

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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No. 12.

## That's Why.

WE seen 'em when old Wabash hit that line—  
It was fine!  
Harvat, Feeney, Fitz, and Jones,  
Drove 'em back with achin' bones,  
And we cheered 'em 'cause they fought an' never  
feared 'em,  
Never layin' down before the best:  
That's why the Badgers aint the Champions o' the West.

We seen 'em in a blizzard down at Pitt,  
Show their grit:  
Rockne, Crowley, Yund, and 'Whif,'  
Sent old Pittsburg, bing! bang! biff!  
And we cheered 'em 'cause they banged and never  
feared 'em.  
Old U. N. D., you're still among the best:  
That's why the Badgers aint the Champions o' the West.

We seen 'em in Missouri crashing through  
St. Louis U.:  
Lathrop, Berger, Nowers, and Hicks  
Crushed 'em like a ton o' bricks;  
An' they mowed 'em, an' that Show-Me Club they  
showed 'em;  
An' they put that poor St. Louis bunch to rest:  
That's why the Badgers aint the Champions o' the West.

We seen 'em in Chicago bust that tie—  
Me, O My!  
Dorais, Pliska, "Eich" and Gus—  
Gee! but they did make some fuss.  
An' the band a dead march played, while Marquette  
looked on and prayed,  
And we remained on top among the best:  
That's why the Badgers aint the Champions o' the West.  
C. L.

## The Season Just Closed.

WILLIAM E. COTTER, '12 (*Manager of Athletics*).

Success is intoxicating. And to one intimately associated with those responsible for the successes of the past football season, a review is apt to contain indications of intoxicating influences. Success of the highest grade came to the Notre Dame team of 1912. If the following record of the team's work appears to abound in superlatives, the excusing cause is that nothing less than superlatives can adequately express the conquests of the season.

Hailed as one of the two or three teams possessing any logical claim to the Western Championship in football; with a record of seven games and seven victories during the season; with a total of 389 points scored on opposing elevens against 27 points tallied

by opponents; with the championship of Indiana conceded even by prejudiced observers; with our captain recognized as one of the best since the days of Eckersall, Coy, Heston, and Steffen, and our fullback the almost unanimous choice of football experts of the West for the All-Western team; with five Notre Dame men nominated for the All-Indiana team and almost as many picked for second All-Western elevens by a number of different authorities—with all this as the result of the 1912 season, is there any reason why we should not feel triumphant over the work of our football warriors?

With the exception of the championship year of 1909, Notre Dame has never had reason to feel so proud over the gridiron efforts of her sons as during the past season. In many

respects the 1912 season has been more successful than that of 1909. Recognition, long withheld, has been granted in a manner that stamps Notre Dame as one of the football leaders of the West. A foundation has been established in public opinion upon which future teams may build high and strong, secure in the knowledge that 1912 affords the basis for the highest efforts.

In seeking the secret of the season's returns one is confronted by a variety of causes, all of which are deserving of a share of praise. The personal influence of Coach Marks and the willing aid rendered by his assistants, Philbrook and Dunbar; the example afforded by Captain Dorais and the other veterans who labored indefatigably to perfect the 1912 machine; the loyal strivings of the "scrubs" who bore up under daily scrimmages that meant daily punishments in order that the Varsity might gain strength by their offerings; and the spirit of the students which manifested itself this year in a manner never before beheld at Notre Dame—all of these elements were potent factors in bringing about our success. Not alone to "good football" in the technical sense must our success be credited—loyalty, good sportsmanship, perfect harmony in the squad, willingness to sacrifice personal advancement for the welfare of the team combined to bring to the players of this season the honor that is theirs and to reflect upon their Alma Mater the glory that is hers.

Coach Marks is deserving of more than passing mention. A Dartmouth player of the present generation, and hailed as one of the best backs in the country during his three years in the eastern school, Marks brought to Notre Dame all the football knowledge the East afforded. Interested solely in the welfare

of the team, and sincerely earnest in his desire to develop an eleven worthy of the material at hand, the coach brought out all the strength of all the candidates. His unassuming earnestness won the good will of the players, and his confidence in their ability inspired performances worthy of any team in the land.

Assistant coaches Dunbar and Philbrook rendered splendid service in the drilling of the line, and their work in connection with the second team merits no small credit, because of the important part played by the "scrubs" in strengthening the Varsity.



MANAGER WILLIAM E. COTTER.

Whose earnest and efficient labors are responsible for much of the success of the season.

The Marquette game at Chicago, Thanksgiving Day, provided a fitting end for the football year. Victories over the University of Pittsburg, St. Louis University, and Wabash College heralded a conquest in the closing contest, but not even the most sanguine Gold and Blue follower hoped for the decisive result that ended the three-year tie existing between Marquette and Notre Dame. In Chicago, St. Louis, and Pittsburg our alumni showed their loyalty to Notre Dame in a manner that will be long remembered by the members of the team. Not until we leave the University can we truly appreciate the love borne by her sons for all associated with her advancement in any field.

Only two members of the 1912 team will be graduated this year, and the nucleus of experienced players that promises to be here in 1913 insures an eleven that is certain to repeat this year's successes. Crowley and Rockne are the men who will go from us in June. Both have given their best to the teams of the past three years, and both have won high honors on the gridiron. All-Indiana nominations were won by them last season, and this same honor this year, with the additional honor of selection for several All-Western second teams, brings

recognition which will give life to the memory of two of the best ends ever developed at Notre Dame.

All said, the year of 1912 will go down in Notre Dame football history as among the most successful ever recorded. We have been fighting against misinterpretation for the past four or five seasons, and so were denied an opportunity to meet our logical opponents. The brighter day that we have been looking for is about to dawn, we feel sure, and Notre Dame will soon come into her own.

The Short Story of a Successful Season.

Notre Dame, 116—St. Viator College,	7.
Notre Dame, 74—Adrian College,	7.
Notre Dame, 39—Morris Harvey Col.,	0.
Notre Dame, 41—Wabash College,	6.
Notre Dame, 3—Pittsburg University,	0.
Notre Dame, 47—St. Louis University,	7.
Notre Dame, 69—Marquette Univ.,	0.
<hr/> Total	<hr/> 389
	27



COACH MARKS

COACH JACK MARKS.  
Who has developed one of the best teams in the West this year.

The Men Who Put it Over.

WILLIAM M. GALVIN.

It is high praise to say that the wonderful team of 1912 is one of the three best teams in the long string of good elevens put out by Notre Dame since football began here in 1887; that it ranks alongside the famous eleven of 1899, and the Western Champions of 1909; but to tell the truth we must say all this and more. To tell of the men who made every game of this season a victory is an honor; to do them justice is impossible. We have stars this season that can be seen throughout America; some outshine all others in the West; many are the brightest in Indiana's football sky. The men who have won positions on the all-State and all-Western teams are our pride, but—do not think I would minimize their



JOHN F. O'CONNELL

Whose earnest work as assistant manager added to the success of 1912.



CAPT. DORAIS  
Pilot of the un-  
defeated eleven  
of 1912.

there was only a shade of difference between him and Gillette of Wisconsin, who was awarded all-Western quarterback. What is more to the point, he just suits us. He has everything a quarterback should have: ability to pilot a team, a propensity for open field running, a deadly tackle, and a trusty right toe that punts fifty yards on an average and drop kicks well enough to win games. Not big, but aggressive and confidence-inspiring, he plays

glory—the success of the season is due first and foremost to the *team*, to the impenetrable battle front put up by the forwards, to the excellent interference of ends and backs, to the telling offensive playing of all, as well as to the superb work of the men who carried the ball.

CHARLES E. DORAIS  
(Captain, Quarterback.)

Here's where words fail. Although "Dory" was overlooked by the sporting critics of Indiana, he was given both captain and quarterback positions on the second all-Western picks by Chicago football authorities who know the game, who declare that

every minute he is in the game. Dorais will be with us again next year, and we confidently expect to see him land the all-Western quarterback nomination in 1913, and we do not place the all-American beyond him.

RAYMOND J. EICHENLAUB  
(Fullback.)

Eichenlaub the superb! Unanimously conceded to be the best fullback in the West, he is the pride of our eleven. He was good as a freshman, but he developed beyond our most extravagant hopes. Line plunging is the specialty of this 20-year old,



RAY EICHENLAUB  
Unanimous choice for  
All-Western fullback.

190-pound giant, but anyone who has seen him carry a ball must always think of him as a dash man. "Eich" was conspicuous all through the season, but his work against Marquette set Chicago critics raving about him, and won for him a clean title to all-Western fullback.

ALBERT G. FEENEY (Center.)

You'll have to travel wide and look long to find a more reliable center than "Al." Ecker-sall of the *Chicago Tribune* found it hard to choose between him and Des Jardein of Chicago University for all-Western center. Feeney was, however, put on the second Western team. This tribute could not be denied him, for his accurate passing, together with his magnificent defensive playing, induced the coaches to keep him in all the big games all the time, and won generous praise from the press wherever the Varsity played. All-State and second all-Western center, and a year to play! It looks like our Indianapolis boy is "going up."

KEITH K. JONES (Tackle.)

Consistency is the word to use in characterizing "Deak's" playing. There is nothing ostentatious or spectacular about it, but he figures in every play. Jones appeared at fullback and center last year, but Eichenlaub and Feeney came back this year to fill those places. "Deak" was too valuable, however, to be left out of the game, so he was shifted to tackle. The coach's wisdom is attested by the fact that Lardner of the *Chicago Examiner* named Jones as tackle on his second all-Western eleven. He will return.

CHARLES F. CROWLEY (End.)

One of the two regulars who will be graduated this year is "Chuck," who has played the very best article of football produced at end for three years. He has won an unquestioned position on the all-State teams for the past two years, and his shoes will be hard to fill next year. He resisted all knocks, and never lost his fighting spirit during a game. His fast tackling and magnificent interference running has made "Chuck" one of the most popular favorites on the eleven. It is hard to lose such a man.

KNUTE ROCKNE (End.)

It is not easy to separate "Rock" from Crowley, for this pair, we believe, made the best set of ends in the country. Both have been on the all-State teams two years running, and, what is hardest to say, both are seniors. Rockne is an ideal end for the style of play used this fall, and although handicapped by a sprained knee,

he played in all the games and won enviable honors. His genial disposition and earnestness as a student have won him a legion of friends who will miss him next year.

JOSEPH S. PLISKA (Halfback).

Joe put in his second season at the halfback post this year, and his line plunging and end running, coupled with his hard tackling and ability to turn off plays, won recognition from the critics wherever he played. He is a total stranger to fear, and his dashing plunges have added many yards to the total gained by the gold and blue this fall. Joe is a Sophomore and has two years of playing ahead of him.

ALVIN BERGER (Halfback).

"Heinie's" long suit is open field running, but he is at home in all departments of the game. In the Wabash, Pitt, and St. Louis games he not only did much to win, but his sensational long runs were features of the contests. Fifty-yard sprints were commonplace exercises with him, and when it comes to making interference or breaking up opponents' plays, Berger has few equals. He has another year to play.

EDWIN J. HARVAT (Tackle).

"Speedy" moved over a notch from last year's guard, and proved by his varied attacks that he knew all the tricks of the line, and that he is speedy in reality as well as in name. In playing the game he seldom receives an injury, although he throws himself under plays in a way that seems almost reckless. He is just coming into his own, and will be a valuable man next year.

WALTER S. YUND (Guard).

Last year Yund was unable to land a regular place in the line because such men as Capt. Kelly, Philbrook, and Oaas were among the forwards, but his training with the second string served him well, and this year he rounded out and cinched his position from the very beginning. His defensive work was flawless, and in opening holes he proved of immeasurable service this year. Yund is eligible next year.

FREMONT C. FITZGERALD (Guard).

Although a freshman, "Fitz" took a guard position in a matter-of-fact way early in the season, and held on to it throughout the year. He hails from Columbia College, Portland, Ore., which, by the way, has also given us Kelleher, Finnegan, and Cook this year—and is a football player from head to toe. His work in the Wabash game alone marked him as a line-man of the first water and won for him a nom-

ination on the all-Indiana eleven picked by the Indianapolis *News*.

CHARLES T. FINNEGAN (Quarterback).

One of the most valuable contributions from interhall circles to the Varsity came in the form of this Idaho Irishman. His reliability and fighting spirit made him a most valuable substitute, and he was used to advantage in every game. He is a junior lawyer, and a hard student as well as a hard player.

FRED W. GUSHURST. (Halfback).

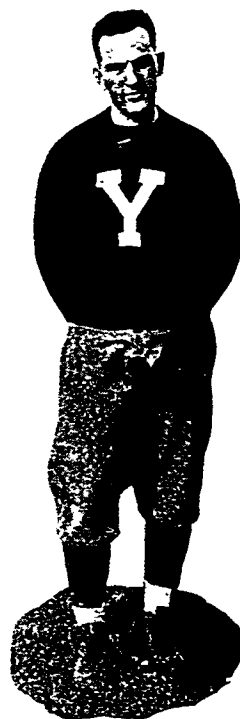
"Gus" is another of last year's interhall champions and was the choice for all-Hall halfback in 1911 as well. The dash and determination of this old Corby star and his ability to pick holes, elude tackles, and use his head label him as a halfback born to the work. He was used in all the games, and his plunges always proved effective.

ARTHUR B. LARKIN (Halfback).

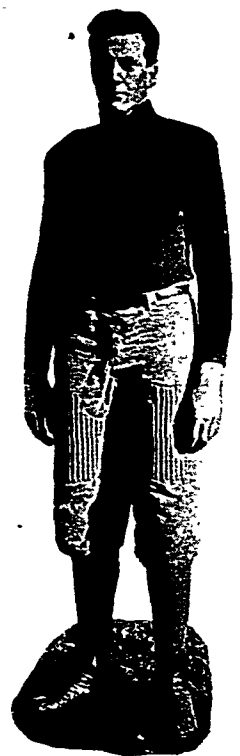
"Bunnie" is yet another hall star, having played with Walsh two years ago. He is one of the fastest halfbacks we have had in years. In the Pittsburg game his long runs, made possible by his rabbit-like dodging which gave him his name, won unstinted praise from critics and fans, and mark "Bunnie" as a coming football light.

WILLIAM DOLAN (End.)

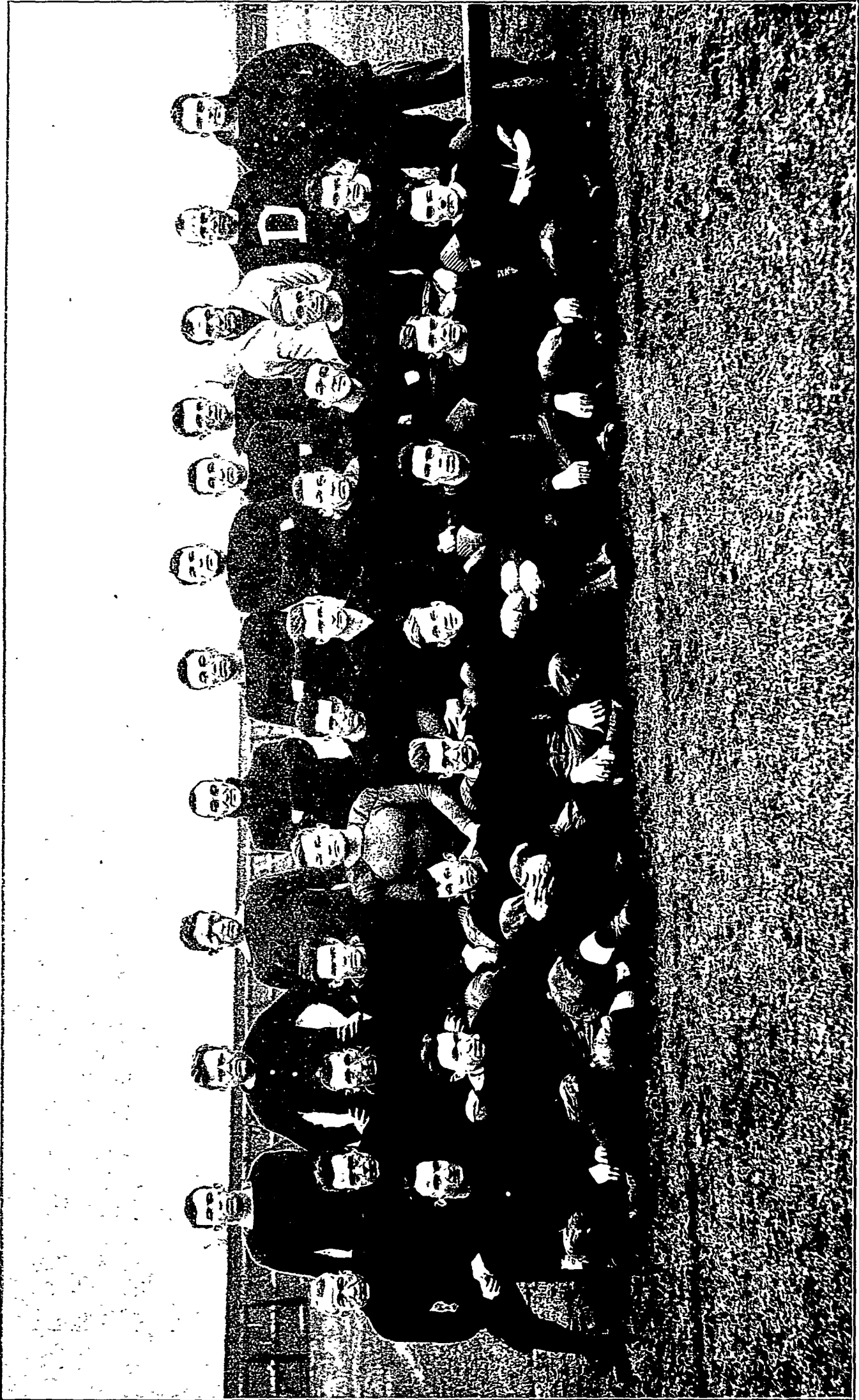
Kept off the first string by all-State nominees, "Whif", nevertheless, played in nearly every game, and played with smashing vim. His ability to turn plays and go down under punts caused the coach to play him almost



NOEL DUNBAR  
Responsible for the strength of the Varsity's line.



PHILBROOK  
Our own Star who has always given his best to Notre Dame



THE 1912 FOOTBALL SQUAD

as much as the regulars. "Whif" is eligible for another year of the sport.

DANIEL V. MCGINNIS (End).

All that has been said of Dolan may be said of Mac. The swift little Missourian showed us. Mac deserves great credit for his work in the Wabash and St. Louis games, and his loss—he is a Senior lawyer—will be felt on the squad.

MARTIN L. STEVENSON (Tackle).

A man who developed into a number one lineman under Coach Dunbar is "Steve." He can pierce the opposing line and break up plays in a manner truly astonishing. He was handicapped with a bad shoulder, but he played a hard and telling style of football, notwithstanding.

RALPH G. LATHROP (Guard).

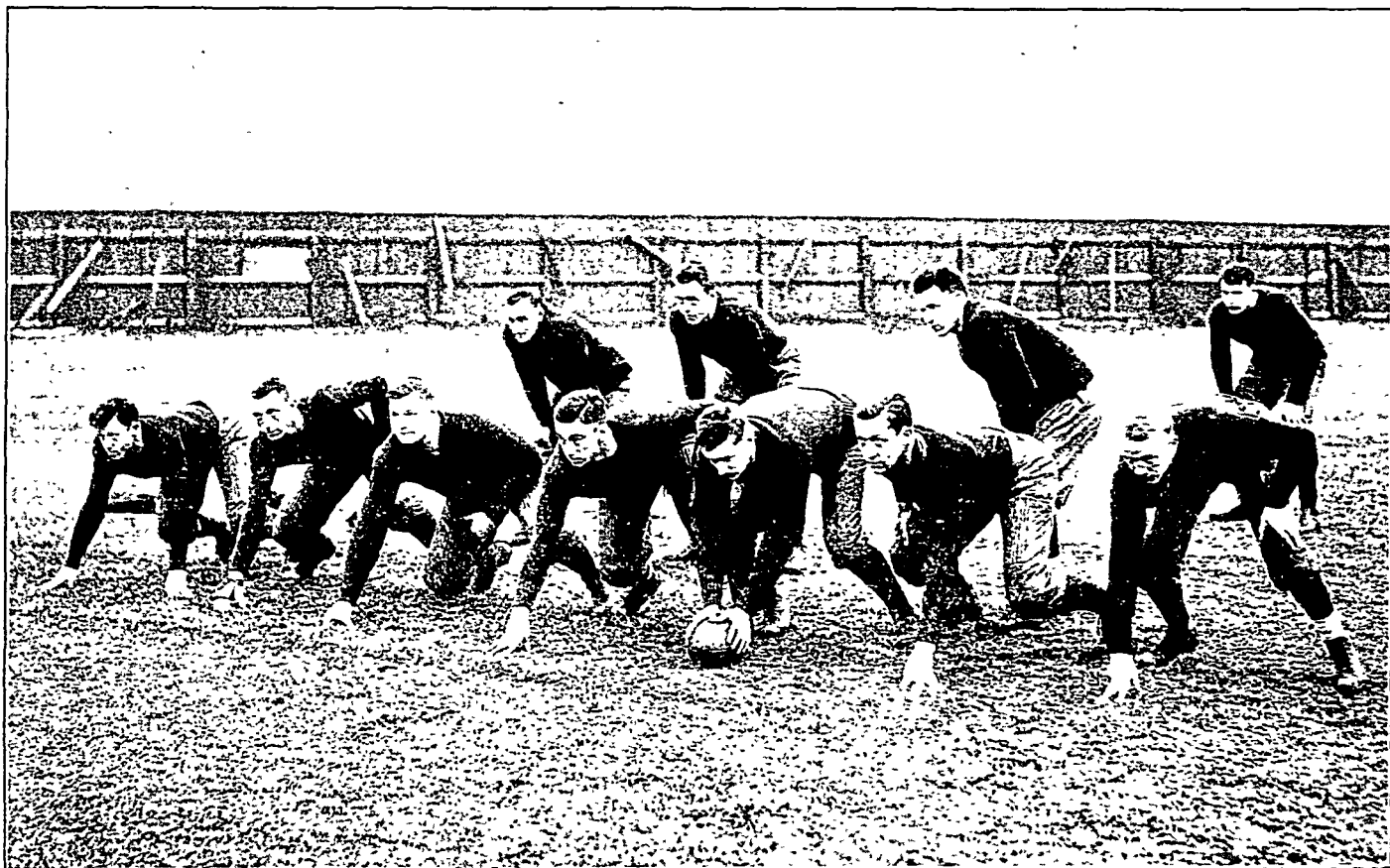
Lathrop is one of the finds of the season. As soon as he learnt the style of play this season he forged forward and soon was ranked among the best linemen. His work in Pittsburg marked him a heady, as well as a heavy, lineman.

#### THE SUBSTITUTES.

No praise can be too high for the men who gave their afternoons and took the bruises while they left the glory to the regulars. There can be no doubt that the strong opposition our eleven received at home fitted them for the strong opposition they received from outside contestants.

The work of Cook and Nowers at the end is particularly noteworthy, which McLaughlin and Hicks in the line and Gorgen, Lower and Dougherty in the backfield deserve honorable mention. The other men who showed their loyalty by staying out the entire season are Miller Deveraux, Keefe, Morgan and Munger. These are the men who put the ball over. But an account of the season would not be complete without a mention of the managers. To William Cotter and his hard-working assistant, John O'Connell, the SCHOLASTIC offers at once congratulations and thanks.

A historian narrating the disasters of the season would not, I fear, be able to produce a tome. The only serious mishap of the year was the injury received by our fighting fullback of last year's team, Bill Kelleher. Among the brightest stories in the history of the season is the one that tells of the number of interhall players who won recognition on the squad, while the brightest bit of prophecy we can think of is this—We are going to have a Western Championship team next year because every man on the regulars, except Crowley, is eligible to play the game next year. Rockne and McGinnis, it is true, finish in June, but they are eligible should they elect to return next year.



AT WORK

It took ten solid weeks of this and harder work to put Notre Dame on a par with Wisconsin and Michigan in the claim for Western championship.

## The Interhall Season and All-Hall Team.

LOUIS J. KILEY, '13, *Editor of Interhall Athletics.*

## FIRST TEAM.

Baujan (Walsh), left end  
 Bartel (St. Joseph), left tackle  
 Reidman (Brownson), left guard  
 Roach (Corby), center.  
 Pritchard (Corby), right guard  
 Voelkers (Sorin), right tackle  
 Carmody (Corby), right end  
 Maloney (St. Joseph), quarterback  
 Kane (St. Joseph), left halfback (Captain).  
 Matthews (Walsh), right halfback  
 Dew (Brownson) fullback.

## SECOND TEAM.

Hebner (Corby), left end  
 Tierney (Corby), left tackle  
 Carroll (Walsh), left guard  
 Reilly (St. Joseph), center  
 King (Corby), right guard  
 Keefe (Corby), right tackle  
 Regan (Sorin), right end  
 H. Newning (Walsh) quarterback (Captain).  
 Granfield (Sorin), left halfback  
 Bensberg (Corby), right halfback  
 Nigro (Corby), fullback

The 1912 interhall football season was most successful in every way. All the games were played—and played on scheduled time. No protests delayed the progress of events this year, and the wrangling over eligibility lists, which has so often caused trouble in the past, was conspicuously absent. So keen was the competition that not until the last game was over was the championship decided.

Now that the season is over the coaches of the various hall elevens have followed the custom of selecting an all-hall team, thus honoring by their choice the men who have, in their opinion, played the most consistent game throughout the year. The difficult task of picking the eleven this season was left to the following coaches of hall teams: Pliska of Brownson, Crowley of Walsh, Cook of St. Joseph, Rockne of Corby and McGinnis of Sorin. Each coach was permitted to select a first and a second team with captains for both, his choice being limited, however, to players not on his own squad. In each case the men receiving the greatest number of votes was awarded the place on the honorary eleven.

For the first time in four years Corby hall failed to win the championship. Not only did they fail as repeaters, but they won only one game during the whole season. But the large number of men from this hall chosen for the all-hall team, is sufficient testimony that Corby has not ceased to turn out good athletes.

The flag goes to St. Joseph this year. The team from this hall went through the season with a clean slate, winning three games and playing a tie with Brownson. St. Joseph won none of its games on flukes—every victory was

clean cut and decisive. It must be admitted that the best team won.

Baujan of Walsh has been given the place at left end, or, rather, he has earned it by his clever work throughout the season. Baujan has been a regular on the Walsh team for three years, and last year his services were recognized by the award of a place on the second all-hall team. His playing this year fully warranted his promotion to the first team. Baujan was in the game every minute, and few were the gains made around his end. He is a most valuable man in receiving forward passes. He is one of the few men who received a unanimous vote for his position.

Bartel of St. Joseph was another unanimous choice. He was assigned to the position of left tackle, the same that he held on last year's team. For opening holes in the opponents' line and clearing a way for the runner, Bartel has few, if any, equals on the hall teams, and it is this quality that has twice won for him a place among the "all-stars."

Reidman goes in at left guard. A more consistent player would be hard to find. He played for Brownson in nearly every game during the past two years and failed to land a place on the 1911 all-hall team only because of more experienced rivals that contested his claim. He is strong and fast and has been a tower of strength on the defense for Brownson.

Roach will play center on the all-hall selection, and a better snapper-back could not be desired. Roach's passing was not his only good point. He possessed a faculty of mixing in every play, and his sharp, hard tackling saved many a yard for Corby.





Pritchard is the pick for right guard. He is a fast charger and can follow the ball. Full of fight and in the game every minute, he is a good running mate for Reidman.

Voelkers of Sorin has been selected for right tackle and is a most valuable man for our mythical team. No line proved strong enough to withstand his charging. He was continually opening holes for the backs when on the offense, and throwing runners for losses or blocking punts when playing defense. Following the ball was his long suit, for he was always on hand to cover a fumble or block a kick. Twice he scored touchdowns for Sorin in this way.

Mike Carmody is another of the four men that received a unanimous vote for their positions. His playing was brilliant. Tackling hard and low, never missing a man, heady and aggressive, no better man than Mike could have been found for the position. He is a past-master in handling forward passes, and his ability in this line resulted in many long gains for his team. He is equally good at intercepting a forward pass attempted by the enemy. No interference can keep Mike away from a runner coming his way.

Maloney of St. Joseph is placed at quarter. "Buck" has the science of running a team at his finger tips, and although he entered the game late in the season he is the coaches' choice for the position. It is not many minutes after a game has started before he has the weak spots in his opponents' defense picked and is sending his backs crushing through at just the right place. He is a good one to start a forward pass, for all his throws, whether short or long, are accurate. No one can surpass Maloney when it comes to open field running.

The captain and left halfback of the team is "Nig" Kane of St. Joseph. Kane showed that he could play every kind of game. He responded to every call that was made upon him, whether it was for a plunge into the line, or a run around end, a punt, a drop kick. "Nig" could always be counted on, and probably gained more ground during the season than any other man, with the possible exception of Matthews of Walsh. Kane will do the kicking for this all-hall team.

Matthews is selected for the right-half position. "Matty" is small and rather light, but for all that he is the hardest man on the team to tackle. At picking holes and shaking off runners he is a wonder. He is probably the most successful

of the halfbacks at carrying the ball around the end, and the only rival of Kane as a ground-gainer.

Dew of Brownson made the all-hall second team last year as a guard. This year he played behind the line and earned a place on the first team. With "Tex" to furnish interference for Matthews, and Kane to assist in the kicking, and to take the ball through center when a few yards are needed, it would very seldom happen that this team would be held for downs by a team of its class.

A second team has been picked, but such is the quality of the material that it is second only in name. Individual mention can not be given these second men because of limited space, but it is due to Harry Newning, who is selected as captain and quarterback of the second string that he receive the credit due him. His regular position is at end, but owing to a scarcity of quarterbacks in Walsh he shifted himself to the pivot, and was considered the slightest shade less worthy of quarterback than Maloney.

### The Team.

O say, can you see by the aftermath's gleam  
Any team that compares with our own N. D. team?—  
For slashing attack or for brilliant end run  
Or for tackles that go like the shot from a gun?  
From our big Eichenlaub to our little Dorais  
They are heroes, each one of them—hip! hip! hooray!  
For the team.

Did you notice what happened to poor old Marquette?  
Why she hadn't a chance to get out of the wet  
Of the goals and the touchdowns so like a downpour—  
No prof. of Math. E could keep track of the score.  
For the "Irish" were doing things all through the fray,  
They were there every minute—then, hip! hip! hooray!  
For the Team.

Proud Wabash came down "like the wolf on the fold,"  
But she bowed in defeat to the Blue and the Gold.  
Then we charged through the State and we romped  
through the West  
'Till the honors were thick on our proudly tossed crest  
And we looked to the East with eyes longing—well, say,  
If we clinched, who'd be victor?—Why, hip! hip! hooray!  
Our own Team.

'Tis over—the season of conquest is past;  
But the memory of it will endure; it will last  
Down the years when our men of the Gold and the Blue  
Have tackled Life hard and have fought their way  
through  
To the goal of success—then meeting some day,  
We will toast the old heroes—a hip! hip! hooray!  
For the Team.

### The All-Amerikay.

Wise Walter Camp lit up his lamp  
 And wrote a little while.  
 He read it o'er, then wrote some more  
 And smiled a placid smile.  
 My "inside" knowledge of the game  
 Is sure and can not fail;  
 My plan is just pick Harvard first  
 And then pick good old Yale.  
 With five of crimson, six of blue,  
 It seems the only way,  
 To pick the best of East and West  
 For All-Amerikay.

L. C.

### Exit Football. Enter Basketball and Track.

JOHN F. O'CONNELL  
 (Ass't. Manager of Athletics.)

If our football experience may be used as a criterion, the coming season holds in store one of the most successful years ever experienced by the Notre Dame basketball team. Conditions at present in basketball are similar to those experienced at the outset in football. Granted that the sport will receive the loyal support accorded football by players and fans, there seems to be little reason why honors proportionately as great should not accrue to the team and the University.

Experienced players are here in numbers, and interest in the game has already been displayed in a manner that promises well for the strength of the team. The schedule of contests is certain to give the squad some exciting battles. This year, as in the past, difficulties have been encountered which prevent the scheduling of more numerous games with opponents of recognized standing, but the average is good, and the possibilities afforded by most of the contests demand earnest work by all of the players.

Ex-Captain Granfield, Captain Feeney, Cahill, Kenny, Nowers, and Kelleher are the monogram members of last year's team who will be in the race for positions. Byrne, Kelly, Smith, and several others of the 1912 squad, along with a host of first-year men are going through the daily workouts in a manner that stamps them as serious contenders for regular positions.

Lewis Institute will open the season at

Notre Dame next Friday night, and the college contests, to be taken up almost immediately after the holidays, will keep the team busy until early in March.

Little is known as yet concerning track prospects. The loss of most of the stars of the past few years will place the team under a big handicap in college meets where the freshmen will be ineligible for competition, but enough of the old men remain to insure a representative team. Capt. Plant, Hogan, Wasson, Henehan, Birder, Hood, Feeney, O'Neill, Yund, and Rockne are the survivors of the 1912 season who are already in training for the opening track meet in Chicago, January 24th. Several of the freshmen have established enviable records, notably Pritchard, who will bolster up the team in the hurdles, and the new material will do much to strengthen the squad.

Varsity track offers a splendid opportunity to interhall men this season. Candidates are needed in practically every department, and if those who have proven in the interhall meets that they are capable of good things will only give themselves over to the training of Coach Nelson, the results are apt to prove surprising. Constant work is necessary for development, but the stake is worth the striving.

#### BASKETBALL.

Dec. 13—Lewis Institute at Notre Dame.  
 Jan. 10—Oregon Agricultural College at Notre Dame  
 Jan. 15—Franklin College at Notre Dame  
 Jan. 18—Northwestern College at Notre Dame.  
 Jan. 28—St. Viator College at Notre Dame  
 Feb. 1—Wabash College at Notre Dame  
 Feb. 5—Rose Polytechnic at Terre Haute (Pending)  
 Feb. 6—Wabash College at Crawfordsville  
 Feb. 7—Earlham College at Richmond.  
 Feb. 8—Dayton Turners at Dayton ((Pending)  
 Feb. 10—Denison University at Granville.  
 Feb. 11—Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware.  
 Feb. 12—St. John's University at Toledo.  
 Feb. 13—Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing.  
 Feb. 19—Michigan Agricultural at Notre Dame (Pend)  
 Feb. 24—Ohio Northern Univ. at Notre Dame (Pend)  
 Feb. 28—Earlham College at Notre Dame.  
 March 7—Beloit College at Notre Dame.

#### TRACK:

Jan. 24-25—First Regiment Handicap Meet in Chicago.  
 Feb. 28-March 1—A. A. U. Championship Meet at Chicago.  
 April 26—Pennsylvania Relay Games at Philadelphia  
 May 3—University of Missouri at Notre Dame (Pend.)  
 May 10—University of Pittsburg at Notre Dame.  
 May 17—Vanderbilt University at Nashville (Pend.)  
 June 7—Conference Meet at Chicago.

### The Real Victor.

Sheldon himself was the first to discover it. He had become aware of its presence when massive "Chalk" Masters of the scrubs had charged toward him with the ball. He remembered with nauseating shame that he had affected confusion in order to tackle the wrong man. And it was all because—well, because of an incident of the last big game of a year before. To the young man whose pale countenance stared fixedly from the crimson blanket, it seemed but yesterday.

They had recovered the ball on downs, and the slippery oval reposed on the bleared streak of chalk that marked their opponents' five-yard line. Two minutes to play. Two minutes and one short plunge, and they would score the winning touchdown,—the touchdown that was being clamored for by eighteen thousand rooters, the touchdown that would so gloriously retrieve three successive defeats. How vividly, after a lapse of twelve months, that picture still stood out. The kaleidoscopic color effect of the seething grandstands; the chill, lowering sky of late November; the teams—their jerseys sodden with perspiration, the padded armor of their nether limbs crumpled and black with mud—crouching like paleolithic monsters, seemingly but half human in the nose-guards and headgears that disfigured, yet protected.

Tense, alert, vigilant, they waited. Silence, broken only by the audible respiration of twenty-two exhausted men, and the droning intonation of the signal, 7—26—31, and the next instant he was smashing through the tumbled heap, that chaotic tangle that sought so frantically to retard, or so desperately to further, the last decisive play of the game. Two, three, four yards he crashed through the barrier of the defensive line. Haydin tackled low and failed. Then Bradley and Zimmerman were upon him, but he shook them off and plunged ahead. Marsh drove in with characteristic accuracy, but did not check the lunging giant until he had tottered across the line. Then the dun-colored earth had seemed to leap toward him. He met it with a soul-shocking, grinding crash. He was mercifully unconscious when Rogers, his own quarter, in struggling over a prostrate form, sent his cleated heel fairly into the inert half-back's upturned face. He did not know then that he had "gone over." He was

oblivious to the delirious stands that ecstatically screamed the letters of his name, S-H-E-L-D-O-N. He paid no heed to the swaying thousands that participated in the exulting snake dance, that cheered frenziedly for him,—for him and for Patterson who had kicked goal. They had tried to tell him about it that night, but he was oblivious to the presence of his sympathetic teammates clustered about his bandaged head; for a red hot wire tugged at his bruised left eyeball, a wire that jerked incessantly, and seemed to sear his throbbing brain.

When the bandages were removed, weeks later, he realized that the scrimmage under the goal posts was the last he would ever view with two normal eyes. No one knew, however, beyond himself and a celebrated oculist, that his left eye was hopelessly blind. To all of his loyal admirers—and he was the idol of every man at school—he appeared to have fully recovered.

He was out with the first squad the year following, training faithfully as was always his custom. He played the first two minor games with a sad reversal of form. But although his performance was far from brilliant, the coaches and "dopesters" had merely murmured sagely about pre-season form. Then came that fateful day when, as the only man between "Pudge" Manhall and a touchdown, he had fallen deliberately, cravenly. The coaches were nonplussed, amazed, but Sheldon understood. It was the memory of that other game.

On several occasions since then that memory had leaped forth at a crucial moment, and with the third repetition it dawned upon coaches, trainers, and teammates that he was *afraid*. "Yellow" was their sibilant whisper, and Sheldon with flushed face and downcast eyes, admitted in his heart that they were right.

That was why he now sat motionless on the side lines, while Billings, his substitute, hammered the scrub line in vain. With perspiration beading upon his forehead, he groaned impotently through two stirring reverses at the hands of inferior teams. He also saw his own eleven, last year's champions, held to a humiliating no-score tie by a school which the year before they had swamped with more than fifty points.

Despair descended upon class-room and campus. The coaches were even more caustic than usual. The rooting was lifeless. The squad itself was "going stale." The training table badinage of better days had been supplanted

by an atmosphere of gloom and silence. The "old Sheldon" would have changed all this in a day. With him back in his old-time form, the coach would have forgot his biting sarcasm, the team would have played like mad heroes, and victories would have come thick and fast. But now when he met a teammate's gaze, the latter would turn away, with a significance that was like the sting of a blow.

Day after day he huddled in his heavy blanket, eager, anxious, yet tormented by a haunting depression. Sometimes when Billings limped to the bench, his heart would leap with a fierce hope, but always it was Cutler that sped jubilantly out to report.

On this, the last day of the season, however, various wild rumors were afloat. Public opinion, with its usual inconstancy, was swinging around toward Sheldon. His failures and omissions were charitably ascribed to overtraining. They had to win, declared the student body unanimously; and had not Sheldon himself wrested the championship from this self-same eleven only last year? The vociferous, changeable undergraduates forgot the "Pudge" Marshall incident, and with a return of the old optimism assured each other that Sheldon "had the Indian sign on that crowd just the same." Even Reed, the head coach, appeared to waver in his opinion. But when the referee's whistle blew at two o'clock that afternoon, Billings was at "full." Sheldon, taciturn, white faced, and nervous, swathed as usual in the heavy blanket, rocked back and forth, tormented by alternating hope and fear. As their old enemies trotted confidently out upon the field, their orange-striped jerseys smote upon the old chord, and Sheldon was glad that he had lost out. Cutler, a few feet away, tore up handfuls of withered grass, and fidgeted incessantly throughout the heart-breaking battle. His gaze never left the other confident, dashing fullback, and in the eagerness of his eyes could be detected a wish that was almost a prayer.

Sheldon's one good eye roved over the field, the chill sky, and the buzzing stands, always coming to rest upon the athletic youth who had usurped his place upon the team. To the spectators the big fullback on the sideline appeared as calm and unfeeling as a statue, but in spirit he was fighting side by side with Billings, silently applauding the brilliant plays, groaning inwardly at the failures. For the fiftieth

time the gold and crimson backs had failed to pierce that dogged, unyielding line of orange and blue. For three full quarters, and for a desperate five minutes of the fourth, Billings had battled with fanatical zeal, but now as he crumpled under the onslaught of the opposing tacklers, Sheldon knew instinctively that he was through. The coach turned quickly to the bench, and ignoring Cutler was excitedly signalling a big fellow that kept somewhat apart from the rest and crouched and shivered beneath his heavy blanket. Sheldon started to his feet, dazed by the suddenness of his elation, then like a spectre of death there loomed before his mind the awful truth: he was "yellow."

The kaleidoscopic color effect of the seething grandstand, the chill, lowering sky of late November, the players, their jerseys sodden with perspiration, the very orange bands on his opponents' blue sleeves, recalled just such another day—a day when a white-hot wire jerked incessantly at his quivering eyeball, and seemed to sear his throbbing brain. He knew, as the old panic obsessed him, that he could not win. To go in would be but to save his pride,—and throw the game. In a single bound he cast off the folds of his crimson blanket and was clutching Cutler's arm.

"Cutler," he choked, "you're going in—understand? And you've got to win, boy—I can't. Play the best game you know how, because it's all up to you. Watch out for Stevens and Lannigans," he pleaded, "and play around left end, it's their weakest point. 'Now play,'" he hissed, "like the very deuce!"

Toward the astounded coach he turned a pair of candid grey eyes, one forever sightless, and he calmly said, "I can't go in. One of my lamps is out, and I have a saffron streak a yard wide. Cutler'll do," he added with what was almost a sob, "because he's got to win."

That night he sat alone in his room, disregarded, forgotten, and heard the far-off shouts and revelry that proclaimed Cutler the new gridiron hero. He heard the substitute acclaimed in the same swelling volume of student enthusiasm that had greeted him on every hand but one short year before. And he smiled sadly, for he knew that "Cyclone" Sheldon was a "has been." Yet although a strange mistiness blurred the vision of his one good eye, he was content. For deep down in the innermost recesses of his soul he knew that he, and not Cutler, was the real victor. J. H. W. '15.

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## Board of Editors.

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—At the end of a very successful football season the temptation of extravagance is alluring. Yet there has never been a season

less in need of the support

**The Year and** of the hyperbolic crutch,

**The Men.** than the season which

has just closed. In the

number and results of the games played, in the physical condition of the men, in their spirit of harmony and splendid deportment on and off the field,—in all this the season has been triumphantly successful. Not in many years has the rooting idea taken hold of the students in such healthy fashion, nor is it often they have given such outward expression to their loyalty. To no one man may all these good results be attributed. They are so many and so commendable they may be "passed around."

The football science of the men, their superbly aggressive playing, the spirit of fight which never failed them when their goal was in danger,—all this is due to Coach Marks, and his assistants, Coaches Dunbar and Philbrook. Anybody who has noted Mr. Mark's work will not consider it too high praise to rank him among the greatest coaches ever seen at the University. Mr. Dunbar gave cheerfully his valuable knowledge of the game; and to him the head coach on several occasions attributed much of the success of the team. Mr. Philbrook, our '09 star, needs no encomium: he is one of our own, and has our devotion as a matter of course. Captain Dorais is the type

of young man Notre Dame feels proud of. He is a great player,—resourceful, vigilant, always calm,—and what is vastly more important, he is a fine type of gentleman. Much of the "helping" spirit among the players was the result of his ever present tact. We wish we could name and give a mete of praise to every man on the team. Crowley, Rockne, Dolan, Nowers at the ends; Eichenlaub, Berger, Pliska, Gushurst and Larkin in the backfield; Jones, Fitzgerald, Feeney, Harvat, Yund, Cook on the line—we would like to give every one of them a warm special word of commendation, but our space is limited.

Then there is Cotter. Cotter was a Minim in the long ago, then a Carrollite, with "shining morning face creeping like a snail unwillingly to school," then a Brownsonite with all ex-Philopatians as the vassals of his Tammany hall. Cotter has grown from Minim to manager. It is a long journey, honorably made. His first year has been eminently successful, due to hard work, prudence and a pleasing personality. We congratulate Mr. Cotter, and wish him continued and greater successes.

## Santa Sophia.

Mr. Charles W. Seymour told us many interesting historical details of the wonderful moslem mosque of Santa Sophia in Constantinople. This imposing edifice, erected by the Emperor Justinian, was completed in 558 A. D. and has been successively a Roman Catholic church, a Greek Catholic temple, and a Mahomedan mosque. Mr. Seymour described in detail its architectural features, its tragic history, and the circumstances leading up to its seizure.

## Notice to Faculty and Seniors.

The Faculty and members of the Senior class in cap and gown are to meet in the Main Building, Tuesday, December 10, 7:45 a. m., to form academic procession for services in Sacred Heart Church. After mass the procession will return to the reception room of the Main Building to meet the President of the University.

The Faculty—cap and gown will gather in the Main building at 1:45 p. m. to form academic procession for exercises of President's Day in Washington Hall.

## Calendar.

- Sunday, Dec. 8—Feast of the Immaculate Conception.  
Brownson Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.
- Monday—Philopatrian Society, 5:00 p. m.  
Carroll Eucharistic League, 7:30 p. m.
- Tuesday—President's Day (No classes).  
Inspection of the military companies by  
the Faculty, 9:15 a. m.  
Band Concert in Rotunda of Main Building,  
10:00 a. m.  
"David Garrick" at Washington Hall 2:00 p. m.  
Indianapolis Club, 7:30 p. m.  
Meeting of K. of C., 8:00 p. m.
- Wednesday—Preliminaries in the Breen Oratorical  
Contest, Washington Hall, 4:00 p. m.  
Varsity vs. Lewis Institute in Basketball.  
Civil Engineering Society, 7:30 p. m.
- Thursday—Varsity Basketball practice, 9:30 a. m.  
Meeting of "The Tore Club," 7:30 p. m.
- Saturday—Entertainment and luncheon by the  
Philopatians, 7:30 p. m.

## Local News.

—Next Wednesday evening will be the gala night for our football men. Then will take place at the Oliver the great annual Monogram banquet at which the battle-scarred warriors of '12 will receive their well-merited monograms.

—Next Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 11, the preliminaries for the Breen Gold Medal for Oratory will take place in Washington hall. Many of our local "Patrick Henry's" are now hard at work rehearsing, so we are assured of hearing speeches well worth while.

—And next Tuesday is President's Day. Of course there will be the annual "big feed," the band, and the final post-season football games. But the great feature of the holiday will be the production of *David Garrick* in Washington Hall. We are awaiting this event with great impatience, for, under the masterly supervision of Professor Koehler, we are certain that it will be the best ever produced at the University.

—Evidently no one enjoyed the recent inter-scholastic event in Chicago more than Mr. James Keeley, Managing Editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. Early Friday morning he telegraphed as follows:

"Congratulations on the outcome of the football debate. Starting with this year I will give annually, three prizes of fifteen, ten and five dollars respectively to the best three accounts of the Thanksgiving Day game.

Stories not to exceed seven hundred words; judges to be myself and our football experts; Students of course in journalism to participate."

We desire to give public thanks to Mr. Keeley for this further proof of interest in us, and to assure him that he will find our writing men as doughty as our fighting men.

—We break all the printed rules of good behavior and publish without permission of the writer the following letter from Brother Lawrence Joseph, Director of Athletics in the Christian Brothers College, St. Louis, Missouri: "DEAR FATHER—Under date of March 1st you wrote me relative to Mr. Luke Kelly who was then a candidate for the position of football coach. We engaged him and for the three months that he was in our service, we found him to be good, regular, and competent. He was a model to our young men, and Father, it is with sincerity that I wish the institution that turns out such types of Christian manhood God-speed! I desire to thank you and all Notre Dame people that had anything to do with bringing Mr. Kelly here, for the real service they have done. Needless to say, we have engaged him again for next season.

Very Cordially yours,

BROTHER LAWRENCE JOSEPH.

## CORBY VS. FRIARS.

On Thanksgiving Day Corby Hall made her annual trip to Fort Wayne to do battle with the Friars of that city. The Braves tried to outdo the Varsity by their score of 49 points against a team of well trained fighters. The contest opened with a rush before a crowd of two thousand, with music and all the other features of a big league game.

A few minutes after the opening play, Capt. Soisson was taken out because of injuries. The backfield, with Nigro at full and Maloney and Bensberg at halves, gained consistently through the line, while Bensberg's long end runs and clever dodging was the sensation of the day. Quarterback "Nig" Kane directed an open game of forward passes which netted big gains. The strength of the line was often taxed by the plunging of the heavy backs of the Friars, but the goal was never in danger. Clean sportsmanship marked the contest.

After the game the Braves were treated to a sumptuous spread. The Fort Wayne men are good losers, thorough gentlemen, and the best entertainers in the state.

### Our All-Western Men and the Press.

Gillette of Wisconsin and Dorais of Notre Dame are nearly equal at quarterback, but the position is given to the Badger by a slight margin. . . . Dorais in another year to play should develop into one of the best quarterbacks in this section of the country.—Eckersall in the *Chicago Tribune*.

The addition of a fourth down in which to make ten yards put a premium on plunging fullbacks. Two Western men in this position relieved their quarters of a lot of worry by their ability to penetrate their opponents' line or make headway outside the tackles when two or three yards were to be gained in the last try. They were Eichenlaub of Notre Dame and Tanberg of Wisconsin. The former is given the place because he combined his line bucking strength with wonderful effectiveness in skirting the ends.

Eichenlaub is one of the best fullbacks ever produced in this part of the country. Undoubtedly he would have been a star on any eleven had he elected to try for it. He is remarkably fast for so big a man and hard to tackle. He uses the straight arm with good results, and possessed sufficient strength to keep on going even after he is grabbed by a foe. Tanberg has many of his virtues, but lacks his brilliance in the open field.—Lardner in the *Chicago Examiner*.

Crowley of Notre Dame also is a polished end. He was a member of the Harvard eleven that beat Yale 4 to 0, in 1908. Marquette and the Hoosier's other opponents found him very troublesome this year.—Lardner in the *Chicago Examiner*.

The centre position [All-Western] is given to Des Jardien of Chicago, although Feeney of Notre Dame is nearly his equal.—Eckersall in the *Chicago Tribune*.

Berger and Pliska were both mentioned by several authorities as among the most valuable halfbacks in the West, while Eichenlaub and Dorais both receive honorable mention in Walter Camp's all-American eleven.

### Safety Valve.

When in the recent past the queens from the Forbidden Palace appeared at a lecture in Washington hall, you should have seen some of the Entire Student Body brush up!

\*\*\*

Students wishing to secure books from the library may receive same by shouting their wishes from basement. Books may be returned any time within ten years. No questions asked.

\*\*\*

### EXAMPLES OF ALLITERATION.

Cutie Cusack  
Blondie Boujan  
Chubbie Corcoran  
Baldie Baldwin

\*\*\*

Luke Kelly's team broke up everything in St. Louis, Don Hamilton's bunch of youngsters walloped all Wisconsin and neighboring states, and Harry Miller's

warriors won glory for Creighton College, Omaha "Notre Dame's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it," as that man of classic mould, Joe Byrne, puts it.

\*\*\*

### PEST 41.

The Carroll kids running like Indians before the Main Building when coming out from meals.

\*\*\*

There was a meeting of the freshman lawyers recently to select and vote on a class pipe. We suggest a gas pipe as the most appropriate class pipe for these legal lights.

\*\*\*

It is the ambition of this year's Dome makers to have the book store send out a wail offering twenty-seven previous Domes for one of theirs. Wonder how that strikes sedate Cyril J. Curran and Our Lange of polecat fame.

\*\*\*

Walter Camp, according to the literati of the art, makes up his so-called All-America from "inside" football. Probably he'd have put on Eichenlaub and Dorais if he had seen some "outside" football.

\*\*\*

At all events Walsh is interhall champion in the open-to-all Delinquent List contest. *Ad multos annos*, Walsh! Keep it up!

\*\*\*

The outlines for Litt. B. theses are due Dec. 10 Ph<sup>2</sup>. From then on we'll have a superabundance of Ph sapience.

\*\*\*

Rockne (talking in his sleep the night before Marquette-N. D. game): Father, whom do you consider the best all-round end in the West? (pause) O thank you, Father, I really didn't expect that.

\*\*\*

### THE TIP TOPS.

Happy O'Connell is Varsity short stop, student of Eng. IV., somewhat of a shark in Latin and quarter for the studious Sorinites. We might just at this point take up the question as to possible complications in the football situation if Sorin had tied St. Joe in that last interhall contest. But in view of subsequent events the contingency is now inadmissible. Therefore, we return to Happy O'Connell. Happy is from the East, plays pool, knows Hard Luck Campbell, and is the author of that classic phrase, "That's all the farther I got." He and Erich Barbarossa de Fries used to be great friends in the some time past. But since Erich broke into our omniscient weekly with a "fine pome, I bet you," he has passed up Hap as a small one. Sic transit, etc. Mr. Happy is still living, although placed away among the *requiescant in pace* crowd of Sorin hall.

\*\*\*

The claim of light-weight championship in football advanced by the Walsh Chicks is disputed by the second team before the last of St. Edward's hall. A post season game is therefore a possibility.

\*\*\*

Our old rival, Yeh Wabash, gets a man on the all-Western. Then talk of secondary championship for the little Giants.