were his objective. With a single hard reckless block he piled both of them out of the play and sent them flying. In the next two years Hugh should develop into one of the best wingmen ever seen on the campus.



STEPHEN BANAS

Fullback

Mr. Injury Jinks, who travels around from one football camp to another every fall, dropped in at Notre Dame the week prior to the opening game for an extended stay. It extended to the Army game, the last of the year.

Mr. Jinks went out for the team and showed all the tenacity so vital to success on the gridiron. He didn't quite make the team—there was a little too much competition. But he did make the fullback post, doing his best, of course, to break it.

At first he was fresh and he blocked Nick Lukats one day, breaking an ankle and utterly ruining any chance Nick had of playing all fall. Steve Banas, the ultimate subject of this piece, had been playing second team ball under Lukats, so he went up to the varsity.

He lasted just three weeks when this hard-hitting Jinx person came up from behind and twisted his right hand until it broke in the Drake game. Subsequently he got to Steve's successors, George Melinkovich and Bernie Leahy, although the latter was only kept from practicing for a couple of weeks with some bad muscle bruises. Melinkovich was lost for the Southern California and Army games.

But our friend Jinks was outnumbered finally—he should have tried a more vulnerable spot or a less versatile coach. Every time he cut down a star, a new one would shoot across the football firmament and into place. Banas went down against Drake. Melinkovich was badly injured in the first period of the Navy game a month later but Banas went back into the lineup and played better ball than the first time he appeared. Against Southern California and Army he looked like a million.

Outside of the fact that he writes poetry and plays the piano on the side, he's a pretty swell gent—and they'll probably break him of these annoying habits during his next two years.



FRANK LABORNE

Left Halfback

Competition made things pretty easy for Frank LaBorne last fall, or pretty hard, depending on how you look at it. Coming in as a sophomore, he was faced with the job of landing on the third team; there was little hope that he would rank ahead of Schwartz or Koken.

Trying for the same position on the frosh team were Melinkovich, Banas, and Lukats. Bernie Leahy was to be back and there were a couple of other pretty good men who wanted to play with the varsity when Schwartz and Koken got through. This made the outlook bad for LaBorne, even though he had been all-state with the Brooklyn and New York City championship Brooklyn prep team of 1929.

Then competition at the fullback post and the subsequent loss of one plunger after another, caused the coaches to move first Banas and Lukats, then Leahy, and finally Melinkovich over to this spot. LaBorne won his spurs and a monogram at left half. He did a bit of fullbacking himself for a couple of weeks and showed enough adaptability to enable him to make some long gains against Notre Dame's three foes from Pennsylvania.

Where competition made things easier for Frank will be shown next year. At practice sessions, you could see him back on defense standing with Marchy Schwartz. Marchy had already played against Notre Dame's 1931 opponents and he knew pretty well the various strengths and weaknesses of the opposition stars. Between plays there was a constant stream of conversation between the two, Frank asking questions and Marchy telling him the answers.

When there is that feeling of co-operation between rivals for a position, you can hardly expect anything but success.



REGIS McNAMARA

Left Tackle



With only Al Culver and Ed Krause to compete with, Regis McNamara, who would rather be known as "Mac," should have been first team choice. Culver was only a two year veteran and the "most under-rated player of 1930." Krause was just captain, all-city for three years, and all-state his last year at De LaSalle in Chicago. It took him two college games to get the experts talking him up for an all-American berth.

Well, Mac, that's what you have to expect at Notre Dame. Rockne built up such a reputation that everyone wants to go there if he thinks there is any chance at all even of making a reserve team. "Win a monogram and get a coaching job" became the slogan last fall when 12 out of 15 lettermen from 1930 started carrying on Rock's work as mentors.

And it would be asking too much for you to beat out two fellows, either one of which might very logically have been picked by the all-America board. Someone had to play third team ball and you did it in a way that was a credit to you and your school.

When a fellow goes out and wins a monogram with the third team his sophomore year, he figures "Well, the worst I can do is the second team next year and the first team my Senior year." That thought probably passed through your head, and you must have been disappointed at the way the breaks went for you.

But more power to you for sticking up there ahead of the other competition, for going about your monotonous practice routines so quietly and willingly, for going in there and playing your heart out every time you got the chance, for your friendly attitude toward the other fellows, many of them younger in years and experience than you. You're too modest to think that you'll even be missed next year, but you will, and this is from the heart!

LAURIE VEJAR

Quarterback

The first game of the year with Indiana, Notre Dame leading, 19 to 0, last quarter, the third team goes in. That's the situation. A guard pipes up, "Good thing for you guys we didn't start this game." The teams line up. The ball is Notre Dame's on its own 15-yard line.

A stocky little quarterback who looks like a carbon copy of Carideo, slightly smaller, squats back behind Center Ben Alexander. He surveys the Indiana defense and picks out a lineman who looks groggy. He chants his signals, a shift, the ball is snapped, two lines clash, and Left Halfback LaBorne is away for 25 yards.

The same process repeated and Fullback Leonard dashes to the Indiana 20-yard line. The next play draws a 15-yard penalty for holding in the line. The lineup again; will Notre Dame's third team lose its punch; will it come back like the varsity always does? The quarterback calls the number, the shift; Right Halfback Cronin is away for another 35 yards and a touchdown. A hundred yards in three plays.

A field general who can get those results with a third team, a leader who can inspire a group ranked just a step ahead of the reserves to these heights, a planner who can pick the flaws out of a defense and capitalize on them, a blocker who can pave the way to make his own choice of plays click—this boy must be good and he will go places in football. Laurie Vejar, whom we have just described, fills this order and that's enough said.

Only one other thing: he is not a one-play or one-game man. He showed the same excellent qualities to Drake, Pennsylvania, and Carnegie Tech. Watch him go next year!



RAY BRANCHEAU

Right Halfback

Number 12 is going to be a hard one to forget if you happen to be a Notre Dame football fan—and why are you reading this if you're not? In 1929 and 1930, Marty Brill showed the stuff he was made of by making good in a large way at right halfback after being cut from the varsity and placed with the reserves at Penn.

He played with two national championship teams and was picked by the All-America board his second year. Both years he figured an even dozen was a pretty good number to have.

So impressed was Ray Brancheau by the feats of this man who made good, that he packed up his suitcase after being graduated from Monroe, Mich., high school, squared his jaw, and set out for Notre Dame. "Give me number 12," he told the equipment dispensers. Last fall saw him starring time and again with the second and third teams, although in competition with more experienced Notre Dame right halfbacks.

He saw action in nearly every game as soon as the varsity had done its work and left for the showers. And he gave both Joe Sheeketski and Stumpy Cronin something to worry about. He is better equipped physically for the wear and tear of the blocking position than either of his rivals and, with a year of experience behind him, will give Sheeketski a real run for his money next fall. Cronin will not be back.

Ray's favorite activity, next to blocking, is backing up a line. He doesn't care so much about carrying the ball, even though he is one of these tricky stop and go open field artists who comes to a halt or slows down to a crawl long enough to slow up his would-be tacklers and then spins away like a rabbit before they can get up steam. If you will recall, Jack Chevigny, now backfield coach, and Brill were both famous for the way they could drive those powerful shoulders into a fullback coming through the line and slow him up for the afternoon. That's what Ray loves.

Unless we're sadly wrong, he'll be doing plenty of this sort of thing in his next two years, so look out you line smashers!



BENJAMIN ALEXANDER

Center

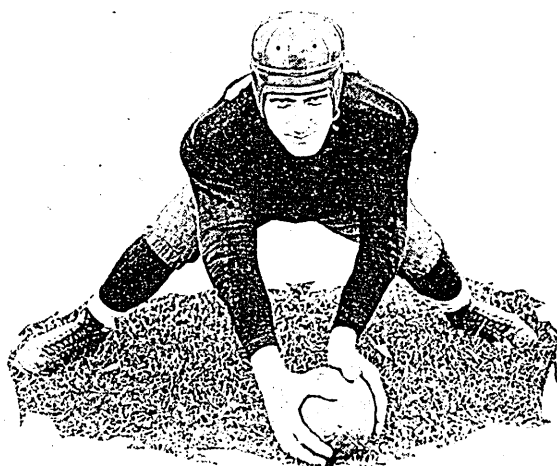
Lack of experience is all that kept Ben Alexander from greatness during the past season. Equipped with an ideal build for a center and a spirit of do-or-die, he fought his way up to the third team, dropped back to the reserves, and then came back up stronger than ever.

Only Capt. Tommy Yarr and Tom Gorman were ahead of him. Two or three veterans were lost in the shuffle when he really started to fight. Next year, it will be up to Gorman and Ben to carry on Yarr's fine work.

Ben came to Notre Dame from San Marino, Cal. He didn't get into the Southern California game because Yarr played the full route, but the sting of that defeat cut him almost as deeply as if he had been in the heat of battle. He had played high school ball with and against some of the Trojans and he naturally could not feel any enthusiasm over the way they came back in the last quarter to trample his present mates.

Well, he has two years to help avenge that beating and to help build up a new victory streak for Howard Jones to shoot at.

Ben is a good student in journalism and otherwise proves himself a nice sort of fellow by not talking too much about the California weather while Indiana's notorious rainmaker is doing his worst. Ben will go far with Notre Dame—he came a long way to play football under Coach "Hunk" Anderson and he didn't mean interhall football.



HARRY WUNSCH

Left Guard



"Local boy makes good," the downtown sport scribes can truthfully say as they point with pride to South Bend's fair-haired boy, Harry Wunsch. He is the only South Bender on the roster of Notre Dame's first three teams. And he is the first to achieve honor in his own country since John "Ike" Voedisch, famous end now coaching the varsity wingmen, was graduated in 1927.

Harry came to Notre Dame to play a backfield position. At Central high in South Bend he had been a good fullback. He could buck a line, pass and block. And he could run. For his success in the dash and broad jump events he was awarded high school monograms in track. The coaches considered his speed, size, and strength and decided to make Harry over into a guard. The conversion was a success from the very start. In spring practice last year Harry served notice to all and sundry that he meant to have a guard's berth with the regulars and dead bodies were no obstacle. He got it. In his first year of competition, too.

When Pierce was injured, breaking an arm in scrimmage before the Southern California game, Wunsch was shifted from left to right guard and moved up to the second string. In the Southern California game he replaced Hoffmann when Nordy was hurt and had to be removed. So smashing a game did he play against seasoned California veterans like Baker and Williamson that in all probability he will be kept permanently on the right side of the line. He appeared in most of the games this fall and always acquitted himself well. He is the ideal type of Notre Dame guard, smart, fiery, and fast. He is especially adept at pulling out of a line and running interference for the backs. He is a hard blocker and a savage tackler. In appearance he is short and fat, but there is not a superfluous ounce of tissue on him. He is rugged and can take as well as give punishment.

JOSEPH PIVARNIK

Right Guard

Another 19 year old sophomore besides Krause who showed lots of class and promise this year is Joe Pivarnik. He plays right guard and has been understudy all year to Nordy Hoffmann and Bill Pierce.

In the last quarter of the Indiana game, Coach Anderson substituted an entire third string team. The right guard who was inserted lined up and said to the opposing lineman, "It's a good thing for you guys that we didn't start this game." The ball at the time was on Notre Dame's 15-yard stripe. Making good the word of their right guard, the third string proceeded in three plays, suffering meanwhile a 15-yard penalty, to score a touchdown. Leonard, LaBorne and Cronin were the backs carrying the ball, but it was the linemen who cleared the way. The right guard of "It's a good thing for you guys" fame is Joe Pivarnik.

Joe hasn't seen much action, but has been in often enough to gain valuable experience. He has two more years in which to develop. Next year he will fight it out with Bill Pierce and probably Harry Wunsch for the varsity position. This being Nordy Hoffmann's last year, his place has to be filled.

Pivarnik has played against Indiana, Carnegie Tech, Drake, Pennsylvania, Navy, and Army. He played most of the Navy game and played well. All afternoon the Navy offense was bottled up. Not once did the reserves allow their goal to be threatened.

His high school football career was sensational. He played with Harding high in Bridgeport, Conn., his home town. When ready for college, Notre Dame attracted him more than any of the Eastern schools, and he came west. After going through the usual bruising season with the Freshmen team, he came up to the varsity and won recognition.



JAMES LEONARD

Fullback

In each one of the Notre Dame-Drake games during the past four years some unknown Irish back has burst into the limelight, copped all the honors and set tongues to wagging with the account of his deeds. Three years ago it was Larry "Moon" Mullins who ripped and tore the Bulldog defense to shreds and covered himself with glory. Two years ago big Al Howard pulled a game out of the fire when the fighting Drake aggregation surprised everyone by leading that year's national champions for three quarters, 7-6. Then last year Dan Hanley made a name for himself by his spectacular ball-carrying, opening the eyes of the critics by the brilliance of his long, shifting, stop-and-go broken field runs.

This year a new star appeared on the horizon in the person of Jim Leonard, who cavorted up and down the field against Drake, twisting and squirming for long gains in a broken field and punching great holes in the line. Strange, that in every case the discovery was a fullback. It was a propitious beginning for Jim. And if tradition means anything, he should go places in the next two years.

The Drake game was not his first appearance. He had appeared in previous games, notably against Indiana when his 25-yard run in the last quarter paved the way for a touchdown by the third stringers. The Drake game, however, was the occasion for by far his best performance.

Jim prepped at St. Joseph's high in his home town, Pedricktown, N. J. He is a sophomore, 20 years old, stands six feet even, and weighs 190 pounds. He already has the reputation of being one of the toughest men on the squad. He has risen this year from a fifth to a third string position, and will give Banas, Melinkovitch, and Lukats a fine race for their jobs. With the experience he has had this year, he has improved remarkably.



NORBERT CHRISTMAN

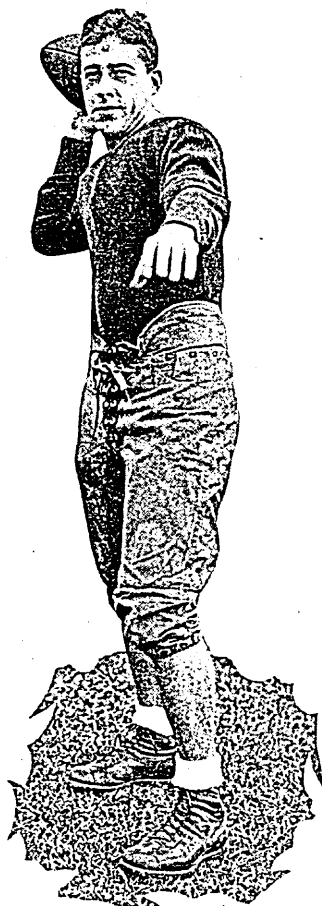
Quarterback

If any medals were handed out for perseverance, for dogged determination and absolute refusal to quit trying, Norb "Swede" Christman should receive first honors. He is of Swedish extraction and hails from Green Bay, Wis. He played football with the East Green Bay high school team and achieved a fine record as both student and athlete. He is tall, well-built, blond, and handsome. He is 21 years old, weighs 172 pounds, and stands five feet, nine inches.

His career at Notre Dame has been an inspiring one, not so much from the standpoint of achievement, but from that of spirit and moral courage—what Notre Dame's beloved Knute Rockne called "intestinal fortitude." For when the going was toughest, "Chris" fought his greatest battles; when his star sunk lowest, he rose to the heights. This was his last year of competition, his last chance to prove himself. For three years he has been an in-an-outer, alternating between the varsity and the reserve ball teams. Just when he seemed to be hitting his stride, holding his own in the competition provided by great quarterbacks such as Carideo, Jaskwich, and Murphy, something would slip and "Chris" would drop back to the reserves. Then began the struggle, always crowned with success, to win again a regular berth.

Early this season he was making trips with the reserves. They went to Buffalo and Christman showed himself the class of the field. So outstanding was his play in this game, attracting so much attention, that he has been with the varsity ever since. He is a smart field general, and a fine leader. He can handle and return punts well, can block, kick, and pass. He has won the Hering medal award for accurate passing. And, above all, he has never said die. He has fought till the final whistle and given his best for Notre Dame. Notre Dame is proud of him.





JOSEPH FOLEY

Quarterback

Competition for the quarterback position will be just as keen next year as this, perhaps more so, with all the regulars excepting Christman returning for another year. There will be Charley Jaskwich, Emmett Murphy, Laurie Vejar, and Joe Foley. Foley has two more years to play. He is only a sophomore, but has managed to break into the lineup on several occasions this season.

When his chances did come, he gave a good account of himself. His play against Northwestern on Soldier field was especially commendable. Battling in the rain and mud to a nothing-nothing deadlock, each team waiting for a break and the chance to convert it into a score, good head-work was needed to ward off danger. Foley, when inserted, played safe, conservative football and learned the valuable lesson of when not to gamble. The experience he has gained this year should serve him in good stead for next season. But he has his job cut out for him. Any advantage won over Jaskwich, Murphy, or Vejar will cost plenty of hard, bitter work.

Foley has the requisite qualities, which with a little more seasoning should land him in a regular position. He can block, pass, and carry the ball. He weighs a mere 158 pounds, and stands only five feet seven inches, but he makes up for his small size with a world of fight and amazing self-confidence, a valuable and necessary asset to a quarterback. When calling signals in a tight spot, he can rely on that soft and delightful Southern drawl to throw his opponents off guard. He hails from Jacksonville, Fla., and prepped at Robert E. Lee high school there. On request, he will furnish mimeographed information, explaining why a certain town in Florida is named Foley. You see, suh, Colonel Joe comes of an old and distinguished family.

CURTIS MILLHEAM

Right Halfback

Notre Dame two years ago had a great halfback, Jack Elder, possessed of a world of speed that enabled him to out-distance any man on any gridiron. And before that Notre Dame had a great quarterback, Art Parisien, whose chief attribute was his ability to drop long southpaw passes into the arms of sprinting ends and backs. Twice, once against Northwestern and once against Southern California, Art left-handed Notre Dame to seemingly impossible victories in the closing minutes of play.

Now Notre Dame has a Jack Elder and an Art Parisien all rolled up in one useful individual. And the name is Millheam—Curtis (Duke) Millheam, weight 156 pounds, height five feet seven inches. He is fast. Those who witnessed his amazing speed in runs against Drake, Penn, Navy, and Carnegie Tech were reminded of the swiftness of Elder. And, they said, Millheam is shiftier than Elder, harder to bring down in a broken field. He can kick. And, wonder of wonders, he is an uncannily accurate left-handed passer.

This specialty of his was not uncorked until the Southern California game, when with less than a minute to play, Duke was sent in to snatch victory from the Californians, who in a brilliant last-quarter rally had scored 16 points to take the lead. Gathering in the kick-off, Duke raced 30 yards and was stopped on the 35-yard line. On the first play, Murphy called a pass. The ball was handed to Duke, who faded back and to the left. Ed Kosky, left end, maneuvered into the open and tore down the field. Duke's left arm shot back, prepared to unleash a victory pass. But the fates did not smile on Notre Dame that Saturday as they did in 1926 when Parisien's toss to Niemic staved off defeat. The Trojan forwards crashed in, brushed aside interference, and smothered Millheam before he could get the ball off. One more play and the game was over.



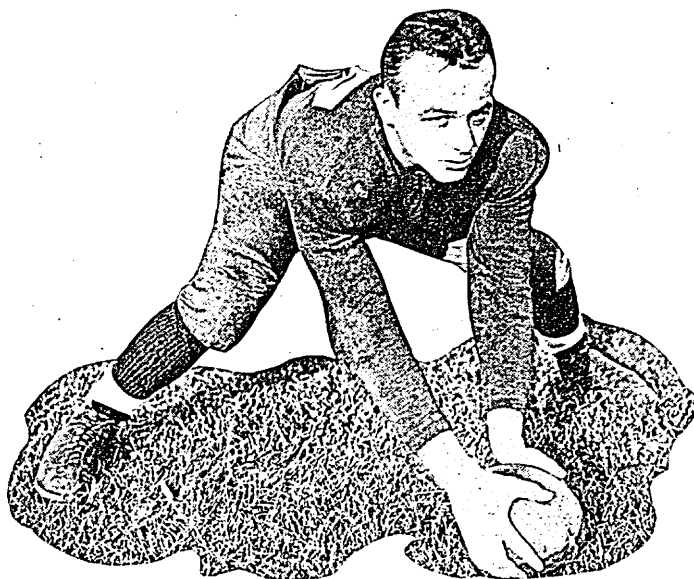
JOHN ROGERS

Center

He is no respecter of persons, this John Rogers. Nor of the size of persons. Nor of circumstances, however unfavorable. Only a sophomore last year on the national championship team, playing major opponents, he nevertheless succeeded in winning the coveted monogram. And he had to contend with tremendous odds. John's chief handicap is his small stature. He is only five feet, eight inches tall. Then he weighs only 175 pounds. Playing a position where height and weight are important, where six foot, 200-pounders are regarded as average, his lack of size was keenly felt.

But if not a physical giant, he proved himself berserk in spirit. What inches and poundage he lacked, he made up for by the fire of his attack, by a fierce, defiant aggressiveness that withered opponents twice his size and gave new meaning to the time-honored but sanctioned adage that the bigger they come, the harder they fall. This year he suffered a reversal of form. His charges were missing fire, his defense was sluggish—he had slowed up. Bigger men like Gorman and Alexander, more suited to center playing, were getting the call over him. He was before long out of the varsity lineup and playing ball with the reserves.

He realized that he had slumped and determined to make a come-back. With all the old dash, he began to play rings around his opponents. He is a sure and careful passer, a deadly tackler, and fast going down under punts. When playing roving center on defense, he is quick to diagnose plays, and small as he is, is an alert defender against passes. He is still fighting and coming back strong.



JOHN FLYNN

Right Tackle

It has been a battle of the giants this year for the right tackle position. Kurth, Kozak, and Flynn—to the death. Kurth, of championship caliber, was outstanding. But there is no doubt that the relentless and savage competition with Kozak and Flynn kept Notre Dame's all-American tackle continuously on his toes, inciting him to his best efforts. Kozak does not return and Flynn is prepared to step into his shoes as a second-stringer, assurance to followers of Notre Dame that this position will be ably taken care of. This 19-year-old sophomore tackle shows all kinds of promise, and if looking forward to 1933 is not carrying prognostication too far, we might say that Jack seems a sure bet for a first string position in that year.

He is tall, good-looking, well-built, and has blonde curly hair. His height is six feet even, and he weighs 196 pounds. In high school he was big for his age and starred with Quincy high in his home town, Quincy, Ill. Opportunity was not long in knocking at his door at Notre Dame. Fred Barstow, regular third-string tackle, was suddenly stricken with an appendicitis attack four days before the Pittsburgh game, and, after an emergency operation, was declared unfit to play any more during the season.

Coach Anderson, looking for a likely successor to Barstow, chanced upon the big and powerful Flynn, and gave him a trial. Though only a novice, Jack, whenever called upon, has vindicated Anderson's judgment. His best performance was against the Navy. He played a great part of that game, and it was his sterling defense work that had much to do with the way the Middy attack was kept in check all afternoon.



Unsung Heroes—The Reserves!

NOTRE DAME RESERVES RECORD FOR 1931

Reserves	25; Indiana "B"	2
Reserves	7; Kalamazoo	19
Reserves	0; Ypsilanti	0
Reserves	6; Western State Teachers	27
Reserves	14; Northwestern "B"	6
Reserves	12; Purdue "B"	19
Reserves	33; Buffalo University Varsity	6
Reserves	6; Dayton University	6

By WALTER KENNEDY

*"They will also serve
Who only stand and wait."*

THE RESERVES do far more than stand. True it is they will serve . . . but not those who stand and wait. For the path of the unsung hero is not the path strewn with glory. It is the path strewn with hard knocks. But knowing they will also serve, these so called "Hamburgers" throw themselves into their daily task with a zest that is remarkable. Their job is to give the varsity workouts the next opponent's plays, and what workouts they are! Striving always to push themselves up a notch, with the varsity as their ultimate goal, the reserves sometimes execute the plays of those they are emulating even better than they are executed by the originators. The varsity never find it easy to push these boys over the field; on the contrary, the reserves give them a tough time of it.

But the "Hamburgers" look forward to the end of the week, when every Saturday they doff the colors of the varsity's opponent and become wearers of the coveted blue and gold to take their place against the best teams in their class in the country, as standard bearers for Notre Dame.

Four victories in eight games played is the record of the reserves for 1931. Not an impressive record on its face value, but in consideration of several outstanding facts, it is a commendable record.

Two of the three defeats suffered by the team, came when the squad was split up, consequently the strength of the outfit was divided. The reserves kept their four-year record intact by never being defeated when their full strength was on the field.

The highlights of the season were the triple-header played on October 17, and the first intersectional game in the history of a Notre Dame reserves schedule. This took place on November 7, when the Notre Dame boys traveled to Buffalo, N. Y., to give the Buffalo university varsity a 33 to 6 shellacking. Two games were scheduled with Northwestern this year, the first of which went to the Blue and Gold by a 14 to 6 score. The second contest, scheduled for Cartier field on November 14, was called off due to the conflict in the schedule of the Evans-ton combine.

Starting the season off on the right foot, the reserves trampled the Indiana "B" team, 25 to 2, while the varsity was running up a like total of points against Indiana varsity. The reserves showed plenty of speed and deception plays in their opener, and clicked well for a first game. The game was played at Cartier field, the only homes game on the list for the Hamburger's this season. The Hoosiers were the first to score, getting two points in the first quarter when the Notre Dame quarterback made a safety. But directly after that play, the reserves started a sustained drive down the field, keeping the ball in their possession most of the half; the half time gun halted their chances of making a touchdown, when they had the ball on the three yard line. The second half was all Notre Dame, with long runs by Vettel, Hagan and Witucki featuring the attack. Leo Cronan scored the first tally when he plunged over from the two yard line. On the play following the kickoff, Vettel weaved his way through the entire Indiana team to scamper across the last stripe after covering 65 yards. Witucki counted the next score, when he intercepted a pass and slipped through for 45 yards and a touchdown. Hagan finished the scoring for the day, when he plunged across from the three yard stripe, after racing 71 yards on the previous play.

Evidently night football is not to the liking of the reserves, for the following Friday night they traveled to Kalamazoo, where they dropped a tough battle to the Kalamazoo college varsity gridders by a 19 to 7 score. The Kazoo aggregation presented formidable opposition, and smothered most of the Blue and Gold's attempts to tally. Weakened by the fact that many of the players had been left in South Bend for the Northwestern trip the next day, the reserves nevertheless put up a fine fight. Joe McCabe, quarterback and outstanding Notre Dame player, made the only tally on a sneak in the first quarter. Schrenker kicked goal to give the reserves a 7 to 0 lead, but the Kazoo lads came back strong to knot the count before the end of the first quarter, and then to push over two more tallies before the end of the half. Deere, as fleet

as his name implies, was the big gun in the winner's game, and tore off long gains consistently.

The triple header was the next lap on the schedule, and resulted in a win, a tie, and a loss. Considering that the teams were split up in such a manner, this was not a bad record. The victory was over the Northwestern "B" team. The reserves had been pointing for this contest all season, and played a bang-up game to eke out a 14 to 6 victory. Determined to show the Evanston fans what a Notre Dame team could do on a perfect football day, the Fighting Irish played with a snap and zest that could not be thwarted. Leo Dilling scored both of the touchdowns, one on a long end run, and the other when he took a 15 yard pass and raced 30 yards to score. Western State Normal's varsity downed the second reserve team when they ran roughshod over a stubborn, fighting Notre Dame combine to take a 27 to 6 victory. The Blue and Gold relied on a passing attack, but several of the passes were intercepted and converted into touchdowns after long runs. Notre Dame's lone tally came after a 48 yard pass from Dehooque to Levins had placed the ball on the one foot line, from whence Jim Bosco plunged over for the score.

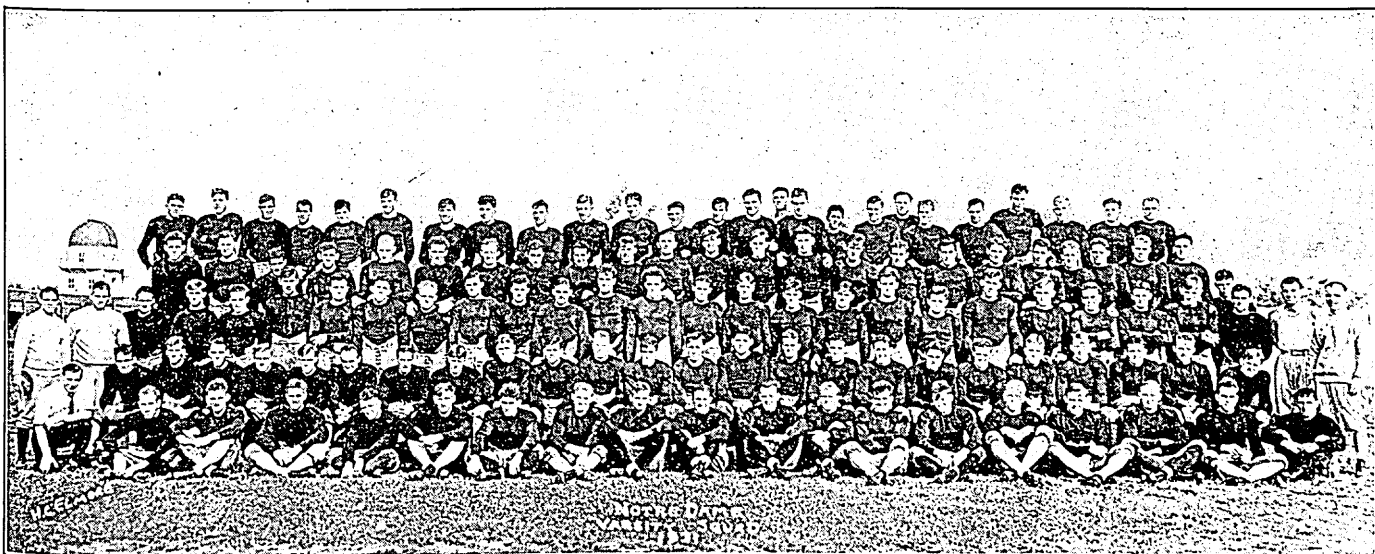
The third game of the day resulted in a scoreless tie, when Ypsilanti battled the wearers of the Blue and Gold to a standstill in a game marred by frequent fumbles. Both teams presented strong defensive combinations, and this produced play in midfield during most of the game. In the last half both teams resorted to a passing game. An attempt at a field goal by Simmons, Normal full back, made late in the game, was short.

Purdue's "B" team was the next opponent for the Irish reserves and once again, shorn of their strength by the splitting of the squad, the Irish were forced to bow in defeat. However, the downstaters were outplayed throughout the contest, first downs showing Notre Dame team to be leading by 2 to 1. The play almost throughout the game was in the winners' territory, and the Irish were forcing the playing at all times. Two long passes,

which were good for touchdowns, and a blocked kick, which was later converted into six points, were too much for the Blue and Gold to overcome, however, and they had to be content with the thought that if first downs won football games, they would have been returned the victors. Acers and Dillings were the touchdown makers for the Irish, the former sprinting 52 yards for his tally.

The big game of the season, that against the Buffalo university varsity, found the Irish clicking on all sixes, and with their full strength on the field, they breezed through to a one-sided win. The final score was 33 to 6. Christman, heady quarterback of the reserves, ran the team in commendable shape, and it was mainly through his work that the Irish were able to run up such a large score. Dilling, outstanding Irish back, reeled off several long runs during the course of the afternoon, and was responsible for two of the touchdowns. Dilling gave the crowd, which numbered more than 5,000, a real afternoon's treat, with sensational broken field running that gave the Buffalo team plenty of trouble. Grundeman, who played a stellar game, scored one of the touchdowns, also. The line play of Witucki, Schrenker and Rohrs, received considerable praise from Buffalo fans.

Outstanding in the play of the reserves during the season was the work of several men who last year were members of a strong freshman squad. Together with several veterans, who played with the "Hamburgers" last year, these men time after time, dominated the play of the various games. Rohrs, Robinson, Flynn, Witucki, Schrenker, and Carmody were towers of strength in the line play of the reserves, breaking up play after play when they were on the defense and shining on the attack with holes that gave the backfield men a chance to get away. The backfield stars, who played bangup games week after week, present names not unfamiliar to Notre Dame followers. Dilling, Acers, Hagan, Christman, Connelly, and McCabe were the boys who tore off so much yardage during the season, and who were so largely responsible for Notre Dame's great point scoring record.



OUT OF THIS—THE RESERVES

The Interhall System

By JAMES McFEELY

NOW the Harvards and the Yales have installed the system of intra-mural sports and are heralding it as something new in this country, as something which they have imported directly from the dear old sod at Oxford or Cambridge or somewhere. And all this in spite of or because of the plea for the "deemphasis" of football in our native land.

While the Eastern gentlemen fall all over themselves patting each other on the back about the splendid introduction of such a noteworthy system in which everyone gets a chance for development, we of Notre Dame slink away into our corners and wonder whether we are recognized as a university of merit.

Ever since the good Father Sorin signed up the second student at Notre Dame, this school by the shores of good old St. Joseph and St. Mary's lakes has had some form of competitive athletics in which the students battled among themselves for supremacy and didn't give a hang about the Harvards and the Yales.

Notre Dame's system of intra-mural athletics grew up with the school. There was no attempt to pattern the methods employed after any other system then in existence. This form of inter-hall competition merely sprung up with the desire for exercise for the student body.

The first teams that Notre Dame ever sent on the field against other schools in the surrounding reservations were in reality hall teams, those that had emerged from the scuffle and had beaten the other hall outfits.

One has but to look at the often-printed and as often laughed at picture of the moustached boys back in the

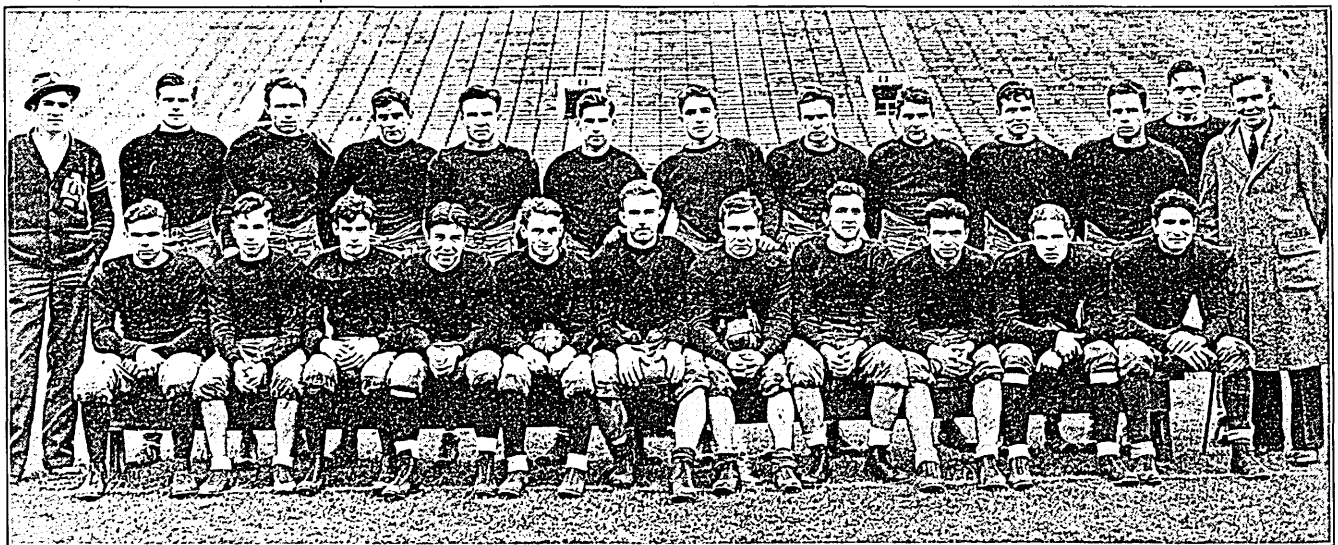
eighties who first took it upon themselves to die for dear old Notre Dame. After a glance at such an edifying study of the men of the day, we learn that they, too, were often victorious.

And then must follow the explanation of the factors that underly the success of Notre Dame teams. From the physical standpoint there are two things that stand out as probable causes. They are these—interhall athletics and discipline.

These two may be linked together. It is not to be thought that interhall activities grew up as a disciplinary measure, but the intense campus rivalry tends somewhat to keep the boys' minds from more vicious pursuits and at the same time serves materially to aid in the upbuilding and the physical well-being of the individual.

As the late Knute K. Rockne once said, "They play on hall teams, corridor teams, class teams, and any kind of teams just so they play football." That is the situation. Some 400 students, besides the varsity and freshman players, are given a chance to play football through the employment of the interhall system of sports promotion. A close check would reveal that nearly every one of Notre Dame's 3,000 students indulges in some interhall sport, whether it be football, basketball, baseball, track, handball, swimming, golf, boxing, or tennis.

The bill for expenses incurred in the outfitting of the interhall teams exceeds that for equipping varsity players. The interhall system is more than a training for varsity competition. The well-being of the individual is held uppermost and an opportunity is afforded those who do not care to make the attempt for a varsity position.



St. Edward's 1931 Interhall Champions

Back Row: Bill Newbold, trainer; Stewart Osborn, Charles Jahn, Lawrence Carpenter, Frank Schinkawitch, Edward Kopek, Jim Newbold, Jack Buckley, Larry Lecozi, Don McIntosh, John Carmody, William Kinnear, Ed Butler.
Front Row: John Wollack, John Meyer, Tim Mahoney, Ray Piontek, George O'Brien, George Andrews, Roy Miller, Leo Crowe, Frank Paliusani, Cy Rickard, Jan Doll.

To expound the disciplinary code that aids in the development of the men and keeping them in trim would be to utter platitudes to the student, but, to the outsider, the rules governing the actions of the student are exceedingly interesting, especially in this present day world of ours.

The following is a resume of the activities of the Notre Dame man from the time he hits the cold, hard boards in the early morning until he finally slides into his cot as the lights are switched off at eleven o'clock: rise—6:00 o'clock; morning prayer is followed by breakfast at 7:00; classes begin at 8:00 o'clock; lunch at noon, and then come more classes, followed by recreation or study as the case may be; dinner is at 6:00, and night prayer takes a few minutes at 7:30. The remaining hours are given over to study. Lights in freshman halls are out at 10:00; the upper classmen have an extra hour of grace. Then sleep, following which the man again rises and repeats the process.

It is during the interim between the afternoon classes and the dinner hour that the student indulges in practice with his interhall squad. Regular practice schedules are drawn up and coaches are assigned by the department of physical education. Several practice fields are used by the interhall teams, and the campus usually seems littered with the enthusiasts as they run through their paces in the afternoon in preparation for the Sunday games.

In football each hall is permitted to play one game away from home on Thanksgiving. Contests are usually scheduled with high school or other teams of similar caliber in the surrounding states. Several of those played this fall by the interhall teams were for the purpose of furnishing funds for charitable purposes.

Since the university is not co-educational and there are no fraternities, a system of interhall athletics seems naturally to result. This form of organized sport with a spirit of rivalry which springs up between the halls on the campus affords an outlet for the otherwise pent up feelings of the individual who seeks some form of recreation to lessen the monotony of possible habitual study.

The season just ended saw St. Edward's hall team emerge the victor from the pile of 14 teams which participated in interhall football activities. In the past

INTERHALL STANDINGS

Group 1

	W.	L.	T.	Pct.
St. Edward's	6	1	1	.859
Badin	5	2	0	.714
Lyons	4	2	0	.650
Morrissey	3	3	0	.500
Corby	2	4	0	.333
Dillon	1	5	0	.200
Sophomore	1	5	0	.200

Group 2

	W.	L.	T.	Pct.
Walsh	4	0	2	1.000
Alumni	2	0	4	1.000
Carroll	3	1	2	.750
Off-Campus	2	2	2	.500
Howard	1	4	1	.200
Brownson	0	2	4	.000
Freshman	0	3	3	.000

few years there have been but 12 aspirants but with the addition of Dillon and Alumni halls to the list the number thereby mounted.

The halls are divided into two groups, and the winners in each are pitted against each other in the last game of the season for the championship of the school. Walsh hall bounced to the top in its own league, and, in the final playoff against St. Edward's, fell by a score of 12 to 6.

Not wishing to allow the St. Edward's boys to gain the honors without a fight for it, Badin hall's entry ran neck and neck with St. Edward's in group one throughout the season. An extra game was necessary in order to ascertain the representative for the championship contest. Badin, although that team had downed St. Edward's in a previous game, threw away its chances for the laurel wreaths when it fell by the wayside on the short end of a 6 to 0 score.

Interhall activities during the past season have been under the supervision of John Frederick, assistant football coach at the university. Coaches were appointed by the rectors of the various halls, and the officials were chosen by the department of physical education.

1931 ALL-INTERHALL SELECTIONS

First Team	Position	Second Team
Sandura (Lyons)	Left End.....	Carpenter (St. Edward's)
Coughlin (Badin)	Left Tackle.....	Murphy (Off-Campus)
Viviano (Brownson)	Left Guard.....	Foss (Freshman)
Andrews (St. Edward's).....	Center.....	Danes (Alumni)
O'Brien (St. Edward's).....	Right Guard.....	Bresson (Walsh)
McCann (Walsh)	Right Tackle.....	Huisking (Lyons)
Janc (Walsh)	Right End.....	Mikes (Walsh)
Conti (Badin)	Quarterback.....	Crawford (Walsh)
Carney (Lyons)	Left Half.....	Shinkowitz (St. Edward's)
Law (Walsh)	Right Half.....	Ackerman (Alumni)
McCarthy (Walsh)	Fullback.....	Newbold (St. Edward's)

Freshman Football

By GEORGE BELTING



JACK CARBERRY

CLARENCE KAPLAN

JAKE KLINE

ART PARISIEN

WHEN the first call for candidates for the Notre Dame freshman team was issued, 236 stalwarts reported to Coaches Kappy Kaplan, Art Parisien, Jake Kline, and Jack Carberry. In that array of aspirants, whose sole aim was someday to play on the great Notre Dame varsity, there were former high school captains, all-city choices, all-state selections, coaches' most valuable players, and some men who had never even handled a football. Only a coach can appreciate the responsibility that is his who has to care for a team, be they varsity men or freshmen players. Accordingly, the Notre Dame freshman mentors, realizing the importance of their positions, took cognizance of the fact that the freshmen of today are the varsity of tomorrow.

The weeding-out process required much time and deliberation. All aspirants were given their chance to make good and if they didn't come through they were dropped. Many a freshman's fond dream was shattered as he was

cut from the squad; but a football coach cannot consider fond dreams when he is picking a team that must some day replace all-Americans such as Schwartz, Yarr, Kurth and Hoffmann. When the three-quarter mark had been reached in the varsity schedule all the cuts had been made and 75 jubilant freshmen had weathered the storm of competition.

After being drilled in the fundamentals of the Rockne system, the yearlings were taught the plays of the varsity's opponents. The aid that the freshmen afforded Senior Coach "Hunk" Anderson and his staff cannot be overestimated. And the precision and accurateness with which the first year men ran through the opponents' plays speaks well for the success of the "Fighting Irish" in future years.

With the passing of the "Guiding Light" in Notre Dame athletics, the four freshmen coaches realized that their burden was heavy. It was up to them to teach 200

or more Notre Dame men the secrets which spell success for the Blue and Gold on the gridiron. They knew the Rockne system, everyone of them having played on Notre Dame elevens of the past. They took one look at the varsity roster of this year and saw the names—Hugh DeVore, Duke Millhiem, George Melinkovich, Jim Leonard, Joe Pivarnik, and Ed Krause, all members of last year's freshmen team. Then they knew that a great task confronted them if they were to surpass or even equal the marvelous record established by Bill Jones and Manny Vezie, the 1930 freshmen coaches.

As usual, there was a large number of quarterbacks who wished to emulate the all-American, Frank Carideo. A cousin of the former Notre Dame star reported for the team at the signal barking position. So don't be surprised if in another year or two another Carideo should be considered as an all-American possibility. A 165-pound lad named Bonar, who hails from Bellaire, Ohio, and who is a nice broken-field runner as well as an apt pass receiver, heads the long list of potential field generals. Gaul, and Mettler are also pleasing prospects.

"Be as good as Marchy Schwartz," was the war cry of the candidates for the left halfback post. There were several men aspiring to this position who would have cheered the heart of any coach. Costello is an excellent passer and also knows how to run the ball. Digilef, Armstrong and another Carideo, a brother of the famous Frank, were other outstanding men at this particular berth.

The right halfbacks were duly represented by a young man, Muddrey by name, who traveled all the way from Texas in order to receive recognition from the Notre Dame coaches. He excels in punting and passing. Layden and Young also looked good.

A finer group of fullbacks than the one which reported for the freshmen team would be hard to find. Basan appears to be varsity material. Deal, Egan, Kreuz, McCarthy, Martin, O'Neil and Urban are also high powered, hard plunging fullbacks.

The center position is always one which has been hotly contested by the freshmen candidates and this year proved no exception. Selarii, a tall, husky, hard-fighting lad who tips the scales at 200 pounds, appears to possess the main qualities of a good ball snapper. However, Nadeau and Tollini gave him plenty of competition, and with the accurateness which comes with experience they

may also follow in the footsteps of the 1931 all-American and captain, Tommy Yarr.

Twenty-five green-jersied warriors applied for the guard posts. This is one of the most important positions in the Rockne system and competitors must be powerful, aggressive, and good blockers. Knappman and Shamla were promising at this position. Daemers, Goray, Lesko and Kelley may also develop into efficient guards.

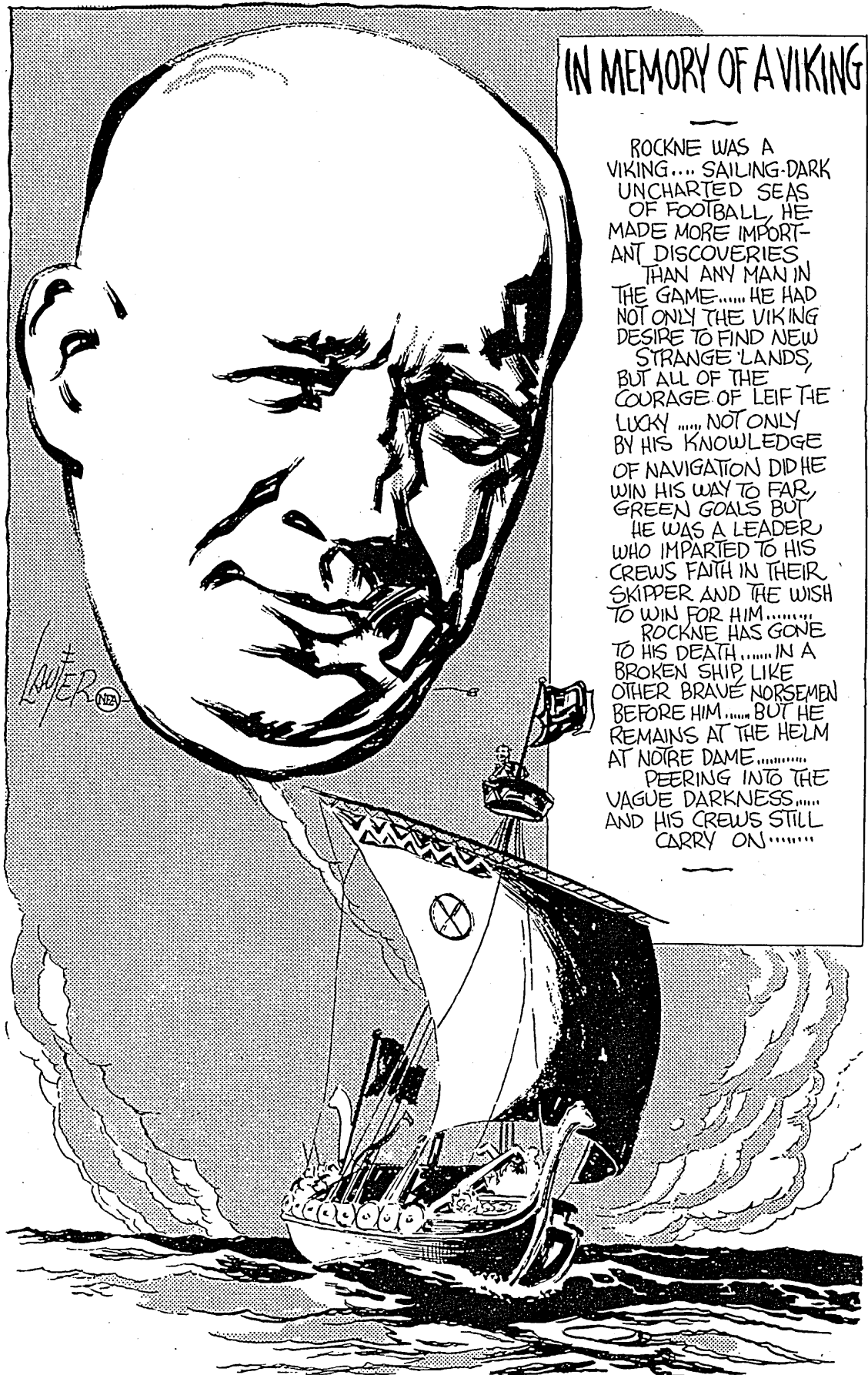
The tackle positions on the Notre Dame varsity have always been one of the strongest points. And if the freshmen warriors have anything to say about it they are not going to allow those berths to suffer because of a lack of weight. Two of the fastest applicants for those particular jobs were Pfefferle, who scales 210 pounds, and his mate, Becker, though weighing only 190 pounds, is just as fast. Other outstanding tackles are: Esser, Marek, Smith and Roccobono.

There were also plenty of talented performers for the wing positions. Many people believe that all an end has to do is to catch forward passes; but there is as much blocking, running interference and tackling at the end positions as there is in any other section of the line. A good end is considered a "find" by any coach, so credit the freshmen mentors with "finding" Rogers, a sterling six-footer, weighing 185 pounds, who hails from Glenco, Minn.; also Quinlan, another strapping, powerful lad, who would be dangerous in any line-up. Albosta, Bowdren, Brown, Davis and O'Brien are equally promising.

It may not be out of place right here to mention that when a man tries out for a Notre Dame team, in whatever sport it may be, all his newspaper clippings, all his high school write-ups, all his monograms and service stripes are a thing of the past. He is just another dreamer of heroic dreams to the coaches but he gets his chance to make good. If he fails, he has no one to blame but himself; if he succeeds it is his own glory. In other words, it is up to him to come through. It is not what you were or what you did, but what you are and what you can do, is the criterion by which the surviving 75 are chosen.

There are many men who have carried the Notre Dame colors at home and on foreign fields, who had never played football until their freshman year, and who have developed into all-Americans. Given their chance, they made good. Perhaps the most outstanding present example of this type of player is Nordy Hoffmann, than whom there are few better.





IN MEMORY OF A VIKING

ROCKNE WAS A VIKING.... SAILING DARK UNCHARTED SEAS OF FOOTBALL, HE MADE MORE IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES

THAN ANY MAN IN THE GAME..... HE HAD NOT ONLY THE VIKING DESIRE TO FIND NEW STRANGE 'LANDS, BUT ALL OF THE COURAGE OF LEIF THE LUCKY

NOT ONLY BY HIS KNOWLEDGE OF NAVIGATION DID HE WIN HIS WAY TO FAR, GREEN GOALS BUT

HE WAS A LEADER WHO IMPARTED TO HIS CREWS FAITH IN THEIR SKIPPER AND THE WISH TO WIN FOR HIM.....

ROCKNE HAS GONE TO HIS DEATH..... IN A BROKEN SHIP LIKE OTHER BRAVE NORSEMEN BEFORE HIM..... BUT HE REMAINS AT THE HELM AT NOTRE DAME.....

PEERING INTO THE VAGUE DARKNESS..... AND HIS CREWS STILL CARRY ON.....

A Viking Goes to Rest

By GEORGE TREVOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is reprinted from the April 6, 1931, issue of the *New York Sun* through the courtesy of this paper and the author.

"SOFT landings, coach" was the parting salutation of an acquaintance as Knute Rockne boarded the plane that was not fated to reach its destination. "You mean happy landings," Rockne corrected. Those the last words which the world was to hear from Rockne, were typical of the man who hated the expression "soft."

It is almost impossible for one who knew Rockne intimately to write of his death without overdoing the sentimental side, but let us take our cue from the departed leader and avoid anything that savors of mawkish emotionalism. He detested "sob stuff."

Rockne has gone, bequeathing Notre Dame a priceless legacy of memories, and leaving to us outsiders some slogans, embodying his creed of duty, which may help us to play a more manly part in the uncompromising game of life. He who was behind the door when fear went by had a message of courage for the average man.

More Than a Coach

Rockne's career was interwoven with football, yet to think of him as just a football coach—albeit the greatest—is a narrow conception which does scant justice to his many-sided character. It is as a leader and teacher, rather than as a football coach, that Rockne's fame will endure. The game has developed strategists of greater originality; it has produced drill masters more exacting in technical detail; it has never known a leader-teacher who could so move the minds and hearts of men as Knute Rockne did through the sheer force of a compelling personality.

Great teachers are even rarer than natural leaders. When these two qualities are blended in one man and quickened by that intangible something we call genius, you have a Knute Rockne. He belonged to Notre Dame first, but he belonged to America too. Not since Theodore Roosevelt's day has any single man so influenced the living habits of impressionable youngsters as Rockne did.

Rockne took the curse off that faintly derisive phrase "character builder." Among hard-boiled coaches it is the custom to refer to an unsuccessful colleague as a "builder of character." This sardonic cynicism lost its ironic flavor when applied to Rockne: He proved that the two objectives were not incompatible by building character in the process of creating invincible teams.

Building Character

Rockne's elevens reflected the character of the individuals composing them, and it was he, in turn, who shaped the characters of those individuals. Thus each Notre Dame eleven, in a very real sense, was a "Rockne team"—a phrase which implied no intent on Rockne's part to seize the spotlight.

As a matter of fact, Rockne didn't seek the personal advertising which his Notre Dame affiliation thrust upon him. He flatly rejected the proposal to call the new

South Bend coliseum "Rockne Stadium." That idea will now be revived as a fitting memorial to the man who did most to clothe this football dream in concrete, but those who reverence Rockne's wishes should vote down the proposition. "There is only one fitting name for this arena," said Rockne, "and that is Notre Dame Stadium. Let us keep our sense of proportion." He always did.

Delusions of grandeur never touched this simple, solid man whose life personified those rugged, homespun qualities we admire in Abraham Lincoln. Indeed, there is something Lincolnesque in the wealth of anecdotes, flavored with humor, which cluster about the unpretentious but ambitious Norwegian leader.

Note Rockne's last phrase—"happy landings." That cheerful adjective symbolizes his coaching regime. Those were happy terms that Rockne fathered—happy without sacrificing a jot of determination. There was a joyousness quality in their play, a gay and gallant courage, an exuberance born of a real zest for football. It is a trait you miss in teams coached by hardbaked drill masters of the top-sergeant school.

The Understanding Heart

Rockne was a stern taskmaster, yes, but his flinty veneer masked a sympathetic, essentially gentle soul. There is a world of difference between gentleness and softness. Rockne liked to convey the impression that he was "hard boiled," but though none of his players ever questioned his authority and "got away with it," the kindly sympathy and paternal understanding which were Rockne attributes could not be entirely concealed. The lowliest substitute at Notre Dame, sensed this human touch, felt that it belonged to Rockne's household. That is why his Notre Dame pupils share in lesser degree the family's feeling of personal loss. Aptly has it been said, "The bravest are the tenderest."

Rockne's elevens mirrored the man who fashioned them. They reflected his serenity, his mental poise, his love of a clean, hard scrap. They exemplified his favorite maxim: "When the going gets tough that's when we like it." It would be difficult to think of a more effective slogan on which to pattern your life.

Rockne often used that phrase between the halves of a close-fought game. His men heard it for the last time from his lips during the intermission following the first half of the Northwestern match when defeat stared Notre Dame in the eye. The comparatively light Irish line had been battered mercilessly by the Purple-jersied giants, though fumbling had averted a touchdown.

Conley's men had that haggard look which presages defeat. It seemed that brute power would prove their undoing in the periods to come. Then Rockne broke the pin-dropping silence of that locker room: Biting off his words almost savagely, but without raising his voice un-

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ROCKNE'S EARLY DAYS



ROCKNE AND ADAM WALSH



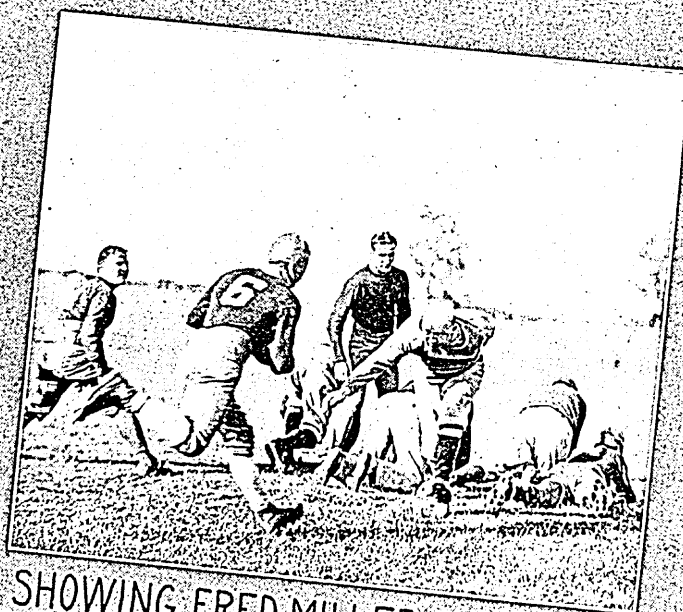
ROCKNE AND "HUNK" ANDERSON



GEORGE GIPP



"DO YOU UNDERSTAND IT NOW?"



SHOWING FRED MILLER HOW A TACKLER COMES THROUGH—1926

Rockne As I Knew Him

By ARCH WARD

Sports Editor THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

THE Knute Rockne I first knew was not the same dynamic personality who gave the United States its greatest football teams and became one of the most brilliant and sought after speakers in the country. He was a tireless, energetic young man rapidly approaching total baldness, but he had yet to reach the threshold of a career the tragic end of which plunged a nation into mourning. The inspirational fire and the brusque delivery were there, but these gifts were still to reach maturity.

It might be well to set down the situation at Notre Dame in 1919, Rock's first real year as coach, to give an idea of how he started. The South Bend team was just coming into its own as a factor in national football, a condition to which the young coach had contributed no small part during his career as a player. The story of how Charles Dorais and Knute Rockne forward passed a powerful Army team into defeat in 1913 is one of the brightest chapters in the history of the game.

It was this same Dorais who was chosen to assist Rockne in the coaching of that 1919 team. The schedule for that year included games with Kalamazoo, Mount Union and Morningside, the last named providing the opposition for the final game of the season. Only two teams—Army and Nebraska—rated the status of traditional foes on the schedule. Compare the roster of such present day opponents as Navy, Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh and Southern California with these and the picture of Notre Dame's first year under Rockne is evident. It also bears out the fact that with Rockne came the development and maintenance of Notre Dame's position as America's No. 1 football team.

The story of Rockne's early struggles to earn the wherewithal for a college education has been told again and again, but a little known one is the record of his first few years as coach and no less a tale of hardship than his battle to get through college.

Here he was, a young man in his first year of coaching, on trial before the football fans of the country. Notre Dame had first presented its case in Rockne's own time as a player and now it was up to him to drive home the clinching arguments.

It was no easy assignment, as Rockne discovered before he finally brought it to a successful conclusion. He received about \$3,500 salary for that first year, a sum minimized by the fact that he was supporting a family. And if Notre Dame followers of today think that Rockne was merely a football coach, concerned only with forward passes and off tackle plays, they don't know the story of his early coaching days.

Yes, he did devote the majority of his time to the team, building up its offense and defense, but he went beyond that with a thoroughness and eagerness that was typical of him. He was rubber and trainer, administering to the hurts and bruises acquired under his tutelage. He was his own freight department, overseeing the dispatching and arrival of uniforms on games away from home. He was his own secretary, attending personally to all correspondence relative to the school's athletic work. He

coached the track team and for two weeks, during the illness of Dorais, who coached basketball also, he tutored the cage team.

There were a thousand and one details, such as would have supplied seven or eight of a modern athletic director's minions with work, but which Rock saw to himself. All of this was comparatively unknown to the average student, who had a picture of Rockne as a chemistry professor who coached the football team. That chemistry class was just another illustration of his apparently boundless capacity for work.

What was the operating base for this almost endless campaign of activity? Just a tiny room on the second floor of the Administration Building, not more than fifteen feet square and with nary a window in it. The writer used this cubicle as a study room and here it was that Rockne each morning outlined the team's plans for the day insofar as publicity and news were concerned.

It wasn't the mere doing of these chores that made Rockne's first few years difficult. There were other obstacles, such as the occasional cases of temperament among players which had to be ironed out. Still another point in Rockne's makeup which underwent a remarkable change with the passing of the years was his speaking ability.

He made talks at pep sessions which, while they were delivered with spirit, nevertheless lacked the force and fluency of the speeches that later contributed to his fame as a radio and after dinner raconteur, not to mention his dressing room sermons.

His rise as a speaker really dates from the winter of 1924-25, following the successful season of the Four Horsemen. Then it was that his speaking talent began to flourish, for he was in demand not only at football banquets, but at commercial functions and sales conventions as well.

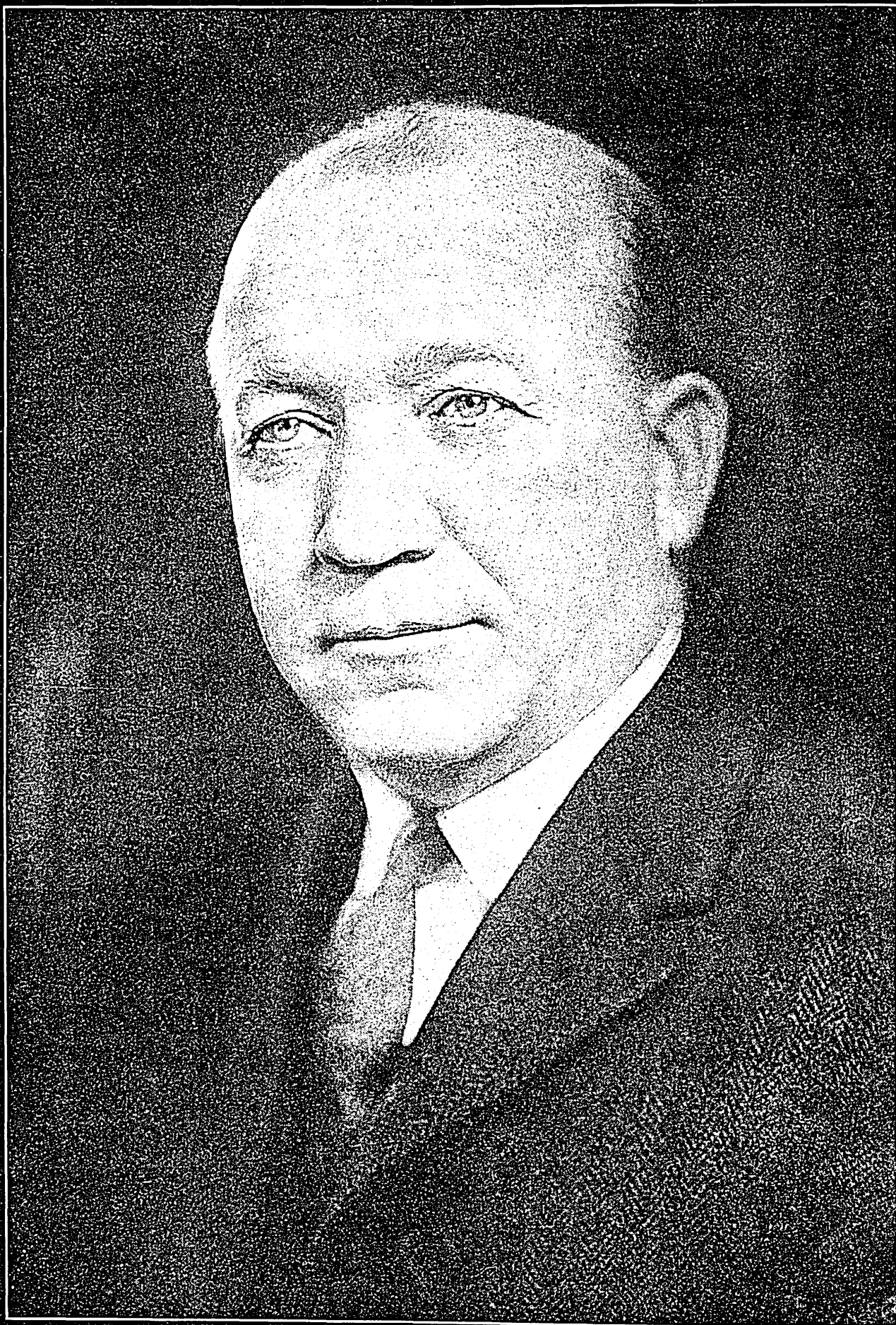
The only instruction he ever gave in regard to publicity emanating from Notre Dame was this:

"I am running this team. Nobody else has anything to say about its makeup or play. If it's a flop, pan me. If it's a success,—well, let them say what they choose. I have worked around here as an assistant coach for four years and seldom have seen my name in print."

That typified Rockne's philosophy of life. He wanted what was coming to him, nothing more.

As to his philosophy on Notre Dame—that was contained in a talk with him shortly after he was involved over a coaching offer from Columbia university. This is what he said:

"Don't ever pay any attention to rumors about me going elsewhere to coach. Notre Dame took me in as a poor boy years ago. It gave me the opportunity for an education. It enabled me to make good in a field I have chosen for my own. I am indebted to the school as long as I live. Nothing ever will tear me away, no matter what the inducements. When I quit coaching Notre Dame, I am through with football."



They'll Be Missing You, Rock!

By WARREN BROWN
Sports Editor, Chicago Herald and Examiner



Rockne and the All-America Board during his illness of 1929. Left to right with Rockne are W. A. Alexander, Glenn A. (Pop) Warner, and T. A. D. Jones.

IF THERE was one coach in football history, who made his presence felt in the ranks of his fellow coaches, that was Knute Rockne.

Rockne, like Rockne's teams, got around more than the average. His contacts with coaches then, were apt to be more extensive than might have been the case, ordinarily. But Rockne wasn't satisfied with mere contacts. His relations with coaches went beyond that. He counted them as friends, and they looked to him not only for friendship, but in some cases, for their very livelihood.

It is telling no tales out of school, to make the statement that there are coaches now on the job in this country, who have been placed by Rockne, and whose stay where they were placed has been made possible by an occasional kindly gesture that Rockne made their way.

These coaches, I am sure, will look long, indeed, before they will find another to break their falls, and do it, not

for any self-glorification, but because it seemed the thing to do.

Rockne was the leader in any counter-offensive that had to be started, on the frequent occasions that the blue-noses decided football was being emphasized, when what they actually had in mind, was that coaches should be put in their places. And the place for coaches, according to their theory, was somewhere between a plumber's helper and a janitor's caddy.

In these counter-offensives, Rockne was at his best, in the way of repartee. No other coach could turn a phrase back at the "common enemy", like Rockne could. To start with, he had something that was valuable, in controversies of this kind. That was a sense of humor. Obviously the reformers had no sense of humor. With one, they couldn't be reformers.

On this score alone, Rockne's loss to the entire body of coaches is a tremendous one.

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The Twinkle in Rockne's Eyes

By PAT FLANAGAN, Sports Announcer WBBM

(Drawing by D. J. Coffin reproduced through courtesy of Michigan Motor News.)

THAT twinkle always meant that Rockne was using that rapid fire brain of his to keep the other fellow constantly on the defensive. Rockne's wit was used in exactly the same manner as were the plays he outlined and taught to the hundreds of men who passed through his tutelage at Notre Dame. As long as he could keep the other fellow guessing in football he had the upper hand and as long as he had hundreds of men for reserves he could always plan his attack. The same was true of Rockne's stories. He had literally thousands of them stored away in his memory and as a great many other men do who are constantly before the public, he used them to keep the other fellow off balance mentally. That is one of the main reasons why it was impossible to corner Rockne. As an example, the last time I talked with Rock it was of course about football and the subject was the 1930 Notre Dame-Northwestern game.

He said, "Pat, what made those Northwestern boys fumble that ball when they got near the goal lines?"

My answer was in the form of a question because I wanted to trap him into some sort of an admission. So I said, "I saw some arms flying with abandon. Did they really fumble?"

Rockne's answer with that twinkle in his eyes was, "I never did like double-breasted suits."

Now to most people that would not have been the least bit amusing but it was Rockne's way of placing me again on the defensive and thus closing the matter.

One of Rockne's favorite stories was about a substitute who had spent most of his college football career on the bench. Rockne was quizzing him one day to find out how well he knew the signals and asked him what he would do when they called 31-22-16. The boy answered, "I'd slide down to the other end of the bench to see who made the touchdown."

Another one about that same chap was told as Rockne brought to mind some of the incidents of a very rainy day at Soldier Field in Chicago. Rock had placed some powdered resin on the floor and told the fellows to rub it on their hands and their jerseys and the front of their pants

so they could get a good grip on the ball. As the team trotted out, Rockne saw this youngster seated in the resin and spinning himself around so he asked him what the big idea was. The boy answered, "Well coach, you don't want me to slip off the bench do you?"

Rockne could use humor to get himself out of a trying situation, too, sometimes when he had brought the trial upon himself. During the summer of 1929, he was driving through the Southeast with Jack Chevigny, then just

graduated from Notre Dame, on his way to a coaching school. They had been trying for miles to pass a large speed truck ahead of them as they wound through the mountains, Rockne at the wheel and Chevigny beside him. Every time they tried to pass, the truck ahead would swing into the middle of the road or speed up.

Finally, Rockne took a chance, cut to the side of the road, and passed the offending vehicle. As he sped by, he shook his fist at the driver—a burly brute of some 200-odd pounds and more than six feet tall—shook his head

menacingly and let fly with a few choice words of censure. Then he sped blissfully on.

Soon, they came to a stop light and, to Rockne's amazement, the truck drove up beside his car. "Say, what's the idea?" the truckster yelled at Rockne, "You can't call me those names and get away with it."

"Oh, I can't, huh," shot back Rockne, apparently in the throes of an angry passion, "what are you going to do about it? I think you're afraid to come out here and fight."

One word led to another, the driver got hotter and hotter, and finally he climbed down from the cab of his machine, ready to commit mayhem. Rockne turned to his companion.

"Chev," he said, "I think he's yellow. Go on out and lick him."

And Chevigny, like a true Rockne worshipper, got out of the car prepared, as many of Rockne's players had often said they were, to die for the beloved coach. But the driver, too, had a sense of humor and, seeing the absurdity of the situation, broke into a grin. With a shrug of

(Continued on page 100)



Rockne's Spiritual Side

By LAWRENCE PERRY

When Knute Rockne on Nov. 25, 1925, was received into the Catholic church, receiving next day his first Holy Communion in the chapel of St. Edward's hall and later Confirmation from the Rt. Rev. John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, he merely gave outward and tangible recognition of a side of his personality which those close to him—as the writer was through many years—had long understood and appreciated; his spiritual side.

In the way of spiritual outgiving it needed no affiliation with the mother church to establish and define Knute Rockne. Whatever he may have taken with him to Notre Dame as a freshman, no one may question that the institutional influences with which he was surrounded there, its sturdy faith, its sweet tolerance, its philosophy of life and living, its ordered formulae of religious thought, exerted in cumulative degree a subtle effect upon a life and a character fundamentally susceptible to those things.

His football elevens, sent forth year after year, reflected not only the environment in which they had been developed but the man who had developed them. They were clean teams, sportsmanlike teams, cheery teams, whether the going was good or adverse. In all Knute's relations with rival universities, with the public, he was stamped inevitably as a man of lofty impulse and high idealism. Not that he proclaimed these things; they spoke for him in his work, in his applied standards; in all that he did.

He was an idol of the youth of the country, an exemplar long before he knelt at the feet of the Rev. E. V. Mooney, C.S.C., in the historic log chapel on the university campus and received baptism. And for Notre Dame it may be said that had he gone on in his accustomed way and so entered upon the dissolution of his mortal body, his name would have endured there as a precious reliquary, as an incentive to the continued prosperity of the school physically, morally and in education.

Why did Knute Rockne enter the Catholic church? The writer is a non-Catholic and so his opinion upon this sacred matter, based though it may be upon a modicum of knowledge, must be very humbly, if not apologetically set forth.

Knute Rockne, then, had come to a time when he could no longer be as self-sufficient as he had been. He had given so much and he was tired. He needed a rock

upon which he might be bulwarked and upon which openly he might erect his definite standard. He needed an inward solace and a knowledge of the way.

Year after year in the early morning hours he had seen his players quietly leaving their hotels repairing to mass, and to one of his keen imagination, his penetrating intellect, his broad sympathies, no words were required to advise him what their religion meant to these boys. And deep in his heart he must always have known what it could mean to him.

Rockne was a man who thought deeply, who felt strongly, who was sensitive to things unseen, yet at times ineffably palpable. He had given so much and now he himself must needs drink.

There are, it is true, strong men who go forward in their careers and promulgate their achievements, all unmindful of the spiritual values in life. No one, at least no superficial observer, may look into a soul and tell what is there; but outwardly certainly these men appear self-sufficient. Why? Because they are giving unto themselves; taking; committed to processes of acquisition, their religion is one of personal gain, the success of plan and project.

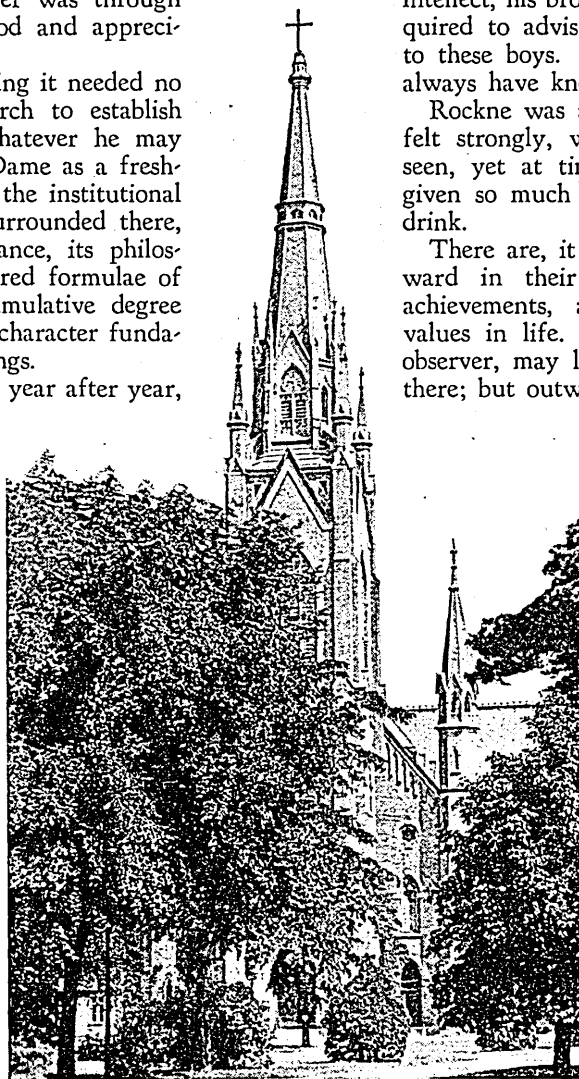
Rockne's life on the contrary was all giving. He acquired fame, to be sure, and prestige. But he never received financially or in any other way in ratio to what he gave out physically, mentally, spiritually. And so the time came when he had to reach out a faltering hand for that help which he knew to be unfailing.

Religious aspiration is best sought humbly, as Rockne sought—and found—it. The consolations of faith abound in accordance with what one makes of faith. Knute made of his faith something very

concrete. After all his groping he had become definite and the writer can imagine what would have been the fullness of his ability to give in measure he had never known had he not been called from this world.

But we know that in that little log chapel Knute came into peace as he came into grace. Thenceforward the vistas lying ahead called to him with an assuring significance. Deep within him Knute Rockne had always the standards, the aspirations, the needs that in the end were resolved in his beautiful genuflection.

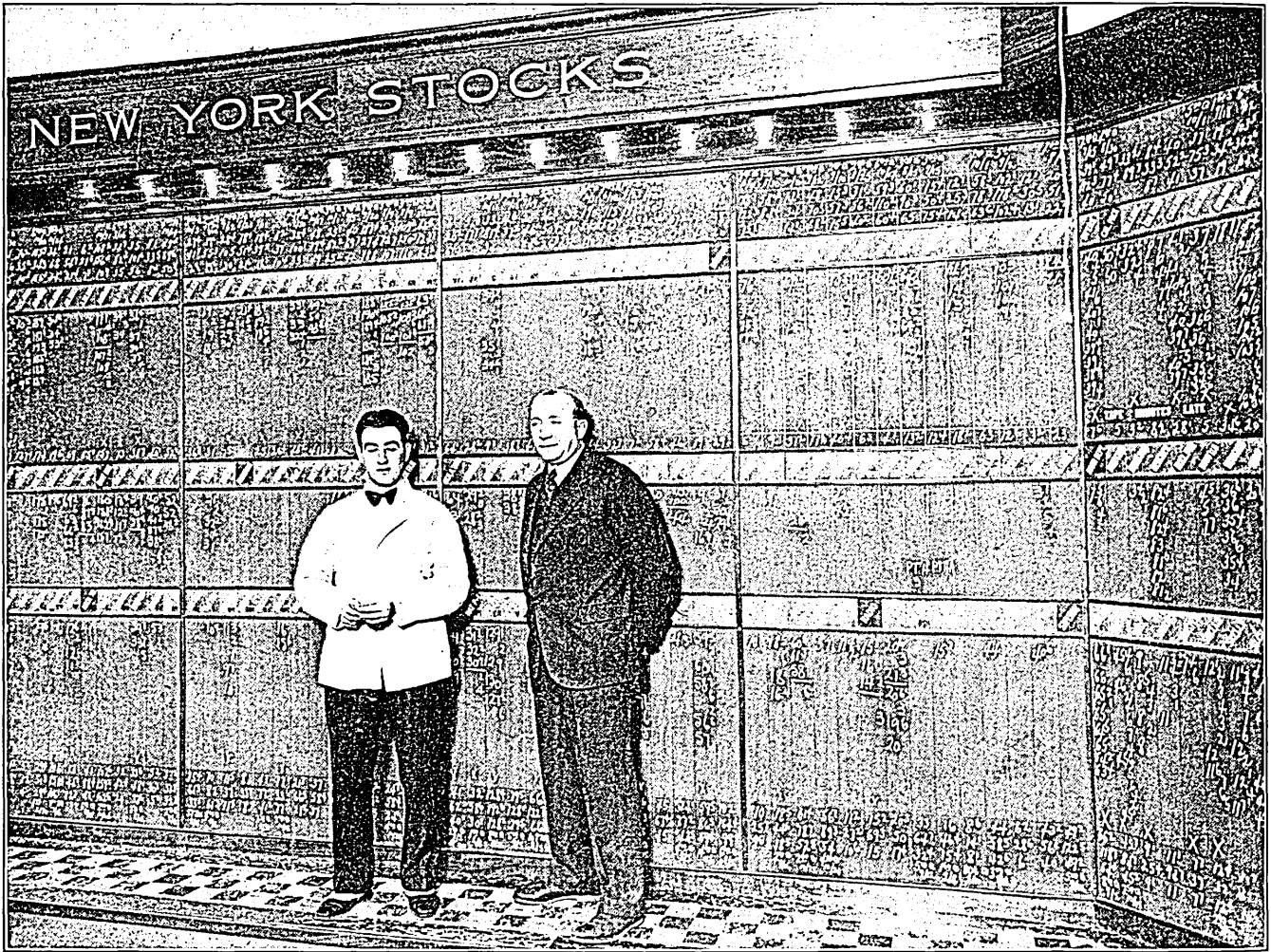
And when he crashed to his death there were upon his person and in his baggage those tangible evidences of the new life upon which he had entered.



Rockne, The Industrial Leader

By PAUL D. HOFFMAN

Vice-President, Studebaker Corporation



Rockne at the South Bend brokerage of which he was manager in 1930 and 1931

ROCKNE'S career as a business man was all too brief but the impact of his personality, of his buoyant spirit on the organizations with which he was associated, will be felt for generations,—“The flame goes out but the light goes on forever.”

Following his graduation from high school in 1907, Rockne took the civil service examination for railway mail clerk, passed easily and entered that service. It wasn't long before he was proving himself a great annoyance to the older employees in the department to which he was assigned. In the first place, he set a new and faster pace for mail sorting that wasn't popular. Then he began to upset the long established routine by suggesting short cuts and a rearrangement of work which would result in greater output. That was rank heresy in civil service and his fellow employees became actively resentful toward the intruder. But the resentment didn't

last long. He won over his co-workers one by one and shortly had the whole department interested in making and breaking records. It is not recorded whether he had yet developed his famous Notre Dame shift but it is a fact that the teamwork of that department in the railway mail service was such that numerous records were established. He accomplished his objective but he had to overcome so many resistances that are inherent with civil service, that he decided to seek a new field of endeavor. Industrial chemistry intrigued him but in order to make any progress it would be necessary for him to have higher education. In the Fall of 1910, he entered Notre Dame, majoring in chemistry and on his graduation became an instructor in the chemistry department of the University. Incidentally he assisted in coaching football.

Chemistry and football combined to keep Rockne from business activity until the summer of 1928 when he blos-

somed out as a tour conductor. He both organized and conducted a European tour which turned out to be one of the most successful individually conducted tours in history. No one will ever know, however, the mental turmoil which he went through in order to keep himself in a pleasant and agreeable frame of mind. The nightly job of meeting the demands of all members of his tour for room with bath when only one room out of 20 had a bath, was sorely perplexing. At that he never lost his temper, found some way of satisfying everyone and could have signed up as a tour conductor for any established service for every summer season thereafter if he had wanted to but one season was one too many.

Rockne's association with Studebaker began in January of 1928. He was employed to address sales meetings and, to use the vernacular, to "pep up" the selling forces. He did a splendid job during that season, so satisfactory, in fact, that he was re-employed for 1929. Unfortunately his serious illness prevented his doing any work that year. In 1930 he had recovered sufficiently to permit his resuming work.

What a job he did!

Starting in New York on January 5 and working his way westward, with meetings held in every important city, he threw himself into sales work with the greatest enthusiasm and energy. He had made up his mind that his health might not permit his continuing in active coaching very much longer. He was trying out the sales field with the thought of devoting more and more of his time to the work if he found that he liked it. As he studied sales problems, he became impressed with the close analogy between sales management and coaching and became tremendously interested. In March of 1930 he agreed to accept the position of sales promotion manager for the Studebaker Corporation of America.

Rockne would have been one of the greatest sales executives of all times had he lived. The same qualities of character and personality that carried him to the top in football, would have made him a champion sales executive. Immediately on assuming the responsibility of sales promotion manager, he embarked upon a course of training for Studebaker sales managers which proved eminently successful. Notre Dame men may enjoy reading one of two of the letters he wrote these Studebaker Sales Managers. A great deal of his personality was written into each of them.

"If you think you already know all there is about sales management; if you are one of the type that starts out with a loud whoop and pooblah the first day and then slows down to a walk when the going gets tough; if you think this is going to be a de luxe excursion with attendant banquets, wassail and paper hats—forget all about me. You had better spend your evening listening to Rudy Vallee. You won't fit into the Rockne system.

"If, on the other hand, you are willing to get right down to earth and dig; if you have the character to drive yourself into mastering new ideas and putting them into play; if you are willing to start early in the morning and work until late at night, if need be, injecting new life into your salesmen—then send your entry in to me.

"I want to see every Studebaker dealer and sales manager get out for the team. But I can't use any laggards who are satisfied with mediocre work. Better a few real men of championship caliber than a raft of candidates who will be satisfied if they make the scrub team."

"Here is some inside stuff. The only reason we manage to win games is because we have worked and worked and WORKED to develop every man on the squad to his highest point of playing efficiency.

"Out at Notre Dame we have our 'control plan'—only we call it our 'chart of play.' If I had to coach football without it, I would probably quit coaching. This chart tells us everything we want to know about what happened in previous games—and shows us just where we can improve on the individual performance of every man.

"How many times did Schwartz carry the ball? How many times did Mullins carry the ball? How many times did Brill carry the ball, and how much did they average on each attempt? How many forward passes did we try and how many were completed?

"On the plays that failed, which man is responsible, who failed to function 100 per cent? On forward passes, which man failed to block for the passer?

"Every time an opponent made a tackle, which of our players failed in his specific assignment of taking care of his specific man? When we got on the goal line why didn't we score? When we got Schwartz loose in the open, why didn't he score? What individuals fell down in picking off the secondary and safety men? Our chart tells.

"Sometimes we feel like tossing that chart away and saying, 'Oh, well, we won again, we've got a good team and we ought to win again next week.' But we've learned, by sad experience, that in competition as keen as modern football we can't keep winning unless we keep improving—and we can't improve unless we have the FACTS—all the facts about every player and every department of play."

In conclusion, one of the interesting facts in reference to Rockne is the impression he made on leaders in almost every field of human activity. An eminent physician told me that Rockne should have been a doctor, that he would have been outstanding in that profession. A leading jurist told me he should have been a lawyer, that he would have been one of the greatest trial lawyers in the country. A prominent theatrical producer told me he should have been in that field. He had all the qualities necessary to make him a great showman. As a matter of fact, the Madison Square Garden corporation pleaded with him to accept the dictatorship of that institution. We in the business world feel that he should have started his business career earlier. We were all right. He would have been a great doctor, a great lawyer or a great business man but fortunately for America, he entered the profession of coaching. In that field he influenced millions. In any other more restricted field it would have been thousands, and millions would have been the losers.

Rockne, Alumnus of Notre Dame

By JAMES E. ARMSTRONG

Alumni Secretary University of Notre Dame

FOREIGN-BORN, long of a different creed, Knute Rockne might have found at Notre Dame a racial and religious isolation.

Instead, so well did he conform to the idea of a Notre Dame man, that he gained at Notre Dame a spirit that other schools spend generations inculcating.

Rockne was the epitome of the Notre Dame man. Never did that cheer "He's a man, he's a Notre Dame man!" ring more sincerely than when Rock was its object.

He came to Notre Dame a poor boy.

He worked his way through college.

He was a brilliant athlete—a record-holder in track, captain of the football team, and a participant in the colorful interhall sports.

He was at the same time a brilliant scholar, graduating in the difficult field of science with a *magna cum laude*.

Graduation left him almost without resources. He joined the faculty of the College of Science. His teaching, like his other tasks, reflected at the beginning his genius.

Joining the coaching staff rather accidentally, his talent was obvious from the start. When Jesse Harper retired in 1917, the choice of Rockne was inevitable. He left the actual faculty of science with considerable regret, to pursue a field with more immediate advantages. That he pursued it so successfully was typical. It is not assuming much to say that similar success would have attended his continuance as a teacher.

Until the beginning of his coaching success, then, his career paralleled that which you would expect fiction to provide for a Notre Dame hero.

Beyond the early successes of his coaching career, fiction would not have dared to do for Notre Dame the things that Rockne did.

It is true that Notre Dame did much for Knute Rockne. It gave him circumstances and opportunities that matched his talents in a manner improbable elsewhere.

But after the 1924 team had brought a national championship football team to Notre Dame and blazoned the name of the University across the national horizon, Knute Rockne could have accepted any one of many offers that came to him, and few would have accused him of ingratitude to Notre Dame. Three times since his coaching career began, he had brought an undefeated team through a difficult season—the great teams of 1919, 1920 and 1924. This would have seemed his peak. Most men would have grasped the tempting financial rewards that offered quick dividends.

But Rockne stayed. Stayed at a financial sacrifice. Stayed while the several years succeeding dimmed to some extent the luster that had haloed the team of '24.

Notre Dame recognized this sacrifice. During these years Knute Rockne was given the freedom that made possible his development as a great speaker. He became a journalist. He wrote a novel and a book on coaching. He was familiar on the radio programs of the nation. He gave varying degrees of support to several commercial enterprises.

But it was his earlier devotion to Notre Dame, his admiration for the men of Notre Dame, and his love of the ideals that Notre Dame taught that delayed this success until, when he surmounted the steep highroad he found there death as well.

His final gesture was typical of his life as an alumnus—that short letter in which, with a standard of values the world is fast forgetting, he told Father Charles O'Donnell, "They have offered me fifty thousand (\$50,000) for this proposition, a moving picture which, however, doesn't interest me at all. The only thing is I thought perhaps there might be a chance to put out a picture that might be instructive and educational as regards Notre Dame in every sense of the word . . ."

And so Knute Rockne, the Notre Dame man, died.

He had taken from Notre Dame all that it has to give those fortunate alumni who will accept.

He took the hard work necessary to pay his expenses.

He took the difficult hours of study for the classroom and the laboratory.

He took the opportunities for recreation and physical development.

He took the beautifully tempered fellowship of the campus.

He took the humble salary of an instructor after his graduation.

He became assistant to Jesse Harper with more added work than remuneration.

He took the natural adaptability of the Notre Dame man for athletics and moulded his great teams about the model formations of his marvelous mind.

He took success as naturally as he had taken all else.

Toward the end of his life, though few could have foreseen it then, he took the greatest of the gifts of Notre Dame—Faith.

In return he gave himself and his talents unreservedly. Notre Dame was always first.

Now, as the final reward of Our Lady for a son so deserving, Knute Rockne, the Notre Dame man, must enjoy in the Heaven of her Son, "the peace that passeth all understanding."

Knute Rockne—Newspaperman

By CHRISTY WALSH

MUCH of my contact with Knute Rockne seemed to be in and about hotels. And where could one find a better patron of the hotels than this man who spent so much of his life jumping from city to city in the interests of his college and his friends—making football schedules, making speeches and making admirers for all concerned. Speaking of hotels, Rock often remarked that when in doubt as to his starting lineup, he consulted the Night Clerk. Or when a championship was at stake, he sought the counsel of a Hotel Barber.

My last meeting with Rock was in the Palmer House, Chicago—where we had dinner Monday night, March 30th, of this year—the night before his fatal crash. My first meeting with him was in the Vanderbilt at New York—the day Notre Dame played Army, in 1923.

At that time I was associated with the late Percy Haughton and after some persuasion he agreed to come with me, to meet Rock—for a photograph. Not long after that now memorable visit, in the old fashioned Vanderbilt, the great Haughton, then coaching at Columbia, passed away. One day, seven years later—within a few hours after leaving me at the Palmer House, Rock went on to join Haughton and Walter Camp and Andy Smith and of all football players, the nearest to his heart—George Gipp.

In between those two meetings, important now but casual at the time, there was a series of visits and sessions with Rock, in his room or in my room, in hotels from coast to coast.

One day, Damon Runyon said: "Why don't you go out and grab this fellow Rockne? He's just starting to come big." That was early in 1923. I had heard of Rock but had never seen him. I had never seen Notre Dame play, until the New Year's game at Pasadena. But Runyon, being a very wise guy in his line, his advice spurred me to action and I nailed Rock when he came east, with what he described to Haughton as: "Just a bunch of kids." "A little light," he said, with a twinkle, that was almost suspicious. "A little light but sort of smart." They won that day by the score of 13 to 0—against such West Point softies (?) as Mulligan, Hewitt, Garbisch and Smythe. After that, whenever I heard: "A little light but sort of smart"—I knew just what Mr. Rockne meant.

September, 1924, saw the first article published, under a Rockne by-line, in newspapers from coast to coast. No sooner had the first copy reached us in New York than a telegram followed, "Anxious to know what you think of first article. Get opinions of various newspapermen." That was Rock for you. Always striving for class. Always looking for weak-spots to build up. And right down to the last newspaper article to come from his witty and analytical mind—his story covering the landslide against Southern California in 1930—he never ceased to ask—"What did you hear about that article last week? Have you seen Warren Brown lately? Did he like the one I wrote about the new shift rule? Did you see Pop on the coast? What did he say about my stuff? Anything?" And even if you had an unfavorable reply, you couldn't "yes" the old boy, if you tried. He would just keep digging and digging until he found out

what he was after. "How about the papers. Any kicks on my stuff? Is it better than last year? Is it too long? Am I too strong on the shift and the professors? Maybe I better lay off that line for a while."

In eleven years of newspaper syndicate work I have encountered the leading figures in all lines of sport. Some write their own stuff, in pen and ink or in pencil. None, that I have known, ever attended a Secretarial School or Typewriting College and therefore could not operate an Underwood or a Remington. Many, although intelligent and unquestionably able to discuss the sport of their profession, give their ideas to another party, generally referred to as a ghost-writer. The latter practice is not confined to celebrities in sport but is followed quite generally by men in business and in politics. Even by Presidents. As for Rock, he wrote his own—sometimes in long-hand, sometimes via short-hand. But always his own. He was perfectly willing to have his copy criticized by any competent observer after it was down in black and white but he emphatically insisted on producing the job himself, without help from the sidelines. Knute Rockne showed more consistent and enthusiastic interest in the excellence and improvement of his copy than any sport world celebrity I have known. That, I would say, was Rock's principal characteristic as a writer—endless fretting about the quality of his copy and an overwhelming desire to make it better.

The All America Board of Football was organized in 1924.

Rock was a charter member along with Pop Warner and Tad Jones. Never, in seven years, did Rock miss a meeting of the Board, including 1929 when he sat propped by pillows with the others at his bedside in his home.

Rock "leaned over backward," trying to give the other fellow consideration in this annual selection. Outstanding Notre Dame players were invariably nominated and selected by other board members before their own coach would agree. Ready at all times to defend the good name and character of his own boys, Rock was cautious and reluctant when it came to awarding the laurel wreath, at the expense of worthy players from other sections. In 1925 and 1928 he refused to permit a single Notre Dame player on the All-America team. In 1924 Red Grange was unanimous choice in the backfield, along with Layden, Crowley and Stuhldreher. But the following year, in spite of Grange's selection by most observers, Rock showed convincingly from the records, that the great red-head did not belong in 1925 and the line-up was named accordingly. Rockne picked an all-star team with the same judicious and impersonal attitude that always sent his selected players to the firing line for old Notre Dame—no politics, no prejudice, no regard for his own inclinations. And as far as criticism was concerned, as long as he was convinced of his own position on any subject, he welcomed the attacks of his critics.

Knute Rockne had the natural instincts of a reporter. His mind was a storehouse of information and he was undoubtedly the best posted football man of his day. His memory was amazing. Rock knew what was going on up at Minnesota, as he knew of the latest change on

(Continued on page 105)

Rockne and Eastern Football

By BILL CUNNINGHAM

Sports Writer Boston Post

IT'S a long gaze westward from this plinth of erudition "where the Cabots speak only to the Lowells, and the Lowells speak only to God", and it's usually been pretty hard for an eastern sports writer to adopt other than a patronizing attitude toward those young but lusty institutions of the burly Central West. That isn't fair, of course. It isn't even honest, but then the spectacles of the Puritan were always covered with grease. He seldom saw, or sees, beyond the end of his schnozzle. Even an obvious fact has to knock him down before he sees it and even then some bystander usually has to explain just what happened.

Gridironically speaking, Rockne's Notre Dame teams were that obvious fact. Properly regulated and successfully manipulated, football is a powerful educational force. It is a great and rapid arranger of values. It can deflate the most gaseous ego and build up the most woe-full case of inferiority complex. In that connection, if you'll pardon a personal experience, I'll attempt to elucidate.

In my own playing days, I was the gallant centre-rush of Dartmouth college. (I know . . . I know, the only eastern teams most folks out your way ever heard of are Harvard, Yale and Princeton. You probably pronounce it Dart-MOUTH, instead of DARTmuth, and think it's a tooth paste, or something because it's got a mouth on the end of it, but it's really quite a school and I wasn't a bad centre—who threw that?)

But anyhow, we were playing some little club such as the New England College of Embalming or the Molar Tonsorial institute. Dartmouth had kicked them all over the lot, running up five or six touchdowns and generally grinding them into the sod. Near the close of the half, the coach looked up and down the bench and said, "Go in at centre", to me. I was only a sophomore at the moment and there was a senior ahead of me on the team. I shucked off my blanket, galloped up and down the side lines for a minute while the stands tossed verdant wreaths of the wild raspberry like quoits, and then charged onto the field full of vim, vigor et cetera.

Time was out for they were scraping some brother loose from the sod and I took my place behind the line (the other gang had the ball) and began "talking it up" until the echoes rolled back from the surrounding hills. Always considerable of a grand stander, with a loud pair of lungs, I'm afraid I talked a better game than I played, but I began exhorting the brethren in raw-boned phrases, urging them to greater deeds, hurling defiance at already macerated opposition, kicking the rest of the linemen in the lower dorsal curve and generally whooping 'er up for the landing.

The opposition sprawled around in exhaustion and absolute silence for awhile, and finally the hard-bitten little centre, who wouldn't have weighed 145 pounds with all

the Sunday newspapers in his arms, who looked more or less as if he'd fallen into a nest of cog-wheels, whose nose was bloody, one of whose eyes was rimmed with blue and whose jersey looked like something fit for a moth's Christmas present, took his head-guard off—one ear-flap was torn from it anyhow—spat in a fair working model of complete and utter unimpressedness and said:

"Aw shut up, you big loud mouthed so and so. If you were any good, you'd have been in here at the start of the game."

I don't mean to say that Rockne's teams were anything like that. The comparison isn't accurate because Rockne's teams were seldom on the losing end, but there's the makings of a comparison in there somewhere. Notre Dame, under the leadership of that dynamic genius, did much to educate the rest of the nation, and particularly the rest of the intercollegiate nation in the futility of sectional egotism.

Moving annually forth from his little (as many of them are measured) mid-western campus, with a group of players representing all territorial sections and most racial strains, Rockne invaded the native compounds of the southerners, the easterners, the far westerners in succession and proceeded to demonstrate that no one section has a monopoly upon brawn nor intelligence. And the fact that he occasionally got licked merely made the application universal.

In his way, he was a great servant in the cause of Americanization—of nationalization. When he could take an Irishman from Texas, an Italian from New Jersey, an Indian from Arizona, a French-Canadian from Massachusetts, a German from Pennsylvania, a Pole from Chicago, a boy with Jewish blood from New York City and a host of others from as widely scattered addresses, mould them into a splendid, hard hitting, quick thinking, sportsmanlike and utterly admirable unit and move out with them to mow down any and everything, he gave even the Cabots cause to look appraisingly at the Lowells and the Lowells some reason to doubt that exclusive conversation with the Deity constituted all that could be got out of life.

But Rockne's service and his contribution weren't confined merely to this.

There was a more material contribution that can never be measured. More than any other coach the game of football ever had, Rockne gave the spectator something he could see and understand. In some of their sacrosanct publications, the hoary historians of Harvard and Yale claim credit for prior use of the forward pass. And I believe it is a matter of record that some bewhiskered Harvardian in the dark ages did throw the ball to some team mate who thereupon fled down the sward to cross the goal line, but I believe that it is likewise true that some gent by the name of Icarus once fixed himself a

crude pair of wings that would flap with sufficient weight to lift him from the ground and therefore rates prior claim to Lindbergh as an aviator.

Never until the Notre Dame team Rockne captained in 1913 came east to play West Point and forward passed the Soldiers dizzy had the pass been anything but a piece of permissible foolishness. That score, 35 to 13, was real birth of the forward pass in American football, and was a discovery or at least a development, comparable to that of the self-starter in the automotive field.

It was the death blow to mass play. It gave the spectator something to see. It threw the game into the open and jewelled it with thrills. Football as the great, compelling spectacle we know today came on exactly from that point. It became the idol of millions. The great stadia were thrown up around it. It became a sports page subject of powerful proportions.

It became, in brief, the game we know now.

Rockne's other contributions have been so glowingly described in better words than mine, that a listing of them here would be superfluous. His teams became the symbol of the great fighting comeback. There was always a thrill to seeing them even in defeat. I don't know how he did it—the psychology of it is too profound to follow. The various ramifications of it may even root back into something sociological, but in some manner and fashion, Rockne's teams became the teams of the non-college man and in the same breath, the teams of every college man.

They became the teams of women—the mothers of boys and the teachers of children.

I'll never forget the day Rock was killed.

I had spent the early part of the afternoon in the office of a young lawyer friend straight on down Washington street from Boston's Newspaper Row. I had been offered a job with another newspaper and was trying to get an outsider's view of the possible change. We talked lazily along until the middle of the afternoon, and finally I stepped upon a cigarette and started toward the door.

"What're you going to write about tomorrow?", he said, not that he particularly cared, but just in the matter of saying goodbye.

"I don't know", said I, "it's pretty thin picking these days. A real story hasn't come along in so long that I wouldn't know one if I saw it."

I sauntered along through the street toward the office trying to chisel out the idea for a column. I suddenly became conscious of shrill cries over in the Row indicative of extra editions. Turning absently in that direction, I ran into Spider Murphy, a tough street butcher. His face was as strangely set as if something serious had happened to him.

"Jeez, ain't that tough?", he said in a strangely soft voice.

"About what?", said I.

"About Rockne", he said.

"What about him?" I asked.

"He's dead", said Spider in a tone that almost amounted to awe.

"He's WHAT?", I gasped and then I snatched the paper he had in his hand, and read the headlines with unbelieving eyes.

Over in the Row, a throng that rapidly grew to thousands stood in front of the bulletin boards. It was a strangely silent throng. There was even something reverent about it. They paused and read, looked silently at each other for a minute and moved away. Yankees are undemonstrative folk, but their very silence was eloquent.

Inside the paper the telephones were screaming until we had to send out for extra operators. It was like the night of a big election or some tremendous calamity.

"Is it true that Rockne's dead?", they asked.

"Yes", would be the answer.

"Oh my God!", was the response from the unknown inquirer more than once.

Many of those voices—most of them—belonged to women. Not women who regarded Rockne sentimentally, but mothers to whose sons the clean, manly star-white figure of a great Christian—a great leader—was an inspiration, was something real and fine and uplifting, something square with the old time virtues of decency, gallantry and honor in these days of gin, jazz and juvenile amatory experiments.

And those telephones kept ringing far into the night, as we gathered the facts and tried to write our feeble tributes to a subject, the majesty of which, we amazingly realized for the first time was in some fashion too big fully to outline in words.

I can't realize yet that the man is gone. I'd seen him in Florida and again later in Boston some three or four weeks before his death. He was the same old Rock, back on his feet, full of the zest of living, kidding again, and apparently as good as new.

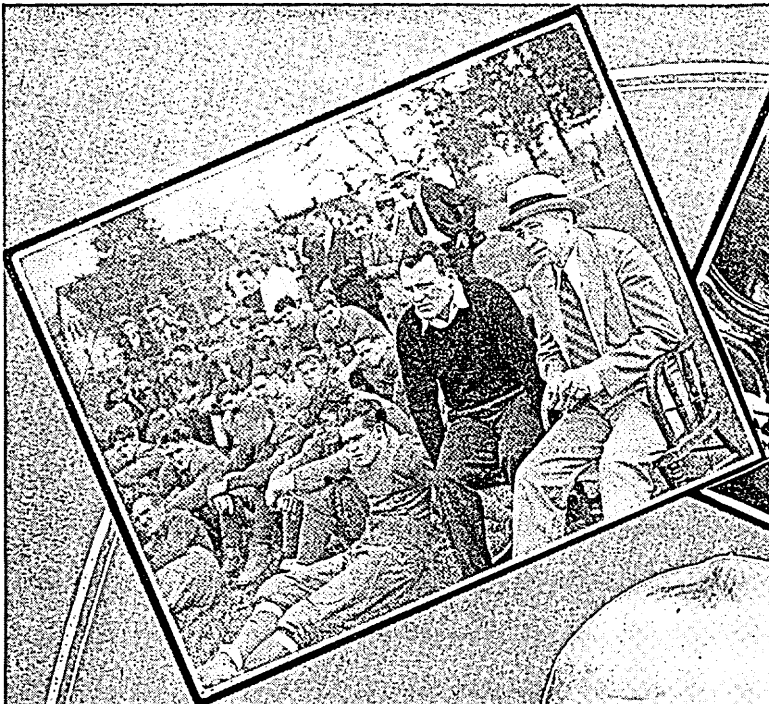
I won't be platitudinous and close with any line about his spirit marching on. Perhaps his spirit does, but if it does, it's because he made that spirit one, as closely as his human limitations permitted, with the Spirit of that other Great Teacher who once trod the shores of Gallilee.

He was only a football coach, God rest his gallant soul, but he, too led men and taught them the value of higher, cleaner things although his pulpit was only a playing field and his medium only a football.

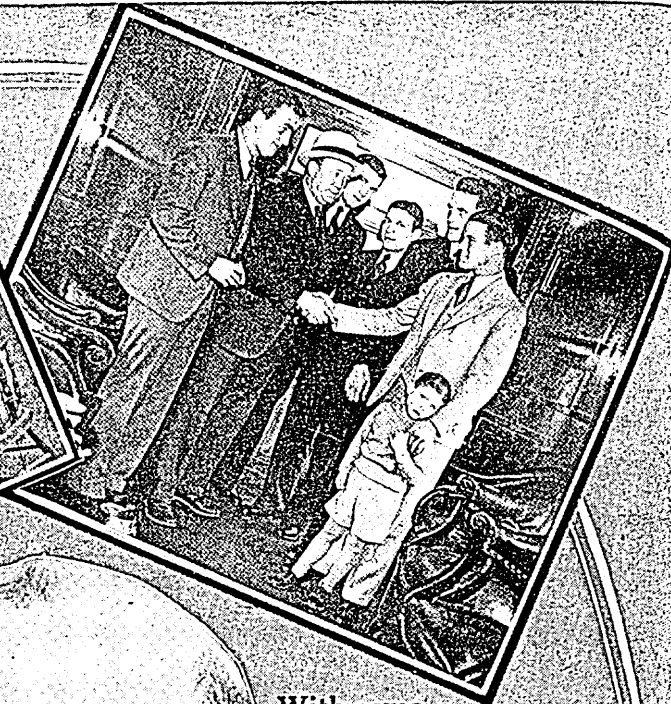
ROCKNE'S RECORD AGAINST EASTERN TEAMS

NOTE: This includes all games with Eastern teams from 1919 to 1930, inclusive. In his first year as head coach, 1918, Rockne had no Eastern team scheduled. That was the only year that Army and Notre Dame did not meet during the rivalry which started in 1913 when Rockne was a player.

Opponent	Won	Lost	Tied	N. D. Points	Opp. Points
Army	9	2	1	126	90
Carnegie Tech.....	6	2	0	146	71
Navy	5	0	0	66	15
Penn State	2	1	0	37	25
Princeton	2	0	0	37	2
Pittsburgh	1	0	0	35	19
Pennsylvania	1	0	0	60	20
Rutgers	1	0	0	48	0
Totals	27	5	1	555	242



Watching Spring practice



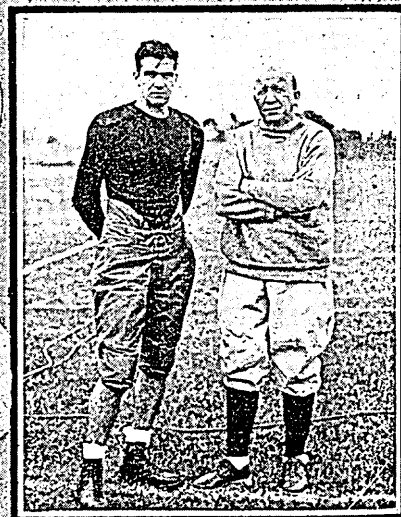
With some
players of the 1931 team



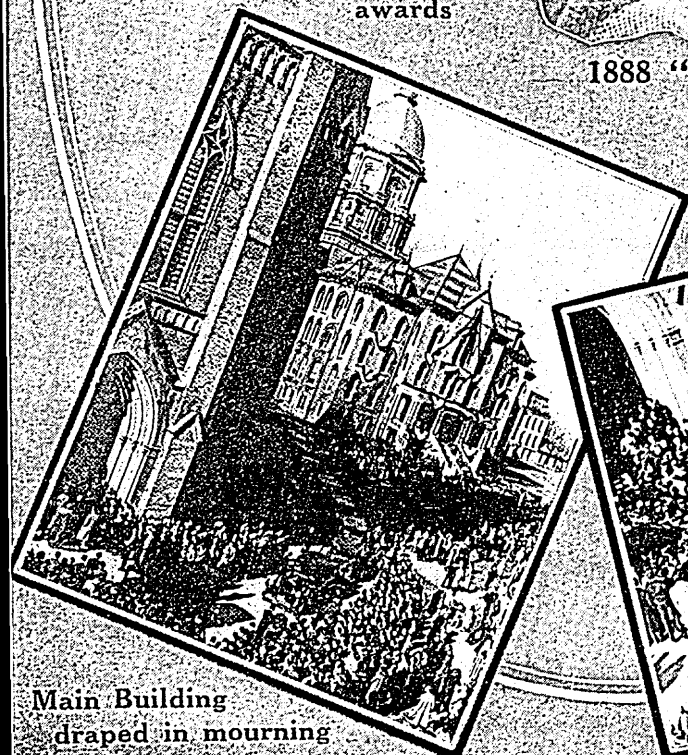
A few of the Championship
awards



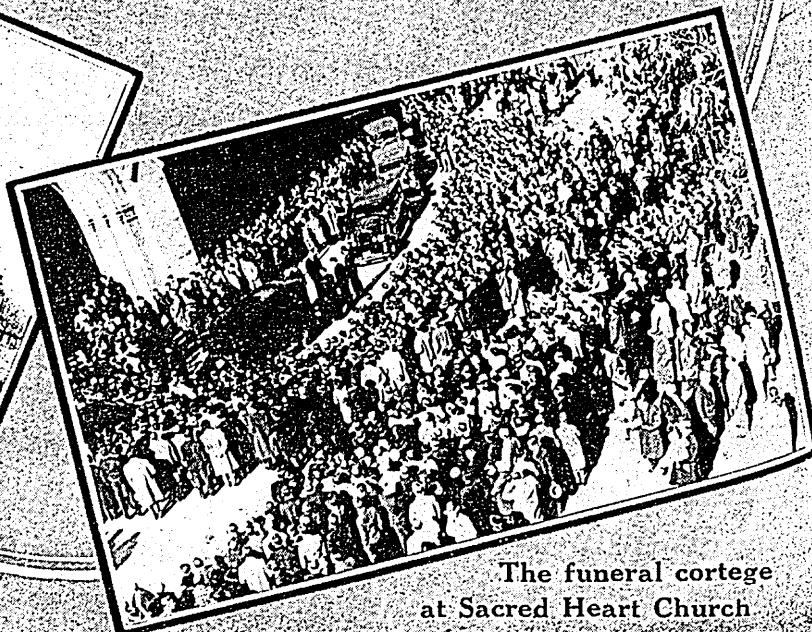
1888 "ROCK" 1931



Coach and Captain



Main Building
draped in mourning



The funeral cortege
at Sacred Heart Church

Rockne, The Radio Feature

By TED HUSING

Sports Announcer for the Columbia Broadcasting System

THE fame of Notre Dame as a football club never scaled higher than did the fame of Rockne as its coach. Every accomplishment of the system which he inaugurated at the South Bend institution and which he perfected until it throttled all competition has been reduced to writing so many times, that we ingloriously plead with his followers to suffer a tome on "Rock—The Radio Feature."

Many of the readers probably will remember the writer as the announcer of Rockne's Friday night football discussions last year, when, speaking for a commercial sponsor, "The Durable Dane," prior to each Rambler contest, would prognosticate the outcomes of the following day's contests, answer questions, recall from his inexhaustible fund of stories some terse, pointed joke which served to illustrate his chats, and discuss with selected guests such features of football that would prove of interest to a nation waiting with anxiety and anticipation for his every utterance.

It is of this radio reporter that we should like to speak in order to reveal to you a newer side of Rockne, a side which endured the modernity of this national entertainment medium. Coping with its many requisites, he mastered it as completely and as surely as he ruled the football roost.

The first I ever knew of Knute Rockne, the radio speaker, was during my initial visit to Dyche Stadium, in Evanston. The Columbia network had just been organized and we were doing our first season of football in 1927. (I always have championed midwestern football as a national network news event, and, fortunately, Columbia sees it my way. Since that first invasion we have increased our original slant on this score until we now visit the West no less than five times each season.) In the booth next to mine Rockne was preparing to voice the Dartmouth-Northwestern embroglio to the radio audience, and, seeing that, I promptly suffered hee-hee-jeebies. If a football coach were going to broadcast a football game, it behooved me to wise up on what I knew of the game, and I made a mental reservation to see the great coach as soon as I could. I did the best job I could on that game, but that wasn't any too hot.

A brace of seasons later I met Rockne through Christy Walsh. We were preparing to witness Rockne's new football pictures he had made for Pathe. Columbia was broadcasting the preliminary dinner, and the whole shoot-

ing match was a preparatory send-off to Rockne's now famed football discussions. I knew nothing of Rockne as a personality and less of him as a speaker.

I was sitting in a corner, waiting to open the broadcast, when I had a chance to meet him. Just then we went on the air. A score of newspaper men plied him with questions and Rock breezed home, under a hand ride, going away.

Believe it or not, I was goggle-eyed with amazement at his capabilities as a radio speaker. His apparent ease, his quick sallies and his choice grammar were a revelation to a person ensconced in radio lore as I was.

Shyly, I met him. Naturally, I stammered my appreciation of the honor, of his speechmaking and of his prowess as a coach. Rock listened for a moment and then interrupted.

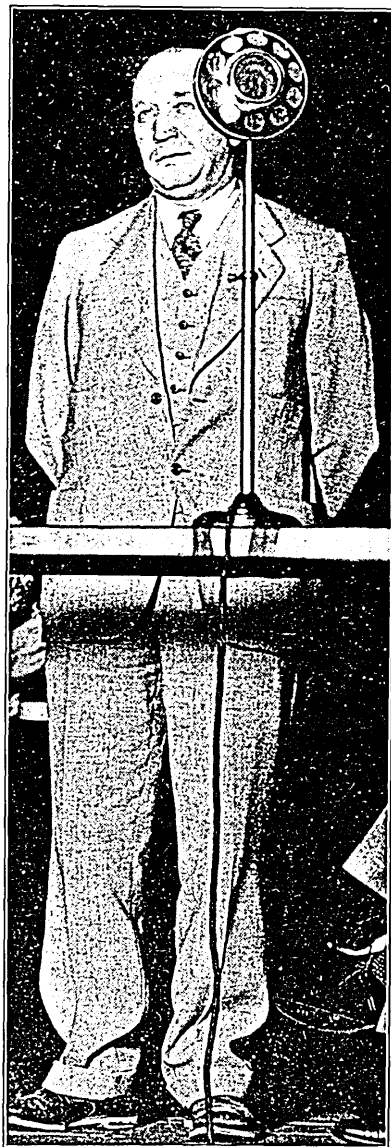
"Kid," he said, "when I was sick last year (he referred to his infected legs) I listened to four of your radio descriptions. Two of them were my own games, and let me tell you, I enjoyed them. I think you're a bit weak on line play, and if you'll come out to Notre Dame this year, I'll try to show you what I mean."

I jumped at his offer, which later I went through with, and thanked him profusely for his encouraging words. Surveying me more seriously, he told me that his impressions of me were not the most complimentary, but that meeting me had changed all that, and despite my evident Broadway mannerisms and peculiar dress—(what! You didn't know?) I evidently was a right guy. Say, Seventh Heaven was no word for it! On top of that, Christy Walsh told me that I was selected as the Rockne-Wrigley broadcast announcer, and that finished me for the night.

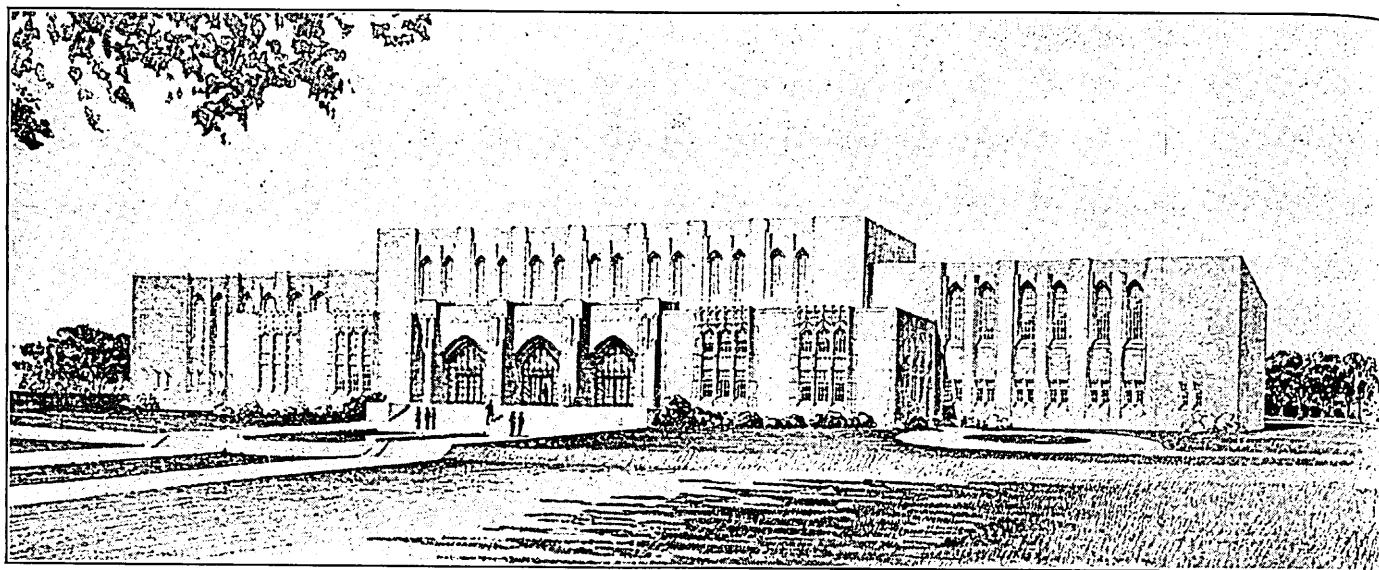
That started Rock and myself. From various places—Rock's office in South Bend, a studio in Pittsburgh, New York, Chicago and San Francisco—we put him on a national link-up. Wherever he spoke the crowds were sure to gather. At banquets

and football broadcasts, his material, ever extemporaneous, was delightful. Rock never varied in his delivery. It was ever forceful, ever dramatic and embellished with his familiar oratory with its momentary halts and continued speed, sentence after sentence. Rock's lips were as fast as his brain, and that was greased lightning!

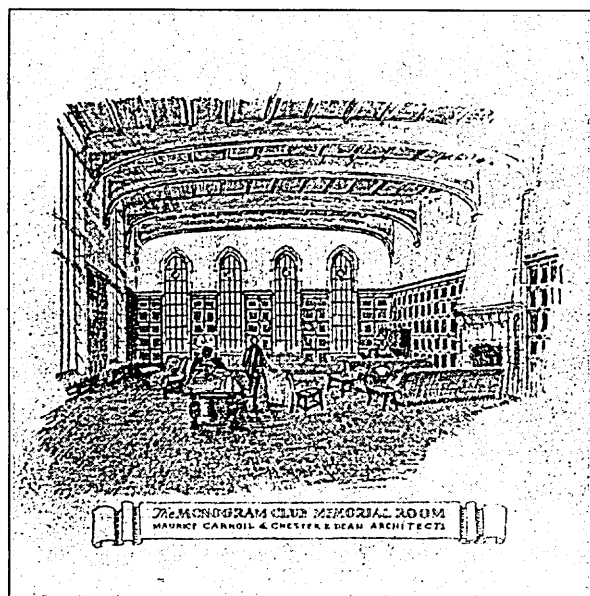
After Rock's boys dusted off Southern California so disastrously for the movie colony wagerers last year, I



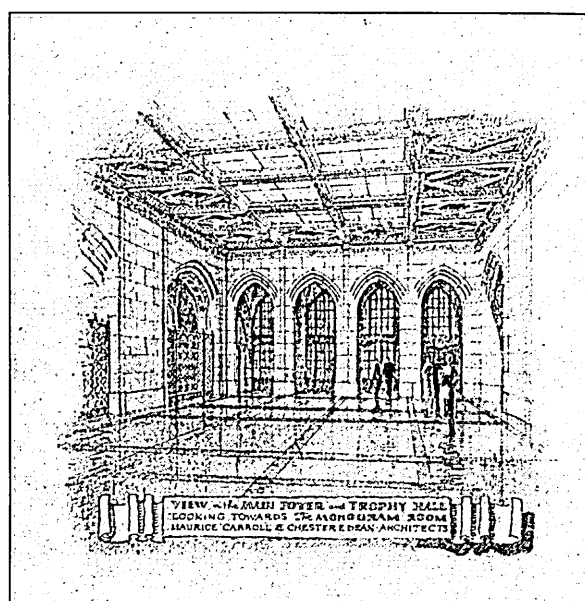
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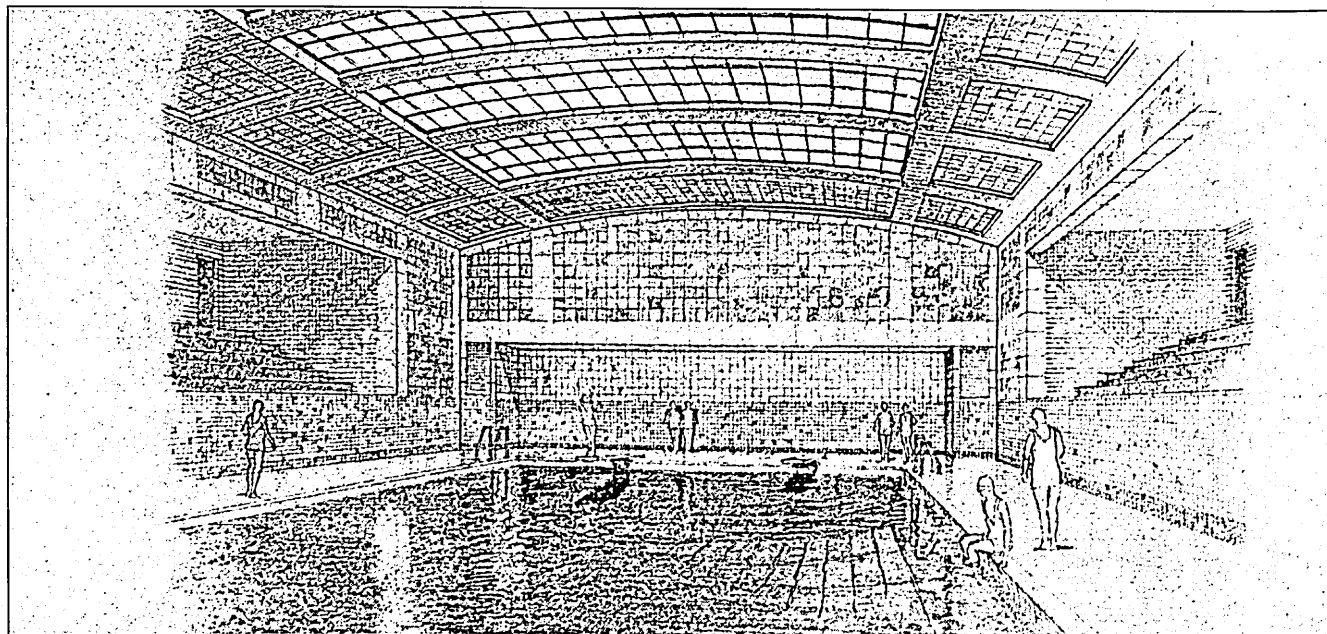
The Rockne Memorial



Monogram Club Memorial Room



Main Foyer and Trophy Hall



The Natatorium

"The Next Step"

By FRANK E. HERING, '98

Chairman of Publicity, Rockne Memorial Fund

Early last spring, at a meeting of the athletic board of the University of Notre Dame, Knute Rockne again spoke informally about a field house. He knew that there were no funds for such a structure, nor could he see the day when there might be. But he liked to refer to the field house as "the next step."

Now, within a year of that memorable meeting, plans have been perfected to make "the next step" possible.

Six months after Rock was taken from us, Notre Dame alumni, friends and admirers were organized for a nationwide drive to raise \$1,000,000 to build and endow, in memory of Knute Rockne, the building that he wanted, above all else, as the next unit in the educational system of the University of Notre Dame.

Perhaps the most important hours in a boy's life are those spent at play.

"I am not worried about boys when they are in school, in church, with their Boy Scout Troop, or when they are at home," Rockne once said, "but I am worried about them when they are playing. Their recreation can be either constructive or destructive."

Thus we see how well Rockne realized that constructive recreation builds better boys for today, better citizens for tomorrow.

Knute Rockne's most powerful contacts were with the American boy in his hours of play. And "Rock" threw all the force of his dynamic personality into providing constructive recreation for that boy. This doesn't mean that Rockne had sentimental ideas on the moral values of games. There was nothing of the sentimentalist in the man who said that inter-hall athletics at Notre Dame "must be played in a virile, competitive way with a maximum of color and interest, where both sides are trying hard to win and where it means something to win or lose. I don't believe that innocuous contests between the pancreas and the spleen amount to very much."

Rockne believed in hard play and in victory. But he

believed also in cleanness, and high purpose, and sportsmanship; and he gave those intangible elements, a vivid reality for a multitude of Americans, and more especially for American youth.

A great deal of thought has been given to the plans for the Rockne Memorial by a large number of Knute's friends both within and without the university. From their earliest consideration of the project, these men who knew Rockne intimately felt that a memorial raised in his name should meet three fundamental requirements.

First, the structure should be a living memorial. A mere monument to Rockne is unthinkable. His memorial should be associated with life, with the constant sound of voices, and with intense activity. It should be a place of joy, not sorrow. It should be a place fundamentally apart, yet in the midst of men.

Secondly, it should be closely identified with his life work. What was his first interest at Notre Dame? Was it the varsity football player? No, it was the individual boy—whoever he might be—and the way in which he spent his hours of recreation. Rock wanted that boy to have every possible opportunity to develop manly attributes through sports activities. He personally supervised the system of inter-hall athletics by which the student body of Notre Dame as a whole is drawn actively into healthful competitive sports. The fact that Rockne had a few stars on his first string football squad did not interest him half so much as the knowledge that 500 young men and boys were playing football—good or bad—every autumn.

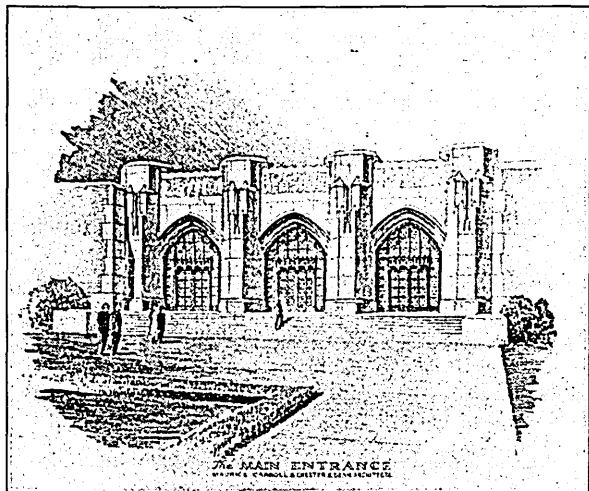
This inter-hall system that Rockne so ardently championed, and which dates back to the 'eighties when Brother Paul organized a football team in Brownson hall, long ago pointed the way to what is now a major emphasis in collegiate athletics all over the country: intramural sports. This system of athletics for everyone—the spirit that it fosters and the character that it builds—was Rockne's real concern.

And third, the memorial should be something that Rockne himself would have endorsed, something that would have gladdened his heart.

The Rockne memorial field house ideally meets these three conditions. It will most assuredly be a living memorial, the daily gathering place of hundreds of young students, a place to be remembered by all Notre Dame men long after their college years. The field house will be so much more a living memorial than, for instance, a stadium that is used, perhaps, for only five afternoons out of 365.

As designed, the field house will be the very center of inter-hall athletics. Here will be the squash, handball, and basketball courts, the swimming pool, rooms in which to work with gymnasium apparatus, rooms for boxing, wrestling, and other sports. The field house has not been planned for the varsity men, but is intended primarily for the other students who are equally enthusiastic about sports, even if they are less skillful.

(Continued on page 110)



The Main Entrance

Carrying On the Rockne System

By JOHN KIENER

Director of Public Relations, U. N. D.

SCATTERED throughout the United States there are approximately 100 former Notre Dame men carrying on the work of the late Knute Rockne. Of these hundred students of the Rockne-Notre Dame style of play, a fourth are head coaches of their respective teams.

In this year of uncertain contests, notable upsets and numerous tie games, it is extremely difficult to select an outstanding team from the larger group of Notre Dame-coached squads and set one up on the pedestal of honor.

There is one school, however, which deserves that first mention, if any at all is given. Little Mount St. Charles, 'way out in Helena, Mont., with an enrollment of only a handful, has perhaps the country's most outstanding record. Although the school is slight in enrollment there was nothing which could stop it from having the outstanding football team of the 1931 season.

This Mount St. Charles college team not only walked away with the state intercollegiate football title of Montana, but ended its season undefeated and unscored on.

Bill Jones in his first year of coaching outside of Notre Dame prepped his team so well that they went through a tough six-game schedule, dropping each team as they went along, amassing a total of 192 points.

Going down the list one finds a wealth of other teams ending their seasons with a single defeat, either head-coached by former Notre Dame men or with assistants who were formerly under the Irish banner. In many cases upsets figured in the dope, ruining a glorious season for many a team.

Down south in Alabama, Frank Thomas is continuing the good work of his predecessor, Wallace Wade, to whom Frank was assistant last year. In 1930 Alabama was undefeated and beat Washington State on the coast.

This year Alabama was nearly as successful, knocking off eight of their opponents and losing only to Tennessee, 25 to 0. Tennessee had an undefeated and untied team until it met Kentucky on Thanksgiving day. The Colonels tied them at six-all.

Although only an assistant to Lou Little at Columbia, Marty Brill, ex-heavy duty man on the Notre Dame national champs of '30, played the leading role in that school's impressive season of seven wins, one loss and one tie. Eastern critics have continually praised the blocking of the Columbia men; the upset victory over Dartmouth was due to exceptional blocking, they say, with Lou Little laid up for a month with a broken vertebrae, responsibility of running the team lay upon the broad shoulders of Notre Dame's great blocker of last year.

The only loss was a tough 13 to 0 one to Cornell. Previous to that encounter, Columbia had waded through Middlebury, Union, Wesleyan, Dartmouth and Williams. After the defeat, the team successively trampled Virginia and Brown, Syracuse holding them scoreless in the finale.

Another of the famous backfield quarter of last year making good in the coaching end of the pigskin pastime is Frank Carideo. At the start of the season Purdue's

backs were weak on defense but as the season went along, under Frank's capable tutelage, they stiffened greatly.

In fact, so well did they develop that the Boilermakers threw the Big Ten race into a turmoil with their startling overthrow of Northwestern, 7 to 0, in a charity game.

Noble Kizer deserves a lot of credit for his sterling work in bringing the Purdue outfit into the triple-tie for first honors in the Midwest Conference. Purdue's only defeat came at the hands of Wisconsin, with the Boilermakers on the short end of a 21 to 14 contest.

Meanwhile on the west coast Jimmy Phelan had better than fair success with his Washington outfit, winning five games, dropping two and tying one. Southern California, conquerors of the Fighting Irish, were to meet Phelan's eleven on December 5 in the concluding game of the season for the Seattle outfit.

Attracting the attention of the entire country for their early-season upset of the Trojans, little St. Mary's (now grown to proportions of 500 or more) continues merrily on its way under the guidance of Edward "Slip" Madigan, bowling over its opponents for a total of six wins and two losses. One game remained with Southern Methodist on the coast, Dec. 5.

Madigan's Gaels have compiled the enviable record of 57 victories in 73 contests. His outfit last year was the first team to defeat Fordham in three years. Besides trouncing Southern California this year, the Gaels tripped up California the week following, 14 to 0.

Turning the spotlight from the west coast to the eastern end of the country for a moment, we find that Yale's impressive record of five wins, one loss and two ties was due in great measure to the efforts of Adam Walsh and Paul (Bucky) O'Connor as assistant coaches.

Yale trimmed its traditional foes, Harvard and Princeton, and tied Dartmouth in that 33-33 game which everyone will remember because of its freakishness, and Army, 6 to 6, losing only to Georgia, 26 to 7.

Georgia, incidentally, under the guidance of Head Coach Harry Mehre, assisted by Rex Enright and Ted Twomey, (a trio of corking-good N. D. men) bids for honors with eight wins, one loss and one game to go, that with Southern California on December 12.

Getting back to Mehre's Georgia lads, the record shows they lost only to the undefeated Tulane outfit, 20 to 7. The wins over Yale, 26 to 7; Vanderbilt, 9 to 0; Florida, 33 to 6; New York university, 7 to 6; Auburn, 12 to 6; and Georgia Tech, 35 to 6, loom as one of the nation's outstanding football seasons.

Knute Rockne's teammate and football builder, Gus Dorais, had another successful team at the University of Detroit. Gus has won three-fourths of his games since he became head coach at Detroit. This year his outfit won seven, lost only to Fordham in an upset, 39 to 9, and played Villanova to a scoreless tie. Such traditional rivals as Marquette, Loyola of New Orleans, Michigan State and Georgetown were taken in easy fashion.

(Continued on page 106)

Credo of the Cash-Customer

(With the usual apologies to the unusual Mr. Nathan)

By ROBERT GORMAN

Editor-in-Chief NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

For at least three years Notre Dame has been the most publicized football team in the country. Through the medium of the press a flood-light of attention has been focused upon the team, its members, its coach, its system, and its school. Innumerable anecdotes, feature and human interest stories, and statistical articles have been printed. Fact after fact has told of the achievements of Notre Dame; theory after theory has sought to explain those achievements.

The sports followers, who already possess opinions which they have derived from personal observation, are confronted with more information than they can digest. The result is that they retain a curious mixture of truths, half-truths, and prejudices upon the subject of Notre Dame football—the result is their Credo:

THAT the Notre Dame players sit around one large table at each meal during the season, and that the coach sits at the head of the table and gives them fatherly advice while they eat.

That Notre Dame grid stars are the most modest football men in the country and never patronize clipping bureaus.

That Notre Dame possesses a mysterious set of unused plays which are being held in reserve for "crucial moments."

That Christy Flannagan was the only real Irishman who ever played for Notre Dame.

That the football men at Notre Dame hold the class offices, run the school activities, and control the campus rackets.

That a Notre Dame player is more at home in a Pullman than in his own room on the campus.

That a team from the Notre Dame Interhall league could defeat the average university eleven.

That Notre Dame training rules are held sacred and that a man who would violate one of them would draw down upon himself the scorn of his teammates and the contempt of the student-body.

That whenever the Notre Dame coach sends in a substitution he's trying to cut down the score which the team is making.

That Notre Dame is highly superstitious and for that reason never schedules a game on Friday.

That any member of Notre Dame's fourth team would be a star on any other team in the country.

That the present generation of Notre Dame football men in a bunch of softies in comparison with the he-men who played in the good old days; that the old-timers, in their prime, could have crushed the players of the present.

That, given a dry field, Notre Dame is certain to execute at least one "touchdown play" each game.

That the Notre Dame squad is just a big, happy family and is never disturbed by the petty quarrels and jealousies which interfere with other teams.

That Notre Dame is granted two places on the All-America each year as a matter of form, irrespective of the showing which the men have made.

That a Notre Dame team is loafing if it wins a game by fewer than three touchdowns.

That Notre Dame victories are won in the locker-rooms, rather than upon the playing-fields.

That everyone on the Notre Dame reserve squad, from the "shock troops" down to the cheerleaders, is capable of stepping into a tense game and performing brilliantly.

That the players who made history at Notre Dame as "watch-charm guards" were in reality big, husky individuals.

That Notre Dame quarterbacks sometimes call signals in foreign languages to confuse their opponents.

That Notre Dame never plays its best football unless there are at least 50,000 spectators present.

That the Notre Dame players merely go to school during the first semester; and that they spend the second semester making moving pictures, selling bonds, and scouting for new material for their Alma Mater.

That a Notre Dame center, given at least one broken hand but preferably two, will not make a bad pass all season and will be named unanimously all-American.

That any Notre Dame player, if badly enough injured, will play football better in direct ratio to the seriousness of his injury.

That all Notre Dame linesmen are equipped with a set of wise-cracks, most of which were originated by Jimmy Crowley of the Four Horsemen, which if sprung at a crucial point in the game will cause any opposing all-American immediately to fold up in stitches and thereby lose the game.

That whenever Notre Dame is behind, the coach sends in a substitute to say, "Let's get one for the Gipper," and the team becomes inspired to score any given number of touchdowns.

That on every Notre Dame team there is at least one left-handed passer who is kept under cover all season until the "big game." And that sometimes, if he is not especially needed, the player can go through an entire college career on the bench waiting for the psychological moment.

That none of the Notre Dame players cares anything at all about girls and that all ignore any pictures and letters that may be sent them.

But that each man on the first team and the backfield men on the second and third teams has a hero-worshipping roommate who answers all requests for information from small boys, mothers, proud fathers, and grandparents.

The Punch Back of Notre Dame

By NEIL HURLEY
Editor, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

THE spirit of Notre Dame, that ethereal, intangible intrepidity that has received so much attention lately on the talking screen and on the sporting pages, will never be defined.

This rambling article, if it attempted to analyze that spirit, would fail as completely and conclusively as did the Hollywood producers or the newsmen who spent weeks on the campus in an effort to find out what was the fighting punch back of the Fighting Irish.

I don't know what it is, nor does anyone else. But somewhere hovering over the shiny new stadium and clear back to the tower of Lyons hall, there is something in the air that makes you want to yell like the devil when the band thumps out the Victory March, or when capable little Joe Kennedy picks up that tremendously big megaphone and shouts for a bit of pepper.

Notre Dame students, familiar with the method of feting grid champions, revived an old custom this season that was shelved three years ago, when a riotous student body gathered at the railroad station late in November to greet a vanquished football eleven.

Not since a fighting, clawing Southern California eleven turned the tables in 1928 has a Notre Dame team trotted

into the shower-room on the short end of a score. It was a new experience, both for the team and the student body.

Previously, in the hey-day of the Fighting Irish football supremacy, the students had many times vehemently pledged their loyalty to their grid warriors, when in the over-wrought atmosphere of the pep rally, like ancient tribal braves, they chanted their guttural yells of faith.

They enthusiastically repeated their allegiance formula on the Friday night before the Southern California game, when assembled by the band, 3,000 of them wildly crashed through the slim portals of the gymnasium. There, in a blaze of red and blue flares, they roared their defiance and pledged again their loyalty to their team, who faced them on the straight, uncomfortable wooden benches of the speaker's platform.

And just 24 hours later this reign of raging enthusiasm, they were called upon to prove that loyalty they had so easily promised in their exultant mood of the previous evening.

Again one week later, when a dejected, strangely silent, and disappointed handful of 38 players straggled off their special cars in South Bend directly from New York, the



"Cheer, Cheer for Old Notre Dame"

students were once again called upon to show their colors.

Defeat is not often mentioned at Notre Dame. It rarely happens. The victories had become so chronic that juniors had never seen their team trampled in defeat.

But when it did come, when two powerful elevens piled up sufficient pointage to eke out hard-earned victories, the students proved their loyalty in a wave of spirit that induced 2,500 of them to walk seven miles to the Union station and back at eight o'clock in the morning to greet the players on their return from New York. Knute Rockne's justly famous phrase rang through them: "No team is great until it has been defeated at least once."

Were this the only criterion of greatness they might well begin to chisel the memorial now to this 1931 squad, for they were as valiant in defeat as they were when they smashed through opponent's lines for victorious conquests.

There was no crying in the grid camp here. Students, assembled for dinner on both evenings, clapped longer and louder than is their traditional custom. Disappointed and dejected, they nevertheless understood.

The riotous march from the train after the Army game wound its way through the South Bend streets behind Drum Major Henry Tholen and the University band in a wild homecoming celebration.

There was, too, the routine and orthodox campus enthusiasm, but to me the spirit of a defeated Notre Dame student body, keenly feeling the loss of two stirring struggles, is the keynote of the fall season, when one speaks of pep.

As a matter of record, however, let it be said that there were the usual pep rallies, the same thrilling orators, and the customary nocturnal campus parades. Students, assembled by notes from the splendid band of Prof.

Joseph Casasanta, sang as loudly and cheered as lustily as in former years.

The undergraduates, furthermore, flocked unanimously to the stadium on the occasion of the Rockne Memorial game to witness a burlesque struggle between the varsity and the reserves 'way back in September, when "Hunk" Anderson's all-American prospects were a lot of rangy, untrained youths.

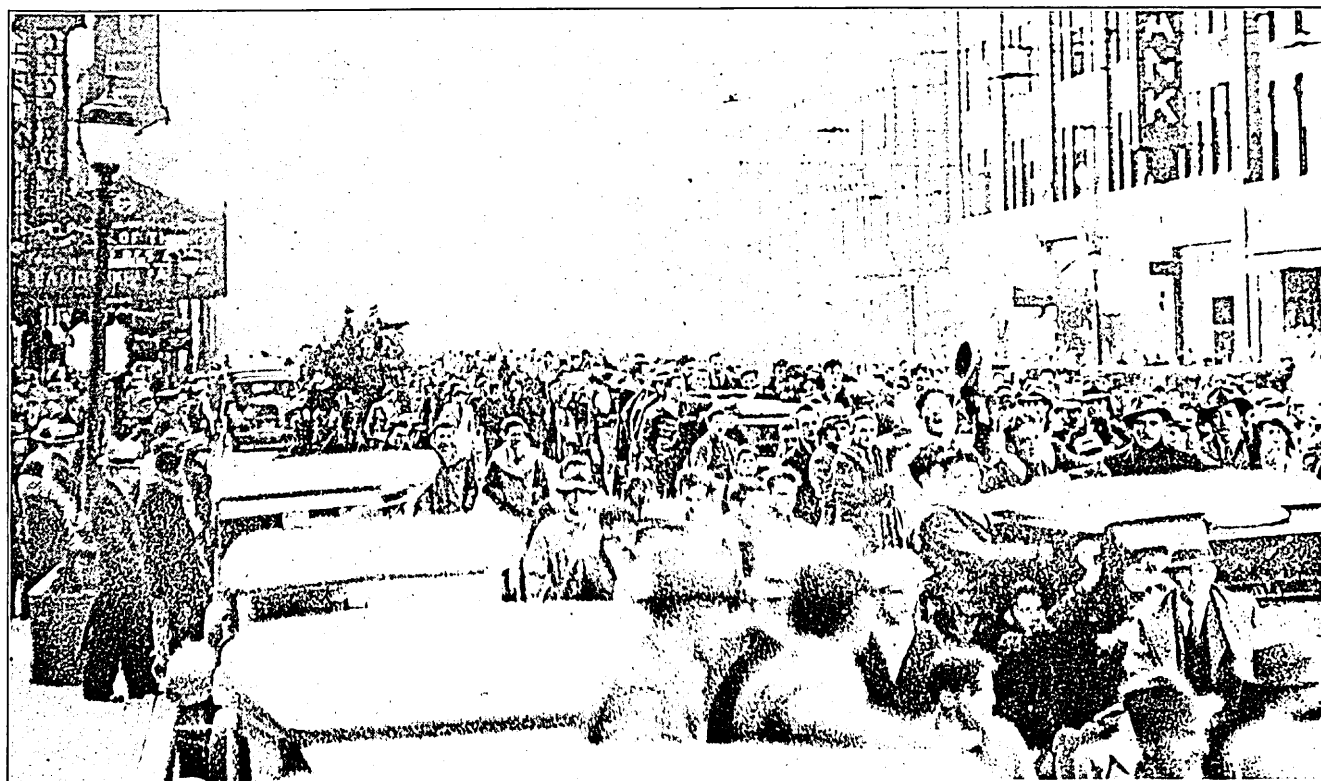
The students, as a further matter of record, co-operated sincerely with Chairman Herbert P. Giorgio and John Kramer of the Student Activities council, together with Blue Circle Leader John Perone. They were behind the team from the moment of the Indiana clash early in October until the time when the cadets of West Point marched off the gridiron in the polo grounds a few weeks ago.

They crowded the pews of Sacred Heart church each Saturday morning, and 3,000 young chaps weekly knelt at the Communion rail, as the traditional football mass was celebrated.

This is routine. This is what is expected. Notre Dame men traditionally have cheered long and loud. But to me, that dauntless spirit that rushed to the foreground following two whirlwind defeats characterized this much discussed spirit behind the team.

There is a subtle sureness, you see, among Notre Dame men about their football teams. It's not a conceited smugness always confident of victory. It is rather a secure knowledge that a well-played, hard-fought gridiron tussle will always result, and that if Notre Dame does not win, the best team will walk off the field on the long end of the score.

That's the spirit of Notre Dame.



Greeting the Team on its Return from New York and the Army Game.

These Boys Made It Tough



MOHLER—So. Calif.
Quarterback



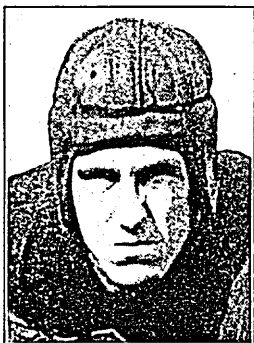
RENTNER—Northwestern
Right Halfback



PERINA—Penn
Fullback



STECKER—Army
Left Halfback



UNDERWOOD—Navy
Right Guard



DAUGHERTY—Pittsburgh
Center



BAKER—So. Calif.
Left Guard



ARBELBIDE—So. Calif.
Right End



PRICE—Army
Right Tackle



RILEY—Northwestern
Left Tackle



BRILEY—Drake
Left End

The Review's All-Opponent Team

By JOSEPH PETRITZ

<i>Player</i>	<i>School</i>	<i>Position</i>
John Briley.....	Drake.....	Left End
John Riley.....	Northwestern.....	Left Tackle
John Baker.....	Southern California.....	Left Guard
Ralph Daugherty.....	Pittsburgh.....	Center
G. W. Underwood.....	Navy.....	Right Guard
John Price.....	Army.....	Right Tackle
Garrett Arbelbide.....	Southern California.....	Right End
Orville Mohler.....	Southern California.....	Quarterback
Raymond Stecker.....	Army.....	Left Halfback
Ernest Rentner.....	Northwestern.....	Right Halfback
Carl Perina.....	Pennsylvania.....	Fullback

WHILE the more ambitious are busy mulling over the reports of scouts, coaches, press agents, other writers, and their own notes in an effort to pick representative all-American elevens, we are attempting to complete as impossible a task in naming the eleven outstanding men among Notre Dame's 1931 opponents.

One of the best things about our job is that with a mere sweep of the hand, we eliminate several hundred thousands of worthy players who were not lucky enough to play against Notre Dame and thereby become eligible for our humble consideration.

Another element which makes the task easier is the co-operation of the Notre Dame coaches, scouts, and players (four of whom are all-American on one team and another) and the *Review* staff (one member of which, Joe Kurth, is a favorite of the gods who pick the mythical teams).

Notwithstanding this aid, without which we should be at an utter loss whom to choose, the job is a difficult one. In only four instances was a man so scintillating against Notre Dame and in other games that there was not lengthy consideration as to who should get the call.

John Baker, left guard, the only man to repeat on our team after having been named last year, was a unanimous choice. After the reams of publicity that have gone his way as a result of his masterful place-kick for Southern California on which the tide of that game ebbed from the Mississippi basin to wash up on the beaches of Los Angeles, the distinction we may give him is probably negligible. But he may get some satisfaction out of knowing that Notre Dame does not regard him as a one-play star. We picked him last year when Notre Dame won, 27 to 0, as the outstanding man in the Trojan line. We pick him again for the same reason. And you're good enough for any all-American if you're the best in that great set of forwards.

Ernest (Pug) Rentner, Northwestern's versatile halfback, was another popular choice. He, like Baker, has been named almost unanimously all-American. Not especially effective against the Irish, he came back in other games under weather conditions more suited to his great passing and broken field running to establish himself as

one of the season's two great backs, the other being, if you will pardon us, our own Mr. Schwartz.

And this boy, Ray Stecker, of Army at the other halfback who missed the mythical teams because most of them were already in type before the Army-Notre Dame game, stood head and shoulders above all other contenders in the minds of those who helped us with these selections. He showed his true ability when he caught Brown's pass and ran to the seven-yard line against Notre Dame and again on one of the most brilliant open field jaunts in the history of the traditional series after slicing through tackle to elude four secondary men.

Ralph Daugherty, the backbone of a great Pittsburgh line, wins the center berth going away. A two-year veteran, he played brilliantly against Notre Dame and provided the spark for the greatest seven-cylinder machine in the East in other contests.

These four, we have said, were a quartet that simply could not have been left off. At the other positions, there was some doubt, but the team is representative.

At left end, Capt. John Briley of Drake carries on for the Bulldogs, who have been represented in both of the last two years. Even in an overwhelming defeat, his class was evident and he is given a slight edge over such other stars as Sparling of Southern California, King of Army, Hirshberg of Pitt, and Lyons of Indiana.

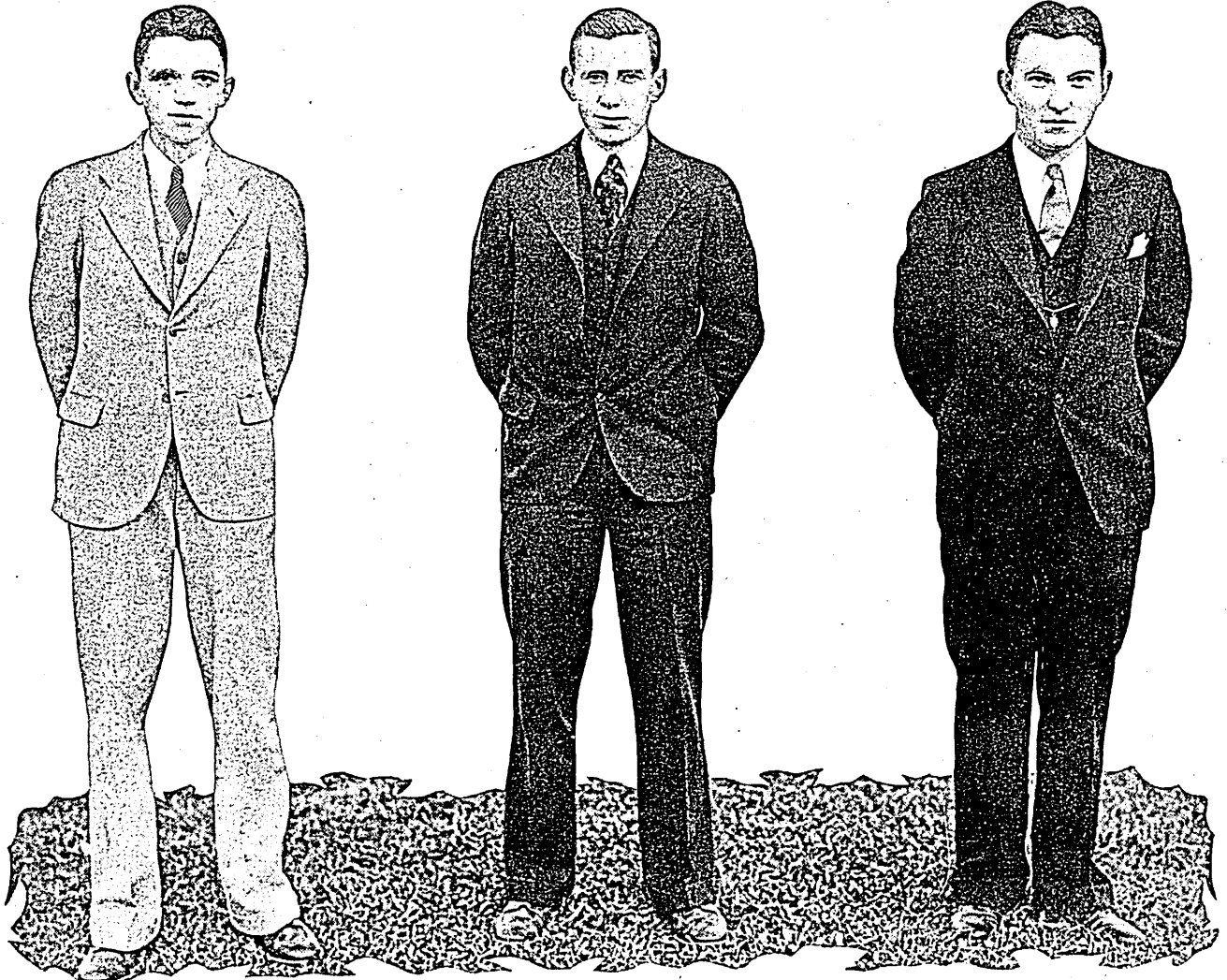
Garrett Arbelbide, Southern California, right end, rose to the heights against Notre Dame after playing brilliant ball all season. He was injured early in the 1930 game and was removed; feeling that he had a score to settle, he battled nearly the entire time last fall, stopping everything sent in his direction.

The tackles presented by far the most brilliant array of talent and were subsequently the hardest selections to make. Northwestern, Pittsburgh, Army, and Southern California were all blessed with men of iron at not only one tackle, but both. There had been some doubt which of the Wildcat huskies really was the better, Jack Riley or Capt. Dallas Marvil. Marvil, we are told, started slower but passed Riley as the season progressed. But

(Continued on page 108)

The Managers

By J. A. McELLIGOTT



JOE E. McKEAN
Associate Manager

JOHN A. GRAMS
Senior Manager

CHARLES P. WEISS
Associate Manager

A CRISP November afternoon . . . A stadium overflowing with an eager audience . . . An air of expectancy . . . Ushers at the point of despair because of Oh!-I'm-in-the-wrong-seat patrons . . . Chaos the theme and the master of the theme . . . The gridiron dotted with hurrying figures, sorting sweatshirts, spreading blankets, placing chairs for the coaches—doing a hundred and one other tasks . . . A crescendo of “yeahs” as the Blue and Gold trot out on the field—all these signify the “big game”, —the day of Football the King.

The glory of the team has been blazoned by a thousand heralds. But when and where has a newspaper article been written on the business backbone of an eleven—the managers? Who are those hurrying figures? Who are the masters of the chaos? In reality, there is no chaos for a guiding hand is ever present. It is that of the managers. Why does each fan see the game from his properly ordained seat? The managers are responsible for this be-

cause of their careful selection of the best ushers and gate-men that can be had. Practically every detail connected with the stadium is taken care of by the managers. Equipment is cared for by them, itineraries for trips are made by these men, who have charge of trips. A volume of work, equal to that found in any big business house, is done by the managers.

Back in the good old days Notre Dame had its first football team, composed of several tons of eye-gouging, rib-cracking beef. Such things as uniforms and equipment weren't thought of. Naturally, there was no manager's association. But when someone discovered that the game might be made a little safer if the players wore some protection, 11 hideous outfits called football suits were purchased. The weight of these was so great that it was then found that the men would wear out all their energy if they had to carry them on trips. As a result of this discovery, someone volunteered to act in a managerial capacity.

Various students were in charge until Brother Paul took over the job. In 1897, it became a part of the coach's duties. As time passed by and the number of players grew larger, the strain of being a mentor, manager, trainer, caretaker and almost everything else connected with an athletic association was too great for the coach. Consequently he had to relinquish a good deal of his work to some responsible students.

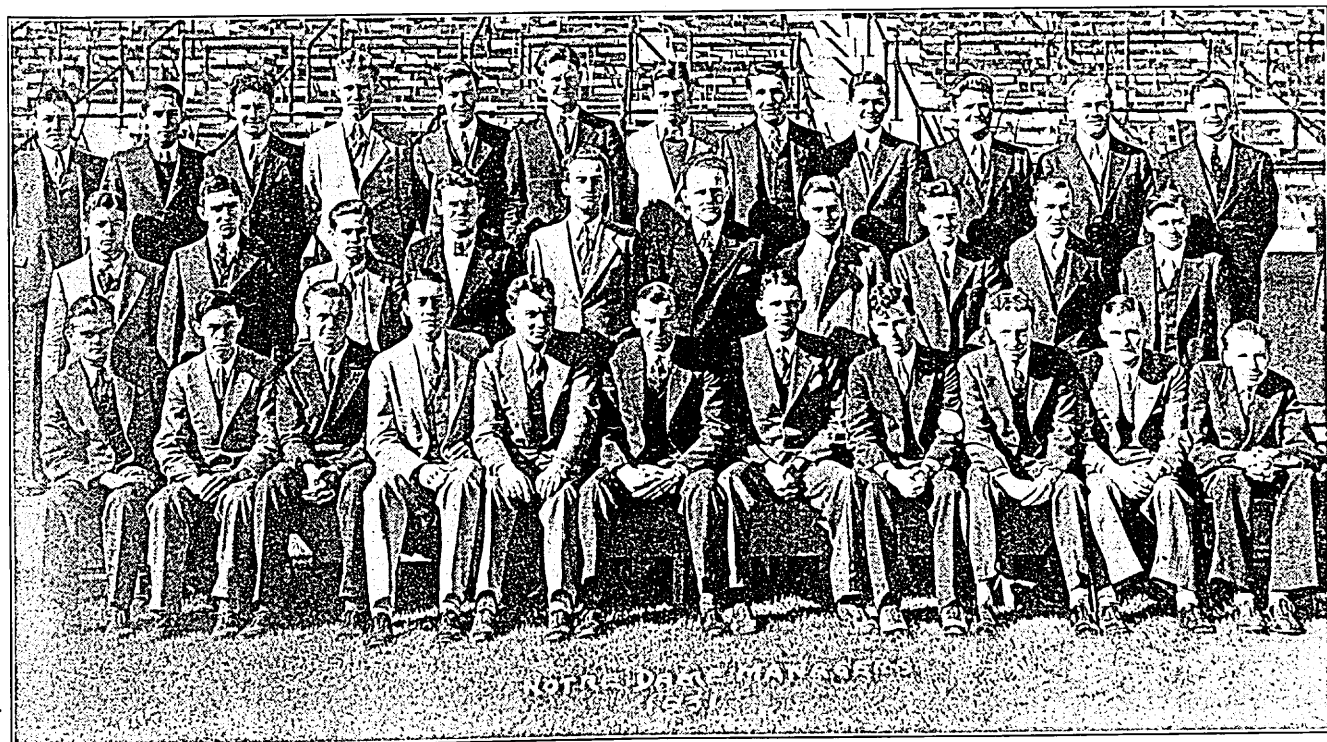
The year 1919 brought about the big change. The "little school near South Bend" was making itself known through the exploits of one George Gipp. "Rock" realized the need for an efficient body of students to help him handle his teams. Accordingly, he organized that group which is now known as the Notre Dame Managers' association. His plans and methods for controlling such an organization are carried out now because they are the best possible.

The manner of choosing the members of this organization gives another example of "Rock's" ingenuity. Every principle is aimed toward better co-operation. Each year a call for energetic freshmen is issued. From the number who respond to this call, the 15 most diligent, personable, responsible, efficient and hard-working men are given numerals at the end of the year and appointed to the Managers' association for the second season as sophomore managers. For the junior year, seven of these are chosen carefully to fill a more important position. These seven are retained when they become Seniors and are put in complete charge of some sport, according to their respective merits.

Again this year, the Managers' association is one of the most active bodies Notre Dame has on the campus. This is due without a doubt to the efforts of the senior managers. John A. Grams is the "head man." Those who appointed him made no mistake in their choice. His excellent ability and work in the past four years are the reasons for his present occupancy of this position. Joe E. McKean and Charles Weiss are the two associate managers of football. Joe, that genial southern gentleman with the cheery smile, has personal charge of the managers and the equipment as duties. "Charlie" Weiss, a clear-headed organizer, takes care of the stadium. In addition to these duties, Grams is president of the Ushers' club, while Weiss is secretary-treasurer.

Charles Spangenberg is basketball manager. John Ross manages track and John Colville takes care of the baseball team.

But one may be inclined to ask, "What is a manager's recompense? What is his reward for doing such a great amount of work?" The late Coach Rockne gave the answer in a few words one evening at a testimonial banquet for the managers. "A Notre Dame manager," he said, "is, at graduation, approximately two and one-half years ahead of the other members of his class." The explanation of this is simple. During the time of his service, the manager has learned how to work. Consequently, he can make men work for him. He learns how to handle people and make them feel that they have been treated courteously. It is just the same as working on a job after graduation.



Top Row: V. Gorman, J. Van Etten, C. Weber, C. Bragg, J. Gerrits, J. Williams, G. Demetrio, R. Bulkiewicz, F. Broeman, D. Pillers, W. Burkhardt, J. Anderson.
 Middle Row: J. McElligott, T. Welch, J. Coll, W. Miller, J. Venables, C. Lewis, E. Fisher, W. Oakes, P. Kirley, R. Keating.
 Front Row: J. Kenny, A. O'Keeffe, F. Buhl, C. Spangenberg, C. Weiss, J. Grams, J. McKean, B. Shinnars, W. Martin, A. Wirry, J. Baker.
 Absent When Picture Was Taken: J. Colville, J. Ross, J. Sherman, E. Mulvihill, J. Hanley, F. Sullivan, R. Kelly, C. Quinn, J. Kotte, C. Bringardner, T. Thompson, J. Conley, C. Hill, T. Walsh.

After the U.S.C. Game

Keeping Watch

By BERT McGRANE

DES MOINES REGISTER Staff Writer

(Written for the Official Football Review)

Winds of the world sweep through the endless space that borders Eternity. A lone figure, high on the rugged palisades of Paradise, turns from that vast void where the winds wail. He gathers his robe around him. It is cold there, on the outer rim of Eternity.

Up the slope he picks his way, where high above the lofty crags are the great gates of Immortality. He is no stranger there. But, for a little while, he has sought to be alone, on the outer rim of Paradise.

He had been a leader of mortal men. Not long since, he had left them to go on ahead into the unknown reaches of Eternity, whence all will go and none return.

He had been a teacher of mortal men—he who now is immortal. He is watching. Through the gray haze of boundless space, his eyes seek the men he has taught. He finds them there, beneath the golden dome and the lofty spire which tower above the halls of Notre Dame.

He watches for a time. A brief time. Weeks, as time is computed by man—only a breath in Eternity. Watching, he sees them flushed with the glory of prolonged victory. Still watching, he sees them cringe under stunning defeat. He turns, to pick his way up the slope, back to the great gates above the crags.

A scroll is in his hand. Picking his way up the slope, he reads. For a moment he seems mortal. He pauses. Looking back, the far-off gaze of the dreamer is on his rugged face—in his smoke-blue eyes.

"Hoosiers Wildcats Bulldogs Panthers Scots Quakers Middies"—he muses.

Strange thoughts these, there on the outer rim of Eternity.

A frown.

"Trojans Hmmm! Tough blow for Hunk. But he knows how to take it. You've got to know how to take it!"

Up the slope. Winds of the world sweep in from the bleak, gray regions of space. Cold winds. They buffet against the crags. The great gates turn them back and they wail off into space.

The lone figure picks his way—up the slope. He draws his robe tighter. Winds wail. This is sacrifice. Beyond the gates above the crags it is sweet and beautiful. Here, on the far outpost of Eternity, it is cold and bleak.

But, even an immortal must give a thought to the mortal men he has taught.

Musing, the lone figure nears the great gates above the crags.

"Men must fight, down there. Sometimes to the death. They win. They lose. They learn.

"It is good to win. But, danger stalks prolonged victory. The thrill of achievement fades. The sweet becomes tasteless.

"There are many roads to Perfection. One is defeat.

(Continued on page 101)

They Fought, Rock

By EDWIN MOORE, JR.

WATERLOO, IA., COURIER Sports Writer

(Reprinted by permission)

Your men of Notre Dame couldn't pull this one out of the fire, Rock. The boys just streamed through the players' ramp far below in this great stadium you built, and for the first time since 1928, Rock, they left with tears in their eyes. Your old rivals, Howard Jones and a stout-hearted band of boys from far out in Los Angeles, turned the trick in as brilliant style as you yourself might have dreamed. There wasn't anything your boys could do about it, Rock.

It was the Trojans who took the chances, Rock. In a way they stole a leaf from your book when, with a minute to play, they gambled on a goal from the field rather than another running formation. And it worked, oh, so beautifully. Young Johnny Baker was the fellow who put that ball over the cross bars at dead center. The score, Rock, was 16 to 14.

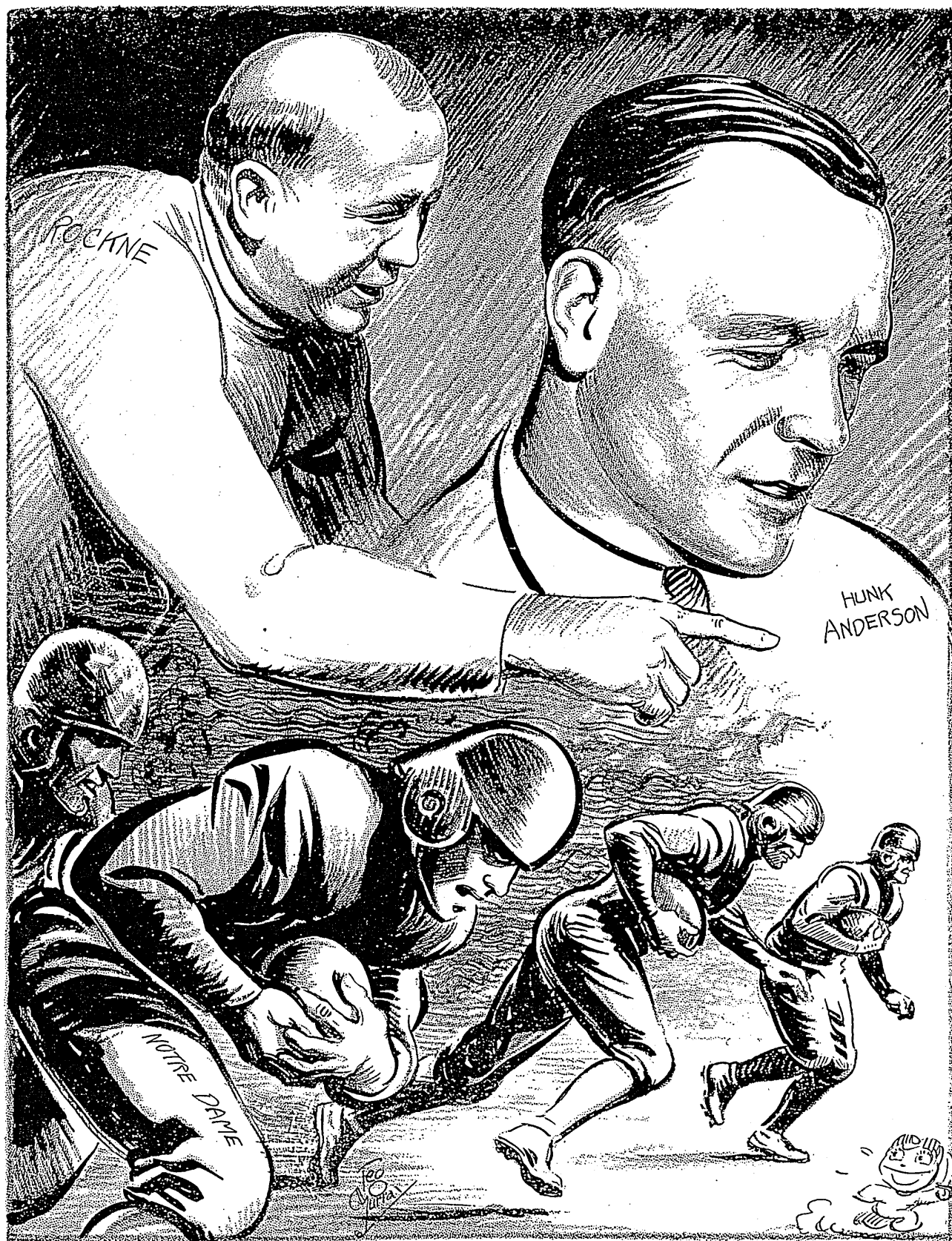
But don't think those boys of yours threw you down. They were fighting for you as they never have fought before but these Trojans had a score to settle. Remember last season out at Los Angeles. Remember how you let them have it. They've settled that score, now, Rock, and the books balance. They summoned all the power and strategy at their command. It worked and perfectly. Hunk couldn't do a thing about it. Maybe if he had had more time he could have rallied the boys just once more. But there was only a minute to play when that ball sailed through those uprights.

It was a good game of football, Rock. The kind you would like. Remember the Northwestern game last year, it was about like that one for the first half. Your boys went to the dressing room at the half with a seven-point lead, thanks to a touchdown late in the second period. And when they came back, they came back like sons of Rockne. After getting the ball, they scored a touchdown in exactly four plays, going 60 yards. This boy, Charles Jaskwich, booted both goals after touchdown. Young Baker missed the goal on the Trojans' first one. He made the second and I've already told you about that field goal.

I can't describe it, Rock. It was sickening to most of these 52,000 people who filled your dream structure Saturday. Why long after the teams had left the field they just stood there and waited. Couldn't seem to believe their eyes. But Hunk rushed across the field to congratulate Howard and after that was over, the crowd finally started for the ramps. The boys are dressed now but there are still a 1,000 or more persons in the stands. Remember how you felt when Carnegie Tech took your boys that year you went to the Army-Navy game? Well, you know how these folks feel tonight.

I thought, Rock, this Notre Dame team was about the greatest one I ever saw. But don't think that is a slam at you. No, they were fighting and fighting for you and Notre Dame and Hunk but they didn't have it, Rock. I won't say the best team won. You know the score. The

(Continued on page 101)



The Guiding Spirit

(Drawn for the REVIEW by Feg Murray)

NOTRE DAME	-	-	25
INDIANA	-	-	0



E. C. HAYES
Indiana Coach

"I consider the Notre Dame team in line strength superior to the 1929 and 1930 teams. Their backfield is not so strong. But they have done a fine job in getting together a backfield that will give anybody plenty of opposition and I look for them to go through the season undefeated."

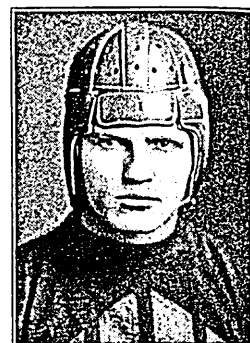
Indiana each year, whether the team be good or only fair, has one good game in its system. It has shown this to be true by registering some of the surprise defeats of the Big Ten conference race.

When Notre Dame went down to Bloomington "with the eyes of the world focused upon it," to open another football campaign, Indiana had not had time under its new coach, E. C. Hayes, to perfect its offense. Its greatest game was to come several weeks later against Northwestern.

But to say that the Hoosiers did not show every ounce of fight and defensive power that they have in other seasons would be to digress far from the truth. They call them the "Scrappin' Hoosiers" and that is not an idly-selected pseudonym. Indiana was one team that did not fold up and call it a day after Notre Dame had scored once, twice, or three times.

And that is why Notre Dame likes to play the down state team. Win or lose, it's better to know you've been in a scrap when you get through—that's why you go out for football. And if you win a game and have the feeling that the opposition has given up the ghost, there's not much satisfaction in the victory.

Unfortunately, no date could be arranged for a game in 1932



VIC DAUER
Indiana Acting Captain

"I think that the great abundance of reserve strength will carry Notre Dame through another very successful season. They didn't appear to me to be as strong as in past years and I look for someone to take them before the season ends."

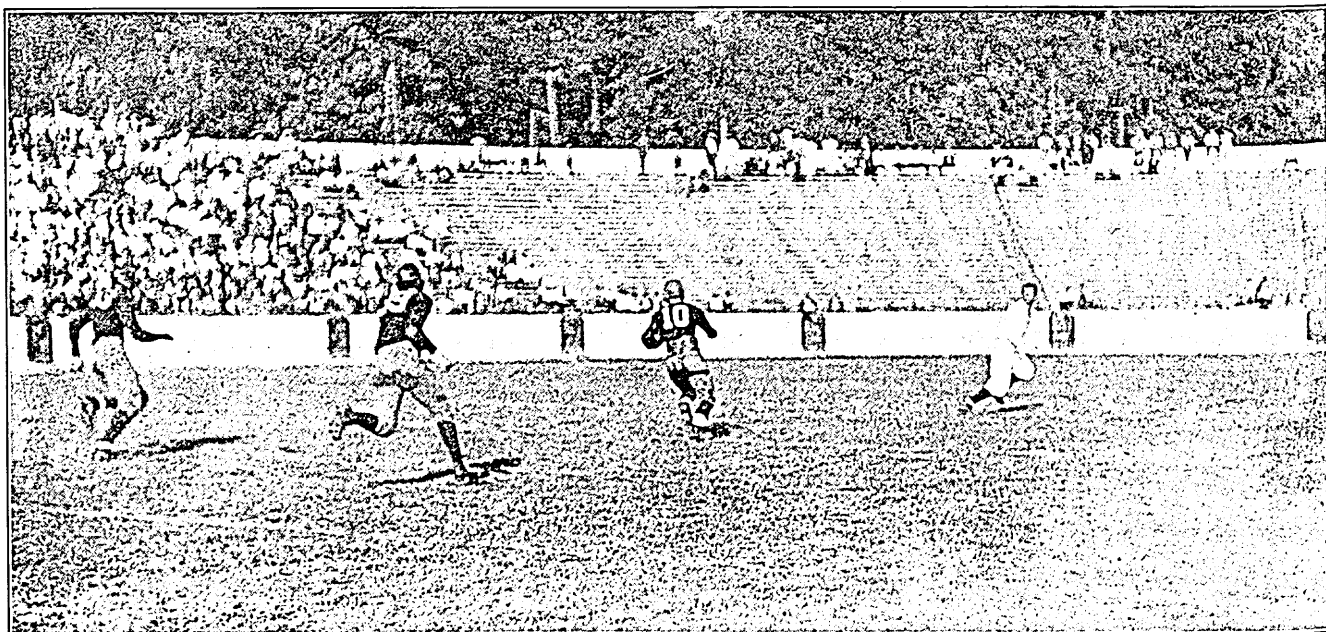
and for the first time in several years, the Hoosier classic will not be played. The understanding is, though, that the two Indiana teams will be mixing it up again at Notre Dame stadium in 1933.

This opening game had many sidelights of significance. The fact that Notre Dame scored two more touchdowns than the 1929 national champions did in their opening game on the same field against the same team, and as many touchdowns as the 1930 national champions at the peak of their form against Indiana, showed those who might have doubted, that Notre Dame under "Hunk"

Anderson would be just as formidable as in the past.

Once, when little Mike Koken was running Indiana's left end, he was chased toward the sidelines by Lyons, star Hoosier wingman. Al Feeney, center on Rockne's team in 1913, saw him coming, saw the cement railing around the field on which Mike would crash and perhaps injure himself. He flung himself under Mike just as he fell, saved Mike from being hurt, and himself received a broken nose.

This is another evidence of Rockne's influence and what a friend was willing to do for him and his players.



Sheeketski scores at end of 70-yard run. Lyons of Indiana in pursuit.

Notre Dame Trounces Indiana in Opener



JOE SHEEKETSKI

Heroes of the Day

The Indiana game was a day for right half-backs. Perhaps because this position had suffered the greatest loss of any on the team with Brill, O'Connor, and Kaplan gone, Joe Sheeketski and Carl (Stumpy) Cronin decided to set "Hunk" Anderson's mind at ease.

Joe broke loose early in the game for a 70 yard jaunt to the Indiana goal to register the first touchdown of the season. The way he zig-zagged as he approached the Indiana goal to out-smart a faster pursuer showed that this fourth team reserve of 1930 had plenty of class.

Cronin, shifted from quarterback to right half, climaxed the brilliant march of the third team in the last period with a 35-yard run for a touchdown, Notre Dame's fourth of the day. The Irish had just received a 15-yard penalty and Cronin's run upheld the tradition that "when the going gets tough, Notre Dame gets tougher."



CARL CRONIN

By ALAN J. GOULD

ASSOCIATED PRESS Sports Writer

Bloomington, Ind., Oct. 3.—Notre Dame's warriors, in blue and gold costume as glittering as the warm sun of an Indiana summer day, returned triumphantly to the football wars today, with a finishing drive that would have brought words of praise from the wizard Rockne.

Picking up their two year thread of victory where it was left off, the Fighting Irish came through the final half in spectacular style to whip the strong University of Indiana eleven, 25 to 0, in the first game for Notre Dame since Rockne was killed in an airplane disaster.

On an afternoon in Indiana's picturesque southern hills, where it was hot enough for most of the crowd of 18,000 spectators to swelter in shirt sleeves, the 1931 Notre Dame machine was turned loose with a show of skill, dash and scoring power comparable to the best of the Rockne regime.

If the electric personality of Rockne was missing, his bulldog countenance no longer thrust forward in front of the bench, the wizard's spirit nevertheless carried on and the players, many of them his own products, rallied after an uncertain start to uphold the best offensive traditions of the Notre Dame "system."

Mrs. Rockne, the famous coach's widow, was there to see "her boys" score their first triumph under the new leadership of the Harper-Anderson-Chevigny regime at South Bend.

Three full teams of these blue-jersied warriors in golden-hued silk pants trotted into action against the state university. All three arrays succeeded in scoring at least one touchdown and the first string team opened the way for two tallies, the first on a spectacular 70-yard dash by Joe Sheeketski, of Bellaire, O., and the second

on an 11-yard gallop by Marchmont Schwartz, all-American halfback and pride of Bay St. Louis, Miss.

Indiana, with a big powerful line and two sets of fast backs, held the Rockne-less Irish scoreless in the first period and yielded only one touchdown, on Sheeketski's brilliant run in the first half. For the time, it was troublesome going for the national champions; their blocking was not up to par and their generalship seemed faulty. They took command of the game, however, upon the entrance of a youthful quarterback named Emmett Murphy, of East Chicago, Ind., in the second quarter, and steadily applied the scoring pressure for the rest of the game.

The second team, featuring a backfield of Koken, Brancheau, Melinkovich and Jaskwhich, twice pounded deep into Indiana territory in the third period before Tommy Gorman, burly center, grabbed an opposing forward pass and dashed 35 yards for a touchdown.

With a two touchdown lead and the game safely stowed away, Coach Anderson sent his regulars back for another workout. They responded this time with a 63-yard drive, climaxed by Schwartz' touchdown after a 32-yard pass, Sheeketski to Kosky, was ruled

complete on interference.

As a final gesture, the third-stringers romped into action and swept 85 yards for the final touchdown. They actually covered 100 yards, for it was after a 15-yard penalty that Carl Cronin, halfback, of Chicago, broke off tackle and raced 35 yards to score.

Notre Dame had shown the world what it was to expect of this team carrying on for Rockne. It is safe to predict that Notre Dame always will have great teams.

LINEUPS

Notre Dame	Indiana
Kosky	L. E. Lyons
Culver	L. T. Rascher
Harris	L. G. Nylec
Yarr (C)	C. Beeson
Hoffmann	R. G. Zeller
Kurth	R. T. Angelmeyer
Mahony	R. E. Hanson
Jaskwhich	Q. B. V. Dauer
Schwartz	L. H. Opasik
Sheeketski	R. H. Baer
Banas	F. B. Jones

NOTRE DAME - - 0
NORTHWESTERN - - 0



RICHARD HANLEY
Northwestern Coach

"I have enjoyed the fine past relationship with Notre Dame. I want to congratulate Hunk Anderson on the fine job he has done during the past year. We both had to bring our squads along too fast which is no doubt why they weakened in the final stretch. I trust that this annual battle of the shillalah will go on as one of football's foremost rivalries."

Rain.

This one word sums up better than a volume of terms about the contest itself the Notre Dame-Northwestern game of 1931. It wasn't an ordinary rain, none of your drizzles or light showers. It was a real, honest-to-goodness downpour, broken for a few minutes by a flash of sunshine only to come down harder than ever in another instant.

Roark Bradford probably would have called it a "gully-washin' trash-liftin' rain." It beat on the tin roofs of the press coops, it streamed down the windows of the radio booths, it splashed and splattered on the cement steps, it trickled off umbrellas and slouch hats, it dribbled down people's backs like a dagger of ice.

The field, which was covered only after the first heavy downpour, and uncovered just at the start of the game when another cloud-burst came along, was spongy where there was any grass, and a morass of mud where the cleats of 22 pushing, shoving linemen and backs had striven for footing.

"Hunk" Anderson had said if Notre Dame won this game it would go through undefeated. At least it would have a good chance. After the game he said, "Two great scoring machines were stuck in the mud. The great running backs of both elevens were mired. Both teams played the best ball they could but it was not a fair test for either."

Notre Dame showed its versatility by outgaining Northwestern two-to-one with an attack that relies on a dry field, speed, and deception, with backs that averaged only 167 pounds. Twice as many yards from scrimmage, twice as many first downs, only one more fumble (because they had the ball more than the Wildcats, probably), showed the Irish superiority against a team which relied much on power and strength and which, ordinarily, should have had the edge on a wet field.

Neither team threatened seriously to score. Both took advantage of every possible break and recovered fumbles time and again in enemy territory, but to no avail.

We agree with Paul Gallico of the *New York Daily News*, who says: "Mine has always been a lone, unsupported voice raised against the playing of football games in snow and hail and cloudbursts." To his voice, we believe, he can add that of 75,000 drenched spectators, and two squads of disappointed football players.



DALLAS MARVIL
Northwestern Captain

"I express the sentiment of all our seniors when I say that we greatly regret having played our last game with Notre Dame. We were all disappointed that the game this year was played in the rain and mud. We felt that we were ready to go and regret that we met under such conditions. I have enjoyed playing against three Notre Dame teams which brought me in contact with a fine bunch of clean-cut, hard-playing boys."



Schwartz is stopped after a short gain. He averaged five yards a trip.

Irish, Wildcats Go Scoreless In Mud

Heroes of the Day



MARCHMONT SCHWARTZ

Notre Dame's deceptive offense, built for light men and a fast dry field is supposed to fold up at the first sign of rain. It didn't against Northwestern, largely because of the great work of Marchy Schwartz, brilliant all-American left halfback. He and Ed Krause, giant sophomore tackle, took care of the defense almost single-handed.

Schwartz carried his 165 pounds and a ton of Soldier Field mud 60 yards in 12 trips with the ball for a five-yard average, the best of the day. His kicks which averaged 46 yards each time, kept the Wildcats at bay. His average was 10 yards better than Northwestern's and five times he booted the ball from behind his own goal line.

Krause had the all-American pickers talking about him in this, his second game of collegiate competition. Not only was he brilliant in making tackles behind the line of scrimmage and piling up power plays, but he broke through and recovered Olson's blocked kick to give Notre Dame its greatest scoring chance.



EDWARD KRAUSE

By FRANCIS WALLACE

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS Sports Writer

Chicago, Oct. 10.—Another sensational chapter was added to the stirring history of this sombre battlefield today as Notre Dame and Northwestern fought to a 0 to 0 draw before 75,000 rain-sodden spectators.

Thunder and lightning flashed and crashed from low-hanging clouds which threw down intermittent torrents upon players and crowd alike. Throughout the entire first half the rain spent and respent its fury, suddenly ceased while the sun came out in the third quarter and then came back for a parting salute as the game was ending.

Under such conditions skilled football was impossible and the fortunes of the gridiron war between these bitter rivals were squarely in the lap of the fickle gods who thus finished a job they had started with Rockne's death and continued with injuries to Lukats and Russell, rival fullbacks.

On the field the two squads fought with courage worthy of the best Irish-Wildcat traditions. The ball was slippery as a nervous eel. Notre Dame had the best of whatever statistics there were and looked like the better team on a dry field; but the Irish were checked by their own inability to hold the ball when success loomed and paid the penalty.

The Irish fumbled nine times and Northwestern eight; but the Wildcats recovered nine fumbles, three of them in the shadow of the Irish goal in the tropical downpouring of the second period. Notre Dame recovered six fumbles, but on the other hand the Irish intercepted two Purple passes, blocked one kick squarely and deflected another. To offset this somewhat, Jaskwhich got off two poor attempts to kick out of bounds.

The Irish made five first downs and netted 143 yards from scrimmage while the Purple earned three first downs and 81 yards from scrimmage. Both teams made stalwart defenses of their goal lines when necessary, although here, again, Notre Dame was a bit more impressive because its fumbles came at more dangerous spots and because Olson's superb placement punting of the soggy ball more frequently backed the Irish against their goal.

The red gleam of courage shone out resplendently through the somber scene and there was plenty of glory for all; but the game produced individual heroes. Outstanding was Marchy Schwartz, the all-America left halfback of the Irish, whose punting of the heavy ball from behind his goal in the pinch was as courageous and effective as Frank Carideo's ever was. He was also the best ground gainer of the day, although George Melinkovich, subbing at fullback, also was impressive.

But neither could get away for the score that would have given Notre Dame its twenty-first consecutive victory.

Olson, who subbed for the injured Reb Russell, was the Purple hero because of his long punts, many of them out of bounds near the Irish goal.

Rentner was the best Purple runner, although his best effort was for 10 yards.

Schwartz carried the ball 12 times and made 59 yards, a five-yard average, nothing short of phenomenal under the playing conditions imposed on him today. His kicks averaged 46 yards, 10 yards more each time than Olson's, although the Wildcats' fullback lost yards on one punt that was blocked and another that was deflected and went out of bounds after traveling 13 yards.

LINEUPS

Notre Dame	Northwestern
KoskyL. E.....	Eylar
CulverL. T.....	Riley
HarrisL. G.....	Dilley
Yarr (C)C.....	Weldin
HoffmannR. G.....	Evans
KurthR. T.....	Marvil (C)
MahonyR. E.....	Fencl
MurphyQ. B.....	Potter
SchwartzL. H.....	Meenan
SheeketskiR. H.....	Rentner
BanasF. B.....	Olson

NOTRE DAME	-	-	63
DRAKE	-	-	0



OSSIE SOLEM
Drake Coach

"This year's Notre Dame squad is the greatest I have ever seen. This is true both from the mechanical and technical point of view as well as from the point of view of sportsmanship."

Riding along at the peak of its early season form, the Notre Dame football machine rolled into, over, and past Drake without a sign of hesitation. The score, 63 to 0, was the greatest piled up by the Irish in the brief but brilliant series with the Bulldogs.

"The team I sent in there," said Coach Ossie Solem of Drake, "was a better one than some of the teams I have sent against them before. Don't think my boys gave up, they did their best. Briefly, we were simply outclassed."

In this simple statement there is food for thought. It proves the contention of many experts after the season had ended that Notre Dame necessarily, in playing a man-killing schedule, burnt itself out. Coach "Hunk" Anderson had to bring his team along fast at the beginning of the year for the Northwestern game, which then looked to be the turning point of the year.

All the power, deception, and fury of the 1931 Irish attack and defense was combined in the "game after the Northwestern tie." Notre Dame had reached its peak in the Drake game, the third of the year. It was simply not humanly possible for a coach, dealing with flesh and blood young men and not with



JOHN BRILEY
Drake Captain

"For the last three seasons I have played against Notre Dame and this year's team is by far the strongest. The fellows are all great sports and I am sure our fellows enjoyed playing against them."

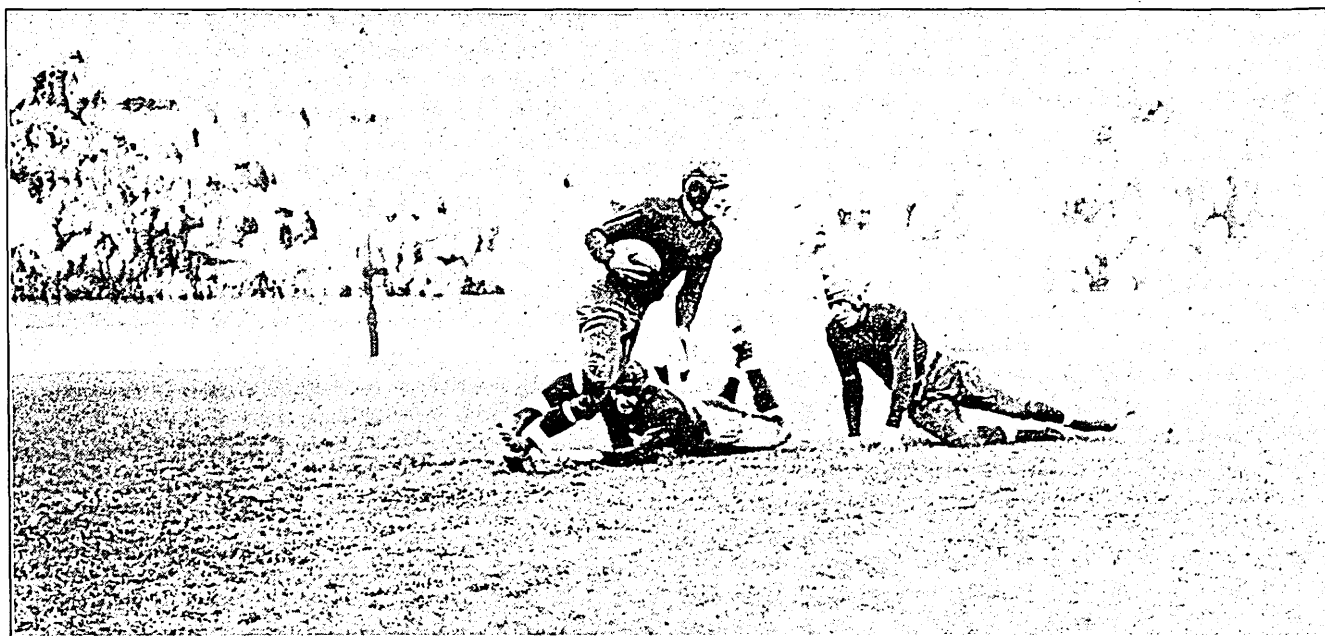
machines, to keep his team at this high point of perfection in the remaining six games against increasingly more formidable foes.

"Why I would be almost willing to bet that no team scores on that line this season," said Solem. This was a big statement to make, but Solem had grounds for it. Had Notre Dame been able to do the impossible and remain as defensively rigid, no one would have scored.

One other thing must be taken into consideration. At this early stage of the season, Coach Anderson had practi-

cally three equally capable men for each position on the team. Fighting for their positions on the team with the constant hope of some day being "up there" with the varsity, the second and third teams fought on just as hard and brilliantly as the regulars.

There was no stopping them—even in the late minutes of the game, they knew that the coaches would not relax their vigilant watch, that every move made on the field counted, and they went on ruthlessly to trample but not humiliate a typically fighting Bulldog team.



Murphy returns a Drake punt 15 yards after Brancheau blocks out a Bulldog end.

Notre Dame Hurricane Topples Drake

Heroes of the Day



RICHARD MAHONY

The Drake game always uncovers a new full-back or two and last fall's was no exception. Both Leahy and Melinkovich showed their first signs of becoming great stars. But more than that, Ed Kosky and Dick Mahony at the ends stood out.

Mahony proved then, with his brilliant defensive play and remarkable blocking, that Notre Dame need have no fear about the position vacated by Capt. Tom Conley and George Vlk in 1930.

Kosky, playing his usual steady game, was largely instrumental in paving the way for those long runs by Sheeketski, Brancheau, Cronin, and Millheam, the current right halfbacks for the Irish. On defense his position was impregnable.

That Notre Dame had to punt only once all afternoon was largely due to the spirited drive these two men showed. The fact that they pulled no spectacular "grand-stand" plays makes them even more heroes than if they had relied on occasional brilliance rather than consistency for their laurels.



ED KOSKY

By HARRY MACNAMARA

CHICAGO HERALD AND EXAMINER Sports Writer

Notre Dame, Ind., Oct. 17.—All of the defensive fury that it took to hold Northwestern in the slimy mud of Soldier field and a brilliant, almost ruthless, point-a-minute offense that the Wildcats never saw was unleashed by Notre Dame to crush Drake university's heretofore undefeated Bulldogs, 63 to 0, here today.

During the course of the scoring orgy, Coach Heartly ("Hunk") Anderson paraded no less than 40 men in and out of the combat. He did this, it was suspected, in an effort to cut the power of his own team down somewhere near that of Drake's. Unfortunately for Drake, the Notre Dame shock-troopers, third-stringers and what have you, played just as well, if not better, than the regulars.

Notre Dame, denied a score by Northwestern a week ago, was filled with lust for football blood—touchdowns. Even during the closing minutes of play, with Drake hopelessly beaten and humiliated and a lineup of third and fourth-stringers operating for Notre Dame, Anderson's men were still battling fiercely for another touchdown. They already had nine—enough to win four ordinary games.

Some idea of the fury of Notre Dame's defense is evidenced in the fact that Drake was never any closer to Notre Dame's goal line than the 46-yard line. The brilliance of the Irish offense, on the other hand, is reflected in the fact that Notre Dame was obliged to punt only once during the ball game.

Drake's offense, barring two desperate passes, was completely smothered and its defense was riddled by Notre Dame's blocking, which clicked with methodical precision.

It is a sort of Notre Dame tradition that Drake games develop, or are the means of discovering Irish fullbacks and this game was no exception. In fact, this game brought out two fullbacking young men, Georgie Melinkovich and Bernie Leahy, who will probably be as great as the Notre Dame fullbacks discovered in previous Drake games—Larry Mullins, Dan Hanley and Al Howard.

Melinkovich was the first to appear in the contest and before he left it he had ran rough shod through the Drake team and scored two touchdowns. Leahy, who relieved him, was almost as effective as Melinkovich. He scored one touchdown and in addition, was loose for repeated gains.

Mike Koken scored Notre Dame's first and what proved to be the winning touchdown in the first period. Before the game ended, Koken had scored two more touchdowns and booted four points after touchdown. Joe Sheeketski, Jimmy Leonard and Frank LaBorne were the authors of Notre Dame's other three touchdowns, Sheeketski's being achieved after a pretty 45-yard

sprint through a maze of Bulldog tackles. Seven of the place kicks after touchdown were converted into points, Emmett Murphy booting two and Charley Jaskwich one in addition to Koken's four.

LINEUPS

Notre Dame	Drake
HostL. E.....	Briley (C)
CulverL. T.....	Blanch
HarrisL. G.....	Bowers
GormanC.....	Robinson
PierceR. G.....	Olson
KozacR. T.....	Kokjohn
MahonyR. E.....	Cless
VejarQ. B.....	B. Goodwin
KokenL. H.....	Lindstrom
CroninR. H.....	Weiland
BanasF. B.....	Lansrud

NOTRE DAME	-	-	25
PITTSBURGH	-	-	12



DR. J. B. SUTHERLAND
Pittsburgh Coach

"Another great Notre Dame team. Hunk Anderson is carrying on. I am not ashamed of my team, for I consider Notre Dame more powerful, if possible, than last year. And what a back Schwartz is."

Having lost only two regulars from its strong 1930 team, Pittsburgh sent its football team to Notre Dame stadium for the fourth game on the Irish card, hopeful that the Panthers would be able to do what they had failed to do the previous year and what no one had been able to do for two and one-half seasons—they thought that they might be the ones to snap the Notre Dame victory streak.

Their line, the best in the East on an all-season record, did hold Notre Dame's running attack in check for a while. But while Pitt was concentrating on ways to break up the vaunted Irish block system, the Irish limited left the main line, took to the air, and scored twice.

Pitt showed its mettle by coming back after the first touchdown to make the first touchdown of the year against Notre Dame, and that on a steady concerted march down the field. There were no breaks in the advance—it was plug, slash, hammer away for those precious yards until Johnny Luch finally plunged over for the score.

Notre Dame came back and went to work in the second half to run up two more counters while the Panthers fought and

clawed their way to a score against the second team, largely the result of a successful pass which saw the ball come to rest on the three-yard line.

Pitt, if victorious, would surely have been the national champion, as it nearly was in 1929. The Panthers went away from Notre Dame and carried on like true fighters to win their remaining games against the best teams in their section. This victory, like those before and after it, was costly in that it took much out of Notre Dame. It was partly responsible for the Irish cracking at the end

of the season. No team can play teams like Pittsburgh and go on week after week without losing something.

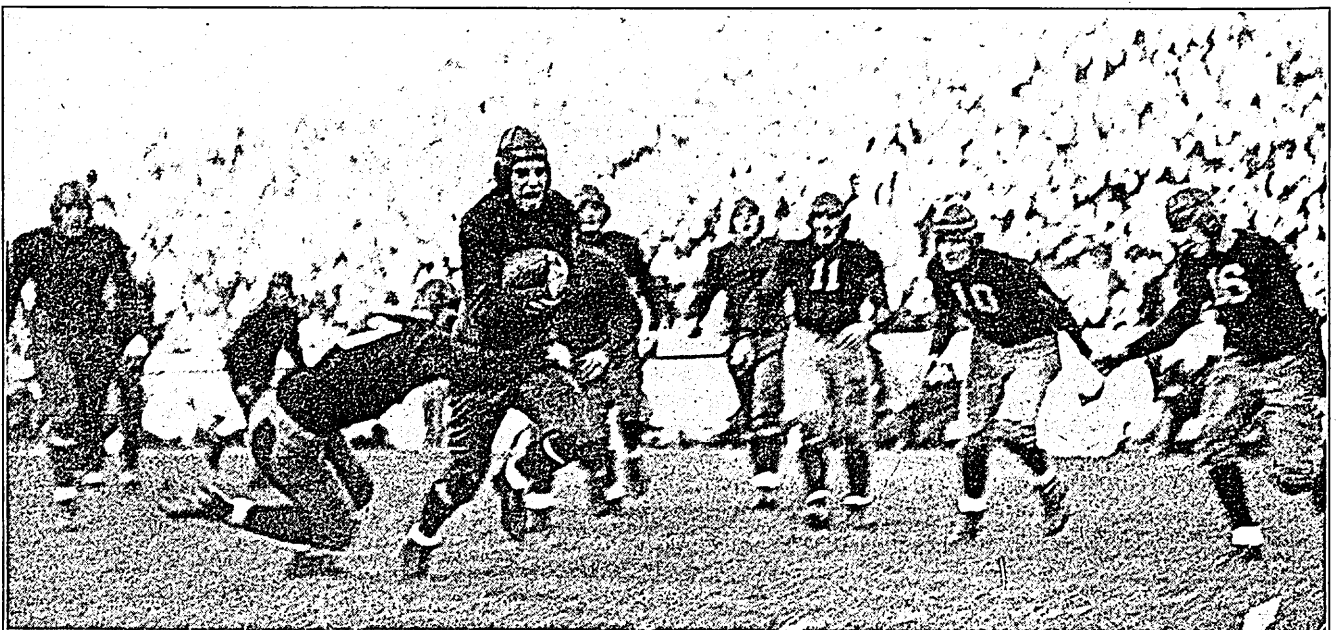
All credit to Pitt for its brilliant stand, for its courage in coming back time after time, trying against hope to push over the points necessary for victory. In the two games with Pittsburgh, the only two in modern times, there has grown up a mutual respect between these two schools. Well it is, then, that they will meet next fall on the home field of the Panthers.

Both know how to "give it," how to "take it"; and both "like it."



"EDDIE" HIRSHBERG
Pittsburgh Captain

"The hardest football game I ever expected to be in. It might of looked rough but those Notre Dame backs have to be hit hard to be put down, and I don't think that anyone's feelings were hurt, at least not on our team. I cannot conceive of anyone beating Anderson's 1931 team."



Host scores on an 11-yard flip from Koken. He is shown ready to cross the goal line.

Irish Blast Pitt Panthers' Hopes

Heroes of the Day



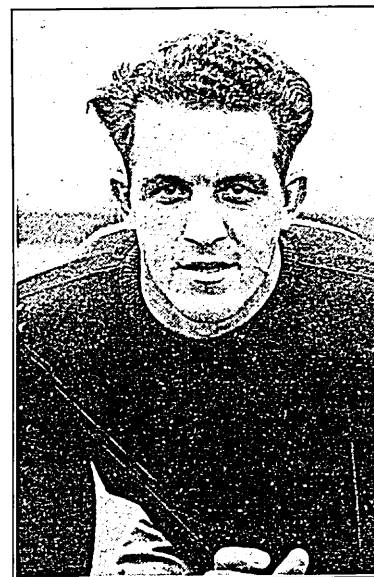
CHARLES JASKWHICH

Pitt's great fighting Panthers came to Notre Dame sure that they could avenge the licking handed them in 1930 by the national champions. They had a veteran team and they would not be demoralized by anything as they were by Schwartz's 60-yard run on the first play last year.

Charley Jaskwhich's great catch of Schwartz's long pass for the second touchdown scored on Pitt last fall gave them an indication that they might be wrong. They were never completely convinced until the final whistle had blown, but the great defensive work of Joe Kurth at right tackle had them doubting their ability all through the game.

Jaskwhich ran the team flawlessly. He caught punts and ran them back; he blocked like a demon, and proved himself great by calling his own signal and then going out to catch the pass that proved his judgment sound.

Kurth, playing against doctor's orders, turned in one of the most brilliant defensive games of his career. He spent three days in the hospital as a result of the game, but he had carried on as "Rock" would have wanted him to.



JOSEPH KURTH

By IRVING VAUGHAN

CHICAGO TRIBUNE Sports Writer

South Bend, Ind., Oct. 24.—Another all-powerful Notre Dame football team is well on its way toward sweeping aside the best in the country with its ruthless attack. The University of Pittsburgh eleven, fighting as befits its Panthers' nickname and lofty rating, fell before the Fighting Irish, in the presence of 42,000 here today, 25 to 12.

To say Pitt fought is invoking the conservative. At times it speeded up actually to eclipse its vaunted opponents.

They receded as slowly and as impressively as the setting sun, which in its allotted time had beamed down on as sterling a struggle as the season will produce. The prestige of other great Notre Dame teams must give ground just as the Panthers gave it reluctantly today.

True to the promise that Pitt was too worthy an opponent to trust to the care of the shock troops, the Irish regulars started and hurried as best they could to a seven-point lead in the first quarter. In the next period Pitt, with its amazing speed, as manifested in Paul Reider and Warren Heller, went running over the Irish goal, but the kick was missed.

Then Notre Dame, refreshed by shock troops, countered with another touchdown in the same period. That finished the spectacle as a combat. The Irish continued with a touchdown in each of the succeeding periods, and the Panthers came back in the final quarter for their last six points.

What Reider and Heller did against a hostile line probably was superior, but they didn't look quite as impressive as Marchmont Schwartz, who today was another passing, running fool, who wouldn't be hurt by the fierce tackling given him.

While he was in there—he was rested during the middle of the game and toward the end—he and another back were the Irish backfield. The other man was George Melinkovich, fullback.

Just what Schwartz amounted to against a line that most of the time seemed impregnable is told by the figures.

In 18 attempts he advanced for a total of 63 yards. His passing scored two of the three Notre Dame touchdowns made through the air. The other was tossed by Koken. The fourth Irish score was the result of an old-fashioned plunge by the sturdy Melinkovich, who previously had received the first of Schwartz's decisive pass on the goal.

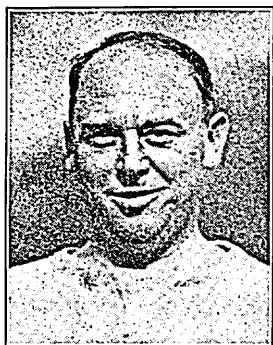
The dashing Mr. Schwartz assumed the burden at the outset. Here that fighting Irishman, Melinkovich, was called on for his first plunge. He ripped through center for a first down on Pitt's 23-yard line. Murphy passed to Sheeketski for six yards.

The pass worked so well that it was tried again, but in more spectacular fashion. Schwartz drifted back, retreating until beyond the 30-yard line. Then he hoisted a pass over the heads of his pursuers and it nestled down into the hands of Melinkovich, who was a yard from the Pitt goal.

LINEUPS

Notre Dame	Pittsburgh
Kosky	L. E. Hirshb'g (C.)
Krause	L. T. Quatse
Greeney	L. G. Milligan
Yarr (C.)	C. Daugherty
Hoffmann	R. G. Morriss
Kurth	R. T. MacMurdo
Mahony	R. E. Collins
Murphy	Q. B. Hogan
Schwartz	L. H. Heller
Sheeketski	R. H. Reider
Melinkovich	F. B. Luch

NOTRE DAME	-	-	19
CARNEGIE TECH	-	-	0



J. WALTER STEFFEN
Carnegie Tech Coach

"Just when it seems that one Notre Dame team has reached the pinnacle of perfection, along comes such an eleven as Coach Anderson sent against us in Pittsburgh last October 31. We gave our best, but were helpless against the gridiron mastery of the 1931 team—a worthy successor to all that have gone before."

You never know what's going to happen when any two football teams take the field, but least of all when the Irish of Notre Dame and the Scotch of Carnegie Tech line up for the kick-off.

Carnegie, by winning only two games out of seven played with Notre Dame, has won itself the reputation of being the most likely to topple the Irish when the latter are at their height. This is due to the fact that the Skibos won in 1926 by a 19 to 0 score when they were not given an outside chance of halting Notre Dame's march to a national championship. They won again in 1928, 27 to 7, after Notre Dame had defeated Army and had seemed to have found a footing in the middle of an off season.

Rockne thoroughly enjoyed the series with Carnegie. He was sure of a good battle, never sure of the outcome. He knew if his team won, it had deserved to win. If Carnegie won, it was not because Notre Dame (after 1926, at least) was not expecting a real old-fashioned melee.

When we caught a glimpse of Carnegie's 1931 team working out, the night before its game with Notre Dame in the "bowl," a depression in the hills of Pittsburgh, we felt sorry for what would happen to this little band the next day. Coach Wally Steffan had only enough men to line up two teams—there



MURRAY ARMENTROUT
Carnegie Tech Captain

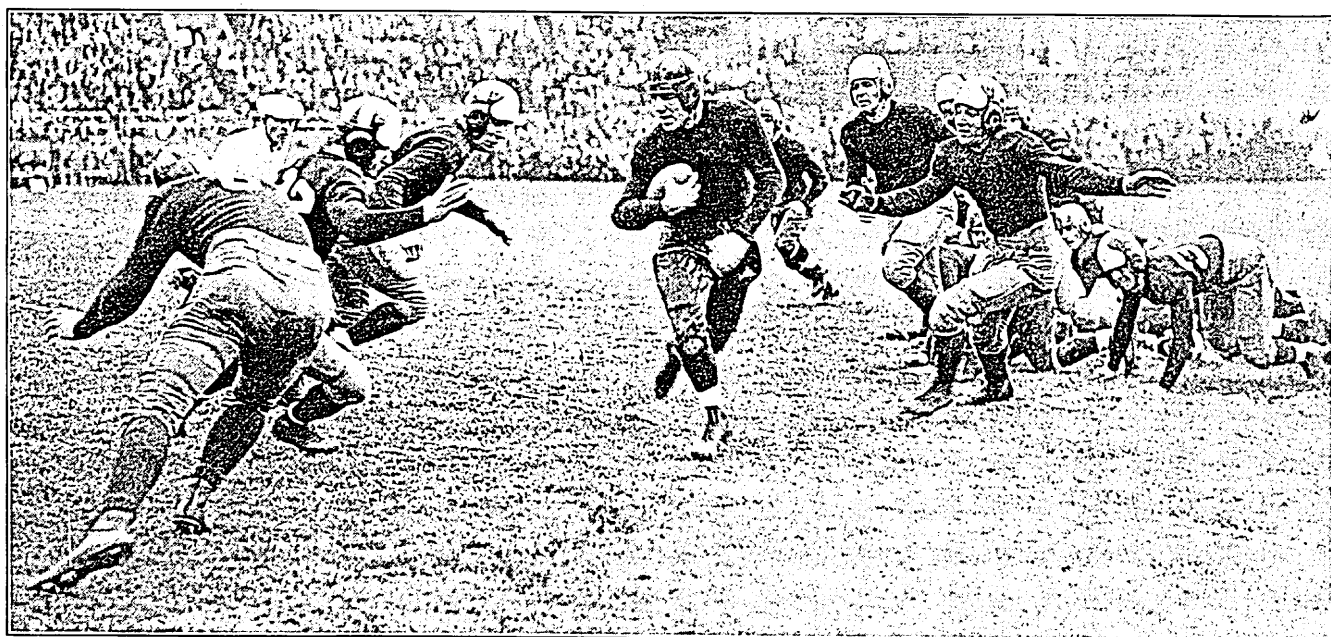
"Despite the fact that we were beaten soundly, my team-mates and I thoroughly enjoyed our Notre Dame game this year. We tried to make a fight of it all the way, but were outclassed. Still, a lot of the sting was taken away by the sportsmanship and good feelings manifested throughout. Notre Dame's line was the best I ever played against."

were seven reserves in uniform following them up and down the field as we watched them prance and dash like so many specters through the haze of an autumnal night.

When we thought of Notre Dame's three teams, the cream of a squad of 115, our heart went out for Carnegie. The next day it was different. Those Carnegie boys were not saving themselves. They knew that if they got hurt, there was no one on the bench to replace them, but they stuck in there, holding Notre Dame's score to the lowest point of five successive games while Notre Dame was at its peak.

It was strangely coincidental that the first game with Carnegie under Rockne went to the Irish, 19 to 0; that the 1926 game with Anderson in charge was lost by the same score, and that "The Hunker" came back in his first year as head coach to win again by three touchdowns and an extra point.

Carnegie asked no quarter; it gave none. That's the way with the Scotch and that's the way with the Irish. Their game will always be in the class of those rare sporting events known, for lack of a better term, as "naturals."



Schwartz knifes through the Tech line for one of his long gains.

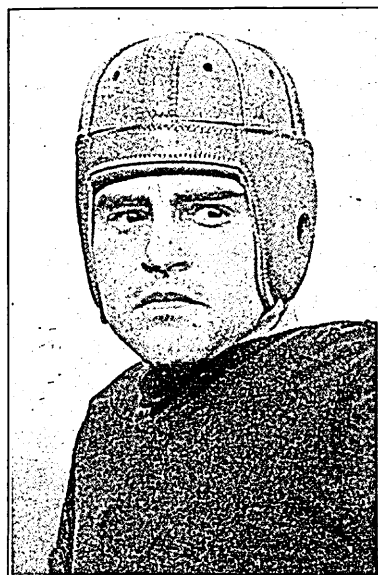
"Hunk" Anderson Avenges '28 Defeat

Heroes of the Day

Success is fast in coming to some, slow in coming to others. Bernie Leahy had played two years at left halfback for Notre Dame before he decided to shift to fullback.

Against Carnegie Tech in his third year of competition, Bernie got the break he had wanted and came into his own in no uncertain way. He scored the second touchdown of the day after his nine-yard run with Tech tacklers dragging behind him had left the ball on the two yard line. He came back later and with Mike Koken conducted a march to the 13-yard line where Koken lateraled to him for a third score.

George Melinkovich is one to whom success was fast in coming. He showed his wares against Northwestern and Drake, but attracted greatest notice to the beautiful way he smashes into a line when Notre Dame played Carnegie. He went in after Leahy had scored twice. He proved just as tough as Bernie and was not long in establishing himself without a doubt as Notre Dame's 1931 varsity fullback.



BERNIE LEAHY



GEORGE MELINKOVICH

By JACK ELDER

CHICAGO HERALD-EXAMINER Sports Writer

Pittsburgh, Oct. 31.—In 1926 an undefeated Notre Dame eleven, piloted by Assistant Coach Heartley Anderson, who was in charge of the Irish team in the absence of Coach Rockne, lost to Carnegie Tech in one of the most startling upsets of the season.

Today another Notre Dame team, piloted by the same Anderson, who is now head coach of the Irish, came back to Carnegie and avenged that defeat of five years ago. As fate would have it, this undefeated eleven handed its coach a victory by the same score Tech defeated the Notre Dame team on that memorable day five years ago, 19 to 0.

If in memory this day should be referred to as "Anderson's day," it would be impossible to recall any incidents relative to the game without bringing into discussion the name Marchmont Schwartz. Tech feared Schwartz, his running, his passing and his kicking.

The 52,000 spectators who gathered in the huge Pitt stadium saw this dark-skinned southern youth drive up and down the turf for nearly half the yardage which the Irish gained all afternoon.

In all Notre Dame amassed 18 first downs for a total of 388 yards, and of this number Schwartz accounted for 188 yards personally.

It was his beautiful run of 59 yards for a touchdown in the first quarter that really won the game, for this seven points was more than enough for victory. But to make sure of the game, Bernie Leahy, a Chicago boy who prepped at St. Mels, drove over for two more markers in the second quarter, making secure the Irish lead and running Notre Dame's winning streak to 23 games.

Some have suggested that the Notre Dame team was

somewhat familiar with the turf in the Pitt stadium, for it was over this same greensward that the Irish trampled in defeating Pitt last year by a 60 to 20 score.

Regardless of what happened in 1930, the Anderson-coached eleven played with such fury today that not once did the opposition ever get within 35 yards of the prized Notre Dame goal.

Notre Dame was not long in asserting its superiority, for after Tech had received the kick-off and, failing to gain, had punted to the Irish on their 30-yard line, Schwartz ripped off 16 yards on a spinner through the line.

He grabbed off five more in the ensuing play, but a 15-yard penalty, one of the six for this distance inflicted on the South Benders during the game, nullified all previous gains. A bit of punting followed, with Jaskwhich finally getting the oval on his 33-yard stripe.

Melinkovich ploughed through the line for eight yards. Then Schwartz, on a fake spinner to Melinkovich, kept the ball and spun back to the weak side of the line. There was a big hole, which he burst through, but the secondary defense moved up and cut him down. He got up quickly, dodged a couple of tacklers and was off for a

touchdown, the first score of the game. Jaskwhich booted the oval through for the seventh point.

Just before the gun ended the first period, Dueger, Tech quarterback, intercepted one of Schwartz's passes on his own 16-yard line, but on an attempted quick kick, Armentrout fumbled. Harris, Irish guard, pounced on the oval on Tech's six-yard stripe as the quarter ended.

After two yards had been picked up, a 15-yard pen-

(Continued on page 107)

Notre Dame Carnegie Tech LINEUPS

Kosky	L. E.....	Stewart
Krause	L. T.....	Fletcher
Greeney	L. G.....	Sample
Yarr (C)	C.....	Ducanis
Hoffmann	R. G.....	Heinzer
Kurth	R. T.....	Forsman
Mahony	R. E.....	Lewis
Jaskwhich	Q. B.....	Dueger
Schwartz	L. H.....	Armentrout
Sheeketski	R. H.....	Kavel
Melinkovich	F. B.....	O'Toole

NOTRE DAME - - 49 PENNSYLVANIA - - 0



HARVEY J. HARMON
Pennsylvania Coach

"Notre Dame on the day it met Pennsylvania was as near a perfect football machine as it is possible to have one. I have never seen better blocking, interfering and tackling. Marchmont Schwartz is the best back of the season. He can do everything required of a back."

Pennsylvania, like Notre Dame, opened a new era in its athletic history with the 1931 football season. Penn's is one of the oldest football histories in the nation; it has a tradition of winning teams. When this heritage was threatened last year, Penn took immediate action.

Both to help stabilize athletics and to defeat the cry of "over-emphasis" which has been aimed at every winning team in the country, Pennsylvania turned all control of sports over to the department of physical education. Prof. Harvey J. Harmon of this department took over football as a sideline to his regular teaching courses.

But in football, he did not stop at physical education. He went on to include mental and moral instruction with such success that the veteran 1931 team, when it met Notre Dame, was undefeated and untied. The Quakers had scored a clear-cut victory over Wisconsin's strong Big Ten team which had given Penn a sound drubbing the year before. They had beaten four other good teams in the East. They had shown the unmistakable evidences of brawn, brain, and courage turned into the proper channels of football endeavor.

Notre Dame, though, is no respecter of an opponent's prestige. Indiana, Northwestern, Drake, and Pittsburgh had all



PAUL RIBLETT
Pennsylvania Captain

"My only regret of the season is that I could not play against Notre Dame. For the first time in three years I watched a game from the bench and believe me I saw plenty. I really believe that Notre Dame was better against us this year than last."

been undefeated until they met Notre Dame. Penn, to the Irish, was no better than the others.

It is hard to say just where Notre Dame reached its 1931 crest. Perhaps against Drake, perhaps against Penn, possibly in the first three quarters of the Southern California contest but more likely before that game. At any rate, it is perfectly safe to say that "Hunk" Anderson had his team riding high on its victory road when Penn came to Notre Dame.

The regulars had been given a week of comparatively easy practice. The reserves, still hoping for recognition with the varsity, thought that here was a chance to come

through if they ever had one. But rest was good for the varsity and you had the combination of a fresh first team, which went in and ran up two touchdowns before the game was well under way, and a group of eager reserves.

In no other game was such approach to offensive perfection made. Seven touchdowns by seven different men; seven extra points by four different men—this tells the tale. Penn was unfortunate in having both regular ends and several of its best backs on the injury list, some of them unable to play, but even with them in the game it is evident that all they might have done would have been to hold down the score.



Koken is shown just getting under way for a 22-yard touchdown run.

Penn is Ground Under Juggernaut

Heroes of the Day

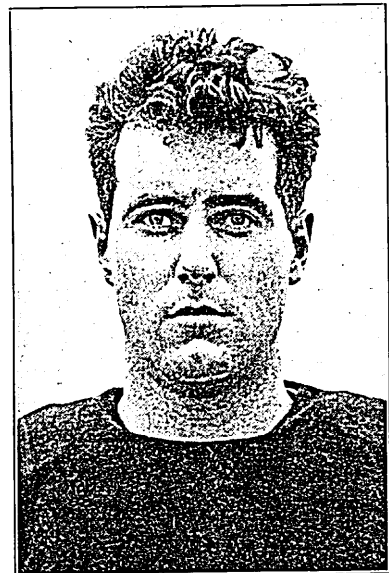
There are two hard workers on the Notre Dame squad who have never received their full share of credit except from the players and coaches. Paul Host, who has played two years at left end under Ed Kosky, and Al Culver, who finished his career as varsity left tackle last fall, team together about as nicely as any coach could wish them to.

In the Penn game, Host made one of the most brilliant plays of the season when he snatched an 11-yard pass from Mike Koken out of the arms of three Penn defenders and dragged one of them three yards across the goal line to score. Besides being the best pass receiver on the squad, Host is a wildcat on defense and hard-charging blocker.

Culver, injured early in the season, fought his way back up to the varsity over a near-all-American rival time and again during the year. His was the spirit of a thoroughbred and his showing in the Carnegie game, when injured, proved this more perhaps than any game of the year.



PAUL HOST



ALVIN CULVER

By GORDON MACKAY

PHILADELPHIA RECORD Sports Writer

South Bend, Ind., Nov. 7.—Without the guidance of Knute Rockne, the departed maestro of modern football, and without the flashy tactics of Marty Brill, a son of the Quaker City, Notre Dame, one of the greatest gridiron aggregations ever assembled, trampled, gored and otherwise showed its superiority over the University of Pennsylvania eleven here today when it dragged the Red and Blue deep into the mire of defeat. The final score, one of the worst ever suffered by a Penn team, was 49 to 0.

Comparison cannot be made, for Penn today was just another hurdle for "Hunk" Anderson's Nomads in their mad dash. Drive, drive, drive was all that Notre Dame did and before the final whistle sounded, the locals had run up seven touchdowns and seven extra points.

For a few minutes of the first period the teams seemed to be evenly matched, but once the Irish started functioning it was all over as far as Penn was concerned. It was football, real football, that won. Perfect timing, perfect execution of plays and excellent field generalship on the part of Charles Jaskwhich thrilled the 35,000 spectators.

In only one period, the second, did the boys who are "carrying on for Rockne" fail to make more than one touchdown, so powerful was their attack, so devastating their onslaught. The hurricane of the Irish swept Penn right into a storm cellar and there they lay buried under the debris.

Holding the vaunted and undefeated eleven from the City of Brotherly Love without much effort, except for a mild threat that carried Penn to their 33-yard line at the start of the third period, the men of Notre Dame scored almost at will. The first-stringers piled up 21

points in the first two chukkers and, just to demonstrate their superiority, the seconds took up the baton in the last half and completed the rout by rolling up four more touchdowns before the dazed and battered foes who had ridden into the West with high hopes.

Marchmont Schwartz tallied the first touchdown and started the long goalward trek of the Nomads.

Then followed a parade of Notre Dame backs. Sheeketski, Jaskwhich, Host, Koken, Leonard and Cronin awaited their turn and never faltered nor hesitated once it was time to score, and score they did. Displaying the same educated toe that Frank Carideo boasted, Jaskwhich booted three extra points. Murphy collected two and the others went to Koken and LaBorne.

Schwartz, after a few delayed line bucks, broke through tackle, scampered 16 yards and was across the goal line before a hand was laid upon the fleet halfback. It was still the first period when Sheeketski went through the same spot for 46 yards and another touchdown.

Just to show their diversity of attack, the Nomads went into the air. Taking the ball on their own 23-yard line, the Irish backs ripped the line and skirted the ends until they brought the ball to midfield. Then Schwartz dropped back and heaved a high, long pass to Jaskwhich, who jogged over from the Penn 13-yard line for the score.

Koken started the march of the seconds by sprinting 17 yards around his own right end behind airtight interference to cross the Quaker goal. A few minutes later he flipped a pass over the center of the line to Host from the Quaker 11-yard stripe for another tally.

(Continued on page 107)

LINEUPS

Notre Dame	Pennsylvania
Kosky	L. E. Tanseer
Krause	L. T. Sokolis
Harris	L. G. Yablonski
Yarr (C)	C. Robinson
Hoffmann	R. G. Giberson
Kurth	R. T. Colehower
Mahony	R. E. Burnett
Jaskwhich	Q. B. Graupner
Schwartz	L. H. Munger
Sheeketski	R. H. Gette
Melinkovich	F. B. Perina

NOTRE DAME - 20

NAVY - 0



EDGAR "RIP" MILLER
Navy Coach

"Navy came out of the Notre Dame game with first hand information as to what constitutes great football. From good sportsmanship to blocking, Notre Dame was superb."

records, demonstrated that it could fight by going out and holding the Irish to exactly three touchdowns, two of them the results of passes.

Navy didn't make a first down nor a scoring threat the entire game, but this merely shows a lack of acquaintance with the style of play Navy was using for the first time. Defensive brilliance shows perhaps more than anything, the true worth of a team. It's harder to stand up under the constant pounding of hard-running attack than to conduct that offensive campaign yourself. It takes more courage to smash into three or four interferers or to go into a flying tackle than it does to block or carry the ball.

Unfortunately, many writers, poking fun at Navy's lack of success during the past campaign, made light of

Edgar (Rip) Miller, class of '25 Notre Dame, member of the famous Seven Mules, who cleared the way for the 1924 Four Horsemen, stepped into a big job last fall.

After serving efficiently under "Navy Bill" Ingram as line coach for the Middies, he was elevated to the head coaching job when Ingram left for the University of California. He took on Christy Flanagan of the 1926 Notre Dame team and Johnny O'Brien of the 1930 eleven at Notre Dame to assist him. Then he tackled the task of installing an entirely new style of play, the Rockne system, at a school where the wing-back had been used before.

Any coach will tell you that it's hard enough for a new mentor to come in and carry on with the same system without trying to step in his first year to put in an entirely new style in the short space of spring practice and a few weeks in the fall.

Little wonder it is, then, that the Navy, Miller at the helm, was steering an in and out course. Navy against Notre Dame, though, showed the influence of tradition and spirit as clearly as it ever has been shown. A team that before the game was licked by anywhere from 40 to 60 points on the basis of past

the game, saying that Notre Dame was intentionally kept under wraps because Anderson did not want to rub it in to Miller in the latter's first year as coach. If you can imagine any coach anywhere telling his team to go in and lie down, you might take stock in such poppycock.

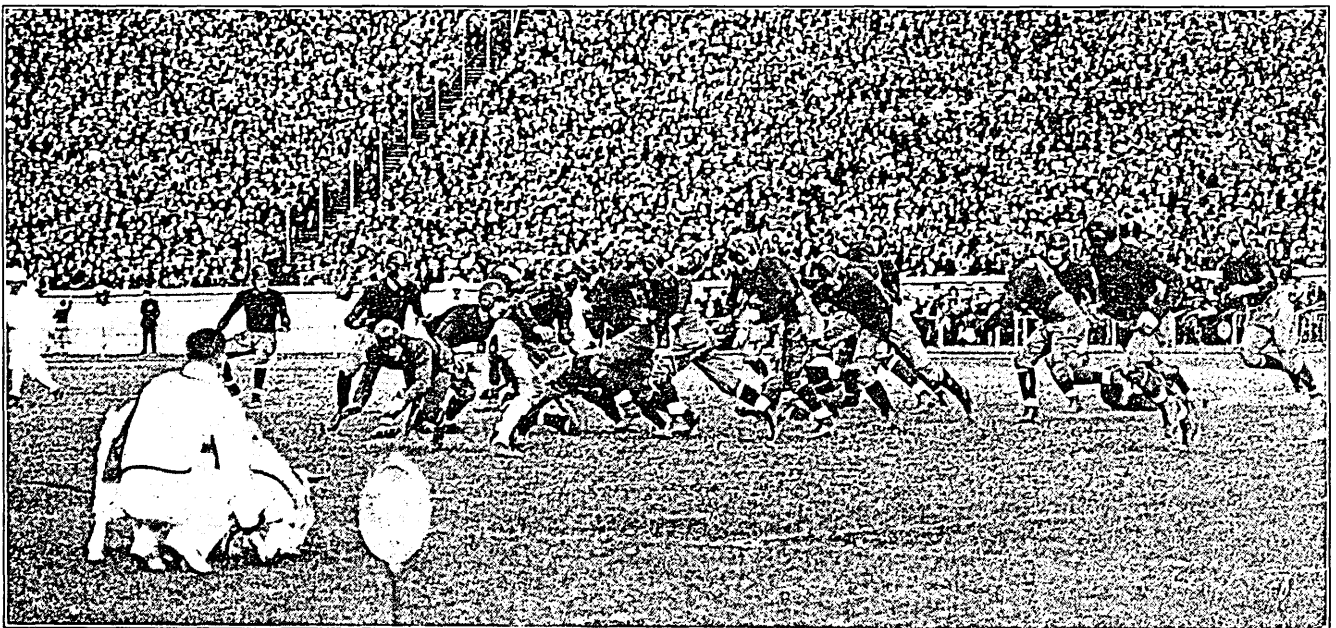
The struggle for positions on the varsity had reached, in at least four instances, its highest pitch. Notre Dame was in that game trying just as hard as in any other. Navy is not the kind of team that asks you to spare them. They will take their licking when it is their turn and win when the time is ripe.

Next year's game should be the most interesting of the young series. Miller will by then have his style of play firmly rooted and he already has the spirit and men necessary to make great football teams.



L. A. BRYAN
Navy Acting Captain

"We were hard pressed to match Notre Dame in fight, spirit, and staying power. Other factors of the game are described by the score: Notre Dame, 20; Navy, 0. We were conquered by a great team."



Schwartz, with two blockers ahead of him, is started on his 16-yard sprint for Notre Dame's first touchdown.

Air Attack Sinks Navy Dreadnought



EMMETT MURPHY

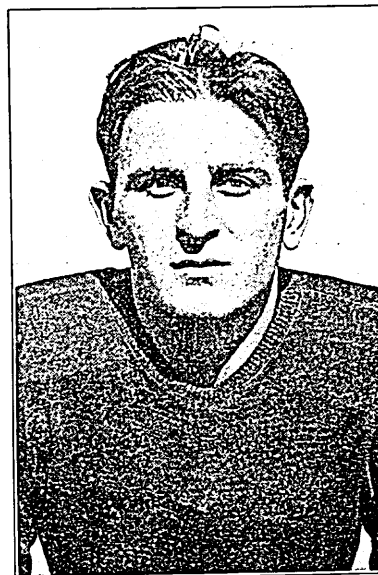
Heroes of the Day

A jinx that kept Notre Dame's coaches in a cold sweat all season pursued the fullback position, cutting down one after another of those that had been whipped into shape by untiring work by both candidates and coaches.

The jinx caught Steve Banas in the Drake game. He had just returned to uniform when Melinkovich was hurt in the Navy game. Steve went in and almost single-handedly staged a march to scoring position and then plunged over for the second of three Irish touchdowns, the first having been scored by Schwartz. "Banas was 'better than ever,'" said Coach Anderson.

Not to be outdone, little Emmett Murphy, 153 pound quarterback, pulled one of those perfect plays out of the Notre Dame bag of tricks and romped out for a pass from Mike Koken to put the game away and conclude scoring.

These two unsung heroes and Schwartz were the only ones able to penetrate a stout Navy defense—they did it in one quarter, and then settled back to protect the margin.



STEVE BANAS

By HARRY CROSS

NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE Sports Writer

Baltimore, Nov. 14.—A polished and stylish Notre Dame team used a fighting, aggressive Navy foe as a foil this afternoon in the Baltimore stadium to give a scientific exposition of smart football and win without any apparent effort, 20 to 0.

A crowd of 61,000 spectators filled the stands and saw a football team, confident of its own ability and schooled to a nicety in team tactics, concentrate its scoring ability for three touchdowns in the second period and then coast the rest of the way, coming out of the fray without even the semblance of a scratch. As the baseball players would say, it was just a breeze for the gridiron masters of South Bend.

Early in the second period, Marchmont Schwartz galloped around the left wing of the Navy line behind a human wall of blockers for 17 yards and a touchdown. Leading up to this score, Jaskwhich ran back one of Davis' punts 20 yards to Navy's 33-yard mark. On a simple but effective spinner, Melinkovich crashed through tackle for 11 yards and Steven Banas gathered up five more by knifing through tackle.

Then the Notre Dame offensive organized and Schwartz wafted through the Navy defense without a Middy laying a hand on him and scored. This tally whetted the Notre Dame appetite and after the next kick-off they started on a 52-yard procession down the field and Banas went over for another touchdown.

While the urge was on, Notre Dame crowded the Midshipmen so closely that a short punt of the Annapolis Hawaiian, Chung-Hoon, was captured by Notre Dame on the Navy 32-yard line and one brilliant flare of aerial football, a forward from Mike Koken to Emmet Murphy,

so keenly executed that it worked like a charm, gave the accomplished boys from Indiana their third touchdown.

It is doubtful if a football team ever won a game with such indifference and nonchalance as the Notre Dame eleven did this afternoon. It was forced to show only a few of its many accomplishments. It worked as a unit and made no mistakes. Against this state of affairs Navy could do little or nothing.

Notre Dame had an opportunity this afternoon to demonstrate the mathematic basis of its football system. The execution of its technique was close to perfect. The boys from South Bend are essentially a football outfit of decidedly diagonal purposes. They charge on an oblique angle; they rush the ball on the same geometrical theory. They kick and run and pass on a diagonal line. With a few degrees more speed, they meet a head-on charge with a side-swiping contact, and seldom, if ever get even a bruise.

Although reduced to mathematical accuracy, the Notre Dame team did not permit itself to lapse into the rut of an automaton. Not once was the South Bend troupe of accomplished gridiron tumblers forced to delve into the richness of its resources.

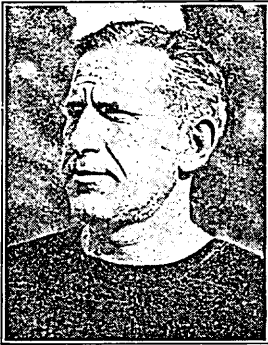
A student of mathematics could easily have become absorbed in the Notre Dame finesse this afternoon. The ends sideswiped Navy's tackles and Notre Dame's tackles sideswiped Navy's best secondary defense when Marchy Schwartz drifted through tackle on a spinner.

Notre Dame also gave a magnificent display of the saving of manpower. Spares were rushed in every few minutes and no matter what combination Hunk Anderson had on the field of play, it clicked.

LINEUPS

Notre Dame	Navy
KoskyL. E.	Smith
CulverL. T.	McCrea
GreeneyL. G.	Thompson
YarrC.	Harbold
HoffmannR. G.	Underwood
KurthR. T.	Bryan (C)
MahonyR. E.	Pray
JaskwhichQ. B.	Davis
SchwartzL. H.	Tschirgi
SheetketskiR. H.	Chung-Hoon
MelinkovichF. B.	Hurley

NOTRE DAME - 14 SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - 16



HOWARD JONES
U.S.C. Coach

"In all my experience in football I have never seen two teams hit harder than the Trojans and Irish at South Bend this year. Notre Dame was as great in defeat as it ever had been in victory. I think that we defeated the greatest team in America when Johnny Baker's kick went sailing through the goal posts."

Was it his fault that two of his best backs, Melinkovich and Koken, were injured and unable to play in this game when they were most needed. Did anyone in that crowd of 52,000 howling fanatics think as the fourth quarter opened that any team in the world, even as fine a team as Southern California's, could overcome a 14-point advantage after being repulsed for 45 minutes of one of the most gruelling games in history?

These are not excuses. None are needed. Southern California had a truly great team on Cartier field sod the day it played Notre Dame. Coach Jones played his cards like a master; the Trojan warriors, many of them just

"Hunk' Anderson missed being the coach of the year by just 60 seconds." This came from "Chick" Meehan, N. Y. U. coach, who should know. Whether Notre Dame, had it defeated Southern California, could have come back again to take Army the next week, offers much food for thought.

The Irish had been sailing along all season at a killing pace; they were still at their peak for the first three quarters of the Southern California battle, when suddenly something snapped, and the Trojans went on to win by piling up 16 points in 15 minutes against a team that previously had been scored upon only twice.

But "Hunk" Anderson, in the eyes of Notre Dame, is still the coach of the year. How he staved off the inevitable as long as he did is more to be marveled at than the fact that the great Notre Dame team could and did lose a couple of football games.

Can he be blamed for the fact that with a green backfield, outweighed 15 pounds to the man, and a line that averaged only two pounds to the man more than the opposing forwards, he lost to a Trojan team boasting seven two-year veterans in its lineup? Certainly there can be no disgrace in losing to a team coached by Howard Jones, one of the most firmly established of the "old-timers" in one's first year at the head of a team.

about to finish their U. S. C. careers, played ball that upheld the worthiest traditions of their school.

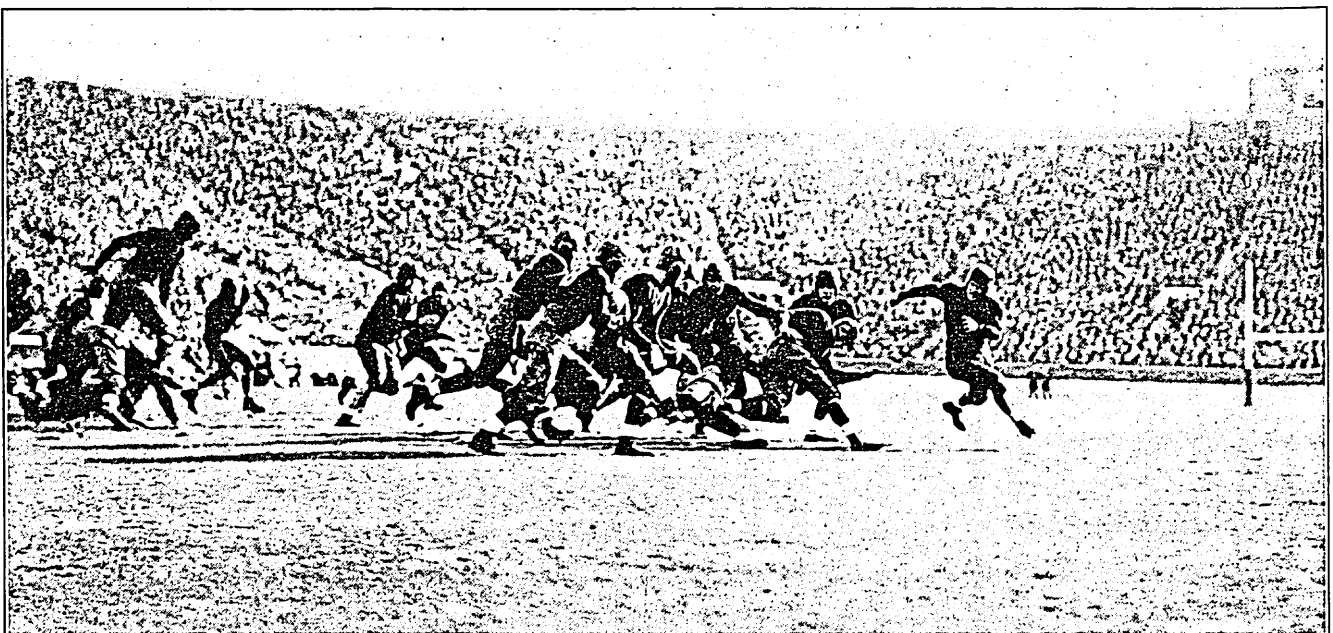
If there was any team Rockne might have chosen to lose to, it would have been Southern California because of his warm friendship with Howard Jones.

The Notre Dame dressing room after the game presented a scene that in itself was enough to offset the sting of defeat in the hearts of Notre Dame followers. One writer after the game mentioned the fact that newspapermen filed some 750,000 words but that none "carried more freight than these: 'Notre Dame showed today that it had not forgotten how to lose.'"



STANLEY WILLIAMSON
U.S.C. Captain

"Our boys never met such fierce charging as Notre Dame's men gave us. They fought every inch of the way. To have beaten such a bunch of men is the greatest honor I have ever known. I am sorry, as are the rest of our graduating men, that we shall not be able to meet the Irish again next year."



It's Schwartz again—sweeping his own right end for eight yards.

Inspired Trojans End Irish Reign



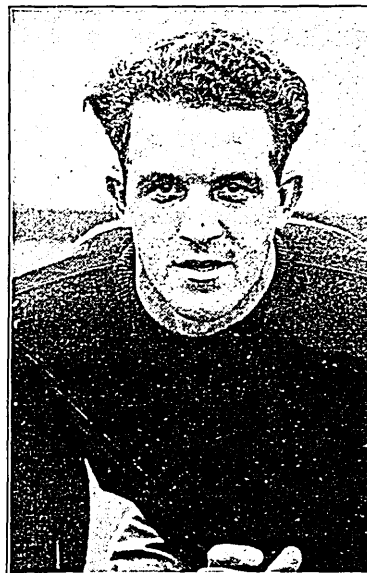
MARCHMONT SCHWARTZ

Heroes of the Day

Undisputed claims to all-American recognition were made by two Notre Dame stalwarts who were greater in defeat, if possible, than they had ever been in victory.

Marchy Schwartz went into the Southern California game fully aware that he would be called upon to play the full 60 minutes because his understudy, Mike Koken had been injured the week before. But, without sparing himself, he ran, blocked, passed, kicked, tackled, and otherwise carried on as Notre Dame fans had come to expect him to perform.

Joe Kurth played an inspirational game from the opening kickoff until Coach Anderson saw fit to relieve him in the late minutes. Most of Schwartz's long gains were through his position, the Trojans failed to register a single advance through his position, he blocked Baker's first attempted conversion after touchdown, he recovered Musick's fumble on the three-yard line in the first quarter, and he was down on almost every punt to make the tackle.



JOSEPH KURTH

By GEORGE KIRKSEY

UNITED PRESS Staff Correspondent

Notre Dame Stadium, Nov. 21.—Notre Dame's temple of triumph collapsed today in the dying moments of one of the greatest football games ever played—caved in before an irresistible last period rally which gave Southern California a 16 to 14 victory over the Fighting Irish.

The last team to beat Notre Dame was also the first to stop the Irish after 25 straight victories on the gridiron since 1928 when the Trojans triumphed, 27 to 14.

Trailing 14 to 0 at the start of the final period, Southern California came back with an indomitable drive that swept Notre Dame from the very precipice of victory to the first defeat it has known in three years of gridiron warfare.

With 55,000 spectators—the largest crowd that ever saw a football game at Notre Dame—standing on their feet and cheering madly as they gazed down on a sight that rarely has been enacted on any gridiron, the Trojans smashed, slashed and passed their way to two touchdowns and a field goal in less than 15 minutes of play.

It was Johnny Baker's magnificent place kick from Notre Dame's 24-yard line in the last minute and a half of play which supplied Southern California's march of victory after the Trojan's cause seemed hopeless a short while before.

With Notre Dame leading, 14 to 13, and the seconds ticking away, the Trojans drove deep in Irish territory. On third down, with eight yards to go, Baker dropped back out of the line, and with Orville Mohler, Southern California's dynamic quarterback, holding the ball, place-kicked a perfect goal.

It was justice come home to roost, for Baker's first attempt to kick goal after touchdown was blocked. It had

seemed that for the fourth time in the six years of competition between the two schools, Notre Dame was to win by the margin of a point after touchdown.

Southern California was thoroughly beaten until the last few minutes of the third period. The Trojans had combined three penalties on Notre Dame to advance to the 2-yard line early in the first period, but they were outplayed over the rest of the route—that is until they gathered their forces for their last surge which ripped Notre Dame's defense to ribbons in the final period.

After making first down on Notre Dame's 2-yard line in the first period, Jim Musick, Southern California fullback, fumbled and the ball was recovered by Joe Kurth, Notre Dame right tackle, who played an all-America game until he was taken out in the final period.

Notre Dame was halted briefly. Schwartz punted out on California's 11-yard line. Mohler's return kick traveled to Notre Dame's 45-yard line, and then the Irish began the sweep to their first score.

Steve Banas, Irish fullback, ripped off 13 yards. Schwartz passed 26 yards to Charley Jaskwich, who was downed on the Trojan's 17-yard line.

Schwartz picked up a yard. Ray Brancheau, reserve right halfback, gained five yards. Schwartz slashed off the Trojan's left side for seven yards and first down on the four-yard line. Then Banas plunged to the one-yard line. On the succeeding play, Banas dived over a mass of players for the touchdown. With only a minute and a half left to play in the first half, Jaskwich kicked goal and Notre Dame led, 7 to 0.

LINEUPS

Notre Dame	So. Calif.
Kosky L. E.	Sparling
Culver L. T.	Brown
Harris L. G.	Rosenberg
Yarr (C) C. Williamson (C)	
Hoffmann R. G.	Stevens
Kurth R. T.	Smith
DeVore R. E.	Arbelbide
Jaskwich Q. B.	Shaver
Schwartz L. H.	Mallory
Sheeketski R. H.	Pinckert
Banas F. B.	Musick

(Continued on page 104)

NOTRE DAME	-	-	0
ARMY	-	-	12



MAJ. RALPH SASSE
Army Coach

"The Army-Notre Dame game in our opinion is the football classic of the East. This year's game was no exception. West Point feels that it faced one of the most courageous and gamiest teams which ever represented Notre Dame. We realize that the terrific schedule did not permit the team to be at its peak for Army."



JOHN PRICE
Army Captain

"Notre Dame's 1931 team is a worthy successor to its predecessors, alert, smart and with a powerful defensive line. We shall always remember our game at Yankee Stadium as one in which sportsmanship characteristic of the Notre Dame-Army series was most evident."

At the close of the 1930 football season, the late Knute Rockne said, "We shall probably lose two games next year. You can't lose men like Carideo, Mullins, and Brill in the backfield and linemen like Conley, Metzger, and Kassis and not feel it."

As Notre Dame swept on through its early games, hit the toughest teams in the East in stride and won, and then went on only to lose by two points to Southern California, the critics attributed Rockne's statement to strategy. Even with Rockne gone and with "Hunk" Anderson carrying on, everyone was confident that the Irish would bounce right back and push Army all over the field at will.

They failed to take into consideration many things. First, the Army-Notre Dame series is the oldest traditional football series in Notre Dame history, at least when teams are considered that are on Notre Dame's schedule consistently year after year and not those who are played for two or three years and then dropped for a decade and put back on. And anything can happen when tradition is called upon. What would the college novelists do if this were not so?

True, Notre Dame had beaten Pitt by two touchdowns and the Panthers had defeated Army by four seven-pointers. But

the Irish had beaten Pitt through the air and Pitt had beaten Army by the same method. Three of the best lines in the country were not taken into consideration in pre-game forecasts.

Notre Dame had just received a heart-breaking setback in its hardest game of the year with Southern California. Army had played a "breather." The psychology of Notre Dame's untouched victory string had been broken; Army's hope was higher than ever.

The Irish had been called upon week after week to carry on for Rockne, to try despite an injury jinx that

swept back after back out of a none too experienced set of ball-carriers, to maintain the clip set by the two previous teams.

Finally, people had come to believe that Notre Dame was some sort of a machine, not a group of young men whose emotional capacities had been taxed to the limit for eight long weeks and who finally must "spill over."

When Notre Dame's early chances to score were stopped, the battered, tired, and bruised sons of Notre Dame for all their courage could simply not make themselves go any more. They had given everything.



Big Ed Krause throws Kilday out of bounds after a short gain.

(International News Service Photo)

Army Blanks Notre Dame in Upset

Heroes of the Day

Two boys from Washington, the only ones on the Notre Dame squad, closed their careers gloriously on the muddy turf of Yankee stadium against Notre Dame's most respected foe.

Capt. Tommy Yarr, center, was in the game the full route and played the same heads-up game that distinguished him in 1930 in the opening game when he was first striving for recognition. He had been a wild, care-free sort of boy when elected captain, but the responsibilities of the position sobered him and brought him into a kind of manhood that all of us would like to enjoy. Rugged and genial, he inspired the men to fight against Army until the closing whistle. His courage in his last game was typical of his play all season.

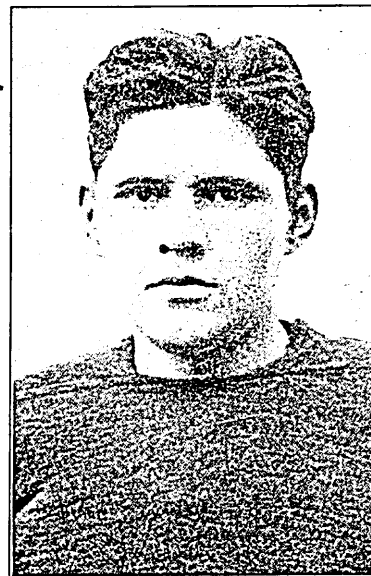
And everything said about Tommy Yarr goes for Frank Nordy Hoffmann, who played right next to him. Hoffmann was slowed up in the last three games by torn ligaments in his knee. When the Army game came, it was doubted whether he would be able to play. But play he did until finally he was carried from the field.

By GRANTLAND RICE

(Reprinted from the BALTIMORE SUN)



NORDY HOFFMANN



CAPT. TOMMY YARR

Yankee Stadium, New York, Nov. 28.—A ripping, tearing Army team, full of fight and flame, struck Notre Dame today with the sweep of a cyclone.

This Army team beat the South Bend invaders, 12 to 0, as 80,000 sat through a swirling snowstorm during the first half of the bitter battle to get the shock of their lives.

The Army won the game on two great plays. The first was a long pass from Brown to Stecker in the first quarter that picked up 58 yards and led to the first touchdown. The second deadly thrust that found Notre Dame's heart came in the final quarter when the brilliant Stecker, the big star of the afternoon, swept around Notre Dame's right end for 70 yards and the second touchdown.

After these two great offensive plays, the Army defense knocked Notre Dame's attack cockeyed and lopsided all afternoon. Army tacklers ripped Notre Dame's blocking system wide open, and then drove the ball carrier to earth with a force that often left him dazed and half stunned, far back of his own line.

The Army struck with a deadly ferocity all through the afternoon, through the drifting snowflakes and later on through the heavy shadows that turned the field into the mist of twilight.

The two Army touchdown plays were among the finest of the year. They had the blood of the big crowd running warm even in winter weather. The first killing blow came early in the first period. Brown, the young Army star, dropped back as if to kick. In place of this he threw a downfield pass to Ray Stecker, who took the ball at blazing speed and ran to Notre Dame's seven-yard

line before he was brought to earth.

Stecker then raced around Notre Dame's right end for six yards and a moment later Kilday hammered his way across the line. Stecker failed at goal, but 1,500 cadets were having a young riot.

It was around the middle of the second period before Notre Dame made her first down, and then Schwartz had to travel 11 yards with little help, fighting his way along.

But the big smash came in the fourth period on the greatest run of the year, one of the greatest I've ever seen on any football field. With the ball on Army's 30-yard line, Ray Stecker struck just outside of Notre Dame's right tackle. Able blocking got the fleet Army back by the line of scrimmage, and then he put on a running show that no one will ever forget.

He swept by two South Bend tacklers and then swerved to the left. Here he stiff-armed another tackler in green, half stumbled, recovered his balance and picked up speed again. Once more he seemed to be cornered and collared with two men barring the road, but he stiff-armed another and then outran the last man between him

LINEUPS

Notre Dame	Army
KoskyL. E.....	King
CulverL. T.....	Price (C)
HarrisL. G.....	Summerfelt
Yarr (C)C.....	Evans
HoffmannR. G.....	Trice
KurthR. T.....	Suarez
MahonyR. E.....	Kopcsak
JaskwichQ. B.....	Carver
SchwartzL. H.....	Stecker
CroninR. H.....	Brown
BanasF. B.....	Kilday

and the Irish goal.

For 70 yards he seemed to run through or over more than half the Notre Dame team until he finally crossed the line for the second score. There were at least three moments during this 70-yard sweep when Stecker seemed to have no chance to make any further headway. But he used everything a great broken-field runner needs to clear the way, until he was safe across the line with the ball game in his muddy arms. (Continued on page 111)

AN APPRECIATION

Knute Rockne was the man who made the first *Official Football Review* possible. Not only did his great teams in the early days of his coaching career arouse the interest that would make the sale of the book great enough to cover the expenses of production, but he conceived the idea of such a book and appointed the men to publish, edit, and manage it.

Now the Review, continuing without Rockne, makes its gesture or recognition, all too unworthy, to the memory of this great friend. In these pages, the staff has tried accurately to portray the many angles of Rockne's kaleidoscopic career. Others have written his life and his autobiography has been published. The Review has tried to sum up his activities at the glorious height of his career, at the same time doing him honor.

Many friends of Notre Dame made this book possible. First, we want to thank the patrons, advertisers, and buyers of the book who made sacrifices during a time of depression to help in the financing of the book.

Many of the country's best known writers and leaders in other fields gave willingly of their time and talents to make the editorial content of the book what it is. The Review, unable to give them anything else in return, offers them its sincere thanks and its appreciation of the time, effort, and trouble their contributions cost them.

Paul D. Hoffmann, vice-president of the Studebaker corporation which recently announced its new Rockne six; Ted Husing, Columbia Broadcasting System's crack sports announcer; Pat Flanagan, a member of the Columbia family with WBBM, Chicago; the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., president of the university; Jesse C. Harper, director of athletics; Coach "Hunk" Anderson, Capt. Tommy Yarr, and James E. Armstrong, Notre Dame alumni secretary, all willingly contributed to the success of the Review by turning their other talents to writing.

Feg Murray, United Features' great sports cartoonist, again responded eagerly to our request that he be represented with us again. Werner Laufer, NEA Service artist, made a like response.

So many famous writers offered their services that we do not know where nor how to begin thanking them. Perhaps, charity beginning at home, we should thank Arch Ward, sports editor of the Chicago Tribune, Rockne's first publicity man, who sketched for the Review the picture of Rockne's early days on the campus.

Warren Brown, sports editor of the Chicago *Herald and Examiner*, made his annual contribution, a resume of Rockne's relationship with other coaches in the country. Christy Walsh, head of the syndicate for which Rockne wrote, took time in the midst of his pressing duties of the late football season to show that Rockne could have been as great a newspaperman as he was in the coaching field.

Lawrence Perry, whose previous articles on the spiritual something behind Notre Dame prompted us to ask him to write a special story for this year's edition, although not a Catholic, describes brilliantly Rockne's spiritual side. Frank E. Hering, a member of the fold at Notre Dame, chairman of publicity for the Rockne memorial fund, and past president of the Notre Dame alumni association, took time during the middle of the memorial drive to pen his vivid description of the field house being erected in Rockne's memory.

Rockne's connection with Eastern football is shown in most scintillating form by Bill Cunningham, Dartmouth's all-American center of a few years back. George Trevor, another of the outstanding writers of the seaboard with the New York Sun gave permission to the Review to reprint his admirable article, written just after Rockne's death.

Grantland Rice, unable to write a special story because of his many more exacting duties during the football season, gladly gave permission to reprint his brilliant story on the Army game and his introductory poem. Two representatives of Iowa papers, no less able because of the fact that they are not in larger cities, are included for the interesting expression of their reaction to the Southern California game. They are Bert McGrane of the Des Moines Register and Edwin Moore, Jr., of the Waterloo Courier.

To the following writers whose stories we judged the best written on each game, we are also indebted for their kind permission to reprint their works: Alan Gould, Associated Press; Francis Wallace, Notre Dame graduate with the New York Daily News; Harry MacNamara and Jack Elder, the latter a former Notre Dame star, of the Chicago *Herald and Examiner*; Gordon Mackay, Philadelphia Record; Irving Vaughan, Chicago Tribune; Harry Cross, New York Herald-Tribune; and George Kirksey, United Press.

The following campus writers, who show such encouraging promise of future renown in their Review articles, also merit our warmest thanks. Robert E. Gorman, editor, and Joseph Lopker, art editor, Notre Dame Juggler; Neil C. Hurley, editor Notre Dame Scholastic; John A. Kiener, director of public relations; William Corr, James McFeeley, Walter Kennedy, George Belting, J. A. McElligott, and Edward Brennan compose our staff of loyal campus contributors.

To the following athletic publicity directors we are also indebted for getting from their coaches and captains the statements which embellish the pages of the section devoted to games, as well as sending us the pictures of these men: Frank R. Elliott, Indiana; Walter Paulison, Northwestern; E. C. Lytton, Drake; Charles Kenny, Pittsburgh; Joseph T. Labrum, Pennsylvania; Max E. Hannum, Carnegie Tech; Lieut. Comm. R. L. Hall, U. S. C., Navy; Alfred F. Wesson, Southern California; and Capt. W. H. Wells, Army. Needless to say, we thank the coaches and captains themselves for making these utterances when busily concerned with their next week's games.

We also wish to thank James Kearns, sports editor of the Notre Dame Scholastic for his help during the season.

—J. S. P.

Men Behind the Guns

By WILLIAM CORR

The cheering thousands who watch the Irish of Notre Dame play on the fall Saturdays rarely, if ever, give a thought to the men behind the guns. These other people are the men who make for the comfort of the team and the spectators and who assume charge of the many incidentals that crop up during the course of a season.

The board of athletic control acts as a supervisory body over all athletic matters at Notre Dame. This group is directed by the Rev. Michael M. Mulcaire, C.S.C., vice-president of the university. The secretary is James E. McCarthy, dean of the college of commerce. The other members are the Rev. Raymond M. Murch, C.S.C., Rev. Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., Rev. Thomas A. Steiner, C.S.C., William Logan Benitz, and Clarence Manion. These men pass on the athletic schedules of the various teams of the university and have charge of the awarding of monograms for athletic achievement.

Notre Dame stadium is one of the greatest projects that the board has undertaken. All the planning and financing of this structure came under the supervision of these men and the great bowl stands as a monument to their labor.

When we mention the stadium, we cannot forget the business office located in the Administration building. The staff, under the direction of J. Arthur Haley, handles all the finances of Notre Dame athletics. The distribution of tickets in the stadium is taken care of by Herbert Jones, assistant business manager, while those coveted ducats to the press box are handled by Joseph Petritz, director of sports publicity.

These men have the help of a remarkably efficient staff who take care of the innumerable duties such as the details of a trip. Hotel and transportation reservations must be secured beforehand. Meals must be ordered. Plans for diversion on a trip must be carefully cared for among the many other tasks that fall to the business office.

Not the least of the tasks that Mr. Haley and his staff find on their shoulders is the purchase of all the athletic equipment at the university. Football uniforms, basketball uniforms, uniforms for every form of athletics, and the necessities for every form of sport must be secured. Realizing that the athletic system at Notre Dame covers interhall sport and freshman teams, this business assumes alarming proportions.

Even if the purchase is a terrifying thought, let your mind wander to the consideration of the distribution of this equipment. Anthony Schreiner is the man who has charge of this phase of the work. In a well-appointed room in the gymnasium all these uniforms are stored. When the fall comes and football is at hand, some 300 youths must be outfitted in four hours. No, you wouldn't like the job any more than we would. But "Tony" enjoys his work. He even enjoys the packing of trunks when a team goes away on a trip. The care of this equipment at all times comes under the eagle eye of the men in the equipment room.

When the season is finished they must store away all the trappings that go to make up the seasonal outfit. A gridman has three pairs of shoes in his list of equipment

and these must be treated with oil before they can be returned to storage for the winter. That task falls under the domain of the equipment room.

Added to all these duties is another one that calls for great care. Have you ever had the desire to praise a player right in the middle of a game? Anthony Schreiner has that opportunity offered to him every Saturday afternoon—with a penalty of ——— yards attached to it. Yes! He's the water boy. Carrying water isn't the only part of that work since he must also act as the miracle man and revive a fallen warrior in less than two minutes. First he must diagnose and then prescribe and finally cure. It's a pretty stiff job to complete in two minutes, and you can't allow time for recuperation.

All the miles of tape handled and used on Notre Dame men are not in the care of Mr. Schreiner, however. Eugene Young, more familiarly known as "Scrapiron," has



Eugene (Scrapiron) Young

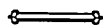
to take care of the athletes before they ever look at the opposition. His work is done in the dressing room. Rub-downs, liniment, alcohol, (no, not that kind), sun-lamps and similar paraphernalia are his equipment.

That the Notre Dame team is able to go through the bruising schedule it faces without serious injury is due to the care of Young, and his assistants, headed by Ray DeCook. These men look out for limps, bruises, sprains, and the many other ailments that befall the football player during the course of a stormy season.

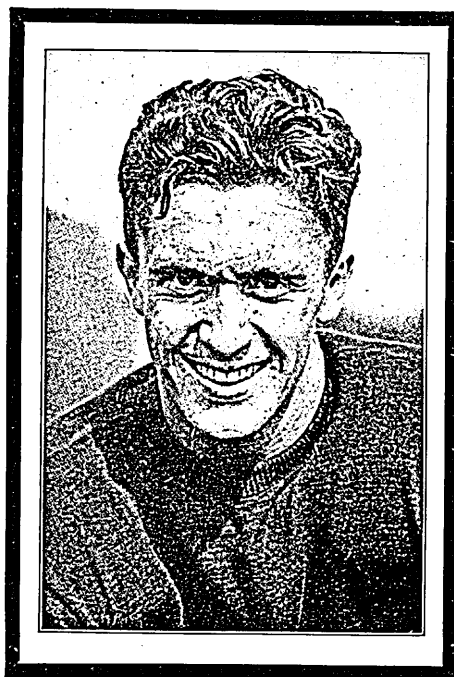
Although these men receive none of the publicity accorded to the coaches, the players, the band, and the other color attractions of intercollegiate football, they are an integral part of every good system and must not be forgotten when praise is offered for a successful season. They are truly "the men behind the guns." Without these men the team might win games but it is doubtful if the season would be successful.

All but the board of athletic control rose to high points of efficiency under the genius of the late Knute Rockne and it is for Rockne that they will carry on. These departments were the outgrowth of necessity but they owe their development to the man who was a great leader.

In Memoriam



Cadet Richard Brinsley Sheridan



Today they buried You.
The bugle called across the silent hills.
The little church of all Your orisons
Was filled; all came to honor You.
Each loving friend was there. Anon
A boy's voice rang sweet upon the air,
The litany of the dead—Your farewell prayer.
Each head leaned low; each gray-clad shoulder bent;
And lo! each stalwart, would-be soldier wept.
You were a comrade lost in tragic war,
And so all West Point mourned!
Far away across America
When day first broke at glorious Notre Dame
The chapels, too, were filled with fellowship.
Two thousand students knelt to honor You.
Enemies in battle you had been

But rivalry forgotten was in death.
And, as from earth You had a dual farewell
From loving West Point and great Notre Dame,
So up in heaven You will find, I'm sure
That same strange comradeship is present there.
For Rockne's waiting; and his clasp is ready
For Your shoulder. Together You will watch
The great grid classic you have helped to make,
And You and He will smile and say "Our boys".
The while below the teams play valiantly
For each is carrying in its heart a memory.
And so forever when the game is fought
Men will marvel at its cleanness, spirit, strength;
And up above, You Two will watch, and pray,
And be the loved guardians of Your teams.

—MARY LUSBY, '32,
Holy Cross academy, Washington, D. C.

(Note: Cadet Richard Brinsley Sheridan was fatally injured in the Army-Yale game, Oct. 24. He died two days later at a New Haven hospital.)

A Viking Goes to Rest

(Continued from page 51)

duly, he said: "When the going gets tough—that's when we like it! Get that ball and go, go, go!"

They went, scoring 14 points in the final ten minutes. It was just one of the many Notre Dame comebacks engineered by Rockne's knack of stimulating an apparently beaten, eleven. Next time fate pins you against the wall try saying to yourself: "When the going gets tough, that's when I like it." It may do some good if you have the will power to back up those words with Rockne "fight."

Power Through Restraint

Rockne was not a ranter. He scorned the cheap tricks of the professional orator. Experience had taught him the danger of trying to "key up" a bunch of impressionable boys via verbal fireworks. He realized that a reaction inevitable follows a sustained effort to arouse youngsters through tongue lashings. His vocabulary was pungent but never profane. Sarcasm, a terrible weapon in his hands, stung the laggard, the dilettante or the dull witted candidate more sharply than the oaths which movie directors regard as an inseparable part of a coach's equipment. The reprimand delivered, however, Rockne would temper the sting with a smile. He never broke a boy's spirit. As one of his players put it—"When Rock smiles you forget the bawling out and would ram your head into a concrete wall if he asked you to."

While Rockne steered clear of the traditional "fight talk" he knew how to get an emotional response. A practical psychologist, Rockne achieved his effects by subtler methods. Sometimes he employed silence.

Before the Northwestern game last fall, a contest which Rockne regarded as the season's supreme test, a tomb-like silence prevailed in Notre Dame's dressing room beneath the concrete tower of Dyche Stadium. Nobody spoke as the Irish warriors, grim in their blue and gold war trappings, sat on the wooden benches staring at the shadows cast by the tall, dark lockers.

That silence, commanded by Rockne, tugged at your ear drums. The creaking of a chair made you jump. Faint echoes of cheering, like sounds from Mars, accentuated the stillness in that isolated locker room.

On the whitewashed wall a clock ticked off the minutes—eighteen of them, unbroken by anything save the soft shuffle of restless feet and the quick breathing of boys under high nervous tension.

"Everybody Up"

Just when you felt you must shout or go crazy, Rockne jumped to his feet: "Everybody up!" His staccato voice, harsh but not unpleasant, cracked like a machine gun as he called out his starting lineup. "Shift slowly," he added. "Keep that cadence down. Play clean and fight!"

The tension, sustained for eighteen cruel minutes, had been snapped. Conley's men, physically relaxed but mentally on edge, clattered up the runway to face Northwestern. Silence, you see, can be more eloquent than oaths.

Rockne had no use for shirkers. At the same time, he was more considerate of his players than of himself. He wouldn't permit the varsity to undergo those gruelling practice scrimmages so popular with many of his colleagues, but he didn't conserve his own nervous energy, depleted though it was by a baffling illness.

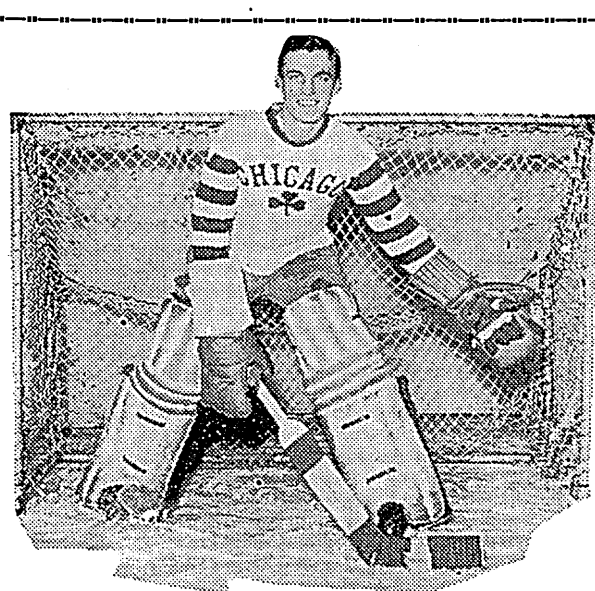
Warned by Father Michael Mulcaire that he ought to curb his ambitious program of work, follow the doctor's orders and settle down to a sedentary, quiet life at South Bend, Rockne replied: "Father, I'm not built for an invalid's routine. If you clip the wild duck's wings, he pines away and dies. I too must fly until I fall."

His words seem strangely prophetic in the light of what happened on that storm-riven Kansas farm. As long as Rockne had to go, he would have wanted it this way—to die in harness at the flood tide of his success, beloved of all sportsmen.

They have buried Rockne's body. They cannot bury his spirit. It lives on in the hearts of all Notre Dame men and of thousands more who never looked upon the golden dome of Notre Dame du Lac.

Marchy Schwartz, all-American left halfback, led the team in scoring with five touchdowns. His passes led to several others, however, and all of his scores were important.

Just before we went to press, the Studebaker Corporation of America announced its new Rockne Six which will appear on the market soon.



SHAMROCK'S
ALL HOME GAMES PLAYED AT
CHICAGO
STADIUM
1800 W. Madison St.

The Twinkle in Rockne's Eyes

(Continued from page 56)

his shoulders, he turned around and started to climb back into his truck.

"See," exclaimed Rockne, loud enough so the driver could hear him, "I knew he was afraid to fight!"

At times Rockne used his stories to bring very forcibly before his boys some point that he wanted them to remember. Usually this was done on the spur of the moment but some times by a pre-arranged plan, where he apparently used one of his star players as the butt of the joke. With this system he found that his point went home and at the same time, knowing the boys as he did, he retained the admiration of the chap he had used as a foil. Some times he would tell a story about Carideo. Again it would be about Gipp. But always it was with the idea in mind of making his listeners get a point that would be for their own good.

Rockne told his stories just the same as he coached football. He told them as hard as he could. By that I mean that other speakers could get up and tell a story at a banquet and people would politely listen. Rockne would tell the same story and the very forcefulness made you a part of the story. In that way he was really not a story teller but a subtle dramatist. He drew every one toward him and although they knew they were on the defensive, they gloried in their own attempts to back him into a corner, and make him yell "uncle." No one succeeded.

Can you imagine Rockne at the bedside of a friend or a companion who might be close to death? He might be in almost a frenzy of sorrow but to help the other fellow keep his spirits up, he had that story handy that would just fit the occasion but unlike most story tellers he knew how to tell it at that time.

So much has been said about Rockne's humor that the majority of people got the impression that he was a so-called funny man. That was not true. Rockne could turn a story with a humorous point to it into a barbed shaft just as quickly as he could tell the same story and make you laugh until you wanted to roll out of your chair. The whole point about Rockne's humor is the fact that he knew when, how, and where to tell a story.

Now the question arises—what good was all this humor? The whole thing was that it made him worth listening to. That brought men close to him and infected them with his enthusiasm and clear outlook on life. His stories never allowed you to be down in the mouth. They kept you up on your toes. Men like that were the ones that Rockne wanted around. They became smart football players. They took some of his stories onto the field and used them on the other fellows to keep him on the defensive from two standpoints.

When the other fellow was trying to guess the answer to some quick sally and also trying to guess what the player was going to do next as a football man, they were in a double quandary.

Only one man ever flagrantly disobeyed Rockne. That man was George Gipp. And although Gipp's death was one of the hardest things Rockne ever had to bear, when he talked about Gipp—

You should have seen the twinkle in Rockne's eyes.

They'll Be Missing You, Rock!

(Continued from page 55)

For a man who was apt to make a sharp answer, Rockne had few enemies, among his fellow coaches. Indeed, it might be said, and defended, that he had none at all.

In all my dealings with him, I know of but one coach that seemed to irritate him, and he refused to become unduly exercised over him, inasmuch as neither Rockne himself, nor Notre Dame, had any direct dealings with this coach.

I know of one coach, now doing very well out on the Pacific Coast, who was one of Rockne's great friends, and one who could be counted upon, invariably, to get himself into any fight that Rockne happened to be waging—verbally, of course.

Through some unfortunate accident, probably tale bearing, this coach got the idea, last Fall, that Rockne didn't like him, any more. He was at a loss for any reason why, and was quite worried about it. Why he didn't get in communication with Rockne, and find out for himself, that it was a misapprehension, I never did know.

All I can report, is that this coach communicated with me, who happened to be a mutual friend.

It happened that, before I had a chance to try and untangle the unfortunate mixup, Rockne was booked for a radio interview, in Los Angeles, and Mark Kelly of the Los Angeles "Examiner", and I were scheduled to ask him questions. One of them had to do with Coast coaches. Rockne's reply to that was no less than a eulogy of the coach who had been worried because he thought Rockne was "off him."

I couldn't wait to get through with the interview and call the coach up.

"Did you hear the boost Rock gave you?" I asked.

"I never listen to radio programs," said the coach, which must be something of a record, at that.

That same evening, this coach called on Rockne, and for a great part of the time that he was on the Coast, the two were together.

When the news of Rockne's death was flashed across the country, one of the first letters I received, was from this coach. He mourned Rockne's loss, as we all did, and still do. But he took some consolation, he wrote, from the fact that his death hadn't occurred before the chance was afforded for the clearing up of that unhappy circumstance brought about by tale-bearing.

This, no doubt, is a rather long winded incident. But it shows, I hope, the value placed on Rockne's friendship, by his fellow coaches.

The coach involved, I might add, was one who had been standing on his own feet, and recognized for his own ability, practically as long as Rockne had. So you can't write the incident off as one of fear for what might happen, if a condition actually existed, and continued to exist, a condition in which Rockne was "off him."

Rockne was no bargain for his fellow coaches, if you are to consider that games won are a part of a coach's existence.

And yet there isn't a one of those, who have sat up at nights trying to figure out, and generally failing, how to stop his teams, who wouldn't trade in all the victory possibilities they ever conceived, to have him back.

Rockne was more than a coach.

He was THE coach, and recognized as such by the very men who were unwilling, in all other cases, to concede that anyone else was ever more than all square with them, and one to go.

Keeping Watch

(Continued from page 76)

Falling, we rise again. Losing, we put new fury into the fight."

A gleam lights the eyes of the lone figure at the great gates. Was that a faint chuckle?

"They have learned, down there. They know how to take it. My men!

"I shall watch again. But, let them never whine when they lose!"

The great gates swing. The lone figure passes in, where all is sweet and beautiful. He will watch again.

The gates close. Outside, the winds of the world sweep chill and cold from the bleak infinity of space. They buffet against the battlements of Paradise. Turned back, they wail aimlessly away into the vast, gray void of the mists.

They Fought, Rock

(Continued from page 76)

line was outcharged by the Trojans in the second half and they got some bad breaks when your boys clipped pass receivers. One of them was good for 38 yards and you know these soon add up in yardage. The official, though, was right. The crowd booed him a lot but you would have understood.

It was a hard game on the nerves, Rock, and soon as I get this off I'm going to Chicago and eat lots of celery. Remember once you told us celery was a good nerve quieter.

The Trojans started off like they were going to make short order of things with a pair of scoring chances but your boys showed 'em that old stuff of fighting with their backs to the wall and the Trojans couldn't get it over. From that point until the third period it belonged to your boys. Then the Trojans, with Shaver and Mohler doing the work, took charge of the party and soon the score was 14 to 13 in your favor. Then that field goal, Rock. You would be the first to say that it was a honey.

They remembered you Saturday, Rock. Every person in the stands stood with bared heads in your memory as that band played "Notre Dame, Our Mother." Even telegraph keys stopped clicking clear up here in the press box. And your pals, the newsboys as you called them, managed to get up from their seats and bare their heads. I thought it was wonderful.

It's almost dark now, Rock. A big moon is looking down on the emptiness of this stadium. Your pals are still carrying on up in the press box. Wonder if their stories would be any different had you been down there

with your boys? But they played hard and clean and well, Rock. That, after all, was what you always asked. The spirit of Notre Dame is carrying on tonight. Sleep in peace, Rock. All's right with the world. They couldn't win 'em all. S'long, Rock.

Notre Dame's all-time football record shows 203 victories, 44 losses, and 19 ties in 43 seasons. The defeats average only one more than one a season. Fourteen teams were undefeated.

Notre Dame drew nearly twice as many yards in penalties as did its nine opponents. The Irish were set back 610 yards and the opposition drew 328.

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Rockne, The Radio Feature

(Continued from page 65)

phoned him in Los Angeles and asked him to be my guest at the Army-Navy game. I wanted Rock to broadcast before and after the halves. He accepted, and came East. Because of recurring pains in his legs, he could not come to the broadcasting location and instead sat with Jimmy Walker in his field box below us.

We ran a mike down to where he sat. Rock devoted his first chat to a discussion of my virtues, but I never knew this until after the game, as everything he said on the air went out without my being "in" on it. When my operators told me Rock was through speaking, I'd just keep on. Between the halves Rock went on again and dis-

cussed the game with intense severity, praising here, decrying there and analyzing everything. Then he predicted that Stecker of the Army was the most dangerous man on the field, and would probably score the only touchdown of the game. How right he was!

Directly the game ended, he again bespoke his piece, and a rattling smart bit of radio chatter it was. The way I discovered this was a peculiar one. An upstate New Yorker sent me a dozen double-faced metallic discs on which were recorded my entire broadcast of the Army-Navy game, including Rock's analyzings. These records were such a wallop that I offered them to the Army, and they accepted them as a living memory of our great friend.

Rock knew the limitations of football reporting by radio and we often sat and discussed for many moments, in such places as his office, the Notre Dame lunch room, the Pittsburgh dressing room and countless other locations, a possible method of stabilizing football revisualizations. He never feared giving me his entire catalogue of plays, his starting lineups, shock troops or not nor any other relevant information which he knew we had to have for immediate positive dissemination to the radio throngs tuned in. We needed all the dope, quite a while in advance. He never felt that it was time wasted to run his plays over and over again for the radio announcer—for he felt that a good broadcast meant excellent public acceptance of the famed Nomads of Indiana.

Two or three incidents in connection with Rock which probably would mean little to a reader stand out in my

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mind. The first came when Les Quailey, my assistant, and I went out to the field to study the Rockne system. Impetuously, I ran out through the teams to yell a big "Hello" to him.

Quailey, formerly a collegiate quarterback, grabbed my arm and softly growled, "Hey, you sap! A coach never wants to be bothered when he's busy." Which incidentally is very true. But Rockne turned from his charges for a moment and shouted a big "Hello" in return and motioned that he'd be with me in a few moments. Realizing that I'd been a blundering idiot, and somewhat abashed at my stupidity, I felt quite "hicky" for a moment, but when I considered that Rock would let very little perturb him, I felt a heap better.

Rock, in the radio stations or at any place I ever saw him, never failed to enthuse over meeting a new acquaintance. He was very patient under the most trying conditions. He answered questions whether plied by intellectuals or morons, for he realized that his reputation, in the mind of each person he met, rested in the impression he gave.

In the studios of WJAS in Pittsburgh one night, Rock was on the air. I was called over to ask him a question (which would be called a time-filler in my radio language), since the regular set program had been exhausted and there was still time to go. I asked Rock, "If you were appointed coach at 'Y' college, and saw your team for the first time, would you apply the system to them, or just apply them to the system?"

Rock flashed back—"If the team is good, then it's your

system you can rave about, and if the team is bad, then the players are below standard." You can't imagine how this retort amused everyone present. Jock Sutherland was pressed into service to ask him a question and Jock asked Knute how many touchdowns would separate Pitt and N. D. Rock allowed as how two would be enough. The final score was 35-19.

And that's that—Rockne was a terrific radio feature. I venture that 99.44-100 per cent of the simon-pures in football listened in each week to his talks—and if you want a tip-off, hasn't there been a terrible let-down in those weekly "sport" chats since he went over the horizon?

Yes sir! It needed a Rockne to make football a national riot, and it needed a virile Rockne to make sport talks a verbal panic!

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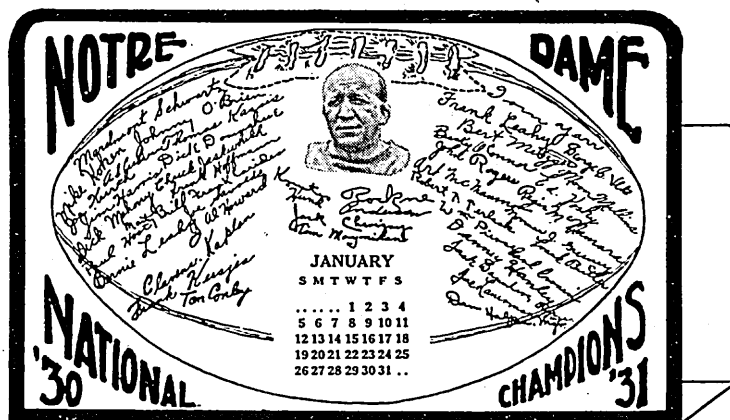
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Notre Dame, 14; U. S. C., 16

(Continued from page 93)

A lateral pass, Schwartz to Banas, put the ball to the Trojan's three-yard line.

Banas' 36-yard run was one of the greatest of the game, as he squirmed out of the arms of several players and seemed to dodge every man on the Southern California team before he was finally run out of bounds. Schwartz, on the next play, smashed over the Trojan's left tackle for three yards and a touchdown. Jaskwich again kicked goal.

A few minutes later Jim Musick, Trojans' fullback, was hurt and limped off the field. Southern California players said in their dressing room after the game that this was the turning point of the game.

"We really started to fight then and there," said Johnny Baker. "It was a shame to see good old Jim leaving the game and we said 'let's go after them.'"

The Trojans did just that when they drove to Notre Dame's 10-yard line. But they were halted. Schwartz, of Notre Dame, chose to kick out to his own 48-yard line and then the Trojans began their first touchdown march.

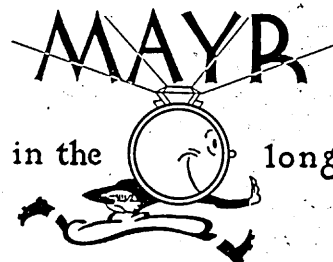
Mohler gained two yards. His pass was ruled complete because of interference on Notre Dame's 40-yard line. Shaver smashed through for five yards. A lateral pass, Mohler to Shaver, gained 11 yards and first down on Notre Dame's 24-yard line. Shaver hit the line for four yards. Mohler, stopped in his tracks the first time, gained five yards on the next attempt, carrying the ball to Notre Dame's 15-yard line as the third quarter ended.

Ray Sparling, Southern California's left end, who played the entire game, swept around Notre Dame's left end for 13 yards on an end around play, placing the ball on the one-yard line.

Shaver was stopped without gain on his first attempt, but plunged over on the next play for the Trojans' first score. Kurth broke through and blocked Baker's attempt at goal, and Notre Dame held a 14 to 6 lead, which seemed safe enough with about 13 minutes to play.

In five plays, Southern California scored its second touchdown—the fourth made on Notre Dame all season.

Coach Heartly Anderson rushed in Murphy at quarterback and Duke Millheam, a left-handed passer, but the game ended three plays later when Clark intercepted a pass on Notre Dame's 40-yard line.



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Knute Rockne—Newspaperman

(Continued from page 61)

the "B" team down at Vanderbilt. A born news-gatherer and always on the alert for new channels of information, it was a treat to hear him discuss the strength and weakness of teams in all parts of the country. If Zuppke had a sophomore star under wraps, Rock could give you all the details of his football pedigree. If some small school on the coast had a stand-out linesman, Rock could tell you all about him by the first game in September—or make it his business to find out. Not alone for scouting purposes and certainly not for the mere satisfaction of prying into other people's business, did he become an encyclopedia of football information—but because his mind was broad and open to the improvements, discoveries and progress of others, no matter how obscure.

Like a good reporter, he never missed a dead-line and regardless of personal convenience, Rock saw to it that his copy "made" the first edition. Following the defeat at Los Angeles in 1928, Rock rushed for the car that was to take him to the hotel, to write his story of a disastrous afternoon. But news of a worse disaster was awaiting him—a telegram from South Bend. Little Jackie was at the point of death! Mrs. Rockne, on the verge of collapse from shock, required his help and comfort to carry her through the long, homeward journey. And yet, Rock — always equal to any emergency, collected his thoughts, put his observations on paper, entrusted them to one of his boys at the train and the next morning, the papers carried his story of the game—brief but one of the most interesting he ever wrote. Following the Army game in 1928, after a Notre Dame victory in the wake of four defeats, Rock was spilling his story of the game, to a typist, in the Yankee Stadium. Burris Jenkins, well-known sports writer and cartoonist, sat nearby, amazed at Rock's activity and ability as a correspondent. Several sheets of copy had rolled out of the typewriter when Col. Ruppert, owner of the Yankees, entered for a second time. "Come on, Rock. The major is waiting and the party will have to go to town without you." "Well," chuckled Kanoot, with a little color popping to his cheeks—"I don't want to miss anything good, Colonel, but I'd sooner the party go to town without me, than the newspapers go to press without this little piece I'm doing. It isn't a masterpiece, but they advertised it."

And yet if good old Rock had the natural instincts of a reporter he was made to order as the perfect City Editor. Give him a squad of smart, willing, aggressive cub reporters and his newspaper would soon have had the best stories and the largest circulation in the world. What a City Editor! Why he'd know what the opposition was going to feature on Page 1 two weeks before they went to press. He'd make Walter Winchell look to his laurels as a news-hound. And would he organize that staff! Police reporters, re-write men, photographers, city hall reporters, court house reporters—every last one of them down to the proverbial office boy—on his toes, wide awake, hustling, watching for the opposition to make a mistake, waiting for the breaks, MAKING the breaks and, above all, loyal and aggressive—that's the kind of an All-America newspaper staff that Knute K. Rockne would have developed and demanded, had he been a City Editor.

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Carrying On the Rockne System

(Continued from page 68)

Harry Stuhldreher, along with Ed Hunsinger and Robert Reagan, didn't fare so well with their Villanova squad. While winning four games, they lost three contests and tied two.

Returning to the Big Ten for a moment and stopping at Ohio State, the record book points to the spotty season of the Buckeyes, six wins and three losses. Don Miller is backfield coach and his backs blocked and tackled superbly in their 6 to 0 win over Michigan.

Five wins, three losses, and one tie—a nicely balanced season—was the result for the former Horseman, Jimmy Crowley at Michigan State. A 100 to 0 win over Ripon caused much comment and partially wiped out the defeats by Army, Detroit and Syracuse. Detroit was made happy because the Staters had tied Michigan, 0 to 0.

Back to Ohio, Harry Baujan's University of Dayton gridders ended a season of five wins, three losses and two ties, playing a 6 to 6 deadlock with the "B" team from Notre Dame. Baujan's buckers ran up 237 points.

Head Coach Jack Meagher, aided by Johnny Niemic, saw Rice pile up five victories and drop three games.

Other head coaches include Charley Bachman down at the University of Florida. His outfit had a rather disastrous record, losing five games, tying two, winning three and one to play. Navy carried on under the guidance of Edgar (Rip) Miller who had considerable difficulty in breaking the Middies of their old habits and introducing to them the Notre Dame system. He was aided by Christy Flanagan and Johnny O'Brien in his work.

At Georgetown Tommy Mills (not a graduate but a former coach under Rockne) drilled the boys in the Notre Dame system with assistance from Johnny Colrick and Tom Murphy. Nearby at Catholic university, "Dutch" Bergman continues his reign with Bert Metzger and Georgie Vlk of '30 fame as aids.

Down in North Carolina, Chuck Collins is head mentor, Bill Cerney and Al Howard helping to produce the teams. Johnny "Clipper" Smith prepped North Carolina State's outfit, helped by Frank Reese. Out at the Univ. of Wichita, Joe Locke gave considerable aid to Head Coach Al Gebert.

On the west coast, Tom Lieb had Manfred Vezie assisting him in the imparting of fundamentals to the Loyola eleven. Maurice Smith and Buck Shaw took care of Santa Clara; Charley Walsh and Joe Maxwell guiding for St. Louis U. Joe Meyer had strapping Tim Moynihan coaching the line for him at St. Xavier, Cincinnati.

Alabama Poly's squad continued under Chet Wynne and Rog Kiley; University of New Mexico created a furore with Charles Riley and Joe Nash bringing the boys along in fine style.

Elmer Layden at Duquesne, Tom Conley at De LaSalle (Philly), Joe Benda at St. John's (Minn.), Clem Crowe at St. Vincent's (Philly), Wibur Eaton at Howard U. (Ala.), and John Law at Manhattan college were other head coaches using the Notre Dame system.

Larry Mullins did well with the backs at Kansas, Jack Cannon aided at Georgia Tech, Elmer Wynne at Colorado School of Mines, Tom Kassis at U. of Colorado, Tom Kenneally at Rutgers, and John McMannon at Boston college.

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N. D., 19; Carnegie, 0

(Continued from page 87)

alty for holding drove the Irish back to their 19-yard marker.

Notre Dame made four yards and a Tech penalty moved the oval up to the nine-yard line, from which Leahy drove to the two-yard line. He then dove over for the second score.

The third Notre Dame score was a matter of time. Starting on his own 25-yard line, Schwartz, in three tries, tore off three gains for 14 and five, and on the third drive was downed on the 50-yard line. His work was done for the quarter, Mike Koken trotting on the field.

Koken's first attempt was good for 13 and his second for five yards. A lateral pass, Koken to Leahy, found the end asleep, for Leahy circled that spot for a touchdown.

Notre Dame, 49; Penn, 0

(Continued from page 89)

Two more scores rattled off the Irish gatling gun in the final period, Leonard taking the leather over from the one-foot line after another march down the field, and Cronin sweeping around the Quaker line for 12 yards and the final score. To add to their class, every attempt for extra point from placement was good, splitting the unrights perfectly.

While Schwartz again was the starting sparkplug of the Irish machine today, it was Sheeketski who reeled off the most yardage from the line of scrimmage. He lugged the ball seven times for 77 yards, or an average of 11 yards a thrust.

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The Review's All-Opponent Team

(Continued from page 73)

Riley was better early in the season when Northwestern met Notre Dame and, therefore, gets the berth.

Capt. John Price, Army's veteran leader, ranks just a step ahead of the field on the other side of the line. Much of the credit for the inspired game the Cadets played at Yankee stadium must go to his stimulus.

G. W. Underwood of Navy ranks a step or two ahead of his competitors at right guard. He had much to do with the brilliant Navy defense which received all too little credit the day Notre Dame played at Baltimore. He is a veteran who knows the ropes and seldom, if ever, has an off day. Summerfelt and Trice of Army, Joe Zeller of Indiana, Rosenberg of Southern California, and Milligan of Pitt were close behind.

Carl Perina, 200-pound Pennsylvania fullback, who showed the way to the East and then came to Notre Dame to play as brilliantly in defeat as ever he did in victory, is the class of the fullbacks. Gaius (Gus) Shaver of Southern California and Jim Musick of the same team are of the first water, while Pitt boasts both Johnny Luch and Jimmy Clark. Jones of Indiana and Kilday of Army were close competitors at this position.

Notre Dame plays so many good teams with so many honest-to-goodness gridiron luminaries on them each year that it is hard to name a first-class all-opponent team and unfair, if not impossible, to name a second eleven. For this reason, we are naming on our honor roll those who stand highest in the esteem of our operatives:

Left Ends—Lyons, Indiana; Sparling, Southern California; King, Army; Manske, Northwestern; Hirshberg, Pittsburgh; Tanseer, Pennsylvania; and Stewart, Carnegie Tech.

Left Tackles—Quatse, Pittsburgh; Brown, Southern California; Blanck, Drake; Sokolis, Pennsylvania; and Fletcher, Carnegie Tech.

Left Guards—Milligan, Pittsburgh; Sample, Carnegie Tech; Rosenberg, Southern California; Dilley, Northwestern; Summerfelt, Army; and Bowers, Drake.

Centers—Williamson, Southern California; Ducanis, Carnegie Tech; and Evans, Army.

Right Guards—Zeller, Indiana; Trice, Army; Evans, Northwestern; and Stevens, Southern California.

Right Tackles—MacMurdo, Pittsburgh; Marvil, Northwestern; Kokjohn, Drake; Bryan, Navy; Suarez, Army; Smith, Southern California.

Right Ends—Collins, Pittsburgh; Fencil, Northwestern; and Lewis, Carnegie Tech.

Quarterbacks—Carver, Army; V. Dauer, Indiana; B. Goodwin, Drake; Davis, Navy; and Hogan, Pittsburgh.

Left Halfbacks—Armentrout, Carnegie Tech; Heller, Pittsburgh; Munger, Pennsylvania; Mallory, Southern California; Lindstrom, Drake; and Meenan, Northwestern.

Right Halfbacks—Pinckert, Southern California; Reider, Pittsburgh; Chung-Hoon, Navy; Gette, Pennsylvania; Brown, Army.

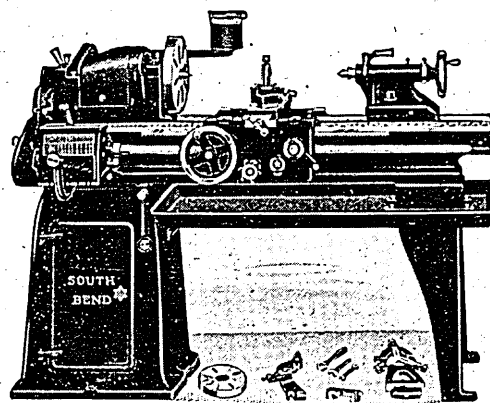
Fullbacks—Kilday, Army; Musick and Shaver, Southern California. (Shaver also plays quarterback); Luch and Clark, Pittsburgh; Olson, Northwestern; Jones, Indiana; and Lansrud, Drake.

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1932 Schedule Announced

Definite scheduling of the Navy game for Cleveland at the end of the past season completed the Notre Dame 1932 schedule which was announced last spring.

The card remains just as hard and as colorful as in the past. Indiana and Pennsylvania are the only two teams on the 1931 card not to appear in 1932. No date could be arranged with the Hoosiers but they will be back in 1933, according to present plans. Haskell and Kansas replace these two. Following is the card:

- Oct. 8—Haskell at Notre Dame.
- Oct. 15—Drake at Notre Dame.
- Oct. 22—Carnegie Tech at Notre Dame.
- Oct. 29—Pittsburgh at Pittsburgh.
- Nov. 5—Kansas at Lawrence.
- Nov. 12—Northwestern at Notre Dame.
- Nov. 19—Navy at Cleveland.
- Nov. 26—Army at New York.
- Dec. 10—Southern California at Los Angeles.

Attendance at Notre Dame games was 429,000 as compared with 528,000 in 1930. At games away from home, the crowds dropped off 105,000; but at home contests they picked up 6,000. Rain at Chicago hurt the attendance at the Northwestern game.

Notre Dame loses only eight of its 31 lettermen from the 1931 squad. Capt. Yarr, Schwartz, Culver and Hoffmann are the only graduating first team men.

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"The Next Step"

(Continued from page 67)

And, finally, this field house will be peculiarly fitting as a memorial to Knute Rockne because it will carry out a dream that lay very close to his heart. It will fill a need that he realized more keenly than anyone else: the opportunity for the student to co-ordinate physical development with mental training through recreation and exercise in indoor sports and games. In short, the Rockne memorial field house will reinforce the entire educational program of the university by providing athletic and recreational facilities for every student.

The site which Notre Dame has set aside for the Rockne memorial is a perfect one. The building, on the eastern axis of University road, will stand on old Cartier field—ground sacred to many generations of Notre Dame athletes—adjoining the stadium and facing a wide plaza that will extend the width of the campus. The approach from the west will be magnificent in its sweep.

The memorial, in modified English Gothic, will present a rugged and impressive outline, strong in mass and simple in ornamental detail. The exterior walls will be of Indiana limestone laid up in random ashlar. Three massive stone arches, closed with decorative grills and doors of aluminum, will form the main entrance. Above these, carved in deep relief, will appear the name, "Rockne Memorial." Panels of figures representing the major sports will balance this on each side.

On entering, one will walk through a great hall, beamed and panelled in oak. Here will be kept the Book of Memory, in which will be recorded the names of those

who have made the Rockne memorial possible. Across the foyer, three arched entrances will lead into the trophy room, where the large collection of trophies of interest to the public will be kept on permanent exhibition. To the left will be the Rockne memorial room, a lofty, oak-panelled hall, 60 feet long and 40 feet wide. A deep stone fireplace, embellished with the seals of various universities, and the softened light streaming through stained-glass medallions set high in the windows, will help to make this a warm and friendly room. Here the pictures, papers, and mementoes pertaining to Rockne's life will be carefully preserved for the benefit of the public.

The main wing, 90 feet long and 60 feet wide, will be occupied by the apparatus gymnasium for the Physical Education school, the corrective exercise gymnasium, and the medical examination rooms. The west wing will contain the swimming pool for intercollegiate races. This pool, 75 feet long and 35 feet wide, will be lighted by skylights and equipped with the latest devices for filtration and for the sterilization of water by ultra-violet rays.

Other rooms will include offices for the business manager, the director of athletics, and the coaches. The main locker room will provide for the needs for a thousand students. On each side of this will be located the seven handball and squash courts. Two exhibition courts will each have seats for a hundred spectators. Nearby will be the handball and squash courts reserved for the faculty; four basketball courts will occupy the second floor. Passage is arranged throughout the building so that visitors may inspect its most interesting features without coming in contact with the players.

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Notre Dame, 0; Army, 12

(Continued from page 95)

Notre Dame fought back bitterly after the first Army score, but her charge came too late. An inspired Army team had gotten the jump and an inspired Army team held the jump all the way through. On three occasions Notre Dame had the Cadets in a tough spot, threatening to score, but on each occasion a swarm of Army's charging defensive stars broke through to spill the runner for a loss. When any danger threatened, the Army defense was impregnable.

After the first Army touchdown, the big crowd began to wait for the Notre Dame attack to get started. But human flesh can't force its way through a steel wall, and that was what the Army line was today. It never gave way. Price, Summerfelt, Trice, Suarez and the entire lot more than held their own with Notre Dame's mighty force of forwards.

And if one of these slipped, there was Kilday, Brown or Stecker blocking up the hole, barring the road, with some of the fiercest tackling the game has ever seen. Notre Dame was unable to get Schwartz loose or to put on a passing attack that would stand up. There was always an Army man in the way, ready to bat down or intercept the ball.

Notre Dame had two fine chances to score. One on a recovered fumble deep in Army territory at the start of the game, the other on a forward pass penalty for interference which put the ball on Army's 12-yard line.

But the South Bend assault could make no headway from either chance. It was always met by a counter-charge of forwards and backs that wrecked any chance for an advance.

It has been seldom in football history that any Notre Dame attack was so completely halted, when Notre Dame's blocking system was so badly ripped apart.

While Ray Stecker, one of the star backs of the year, was the outstanding feature of the day, his mates were not far below him. The work of the entire Army line was of the highest order. The defensive play of Kilday and Brown was outstanding. It so happened that Notre Dame in this game met one of the great football teams of the year, one of the strongest and one of the most alert.

Frank J. Powers, M. D.

University Physician

Office at University Infirmary

Hours: 12:30 P. M. to 4 P. M.

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we go
with the team**

