

The
Winning Team

R. AMES MONTGOMERY

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**THE
WINNING TEAM**

of

CENTRE COLLEGE

By

R. AMES MONTGOMERY

President of Centre College

AUTHOR OF

"The Secret Place,"

"The Triumphant Ministry,"

"The Masterful Man," etc.

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TO CENTRE MEN
of
TWO CENTURIES
The Nineteenth and The Twentieth

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THE WINNING TEAM

of

CENTRE COLLEGE

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CENTRE COLLEGE AND THE TEAM.

The following "talks" were delivered in the college chapel Monday mornings following the games played by the football team of Centre College.

There is not another institution that has received greater publicity thru the columns of the public press from New York to San Francisco, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, without cost to it, than has been given to this college. There is probably not a high school boy in the United States who is not acquainted with the name of the institution thru this publicity given to it by the sport writers of the metropolitan press. An executive officer of a great and honorable corporation of the middle states told the writer he would gladly pay one million dollars to get as effective advertisement of his business in one year as has been given to

Centre College on account of its foot-ball team.

Those who are responsible for the maintenance of this school, for its development and support, for its educational task, for the character development of the young men gathered on its campus are fully aware of the advantages which this publicity has given to them and they are grateful to those who have given it.

They are also aware that it has not been an altogether unmixed blessing. The publicity has been free, but it has also been beyond their control and direction. The sane and careful sport writer has not always had the pencil in hand to make up the story. In consequence many false impressions of the character of the representatives of the institution have been sent broadcast over the land; many invidious comparisons of other institutions with this one have been suggested; and many who know nothing of the educational values such an institution has to offer have written about it in such a way

that inferences sadly detrimental to the good name and character of this historic institution have been sent abroad. The result is that Centre College has been the subject of criticism of the bitterest kind, jealousies, that will abide for long years, have been awakened and many who ought to know better have been led to believe and assert that gross irregularities exist in the maintenance of this team and in the administration of this institution. While there are some lads every year, who, through their acquaintance with this college's newspaper publicity, have determined to come to Centre, others have been irrevocably turned away from it through these publications and the inferences that have been drawn from that publicity.

Centre College was organized in 1819. It has completed one hundred and five consecutive years of service. It is a Christian College under the direction of a Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Church. No theological impediments are

placed upon professors or students assembled here unless the required attendance of morning chapel and Bible courses be so construed. Doctrinal teaching peculiar to this denomination is not imposed on any one.

Three hundred and seven students were enrolled in September 1923;—an increase of two hundred in the past eight years.

The most of the students must live in the town as the college is sadly in need of dormitories. Only seventy men can be housed on the campus.

Ex-President Woodrow Wilson has said that Centre College has produced a larger proportion of effective leadership for this nation than has a certain one of the largest, best known and honored universities of the land.

It has educated Twenty-six college presidents; One hundred and nine college professors; Thirty-seven Congressmen; Eight United States Senators; Eleven Governors of States; Two Vice-Presi-

dents of the United States; One Justice of the Supreme Court; Fifty-two Circuit Judges, State and Federal; Six Moderators of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church; Ninety-one editors; Five ministers to foreign countries; Three hundred Ministers of the Gospel; Five hundred and seventeen lawyers; over three hundred physicians and surgeons. Of the first eight fellowships awarded for post-graduate work in English at Princeton, Centre College graduates were successful contestants four times.

The growth in student enrollment in the past eight years has not been any greater than scores of other institutions. Its distinction lies in its ability to maintain a balance in academic efficiency and service, with a wholly inadequate plant and in the face of tremendous odds. Its whole energy is given to the continuation of a splendid history and the preservation of worthy traditions in the making of upright, earnest, capable men for the leadership of the people in this and other lands.

Probably no small college in the United States has developed more remarkable teams in the course of the past six years than have been developed in the athletic department of this institution. "How is it possible" they ask "out of so small a student body to put out for consecutive years such a consistently winning team, unless the country has been combed for men who are hired to play on this team?" This "wonder team" began its march of triumph some six years ago, when six young men who had been trained four years in their Texas High School followed their coach, Robert L. Myers, back to his Alma Mater, to which he had been called to take charge of the athletics. Here they were joined by a number of young men, one of whom was the son of Charles Moran, an umpire in the National Baseball League. The father of this lad, at the close of his baseball season, came up to the college to see his son, and watching the practice on the football field offered his services as as-

sistant to the regular coach. These two men began at once the training of those lads and so successful were they in their instruction and inspiration with that team in 1917, they were not defeated during the season. Included in their schedule were some of the best teams of the South. The second following season they were invited to play in the Harvard Stadium and so valiant was their contest, so excellent the sportsmanship displayed by them, altho defeated by the great University's team, they were invited to return the following year. This time they surprised the country by winning over their great opponents by a score of 6-0. They could not be allowed to discontinue their visits under such a score as this, so they were asked to return in the autumn of 1922. They accepted the proposal and lost by a score of 10-24. They were not invited to return in 1923. In one of those years the basket-ball team from Centre followed up their marvelous football victories by defeating three of the great Universities of

the East, Harvard, Brown, and Johns Hopkins in one week. This season, 1923, nine games have been scheduled; four of which have been played on the home field and five away from home, only one of which has been lost. Probably no team in the country has gathered larger audiences to witness their team-work; no finer, no cleaner sportsmanship has been displayed in any stadium.

How it has been possible to build this team has been indicated in what was said about that nucleus gathered here in 1919.

First of all they were as physically fit when they came as any coach could desire. Strong, solid, weighty, fleet of foot, well trained men. They were ready and able to take the training awaiting them.

In the second place they were trained by men who worked according to a definite "scientific plan,"—men who worked for love of the game and at that time a little pay. Men who demanded and secured the most rigorous discipline in the lives and habits of their men. Men who

had and still have the gift of inspiring them to do their best, in strategy of brains and in execution of body and limbs. *Men who taught them to play a clean game.* No man has ever brought the accusation that these men did not play clean. They were taught to "hit the line hard" but to play clean. A gentleman, now the head of one of the important bureaus of the Government of the United States, volunteered the information to the writer, that he had played against Charley Moran's teams and officiated at more games where they played than probably any other official, and he had yet to see any "unnecessary roughness."

Few persons outside the official circle of institutions having athletic relations with Centre know about "Chief" Myers and "Uncle Charley" Moran. They came to Centre College about the same time. That was in 1917. Two years later their teams were undefeated. In the past seven years the Centre College team has played seventy-one games and has been defeated

but seven times. Their schedule has included the largest and best teams of the country. Harvard took them on for their first game in 1920. Requests from sixteen of the largest college and university teams of the country asked for games with Centre for 1924 and were denied. Later, when his father died, "Chief" Myers was compelled to give up his active work at Centre, and assume responsibility for the business which his father had laid down. But it was Mr. Myers who influenced the group from Texas to come to Centre and he continues still by regular correspondence with the football squad to develop and maintain the wonderful fighting spirit of the team. Mr. Moran has since the day of his first visit seven years ago continued as a regular coach responsible for the development of the football team. Probably no man in the United States coaching football is more loved by his team and maligned by his enemies than Charley Moran. He had not been actively connected with any in-

stitution of the South for three years when he came up to Centre to visit his son. Since the day of his coming he has been in closest fellowship with Chief Myers, building up a succession of victorious teams. As his employer, and the one to whom he is responsible, I wish to say, in the two years I have been associated with him he is the most industrious worker and the most successful disciplinarian of his squad I have ever met. I have never yet found him unwilling to cooperate in the enforcement of a single regulation of the faculty which governs the Athletic Board of Control under whose direction the activities of this department are carried on. He has also strictly observed the rules of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association to which Centre belongs. His hatred of "dirty football" and his discipline of his men for clean sport is to be praised.

It is the policy of the undersigned to accompany his team and spend every possible moment with these men when they

are on these trips away from their College Halls. He is of those who believe in faculty responsibility and therefore faculty control of athletics and the physical care and social welfare of these men.

The function of the college is academic. It is not receiving men who cannot meet the requirements of the Southern Educational Association for college entrance. It enforces the rules of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association in the work of its athletic department, and additional faculty rules for eligibility on the team. No man who fails to meet his classes in the morning can put on the football uniform for practice in the afternoon. A man reported as unsatisfactory in his work on a Friday cannot play in a game the following Saturday week. These and other regulations are enforced and no man receives any emoluments, fees, salary or considerations because he is an athlete. The men of this year's squad represent the high average of manliness and earnest academic work in this school.

We are not blind to, nor free from the problems which describe this most popular college sport in the land. We face all the difficulties which *all* the colleges of the land having strong teams have to face in the camp followers that hound successful teams, in the hysteria of the sport loving and gambling public, in the allurements offered to our men to turn from academic pursuits to professional football, from the public appraisalment of sport and the public indifference to academic favor and distinction. We know all about the problems which the successful athletic department thrusts upon the college administration where the main purpose may be pushed aside; but the difficulty of solution is primarily with the outside public and not with the population and organization of the campus.

The talks which appears in the following pages are presented in illustration of the method which we follow in constantly keeping before the student body the main purpose for which they are in

College and in illustration of our effort to qualify every man for the great Game of Life. They were delivered without elaboration or attempt at subtlety or depth of thought being so called "ex tempore efforts," oftentimes in the language of the student on the campus, when quip or word or phrase in use was not found in the vocabulary of literary taste or practice. The main thing in view was to lead the students to see a goal far beyond that for which their team fought on the previous Saturday and to inspire them to fight to attain it. The function of this College is to enable the individual to receive the worthy assets of life, to transmute these into his own personality and to so relate himself to God and men as to render the greatest service.

R. AMES MONTGOMERY.

Centre College,
Danville, Kentucky,
December 1, 1923.

TALK NUMBER ONE, "*Know Your
Stuff.*"

OUR team opened the football season here last Saturday and we propose on the Monday mornings following each successive engagement of our team to speak on the lessons we learn as we witness their performances. The gridiron is a field on which is staged one of the most important, entertaining, instructive and enlisting activities in student life. It offers invaluable contributions to all of us, whether we are on the gridiron or the bleachers, if the performance enlists our attention and we witness it with a desire to learn what it has to teach.

We frequently hear men speak of life as a great game. It is well for a man to enter upon its responsibilities and opportunities with such a view. The spirit of a "good sport" will help any man to win even in a defeat. For that means such a man knows that victory lies on the other

side of a struggle and a combat. As De-Forrest said, "The path to a world championship is no berry-picking walk." He might have said, it is a mountain climbing process. The man who is to reach the top will have to be a good sport, play close to the ground, and put all he has into it of body, mind and spirit from start to finish, if he plays it with success, and as a real man ought to play it.

The first lesson I learned from last Saturday's game was this:—FIRST: *Never despise Nazareth.* Nazareth mentioned in the chapter read this morning (John 1: 43-51) was an insignificant, possibly of an unsavory reputation, unmentioned place in the history of the great world. Possibly nothing more than a cluster of poor houses where people of no family, no purpose and no achievements dwelt. When mentioned as the place out of which a Prince and Conqueror might arise the suggestion was greeted with contempt. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Nathaniel the man who

uttered these words was quite modern in type. He looked for big men in big places—where the crowded populations were found, places where big names were spoken.

The folly of men from his day to ours, in all times and in all lands is in despising the possibilities of the unheralded and unknown. They don't expect formidable contestants for the prizes of life to come out of the places where the crowds are not gathered.

It has been so in the college and university world. The little colleges, with their little equipment and their unheard of student life have not been considered capable of producing victorious teams. Of all men the men of Centre should not be guilty of despising Nazareth. The Praying Colonels demolished the presumption against the small and unknown College at Boston in the autumn of 1920 and '21.

But on Saturday, October 7th, 1923, it looked like you had embraced the delusion you yourselves had killed, by dis-

counting the possibilities of a little Tennessee College located in a quiet little Tennessee town.

Gentlemen, never despise the unheralded and unknown. Never despise the possibilities of the little school and the little town. Its inhabitants, its sons, have won the battles of the world. Never dally with the improbability of the other college putting up a winning team. It might lead you to lose the game.

SECOND: The second lesson I learned was that *a man must "know his stuff."* On Saturday it looked like you did not know your signals, nor your plays. The result was distraction in your organization, a scattering of your energies and a lack of drive. What you are accustomed to think of as your science was not apparent.

Now this thing you speak of as "science" in the game is an item of first magnitude. I heard of a man talking to high school boys about the Dempsey-Firpo fight. He told them the latter was de-

feated because he lacked the "science" to match the other man. He had a tremendous swing and drive of one arm and hand; but he lacked the ability to coordinate both hands. "Now," said this man, "no one-handed man lives who can whip a two-fisted man who knows how to use both of them." No amount of brawn can make up for the lack of brains. The man who goes into the game counting on the weight of his line to overwhelm the opposition is on the way to defeat instead of victory. Nothing can make up for brains, trained to act and equipped with a knowledge of the game. God cannot give victory to a man whose brains abdicate knowledge and activity, it makes no difference if he does pray. Prayer is a wonderful privilege. The prayer of a righteous man availeth much in its working. But it is no guarantee against ignorance, laziness or failure to work. You won on Saturday; but you came near to defeat thru failure to know your stuff.

THIRD: My third lesson learned from the game on Saturday was, *Insure against the adverse breaks in the game.*

These are always the unexpected and may happen at any time and in any game. Remember our history at Boston the last year. Gordy and Shadoan had been on the side lines and without the privilege of participating in a single game. Bartlett reached Boston; but in twelve hours was in the hospital for an operation that removed all possibility of his getting into the game. The newspaper were all harking back to "Bo" and intimating their doubt of Covington's ability to take his place. In the face of such odds we went into the game. Owen of Harvard kicked off and the ball going over the goal was caught by Covington and brot out to the twenty yard line. When the ball was snapped back and given to Snowday he started down the field; then the unexpected happened. He lost the ball and Harvard getting it on our three yard line, pushed us back for a score. That was break number one. This was followed by

break number two and we lost the game after as valiant and courageous contending as was ever seen on that field. The opposition had the substitutes to take the place and bring the inspiration and fresh strength to their out played men and we could not overcome the breaks that came to them against us at the beginning of the game.

It is so in life. The breaks are bound to come. The man who is insured against them by the gathering of a score sufficient to offset them is safe; but the man who ceases to pile up the score when he can is liable to defeat—if the breaks are against him.

Many a man has thot of being able to win—and he would have won, if—the breaks were not against him! But broken health, broken fortune, broken faith, broken hearts turned possible victory into actual defeat.

Insure against the adverse breaks that may come. Be sure to properly appraise your opposition and “know your stuff,” and play the game.

TALK NUMBER TWO, "*Strutting Your Onions.*"

GENTLEMEN our *team* profited by their experience in the season's first game. Did *we* profit proportionately also? Their second engagement offered fruitful suggestions to all of us in the Stadium and on the sidelines. Did you catch them? One of the first lessons for me on Saturday came when they were penalized for "offside." So I start with the exhortation,

I. *Don't get "off side."*

If a man gets "off side" by intention he may get by for a while, but he is pretty sure to be penalized and ultimately gain nothing by such a stand. When he got "off side" he failed to take proper heed to his position. It means the man's carelessness or zeal has got the better of him for the while. I noticed that the linesman never warned a man of this fault before the play had been put in effect. It

was always after the man with the ball had received it and gone thru. Then he was brought back and not only the man who was off side but all the team were set back for five yards.

Here again the game of life is epitomized in the action of the team on the field. No man ever got off side and escaped with the penalty alone. No man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself. If one members suffers all the members suffer with it. Such is the age old statement of what took place when the minor offense of off-side was committed on that field. And as in the case of the gridiron so in the field of life where we play, the lines-man always halts us after we have received the ball and gone thru, and sets us back to gain again what we have lost, with the time to make a goal and win consumed in off-side plays. A man slipped his toe across the line and was penalized five yards, losing four yards and twenty-four inches of ground already gained.

II. The second lesson was one heard before but witnessed last Saturday on our field; *Coordination of the back field with the line is a secret of successful offensive in the game.*

The beauty, the value, the charm of football lies in its opportunity and demand for team work. In this it is a twentieth century performance. We live in a day when all the large enterprises of business, manufactory and trade demand team work. The great task of administration, wherever observed, is one of developing team work; of creating conditions and atmosphere and bringing an inspiration that enables all the members of your organization to be themselves at their best and in coordinating the back field with the line for successful offensive. The man who is farthest removed from the scene of first engagement, but on whom the successful completion of the play may depend, must have all his movements timed and tuned and expressed in harmony with those who are at the front.

The successful accomplishment of this effort has enabled American corporations to dominate the world.

And what is true there is true also here. The men who represent us in intercollegiate activities—athletic or forensic, let us say, are the line. We are the backfield. We must coordinate with them to win. We must make conditions favorable for them that they may be disciplined and prepared for the battle of the field. There never was a game won, there never has been a team developed, unless in the school and the student body there was a spirit that supported and sustained and inspired them. This is the work of coordination now that is up to you. In the dormitories, and the fraternity houses, and the lodging places there ought to be an effort of cooperation with these men in their academic work, there should be secured to them the hours of quiet for study and there should be a reduction to the vanishing point of all social engagements that destroy the advantages of training and discipline.

The college man has been much maligned by those who would present him as a carousing, drunken, swearing, worthless fellow gloating over the vulgar and obscene. He is nothing of the kind. Most of him is generous, clean and faithful. The danger that besets the great majority of college men is in wasting of their strength, energy and time in worthless, frivolous, disorganizing visits with a bunch of so called "good fellows" at the dormitory, the frat house, the smoke house and on the street. Such men have too often been defeated when they leave the college halls and are called to play in the great game of life. They find out there they have not learned the lessons of discipline and coordination with the line.

III. On Saturday I saw on that grid-iron what I hope all of you saw. *In the game of life you have to meet real men.*

Such men were in that team you met last Saturday. There were no Miss Nancy's, molycoddles, nor nincompoops in that bunch. There were men who had

been well trained, who had taken it well, and who had the spirit of endurance and mastery in them. When you meet such men you must have like qualities and you must know your stuff.

You talk about "strutting your onions," on this campus—(loud and continued applause) by which I suppose you mean—exhibit your strength and pride;—but let me tell you, in opposition to men like our team met last Saturday you will have nothing to "strut" if you are not disciplined by rigorous training in self denial and self control and with thorough acquaintance with your stuff. Real men have to be met in the great game of life. Chief Myers in his talk to you the other morning gave you a poem which I think is worth giving again.

"Bill Jones had been the shining star up-
on his college team;
His tackling was ferocious and his buck-
ing was a dream.
When husky William tucked the ball
beneath his brawny arm,

They had a special man to ring the ambulance alarm.

“Bill hit the line and ran the ends like
some mad bull amuck;
The other side would shiver when they
saw him start to buck;
And when a rival tackler tried to block
his dashing pace,
His first thought was a train of cars had
waltzed across his face.

“Bill had the speed, Bill had the weight
—the nerve to never yield;
From goal to goal he whizzed along
while fragments strewed the field—
And there had been a standing bet,
which no one tried to call,
That he would gain his distance through
a ten-foot granite wall.

“When he wound up his college course
each student’s heart was sore;
They wept to think that husky Bill
would hit the line no more.
Not so with William—in his dreams he
saw the Field of Fame,
Where he would buck to glory in the
swirl of Life’s big game.

“Sweet are the dreams of campus life—
the world that lies beyond
Gleams ever to our inmost gaze with
visions fair and fond;
We see our fondest hopes achieved—
and on with striving soul
We buck the lines and run the ends un-
til we’ve reached the goal.

“So with his sheepskin tucked beneath his
brawny arm one day,
Bill put on steam and dashed into the
thickest of the fray;
With eyes ablaze he sprinted where the
laureled highway led—
When Bill woke up his scalp hung loose
and knots adorned his head.

“He tried to run the Ends of Life, when
lo! with vicious toss
A bill collector tackled him and threw
him for a loss;
And when he switched his course again
and crashed into the line,
The massive guard named Failure did a
two-step on his spine.

“Bill tried to punt out of the rut, but ere
he turned the trick

Right tackle Competition tumbled
through and blocked the kick;
And when he tackled at Success in one
long, vicious bound,
The fullback Disappointment steered
his features in the ground.
“But one day, when across the Field of
Fame the Goal seemed dim,
The wise old coach Experience came up
and spoke to him.
“Old boy,” said he, “the main point now
before you win your bout
Is keep on bucking Failure till you’ve
worn that lobster out.
“Cut out his work around the ends—go in
there low and hard—
Just put your eyes upon the goal and
start there yard by yard;
And more than all, when you are thrown
or tumbled with a crack,
Don’t lie there whining; hustle up and
keep on coming back.
“Keep coming back for all they’ve got,
and take it with a grin
When Disappointment trips you up or
Failure barks your shin.

Keep coming back; and if at last you
lose the game of Right,
Let those who whipped you know at
least they, too, have had a fight.
“Keep coming back; and though the
world may romp across your spine
Let every game’s end find you still up-
on the battling line.
For when the one Great Scorer comes to
write against your name,
He marks—not that you won or lost—
but how you played the Game.”
Such is Alumus Football on the white-
chalked field of Life;
You find the bread line hard to buck,
while sorrow crowns the strife;
But in the fight for name and fame
among the world-wide clan,
“There goes the victor” sinks to naught
before “There goes a man.”

Foot Note: Grantland Rice.

TALK NUMBER THREE, "*Getting Off.*"

YOUNG Gentlemen there is nothing static or drab about football. Each engagement offers a change of challenge as distinct and variable as twenty-two men could offer to each other and changing with each successive scheduled event. The different teams multiply the angles from which any particular team is tested. The practice of "scouting the game" seems to call for some variation in the style of play and method of attack and defense in each game if the element of surprise for the foe is to enter into it. While there are certain elements never absent from any game, nevertheless there are certain suggestions peculiar and insistent in each game—things that are said to "feature" it. The same features do not appear to each of us; but if we attend to those we see we may find new lessons each week for all of us.

I. Last Saturday—I learned the

value of *getting off at the blow of the whistle.*

One of the greatest strategies in warfare, in business, in politics, in debate, in football, in life is to put the handicap on your opposition. The man who is on the way when his competitor starts, if he keeps his pace, is already nearer the goal. All the impact of movement as in contrast with the dead weight of starting lends advantage to him against his foe. The preliminaries of warming up are taken care of and he plunges ahead. The other man who started after the blow of the whistle is catching up. If their strength is equal and all of it is put into the play, the man who started with the whistle will never be overtaken.

That is the explanation of the way some men of average ability so far outdistance those supposed to be more capable—they were off when the whistle blew. When the hour for action arrived they were started without a moment's delay. The other fellow—getting started as the whistle blew, never did catch up.

There are those of you who come up here, abundantly capable of winning any prize offered to men who take the course—but you take a semester, or a year, and some men have taken two years, to get started. Such men do not win here, nor on the gridiron, nor in the game of life. The man who does not get off in the first days and weeks after matriculation has put the handicap on himself and not on the oppositions he has to meet. Get off at the blow of the whistle, that is the secret of easy victory for the gridiron, the class-room and the field of life.

II. My second lesson from the game last Saturday is *keep your head*.

There are certain wonderful words in an old volume called, "The Proverbs," that run like this "He that guardeth his mouth keepeth his life; but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction." (Prov. 13:3) "He that is soon angry shall deal foolishly." (Prov. 14:17) "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his own spirit than he

that taketh a city.” (Prov. 16:32) When a man loses his head there are certain things that happen. First, the throne of control is abdicated. Second, the capacity to command is lost. Third, the gates of the soul are open for the entrance of the foe. Fourth, the capacity for strategy slips away. All these, and a lot of other things happen to a man who loses his head. It matters not how sore the provocation, nor how genuine the excuse which may be offered, when a man loses his head the very things his enemy hoped for have happened. Therefore don't lose your head—for if you lose now you may be on the way to lose hereafter.

In this great game of life strategy is as important in the struggle and the combat, as on the football fields; direction of all the forces available in the contest is as insistent for victory; the possession of one's self and all the assets in our hand, which ought to be invested in our enterprise, are as valuable then as on the gridiron; your friends who know and under-

stand you may not blame you so much for losing your head, under the given provocation, but tho the provocation be deemed irresistible it can not recover the loss sustained. The only prevention of such loss is to keep your head.

III. The next lesson I learned is, *Never presume on your time yet unexpired, but give your best down to the very end.* The man who lets up playing, thinking the score is big enough, invites being scored against. I have seen more than one game lost in the last five minutes of the last quarter because everybody on the spectators' stand and the men in the winning team thot things were over. Slacking their speed and impact and interest, somebody fumbled the ball; and, caught by a fighting man, who was of the never-say-die kind, it was carried for a touch down at the other end of the field. Fight to the last minute or as long as you have anything to give.

Did you see that account of the race between Papyrus and Zev? The rider of

Papyrus in his great race with Zev said when he "laid the whip on Papyrus as Zev plunged ahead there was no response, —Papyrus had given all he had to give." Nobly done! Men, I hope you will always play the game on the gridiron, in the classroom, in life's great field like that. Give them all you have to the very last.

That was a wonderful message which the negro Jack Trice, of Ames College, left, as written down by him on the night before the game.—Said he in his diary at "The Curtiss Hotel"—

Oct. 5, 1923.

"My thoughts just before the first real college game of my life.

"The honor of my race, family and self are at stake. Everyone is expecting me to do big things. I will! My whole body and soul are to be thrown recklessly about on the field tomorrow. Every time the ball is snapped I will be trying to do more than my part. On all defensive plays I must break thru the opponents'

line and stop the play in their territory. Beware of mass interference. Fight low, with your eyes open and toward the play. Roll back the interference. Watch out for cross bucks and reverse end runs. Be on your toes every minute if you expect to make good."

(Signed) "Jack."

Gentlemen—white or black, he was a real man and worthy of emulation by all real men. He did not presume on his time and gave his best to the very end.

IV. And then there was another thing I learned, *you may meet a thug, or even a bunch of them.*

I want to say how proud I have been of our men in the absence of all unnecessary roughness on their part. They have been taught to play clean and they play as taught. But you met men the other day who did not play clean. They went in as to a slugging match. They lacked in sportsmanship. It was pitiful to see a man like "Tiny" — so big, so Goliath-like when silhouetted out there on that end,

resorting to the tactics of doubling his fist and striking a man with all the impact of two hundred and forty pounds while on the run! Men who play like that are thugs on the gridiron and on life's field. Sooner or later the umpire gets them. It was sooner for him for the ball had not been in play more than once or twice until the officer ordered him off the field.

The provocation to give them as good as they send is great, but it is not the way to play the game. That kind of men, that kind of team, must sooner or later be put out of the schedule of real men. The school that harbors them is to be pitied as well as blamed. The day of such men has passed away. We want men and the world wants men not to slug but to play clean.

TALK NUMBER FOUR, "*Generalship and Strategy.*"

MY last talk to you laid emphasis on the admonition *do not lose your head*. Our experience last week in _____ strengthened my conviction on the importance of that admonition to you. We were defeated by a sad score, for what reason I have not been able to make out, unless it was that our men were surprised and maddened by the "rough work" which they had to encounter. Soon after the game started I saw Kubale protesting to the officer and when that happens we all know there is good reason for it. We played against that rough work thru the first half with success, tho they scored 3 points against us. In the second half they drove thru our line to victory for three touch downs and goal kicks after each one. Our men have halted heavier men before; they have met better strategy and those who are fleeter of foot. But

they piled up the score. It came near to ending in a free for all fight three minutes before the end. The one comfort we have is in the fact that the officer on the field, seeing the rough work of the man who tried to put Lemon out of the game, penalized them 15 yards and sent the "rough-neck" from the field.

However, we suffered our first loss for the year. We failed to make a score. *We failed in generalship and strategy*, for which I can give no adequate account unless it be that we lost our head and in doing so lost the capacity to coordinate our thought and action in our usual team work.

As we might expect the sport writers in different parts of the country acquainted with the history of that game and the conduct of the men engaged, have had only praise for our team. These men of Kansas City, Louisville, Boston and Washington, D. C., daily press have paid us compliments that are as pleasing as sweet perfume is to the smell. But all

their kindness and intelligent praise can not overcome the fact that we lost the game. For what? I do not know, unless it be that we lost our head.

II. The second lesson I learned was on the *importance of courtesy*. I have read only this morning from an editorial in a great metropolitan press the boast of Oxford is that they "can teach an Englishman how to be an English gentleman." Well that is an achievement not to be despised. For the man who has learned how to be a gentleman is a man who abounds in the grace and strength of courtesy. I do not mean simply a sense of propriety and good form. I mean rather that deep, ingrained consciousness of the sanctities of life and the maintenance of a deep respect and reverence for them and for the rights of others.

On last Saturday soon after their team came on the field, the students, alumni and friends of ——— University arose and with uncovered heads sang their university hymn. This is one of the most

sacred and spiritual performances, or ought to be, in the life of a school. It merits respect and reverence on the part of all who hear.

While this was going on it happened some one of the Centre side, permitted along the side line of the field, thoughtlessly passed a football back and forth in utter disrespect of the performance our opponents were going thru. This morning I have a letter from a Centre Alumnus of protest and condemnation of this discourtesy to the University of ———. I am glad it has come from a Centre man.

Young gentlemen, one of the great virtues of a gentleman, which ought to describe all college men, which we hope will never cease to describe Centre men, is what we call reverence for God and men. It is the trained and carefully directed development of that native instinct found in all of us of consciousness of the Unseen and Supreme. When in the presence of those worshiping, join with them in that attitude of respect and so-

briety for what they worship or express of the deeper and more sacred things before which they kneel. In the house of worship let a man walk softly, with uncovered head and humble mien. When the opposition sings their college hymn give them the respect due to the best and deepest things. Never fail in courtesy.

III. *Warm up your fellowship with men.* The maintenance, development and expression of what we call the "old Centre spirit" is one of the first prerequisites of the game. It is a great sight to see our Captain leave his place and go down the line to encourage each man "to stand and having done all," as the Apostle would say, "to stand" like adamant against the foe. It sends a thrill up the spine of every man in the stands when they have fought and pounded and worked their way down the field and finally with a total impact have put the ball clear over the line and as they untangle from the heap our man looks over our way and with a smile holds up

his hands in signal that we have won. But they can not keep that up and give us the thrills unless the spirit of self denial, of struggle and mastery, of purpose and pride in the success of our men is in all of us.

There is no school in the land of our size that has produced more so called stars than have been discovered in this school. But football is not at its best in individual performances. It is a game that reaches its distinction in the combination and coordination of the talents and capacities of eleven men. And if they are to bring out the full possibility of the team they must be a band of brothers, each concerned not only for himself but for the opportunity given to every other man.

It will be so in all other organizations in which you will team. The practice of brotherhood and fellowship and teamwork in the spirit of brotherly love is the supreme art in getting on with men and in running up the score of success.

Many's the time I have heard some one of you say in the dressing room before we went to the field and before some one of you prayed, "fellows we are a band of brothers and let us play like we loved one another."

Don't forget, men, a great General in the World War declared the battles at the front were won by the people back home. Their spirit and enlistment and readiness to sacrifice determined the fighting strength of the men at the front. In other words they warmed their fellowship and kept heart and tone and resolution in their friends.

What sadder thing could be said than that a man has no friends. Yet few men have stopped to consider the art of making friends and keeping them. Let me advise, this is the time for you to find them and cultivate them and tie them to you with hooks of steel. Then, warm your fellowship with men.

TALK NUMBER FIVE, *Real Sportsmen.*

GENTLEMEN, the annual game between Centre and Kentucky State is one of the events to which we all look forward. It is the one game of the year we would regret most to lose. There is no other institution in Kentucky that can approach them for athletic strength. To defeat them gives us the undisputed championship of the State. This we have done for the seventh consecutive year.

In the second place, this is a contest of the small denominational college with the great tax supported institution. Our continuous and splendid scoring against them demonstrates the presence of men in the little college who are as capable of meeting the multifarious challenge of college spirit and achievements as well, or better than those who seek the place of the multitude.

In the third place, we have the privilege

in this annual event of cultivating inter-collegiate relationships of a happy, agreeable character. The faculty and alumni of our State University have shown us many courtesies. They have seized occasions to show their friendly attitude toward us and their appreciation of the kind of work that is done on our gridiron and within these walls. At the banquet in Philadelphia, which the Alumni of Kentucky State tendered to our team, to the coaches, the faculty representative and President of this institution, Dean Anderson of the department of Engineering, who has been one of the most effective educational forces in Kentucky and the country at large for the past thirty years, acknowledged the indebtedness of his institution to Centre College for the lofty ideals and achievements that have described us in sport and academic work, during the years of his acquaintance with Centre. We greatly appreciate this testimonial and cherish the hope that we may continue this friendly relation and

be each to the other a constant inspiration and challenge to the best there is in us in academic work, in forensics and in athletic sports.

The day was not propitious last Saturday for the proposed program of dedication of our Stadium and for the annual contest of the two teams. There are some things demonstrated, however, which a clear, crisp, sunshiny day would not have given to us. When more than 12,000 people, wearing the colors of Kentucky State and Centre, will come out and stand in the rain from two o'clock until four, come as soon as the gates are opened and stay until the last whistle has blown, there is no doubt of the interest and loyalty of such crowds to the teams and to the institutions which they represent.

First, I want to say we *met real sportsmen from Kentucky State*, and I want to pay my respects to the men who got into the game and staid straight thru in a steady pour and a pounding attack such as they met. They did not lose heart. I

was told by a rooter wearing the white and blue that he hoped it would rain as they did "not have the ghost of a chance unless it did. But if it rains we will be able to buck thru and overcome the advantage of your speedy, light-weight backfield." This rooter had seen the White and Blue at work and knew they had good forwards, but he did not know they were to meet a tank line with the speed of a Cadillac! We honor them for the way they met the attack. They played the game and they played like men. They never failed in courage, effort or clean sportsmanship. They were simply more than matched and outplayed.

I. Gentlemen, the heartening thing about our State-Centre game was, it *demonstrated we had learned our lesson of the previous week and, having learned, we drove magnificently to victory.*

Men of our team—you did as you were taught. You got down and under the opposition, spilling them in their initial move all over the ground. You cut in

thru the holes you opened up and blocked their back field before they could do more than start. Your brains were at work in the selection and execution of your plays. Your movements were coordinated in team work that was magnificent and effective. You had the "Centre spirit" and the "old fight" and you acted like you were after wild cats sure enough. You were chivalrous and generous to your fellows against, and with, whom you played. It was fine to see men lend a lifting hand to the fellow down, whether he wore the white and blue or the white and gold. It seemed to me in your defense the spirit of the French troops at Verdun had got into your will and you had determined from the start,—they shall not pass.

If the spirit and mastery of that day gets into the fibre of your wills, then I am sure you will be equipped to meet the impact of the world, that is bound, at sometime, to hit your line. Remember some day when you try to punt out of the

ruts "Right tackle Competition" may tumble thru and block the kick— "the full back Disappointment" may "steer your features in the ground." But then remember "Old Coach Experience" said.—

"Old boy—the main point now before
you win your bout

Is, keep on bucking Failure till you've
worn that lobster out,"

Go thru the line.

II. Gentlemen, some of us who stood out in that rain could not escape the further suggestion which Old Coach Experience brot to us and that is this,—*The clouds are sometimes low and lowering in the game of life as well as on the football field.* There is this great difference—you seldom if ever, have the crowd with you as you had them on November third. There you had eager witnesses surrounding, ready to hearten you when you slowed up, to applaud when you put the ball forward and over the line, to express their sympathy in groans when you were halted

or hurt, ready to laud and praise you in the hour of success. But in the game of life it is not so.

For most of us, the most of our friends are dead when the hour of victory comes. The loneliest hours some of us have seen were when honors were bestowed; for father, mother, brother, sister and wife were not there. All of them, it is true, were with us in spirit and some of them saw us—but it was from the battlements of heaven that they looked!

But the real test of a man, gentlemen, is not in the sunshine and on easy fields. The real test of a man is when the sun is hid and he must play in the rain and the mud. It is easy to star when all is fair, if you have any stuff in you; but it is the day of adversity, of gloom, the gray days when the clouds hang low and lowering that give you a chance to prove your mettle. That is the day that tests your worth as individuals and your value to a team and your ability for team work. Do not count too much on the day when the sun shines. Do not be fair weather men.

TALK NUMBER SIX, *The Line.*

DOWN at Birmingham there were thousands of interested and enthusiastic spectators to witness one of the most enlisting and instructive encounters of the gridiron this year.

Many seemed to entertain great expectations of our team, while multitudes of others encouraged themselves to hope that the reported prowess of the White and Gold would fail when it met the Auburn line. They had filled every available space when the whistle blew and the struggle began.

The public are impatient of the undemonstrative. The homely truths are of no concern to the newspaper man looking for head-line plays. The spectacular and thrilling exploit of stars, that scintillate and sparkle and call forth the noise and the shout of the crowd, is what he wants to record. But our team was not apparent-

ly concerned in any effort to meet such demands. They were doing solid stuff that day and eleven men were working as one. My first lesson and suggestion to pass on to you was this—

I. *How dependent we are upon the efficiency and loyalty and self abnegation of our friends.*

In America we have a current expression "The self made man." The phrase conveys a wrong impression. There is no such man. A man may be primarily responsible for what he becomes or for what he does. But no man who is made is self-made. Each man of us is what he is because of what he has received, what he has felt, or heard, or seen, or touched or believed, or accepted of other men. But no man is made without such contacts, such influences, such reactions as other men awaken in us. We may have trouble enough getting on *with* other people; but we can not get on *without* them.

This is emphatically true in the game of life and on the gridiron. Phene Crane

was a good punter with plenty of courage in attack and with sure quick feet; but at Birmingham he did not have the backing, the protection and the sufficient inspiration, perhaps, to reach the goal when once he got the ball. He needed other men to enable him to come through for a goal and a touchdown. There is something sobering in the sight of a good and capable man without support in a great struggle sufficient to enable him to score. But it was so that day with Crane. That was the lesson taught by the Auburn man.

But our own team taught the same truth. All of us are proud of our back-field and we carefully and delightedly scan the papers to read what is said about them; but my tribute today is to the line and especially the centre, the guards and the tackle, without whose valiant stand, and resolute will, and courageous charge, and splitting drive, and adamant front the backs would have no field in which to get away.

Let me call your attention to these men

of the line and three things characteristic of them.

First,—*they are first to engage the enemy.* They must get down and under so as to block the initial move of the enemy. Failing in this last year, Auburn broke thru and blocked Red Robert's kick, the ball rebounding from the breast of a man, who, charging after it in its rebound fell upon it over the line and secured the only score of the day. A "break" to be sure, but enough for us to lose the game. But it was not to be so this day, 1923. Nobody got thru to block the plays. The line was the protection of the back field.

In the next place, *this line concealed our strategy.* So effectually did they do this our plays were successfully carried out and we were seldom defeated in completing the passing of the oval after it was snapped.

In the third place—*these men made openings for their comrades, for other men to carry the ball.* It is a thrilling

sight to see Kubale and Lynch, or Chinn, or Gordy or Rubarth or Lemon or Thomasson open up the line for Hudgins or Spurlock or Covington to go thru and down the field. What a glorious task it is for men to school themselves to a habit not to think of themselves! They must not think of themselves! They must think always of the other man with the ball and work for him and make it possible for him to get into the spot light of publicity. A game that offers opportunity for the practice of self-abnegation like that will never be allowed to lapse.

How like life it is! There are men among us today on whom the spotlight of publicity will shine in times to come because some one has got down and under the opposition and made an opening in their ranks for him to dash through and down the field of fame.

There is your father and mother, or some loved one, who by their forgetfulness of themselves and the remembrance of you have made it possible for you to

be down here. What I want to know is how are *you* playing the game? Are you on your toes and doing your best and playing hard to win in this game of a college education?

Here are these men in this faculty working hard and straining every nerve to give the best they have to you and for you. How are you playing the game?

How truly the martyred president McKinley spoke, when he declared what a man is depends on himself, but what he becomes in large part depends upon his friends. And this was my first lesson at the Auburn game.—How dependant we are upon the efficiency and loyalty and self-abnegation of our friends.

II. My second lesson was this—*Victory is to that team where eleven men are in the game.*

It is an enjoyable asset to be able to count on stars that can do wonderful and unusual things. But the greatest satisfaction to my mind is to have eleven men in the play. Consistent, dependable,

achieving teams are where there are eleven men always in the game.

Down at Birmingham last Saturday those of us privileged to be there saw one of the prettiest sights a gridiron can present—eleven men in the game from the moment the ball was in play, each and every man doing his part and all of them moving as one man to victory. There was no grating in the machinery, no sand in the bearings, no friction that wore out the different parts. All was in perfect adjustment and the machine moved with irresistible speed and power to the bearing down of the foe.

In this age little can be done without a team. Individuals accomplish little—attempting the task alone in commerce or trade. Great corporations are the instruments necessary to handle the great task and to exploit the great opportunities in National and World Enterprises. Probably nine-tenths of you men will have to work in such aggregations of men. Whether you are on the football team in

actual play or not is of small importance. Some of you have to sit on the side lines in uniform waiting for the summons that may come to the reserve. The most of us could never expect to get into the game. But all of us belong to the team and we can learn the lesson of uniform and coordinated movement, the lesson of brotherly love, the lesson of loyalty, efficiency and self abnegation for the sake of the other men, of fitness and drive for the sake of the team. The man who goes thru college and does not learn these things is a boob. But the man who goes thru and does learn them is fitted to play in any team to which he may be called on the gridiron of life.

III. The third lesson I learned was this—*Victory depends on the solidity and speed of the first and second move from the start.*

This is one of the most important lessons in football—the solidity and speed of your first two steps after the ball is snapped. You must plant your foot firmly—

no wobbling, no relaxation of the muscles, no halting of the gate; but solidity in planting your feet and speed in doing it. The solidity and speed of those two steps sets you ahead of your opponent it is true; but it does more than that—it determines the steadiness, poise, impact and assurance of your own carriage and movement through a broken or clear field. In other words you get off right, you are well begun.

You remember the old adage—well begun is half done. There is much truth in it. I remember conferences with men of talent and exceptional ability who were sorely perplexed and more or less conscious of defeat—because they did not get off right. They wobbled in their first step and lacked the impact of speed and drive. It took them too long to get a going. When they got enough steam up to really get off, their opposition was in their back field dashing confidently toward their goal.

Now a man can not get a thing as sim-

ple as that who doesn't consider it in much "skull practice" before he starts. He has to know his ground. He must consider when the great oppositions of life are found, the way they probably will present themselves when he starts, he must reckon on their speed and strategy, and when he has done all this, he must be off.

In college it happens that multitudes of men seems to think they can take the first semester, or possibly the first year to get off, and that it makes little difference how you plant your feet. They do not seem to realize some such people are out of the game by such practice before the end of the first semester is reached. And those who are not out make a poor showing the rest of the course. If a man wants to win in life's game let him plant his feet solidly and quickly for the struggle from the very start.

TALK NUMBER SEVEN, *Real Teams.*

WE had looked forward to the Washington and Lee game as one of the best and most strenuous of all our season's struggles. We were not disappointed. We met a real team on Saturday. Both of us came to the struggle crippled and the balance was not disturbed. They came with the bitterness of successive defeats; and all they had, to enlist in the struggle, they had prepared for the event. They came with the history of two defeats in previous years behind them; and all they had to put into the effort to wipe out that history they were prepared to put into this battle.

We came with the remembrance of successive victories and a creditable history of success, which we were determined should not be sullied by meeting defeat in this third trial of strength, and every man was fit for the contest and determined to

give all he had to win this battle, if this full measure was necessary.

What I want to say is we met real men and to use De Forrest's words again about the way to World Championships being "no berry-picking excursion." Washington and Lee played the game in a way to honor the men whose names they bear and in accordance with the traditions of the people to whom they belong and the ancestry from which they sprang. They were gentlemen. They played with good grace and grit a losing game. They played like real generals until the end. It was a sight fit to win the applause of friend and foe to see Terry after his nose, that had been broken, and on account of which he had been taken off the field, was taped up come bounding on the field and slipping a nose shield over this wounded member, get into the battle a few short minutes before it was to end and fight like he expected in those precious moments to win. That is the endurance and spirit of mastery we like to see in a man. It made

me think of a story I recently read of a General in Japan who so appreciated the fighting qualities of the man who directed the armies of his foe that when he captured him he had a portrait made of him to hang in his own halls, in commemoration of the generalship and fighting power of his foe. I hope Terry is that kind of a man in every responsibility with which he is charged and that he may have better success when he meets Old Competition in life's Game, than he had at Parkway field.

It is a great thing to bear a great name and the honor of a great and worthy people of an old historic line. But it puts a great responsibility upon such men to be faithful to the end.

And that is what I want to get into the blood of you men. You have the history and traditions of more than one hundred years behind you in this college; a record of proud and noble men who have never failed to win in the class-room and on life's gridiron. They have established

traditions that eliminate the slacker and the men who lean on others and whine. Our fathers were men who, in life-conflicts have had the gift to come back after every great battle whether it was for victory or defeat and hit the line hard until the very end. And men who can do that are never defeated until the last shot is fired and they are not defeated then if they have not lost heart or lowered their colors to unworthy foes.

II. On the side lines I observed we suffered from penalties imposed to a greater extent than at any previous games. I turned to Dr. Colvin who sat beside me on the side line bench and enquired "What makes our men do that so frequently?" We lost 45 yards on penalties in that game—45 yards that had to be traveled in our enemies territory again! At first the Doctor shook his head and then after a while he said—"*I think they get too eager and anxious to win.*" I have already indicated that when a man gets offside he may have grown careless of his stand and

in that measure lost his head. I know there are times when players do it purposely, thinking, if they can "get by" with it, they get the bulge on the other man. But this is not the case of the average man. In most cases it is because he gets too nervous and anxious to win. I have seen a few times on the gridiron when great and brilliant players conscious of their chance for publicity and fame have lost their chance and lost the game because they were too eager and anxious to win.

It is a great lesson and difficult to learn to keep one's place and to keep on sides in the game. Eager anxiety to win is a dangerous attitude in any game. It makes a man lose his balance and poise, his self possession that enables him to win.

There is a fine old saying in the Bible that runs like this, "He that believeth shall not make haste." It is a statement that it would be well for every ambitious man to make his own. The element of victory for a man's soul is to learn that

life's great game is not to the man who violates the rules of the game, but in the long run it is for the man who by training, discipline and ability depends on his reserves of talent, strength and skill applied to the work in hand that wins. In life's great game we are in a great fellowship, a great team, or we may be in such a team, and our poise and strength and success will depend on our work with that team. The consciousness that if God be for him He is more than all that can be against him is a great thing to get into a man's soul. And to live and work with Him gives balance and poise and power for every event we have to meet in this great game.

III. But one of the best lessons that came to me attending that game I got on the way to the Park. We were in the taxi and the conversation carried on turned on the history of our team. For seven successive years this Centre College team had played with a measure of success that had made it known throughout the land. Sixty-nine games had been

played and within two hours the seventieth would be added to the list. We did not expect to lose. Out of the sixty-nine but seven had been lost. Our companion said to Chief Myers;—

“It’s a great achievement to have built up such a team.”

“Yes,” he replied “and not many people know the work it takes to build it. *You know, to get a thing goin’ good you have to work; but to get it goin’ perfect you have to work ten times as hard.*”

Young gentlemen, no truer word has been spoken. I have little anxiety for any man here that compares to the anxiety I feel in my desire that you all learn—to get a thing goin’ good you have to work hard, but to get it goin’ perfect you have to work ten times as hard. The burden of the world is that it is crowded with mediocre men. Men who have not and never will work. They seem to think life is a prize that falls to men thru favoritism, or pulls. That a man must, so to speak, always have some friend at court

who will manipulate things for him. If any man thinks like that within this hall today, I want him to hear. I want to thunder it so strong it will sink not only into his ear, but down into the very depths of his heart: *the prizes of life are only for the men who work*. There is next to nothing in this thing of friends at court. It is all in the man who works.

“Success! It is found in the soul of you
And not in the realms of luck.

The world will provide the work to do
But you must provide the pluck.

You can do as much as think you can
It’s all in the way you view it.

It’s all in the start that you make, young
man,

You must feel that you are going to do
it.”*

The trouble with some of you men right now is that you have made too little acquaintance with this thing called work.

*Edgar Guest.

The chance to visit, to smoke, to loaf at the dormitory, the frat house or Parks is too much for you and you are failing in your marks. You are not in love with work. To get a thing goin' good you have to work; but to get it goin' strong you'll have to work ten times as much. And if you fail to be anything worthwhile in this great game of life, my boy, it will not be because you have no chance, it will be primarily because you will not work.

You know full well, what ever other qualifications you may have for this team, you could not play with that group without work. You will have to have a body fit for the task, you will have to do the skull practice for weeks, you will have to display a knowledge of the game along with skill in practice, with training at table and regular hours in bed; but with all this, you know you can not get on that team unless you *work*.

But I want to say you are fooling yourself if you think you will get on any other winning team and in life's great game

without work. These are your training days. The practice field is the laboratories, the recitation rooms and the study rooms where you live. If you loaf and bluff and visit and have a lazy, jolly time there it will not be long until you will learn that you are not fitted for a place on any team. You have failed to acquaint yourself with work. To get a thing goin' good *you will have to work; but to get it goin' perfect you must do ten times as much work.*

TALK NUMBER EIGHT, *The Last Encounter.*

IN the University of Georgia Team we met one of the most formidable oppositions Centre College has played. They had weight. They had speed in movement and spring in plunging. They had excellent coordination of the backfield and the line. They had strategy. Their interference was as strong as we have met. They had rested in expectation of this contest. They hit the line fearlessly and hard. They were gentlemen.

The event therefore engaged our attention!

My first lesson to be mentioned in this talk on our last game for this season was this—*Don't make your schedule too full.* This was our misfortune. At the end of a long hard season we faced a team with weight, intelligence, coherence, speed, spirit and drive, without the chance to re-

cover from the weariness of other encounters. We had been crippled also. Rabenstein and Spurlock were not fully recovered from injuries received two weeks before.

There is a limit, young gentlemen, to the possibility of flesh and blood. It matters not how confident we may be of our strength and reserve of powers, if we do not regard this limit of strength, it may not be possible to hold the enemy to a tie. It was a wonderful sight to see eleven men, whose record for eight weeks had been so strenuous, take this ninth contest on with a team that out-weighed them and for which there were substitutes, and meet their greater weight and their crushing attack so granitelike as our men did that Georgia team. Georgia bucking the line furiously would pile up on our men and then their splendid quarterback would spring clear over the whole pile for gains. But they were halted. Through the third down again and again that Fordson truck movement was stopped and they were

compelled to kick. Had our team had two weeks for rest, as *they* had enjoyed, we believe the score would have been more favorable for us. But our schedule was too full. We were weary and worn. And in the last engagement all the excellencies of the season's opposing teams were found. It was a victory to hold them to a tie. In making our future schedules we believe we should not cover so much territory necessitating long trips. We should limit our schedule to points nearer home.

In making our schedule for the great games of life *take some view of the last encounter and be ready to meet what you can successfully meet.* A shorter schedule with first class undertakings and opportunity for the recreations that build up your brain and brawn, that cheer and gladden the heart, that leaves time for preparation, all of which go toward guaranteeing victory in the end, is best. Schedule a few great events and master them on your own field.

II. A friend of Centre College attending the last three quarters of the game commented on the pep and unceasing support of Georgia's team from the bleachers, saying,—*the team that has the spirit and the loyalty of the school behind them is a dangerous team to meet.* This man is a graduate of one of the largest universities of the country and was an active athlete all through his college course. He knows one of the chief assets of every school. The spirit of the school describes one of those subtle, real, imponderables entering into the making of institutions and men. When the folks back home believe in you, are boosting you, are proud of you, and are sending many tokens of their abiding interest in you, how its braces a man up when he has a hard fight to make!

Well, that is what we want at Centre College. We want to realize the "solidarity," to use a word much used twenty-five years ago, of our lives in this institution. This school will be what the im-

pact of our common life is upon our task and upon each other. Traditions,—which are more important to any school than its endowments,—are the product of this common consciousness shot through and through with the love and confidence, the hope and purpose which we put into each other. When our team is fighting every man of us ought to be fighting. When our debaters are debating every man of us should be debating. When a student is studying every man of us ought to be unitedly and purposely sitting with him in this task. The spirit of a school makes the school and it makes the men who go out of the school. Let us get an understanding of our relation to each other and determine to enable every man to be best there is in him to be.

III. *When a man goes to a hostile ground he should have seen to it that he is perfectly fit.* This is the advantage of playing on your home field. When were we defeated on our home field? No student in this audience ever saw our team

defeated on the home ground. No entering class, for some years before you, saw a defeat administered to a Centre team on the home grounds. Why? Because our men were not only able but because they were perfectly familiar with every foot of the ground to be covered. They were not worn by travel. Their nervous reserves were not exhausted by an intruding group of friends and hospitable hosts. All their reserves were at their command. They were perfectly fit. For such reasons we should plan more games in our own vicinity.

But when we do go into the enemies' country we should discipline our time, husband our strength and guard our selves beforehand that we may be able to have all the resources at our command.

It is no less so in the great game of life. We have to go into the struggle of life in the enemies' country, far more frequently than some of us could anticipate. It was well expressed by the Apostle Paul who said, "great doors and effectual are opened

unto me and there are many adversaries.” So there are to many of us. The more enlarged the responsibilities and opportunities of life the more numerous the the adversaries. We must keep fit—physically, mentally and spiritually. Disease can overthrow us. Therefore let us look to our health. The problems of life are increasingly complex with every advancement in life’s station. Therefore we should keep mentally alert. Every elevation in the realm of the spiritual has its besetting temptations. We wrestle not against flesh and blood alone, but against spiritual wickedness in the heavenlies. Therefore we must keep close to God.

IV. *When you tackle your man—nail him.* Two or three times I noticed men attempt a tackle in that game only to be strongarmed away or to be dragged a distance. Again, I saw some tacklers that stopped the victim in his tracks. Such tackling was made with a fearless assault, with a vice-like grip, with a planting of

the feet that expressed solidity, and at a point on the enemy's anatomy that made progress impossible. When such a player tackled his man he nailed him.

All these qualities will stand a man in stead in life. *Get* them. When you take your job, nail it. Don't allow it to drag you. When you tackle your temptations, don't dally with them, nail them. When you tackle your doubts, don't believe them. Nail them, so that their progress is halted. Believe in your beliefs.

If you develop this spirit in the fibre of your soul—you will be positive, powerful, victorious men.

TALK NUMBER NINE, *Gambling*.

GENTLEMEN—One of the worst accompaniments of the sport world today is gambling. I know there is much of it going on. I have stood in hotel lobbies and heard bets proposed and have seen the money deposited with hotel clerks and those who held the stakes. I have been told that students have bet on their team and even against them, when they thought it was advantageous to do so. I have also heard of members of teams charged with betting on their team.

First of all I want to say that this is in express violation of the laws of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association and the laws and traditions of Centre College and if established against any student of this institution will be visited with the sentence of dismissal.

In the second place, permit me to say, there is nothing, unless it be drunkenness

and the misdirected interest of Alumni, that threatens the continuance of inter-collegiate athletics as does gambling.

In the presence of such data it seems to me desirable to present in connection with my messages on football, my message on the subject of gambling. I was requested weeks ago, to discuss this subject with the Sunday morning Bible class—"Why is gambling wrong?" The request was granted and what was said there I now repeat to this larger group. My answer to that question is.

I. Gambling is wrong because no service is rendered for the money obtained through the wager.

Money is a sacred possession. It is the most useful and practical symbol of human energy and toil. Back of money lies property values as well as human toil and human rights. Many times money is held by persons who never toiled, who never rendered any service for what they hold; but every dollar in their possession has back of it, somewhere, human energy in

service for what was received and held. The possession of money for which no service has been rendered is a danger of which the individual holding it has not always been aware; but such holdings have been and are increasingly the problem of the state. An extravagant use of such money is a menace to society, and no amount of apology that such use has kept wealth in circulation has served to satisfy the guardian minds of society and the state. But the profligate waste of this deposit of human life and energy in gambling is now generally recognized everywhere as unlawful and wrong. The reason for all the legislation that has been formulated against gambling lies in the fact that the gambler renders no service for what he obtains. He is a menacing parasite on the body of society.

When a lad, who is still in school, takes the money that others have earned, and which has usually been given to him at sacrificial cost on the part of others in order that he may go to college, and he

spends this in profligacy and in gambling, he has trifled with the most sacred obligations of life. It is not a question of whether he lose or win. If he loses, he has wronged his own by releasing it for no consideration in return. If he win he has trifled with the other fellow's own.

II. In the second place—*gambling is wrong because it cultivates the baser passions of men. When a man gambles he desires to get something for nothing.* What right has a man to get something for nothing? If I get something for which I have not labored, if I get something for nothing, the only ground upon which I can defend my possession is one of kinship or affection or both. In such a relation all the obligations of human service and expended energy are protected. But when I gamble, I render no service for that which has incorporated these values and I cultivate an unlawful desire to get that for which I have rendered no service or equivalent. The acquisitive faculties of a man are usually

strong and when unguarded in action lead easily to his debasement.

The second of these debasements is to lead a man to *loaf instead of labor*. Now the Bible has expressed a fundamental conviction of the ages that he who will not work shall not eat. But who ever heard of gambling leading men to work? The gambler is forever chasing a will-o-the-wisp. If he works it is to get enough to wager on odds that will supply him funds on which to loaf. When a man goes the full length in gambling he is totally disqualified for toil either in disposition or execution.

In the third place *gambling cultivates the vice of extravagance, of profligacy*. In a recent article of De Forrest's, in which he was describing the deportment of the prize-fighter of twenty-five years ago, he told of his flagrant taste in dress—his red tie, his checker-board suit, his flashing jewels, his ostentatious display of wealth, and of his final disappearance, having been supplanted by the well

groomed, quietly dressed, tea-drinking student of etiquette of the gentleman Jim type. All that he said of him has described the gambler of that past. He, also, has changed to the one cultivating the more quiet deportment. Yet there is one thing that continues to describe him—extravagant living and waste of wealth. Gamblers seldom, if ever, get rich. Multitudes who have provided opportunities for them to gamble have got rich off of them—but not many have grown rich among them. Sooner or later the gambler comes to a sad and impoverished end.

III. Gambling is wrong because it develops the *tendency in a man's life to depend on chance*. Now, young gentlemen, the world is not the result of chance. It is the result of an Intelligent Mind, a Loving Heart and Creative Will, constituting the personality we call God, at work.

“There is no God—force, only, say the wise.”

Hath he no sight, who paints the sunset
skies

No beating heart, who bids earth's pulses
beat,
Alternate summer and winter, cold and
heat?
No arm who swings the planets in their
spheres?
No hand by whose grasp all that is co-
heres?
Can Force make love in human hearts
to burn?
Tears fall for errors past? thots upward
turn?
Rejoice, my soul; not lost but found is
He;
Force such as *that* is God enough for
me."*

The man who develops in himself the tendency to believe in and rely on chance will find himself in conflict with the Universe. This world of ours was not the result of chance, nor is it continued by chance, nor is its destiny by chance. It is of God and the man who lives by chance will find himself in the end face to face

*Angus M. Mackay.

with God, to whom we must give an account, unprepared.

In the second place, wealth is not the creation of chance. Wealth is the product of the work of God or the work of men. The man who gets the gambling habit will develop in his life all the forces that militate against the creation or amassing of wealth. Those who talk about luck, or pulls and depend on them, come to poverty. I care not how much you may cite cases of men of wealth who gamble—the fact still remains, it was not by the book-makers and the jack-pots that they amassed their assets.

In the next place life can not depend on chance. You can not “chance” any thing with confidence. Let a man cultivate the habit of living so and he will find, not only ultimate defeat, but spectres of the night will haunt him and tease him and threaten him until hell itself would seem to have nothing more to threaten.

Life, precarious as it may often appear, does not depend on chance. “There

is a Divinity that shapes our ends rough hew them as we will."

IV. Gambling is wrong—for a train of calamities always follows in its train.

"By their fruits you shall know them." First, there are political calamities. A few years ago we got rid of one of the worst and most active agencies for the corruption of political life.—The American saloon. God grant we may never become so foolish, so blind, so piqued on personal privilege, so insane as to allow it to return! But we will not be able to take politics out of the hands of tools and put the destiny of Kentucky into the hands of leaders and statesmen until we get rid of this twin traitor to the Nation and the Commonwealth—the gamblers of the racetrack. When they openly boast of the millions they handle at Churchill Downs and Latonia and Lexington and the Derby we know they are the mightiest organization for the corruption of the state. Young men, you are the men to overthrow this enemy of the state.

The tragedies of defalcation in business, in character, in trusts, in lives that are charged to gambling is known to every one. What can be said in defense of a practice with such a notorious history? It is a curse to the home, to business, to society and to the state. Of all men in the world who ought to expung it from the practice of American life, the men of our colleges, on whom the leadership of the Commonwealth, the Nation and the World must be placed, should be the first to put it away from their rooms, their fraternities, their campus and their games.

Gentlemen, are you going to do it or will you fail us in this cause?

TALK NUMBER TEN, *The Winning Team.*

(Talk made to the Senior Class in the Central High School, at Memphis, Tennessee, following the game November 13, 1923.)

YOUNG ladies and gentlemen, I suppose if I talk to you on *The Winning Team*, you will know the team I am talking about and will believe that I am talking out of my heart to you. I am persuaded that the girls of this class will be as interested in this subject as the boys. They probably have more to do with the making of winning teams than they have been credited with. I remember reading more than a year ago the statement from the late Sir Robertson Nicol, editor of the *British weekly*, and author and editor of several scores of books found on the shelves of the best libraries of the world, that the average man probably attains that measure of success which his wife

permits! Whether this be true or not no man's armor has been properly adjusted for life's great fight until it has been touched by a woman's hand. And I judge from what I have frequently seen in the college stadium and even observe before me here, that a letter-man's sweater is not unwelcome to his favorite one of the fair sex. So I speak of the winning team with the presumption that the building of such a team is of interest to you all.

We will start with the mutual understanding that a competent coach is a prerequisite to the task. The Winning Team at the back of my mind has, in the judgment of many men, the greatest coach in the United States. But he could not develop a winning team unless he had the material.

The first requisite therefore for this achievement which I would mention is—

I. *Brains.* *The winning team must have brains.*

I have seen a disappointed candidate who had brawn and beef enough to crush

all opponents, if he could fall on them, who was turned down and failed to make the team. He did not have the brains even to fall at the right time and in the right way.

Thirty years ago his qualifications might have been considered the main asset. It is not so now. The "science" that now describes the game was not developed then. "Skull practice" as we now have it was not thought of then. Knute Rockney, of Notre Dame, who has developed a team that in the first five games of this season now drawing to a close had one hundred and sixty-one points to their opponents nine, declares that a moderate physical weight with a maximum of mental alertness is the one that wins. Certainly with each year's development of technique there must be a brain quality equal to the mastery of it.

Too frequently in High School and College, we are liable to forget that the mental quality of alertness, attention and independent thinking are the things that

count in this the most popular of sports. And these qualities can not be gained by those who trifle at their books, in their laboratories and their recitation rooms.

II. *In the second place—the winning team is one that develops team work.*

There are three particulars to which I want to point you in the Centre College winning team which many of you saw last Saturday. *First: There is the quality of comradeship.* That team is a “band of brothers.” It might be said of them as of the ancient Christians—behold how they love one another. They are comrades. Not all of them think just alike, or live just alike, but they all believe in each other, and fully recognize the importance of each man in the total output of their work in the game. They share and share alike in all the victories and equally so when they meet defeat, though they have seemed to me too ready at times, as individuals, to accept entire responsibility for loss when it has come. Practically all of them are members of

some fraternity, but that is forgotten in the team. They are brothers, fraternity and nonfraternity, all.

Second: All the talents of the team are coordinated. The back field is coordinated with the line. The backfield gives the thrills to the average observer when they carry the ball through a broken field or down the side line; but those back field men know that unless the line holds and the interference is successful they will not get far. Iowa State University developed a great team a few years ago, when Aubrey Divine was a headliner for the press; but those who understood knew that Slater broke down the first assaults and Glen Divine, keeping close to his brother, was the protection in a marvelous way for the man who carried the ball to the goal. It is so with The Winning Team, Covington and Hudgins and Rabenstein must be protected by Kubale and his valiant line, if they get very far down the field.

The third thing you should know is *they all play for the success of the team.* The man who is anxious for the spot light to be turned on him is dangerous to the success of any team. I have seen a team suffer a defeat that might be wholly accounted for in the consciousness of the star that he was the cynosure of newspaper men and, desiring to meet their approval, got his mind on starring and lost the advantage of team cooperation. He ran away from his defense to defeat, and to the defeat of his team. Anxious for publicity, stars have been known to fail to give the ball to the man who might have bucked through for a touchdown. Wanting to have all the glory may lead any man to independent action at the crisis and all the advantage of united impact be lost. In the winning team every man knows that success depends on eleven men being in the game and eleven men on the way to the goal. Covington never leaves his protectors until they are out of the race.

III. *The Winning team has the quality of endurance.* Years ago I saw a team in Iowa from Camp Dodge, made up of stars from the best colleges and universities of the whole country, weighing twelve pounds per man more than the little college team they played on Thanksgiving day, defeated by a score of fifty to three because they did not have this quality in them. They came to the contest with twenty-one men in their squad. Before the game ended there was not one of the squad but what had had his part as regular or substitute in the game. Not a single substitution was made by the little college team. But they whipped the big fellows by a score of fifty to three. As we left the field I said to their manager—"What was the matter with your men that they were so badly defeated today? When they hit our line I thought they would push us off the field. But they could not maintain their pep and drive. Why?"

As we walked up the hill to the Gym, he took a cigarette from his pocket and

between puffs made this laconic reply,—
“Too many cigarettes.” In other words
they had not trained and had no en-
durance in the great game.

The team you saw play on Saturday is
rigidly trained. They are in condition.
They discarded all use of the weed for
these events. They have not been lured
by “the light fantastic,” neither have
they indulged in pastries, frivolities nor
convivialities. They have been loyal to
the discipline necessary to strength, poise
and endurance.

In the second place endurance is a mat-
ter of the will. That something which the
French had at Verdun when they said of
the Germans “They shall not pass.” A
man without will never comes back. The
man of endurance is never defeated until
the whistle blows and he is not defeated
then if he has an unbroken will.

IV. *Finally*, The winning team is
clean. A man of immoralities is liable to
be overcome at any time. I am not speak-
ing of that, such a man would not be

tolerated on this team. The winning team is a team that does not resort to ruffianism of any sort. They play clean. The greatest victory in the size of score may be an utter defeat in fact. We played a certain team that won over us; but the newspapers, throughout the broad land, by scorn and contempt of such tactics as that to which they resorted, declared them unworthy a place in the galaxy of real sportsmen. They had not played clean. Never has that been said of the Winning Team. They played hard, they hit the line. they nailed their man, they tackled fearlessly, but they have yet to be charged that they do not play clean. *They are clean.*