

FOOTBALL REVIEW

UNIVERSITY
OF
NOTRE DAME

1926

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OFFICIAL
FOOTBALL REVIEW
OF 1926



University of Notre Dame

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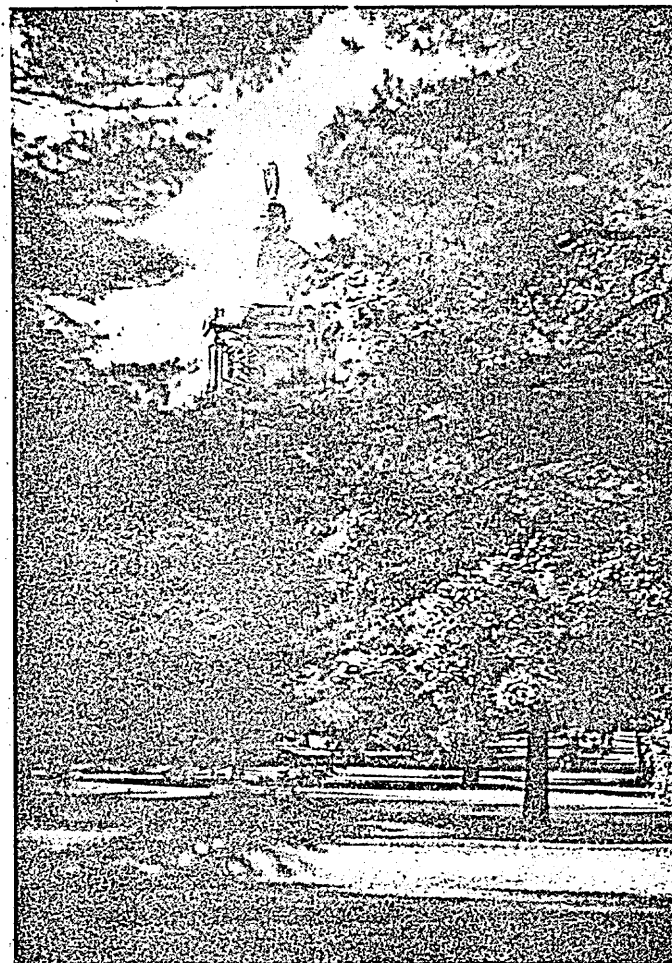
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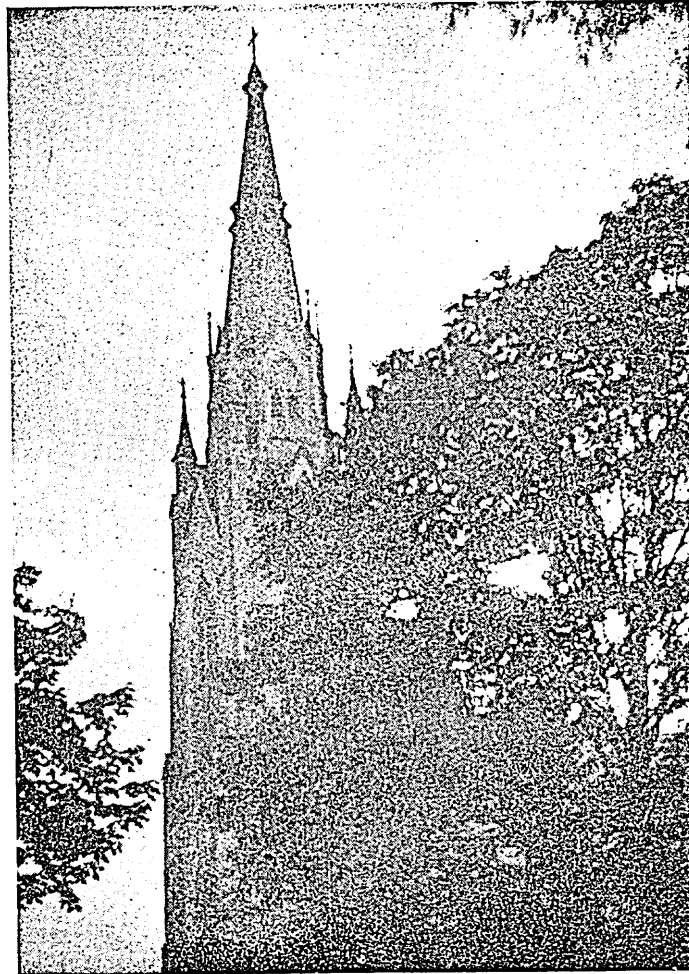
*W. W. Brown
William Craig
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TO EVERY NOTRE DAME MAN
EVERYWHERE

*who cherishes the Notre Dame tradition for clean sport,
the tradition which fosters rivalry without bitterness,
which does not lose the head in victory nor the heart in
defeat, which does not belittle a loser nor berate a winner,
which is tempered by forbearance, fairplay, courtesy and
tolerance in every most trying circumstance,*

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.



By FRANK O'TOOLE '28.

What is that echo so poised in its flight?

What is the story they whisper tonight?

It is a name that goes searching the skies

Parade of swift victories—glory the prize.

They drove through the east in their fierce vaunting fame

They rode through the south and with victory came

The west met their power and failed in their pride

When courage and faith in their ultimate ride.

Swift is their victory sure is their gain

Strength fails before them and courage is vain

As year follows year they drive ruthlessly on

And those we have now go where others have gone.

But even they come and as surely they go

As swift as the wind and as sure as the snow.

They come for their moment; they pass to their fate.

But stop—there are others that enter the gate.

So sing to the courage that rides down the years

Such courage and fighting that only endears.

Not for vain glory or swift fleeting fame

But riding to victory with "Cheer, Notre Dame."



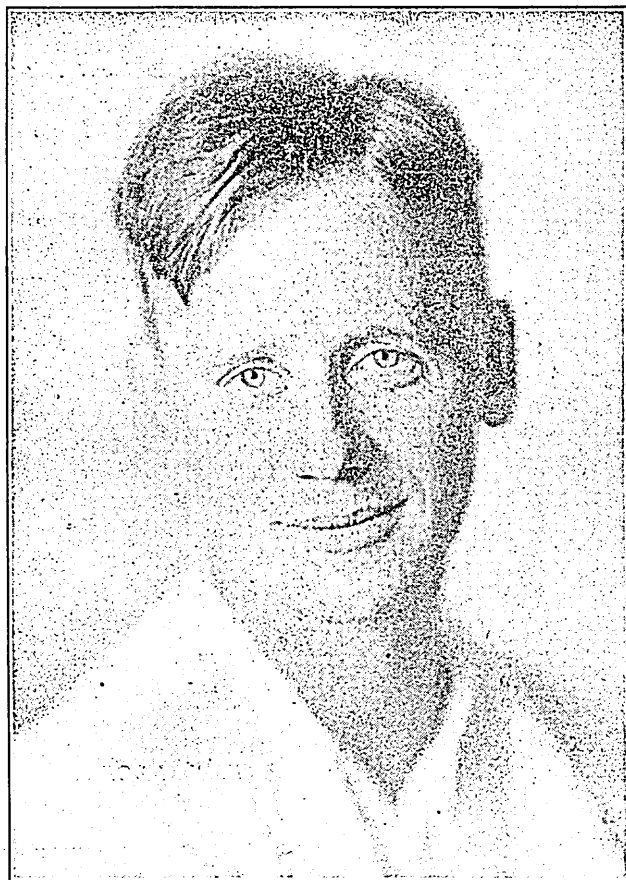
That athletics and studies do not mix well and that athletics of themselves are of no particular value to the student body, seems to be the idea that is found in the minds of many who are unacquainted with the facts. Having been connected in athletic work which has brought me into close contact not only with conditions at Notre Dame but also with those existing at many other large schools throughout the United States for the past thirteen years I am absolutely convinced that anyone holding to such an idea is either ignorant of facts or narrowly prejudiced.

The pages that follow chronicle the activities of a season that has been one of the hardest that any of our teams has had to face. The men came through splendidly. Their spirit all through that hard campaign deserves commendation. Their unselfish spirit that insured the harmony and cooperation that stamped the team of 1926 is a lesson that will stand us in good stead.

To each man on the squad, to those who labored in the practices as well as those who fought the games, and to everyone helping in any way, I extend my sincere appreciation.

K. K. ROCKNE.





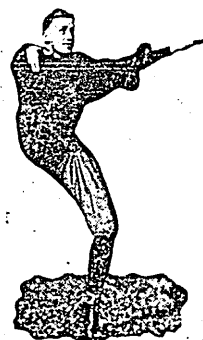
It is said that college life brings knowledge to the learned, power to the able, and responsibility to the sincere, but life at Notre Dame brings more than these—it brings respect and appreciation and love to him who comes in contact with it.

For three years I have had opportunity to watch the whole-hearted manner in which Notre Dame men attack their problems and always a buoyant spirit has marked their efforts. Whether it be in support of athletics or other student functions, they have done their work with a deep-set seriousness.

During the Past months they have risen nobly to a new task—that of rejoicing with a prospective champion and then bucking up with a champion that would have been. Their spirit on each occasion was inspiring.

I feel justly proud of Notre Dame and her noble men, prouder yet of her traditions and ideals, but intensely proud of the sweet spirit that dominates Notre Dame.

EUGENE EDWARDS.





Discouragingly defeated when the highest prize of the gridiron, a national championship, loomed only a few strides away, that single loss did more to make the 1926 football season a cherished memory than any other single factor.

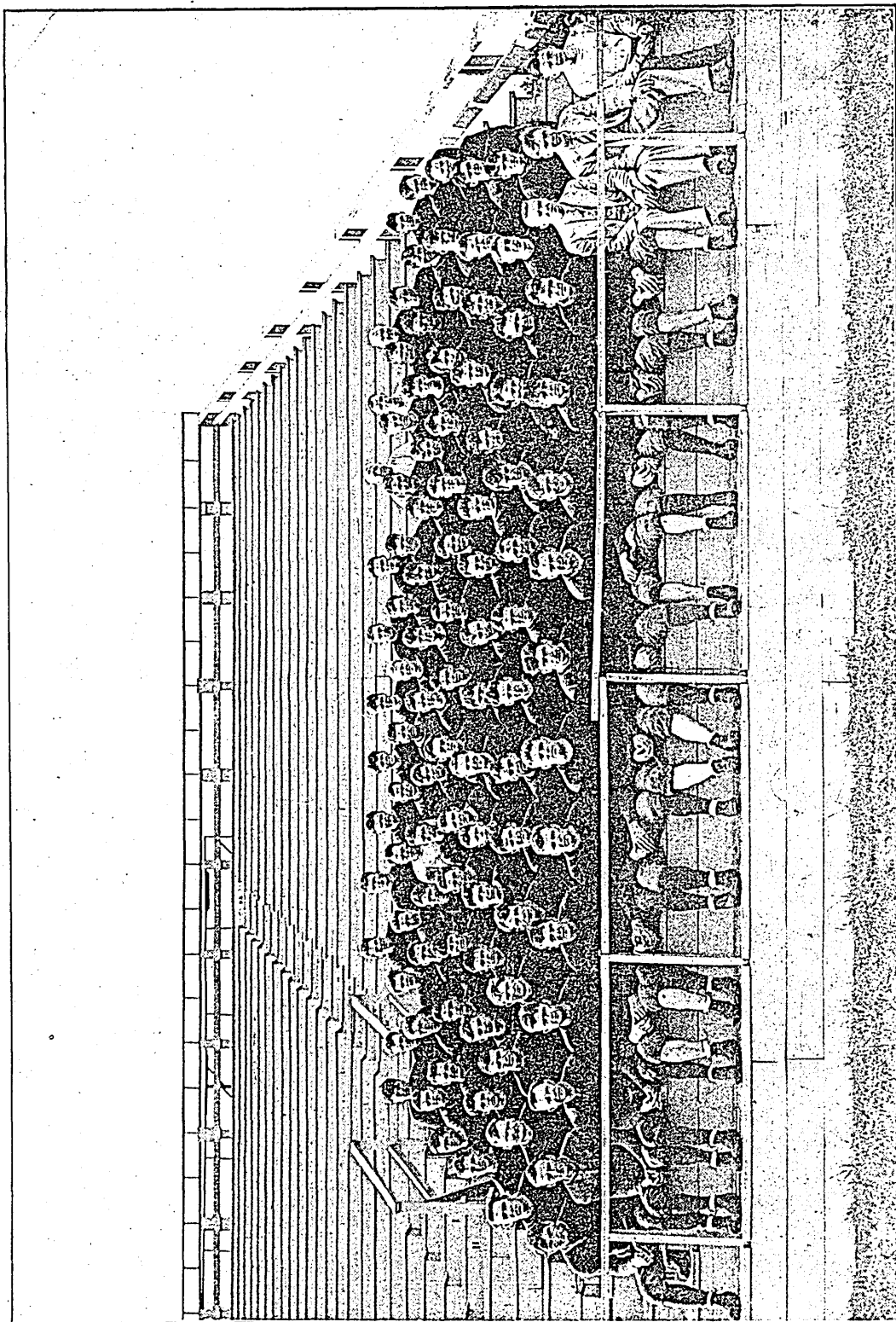
When the entire school and its alumni had looked up to another title and had exulted because the team won from Army, Northwestern and Minnesota, three great elevens, Notre Dame's spirit was thought to be some intangible thing.

But the sudden reverse at the hands of Carnegie Tech plunged Notre Dame against a new problem—that of bearing a loser. And how nobly she responded to the task! Without a whimper or a sob, Notre Dame, to the last man, arose to show a genuine spirit. The good will and team spirit, which members of the squad have shown, deserve commendation.

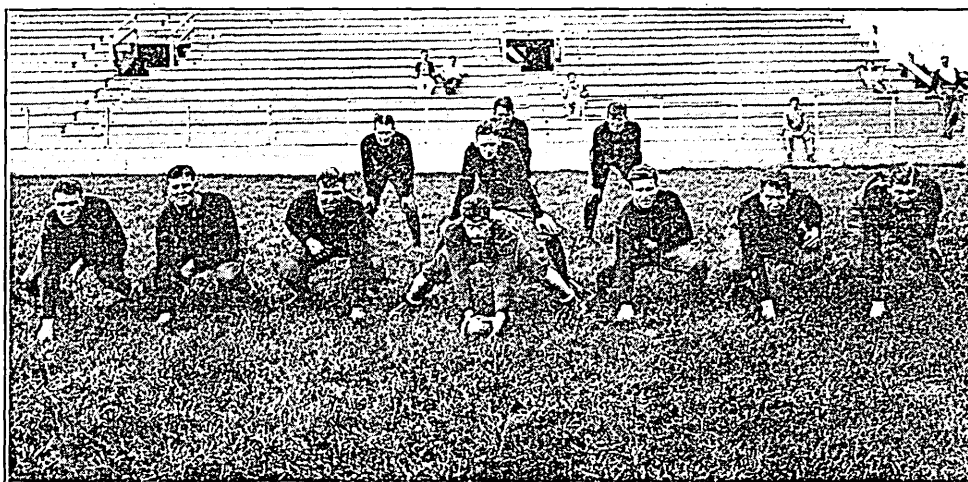
It has been an honor to fight for Notre Dame, to play for the men here, but above all to realize that deep-grained spirit which is so appreciable.

THOMAS HEARDEN.





THE SQUAD



1926 RECORD

Notre Dame ----- 77, Beloit ----- 0	Notre Dame ---- 26, Indiana ----- 0
Notre Dame ----- 20, Minnesota --- 7	Notre Dame ---- 6, Army ----- 0
Notre Dame ----- 28, Penn State -- 0	Notre Dame ----- 21, Drake ----- 0
Notre Dame ----- 6, Northwestern 0	Notre Dame ---- 0, Carnegie Tech 19
Notre Dame ----- 12, Georgia Tech 0	Notre Dame ---- 13, U. of So. Calif 12

1926 SQUAD OFFICERS

KNUTE K. ROCKNE, *Coach*
 HARTLEY ANDERSON, *Assistant Coach*
 TOM MILLS, *Assistant Coach*
 BASIL STANLEY, *Freshman Coach*
 J. VIGNOS, *Assistant Freshman Coach*
 THOMAS HEARDON and GENE EDWARDS
Captains

PERSONNEL

Edwards	Flanagan	Maxwell	Leppig	Fredericks
Hearden	Miller	Riley	Chevigney	Whaelan
Boeringer	Collins	McNally	McGrath	Keofe
Boland	Shields	Dahman	Voedisch	Moore
J. Smith	Parisien	Niemie	Roach	Collins
Mayer	R. Smith	Wynne	Murrin	Hurley
McManmon	Marelli	C. Walsh	McCabe	Byrne, T.
Wallace	McCarthy	Hogan	Byrne	Hurlbert
Polisky	Law	Noone	McAdams	Veezie
O'Boyle	Monynihn	Benda	Plummer	F. Collins
	E. Collins	Duperior	Doarn	

Knute K. Rockne

Head Coach and Director of Athletics



Knute K. Rockne.—What doesn't that name mean to the several million football fans throughout the length and breath of this tax-ridden universe of ours?

"Rock"—what doesn't that mean to all Notre Dame men, wheather they dodge prefects now or talk about all the old gang at the homcomings? In answering the above we might remark that there are several things that those words do mean and the replies are good no matter whether you fan into the first or second group.

First, means to either group, the greatest coach in the world. Look back if you will and be startled perhaps (or maybe you've always known it) that the recapitulation bears out just the thing that you have always believed. Since the captain of the '13 varsity took over the grooming of the grid knights of Our Lady the teams have been favored by success known to no other university. Only eight times have his teams taken the windward side of the count, and each time they have risen to greater heights when Rockne got in his good work.

Perhaps the greatest exhibition of his ability as a coach and leader was exemplified in the Army game of this year. Last season the team that rode back in silence from New York did so after one of the defeats in which their opponents scored the greatest number of points in Notre Dame annals. The same team that this year proved to be a group of mule-skinners de luxe and battled away at even odds (when not actually outplaying) the team of ex-All-Americans representing the military academy.

Metomorphosing that team from a greaten sophomore eleven which was the weakest that the East had ever seen a Blue and Gold squad into a pack of world-beaters inside a period of twelve months (only a small portion of which) could be spent in drilling the charges marks a mile-stone in the annals of great coaches.

He has been dubbed "the Wizard" "the Wonder Man" "football's greatest tactician" and other titles that would take pages to recount but after all the word that describes him best is "greatest."

That's what "Rock" means to Notre Dame men!

Hartley Anderson

Assistant Coach

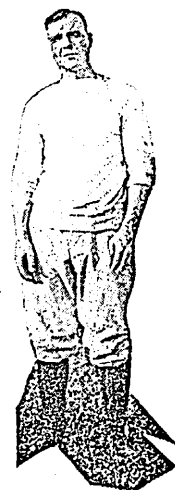
If you dig deep in musty records you'll find that Hartley Anderson is his formal sobriquet but around Notre Dame he's known as "Hunk" and the word connotes much in the way of determined football skill.

Some four or five years ago Anderson was a guard on the Rockne team (he must have been plenty hot because the only critic who didn't pick him on his All-American was an Idaho schoolboy.) It was that year that Anderson tore voluminous holes in the Army line and helped the Irish to a great victory over the Cadets, proving that the Notre Dame boys could play as vigorously as the next ones.

After serving on the varsity for two or three years, "Hunk" adventured a bit and when Notre Dame called him to help in the formation of great elevens like those upon which he had played, he responded

For two years "Hunk" has been one of Rock's right hand men and his unusual ability as a linemen has been reflected in the efficient work of Irish guards and tackles. The adamant defense and brilliant offense of the bulwarks of the Irish line should be a matter of great pride to the old head, Anderson.

Anderson was especially commended for his handling of the team in the Indiana game. While Rockne looked over the Cadet array, Anderson managed the Irish attack against the Crimson.



Thomas Mills

Assistant Coach

Time was when the Beloit Vikings rushed out of the north once a year to do bitter battle with the clan of Rockne. Never did they invade Cartier Field for an early season game without putting up a game and heady fight.

Thomas J. (Tommy) Mills was the man behind the gun. His steady and brilliant coaching of the Wisconsin team brought it to the fore in mid-western grid annals and every year he gave the Rockmen plenty to think about.

But the fall of 1926 saw Tommy behind a different gun, a piercing, screaming cannon that hurled Irish shrapnel. When Tom Lieb resigned his assistant coach post, Mills was picked to assist Rockne in whipping the Thundering Herd into shape for a hard season.

The plump, matter-of-fact Mills has been a potent factor in the success of this year's team. In his direct, forcible way he has helped to bring the Irish from the bottom up. The fierce charging and deadly tackling of the Notre Dame frontal wall can be largely attribute to Mills' work. He has helped considerably in the development of the backfield and his scouting duties have been invaluable to the Fightin' Irish.

Versatility is Mills' middle name. Not only does he teach the gentle game of football but he specializes as a physical educational pedagogue and is a dramatic director of parts.



Basil Stanley

Freshman Coach

Napoleon had a huge task, so did Attila. Even Jengis Khan, the mongol, had noneasy task of it. But Basil Stanley has a problem to equal any of theirs, for while they had big armies to control, Stanley has about 80 aspiring Freshman to mould into varsity prospects every year.

Stanley, serving his first year as a Notre Dame mentor, was assigned to whip the greenies into shape and although the task is generally considered a thankless one in a big university, Stanley came through in fine fashion.

Like Anderson, Base served on the Notre Dame varsity but was cut short in his athletic career by the impending World War. He joined the ranks, emerged successfully, went to California and entered business. One fine day last spring he was nominated to the Irish coaching staff and accepted graciously.

And then the fun began last September!

They came from north and south and east and west, these husky 1930 gridders, each with a brilliant "rep" and sparkling theories about football in general and Notre Dame football in particular. After culling, weeding and selecting, the lot, Stanley set down to the big task of whipping "cannon fodder" into shape for the varsity.

Stanley's proteges were not ordinary "cannon fodder" however. They played heads up football against the varsity and their dogged opposition in scrimmage helped materially in the big team's work. Stanley's patient work with the new men and his excellent development of them speaks well for his ability.



Thomas (Red) Hearden

CAPTAIN

Green Bay, Wisconsin

"The greatest interferer in college football today" is the no doubtful praise that has been given Red. Teamwork is the most characteristic feature of the Notre Dame style of play and it was in this that Tom was most scintillating. He was, nevertheless, a ball totter of accomplishments. During the 1925 season he did not loose a yard of ground in his carrying proclivities and the same enviable record went for most of the past season. When Edwards gave his



co-captain the ball he was sure that it was in the hands of a man who knew where he was going—and usually got there.

Tom is a quiet, determined likable fellow and proved to be a leader of men in the hard days of the 1926 campaign. He has always given everything that he had to the team and his school and his leaving us occasions some deeper regret than we can express here. You leave a great record, Red old man; a record we can all learn a valuable lesson.

Arthur (Bud) Boeringer

St. Paul, Minnesota



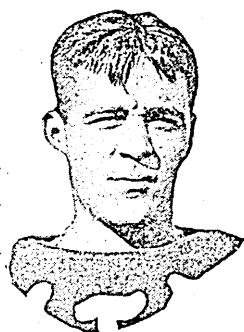
Having the honor of being given first choice on almost every A.I.-American selection made this year is the great record that Bud Boeringer a truly great center leaves behind him to remind us of his last year on the teams of Our Lady.

The Notre Dame center, because of the style of play used, must be an accurate passer at all times. Boeringer was a wonder at snapping the ball back and in addition his experience and his keen analytical mind told him just when to play back to break up end-runs and forward passes and when to play his position. His work was almost flawless. Hardly a game can be named in which he was not commended for his wonderful playing by the scribes.

In 1924 they called Harry O'Boyle the fifth of the "Four Horsemen" in 1925 he was not in the lineup so much; in 1926 they rated him as one of football's most terrific line-smashers.

That's a pithy story of O'Boyle's colorful football history. Always a halfback, he was switched to the pummelling position this year and thrilled to his new work. Harry runs close to the ground and pounces at the line furiously; hence his gridiron fame.

In the Army game O'Boyle bore the brunt of the running attack and almost baffled the Cadet defense single-handed. Against Drake, his home-town school, he ran wild again.



Frank Mayer

Glencoe, Minnesota

Usual as it may seem, Frank Mayer became a candidate for the freshman varsity some three years ago. Strange as it may seem. Frank was not a glowing prospect and the yearling coaches did not sing any peppery songs because Frank's 210 pounds protruded from a football suit every night of practice.

After reading reports of the



Army game and viewing some of the All-America Selections, we'll wager that the yearling coaches had fallen arches of the cranium.

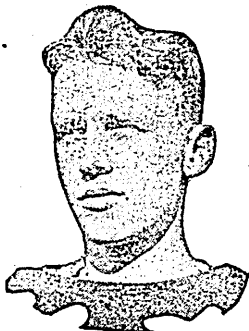
Handicapped by injuries in 1925, Mayer came back this fall to play a brilliant and powerful game at guard. They grow 'em right up in Minnesota.

Eugene (Red) Edwards

CAPTAIN

Weston, West Virginia

Probably one of the coolest quarter backs that it has been our privilege to watch is this sorrell-top who was famous as one of the two red-headed captains. Many times Edwards was robbed of the praise that he so well deserved because he made his task look too easy. Brainy? That was Gene. He know just what play to use and used it; which after all is the sum and total of what a good quarterback



can reasonably be expected to do. Gene proved to be a fine captain—as was his running mate, and in his own quiet way was a good influence among those on the reserve elevens as well as the teams that saw service. We're sorry that "Red" leaves us this year. The 1927 eleven is going to miss him a lot. A good field general a fine leader, that was Gene Edwards.

John Wallace

Gary, Indiana



It's claimed that your own backyard is a diamond mine and has found reason for this assertion. One of his ends, Ike Voedisch, lives in South Bend and the other, Johnny Wallace, traces his footsteps to Gary.

When Johnny gets his ire aroused he's about the meanest end that ever graced Cartier Field. Outside of getting down under punts, turning tackles in, or breaking up interference, John can't play the wing position.

If the experts had wandered a little more, Johnny would have made a majority of the All-Americans.

Christopher J. (Christy) Flanagan

Porth Arthur, Texas

Get out your six-shooters, sheriff, and buckle on your spurs, because you'll have to ride some if you want to outdo this Christy Flanagan.

Minnesota and North-western tried but they couldn't make it; Army flew at him but didn't even come in contact.

Christy's a wicked boy when it comes to dodging, pivoting, or twisting around an aspiring tackler and continuing on his way. Speed, change of pace, and fight, he has combined so happily. They are hard football qualities to beat.

Christy broke into seven-eighths of the All-Americans selections and was easily one of the country's great backs.



John (Stitch) McManmon

Lowell, Massachusetts

Someone said that the maxim "a thing of beauty is a joy forever" was said of John McManmon's playing. Often a play-by-play reporter would slip on a play because he took time out to watch "Big John" perform.



After three years of stellar playing Max has been selected on quite a few All-Western honor teams—and so it should be. He was smart, fast, and usually outplayed his opponent in true "Fighting Irish" fashion.

Richard (Red) Smith

Combined Locks, Wisconsin

The most ambipositionous man among Rock's assortment of pigskin Rebi Beta Kappa, "Red" spent the season commutting between his first love, the line, and the fullback job. He startling thing to most people who didn't know of him was that he felt at home in either depart-



ment and tore 'em up in wild man fashion no matter where he happened to be. His game as a guard, however, was by far the most scintillating; not because of the fact that he didn't shine in the backfield as that he was a lineman of the first water.

Elmer ("E") Wynne

Oronoke, Kansas.



They say that Elmer Wynne ought to be a fullback because he's broad-shouldered and square-jawed and they say a mouthful, because Elmer is a fullback and one of the first magnitude.

Desiring to emulate the girdiron feats of his famous brother,

Shet, Elmer came to Notre Dame three years ago but didn't see actual service 'till he was a junior Wynne has been alternating with O'Boyle this fall and his terrific thrusts at the line have been instrumental in making Notre Dame's attack as peppery as it is.

John (Clipper) Smith

Hartford, Connecticut



With the possible exception of All-American Bud Boeringer we doubt if any other lineman on the Irish squad this year handled his position more skillfully than John Smith.

"Clipper" is on the type of Captain Harvey Brown of the '23 eleven and truly a great guard, as anyone who opposed him this fall will readily testify. Johnnie is one of those fellows who proves the saying that "great things often come in small packages" and personally we think him a potential All-American for the season of 1927. Against the crafty Army and Southern California forwards, Johnny forced his sterling ability.

Joseph (Joe) Boland

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

When Joe Boland was taken out of the game up at Minneapolis it was a hard blow for every Notre Dame fan. Had it not been for this injury that came right at the start of his senior year, the year which gave every promise of being his greatest it meant the passing of All-American honors for the big tackle who had performed so admirably for Rockne in the previous seasons. Joe passed from the stage of the gridiron at just the time when his sun was about ready to burst into



the splendor of a final year of courageous work, but with true fortitude, Boland came back from that Milwaukee hospital with a smile, a big sunshiny smile, on his face and took up life on the campus and the high place in the hearts of Notre Dame men just where he had left off. Joe Boland was great this season and the thought of their comrade in the hospital up in Minnesota spurred the team on to some of the great things that it accomplished.

John ("Ike") Voedisch

South Bend, Indiana

This tow-headed lad came out from the neighboring metropolis a few years ago and has been tearing up bets of glory for South Bend ever since.

Notre Dame has always been noted as a hot-house for ends, the prize blooms being Rockne, Anderson, Kelley and Company, and Ike Voedisch is a true successor to all of these.



It was Voedesch who stepped up in the neck of time to take out Cadet Harding on the ten-yard line that made Christy Flanagan's efforts worth the seven whole points that won the Army game. Ike has one more year at Notre Dame and take it from us you can get ready to hear a lot of this man in that time!

Ray (Bucky) Dahman

Youngstown, Ohio.



Many athletes would be content with a rating as All-Western basketball guard but this Bucky Dahman is an ambitious lad and after rolling up an enviable basketball record he went in quest of football fame—nor did he fall short of his goal.

Damhan's work at halfback this year has been nothing short of sensational. He has filled in successfully for Captain Hearnden; his end running has been a brilliant feature of the season and his ability in knocking down passes is unquestioned. Dahman's most scintillating performance was a 70 yard run in the Minnesota game.

Charles Riley

Indianapolis, Indiana



Charlie Riley was one of the mainstays of the twenty six team. Thoroughly experienced in every department of play he was able to test the strength of the three men behind him and the forward wall ahead of him and send his ball carriers through for many long gains.

Charlie in addition to being a first class field general showed his sprinting form every time he tucked the ball under his arm. One of his peculiar characteristics was that of evading tacklers by his peculiar style of leaping when he was about to be stopped. This season Charlie has piloted the second team backfield to success equal to that of the first team men.

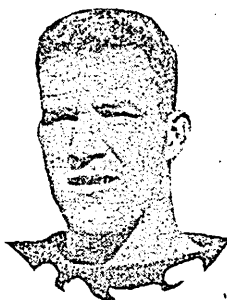
Joseph (Joe) Maxwell

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

When a center changes to an end within a year and does a neat job of it you can bet your last nickel that plenty of native football skill had to be included in the bargain.

That's the transition that Joe Maxwell made and their singing his praise far and wide.

A dearth of good ends being



in evidence at the start of the 1926 season, Coach Rockne called Maxwell to flank duty and the big pennsilvanian responded nobly. With "Muleskinner" Wallace, he has been keeping opposition backs well flattened when they essayed runs around their own left wing.

Fred Miller

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

They tell a story about the days immediately following Joe Boland's injury in the Minnesota game when "Rock" was looking for a tackle. Miller was sent in and the freshman quarterback whose team was opposing the varsity was told to direct his attentions toward Miller. The frosh scared after using nineteen plays. Eighteen were sent at the new soph tackle for the net loss of five yards and then



the quarterback ran around the opposite end for the touchdown.

That's typical of Fred. when he stepped into the game at Minneapolis to relieve Boland and starred few realized that a new star had swing into view-and one that you don't heed a telescope to see either. Miller has two more years. This year he was named on many All-Western teams. He'll be an All-American before the show's over.

William (Dinger) McCabe



One of the backfield athletes who was unfortunate enough to be playing his last year under the ill star which brought heaps of bad luck to full-backs was Bill McCabe.

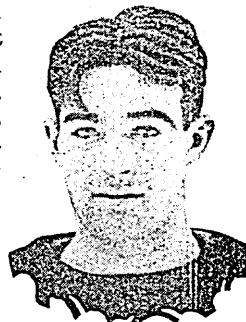
At least one, sometimes two or three, of Rockne's plungers was always on the injured shelf and Dinger held out in the unloved balcony of cripp-

less often.

In the Georgie Tech game the Sorin flyer came into his own, showing special proficiency in the pass-catching angle of the tilt. He was injured in practice the following week and had little chance to play during the remainder of the season.

Tim Moynihan

Chicago, Illinois



Tim succeeded in making the difficult position of center on the varsity squad. With such men as Boeringer and Fredericks with seniority before him he pivoted the second and third string men in an aggressive manner that promises to terminate in the perfection of another great center. Tim played a roving center in a way that reminded those in the stands of the days when Adam Walsh thrilled the spectators by his phenomenal tackles. He opened up holes in the opposing line that allowed the backfield men to dash through for gain after gain. When Tim was at center it was one pleasant thought in the mind of the quarter behind him.

John Hogan

Fairbault, Minnesota

If you'd depend on John Hogan for the dope on his football activity you wouldn't learn much because he's too inclined toward modesty. But we invaded Cartier Field for practice sessions as well as actual conflicts and learned things.

These boys from the wilds of



Minnesota must use their weather intelligently, for Hogan is one of the hardest linemen of the lot. His ruggedness has served him in good stead and he has been a powerful factor in defensive play. Unfortunately, John has served his last year of varsity competition.

John "Jack" Chevigney

Hammond, Indiana

Playing third string half back position would not be a great honor at some schools, but here at Notre Dame where Capt. Heardon and "Bucky" Dahman recklessly ride the gridiron even a man of "Chev's" ability is forced to consider third choice charm. "Chev" displayed his ability in the Penn State game better than any other time this season. He was an ace in the hole whom Rockne felt safe to



call on at any time. His end runs brought the stands to its feet in every game he participated in and finding a hole in the line of opposition was conclusively proven with every turn of his cleated feet. Jack has two more years on the varsity squad and with the natural speed and ability which he has shown this season we look forward to great things from another fighting Frenchman.

Charles (Chilly) Walsh

Hollywood, California

If some literary connoisseur ever made the assertion that genius crops out on more than one branch of the family tree, he must have been speaking of the Walsh family of girdlers.



You can't forget Adam Walsh, skipper of the Four Horsemen and Seven Mules, and if his younger brother continues to play the left wing in such admirable fashion he'll live long in Notre Dame grid annals.

A Saturday figure on the defense, an adept at the blocking and passcatching angles of offense, Chilly has proved his grid worth for two years.

George Leppig

Cleveland, Ohio

Proud natives of the Buckeye state often swell up because the old sod has produced more than its share of presidents but Notre Dame can give Ohio credit for at least one good guard and he's none other than Geo. Leppig.



Leppig's destiny has always led to football for he's big strong and powerful with a passion for the thud of runner and tackler. His ability to analyse and smother line thrusts has made him one of the most valuable guards of recent years.

Ray Marrelli

Rockford, Illinois

Oftentimes the second line trenches contribute as much to victory as do those up in the thick of the firing. That's the case with Ray Marrelli, a second string guard, whose play this year has been of the sensational variety.



Marrelli played a consistent game every time that he was injected into a contest.

Marrelli has seen two years of varsity service and will take his degree in June. His loss will be a decided disadvantage to the center of the line.

Arthur (Pary) Parisien

Haverhill, Massachusetts.

Parisien is the Notre Dame synonym for forward passing for the diminutive French lad has been the central figure in more than one passing attack carried the Irish to victory. Naturally baffling because he hurls the ball from the left Parisien has been on ther throwing end of many beautiful flips.

Pary's career reads like a colorful page from a story book.



In his first play of intercollegiate football, against Minnesota a year ago, Pary ran 87 yards and made possible a tying touchdown. This year against Northwestern Parisien hurled two passes and snatched victory from the Wildcats. An injury in the Indiana game kept Parisien from play late in the season but he will be back to direct the team next fall.

John (Butch) Niemic

Bellaire, Ohio.



Those who look to Notre Dame's gridiron future smiled happily one September afternoon when they saw Johnny Niemic make his initial. He ran, passed and kicked with equal ability and promised to be one of the greatest triple-threat backs that has ever donned the blue and gold.

Niemic is just finishing his first year of competition. Niemic and with Flanagan has been the stellar ground gainer appearance. Niemic's efficient kicking was the feature of more than one game.

In the Northwestern game Niemic displayed the best form of the year. Throughout the game he played consistently and in the last quarter grabbed a pass that was turned into the winning touchdown.

John (Johnny) Fredericks

Saginaw, Michigan

The legends of Notre Dame football center much around great stars who have come out of Michigan to twinkle on Cartier Field. Witness George Gipp and Bernie Kirk. But modern Notre Dame football boasts of another Michigan star and he's Johnny Frederick's, a husky center.



When only a sophomore Fredericks became the understudy of Bud Boeringer at center and ever since has been one of the real aces-in-the-hole on defense. Much of the brilliance which has radiated from the second stringers' work has been due to Fredericks' work.

John (Bull) Poliskey

Bellaire, Ohio

The gentleman who racked his mind for a day and then decided to call John Poliskey, "Bull", was pretty clever at fitting words to facts. This Poliskey is all that the word connotes, for he goes and charges with all the power of the real animal.



Poliskey got has initiation collegiate football when only a sophomore and has maintained a steady clip throughout his carrer. With two years of good experience to his credit his play next year should be of eye-opening effect.

Vincent McNally

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Not satisfied with captaining the Western championship basketball team of last winter, Vincent turned his hands to football this Fall with phenomenal success. He clearly displayed the coolness of a veteran in the Army game and intercepted one of the last cadet threats in the Yankee Stadium. The spectators found it extremely



pleasant to watch Vince carry the ball. He had the stop and start style perfected and evaded more tacklers than Rockne does reporters. One feature of Vince's style of running was his ability to run with equal speed in a crouched or a straight position thus giving him a fine change of pace and his would be tacklers no end of trouble.

John Law

New York City



With a style of play similar to that of Johnnie Smith, John Law in his sophomore year has proven his worth to the Irish squad in a most commendable fashion. Measuring up to the type of guard employed under the Rockne system, Law has bolstered up the line on

every occasion. When the quarter sent a back through his position there was usually a hole there at just the right psychological moment. Defensively, John broke up about as many of the opponent's pet players as any man on the line. Breaking through time and again to nail backs behind the line became a hobby for this second year man and if a good start means anything in the realm of the gridiron world.

For a place among the consistently progressive halfbacks of the last three years we nominate Roach for captain. John has succeeded in holding his place with the best of the backs of the country. It is far from easy to take a place each year among the backfield men at Notre Dame and John

accomplished just that. He was especially clever when called on to circle the opponents ends and to take a smash off tackle. Besides being an exceptional ball carrier Roach was without doubt one of the most reliable punters on the team. His kicks were long and high and put the ball back to safety in enemy territory many times during the past three years.



John Roach

Chicago, Illinois

Fred (Whitie) Collins

Portland, Oregon

The Minnesota game was a costly injury because it saw Joe Boland, a man nearing the end of a great college career and Whitie Collins, the smiling full-back just on the threshold of play disabled for a season. Fred was a plunger on the Sayden type, his legs kept pounding away even when five linemen festooned themselves on his powerful frame.



He gave great promise of breaking into the ranks of those who have a corner on pigskin and the rotogravure sections. A ten second man he was fast and hit hard. One of the most popular men on the wonder team—1926 edition giving promise of big things we look forward to his 1927 performances. A great player and a man.

"Illie" Byrne Oakland, California.

We usually hear of Notre Dame men coming out of the West to bare their wares before gridiron fans, and Illie Byrne was no exception to that rule. California sent Byrne to Notre Dame with a fine preparatory record and he has fulfilled every point of it. Possessing eyes that could find a hole in the best of lines and the speed of a seasoned track man, he added much to the success of the Irish team of twenty six. When Illie carried the ball he hit the line hard and sure and usually he was downed somewhere on the other side of the line of scrimmage. With the experience which Byrne has gained on this year's varsity he should be one of the main cogs in next season's team.

Jack McGrath Cleveland, Ohio.

The full back position this season was one of the things that shifted with every hike. Injuries came early in the season and new blood was tested. Jack answered the call and proved his strength by bending the opposing line where he saw fit. The old punch he carried during the boxing season last winter manifested itself in his every movement on the gridiron. For a sophomore with little experience in varsity competition McGrath came through with a distinctive class that promises to carry him far along the road of football perfection during his next two years at Notre Dame.

Bennie McAdams Lowell, Massachusetts

Massachusetts has sent some great football players to Notre Dame and among them Bennie McAdams ranks high. He played the position of tackle on the Rockne machine throughout his college career and steadily progressed towards perfection as experience moulded his style of play. One of the things which have made Notre Dame teams consistent winners are men such as McAdams who was always ready to go in and play a heavy and hard fought game of football. Bennie came to the front in a spectacular fashion during the past season and his value to the team was known by everyone who saw this year's eleven in action.

Joe Benda Duluth, Minnesota

Had it not been for an injury in his sophomore year Joe would have undoubtedly been one of the greatest ends of all Notre Dame football history. Regardless of this, however, Joe has been one of the outstanding assets to the Rockne team during the past three seasons. Playing the wing position with a marked perfection, Benda caused many opposing halfbacks to be thrown for losses back of the line of scrimmage and many dreamed-of end runs to be smashed in the making.

Frank Keefe Chicago, Illinois

Beside being exceptional end himself, Rockne has produced no end of great ends. Frank came down from Chicago a couple of years ago with one of the greatest reputations of any midwestern prep school man. He played excellent ball the year the Four Horsemen visited the more important gridirons of the country. This year among a field of ends equal to the best years of Notre Dame football Frank played a consistent game of the highest caliber. Making an end position on a Rockne team is almost as hard as the opponents find it to circle the ends but Frank Keefe made just that position.

Jim Hurlburt New York City

Jim played one of the most enviable end positions on the team this season as every fan who watched Notre Dame play will vouch for. Tearing in time and again to break up the plays that were to go around his flank became a hobby with Jim and by the end of the season he had reached an almost transcendent stage in this field of play. His clever interference allowed the Notre Dame backs to carry the ball for long gains around his side of the line and was responsible for many of the gains cut-off by our men this season. Opposing wing men found Hurlburt to be a tough man to take out and conversely to be always wide awake and ready to do just that thing to them.

Jerry Ramsavage Portland, Oregon

Jerry came a long way to play on a Notre Dame football team and he was certainly not disappointed. In his second year at Notre Dame Jerry has made the varsity squad and has written his name indelibly in Rockne's mental notebook his ability for tackling anything. On the defensive Jerry was of exceptional worth, being one of the hardest men on the squad to move out of the way. Offensively Ramsavage opened up wide holes in the opposing line enabling the ball carriers to make long consistent gains through the forward wall of the opponents.

John Doarn Omaha, Nebraska

With so many good tackles on the squad it is no wonder that the opponents found it next to impossible to score on the Notre Dame team this Fall. John Doarn was one of the outstanding linemen of the season. His offensive work opened wide gaps in the line of opposition and enabled the Irish backs to reap long gains through his side of the line. Defensively he stood out as an unpenetrable wall against the opposing linemen and few backs ever carried the ball far through his position. John bolstered up the varsity squad in a most commendable manner and will be remembered as a tackle of true merit.

Notre Dame - 77
Beloit - - 0

That September pastime of some 10,000 Notre Dame and South Bend natives, who come to Cartier Field for the first game of the year and a glimpse at K. K. Rockne's contribution to the great sport, was a little bit more bore-some than usual this year.

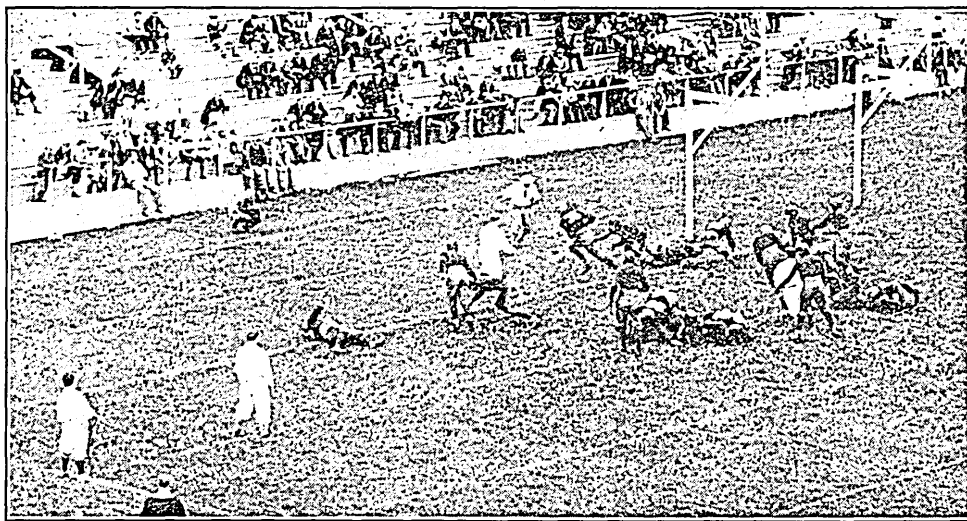
The crafty mentor of the Fightin' Irish fooled all the skeptics in the opening of the 1926 grind for he put the gridiron work aside and ran a sensational little track meet. Beloit was the victim and the score 77 to 0. All events were ceded to the Irish without question.

Scores of aspiring young Irishmen, some of them backs and not a few of them linemen, were pushed into the fray as the occasion demanded, and before they had finished with their afternoon's work eleven touchdowns, a safety and enough kicks after goal to fill out the score had been registered.

But that doesn't tell how the fans felt about it. Every one of them anxious to put the stamp of approval on the 1926 Irish eleven, each had a chance to be more optimistic than he had expected. Some twenty backfield men ran wild, taking the ball for gains of from one to 96 yards. And some 40 linemen smothered the Beloit offense completely.

Chris Flanagan gave promise of his future destiny when he took the first kickoff of the second half on his own five yard line and had no trouble in sifting through the whole Beloit team for a touchdown.

A nice game it was, if you get a kick out of seeing wild and wooly running.



A Chip Off The Old Rock

Beloit Daily News

That's about the best way we can describe them.

Working with the co-ordinated precision of a piston in a well-oiled motor, they shift over; the rhythmic "one-two-hike" a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Now it's an oftackle smash with the interferers leaping before clearing the path as wild-fire licks up the dried underbrush. Now an end run. A sweeping poem of motion out toward the other stands featuring a remarkable speed and precision. And again it may be a pass. Dropping back from a deceptive formation, hitting off toward the side at a rapid rate, and at the peak of that charge unloosing the pigskin to snap it twenty yards into the arms of a waiting end.

Combining all these things and flavoring highly with deception and cunning the Fighting Irish swept down upon the Blue Devils of Beloit and smothered them to the chant of 77 to 0. It was the second highest score ever run up on historic Cartier field.

According to all reports Flanagan was ill,—or at least a convalescent. If that be so, we suggest that "Rock" inject the rest of his charges with some high-class germs for Christy was anything if not scintillating. At the start of the second half he returned the kick-off some ninety-five yards for a touchdown, the first time that this stunt had been pulled in four years. Aside from that he contented himself with 20 and 30 yard gains during the remainder of the time that he was in.

But Flanagan was just one of the many backs that Saturday. Rockne kept shooting them in like a card player shuffling a pack and the remarkable thing was that all stepped off from the start.

Captain Tom Hearnden started the ball rolling when he smashed across the line just exactly four minutes after time had been called. It had been put in position for this thrust by the plunging of Elmer Wynne, brother of the famous Chet of '20, '21.

At about this juncture all the rest of the backs on the field said "That's a great idea!" an individually, and collectively and quite auspiciously they decided that they would do likewise.

It was the Big Parade in gridiron version and their earnestness is shown by the list that traveled across the zero line for counters during the fray. Touchdowns by Wynne, Maxwell, Dahman, Niemic, Chevigny, Flanagan, Edwards, Collins and McNally (2) along with the safety contributed by the

vigilance of Champ Chevigny accounts for the remainder of the 77 points.

From where we were it looked like a mighty sweet line that was working in there for the Blue and Gold. McManmon and Boland, tackles de luxe, gave the best exhibition of line play as it should be that has been seen here in some time. Boeringer and Fredericks at center appeared good. Voedisch and Wallace show potentialities of developing into the kind of flankmen that every coach dreams about but few ever see.

In the backfield division it looked like there were

two combinations that were especially good. Now it was Hearnden who charges through holes with the idea that he knows where it is going—and gets there. Hearnden, the premier interferer turned ball-toter. Next it would be Wynne: a Wynne that looks a lot like the great "Chet" in action, a smashing yard gainer. Now Flanagan has a chance. Phantom-like, dancing, whirling, twisting for 20 yards. Nor can we forget Edwards. Edwards the cool general who reminds one of Casablanca maneuvering pawns on a battle-scarred, cross-barred tu-f.

Or perhaps it would be the reserve backs: Chevigny who gets off with the speed of an elderly gentleman who has stepped on an over-zealous banana peel; Chevigny who whirls like a spinning top. Or it might be Collins of whom the fellow next to us asks "Where's the cannon?": a Collins who refuses to be stopped although several tacklers festoon themselves around his powerful frame. Then there was Niemic who was allowed to show but little but who looked mighty sweet. Dahman who was the tacklers describing arabesques in the October haze in an effort to stop those clever feet.

Lawrence was the main spring, vital cog, star performer, star or whole planetary system,—whatever you wish to call him,—for the Wisconsin team. It was Lawrence who caught the punts; Lawrence who carried the ball, when carried; Lawrence who threw the passes; Lawrence who, was a tower of strength on defense. As someone so aptly put it the only reason that Beloit didn't have a better aerial attack was because no system whereby Lawrence could catch the passes which he himself threw had been worked out

BELOIT

*Here's to the men, the pride of
Old Beloit,*

Here's to our football team!

*Here's to the boys who fight with
all their might*

*Here's to a champion team,
Rah! Rah! Rah!*

*Back them with "Pep" that leads
to Victory*

Spirit of old Beloit,

*Shout Ol-e Ol-sen, Shout Yon-ny
Yonson*

Let her go Beloit and win!

Notre Dame - 20
Minnesota - - 7

Having seen the creditable manner in which Minnesota winded up its football season, it becomes all the more singular that the Irish essayed a super-task when they confronted the Gophers so early as October 9.

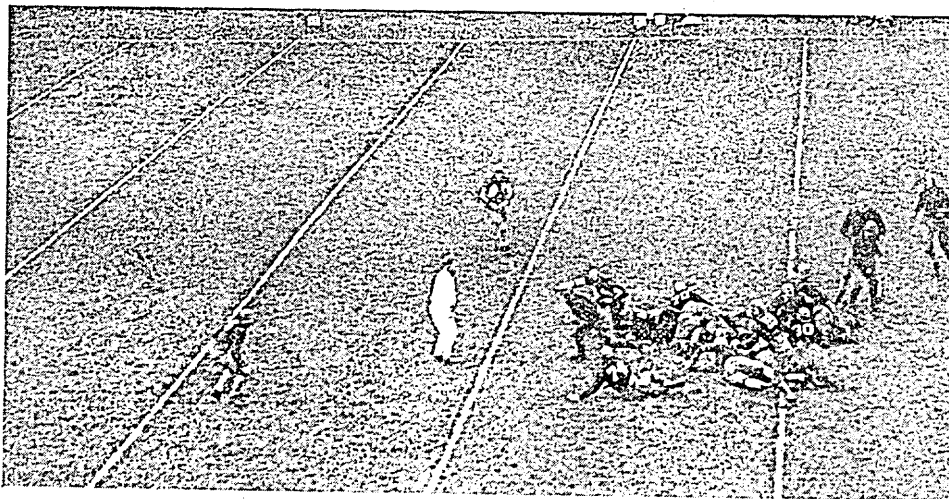
Nevertheless, these Notre Dame juggernauts will try about anything else, just so it be in the gridiron line, and Minnesota looked the same to them as any other team. All jokes about the Minnesota shift are worthless now for the boys from the frozen north did plenty of shifting and caused the Irish plenty of worry even though the latter won 20 to 7.

"Crashing Herb" Joesting, the miracle man of the Minnesota grid, was trying his best to thwart the Irish that day but he wasn't so successful. He contributed to a Gopher score well toward the end of the first half and had the satisfaction of knowing that the two teams were tied 7 to 7 when the third period began.

But Herb, with the whole Minnesota lot, felt the sting of the Irish whip during the last half. As advertised, Mr. Rockne threw his kisses across Memorial Stadium but they were in the form of touchdowns.

Bucky Dahman's scintillating run shortly after the first quarter began was easily the feature of the game for Bucky dodged and stiff-armed for 70 yards worth of thrill and a touchdown.

Boland and Collins were injured during the game and as it afterward developed, kept out for the whole season. Otherwise the game would have been spotless.



Notre Dame Runs Wild to Smother Minnesota, 20-7

By WARREN BROWN. *Chicago Herald and Examiner*

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 9.—Doc Spears of Minnesota hung the wrong light in the belfry at Northrop Field today, for the Rockne Ramblers came by land, instead of by air, to a smashing 20 to 7 victory that entertained a record crowd of 53,000 about as well as any Minnesota home gathering will be entertained for the balance of the football year.

Notre Dame's line withstood all serious attempts of the Doctor's ball carriers to rush it into submission, and in the second half of a game that was considerably harder fought than was healthy for the boys on this bright October afternoon, the Irish invaders seemed to have just as much zip left as when they started, while the Gophers had wilted perceptibly.

For one-half of the football game there wasn't a great deal to choose between the two teams, each putting across a touchdown.

Notre Dame got its first one very soon after the game began, Ray Dahman sneaking through an opening between the Gophers' right tackle and end and wiggling his way into the clear, thereafter sprinting the rest of an excursion of 62 yards for a touchdown. Niemiec very promptly kicked the goal.

IRISH IGNORE PASS

Minnesota was not long in getting the score squared, and they utilized the forward pass, a weapon which Notre Dame has found very convincing in days gone by to quiet all sorts of opposition. Today, however, the Irish were so busy slashing through the Minnesota line for numerous yards they didn't bother much with the pass, trying but three in the entire matinee.

The one that evened up the count was flung by Geer, and it landed in the clutches of Capt. Wheeler, who proceeded to outrun a few of the Irish for the only time they were outrun in the entire afternoon. Wheeler's canter of 20 yards was turned into a touchdown, and Peplaw kicked the goal, tying the score.

This was the way affairs stood at the end of the first half. When the battle was resumed Notre Dame took the offensive and very thoroughly outrushed the Gophers. Christy Flanagan eventually slipping through tackle and end and weaving his way past all pursuers, for another one of those 62-yard excursions that were so popular with the Rockne

ramblers today. Christy tried to boot the goal, but missed it.

Notre Dame, still scorning the air line, was rushing toward its third touchdown when the period ended. There was very little delay in their getting it after the fourth opened, "Red" Hearden finally scampering sixteen yards for the score, because sixteen yards were all that were required. Niemiec kicked this goal, too.

In the closing minutes Minnesota was flinging the ball around the place with little or no effect. It simply wasn't a day for Gophers.

Notre Dame's progress toward another score or two was hampered by fumbling, O'Boyle losing the ball once while he was within the Gophers' 5-yard line. But take it all in all, the boys from South Bend demonstrated that it will take a stronger Conference team than Minnesota to put a dent in the Notre Dame shield this year.

BERNHART INJURED

Play, especially in the first half, was furious. Boland, a Notre Dame tackle, was carried from the field with a broken leg, and Collins, one of the backs, followed him to the hospital a few minutes later with a broken jaw, as the result of

a head-on collision with Joesting.

The latter, by the way, was the Gophers' most consistent ground gainer today and what ripping the Gophers did to Notre Dame's line was largely chargeable to this young man.

Minnesota was not without its casualties. Barnhart was carried from the field unconscious a short time before the game ended and there being no more business before the meeting, the boys adjourned soon afterwards.

When Notre Dame is able to run a Minnesota team ragged and win by a score of 20 to 7 without using more than three forward passes, none of them complete, I wonder what is going to happen to some of the enemy when the Irish get throwing the ball around.

Indianapolis News

FT. GIBSON, Okla., November 15.—The Harvard Lampoon must have written an exceedingly humorous article about Brown to get beat Saturday 21-0. It's a compliment to Harvard to say they broke off athletic relations. They haven't shown any athletics in years. Why not get Rockne to coach the U. S. army in the next war.

MINNESOTA

Hats off to thee

*To your colors true we shall
ever be*

Firm and Strong, united are we!

Rah! Rah! Rah! For Skiumah

*Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! for
the U of M!*

Notre Dame - 28
Penn State - - 0

Sometime when you have an afternoon to kill, try roll-blocking the Niles interurban a couple of times and then sum up your sensations. You'll at least know how the Penn State crew felt after it had opposed the Fightin' Irish for four quarters.

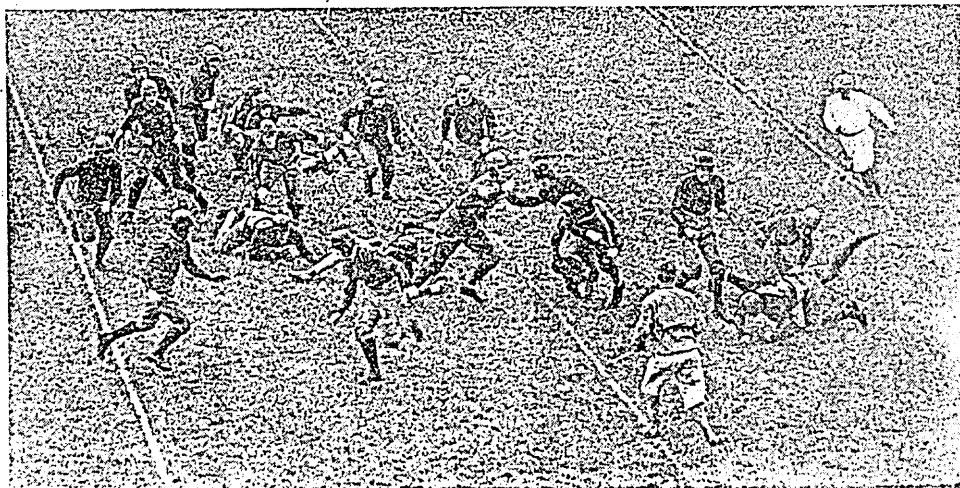
Truly enough the Notre Dame eleven took the easterners "in stride" but it so developed that the same stride was a powerful ground-eater. Four touchdowns, and four kicks after goal for harmony's sake, enabled the Thundering Herd to win, 28 to 0.

To begin with, the Irish struck a felling blow at the Nittany Lions almost before the whistle blew. Only a few plays had been reeled off when Parisien passed to O'Boyle who had little trouble in running some 20 or 30 yards for the first touchdown.

After that it was a question of how much the score would be. For art's sake, a touchdown a quarter was decided upon and the Notre Dame machine proceeded to pound out its quarterly seven points, the rest of the time being used in mere fooling around.

Johnny Roach, Bucky Dahman and Butch Niemic, in addition to Harry O'Boyle, whose adventures have been exploited above, pushed over the markers. A flock of other backs pierced the Penn line with mocking regularity but they couldn't make touchdowns because the formula didn't call for it.

Incidentally, we might mention that Penn State tied the Irish, zero to nothing a year ago, so the 1926 affair swung the scales in the proper direction.



Notre Dame Tramples Penn State, 28 to 0

New York Herald Tribune

CARTIER FIELD, Notre Dame, Ind., Oct. 16. (Special) The Nittany Lion roared on Cartier field to-day but that's about all it did do. The Irish terriers made Hugo Bezdeck's Penn State eleven a bit Pensive as it rolled up a 28 to 0 score over the visitors in a one-sided affair. Notre Dame cavorted for four quarters with perfect ease and proved to the word that Knute K. Rockne, the canny Swede, is again ready to make this place a star on America's football map.

Mr. Niemic had a lot to do with the transforming of the Lion into a kitten. Not that he's a magician. He isn't; though he seems to be just that as he passes, runs and kicks down there on the white-lined field. As it was he was the probable star. We say probable because there was Charlie Riley, "Champ" Chevigney, "Bucky" Dahman, "Red" Hearnden and a plethora of other backs that could be selected as stars and still keep us in the running as far as an astronomy exam goes. Each had his brief time to strut in this matinee and they did it well.

The first blood was drawn within two minutes after the kickoff. After Notre Dame kicked off Penn State lost the ball on downs. On the second play after Notre Dame took the pigskin a forward pass, Niemic to O'Boyle was good for a touchdown. And right here it might be said that probably the most startling feature of the fray was the aerial attack unleashed by the Rockmen. So far this season they have depended on straight football but not to-day.

Each of the succeeding quarters saw scoring by the Irish. In the second quarter Niemic toted the pigskin across; in the third it was Dahman; and finally John Chevigney got the bug. The extra point was added in each instance by way of a place kick.

Bezdeck's eleven put up a game battle and were always ready to take advantage of any misplays but these were few and far between and when they did occur did not carry with them a possibility of scoring. Even when they did get possession of the ball the Irish linemen would break through and smear the plays before the backs had an opportunity to get under way.

Notre Dame won because of the finely coordinated attack held on tap at all times. The interference and blocking were things of beauty and joys forever.

The backs would leap ahead of the ball carrier like a flame licking up an oil streak and wipe out everything in front of them. Or if it was a line play, the Irish forward wall would make the Quaker think that they should hang out a sign open all night to make it complete. Then too, Rockne's charges were clever and handled themselves well at all times.

Battling under the handicap of being forced to play without the presence of Collins or Boland, the showing made by Notre Dame here to-day places them in the front ranks among national grid machines. Penalties were the pet bogies of the afternoon and each eleven drew them upon itself in large quantities. An overcast sky punctuated with pepperings of rain failed to deter the 22,000 fans who turned out for the joust. The traditional blue of Notre Dame was forsaken when it was found that the Nittany team had jerseys almost identically the same as those worn by the home team. The vivid emerald green used by Rockne against Princeton, a few years ago replaced the regular sweater.

South Bend Tribune

Notre Dame, while not running quite hog wild, did romp with considerable dexterity over Penn State at Cartier field yesterday afternoon. In fact, the Rox romped beyond the field and back of the Nittany Lion's goal posts on four occasions, and on three other occasions romped within one yard, four yards and eight yards of the last chalked line at Penn State's end of the field. It was a romping good game from the Notre Dame viewpoint, with the Rox showing just eight times as much strength as Penn State showed. The final score stood 28 to 0.

That, however, does not tell the tale which the Nittany Lion wishes to keep quiet in the jungle around State College, Pa. But, out here in the wide open spaces of political exposes and sand dunes it can be shouted from housetops and gold domes in particular.

Notre Dame played with the ball most all of the afternoon, and the only times Penn State had the oval it lost ground. The losers would have been better off if they had never touched the ball for in all they lost 39 yards by just handling the inflated pigskin. On the same basis of figuring Notre Dame gained 359 yards, making a net gain for the Rox side of the issue 398 yards.

PENN STATE

*Fight, fight, fight
For the Blue and White
Victory will our slogan be
Dear Alma Mater fairest of all
Thy loyal sons will obey thy call
To fight, fight, fight
With all their might
Over the goal to fain
Into the game for Penn State's
fame
Fight on to victory
All along that line.*

Notre Dame - 6
Northwestern - 0

If Northwestern University's Purple Wildcats could tangle with Notre Dame's Fightin Irish and not make an epochal struggle of it, football fans throughout the middle west would not be so keenly interested over the annual meeting.

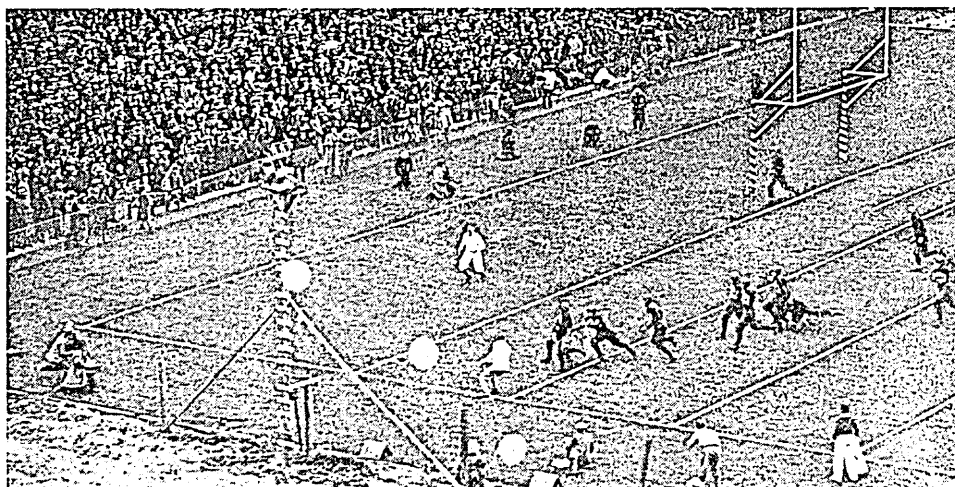
For the past three or four years, the Purple and the Irish have been battling tooth and toe nail, although the Wildcats have been destined to the bottom of the heap of all occasions. Desiring not to spoil the rivalry and at the same time to keep it close enough, the Rockmen invaded Evanston late in October and dropped the Northwestern eleven, 6 to 0, in its new stadium.

Better games than that might have been played in the middle west during the fall of 1926 but no record exists of those games. Two brilliant elevens, equally alert in offense and defense, played for three quarters and neither could break the deadlock.

Then the Irish took to the air! Two well-aimed passes from Art Parisien and Niemic had crossed the Purple line for the one and only score of the contest. It was exceptional football and thousands who looked on couldn't dig up a thrill that equalled it.

Our old friend, Ralph (Moon) Baker, Northwesterns great captain, was there, battling Notre Dame futilely for the third straight year. Moon didn't win but he had the old fight and stamina that has let him shine for these three seasons.

After the game was over everyone banqueted and notables sermonized and a couple thousand rode the South Shore chariot back to South Bend. 'Twas the game of games, as the poets would have it.



Left Handed Passes Bring Defeat To N. U.

By DON MAXWEL. *Chicago Tribune.*

Fighting, fighting, fighting up and down a chalk marked field; battling, battling, battling for cleat torn inches; pushing, pulling, plunging, 22 youthful football players from Northwestern and Notre Dame surged back and forth yesterday until it seemed that the ever lengthening shadows would envelop the Evanston field in darkness before either team had scored.

Then out of the dusk came the ball; hurled from Northwestern's 22 yard line, it sped with bulletlike swiftness to the arms of a Notre Dame player. He whirled and sped across the goal line and the game was won.

The score that 40,000 folk were repeating as they left that field was: Notre Dame, 6; Northwestern, 0.

There were more thrills to come as the minutes of that last quarter ticked away. There was more passing and the ball again surged back and forth and up and down the field. But the only ball that counted was that one that slipped off the nimble fingers of the left hand of a Notre Dame youth named Parisien, landing in the arms of a Notre Dame youth named Niemiec.

For all of those devils Niemiec was the only one who crossed the goal line with the ball in his arms.

All the roads in Chicago may not have led to Evanston yesterday, but that seemed to be the one place thousands of folks wanted to be. Central street two hours before the game was jammed with pedestrians and automobiles which tried vainly to through the throng on foot. The narrow gates of the unfurnished stadium were emptying their streams of ticket holders long after the whistle sounded.

Roofs of houses adjoining the field were dotted black with onlookers and even the girders of the stadium furnished vantage points for men and boys who wanted to see and cheer.

With Charles G. Dawes, Vice President of these United States, in one of the boxes, the 40,000 yelling, the bands playing, and the announcing horns booming the lineups, Notre Dame kicked off.

And from that kickoff until the last mad dash of Northwestern's yellow haired Baker there was no letup in the battle. Northwestern looked slow against Carleton; Indiana's mediocre team held the Purple for three quarters; the experts thought the team might be a flash and easily broken.

But from the kickoff Northwestern's football players fought, and bled, and you wondered why some of them didn't die, as they battled that grid-iron machine from Notre Dame. From their own 34-yard line they pumeled Notre Dame until the ball rested on the Irish team's 40 yard mark. Then they lost 9 yards, failed at a pass, and punted.

Parisien, the youth who throws footballs with his left hand as if they were baseballs, fumbled and recovered. His teammate, Niemiec, the same to whom Parisien tossed the pass that won the game, punted from behind his goal line.

And that break kept Rockne's men on defense for the remainder of the quarter.

Baker slid off tackle, tried to skirt the ends; Gustafson pushed through the line and Lewis bucked it and as the first quarter ended Northwestern had the ball on Notre Dame's 14 yard line. It looked like a goal from field for the purple.

But Northwestern tried a pass on its fourth down as the second quarter began and Hearnden intercepted it back of his goal for a touchback. Notre Dame took the ball, but couldn't break the Purple line.

Fighting, fighting, fighting, the two teams bucked and never broke.

Now it was Northwestern that threatened; now it was Notre Dame. Once near the end of the first half the fast stepping, dodging, twisting Flanagan skirted the ends and passed his way down to the Purple 17 yard line. And then it looked as if Notre Dame would score.

They didn't.

Battling, battling, battling, the Northwestern line held and Northwestern took the ball. They had it when the half ended.

In the third quarter Notre Dame threatened again. Baker had juggled a pass by Flanagan intended for Hearnden, and the ball bounced back Northwestern.

And that brings us to that last quarter.

McNally, a third string quarter back, took Baker's punt on Notre Dame's 20-yard line and ran 10 yards. He was promptly yanked and Parisien substituted. Rockne wanted to use his aerial game. The left hander sped a pass to Wallace on the Purple 35 yard line, and he dodged his way to the Northwestern 14 yard mark.

Parisien tried it again. This time he shot the ball to Niemiec and Niemiec, with no Purple player in front of him, scored.

GO! U NORTHWESTERN

Go! U! Northwestern!

Break right thru that line,

With our colors flying

We will cheer you all the time.

U! Rah! Rah!

Fight for victory.

Spread far the fame of our fair name,

Go! Northwestern win that game.

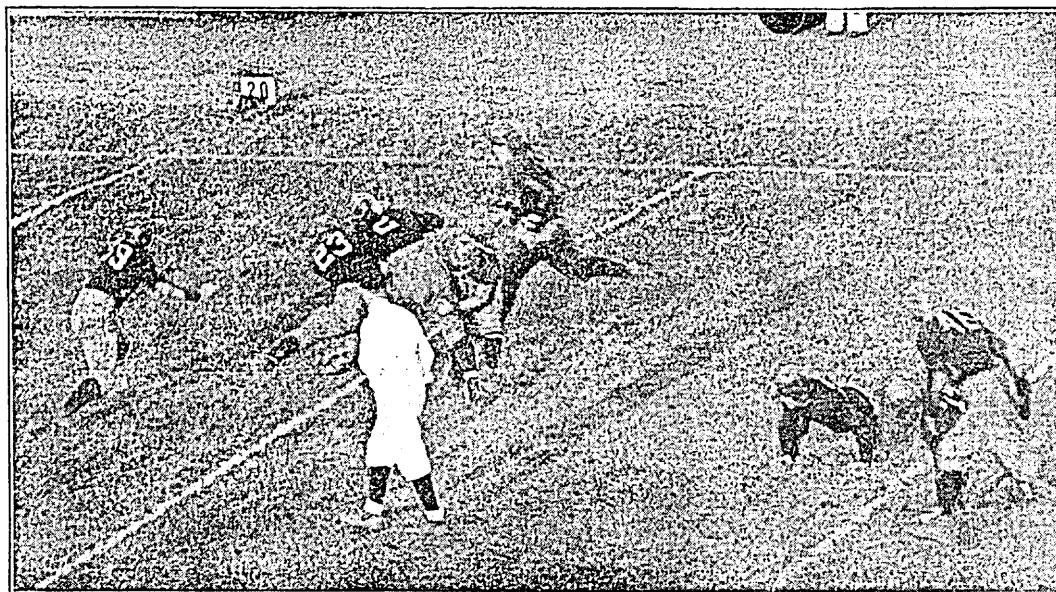
Notre Dame - 12
Georgia Tech - 0

This ancient figure about harnessing the hurricane begins to grate by now, but no sane man can argue that a tornado was not tied down at all corners by Notre Dame's Thundering Herd the last week in October.

Billed as the Golden Tornado from sunny Georgia the Georgia Tech eleven hit South Bend on a day when Indiana weather was at its worst and were blown about for a 12 to 0 loss. Frankly speaking, the Tornado was supposed to have been tied in a more decisive fashion but the Irish had a listless afternoon of it.

As they would, Mr. Rockne's lads had a touchdown before most of us had a chance to bat an eye. Then Georgia Tech began to have things its own way for another period. Well toward the end of the second quarter the Irish scored their second marker and the blankets were promptly lifted on top of the scoring celebrities.

"Red" Barron, the Georgia back, was very much in evidence throughout the game and, in fact, if a team of Barron's could have faced the Irish that day it might not have been so cold. Harry O'Boyle was doing some strutting himself that afternoon and might have broken into fierce headline if his pet leg had not taken a spell of bad temperament.



Notre Dame Easy Victor as Georgia Tech Falls

By HARRY MACNAMARA. *Chicago Herald and Examiner.*

NOTRE DAME, Ind., Oct. 30.—Knut Rockne whose bald football dome is almost as famous as the golden dome of old Notre Dame, where the boys cheer and play football in their idle moments, did not have to drag forth the hidden ball trick, deceptive pads, or even a left-handed passer to achieve an Irish victory over Georgia Tech's Golden Tornadoes in their annual combat here today. He certainly did not reveal any more of his plays, passes or the ability or lack of it of his various performers than was necessary to put over a 12 to 0 triumph. Rockne wanted to win, of course, but his team was under wraps today.

Knut started his shock troopers and they put over a touchdown in the first few minutes. Then, in the second quarter, Notre Dame put over another touchdown, which gave them a 12-point working margin. From then on Notre Dame was content to assume a defensive role with Flanagan punting on the slightest provocation.

Georgia had the ball during the greater part of the second half but was unable to get anywhere. Georgia had the ball but didn't know what to do with it.

Rockne, having used up all of his available first string fullbacks in the Minnesota and Northwestern games, Elmer Wynne and Fred Collins, took the opportunity to test out a few more aspiring young men. He tried Richard ("Red") Smith, whose previous activities have been at guard, as a plunger and the sorreltop did very well. In fact, Rockne's fullbacks did most of the ball carrying.

Harry O'Boyle, who has been hanging around for a season or so, also got a chance at punching the line, and Harry's work was the outstanding feature of the game. He ripped off several smashes of 25 yards or more and looked very much like the goods. Harry was injured in the second period and had to give the job back to Smith.

Neither Christy Flanagan, "Red" Heardon, Johnny Niemic, Ray Dahman or Art Parisien, left-handed passer, was required to do any galloping against the Georgians; they merely went through the motions of playing a football game.

"Red" Edwards, one of the Irish captains, did not take part in the contest, and neither did John McManmon, a regular tackle. It was said they were suffering from minor injuries.

ROACH SCORES FIRST

Johnny Roach scored the first touchdown before the game was five minutes old. Notre Dame kicked off and held and Parham punted to his own 40-yard line, where Maxwell grounded the ball. Roach sprinted around end for a 20-yard gain, then "Red" Smith hit the line for two short gains, and Roach lugged the ball around end for ten yards and a first down on the Georgia 5-yard line. Smith and Chevigney got only two yards in two cracks at the line. Roach again circled end for the score. Smith's dropkick for the extra point was blocked.

O'Boyle paved the way for the second score by breaking through tackle for a 30-yard gain, which gave the Irish a first down on the Georgia 40-yard line. O'Boyle was knocked out on the play and had to quit the game. McCabe relieved him, and on the first play speared a pass from Niemic that netted eighteen yards. Dahman and Niemic alternated at lugging the ball for short gains off tackle until they reached the 5-yard line. Dahman crashed through left tackle for the touchdown. His dropkick for the extra point went wide, Notre Dame closed up like a clam thereafter.

GEORGIA TECH

*I'm a rambling wreck
From Georgia Tech
And a helluva engineer!
A helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva,
Helluva engineer,
Like all good jolly fellows
I drink my whiskey clear
'Cause I'm a rambling wreck
From Georgia Tech
And a helluva engineer!*

By JAMES CRUSINBERRY

Chicago Tribune Press Service.

South Bend, Ind., Oct. 29.—(Special.)—Notre Dame's football players were so badly bruised in the battle with Northwestern last Saturday that Coach Rockne will not have more than seventy-five or eighty men in good condition for the combat tomorrow with Georgia Tech.

It was almost pitiful to see the wounded limping about the campus and the practice field this afternoon when the final drill was staged before tackling the gentlemen of the south. An effort undoubtedly was made to suppress this condition of affairs as it would perhaps inspire great hope in the Georgians if they knew that Rockne was so badly handicapped. Today he had only seven varsity elevens in the drill, barely enough men, it is estimated to get through the first half.

The name of all the wounded cannot be had for publication because it is the custom at this institution to utter no squawk when a man is knocked out. He is supposed to swallow it and get even the next time.

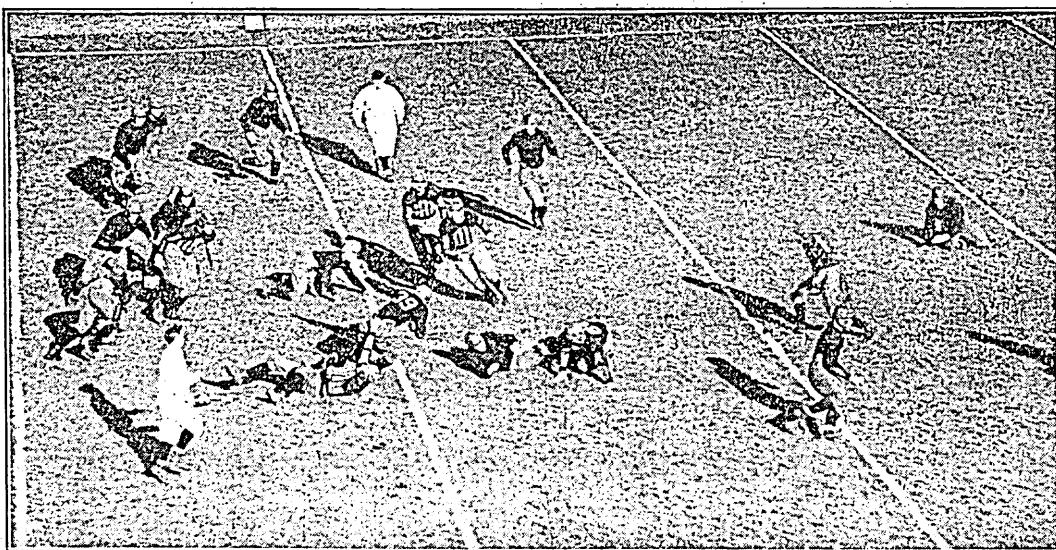
Notre Dame - 26
Indiana - - 0

After Western Conference opponents who aspired to hang the crape on the Irish had been twice thwarted, Messrs, Boeringer, Edwards et al, suddenly came to the conclusion that three is a charm and so the gay young gents from Indiana were elected to fill out the bill.

It's said that the waggish Wabash didn't flow with all its reckless abandon on the night of the game and the red fires that were supposed to have mirrored the happiness in the Hoosier hearts flared up against the Saturday night sky with a peculiar shade of blue. These Irish did their task in a wholesome manner for they pushed across four touchdowns with enough kicks to ring the final score up thus: 26 to 0.

But that isn't the half of it. It happened that Mr. Knute Rockne was preparing to lead one of his sightseeing tours to New York on the following Saturday and being a very able tour master he had to get the ground all set. So he went off to N. Y. a week ahead of time and got the lay of the land. Accordingly Mr. Hunk Anderson took charge of the team that week and did his job quite nobly while "Rock" was looking over the Army steam roller.

Despite Mr. Rockne's absence his lads played a very neat game and completely baffled the Crimson who had it in their mind to steal a march while the grizzled mentor was on the sojourn. Two touchdowns came in the first half and another pair found their way on to the scoreboard during the last two periods. Passes, of quality and quantity, did not help the Crimson to score although they were dangerously close at times.



Rox Perfect Coordination Play

By KENNETH S. CONN. *South Bend Tribune.*

Notre Dame still reigns over the Hoosier realm of football with an undisputed hand, and the horde from down around Bloomington, flying a crimson banner, must wait and hope for a future chance to unseat Notre Dame from its throne.

Yesterday was just another chance for Indiana, but a triumph for Notre Dame. The combat was waged before some 12,000 spectators at Cartier field, the most colorful crowd of the year, and ended in a 26 to 0 rout for the state leaders.

The Crimson, a young and hopeful team, saw its chances shattered at the very start. It saw its hopes to wipe out the sting of two Northwestern defeats and a beating at the hands of Wisconsin fade with the sun setting behind the west stands, full of alumni and students who remained loyal although admitting the hopelessness of the task.

FLASHES OF REAL FOOTBALL

For Notre Dame it was just another game, another chance to perfect its coordination, and another step towards that elusive national championship which hangs in a delicate balance next Saturday above the Yankee stadium of New York when the Army is meet.

Indiana, while defeated, was not disgraced, for the Crimson warriors battled not only with their bodies, toes and hands but with their heads, and showed flashes of real football prowess which would be a credit to any master of the game.

The statistics would indicate a sordid and unmatched fray, but for once the figures fail to tell the real unbiased story. Notre Dame made 21 first downs to Indiana's four, two of which were gained by the plain digging into the turf and pushing tired bodies past a heavier opposition for needed yardage.

RED SMITH PLUNGES TO FAME

Since it takes a sorrel top to make a name for himself on the gridiron it was Red Smith's turn to hit, plunge and wiggle his way to fame through the Crimson line. The feats of this Kaw Kanna, Wis. youth were largely responsible for the Rox victory.

It was Smith this. Smith that and Smith some more when Notre Dame was marching goalward for touchdowns. Niemiec, Dahman, Flanagan and Hearden added to the grand total of yards gained, but it remained for Smith to make eight and nine yards through the red-shirted wall when only two and three yards were needed.

While Notre Dame was displaying its power, that covered reservoir of strength, the depth of which has never been tested, Indiana was furnishing the color. The Crimson was smart enough to pull two tricks so old they have grandchildren consorting on the gridiron under other variations. One, generally termed an "onside kick" was pulled twice, and was originally schemed by Alonzo Stagg about the same time the O'Grady cow kicked over the lantern. The other was when a linesman suddenly straightened up and started arguing with the quarterback over the choice of plays. This threw Notre Dame off guard while the back was slipping through tackle for a substantial gain.

PAT PAGE'S INDIANANS STOPPED

By ARCHIE WARD
Chicago Tribune News Service

Notre Dame, Ind., Nov. 6.—A band of titans inspired today carried the colors of Notre Dame to a 26 to 0 victory over Indiana.

The fifteen thousand who were in attendance came not so much with the hope of watching a close contest as to see the men and weapons with which Notre Dame hopes to beat the Army next Saturday.

They saw enough to satisfy. They saw the slippery Christy Flanagan and the fast stepping Tom Hearden scoot yards behind interference that was beautiful to watch. They saw a fullback named Elmer Wynne, a brother of Chet Wynne, whose plunging once broke the heart of Nebraska, batter his way through the crimson forward wall. They saw a line that outcharged and outmaneuvered their opponents.

Although Rockne's men didn't unfold all the plays in their repertoire, they gave convincing evidence that they have a lot of flashy stuff. They had forward passes and a powerful off-tackle smash which Coach Page's forwards couldn't stop.

Defeat was Indiana's lot from the moment Flanagan dashed around end for 20 yards and a touchdown on the first play of the second quarter. But the Hoosiers never stopped trying.

The arithmetic of the game gives an idea of Notre Dame's superiority. Rockne's men made twenty first downs to Indiana's three. Notre Dame made 436 yards from scrimmage, while Indiana was picking up 43.

INDIANA

Indiana, Oh Indiana!

Indiana we're all for you

We will fight for the Cream and Crimson

For the glory of old I U.

Never daunted we will not falter

In the battle we're tried and true

Indiana, oh Indiana!

Indiana we're all for you!

Notre Dame - 7
Army - - 0

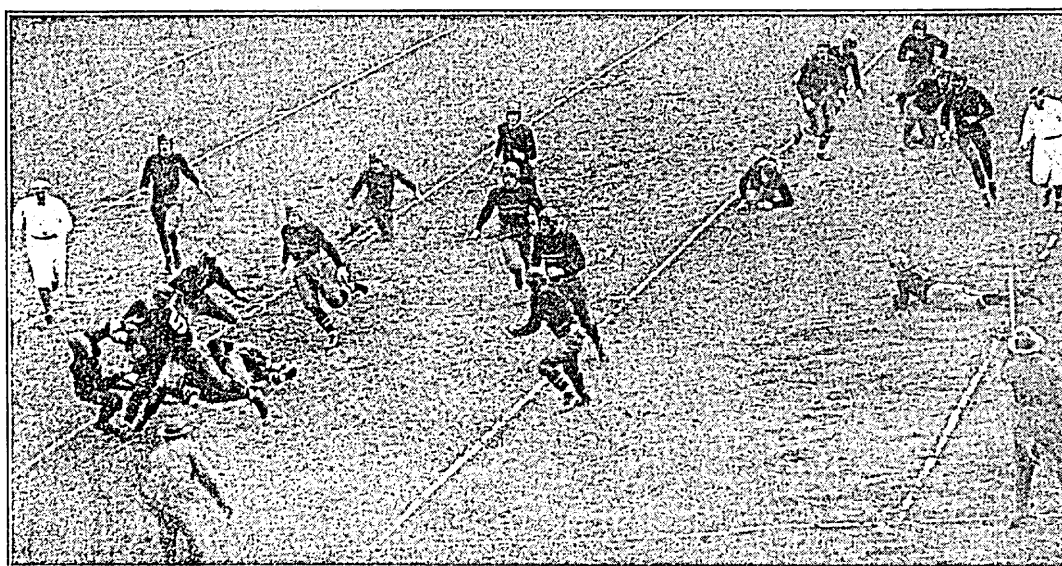
One perfect play sandwiched in the midst of four tense, tantalizing quarters of stubborn football strife; one perfect play that meant victory for an All-American team over a team of All-Americans; one perfect play, started with a simply, rhythmic shift and ended 63 yards away, made it one perfect day for the host of Fighting Irish. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Seven to nothing was the score! Which was quite enough to raise us to the seventh heaven.

It was smiling Christy of the clam of Flanagan, the boy with the Gulf-Coast tenor, who carried the ball those sixty-three yards to glory and rested it behind the goal posts that later were brought back to the region around the twin lakes. There were ten other men who also made that touchdown although their names were not in the scoring column. For Christy's sensational trip was maneuvered by eleven men working in perfect synchronism—just another tribute to the hours of practice on interfering that Rockne insist upon.

After all it's not so much what you do as how you do it in this big pigskin parade and the event known as "Flanagan's Run" was at once beautifully simple and simply beautiful.

This was the great triumph of Rockne—a feat that proved once again that he is the greatest of the great. For this bunch of boys, humans, who made up the squad dedicated to Our Lady were the same bunch that rode back from New York with bowed heads last year rankling under a 27-0 defeat by this same Army team. He had taken the green material, worked in his deft manner and that day's team was the result.

Flanagan's run was not the whole thing—it was merely THE thing. But anyone that witnessed that obstinate warfare between the two elevens, both fighting to retain an unsullied slate, will tell you that the 63 yard excursion was not all. Far from it.



70,000 Fans Watch Notre Dame Win Over Army

By CHARLES E. PARKER. *New York World.*

Christy Flanagan, a broth of a boy with the blood of Old Erin in his veins and the fire of Old Erin in his soul, gave New York's record gridiron gallery—70,000 persons—the thrill of their lives and his team a dearly desired victory yesterday afternoon when he sprinted 63 yards down the cozy turf of the Yankee Stadium to score the touchdown which enable Notre Dame to vanquish Army 7 to 0.

Christy's was a classic performance. It came on the third play of the third period in a football battle as tight and as tense as ever was waged. "It came unannounced. But its suddenness only made it stand out the bolder, while the sensation it created crystallized into one of the noisiest, albeit most orderly, demonstrations the local ball yard has witnessed.

"OFF AGAIN" FLANAGAN

For two periods the embattled elevens, each ambitious to clinch its claim for the mythical national title, fought their bitter, brilliant fight, with each refusing to yield a score and neither really threatening to earn one. Each had inaugurated stirring drives but only to see them end far from the scoring zone through a stiffening of the opposition or by reason of a fumble or misplay. Thus, when the "Irish," shortly after the third period kick-off, lined up on their own 37-yard stripe none in the throng anticipated what was then to occur.

The signal caled for black-haired Christy Flanagan to shoot for the supposed strong point of Army's mighty line—the tackle position filled by the giant cadet, Bill Sprague. There was the threat of a pass and the threat of a play on the opposite side of the line by the clever-acting Notre Dame backfield, and Christy had only such help as might come from his linemen to carry through his assignment.

For a moment as he reached the line of scrimmage there was indication he would go no further, for, while Sprague had been turned in toward the center, Christy collided with the cadet and seemed about to sprawl to the ground. But his lightning-like limbs kept churning and he sort of ricocheted off the big Army man and on toward the cadet secondary defense section patrolled by "Lighthorse Harry" Wilson, who was reinforced by Daly, the cadet center.

IRISH JIGSTEPS HELP

Whether the Flanagan family has taught Christy the intricate steps of the Irish jig is not known, but immediately those Army defenders approached him

he began to execute a series of steps not unlike the dance of the and of his forebearers. And while the Cadets hesitated, not knowing just where or how to meet him, Christy put on steam, tore past them like the Twentieth Century Limited tears past Squashville, and went whizzing on toward the last white stripe on Army's end of the field.

Some of his mates, anticipating his journey, had come through on the other side of the line, and they promptly formed perfect protection for the runner, both before and behind, while he journeyed on to the game-winning score.

VICTORY MARCH

Cheer, Cheer for Old Notre Dame.

Wake up the echoes cheering her name,

Send a volley cheer on high

Shake down the thunder from the sky.

What tho the odds be great or small

Old Notre Dame will win over all

While her loyal sons are marching

Onward to Victory!

Another real son of Erin, O'Boyle by name, contributed the point following touchdown, and, although it was not known at the time, the scoring for the day was ended.

Victory was sweet to Notre Dame and its coach and its rooters.

It was sweet because it avenged a defeat the "Irish" had suffered at the hands of the Cadets last year, and it was the sweeter because it sent Notre Dame well in the lead as claimant for the mythical but much-to-be-desired national championship. Until yesterday Army had been regarded as the most powerful eleven in the East, with an uninterrupted string of triumphs over such

elevens as Syracuse, Yale and other powerful teams; and Notre Dame, having whipped leading elevens of the Middle West and South, has only to vanquish Southern California, a leading Pacific Coast team, to gain general recognition as the greatest football array in the land.

VETERANS ON ARMY TEAM

Yesterday's game was one in which the master mind of Knute K. Rockne, celebrated coach of the "Irish," was matched against the mature experience of Army's post-graduate football team—a team with "Light Horse Harry" Wilson, late of Penn State; "Tiney" Hewitt, late of Pittsburgh; Jack Murrell, late of Minnesota; Lou Cagle, late of Louisiana Southwestern, and others late of colleges located here, there, or in those general vicinities, a majority of whom have had from four to eight years of college football—and the master mind won.

The master mind won by employing tactics which many believed foolhardy, for the "Irish," instead of attempting to sweep the end or iling passes over the heads of the Cadet eleven, went punching into the supposedly adamant Army line.

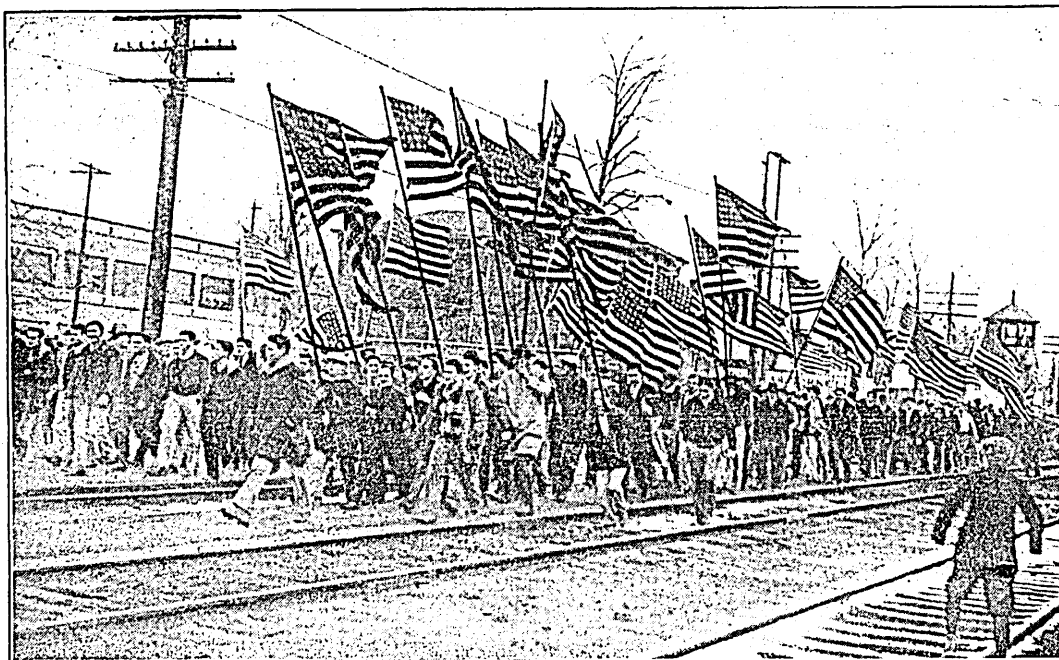
Army Game Spirit

A tattoo of cleated feet on the green-sward... cheers... anxious waiting... victory—a football season.

Perhaps it will always be that to Notre Dame men football will be connected with the annual Army game; and perhaps the true idea of spirit will always be couched in terms that have attached themselves to the legends that have grown old around this classic. Not that we do not have our traditions elsewhere or that the spirit, that soul of Notre Dame, that loyalty, isn't as prevalent in our other conflicts; but rather because the memories of that little band of Fighting Irish led by a Swede that went down and were the mule-skinners proper back in 1913 gave birth to a tradition that is always living.

This year the splendid response of the student body in giving the team a send-off and again in its acclimation of the wonderful victory will remain in the minds of those who saw it until nothing else can be recalled.

No wonder the Army succumbed. It was battling against the weight of two thousand six hundred hearts of two thousand six hundred men who were willing to visit the basement chapel and the church as well as burn red-flares; two thousand six hundred men who pledged their loyalty silently out'round the twin lakes as well as in the noisy acclimation; two thousand six hundred who were a week later willing to greet a team that had fought hard and lost as wholeheartedly as when they won from the Cadets. Two thousand six hundred who had the spirit!



Flanagan's 62 Yard Run Wins for N. D., 7 to 0

By DAVIS J. WALSH. *Chicago Herald and Examiner.*

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Looking down the barrel of a sixgun, drawing a king full to an ace "kicked" or running a rabbit down to its elbows in a dash for the goal posts—they make them tough and trigger-nervous down in Texas. But when a Texan happens to be a scion of the Flanagans and his first name is Christie, the contest ceases there, because there seems to be nothing for it but to concede that the gent is a man among men.

And such he proved to be this afternoon, for with everything else being equal, Notre Dame had a Flanagan of the Texas Flanagans and he ran sixty-two yards for a touchdown that beat the Army, 7 to 0.

The great open spaces were calling their own early in the third period of this afternoon's Army-Notre Dame football game, and the right half-back of the Notre Dame team, being a young man by the name of Flanagan, who came from Texas, was not the one to ignore the appeal. He found a great open space between Harbold and Sprague, went to meet it as a gentleman born meets an obligation and, finding none to say nay, simply did the natural thing and followed the shortest distance between two given points. Lest we fail to make ourselves clear, one of them happened to be the goal line.

DEFENSIVE GAME

It was the only score of a game that was to have pulled the boys out of their shoe laces, but, somehow, didn't. Both teams came up to the game unbeaten in their respective sections, and they had the megaphone men firmly convinced that nothing could stop either of them.

Instead, it proved to be a meeting of two teams whose defenses were too much for their attacks.

Not once did that Army attack, about which the boys in the back room had become so maudlin, penetrate the Irish 30-yard line. Not once did the deception and speed that one has come to associate with Rockne teams carry through a sustained offensive to the goal line. It seemed, in fact, that nothing could happen and nothing would, when suddenly the Army defense began to count its finger nails and the boy friend, Flanagan, was on his way.

Harbold was hung by the heels as the interference swept on, Sprague was boxed like a cigar, and Harding, playing defensive fullback, was dumped without ceremony as he gazed with engrossing interest at the oncoming Flanagan.

From that point, it became a foot race and any gent by the name of Flanagan who lives in Texas can't afford to be slow. He wasn't. He simply devoured the yards and at the end, the thing wasn't even close, Wilson being put out of the race on the 10-yard line by a Notre Dame hip that picked up a chance acquaintance with Harry's knee caps.

The victory sent Notre Dame back to old South Bend with that may prove to be a season's lien on the intersectional championship, and, if they don't ring the town bell over that one, the fact that the Irish retrieved that 27 to 0 debacle of last year, will be sufficient to keep the merry villagers in the streets long after 9:45.

In addition the day was one to inspire the brush of a painter and that goodly crowd of 70,000, lifted beyond the commonplace by the spectacle of 1,000 cadets marching as one man and their barking, lilting songs and cheers was there with the expectation of seeing the game of games.

Rockne worked his usual *hocus pocus* at the outset, starting the game with Riley, Niemiec, Dahman and O'Boyle in his backfield, possibly on the theory that the first shall be last and the last shall be first. They are supposed to be second stringers and, for all of me,

they proved it when they got two distinct breaks in the first period and threw both of them over the left shoulder, for luck or something.

For instance, Wilson fumbled the kickoff and then carefully stepped out of bounds on the 10-yard line in recovering the ball. That incident did the Army practically no good, and neither did Murrell's trick punt that went out of bounds on the 33-yard line a moment later.

ARMY CHECKS ADVANCE

Now was the time for all good men to come to the aid of the Hoosier but some of them happened to be on the sidelines and so the Army took the ball on downs. It then showed a disposition to prove that its attack didn't consist altogether of circumstantial evidence, Murrell tearing the Irish line for repeated gains.

But he finally thought better of it, and punted to the 25-yard line, from which point the only sustained march of the game carried Notre Dame deep into Army territory on off-tackle dashes by Niemiec and O'Boyle. But it was not to be.

VICTORY

*Army, to Victory, we're marching
on today,*

*Sound you the call for Kaydets all,
To form, in battle array.*

*Army, our team is set, so forward
to the fray,*

*We'll never yield, but clear the
field,*

And march to victory.

Notre Dame - - 21
Drake - - 0

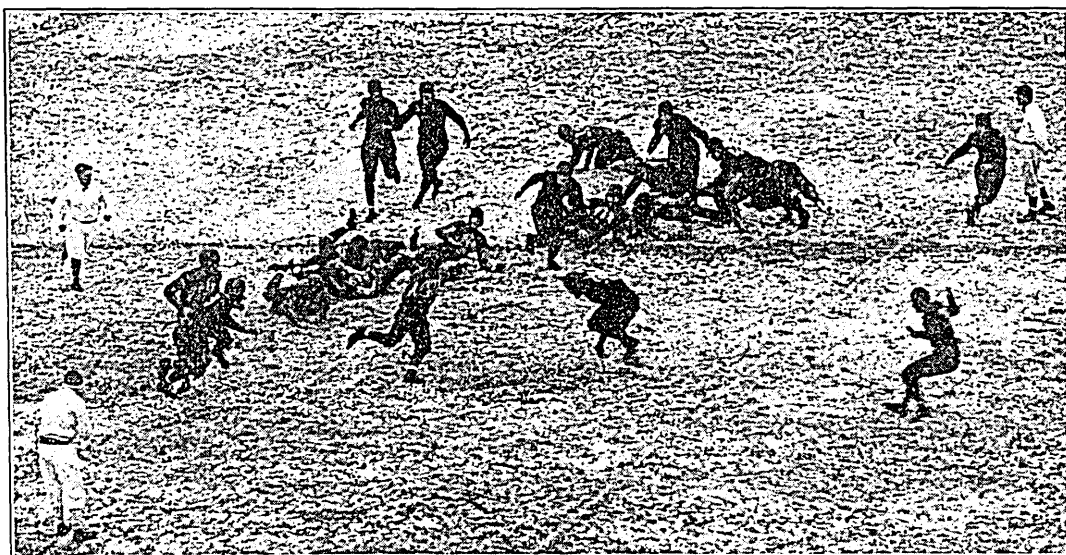
Someone presented Rock and his crew with a huge underslung bulldog in remembrance of the way that his boys took the Army down the line. It was a fine pup; the sort that has the fire of fight in his eyes and the grip of victory in his teeth. It was a friendly canine, however, and the Fightin' Irish did not have a great amount of trouble bringing it home from the Polo Grounds.

But such was not the story a week later when another bull dog in the form of Drake pounced in a playful manner on Cartier Field. A broad expanse of white blanketed turf sometimes referred to as Cartier Field, and 15,000 shivering fans greeted the pup as it marched upon the field to show the Irish that it would not be quite as easy to handle as their new mascot. The game might have been played on skis or snowshoes; at any rate it was about all the Rockmen could do to slide across Drakes goal for three markers.

The Alumni who had sold the farm to come back for homecoming began wondering if old man winter had covered up the chalked lines so that the Notre Dame rooters would not be conscious of the yardage gained by the Bulldogs in the second quarter; with lightning like speed the boys from Iowa marched the pill to the Notre Dame five yard line where they made first down. Even the Blue and Gold first stringers could not stop the Drake advance to the three inch line. It was here that Mr. Dope stepped in and spoiled Drakes chances for a score.

Then the tide turned. Using then hands craftily, blocking in a finished manner and sending the ball through the air the Irish carried the ball to the skin across the last white line. This started things rolling and Wallace and O'Boyle each chalked up another tally.

It was a great game. Old man Winter was not so over anxious for it to be but the fifteen thousand Irish fans declared that all their shivering was worth while and was amply repaid by seeing the boys from the twin lakes muzzle the Drake Bulldog 21-0.



Bull Dogs Slashed by Irish, 21 to 0

Des Moines Register

CARTIER FIELD, Notre Dame, Ind., Nov. 20. —(Special)—Irish eyes were smiling here this evening but not until the gentlemen from out-where-the-tall-corn-grows had given the Notre Dame mule-skinners a world of trouble by holding them 7-0 for three-fourths of a game that kept the audience shivering despite turned-up collars. Drake took its Sweedish massage-Rockne brand-only after it had demonstrated some 99 and 44|100 percent wallop that made the activities of some 22 gentlemen in the center of 19 thousand roaring homecomers the only hot thing this frigid afternoon.

It was an intercepted forward pass and a brace of completed ones that metamorphosed what gave promise of being a close score for the books into a 21-0 victory for Rockne's rolicking ramblers.

You can unwrap the tin-foil, tear off the tissue paper and present the big bouquet of the day to Mr. Harry O'Boyle. The Drake outfit hails from the homestead of the aforementioned gentleman and he kept smashing thru their line to give his best regards to the safety man in a thoroughly O'Boyle manner. Then, too, there was a fleet footed Christy Flanagan who galloped a bit up and down the turf and then went back to his stall.

The crowd was given a thrill or two several times in the first quarter when it became too openly evident that the Iowans had not heard that the home team must always win a homecoming game. A bad punt gave the Missouri Valley's pride a "break" after 7 minutes of milling about but Wynne reached his long, dangling arms up into the ozone and intercepted Cook's pass and proceeded to canter out into the middle of the snowy playground with the same.

Later they worked the ball down to the 15-yard line and were resting there when time was called. The shock troops that started the fray were replaced by the regulars but the Blue and White refused to be intimidated by the psychology of the situation. They smashed thru to the one-yard line and the Irish fans rose to their feet dazedly to shout "hold 'em". A brace of line bucks failed and Drake was penalized because it seemed that their backfield was in motion. Then a pass over the goal line was sent too near Captain Red Hearnden's rendezvous and like a true Rockne pupil he immediately and effectively grounded the same. As the novelists would

have it "Old Erin was saved", and from that time on the Notre Dame holy of holies was without danger of invasion.

Christy Flanagan, the rambling rough-rider from Texas plains, teamed with O'Boyle and together they worked the pigskin to within 5 yards of glory. Hearnden took the ball to Drake's one-yard strip and then two attempts to catapult O'Boyle behind the goal posts failed miserably to advance the ball. Quarterback Edwards looked things over and ordered a shoulder to shoulder charge by the linemen following in their wake closely. They succeeded in pushing the Drake

wall back that $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard necessary and the boys on the scoreboard exercised their arithmetic as O'Boyle added the extra point.

The third period was a duplicate, replica, repetition, or what have you of the opening stanza. The additional accounting on part of the scribes came in the final period when the Irish counted twice.

Wallace scored the first when he intercepted Cook's pass and ran 30 yards for a touchdown and O'Boyle was credited with the last when Charlie Riley Grover Alexandered one to him from the 21-yard line which he converted promptly into 7 points.

In each case O'Boyle added the extra point.

Simpson and Everett were the main springs, stars, and whole planetary system of the Iowans game.

For Notre Dame Mssrs. Flanagan, O'Boyle, Mayer, McManmon were the headliners supported by a brilliant cast of Riley, Hearnden, Wallace, Marelli, and company.

WILDCATS SCREECH IN VAIN; NOTRE DAME WINS, 6-0

Mounted high over the heart of Notre Dame, the golden-garbed figure of Our Lady arose to a new splendor in the hazy twilight of last Saturday, for the doughty gridiron knights whom she had sent forth only a few hours before had paraded to a great victory.

And the massive stands of Northwestern University's new stadium were thrilling to a new tradition in the autumn dusk of last Saturday as from the cleat worn field strode the Thundering Herd of Notre Dame, victors by the narrow margin of one touchdown, 6 to 0, over the plucky Purple Wildcat.

DRAKE

*Here's to the man who wears
the "D"*

Makes a good fight for the varsity;

*Here's to the man who has fought
and won*

*Made a good fight as a true
Drake son;*

*Here's to the man who's brave
and bold*

Ready to battle as knights of old;

Like a bull dog the victory,

*Oh, here's to the man who wears
the "D".*

Notre Dame - 0 Carnegie Tech - 19

Iowa, Nebraska and now Carnegie!

Each year it seems to be the fate of the Wonder Teams to run into some opponent who spills the dope and makes what would have otherwise have been a most remarkable season into a merely great one. It would take more than a defeat such as this to obscure the record that the Fighting Irish had established before their trip to Pittsburgh where the canny Scotsmen made crushed rock of the Rockmen; and it would take far more than his to dim the glory of that great game that they rose to on the succeeding Saturday.

Notre Dame had a good season and the loss to Carnegie, although it was a pill without the sweated coating that proved rather hard to take, was nevertheless administered by a Tech team working feverishly at the top of their game. As W. F. Fox, Jr., would say: "It happens in the best regulated pigskin families."

Coach Steffin had pointed his worthies for Notre Dame; had primed them for Notre Dame; and he did his work well. The team that took the field against our Thundering Herd was really remarkable. Notre Dame has no alibies; no protests; nothing in fact except praise for the sturdy opponents who topped them. And indeed it should be so.

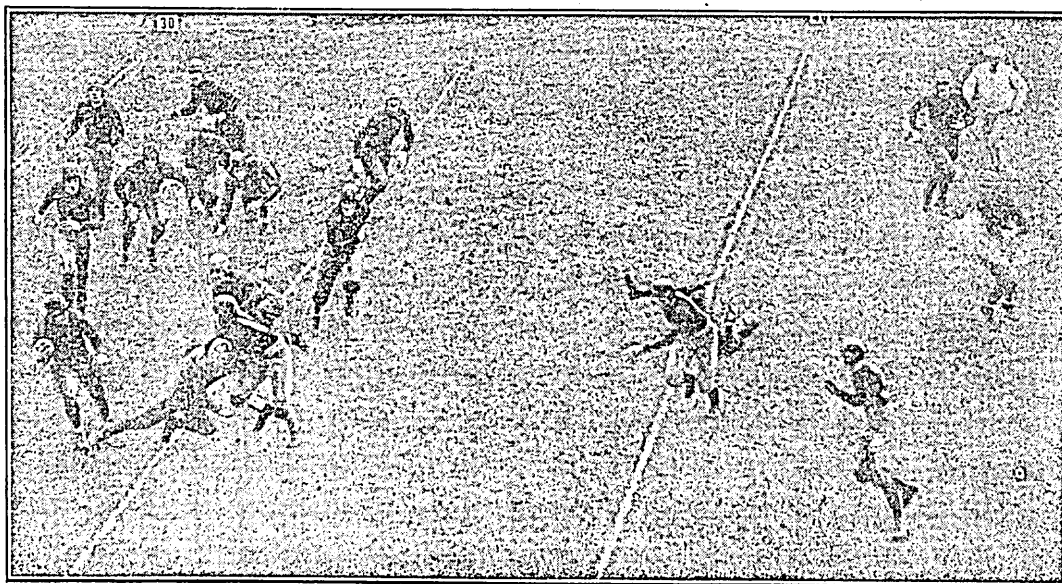
The real test of a man's worth is to observe him when he's beaten; when he's down. It's easy to speak of sportsmanship when you're on top of the heap but rather a different task to put that into practice when the odds are the other way and you're far to the windward of glory.

The Carnegie game had its place on the calander of events this year. It proved that the team was not a collection of super-men but was made up of boys, of men, and that the human element could not be overlooked. But most of all it tested the mettle of every Notre Dame man whoever or where ever he might be and, as has always been the case, the men of Our Lady brought credit to themselves and their Alma Mater under the stress. It proved that Notre Dame is great in defeat, greater indeed than in victory!

Here was a true measure. The men adequately proved their worth in the Southern California game.

All due praise to our victors! A great team.

And praise for those who were courageous in defeat.



Skibos Defeat "Unbeatable" Squad

By T. C. YOULL. Pittsburgh Press.

Rockne's flaming Notre Dame comet has crashed to the ground, a charred and lifeless ember.

The luminous star from South Bend swooped low over Pittsburgh yesterday, collided head-on with the football juggernaut of Carnegie Tech and broke and fell as its glitter and sparkle flickered and died away.

A wild crowd of 45,000 crowded Forbes Field for this astonishing spectacle. And it saw an amazing battle of gridiron giants of which the hopes of the Irish were shattered into a thousand fragments and the fame of Carnegie's mighty eleven went speeding to every corner of the land to the ticking of a hundred telegraph instruments.

"MIRACLE" OCCURS

Notre Dame was beaten.

The Tartans were triumphant, 19 to 0.

The so-called miracle was accomplished. It was more than accomplished. Notre Dame was not beaten—but crushed. Crushed by a quartette of Tartan backs that ran with terrible fury and a powerful Carnegie forward wall that tore the vaunted first defense of the Irish into tatters.

As the thousands that packed the stands and bleachers at the Pirate stadium poured their cheers into the colorful panorama beneath, the eleven Tartans played like eleven inspired men. There were no stars. It was just a heavy, smooth machine plunging forward at a dizzy pace and sweeping everything from its path.

The Irish were not feared. In a steady onslaught after a scoreless first period the Tartans scored two touchdowns in the second quarter, two field goals in the third and came within an ace of running over for two more touchdowns.

SCORE AGAINST VARSITY

And at the end the Tartans were smothering the Notre Dame varsity—the same eleven that beat the Army—under a bruising, battering onslaught that had the famous South Bend team reeling back dazed and demoralized.

All the scoring was made against the Irish varsity. The shock troops played the first quarter and shortly after the start of the second period, Notre Dame rushed in an entirely new team—the first string boys. They came on the field with a snap and a dash, rubbing their hands and patting each others' backs. Then in a few minutes they were hurt and scowling, fighting like tigers in the shadows of their own goal posts.

For scarcely had the Notre Dame varsity taken the field when the Tartans unleashed a wild, cyclonic attack that drove the South Benders back—wounding and struggling in hopeless desperation with their backs to the wall.

Victory, the one which would crown Carnegie as the conqueror of a champion, was within Steffen's grasp only because his team, one of the most inspired outfits that ever wore cleats, would not be beaten.

Carnegie, the team which a few years ago had met the "Four Horsemen" of grid fame and scored 21 points, were now scoring almost that many on a team whose goal line has seldom been crossed and a team, which, on its record, was considered the equal of the one that had brought Notre Dame its greatest fame as a proving ground.

And as the snow swirled about the field, as the athletes became hardly recognizable except for the great numbers which glared from their backs into the enshrouding twilight, Carnegie, with nineteen points, smashed the shrine upon which Notre Dame was about to ascend to receive the adulations of millions of hero worshippers.

GREATEST OF ALL

Great teams have trod Forbes Field, the warriors of Pitt in the good old days of Peck, McLean, Sutherland, Wagner, Davies, Bohren and others; great visitors like Jim Thorpe, Red Flowers, Swanson, Charlie Way, Bob Higgins, and countless others have clawed up miles of mud-streaking to victory in games oldtime's like to talk about. But greater teams than the Tartans of yesterday would be hard to imagine, impossible to find. Putting their everything into a struggle where they were not warranted a chance, working together in a way which would have made the famed "Three Musketeers" look like a disco-dant family, the Plaid rose on never hesitating until they had made certain that what they sought was theirs and what they had no one would take away.

Using only 14 men to batter their way, Carnegie twice swept over for touchdowns, and then, sort of to add his greatest personal effort to the success of a unified team, Harpster, with two field goals, one from the 41-yard line and the other from the 35-yard line, made certain that Notre Dame, unable to gain consistently until they opened the style of attack which had made their great reputation, would need three touchdowns in one period to win when they had failed to make one such score in three periods.

CARNEGIE TECH

*Fight for the Glory of Carnegie
Fight for the glory of the clan,
Let your eyes be ever on the
Tartan
Bright as the west and united
every man,
Fight, fight, fight, every loyal
Skibo, fight
Till we win the victory!
The kilties are coming, hurray
hurray,
The kiltise are coming, they'll win
to-day,
For they're fighting for the glory
of Carnegie.*

Notre Dame - 13
California - - 12

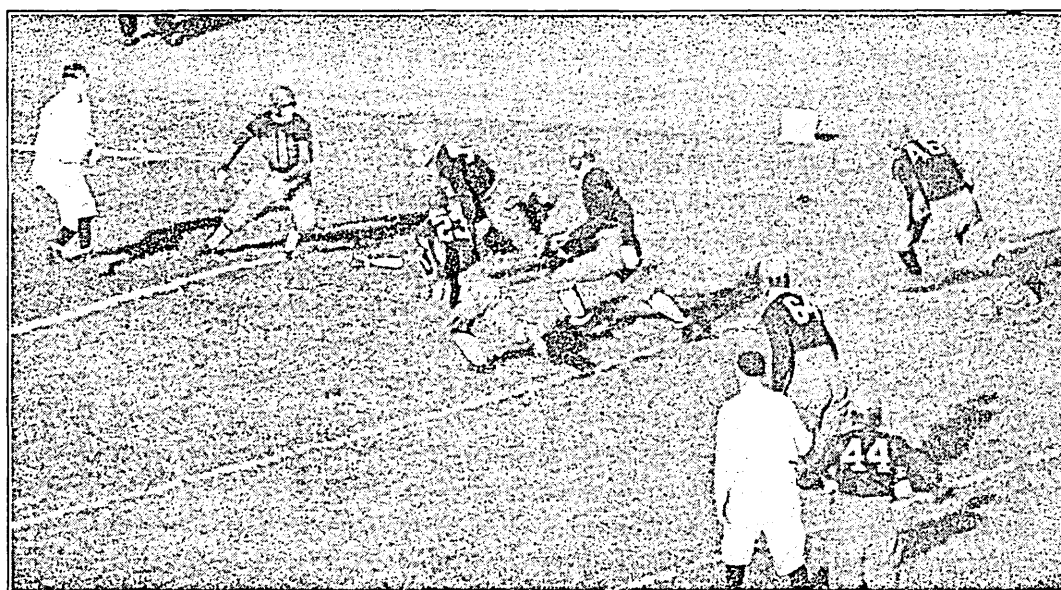
It was little Art Parisien, the minute man of '26, who was the star of stars again after pulling the dark clouds of defeat over that much exploited Southern California sunshine on December fourth. It was the first time in history that the trick had been pulled by an Eastern or Mid-Western team and then it came as the climax of the most thrilling game of football that we can find recorded in the books this year.

Like a page from Frank Meriwell, it came as the shadows from the high stadium walls of Troy were slipping down, phantom like, over the white-sliced playing field. There was a substitution and wheather or not you believe that Rockne is a magican the fact is he spoke just three words and lo, the Scarlet became mighty blue!

The words? Why "Parisien for Riley" and in trotted Parry, the left handed, who specializes in winning games in the fading minutes of play.

He was in just three plays but when he trotted back to the bench the thunder that was sent heavenwards for him was the acclimation accorded a hero. Just three plays,—but enough to made the score-board tenders exercise their accounting; enough to make us all wild with joy; enough to end a great season for a great team fighting for a great coach and a greater school.

The teams were as evenly matched as any teams could be. Notre Dame outscored the Trojan in the matter of yards piled up from scrimmage but in that matter of first downs they were each resting with ten when the time was called. Notre Dame had the brainy football; the spirit, and tho Captain Jim Cravath, "Devil May" Kaer, Laranella and Williams outdid themselves that combination was too strong to beat.



Parisien's Port Sided-Passes Defeat Trojans, 13-12

Chicago Herald and Examiner.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 4.—Oola-la!

"Petit" Parisien, a fightin' Irishman and a slip of a boy weighing less than 150 pounds southpawed Notre Dame to a 13 to 12 football victory over University of Southern California today.

He flipped two left-handed passes over a bewildered Trojan defense in the closing minutes of as hectic a football combat as this vicinity has ever witnessed and turned defeat to victory for Knute K. Rockne's proteges.

Then Parisien went in the Trojans were leading, 12 to 7. This was in the closing minutes of play. This little French-Canadian was under orders not to get into the game because of ailments. But the need was there and the man was handy, so he replaced Riley.

His first pass was for forty yards and into the arms of Niemiec who was dragged down on the Trojan 20-yard line. A line thrust, a wide end run and no gain. On third down "Petit" raced to his left with the ball tucked under his right arm. Then as the sower reaches for the seed in the basket he plucked the ball, threw it swiftly to Niemiec and the latter raced across the Trojan goal.

INEXPERT IN DEFENSE

One can dig up dozens of instances where, had things turned out differently, the score might have been reversed. The Trojans were neither outplayed nor were they outfought, but they certainly were inexpert in their defense against the bewildering attack that Notre Dame unloosed through the air.

Until the Trojan campus produces somebody with an educated toe these reverses will recur. Failure to kick goals after touchdown gave Stanford a one-point victory and the same failure today brought a like defeat.

But win or lose those Trojans played good football and lost to an eleven that fought a desperate fight and a smart one. Notre Dame, off in front, was overtaken in a game rally by the Trojan band, but they refused to be whipped and had just enough in reserve to sneak over with the winning margin.

It was a great, thrilling football spectacle. It was an exposition of football at its most fetching possibility. A bit of everything was on display and never were teams more evenly matched than these two who fought it out to the last bitter second on the fast green turf of the Los Angeles Coliseum before 80,000 spectators.

Outstanding in that scramble of legs and arms was the figure of one man who played as I have never seen another individual perform. Jeff Cravath, captain and center for the Trojans was the luminary

of the afternoon. There were other stars, many of them, but none who approached the brilliancy of this fighting center, who closed his collegiate career today.

IRISH MAKE SIX PASSES

Notre Dame completed six passes for 116 yards. Their total yardage was 289 to 230 for U. S. C. Each team made ten first downs. In the punting, where Notre Dame was expected to have a big edge, both Kaer and Elliott held their own, averaging 37 yards, to 43 yards for Notre Dame. In the return of punts Notre Dame got nowhere, gaining but 4 yards to 45 that Kaer got. Kaer out-gained Flanagan at every angle. The Trojan back made 94 yards in thirteen packings, while Flanagan made 30 yards in seven attempts.

The luck went to the Irish. Their first attempt at goal after touchdown was low, but the ball struck the back of one of their linemen who had been pushed back and bounded up and over the goal posts. Drury's attempt for conversion on the second touchdown hit the crossbar, bounded up and then hit the bar again in its descent and dropped back into the playing field. By that whisker did the Irish grab the verdict.

The game itself could have been a tie if one would seek to strike a balance between the potentialities of both squads. But one gets the impression that the Notre Dame offense was smoother—that the attack was more diversified and certainly more resourceful. The deception is monumental and when employed against slow-thinking secondary defense men the result is bound to be disastrous.

LARANETTA STARS

There is no "beef" over that sort of spectacle. I heard nobody yelling "extra bout" when they pushed and milled their way out of the Coliseum. But there is quite an assistant demand that the Trojans get down to the point of developing their five-year long weakness—a dependable set of kickers.

In passing out the cheers to the men one cannot overlook Laranetta's splendid defense. Had it not been for him Notre Dame pass receivers twice would have scored touchdowns. Laranetta would chase the receiver and bring him down.

He and Drury were alert in defense against passes, but the same cannot be said for Elliot and Heiser.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Fight on for old S. C.,

Our men fight on to victory

*Our Alma Mater dear looks good
up to you*

Fight on and win for old SC

Fight on to victory! Fight on!

Oh wad power the giftie gie us

ARMY

"The Army team were sorry that they had to mar the season with a loss but were happy, too, that they found their superiors in such a team as Notre Dame. Somehow we felt after that game that we had lost to a bunch of scrapping men—real types—who typified Notre Dame so beautifully."

---Cadet Orville M. Hewitt

NORTHWESTERN

"For years Notre Dame and Northwestern have fought cleanly on the football field and both teams have profited hugely by the fine spirit shown. For three years I have been on Northwestern teams that tried vainly, but sincerely, to defeat the Fighting Irish. I am sorry taht I could not have been on a team that won from Notre Dame but I am not sorry to have played against such true gentlemen."

---Ralph Baker

INDIANA

"When Indiana came to your school for its game this fall, all of the men on the Indiana team were hoping for victory. After they had played four quarters against your superb team they knew that they played on an inferior team and were deserving of defeat. Still it was no disgrace to lose to a football team which is so aptly called, 'The Fighting Irish'."

---Frank Sibley

GEORGIA TECH

"At Georgia Tech we have a very wholesome impression of Notre Dame and her student body. We think of the two as one, as an inspired unit which gets behind a project and pushes it over. Georgia Tech fell before your famous 'Four Horsemen'; likewise she was a victim of your 1926 team, almost as powerful as your wonder team of 1924. Defeats are stinging but when a sportsmanlike team inflicts them the pain is considerably lessened."

---"Red" Barron

PENN STATE

"Notre Dame came to State College, Pa. a year ago and played a tie with our team; Penn State went to South Bend this year and lost decisively to Notre Dame. I received the same impression on each occasion. Your team plays its game cleanly, hard and well and then shuts up. That's an admirable quality."

---John Filiak

To see oursel's as ithers see us!

CARNEGIE TECH

Many times have I seen Notre Dame in victory and as many times have I seen the exemplary winning spirit of your team. Only once have I seen Notre Dame in defeat but then that spirit dawned on me more fully for I saw its real depth. I have only the best of sincere admiration to extend to you."

---Lloyd Yoder

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

"Out of the middle west came a great team, known to the entire country as Notre Dame's famous Fighting Irish. Unluckily, our boys were forced to bow to the smooth football eleven which Rockne developed but in so doing we noticed one outstanding thing—they were pleasingly courteous at all times."

---Jess Cravath

MINNESOTA

"Two Notre Dame-Minnesota games have been played in the last two years and if interest in the future grows as rapidly as it has in the past two seasons we may look forward to Notre Dame-Minnesota contests as the best of the west. Notre Dame men are always serious on the field; modest after the battle is over."

---Roger Wheeler

DRAKE

"All the tribute and praise imaginable could be paid to the splendid football elevens which represent Notre Dame every year but a world of praise and tribute would be useless if Notre Dame did not go deeper than a mere athletic representative. It's the heart of Notre Dame that counts, the heart that seems to warm toward everyone."

---Paul Frye

BELOIT

"When we played Notre Dame this year we were so overwhelmed that we didn't get much of a view of the Fighting Irish except as they rushed past or through us to make touchdowns and roll the score higher and higher. Despite the decisive manner in which Notre Dame overcame Beloit, there was a feeling of courtesy and friendship that endeared us to your school and students."

---Ray Grady

"Now About Notre Dame—"

By W. F. FOX, Special Sports Writer, The Indianapolis News

If we happened to be an attache in the Army of Sports and our Commanding officer told us to go and see if we could find General Football we would head straight for South Bend. Upon arrival there we would search for Knute Rockne and we would say to Knute Rockne:

"Are you General Football?"

And we rather imagine Knute would look about him, scan the legions of pigskin prowlers going to and fro, reflect for a moment on the history that graced the gridiron ground of the place and thoughtfully reply,

"No, but this is the General's camp."

* * *

Of such stuff was the captain of the team of '13; of such stuff is the athletic director and head coach of the team of yesterday, of today and of tomorrow—the tomorrow that never becomes yesterday, the tomorrow that is always today.

The season of 1926 probably should be labeled, "one if by land and two if by air." At least so it seemed in so far as Notre Dame was concerned when she climbed the highest mountains—Northwestern, Army and Southern California.

"It took two plays of the Parisien to Somebody" to defeat Northwestern's greatest team when the Purple played its greatest game. It took just one play, the Flanagan Flier, embellished with all the trimmings of a modern express of the rails, to knock down the ears of the Army's mule and it took one by land and two by air to put a middle western cloud over California's sunshine for the first time.

* * *

Whenever a mole hill actually becomes a mountain a miracle has taken place and being good christians the Notre Dame football team and its coach Knute Rockne figured "theirs not to reason why, their's but to do and die"—in the famous wreck of Carnegie Tech. Such things happen in the best of regulated football families, the more reason they should happen to the 1926 Notre Dame team.

Had Notre Dame gone through its 1926 campaign those along the sidelines might have sneered. The great Four Horsemen saved them their sins by moving gradually to a national championship. They used their three years to attain it, hence in their senior year their glory was the greater and the sneering snuffed out completely. Perhaps the junior team of 1926 felt the sameway. If so, watch out in 1927.

W. F. FOX, JR.

Overlooking the Season

By WARREN BROWN. *Chicago Herald and Examiner*

My friend Mr. McNamara has petitioned for a review of the football season. In this year, he has petitioned the wrong sort of a tradesman. The only person competent to review THIS football season, is one of those modern painters, who toss a hand-full of red, two and one third cans of blue, eight tubes of green, and two fingers of purple in a shaker, mix well, add a fried egg, sunny side up, and chuck the whole thing against a slab of canvas, thus producing the masterpiece: "The Great Waffle Mystery or Why Didn't Achilles Wear O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels?"

It ain't doing right by a poor, defenseless sporting writer to ask him to review the 1926 football season. And if the unfortunate guy works out of Chicago, it's that much more intricate.

My football season began where the world's series left off, or rather drooped in the middle, and the world's series began where the ladies' golf tournament halted for a change of tires, and the women's golf tournament followed so closely after the Dempsey-Tunney fight, and both were 20 lady, like that I believe honestly—or is it honestly believe?—that they were all part of the same act. But why prolong this? I can trace the beginning of my football season right back to last January 1, at Pasadena, and, for all I can do to stop it the darn season intends to keep right on going until next January 1, at Pasadena. This is either a vicious circle, or the plain, old run around. Perhaps it's both.

I hesitate to name a BEST team. At certain stages of the season, teams which have no claim to national championship, appealed greatly to me.

These teams, curiously enough, did not always win their games. But they suggested greatness, nevertheless.

Washington, for instance, was defeated by Alabama, at Pasadena, on January 1. Yet I hesitate to say that Alabama was quite as good a team as Washington. If "Pop" Warner's Stanford team doesn't win decisively from Alabama next New Year's Day, than I'll admit error in this judgement.

Michigan lost a game to Navy this year. But I wouldn't say that Michigan is a team inferior to Navy. Quite the reverse, in fact.

Minnesota lost a game to Michigan, 7 to 6, because the rule book still insists that points, and not first downs win football games. I am not quite reckless enough to say that, on that particular day, Michigan was the superior team. It wasn't. It simply had the seven points.

Notre Dame's team did very well in a very difficult schedule. Its victories over Army and Northwestern were splendid accomplishments. I would hardly class the team with that of 1924, and the Carnegie Tech upset, while perfectly amazing to many, didn't cause any more of my hair to fall out, than is normally the case. I saw a Carnegie Tech team scare the very dickens out of a GREAT Notre Dame team in 1924. Why was it unreasonable to suppose that the Skibos, with nothing much else on their mind, should fail to rise to the heighest against a Notre Dame team of 1926, especially when that Notre Dame team had done about all that it set out to do, and more, in my judgment, than it actually figured to do?

I don't pick All-American teams I have heard that somebody else is doing it. If I did, my only candidates from this territory would be Boeringer of Notre Dame; Joesting of Minnesota; Friedman and Oosterban of Michigan, and Shively of Illinois.

Oh, well, January 1, and Stanford vs. Alabama is not so very far away. My season ends, then. After that, there will be nothing to do until next season. It starts January 2.

Are Football Players People?

By James E. Armstrong

There is an idea that Notre Dame football players are a race apart. Super-men. Quasi-deities of the football world, whose worshipers have spread their fame beyond the narrower sphere into the religious and scholastic worlds. And there the reception is not always with incense and rich gifts.

For Rockne, Notre Dame players, and the Notre Dame system, have been so long a symbol of the highest type of football and the Milky Way of the constellations that dot the football sky that the unexpected has become the commonplace in Notre Dame's football relations with the world. As long as, and mark this well, as long as the unexpected is on the achieving, the successful, and the sensational side of the ledger.

There is a rumor that Rockne picks his prospective backs in their early high school days. He presents each of them with a live pig. As the boy grows up so does the pig and by the time the intended half-back is enrolled in Notre Dame part of the pig has become ham, bacon, etc., and the pigskin has become a football. This football is the one used by the Notre Dame team with which the prospective star practices and he is so familiar with the ball through pre-mortem association that it is impossible for him to go wrong on passes, etc. At least this rumor is no wilder than many of its contemporaries.

The result of these tales of the super-qualities of Notre Dame players makes them seem to the uninitiated to be separated from other men by a line of demarcation as prominent as the Great Wall of China. "Students and athletes"—a difference which the so-called academic delights in emphasizing. "Gentlemen and members of the football team"—another divergence that is constantly pointed out for no reason at all, because usually the speaker would be outside either of the classifications he draws so astutely.

The increase in the popularity of football has been nothing short of spectacular and is the product of a very recent period. The result is that hundreds of thousands of those who witness the games today have had no direct contact, even the alumni of colleges and universities, with the type of men who are playing football today. And it is among this "outside crowd" that the myths and the fables run riot. Good or bad, they pass from the man who knows quite a bit to the man who knows but little and when they reach the man who knows nothing but what he is told, it is no wonder that queer stories come back to these who know the facts.

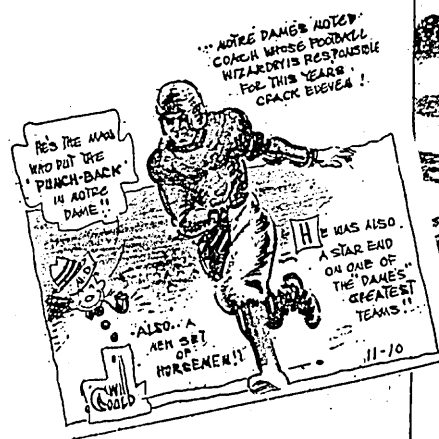
And those who know, those who see the football players every day, know that they aren't any different from the next fellow. They have off-days and on-days. They have grouches and sick spells. They eat and it wouldn't be terribly surprising, comparing them with the fellows about them, if they might "sleep in" occasionally. They enjoy a movie or a dance. They are, in short, college boys. And to expect them to perform constantly in the public limelight with the poise of professional entertainers is expecting too much. The comparison between Babe Ruth, for instance, and Christy Flanagan should go no further than to say that each one is mighty good in his line. But to expect Flanagan to display Ruth's experience and to act as if he were drawing Ruth's salary is out of the question. Yet if Christy doesn't happen to run twenty-five yards the first time the ball is handed to him the public clamors that he isn't so hot.

It isn't necessary to go into the formal discussion of why football men are human. Charts and statistics have been presented in too many instances to demonstrate that the football player is as clear a thinker, if not more so, and as good a student as his supposedly more scholastic classmate. At Notre Dame the Four Horsemen are remembered as one of the smoothest looking quartets that ever strolled through Hollywood without a contract. Nor was the 1924 line backward in its haberdashery. South Bend's dances and shows are sprinkled with football players at the proper time, and there isn't a symptom of anything superhuman standing out on them. And Notre Dame's church and chapels have more than a proportionate share of football men. That is probably because religion seems most valuable in time of struggle, and certainly football involves struggle. Other articles have gone into detail on each of these subjects, ably as well as exhaustively. And with what result?

Every year it's the same old story. The Archangel Rockne has appeared with the Cherubim Line and the Seraphim Backfield and by a carefully mixed diet of nectar and ambrosia expects to place the gold and blue of Notre Dame on the flagstaff of the capitol of the football world. And God help them if they lose a game.

NOTRE DAME'S CAPTAINS.

By Feg Murray.



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DAILY MIRROR



STILL WILLING TO TRY



The Football Review Rools Its Own

'Nuther All-American

Eleven Greatest

Second Selection

Broda, Brown.....	Left end.....	Shipkey, Stanford
Wickhorst, Navy.....	Left tackle.....	Sprague, Army
Connaughton, Georgetown.....	Left guard.....	Hess, Ohio State
Boeringer, Notre Dame.....	Center.....	Cravath, Southern California
Mayer, Notre Dame.....	Right guard.....	Shively, Illinois
Johnson, Northwestern.....	Right tackle.....	Lassman, New York U.
Hanson, Syracuse.....	Right end.....	Oosterbaan, Michigan
Kaer, Southern California.....	Quarter.....	Friedman, Michigan
Baker, Northwestern.....	Left half.....	Flanagan, Notre Dame
Wilson, Army.....	Right half.....	Murrell, Army
Joesting, Minnesota.....	Fullback.....	O'Boyle, Notre Dame

Grantland Rice's Colliers All-American

Reprinted from Colliers Magazine

Hanson, Syracuse.....	Left end
Wickhorst, Navy.....	Left tackle
Connaughton, Georgetown.....	Left guard
Boeringer, Notre Dame.....	Center
Shivley, Illinois.....	Right guard
Smith, Brown.....	Right tackle
Oosterbaan, Michigan.....	Right end
Friedman, Michigan.....	Quarter
Kaer, Southern California.....	Right half
Baker, Northwestern.....	Left half
Joesting, Minnesota.....	Fullback

All-Opposition Phi Beta Kappa's List

First Selection	Pos.	Second Selection
Born, Army.....	Left end.....	Sweet, Carnegie Tech.
Sprague, Army.....	Left tackle.....	Yoder, Carnegie Tech.
Anderson, Carnegie Tech.....	Left guard.....	Schmidt, Army
Cravath, Southern California.....	Center.....	Daly, Army
Taylor, Southern California.....	Right guard.....	Dart, Northwestern
Johnson, Northwestern.....	Right tackle.....	Filak, Penn. State
Wheeler, Minnesota.....	Right end.....	Sibley, Indiana
Kaer, Southern California.....	Quarter.....	Everett, Drake
Baker, Northwestern.....	Left half.....	Barron, Georgia Tech.
Wilson, Army.....	Right half.....	Gustafson, Northwestern
Joesting, Minnesota.....	Fullback.....	Murrell, Army.

A Laurel Sprig

Tongues of crimson flame leap against the night sky, forming fantastic creatures of the mind. Blatant notes flow from many horns, filling the air with chaotic melody. Myriad voices overdo themselves and, strengthened by an inspired spirit, peel out one grand name, "Notre Dame".

Some shaggy cousin of the Army mule or mute effigy of a subdued Trojan warrior is paraded about, and song and cheer rings out to tell the world that Notre Dame has conquered again, that the powerful horde whose power is born of Our Lady and whose inspiration arises in a sequestered clump of year-stained brick watched over by the kind hands of The Mother, has once again risen to its supremacy.

Flames die down into smoldering fancies and music floats off into silent echoes and crowds, hoarsened at the exertion, break into tiny groups, soon to disperse. Only the silent night remains and everyone has gone to his rest—except one.

He's Father O'Hara and even the silent night cannot entice him from his duties. On, on, on, he labors, nor does the stilly night detract him if duty calls.

They speak often of Notre Dame spirit, these dilletantes, but they, none of them, quite approach its sacred fire. They brag about it, they connect themselves with it, they try to labor under its embracing spell but none of them can comprehend it. In one man, Notre Dame spirit is lifeblood. It flows throughout his system carrying into remote corners of his body and urge of service. That man is Father O'Hara.

They'll tell you much about the Notre Dame football team, these dilletantes, of its mighty prowess and its unequalled power. They'll tell you much of Cartier Field, and its unstained turf where Notre Dame men have won year in and year out. And they'll try to explain why Notre Dame has won.

Words are weak and fall miserably short. But actualities move the mind with a lasting picture. They won't tell you about the Basement Chapel, these dilletantes, and that's why they can't tell you why Notre Dame football teams perch astride this athletic world and bask in the glory that a modern Azor deserves.

Notre Dame wins her victories in the Basement Chapel. Down in the worn alcove of worship, they pray and intercede, not that their team will win but that it may fight like real Notre Dame men—and win if God so wills.

And with them prays a single man, prematurely old, it seems, but grizzled with the gray of service. On, on, on he prays and labors that the spirit which is Our Lady's will inspire the men that are Our Lady's and bring closer to them the ideal that is Notre Dame's.

Cleated feet and horny hands and padded bodies fight for Notre Dame on Cartier Field and eke out the fruits of victory. Tired feet and willing hands and a black-garbed body beseech Our Lady and Her Son that Notre Dame might live on her glorious tradition.

The flame flares up to die, the music peals out to drift away, the crowd collects to weaken. Maudlin, they are, and fickle.

The night is silent now and the sequestered clump is dark. But what is that light in a Sorin tower! It must be that the man who lives there is working yet, working, on, on, on. It must be that Father O'Hara will ever work and pray and labor for that sacred ideal—Notre Dame and her men.

F. E. D.

What are the chances? Decide for yourself!

Whether a team comes through a season with a perfect record, a mediocre one or one that is starkly disastrous, the hue and cry its adherents can be summed in four words:

What are the chances?

They always look forward, these football-mad enthusiasts, to the season that's just beyond the hill and to every last one of them, they can see a team of destiny lying in the shadow, waiting to spring up and conquer the world.

Sometimes their predictions are carried out and a great eleven is in the making. Again, they might be wrong and more disaster is in prospect. After all football teams are human.

What are the chances?

Even though they had the thrill of supporting the western champions this year, Notre Dame enthusiasts are looking forward to a bigger tid-bit of the gridiron, another national title. Have they a chance to realise their aim? Consider the men that are graduating and the ones that will be back in the game again. Then make your own conclusions.

With half the line back, an All-American center gone, a crack backfield departing and a fine backfield ready to play another season, whether he dime falls heads or tails determines Notre Dame's chances of pulling through to an impressive record.

"Bud" Boeringer, center of centers, unanimous choice of all experts for All-American honors, graduates in June. That's a bad break to begin with. But Fredericks and Moynihan, capable substitutes, with McCarthy and Plummer, also a good men, should fill in well at that berth.

Guards? There's much hope there. Smith and Leppig and Law have worked at the guard position often and have their share of experience. Locke, Brown and Jones, with seasoning; will be a trio of guards hard to beat.

Tackles? It will be hard to beat the lot that are back. Miller and Poliskev, both monogram men, are rated among the best. Ransavage, Noon, Connelly, Smietanka, Doarn and Stein, lacking in experience only, are a beefy delegation and should make things interesting for some sets of backs.

Ends? Maxwell and Wallace are leaving and that is to be regretted. But Voedisch, Walsh and Tom Byrne are back. That is cause for rejoicing. Ed. Collins and Hack Winberry, the latter handicapped by injuries during the past season, have another year of football. Likewise Vezie, Colerick and Duperior, all Sophomores, will have the advantage of a year's development.

So much for the line. The entire left flank of the wall is back and no small amount of experienced linemen are available for the portside of the outer guard. "Things don't look so bad there", you will say. And you're just about right.

Coming, then, to the backfield, as all good football fans do, sooner or later, you polish your thoughts and sharpen your tongue because you'll want to talk now.

To begin with, the Parisien-Niemie combination is available again. Christy Flanagan, who didn't play enough to warrant Mr. Eckersall's consideration but who was quite conspicuous when he did play, will be running wild for another year. And at the other half Champ Chevigney will be chewing his bit, lest there isn't enough action. Then Austin Downes looks like the corner.

Ray, Elder, Montroy, Hogan, and Dunclovic, all possessed of speed and daring are due for some action at the halfback posts.

With "Red" Smith, Freddie Collins and Jack M'Grath to in the fullback assignments there is little cause for extreme worry. Byrne and Qualters can hit the line with no small degree of power.

All these, men with at least a year's experience on a varsity squad, are ready to make Notre Dame's 1927 eleven one to be thought of with the best of teams. Hall and Freshman football will offer a delegation of gridders who could take care of themselves on almost any football field.

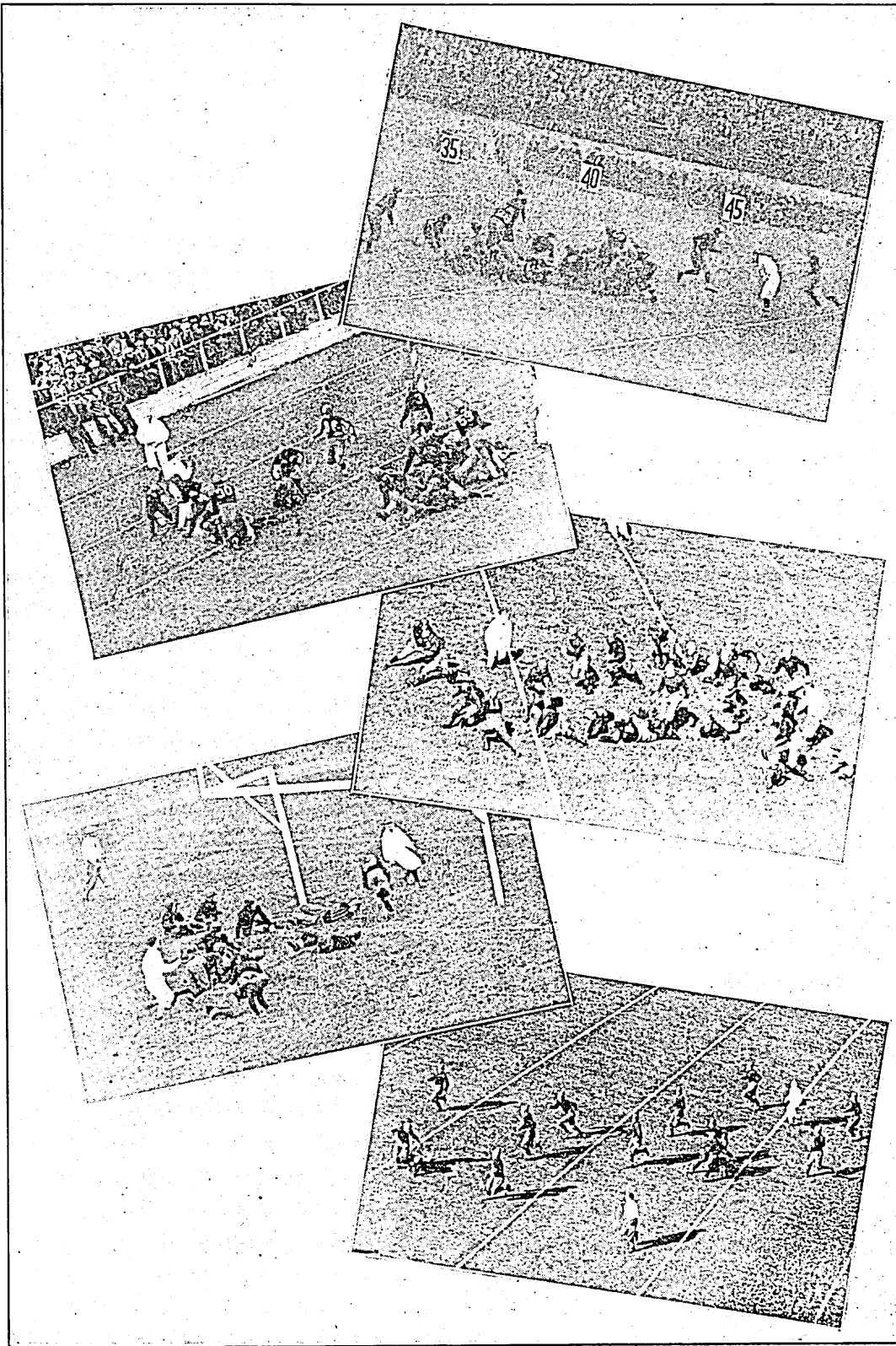
"What are the chances?" you'll ask again.

Good men in prospect for every position. That makes you perk up satisfied. And then you think of the schedule. Only eight games next year! That ought to be an advantage, hadn't it? Not so much wear and tear and danger of going stale because of the long season.

Don't let the schedule raise up any chimeras in your brain! Those eight games are ones to be reckoned with. When you meet Indiana, Minnesota, Navy, Southern California and the Army in the space of two months, seven weeks to be exact, you're biting off a huge hunk. And that's what this 1927 Fighting Irish squad will be asked to do.

What are the chances?

There is plenty of hope but don't be inhuman. There's plenty of work, too.



Cheerleaders

It's an established fact that collegiate football is more than eleven brawny individuals, trained well and possessed of speed and strength. In these days it is almost an industry, this college football business and its makeup is just as intricate as an industrial unit.

Coaches, managers, howling alumni, sports writers and cheering sections are part of the industry. Special emphasis on that cheering section part of it. That's what we're going to talk about.

Cheering sections are bigger cogs than most admit. It's spirit that makes a football team great and surely no small amount of spirit emanates from the cheering section. Much as they are panned by "columnists" and jingle-potes, cheering sections are vital.

Without leaders a cheering section would be an unhappy lot of people. So you see that these cheerleaders have a big part to play—so big, in fact, that it takes a corps of them to run things smoothly.

Notre Dame has been fortunate in having a set of cheerleaders who do their work faithfully and well. Notre Dame's cheering section was as good as the best and its glory reflects in no mean way the ability of Bernie Abbrott, "Pep" Mannix, "Zip" Salmon, and "Red" Leech.

Abbrott has led yells for three years. Mannix and Salmon completed their second year of service while Leech was a newcomer to the squad.

Student Managers

Toiling, toiling, toiling, long before the crowds sweep into the stadium and then laboring long after the dark shadows have crept down from the peaks of the walls is the life of the student manager. He must be content to give his best for the University and then go his way sans the publicity, sans the glory or the glamour of the man who skirts the ends, hits back inside tackle and pounds away at glory. But the work must be done well. The happiness of the vast crowds often



William Kavanaugh

depends upon a student's manager's genius for detail. Only one who has made a trip with the teams and watched a manager at work will come to realize the real importance of these men.

This year, quite in keeping with the dual captaincy perhaps, Notre Dame had two senior student managers in charge of football and in retrospect it would seem that each was just about twice as good as could be expected. The two seniors were James Coleman of Orange, New York, and William Kavanaugh of Dayton, Ohio. To these men fell the duty of providing for the team while it was away from the home



James Coleman

lot. Such matters as Hotel Reservations, food transportation and a million and one little details it was their task to anticipate and take care of. Their record in filling the bill was remarkable.

Their work called for marked ability and dependability along with ingenuity and precision in execution of tasks. When Coleman and Kavanaugh stepped into the job this fall they were facing a mighty big assignment, Notre Dame travelled more miles this year than any other team in this tax ridden universe of ours and that meant work for these two. Beside this the home dates brought their problems and the skillful manner in which the crowds were handled and the field kept has elicited praise many. Then too, they were stepping to the office which in previous years had been held by men who were reputed to have been great in this line of work. But the two men buckled down and to-day there are none who can conscientiously deny them the credit that is certainly theirs.

Just take a minute off now and look back at whatever contact you have had with the managerial corps this season. Perhaps you were unaware that you had had any. Most likely the latter is the case you think. If this be true, then you will realize the efficiency with which they have solved your problems this fall. Had you ran into trouble in finding your proper place at the games or had any of many other little details turned out in any but the right way you would have been conscious that these men had been slipping up. On the other hand if you have come in contact with either of these managers in a business manner we are sure that you will agree that they knew their business.

The managerial corps is an honor system. In the first of each year a call for candidates is sent forth and the freshmen that answer are given certain tasks to perform. These men are gone over and weeded down until by the end of the year only those showing marked ability along this line of work are retained. In the sophomore year the men are eliminated. In the junior year the manager is given responsibility and throughout his whole third year is under constant servailance. Then in the June of that year comes the big night. This is the annual banquet given by the Athletic Association for these trusted workers. It is at this time that the managers for the varsity teams of the senior year are announced and it is a time of suspense for all. From this you can roughly gather the idea of how the varsity managers are selected and why it is a distinct honor to be a member of this efficient body of workers.

This year special commendation must be given the men who worked under Managers Kavanaugh and Coleman for the fine spirit that they have shown as well as for their efficient coordination. August Grams, Ed Burke, John Igoc, Ed Cunningham and Bernard Zipperer were the junior managers who carried on directly under the leadership of these two and who are deserving of a great deal of credit. Bertrand, Hennessey, Wilbour, Schoppneau, Ryan, Hinkel and Mc Devitt were the sophomores selected for various tasks.

FOOTBALL MANAGERIAL PERSONELL

SENIOR VARSITY MANAGERS:

James Coleman and William Kavanaugh

JUNIORS

*August Grams
Edward B. Burke
Edward Cunningham*

*John Igoc
Bernard Zipperer*

SOPHOMORES

*Bertrand Hennessey Ryan
Wilbour Schoppner Hinkel
McDevitt*

FRESHMAN

*Carey Hellrung McGraw
Conroy Horton O'Mara
Duffy Kegowicz Quinn
Findley Kennedy Shannon
Sh elds*

Players Think Football

By LAWRENCE PERRY

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 12.—Notre Dame this season is likely to have one of the greatest elevens in the history of the South Bend institution—unless all signs as revealed in Saturday's game between Knute Rockne's men and Minnesota are misleading.

In the backfield there will probably be not only four horsemen, but half a dozen viz: Edwards, Flanagan, Niemic, Dahman, Hearnden and Parisien. And the line, even with that fine tackle, Boland, out for the season with a broken leg, should develop into the greatest set of forwards that ever played for Notre Dame.

The Rox are already starting out to do what they did so signally in 1924—they are advancing the ball with a minimum of personal contact in the line. By this the writer means that the opposing linemen are being drawn apart by deception rather than by sheer brute force.

DECEPTION IN ATTACK

The quarterback, standing perhaps a bit closer to the line than in the past, alternates handling the ball with the direct pass from the center to the runner. The field general does a lot of thimble rigging when the ball comes through him. He spins and delays and pulls fancy stuff in concealing the precise destination of the pigskin.

And so more often than not the Minnesota tackles and the defensive fullback found themselves sliding to meet the backfield shift only to find in the end that the ball had not followed the shift. The result was yawning holes in the line and groping backfield men who were fair game for the Notre Dame linemen who came through to take them out.

Successfully to meet the South Bend attack the tacklers must play their positions with rare discretion, must not be too quick to get thorough into the backfield, and if they ever lose touch with their ends, it is goodnight. The writer thinks that Fred Dawson, when he was at Nebraska, was the one coach who ever has proved himself capable of adjusting his line defense to Rockne's methods of offense.

ROX DEFENSIVELY STRONG

Defensively Notre Dame is just as inspiring as on attack. The men play a stand-up, look-it-over defense and then charge into the play with unerring judgment. They met the Minnesota shift not by sliding but by stepping into it, and the manner in which they checked the Gophers' rugged and versatile attack was highly creditable.

Minnesota unquestionable has an up and coming eleven. It is a big outfit and the backs are fast and heavy. In the first half the Minnesota-Notre Dame game was as fine an exhibition of football as one could have wished to see even well along in the season. Honors in the way of consecutive ground gaining, in fact, went to the Gophers.

Notre Dame seemed taken back by two serious injuries that occurred in the first few plays of the game, Boland's broken leg and Collins' broken jaw. In the second half, though, came that wonderful flowing rhythm, that deftness of foot, that perfect body control which are hallmarks of the Rockne idea at its best.

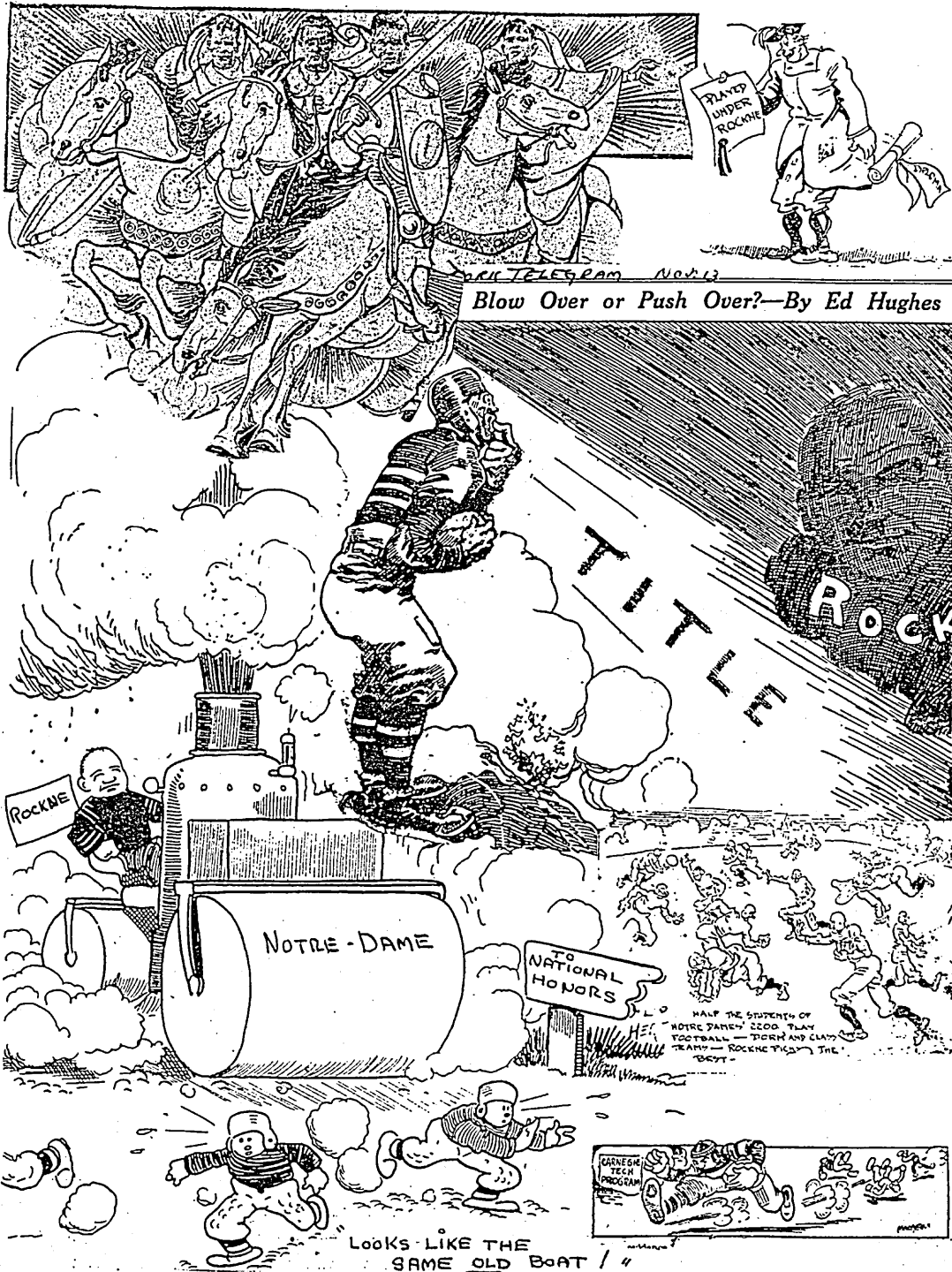
ROCKNE HANDLES MEN

And does there anywhere exist a brand of psychology superior to Rockne's? Between halves when the score was 7 to 7 and the issue in the air, Rockne came into the dressing room, looked at his men a minute and then spoke just 38 words.

"Boys," he said, "there are two of your teammates lying in the hospital now, seriously injured. All they have took forward to now is the score at the end of this game. What are you going to give them?"

He turned and walked out. The final score was 20 to 7.

Notre Dame threw one forward pass all day; just one, and that was incomplete. It might be whispered, though, that Niemic is a passing fool and Parisien a remarkable left-handed tosser.



Great Write-Ups of 1926

By GRANTLAND RICE

New York Herald Tribune

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—There was only one lone Horseman riding against the skyline of fame when Notre Dame met the Army in their annual classic at the Yankee stadium this afternoon, but this time one Horseman was enough.

His name was Flanagan—Chris Flanagan of Notre Dame—a big gangling, hard running half-back with the speed of the wind that sweeps the prairies of the west. It was Flanagan, the South Bend sirocco who ran 63 yards for a touchdown in the third quarter to beat the Army 7 to 0 in one of the finest football wars any crowd of 70,000 ever saw. It was the margin of this single slashing, whirlwind gallop down the field that the Blue and Gold of the west found itself above the Gray, Gold and Black of the Army as night came down upon two of the most evenly matched teams that ever met.

Teams Well Matched

Outside of this one bewildered dash each team made seven first downs and the Army rushed the ball 160 yards against 163 for Notre Dame as the deadly tackling and the charging defense of both teams broke up play after play.

But that run was all that Notre Dame needed to take her old place in the procession just a stride in front of the Army march. Through the first two periods neither team had been able to make any headway although the Army had a slight advantage through the uncanny accuracy of Murrell's kicking in the general direction of the out of bounds zone.

Through these two opening periods the Army had picked up four first downs against three for the unbeaten invaders of the west and the Army had hammered her way for a net gain of 101 yards against 104 for Notre Dame.

Third Quarter Vital

Still unbeaten for the year, still neck and neck, they entered the third quarter as the big crowd of 70,000 waited either for the expected draw or the break of the contest that might swing the winning tide in either direction. There was no hint in which direction this tide might go. There had been no margin that any eye could detect as the two hard fighting lines charged in upon the rival defense to spill one thrust after another.

This battle was all along the ground, man to man and body to body, savage and clean, fought with unremitting fierceness minus any show of rancor. Both teams had shown magnificent spirit and the ablest of coaching as they swayed

back and forth between the two 20-yard lines, unable to put on any consistent advance against charging that came in swiftly and tackling that almost never missed.

It was early in the third quarter that the silhouette of the lone horseman was seen against the skyline, now half hidden in the shadows where the sun had set back of the towering stadium wall.

Flanagan Cuts In

The 70,000 banked around the field peered down again to the pit as the army kicked off to start the third quarter and the brilliant O'Boyle came charging back to his own 33-yard line before he was thrown upon his neck. The next play O'Boyle hit the line for four yards, and the simoon struck. The ball was passed to Flanagan and the lone horseman started at killing speed for the Army's left flank. He came in a straight diagonal line until he was within two strides of the Army end and then without slackening his pace by a breath he suddenly whirled and cut in towards tackle. He was by the army line in a flash. A streak of raw lightning who was not to be headed.

The Indianapolis News

Gene Edwards, Harry O'Boyle, Christy Flanagan, Tom Hearden. These boys are the Do, Re, Me, Fa of Rockne's back field at Notre Dame this year. The So, La, Si, Do are Parisien. Niemic, Dahman and Wynne, the eight being Mr. Rockne's idea of a football quartet.

Trying to go up and down the Army scale was their job Saturday afternoon and judging from Army's game accounts this year these quartets were expected to hit some rough notes.

These boys are the 1926 echo of Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden, the original gridiron Four Horsemen. The Army may or may not believe in eches—last year it did not.

Edwards comes from Kiski, where Stuhlie came from. Wynne is just a younger brother of the full who used to be; Flanagan and Hearden are merely answers to the charge Fighting Irish.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Nov. 10.—The skies here were red this evening with the blaze of 2,500 red flares as the student body of Notre Dame met in the great annual "pep session" prior to the players' leaving for the Army game in New York Saturday. There was more "pep and zip" shown in this monster celebration held in the midst of a snowstorm than can be recalled to the minds of most of the older students.

By CLAUDE NEWMAN

Los Angeles Times

Realising a deadly effective eleventh hour forward passing attack, the "Twenty Mules" of Notre Dame ran the "Thundering Herd" of the University of Southern California into the sod of the Los Angeles Coliseum yesterday afternoon, 13 to 12, in the most spectacular game of the year.

"Shock troops," famed the length and breadth of the land, won for Knute Rockne.

Art Parisien, substitute quarter, and Johnny Niemic, half, routed the forces of Troy just three minutes before the final gun, by completing two long passes which sent the "mules" thundering half the length of the field to a touchdown.

It was Parisien who unleashed passes to defeat Northwestern, 6 to 0, in the final period early in the season and it was Parisien who yesterday heaved the two passes which won the game.

The first was a magnificent southpaw heave of 35 yards to Niemic, which placed the ball on the U. S. C. 21-yard line.

Passing Attack

Cutting back swiftly toward his goal line again in the same sort of a play, on third down, Parisien shot another beautiful pass to Niemic, who caught it on the dead run and loped across the Trojan goal line lugging the leather and the six points needed to bring the Irish up from the rear into the vantage position. The placement attempt was blocked—but Notre Dame had won the ball game.

Parisien showed remarkable accuracy in throwing the leather. The two passes he made were the only ones but they were deadly accurate and shot to the receiver, low and straight.

For a time it seemed that Don Dilliams, substitute quarter, would come through as the hero in a U. S. C. victory. As it was, he was the hero in defeat—the man who made it necessary for the Irish to put on their spectacular finish.

Going into the game in the third quarter when Morton Kaer, ball packing ace of the Trojans was forced to give up because of injuries, Williams performed with brilliancy and time after time went steaming through the tackles for twisting runs of six, eight, 10, 12, 15 and sometimes 20 yards.

U. S. C. Chance

The U. S. C. chance came near the end of third period when a Notre Dame punt was partially blocked and recovered on the Trojan 42-yard line. With Williams doing the packing twice, U. S. C. carried the ball to the Notre Dame 43-yard line as the period ended.

Williams jaunted to the 34-yard line on the first down when he cut through a wide center hole opened by Jeff Cravath and Brice Taylor. He then made it a first down on the 30-yard line and continuing his charging through the line ran the ball to the 11-yard line. He then hit right tackle for two yards. On a record down he was

held for no gain. Then he rambled off right tackle to a touchdown and Drury missed the placement try for goal, the point which would have tied the Irish.

A "break" really decided the game when Notre Dame scored the first touchdown of the game.

After a see-saw first quarter, Rockne inserted his "Three Horsemen," Christy Flanagan, Tom Hearnden and Harry O'Boyle, shortly after the beginning of the second period. Flanagan passed to Riley, placing the ball in midfield, and then O'Boyle knifed through tackle, dodged to the right and went dashing down the field 25 yards to the U. S. C. 16-yard line.

O'Boyle had virtually a clear field on this jaunt but was pulled down from behind by Kaer, who grabbed at the flying Irishman's shoulder pads and held on like murder. O'Boyle was thrown out of bounds by Kaer.

Place Kick 'Break'

On the first down Riley circled left end for a touchdown. He ran behind a perfect screen of interference—interferers who blocked perfectly. Riley wasn't touched by a tackler until he had raced over the goal line, so perfect was the interference.

Chicago Herald and Examiner

SOUTH BEND Ind., Dec. 5.—There are several ways of winning a football game, but probably only one of doing the impossible.

When Knute K. Rockne herded his "Fighting Irish" aboard the train here Monday for Los Angeles many critics put up their hands and agreed that the Notre Dame boys didn't have a chance. To win was impossible.

Saturday they met the University of Southern California and 13 to 12 score is evidence that they turned the trick. Probably the following story that leaked back from the special train ridden by the Rockmen tells the secret.

It seems that when the beaten Irish returned from Pittsburgh last week they expected their coach to tear his hair literally, that is, because "Rock" is bald. He fooled 'em.

He met the train with a smile. He had not a word to say to them concerning the defeat. They did some thinking. They knew it hurt the grand old man more than it did them. But he said nothing.

When they got ready to turn in Monday evening on the Pullman they did some more thinking, for in each man's traveling bag was a Carnegie Tec program.

The only way to do the impossible? Why, by psychology, it seems.

Whatever may be the truth of the tale, it's going the rounds on the Notre Dame campus, where Irish eyes are smiling. And whether you do or not, these students believe it, firmly, because, as they say, "It sounds like 'Rock.'"

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL

Thousands of Irish eyes are smiling, thousands of fans are thrilled, and thousands look back with pride upon the way that the ghosts of the four horsemen galloped with destructing array. Seventy-five thousand saw Rock's 1926 machine function with perfect cynchronism to take the Cadets down the line; eighty thousand saw the same crew annex the scalp of California in a final plunge with only three minutes to play; and forty-three thousand witnessed the boys with the silk pants beat Northwestern by alone touchdown. It was a glorious season. But there is a hidden story behind the splendor of it all; a tale the significe of which few of the thousands who followed the team this season realize. It is just this. Wires clicked for hours, cameras shot picture after picture, and presses rolled out page after page; all a monument to the team, Rockne's varsity. They did a good job of it. Yes! But they should have told you that behind all this, unheaded to the sporting world, was a group of pigskin wrestlers who lent their relentless efforts to help put the varsity on top; they were the Freshmen.

Night after night, the green jersied lads bucked up against men of greater age and experience and gave them a good game of it. They were the teams mythical foe. It was the Frosh who first executed the plays of the Cadets, Northwestern, and California in order to give the boys who would represent Notre Dame an idea of just what they would be up against. And they did it well. That was their game and that was all the farther that their praise was laured. Unlike previous years the Frosh did not play inter-collegiate games with teams in their own class. They held up their morale, their courage, in spite of this fact and were out every night to contribute their bit. Few knew just these facts and little was the praise that the Frosh rightfully deserve. Like the unknown heroes of fiction, they are; unknown to many but deserving a world of congratulations and glory.

We were looking at a few back copies of the Review a day or two ago, and a striking fact was brought home to us by a few of the pictures. On one of the pages, hidden amongst the crowd, were the Four Horsemen as Freshmen. Little was it realized that that crew, all Freshman, who had helped model the team of that year, would reveal four men, the Four Horsemen, known in fiction as Pestilence, Conquest, War and Death but in real life as Crowley, Layden, Miller and Stuhldreher. Perhaps this year's Freshman squad might hold four men or more of equal calibre. Who knows? We confess that we do not; but we do know that from all accounts the team has a wealth of material in passers, punters and tacklers; that they gave their all for Notre Dame. One means of compensation is the monument that the success of the varsity has built to them; another is the numerals that the fourty of them will receive. The team was coached by Stanley and J. Vignos who deserve a great amount of praise for the calibre of their work. The following men are the ones so deserving of mention: Add none of men who received numerals get them in Rock's offer.

"I Went to Notre Dame—"

By FRANK WALLACE. *New York Evening Post*

It is a pleasure to be back in the Football Review which is an important item in yearly sport literature because it chronicles most consistently good.

That is my idea and yours, of course; but it is also the opinion of that mythical and very real person, the football fan.

Regardless of Iowa, Nebraska, Army or Carnegie Tech—the quartet which have been permitted to demonstrate that Notre Dame is human as well as marvellous—people recognize the position of Notre Dame.

Rockne is the coach of the coaches. His boys are the brightest of students. Notre Dame is synonymous with all that is smart, effective and delightful on the gridiron.

When Notre Dame loses it is news—big news—something to be discussed and wondered about over the countryside wherever men gather by the radio or the printed page.

We came up from the South once after beating Georgia Tech. A priest in Nashville said that the Notre Dame victory had done more good than any mission ever held below the Mason—Dixon line.

When Notre Dame played the Army it was the big sporting event of the day. It was the second biggest event of the past football season. It was more important than the Harvard-Yale game and it actually outshone the Yale-Princeton contest which was held on the same day.

More wires were utilized to report the Army-Notre Dame game this year than any other battle except the Army-Navy classic. There was more agitation over tickets than over the Big Three contests.

One more subtle but convincing proof that the Army-Notre Dame engagement was the biggest thing in Eastern football this year. The premier sporting writers go to the biggest game of the week—the game which outweighs others is scientific and colorful appeal.

Grantland Rice, probably the successor to Walter Camp and the football writer with the largest following, led his band of experts to the Yankee Stadium on November 13. The second-stringers went to Princeton for the Yale contest. It is probable that the same thing would have happened had Harvard and Yale played on the same day as the Irish and Cadets.

Your Notre Dame and mine is one of the few organizations which is big stuff in this town that swallows celebrities in its hungry maw. When New York stops to look at a visitor he is unusual. It always stops to look at Notre Dame because Notre Dame never disappoints. New York stops to look and it waits to marvel.

Think just what that means to those of us who have left that pleasant green campus to come to this cold land to look for gold.

"I went to Notre Dame" you say.

"Oh, yes?"—

Soon they want to know about Rockne and the team and how they do it.

On Thanksgiving Eve I addressed a gathering of good fellows from Syracuse University at a smoker.

"I went to Notre Dame—"

I was interrupted by sound and heart-warming applause. There was a tribute to warm your soul. These people were letting loose in no feeble way the admiration they had for Rockne and his boys and the school.

Things like that happen to the Notre Dame man in New York all through the year. It makes you glad and happy and proud and thankful to those boys and the coach who have made the world beat a path to the door of our brave little school out where Nature still slumbers.

I went back to school last Fall with Babe Ruth and the Yankees. Two newspapermen from New York came along. They were interested in the school. We met Father Lange. His greeting was:

"Who is going to win the fight?" (Dempsey-Tunney).

They sat the head table, met Father Walsh, Father Schumacker, Father Nieuland and others. They came away amazed at the fellowship and the regularity of the place. They had been to other colleges in our effete East.

Next Season's Order

And now here you are: The 1926 season is at a close and there's nothing to do (since you've read the Review) but wait for another season.

The following are the nine games that were listed as the tussels the Fighting Irish will have on their "eight-game" 1927 version of the Big Pigskin Parade, as given out in some of our enterprising papers. As we go to press the official, honest—to—goodness, schedule has not been released for the fans to speculate so we offer you this with the reservation "Subject to change without notice."

October 1	Coe College at Notre Dame
October 8	Detroit at Detroit
October 15	Notre Dame at Navy
October 22	Notre Dame at Indiana
October 29	Georgia Tech at Notre Dame
November 5	Minnesota at Notre Dame
November 12	Notre Dame at Army
November 19	Notre Dame at Drake
November 26	University at So. California at Chicago.

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