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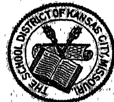

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WITH ROCKNE AT NOTRE DAME

Knute and Bonnie Rockne

WITH ROCKNE AT NOTRE DAME

SCRAPIRON YOUNG

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York

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WITH ROCKNE AT NOTRE DAME

1.

ROCK AND SCRAP—BIRTH OF A TRAINER

"INJURIES, injuries, I've never seen so many in all my days." Knute Rockne was speaking. His quick, piercing eyes flashed over a group of young giants in moleskins and jerseys. Then he looked up at the Golden Dome of Notre Dame with a helpless expression. "I've called for ends, tackles, guards, and centers," he rasped. "I can't find enough able-bodied men in any position to hold a scrimmage."

Rockne stood there as the wind from Lake Michigan whipped a gust of sand from Eddy Street Road, across Cartier Field, and into his face. When the flurry subsided, Rockne waggled a finger at a point toward the rear of the group.

"You there," he said, "you, freshman, step out here."

A stubby, callow youth, suddenly finding himself the center of attention, hesitated for an instant, then stepped forward.

"What's your name?" asked Rockne.

"Eu-Eugene Y-Young, sir."

"How much do you weigh?"

"One hundred and thirty-five, sir."

"Didn't I see your hand up for every position I called?"

"Well, sir, I have no particular position. I like them all." This with a bit of returning confidence in the voice.

"Tell me," said Rockne with some curiosity, "don't you ever get hurt?"

"Am I supposed to?"

Rockne's usually stoic, Norwegian visage relaxed itself into a grin as the humor of the situation reached him. "Young," he said, "you're a scrappy little guy. You must be made of some kind of iron. Is it pig iron or cast iron? Scrap iron!—that's it. From now on, we'll call you Scrapiron Young."

So it was that a friendship was born. To be sure, it was a cat-and-king sort of friendship. This fact I never for a moment denied to myself. Nevertheless, it was a friendship that any man would cherish to the end of his days.

For some undefinable reason, the great Knute Rockne saw fit to take me under his wing on that day in 1923. Perhaps, it was the hungry look in my eye that moved him to pity or his fondness for the little guy, the underdog. Perhaps, and this I like to believe was the case, he saw in me a potential disciple of his theories for the building and care of the human body. Whatever the cause, the result was for me a quarter century of experiences in the field of sport, working for and with some of the greatest athletes of our time.

No human was prouder of a name than I was of the one Rock gave me. Consequently, no human being was sadder when shortly thereafter, I belied its every meaning by breaking my leg. It happened in a scrimmage toward the end of spring practice—the saddest day of my life. I knew that my hopes, the few I had, of making a Notre Dame team had

been shattered. I had been trying for a football scholarship and everything that such a scholarship meant—a college education, a law career. All seemed lost in a jarring tackle, followed by the snapping of bone and tearing of flesh. Surprisingly enough, none of these things mattered. They became of no real importance. The numbness I felt was for the fact that I had betrayed a trust placed in me by the man I had already begun to idolize. Scrapiron had become peanut brittle.

Rockne soon made it quite clear that he thought none the less of me for the weakness in the armor of my scrap-iron make-up. In fact, he paved the way for my continued study at Notre Dame and the law career I was to thumb my nose at eventually. As did everyone who knew the man, I sought his respect and placed that respect for me above all things material.

Prior to the 1923 season, Rockne, himself, handled all the duties of training his teams. He was a keen student of the art of keeping fit. The system he evolved, as a result of many years' research, would have placed him at the top of any list of trainers of men. It so happened that he was cut out for greater things.

I have already mentioned the series of injuries that plagued Rock in the spring of that year. This was the first such occurrence at Notre Dame during his time. I think it directly influenced his decision to select a student as his assistant. Only in spring practice could such injuries occur because Rockne teams, once readied for the fall, were a source of wonderment to opponents during a season. Rock's system of training was mainly responsible.

He had a sixth sense that could foresee a man tiring long before the man, himself, realized it. He worked his men hard but was always aware of their physical capabilities and endurance. Never did he require them to play beyond their limits. Getting the most from them, he pulled his boys at just the right psychological moment.

I have heard and read many stories about the tragic death from pneumonia of the great George Gipp, following the Northwestern game of 1920. In some, it has been implied that Gipp sneaked out of the infirmary and fooled Rock into believing that the doctors had given him permission to play in the game. They go on to relate that Gipp played the greatest football of his career that day. This is all hokum. It's true that Gipp had been ill before the game and had spent several days in the infirmary. But it is also true that he had been discharged as being well and had a doctor's permission to play. Rockne, sensing the Gipper was not as well as the doctors said, refused to use him. Not until the fans were roaring and pleading to see Gipp play did Rock relent and send him into the game. Then it was simply a token appearance. George Gipp was in for three plays—no more.

When Rock selected me as the student assistant trainer, I did not realize the wealth of knowledge to which I was being introduced. It was like a vast storehouse of candy thrown open to a child. I ate hungrily of its every particle. I had not the capacity for absorbing more than a fraction of the whole but that which I did retain has stood by me in emergencies down through the years.

If God had so willed it, Rock might have been a great physician or surgeon. His understanding of the human body, its frailty, its ills and their cures was remarkable. I recall

the day the Mayo Brothers sent a bone specialist from Rochester, Minnesota, to confer with Rock and to learn how he kept his players from injury. Ruth Faulkner, the grand person who was his secretary, called me to say that the Boss wanted me to sit in on the meeting. For three hours I sat spellbound while the doctor fired questions and Rock answered them as quickly as they were asked. Medical terms flew fast and furious. Before it was over, Rock had recited the name of every bone in the body. I suspected there were a few extras for good measure. At no time was he stumped, nor did he grope for answers. When the meeting was concluded, Rock asked me to take his guest to lunch and a tour of the campus. As we left the Administration Building, the doctor turned to me, saying:

"Tell me something. How long has that fellow studied medicine?"

When I told him that, as far as I knew, Rock had no formal medical education, he was dumfounded.

"Why, it's amazing!" he said. "He's the most enlightened layman I have ever met. I don't dare go back there again for fear he might ask me some questions I couldn't answer. He understands more about the human body than anyone I've known."

Until 1930, Notre Dame teams traveled without an attending physician. At home, they were cared for by Dr. John Powers, the wonderfully old-fashioned country doctor, who supervised the school infirmary for forty years. On the road, Rock took over. Whenever he asked Doc Powers to go along, the venerable gentleman would shake his head. "Rock," he would say, "you don't need a doctor. You diagnose injuries as well as I could ever do."

Rockne was the first coach to have drinking water bottled and carried with his teams on trips. No matter where the schedule took them, five- or six-hundred gallons of Notre Dame water went right along, because of the vast difference in types of water throughout the country and their varying effects on the system. Notre Dame water is very hard. It contains a high percentage of iron. New York water, for example, is much softer.

From a purely dietetical standpoint, Rock was not a stickler. He required only that a normal meal be eaten. By normal, I mean whatever the boy was accustomed to eating at home. If he could take starches without getting the corpulent look, then well and good. Sweets and pastries were allowed in moderation. Rock felt that a pound or two of fat on a boy was a good thing. It gave him something to work off in practice and prevented his becoming drawn too fine.

Even beer had its merits—on occasion. If Rock felt that a player, through conscientious attention to training rules, was becoming stale, he would call a friend. "Do me a favor," he might say, "take this boy out and buy him a couple of brews. He's overtrained. Just don't tell him that I put you up to this."

At 9 A.M., on the day of a 2-o'clock kickoff, Notre Dame teams ate the one meal that Rock insisted be prepared carefully, with attention to vitamins and proteins. Invariably, it consisted of a large, juicy steak, the rarer the better, baked potato, all the toast a lad could eat, and coffee, one cup. This was the extent of nourishment that could be taken until dinner, following the game.

Conditioning was a science with Rock. As such, he applied it to his teams. He made the rules. They were the best. Woe betide the athlete who chose to break or ignore them! Rock

had no sympathy for any boy who treated his rules lightly. There was no second chance. It was his way or not at all.

Now and then, a player comes along who, for some strange reason, believes that rules were made to be broken. I remember one boy, a fullback and two-year letterman, who learned the fallacy of this thinking—the hard way. A 10-o'clock curfew regulation was strictly enforced. On a particular night, the fullback decided to meander downtown, shortly before ten. As his luck would have it, Rock wanted a word with him and went to his room—no fullback. Rock waited until 10:20, then left. Next morning, the boy was summoned to the Athletic Office. After the usual questions, he admitted being out until eleven. "Turn in your suit," said Rock, "you're all through." The boy's loss was a blow to the team but he never again played for Notre Dame.

Under such trying circumstances as dismissal from a team, Rock was not one to humiliate a boy by making public the story himself. Always, the athlete was requested to inform the newspapers that he was withdrawing from competition for whatever reason he cared to state. Never was the individual placed on the spot. This has been a standing policy at Notre Dame ever since.

Rock was a firm believer in calisthenics as a "must" for training. He devised a program of exercises that brought a response from every important muscle in the body. He was the first coach to emphasize calisthenics as a major portion of the practice sessions. He would never allow an assistant to lead his players through push-ups, duck-walks, and the like while he was physically able to do so himself. Only after he had been stricken with phlebitis in October, 1929, did he relinquish the task of leading his men in their drills.

When he directed calisthenics from the center of a circle of grunting and perspiring athletes, Rock seemed to have eyes in the back of his head. So it seemed to those who hated the monotonous grind that was accompanied by the persistent chant, "one-two, one-two." Marty Brill, the great blocking halfback, was one of this group. When the Head Man's back was turned, Brill loafed. One afternoon, to his amazement, he heard his name called.

"Would you please step out here with me?" asked Rock, too politely.

Brill stepped.

"Mr. Brill," again politely, "will you be so kind as to show us just how these exercises should be done? You seem bored with the way the rest of us do them."

Brill demonstrated every exercise in his repertoire while the others relaxed and grinned. When it was over, he turned to find Rock reclining on the turf, twiddling a blade of grass between his lips.

"Now, isn't that nice," said Rock. "Isn't it nice that a grown man, a 190-pounder, could do all those nasty exercises so well."

Marty Brill never loafed again.

Training facilities and equipment in the old days were sadly inadequate according to present-day standards, for they served only the bare essentials of physical needs. When first I became Rock's assistant, that which we laughingly called the "training room" was no more than an ancient rubbing table and two warped shelves set up in a hallway at the entrance to the old gymnasium. The table was a pine monstrosity that looked as though it were hastily thrown together for packing case purposes. It creaked and wiggled under the

slightest pressure or movement on its surface. It was unpainted and unsanded. Athletes were in greater danger of suffering from slivers in the more vulnerable parts of the anatomy, than from any injuries on the field. A moth-eaten, brown Army blanket served as the only padding between the epidermis and tabletop. I believe the blanket was laundered something like once every two years.

As for the shelves, they were the medicine cabinet. On them were arranged iodine, tape, a few bandages, and oil of wintergreen. Rock's favorite rubbing compound was a mixture of mineral oil and oil of wintergreen. His favorite antiseptic was iodine. It seemed as though iodine was used for just about every kind of injury imaginable. Usually, the medicine cabinet was available to anyone who so needed it. There was no such thing as issuing its contents. Everyone simply helped himself to whatever his needs demanded. The remarkable thing about this whole hygienic arrangement was that in no case did an infection result. Of course, I do not condone the laxity of the conditions in those days, but, on the other hand, they might act as a leveling factor for the other extreme as we have it today. I think we can go too far with our sterilization and other precautionary measures. Rock believed that a man's body, if properly conditioned, could resist all threats of infection. His record would seem to bear him out.

In 1925, additions were made to the gymnasium, and a training room the size of a large home kitchen was included. This room was graced with two rubbing tables of the painted, leather-padded variety. There were two infrared lamps for treating surface bruises, and 18″x 20″ diathermy machine

for deep-seated heat treatments, and an old polysine generator for passive exercises and the care of Charley horses. The generator worked off a motor and sounded like a threshing machine in operation. Oftentimes, it frightened potential users even before electrodes were applied. Happily, the newer models work off a vacuum tube and are noiseless.

A whirlpool bath was installed in what was to have been a locker room, across the hall from the training quarters. The bath consisted of a stainless-steel tank, 36″ long, 24″ wide, and 28″ deep. Hot and cold water flowed through lines into the tank with such pressure and in such a manner as to cause a whirlpool. It resulted in an underwater treatment for the dual purpose of applying heat and massage to affected parts of the body, and its principal use was for sprains and bruises.

By 1930, when the present Notre Dame Stadium was completed, we found housed therein, a training room of such elegance as to dazzle the eyes. Embracing the last word in modern training equipment, it was a far cry from the insignificant thing of six years previous. The vast room held three whirlpool tanks, three radium short-wave machines, six rubbing tables, six infrared lamps, two polysine generators, a large ultraviolet ray lamp, and a king-size hydrocolator.

The radium short-wave machines were an improved diathermy for penetrating heat treatments below the surface of the skin. The ultraviolet ray lamp was for the purpose of sterilizing large wounds or abrasions that might possibly become infected. The hydrocolator was not unlike a sterilizer that you would find in any doctor's office, but considerably larger. Its purpose was to keep hot packs at a temperature of 115°F. and always ready for instant use.

Since the day in 1923, when I first became a greenhorn, student trainer under Rock, and later as the regular Notre Dame team trainer, I have nursed and coddled some three hundred of the country's top athletes. I've seen them come as ambitious freshmen, some cocky, some diffident. I've seen them scale the heights, then fade into memories and legends. There were the Four Horsemen and the Seven Mules. Who could forget them? Down the years, they came. Carideo, Chevigny, Cannon, the Miller Boys, Leahy, Mullins, Savoldi, Brill, Schwartz, Conley, Melinkovich, Kuharich, Devore, Millner, Pilney, Shakespeare, Tonelli, Zontini, Piepul, Saggau, Ziemba, Bagarus, Dove, Czarobski, Juzwik, Bertelli, Lujak, Tripuka, ad infinitum.

They were the stars, the heroes. For every headliner, there were three boys whose faces were buried deep in the mud of some gridiron. Yet, without these men, the stars would have been nonentities. These boys never complained, or at least, not much anyway. They played for the love of playing. In later years, of course, their love was sharpened by the possibilities of a fat professional contract.

Then, there were the pathetic cases. Those who arrived on campus with a "name." They were the prep school flashes who fizzled when the going got rough. I dreaded that annual "death march" back to the sticks. Yet, every year, it happened just as regular as clockwork.

My duties have taken me into the fields of professional football, basketball, boxing, track, and horse racing, each with its own galaxy of stars and duds, each with a thousand-and-one untold tales.

It wasn't until a short while ago that the thought ever occurred to me to put down in writing some of the yarns I

have been spinning at the expense of kindly and patient friends. As I recall it, I was seated in the plush and spacious office of Bill Stern at Radio City, New York. In company with Ted Husing and Jimmy Dolan, Bill, an old storyteller himself, was listening politely while fighting off boredom as I rambled on and on. He had just stifled a yawn with the back of his hand, when a thought appeared to strike him.

"Scrap," he said, "I just got an idea. Why don't you write a book? It would save us all a lot of time and trouble."

Not being too quick, I failed to grasp at once the significance of his words.

"Maybe I will," I mused, "maybe I will."

"Fine," said Jimmy Dolan, rising to his feet, "that's the best idea Bill's had in a long time. Here's your hat, Scrap. Send us a copy as soon as you can."

I found myself stumbling up Broadway, mumbling about the vagaries of radio announcers.

2.

THANKS, JOHNNY KILBANE—HELLO, NOTRE DAME

I WAS born in Dover, Ohio, on June 21, 1903. My mother was a lovely, dark-eyed Italian girl. My father a steel-mill foreman of English extraction.

Few people ever heard of Dover, Ohio. I shall never forget it. If you included all the stray dogs and cats that wandered up and down the two main drags, namely Tuscarawas Avenue and Third Street, you might arrive at a total population of ten thousand. It was a small town, a factory town, but it will always remain beautiful in my mind's eye. If you did not look closely at the soot-stained houses, you, too, might find it beautiful in a rustic sort of way.

Our house was located on the edge of town. It was a two-story frame building, the original color of which had been light cream. There was plenty of grass and shrubbery surrounding the dwelling and two maple trees stood in the front yard. I never appreciated the vastness of that yard during my earlier days. Little did I realize that it was to become the scene of my first active interest in the world of sport.

Many years were to come and go before I was to be interested in anything but the task of keeping body and soul together and alive. My father died when I was six, leaving my mother to rear her brood of ever-hungry youngsters. There were my two older sisters, Mary and Josephine, brothers John and Dutch, and little sister, Theresa. As is always the case when misfortune strikes a fairly large family of the lower-middle class, we soon learned the value of working as a team for the mutual benefit of all. Life became a round of odd jobs. Papers and magazine subscriptions were sold. Snow was shoveled. Basements were cleaned. Lawns were mowed. Anything and everything that could be done honestly was undertaken. Mother baked bread for a construction gang that was engaged in building the Lincoln Highway. Every morning, at 4:30 o'clock, my brother John and I carried twenty-four loaves of bread to their camp at Strasburg, Ohio, a distance of ten miles. Of necessity, I was building mind and body to a point where I was to reap the harvest of my efforts in later years.

Unlike brother John, who had an abhorrence of the three R's, I showed an early interest in schooling. Mother recognized my interest and bent every possible effort so that I, at least, might be given an opportunity to graduate from high school. At that time, college was just an obscure word to me, indicating a privilege of the wealthy.

As my grammar-school years slipped by, the family, on the insistence of mother, redoubled their efforts as a unit with my personal goal in mind. John called me aside one evening. The others were attending to afterdinner chores when we adjourned to the seclusion of the front porch. We settled down for what I thought was to be one of our usual bull

sessions. "Look, Gene," said John, "tomorrow I'm quitting school."

"But, you can't." I replied, fully amazed, "You haven't finished."

"I can and am," he said with finality, "I'm leaving school in order that mother's greatest wish will be fulfilled. She wants you to finish school and go to college."

I looked at him in wonderment. He was the closest person in the world to me, next to mother, yet, at times, I seemed at a loss to cope with his thinking processes. "College!" I said. "You're crazy." Before I could elaborate on the question of his mental state, he left abruptly.

John quit school, as he said he would, and went to work for the American Tinplate Company in Dover. The fact that he detested school in the first place never swayed me from the belief that he was sacrificing himself for my future. From the night of our front-porch conversation, I was determined to attain the goal that my family had set for me.

Even when my schooling was interrupted after the eighth grade, I felt that, somehow, I would get to college. At the time, things were so desperate that I insisted on joining my brother as a boilermaker. We worked together for two years and school was temporarily forgotten.

Fortune smiled on the Youngs in the year 1918. Mother had a brilliant idea. We would convert the living room of our house into a combined grocery and ice-cream shop. As though inspired by the prospect of better things, we built a really attractive store. It was a success from the outset, and there was money in place of the moths in our family purse.

With the arrival of prosperity, came a new interest in my life—sports. It was a direct result of the ice-cream vending

portion of our business. I mentioned that our front yard was of considerable size. A lawn extended to its farthest reaches and was bounded by an abundance of shrubbery—a natural picnic ground. As such, the townspeople of Dover began to consider it. Every Sunday, they flocked there for the enjoyment of ice cream and relaxation on the grass under the maple trees.

I had the idea this time. John and I were forever engaged in playfully cuffing each other around in our spare moments. Why not do it for the ice-cream trade? It might stimulate additional business. Forthwith, we obtained a set of boxing gloves and went into training for the "big fight." If we had been endowed with any good sense, we might have worried about the public reception of our first efforts in the field of entertainment. As things developed, we worried not at all. For that reason, probably, the show was a success. We were not quite prepared for the gales of laughter that our bout incited, but we were pleased by the enthusiastic applause which followed.

Inspired by the response to that first Sunday show, we made plans for bigger and better things. From miles around came youngsters with a yen for boxing. The following week, we presented a full card of bouts and the crowd loved it. There was nothing scientific about the contests and more blows were missed than landed. Yet, as week after week passed by, the lads began to exhibit a certain amount of finesse.

Public enthusiasm was kindled and fed by the Dover town newspaper, the *Daily Reporter*. Mr. Jack Hoopingatuner, its owner and publisher, took a keen personal interest in the idea. A boxing team was selected, mainly through his efforts.

The flame spread to neighboring cities and towns. Soon, intercity bouts were scheduled and competition ran hot and heavy. Fraternal organizations were quick to appraise and agree on the all-around value of such competition. We fought for the Knights of Columbus, Elks, Moose, and Y.M.C.A., in Cleveland, Canton, and nearly every town and hamlet in northeastern Ohio. Everywhere the program was heralded, not only for its entertainment value but for its social worth as well. Kids, who would have been exposed to interests not conducive to good moral or physical health, were devoting their time and thoughts to developing not only their bodies, but their sense of sportsmanship and fair play.

Height and a robust physique were never my chief assets. I was always built somewhat close to the ground and in my bouts for the Dover boxing team, I fought at 105 pounds—a featherweight. One night, following a show in Canton, another little guy approached me in the dressing room. "Nice fight," he said. I thanked him and went about the business of pulling on my trousers.

"Say," he was still there, "I like your style. My name's Johnny Kilbane. Would you be interested in working as my sparring partner?" I did a double-take. I was ashamed of the casual manner in which I had accepted a compliment, especially when the compliment was given by the featherweight champion of the world. I stuttered and stumbled over the words but I readily agreed to work for the champ.

It seems that Johnny Kilbane had just signed to defend his title against Johnny Dundee in Cleveland. The fight was five weeks off when we arrived at his Brady Lake, Ohio, training camp. Johnny was the idol of the youth of that day, and had been ever since he won the championship in 1912. A darkly

handsome, black-eyed Irishman, standing about 5′10″, he was long and slender, with broad shoulders, and the thin, wiry legs of a good boxer. I learned many things in the weeks preceding the fight. I discovered that the popular opinion of professional fighters as brutal, high-living individuals was false in most cases, particularly Kilbane's. He showed me every consideration in our ring workouts. Not once did he attempt to show his superiority. On one occasion, when he accidentally landed a blow on my mouth that drew blood, he apologized profusely. In every way, he acted the perfect gentleman.

When the five weeks were up, I found that Kilbane had taught me the tricks of boxing and the training of boxers that he had learned during many years in the ring. From an educational standpoint, those weeks were invaluable to me. In the excitement and pleasure of being selected to work for the one and only Kilbane, I had made absolutely no financial arrangements with him. However, rather than jeopardize my amateur standing, Johnny sent $300 to my mother as a gift.

On the night of the battle, I was in Kilbane's corner. What further payment could a fifteen-year-old ask? I carried the water bucket and towels of the champion into the ring and stood beside him in the glare from a hundred lights as he acknowledged the tremendous roar of the crowd. I trembled with emotion and proceeded to mortify myself by spilling the better part of a bottle of water all over Johnny's robe. He laughed and patted me on the head reassuringly. Then, as the bell clanged, he went to work.

The fight was an old-fashioned, barroom brawl from the outset. Both men handled themselves with the speed only small men can exert. Unlike the usual contest between smaller

men, they landed hard, punishing blows. Dundee was every bit the equal of Kilbane. In fact, he went ahead in the first three rounds. In the fourth, something happened that caused a complete reversal in the tide of battle. Dundee had a strong disdain for mouth protectors, since they hampered his breathing. Instead, he wadded five sticks of chewing gum into his mouth. About halfway through the fourth, Kilbane landed a smashing right-hand punch on Dundee's Adam's apple. The gum, all five sticks, slipped down Dundee's throat and nearly choked him. His windpipe became clogged and he spent the remaining rounds gasping for breath. At the end of the fifteenth, Kilbane's hand was raised. Dundee seemed more concerned with the problem of removing the chewing gum than the fact that he had lost the coveted featherweight championship. He later regained the title in 1923, but that's another story.

Following the Kilbane-Dundee affair, I returned home. The story of my experience in the Kilbane camp preceded me. Mr. Hoopingatuner of the *Daily Reporter* wasted no time in arranging a program of bouts in which I would appear in the main event. My opponent was the New England States amateur champion, a most ambitious undertaking. The War Memorial hall in Dover was crammed to capacity when I climbed through the ropes. I was frightened half to death but I determined to use the lessons learned from Kilbane. He must have been a good teacher, for I K.O.'d the New Englander in the fourth.

After that bout, I was besieged with offers to turn pro. All the members of my family urged me to do so, all, that is, except my mother. She said nothing but I knew that she did

not approve. I was faced with a problem, the answer of which I found in my very next fight.

An Elks' picnic was held in a park just outside Dover and I was asked to appear on a boxing program. During the course of the contest, I utilized every trick I had learned. I put my adversary through the ropes twelve times and, each time, he returned like a jack-in-the-box. I knew then that I didn't have the punch necessary to become a successful professional fighter. Although the match was a winning one for me, it was my last.

In all the excitement of my short-lived boxing career, I had lost sight of my original goal, a college education. As soon as the last thoughts of boxing were erased from my mind, I began, once again, to consider that goal and mother's wish. Arrangements were made, whereby I could attend Dover High and still carry on my job as a boilermaker. The scholastic program required that I attend classes 250 days a year. Only week ends and holidays excused me from a pursuit of the books. The plan called for a four-year high-school course to be crammed into just two years. It was a time-consuming schedule of work and study in which I found myself, but I still had a few hours to learn about the rudiments of baseball and football as first-class outlets for stored-up energy.

When the baseball season rolled around, I agreed to play for the Noaker Ice Cream Company's semipro team. My knowledge of the game was practically nil but I was fortunate enough to fall into the able hands of one of the greatest pitchers of all time, Cy Young. Maybe it was the similarity of names, maybe he thought I had possibilities. In any case, as manager of the Noaker team, he taught me the fundamentals of pitching. I learned to throw curves and I learned control.

Scrap Young in his undergraduate days as member of the track team

Scrap and his two sons, Russell and Gene

Cartier Field, predecessor of Notre Dame stadium. Note position of goal posts on goal line. Goal posts were not moved back to end zone until 1912. *Bagby Photo Co.*

Cy maintained that a pitcher with perfect control could forget about curves and the other fancy pitches. He must have known whereof he spoke because he still holds the National and American League records for the most games pitched—472 in the National, 402 in the American. He also gets credit for the most games won, with Cleveland (National) 1890-98, St. Louis (National) 1899-1900, Boston (American) 1901-08, Cleveland (American) 1909-11, and Boston (National) 1911. His total was 510. Few have come even close to these records. I doubt if any will ever break them. As for my personal record as a pitcher and ballplayer, the less said the better.

Football had a much greater appeal from the very first day I tried out for the Dover High eleven. I weighed 135 pounds, dripping wet, but I decided that the only place for me was in the middle of things, so I became a guard. Why I did not try for halfback or some other glamour spot where I could become a hero, I'll never know. Anyway, guard it was and I held down a first-string berth for the next two years.

Ohio takes its high-school football quite seriously. We played New Philadelphia High for the state championship in the final game of my senior year. Some ten thousand fans jammed themselves into Tuscarawas Park. I know this doen't compare with the tremendous crowds that turn out in other sections of the country. For Tuscarawas County, ten thousand was the equivalent of a hundred thousand in Chicago.

All during the game, fights kept breaking out in the stands. When the half ended, we moved toward the showers. A fuss, even noisier than any of the others, started near a high-wire fence that separated the spectators from the playing field. Suddenly, a woman climbed to the top of the fence and, while the crowd cheered and the police cursed, jumped onto

the field. I stopped to watch the show as did my teammates. To my consternation, the woman ran straight to where I stood. Before I could move, I was smothered in the embrace of my sister, Josephine—my excitable sister, Josephine. Oh, yes, we won the game, 7 to 0.

It was not long after I first became interested in football, I heard of Notre Dame and Knute Rockne. I found myself eagerly searching the sports pages for accounts of the man and his teams. Their glorious victories, each week, thrilled me. If I were to go to college, I decided, Notre Dame would be my one and only choice.

Two universities, Pittsburgh and Western Reserve, paid me the honor of suggesting that I attend their respective schools on a scholarship basis. I was highly flattered by their attention but, having a one-track mind, I stubbornly held out for Notre Dame. As far as that institution was concerned, I never existed—no advances were made, no scholarship offered.

As Mohammed went to the mountain when the latter proved reluctant to come to him, I went to Notre Dame. The big adventure of my life began in September, 1923. At 7:00 A.M. of a cold morning, I boarded a Pennsylvania Railroad milk train at Massillon, Ohio. The pockets of a new serge suit were crammed with sandwiches and my total savings of four hundred dollars. If you have ever ridden from Massillon to Plymouth, Indiana, on the cheapest-fare coach, you will appreciate the condition of myself and the new suit when I alighted at that transfer point, many hours later. I felt like a straight man in a blackface act.

When, at 4:30 P.M., I stood before the Studebaker Auto-

mobile plant in South Bend, Indiana, I was at the end of the line and very nearly at the end of my patience. My spirits were drooping badly. I was homesick. A kindly soul directed me to walk two blocks to Michigan Avenue, where I might board a streetcar to LaSalle Street and a second car that would take me to the Notre Dame campus.

The sun was a golden ball in the west, when I reached my journey's end. I'll never forget that first sight of Notre Dame. One minute, I was a bedraggled, miserably weary figure, the next, I was alive and thrilling to the picture before me. There in the sunset was the Golden Dome, to me a thing of sheer beauty far beyond my power to describe.

With head high and spirits soaring, I swung into one of the many little cinder paths leading to the Main Building. On my right, I passed a square, gray-brick building, the old post office, which has since become the Chemistry Library. A wide, green pasture spread out to the left. In the pasture were the barns that housed the horses, cattle, and hogs that made Notre Dame practically a self-sufficient community. Brother Leo, C.S.C., I later learned, was in charge of the barns and animals. His giant Belgian draft horses were the Mack trucks of that day and they did the drayage work of the campus. His cattle and hogs took numerous blue ribbons at shows.

After I had walked nearly a quarter of a mile, the pasture was swallowed in a grove of trees. Mighty oaks, maple, and Japanese cherry trees were everywhere, all nurtured by the fertile plains set about the twin lakes—St. Mary's and St. Joseph's. Then, I was crossing the Quad.

The Quad is the focal point, the nerve center of Notre Dame. All activities spring from the Quad. Its boundaries are

the Main Building with its Dome of Our Lady, the Chapel, Brownson, Sorin, and Carroll residence halls. Sprinkled throughout the remainder of the campus are Corby, Morrissey, Walsh, Lyons, Badin, Howard, Freshman, Sophomore residence halls.

Before leaving home, I had written Notre Dame and expressed my desire to become a student there. In my hurry to get through high school, I had overlooked an Ohio law that insists that four years attendance be required for the granting of a diploma. I had acquired sufficient credits for college in two years but, alas, had no high-school diploma. I explained all this in my letter and was told, in reply, that I might be admitted on a conditional basis pending the making up of two years' language in the first semester. Furthermore, I was instructed to report to Brother Alphonsus, C.S.C., upon arrival.

So, there I was, standing before Brother Alphonsus in the rector's office of Brownson. A kindlier man I never met. He was tall and gaunt, with a thin face and high cheek bones that made him look like an American Indian. His lips were set in a characteristically grim expression; but there was a twinkle in his eyes when he beheld me. I was a sight in my soot-besmirched and wrinkled blue serge suit, with bow tie askew, hatless, and an old square suitcase in hand. What was more, I felt the returning pangs of homesickness, pangs that were to remain with me for a long while.

Brother Alphonsus took me in hand. He assigned me a room and a desk. Then, he introduced me to the first of many unforgettable people I was to meet at Notre Dame—Eddie O'Neal. Eddie was a senior who had become attached to Brownson as a freshman and remained throughout his four

years. Later, a rule was passed forbidding anyone to stay more than a year. That night in 1922, he was a poor boy who knew all the ropes at Brownson and felt sorry for a lonesome newcomer. Today, he is Vice-President of the General Motors Acceptance Corporation.

Lonesome was indeed the word for my feeling those first few weeks away from my family. Eddie O'Neal became my roommate along with thirty-eight fellow students. Brownson was divided into two floors, each sleeping forty youths, dormitory style. They were a happy-go-lucky crew and all fell into the swing of collegiate life, except me. I was ready to quit. Eddie sensed my turmoil and set about leading me out of the wilderness of my own homesickness. He dogged my every step and movement. He refused to permit me out of his sight for fear I would pack my bag and leave.

One night, I was lounging on my bed as Eddie prepared to go into South Bend on a date. "Gene," he said, "get dressed. We're going to town."

"You have a date," I informed him.

"I'm quite aware of the fact," he replied. "I'm also aware of that faraway look in your eyes. I don't care to make a trip to Dover, tomorrow, just to bring back a lost sheep. Get dressed."

Some date. We watched a movie, sipped sodas, and walked the young lady home afterward. Eddie was the soul of generosity and sincerity. He was also full of the devil. We joined a group of students at the terminal and waited for the last streetcar back to the campus. At five minutes to twelve, that vehicle arrived and we got on board. The motorman made the mistake of leaving his post for a visit to the rest room. In a flash, Eddie was at the controls and we were off to

school. The course of the motormanless car extended over a mile of lonely prairie. Safety was not a factor as there were no intersections or possibilities of collision. The other passengers, all students, entered into the spirit of the occasion and began rocking from side to side. Like a Toonerville trolley, we sped over the tracks in record-shattering time. At the end of the line, nobody bothered to shut off the power. The car merely left the tracks and stopped of its own volition a good length beyond in the soft Indiana countryside.

Such an occurrence was no surprise to the street railway company. That long-suffering organization and its equipment had been the target for students since it first began operating the short run to the campus. Even the Reverend Father J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., then prefect of discipline and later president of the school, had his moments in undergraduate days at the expense of the transportation system. It is said that he did even a more spectacular job than Eddie O'Neal. He set the car on fire.

Time literally flew by in the hectic first year of prelaw school. Homesickness was dispelled by the pressure of a vigorous program of studies. If all went well, I planned to complete my law course in five years. Meanwhile, I turned to the problem of paying bills and earning my way through school. Tuition was $75 a semester. Board and room at Brownson totaled another $80 per. I never ate so many "Long Johns" in the whole of my life as I did those first few months at Notre Dame. Breakfast and lunch consisted of a cup of coffee and one of those frosted doughnuts. Dinner was a big splurge of stew, bread, and milk, a quarter's worth.

To replenish my rapidly dwindling resources—the original

$400 had disappeared as if by magic—I obtained employment as a meat cutter at Tittle's Market on Michigan Avenue, South Bend. The effort to keep head above water and stomach reasonably filled, combined with 'rassling political science, history, philosophy, et al., left no time for thought of athletics in that first semester. They came later.

3.

A QUARREL AND A NEW CARETAKER

LITTLE wonder that I was heartbroken the afternoon they plopped me into a bed at the Notre Dame infirmary and rigged my broken leg with the usual uncomfortable setting contraptions. Mother was having financial troubles with the store and I had made up my mind to win a football scholarship or drop out of school, perhaps permanently. Add to this the fact that Rockne had apparently taken an interest in me during the first weeks of spring practice and I felt like a man who has dropped a pass in the end zone.

On the following morning, the door opened and there stood Rock himself. I was amazed and delighted. "Hello, Scrapiron." He spoke almost gruffly as he extended a massive hand that nearly crushed mine in its grip. I was rendered completely speechless by the sudden visit. I did not know that Rock made a similiar daily visit to the injured members of his teams at all times. He sat with me for almost an hour and came again on the next day. This procedure was continued, without fail, for the remaining days of my four weeks' convalescence. Each time, Rock sat by my bed and we talked of everything and anything. Seldom did he stay for less than an

hour. No wonder, I thought, he's loved by all who know him. No wonder he's a great man.

The day before I was to leave the infirmary, Rock, who was watching my first attempts to walk on crutches, observed: "Scrap, you've made just about the quickest recovery I've ever seen. What are your plans?"

"Why, I'm going back to the football squad," I replied.

Rock looked at me soberly. He shook his head. "No, Scrap," he said. "I'm afraid that's out. The doctor says no more football for you."

I sat down heavily on the floor. My legs were too weak for the shock. Rock helped me onto the bed. "It's a cruel blow," he said, his voice genuinely sympathetic, "but, don't feel that the world has come to an end. I'll take care of you, believe me. As for quitting school, don't even think of it. We'll arrange a scholarship, somehow. By the way, have you ever run on a track team?"

That question almost floored me again. I confessed that I had not.

"For some reason," said Rock, "I have a feeling that, with your stamina and determination, you would make an excellent distance runner. When your leg is strong enough, I want you to come out for track practice. Will you do that?"

Once again, I shook hands with Rock. Things were happening so quickly my head was spinning. Only a few moments before I had been floundering in the depths of despair. Then I was visualizing a future of track successes in the colors of Notre Dame.

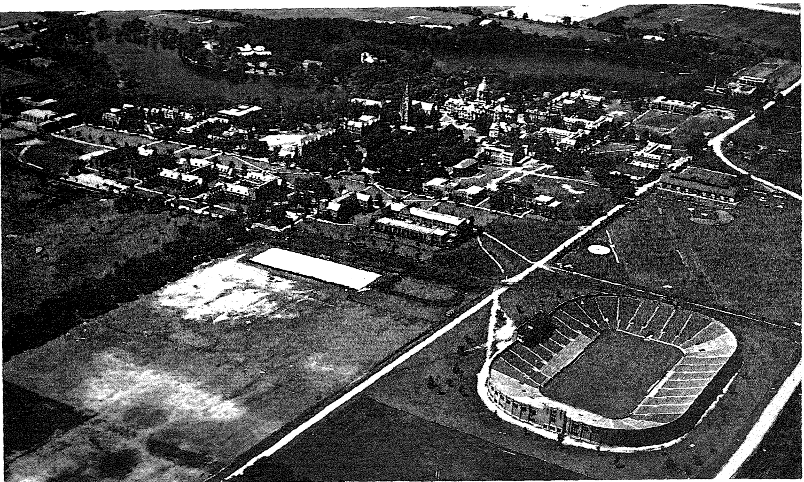
Among Rockne's many duties at Notre Dame was that of track coach. On a day, about a month after his last infirmary

visit with me, I reported for the track team. Regular season was nearly at an end but Rock instructed me to draw a suit and spiked shoes. Oh, those spiked shoes. I felt pretty natty in the trim but scanty blue and gold suit. Then I put on the shoes. As I walked from the dressing room to the track, it seemed as though I was moving upstairs. The long spikes on the soles of the shoes and the almost nonexistent heels gave that effect. A flight of three steps loomed, not too menacingly, ahead. I started to trot blithely and with what I imagined was some nimbleness, up the stairs. As I arrived in triumph at the top step, my left foot caught on a loose board. Flat on my face I fell, into, of all things, the sawdust jumping pit. After a few minutes, I removed my face from the foot-deep stuff. Someone was laughing uproariously. I had fallen almost at the feet of Rock and he was enjoying the scene to the utmost. Personally, nothing seemed the least bit funny about the whole situation.

Getting to my feet, I discovered I was covered with sawdust. While I gloomily brushed myself off, Rock was still chuckling. "I'm sorry for laughing," he said, "but I thought for a second that you were going to make it—your attempt at flying like a bird, I mean."

When I had regained some measure of composure we settled to the business at hand. "Seriously, for a moment," he said, "I'm glad you're here. What distance would you like?"

I had been asking myself the same question for several weeks and I told him that I'd decided on the half-mile run, and Rock nodded agreement. "I was going to suggest the 880 for you. Now, the Varsity-Frosh meet will be held in two weeks. I want you to be ready to go then. Here's your training schedule."



Notre Dame campus as it appears today. *Bagby Photo Co.*

The famous Four Horsemen—Miller, Layden, Crowley, and Stuhldreher. *Bagby Photo Co.*

With that, Rock handed me a program of exercises and a list of do's and don't of diet. I followed his instructions to the letter. My leg, I found, gave me no trouble. Too, I discovered that I enjoyed the feel of cinders beneath my feet. Even the damnable spiked shoes felt good—on cinders.

Track, as a competitive sport, had never quite appealed to me. I was part of the minority group in the country that took a dim view of grown men cavorting about in their underwear. This sort of thinking was quickly dispelled, once I ran in competition. The Varsity-Frosh meet turned me into a rabid devotee of the sport. Before the 880 event came around, I was frightened stiff. The thought of going up against the seasoned stars of the varsity nearly proved too much for me. Suddenly, a raucous voice was bellowing the first call for the 880 on the field-address system. I really felt like running, all right—home to Brownson. Then, Rockne was at my side. "Run as I have told you and you will win the event." That was all he said. That was all I needed. The confidence that his words instilled flowed through me like a tonic. My legs were relaxed. My whole body was relaxed. I followed the pack until we entered the last turn for home. The inspiration that was Rockne's enabled me to shoot out from my fifth position, and in a mad stretch scramble, to come across the tape first by inches.

Summer vacation was a welcome respite from the grind of study. Even though Rock had told me not to worry, I wound up my first year at Notre Dame wondering if I would be back for the second. In the midst of preparations for the return home, I received word that Rock wanted to see me in his office. There, he told me to report back to school a day or so

early in the fall, if possible. He gave no indication why he wished it thus, but, having some little good sense, I did not question his wishes. I reported three days early.

"Scrap," said Rockne, when we met that September, "how would you like to be student athletic trainer, my assistant?" He should have asked me how I would like to be Prince of Wales. I couldn't have been more surprised or elated. Words failed me for one of the few times in my life. If I gave any coherent reply, I was never able to recall. I think my head nodded dumbly a few times. Whatever I did, Rock got the idea.

"Very well," he said. "Henceforth, you will be in charge of the training room. Keep your eyes open and do as I say. I expect you to work hard, harder, perhaps, than you will ever work in your life. If you follow my instructions, you should have no trouble. Your first assignment is to register for classes as a scholarship student."

That last sentence capped the climax. My joy knew no bounds. To be chosen as Rock's assistant was beyond my wildest dreams. To be the recipient of a scholarship for doing so, was just too much. Something was bound to happen. It did.

On registration day, I walked boldly past the lines of students waiting to pay their tuition before obtaining class-admittance cards. I joined a group about to receive special cards indicating a scholarship of one kind or another.

"Young man," said the registrar sternly, when I faced him, "only authorized scholarship students may obtain blue cards."

Squaring my shoulders and drawing myself up to my full 5′8″, I waited for almost half a minute to build the suspense of the situation, before making the announcement that

would, undoubtedly, leave the good man gaping with admiration. Then, I said it rather loudly. "I *am* authorized. You are looking at the student trainer of athletes, assistant to Knute Rockne."

I paused dramatically to await the proper reaction to so momentous a declaration. I didn't expect the registrar to swoon, quite. Just a wide-eyed rush to shake my hand, sign me for classes. Anything to show his appreciation for the pleasure of meeting so famous a personage.

Instead, he looked at me as though I had two heads. Slowly and with apparent great restraint, he spoke the words that were like a pin pricking the inflated balloon that was my head. "Look, bub, I don't care what crazy hallucinations you may be having. If you're not authorized to receive a scholarship, then go through the customary procedure. For your information, there is no such position as you have dreamed up."

Crushed beyond speech, I appealed my case to Rock. When I told him the story, he became engulfed in a spasm of coughing and choking. For a time, I thought he was laughing. When he finally recovered, he told me to wait in his office until his return. Within an hour, he came, bringing blue cards and application forms that I was to fill out and take with me to class. In his absence, I had time to gather my wits and appreciate the ridiculous nature of my actions. I was thoroughly ashamed but he made no comment. Doubtless, the redness of my face and my abashed look spoke for themselves. "You are now on a track scholarship," was all he said.

It soon became apparent that Rock was not guilty of overstatement when he said I would work hard. The job of

being his assistant was no easy one. Immediately the football season was underway, he became a driving taskmaster. The frivolous moods he allowed himself, now and then, in the off season, disappeared entirely and he was strictly all business. Seldom did he find humor in any situation. The bunglings which I seemed forever to be guilty of and which would have tickled him at any other time, brought down the roof during the football season.

I was as inexperienced as an old maid and he knew it. He had pointed out, when I reminded him of the fact earlier, that my lack of experience was an asset rather than a hindrance. "I want you to learn my way from the beginning," he said, "You don't have any notions of your own and that's good."

Even if I had the notions, I would never have opened my mouth about them. To do so would have invited verbal crucifixion. You just did not tell Rock how things were done. If you valued your standing in his estimation, you didn't.

I had many faults, but being unaware of the buttered side of my bread was not one of them. Mrs. Young had reared no foolish children. I went about my work with eyes and ears attuned to all that was going on about me and mouth tightly shut. I was so busy absorbing the knowledge that Rock painstakingly imparted that I had little time for anything else. I believe Notre Dame had a highly successful football season that year. I wouldn't know. Although I was present at every game, my disadvantage point was the dressing room; taping wrists and ankles before the game; running errands between that room and the bench, during; treating minor injuries, during and after. If the newspapers were correct, and they usually were, the Irish rolled over nine opponents, losing only to their old jinx, Nebraska. As far as the 1923 campaign

was concerned, like Will Rogers, all I knew about it was what I read in the dailies. I did take care of some young fellows who seemed like pretty sturdy material. If I remember correctly, their names were Crowley, Miller, Layden, and Stuhldreher. The papers said they played a pretty fair country game of football.

At the conclusion of that grid season, I turned to the pastime of cross-country running. It seemed wise to do so in view of my scholarship and the necessity for its maintenance. Rock told me to forget about running distances under a mile. His trained eye spotted quirks in my stride that limited my chances of success in the shorter events. Too, I seemed to function better after my "second wind" than before. Because the cross-country team operated in the dead of winter, I had my opinion of people who ran about the countryside in snow and slush for pleasure. A scholarship could be an expensive luxury but I had become fond of the habit of eating three meals a day. The word "harriers" as applied to the cross-country team struck my curiosity as to its origin and application to the cross-country sport. I checked my copy of Webster's and discovered that it meant "a hunting dog . . . used to hunt hares. . . ." So, just as I suspected, it was a dog's life I was leading.

Jogging along over hill and dale, I began to realize why my teammates waxed as enthusiastic about their favorite diversion as any player who romped across a goal line. There was an exhilarating sensation to the feel of crisp, clean air on your face and legs that only those sturdy members who braved the elements and shin splints could appreciate. To break from the cover of a clump of trees or a bend in the road and match stride for stride with an equally striving opponent was as

satisfying as any home run ever hit. Such a thrill was mine only once in that first year. I was content to pick up a point or two for Notre Dame and enjoy the realization that I might do bigger things as a distance runner in my three remaining years.

"How would you like the job of student employment foreman and assistant caretaker of all athletic facilities?" This was the question with which Rock greeted me, one morning in November, 1923.

"Sure," I replied, "but it sounds mighty imposing."

"It means," he added, "that you will be in charge of hiring and supervising all students who seek employment on campus. You will, also, assist John Mangan as caretaker of the athletic plant. You know of John, don't you?" Of course, I knew of John, who didn't? He was one of the most popular characters at the South Bend school.

"Faith, it's a husky lad you are," said the genial Celt, when Rock introduced me to John Mangan, shortly thereafter. He could scarcely be called puny, himself, since he was almost as broad as he was tall. His red, baby face reflected the map of County Cork. Prematurely white hair was in sharp contrast with his youthful features.

Mangan had a way with everybody. One and all admired the lovable, kindly gentleman. When Father Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., was president of the university, he received an invitation from his friend, Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York, to vacation at French Lick Springs, Indiana. Only on the condition that John Mangan should go along as chauffeur, did he accept. Mangan thoroughly captured the esteem of Al Smith. The first evening, after Father

O'Donnell had retired early, the two sat and chatted until nearly midnight. Just before Mangan turned in, Smith said, "John, what time are we arising?"

"I don't know about you," replied Mangan, "but I'll be going to 6 o'clock Mass."

"Call me at 5:30," said Smith.

"Fah," grunted John, "you won't have been in bed by then."

Al Smith never forgot Mangan. This was demonstrated in 1931 when Notre Dame played Army at New York. John went along as guest of the team. It was his first trip to the City. Friday night, before the game, there was the usual reunion of grads and subway alumni at the New Yorker, with Mangan the center of a jocular group when Smith appeared on the scene. The two sons of the old sod, one a generation removed, renewed their friendship.

At one o'clock the next afternoon, a long, sleek limousine arrived for "Mr. John Mangan, sir." Completely bewildered, the man of simple tastes balked at such attention. Over his protests, he was whisked away to Yankee Stadium. Straight to the Governor's Box on the 50-yard line, he was escorted with pomp befitting De Valera, himself. Al Smith was there to greet him and indicated that he was to have the seat of honor. Then, John saw the Irish flags, shamrocks, and green bunting with which the box was decorated. He was almost overcome. A one-hundred piece band swung briskly onto the field, playing "The Wearing of the Green." It consisted of children dressed in Irish costumes. They marched to a spot directly in front of the box where John sat. From the throats of over two thousand Notre Dame students came the thrilling cheer: "He's a man! He's a man! He's a Notre Dame man—John Mangan!"

There could hardly have been a happier or prouder man in the world. I saw him brush a tear from his eyes as he mumbled, brokenly, "God bless ye, my boys."

Varied indeed were the new duties which I assumed as assistant caretaker and employment foreman. The group of student workers who cleaned, painted, or cut the many courts, seats, and fields were in my charge. I worked for Mangan who, in turn, reported to Rock.

In the spring of that next year, 1924, there occurred an incident that reshaped the destiny of John Mangan. Ed Walsh, the famous Chicago White Sox spitballer, was coaching the Notre Dame baseball squad. On a bright April morning, he approached Mangan, who was at work on the cinder track. "John," said Walsh, "would you mind going over the baseball diamond? It needs trimming badly."

"Can't do it today," was the reply. "Rock gave me specific orders to roll and mark the track before noon."

Walsh placed an arm about the shoulders of the custodian in the manner of an athlete currying favor from an official. "Oh, come now, John," said Walsh at his beguiling best, "Rock won't mind if you work the diamond for a little bit." The blarney rolled from the lips of Ed Walsh for several minutes, as they talked in lowered tones. Then, John nodded his head and the deed was done.

Came time for the track meet, that afternoon. The baseball field was resplendent. The track was only half rolled and absolutely unmarked. Rock "blew his top." "Mangan," he said, "what might you be doing around here? Certainly, you're not working."

Mangan's eyes blazed and not because of the perspiration

of four hours' hard labor, which rolled into them. "Not working! What do you think I am, a jackass? I've worked all day on the baseball field." That was the wrong thing to say.

"Baseball!" Rock roared. "Mangan, you're fired."

"You can't fire me, I quit." With that as a parting shot, John slammed down a rake, which he had been holding and stomped off the track, never to return.

I stood behind Rock while the little drama was unfolding. I could hardly believe my eyes. When Rock whirled and ordered me to get the keys to the field house, it was my hearing that I doubted. "Go on, Scrap," he said, "you're the new caretaker."

What should have been a joyous occasion for me, under any other circumstances, now only left me cold. I was caught in the middle of a disagreement between two of the finest men I knew. I felt miserable. I consoled myself with the belief that the whole thing would blow over in a day or so.

Three days passed and, while tempers had cooled, pride took up the cudgel of estrangement. Mangan had accepted the position of official school chauffeur. I was going through the motions of caretaker. It was Rock who broke the ice. "Would you mind if I asked John to return?" he said to me.

"Mind!" I retorted. "I'd be tickled to death."

Rock went to Mangan's room and they talked for several hours. When it was over, they returned to Rock's office together as the best of friends, but Mangan would have no part of the old job. Nothing could induce him to change his mind. He was happy in his new post. There he meant to stay.

Without a doubt, John Mangan knew more about Notre Dame than any living being. Nobody ever contradicted him in matters of the school or its history without getting a heated

blast in rebuttal, priests included. His taking the chauffeur job opened a whole new vista for Mangan stories. Perhaps the best was the one having to do with Father J. Hugh O'Donnell. When Father O'Donnell was prefect of discipline, he was forever calling John to meet him with the school car at a certain time. Invariably, he would be from one to four hours late. John put up with his tardiness for several months. One fine day, Father O'Donnell called Mangan and said he would be leaving in half an hour.

"You're a damn liar, Father," said John, "Why don't you tell the truth and shame the divil? I won't see you for at least two hours."

Father O'Donnell was so taken aback by the unexpectedly bellicose attitude that he was ready in fifteen minutes. The next time he kept Mangan waiting four hours, he returned to find that John was gone. The good priest went home in a cab and never again did he keep John Mangan waiting for an appointment.

When it was quite evident that Mangan would not return to the job, I knuckled down with gusto to the duties of caretaker. Once again, Rock was the instructor and I the eager pupil. His infinite knowledge of all things extended even to the science of agronomy. The secrets of planting and caring for turf that he imparted to me were the same secrets that made Notre Dame sod the finest in the land. Authoritative sources concurred in this judgment.

Every spring, one thousand pounds of grass seed were sown broadcast over the entire surface of the athletic field. Rock's formula for successful turf planting was a mixture of 40 per cent blue grass with 30 per cent redtop and 30 per cent clover. Rock would select a day when climatic conditions

were exactly to his liking for sowing. After seed began to germinate, he would have the field completely limed. The lime was scattered to sweeten the soil. Throughout the summer, the grass was allowed to grow freely without cutting. Rock would never allow trimming while weather was hot. A sprinkling system was kept in operation, day and night, as a protective measure. No baby ever received more attention or careful nursing than the grass that Rock planted. Today, Joe Dierricks, Rock's brother-in-law, carries on in the family tradition. He is caretaker at Notre Dame and maintains the turf as still the best of its kind.

Caring for that turf of Rock's led to a somewhat amusing incident in my first year at the job. It seems that a couple of faculty members got the bright idea of using the football field as a golf driving range. The first day they appeared, I realized the damage they might inflict and asked them in my most diplomatic manner to leave. They became incensed that a lowly sophomore would suggest such a thing. The golf practice continued.

When I told Rock of the incident, it was his turn to become angry. He instructed me that, the next time they used the field, I had his permission to eject them, forcibly if necessary. Sure enough, the following day they were digging divots again. This time I was insistent. I threatened to "toss them out." They departed before any such drastic measure was necessary. It was not long, however, before Father Matthew J. Walsh, C.S.C., president of the school, desired words with me. The two faculty members were present and demanding my expulsion as I entered the president's office.

"What's the story, Young?" asked Father Walsh.

I told him of my instructions from Rock. He listened,

thoughtfully. "You did a good job, son," he said finally, to my relief. Then he turned on the dismayed professors. "Gentlemen, I have seen you both play golf. I don't believe that any amount of practice would improve your respective games. So, in view of the fact that there is no chance of your developing into golf champions, I think it wise if we save the football field. Perhaps, we might develop a champion or two in that worthy game."

For some reason, the two learned men never spoke to me again. Needless to say, I studiously avoided any classes that they might be instructing.

4.

FABULOUS FOURSOME—A FOUR-RING CIRCUS

"OUTLINED against a blue-gray October sky, the four horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they were known as famine, pestilence, destruction, and death. These are only aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley, and Layden."—Grantland Rice.

The year of Our Lord, 1924, was a memorable one in the history of this country of ours. Calvin Coolidge was elected President . . . The Allies and Germany accepted the Dawes Reparation Plan . . . Nikolay Lenin, head of Soviet Russia, died on January 21 . . . The Prince of Wales began his American tour August 29 . . . Jeanne Eagels was a sensation in the stage play, *Rain* . . . Bessie Love and Antonio Moreno were movie stars . . . The dirigible Los Angeles left Germany October 12 and reached the United States on October 15 . . . An ex-coal miner turned pianist, Isham Jones, wrote the song of the year, "I'll See You in My Dreams" . . . and the greatest sports journalist of them all wrote the lead paragraph to a story about a football game that coined a phrase that was

destined to live in memory, even after thoughts of the other events had become dimmed by the passage of time.

On October 18, 1924, as the shadows deepened over the press box of New York's Polo Grounds, journalist Rice pounded out the paraphrase of the Book of Apocalypse according to St. John. He had just witnessed a 13 to 7 victory for the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame over Army and he was impressed. The story he wrote was a routine assignment and the lead might be considered corny in some modern circles. Whatever the circumstances, Grantland Rice gave birth to the catchiest football nickname the game has ever known—The Four Horsemen of Notre Dame.

As another fine columnist, E. V. Durling might say, we "young old-timers" will recall how the names Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley, and Layden became household words. In my humble opinion, they lived up to every line of publicity and praise that was theirs. Some will argue that there have been greater individual backs in Notre Dame annals. I'll go along with that to a point, but I honestly believe that there will never be a unit, a combination to equal the Four Horsemen. Of course, they had help. Without a strong line up front, how far could any backfield be expected to go? They had the Seven Mules, each as strong as the hybrid for which they were named.

A singular, not widely recognized, fact that might cause some eyebrows to arch was the comparative smallness of the members of this team. The line averaged less than 180 pounds, and the backfield 160. Nobel Kizer, right guard, and Johnny Weibel, left guard, weighed 160; ends Chuck Collins 162, and Ed Huntsinger, 185; tackles Rip Miller, Joe Bach

and center Adam Walsh tipped a ponderous 190 each. In the backfield, Elmer Layden was a 155-pound smashing fullback, an unheard-of weight for the power back in the Rockne System. Harry Stuhldreher was the lightest man on the squad. He weighed in at 148.

They made up for their lack of size and weight, this crew, with their dazzling speed and precision ball handling. A deceptive attack and a thorough knowledge of the fundamentals of blocking and tackling were always in evidence when they played. Then there was the Notre Dame shift. This shift gave light, speedy backs an opportunity to get perfect blocking angles. It started with the diamond of backs behind a balanced line and, normally, moved to the side to which play was going. There was nothing occult about it, nor was it illegal. The rules specified that players "must come to an absolute stop and remain stationary without movement of the feet or swaying of the body." This enabled the defensive team to shift with the offense. It was the perfect timing which enabled the Horsemen to work it with such excellence.

Strangely enough, the Notre Dame shift was born at, of all places, a Broadway musical show. Rockne attended the show following the Notre Dame-Army scoreless tie in 1922. While the members of his party were ogling the beauties of the chorus, Rock was probably doing the same, but his ever-active mind was turning over at a-mile-a-minute rate.

"Why couldn't we use that precision step of those young ladies in football?" he asked, leaning toward his old friend, alumnus Joe Byrne. The "precision step" to which he referred was part of a dance routine similar to one since made famous by New York's Rockefeller Center Rockettes. The chorus

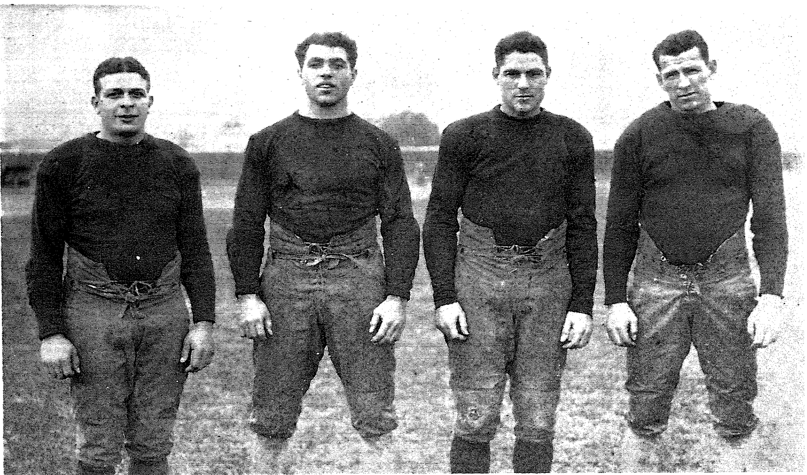
cuties moved their limbs in perfect rhythm with a jazzy little band in the pit. Every motion was synchronized so that half a hundred pairs of arms and legs seemed as one.

"Y'know, Joe," Rock went on, "I certainly wish that those girls were on my football team. C'mon, we're going backstage."

Before the surprised Joe could protest, he found himself in a crowded passageway between dressing rooms, following a path cleared by the broad Rockne shoulders through dozens of protesting ladies and gentlemen of the theater. In a manner typical, Rock located the object of his visit immediately, the dance director. The fact that this director was a young woman in no way fazed him. He went right to the point. Would she instruct him in the technique of her dance system? She would.

Joe Byrne never saw the last act of that show. While Rockne received a dancing lesson by demonstration only, Joe sat and chewed his fingernails, thinking of what he was missing "out front."

Back at South Bend a few days later, when the Notre Dame football team was called into the gymnasium and its members informed of Rock's intention to have a dancing instructor work with them, they guffawed merrily. The guffaws changed to long, low whistles when they met their instructor, a very pretty girl from a South Bend dancing academy. Suddenly, the boys were keenly interested in this new aspect of football. For the first time in the history of football a female dancing teacher became a member of a college coaching staff. The rhythm she taught became the free and easy beat of the Notre Dame shift.



Frank Carideo, Joe Savoldi, Marchmont Schwartz, Marty Brill. © *H. C. Elmore*

All-American guard John "Clipper" Smith, captain of Notre Dame's 1927 team. *Bagby Photo Co.*

The story of that 1924 march to the national championship over the prostrate carcasses of teams from Lombard, Wabash, Army, Princeton, Georgia Tech, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Northwestern, Carnegie Tech, and Stanford has been told and retold until all followers of the gridiron game, who can read the sports pages, have become wearied. It is the personal and intimate stories of these men—the fabulous foursome and their playmates—that have seldom been told and which bear mentioning.

They were a hell-raising gang and the tales of their shenanigans are innumerable. Although Adam Walsh was captain on the playing field, the ringleader in their extracurricular activities was Jim Crowley, better known as "Sleepy Jim." One glance at Crowley was enough to satisfy even the least discerning as to the origin of his nickname. Crowley seemed to be perpetually tired, off the field, that is. A standing joke among the upper classmen was to collar some hapless freshman and point out the moping figure of Crowley. "See that dopey-looking guy? Isn't he a goof?"

When the naïve youngster agreed, they would roar with laughter at his embarrassment upon being told that he was blaspheming no less a man than the great Notre Dame All-American, Jim Crowley.

Although Crowley was outwardly sleepy, his mind was virtually a machine, pouring out ideas of devilment almost constantly. When he was living in Sorin Hall, his room faced the Quadrangle. As all cinder paths converged on the Quad, he was in a position to watch all of the students as they passed from class to class. Soon, a mysterious voice was broadcasting from thin air, or so it seemed. Every day, the "voice" would taunt and harass the passers-by. Priests and

professors were never spared. "Father so-and-so," it would name the priest, "where did you get those old shoes, and that coat—Wow! What a relic!" And thus it went. Students crowded the Quad during every class break to laugh with glee at the victims of the "voice." Some time passed before the loud-speaker was discovered and traced to Crowley's room, and the student body felt as though it had lost an old friend when the "voice" went off the air forever.

There was never a dull moment when Crowley and Associates were operating. They ran the football-program and stadium-parking concessions in their senior year. Stuhldreher, being the quarterback, was the business manager. He was the money man and money was always available, especially when a gullible newcomer was present. It was amazing to note the obvious stunts by which freshmen would allow themselves to be duped.

They would pay $1, upon request, to the veterans of the football squad for the pleasure of going out to practice and having their heads bashed as frosh "cannon fodder" for the varsity.

Before each season, no matter which sport, a doctor would appear at the freshman dressing room. He would examine the candidates in a very professional manner and then pass them as being eligible to participate. After requesting and receiving his fee, usually a dollar, he would depart. The examinee would be pleased with his physical condition until sometime later when he would see the "doctor" wearing a Monogram sweater.

Another old dodge, which they usually worked on cold winter evenings, was the radiator gag. The innocents would be dutifully studying in their room when the door opened

and in came two or three somber gents in plumbers' dress.

"You haven't paid your rent on the radiator," one said.

"We haven't?"

"Unless you kick through, we will have to take it away with us."

Sometimes the "plumbers" would go as far as dismantling the radiator and carrying it to the hall before the panicky freshmen would pay the fee, and then have to replace the fixture themselves.

Occasionally, the boys carried their pranks a bit too far, as in the murder scene that they staged one evening. One student, a brilliant scholar but not too wise in the way of the world, became their target for the night. Crowley, Layden, and Miller made a deal with Max Hauser, the night watchman, to call the youth to his room. When the scholar arrived, he found Max bleeding profusely, and apparently quite dead. Before the lad could gather his wits, the three culprits appeared and held a mock trial at which the scholar was found guilty of murder. Luckily, Father John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., got wind of the goings on and broke it up before the accused became a nervous wreck. The boy nearly passed out, though, when the "corpse" arose and began to walk, removing the ketchup as he did.

Jim Crowley, however, was the comedian of the outfit. His serious moments were few. I recall the night he was selected to judge the Hard Times dance, which was held at the Palais Royal on Colfax Street in South Bend. There was no admission price charged for the dance. However, the judge and his assistants, the attorneys, were to levy a tax on all those who arrived improperly costumed. Each couple was to be dressed as poorly as possible.

Jim took up his position at the main entrance, perched atop several bales of hay. Below him were the attorneys. He kept up a running commentary on the appearance of everyone who arrived. Nobody was dressed suitably according to Jim. He levied his tax on all. He fined girls for having their faces washed, men for having shaved or pressed their trousers. Those who were too poorly dressed, unwashed or unshaven, he fined for being a disgrace. His antics were so funny that none bothered to dance until the last couple arrived. They all remained gathered about Crowley's haystack pedestal.

Crowley on a pedestal was not an unusual sight at Notre Dame. He was the little tin idol of the football fan, he and his colleagues. To his fellow students, he was the man toward whom they always looked for laughs, and they were never disappointed. I believe that Crowley was seldom wittier than the night he acted as master of ceremonies for the Monogram Absurdities in his senior year. This was the annual show put on by the Notre Dame Monogram Club, a minstrel show with Crowley as "Mr. Interlocutor."

Present-day comedians might have taken a leaf from Crowley's book that night. He kept up a steady flow of gags running through the performance, each funnier than its predecessor. Particularly funny because almost everyone was directed at Knute Rockne. The high point of the evening was a soap-box type harangue that lasted for forty minutes.

"There is a man in this school, who is unfair to the football team," Crowley ranted. "A man responsible for our poor season (undefeated). A man who never goes to bat for his players. He makes them play their own games without signals or any other visible help from the side lines. He re-

fuses to allow quarterback Harry Stuhldreher to write the plays on the back of center Adam Walsh's football pants. He's so tight—" here Crowley lowered his voice to a confidential stage whisper that could scarcely be heard in the next county. "Do you know," he croaked, "that I traced his ancestry and I found out that, although he claims to be a Norwegian, he's really a Scotchman? Yes, sir, he's Scotch and so tight that he never feeds the football players, during the season. That's why they look so weak and undernourished every Saturday."

On and on he went, to the delight and amazement of the assembled student body. He broke into an imitation of one of Rock's half-time pep talks, roaming back and forth across the stage. "We're gonna hold 'em in the first haaaalf. Then we're gonna beat 'em, beat 'em, BEAT 'EM!"

Throughout the harangue, Crowley kept pausing at intervals to brush back imaginary locks of hair in token of Rock's bald-as-a-billiard-ball dome. The climax came with breathtaking suddenness when Crowley turned and pointed into the audience. "—and the source of all our misery is seated right there. Blame everything on the curly-haired guy in the first row center, our beloved coach—Knute Rockne."

There was a momentary hush while all eyes were focused in the direction Crowley was pointing. What would Rock do? How would he react? The answer was forthcoming, immediately, as Rock stood and bowed toward Crowley. Turning toward the students, he raised both arms and shook hands with himself in the age-old gesture of the prize ring. The house came down. For fifteen minutes, the students cheered the good-natured coach and the clever comedian.

The show played through four nights and, each night,

Rock was in the same seat, enjoying laughs at his expense to their fullest. It was so good in fact, that Radio-Keith-Orpheum offered to take the company on a tour of the nation. The offer was rejected. Fun was fun as long as it remained within the family circle. Others might twist the spirit in which it was presented to something altogether different and injurious to the reputation of a great man.

Harry Stuhldreher contributed his share of nonsense. At times, he even surpassed Crowley as a glib-tongued artist. Prior to the 1924 Nebraska game, the Notre Dame campus was buzzing with preparations for the big Homecoming Game with that arch rival. Nebraska had placed the only blot on the 1923 picture of an undefeated season. Before that, they had done the same for the 1922 campaign. After the '23 affair in which the Irish had dropped a 14 to 7 decision to the Cornhuskers, this team of juniors had vowed to beat Nebraska the next year for Rock, if they never won another contest. So, the campus was aroused to a fever pitch for the game of retribution.

A rally was held in the gymnasium. As was the custom, the team was present. Each member was called upon to make a little speech to the assembled students and alumni. Time came for Stuhldreher to be introduced and the crowd gave him a great ovation.

Raising his hands for quiet, Harry smiled shyly. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "as you all know, the quarterback is the smartest man on the team. For that reason, I am the quarterback for Notre Dame. I'm so much smarter than the other fellows."

The crowd gasped at such modesty.

"Allow me to prove my point," Stuhldreher went on. "Last

year, when we played Nebraska at Lincoln, their fullback, a giant if I ever saw one, broke through the line on a particular play. Everybody, it seemed, had a crack at the man-mountain. Jim Crowley came charging up and received a straight arm that knocked him groggy. That left only one person with a chance to stop the mountain short of the goal line—little me." He paused as the audience looked at each other wonderingly.

"If I do say so, myself," Stuhldreher continued, "I did some rather quick thinking, as I ran toward my doom. I felt that being a live coward was much better than being a dead hero. On the other hand, I didn't want people, and particularly Rock, to think that I was afraid of dying. I decided to do a little faking. I chased the ball carrier down field. Just before he went over the goal line, I made like a swan, diving after him. Naturally, I didn't tackle the big moose, but hit the ground with great force. It was a good act. Next morning, the papers said I had done a whale of a job of defending. In reality, I did a hell of a fine job of faking. The best faking ever done by anyone."

For the records, Harry actually tackled the runner on the play in question but a story was a story. If it brought laughs, Stuhldreher was happy, even if the laughs were on himself. He got his laughs for that one. As for the game, the records also show that Notre Dame would not be denied that day. They avenged the previous defeats convincingly by a 34 to 6 score.

Color! They had it. That gang of 1924 National Champions were real showmen. They were a sports writer's dream team. From the day when they knocked over powerful Army and nearly did the same to the Oliver Hotel in South Bend,

to their spectacular 27 to 10 upset of Stanford in the Rose Bowl, they were terrific copy. The Oliver Hotel incident followed their return to the campus from the Army game. Every student who was able to get to the station was there to greet the heroes. They had successfully ridden the Army mule in New York. Why not show the natives how it was done? A real-life facsimile of the Army mascot was produced amid the ensuing celebration. The Horsemen became mule skinners, and they rode the stubborn beast into and through the lobby of the Oliver while the manager stood patiently by, awaiting the worst. Luckily, it never happened.

An enterprising gent from South Bend, George Arnold Stickler, was quick to note the possibilities of the new epithet. He hired four tired nags and induced Stuhldreher, Crowley, Layden, and Miller to don football gear and sit astride the horses, bearing footballs under their arms. The stunt produced the most reprinted football publicity picture in the history of the sport.

Despite their flair for showmanship, the fabulous four never outdid the old ringmaster, Rockne. His silver tongue and ready wit were ever present to capture the heart of an audience. He could sway his listeners through a gamut of emotional experiences as easily as a puppeteer manipulates his dolls. He was particularly adept at bringing laughs.

Rock had two favorite stories. The first was reserved for the occasion of a speech in the home town of one of his players, particularly if the boy was present.

Plymouth, Indiana, friends and neighbors of Nobel Kizer were the original audience for the story, in late 1924. They gathered in a large auditorium to pay tribute to their favorite son and his coach. Several speakers preceded Rock and all

told in glowing terms of Plymouth's pride and joy. When time came for Rock's introduction there seemed little that he could add to their extravagant words without stumbling over many a well-worn adjective in his own delivery. Nevertheless, he acknowledged their plaudits, cleared his throat, and came up with a new twist.

"Noble is one of the most modest athletes I have ever known," he started. The home folks, already swelling with pride, burst their buttons for joy.

"I have in mind," he continued, "a particular instance in which this fact was brought out so clearly to me." The audience settled back in their chairs to hear tell of some deed of Kizer daring.

"It happened on the train to Baltimore for our game with Navy," Rock recalled. "Everyone had turned in at 9:30 P.M., and I was making the rounds of sleeping compartments at ten o'clock. A light in one berth caught my attention. I was about to part the curtain, when I heard a voice from within. 'Rock, I'm the best guard you ever had.' It was Noble. I thought, hmmm, he's talking in his sleep. Again, I heard, 'Rock, you know I'm the best guard you ever had.' With that, I pulled aside the curtain to extinguish his light. Behold! There was our boy, sitting bolt upright in bed—and wide awake!"

A roar of laughter, followed by a tremendous burst of applause, greeted the tale and Rock knew he had a hit for future audiences. On each similar occasion he repeated the incident, changing only the name of the boy in its telling. Rock considered this story the best deflator of too large egos, and a good defroster of too tense and nervous youngsters. Invariably, audience and hero alike would relax into a mel-

low mood for reception of the Rockne personality, and the inevitable praises of the local boy. This time, there was no letdown.

Rock's favorite afterdinner story was first told by him at the testimonial banquet for his Horsemen and Mules in 1925. It went like this:

There were two Irishmen, Pat and Mike. You've heard it? Well, it seems that our two lads were inclined toward nipping a bit. Perhaps they nipped a bit more than was good for them because they were never seen but that they were several sheets to the wind. Folks treated them shamefully in the big city where they lived, so, they moved to the country. They bought a small tract of land surrounded entirely by water. On the tract, they built a shack. I guess they were sober sometimes at that. Anyway, they built the shack and lived drunkenly ever after. Well, nearly ever after. You see, the only means of access to their shack was across a fallen tree at the nearest point to the mainland. The only flaw in their happiness was the tree. They kept falling into the creek, whenever they attempted to cross on it.

One day, they built a bridge with handrails and whatever else a first-class bridge is supposed to have. They remained sober just long enough to complete their masterpiece. Then off to town they hurried to make up for lost time. That night, when they returned, a big, yellow moon cast its reflection on the waters below the bridge. As Pat reached the middle of the span, he looked at the moon below, and yelled to his companion.

"Mike, come here, quick."

Mike joined Pat and they both contemplated the moon below them.

"Wurra, wurra, Pat," said Mike, slowly, "how the hell did we get way up here?"

Pat assumed a beatified expression. "We must have died and went to heaven," he said. "Mike, y'divil, we're angels."

Rock concluded the story by explaining that he felt like Pat and Mike because he had been invited to the dinner—elevated, that is, not inebriated. He could always make his stories fit the occasion, any occasion.

In 1929, Rock was invited to Milwaukee as principal speaker at a meeting of the Izaak Walton League. He accepted the bid readily, and then he began to fret and worry. He worried more about that speech than for any football game that Notre Dame played. I was asked to attend the meeting with him, and spent the entire period of our train ride vainly trying to answer such questions as: What do you know about fishing? What about Milwaukee? Why should anyone ask a football coach to speak before a group of fishing enthusiasts? By the time we arrived, Rock was more nervous and excited than I was ever to see him.

The Milwaukee auditorium was packed when Rock arose to speak. This in itself was a surprise, but no more surprising to me than the ease with which Rock began to speak to a group of people about whose interests he had little or no knowledge. He told the story of Pat and Mike, concluding by drawing the parallel of Mike's "How the hell did we get up here" with his own predicament. He captured his audience then and there, and received one of the most deafening ovations that I ever heard given a public speaker.

Twenty-five years after their powerful legs had ripped and churned the turf of Cartier Field, the Horsemen and Mules

trod Notre Dame sod once again. The world had not forgotten, nor had the school, which they had led to the top of the national football ladder. Their silver jubilee was celebrated on the occasion of another great Notre Dame team's battle with their traditional rival, the Trojans of Southern California. The date was November 26, 1949.

When Adam Walsh, their captain, called for a moment of silence for the departed members, Rock must have brushed a tear from his eye—up there. Then, they walked to a box where their queen sat and presented her with a bouquet of flowers. The football world had a lump in its throat as it listened to Bill Stern's description of the presentation to Mrs. Bonnie Rockne.

For a few moments, the brilliant team of '49, on its way to the thirty-seventh consecutive Notre Dame game without a defeat, was overshadowed by those men of another era. I hope that, with God's help, they will be so honored again—25 years hence.

5.

BUILDING AND REBUILDING

THE Rose Bowl victory over Stanford on January 1, 1925, was truly a fitting climax to the legend of the Four Horsemen. They could do no wrong that day. Elmer Layden, the swiftest starting back I have ever seen (he was co-holder of the world 40-yard indoor dash record) ran wild and scored three touchdowns. The others were superb. They played the finest ball of their careers. They had to do so, if they were to come out on top of the big Stanford team from Palo Alto.

Had I been sitting on the opposite bench I would have thrilled to the performance of one Ernie Nevers. As it was, I shuddered every time that great All-American bulled his way through the Irish line. It was certainly no fault of his that the Indians did not have our scalps that afternoon. Only after the final gun sounded and I verified the 27 to 10 score with my own eyes, did I breathe easily. I looked at Rock and he was doing the same. Strain showed itself in every new line on his face.

Rock did not look well in the weeks that followed. I remember noticing a nervous tenseness that had not been

apparent to me before. Somehow, he looked very tired and worn. I brushed aside these observations and thoughts in the hubbub of ensuing activities.

Victory in the Rose Bowl meant the usual round of celebrations and dinners befitting such a feat. Coaches, players, and all members of the team party were entertained royally. Highlight of the festivities was a Sunday morning trip to the Doheny Ranch in the San Fernando Valley, a trip that has since become legendary with all Notre Dame teams. Whenever the Irish play in Southern California, Sunday at the Doheny's is a "must" because of the now-fabulous hospitality of those good friends of the school. The ranch, a sprawling, breath-taking expanse of orange and lemon groves is a spot of heaven on earth.

To Notre Dame, the victory in the land of roses had another significance. It put much-needed cash in the school's coffers. It paved the way for a building program that was to enlarge campus facilities to the point where the annual enrollment was stepped up from twelve hundred students to the five thousand or more of today.

First step in the project was the construction of a new and beautiful gymnasium. The old structure was inadequate. Upon entering the unfinished brick building, a visitor would find himself in a wooden hallway. On two sides there were glass-enclosed trophy cases. Branching off this main hallway were two small corridors leading left and right to the varsity and freshmen dressing rooms respectively. During spring and fall, the football teams took over as occupancy of these rooms.

Straight ahead, along the hallway, a pair of sliding doors opened into the main gym. I use the words "main gym"

quite loosely. It was the only gym. The principal features of this room, it could scarcely be called an arena, were a basketball court, a track, and a balcony that seated all of four hundred persons, holding their breaths.

Whenever Notre Dame entertained a visiting track team in an indoor meet, there was always an element of mystery about the outcome from a spectator viewpoint. The limited dimensions of the gym necessitated opening the sliding doors to bring the dash events, which were run down the center of the basketball floor, to a full forty yards. Consequently, when the sprinters started within full view of the fans, they finished some six or eight feet into the wooden hallway. Unless you witnessed such a race, it would be difficult to appreciate the frustration of seeing the straining runners sprint down the course and disappear into thin air. It had a touch of the supernatural.

For the distance events, an unbanked, oval track circled the basketball area within the confines of the building. Although participants in the longer runs were always in full view of the spectators, those poor souls oftentimes had the feeling of watching mice spinning around in a cage. You see, the track required 16 laps for a regulation mile. Hence, the runners were in a perpetual turn.

It seems inconceivable that a college gymnasium would have a mud basketball floor, but such was the case in the old building. It wasn't intended that way, to be sure. The original plan called for clay, and clay it was—until the rains came and the roof leaked. Whatever the rains missed, the sprinkling system covered. Before each game, it was necessary that the clay be sprinkled in order to wet down the dust. More often than not, the wetting was overdone and

little pools of water formed on the surface. All would be in readiness for the game. What a game! Not long after the first center jump, both teams would be slipping and sliding in muck. White uniforms, green uniforms, orange uniforms, all looked alike—muddy. The boundary lines, which were carefully marked with lime beforehand, simply disappeared and officiating was by guess and by God.

In the early days, Notre Dame basketball teams were comprised almost entirely of personnel from the football squad. If they played a bit rough, and they did, it was because of their inherent desire to get the ball, all else be-damned. I suppose that, like the old fire horse, they were moved by familiarity of surroundings, playing on wet, spongy earth.

Knocking out the back wall, which faced onto Eddy Street, workers enlarged the old building to double its former size. They amplified the seating space to accommodate five thousand people, but, in doing so, made one of several construction blunders that were discovered later.

Rock, who was in charge of the program, favored a slanted seating layout on the main floor, but the architects disagreed. When time came for installing the seats, Rock was away on a speaking tour. The architects went ahead according to their way of thinking and the main floor seats were set on a level plane. As a result, the initial basketball game was played for the benefit of the first four rows of spectators only. The others might have stayed at home for all the basketball they saw. Rock returned and nearly blew down the new walls in the explosion following his inspection of the arrangement. Out went the new seats and the floor was sloped before they were replaced.

Another blunder was committed. Dressing rooms were built under the seats and the hallway leading to them was constructed of concrete. It was obviously an aesthetic improvement over the old wooden hall. There was just one thing wrong with it; they forgot to build a door. Persons seeking the dressing rooms after a basketball session found themselves in a blind alley. Fortunately, this little oversight was soon discovered and corrected.

Construction error number three was not immediately apparent. The new, all-wood basketball floor was quite an improvement over the old clay court. For some strange reason, however, it was not intended as a permanent fixture. Instead, it was simply a portable affair that could be raised or lowered at will. As that first season moved along, holes began to appear on the wooden floor, each time a bounding athlete came down with a particularly strong force. Carpenters were kept busy, repairing the holes and replacing dislodged pieces of wood every time a game was played. This situation was amended at season's end. A cement foundation was included and the floor nailed down once and for all.

One afternoon, shortly after the new building was completed, I ambled into the arena. There, at midcourt, stood Rock. He was gazing speculatively about him and did not notice my approach until I was but a few feet away. "Why the frown?" I asked.

"Scrap," he replied, "I don't think we can afford it—a new indoor track, I mean."

Before I could demonstrate my ignorance by foolish questions, Rock went on to explain that he was anxious to replace the old clay track, but the cost of such a job was prohibitive.

Bids had been solicited from several contractors. The best offer for the work exceeded $5,000.

"Why," said I, struck suddenly by a brilliant idea, "couldn't we get the gang together and build our own track? I know that we could do the job easily." Actually, I had no idea just how to go about it, but the enthusiasm and confidence that I displayed must have impressed Rock.

"I believe you could swing it, at that," he said. "In any case, it's the best offer we've had. Go ahead and try your luck."

Easter vacation was in the offing, so I banded together a number of student volunteers. We enlisted the aid of Father Thomas A. Steiner, C.S.C., head of the school of civil engineering. He made a survey and drew up the necessary plans. The vacation came and we went to work. Using a team of horses, we hauled rocks, clay, and cinders to the pavilion. A layer of rock was set in as a foundation. This was topped with a layer, some 8 inches thick, of clay followed by a layer of cinders. The cinders were primarily for draining and softening purposes. When we finished, we stepped back and gazed at a first-class indoor track. It measured 220 yards in length or eight laps to the mile. The turns were banked at a 45-degree angle. We were especially proud when Rock gave the job his warm and wholehearted approval. Total cost—$200.

It has been said that the road to the top of the football world is a long and uncertain one, but the stay there brief and even more uncertain than the way there. As the dawn of the 1925 season broke, Notre Dame was perched atop that world. The big question in the minds of followers, fans,

and the fourth estate was: How long could she remain there?

Gone were the Horsemen and Mules. Publicity brochures, which were distributed to the press by the news bureau, listed names totally unfamiliar to all who read them. Editors scanned them briefly. Heads shook and tongues clucked sympathetically. Oh, how the mighty would fall!

Even Rock seemed uncertain of what the future held as he began the task of rebuilding his graduation-weakened machine. This was so unlike the confident, inspiring leader of men. As practice started, I sensed in him the same taut feeling which I first noticed after the Rose Bowl game. I was worried.

My fears seemed groundless, however, as the season got off to a good, fast start. Baylor and Lombard fell rather heavily in front of a typical Rockne steam roller. The faithful relaxed and waited for the Army game. That would be the real test.

Before meeting the Cadets, Notre Dame had a date with a band of Braves from Beloit College. It was assumed that the Irish would manhandle the Braves as easily as they had their first two opponents. So, little attention was paid the game—beforehand. When the final score was flashed across the land, the "experts" began talking loud and long. Significant glances were exchanged in cigar stores, speakeasies, press clubs, everywhere the fans gathered. Yes, the Irish had won, but the score—19 to 3, was indicative of something. That "something" started dire predictions of things to come.

What the football gentry did not know was the story behind that game. Tom Mills, the Beloit coach, was a close personal friend of Rock. Unbeknownst to anyone, Rock gave a copy of all the Notre Dame plays and their diagrams to

Mills, as well as a defense against them. The purpose of this action was twofold. Rock had no desire to humiliate his friend by running up a boxcar-figured score against his obviously outmanned charges. Secondly, he wished to place a great pressure on the Irish blockers in preparation for Army. Rock had a theory about blocking, which the game proved to his own satisfaction. "Your opponent may know all your plays," he maintained, "but, if you make up your mind to block him out, you can move him every time."

Apparently the Irish didn't have their minds on the work at hand the following Saturday. They failed miserably in their test against powerful Army. When the West Pointers lowered their guns at 5 o'clock, the Notre Dame powerhouse was a shambles. They had received the worst shellacking, 27 to 0, given a Notre Dame team since Yale had whipped the 1914 squad 28 to 0. The dressing room, that afternoon, was the closest thing to a wake I had ever seen. Grief-stricken boys lay tired and dazed on every table and bench. I attempted to minister to their wants but they paid me no heed. Before Rock made his appearance, they would have been perfectly content to remain wallowing indefinitely in their self-pity. Then, he was in the room, moving quietly from man to man, encouraging, cheering, advising. As he spoke to each player, that lad snapped from his despondency and shook off the sorrow that had engulfed him. In ten minutes, the whole room had reacted to his dynamic personality. Here was the Rock of old, or so I thought.

The sudden rebirth of spirit that the Irish experienced after that Army defeat, left them a grimly determined crew. Just as the people "in the know" were nodding their heads sagely and agreeing that the Irish were through, the team

bounced back. Down went Minnesota and Georgia Tech. Mighty Penn State was tied and Carnegie Tech crushed, in that order. The Ramblers were rambling.

Confidence, the factor that they so lacked in the Army game, was theirs a hundredfold. I could feel a touch of the other extreme in their attitude. They were overly confident. Cocky was the word. As they prepared for the next to last game of the season with Northwestern, I observed a certain swagger that worried me. It worried Rock, too, I could tell.

Northwestern came to Cartier Field on November 21, 1925, with a gent named Moon Baker leading the Wildcat van. From the opening kickoff, it was evident that the Irish were in for a rough afternoon. Their timing and execution of plays was far off. They fumbled and stumbled. Northwestern, on the other hand, began functioning perfectly. Baker was ripping off huge chunks of yardage every time he swept around end or piled through the middle. He was seemingly unstoppable and it was a very bewildered Notre Dame team that went to the dressing room at half time, trailing Northwestern, 10 to 0.

Rock was furious. He paced the room without uttering a word. Silence reigned—interminable, boundless silence. Ten minutes passed and still not a word was spoken, only that ear-splitting silence. I passed among the players, taping here, bandaging there, applying iodine. Time ticked away. Faintly, through some remote opening, came the echo of cheering from the crowded stands.

"Five minutes," the sound broke the stillness. Heads jerked toward the source—a black and white shirted figure in the doorway.

"Scrap," Rock was speaking, "clear the room." His voice was sharp.

While I hastened to comply, removing team managers and visitors, press or otherwise, Rock walked to a far corner. He indicated that the team should follow.

When they gathered and quiet restored, Rock spoke calmly. "I've coached football for some time," he said. "I think I know something about the game. Some of you think you know even more. All right, I'm quitting. You can coach yourselves. I'm going to watch from the stands." With that, he turned on his heel and strode from the room.

The men were shocked. They looked dumbly at one another for a full minute. Then a voice roared, "Are we gonna let Rock down?"

The response was deafening, "NO."

"Are we gonna play ball for him?" the same voice.

"YES," they chorused as they clattered to the door and onto the playing field.

They were fighting mad and Northwestern was unable to cope with their vicious blocking and hard running in that quarter. The Irish boomed to one touchdown, then another. With the scoreboard reading Notre Dame 13, Northwestern 10, and ten minutes or less to play, the coachless team began to falter.

The Wildcats clawed their way far into Irish territory on a sustained drive and, just when the floodgates seemed certain to open and allow a Northwestern score, Rock appeared on the side lines. He walked to a point directly on the line of scrimmage. The boys saw him. What had been a crumbling Notre Dame forward wall on the previous series of plays, suddenly stood up and parried the final thrust of the

desperate team from Evanston. When the game was won, Rock looked almost completely happy. There was no doubt that he was proud. He said so over and over again.

On the evening of December 11, 1925, the football world in general and Notre Dame in particular were stunned by a story in the New York newspapers to the effect that Rock was leaving Notre Dame. Across the nation, headlines appeared in every city, town, and hamlet. Headlines that read:

ROCKNE TO COACH COLUMBIA
Signs for 10 Years
Salary at $25,000

Notre Dame without Rockne! Rockne without Notre Dame! Why, it was incredible. They had become known as a team likened to ham and eggs, Amos 'n Andy, or Samson and Delilah. Together they were great. Apart, well—it remained to be seen, if the story was true.

I was not completely surprised by the announcement when I recalled the change in Rock during the past year. He seemed to be in a critically nervous condition. I attributed this to the strain of the 1924 season and the Rose Bowl victory when I first noticed the change. I soon learned that my guess was an accurate one.

As you know, the story was true and Rock had signed the papers while at dinner with several Columbia old-grads. There were those who said that Rock was lured by the glow of Broadway and new adventure. They said that the ham in him came to the fore and urged his treading the boards as an actor. I don't agree. Rock was not a well man. Oh,

physically he was in good shape, but his trouble was mostly nerves. I think he recognized the need for a change and, when the lucrative Columbia offer was waved in his face, he was wide open for a fast sales pitch.

Rock, however, did not sign the formal contract. He signed a preliminary commitment at the dinner table. Twenty-five thousand dollars was a fabulous sum in those days and far more than he was receiving at Notre Dame. You could feel the turmoil within him when he said, "This doesn't go if Notre Dame wants me to stay." Of course, in essence it was a binding agreement, but Rock seemed to think his verbal provisions made it otherwise.

Rock immediately regretted his hasty action and when Father Matthew Walsh, president of the university, talked to him, Rock admitted as much. The fact that Father Walsh made no attempt to keep him or match the more than double salary offer from Columbia may have clinched the decision for Rock. "If Rockne wants to coach at Columbia or any other team, it is perfectly all right with us," said Father Walsh. "We won't stand in his way." Upon hearing of this remark, Rock, who was still in the East, made tracks back to South Bend, posthaste.

I was one of the first people to talk with Rock upon his return. He explained the circumstances of his contract signing and his decision to remain at Notre Dame. "The school and the fathers have been too good to me," he said. "I started here and everything I am or hope to be is tied up with Notre Dame. The fathers took me in as a poor boy, years ago. They gave me the opportunity for an education. They enabled me to make good in my chosen field of endeavor. I am indebted to them and to the University as

long as I live. When I quit coaching at Notre Dame, I shall be through with football."

Father Walsh entered into negotiations with the officials of Columbia University. They were most understanding when the situation was explained to them. They readily agreed to release Rock from his commitments and the incident was quietly closed and forgotten.

On the advice of friends and associates, Rock turned over the duties of coaching the track squad to Tom Lieb and hied himself off to Europe, where he could forget the cares and tribulations of coaching. When he returned in the spring, he was a new man, a healthy, carefree man. He was truly the Rock of old.

6.

ALL-AMERICANS ALL

WESTERN CHAMPIONS! Nine victories and one defeat. Brilliant victories over the most powerful teams in the country, among them Army, Northwestern, Minnesota, and Southern California. This was the Notre Dame record for 1926, the year in which the sophomores under the Horsemen and Mules joined their renowned predecessors in the Irish Hall of Fame. They were All-Americans all. Some received official recognition from selection committees. Others, equally deserving, were overlooked for one reason or another.

Brightest of the stars of '26 was center, Arthur "Bud" Boeringer. He made everybody's All-American squad by unanimous consensus. He was the fightingest of all the Fighting Irish, past or present. Rough and tough, he stood 6′ 3″ in his stockinged feet and tipped the scales at better than two hundred pounds. If his great size didn't frighten opponents, his black beard and applied psychology certainly did the trick. It was Bud's strategy to enter a game with several days' growth on his face. Just before the first scrimmage play, he would shake hands with the opposing center. "Look, buddy," he would say, "both of us can't be All-Ameri-

can. One will have to take a back seat. Make things easy for yourself. Stay out of my way."

Boeringer would then hit the fellow with the force of a pile driver on the first play. After that, it was usually a simple thing to move him around like a bale of straw. Sometimes, if the opponent was exceptionally tough, he would require a second, or, on rare occasions, even a third blow to make him understand. In no instance did I ever see Bud resort to a fourth persuader.

While Boeringer was making life miserable for the lads up front, Christie Flanagan ran them ragged from his left half spot. Christie was one of the shiftiest ball carriers ever to play collegiate football. Ask Army. It was his famous 67-yard run through the entire Army team that broke the Cadets' back and decided the contest, 7 to 0. He went 65 to score against Minnesota and 95 against Beloit. Lesser runs in the Indiana and Northwestern games iced each affair for the Irish. He was second team halfback choice on many of All-American selections.

The shrill-voiced Texas Irishman was the "character" of Sorin Hall. His favorite pastime was playing hearts for a swat with a paddle. We never knew whether Christie was so much better as a card player than the rest of us, or if he was in a prolonged lucky streak. Whatever the reason, Flanagan enjoyed game after game without receiving a paddling. He took great delight in wielding a stiff oar against those of us less fortunate. Soon, we were all gunning for him and playing for the game he would lose. When it came, and come it did one night, everyone yelled for blood, Christie's blood. We lined up with fingers itching for a turn at the stick. First man in line was big John Wallace, the All-American right

end. Christie, with a sickly grin on his face, assumed the position. "You'll take it easy, fellas," he pleaded, hopefully, "won't you?"

"Ha!" replied Wallace, who was positively drooling as he grasped the paddle and reared back for the kill. Down came the blade with every ounce of Wallace strength behind it. Crash! When the dust cleared, Flanagan was writhing in pain on the floor. The paddle lay shattered into a hundred tiny pieces. Everyone looked horrified and dismayed as the terrible import of the deed struck home to them. With the smashed paddle went all hope of realizing vengeance against Flanagan. The game broke up with Wallace in full retreat, pursued by a dozen or more frustrated cardplayers.

Beside Boeringer, Flanagan, and Wallace, there were eight other boys on the '26 squad who received either second team or honorable mention awards. Frank Mayer, right guard, was A.P. second team. He made his reputation stopping "Lighthorse Harry" Wilson of Army. Fullback Harry O'Boyle was Lawrence Perry's second-team choice. He joined forces with Art Parisien, Hearst Writers' honorable mention quarterback, in crushing Penn State. Snatching a 35-yard Parisien pass, O'Boyle ran 18 more for a touchdown. He did the same a few minutes later on another 35-yard aerial with a 15-yard dash.

It was the passing of pint-sized Art Parisien that converted a 12 to 7 Notre Dame deficit into a 13 to 12 victory over Southern California. "Butch" Niemic, Hearst Writers' honorable mention, was on the receiving end of the big pass.

John "Butch" Niemic was a triple-threat artist who did a good job of filling the shoes of Jim Crowley. He was one of

the hardest men to bring down that I ever saw. Quite commonplace were newspaper photo captions reading: "Niemic drags tackler and ball 10 yards at Indiana; Niemic skirts end for 12 yards at Minnesota, the 3 men bringing him down are . . .; Niemic drags 2 men and ball at Penn State."

Joe Maxwell caught the eye of Grantland Rice in the Army game and made Rice's honorable mention selection. Joe was a center-turned-end who showed well as a flankman. I remember him especially for his stopping Barron of Georgia Tech when that fine back threatened to ruin the day for the Irish. The subsequent 12 to 0 win over the Yellow Jackets was credited in a large part to Big Joe.

Another Grantland Rice honorable mention was also an end, Ike Voedisch. Ike had his big moments but the biggest was the smashing key block, laying two men low, that allowed Christie Flanagan to make his 67 yards against Army. Credit too on this play went tq Fred Miller, left tackle and honorable mention on Walter Eckersall's team. Miller, incidently, is now president of Miller's High Life Brewing Company.

Last but far from least of the All-Americans was Raymond "Bucky" Dahman, right half. He made a track meet of the Indiana game as Notre Dame smothered the Hoosiers, 26 to 0, at Cartier Field.

I would like to add the name of tackle, Joe Boland, my roommate, to that long list of All-Americans. On the basis of his play in 1925 and his work against Beloit and Minnesota in '26, Joe was conceded to have an undisputed right to a place on any sports writer's first team. Such was not to be. Joe broke his leg in the Minnesota game and he whiled away the season in a Minneapolis hospital. His conduct there was

perfection itself. Everyone at the hospital who came in contact with Boland—doctors, nurses, and fellow patients—went away singing his praises.

An item of note on that 1926 team was the introduction of the first Notre Dame co-captains. Previously, only one man received that coveted honor, but in this year, two boys of equal popularity, Tom "Red" Heardon and Gene "Red" Edwards, were selected. Both were outstanding competitors. Heardon was a terrific blocking back and quarterback Edwards was a first-class field general.

Taking over the baton of squad jester was "Big John" McManmon. John is remembered for his stellar tackle play and his favorite expression: "I'll break every bone in your chassis." Some opposing ball-carriers claimed they felt as though he had done just that at a game's end.

Big John was a walking paradox in that he was a burly hulk of a man, yet, he was quiet, shy, unassuming and had a round, baby face and skin as smooth as an infant's bottom. He had been born in the old country and had never managed to rid himself of an Irish brogue. Through the years of his association with Notre Dame, he was forever playing tricks on his mates. His angelic face belied the devilment in his soul. On one particular occasion, his good friend, Ike Voedisch, received a birthday cake from home. Voedisch made a tactical error in trying to conceal the cake in his room without offering to share it with anyone. Error number two found Ike trusting his priceless treasure to the security of a locked door while he went into South Bend for dinner. When he returned to school, Ike found the door separated from its hinges and leaning against the corridor wall. His worst fears upon seeing the misplaced door were confirmed—the cake

was gone, every crumb. A frustrated, wildly infuriated Voedisch scoured the campus for the purloiners of his pastry. Everyone was accused except of, of course, dear friend John McManmon. Ike even enlisted John's aid in the search. Unfortunately, Big John never located the cake, nor did Ike. Poor Voedisch, even when they told him that McManmon had done the dastardly deed, would not believe it.

At the end of his junior year, McManmon asked Rock if he might work on campus during summer vacation. Rock sent him over to me, and I put him to work with a gang that was painting the Cartier Field bleachers. John, a natural leader, took over as straw boss within an hour. As usual, the days were extremely hot and sticky that summer, and by the end of a week, John approached me in the role of a union leader without a union.

"I demand decent working conditions for the men," he declared.

"What do you mean by 'decent' working conditions?" I inquired.

"We want ten minutes rest every half hour," he replied, blandly.

"Whaaat!" I screamed. "You're crazy."

He persisted and we argued. At last, he settled for a ten-minute break every hour. Everything went smoothly for another week. Then, one of John's buddies decided that he could walk off the job whenever he so desired. I fired the wandering boy. Shades of Samuel Gompers! McManmon called a strike.

For three days, I was without workers, but on Friday I had my inning, the nonworkers were without pay checks. John ranted and raged, demanding that the men be paid.

"Nothing doing," I said, "no work, no pay."

John McManmon grinned. His eyes twinkled mischievously. "Y'r a hard man, Scrapiron, hard as y'r name. I think I'll leave the labor leadin' to them that knows how."

I sighed deeply and wiped my fevered brow. Thank God that the thing was settled before Rock had gotten wind of it. I came out from behind the eight ball.

The late Father Flanagan, founder of Boys' Town, once said, "There is no such thing as a bad boy." I believe that he was thinking particularly of boys who play football. In all my years of associating with them, I have yet to know of a good football player being a bad boy. The game is a wonderful builder of character. It trains the participant to work well with others and allows him an outlet for "blowing off steam." By this I mean the excess energy of youth that might be relieved in unwholesome, possibly criminal ways. Energy that is suppressed could leave the boy neurotic or introverted, easy prey for the unnatural way of living. The game instills and builds self-confidence. It teaches the young man that he gets out of life only that which he puts into it, no more.

Football players of the 1926 team were no different than those of '14, '24, '30, or '51. They were no different than the athletes from Texas, California, or Rhode Island. Their's was the spirit of belonging. Personal joys and sorrows were wrapped up in the team. From it stemmed their comraderie, their *esprit de corps*. They had difficulties among themselves, true, but let an outsider step in and he answered to all, not just one. Like athletes from any other campus or year, they had responsibilities that came hand in hand with their posi-

tion as heroes. This sense of responsibility, too, made for better citizens.

Once in a while, a boy would step out of line. He suffered the consequences. One case was that of a backfield member who felt that he had been snubbed by a school where he had enrolled and played for a short while, prior to his coming to South Bend. The authorities at the other school had told him quite bluntly that he could never make their team. He had neither the physical qualities nor the ability, they said. When the lad turned out for the squad at Notre Dame, Rock saw possibilities in him. Although never destined for stardom, he developed into a fairly respectable ball carrier. It so happened that the two schools met during the season and the boy scored a touchdown against his ex-mates. As he crossed the goal line, he turned and thumbed his nose at their bench. Rock pulled the lad from the game and subjected him to an old-fashioned tongue lashing on the subject of sportsmanship. The Notre Dame captain then escorted the miscreant across the field, where he apologized to his former coach and teammates. After that, he rode the bench until the splinters in his backside took roots.

Because they were looked upon as leaders by their fellow students, the athletes set the customs and unwritten laws. A particular law insisted that no athlete was to be seen wearing a suit on the campus. White shirts and neckties were taboo. To wear one or the other of these articles of discomfort was akin to wearing a hat to dinner. It just wasn't done. The style leader of the day was Bud Boeringer. I don't think I ever say Bud wearing anything but corduroy pants, wool shirt, and hobnail shoes. He was far from being a bumpkin.

On the contrary, he was an intelligent, cultured youngster. He simply liked his comfort.

One sunny day, Joe Maxwell, who was a handsome, dapper dude, took it on himself to flaunt custom by appearing on campus in an expensive, well-tailored suit and all the accessories. Not a word was said as he first hove in sight. Parading quite obtrusively before his buddies, he made it to his first class. Perhaps the big boy was setting a new style trend, thought fellow students. When he reappeared after class and started down the steps of the instruction hall, a group of husky footballers were on hand to greet him. Joe walked boldly up to this group.

"Hi yuh, fellas, nice day." Those were the last words of Joe Maxwell before they flung him into St. Mary's lake, suit and all. He had been carried bodily and deposited, none too gently, but with a great flailing of arms and a tremendous splash, into that cold expanse.

To Joe's credit, I'll say he was not easily discouraged. Half an hour later, he returned to class, wearing another nifty suit and a change of linen. Once again, he walked down the stairs, not so boldly this time. Again, he was whisked away to the lake and, for the second time that morning, there was a shower of water welcoming the body of Joe Maxwell to the lake.

Stubborn to the bitter end, Joe turned up that afternoon in a snappy tweed affair. Oh, yes, he made the lake once more. The entire student body followed the little procession and cheered madly as he sailed high and wide like a wounded sea gull. Either Joe ran out of suits or he figured the third time was a charm, because he bowed somewhat reluctantly, to custom, and returned in more casual attire.

Leisure-time activities were numerous in the old Brownson recreation hall, favorite student gathering place. A beat-up piano was subjected to the maximum of abuse by chopstick Chopins and pool was always popular. Here, too, developed a sport not listed on the Notre Dame curriculum, but quite popular with the undergraduates. Any number could play. It consisted of a spittoon or spittoons set at various distances from a designated starting point. The only piece of playing equipment needed was a wad of chewing tobacco, the larger the better. Object of the game, as you can see, was to propel the wad with the greatest accuracy and force into the spittoon by means of expectoration. Some damn good spitters were developed in these contests. Thirty feet was a dandy shot, as I remember.

Interhall activity in sports more legitimate than that just mentioned was a source of keen competition and pleasure for the students. The interhall system cropped up naturally at Notre Dame because students, living away from the large amusement centers and with little to occupy their minds outside of scholastic and religious exercises, welcomed a chance to participate in athletics and develop themselves physically. A group spirit was formed by the various sport rivalries of the halls. The boys, whether participants or not—and almost everyone in school participated in one activity or another—had something to turn to for relaxation.

Twelve- and fourteen-team leagues were formed during the appropriate season for every sport. Full schedules were played, round-robin style. Baseball was perhaps the most popular of these sports. Even in the off season, pickup games were a familiar sight on the sandlot diamond, situated between Brownson and Carroll halls.

A group of students gathered at the baseball field on an afternoon in 1926. They were ready for a game but had not the wherewithal to begin. The baseball teams were using all available equipment for practice. While the problem of obtaining a bat and ball was being mulled over, a tall, young fellow in rough work clothes approached. In his hands, he carried just the items under discussion. With open arms, they greeted him. A long-lost brother could not have received a more enthusiastic welcome. Sides were chosen and, in the ancient custom of the sandlot, the stranger was offered his choice of playing position because he "owned the bat." He elected to play first base and the game started.

Several days passed. Each afternoon, the performance was repeated. Nobody knew or bothered to learn the identity of the new first baseman. Who cared? As long as the bat remained intact, he was king of the diamond. An afternoon came when varsity and Frosh baseball season ended. Bats were no longer at a premium. As usual, the stranger arrived promptly at 3:30. This time, however, the welcome was noticeable by its absence. Nobody offered a place in the line-up to the man who had been so generous a provider in an hour of need. Instead, he was allowed to cool his heels, all but forgotten, on the side lines. He might have been completely ignored if he had not persisted in his request to play his old first-base position. Finally, after several innings, Joe Boland and Vince McNally, football stalwarts and captains of their respective teams, called time and walked over to the stranger.

"Listen, mister," said Boland, "you might as well stop pestering us. You won't play if you stay here all day." As an

afterthought, "Say, what's your name? Who are you, anyway?"

The man looked blandly at the irate youth: "I'm Father John O'Hara," he said simply, "prefect of religion." Thus ended the game for want of any players at all.

Looking back on the 1926 Notre Dame football season, I recall many thrills and surprises. With the passing years, the thrills have become overshadowed in my memory by one major surprise. The setting for that surprise was Soldiers Field, Chicago, and the date, November 27. I sat beside Rockne, not on the players bench, but high in the stands near the 50-yard line. Oddly enough, neither of the two great teams below us sported the colors of Notre Dame. It was Army versus Navy in their annual duel. Where were the Irish? Nearly five hundred miles away, they were playing a "breather" with the Tartans of Carnegie Tech.

Earlier in the week, Rock informed me that he had decided to see this game and I was to go with him. I needed no further urging. The wonderful privilege, which the request or invitation represented, was uppermost in my mind. I had grand visions of sitting in the press box beside Rock, rubbing elbows with the great and near-great of athletics. No such thoughts were in Rock's mind, however. He deliberately avoided the limelight. Instead of a warm chair in press heaven, we shivered in the privacy of a jam-packed grandstand.

Apparently Rock had discounted any ideas of losing to Carnegie Tech. Feeling that the information gained from watching Army play outweighed in importance the necessity of his being present in Pittsburgh, Rock turned the team

over to Hunk Anderson, his very capable assistant, for the day. He shut out all thoughts of the Tech game in order to concentrate on watching the Cadets. For this reason, we received no word on the progress of things in the steel city.

"Wuxtry, wuxtry, Carnegie Tech whips Irish, 19 to 0." Paperboys were screaming this amazing news at the top of their lungs, as we were jostled through the portals of Soldiers Field by the homeward-bound crowd. When the words reached the fans, they stopped in their mass movement to listen and gape open-mouthed. They were dumbfounded, but no more so than Rock and myself.

"They're crazy," was his first reaction.

We listened again, much more attentively. My heart was beating like a kettledrum. There must be a mistake. No, the words, ". . . whips Notre Dame," came quite clearly on the crisp November air.

Hurrying across the Outer Drive, I bought a paper from a passing newsboy and we flagged a taxi. My hands trembled as I spread the front page before me. Pictures and headlines emphasized the story that I read with spirits sinking ever lower and lower. Rock sat quietly gazing out on the passing throng. Luckily, none recognized him. He paid no attention to the paper, but seemed lost in his own thoughts. "It's true, isn't it?" he said, finally.

"It is," I replied, choking on the words.

"If only I had been with the kids." That was all he said. Pushing his hat back, he rested his forehead in the palm of his left hand. Not another word was spoken before we reached the old Auditorium Hotel, our headquarters. Rock was inconsolable.

The hotel was a beehive of activity. Press and radio people

were jamming the lobby as we entered. They were anxious for a story but had the good grace to respect Rock's expressed wish for a few minutes alone in his room to learn the gory details of the slaughter.

Telegrams and more telegrams were arriving by the minute as we found the seclusion of Rock's room a brief respite from the confusion around us. While Rock put through a call to Anderson in Pittsburgh, I began opening the wires. If ever Rock heard the distant howl of wolves, bane of modern football coaches, it was on that November evening in 1926. To say the least, the alumni were displeased and they declared as much in no uncertain terms.

The chat with Anderson was a lengthy one. Rock spoke calmly, asking a question now and then. For the most part, Anderson did the talking and Rock the listening. When he had the full picture, he concluded the conversation by assuring the unhappy Anderson that everything possible had been done, on his part, to save the day.

Rock then relaxed in an overstuffed chair and read the greater part of the scathing telegrams. He made little comment but I knew that he was deeply hurt. By the same token, he accepted all the criticism with humility, feeling that it was every bit justified, a feeling that I could never share.

Rock leaned over backward in the following week to absolve Anderson and shoulder all blame for the defeat. The story of the game was filled with frustration and bad luck. All credit went to Judge Walter Steffan, wily coach of the Tartans. Pregame scout reports stated, quite emphatically, that Carnegie Tech had a poor kicking game. In all previous contests, they had employed a deep punt formation. With this factor in mind, Rock instructed Anderson to use a close

box defense and not to change under any conditions. Steffan crossed the Irish up by having his supposedly weak punter quick-kick on second down. The first time he did this, he lofted a beauty far down field with the ball rolling dead on the three-yard line. This put the Ramblers in a hole from which they could not pull themselves until Tech had scored their first touchdown. There was the tipoff on the game. Carnegie Tech quick-kicked the Irish to death and thoroughly demoralized the boys from South Bend.

Anderson, unwilling to disobey Rock's instructions by changing the defensive patterns, was helpless. Rock always praised him for this attention to duty. "If Hunk had changed that defense," he once told me, "I would have fired him, immediately. It took real courage to stand up there, and take a beating for the sake of following orders."

7.

HIRING FRANK LEAHY–FIRED MYSELF

FOUR young men stood idly chatting before the old Brownson gymnasium, one morning in 1927. Theirs was the studied carelessness of manner typical of collegians awaiting a class in physical education. Although the break between the 8 and 9 o'clock sessions was only ten minutes long, the lads had the capacity reserved for undergrads of appearing rooted in their respective positions. They resembled in stature the giant oak tree against which two of them leaned—leaned as if, without their support, the mighty oak would come crashing to earth.

"Who wants a job?" I startled the two leaners into mobility as I approached them from the side door of the gym. They were Fred Miller and John McManmon, old friends and varsity football members. Their companions were strangers to me, newcomers.

"Hi, Scrap," from McManmon. "If it's four of the best workers in Indiana you want, you're in luck. We're available for a price. By the way, meet Bert and Frank. They'll be on your iodine and bandage list next fall."

I shook hands with the two likely looking prospects for

any kind of work, be it the moving of a house or an opposing lineman. Upon closer inspection, I observed that the one called Bert was considerably shorter than the others. He was well built, however, with the rugged frame of a born athlete. He seemed taller, at first glance, than he actually was.

"Nice to know you boys," I said. "If you'll come around to the training room, after lectures, I'll fix you up." A bell rang and the four prospective employees ambled off to class, before we could exchange any further pleasantries. The thought occurred to me, that I had not been made aware of the surnames of Bert and Frank. Oh, well, I shrugged, no matter, their names would be known to me in good time. Known indeed! Bert Metzger was to become one of Notre Dame's greatest guards, a watch-charm species at that. Frank Leahy was—well, who in the football-crazy world of today would fail to recognize that name.

Leahy was the first of the quartet to report. My hiring hall, as student employment foreman, was in the gymnasium. Frank met me there. Leahy, the boy of 1927, was not too different than Leahy the man and successful coach of this second half of the twentieth century. He was a modest, unassuming, almost diffident person. He spoke slowly and carefully when he told me of his desire for work, the requisite for remaining in college. I marveled at the clear, rather high-pitched quality of his voice as he enunciated each word so articulately. Briefly, he described his close affinity with hard work from the days of boyhood in O'Neill, Nebraska, through high-school years in Winner, South Dakota.

Frank was a fine worker, a conscientious worker. The forty-cents-an-hour wage he received for setting up and tearing down bleachers in the gym, lining indoor and outdoor

tracks and, in general, helping to keep the athletic plant in shape, was a small fortune to him. For that matter, it was a fortune to all of us. Frank was ever on the job, giving generously of his time and efforts. Loafing or clock watching were as foreign as China to him. His sharp mind soon found new methods of doing the various jobs with a minimum of time and effort. The guy was a natural. Success could never pass him by. This was evident to me, even then.

About the time of my hiring Frank Leahy and Bert Metzger, and rehiring John McManmon and Fred Miller, the Studebaker Automobile Company of South Bend started an athletic program for their employees. They phoned Rock and requested use of the Notre Dame gym for their boxing shows. After the first show, for which we set up and tore down seats and the ring, I made out a work report and submitted it to Rock for approval.

"You know something, Scrap?" he said. "You haven't charged enough for labor. The Studebaker people paid us considerably more money than you ask for here. Take the difference and split it with the boys."

This occurred the next time Studebaker used the gym, and the next. We always carried a warm spot in our hearts for that particular plant and their generosity in those days when every penny was worth so much more than its lowly position on the monetary scale of value.

To speak of Fred Miller and money seems quite appropriate, because the two went hand in hand. Fred was from a well-to-do family. With him, money was no object. Yet, he worked in my student gang as hard as anybody and harder than most. He was one of the people who thrived on rigorous physical labor.

"Scrap, do you mean to stand there and tell me that this fellow is Fred Miller, the football player?" Rock had just discovered the name on my time sheet.

"I realize that," I replied.

"Do you know who the boy is?" Rock was exasperated.

Again, "I do."

"He," said Rock, "needs a job like Newcastle needs coal."

"I don't care about that," I said. "I must have a good man. He is one of the best."

"Very well," Rock sounded a little weary, "if you both insist. You had better change his name on the payroll. Heaven help us, if any of the priests discover it there. They'd be sure to think we were depriving less fortunate lads of a chance to work. But I doubt if many boys are interested in doing such hard work. Isn't that right?"

I nodded and Rock was satisfied.

Satisfying Rock was not always a simple matter. I earned his wrath many times in my years with him, but never to the extent of the night he fired me for deliberately disobeying his instructions. It happened on February 12, 1927. This was the date of the Notre Dame-Illinois indoor track meet at Notre Dame, a meet in which Rock was counting on my winning both the 1- and 2-mile runs, if we were to make a decent showing against the Fighting Illini.

On the night before the meet, social Notre Dame was attending the Junior Prom. Of course, no trackmen would appear—of course not. It happened nevertheless, that I did. My transgression was neither premeditated nor intentional. Let us say that I was a victim of circumstances. Three hours

before the dance, I received a visitor in my room, Father William A. Carey, C.S.C., a kindly and wonderful friend.

"Scrap," said the priest, "I'm asking a favor of you. My niece arrived today, and she would like to attend the Prom. Will you take her?"

"But, Father," I bleated, "I'll be thrown out of school if I do. I can't break training."

"Don't worry about a thing," said Father Will Carey. "I'm moderator of the dance and I'll see that you won't have any trouble."

So, I went to the dance. You just didn't say no to a man whom you admired as I admired Father Will. I had ideas of just making an appearance, then getting home early, perhaps avoiding notice at the affair. I did not reckon with Father Carey's niece, a lovely and vivacious young lady. I made a tiptoeing, shoes-in-hand return to my room at 1:30 A.M.

"Do as I say and not as I do," is the theme of this little sketch. Running in a track meet with but four hours sleep the previous night is never conducive to a good performance. I learned this to my sorrow as I was beaten at the tape in the first event of that next afternoon, the 1-mile run. Sitting unhappily in the dressing room after my defeat, I was chided gently by my teammates. Everyone knew, apparently, that I had broken training. When Rock spoke briefly to me, I felt that he, too, was aware of my sin. He always knew. There was no fooling the old master.

"Take a cold shower. You can win the 2 mile," was all he said.

I was determined to win that event. If I had to die in the attempt, I would win. For fifteen laps I led. Going into the

final lap, I heard a roar from the crowd as the partisan Notre Dame fans began yelling and screaming. I thought that someone was about to pass me, but I couldn't hear any approaching footsteps. I dared not look around. Rock would have killed me for breaking the cardinal rule of running. I poured out every last ounce of my energy. The tape loomed up and I breasted it, staggering a little. When I turned to see who had challenged me, the nearest man was still half a lap away. Then I realized that the crowd had been cheering me home, when my victory seemed assured.

As luck would have it the basketball team was playing an important game with the Franklin College "Wonder Team" the same day. A tremendous crowd was expected. This meant that my work gang must take down the bleachers that were set up on the basketball court, and reset them for the game. Allowed working time for a three-hour job—one hour and twenty-five minutes.

I changed quickly from track suit to dungarees, and hurried back to work. Rock greeted me. "You've had a strenuous day," he said, "I don't want to see you doing a lick of work. Just supervise. Do you understand?"

I saw that argument was futile, but the job had to be done. I nodded meekly. Then Rock turned on his heel and walked out the front door. Without a second thought, I pitched in with the work.

"Young, you're fired!" Rock's voice boomed from the far end of the arena. His eyes were blazing as he bore down on me. I was caught in the act. "Report to my office in the morning. You're through."

The words seared into my brain, as the full realization of what I had done came to me for the first time. I left the

scene, feet dragging behind me. I did not sleep so much as a wink that night. My little world had crumbled round me.

Early the next morning, I reported to the athletic office. Ruth Faulkner greeted me and noted my crestfallen appearance. As she ushered me into the Boss's office, she whispered, "Don't worry. He isn't going to fire you. He intends to bawl the daylights out of you. Buck up and take it like a man."

Despite her assurance, I was pretty heartsick. The situation looked mighty bleak.

"Well," said Rock, "how was the Junior Prom?"

Yipe! It got bleaker. He had me on two counts for sure. I began to talk. I talked and talked. When I was through, I had explained the whole story. I sat back and awaited my castigation.

Rock began slowly, "I have already talked with Father Carey. He explained the dance situation, but–" Here he gained momentum and tore me apart verbally. The topic was my deliberate flouting of instructions. After what seemed like hours, he concluded with, "Scrap, you're a good worker. You're a loyal worker. There is one thing you must learn. When you receive an order from an employer–obey it. Now go back to work."

I felt like a dishrag after the ordeal, but I went happily on my way. The ten years of my life that I had lost on the previous evening were regained in small measure. Ruth Faulkner gave me a large wink. All was well that ended.

Speaking of Rock's office brings to mind the incident of the old pugilist picture. Somehow, somewhere, some of the players unearthed an early photo of Rock in the garb of a prizefighter. It had been taken when he was a much younger

man, and was not particularly flattering, except that it showed him with a full crop of hair.

They hung the picture in his office, and awaited further developments. Rock, who was out at the time, naturally returned. Disappointingly enough to the crowd of students that suddenly materialized from nowhere into the anteroom, no unusual sounds were emitted from the inner sanctum. Maybe he didn't see it. No, he couldn't help but spot it hanging over his desk.

Half an hour went by and, just as the gag seemed certain to lay an egg, the authors of the idea were again inspired. A student committee was organized to see Rock. They would protest something or other. Into the office they trooped, and confronted him at his desk.

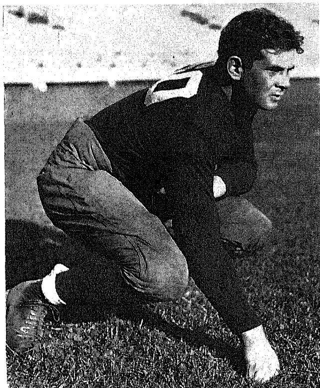
Greetings were exchanged. An imaginary problem was presented and discussed at length. Still, there was no sign of what they had come expecting to see—Rock's reaction to the picture. He appeared oblivious to it.

Finally, they could stand the strain no longer. Somebody asked, "Who's the good-looking guy in the picture, Rock?"

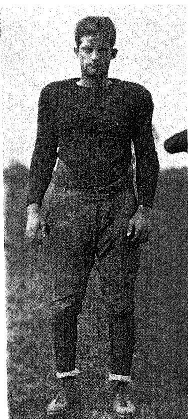
Rockne grinned. "Oh, him," he replied, "that was me when I had lots of hair."

The committee retired in quiet confusion.

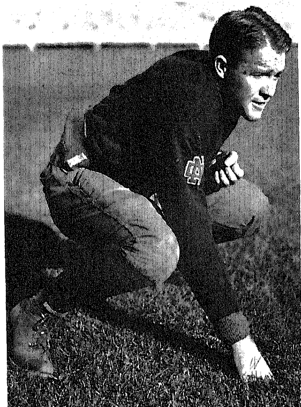
Notre Dame's 1927 football season was another triumph for Rock. Coe, Detroit, Navy, Indiana, Georgia Tech, Drake, and Southern California fell before Irish might. Only blemish on the slate was an 18 to 0 shellacking by Army. The most thrilling game was the 7 to 7 tie with the Golden Gophers from Minnesota—a memorable meeting of the great Bronko



John McMannon. *Bagby Photo Co.*



Bud Boeringer. *Bagby Photo Co.*



Frank Leahy as player. *Bagby Photo Co.*

Frank Leahy as coach. *Bagby Photo Co.*

Nagurski, all-time All-American fullback, and Notre Dame's captain and left guard, John P. "Clipper" Smith.

Cartier Field was the scene of battle. The home folks feared for the local boys and their state of health, when the Bronko was set loose in their corral. Six yards per carry was Nagurski's seasonal average, a terrific record in those days before the T-formation and its fast-breaking long-gainers. The fans reckoned without the strength of Clipper Smith.

Nagurski was not an especially fast back. His specialties were either a power plunge into the line or a quick leap over the opposing forwards. To withstand either or both of these attacks, Smith played directly in front of the Minnesota center, on defense, backing up the line.

When Nagurski's powerful legs carried him straight into the line on the first play, Smith submarined and caught him head on. The resounding thud that followed caused the crowd to shudder. Both lads picked themselves up, their heads shaking to clear cobwebs. Net gain—minus one yard. Again Nagurski roared up to the line. This time, he leaped high to hurdle the defense. Smith was there to reach up and catch the Bronko in mid-air. Down he came like a sack of potatoes—no gain. This procedure continued throughout the afternoon as Nagurski alternated his plunges with hurtling leaps. Everytime, it was the same story of the immovable object and the irresistible force. When statistics were tallied, the six-yard Nagurski season's average was slightly dented by his one-yard mean for the game. Clipper Smith, a small man as guards go, was powerfully built. He was the only college man to my knowledge, who had the strength to reach up and hold Nagurski in mid-air when the Bronko performed his famous flying leap.

Although his name was as commonplace as a name can be, John Smith was anything but ordinary on a football field. He was rugged, yet good looking, affable and always courteous. Quiet by nature, he was a terror when aroused. I never met a more co-operative boy with which to work. His was an unselfish co-operation. Every afternoon, he appeared at practice an hour early in order to help improve the play of some competitor for his first-string guard position. He offered advice willingly, and accepted suggestions as to his own play with sincere appreciation. He was a daily communicant, and served Mass for Father John O'Hara, every morning of his undergraduate years.

John was always with Bud Boeringer, John McManmon, and Christie Flanagan. To see that quartet walking along Eddy Street Road in the direction of South Bend on an evening brought smiles to everyone. Invariably, little John walked between the two giants, Boeringer and McManmon. He looked like an overdeveloped midget. It was their custom to attend the movies in town twice a week at 7 o'clock. In order to insure plenty of room for their broad frames, they would annoy the other customers by eating large bags of popcorn with appropriate crinkling sounds and loud explosions as each bag was emptied and popped. Before long, they would have an entire row in which to stretch themselves, to spread out. This did very little for the attendance figures at the Palace. In desperation, the harried manager offered them free admission if they would attend the earlier show. They agreed when popcorn was included in the deal.

Clipper was never the social type. He preferred the comforts of his hobnailed shoes, corduroy pants, T-shirts, and movies to fancy clothes and dances. His first dance found

him asking Bud Boeringer to arrange a blind date. Bud promised him the prettiest girl in South Bend.

On the night of the dance, a forlorn John arrived, all five-feet-six of him, with a "queen" standing closer to six-feet-five. For an hour, he tried to pawn her off on one of his taller buddies, but they found various excuses for not trading dances.

When, at last, he escaped the amazon, and relaxed with a pretty little thing, his friends took turns passing him on the dance floor and commenting on his attire.

"Hey, Johnny! When will I get my shoes back? You borrowed them two months ago," said one. "That shirt would look better on my kid brother where it belongs," said another, and so it went until John was a nervous wreck. It's a wonder that he ever danced again.

John was recognized by one and all for his good sense and levelheadedness. One afternoon during baseball season, this recognition averted a nasty fight. Harry O'Boyle and Red Smith (present scout for the Chicago Cubs) were engaged in a heated, dressing-room argument. Each held a bat in his hand, and their anger flared until they were at the point of bludgeoning each other. John took his life in his hands to step in between them, and calmly talked them back to their senses. He was the only man in the school who could have stopped the threatened brawl, and he succeeded.

Everything that John did was done thoroughly. When he became head football coach at Duquesne University, this quality proved a pain in the neck to opposing coaches and officials. John wanted to know the reason for every move that was made on the field, especially by the officials. He protested every penalty and adverse decision. In one game,

a referee ejected one of John's players for slugging. John charged on the field, protesting. The official picked up the ball and started pacing off a fifteen-yard penalty for the action. John grabbed the referee and held him from completing the penalty. He was a hard man to move, Clipper Smith; ask Nagurski; ask any official.

I have mentioned my interest in cross-country running, fostered earlier in my college years. As seasons came and passed, that interest was heightened by the challenge that the sport presented. Every conceivable hazard and condition was and is included in the laying out of a cross-country course. There are two kinds, depending on the available facilities. The short course is three and one-half miles in length and the regular is five miles. In Europe, where the event is most popular, the distances are five and seven and one-half miles respectively. Normally, the race starts on a regulation track and then proceeds out into the countryside in such a manner as to require the runners to move along roads, through woods, ford streams, climb up hills and down, and traverse fields. Every imaginable type of terrain is included. It is surely a test of endurance.

Because of the many variables attendant upon the layout of courses, it is impossible to set down any comparable times for world record challengers as in track events. Scoring, too, is the inverse of the latter. Usually, one point is awarded for a first-place performance, two for a second, three for a third, and so on. The team making the lowest number of total points in a race is declared winner.

Of the numerous cross-country races in which I took part, the most memorable to me was one that I lost. It was the

Central Collegiate Conference meet at East Lansing, Michigan, home of the Michigan State Spartans. All colleges and universities in the Midwest not members of the Western (now Big Ten) Conference were entered. I had toured the 5-mile course in 17 minutes and 29 seconds to break the old record by 17 seconds, just two weeks previous. Therefore, I was rated an even chance to defeat the sensational young champion from Marquette University, Mel Shimek.

On the morning of the day the meet was held, a storm practically obliterated the course by covering it with six inches of snow. As we lined up to start the race, I turned to Shimek. "How well do you know the course?" I asked.

"Like a book," he replied, "I've been here for three days and I know it backward."

"Good," I exclaimed, "you lead the way and I'll follow."

Off we trotted. After a fast lap around the regulation track, we headed down the road, some distance ahead of the pack. About a mile farther on, the course markers indicated that we were to enter a deep wood. I looked behind. None of the others were in sight. We swung into the wooded area, chatting as we ran. Some minutes later, we were still in the maze of trees and there was no sign of daylight ahead or on either side. I was a little worried. So was Shimek.

"What happened to the markers, after we left the road?" he asked.

"Damned if I know," I replied.

"Y'know something, Scrap?"

"Yeah," I answered, "we're lost."

We stopped running to get our bearings. Far off to the right, there was a faint trickle of sunshine. We headed in that direction. When we broke through the underbrush to

daylight, behold, a road passed a few feet below us. Far up that road, we saw the last of the pack of runners which we had left so neatly behind. They were just disappearing over the distant horizon.

"So you knew it backward," I could not resist needling Mel as we sped along in hope of overtaking at least one or two of the slower members. "Next time, let's try running it frontward."

As it was, we did better than we deserved. Mel finished third and I fourth. The officials were so chagrined, because of the dearth of markers along the route, they offered to award first and second place medals to us. Naturally, we refused. We both realized that, if we hadn't been so cocksure of ourselves and remained with the others, we would have avoided our mutual embarrassment.

My undergraduate days at Notre Dame finally came to an end—five of the happiest years of a man's life were over. I say five. Not that I was more retarded than the college youth who completes his studies in four. Five years were required for a law degree. They ended on a hectic note.

Graduation was Sunday, June 5, 1927. The Central Collegiate Conference was holding its championship track meet at East Lansing, on Saturday, June 4. This required some quick senior shuffling to arrive back on campus for Commencement.

At the conclusion of the meet, we seniors of the squad hustled for the nearest railroad station. To our horror, we learned there had been a train schedule mix-up and the last homeward-bound special had departed. Undaunted by this bad twist of luck, we took a bus. The venerable vehicle broke

down at Jackson, Michigan. We chewed our fingernails in a depot from 10 P.M. to 2 A.M. With absolutely no sleep, we finally arrived at Notre Dame, shortly after 7 o'clock.

Stopping only to brush our teeth, we dashed off to Mass. On the steps of the church, a voice greeted me with, "What are you going to do with all the money?" It was Father Will Carey.

"Are you kidding, Father?" I asked.

"Now, now, don't be modest with me, big shot," he replied. "Let's see the $50 goldpiece for the Kanaley Award,"

"The KANALEY AWARD!" I yelled. "You mean I—I—"

Father Carey chuckled. "That's right, Scrap," he said. "Congratulations."

Thus I learned that I had won the award given the Monogram, or athletic society, member with the highest scholastic average for four years. This was another high point in my life.

What would a graduation exercise be like without a valedictorian, or a tanglefoot who winds up college days sprawled flat on his face before the president of the institution, a goodly crowd of friends, and his doting relatives? They say there is one in every similar gathering. I was the "one" at that graduation. The valedictorian? Lord, no! I was the sprawler.

Pregraduation rumor had it that, unless each graduate had paid all his just debts, there would be a bill in place of a diploma in his sheepskin case. I was in a small stew over a few little I.O.U.'s, which had been floating around for some time with my signature affixed to them. As Father Walsh handed me the case and shook my hand, I was more intent on peering into its folds than watching where I was going.

I tripped over the good president's feet and cassock, stumbled forward a step or two, then plunged headlong down a flight of stairs leading from the speaker's platform. Never let it be said that Young didn't leave them laughing. They were in stitches. Of course, the rumor was just that—a rumor.

With the precious diploma and equally precious Kanaley medal tucked neatly away in my suitcase, amid a collection of soiled shirts, I took leave of Notre Dame. There was a lump in my throat, as I turned for a final look at the Golden Dome of Our Lady. Then, I was on my way into the very uncertain future. First step in the search for success in my chosen field of the law came some few days later, when I passed the Wisconsin State Bar Examination. Law was definitely a part of my plans, or so I thought. Football, basketball, athletics in general were all things of the past for me. That was my thinking in June, 1927. How wrong can you be?

*

8.

BACK TO NOTRE DAME

"FAR be it from me to dissuade a man from a profession of his choice, if he is certain that the profession is for him." Knute Rockne was speaking. He had just phoned me at my home in Dover, and asked if I would be interested in accepting a coaching job in Racine, Wisconsin.

"Are you sure, Scrap," he continued, "that law is really what you want? With your innate abilities in the field of athletics, your apparent love for all things involving physical competition, it would be a shame to waste the talents that you have developed. Granted that pursuit of a successful law career is far more lucrative than anything in the world of sport, believe me, money is a very poor substitute for happiness. Think it over, Scrap. Let me know what you decide."

I hung up the receiver that afternoon a few weeks after my graduation from Notre Dame, a very confused and bewildered young man. What to do? Just when I had made up my mind to become a lawyer, Rock called to tempt me with a job as coach of all sports and director of athletics at St. Catherine's High School in Racine.

I deliberated my problem for several days. The very fact

that I did so was an indication in itself as to how I should decide. By week's end, I was on my way to Racine. When I signed at St. Catherine's, the pattern of my future was set.

"In spring," 'tis said, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." I would differ with the sage as to the seasonal limitations of that ancient adage. The little man with the bow and arrow came calling on me at quite another time of year, for it was in the fall of 1927 that I met Mary Agnes Pfaffl.

Shortly after my arrival at St. Catherine's, the alumni there gave a reception for me in the form of a picnic at Petrified Springs, some nine miles from Racine. The hospitality shown me by this most active alumni group was overwhelming, to say the least. A large crowd was on hand for the occasion. Before the day ended, I had been approached by every man, woman, and child; each feeling the need of shaking my hand and personally welcoming me to the fold.

Faces appeared and disappeared so rapidly that they became a blur before my eyes. Names were thrust at me in such rapid-fire fashion that they were soon a whirling jumble going round and round in my head. One face and one name stood out clearly before all the others. She was a pert and lovely wisp of charm, whom I had been given to understand was in charge of the committee for refreshments. So busy was she in attending to details and overseeing the flawlessly smooth flow of activities, that I had only brief glimpses of her after our introduction at the outset. In trying to peer over the heads of well-meaning folks who crowded me at every step, I must surely have seemed an absent-minded boor to many.

When the day's festivities were over and picnic baskets

collected, before we boarded one of the chartered buses, there came the chance of a lifetime. She was alone beside a picnic table, busily gathering knives, forks, unopened jam jars, and the like into a basket. I made my way through a sea of tables to stand at her side.

"Hello, Mr. Young!" Her eyes were dancing, and the way she spoke my name brought shivers to my spine and a tingling in my toes.

"Please, please, Mary Agnes," I blurted, although goodness knows, I tried to be casual, "call me Gene or Scrap or–" I grasped the basket to cover my confusion, caused by those blue eyes looking so impishly at me. Touching the basket set off a chain reaction somewhere, because an idea dawned in my head. I would carry the basket, and where I went, so went the basket. Where the basket went–ah ha! I must say that my little scheme worked like a charm. Agnes and Gene, as we were calling each other by this time, rode home together on the same bus. Not only was it the same bus, but the same seat–she sat on my lap. Terribly crowded, that bus.

In the evening, a dance was held at the country club. Agnes very sweetly consented to be my partner. We one-stepped, two-stepped, and waltzed until the small hours. By the time we stood at her door and she whispered a soft, "Good night, Gene," I was hopelessly, head-over-heels in love. If only the feeling was mutual.

A week passed, a hectic, fully scheduled week, a hungry week. You see, I lost my wallet on the day following the picnic. I was broke. A hurried trip to the nearest Western Union office availed me nothing. I was told that in order to send a request to my mother for money, I must have some means of identification. Foolish, youthful pride refused to

allow my phoning Father William McDermit, the principal, or any of my new friends at St. Catherine's to provide reference. I decided to wait until payday for replacement of my loss, rather than let it be known that I was financially embarrassed. For three days, I ate snails and drank coffee morning, noon, and night. I drank so much free coffee that I sloshed when I walked. Father McDermit got wind of my seeking to wire for money by the third day. He called me into his office and scolded me unmercifully. He read me off for not taking him into my confidence and ask for an advance to tide me over. He shelled out more that enough to take care of my needs. Not a bit too soon did it come, either. The first symptoms of an acute case of malnutrition were taking hold of my mistreated stomach.

As life at St. Catherine's settled to a normal routine, I was able to give closer attention and thought to the renewal of my friendship with Mary Agnes Pfaffl. Opportunity presented itself when I began coaching a semipro football team in addition to the high-school varsity. Willard Pfaffl was the team's regular quarterback. After our second practice, he approached me. "Why don't you come over to the house for dinner tonight, Mr. Young?" he asked.

I accepted, before he could change his mind.

That night, Mary Agnes prepared a wonderful dinner. That did it. Nothing could stop me from winning her for my wife, nothing except Mary Agnes herself.

Apparently, I was considered in better than fair light, because night after night she asked me to dinner, and on week ends accepted my invitations to movies, dances, ice-skating parties, hayrides, and what have you. On those week nights,

we whiled away the first hour after dinner playing a lively game of mah-jongg. Then, I strummed on her brother's ukulele while we sat quietly watching the stars from the seclusion of a darkened front porch.

There were nights when all was not so peaceful. One, for example, was the night after St. Catherine's lost their first game under my tutelage, 6 to 0. If the world had come to an end, I could not have been more disconsolate. Mary Agnes rose to the occasion beautifully, and pointed out the why's and wherefore's of the loss not attributable to my master minding. When she finished, I was much happier. At least, I felt as if I could carry on.

Little better than a year after we first met, I proposed and was accepted. We were married at St. Patrick's Church in Racine, and like fairy-tale characters, lived happily ever after.

Once my career of preparing youngsters for their future was launched, I can safely say that I never regretted my choice of profession. In addition to my coaching duties at St. Catherine's, I taught algebra and physical education. The fruit of my labor was realized in later years, watching the boys I taught become doctors, lawyers, dentists, industrialists, and otherwise good American citizens. Checking the grades of the athletes weekly, I insisted that they maintain top-drawer marks, or they were off the team. If a boy fell behind in his scholastic work, he was helped, prodded, or driven to concentration on his studies. Usually, the best students were the best competitors.

My coaching tenure at St. Catherine's produced the following win-loss record:

		FOOTBALL	BASKETBALL
First Year	Won	4	17
(1927)	Lost	4	4
	Tied	2	0
Second Year	Won	8	20
(1928)	Lost	1	2
	Tied	1	0
Third Year	Won	10	23
(1929)	Lost	0	11
	Tied	0	0

All in all, I was proud of the record. Luckily, I quit while I was ahead. Bigger things beckoned, and a most pleasant association came to an end.

Before mentioning the details incident to my leaving St. Catherine's, I would describe an occurrence that spotlights the great wisdom, tolerance, and reasoning faculties of Knute Rockne. Sometime in the early months of my stay at St. Catherine's, I occasioned the displeasure of a priest. It was a misunderstanding too trivial to discuss, but, the man was so unreasonable about the whole thing that I refused to attend Mass for several months. Now, of course, I realize how utterly stupid this action of mine really was, but in the heat of anger at the time, it seemed a natural reaction.

Conscience twinges set in at the three-month mark. I was completely miserable. There was nothing for me to do, but hop a train to South Bend and bare my troubles to my most trusted and enlightened adviser.

Rock heard me out without a word. Then he shook his head. "Impetuous, stubborn youth," he mused, "when will you learn that we are all subject to human frailty, even the

best of us? Scrap," he placed his hand on my shoulder as he raised his voice a little, "do you go to Mass because of the priest who says the Mass?"

"No, of course not," I replied, a dim light beginning to flicker in the distant recesses of my mind.

"The priest who hurt your feelings," he went on, "is just as human as you and I. You go to church because you want to pay your respect to God. Remember, only God is hurt by such vengeful action, God and yourself."

The dim light broke through, and I was ashamed. This item is quite remarkable, when it is realized that Rock had not embraced Catholicism at the time. He did not become a convert until 1929.

Who of that generation will forget 1929? The year that saw the beginning of the panic in Wall Street. . . . Stock-market prices began to break in October, and declines in stock values totaled fifteen billion dollars. . . . Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics won the first of three consecutive American League pennants plus the World Series. . . . A young fellow named Bobby Jones won the United States Open Golf championship. . . . William T. Tilden, Jr., climaxed a comeback campaign to win his seventh United States men's singles tennis championship. . . . A comparatively unknown named Eugene J. Young remained comparatively unknown, but took the first steps toward becoming a full-fledged trainer of athletes.

It was in January that Rockne called me to the Mayo Brothers Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota. He was undergoing treatment there for his most recent attack of phlebitis, an inflamed condition of the veins in his legs.

Rock came to the point, immediately upon my arrival.

Would I accept a job as trainer of all Notre Dame teams? Would I! Before a salary was even mentioned, I accepted. Fortunately, Rock was prepared to offer me the equivalent of what I was earning at St. Catherine's. But here a problem arose. Although Rock offered me a specific sum, when the agreement was reached at the clinic, he took the matter entirely on himself. Not a thought did he give to Father Michael A. Mulcaire, C.S.C., the guardian of the exchequer.

"Who, my friend, do you think you are?" This was the greeting accorded me by Father Mulcaire on the day in 1930, when I reported for work at Notre Dame.

"I don't understand, Father," I said, blinking uncomprehendingly at the big Irishman.

"You don't understand!" he roared, "I said, 'who do you think you are,' asking for a $60 per week salary."

"That's the agreement I made with Rock," I replied, humping my back a little at this sudden tossing of cold water on my previously high spirits.

"Well, you're not getting it," he assured me.

"All right, then, I'll take my chances with Rock," I threatened.

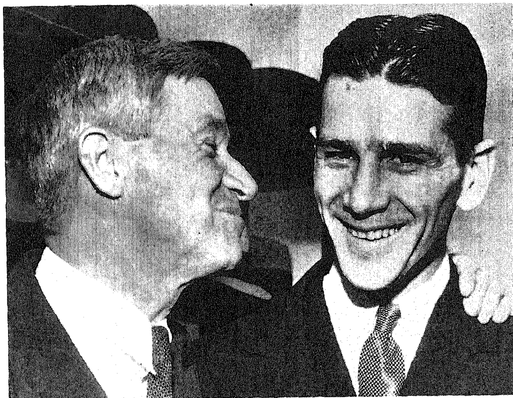
"Fine," said Father Mulcaire, "maybe he'll pay you out of his own pocket."

There was no swaying the man.

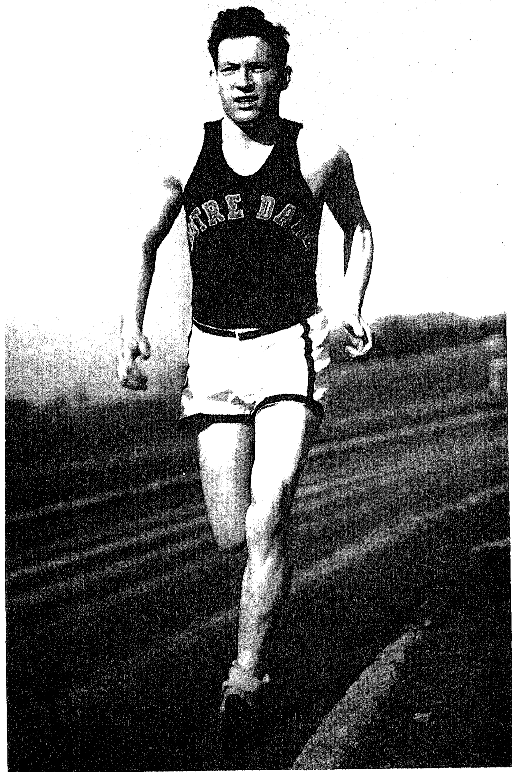
Some few minutes later, I reported my highly unsuccessful meeting with the minister of finance to Rock. He chuckled a closed-mouthed chuckle that sounded like a model-T engine turning over.

"We'll fool that so and so," he said. "I'll pay you out of petty cash."

For two years, I was the high-salaried guy who was paid



Elmer Layden enjoying a joke with the late Will Rogers. © *H. C. Elmore*



Notre Dame's famous Greg Rice. *Bagby Photo Co.*

from the petty cash fund. When Father Mulcaire found out about our bit of deception, he was too resigned to my presence. Instead of firing me, he placed me on the regular payroll. I even got a raise.

I don't believe I ever experienced a day quite like that on which I introduced Agnes to life in South Bend. It seems there was a housing shortage at the time, and before bringing her to Notre Dame, I scouted around for a suitable home for several weeks, all to no avail. There were no houses available to buy, rent, or steal. In desperation, I began asking everyone if they knew of something—anything. Tom Owens, major-domo of the dining hall, did know. He had just the place. I rented it, sight unseen. It was a sight all right.

Agnes was accustomed to the home we had built in Racine. It was a rather nice place on St. Clair Street. When she saw the house on South Bend's Eddy Street, she broke down and wept. It was a barn of a place, with all the lines of a cigar box. After the first cascade of tears, which made me feel like the lowest form of life, Agnes set about converting the dingy rooms, dank halls, imitation this and that, all cracked or warped, into a quite livable cottage. If it hadn't been for the wind that howled through the place like a thousand devils, it would have been almost cozy. This was our abode for the two years in which I was paid from the petty cash fund. Later, we moved to a new home in the more fashionable Harter Heights district.

Three years away from the scene at Notre Dame had by no means lessened my interest in the gridiron activities of the school. I followed closely the 1927 team that defeated Coe,

Detroit, Navy, Indiana, Georgia Tech, Drake, and Southern California; losing to Army and tying Minnesota. I saw captain Johnny Smith, The Clipper, emerge as an outstanding All-American guard.

The 1928 season came, called "most disastrous," as the first team played almost every minute of nine games, winning over Loyola of New Orleans, Navy, Drake, Penn State, and Army; losing to Wisconsin, Georgia Tech, Carnegie Tech, and Southern California.

Then came 1929 and the start of a long Notre Dame winning streak. From the depths of a four-game flop, this great outfit rose to the heights of a national title at the expense of Indiana, Navy, Wisconsin, Carnegie Tech, Georgia Tech, Drake, Southern California, Northwestern, and Army.

That last game against Army was played on a Yankee Stadium ice pond. Jack Elder became a nationwide hero overnight when he skidded ninety-seven yards to the game's only touchdown. The cool generalship of Frank Carideo and the marvelous play of hatless Jack Cannon kept Army and the famous Chris Cagle from the Irish goal.

Cannon, whom they called "Boom-Boom," rocked and socked his way to many all-time All-American guard selections. He frowned on the use of headgear. "Too confining," he said. Confining or not, I was happy to see the rule requiring helmets included in the books a few years later. Cannon always worried me when he played with an unprotected noggin. Fortunately, he never suffered a head injury.

Whenever Notre Dame men gather to relive the days of gridiron glory, there is one story that is always told, the story of George Gipp. Like all legends, and surely Gipp is a

legendary hero, it has become distorted in the retelling. Because the tale reached a dramatic climax in the period of years that I have just described, I would relate the high points in the collegiate career of this great athlete as told to me recently by no less an authority than Heartly "Hunk" Anderson, a name synonymous with Notre Dame football.

Gipp was from the mining town of Laurium, Michigan, and Anderson from nearby Hancock. Together, they arrived at Notre Dame in 1917 on athletic scholarships, Anderson's for football. Gipp claimed baseball as his forte.

At that time, freshmen could play on the varsity teams. During one of the early days of the 1917 season, the varsity football squad finished their workout and were passing Brownson Hall field en route to their dressing quarters in the gymnasium. Brownson field lay south of the gym, between that building and the chemistry labs.

Rockne, who was walking with his players, stopped to gaze in wonderment at a football that went soaring high into the air, propelled by the toe of a rangy youth in baseball attire.

"Who's that kid?" asked Rock, turning to his assistant, Cap Edwards. "Why isn't he out for the team?"

Edwards looked as perplexed as did Rock. Again the lad grasped a football, and again it took off, landing some fifty yards away. This time, Rock saw that which he had taken for a punt was in reality a drop-kick, an amazing feat, indeed.

Rock sent student manager Al Ryan to learn more about the drop-kicker. Ryan returned with the information that the boy's name was George Gipp; that he had never played football; and that he wasn't particularly interested in taking up the game. Three days later, Rock induced Gipp to try his hand at the sport. The rest is history.

In the four years that Gipp blazed his way to undying fame, Notre Dame lost but two games. He was a natural athlete. With no apparent effort, he mastered football, basketball, and baseball. Even pool held no mysteries for Gipp. Hullie and Mike's pool and billiards parlor on Michigan Avenue was the scene of many clever exhibitions by George, and the best cue artists of the time fell easy prey to the boy who did everything so well.

Gipp's gridiron prowess was enhanced by the many outstanding members of those early Notre Dame teams. Their roster reads like a "Who's Who" of the football coaching profession. In the order of their appearance between 1917 and 1920, they were, Jim Phelan, Edward "Slip" Madigan, Curley Lambeau, Art Bergman, Eddie and Hunk Anderson, Lawrence "Buck" Shaw, Earl Walsh, Chet Wynne, and Frank "Rat" Thomas.

It was Rat Thomas who inadvertently set up one of Gipp's most spectacular performances. Although Gipp could drop-kick the pigskin a country mile, he never became too adept as a punter. One afternoon in 1920, Notre Dame was playing Kalamazoo and Thomas was calling signals from the quarterback slot. Things got rough and the Irish attack bogged on the 50-yard line, fourth down and plenty to go. Thomas looked around at his backfield and, figuring Gipp as a punter, called his signal for a punt. The ball went to Gipp. Instead of the punt that everyone expected, he drop-kicked a perfect 62-yard field goal without batting an eyelash. The kick is still rated among the longest of all time.

George Gipp played his last game of football on November 27, 1920. A severe cold relegated him to the side lines as the Irish ran up a sizeable 33 to 7 margin over the Wildcats from

Northwestern. Rock decided to keep his star warmly bundled on the bench, but the Evanston fans chanted an incessant, "We want Gipp! We want Gipp!"

Rock asked a doctor if it would be all right to use him and the doctor gave his consent. Gipp appeared for three plays, carried the ball twice, and then went to the showers. Two weeks later, Gipp, taken suddenly quite seriously ill, was rushed to the hospital. He died of pneumonia as the entire student body knelt and prayed outside his window.

Time passed and the snows of eight winters fell on the grave of George Gipp. The tears of his passing had dried, but his memory was buried deep in the heart of Notre Dame. Another Rockne team, striving desperately to ward off almost certain defeat, reeled back on its heels completely spent. Thrice beaten, that 1928 gang had given their all to check the ancient rival from West Point for the first half. In their dressing room they lay tired and battered.

"Some day, Rock, sometime when the going gets tough, when the odds are against us, ask the boys to win one for the Gipper." Rock was speaking slowly, softly. No other sound broke the spell that he cast over the room.

"Boys," he went on, "those were his dying words. I've never repeated them before, because they were meant for just one game."

Rock stopped speaking. Not a player moved. The tension mounted almost to the breaking point. Rock moved toward the door.

"Men," he thundered, "this is that game!"

The story ended as you might expect it would. No son of Our Lady could be blessed with such a responsibility, and fail in his efforts. Eleven sons became eleven fighting fools.

They charged into Army like men possessed. They did not let up when a heartbreaking fumble was recovered by the Cadets, and the Cagle-Murrell combination put Army into a 6 to 0 lead. They surged back until Jack Chevigny roared across the last white stripe for the game-tying touchdown. As his buddies hoisted him to their shoulders, Chevigny smiled happily at the world and waved toward the heavens.

"That was yours, Gipper!" he exulted, "I made one for the Gipper!"

In the final minutes, Johnny O'Brien, a hitherto unknown end, was rushed off the bench for one play. Johnny Niemic took the ball from center, faked a handoff to Chevigny, and then threw far down field. On the 10-yard line, O'Brien reached up for the ball, juggled it, clutched frantically, and slid into the end zone with it pressed against his ear. "One-Play O'Brien" had won for the Gipper.

9.

TEMPER, LUCK, AND LAUGHS

"WHERE did they all come from?"

This question, I asked myself as I beheld the small army of football talent romping on Cartier Field in September, 1930. As far as the naked eye could see, they were there. Two hundred and eighty-seven high-school boys were out for the Freshman team alone. More than a hundred varsity candidates were filling the air with noisy chatter and a collection of footballs. What a difference three years could make! The old days of a handful of "shock troops" plus a first team were gone forever. Notre Dame had come into its own.

There were other changes, too, but the most predominant was a magnificent new structure looming some two hundred feet from where I stood, a monument to sportsmanship—the Notre Dame Stadium. It was complete but for final touches being added by workmen in preparation for its dedication on October 11. As such, it marked the realization of a dream, the dream of Knute Rockne. It was a memorial earned by the sweat of three decades of football immortals—Frank Hering; John I. Mullen, three times captain of the team; Louis Salmon; Harry Miller; Charley Crowley; Gus Dorais; Ray

Eichenlaub; the Bergmans; the famous ends, Kiley and Anderson; the Millers; Clipper Smith; Jimmy Phelan; the Collins boys; Johnny Mohardt; Hunk Anderson; Paul Castner; Lawrence "Buck" Shaw; Jack Chevigny; the Horsemen and Mules; and the incomparable George Gipp, greatest of them all.

The edifice is a growth from the old Cartier Field, which was erected in 1899. In those days, there were no admission barriers, large gate receipts, or huge, colorful crowds. Football was football of the brute type, played in innings, not halves.

The first game that Notre Dame ever played was against Michigan in 1887. This was even before a players bench had been built, let alone a 55,000-capacity stadium. They dug up eleven unpadded suits and challenged the Wolverines. The site of this encounter was the Green Stocking ball park in South Bend. The game was described as "very exciting, and included much kicking of the ball and rushing by men of the team." Notre Dame lost by the score of 8 to 0.

Before I meander any further from the beaten path, let us return to the Cartier Field of 1930. From the jumble of talent displayed before me that fall afternoon, Rockne produced what he considered his greatest offensive team. The process of molding such a unit was never easy. Usually, the job was high-lighted by hard work and a determined spirit on the part of the players that drove them toward a common goal.

Sometimes tempers would flare and quickly subside. Such an incident occurred shortly after that first day of practice. Quarterback Frank Carideo was knocked silly in a scrimmage. He went out like a candle in a wind tunnel. So quietly did he

lie that Rock became excited. "Wake up, Frank, wake up," he pleaded, leaning over the inert Carideo.

There was no sign of Frank's coming around. We carried him to the field house and placed his limp form on a rubbing table. I went to work. Rock stood by as players crowded the doorway.

"Get the hell out of here, all of you," Rock blazed. "Scrap, lock the door. Don't allow anyone in the room."

When Frank was finally revived and pronounced fit, Rock apologized to the team. As he would have said of anyone in such a position, "A man is always making mistakes. A good man is one who is willing to recognize them, and right the wrong."

Let the experts, the sports writers who described so vividly each game of that 1930 season, tell the story of the Notre Dame march to another national championship. Just as they typed their lead paragraphs for the world to read, so we record their words for readers of yet another day.

> South Bend, Ind., Oct. 4.—A hard riding band of Texans from Southern Methodist University this afternoon raced up and down the sod of old Cartier Field, now transplanted in Notre Dame's new stadium. Their spectacular, accurate tossing nearly ruined the informal dedication of Notre Dame's brick bowl, but the home boys managed to eke out a 20 to 14 victory....

Chicago Tribune Press Service correspondent, Wilfred Smith, thus began his description of the opening game of the 1930 season, which pitted the Irish against a fighting band of Mustangs. The boys from the Lone Star State brought with

them an imposing record of three Southwest conference championships in as many years, and their reputation as perhaps the leading exponent of the forward pass. Their glorified basketball tactics played hob with the Irish defense.

Quite a revelation in these days of intricate football patterns was the fact that Notre Dame entered that game with only six plays. Believe me, they suffered because of it. Every time I ran on the field, I was besieged with frantically whispered questions. "What did the old man say?" or "Any news?"

This went on far into the final quarter. With just three minutes to play and the score deadlocked at 14-14, I paused before Rock at a time out. "Any instructions?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "just tell them that any play will work if they all block together."

I dashed out with my equipment. As I tightened a bandage on Carideo's wrist, he asked, "Any word?"

For some crazy reason, explainable by only a psychiatrist, I took it upon myself to blurt out, "Yes, run '51,' and—and block like hell."

The magnitude of my act did not strike home until I returned to the bench. Then, I died a thousand deaths while they lined up for the play.

Carideo was calling signals.

I buried my head in my hands.

They shifted.

I closed my eyes.

There was a roar from the crowd. I chanced an apprehensive peek. Marchy Schwartz, our left halfback, was falling across the goal, ball in hand.

Luckily for me, they pulled off play number 51 perfectly because they figured that Rock had called it. There was

nothing especially different about 51. They had used it with only fair success throughout the afternoon. The psychological element saved the day and my job at Notre Dame.

> Notre Dame Stadium, South Bend, Ind., Oct. 11 (U.P.)—Notre Dame christened its swanky football stadium today by defeating the United States Naval Academy, 26 to 2. Their victory served notice on the football world that Knute Rockne's colorful team again will be prominent in the race for the mythical national championship.
>
> The story of the game is chiefly the story of jumping Joe Savoldi, a powerfully built Italian youth from Three Oaks (Michigan). They say Joe throws rivets for the iron workers during his summer vacations. This afternoon he threw Navy Bill Ingram's best tacklers right and left while he galloped down the transplanted Cartier Field sod of the new stadium for three of his team's four touchdowns.... [By Charles M. Egan.]

> South Bend, Ind., Oct. 18 (A.P.)—Aroused to a fighting fury, unusual even to their far famed fighting spirits, Knute Rockne's Notre Dame players today answered another mighty challenge in their march to the mythical national football championship by routing the high powered Skibos from Carnegie Tech, 21 to 6. So decisive was the victory, earned by an impressive aerial attack and an alertness surprising even to the staunchest Notre Dame rooter, that hopes again bounded high in Rockne's heart for another undefeated team.... [By Paul Mickelson.]

Mention of the Notre Dame "fighting spirits" by Paul Mickelson brought to mind the story of the origin of the term "Fighting Irish" as applied to teams from South Bend. The designation originated in 1909 when Michigan was beating Notre Dame, 3 to 0. Pete Vaughan, disgusted at Notre Dame's poor showing, shouted, "What's the matter with you

guys? You're all Irish and you're not fighting!" Notre Dame won the game, 11 to 3, and Vaughan's remark went on to posterity through the medium of an alert newspaperman.

> Pittsburgh, Oct. 26—Irish fire and lightning struck the gridiron defenders of Pitt yesterday afternoon, blasting through the battle lines of the Panthers in a chaotic first half attack that eventually netted the great Notre Dame eleven a 35 to 19 triumph.
>
> A record crowd of better than 70,000, which filled the Stadium to overflowing, sat stunned as the green-clad Irish backfield and hard-charging, perfectly-drilled line brushed aside the hopeless Panthers. Then, realizing that a great football team was performing before their eyes, recognizing in it one of the greatest that has ever played in Pittsburgh, set off a salvo of thunderous cheers fitting as a salute to the great football machine that Rockne has built this year.
>
> Notre Dame left little to be desired as it muscled its way through Pitt for five touchdowns in the first half. The Carideo-Schwartz-Brill-Mullins-Savoldi combination was too perfect for Pitt. . . . [By Jess Carver, Sports Editor, Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph.*]

At 11 o'clock on the day of that Panther game, I sat in the lobby of the William Penn Hotel in downtown Pittsburgh. Suddenly, I was aware of my name being called. When I replied to the page, I was told that Rockne wanted to see me in his room.

"Scrap," he said, upon my arrival, "some bigwig steel mill owner just phoned, and wants four tickets to the game. I tried to dissuade him, but he claims he'll pay any price. He must have the tickets."

"But," I objected, "we only have two for our own use."

"It so happens that we have four," he corrected me. "Here, take them to your room. He'll meet you there."

I accepted the tickets, a little bewildered as to how we should gain admittance ourselves. "How much am I to get for them?" I asked.

"All you can," he replied. "These so-called big shots get on my nerves."

There was nothing bashful about me. I asked for and received $100 per ducat. When the wealthy one departed, I hurried back to Rock, and we left for the game. As our taxi inched through the traffic on Forbes Street, I handed the green stuff to Rock.

"Here," I said, "is the money for the tickets."

Rock, who had apparently forgotten all about the deal, was quietly concentrating on jotting notes into a black memo book.

"Eh," he blinked. "Oh, yes. Well, give me twenty dollars, (face value of the tickets), and keep the rest."

"You mean, I can keep three hundred and eighty bucks?" I asked.

It was Rock who now looked startled. "You got four hundred dollars," he said, "and without a gun!"

I still did not know how we were going to get into the stadium without tickets. We had no other passes or tags, no means of identification. I mentioned this little item to Rock, but he only brushed the idea away with a wave of his hand. "The cop on the gate will recognize me," he declared. "I'll talk to him."

Very well, I thought, we shall see.

We did. The policeman on the gate to the dressing rooms was no football fan. Furthermore, he was not easily swayed

from the line of duty. That worthy minion of the law recognized nothing but a printed, pasteboard ticket. "No ticket, no football," was the way he put it, and Rock began a slow burn.

To avoid a scene, we waited patiently until the team bus arrived. Tickets were forthcoming from our business manager, and a thoroughly burned Rockne stalked furiously past the keeper of the gate. When he cooled sufficiently, we all enjoyed a hearty laugh at Rock's expense. As you might expect, his laugh was loudest of any.

Joe Savoldi and Frank Carideo were an odd but extremely effective backfield combination. Savoldi was a methodical thinker and an exponent of the practical joke. He delighted in acting the part of a once-popular conception of the typical football player, and for this reason he was thought by some to be a bit thick between the ears. In truth, he was a fairly good student. Carideo, on the other hand, was quick-witted, razor sharp, and serious to a fault. His quiet nature often caused him to withdraw into a self-conscious shell and people found him difficult to approach. As a result, he was unjustly accused of being conceited.

Despite the difference in their personalities, Savoldi and Carideo had a common denominator between them. They were both of Italian extraction. Sometimes they found that the language of their ancestors could be an asset in the game of football. Joe had his troubles when it came to remembering assignments on plays. He looked to the brainy quarterback, Carideo, for assistance in those forgetful moments. Joe would question Frank, and the latter would call out the assignment. All in Italian.

Joe was having one of his absent-minded days in the Pitt game. Every time Savoldi carried the ball, a certain Panther tackle was Johnny-on-the-spot to nail him before he so much as got to the line of scrimmage. The more Joe was stopped, the more he looked for help from Frank across the space of green between them. By the second quarter, it looked as though someone had given Savoldi's plays to the Pittsburgh tackle.

Suddenly, Carideo walked into a Pitt huddle. "Any good Italianos here?" he asked, speaking the language.

The Pittsburgh tackle looked up and grinned. Later he remarked, "Notre Dame almost made an All-American of me, today."

Perhaps it was the sameness of their ancestry, perhaps the realization that they complemented each other's shortcomings, whatever the reason, Savoldi and Carideo were close friends on and off the field. Each was proud of the other but they maintained a certain friendly rivalry. On one occasion, this rivalry provoked a very amusing incident. The team was awaiting a game with Southern California in Los Angeles. I was standing with a group in front of the Biltmore Hotel when Savoldi strolled from the lobby and was approached by a newsboy with pronounced Italian features.

"Paper, Joe?" asked the boy in Italian.

Savoldi stopped and grinned. "Yeah, kid," he said, digging for some change. "I'll give you a quarter for one if you'll tell Frank Carideo that I'm the best football player in the Italian race."

The newsboy recognized a good deal, and accepted the quarter.

Ten minutes later, Carideo appeared. "Hey, Frank," called

the newsie, "I think that Joe Savoldi is the best Italian football player in the world."

Carideo looked, listened, and thought for a moment as the small gathering chuckled.

"How much did Joe give you to say that?" asked Carideo.

"Half a dollar," lied the alert boy, playing the thing for all it was worth.

"Here's seventy-five cents if you'll tell him that I'm the best Italian. Give me a paper, too."

Again Joe Savoldi appeared and learned to his surprise that he was no longer the best in the world. This time, the boy received a dollar, and the gathering, which had swelled to a crowd, shook with laughter.

Several newspapers and several dollars later, Carideo gave up the expensive game. The newsboy had made quite a haul for himself, consequently, Savoldi's praises were shouted in front of the Biltmore for the remainder of the team's stay, and Joe spent most of the time trying to steer Frank through the main door. Carideo, the world's second-best Italian, finally resorted to using the backstairs and side entrance.

Savoldi was the "children's choice" everywhere he went. He loved youngsters and the feeling was mutual. He had more younger generation followers than any player that I ever knew. Joe tried to get them all into games free of charge. On the day of a game, he would have one urchin carry his helmet, another his sweat shirt, and so on. Anything loose that he could give them was carried by his youthful admirers so that they might gain admittance. We were quite a picture, trotting onto a field with a dozen or so mites trailing behind Savoldi.

As you might suspect, Savoldi was a push over for practical

jokesters. He was French-sheeted on every train ride, and to see the burly brute struggling to climb into a berth with just enough space at the top of his sheets for his feet was better than a Mack Sennett special. He always fell for anonymous telephone calls at all hours asking him to meet imaginary members of the press in a hotel lobby or on a street corner. I'm certain that he went along with the gags to provide laughter and fun for his friendly tormentors. He accepted all ribs with an easy grace, and entered into the spirit of every joke. I never saw Joe Savoldi raise his voice in anger. He just wasn't the type.

> Notre Dame, Ind., Nov. 1–A doughty little band of Warriors, the best that Pat Page was able to muster, invaded the home of the Fighting Irish here today and for the first 30 minutes repulsed everything the Notre Dame boys flung at them. But the odds were too great, and in the second half of the contest, the "Rockmen" unleashed an attack that would not be stopped, and game finally ended with the Irish having piled up 27 points to Indiana's 0. . . . [By Jack Elder, *Chicago Herald-Examiner.*]

> Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 8–You may have heard of the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame. A few years ago, with a sweep and rhythm and a flash of speed before unknown to football, they ran amuck. Today at Franklin Field against a Pennsylvania team strong enough to beat Kansas by 21 to 6, Knute Rockne and Notre Dame passed on far beyond the Four Horsemen. With Carideo, Brill, Savoldi and Schwartz they put on a combination of four antelopes, four charging buffaloes, four dig-digs and four eels. They smashed Pennsylvania, 60 to 20, but this is only part of the story.
>
> Notre Dame's first team actually beat Pennsylvania 43 to 0 in less than 30 minutes of play. Pennsylvania then beat Notre

> Dame's second, third and fourth team players, 20 to 7. This Notre Dame first team gave one of the most remarkable exhibitions of speed, power and team play ever seen on any football field against a strong, fast Penn team. They scored almost two points a minute. . . . [By Grantland Rice, *New York Sun.*]

There was never a dull moment in the life of a trainer of Rockne-coached football teams. Odd jobs were forever falling my way. Under the heading of "miscellaneous duties" I chalked up a new assignment that afternoon in Philadelphia. I became the official team "bouncer."

The good citizens of the City of Brotherly Love turned out in such numbers that, even before the game started, they had overflowed the stands, and were finding places on the field. It was the greatest crowd up to that time ever to witness a game in Philadelphia—81,000.

When those members of the team who were not in the starting line-up, finished their limbering-up session prior to the kickoff, they hustled to the side lines for a place on the bench. As they settled into position, a few extra places were taken by those fans a little bolder than their fellows. Tom Conley, the Irish captain and right end, met with the officials and captain Dick Gentle of Penn for the coin toss. A few more fans squeezed aboard.

Rock sat down for the kickoff, and I assumed my usual position, kneeling in front of him. By the time the game was five minutes along, fans were so jamming both ends of the bench that players in the middle were being forced onto the turf.

A finger tapped my shoulder. "Scrap," it was Rock speaking, "clear the bench of everyone not authorized to be here."

I stood up and began the unpleasant task. One by one, I thumbed all spectators away from the player's area. Most of them responded instantly to my gesture. Some required a bit of verbal coaxing, but fell away immediately thereafter. I finished one end and started back. A dapper little guy in a nattily tailored overcoat and stovepipe hat sat unmoved and unheeding.

"Say, mister," I said, "maybe you don't hear so well. I asked you to get out."

Still, there was no sign of movement from the stovepipe. Then, I saw something that added insult to injury. A green Notre Dame blanket was wrapped tightly around his legs. I was beginning to get peeved.

"Look, mister, if you're there when I get back, I'll throw you out on your ear." With that, I went to the opposite end of the bench, and performed my chore. I returned. The little so-and-so was still sitting where I had left him, undaunted.

I charged furiously. With my left hand, I grasped him by the collar of his overcoat. My right hand found the seat of his trousers. One tug, and he was in the air, protesting violently. At this point, Rock, who had been looking only to the game, turned toward the commotion.

"Hold it, Scrap," he called.

Too late. I was in the middle of a mighty toss. Dapper Dan sailed, none too gracefully, through the air. He flopped with very little dignity on the protective cushion of his posterior.

Rock was at my side. The little guy picked himself up slowly. As newspaper photographers snapped pictures madly and the crowd howled, he brushed his ruffled feathers.

"Come over here, Scrap," Rock beckoned for me to follow him.

"Mr. Young," he said, "I would like to have you meet an ıld friend of mine—Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York."

Revenge was sweet that day for young Marty Brill, the Notre Dame right half. Three years before, he had enrolled ıt the University of Pennsylvania, bent on a gridiron career. The powers that be at that fine institution of learning turned thumbs down on him as potential football timber. He could not cut the buck, they declared. Brill was a mighty frustrated youngster, when he showed up at Notre Dame the following season. For two years, he pointed for that one game and the moment he would carry a pigskin into the Quaker line.

Marty's dad, a wealthy streetcar builder, had not taken his son's slight very easily. He was in the stands with a party of friends to watch every move the younger Brill made. As a further incentive to assure a good performance, although such was unnecessary in the light of circumstances, Brill senior offered his son $1,000 if he scored a touchdown against his former mates. An additional grand was promised for any subsequent Brill scores.

In the first six minutes, the battle seesawed up and down the field. Penn's line was holding the vaunted Ramblers. Penn backs were working on even terms, giving as much as their foe. The tide swept back into Irish territory, somewhere around our 35-yard line. First down, Notre Dame.

Then the crowd was on its feet, breathless. Marty Brill had shifted into the ball carrier's position. Penn and Notre Dame fans alike were aware of the drama that was about to unfold before them. The ball was snapped. Brill had it. He headed into the line. A hole opened and Brill shot through. Slowly, like a rumble of distant thunder, the crowd began to roar as Brill broke into the open. A Penn tackle dived. Brill side-

stepped. Another came up fast and the elusive 190-pound back knocked him down with a straight-arm. Still another tackler dove and Brill ran right over him. He was in the clear. All hell broke loose in the stands.

Notre Dame interference formed. The 50-yard stripe passed beneath the flying feet of the runner. The 40–30–20–10, a Penn defender made one final, desperate dive, and missed. Marty Brill raced into the end zone and Notre Dame adherents went wild. Old Man Brill was mobbed and pummeled by exuberant friends, much the same as Marty's teammates were mobbing him down on the goal line.

One of the most thrilling runs I ever saw, it was the straw that broke the Quaker's back. From then on, Brill, Savoldi, and Schwartz ran amuck. Brill scored twice more to lead the parade. He was a weaving, shifting demon with a killing straight-arm that defied every Red and Blue Quaker attempt to stop him.

Less glorious perhaps, but nonetheless important was the performance of captain Tom Conley, at right end. Like Brill, Tom Conley was playing in his home town before family, friends, and former schoolmates. He was not given a chance to equal Brill's three touchdowns because not a pass was used by Notre Dame, but everyone agreed that he played the finest defensive and blocking game of his career. Both of the Irish warriors, Brill and Conley, never played a better game of football. Such was the power of inspiration.

> South Bend, Ind., Nov. 15–A bunch of Notre Dame backfield stars who seemed at times legless when Drake went to tackle them piled up four touchdowns here Saturday, but the Bulldogs showed 20,000 persons a thing or two before succumbing, 28 to 7. . . . [By Frank Brody, *Des Moines Register.*]

Turnabout is fair play. Rockne had, on occasion, given material aid to opposing coaches for one reason or another by sending diagrams of Notre Dame tactics to them, before their contest with the Irish. The Drake game saw a reversal of this procedure.

The week before they met Notre Dame, the Drake Bulldogs played a night game on Friday. The Notre Dame scout assigned to the game thought it had been scheduled for Saturday and showed up after it had been concluded. Coach Ossie Solem of Drake, however, sent Rockne a complete scouting report of his team's plays, its strength, and its weakness so his fellow countryman might not be taken at a disadvantage.

> Evanston, Ill., Nov. 22—When Champions meet, the victory goes to the last ounce of power. When the curtain dropped here today, Notre Dame, national titleholder of 1929 and victor in 17 consecutive battles was still the champion—and Northwestern, which had come through a hard Big Ten season without being defeated or tied, had bowed to a superior squad. The final score was 14 to 0 and 50,000 people saw the Irish score all of their points in the last 10 minutes of play. . . . [By Francis Wallace, *New York Daily News.*]

"When the going gets tough, that's when we like it." These immortal words of Knute Rockne were never more applicable than the afternoon the Northwestern Wildcats stopped the Irish for one period and completely dominated them for the second.

Rock talked quietly and confidently to them at half time. He told them they were having an off day, that some element of class was lacking, and that they should work more as a

team than individuals. They did just as he suggested and came up with the football rarity—a perfect play.

Five minutes into the fourth quarter, Marchy Schwartz broke off his right-tackle spot on a delayed half-spinner, floated through a wide hole and behind sweeping interference, tiptoed 18 yards along the side lines. Only captain Hank Bruder, the Wildcat safety, was in his path.

From his left-end position, Johnny O'Brien came rolling to bowl over Bruder with a paralyzing block and Schwartz dove over the goal with the tie-breaking score.

They lauded Schwartz and O'Brien—few spoke of the perfect blocking of Conley, Metzger, Kurth, and Carideo that brought Marchy through the line.

Chicago, Nov. 29—By the margin of a single point, Notre Dame turned back the threat of Army today and headed for the Pacific Coast and Southern California still undefeated.

A crowd of 100,000 sat in a cold pouring rain at Soldiers Field and watched as Army, fighting with its back to the wall for nearly the entire game, stood off the relentless, persistent attack of Notre Dame until the contest had just a bit more than five minutes to go. In those last five minutes the crowd saw a scoreless tie become a 7 to 6 victory for Notre Dame.

For one play, Marchmont Schwartz, Notre Dame's left halfback, found the stage completely arranged for him and he ran 54 yards to a touchdown over turf that was as slippery as an ice rink. Then Carideo place-kicked a perfect goal and Notre Dame had the seven points it was going to need.

Soon after the next kickoff, Fields sent a fine punt to Notre Dame's 19-yard line and then Dick King, Carlmark's substitute left end smashed through to block Carideo's punt and followed the bobbing ball on over the goal line to fall on it for a touchdown.

With the crowd pouring down on the field and standing

> along the sidelines, Army's drop-kicker, Broshus, ran onto the field and peeled off his sweater to wipe off the ball. Then he took his place and the pass came from centre, but Notre Dame used the same weapon that had served the Army. A cloud of blue-shirted players came through and smothered the kick and Army was beaten.... [By Robert F. Kelley, *New York Times.*]

Rockne never used the same approach twice in a dressing room "fight talk" to inspire his teams. He would analyze the situation beforehand. The temperament of the members of his respective units was given major consideration. Some players were moved by the blood and thunder type of speech; others were reached by a few words of encouragement; and still others by just plain silence. His strategy was seldom duplicated. Before that Army game, Rock reverted to a tall tale that, though spurious, was effective.

The undefeated Irish were tasting victory a bit prematurely in their dressing room as the clock on the wall crawled toward the 2:30 mark. Unlike the usual tension of previous games, there was an air of cockiness about them that disturbed Rock as he entered. He frowned when he saw the spirited joshing and banter. He decided to nip trouble in the bud. The players were talking so loudly that they were not aware of his entrance until he called for silence. His command was like a thrown switch, shutting off all sound. They turned toward their coach. He stood quietly watching them. His face was drawn and tears were filling his eyes. Something was wrong.

Rock slowly removed a sheet of yellow paper from his pocket and held it unfolded, its corners bent from much handling.

"Boys," he said, "I just received a wire telling me that my son Jackie has pneumonia and may not live. He's dying in a hospital, but his only thoughts are for you. More than anything in the world. He asks that you beat Army. He—" and here Rock's voice faltered—"he's praying for you." Rock lowered his head and turned away.

Stunned, the boys sat soberly for a moment. Gone was the cockiness, the overconfidence. They crashed back to earth from the clouds and charged grimly out to beat Army.

If I had looked closely during his talk, I would have noticed the protuberance of Rock's cheek where his tongue was lodged. I was the only one present who knew at the time that young Jackie was quite healthfully attending a birthday party in his own home. I often wondered about the real contents of Rock's telegram.

Larry "Moon" Mullins came into his own against the Cadets. Despite the half-frozen slime that was the field, he proved himself the best mudder on the team. His pounding, short side smashes gained yards all afternoon. A threatened snowstorm did not materialize, but in its stead was a fine drizzle that froze as it fell. It kept the crowd down to slightly better than one hundred thousand from the record-breaking size of one hundred and ten thousand that had been predicted.

Not since the first meeting of the two teams, when Charles "Gus" Dorais, quarterback, threw passes to Knute Rockne, and, on the Army Plains in 1913, surprised the Cadets with a 35 to 13 victory, did Army and Notre Dame fight so thrilling a battle. The Irish stamped an indelible mark as one of the great teams of modern years. Army was almost

awe-inspiring in its stubborn, fighting courage. Another chapter had been added to the vivid history of a great rivalry. The stage was set for the "game of the year"—Notre Dame versus Southern California.

10.

GENIUS AND RAW COURAGE

A BATTERED and travel-weary gang of Notre Dame football players detrained at Tucson, Arizona, on Thursday afternoon, December 4, 1930. The blazing Western sun beat down with relentless intensity on a railroad station that fairly bulged with press and radio people from the four corners of the U.S.A., particularly the environs of Los Angeles city.

"We're in bad shape," Rock told the gathered reporters. His mouth drooped almost to the level of the station platform, as the master strategist began laying the groundwork for attaining his favorite roll, that of the underdog.

"Both Mullins and Savoldi are out, definitely out," he went on. "This means we're without a fullback for the game. Southern California, they tell me, has the greatest scoring machine in the history of the school."

I could just about see the tears of sympathy beginning to form in the eyes of his listeners. As far as the Trojans were concerned, it was true that in piling up terrific scores against traditional rivals, they had gained a reputation as a juggernaut in all phases of power football. Proud Californians knew that the Ramblers boasted three one-point victories over

their men of Troy. This out of the previous four games played. Nevertheless, you can't make a Southern Californian admit defeat on a one-point basis.

Filled to its capacity, the University of Arizona stadium was the scene of the first Notre Dame workout later that afternoon. It was truly a stinker. The backfield seemed big and slow, much bigger than anyone had ever remembered it. On the other hand, the line was smaller than it had seemed to scouts who had witnessed previous Irish games that season. Everything went wrong. Blocking was sloppy, almost nonexistent. Backs shifted and maneuvered like waltzing elephants. Fumbles came galore. On the whole, it was a sorry sight to behold.

When Los Angeles sports writers dashed off their stories for the Friday editions, they wondered openly at the caliber of football played east of the Rockies. Notre Dame would have trouble with a good junior-college team, they wrote. Confidently, they picked the Trojans to win by six touchdowns. One or two mentioned 48 to 0 as a conservative estimate.

To a man, they fell for a baited Rockne hook. Quite ingeniously, I thought, he had arranged a little show for their benefit. Jerseys and positions were interchanged so that the backfield consisted of four linemen wearing numbers identifying them as members of the regular starting quartet. By the same token, ends played as guards, tackles as ends, and so on. They were like fish out of water in their unfamiliar positions, and as such they played. The scrum was ignominious for the moment, but effective in the end.

Following the public showing of his Irish, Rock called a secret practice and barred the gate. He sat about with great

speed to patch the breach in his backfield. A second string right halfback named Paul O'Connor was his choice to replace the injured Mullins and the departed Savoldi. Jumpin' Joe had found it necessary to withdraw from the squad in midseason for domestic reasons.

We were all impressed with the work of O'Connor. He made himself forget all that he had learned in three years of play at right half. The kid looked good, almost at home, running from his new spot.

That night, Rock had one of the severest of his many phlebitis attacks. He nearly collapsed. The inflammation of his leg veins had been a main source of worry to all his friends since its first appearance in 1929. He called his boys together for a private meeting in the ballroom of Tucson's Pioneer Hotel.

It was a grimly serious group that filed into the room. Word of Rock's attack spread quickly. They were each aware of the danger surrounding his illness. As far back as the Carnegie Tech game in 1929, the story had been told of how Rock was warned by his doctor against subjecting himself to excitement of any kind. "Intense excitement," the doctor had said, "may break that clot in your leg from its moorings. If it should go to your head or your heart, it will kill you." Subsequent treatment had improved the condition, but it was far from corrected.

Rock sat in a large chair, quietly waiting until all had assembled. Sudden twinges of pain distorted his face with suffering. The players lowered their heads and bit their lips nervously.

"Scrapiron," Rock was addressing me, "come here and change the bandages on my legs."

With feet seemingly weighted by leaden blocks, I advanced to the chair. My fingers trembled as I knelt to unwrap the old bandages. When I saw those legs, I nearly cried. The sight caused even the sturdy athletes to flinch and fight to keep from averting their eyes. Heavy silence fell over the room while I applied the fresh bandages that Rock handed me. Tiny beads of perspiration stood out on Rock's forehead. He spoke not a word, however, until I had completed the ordeal.

"Scrap," he said softly, "you know what this game means to me. They told me not to come West, but I couldn't bear to leave the boys at this most crucial time. Now, I'm asking your opinion. Do you think I should continue on?"

Before I could reply, a resounding chorus in back of me shook the hall to the chandeliers, as the kids shouted, "Rock, you can't leave us now."

The response was so spontaneous and thrilling that Rock was misty-eyed when he stood on those swollen legs and smiled his famous smile. Like sunshine after a rain, the Rockne smile erased all lines of pain from the kindly face. He raised his hands to quiet the cheering youngsters.

"Boys," he said, "that was all the answer I needed. Only God Himself could keep me from being with you on Saturday. Already, I feel many times better than when I first came here. You have done more for me than all the doctors in the world stacked end on end." He was a revitalized Rockne as he spoke of his plans and hopes for the game, outlining his strategy. He concluded by predicting a sure-fire win over the Trojans.

Turning, he walked unaided across the room and disappeared through the door, while a thoroughly aroused gang

of kids cheered. I thought to myself, "You poor, unsuspecting, overconfident Trojans, Heaven help you."

Ninety thousand spectators sat in the Los Angeles Coliseum. They had come to watch the lambs led to slaughter "Who's this guy O'Connor?" they asked as they thumbed through beautiful, multipaged programs. A glance over their shoulders would have revealed the following starting line-ups:

NOTRE DAME		SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
O'Brien	L.E.	Joslyn
Culver	L.T.	Hall
Kassis	L.G.	Baker
Yarr	C.	Williamson
Metzger	R.G.	Shaw
Kurth	R.T.	Smith
Conley	R.E.	Arbelbide
Carideo	Q.B.	Duffield
Schwartz	L.H.	Apsit
Brill	R.H.	Pinckert
O'Connor	F.B.	Musick

The Fighting Irish stormed out of the tunnel and onto the Coliseum turf. They lined up for the kickoff, full of fire and dash. Californians marveled at their display of foolhardy courage. At least they didn't seem frightened. In the first five minutes, it looked as though they might even make a game of it. The Trojans were having trouble getting started. Eleven minutes passed and the Irish goal line was still untouched by California cleats. Then, of all things, Musick fumbled and the Irish recovered deep in Southern Cali-

fornia territory. A quick pass from Schwartz to Carideo and Notre Dame had scored a touchdown. Carideo added the extra point with a place kick.

Three minutes later, the fans learned the answer to their question as to the identity of Bucky O'Connor. Troy quarterback Marshall Duffield scooped a bad pass from center on his own 33-yard line, took a look at the end and halfback bearing down on him and quickly punted over the goal. The Trojan howl of glee at this quick-witted action had not died down when Notre Dame, lining up, shot Schwartz, Brill, and Carideo over the Trojan left tackle, and O'Connor, the dark-horse fullback, rode through the opening on an 80-yard touchdown dash. U.S.C. was through, finished.

Notre Dame rolled up 433 yards to the Trojan's 140. Bucky O'Connor gained but a few yards less than the entire Trojan team. He averaged 10.9 yards per down, and he carried the ball ten times without a failure. He was a squirming, plunging, swivel-hipped demon, an inspired athlete every moment of the time he was engaged in playing his last collegiate game.

With the final score reading 27 to 0 on the big Coliseum board, the Notre Dame boys left the field with plaudits of Los Angeles fans, always noted for their fine sportsmanship, ringing in their ears. Typical examples of the sporting quality of Southern Californians were the statements of two men ranked high in the esteem of Notre Dame.

Howard Jones, a great coach, himself, said, "Coach Rockne presented the best Notre Dame team I have ever seen against us. The superiority of Coach Rockne's line was the biggest factor in our defeat. We congratulate Notre Dame for playing football that was practically perfect."

Said Marshall Duffield, captain and heads-up quarterback of the Trojans: "Notre Dame had the best football team I have ever played against. The blocking of every man was superb. All of Southern California gives Notre Dame full credit for its great victory also."

Homeward bound, the boys were cheered at every railroad station and whistle stop. Scheduled ten-minute stops were delayed by as much as an hour in some instances where enthusiastic fans would not be denied their tribute to the players whose exploits had tickled their fancy.

About 3 o'clock in the morning after the first day out of Los Angeles, I was awakened by the strangest of sounds. I cocked an ear to listen. It sounded like music. But what kind of music? I climbed out of my warm berth and made my way to the rear of the car, bumping into several figures as curious as myself. Reaching the platform, I found most of the players gathered there. Instead of being cheered and applauded, they were doing the cheering. The sight that confronted me caused me to blink and rub my eyes. On the little Arizona station platform stood a group of Navajo Indians beating drums and blowing native horns furiously. I caught myself humming the tune—"Cheer, cheer for old Notre Dame . . . " S'help me, it was the Victory March.

Shortly before noon on the same day, one of our boys buttonholed me as I was walking through a car. "Scrap," he said, "c'mere a minute, will you?"

He led me to a nearby seat. I sensed by the furtiveness of his manner that there was something in the wind.

"There's a stowaway aboard," he said abruptly.

"A stowaway!" I echoed.

"Yes, Scrap," he said. "Here's the story."

With my eyes bulging out more at each word, I listened as he described a tale of conspiracy among the Notre Dame players. It seems that they had met a young boy in the Los Angeles station, just before train time. He had been sobbing bitterly. When questioned as to the reason for his tears, the youngster told a story that tugged at the heart of every member of the squad that heard it. He was alone in Los Angeles without relatives or friends. He had just received word that his mother was dying in a Minneapolis hospital. All his efforts to find transportation or money for transportation had ended in failure. He was broke and he was stranded.

The train whistle had sounded as he ended his story. Without further ado, the players bundled the youth onto the train with them. In that instant they had vowed he would reach Minneapolis, if they had to carry him there pickaback.

All went well until early that morning. He was discovered. The train officials planned to put him off at the next regular stop. The Notre Dame boys had another idea.

I went back to the car in which the youngster had spent the night. One glance at the cordon of husky athletes surrounding his chair, and I felt quite certain that he would never leave the train until they did. I was right. Within the hour we stopped and two members of the train crew appeared in the doorway. They made a motion as if to enter, saw the bodyguard, and thought better of the move. They retreated quickly, and a few minutes later the train was on its way.

I stood beside the boy as we pulled into the station at Chicago. It seemed as though the city's entire population had

turned out to greet us. Everywhere, there were smiling faces, young and old, singing and calling their welcome. The noise and band music was deafening. The look of wonderment that overspread the youngster's features suddenly deepened as an envelope was thrust into his hand. His fingers trembled as he opened it; then, his eyes filled with tears. Inside, there were a number of dollar bills, more than enough to buy his railroad ticket to Minneapolis, and mute evidence of the generous heart of his burly benefactors.

Several weeks after the monster reception, a letter arrived at the Notre Dame athletic office. It was addressed to the team, and contained the heartfelt thanks of the boy's mother. She had recovered from her illness almost miraculously. Her condition had taken a turn for the better upon the arrival of her son. A Minneapolis physician added a note of confirmation.

The close of the 1930 football season found Notre Dame at the top of the collegiate ladder. Immediately after the final game with Southern California, Notre Dame was proclaimed the national champion and the John W. Heisman trophy became a permanent possession of the Irish. The trophy was given annually to the team that, according to the Dr. Frank G. Dickenson system of rating, was the outstanding in the country. To win the award permanently it was necessary for a team to be adjudged the best in the land three times within a decade.

The undefeated Four Horsemen of 1924 gave Notre Dame its first leg on the plaque, and the 1929 eleven brought a further claim. The team of 1930 brought it to its final resting place.

Dr. Dickenson's system gave so many points for each victory over a major opponent, fewer points for a victory over a lesser foe, and so forth. Alabama took over the 1930 runner-up spot from Washington State by its 24 to 0 win over the latter in the Rose Bowl.

In winning two national championships in consecutive seasons, Rock repeated his feat of a decade previous when his 1919 and 1920 teams went undefeated and won Western titles.

In postseason 1930, Rock was asked to coach a group of Notre Dame grads and seniors in a series of three exhibition games for charity. The sites selected for the exhibitions were in Chicago, New York, and Los Angeles. He called the players together and arranged a guarantee for each. They went to work polishing plays and unlimbering creaky muscles. Some, a trifle older than their undergraduate playmates, found the game more strenuous than they had previously known it.

The Four Horsemen came back to play for Rock. Six years had made very little change in them, particularly Crowley. He was still the easy-going "Sleepy Jim." About three days after practice started, they began to scrimmage. Stuhldreher, Miller, Layden, and Crowley were running from their usual positions. At least Crowley was running, running more than he thought necessary.

Stuhldreher kept giving the ball to Jim, play after play. Finally, Crowley, blowing like a steam engine, yelled for mercy.

"Say, Rock," he called, "are these new plays you've put in since we left school?"

"No, Jim," came the reply, "they're the same plays that you fellows used."

"But," said puffing Jim, "what happened to all those where I *fake* running with the ball? As I recall it, I never carried in those days."

"Why, James," Rock sounded hurt, "you were one of the best ball carriers I ever had."

Crowley shook his head, dubiously. Rock suppressed a grin when Jim turned his back to resume scrimmaging.

Again Stuhldreher ran Crowley on a wide end sweep. He returned, mumbling to himself. Rock said, "Jim, why do you get so tired when the other backs are scarcely breathing hard? They're all married and have kids."

After one more play, Jim called, "I'm married, too."

Another play, another Crowley run, and again Jim asked hopefully, "Did you know I was married, Rock?"

"Have any children?" this from Rock.

Crowley grinned between huffs. "None to speak of," he quipped.

The spirit of levity was dampened somewhat, after the Chicago game, when the promoters backed out of their agreement and refused to pay the players their guaranteed stipend. Rock, mindful of his promise to the boys, made up the deficit from his own pocket.

"Once burned, twice cautious," Rock insisted on advance payment for his players in the remaining two games of the exhibition series.

Meanwhile, what had become of Jumpin' Joe Savoldi? Joe played a stint with the Chicago Bears of the National Football League, then he turned to professional wrestling.

Some time after Joe had established himself in the wrestling game, I visited him at Traplon's gymnasium in Chicago, where he was preparing for a title match with Jim Londos.

Joe was mixing with a training partner in the main ring when I arrived. Something about the performance failed to make sense. The training partner was giving Savoldi a fearful pounding on the mat. He would grasp Joe by the ankles, whirl him around, and deposit him on top of his head in a corner. This went on for about ten minutes while I shuddered at each succeeding blow. I never saw a man absorb such a beating and still remain conscious.

Finally, Joe caught sight of me and called time. He walked over, and nearly shook my arm out of joint while pounding me with his free hand until my back felt like hamburger. Joe was the enthusiastic type.

"Say," I said, "things must have changed since I was a kid. When I was a sparring mate for fighters, I had to pull my punches. This guy is knocking the tar out of you."

Joe laughed uproariously, but I failed to see the humor of my words. He beckoned to his partner. The big fellow ambled over, and also extended a hand that I carefully avoided.

"Scrap," said Joe, "meet the champ—Jim Londos."

I was speechless for a moment. When I had gathered my wits, I volunteered, "The guy you're wrestling tomorrow night?"

"The very same," Savoldi replied, "we're just warming up."

"If he does that to you in the match, you'll take a hellofa trouncing," I said, not realizing until later how naïve I must have sounded.

Londos grinned. "For the first thirty-five minutes I knock

his head, for the next twenty-five minutes he knocks my head."

"And the better man wins?" I asked.

"Tomorrow night, I'm the better man," replied Joe Savoldi, and returned to his grunting and groaning.

11.

TRAGEDY

MARCH 31, 1931—a black letter day in Notre Dame history, a day of shock and mourning. As the first rays of the sun appeared in the eastern sky, bathing the slumbering campus in light reflected from the Golden Dome, a burning airplane fell from out the western sky, many miles away.

Slowly Notre Dame awoke that fateful morning. Students moved on their way to class. The shops and business houses of South Bend began filling with people going about their normal pursuits. Smiles on happy faces showed no indication of foreboding or the horror that was to replace them, come nightfall.

About 1 o'clock, I left my home and strolled along Eddy Street Road in the direction of the campus. It was a sultry day for March, so I removed my jacket and walked a bit slower than usual. I had gone only two blocks when I heard footsteps hurrying toward me. I turned to see who might be attempting to catch up. It was John McManmon. He was coming at a fast rate for a big man. I motioned for him to slow down, but he paid me no heed. Instead, he ran faster.

His usually good-natured Irish face looked surprisingly haggard and gray when he stopped beside me.

"Have you heard, Scrap?" he panted, striving to catch his breath between words. His voice sounded as though it were coming from a tomb.

"Have I heard what?" I asked, suspiciously thinking that he was building up to one of his practical jokes.

"Oh, dear God," he said, his voice ringing with anguish. "I hope it isn't true. They say Rock is dead."

My heart stopped beating. My legs sagged. A cold chill started in my toes and pierced my brain.

"Dead!" I gasped. Somehow, I knew it was true. This was no practical joke. There was genuine horror etched in the face of John McManmon.

He filled me in on the brief story as he had just heard it, while we hastened to the school. There was nothing confirmed yet, but an air liner reportedly bearing Rock toward Los Angeles had crashed in flames at an isolated village named Bazaar in the Flint hills cattle country of southeastern Kansas.

Mounting the steps to the Administration Building two at a time, we passed along the corridor and stopped before the door to the athletic office. We froze right there. The same thought came to both of us. What if the story was true? Just thinking about it caused my stomach to contract into a fistlike knot. I felt myself trembling. Bracing ourselves as best we could, we entered the office.

Inside, we found Rock's assistants already gathered. Hunk Anderson, Jack Chevigny, Ike Voedisch, and Tim Moynihan were talking quietly. Ruth Faulkner was weeping. Yes, the story of the crash was true. No, Rock's death had not been

confirmed. There was a good chance that he was not on the plane at all. Even if he was, he could have survived.

For a few minutes, I took hope that the nightmare was simply a scare caused by some small-town telegraph operator. Rock was probably reclining comfortably in the lounge car of a train speeding across the plains of Kansas or New Mexico. Had he not started West on a train? As soon as he heard the report, he would wire us, and we would all have a laugh over the whole thing. It just had to be that way.

As the news spread, the office became crowded with people. The football team was there. Its members stood about, assuming various positions, displaying different reactions. Some talked excitedly, trying to hold their voices down. Others clenched fists and alternated pacing the limited floor space with pounding the fists into their hands or against the wall. Still others just stood and prayed.

At first the phones rang occasionally. Everyone jumped each time they did so. Then, they began an incessant clamor. Mostly, the calls were from inquiring newspapermen or radio stations. There was still no word from the West.

After what seemed an eternity of waiting, a door opened and the secretary to Notre Dame President, Father Charles L. O'Donnell, entered the room. The murmur of voices ceased.

"Will you all please follow me?" she asked. Turning, she led us down the corridor and into the president's office.

Father O'Donnell was awaiting us there. His face was pale but he betrayed no emotion, no sign of what he might be about to say. He waited until the last team member had arrived and the door closed. Then, he removed his glasses. His eyes were red rimmed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we have lost the best friend that a man could ever have." His voice broke on the last word. He could go no further. The stunned silence that greeted the announcement was broken only by the sound of an occasional sob as men wept.

The bottom had dropped out of the world, leaving only a vast emptiness in my heart. I stumbled blindly out of Father O'Donnell's office and wandered aimlessly about the campus. I saw Rock's smiling face at every turn—in the training room, at his desk, on the gymnasium court, Cartier Field, the new stadium. I must have floundered around for hours because, when I finally arrived home, it was already dark. My eyes ached from crying.

I was in no mood to speak to anyone, so I noted with unexplainable resentment that there were people in the living room. This was not so unusual because my house was a meeting place for the students. That night, however, I wanted no part of sociability. As it turned out, my guests were in much the same frame of mind. Marchy Schwartz, Marty Brill, Al Culver, and Tom Conley sat glumly wrapped in their own sad thoughts.

The story of Rock's death had one grimly ironic twist. He was on his way to Los Angeles to participate in the opening of a chain of sporting goods stores on the West Coast. He had taken a train to Kansas City, Missouri. There was a stopover and a delay, so Rock had gone to the airport in hopes of obtaining faster passage. At first, he was told there was no space available on the next westbound plane. As he turned away from the passenger agent's window, an elderly

man recognized him, and observing the urgency of his manner, offered Rock his own place on the plane. Rock thanked the gentleman, accepted the tickets, and boarded that doomed machine of the sky.

A bell tolled its mournful tidings to the countryside and to the world as they bore Knute Rockne in solemn cortege from his home on East Wayne Street, South Bend, to Sacred Heart Church on the Notre Dame campus. For two miles, the entire length of the route, a solid body of humanity lined the streets and byways. They knelt or stood with heads bowed, shoulders convulsed with unrepressed emotion.

As the procession neared the church, the inconsolable sobs of little children, frightened beyond understanding by the awful sorrowing of their parents, echoed sharply through the trees and buildings of the campus. They drowned out the muffled weeping of men and women.

Flanked by eleven boys, members of the 1930 football team, his last, Rock rested before the altar as Father Charles O'Donnell offered Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul. Only seven hundred people, nearest and dearest to him in life, were able to kneel within the church. Outside, loud-speakers brought the ceremony to thousands who crammed their way into every nook and corner of the Notre Dame grounds.

I sat with sports writer Warren Brown and Judge Joseph Scott. We were among the honorary pallbearers. Several pews in front of us, knelt Mrs. Bonnie Rockne and her children, Billy, Jackie, Jean, and Knute, Jr., his mother, and his sisters. With difficulty, they tried to preserve the outward signs of self-control, but without much success. The tears

would come and there was nothing they could do about them, any more than could the men and women of high and low estate gathered around them.

Father O'Donnell mounted the pulpit to deliver his sermon. He stood for a time without uttering a word. Then, he opened his mouth to speak. Instead of words from his lips, tears gushed from his eyes and cascaded down over his cheeks completely unchecked. He cried and those who heard, cried with him, noisily, unashamedly. Several minutes passed before Father O'Donnell was able to deliver his eulogy, a eulogy which shall be remembered as one of the most powerfully moving pieces of our time. I have excerpted the following passages:

> .... In this holy week of Christ's passion and death, there has occurred a tragic event which accounts for our presence here today. Knute Rockne is dead. And who was he? Ask the President of the United States, who dispatched a personal message of tribute to his memory and comfort to his bereaved family. Ask the King of Norway, who sends a special delegation as his personal representatives to his solemn service. Ask the several State legislatures now sitting, that passed resolutions of sympathy and condolence. Ask the university senates, the civic bodies and societies without number; ask the Bishops, the clergy, the religious orders, that have sent assurances of sympathy and prayers; ask the thousands of newspapermen, whose labor of love in his memory has stirred a reading public of 125,000,000 Americans; ask men and women from every walk of life; ask the children, the boys of America, ask any and all of these, who was this man whose death has struck the nation with dismay, and everywhere bowed heads in grief.
>
> Was he perhaps a martyr who died for some great cause, a patriot who laid down his life for his country, a statesman, a

soldier, an admiral of the fleet, some heaven-born artist, an inventor, a captain of industry or finance? No, he was Knute Rockne, Director of Athletics and Football Coach of Notre Dame. He was a man of the people, a husband and father, a citizen of South Bend, Indiana. Yet, had he been any one of these personages that have been mentioned, the tributes of admiration and affection which he has received could not be more universal or more sincere.

How is this fact to be accounted for? What was the secret of his irresistible appeal to all sorts and conditions of men? Who shall pluck out the heart of his mystery and lay bare the inner sources of the power he had? When we say simply, he was a great American, we shall go far towards satisfying many, for all of us recognize and love the attributes of the true American character. When we say that he was an inspirer of young men in the direction of high ideals that were conspicuously exemplified in his own life, we have covered much that unquestionably was true of him. When we link his name with this intrinsic chivalry and romance of a great college game, which he, perhaps, more than any other one man, made finer and cleaner in itself and larger in its popular appeal, here, too, we touch upon a vital point. But no one of those things, nor all of them together can quite sum up this man whose tragic death at the early age of forty-three has left the country aghast. Certainly, the circumstances of his death do not furnish the answer.

I do not know the answer, I would not dare the irreverence of guessing. But I find myself in this hour of piteous loss and pained bewilderment recalling the words of Christ: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart." This is the first and greatest commandment. And the second is like unto this. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." I think, supremely, he loved his neighbor, his fellow man with genuine deep love. In an age that has stamped itself as the era of the "go-getter"—a horrible word for a ruthless thing—he was a "go-giver"—a not much better word, but it means a divine

thing. He made use of all the proper machinery and the legitimate methods of modern activity to be essentially not modern at all, to be quite elementarily human and Christian, giving himself, spending himself like water, not for himself, but for others. And once again, in his case, most illustriously is verified the Christian paradox—he has cast away to keep, he has lost his life to find it. This is not death but immortality.

We who are here are but a handful of his friends, come to pay our last tribute of devotion to his mortal remains, to give some token of our affection that so be his dear ones, his loving wife and children, his venerable mother, and his sisters, may in their sorrow be a little comforted by our sympathy and the knowledge that we, too, loved him. Of necessity, we are few in number in this hallowed place, though thousands are without the doors. But we represent millions of men and women like ourselves who are here in spirit, in the very spirit of these solemn services, and listening all over America to these holy rites. . . .

When Mass and the accompanying services were concluded, the seven-ton bell in the tower of Sacred Heart Church renewed its tolling. As we moved from the church, my attention was attracted by a tall statue of Christ beneath which we passed. It seemed as though the widespread arms were welcoming Rock into his new home.

The funeral proceeded slowly along Portage Avenue, thence the old Chicago Road to Highland Cemetery. It was Rock's desire that he be buried there. Many times on the way from Chicago to South Bend, he had passed along that road. Seeing the cemetery, unusual in its complete absence of tombstones, only mounds being permitted, he had declared, "Someday, when I die, I hope to be buried right there in Highland Cemetery."

So it was. While the world, shocked and saddened by his passing, paid its last respects to this great American idol and ideal, he was laid to rest near the place of his finest achievements and love—Notre Dame. The burdens of life, which he bore so well and cheerfully, were lifted from his shoulders forever.

From near and far came coaches, players, fans, priests, ministers, rabbis, statesmen, politicians, teamsters, tycoons, bootleggers, cabbies, diplomats, representatives from every walk of life united in a mutual feeling of loss. They filed silently past the grave, hour after hour.

I returned to the cemetery at dusk in company with Father John Farley, C.S.C. There were still long queues of people awaiting their turn patiently. They came the next day and the next. Such a display of genuine affection for one man has seldom been duplicated.

Every year, on March 31, the Monogram Society of Notre Dame makes a pilgrimage to place a wreath on the little mound in Highland Cemetery. Unlike many great men of the past whose graves have become overrun with weeds and complete neglect, their deeds and selves forgotten, the memory of Rock grows stronger at Notre Dame with each succeeding year. He is a tradition, a symbol that will live and continue to grow strong as long as there is a Notre Dame.

Success was the byword of Rock's life. "Fight to win, boys. Fight to win, but make fair play an obsession," he told his teams. This was the principle from which he patterned his own life. He was a fiery, dynamic Norwegian immigrant who worked hard after high school to pay for his Notre Dame education . . . who showed the world the true value of the

forward pass in football when, in 1913, as captain and end for the Irish, he teamed with quarterback Gus Dorais as the first great passing combination . . . who was graduated *magna cum laude* in 1914, and then stayed on as a chemistry instructor, track coach, and assistant to football coach, Jesse Harper . . . and who became athletic director and head football coach in 1918, leading his teams to 105 victories, twelve defeats, and five ties, or an .898 winning average. He enjoyed five undefeated seasons, six with single losses, and two with more than one loss. Biggest single score for a Rockne team was a 77 to 0 clouting given Beloit in 1926. Worst defeat was a 27 to 0 loss to Army in 1925.

The world of football lost a wealth of knowledge and thrills with the passing of Rock. His fertile mind had really only begun to penetrate the field of gridiron research at the time. He was forever delving into new ideas, refinements, and improvements on the game as it was played in 1930.

If you talked football, and you generally did when Rock was present, you soon found yourself explaining your own theories with the help of his prodding questions. If you were sitting in your living room, perhaps on the sofa, at the start of a conversation, you would shortly be sprawled on the floor outlining your thoughts on the subject with pencil and paper, diagraming plays, situations, defenses. Rock would be the soul of interest and the most attentive of listeners, objecting, correcting, nodding agreement. Young and old, he considered all opinions because he felt that there were potentially great ideas in the conversation of even little children. I believe that any father of a modern-day twelve-year-old will concur in this, especially if the idea has to do with football.

I recall an evening when I delivered a batch of papers to Rock while he was having dinner at the home of a certain doctor. The lady of the house came up with the frank announcement that she had seen the previous Saturday's game that Notre Dame lost, and that she could have done a better job of coaching, herself.

Rock smiled quite benignly. "What would you have done if it was your team?" he asked in all seriousness.

The doctor's wife drew several diagrams on a napkin. "That's what I would have done," she declared, holding the plays for Rock's perusal.

He looked, listened, and agreed that the lady was absolutely right. Of course, he was being the gracious guest, but he later told me that the diagrams had some real merit.

Football, as we know it today, has become a razzle-dazzle, hell-for-leather type of game with all emphasis on the spectacular. The advent of the T-formation is responsible in great part for this style of crowd-pleasing sport. I know for a fact that Rock was experimenting with much the same thing, himself, in 1931.

One day in January of that year, he called me to the old gymnasium. I found, on my arrival, that five members of his 1930 team were present in their practice gear. They were center Tommy Yarr, and backs, Frank Carideo, Marty Brill, Marchy Schwartz, and Moon Mullins.

"I'm working on some new ideas," he told me. "I want you to stand out beyond Yarr when he centers the ball, just as though you were a defensive halfback. Tell me which back has the ball."

I could not understand why he should make such a

request. There was no trick to determining who received a pass from center. Well, maybe not, if it had been an ordinary snap.

The pass that I expected never materialized. I saw Yarr move his arms backward. Then, the ball disappeared into thin air as four backs became four whirling dervishes. Next thing I knew, they were going by me like four streaks of lightning. Carideo nudged me playfully with his shoulder as he passed, and I promptly sat down hard on the ground.

"Well," called Rock, when the dust cleared and I regained my feet, "who had the ball?"

I was disarranged, disconcerted, distraught, distracted, distressed, and practically speechless. I raised my hands and shrugged my shoulders in a gesture of resignation. "Damned if I know," I replied.

Nearly an hour, and many repeat performances of the same little drama, later, I gave up in disgust. I had tried to follow the ball very carefully at first, had finally resorted to wildly guessing which back had it in his possession, all to no avail. At last, Rock called me in close and laughingly explained what was happening. It seems that he had started the backs walking through the routine several days previous. They had gradually picked up the required speed to make it work by the time I was called in on the experiment. Once again, they walked through the play for my benefit.

It went something like this: The backs lined up in a diamond behind Yarr. Quarterback Carideo was a step back, Schwartz two or three steps left and to the rear, Brill opposite Schwartz on the right, Mullins a few steps behind them in line with Yarr and Carideo.

Instead of the Notre Dame shift, the backs remained in their respective positions until Yarr handed the ball to Carideo, who received as would a T-formation quarterback. As the ball was snapped, all four backs started spinning in opposite directions. Carideo then handed off to either Schwartz or Brill. They, in turn, could hand it to each other or to Mullins, or even back to Carideo as they completed their spin. Several times, Carideo simply held the ball on his hip and sneaked away as the others spun. It was the most baffling display of football sleight of hand that I ever saw.

I witnessed many other startling innovations as worked by those five in the few days they were together. Half-spinners, double-spinners, single and double reverses—a whole new system of football as designed and streamlined by Rock.

"Why, if they were so good, didn't anybody use the plays in subsequent years?" This question I have been asked on numerous occasions.

First of all, they were too intricate and too exacting for an ordinary backfield, working for a single season. The perfect timing required an outstanding set of backs, practicing at least two years together. This is not just my own opinion. It was the opinion of Rock at the time, and later of Carideo, Schwartz, Brill, and Mullins. These four declared that they were pretty ragged, even though they fooled me. Many times in the rehearsal, they would spin too close to each other and bump heads, landing in a heap. Besides good backs, the system required a super line to hold off a charging foe long enough to start the spinning plays.

Secondly, and most important, those plays were never put down on paper. There were no diagrams, no descriptions, no

records for posterity. All the information was in Rock's amazing brain. Even the boys who ran the plays could never recall how they functioned. Everything was lost in the flaming crash of an airplane. Everything, that is, but the spirit of Knute Rockne. That, thank God, will live forever.

12.

HARPER AND THE HUNKER

GLOOM, deep and depressing, hung like a cloud over the Notre Dame campus as the days went by. We, who were close to him, did little but mourn the loss of our beloved Rock. Finally, the task of choosing his successor was begun.

One morning in May, 1931, I was summoned to meet the new director of athletics, Jesse C. Harper. It was the first I knew of his appointment to the position, and my first meeting with the man whose rather stern features had stared at me from various pictures in the Notre Dame athletic office, those many years. He resembled in appearance an old-fashioned, gay nineties saloonkeeper, but his gimlet eyes behind steel-rimmed glasses told a different story. Here was a very capable, highly intelligent individual. I liked what I saw. It seemed quite fitting and right that the man who had coached Rock, who had taught him the basic secrets of the profession, should come back to succeed him as athletic director.

Jesse Harper had been an outstanding athlete at the University of Chicago. He had come to Notre Dame in 1913. In the five-year span extending from 1913 to 1918, he was

athletic director, head football, basketball, and baseball coach. He was the man most responsible for laying the firm foundations on which the present-day Notre Dame athletic system was based.

Intersectional games were at that time almost unheard of in the Irish scheme of things. By a consistent policy of seeking the finest opposition in the country for his grid squads, the squat, square-jawed Kansan, built up a series of rivalries with schools far removed from South Bend—a series fostering some of the finest developments and by-products of intercollegiate football. Army, Yale, Princeton, Texas, and Rice were just a few of the powers that he brought to the Fighting Irish schedule.

As a coach, he had been just as successful. In football, he won thirty-three games, losing but five with one tie. His basketball teams, traveling south and east to play the best available, won fifty-seven while losing seventeen. His baseball squads accounted for sixty-eight victories against thirty-nine defeats.

Already, one half of the niche, the material vacancy at Notre Dame that gaped wide to the public eye, was suitably filled. It was the second half that loomed as such a challenge. To completely fill the coaching spot was impossible. Had there been a man able enough, Rockne would not have been his unsurpassable self.

There came the usual period of conjecture that precedes the selection of a college football coach. The press had its gala verbal festival, running the gamut of "name" possibilities. Pros and cons were hotly discussed in every football-speaking community of the land. After due consideration, the Notre Dame Board of Athletic Control arrived at a very

reasonable conclusion. Whereas no man could replace Rock, their logical choice to carry on Rock's work was his first lieutenant, line coach Heartly "Hunk" Anderson.

Few men were as well versed in the art of line play as was Hunk Anderson. His familiarity with the Rockne system had enabled him to develop a varsity line that compared favorably with any before or since. His shock-troop line always clicked soon enough to save the varsity many a lump or bruise. Hunk had played under Rockne in 1921, '22, and '23 and coached with him in 1925 and 1926. He went to St. Louis University in 1927, and served as head coach there for three years. In 1930, Hunk returned to the Notre Dame fold, once again as assistant to Rock.

For his own assistant, Hunk selected another Notre Dame great and aide to Rock, John Chevigny. "Chev" was one of the finest defensive halfbacks in Notre Dame history. An excellent scout and judge of football talent, he brought back on one occasion more plays of the opposition, so said Rock, than Notre Dame had itself. His keen mind and untiring energy tabbed him as one of the most promising of young coaches.

With word of Anderson's selection to the top spot in the Notre Dame coaching picture came speculation, rife and rampant, as to the ability of a green, untried hand to produce winning football teams against major competition, Saturday after Saturday. So he was a first-class line tutor! What could he show as a tactician, a leader and inspirer of youth?

Hunk's approach to the coaching business was possibly one of the most sound, if not the most scientific ever tried. He relied little on pep talks or emotional states. Rather, he

worked for a mechanical excellence of a high degree. I'm not inferring that he omitted keying his men for their games. Nothing could be further from the truth. His teams were moved by the force of fine mental poise.

Hunk was close to his squad. He never rode them, was sparing with blame, but unceasing in correction and instruction. The players had full faith in him despite his tender years. To a man, they were with him when some fans and alumni underrated his abilities. His record during the 1931, 1932 seasons was far above the state of just "successful" but considering the terrific burden he assumed, that record was phenomenal.

The 1931 team, first of the post-Rockne period, started things off with a smashing 25 to 0 win over Indiana. There was a mad scramble to get on board the Anderson band wagon.

Northwestern held the Irish to a 0-0 tie, or vice versa. Hmmmm!

Everything was rosy once more when Anderson's boys romped over Drake, Pitt, Carnegie Tech, Penn, and Navy. He was great, a hero.

Southern California came East. The Trojans were loaded, so said the press. Going into the fourth quarter, Notre Dame enjoyed a 14 to 0 lead, and by all rights and reason was a shoo-in winner. The Notre Dame chain of undefeated contests, which began on October 5, 1929, under Rockne, and had extended itself to twenty-six consecutive games without blemish, seemed certain to realize a twenty-seventh. Then the house fell in. Southern Cal turned on its vaunted power, and the men of Troy rolled over a tiring Irish squad. In the last six minutes, they scored twice. Their conversion attempt

after the second touchdown was blocked and Notre Dame was still on top, 14 to 13. If the lads from South Bend could hold out for 2 minutes, victory was theirs.

With just seconds remaining, the educated toe of one John Baker, a Trojan guard, split the uprights for a beautiful field goal, beautiful to California eyes, and the clock ran out with a 16 to 14 loss on the Notre Dame record, first in three years.

Still staggering from the blow leveled by U.S.C., the Irish tasted bitter defeat for a second time in as many weeks. Mighty Army ran them off their feet, scoring twice while fending off all Notre Dame thrusts with one hand. The final count was 12 to 0 and just about as it should have been, judging the relative performances of the teams. Even at that stage of his career, Hunk must have heard the far distant howl of the wolves.

Humorous situations were few and far between in that year following the death of Rock. The first of two that I recall, happened after the Pittsburgh game. Norman Greeney, an outstanding guard who had distinguished himself in his sophomore year by playing the entire Southern California game of 1930, was injured in the course of that 1931 game with Pitt. Norm was a rugged citizen with a sturdy, box-shaped physique. He was built like a wrestler, and as a rassler he was one of the best. His injury occurred toward the close of the game, and I rushed him to my "operating room." With the sound of the final gun, Hunk Anderson dashed to the side of the injured player. On the way, he met reserve center, Thomas "Kitty" Gorman, returning from the room to which he had carried his teammate.

"How's Greeney?" asked Anderson.

"Not so good, coach," replied Gorman. "He's gotten himself a terrific clout on the head."

"Oh," said Anderson, looked relieved, "then there's nothing to worry about. He'll be like new in a day or so. Just as long as it was his head."

Then, there is the story about the freshman team coach who, for the sake of his manly pride, will remain nameless. Nameless had been as brawny and tough as they come in his playing days. During one of the freshman workout periods, he became incensed at the sloppy way in which some of the yearlings were performing calisthenics. A particular exercise required that the boys dive on their stomachs from a standing position. The sloppy lads were breaking the falls with their hands.

"Look here, you guys," he said, halting the session, "I want you to watch closely while I show you how the belly-flop is done."

With that he took a deep breath and dove to the ground, arms outstretched. Phoof—he hit like a sack of cement. Shoosh—the air left his lungs, and he collapsed into a limp heap on the turf.

A manager was dispatched to bring me from the gym. When I arrived on the scene, the coach was still out. Applying artificial respiration, I revived him. Looking at the circle of grinning faces about him, the poor fellow turned a deep crimson.

"Scrap," he said, "help me to the dressing room."

As we walked toward the gym, he kept saying. "I'm ashamed. I'll never be able to face that gang again."

It was nearly a week before our hero mustered enough

courage to return to the field. That particular freshman team never did get the hang of "belly-flopping," somehow.

The spring of 1932 brought "unusual" weather, as Californians would say. On the day scheduled for the first football practice, a blizzard of major proportions had covered the grass of Cartier Field with a blanket of white. That first day passed—no contact practice—the second and third, again no actual practice. Hunk Anderson tore his hair.

Come what might, Anderson decided, the next day there would be practice, weatherman be-damned. Cartier was too badly snowed under, so, plows were put to work clearing the physical education field.

That following morning, Saturday, the equivalent of ten teams appeared, ready and willing. Dummy scrums had been held indoors at the gym during the first three days, therefore, a few plays were available to all. Hunk decreed that a regular, full-scale scrimmage be the order of that first day.

It was a bitterly cold morning with thermometers registering zero. Snow was piled high on both side lines, and a thin layer remained on the playing surface. As practice wore on, those who were unable to participate in the first drills stood around beating their arms on their jackets, and hopping first on one foot then the other in an effort to keep from freezing to death.

Finally, the last twenty-two men jogged into position. Creaking limbs responded to the snap of pigskin, and a subsequent rush of charging bodies. When the play was whistled to a stop, a huge tackle lay prone on the ground.

I tried to revive the kid. No luck. He failed to react to

every method of resuscitation that I knew. It was a baffling experience for me. The boy's heart was beating normally. His pulse was ok. Yet, he showed no sign of coming out of his deep slumber.

I called for three husky managers, and we hoisted him onto a stretcher. The guy was so big that four of us had all we could do to carry him the half mile or more to the gymnasium. When at last we stood before the door of my office, we were nearly exhausted from the effort. Our breath was almost gone. What little remained of it expended itself in great clouds of steam on the cold air.

Just after we set the stretcher down, and while I was groping for my office keys, the invalid came to life. He jumped to his feet.

"Thanks a lot, fellows," he said, cheerfully. "Thanks for the ride and for getting me out of the cold."

"Why, you big ape," I exploded. "You lazy, yellow dog, you damn near ruptured four men, you—of all the nerve!"

He listened calmly, as well as he could for he towered over me. Then, while I gasped for air and more suitable words, he handed me his helmet.

"Where," he asked, "do you go to hand in your uniform when you quit this blasted game?"

At this point of my life, I came into my own as a gridiron talent scout. Far be it from me to make even the slightest pretense of being an authority on football. But when a person finds himself watching a game on a sunny afternoon, and observes one player making all the tackles, blocking all the opponent's punts, you get the idea that the kid is a pretty fair prospect. Such a lad was John Joseph Robinson, Jr.

I had taken a brief respite from training-room cares. The warm sun and the soft grass were too inviting. An interhall football game was my excuse. I guess we all have our slothful moments.

Anyway, he amazed me, this center for Walsh Hall. Like a diamond in the rough, he stood head and shoulders over every man on the field. After the game, I hurried over to the boy, and we introduced ourselves.

"Why don't you go out for the varsity?" I asked, feeling like Rockne discovering Gipp.

"Oh, I'm not good enough," he replied in all sincerity.

With some coaxing, Robinson turned out for practice, and in the next two years became one of the better All-American centers of the time. He was unique in that he never received nor asked for scholarship assistance. Being from a wealthy family, he paid for his own board, room, and tuition. When a cyst developed in his eye, he insisted on having his own doctor perform the operation so that he would not burden the school with a bill. He played for the love of playing. To him, the fellows who were out for football were real men with whom he enjoyed associating.

Robinson had the privilege of the owner's paddock at the 1932 Kentucky Derby in Louisville. He took a few days off from school to enter his own horse in the racing classic. When one of the Robinson thoroughbreds had a foal, Jack named it Scrapiron, after me. As far as I can remember, the nag came home ahead of the field just once in its lifetime. This feat, or perhaps accident is a better word, was overshadowed by a record that the animal set for being left at the post more times than any horse in recent years. There were those among my humorous friends who suggested

saddling me and making the horse take over my duties. They claimed that the switch would be more satisfactory all around.

Jack Robinson spent his summers walking through Europe, absorbing culture from the study of people on another continent. I can safely say that he was not the ordinary type of All-American football player.

"Point-a-minute Notre Dame" was just one of the many titles lavished on the 1932 Irish after their first three games of that season. The three rugged trial horses of old, Haskell, Drake, and Carnegie Tech, were easily outpaced by the doughty Ramblers. A total of 177 Irish points against none attested to that fact. Could this be the greatest Notre Dame team of all? The press said "yes." What did Pittsburgh say?

There were sixty-five thousand rabid fans at Pittsburgh's mammoth Squirrel Hill Stadium on October 29. They had come to learn the answers. Dr. John Bain "Jock" Sutherland threw a team of unusual courage onto the stadium turf. For three quarters, they played defensive football that had been deemed impossible against the savage onslaught of Notre Dame. Three times, once in each quarter, the Panthers staggered back under an Irish drive. Each effort was greater than its predecessor. Each time, the great crowd hoped that from somewhere Pitt would summon enough strength to hold until the end. Again Notre Dame was stopped. Skladany and Dailey, the Panther ends, were smashing, drifting, wrecking the Green passing attack.

Deep in the fourth quarter, the impossible happened. Bob Hogan, a Pitt quarterback, snared an Irish pass on his own 27-yard line. The Panthers caught fire. Warren Heller and

Mike Sebastian, Pitt halfbacks, ripped and roared inside tackle on successive plays. Isadore Weinstock, a burly fullback, burst through center on a beautiful spinner to the Rambler 45-yard line. Then Sebastian sped far down the side lines, plucked a pass out of the clouds, and stepped into the end zone. Notre Dame was beaten in the upset of the year. A second Pitt touchdown, scored a few seconds later on an intercepted pass thrown from panic formation was an anticlimax. Final score—Pittsburgh 12, Notre Dame 0.

Oh, how the fur flew after that one. Hardly had the game ended, when Anderson was being charged with everything short of wife beating. He was too optimistic. He allowed the papers to print that "point-a-minute" stuff. He failed to inspire the men. The team did not have the Notre Dame spark, and so on and on. The hue and cry could be heard all over the countryside.

Alone in the crowd of pregame prophets, Hunk Anderson said, "It's a tough game, and will take all we have." But the world-at-large scoffed and believed the papers. The players believed the world-at-large when it assured them that they would win. In this manner, two attitudes were built: unconscious relaxation for Notre Dame and powerful inspiration for Pitt. To me, that can be the story of any game. Mental attitude is 70 per cent of football.

I was never prouder of Notre Dame than after that game. Hunk Anderson took his verbal beating with a grim smile, neither denying nor excusing. The boys, well, their reaction said just one thing. Only her record had gone down. Notre Dame still held her chin high. Her sons were still the Fighting Irish.

An amusing side light of the Pittsburgh game is tabbed in my memory under the heading of "Jim Harris' Dilemma." Big Jim was well on his way to becoming another Notre Dame All-American guard. He was rough, tough, clean-playing, and hard as nails. Yet, before many minutes of the game had gone by, he was a bleeding hulk. It seems that a certain Notre Dame guard of the previous year had made himself quite unpopular with the Pitt linemen in the 1931 game. They had vowed to square things with him that day. Apparently, they were not too certain of the identity of their man. Harris found himself mistaken for the lad on their "list." He was being worked over unmercifully.

At last, time was taken, and I ran out to the players. Harris staggered up to me. Evidently, he knew about the identity mix-up, and the reason for his being pulverized.

"Tell those guys who I am," he begged, "before they mangle me."

Before I could do anything for him, time was in, and I returned to the bench.

On the next rest period, the Pitt boys borrowed water from me. Harris came rushing over.

"Tell them, Scrap," he pleaded. "Tell them before you have to take me out in a box, or with a broom."

With that, I introduced Jim to the Pittsburgh lads. They apologized, and amicable relations were restored.

Four minutes after the opening kickoff in the Kansas game, following the Black Saturday at Pittsburgh, Notre Dame was again behind the eight ball. Ad Lindsey's Jay-hawkers had started with an aerial barrage that put them into a 6-point lead. Kansas had not been expected to put up too stubborn a fight, but there they were on top of the Irish

with the game only in its infancy. A hometown crowd at Lawrence, Kansas, loved it.

Stung into a cold fury, Anderson's boys retaliated. While the fans were still rejoicing, Nick Lukats, Notre Dame halfback, shouldered his way through the Jayhawker line and ran forty-five yards for a touchdown, which tied the score. A few minutes later, halfback Joe Sheeketski sprinted sixty yards for a second Notre Dame tally. In the third period, fullback George "Mink" Melinkovich broke loose for seventy yards and a third score. A fourth and final romp by halfback Mike Koken brought the total to Notre Dame 24, Kansas 6. The Irish were on the comeback trail, wobbly, but nevertheless on the trail.

This was the game in which my "protégé," Jack Robinson, appeared for the first time, and forthwith earned himself a first-team job as a result of his brilliant play. Not only did he cover the field on pass defense, coming from nowhere time after time to break up the fine Kansas passing game, but in the words of Anderson, "Jack made five out of six tackles all over the field in the last quarter."

Notre Dame steam-rollered the Northwestern Wildcats on the following Saturday. Off on the right foot when Mink Melinkovich took the opening kickoff ninety-eight yards for the longest run of the year, they were never headed. The margin of victory was 21-0. Jaskwich, Kosky, and Kurth were the shining lights. .

Navy was next. Joe Sheeketski went home to Cleveland in a cloud of glory with two touchdowns, the game's only scores, to his credit. Emmett Francis Murphy proved that there really was an Irishman at Notre Dame, with his superb

quarterbacking. And, Mrs. Devore's boy Hugh played his usually brilliant game at end. Erin Go-Bragh!

Anderson's men were rolling. Pittsburgh was a nightmare forgotten. Another loomed dead ahead on the road to recovery—powerful Army. A packed house of eighty thousand was at Yankee Stadium to witness the 1932 collision of these traditional foes. Betting men made the West Pointers a solid choice to smack down the Irishers for the second time in successive years. They lost their collective shirts.

Despite an epidemic of influenza that hit the Notre Dame squad in midweek, they never looked healthier than on that Saturday afternoon. Big-legged and barrel-chested, tricky and fast, they scattered the Cadets like bowling pins. They scored three strikes in four frames of reckless, man-killing football. Only a fighting Army defense led by captain Milton Summerfelt staved off two more scores, and two passes dropped in the end zone prevented a complete rout. The final score was 21 to 0. It could have been doubled.

Heroes of the day were tackle Ed Krause and end Hughie Devore. Krause was never out of a play. Devore fielded a 50-yard pass from fullback Steve Banas for a touchdown. This with a concrete glove because of a broken bone in his wrist.

Just when they had the world by the ears, Notre Dame flubbed their shot at the moon. Following the formula of the favorite, they bowed to an underdog Southern California, before one hundred and one thousand shirt-sleeved, sun-drenched fans at the Los Angeles Coliseum.

There was too much Homer Griffith and Cotton Warburton, too much Trojan line for the favored Ramblers. Coach Howard Jones had primed his men well for their nineteenth

consecutive victory. The Jones boys won the mythical national championship by a 13 to 0 count.

Facing the team of the year, captain Paul Host and Joe Kurth threw into the Irish defensive stand all the strength and skill that marked their play at end and tackle, respectively, for three seasons. They were instrumental in holding the famed U.S.C. running game to a scant hundred yards.

Following the game, Kurth, twice All-American, received the ultimate in the way of laurels when he was named captain of the official player's All-American team. Strangely enough, he received the deciding votes from Harry Newman and Ted Petosky of Michigan. Two thousand miles away on the Pacific Coast, he cast his secret vote for Harry Newman.

The 1932 Notre Dame roster read like a United Nations roll call. There were a total of twenty-five nationalities and combinations of nationalities represented. Besides thirty Irish boys, there were six German-Irish, one each of French-Irish, Italian-Irish, Welsh-Irish, Bohemian-Irish, Scotch-Irish, English-Irish, and Canadian-Irish. The others were German, Bohemian-German, Italian, English, Polish, Spanish, Slovak, Hungarian, Austrian, Portuguese, Jewish, Belgian, Bohemian, Lithuanian, Swiss, and Swedish.

Everything went wrong in 1933, the bleakest year in Notre Dame football history. A strong Kansas team set the tempo for the season by holding them to a 0-0 tie in the opener. Indiana provided the Irish with their first win, 12 to 2. Carnegie Tech repeated its upsets of 1926 and 1928 by whipping them 14 to 3. Pitt, Navy, and Purdue followed suit.

Notre Dame returned momentarily to her winning ways

by nudging Northwestern 7 to 0 before a World's Fair crowd at Evanston, Illinois, but settled back lethargically to lose number three in a row to Southern California, 19 to 0.

Not until the Army game did the Ramblers really begin to click as a unit for the first time that year. A bit too late they were, but not too late to nip the Cadets, 13 to 12.

Indeed, 1933 was a dark year for those of us who depended of the successful pursuit of athletics for a livelihood. With the country deep in the throes of depression, the average man thought more of such things as obtaining and maintaining jobs, the N.R.A., and bank holidays than football, baseball, or basketball. I do not mean to imply that he overlooked his favorite diversion entirely.

Sports have always rated a high place in the life of the modern American. A depression placed its limits on just how much time or money he could devote to them. It was curbed, but never eliminated altogether. Naturally, Mr. Average Fan wanted the best his money could buy. Whatever amount he allotted to football had to bring first-class entertainment. Such entertainment could come only from a winning team. If his favorite eleven did not provide a winner, then he looked elsewhere or simply remained at home beside his radio.

Agnes and I had a son, Russell, and so, with the added responsibilities of parenthood and an extra mouth, I found myself wondering, at times, if the life of a trainer was all that it had been built in my mind. There were incidents that occurred that I can look back on and laugh about, incidents that were anything but amusing at the time.

One of these had to do with my ancient and venerable jalopy, a Model-A Ford of early American design. Because I was always an "early bird" arriver at work, I had the

choicest of parking spots in the athletic department lot from which to select. Of course, I took the best and most sought after place in a corner that was shielded from the weather. You might scoff at the idea of preserving the paint on so decrepit a car as mine, but in 1933 a car had a much longer life expectancy than one of today. There was no telling when it could be replaced, and to keep it looking as nearly presentable as possible was important.

Apparently, athletic director Jesse Harper had his eyes on the same parking place. Every morning, he would appear in the office with a dark scowl clouding his face. "Who the hell parked that pile of junk in the lot?" he would mutter.

If any of my colleagues knew the identity of the culprit, they made no effort to expose me. The question went unanswered.

Notes appeared on the steering wheel, signed by Harper. The first was only mildly demanding:

WILL THE OWNER PLEASE PARK ELSEWHERE? THIS SPACE IS RESERVED.

I casually tore it into small pieces, and went about my business. The next was more insistent:

MOVE THIS CAR IMMEDIATELY.

Again the missive became tiny particles sailing on the Indiana breeze. As a final gesture, Harper resorted to threats:

IF THIS MUSEUM PIECE IS HERE TOMORROW, POLICE WILL BE CALLED.

Staunchly, I stood my ground, moved by a stubborn streak in my nature rather than common sense that told me that I was tampering with fire and my job. Sure enough, the next day, police were called. The "police" turned out to be my old friend, the campus watchman, Jim Ferragher. Following a

study of the threatened crime wave, he reported that he was at a complete loss as to the ownership of the junk pile, but a thorough investigation would be made. An arrest was promised within twenty-four hours, maybe.

Jesse Harper was no man to be trifled with. He took matters into his own hands and began a private inquiry. He summoned all possible suspects to a "grilling" in his office. When my turn came, he said, "Scrap, do you have any idea who the insufferable cur might be that is usurping the parking space next to the wall?" or words to that effect.

Before I could frame an answer, he went on at great length as to the ancestry of the person and the physical shortcomings of the car. When, at last, he ran out of wind and words, I cleared my throat.

"Mr. Harper," I said, sounding as reproachful as a man who has been greatly wronged, "that noble chariot that you have just now defamed happens to belong to me."

This reply was so carefully worded and dramatically timed that Jesse could do nothing but look amazed. Lest he recover from the blow, I drove home the *coup de grâce.*

"If you think, however, that I should drive a more up-to-date model, I suggest you give me a raise in pay."

Later, when he had simmered down a bit after hitting the ceiling, Harper apologized for his remarks about my car. We agreed to a compromise on the parking problem. He took the spot next to the wall, and I parked in the cow pasture.

Funny thing, though, I never got the raise.

13.

RETURN OF A HORSEMAN

KINDLY, scholarly, Father Charles O'Donnell lay in a bed at the old infirmary most of the year 1933. He was not a well man. For an active person who had in his youth resembled a human dynamo, this was a heavy cross that he bore with characteristic cheerfulness and faith. In a way it was good. It gave him time to write the beautiful poetry for which he has since become famous. Poetry that has brought a measure of sunshine into the otherwise drab and empty existence of many people.

As president of Notre Dame, he had been responsible for a great building program in the period beginning with 1928. During his six years (maximum term for a Notre Dame president) he spent $2,800,000 for additional residence halls, academic buildings, and the Stadium.

The singular honor of caring for Father O'Donnell was conferred on me. Sitting with him, helping him to bathe, massaging him to ease his pain, I learned to know the priest for the fine person he was. Many were the chats we had together. From these talks, I became familiar with the intricate

machinations connected with the selection of a college football coach.

Hunk Anderson accepted a lucrative position as executive of a Detroit steel firm plus a coaching job with the Chicago Bears. His leaving Notre Dame for the big city had thrown the coaching post wide open. To fill it properly entailed the finest screening of all possible candidates.

There is one advantage that Notre Dame enjoys over many of her contemporaries. She need not go far afield to select a coaching staff. Since Rockne, there has been a wealth of material right in the ranks of her alumni. Rock had trained his men to be students of the game—to think football. They in turn passed this philosophy down to their teams, and they to theirs.

Recommendations were sought from members of the alumni association for their personal choices of successor to Anderson. Even mine was asked. Jim Crowley was one of the foremost candidates. He had reached the pinnacle of the profession with Fordham. Gus Dorais, Rock's teammate, was an oft-mentioned name and Buck Shaw, another. There were many who thought that Harry Stuhldreher was the lad for the job. Longer and longer grew the list of Notre Dame men who were potential coaching timber. Today, that list would choke a horse.

Whoever the choice would be, Father O'Donnell and the Board of Athletic Control decided that he was to assume the post of athletic director as well as head football coach. The two jobs would be combined as they were in Rockne's time.

Elmer Layden got the call. The years were to prove him a wise selection. Layden, the Thin Man of the Four Horsemen, had done a tremendous job at Duquesne University in

Pittsburgh. He brought the Iron Dukes into big-time football despite much local opposition and pressure. His name had been mentioned among the first five of every person consulted.

Football was strictly a game with Layden. It was something to be enjoyed. Practice never became a thing of drudgery for his boys or himself. The gangling, 6′2″ coach was liked by all.

One afternoon in the spring of 1934, Layden was walking to practice with his newly acquired football team. They passed the old Brownson Hall baseball diamond on which the varsity baseball nine were going through their paces. Layden stopped and called his men into a huddle.

"Boys," he said, "what do you say to our challenging the baseballers to a match at their own game?"

The lads looked surprised.

"Or would you rather scrimmage?" he added, grinning slyly.

With a whoop, the gridders charged onto the diamond, and issued their challenge. It was accepted, and the game was on.

How many coaches would call off practice of an afternoon to allow their boys an hour or two of pleasure? I'll wager that you could count them on the fingers of one hand. This and similiar little surprises were mainly responsible for the amazingly high spirits of the players in their scrimmage periods.

Incidentally, the football team won that baseball game, and handily, too.

From a public relations standpoint, Layden was a great asset to Notre Dame. Tall, fair of complexion, a meticulous dresser, he made a fine appearance on the banquet circuit.

There were even occasions when he was accused of being a fashion plate.

Layden's debut as head man of the Irish got itself mussed up considerably when a surprising bunch of Texas Longhorns, led by their youthful coach, Jack Chevigny, bopped Notre Dame, 7 to 6, in the first game of 1934.

Chevigny was the same "Chev" who had starred for Rockne in 1926, '27, and '28. The win was particularly sweet to him because he had nurtured a grievance against certain Notre Dame authorities since 1932. He felt that he had received a "bum deal" in that year when he terminated a season's tenure as assistant coach of the Irish. Texas was still a satellite in the football firmament, and nothing like the power it is today. Chevigny primed his team and they fought heroically for him. They returned to Austin with a justly deserved triumph over Notre Dame. It was the first opening-day loss suffered by the Ramblers in forty-three long years of competition.

After so inauspicious a beginning, the Layden machine picked up a little momentum with wins over Purdue, Carnegie Tech, and Wisconsin. Pitt and Navy, however, were stumbling blocks, and the '34 season appeared on the verge of flopping when consecutive victories over Army and Southern California pulled it out of the doldrums. It turned into a downright successful venture.

One of the outstanding Irish stars of the year was a lad who, in the beginning, had wanted no part of Notre Dame as an institution of learning. Francis L. "Mike" Layden was an especially fine athlete in his home town of Davenport, Iowa, back in 1931. Hunk Anderson got wind of the youngster's talents that year.

"Scrap," he said, "you're a good friend of old Tom Layden, aren't you?"

I assented.

"See what you can do about getting his kid, Mike, to come to school," he continued. "I hear he's a bang-up backfield prospect."

Tom Layden and I had met in 1924 when his son, Elmer, was galloping as one of the Horsemen. I was very fond of the tall, easygoing Irishman, and he took a shine to me. Many were the football victories we celebrated together. In a few minutes, I was speaking to Tom on the telephone.

Would he consult the youngster about continuing his education at Notre Dame? He had already done as much, but Mike had set his sights on Yale because of the previous offer from that school. No, it looked hopeless. I persuaded the elder Layden to pay me a visit and to bring Mike along for the ride.

We talked Mike Layden into attending Notre Dame.

Proud of what I considered a job well done, I watched the boy as a freshman standout, and then as a sophomore under Anderson. All went smoothly until the day in 1934 when he appeared in my office.

"I'm quitting school," he said, flatly. "I wish to heaven that I had never listened to you and dad."

"But why, Mike?" I was nonplussed.

"I just got the word that my brother Elmer has taken the coaching job," he replied. "I want nothing to do with playing under such conditions."

Believe me, this was a predicament, and the worst was yet to come. I managed, through some fast talking, to calm the aroused youth. I allayed his fears of impending disaster

should he continue to make his own way on the gridiron at Notre Dame. I succeeded, for the moment, in convincing Mike that he would receive no better or worse treatment than anyone playing under brother Elmer. If only that had been the case.

Before many weeks of the season passed, it became quite apparent that Elmer was leaning over backward in an effort to show no favoritism toward his relative. Mike was playing terrific football in practice, but Elmer seemed oblivious to this fact. He used him sparingly in the games. The whole thing became my own personal headache, because I was in the middle for fair. At last, I could stand the tension no longer. I went directly to Elmer Layden. We thrashed the problem out for over an hour. I pleaded the boy's case to the best of my ability. It was no go. Elmer maintained throughout the discussion that he was giving Mike "all the breaks in the world."

The story has a happy ending. In the very next game, which was the finale with Southern California, Elmer gave Mike his chance. The kid came through with flying colors. He caught one pass for a touchdown. He intercepted another and ran it back to pay dirt. Final score, you guessed it, Notre Dame 14, Southern Cal 0.

Elmer Layden was forced to admit that brother Mike was a pretty good football player after all.

Most college athletes are known to be the proud possessors of enormous appetites. Football players, being the growing boys that they are, tend to outdo their fellows in this department. Some develop the talent to an even greater degree than

others. Take for example a little group who played football for Notre Dame at this time.

The first to come to my attention were the Shellogg brothers, Fred and Alec. It was during the summer vacation that they appeared in the athletic office. An alumnus had sent them to talk to Layden about the possibility of their enrolling. After the interview, Layden asked me to take them to the cafeteria for lunch.

Now, I have never been accused of being a sparrow-type eater, myself. But when I had stored away a large steak, plus a goodly helping of potatoes, vegetables, and dessert, the Shelloggs had eaten twice the amount without drawing a long breath. Furthermore, they showed no sign of slowing the pace that seemed too fast for even a horse, a large horse at that.

I sat in reverent awe, watching the feat being performed before my eyes. It was the greatest display of sheer gluttony ever viewed by mankind. The two boys were in a class by themselves. I was amazed, but no more amazed than Elmer Layden when he beheld the check, which he had to ok for that meal.

Like a man who has discovered a new wonder of the world, I hastened to describe the marvel of the Shellogg brothers to Tom Owen, boss man of the dining hall. I pictured him cringing at the thought of what they would do to his food budget while in their stay at Notre Dame. To my disappointment, he merely shrugged his shoulders and smiled knowingly.

"Scrap," he said, "that's nothing to get excited about. All your football players eat like undernourished elephants."

I was cut to the quick, not only by his lack of interest in

my story, but because I felt that his words were a personal insult.

"G'wan," I said, "you can't make me believe that nonsense. I've always trained them to maintain a balanced diet."

"Ho, ho," he chortled, "balanced diet, indeed. Look, as soon as the boys return to school, I'll show you how much balance they keep."

So it was that one evening shortly after classes resumed, Tom called me to the dining room where the football players were eating.

"Come into the corner where we can't be seen," he said. "Now look at that first table."

I glanced in the direction he indicated. Ten strapping members of the varsity were seated there. They acted alarmingly like men who had never seen food before.

"That table is going to get all the steaks those lugs can eat," Tom continued. "Here's a pad and pencil. You keep score."

I accepted the pad and chewed nervously on the pencil as the carnage began. It was horrible.

Not one of the boys, my boys, ate less than three big steaks. The average was four because a poor little tackle ate *nine*—nine steaks.

Tom never let up on me after that incident. If we lost a game, he kidded me unmercifully. "See," he would say, "we lost because the laddies ate too much."

Besides the Shellogg brothers, there were other hefty eaters among the gridders of that year. Two of the most prominent were Joe Pivarnick, a fine fellow with the stomach capacity of four men, and Irwin "Foots" Davis. Sometime after the arrival of the Shelloggs, a heated rivalry grew up between the

four. Each thought that he should be considered the food-consuming champion of the University. A higher honor no man could seek.

Numerous contests were held to settle the question once and for all, but, to my knowledge, no single contestant emerged victorious. The title remained vacant. After one of these contests, which like the others ended in a draw, an argument ensued as to who could drink the most milk. Immediately, they went to work, each anxious to prove himself akin to a cow.

Success at last, a champion was crowned. When the TENTH glass had been downed, three bloated youths collapsed in a curdled heap. Rising from the shambles with glass held high, and still drinking, was the "winnah and new champeen," Foots Davis.

Self-confidence is a basic requisite for success in any form of athletic endeavor. To be great, you must first convince yourself that you are great. Then, by your actions, you will prove your merit to others. Most of the outstanding athletes that I have known were self-assured almost to the point of being conceited. Some went beyond that point, unfortunately, and they found their efforts dulled by an occupational disease known as "acute fatheadedness." It always pained me to watch a boy become a first-class, journeyman competitor in his junior year, only to fall by the wayside a year later because of lackadaisical, slipshod play, a direct result of too much self-confidence. There was a happy medium, a middle road between the mildly cocky athlete and the overconfident, swaggering boor. Even the latter type was more desirable, however, than the timid, unhappy soul with an inferiority

complex. Of the three, the shy one failed miserably in competitive sports. Worse, he invariably proved a flop in the world of business.

In line with this thought, I recall an instance when self-confidence won a football game for Notre Dame. It happened in the Pittsburgh contest of 1935. The Irish had moved gracefully through Kansas, Carnegie Tech, and Wisconsin. Their record was spotless. Pitt, as usual, was tough and unbending.

With but two minutes remaining, the score was deadlocked at 6 to 6. An Irish drive had stopped on the Panther 30-yard line, fourth down, six yards to go. The customers, anticipating a stalemate, were already moving toward the exits when the Notre Dame quarterback called time. In the huddle, he asked, "Can any of you guys kick a field goal?"

Marty Peters, an extrovert from way back, chirped, "Hell, I can boot it over."

The quarterback registered surprise. "Are you any good?" he asked.

"Am I good!" was the reply. "Say, I never missed a field goal in my life."

When Notre Dame lined up in place-kick formation, the crowd stopped its exodus to the street. Peters, who was normally an end, stood near the side lines at an extremely difficult angle with the crossbar a good forty yards distant. The ball was snapped, placed, and Peters swung his foot. Up, up the ball sailed. It twirled end over end between the uprights, and the game was won, 9 to 6.

The Notre Dame dressing room was a madhouse as a jubilant gang of kids pounded Peter's back. Elmer Layden entered.

"Marty," he said, "why didn't you tell me, before this, that you could place-kick?"

"Because, Coach," grinned the hero, "I didn't know it myself."

The quarterback whirled on Peters. "You," he accused, "told me that you never missed a goal in–in–oh, no–" His voice trailed off as understanding dawned. "You mean that you–" and the quarterback blanched.

"Sure," said Peters, "I never missed one, because I never tried before–from any distance."

Two weeks after the spectacular Pittsburgh game, Notre Dame played Ohio State in what was easily one of the most thrilling displays of football fireworks that I have ever witnessed.

Taking the measure of Navy on the interim week end, Notre Dame went down to Columbus, Ohio, for the contest that sports writers called the game of the decade. It was all of that and more.

Columbus, always a town where football is a frenzy, had been jammed for two days with addicts of the game. Irish and Buckeye fans alike threw all inhibitions to the winds in pregame celebrations that set a new high in mass hysteria. Every seat in the 81,018 capacity stadium, a two-story horseshoe, had been sold a month in advance, and some twenty five thousand extra applicants had been turned away.

Ohio State was an odds-on favorite in the betting. High Street was filled with enthusiastic Ohio adherents, anxious to collect the Notre Dame "sucker money." People who had never wagered more than two dollars on a cinch nag at the races were digging deep to get on their favorite. One of these

was my brother, John. The day before the game, he called me at St. Charles College, on the outskirts of town, where the Notre Dame team was staying. He asked for two tickets. When I told him that they could be made available, he inquired as to the chances of the team.

"Not so good," I replied, attempting to discourage his betting on the outcome. "You've read the papers, haven't you? They're picking Ohio to win by a big score." I should have saved my breath.

"We'll win," he said matter of factly. "We *must* win. I've just mortgaged the house for a thousand bucks to place a bet. You see? We've just got to win."

Long before kickoff time, the huge stadium was filled. Nobody wanted to miss a single moment of the dramatic clash. Ted Husing sat in a glass-enclosed radio booth high on the western lip, describing the pageantry to millions of listeners from coast to coast. Below him, Ohio State's famous 130 piece all-brass band went through its complex maneuvers, while the Notre Dame band, led by three baton twirlers and four gorgeous girls, marched into the arena playing "Killarney."

Ohio rooters began their vocal gymnastics early, as the game got underway. Just as the experts had predicted, Notre Dame was smothered under an Ohio State juggernaut. The huge Buckeye line swarmed over the Irish attack, killing anything even faintly resembling a drive. It was brutal. In the first quarter, Ohio scored a touchdown when Antenucci intercepted a pass and lateraled to Frank Boucher, who ran seventy yards for the marker. On the fifth play of the second period, an Ohio back named Williams consummated a 55-yard march with a second tally.

I thought of my brother's mortgage, and I felt sick.

The half-time score was only 13 to 0, but it should have been even more. There was no doubt about the Buckeye's superiority. They had outgained the Irish four to one, and made nine first downs to Notre Dame's two.

In the third period, the Ramblers looked somewhat better. The second-string line was holding its own. Ohio fans began to get restless. Late in that period, Andy Pilney, a sturdy little halfback from Chicago, broke loose unexpectedly and flip-flopped to the Buckeye 13-yard line. A murmur went through the crowd. Everyone inched forward in his seat.

The teams changed goals for the fourth quarter. Pilney went back on third down and pitched a strike to Frank Gaul on the 1-yard line. Steve Miller went over for the touchdown and I, personally, lost my voice. Ken Stilley's conversion went wild. So what! Things were looking up.

Again the Ramblers drove forward, but Miller fumbled a foot from the goal line. They had to do it all over. Back they came. This time, it was an eighty-yard drive, led by Wally Fromhart, Pilney, and Mike Layden. They were not denied. Layden went high for a fifteen-yard touchdown pass from Pilney.

With less than two minutes remaining, all seemed hinged on the try for conversion. Not a person dared speak as Wally Fromhart stepped up and made the attempt. He missed. The fans on the east side of the stadium sat down sadly. Across the way, all was bedlam. The home folks were whooping it up. The impartial scoreboard just sat up there with a big one-point difference on its leering face.

Five plays later, Notre Dame was back in the ball game. Dick Beltz, Buckeye halfback, committed the first of two

fatal errors. Notre Dame tacklers hit him savagely. The ball squirted out of his arms. As it bounced over the side lines, Irish center, Henry Pojman touched it with one hand, and Notre Dame had possession on its own 49-yard line.

They hurried into a line-up as the hands of the clock whirled madly. Pilney, the hero of the day, faked a pass to end Wayne Millner and went round left end for thirty-two yards to the Ohio 19. He was hit hard, and lay where he fell. I hurried to his side. One glance told me that he was through for the day. His leg was useless.

We lifted Andy onto a stretcher. He tried frantically to walk, to remain in the game, but I ordered him taken to the nearest hospital for X rays. Bill Shakespeare took his place.

Andy Puplis, in at quarterback for Fromhart, called for a pass. It would have backfired but for a second costly Beltz miscue. The Ohio back had it in his hands with ninety yards of clear field ahead of him. He dropped the ball. The clock stopped with only seconds remaining; time for one more play.

There was a player on the Notre Dame bench, a quarterback named Jim McKenna, who, I thought, had shown promise of becoming a good field general. He never quite made the grade, however, and was not listed on the traveling squad. Nevertheless, Jim had hitched a ride to Columbus, arriving just before game time. I induced Elmer Layden to allow him to suit up. Luckily, he did.

At this most crucial moment, Layden found himself stymied. The rules forbade his returning a man to the game in the same quarter in which he had been removed. He wanted desperately to send in a play but he had used his regular quarterbacks in that period. Any other back or lineman was required to maintain silence until after a play was run.

As Elmer pondered his problem, I came up with the obvious. "Why don't you send in McKenna?" I suggested.

Layden whirled instantly, and called, "McKenna, come here."

The boy jumped up, grabbing a helmet as he ran. Something seemed strange about him. Then I saw that he had no shoulder pads under the jersey. It was too late to do anything about it. Layden spoke briefly to him, and the boy ran on the field to immortality.

McKenna called signals. Fullback Tony Mazziotti took the pass from center Henry Pojman, and handed it to Shakespeare. Bill faded back, back almost to the 35-yard line, then he let go a long spiraling pass. Wayne Millner crossed into the right defensive zone from his left-end post, running like a deer. He darted past an Ohio defender to take the pass against his chest, falling over the goal line.

What an ending! Even the wildest yarn of fiction could not rival the thrills of that fourth quarter, that finale. Never have I seen such deliriously happy fans as those that poured out of the eastern stands. One rooter rushed to Millner in the end zone, and embraced him as he lay on the ground. With the sound of the final gun after a short kickoff and a wildly belated Ohio State pass, Notre Dame followers took over the field. They charged the north goal posts. Those steel-encased posts, set in concrete, were bent over, broken off, and spirited away, followed shortly by the south posts.

The fever pitch of excitement reached even the usually calm and collected Ted Husing, broadcasting in the press box. While describing that last minute, he was caught up in the tide of insanity, and exclaimed into his microphone,

"What a hell of a football game!" He was temporarily cut off the air.

I must mention two of the reserves who were a study in frustration throughout the game. The two subs, Chuck Sweeney and Ennio Arboit, took turns exhorting each other to "get down on your knees, boy, and pray." They spent most of the afternoon alternately praying on their knees or tearing their hair in despair. At the end, they were exhausted. To the casual observer, they appeared to have played a full sixty minutes.

Following the game, my chief concern was for little Andy Pilney, the greatest back on the field who lay in an ambulance cot as the game ended. I hurried to him, and was relieved to learn that the X rays showed only torn ligaments in his leg. He begged to go home with the team. So, at 7 o'clock, I had him transferred to the Notre Dame special that left at midnight. I was proud to sit up the remainder of the night, applying ice packs to the fine youngster's injured limb.

When we arrived at Plymouth, Indiana, about twenty-five miles from South Bend, we received a wire stating that hundreds of people were gathering at the home station to pay tribute to Handy Andy. I conferred with Layden, and we decided that it would be better for the boy if we put him off in an ambulance before reaching South Bend. The ambulance met our train some ten miles from Notre Dame, and I went with Andy. During all that night of pain, his only concern was for me and my discomfort. He worried more about spoiling my evening that about his own injury.

Andy Pilney was a natural athlete. He was one of the best tumblers that I ever saw perform in a gymnasium. His baseball talents were praised by major-league scouts. The Chicago

Cubs signed him after graduation, but before he could show to advantage as a major leaguer, he changed his mind about playing baseball because of a dislike for constant travel away from home.

Track was another sport in which he excelled. He first showed promise on the cinders in an interhall meet, representing Walsh Hall. The inhabitants of that hall were finding their lives made miserable by rivals because they had never won an interhall meet. Year after year, they tried, but always the story was the same, Walsh Hall placed last and its members were a laughingstock. Another season came, and once again, their plight seemed hopeless.

Track coach, John Nicholson, received a visitor in his office on the day before the meet. It was Andy.

"Nick," said Pilney, "you can start dishing out the ribbons for the meet right now. Give first place to Walsh Hall."

"Walsh Hall!" snorted Nicholson, "That bunch of flat-footed firemen! Fat chance they have of winning! Who's going to run for them?"

"Never mind, Nick," replied Andy, confidently. "Take my word for it, they have a dark horse."

Andy neglected to explain that the dark horse was named Andy Pilney. In the meet, he won the high jump, pole vault, 220-yard dash, placed second in the hundred, and anchored a winning relay team. Handy Andy lived up to his nickname as handyman.

Andy considered himself a first-class chess and checkers player. At the time, Father Thomas Brennan, C.S.C., was the school champion in these activities, and had not been defeated in several years. Every time some hopeful challenged him, Father Tom won easily. In this way, quite a

backlog of frustrated challengers was built up, each wishing that someone would defeat the champion. When Pilney decided that he would attempt the feat, everyone pitched in to plot victory for him. A plan of attack was carefully mapped out and Andy challenged Father Brennan to a game of chess.

In three moves, Pilney was beaten. The priest suggested another game and again Andy lost. He vowed he would have revenge. He practiced night after night. When they played again, determined Andy and Father Brennan went three hours to a stalemate. They did this for four nights, and in the end they decided to share the champion's laurels.

While he was a born competitor, Andy had his troubles on the football field. He acquired a bad habit that nearly ruined his career. For some reason, he could not hold on to a football and run at the same time. He could move like a deer and crash a line, but in nine times out of ten he would gain five, ten, or fifteen yards on a play only to discover that he neglected one important thing. The football would no longer be in his possession.

To overcome this serious case of fumbleitis, backfield coach Chet Grant went so far as to require that Andy carry a football with him wherever he went. Poor Andy! Like Mary's little lamb, he carried the thing to class, to dinner, and to bed. His life was almost unbearable with everyone laughing and making bad jokes about him. The scheme worked because Andy quickly overcame the fumble jinx just to be rid of that cursed pig hide on campus.

Before each Notre Dame game, the team attends Mass in a body. This is a custom that has been followed throughout the years. One morning, I was late in arriving because I had the

task of arousing heavy sleepers and getting them started to church. When I entered, the boys were receiving Holy Communion. To my amazement, I saw Andy Pilney and seven other non-Catholics returning from the Communion rail, looking as devout as any of the Catholic boys. When Mass was concluded, I hurried to Pilney. "Andy," I said, "did I see you receiving this morning?"

"Why, yes," he answered, calmly.

"But you're not a Catholic," I groaned.

"Do I have to be?" he asked, puzzled.

"Of course, Andy. That's the supreme privilege of the Catholic Church."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" he exclaimed, turning crimson with mortification.

I assured him that his ignorance of Catholic doctrine excused his action, but pointed out that in the future, it would be well if he remained in his pew during the Communion of the Mass.

Seldom does an athlete have such tremendous natural ability that he can afford to loaf in practice sessions. An exception to the rule was Wayne Millner, the All-American end on the 1933, '34, and '35 teams, and hero of the Ohio State victory. Wayne dreaded practice, especially on Monday. I do not remember a Monday that he attended scrimmage. He had a knack for getting himself confined to the infirmary. With his good line, he could talk the nuns and doctors into believing that he was really very sick. But come the day of a game, and the personable Jewish boy from Salem, Massachusetts, was a terror to behold. He made up in one afternoon for all the sparkle he lacked during the week. As I said, his was

the exceptional case. In ninety-nine out of a hundred instances, the athlete would be listless under fire if he failed to put out on the practice field.

I have seen many locker room "characters" in my day, but when it came to screwball dressing habits, I believe William Shakespeare, no relation to the bard, tops them all. The boy from Staten Island, who threw the touchdown pass against Ohio State, had a routine for dressing and undressing that was strictly his alone. If nothing else, it was original. It never failed to bring its share of laughs, although I'm quite certain it was not intended for that reason.

Every afternoon, Bill started to undress for the day's practice at the same time as his teammates. If it so happened that there was a game, then only the locale changed. First of all, he removed coat or sweater, tie, shirt, trousers, and underwear. At this point, he would find occasion for meandering around, usually into my training room for tape or the like. It always tickled me to see the big guy standing there in his birthday suit plus shoes, socks, and hat.

By the same token, the procedure was followed in reverse when Bill dressed for the street. The hat went on first, then the socks, shoes, and the rest of his attire. Bill never varied this routine in all the time he played for Notre Dame. He always figured to cover the extremities first. In case of a fire or otherwise hurried exit, he would not risk pneumonia by exposing his head or feet to the weather. Fortunately, he never had an opportunity to test the value of his theory.

14.

OFFICIAL TROUBLES AND A CHALLENGE

OFFICIALS, God bless 'em, are the most thick-skinned of two-legged animals. I am referring particularly to college football officials, the little men in knee pants and striped shirts who receive more boos from the paying customers, by simply walking on the field, than the cops who escort a happy drunk from any stadium on a fall Saturday afternoon.

For the modicum of pay handed them, they are subjected to anguish, abuse, and animosity that would break the spirits of lesser men in short order. Yet, you see them quietly going about their business with the patience of Job, seemingly oblivious to the taunts of a hostile crowd. Theirs is the most honorable of professions, and the most thankless.

In the old days, an official actually took his life in his hands when he worked a game in some red-hot towns. I have seen a man call a play against the home team, and then run for his life from a hail of bricks and stones. Police protection was needed to get him out of town. The crowd would be so ugly that he could not as much as change from his sweat-soaked uniform into street clothes. He just took off, sans everything.

I am happy to report that such a thing never occurred to any arbiters of Notre Dame games, nor is it the practice in this day and age at any school. Not that the fans are less rabid, but they limit themselves to verbal sniping, a form of amusement that still requires a tough hide to withstand.

My run-ins with members of the official family of football were very few and far apart. We had a mutual understanding. I cared for cuts and bruises. They prevented them. I never dictated their job, nor they mine. I did, however, experience the most embarrassing moment of my life because of one Mr. "Red" Friesel.

It all happened at the Army game of 1936. Nevin "Bunny" McCormick, key man in the Notre Dame backfield, was nursing a wrenched back, the result of a scrimmage accident on the previous week. I begged Elmer Layden to refrain from using McCormick in the game. He promised that he would use the boy only in case of great necessity.

Seconds before half time, Notre Dame intercepted an Army pass. The Irish were in scoring position. Immediately, all eyes turned to the clock on the Yankee Stadium scoreboard. If the next play did not bring about a touchdown, the clock would run out, unless, of course, a pass fell incomplete or time was called. It so happened that we had used the quota of time-out periods allowed without penalty. A pass seemed the logical play. Layden thought differently. To my dismay, he waved Bunny McCormick into the game.

Now, there was a plan afoot that was unknown to me. McCormick would attempt to run the ball over. If he failed, the quarterback had orders to preselect a player to feign injury; thereby stopping the clock legally and without inviting a penalty. This I knew nothing about. All I could see was the

injured McCormick trotting into a huddle. I was horrified. What could Layden be thinking about? I cursed him, silently.

As the play developed, my fears were realized. Bunny carried the ball into the line, and failed to score. Worse, he failed to rise after the pile up was cleared. When I saw the kid lying so quietly on the turf, I went slightly berserk. Without further ado, I grabbed my medicine kit and rushed onto the field. Red Friesel was there to greet me.

I had scarcely touched foot on the playing surface when the redhead spotted me. He watched my lumbering effort to reach the side of the inert McCormick. As I knelt down, he picked up the ball from in front of me, and began pacing off one, two, three—fifteen yards.

"What the hell are you doing?" I demanded.

"You're on the field without permission," he growled. Then, in the sign language of the football referee, he indicated to one and all that I was the nincompoop who had pulled the prize of bonehead stunts.

Adding insult to injury, McCormick jumped up and ran off the field, unassisted. If only he had gone through with the subterfuge and allowed me to carry him, he would have made Friesel look coldblooded and heartless. But honesty will out. I stumbled, red faced and mortified, to the side lines, trying to look as small as possible, hoping that a hole would open and swallow me.

The only time that an official really infuriated me to a display of temper was in the Northwestern game of 1936. It was a cold November day at Evanston, and the game was rough. As a result of this combination, injuries were plentiful.

Just before the end of the first half, one of the Notre Dame

boys, Pat McCarty, was hit in the face. He went out like a light. I hustled to where he lay sprawled on the ground. A gash, deep and wide, was opened at the point of impact, above his eyes. It was bleeding profusely.

As I prepared to stem the flow of blood and treat the wound, a blundering idiot in the garb of an official lifted Pat to a sitting position. Naturally, the blood streamed down into Pat's eyes. It was I who saw red, however. To move an injured man before he is properly examined is beyond all concepts of good common sense. A child would know better, instinctively. Yet, the official who was supposed to be aware of all rules of first aid and the treatment of simple injuries, forgot everything in an effort to make himself appear more important before the eyes of the crowd. I gave him a large piece of my mind in no uncertain terms.

The 1936 Irish lost two games. Pittsburgh mauled them, 26 to 0. Navy dragged them down to Davy Jones's locker. They buried Notre Dame at sea by the margin of a field goal, 3 to 0.

Wins over Carnegie Tech, Washington, Wisconsin, Ohio State, Army, and Northwestern more than balanced the record. A tie with mighty Southern California, 13 to 13, made the picture quite respectable indeed.

During this period, there were a couple of guys named Joe who played a great deal of guard for Notre Dame. To this day, the lives of Joe Ruetz and Joe Kuharich have followed patterns that are remarkable in their similarity to one another.

Both lads played prep-school football in the shadow of the Dome. Ruetz was an all-city guard at South Bend's Central

High. Kuharich made the same spot on the other side of center with Riley High. Together, they enrolled at Notre Dame.

At this point, there was nothing about the physical make-up of the two youths that would foretell the carbon-copy nature of their futures. Ruetz was a strapping, 190-pounder, who was readily acceptable to any coach. One glance at the boy set off a gleam in the eyes of Elmer Layden. He okayed a scholarship for him immediately. The same was not true for Kuharich, a slight 140 pounds.

Li'l Joe lacked the physical attributes of his namesake, but he was a fighting fool. I watched him in several prep games and, though he looked like a terrier, he played like a wildcat. I was sold on him from the start. Unfortunately, Layden could not see him in the same light.

"What's the matter with Kuharich?" I asked.

Layden shook his head. "Nothing, nothing at all, Scrap," he replied. "I haven't seen him play, but I don't have to see anything except his size. For a guard, he's too small."

"Too small!" I yelled. "Look back. Remember Metzger? Remember your own teammates, Kizer and Weibel? They were three of the greatest guards we ever had. Did they weigh over a hundred and sixty pounds? Hell, no, they didn't."

If there were any doubts in my own mind regarding Kuharich's potential, I dispelled them as I talked. I became so heated on the subject that I think I forced Layden to acquiesce in self-defense. Anyway, he agreed laughingly, to give the youngster a chance. "Mind you," he said, "it's against my better judgment."

Layden had a sharp eye for good football talent, despite

his momentary lapse in the case of Kuharich. He was also a big enough man to admit an error. This he did quite frankly on numerous occasions, usually in such glowing terms that I felt embarrassed. After all, he had not seen the prep-school Kuharich in action, as I had.

The two Joes became the finest set of guards that I ever had the privilege of watching. They both received All-American honors. They went on to greater heights in pro football and the coaching profession. In 1950, they were head men at two rival institutions on the Pacific Coast. When the "big game" of the West's more prominent independents was played, Joe Kuharich sat on the bench of the University of San Francisco Dons, matching wits with his "arch rival," across the field, Joe Ruetz of the St. Mary's Galloping Gaels.

While still Notre Dame undergrads, the Messrs. Kuharich and Ruetz provided many an interesting afternoon for the onlookers at practice sessions. They were inseparable buddies off the field, but let them play opposite position in scrimmage, and the storied Kilkenny cats never fought each other harder. They took sheer delight in the rocking contact, applying clean, rugged blocks that could be heard at the far ends of Cartier Field. They gave out with a goodly amount of dry humor as well as mayhem.

One afternoon, both boys were working in the same scrimmage line. The day was warm, and before many plays were run off, they discarded their helmets. Layden was away from the immediate vicinity, therefore, nothing was said about this infraction of the rules.

A few minutes later, Ruetz pulled out of the line on a play that called for a running guard to lead the interference.

Somehow, Kuharich thought the play was going to the opposite side. He too pulled out. They met head on in the middle of the backfield. If the celebrated Pete Smith had filmed the collision, he would doubtless have inserted the sound effect of an anvil being struck with a loud BOYINGGG.

When the would-be bulls were revived, and believe me they were out, they walked with a distinct list to starboard for several days. Ruetz required seven stitches in his forehead. Kuharich's scalp was intact.

Needless to say, neither of the two ever again removed helmets on the field in each other's presence. They even wore them when walking through signal drills.

The two Joes did not limit their dexterity to the football field alone. They applied themselves with the same zealous abandon to every campus job that came their way. With paint brushes, for example, they were past masters at the art of daubing and smearing.

During the summer months, I had the two of them working on the new stadium seats, scraping and painting. Dutch Welling, the school's head painter, looked on their efforts with something less than admiration.

"College boys, bah," grumbled the Dutchman. "Vot do they know about painting. Mine regular men could paint rings around them, mit one hand behind der back yet."

"All right, Dutch," I jumped at the challenge. "Let's see if your men can paint rings around my boys. We'll have a contest, and I'll bet my boys will win."

Bright and early the next day, the contest got under way. Dutch, his two assistants, Kuharich and Ruetz—all five lined up at the starting mark, their brushes in hand. The stadium

was divided into thirty-six sections. Each man was assigned one section to cover with paint in the quickest time possible.

The two Joes bounded into an early lead, and were never headed. By noon, they had completely painted their respective sections, while the "pros" were struggling and perspiring somewhere beyond the halfway point.

Amid the cheers from a hundred-odd painting fans, the winners vaulted a cement retaining wall to receive the congratulations of their beaten foes. Those worthies showed their lack of respect for such little sporting gestures by turning their drenched backs and walking off the job. Only Dutch Welling, a true sportsman, grudgingly shook their hands. "Ve vuz robbed," he was heard to say.

As a fitting reward, the two Joes were given the honor of painting ALL the remainder of the fifty-five thousand seats, plus twenty-four outside doors of the structure. If you ever tried painting one hundred thousand feet of California redwood lumber, you have some idea of the work that this job entailed. My boys handled it beautifully.

In addition to being an able workman and football player, Joe Ruetz was a brilliant scholar. He was a student of anthropology. This science of man carried him far afield in his studies of the human organism; and the origin, classification, and relationship of races. It nearly cost him his life.

Ruetz took off on a trip to a desolate part of Utah where few human beings had ever set foot. He made the journey alone. Caught in a blinding snowstorm, he became lost. For three days, he struggled through the wilderness without food or water. He became too weak to walk. Crawling on hands and knees, he reached an outpost of civilization.

When Joe was returned to his parents' home in South

Bend, both his hands and feet were frozen. I cared for him and treated his frozen extremities. He told me all the things that went through his mind out there in the storm. Many times, he said, the effort to save himself was almost too great, the pain too excruciating. In these moments, he thought how easy it would be to just lie down and go to sleep—forever. Quickly, the thoughts vanished from his mind as the things he had learned in football took their place. Football had taught him to fight ahead in the face of seemingly insurmountable odds. He recalled the games in which he was too tired to pull himself up from the ground for another play. Yet, he did. He thought of the effort required to stagger into a huddle, drag himself back to the line, and go down again. Time after endless time this was repeated until he was too numbed to care. With the knowledge that he was capable of carrying on under such conditions, he resumed his battle for life.

My little cubbyhole training room at Notre Dame was visited by some of the great men of our time. Will Rogers; Guglielmo Marconi, renowned Italian scientist; and Wiley Post of round-the-world fame were three of the distinguished men who honored my office with their presence.

Of all the celebrated people who found their way, somehow, to my quarters, none impressed me as did His Holiness, Pope Pius, XII, when, in 1936, as Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, he stopped at Notre Dame on his tour of the United States.

Father John O'Hara escorted Cardinal Pacelli to the gymnasium. Father O'Hara introduced me to the man who, in three years, was to become the Pontifical Head of the Roman Catholic Church. I had known of his being on the campus

that day, but a visit from His Eminence was a far greater honor than I had ever dreamed would be mine. I'm afraid that I appeared a bit awkward at first, but the affable manner of Cardinal Pacelli put me at ease almost immediately, and his command of English was better than that of most Americans. I was amazed and highly flattered by his interest in my work and athletics in general. When we chatted at length about the way in which sports were conducted at Notre Dame, I was pleasantly surprised by his knowledge of American games. The fundamentals of baseball held no mystery for the Cardinal. I think that our version of football might have been slightly garbled in his mind, however. Swimming was his favorite physical diversion. He extolled the merits of aquatic sport with the fervor of a real fan.

When the late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt came to Notre Dame to speak and receive an honorary degree award, my office became an F.B.I. headquarters, junior grade. For two weeks prior to the President's visit, a small army of secret servicemen surveyed the campus as a safety measure. Their chief, John Edgar Hoover, personally directed the operation from my training room. He had selected it as his telephone station. I became a poor man's FBI agent when he asked me to take all phone calls for him. Between long-distance calls, which kept me hopping constantly, I talked with Mr. Hoover. I thanked God that a man of his courage and strength of character held such a key position in our national security system.

High point of the 1937 Notre Dame grid season was their meeting with the Golden Gophers of Minnesota. The Irish had a spotty record, going into the game. They had beaten

Drake and Navy, but a scoreless tie with Illinois and a loss to Carnegie Tech had greatly diminished their chances of beating the powerhouse Gophers. It was a foregone conclusion that Minnesota would win by three or four touchdowns. Anything less would be a moral victory for the Irish. Minnesota was always a tower of strength on the national scene and that year, they were even stronger than usual.

An incident that took place just before that game illustrates my contention that football is about 70 per cent mental attitude.

The Notre Dame squad boarded a bus in front of the Lowry Hotel in St. Paul, some ninety minutes before game time. The bus was to take them to Memorial Stadium in Minneapolis. Nerves were taut. As the bus moved swiftly along University Avenue, between the Twin Cities, every man sat quietly thinking of the nameless terrors that the newspapers declared were in store for the Ramblers. It was rumored that the Minnesota linemen looked to be seven feet tall. Their arms were as big around as telephone poles and nearly as long. These and similar thoughts were crowding the boys' minds as they rolled along beside the Mississippi River. It was evident that they were in poor shape mentally for the undertaking at hand. If the stories were true, then maybe an undertaker would be needed.

At the moment of deepest gloom, the sounds of loudly blowing horns penetrated the stillness. Eyes turned in the direction from whence they came. Another bus, similar to the Notre Dame Special, was coming up fast on the rear. With a rush and roar, accompanied by the symphony of horns and a deriding chorus of voices, the second bus went by. Banners on its side proclaimed that the University of

Minnesota team was with us for a fleeting instant. Then they were gone in a cloud of exhaust smoke.

No one spoke for thirty seconds. All attention was glumly concentrated on the back end of the gaily bedecked vehicle bearing the Golden Gophers. Then the voice of Chuck Sweeney, Irish end, came clearly, defiantly in what is now considered his classic remark.

"That's the last time Minnesota will pass us today."

The statement, simple enough but perfectly timed, broke the spell. It generated a spark that cleared the befuddled minds of the lads, and brought them to their feet yelling and fighting mad. It carried them right into Memorial Stadium and a smashing, 7 to 6, upset victory over the Gophers, who were stunned by the ferocity of the Irish attack.

Andy Puplis was the punt-returning star of the day who broke the backs of the boys from Minneapolis. I shall never forget his play at safety that afternoon. He took the punts of King, the great Minnesota kicker, on the dead run. At full speed, he scooped the ball out of the air and, on every return, reached almost to the same spot from which it had been booted. It was in this game that Layden used Puplis as a tailback, and worked most of the running plays from punt formation. This unorthodox system did much to upset the Minnesota defense, and compensated for their superior line advantage.

After the game, an elderly, well-dressed stranger came to the Notre Dame bus, which was parked in front of the dressing rooms. The happy players were straggling aboard, completing final tie adjustments, combing hair, receiving the plaudits of well-wishers. All were looking forward to a much

different kind of ride back to St. Paul than that of early afternoon.

I spied the stranger anxiously trying to speak to each team member, and I was curious as to his intent. I made my way to him. In answer to my question about whom he wished to see, he told me in broken English that he wanted a few words with Andy Puplis. Andy was already seated in the bus, but he came forward at my beckoned request. The two men spoke together for a few minutes. Then Andy returned, and took his place in the bus.

Not until we were again traveling along University Avenue did I satisfy my curiosity about the little stranger. I called Andy to my seat. "Who was the fellow that spoke to you?" I asked.

Andy grinned sheepishly. "I never saw him before in my life," he replied. "The old gent wanted to give me some money."

"What!" I exclaimed.

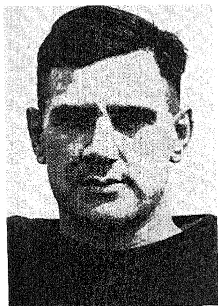
Elmer Layden, who was sitting next to me, was alerted by the conversation.

"Oh, don't get the wrong idea," Puplis chuckled. "He was just proud of the game we played, and wanted to show his appreciation for a countryman. You see, he's a Lithuanian, too."

The frown that wrinkled Layden's brow was still there, however. "You didn't take the money, did you?" he asked.

"No, sir, Mr. Layden," Andy replied. "I told him to put it in a church poorbox, or give it to a worthy charity in our name."

Quite a kid, that Andy Puplis.



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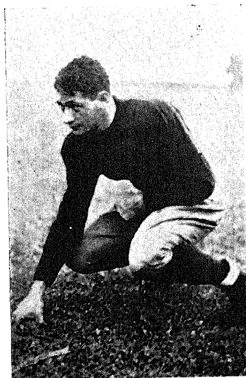

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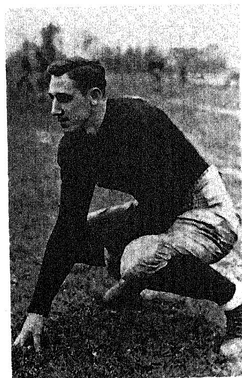

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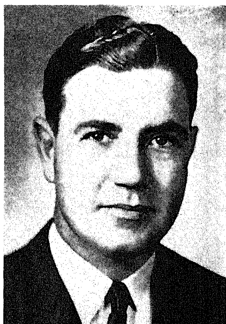

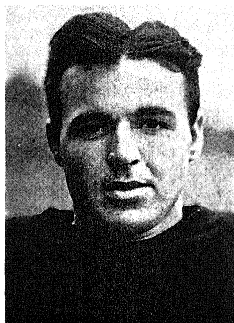

Left Ed McKeever, acting head coach after Frank Leahy joined the Navy. *Right* Andy Pilney

Handball was a favorite between-seasons pastime with all Notre Dame football men, and many hard-fought duels were waged on the courts of the old field house gym. Easily the best singles player in the history of the school was Father Thomas J. Brennan, unofficial chaplain to the team. Father Tom was a vigorous redhead, to whom athletic proficiency came naturally. He took high delight in challenging the boys to handball games for the prize of a steak dinner. He would spot them eighteen or twenty points and beat them. Sometimes, when he felt particularly sharp, he would offer to pay for the steak if his opponent scored as much as one point against him.

Until 1937, Father Brennan teamed for several years with Father John M. Ryan, C.S.C., in doubles. Father Ryan was called "Toughy" because of the manner in which he conducted his classes. It was the boast of the two priests that they were unbeatable on the handball court. Try as we might, we could do nothing to belie this boast. Every possible combination was pitted against them. Always, the results were the same. The priests won handily.

Now, I prided myself on my ability with the little black pellet. To be slapped down game after game was a bitter pill to swallow. At last, I discovered a way to give the two padres trouble. Playing with Paul Host as my partner, I found that Father Ryan had a weakness on returning a certain peculiar shot from deep in backcourt. Immediately, Paul Host and I planned a surprise attack that would work for at least one game. We challenged the fathers.

Our plans worked perfectly. We won by the narrowest of margins. Then came the moaning and gnashing of teeth. Father Brennan and Father Ryan were fit to be tied. They

challenged us. They offered to bet us anything up to five steak dinners that their defeat was an accident. As far as they were concerned the damage had been done, and they knew it. Never again could they boast of invincibility in our presence. Their myth had gone up in smoke. Needless to say, we knew better than to play a rematch. They would have undoubtedly skinned us alive. We quit while we were ahead, and Father Brennan could never quite forgive us. To this day, he speaks of the disaster in mournful tones, whenever I see him.

There is no man alive who can claim to be as well versed in Notre Dame athletic history as Father Thomas Brennan. His many years as a leading teacher of philosophy have stimulated his mind to an extent that he can be likened to a walking record book. His uncanny skill in citing names, dates, and places from memory always amazed me no end.

One day I visited with him in the infirmary where he was convalescing from a siege of pneumonia. George Keogan, the Notre Dame basketball coach, came into the room, and soon we were deep in a bull session about basketball.

"George," said Father Tom, "what was the score of your 1932 basketball game with Pittsburgh?"

Keogan became a bit embarrassed. "Why, that was five years ago," he replied. "Who can remember so far back?"

Father Brennan proceeded to give him the exact score. "What about the Ohio State game that your team played at the fair grounds in Columbus, in 1930?" asked the good father.

This time, Keogan thought he knew the answer. He gave a score. Father Tom shook his head, and quoted a much different figure. To save face, George insisted that his score was

correct. A steak-dinner wager followed, and a phone call to Joe Petritz, the Notre Dame publicity man, proved Father Brennan 100 per cent accurate.

As we left the infirmary, George Keogan was still red of face.

"George," I chided, "you should know better than to argue scores with Father Tom. He's got the memory of two elephants."

Like any good Irishman, Father Brennan was proud of his ancestry. Woe betide the unthinking person who slandered the old sod in his presence. A foolhardy student did just that one St. Patrick's Day, and received a lesson he probably never forgot. The youth, seeking to get a laugh from his mates, placed an orange on the priest's desk before class. With it, he penned a note signifying that the orange was his St. Patrick's Day gift to the teacher.

When Father Tom arrived at his desk, he looked coldly at the gift, read the note, and remained motionless, his back to the class. A flush crept slowly up from beneath his collar, covered his neck, and blended with the roots of his red hair. The class watched. They scarcely dared breathe as he palmed the orange speculatively for several minutes. Suddenly, he whirled and with the speed of a Feller, whipped the orange in the direction of the grinning youth. Splaat, the orange squashed itself on the offending face. The grin disappeared as the boy turned an appropriate green in honor of the true color of the day.

Regardless of their religious beliefs, the men who play football for Notre Dame look on Father Brennan as their dearest friend. He is the man to whom they bring their troubles and find in him a sympathetic listener, a sage

adviser. His wisdom and knowledge of human problems brings consolation to the most harried minds. They lean on him for mental and spiritual comfort. They find him ever ready and willing to do battle for them if they are unjustly punished by superiors. A great guy, is Father Tom Brennan.

15.

HEAD INJURIES—TALENT SCOUTING

HEAD injuries in football have always been one of my chief sources of dread. I have a virtual horror of blows delivered to my athletes in that particular area. Like boxers, football players are most susceptible to this type of injury.

Much has been done to curb the dangers of cranium buffeting over the years. Scientifically designed headgear has been introduced that protects the most vulnerable parts without being too burdensome or hindering as a weight or drag on the wearer. It has been designed to afford maximum comfort and freedom of movement.

In the twenties and thirties, player protection had not reached the stage of near perfection that it enjoys today. Boys were knocked silly with alarming regularity. They were temporarily "punch drunk," incapable of coherent conversation, their normal reflexes deadened. In a few tragic cases, the injuries had a lasting effect on their lives. For this reason, I was constantly wary of even the slightest blows to the heads of our Notre Dame players.

On one startling occasion, my concern for an injured boy resulted in a completely unexpected turn of events. As was

usually the case, the freshmen were acting as "cannon fodder" for the varsity in practice. They were going through one of Elmer Layden's daily varsity defensive clinics in which he was trying to discover ways and means of stopping what he had seen of the opposition for the following Saturday. With everything to gain and nothing to lose, the frosh went into every scrimmage as if their very existence depended on their showing. In many cases it did, for they were working to gain Layden's approval, and thus insure the coveted scholarships in the years to come.

This day, the action was particularly lively, and the first freshman casualty was brought to my training room in a dazed and groggy condition.

"What happened?" I asked a manager who had carried him.

"Head injury," was the frightening reply.

Quickly, I examined the boy for additional damage, broken bones, cuts, or bruises. There were none. I propped him on the edge of a rubbing table, and began the usual sanity test.

"What's your name, son?" I queried.

There was no reply. The boy's head rolled limply from side to side. His eyes were glazed and slightly crossed. I repeated the question.

"Check," he mumbled.

This was even worse than I had feared. Apparently, the lad's thoughts were still on the field, checking signals to halt the execution of a play, perhaps the same play in which he had been injured. If he had a premonition of disaster as the scrum started, and tried in vain to call it off, he might be

permanently effected. Players were known to become "contact shy" following similar unfortunate accidents.

I racked my brain for a solution to the problem. This would require extremely delicate handling. I decided to allow the lad a few minutes of rest before I probed further into his mind. Setting him comfortably on the table, I went about my business of taping the ankles of another player. When this was done, I returned and voiced the same question. There was no improvement in the case. The patient still spoke of "checking."

I instructed a manager to remove the boys' uniform, and place him under the shower. That would certainly revive him. Meanwhile, I took the necessary steps to have him transferred to the infirmary.

About the time I had completed the infirmary arrangements, my patient was showered, and once more on the table. Again, I set him in an upright position. "What's your name?" I reiterated.

The injured one looked at me with a pained expression on his face. "How the hell many times must I tell you?" he asked. "My name is Check—Pete Check."

I did a perfect imitation of a trainer in a slow burn.

John Kelly, an especially fine end on the 1938 and '39 squads, and captain of the latter, was another player involved in a head injury in a practice session. On this particular afternoon, he came out of the pile up shaking cobwebs. I examined him closely, and except for a touch of glassiness in his eyes, he seemed all right. I urged him to rest a while, but he insisted that he felt fine. Accordingly, I took him at his word. He remained in action.

Kelly was working on offense. On the next play, a tackle,

whom he was to block, stopped the ball carrier for a sizeable loss. Elmer Layden indicated to the quarterback that he was to call the same play. Again, the tackle crashed through, and dumped the runner. Layden called time. He marched up to Kelly who seemed quite unperturbed about missing his assignments. "Kelly," said Layden, "you're not fighting in there. You're not putting out an iota. I won't tolerate a lackadaisical attitude in practice. If you won't fight to the hilt now, you won't be in the starting line-up, Saturday. Do you hear me?"

The last question was occasioned by the faraway look in Kelly's eyes. He seemed indifferent to the tongue-lashing. Instead of the usual promise to redouble his efforts in the face of demotion, Kelly looked soulfully at his coach. "Mr. Layden, I am not a fighter as you would wish me to be," he said, as though quoting a line of poetry. "I'm a lover."

Oh, brother! With that, John Kelly was hustled off to the showers and a much needed rest.

By 1937, I had become a full-fledged Notre Dame "ivory hunter." Whenever helpful alumni members, subway or actual, located an embryo grid immortal, they thought immediately of the old school. Always it seemed, the youngster was another Gipp in the making. The enthusiastic alumnus would contact Layden, and whisper the name of the new sensation in his ear. "Take a look at him, Elmer. He's terrific," was the usual approach.

Layden was much too busy with his normal pursuits as athletic director to search out every lead given him. That was where I came into the picture. The follow-up job was given to me. I, in turn, would strike out in the direction from

whence the tip originated to talk with the boy, and perhaps, induce him to come to South Bend. Three out of four aspirants usually failed to measure up in ability, scholastically or otherwise, to Notre Dame standards. It was that fourth boy who made my task well worth the effort.

My first really successful venture took place in the winter of that year, 1937. I was in Pittsburgh with the basketball team for a game with the Panthers. Layden, having received a letter from a friend telling of a boy named Jim Brutz, asked me to interview the youth at the William Penn Hotel, where we stopped. "He's supposed to be an exceptionally good tackle from Niles, Ohio." said Layden. "He'll be in Pittsburgh, tonight. I'll phone him, and ask that he meet you. Talk with him."

I was sitting in my room awaiting the boy's arrival, when a knock came at the door. I answered it. Four or five rough looking men faced me, each big enough to fill the doorway without assistance. All were deeply tanned, and wore heavy, black beards. There was no sign of a boy among them. "Are you Scrapiron?" the one with the heaviest beard asked.

"Why, yes," I replied. "If it's tickets to the game you want, I'm afraid I haven't any. Besides, I'm waiting for a boy who is due here any minute. Perhaps, if you try the team manager, he might help you."

"We don't want any tickets," replied the bearded spokesman, a bit impatiently. "My name is Jim Brutz. I guess I'm the boy you're waiting for."

Boy, indeed! The lad was a giant. "How old are you, anyway?" I asked, covering my amazement.

"Just turned 18," he answered. Lordy they grew them big in Niles, Ohio.

When the five man mob had seated itself in the room, there was scarcely any space left in which to breathe. I began the interview by asking for a résumé of high-school courses that Brutz had taken. He listed them from memory.

"Sorry, Jim," I said, "they won't do."

The kid's face fell. "But I have good grades," he insisted.

"I'm sure you have, son," I said. "But the courses just don't fit the entrance requirements at Notre Dame. Would you be willing to go back to high school, and take the subjects that you lack? If you did, I'm certain we could arrange for your enrolling a year from now."

The boy grinned happily. "Yes, sir, I'll do anything you say, but," and his face clouded ominously, "don't tell me then that I can't go, or else—"

I took one look at the five behemoths, and hurriedly assured Brutz that he would be acceptable the following year. I never did know who his "henchmen" were, that night, but I always had the feeling that they were on hand to insure my accepting Big Jim at Notre Dame. When I reported to Layden, I made certain that I emphasized the impressive Brutz physique. "He's big enough to play pro ball." I wanted no part of the fearsome five.

Brutz made up the year in high school, and enrolled at Notre Dame. He turned out to be a better than average student, and a much, much better than average tackle for three years.

Elmer Layden's teams enjoyed three fine years in 1938, '39, and '40. His fifth year as head coach—1938—saw him come within one game of equaling any of the previous undefeated seasonal records. Kansas was smothered in the

opener. Georgia Tech, Illinois, and Carnegie Tech were beaten by single touchdowns, Army and Navy by 19-7 and 15-0, respectively. Northwestern was tipped by a field goal, 9 to 7.

With a perfect season in the making, Notre Dame traveled West to meet an old and respected friend, Southern California. The Trojans proved to be anything but gracious hosts when they hammered the Irish, 13 to 0.

Sophomore backs, Bob Saggau, Milt Piepul, Benny Sheridan, and Steve Sitko sparked the '38 club and, with veterans Harry Stephenson, Joe Thesing, Mario Tonelli, and Louis Zontini, they were unstoppable. Until they met USC, that is. Notre Dame was three-deep in scintillating backfield talent. Each man was as capable as the rival candidate for his position. Sitko shaded his fellows in the blocking department. At the time, he was the best blocking quarterback in the business.

Besides playing football, Bob Saggau had a mania for meeting people—especially female people. On the trip to Los Angeles for the Southern California game, Saggau met a different girl at every stop, if the time was sufficient to allow his stepping from the train. Following each meeting, Saggau returned to his seat and the scurrilous remarks of his teammates.

"But she's a cousin of mine whom I haven't seen for a long time," he would insist, and looked crushed as his mates guffawed noisily.

In 1939, the Irish started off slowly against Purdue. The Boilermakers pitted Brock and Brown against Saggau and Zontini in a battle that was heralded as being the offensive

clash of the season. Consequently, it was anything but offensive. Two rugged lines, early season blocking faults, and tight running made the battle entirely defensive. In the fourth quarter, Joe Thesing broke away to the Purdue 10-yard line. After failure had come from running plays, Layden sent in Johnny Kelleher, place-kicking expert. Johnny split the uprights from seventeen yards out with a kick that won the game, 3 to 0.

Georgia Tech's mighty mite Engineers with their razzle-dazzle magic forced the Irish to depend again on a field goal for victory in the second game of '39. The score, 17 to 14.

Southern Methodist, number three on the schedule, lost to the Irish by the margin of a gust of wind that blew the last extra point attempt wide of the goal posts. It saved a 20 to 19 Notre Dame lead until the final gun. Irish point-getters were Milt Piepul who scored twice and Lou Zontini.

Against Navy, the Ramblers gained over four hundred yards from rushing, and sank the Middies, 14 to 7. Carnegie Tech was beaten, 7 to 6, when Johnny McIntyre saved the day for the Irish by blocking Muha's attempted conversion. Notre Dame's All-American end, Bud Kerr, had previously snatched a loose ball from the arms of Merlyn Condit and raced twenty yards to score. Zontini kicked the all-important extra point. A partially blocked Carnegie pass settled into the arms of Tech's Jerry White, and set up the score that occurred three plays later.

Army fared no better than did Navy. Stephenson threw a second-period pass to Ennio Arboit on the Army 5. On the next play, Stephenson went over. Trying desperately to score in the final period, the Cadets took to the air. One heave was intercepted by Steve Bagarus who reeled off forty yards

for another and final score. Total, Notre Dame 14, Army 0.

Iowa's Iron men ended the Irish victory march. Sitko's attempted lateral to Zontini bounced into a swarm of Hawkeyes on the Notre Dame 3-yard line. On the third try, Nile Kinnick slid over for a tally. Kinnick sent a drop kick between the bars for the extra point. In the second half, the Irish continually threatened, outplayed the Hawkeyes offensively, but only one march culminated in a score. Piepul plunged over after a 49-yard drive in the third quarter. Zontini's place kick was wide, and the Irish were down, 7 to 6, for the first time.

Bouncing back from the Iowa setback, the Irish squeezed past Northwestern, 7 to 0. In the first three periods, they drove within the Wildcat 30 eight times, but the scoring punch was lacking. In the fourth quarter, Northwestern hopes rose when young Bill DeCorrevont punted to Bob Hargrave, who was trapped along the side lines on the Irish 9. Like hounds closing in on a cornered hare, the Wildcats moved in on Hargrave. First they saw him, then they didn't. Somehow, Bob Hargrave squirmed through the cordon of Cats, shook loose, and ran fifty yards to the Northwestern 41. Steve Juzwik skirted left end to the Wildcat 9, and two plays later, Piepul plunged over. Zontini ran from the 10 for the extra point.

Once again it was Notre Dame versus Southern California, and once again Notre Dame tasted defeat. At the outset, the Trojans marched sixty-seven yards to score. In the second quarter, they blew a scoring chance when Doyle Nave fumbled on the Irish 2-yard line. Just before the half ended, The Irish counterattacked to the USC 5. No touchdown, though. The third quarter was tame, the fourth a mad flurry

of touchdowns. Piepul scored on the first play of the final period. The Trojans almost immediately marched forty-two yards to counter. Benny Sheridan then reeled off sixty yards through right tackle for a Notre Dame marker. Amby Shindler of Southern California closed the scoring for the day by going thirty-five yards for the Trojan's final tally. Result, Southern California 20, Notre Dame 12.

If ever I beheld a picture of utter dejection after a football game, it was little Benny Sheridan in the dressing room following the Iowa defeat. Benny's home town was close to Iowa City, the site of the game. As a result of the speedster's glowing record in previous contests, his home town turned out en masse to root for their pride and joy. A special train was even chartered for the occasion.

In the light of following events and the uphill battle that the Irish waged, Elmer Layden was forced to rely on his starting eleven for nearly the entire game. Sheridan remained fidgeting on the bench, unnoticed by the coach. Not until very late in the fourth quarter did Elmer wave the lad into the game. By that time, the home folks were hopping mad, and rightfully so. Naturally, they were disappointed, but no more than was little Benny. The kid was heartbroken. Layden readily admitted after the game that he had intended to make greater use of Sheridan. His failure to do as much was strictly an oversight.

Layden squared things with the boy by arranging for an expense-free trip to Los Angeles for Benny's crippled mother, in order that she might see her boy in action against the Trojans. Benny performed beautifully. He climaxed his career with a brilliant 60-yard dash to a touchdown, and

crossed the goal line directly in front of the side line spot where his mother sat in a wheel chair. Both mother and son thrilled as one to the ringing cheers of the multitude.

If there was a school about which Elmer Layden had cause to think unkindly, it was the University of Iowa. Not that he ever harbored anything but the greatest respect for that fine institution of learning, mind you.

Two years hand running, the Hawkeyes of Iowa ruined what appeared to be an undefeated season for the Irish. It happened in 1939 and again in 1940. As Nebraska was the proven jinx to Rockne's teams of '22 and '23, so Iowa was its later day counterpart.

In 1940, Layden's boys started fast with a 25 to 7 win over a fighting young team from Stockton, California, the College of Pacific Tigers. Amos Alonzo Stagg, grand old man of football, brought the Coast boys East, and they performed creditably for him.

The Ramblin' Wrecks from Georgia Tech were outlasted in a scoring duel, 26 to 20. Carnegie Tech did not have it at all that year, and bowed 61 to 0. The Fighting Illini came a little closer, 26 to 0. Army and Navy were scuttled by one-touchdown margins. Then came Iowa.

The game was nearly a duplicate of the '30 encounter. Both lines dominated the play throughout, but the fast-charging Hawkeyes repulsed every attempt of Notre Dame's Bob Saggau, Steve Juzwik, and Captain Milt Piepul to penetrate scoring territory. A replacement for Saggau, one Frederick O. "Dippy" Evans showed great potential, but was no more successful in the scoring department than the veteran

backs. Iowa came away with a neat 7 to 0 decision over the Irish.

Northwestern caught the Ramblers on the rebound from their Iowa upset. Notre Dame was never fully in the game as the final score of 20 to 0 against them indicated. The '40 Irish brought down the curtain on the season and Elmer Layden's coaching career at Notre Dame with a thrilling 10 to 6 win over the Trojans of Southern California.

Before wrapping up the Layden period at Notre Dame, I would like to mention an interesting bit of byplay following the Navy game of 1940. Returning from Baltimore on the B&O, we were to transfer to buses at Lakeville, Indiana. Throughout the journey, Dippy Evans, the halfback, and Bernie Crimmons, a good but slow-moving fullback, were whiling away the hours in a contest of sorts. They were vying to see who could burp loudest and longest.

Nearing Lakeville, the conductor, announced our destination. There was a mad rush to don coats, and make for the exit. As everyone crowded the aisles, Dippy Evans, who had pushed his way to the front of the car, passed an especially noisy sample of his talent.

Apparently, Dippy thought that Bernie was directly behind him, because he assumed an air of smug self-satisfaction. Quite pleased with his effort, and without turning, Dippy said, "There now, can you beat that?"

A voice answered, "No, Dippy. I believe that you win."

Something was wrong. The voice seemed much too soft and bell toned to be the property of Bernie Crimmons. Turning slowly, a look of horror spread over Dippy's features, as

he glanced at the owner of the voice. His face blossomed into three shades of scarlet as he beheld sweetly smiling, lovely Mrs. Edith Layden, a better sport you could never meet.

Dippy would have gladly crawled through a keyhole.

Elmer Layden concluded a brilliant seven-year career at his alma mater on February 3, 1941, when he resigned his athletic directorate and coaching post to accept the position as commissioner of the National Professional Football League. Layden's teams were never champions, but they won more than their share of the big ones, including the '35 last-ditch comeback against Ohio State. That game, and the Minnesota upset of 1937, proved they were always capable of performing the impossible, particularly when they were supposed to be "murdered" by the opposition. It was this never-say-die spirit that made them an interesting spectator team at all times.

As athletic director, Elmer arranged highly desirable schedules. In my opinion, he was the best of all Notre Dame directors from a schedule-making standpoint. At no other period did the Irish meet so many top teams of the Big Ten as well as the intersectional giants of the country.

He fostered interest in all types of athletics among the Notre Dame students by inviting champions from every field, professional or amateur, to display their wares on the South Bend campus. Exhibitions by world's tennis, golf, boxing, track, basketball, and handball champions were promoted by Layden for the first time at Notre Dame.

Layden's record as a coach spoke for itself. In his seven years as head man at Notre Dame, his teams won 47 games,

lost 13, and tied 3 for a .783 average. The biggest score run up by a Layden-coached team was the 61 to 0 slaughter of Carnegie Tech in 1940. His worst defeat was the 26 to 0 loss to Pittsburgh in 1936.

16.

FRANK LEAHY AND A NEW REGIME

SWEETER to Francis William Leahy than the Sugar Bowl Championship, which his Boston College Eagles had so recently won, were the words of Eddie Dunigan, speaking by telephone for Father J. Hugh O'Donnell, president of Notre Dame, on an evening in February, 1941.

"They want you, Frank. They want you to take the job of athletic director and head coach at Notre Dame."

Here was the complete fulfillment of a dream. A dream that had its first beginning as far back as 1925 in the person of a young halfback, playing for Winner High School of Winner, South Dakota. The same halfback became a tackle for Central High of Omaha, Nebraska, when his family moved to that tall-corn country.

To Notre Dame in 1927, he carried the dream. There were so many setbacks in the next four years that the boy Leahy despaired of ever seeing that dream come true. Injury followed injury. His active playing days came to an abrupt end on October 2, 1930, two days before the opening game of his final season.

A freak accident occurred in a scrimmage play that was

itself an afterthought. Rockne had dismissed the team for the day. Then reconsidering, he called them back for "just one more play." The teams lined up. As the play developed, Leahy's right-shoe cleats caught in the turf, and Frank went down, twisting a cartilage in his knee. That was the end.

The dream faded but did not die. Leahy knew his football, and Rockne knew Leahy. Rock tutored the man whom he recognized would someday be one of the greatest football strategists in the country. Rock saw to it that he signed with Georgetown University as line coach under Tom Mills, in 1931. His line made such an impression on Jimmy Crowley in the Michigan State game that he brought Leahy to East Lansing in 1932.

When Crowley moved from Michigan State to Fordham in 1933, Leahy went with him—to produce the famous Seven Blocks of Granite, the line that kept Fordham from defeat on all but two occasions in 1935, '36, and '37.

The dream was approaching its realization. A giant stride was taken in that direction when Frank signed to coach Boston College in 1939. The Eagles flew through twenty victories in twenty-two starts, and Notre Dame beckoned. The golden "air castle" of a youth became a Golden Dome.

"Scrap, may I have a few words with you?" Frank Leahy was speaking. He had just concluded the formal meeting with coaches and staff of the Notre Dame athletic department, one morning in early March, 1941. With Father John J. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., vice-president of the school, in attendance, he had officially taken over the desk of athletic director from Elmer Layden. The ceremony, if it could be called that, had been brief. Leahy had delivered a short talk, outlining

his plans, paying tribute to Layden, and promising to uphold the tradition of the men who had preceded him to the chair of distinction—the chair of Rockne, Harper, Layden.

Now as the others filed slowly from the room, Leahy was asking me to remain. When the door closed, Leahy leaned forward and extended his hand. "Scrap," he said, "it's good to be back, and especially good to see your familiar face. It's like old times." Here he became as nearly sentimental as I was ever to see him. For a few moments, he relaxed from the cares of the tremendous responsibility that he had undertaken, to relive a few old memories. Then, quite as suddenly as the mood was upon him, it was gone. He became the stern, razor-sharp businessman that I knew thereafter.

"I would like very much if you would consider staying on with me," he continued. "As far as I'm concerned, you may be trainer for as long as you desire. There will be no change in your status. Is that agreeable?"

I nodded.

"I wish I could say the same for every member of the staff," he went on, "but I'm afraid there will be changes."

There were changes. The coaching staff was completely revamped. Ed McKeever, Joe McArdle, and Johnny Druze came on from Boston College, and with Bob Sullivan and Heinie Schrenker, became the new assistant combine. Leahy did not speak of this to me at the time. Rather, he asked me if I had any requests for changes in my own department. I forthwith listed the many changes that I had been seeking in vain for several years. I had asked for them, and had been denied so often in the past, that I knew them from memory. Leahy smiled thinly at their number, and to my surprise,

said that they would be provided, one and all. True to his word, they were provided.

Leahy concluded by indicating that there was to be a new policy regarding training and living habits of the football team. "I'll give you all the information as soon as it's worked out," he said. "Meanwhile, thanks for staying."

By Stepember, I knew the full meaning of Leahy's words. There was a new policy. It was a complete change-about from the free and easy spirit of the Layden days. Football was becoming a serious business. Layden was one to look as a father on the lads who played the game. He enjoyed a laugh with them. He was close to them. Leahy, on the other hand, can best be described as hard boiled and humorless on the field. Of course, Leahy the family man, the after-dinner speaker, the student adviser was someone else. Off the field, or away from the athletic office, he was a smooth, polished gentleman, kindly and quite nimble of wit.

The new policy started with a revised daily schedule during the grid season. Morning practice sessions were introduced. They began at 6 A.M., and continued until 7:45 o'clock. After every morning practice, hot coffee was provided in the dressing room, served by team managers. Breakfast followed after a brief rest and shower. Luncheon was served at 1 P.M., then the team adjourned to the Field House for a short chalk talk. At 4:30 o'clock, there were another practice, lasting until 6 P.M.

Continuing the new policy, Leahy drew up two sets of rules which were to be followed diligently. One set was entitled, "Imperative Requirements," the other, "Deadly Faults during a Game." Here they are as he gave them to me:

Imperative Requirements

1. Know all your assignments.
2. Hard work—a burning desire for individual perfection so you will have team success.
3. Have CLASS—no sloppy faking, blocking, or ball carrying.
4. NEVER: complain, alibi, swear, play illegally. No insubordination. No conceit (Remember ego is an anesthetic which deadens pain of stupidity).
5. Stay in condition—no smoking or drinking.
6. Fight like men with 100% loyalty to your teammates and to Notre Dame.
7. Concentrate on your studies and class work.
8. Be a gentleman on and off the field.

Deadly Faults During Game

1. "Choking."
2. Not knowing signals and assignments.
3. "Griping."
4. Fumbling—all penalties and mistakes.
5. Not aggressive—lack of spirit, determination.
6. Being discourteous to officials or opponents.

Leahy was fortunate in that he inherited some high-class talent from the 1940 squad. Captain Paul Lillis, Dippy Evans, Wally Ziemba, Jim Brutz, and Steve Juzwik were back. The good priests who stood on the side lines for every practice, arms akimbo, birettas tilted slightly backward, second-guessing the coaching staff were confused by some position changes.

Little Dippy Evans moved from half to fullback, and Bernie Crimmons was switched from fullback to guard. This latter change proved a bull's eye shot for Leahy. Crimmons the spirited, lardy fullback was a dud. Crimmons the guard was an All-American. Harry Wright, another lumbering fullback became a blocking halfback. Big Walt Ziemba was transferred from tackle to center to lend strength to the position because Tom Brock's bad knee made that fine center a doubtful starter at all times. Ziemba became an outstanding pivot man.

Leahy was streamlining. Slow-moving, meaty ball players were out. My job was to eliminate the fat. Helping to trim such men as Lillis from 235 pounds to 210, and Ziemba from 260 to 225 was no simple task, but it was accomplished before September rolled around.

In the summer of 1941, I was asked to accompany Leahy's assistant, Ed McKeever, on a good-will speaking tour. If we happened to stumble over a likely looking football prospect, we were to interview him, pointing out the advantages of matriculating at the South Bend campus. Our itinerary was such that we found little time for eating or sleeping.

One evening, we stopped in Wausau, Wisconsin. Here was the home of a young high-school star named Elroy Hirsch, and McKeever was anxious to talk with the boy. Darkness had closed in when we reached the Hirsch family residence. Almost coincident with our arrival was the appearance of three well-dressed youths of high-school age. Elroy, a husky, good-looking boy, invited us to enter. There was a festive air about the home. Several teen-age youngsters in semi-formal attire were seated in the living room. Obviously, a party was in the offing.

McKeever wasted no time in getting to the point. Would Elroy mind showing us just how he handled a football? He would be happy to do so, but he was sorry, he could not. There was to be a birthday party, and he was obliged to attend—it was his own birthday. McKeever, who could sell a refrigerator to an Eskimo, finally persuaded Hirsch and a friend to work out a bit for us. With that we left the Hirsch home, and drove a few blocks to a nearby fair grounds.

Under the lights from our car, the two lads donned sweat suits, and went through their paces, kicking and passing for nearly an hour. It was a hot night, and the mosquitoes were out in swarms. Both Hirsch and his friend were a mess by the time McKeever called a halt. Their faces glistened with perspiration. A number of bumps on their arms indicated that the mosquitoes had been feasting.

Elroy looked hopefully at McKeever. His evening and birthday party were certainly ruined, but the good-natured lad simply grinned and waited. No comment was forthcoming from McKeever for a few moments. Then he reached into the car, and brought out a small picture.

"Here," he said, handing the picture to the boy, "take this and cherish it always. It's a picture of Frank Leahy."

Now Ed McKeever, being a loyal Leahy disciple, mentally placed Frank high on a pedestal to be profoundly respected. He assumed that everyone did the same. So, when he handed an autographed picture of the coach to a youngster, it was his dramatic way of indicating that the boy was acceptable. He had no doubt but that every American boy would be proud to own such a picture.

Hirsch simply regarded it coldly in view of McKeever's lack of comment, and wondered privately if the latter had

full possession of his senses. McKeever followed up the picture with a school catalog and a sales pitch that seemed convincing enough to me. He left Wausau fully believing that he had sold Hirsch on the idea of attending Notre Dame. A few months later, when the boy enrolled at Wisconsin, McKeever knew that even the Leahy magnetism held only limited powers of persuasion. In subsequent years, Hirsch and I became good friends. Every time he sees me, he asks with unveiled sarcasm for a picture of Frank Leahy.

A new period of Notre Dame football was quietly born on September 27, 1941, when Frank Leahy led his first green-clad team onto the historic Stadium turf to open the season against the Wildcats of Arizona. Forty thousand curious fans were there to pass judgment on the thirty-three-year old coach and his "brain child." No difference was immediately apparent, except that the Irish employed a slight modification of the traditional Rockne shift.

"They're amazingly fast," thought a few spectators, aloud.

"Who's that Number 48? He's new," decided others, checking their programs. "Bertelli, eh. The kid looks good."

Soon more programs were being thumbed as the long, lean, sophomore left half, "Number 48" stood flatfooted, and imperturbably bulleted eleven out of fourteen strikes to half a dozen wolfish receivers. Thus was Angelo Bertolo "Mr. Accuracy" Bertelli introduced to the football world.

At half time, the Wildcats were trailing, 12 to 7, but they were very much in the game. Their coach, Miles Casteel, a friend of Leahy from Michigan State coaching days, was still hopeful of a win. But Bertelli got the range in the third period, and the Irish ran away with the ball game, 38 to 7.

Besides their discovery of Bertelli, the fans went home talking about the new "pocket" that Leahy had built around his passing ace. It was practically a wall comprised of center, guards, tackles, and quarterback, providing more than ample protection for the passer.

Rain and slow footing took the edge off the Irish speed in their second outing under Leahy, against Indiana. Dippy Evans and the big Rambler forward wall made up the deficiency. The "Dipper" slashed and galloped all day. Three times he planted the ball in the Hoosier end zone. The Notre Dame line swamped the Indiana offense. Heralded Billy Hillenbrand was stopped cold. Evans' big three were sufficient, and 19 to 6 was the final score.

Warm and sunny Atlanta played host to the Irish as Leahy's boys stung the Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets in their hive. Leahy devised a 4-3-1-2-1 defense especially for coach Bill Alexander's famous razzle-dazzle, and it worked like a charm to hold the Techs scoreless. Bertelli emulated Sherman's famous march, and the Irish won, 20 to 0.

Carnegie Tech and Illinois fell by the wayside. The Scots did not take their beating easily. A highly underrated Carnegie team fought to the bitter end, making the Irish work for every point of their 16 to 0 victory. Bob Zuppke brought his last Illinois team to Notre Dame, hoping to make his swan song a glorious one. The Little Dutchman was doomed to disappointment. High-flying Irishmen drummed out a 49 to 14 dirge on the turf of Notre Dame Stadium.

While the Cadet Corps in the west stands of Yankee Stadium kept up a constant chant that their team was "red hot," Army and Notre Dame slashed at each other's throats all of an afternoon. In the end, neither could draw blood. A

driving rain bogged both teams in ankle-deep mud, but considering the condition of the field, it was a wide open game. Notre Dame stubbornly tried to complete one of Bertelli's passes or break Evans or Juzwik in the open, while Army's Hill, Hatch, and Mazur worked in vain from the opposite direction. The two lines fought each other to a standstill. Even when dependable Jim Brutz broke through to block an Army punt and recover in Cadet territory, the Irish could not score. The game ended in a 0-0 deadlock.

Undefeated Navy, the strongest team in the East, was ruled a top-heavy favorite when the Irish came into Baltimore's Municipal Stadium. This was easily the most thrilling Navy-Notre Dame clash in the fourteen years of their series. With Bertelli at his brilliant best and Dippy Evans playing the game of his life, ably supported by the entire squad, Notre Dame struck savagely and scored three times. But twice the Navy steam roller puffed down the field for touchdowns. In the last quarter, they smashed their way to the 4-yard line where the Irish, with a last desperate stand, stopped them, and thereby brought home a 20 to 13 victory.

A Notre Dame team, riddled with minor injuries after two bruising clashes, invaded the home of the Northwestern Wildcats, Dyche Stadium. A fierce and scoreless first half found the outmanned Irish striving to bottle up the Northwestern running attack led by famed Bill DeCorrevont. But Notre Dame opened the second half by recovering a Wildcat fumble. Bertelli flashed two bullet passes; the second to left end, Matt Bolger, for a touchdown Juzwik added the extra point. Northwestern retaliated with a long drive, aided by a penalty, and scored. Big Walt Ziemba blocked the all-

important extra point attempt, and Notre Dame slipped away with a 7 to 6 win.

In the week following the Northwestern win, the team underwent a sudden mental letdown. Instead of being high for the final clash of the season with Southern California, they seemed dispirited, listless. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday they were so low that Leahy was nearly frantic. Thursday afternoon, he announced that there would be no practice. "Forget football for the day," he told them. The psychology worked perfectly. On Friday, the lads were as chipper and frisky as a bunch of young colts.

Just before midnight, I received a phone call from the infirmary.

"One of the football players is injured, Mr. Young," said the nun on duty.

"Who is he?" I asked excitedly.

"Mr. Frederick Evans," she replied.

My knees turned to water. Dippy hurt on the eve of the Southern California game! I dressed hurriedly. I was so shaken by the news that I neglected donning my trousers, and had to return once the cold air proved my pajamas much too inadequate a protection. When I arrived at the infirmary, Dippy was surveying ruefully a knee that looked as big as a balloon.

"What the hell did you do that for?" I asked this asinine question in the heat of my sudden frustration upon seeing the knee.

Dippy explained. After the pep rally earlier in the evening, he and some of the others boys in St. Edwards' Hall found that sleep was not quick in coming on the night preceding a crucial game. One thing led to another, and before long a

water fight was in session. The floor became a small lake. A flashlight beam on the end wall foretold the approach of the hall rector. There followed a helter-skelter dash for cover. Dippy failed to navigate the turn into his room, and slid full tilt into the wall. His knee struck a corner, and down he went.

I saw little hope of ever getting him in shape for the game. In addition to the swelling, the knee was deeply gashed. I packed the thing in ice, and kept it packed all night. No mention of the accident was made to Leahy. I figured that he had enough worries without adding to them.

Next morning, I took Dippy over to the Stadium. Our actions were furtive because I wanted to work unhindered. Time was the most important factor at that point. By noon, the swelling was down thanks to several hours of heat treatments. I made a fiber pad for the knee, and Dippy started the game.

Dippy played the greatest football of his career that day. He inspired the Irish, and led them to a win over the tough Trojans who were battling for an upset. Each team scored three touchdowns. Steve Juzwik's toe erred only once, but his two conversions were the margin of victory, 20 to 18.

Following the game, I was nearly exhausted from the worry and my efforts of the preceding sleepless night. I approached Dr. Eugene McMeel, the team physician.

"Will you take a look at Evans' knee, Doc?" I asked.

He chuckled. "You did a good job, Scrap," he informed me, "even if it wasn't quite as secretive as you thought."

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied. "I know all about the injury. The sister

at the infirmary called me. She said that you were working on it. I decided that you had the case well enough in hand not to require consulting aid."

"Does Leahy know?" I asked, anxiously.

The doctor shook his head. "That's our own little secret—for the time being," he replied.

I breathed easily for the first time in seventeen hours.

Looking at Leahy's first season in retrospect, we find the young head coach firmly entrenched among the master strategists of the football world. He had weathered his second straight season without a defeat, and Notre Dame's first since Rockne. Unlike previous Notre Dame teams, Leahy's squad was cut to the bone from a man-power standpoint. The full complement of regulars had been narrowed to forty-five, a far cry from the seven- and eight-team squads of the past. Only about nineteen saw action regularly. In fact, the first team played nearly all of the games. They were inclined toward iron men tendencies.

Bob Maddock and Bernie Crimmons were as fine a pair of guards as any coach would want. Crimmons was voted the best in the nation. Jim Brutz and Captain Paul Lillis at tackles in addition to Bob Dove and George Murphy were outstanding. Brutz was selected as the team's most valuable player, and Dove took all-American honors. Need we say more about Evans, Bertelli, and Juzwik in the backfield?

Not a serious injury marred the entire year. All members of the first-string eleven were in top form, ready for the kickoff of every game. Leahy, the first-year coach, more than kept his word when he said, "You'll be proud of the Notre Dame teams, win, lose, or draw."

"Fluffy" and "Duffy" were with us at this time. If ever two lads had a talent for driving me to distraction it was these two, better known as Tom and Creighton Miller. They were screwballs, plain and simple. I never had the pleasure of meeting their father, Harry "Red" Miller, Notre Dame great of 1907, but from all reports they were chips from the old block. They were forever playing tricks of devilment.

One morning, the two lads appeared in the training room. They desired treatment. Creighton had a sprained ankle. Tom complained of a bad shoulder. I made the mistake of putting both boys in the treatment room at the same time, Creighton in the whirlpool bath, Tom at the radium short-wave machine. I returned to my office in an adjoining room, and went about my business. It was not long until the sounds of a great splashing and crashing brought me back on the run. The place was a mess. Water dripped from everything. Creighton had splashed most of the water in the bath at Tom who, at the moment of my arrival, was attempting to drown his brother in the water that remained.

When I had forcibly ejected the Millers, and cleaned up my training quarters, I heaved a deep sigh. Oh, well, I thought, boys will be boys, and promptly forgot the incident.

Next day, they were back. I was too busy at my desk to give them anything but a quick glance as they announced their intention of renewing the treatment. Several minutes passed before I suddenly remembered my experience of the previous day. I jumped from my chair, and ran to the treatment room. There, on either side of the whirlpool bath, stood Fluffy and Duffy, arms upraised above their heads. Each in his hand held a small model airplane. Just as I shouted, the arms came down. The airplanes crashed into the bath. "Dive

Rockne coaching the team from the side lines in 1929. © *H. C. Elmore*

Rockne at a practice session.
© *H. C. Elmore*

Rock as he looked in 1927.
© *H. C. Elmore*

bomber!" yelled Fluffy, or was it Duffy? Water splashed everywhere.

For the next five minutes, three figures were seen running all over Cartier Field and its environs. The ankle of one Creighton Miller showed remarkable healing ability as I tried in vain to capture my two laughing, hooting, young tormentors. Thereafter, it was a standing rule that the Miller brothers never received treatment together at any time.

Another story of Creighton and Tom involved Frank Leahy himself. It was the first day after summer vacation, and the boys met Leahy on the campus. After exchanging greetings, they walked along with the coach between them, chatting noisily as they went. Leahy was too preoccupied to pay much attention to this chatter, and they sensed his inattention almost immediately. In a halfhearted attempt to make conversation, Leahy asked about their summer, and such things that people ask each other when they meet under similar circumstances. To every reply, Leahy automatically said, "That's fine," and nodded his head.

"How is your mother?" asked Leahy. (Everyone at Notre Dame knew that Mrs. Miller had passed away many years before, so did Leahy, but he absent-mindedly asked the question.)

"Oh, she fell down and broke her neck," replied Creighton in the same matter-of-fact tone of voice.

Leahy nodded, "That's fine. And how is your father?" He was still in the abstract.

"Oh, dad's in an insane asylum," said Tom. "He's completely off his noodle." (Harry Miller was and is the quite sane Chief Counsel for the DuPont Company.)

Leahy went on nodding, "That's fine."

Poor Frank, they never allowed him to forget that incident. They tell the story every time the three men are together.

Creighton Miller was the only player on a Leahy-coached team who could deliberately remain away from practice, and not be reprimanded for it. I remember the day he came to me and said, "Scrap, tell Furline that I won't be out for practice, today." (The name "Furline" was tagged on Leahy by his 1941 team because he wore a large, sheepskin-lined jacket to practice.)

I had no idea that he was serious. I just laughed and passed it off as a joke. When practice began, a team manager came for Creighton. I repeated the boy's statement, omitting the "Furline," and it was relayed to Leahy. The coach asked me later if Creighton was hurt or ill. When I told him that he was perfectly well, Leahy frowned but said nothing. It seems that Creighton had refused a scholarship, and could not be forced to participate. He was much too able as a player to be dismissed from the team. Leahy was helpless. He could not discipline the errant youth. Fortunately, the matter never became an issue because Creighton knuckled down to work, once the regular season started.

17.

TRIAL—ERROR—SUCCESS

It was no secret to those of us who were close to the scene that Frank Leahy was planning some drastic changes in the Notre Dame style of football. Rumors were flying. Leahy had been seen with Sid Luckman, the quarterbacking wizard of the Chicago Bears. He was known to have been in close communication with Clark Shaughnessy, the man who had taken Stanford to the Rose Bowl in 1941. Could the fact that both Luckman and Shaughnessy were foster fathers of the T-formation have any bearing on Leahy's plans?

We knew the answer to that question when spring practice started in 1942. Bob Snyder, Luckman's understudy with the Bears, showed up to help coach the backs. Leahy handed out a brand new set of plays, all moving from T-formation. So that was it! What would the alumni say? When the word got around, some looked with horror on the idea of abandoning the Notre Dame shift. Others, more discerning, saw in the T only modifications of many plays that Rockne had used. I, for one, had seen the plays that Rock was planning to use in 1931. I felt the same way as did those

who thought that the switch was not at all too radical. Most everyone sat back and awaited developments.

As spring practice moved along, it became apparent that the Notre Dame team personnel were handmade for the T-formation. Bertelli had only to brush up on his faking and ball handling to be a second Luckman. His passing needed no improvement. Dippy Evans was switched back to his old left half spot. With Creighton Miller at right half and Jim Mello at fullback, Notre Dame had the ideal T-formation backfield.

That they needed considerably more seasoning in the new formation was disclosed in the annual veterans-rookies game ending spring drills. The outgoing seniors, employing the orthodox Notre Dame system, bottled the T-youngsters tightly and applied the cork. If the T was a high-scoring system, it was not made apparent to those who witnessed the game. Neither side was able to counter, and the proof remained in the pudding until fall.

Before a game was played, troubles came galore. Whereas the 1941 team had been relatively free of player injuries, Leahy was visited by a plague of the things in his second year at the Notre Dame helm. All occurred in practice.

Creighton Miller went out first with a bruised bone in one foot. Walt Ziemba developed a trick knee. Fullback Jerry Cowhig injured his groin. Ends Matt Bolger and Jack Barry were lost for the season. The biggest blow of all came as a result of the foolishness of two assistant coaches.

In all my years at Notre Dame, my judgment as trainer was challenged just this once. Every morning, it was my duty to make out an injury list. I was the sole judge as to whether an injured player was able to participate in practice or a

game. On my list at this time was the name of Dippy Evans. He had reinjured his knee in scrimmage, and I was watching him closely, working on him, bringing him along slowly. When at last I felt that he was able to exercise the member, I removed his name from the list. He was to do plenty of running, but under no condition was he to be used in contact work. Day after day, the coaches hounded me as to when I would allow the boy's participating in scrimmages. I informed them that notice would be sent just as soon as the boy was ready. Meanwhile, only sweat-suit workouts were to be permitted.

One afternoon my training room activities were interrupted by a wildly excited team manager.

"Hurry, Scrap. Evans is hurt, and we don't dare move him."

"Evans!" I yelped. "How could he get hurt?" I grabbed my medicine kit and ran to the field. Sure enough, Dippy was on the ground, his knee swollen. I worked frantically for a few minutes as the anxious eyes of players and coaches watched. Then I stopped, arose slowly, and called Leahy aside.

"It's no use, Frank," I said. "He's through for the season."

Leahy's face was white, and the muscles of his jaw worked violently as he turned away, the picture of dejection.

When the first shock of the accident had worn off, I was furious. "What were you doing in scrimmage, anyway?" I asked Dippy, that night.

He related the whole story to me. It seems that two assistant coaches went to Dippy's room, and tried to tape his knee before practice. They even brought his football togs to

the room, in order that I would not see him dressing. Then they escorted Dippy to the field for scrimmage.

Frank Leahy nearly cursed when he heard the details. He said, "Oh, my!" three times and I knew that he was very angry. He told me that he was under the impression that I had given Evans permission to drill. The assistant coaches had told him as much. Between the two of us we gave them a verbal blistering they would not soon forget. The incident was a good lesson for future objectors to a trainer's decision, but it did nothing for little Dippy Evans. His career had ended.

Leahy's first grand showing of the T-formation, Notre Dame style, on September 26, 1942, proved anything but an auspicious one. The "guinea pig" for the test was Harry Stuhldreher's fine University of Wisconsin eleven. The Badgers refused to hold still for any fancy-dan monkey-shines, and they stopped the Irish all over the field. A boy by the name of Elroy Hirsch was a one-man gang. He ran and passed his team to a 7-7 tie with the Leahy men.

Tip-off on the way things were to shape up came on the morning before the game. The Notre Dame party had entrained for Madison at South Bend, and was forced by railroad difficulties to lay over for better than an hour in Chicago. Leahy gave the boys permission to roam around, but he issued strict orders for them to be back at least five minutes before the scheduled departure.

We all met near Gate 10 of Chicago's Central Station at the appointed time, and boarded the train. Everything seemed in good order when we pulled out. We relaxed in our comfortable chairs, and contemplated a pleasant journey

to Madison. Then, somebody started counting noses, and our little group was thrown into a fit of consternation. Angelo Bertelli was missing. An immediate, train-wide search failed to produce the young man on whose lithe frame dangled the hopes of all Notre Dame followers.

Leahy burned up the telegraph lines back to Chicago. Where was our wandering boy? At first there was no news. Then it was learned that Bertelli had boarded the wrong train. He was on his way to Elgin, Illinois. The passenger agent who was making the trip with us, wired the Elgin-bound flyer. Like a movie-serial thriller, the train was stopped and a Madison milk-run special was flagged down. Bertelli transferred, and arrived at our dressing room after the team had taken to the field.

Whatever possessed the usually intelligent Bertelli to have a mental lapse that day, I never knew. But it completely unnerved him, and he played the poorest football of his career. As the game progressed, the second-string quarterback, Russ Ashbaugh, who was spelling Bertelli on defense, showed far more vim and verve than did Angelo. Leahy decided to give him a fling at offensive work. The team perked up when the change was made. Ashbaugh steered them sixty yards down the field to the 10-yard line. Here, Leahy replaced him with Bertelli. On the next play, Bertelli bobbled the hand-off, and Wisconsin recovered the fumble.

After the Wisconsin series of downs was completed, Ashbaugh was once again directing the Irish. This time he started a drive from seventy yards back. Again they moved to within scoring distance, and Leahy replaced Ashbaugh with Bertelli. Russ came off the field burning with rage. Leahy called him to his side.

While Ashbaugh was walking the length of the bench to talk with the coach, Bertelli was running another play. It happened to be an off-tackle plunge called Number 51 Slant, which required that our tackle, Bob Neff, block the opposing end, if it was to be worked successfully. The two lines crashed into each other. Nothing happened. Neff had missed the end, and the ball carrier was thrown for a loss.

Ashbaugh who was from Neff's home town and his best friend, decided at that moment to give vent to his anger at Leahy by taking it out on the tackle. From his side line position he screamed, "Neff, you're a dumb S.O.B!"

Frank Leahy was startled by the words of his quarterback. Frank's strongest language had never exceeded a vehement, "Oh, my!" even when his Irish temper was at a boil. "What did you say, Russ?" he asked.

The youngster looked abashed. "I'm sorry, Coach," he said.

"Well, you should be," admonished Leahy. "You know we don't tolerate that kind of talk around here."

About the time Leahy had finished scolding Ashbaugh, Bertelli was running a play—the same play. Again Neff missed the end, and the runner was smeared. Either Bertelli had a one-track mind for the time or he was determined to make "51" work, because he called it twice more in the next five minutes. The result was the same in each instance. Neff missed the key block, and the play flopped. After the fourth failure, Leahy turned and paced to the end of the bench. "Ashbaugh," he called, "come here."

Leahy looked out at the field. A grim smile lurked in the corners of his mouth. Ashbaugh saw only his rugged profile for a few seconds. Then Leahy shook his head. "Russ," he said, "you're right. Neff is an S.O.B."

Still another incident of that Wisconsin game occurred in the fourth quarter. Leahy sent his third quarterback, Frank "Boley" Danciewics, into the game, and told him not to pass under any circumstances. Boley passed the very first time he took the ball. Leahy said nothing, but he started pacing. Boley had the ball for a second time. It was another pass. Leahy sat down. Once more Boley grabbed the ball from center, and let fly an aerial. That was all Leahy could stand. He yanked the quarterback. "Boley," he said, when the boy joined him on the bench, "did you hear me when I told you not to pass?"

"Yes, sir," admitted the offender.

"Well, why did you pass?" asked Leahy.

Boley could think of no suitable reply. He said nothing. Everyone within listening distance waited for Leahy to upbraid the boy. Instead, he said very quietly, "Boley, you're a bad boy."

I nearly fell off the bench at that remark. It was typical of the even-tempered Leahy. A few minutes later, he beckoned for me to sit beside him. "Scrap," he whispered, "are you sure that Boley is in his right mind?"

"Why, yes, Frank," I replied.

"I'm not too sure," said Leahy. "I think you had better examine him for brain concussion."

Boley's only trouble, as I later discovered, was a bad case of jitters that had completely blanked out his memory for the time that he was in the game.

The anti-T-formation minority among the Notre Dame following came forward in the week after that Wisconsin disappointment. They were loud in their criticism of Leahy. "The nerve of that upstart!" they said. "He changed the

system that had been good enough for Rockne. Give us back the Notre Dame shift." They were even more outspoken when on the next week end Notre Dame looked worse, if that was possible, losing to Bill Alexander's Yellow Jackets of Georgia Tech. Bertelli completed only six out of sixteen pass attempts. Four of his tosses were intercepted at crucial moments. Three times butterfingered backs lost the ball on fumbles to the Techs, and Notre Dame "sold the farm" by the score of 13 to 7. Young Frank Leahy was having his troubles. The budding genius was in a tight spot, and he knew it.

Adding to his problems, Leahy began to feel pains in the back of his head and along his neck. The work and worry of installing the T-formation, and the disappointing turn of events in the two games in which it had been used were showing on the coach. He looked haggard, and seemed to tire easily. Leahy was much too conscientious for his own physical good. He was not adverse to putting his work ahead of everything, even his health. It was obvious that something should be done or he would collapse altogether.

Father J. Hugh O'Donnell, the president of Notre Dame, and Father John Cavanaugh, the vice-president in charge of athletics, made the only move open to them. They ordered Leahy to forget football and go away for a rest. Obeying the demands of his superiors, Leahy turned the luckless team over to Ed McKeever and Bob Snyder, and headed for the Mayo Brothers Clinic at Rochester. There he was told by the doctors that he was suffering from spinal arthritis. This illness was as much a result of overwork as the early diving injury that he thought had caused it.

While Leahy was undergoing treatment, McKeever and

Snyder did an excellent job of filling in for the boss. They accomplished in three games that which Leahy had been unable to do himself. They succeeded in starting the T-machine and kept it running in high gear for three consecutive Saturdays. From way out West in California Marchy Schwartz brought his Stanford Indians to the Stadium. The Irish clicked as Leahy had dreamed they would. When the game was over, an unhappy Marchy walked briskly across the field to congratulate McKeever and Snyder on their first win as acting head coaches of Notre Dame. The score was 27 to 0. The Irish seemed to move with greater confidence as they broke into full victory stride against the Iowa Pre-flight Seahawks, downing the flyers, 28 to 0. Illinois was made of sterner stuff than the Indians and Hawks. Notre Dame had to come from behind on two occasions to trip the Illini, 21 to 14.

Leahy was guilty of a mild form of insubordination when he refused to carry out Father O'Donnell's instructions to the letter. He could not "forget football." Frank was in constant touch with his two "stand-ins" by telephone. Scout reports were brought to him. Movies of each game were shown in his room. Still, the treatment, and whatever rest he managed to squeeze in between thoughts of football, worked a remarkable change in the the man. When he returned to Notre Dame on the Thursday before the Navy game, he looked like a different person. The lines of worry were erased from his face, and the look of fatigue was gone from his eyes.

In a steady downpour of rain, Leahy directed his first winning effort with the T-formation Irish, against the Middies from Annapolis. The game could scarcely be called an

artistic success because the rain made a quagmire of the Cleveland ball park, causing ten fumbles to be committed. Notre Dame won by the score of 9 to 0, but Leahy knew little more about his team than before the game had started.

On the following Saturday, November 7, 1942, the Notre Dame team vindicated Leahy's faith in the T-formation by defeating the ancient and honorable rival from West Point, 13 to 0. This win over Army proved conclusively to Leahy's satisfaction that the T was here to stay. Even those die-hards among the alumni who had screamed the loudest upon its inception were forced to admit grudgingly that Leahy "might have something there."

When Michigan came to trounce the Irish 32 to 20 on the following week end, in the first Michigan-Notre Dame game in thirty-three years, the voices of alumni dissenters rose in moderate protest. They did not push the issue, and after the next two Saturdays when Miller and Bertelli clicked on sixteen cylinders to defeat Northwestern and Southern California, the voices disappeared forever.

The Southern California game was turned into a farce by an overly enthusiastic field judge. Although bitterly fought from the opening kickoff, the game was moving along smoothly until the "eager" official stepped in to take a more active part than the players. Quiet and soft-spoken Jim White was playing his usually steady game at tackle when he turned to ask a question of the official. The man ordered Jim to the side lines. I never saw the boy so infuriated. He asked for an explanation, but received none. He was in tears, and would have turned on the field judge if I did not grab his arms and hustle him to the bench. It was the most unreasonable and unprovoked banishment that I ever witnessed.

Before the game ended, the official accounted for half a dozen ejected players from both squads.

Led by Bruce Smith of Minnesota fame, and Captain Jim Barber from the University of San Francisco, the Bluejackets from Great Lakes Naval Station poured through the Irish in the first half of a rain-drenched game at Soldiers Field, Chicago. At the intermission, it looked as though there was no stopping the sailors. Their 13 to 0 lead would be at least doubled by game's end. But on the first play of the second half, Bertelli faked to Livingston, handed the ball to Corwin Clatt, and the fullback went all the way on an eighty-two-yard jaunt. A few minutes later, Creighton Miller rambled sixty-eight yards to score, and John Creevy evened things at 13-13 with his toe. That's the way it ended, and a happy ending too, for Leahy's first T-formation year.

A "Tree" grew at Notre Dame in 1942 and '43. The "Tree" was John Adams, a youngster from Fort Smith, Arkansas, who arrived in 1940 as a slightly bigger-than-average freshman, but then grew and grew until he reached the 6′ 7″ mark. Ordinary football helmets were too small for him, even the largest sizes. While he was undergoing the rather amazing physical change from adolescence to manhood, he earned his appropriate nickname.

Adams was one of the clumsiest lads I ever saw when he first came out for football. I suggested that he take up handball to develop co-ordination. I shall never forget the first game I played with him. He missed the ball every time it came his way. The spectators, who were attracted by the performance, laughed until tears rolled down their cheeks, but Johnny just looked a bit more determined, and sailed in

with both hands and, I'm afraid, feet. My amusement turned to amazement two years later when Johnny became a well co-ordinated, powerfully built All-American candidate as tackle for the Irish.

Johnny was a conscientious boy who never missed a chance to work toward improving himself. Every day, he was on the field an hour before practice, polishing his charging and blocking. One afternoon, line coach John Druze asked Jim White to go out early and work with Adams. After fifteen minutes of banging into each other, the two boys sat down for a rest. White stared thoughtfully for a while at the wooden fence encircling Cartier Field, then he seemed to hit upon an idea. "Johnny," he said, "I'll bet $10 that you can't block a hole in the fence over there."

Adams looked at the fence, checked and saw there was no one around, and accepted the bet without further hesitation. The rules of the contest were quickly made by White. He indicated that Adams was to take a normal lineman's stance in front of the fence. At the word "Hike," Adams was to charge with head and tail down according to the accepted form of blocking tackles.

The two boys moved to a spot near the center of the fence. Adams adjusted his helmet straps, positioned his feet, and squatted. His body tilted forward as he balanced on the balls of both feet, and on one hand.

"Hike!" yelled White, and Adams charged.

There followed one of the weirdest sights that Jim White ever saw. Adams hit the fence like a pile driver, then fence and football player disappeared in a cloud of dust and the sound of rending wood. White said that he thought the latter was from Adam's head, but later decided that it was

the fence breaking off at its base. Jim closed his eyes to protect them from the dust storm. When he opened his eyes to look, he saw Adams standing beside him, staring dejectedly at the place where the fence had been. For a distance of one hundred feet there was nothing but wide open spaces, even the gate was gone!

I walked to the field with Leahy that day, and saw his look of surprise when he viewed the damaged fence. "What happened anyway?" he asked. "Did a cyclone hit us?" Then he called the players together. "Who knocked down the fence?" he demanded.

There was no sound for several seconds, then Adams stepped forward, and the squad howled.

"I might have known." said Leahy, looking at the young giant, "John, in order to teach you that you can't go through life knocking down fences, I'm going to make you pay for the repairs."

Later, John Adams decided that he had lost money on the deal. The bill came to $32.

The luck of the Irish, which had been noticeably absent in the previous year, returned to Notre Dame in 1943. During spring practice, it was learned that all the outstanding members of the team were in line for a quick call to either the Army, Navy, Marines, or Air Force. The football picture was as confused and doubtful at South Bend as it was in every school in the land. Then, like most of the schools, Notre Dame found the team bolstered, made even stronger, by service deferments and adjustments. Such special programs as the Navy V-5 gave many of the athletes additional time in which to graduate. Adams, Bertelli, Czarobski, Danciewics, Mello, Miller, and Szymanski were back, at

least temporarily, supported by service transfers Julie Rykovich of Illinois, Kulbitski and Perko of Minnesota.

Clark Shaughnessy's Pittsburgh Panthers were first to fall, 41 to 0. Georgia Tech was highly touted but the Irish slapped them out of their No. 2 ranking by a convincing 55 to 13 score. Michigan was back for more glory although they were rated as tops in the nation. Eighty-five thousand fans set an all-time record at Ann Arbor to watch Angelo Bertelli whip the T around, and whip the daylights out of the Wolverines, 35 to 12. He was ably supported by Creighton Miller, who averaged 15.9 yards per carry, scoring two touchdowns.

There was only a 3-point difference between Wisconsin and Illinois on the respective Saturdays that they played Notre Dame. Wisconsin lost 50 to 0, and Illinois lost 47 to 0. In all fairness to the two schools it must be pointed out that neither institution was gifted with service trainees as was Notre Dame. It was definitely an "off" year for both.

Angelo Bertelli made his farewell appearance in a Notre Dame uniform, on Saturday, October 30. A good Navy team found him unstoppable as he lofted three touchdown passes, and scored the last touchdown of the game, giving Notre Dame a 33 to 6 victory.

We thought that the loss of Bertelli would mean the end of the Notre Dame winning streak, but we reckoned without a quiet, young sophomore named John Lujak. Displaying every bit of the Bertelli perfection, Lujak passed for two scores and carried the ball over for a third in his first appearance at Yankee Stadium, against Army. It was Notre Dame and Lujak all the way, 26 to 0. Lujak, and another fledgling named Bob Kelly, led the Irish to a win over Lynn "Pappy"

Waldorf's Northwestern Wildcats, 25 to 6, on November 13. Waldorf, long one of the finest coaches in the business, fielded a classy team that held the Irish scoreless until seconds before the first half ended.

On November 20, 1943, the Irish defeated the Iowa Pre-flight Seahawks for the mythical nation championship. Another sophomore, Fred Early, became a Notre Dame hero. His accurate toe delivered two perfect conversions after Lujak, Mello, Miller, and Kelly had combined forces for two touchdowns to equalize the efforts of Dick Todd and Perry Schwartz of the Seahawks. The final score was 14 to 13. The 1943 season lasted just fifty-five seconds too long for the Irish of Notre Dame. Nine straight victories were in the record books when the Ramblers met the Bluejackets of Great Lakes on November 27. After fifty-nine minutes and five seconds of bruising football, the Irish were enjoying a 14 to 12 advantage when Steve Lach of Great Lakes stood on the mid-field stripe, and pitched straight into the arms of Paul Anderson on the six-yard line. Anderson churned into the end zone, stomping out the Notre Dame hopes for an undefeated season as he ran. Great Lakes had dropped two games previously, so, despite the loss, the Irish were still rated best in the country. Once again the national crown was theirs, tarnished, but theirs.

The importance of the discovery of Johnny Lujak in 1943 was not realized until his return after two years of war, in 1946, when he brought even greater glories to Notre Dame and to himself. As an eighteen-year-old youngster, he was one of the best competitors that I ever saw. In the Great Lakes game, I watched the youngster take a brutal beating on every play. Seconds before the first half ended, a tired

Johnny looked at the clock, and decided to stall rather than give the ball to the sailors. Disregarding the fact that they had been pounding him unmercifully, he called for two successive quarterback sneaks into the line. On the second sneak, he was hit with a vicious tackle and wound up with about twenty-one men on his back. The gun had sounded just before he was hit. When the players untangled themselves, they moved toward the dressing room. Johnny arose and walked back as if to go into a huddle. I rushed to his side. "Johnny," I said, "how do you feel?"

He glanced at me as though surprised by my question. "Why, I feel fine, Scrap," he replied.

I saw the glassy look in his eye. "Better come with me, John," I said grasping him by the arm.

"Le'me alone, Scrap," he growled. "I won't leave until I finish the game."

The boy was "out on his feet," moving by instinct and a great fighting heart.

Lujak was one of the deadliest open-field tacklers that ever played football. Four times in the Illinois game of 1946 he caught fleet-footed Buddy Young from behind and in the clear. In the Army game of that year, he stopped both Blanchard and Davis in much the same way. Combining this defensive ability with his brilliance as a T-formation quarterback I can safely say that Johnny Lujak was the greatest football player that I ever saw.

Everyone liked Johnny, a smooth and dapper gentleman. If you met him on the street, you would think of him more as a fashion plate than as an athlete. I remember attending a party for him. There were several hundred people in attendance, all fawning and fussing over the boy. Pretty girls

flirted with him trying vainly to attract his attention. John just smiled and accepted each compliment gracefully. When the music started, he turned to his mother and danced with her. He danced with his sister. Then, he returned to his mother and spent the rest of the evening by her side, seeing that everyone met her. Hard-bitten newspapermen who were present went overboard for the boy because of his actions that night. He was, and still is, a fine football player, but he's an even finer gentleman.

Frank Leahy entered the Navy on May 19, 1944. He was sworn in as a full lieutenant in Chicago. After an eight-week indoctrination course at Princeton University, he was assigned to the Pacific Submarine Commander, Admiral Charles Lockwood, at Pearl Harbor. It was Leahy's job to organize and supervise athletic activities and recreation for the rehabilitation of submariners returning from combat.

Meanwhile, Smilin' Ed McKeever was named coach and athletic director of the Irish. McKeever had a good year in 1944. His team scored decisive wins over Pittsburgh, Tulane, Dartmouth, Wisconsin, Northwestern, Georgia Tech, and Great Lakes, had trouble with Illinois, and lost to Army and Navy.

The Army loss, a 59 to 0 trouncing, was the worst defeat suffered by a Notre Dame team in the history of the school. I still shudder when I recall how Glenn Davis and Felix Blanchard, the Touchdown Twins, ran by the bench all afternoon. Every time I pulled my face out of my hands, they were heading for the goal line.

Before the game, McKeever delivered a pep talk to the squad. He told them a sad, sad story about his poor sick

father who was lying in bed, and whose very life depended on the outcome of the game. "Go out and win this for my pop," he concluded.

In the last quarter, a weary, disgusted Notre Dame back looked at the scoreboard, ducked his head into the huddle and said, "Men, I'm not certain if it reads in the forties or fifties, but I'm positive of one thing—McKeever's old man is sure dead."

When the game ended, McKeever hurried to the hotel where the team was staying. I went with him. We managed to slip by the crowded lobby without causing notice. McKeever wanted only privacy. Conversation with football fans, especially Notre Dame football fans, was the last thing he welcomed. In the elevator, McKeever glanced at our lone fellow passenger—a drunk—and relaxed. Just a few seconds more, and he would be in his room, safe from the inquiring mob.

At that moment, the drunk lurched against him. "Say, wha'ja think of the game, today?" asked the inebriated one.

McKeever was startled. He said nothing. The drunk persisted, but McKeever maintained a stony silence.

"Y'know," said the lush, "if I had my way, I'd have you fired—ya bum."

Apparently the life of a football coach was not always a bed of roses.

In 1945, Hugh Devore, famed end on the Notre Dame teams of 1931, '32, and '33, took over the coaching duties at his alma mater. He engineered seven victories as against two losses and a tie. Illinois, Georgia Tech, Dartmouth, Pittsburgh, Iowa, Northwestern, and Tulane were in the Notre

Dame win column. Army and Great Lakes were much too strong for the Irish team of Navy V-5 and V-12 program trainees and boys with 4F draft classifications. They did manage to tie Navy, which was a pleasant surprise to the Notre Dame following. Football in 1945 was a second-rate proposition, and well it should have been. The mind and heart of the country was with the millions of boys playing the "big one" away from home. Football was all but forgotten in the all-out effort to wind up the war and bring the boys home from foreign battlegrounds. Notre Dame contributed her share to the nation's services. She was proud of the men who carried out their assignments in the most dangerous game just as they had been taught by Harper, Dorais, Rockne, Anderson, Layden, and Leahy.

This was my last season with the Irish. I had been yearning for my farm in Louisiana. The farm I had purchased in the hope of retiring to a life of ease. I said good-by to the friends and scenes of twenty-two happy years. I said good-by to the Golden Dome.

18.

GEORGE KEOGAN AND BASKETBALL

THE story of my life at Notre Dame has been told in part. It centered in the telling of the great football teams that passed through the training-room doors. As such it is not complete because those doors are open to every man who wore a uniform of green or blue in athletic endeavor, and likewise open to the men who coached them. No story of Notre Dame athletics is complete without mention of George Keogan and his basketball teams.

Basketball was almost in the category of a minor sport at Notre Dame when I first went there in 1923. It was primarily a means of keeping the football players, who for the most part were the only participants, in shape during the winter season. George Keogan arrived in the same year, and took over as head coach. From the day that all 5′ 4″ of him strutted into the old gym like a bantam rooster, and notified the football players that they could go home, basketball was on the upswing at Notre Dame.

There is no doubt that Keogan was a brilliant basketball tactician. For twenty-one years, he guided the Irish, and in twelve of these years they ranked among the top collegiate squads in the nation. Biggest moment of his career came on

the night he brought his team into Madison Square Garden to inaugurate basketball in the temple of sport. Because of his close friendship with Ned Irish, he succeeded in obtaining for Notre Dame the honor of introducing the game to New York on a big-time basis. That night, college basketball was given its greatest impetus. It caught the fancy of New Yorkers, and spread to the Chicago Stadium, Boston Garden, San Francisco Cow Palace, and all the other large arenas of the country.

The night that Notre Dame played the first intercollegiate game in Madison Square Garden, her opponent was New York University. This game began a rivalry that was to Notre Dame basketball the same as the Army, Navy, and Southern California rivalries were to Notre Dame football. It became a traditional meeting.

George Keogan produced great athletes in his time. Among these were the Crowe family. It was always a standing joke that there would be a Crowe playing basketball for Notre Dame as long as the school existed. For sixteen years, it appeared that this was more than just a joke. It might possibly be the case. There were eleven Crowes, but only five, namely, Ed, Clem, Leo, Francis, and Mike excelled in their chosen sport. They came to school from Lafayette, Indiana, through the prodding of alumnus Vince Vaughn, a prominent lawyer. Their case fully exemplified the way in which athletic scholarships can help underprivileged boys obtain a college education. The Crowes were a poor farming family who could ill afford the luxury of college. They all received their education with the help of basketball scholarships. Clem Crowe was far and away the best of the basketball-playing Crowes. He mastered a shot from the corner of the court, and

I never saw anyone to equal him in accuracy from that spot. The shot was particularly sensational in those days because everybody banked their shots off the backboard and into the basket. When Clem fired, the ball just swooshed through the net without touching anything. But Clem did not limit his activities to the basketball court. He competed in football, and baseball to become one of the few nine-letter men at Notre Dame.

Ray Meyer was another outstanding All-American. He never reached the peak of his potential because he was plagued by injuries. He had more courage than any basketball player that I knew. In one game, he dislocated his knee, and I reduced the dislocation. He returned to the court, and finished the first half. In diving for a loose ball in the second half, Ray dislocated his elbow. Once again, I reduced the dislocation, and he returned to finish the game, while I looked on in amazement.

On the night before Notre Dame played Purdue in 1935, Ray's mother died. When the team heard the news, they grieved not only for Mrs. Meyer, but for the fact that they would be without the services of their chief point-getter in the most important game of the season. They had abandoned all hope when, at 5:00 o'clock, the door to the dressing room opened, and in stepped Ray Meyer. He played the game of his life that night, scoring fifteen points, and bringing the Irish on to victory. After the game was over, Ray dressed silently, and walked alone to the train that carried him home to his mother's wake. Ray did not utter a word in all the time that he was with the team. Quietly, he fulfilled that which he considered his duty, and then returned to his grief.

After his graduation from Notre Dame, Meyer returned

as assistant to Keogan. In 1941, he went to De Paul University as head basketball coach of the Blue Demons, and became the nation's "Coach of the Year," in two of his first four seasons. His greatest claim to fame was the development of George Mikan into the "Basketball Player of the Half-Century," a title bestowed by the press of the country.

One of the worst blunders that George Keogan ever committed was his refusal to give Mikan a scholarship to Notre Dame, when the big lad came calling. I sat in on a brief workout in 1941, when Keogan watched Mikan, and decided that the boy was too big and clumsy. Ray Meyer was watching with us. Afterward, he shook his head, "George muffed one that time," he said to me. A few weeks later, Meyer received the offer from De Paul, and was delighted to see Mikan turn out for practice at the Chicago school.

Francis J. Powers, the famed sports columnist, tells an interesting tale in the January, 1949, issue of *Sport* magazine about the beginnings of the Meyer-Mikan combination, which fits in with the story of training athletes:

> During spring practice, Meyer put Mikan on a schedule that would have shamed the boss of a chain gang—three hours a day, five days a week, for six weeks. The workouts would start with George skipping rope for 15 minutes to melt down the vitamins of Minnies' [Mrs. Mikan] cooking. Some days he would lose fifteen pounds and then regain his strength on a breakfast consisting of six eggs, a cut of ham with gravy, a pitcher of milk, and a loaf of homemade bread, thickly coated with icing and raisins.
>
> Meyer and Mikan worked alone. After the rope-skipping, George would try as many as five hundred shots, first with the right and then with the left hand. Then there would be another session of rope work.

The greatest Notre Dame center, in my opinion, was Giz Nowak, who played in 1934, '35, and '36. Giz was playing with the Studebaker plant of South Bend in an industrial league, when Keogan heard of his prowess. The boy had no desire for a college education until George induced him to come to Notre Dame. He passed up a lucrative job, and returned to school. Giz was a fine team player. On more than one occasion, I saw Giz go under the basket for an easy shot, then turn and pass to a teammate who would get credit for the score. He was even tempered, cool, calculating, and a dead-eye shot. Nowak made the All-American team in his last two years.

There were others at Notre Dame who played the game with a high degree of excellence. John Moyer was a three-year All-American in 1934, '35, and '36. He was from Niagara Falls, and learned his basketball in the Canadian League. He had great natural ability. John Baldwin was an All-American in 1931 and 1932. He was a six-footer, a giant in those days, only a "little guy" by present-day standards of the typical college basketball player. The boy was a clever ball-handler, and a high-scoring artist, and took much delight in dribbling around and through his opponents.

When the 1931, '32, and '33 Irish played a game, four of the five men on the court concentrated wholly on making baskets, because they knew that their goal was well protected by the fifth man, George Ireland. There was no better guard in the business at any time. Keogan rated him as the "best I ever coached." I never did see a boy with more competive spirit than young Mr. Ireland. He was a friendly, likeable chap off the court, but once he entered a game all friendship ceased as far as he was concerned. When Keogan put him guarding

a man, the fellow was lucky if he made one shot. "I wouldn't trade George Ireland for any three men playing today," said George Keogan.

Few men have been so gifted as to become an All-American in football, and repeat the honor in basketball. Edward Walter "Moose" Krause was one of these few. The tackle of the gridiron became the center of the basketball court. Yes, Ed was versatile, but apparently his versatility knew no bounds. Take, for example, the night in 1932 when Notre Dame was playing Butler University at the Butler Field House. With ten seconds remaining, the Irish were trailing by two points. The referee whistled as the ball rolled out of bounds. "Notre Dame's ball in," he called.

Moose Krause accepted the inbound toss, turned to pass to a teammate, and felt his feet going out from under him. All 236 pounds of Krause went sprawling, flat on his back. The crowd, already in an uproar, screamed, "Shoot, Moose, shoot!" The Moose, being unable to locate a teammate, obeyed the crowd and shot—from his prone position. Up and up sailed the ball toward the basket, which was thirty feet away. Plunk, it dropped through the hoop, and the score was tied. Just then, the gun sounded, putting the game into an extra period. Butler was so shaken by Krause's gymnastics that they folded completely, and Notre Dame won in the overtime.

In the madhouse that was the dressing room following that crazy ending, stood Moose Krause, the focal point of attention. Fans and newspapermen joined with the members of the team in trying to break his back with the palms of their hands. When quiet had been restored for an instant, a writer from the *Indianapolis News* laughingly directed a question

at the Moose. "Did you ever make that shot before, Krause?" he asked, not really expecting an answer.

Without hesitating, Moose grinned and replied, "Oh, sure, I practice that shot for half an hour every day."

No one questioned George Keogan's ability to produce great basketball teams. Everyone questioned his temper. George was never an easygoing person at best, but in the heat of a game, he could work himself into a frenzy for little or no cause. Not a person in his immediate vicinity was spared, once the man was aroused. He would rant and rave, tear his hair, scream insults and curses at players, coaches, and officials.

Keogan would become so incensed at times that he would select a player at random, usually the nearest man to him, and submit the luckless one to a verbal lashing, seemingly without cause. One night in the early thirties, this happened when the Irish were playing Purdue at the Notre Dame gym. A boy by the name of Tom "Geever" Gavin had scored fourteen points in the first half, and was feeling pretty good about it, even though the Irish were trailing the Boilermakers by ten. Geever had done his share, or so he figured, but Keogan was very unhappy about the score of the game.

As the team walked down the five or six steps from the court to the dressing room, Keogan decided to give vent to his feelings, and because Gavin was the closest boy to him, he berated the Geever all the way into the room. He concluded his tirade with, "Gavin, you're a disgrace to that uniform. You should be made to take it off, and give it to someone who will appreciate it."

Gavin said nothing to the coach, but he walked quickly to

his locker and undressed. In a few seconds, he was back with his basketball uniform in hand. "Here," he said to Keogan, "take your precious suit, and keep it."

Keogan was nonplused. His temper had cooled, and he needed Gavin in the line-up. He rushed to my training room. "Scrap," he said, "go out and talk to Gavin. I just blew my top, and I was wrong, but I can't tell him that now. Ask him to play, will you?"

I spoke to the boy who admitted that he had acted hastily, and felt ashamed of his words. He readily accepted the uniform and dressed. He led the Irish to victory, and later, both men apologized to each other.

There was a night when Keogan's temper flared, and then backfired, to the amusement of his team. Notre Dame had played New York University in Madison Square Garden on the previous evening; and the players had been looking forward to seeing the sights of the big city. Instead, Keogan bundled them off to Philadelphia where they were to meet Temple University at the Palestra. When they arrived in Philadelphia, Keogan instructed them to remain in the hotel. Some of the boys decided to see the sights of that big city, and were caught in the act. Marty Peters was the leader of the group, and as punishment, Keogan refused to start him in the Temple game.

Things went badly for the Irish in the first half, and though Keogan shuffled the line-up several times, Temple led by 17 points at the intermission. Keogan was furious. He lined the players alongside the wall, and one by one he gave them a tongue lashing. When he got to Peters, he was at the height of his rage and eloquence. Among other things he said,

"Furthermore, Peters, you are playing the worst game of basketball that it has ever been my misfortune to watch."

Peters just stood there, absorbing the punishment, moving not a muscle. "Are you through?" he asked, when that fact seemed apparent. Then drawing himself up to his full six-feet five-inches so that he towered over the mighty mite, he said, "George, you damn fool, I haven't even been in the game yet."

Keogan refused to become flustered by this turn of events. "Hmmm," he mused. "O.K., wise guy. You're going to play this next half. If we don't win, I'm going to start in where I left off, s'help me."

They won.

Once, just once, I agreed with Keogan when he lost his temper, and felt almost as strongly about the particular incident as he did. It occurred on a night when Notre Dame played Pittsburgh at Notre Dame. The Irish had a big lead at half time, and maintained it in the early minutes of the second period. Time was called, and I went out to the team on the court. One of the boys asked me to check on the number of elapsed minutes. I walked to the timekeeper, who told me that seven minutes had been played in the second half.

Pitt got the range, and began to move up in the point column. After ten minutes or more had gone by, I again checked with the timekeeper, and was shocked to learn that the watch still read seven minutes. A quick examination revealed the obvious, the watch had stopped. By all rights, the game was over, and Notre Dame had won. The officials ruled differently. They decided to restart the watch, and play out the full time by the fool thing. Pitt rallied to win the game, and Keogan nearly burst a blood vessel in his anger.

e grasped the offending timepiece, and smashed it to bits
ı the cement pavement.

Knute Rockne and John Nicholson, the genial Notre Dame
ack coach, enjoyed many happy hours teasing Keogan about
e relative merits of basketball as compared with football
ıd track. Daily, they made a point of challenging Keogan to
game of twenty-one, which required that each contestant
ıoot at the basket from the free-throw line until one man
ached twenty-one baskets without a miss. In all the years
ıat they played this game, Keogan never once bested his
vo opponents. Of course, their object was to see Keogan's
action. He never failed to stalk off angrily, only to return
ı the next day.

"See," Rock would say, "any fool can play basketball."

I still chuckle when I recall the incident of the train mix-up
ı the night in 1936, when Notre Dame played Canisius
ollege at Buffalo. After the game, Keogan and I were
ıvited to the home of Elmer Layden's sister Mrs. Melvin
ewis and her husband. We told the boys of the team to
ıeet us at the train no later than ten minutes before its
eparture. We spent a very pleasant hour with the Lewises,
ıd then we headed for the station. Sure enough, all the boys
'ere there on time. We hustled them aboard the train, and
ecided to make a quick trip to the waiting room for some
ıagazines.

As luck would have it, there were two trains standing next
ɔ each other, and facing in the same direction. When we
ame through the waiting-room door, one train was pulling
ut. Thinking it to be ours, we made a dash to board it, but a
orter blocked our path. Running along beside the train, we
ill tried to place our bags on the step. Every time we did

this, the porter shoved our bags away. Just as we reached the end of the station platform, Keogan shouted, "Wait, Scrap, that's not our train, anyway." We pulled up abruptly, and returned to the second train.

At last! We made our way from car to car as the second train moved away from the station. "Where are they?" I asked, referring to the players.

"Must be in the car up ahead," replied George. Each succeeding "car up ahead" failed to contain the Notre Dame basketball team.

"Do you suppose," I asked, when we were standing just a car removed from the engine and tender, "that by any stretch of the imagination, we are on the wrong train?"

Keogan refused to be intimidated. He stormed back through the train until we met a conductor who informed us that, yes, we were on the wrong train, no, the basketball team was not aboard. He presented us with one ray of hope, when he informed us that our train, despite its later departure, arrived in Syracuse about five minutes before its twin.

The ride lasted for nearly an hour, but we hoped fervently that the team had not become aware of our absence in that time. We made quite a picture when, almost tiptoeing, we attempted to sneak on board the team train, at Syracuse. Just as we felt that success was ours, a chorus of jeers told us otherwise. Sleep never came that night. Twelve wisecracking basketball players taunted us all the way to South Bend.

At 3:00 o'clock, on an afternoon in 1943, the Notre Dame basketball team returned to school from an Eastern trip. They had played NYU in Madison Square Garden, and had helped dedicate the Buffalo Municipal Auditorium with

Canisius. The excitement of the week end had tired George Keogan, who was troubled with a heart ailment, and I noted the drawn look on his face.

"We'll have a light workout in an hour," he informed the players, and hurried toward his office. He had gone only a few steps when I caught up with him.

"Why don't you go home and rest, George?" I asked. "I'll take over the practice."

"Thanks, Scrap," he said, "Ruby [Mrs. Keogan] is calling for me at five. I'll wait for her. I'd appreciate it, though, if you would watch the boys shoot baskets for about forty-five minutes. By then, I'll be over, and we can give you a lift home."

The team had showered and departed when George arrived. He apologized for being late as we walked to his car. We reached my home at 5:30 P.M., and he waved cheerfully as he drove away. In one hour, Ruby Keogan called to tell me that George was dead. He had passed away quietly, reading the evening paper in the living room, while Ruby prepared dinner.

He was the incomparable George Keogan, a cocky, short-tempered little firebrand, but he had a big and generous heart. Say what they might about George, they never denied that he was a great basketball coach. When George Keogan departed this vale of tears, basketball lost one of its most colorful characters.

19.

TRACK AND OTHER FIELDS

"TRACK is the most requiring of sports. It takes more real courage to become proficient as a runner than for any other type of physical competition." I heard Knute Rockne make this statement many times. I concur wholeheartedly. In the years that I worked with athletes at Notre Dame, I saw many boys become good football, baseball, and basketball players, and then fail miserably at track because they lacked that certain extra courage that the sport demands.

There is no leaning on a teammate to bear the load for a man, when he is running. He stands or falls by his own individual performance. The football player may relax in the thick of a game, and allow a substitute to carry the ball. There is no substitute for a track man. A basketball player may lag back as the teams rush down court, and in that way catch a "breather." To lag in a race means redoubled effort in the stretch, but most likely a broken stride will result. The baseball player sits on a bench for nearly half the game. When he works, he is under no great pressure except from his batting, pitching, or fielding average. There are no benches for trackmen. They go all out, win or lose.

Knute Rockne was the first official track coach at Notre Dame. Between 1916 and 1927, he developed many fine runners. One of these was Charley Judge who ran the mile in 1925, '26, and '27. I shall never forget the day that Charley ran in the N.C.A.A. Championship Meet at Chicago, in June, 1926. I was a member of the party that Rock took to represent Notre Dame at the meet. In addition to miler Charley, there was Joe Boland, shot-putter, Paul Harrington, pole vaulter, and Bob Carey, high jumper. We stayed at the Morrison Hotel in Chicago, and the night before the race, Charley Judge became deathly ill. He was still in bad shape, when we arrived at Soldiers Field. "I can't run," he said. "I'm too sick." We urged him to try, and when the mile event began, Boland, Harrington, Carey, and I watched fearfully, expecting to see him collapse at any moment. Rock had not been made aware of the boy's illness, so he failed to understand our concern.

There were seventeen men in the race, and when the pack reached the first turn, Charley was still plodding along. The first lap ended, and we held our breath. There was no appreciable change in the order of the field. The second and third laps went by, and Charley was running with the best of them. Would miracles never cease? We lost sight of our boy as the pack entered the last turn of the final lap. "Where's Charley?" I yelled. "Well, I'll be damned!"

As they came off the turn and headed for the tape, who should be in the lead? Charley Judge breezed home in the time of 4m.22.5s., for the fastest mile for 1926.

Charley never mastered the art of pacing himself in a race. He could not estimate if he was running a quarter mile in fifty seconds or in two minutes. On one of her trips to the Drake Relays, Notre Dame entered a team in the distance

medley relay. Charley was anchor man, and the first three runners gave him fairly safe 75-yard lead. He started out to run the mile as if it was the hundred-yard dash. "Slow down, Charley!" we yelled, but our words were lost in the roar of the crowd, urging him onward. He ran the first quarter in 51 seconds, and the half in 2m.2s. In the third lap, he broke stride, and began to falter. The other teams caught him, and went by as he staggered home, barely reaching the finish line.

In the period from 1924 to 1929, Notre Dame held a monopoly on world records for dashes of less than a hundred yards. Elmer Layden started the trend by equaling the 40-yard dash mark of :04 2-5s. To prove that this was no accident, he repeated the performance on ten occasions between 1923 and 1925. Charley Riley carried on the Layden habit, in 1926, by tying Elmer's record for the distance. In March, 1928, Jack Elder tied the world's record for the 75-yard dash in the Eleventh Annual Illinois Relays, at Urbana, Illinois. The record for the distance, :07 2-5s., had been established by Harry Russell of Cornell, in 1926. The 1929 Central Intercollegiate Meet at Notre Dame saw Jack Elder equal the 60-yard world's record for the fifteenth time, when he ran the event in :06.2s. in the finals.

Physical attributes have nothing to do with making a runner. The old idea that a long-legged boy of more than average height was a better track prospect than his fellows was a fallacy. Some of the best runners that we had at Notre Dame were squat lads with stubby legs and barrel chests. It is not the length of his legs nor the slimness of his waist that

makes a runner, it's his courage, stamina, and willingness to work.

The greatest runner that I ever knew was Gregory Rice, who was only 4′11″ tall, and weighed 135 pounds. Like the celebrated Glenn Cunningham, he overcame a tremendous physical handicap to become one of America's top distance runners. Instead of burns on his legs from a childhood fire as in the case of Cunningham, Greg discovered, not long after he entered Notre Dame in 1936, that he was suffering from a triple hernia.

I met the boy on the day he returned from Doctor McMeel's office, after receiving the news. He had undergone the usual physical examination required of all boys trying out for an athletic team. "Why so blue?" I asked, noting his dejection.

He told me of the rupture, and then went on to describe his lifelong ambition to become a runner. He had practiced for many hours at home in Montana, and prayed that someday he might be a member of the Notre Dame track team. Just when his ambitions seemed likely to be realized, he was dealt the cruel blow.

"But an operation will take care of that," I said, trying to be as helpful as possible.

"Do you really think so?" he asked.

I liked him from that first day. I liked his sincerity, his firm resolve to succeed. Several weeks later, he came back again. He was brimming with happiness and enthusiasm. "The operation was a success," he exulted. "The doctor told me to rest until today. Now, I can start exercising again."

His joy was short lived. Three days later, he ruptured himself for the second time. Dr. McMeel called in another doctor,

and they debated the case for several hours. After a careful examination, they decided that the muscles supporting the walls of the canal were too weak, and would not hold. They instructed the boy to give up running.

Hearing of this, I obtained all the information on the case that Dr. McMeel could give me. Then I designed a special truss for Greg, and took my sketch to a harness maker in Chicago. When the truss was ready, I called Rice to my office, and fitted it to him. I was as pleased as he was, when the doctor told him that he could run if he used the truss.

Greg Rice was just another miler, and a mediocre one at that, when he started running with his new truss. But he was a courageous lad, determined to make good. Every day, rain or shine, the little fellow was on the track, running, running, running. He never seemed to tire. He improved with every race, and soon he was the No. 1 miler on the squad, winning points in meet after meet.

In his junior year, Greg was switched to the two-mile because his coach, John Nicholson, thought he had the stamina to become the first American to match the foreign runners in the distance events. He became the first American to run two miles in less than nine minutes. He accomplished this feat in Madison Square Garden, when he toured the distance in 8m.57s., still wearing a truss. The climax of his career came in 1940, when this boy, who had fought his way to the top by will power alone, was given the James E. Sullivan Award for the amateur athlete voted by sports leaders as having done the most to advance the cause of sportsmanship.

Rice was an extremely popular athlete. Fans crowded close to wish him well every time he ran. His fellow students idolized the soft-spoken youngster. One afternoon, I was

giving him a rubdown in the training room. A glass partition separated the room from a hallway. While I was working on Greg, I happened to look up, and saw a group of five or six freshmen staring wide eyed at him. "Looks like we've got some hero-worshipers out there," I remarked. Rice just looked and grinned. "Tell you what let's do," I went on, suddenly moved by a thought of devilment. "I'll pretend to lift your head, and smash it against the table. I'll make a smacking sound with my free hand, and they'll think I'm trying to brain you."

It was just a silly, spur-of-the-moment thing, but it had an unexpected result. When I had "brained" Rice several times, I heard a commotion in the hallway. Looking up, I saw that one of the freshmen had fainted dead away.

I mentioned the name of John Nicholson in describing the story of Greg Rice. He deserves much more than passing mention because he ranked with Rockne as the best of Notre Dame track coaches. Nicholson developed Rice, and though the boy pushed himself to the top, he could not have reached his goal without the sage advice and careful training of the expert track coach.

Nicholson is also credited with having invented the starting block as it is used today. This invention proved a boon to running in that it caused many new records to be set because of the extra impetus it supplied at the start of a race. Nick's starting block consisted of a piece of angle iron two inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick, and two wooden pedals (blocks) that were attached with screws for making space adjustments. A spike in the front of the iron, and two spikes in back kept the rig in place, when they were hammered into the ground.

Like Rock, who was a great pole vaulter in his college days, Nicholson competed in his youth, and was a member of the United States Olympic team of 1912. He took over the head coaching duties from Rock in 1927.

The best all-around runner developed by Nicholson was Alex Wilson, a long, slender youngster, who looked as though a good stiff wind might blow him over. He was 6′ tall and weighed 145 pounds. Wilson ran well in every event from the 220-yard dash to the mile, and was a strong anchor man in all relay events. He ran the 800-meter final in the 1932 Olympic Games at Los Angeles. In that race, he matched stride for stride with the English champion, Tom Hampsen, until they entered the last turn. Hampsen passed him at that point. and Alex made the mistake of trying to repass the Englishman on the turn. As a result, Wilson was forced to run wide and on the outside all the way to the tape. Hampsen nosed him out, but Alex had run at least ten yards farther because of his error. Even at that, Wilson was clocked in 1m.49s. The world record was 1m.46.6s.

Few people ever irritated John Nicholson. He had the patience of ten saints. The only time that I saw him really angry was on an afternoon when a young low hurdler from Canada appeared to be loafing in practice. John could not quite decide whether the boy was lazy or afraid to run. "Do you think he's yellow?" he asked me.

"No!" I said, "He's just plain lazy."

"I don't agree," said Nick. "I think he's yellow."

"That's a helluva' thing to accuse anyone of being," I told him.

"By golly, I'll prove it." With that, Nick called a manager,

and asked the boy to get him some track shoes, naming a size.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I'm going to beat that kid, myself," he retorted.

"Nick," I said, "when was the last time you wore track shoes?"

"About fifteen years ago," he answered. "Why?"

"Nick," I pleaded, "you're forty-six years old. You have a wife and children. Don't be a fool. You're liable to drop dead."

"I don't care," said Nick, "I'm going to whip that kid or fire him."

"Fire him," I begged, "but f'gosh sakes, don't race him."

John Nicholson died suddenly in 1940. Death came to him in much the same manner as it had come to his friend and contemporary, George Keogan. The employees of the Notre Dame dining hall were having their annual banquet in downtown South Bend, and they invited me to attend because I treated their minor injuries from time to time. They asked me to invite John Nicholson, and when I passed along the invitation, Nick told me that he was to speak at the Y.M.C.A., but he would be happy to join us later.

At the banquet, I received a phone call from George Cooper, head of the South Bend Y.M.C.A. "John Nicholson is ill, Scrap," he said. "Will you come at once?"

"Of course," I replied. "Take him to St. Joseph's Hospital. I'll pick up Mrs. Nicholson, and meet you there."

Before I was able to obtain my coat, Cooper called again. "John is dead. It was a heart attack."

Another colorful chapter in Notre Dame athletic history had ended.

"Notre Dame is not a great University because it has a great football team; it has a great football team because it is a great University."

These words of a prominent Midwestern priest sum up the story of Notre Dame. Football, basketball, track, baseball, tennis, boxing, wrestling, golf, handball, fencing, and gymnastics are all phases in the development of her men. Football has overshadowed the others somewhat in the years since 1887. About 8 per cent of the University's revenue stems from football, just enough to defray the costs of its related varsity and intramural sports, and lend financial assistance to deserving students. Football, in turn, has been overshadowed by the rapid advance in the spiritual and academic training of her boys, and the forward movement in the field of science. Notre Dame has taken her place among the foremost pioneering institutions in education and research.

I quote the *Notre Dame*, an informative quarterly magazine, as proof of my statements:

> The superb record which Notre Dame has made in science throughout the years is dramatically and faithfully exemplified in Father Julius A. Nieuwland, the priest-scientist who long headed the Chemistry Department until his death in 1936. . . . Having made and sold botanical slides to finance the experiments which followed his isolation of the components of neoprene synthetic rubber in 1906, Father Nieuwland went on to discover the process of acetylene polymerization which enabled DuPont scientists actually to synthesize the first practical synthetic rubber—which they first called Duprene, then Neoprene. . . .
>
> Isolation of chemical compounds capable of neutralizing dangerous Rh antibodies in the blood [which cause miscarriages and stillbirths] was reported late in 1948 in *The Journal*

> *of the American Chemical Society* by Dr. Charles C. Price, young head of the Department of Chemistry....
>
> Research in the physical properties of rubber and plastic materials and in wave-mechanic theory, has been in high-gear progress for some time at Notre Dame—in the first polymer physics laboratory of its kind in the United States....
>
> Out of Notre Dame has come the first autoclave-established answers to the centuries-old scientific question: "Is animal life possible without bacteria?" And the answers are throwing new light on problems of cancer, heart disease, nutrition, virus infection, tooth decay, airborne diseases and many others. The Navy, Parke-Davis and Co., the University of Chicago Dental Clinic, and the Kellogg Co. are among many turning to LOBUND (Laboratories of Bacteriology, University of Notre Dame) for these answers.
>
> The thinking of one man made this work possible: Professor James A. Reyniers, a 1928 Notre Dame graduate, now director of LOBUND's 45 laboratories and more than 50 research scientists, technicians and office personnel. And, like the rubber and Rh experiments, the early day-and-night Germ-Free work was done in a tiny makeshift laboratory in old Chemistry Hall....

That "tiny makeshift laboratory" was a familiar place to me during the last four years of Father Julius Nieuwland's lifetime. Every noon hour, I would stroll across the road from the gymnasium to visit with the priest in his laboratory. We became good friends. Father Nieuwland was always busy, too busy even to eat lunch.

"Why don't you go out and have your lunch, Father?" I asked, nearly every day.

"I simply must finish this experiment," he would say, working as we talked. I would then go to the dining hall, eat my lunch, and return with a snack for Father Nieuwland. On

rare occasions, he would set aside his work for a few minutes, and chat while he ate the sandwich that I brought. If I happened to stay late at the gymnasium of a night, I always saw the lights burning in his office as I walked by on my way home.

There were other lights to be seen at Notre Dame. Lights from hundreds of windows told of boys preparing themselves for the world, ably assisted by men like Father Nieuwland. All were proud to be enjoying the benefits of the vast educational system that had its beginnings many years before. Engineers knew that their Departments of Civil and Mechanical Engineering were the first engineering departments ever established in an American Catholic school. Law students knew that theirs is the oldest Catholic law school in the United States.

In the study hall or classroom, on the athletic field, Notre Dame is training leaders in every sense of the word. She is training the whole man.

20.

TRAINING CHAMPIONS

"SAY mister, how can I get to play football for Notre Dame?"

A small, freckled-faced lad approached me with this question one fall afternoon a few seasons ago, as I stood watching practice on Cartier Field. The Irish gridders were scrimmaging, and half a dozen ten-year olds like the one confronting me were gazing at their heroes in pop-eyed admiration. I hesitated before answering, and he repeated the question impatiently.

I looked down at the little fellow, and was forced to smile at the importance he was placing on whatever answer I might give him. His whole manner indicated to me that this was serious business. I had difficulty repressing the smile when I noted the football helmet, many sizes too large for his head; the shoulder pads worn over his sweat-shirt; and the baggy football pants drooping to his ankles. Mind your answer, Young, I said to myself, someday this ragamuffin may become an All-American tackle.

"Start training yourself now, Son." I was groping for words as I knelt to talk on even terms with my young friend. "Train

your mind and body so that, when the time comes for you to go to college, Notre Dame or any university will welcome you to play football." There was more to my little speech, but it was toned to the language of a father-and-son type conversation. The important thing to me was the ease with which the word "training" slipped into the simplest kind of explanation of the way to success in athletics.

Before a young athlete may consider playing football, or any sport, he must know and understand the sort of training routine that is required for producing championship teams that parade before the public eye in their respective seasons of the year. As an example, let us look at the "grind," and it is all of that, which the members of Notre Dame football teams must go through before emerging as the polished gridiron machines that appear Saturday after Saturday in the fall.

The training starts even before the first day of spring practice. For a week or more prior to that day, when equipment is passed out and coaches appear on the field, many of the candidates for the team are working. They have no organized drills, of course, but they may exercise, run wind sprints, and take part in games of touch tackle. All of this is meant to reduce inches from waistlines that have been allowed to bloom in late winter, or to remove kinks from muscles that have become knotted by several months of inactivity.

Every muscle consists of a bundle of muscle fibers and connecting tissue. This bundle of muscle fibers is itself covered by a sheath that, unlike the muscles, cannot expand. During vigorous exercise, or simply exercising for the first time after an extended lay-off, lactic acid forms in the muscles themselves, faster than it is carried off. It gathers

there, and fluids filter in. The muscle swells and presses against its sheath. Thus is caused the pain and stiffness or kinks that lessen the effectiveness of an athlete for several days until sufficient exercise forces the blood to carry the lactic acid away. It is always wise to exercise on the day immediately following the first workout. If the athlete rests his sore muscles, he must go through the same painful procedure in due time, anyway. Procrastination only prolongs the agony.

The preliminary training period is of vital importance. Its object is to get the athlete in good general condition, to build up his body so that it will be able to withstand the strain of hard work. It should be gone about persistently, but easily. When I say easily, I do not mean that it should be careless, sloppy work. Nothing is more injurious than sloppy practice. On the other hand, overtraining is a bad thing, too. Nearly all inexperienced athletes overtrain. They work too hard, and burn out all their energy. The experienced boy will take care not to leave his best game on the practice field.

The afternoon when coaches and players meet for the first time as a unit is the beginning of the most important phase of the training program. Spring practice is the period when players make the grade, or fall by the wayside. Some foolish lads may elect to work at half speed, thinking to turn on the steam in the fall, and win their berth the easy way. Few, if any, ever succeed.

The first few days of practice are devoted in part to calisthenics, which are generally detested, but are necessary evils. Following the exercise period, the line coaches take their charges aside for blocking and tackling practice. The blocking drill normally begins by lining players in two rows,

facing each other. Every man has a partner with whom he practices shoulder and long-body blocks. Sometimes three men work together for two-on-one blocks. Special blocking machines have been designed, and are used by many teams. Before the players begin each new type of block, or if they fail to master one that has been previously explained, the coaches will demonstrate the proper form. As each perspiring blocker propels himself at the body of his partner with legs churning and much grunting, he is usually given vocal assistance from the bellowing voice of a coach, urging him to, "Drive! Drive! Drive! Don't pity 'em! Drive 'em!"

Following blocking practice, the linemen take up the fine points of tackling each other. This is done on the same partnership basis as blocking. Tackling dummies of various sizes, built along the lines of a ball carrier, are available in sawdust pits at the far reaches of the field. They are noted primarily for their surprising elusiveness when a tackle is improperly made, and the abundance of skinned faces and ears resulting from contact with them.

While the linemen are thus keeping themselves busy, the backs are working equally as hard on various forms of torture devised by their coaches for their physical well-being. Blocking and tackling are as much a part of their routine as that of the boys who will eventually lead the way from up forward. A favorite "gimmick" of newsreel men on camera day is the rope maze, which consists of a multisquared rope pattern laid out about a foot off the ground, and along which high-stepping backs are photographed as they run in single file toward the camera. This has more than just eye-appeal. It is one of the best devices for strengthening legs and developing high knee action. Believe me, it is much more

tiring than it looks on your favorite neighborhood movie screen.

When fundamentals are concluded, the linemen and backs, still working independently of each other, are split up into units, and the first plays are introduced. Shortly thereafter, each line unit is combined with its corresponding backfield unit, and light scrimmage begins, followed closely by the real thing.

After the first week of spring practice, calisthenics and fundamentals are de-emphasized in favor of scrimmages, hard scrimmages that require only the best of physical conditioning to withstand.

At the conclusion of spring training, a regulation intra-squad game is held. Those who have worked hard will profit. There are the tangible rewards of medals and trophies, which are given to the best performers in each department of the game, punting, passing, the best back or lineman, most improved player, and the like. These are the symbols of success and do much for the mental attitude of the boys. There are other, less apparent, rewards won in this game. By then, the coaches have a good idea of what they can expect from each man in the fall. If a player proves that he can live up to their expectations in a game of this kind, then he is the ultimate winner, even if no medals or trophies come his way. Usually, those of proven ability reap their share of the shining awards.

The coaches get together after the game, and go over the record of each man on the squad. These records are kept carefully, on a day-to-day basis. After much debating, they list the candidates for every position in the order of their progress and ability. This meeting has decided the fate of many athletes in the past and will continue to do so in the

future. My advice to the prospective star is to prepare for it, and work to the point that his name will rank high in the column marked "progress." The ability column is secondary in importance at that time.

Once an athlete is in really good shape, he does not require a great amount of work to keep him there. It is desirable, however, that he maintain some sort of physical activity in the summertime. Usually, the boys take jobs that demand physical exertion—good, hard, manual labor. A player should never stop exercising in the between-season period. If nothing else, he should go for long walks, and do calisthenics daily.

In the fall there is a new spirit about practice. The season is close at hand. Practice is no longer a thing of drudgery. Scrimmages are tough, sometimes bloody affairs, but there is a zip to them that foretells the coming of the first game. The competition grows keener for starting berths, the scrimmages rougher. One bruised member of a Notre Dame squad was quoted as complaining that "the toughest games on our schedule are the ones we play on Wednesday."

In the week before the first game, the routine undergoes a few changes. A typical pregame week schedule is as follows:

Monday —Fundamentals, sprints, and signal drills.
Tuesday —Scrimmage with first, second, and third teams participating.
Wednesday—Scrimmage with first, second, and third teams participating.
Thursday —Polishing up own plays; rehearsing defense against opponent's plays.
Friday —Dress rehearsal.
On this day the boys wear their game uni-

forms. They walk through their own plays and the defense against opponent's plays. The specialists practice their specialties (punters kick for distance and accuracy; field-goal artists practice their art). This is mostly a brush-up drill with emphasis on kickoffs and punt-covering practice.

In more detail, the schedule for Saturday, the day of the game, would be about the following:

7:00 A.M.	–Team members arise.
8:00	–Mass in chapel.
9:00	–Breakfast. After breakfast the team members are given half an hour to return to their rooms.
10:30	–Chalk talk (skull practice). Coaches go over own plays and plays of opponents. Also take opponent's personnel, position by position, discussing habits, style, and weaknesses as described in scout reports.
11:30	–Rest. After chalk talk, the players are given twenty to thirty minutes to get plenty of fresh air and to relax.
Noon or thereabouts	–Team is transported to the stadium to prepare for the game. Most of the players are taped or strapped. All backfield men and ends must have ankles taped. Injuries such as bad knees, shoulders, hands, wrists are taped and padded for protection.
2:30 P.M.	–Kickoff.

Once the season is started, the weeks are much the same as the first pregame week with additional work on mistakes detected in the previous game. Players, especially backfield men, must always be wary of falling into habits that might give away the plays to opponents. Scouts are always on the lookout for some little mannerism that might make the difference between victory and defeat. I have known of great passers who acquired the habit of moistening their index finger, or maybe two fingers, whenever they were going to pass. In each case, the back was swarmed over on the Saturday after the scouts detected this action. Other backs have tipped-off the fact that they were to carry the ball each time, by unconsciously hitching one foot back a few inches to enable them to get a good start. These are the little things that creep up in midseason, and must be corrected immediately in practice. Work, work, and more work are the keynotes of training from early spring until season's end.

This is a brief, behind-the-scenes peek at the task that stands before the young man who wishes to play college football. We have taken Notre Dame as the example, but the procedure is the same at any college or university that fields a team each fall. What then must the young athlete do to prepare himself for such a program? This question is very much like that which was asked by my ten-year-old friend. The answer is just as simple as the answer to his question—follow a few rules of good common sense.

The two most important factors in the training of athletes are proper rest and proper diet. Every growing boy should have nine hours of sleep each night. He must retire at the same hour every night, preferably 10 P.M. because sleep that comes before midnight is the most restful and beneficial,

and he should arise at the same time every morning. Regularity is the secret of good sleeping.

I cannot emphasis too strongly the importance of proper diet. The simple diet is the best. There should be plenty of proteins, and a proportionate amount of starches at every meal. Fried foods must be kept to a minimum. Let boiled, baked, and broiled foods dominate the menu. Vegetables and roughage are a necessary part of healthy eating. Avoid excessive amounts of sweets, pastries, and carbonated drinks.

Breakfast is the essential meal, although modern Americans neglect it shamefully. We cannot expect to remain healthy if we start our days with just a cigarette and cup of coffee. Sufficient time must be allowed in the morning for substantial food. The ideal breakfast is made up of fruit, cereal, bacon or ham, eggs, and coffee.

Noon dinner is the heavy meal. To attain proper balance in dinner foods, I recommend the following: green salad, a starch, fresh vegetables, proteins (meat or fish), and dessert. If this balance is maintained, the athlete has stored the proper energy for his afternoon workout.

Supper should be as light as possible, and consist of soup or salad, an easily digestible entrée with vegetables, and dessert.

Eating between meals is bad for anyone. If the athlete finds himself craving a snack at odd hours, he should eat an apple or drink a glass of milk. Above all, do not eat before going to bed. Food that is taken at this time is not digested properly, when the body is relaxed in sleep.

I am reminded of an incident that occurred shortly after Hunk Anderson took over the head coaching job at Notre Dame in 1931. Thursday night before the opening game of

the season with Indiana, we boarded a train for Bloomington, Indiana, at the Studebaker plant in South Bend. At 10 P.M., Anderson and I were making a berth check in the players' cars, when we stumbled onto a clandestine feast in the berth of Moose Krause. A tempting array of delicacies was spread before a huddled group of four lads, Krause, Jim Leonard, Frank LaBorne, and Jack Elder—all that the berth could hold. Anderson demanded an explanation and Krause talked rapidly. It was his birthday, and he had received a surprise package from his mother. Cake, salami, pickles kosher style, all the highly seasoned foods that we saw before us were the contents of that package. Would we care for a piece of cake?

Anderson informed the boys that the party was over, and Krause's three fellow picnickers departed for bed. While the Moose watched, his mouth watering, Anderson gathered the food into the box, and ordered me to confiscate the works as punishment for Krause's breach of training rules.

What became of the surprise package? The coaching staff ate the repast, but justice triumphed—the food was too rich, and not one member of the staff slept a wink that night.

In addition to proper rest and diet, there are a few secondary rules of common sense that the athlete must follow closely. He must avoid the use of cigarettes. Smoking is a habit that can seriously impair the effectiveness of any sport's contestant. Much has been written pro and con about this subject. Some experts claim that cigarettes are harmless, but even they will admit that nothing good is to be gained from the use of tobacco. A surgeon friend of mine has told me time after time that if the average American could see the rotted intestines of an habitual smoker, he would be

horrified, and would soon give up tobacco in all its forms. I know for certain that smoking shortens the wind, and without good wind a boy will never function to best advantage. This handicap could well mean the difference between success or failure to a lad in his chosen sport.

Exercise is another important "must" for young hopefuls, and older ones, too. We should exercise every day or at least three times a week, anything less will be of little or no value. Never exercise in the early morning. The body, like a cold automobile engine, must have time to warm up slowly. Never "gun" the human engine immediately after stepping on the starter, and expect the best results from your physical machinery. The ideal time to exercise is late afternoon, and at least an hour before supper. If the exercise period is in the evening, then an hour or more should be allowed for rest before retiring. Always exercise in the fresh air or in a well-ventilated room.

Cleanliness is a necessity. A shower or bath should follow any exercise. Clothing and athletic gear must be clean at all times. Many forms of sickness and disease are caused by unclean equipment.

These are the rules, simple and easily understood, which I set down for the boys who played the game at Notre Dame. For the most part, they have been followed carefully by those who have become champions. Admittedly, there have been some who scoffed at one or more of these tips of common sense, and have also had success. My only answer, when this fact is pointed out, is that they were champions in spite of their careless attitude. If they had obeyed the rules, they would have been even greater champions.

Success will never come to those who do not work for it. The athlete must follow the rules of physical training. He must study to develop himself in mind, and he must cultivate a will to win. "Work and fight to win, boys!" Rock said. There was no more successful athlete or trainer of athletes than the Old Master.

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