

The '38 -- '39 Season

... was the greatest in our athletic history. Now we're on our way.

THE year 1938 was the greatest in Hurricane history, and the coming one has promise of being even greater. Our Hurricanes, coached by Jack Harding and Hart Morris, had it's best season in the annals of football at Miami. Not only were the '38 Hurricanes the first eleven to win eight games in a single season, but in many other respects, they were tops, too. For example, they showed more Class A football than has been played around here in a long time. They had more finesse, more power, more polish than many Hurricane teams. They were the shining examples of what every football coach dreams of with their perfect coordination and teamwork. Yes, we had a great team.

The Orange, Green, and White won the S. I. A. A. championship for the first time in history, copped the state crown, and set a record when 23,367 fans—the largest crowd ever seen in a Florida stadium—packed the Orange Bowl to the brim when Miami played the University of Georgia. They forever gained a place for themselves in the hearts of Miami football fans. In fact, this year's team must be given credit for making Miami a real football town. At the Georgia game, hard-bitten Cracker business men were chewing their nails when the Hurricanes got in a hole.

At the season's close, three Hurricanes were named on the A.P.'s All-Florida Collegiate team, Captain Eddie Dunn, Walt Kichefski, and "Chuck" Guimento being picked on the mythical eleven.

It seemed that Touchdown Tommy would never stop barking. Tommy just boomed, boomed, boomed, all season long as the Hurricanes scored 237 points to become one of the highest scoring ball clubs in the nation.

We beat Florida, Duquesne, Bucknell, and Georgia's mighty Bulldogs, and next year promises to be an even greater season than this one. Only five players departed the sheepskin route—Ed Dunn, Andy Csaky, George Hamilton, Gene Duncan, and Johnny Bolash—so chances are bright that 1939 will be another banner football year for Coach Jack's Hurricanes.

Biggest reason for this success was the inspired play of a team that wouldn't quit—a team that had spirit—a team that fought to the last inch. We had a coach that was tops in character, spirit, and accomplishment. Not enough praise can be given the team, him, or the Quarterbacks' Club—an organization that was largely responsible for the success of the season. It was the

twelfth man on the field to the boys. May it's future be even brighter than the past.

In other sports, too, there was improvement and development. The first basketball team in seven years made it's appearance this winter, and plans have been made to add baseball to the athletic program next year. Coach Gardnar Mulloy's Hurricane tennis team—the greatest in the country... the boxing team... "Pop Burr's swimmers... and the rest of our athletic teams have all grown year by year. The future is bright for the development of other successful varsity sports. Year by year, better all-round athletes attend school, bringing with them hopes for the establishment of baseball and further fostering of golf and fencing.

Truly, the athletic program at the University of Miami has progressed rapidly since the school was founded in 1926. The work this past year of James M. Beusse, Graduate Manager of Athletics, of Marjorie Christenson, of our fine coaching staff, and of many others has been instrumental in developing it even further. May it continue to grow in the years to come as it has in the past.

The results of the 1938 football season follow:

Miami 46	Spring Hill 0
Miami 32	Tampa 6
Miami 19	Florida 7
Miami 6	Drake 18
Miami 19	Rollins 0
Miami 44	Oglethorpe 0
Miami 0	Catholic 7
Miami 21	Duquesne 7
Miami 19	Bucknell 0
Miami 13	Georgia 7



Graduate Manager of Athletics Beusse, and Margie Christenson

The Team

... came through and the fans gave them fine support.

by JACK HARDING

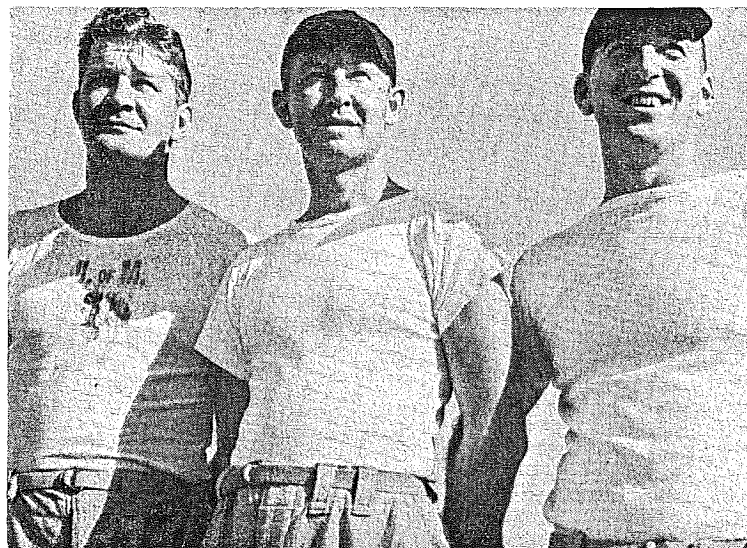
THERE was one thing we coaches tried to impress on the boys during our '38 season — concentrate on the game at hand and play them one at a time as they approach. We did just that. Of course, the highlights of the season were the games with Florida and Georgia, but all this is history now. The bright feature of the whole season was the fact that we had boys we hadn't counted on rising to the heights just when they were needed. And the team spirit was marvelous—the best in my history of coaching.

It was swell the way the people of Miami caught onto the spirit of our team, and supported them in such an admirable way. I think the fine Quarterbacks' Club was really responsible for this display of enthusiasm. As Eddie Dunn remarked at one of their meetings, we felt as though we had twelve men on the field because of the Club and the citizens of Miami.

We were certainly fortunate in being able to secure such an outstanding man as Ken Ormiston to coach and direct our freshman athletics. We were very glad to be able to get Ken because we all feel that he is doing a splendid job with the freshmen.

The interest at the present time concerns our next year's possibilities. You will probably notice that we are playing a most difficult schedule in 1939. Added to this is the fact that some of the teams we were able to defeat this year have notified us that they are out to turn the tables in the coming season. We have been informed of this by these particular schools in no uncertain terms. In other words, we have our work cut out for us.

It is impossible to predict how many games we will win or lose. We will not lose many boys by graduation, but we're going to find it mighty difficult to replace



Ken Ormiston, frosh coach; Jack Harding, head coach; Hart Morris, line coach

either Eddie Dunn or Andy Csaky. This is going to be our biggest problem.

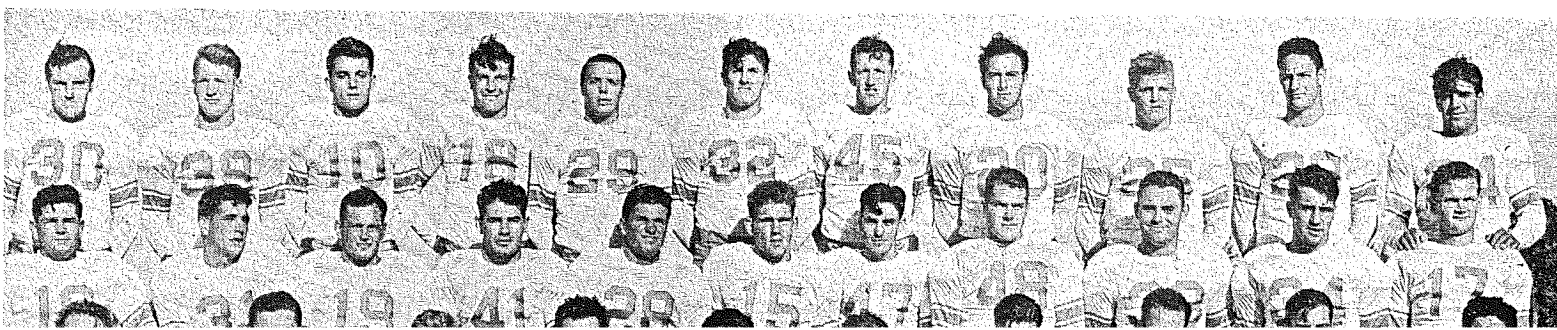
Our squad will contain a great many seniors. To you, this gives every indication that we should have a splendid team. In my experience, I have found that there is nothing worse than a senior team in itself. Too many seniors, secure in their positions, have a tendency to stand still and not improve. To stand means to go backwards. Therefore, it is vital that some of our freshmen, graduating to the varsity, force the seniors to their best efforts. What we will need is spirited competition for positions between the seniors and the sophomores.

It may be possible for us to have an even better team next fall, and still not win as many games. As in all branches of sport, breaks mean a lot in football. However, we aren't afraid of our schedule, nor are we overconfident. I will say, that with a schedule like we have, we are more determined.

All of us were happy indeed when it was announced that Eddie Dunn would be added to the coaching staff for the coming year. Eddie will help with the backs, and we know that he'll do a good job.

Hart Morris and I want to pay our respects to Doctor Ashe and the Administration for the fine cooperation and help we have had since we have been here these two short years. I can truthfully say that we are very happy in our work, and I hope that we may be able to stay here many, many more years.

Salisbury, Kurucza, Poore, McCrimmon. Bottom row: Jones, Waldeck, Kichefski, Haywood, Olson, Paskewich, Coreoran, Stockdale, Seamans, Sapp, Guimento.



hurricane squad, back row: Hamilton, Duncan, Noppenberg, Borek, Dixon, Captain Dunn, Douglas, Satin, Black, Snowden, Oespovich. row: Arries, Barto, Fox, Cohen, Csaky, Patterson, Pittard, Grimes,



touchdown against
the 'Gators

Hurricane hits Gainesville

.. and sweeps over Gators, 19-7, in last half drive

by GEORGE WALSH

"HURRICANE Hits Gainesville." "Miami's Brilliant Comeback Beats Florida." Such were the streamers in the newspapers of this elongated state the morning of October 16, as they proceeded to unfold the story of one of the greatest grid games in the history of the South on that memorable occasion.

Rated no more than a mere "breather" at the opening of the season, Coach Jack Harding's rip-snorting Miami Hurricanes refused to be beaten, and riding the crest of a last-minute switch in the betting odds, staged a dynamic, last-half drive that saw them score three touchdowns, which gave them a 19 to 7 victory

Flushed with the success garnered in their first two battles, the Hurricanes breezed into Gainesville the morning of October 14, behaved themselves that night, and the next evening, led by Captain Eddie Dunn and a fighting spirit, they promptly muzzled the surprised 'Gators.

Things were against the chances of a victory for the Hurricanes and the 3,500 Miami students and supporters that traveled all the way up to Gainesville by car, special train, or thumb that night, as the Miamians took the kickoff for the third quarter, down 7 as the result of a perfect pass play with only seconds to go in the first half.

That ancient nemesis—a good aerial attack—caught up with the Hurricanes late in the second period as

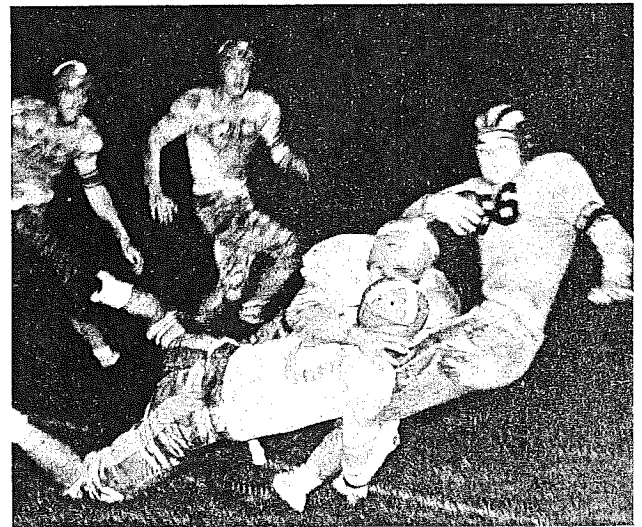
the 'Gators began their only successful drive to the Miami goal. Taking the ball on their own 43, the Saurians began to toss the pigskin around in major league fashion.

A forward lateral, with Pat Reen, John Plombo, and Bud Taylor doing the dirty work, placed the ball on the Miami 30. Taylor made it to the 18 on line smashes, and then heaved another long one into the waiting arms of Plombo on the payoff stripe. Conversion of the extra-point didn't help the situation any, either.

Down on the scoreboard, but not in spirit, the Hurricanes came back scrapping at the next whistle, intent on only one thing—that of trimming a Florida eleven. They must have been thinking of Lou Chesna, too, because they displayed a brand of football that was too much for any team. That kind of play must be called "inspired," and inspired it was. From the start of the third quarter, Miami played a type of game

that was not often displayed during the rest of the year. And that playing won the game.

Several minutes had ticked away before they showed themselves deep in 'Gator territory. Taking a weak punt on his 45, Captain Eddie Dunn returned the ball to the Florida 28 to set the scenery for the first Miami marker. And from here on, the story is worthy of Hollywood's most imaginative scenario writer.



Who said 'Gatorbait?

"Savannah Mike" Corcoran started things off with a five-yard spurt. Captain Dunn picked up 13 yards. Then, a few seconds later, Dunn scored, but the ball was called back because of the laxness of a Hurricane linesman in getting started too soon. This bit of bad luck brought screams of delight from Florida rooters, but called forth only tragic moans from the gloom-ridden Miami side of the field, but the gloom was soon to turn to joy.

But just to make it look easy, Eddie sent Carl Jones off tackle to the 5-yard stripe, made three himself, and then scored standing up. He missed the try for the extra point, but that only made the disappointed Hurricanes fight twice as hard.

They were stopped momentarily after this tremendous drive, so Long Johnny Douglas planted his agile toe to a kick that traveled 78 yards and set the 'Gators back to their own goal line. Punting out, Florida was again surprised by Johnny's footwork, and found themselves on their own seven-yard stripe this time.

A poor punt by the 'Gators, three smashes at the line, and Eddie Dunn was again feeling the dirt past the Florida goal line, as the Miami rooters in the stands almost tore the stadium apart. Eddie had perfect interference, led by old dependable Andy Csaky, and wasn't even touched on his gallop.

His second try for the conversion failed, but this didn't stop the Miami fans from letting the world know that the Hurricanes were ahead and were gonna stay there.

It was an easy task for the Orange, Green, and White to take the ball away from the bewildered 'Gators after the kickoff, and again head for the Florida goal posts.

A pass from Dunn to Douglas set the ball on the 29. A shovel pass to Csaky got five, Douglas gained seven on an end-sweep, and continued jolts at the line put it on the 10. Johnny Noppenberg saw to it that the pigskin reached the one-yard stripe, and it was easy for Captain Eddie to stroll over the line and score his third touchdown of the game. Another hurricane, this time a celebration, hit Gainesville, five minutes later.

"Miami Smashes Florida 'Gators, 19-7." "Hurricanes Triumph Over 'Gators."

And so read the streamers of the daily papers of

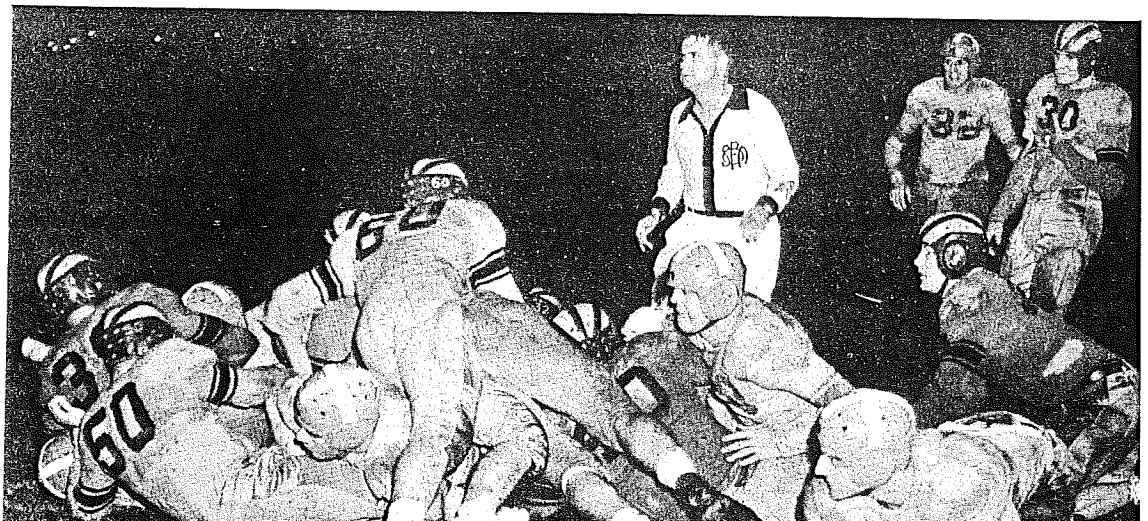
Hold 'em Hurricanes!
They did, too

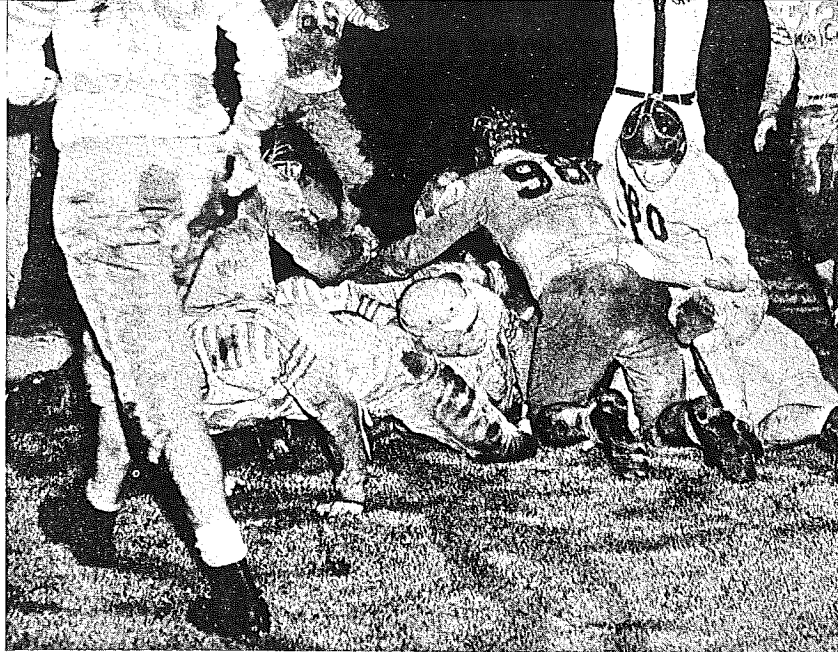


Miami gets first leg on Lou Chesna trophy

October 16. For a bunch of boys that took the word *quit* out of the dictionary in a great second-half stand that netted three touchdowns—that left 15,000 fans stunned, and lifted Miami to Florida grid heights.

In other words, as our own *Hurricane* expressed it—"Miami Moves Into Big Time" . . .





Yep, it's the Stormy Petrels . . . and another Miami score

the hills of West Virginia, slipped away to score three touchdowns as the Hurricanes crushed the Spartans 32 to 6 and smashed that "jinx" to smithereens.

The game, which was preceded the night before by just about the biggest bonfire and pep-meetin' ever seen in Coral Gables, was less than three minutes old when "Pappy" scored his first 'un on a daz'ing 44-yard run down the north sidelines. And before the Miami supporters up in the stands could cross their fingers again, he had added the second one. No. 3 came early in the third quarter, and Terry Fox and Grant Stockdale chalked up one apiece in the last two periods.

Tampa only gained a total yardage of two yards for the night. It was a sad, weary Spartan funeral procession that marched back up the Tamiami Trail the next morning . . . and Boy, what a hangover they had!

MIAMI 6 — DRAKE 18

Drake's mighty Bulldogs rallied in the second half to beat Jack Harding's fighting Hurricanes, 18 to 6,

Easy Ones and Tough Ones

. . . Spring Hill, Tampa, Oglethorpe, Rollins (easy); Catholic, Drake (too bad)

BY CHARLIE FRANKLIN

MIAMI 46 — SPRING HILL 0

THE roar of Touchdown Tommy, set off by June Burr, M Club Varsity Girl, inaugurated the '38 University of Miami football season Friday night, as our Hurricanes, showing power, speed, and plenty of promise for the future, rolled over Spring Hill, 46 to 0, in the Roddey Burdine Memorial Stadium. Over 7,000 watched Miami make it two in a row over the Badgers.

Before the smoke from Tommy had drifted away, the Hurricanes had scored twice, and after a brief "recession" in the second period, they added five more and a safety to end the scoring spree.

Captain Eddie Dunn, who tallied twice, Terry Fox, Carl Jones, Bobbie Grimes, Chuck Guimento, and a host of others starred in the season's initial game.

MIAMI 32 — TAMPA 6

Coach Nash Higgins and his Spartans were all ready to stop Captain Eddie Dunn and get another "jinx" win Friday night, but they watched Eddie so close that Johnny Douglas, a lanky, long-legged back from

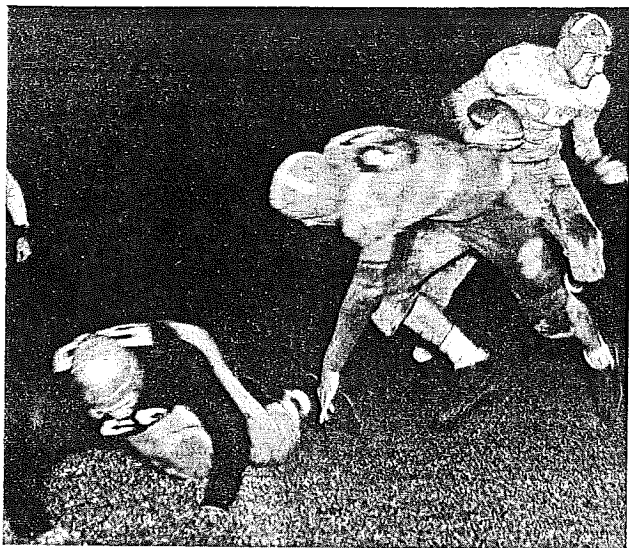
and hand Miami its first defeat of the season Saturday afternoon. The game, played on wind-swept Drake Stadium in Des Moines, was witnessed by 5,000 shivering spectators, who braved the gale and freezing weather to cheer the Bulldogs on.

The Hurricanes played in long winter underwear, but the bitter cold and Pug "Poppa" Manders, Drake fullback, were too much for 'em. Miami scored in the first three minutes of play on Ed Dunn's brilliant touchdown run, and led at halftime, 6-0, but the Bulldogs rallied to score three times as Captain Eddie and Terry Fox were carried off the field with injuries in the second half.

MIAMI 19 — ROLLINS 0

The cocky Rollins Tars were confident of lickin' the Hurricanes this year. And from the number of cripples Miami had on hand, it sure looked like they would. Eddie Dunn's ankles, injured in the Drake game, were taped up like an Egyptian mummy, Terry Fox was hurt, and "Long Jawunny" Douglas was almost sure to be out because of a bad cut over his eye.

But those "cripples" and the big Miami line stopped the Tars six inches short of a touchdown in the first quarter, and from then on it was all-Miami, with



We broke that Tampa jinx

Terry Fox, Eddie Dunn, and little Frankie "Wauchula" Paskewich crossin' the Rollins goal line, to give the Hurricane a 19 to nuthin' victory.

It was the chilliest weather of the season, but the Hurricanes were hot—so hot, they licked the Tars, won the state football championship, and kept the "Old Iron Mug" for another year.

The ball didn't go in the athletic trophy case though. It was presented to the real hero of the game, Johnny Douglas—who broke his leg in the first quarter—by Captain Ed and the rest of the boys.

MIAMI 44 — OGLETHORPE 0

Coach Jack Harding's rip-snorting Hurricanes nearly ran Touchdown Tommy crazy Friday night as they breezed through Oglethorpe for an easy 44 to 0 victory under the blazing lights of the Orange Bowl. It was boom, boom, boom, all night long, for seven touchdowns and two extra points were made as Miami beat the Stormy Petrels and won the S.I.A.A. crown for the first time in history.

A crowd of 13,000 saw Captain Eddie Dunn, Johnny Noppenberg, Carl Jones, Terry Fox, Grant Stockdale, and Doss Tabb cross the Oglethorpe goal line. Coach Jack gave his whole 36-man squad a chance to show their stuff, and he even had Manager Eddie Nash warming up on the sidelines when the game ended.

Miami punted only once, and rolled up a total of 412 yards while holding Oglethorpe to a minus zero average of two yards. The Petrels didn't even come near scoring,

but they had a military shift that was the cutest imitation of the Lambeth Walk you ever saw.

MIAMI 0 — CATHOLIC 7

Before a gay Armistice Day crowd of 10,000 fans in Washington, D. C., the lucky Cardinals of Catholic University scored on a "break" early in the second period, and then grimly held that lead to win a close 7 to 0 game from the Hurricanes. It was Miami's first defeat in intersectional games with the East since 1935, and their second one of the season.

The Hurricanes started the game in their usual way by taking the ball right down the field. It looked for a while that they would score without losing the ball. Lou Shine, Catholic U. end, smashed through and blocked Noppenberg's punt. From there on whatever the Hurricanes tried was in vain.

The second half found the team on the march again, but an intercepted pass saved the Cardinals. Eddie Dunn, who had not been stopped all season, was finding it harder and harder to get loose. With the ball on the Hurricane 30 yard stripe Mike Corcoran heaved a perfect pass to Andy Csaky who was downed before he had taken a step. On a reverse Eddie picked up 20 yards and it looked like the boys were going to score at last. But this was not the day for the Hurricanes. On the next play a fumble again gave the ball to the Cardinals.

The Hurricanes had several opportunities to score, but the big Cardinal line always stopped the threat deep in their own territory. The best chance came in the final few seconds of play when Eddie Dunn slipped through to an open field, but Lou Shine, Catholic's sensational end, pulled him down on the 12-yard line as the game ended.

Walt Kichefski, Chuck Guimento, and old dependable Andy Csaky glittered for the Hurricanes, but it was Miami's 75-piece band that really stole the show in the Capital City with a brilliant performance between the halves.

The Hurricanes stop Rollins on the six-inch line



The Big Upset

... when Miami, the outweighed underdog, beat Duquesne, 21-7!

by CLAUD CORRIGAN

RISING to the heights of superb football, a smashing University of Miami grid machine completely wrecked a vaunted Duquesne eleven under the blazing lights of the Roddey Burdine Memorial Stadium Friday night as it roared to a 21 to 7 victory over the Dukes before 14,000 surprised and shrieking fans, who watched the thrill-packed intersectional game.

Captain Eddie Dunn, living up to his vaunted rep as one of the South's finest backs, sparked the rampaging Hurricanes, rebounding from a one-touchdown defeat at the hands of Catholic U., as they outcharged, outgained, and outfought Coach Clipper Smith's Night Riders from Pittsburgh. In fact, Eddie accounted for two touchdowns himself, as he aided in upsetting the amazed Pittsburgh boys.

When the Dukes had registered at their hotel, Miami fans had already noticed their immense size (the line averaged at least 200 pounds), and predicted that when the teams clashed such weight advantage would tell in the score. But wasn't it the veteran old coach who said, "Anything over 190 pounds is just excess baggage"? On a football field, that may be true, but if you had your choice between a 190 pound man sitting on you or a 200 pound giant using you as a chair, which would you take? But the weight didn't bother the Hurricanes—they used the Dukes like living room furniture, taking great care not to get sat on in the process.

Eddie scored in the first quarter after Mike Corcoran's dazzling end-around to the five, and again in the fourth period as he and Mike alternated behind the fast-charging Hurricane line to bring the oval fifty yards to the two-yard stripe, from where he dove through center to tally.

Dunn hits the Duquesne line for three yards



"Savannah Mike" Corcoran, who carried a big Number "13" around on his jersey all night long, turned in a fine account of himself, and circled the Duke's left flank in the third stanza to add six more markers to the big white scoreboard. It was Mike's first touchdown in seven years of high school and college football.

But the biggest surprise of the whole evening was the fact that all three extra points were added. Harry (The Specialist) Hayward astonished the stands by booting two across the bar, and guard Johnny Oespovich accounted for the other one with a perfect placement. Hayward immediately became famous, and was regarded with awe by his teammates as the only Hurricane to split the uprights twice in a row. Wow!

Mayor Fiorella La Guardia, New York City's fiery little chief official, sat on the Night Rider bench, and was surprised to see his adopted team take a licking from the underdog Miamians. Rejoicing at the Hurricane triumph, however, was America's Number 1 invalid; Freddie Snite, who viewed the encounter from his iron lung trailer at the end of the field under the goalposts.

The Dukes counted in the second period, when Allen Donelli, shifty little sophomore halfback who nearly ran the Hurricanes crazy later on, started on the 38, coasted over the left side of the line, and scooted down the middle to score, with the Hurricanes yet to find out how he escaped without a mitt being laid on him. Nery's placement evened matters. But not for long, cause in the second half, Miami tallied twice to win by a big margin.

The running and kicking of "Dynamite Mike" Corcoran, Harry Hayward's place-kicking, Gene "Red" Duncan's fine defensive play at guard, Bobbie Grimes' spark-plugging, the work of the entire Miami forward wall, and the usual dependable performances of Eddie Dunn and Terry Fox all highlighted the game.

The Hurricanes were outweighed ten pounds to a man, but they proved themselves every inch a great ball club. They ripped into the Duquesne line—the same one that had forced mighty Pitt and Carnegie Tech to take to the air—and outplayed the Night Riders in every department of the game.

Touchdown Tommy boomed seven times. One time it got an official in the pants. He was busy the rest of the night picking buckshot out of his seat between plays. Extra color was added when "Fido," a little black and white dog, ran eighty yards through the players on both teams to cross the goal line. This touchdown wasn't allowed.

It Was The Line

... that held the charging Bisons nine times within the five yard line: Miami, 19-0

by CHARLIE FRANKLIN

BUCKNELL's mighty Bisons, boasting one of the best lines in the East, came down to the "land of sunshine and flowers" to meet our Hurricanes in a Thanksgiving Day game, but when it 'twas over, those Bisons were even tamer than Ferdinand the Bull . . . they just smelled, and smelled, and smelled. For Miami was gunning for its seventh victory of the year. And before a crowd of 14,000 homecoming fans, they rounded up the Thundering Herd, 19 to 0, to become the first team in Hurricane history to win over six games in a single season.

Preceded by a bonfire and pep meeting the night before, pre-game ceremonies, with six former captains and four Varsity gals struttin' out on the field just before the kickoff, and climaxed with the Hurricane victory—it was the gayest and best homecoming in years. Happiest one of all though, was Coach Jack "Eddie Cantor" Harding, who was surprised with a baby girl (the third one in a row) that morning. This, plus the win, nearly made him jump up and down.

The game was only five minutes old when the Hurricanes struck. Frankie Paskewich recovered the ball on a punt that bounced off Funair, Bison back, on the Bucknell 35. One play later, "Savannah Mike" Corcoran faded back and fired a perfect pass to Captain Eddie Dunn in the end zone for the first score.

Then, with Lou Tomasetti and Kiick carrying the leather, Bucknell reached the Miami two-yard line and a first down. Everybody visualized a Bison score . . . that is, everybody but those Fighting Hurricanes.

Five times the Bucknell backs battered the Miami line, and each time Matt Borek, Chuck Guimento, "Red" Duncan, and the others threw 'em back. Even an offside penalty didn't help any. Yep, five tries to make two yards, and according to the latest reports, the score's still 19 to nuthin'.

That Miami forward wall was the real hero of the day. For again, late in the second period, they took the ball on downs from the Bisons, after Kiick had scooted all the way down to the three. Four plays later, when the crowd had opened its eyes after a silent prayer, it was our ball on the 6-yard stripe.

Carl Jones, the 'Bama jackrabbit, sparked Coach Jack's Hurricanes to a 75-yard touchdown drive in the third quarter. It was his 46-yard twisting, squirming run down the south sidelines—the prettiest of the day—that put the ball on the Bison three, where big Johnny Noppenberg battered his way over on the next play.

In the fourth period, the Hurricanes blew 71 yards down the field for the final score. Eddie Dunn, Terry Fox, Mike Corcoran, and Verdie Arries accounted for most of the distance. Captain Ed ended up across the double stripe this time to chalk up his thirteenth touchdown of the season.

The performance of little Carl Jones, who averaged ten yards every time he toted the ball, was the highlight of the action-packed game. But brother, the biggest thrill was the play of that Hurricane line when they held those Bisons nine times within the 5-yard stripe . . . there's something to remember in the years to come.



Carl Jones starts on a touchdown run against the Bisons



Wow! A pile-up

BY CLAUD CORRIGAN

Before a roaring, screaming, howling crowd of 25,000 football fans—the largest gathering ever packed into a Florida stadium—Coach Jack Harding's Hurricanes won a great ball game for Captain Eddie Dunn as they smashed their way to a decisive 13 to 7 victory over the Georgia Bulldogs Friday night in the final battle of the '38 season.

But the score doesn't tell the story of that game. Miami trailed, 7 to 0, at halftime, and things looked pretty bleak, for the Bulldogs had braced their feet against the goalposts and twice held the Hurricanes from scoring—once on the two and the other on the six-inch line.

Big Jim Fordham, Georgia's mighty fullback, had slammed through a hole at guard, and slipped seventy-six yards down the sidelines to score in the first period. And Billy Mims kept slinging passes during the second quarter to keep the Miami rooters' hair on end with sheer suspense.

Evidently, Jack Harding had a few magic words that he used during the half, because the Hurricanes came out of the locker-room red hot. From that time on, they bowled Georgia all over the field, making twelve first downs to the Bulldogs' two.

The red-and-black clad Gaw'ga Crackers found themselves up against a determined ball club in that second half. Big Johnny Noppenberg, calling signals, and dynamic little Carl Jones, the Mobile flash, alternated to carry the ball down the field.

A sensational Noppenberg-to-Grimes lateral gained 27 yards, and put the pigskin on the Georgia 9. The Bulldogs were really sweating. Jones gained, then Noppenberg picked up a little precious ground, and

Our Greatest Season

... was climaxed when we tamed the vaunted Bulldog, 13-7 before 23,367 fans.

when the Bulldogs were all set to nab Noppy as he rammed center, Carl sprinted around right end, shook off a tackler on the five, and breezed across the goal line.

The Orange Bowl literally shook with the screams of joy that split the chilly air, but it almost crumbled when Harry Hayward rushed in from the sidelines, sunk his toe into the ball, and sent it squarely between the big iron goalposts. Rabid rooters clutched hands, danced, jumped, yelled, cursed, bellered, and just let all hell loose. The score was tied at 7-all!

Then, just about the middle of the fourth quarter, Charles "Chuck" Guimento, one of the greatest defensive guards in the nation, intercepted Billy Mims' shovel pass on the fifty, and the Hurricanes were again headed for the Gaw'ga goal line.

With Dunn, Jones, and Noppenberg all carrying the ball, they drove to the 21 for a first down. Jones slipped through right guard for eleven more and another first down on the ten. Captain Ed ran seven yards to the three, and Noppenberg took three tacklers over with him on the next play—the most important one of the '38 season. Miami led, 13 to 7!

And when that final whistle blew, the joyous Hurricanes swept Captain Dunn and old reliable Andy Csaky, senior blocking back, whose last game was also his greatest, to their shoulders and carried 'em off the field. Carl Jones was in there, too.

The crowd went wild as the band, students, and Miami rooters rushed out on the field, snake-danced, yelled, and nearly tore the big steel goal-posts down. This lasted until the lights went out in the stadium, and the biggest celebration in years followed, far, far, into the night in Miami.

But it was that big Miami line that really beat the Bulldogs. They held the fast Georgia backs, Vassa Cate, Jim Fordham, Billy Mims, and Earl Hise, to

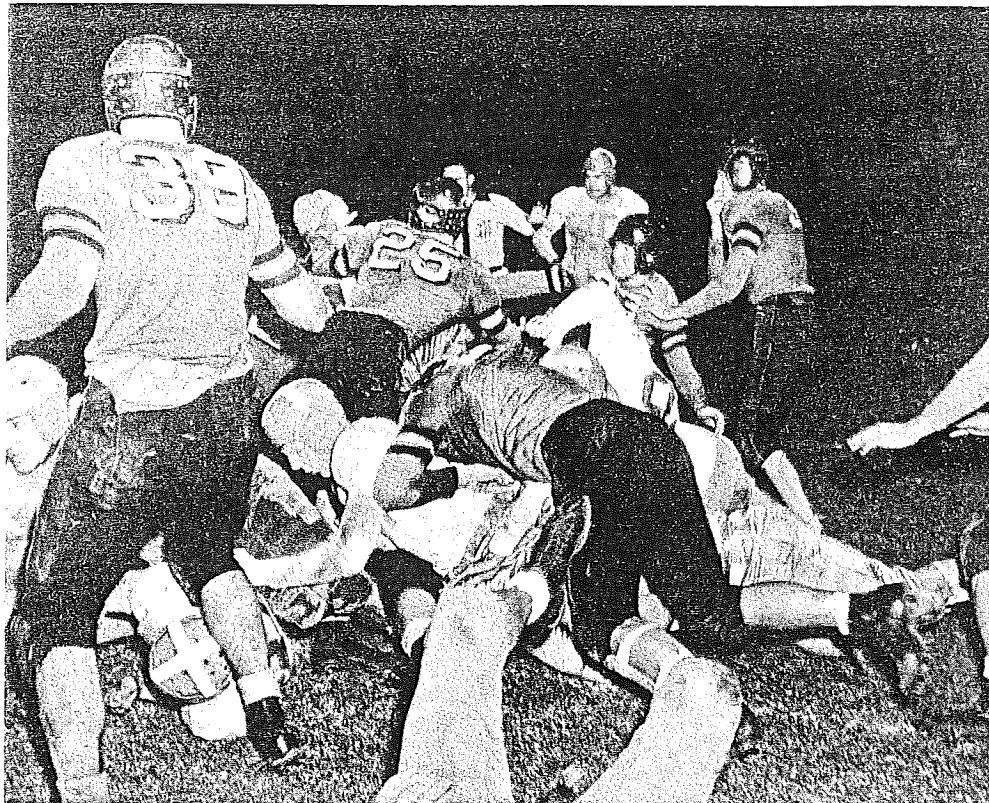
eight first downs, while cap'n Eddie and the others were rolling up twenty. "Chuck" Guimento, Jolly Snowden, Stan Raski, Frank Paskewich, George Pittard, Harry Hayward, and the rest of Coach Hart Morris' forward wall broke through time after time to throw the Bulldog backs for losses.

Aside from the action—and there was plenty of that—it was the crowd that colored the affair. Over 23,367 shrieking Miami fans and Gaw'ga crackers were packed into the aisles, the ramps, and even on the field where six bands, 750 strong, were seated in temporary bleachers at the west end. At 7:45, the stadium was full. By kickoff time, it almost ran over. And when the game was over, those 23,367 fans—every one of 'em—had been treated to enough thrills to last a lifetime.

But it was Andy Csaky to whom great praise should be given for his part in this his last game for the Hurricanes.

All through the game the ballcarriers found that their way was cleared ahead of them by some mighty man but as is usual, little attention was paid to this superb blocking exhibition which was put on by Csaky. Andy smashed the way open by pile-driving into potential tacklers and after that it was easy for the backs to rip along for their long and sensational gains.

Bulldog tacklers were punching through every time the ball was snapped and they were so tough there could be no halfway job done as to blocking and Csaky made it his personal mission to see that potential tacklers were given no chance. There wasn't one missed block during the entire game and most of that credit can go to Andy.



Crash that line!

Much praise was handed out as to the great power of Miami's heavy-hitting offense and by giving Csaky credit for being the "spearhead" of that exhibition is by no means any reflection on the boys who carried the mail but rather is pointing out the boy who made their efforts the sensations that they were.

One of our sponsors was Dorothy Ashe. Her knees shook as she walked out on the battlefield with our captain. Furtive introductions were exchanged by referees, captains, sponsors, and escorts, and the famous "toss" was called. Miami lost and we were happy, because there has been a slight superstition this season which gave us luck to lose this gamble. To say that this was a nervous girl who walked back to the home-team, is only a slight fact, since a conversation she carried on with Eddie can't even be remembered. She spent the first hair-raising half, sitting on the Miami bench, crowded by our grim warriors. Mutual looks of loyalty and traditional "fight" travelled up and down the row of anxious boys during that bleak period. Substitutes went in, coaches seriously scanned the bruised, a trainer doctored the injured, water boys kept their buckets filled, managers collected helmets, and cheerleaders behind us led the nervous students in brilliant support of their courageous team.

All in all, the Hurricanes won a great game for Captain Eddie Dunn, who closed his college career in a blaze of glory. It'll be a mighty long time before the crowd forgets those long, sweeping end runs. And it'll be many moons before we see another game as thrilling as this one.

Yep, the Hurricanes really closed the '38 season with a bang. Here's hoping Touchdown Tommy *bangs* even more next fall!



Let's go, Eddie!

We Had Thrills Galore

... in every game. Here are a few of them we'll never forget

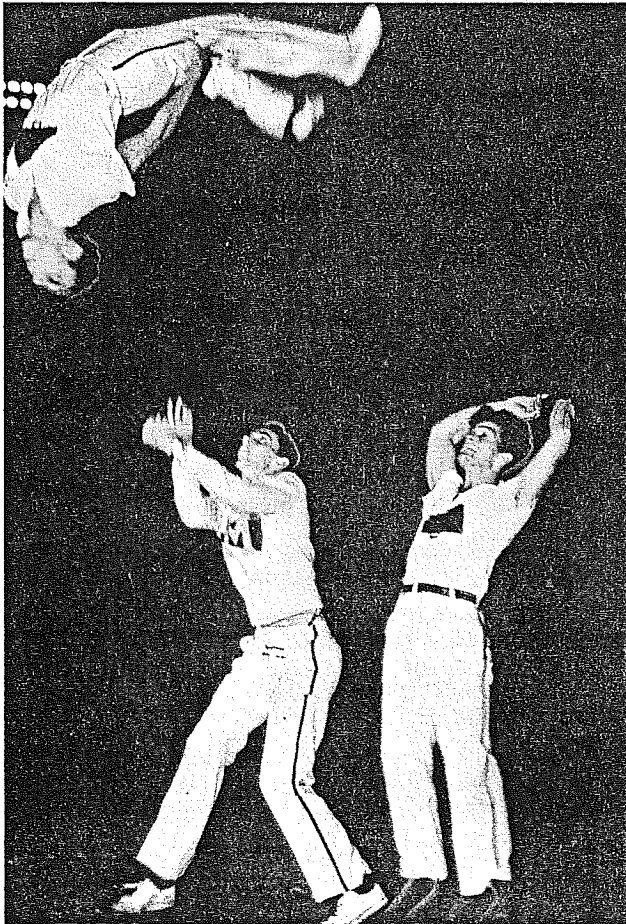
by JACK BELL

WHEN the Hurricanes of 1938 whipped Spring Hill, nary an eyebrow was raised. When they trampled Tampa, there was rejoicing among the uninitiated, but the experts admitted that it didn't take much ball club to beat the Spartans, anyway.

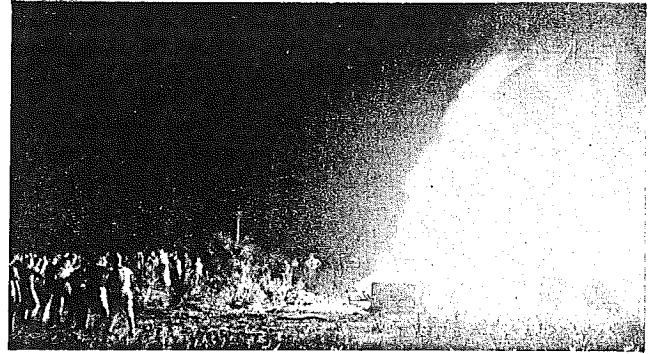
When Miami smashed the Florida Gators, there was a roar of astonished delight that rattled against the Mason-Dixon line, and caused mild flutterings of front sport pages in New York, Chicago, Detroit, and other cities of the hinterland.

When Drake licked us there was a definite thud, accompanied by the natural alibi: "Twas cold up thar; we couldn't hold onto the ball," the latter half of the statement being verified in the game's statistics.

When we licked Rollins, a team which had primed for 18 full months to take us, the boys felt that perhaps the team was coming along. The Ogelthorpe vic-



The cheerleaders kept the crowd goin'



Thursday night pep rally

tory was decisive, inconclusive. It didn't mean anything.

Then we lost to Catholic U. in Washington! Now there was a sad story, mates. "I never saw such a team," moaned Cap'n Eddie Dunn after 'twas all over. "I'd toss a neat side-step, and they'd step with me. I'd shake a hip at 'em and they'd dive for my ankles and knock me on my—my—my own 20-yard line. All the things that worked against those other teams—well, they didn't work against those boys."

So-o-o, when the boys came back from that Catholic U licking things were in a doubtful state. Duquesne was coming. Bucknell was coming. So was Georgia. Could we win any of 'em, one for three, two for three? "Not if you can't whip Catholic U," said the skeptics, shaking a wise head sadly. "You're in the majors now."

Well, just like I figgered, the Hurricanes took Duquesne by two touchdowns. Took the Dukes' pants down right in front of New York's Mayor LaGuardia, and gave 'em a 21 to 7 spanking. That little Hurricane escapade made Northern sports writers sit up and take notice. For the second time, they were made to realize that we had a great little ball club down here—a ball club from which they were to hear more from.

Then that Thanksgiving afternoon against Bucknell. One touchdown behind, the Bisons came snortin' and pawin' down the field to get a first down on the Miami two. Five times the burly animal reared back and smote his skull against the Miami line—and that line, that wall of granite, held. Five times the Bison charged and was hurled to his knees. That was the ball game, right there, but Carl Jones scampered all over the field to lead the Hurricanes to two more scores and a 19 to 0 shut-out.

And that left only Georgia.

Here was the real drama of the 1938 season. Could a team which had moved up the ladder fast enough to beat Florida, Duquesne, and Bucknell stand up against Georgia? Did we have the class, the speed, the power? After all, football which beat Florida and Bucknell wouldn't make too much of a showing against Georgia. The Bulldogs were a big team, and they were used to playing big teams—name teams. That was more than we'd been doing, when you get right down to it.

Some 23,362 people turned out to see the fun—a record crowd for Florida football attendance. Perhaps there never was a better game here. Certainly no game was ever more dramatic. For we saw a Georgia team keyed to take us, a big, fast team with a world of speed in its backfield. We saw Jimmy Fordham break away for a long touchdown run before we had scored.

Did it mean Miami would choke and crumble? Did it mean this was the beginning of another Georgia parade, such as we saw in 1937? Did it mean Miami was licked?

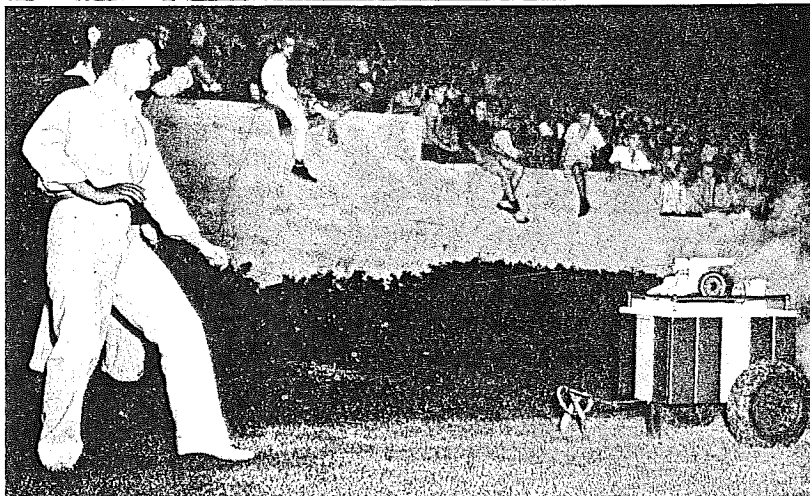
IT DID NOT!

When that game was ended Miami had triumphed. The Hurricanes had beaten Georgia's mighty Bulldogs, 13 to 7 (and it should have been two more touchdowns). It meant Miami had placed itself unquestionably in the southern—yes, in the national—football picture. The way was paved for Miami to have a schedule full of Class A football teams, a goal that the Hurricane athletic department has been striving toward for a long time.

We were privileged to watch the greatest season of gridiron glory that a Miami team has ever had. We sat by looking on while the Hurricanes amassed a mighty



Mayor LaGuardia congratulates Dunn



Freshmen piling wood for bonfire; and Touchdown Tommy

number of points, enough points to place them among the leading high scorers of the nation.

We had thrills galore—unforgettable thrills last season. We saw Eddie and Johnny Douglas come smashing back in the second half against Florida to put Miami on the football map. We watched a crippled Eddie limp into the Rollins game and personally stop a Tar ball-carrier six inches short of a score which might have given the inspired Tars the state championship. We looked on while the Quarterbacks Club was born, while that organization enjoyed its mighty growth, while it gained its present importance to Hurricane football. We breathlessly watched the greatest crowd ever assembled in a Florida stadium—to see Miami whip Georgia. Yes, we saw Hurricane football—in all its glory.

Next year we'll see a lot more thrills. We'll watch the mighty Red Raiders of Texas Tech strut their stuff on a Miami gridiron. We'll be on hand when the North Carolina State Wolfpack snarls, and the Georgia Bulldog growls. We'll hear Touchdown Tommy bark many, many times, and we'll see an awful lot of good football when Jack Harding's lads tangle with the toughest teams they've ever faced. And we'll watch the Quarterbacks Club grow, too—maybe to a membership of ten thousand. Yes, next season's going to be a honey.

But it'll sure have to go some to beat this 'un.

... led us through our greatest year; Walt - Chuck carry on.

LAST fall, a rather elongated, likeable ball carrier began his third year as a member of the University of Miami football team. He was Eddie Dunn, already in the record books as the greatest player in Hurricane pigskin history. This time he was Captain, and found the toughest schedule a Miami eleven has ever seen, staring him right in the face.

Eddie answered all this with a still greater brand of ball, and proved to be one of the most popular leaders in the annals of the sport since its inception here twelve years ago.

In the early games, Captain Dunn took it easy as the Hurricanes prepared for Florida. He went into that game with a pair of wobbly ankles, but a heart that refused to quit led those ankles across the Florida goal line three times in that last half drive that swept the 'Gators into defeat.

From Florida, Eddie went on to star in every game, racking up fifteen touchdowns, a couple of extra-points, and being chosen on the Associated Press' All-Florida eleven and the All-SIAA team at the season's close. He also was picked to play with the South in the annual North-South grid game played on New Year's Day in Montgomery, Alabama.

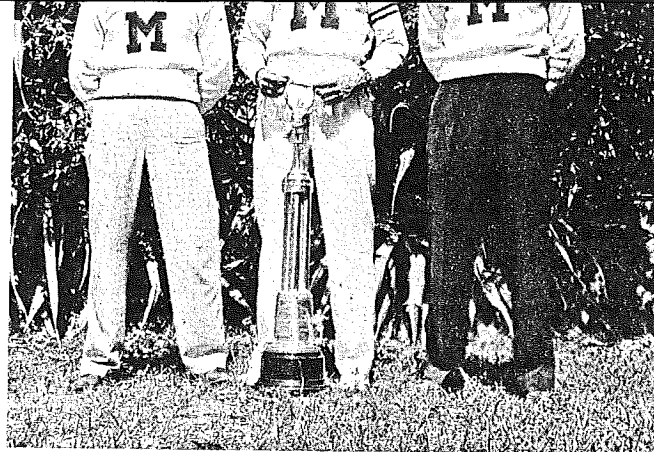
So, it was no wonder that he was honored by being named the "Outstanding Player of the Year" and presented the Frank Spain trophy at the annual football banquet held at the Country Club of Coral Gables. It is a fitting reward to a great player. May the future hold success and happiness, Eddie.

Filling the shoes of Captain Dunn next fall will be "Chuck" Guimento and Walt Kichefski, who were elected Co-Captains by their teammates at the annual football banquet at the end of the season.

Both Guimento, who hails from Scranton, Pa., and Kichefski, who is a native of Rhineland, Wis., were named on the All-State eleven at guard and end respectively.

Chuck was in the opponent's backfield on every play, and never stopped fighting. His smiles, slaps, and pep sparkplugged the big Miami line all season long. A sure-fire blocker, Guimento also starred on the offense, and next season should be one of the top guards in the entire nation.

Big, husky Walt was the best defensive end in the state, besides being an excellent pass receiver and blocking star. Kichefski was a nightmare to enemy backs, smashing through a horde of blockers to bring down the ball carrier behind the line of scrimmage.



Guimento, Dunn, with Frank O. Spain trophy, Kichefski

He did this in every game, and was the "iron man" of the Hurricane forward wall.

These boys, around whom Coach Jack Harding builds his defense, will be climaxing brilliant careers next fall. For two years, they have starred, and should lead the Hurricanes to their greatest season as only five men departed via graduation from the '38 squad.

However, the hardest schedule a Miami team has ever faced is ahead. It remains to be seen what the future holds for the Hurricanes.

They open the '39 season against Wake Forest in the Orange Bowl on October 6. The Deacons had the best sophomore team in the country last fall, and are going to be plenty tough for the Hurricanes to beat. Next comes the "jinx"—a game with Tampa. This year the battle will take place on the up-state gridiron.

Rollins and Catholic come next, and then the colorful Red Raiders of Texas Tech, who have everything from western sombreros to a wide-open aerial circus, will invade Miami for the first time.

Drake is next in line, and then the Hurricanes will tackle the Florida 'Gators in the spotlight game of the whole season under the blazing lights of the Orange Bowl. Miami journeys to Charleston, S. C., after this for the only other game away from home, meeting the South Carolina Gamecocks in their own backyard.

The last two games of the year will see North Carolina State and the Georgia Bulldogs tangling with the Orange, Green, and White here on December 1 and 8. The '39 schedule follows:

Wake Forest	October 6
Tampa	October 14
Rollins	October 20
Catholic	October 27
Texas Tech	November 3
Drake	November 10
Florida	November 17
South Carolina	November 25
North Carolina State	December 1
Georgia	December 8

Tonight's Game

University of Miami vs. Rollins College

TONIGHT, with the University of Miami and Rollins college football teams meeting here in the game to decide the 1938 football championship of the state of Florida, the game marks resumption of football relationships with Miami's oldest gridiron opponent.

Back in 1926 when the Hurricanes played their first game, their initial opponents were the Tars from Rollins college and the following year when the Hurricanes played their first varsity football game, once again it was the varsity eleven from Rollins which furnished the opposition and each year since then, except in 1937 when a suitable date could not be arranged, Miami and Rollins have met on the gridiron.

Of the ten varsity games, Miami has won seven, Rollins has won twice and the tenth game resulted in a scoreless tie. Both elevens have come a long way since the series started and each has made important advances since they last met.

Back in the late 20s and early 30s, Rollins and Miami were more likely to be playing to decide which was the best team behind Stetson and not once did they have a chance at the state title which hinges on tonight's meeting. Miami, after definitely improving under Tom McCann, began to move forward under Irl Tubbs and Rollins was crushed in 1935 by 29-0 and in 1936 by 26-0 as the Hurricanes advanced toward the position they now occupy. Rollins' sophomores, after that 1936 beating, improved to finish their season with a rush, upsetting both Stetson and Tampa and winning seven of their eight games. Last year, Rollins attempted its heaviest sched-

ule in years and rolled up 164 points in winning five of nine game and a 26-13 loss to strong Ohio Wesleyan was the most decisive of the four losses.

This fall, Jack MacDowell has a squad which lost only two of the men from his high scoring team of 1937 and picked up three sophomores good enough to be regulars and several more good enough to be fine reserves. The Tars opened their schedule by trimming Stetson 18-0 a week after Stetson had downed Florida and followed that by tripping South Georgia 54-0. Coach MacDowell then decided to scout Miami in Gainesville while his team journeyed to Atlanta to play an underrated Oglethorpe team. The Petrels, at full strength for the first time, turned back Rollins 19-12 and so the Tars tonight are not only out to wipe out that defeat but to fight for that state championship as well.

Clyde Jones, sophomore kicking, passing and running ace, June Lingerfelt, pass receiver and defensive ace and Mel Clanton, burly tackle are the sophomores whose class rounded out what had been a good Rollins team before they showed up. Turk, Soldati, Jack Justice, Will Daugherty, Hume and Ogilvie are line veterans who have proved their worth for the Tars while in the backfield, Joe Justice, Ollie Daugerty, Gillespie and Brady needed only Jones to make them a feared unit.

Rollins calls the team it sends against Miami tonight its best in a couple of decades.

Rollins has had two weeks to prepare for this game, Miami a couple of days but all that will be forgotten once the whistle blows to set the stage for the kickoff—

This game is for the state championship!

Rollins College Football Squad

No.	Name	Position	Wgt.	Hgt.	Years on Squad	Home
1	SAMUEL P. HARDMAN	Back	145	5'7	0	Jacksonville, Fla.
3	CHARLES C. LINGERFELT	End	165	6'	0	Asheville, N.C.
4	JOE JUSTICE	Back	170	5'11	1	Asheville, N.C.
7	JACK F. JUSTICE	Guard	165	5'8	2	Asheville, N.C.
8	SECONDO J. SOLDATI	Guard	180	5'6	1	Somersworth, N.H.
9	HAROLD L. BRADY	Back	170	6'1	2	Leesburg, Fla.
10	WESLEY DENNIS	Guard	175	6'	2	Asheville, N.C.
11	CLYDE B. JONES	Back	175	6'1	0	Asheville, N.C.
12	EARL F. BRANKERT	Back	165	5'8	0	Winter Garden, Fla.
13	MARION T. McINNIS	Back	169	5'11	2	Palmetto, Fla.
14	WILLIAM B. DAUGHERTY	End	180	6'	1	Wildwood, Fla.
15	CHAPMAN A. LAWTON	Tackle	195	5'11	0	Orlando, Fla.
16	OLIVER E. DAUGHERTY	Back	186	6'1	2	Wildwood, Fla.
17	JOSEPH D. JOHNSON	Back	165	6'	1	Haines City, Fla.
18	EDWARD G. NEIDT	Tackle	200	6'3	0	Winter Park, Fla.
19	PAUL BOUTON	Tackle	185	6'1	1	Lakeland, Fla.
20	ROBERT M. HAYES	Guard	190	6'	2	Webster, Fla.
21	FRANK J. DAUNIS	End	170	6'	2	Auburn, Me.
22	ALFRED W. SWANN	Guard	175	5'9	1	Lakeland, Fla.
24	LOUIS L. BETHEA	Back	175	6'	0	Leesburg, Fla.
25	RICHARD L. GILLESPIE	Back	180	5'11	2	Asheville, N.C.
26	MELVIN CLANTON	Tackle	190	6'2	0	Lakeland, Fla.
27	CARL E. THOMPSON	Tackle	190	6'1	2	Miami, Fla.
28	WARREN C. HUME	End	185	6'	2	Chicago, Ill.
30	RICHARD W. TURK	Center	205	6'2	2	Toledo, Ohio
	JOHN E. GIANTONIO	Center	180	6'	0	Cleveland, Ohio

Isn't it great to be in Miami!

University of Miami Football Squad

No.	Name	Position	Wgt.	Hgt.	Years on Squad	Home Town
10	MATHEW BOREK	Tackle	190	6'3	1	Weirton, W. Va.
11	GEORGE HAMILTON	End	175	6'2	3	Somerville, Mass.
12	VERDUN ARRIES	End	185	6'2 1/2	2	Calumet, Minn.
13	JOHN E. CORCORAN	Halfback	170	5'10	2	Savannah, Ga.
14	FRANK PASKEWICH	End	163	5'10	2	Wauchula, Fla.
15	GEORGE PITTARD	End	175	5'10	2	Athens, Ga.
16	MICHAEL BARTO	Guard	195	5'9	1	Edwardsville, Pa.
17	STEVE McCRIMMON	Tackle	190	6'2	2	Miami
18	STAN RASKI	Tackle	194	6'2 1/2	2	Duluth, Minn.
19	ALVIN COHEN	Tackle	220	5'11	2	Grafton, W. Va.
20	DAN SATIN	Tackle	198	6'3	1	Miami Beach
21	MASTON O'NEIL	Center	170	5'9	1	Jacksonville, Fla.
22	CHARLES GUIMENTO	Guard	190	5'10	2	Dunmore, Pa.
23	CRUMPTON SNOWDEN	Guard	185	6'2	1	Miami
24	JOHN OESPOVICH	Guard	183	5'11 1/2	2	W. Paterson, N. J.
25	WILLIAM BLACK	Tackle	189	6'	2	E. Bank, N. J.
26	ROBERT OLSON	Guard	184	5'9	2	Chicago, Ill.
27	HARRY HAYWARD	Guard	180	5'11 1/2	2	Rhineland, Wis.
28	NELSON PATTERSON	Center	192	5'11 3/4	1	Miami
29	JOE DIXON	Center	202	6'1 1/2	2	Warren, Ohio
30	EUGENE DUNCAN	Guard	185	6'	3	Pittsburgh, Pa.
31	TERRY FOX	Fullback	192	6'1	1	Newark, N. J.
32	EDDIE DUNN (Capt.)	Halfback	192	6'3	3	Port Jervis, N. Y.
33	GEORGE WALDECK	Fullback	173	5'11	1	Miami
34	JAMES POORE	Tackle	190	6'1	2	Taconite, Minn.
35	ZOMP SELZNICK	Center	195	6'	3	Superior, Wis.
38	JOHN NOPPENBERG	Fullback	185	6'	2	Meonimie, Mich.
39	JOHN KURCZA	Quarterback	178	5'11	1	Avenel, N. J.
40	CARL JONES	Halfback	155	5'8	2	Mobile, Ala.
41	ANDREW CSAKY	Halfback	186	5'11 1/2	3	Cucumber, W. Va.
42	GRANT STOCKDALE	Halfback	175	6'	2	Greenville, Miss.
43	CARL SAPP	Halfback	170	5'10 1/2	2	Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
44	DOSS TABB	Halfback	162	5'10 1/2	2	Pahokee, Fla.
45	JOHN DOUGLAS	Halfback	178	6'2	2	Beckley, W. Va.
46	WALTER KICHEFSKI	End	190	6'1	2	Rhineland, Wis.
47	ROBERT GRIMES	Halfback	150	5'11	2	Berwind, W. Va.
48	DON SALISBURY	Center	190	6'2	2	Chinchilla, Pa.
49	JOHN BOLASH	End	183	6'2 1/2	3	Berwind, W. Va.