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Football Number



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The Notre Dame Scholastic

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Vol. LVI.

FOOTBALL NUMBER

No. 10

THE SEASON'S REVIEW.

JAMES P. COYLE.

It hasn't happened—the 1922 panic in the gridiron ranks of the Gold and Blue so freely predicted at the end of last year's season by the second-hand seers and singers of pigskin sagas the country over. The star-spangled achievements of the peerless Rockne and his stellar squad of 1922 have turned the laugh on doubt. Sporting critics generally are re-marking Notre Dame values, are estimating again in terms of certainty, where a few months ago they were fumbling in speculative futures.

It was a far cry from Icarus to Caproni—from the bushman's telegraph to wireless, but intelligence covered the distance. Persistence, coupled with ingenuity, finally feathered the wings that nature denied our kind, and developed a talking spark to outreach the thunders. K. K. Rockne is the latest to prove that nothing can long resist full-flung determination. Phoenix-like, he has risen from the ashes of his last year's post-season disappointments, and from barren beginnings has brought an inexperienced, but dogged and pertinacious handful of Sophomores to an unchallenged position in the world of football—and all this to the deafening huzzas of wondering and credulous millions in sportdom.

The skies did look cloudy for a while at the outset of the 1922 season. Facing a

schedule of ten games which demanded two invasions of the East, a march to Georgia, and a trip to Nebraska in addition to those contests engaged in at home and on foreign fields nearby; games, every one of which promised a stern taxing of our best gridiron strength—it was truly an hour of trial and ebbing hopes; it did look as if Notre Dame was due to swallow some of the medicine which had been prescribed in such generous quantities by the all too numerous "Calamity Janes and Johns."

The thought of completing the schedule without one defeat, yes without two defeats, was entertained by few.

Behind the failure at Lincoln lies a great nobility. The team finds itself richer for the discipline of defeat. There is no disgrace in losing; the disgrace is not trying. Who can say

that the Irish did not try? Facing a seasoned team of brawny veterans, outweighed many pounds to the man, wearied by the strain of a strenuous season,—a fighting team of striplings went down to defeat, resisting gamely the slashing onslaughts of an older, stronger and—yes—better team. And so the tumult and the shouting die. It has been a good year. Carberry, Castner, Degree, Thomas, Oberst and Desch are laying away their moleskins, are bidding the chalk-lines *au revoir*,—and we applaud these departing gentlemen who have bequeathed an estate of fighting loyalty. We can't estimate the resources of the future. But in 1923 we shall again have Rockne and sounder prospects than ever before.

THE SCHEDULE.

Sept. 30—Notre Dame 46; Kalamazoo, 0.
Oct. 7—Notre Dame 26; St. Louis U. 0.
Oct. 14—Notre Dame 20; Purdue 0.
Oct. 21—Notre Dame 34; DePauw 7.
Oct. 28—Notre Dame 13; Georgia Tech 3.
Nov. 4—Notre Dame 27; Indiana 0.
Nov. 11—Notre Dame, 0; Army 0.
Nov. 18—Notre Dame 31; Butler 3.
Nov. 25—Notre Dame 19; Carnegie Tech 0.
Nov. 30—Notre Dame 6; Nebraska 14.



ROCKNE.

Every Saturday afternoon for two full months, several thousand students have held their breaths for the space of about two hours, generally between two-thirty and four-thirty o'clock. But at every four-thirty, except the last one which happened to be on Thursday, there was a great sigh of relief, followed immediately by unprecedented cheering, all the more prolonged and stentorian because of the previous suspense. At the beginning of the season, not even the most sanguine would have dared to hope for such a happy consummation, as they glanced down the long list of the country's top-notch athletic schools and strove to realize that Notre Dame, shorn of all but fight and Rockne, was to be pitted against them. Now we all look back and declare that fight and Rockne is all that Notre Dame need ever possess to bring her through. We had taken the fight for granted because that is a tradition at Notre Dame, but we were not quite so sure that there ever was a coach alive who would be able to perform athletic miracles. If there was, we had him, but we were not quite so sure that there was. Now we are inclined to think that Rockne, if he decided to try, could play Harvard by himself. At least it is not unthinkable to put anything past the accomplishment of one who made three famous football teams out of several seniors and juniors and a great many sophomores. It has not been done before, and will never be done again unless, of course, Rockne will have to do it. At any event, at another university three times as large as ours, there is a coach that had the same opportunity as did our coach, and his team was beaten by one that we swamped.

Rockne's Notre Dame connections extend over a period of ten years. This decade, coupled with a half dozen years previous to it, has marked the most brilliant span in Notre Dame football history. During the three years when Rock played end on the team not one game was lost, while victories were scored over such teams as Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania State and West Point (35-13). Two of the very greatest teams that have represented our university on the field were the nationally famous 1921 team, coached by

Rock, and the 1913 team which was captained by him. It was with this latter team, that he and Dorais introduced the perfected forward pass to the country, a style of game that has contributed much to his fame, and as equally much to the grey hair of a multitude of rival mentors.

Characteristic of the man at that time, of course, was a certain genuine modesty coupled with a really studious disposition. Some person attached to this institution at present would marvel, indeed, if they looked into the grades which their hero made in silence during his college days, or found out how able an instructor in chemistry he was to become later on. Virtually track-coach during his Senior year and doing the impossible by beating his own record in the pole-vault by a good foot, Rockne was no less active in Reactions.

Immediately after having served his full three years in the moleskins, Rockne was made assistant coach under Jesse Harper, and when that renowned mentor retired to his ranch somewhere out west, Rockne took full control. He has undoubtedly the most enviable record of any of the younger coaches in the land. In five seasons, teams built up by him have lost but three games, two of which were much more like victories than defeats, if yardage and first downs count for anything. During those same five seasons Notre Dame has registered forty-two victories, victories which mean something, because Rockne invariably frames difficult schedules for his team.

If, heretofore, there was any doubt in anyone's mind about Rock's super-ability, little room is left now for it, when, facing the hardest schedule in our gridiron history, with the poorest prospects we have had for many a year, Knute literally created a machine which has been the talk of fandom from coast to coast. Of course, a great meed of praise and credit is due to Notre Dame fight and the Notre Dame men who went through this season's mill, but we all admit that Notre Dame could not have Rockmen without Rockne. We believe that, while they are picking their All-Americans, the critics might as well open up a new position on their mythical eleven and choose our own Knute K. Rockne for its All-American coach.

NOW THAT IT'S OVER.

FRANK WALLACE.

CANTO 1.

THE INFERNO OF 1922.

Argument.

The Spirit of Notre Dame football, having lost his way in a gloomy forest and being hindered by certain wild beasts from ascending a mountain, is met by Rockne, who undertakes the task of leading him from the forest. The Spirit follows the coach.

In the midway of this, our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray,
Gone from the path direct: and e'en to tell
It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
Which to remember only, my dismay,
Renews in bitterness not far from death.
Yet to discourse of what there good befell
All else will I relate discover'd there.
How first I entered it my memory well
Recalls: How graduation took from me
Most valiant men; and that dire tempter of
The college man hooked others. So I found
My senses down and victory's path bereft.

I journey'd on over that lonely steep
The hinder foot grew firm'd. Scarce the ascent
Began, when, lo! A panther, nimble light
With yellow jacket screaming: "Gawgia Tech!"
To check my onward going; that oft-times,
With purpose to retrace my steps I turned.
And by new dread succeeded when in view
An army mule came braying as he strode
With his head held aloft and hunger mad
That e'en the air was fear-struck. At his heels
An elephant, who in his leanness seemed
Full of all wants, and loving Irish corn
A Cornhusker who many fields had stripped
Of victory's corn ere now. So haunted by
These fell beasts growling, anguishedly
I fell, my ken discerned the form of one
Whose voice seemed strong in constant use of
speech.

When him in that great desert I espied,
"Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud.
He answered, then: "At Notre Dame my son
We go out and crack 'em! We're not licked
Though others here have died. Snap into it."
Then I: "Thou are that Rockne, that well-
spring

From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued? And such fame amassed? O grave
Where is thy sting? "Oh death! Thy victory?"



DEGREE.



STANGE.



LAYDEN.



STUHLDTREHER.

THE REST OF THE CANTOS.

An increasingly attentive public had turned toward Notre Dame in other years because of the glory of its football achievements and the brilliant products of the gridiron who sprang from this atmosphere as certain plants grow best in certain soils. When this season began interest was more than ever keen because of the lack of what excited that attention in other years—brilliant football men.

Knute Rockne remained as a master coach. Paul Castner lingered as the potentially great nucleus of another team. Capt. Carberry, Cotton, Degree, Thomas, Brown, Mayl, Maher, Bergman and Flynn were the remnant of the really great eleven of the previous year—an eleven which had, with the exception of Castner and Thomas, disappeared in its entirety.

Whoever thought football at all, found inclination to wonder whether this unusual coach and his famous school could create another troop of gridiron wonders.

The season has ended. Coach Rockne is rated among the three great coaches of the year—and a frank estimate of the thoughts of the football public might strip the carriage of two. Notre Dame rode the top wave of enthusiastic and wondering admiration until late in the season, when Army tied us and Nebraska won from us. The momentary loss of prestige suffered upon the occa-

sion of each game has more than returned in the backwash which brought a realization of the great odds under which Rockne and the team worked on.

More continuous ill fortune than has visited the last ten Notre Dame teams visited this group of boys until the squad with which Coach Rockne faced Nebraska included only Frank Thomas and Eddie Degree of previous years. Cotton, Capt. Carberry and Brown saw some service during the game but all were recovering from injuries. The two great stars of the team—one the best fullback in America, and the other a possible all-American tackle had he not been injured early in the season, were kept out of the lineup.

The real achievement of the season was not the victory over Georgia Tech, the moral decision over the Army and a sensational second-half comeback which all but completed what would have been the greatest victory of the decade; it was the spirit with which Rockne's boys met each new obstacle. Be they Swedes, Italians, German or Irish in descent, they are as worthy of the name of Fighting Irish as any group of men who ever bore the title. They were called upon to face great physical odds, to meet psychological disadvantages and to combat demoralizing influences, but they went out and gave each situation all that they had—and no man can do more. Their simple motto was the phrase of Coach Rockne:



VERGERA

REAGAN

FLINN

DESCH

"Not men willing to die gamely but men fighting to live."

This group will bear brilliant testimony for Notre Dame and themselves in the two years just ahead. A backfield already brilliant, two ends and a center who seem on the threshold of the bright lights, guards and tackles awaiting only development—the group of sophomores who played life-saver to Coach Rockne and Notre Dame in their most threatening hour, seem destined to be recognized as one of the really great combinations in the history of the school.

Paul Castner, sailing towards a probable all-American selection, played the most consistent and versatile football shown at Notre Dame in the last five years with the exception of George Gipp—and there were some who considered that the brilliant Paul might have seriously rivalled Gipp if his career had run an equal length. Tom Lieb, the other strong possibility for national honors, was cut down in the third game of the season. Capt. Carberry, after a strong beginning during which he displayed the defensive ability for which he has been noted, was injured at Georgia Tech and the hurt slowed him up until the season ended. Ed Degree was out for two weeks with a torn shoulder, Fod Cotton played his final two games with a painfully injured side, Kentucky Oberst was affected by battered ribs throughout the year, Red Maher broke a hand in the second game and did not return until six weeks

later. Gus Desch went out on the second play of the season and, after a futile try five weeks later, was compelled to abandon the game.

Rating the brilliant sophomores is difficult, happily, because their ability seemed so nearly equal. In the backfield, Don Miller jumped to an immediate claim on right half, a position which he held throughout the year and where he played always consistent and sometimes brilliant football. Harry Stuhldreher stepped ahead at quarterback and played the greater part of the big games although Thomas started every contest and played good ball all season. Stuhldreher enters more into the actual play than any Notre Dame quarterback of recent years. He throws passes and receives them in addition to performing the conventional duties and exercising fine judgment. No better bundle of football, for his poundage, has ever been at Notre Dame.

Elmer Layden was the beautifully consistent jewel. In early season, he played a second string halfback to Jimmie Crowley and delivered so steadily that Coach Rockne used him at left half throughout most of the Army game where Elmer responded with his best performance of the year. When Castner was injured, Layden went to fullback where his triple threat, ability to punch a line and his unusual speed promise to aid him in developing into the successor of Gipp, Mohardt and Castner.



FLYNN

BERGMAN

OBERST

KISER

Jimmy Crowley—a mystery. By playing sensational football at Purdue, Crowley walked past Layden and Bergman in the fight for left half. The next week against DePauw he rose to greater heights—and then played ordinary ball until late season when he approached his early season form in the games with Butler, Carnegie and Nebraska. Crowley has more instinctive ability, seemingly, than any of his running mates. The development of this quartet of brilliant backs during the next two years will furnish an interesting study.

Doc Connell played a steady game at right half in the shock backfield. Bill Cerney and Bernie Livergood divided the second string fullback job during the season and Dutch Bergman played consisted ball. Mike Kane narrowly missed a monogram and showed the best form of his career. Rex Enright, a third string fullback, and Les Logan at quarterback, showed creditable games when called upon.

After Tom Lieb broke his leg at Purdue, the burden of the line work fell upon Fod Cotton and Ed Degree—and the two veterans came through with an ability that has been recognized in the selection of honorary teams. Until Nebraska was met, no team had made serious gains through the Notre Dame line—and the moral support and strong bodies of these two boys who completed their football careers this year, has been mainly responsible. Harvey

Brown played his same fighting game and was a recognized star, despite his lack of poundage, until the bones of his elbow were dislocated at the Army scrap and he went out for the rest of the year with the exception of a handicapped stay against Nebraska where he battled the giant Weller, who outweighed Harvey 65 pounds but never outfought him for a minute.

Gene Oberst, who rose from a flock of substitutes to fill Tom Lieb's tackle, improved steadily as the year progressed and received warm praise from Coach Rockne following the Nebraska game. George Vergara won the right end job early and promises to develop into a mechanically perfect player next season. Gene Mayl relieved Vergara at end in every game. Paul McNulty, who became regular left end after Capt. Carberry was hurt, is regarded very highly by his teammates who expect him to become the next of the great Notre Dame ends. Chuck Collins is another promising end who relieved McNulty. Hunsinger, Tim Murphy, Feltes and Cook completed the string of wing men.

Gus Stange and Rip Miller, two powerful boys, served throughout the year as second string tackles and each seems to hold strong possibilities. John Flynn, Milbauer and Roux completed the tackles who finished the year. Weibel replaced Harvey Brown with credit when the latter was hurt. Neil Flinn and Noble Kizer also earned monograms at guard.



MIXON

LOGAN

WEIBLE

RIESE

The center position was still undecided when the season closed. Regan, a 165-pound junior, had an edge until mid-season over Walsh, 180-pound sophomore, but at the Army game and until Nebraska, Walsh received first call. Regan came back strong against Nebraska and both boys seemingly start next year with an even break. Bill Voss, kept out of the early games with an injured ankle, showed well as the season ended. Joe Harmon, a light sophomore, is another scrappy center who will be heard from before he leaves school. Leo Mixon completed the quintet of centers.

THE SEASON.

Kalamazoo came here Sept. 30 in the time-honored opening day contest and returned with the short end of a 46-0 score. Paul Castner ran two kickoffs back 90 and 95 yards for touchdowns and displayed other capabilities. Don Miller, Red Maher and Jimmie Crowley also added glamour to the day. Gus Desch pulled a tendon in the second play and went out for the year.

St. Louis came in a drizzly rain to Cartier field the next week and played the local team to a standstill in the first half during which Castner scored the only touchdown following runs by Crowley and Thomas. In the second half, Don Miller ran through the entire St. Louis team for 94 yards and a touchdown following the kickoff. He added other sensational runs for another touch-

down and Stuhldreher punched the line for a fourth marker. Red Maher broke a hand in this game and Eddie Degree received a torn shoulder which kept him out for three weeks.

The first real contest of the year was staged at Lafayette on the following Saturday where Rockne's boys trimmed Jimmie Phelan's Boilermakers 20-0 with the Notre Dame student body looking on. The game was hard fought and the Irish line took a considerable pounding. Tommy Lieb who played great ball until that time, was clipped from behind after the whistle blew, suffered a broken leg and by his absence from the game for the rest of the year may have made possible the Army tie and the Nebraska defeat. Jimmie Crowley flashed some brilliant running in this contest. Castner performed with his consistent ability and Stuhldreher exhibited for the first time, the passing which was to score points against other teams as the year went on.

Coach Rockne set to work to find another tackle during the next week and Gene Oberst, the rangy Kentucky 200 pounder, resulted. Castner received a slight injury at Purdue and Don Miller was hurt in practice, so the first string backfield was kept out of the DePauw game in order to be in shape for the Georgia Tech game of the next week. The game moved slowly against DePauw until Crowley went in; after which his presence acted as a barometer for the rest of the



R. MILLER

CROWLEY

COUGHLIN

COTTON

squad. He ran 65 and 35 yards for sensational touchdowns and contributed other gains in the 34-10 score which caused his running to be compared to that of Gipp. Cerney, at fullback, contributed a 94-yard run for a touchdown from kickoff and Stuhldreher and Mayl each added another touchdown. Layden, Bergman, Logan and Livergood made runs of 25 yards and more.

The next game with Georgia Tech was the first high mark of the season and the game toward which the young Irish had been pointed. The Yellow Jackets had never been defeated on their home grounds by a northern team and seemed to possess some sort of an unholy edge in their own backyard. Warm weather, stage fright and what not were feared in this game which was recognized as the season's test tube.

When the boys came through with a 13-3 by the simple process of stopping Red Barron, the Georgia star, their greatest all-round game of football of the year was displayed by Rockne's kids that day. Degree and Cotton performed brilliantly on the defense and Captain Carberry was in the thick of the battle until he was forced out in the first quarter with a knee injury which handicapped him for the rest of the year. McNulty, who went in for the captain, made the prettiest tackle of the season on Red Barron in the open field. Vergara played clean ball on the other end.

Offensively, the flashy backfield was never

better. Castner proved himself the big star of the game by playing effective ball in all departments. Stuhldreher tossed the first touchdown to Castner back of the goal line and then sneaked through for the second marker following flashy runs by Don Miller and Layden. True to form, the team famous for its passing, gave the southerners a lesson in overhead.

Socially, the trip was an unexpected success. The boys liked the south and the south liked the boys and asked them to return. Tech will come here next season for the Homecoming game.

The Indiana contest of the next week, was welcomed by 18,000 homecomers who saw Paul Castner turn in the greatest individual game of the gridiron year. Doing everything perfectly, Paul scored three touchdowns, kicked the three tries for points, made successful drop-kicks from the 45 and 35-yard lines and included one 68-yard punt in his total. Layden and Miller, particularly Miller, gathered the little glory that Castner left after scoring the only 27 points made that day.

Then followed the Army and the no score tie which appeared at that time to be the only blot on the record for the year. We outplayed Army slightly and we advanced the ball on an irresistible series of charges to the three-yard line where a fumble on second down cost that much-to-be-desired victory. Castner, again, was the star of the



THOMAS

MAYL

COLLINS

VOSS

battle, although he was so closely watched by the Army that his more sensational stunts — particularly drop-kicking — were smothered. The big warrior took a beating that day but stood head above the field when the game was concluded. Don Miller and Layden played steady ball offensively but except on the drive which preceded the fumble — a drive good for 60 yards, the Soldier defense was too good.

Cotton and Degree stood out in the local line, with Brown, until the little warrior was led off with dislocated bones in his elbow. West Point considered the tie a moral victory — though we were outweighed some 12 pounds to the man — so we'll have to go back to the Polo Grounds next year and settle that little affair.

After which came Butler from our neighboring city of Indianapolis. Butler had turned in a 10-7 defeat of Illinois early in the year and after polishing off Wabash, thought themselves capable of challenging Notre Dame in a real battle. There was much talk so we had to rub it in a little with a 32-3 score. Willie Maher ran 88 yards from a kickoff for a touchdown and added other sensational dashes. Crowley returned to his early season form and Don Miller, Layden, Bergman and Stuhldreher contributed flashy runs.

But the game cost. We lost Paul Castner on the day when he had played the greatest football of his career — greater than at

Georgia Tech or Army or against Indiana. Castner ran like a shifty halfback that day — he passed, he received passes and he punted — doing them all well. At the moment when he was approaching the top form to which his two years' preparation had led — just before the important games with Carnegie Tech and Nebraska where he would have had ample opportunity to capitalize his magic into an all-American prize — the mighty football man, the Christian gentleman, the inspiration to any college man and credit to any college — was carried from the field with a fractured pelvis — the victim of a knee delivered after the play had stopped and when he was lying in an unprotected position. Let the man who did it decide whether or not it was intentional; another Notre Dame player declares that it apparently intentional. Whether or not, a player whose name will never be known out of Indianapolis, deprived the game of the greatest fullback of the year — and to our mind, at least — a player who would have seriously rivalled George Gipp, if his career had been allowed to go on.

The squad took Castner's loss in the face of its two approaching games with Carnegie Tech and Nebraska, with the same spirit which had marked their acceptance of the loss of Lieb, Brown, Carberry and Desch. Coach Rockne put it to them as a challenge — and the crew went to Carnegie Tech the next Saturday, played in a snow storm on a



McNULTY

BROWN

WALSH

FELTES

snowy field on a cold day—and delivered one of the surprising scores of the year, 19-0. Don Miller, Crowley, Layden, Stuhldreher and Bergman ran wild around the Tartan ends while a defensive line composed largely of second string men, Stange and Miller included, stopped Jimmy Robertson, the high point scorer of the east and prevented Tech from entering the Notre Dame 30-yard zone.

Out weighed nearly 20 pounds to the man, travel-worn and seriously crippled by injuries, but confident nevertheless, the team invaded Lincoln, Neb., on the following Thursday, Thanksgiving Day, and met the only defeat of the season, 14-6. Nebraska had the better team that day. The Cornhuskers had been pointed for Notre Dame throughout the season and were plainly at the top of their game. They utilized their weight advantage in terrific line plunging early in the first quarter but were stopped on the two foot line by a determined stand of the light Notre Dame line which held for two downs without gain. Degree punted out of danger, seemingly, but the powerful Huskers ran the ball back to the goal and plunged for a touchdown as the second quarter began. The second score came as the period ended and followed a forward pass.

Notre Dame made but one first down in the first half and was completely outplayed in that part of the game. In the second half, the boys came back with the most sensational passing attack of two seasons. Stuhl-

dreher, Layden, Miller, Crowley, Vergara and McNulty performed heroically with Stuhldreher and Miller, earning the full value of that word. The rally ended with one touchdown and the ball but two yards shy of a second score. When the Notre Dame star had risen, Nebraska seemed powerless; but when a break in the game gave the Cornhuskers the ball on their own two-yard mark, their early vigor returned and they resisted further scoring.

So the game was lost. Outweighed by 20 pounds, travel-stained and crippled by the loss of the two great stars, Castner and Lieb, the Rockne lightweights came back in the second half with a fighting splash that needed only a break or two here and there to swing a victory our way for all of the enemy superiority.

But neither the team nor the school was greatly downcast by the loss. In full, it was a great season and the new team far more than fulfilled expectations. In the coming two years, the Army tie and the Nebraska defeat will be forgotten in the achievements of a wonderful group of young athletes.

At the season's end, monograms were awarded to the following men: Capt. Carberry, McNulty, Collins, Mayl, Vergara, Lieb, Oberst, Ed Miller, Stange, Cotton, Brown, Degree, Kizer, Flinn, Weibel, Regan, Walsh, Stuhldreher, Thomas, Layden, Bergman, Crowley, Maher, Don Miller, Connel, Cerney, Livergood, Castner.



MAHER

KANE

LIVERGOOD

MURPHY

All-Western Gridiron Honor Men for 1922

By W. F. Fox, Jr., Assistant Sports Editor Indianapolis News.

POSITION.	FIRST TEAM.	SECOND TEAM.	THIRD TEAM.
Left end.....	Kirk (Mich.)	Ecklund (Minn.)	Pulaski (Wis.)
Left tackle.....	Weller (Neb.)	Cotton (N. D.)	Wencke (Neb.)
Left guard.....	Degree (N. D.)	McMillen (Ill.)	Hohfield (Wis.)
Center	Blott (Mich.)	Heldt (Iowa)	King (Chicago)
Right guard.....	Minnick (Iowa)	Bassett (Neb.)	Pondelik (Chicago)
Right tackle.....	Thompson (Iowa)	Below (Wis.)	Penfield (Northwest.)
Right end.....	Tebell (Wis.)	Kadesky (Iowa)	Goebel (Mich.)
Quarterback	Uteritz (Mich.)	Dunn (Marquette)	Barr (Wis.)
Left half.....	Martineau (Minn.)	Williams (Wis.)	Palmer (Northwest.)
Right half.....	Noble (Neb.)	Kipke (Mich.)	Workman (Ohio S.)
Fullback	Castner (N. D.)	J. Thomas (Chi.)	Locke (Iowa)

HONORABLE MENTION.

Ends—Griffin, Kansas; Hanny, Indiana; Irish, Wisconsin; McNulty, Notre Dame; Cox, Minnesota.

Tackles—Aul, Wabash; Lunz, Marquette; Cave, Kansas; Smith, Wisconsin.

Guards—Berquist, Nebraska; Pixley, Ohio State; Hahn, Kansas Aggies.

Centers—Nichols, Wisconsin; Claypool, Purdue; Lorhei, Indiana; Walsh, Notre Dame.

Quarterbacks—Rune Clarke, Illinois; Stuhldreher, Notre Dame; Parkin, Iowa.

Halfbacks—Shuttleworth, Iowa; McCreery, Minnesota; Hartley, Nebraska; Miller, Notre Dame; Sloate, Indiana; Crowley, Notre Dame.

Fullbacks—Cappon, Michigan; Taft, Wisconsin; Wellman, Purdue; Zorn, Chicago.

Selecting an All-Western honor team for the season of 1922 is pretty much like choosing a present for a plumber's daughter. But because the senate of the United States has been too busy with less urgent matters there has been passed no law against sporting writers picking All This and All That football teams; so the practice continues.

Some will say the public demands it but they are not telling the half of it if they stop there. The public does far more than demand it. The public actually does the picking. First they pick it for you, that is part of the public does this. Then the selection is published and the rest of the public picks it to pieces.

But just the same the public must have its mythical teams rain or shine and we are willing to wager our next week's wages plus all the Yuletide prospects that our All Western will defeat any football team in the country after thirty minutes' practice.

In a few instances it may be that some critics would crave a little explanation for some of the first team positions. As for Kirk and Tebell there can be nothing said

except that Tebell was selected over Ecklund of Minnesota because of his splendid defensive work at critical times. Tebell has the slightest of edges on Ecklund, so trivial that Ecklund might be substituted without any loss to the team. Kirk, the greatest receiver of forward passes playing college football today, is a first string man on any All team anybody selects. Incidentally he might have been used more on a better forward passing eleven.

Anyone who has seen Weller play won't argue about his right to honor. Thompson of Iowa drives harder than any other tackle we have seen this year. Cotton of Notre Dame and Below of Wisconsin might slip into Thompson's place well enough but this fellow Weller is in a class by himself.

Blott, Heldt and King and Nichols of Wisconsin are about on a par at the center job. Blott is a wonderful tackler and was an important factor in stopping Wisconsin when failure to do so would have been disastrous for the Wolverines. Heldt is a speedy man and a reliable passer and Nichols was one of the seven towers that composed the strongest

line in the conference this year, that of the Badgers.

There was no outstanding quarterback in the west this season. Uteritz revealed splendid judgment in directing the Wolverine attack at all times and got the most out of a rather ordinary assortment of plays. Dunn of Marquette was a factor in elevating Marquette to a rather high rating and against Detroit he flashed repeatedly in open field running. He is perhaps the most reliable field goal man at his position with the exception of Herb Covington of Centre. Stuhldreher of Notre Dame is a comer. He does everything but kick and although one of the smallest men in the west he was cool at all times under fire. Barr's experience and short passing to a point of perfection gave him the call over Rockne's pet field boss.

And from here on in our first team is most excellent. Martineau who would rather do anything else in the world does everything but hurdle the goal posts when on the gridiron. He is fast, a good long or short passer, a splendid kicker and a streak in the open field. Noble of Nebraska weighs 199 pounds and is as fast as any small man on any team. Give him the ball and he'll get there regardless of obstacles. He is the hardest man to tackle we have seen this year and a light secondary defense bounces off him like rubber balls in fierce contact with cement.

Paul Castner was perhaps the outstanding football player in the west. Although deprived of participation in the last two games Notre Dame had to play Castner established himself in games against Georgia Tech and Army. He is a unique definition of triple threat. He punts, drop kicks, passes, runs, tackles, directs a defense, kicks off and runs interference to perfection. He is not the type that weakens a team when he is not carrying the ball himself. In fact if we were asked to name the best all around football man of the season of 1922 Castner would be the man.

College does not make fools; it merely develops them.

Great men are easily admired but not easily emulated.

TWELVE MEN, TRIED AND TRUE.

THE CAPTAIN-JUDGE.

The Judge and his brothers seem always to be on the end of things. Two older brothers played end for the University of Iowa a few years back and two younger brothers are now playing end on the high school team at Ames. Nevertheless the Judge, when on the football field, was always in the middle of things, rather than on the end, and was continually messing up the opposing runners. There was no denying the skill and the certainty with which Carberry stopped opposing runners.

Off the field he walks like a soldier and on the field he fights like a soldier. Had it not been for the untimely accident which he had in the long memorable game with Georgia Tech, Carberry would have left behind him a record still more enviable than that he now enjoys. Judge played only part of the first quarter in the Tech game, but during the few minutes of that period, he lost all his judicial dignity and reserve, and cracked 'em hard, until the injury to his knee forced him out of the game. Not until the Butler game could the Judge play, but he went after them with the fury of his pent-up energy, and acted no small part in that spectacular fray.

We shall not ever forget the Judge. He shall, rather, be placed on the roster of football captains of Notre Dame and remembered as one of the honored men whose names and prowess are synonymous with Notre Dame.

PAUL CASTNER.

"Shades of Eichenlaub and Salmon!" quavered the '21 Dome in commenting upon Castner's ability and possibilities for the future. The confidence and prophecy of the Dome writer were not in vain because Cas has won for himself the unstinted praise and love of every Notre Dame man and of many.



many men not at Notre Dame. Who of us who saw the Tech game will forget his splendid work and who of us who had to be content with seeing the game at the Senior movies, will forget that sweet, fleeting glimpse of his deadly passing? More than this, who of us will forget his last appearance on Cartier Field, at the Homecoming game, when he startled the 22,000 onlookers with his 45-yard drop-kicking? And lastly, who of us will forget his last spectacular fight at Indianapolis, when an untimely injury to his hip cut short his brilliant career and spoiled his unusually good chances of getting in the graces of Walter Camp.

Paul may not appear on Camp's coveted honor roll, but all Notre Dame swears to his All-American qualities. We look forward to his work as captain and pitcher of our baseball team and possibly to his work as star of the hockey team. And we can say of Paul no more complimentary thing than that he is true blue, a Notre Dame man.

ED DEGREE.

If, during any Notre Dame game these last two years, you saw a 65-yard punt, and the punt was right-handed, or rather right-footed, you could be sure that Ed Degree was on the job. Because whenever Castner and his left-footed kicking was not in the fray, Degree's equally good right-footed punting was resorted to. Many the time this last year that we have sat in the stands and chuckled joyfully at the sight of two Notre Dame men nonchalantly punting the ball from end to end of the field. It seemed to be a necessary part of every game to awe the opposing teams with this display of kicking prowess.

Yet chronic kicker that he was in every game, Degree was yet more powerful in a line weakened by the loss of Lieb and Cotton. Anecdotes are legion of Ed's spectacular tackles during his three years in the line. Ed's hulking figure and mental alertness will be sorely missed in just about nine months from now. We can rejoice, however, in the comfort of his presence behind the bat during the baseball season.

GUS DESCH.

The jinx which hung over the team could not have been complete without the injury which deprived the team of the speed and the fight which is Gus. Gus was the first to go the way of martyred football men. The season was not yet underway, the second play of the opening game with Kalamazoo not yet done, when snap! Gus' ankle bone was slivered and the little flash was through with football. However, Gus and Rock and Notre Dame and the doctors did their very best and it was not until several weeks after that we gave up hope and began our soliloquy, "It might have been—." All New York City read a year ago the laudatory accounts of Desch's performance in the Rutgers game. All New York City, too, might have read this year of a man who has no peer for speed.

Nevertheless, Gus and Notre Dame are proud of

the monograms he won for himself in previous years as a flash halfback and world-champion quarter-mile hurdler, and the Monogram Club is justly proud of its president, Augustus Desch. God and the doctors willing, Gus will run again next spring.

THOMAS LIEB.

Only two years has Tom played on the varsity eleven and the second season was barely under way when the consistent jinx over the team left Tom



with a broken leg, received during the first quarter of the Purdue battle. Many a Notre Dame man sat in the stands during that game and, with an ache at heart, watched the toiling doctors bind the broken leg, watched Tom laugh bravely as he was being carried off the field, and hoped with a silent prayer that Tom's laugh was laughed in the full knowledge that his leg was not broken and that he would play again.

But an unkind fate forced upon Tom his unwelcome crutches and his chafing inactivity and impotency. The climax of the pathetic experience came that morning at the railroad station when Rockne, with his team on board the train headed for Atlanta, said "Come on, Tom, you're going!" Tom went, crutches, flannel shirt and corduroys and all, and many a proud tear glittered in the eyes of the assembled crowd which cheered and marvelled at this proud, defiant display of the undying Notre Dame spirit.

Such was Tom's last, unwelcome year on the team,

and such is Tom's envied place in the hearts of his fellowmen. We look forward to more records for him as discus-thrower, and we look backward on more respect for him than is the lot of many a Notre Dame man.

FRANK THOMAS.

"The Rat" has been with us three years on the varsity squad, the first year as understudy to Brandy and Grant. Last year Tommy reached the height of his career, being regular quarterback. This year he played a more conservative game and yielded some of the glory accruing the position of quarterback to the undeniable upstart, Stuhldreher. Still Tommy was always in the game, with the fight that is necessary to every Notre Dame football man, and that is expected of him.

On the field, Thomas always displayed the reserve and the sense of power held in check, that are characteristic of him. Every man in the Notre Dame stands these last two years has known all along that Tommy out on the field was using his head, and has been confident that the right play at the right time would result from Tommy's wily generalship.

Tommy's ability as an athlete will go unnoticed until next spring when his maneuvers around second base will bring him once more into the public eye.

FORREST COTTON.

Fod's name is a misnomer as regards his playing. If the names of players are any indication of their playing, Fod's name should have been Stonewall or Old Ironsides. Fod is not quite as bulky as tackles often run but he vindicated in every game Rockne's confidence in light tackles with plenty of speed and gray matter. In the beginning of the season Cotton was handicapped by injuries and got off to a slow start, but when he got going, everyone knew the team was the better and the line the stronger for his presence.

Fod served two patient years as reserve lineman, in the days when Shaw and Garvey and Dooley made the going rough for all competitors. His patience was well rewarded this year in the enjoyment of a successful year and a place in the annals of our great men. He is quiet and reserves all his athletic energy for the gridiron.

LES LOGAN.

And now comes Rafferty. From the 1921 Dome Les glares at you from the section labelled "Reserves," standing arms akimbo and frowning, as if from the interruption. To have been even a reserve quarterback in those days was a credit, when the well-remembered work of Brandy and Grant and Thomas, kept the light and inexperienced soph from attracting more attention.

Les kept everlastingly at it with good results. His success in his junior year brought a smile to his picture in the '22 Dome and his increasing success this year has brought a smile to the face of more

than one person. Les and his roomie, the Rat, and Stuhlie shared honors at the quarterback position. And now, with the football season at an end, Rafferty is concentrating upon a more spectacular performance on the basketball court. He is sure to please as much as he did this fall when his work brought smiles of appreciation and admiration to the faces of more people than his Mary Jo.

JOHN FLYNN.

Big John is a man of many deeds, and his deeds have brought him recognition in many lines, not the least of which is the athletic line, or, more concretely, the football line. John tackled a big job when he set his mind on tackling opposing teams and competing tackles, but he acquitted himself nobly and earned for himself a monogram in football as well as in track. John, you see, tackles the shot-put also.

We can be sure of many points in the track scoring next spring when big John tosses the pebble around the lot.

NEIL FLINN.

And now comes the last of the Captains. Neil Flinn is already well-known to Notre Dame as captain of the hockey team and as substitute lineman during the last two seasons. Neil has not risen to the heights of recognition enjoyed by others of the senior football men, but he has shown a consistent application and serious spirit which will undoubtedly stand him in good stead on the ice-rink—provided, of course, that this fool Indiana weather gives us ice this year.

MICKEY KANE.

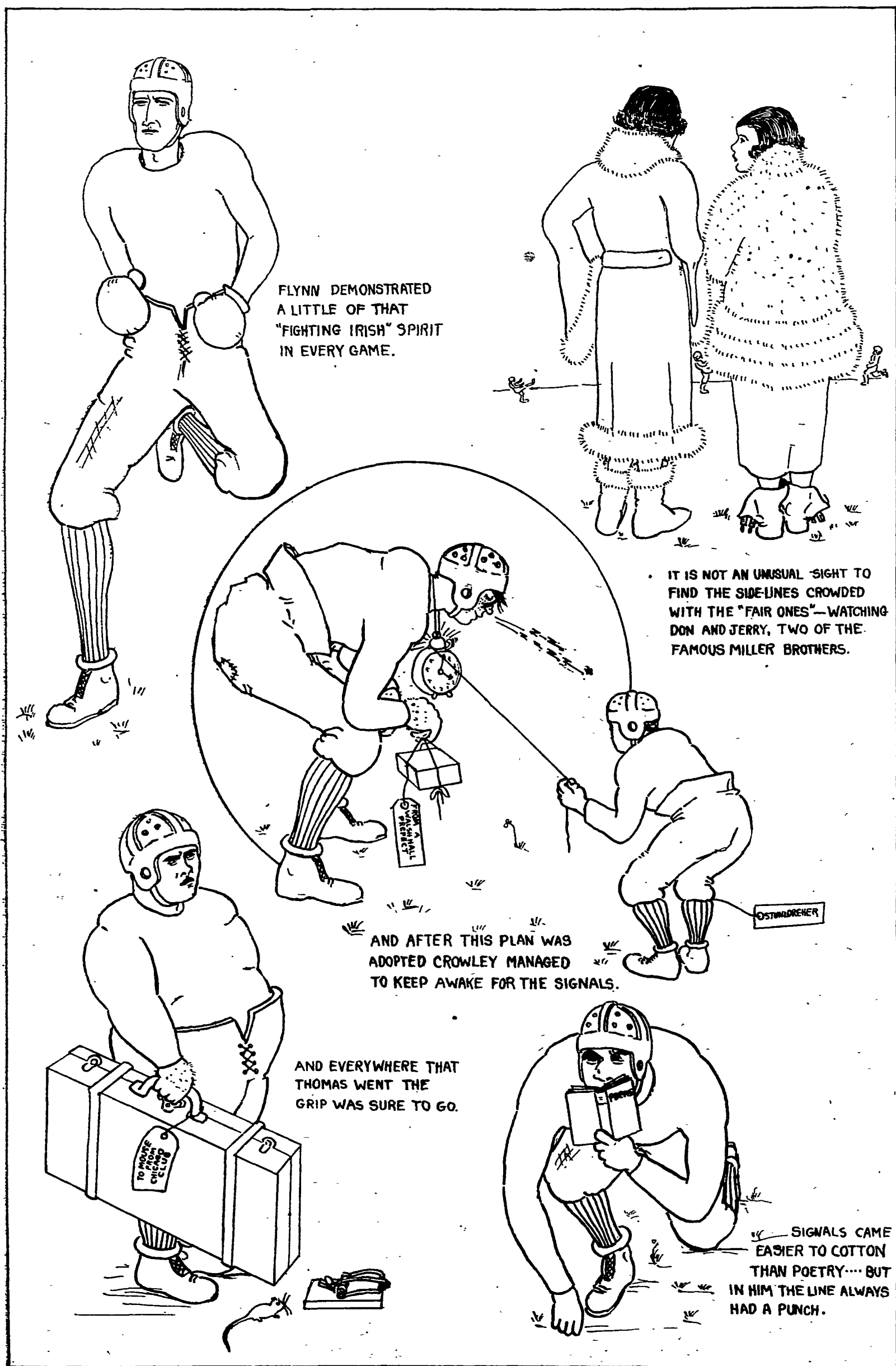
The Fighting Irish were never "fightinger" than when Mickey introduced his dynamic person into the battle. A halfback of no mean ability, Kane was always welcomed by Notre Dame fans whenever he stepped onto the playing field.

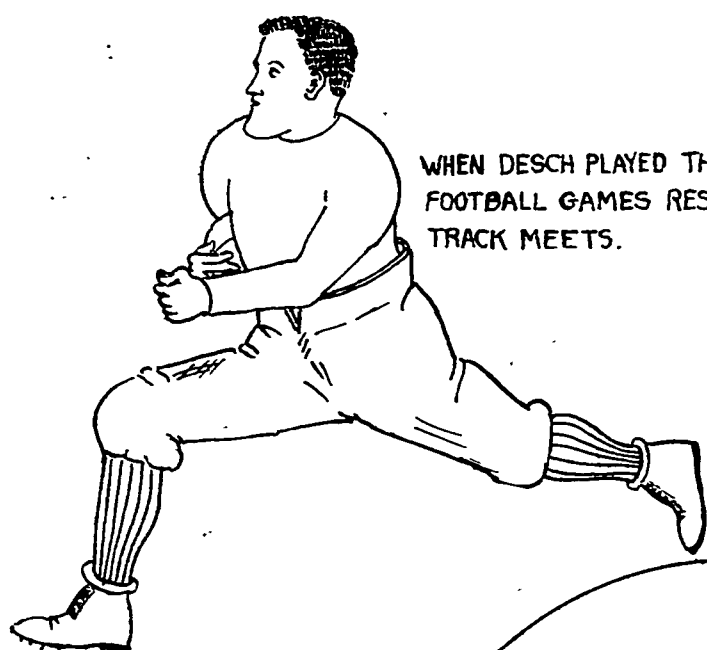
When Carberry was referred to as the "Captain of the Captains," Mickey Kane, along with Castner, and Desch and Flinn, were had in mind. Mickey is captain of the baseball squad and even now is putting into the game that fight which has won two games and almost won another.

WILLIAM VOSS.

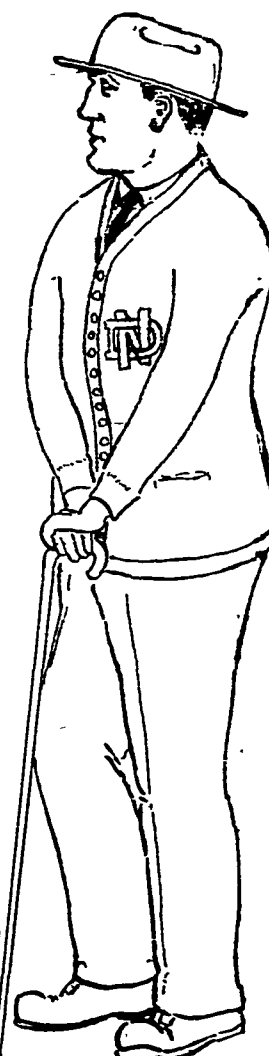
Big Bill Voss is another example of a gentleman determined on nothing short of victory. Bill served his freshman varsity year at the pivot position but was switched to the tackle position by Rockne when Bill's varsity career began. Here Voss, like Cotton, found things a bit difficult on account of the competition of veterans, and had to be content with understudying the greats.

This year Bill went back to his position at center and took turns with Regan and Walsh. With a good season behind him, Bill now forgets Notre Dame football until the time when he will look back and tell himself, "Them were the days!"

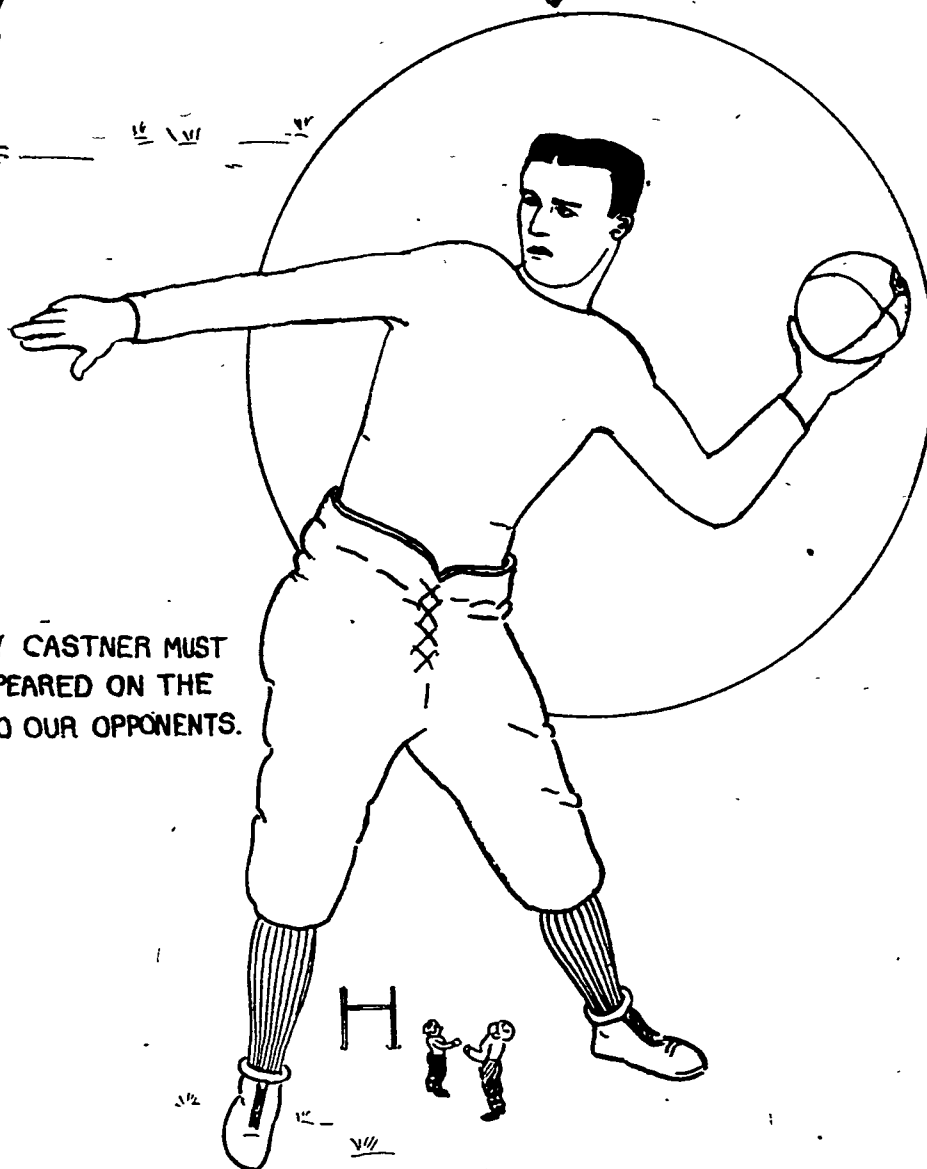




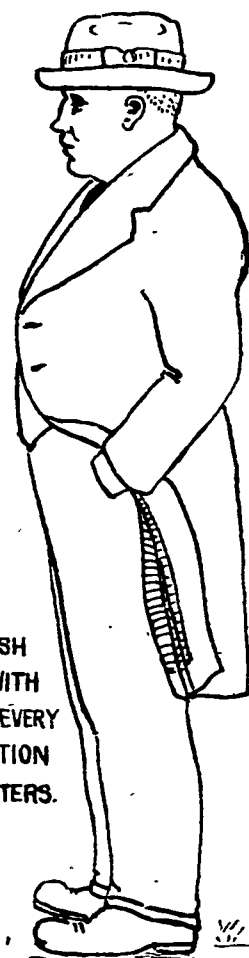
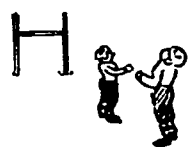
WHEN DESCH PLAYED THE FOOTBALL GAMES RESEMBLED TRACK MEETS.



LIEB WAS OUT OF MOST OF THE GAMES WITH A BROKEN LEG, BUT HE WAS ALWAYS OUT TO WATCH PRACTICE HOPING, THAT —

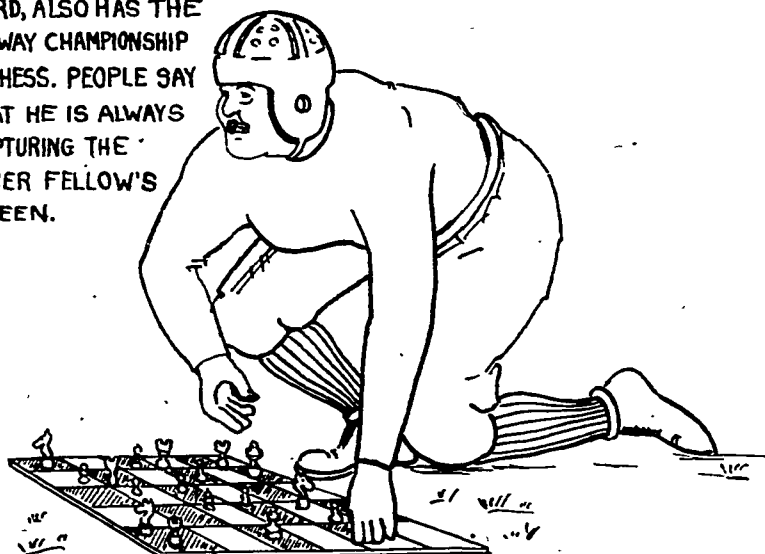


THE WAY CASTNER MUST HAVE APPEARED ON THE FIELD TO OUR OPPONENTS.



ROCKNE, GREATEST IRISH CHIEFTAIN IN HISTORY, WITH A WET HANDKERCHIEF IN EVERY POCKET FOR THE EDIFICATION OF VISITING SPORT-WRITERS.

EDDIE DEGREE, ALL-WESTERN GUARD, ALSO HAS THE SUBWAY CHAMPIONSHIP IN CHESS. PEOPLE SAY THAT HE IS ALWAYS CAPTURING THE OTHER FELLOW'S QUEEN.



THE FACULTY BOARD OF ATHLETIC CONTROL.

One agency which has played a noteworthy part in the development of Notre Dame athletics is not well enough known



FATHER IRVING.

about the university to deprive this article of the quality it desires—that of being a scoop. Sometimes dire and sinister remarks creep up the corridors in Sorin Hall to the effect that the Klan's most intimate imitator, the "Faculty Board" has held another meeting. As a matter of fact, this Board meets disguised in nothing excepting the aroma of cigars which are captured from Brother Florian's redoubt, and disguising nothing except the difference between what even the most intellectual of men recognizes as luncheon prepared by a chef and what every long suffering citizen of these parts will remember was a luncheon sans eats, sans chef, sans everything.

But though this article is proud of its Shakespearian touches, proud even of the fact that it was not written by Frank Wallace, its subject-matter is the Faculty Board. Let us bear that in mind. When the movement to make athletics at Notre Dame conform in every respect with the best standards in force at other institutions was begun, the necessity of creating a governing body similar to those in power at leading state universities was immediately acted upon. A board was appointed, and after much and very deliberate reflection it drew up a list of laws and by-laws for itself and a list of rules for athletics. It began to inspect the horizon and see that Notre Dame would, in the future, gain a position in sport so high that the gaze of friend and enemy would rest upon her. The decision to keep abreast of the Conference was made resolutely and, in spite of great and harrowing difficulties, adhered to consistently. If today nobody questions the integrity of Notre Dame sport, that result must be attributed to those who

had foresight enough to found a governing board and give it power.

Here rests the ultimate decision in all questions of policy; rulings and eligibility. The board has sometimes felt triumphant and sometimes utterly down and out. It has smiled happily during many years when the time came to dispense monograms; it has wept bitter tears when there was necessity to dispense with monogram-wearers. It has, in short, been comic and tragic but it has been on the job. The statue of Homer has presided benevolently over its meetings, reminding all of the fact that even Homer nods. It has kept minutes, and it has been kept for hours. It is never penalized for being in motion, and though occasionally it passes something, it is never the ball.

The present organization of the board is arranged to include both resident members and Alumni members. As a rule meetings are conducted without graduate participation, but several sessions during each year are complete. The Alumni members at present in service are: Mr. Frank Hering, Mr. Leroy Keach, and Mr. Fred L. Steers. Resident members are: Rev. Thomas Irving, C. S. C., Rev. James Quinlan, C. S. C., Rev. Joseph Burke, C. S. C., Rev. John Boland, C. S. C., Professor William Benitz, Prof. William Farrell, Prof. George Shuster, Prof. Edward Marus, Prof. Daniel Hull. Mr. Rockne comes in occasionally and looks the place over. He is officially reported, however, to be the root of all the disturbance.

With these few hasty remarks we have by no means exhausted everything that could be said about the board—even above the board. But our purpose is simple. We aim merely to introduce it to the public, drawing especial attention to the fact its modesty has thus far prevented it from giving itself monograms.

AUTUMN RAIN.

Some huntress has shattered the sky
With a thin arrow.
Fall its tinkling fragments
Like broken bits of blue glass.

R. H. HUNT.

WAY BACK WHEN.

CHARLES MOLZ.

The Gold and Blue has always been supreme in football. Looking back over the Notre Dame record of the past fifteen years, one can find written the stories of great games. They are stories that contain the names of Miller, Vaughan, Dorais, Rockne, Pliska, Eichenlaub, Rydzewski, Brandy, Gipp and all those other heroes who have carried the pigskin for Notre Dame. It is a glorious history, the record that is written around these names. One cannot read it without pride.

Several of these battles have become classics. They are inscribed in the great book which is kept by whatever angel guides the destinies of football. No one who knows gridiron history has forgotten the victory that Notre Dame won on the Plains back in 1913 by smothering the Army 35 to 13. Then there is the famous 11 to 3 defeat that was handed Michigan in 1909 when the Wolverines were the pride of Yost and his followers. It is good to look back upon those games and remember the victories of former years.

* * * * *

Michigan looked invincible the November afternoon back in 1909 when the Gold and Blue invaded Ann Arbor. The Yostmen were fresh from a 46 to 0 victory over Syracuse the previous Saturday. Michigan newspapers went so far as to ridicule the Notre team for its "crust" in believing it might beat Michigan, even despite its 6 to 0 victory at Pittsburgh a week earlier. The Michigan-Notre Dame encounter was considered by Yost as more or less of a practice game in preparation for tougher battles against Minnesota and Penn State.

Notre Dame that year was fortified in the backfield by Pete Vaughan at fullback, Hamilton at quarter, Miller at left half and Ryan at right half. The plunging of Vaughan that afternoon and the ability of Miller to tear off runs for ten, twenty and thirty yards sent tears into the eyes of the 7,000 Michigan fans. The crashing Pete Vaughan could not be stopped. The story of Vaughan and the goal post is not repeated often at Ann Arbor, but the incident

is still remembered. When the game ended, the score stood 11 to 3, and Yost "took off his hat to the Irish." Vaughan and Miller were the stars of the game. Miller gained one-third of the whole Notre Dame yardage that afternoon. Since that November 6th, Michigan has played no more "practice games" with Notre Dame, and Yost has never forgiven Vaughan and Company for having the "crust" to trim his prodigies of 1909.

* * * * *

When the team went to West Point for its game of October 30th, 1913, it was playing Notre Dame's first game against the Army men. Five thousand people were out to see the game—a large crowd in those days. They went away, at the end of the battle, in astonishment and wonder. The Cadets were smothered under a rain of forward passes, 35 to 13.

"Dorais to Rockne" summarizes much of the work on the plains in 1913. The fleet quarterback shot 17 passes during the afternoon and 13 of them were completed for a total of 243 yards. The dazzling overhead attack left the Cadets helpless. Time and again, Dorais hurled passes for thirty yards into the waiting hands of Rockne. During the second quarter Notre Dame cleared the whole length of the field in four plays for a touchdown. Marching from the fifteen yard line, the team made eight-five yards for the touchdown. Rockne had caught McEwan's kickoff and was downed on the 15 yard line. Dorais then made five yards on a fake end run. A pass from Dorais to Pliska netted a thirty yard gain and another pass Dorais to Rockne gained 35 yards. A third pass for ten yards, Dorais to Rockne, put the ball on the five yard line. Pliska then jammed through the line for a touchdown.

The first half of this famous game was a smashing affair which ended with a none too comfortable margin for Notre Dame. During the second half, however, the team added 21 points to its previous 14. All but one of the touchdowns were the results of a passing attack. In the last period a driving line offensive carried the ball down the field for a touchdown. Despite the severeness of the contest, only one substitution was made during the whole game. Time is said to have



LEST WE FORGET.

been taken out just one—Pliska had to tie his shoe-string.

* * * * *

On a field heavy with snow, Washington and Jefferson was defeated 3 to 0 in 1917. The game was a see-saw contest, but hard fought from first to last. A field goal by Brandy in the third quarter made the only score of the game. During the whole of the game, the Gold and Blue made only three first downs, Bahan at quarter ordering punts on the second and third downs. Passes were few, although W. and J. tried them consistently.

During the first half neither team had an advantage. When the second quarter ended, anyone might have predicted a tie, 0 to 0, although Miller's punting was gaining for Notre Dame. During the third quarter, Notre Dame's opportunity came. After Brandy had signaled for a fair catch of a punt, he was tackled by a W. and J. man. A fifteen-yard penalty brought the ball to the W. and J. 25-yard line. An attempt at an end run failed. Then Brandy kicked a field goal from the 34-yard line.

* * * * *

Backfield speed beat Nebraska, 20 to 0, on Thanksgiving Day, 1916. "Dutch" Bergman

was at his best skirting the Cornhusker ends. From the first moments of play, when Notre Dame paraded down the field for a touchdown, until the final whistle blew the game was Notre Dame speed—speed—speed. After the first touchdown, Nehraska braced, however, and Notre Dame had only a 6 to 0 advantage at the end of the first half. The third quarter was a punting duel between Degree of Notre Dame and Dobson of Nebraska. A fumble on the Nebraska 20-yard line started the play for another touchdown. The third touchdown was made by Bergman who pulled down a pass from Miller and raced from midfield 55 yards for a touchdown. Throughout the game, Notre Dame backfield speed overcame the strength of the powerful Cornhusker line.

* * * * *

The tie game played against the Great Lakes eleven of 1918 is still fresh in the minds of many. The Navy men had already defeated Iowa and Illinois, leaders in the western conference. The lack of seasoned material in 1918, which was S. A. T. C. year, made the issue doubtful for Notre Dame.

The battle began as a ripping, smashing battle. By a rushing offensive, Notre Dame carried the ball down the field and before

the first quarter was over had put it under the Great Lakes goal post. Gipp's exchange of punts with Driscoll had gained 20 yards. Consistent pounding against the Navy line put the ball within the shadow of the goal, and a few rushes carried it over. In the second period Gipp missed a 40 yard field goal in the midst of see-saw playing. Then, skirting the Notre Dame line, the sailors brought the ball into midfield where they were forced to punt. Once in possession of the ball, Notre Dame marched down the field. As the ball rested within a few yards of the goal posts, the whistle blew.

In the third period, the Great Lakes men tied the count, when Driscoll, after a series of whirlwind attacks, crossed the Notre Dame goal line. The remainder of the game was a battle between the contending halfbacks. Notre Dame retained the ball most of the time, but could do nothing with its overhead attack.

CASTNER.

When you are gone we'll think of you
And all the things that you could do.

We'll speak of what a man you were,
A hero for a worshipper,
Upon the field and off it, too.

We'll tell of runs and kicks, it's true,
The games in which you pulled us through,
Of hockey's steel-shod mariner,
When you are gone.

But when you've said your last adieu,
And all this glory's passed from view,
One thing of you we'll all aver,
The Christian gentleman you were,
And for this we'll remember you
When you are gone.

O. V.

NOTRE DAME.

N is Nebraska for whom there's in store
Such a beating next year as she ne'er got before.
O is the others we played off their feet,
Techs or Purdues or whoever we'd meet.
T is the tie that showed that we can
Overcome odds twenty pounds to the man.
R is for Rockne, reliable Rock;
We'd cash our last cent in on his stock.
E is for everything our team could do,
Punt, pass or drop-kick, or smash a line thru.
D is the dough put up for our side,
A is the Army, and Atlanta's bruised hide.
M is the many dreams that we dream.
E is for every blamed man on the team!

S. L. D.

THE SCHOLASTIC'S CHOICE FOR AN ALL-HALL TEAM.

POSITION.	NAME.	HALL.
Left end.....	Dorschel	Walsh
Left tackle	Blum	Brownson
Left guard.....	Penrod	Day Dodgers
Center	Haecker (Capt.)	Badin
Right guard ...	Scalero	Walsh
Right tackle ..	Ziliak	Carroll
Right end	Cook	Corby
Quarterback ...	Whalen	Walsh
Left halfback ..	Mouch	Badin
Right halfback	Cody	Badin
Fullback	Gorman	Badin

HONORABLE MENTION.

Linemen: Stanhope (Walsh), Barry (Carroll), Wrape (Badin), DeHoge (Day Dodgers), Easton (Freshman), Hatton (Carroll, Dando (Walsh).

Backs: Allnoch (Badin), Schiffer (Carroll), Coffey (Brownson), MacGregor (Freshman), Evans (Badin), Barry (Corby).

In selecting the All-Hall team we have been mindful of many things—a man's harmonious team play, his work on the offense and defense contrasted, the effort he has made at all times, the number of games in which he has played, etc. On the strength of games played off the campus, there might have been several additional names; but, of course, such games could not be considered.

We do not claim that our team as picked is infallible. Some will think that the work of certain men has been overlooked, and the value of certain other men overestimated. But every such mythical team is only the result of opinion; and before selecting our eleven we have weighed and searched the opinions of many others.

There were plenty of good ends, although Dorschel, fast, brainy, and adept at snagging passes, was probably the outstanding man at this position. Cook merits a place because he starred on Corby's team, and played an exceptionally fine defensive game. Wrape of Badin deserves mention for his consistently good playing; so also Barry of Carroll and DeHoge of the Day Dodgers.

Ziliak stood out prominently at tackle. He was a hard man to get through and a hard man to stop, and was one of Carroll's hardest fighters. Blum of Brownson played end,

but he was a veritable rock on the defense, and also heavy enough to play a fine tackle. Lando of Walsh would not rate far behind either of these men—in fact, only because Blum's work was somewhat spectacular could he be given preference over Lando. Largely because of the late time at which its team was organized, Freshman Hall did not turn out many exceptional players, but Eason was one of its best. Hatton of Carroll seldom shone, but, like Buck Shaw, he worked hard and said little.

Scalero was the most conspicuous lineman of the season. He was a guard who hit like a ton of dynamite, and was one big reason for the Walsh line's invincibility. Badin will not soon forget that streak of purple in the first game. The Day Dodger captain, Penrod, was at all times a strong man, both on the offense and defense.

Center presented a real problem. Both Haecker and Stanhope are worthy of the All-Hall team, but Haecker was finally given the position because, although smaller than Stanhope, he was faster, fully as hard a fighter, and a more polished player. The Badin captain was in every play, and was an extremely capable leader. Only because Haecker was a more versatile player than Stanhope is he preferred.

The quarterback position falls to Walsh's sterling backfield star, Whalen. He was a brainy general, an accurate passer, and could run with the ball as well. He had no rival among the quarterbacks.

The remainder of the backfield places goes to Badin, for her men were plainly pre-eminent. Inter-hall football has seldom brought out better players than Mouch and Cody. Mouch could kick, run and pass, and do each one of these things in a finished, impressive manner. Cody proved to be a marvellous open-field runner, and was almost always good for a substantial gain. Evans of Badin was only beginning his sensational development when the season closed, while Brownson's back, Coffey, came very near repeating his wonderful performance of last year. DeGurse, Walsh captain, would have made a strong bid for an All-Hall position had he not suffered a bad injury early in the season. Other good backs were Barry of

Corby, Schiffer of Carroll, and MacGregor of Freshman Hall.

Badin offered both possibilities for the job at fullback. Gorman, a terrific line smasher, and a dependable man at all times, had but a slight margin over Allnoch, who played much the same style of game as Gorman, and was a splendid kicker. Hauber of Walsh cannot be given mention only because of the short time he played.

HARRY M'GUIRE.

NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL AND FAME.

JOHN BRENNAN.

When the football critics who recently made their All American selections were in the third grade or thereabouts, George Cartier, Joseph Cusack, Francis Fehr, and Harry Jewett were forming the first football team at Notre Dame under the captaincy of Henry Luhn and the managership of Brother Paul, C. S. C. That was in 1887, before the sport was as popular as it is now, and before the days of stadiums which easily accommodate the inhabitants of a fair sized city. These pioneers lost the one game they had scheduled when Michigan defeated them by a score of eight to nothing. This was the beginning of Notre Dame's football history which has made the prowess of her teams "a glorious tradition and a source of never-ending pride." Notre Dame lost to Michigan consistently until 1909 when the famous Pete Vaughan, aided and abetted by Don Hamilton and Harry Miller, broke a goal post and scored a touchdown, thereby defeating the Wolverines and furnishing material for speeches at mass meetings in after years.

The football player of early days is generally supposed to have been an individual with the physique of a Hercules whose exploits were confined exclusively to the intervals between the timekeeper's whistle. Notre Dame men, for some reason or other, do not conform to this rule. They have proved that the lessons they received on the gridiron have aided them in gaining success in their chosen callings. The following list of prominent jurists, business men, clergymen, law-

yers, journalists, and educators contains but a few of the Notre Dame men who deserve monographs for their accomplishments after leaving school as well as for their feats in athletics.

Bachman, Charles, 1914; physical director, University of Kansas.

Bergman, Alfred, 1912; business, Peru, Indiana.

Bertling, John F., 1907; engineer, South Bend, Indiana.

Callicrate, Dominic, 1904; business, Portland, Oregon.

Cartier, George R., 1887; business, Ludington, Michigan.

Casey, Dan V., 1895; editor, Chicago, Illinois.

Collins, Joseph, 1908; business, Jackson, Michigan.

Coughlin, Frank, 1921; prosecuting attorney-elect, South Bend, Indiana.

Crowley, Charles F., 1910; business, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Cusack, Joseph E., 1887; Colonel U. S. A., California.

Diebold, C. J., 1899; business, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

Dolan, Samuel, 1909; professor, Corvallis, Oregon.

Donovan, Richard, 1904; business, Chicago, Ill.

Draper, William, 1904; advertising, Chicago, Illinois.

Eggeman, John W., 1900; circuit judge, Allen County, Indiana.

Eichenlaub, Raymond, 1911; insurance, Columbus, Ohio.

Fansler, Michael, 1901; lawyer, Logansport, Indiana.

Farley, John F., 1898; clergyman, Portland, Oregon.

Fehr, Francis, 1887; business, Louisville Kentucky.

Feeney, Albert, 1911; business, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Finegan, Charles T., 1912; sheep raiser, Boise, Idaho.

Fleming, Stephen B., 1888; business, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Fortin, Albert C., 1898; engineer, Portland, Oregon.

Funk, Arthur S., 1904; engineer, LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

Galen, A. J., 1889; associate judge, supreme court of Montana.

Hamilton, Donald, 1908; lawyer, Columbus, Ohio.

Hering, Frank E., 1896; ex-president Fraternal Order of Eagles, South Bend, Indiana.

Jewett, Harry M., 1887; president Paige Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan.

Jones, Keith K., 1913; captain U. S. A., Oklahoma.

Kegler, William, 1898; sup't Ohio Division, Big Four Railroad.

Kuppler, George W., 1898; business, Washington, District of Columbia.

Lathrop, Ralph, 1912; insurance, Peoria, Illinois.

Lynch, Edwin J., 1907; lawyer, Toledo, Ohio.

Macdonald, Angus, 1898; vice president Southern Pacific Railroad, New York.

Miller, Harry, 1910; lawyer, Cleveland, Ohio.

McNerney, Lawrence, 1903; lawyer, Elgin, Illinois.

Mullen, John I., 1896; engineer, Iona, Minnesota.

Niezer, Charles M., 1897; lawyer, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

O'Malley, Dominic, 1899; clergyman, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Peil, Edward J., 1901; business, Racine, Wisconsin.

Pick, John B., 1900; business, West Bend, Wisconsin.

Quinlan, Michael A., 1892; clergyman, Columbia University, Portland, Oregon.

Rockne, Knute K., 1914; athletic director, University of Notre Dame.

Rosenthal, Jacob, 1895; physician, Petoskey, Michigan.

Salmon, Louis, 1901; engineer, New York.

Schillo, Fred, 1896; railroad official, Texas.

Sinnott, Roger B., 1893; congressman from Oregon.

Steiner, Arthur, 1902; engineer, Monroe, Michigan.

Swonk, Francis, 1897; business, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Wagner, Earl P., 1899; physician, South Bend, Indiana.

Walsh, William, 1885; business, Yonkers, New York.

STANZAS.

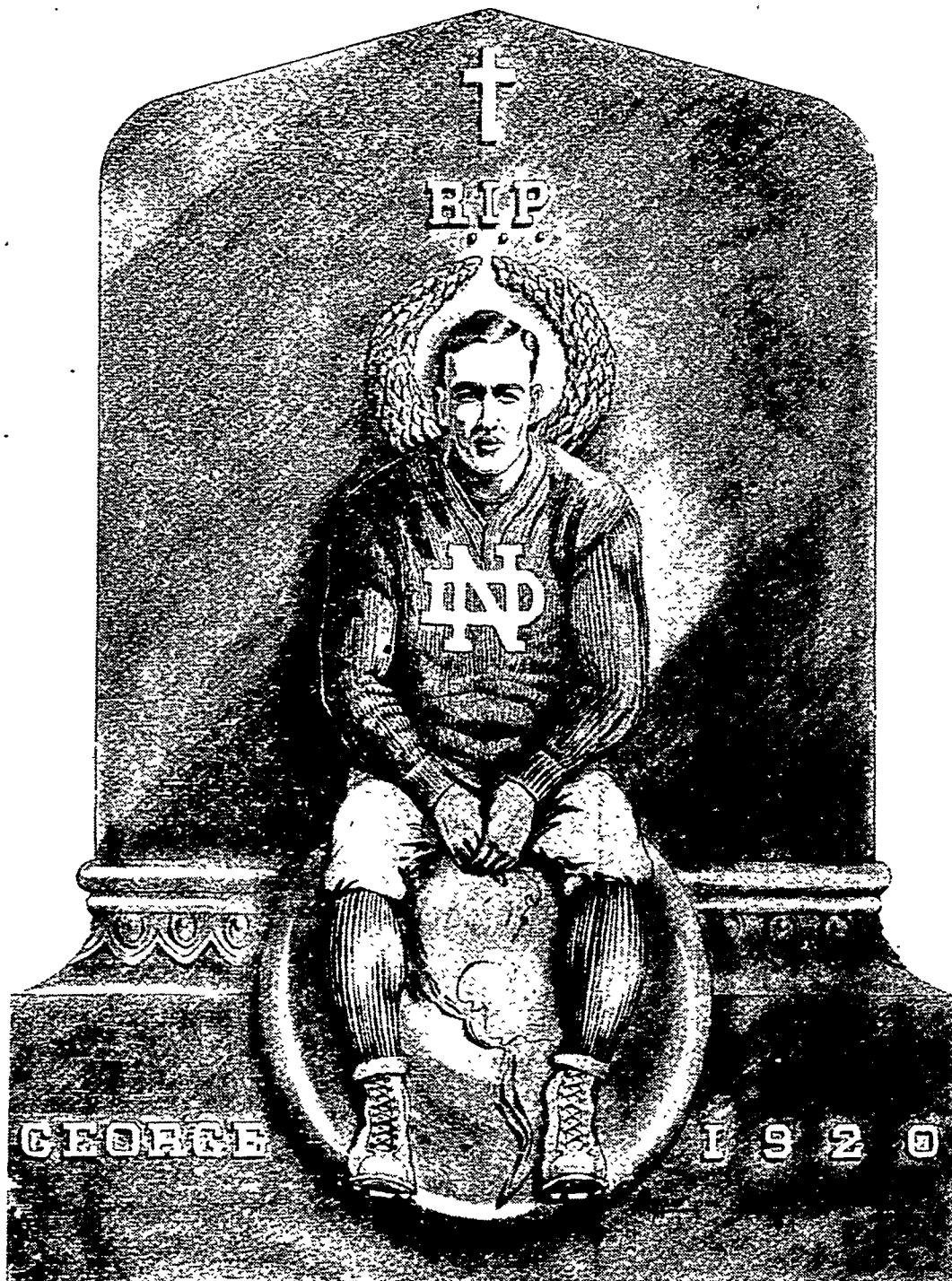
We talk about him all day long,
We put him in our rhymes and song,
When he's on deck, we're for him strong,
Stuhldreher.

He holds the line and kicks the punts,
He shows the football world some stunts,
He makes the big boys look like runts,
Degree.

Here is a theme for mighty bards,
He sure knows how to play his cards,
He can't make less than seven yards,
Crowley.

He grabs a pass or skirts the ends,
Through broken fields he deftly wends,
The strongest line he butts and wrends,
Miller.

From A to Z he knows his game,
Kazoo or Tech look all the same,
And he'll be missed at Notre Dame,
Castner.



Stars in their courses and twelve stars whose rays
 But draw their beauty from Her circled brow
 Fought in great peace to bring you, through what ways,
 Where you are now.

There is a company about Her throne
 Where all her knights are met in heaven's joys,
 And you, the youngest, are not there alone
 Among her boys.

They have laid by the mail of many a field,
 Out of a thousand climes, a thousand years,
 To you, newcomer, welcome place they yield
 Among your peers.

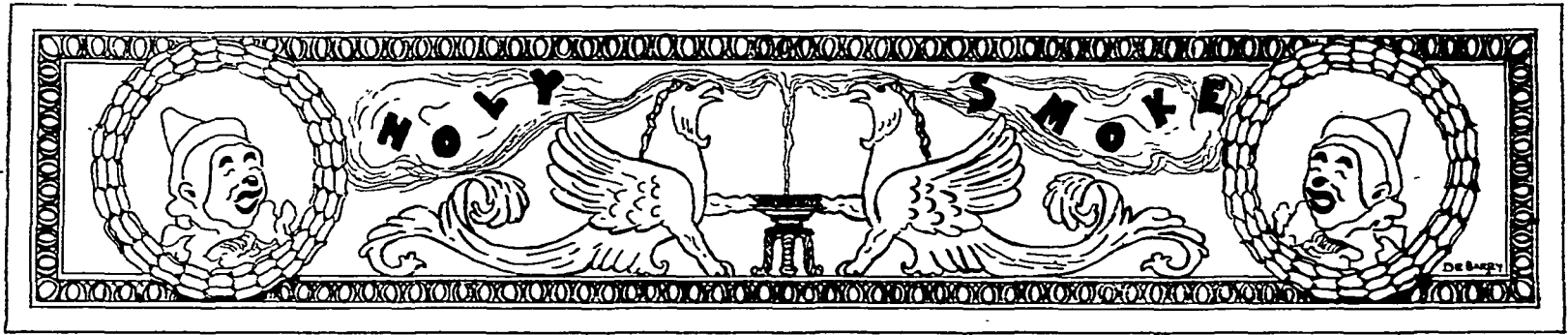
You wore her armor, battling in Her name,
 What though you scarcely knew its august power—
 She knew Her knight and, fame beyond all fame,
 Prepared this hour.

When with a kindness fitting such a Queen
 She led you off, your tourney but begun,
 With scutcheon bright and wreath of laurel green,
 Your spurs quick-won.

For greaves may rust, and fame is but a breath
 That blows or hot or cold beyond deserving,
 But Honor lies immortal in this death,
 Your name preserving.

Out of what far ways of the boundless skies
 Fluttered the call that turned your footsteps here
 Where over all our purpose shine Her eyes,
 Her spirit near.

O Lady, you have taken of our best
 To make a playmate for the Seraphim;
 There on the wide sweet campus of the blest,
 Be good to him.



THE RECORD? YES BROTHER! BUT NOT
"NOBODY LIED."

The *Tribune*: ———announces that he will take
his Miss America (speed boat) that holds the
world's record of 80,576 miles an hour.

DON'T YOU THINK SO, DOCTOR JEKYL?
ABSOLUTELY, MR. HYDE.

Truly it is a
Mystery
That at muster time
The Prof. gets
Fifty lusty
"HERE'S"
Out of Thirty
Students.

She: Can you steer with your knees.

He: No, but I'm long on brakes.

SOCIETY NOTE SUGGESTED BY MR. I. M.
HUMIDD.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Breth was
the scene of a gay festival last Boozeday night when
the wealthy Breths announced the engagement of
their daughters, Iva and Uva Breth to Tom and
Jerry Hennessy.

The expensive Breth home which is situated on
the Grün river was superbly decorated in Irishe
Mosse while soft glow of the Noses de Redde cast
wavering, supple shadows over the Booshes D'An-
hausere that encircled the Cellair. Everything was
beautifully lit up.

The Misses Breth wore gowns a la Scantee
which were trimmed in Nose Gays and Crepe de
Shame. In their hair they wore feathers of Cock
Tail and Crow de Olde, which were smartly offset
by ropes Von Pretzles that hung from their
shoulders.

Some of those present were Mr. Hardy Tippler,
Miss Virginia Dair, Mr. I. N. Ebrete, Mr. Hart
Burne, and H. E. Cuppe. Mr. Cuppe arrived some-
what late due to an engagement with Mr. Stein and
Mr. Lager regarding a scientific discussion concern-
ing a horse's neck.

After a luncheon De Moyste, the guests played
Put and Take which was later changed to Give and
Take, Mr. Hardy claiming honors due to his
Technique de Wallope. The party then took on the
aspect of a rum affair and the guests departed with
stride a la Wobble.

EMPRESSIONISTIC VERSE.

They were sitting on a bench
Made of something or other
Doing nothing.
The air was full of spring
Or something or other:
And doing nothing.
He asked her for a kiss
Or something or other
And she said
Nothing doing.

SONG HIT SCANDAL.

Mary says: "That Dardanella was Lovin' Sam at
Three O'clock in the Morning Down by the Old Mill
Stream, The Vamp. I'm Nobody's Fool and Be-
lieve Me She's a Mean Job and Some Sunny Day
After I'm Gone He'll want to Hold Me and Kiss
Me Again, The Sneak. I Never Knew a Young
Man's Fancy to Be True. It's Always Cow Bells."

DEFINITIONS.

Blister: Genus of the sentimentaler sex; form-
erly called "Oil Can"; thinks that Psyche is the
French champ; says, "This is She," every chance
she gets.

Hip Blister: Very expensive disease, but fash-
ionable; comes from carrying "it" with you.

Rodolf: Formerly plain "Rudolph"; the acme of
hair oil; constituents of oil are: one part Greezy
Nut (or one "part" in a greasy nut) mixed with a
pint of lard, goose grease, axle grease and prune
juice, a la greeze; very greasy; to be worn with a
slippery line.

Exam: Pronounced by students "Eggszamm";
anything extremely sad.

Warped: Applies to the intellect; can be told
by their utterances such as, "Has she got a car," or
"So I took this one thousand dollars, etc."

The sun sinks; or does it? Yes it sinks. Steeped in
raw purple blood;

Night comes; with a gasp; are not we of the medi-
ocrity of rational ken imputable, not grasping
the impalpable? We are. Precisely! we are.
The terrible black of night; sanguine and terrible;
black and anguine and terrible; ah, death.

Soph: Was she really cross-eyed?

Senior: Well not exactly, but her eyes were
pointed as though they had a date with each other
about ten feet down the line.

KOLARS.



Victory engenders enthusiasm. It is the easiest thing in the world to cheer a winner unless he is defeating a cause dear to us.

And when the winner is bearing our colors, praise comes too naturally to be attributed to

patriotism.

Notre Dame has just completed a successful football season. On any Saturday afternoon during the fall, loud cheers rolled up from the watching crowds on the field or in the gym. Strangers wondered at the volume of each yell while newspapers printed admiring comments upon the loyalty of the student body. But the praise was deserved.

We only hope that in the coming basketball, track and baseball seasons the same spirit will flourish. Behind these sports at Notre Dame there is not the solid tradition of success that Marks, Harper and Rockne have woven into football. We often lose, and sometimes anticipate defeat as a matter of course.

Let us resolve that in the future, win or lose, our enthusiasm will be unmistakably present. May there be no disparagement of the athlete who bungles in basketball, finishes consistently behind in track, or fans the air at a critical moment in a baseball game. He may not be a star, but it is certain that he is a better man in his field than any spectator, and better able to represent Notre Dame.

Loyalty is not a luxury that the prosperous winner alone may possess. It is a necessity—precious and indispensable, almost the finest thing in the world. And the test of our loyalty is not in victory, but in defeat when the forces of the enemy ride triumphant over our banners, and we cannot snatch them up. That test will come—there can be no escaping it, but when it does may we stand as confident as ever, and show the mettle of men.

ENGELS.

It is always a source of wondering to the outside world that year after year, Rockne produces a team which seems not to have suffered from the inroads of graduation. The reason is that Rock's teams are very seldom one-man teams.

Be that as it may, one wonders every year, "What of next year? What will we do without this man and that?" This year, too, although we are confident of the ability of the junior, sophomore and freshman material available for next year, and although we are dead sure that Rockne can produce a team as good as this year's and perhaps even better than this year's, we cannot but wonder what will happen, with twelve men of the team unable to come back again to fight for Notre Dame.

These are twelve men, tried and true, and

they leave Notre Dame with their praises on the lips of the world. Let us here give them our parting tribute!

The curtain has rung down on the most successful season American football has ever had. The number of people who saw inter-collegiate contests could be counted in the hundreds of thousands. Every section of the country had fields and stadiums crowded to their capacities with spectators. Interest in the game was universal. Nothing can be plainer than the confidence which the public has in the wholesomeness of collegiate sports as shown by the continued support given to football. No other sport has the attraction of collegiate football. Baseball, boxing, basket ball, water sports are pushed into the background. The overshadowing interest in the gridiron sport makes them look puny indeed. Colleges and universities have nothing to fear from football prosperity, however, so long as the right standards of sportsmanship are maintained and so long as professionalism and proselytism are crushed. The future offers nothing but encouragement. The gridiron is green and smooth, the chalk lines across it are white.

MOLZ.

A certain amount of class consciousness has crept into the student life of Notre Dame. There are here as in other colleges, groups or cliques. This is a purely normal thing, for it follows that individuals whose tastes and philosophies are similar should adhere to those who believe as they do. But his class association should not become so strong as to prevent a moderate merging of all classes. That is, there should be a general good-fellowship existing between every man and his fellow student.

But in some cases, in fact in too many instances, this amity has been displaced by intolerance, surliness, and suspicion. It is not malicious but it is none the less harmful. Harmful because it impedes the deep im-

palpable coördination that is the heart of every institution.

A truth that is at once extenuating and lamentable is that this class consciousness is not due to any intrinsic ill-will on the part of the students, but to a general misunderstanding. Through some unknown cause, suspicion has been aroused, and the result has been that each class is wary of all the others. "Hellos" are subdued and guarded. "Chips on the shoulder," and criticism are too often in order, and a general attitude of mistrust has appeared on the campus.

The recent "Hello Week" stimulated a feeling of amiability to some extent, but it did not accomplish what is most needed: A spirit of trust and tolerance.

Let us try to break up this futile guardedness, and attempt to instill into all Notre Dame men a true feeling of friendliness to all fellow students. Put some zest into your next "Hello" and you may find that the other fellow was simply awaiting a chance to do likewise."

KOLARS.

A wistful feeling grips us as we realize that the football season is over. A vacancy halts our week. We have an unsatisfied longing for those Saturday afternoons in the gym or on Cartier Field cheering the team. That longing will pass perhaps, but it is there now, harsh and unrequited. We may only look pensively at the bleak stands across the campus as a reminder of recent days, and wait for another year. We shall talk, of course, describing plays and games, discussing mythical teams and next year's schedule. But it is hard to break away from the things of the gridiron. Someone will say immediately that they occupy too much of our thought. Untrue, we answer. Football breeds the college spirit. It is the outlet for those energies, whether as spectators or players, that we cannot put into books and lectures. It permits us to relax without shifting our interests from the theater of campus activities. It awakes our sportsmanship. Devotion to what is wholesome, even when it appears most enthusiastic, is never evil. And so our attention to football merits

no reproach. When football becomes corrupt, then whole-hearted enthusiasm may be discouraged. In our present mood, the months until we shall hear the familiar whistle look far away. But we shall wait. The days next fall will be worth the waiting.

MOLZ.

Everybody's welfare is yours.

Not all the great battles are bloody.

A good actor may also be a bad actor.

Merit will be acclaimed in spite of depreciation.

The styles of today are the smiles of tomorrow.

It is better to be a silent wise man than an eloquent fool.

It is not the largest bird that sings the sweetest song.

IMPORTANT SOCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

All admirers of rhythm, beauty, harmony and, more precisely, dancing, will take notice that the Saint Mary's Club of Chicago will entertain with a dance on the evening of December twenty-first. The scene will be the Opera Club, Chicago. Tickets assuring you of admission into the wonders of this affair can be purchased at the door. All Notre Dame are welcome, we have been assured, and we hope that some, at least, will help make the evening a success.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

Frank Bloemer, graduate in commerce last year, is with the Continental Car Company, of Louisville, Kentucky.

Charlie Bachman, '17, former captain and coach of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station football team, has completed a successful season as football mentor of the Kansas Aggies. His team lost only one game and that to Nebraska. While he was here last Monday it was announced that he has received an offer from Alabama to act in the

capacity of athletic director and football coach, but whether he accepted has not been made known.

Gerald Ashe, Commerce, '22, visited the University Sunday and Monday. After sojourns in Pittsburgh and Boston he joined the staff of the perishable freight service of the New York Central Lines, with headquarters at Toledo.

Father O'Donnell has already received the Bill Roach Trophy, a handsome ten-inch silver loving cup, which will be the first athletic prize to adorn the Badin recreation room. The cup was donated to the winners of the Inter-hall football championship by Bill Roach, former Notre Dame barber who has recently opened his own shop below "Hullie and Mike's."

Robert P. Galloway, '22, passed the New York state bar examinations and has opened law offices in Buffalo.

Eddie Duggan is putting the knowledge of football which he acquired at Notre Dame in the time of Eichenlaub to good use in developing teams at Franklin College.

Joe Meyers, '16, a former baseball and basketball star, who had a try-out with the Cincinnati Reds a few seasons ago, is football coach at St. Xavier's, Cincinnati. He reports that he suffered only one stinging defeat this year, when the Navy ran up a score of fifty-five to nothing against his proteges. Notwithstanding the fact that he never played football he turned out a good team and has put the sport on a collegiate basis at St. Xavier's.

Pierre Champion, '22, having decided to follow in the footsteps of all captains of industry, reported for duty to the Champion Rivet Company, Cleveland, Ohio, to learn the business from the ground up.

Charles M. Niezer, Fort Wayne, Indiana, has given up the practise of law to begin his duties as president of the First National Bank of that city. He succeeds Charles H.

Worden, who retired because of ill health. Mr. Niezer was head of the law firm of Niezer, McLucas and Reid, one of the most successful and prominent law firms in Indiana. Mr. Niezer is a monogram man, having attended Notre Dame in 1897. He also holds a Master of Arts degree from Columbia University which he received in 1901.

Organization of the law firm of Deahl and McCarthy was announced December fourth. The members are Orlo Deahl, a graduate of the University of Michigan Law School, and Edwin J. McCarthy, who graduated from the Notre Dame Law School last year. Mr Deahl will specialize in corporation law while Mr. McCarthy will continue in general practise. Offices are in the J. M. S. Building.

On Thanksgiving Day, Miss Edith M. Roloff, Oak Park, Illinois, announced her engagement to Mr. James H. Brennan, old Notre Dame student, who is now associated with the Illinois Social Hygiene League of Chicago.

Henry Baujan has finished a successful season at the University of Dayton where he is athletic director. He played right end on the varsity in '14, '15 and '16, was one of the first graduates from the College of Commerce, and after leaving Notre Dame played football with Jim Thorpe's Cleveland Indians.

In spite of the wave of bigotry that swept over the state of Oregon, Nicholas J. Sinnott, Notre Dame lawyer, was triumphantly re-elected to Congress from that state. In Nevada, too, a fight was made against Michael A. Diskin on the grounds of his religion, but that also failed of its purpose. Mr. Diskin was elected attorney general of Nevada.

Richard Braun, Ch. E., '14, a former resident of St. Joe Hall and of Manitowoc, Wisconsin, is employed by an engineering concern of St. Louis. His particular job is to take charge of the government citric acid plant at Port Arthur, Texas. He recently spent a few hours chatting with his friends on the campus and gave them many inter-

esting sidelight on the activities of the Ku Klux Klan.

The Detroit Notre Dame Club which was so lively before the war, was reorganized Wednesday night, following a banquet at the Hotel Statler. Fathers Cavanaugh, Burns and McGinn were present, and under such splendid auspices we could not help getting away to a good start. The following officers were elected:

Honorary President—Lou P. (Red) Salmon.

President—Raymond J. Kelly.

Vice-President—James F. O'Brien.

Secretary—Edward N. Marcus.

Treasurer—Harry Cullen.

A resolution was adopted urging Coach Rockne to bring the football team to Detroit for a game next season, which was immediately communicated to him.

The alumni and old students in this locality send greetings to Alma Mater.

UNDER THE DOME.

"Mike" Sullivan, of Walsh Hall, in charge of the group photography for the 1923 Dome, announces that clubs that do not have their pictures taken within the next few days will have to issue their own annual in which they may insert their faces, because the club section of the Dome is now closing.

"Preparing a Drawing for the Engraver" was the subject of the first lecture to the 1923 Dome staff, to the journalists, and others interested, given Tuesday afternoon in the Library. Mr. Olsen, of Olsen and Roth, commercial artists, made the talk. These addresses are intended to be of practical value to those contemplating or interested in publishing. Mr. Olsen spoke about line and screen plates, black and white and color work, electrotyping and photographic work, and gave over the last part of his interesting hour to answering the questions asked him.

With Jerry Hagan in the saddle cracking out the rhymed lines, the Dome's 1923-calendar, is now well under way. Scouts are sneaking down the hallways in each dormitory seeking scandal material. After a con-

clave Thursday the men of the brush and pen began their work in illustrating the singing words of the Glendive versifier.

On Tuesday evening, November twenty-eighth, Carroll "Rec" was the scene of one of the best smokers ever held in that hall. The whole affair was one of varied entertainment which consisted of speeches, music, boxing, comedy acts, and "eats." Among those who spoke were Father Burke, Father Hugh O'Donnell and the worthy rector, Father John Devers.

There were two "leather battles," one a comedy bout between "Duke" Slater a four-footer, and "Movie" Hall, a six footer. The other was a fast and exciting bout between Frankie Kahill and Leslie McDonald. Peter Locova, a tenor of rare ability, featured in a very good act by giving several selections. Joseph Schneider and Lester Clarke were very entertaining with two banjos. The music, which was very good; was furnished throughout the evening by Victor Labedz and his Carroll Hall "Big Four."

The questionnaire fever so noticeable during the past few weeks has extended to the S. A. C., the students' organization. Students and others in many of the classes were interviewed for their opinions on the Committee's latest brain-child, a daily paper, and general opinion seemed to be much in favor of this progressive measure. Mayhap we shall soon see the SCHOLASTIC but once a month.

It has been whispered about the campus that the wheels of industry have been heard whirring in 228 Sorin, where the esteemed Bim O'Donnell and Mr. Martin are busy producing the greatest student directory of the year. The lack of an adequate directory has been greatly felt during the past two years, and the efforts of O'Donnell and Martin should do much to aid suffering humanity. While great secrecy prevails regarding the publication it is thought that it will appear a short time before the Christmas holidays.

The fact that Mr. Claus' boy, Santa, will soon be doing his parachute jump down va-

rious and sundry chimneys is brought to our attention by numerous meetings of several organizations which plan on making Notre Dame noticeable in the home town during the Yuletide. Prominent among these organizations are Danny Culhane's Rochester Club and the Metropolitan Club. Culhane and Jim Welch plan on bringing fame to their club by throwing the greatest and most stupendous party Rochester has ever seen. The Metropolitan Club, composed of students from Staten Island, Queen's Island, Hawaiian Islands, the Bronx, Cape Cod, and the Cape of Good Hope, will charter one of Pullman's best cars for the homeward trip. There have also been rumors regarding a dance at the McAlpin.

Visitors to the library during the recent weeks have heard much of wars, rumors of wars, strikes, living wages, Coo Coo Clan, prohibition, and similar things floating through the basement windows and out into the crisp air of winter. Professor Farrell has managed to bring together into verbal combat some hundred or more knights of the silver tongue, during the preliminaries to the Breen Oratorical contest and the tryouts for the debating team. The victors in the jousts have not yet been determined, but will, no doubt, be made known at a later date.

The Scribblers' efforts to learn about writers and writing began last Monday evening in the Library with a program headed by Professor John M. Cooney, head of the department of journalism. Prof. Cooney was critic and speaker, telling personal reminiscences of the lyric poet, Father Tabb, and reading several of the convert priest's short poems from the backs of envelopes and from note sheets, where Father Tabb's worn pens had written them. Prof. Cooney gave his listeners an intimate and interesting picture of the kindly teacher and writer. A paper on "Utopian U," by Harry A. McGuire, the club's president, one on James Matthew Barrie, by Harry W. Flannery, and poems by Vincent David Engels and the younger Lightfoot, were read after the alarm clock had rung for Prof. Cooney's period of tale telling. Father Cavanaugh is scheduled as the next speaker.

HAGAN.

A FEW REVIEWS.

VARIOUS THINGS.

POETRY TO SUIT.

Many good poets have come out of Notre Dame—Egan, Stoddard, Stace, Speer Strahan are some of them—but none so real, so charming and so regally inspired as Father O'Donnell. We all remember the first volume with its colourful title, "The Dead Musician"; and sooner or later all of us will be happy familiars of the new book, "Cloister and Other Poems." Here is verse beautiful not only with the poet's own moods, but also, abounding, with the truest affections of Notre Dame. You will find here once more, the high organ and the vaulted chapel and the mystical Brother for whom music was the "host of moving pageantry"; "Indian Lake" and "Harvest-Fields"; but best of all perhaps will be "Cloister":

"Earth beauteous and bare to lie upon
Lit by the little candle of the sun.

"The wind gone daily sweeping like a broom—
For these vast hearts it was a narrow room.

Of the many excellent lyrics, familiar or perfectly new, it need only be said that each has its individual charm and revelation, and needs only the niche in a sympathetic reader's heart. Tastes may battle over some things, of course, but all tastes will be satisfied by the book as a whole. It could only have been written by a priest with a delicate realization of his own emotional life and its values. Here American literature has been singularly fortunate; Father Tabb smiling whimsically on his way from the tabernacle must have beckoned our own poet to follow him. They belong together, different though they are, and each is a master of song. We predict for "Cloister and Other Poems" an abiding success among those for whom poetry is the most queenly of all arts.

Cloister and Other Poems. By Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.00.

H. G. Wells reduced his "Outline of History" from two volumes to one. Now he has reduced it still further until he has "A Short History of the World" in 400 pages of large type. We are one of those who believe that the less Wells puts into his history the better it will be. Therefore, we shall wait until he boils it down to a vest pocket edition before buying.

Appearing for the first time this month is the *Literary Digest International Book Review*, a magazine devoted to the book world, sponsored by the Funk and Wagnalls company. Clifford Smyth, until recently editor of the New York Times book review section, is the editor. The aim of the new magazine is to cover the field of literary activities not only in the United States but in foreign countries. Contributors to the first number include

among others Sinclair Lewis, Gertrude Atherton, Maurice Francis Egan, Brander Matthews, Amy Lowell, and Christopher Morley.

A new burlesque serial, "The Parody Outline of Literature," begins in the Christmas number of the *Bookman*. The serial will be similar to "The Parody Outline of History." Various authors will retell old stories, given modern settings, in their own styles. Marc Connelly and George Kauffman have written the first chapter, a parody on Dickens' Christmas Carol in the style of their plays "Dulcy" and "To the Ladies." In later chapters, Will Irwin will rewrite "Cinderella," Ring Lardner will make a modern "Enoch Arden," and so on.

A SINGER'S TRUE STORY.

Father Martin J. Scott, S. J., has written a very appealing little story in "Mother Machree." The simple narrative of a boy who turned out to have a remarkable voice, a knowledge of how to use it, and a rare spiritual sweetness of character will fascinate all who are still healthy enough to enjoy simple things. Of course, Father Scott, who has written so many successful manuals of instruction and so many exhortations, cannot manage altogether to keep away from sermonizing. It would, however, be quite unfair to yourself to permit this generous little fault to keep you away from as pleasing a true story as you are apt to meet this year. Here is also just the book for the younger brother with the "grown-up" feeling.

Mother Machree. Rev. Martin J. Scott. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.75.

CHURCH UNITY.

Very frequently during the present era of man's difficult adjustment of himself to the society around him, the cry of the unity among the Christian churches makes itself heard. *Ut omnes unum sint!* is of course the cherished motto of every apostle. But Church-Unity has not always meant exactly this, but rather, "Let one be all—let a name stand for the unification of institutions totally different in purpose and character." To the Rev. Edmund S. Middleton, D. D., an Anglican rector, we are indebted for a new book which very candidly asserts that any proposal for unity cannot be sound, not only without Rome's participation, but also without Rome's leadership. For a writer in the author's position this is a sufficiently daring thesis, and one which, up to a certain point, merits the careful attention of every Catholic interested in the religious welfare of his time. It is a dignified and well-constructed book, markedly sincere and sane in tone. One misses the absence of a transcendent style, like Newman's to carry the thought across the wary gates of the public mind, but such styles, after all, are rare enough.

Unity and Rome. By Rev. Edmund S. Middleton, D. D. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.75.

THE GENTLEMEN CORNHUSKERS.

J. W. CORBETT.

The annual game with Nebraska is always a pleasurable event. The Thanksgiving visit this year was no exception. The Notre Dame team and its followers were cordially received and cordially treated during their stay in Lincoln. On the night before the game they were introduced to the student body of Nebraska who massed around the N. D. headquarters at the Lincoln hotel in a demonstration, rivaling our own Homecoming celebration. There was a decided atmosphere of good-fellowship in the Western air, spiced with a tang of college rivalry. The worthy "Judge" introduced his boys to the receptive mob; and "Rock," answering the unmuffled demand of the students, appeared and snapped out a little encouragement to the Nebraskans, which was received with good-natured raillery. After a big cheer for N. D. the meeting broke up, and our boys scattered to see the sights of the capital city. The team turned in at ten o'clock sharp to be safely tucked away by the little general.

Thanksgiving day, the day of the game, was clear and moderate in spite of ominous forecasts of impending rain or snow. There was a forty-five mile an hour wind racing down the field, giving advantage to the defenders of the *West* goal (which it did). The stands were crowded to overflow—it was the largest crowd that ever jammed into Nebraska field, estimated at 16,000. Of course the great majority of the rooters waved banners of Red and White, but the Gold and Blue was well represented. The N. D. sideline had a wealth of "official staff photographers," "trainers," "reporters," even "a doctor," all of whom were staunch supporters of the Irish.

The game was a battle from the first kick-off to the last play. The Irish were on the defense in the first half, and they showed their true mettle when they met that terrific onslaught. The Cornhuskers were big, *extremely big*, and they wanted to win that game. How that N. D. line did fight! How they rose up and stopped those Nebraskan line crashers within a foot of the goal line.

That evening the Catholic Club of the university gave a turkey banquet for both

teams, and for as many others as the dining hall allowed. The turkey was good, the speeches were good and the singing was good. The harmony was ably furnished by a mixed quartet. They sang the Victory March and other pieces of almost equal merit. Continued friendship between the two schools was urged by all the speakers. An old N. D. alumnus gave a stirring talk, which he ended by saying that, "After all, Rockne is the best coach in the country, the Notre Dame team is the best team in the country, and Notre Dame is the best school in the country."

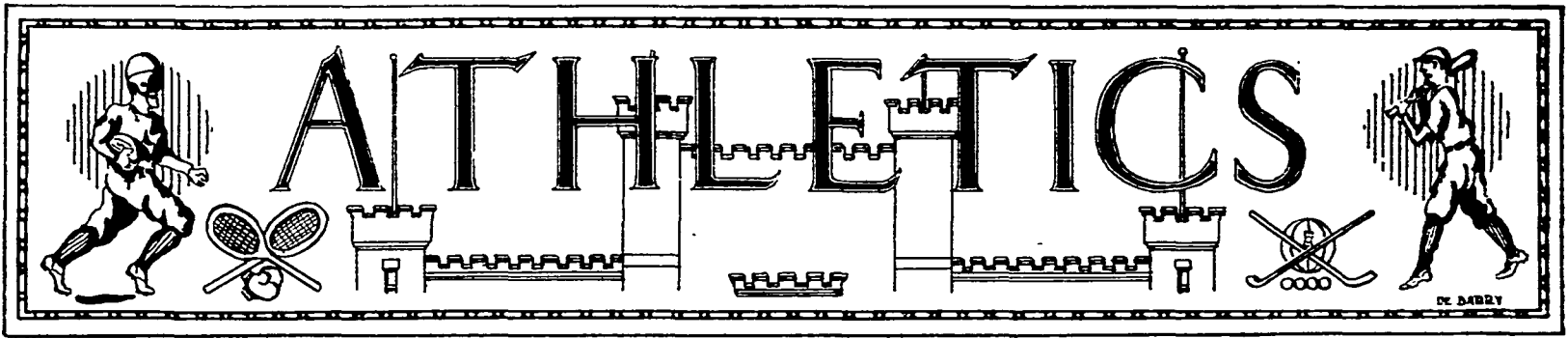
We entrained that night and left Lincoln early the next morning. We arrived home satisfied with our coach, satisfied with our team, and satisfied with our school; but just a little perplexed over the final score of the game. However, a Notre Dame team may finish with the short end of the score but it is never "licked." So we give fair warning—"Gentlemen of Nebraska, watch out for next year!"

Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Head Coach Wally Steffen and not his assistant, Bob Wadell, together with Brumbaugh and Jimmy Robertson, saw Notre Dame play the strong Butler College team in Indianapolis Saturday and Steffen had plenty to say about the South Bend team in a talk to his squad yesterday. He predicts the hardest kind of a battle here Saturday, and declares that the Skibos must be up to the form they showed against Wash.-Jeff, in order to win.

"I watched the Notre Dame plays carefully," commented Steffen, "their plays were only ordinary, a running attack and forward passes from about the same formations we use around Pittsburgh, but the way their men handled themselves, the way they tackled, followed the ball and executed these plays was a caution. I have rarely seen such great team work. They simply could not be stopped.

"When the Butler game opened Notre Dame sent in their second team, and they looked mighty good. I commented upon the work of two of their back field players and told Brumbaugh and Robertson to prepare for them next Saturday. Imagine my surprise when during the second period Rockne, the Notre Dame coach, sent in an entire new team. It was his first string and then how the fur did fly. Butler College was simply rushed off their feet."



LIGHTNING AGAINST THE MOUNTAIN.

HARRY A. M'GUIRE.

Suffering its third defeat in five years, and its only one during the 1922 season, Notre Dame fell before Nebraska at Lincoln on Thanksgiving day, 14 to 6. The Cornhuskers won because they outweighed us almost 20 pounds to the man, and because they faced an inexperienced team. Our line was almost helpless before the heavy, powerful Nebraska forwards, who opened holes through which the backs could plow for relentlessly consistent gains. The Nebraskans used a simple steam roller attack, which could not be stopped merely because our men were too light. There were very few Cornhusker plays which were not evident to our players from the moment the ball was snapped.

Notre Dame may have been outplayed, but there was not an instant at which she was outfought. Irish scrap prevented a score in the first quarter, when the Cornhuskers crashed to within one foot of our goal, from which they were thrown back in a glorious rally.

In the second period Nebraska carried the ball over the line through constant line smashing, and later sprang a surprise pass that netted another score. In the third quarter the Fighting Irish opened up a bewildering pass attack that resulted in a touchdown. From that time to the end of the game the Blue and Gold spirit dominated the field. At the start of the last period we rushed the ball to Nebraska's three-yard line, where weight told against us again and we lost the ball.

Although the backfield lacked its mainstay, Castner, it was nevertheless a revelation. Obviously too light to gain much through a light line, it resorted frequently to forward passes, and completed eight out of 14, for a total of 110 yards. Stuhldreher, Don Miller

and Layden were our most versatile stars, but Crowley and Bergman also played wonderful football. The sophomore bunch that made 235 yards from scrimmage to Nebraska's 290, constitutes a backfield of which Notre Dame may well be proud.

Beefed down our line, but without looking up past history we are willing to bet that it was the scrappiest crowd that ever fought on Nebraska field. Capt. Carberry and Ed Degree faded from the football horizon in a blaze of glory. Carberry broke a finger early in the game, but bandaged it to another finger and went back to the fight. Degree was pounded unmercifully, but was always the line's main bulwark, as well as our best kicker.

It would not be fair to single out any other star in the line. Every man gave all he had, and as a unit the line succeeded to a large extent in overcoming Nebraska's mountain-like superiorities in weight and experience.

Capt. Hartley and Dave Noble were the big men on Nebraska's team. Their gains through the line were deadly consistent, and it was they who executed the pass that resulted in the second score.

After all, it was almost inevitable that Nebraska should win. Had the Blue and Gold triumphed Rockne's men would have performed the greatest miracle in gridiron history. And it is marvellous in itself that a team like ours, which on paper lacks many essential qualities, should bowl through a terrific schedule with but one defeat.

Congratulations, Nebraska! You deserved to win. But beware, for next year you will face the same team and a new team combined.

Shortly after the kickoff Nebraska got possession of the ball on her 40 yard line, and using straight football, marched steadily down the field to Notre Dame's one foot line.

Here the Blue and Gold held; on the fourth down the ball was fumbled and recovered by Nebraska, but the ball went to Notre Dame on downs. Degree made a spectacular punt that rolled to Nebraska's 25 yard line. The game was a see-saw affair from then until the end of the quarter.

In the second quarter Nebraska started another powerful march which ended only when Hartley drove through the center of the Notre Dame line for a touchdown. He kicked goal. After an exchange of punts gave the ball to Nebraska in midfield late in the second quarter, Hartley, Noble and Lewellen drove through the Notre Dame line for consistent gains. A 15 yard penalty set Nebraska back to the N. D. 45 yard line. Hartley started around the Notre Dame left end, and as he was about to be tackled, tossed the ball to Noble, who dodged and side stepped for 38 yards and the second touchdown. Hartley kicked goal. During the rest of the quarter the ball was in Notre Dame's territory, but was chiefly in her possession.

Notre Dame took the ball on its own 24 yard line early in the third quarter, and with a brilliant passing attack carried it down the field 76 yards for a touchdown, Don Miller going over after he had grabbed a forward pass from Layden, who threw from Nebraska's 38 yard line. Layden's attempted dropkick for the extra point went wild. After this there were exchanges of punts, but near the end of the period Notre Dame opened another passing attack from their own 40 yard line which carried the oval to Nebraska's 11 yard line as the quarter ended. Layden shot a pass to Stuhldreder which netted eight yards, and Layden and Crowley carried the ball eight more on two end runs. A pass, Stuhldreher to Layden, netted 15 more, and another pass, Layden to Stuhldreher, put the ball on the 11 yard line.

Two assaults by Don Miller and one by Layden through Nebraska's line netted seven yards as the last period opened. But Stuhldreher was thrown for a five yard loss as he was attempting to pass, and Notre Dame's chance was lost. There were several exchanges of punts, and three fumbles that

prevented Notre Dame from getting under way. Crowley made a pretty pass to McNulty and Layden and Don Miller cracked off a few nice gains, but Notre Dame lost the ball on a fumble. H. Dewitz got away for a 45-yard run that put the ball on the Blue and Gold 15-yard line. But Nebraska's attack was not strong enough to put the ball over the line. After Nebraska failed at an attempted field goal, Notre Dame took the ball. Layden passed to Don Miller for 20 yards and the whistle blew with the ball in Notre Dame's possession on her 40-yard line.

Lineup:

NOTRE DAME.	NEBRASKA.
Carberry (Capt.), McNulty	Schoeppel, Thomsen
	Left end.
Stange, Cotton	Wenke, McGlasson
	Left tackle.
Brown, Weibel	Berquist
	Left guard.
Regan, Walsh, Voss	Peterson
	Center.
Degree, Kizer	Bassett, McGlasson
	Right guard.
Oberst	Weller
	Right tackle.
Vergara, Mayl	Scherer
	Right end.
Thomas, Stuhldreher	Russell, H. Dewitz
	Quarterback.
Bergman, Crowley	Noble, R. Dewitz, H. Dewitz
	Left halfback.
Livergood, Layden	Lewellen
	Fullback.
Connell, D. Miller, G. Miller	Hartley (Capt.)
	Right halfback.

Officials: Referee, Walter Eckersall, Chicago; umpire, J. J. Schommer, Chicago; head linesman, F. H. Young, Illinois Wesleyan; field judge, H. G. Hedges, Dartmouth.

INDIVIDUAL SCORES FOR THE SEASON.

Player	Touch-downs	Points After T.	Field Goals	Total
Castner	8	9	2	63
Crowley	5	4		34
D. Miller	5			30
Stuhldreher	5			30
Mayl	2			12
Thomas	2			12
Maher	2			12
Layden	1	3		9
Černey	1	1		7
Vergara	1			6
Kane	1			6
Degree		1		1

TROUNCING TECH.

It is becoming quite common for teams on Notre Dame's schedule to prime during a large part of the season for our warriors, staking every chance on beating us and gaining nation-wide fame. The latest aggregation to bet all they had against us was Carnegie Tech, who fell before our terrific attack on November 25, 19 to 0.

Notre Dame's attack, featured by the superlative play of Layden, Stuhldreher, Crowley, Bergman and Miller, was just what an ideal attack should be. Every man was so good that no individual starred. Notre Dame made 16 first downs to Tech's five, and netted 60 yards on passes. All of Tech's passes failed, while only one Irish toss went amiss. We used nothing but straight plays, but we executed them as a text-book might say they were to be executed. Substitutions were numerous, yet our new men seemed always as good as their predecessors.

The line worked like a solid steel unit. Robertson, the widely-heralded Carnegie star, could make almost nothing through our forwards, and Brumbaugh did but little better. Our tackling was impressive—hard, clean and deadly. Capt. Carberry, Degree, Vergara, Regan and E. Miller formed the foundation upon which our impregnable wall rested.

To start the game Stange kicked to Anderson on the Tech 20 yard line. He ran it back 10 yards. Robertson and Brumbaugh smashed through for first down. Line plays failed and Anderson punted to Thomas who returned 15 yards to the Notre Dame 27 yard line. Degree punted to Anderson, who was downed on his 45 yard line. Tech failed at the line again and Anderson tried an on-side kick, sending the ball out of bounds. Notre Dame put it in play on their 36 yard line. Bergman ran 35 yards at right end. With the ball on the Tech 35 yard line, Bergman passed 12 yards to Carberry.

Bergman made eight yards at right end. Connell hit left tackle for three yards and first down on Tech's eight yard line. Layden fumbled and Stuhldreher recovered over the goal line for a touchdown for Notre Dame. Layden's attempted drop kick for

point was blocked. Score, Notre Dame 6, Tech 0.

Layden punted to Robertson, who made a fair catch on his own 49 yard line. Regan intercepted Robertson's pass on his 49-yard line. Miller ran nine yards on the first play. Notre Dame was penalized five yards for off-side play and Crowley ran for a first down on Tech's 36-yard line. Notre Dame was penalized five yards for offside play. Miller ran 21 yards at left end. Layden ran eight yards off tackle. Crowley ran six off tackle for first down on the Tech nine yard line. Miller ran left end for a touchdown. Score, Notre Dame 12, Tech 0. Layden missed the drop kick try for goal.

Anderson punted 40 yards to Stuhldreher, who was downed on the Notre Dame 35 yard line. Crowley went off right tackle for 22 yards. Tech was penalized five yards. Stuhldreher hit center for five yards. Miller ran eight yards for first down on the Tech 26 yard line. Layden hit center for three and Crowley went off tackle for six. Crowley made three more and first down on the Tech 15-yard line. Layden made five yards off tackle. A forward pass Stuhldreher to Layden was good for a touchdown. Degree kicked the point after touchdown. Score: Notre Dame 19, Tech 0.

NOTRE DAME.	CARNEGIE TECH.
Carberry (Capt.), McNulty, Collins	Potter
	Left end.
Stange	Zelt
	Left tackle.
Flinn, Weibel	Comfort, Kristoff, Rosenbloom
	Left guard.
Regan, Walsh	Irwin, Taylor
	Center.
Degree, Kizer	Gilbert
	Right guard.
E. Miller, Oberst	Sprinkle
	Right tackle.
Vergara, Mayl	Newman
	Right end.
Thomas, Stuhldreher	Robertson, Wierman
	Quarterback.
Bergman, Crowley	Moran, Lamb
	Left halfback.
Connell, D. Miller, Maher	Anderson (Capt.)
	Right halfback.
Livergood, Layden	Brumbaugh
	Fullback.

Officials: Referee, Verry, Penn State; umpire, Daugherty, Wash.-Jeff.; field judge, Rush, Princeton.

FROM GRIDIRON TO FLOOR.

Although handicapped by a slow start due to the adaptation of several men from gridiron to floor work, Halas' cage quintet is rapidly developing typical mid-season form.

A practice game with the Michigan City Y. M. C. A. ushered in the season December 4. Sheehan and Reardon starred in the game which resulted in a 31 to 25 victory for Notre Dame. The score and summary are:

Notre Dame (31)	B	F	P	T
Logan, f. -----	1	0	0	0
Sheehan, f. -----	5	0	0	0
Kane, f. -----	0	0	1	0
T. Murphy, c. -----	1	0	0	0
Reardon, c. -----	3	0	0	0
Kizer, g. -----	2	5	2	0
Mayl, g. -----	0	0	3	0
O'Boyle, g. -----	0	0	2	0
Enright, f. -----	1	0	0	0
Totals - -----	13	5	8	0

Michigan City Y. M. C. A. (25)	B	F	P	T
Precious, f. -----	4	0	2	0
Estes, f. -----	2	0	1	1
W. Cook, c. -----	0	7	1	0
Heally, f. -----	1	0	1	0
Loomis, g. -----	1	0	0	0
G. Cook, g. -----	1	0	2	0
Moody, c. -----	0	0	0	0
Totals - -----	9	7	7	1

The strong Michigan team, which will probably prove to be one of the foremost in the Big Ten, was met the following Friday, and despite a strong comeback in the second half, the score stood 41 to 23 with Notre Dame on the debit side of the ledger. During the first half the Michigan tossers, in typical mid-season form, ran up the overwhelming score of 29 to 7, but the Gold and Blue came back in the second half, outplaying Michigan and outscoring them for the half 16 to 12.

Notre Dame (23)	B	F	P	T
Mayl, rf. -----	0	0	2	0
Kane, lf. -----	0	0	0	2
Reardon, c. -----	0	0	4	0
Kizer, rg. -----	3	13	1	2
Sheehan, lg. -----	0	0	0	1
Logan, lf. -----	0	0	1	0
Mahoney, lf. -----	0	0	2	0
Enright, lg. -----	2	0	1	0
Miller, c. -----	0	0	2	0

Michigan (41)	B	F	P	T
Haggerty, lf. -----	3	0	1	0
Miller, rf. -----	6	16	1	2
Ely, c. -----	2	0	0	2
Paper, rf. -----	2	0	1	0
Birks, lg. -----	0	0	0	0
McGregor, lg. -----	0	0	1	0
Henderson, lf. -----	0	0	1	0
Stegeyer, rf. -----	0	0	2	0
Burkan, lg. -----	0	0	1	0
Emery, c. -----	0	1	1	0
Kresback, rg. -----	0	0	1	0
Landry, lf. -----	0	0	2	0
Cappon, lg. -----	0	0	0	1

Umpire, H. V. Millard, Illinois Wesleyan; referee, Young, Illinois Wesleyan.

A different story was told the following night when the Michigan Aggies were trounced 40 to 15. The Irish tossers showed exceptionally fine form and teamwork and, though a trifle slow in getting started, soon had the Farmers outpointed by their remarkable floor game. The summary:

Notre Dame (40)	B	F	P	T
Enright, rf. -----	4	10	1	0
Sheehan, rf. -----	0	0	0	0
Kane, lf. -----	0	0	1	0
Logan, lf. -----	2	0	0	1
Mahoney, lf. -----	0	0	0	0
Miller, c. -----	2	0	0	0
Reardon, c. -----	2	0	3	0
Murphy, c. -----	0	0	0	0
Kizer, lg. -----	4	0	2	0
Mayl, rg. -----	1	0	2	0
O'Boyle, rg. -----	0	0	0	0

Michigan Aggies (15)	B	F	P	T
Cutler, lf. -----	4	5	2	1
Demerrill, lf. -----	0	0	0	0
Ralston, lf. -----	0	0	0	0
McMiller, rf. -----	0	0	1	0
Nutilla, rf. -----	0	0	0	0
Bilkey, c. -----	1	0	2	0
Richards, c. -----	0	0	1	1
Kuhn, c. -----	0	0	1	0
Kidman, lg. -----	0	0	0	0
Swanson, lg. -----	0	0	0	0
Eva, rg. -----	0	0	3	0
Fessenden, rg. -----	0	0	1	0

Referee, Ray, Illinois; umpire, Millard, Illinois Wesleyan; field judge, Young, Illinois Wesleyan.

Nobel Kizer and Rex Enright are the luminaries of this year's squad, Kizer playing an excellent game at guard as well as being a remarkable basket-tosser.

THIEMANN.



THE TEAM.

BILLY EVANS SAYS.

Chicago Post.

While reviewing the records of the leading college coaches one must not overlook the remarkable feats of Coach Knute Rockne at Notre Dame.

Rockne, by the way, is a product of Notre Dame. He captained the 1913 team which won seven games and lost none. When Jesse Harper, who had successfully coached Notre Dame teams for five years, retired, Rockne was called upon.

Rockne faced a rather difficult task when he assumed Harper's place at Notre Dame. Under Harper the "Fighting Irishmen" had been very successful. In five years the team had won thirty-five and lost only five games.

Under Rockne, Notre Dame has achieved its greatest success on the gridiron. He has developed

the forward pass as has no other coach in the country. Notre Dame year after year has boasted an aerial attack that has made it one of the most feared elevens in the country.

In perfecting the aerial game Rockne has not overlooked the fundamentals or the other essential features of a well-rounded eleven. As a result Notre Dame teams under Rockne have been well coached.

In his first year at Notre Dame Rockne's team won six and lost one game. This was in 1918. The defeat was administered by the strong Nebraska team by the score of 7 to 0.

In 1919 and 1920 the Notre Dame team was undefeated, winning nineteen straight games. Last season Notre Dame won ten and lost one game. Iowa handed out the only defeat, 10 to 7, in a game in which Notre Dame gained twice as much ground.

THE SHIFT.

WALTER ECKERSALL.

Chicago Tribune.

The game ended shortly afterward with the ball in Nebraska territory in Notre Dame's possession.

While great credit is due Nebraska, Coach Dawson and Capt. Hartley, Notre Dame played a great uphill game, one which brought forth rounds of applause from even the stanchest Cornhusker admirers.

Coach Rockne is deserving of credit for developing a team which has overcome handicaps all season. Defeated by Nebraska, held to a scoreless tie by the Army, but victor over Georgia Tech, Carnegie Tech, Indiana, Purdue, and other elevens of the middle west, the season at Notre Dame may well be considered a success.

Among the notable guests at the game were Gen. Pershing, who marched around the field behind the Nebraska band before the game started. A. A. Stagg, football coach at Chicago, Esmon, scout at Ohio State, and several other leaders of the football world were in the stands.

JAMES J. LONG,

Pittsburgh Sun.

Particularly was it no disgrace to the Tartan wearers to go down in defeat before the University of Notre Dame in Tech's concluding game of the year at Forbes Field last Saturday. Neither would it be a disgrace to any other team to lose to the powerful westerners, for if Notre Dame's team, when Paul Castner is at his backfield post, doesn't come very close to being the best in the entire country local fans would like very much to get a look at one that is better or even as good.

Pittsburgh gridiron devotees were prepared to see a fine team in Knute Rockne's aggregation, but what they saw exceeded all expectations. They saw a team that was class all the distance in every department of the game, a team with a wealth of power, speed, skill and spirit, a team that could rip through the line or dash around the ends, a team that used the forward pass like a bunch of diamond athletes tossing a baseball around, a team that was just about 100 per cent perfect.

True, Nebraska's big team, averaging 190 pounds, beat the Indiana gridders on Thursday, but with such stars as Castner, Desch and Lieb missing, the Hoosiers clearly were far below their normal strength and it was not Notre Dame's best team by any means that the Cornhuskers downed. The real class of the Notre Dame team may be judged from the fact that, while it looked like a world-beater against Tech here a week ago, Coach Rockne insists that Castner is 30 per cent of his eleven's strength and that the outfit was shy just that per-

centage of its power against Tech and Nebraska by reason of the loss of Castner's services, without counting the absence of Desch and Lieb. Rockne rates Castner the country's closest approach to the late George Gipp, except in the matter of durability, Castner being more susceptible to injury than was Gipp.

All-around, Notre Dame gave one of the most pleasing exhibitions of football here that local fans have had the privilege of witnessing in a long time, and by no means the least feature of its play, and one detail that makes it stand out beyond most teams in the country, is the fact that it had such a big string of high-class players in reserve that it was able to replace every regular with a substitute who looked just about as good as the man he supplanted. As one wag observed after the game, "Notre Dame is two of the best teams I have ever seen." Needless to say, Coach Rockne and his Indiana stars will be among the most welcome visitors of the season here next year when they come back for another game with Tech.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

It was reported in press dispatches from New York earlier in the week that Notre Dame would not play West Point next year—that relations were to be broken off. This was followed by a news story from South Bend, Ind.—home of Notre Dame—in which Knute Rockne, coach of the "Fighting Irish," was reported as stating that West Point would have a place on their schedule as usual. But—will these old rivals meet again? There may be some change made before the 1923 season rolls around, unless Eastern alumni of Notre Dame are mistaken.

Eastern grads of the South Bend university who attended the Army-Notre Dame game at West Point a week ago Saturday are loud in their denunciation of the conduction of the game, both from the playing standpoint and the lack of facilities accorded the spectators. It is claimed that several thousand people who had journeyed long distances to witness the game were unable to even get more than a long-distance glimpse of the gridiron.

The feeling is general among the alumni, it is said, that one of the chief objects of a football game is to bring the alumni together with a renewal of the old college ties—a chance to cheer for their team. Under present conditions at West Point this is absolutely impossible. First of all West Point is an unhandy place to get to and secondly there are no reserved seats there. The result is that the Notre Dame alumni of the East, who make this game an objective each season, have never been able to secure any reserved seats and are scattered all over the grounds, many of them never meeting at all. In addition there is an exasperating wait at the ferries after the game, all of which makes attendance at the game more a test of endurance than an athletic pastime.

At the game this year it was estimated that more

than 5000 people, many of whom had motored from distant points, were unable to see the game at all, and returned to their homes disappointed and weary.

Notre Dame has won six out of eight games from the Army and tied one, so the series no longer possesses the interest that a closer series would provide. The old grads fail to see why Notre Dame should provide annual instruction for the Army team before its Navy game and this is really what the series has degenerated into, it is claimed. At all events the Eastern alumni are emphatically protesting against the continuance of the series and hope that negotiations will be entered into with either Dartmouth or Cornell for an intersectional game to be played in New York City, at either the Polo Grounds or the Yankee Stadium.

News-Times.

Acclaimed the "fightinest" of the Fighting Irish teams, Notre Dame's 1922 football squad was honored by 200 members of the University Club at the annual football dinner which was served in the Rotary room of the Oliver hotel last night.

At the session Coach Knute Rockne made definite announcement of the booking of Georgia Tech for the 1923 Homecoming game on Oct. 27. First steps to secure a stadium to seat 40,000 people were taken as the other feature of the banquet.

Speakers of the evening included Mayor Eli F. Seebirt, Coach Knute K. Rockne, Harry Costello of Detroit, Mich., Assistant Coach Walter Halas and Capt. Glen Carberry. Frank E. Hering acted as toastmaster.

The stadium plan was brought out by Mayor Seebirt in his address of welcome to the Notre Dame squad. As a result he was named chairman of a committee to confer with university officials in an effort to devise a plan to raise \$150,000 necessary to build the stadium.

"Our biggest problem in aiding Notre Dame's wonderful football teams," said the mayor, "is in securing leading teams for home games. This can only be done by having proper facilities for handling great crowds."

Coach Rockne, in his talk, explained that efforts had been made this fall to secure bookings for next season with Syracuse, Colgate, Centre, Lafayette, Washington and Jefferson, Dartmouth and a half dozen other big teams, but that these elevens would not leave their home field for guarantees of even as much as \$12,000.

He announced, however, that the Georgia Tech game would be played in South Bend as the Homecoming game and nowhere else. He also declared that the Nebraska and Carnegie Tech games in 1924 would be played here.

"The success of this season is due to one thing," said Rockne, "and that is the team's fight. I think the squad reached the apex of its strength in the

Georgia Tech game, for after that we never had all the men in condition at one time. We lost the Nebraska game because we missed our chances to score largely through inexperience. It is the 'fightinest and tackliest' team I have ever had, and it fought to the end. Our colors were flying on the last play at Nebraska, when a pass netted 40 yards."

Harry Costello, a former Georgetown university quarterback, now writing sports for one of the Detroit dailies, paid the greatest of tributes to the team. Costello, who officiated at the Army game, said:

"It is good to be here to pay tribute to a football team the like of which I have never before seen. At West Point I was dumbfounded when the squad ran on the field. It was the youngest football team I ever saw represent a university.

"Three essentials of success that it possessed were the heart, the ability, and the best of coaching. These things are what made the year a success. I particularly noted two men—Paul Castner and Ed Degree.

"Castner and Kipke of Michigan were undoubtedly the greatest backs of the year, and of these Castner was the greatest. He played intelligent football, and I do not believe he has a superior. I have seen all the great backs since 1910 with the exception of George Gipp, and none was faster or more aggressive than this man. I class Castner with the man greatest of them all in my mind—the Indian, Jim Thorpe.

"Degree possessed weight, plenty of strength in his arms and shoulders and a powerful leg drive. He opened some big holes in the Army line, and that line was as good as any in the country.

"In short, I never saw a team that looked so sweet as that gang of boys going down the field at West Point."

Coach Halas lauded the men for their fight and stick-to-itiveness, while Capt. Carberry expressed his thanks to the University Club for the banquet given the team. Rev. Robert J. Long gave the invocation.

Entertainment during the evening included songs by the Cameron Sisters and Miss Betty Allen, a monologue by Nelson Jones, a dialect reading by Lee Barth, a series of specialties by Daw and Russell, and motion pictures of the Army game.

Chicago Herald-Examiner.

After All—I hear a great many people regretting the fact that Princeton's football team will not play here again. Like many others, I think that Notre Dame could fill the bill as nicely as Princeton or any other eastern team, and they probably would not keep the crowd in suspense as long as Princeton did. They would not be apt to insist upon a home-and-home game, as that crowd of fighting Irish seems to make itself at home on any old ballfield.

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The Flavor Lasts

BOOK LEAVES.

Two important serials begin in the December issues of *Scribner's* and *Century*. The first installment of Edith Wharton's "A Son at the Front" appears in *Scribner's*, while the first chapters of "Faint Perfume" by Zona Gale are published in the *Century*. We hope that "A Son at the Front" is not so atrociously insipid as was "Glimpses of the Moon."

"Apparently the novel and the short story, as we have known them," writes Henry Seidel Canby in considering the younger generation of American writers, "are to be scrapped. Plot, which began to break down with the Russians, has crumbled into a maze of incident. You can no longer assume that the hero's encounter with the Gipsy in Chapter II is preparation for a tragedy in Chapter XXIX. In all probability the Gipsy will never be heard from again. She is irrelevant except as a figment in the author's memory, as an incident in autobiography. Setting, the old familiar background, put on the story like wall-paper on a living room, has suffered a sea change also. It comes now by flashes, like a movie-film. What the ego remembers, that it describes, whether the drip of a faucet or the pimple on the face of a traffic policeman."

"The Story of Extension" by the Right Reverend Francis C. Kelly is an interesting chronicle of the development of the Catholic Church Extension Society during the last 20 years. Mgr. Kelly, who has been closely identified with the Extension movement, writes in an entertaining manner. The book is relieved by frequent humor and enlivened by numerous anecdotes about men and affairs.

Henry S. Canby, best known perhaps as the editor of the *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post*, has collected a group of essays in contemporary criticism into a volume which he calls "Definitions." The book is highly interesting in its examination of the present tendencies in American literature. The essays on "The Young Romantics" and "A Literature of Protest" are a stimulating attempt to analyze and appraise the revolt of the younger writers.

Looking through the pages of "Babbitt" again, we are forced to the remark that the best pages of the book are those devoted to the smoking compartment dialogue in which Babbitt and Riesling participate on their vacation trip.

Thomas L. Masson, for twenty-five years editor of *Life*, is now conducting the department "Short Turns and Encores" in the *Saturday Evening Post* The *Nation* offers one hundred dollars for the best poem submitted to it during the month of De-

cember....William Lyon Phelps calls "Adrienne Toner" by Anne Douglas Sedgwick the best novel of the year...."H. L. Mencken's prose," writes Robert Littell in the *New Republic*, "sound like large stones being thrown into a dump cart. He has more gusto than humor, more weight than edge, more appetite than taste, and a great deal more ink than intellect."....For the crematory such books as this, "One Hundred Best Books," by John Cooper Powys.... "Nine Holes of Golf," a golf book written for amateurs by Royal Cortissoz, should find its way into the hands of a few Notre Dame golf enthusiasts. "The Best Short Stories of 1922," the yearly anthology edited by Edward J. O'Brien, will have a companion this year in "The Best British Short Stories of 1922, which will be edited by O'Brien assisted by John Cournos.... "The Stag Cook Book" has probably been needed more than any other book of recent publication. It is a cook book "written by men for men," containing many notable recipes, including one from President Harding for waffles, which he eats with gravy instead of sirup.... "I imitated Carlyle—the Carlyle of 'Sartor'—till my mother, who wrote pure, undefiled English gave me Cardinal Newman," wrote the late James Gibbons Huneker in one of his letters. "With Flaubert he has been my model.".... "Phantom" by Gerhard Hauptmann, which appeared in the *Freeman*, is being published by Huebsch.... "Dante and His Influence" is a collection of lectures originally delivered at the University of Virginia by the late Thomas Nelson Page.... Nine days left to buy your Christmas books.... "Books are friends which every man may call his own."

We do not know exactly why, but "Niels Lyhne," by the Danish novelist J. Peter Jacobsen, reminds me very much of Ricardo Leon's "A Son of the Hidalgos," for all its Spanish quality. In both books development of character is achieved through experiences with women, wise and foolish, and in both the author's criticism is aimed at romanticism. What an opportunity there is for a twentieth-century *Don Quixote*,—an opportunity which many have sought but which no one has transcendently fulfilled. Jacobsen is very distinctly inferior. One is grateful for the brooding, strangely solid character of his imagination, for the reflective seriousness of his observations. But the pantheism he sponsors is opposition to the starved conventions of a primitive Protestant belief is already too old to move us t—he book was written forty years ago—and literature has welcomed so many analyses of people similar to Niels Lyhne that we find it difficult to regard his experiences with any great interest. The women he books are, however, very real. Bartholine, the mother, is an untainted Madame Bovary. Edele, Mrs. Boyefi Fennimore and Gerda are substantial beauties who tell secrets of love and disillusionment with more than usual readiness. Their portraits, by Jacobsen, are worthy to stand in any gallery which cares for women, not as they might be, but as they *really are*.

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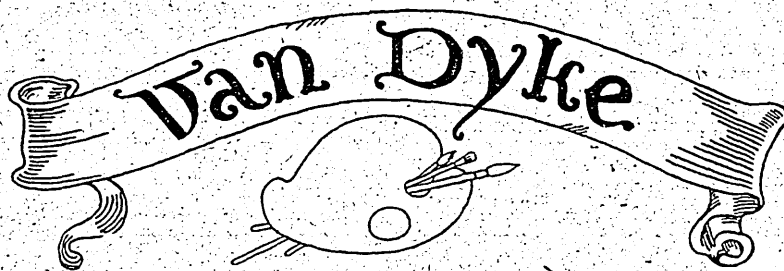
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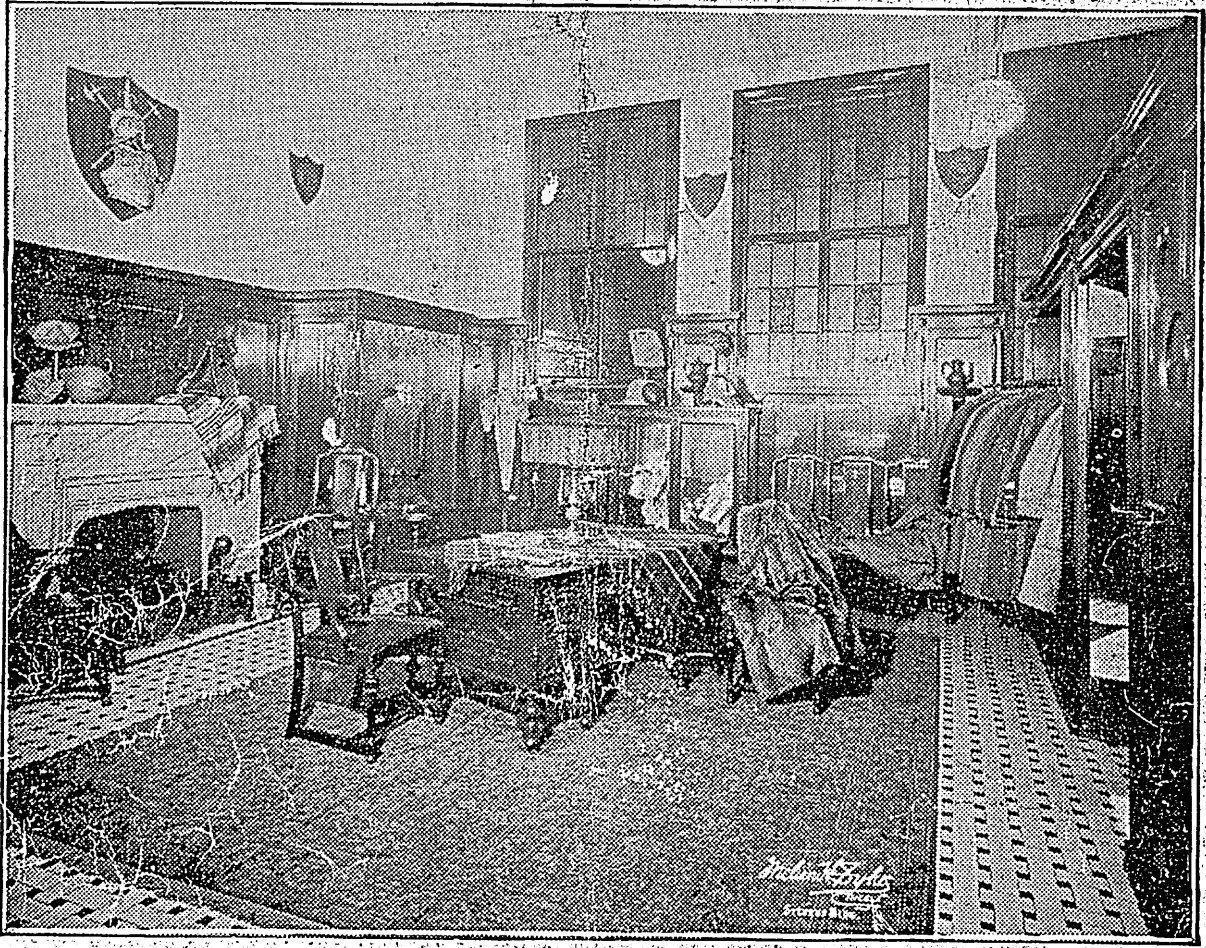
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