

Football Days eBook

Football Days

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PREP. SCHOOL DAYS

To every man there comes a moment that marks the turning point of his career. For me it was a certain Saturday morning in the autumn of 1891. As I look back upon it, across the years, I feel something of the same thrill that stirred my boyish blood that day and opened a door through which I looked into a new world.

I had just come to the city, a country boy, from my home in Lisle, N. Y., to attend the Horace Mann School. As I walked across Madison Square, I glanced toward the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, where my eyes fell upon the scene depicted in the accompanying picture. Almost before I was aware of it my curiosity led me to mingle with the crowd surging in and out of the hotel, and I learned by questioning the bystanders that it was the headquarters of the Yale team, which that afternoon was to play Princeton at the Polo Grounds. The players were about to leave the hotel for the field, and I hurried inside to catch a glimpse of them.

The air was charged with enthusiasm, and I soon caught the infection—although it was all new to me then—of the vital power of college spirit which later so completely dominated my life. I recall with vividness how I lingered and waited for something to happen. Men were standing in groups, and all eyes were centered upon the heroes of the team. Every one was talking football. Some of the names heard then have never been forgotten by me. There was the giant Heffelfinger whom every one seemed anxious to meet. I was told that he was the crack Yale guard. I looked at him, and, then and there, I joined the hero worshippers.

I also remember Lee McClung, the Yale captain, who seemed to realize the responsibilities that rested upon his shoulders. There was an air of restraint upon him. In later years he became Treasurer of the United States and his signature was upon the country's currency. My most vivid recollection of him will be, however, as he stood there that day in the corridor of the famous old hotel, on the day of a great football conflict with Princeton. Then Sanford was pointed out to me, the Yale center-rush. I recall his eagerness to get out to the "bus" and to be on his way to the field. When the starting signal was given by the captain, Sanford's huge form was in the front rank of the crowd that poured out upon the sidewalk.

The whole scene was intensely thrilling to me, and I did not leave until the last player had entered the "bus" and it drove off. Crowds of Yale men and spectators gave the players cheer after cheer as they rolled away. The flags with which the "bus" was decorated waved in the breeze, and I watched them with indescribable fascination until they were out of sight. The noise made by the Yale students I learned afterwards was college cheering, and college cheers once heard by a boy are never forgotten.

Many in that throng were going to the game. I could not go, but the scene that I had just witnessed gave me an inspiration. It stirred something within me, and down deep in my soul there was born a desire to go to college.

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I made my way directly to the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, then at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Athletics had for me a greater attraction than ever before, and from that day I applied myself with increased enthusiasm to the work of the gymnasium.

The following autumn I entered St. John's Military Academy at Manlius, N. Y., a short distance from my old home. I was only seventeen years of age and weighed 217 pounds.

Former Adjutant General William Verbeck—then Colonel Verbeck—was Head Master. Before I was fairly settled in my room, the Colonel had drafted me as a candidate for the football team. I wanted to try for the team, and was as eager to make it as he evidently was to have me make it. But I did not have any football togs, and the supply at the school did not contain any large enough.

So I had to have some built for me. The day they arrived, much to my disappointment, I found the trousers were made of white canvas. Their newness was appalling and I pictured myself in them with feelings of dismay. I robbed them of their whiteness that night by mopping up a lot of mud with them behind the gymnasium. When they had dried—by morning—they looked like a pair of real football trousers.

George Redington of Yale was our football coach. He was full of contagious fire. Redington seemed interested in me and gave me much individual coaching. Colonel Verbeck matched him in love of the game. He not only believed in athletics, but he played at end on the second team, and it was pretty difficult for the boys to get the best of him. They made an unusual effort to put the Colonel out of the plays, but, try as hard as they might, he generally came out on top. The result was a decided increase in the spirit of the game.

We had one of the best preparatory school teams in that locality, but owing to our distance from the larger preparatory schools, we were forced to play Syracuse, Hobart, Hamilton, Rochester, Colgate, and Cazenovia Seminary—all of whom we defeated. We also played against the Syracuse Athletic Association, whose team was composed of professional athletes as well as former college players. Bert Hanson, who had been a great center at Yale, was one of this team.

[Illustration:

H. Wallis Coxe Cochran Nessler Heffelfinger W. Winter Mills
Sanford Hartwell Morrison Graves Stillman
McCormick McClung L. T. Bliss
C. Bliss Hinkey Barbour T. Dyer

Old Yale heroes—Lee McCLUNG'S team]



Recalling the men who played on our St. John's team, I am confident that if all of them had gone to college, most of them would have made the Varsity. In fact, some did.

It was decided that I should go to Lawrenceville School, en route to Princeton. It was on the trip from Trenton to Lawrenceville, in the big stage coach loaded with boys, I got my first dose of homesickness. The prospect of new surroundings made me yearn for St. John's.

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The “blue hour” of boyhood, however, is a brief one. I was soon engaged in conversation with a little fellow who was sitting beside me and who began discussing the ever-popular subject of football. He was very inquisitive and wanted to know if I had ever played the game, and if I was going to try for the team.

He told me about the great game Lawrenceville played with the Princeton Varsity the year before, when Lawrenceville scored six points before Princeton realized what they were really up against. He fascinated me by his graphic description. There was a glowing account of the playing of Garry Cochran, the great captain of the Lawrenceville team, who had just graduated and gone to Princeton, together with Sport Armstrong, the giant tackle.

These men were sure to live in Lawrenceville’s history if for nothing else than the part they had played in that notable game, although Princeton rallied and won 8 to 6. It was not long before I learned that my newly-made friend was Billy McGibbon, a member of the Lawrenceville baseball team.

“Just wait until you see Charlie de Saulles and Billy Dibble play behind the line,” he went on; and from that moment I began to be a part of the new life, the threshold of which I was crossing. Strangely enough the memory of getting settled in my new quarters faded with the eventful moment when the call for candidates came, and I went out with the rest of the boys to try for the team.

Competition was keen and many candidates offered themselves. I was placed on the scrub team. One of my first attempts for supremacy was in the early part of the season when I was placed as right guard of the scrub against Perry Wentz, an old star player of the school and absolutely sure of his position. I recall how on several occasions the first team could not gain as much distance through the second as the men desired, and Wentz, who later on distinguished himself on the Varsity at Princeton and still later as a crack player on Pennsylvania, seemed to have trouble in opening up my position.

Max Rutter, the Lawrenceville captain, with the directness that usually characterizes such officers, called this fact to Wentz’s attention. Wentz, who probably felt naturally his pride of football fame, became quite angry at Rutter’s remark that he was being outplayed. He took off his nose-guard, threw it on the ground and left the field.

Rutter moved me over to the first team in Wentz’s place. That night there was a general upset on the team which was settled amicably, however, and the next day Wentz continued playing in his old place. The position of guard was given to me on the other side of the line, George Cadwalader being moved out to the position of tackle. This was the same Cadwalader who subsequently went to Yale and made a great name for himself on the gridiron, in spite of the fact that he remained at New Haven but one year.

It was here at Lawrenceville that this great player made his reputation as a goal kicker, a fame that was enhanced during his football days at Yale. Max Rutter, the captain of the Lawrenceville team, went to Williams and played on the Varsity, eventually becoming captain there also. Ned Moffat, nephew of Princeton's great Alex Moffat, played end rush.

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About this time I began to realize that Billy McGibbon had given me a correct line on Charlie de Saulles and Billy Dibble. These two players worked wonderfully well together, and were an effective scoring machine with the assistance of Doc MacNider and Dave Davis.

During these days at Lawrenceville Owen Johnson gathered the material for those interesting stories in which he used his old schoolmates for the characters. The thin disguise of Doc Macnooder does not, however, conceal Doc MacNider from his old schoolboy friends. The same is true of the slightly changed names of Garry Cochran, Turk Righter, Charlie de Saulles and Billy Dibble.

Charlie de Saulles, after graduation, went to Yale and continued his wonderful, spectacular career on the gridiron. We will spend an afternoon with him on the Yale field later.

Billy Dibble went to Williams and played a marvelous game until he was injured, early in his freshman year. It was during those days that I met Garry Cochran, Sport Armstrong and other Princeton coaches for the first time. They used to come over to assist in coaching our team. Our regular coaches at Lawrenceville were Walter B. Street, who had been a famous football star years before at Williams, and William J. George, renowned in Princeton's football history as a center-rush. I cannot praise the work of these men too highly. They were thoroughbreds in every sense of the word.

It was one of the old traditions of Lawrenceville football to have a game every year with Pennington Seminary. What man is there who attended either school who does not recall the spirit of those old-time contests?

The Hill School was another of our football rivals. The trip to Pottstown, Pa., was an event eagerly looked forward to—so also was the Hill School's return game at Lawrenceville. The rivalry between the two schools was keen.

Everything possible was done at the Hill School to make our visit a pleasant one. The score of 28 to 0, by which Lawrenceville won the game that year, made it especially pleasant.

As I recall that trip, two men stand out in my memory. One was John Meigs, the Head Master. The other was Mike Sweeney, the Trainer and Athletic Director. They were the two central figures of Hill School traditions.

Interest in football was emphasized at that time by the approaching game with Andover at Lawrenceville. This was the first time that these two teams had ever played. Andover was probably more renowned in football annals than any school Lawrenceville had played up to this time. The Lawrenceville coaches realized that the game would be a strenuous one. After a conference, the two coaches decided that it would be wise to

see Andover play at Andover the week before we were to play them. Accordingly, Mr. George went to Andover, and when he returned, he gathered the team around him in one of the recitation halls and described carefully the offense and defense of our coming opponents. He also demonstrated with checkers what each man did in every play and placed emphasis on the work of Eddie Holt, who was acting captain of the Andover team. To represent Holt's giant build he placed one checker on top of another, saying, as I remember, with great seriousness:

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"This topped checker represents Holt. He must be taken care of, and it will require two Lawrenceville men to stop him on every play. I am certain of this for Holt was a marvel last Saturday."

During the week we drilled secretly and most earnestly in anticipation of defeating Andover. The game attracted an unusually large number of spectators. Lawrenceville made it a gala day for its alumni, and all the old Andover and Lawrenceville boys who could get there witnessed the game.

When the Andover team ran out upon the field we were all anxious to see how big Holt loomed up. He certainly was a giant and towered high above the other members of his team. Soon the whistle blew, and the trouble was on. In memory now I can see Billy Dibble circling Andover's end for twenty-five yards, scoring a touchdown amid tremendous excitement.

This all transpired during the first minute and a half of play. Emerson once said, "We live by moments," and the first minute and a half of that game must stand out as one of the eventful periods in the life of every man who recalls that day of play. No grown-up schoolboy can fail to appreciate the scene or miss the wave of boyish enthusiasm that rolled over the field at this unlooked for beginning of a memorable game between schoolboys.

[Illustration:

Davis MacNider Dibble
de Saulles

Moffat Cadwalader Edwards Walton Wentz Geer Rotter

We beat Andover]

This wonderful start of the Lawrenceville team was a goading spur to its opponents. Johnnie Barnes, an ex-Lawrenceville boy, now quarterback on the Andover team, seemed fairly inspired as he urged his team on. Eddie Holt was called upon time and again. He was making strong advances, aided by French, Hine and Porter. Together they worked out a touchdown. But Lawrenceville rallied and for the rest of the game their teamwork was masterly. Bat Geer, who was later a Princeton Varsity player, Charlie de Saulles and Billy Dibble, each scored touchdowns, making three altogether for their school.

Thus Lawrenceville, with the score 20 to 6, stepped forth into a new era and entered the larger football world where she was to remain and increase her heroic accomplishments in after years.

It is needless to say that the night following this victory was a crowning one in our preparatory football experiences. Bonfires were lighted, speeches were the order of the hour, and members of the team were the guests of honor at a banquet in the Upper House. There was no rowdy “revelry by night” to spoil the memory of the occasion. It was just one simple, fine and fitting celebration of a wholesome school victory on the field of football.

LAST YEAR AT LAWRENCEVILLE

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It was up to Billy Dibble, the new captain, to bring about another championship. We were to play Andover a return game there. Captain Dibble was left with but three of last year's team as a foundation to build on. Dibble's team made a wonderful record. He was a splendid example for the team to follow, and his playing, his enthusiasm, and earnest efforts contributed much toward the winning of the Andover, Princeton freshmen and Hill School games. There appeared at Lawrenceville a new coach who assisted Street and George. He was none other than the famous Princeton halfback, Douglas Ward, whose record as an honored man in the classroom as well as on the football field was well known to all of us, and had stood out among college athletes as a wonderful example. He was very modest. I recall that some one once asked him how he made the only touchdown against Yale in the '93 game. His reply was: "Oh, somebody just pushed me over."

Fresh in my memory is the wonderful trip that we boys made to Andover. We were proud of the fact that the Colonial Express was especially ordered to stop at Trenton for us, and as we took our seats in the Pullman car, we realized that our long looked for expedition had really begun.

We had a great deal of fun on the trip to Boston. Good old George Cadwalader was the center of most of the jokes. His 215 pounds added to the discomfort of a pair of pointed patent leather shoes, which were far too small for him. As soon as he was settled in the train he removed them and dozed off to sleep. Turk Righter and some of the other fun makers tied the shoe strings together, and hung them out of the window where they blew noisily against the window pane.

When we arrived in Jersey City it was a treat for us to see our train put aboard the ferry boat of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., and, as we sailed down the bay, up the East River and under the Brooklyn Bridge to the New Haven docks, it all seemed very big and wonderful.

When the train stopped at New Haven, we were met by the Yale-Lawrenceville men, who wished us the best of luck; some of them making the trip with us to Boston. When we arrived in Andover the next day I had the satisfaction of seeing my brother and cousin, who were at that time attending Andover Academy.

The hospitality that was accorded the Andover team, while at Lawrenceville the year before, was repaid in royal fashion. We had ample time to view the grounds and buildings and grow keen in anticipation and interest in the afternoon's contest.

When the whistle blew, we were there for business. My personal opponent was a fellow named Hillebrand, who besides being a football player was Andover's star pitcher. Later on we became the best of friends and side partners on the Princeton team, and often spoke of our first meeting when we played against each other. Hillebrand was one of the greatest athletes Andover ever turned out. Lawrenceville defeated Andover in

one of the hardest and most exciting of all Prep. School contests, one that was uncertain from beginning to end.

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Billy Dibble played the star game of the day and after eight minutes he scored a touchdown. Cadwalader booted the ball over the goal and the score was 6 to 0. The Lawrenceville backfield, made up of Powell, Dave Davis, Cap Kafer and Dibble, worked wonderfully well. Kafer did some excellent punting against his remarkable opponent Barker, who seemed to be as expert as he.

The efficient work of Hillebrand and of Chadwell, the colored end-rush, stands out pre-eminently. The latter player developed into one of the best end-rushes that ever played at Williams. Goodwin, Barker and Greenway contributed much to Andover's good play. Jim Greenway is one of the famous Greenway boys whose athletic history at Yale is a matter of record. A few minutes later the Andover crowd were aroused by Goodwin making the longest run of the game—fifty-five yards, scoring Andover's first touchdown, and making the score 6 to 6.

There was great speculation as to which team would win the game, but Billy Dibble, aided by the wonderful interference on the part of Babe Eddie, who afterward played end on the Yale team, and Emerson, who, had he gone to college, would have been a wonder, made a touchdown. George Cadwalader with his sure right foot made the score 12 to 6. Enthusiasm was at its height. Andover rooters were calling upon their team to tie the score. A touchdown and goal would mean a tie. The Andover team seemed to answer their call, for soon Goodwin scored a touchdown, making the score 12 to 10, and Butterfield, Andover's right halfback, was put to the test amidst great excitement. The ball went just to the side of the goal post, and Lawrenceville had won 12 to 10. Great is the thrill of a victory won on an opponent's field!

That night after dinner, as I was sitting in my brother's room, with some of his Andover friends, there was a yell from outside, and a loud knock on the door. In walked a big fellow wearing a blue sweater. Through his open coat one could observe the big white letter "A." It proved to be none other than Doc Hillebrand. Without one word of comment he walked over to where I was sitting and said: "Edwards, what was the score of the game to-day?" I could not get the idea at all. I said: "Why, you ought to know." He replied: "12 to 10," and turning on his heel, left the room. This caused a good deal of amusement, but it was soon explained that Hillebrand was being initiated into a secret society and that this was one of the initiation stunts.

It was a wonderfully happy trip back to Lawrenceville. The spirit ran high. It was then that Turk Righter wrote the well known Lawrenceville verse which we sang again and again:

Cap kicked, Barker kicked
Cap he got the best of it
They both kicked together
But Cap kicked very hard
Bill ran, Dave ran

Then Andover lost her grip
She also lost her championship
Sis, boom ah!

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As we were about two miles outside of Lawrenceville, we saw a mass of light in the roadway, and when we heard the boys yelling at the top of their voices, we realized that the school was having a torch-light procession and coming to welcome us. Great is that recollection! They took the horses off and dragged the stage back to Lawrenceville and in and about the campus. It was not long before the whole school was singing the song of success that Turk Righter had written.

A big celebration followed. We did not break training because we had still another game to play. When Lawrenceville had beaten the Hill School 20 to 0, many of us realized that we had played our last game for Lawrenceville. George Cadwalader was shortly afterward elected Captain for the coming year. It was at this time that Lawrenceville was overjoyed to learn that Garry Cochran, a sophomore at Princeton, had been elected captain of the Princeton varsity. This recalled former Lawrenceville boys, Pop Warren and Doggie Trenchard, who had played at Lawrenceville, gone to Princeton and had become varsity captains there. Snake Ames also prepared at Lawrenceville.

I might incidentally state that we stayed at Lawrenceville until June to get our diplomas, realizing that there were many able fellows to continue the successful traditions of Lawrenceville football, George Mattis, Howard Richards, Jack de Saulles, Cliff Bucknam, John De Witt, Bummie Ritter, Dana Kafer, John Dana, Charlie Dudley, Heff Herring, Charlie Raymond, Biglow, the Waller brothers and others.

CHAPTER II

FRESHMAN YEAR

I believe that every man who has had the privilege of going to college will agree with me that as a freshman lands in a college town, he is a very happy and interested individual. The newness of things and his freedom are very attractive. He comes to college fresh from his school day experiences ready to conform himself to the traditions and customs of the new school, his college choice.

The world will never again look quite so big to a boy as it did then. Entering as boys do, in the fall of the year, the uppermost thing in mind, outside of the classroom, is football. Sometimes it is the uppermost thought in the classroom. What kind of a Varsity football team are we going to have? This is the question heard on all sides.

Every bit of available football material is eagerly sought by the coaches. I recall so well my freshman year at Princeton, how Garry Cochran, captain of the football team, went about the college with Johnny Poe, looking over the undergraduates and watching the incoming trains for football possibilities. If a fellow looked as though he might have good material to work upon, he was asked to report at the Varsity field the next day.

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All athletic interests are focused on the gridiron. The young undergraduate who has no likelihood of making the team, fills himself with facts about the individuals who are trying to win a place. He starts out to be a loyal rooter, realizing that next to being a player, the natural thing is to attend practice and cheer the team in their work; he becomes interested in the individual progress each candidate is making. In this way, the members of the team know that they have the support of the college, and this makes them play harder. This builds up college spirit.

Every college has its own freshman and sophomore traditions; one at Princeton is, that shortly after college opens there must be a rush about the cannon, between the freshman and sophomore classes. All those who have witnessed this sight, know that it is a vital part of Princeton undergraduate life. On that night in my freshman year, great care was taken by Cochran that none of the incoming football material engaged in the rush. No chances were taken of injuring a good football prospect among either freshmen or sophomores. Eddie Holt, Bert Wheeler, Arthur Poe, Doc Hillebrand, Bummie Booth and I were in the front ranks of the class of 1900, stationed back of Witherspoon Hall ready to make the rush upon the sophomores, who were huddled together guarding the cannon. Cochran and his coterie of coaches ran out as we were approaching the cannon and forced us out of the contest. He ordered us to stand on the outside of the surging crowd. There we were allowed to do a little "close work," but we were not permitted to get into the heat of the fray. Cochran knew all of us because we were among those who had been called to college before the opening to enter preliminary training. Every football player who has had the experience of being summoned ahead of time will understand my feeling. I was very happy when I received from Cochran, during the summer before I entered Princeton, a letter inviting me to report for football practice two weeks before college opened. When I arrived at Princeton on the appointed day, I found the candidates for the team at the training quarters.

At that time freshmen were not barred from varsity teams.

There was a reunion of friends from Lawrenceville and other schools. There was Doc Hillebrand, against whom I had played in the Andover game the year before. Eddie Holt loomed up and I recalled him as the big fellow who played on the Andover team against Lawrenceville two years before. He had gone from Andover to Harvard and had played on the Harvard team the year before, and had decided to leave Harvard and enter Princeton.

There were Lew Palmer, Bummie Booth, Arthur Poe, Bert Wheeler, Eddie Burke and many others whom I grew to know well later on.

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Trainer Jack McMasters was on the job and put us through some very severe preliminary training. It was warm in New Jersey early in September, and often in the middle of practice Jack would occasionally play the hose on us. It did not take us long to learn that varsity football training was much more strenuous than that of the preparatory school. The vigorous programme, prepared, especially for me, convinced me that McMasters and the coaches had decided that my 224 pounds were too much weight. Jack and I used to meet at the field house four mornings each week. He would array me in thick woolen things, and top them off with a couple of sweaters, so that I felt as big as a house. He would then take me out for an excursion of eight miles across country, running and walking. Sometimes other candidates kept us company, but only Jack and I survived.

On these trips, I would lose anywhere from five to six pounds. I got accustomed to this jaunt and its discomforts after a while, but there was one thing that always aggravated me. While Jack made me suffer, he indulged himself. He would stop at a favorite spring of his, kneel down and take a refreshing drink, right before my very eyes, and then, although my throat was parched, he would bar me even from wetting my tongue. He was decidedly unsociable, but from a training standpoint, he was entirely "on to his job."

As both captain and trainer soon found that I was being overworked, I had some "let up" of this strenuous system. The extra work in addition to the regular afternoon practice, made my days pretty severe going and when night came I was not troubled with insomnia.

It was during this time that Biffy Lea, one of Princeton's greatest tackles, was slowly but surely making a wonderful tackle out of Doc Hillebrand. Bert Wheeler was making rapid strides to attain the position of halfback. They were the only two freshmen who made the team that year. I was one of those that failed.

We were soon in shape for the first try-out of the season; preliminary training was over, and the team was ready for its first game. We won the Rutgers game 44 to 0 and after we defeated the Navy, we went to play Lafayette at Easton. I had as my opponent in the Lafayette game, Rinehart. I shall never forget this game. I was playing left guard alongside of Jarvie Geer, who was a substitute for Bill Church, who had been injured in practice the week before and could not play. Just before the first half was over, Lafayette feinted on a kick, and instead of Bray, that star Lafayette fullback, boosting the ball, Barclay shot through the line between Geer and myself for thirty yards. There was my down-fall. Rinehart had taken care of me beautifully, and finally, Net Poe saved the day by making a beautiful tackle of Barclay, who was fast approaching the Princeton goal line. There was no score made, but the fact that Barclay had made the distance through me, made me feel mighty mean. I recall Cochran during the intermission, when he said: "Holt; you take Edwards' place at left-guard."

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The battle between those giants during the second half was a sight worth seeing and an incident recalled by all those who witnessed the game.

Neither side scored and it was a hard-fought struggle.

One day, one play, often ruins a man's chances. I had played as a regular in the first three games of the season. I was being tried out and had been found wanting. I had proved a disappointment, and I knew Cochran knew it and I knew the whole college would know it, but I made up my mind to give the very best I had in me, and hoped to square myself later and make the team. I knew what it was to be humiliated, taken out of a game, and to realize that I had not stood the test. I began to reason it out—maybe I was carried away with the fact of having played on the varsity team—maybe I did not give my best. Anyway I learned much that day. It was my first big lesson of failure in football. That failure and its meaning lived with me.

I have always had great respect for Rinehart, and his great team mates. Walbridge and Barclay were a great team in themselves, backed up by Bray at fullback. It was this same team that, later in the fall, beat Pennsylvania, without the services of Captain Walbridge, who had been injured.

It was not long after this that Princeton played Cornell at Princeton. I recall the day I first saw Joe Beacham, that popular son of Cornell, who afterwards coached West Point. He is now in the regular army, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He was captain of the Cornell team in '96. He had on his team the famous players, Dan Reed, on whom Cornell counts much in these years to assist Al Sharpe in the coaching; Tom Fennel, Taussig and Freeborn. With these stars assisting, Cornell could do nothing with Princeton's great team and the score 37 to 0 tells the tale.

I was not playing in this game, but recall the following incident. Joe Beacham was making a flying run through the Princeton team. A very pretty girl covered with furs, wearing the red and white of Cornell, was enthusiastically yelling at the top of her voice "Go it, Joe! go it, Joe!" much to the delight and admiration of the Princeton undergraduates near her. Since then Joe has told me that it was his sister. Maybe it was, but as Joe was rushing onward, with Dan Reed and Tom Fennel interfering wonderfully for him, and urged on by his fond admirer in the grandstand, his progress was rudely halted by the huge form of Edwin Crowdis which appeared like a cloud on the horizon and projected itself before the oncoming scoring machine of Cornell. When they met, great was the crash, for Crowdis spilled the player, ball and all. This was the time, the place, and the girl; and it meant that Edwin Crowdis had made the Princeton Varsity team.

[Illustration:

Brink Thorne Hubby Bray Bishop Park Davis
Rowland Jones Walbridge Barclay Ziser Rinehart Herr Gates
Spear Best Weidenmeyer Hill Trexler

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Lafayette's great team]

I realized it at the moment, and although I knew that it would probably put me in the substitute ranks for the rest of the season, I was wild with joy to see Edwin develop at this particular moment, and perform his great play. His day had come, his was the reward, and Joe Beacham had been laid low. As for the girl, she subsided abruptly, and is said to have remarked, as Crowdis smashed the Cornell machine: "Well, I never did like a fat man anyway!"

One day in a practice game, against the scrub, this year, Garry Cochran, who was standing on the side lines resting from the result of an injury, became so frantic over the poor showing of the varsity, pulled off his sweater and jumped into the game in spite of the trainers' earnest entreaty not to. He tried to instill a new spirit into the game. It was one of those terrible Monday practice games, of which every football player knows. The varsity could not make any substantial gains against the second team, which was unusually strong that year, as most of the varsity substitutes were playing. How frantic Bill Church was! He was playing tackle alongside of Edwin Crowdis, against whom I was playing. My chances of making the Varsity were getting slimmer. Very few practice days were left before the men would be selected for the final game. I was making the last earnest stand. The varsity line men were not opening up the scrub line as easily as they desired, and we were all stopping up the offensive play of the Varsity. I was going through very low and tackling Crowdis around the legs, trying to carry him back into the play. Church was very angry at my doing this, and told Crowdis to hit me, if I did it again, but Edwin was a good-natured, clean player; in fact, I doubt if he ever rough played any man. Finally, after several plays, Church said, "If you don't hit him, I will," and he sure made good his threat, for on the next play, when I was at the bottom of the heap in the scrimmage, Church handed me one of those stiff "Bill Church blows," emphasizing the tribute with his leather thumb protector. There was a lively mixup and the scrub and Varsity had an open fight. All was soon forgotten, but I still "wear an ear," the lobe of which is a constant reminder of Bill Church's spirited play. Nothing ever stood in Church's way; he was a hard player, and a powerful tackle.

Slowly but surely, Cochran's great team was perfecting itself into a machine. The victory against Harvard at Cambridge was the team's worthy reward for faithful service and attention given to the details of the game.

As a reward for service rendered, the second team with the Varsity substitutes were taken on the trip, and as we saw the great Princeton team winning, every man was happy and proud of the joy and knowledge of giving something material towards their winning. Sore legs, injuries and mistakes were at such a time forgotten. All that was felt was the keen sense of satisfaction that comes to men who have helped in the construction.

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Billie Bannard, aided by superb interference of Fred Smith, was able to make himself the hero of that game by a forty-five yard run. Bill Church the great tackle broke through the Harvard line and blocked Brown's kick, and the ever-watchful end-rush, Howard Brokaw, fell on the ball for a touchdown. Cochran had been injured and removed from the game, but he was frantic with joy as he walked up and down the Princeton side lines, urging further touchdowns.

A happy crowd of Princetonians wended their way back to Princeton to put the finishing touches on the team before the Yale game. Those of you who recall that '96 game in New York will remember that 6 to 0 in favor of Yale was the score, at the end of the first five minutes. Jim Rodgers had blocked Johnnie Baird's punt and Bass, the alert end-rush, had pounced on the ball and was over for a touchdown in a moment. Great groans went up from the Princeton grandstand. Could it be that this great acknowledged champion team of Princeton was conceited, over-trained and about to be defeated? Certainly not, for there arose such a demonstration of team spirit and play as one seldom sees. On the next kick-off Johnnie Baird caught the ball, and when he was about to be tackled—in fact, was lying on the ground—he passed the ball to Fred Smith, that great all-round Princeton athlete, who made the most spectacular run of the day. Who will ever forget the wonderful line plunging of Ad Kelly, the brilliant end running of Bill Bannard and the great part all the other men of the team contributed towards Princeton's success, and the score grew and grew by touchdown after touchdown, until some one recalled that in this game, the team would say, "Well, we won't give any signals; we'll just try a play through Captain Murphy." Maybe this was the play that put Murphy out of the game. He played against Bill Church, and that was enough exercise for any one man to encounter in one afternoon. As Fred Murphy left the field everyone realized that it was only his poor physical condition that caused him to give up the game. Yale men recall, with great pride, how the year before Murphy had put it all over Bill Church. During that game, however, Church's physical condition was not what it should have been, and these two giant tackles never had a chance to play against each other when they were both in prime condition. Both these men were All American calibre.

Johnny Baird, Ad Kelly, Bannard, all made touchdowns and the two successful freshmen who had made the team, Hillebrand and Wheeler, both registered touchdowns against Yale. As the Yale team left the field, they felt the sting of defeat, but there were men who were to have revenge at New Haven the next year against Princeton, among whom were Chadwick, Rodgers and Chamberlain. They were eager enough to get back at us and the next year they surely did. But this was our year for victory and celebration, and laurels were bestowed upon the victors. Garry Cochran and his loyal team-mates were the lions of the day and hour.

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CHAPTER III

ELBOW TO ELBOW

"I wonder where my shoes are?" "Who's got my trousers on?" "I wonder if the tailor mended my jersey?" "What has become of my head-gear?" "I wonder if the cobbler has put new cleats on my shoes?" "Somebody must have my stockings on—these are too small." "What has become of my ankle brace—can't seem to find it anywhere? I just laid it down here a minute ago. I think that freshman pinched my sweater."

All of which is directed to no one in particular, and the Trainer, who sits far off in a corner, blowing up a football for the afternoon practice, smiles as the players are fishing for their clothes. Just then the Captain, who has dressed earlier than the rest, and has had two or three of the players out on the field for kicking practice, breaks in upon the scene with the remark:

"Don't you fellows all know you're late? You ought to be dressed long before this." Then follows the big scramble and soon everybody is out on the field.

The Trainer is busy keeping his eye open for any man who is being handled too strenuously in the practice. Quick starts are practiced, individual training is indulged in. Kicking and receiving punts play an important part in the preliminary work.

[Illustration: *House in disorder*]

At Williams one afternoon, Fred Daly, former Yale Captain and coach at Williams, in trying forward passes instructed his ends to catch them at every angle and height. One man continually fumbled his attempt, just as he thought he had it sure. He was a new man to Daly, and the latter called out to him:

"What is your name?" Back came the reply, which almost broke up the football practice for the day: "*Ketchum* is my name."

Falling on the ball is one of the fundamentals in football. It is the ground work that every player must learn. Frank Hinkey, that great Yale Captain and player, was an artist in performing this fundamental. Playing so wonderfully well the end-rush position, his alertness in falling on the ball often meant much distance for Yale. He had wonderful judgment in deciding whether to fall on the ball or pick it up.

One of the most important things in football is knowing how to tackle properly. Some men take to it naturally and others only learn after hard, strenuous practice.

In the old days men were taught to tackle by what is known as “live tackling.” I recall especially that earnest coach, Johnny Poe, whose main object in football coaching was to see that the men tackled hard and sure.

Poe, without any padding on at all, would let the men dive into him running at full speed, and the men would throw him in a way that seemed as though it would maim him for life. Some of the men weighed a hundred pounds more than he did, but he would get up and, with a smile, say:

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"Come on men, hit me harder; knock me out next time."

After the first two weeks of the season, Johnny Poe was a complete mass of black and blue marks; and yet how wonderful and how self sacrificing he was in his eagerness to make the Princeton players good tacklers.

But there are few men like Johnny Poe, who are willing to sacrifice their own bodies for the instruction of others; and the next best method, and one which does not injure the players so much, is tackling the "dummy."

As we look at this picture of Howard Henry of Princeton tackling the "dummy," we all remember when we were back in the game trying our very best to put our shoulder into our opponent's knees and "hit him hard, throw him, and hold him." Henry always got his man.

But the thrill of the game is not in tackling the dummy. The joy comes in a game, when a man is coming through the line, or making a long run, and you throw yourself at his knees, and get your tackle; then up and ready for another.

I recall an experience I had at Princeton one year. When I went to the Club House to get my uniform, which I wanted to wear in coaching, I asked Keene Fitzpatrick, the Trainer, where my suit was. He said:

[Illustration: *Hit your man low*]

"It's hanging outside."

I went outside of the dressing room but could see no suit anywhere. He came out wearing a broad smile.

"No," he said, "it isn't out here, it's out there hanging in the air. We made a dummy out of it."

And there before me I saw my old uniform stuffed with sawdust. I looked at myself—in suspense.

After the men have been given the other preliminary work they are taken to the charging board. The one shown here is used at Yale. It teaches the men quick starting and the use of their hands. It trains them to keep their eyes on the ball and impresses them with the fact that if they start before the ball is put in play, a penalty will follow. A fast charging line has its great value, and every coach is keen to have the forwards move fast to clear the way.

Then after the individual coaching is over, the team runs through signals, and the practice is on. Before very long the head coach announces that practice is over, and the trainer yells:

“Everybody in on the jump,” and you soon find yourself back in the dressing room.

It does not take you long to get your clothes off and ready for the bath. How well some of you will recall that after a hard practice you were content to sit and rest awhile on the bench in the dressing-room. It may be that, in removing your clothes, you favored an injured knee, looked at a sprained ankle, or helped some fellow off with his jersey.

What is finer, after a hard day’s practice, than to stand beneath a warm shower and gradually let the water grow cold? Everything is lovely until some rascal in the bunch throws a cold sponge on you and slaps you across the back, or turns the cold water on, when you only want hot.

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Then comes the dry-off and the rub-down, which seems to soothe all your bruises. This picture of Pete Balliet standing on the end of a bench, while Jack McMasters massages an injured knee may recall to many a football player the day when the trainer was his best friend. From his wonderful physique it is easy to believe that Balliet must have been the great center-rush whom the heroes of years ago tell about.

Harry Brown, that great Princeton end-rush, is on the other end of the bench, being taken care of by Bill Buss, a jovial old colored attendant, who was for so many years a rubber at Princeton.

I know men who never enthuse over football, but just play from a sense of college loyalty, and a fear of censure should they not play; who are sorry that they were ever big or showed any football ability. College sentiment will not allow a football man to remain idle.

[Illustration: *Repairs*]

I knew a man in college, who, on his way to the football field, said:

“Oh, how I hate to drag my body down to the Varsity field to-day to have it battered and bruised!”

One does not always enthuse over the hard drudgery of practice. Those that witness only the final games of the year, little realize the gruesome task of preparedness. Every football player will acknowledge that some day he has had these thoughts himself.

But suddenly the day comes when this discouraged player sees a light. Perhaps he has developed a hidden power, or it may be that he has broken through and made a clean tackle behind the line; perhaps he has made a good run and received a compliment from the coach. It may be that his side partner has given him a word of encouragement, which may have instilled into him a new spirit, and, as a result, he has turned out to be a real football player. He then forgets all the bruises and all the hard knocks.

How true it is that in one play, or in a practice game, or in a contest against an opposing college, a player has found himself. Do you players of football remember the day you made the team, the day your chance came and you took advantage of it? At such a time a player shows great possibilities. He is told by the captain to report at the training house for the Varsity signals. Who that has experienced the thrill of that moment can ever forget it?

He earns his seat at the Varsity table. He is now on the Varsity squad. He goes on, determined to play a better game, and realizes he must hold his place at the training table by hard, conscientious work.



One is not unmindful of the traditions that are centered about the board where so many heroes of the past have sat. You have a keen realization of the fact that you are filling the seat of men who have gone before you, and that you must make good, as they made good. Their spirit lives.

The training table is a great school for team spirit. To have a successful team, any coach will tell you, there must be a brotherly feeling among the members of the team. The men must chum together on and off the field. Team work on the field is made much easier if there is team work off the field.

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I never hear the expression “team mates” used but I recall a certain Princeton team, the captain of which was endowed with a wonderful power of leadership. There was nothing the men would not do for him. Every man on the team regarded him as a big brother. Yet there was one man on the squad who seemed inclined to be alone. He had little to say, and when his work was over on the field he always went silently away to his room. He did not mingle with the other players in the club house after dinner, and there did not seem to be much warmth in him.

Garry Cochran, the captain, took some of us into his confidence, and we made it our business to draw this fellow out of his shell. It was not long before we found that he was an entirely different sort of a person from what he had seemed to be.

In a short time, the fellow who was unconsciously retarding good fellowship among the members of the team was no longer a silent negative individual, but was soon urging us on in a get-together spirit.

It will be impossible to relate all the good times had at a college training table. I think that every football man will agree with me that we now have a great deal of sympathy for the trainer, whereas in the old days we roasted him when it seemed that dinner would never be ready.

How the hungry mob awaited the signal!

“The flag is down,” as old Jim Robinson would say, and Arthur Poe would yell:

“Fellows, the hash is ready.”

Then the hungry crowd would scramble in for the big event of the day. There awaited them all the delicacies of a trainer’s menu; the food that made touchdowns. If the service was slow, the good-natured trainer was all at fault, and he too joined in the spirit of their criticism. If the steak was especially tender, they would say it was tough. There was much juggling of the portions distributed. Fred Daly recalls the first week that he and Johnnie Kilpatrick were at the Yale training table. Kil called for some chocolate, and Johnnie Mack, the trainer, yelled back:

“What do you think this is, anyway, a hospital?”

That started something for awhile in the way of jollying. Daly recalls another incident, that happened often at Yale one year. It is about Bill Goebel, who certainly could put the food away. After disposing of about twelve plates of ice cream, which he had begged, borrowed or stolen, he called one of the innocent waiters over to him and asked in a gentle voice: “Say, George, what is the dessert for to-night?”

Then there comes the good-natured “joshing” of the fellow who has made a fine play during the practice, or in the game of the day. One or two of the fun makers rush

around, put their hands on him and hold him tight for fear he will not be able to contain himself on account of his success of the day. This sort of jollification makes the fellow who has made a bad play forget what he might have done, and he too becomes buoyant amidst the good fellowship about him.

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We all realize what a modest individual the trainer is. If in a reminiscent mood to change the subject from football to himself, he tells his “ever-on-to-him” admirers some of his achievements in the old days there is immediately evidence of preparedness among the players, as the following salute is given—with fists beating on the table in unison—

[Illustration: *The old faithfuls*]

“One, two, three! *Oh, what a gosh darn lie!*”

But deep in every man’s heart, is the keen realization of the trainer’s value, and his eager effort for their success. His athletic achievements and his record are well known, and appreciated by all. He is the pulse of the team.

The scrub team at Princeton during my last year was captained by Pop Jones, who was a martyr to the game. He was thoroughly reliable, and the spirit he instilled into his team mates helped to make our year a successful one. This picture will recall the long roll of silent heroes in the game, whose joy seemed to be in giving; men who worked their hearts out to see the Varsity improve; men who never got the great rewards that come to the Varsity players, but received only the thrill of doing something constructive. Their reward is in the victories of others, for every man knows that it is a great scrub that makes a great varsity. If, as you gaze at this picture of the scrub team, it stirs your memory of the fellows who used to play against you, and, if, in your heart you pay them a silent tribute, you will be giving them only their just due. To the uncrowned heroes, who found no fame, the men whose hearts were strong, but whose ambitions for a place on the Varsity were never realized, we take off our hats.

The fiercest knocks that John DeWitt’s team ever had at Princeton were in practice against the scrub. It was in this year, on the last day of practice, that the undergraduates marched in a body down the field, singing and cheering, led by a band of music. Preliminary practice being over, the scrub team retired to the Varsity field house, to await the signal for the exhibition practice to be given on the Varsity field before the undergraduates. A surprise had been promised.

While the Varsity team was awaiting the arrival of the scrub team, it was officially announced that the Yale team would soon arrive upon the field, and shortly after this, the scrub team appeared with white “Y’s” sewed on the front of their jerseys. The scrub players took the Yale players’ names, just as they were to play against Princeton on the coming Saturday. There was much fun and enthusiasm, when the assumed Hogan would be asked to gain through Cooney, or Bloomer would make a run, and the make-believe Foster Rockwell would urge the pseudo Yale team on to victory.

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John DeWitt had more than one encounter that afternoon with Captain Rafferty of Yale. After the practice ended all the players gathered around the dummy, which had been very helpful in tackling practice. This had been saturated with kerosene awaiting the final event of the day. John DeWitt touched it off with a match, and the white "Y" which illuminated the chest of the dummy was soon enveloped in flames. A college tradition had been lived up to again, and when the team returned victorious from New Haven that year, John DeWitt and his loyal team mates never forgot those men and the events that helped to make victory possible.

CHAPTER IV

MISTAKES IN THE GAME

Many a football player who reads this book will admit that there arises in all of us a keen desire to go back into the game. It is not so much a desire just to play in the game for the mere sake of playing as to remedy the mistakes we all know we made in the past.

In our football recollections, the defeats we have experienced stand out the most vividly. Sometimes they live on as nightmares through the years. As we review the old days we realize that we did not always give our best. If we could but go back and correct our faults many a defeat might be turned into a victory.

We reflect that if we had trained a little harder, if we had been more sincere in our work, paid better attention to the advice given us by the men who knew, if we had mastered our positions better, it would have been a different story on many occasions when defeat was our portion.

But that is now all behind us. The games are over. The scores will always stand. Others have taken our places. We have had our day and opportunity. In the words of Longfellow,

"The world belongs to those who come the last."

Our records will remain as we left them on the gridiron. Many a man is recalled in football circles as the one who lost his temper in the big games and caused his team to suffer by his being ruled out of the game. Men say, "Why, that is the fellow who muffed a punt at a critical moment," or recall him as the one who "fumbled the ball," when, if he had held it, the team would have been saved from defeat.

You recall the man who gave the signals with poor judgment. Maybe you are thinking of the man who missed a great tackle or allowed a man to get through the line and block a kick. Perhaps a mistaken signal in the game caused the loss of a first down, maybe defeat—who knows?

Through our recollection of the things we should have done but failed to do for one reason or another, our defeats rise before us more vividly now than our victories.

There is only one day to make good and that is the day of the game. The next day is too late.

Then there is the ever-present recollection of the fellow who let athletics be the big thing in his college life. He did not make good in the classroom. He was unfair to himself. He failed to realize that athletics was only a part of his college life, that it should have been an aid to better endeavor in his studies.

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He may have earned his college letter or received a championship gold football. And now that he is out in the world he longs for the college degree that he has forfeited.

His regrets are the deeper when he realizes that if he had given his best and been square with his college and himself, his presence might have meant further victories for his team. This is not confined to any one college. It is true of all of them and probably always will be true, although it is encouraging to note that there is a higher standard of scholarship attained on the average by college athletes to-day than a decade or so ago.

I wish I could impress this lesson indelibly upon the mind of every young football enthusiast—that athletics should go hand in hand with college duties. After all it is the same spirit of team work instilled into him on the football field that should inspire him in the classroom, where his teacher becomes virtually his coach.

When I was at Princeton, we beat Yale three years out of the four, but the defeat of 1897 at New Haven stands out most vividly of all in my memory. And it is not so much what Yale did as what Princeton did not do that haunts me.

One day in practice in 1897, Sport Armstrong, conceded to be one of the greatest guards playing, was severely injured in a scrimmage. It was found that his neck and head had become twisted and for days he lay at death's door on his bed in the Varsity Club House. After a long serious illness he got well, but never strong enough to play again. I took his place.

[Illustration:

Benjamin Brown McBride Cadwalader Corwin
Hazen Hall Rodgers Chamberlin Chadwick Dudley
De Saulles

Jim Rodgers' team]

Nearly all of the star players of the '96 Princeton championship team were in the lineup. It was Cochran's last year and my first year on the Varsity. Our team was heralded as a three-to-one winner. We had beaten Dartmouth 30 to 0 and won a great 57 to 0 victory over Lafayette. Yale had a good, strong team that had not yet found itself. But there were several of us Princeton players who knew from old association in prep. school the calibre of some of the men we were facing.

Cochran and I have often recalled together that silent reunion with our old team-mates of Lawrenceville. There in front of us on the Yale team were Charlie de Saulles, George Cadwalader and Charlie Dudley. We had not seen them since we all left prep. school, they to go to New Haven and we to Princeton.

When the teams lined up for combat there were no greetings of one old schoolmate to another. It was not the time nor place for exchange of amenities. As some one has since remarked, "The town was full of strangers."

The fact that Dudley was wearing one Lawrenceville stocking only urged us on to play harder.

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My opponent on the Yale team was Charlie Chadwick, Yale's strong man. Foster Sanford tells elsewhere in this book how he prepared him for the Harvard game the week before and for this game with Princeton. Our coaches had made, as they thought, a study of Chadwick's temperament and had instructed me accordingly. I delivered their message in the form of a straight arm blow. The compliment was returned immediately by Chadwick, and the scrap was on. Dashiell, the umpire, was upon us in a moment. I had visions of being ruled out of the game and disgraced.

"You men are playing like schoolboys and ought to be ruled out of the game," Dashiell exclaimed, but he decided to give us another chance.

Chadwick played like a demon and I realized before the game had progressed very far that I had been coached wrong, for instead of weakening his courage my attack seemed to nerve him. He played a very wide, defensive guard and it was almost impossible to gain through him.

The play of the Princeton team at the outset was disappointing. Jim Rodgers, the Yale captain, was driving his men hard and they responded heartily. Some of them stood out conspicuously by their playing. De Saulles' open field work was remarkable. I remember well the great run of fifty-five yards which he made. He was a wonderfully clever dodger and used the stiff arm well. He evaded the Princeton tacklers successfully, until Billy Bannard made a tackle on Princeton's 25-yard line.

Garry Cochran was one of the Princeton players who failed in his effort to tackle de Saulles, although it was a remarkable attempt with a low, diving tackle. De Saulles hurdled over him and Cochran struck the ground, breaking his right shoulder.

That Cochran was so seriously injured did not become known until after de Saulles had finished his long run. Then it was seen that Cochran was badly hurt. The trainer ran out and took him to the side lines to fix up his injury.

Time was being taken out and as we waited for Cochran to return to the game we discussed the situation and hoped that his injury would not prove serious. Every one of us realized the tremendous handicap we would be under without him.

The tension showed in the faces of Alex Moffat and Johnny Poe as they sat there on the side line, trying to reach a solution of the problem that confronted them as coaches. They realized better than the players that the tide was against them.

To conceal the true location of his injury from the Yale players, Cochran had his left shoulder bandaged and entered the scrimmage again, game though handicapped, remaining on the field until the trainer finally dragged him to the side line.

This was the last football contest in which Garry Cochran took part. He was game to the end.

At New Haven that fall Frank Butterworth and some of the other coaches had heard a rumor that when Cochran and de Saulles parted at Lawrenceville they had a strange understanding. Both had agreed, so the rumor went, that should they ever meet in a Yale-Princeton game, one would have to leave the game.

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Butterworth told de Saulles what he had heard and cautioned him, reminding him that he wanted him to play a game that would escape criticism. De Saulles put every ounce of himself into his game, Cochran did the same. To this day Frank Butterworth and the coaches believe that when de Saulles was making his great run up the field he kept his pledge to Cochran.

De Saulles and Cochran laugh at the suggestion that it was other than an accident, but they have never been able to convince their friends. The dramatic element in it was too strong for a mere chance affair.

Princeton's handicap when Cochran had to go out was increased by the withdrawal because of injuries of Johnny Baird, the quarterback, that wonderful drop-kicker of previous games. He was out of condition and had to be carried from the field with a serious injury.

Dudley, the ex-Lawrencevillian, here began to get in his telling work. The Yale stands were wild with enthusiasm as they saw their team about to score against the much-heralded Princeton team. We were a three to one bet. On the next play Dudley went through the Princeton line. At the bottom of the heap, hugging the ball and happy in his success, was Charlie Dudley, Yale hero, Lawrenceville stocking and all.

[Illustration: *Cochran was game to the end*]

After George Cadwalader had kicked the goal, the score stood 6 to 0.

One of the greatest problems that confronts a coach is to select the proper men to start in a game. Injuries often handicap a team. Ad Kelly, king of all line-plunging halfbacks, had been injured the week before at Princeton and for that reason was not in the original lineup that day at New Haven. He was on the side lines waiting for a chance to go in. His chance came.

Kelly was Princeton's only hope. Herbert Reed, known among writers on football as "Right Wing," thus describes this stage of the game:

"With almost certain defeat staring them in the face, the Tigers made one last desperate rally and in doing so called repeatedly on Kelly, with the result that with this star carrying the ball in nearly every rush the Princeton eleven carried the ball fifty-five yards up the field only to lose it at last on a fumble to Jim Rodgers.

"Time and again in the course of this heroic advance, Kelly went into or slid outside of tackle practically unaided, bowling along more like a huge ball than a human being. It was one of the greatest exhibitions of a born runner, of a football genius and much more to be lauded than his work the previous year, when he was aided by one of the greatest football machines ever sent into a big game."

But Kelly's brilliant work was unavailing and when the game ended the score was still 6 to 0. Yale had won an unexpected victory.

The Yale supporters descended like an avalanche upon the field and carried off their team. Groups of men paraded about carrying aloft the victors. There were Captain Jim Rodgers, Charlie Chadwick, George Cadwalader, Gordon Brown, Burr Chamberlain, John Hall, Charlie de Saulles, Dudley, Benjamin, McBride, and Hazen.

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Many were the injuries in this game. It was a hard fought contest. There were interesting encounters which were known only to the players themselves. As for myself, it may best be said that I spent three weeks in the University of Pennsylvania Hospital with water on the knee. I certainly had plenty of time to think about the sadness of defeat—the ever present thought—“Wait until next year”—was in my mind. Garry Cochran used to say in his talks to the team: “We must win this year—make it two years straight against Yale. If you lose, Princeton will be a dreary old place for you. It will be a long, hard winter. The frost on the window pane will be an inch thick.” And, in the sadness of our recollections, his words came back to us and to him.

These words came back to me again in 1899.

I had looked forward all the year to our playing Cornell at Ithaca. It was just the game we wanted on our schedule to give us the test before we met Yale. We surely got a test, and Cornell men to this day will tell you of their great victory in 1899 over Princeton, 5 to 0.

There were many friends of mine in Ithaca, which was only thirty miles from my old home, and I was naturally happy over the fact that Princeton was going to play there. But the loyal supporters who had expected a Princeton victory were as disappointed as I was. Bill Robinson, manager of the Princeton team, reserved seats for about thirty of my closest boyhood friends who came over from Lisle to see the game. The Princeton cheering section was rivalled in enthusiasm by the “Lisle section.” And the disappointment of each one of my friends at the outcome of that memorable game was as keen as that of any man from Princeton.

Our team was clearly outplayed. Unfortunately we had changed our signals that week and we did not play together. But all the honors were Cornell's, her sure footed George Young in the second half made a goal from the field, fixing the score at 5 to 0.

I remember the wonderful spirit of victory that came over the Cornell team, the brilliant playing of Starbuck, the Cornell captain, and of Bill Warner, Walbridge, Young and the other men who contributed to the Cornell victory. Percy Field swarmed with Cornell students when the game ended, each one of them crazy to reach the members of their team and help to carry them victoriously off the field.

Never will I forget the humiliation of the Princeton team. Trolley cars never seemed to move as slowly as those cars that carried us that day through the streets of Ithaca. Enthusiastic, yelling undergraduates grinned at us from the sidewalks as we crawled along to the hotel. Sadness reigned supreme in our company. We were glad to get to our rooms.

Instead of leaving Ithaca at 9:30 as we had planned, we hired a special engine to take our private cars to Owego there to await the express for New York on the main line.

My only pleasant recollection of that trip was a brief call I made at the home of a girl friend of mine, who had attended the game. My arm was in a sling and sympathy was welcome.

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As our train rolled over the zig-zag road out of Ithaca, we had a source of consolation in the fact that we had evaded the send-off which the Cornell men had planned in the expectation that we were to leave on the later train.

There were no outstretched hands at Princeton for our homecoming. But every man on that Princeton team was grimly determined to learn the lesson of the Cornell defeat, to correct faults and leave nothing undone that would insure victory for Princeton in the coming game with Yale.

CHAPTER V

MY LAST GAME

Every player knows the anxious anticipation and the nerve strain connected with the last game of the football season. In my last year there were many men on the team who were to say good-bye to their playing days. Every player who reads these lines will agree with me that it was his keenest ambition to make his last game his best game.

It was in the fall of 1899. There were many of us who had played on a victorious team the year before. Princeton had never beaten Yale two years in succession. This was our opportunity. Our slogan during the entire season had been, "On to New Haven." The dominating idea in the mind of everyone was to add another victory over Yale to the one of the year before.

The Cornell game with its defeat was forgotten. We had learned our lesson. We had made a tremendous advance in two weeks. I recall so well the days before the Yale game, when we were leaving for New York en route to New Haven. We met at the Varsity field house. I will never forget how strange the boys looked in their derby hats and overcoats. It was a striking contrast to the regular everyday football costumes and campus clothes.

[Illustration: *On to new haven*

All Dressed Up and Ready to Go.]

There were hundreds of undergraduates at the station to cheer us off. As the train pulled out the familiar strains of "Old Nassau" floated after us and we realized that the next time we would see that loyal crowd would be in the cheering section on the Princeton side at New Haven.

We went directly to the Murray Hill Hotel, where Princeton had held its headquarters for years. After luncheon Walter Christie, the trainer, took us up to Central Park. We walked about for a time and finally reached the Obelisk.

Biffy Lee, the head coach, suggested that we run through our signals. All of us doffed our overcoats and hats and, there on the expansive lawn, flanked by Cleopatra's Needle and the Metropolitan Art Museum, we ran through our signals.

We then resumed our walk and returned to the hotel for dinner. The evening was spent in the hotel parlors, where the team was entertained and had opportunity for relaxation from the mental strain that was necessarily a part of the situation. A general reception took place in the corridors, players of old days came around to see the team, to revive old memories, and cheer the men of the team on to victory.

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Football writers from the daily papers mingled with the throng, and their accounts the following day reflected the optimistic spirit they encountered. The betting odds were quoted at three to one on Princeton. "Betting odds" is the way some people gauge the outcome of a football contest, but I have learned from experience, that big odds are not justified on either side in a championship game.

We were up bright and early in the morning and out for a walk before breakfast. Our team then took the ten o'clock train for New Haven. Only those who have been through the experience can appreciate the difficulty encountered in getting on board a train for New Haven on the day of a football game.

We were ushered through a side entrance, however, and were finally landed in the special cars provided for us.

On the journey there was a jolly good time. Good fellowship reigned supreme. That relieved the nervous tension. Arthur Poe and Bosey Reiter were the leading spirits in the jollification. A happier crowd never entered New Haven than the Princeton team that day. The cars pulled in on a siding near the station and everybody realized that we were at last in the town where the coveted prize was. We were after the Yale ball. "On to New Haven" had been our watchword. We were there.

Following a light lunch in our dining car we soon got our football clothes, and, in a short time, the palatial Pullman car was transformed. It assumed the appearance of the dressing room at Princeton. Football togs hung everywhere. Nose-guards, head-gears, stockings, shin-guards, jerseys, and other gridiron equipment were everywhere. Here and there the trainer or his assistants were limbering up joints that needed attention.

Two big buses waited at the car platform. The team piled into them. We were off to the field. The trip was made through a welcome of friendly salutes from Princeton men encountered on the way. Personal friends of individual players called to them from the sidewalks. Others shouted words of confidence. Old Nassau was out in overwhelming force.

No team ever received more loyal support. It keyed the players up to the highest pitch of determination. Their spirits, naturally at a high mark, rose still higher under the warmth of the welcome. Repression was a thing of the past. Every player was jubilant and did not attempt to conceal the fact.

The enthusiasm mounted as we neared the scene of the coming battle. As we entered the field the air was rent by a mighty shout of welcome from the Princeton hosts. Our hearts palpitated in response to it. There was not a man of the team that did not feel himself repaid a thousand-fold for the season's hard knocks.

But this soon gave way to sober thought of the work ahead of us. We were there for business. Falling on the ball, sprinting and limbering up, and running through a few signals, we spent the few minutes before the Yale team came through the corner of the field. The scenes of enthusiasm that had marked our arrival were repeated, the Yale stand being the center this time of the maelstrom of cheers. I shall not attempt to describe our own feelings as we got the first glimpse of our opponents in the coming fray. Who can describe the sensations of the contestants in the first moment of a championship game?

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But it was not long before the coin had been tossed, and the game was on. Not a man who has played in the line will ever forget how he tried to block his man or get down the field and tackle the man with the ball. I recall most vividly those three strapping Yale center men, Brown, Hale and Olcott, flanked by Stillman and Francis. There was Al Sharpe and McBride. Fincke was at quarter.

If there had been any one play during the season that we had had drilled into us, a play which we had hoped might win the game, it was the long end run. It was Lea's pet play.

I can recall the herculean work we had performed to perfect this play. It was time well spent. The reward came within seven minutes after the game began. The end running ability of that great player, Bosey Reiter showed. Every man was doing his part, and the play was made possible. Reiter scored a touchdown along the side of the field. I never saw a happier man than Bosey. But he was no happier than his ten team-mates. They were leaping in the air with joy. The Princeton stand arose in a solid body and sent an avalanche of cheers across the field.

What proved to be one of the most important features of the game was the well-delivered punt by Bert Wheeler, who kicked the ball out to Hutchinson. Hutch heeled it in front of the goal and Bert Wheeler boosted the ball straight over the cross bar and Princeton scored an additional point. At that moment we did not realize that this would be the decisive factor in the Princeton victory.

As the Princeton team went back to the middle of the field to take their places for the next kick-off, the Princeton side of the field was a perfect bedlam of enthusiasm. Old grads were hugging each other on the side lines, and every eye was strained for the next move in the game.

At the same time the Yale stand was cheering its side and urging the Blue players to rally. McBride, the Yale captain, was rousing his men with the Yale spirit, and they realized what was demanded of them. The effect became evident. It showed how Yale could rise to an occasion. We felt that the old bull-dog spirit of Yale was after us—as strong as ever.

How wonderfully well McBride, the Yale captain, kicked that day! What a power he was on defence! I saw him do some wonderful work. It was after one of his long punts, which, with the wind in his favor, went about seventy yards, that Princeton caught the ball on the ten-yard line.

Wheeler dropped back to kick. The Yale line men were on their toes ready to break through and block the kick. The Yale stand was cheering them on. Stillman was the first man through. It seemed as if he were off-side. Wheeler delayed his kick, expecting that an off-side penalty would be given. When he did kick, it was too late, the ball was

blocked and McBride fell on it behind the goal line, scoring a touchdown for Yale, and making the score 6 to 5 in favor of Princeton.

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Believe me, the Yale spirit was running high. The men were playing like demons. Here was a team that was considered a defeated team before the game. Here were eleven men who had risen to the occasion and who were slowly, but surely, getting the best of the argument.

Gloom hung heavy over the Princeton stand. Defeat seemed inevitable. Of eleven players who started in the game on the Princeton side, eight had been incapacitated by injuries of one kind or another. Doc Hillebrand, the ever-reliable, All-American tackle, had been compelled to leave the game with a broken collar-bone just before McBride made his touchdown.

I remember well the play in which he was injured and I have resurrected a photograph that was snapped of the game at the moment that he was lying on the ground, knocked out.

[Illustration: *Hillebrand's last charge*]

Bummie Booth, who had stood the strain of the contest wonderfully well, and had played a grand game against Hale, gave way to Horace Bannard, brother of Bill Bannard, the famous Princeton halfback of '98.

It was no wonder that Princeton was downcast when McBride scored the touchdown and the goal was about to be kicked.

Just then I saw a man in football togs come out from the side lines wearing a blue visor cap. He was to kick for the goal. It was an unusual spectacle on a football field. I rushed up to the referee, Ed Wrightington of Harvard, and called his attention to the man with the cap. I asked if that man was in the game.

"Why," he replied with a broad smile, "you ought to know him. He is the man you have been playing against all along, Gordon Brown. He only ran into the side lines to get a cap to shade his eyes."

I am frank to say that it was one on me, but the chagrin wore off when Brown missed the goal, which would have tied the final score, and robbed Princeton of the ultimate victory.

The tide of battle turned toward Yale. Al Sharpe kicked a goal from the field, from the forty-five yard line. It was a wonderful achievement. It is true that circumstances later substituted Arthur Poe for him as the hero of the game, but those who witnessed Sharpe's performance will never forget it. The laurels that he won by it were snatched from him by Poe only in the last half-minute of play. The score was changed by Sharpe's goal from 6 to 5 in our favor to 10 to 6. Yale leading.

The half was over. The score was 10 to 6 against Princeton. Every Princeton player felt that there was still a real opportunity to win out. We were all optimistic. This optimism was increased by the appeals made to the men in the dressing room by the coaches. It was not long before the team was back on the field more determined than ever to carry the Yale ball back to Princeton.

The last half of this game is everlastingly impressed upon my memory. Every man that played for Princeton, although eight of them were substitutes, played like a veteran. I shall ever treasure the memory of the loyal support that those men gave me as captain, and their response to my appeal to stand together and play not only for Princeton but for the injured men on the side-lines whose places they had taken.

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The Yale team had also heard some words of football wisdom in their dressing room. Previous encounters with Princeton had taught them that the Tiger could also rally. They came on the field prepared to fight harder than ever. McBride and Brown were exhorting their men to do their utmost.

Princeton was out-rushing Yale but not out-kicking them. Yale knew that as well as we did.

It was a Yale fumble that gave us the chance we were waiting for. Bill Roper, who had taken Lew Palmer's place at left end, had his eyes open. He fell on the ball. Through his vigilance, Princeton got the chance to score. Now was our chance.

Time was passing quickly. We all knew that something extraordinary would have to be done to win the day. It remained for Arthur Poe to crystallize this idea into action. It seemed an inspiration.

"We've got to kick," he said to me, "and I would like to try a goal from the field. We haven't got much time."

Nobody appreciated the situation more than I did. I knew we would have to take a chance and there was no one I would have selected for the job quicker than Arthur Poe. How we needed a touchdown or a goal from the field!

Poe, Pell and myself were the three members of the original team left. How the substitutes rallied with us and gave the perfect defence that made Poe's feat possible is a matter of history. As I looked around from my position to see that the defensive formation was right, I recall how small Arthur Poe looked there in the fullback position. Here was a man doing something we had never rehearsed as a team. But safe and sure the pass went from Horace Bannard and as Biffy Lea remarked after the game, "when Arthur kicked the ball, it seemed to stay up in the air about twenty minutes."

Some people have said that I turned a somersault and landed on my ear, and collapsed. Anyhow, it all came our way at the end, the ball sailed over the cross bar. The score then was 11 to 10, and the Princeton stand let out a roar of triumph that could be heard way down in New Jersey.

There were but thirty-six seconds left for play. Yale made a splendid supreme effort to score further. But it was futile.

Crowds had left the field before Poe made his great goal kick. They had accepted a Yale victory as inevitable. Some say that bets were paid on the strength of this conviction. The *Yale News*, which went to press five minutes before the game ended, got out an edition stating that Yale had won. They had to change that story.

During the seconds preceding Poe's kick for a goal I had a queer obsession. It was a serious matter to me then. I can recall it now with amusement. "Big" was a prefix not of my own selection. I had never appreciated its justification, however, until that moment.

Horace Bannard was playing center. I had my left hand clasped under the elastic in his trouser leg, ready to form a barrier against the Yale forwards. Brown, Hale and McBride tried to break through to block the kick. I thought of a million things but most of all I was afraid of a blocked kick. To be frank, I was afraid I would block it—that Poe couldn't clear me, that he would kick the ball into me.

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[Illustration: *Al Sharpe's goal*]

I crouched as low as I could, and the more I worried the larger I seemed to be and I feared greatly for what might occur behind me. It seemed as if I were swelling up. But finally, as I realized that the ball had gone over me and was on its way to the goal, I breathed a sigh of relief and said,

“Thank God, it cleared!”

How eager we were to get that ball, the hard-earned prize, which now rests in the Princeton gymnasium, a companion ball to the one of the 1898 victory. Yes, it had all been accomplished, and we were happy. New Haven looked different to us. It was many years since Princeton had sent Yale down to defeat on Yale Field.

Victory made us forget the sadness of former defeats. It was a joyous crowd that rode back to the private cars. Varsity players and substitutes shared alike in the joy, which was unrestrained. We soon had our clothes changed, and were on our way to New York for the banquet and celebration of our victory.

Arthur Poe was the lion of the hour. No finer fellow ever received more just tribute.

It would take a separate volume to describe the incidents of that trip from New Haven to New York. Before it had ended we realized if we never had realized it before how sweet was victory, and how worth while the striving that brought it to us.

Suffice it to say that that Yale football was the most popular “passenger” on the train. Over and over we played the game and a million caresses were lavished upon the trophy.

This may seem an excess of sentiment to some, but those who have played football understand me. Looking back through the retrospect of seventeen years, I realize that I did not fully understand then the meaning of those happy moments. I now appreciate that it was simply the deep satisfaction that comes from having made good—the sense of real accomplishment.

Enthusiastic Princeton men were waiting for us at the Grand Central Station. They escorted us to the Murray Hill Hotel, and the wonderful banquet that awaited us. The spirit of the occasion will be understood by football players and enthusiasts who have enjoyed similar experiences.

The members of the team just sat and listened to speeches by the alumni and coaches. It all seemed too good to be true. When the gathering broke up, the players became members of different groups, who continued their celebration in the various ways provided by the hospitality of the great city.

[Illustration: *Touching the match to victory*]

Hillebrand and I ended the night together. When we awoke in the morning, the Yale football was there between our pillows, the bandaged shoulder and collar-bone of Hillebrand nestling close to it.

Then came the home-going of the team to Princeton, and the huge bonfire that the whole university turned out to build. Some nearby wood yard was looking the next day for thirty-six cords of wood that had served as the foundation for the victorious blaze. It was learned afterward that the owner of the cord-wood had backed the team—so he had no regrets.

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The team was driven up in buses from the station. It was a proud privilege to light the bonfire. Every man on the team had to make a speech and then we had a banquet at the Princeton Inn. Later in the year the team was banqueted by the alumni organizations around the country. Every man had a peck of souvenirs—gold matches, footballs, and other things. Nothing was too good for the victors. Well, well, “To the victors belong the spoils.” That is the verdict of history.

CHAPTER VI

HEROES OF THE PAST

THE EARLY DAYS

We treasure the memory of the good men who have gone before. This is true of the world's history, a nation's history, that of a state, and of a great university. Most true is it of the memory of men of heroic mold. As schoolboys, our imaginations were fired by the records of the brilliant achievements of a Perry, a Decatur or a Paul Jones; and, as we grow older, we look back to those heroes of our boyhood days, and our hearts beat fast again as we recall their daring deeds and pay them tribute anew for the stout hearts, the splendid fighting stamina, and the unswerving integrity that made them great men in history.

In every college and university there is a hall of fame, where the heroes of the past are idolized by the younger generations. Trophies, portraits, old flags and banners hang there. Threadbare though they may be, they are rich in memories. These are, however, only the material things—“the trappings and the suits” of fame—but in the hearts of university men the memory of the heroes of the past is firmly and reverently enshrined. Their achievements are a distinguished part of the university's history—a part of our lives as university men—and we are ever ready now to burn incense in their honor, as we were in the old days to burn bonfires, in celebration of their deeds.

It is well now that we recall some of the men who have stood in the front line of football; in the making and preservation of the great game. Many of them have not lived to see the results of their service to the sport which they deemed to be manly and worth while. It is, however, because they stood there during days, often full of stress and severe criticism of the game, staunch and resistless, that football occupies its present high plane in the athletic world.

It may be that some of their names are not now associated with football. Some of them are captains of industry. They are in the forefront of public affairs. Some of them are engaged in the world's work in far-away lands. But the spirit that these men apply to

their life work is the same spirit that stirred them on the gridiron. Their football training has made them better able to fight the battle of life.

Men who gave signals, are now directing large industries. Players who carried the ball, are now carrying trade to the ends of the world. Men who bucked the line, are forging their way sturdily to the front. Men who were tackles, are still meeting their opponents with the same intrepid zeal. The men who played at end in those days, are to-day seeing that nothing gets around them in the business world. The public is the referee and umpire. It knows their achievements in the greater game of life.

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It is not my purpose to select an all-star football team from the long list of heroes past and present. It is not possible to select any one man whom we can all crown as king. We all have our football idols, our own heroes, men after whom we have patterned, who were our inspiration.

We can never line up in actual scrimmage the heroes of the past with those of more recent years. What a treat if this could be arranged!

There are many men I have idolized in football, not only for their record as players, but for the loyalty and spirit for the game which they have inspired.

Walter Camp

When I asked Walter Camp to write the introduction to this book, I told him that as he had written about football players for twenty years it was up to some one to relate some of *his* achievements as a football player. We all know Walter Camp as a successful business man and as a football genius whose strategy has meant much to Yale. His untiring efforts, his contributions to the promotion of the best interests of the game, stand as a brilliant record in the history of football. To give him his just due would require a special volume. The football world knows Walter Camp as a thoroughbred, a man who has played the game fairly, and sees to it that the game is being played fairly to-day.

We have read his books, enjoyed his football stories, and kept in touch with the game through his newspaper articles. He is the loyal, ever-present critic on the side lines and the helpful adviser in every emergency. He has helped to safeguard the good name of football and kept pace with the game until to-day he is known as the "Father of football."

Let us go back into football history where, in the recollections of others, we shall see Freshman Camp make the team, score touchdowns, kick goals and captain Yale teams to victory.

F. R. Vernon, who was a freshman at Yale when Camp was a sophomore, draws a vivid word picture of Camp in his active football days. Vernon played on the Yale team with Camp.

"Walter Camp in his football playing days," says Vernon, "was built physically on field running lines; quick on his legs and with his arms. His action was easy all over and seemed to be in thorough control from a well-balanced head, from which looked a pair of exceptionally keen, piercing, expressive brown eyes.

"Camp was always alert, and seemed to sense developments before they occurred. One of my chief recollections of Camp's play was his great confidence with the ball. In his room, on the campus, in the gym', wherever he was, if possible, he would have a

football with him. He seemed to know every inch of its surface, and it seemed almost as if the ball knew him. It would stick to his palm, like iron to a magnet.

“In one of his plays, Camp would run down the side of the field, the ball held far out with one arm, while the other arm was performing yeoman service in warding off the oncoming tacklers. Frequently he would pass the ball from one hand to the other, while still running, depending upon which arm he saw he would need for defense. Smilingly and confidently, Camp would run the gauntlet of opposing players for many consecutive gains. I do not recall one instance in which he lost the ball through these tactics.

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"It was a pretty game to play and a pretty game to look at. Would that the rules could be so worded as to make the football of Camp's time the football of to-day!"

"Walter Camp's natural ability as a football player was recognized as soon as he entered Yale in 1876. He made the 'varsity at once and played halfback. It was in the first Harvard football game at Hamilton Park that the Harvard captain, who was a huge man with a full, bushy beard, saw Walter Camp, then a stripling freshman in uniform, and remarked to the Yale Captain:

"'You don't mean to let that child play; he is too light; he will get hurt.'

"Walter made a mental note of that remark, and during the game the Harvard captain had occasion to remember it also, when in one of the plays Camp tackled him, and the two went to the ground with a heavy thud. As the Harvard captain gradually came to, he remarked to one of his team mates:

"'Well, that little fellow nearly put me out!'

"Camp's brilliant playing earned him the captaincy of the team in 1878 and 1879. He had full command of his men and was extremely popular with them, but this did not prevent his being a stickler for discipline.

"In my day on the Yale team with Camp," Vernon states, "Princeton was our dire opponent. For a week or so before a Princeton game, we all agreed to stay on the campus and to be in bed every night by eleven o'clock. Johnny Moorhead, who was one of our best runners, decided one night to go to the theatre, however, and was caught by Captain Camp, whereupon we were all summoned out of bed to Camp's room, shortly before midnight. After the roundup we learned the reason for our unexpected meeting. There was some discussion in which Camp took very little part. No one expected that Johnny would receive more than a severe reprimand and this feeling was due largely to the fact that we needed him in the game. Imagine our surprise, therefore, when Camp, who had left us for a moment, returned to the room and handed in his resignation as captain of the team. We revolted at this. Johnny, who sized up the situation, rather than have the team lose Camp, decided to quit the team himself. What occurred the next day between Camp and Johnny Moorhead we never knew, but Johnny played in the game and squared himself."

Walter Camp's name is coupled with that of Chummy Eaton in football history. "Eaton was on the left end rush line," says Vernon, "and played a great game with Camp down the side line. When one was nearly caught for a down, the other would receive the ball from him on an over-head throw and proceed with the run. Camp and Eaton would repeat this play, sending the ball back and forth down the side of the field for great gains.

“In one of the big games in the fall of 1879, Eaton had a large muscle in one of his legs torn and had to quit playing for that season.” Vernon was put in Chummy’s place. “But I couldn’t fill Chummy’s shoes,” Vernon acknowledges, “for he and Camp had practiced their beautiful side line play all the fall.

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"The next year Chummy's parents wouldn't let him play, but Chummy was game—he simply couldn't resist—it was a case of Love Before Duty with him. He played on the Yale team the next fall, however, but not as Eaton, and every one who followed football was wondering who that star player 'Adams' was and where he came from. But those on the inside knew it was Chummy.

"Frederic Remington," says Vernon, "was a member of our team. We were close friends and spent many Sunday afternoons on long walks. I can see him now with his India ink pencil sketching as we went along, and I must laugh now at the nerve I had to joke him about his efforts.

"Remy was a good football player and one of the best boxers in college. Dear Old Remy is gone, but he left his mark."

Other men, equally prominent old Yale men tell me, who were on the team that year were Hull, Jack Harding, Ben Lamb, Bob Watson, Pete Peters and many others.

Walter Camp, as Yale gridiron stories go, was not only captain of his team, but in reality also its coach. Perhaps he can be called the pioneer coach of Yale football. It is most interesting to listen to old time Yale players relate incidents of the days when they played under Walter Camp as their captain: how they came to his room by invitation at night, sat on the floor with their backs to the wall, with nothing in the center of the room but a regulation football. There they got together, talked things over, made suggestions and comparisons. And it is said of Camp that he would do more listening by far than talking. This was characteristic, for although he knew so much of the game he was willing to get every point of view and profit by every suggestion.

In 1880 Camp relinquished the captaincy to R. W. Watson. Yale again defeated Harvard, Camp kicking a goal from placement. Following this R. W. Watson ran through the entire Harvard team for a touchdown.

Harvard men were greatly pained when Walter Camp played again in 1881. He should have graduated in 1880. This game was also won by Yale, thus making the fourth victorious Yale team that Camp played on. This record has never been equalled. Camp played six years at Yale.

John Harding was another of the famous old Yale stars who played on Walter Camp's team.

"It is now more than thirty-five years since my days on the football gridiron," writes Harding. "What little elementary training I got in football, I attribute to the old game of 'theory,' which for two years on spring and summer evenings, after supper, we used to play at St. Paul's School in Concord, N. H., on the athletic grounds near the Middle School. One fellow would be 'it' as we dashed from one side of the grounds to the other

and when one was trapped he joined the 'its,' until everybody was caught. I learned there how to dodge, as well as the rudiments of the necessary football accomplishment of how to fall down without

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getting hurt. As a result of this experience, with my chum, W. A. Peters, when we got down to Yale in the fall of '76, we offered ourselves as willing victims for the University football team, and with the result that we both 'made' the freshman team, and had our first experience in a match game of football against the Harvard freshman at Boston. I don't remember who won that contest, but I do remember the University eleven, under Eugene Baker's careful training, beating Harvard that fall at New Haven and my football enthusiasm being fired up to a desire to make the team, if it were possible.

"Of course, Walter Camp has for many years, and deservedly so, been regarded as the father of football at Yale, but in my day, and at least until Baker left college, he was only an ordinary mortal and a good halfback. Baker was the unquestioned star and I cannot disabuse my mind that he was the original football man of Yale, and at least entitled to the title of 'grandfather' of the game there and it was from him that my tuition mainly came.

"My impression is that Baker was always for the open running and passing game and that mass playing and flying wedges and the various refinements of the game that depended largely on 'beef' were of a later day.

"For four years I played in the rush line with Walter Camp as a halfback, and for two years, at least, with Hull and Ben Lamb on either side of me, all of us somehow understanding each other's game and all being ready and willing to help each other out. Whatever ability and dexterity I may have developed seemed to show itself at its best when playing with them and to prove that good team work and 'knowing your man' wins.

"I got to know Walter Camp's methods and ways of playing, so that, somehow or other, I could judge pretty well where the ball was going to drop when he kicked and could navigate myself about so that I was, more often than any one else on our side, near the ball when it dropped to the ground, and, if perchance, it happened to be muffed by an opposing player, which put me 'on side,' the chances of a touchdown, if I got the ball, were excellent, and Hull and Lamb were somehow on hand to back me up and were ready to follow me in any direction.

"During my last two years of football the 'rushers' were unanimously of the opinion that the kicking, dodging and passing open game was the game we should strive for and that it was the duty of the halfback and backs to end their runs with a good long punt, wherever possible, and give us a chance to get under the ball when it came down, while the rest of the team behind the line were in favor of a running mass play game, particularly in wet and slippery weather.

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"I remember once in my senior year our divergence of views on this question, about three weeks before the final game, nearly split our team, and that as a result I nearly received the doubtful honor of becoming the captain of a defeated Yale team. Camp, fearful of wet weather and possible snow at the Thanksgiving game, and with Channing, Eaton and Fred Remington as the heavy Yale ends and everybody 'big' in the rush line excepting myself, was trying to develop us with as little kicking as possible, and was sensitive because of the protests from the rush line that there was no kicking. We were all summoned one evening to his room in Durfee; the situation explained, together with his unwillingness to assume the responsibility of captain unless his ideas were followed; his fear of defeat, if they were not followed, his willingness to continue on the team as a halfback and to do his best and his resignation as captain with the suggestion of my taking the responsibility of the position. Things looked blue for Yale when Walter walked out of the door, but after some ten minutes' discussion we decided that the open game was the better, despite Camp's opinion to the contrary, but that we could not play the open game without Camp as captain. Some one was sent out to bring Walter back; matters were smoothed out; we played the open game and never lost a touchdown during the season. But during the four years I was on the Yale varsity we never lost but one touchdown, from which a goal was kicked and there were no goals kicked from the field. This goal was lost to Princeton, and I think was in the fall of '78, the year that Princeton won the championship. The two men that were more than anybody else responsible for the record were Eugene Baker and Walter Camp, but behind it all was the old Yale spirit, which seems to show itself better on the football field than in any other branch of athletics."

Theodore M. McNair

On December 19th, 1915, there appeared in the newspapers a notice of the death of an old Princeton athlete, in Japan—Theodore M. McNair—who, while unknown to the younger football enthusiasts, was considered a famous player in his day. To those who saw him play the news brought back many thrills of his adventures upon the football field. The following is what an old fellow player has to say about his team mate:

"Princeton has lost one of her most remarkable old time athletes in the death of Theodore M. McNair of the class of 1879.

"McNair was a classmate of Woodrow Wilson. After his graduation he became a Presbyterian missionary, a professor in a Tokio college and the head of the Committee that introduced the Christian hymnal into Japan.

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“To old Princeton graduates, however, McNair is known best as a great football player who was halfback on the varsity three years and was regarded as a phenomenal dodger, runner and kicker. In the three years of his varsity experience McNair went down to defeat only once, the first game in which he appeared as a regular player. The contest was with Harvard and was played between seasons—April 28th, 1877—at Cambridge. Harvard won the game by 2 touchdowns to 1 for the Tigers. McNair made the touchdown for his team. This match is interesting in that it marked the first appearance of the canvas jacket on the football field. Smock, one of the Princeton halfbacks, designed such a jacket for himself and thereafter for many seasons football players of the leading Eastern colleges adopted the garment because it made tackling more difficult under the conditions of those days. McNair was of large frame and fleet of foot. He was especially clever in handling and passing the ball, which in those days was more of an art than at present. It was not unusual for the ball to be passed from player to player after a scrimmage until a touchdown or a field goal was made.

“Walter Camp was one of McNair’s Yale adversaries. They had many punting duels in the big games at St. George’s Cricket Grounds, Hoboken, but Camp never had the satisfaction of sending McNair off the field with a beaten team.”

Alexander Moffat

Every football enthusiast who saw Alex Moffat play had the highest respect for his ability in the game. Alex Moffat was typically Princetonian. His interest in the game was great, and he was always ready to give as much time as was needed to the coaching of the Princeton teams. His hard, efficient work developed remarkable kickers. He loved the game and was a cheerful, encouraging and sympathetic coach. From a man of his day I have learned something about his playing, and together we can read of this great all-round athlete.

Alex Moffat was so small when he was a boy that he was called “Teeny-bits.” He was still small in bone and bulk when he entered Princeton. Alex had always been active in sport as a boy. Small as he was, he played a good game of baseball and tennis and he distinguished himself by his kicking in football before he was twelve years of age. The game was then called Association Football, and kicking formed a large part of it. At an early age, he became proficient in kicking with right or left foot. When he was fifteen he created a sensation over at the Old Seminary by kicking the black rubber Association football clear over Brown Hall. That was kick enough for a boy of fifteen with an old black, rubber football. If anybody doubts it, let him try to do the trick.

[Illustration:

Wanamaker Belknap Finney Travers Harlan
Kennedy Lamar Bird Kimball De Camp
Baker Alex Moffat Harris

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Alex Moffat and his team]

The Varsity team of Princeton in the fall of '79 was captained by Bland Ballard of the class of '80. He had a bunch of giants back of him. There were fifteen on the team in those days, and among them were such men as Devereaux, Brotherlin, Bryan, Irv. Withington, and the mighty McNair. The scrub team player at that time was pretty nearly any chap that was willing to take his life in his hands by going down to the field and letting those ruthless giants step on his face and generally muss up his physical architecture.

When Alex announced one day that he was going to take a chance on the scrub team, his friends were inclined to say tenderly and regretfully, "Good night, sweet prince." But Alex knew he was there with the kick, whether it came on the left or right, and he made up his mind to have a go with the canvas-backed Titans of the Varsity team. One fond friend watching Alex go out on the field drew a sort of consolation from the observation that "perhaps Alex was so small the Varsity men wouldn't notice him." But Alex soon showed them that he was there. He got in a punt that made Bland Ballard gasp. The big captain looked first at the ball, way up in the air, then looked at Alex and he seemed to say as the Scotsman said when he compared the small hen and the huge egg, "I hae me doots. It canna be."

After that the Varsity men took notice of Alex. When the ball was passed back to him next the regulars got through the scrub line so fast that Alex had to try for a run. Bland Ballard caught him up in his arms, and finding him so light and small, spared himself the trouble of throwing him down. Ballard simply sank down on the ground with Alex in his arms and began rolling over and over with him towards the scrub goal. Alex cried "Down! Down!" in a shrill, treble voice that brought an exclamation from the side line. "It's a shame to do it. Bland Ballard is robbing the cradle."

Such was Alex Moffat in the fall of '79, still something of the "Teeny-bits" that he was in early boyhood. In two years Alex's name was on the lips of every gridiron man in the country, and in his senior year, as captain, he performed an exploit in goal kicking that has never been equalled.

In the game with Harvard in the fall of '83, he kicked five goals, four being drop kicks and one from a touchdown. His drop kicks were all of them long and two of them were made with the left foot. Alex grew in stature and in stamina and when he was captain he was regarded as one of the most brilliant fullbacks that the game had ever known. He never was a heavy man, but he was swift and slippery in running, a deadly tackler, and a kicker that had not his equal in his time.

Alex remained prominent in football activity until his death in 1914. He served in many capacities, as member of committees, as coach, as referee and as umpire. He was a man of happy and sunny nature who made many friends. He loved life and made life

joyous for those who were with him. He was idolized at Princeton and his memory is treasured there now.

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Wyllys Terry

One of the greatest halfbacks that ever played for Yale is Wyllys Terry, and it is most interesting to hear this player of many years ago tell of some of his experiences. Terry says:

"It has been asked of me who were the great players of my time. I can only say, judging from their work, that they were all great, but if I were compelled to particularize, I should mention the names of Tompkins, Peters, Hull, Beck, Twombly, Richards; in fact, I would have to mention each team year by year. To them I attribute the success of Yale's football in my time, and for many years after that to the unfailing zeal and devotion of Walter Camp.

"There were no trainers, coaches, or rubbers at that time. The period of practice was almost continuous for forty-five minutes. It was the idea in those days that by practice of this kind, staying power and ability would be brought out. The principal points that were impressed upon the players were for the rushers to tackle low and follow their man.

"This was to them practically a golden text. The fact that a man was injured, unless it was a broken bone, or the customary badly sprained ankle, did not relieve a man from playing every day.

"It was the spirit, though possibly a crude one, that only those men were wanted on the team who could go through the battering of the game from start to finish.

"The discipline of the team was rigorous; men were forced to do as they were told. If a man did not think he was in any condition to play he reported to the captain. These reports were very infrequent though, for I know in my own case, the first time I reported, I was so lame I could hardly put one foot before the other, but was told to take a football and run around the track, which was a half mile long and encircled the football field. On my return I was told to get back in my position and play. As a result, there were very few players who reported injuries to the captain.

"This, when you figure the manner in which teams are coached to-day, may appear brutal and a waste of good material, but as a matter of fact, it was not. It made the teams what they were in those days—strong, hard and fast.

"As to actual results under this policy, I can only say that, during my period in college, we never lost a game.

"Training to-day is quite different. I think more men are injured nowadays than in my time under our severe training. I think further that this softer training is carried to an extreme, and that the football player of to-day has too much attention paid to his injury,

and what he has to say, and the trainer, doctors and attendants are mostly responsible for having the players incapacitated by their attention.

“The spirit of Yale in my day, a spirit which was inculcated in our minds in playing games, was never to let a member of the opposing team think he could beat you. If you experienced a shock or were injured and it was still possible to get back to your position either in the line or backfield—get there at once. If you felt that your injury was so severe that you could not get back, report to your captain immediately and abide by his decision, which was either to leave the field or go to your position.

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"It may be said by some of the players to-day that the punts in those days were more easily caught than those of to-day. There is nothing to a remark like that. The spiral kick was developed in the fall of '82, and I know that both Richards and myself knew the fellow who developed it. From my experience in the Princeton game I can testify that Alex Moffat was a past master at it.

"One rather amusing thing I remember hearing years ago while standing with an old football player watching a Princeton game. The ball was thrown forward by the quarterback, which was a foul. The halfback, who was playing well out, dashed in and caught the ball on the run, evaded the opposing end, pushed the half back aside and ran half the length of the field, scoring a touchdown. The applause was tremendous. But the Umpire, who had seen the foul, called the ball back. A fair spectator who was standing in front of me, asked my friend why the ball was called back. My friend remarked: 'The Princeton player has just received an encore, that's all.'

"While the game was hard and rough in the early days, yet I consider that the discipline and the training which the men went through were of great assistance to them, physically, morally and intellectually, in after years. Some of the pleasantest friendships that I hold to-day were made in connection with my football days, among the graduates of my own and other colleges.

"When fond parents ask the advisability of letting their sons play football, I always tell them of an incident at the Penn-Harvard game at Philadelphia, one year, which I witnessed from the top of a coach. A young girl was asked the question:

"'If you were a mother and had a son, would you allow him to play football?'

"The young lady thought for a moment and then answered in this spirited, if somewhat devious, fashion:

"'If I were a son and had a mother, *you bet I'd play!*'"

Memories of John C. Bell

In my association with football, among the many friendships I formed, I prize none more highly than that of John C. Bell, whose activity in Pennsylvania football has been kept alive long since his playing day. Let us go back and talk the game over with him.

"I played football in my prep. school days," he says, "and on the 'Varsity teams of the University of Pennsylvania in the years '82-'83-'84. After graduation, following a sort of nominating mass meeting of the students, I was elected to the football committee of the University, about 1886, and served as chairman of that committee until 1901; retiring that season when George Woodruff, after a term of ten years, terminated his relationship as coach of our team.

“I also served, as you know, as a representative of the University on the Football Rules Committee from about 1886 until the time I was appointed Attorney General in 1911.

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“More pleasant associations and relationships I have never had than those with my fellow-members of that Committee in the late '80's and the '90's, including Camp of Yale; Billy Brooks, Bert Waters, Bob Wrenn and Percy Haughton of Harvard; Paul Dashiell of Annapolis; Tracy Harris, Alex Moffat and John Fine of Princeton; and Professor Dennis of Cornell. Later the Committee, as you know, was enlarged by the admission of representatives from the West; and among them were Alonzo Stagg, of Chicago University, and Harry Williams of Minnesota. Finer fellows I have never known; they were one and all Nature's noblemen.

“Some of them, alas! like Alex Moffat, have gone to the Great Beyond. Representing rival universities, between whose student bodies and some of whose alumni, partisan feeling ran high in the '90's, nothing, however, save good fellowship and good cheer ever existed between Alex and me.

“I am genuinely glad that I played the game with my team-mates; witnessed for many years nearly all the big games of the eastern colleges; mingled season after season with the players and the enthusiastic alumni of the competing universities in attendance at the annual matches; sat and deliberated each recurring year, as I have said, with those fine fellows who made and amended the rules, and in this way helped to develop the game, the manliest of all our sports; and that I have thus breathed, recreated and been invigorated in a football atmosphere every autumn for more than a third of a century. Growing older every year, one still remains young—as young in heart and spirit as when he donned the moleskins, and caught and kicked and carried the ball himself. And all these football experiences make one a happier, stronger and more loyal man.

“I remember in my prep. school days playing upon a team made up largely of high school boys. One game stands out in my recollection. It was against the Freshmen team of the University of Pennsylvania, captained by Johnny Thayer who went down with the *Titanic*.

“Arriving after the game had started, I came out to the side-lines and called to the captain asking whether I was to play. He glowered at me and made no answer. A few minutes later our 'second captain' called to me to come into the game, saying that Smith was only to play until I arrived. Quick as a flash I stepped into the field of play, and almost instantly Thayer kicked the ball over the rush line and it came bounding down right into my arm. Off I went like a flash through the line, past the backs and fullbacks, only to be over-taken within a few yards of the goal. The teams lined up, and thereupon Thayer, with his eagle eye looking us over, called out to our captain 'how many fellows are you playing anyway?' Instantly our captain ordered Smith off the field saying 'you were only to play until Bell came,' and poor Smith left without any audible murmur. This is what might be called one of the accidents of the game.

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“Perhaps the most memorable game in which I played was against Harvard in 1884 when Pennsylvania won upon Forbes Field by the score of 4 to 0. It was our first victory over the Crimson, not to be repeated again until the memorable game of 1894, which triumph was again repeated, after still another decade, in our great victory of 1904. This last victory came after five years of continuing defeats, and I remember that we were all jubilant when we heard the news from Cambridge. I recall that Dr. J. William White, C. S. Packard and I were playing golf at the Country Club and when some one brought out the score to us we dropped our clubs, clasped hands and executed an Indian dance, shouting “Rah! rah! rah! Pennsylvania!” Why, old staid philosopher, should the leading surgeon of the city, the president of its oldest and largest trust company, and the district attorney of Philadelphia, thus jump for joy and become boys once more?

“Recurring to the game of 1884 I can hear the cheers of the University still ringing in my ears when we returned from Harvard. A few weeks later our team went up to Princeton to see the Harvard-Princeton match and I recall, as though it were yesterday, Alex Moffat kicking five goals against Appleton’s team, three of them with the right and two with the left foot. No other player I ever knew or heard of was so ambipedextrous (if I may use the word) as Alex Moffat. I remember walking in from the field with Harvard’s captain, and he said to me ‘Moffat is a phenomenon.’ Truly he was.”

CHAPTER VII

HEROES OF THE PAST—GEORGE WOODRUFF’S STORY

Enthusiastic George Woodruff tells of his football experiences in the following words:

“I went to Yale a green farmer boy who had never heard of the college game of football until I arrived at New Haven to take my examinations in the fall of ’85. Incidentally I made the team permanently the second day I was on the field, having scored against the varsity from the middle of the field in three successive runs; whereas the varsity was not able to score against the scrub. I was used perhaps more times than any other man in running with the ball up to a very severe injury to my knee in the fall of ’87, just a week and a day before the Princeton game, from which time, until I left college (although I played in all of the championship games) I was not able to run with the ball, actually being on the field only two days after my injury in ’87 until the end of the ’88 season, outside of the days on which I played the games. I tried not to play in the fall of ’88 because of the condition of my knee and because I was Captain of the Crew, but Pa Corbin insisted that I must play in the championship games or he would not row: and of course I acceded to his wishes thereby secretly gratifying my own.

“And now about the men with whom I played: Kid Wallace played end the entire four years. Wallace was a great amusement and comfort to his fellow-players on account of

his general desire to put on the appearance of a 'tough' of the worst description; whereas he was at heart a very fine and gallant gentleman.

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“Pudge Heffelfinger played the other guard from me in my last year and when he first appeared on the Yale field he was a ridiculous example of a raw-boned Westerner, being 6 feet 4 inches tall and weighing only about 178 pounds. During the season, however, the exercise and good food at the training table caused Heffelfinger to gain 25 pounds of solid bone, sinew and muscle. The green days of his first year in 1888 were remembered against him in an affectionate way by the use of Yale for several years of ‘Pa’ Corbin’s oft reiterated expression brought forth by Pudge’s greenness, which would cause ‘Pa’ to exclaim: ‘Darn you, Heffelfinger!’ with great emphasis on the ‘Darn.’

“Billy Graves played on the team during most of these years, he being the most graceful football runner I have ever seen, unless it were Stevenson of Pennsylvania.

“Lee McClung was a harder worker in his running than most of the men named above, but tremendously effective. He is accredited with being the first man who intentionally started as though to make an end run and then turned diagonally back through the line, in order to open up the field through which he then ran with incredible speed and determination. This was one of the first premeditated plays of a trick nature which ultimately led to my invention of the delayed pass which works upon the same principle only with incalculably greater ease and effect.

“The game with Princeton in the Fall of 1885 clings to my memory beyond any other game I ever played in, because it was the first real championship game of my career, and I had not as yet fully developed into an actual player. The loss of this game to Princeton in the last six minutes of playing because of the Lamar run—Yale had Princeton 5 to 0—has been a nightmare to most of the Yale players ever since. I attribute the fact that Yale only had five points to two hard-luck facts.

“Through my own intensity at the beginning of the game I over-ran Harry Beecher on my first signal, causing the signal giver to think that I was rattled so that, although I afterward ran with the ball some 25 or 30 times with consistent gains of from 2 to 5 yards under the almost impossible conditions known as the ‘punt rush,’ the signal for my regular play was not given again in spite of the fact that my ground gaining had been one of the steadiest features of the Yale play throughout the year, and because Watkinson was allowed to try five times in succession for goals from the field, close up, only one of which he made; whereas Billy Bull could probably have made at least three out of the five; but of course Bull’s ability was not so well-known then. The direct cause of the Lamar run was due to the fact that all the fast runners and good tacklers of the Yale line were down the field under a kick, so close to Toler, the other halfback from Lamar, that when Toler muffed the ball so egregiously that it bounded over our heads some 15 yards, Lamar who had not come

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across the field to back Toler up, had been able to get the ball on the bound and on the dead run, thus having in front of him all the Princeton team except Toler; whereas the Yale team was depleted by the fact that Wallace, Corwin, Gill (who had come on as a substitute) myself and even Harry Beecher from quarterback, had run down the field to within a few yards of Toler before he muffed the ball. We all turned and watched Lamar run, being so petrified that not one of us took a step, and, although the scene is photographed on my memory, I cannot see one of all the Yale players making a tackle at Lamar. Hodge, the Princeton quarterback, kicked the goal, thus making the score 6 to 5 and winning the game. The outburst from the Princeton contingent at the end of the game was one of the most heartfelt and spontaneous I have ever heard or seen. I understand that practically all of Lamar's uniform was torn into pieces and handed out to the various Princeton girls and their escorts who had come to New Haven to see the game.

"The Yale-Princeton game in the fall of 1886 was a remarkable as well as a disagreeable one. We played at Princeton when the field at that time combined the elements of stickiness and slipperiness to an unbelievable extent. It rained heavily throughout the game and the proverbial 'hog on ice' could not have slipped and slathered around worse than all the players on both sides. There was a long controversy about who should act as referee (in those days we had only one official) and after a delay of about an hour from the time the game should have begun, Harris, a Princeton man, was allowed to do the officiating. Bob Corwin, who was end-rush, only second to Wallace in his ability, was captain of the team.

"Yale made one touchdown which seemed to be perfectly fair but which was disallowed; and later, in the second half, Watkinson for Yale kicked the ball so that it rolled across the goal line, whereupon a crowd, which was standing around the ropes (in those days there was practically no grandstand) crowded onto the field where Savage, the Princeton fullback had fallen on the ball. The general report is that Kid Wallace held Savage while Corwin pulled the slippery ball away from him, and that when Harris, the referee, was able to dig his way through the crowd he found Corwin on the ball, and in view of the great fuss that had been made about his previous decision, was not able to credit Savage's statement that he (Savage) had said 'down' long before the Yale ends had been able to pull the ball away from him. The result was that the touchdown was allowed. Thereupon the crowd all came onto the field and we were not able to clear it for some 10 or 15 minutes, so that there was not time enough to finish the full 45 minutes of the second-half of the game before dark. This led to some bitter discussion between Yale and Princeton as to whether the game had been played. This discussion was settled by the intercollegiate committee in declaring that Yale had won the game, 4 to 0, but that no championship should be awarded. It is interesting to note, however, that all the gold footballs worn by the Yale players of this game are marked 'Champions, 1886.'

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"A word about the Princeton men who were playing during my four years at college.

"Irvine was a fine steady player and his success at Mercersburg is in keeping with the promise shown in his football days.

"Hector Cowan played against me three years at guard and he fully deserved the great reputation he had at that time in every particular of the game, including running with the ball.

"George was one of the very best center rushes I have ever seen and probably would have made a great player elsewhere along the line if he had been relieved from the obscuring effect of playing center at the time a center had no particular opportunity to show his ability.

"Snake Ames for some reason was never able to do anything against the Yale team during the time I was playing, but his work in some later games that I saw and in which I officiated, convinced me that he was worthy of his nickname, because there are only a few men who are able to wind their way through an entire field of opponents with as much celerity and effect as Ames would display time after time.

"In the fall of '86 Yale beat Harvard 29 to 4, with great ease, and if it had not been for injuries to Yale players, could probably have made it 50 or 60 to 0. Most of the Yale players came out of the game with very disgraceful marks of the roughness of the Harvard men. I had a badly broken nose from an intentional blow. George Carter had a cut requiring eight stitches above his eye. The tackle next to me had a face which was pounded black and blue all over. To the credit of the Harvard men I will say that they came to the box at the theater that night occupied by the Yale team and apologized for what they had done, stating that they had been coached to play in that way and that they would never again allow anybody to coach who would try to have the Harvard players use intentionally unfair roughness.

"When I entered Pennsylvania I found a more or less happy-go-lucky brilliant man, Arthur Knipe, who was not considered fully worthy of being on even the Pennsylvania teams of those days, namely: teams that were being beaten 60 or 70 to 0 by Yale, Harvard and Princeton. I succeeded in arousing the interest of Knipe, and although in my mind he never, during his active membership of the Pennsylvania team, came up to 75 per cent. of his true playing value, he was, even so, undoubtedly the peer of any man that ever played football. Knipe was brilliant but careless, and was at once the joy and despair of any coach who took an interest in his men. He captained the 1894 Pennsylvania team with which I sprung the 'guards back' and 'short end defense.'

"Jack Minds I remember seeing, in 1893, standing around on the field as a member of the second or third scrub teams. I suppose he would not have been invited to preliminary training except for his own courage and pertinacity which caused him to

demand to be taken. With no thought that he could possibly make the team I gradually found myself using him in 1894, until he was a fixture at tackle, although he dodged the scales throughout the entire fall in order that I might not know that he only weighed 162 pounds.

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[Illustration:

Wharton Bull Woodruff
Rosengarten Osgood Brooke Knipe Gelbert
Minds Williams Wagonhurst

Old Penn heroes]

"I will not enlarge upon the ability of men like George Brooke, Wylie Woodruff, Buck Wharton, Joe McCracken, John Outland and others, but anybody speaking of Pennsylvania players during the late '90's cannot pass by Truxton Hare, who stands forth as a Chevalier Bayard among the ranks of college football players. Hare entered Pennsylvania in '97 from St. Paul without any thought that he was likely to be even a mediocre player. He weighed only about 178 pounds at the time and was immature. Although his wonderfully symmetrical build, in which he looked like a magnified Billy Graves, kept him from looking as large as Heffelfinger at his greatest development at Yale, Hare was certainly ten pounds heavier in fine condition than Heffelfinger was before the latter left Yale."

CHAPTER VIII

ANECDOTES AND RECOLLECTIONS

In the latter eighties the signal from the quarterback to the center for putting the ball in play was a pressure of the fingers and thumb on the hips of the center. In the '89 championship game between Yale and Princeton, Yale had been steadily advancing the ball and it looked as if they had started out for a march up the field for a touchdown. In those days signals were not rattled off with the speed that they are given now, and the quarterback often took some time to consider his next play, during which time he might stand in any position back of the line.

Playing right guard on the Princeton team was J. R. Thomas, more familiarly known as Long Tommy. He was six feet six or seven inches tall and built more longitudinally than otherwise. It occurred to Janeway, who was playing left guard, that Long Tommy's great length and reach might be used to great advantage when occasion offered.

He, therefore, took occasion to say to Thomas during a lull in the game, "If you get a chance, reach over when Wurtenburg—the Yale quarter—isn't looking, and pinch the Yale center so that he will put the ball in play when the backs are not expecting it." The Yale center, by the way, was Bert Hanson. Yale continued to advance the ball on two or three successive plays and finally had a third down with two yards to gain. At this critical moment the looked-for opportunity arrived. Wurtenburg called a consultation of the other backs to decide on the next play. While the consultation was going on Long

Tommy reached over and gently nipped Hanson where he was expecting the signal. Hanson immediately put the ball in play and as a result Janeway broke through and fell on the ball for a ten yards gain and first down for Princeton.

To say that the Yale team were frantic with surprise and rage would be putting it mildly. Poor Hanson came in for some pretty rough flagging. He swore by all that was good and holy that he had received the signal to put the ball in play, which was true. But Wurtenburg insisted that he had not given the signal. There was no time for wrangling at that moment as the referee ordered the game to proceed.

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Yale did not learn how that ball came to be put in play until some time after the game, which was the last of the season, when Long Tommy happening to meet up with Hanson and several other Yale players in a New York restaurant, told with great glee how he gave the signal that stopped Yale's triumphant advance.

* * * * *

Numerals and combinations of numbers were not used as signals until 1889. Prior to that, phrases, catch-words and gestures were the only modes of indicating the plays to be used. For instance, the signal for Hector Cowan of Princeton to run with the ball was an entreaty by the captain, who in those days usually gave the signals, addressed to the team, to gain an uneven number of yards. Therefore the expression, "Let's gain three, five or seven yards," would indicate to the team that Cowan was to take the ball, and an effort was made to open up the line for him at the point at which he usually bucked it.

Irvine, the other tackle, ran with the ball when an even number of yards was called for.

For a kick the signal was any phrase which asked a question, as for instance, "How many yards to gain?"

One of the signals used by Corbin, captain of Yale, to indicate a certain play, was the removal of his cap. They wore caps in those days. A variation of this play was indicated if in addition to removing his cap he expectorated emphatically.

Hodge, the Princeton quarterback, noticing the cap signals, determined that he would handicap the captain's strategy by stealing his cap. He called the team back and very earnestly impressed upon them the advantage that would accrue if any of them could surreptitiously get possession of Captain Corbin's head-covering. Corbin, however, kept such good watch on his property that no one was able to purloin it.

Sport Donnelly, who played left end on Princeton's '89 team, was perhaps one of the roughest players that ever went into a game, and at the same time one of the best ends that ever went down the field under a kick.

Donnelly was one of the few men that could play his game up to the top notch and at the same time keep his opponent harassed to the point of frenzy by a continual line of conversation in a sarcastic vein which invariably got the opposing player rattled.

He would say or do something to the man opposite him which would goad that individual to fury and then when retaliation was about to come in the shape of a blow, he would yell "Mr. Umpire," and in many instances the player would be ruled off the field.

Donnelly's line of conversation in a Yale game, addressed to Billy Rhodes who played opposite him, would be somewhat as follows:

“Ah, Mr. Rhodes, I see Mr. Gill is about to run with the ball.”

Just then Gill would come tearing around from his position at tackle and Donnelly would remark:

“Well, excuse me, Mr. Rhodes, for a moment, I’ve got to tackle Mr. Gill.”

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He would then sidestep in such a manner as to elude Rhodes's manoeuvres to prevent him breaking through, and stop Gill for a loss.

Hector Cowan, who was captain of the Princeton '88 team was another rough player. In those days the men in the heat of playing would indulge in exclamations hardly fit for a drawing room. In fact most of the time the words used would have been more in place among a lot of pirates.

Cowan was no exception to the rule so far as giving vent to his feelings was concerned, but he invariably used one phrase to do so. He was a fellow of sterling character and was studying for the ministry. Not even the excitement of the moment could make him forget himself to the extent of the other players, and where their language would have to be represented in print by a lot of dashes, Cowan's could be printed in the blackest face type without offending anyone.

It was amusing to see this big fellow, worked up to the point of explosion, wave his arms and exclaim:

"Oh, sugar!"

It would bring a roar of mock protest from the other players, and threats to report him for his rough talk. While the men made joke of Hector's talk they had a thorough respect for his sterling principles.

VICTORIOUS DAYS AT YALE

During the early days of football Yale's record was an enviable one. The schedules included, Yale, Harvard, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Rutgers, Columbia, Stevens Institute of Technology, Dartmouth, Amherst, and University of Michigan.

It is interesting to note that since the formation of the Football Association, in 1879 to 1889, Yale had been awarded the championship flag five times, Princeton one, Harvard none. Yale had won 95 out of 98 games, having lost three to Princeton, one to Harvard and one to Columbia. Since 1878 Yale had lost but one game and that by one point. This was the Tilly Lamar game, which Princeton won. In points Yale had scored, since points began to be counted, 3001 to her opponents' 56; in goals 530 to 19 and in touchdowns 219 to 9, which is truly a unique record.

It was during this period that Pa Corbin, a country boy, entered Yale and in his senior year became captain of the famous '88 team. This brilliant eleven had a wonderfully successful season and Yale men now began to take stock and really appreciate the remarkable record that was hers upon the field of football.

In commemoration of these victories, Yale men gathered from far and near, crowding Delmonico's banquet hall to the limit to pay tribute to Yale athletic successes.

"And it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout ... they took the city."

In a room beautifully decorated with Yale banners and trophies four hundred Elis sat down to enjoy the Bulldog Feast, and there honored and cheered to the echo the great football traditions of Yale and the men who made her famous by so vast a margin.

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Chauncey M. Depew in his address that evening stated that for the only time in one hundred and eighty-eight years the alumni of Yale met solely to celebrate her athletic triumphs.

Pa Corbin, captain of the victorious '88 football team, responded, as follows:

"Again we have met the enemy and he is ours. In fact we have been successful so many times there is something of a sameness about it. It is a good deal like what the old man said about leading a good life. It is monotonous, but satisfactory. There are perhaps a few special reasons why we won the championship this year, but the general principles are the same, which have always made us win. First, by following out certain traditions, which are handed down to us year by year from former team captains and coaches; the necessity of advancing each year beyond the point attained the year before; the mastering of the play of our opponents and planning our game to meet it. Second, by the hard, conscientious work, such as only a Yale team knows how to do. Third, by going on to the field with that high courage and determination which has always been characteristic of the Yale eleven, something like the spirit of the ancient Greeks who went into battle with the decision to return with their shields or on them. Sometimes they have been animated with the spirit which knows no defeat, like the little drummer boy, who was ordered by Napoleon in a crisis in the battle to beat a retreat. The boy did not move. 'Boy, beat a retreat.' He did not stir, but at a third command, he straightened up and said: 'Sire, I know not how, but I can beat a charge that will wake the dead.' He did so and the troops moved forward and were victorious. It is this same spirit which in many cases has seemed to animate our men.

[Illustration:

Rhodes Woodruff Heffelfinger Gill Wallace
Stagg McClung Captain Corbin Bull
Wurtenberg Graves

Pa Corbin's team]

"But our victory is due in a great measure this year to a man who knows more about football than any man in this country, who gave much of his valuable time in continually advising and in actual coaching on the field. I refer to Walter Camp, and as long as his spirit hovers over the Yale campus and our traditions for football playing are religiously followed out there is no reason why Yale should not remain, as she always has been, at the head of American football."

Those were Corbin's recollections the year of that great victory. Time has not dimmed them, nor has his memory faded. Rather the opposite. From what follows you will note that a woman now enters the camp of the Eli coaching staff, mention of whom was not made in Corbin's speech of '88.

Pa Corbin prides himself in the fact that twenty-five years afterward he brought his old team mates together and gave them a dinner. The menu card tells of the traditional coaching system of Corbin's great team of '88 and beneath the picture of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Camp appears in headlines:

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"Head coaches of the Yale football team of 1888"

"The head-coaches of the Yale team," says Corbin, "were really Mr. and Mrs. Walter Camp. They had been married in the summer of 1888 and were staying with relatives in New Haven. Mr. Camp had just begun his connection with a New Haven concern which occupied most of his time. Mrs. Camp was present at Yale Field every day at the football practice and made careful note of the plays, the players and anything that should be observed in connection with the style of play and the individual weakness or strength. She gave her observations in detail to her husband at supper every night and when I arrived Mr. Camp would be thoroughly familiar with that day's practice and would be ready for suggestions as to plays and players to be put in operation the next day.

"This method was pursued during the entire season and was practically the only systematic coaching that the team received. Of course there were several old players like Tompkins '84, Terry '85 and Knapp '82, who came to the field frequently.

"At that time it was customary for me to snap the ball back to the quarter with my foot. By standing the ball on end and exercising a certain pressure on the same it was possible to have it bound into the quarterback's hands. It was necessary, therefore, for me to attend to this detail as well as to block my opponent and make holes through the line for the backs.

"While the rules of the game at that time provided for an Umpire as well as a Referee, the fact that there was no neutral zone and players were in close contact with each other on the line of scrimmage gave opportunity for more roughness than is customary at the present time. Neither were the officials so strict about their rulings.

"Prior to this time it had been customary to give word signals for the different plays, these being certain words which were used in various sentences relating to football and the progress of the game. As center, I was so tall that a system of sign signals was devised which I used entirely in the Princeton game, and the opponents, from the talk, which continued as usual, supposed that word signals were being used and were entirely ignorant of the sign signals during the progress of the game. The pulling of the visor of my cap was a kick signal. Everything that I did with my left hand in touching different parts of my uniform on the left side from collar to shoe lace meant a signal for a play at different points on the left side of the line. Similar signals with my right hand meant similar plays on the right side of the line. The system worked perfectly and there was no case of missed signal. The next year the use of numbers for signals began, and has continued until the present date.

"The work of the Yale team during the season was very much retarded by injuries to their best players. The papers were so filled with these accounts that the general opinion of the public was that the team would be in poor physical condition to meet Princeton. As luck would have it, however, the invalids reached a convalescing stage in

time to enter the Wesleyan game on the Saturday before the one to be played with Princeton in fairly good condition.

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“Head Coach Camp and I attended the Princeton-Harvard game at Princeton on that day. Upon our return to New York we received a telegram from Mrs. Camp to the effect that the score made by Yale against Wesleyan was 105 to nothing. One of the graduate coaches was much impressed with the opportunity to turn a few pennies and he requested that the information be kept quiet until he could see a few Princeton men. The result was that he negotiated the small end of several stakes at long odds against Yale. When the news of the Wesleyan score was made public the next morning, the opinion of the public changed somewhat as to the merit of the team. It nevertheless went into the Princeton game as not being the favorite and in the opinion of disinterested persons it was expected that Princeton would win handsomely.”

Cowan the great has this to say:

“I happened to be down on the grounds to watch the practice just a few days before the Yale game. They did not have enough scrub to make a good defense. Jim Robinson happened to see me there and asked me to play. He had asked me before, and I had always refused, but this time for some reason I accepted and he took me to the Club house.

“I got into my clothes. The shoes were about three sizes too small. That day I played guard opposite Tracy Harris. I played well enough so that they wanted me to come down the next day, as they said they wanted good practice. The next day I was put against Captain Bird, who had been out of town the first day I played. He had the reputation of being not at all delicate in the way he handled the scrub men who played against him, so that they had learned to keep away from him.

“As I had not played before, I did not know enough to be afraid of him, so when the ball was put in play I simply charged forward at the quarterback and was able to spoil a good many of his plays. I heard afterward that Bird asked Jim Robinson who that damn freshman was that played against him. The next year I was put in Bird’s place at left guard, as he had graduated and fought all comers for the place. I was never put on the scrub again.

“My condition when in Princeton was the best. Having been raised in the country, I knew what hard work was and in the five years that I played football I never left the field on account of injury either in practice or in games with other teams.

“It is a great thing to play the game of football as hard as you can. I never deliberately went to do a man up. If he played a rough game, I simply played him the harder. I never struck a man with my fist in the game. I do not remember ever losing my temper. Perhaps I did not have temper enough.

“When we speak of a football man’s nerve I would say that any man who stopped to think of himself is not worthy of the game, but there is one man who seemed to me had

a little more nerve than the average. I think that he played for two years on our scrub, and the reason that he was kept there so long was on account of his size. He only weighed about 138 pounds, but for all the time he played on the scrub he played halfback and no one ever saw him hesitate to make every inch that he could, even though he knew he had to suffer for it.

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"In the fall of '88, I think, Yup Cook played right tackle on the Varsity. He was very strong in his shoulders and arms and had the grip of a blacksmith. Channing, this nervy little 138-pounder, played left halfback on the scrub. When he went into the line, Cook would take him by the shoulders and slam him into the ground. Our playing field at the time was very dry and the ground was like a rock. I used to feel very sorry for the little fellow. On his elbows and hips and knees he had raw sores as big as silver dollars; yet he never hesitated to make the attempt, and he never called 'down' to save himself from punishment. The next year he made the team. Everybody admired him.

"Football men must never forget Tilly Lamar, who played halfback. I think he was one of the greatest halfbacks and one who would have made a record in any age of football. I have seen him go through a line with nearly every man on the opposing team holding him. He would break loose from one after the other.

"Lamar was a short, chunky fellow and ran close to the ground with his back level, and about the only place one could get hold of him was his shoulders. He would always turn toward the tackler instead of away, and it had the effect of throwing him over his head. The only way that the Yale men could stop him at all was to dive clear under and get him by the legs.

"You have always heard a lot about Snake Ames. Snake was a very spectacular player, but one very hard to stop, especially in an open field. He was very fast and during the last year of his playing he developed a duck and would go clear under the man trying to tackle him. This he did by putting one hand flat on the ground, so that his body would just miss the ground; even the good tacklers that Yale always had were not able to stop him.

"One of Princeton's old reliables was our center, George, '89. He may not have got much out of the plaudits from the grandstand, but those of us who knew what he was doing appreciated his work. We always felt safe as to our center. He was steady and brilliant.

"It was during this time that Yale developed a wedge play on center. There were no restrictions as to how the line would be formed, and Yale would put all their guards and tackles and ends back, forming a big V with the man with the ball in the center.

"Yale had been able to knock the opposing center out of the way till they struck George. How well I remember this giant, who was able to hold the whole wedge until he could knock the sides in and pile them up in a bunch. Yale soon gave him up and tried to gain elsewhere.

"I must tell you about one more of Princeton's football players. Not so much for his playing, but for his head work. During the years that I was captain, in the fall of '88 the rules were changed so that one was allowed to block an opponent only by the body. In

other words, not allowed to use hands or arms in blocking. It was Sam Hodge, who played end and worked out what is known to-day as boxing the tackle. You can understand what effect it would have on a man who was not used to it. The end would knock the opposing tackle and send him clear out of the play and the half would keep the end out."

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I once asked Cowan to tell something about his experiences and men he played against.

“The Yale game was the great game in my days,” he said. “Harvard did not have the football instinct as well developed as Yale, and it is of the Yale players that I have more in mind. One man I will always remember is Gill, who played left tackle for Yale and was captain during his senior year. I remember him because we had a good deal to do with each other. When I ran with the ball I had to get around him if I made any advance, and I must say that I found it no easy thing to do, as he was a sure tackler. And when he ran with the ball I had the good pleasure of cutting his runs short.

“Another man whom I consider one of the greatest punters of the past is Bull of Yale. I have stopped a good many punts and drop kicks in my play, but I do not remember stopping a single kick of his, and it was not because I did not try. He kicked with his left foot, and with his back partially towards the line would kick a very high ball, and when you jumped into him—on the principle, that if you cannot get the ball, get the man—you had the sensation of striking something hard.”

After Cowan had stopped playing and graduated he acted as an official in a good many of the big games. He states as follows:

“You ask about my own experiences as an official, and for experience with other officials. I always got along pretty well as a referee. There was very little kicking on my decisions. But I was good for nothing as an umpire. I could not keep my eyes off the ball, so did not see the fouls as much as I should. You boys have probably heard how I was ruled off the field in a Harvard-Princeton game in '88. I remember Terry of Yale who refereed that game, above all others. There was a rule at that time that intentional tackling below the knees was a foul and the penalty was disqualification. Our game had just started. We had only two or three plays, Harvard having the ball. I broke through the line and tackled the man as soon as he had the ball. I had him around the legs about the knees, but in his efforts to get away, my hands slipped down. But at the moment remembering the rule I let him go, and for this I was disqualified. I might say that we lost the game, for we did not have any one to take my place. I had always been in my place and no one ever thought that I would not be there. My being disqualified was probably the reason for the Princeton defeat.

“I do not think that Terry intended to be unfair. The game had just started, and he was trying to be strict, and without stopping to think whether it was intentional or not. He saw the rule being broken and acted on the impulse of the moment. I have since heard that Terry felt very bad about it afterwards. I never felt right towards him until I had a chance to get even with him, and it came in this way. The Crescent Club of Brooklyn played the Cleveland

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Athletic Club at Cleveland. George and myself were invited to play with the Cleveland club, and on the Crescent team were Alex Moffat and Terry. Terry played left halfback, and right here was where I got in my work. When Terry ran with the ball I generally had a chance to help him meet the earth. I had one chance in particular. Terry got the ball and got around our end, and on a long end run I took after him, caught him from the side, threw him over my head out of bounds. As we were both running at the top of our speed he hit the ground with considerable force. I felt better towards him after this game.”

In such vivid phrases as these a great hero of the past tells of things well worth recording.

* * * * *

Football competition is very strong. There is the keenest sort of rivalry among college teams. There is very little love on the part of the men who play against each other on the day of the contest, but after the game is all over, and these men meet in after years, very strong friendships are often formed. Sometimes these opponents never meet again, but down deep in their hearts they have a most wholesome regard for each other, and so in my recollections of the old heroes, it will be most interesting to hear in their own words, something about their own achievements and experiences in the games they played thirty years ago. Hector Cowan, who captained the '88 team at Princeton, played three years against George Woodruff of Yale. It has been twenty-eight years since that wonderful battle took place between these two men. It is still talked about by people who saw the game, and now let us read what these two contestants say about each other.

“Of the three years that I played guard I met George Woodruff as my opponent,” says Cowan, “and I always felt that he was the strongest man I had to meet and one who was always on the square. He played the game for what it was worth, and he showed later that he could teach it to others by the way he taught the Penn’ team.”

Says George Woodruff, delving into the old days: “Hector Cowan played against me three years at guard, and he fully deserves the reputation he had at that time in every particular of the game, including running with the ball. I doubt whether any other Princeton man was ever more able to make ground whenever he tried, although Cowan was not in any particular a showy player. For some reason or other, Cowan seems to have had a reputation for rough play, which shows how untrue traditions can be handed down. I never played against or with a finer and steadier player, or one more free from the remotest desire to play roughly for the sake of roughness itself.”

When Heffelfinger's last game had been played there appeared in a newspaper of November 26th, 1888, a farewell to Heffelfinger.

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Good-by Heff! the boys will miss you,
And the old men, too, and the girls;
You tossed the other side about as if they were ten-pins;
You took Little Bliss under your wing and he ran with
the ball like a pilot boat by the *Teutonic*.
You used eyes, ears, shoulders, legs, arms and head
and took it all in.
You're the best football rusher America, or the world,
has shown;
And best of all you never slugged, lost your temper or
did anything mean;
Oh come thou mighty one, go not away,
The team thou must not fail:
Stay where thou art, please, Heffelfinger, stay,
And still be true to Yale—
Linger, yet linger, Heffelfinger, a truly civil engineer.
His trust would ne'er surrender; unstrap thy trunks,
Excuse this scalding tear.
Still be Yale's best defender! Linger, oh, linger,
Heffelfinger.
Princeton and Harvard, there is cause to fear
Will dance joy's double shuffle when of thy Western
flight they come to hear. Stay and their tempers
ruffle. Linger, oh, linger, Heffelfinger.

John Cranston

"My inspiration for the game came when my country cousin returned from Exeter and told me he believed I had the making of a football player," says John Cranston, who was Harvard's famous old center and former coach. "At once I pestered him with all kinds of questions about the requirements, and believed that some day I would do something. I shall always remember my first day on the field at Exeter. Lacking the wherewithal to buy the regulation suit, I appeared in the none too strong blue shirt and overalls used on the farm. I remember too that it was not long before Harding said: 'Take that young countryman to the gymnasium before he is injured for life; he doesn't know which way to run when he gets the ball; he doesn't know the game; and he looks too thick headed to play the game anyway.'

"As boys on neighboring farms of Western New York, three of us, who were later to play on different college teams, hunted skunks and rabbits together. Had we been on the same team we would have been side by side. Cook was a great tackle at Princeton; Reed one of the best guards Cornell ever had; and I, owing to some good team mates, played as center on the first Harvard eleven to defeat Yale. It is said that Cook in his

first game at Exeter grabbed the ball and started for his own goal for a touchdown, and that Reed after playing the long afternoon in the game which Cornell won, asked the Referee which side was victorious.

“I well remember that at Exeter we were planning how to celebrate our victory over Andover, even to the most minute detail. We knew who was to ring the academy and church bells of the town, and where we were to have the bonfire at night. We were deprived of that pleasure on account of the great playing and better spirit of the Andover team. A few of our Exeter men then and there made a silent compact that Exeter would feel a little better after another contest with Andover. The following three years we defeated Andover by large scores.

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“Any one who has played the game can recall some amusing situations. I recall the first year at Harvard when we were playing against the Andover team that suddenly the whole Andover School gave the Yale cheer. Dud Dean, who was behind me, fired up and said it was the freshest thing he had ever heard. At Springfield I remember one Yale-Harvard game started with ten men of my own school, Exeter, in the game. In another Yale game we were told to look ugly and defiant as we lined up to face Yale, but I was forced to laugh long and hard when I found myself facing Frankie Barbour, the little Yale quarter, who lived with me in the same dormitory at Exeter for three years.”

[Illustration: *Breakers ahead*

Phil King in the Old Days.]

CHAPTER IX

THE NINETIES AND AFTER

Men of to-day who never had an opportunity of seeing Foster Sanford play will be interested in some anecdotes of his playing days and to read in another chapter of this book some of his coaching experiences.

“As a boy,” said Sandy, “I lived in New Haven. I chalked the lines on the football field for the game in which Tilly Lamar made his famous run for Princeton. I played on the college team two years before I entered Yale. I learned a lot of football playing against Billy Rhodes, that great Yale tackle.

“I’ll tell you about the day I made the Yale team in my freshman year. Pa Corbin took me in hand. I think he wanted to see if I had lots of nerve. He told me to report at nine o’clock for practice. He put me through a hard, grueling work-out, showing me how to snap the ball; how to charge and body check. All this took place in a driving rain, and he kept me out until one o’clock, when he said:

“‘You can change your jersey now; that is, put on a dry one.’

“I went over to the training table then to see if I couldn’t get some dinner. Believe me, I was hungry. But every one had finished his meal and all I could pick up was the things that were left. Here I ran into a fellow named Brennen, who said:

“‘They’re trying to do you up. This is the day they are deciding whether you will be center rush or not.’

“I then went out to Yale Field and joined the rest of the players, and the stunts they put me through that afternoon I will never forget. But I remembered what Brennen had told me, and it made me play all the harder. To tell the truth, after practice, I realized that I

was so sore I could hardly put one foot ahead of the other. To make matters worse, the coaches told me to run in to town, a distance of two miles, while *they* drove off in a bus. I didn't catch the bus until they were on Park Street, but I pegged along just the same and beat them in to the gate. Billy Rhodes and Pa Corbin took care of me and rubbed me down. It seems as though they rubbed every bit of skin off of me. I was like fire.

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"That's the day I made the Yale team.

"I was twenty years old, six feet tall, and weighed about 200 pounds."

When I asked Sandy who gave him the hardest game of his life, he replied promptly:

"Wharton, of Pennsylvania. He got through me."

Parke Davis' enthusiasm for football is known the country over. From his experience as a player, as a coach and writer, he has become an authority. Let us read some of his recollections.

"Years ago there was a high spirited young player at Princeton serving his novitiate upon the scrub. One day an emergency transferred him for the first time in his career to the Varsity. The game was against a small college. This sudden promotion was possible through his fortunate knowledge of the varsity signals. Upon the first play a fumble occurred. Our hero seized the ball. A long service upon the scrub had ingrained him to regard the Princeton Varsity men always as opponents. In the excitement of the play he became confused, when lo! he leaped into flight toward the wrong goal. Dashing around Princeton's left end he reversed his field and crossed over to the right. Phil King, Princeton's quarterback, was so amazed at the performance that he was too spellbound to tackle his comrade. Down the backfield the player sped towards his own goal. Shep Homans, his fullback, took in the impending catastrophe at a glance and dashed forward, laid the halfback low with a sharp tackle, thereby preventing a safety. The game was unimportant, the Princeton's score was large, so the unfortunate player, although the butt of many a jest, soon survived all jokes and jibes and became in time a famous player."

"The first Princeton-Yale game in 1873 being played under the old Association rules was waged with a round ball. In the first scrimmage a terrific report sounded across the field. When the contending players had been separated the poor football was found upon the field a flattened sheet of rubber. Two toes had struck it simultaneously or some one's huge chest had crushed it and the ball had exploded.

"Whenever men are discussing the frantic enthusiasm of some fellows of the game I always recall the following episode as a standard of measurement. The Rules Committee met one night at the Martinique in New York for their annual winter session. Just as the members were going upstairs to convene, I had the pleasure of introducing George Foster Sanford to Fielding H. Yost. The introduction was made in the middle of the lobby directly in the way of the traffic passing in and out of the main door. The Rules Committee had gone into its regular session; the hour was eight o'clock in the evening. When they came down at midnight these two great football heroes were standing in the very spot where they were introduced four hours before and they were talking as they had been every minute throughout the four hours about football. Members of the

Committee joked with the two enthusiasts and then retired. When they came down stairs the next morning at eight o'clock they found the two fanatics seated upon a bench nearby still talking football, and that afternoon when the Committee had finished its labors and had adjourned *sine die* they left Sanford and Yost still in the lobby, still on the bench, hungry and sleepy and still talking football."

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This anecdote will be a good one for Parke Davis' friends to read, for how he ever stayed out of that talk-fest is a mystery—maybe he did.

Now that Yost and Sanford have retired we will let Parke continue.

“A few years ago everybody except Dartmouth men laughed at the football which, bounding along the ground at Princeton suddenly jumped over the cross bar and gave to Princeton a goal from the field which carried with it the victory. But did you ever hear that in the preceding season, in a game between two Southern Pennsylvania colleges, a ball went awry from a drop kick, striking in the chest a policeman who had strayed upon the field? The ball rebounded and cleanly caromed between the goal post for a goal from the field. Years ago Lafayette and Pennsylvania State College were waging a close game at Easton. Suddenly, and without being noticed, Morton F. Jones, Lafayette's famous center-rush in those days, left the field of play to change his head gear. The ball was snapped in play and a fleet Penn State halfback broke through Lafayette's line, and, armed with the ball, dodged the second barriers and threatened by a dashing sprint to score in the extreme corner of the field. As he reached the 10-yard line, to the amazement of all, Jones dashed out of the side line crowd upon the field between the 10-yard line and his goal, thereby intercepting the State halfback, tackling him so sharply that the latter dropped the ball. Jones picked it up and ran it back 40 yards. There was no rule at that time which prevented the play, and so Penn-State ultimately was defeated. Jones not only was a hero, but his exploit long remained a mystery to many who endeavored to figure out how he could have been 25 yards ahead of the ball and between the runner and his own goal line.”

A story is told of the wonderful dodging ability of Phil King, Princeton '93. He was known throughout the football world as one of the shiftiest runners of his day. Through his efficient work, King had fairly won the game against Yale in '93. The next year the Yale men made up their minds that the only way to defeat Princeton was to take care of King, and they were ever on the alert to watch him whenever he got the ball. The whole Yale team was looking for King throughout this game.

On the kick-off Phil got the ball, and all the Yale forwards began to shout, “Here he comes, here he comes,” and then as he was cleverly dodging and evading the Yale players, one of the backs, who was waiting to tackle him low, was heard to say, “There he goes.”

Those of the old-timers who study the picture of the flying wedge on the opposite page will get a glimpse of Phil King about to set in motion one of the most devilishly ingenious maneuvers in the history of the game. With all the formidable power behind him, the old reliables of what the modern analytical coaches are pleased to term the farce plays. Balliet, Beef Wheeler, Biffy Lea, Gus Holly, Frank Morse, Doggy

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Trenchard, Douglas Ward, Knox Taylor, Harry Brown, Jerry McCauley, and Jim Blake; King, nevertheless, stood out in lonely eminence, ready to touch the ball down, await the thunder of the joining lines of interference and pick up the tremendous pace, either at the apex of the crashing V or cunningly concealed and swept along to meet the terrific impact with the waiting line of Blue. Great was the crash thereof, and it was a safe wager that King with the ball would not go unscathed.

[Illustration: *Look out, Princeton!*]

This kind of football brought to light the old-time indomitable courage of which the stalwarts of those days love to talk at every gridiron reunion.

But for the moment let us give Yale the ball and stand the giant Princeton team upon defense. Let us watch George Adey get the ball from Phil Stillman and with his wonderful football genius develop a smashing play enveloped in a locked line of blue, grim with the menace of Orville Hickok, Jim McCrea, Anse Beard, Fred Murphy, Frank Hinkley and Jack Greenway.

Onward these mighty Yale forwards ground their way through the Princeton defense, making a breach through which the mighty Butterworth, Bronc Armstrong and Brink Thorne might bring victory to Yale.

This was truly a day when giants clashed.

As you look at these pictures do the players of to-day wonder any longer that the heroes of the olden time are still loyal to the game of their first love?

If you ever happen to go to China, I am sure one of the first Americans you will hear about would be Pop Gailey, once a king of football centers and now a leader in Y. M. C. A. work in China.

Lafayette first brought Pop Gailey forth in '93 and '94, and he was the champion All-American center of the Princeton team in '96. He had a wonderful influence over the men on the team. He was an example well worth following. His manly spirit was an inspiration to those about him. After one of the games a newspaper said:

“Old Gailey stands firm as the Eternal Calvinistic Faith, which he intends to preach when his football scrimmages are over.”

To Charlie Young, the present professor of physical instruction of the Cornell University gymnasium, I cannot pay tribute high enough for the fine football spirit and the high regard with which we held him while he was at the Princeton Seminary. He certainly loved to play football and he used to come out and play on the scrub team against the

Princeton varsity. He was not eligible to play on the Princeton team, as he had played his allotted time at Cornell.

The excellent practice he gave the Princeton team—yes, more than practice: it was oftentimes victory for him as well as the scrub. He made Poe and Palmer ever alert and did much to make them the stars they were, as Charlie's long suit was running back punts. His head work was always in evidence. He was a great field general; one of his most excellent qualities was that of punting. His was an ideal example for men to follow. Princeton men were the better for having played with and against a high type man like Charlie Young.

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AN EVENING WITH JIM RODGERS

Jim Rodgers gave all there was in him to Yale athletics. Not a single year has passed since he played his last game of football but has seen him back at the Yale field, coaching and giving the benefit of his experience.

Jim Rodgers was captain of the '97 team at New Haven, and the traditions that can be written about a winning captain are many. No greater pleasure can be afforded any man who loves to hear an old football player relate experiences than to listen, while Rodgers tells of his own playing days, and of some of the men in his experience.

It was once my pleasure to spend an evening with Jim in his home; really a football home. Mrs. Rodgers knows much of football and as Jim enthusiastically and with wonderfully keen recollection tells of the old games, a twelve-year-old boy listens, as only a boy can to his father, his great hero, and as Jim puts his hand on the boy's shoulders he tells him the ideal of his dreams is to have him make the Yale team some day, and an enthusiastic daughter who sits near hopes so too. His scrap books and athletic pictures go to make a rare collection.

Many of us would like to have seen Jim Rodgers begin his football career at Andover when he was sixteen years old. It was there that his 180 pounds of bone and muscle stood for much. It was at Andover that Bill Odlin, that great Dartmouth man, coached so many wonderful prep. school stars, who later became more famous at the colleges to which they went.

Rodgers went to Yale with a big rep. He had been captain of the Andover team. In the fall of '92 Andover beat Brown 24 to 0. Jim Rodgers was very conspicuous on the field, not only on account of his good playing and muscular appearance, but because his blond hair, which he wore very long as a protection, was very noticeable.

From this Yale player, whose friends are legion, let us read some experiences and catch his spirit:

"I was never a star player, but I was a reliable. In my freshman year I did not make the team, owing to the fact that I had bad knees and better candidates were available. This was the one year in Yale football, perhaps in all football, when the team that played the year before came back to college with not a man missing. Frank Hinkey had been captain the year before and then came through as senior captain. There was not a senior on Frank Hinkey's team. The first team, therefore, all came back.

"Al Jerrems and Louis Hinkey were the only additions to the old team.

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“Perhaps the keenest disappointment that ever came to me in football was the fact that I could not play in that famous Yale-Harvard game my freshman year. However, I came so very near it that Billy Rhodes and Heffelfinger came around to where I was sitting on the side lines, after Fred Murphy had been taken out of the game. They started to limber me up by running me up and down the side line, but Hinkey, the captain, came over to the side line and yelled for Chadwick, who went into the game. I had worked myself up into a highly nervous condition anticipating going in, but now I realized my knees would not allow it. The disappointment that day, though, was very severe. To show you what a hold these old games had on me, many years after this game Hinkey and I were talking about this particular game, when he said to me: ‘You never knew how close you came to getting into that Springfield game, Jim.’ Then I told him of my experience, but he told me he had it in his mind to put me in at halfback, and ever since then, when I think of it, cold chills run up and down my spine. It absolutely scared me stiff to think how I might have lost that game, even though I never actually participated in it.

“The Yale football management, however, on account of my work during the season decided to give me my Y, gold football and banner. The banner was a blue flag with the names of the team and the position they played and the score, 12 to 6. It was a case where I came so near winning it that they gave it to me.”

Jim Rodgers played three years against Garry Cochran and this great Princeton captain stands out in his recollections of Yale-Princeton games. He goes on to say:

“If it had not been for Garry Cochran, I might be rated as one of the big tackles of the football world to-day. I used to dream of him three weeks before the Princeton game; how I was going to stand him off, and let me tell you if you got in between Doc Hillebrand and Garry Cochran you were a sucker. Those games were a nightmare to me. Cochran used to fall on my foot, box me in and hold me there, and keep me out of the play.”

Jim Rodgers is very modest in this statement. The very reason that he is regarded as a truly wonderful tackle is on account of the great game he played against Cochran. How wonderfully reliable he was football history well records. He was always to be depended upon.

“In the fall of 1897 when I was captain of the Yale team,” Rodgers continues, “perhaps the most spectacular Yale victory was pulled off, when Princeton, with the exception of perhaps two men, and virtually the same team that had beaten Yale the year before, came on the field and through overconfidence or lack of training did not show up to their best form. We were out for blood that day. I said to Johnny Baird, Princeton quarterback: ‘Princeton is great to-day. We have played ten minutes and you haven’t scored.’ Johnny, with a look of determination upon his face, said, ‘You fellows can play

ten times ten minutes and you'll never score,' but the Princeton football hangs in the Yale trophy room.

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"I have always claimed that Charlie de Saulles put the Yale '97 team on the map. Charlie de Saulles, with his three wonderful runs, which averaged not less than 60 yards each, really brought about the victory.

"Frank Butterworth as head coach will always have my highest regard; he did more than any one alive could have done to pull off an apparently impossible victory."

"One great feature of this game was Ad Kelly's series of individual gains, aided by Hillebrand and Edwards, through Rodgers and Chadwick. Kelly took the ball for 40 consecutive yards up the field in gains of from one to three yards each, when fortunately for Yale, a fumble gave them the ball. When the fumble occurred, I happened at the time to break through very fast. There lay the ball on the ground, and nobody but myself near it. The great chance was there to pick it up and perhaps, even with my slow speed, gain 20 to 30 yards for Yale. No such thought, however, entered my head. I wanted that ball and curled up around it and hugged it as a tortoise would close in its shell. My recollection is now that I sat there for about five minutes before anybody deigned to fall on me. At all events, I had the ball.

"Gordon Brown played as a freshman on my team. He had a football face that I liked. He weighed 185 pounds and was 6 feet 4 inches tall. Gordon went up against Bouve in the Harvard game, and the critics stated that Bouve was the best guard in the country that year. I said to Gordon, 'Play this fellow the game of his life, and when you get him, let me know and I'll send some plays through you.' After about sixty minutes of play Gordon came to me and said, 'Jim, I've got him,' and he had him all right, for we were then successful in gaining through that part of the Harvard line. Gordon Brown was a very earnest player. He would allow nothing to stop him. He got his ears pretty well bruised up and they bothered him a great deal. In fact, he did have to lay off two or three days. He came to me and said, 'Do you think this injury will keep me out of the big game?' 'Well, I'll see if the trainer cannot make a head-gear for you.' 'Well, I'll tell you this, Jim,' said Gordon, 'I'll have 'em cut off before I'll stay out of the game.' This amused me, and I said, 'Gordon, you have nothing of beauty to lose. You will keep your ears and you will play in the big games.'

"Gordon Brown's team, under Malcolm McBride as head coach, was a wonder. This eleven, to our minds, was the best ever turned out by Yale University. They defeated Princeton 29 to 5, and the powerful Harvard team 28 to 0. Their one weakness was that they had no long punter, but, as they expressed it to me afterward, they had no need of one. At one time during the game with Harvard they took the ball on their own 10-yard line and, instead of kicking, marched it up the field, and in a very few rushes scored a touchdown. Harvard men afterwards told me that after seeing a few minutes of the game they forgot the strain of Harvard's defeat in their admiration of Yale's playing. This team showed the highest co-ordination between the Yale coaching staff, the college, and the players, and they set a high-water mark for all future teams to aim at, which was all due to Gordon Brown's genius for organization and leadership."

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It has been my experience in talking of football stars with some of the old-timers that Frank Hinkey heads the list. I cannot let Frank Hinkey remain silent this time. He says:

"I think it was in the Fall of '95 that Skim Brown, who played the tackle position, was captain of the scrubs team at New Haven. Brown was a very energetic scrub captain. He was continuously urging on his men to better work. As you recall, the cry, 'Tackle low and run low,' was continuously called after the teams in those days. Brown's particular pet phrase in urging his men was, 'Run low.' So that he, whenever the halfback received the ball, would immediately start to holler, 'Run low,' and would keep this up until the ball was dead. He got so in the habit of using this call when on the offense that one day when the quarterback called upon him to run with the ball from the tackle position even before he got the ball he started to cry, 'Run low,' while carrying the ball himself, and continued to cry out, 'Run low,' even after he had gained ground for about fifteen yards and until the ball was dead.

"It was in the Fall of '92 when Vance McCormick was captain of the Yale team, and Diney O'Neal was trying for the guard position. As you know, the linemen are very apt to know only the signals on offense which call for an opening at their particular position. And even then a great many of them never know the signals. Now Diney was bright enough, but like most linemen did not know the signals. It happened one day that McCormick, at the quarterback position, called several plays during the afternoon that required O'Neal to make an opening. O'Neal invariably failed because he didn't know the signals. McCormick, suspecting this, finally gave O'Neal a good calling down. The calling down fell flat in its effects on O'Neal as his reply to McCormick was, 'To Hell with your mystic signs and symbols—give me the ball!'"

"The real founder of football at Dartmouth was Bill Odlin," writes Ed Hall. "Odlin learned his football at Andover, and came to Dartmouth with the class of '90 and it was while he was in college that football really started. He was practically the only coach. He was a remarkable kicker—certainly one of the best, if not the best. In the Fall of '89 Odlin was captain of the team and playing fullback. Harvard and Yale played at Springfield and on the morning of the Harvard-Yale game Dartmouth and Williams played on the same field. It was in this game in the Fall of '89 that he made his most remarkable kick in which the wind was a very important element. In the second half Odlin was standing practically on his own ten yard line. The ball was passed back to him to be kicked and he punted. The kick itself was a remarkable kick and perfect in every way, but when the wind caught it it became a wonder and it went along like a balloon. The wind was really blowing a gale and the ball landed away beyond the Williams' quarterback and the first bounce carried it several yards beyond their goal line. Of course any such kick as this would have been absolutely impossible except for the extreme velocity and pressure of the wind, but it was easily the longest kick I ever saw.

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“Three times during Odlin’s football playing he kicked goals from the 65 yard line and while at Andover he kicked a placed kick from a mark in the exact center of the field, scoring a goal.”

When Brown men discuss football their recollections go back to the days of Hopkins and Millard, of Robinson, McCarthy, Fultz, Everett Colby and Gammons, Fred Murphy, Frank Smith, the giant guard; that great spectacular player, Richardson, and other men mentioned elsewhere in this book.

In a recent talk with that sterling fellow, Dave Fultz, he told me something about his football career. It was, in part, as follows:—

“I played at Brown in ’94, ’95, ’96 and ’97, captaining the team in my last year. Gammons and I played in the backfield together. He was unquestionably a great runner with the ball; one of the hardest men to hurt, I think, I ever saw. I have often seen him get jolts, go down, and naturally one would think go out entirely, but when I would go up to him, he would jump up as though he had not felt it. I think Everett Colby was as good a man interfering for the runner as I have seen. He played quarterback and captained the Brown team in ’96. I don’t think there was ever a better quarterback than Wyllys D. Richardson, Rich, as we used to call him.”

[Illustration: *Barrett on one of his famous dashes*]

[Illustration: *Exeter-Andover game, 1915*]

Dave Fultz is very modest and when he discusses his football experiences he sidetracks one and talks of his fellow college players. Now that I have pinned him down, he goes on to say:

“The day before we played the Indians one year my knee hurt me so much that I had to go to the doctor. He put some sort of ointment on it. Two days before this game I could hardly move my leg; the doctor threatened me with water on the knee; he told me to go to bed and stay there, but I told him we had a game in New York and I had to go. He said, ‘All right, if you want water on the knee.’ I said, ‘I’ve got to go if I am at all able.’ Anyway, I went on down to New York with the team and played in the game. All I needed was to get warmed up good and I went along in great shape.”

Those who remember reading the accounts of that game will recall that Dave Fultz made some miraculous runs that day and was a team in himself.

Fred Murphy, who was captain of the ’98 team at Brown and played end rush, says:

“I think Dave Fultz played under more difficulties than any man that ever played the game. I have seen him play with a heavy knee brace. He had his shoulder dislocated several times and I have seen him going into the game with his arm strapped down to

his side, so he could just use his forearm. He played a number of games that way. That happened when he was captain. He was absolutely conscientious, fearless and a good leader.”

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In 1904, Fred Murphy coached at Exeter. Fred says:

"This was probably the best team that Exeter had had up to that time. The team was captained by Tommy Thompson, who afterwards played at Cornell. Eddie Hart at that time stripped at about 195 pounds. This was the famous team on which Donald MacKenzie MacFadyen played and later made the Princeton varsity. Tad Jones was quarterback the first year he came to school. In those days they took to football intuitively without much coaching. You never had to tell Tad Jones a thing more than once. He would think things out for himself. He showed great powers of leadership and good football sense. Howard Jones and Harry Vaughn played on this team."

"Charlie McCarthy of Brown will long be remembered for his great punting ability," says Fred Murphy. "He had a great many pet theories. McCarthy is one of the best football men in the Brown list." In a letter which I have received from Charlie McCarthy, as a result of a wonderful victory over Minnesota one year, McCarthy writes:

"The students of the University gave me a beautiful gold watch engraved on the inside —'To our Friend Mac from the students of the University of Wisconsin.'" This shows how highly McCarthy is held at this University.

McCarthy continues, "I go out every fall and kick around with the boys still and I hope to do so the rest of my life if I get a chance. I think the greatest football player I ever saw was Frank Hinkey. Speaking of my own ability as a player, I haven't much to say. I was not much of a football player but I got by some way. I neither had the physique, nor the ability, but tried to do my best. I am glad to say no one ever called me a quitter. I am proud to say that Brown University gave me a beautiful silver cup at the end of my four years for the best work in football, although the said cup belongs by rights to ten other men on the team."

As one visits the dressing room of the New York Giants and sees the attendant work upon the wonderful physique of Christy Mathewson, one cannot help but realize what a potent factor he must have been on Bucknell's team. When Christy played he was 6 feet tall and weighed 168 pounds stripped. He prepared at Keystone Academy, playing in the line. In 1898, when he went to Bucknell, he was immediately put at fullback and played there three years.

Fred Crolius says of him: "Of all the long distance punters with hard kicks to handle, Percy Haughton and Christy Mathewson stand out in his memory. Mathewson had the leg power to turn his spiral over. That is, instead of dropping where ordinary spirals always drop, an additional turn seemed to carry the ball over the head of the back who was waiting for the ball, often carrying some fifteen or twenty yards beyond."

Football has no more ardent admirer than Christy Mathewson. It will be interesting to hear what he has to say of his experience in the game of football.

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"I liked to play football," says Mathewson. "I was a better football player than a baseball player in those days. I was considered a good punter. I was not much as a line buckner. The captain of the team always gave me a football to take with me in the summer. I occasionally had an opportunity to practice kicking after I was through with my baseball work.

"At Taunton, Mass., my first summer, I ran across a fellow who was playing third base on the team for which I was pitching. MacAndrews was his name. He was a Dartmouth man. He showed me how to kick. He showed me how to drop a spiral. I liked to drop-kick and used to practice it quite a little."

[Illustration:

Means Langford Hollenback Douglass Gaston Marks Allerdice
Miller Manier Schultz Draper

Bill Hollenback coming at you]

"I remember how tough it was for me when Bucknell played Annapolis the year before when the Navy team had a man who could kick such wonderful spirals. They were terribly hard to handle, and I was determined to profit by his example. So I just hung on for dear life, punting spirals all summer. Later I used to watch George Brooke punt a good deal when he was coaching."

"At that time drop kickers were not so numerous. I had some recollection of a fellow named O'Day, who had a great reputation as a drop-kicker, as did Hudson of Carlisle. In 1898 we were to play Pennsylvania. Our team served as a preliminary game for Pennsylvania. They often beat us by large scores. Since then we have had teams which made a 6 to 5 score. But they had good teams in my time. We never scored on Penn, as I recall.

"Our coach said one day, at the training table, 'I'll give a raincoat to the fellow who scores on Penn to-day.' The manager walked in and overheard his remark and added, 'Yes, and I'll give a pair of shoes to the man who makes the second score against Penn.' That put some 'pep' into us. Anyway, we were on Penn's 35-yard line and I kicked a field goal. After this we rushed the ball and got up to Penn's 40-yard line, and from there I scored again, thereby winning the shoes and the raincoat.

"I went up to Columbia one day to see them practice. It was in the days when Foster Sanford was their coach. He saw me standing on the side lines; came over to where I was; looked me over once or twice and finally said:

"'Why aren't you trying for the team? I think you'd make a football player if you came out.'"

"I said I guessed I would not be eligible.

"‘Why?’ asked Sandy.

"‘Well,’ I said, ‘because I’m a professional.’ Then some fellows around me grinned and told Sanford who I was.

"I love to think of the good old football days and some of the spirit that entered collegiate contests. Once in a while, in baseball, I feel the thrill of that spirit. It was only recently that I experienced that get-together spirit, where a team full of life with everybody working together wrought great results. That same old thrill came to me during one of the Giants’ trips in the West in which they won seventeen straight victories.

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"There is much good fellowship in football. I played against teams whose cheer leaders would give you a rousing cheer as you made a good play; then again you would meet the fellow who, when you were down in the scrimmage, or after you had kicked the ball, would try to put you down and out.

"One of the pleasantest recollections I have of playing was my experience against the two great academy teams, West Point and Annapolis.

"Never shall I forget one year when Bucknell played West Point. At an exciting moment in the game, Bucknell players made it possible for me to be in a position to kick the goal from the field from a difficult angle. After the score had been made the West Point team stood there stupefied, and when the crowd got the idea that a goal had been kicked from a peculiar angle, they gave us a rousing cheer. Such is the proper spirit of American football; to see some sunshine in your opponent's play.

"Cheering helps so much to build up one's enthusiasm."

Al Sharpe was one of the greatest all-around athletes that ever wore the blue of Yale. He, too, recalls the Yale-Princeton game of 1899 at New Haven, but the memory comes to him as a nightmare.

"When I think about the 11 to 10 game at New Haven, which Princeton won," said Sharpe the last time I saw him, "I remember that after I had kicked a goal from the field and the score was 10 to 6, Skim Brown rushed up to me, and nearly took me off my feet with one of his friendly slaps across my back. Well do I remember the joy of that great Yale player at this stage of the game. Later, when Poe made his kick and I saw that the ball was going over the bar, I remember that the thing I wished most was that I could have been up in the line where I might have had a chance to block the kick.

"My recollections of making the Yale team centered chiefly around three facts, none of which I was allowed to forget. First, that I was not any good, second that I couldn't tackle, and third that I ran like an ice-wagon. Since then I have seen so many really good players upon my different squads that I must admit the truth of the above statement, although at the time I am frank to say I took exception to it. Such is the optimism of youth."

Jack Munn, a former Princeton halfback, tells the following story:

"My brother, Edward Munn, was the manager of the Princeton team in 1893. In the spring of that year there was a conference with Yale representatives to decide where the game was to be played the following fall. Berkeley Oval, Brooklyn, Manhattan Field, and the respective fields of the two colleges all came under discussion, and I believe that some of the newspapers must have taken it up. One afternoon in the Murray Hill Hotel, when representatives of Yale and Princeton were discussing the various

possibilities, a bellboy knocked at the door and handed my brother an elaborately engraved card on which, among various decorations, the name of Colonel Cody was to be distinguished. Buffalo Bill was invited to come up, and it seems that, reading or hearing of the discussion about the field for the game, he came to make a formal offer of the use of his tent. After setting forth the desirability of staging the game under the auspices of his Wild West Show, he brought his offer to a close with his trump card.

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“For, gentlemen,’ said he, ‘besides all the other advantages which I have mentioned, there is this further attraction—my tent is well and sufficiently lighted so that you can not only hold a matinee, but you can give an evening performance as well.’

“And those were the days of the flying wedge and two forty-five minute halves with only ten minutes intermission!”

Walter C. Booth

Walter C. Booth, a former Princeton center rush, was one of the select coterie of Eastern football men that wended its way westward to carry the eastern system into institutions that had had no opportunity to build up the game, yet were hungry for real football. Booth’s trip was a successful one.

“In the autumn of 1900, after graduating from college, I arrived at Lincoln, Nebraska, in the dual role of law student and football coach of the State University,” says Booth. “This was my first trip west of Pittsburgh and I viewed my new duties with some apprehension. All doubts and fears were soon put at rest by the hearty encouragement and support that I received and retained in my Nebraska football relations.

“Most of the Faculty were behind football, and H. Benjamin Andrews, at that time head of the University, was a staunch supporter of the game. Doctor Roscoe Pound, later dean of Harvard Law School, was the father of Nebraska football. He had as intimate an acquaintance with the rule book as any official I have ever known. His advice on knotty problems was always valuable. James I. Wyer, afterward State Librarian of New York, was our first financial director, and it was largely by reason of his unflagging zeal that football survived.

“Football spirit ran high in the Missouri Valley and there were many hard fought contests among the teams of Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. Those who saw these games or played in them will never forget them.

“Many amusing things happened in that section as well as in the East. The Haskell Indians were a picturesque team. They represented the Government School at Lawrence, Kansas—an institution similar to that of Carlisle. In fact, many of the same players played on both teams at different times. We always found them a hard nut to crack, and Redwater, Archiquette, Hauser and other Indian stars made their names well known on our field.

“John Outland, the noted Pennsylvania player, had charge of the Indians when I knew them. He was a great player and a fine type of man, who succeeded in imparting some of his own personality to his pupils. He once showed me a dark faced Indian in Lawrence who must have been at least six feet four inches tall and of superb physique.

He was a full blooded Cheyenne and went by the name of Bob Tail Billy. Outland tried hard to break him in at guard, but as no one understood Bob Tail's dialect, and he understood no one else, he never learned the signals, and proved unavailable.

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"We traveled far to play in those days; west to Boulder, Colorado, handicapped by an altitude of 5000 feet, south to Kansas City and north as far as St. Paul and Minneapolis. We were generally about 500 miles from our base. We were not able to take many deadheads."

Harry Kersburg is one of the most enthusiastic Harvard football players I have ever met. He played guard on Harvard in 1904, '05 and '06 and is often asked back to Cambridge to coach the center men. From his playing days let us read what he prizes in his recollections:

"My college career began at Lehigh, with the idea of eventually going to Harvard. As a football enthusiast, I came under the observation of Doctor Newton, who was coaching Lehigh at that time. Doc taught me the first football I ever knew. In one of the games against Union College Doc asked me before the game whether if he put me in I would deliver the goods. I said I would try and do my best. He said, 'That won't do. I don't want any man on my team who says, "I'll try." A man has got to say "I'll do it." From that time on I never said, 'I'll try,' but always said 'I'll do it.'

"I shall never forget the day I played against John DeWitt. I did not know much about the finer points of football then. I weighed about 165 pounds with my football clothes on, was five feet nine inches tall and sixteen years old. I shall always remember seeing that great big hawk of a man opposite me. I did not have cold feet. I knew I had to go in and give the best account of myself I could. It was like going up against a stone wall. John DeWitt certainly could use his hands, with the result that I resembled paper pulp when I came out of that game. DeWitt did everything to me but kill me. After I got my growth, weight and strength, plus my experience, I always had a desire to play against DeWitt to see if he could the same thing again.

"In a Harvard-Yale game one year I remember an incident that took place between Carr, Shevlin and myself," says Harry.

"Tom Shevlin usually stood near the goal line when Yale received the kick-off. As a matter of fact he caught the ball most of the time. The night before the Yale game in 1905, Bill Carr and myself were discussing what might come up the following day. Inasmuch as we always lined up side by side on the kick off, we made a wager that if Harvard kicked off we would each be the first to tackle Shevlin.

"The next day Harvard won the toss and chose to kick off, and as we had hoped, Shevlin caught the ball. Carr and I raced down the field, each intent on being the first to tackle him. I crashed into Shevlin and spilled him, upsetting myself at the same time. When I picked myself up and looked around, Carr had Shevlin pinned securely to the ground. After the game we told Shevlin of our wager and he said that under the circumstances all bets were off as both had won."

Former U. S. Attorney-General William H. Lewis, who is one of the leading representatives of the colored race, needs no introduction to the football world, says Kersburg. 'Bill,' or 'Lew,' as he is familiarly known to all Harvard men, laid the foundation for the present system of line play at Cambridge. He was actively engaged in coaching until 1907 when he was obliged to give it up due to pressure of business.

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"In 1905 'Hooks' Burr and I played the guard positions. 'Lew' seemed to center his attention on us as we always received more 'calls' after each game than the other linemen for doing this, that, or the other thing wrong. In the Brown game of this year Hooks played against a colored man who was exceptionally good and who, Hooks admitted afterward, 'put it all over' him. The Monday following this game we received our usual 'call.' After telling me what a rotten game I had played he turned on Burr and remarked. 'What the devil was the matter with you on Saturday, Hooks? That guard on the Brown team "smeared" you.' Burr replied, 'I don't know what was the matter with me. I used my hands on that nigger's head and body all through the game but it didn't seem to do any good.' Several of us who were listening felt a bit embarrassed that Hooks had unwittingly made this remark. The tension was relieved, however, when Lew drawled out, 'Why the devil didn't you kick him in the shins?' A burst of laughter greeted this sally."

Donald Grant Herring, better known to football men in and out of Princeton as Heff, is one of the few American players of international experience. After a period of splendid play for the Tigers he went to England with a Rhodes Scholarship. At Merton College he continued his athletic career, and it was not long before he became a member of one of the most famous Rugby fifteens ever turned out by Oxford.

Heff has always said that he enjoyed the English game, but whether the brand he played was American or English, his opponent usually got little enjoyment out of a hard afternoon with this fine Princeton athlete.

"In the late summer of 1903, I was on a train coming east from Montana," Heff tells me, "after a summer spent in the Rockies. A companion recognized among the passengers Doc Hillebrand, who was coming East from his ranch to coach the Princeton team. This companion who was still a Lawrenceville schoolboy, had the nerve to brace Hillebrand and tell him in my presence that I was going to enter Princeton that fall and that I was a star football player. You can imagine what Doc thought, and how I felt. However, Doc was kind enough to tell me to report for practice and to recognize me when I appeared on the field several weeks later. I soon drifted over to the freshman field and I want to admit here what caused me to do so. It was nothing more nor less than the size of Jim Cooney's legs. Jim was a classmate of mine whom I first saw on the football field when he and another tackle candidate were engaged in that delicate pastime known to linemen as breaking through. I realized at once that, if Jim and I were ever put up against one another, I would stand about as much chance of shoving him back as I would if I tried to push a steam roller. So I went over to the freshman field, where Howard Henry was coaching at the time. He was sending ends down the field and I remember being thrilled, after beating a certain bunch of them, at hearing him say: 'You in the brown jersey, come over here in the first squad.'"

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"DeWitt's team beat Cornell 44-0. For years there hung on the walls of the Osborn Club at Princeton a splendid action picture of Dana Kafer making one of the touchdowns in that game. It was a mass on tackle play, and Jim Cooney was getting his Cornell opponent out of the way for Kafer to go over the line. The picture gave Jim dead away. He had a firm grip of the Cornell man's jersey and arm. Ten years or more afterward, a group, including Cooney, was sitting in the Osborn Club. In a spirit of fun one man said, 'Jim, we know now how you got your reputation as a tackle. We can see it right up there on the wall.' The next day the picture was gone.

"After I was graduated from Princeton in 1907 I went to Merton College, Oxford. There are twenty-two different colleges in Oxford and eighteen in Cambridge. Each one has its own teams and crews and plays a regular schedule. From the best of these college teams the university teams are drawn. Each college team has a captain and a secretary, who acts as manager. At the beginning of the college year (early October) the captain and secretary of each team go around among the freshmen of the college and try to get as many of them as possible to play their particular sport; mine Rugby football. After a few days the captain posts on the college bulletin board, which is always placed at the Porter's Lodge, a notice that a squash will be held on the college field. A squash is what we would call practice.

[Illustration: "*The next day the picture was gone*"]

Jim Cooney Making a Hole for Dana Kafer.]

"Sometimes for a few days before the game an Old Blue may come down to Oxford and give a little coaching to the team. Here often the captain does all the coaching. The Cambridge match is for blood, and, while friendly enough, is likely to be much more savage than any other. In the match I played in, which Oxford won 35-3, the record score in the whole series, which started in 1872, we had three men severely injured. In the first three minutes of the game one of our star backs was carried off the field with a broken shoulder, while our captain was kicked in the head and did not come out of his daze until about seven o'clock that evening. He played throughout the game, however. Our secretary was off the field with a knee cap out of place for more than half the game. A game of Rugby, by the way, consists of two 45-minute halves, with a three minute intermission. There are no substitutes, and if a man is injured, his team plays one man short. We beat Cambridge that year with thirteen men the greater part of the game, twelve for some time against their full team of fifteen. Their only try (touchdown in plain American) was scored when we had twelve men on the field. We were champions of England that year, and did not lose a match through the fall season, though we tied one game with the great Harlequins Club of London, whom we afterward beat in the return game. Of the fine fellows who made up that great Oxford team, six are dead, five of them 'somewhere in France.'"

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Carl Flanders was a big factor in the Yale rush line. Foster Sanford considers him one of the greatest offensive centers that ever played. He was six feet three and one-fourth inches tall and weighed 202 pounds.

In 1906 Flanders coached the Indian team at Carlisle. Let us see some of the interesting things that characterize the Indian players, through Flanders' experience.

The nicknames with which the Indians labelled each other were mostly those of animals or a weapon of defense. Mount Pleasant and Libby always called each other Knife. Bill Gardner was crowned Chicken Legs, Charles, one of the halfbacks, and a regular little tiger, was called Bird Legs. Other names fastened to the different players were Whale Bone, Shoe String, Tommyhawk and Wolf.

The Indians always played cleanly as long as their opponents played that way. Dillon, an old Sioux Indian, and one of the fastest guards I ever saw, was a good example of this. If anybody started rough play, Dillon would say:

"Stop that, boys!" and the chap who was guilty always stopped. But if an opponent continually played dirty football, Dillon would say grimly: "I'll get you!" On the next play or two, you'd never know how, the rough player would be taken out. Dillon had "got" his man.

"Wallace Denny and Bemus Pierce got up a code of signals, using an Indian word which designated a single play. Among the Indian words which designated these signals were Water-bucket, Watehnee, Coocoohee. I never could find out what it all meant, and following the Indian team by this code of signals was a task which was too much for me."

Bill Horr, renowned in Colgate and Syracuse, writes: "Colgate University and Colgate Academy are under the same administration, and the football teams were practicing when I entered school. I went out for the team and after the second practice I was put into the scrimmage. I was greatly impressed with the game and continued for the afternoon practice, and played at tackle in the first game of the season. In four years of winning football I became acquainted with such wonderful athletes as Riley Castleman and Walter Runge of the Colgate Varsity team.

"In the fall of 1905 I entered Syracuse University and played right tackle on the varsity team for four years and was captain of the victorious 1908 team. In the four years I never missed a scrimmage or a game.

"I think that one of the hardest games I ever played in was the game against Princeton in 1908, when they had such stars as Siegling, MacFadyen, Eddie Dillon and Tibbott. The game ended in a scoreless tie with the ball see-sawing back and forth on the 40-yard line. I had been accustomed to carry the ball, and had been successful in

executing a forward pass of fifty-five yards in the Yale game the week before, placing the ball on the 1-yard line, only to lose it on a fumble.

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"I had the reputation of being a good-natured player, and indirectly heard it rumored many times by coaches and football players that they would like to see me fighting mad on the football field. The few Syracuse rooters who journeyed to Easton the day we played Lafayette had that opportunity. Dowd was the captain of the Lafayette team. Next to me was Barry, a first-class football player, who stripped in the neighborhood of 200 pounds. Just before the beginning of the second half I was in a crouching position ready to start, when some one dealt me a stinging blow on the ear. I was dazed for the time being. I turned to Barry and asked him who did it. He pointed to Dowd. From that instant I was determined to seek revenge. I was ignorant of the true culprit until about a year afterward, when Anderson, who played center, and was a good friend of mine, told me about it. It seemed that just before we went on the field for the second half Buck O'Neil, who was coaching the Syracuse team, told Barry to hit me and make me mad."

CHAPTER X

COLLEGE TRADITIONS AND SPIRIT

College life in America is rich in traditions. Customs are handed down class by class and year by year until finally they acquire the force of law. Each college and university has a community life and a character of its own.

The spirit of each institution abides within its walls. It cannot be invaded by an outsider, or ever completely understood by one who has not grown up in it. The atmosphere of a college community is conservative. It is the outcome of generations of student custom and thought, which have resolved themselves into distinct grooves.

It requires a thorough understanding of the customs of college men, their antics and pranks, to appreciate the fact that the performers are simply boys, carrying on the traditions of those gone before. Gray-haired graduates who know by experience what is embodied in college spirit, join feelingly in the old customs of their college days, and in observing the new customs which have grown out of the old.

These traditional customs, some of them humorous, and others deeply moving in their sentiment, are among the first things that impress the freshman. He does not comprehend the meaning of them at once, nor does he realize that they are the product of generations of students, but he soon learns that there is something more powerful in college life than the brick and mortar of beautiful buildings, or high passing marks in the classroom. When he comes to know the value and the underlying spirit of the traditions of his college, he treasures them among the enduring memories of his life.

The business man who never enjoyed the advantage of going to college, is puzzled as he witnesses the demonstration of undergraduate life, and he fails to catch the meaning; he does not understand; it has played no part in his own experience; college

customs seem absurd to him, and he fails to appreciate that in these traditions our American college spirit finds expression.

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As an outsider views the result of a football victory, he sees perhaps only the bitter look of defeat on the losers' faces, and is at a loss to understand the loyal spirit of thousands of graduates and undergraduates who stand and cheer their team after defeat. Such a sight, undoubtedly, impresses him; but he turns his attention to the triumphant march of the victorious sympathizers around the field and watches the winners being borne aloft by hero worshipers; while hats by the thousands are being tossed over the cross bar of the goal post that carried the winning play.

The snake dance of thousands of exulting students enlivens the scene—the spirit of glorious victory breaks loose.

After the Harvard victory in 1908, in the midst of the excitement, a Harvard graduate got up from his seat, climbed over the fence, put his derby hat and bull-dog pipe on the grass, walked solemnly out a few paces, turned two complete handsprings, walked back, put on his hat, picked up his pipe, climbed solemnly over the fence again and took his place in the crowd. He was very businesslike about it and didn't say a word. He had to get it out of his system—that was all. Nobody laughed at him.

One sees gray-haired men stand and cheer, sing and enthuse over their Alma Mater's team. For the moment the rest of the world is forgotten. Tears come with defeat to those on the grandstand, as well as to the players, and likewise happy smiles and joyous greetings come when victory crowns the day.

In the midst of a crisis in the game, men and women, old and young, break over the bounds of conventionality, get acquainted with their seat mates and share the general excitement. The thrill of victory possesses them and the old grads embrace each other after a winning touchdown.

There may be certain streets in a college town upon which a freshman is never seen. It may be that a freshman has to wear a certain kind of cap; his trousers must not be rolled up at the bottom. And if you should see a freshman standing on a balcony at night, singing some foolish song, with a crowd of sophomores standing below, you smile as you realize that you are witnessing the performance of some college custom.

And if you see a young man dressed in an absurd fantastic costume, going about the streets of a city, or a quiet college town, it may mean an initiation into a certain society or club, and you will note that he does his part with a quiet, earnest look upon his face, realizing that he is carrying on a tradition which has endured for years.

You hear the seniors singing on the campus, while the whole college listens. It is their hour. At games you see the cheer leaders take their places in front of the grandstand, and as they bend and double themselves into all sorts of shapes, they bring out the cheers which go to make college spirit strong.



If you were at Yale, on what is known as "Tap Day," you would view in wonderment the solemnity and seriousness of the occasion. An election to a senior society is Yale's highest honor. As you sit on the old Yale fence you realize what it means to Yale men. In the secret life of the campus men yearn most for this honor and the traditional gathering of seniors under the oak tree for receiving elections is a college custom that has all the binding force of a most rigid law.

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ALUMNI PARADES

Then come the alumni parades at Commencement. The old timers head the procession; those who came first, are first in line, and so on down to the youngest and most recent graduate.

There are many interesting things in the parade, which bring out specific class peculiarities. In one college you may see gray-haired men walking behind an immense Sacred Bird, as it is called. This Bird—the creation of an ingenious mind—is the size of an ostrich and has all the semblance of life, with many lifelike tricks and habits.

Men dress in all sorts of costumes. This is a day in which each class has some peculiar part, and all are united in the one big thought that it is a cherished college custom.

You may see some man with the letter of his college on his sweater, another may have his class numerals, another may wear a gold football. These are not ordinary things to be purchased at sporting goods stores; they are a reward of merit. The college custom has made it so, and if in some college town the traditions of the university are such that a man, as he passes the Ma Newell gateway at Cambridge raises his hat in honor of this great Harvard hero, it is a tradition backed up by a wonderful spirit of love towards one who has gone. And then on Commencement Day when the seniors plant their class ivy—that is a token to remain behind them and flourish long after they are out in the wide, wide world.

College tradition makes it possible for a poor boy to get an education. The poor fellow may wait on the table, where sit many rich men's sons, but they may be all chums with him; they are on the same footing; the campus of one is the campus of the other, and all you can say is "It is just the way of things—just the way it must be." More power to the man who works his way through college.

It may be, as fellow college man, you are now recalling some custom that is carried out on a college street, in a dormitory, in a fraternity house, perhaps, or a club; perhaps in some boarding house, where you had your first introduction to a college custom; maybe in the cheapest rooming house in town you got your first impression of a bold, bad sophomore. You probably could have given him a good trouncing had he been alone, and yet you were prepared to take smilingly the hazing imposed upon you.

Maybe some of you fondly recall a cannon stuck in the ground behind a historical building where once George Washington had his headquarters. Around about this traditional monument cluster rich memories as you review the many college ceremonies enacted there.

Some of you, owing allegiance to a New England Alma Mater, may recall with smiles and perhaps mischievous satisfaction, the chequered career of the sculptured Sabrina

in her various appearances and disappearances since the day, now long gone by, when in pedestaled repose she graced the college flower gardens. The Sabrina tradition is one of the golden legacies of Amherst life.

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In the formation of college spirit and traditions I am not unmindful of the tremendous moulding power of the college president or the popular college professors. This is strikingly illustrated in the expression of an old college man, who said in this connection:

“I don’t remember a thing Professor —— said, but I remember him.”

When the graduate of a college has sons of his own, he realizes more fully than at any other time the great influence of personality upon youth. He understands better the problems that are faced by boys, and the great task and responsibility of the faculty.

I know that there are many football men who at different times in their career have not always praised the work of the college professors, but now that the games are over they probably look back affectionately to the men who made them toe the mark, and by such earnestness helped them through their college career.

It is undoubtedly true that the head masters and teachers in our preparatory schools and colleges generally appreciate the importance of developing the whole man, mental, moral and physical.

SCHOOLMASTER AND BOY

Indeed it is a wonderful privilege to work shoulder to shoulder with the boys in our preparatory schools as well as in our colleges. At a recent dinner I heard Doctor S. J. McPherson, of the Lawrenceville School, place before an alumni gathering a sentiment, which I believe is the sentiment of every worthy schoolmaster in our land.

“Schoolmasters have attractive work and they can find no end of fun in it. I admit that in a boarding school they should be willing to spend themselves, eight days in the week and twenty-five hours a day. But no man goes far that keeps watching the clock. There may be good reasons for long vacations, but I regard the summer vacation as usually a bore for at least half the length of it.

“To be worth his salt, a schoolmaster must, of course, have scholarship—the more the better. But that alone will never make him a quickening teacher. He must be ‘apt to teach,’ and must lose himself in his task if he is to transfuse his blood into the veins of boys. Above all, he must be a real man and not a manikin, and he must enjoy his boys—love them, without being quite conscious of the love, or at least without harping on it.

“The ideal schoolmaster needs five special and spiritual senses: common sense, the sense of justice, the sense of honor, the sense of youth and the sense of humor. These five gifts are very useful in every worthy occupation.



“Gentlemen, none of us schoolmasters has reached the ideal; however, we reach after it. Nevertheless, we neither need, nor desire your pity. We do not feel unimportant. Personally, I would not exchange jobs with the richest or greatest among you. I like my own job. It really looks to me, bigger and finer. I should rather have the right mold and put the right stamp on a wholesome boy than to do any other thing. It counts more for the world and is more nearly immortal. It is worth any man’s life.”

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Another factor in the formation and development of college traditions and college spirit is the influence of the men who shape the athletic policy.

When one of the graduates returns to direct the athletic affairs of his Alma Mater, or those of another college he naturally becomes a potent influence in the life of the students. Great is his opportunity for character making. The men all look up to him and the spirit of hero worship is present everywhere. Such athletic directors are chosen largely because of their success on the athletic field. And when one can combine athletic directorship with scholastic knowledge, the combination is doubly effective.

By association they know the real spirit and patriotic sentiment of the college men. They appreciate the fact that success in athletics, like success in life, depends not merely upon training the head, but upon training the will. Huxley said that:

“The true object of all education, was to develop ability to do the thing that ought to be done when it ought to be done, whether one felt like doing it or not.”

Prompt obedience to rules and regulations develop character and the athletic director becomes, therefore, one of the most important of college instructors. A boy may be a welcher in his classroom work, but when he gets out on the athletic field and meets the eye of a man who is bound to get the most out of every player for the sake of his own reputation, as well as the reputation of the school or college, that boy finds himself in a new school. It is the school of discipline that resembles more nearly than anything else the competitive struggle in the business life of the outside world that he is soon to enter.

Another exceedingly valuable trait that athletic life develops in a student is the spirit of honorable victory. The player is taught to win, to be sure, but he is also taught that victory must never overshadow honor.

Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose, or conquer, as you can
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, Pray God, a gentleman.

This tradition and atmosphere cannot be retained in institutions merely by the efforts of the students. The co-operation of the alumni is necessary. On this account it is unfortunate that the point of view of too many college men regarding their Alma Mater is limited to the years of their own school and college days.

Our universities especially are beginning to learn that this has been a great mistake and that the continued interest and loyalty of the alumni are absolutely essential to insure progress and maintain the high standard of an institution. There is, in other words, a real sense in which the college belongs to the alumni. The faculty is engaged for a specific purpose and their great work is made much more profitable by the hearty co-

operation of the old and young graduates who keep in close touch with the happenings and the spirit of their different alma maters.

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One of the best assets in any seat of learning is the constructive criticism of the alumni. Broad minded faculties invite intelligent criticism from the graduate body, and they usually get it.

But after all, the real power of enthusiasm behind college traditions abides in the student body itself. How is this college patriotism aroused? What are its manifestations? What is it that awakens the desire for victory with honor, which is the real background of the great football demonstration that tens of thousands of Americans witness each year?

As I think back in this connection upon my own college experiences, the athletic mass meeting stands out in my memory and records the moment when all that was best and strongest in my fighting spirit and manhood came out to meet the demand of the athletic leaders. It was at that time that the thrill and power of college spirit took mighty possession of me. It might have been the inspiring words of an old college leader addressing us, or perhaps it was the story of some incident that brought out the deep significance of the coming game. Indeed I have often thought that the spirit of loyalty and sacrifice aroused in the breast of the young man in a college mass meeting springs from the same noble source as the highest patriotism.

MASS MEETING ENTHUSIASM

How well do I recall the mass meeting held by the undergraduates in Alexander Hall Thursday night before the Yale game in 1898! The team and substitutes sat in the front row of seats. There was singing and cheering that aroused every man in the room to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. All eyes were focused on the cheer leader as he rehearsed the cheers and songs for the game, and as the speakers entered behind him on the platform, they received a royal welcome. There was Johnny Poe, Alex Moffat, some of the professors, including Jack Hibben, since president of Princeton, in addition to the coaches.

I can almost hear again their words, as they addressed the gathering.

"Fellows, we are here to-night to get ready to defeat Yale on Saturday. You men all know how hard the coaches have worked this year to get the team ready for the last big game. Captain Hillebrand and his men know that the college is with the team to a man. We are not here to-night to make college spirit, but we are here to demonstrate it.

"Those of you who saw last year's team go down to defeat at New Haven, realize that the Princeton team this year has got to square that defeat. Garry Cochran and the other men who graduated are not here to play. The burden rests on the shoulders of the men in front of me, this year's team, and we know what they're going to do.



"It is going to take the hardest kind of work to beat Yale on our own grounds. We must play them off their feet the first five minutes. I wonder if you men who are in Princeton to-day truly realize the great tradition of this dear college. Thousands and thousands of young men have walked across the same campus you travel. The Princeton of years gone by, is your Princeton to-day, so let us ever hold a high regard for those whose places we now occupy.

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“Already from far off points, Princeton men are starting back to see the Yale game—back to their Alma Mater. They’re coming back to see the old rooms they used to live in, and it is up to us to make their visit a memorable one. You can do that by beating Yale.”

George K. Edwards

Many of you men have perhaps heard of the great love for Princeton shown in the story of the last days of Horse Edwards, Princeton '89. He will never return to Princeton again. He used to live in East College, long since torn down. Some years after he left college, he was told that he had but a few short months to live. He decided to live them out at Princeton.

One Friday afternoon in the summer of 1897, Horse Edwards arrived in Princeton from Colorado. He was very weak from his illness. He could barely raise his hand to wave to the host of old friends who greeted him as he drove from the station to East College, where his old room had been arranged as in his college days for his return.

There he was visited by many friends of the old days, who had come back for Commencement. Old memories were revived. That night he attended his club dinner, and the following day was wheeled out to the field to see the baseball game, Princeton beat Yale 16 to 8, and his cup of happiness was overflowing. On the following Monday Horse Edwards died. He told his close friends that as long as he had to go, he was happy that he had been granted his last wish—to die there at Princeton. And his memory is a treasured college tradition.

Job E. Hedges

Among the men who are always welcome at Princeton mass meetings and dinners, is Job E. Hedges. I remember what he said at a mass meeting at Princeton in 1896. He was then secretary to Mayor Strong, in New York, in which city the game with Yale took place that year.

The scene was in the old gymnasium. Every inch of space was occupied. On the front seats sat the team and substitutes. Around them and in the small gallery were the students in mass. Before the team were prominent alumni, trustees and some members of the faculty. Earnest appeal had been made by the various speakers tending to arouse the team to a high point of enthusiasm and courage, and the interest of their alma mater and of the alumni had been earnestly pictured. Mr. Hedges was called on as he frequently is at Princeton gatherings and as the usual field had been fairly covered, his opportunities were limited, without repetition of what had been said. He addressed the team and substitutes in typical Princeton fashion and concluded, so far as a record is made of it, somewhat as follows:

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"There is a feeling in the public mind that football games breed dissipation and are naturally followed by unseemly conduct. We all know that much of the excitement following football games in New York is due largely not to college men but others, who take the game as an excuse and the time as an opportunity to indulge in more or less boisterous conduct, with freedom from interference usually accorded at that time. I wish it thoroughly understood that in no way as a Princeton man do I countenance dissipation, intemperance, boisterous or unseemly conduct. It may be a comfort for you men to know, however, that I am personally acquainted with every police magistrate in the City of New York. While I do not claim to have any influence with them, nor would I try to exercise it improperly, nevertheless if the team wins and any man should unintentionally and weakly yield to the strain consequent upon such a victory, I can be found that night at my residence. Any delinquent will have my sympathetic and best efforts in his behalf. If, however, the team loses, and any one goes over the line of propriety, he will have from me neither sympathy nor assistance and I shall be absent from the city."

It is related that on the night following the victory, several daring spirits decorated themselves with cards hung from their necks bearing this legend, "Don't arrest me, I am a friend of Job Hedges." With these they marched up and down Broadway and, though laboring under somewhat strange conditions, were not molested. A full account of this expeditionary force appeared in the daily papers the next morning and it is related that there was a brisk conversation between Mr. Hedges and the mayor, when the former arrived at the City Hall, which took on, not an orange and black hue, but rather a lurid flame, of which Mayor Strong was supposed to be but was not the victim.

The net result of the scene, however, was that the team won, there was a moderate celebration and no Princeton man was arrested.

[Illustration: *Johnny Poe, football player and soldier*]

CHAPTER XI

JOHNNY POE'S OWN STORY

Johnny Poe was a member of the Black Watch, that famous Scotch Regiment whose battles had followed the English flag. On the graves of the Black Watch heroes the sun never sets. Johnny Poe's death came on September 25th, 1915, in the Battle of Loos. Nelson Poe has given me the following information regarding Johnny's death. It comes direct from Private W. Faulkner, a comrade who was in the charge when Johnny fell.

In the morning during the attack we went out on a party carrying bombs. Poe and myself were in this party. We had gone about half way across an open field when Poe was hit in the stomach. He was then five yards in front of me and I saw him fall. As he

fell he said, 'Never mind me. Go ahead with our boxes.' On our return for more bombs we found him lying dead. Shortly after he was buried at a place between the British and German lines. I have seen his grave which is about a hundred yards to the left of 'Lone Tree' on the left of Loos. 'Lone Tree' is the only landmark near. The grave is marked with his name and regiment.

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Just what Johnny Poe's heroic finish on the battle field meant to us here at home is the common knowledge of all football men and indeed of all sportsmen. There is ample evidence, moreover, that it attracted the attention of the four corners of the earth. Life in London or Paris was not all roses to the Americans compelled to remain there at the height of the war.

Paul Mac Whelan, a Yale man and football writer, had occasion to be in London shortly after the news of Poe's death in battle was received there. Talking with Whelan after his return he impressed upon me the place that Poe had made for himself in the hearts of at least one of the fighting countries.

"You know," said he, "that at about that time Americans were not very popular. There seemed to be a feeling everywhere that we should have been on the firing line. This feeling developed the fashion of polite jeering to a point that made life abroad uncomfortable until Johnny Poe fell fighting in the ranks of the Black Watch on the plains of Flanders. In the dull monotony of the casualty list his name at first slipped by with scant mention. It was the publication in the United States of the story of his fighting career which stimulated newspaper interest not merely in England, but throughout the British Empire. To Australia, Canada, New Zealand and South Africa—into the farthest corners of the earth—went the tale of the death of a great American fighter.

"I met one man, a lawyer, on his way to do some peace work, and he told me that he thought Poe had no right to be in the ranks of a foreign army. Probably most of the pacifists would have returned the same verdict regardless of Poe's love for the cause of the Allies. Yet among the thousands of Americans in Europe in the month following Poe's death, there was complete unity of opinion that the old Princeton football star had done more for his country than all the pacifists put together.

"'A toast to the memory of Poe,' said one of the group of Americans in the Savoy, that famous gathering place of Yankees in London. 'His death has made living a lot easier for his countrymen who have to be in France and England during the war.'"

"There is not an army on the continent in which Americans have not died, but no death in action, not even that of Victor Chapman the famous American aviator in France, gave such timely proof of American valor as that of Poe. In London for a month after his death there was talk among Americans and in the university clubs about raising funds for some permanent memorial in London to Poe. There are many memorials to Englishmen in America and it would seem that there is a place and a real reason for erecting a memorial in London to a fighting American who gave his life for a cause to England."

I have always treasured, in my football collection, some anecdotes which Johnny Poe wrote several years ago while in Nevada. In fact, from reading his stories, after his death, I got the inspiration that prompted me to write this book.

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"The following stories were picked up by me," says Johnny, "through the course of college years, and after. Some of the incidents I have actually witnessed, of others my brothers have told me, when we talked over Princeton victories and defeats with the reasons for both, and still others I have heard from the lips of Princeton men as they grew reminiscent sitting around the cozy fireplace in the Trophy room at the Varsity Club House, with the old footballs, the scores of many a hard fought Princeton victory emblazoned upon them, and the banners with the names of the members of the winning teams thereon inscribed looking down from their places on the walls and ceilings."

How the undergraduates long to have their names enrolled on the victorious banner, knowing that they will be looked up to by future college generations of the sons of Old Nassau!

These old banners have much the same effect upon Princeton teams as did the name of Horatius upon the young Romans'!

And still his name sounds strong unto the men of Rome,
As a trumpet blast which calls to them to charge the Volsian home;
And wives still pray to Juno for boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

Well do they know that Mother Princeton is not chary of her praise, when she knows that they have planted her banner on the loftiest tower of her enemies' stronghold.

The evenings spent in the Trophy room, the Grill Room of the Princeton Inn and in the hallways around a cheerful fire of the numerous Princeton clubs make me think of nights in the Mess room of crack British regiments, so graphically described by Kipling.

The general public cannot understand the seriousness with which college athletes take the loss of an important game. There is a Princeton football Captain who was so broken up over a defeat by Yale that, months after on the cattle range of New Mexico, as he lay out at night on his cow-boy bed and thought himself unobserved, he fell to sobbing as if his heart would break.

A football victory to many men is as dearly longed for as any goal of ambition in life. How else would they strive so fiercely, one side to take the ball over, the other to prevent them doing so!

Very few of the public hear the exhortation and cursing as the ball slowly but irresistibly is rushed to the goal of the opponent.

"Billy, if you do that again I'll cut your heart out!"

"Yale, if you ever held, hold now!"

How the calls to victory come back!

As Hughes says in *Tom Brown's School Days*, a scrimmage in front of the goal posts, or the Consulship of Plancus, is no child's play.

My earliest Princeton football hero was Alex Moffat '84. My brother Johnson was in his class and played on the same team, and would often talk of him to my brothers and to me. He used to give us a sort of

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"Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, *etc.*"

Though my brother is a small man, I thought all other Princeton players must be 9 cubits and a half, or as a reporter once said of Symmes '92, center rush in Princeton team of '90 and '91, "An animated whale, broad as the moral law and heavy as the hand of fate." I consider Alex Moffat the greatest goal kicker college football has produced. One football in the Princeton Trophy room has on it, "Princeton 26, Harvard 7." In that game Moffat kicked five goals from the field, three with his right and two with his left foot, besides the goals from the touchdowns.

A Harvard guard made the remark after the third goal, "We came here to play football, not to play against phenomenal kicking."

Princeton men cannot help feeling that Moffat should have been allowed a goal against Yale in his Post-graduate year of '84, which was called before the full halves had been played and decided a draw, Yale being ahead, 6 to 4. Princeton claimed it but the Referee said he didn't see it, which caused Moffat to exclaim—something.

An amusing story is told in connection with this decision. Quite a number of years after Jim Robinson who was trainer of the Princeton team in '84, went down to the dock to see his brother off for Europe. Looking up he beheld on the deck above, the man who had refereed the '84 game, and whom he had not seen since, "Smith," he said, "I have a brother on this boat, but I hope she sinks."

Tilly Lamar's name is highly honored at Princeton, not only because he won the '85 game against Yale by a run of about 90 yards, but because he died trying to save a girl from drowning. Only a few months later, in the summer of '91, Fred Brokaw '92, was drowned at Elberon while trying to save two girls from the ocean. Both Lamar and Brokaw's pictures adorn the walls of the Varsity Club House.

The first game I ever saw the Princeton Team play was with Harvard in '88, which the former won 18 to 6. I was in my brother's ('91) room about three hours and a half before the game, and Jere Black and Channing, the halfbacks, were there. As Channing left he remarked, "Something will have happened before I get back to this room again," referring to the game, which doubtless made him a bit nervous.

I believe he was no more nervous ten years after, when in the Rough Riders he waited for word to advance up that bullet swept hill before Santiago.

'81 was the year so many Divinity students played on the Varsity: Hector Cowan the great tackle, Dick Hodge the strategist, Sam Hodge, Bob Speer, and I think Irvine; men all, who as McCready Sykes said, "Feared God and no one else." Hector Cowan is

considered one of the best tackles that ever wore the Orange and Black jersey. While rough, he was never a dirty player.

In a game with Wesleyan, his opponent cried out angrily, "Keep your hands for pounding on your Bible, don't be sticking them in my face." One day in a game against the Scrub, Cowan had passed everyone except the fullback and was bearing down on him like a tornado, when within a few feet of the fullback the latter jumped aside and said politely, "Pass on, sir, pass on." Cowan played on two winning teams, '85 and '89.

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In '89 the eligibility rules at the college were not as strict as now, so as Princeton needed a tackle, Walter Cash who had played on Pennsylvania the year before, was sent for and came all the way from Wyoming. He came so hurriedly that his wardrobe consisted of two 6-shooters and a monte deck of cards, on account of which he was dubbed "Monte" Cash. Cash was not fond of attending lectures, and once the faculty had him up before them and told him what a disgrace it would be if he were dropped out of College. "It may be in the East, but we don't think much of a little thing like that out West," was his reply. Cash was in the Rough Riders and was wounded at San Juan.

Sport Donnelly was a great end that year. Heffelfinger the great Yale guard who is probably the best that ever played, said of Donnelly, that he was the only player he had ever seen who could slug and keep his eye on the ball at the same time. The following story is often told of how Donnelly got Rhodes of Yale ruled off in '89. Rhodes had hit Channing of Princeton in the eye, so that Donnelly was laying for him, and when Rhodes came through the line, Donnelly grabbed up two handfuls of mud—it was a very muddy field—and rubbed them in his face and hollered, "Mr. Umpire," so that when Rhodes, in a burst of righteous indignation, hit him, the Umpire saw it and promptly ruled Rhodes from the field.

Snake Ames and House Janeway played that year, and as the latter was big—210 pounds stripped—and good natured, Ames thought that if he could only get Janeway angry he would play even better than usual, so, with Machiavellian craft, he said to him before the Harvard game, "House, the man you are going to play against to-morrow insulted your girl. I heard him do it, so you want to murder him." "All right," said House, ominously, and as Princeton won, 41 to 15, Janeway must certainly have helped a heap.

George played center for Princeton four years, and for three years "Pa" Corbin and George played against each other, and, as cow-boys would say, "sure did chew each other's mane." I don't mean slugged.

My brother Edgar '91 was a great admirer of George. In '88 Edgar was playing in the scrub, and George broke through and was about to make a tackle when the former knocked one of his arms down as it was outstretched to catch it. George missed the tackle but said nothing. A second time almost identically the same thing occurred. This time he remarked grimly, "Good trick that, Poe." But when the same thing happened a third time on the same afternoon, he exclaimed, "Poe, if you weren't so small, I'd hit you."

In '89 Thomas '90, substitute guard, was highly indignant at the way some Boston newspaper described him. "The Princeton men were giants, one in particular was picturesque in his grotesqueness. He was 6 feet 5 and, when he ran, his arms and legs moved up and down like the piston rods of an engine."

In '90 Buck Irvine '88 brought an unknown team to Princeton, Franklin and Marshall, which he coached, and they scored 16 points against the Tigers. And though the latter won, 33 to 16, still that was the largest score ever made against Princeton up to that time. They did it, too, by rushing, which was all the more to their credit.

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Victor Harding, Harvard, and Yup Cook, Princeton '89, had played on Andover and Exeter, respectively, and had trouble then, so four years later when they met, one on Princeton and the other on Harvard, they had more trouble. Both were ruled off for rough work. Cook picked Harding up off the ground and slammed him down and then walked off the field. In a few minutes Harding, after trying to trip Ames, also was ruled off. That was the net result of the old Andover-Exeter feud.

In '91 Princeton was playing Rutgers. Those were the days of the old "V" trick in starting a game. When the Orange and Black guards and centers tore up the Rutgers' V it was found that the Captain of the latter team had broken his leg in the crush. He showed great nerve, for while sitting on the ground waiting for a stretcher, he remarked in a nonchalant way, "Give me a cigarette. I could die for Old Rutgers," his tone being "Me first and then Nathan Hale." One version quite prevalent around Princeton has it that a Tiger player rushed up and exclaimed, "Die then." This is not true as I played in that game and know whereof I speak.

Fifteen years after that had happened, I met Phil Brett who had captained the Rutgers Team that day, and he told me that his life had been a burden to him at times, and like Job, he felt like cursing God and dying, because often upon coming into a cafe or even a hotel dining-room some half drunken acquaintance would yell out, "Hello, Phil, old man, could you die for dear Old Rutgers?"

Several years ago while in the Kentucky Militia in connection with one of those feud cases, I was asked by a private if I were related to Edgar Allan Poe, "De mug what used to write poetry," and when I replied, "Yes, he was my grandmother's first cousin," he, evidently thinking I was too boastful, remarked, "Well, man, you've got a swell chance."

So, knowing that the football season is near I think I have a "swell chance" to tell some of the old football stories handed down at Princeton from college generation to generation. If I have hurt any old Princeton players' feelings, I do humbly ask pardon and assure them that it is unintentional; for as the Indians would put it, my heart is warm toward them, and, when I die, place my hands upon my chest and put their hands between my hands.

With apologies to Kipling in his poem when he speaks of the parting of the Colonial troops with the Regulars:

"There isn't much we haven't shared
For to make the Elis run.
The same old hurts, the same old breaks,
The same old rain and sun.
The same old chance which knocked us out
Or winked and let us through.

The same old joy, the same old sorrow,
Good-bye, good luck to you."

CHAPTER XII

ARMY AND NAVY

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When the Navy meets the Army,
When the friend becomes the foe,
When the sailor and the soldier
Seek each other to o'erthrow;
When old vet'rans, gray and grizzled,
Elbow, struggle, push, and shove,
That they may cheer on to vict'ry
Each the service of his love;
When the maiden, fair and dainty,
Lets her dignity depart,
And, all breathless, does her utmost
For the team that's next her heart;
When you see these strange things happen,
Then we pray you to recall
That the Army and Navy
Stand firm friends beneath it all.

There is a distinctive flavor about an Army-Navy football game which, irrespective of the quality of the contending elevens and of their relative standing among the high-class teams in any given season, rates these contests annually as among the "big games" of the year. Tactically and strategically football bears a close relation to war. That is a vital reason why it should be studied and applied in our two government schools.

On the part of the public there is general appreciation of the spirit which these two academies have brought into the great autumn sport, a spirit which combines with football per se the color, the martial pomp, the *elan* of the military. The merger is a happy one, because football in its essence is a stern, grim game, a game that calls for self-sacrifice, for mental alertness and for endurance; all these are elements, among others, which we commonly associate with the soldier's calling.

If West Point and Annapolis players are not young men, who, after graduation, will go out into the world in various civil professions or other pursuits relating to commerce and industry, they are men, on the contrary, who are being trained to uphold the honor of our flag at home or abroad, as fate may decree—fighting men whose lives are to be devoted to the National weal. It would be strange, therefore, if games in which those thus set apart participate, were not marked by a quality peculiarly their own. To far-flung warships the scores are sent on the wings of the wireless and there is elation or depression in many a remote wardroom in accordance with the aspect of the news. In lonely army posts wherever the flag flies word of the annual struggle is flashed alike to colonel and the budding second lieutenant still with down on lip, by them passed to the top sergeant and so on to the bottom of the line.

Every football player who has had the good fortune to visit West Point or Annapolis, there to engage in a gridiron contest, has had an experience that he will always

cherish. Every team, as a rule, looks forward to out of town trips, but when an eleven is to play the Army or the Navy, not a little of the pleasure lies in anticipation.

Mayhap the visitor even now is recalling the officer who met him at the station, and his hospitable welcome; the thrill that resulted from a tour, under such pleasant auspices, of the buildings and the natural surroundings of the two great academies. There was the historic campus, where so many great Army and Navy men spent their preparatory days. An inspiration unique in the experience of the visitor was to be found in the drill of the battalion as they marched past, led by the famous academy bands.

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There arose in the heart of the stranger perhaps, the thought that he was not giving to his country as much as these young men. Such is the contagion of the spirit of the two institutions. There is always the thrill of the military whether the cadets and midshipmen pass to the urge of martial music in their purely military duties, or in equally perfect order to the ordinary functions of life, such as the daily meals, which in the colleges are so informal and in the mess hall are so precise. Joining their orderly ranks in this big dining-room one comes upon a scene never to be forgotten.

In the process of developing college teams, an eleven gets a real test at either of these academies; you get what you go after; they are out to beat you; their spirit is an indomitable one; your cherished idea that you cannot be beaten never occurs to them until the final whistle is blown. Your men will realize after the game that a bruised leg or a lame joint will recall hard tackling of a player like Mustin of the Navy, or Arnold of West Point, souvenirs of the dash they put into their play. Maybe there comes to your mind a recollection of the Navy's fast offense; their snappy play; the military precision with which their work is done. Possibly you dream of the wriggling open field running of Snake Izard, or the bulwark defense of Nichols; or in your West Point experiences you are reminded of the tussle you had in suppressing the brilliant Kromer, that clever little quarterback and field general, or the task of stopping the forging King, the Army's old captain and fullback.

Not less vivid are the memories of the spontaneous if measured cheering behind these men—a whole-hearted support that was at once the background and the incentive to their work. The “Siren Cheer” of the Navy and the “Long Corps Yell” of the Army still ringing in the ears of the college invader were proof of the drive behind the team.

I have always counted it a privilege that I was invited to coach at Annapolis through several football seasons. It was an unrivalled opportunity to catch the spirit that permeates the atmosphere of this great Service school and to realize how eagerly the progress of football is watched by the heroes of the past who are serving wherever duty calls.

It was there that I met Superintendent Wainwright. His interest in Annapolis football was keen. Another officer whose friendship I made at the Academy was Commander Grant, who later was Rear Admiral, Commander of the Submarine Flotilla. His spirit was truly remarkable. The way he could talk to a team was an inspiration.

It was during the intermission of a Navy-Carlisle game when the score was 11 to 6 in Carlisle's favor, that this exponent of fighting spirit came into the dressing-room and in a talk to the team spared nothing and nobody. What he said about the White man not being able to defeat the Indian was typical. As a result of this unique dressing-room scene when he commanded the Navy to win out over the Indians, his charges came through to victory by the score of 17-11.

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There is no one man at Annapolis who sticks closer to the ship and around whom more football traditions have grown than Paul Dashiell, a professor in the Academy. He bore for many years the burden of responsibility of Annapolis football. His earnest desire has been to see the Navy succeed. He has worked arduously, and whenever Navy men get together they speak enthusiastically of the devotion of this former Lehigh hero, official and rule maker. Players have come and gone; the call in recent years has been elsewhere, but Paul Dashiell has remained, and his interest in the game has been manifested by self-denial and hard work. Defeat has come to him with great sadness, and there are many games of which he still feels the sting; these come to him as nightmares in his recollections of Annapolis football history. Great has been his joy in the Navy's hour of victory.

It was here at Annapolis that I learned something of the old Navy football heroes. Most brilliant of all, perhaps, was Worth Bagley, a marvelous punter and great fighter. He lost his life later in the war with Spain, standing to his duty under open fire on the deck of the *Winslow* at Cardenas, with the utter fearlessness that was characteristic of him.

I heard of the deeds on the football field of Mike Johnson, Trench, Pearson, McCormack, Cavanaugh, Reeves, McCauley, Craven, Kimball and Bookwalter. I have played against the great Navy guard Halligan. I saw developed the Navy players, Long, Chambers, Reed, Nichols and Chip Smith, who later was in charge of the Navy athletics. He was one of the best quarterbacks the Navy ever had. I saw Dug Howard grow up from boyhood in Annapolis and develop into a Navy star; saw him later coach their teams to victory; witnessed the great playing of Dougherty, Piersol, Grady and Bill Carpenter, who is no longer on the Navy list. All these players, together with Norton, Northcroft, Dague, Halsey, Ingram, Douglas, Jerry Land, Babe Brown and Dalton stand out among those who have given their best in Army and Navy games.

Young Nichols, who was quarterback in 1912, was a most brilliant ground gainer. He resigned from the Service early in 1913, receiving a commission in the British Army. He was wounded, but later returned to duty only to be killed shortly afterward. Another splendid man.

In speaking of Navy football I cannot pass over the name of W. H. Stayton, a man whose whole soul seemed to be permeated with Navy atmosphere, and who is always to be depended upon in Navy matters. The association that I formed later in life with McDonough Craven and other loyal Navy football men gave me an opportunity to learn of Annapolis football in their day.

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The list of men who have been invited to coach the Navy from year to year is a long one. The ideal method of development of an undergraduate team is by a system of coaching conducted by graduates of that institution. Such alumni can best preserve the traditions, correct blunders of other years, and carry through a continuous policy along lines most acceptable. Graduate coaching exclusively is nearly impossible for Navy teams, for the graduates, as officers, are stationed at far distant points, mostly on board ship. Their duties do not permit of interruption for two months. They cannot be spared from turret and bridge; from the team work so highly developed at present on shipboard. Furthermore, their absence from our country sometimes for years, keeps them out of touch with football generally, and it is impossible for them to keep up to date—hence the coaching from other institutions.

[Illustration: NORTHCROFT KICKING THE FIELD GOAL ANTICIPATED BY THE NAVY AND FEARED BY THE ARMY]

Lieutenant Frank B. Berrien was one of the early coaches and an able one. Immediately afterward Dug Howard for three years coached the team to victory. The Navy's football future was then turned over to Jonas Ingram, with the idea of working out a purely graduate system, in the face of such serious obstacles as have already been pointed out.

One of the nightmares of my coaching experiences was the day that the Army beat the Navy through the combined effort of the whole Army team plus the individual running of Charlie Daly. This run occurred at the very start of the second half. Doc Hillebrand and I were talking on the side lines to Evarts Wrenn, the Umpire. None of us heard the whistle blow for the starting of the second half. Before we knew it the Army sympathizers were on their feet cheering and we saw Daly hitting it up the field, weaving through the Navy defense.

Harmon Graves, who was coaching West Point that year, has since told me that the Army coaches had drilled the team carefully in receiving the ball on a kick-off—with Daly clear back under the goal posts. On the kick-off, the Navy did just what West Point had been trained to expect. Belknap kicked a long high one direct to Daly, and then and there began the carefully prepared advance of the Army team. Mowing down the oncoming Navy players, the West Point forwards made it possible for clever Daly to get loose and score a touchdown after a run of nearly the entire length of the field.

This game stands out in my recollection as one of the most sensational on record. The Navy, like West Point, had had many victories, but the purpose of this book is not to record year by year the achievements of these two institutions, but rather catch their spirit, as one from without looks in upon a small portion of the busy life that is typical of these Service schools.

Scattered over the seven seas are those who heard the reveille of football at Annapolis. From a few old-timers let us garner their experiences and the effects of football in the Service.

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C. L. Poor, one of the veterans of the Annapolis squad, Varsity and Hustlers, has something to say concerning the effect of football upon the relationship between officers and men.

“Generally speaking,” he says, “it is considered that the relationship is beneficial. The young officer assumes qualities of leadership and shows himself in a favorable light to the men, who appreciate his ability to show them something and do it well. The average young American, whether himself athletic or not, is a bit of a hero worshipper towards a prominent athlete, and so the young officer who has good football ability gets the respect and appreciation of the crew to start with.”

J. B. Patton, who played three years at Annapolis, says of the early days:

“I entered the Academy in 1895. In those days athletics were not encouraged. The average number of cadets was less than 200, and the entrance age was from 14 to 18—really a boys’ school. So when an occasional college team appeared, they looked like old men to us.

“Match games were usually on Saturday afternoon, and all the cadets spent the forenoon at sail drill on board the *Wyoming* in Chesapeake Bay. I can remember spending four hours racing up and down the top gallant yard with Stone and Hayward, loosing and furling sail, and then returning to a roast beef dinner, followed by two 45-minute halves of football.

“One of our best games, as a rule, was with Johns Hopkins University. Paul Dashiell, then a Hopkins man, usually managed to smuggle one or more Poes to Annapolis with his team. We knew it, but at that time we did not object because we usually beat the Hopkins team.

“Another interesting match was with the Deaf Mutes from Kendall College. It was a standing joke with us that they too frequently smuggled good football players who were not mutes. These kept silent during the game and talked with their hands, but frequently when I tackled one hard and fell on him, I could hear him cuss under his breath.”

M. M. Taylor brings us down to Navy football of the early nineties.

“In my day the principal quality sought was beef. Being embryo sailors we had to have nautical terms for our signals, and they made our opponents sit up and take notice. When I played halfback I remember my signals were my order relating to the foremast. For instance, ‘Fore-top-gallant clew lines and hands-by-the-halyards’ meant that I was the victim. On the conclusion of the order, if the captain could not launch a play made at once, he had to lengthen his signal, and sometimes there would be a string of jargon, intelligible only to a sailor, which would take the light yard men aloft, furl the sail, and

probably cast reflections on the stowage of the bunt. Anything connected with the anchor was a kick. The mainmast was consecrated to the left half, and the mizzen to the fullback.

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"In one game our lack of proper uniform worked to our advantage. I was on the sick list and had turned my suit over to a substitute. I braved the doctor's disapproval and went into the game in a pair of long working trousers and a blue flannel shirt. The opposing team, Pennsylvania, hailed me as 'Little Boy Blue,' and paid no further attention to me, so that by good fortune I made a couple of scores. Then they fell upon me, and at the close all I had left was the pants."

J. W. Powell, captain of the '97 team, tells of the interim between Army-Navy games.

"Our head coach was Johnny Poe," he says, "and he and Paul Dashiell took charge of the squad. Some of our good men were Rus White, Bill Tardy, Halligan and Fisher, holding over from the year before. A. T. Graham and Jerry Landis in the line. A wild Irishman in the plebe class, Paddy Shea, earned one end position in short order, while A. H. McCarthy went in at the other wing. Jack Asserson, Bobby Henderson, Louis Richardson and I made up the backfield. In '95, Princeton had developed their famous ends back system which was adopted by Johnny Poe and the game we played that year was built around this system. Johnny was a deadly tackler and nearly killed half the team with his system of live tackling practice. This was one of the years in which there was no Army and Navy game and our big game was the Thanksgiving Day contest with Lafayette. Barclay, Bray and Rinehart made Lafayette's name a terror in the football world. The game resulted in an 18 to 6 victory for Lafayette.

"My most vivid recollections of that game are McCarthy's plucky playing with his hand in a plaster cast, due to a broken bone, stopping Barclay and Bray repeatedly in spite of this handicap, and my own touchdown, after a twelve yard run, with Rinehart's 250 pounds hanging to me most of the way."

I recall a trip that the Princeton team of 1898 made to West Point. It was truly an attack upon the historical old school in a fashion de luxe.

Alex Van Rensselaer, an old Princeton football captain, invited Doc Hillebrand to have the Tiger eleven meet him that Saturday morning at the Pennsylvania Ferry slip in Jersey City. En route to West Point that morning this old Princeton leader met us with his steam yacht, *The May*. Boyhood enthusiasm ran high as we jumped aboard. Good fellowship prevailed. We lunched on board, dressed on board. Upon our arrival at West Point we were met by the Academy representative and were driven to the football field.

The snappy work of the Princeton team that day brought victory, and we attributed our success to the Van Rensselaer transport. Returning that night on the boat, Doc Hillebrand and Arthur Poe bribed the captain of *The May* to just miss connecting with the last train to Princeton, and as a worried manager sat alongside of Van Rensselaer wondering whether it were not possible to hurry the boat along a little faster, Van Rensselaer himself knew what was in Doc's mind and so helped make it possible for us

to rest at the Murray Hill Hotel over night, and not allow a railroad trip to Princeton mar the luxury of the day.

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I have a lot of respect for the football brains of West Point. My lot has been very happily cast with the Navy. I have generally been on the opposite side of the field. I knew the strength of their team. I have learned much of the spirit of the academy from their cheering at Army and Navy games. Playing against West Point our Princeton teams have always realized the hard, difficult task which confronted them, and victory was not always the reward.

Football plays a valued part in the athletic life of West Point. From the very first game between the Army and the Navy on the plains when the Middies were victorious, West Point set out in a thoroughly businesslike way to see that the Navy did not get the lion's share of victories.

If one studies the businesslike methods of the Army Athletic Association and reads carefully the bulletins which are printed after each game, one is impressed by the attention given to details.

I have always appreciated what King, '96, meant to West Point football. Let me quote from the publication of the *Howitzer*, in 1896, the estimated value of this player at that time:

"King, of course, stands first. Captain for two years he brought West Point from second class directly into first. As fullback he outplayed every fullback opposed to him and stands in the judgment of all observers second only to Brooke of Pennsylvania. Let us read what King has to say of a period of West Point football not widely known.

"I first played on the '92 team," he says. "We had two Navy games before this, but they were not much as I look back upon them. At this time we had for practice that period of Saturday afternoon after inspection. That gave us from about 3 P. M. on. We also had about fifteen minutes between dinner and the afternoon recitations, and such days as were too rainy to drill, and from 5:45 A. M., to 6:05 A. M. Later in the year when it grew too cold to drill, we had the time after about 4:15 P. M., but it became dark so early that we didn't get much practice. We practiced signals even by moonlight.

"Visiting teams used to watch us at inspection, two o'clock. We were in tight full dress clothes, standing at attention for thirty to forty-five minutes just before the game. A fine preparation for a stiff contest. We had quite a character by the name of Stacy, a Maine boy. He was a thickset chap, husky and fast. He never knew what it was to be stopped. He would fight it out to the end for every inch. Early in one of the Yale games he broke a rib and started another, but the more it hurt, the harder he played. In a contest with an athletic club in the last non-collegiate game we ever played, the opposing right tackle was bothering us. In a scrimmage Stacy twisted the gentleman's nose very severely and then backed away, as the man followed him, calling out to the Umpire. Stacy held his face up and took two of the nicest punches in the eyes that I

ever saw. Of course, the Umpire saw it, and promptly ruled the puncher out, just as Stacy had planned.

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“Just before the Spanish War Stacy became ill. Orders were issued that regiments should send officers to the different cities for the purpose of recruiting. He was at this time not fit for field service, so was assigned to this duty. He protested so strongly that in some way he was able to join his regiment in time to go to Cuba with his men. He participated in all the work down there; and when it was over, even he had to give in. He was sent to Montauk Point in very bad shape. He rallied for a time and obtained sick leave. He went to his old home in Maine, where he died. It was his old football grit that kept him going in Cuba until the fighting was over.

“No mention of West Point’s football would be complete without the name of Dennis Michie. He is usually referred to as the Father of Football at the Academy. He was captain of the first two teams we ever had. He played throughout the Navy game in ’91 with ten boils on his back and neck. He was a backfield man and one of West Point’s main line backers. He was most popular as a cadet and officer and was killed in action at San Juan, Cuba.

“One of the longest runs when both yards and time are considered ever pulled off on a football field, was made by Duncan, ’95, in our Princeton game of ’93. Duncan got the ball on his 5-yard line on a fumble, and was well under way before he was discovered. Lott, ’96, later a captain of Cavalry, followed Duncan to interfere from behind. The only Princeton man who sensed trouble was Doggy Trenchard. He set sail in pursuit. He soon caught up with Lott and would have caught Duncan, but for the latter’s interference. Duncan finally scored the touchdown, having made the 105 yards in what would have been fast time for a Wefers.

“We at West Point often speak of Balliet’s being obliged to call on Phil King to back him up that day, as Ames, one of our greatest centres, was outplaying him, and of the rage of Phil King, because on every point, Nolan, ’96, tackled him at once and prevented King from making those phenomenal runs which characterized his playing.”

Harmon Graves of Yale is a coach who has contributed much to West Point’s football.

“Harmon Graves is too well known now as coach to need our praise,” says a West Pointer, “but it is not only as a successful coach, but as a personal friend that he lives in the heart of every member of the team and indeed the entire corps. There will always be a sunny spot at West Point for Graves.”

In a recent talk with Harmon Graves he showed me a beautifully engraved watch presented to him by the Cadet Corps of West Point, a treasure prized.

Of the privileged days spent at West Point Graves writes, as follows:

“Every civilian who has the privilege of working with the officers and cadets at West Point to accomplish some worthy object comes away a far better man than when he

went there. I was fortunate enough to be asked by them to help in the establishment of football at the Academy and for many years I gave the best I had and still feel greatly their debtor.

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“At West Point amateur sport flourishes in its perfection, and a very high standard of accomplishment has been attained in football. There are no cross-cuts to the kind of football success West Point has worked for: it is all a question of merit based on competency, accuracy and fearless execution. Those of us who have had the privilege of assisting in the development of West Point football have learned much of real value from the officers and cadets about the game and what really counts in the make-up of a successful team. It is fair to say that West Point has contributed a great deal to football generally and has, in spite of many necessary time restrictions, turned out some of the best teams and players in the last fifteen years.

“The greatest credit is due to the Army Officers Athletic Association, which, through its football representatives, started right and then pursued a sound policy which has placed football at West Point on a firm basis, becoming the standing and dignity of the institution.

“There have been many interesting and amusing incidents in connection with football at West Point which help to make up the tradition of the game there and are many times repeated at any gathering of officers and cadets. I well remember when Daly, the former Harvard Captain, modestly took his place as a plebe candidate for the team and sat in the front row on the floor of the gymnasium when I explained to the squad, and illustrated by the use of a blackboard, what he and every one else there knew was the then Yale defense. There was, perhaps, the suggestion of a smile all around when I began by saying that from then on we were gathered there for West Point and to make its team a success that season and not for the benefit of Harvard or Yale. He told me afterwards that he had never understood the defense as I had explained it. He mastered it and believed in it, as he won and kept his place on the team and learned some things from West Point football,—as we all did.

“The rivalry with the Navy is wholesome and intense, as it should be. My friend, Paul Dashiell, who fully shares that feeling, has much to do with the success of the Navy team, and the development of football at the Naval Academy. After a West Point victory at Philadelphia, he came to the West Point dressing room and offered his congratulations. As I took his hand, I noted that tears were in his eyes and that his voice shook. The next year the Navy won and I returned the call. I was feeling rather grim, but when I found him surrounded by the happy Navy team, he was crying again and hardly smiled when I offered my congratulation, and told him that it really made no difference which team won for he cried anyway.

“The sportsmanship and friendly rivalry which the Army and Navy game brings out in both branches of the Service is admirable and unique and reaches all officers on the day of the game wherever in the world they are. Real preparedness is an old axiom at West Point and it has been applied to football. There I learned to love my country and respect the manhood and efficiency of the Army officers in a better way than I did

before. I recall the seasons I have spent there with gratitude and affection, both for the friends I have made and for the Army spirit.”

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Siding with the Navy has enabled me to know West Point's strength. Any mention of West Point's football would be incomplete without the names of some officers who have not only safeguarded the game at West Point, but have been the able representatives of the Army's football during their service there. Such men are, Richmond P. Davis, Palmer E. Pierce, and W. R. Richardson.

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY

If there is any one man who has permanently influenced football at West Point that man is H. J. Koehler, for years Master of the Sword at the Academy. Under his active coaching some of the Army's finest players were developed. In recent years he has not been a member of the coaching staff, but he none the less never loses touch with the team and his advice concerning men and methods is always eagerly sought. By virtue of long experience at the Academy and because of an aptitude for analysis of the game itself he has been invaluable in harmonizing practice and play with peculiar local conditions.

Any time the stranger seeks to delve either into the history or the constructive coaching of the game at the Academy, the younger men, as well as the older, will always answer your questions by saying "Go ask Koehler." Always a hard worker and serious thinker, he is apt to give an almost nightly demonstration during the season of the foundation principles of the game.

Not only West Pointers, but also Yale and Princeton men, who had to face the elevens under Koehler's coaching will remember Romeyn, who, had he been kicking in the days of Felton, Mahan and the other long distance artillerymen, might well have held his own, in the opinion of Army men. Nesbitt, Waldron and Scales were among the other really brilliant players whom Koehler developed. He was in charge of some of the teams that played the hardest schedules in the history of West Point football. One year the cadets met Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Syracuse and Penn State. Surely this was a season's work calculated to develop remarkable men, or break them in the making. Bettison, center, King Boyers at guard, and Bunker at tackle and half, were among the splendid players who survived this trial by fire. Casad, Clark and Phillips made up a backfield that would have been a credit to any of the colleges.

Soon, however, the Army strength was greatly to be augmented by the acquisition of Charles Dudley Daly, fresh from four years of football at Harvard. Reputations made elsewhere do not count for much at West Point. The coaches were glad to have Plebe Daly come out for the squad, but they knew and he knew quite as well as they, that there are no short cuts to the big "A." Now began a remarkable demonstration of football genius. Not only did the former Harvard Captain make the team, but his aid in coaching was also eagerly sought. An unusual move this, but a tribute to the new man.

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Daly was modesty itself in those days as he has been ever since, even when equipped with the yellow jacket and peacock feather of the head coach. As player and as coach and often as the two combined, Daly's connection with West Point football covered eight years, in the course of which he never played on or coached a losing team. His record against the Navy alone is seven victories and one tie, 146 points to 33. His final year's coaching was done in 1915. From West Point he was sent to Hawaii, whence he writes me, as follows:

"There are certain episodes in the game that have always been of particular interest to me, such as Ely's game playing with broken ribs in the Harvard-Yale game of 1898; Charlie de Saulles' great playing with a sprained ankle in the Yale-Princeton game of the same year; the tackling of Bunker by Long of the Navy in the Army-Navy game of 1902—the hardest tackle I have ever seen; and the daring quarterback work of Johnny Cutler in the Harvard-Dartmouth 1908 game, when he snatched victory from defeat in the last few minutes of play."

Undoubtedly Daly's deep study of strategy and tactics as used in warfare had a great deal to do with his continued ascendancy as a coach. Writing to Herbert Reed, one of the pencil and paper football men, with whom he had had many a long argument over the generalship of the game, he said in part:

"Football within the limitations of the rules and sportsmanship is a war game. Either by force or by deception it advances through the opposition to the goal line, which might be considered the capital of the enemy."

It was in Daly's first year that a huge Southerner, with a pleasant drawl, turned up in the plebe class. It was a foregone conclusion almost on sight that Ernest, better known to football men throughout the country as Pot Graves, would make the Eleven. He not only played the game almost flawlessly from the start, but he made so thorough a study of line play in general that his system, even down to the most intimate details of face to face coaching filed away for all time in that secret library of football methods at West Point, has come to be known as Graves' Bible.

Daly, still with that ineradicable love for his own Alma Mater, lent a page or two from this tome to Harvard, and even the author appeared in person on Soldiers' Field. The manner in which Graves made personal demonstration of his teachings will not soon be forgotten by the Harvard men who had to face Pot Graves.

Graves has always believed in the force mentioned in Daly's few lines quoted above on the subject of military methods as applied to football. While always declaring that the gridiron was no place for a fist fight, he always maintained that stalwarts should be allowed to fight it out with as little interference by rule as possible. As a matter of fact, Graves was badly injured in a game with Yale, and for a long time afterwards hobbled around with a troublesome knee. He knew the man who did it, but would never tell his

name, and he contents himself with saying “I have no ill will—he got me first. If he hadn’t I would have got him.”

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A story is told of Graves' impatience with the members of a little luncheon party, who in the course of an argument on the new football, were getting away from the fundamentals. Rising and stepping over to the window of the Officers' Club, he said, with a sleepy smile: "Come here a minute, you fellows," and, pointing down to the roadway, added, "there's *my* team." Looking out of the window the other members of the party saw a huge steam roller snorting and puffing up the hill.

Among the men who played football with Graves and were indeed of his type, were Doe and Bunker. Like Graves, Bunker in spite of his great weight, was fast enough to play in the backfield in those years when Army elevens were relying so much upon terrific power. Those were the days when substitutes had very little opportunity. In the final Navy game of 1902 the same eleven men played for the Army from start to finish.

In this period of Army football other first-class men were developed, notably Torney, a remarkable back, Thompson, a guard, and Tom Hammond, who was later to make a reputation as an end coach. Bunker was still with this aggregation, an eleven that marched fifty yards for a touchdown in fifteen plays against the midshipmen. The Army was among the early Eastern teams to test Eastern football methods against those of the West, the Cadets defeating a team from the University of Chicago on the plains.

The West Pointers had only one criticism to make of their visitors, and it was laconically put by one of the backs, who said:

"They're all-fired fast, but it's funny how they stop when you tackle them."

In this lineup was A. C. Tipton, at center, to whom belongs the honor of forcing the Rules Committee to change the code in one particular in order to stop a maneuver which he invented while in midcareer in a big game. No one will ever forget how, when chasing a loose ball and realizing that he had no chance to pick it up, he kicked it again and again until it crossed the final chalk mark where he fell on it for a touchdown. Tipton was something of a wrestler too, as a certain Japanese expert in the art of Jiu-jitsu can testify and indeed did testify on the spot after the doctors had brought him too.

There was no lowering of the standards in the succeeding years, which saw the development of players like Hackett, Prince, Farnsworth and Davis. Those years too saw the rise of such wonderful forwards as W. W. (Red) Erwin and that huge man from Alaska, D. D. Pullen.

Coming now to more recent times, the coaching was turned over to H. M. Nelly, assisted by Joseph W. Beacham, fresh from chasing the little brown brother in the Philippines. Beacham had made a great reputation at Cornell, and there was evidence that he had kept up with the game at least in the matter of strategic possibilities, even while in the tangled jungle of Luzon. He brought with him even more than that—an uncanny ability to see through the machinery of the team and pick out its human

qualities, upon which he never neglected to play. There have been few coaches closer to his men than Joe.

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Whenever I talk football with Joe Beacham he never forgets to mention Vaughn Cooper, to whom he gives a large share of the credit for the good work of his elevens. Cooper was of the quiet type, whose specialty was defense. These two made a great team.

It was in this period that West Point saw the development of one of its greatest field generals. There was nothing impressive in the physical appearance of little H. L. Hyatt. A reasonably good man, ball in hand, his greatest value lay in his head work. As the West Point trainer said one day: "I've got him all bandaged up like a leg in a puttee, but from the neck up he's a piece of ice." The charts of games in which Hyatt ran the team are set before the squad each year as examples, not merely of perfect generalship, but of the proper time to violate that generalship and make it go, a distinction shared by Prichard, who followed in his footsteps with added touches of his own.

One cannot mention Prichard's name without thinking at once of Merillat, who, with Prichard, formed one of the finest forward passing combinations the game has seen. Both at Franklin Field and at the Polo Grounds this pair brought woe to the Navy.

These stars had able assistance in the persons of McEwan, one of the greatest centers the game has seen and who was chosen to lead the team in 1916, Weyand, Neyland and O'Hare, among the forwards, and the brilliant and sturdy Oliphant in the backfield, the man whose slashing play against the Navy in 1915 will never be forgotten. Oliphant was of a most unusual type. Even when he was doing the heaviest damage to the Navy Corps the midshipmen could not but admire his wonderful work.

What the Hustlers are to Annapolis the Cullom Hall team is to West Point. It is made up of the leftovers from the first squad and substitutes. One would travel far afield in search of a team with more spirit and greater pep in action, whether playing in outside games, or as their coach would put it, "showing up" the first Eleven. Not infrequently a player of the highest caliber is developed in this squad and taken to the first eleven.

The Cullom Hall squad, whose eleven generally manages to clean up some of the strongest school teams of the Hudson Valley, draws not a little of its spirit, I think, from the late Lieutenant E. M. Zell, better known at the Academy as "Jobey." It was a treat to see the Cullom Hall team marching down the field against the first Eleven with the roly-poly figure of Jobey in the thick of every scrimmage, coaching at the top of his lungs, even when bowled over by the interference of his own pupils. Since his time the squad has been turned over to Lieutenants Sellack and Crawford, who have kept alive the traditions and the playing spirit of this unique organization.

Their reward for the bruising, hard work, with hardly a shadow of the hope of getting their letter, comes in seeing the great game itself. Like the college scrub teams the hardest rooters for the Varsity are to be found in their ranks.

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Now for the game itself. Always hard fought, always well fought, there is perhaps no clash of all the year that so wakes the interest of the general public, that vast throng which, without college affiliations, is nevertheless hungry for the right of allegiance somewhere, somehow.

While the Service Elevens are superbly supported by the men who have been through the exacting mill at West Point and Annapolis—their sweethearts and wives, not to mention sisters, cousins, uncles and aunts—they are urged on to battle by that great impartial public which believes that in a sense these two teams belong to it. It is not uncommon to find men who have had no connection with either academy in hot argument as to the relative merits of the teams.

Once in the stands some apparently trifling thing begets a partisanship that this class of spectator is wont to wonder at after it is all over.

Whether in Philadelphia in the earlier history of these contests on neutral ground, or in New York, Army and Navy Day has become by tacit consent the nearest thing to a real gridiron holiday. For the civilian who has been starved for thrilling action and the chance to cheer through the autumn days, the jam at the hotels used as headquarters by the followers of the two elevens satisfies a yearning that he has hitherto been unable to define. There too, is found a host of old-time college football men and coaches who hold reunion and sometimes even bury hatchets. Making his way through the crowds and jogging elbows with the heroes of a sport that he understands only as organized combat he becomes obsessed with the spirit of the two fighting institutions.

Once in possession of the coveted ticket he hies himself to the field as early as possible, if he is wise, in order to enjoy the preliminaries which are unlike those at any other game. Soon his heart beats faster, attuned to the sound of tramping feet without the gates. The measured cadence swells, draws nearer, and the thousands rise as one, when first the long gray column and then the solid ranks of blue swing out upon the field. The precision of the thing, the realization that order and system can go so far as to hold in check to the last moment the enthusiasms of these youngsters thrills him to the core. Then suddenly gray ranks and blue alike break for the stands, there to cut loose such a volume of now orderly, now merely frenzied noise as never before smote his ears.

It is inspiration and it is novelty. The time, the place and the men that wake the loyalty dormant in every man which, sad to say, so seldom has a chance of expression.

Around the field are ranged diplomat, dignitary of whatsoever rank, both native and foreign. In common with those who came to see, as well as to be seen—and who does not boast of having been to the Army-Navy game—they rise uncovered as the only official non-partisan of football history enters the gates—the President of the United States. Throughout one half of the game he lends his support to one Academy and in

the intermission makes triumphal progress across the field, welcomed on his arrival by a din of shouting surpassing all previous effort, there to support their side.

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[Illustration: CADETS AND MIDDIES ENTERING THE FIELD]

It is perhaps one of those blessed hours in the life of a man upon whom the white light so pitilessly beats, when he can indulge in the popular sport, to him so long denied, of being merely human.

Men, methods, moods pass on. The years roll by, taking toll of every one of us from highest to lowest. Yet, whether we are absorbed in the game of games, or whether we look upon it as so many needs must merely as a spectacle, the Army-Navy game will remain a milestone never to be uprooted. I have spoken elsewhere and at length of football traditions. The Army-Navy game is not merely a football tradition but an American institution. It is for all the people every time.

May this great game go on forever, serene in its power to bring out the best that is in us, and when the Great Bugler sounds the silver-sweet call of taps for all too many, there will still be those who in their turn will answer the call of reveille to carry on the traditions of the great day that was ours.

CHAPTER XIII

HARD LUCK IN THE GAME

It is as true in football, as it is in life, that we have no use for a quitter. The man who shirks in time of need—indeed there is no part in this chapter or in this book for such a man. Football was never made for him. He is soon discovered and relegated to the side line. He is hounded throughout his college career, and afterwards he is known as a man who was yellow. As Garry Cochran used to say:

“If I find any man on my football squad showing a white feather, I’ll have him hounded out of college.”

Football is a game for the man who has nerve, and when put to the test, under severe handicap, proves his sterling worth.

A man has to be game in spirit. A man has to give every inch there is in him. Optimism should surround him. There is much to be gained by hearty co-operation of spirit. There is much in the thought that you believe your team is going to win; that the opposing team cannot beat you; that if your opponent wins, it is going to be over your dead body. This sort of spirit is contagious, and generally passes from one to the other, until you have a wonderful team spirit, and eleven men are found fighting like demons for victory. Such a spirit generally means a victory, and so gets its reward. There must be no dissenting spirit. If there is such a spirit discernible, it should be weeded out immediately.

Some years ago the Princeton players were going to the field house to dress for the Harvard game. The captain and two of the players were walking ahead of the rest of the members of the team. The game was under discussion, when the captain overheard one of the players behind him remark:

“I believe Harvard will win to-day.”

Shocked by this remark, the captain, who was one of those thoroughbreds who never saw anything but victory ahead, full of hope and confidence in his team, turned and discovered that the remark came from one of his regular players. Addressing him, he said:

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“Well! If you feel that way about it, you need not even put on your suit. I have a substitute, who is game to the core. He will take your place.”

It is true that teams have been ruined where the men lack the great quality of optimism in football. When a man gets in a tight place, when the odds are all against him, there comes to him an amazing superhuman strength, which enables him to work out wonders. At such a time men have been known to do what seemed almost impossible.

I recall being out in the country in my younger days and seeing a man, who had become irrational, near the roadside, where some heavy logs were piled. This man, who ordinarily was only a man of medium strength, was picking up one end of a log and tossing it around—a log, which, ordinarily, would have taken three men to lift. In the bewildering and exciting problems of football, there are instances similar to this, where a small man on one team, lined up against a giant in the opposing rush line, and game though handicapped in weight there comes to him at such a time a certain added strength, by which he was able to handle successfully the duty which presented itself to him.

I have found it to be the rule rather than the exception, that the big man in football did not give me the most trouble; it was the man much smaller than myself. Other big linemen have found it to be true. Many a small man has made a big man look ridiculous.

Bill Caldwell, who used to weigh over 200 pounds when he played guard on the Cornell team some years ago, has this to say:

“I want to pay a tribute to a young man who gave me my worst seventy minutes on the football field. His name was Payne. He played left guard for Lehigh. He weighed about 145 pounds; was of slight build and seemed to have a sort of sickly pallor. I have never seen him since, but I take this occasion to say this was the greatest little guard I ever met. At least he was great that day. Payne had been playing back of the line during part of the season, but was put in at guard against me. I had a hunch that he was going to bite me in the ankle, when he lined up the first time, for he bristled up and tore into me like a wild cat. I have met a goodish few guards in my day, and was accustomed to almost any form of warfare, but this Payne went around me, like a cooper around a barrel, and broke through the line and downed the runners in their tracks. On plunges straight at him, he went to the mat and grabbed every leg in sight and hung on for dear life. He darted through between my legs; would vault over me; what he did to me was a shame. He was not rough, but was just the opposite. I never laid a hand on him all the afternoon. He would make a world beater in the game as it is played to-day.”

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Whenever Brown University men get together and speak of their wonderful quarterbacks, the names of Sprackling and Crowther are always mentioned. Both of these men were All-American quarterbacks. Crowther filled the position after Sprackling graduated. He weighed only 134 pounds, but he gave everything he had in him—game, though handicapped in weight. In the Harvard game of that year, about the middle of the second half, Haughton sent word over to Robinson, the Brown coach, that he ought to take the little fellow out; that he was too small to play football, and was in danger of being seriously injured. Crowther, however, was like an India-rubber ball and not once during the season had he received any sort of injury. Robby told Crowther what Haughton had suggested, and smiling, the latter said:

“Tell him not to worry about me; better look out for himself.”

On the next play Crowther took the ball and went around Harvard’s end for forty yards, scoring a touchdown. After he had kicked the goal, the little fellow came over to the side line, and said to Robby:

“Send word over to Haughton and ask him how he likes that. Ask him if he thinks I’m all in? Perhaps he would like to have me quit now.”

In the Yale game that year Crowther was tackled by Pendleton, one of the big Yale guards. It so happened that Pendleton was injured several times when he tackled Crowther and time had to be taken out. Finally the big fellow was obliged to quit, and as he was led off the field, Crowther hurried over to him, reaching up, placed his hands on his shoulder and said:

“Sorry, old man! I didn’t mean to hurt you.” Pendleton, who weighed well over 200 pounds, looked down upon the little fellow, but said never a word.

It is most unpleasant to play in a game where a man is injured. Yet still more distressing when you realize that you yourself injured another player, especially one of your own team mates.

In the Brown game of 1898, at Providence, Bosey Reiter, Princeton’s star halfback, made a flying tackle of a Brown runner. The latter was struggling hard, trying his best to get away from Reiter. At this moment I was coming along and threw myself upon the Brown man to prevent his advancing further. In the mixup my weight struck Bosey and fractured his collar-bone. It was a severe loss to the team, and only one who has had a similar experience can appreciate my feelings, as well as the team’s, on the journey back to Princeton.

We were to play Yale the following Saturday at Princeton. I knew Reiter’s injury was so serious that he could not possibly play in that game.

The following Saturday, as that great football warrior lay in his bed at the infirmary, the whistle blew for the start of the Yale game. We all realized Reiter was not there: not even on the side lines, and Arthur Poe said, at the start of the game:

“Play for Bosey Reiter. He can’t play for himself to-day.”

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This spurred us on to better team work and to victory. The attendants at the hospital told us later that they never had had such a lively patient. He kept things stirring from start to finish of the gridiron battle. As the reports of the game were brought to him, he joined in the thrill of the play.

“My injury proved a blessing,” says Reiter, “as it gave me an extra year, for in those days a year did not count in football, unless you played against Yale, and when I made the touchdown against Yale the following season, it was a happy moment for me.”

All is not clear sailing in football. The breaks must come some time. They may come singly or in a bunch, but whenever they do come, it takes courage to buck the hard luck in the game. Just when things get nicely under way one of the star players is injured, which means the systematic team work is handicapped. It is not the team, as a whole that I am thinking of, but the pangs of sorrow which go down deep into a fellow's soul, when he finds that he is injured; that he is in the hands of the doctor. It is then he realizes that he is only a spoke in the big wheel; that the spirit of the game puts another man in his place. The game goes on. Nature is left to do her best for him.

Let us for a while consider the player who does not realize, until after the game is over, that he is hurt. It is after the contest, when the excitement has ceased, when reaction sets in, that a doctor and trainer can take stock of the number and extent of casualties.

When such injured men are discovered, at a time like that, we wonder how they ever played the game out. In fact the man never knew he was injured until the game was over. No more loyal supporter of football follows the big games than Reggi Wentworth, Williams, '91.

He is most loyal to Bill Hotchkiss, Williams '91.

“At Williamstown, one year,” Wentworth says, “Hotchkiss, who was a wonderful all round guard, probably as great a football player as ever lived (at least I think so) played with the Williams team on a field covered with mud and snow three inches deep. The game was an unusually severe one, and Hotchkiss did yeoman's work that day.

“As we ran off the field, after the game, I happened to stop, turned, and discovered Hotchkiss standing on the side of the field, with his feet planted well apart, like an old bull at bay. I went back where he was and said:

“‘Come on, Bill, what's the matter?’

“‘I don't know,’ said he. ‘There's something the matter with my ankles. I don't think I can walk.’

“He took one step and collapsed. I got a boy's sled, which was on the field, laid Hotchkiss on it and took him to his room, only to find that both ankles were sprained.

He did not leave his room for two weeks and walked with crutches for two weeks more. It seemed almost unbelievable that a man handicapped as he was could play the game through. Splints and ankle braces were unknown in those days. He went on the field with two perfectly good ankles. How did he do it?"

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Charles H. Huggins, of Brown University, better known perhaps, simply as “Huggins of Brown,” recalls a curious case in a game on Andrews Field:

“Stewart Jarvis, one of the Brown ends, made a flying tackle. As he did so, he felt something snap in one of his legs. We carried him off to the field house, making a hasty investigation. We found nothing more apparent than a bruise. I bundled him off to college in a cab; gave him a pair of crutches; told him not to go out until our doctor could examine the injury at six o’clock that evening. When the doctor arrived at his room, Jarvis was not there. He had gone to the training table for dinner. The doctor hurried to the Union dining-room, only to find that Jarvis had discarded the crutches and with some of the boys had gone out to Rhodes, then, as now, a popular resort for the students. Later, we learned that he danced several times. The next morning an X-ray clearly showed a complete fracture of the tibia.

“How it was possible for a man, with a broken leg, to walk around and dance, as he did, is more than I can fathom.”

What is there in a man’s make-up that leads him to conceal from the trainer an injury that he receives in a game; that makes him stay in the field of play? Why is it that he disregards himself, and goes on in the game, suffering physical as well as mental tortures, plucky though handicapped? The playing of such men is extended far beyond the point of their usefulness. Yes, even into the danger zone. Such men give everything they have in them while it lasts. It is not intelligent football, however, and what might be called bravery is foolishness after all. It is an unwritten law in football that a fresh substitute is far superior to a crippled star. The keen desire to remain in the game is so firmly fixed in his mind that he is willing to sacrifice himself, and at the same time by concealing his injury from the trainer and coaches he, unconsciously, is sacrificing his team; his power is gone.

One of the greatest exhibitions of grit ever seen in a football game was given by Harry Watson of Williams in a game at Newton Center between Williams and Dartmouth. He was knocked out about eight times but absolutely refused to leave the field.

Another was furnished by W. H. Lewis, the Amherst captain and center rush, against Williams in his last game at Amherst—the score was 0-0 on a wet field. Williams was a big favorite but Lewis played a wonderful game, and was all over the field on the defense. When the game was over he was carried off, but refused to leave the field until the final whistle.

One of the most thrilling stories of a man who was game, though handicapped, is told by Morris Ely, quarterback for Yale, 1898.

“My most vivid recollection of the Harvard-Yale game of 1898 is that Harvard won by the largest score Yale had ever been beaten by up to that time, 17 to 0. Next, that the

game seemed unusually long. I believe I proved a good exponent of the theory of being in good condition. I started the game at 135 pounds, in the best physical condition I have ever enjoyed, and while I managed to accumulate two broken ribs, a broken collar-bone and a sprained shoulder, I was discharged by the doctor in less than three weeks as good as ever.



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"I received the broken ribs in the first half when Percy Jaffrey fell on me with a proper intention of having me drop a fumbled ball behind our goal line, which would have given Harvard an additional touchdown instead of a touchback. I did not know just what had gone wrong but tried to help it out by putting a shin guard under my jersey over the ribs during the intermission. No one knew I was hurt.

"In the second half I tried to stop one of Ben Dibblee's runs on a punt and got a broken collar-bone, but not Dibblee. About the end of the game we managed to work a successful double pass and I carried the ball to Harvard's ten-yard line when Charlie Daly, who was playing back on defense, stopped any chance we had of scoring by a hard tackle. There was no getting away from him that day, and as I had to carry the ball in the wrong arm with no free arm to use to ward him off, I presume, I got off pretty well with only a sprained shoulder. The next play ended the game, when Stub Chamberlin tried a quick place goal from the field and, on a poor pass and on my poor handling of the ball, hit the goal post and the ball bounded back. I admit that just about that time the whistle sounded pretty good as apparently the entire Harvard team landed on us in their attempt to block a kick."

Val Flood, once a trainer at Princeton, recalls a game at New Haven, when Princeton was playing Yale:

"Frank Bergen was quarterback," he says. "I saw he was not going right, and surprised the coaches by asking them to make a change. They asked me to wait. In a few minutes I went to them again, with the same result. I came back a third time, and insisted that he be taken out. A substitute was put in. I will never forget Bergen's face when he burst into tears and asked me who was responsible for his being taken out. I told him I was. It almost broke his heart, for he had always regarded me as a friend. I knew how much he wanted to play the game out. He lived in New Haven. When the doctor examined him, it was found that he had three broken ribs. There was great danger of one of them piercing his lungs had he continued in the game. Of course, there are lots of boys that are willing to do such things for their Alma Mater, but the gamest of all is the man who, with a broken neck to start with, went out and put in four years of college football. I refer to Eddie Hart, who was not only the gamest, but one of the strongest, quickest, cleanest men that ever played the game, and any one who knows Eddie Hart and those who have seen him play, know that he never saved himself but played the game for all it was worth. He was the life and spirit of every team he ever played on at Exeter or Princeton."

Ed Wylie, an enthusiastic Hill School Alumnus, football player at Hill and Yale, tells the following anecdote:

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"The nerviest thing I ever saw in a football game was in the Hill-Hotchkiss 0 to 0 game in 1904. At the start of the second half, Arthur Cable, who was Hill's quarterback, broke his collar-bone. He concealed the fact and until the end of the game, no one knew how badly he was hurt. He was in every play, and never had time called but once. He caught a couple of punts with his one good arm and every other punt he attempted to catch and muffed he saved the ball from the other side by falling on it. In the same game, a peculiar thing happened to me. I tackled Ted Coy about fifteen minutes before the end of the game, and until I awoke hours later, lying in a drawing-room car, pulling into the Grand Central Station, my mind was a blank. Yet I am told the last fifteen minutes of the game I played well, especially when our line was going to pieces. I made several gains on the offensive, never missed a signal and punted two or three times when close to our goal line."

No less noteworthy is the spirit of a University of Pennsylvania player, who was handicapped during his gridiron career with Penn' by many severe injuries. This man had worked as hard as any one possibly could to make the varsity for three years. His last year was no different from previous seasons; injuries always worked against him. In his final year he had broken his leg early in the season. A short time before the Cornell game he appeared upon the field in football togs, full of spirit and determined to get in the game if they needed him. This was his last chance to play on the Penn' team.

I was an official in that game. Near its close I saw him warming up on the side line. His knee was done up in a plaster cast. He could do nothing better than hobble along the side lines, but in the closing moments when Penn' had the game well in hand, a mighty shout went up from the side lines, as that gallant fellow, who had been handicapped all during his football career, rushed out upon the field to take his place as the defensive halfback. Cornell had the ball, and they were making a tremendous effort to score. The Cornell captain, not knowing of this man's physical condition, sent a play in his direction. The interference of the big red team crashed successfully around the Penn' end and there was left only this plucky, though handicapped player, between the Cornell runner and a touchdown.

Putting aside all personal thought, he rushed in and made a wonderful tackle. Then this hero was carried off the field, and with him the tradition of one who was willing to sacrifice himself for the sport he loved.

Andy Smith, a former University of Pennsylvania player, was a man who was game through and through. He seemed to play better in a severe game, when the odds were against him. Smith had formerly been at Pennsylvania State College. In a game between Penn' State and Dartmouth, Fred Crolius, of Dartmouth, says of Smith:

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“Andy Smith was one of the gamest men I ever played against. This big, determined, husky offensive fullback and defensive end, when he wasn’t butting his head into our impregnable line, was smashing an interference that nearly killed him in every other play. Battered and bruised he kept coming on, and to every one’s surprise he lasted the entire game. Years afterward he showed me the scars on his head, where the wounds had healed, with the naive remark: ‘Some team you fellows had that year, Fred.’ Some team was right. And we all remember Andy and his own individual greatness.”

There is no finer, unselfish spirit brought out in football, than that evidenced in the following story, told by Shep Homans, an old time Princeton fullback:

“A young fellow named Hodge, who was quarterback on the Princeton scrub, was making a terrific effort to play the best he could on the last day of practice before the Yale game. He had hoped even at the last hour that the opportunity might be afforded him to be a substitute quarter in the game. However, his leg was broken in a scrimmage. As he lay on the ground in great pain, realizing what had happened and forgetting himself, he looked up and said:

“‘I’m mighty glad it is not one of the regulars who is hurt, so that our chance against Yale will not be affected.’”

Crolius, one of the hardest men to stop that Dartmouth ever had, tells of Arthur Poe’s gameness, when they played together on the Homestead Athletic Club team, after they left college. “Arthur Poe was about as game a man as the football world ever saw. He was handicapped in his playing by a knee which would easily slip out of place. We men who played with him on the Homestead team were often stopped after Arthur had made a magnificent tackle and had broken up heavy interference, with this quiet request:

“‘Pull my bum knee back into place.’

“After this was done, he would jump up and no one would ever know that it had been out. This man, who perhaps was the smallest man playing at that time, was absolutely unprotected. His suit consisted of a pair of shoes, stockings, unpadded pants, jersey and one elastic knee bandage.”

Mike Donohue, a Yale man who had been coach at Auburn for many years, vouches for the following story:

When Mike went to Auburn and for several years thereafter he had no one to assist him, except a few of the old players, who would drop in for a day or so during the latter part of the season. One afternoon Mike happened to glance down at the lower end of the field where a squad of grass-cutters (the name given to the fourth and fifth teams) were booting the ball around, when he noticed a pretty good sized boy who was swinging his foot into the ball with a good stiff leg and was kicking high and getting fine distance.

Mike made a mental note of this fact and decided to investigate later, as a good punter was very hard to find.

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Later in the afternoon he again looked towards the lower end of the field and saw that the grass-cutters were lining up for a scrimmage among themselves, using that part of the field, which was behind the goal post, so he dismissed the squad with which he had been working and went down to see what the boy he had noticed early in the afternoon really looked like. When he arrived he soon found the boy he was looking for. He was playing left end and Mike immediately noticed that he had his right leg extended perfectly straight behind him. Stopping the play, Mike went over to the fellow and slapping him on the back said:

"Don't keep that right leg stiff behind you like that. Pull it up under you. Bend it at the knee so you can get a good start."

With a sad expression on his face, and tears almost in his eyes, the boy turned to Mike and said:

"Coach, that damn thing won't bend. It's wood."

Vonalbalde Gammon, one of the few players who met his death in an intercollegiate game, lived at Rome, Georgia, and entered the University of Georgia in 1896. He made the team his first year, playing quarterback on the eleven which was coached by Pop Warner and which won the Southern championship. He received the injury which caused his death in the Georgia-Virginia game, played in Atlanta, Georgia, on October 30th, 1897. He was a fine fellow personally and one of the most popular men at the University. As a football player, he was an excellent punter, a good plunger, and a strong defensive man. On account of his kicking and plunging ability he was moved to fullback in his second year.

In the Virginia game he backed up the line on the defense. All that afternoon he worked like a Trojan to hold in check the powerful masses Virginia had been driving at the tackles. Early in the second half Von dove in and stopped a mass aimed at Georgia's right tackle, but when the mass was untangled, he was unable to get up. An examination showed that he was badly hurt. In a minute or two, however, he revived and was set on his feet and was being taken from the field by Coach McCarthy, when Captain Kent, thinking that he was not too badly hurt to continue in the game, said to him:

"Von, you are not going to give up, are you?"

"No, Bill," he replied, "I've got too much Georgia grit for that."

These were his last words, for upon reaching the side lines he lapsed into unconsciousness and died at two o'clock the next morning.

Gammon's death ended the football season that year at the University. It also came very near ending football in the State of Georgia, as the Legislature was in session, and immediately passed a bill prohibiting the playing of the game in the State.

However, Mrs. Gammon—Von's mother—made a strong, earnest and personal appeal to Governor Atkinson to veto the bill, which he did.

Had it not been for Mrs. Gammon, football would certainly have been abolished in the State of Georgia by an act of the Legislature of 1897.

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I knew a great guard whose whole heart was set on making the Princeton team, and on playing against Yale. This man made the team. In a Princeton-Columbia game he was trying his best to stop that wonderful Columbia player, Harold Weekes, who with his great hurdling play was that season's sensation. In his hurdling he seemed to take his life in his hands, going over the line of the opposing team feet first. When the great guard of the Princeton team to whom I refer tried to stop Weekes, his head collided with Weekes' feet and was badly cut.

The trainer rushed upon the field, sponged and dressed the wound and the guard continued to play. But that night it was discovered that blood poisoning had set in. There was gloom on the team when this became known. But John Dana, lying there injured in the hospital, and knowing how badly his services were needed in the coming game with Yale, with his ambition unsatisfied, used his wits to appear better than he really was in order to get discharged from the hospital and back on the team.

The physician who attended him has told me since that Dana would keep his mouth open slyly when the nurse was taking his temperature so that it would not be too high and the chart would make it appear that he was all right.

At any rate, he seemed to improve steadily, and finally reported to the trainer, Jim Robinson, two days before the Yale game. He was full of hope and the coaches decided to have Robinson give him a try-out, so that they could decide whether he was as fit as he was making it appear he was.

I shall never forget watching that heroic effort, as Robinson took him out behind the training house, to make the final test. With a head-gear, especially made for him, Dana settled down in his regular position, ready for the charge, anticipating the oncoming Yale halfback and throbbing with eagerness to tackle the man with the ball.

Then he plunged forward, both arms extended, but handicapped by his terrible injury, he toppled over upon his face, heart-broken. The spirit was there, but he was physically unfit for the task.

The Yale game started without Dana, and as he sat there on the side lines and saw Princeton go down to defeat, he was overcome with the thought of his helplessness. He was needed, but he didn't have a chance.

CHAPTER XIV

BRINGING HOME THE BACON

Happy is the thought of victory, and while we realize that there should always be eleven men in every play, each man doing his duty, there frequently comes a time in a game, when some one man earns the credit for winning the game, and brings home the

bacon. Maybe he has been the captain of the team, with a wonderful power of leadership which had held the Eleven together all season and made his team a winning one. From the recollections of some of the victories, from the experiences of the men who participated in them and made victory possible, let us play some of those games over with some of the heroes of past years.

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Billy Bull

One of the truly great bacon-getters of the past is Yale's Billy Bull. Football history is full of his exploits when he played on the Yale team in '85, '86, '87 and '88. Old-time players can sit up all night telling stories of the games in which he scored for Yale. His kicking proved a winning card and in happy recollection the old-timers tell of Bull, the hero of many a game, being carried off the field on the shoulders of an admiring crowd of Yale men after a big victory.

"In the course of my years at Yale, six big games were played," says Bull, "four with Princeton and two with Harvard. I was fortunate in being able to go through all of them, sustaining no injury whatsoever, except in the last game with Princeton. In this game, Channing came through to me in the fullback position and in tackling him I received a scalp wound which did not, however, necessitate my removal from the game.

"Of the six games played, only one was lost, and that was the Lamar game in the fall of '85. In the five games won I was the regular kicker in the last three, and, in two of these, kicking proved to be the deciding factor. Thus in '87—Yale 17, Harvard 8—two place kicks and one drop kick were scored in the three attempts, totaling nine points. Considering the punting I did that day, and the fact that both place-kicks were scored from close to the side lines, I feel that that game represents my best work.

"The third year of my play was undoubtedly my best year; in fact the only year in which I might lay claim to being anything of a kicker. Thus in the Rutgers game of '87 I kicked twelve straight goals from placement. Counting the two goals from touchdowns against Princeton I had a batting average of 1000 in three games.

"Through the last year I was handicapped with a lame kicking leg and was out of form, for in the final game with Princeton that year, '88, I tried at least four times before scoring the first field goal of the game. In the second half I had but one chance and that was successful. This was the 10-0 game, in which all the points were scored by kicking, although the ground was wet and slippery.

"It is of interest to note, in connection with drop-kicking in the old days, that the proposition was not the simple matter it is to-day. Then, the ball had to go through the quarter's hands, and the kicker in consequence had so little time in which to get the ball away that he was really forced to kick in his tracks and immediately on receipt of the ball. Fortunately I was able to do both, and I never had a try for a drop blocked, and only one punt, the latter due to the fact that the ball was down by the side line, and I could not run to the left (which would have taken me out of bounds) before kicking.

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“Perhaps one of the greatest sources of satisfaction to me, speaking of punting in particular, was the fact that I was never blocked by Princeton. And yet it was extremely fortunate for me that I was a left-footed kicker and thus could run away from Cowan, who played a left tackle before kicking. If I had had to use my right foot I doubt if I could have got away with anything, for Cowan was certainly a wonderful player and could get through the Yale line as though it were paper. He always brought me down, but always after the ball had left my foot. I know that it has been thought at Princeton that I stood twelve yards back from the line when kicking. This was not so. Ten yards was the regular distance, always. But, I either kicked in my tracks or directly after running to the left.”

THE DAY COLUMBIA BEAT YALE

Columbia men enthusiastically recall the day Columbia beat Yale. A Columbia man who is always on hand for the big games of the year is Charles Halstead Mapes, the ever reliable, loyal rooter for the game. He has told the tale of this victory so wonderfully well that football enthusiasts cannot but enjoy this enthusiastic Columbia version.

“Fifteen years ago Yale was supreme in football,” runs Mapes’ story. “Occasionally, but only very occasionally, one of their great rivals, Princeton or Harvard, would win a game from them, but for any outsider, anybody except one of the ‘Eternal Triangle,’ to beat Yale was out of the question—an utter impossibility. And, by the way, that Triangle at times got almost as much on the nerves of the outside public as the Frenchmen’s celebrated three—wife, husband, lover—the foundation of their plays.

“The psychological effect of Yale’s past prestige was all-powerful in every game. The blue-jerseyed figures with the white Y would tumble through the gate and spread out on the field; the stands would rise to them with a roar of joyous welcome that would raise the very skies—Y-a-l-e! Y-a-l-e! Y—A—L—E!

[Illustration: TWO ACES—BILL MORLEY AND HAROLD WEEKS]

“Small wonder that each man was right on his toes, felt as though he were made of steel springs. All other Yale teams had won, ‘We will win, of course.’

“But the poor other side—they might just as well throw their canvas jackets and mole-skin trousers in the old suit-case at once and go home. ‘Beat Yale! boys, we’re crazy, but every man must try his damndest to keep the score low,’ and so the game was won and lost before the referee even blew his starting whistle.

“This was the general rule, but every rule needs an exception to prove it, and on a certain November afternoon in 1899 we gave them their belly-full of exception. We had a very strong team that year, with some truly great players, Harold Weekes and Bill

Morley (there never were two better men behind the line), and Jack Wright, old Jack Wright, playing equally well guard or center, as fine a linesman as I have ever seen. Weekes, Morley, and Wright were on the All-American team of that year, and Walter Camp in selecting his All-American team for All Time several years ago picked Harold Weekes as his first halfback.

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"I can see the game now; there was no scoring in the first half. To the outsider the teams seemed evenly matched, but we, who knew our men, thought we saw that the power was there; and if they could but realize their strength and that they had it in them to lay low at last that armor-plated old rhinoceros, the terror of the college jungle—Yale, —with an even break of luck, the game must be ours.

"In the second half our opportunity came. By one of the shifting chances of the game we got the ball on about their 25-yard line; one yard, three yards, two yards, four yards, we went through them; there was no stopping us, and at last—over, well over, for a touchdown.

"Through some technicality in the last rush the officials, instead of allowing the touchdown, took the ball away from us and gave it to Yale. They were right, probably quite right, but how could we think so? Yale at once kicked the ball to the middle of the field well out of danger. The teams lined up.

"On the very next play, with every man of that splendidly trained Eleven doing his allotted work, Harold Weekes swept around the end, aided by the magnificent interference of Jack Wright, which gave him his start. He ran half the length of the field, through the entire Yale team, and planted the ball squarely behind the goal posts for the touchdown which won the game. If we had ever had any doubt that cruel wrong is righted, that truth and justice must prevail, it was swept away that moment in a great wave of thanksgiving.

"I shall never forget it—Columbia had beaten Yale! Tears running down my cheeks, shaken by emotion, I couldn't speak, let alone cheer. My best girl was with me. She gave one quick half-frightened glance and I believe almost realized all I felt. She was all gold. I feel now the timid little pressure on my arm as she tried to help me regain control of myself. God! why has life so few such moments!"

BEHIND THE SCENES

Let us go into the dressing room of a victorious team, which defeated Yale at Manhattan Field a good many years ago and let us read with that great lover of football, the late Richard Harding Davis, as he describes so wonderfully well some of the unique things that happened in the celebration of victory.

"People who live far away from New York and who cannot understand from the faint echoes they receive how great is the enthusiasm that this contest arouses, may possibly get some idea of what it means to the contestants themselves through the story of a remarkable incident, that occurred after the game in the Princeton dressing room. The team were being rubbed down for the last time and after their three months of self-denial and anxiety and the hardest and roughest sort of work that young men are

called upon to do, and outside in the semi-darkness thousands of Princeton followers were jumping up and down and hugging each other and shrieking themselves hoarse. One of the Princeton coaches came into the room out of this mob, and holding up his arm for silence said,

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“Boys, I want you to sing the doxology.”

“Standing as they were, naked and covered with mud, blood and perspiration, the eleven men that had won the championship sang the Doxology from the beginning to the end as solemnly and as seriously, and I am sure, as sincerely, as they ever did in their lives, while outside the no less thankful fellow-students yelled and cheered and beat at the doors and windows and howled for them to come out and show themselves. This may strike some people as a very sacrilegious performance and as a most improper one, but the spirit in which it was done has a great deal to do with the question, and any one who has seen a defeated team lying on the benches of their dressing room, sobbing like hysterical school girls, can understand how great and how serious is the joy of victory to the men that conquer.”

Introducing Vic Kennard, opportunist extraordinary. Where is the Harvard man, Yale man, or indeed any football man who will not be stirred by the recollection of his remarkable goal from the field at New Haven that provided the winning points for the eleven Percy Haughton turned out in the first year of his regime. To Kennard himself the memory is still vivid, and there are side lights on that performance and indeed on all his football days at Cambridge, of which he alone can tell. I'll not make a conversation of this, but simply say as one does over the 'phone, “Kennard talking”:—

[Illustration: VIC KENNARD'S KICK]

“Many of us are under the impression that the only real football fan is molded from the male sex and that the female of the species attends the game for decorative purposes only. I protest. Listen. In 1908 I had the good fortune to be selected to enter the Harvard-Yale Game at New Haven, for the purpose of scoring on Yale in a most undignified way, through the medium of a drop-kick, Haughton realizing that while a touchdown was distinctly preferable, he was not afraid to fight it out in the next best way.

“My prayers were answered, for the ball somehow or other made its way over the crossbar and between the uprights, making the score, Harvard 4, Yale 0. My mother, who had made her way to New Haven by a forced march, was sitting in the middle of the stand on the Yale (no, I'm wrong, it was, on second thought, on the Harvard side) accompanied by my two brothers, one of whom forgot himself far enough to go to Yale, and will not even to this day acknowledge his hideous mistake.

“Five or six minutes before the end of the game, one E. H. Coy decided that the time was getting short and Yale needed a touchdown. So he grabbed a Harvard punt on the run and started. Yes, he did more than start, he got well under way, circled the Harvard end and after galloping fifteen yards, apparently concluded that I would look well as minced meat, and headed straight for me, stationed well back on the secondary defense. He had received no invitation whatsoever, but owing to the fact that I believe

every Harvard man should be at least cordial to every Yale man, I decided to go 50-50 and meet him half way.

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"We met informally. That I know. I will never forget that. He weighed only 195 pounds, but I am sure he had another couple of hundred tucked away somewhere. When I had finished counting a great variety and number of stars, it occurred to me that I had been in a ghastly railroad wreck, and that the engine and cars following had picked out my right knee as a nice soft place to pile up on. There was a feeling of great relief when I looked around and saw that the engineer of that train, Mr. E. H. Coy, had stopped with the train, and I held the greatest hopes that neither the engine nor any one of the ten cars following would ever reach the terminal.

"Mother, who had seen the whole performance, was little concerned with other than the fact that E. H. had been delayed. His mission had been more than delayed—as it turned out, it had been postponed. In the meantime Dr. Nichols of the Harvard staff of first aid was working with my knee, and from the stands it looked as though I might have broken my leg.

"At this point some one who sat almost directly back of my mother called out loud, 'That's young Kennard. It looks as though he'd broken his leg.' My brother, feeling that mother had not heard the remark, and not knowing what he might say, turned and informed him that Mrs. Kennard was sitting almost directly in front of him, requesting that he be careful what he said. Mother, however, heard the whole thing, and turning in her seat said, 'That's all right, I don't care if his leg is broken, if we only win this game.'

"My mother, who is a great football fan, after following the game for three or four years, learned all the slang expressions typical of football. She tried to work out new plays, criticised the generalship occasionally, and fairly 'ate and slept' football during the months of October and November. While the season was in progress I usually slept at home in Boston where I could rest more comfortably. I occupied the adjoining room to my mother's, and when I was ready for bed always opened the door between the rooms.

"One night I woke up suddenly and heard my mother talking. Wondering whether something was the matter, I got out of bed and went into her room, appearing just in time to see my mother's arms outstretched. She was calling 'Fair catch.' I spoke to her to see just what the trouble was, and she, in a sleepy way, mumbled, 'We won.' She had been dreaming of the Harvard-Dartmouth game.

"Early in the fall of 1908 Houghton heard rumors that the Indians were equipping their backfield in a very peculiar fashion. Warner had had a piece of leather the color and shape of a football sewed on the jerseys of his backfield men, in such a position that when the arm was folded as if carrying the ball, it would appear as if each of the backfield players might have possession of the ball, and therefore disorganize somewhat the defense against the man who was actually carrying the ball. Instead of one runner each time, there appeared to be four.

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“Haughton studied the rules and found nothing to prevent Warner’s scheme. He wrote a friendly letter to Warner, stating that he did not think it for the best interest of the game to permit his players to appear in the Stadium equipped in this way, at the same time admitting that there was nothing in the rules against it. Taking no chances, however, Haughton worked out a scheme of his own. He discovered that there was no rule which prevented painting the ball red, so he had a ball painted the same color as the crimson jerseys. Had the Indians come on the field with the leather ruse sewed on their jerseys, Haughton would have insisted that the game be played with the crimson ball.

“What did I learn in my football course? I learned to control my temper, to exercise judgment, to think quickly and act decisively. I learned the meaning of discipline, to take orders and carry them out to the best of my ability without asking why. I had through the training regular habits knocked into me. I learned to meet, know and size up men. I learned to smile when I was the most discouraged fellow in this great wide world, the importance of being on time, a better control of my nerves, and to demand the respect of fellow players. I learned to work out problems for myself and to apply my energy more intelligently,—to stick by the ship. I secured a wide friendship which money can’t buy.”

What Eddie Mahan was to Harvard, Charlie Barrett, Captain of the victorious 1915 Eleven, was to Cornell. The Ithaca Captain was one of those powerful runners whose remarkable physique did not interfere with his shiftiness. Like his Harvard contemporary, he was a fine leader, but unlike Mahan, with whom he clashed in the game with the Crimson in his final year, he was not able to play the play through what was to him probably the most important gridiron battle of his career. Nevertheless, it was his touchdown in the first quarter that sounded the knell of the Crimson hopes that day, and Cornell men will always believe that his presence on the side line wrapped in a blanket, after his recovery from the shock that put him out of the game, had much to do with inspiring his Eleven.

Barrett was one of the products of the Cleveland University School, whence so many star players have been sent up to the leading universities. On the occasion of his first appearance at Ithaca it became a practical certainty that he would not only make the Varsity Eleven, but would some day be its captain. In course of time it became a habit for the followers of the Carnelian and White to look to Barrett for rescue in games that seemed to be hopelessly in the fire.

In his senior year the team was noted for its ability to come from behind, and this team spirit was generally understood as being the reflection of that of their leader. The Cornell Captain played the second and third periods of his final game against Pennsylvania in a dazed condition, and it is a tribute to his mental and physical resources that in the last period of that game he played perhaps as fine football as he had ever shown.

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It was from no weakened Pennsylvania Eleven that Barrett snatched the victory in this his crowded moment. The Quakers had had a disastrous season up to Thanksgiving Day, but their pluck and rallying power, which has become a tradition on Franklin Field, was never more in evidence. The Quakers played with fire, with power and aggressiveness that none save those who know the Quaker spirit had been led to expect. There were heroes on the Red and Blue team that day, and without a Barrett at his best against them, they would have won.

[Illustration: SAM WHITE'S RUN]

It was up to Eddie Hart with his supreme personality and indomitable spirit, which has always characterized him from the day he entered Exeter until he forged his way to the leadership of one of Princeton's finest elevens to bring home the long deferred championship. When the final whistle rang down the football curtain for the season of 1911 it found Hart in the ascendancy having fulfilled the wonderful promise of his old Exeter days. For he had made good indeed.

Yale and Harvard had been beaten through a remarkable combination of team and individual effort in which Sam White's alertness and DeWitt's kicking stood out; a combination which was made possible only through Hart's splendid leadership.

At a banquet for this championship team given by the Princeton Club of Philadelphia, Lou Reichner, the toastmaster, in introducing Sam White, the hero of the evening, quoted from First Samuel III, Chapter ii, 12th and 1st verses—"And the Lord said unto Samuel, behold I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli, all things which I have spoken concerning his house; when I begin I will also make an end. And The Child Samuel ministered unto the Lord Eli." Mr. Reichner then presented to the Child Samuel the souvenir sleeve links and a silver box containing the genuine soil from Yale Field.

After Sam had been sufficiently honored, Alfred T. Baker, Princeton '85, a former Varsity football player, and his son Hobey Baker, who played on Eddie Hart's team, were called before the toastmaster. There was a triple cheer for Hobey and his father. Reichner said that he had nothing for Papa Baker, but a souvenir for Hobey, and if the father was man enough to take it away from him he could have it.

In speaking of the Yale-Princeton game at New Haven, some of the things incidental to victory were told that evening by Sam White, who said:

"In the Yale game of 1911, Joe Duff, the Princeton guard, came over to Hart, Captain of the Princeton team, and said:

"'Ed, I can't play any more. I can't stand on my left leg.'

“That’s all right,’ answered Hart, ‘go back and play on your right one.’

“Joe did and that year he made the All-American guard.

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“It was less than a week before the Harvard-Princeton game at Princeton, 1911, a friend of mine wrote down and asked me to get him four good seats, and said if I’d mention my favorite cigar, he’d send me a box in appreciation. I got the seats for him, but it was more or less of a struggle, but in writing on did not mention cigars. He sent me a check to cover the cost of the tickets and in the letter enclosed a small scarf pin which he said was sure to bring me luck. He had done quite a little running in his time and said it had never failed him and urged me to be sure and put it in my tie the day of the Harvard-Princeton game. I am not superstitious, but I did stick it in my tie when I dressed that Saturday morning and it surely had a charm. It was in the first half that I got away for my run, and as we came out of the field house at the start of the second half, whom should I see but my friend, yelling like a madman—

“‘Did you wear it? Did you wear it?’

“I assured him I did, and it seemed to quiet and please him, for he merely grinned and replied:

“‘I told you! I told you!’

“After the game I said nothing of the episode, but did secretly decide to keep the pin safely locked up until the day of the Yale-Princeton game. I again stuck it in my tie that morning and the charm still held, and I am still wondering to this day, if it doesn’t pay to be a little bit superstitious.”

Every Harvard man remembers vividly the great Crimson triumph of 1915 over Yale. It will never be forgotten. During the game I sat on the Harvard side lines with Doctor Billy Brooks, a former Harvard captain. He was not satisfied when Harvard had Yale beaten by the score of 41 to 0, but was enthusiastically urging Harvard on to at least one or two more touchdowns, so that the defeat which Yale meted out to Harvard in 1884, a game in which he was a player, would be avenged by a larger score, but alas! he had to be satisfied with the tally as it stood.

A story is told of the enthusiasm of Evert Jansen Wendell, as he stood on the side lines of this same game and saw the big Crimson roller crushing Yale down to overwhelming defeat. This enthusiastic Harvard graduate cried out:

“‘We must score again!’

“Another Harvard sympathiser, standing nearby, said:

“‘Mr. Wendell, don’t you think we have beaten them badly enough? What more do you want?’

“‘Oh, I want to see them suffer,’ retorted Wendell.”

After this game was over and the crowd was surging out of the stadium that afternoon I heard an energetic newsboy, who was selling the *Harvard Lampoon*, crying out at the top of his voice:

“*Harvard Lampoon* for sale here. All about the New Haven wreck.”

Eddie Mahan

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There is no question that the American game of football will go on for years to come. If the future football generals develop a better all-around man than Eddie Mahan, captain of the great Harvard team of 1915, whose playing brought not only victory to Harvard but was accompanied by great admiration throughout the football world, they may well congratulate themselves. From this peerless leader, whose playing was an inspiration to the men on his team, let us put on record, so that future heroes may also draw like inspiration from them, some of Mahan's own recollections of his playing days.

"I think the greatest game I ever played in was the Princeton game in 1915, because we never knew until the last minute that we had won the game," says the Crimson star. "There was always a chance of Princeton's beating us. The score was 10 to 6. I worked harder in that game than in any game I ever played.

"Frank Glick's defensive work was nothing short of marvelous. He is the football player I respect. He hit me so hard. The way I ran, it was seldom that anybody got a crack at me. I would see a clear space and the first thing I knew Glick would come from behind somewhere, or somebody, and would hit me when I least expected it, and he usually hit me good and hard. It seemed sometimes that he came right out of the ground. I tell you after he hit me a few times he was the only man I was looking for; I did not care much about the rest of the team.

"One of the things that helped me most in my backfield play was Pooch Donovan's coaching. He practiced me in sprints, my whole freshman year. He took a great interest in me. He speeded me up. I owe a great debt of gratitude to Pooch. I could always kick before I went to Harvard, back in the old Andover days. I learned to kick by punting the ball all the afternoon, instead of playing football all the time. I think that is the way men should learn to kick. The more I kicked, the better I seemed to get."

Among the many trophies Eddie Mahan has received, he prizes as much as any the watch presented to him by the townspeople of Natick, his home town, his last year at Andover, after the football season closed. He was attending a football game at Natick between Natick High and Milton High.

"It was all a surprise to me," says Eddie. "They called me out on the field and presented me with this watch which is very handsomely inscribed.

"Well do I recall those wonderful days at Andover and the games between Andover and Exeter. There is intense rivalry between these two schools. Many are the traditions at Andover, and some of the men who had preceded me, and some with whom I played were Jack Curtis, Ralph Bloomer, Frank Hinkey, Doc Hillebrand and Jim Rodgers. Then there was Trevor Hogg, who was captain of the Princeton 1916 team, Shelton, Red Braun, Bob Jones. The older crowd of football men made the game what it is at Andover. Lately they have had a much younger crowd. When I was at Andover, Johnny

Kilpatrick, Henry Hobbs, Ham Andrews, Bob Foster and Bob McKay had already left there and gone to college.

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"It has been a great privilege for me to have played on different teams that have had strong players. I cannot say too much about Hardwick, Bradlee, and Trumbull. Brickley was one of the hardest men for our opponents to bring down when he got the ball. He was a phenomenal kicker. I had also a lot of respect for Mal Logan, who played quarterback on my team in 1915. He weighed less than 150 pounds. He used to get into the interference in grand shape. He counted for something. He was a tough kid. He could stand all sorts of knocks and he used to get them too. When I was kicking he warded off the big tackles as they came through. He was always there and nobody could ever block a kick from his side. The harder they hit him, the stronger he came back every time."

When I asked Mahan about fun in football he said:

"We didn't seem to do much kidding. There was a sort of serious spirit; Haughton had such an influence over everybody, they were afraid to laugh before practice, while waiting for Haughton, and after practice everybody was usually so tired there was not much fooling in the dressing room; but we got a lot of fun out of the game."

Of Haughton's coaching methods and the Harvard system Eddie has a few things to tell us that will be news to many football men.

"Haughton coaches a great deal by the use of photographs which are taken of us in practice as well as regular games. He would get us all together and coach from the pictures—point out the poor work. Seldom were the good points shown. Nevertheless, he always gave credit to the man who got his opponent in the interference. Haughton used to say:

"'Any one can carry a ball through a bunch of dead men.'

"Haughton is a good organizer. He has been the moving spirit at Cambridge but by no means the whole Harvard coaching staff. The individual coaches work with him and with each other. Each one has control or supreme authority over his own department. The backfield coach has the picking of men for their positions. Harvard follows Charlie Daly's backfield play; improved upon somewhat, of course, according to conditions. Each coach is considered an expert in his own line. No coach is considered an expert in all fields. This is the method at Harvard.

"Outside of Haughton, Bill Withington, Reggie Brown, and Leo Leary have been the most recent prominent coaches. The Harvard generalship has been the old Charlie Daly system. Reggie Brown has been a great strategist. Harvard line play came from Pot Graves of West Point."

[Illustration: KING, OF HARVARD, MAKING A RUN; MAHAN PUTTING BLACK ON HIS HEAD]



George Chadwick

What George Chadwick, captain of Yale's winning team of 1902, gave of himself to Yale football has amply earned the thoroughly remarkable tributes constantly paid to this great Yale player. He was a most deceptive man with the ball. In the Princeton game John DeWitt was the dangerous man on the Princeton team, feared most on account of his great kicking ability.

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DeWitt has always contended that Chadwick's team was the best Yale team he ever saw. He says: "It was a better team than Gordon Brown's for the reason that they had a kicker and Gordon Brown's team did not have a kicker. But this is only my opinion."

Yale and Princeton men will not forget in a hurry the two wonderful runs for touchdowns, one from about the center of the field, that Chadwick made in 1902.

"I note," writes Chadwick, "that there is a general impression that the opening in the line through which I went was large enough to accommodate an express train. As a matter of fact, the opening was hardly large enough for me to squeeze through. The play was not to make a large opening, and I certainly remember the sensation of being squeezed when going through the line.

"There were some amusing incidents in connection with that particular game that come back to me now. I remember that when going down on the train from New York to Princeton, I was very much amused at Mike Murphy's efforts to get Tom Shevlin worked up so he would play an extra good game. Mike kept telling Tom what a good man Davis was and how the latter was going to put it all over him. Tom clenched his fists, put on a silly grin and almost wept. It really did me a lot of good, as it helped to keep my mind off the game. When it did come to the game, his first big game, Shevlin certainly played wonderful football.

"I had been ill for about a week and a half before this game and really had not played in practice for two or three weeks. Mike was rather afraid of my condition, so he told me to be the last man always to get up before the ball was put in play. I carefully followed his advice and as a result a lot of my friends in the stand kept thinking that I had been hurt.

"Toward the end of the game we were down about on Princeton's 40-yard line. It was the third down and the probabilities were that we would not gain the distance, so I decided to have Bowman try for a drop-kick. I happened to glance over at the side line and there was old Mike Murphy making strenuous motions with his foot. The umpire, Dashiell, saw him too, and put him off the side lines for signalling. I remember being extremely angry at the time because I was not looking at the side lines for any signals and had decided on a drop kick anyhow.

"In my day it was still the policy to work the men to death, to drill them to endure long hours of practice scrimmage. About two weeks before the Princeton game in my senior year, we were in a slump. We had a long, miserable Monday's practice. A lot of the old coaches insisted that football must be knocked into the men by hard work, but it seemed to me that the men knew a lot of football. They were fundamentally good and what they really needed was condition to enable them to show their football knowledge. It is needless to say that I was influenced greatly in this by Mike Murphy and his knowledge of

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men and conditioning them. Joe Swann, the field coach, and Walter Camp were in accord, so we turned down the advice of a lot of the older coaches and gave the Varsity only about five minutes' scrimmage during the week and a half preceding the Princeton game, with the exception of the Bucknell game the Saturday before. During the week before the Princeton and Harvard games we went up to Ardsley and had no practice for three days. There was a five-minutes' scrimmage on Thursday. This was an unusual proceeding, but it was so intensely hot the day of the Princeton game, and we all lost so much weight something unusual had to be done. The team played well in the Princeton game, but it was simply a coming team then. In the Harvard game, which we won 23 to 0, it seemed to me that we were at the top of our form.

"I think the whole incident was a lesson to us at New Haven of the great value of condition to men who know a great deal of football. I know from my own experience during the three preceding years that it had been too little thought of. The great cry had too often been 'We must drum football into them, no matter what their physical condition.'

"After the terribly exhausting game at Princeton, which we won, 12 to 5, DeWitt Cochrane invited the team to go to his place at Ardsley and recuperate. It really was our salvation, and I have always been most grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Cochrane for so generously giving up their house completely to a mob of youngsters. We spent three delightful days, almost forgot football entirely, ate ravenously and slept like tops.

"Big Eddie Glass was a wonderful help in interference. I used to play left half and Eddie left guard. On plays where I would take the ball around the end, or skirting tackle, Eddie would either run in the interference or break through the line and meet me some yards beyond. We had a great pulling and hauling team that year, and the greatest puller and hauler was Eddie Glass. Perry Hale, who played fullback my sophomore year, was a great interferer. He was big, and strong and fast. On a straight buck through tackle, when he would be behind me, if there was not a hole in the proper place, he would whirl me all the way round and shoot me through a hole somewhere else. It would, of course, act as an impromptu delayed play. In one game I remember making a forty yard run to a touchdown on such a manoeuver."

[Illustration:

McCord Mills Roper Burke Pell Craig Mattis Lathrope Lloyd Bannard Booth
Wheeler Reiter
Poe Edwards Hillebrand
Hutchinson Palmer McClave

PRINCETON'S 1899 TEAM]

Arthur Poe

There never was as much real football ability concealed in a small package as there was in that great player, Arthur Poe. He was always using his head, following the ball, strong in emergency. He was endowed with a wonderful personality, and a man who always got a lot of fun out of the game and made fun for others, but yet was on the job every minute. He always inspired his team mates to play a little harder. Rather than write anything more about this great player, let us read with him the part he so ably played in some of Princeton's football games.

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"The story of my run in 1898 is very simple. Yale tried a mass play on Doc Hillebrand, which, as usual, was very unsuccessful in that quarter. He broke through and tackled the man with the ball. While the Yale men were trying to push him forward, I grabbed the ball from his arms and had a clear field and about ten yards start for the goal line. I don't believe I was ever happier in my life than on this day when I made the Princeton team and scored this touchdown against Yale.

"In the second half McBride tried a center drive on Booth and Edwards. The line held and I rushed in, and grabbed the ball, but before I got very far the Referee blew his whistle, and after I had run across the goal line I realized that the touchdown was not going to be allowed.

"Lew Palmer and I were tried at end simply to endeavor to provide a defense against the return runs of de Saulles on punts. He, by the way, was the greatest open field runner I have ever seen.

"My senior year started auspiciously and the prospects for a victorious eleven appeared especially bright, as only two of the regular players of the year before had graduated. The first hard game was against Columbia, coached by Foster Sanford, who had a wealth of material drawn from the four corners of the earth. In the latter part of the game my opponent by way of showing his disapproval of my features attempted to change them, but was immediately assisted to the ground by my running mate and was undergoing an unpleasant few moments, when Sanford, reinforced by several dozen substitutes, ran to his rescue and bestowed some unkind compliments on different parts of my pal's anatomy. With the arrival of Burr McIntosh and several old grads, however, we were released from their clutches, and the game proceeded.

"After the Cornell game the Yale game was close at hand. We were confident of our ability to win, though we expected a bitter hard struggle, in which we were not disappointed. Through a well developed interference on an end run, Reiter was sent around the end for several long gains, resulting in a touchdown, but Yale retaliated by blocking a kick and falling on the ball for a touchdown. Sharpe, a few minutes later, kicked a beautiful goal, so that the score was 10 to 6 in Yale's favor. The wind was blowing a gale all through the first half and as Yale had the wind at their backs we were forced to play a rushing game, but shortly after the second half began the wind died down considerably so that McBride's long, low kicks were not effective to any great extent.

"Yale was on the defensive and we were unable to break through for the coveted touchdown, though we were able to gain ground consistently for long advances. In the shadow of their goal line Yale held us mainly through the wonderful defensive playing of McBride. I never saw a finer display of backing up the rush line than that of McBride during the second half. So strenuous was the play that eight substitutions had been made on our team, but with less than five minutes to play we started a furious drive for

the goal line from the middle of the field, and with McClave, Mattis and Lathrope carrying the ball we went to Yale's 25-yard line in quick time.

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"With only about a minute to play it was decided to try a goal from the field. I was selected as the one to make the attempt. I was standing on the 34-yard line, about ten yards to the left of centre when I kicked; the ball started straight for the far goal post, but apparently was deflected by air currents and curved in not more than a yard from the post. I turned to the Referee, saw his arms raised and heard him say 'Goal' and then everything broke loose.

"I saw members of the team turning somersaults, and all I remember after that was being seized by a crowd of alumni who rushed out upon the field, and hearing my brother Ned shout, 'You damned lucky kid, you have licked them again.' I kicked the ball with my instep, having learned this from Charlie Young of Cornell, who was then at Princeton Seminary and was playing on the scrub team. The reason I did this was because Lew Palmer and myself wore light running shoes with light toes, not kicking shoes at all.

"After the crowd had been cleared off the field there were only 29 seconds left to play, and after Yale had kicked off we held the ball without risking a play until the whistle blew, when I started full speed for the gate, followed by Bert Wheeler. I recall knocking down several men as we were bursting through and making our way to the bus. It was the first, last and only goal from the field I ever attempted, and the most plausible explanation for its success was probably predestination."

[Illustration: "NOTHING GOT BY JOHN DeWITT"]

Arthur Poe was a big factor in football, even when he wasn't running or kicking Yale down to defeat.

"Bill Church's roughness, in my freshman year, had the scrub bluffed," continues Arthur. "When Lew Palmer volunteered to play halfback and take care of Bill on punts, Bill was surprised on the first kick he attempted to block to feel Lew's fist on his jaw and immediately shouted:

"'I like you for that, you damn freshman.'

"That was the first accident that attracted attention to Lew. Palmer was one of the gamest men and he won a Varsity place by the hardest kind of work.

"Well do I recall the indignation meeting of the scrub to talk over plans of curbing Johnny Baird and Fred Smith in their endeavor to kill the scrub."

John DeWitt

Big John DeWitt was the man who brought home the Yale bacon for the Tigers in 1903. To be exact he not only carried, but also kicked it home. Two surprise parties by a

single player in so hard a game are rare indeed. Whenever I think of DeWitt I think of his great power of leadership. He was an ideal captain. He thought things out for himself. He was the spirit of his team.

This great Princeton captain was one of the most versatile football men known to fame. Playing so remarkably in the guard position, he also did the kicking for his team and was a great power in running with the ball.

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DeWitt thought things out almost instantly and took advantage of every possible point. The picture on the opposite page illustrates wonderfully well how he exerted and extended himself. This man put his whole soul into his work and was never found wanting. His achievements will hold a conspicuous place in football history. Nothing got by John DeWitt.

DeWitt's team in 1903 was the first to bring victory over Yale to Princeton since 1899. On that day John DeWitt scored a touchdown and kicked a placement goal, which will long be remembered. Let us go back and play a part of that game over with John himself.

"Whenever I think of football my recollections go back to the Yale game of 1903," says DeWitt. "My most vivid recollections are of my loyal team mates whose wonderful spirit and good fellowship meant so much to the success of that Eleven. Without their combined effort Princeton could not have won that day.

"We had a fine optimistic spirit before the game and the fact that Jim Hogan scored a touchdown for Yale in the first part of the game seemed to put us on our mettle and we came back with the spirit that I have always been proud of. Hogan was almost irresistible. You could hardly stop him when he had the ball. He scored between Harold Short and myself and jammed through for about 12 yards to a touchdown. If you tackled Jim Hogan head on he would pull you right over backwards. He was the strongest tackle I ever saw. He seemed to have overpowering strength in his legs. He was a regular player. He never gave up until the whistle blew, but after the Princeton team got its scoring machine at work, the Princeton line outplayed the Yale line.

"I think Yale had as good a team as we had, if not better, that day. The personnel of the team was far superior to ours, but we had our spirit in the game. We were going through Yale to beat the band the last part of the game."

DeWitt, describing the run that made him famous, says:

"Towards the end of the first half, with the score 6 to 0 against Princeton, Yale was rushing us down the field. Roraback, the Yale center, was not able to pass the ball the full distance back for the punter. Rockwell took the ball from quarterback position and passed it to Mitchell, the fullback. On this particular play our whole line went through on the Yale kick formation. No written account that I have ever seen has accurately described just what happened. Ralph Davis was the first man through, and he blocked Mitchell's kick. Ridge Hart, who was coming along behind him, kicked the loose ball forward and the oval was about fifteen to twenty yards from where it started. I was coming through all the time.

"As the bouncing ball went behind Mitchell it bobbed up right in front of me. I probably broke all rules of football by picking it up, but the chances looked good and I took

advantage of them. I really was wondering then whether to pick it up or fall on it, but figured that it was harder to fall on it than to pick it up, so I put on all the steam I had and started for the goal. Howard Henry was right behind me until I got near the goal post. After I had kicked the goal the score was 6 to 6. Never can I forget the fierce playing on the part of both teams that now took place.

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"Shortly after this in the second half I punted down into Yale's territory. Mitchell fumbled and Ralph Davis fell on the ball on the 30-yard line. We tried to gain, but could not. Bowman fell on the ball after the ensuing kick, which was blocked. It had rolled to the 5-yard line. Yale tried to gain once; then Bowman went back to kick. I can never pay enough tribute to Vetterlein, to the rare judgment that he displayed at this point in the game. When he caught that punt and heeled it, he used fine judgment; but for his good head work we never would have won that game. I kicked my goal from the field from the 43-yard line.

[Illustration: JOHN DeWITT ABOUT TO PICK UP THE BALL]

"As Ralph Davis was holding the ball before I kicked it, the Yale players, who were standing ten yards away were not trying to make it any the easier for us. I remember in particular Tom Shevlin was kidding Ralph Davis, who replied: 'Well, Tom, you might as well give it to us now—the score is going to be 11-6,' and just then what Davis had said came through.

"If any one thinks that my entire football experience was a bed of roses, I want to assure him that it was not. I experienced the sadness of injury and of not making the team. The first day I lined up I broke three bones in one hand. Three weeks later, after they had healed I broke the bones in my other hand and so patiently waited until the following year to make the team.

"The next year I went through the bitter experience of defeat, and we were beaten good and plenty by Yale. Defeat came again in 1902. It was in that year that I met, as my opponent, the hardest man I ever played against, Eddie Glass. The Yale team came at me pretty hard the first fifteen minutes. Glass especially crashed into me. He was warned three times by Dashiell in the opening part of the game for strenuous work. Glass was a rough, hard player, but he was not an unfair player at that. I always liked good, rough football. He played the game for all it was worth and was a Gibraltar to the Yale team.

"Now that my playing days are over, I think there is one thing that young fellows never realize until they are through playing; that they might have helped more; that they might have given a few extra minutes to perfect a play. The thing that has always appealed to me most in football is to think of what might have been done by a little extra effort. It is very seldom you see a man come off the field absolutely used up. I have never seen but one or two cases where a man had to be helped to the dressing room. I have always thought such a man did not give as much as he should,—we're all guilty of this offense. A little extra punch might have made a touchdown."

Tichenor, of the University of Georgia, tells the following:



“In a Tech-Georgia game a peculiar thing happened. One of the goal lines was about seven yards from the fence which was twelve feet high and perfectly smooth. Tech had worked the ball down to within about three yards of Georgia’s goal near the fence. Here the defense of the Red and Black stiffened and, taking the ball on downs, Ted Sullivan immediately dropped back for a kick. The pass was none too good and he swung his foot into the ball, which struck the cross bar, bounded high up in the air, over the fence, behind the goal post.

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"Then began the mighty wall-scaling struggle to get over the fence and secure the coveted ball. As fast as one team would try to boost each other over, their opponents would pull them down. This contest continued for fully five minutes while the crowd roared with delight. In the meantime George Butler, the Referee, took advantage of the situation and, with the assistance of several spectators, was boosted over the fence where he waited for some player to come and fall on the ball, which was fairly hidden in a ditch covered over with branches. Butler tells to this day of the amusing sight as he beheld first one pair of hands grasping the top of the fence; one hand would loosen, then the other; then another set of hands would appear. Heads were bobbing up and down and disappearing one after the other. The crowd now became interested and showed their partiality, and with the assistance of some of the spectators a Tech player made his way over the fence and began his search for the ball, closely followed by a Georgia player. They rushed around frantically looking for the ball. Then Red Wilson joined in the search and quickly located it in the ditch; soon had it safely in his arms and Tech scored a touchdown.

"This was probably the only touchdown play in the history of the game which none of the spectators saw and which only the Referee and two other players saw at the time the player touched the ball down."

That Charlie Brickley was in the way of bringing home the bacon to Harvard is well known to all. There have been very few players who were as reliable as this star. It was in his senior year that he was captain of the team and when the announcement came at the start of the football season that Brickley had been operated upon for appendicitis the football world extended to him its deepest sympathy. During his illness he yearned to get out in time to play against Yale. This all came true. The applause which greeted him when Haughton sent this great player into the game—with the Doctor's approval—must have impressed him that one and all were glad to see him get into the game.

Let us hear what Brickley has to say about playing the game.

"I have often been asked how I felt when attempting a drop kick in a close game before a large crowd. During my first year I was a little nervous, but after that it didn't bother me any more than as if I were eating lunch. Constant practice for years gave me the feeling that I could kick the ball over every time I tried. If I was successful, those who have seen me play are the best judges. Confidence is a necessity in drop kicking. The three hardest games I ever played in were the Dartmouth 3 to 0 game in 1912, and Princeton 3 to 0 in 1913, and the Yale 15 to 5 game of the same year. The hardest field goal I ever had to kick was against Princeton in the mud in 1913.

[Illustration: THE EVER RELIABLE BRICKLEY]

[Illustration: A FOOTBALL THOROUGHbred—TACK HARDWICK]

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"The most finished player in all around play I ever came across is Tack Hardwick. He could go through a game, or afternoon's practice and perform every fundamental function of the game in perfect fashion. The most interesting and remarkable player I ever came across was Eddie Mahan. He could do anything on the football field. He was so versatile, that no real defense could be built against him. He had a wonderful intuitive sense and always did just the right thing at the right time."

CHAPTER XV

"THE BLOODY ANGLE"

Football in its very nature is a rough game. It calls for the contact of bodies under high momentum and this means strains and bruises! Thanks to the superb physical condition of players, it usually means nothing more serious.

The play, be it ever so hard, is not likely to be dangerous provided it is clean, and the worst indictment that can be framed against a player of to-day, and that by his fellows, is that he is given to dirty tactics. This attitude has now been established by public opinion, and is reflected in turn by the strictness of officials, the sentiment of coaches and football authorities generally. So scientific is the game to-day that only the player who can keep his head, and clear his mind of angry emotions, is really a valuable man in a crisis.

Again, the keynote of success in football to-day is team work, perfect interlocking of all parts. In the old days play was individual, man against man, and this gave rise in many cases to personal animosity which frequently reduced great football contests to little more than pitched battles. Those who to-day are prone to decry football as a rough and brutal sport—which it no longer is—might at least reverse their opinions of the present game, could they have spent a certain lurid afternoon in the fall of '87 at Jarvis Field where the elevens of Harvard and Princeton fought a battle so sanguinary as to come down to us through the years legended as a real *crimson* affair. One of the saddest accidents that ever occurred on a university football field happened in this contest and suggested the caption of "the Bloody Angle," the historic shambles of the great Gettysburg battle.

Luther Price, who played halfback on the Princeton teams of '86 and '87 and who was acting captain the larger part of the latter season, tells the following story of the game:

"Princeton's contest with Harvard in the autumn of '87 was the bloodiest game that I ever experienced or saw. At that period the football relations between the two colleges were fast approaching a crisis and the long break between the institutions followed a couple of seasons later. It is perhaps true that the '87 game was largely responsible for the rupture because it left secret bitterness.

“In fact, the game was pretty near butchery and the defects of the rules contributed to this end. Both sides realized that the contest was going to be a hummer but neither imagined the extent of the casualties. Had the present rules applied there would have been a long string of substitutes in the game and the caption of ‘The Bloody Angle’ could not have been applied.

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"In those days an injured player was not allowed to leave the field of play without the consent of the opponents' captain. One can easily grasp the fact that your adversaries' captain was not apt to permit a player, battered almost to worthlessness, to go to the bench and to allow you to substitute a strong and fresh player. Therein lies the tale of this game.

"Princeton was confident of winning but not overconfident. We went out to Jarvis field on a tallyho from Boston, and I recall how eagerly we dashed upon the field, anxious for the scrap to begin. It was a clear, cold day with a firm turf—a condition that helped us, as we were lighter than Harvard, especially behind the line. None of our backs weighed more than 155 pounds.

"Holden, the Crimson captain, was probably the most dangerous of our opponents. He was a deceptive running back owing to the difficulty of gauging his pace. He was one of the speediest sprinters in the Eastern colleges and if he managed to circle either end it was almost good-bye to his opponents.

"We were all lying in wait for Holden, not to cripple him or take any unfair advantage, but to see that he did not cross our goal line. It was not long before we had no cause to be concerned on that score. But before Holden was disposed of we suffered a most grievous loss in the disqualification of Hector Cowan, our left guard and our main source of strength. Princeton worked a majority of the tricks through Cowan and when he was gone we lost the larger part of our offensive power.

"Cowan's disqualification was unjustified by his record or by any tendency toward unfair play, though this statement should not be regarded as a reflection on the fairness of Wyllys Terry, the old Yale player, who was the umpire. Walter Camp, by the way, was the referee.

"There never was a fairer player than Cowan, and such a misfortune as losing him by disqualification for any act on the field was never dreamt of by the Princeton men. The trouble was that Terry mistook an accident for a deliberate act. Holden was skirting Princeton's left end when Cowan made a lunge to reach him. Holden's deceptive pace was nearly too much for even such a star as Cowan, whose hands slipped from the Harvard captain's waist down to below his knees until the ankles were touched. Cowan could have kept his hands on Holden's ankles, but as tackling below the knees was foul, he quickly let go. But Holden tumbled and several Princeton men were on him in a jiffy.

"Harvard immediately claimed that it was a foul tackle. It was a desperate claim but it proved successful. To our astonishment and chagrin, Terry ruled Cowan off the field. Cowan was thunderstruck at the decision and protested that he never meant to tackle unfairly. We argued with Terry but he was unrelenting. To him it seemed that Cowan meant to make a foul tackle. The situation was disheartening but we still felt that we had a good chance of pulling through even without Cowan.

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“What was particularly galling to us was that we had allowed two touchdowns to slip from our grasp. Twice we had carried the ball to within a few yards of the Harvard line and had dropped the ball when about to cross it. Both errors were hardly excusable and were traceable to over-anxiety to score. With Cowan on the field we had found that he could open up the Harvard line for the backs to make long runs but now that he was gone we could be sure of nothing except grilling work.

“Soon after occurred the most dramatic and lamentable incident which put Holden out of the game. We had been warned long before the contest that Holden was a fierce tackler and that if we, who were back of the Princeton line, wished to stay in the game it would be necessary to watch out for his catapultic lunges.

“Holden made his tackles low, a kind of a running dive with his head thrust into his quarry’s stomach. The best policy seemed, in case Holden had you cornered, to go at him with a stiff arm and a suddenly raised knee to check his onslaught and, if possible, shake him off in the shuffle, but that was a mighty difficult matter for light backs to do.

“First the line was opened up so that I went through. Harding, the Harvard quarter, who was running up and down the Crimson line like a panther, didn’t get me. My hand went against his face and somehow I got rid of him. Finally I reached Holden, who played the fullback position while on the defensive, and had him to pass in order to get a touchdown. There was a savage onslaught and Holden had me on the ground.

“A few moments later Ames, who played back with Channing and me, went through the Harvard line and again Holden was the only obstacle to a touchdown for Princeton. There was another savage impact and both players rolled upon the ground, but this time Holden did not get up. He got his man but he was unconscious or at least seemingly so. His chest bone had been broken. It was a tense moment. We all felt a pang of sympathy, for Holden was a square, if rough, player. Harvard’s cheers subsided into murmurs of sorrow and Holden was carried tenderly off the field.

“The accident made Harvard desperate, and as we were without Cowan we were in the same mental condition. It was hammer and tongs from that time on. I don’t know that there was any intention to put players out of business, but there was not much mercy shown.

“It appeared to me that some doubt existed on the Harvard side as to who caused Holden’s chest bone to be broken, but that the suspicion was mainly directed at me. Several years later an article written at Harvard and published in the *Public Ledger* in Philadelphia gave a long account of how I broke Holden’s chest bone. This seemed to confirm my notion that there was a mixup of identity. However that may be, it soon became evident in the game that I was marked for slaughter.

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“Vic Harding made a profound and lasting impression on me both with his hands and feet. In fact, Harding played in few games of importance in which he was not disqualified. He was not a bad fellow at all in social relations, but on a football field he was the limit of ‘frightfulness.’ I don’t know of any player that I took so much pleasure in punching as Harding. Ames and Harding also took delight in trying to make each other’s faces change radically in appearance.

“I think that Harding began to paint my face from the start of the game and that as it proceeded he warmed up to the task, seeing that he was making a pretty good job of it. He had several mighty able assistants. The work was done with several hundred Wellesley College girls, who were seated on benches close to the sideline, looking on with the deepest interest and, as it soon appeared, with much sympathy. I will not forget how concerned they looked.

“By the middle of the second half I guess they did see a spectacle in me for they began to call to me and hold out handkerchiefs. At first I didn’t realize what they meant for I was so much engaged with the duties that lay in front of me that it was difficult to notice them, but their entreaties soon enlightened me. They were asking me as a special favor to clean my face with their handkerchiefs, but I replied—perhaps rather abruptly—that I really didn’t have time to attend to my facial toilet.

“My nose had been broken, both eyes well closed and my canvas jacket and doeskin knickerbockers were scarlet or crimson—whichever you prefer—in hue. Strength was quickly leaving me and the field swam. I finally propped myself up against a goal post. The next thing I knew was that I was being helped off the field. My brother, Billy, who was highly indignant over the developments, took my place. This was about ten or fifteen minutes before the end of the game, which then consisted of two 45 minute periods.

“Ames emerged from the game with nothing more than the usual number of cuts and bruises. At that time we did not have any nose-guards, head-guards and other paraphernalia such as are used nowadays, except that we could get ankle braces, and Ames wore one. That ankle stood the test during the fight.

“A majority of the other players were pretty well cut up. After Cowan was disqualified Bob (J. Robb) Church, subsequently Major in the United States Army Medical Corps and formerly the surgeon of Roosevelt’s Rough Riders in the Spanish War, was shifted from tackle to Cowan’s position at guard. Chapin, a brilliant student, who had changed from Amherst to Princeton, went in at tackle. He was a rather erratic player, and Harvard kept pounding in his direction with the result that Bob Church had a sea of trouble and I was forced to move up close to the line for defensive work. It was this that really put me out of business. My left shoulder had been hurt early in the season and it was bound in rubber, but fortunately it was not much worse off than at the beginning of the game.

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“Bob Church risked his life more than once in the Spanish War and for his valor he received a Medal of Honor from Congress, but it is safe to say that he never got such a gruelling as in this Harvard game. He was battered to the extent of finding it difficult to rise after tackling and finally he was lining up on his knees. It was a magnificent exhibition of pluck. As I recall, Bob lasted to the end of the game.

“It was not until near the close that any scoring took place and then Harvard made two touchdowns in quick succession. We lacked substitutes to put in and, even if we had had them, it is doubtful whether we could have got them in as long as a player was able to stand up. The only satisfaction we had was that we had done the best we could to win and our confidence that with Cowan we could have won even if Holden had not been hurt. We had beaten Harvard the year before with essentially the same team that we played in this game.”

CHAPTER XVI

THE FAMILY IN FOOTBALL

It is almost possible, I think, to divide football men into two distinct classes—those who are made into players (and often very good ones) by the coaches and those who are born with the football instinct. Just how to define football instinct is a puzzle, but it is very easy to discern it in a candidate, even if he never saw a football till he set foot on the campus. By and large, it will be read first in a natural aptitude for following the ball. After that, in the general way he has of handling himself, from falling on the ball to dodging and straight arm. Watch the head coach grin when some green six-foot freshman dives for a rolling ball and instinctively clutches it into the soft part of his body as he falls on it. Nobody told him to do it just that way, or to keep his long arms and legs under control so as to avoid accident, but he does it nevertheless and thus shows his football instinct.

There is still another kind of football instinct, and that is the kind that is passed down from father to son and from brother to brother. They say that the lacemakers of Nottingham don't have to be taught how to make lace because, as children, they somehow absorb most of the necessary knowledge in the bosom of their family, and I think the same thing is true of sons and brothers of football players. Generally, they pick up the essentials of the game from “Pop” long before they get to school or college or else are properly educated by an argus-eyed brother.

[Illustration:

Johnson Edgar Allen
Arthur Nelson Gresham Johnny

THE POE FAMILY]

But the matter of getting football knowledge—of developing the instinct—isn't always left to the boy. Unless I'm grievously mistaken it's more often the fond father who takes the first step. In fact, some fathers I've known have, with a commendable eye to future victories, even dated the preparation of their offspring from the hour when he was first shown them by the nurse: "Let me take a squint at the little rascal," says the beaming father and expertly examines the young hopeful's legs. "Ah, hah, bully! We'll make a real football player out of *him!*"

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And so, some day when Dick or Ken is six or seven, Father produces a strange looking, leather-cased bladder out of a trunk where Mother hasn't discovered it and blows it up out on the front porch under the youngster's inquisitive eye and tucks in the neck and laces it up.

"What is it, Pop? What you going to do with it?"

"That's what men call a football, Son. And right now I'm going to *kick* it." And kick it he does—all around the lot—until after a particularly good lift he chuckles to himself, the old war horse, and with the smell of ancient battles in his nostrils sits down to give the boy his first lesson in the manliest and best game on earth. And this first lesson is tackling. Perhaps the picture on the opposite page will remind you of the time you taught *your* boys the good old game.

This particular kind of football instinct has produced many of the finest players the colleges have ever seen. In a real football family there isn't much bluffing as to what you can do nor are there many excuses for a fumble or a missed tackle. With your big brothers' ears open and their tongues ready with a caustic remark, it doesn't need "Pop's" keen eye to keep you within the realms of truth as to the length of your run or why you missed that catch.

Quite often, as it happens, "Pop" is thinking of a certain big game he once played in and remembering a play—Ah! if only he could forget that play!—in which he fumbled and missed the chance of a life-time. Like some inexorable motion picture film that refuses to throw anything but one fatal scene on the screen, his recollections make the actors take their well-remembered positions and the play begins. For the thousandth time he gnashes his teeth as he sees the ball slip from his grasp. "Dog-gone it," he mutters, "if my boy doesn't do better in the big game than I did, I'll whale the hide off him!"

Strangely enough not all brothers of a football family follow one another to the same college, and there have been several cases where brother played against brother. But for the only son of a great player to go anywhere else than to his father's college would be rank heresy. I daresay even the other college wouldn't like it.

[Illustration: JUST BOYS]

Of famous fathers whose football instinct descended without dilution into their sons perhaps the easiest remembered have been Walter Camp, who captained the Elis in '78 and '79 and whose son, Walter, Jr., played fullback in 1911—Alfred T. Baker, one of the Princeton backs in '83, and '84, whose son Hobey captained his team in 1914—Snake Ames, who played in four championship games for Princeton against both Yale and Harvard, and whose son, Knowlton Ames, Jr., played on the Princeton teams of '12, '13 and '14—and that sterling Yale tackle of '91 and '92, "Wallie" Winter, whose son, Wallace, Jr., played on his Freshman team in 1915.

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When we come to enumerating the brothers who have played, it is the Poe family which comes first to mind. Laying aside friendship or natural bias, I feel that my readers will agree with me in the belief that it would be hard to find six football players ranking higher than the six Poe brothers. Altogether, Princeton has seen some twenty-two years of Poes, during at least thirteen of which there was a Poe on the Varsity team. Johnson Poe, '84, came first, to be followed by Edgar Allen, twice captain, then by Johnny, now in his last resting place "somewhere in France," then by Nelson, then Arthur, twice the fly in Yale's ointment, and lastly by Gresham Poe. I haven't a doubt but that after due lapse of time this wonderful family will produce other Poes, sons and cousins, to carry on the precious tradition.

Next in point of numbers probably comes the Riggs family of five brothers, of whom three, Lawrence, Jesse and Dudley, played on Princeton teams, while Harry and Frank were substitutes. The Hodge family were four who played at Princeton—Jack, Hugh, Dick and Sam.

After the Riggs family comes the Young family of Cornell—Ed., Charles, George and Will—all of whom played tremendously for the Carnelian and White in the nineties. Charles Young later studied at the Theological Seminary at Princeton and played wonderful football on the scrub in my time from sheer love of sport, since as he is, at this writing, physical director at Cornell. Amherst boasts of the wonderful Pratt brothers, who did much for Amherst football.

Of threes there are quite a number. Prominent among them have been the Wilsons of both Yale and Princeton, Tom being a guard on the Princeton teams of 1911 and 1912, while Alex captained Yale in 1915 and saw another brother in orange and black waiting on the side lines across the field. Situations like this are always productive of thrills. Let the brother who has been waiting longingly throw off his blanket and rush across the field into his position and instantly the news flashes through the stands. "Brother against brother!" goes the thrilling whisper—and every heart gives an extra throb as it hungers in an unholy but perfectly human way for a clash between the two. There were three Harlan brothers who played at Princeton in '81, '83, '84.

At Harvard Lothrop, Paul and Ted Withington; Percy, Jack and Sam Wendell.

In Cornell a redoubtable trio were the Taussigs. Of these J. Hawley Taussig played end for four years ending with the '96 team. Charles followed in the same position in '99, '00 and '01 and Joseph K., later Lieutenant Commander of the torpedoboat destroyer *Wadsworth* played quarter on the Naval Academy team in '97 and '98.

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A third trio of brothers were the Greenways of Yale. Of these, John and Gil Greenway played both football and baseball while Jim Greenway rowed on the crew. Another Princeton family, well known, has been the Moffats. The first of these to play football was Henry, who played on the '73 team which was the first to beat Yale. He was followed by the redoubtable Alex, who kicked goals from all over the field in '82, '83, and '84, by Will Moffat who was a Varsity first baseman and by Ned Moffat who played with me at Lawrenceville. Equally well known have been the Hollowells of Harvard—F. W. Hollowell, '93, R. H. Hollowell, '96, and J. W. Hollowell, '01. Another Hollowell—Penrose—was on the track team, while Colonel Hollowell, the father, was always a power in Harvard athletics.

When we come to cite the pairs of brothers who have played, the list seems endless. The first to come to mind are Laurie Bliss of the Yale teams of '90, '91 and '92 and “Pop” Bliss of the '92 team, principally, I think, because of Laurie’s wonderful end running behind interference and because “Pop” Bliss, at a crucial moment in a Harvard-Yale game deliberately disobeyed the signal to plunge through centre on Harvard’s 2-yard line and ingeniously ran around the end for a touchdown. Tommy Baker and Alfred Baker were brothers.

Continuing the Yale list, there have been the Hinkeys, Frank and Louis, who need no praise as wonderful players—Charlie and Johnny de Saulles—Sherman and “Ted” Coy—W. O. Hickok, the famous guard of '92, '93 and '94 and his brother Ross—Herbert and Malcolm McBride, both of whom played fullback—Tad Jones and his brother Howard—the Philbins, Steve and Holliday—Charlie Chadwick and his younger brother, George, who captained his team in 1902. Their father before them was an athlete.

In Harvard there have been the Traffords, Perry and Bernie—Arthur Brewer and Charley the fleet of foot, who ran ninety yards in the Harvard-Princeton game of 1895 and caught Suter from behind—the two Shaws,—Evarts Wrenn, '92 and his famous cousin Bob who played tennis quite as well as he played football.

[Illustration: HOBEY BAKER WALTER CAMP, JR. SNAKE AMES, JR.]

Princeton, too, has seen many pairs of brothers—“Beef” Wheeler, the famous guard of '92, '93 and '94 and Bert Wheeler, the splendid fullback of '98 and '99 whose cool-headed playing helped us win from Yale both in Princeton and at New Haven—the Rosengartens, Albert and his cousin Fritz and Albert’s brother who played for Pennsylvania—the Tibbotts, Dave and Fred—J. R. Church, '88, and Bill Church, the roaring, stamping tackle of '95 and '96—Ross and Steve McClave—Harry and George Lathrope—Jarvis Geer and Marshall Geer who played with me on teams at both school and college—Billy Bannard and Horace Bannard—Fred Kafer and Dana Kafer, the first named being also the very best amateur catcher I have ever seen. Fred Kafer, by the way, furnished an interesting anachronism in that while he was one of the ablest mathematicians of his time in college he found it wellnigh impossible to remember his

football signals! Let us not forget, too, Bal Ballin, who was a Princeton captain, and his brother Cyril.

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In other colleges, the instances of football skill developed by brotherly emulation have been nearly as well marked. Dartmouth, for instance, produced the Bankhart brothers—Cornell, the Starbucks—one of them, Raymond, captaining his team—the Cools, Frank and Gib—the latter being picked by good judges as the All-America center in 1915—and the Warners, Bill and Glenn.

The greatest three players from any one family that ever played the backfield would probably be the three Draper brothers—Louis, Phil and Fred. All went to Williams and all were stars; heavy, fast backs, who were good both on defense and offense, capable of doing an immense amount of work and never getting hurt.

At Pennsylvania, there have been the Folwells, Nate and R. C. Folwell and the Woodruffs, George and Wiley, although George Woodruff, originator of the celebrated “guards back,” was a Yale man long before he coached at Pennsylvania. It is impossible for any one who saw Jack Minds play to forget this great back of '94, '95, '96 and '97, whose brother also wore the Red and Blue a few years later.

Doubtless there have been many more fathers, brothers and sons who have been equally famous and I ask indulgence for my sins of omission, for the list is long. Principally, I have recalled their names for the reason that I knew or now know many of these great players intimately and so have learned the curious longing—perhaps “passion”—for the game which is passed from one to the other of a football family. In a way this might be compared with the military spirit which allows a family to state proudly that “we have always been Army (or Navy) people.” And who shall say that the clash and conflict of this game, invented and played only by thoroughly virile men, are not productive of precisely those qualities of which the race may, some day, well stand in need. If by the passing down from father to son and from brother to brother of a spirit of cheerful self-denial throughout the hard fall months—of grim doggedness under imminent defeat and of fair play at all times, whether victor or vanquished—a finer, truer sense of what a man may be and do is forged out of the raw material, then football may feel that it has served a purpose even nobler than that of being simply America’s greatest college game.

CHAPTER XVII

OUR GOOD OLD TRAINERS

There are not many football enthusiasts who analyze the factors that bring victory. Many of us do not appreciate the importance attached to the trainer, or realize the great part that he plays, until we are out of college. We know that the men who bore the brunt of the battle have received their full share of glory—the players and coaches.

But there arises in the midst of our athletic world men who trained, men who safeguarded the players. Trainers have been associated with football since the early eighties, and a careful trainer's eye should ever be on the lookout wherever football is played. Players, coaches and trainers go hand in hand in football.

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Every one of these men that I have known has had a strong personality. Each one, however, differed somewhat from the others. There is a great affection on the part of the players for the man who cares for their athletic welfare. These men are often more than mere trainers. Their personalities have carried them farther than the dressing room. Their interest in the boys has continued after they left college. Their influence has been a lasting one, morally, as well as physically.

On account of their association, the trainers keep pace with the men about them; not limiting their interest to athletics. They are always found entertaining at the athletic banquets, and their personalities count for much on the campus. They are all but boys grown up, with well known athletic records behind them. In the hospital, or in the quietness of a college room, or on trips, the trainer is a friend and adviser.

Go and talk to the trainer of the football team if you want to get an unbiased opinion of the team's work or of the value of the individual coaches. Some of our trainers know much about the game of football—the technical side—and their advice is valuable.

Every trainer longs to handle good material, but more power to the trainer who goes ahead with what he's got and makes the best out of it without a murmur. In our recollections we know of teams that were reported to be going stale—"over-trained"—"a team of cripples"—who slumped—could not stand the test—were easily winded—could not endure.

They were nightmares to the trainer. Soon you read in the daily press indications that a change of trainer is about to take place in such a college.

Then we turn to another page of our recollections where we read:

"The team is fit to play the game of their lives." "Only eleven men were used in to-day's game." "Great tribute to the trainer." "Men could have played all day"—"no time taken out"—"not a man injured"—"pink of condition." Usually all this spells victory.

Jack McMasters was the first trainer that I met. "Scottie," as every one affectionately called him, never asked a man to work for him any harder than he would work himself. In a former chapter you have read how Jack and I put in some hard work together.

I recall a trip to Boston, where Princeton was to play Harvard. Most of the Princeton team had retired for the night. About ten o'clock Arthur Poe came down into the corridor of the Vendome Hotel and told "Scottie" that Bill Church and Johnny Baird were upstairs taking a cold shower.

Jack was furious, and without stopping for the elevator hustled upstairs two steps at a time only to find both of these players sound asleep in bed. Needless to say that Arthur Poe kept out of sight until Jack retired for the night. A trainer's life is not all pleasure.

Once after the train had started from Princeton this same devilish Arthur Poe, as Jack would call him, rushed up forward to where Jack was sitting in the train and said:

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"Jack, I don't see Bummie Booth anywhere on the train. I guess he must have been left behind."

With much haste and worry Jack made a hurried search of the entire train to find Booth sitting in the last seat in the rear car with a broad grin on his face.

Jack's training experience was a very broad one. He trained many victorious teams at Harvard after he left Princeton and was finally trainer at Annapolis. A pronounced decoration that adorns "Scottie" is a much admired bunch of gold footballs and baseballs, which he wears suspended from his watch chain—in fact, so many, that he has had to have his chain reinforced. If you could but sit down with Jack and admire this prized collection and listen to some of his prized achievements—humorous stories of the men he has trained and some of the victories which these trophies designate you would agree with me that no two covers could hold them.

But we must leave Jack for the present at home with his family in Sandy Hook Cottage, Drummore by Stranraer, Scotland, in the best of health, happy in his recollection of a service well rendered and appreciated by every one who knew him.

Jim Robinson

There was something about Jim Robinson that made the men who knew him in his training days refer to him as "Dear Old Jim," and although he no longer cries out from the side lines "trot up, men," a favorite expression of his when he wanted to keep the men stirring about, there still lives within all of us who knew him a keen appreciation of his service and loyalty to the different colleges where he trained.

He began training at Princeton in 1883 and he finished his work there. How fine was the tribute that was paid him on the day of his funeral! Dolly Dillon, captain of the 1906 team, and his loyal team mates, all of whom had been carefully attended by Jim Robinson on the football field that fall, acted as pallbearers. There was also a host of old athletes and friends from all over the country who came to pay their last tribute to this great sportsman and trainer.

Mike Murphy and Jim Robinson were always contesting trainers. At Princeton that day with the team gathered around, Murphy related some interesting and touching experiences of Jim's career.

Jim's family still lives at Princeton, and on one of my recent visits there, I called upon Mrs. Robinson. We talked of Jim, and I saw again the loving cups and trophies that Jim had shown me years before.

Jim Robinson trained many of the heroes of the old days, Hector Cowan being one of them. In later years he idolized the playing of that great football hero, John DeWitt, who

appreciated all that Jim did to make his team the winner. The spirit of Jim Robinson was comforting as well as humorous. No mention of Jim would be complete without his dialect.

[Illustration: THE ELECT]

He was an Englishman and abused his h's in a way that was a delight to the team. Ross McClave tells of fun at the training table one day when he asked Jim how to spell "saloon." Jim, smiling broadly and knowing he was to amuse these fellows as he had the men in days gone by, said: "Hess—Hay—Hell—two Hoes—and—a Hen."

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Few men got more work out of a team than did Jim Robinson. There was always a time for play and a time for work with Jim.

Mike Murphy

Mike Murphy was the dean of trainers.

Bob Torrey, one of the most remarkable center-rushes that Pennsylvania ever had, is perhaps one of the greatest admirers of Mike Murphy during his latter years. Torrey can tell it better than I can.

“Murphy’s sense of system was wonderful; he was a keen observer and had a remarkable memory; he seemed to do very little in the way of bookkeeping, but his mind was carefully pigeon-holed and was a perfect card index.

“He could have thirty men on the field at once and carry on conversations with visitors and graduates; issue orders to workmen and never lose sight of a single one of his men. He was popular wherever he went. His fame was not only known here, but abroad. His charm of manner and his cheerful courage will be remembered by all who knew him, but only those who knew him well realize what an influence he had on the boys with whom he worked, and how high were his ideals of manhood. The amount of good done by Mike Murphy in steering boys into the right track can never be estimated.”

Prep’ School boys athletically inclined followed Murphy. Many a man went to college in order to get Murphy’s training. He was an athletic magnet.

“The Old Mike”

The town of Natick, Mass., boasts of Mike Murphy’s early days. Wonderful athletic traditions centered there. His early days were eventful for his athletic success, as he won all kinds of professional prizes for short distance running. Boyhood friends of Mike Murphy tell of the comradeship among Mike Murphy, Keene Fitzpatrick, Pooch and Piper Donovan—all Natick boys. They give glowing accounts of the “truck team” consisting of this clever quartet, each of whom were “ten-second” men in the sprinting game.

If that great event which was run off at the Marlboro Fair and Cattle Show could be witnessed to-day, thousands of admirers would love to see in action those trainers, see them as the Natick Hose truck defeated the Westboro team that day, and sent the Westboro contingent home with shattered hopes and empty pocketbooks.

“In connection with Army-Navy games,” writes Crolius of Dartmouth, “I’ll never forget Mike Murphy’s wonderful ability to read men’s condition by their ‘mental attitude.’ He was nearly infallible in his diagnosis.”

Once we questioned Mike. He said, "Go get last year's money back, you're going to lick them!" And true to his uncanny understanding he was right. Was it any wonder that men gave Murphy the credit due him?

Mike Murphy had a strong influence over the players. He was their ever-present friend. He could talk to a man, and his personality could reach farther than any of the coaches. The teams that Murphy talked to between the halves, both at Yale and Pennsylvania, were always inspired. Mike Murphy always gave a man something of himself.

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It is interesting to read what a fellow trainer, Keene Fitzpatrick, has to say of Mike:

“Mike first started to train at Yale. Then he went to the Detroit Athletic Club in Detroit; then he came back to Yale; then he went to the University of Pennsylvania; then back to Yale again, and finally back to the University of Penn’, where he died.

“We were always great friends and got together every summer; we used to go up to a little country town, Westboro, on a farm; had a little room in a farmhouse outside of the town of Natick, and there we used to get together every year (Mike and Fitz’) and share our opinions, and compare and give each other the benefit of our discoveries of the season’s work.

“Murphy was one of the greatest sprinters this world ever had. They called him ‘stucky’ because he had so much grit and determination. The year after Mike died the Intercollegiate was held at Cambridge. All the trainers got together and a lot of flowers were sent out to Mike’s grave in Hopkinton, Massachusetts.”

A CHAT WITH POOCH DONOVAN

Pooch Donovan’s success at Harvard goes hand in hand with that of Haughton.

In the great success of Harvard’s Varsity, year after year, the fine hand of the trainer has been noticeable. Harvard’s teams have stood the test wonderfully well, and all the honors that go with victory have been heaped upon Pooch Donovan’s head.

Every man on the Harvard squad knows that Donovan can get as much work out of his players as it is possible for any human being to get out of them. Pooch Donovan served at Yale in 1888, 1889 and 1890, when Mike Murphy was trainer there. He and Donovan used to have long talks together and they were ever comparing notes on the training of varsity teams. Pooch Donovan owes much to Mike Murphy, and the latter was Pooch’s loyal supporter.

“What made Mike Murphy a sturdy man, was that he was such a hard loser—he could not stand to lose,” says Donovan.

“You know the thing that keeps me young is working shoulder to shoulder with these young fellows.” This to me, in the dressing-room, where we have no time for anything but cold truths. “It was the same thing that kept Mike Murphy going ten years after the doctors said he would soon be all in. That was when he returned to Yale, after he had been at Pennsylvania. There is something about this sort of work that invigorates us and keeps us young. I’m no longer a young man in years, but it is the spirit and inspiration of youth with which this work identifies me that keeps me really young.”

When I asked Pooch about Eddie Mahan's great all-around ability, his face lighted up, and I saw immediately that what I had heard was true—that Donovan simply idolized Eddie Mahan. Mahan lives in Natick, Massachusetts, where Donovan also has his home. He has seen Ned Mahan grow to manhood. Mahan had his first football training as a player on the Natick High School team.



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"Ned Mahan," said Pooch, "was the best all-around football man I have ever handled. He was easy to handle, eager to do as he was told, and he never caused the trainer any worry. Up to the very last moment he played, he was eager to learn everything he could that would improve his game. He had lots of football ability.

"You know Mahan was a great star at Andover. He kicked wonderfully there and was good in all departments of the game, and he improved a hundred per cent. after he came to Harvard."

Pooch Donovan told me about the first day that Eddie Mahan came out upon the Harvard field. At Cambridge, little is known by the head coach about a freshman's ability. One day Haughton said to Pooch Donovan:

"Where is that Natick friend of yours? Bring him over to the Stadium and let's see him kick."

Donovan got Mahan and Haughton said to Mahan:

"Let's see you kick."

Mahan boosted the ball seventy yards, and Haughton said:

"What kind of a kick is that?"

Mahan thought it was a great kick.

"How do you think any ends can cover that?" said Haughton.

Mahan thereupon kicked a couple more, low ones, but they went about as far.

"Who told you *you* could kick?" quoth Haughton. "You must kick high enough for your ends to cover the distance."

"Take it easy and don't get excited," Donovan was whispering to Mahan on the side.

"Take your time, Ned."

But Mahan continued kicking from bad to worse. Haughton was getting disgusted, and finally remarked:

"Your ends never can cover those punts."

Mahan then kicked one straight up over his head, and the first word ever uttered by him on the Harvard field, was his reply to Haughton:

"I guess almost any end can cover *that* punt," he said.

Donovan tells me that he used to carry in his pocket a few blank cartridges for starting sprinters. Sitting on a bench with some friends, on Soldiers' Field, one day he reached into his hip pocket for some loose tobacco. Unconsciously he stuffed into the heel of his pipe a blank cartridge that had become mixed with the tobacco. The gun club was practicing within hearing distance of the field. As Donovan lighted his pipe the cartridge went off. He thought he was shot. Leaping to his feet he ran down the field, his friends after him.

"I was surprised at my own physical condition—at my being able to stand so well the shock of being shot," says Donovan in telling the story. "My friends thought also that I was shot. But when I slowed up, still bewildered, and they caught up with me, they were puzzled to see my face covered with powder marks and a broken pipe stem sticking out of my mouth.

"Not until then did any of us realize what had really happened. The cartridge had grazed my nose slightly, but outside of that I was all right. Since then I am very careful what I put in my tobacco."

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Eddie is known as “Pooch Donovan’s pet.” Probably the bluest time that Donovan ever had—in fact, he says it was the bluest—was when Eddie Mahan had an off-day in the Stadium. That was the day when Cornell beat Harvard. Mahan himself says it was the worst day he ever had in his life, and he blames himself.

“It was just as things will come sometimes,” Pooch said to me. “Nobody knows why they will come, but come they will once in a while.”

“Burr, the great Harvard captain,” said Pooch, “was a natural born leader of men. He knew a lot of football and Haughton thought the world of him. Burr went along finely until the last week of the season. Then, in falling on the ball, he bruised his shoulder, and would not allow himself to go into the Yale game. It was really this display of good judgment on his part that enabled Harvard to win.

“Too often a team has been handicapped by the playing of a crippled veteran. As a matter of fact, the worst kind of a substitute is often better than a crippled player. The fact that the great captain, Burr, stood on the side lines while his team was playing, urged his team mates on to greater efforts.

“In this same game the opposite side of this question was demonstrated. Bobbie Burch, the Yale captain, who had been injured the week before the game, was put in the game. His injury handicapped the Yale team considerably.”

Pooch Donovan has been eight years at Harvard. He has five gold footballs, which he prizes and wears on his watch chain. During the eight years there have been five victories over Yale, two ties and one defeat. Pooch has been a football player himself and the experience has made him a better trainer.

In 1895 he played on Temple’s team of the Duquesne Athletic Club. He was trainer and halfback, and was very fond of the game. Later on he played in Cleveland against the Chicago Athletic Club, on whose team played Heffelfinger, Sport Donnelly, and other famous knights of the gridiron.

“In the morning we did everything we could to make the stay of the visiting team pleasant,” says Donovan, regarding those days, “but in the afternoon it was different, and in the midst of the game a fellow couldn’t help wondering how men could be so nice to each other in the morning and so rough in the afternoon.”

Pooch Donovan cannot say enough in favor of Doctor E. H. Nichols, the doctor for the Harvard team. Pooch’s judgment is endorsed by many a Harvard man that I have talked to.

Keene Fitzpatrick

When Biffy Lea was coaching at the University of Michigan in 1901, it was my opportunity and privilege to see something of Western football. I was at Ann Arbor assisting Lea the last week before Michigan played Chicago. Michigan was defeated. That night at a banquet given to the Michigan team, there arose a man to respond to a toast.

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His words were cheering to the men and roused them out of the gloom of despair and defeat to a strong hope for the coming year. That man was Keene Fitzpatrick. I had heard much about him, but now that I really had come to meet him I realized what a magnetic man he was.

He knew men and how to get the best out of them. Fitzpatrick went from Michigan to Yale, from Yale back to Michigan, and then to Princeton, where Princeton men hope he will always stay.

Michigan admirers were loath to lose Fitzpatrick and their tribute to him on leaving was as follows:

"The University of Michigan combination was broken yesterday when Keene Fitzpatrick announced that he had accepted Princeton's offer, to take effect in the fall of 1910. He was trainer for Michigan for 15 years. For five years Fitz' has been sought by every large university in the East.

"What was Michigan's loss, was Princeton's gain. He made men better, not alone physically, but morally. His work has been uplifting along all lines of university activities. In character and example he is as great and untiring as in his teaching and precept. The final and definite knowledge of his determination to leave Michigan is a severe blow to the students all of whom know and appreciate his work. Next to President Angell, no man of the University of Michigan, in the last ten years, has exerted a more wholesome influence upon the students than has Keene Fitzpatrick. His work brought him in close touch with the students and his influence over them for good has been wonderful. He is a man of ideals and clean life."

"To 'Fitz,' as the boys called him, as much as to the great coach Yost is due Michigan's fine record in football. His place will be hard to fill. Fitz has aided morally in placing athletics on a high plane and in cultivating a fine spirit of sportsmanship. He was elected an honorary member of the class of 1913 at Princeton. The Secretary of the class wrote him a letter in which he said: 'The senior class deeply appreciates your successful efforts, and in behalf of the University takes this opportunity of expressing its indebtedness to you for the valuable results which you have accomplished.'"

Yost had a high opinion of Fitzpatrick.

"Fitz and I worked together for nine years," writes Yost. "We were like brothers during that association at Michigan. There is no one person who contributed so much to the University of Michigan as this great trainer. His wonderful personality, his expert assistance and that great optimism of his stood out as his leading qualifications. My association with him is one of the pleasantest recollections of my life. He put the men in shape, trained them and developed them. They were 'usable' all the time. He is a

trainer who has his men in the finest mental condition possible. I don't think there was ever a trainer who kept men more fit, physically and mentally, than Keene Fitzpatrick."

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There were in Michigan two players, brothers, who were far apart in skill. Keene says one was of varsity calibre, but wanted his brother, too, to make the Eleven. "Once," says Keene, "when we were going on a trip, John, who was a better player, said, 'I will not go if Joe cannot go,' so in order to get John, we had to take Joe."

Fitzpatrick tells of an odd experience in football. "In 1901 Michigan went out to Southern California and played Leland Stanford University at Pasadena, January 1. When the Michigan team left Ann Arbor for California in December, it was 12 deg. below zero and when they played on New Year's it was 80 deg. at 3 P. M."

Stanford was supposed to have a big advantage due to the climate. Michigan won by a score of 49 to 0. Michigan used but eleven men in the game, and it was their first scrimmage since Thanksgiving Day. A funny thing happened en route to Pasadena.

"Every time the train stopped," said Keene, "we hustled the men out to give them practice running through signals and passing the ball. Everything went well until we arrived in Ogden, Utah. We hustled the men out as usual for a work-out, and in less than two minutes the men were all in, lying down on the ground, gasping for breath. We could not understand what was wrong, until some one came along and reminded us that we were in a very high altitude and that it affected people who were not accustomed to it. We all felt better when we received that information."

Michael J. Sweeney

There are few trainers in our prep. schools who can match the record of Mike Sweeney. He has been an important part of the Hill School's athletics for years. Many of the traditions of this school are grouped, in fact, about his personality. Hill School boys are loud in their praises of Sweeney's achievements. He always had a strong hold on the students there. He has given many a boy words of encouragement that have helped him on in the school, and this same boy has come back to him in after life to get words of advice.

Many colleges tried to sever his connection with Hill School. I know that at one time Princeton was very anxious to get Sweeney's services. He was happy at Hill School, however, and decided to stay. It was there at Hill School that Sweeney turned out some star athletes. Perhaps one of the most prominent was Tom Shevlin. Sweeney saw great possibilities in Shevlin. He taught him the fundamentals that made Shevlin one of the greatest ends that ever played at Yale. He typified Sweeney's ideal football player. Shevlin never lost an opportunity to express appreciation of what Sweeney had done for him.

Tom gave all credit for his athletic ability to Mike Sweeney of Hill and Mike Murphy of Yale. His last desire for Yale athletics was to bring Sweeney to Yale and have him

installed, not as a direct coach or trainer of any team, but more as a general athletic director, connected with the faculty, to advise and help in all branches of college sport.

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Tom Shevlin idolized Sweeney. Those who were at the banquet of the 1905 team at Cambridge will recall the tribute that Shevlin then paid to him. He declared that he regarded Sweeney as “the world’s greatest brain on all forms of athletics.”

Whenever Mike Sweeney puts his heart into his work he is one of the most completely absorbed men I know.

Sweeney possesses an uncanny insight into the workings of the games and individuals. Oftentimes as he sits on the side lines he can foretell an accident coming to a player.

Mike was sitting on the Yale side lines one day, and remarked to Ed Wylie, a former Hill School player—a Yale substitute at that time:

“They ought to take Smith out of the game; he shows signs of weakening. You’d better go tell the trainer to do it.”

But before Wylie could get to the trainer, several plays had been run off and the man who had played too long received an injury, and was done for. Sweeney’s predictions generally ring true.

It is rather remarkable, and especially fortunate that a prep. school should have such an efficient athletic director. For thirteen years Sweeney acted in that capacity and coached all the teams. He taught other men to teach football.

Jack Moakley

Had any one gone to Ithaca in the hope of obtaining the services of Jack Moakley, the Cornell trainer, he would have found this popular trainer’s friends rising up and showing him the way to the station, because there never has been a human being who could sever the relations between Jack Moakley and Cornell.

The record he has made with his track teams alone entitles him to a high place, if not the highest place, on the trainer’s roll of honor. To tell of his achievements would fill an entire chapter, but as we are confining ourselves to football, his work in this department of Cornell sports stands on a par with any football trainer.

Jack Moakley takes his work very seriously and no man works any harder on the Cornell squad than does their trainer. Costello, a Cornell captain of years ago, relates the following incident:

“Jack Moakley had a man on his squad who had a great habit of digging up unusual fads, generally in the matter of diet. At this particular time he had decided to live solely on grape nuts. As he was one of the best men on the team, Jack did not burden himself

with trouble over this fad, although at several times Moakley told him that he might improve if he would eat some real food. However, when this man started a grape nut campaign among the younger members of the squad he aroused Jack's ire and upon his arrival at the field house he wiped the black board clean of all instructions and in letters a foot high wrote:

"They who eat beef are beefy."

"They who eat nuts are nutty."

The resultant kidding finally made the old beefsteak popular with our friend.

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Johnny Mack

It would not seem natural if one failed to see Johnny Mack on the side lines where Yale is playing. In eleven years at New Haven Yale teams were never criticised on account of their condition. The physical condition of the Yale team has always been left entirely in Johnny Mack's hands, and the hard contests that they went through in the season of 1915 were enough to worry any trainer. Johnny Mack was always optimistic.

There is much humor in Johnny Mack. It is amusing to hear Johnny tell of the experience that he and Pooch Donovan had in a Paris restaurant, and I'm sure you can all imagine the rest. Johnny said they got along pretty well with their French until they ordered potatoes and the waiters brought in a peck of peas.

It is a difficult task for a trainer to tell whether a player is fully conscious of all that is going on in a game. Sometimes a hard tackle or a blow on the head will upset a man. Johnny Mack tells a story that illustrates this fact:

"There was a quarterback working in the game one day. I thought he was going wrong. I said to the coach: 'I think something has happened to our quarterback.' He told me to go out and look him over. I went out and called the captain to one side after I had permission from the Referee. I asked him if he thought the quarterback was going right. He replied that he thought he was, but called out some signals to him to see if he knew them. The quarter answered the captain's questions after a fashion and the captain was satisfied, but, just the same, he didn't look good to me. I asked the captain to let me give him a signal; one we never used, and one the captain did not even know.

"Said I, 'What's this one—48-16-32-12?'

"That's me through the right end,' he said.

"Not on your life, old man,' said I, 'that's you and me to the side lines!'

"I remember one fall," says Johnny, "when we were very shy on big material at Yale. The coaches told me to take a walk about the campus and hunt up some big fellows who might possibly come out for football. While going along the Commons at noon, the first fellow I met was a big, fine looking man, a 210 pounder at least, with big, broad shoulders. I stopped him and asked if he had ever played football.

"Yes,' he said, 'I played a little at school. I'll come out next week.' I told him not to bother about next week, but to come out that afternoon—that I'd meet him at the gym' at one o'clock and have some clothes for him. He came at one o'clock and I told one of the rubbers to have some clothes ready. When I came back at 1:30 and looked around I couldn't recognize him. 'Where in the world is my big fellow?' I said to Jim the rubber.

“Your big fellow? Why, he just passed you,’ said Jim.

“No,’ said I, ‘that can’t be the man; that must be some consumptive.’

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“Just the same, that’s your big fellow in his football suit,’ said Jim. ‘The biggest part of him is hanging up in there on a nail.’

“*Some* tailors, these fellows have nowadays.”

Johnny Mack further tells of an amusing incident in Foster Sanford’s coaching.

“At early practice in New Haven Sanford was working the linemen,” says Johnny. “He picked a green, husky looking boy out of the line of candidates and was soon playing against him. He didn’t know who Sandy was, and believe me, Sandy was handling him pretty rough to see what he was made of. The first thing you know the fellow was talking to himself and, when Sandy was careless, suddenly shot over a stiff one on Sandy’s face and yelled:

“‘I’m going to have you know that no man’s going to push *me* around this field.’

“Sandy was happy as could be. He patted the chap on the back and roared, ‘Good stuff; you’re all right. You’re the kind of a man I want. We can use men like you!’

“But Foster Sanford was not the only old-timer who could take the young ones’ hard knocks,” says Johnny. “I’ve seen Heffelfinger come back to Yale Field after being out of college twenty years and play with the scrubs for fifty-five minutes without a layoff! I never saw a man with such endurance.

“Ted Coy was a big, good-natured fellow. He was never known to take time out in a game in the four years he played football. In his senior year he didn’t play until the West Point game. While West Point was putting it all over us, Coy was on the side lines, frantically running up and down. But we had strict instructions from the doctor not to play him, no matter what happened.

“Suddenly Coy said: ‘Johnny, let me in. I’m not going to have my team licked by this crowd.’ And in he jumped.

“I saw him call Philbin up alongside of him and the first thing I knew I saw Philbin and Coy running up the field like a couple of deer. In just three plays they took the ball from our own 5-yard line to a touchdown. After that there was a different spirit in the team. Coy was an inspiration to his players.”

“One more story,” says Johnny.

“There were two boys at New Haven. Their first names were Jack, and both were substitutes on the scrub. About the middle of the second half in the Harvard game, the coach told me to go and warm up Jack. One of the Jacks jumped up, while the other Jack sank back on the bench with surprise and sorrow on his face. Seeing that a mistake had been made, I said, ‘Not you, but *you*, Jack,’ and pointed to the other. As



the right Jack jumped up, the cloudy face turned to sunshine, as only a football player can imagine, and the sunny smile of the first Jack turned to deepest gloom, an affecting sight I shall never forget.”

“Huggins of Brown”

I know of no college trainer who seems to get more pleasure out of his work than Huggins of Brown. There are numerous incidents that are recorded in this book that have been the experiences of this good-natured trainer.

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A trainer's life is not always a merry one. Many things occur that tend to worry him, but he gets a lot of fun out of it just the same. Huggins says:

"Some few years ago Brown had a big lineman on its team who had never been to New York, where we went that year to meet Carlisle. The players put in quite a bit of time jollying him and having all sorts of fun at his expense. We stopped at one of the big hotels, and the rooms were on the seventh and eighth floors. In the rooms were the rope fire escapes, common in those days, knotted every foot or so. The big lineman asked what it was for, and the other fellows told him, but added that this room was the only one so equipped and that he must look sharp that none of the others helped themselves to it for their protection against fire.

"That night, as usual, I was making my rounds after the fellows had gone to bed. Coming into this player's room I saw that he was asleep, but that there appeared to be some strange, unusual lump in the bed. I immediately woke him to find out what it was. Much to my amusement, I discovered that he had wound about fifteen feet of the rope around his body and I had an awful job trying to assure him that the boys had been fooling him. Nothing that I could say, however, would convince him, and I left him to resume his slumbers with the rope still wrapped tightly about his body."

Huggins not only believes that Brown University is a good place to train, but he thinks it is a good place to send his boy. He has a son who is a freshman at Brown as I write. Huggins went to Brown in the fall of 1896, as trainer. Here is another good Huggins story:

"Sprackling, our All-American quarterback of a few years ago, always had his nerve with him and, however tight the place, generally managed to get out with a whole skin. But I recall one occasion when the wind was taken out of his sails; he was at a loss what to say or how to act. We were talking over prospects on the steps in front of the Brown Union one morning just before college opened, the fall that he was captain, when a young chap came up and said:

"'Are you Sprackling, Captain of the Team?'

"'That's me,' replied Sprack.

"'Well, I'm coming out for quarterback,' the young man declared, 'and I expect to make it. I can run the 100 in ten-one and the 220 in evens and I'm a good quarterback. I'm going to beat you out of your job.'

"Sprack, for once in his life, was flustered to death. When several of the boys who were nearby and had heard the conversation, began to laugh, he grew red in the face and quickly got up and walked away without a word. But before I could recover myself, the promising candidate had disappeared."

Harry Tuthill, specialist in knees and ankles, was the first trainer West Point ever had. When he turned up at the Academy he was none too sure that a football was made of leather and blown up.

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He got his job at the Point through the bandaging of Ty Cobb's ankle. An Army coach saw him do it and said:

"Harry, if you can do that, the way you do it, come to West Point and do it for us."

Tuthill was none too welcome to the authorities other than the football men. In the eyes of the superintendent every cadet was fit to do anything that might be required of him.

"You've got to make good with the Supe," said the coaches.

So Harry went out and watched the dress parade and the ensuing double time review. After the battalion was dismissed, Tuthill was introduced to the Superintendent.

"Well, Mr. Tuthill," said the Superintendent, "I'm glad to meet you, but I really do not see what we need of a trainer."

Harry shifted his feet and gathering courage blurted out:

"Run those boys around again and then ask them to whistle."

* * * * *

There are many other trainers who deserve mention in this chapter, men who are earnestly and loyally giving up their lives to the training of the young men in our different colleges, but space will not permit to take up any more of these interesting characters. Their tribute must be a silent one, not only from myself but from the undergraduates and graduates of the colleges to which they belong and upon whose shoulders are heaped year after year honors which are due them.

FIRST DOCTOR IN CHARGE OF ANY TEAM

Doctor W. M. Conant, Harvard '79, says:

"I believe I was the first doctor associated with the Harvard team, and so far as I know, the first doctor who was in charge of any team at any college. At Harvard this custom has been kept up. I was requested by Arthur Cumnock, who had been beaten the previous year by Yale, to come out and help him win a game. This I consented to do provided I had absolute control of the medical end of the team, which consisted not only of taking care of the men who were injured, but also of their diet. This has since been taken up by the trainer.

"The late George Stewart and the late George Adams were the coaches in charge that year, and my recollections of some of the difficulties that arose because of new methods are very enjoyable—even at this late day. So far as I know this was the first season

men were played in the same position opposite one another. In other words, there was an attempt to form a second eleven—which is now a well recognized condition.

“I had a house built under the grandstand where every man from our team was stripped, rubbed dry and put into a new suit of clothes, also given a certain amount of hot drink as seemed necessary. This was a thing which had never been done before, and in my opinion had a large influence in deciding the game in Harvard’s favor; as the men went out upon the field in the second half almost as fresh as when they started the first half.

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"I remember that I had not seen a victory over Yale since I was graduated from college in 1879. Some of the suggestions that I made about the time men should be played were laughed at. The standpoint I took was that a man should not be allowed by the coach to play until he was deemed fit. The physician in charge was also a matter of serious discussion. Many of these points are now so well established that to the present generation it is hardly possible to make them realize that from 1890 to 1895 it was necessary to make a fight to establish certain well-known methods.

"What would the present football man think of being played for one and one-half hours whether he was in shape or not? The present football man does not appreciate what some of the older college graduates went through in order to bring about the present reasonable methods adopted in handling the game."

[Illustration: HOW IT HURTS TO LOSE]

CHAPTER XVIII

NIGHTMARES

There are few players who never experienced defeat in football. At such a time sadness reigns. Men who are big in mind and body have broken down and cried bitterly. How often in our experience have we seen men taken out of the game leaving it as though their hearts would break, only to go to the side lines, and there through dimmed eyes view the inevitable defeat, realizing that they were no longer a factor in the struggle. Such an experience came to Frank Morse in that savage Penn-Princeton game of years ago at Trenton. He had given of his best; he played a wonderful game, but through an injury he had to be removed to the side lines. Let this great hero of the past tell us something about the pangs of defeat as he summons them to mind in his San Francisco office after an interval of twenty-two years.

"The average American university football player takes his defeats too seriously—in the light of my retrospect—much too seriously," writes Morse. "As my memory harks back to the blubbing bunch of stalwart young manhood that rent the close air of the dressing-room with its dismal howls after each of the five defeats in which I participated, I am convinced that this is not what the world expects of strong men in the hour of adversity.

"A stiff upper lip is what the world admires, and it will extend the hand of sympathy and help to the man who can wear it. This should be taught by football coaches to their men as a part of the lessons of life that football generally is credited with teaching.

"Alex Moffat, than whom no more loyal and enthusiastic Princetonian ever lived, to my mind, had the right idea. During one of those periods of abysmal depths of

despondency into which a losing team is plunged, he rushed into the room, waving his arms over his head in his characteristic manner, and in his high-pitched voice yelled:

“Here, boys, get down to work; cut out this crying and get to cussing.’

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"Doubtless much of this was due to the strain and the high tension to which the men were subjected, but much of it was mere lack of effort at restraint.

"Johnny Poe, as stout-hearted a man as ever has, or ever will stand on a football field, once said to me:

"This sob stuff gives me a pain in the neck but, like sea-sickness, when the rest of the crowd start business, it's hard to keep out of it. Besides, I don't suppose there's any use getting the reputation of being exclusive and too stuck up to do what the rest of the gang do.'

"Of the defeats in which I participated, probably none was more disheartening than the one suffered at the hands of the University of Pennsylvania in 1892 at the Manheim cricket grounds near Philadelphia. I shall always believe that the better Princeton team would have won with comparative ease had it not been for the wind. In no game in which I ever played was the wind so largely the deciding factor in the result. The flags on the poles along the stands stood out stiffly as they snapped in the half gale.

"Pennsylvania won the toss and elected to have the wind at their backs. For forty-five minutes every effort made against the Red and Blue was more than nullified by the blustering god AEolus. When Pennsylvania kicked, it was the rule and not the exception for the ball to go sailing for from one-half to three quarters the length of the field. On the other hand, I can see in my mind's eye to-day, as clearly as I did during the game, a punt by Sheppard Homans, the Princeton fullback, which started over the battling lines into Pennsylvania territory, slowed up, hung for an instant in the air and then was swept back to a point approximating the line from where it started.

"It was the most helpless and exasperating feeling that I ever experienced. The football player who can conceive of a game in which under no circumstances was it permissible to kick, but instead provided a penalty, can perhaps appreciate the circumstances.

"In the second half, when we changed goals, the flags hung limply against their staffs, but we had spent ourselves in the unequal contest during the first half."

Nightmares, even those of football, do not always beget sympathy. Upon occasion a deal of fun is poked at the victim, and this holds true even in the family circle.

Tom Shevlin was noted as the father of a great many good stories, but it was proverbial that he refrained from telling one upon himself. However, in at least one instance he deviated from habit to the extent of relating an incident concerning his father and the father of Charlie Rafferty, captain of the Yale 1903 eleven. Tom at the time was a sophomore, and Shevlin, senior, who idolized his son, made it a practice of attending all important contests in which he participated, came on from Minneapolis in his private car to witness the spectacle of Tom's single-handed defeat of "The Princetons."

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As it chanced the Shevlin car was put upon a siding adjoining that on which the car of Gill Rafferty lay. Rafferty, as a matter of fact, was making his laborious way down the steps as Mr. Shevlin emerged from his car. Mr. Rafferty looked up, blinked in the November sunlight and then nodded cheerfully. "Well, Shevlin," he said, "I suppose by to-night we'll be known simply as the fathers of two great Yale favorites." Shevlin nodded and said "he fancied such would be the case." A few hours later, in the gloom of the twilight, after Yale had been defeated, the elder Shevlin was finding his somber way to the steps of his car and met Rafferty face to face. Shevlin nodded and was about to pass on without speaking, when Rafferty placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Well, Shevlin," he said solemnly, "I see we are still old man Shevlin and old man Rafferty."

W. C. Rhodes

One has only to hear Jim Rodgers tell the story of Billy Rhodes to realize how deeply the iron of football disaster sinks into the soul.

"Rhodes was captain of the losing team in the fall of '90, when Yale's Eleven was beaten by Harvard's," Rodgers tells us. "Arthur Cumnock was the Harvard captain, and the score was 12 to 6. Two remarkable runs for touchdowns made by Dudley Dean and Jim Lee decided the contest.

"For twenty years afterwards, back to Springfield, New Haven or Cambridge, wherever the Yale-Harvard games were played, came with the regularity of their occurrence, Billy Rhodes.

"He was to be seen the night before, and the morning of the game. He always had his tickets for the side line and wore the badge as an ex-Yale captain. But the game itself Billy Rhodes never saw.

"If at Springfield, he was to be found in the Massasoit House, walking the floor until the result of the game was known. If at New Haven, he was not at the Yale Field. He walked around the field and out into the woods. If the game was at Cambridge, he was not at Holmes Field, or later, at Soldiers' Field.

"When the game was over he would join in the celebration of victory, or sink into the misery of defeat, as the case might be. But he never could witness a game. The sting of defeat had left its permanent wound."

A YALE NIGHTMARE

Those who saw the Army defeat Yale at West Point in 1904 must realize what a blow it was to the Blue. The first score came as a result of a blocked kick by West Point, which was recovered by Erwin, who picked up the ball and dashed across the line for a touchdown. The Army scored the second time when Torney cut loose and ran 105 yards for a touchdown.

Sam Morse, captain of the Yale 1906 team, who played right halfback in this game, tells how the nightmare of defeat may come upon us at any time, even in the early season, and incidentally how it may have its compensations.

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“An instance of the psychology of football is to be found in the fall of 1904, when Jim Hogan was captain of the Yale team,” says Morse. “I had the pleasure of playing back of him on the defensive in almost every game of that year, and I got to depend so much on those bull-like charges of his that I fear that if I had been obliged to play back of some one else my playing would have been of inferior quality.

“Yale had a fine team that year, defeating both Harvard and Princeton with something to spare. The only eleven that scored on us was West Point, and they beat us. It is a strange thing that the Cadets always seem to give Yale a close game, as in that year even though beaten by both Harvard and Princeton by safe scores, and even though Yale beat Harvard and Princeton handily, the Army played us to a standstill.

“After the game, as is so often the case when men have played themselves out, there was a good deal of sobbing and a good many real tears were shed. Every man who has played football will appreciate that there are times when it is a very common matter for even a big husky man to weep. We were all in the West Point dressing-room when Jim Hogan arose. He felt what we all took to be a disgrace more keenly than any of us. There was no shake in his voice, however, or any tears in his eyes when he bellowed at us to stop blubbering.

“Don’t feel sorry for yourselves. I hope this thing will hurt us all enough so that we will profit by it. It isn’t a matter to cry over—it’s a matter to analyze closely and to take into yourself and to digest, and finally to prevent its happening again.’

“He drove it home as only Jim Hogan could. At the close Ralph Bloomer jumped to his feet and cried:

“‘Jim, old man, we are with you, and you are right about it, and we will wipe this thing out in a way which will satisfy you and all the rest of the college.’

“The whole team followed him. Right then and there that aggregation became a Yale football team in the proper sense, and one of the greatest Yale football teams that ever played. It was the game followed by Jim’s speech that made the eleven men a unit for victory.

“If Jim had been allowed to live a few more years the quality of leadership that he possessed would have made of him a very prominent and powerful man. His memory is one of the dearest things to all of us who were team mates or friends of his, but I hardly ever think of him without picturing him that particular day in the dressing-room at West Point, when in five minutes he made of eleven men a really great football team.”

Even Eddie Mahan is not immune to the haunting memory of defeat, and perhaps because of the very fact that disaster came into his brilliant gridiron career only once,

and then in his senior year, it hit him hard. The manner of its telling by this great player is sufficient proof of that. Here is Eddie's story:

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[Illustration:

Hunkin Tilley Bailey Snyder Jewett Gillies Miller Lalley
Shiverick Anderson Menler Barrett Cool Shelton Collins
Eckley Schock Schlicker Zander

CORNELL'S GREAT TEAM—1915]

"I enjoyed my football days at Harvard so well that I would like to go back each fall and play football for the rest of my life. I wish to goodness I could go back and play just one game over—that is the Cornell game of 1915. My freshman team won all its games, and during the three years that I played for the Harvard Varsity I never figured in a losing game except that one. Cornell beat Harvard 10 to 0. The score of that game will haunt me all my life long. This game has been a nightmare to me ever since. Every time I think of football that game is one of the first things that comes to mind. I fumbled a lot. I don't know why, but I couldn't seem to hold onto the ball.

"We blocked four kicks, but Cornell recovered every one. We sort of felt that there was more than the Cornell team playing against us—a goal from the field and a touchdown. Shiverick, of Cornell, stands out in my recollection of that game. He was a good kicker. Once he had to kick out from behind the goal post down in his own territory. Watson and I were both laying for a line buck; playing up close. Shiverick kicked one over my head, out of bounds at his own 45-yard line.

"I felt like a burglar after this game, because I felt that I had lost it. I was feeling pretty blue until the Monday after the game, when the coaches picked eleven men as the Varsity team, and just as soon as they sent these eleven men to a section of the field to get acquainted with each other—that was the beginning of team work. From the way those fellows went at it that day, and from the spirit they showed, we felt that no team could ever lick us again, neither Princeton nor Yale. The Cornell game acted like a tonic on the whole crowd. Instead of disheartening the team it instilled in us determination. We said:

"We know what it is to be licked, and we'll be damned if we'll be licked again."

Jack de Saulles' football ambitions were realized when he made the Yale team at quarterback, the position which his brother Charlie, before him, had occupied. His spectacular runs, his able generalship, his ability to handle punts, coupled with that characteristic de Saulles' grit, made him a famous player.

Let this game little quarterback tell his own story:



“Billy Bull and I have often discussed the fact that when an attempt for a goal from the field failed, one of the players of the opposing side always touched the ball back of the goal line (thereby making it dead), and brought it out to the 25-yard line to kick. Of course, the ball is never dead until it is touched down. It was in the fall of 1902 when we were playing West Point. In the latter part of the second half of that game, with the score 6 to 6, Charlie

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Daly attempted a field goal, which was unsuccessful. What Billy Bull and I had discussed many times came into my mind like a flash. I picked the ball up and walked out with it as if it had been touched back of the goal. When I passed the 25-yard line, walking along casually, Bucky Vail, who was the referee, yelled to me to stop. I walked over to him unconcerned and said: 'Bucky, old boy! this ball is not dead, because I did not touch it down. And I am going down the field with it.' By that time the West Point men had taken their positions in order to receive the kick from the 25-yard line. While I was still walking down the field, in order to pass all the West Point men, before making my dash for a certain touchdown, it struck Bucky Vail that I was right, and he yelled out at the top of his voice. 'The ball is not dead. It is free.' Whereupon the West Point men started after me. An Army man tackled me on their 25-yard line, after I had taken the ball down the field for nearly a touchdown. I have often turned over in my bed at night since that time, cursing the action of Referee Vail. If he had not interfered with my play I would have walked down the field for a touchdown and victory for Yale. The final score remained 6 to 6.

"I have often thought of the painful hours I would have suffered had I missed the two open field chances in the disastrous game at Cambridge in the fall of 1902, when Yale was beaten 23 to 0. On two different occasions in that game a Harvard runner with interference had passed the whole Yale team. I was the only Yale man between the Harvard man and a touchdown. The supreme satisfaction I had in nailing both of those runners is one of the most pleasant recollections of my football career.

"When I was a little shaver, back in 1889, I lived at South Bethlehem, Pa. Paul Dashiell and Mathew McClung, who were then playing football at Lehigh University, took an interest in me. Paul Dashiell took me to the first football game I ever saw. Dibby McClung gave me one of the old practice balls of the Lehigh team. This was the first football I ever had in my hands. For weeks afterwards that football was my nightly companion in bed. These two Lehigh stars have always been my football heroes, and it was a happy day for me when I played quarterback on the Yale team and these two men acted as officials that day."

[Illustration: ONE SCENE NEVER PHOTOGRAPHED IN FOOTBALL]

CHAPTER XIX

MEN WHO COACHED

The picture on the opposite page will recall to mind many a serious moment in the career of men who coached; when something had gone wrong; when some player had not come up to expectation; when a combination of poor judgment and ill luck was

threatening to throw away the results of a season's work. Such scenes are never photographed, but they are preserved no less indelibly in the minds of all who have played this role.

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Where is the old football player, who, gazing at this picture, will not be carried back to those days that will never come again; hours when you listened perhaps guiltily to the stinging words of the coach; moments when spurred on by the thunder and lightning of his wrath you could hardly wait to get out upon the field to grapple with your opponents. At such times, all that was worth while seemed to surge up within you, fiercely demanding a chance, while if you were a coach you yearned to get into the game, only to realize as the team trotted out on the field that yours was no longer a playing part. All you could expect henceforth would be to walk nervously up and down the side line with chills and thrills alternating along your spine.

There were no coaches in the old days. Football history relates that in the beginning fellows who wanted fun and exercise would chip in and buy a leather cover for a beef bladder. It was necessary to have a supply of these bladders on hand, for stout kicks frequently burst them.

In those days the ball was tossed up in the air and all hands rushed for it. There was no organization then, very few rules, and the football players developed themselves.

To-day the old-time player stands on the side lines and hears the coach yelling:

“Play hard! Fall on the ball! Tackle low! Start quick! Charge hard and fast!”

As far as the fundamentals go, the game seems to him much the same, but when he begins to recollect he sees how far it has really progressed. He recalls how the football coach became a reality and how a teacher of football appeared upon the gridiron.

Better coaching systems were installed as football progressed. Rules were expanded, trainers crept in, intercollegiate games were scheduled and competition and keen rivalry developed everywhere. In fact, the desire to win has become so firmly established in the minds of college men that we now have a finished product in our great American game of football—wonderfully attractive, but very expensive.

Competition has grown to such an extent that our coaching systems of to-day resemble, in a way, the plans for national preparedness—costly, but apparently necessary. All this means that the American football man, like the American captain of industry, or the American pioneer in any field of activity, is never content to stand still. His motto is, “Ever Onward.”

It is not always the star player that makes the greatest coach. The mediocre man is quite likely to have absorbed as much football teaching ability as the star; and when his opportunity comes to coach, he sometimes gets more out of the men than the man with the big reputation.

Personality counts in coaching. In addition to a coach's keen sense of football, there must be a strong personality around which the players may rally. All this inspires confidence.

It is a joy for a coach to work with good material—the real foundation of success. The rules of to-day, however, give what, under old standards, was the weaker team a much broader opportunity for victory over physically larger and stronger opponents.

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But there are days nevertheless when every coach gets discouraged; times when there is no response from the men he is coaching—when their slowness of mind and body seem to justify the despair of Charlie Daly who said to his team:

“You fellows are made of crockery from the neck down and ivory from the neck up.”

Football is fickle. To-day you may be a hero. After the last game you may be carried off on the shoulders of enthusiastic admirers and dined and wined by hosts of friends; but across the field there is a grim faced coach who may already be scheming out a play for next year which will snatch you back from the “Hall of Fame” and make your friends describe you sadly as a “back-number.”

Haughton arrived at Harvard at the psychological moment. Harvard had passed through many distressing years playing for the football supremacy. He found something to build upon, because, although the game at Cambridge was in the doldrums, there had been keen and capable coaching in the past.

Prominent among those who have worked hard for Harvard and whose work has been more than welcome, are Arthur Cumnock, that brilliant end rush, George Stewart, Doctor William A. Brooks, a former Harvard captain, Lewis, Upton, John Cranston, Deland, Hallowell, Thatcher, Forbes, Waters, Newell, Dibblee, Bill Reid, Mike Farley, Josh Crane, Charlie Daly, Pot Graves, Leo Leary, and others well versed in the game of football.

Haughton had had some experience not only in coaching at Cambridge but coaching at Cornell, and the Harvard football authorities realized that of all the Harvard graduates Haughton would probably be the best man to turn the tide in Harvard football.

Percy, who played tackle on a winning Crimson eleven, and Sam Felton will be well remembered as the fastest punters of their day.

The first Harvard team coached by Haughton defeated Yale. It was in 1908 when Haughton used a spectacular method, when he rushed Vic Kennard into the Crimson backfield after Ver Wiebe had brought the ball up the field where Haughton's craft sent Vic Kennard in to make the winning three points and Kennard himself will tell the story of that game. The next year Percy Haughton's team could not defeat the great Ted Coy, who kicked two goals from the field.

The performance of the Harvard 1908 team was the more remarkable because Burr, who was the captain and the great punter at that time, had been injured and the team was without his services. How well I remember him on the side lines keenly following the play, but brilliant in his self-denial.

There have been times when victories did not come to Harvard with the regularity that they have under the Haughton regime, but the scales go up and down year by year, game by game, and from defeats we learn much.

Let us read what this premier coach says upon reflection:

“Surely the game of football brings out the best there is in one. Aside from the mental and physical exercise, the game develops that inestimable quality of doing one’s best under pressure. What better training for the game of life than the acid test of a championship game. Such a test comes not alone to the player but to the coach as well.

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"What truer and finer friends can one have than those whom we have met through the medium of football! And finally as the years tend to narrow this precious list, through death, what greater privilege than to associate with the fellow whose muscles are lithe and whose mind is clean. Such a man was Francis H. Burr, captain of the Harvard team in 1908. Words fail me to express my sincere regard for that gallant leader. His spirit still lives at Cambridge; his type we miss.

"I am proud of the men who worked shoulder to shoulder in bringing about Harvard victories. The list is a long one. I shall always cherish the hearty co-operation of these men who gave their best for Harvard."

It was Al Sharpe, that great Cornell coach, who, in the fall of 1915 found it possible to break through the Harvard line of victories, and hanging on the walls in the trophy room at Cornell University is a much prized souvenir of Cornell's visit to Cambridge. That was the only defeat on the Harvard schedule. But sometimes defeats have to come to insure victory, and perhaps in that defeat by Cornell lay the reason for the overwhelming score against Yale.

[Illustration:

Whitney Dadmun Harte L. Curtis Dougherty Harris
Haughton Taylor McKintock Weatherhead R. Curtis Cowen Blanchard
King Parson Gilman Mahan Watson Wallace Soucy
Boles Robinson Coolidge Horneen Rollins

HARVARD, 1915]

Slowly, but surely, Al Sharpe has won his way into the front ranks of football coaches. Working steadfastly year after year he has built up and established a system that has set Cornell's football machinery upon a firm foundation.

Glenn Warner

Glenn Warner has contributed a great deal to football, both as a player and coach.

Warner was one of the greatest linemen that ever played on the Cornell team. After leaving college he began his coaching career in 1895 at the University of Georgia. His success there was remarkable. It attracted so much attention that he was called back to Cornell in 1897 and 1898. In 1899 Warner moved again and began his historic work at the Carlisle Indian School, turning out a team year after year that gave the big colleges a close battle and sometimes beat them.

There never was a team that attracted so much attention as the Carlisle Indians. They were popular everywhere and drew large crowds, not only on account of their being



Redmen, but on account of their adaptability to the game. Warner, as their coach, wrought wonders with them, and really all the colleges at one time or another had their scalps taken by the Indians. They were the champion travelers of the game. Their games were generally all away from home, and yet the long trips did not seem to hamper them in their play. They got enjoyment out of traveling.

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Going from Princeton to New York one Friday night some years ago, I was told by the conductor that the Carlisle football team was in the last car. I went back and talked with Warner. The Indian team were amusing themselves in one end of the car, and thus passing the time away by entering into a game they were accustomed to play on trips. One of the Carlisle players would stand in the center of the aisle and some fifteen or so men would group about him, in and about and on top of the seats. This central figure would bend over and close his eyes. Then some one from the crowd would reach over and spank the crouching Indian a terrific blow, hastily drawing back his hand. Then the Indian who had received the blow would straighten up and try, by the expression of guilt on the face of the one who had delivered the blow, to find his man. Their faces were a study, yet nearly every time the right man was detected.

Who is there in football who will ever forget the Indian team, their red blankets and all that was typical of them; the yells that the crowds gave as the Indians appeared. They seemed always to be fit. They were full of spirit and anxious to clash with their opponents.

[Illustration: THE GREATEST INDIAN OF THEM ALL]

I recall an incident in a Princeton-Carlisle game, when the game was being fiercely waged. Miller, the great Indian halfback, had scored a touchdown, after a long run. It was not long after this that a Princeton player was injured. Maybe the play was being slowed up a little. Anyway, time was taken out. One of the Indians seemed to sense the situation. The Princeton players were lying on the ground while the Carlisle men were prancing about eager to resume the fray, when one of the Indians remarked:

“White man play for wind. Indian play football.”

In 1915 Warner went to the University of Pittsburgh. Here he has already begun to duplicate former successes. Cruikshank, Peck, and Wagner are three of Pittsburgh's many stars. Probably the greatest football player that Warner ever developed at the Carlisle Indian School was Jim Thorpe, whose picture appears on the opposite page. Unhappy the end, and not infrequently the back, who had to face this versatile player. Thorpe was a raider.

Billy Bull

Billy Bull of Yale is one of the old heroes who has kept in very close touch with the game. He has been a valuable coach at Yale and the Elis' kicking game is left entirely in his hands. He is an enthusiastic believer in the game. Immediately after leaving New Haven in 1889 he started to coach and since that time he has not missed a year. Years ago he inaugurated a routine system of coaching for the various styles of kicks. “My object,” he said recently, “has been to turn out consistent rather than wonderful kickers.

As a player I was early impressed with the value of kicking, not only in a general way but also in a particular way, such as the punt in an offensive way. For more than twenty-five years I have talked it up. For a long time I talked it to deaf ears, especially at Yale. I talked it when I coached at West Point for ten years and was generally set down as a harmless crank on the subject, but I have lived to see the time when every one agrees on the great value of this offensive kick.

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“When I entered Yale I was an absolute greenhorn, but the greenhorn had a chance then, for he was able to play in actual scrimmage every day; now the squads are so big that opportunities for playing the game for long daily periods are entirely wanting.

“To-day it is a case of a heap big talk, a coach for every position, more talk, lots of system, blackboard exercises and mighty little actual play.

“I have often wondered if things were not being overdone as far as coaching goes in the preparatory schools at the present time. The superabundance of coaches and the demand for victory combine to force the boy.

“If there is any forcing to do, the college is the place for it, when the boy is older and better able to stand the strain. In recent years I have seen not a few brokendown boys enter college. Boys are coming to college now who needs must be told everything, and if there is not a large body of coaches about to tell them, they mutiny. They seem to forget, or not to know, that most is up to the man himself.

“When a boy comes to college with the idea that all that is necessary is for him to be told, constantly told how to do this and that, and he will deliver in the last ditch, I cannot help thinking that something is wrong.

“I have in mind right now a player in the line, who came to college after four years of school football. Ever since his entry he has complained that no one has told him anything. Now this particular player spends ten months of each year loafing, and expects in his two months of football to do a man’s job in a big game.

“No amount of blackboard and other talk is going to make a player do a man’s job and whip his opponent. No man can play a tackle job properly if he does not realize the kind of a proposition he is up against twelve months in the year and act accordingly. He has got to do his own thinking, and see to it himself that he has the necessary strength and toughness, to play the game, as one must to win.”

Sanford the Unique

George Foster Sanford is unique in football. He made splendid teams when he coached at Columbia, while his subsequent record with the Rutgers Eleven attracted wide attention.

In the *Columbia Alumni News* of October, 1915, Albert W. Putnam, a former player, reviews seven years of Morningside football, and pays the following tribute to Foster Sanford:



“Sanford coached the teams of 1899, 1900 and 1901. He coached them ably, conscientiously and thoroughly, and in my opinion was the best football coach in the country.”

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"During my three years' experience as coach at Columbia," says Sanford, "we beat all the big teams except Harvard. I was fortunate enough to develop such men as Weekes, Morley, Wright, and Berrien, players whose records will always stand high in the Hall of Football Fame at Columbia. I was particularly well satisfied with the work I got out of Slocovitch, a former Yale player, whom the Yale coaches had never seemed to handle properly. I did not allow him to play over one day a week. This was because I had discovered that he was very heavily muscled; that if he played continuously he would become muscle bound. My treatment proved to fit the case exactly and Slocovitch became a star end for Columbia. We defeated Yale the first year; the next year at New Haven the contest was a strenuous one, and the game attracted unusual attention. It was in my own home town, and I had to stand for a lot of good natured kidding, but those who were there will remember how scared the Yale coaches got during the last part of the game, when Columbia made terrific advances. How Columbia's team fought Gordon Brown's Eleven almost to a standstill that day is something that the Yale coaches of that time will long remember."

An old Yale player, Bob Loree, whose father is a Trustee of Rutgers, induced Sanford to lend the college his assistance. Apparently this connection was an unmixed blessing. "Mr. L. F. Loree, Bob's father," says Sandy, "has frankly admitted that in his opinion Sanford's gift to the college (for he works without remuneration) has brought a spirit and a betterment of conditions which is worth fully as much as donations of thousands of dollars.

"From the first day I went there," continues Sandy, "I started to build up football for Rutgers and to rely on Rutgers men for my assistants. It was there that I met the best football man I ever coached, John T. Toohey. This remarkable tackle weighed 220 pounds. The life he led and the example he set will always have a lasting influence upon Rutgers men. For sad to relate, Toohey was killed in the railroad yards at Oneonta, where he was yard master. Toohey was a great leader, possessing a wonderful personality, and winning the immediate respect of every one who knew him."

Twenty-five years have passed since I saw Sanford that morning in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Since then I have followed his football career with enthusiasm. Boyhood heroes live long in mind. He is what might be called a major surgeon in football, for it is a matter of record that he has been called back to Yale, not when the patient was merely sick, but in a serious condition. Usually the operation has been performed with such skill that the patient has rallied with disconcerting suddenness.

Talking to the Yale teams between the halves, giving instructions, which have turned dubious prospects into flaming victories, is a service which Sanford has rendered Yale more than once. Victory, as it happens, is the principal characteristic of Sanford's work. Long is the list of players whom Sanford has developed.

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"In my coaching experience," Sandy tells us, "I doubt if I ever coached a man where my hard work counted for more at Yale than the case of Charlie Chadwick in 1897. For many years there has been a saying that a one man defense is as good as an eleven men defense, providing you can get one man who can do it.

"Of course this never worked out literally, but the case of Charlie Chadwick is probably the best explanation of its value. Besides being overdeveloped, he was temperamental. At times he would show great form and at other times his playing was hopeless. This year I was asked to come to New Haven and began coaching the linemen. Chadwick looked good to me, in spite of much criticism that was made by the coaches. In their opinion they thought he was not to be relied upon, so I decided to stake my reputation, and began in my own way, feeling sure that I could get results, in preparing him for the Harvard and Princeton games.

[Illustration: LEARNING THE CHARGE]

"I started out purposely annoying Chadwick in every possible way, going with him wherever he went. I went with him to his room evenings and did not leave until he had become so bored that he fell asleep, or that he got mad and told me to get out. I planned it that Chadwick approach the coaches whenever he saw them together and say: 'I wish you would let me play on this team. If you will I will play the game of my life. I will play like hell.' After he had made this speech two or three times, they were very positive that he was more than temperamental. I kept steadily at my plan, however, and felt sure it would work out.

"The line was finally turned over to me and I had opportunity to slip Chadwick in for two or three plays at left guard. He played like a demon; he was literally a one man defense, but he received no credit. I immediately removed him from the game and criticised him severely and told him to follow up the play and in case I needed him he would be handy. I realized what a great player he was proving to be, and my great problem then was how I was to convince the coaches that Chadwick should start the game. I tried it out a few times, but saw it was useless trying to convince them, so I decided to concentrate on Jim Rodgers, the Captain. Jim consented. My plan was to tell no one except Marshall, the man whose place Chadwick was to take. The lineup was called out in the dressing room before the game. Chadwick's name was not included. I had arranged with Julian Curtis, who was in close touch with the cheer leaders, that when I gave the signal, the Yale crowd would be instructed to stand and yell nothing but 'Chadwick, Chadwick, Chadwick.' The Yale team ran out upon the field. I stayed behind with Chadwick and came in through the gate holding him by the arm. Before going on the side lines I stopped him and said: 'Look here, Chadwick. It doesn't look as though you're going to play, but if I put you in that lineup how will you play?' Like a shot from a cannon he roared: 'I'll play like hell.'

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"You could have heard him a mile. 'Well then, give me your sweater and warm up,' I said, and as I gave the signal to Julian Curtis, he passed the word on to the cheer leaders and the sight of Chadwick running up and down those side lines will never be forgotten. It is estimated that he leaped five yards at a stride, and with the students cheering, 'Chadwick, Chadwick, Chadwick,' he was sent out into the lineup—and the rest, well, you'd better ask the men who played on the Harvard team that day. It was a stream of men going on and off the field and they were headed for right guard position on the Harvard side. Harvard could not beat Chadwick, so the game ended in a tie."

Jim Rodgers, captain of that team, also has something to say of Chadwick.

"In the Harvard-Yale game," Rodgers writes, "Charlie Chadwick played the game of his life. He used up about six men who played against him that day, but he never could put out Bill Edwards the day we played Princeton. I played against Chadwick on the Scrub, and the first charge he made against me I went clean back to fullback. It was just as though an automobile had hit me. I played against Heffelfinger and a lot of them. I could hold those fellows. Gee! but I was sore. I said to myself, you won't do that again, and the next time I was set back just as far.

"One feature of this Yale-Princeton game impressed me tremendously, that of Bill Edwards' stand, against what I considered a superman, Charles Chadwick. Before the game I had confidently expected Big Bill to resign after about five minutes' play, knowing, as I did, how Chadwick was going. In this, however, Edwards was a great disappointment, as he stuck the game out and was stronger at the end, than at the start or half way through. Had he weakened at all, Ad Kelly's great offensive work would have been doomed to failure. Edwards finished up the game against Chadwick with a face that resembled a raw beefsteak. To my mind he was the worst punished man I have ever seen. He stood by his guns to the finish, and ever since then my hat has been off to him."

One of the most interesting characters in Southern football is W. R. Tichenor, a thorough enthusiast in the game and known wherever there is a football in the South. His father was president of the Alabama Polytechnic. He was a fine player and weighed about 120 pounds. He is the emergency football man of the South. Whenever there is a football dispute Tichenor settles it. Whenever a coach is taken sick, Tichenor is called upon to take his place. Whenever an emergency official is needed, Tich comes to the rescue. He tells the following story:

"Every boy who has been to Auburn in the last twenty years knows Bob Frazier. Many of them, however, may not recognize that name, as he has been called Bob 'Sponsor' for so long that few of them know his real name. Bob is as black as the inside of a coal mine and has rubbed and worked for the various teams at Auburn 'since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.'

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[Illustration: BILLY BULL ADVISING WITH CAPTAIN TALBOT]

“Just after the Christmas holidays one year in the middle nineties, Bob, with the view of making a touch, called at Bill Williams’ room one night.

“After asking Bill if he had had a good Christmas, ‘Sponsor’ remarked: ‘You know, Mr. Williams, us Auburn niggers went down and played dem Tuskegee niggers a game of football during Christmas.’

“‘Who did you have on the team, Bob?’ inquired Bill.

“‘Oh—we had a lot of dese niggers roun’ town yere. They was me, an’ Crooksie, an’ Homer, an’ Bear, an’ Cockeye, an’ a lot of dese yer town niggers.’

“‘How did you come out?’ asked Bill.

“‘Oh, dem Tuskegee niggers give us a good lickin’.

“‘What position did you play?’

“‘Me?’ said Bob, ‘I was de cap’en. I played all roun’. I played center. Den I played quarterback. Den I played halfback.’

“‘What system of signals did you use and who called them?’ was Bill’s next inquiry.

“‘Ain’t I tole you, Mr. Williams, I was de cap’en. I called the signals. Dem niggers of mine couldn’t learn no signals, so we jus’ played lack we had some. I’d give some numbers to fool the Tuskegee niggers. But dem numbers didn’t mean nothin’. I’d say, “two, four, six, eight, ten—tek dat ball, Homer, an’ go roun’ the end.” Dat’s de only sort of signals dem niggers could learn and sometimes dey missed dem. Dat’s de reason we got beat and dem Tuskegee niggers got all my money. Mr. Williams, I’m jus’ as nickless as a ha’nt. Can’t you lem’ me two bits til’ Sadday night, please suh? Honest to God, I’ll pay you back den, shore.’”

Listening to Yost

“Hurry Up” Yost is one of the most interesting and enthusiastic football coaches in the country. The title of “Hurry Up” has been given him on account of the “pep” he puts into his men and the speed at which they work. Whether in a restaurant or a crowded street, hotel lobby or on a railroad train, Yost will proceed to demonstrate this or that play and carefully explain many of the things well worth while in football. He is always in deadly earnest. Out of the football season, during business hours, he is ever ready to talk the game. Yost’s football experience as a player began at the University of West Virginia, where he played tackle. Lafayette beat them that year 6 to 0. Shortly after this

Yost entered Lafayette. His early experience in football there was under the famous football expert and writer, Parke Davis.

Yost and Rinehart wear a broad smile as they tell of the way Parke Davis used to entertain teams off the field. He always kept them in the finest of humor. Parke Davis, they say, is a born entertainer, and many an evening in the club house did he keep their minds off football by a wonderful demonstration of sleight-of-hand with the cards.

“If Parke Davis had taken his coat off and stuck to coaching he would have been one of the greatest leaders in that line in the country to-day,” says Yost. “He was more or a less a bug on football. You know that to be good in anything one must be crazy about it. Davis was certainly a bug on football and so am I. Everybody knows that.

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"I shall never forget Davis after Lafayette had beaten Cornell 6 to 0, in 1895, at Ithaca. That night in the course of the celebration Parke uncovered everything he had in the way of entertainment and gave an exhibition of his famous dance, so aptly named the 'dance du venture,' by that enthusiastic Lafayette alumnus, John Clarke.

"I have been at Michigan fifteen seasons. My 1901 team is perhaps the most remarkable in the history of football in many ways. It scored 550 points to opponents' nothing, and journeyed 3500 miles. We played Stanford on New Year's day, using no substitutes. On this great team were Neil Snow, and the remarkable quarterback Boss Weeks. Willie Heston, who was playing his first year at Michigan, was another star on this team. A picture of Michigan's great team appears on the opposite page.

"Boss Weeks' two teams scored more than 1200 points. If that team had been in front of the Chinese Wall and got the signal to go, not a man would have hesitated. Every man that played under Boss Weeks idolized him, and when word was brought to the university that he had died, every Michigan man felt that its university had lost one of its greatest men.

"I am perhaps more of a boy's man to-day than I ever was. There is a great satisfaction in feeling that you have an influence in the lives of the men under you. Coaching is a sacred job. There's no question about it.

"There is a wonderful athletic spirit at Michigan, and when we have mass meetings in the Hill Auditorium 6000 men turn out. At such a time one feels the great power behind an athletic team. Some of the great Michigan football players within my recollection were Jimmy Baird, Jack McLain, Neil Snow, Boss Weeks, Tom Hammond, Willie Heston, Herrnstein, grand old Germany Schultz, Benbrook, Stan Wells, Dan McGugin, Dave Allerdice, Hugh White and others I might mention on down to John Maulbetsch."

Reggie Brown is probably one of the most famous of the Harvard coaches. His work in Harvard football is to find out what the other teams are doing. He is on hand at Yale Field every Saturday when the Yale team plays. He is unique in his scouting work, in that he carries his findings in his head. His memory is his mental note book.

[Illustration:

Craft McGugin Gregory Yost Graver Baird Fitzpatrick
Wilson Snow White Shorts Heston
Sweeley Weeks Redden Redner Herrnstein

MICHIGAN'S FAMOUS 1901 TEAM]

In talking with Harvard men I have found that the general impression is that the work of this coach is one of Harvard's biggest assets.

Jimmy Knox of Harvard is one of Houghton's most valued scouts. Every fall Princeton is his haven of scouting. He does it most successfully and in a truly sportsmanlike way.

One day en route to Princeton I met Knox on the train and sat with him as far as Princeton Junction. When we arrived at Princeton, a friend of mine called me aside and said:

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"Who is that loyal Princeton man who seems never to miss a game?"

"He is not a Princeton man," I replied. "He is Knox the Harvard scout. He will be with Haughton to-morrow at Cambridge with his dope book."

"From questions asked me I am quite sure that there is an utter misconception of the work of the scouts for the big league teams," says Jimmy. "I have frequently been asked how I get in to see the practice of our opponents, how I manage to get their signals, how I anticipate what they are going to do, what is the value of scouting anyway. From five years' experience, I can say that I have never seen our opponents except in public games. I have never unconsciously noted a signal even for a kick, much less made a deliberate attempt to learn the opponents' signals or code. What little I know of their ultimate plans is merely by applying common sense to their problem, based on the material and methods which they command. As to the value of scouting, volumes might be written, but suffice it to say that it is the principal means of standardizing the game. If the big teams of the country played throughout the season in seclusion, the final games would be a hodge-podge of varying systems which would curtail the interest of the spectator and all but block the development of the game.

"The reports of the scouts give the various coaching corps a fixed objective so that the various teams come to their final game with what might be considered a uniform examination to pass. The result is a steady, logical development of the game from the inside and the maximum interest for the spectator. It is unfortunate that the public has misconstrued scouting to mean spying, for there is nothing underhanded in the scouting department of football as any big team coach will testify."

Knox tells of an interesting experience of his Freshman year.

"I never hear the question debated as to whether character is born in a man or developed as time goes on," says he, "without recalling my first meeting with Marshall Newell, probably the best loved man that ever graduated from Harvard. In the middle '90's it was considered beneath the dignity of a former Varsity player to coach any but Varsity candidates. Marshall Newell was an exception. Without solicitation he came over to the Freshman field many times and gave us youngsters the benefit of his advice. On his first trip he went into the lineup and gave us an example of how the game could be played by a master. When the practice was over, Ma Newell came up to me and said: 'I guess I was a little rough, my boy, but I just wanted to test your grit. You had better come over to the Varsity field to-morrow with two or three of the other fellows that I am going to speak to. I'll watch you and help you after you get there.' And he did. He was loved because he was big enough to disregard convention, to sympathize with the less proficient and to make an inferior feel as if he were on a plane of equality. The highest type of manhood was born with Marshall Newell and developed through every hour of a too short life.

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"Only those who played football in the old days and have carefully followed it since appreciate the difference in the two types of game. I frequently wonder if the old type of game did not develop more in a man than the modern. As a freshman I was playing halfback on the second Varsity one afternoon when a sudden blow knocked me unconscious while the play was at one end of the field. When I regained consciousness the play was at the other end of the field, not a soul was near me or thinking of me. I had hardly got within ear-shot of the scrimmage when I heard Lewis, one of the Varsity coaches, call out, 'Come on, get in here, they can't kill fellows like you.' I went into the scrimmage and played the rest of the afternoon. It was a simple incident, but I learned two lessons of life from it: first, you can expect mighty little sympathy when you are down; second, you are not out if you will only go back and stick to it."

Dartmouth holds a unique position in college football. There are many men who were responsible for Dartmouth's success, men who have stood by year after year and worked out the football policy there.

It is my experience that Dartmouth men universally call Ed Hall the father of Dartmouth football. He has served faithfully on the Rules Committee as well as an official in the game.

Myron E. Witham, that great player and captain of the Dartmouth team which was victorious over Harvard the day that Harvard opened the Stadium, says: "If one goes back to Hanover and visits the trophy room he will see hanging there the winning football which Dartmouth men glory over as they recall that wonderful victory over Harvard. Ed Hall is the man who is often called upon to speak to the men between the halves. His talks have a telling effect. Hall's name is traditional at our college."

There are many football enthusiasts who recall that wonderful backfield that Dartmouth had, McCornack, Eckstrom, McAndrews and Crolius. These men got away wonderfully fast and hit the line like one man. They played every game without a substitute for two years.

Fred Crolius, who takes great delight in recalling the old days, has the following to say about one who coached:

"One man, whose influence more than any other one thing, succeeded in laying a foundation for Dartmouth's wonderful results, but whose name is seldom mentioned in that connection is Doctor Wurtenberg, who was brought up in the early Yale football school. He had the keenest sense of fundamental football and the greatest intensity of spirit in transmitting his hard earned knowledge. Four critical years he worked with us filling every one with his enthusiasm and those four years Dartmouth football gained such headway that nothing could stop its growth."

Enough space cannot be given to pay proper tribute to Walter McCornack, Dartmouth '97.

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Myron Witham relates a humorous incident that happened in practice when McCornack was coach at Dartmouth. "Mac's serious and exacting demeanor on the practice field occasionally relaxed to enjoy a humorous situation. He chose to give a personal demonstration of my position and duty as quarterback in a particular formation around the end. He took my place and giving the proper signal, the team or rather ten-elevenths of the team went through with the play, leaving Mac behind standing in his tracks. Mac naturally was at a loss to locate the quarter, during the execution of the play and madly yelled, 'Where in the devil is that quarterback?' But immediately joined with the squad in the joke upon himself."

McCornack coached Dartmouth in the falls of 1901 and 1902. He brought the team up from nothing to a two years' defeat of Brown and two years' scoring on Harvard. The game with Harvard in the fall of 1902 resulted in a score of 16 to 6, Dartmouth out-rushing Harvard at least 3 to 1.

McCornack then resigned, but left a wealth of material and a scientific game at Dartmouth, which was as good as any in the country. This was the beginning of Dartmouth's success in modern football, and for it McCornack has been named the father of modern football at Dartmouth.

The greatest compliment ever paid McCornack, in so far as athletics were concerned, was by President William Jewett Tucker of Dartmouth, who told an alumnus of the institution:

"The discipline that McCornack maintained on the football field at Dartmouth was to the advantage of the general discipline of the institution."

For ten years after McCornack had stopped coaching at Dartmouth, the captain of the Dartmouth team would wear his sweater in a Harvard game as an emblem to go by. The sweater is now worn out, and no one knows where it is.

If Eddie Holt's record at Princeton told of nothing else than the making of a great guard, this would be enough to establish Holt's ability as a guard coach. Eddie and Sam Craig played alongside of each other in the Yale defeat of '97. Holt says:

"The story of the making of Sam Craig is the old story of the stone the builders rejected, which is now the head stone of the corner. Sam never forgot the '97 defeat and I never have myself. After this game Sam gave up football, although he was eligible to play. Two years later, after Princeton had been defeated by Cornell, something had to be done to strengthen the Princeton line. Sam Craig was at the Seminary. I remembered him," said Holt, "and went over to his room and told him that he was needed. I shall never forget how his face lit up as he felt there was an opportunity to serve Princeton and a chance to play on a winning team; a chance to come back. He responded to my hurry call, eager to make good. Coaching him was the finest thing I ever did in football."



Good old Sam, I can see him now, standing on the side lines telling me that he guessed he was no good. You can never imagine how happy I was to see him improve day by day after I had taken a hold of him. The great game he played against Yale in '99 will always be one of my happiest recollections in football. My joy was supreme; the joy that comes to a coach as he sees his man make good—Sam sure did.”

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It is very doubtful whether the inside story of Harvard's victory over Yale in 1908 has ever been told. Those who remember this game know that the way for victory was paved by Ver Wiebe and Vic Kennard. Harry Kersburg, a Harvard coach, writes of that incident:

"The summer of 1907 and 1908, Kennard worked for several hours each day perfecting his kicking. This fact was known to only one of the coaches. In 1906 and 1907, Kennard played as a substitute but was most unfortunate in being smashed up in nearly every game in which he played. On account of this record, he was given little or no attention at the beginning of the 1908 season, even though the one coach who had great confidence in Kennard's ability as a kicker rooted hard for him at every coaches' meeting. About the middle of the season, Dave Campbell came on from the West and with the one lone coach became interested in Kennard. On the day of the Springfield Training School game, most of the Harvard coaches went down to New Haven, leaving the team in charge of Campbell and Kennard's other rooter. The psychological moment had arrived. Just as soon as the Harvard team had rolled up a tidy little score, Kennard was sent into the game and instructions were given to the quarterback that he was to signal for a drop kick every time the Harvard team was within forty yards of the opponent's goal—no matter what the angle might be. The game ended with Kennard having kicked four goals from the field out of six tries. Nearly all of them were kicked from an average distance of thirty yards and at very difficult angles. At the next coaches' meeting serious consideration was given to what Kennard had done and from that time on he came into his own.

"Now for Rex Ver Wiebe. For two years he had plugged away at a line position on the second team. In his senior year he was advanced to the Varsity squad. With all his hard work it seemed impossible for him to develop into anything but a mediocre lineman. The line coaches, with much regret, had about given up all hope. One afternoon, two weeks before the Yale game, one of the line coaches was standing on the side lines talking with Pooch Donovan about Ver Wiebe. Pooch said little, but kept a close watch on Ver Wiebe for the next two or three days. At the end of that time he came out with the statement that if Ver Wiebe could be taught how to start, he would rapidly develop into one of the best halfbacks on the squad. Pooch's advice was followed and in the Yale game, Ver Wiebe's rushes outside tackle were one of the features of the game and were directly responsible for the ball being brought down the field to such a position that it was possible to substitute Kennard, who kicked a goal from the field and won the first victory for Harvard against Yale in many years.

"It is a strange coincidence that the first of Harvard's string of victories against Yale was won by two men who a few weeks before the game were in the so-called football discard."

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No greater honor can be accorded a football man than the invitation to come back to his Alma Mater and take charge of the football situation. Such a man has been selected after he has served efficiently at other institutions, for it takes long experience to become a great coach and there are very few men who have given up all their time to consecutive coaching.

Successful coaches, as a rule, are men who have a genius for it, and whose strong personalities bring out the natural ability of the men under them. Successful football is the result of a good system, plus good material.

Of the men who coach to-day, the experience of John H. Rush, popularly known as Speedy Rush, stands out as unique. Rush never played football, for he preferred track athletics, but he understood the theory of the game. At the University School in Cleveland where Rush taught for many years, he took charge of the football team, and although coaching mere boys, his results were marvelous, and in 1915, when the Princeton coaching system was in a slough of despond, it was decided to give Rush an opportunity to show what he could do at Princeton.

[Illustration:

Metcalf Peterson Mumford Monroe Elmer Stover Donnell Norton Dwyer Weed
Bullwinkle McCabe Franklin Schulte Thorpe Moffat Simmonds
DeGraff Buermeyer Cochran Fairfield Todd Thompson
Calder Aimee Noble Gallagher Wadleton

COLUMBIA BACK IN THE GAME, 1915]

Rush makes no boasts. He is a silent worker, and football people at large were unanimous in their praise of his work at Princeton in the fall of 1915. Whatever the future holds in store for this coach, Princeton men at least are sure that an efficient policy has been established which will be followed out year after year, and that the loyal support of the Alumni is behind Rush.

There was never a time in Yale's history when so much general discussion and care entered into the selection of its football coach as in 1915. From the long list of Yale football graduates the honor was bestowed upon Tad Jones, a man whose remarkable playing record at Yale is well known. Football records tell of his wonderful runs. His personality enables him to get close to the men, and he was wonderfully successful at Exeter, coaching his old school. Tad Jones represents one of the highest types of college athletes.

In 1915 when the college authorities decided Columbia might re-enter the football arena, after a lapse of ten years, it was a wonderful victory for the loyal Columbia football supporters. A most thorough and exhaustive search was then made for the



proper man to teach Columbia the new football. The man who won the Committee's unanimous vote was Thomas N. Metcalf, who played football at Oberlin, Ohio. Metcalf earned recognition in his first year. He realized that Columbia's re-entrance into football must be gradual, and his schedule was arranged accordingly. He developed Miller, a quarterback who stood on a par with the best quarterbacks in 1915. Columbia had great confidence in Metcalf, and the pick of the old men, notably Tom Thorp, one of the gamest players any team ever had, volunteered their aid.

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One of the most prominent football coaches which Pennsylvania boasts of to-day, is Bob Folwell. Always a brilliant player, full of spirit and endowed with a great power of leadership, he was a huge success as a coach at Lafayette. His team beat Princeton. At Washington and Jefferson, he beat Yale twice. His ability as a coach was watched carefully not only by the graduates of Penn, but by the football world as a whole.

In 1916 this hard-working, energetic up-to-date coach assumed control of the football situation on Franklin Field.

CHAPTER XX

UMPIRE AND REFEREE

There is a group of individuals connected with football to whom the football public pays little attention, until at a most inopportune time in the game, a whistle is blown, or a horn is tooted and you see a presumptuous individual stepping off a damaging five yard penalty against your favorite team. At such a time you arise in your wrath and demand: "Who is that guy anyway? Where did he come from? Why did he give that penalty?" Other muffled tributes are paid him.

In calmer moments you realize that the officials are the caretakers of football. They see to it that the game is preserved to us year after year.

An official is generally a man who has served his time as a player. Those days over, he enters the arena as Umpire, Referee or Linesman.

One who has a keen desire to succeed in this line of work ought to train himself properly for the season's work. In anticipation of the afternoon's work, he must get his proper sleep; no night cafes or late hours should be his before a big contest.

The workings of football minds towards an official are most narrow and critical at times. The really wise official will remain away from both teams until just before the game, lest some one accuse him of being too familiar with the other side. He can offer no opinion upon the game before the contest.

Each college has its preferred list of officials. Much time is given to the selection of officials for the different games. Before a man can be chosen for any game it must be shown that he has had no ancestors at either of the colleges in whose game he will act and that he is always unprejudiced. At the same time the fact that a man has been approved as a football official by three of four big colleges is about as fine a football diploma as any one would wish.

For the larger games an official receives one hundred dollars and expenses. This seems a lot of money for an afternoon's work just for sport's sake, but there are many

officials on the discarded list to-day who would gladly return all the money they ever received, if they could but regain their former popularity and prestige in the game. Certainly an official is not an over-paid man.

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The wise official arrives at the field only a scant half hour before the game. Generally the head coach sends for you, and as he takes you to a secluded spot he describes in his most serious way an important play he will use in the game. He tells you that it is within the rules, but for some curious reason, anxiously asks your opinion. He informs you that the *opposing* team has a certain play which is clearly illegal and wants you to watch for it constantly. He furthermore warns you solemnly that the other team is going to try to put one of his best players out of the game and beseeches you to anticipate this cowardly action, and you smile inwardly. Football seriousness is oftentimes amusing. Some of our best Umpires always have a little talk with the team before the game.

I often remember the old days when Paul Dashiell, the famous Umpire, used to come into our dressing room. Standing in the center of the room, he would make an appeal to us in his earnest, inimitable way, not to play off-side. He would explain just how he interpreted holding and the use of arms in the game. He would urge us to be thoroughbreds and to play the game fair; to make it a clean game, so that it might be unnecessary to inflict penalties. "Football," he would say, "is a game for the players, not for the officials." Then he would depart, leaving behind him a very clear conviction with us that he meant business. If we broke the rules our team would unquestionably suffer.

Some of my most pleasant football recollections are those gained as an official in the game. I count it a rare privilege to have worked in many games year after year where I came in close contact with the players on different college teams; there to catch their spirit and to see the working out of victories and defeats at close range.

Here it is that one comes in close touch with the great power of leadership, that "do or die" spirit, which makes a player ready to go in a little harder with each play. Knocked over, he comes up with a grin and sets his jaw a little stiffer for next time.

As an official you are often thrilled as you see a man making a great play; you long to pat him on the back and say, "Well done!" If you see an undiscovered fumbled ball you yearn to yell out—"Here it is!" But all this you realize cannot be done unless one momentarily forgets himself like John Bell.

"My recollection is that I acted as an official in but one game," says he. "I was too intense a partisan. Nevertheless, I was pressed into service in a Lehigh-Penn game in the late '80's. I recall that Duncan Spaeth, now Professor of English at Princeton and coach of the Princeton crew, was playing on Pennsylvania's team. He made a long run with the ball; was thrown about the 20-yard line; rose, pushed on and was thrown again between the 5- and 10-yard line. Refusing to be downed, he continued to roll over a number of times, with several Lehigh players hanging on to him, until finally he was stopped, within about a foot of the goal line. Forgetting his official duties, in the excitement of the moment, it is alleged that the referee (myself) jumped up and down excitedly, calling out: 'Roll over, Spaethy, just *once* more!' And Spaethy did. A

touchdown resulted. But the Referee's fate after the game was like that of St. Stephen—he was stoned."

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[Illustration: CLOSE TO A THRILLER

Erwin of Pennsylvania Scoring Against Cornell.]

In the old days one official used to handle the entire game. A man would even officiate in a game where his own college was a contestant. This was true in the case of Walter Camp, Tracy Harris, and other heroes of the past. Later the number of officials was increased. Such a list records Wyllys Terry, Alex Moffat, Pa Corbin, Ray Tompkins, S. V. Coffin, Appleton and other men who protected the game in the early stages.

Within my recollection, for many years the two most prominent, as well as most efficient officials, whose names were always coupled, were McClung, Referee, and Dashiell, Umpire. No two better officials ever worked together and there is as much necessity for team work in officiating as there is in playing. Both graduated from Lehigh, and the prominent position that they took in football was a source of great satisfaction to their university.

Officials come and go. These men have had their day, but no two ever contributed better work. The game of Football was safe in their hands.

Paul Dashiell and Walter Camp are the only two survivors of the original Rules Committee.

Dashiell's Reminiscences

"As an official, the first big game I umpired was in 1894 between Yale and Princeton, following this with nine consecutive years of umpiring the match," writes Dashiell. "After Harvard and Yale resumed relations, I umpired their games for six years running. I officiated in practically all the Harvard-Penn' games and Penn'-Cornell games during those years, as well as many of the minor games, having had practically every Saturday taken each fall during those twelve years, so I saw about all the football there was. When I look back on those years and what they taught me I feel that I'd not be without them for the world. They showed so much human nature, so many hundreds of plucky things, mingled with a lot of mean ones; such a show of manhood under pressure. I learned to know so many wonderful chaps and some of my most valued friendships were formed at those times. I liked the responsibility, too; although I knew that from one game to another I was walking on ice so thin that one bad mistake, however unintended, would break it.

"The rules were so incomplete that common sense was needed and, frequently, interpretation was simply by mutual consent. Bitterness of feeling between the big colleges made my duties all the harder. But it was an untold satisfaction when I could

feel that I had done well, and as I said, the responsibility had its fascination and, in the main, was a great satisfaction.

“And then came the inevitable, a foul seen only by me, which called for an immediate penalty. This led to scathing criticism and accusations of unfairness by many that did not understand the incident, altogether leaving a sting that will go down with me to my grave in spite of my happy recollections of the game. I had always taken a great pride in the job, and in what the confidence of the big universities from one year to another meant. I knew a little better than anybody else how conscientiously I had tried to be fair and to use sense and judgment, and the end of it all hurt a lot.

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“One friendship was made in these years that has been worth more than words can tell. I refer to that of Matthew McClung. To be known as a co-official with McClung was a privilege that only those who knew him can appreciate. I had known him before at Lehigh in his undergraduate days, and had played on the same teams with him. In after years we were officials together in a great many of the big games where feeling ran high and manliness and fairness, as well as judgment, were often put to a pretty severe test at short notice. Never was there a squarer sportsman, or a fairer, more conscientious and efficient official; nor a truer, more gallant type of real man than he. His early death took out of the game a man of the kind we can ill afford to lose and no tribute that I could pay him would be high enough.

“One night after a Yale-Harvard game at Cambridge, I was boarding the midnight train for New York. The porter had my bag, and as we entered the car, he confided in me, in an almost awestruck tone, that: ‘Dad dere gentlemin in de smokin’ compartment am John L. Sullivan.’

“I crept into my berth, but next morning, in the washroom, I recognized John L. as the only man left. He emerged from his basin and asked:

“‘Were you at that football game yesterday?’ and then ‘Who won?’

“I told him, and by way of making conversation, asked him if he was interested in all those outdoor games. But his voice dropped to the sepulchral and confidential, as he said:

“‘There’s murder in that game!’

“I answered: ‘Well! How about the fighting game?’

“He came back with: ‘Sparring! It doesn’t compare in roughness, or danger, with football. In sparring you know what you are doing. You know what your opponent is trying to do, and he’s right there in front of you, and, there’s only one! But in football! Say, there’s twenty-two people trying to do you!’

“There being only twenty-one other than the player concerned, I could not but infer that he meant to indicate the umpire as the twenty-second.”

My Personal Experiences

In my experience as an official I recall the fact that I began officiating as a Referee, and had been engaged and notified in the regular way to referee the Penn’-Harvard game on Franklin Field in 1905. When I arrived at the field, McClung was the other official. He had never umpired but had always acted as a Referee. In my opinion a man should be either Referee or Umpire. Each position requires a different kind of experience and I

do not believe officials can successfully interchange these positions. Those who have officiated can appreciate the predicament I was in, especially just at that time when there was so much talk of football reform, by means of changing the rules, changing the style of the game, stopping mass plays. However, I consented; for appreciating that McClung was sincere in his statement that he would do nothing but referee, I was forced to accept the Umpire's task.

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It was a game full of intense rivalry. The desire to win was carrying the men beyond the bounds of an ordinarily spirited contest, and the Umpire's job proved a most severe task. It was in this game that either four or five men were disqualified.

I continued several years after this in the capacity of Umpire. One unfortunate experience as Umpire came as a result of a penalty inflicted upon Wauseka, an Indian player who had tackled too vigorously a Penn' player who was out of bounds. Much wrangling ensued and a policeman was called upon the field. It was the quickest way to keep the game from getting out of hand.

Washington and Jefferson played the Indians at Pittsburgh some years ago. I acted as Umpire. The game was played in a driving rain storm and a muddier field I never saw. The players, as well as the officials, were covered with mud. In fact my sweater was saturated, the players having used it as a sort of towel to dry their hands. A kicked ball had been fumbled on the goal line and there was a battle royal on the part of the players to get the coveted ball. I dived into the scramble of wriggling, mud-covered players to detect the man who might have the ball. The stockings and jerseys of the players were so covered with mud that you could not tell them apart. As I was forcing my way down into the mass of players I heard a man shouting for dear life: "I'm an Indian! I'm an Indian! It's my ball!"

When I finally got hold of the fellow with the ball I could not for the life of me tell whether he was an Indian or not. However, I held up the decision until some one got a bucket and sponge and the player's face was mopped off, whereupon I saw that he was an Indian all right. He had scored a touchdown for his team.

An official in the game is subject to all sorts of criticisms and abuse. Sometimes they are humorous and others have a sting which is not readily forgotten.

I admit, on account of my size, there were times in a game when I would get in a player's way; sometimes in the spectators' way. During a Yale-Harvard game, in which I was acting as an official, the play came close to the side line, and I had taken my position directly between the players and the spectators, when some kind friend from the bleachers yelled out:

"Get off the field, how do you expect us to see the game?"

I shall never forget one poor little fellow who had recovered a fumbled ball, while on top of him was a wriggling mass of players trying to get the ball. As I slowly, but surely, forced my way down through the pile of players I finally landed on top of him. I shall never forget how he grunted and yelled, "Six or seven of you fellows get off of me."

It was in the same game that some man from the bleachers called out as I was running up the field: "Here comes the Beef Trust."

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There was a coach of a Southern college who tried to put over a new one on me, when I caught him coaching from the side lines in a game with Pennsylvania on Franklin Field. I first warned him, and when he persisted in the offense, I put him behind the ropes, on a bench, besides imposing the regular penalty. It was not long after this, that I discovered he had left the bench. I found him again on the side line, wearing a heavy ulster and change of hat to disguise himself, but this quick change artist promptly got the gate.

I knew a player who had an opportunity to get back at an official, but there was no rule to meet the situation. A penalty had been imposed, because the player had used improper language. A heated argument followed, and I am afraid the Umpire was guilty of a like offense, when the player exclaimed:

“Well! Well! Why don’t you penalize yourself?”

He surely was right. I should have been penalized.

One sometimes unconsciously fails to deal out a kindness for a courtesy done. That was my experience in a Harvard-Yale game at Cambridge one year. On the morning before the game, while I was at the Hotel Touraine, I was making an earnest effort to get, what seemed almost impossible, a seat for a friend of mine. I had finally purchased one for ten dollars, and so made known the fact to two or three of my friends in the corridor. About this time a tall, athletic, chap, who had heard that I wanted an extra ticket, volunteered to get me one at the regular price, which he succeeded in doing. I had no difficulty in returning my speculator’s ticket. I thanked the fellow cordially for getting me the ticket. I did not see him again until late that afternoon when the game was nearly over. Some rough work in one of the scrimmages compelled me to withdraw one of the Harvard players from the game. As I walked with him to the side lines, I glanced at his face, only to recognize my friend—the ticket producer. The umpire’s task then became harder than ever, as I gave him a seat on the side line. That player was Vic Kennard.

Evarts Wrenn, one of our foremost officials a few years ago, has had some interesting experiences of his own.

“While umpiring a game between Michigan and Ohio State, at Columbus,” he says, “Heston, Michigan’s fullback, carrying the ball, broke through the line, was tackled and thrown; recovered his feet, started again, was tackled and thrown again, threw off his tacklers only to be thrown again. Again he broke away. All this time I was backing up in front of the play. As Heston broke away from the last tacklers, I backed suddenly into the outstretched arms of the Ohio State fullback, who, it appears, had been backing up step by step with me. Heston ran thirty yards for a touchdown. You can imagine how unpopular I was with the home team, and how ridiculous my plight appeared.

“Another instance occurred in a Chicago-Cornell game at Marshall Field,” Wrenn goes on to say. “You know it always seems good to an official to get through a game without having to make any disagreeable decisions. I was congratulating myself on having got through this game so fortunately. As I was hurrying off the field, I was stopped by the little Cornell trainer, who had been very much in evidence on the side lines during the game. He called to me.

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“Mr. Wrenn’ (and I straightened, chucking out my chest and getting my hand ready for congratulations). ‘That was the ——— piece of umpiring I ever saw in my life.’ I cannot describe my feelings. I was standing there with my mouth open when he had got yards away.”

Dan Hurley, who was captain of the 1904 Harvard team, writes me, as follows:

“Football rules are changed from year to year. The causes of these changes are usually new points which have arisen the year previous during football games. A good many rules are interpreted according to the judgment of each individual official. I remember two points that arose in the Harvard-Penn’ game in 1904, at Soldiers’ Field. In this year there was great rivalry between the players representing Harvard and Pennsylvania. The contest was sharp and bitterly fought all the way through. Both teams had complained frequently to Edwards, the Umpire. Finally he caught two men red-handed, so to speak. There was no argument. Both men admitted it. It so happened that both men were very valuable to their respective teams. The loss of either man would be greatly felt. Both captains cornered Edwards and both agreed that he was perfectly right in his contention that both men should have to leave the field, but—and it was this that caused the new rule to be enforced the next year. Both captains suggested that they were perfectly willing for both men to remain in the game despite the penalty, and with eager faces both captains watched Edwards’ face as he pondered whether he should or should not permit them to remain in the game. He did, however, allow both to play. Of course, this ruling was establishing a dangerous precedent; therefore, the next year the Rules Committee incorporated a new rule to the effect that two captains of opposing teams could not by mutual agreement permit a player who ought to be removed for committing a foul to remain in the game.”

Bill Crowell of Swarthmore, later a coach at Lafayette, is another official who has had curious experiences.

“In a Lehigh-Indian game a few years ago at South Bethlehem, in which I was acting as referee,” he says, “in the early part of the game Lehigh held Carlisle for four downs inside of the three-yard line, and when on the last try, Powell, the Indian back, failed to take it over, contrary to the opinion of Warner, their coach. I called out, ‘Lehigh’s ball,’ and moved behind the Lehigh team which was forming to take the ball out of danger. Just before the ball was snapped, and everything was quiet in the stands, Warner called across the field:

“‘Hey! Crowell! you’re the best defensive man Lehigh’s got.’”

Phil Draper, famous in Williams football, and without doubt one of the greatest halfbacks that ever played, also served his time as an official. He says:

“From my experience as an official, I believe that most of their troubles come from the coaches. If things are not going as well with their team as they ought to go, they have a tendency to blame it on the officials in order to protect themselves.”

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"There was, in my playing days, as now, the usual controversy in reference to the officials of the game," says Wyllys Terry, "and the same controversies arose in those days in regard to the decisions which were given. My sympathies have always been with the officials in the game in all decisions that they have rendered. It is impossible for them to see everything, but when they come to make a decision they are the only ones that are on the spot and simply have to decide on what they see at the moment.

"It is a difficult position. Thousands say you are right, thousands say you are wrong—but my belief has always been that nine times out of ten the official's decision is correct. It was my misfortune to officiate in but one large game; that between Harvard and Princeton in the fall of '87. This was the year that there was a great outcry regarding the rules, particularly in reference to tackling. It was decided that a tackle below the waist was a foul and the penalty was disqualification. I was appointed Umpire in the Harvard-Princeton game of that year. Before the game I called the teams together and told them what the representatives of the three colleges had agreed upon. They had authorized me to carry the rules out in strict accordance with their instructions and I proposed to do so. In the early part of the game there was a scrimmage on one side of the field and after the mass had been cleared away, I heard somebody call for me. On looking around I found that the call came from Holden, Captain of the Harvard team. He called my attention to the fact that he was still being tackled and that the man had both his arms around his knee, with his head resting on it. He demanded, under the agreed interpretation of the rules, that the tackle be decided a foul, and that the man be disqualified and sent from the field. The question of intent was not allowed me, for I had to decide on the facts as they presented themselves. The result was that Cowan, one of the most powerful, and one of the best linemen that ever stood on a football field, was disqualified. The Captain of the Princeton team remarked at the time, 'I would rather have any three men disqualified than Cowan.' As the game up to that time had been very close, and the Princeton sympathizers were sure of victory, I believe I was the most cordially hated ex-football player that ever existed. Shortly after this the Harvard men had the Princeton team near their goal line and in possession of the ball. Two linemen used their hands, which on the offense is illegal, and made a hole through which the Harvard halfback passed and crossed the line for a touchdown amid tremendous cheers from the Harvard contingent. This touchdown was not allowed by the Umpire. Again I was the most hated football man that lived, so far as Harvard was concerned. The result was I had no friends on either side of the field.

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"After the game, in talking it over with Walter Camp, he assured me that the decisions had been correct, but that he was very glad he had not had to make them. In spite of these decisions, I was asked to umpire in a number of big games the next year: but that one experience had been enough for me. I never appeared again in that or any other official capacity. I have been trying for the last thirty-two years to get back the friends which, before that game, I had in both Princeton and Harvard circles, with only a fair amount of success."

I have always considered it a great privilege to have been associated as an official in the game with Pa Corbin. I know of no man that ever worked as earnestly and intelligently to carry out his official duties, and year after year he has kept up his interest in the game, not only as a coach, but as a thoroughly competent official.

As a favorite with all colleges his services were eagerly sought. He recollects the following:—

"The experience that made as much of an impression upon me as any, was the game with Penn-Lafayette which came just after the experience of the year before which developed so much rough play. The man agreed upon for Umpire, did not appear, and after waiting a while the two captains came to me and asked if I would umpire in addition to acting as referee. I accused them of conspiracy to put me entirely out of business, but they insisted and I reluctantly acquiesced. I told both teams that I would be so busy that I would have no time for arguments or even investigation and any move that seemed to me like roughness would be penalized to the full extent of the rules regardless of whom he was or of how many. The result was that it was one of the most decent games and in fact almost gentlemanly that I have ever experienced."

Joe Pendleton has been an official for twenty years. He is an alert, conscientious officer in the game. I have worked many times with Joe and he is a very interesting partner in the official end of the game.

In the fall of 1915 Joe had a very severe illness and his absence from the football field was deeply regretted.

Joe always wore his old Bowdoin sweater and when out upon the field, the big B on the chest of Joe's white sweater almost covered him up.

"A few years ago I had occasion to remove a player from a game for a foul play," says Joe, "and in a second the quarterback was telling me of my mistake. 'Why, you can't put that man out,' he said, and when I questioned him as to where he got such a mistaken idea, his reply was:

"'Why, he is our captain!'



“In another game after the umpire had disqualified a player for kicking an opponent, the offending player appealed to me, basing his claim on the ground that he had not kicked the man until after the whistle had been blown and the play was over. Another man on the same team claimed exemption from a penalty on the ground that he had slugged his opponent while out of bounds. He actually believed that we could not penalize for fouls off the playing field.

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"The funniest appeal I ever had made to me was made by a player years ago who asked that time be taken out in order that he might change a perfectly good jersey for one of a different color. It seems he had lost his jersey and had borrowed one from a player on the home team. When I asked him why he wanted to change his jersey he replied:

"'Because my own team are kicking the stuffing out of me and I must get a different colored jersey. At times my team mates take me for an opponent.'

"In a game where it was necessary to caution the players against talking too much to their opponents one particularly curious incident occurred.

"One team, in order to give one of the larger college elevens a stiff practice game, had put in the field two or three ringers. The big college team men were rather suspicious that their opponents were not entirely made up of bona fide students. A big tackle on the larger team made the following remark to a supposed ringer:

"'I'll bet you five to one you cannot name the president of your college.' The answer came back, 'Well, old boy, perhaps I can't, but perhaps I can show you how to play tackle and that's all I'm here for.'"

The Princeton-Yale game of 1915 was one of the most bitterly contested in the history of football. Princeton was a strong favorite, but Yale forced the fighting and had their opponents on the defensive almost from the beginning. Princeton's chances were materially hurt by a number of severe penalties which cost her considerably in excess of one hundred yards. Each of the officials had a hand in the infliction of the penalties, but the Referee, who happened to be Nate Tufts of Brown, had, of course, to enforce them all by marking off the distance given to Yale and putting the ball in the proper place.

In the evening after the game, a number of football officials and others were dining in New York; in the party was a Princeton graduate, who was introduced to Mr. Tufts, the Referee of the game of the afternoon. At the introduction the Princeton man remarked that when he was a boy he had read of Jesse James, the McCoy brothers, and other noted bandits and train robbers, but that he took off his hat to Mr. Tufts as the king of them all.

Okeson, a star player of Lehigh and prominent official, recalls this game:

"In 1908 I umpired in a memorable game which took place at New Haven between Yale and Princeton, which resulted in a victory for Yale, 12-10. This was before any rule was inserted calling for the Referee to notify the teams to appear on the field at the beginning of the second half. At that time a ten-minute intermission was allowed between the halves. The first half closed with the score 10-0 in favor of Princeton. At the end of about seven minutes Mike Thompson, who was Referee, following the

custom that had grown up, although no rule required it, left the field to notify the teams to return.

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When he came back I asked him if he had found them, for on the old Yale Field it was something of a job to locate the teams once they had passed through the gates. Mike said that they were in the Field House on the other side of the baseball field and that he had called in to them. The Princeton players appeared in a minute or two, but no sign of Yale. Finally, getting suspicious, Mike asked Bill Roper, who was head coach at Princeton that year, if the Yale team had been in the Field House. The answer was 'No,' and we suddenly woke up to the fact that although time for the intermission had ended three or four minutes before, the Yale team was not notified, and furthermore, no one knew where they were except that they were somewhere under the stands. There were many gates and to leave by one to search meant running a chance that the Yale team might appear almost immediately through another and then the game be further delayed by the absence of the Referee. This being the case, Mike had no choice but to do as he did, namely, send messengers through all gates. One of these messengers met the Yale team coming along under the stands. The coaches had decided that time must be up, although none of them had kept a record of it, and had started back finally without any notice. Eight minutes over the legal ten had been taken before they appeared on the field and Bill Roper was raging. As Yale won in the second half it was only natural that we officials were greatly censored by Princeton, and Yale did not escape criticism. Yet the whole thing came from the fact that a custom had grown up of depending on the Referee to find and bring the teams back to the field instead of each team either staying on the field, or failing that, taking the responsibility on themselves of getting back in time. Yale simply followed the usual custom and 'Mike' was misled due to being told that both teams had gone to the Field House by one of those ready volunteers who furnish information whether they know anything about the subject in hand or not."

[Illustration: CRASH OF CONFLICT

When Charge Meets Charge.]

CHAPTER XXI

CRASH OF CONFLICT

The start of a football game is most exciting; not alone for the players, but for the spectators as well. Every one is keyed up in anticipation of the contest. The referee's whistle blows; the ball is kicked off—the game has begun.

Opponents now meet face to face on the field of battle. What happens on the gridiron is plainly seen by the spectators, but it is not possible for them to hear the conversations which take place. There is much good natured joshing between the players, which brings out the humorous as well as the serious side of the contest. In a game, and

during the hard days of practice, many remarks are made which, if overheard, would give the spectators an insight into the personal, human side of the sport.

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It behooves every team to make the most of the first five minutes of play. Every coach in the country will tell his team to get the charge on their opponents from the start. A good start usually means a good ending.

From the side lines we see the men put their shoulders to their work, charging and pushing their opponents aside to make a hole in the line, through which the man with the ball may gain his distance; or we may see a man on the defensive, full of grim determination to meet the oncoming charges of his opponent. As we glance at the accompanying picture of a Yale-West Point game, we will observe the earnest effort that is being made in the great game of football—the crash of conflict.

One particularly amusing story is told about a former Lehigh player in a Princeton game several years ago.

“After the match had been in progress twenty minutes or more,” says a Princeton man who played, “we began to show a large number of bruises on our faces. This was especially the case with House Janeway, whose opponent, at tackle, was a big husky Lehigh player. Janeway finally became suspicious of the big husky, whose arms often struck him during the scrimmage.

“‘What have you got on your arm?’ shouted Janeway at his adversary.

“‘Never you mind. I’m playing my game,’ was the big tackle’s retort.

“Janeway insisted that the game be stopped temporarily for an inspection. The Lehigh tackle demurred. Hector Cowan, whose face had suffered, backed up Janeway’s demand.

“‘Have you anything on your arm?’ demanded the referee of the Lehigh player.

“‘My sleeve,’ was the curt reply.

“‘Well, turn up your sleeve then.’

“The big tackle was forced to comply with the official’s request, and disclosed a silver bracelet.

“‘Either take that off or go out of the game,’ was the referee’s orders.

“‘But I promised a girl friend that I would wear it through the match,’ protested Lehigh’s tackle. ‘I can’t take it off. Don’t you understand—it was *wished* on!’

“‘Well! I “wish” it off,’ the referee replied. ‘This is no society affair.’

“The big tackle objected to this, declaring he would sooner quit the game than be disloyal to the girl.

“‘Then you will quit,’ was the command of the umpire, and the big tackle left the field, a substitute taking his place.”

Lueder, a Cornell tackle, one of the best in his day, mentions a personal affair that occurred in the Penn game in 1900, between Blondy Wallace and himself.

Blondy’s friends when they read this will think he had an off day in his general football courtesy. Lueder states:

“When I was trying to take advantage of my opponent, I was outwitted and was told to play on the square. I took Wallace’s advice and never played a nicer game of football in my life. Just this little reprimand, from an older player, taught me a lot of football.”

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In the Yale-Brown game, back in 1898, Richardson, that wonderful Brown quarterback, received the ball on a double pass from Dave Fultz and ran 65-yards before he was downed by Charlie de Saulles, the Yale quarterback, on Yale's 5-yard line. When Richardson got up, he turned to de Saulles and said:

"You fool, why did you tackle me? I lost a chance to be a hero."

Yale, by the way, won that game by a score of 18 to 14.

Yost relates a humorous experience he had at Michigan in 1901, which was his most successful season at that University.

"Buffalo University came to Michigan with a much-heralded team. They were coached by a Dartmouth man and had not been scored upon. Buffalo papers referred to Michigan as the Woolly Westerners, and the Buffalo enthusiasts placed bets that Michigan would not score. The time regulation of the game, two halves, was thirty-five minutes, without intermission. At the end of the first half the score was 65 to 0. During this time many substitutions had been made, some nineteen or twenty men, so that every player Buffalo brought with them had at one time or another participated in the game.

"The Buffalo coach came to me and said:

"'Yost, we will have to cut this next half short.'

"'Why?' I asked. Of course, I did not realize that every available man he had with him was used up, but I felt rather liberal at that stage of the game and said:

"'Let them rest fifteen or twenty minutes for the intermission, and then use them over again; use them as often as you like. I don't care.'

"About fifteen minutes after the second half had started, I discovered on Michigan's side of the field, covered up in a blanket, a big fellow named Simpson, one of the Buffalo players. I was naturally curious, and said:

"'Simpson, what are you doing over here? You are on the wrong side.'

"'Don't say anything,' came the quick response, 'I know where I am at. The coach has put me in three times already and I'm not going in there again. Enough is enough for any one. *I've had mine.*'

"The score was then 120 to 0, in favor of Michigan, and the Buffalo team quit fifteen minutes before the game should have ended.

"It may be interesting to note that from this experience of Buffalo with Michigan the expression, 'I've got you Buffaloed,' is said to have originated, and to-day Michigan players use it as a fighting word."

Yost smiled triumphantly as he related the following:

"The day we played the Michigan Agricultural College we, of course, were at our best. The M. A. C. was taken on as a preliminary game, which was to be two twenty-minute halves.

"At the beginning of the second half the score was 118 to 0, in favor of Michigan.

"At this time, a big husky tackle, after a very severe scrimmage had taken place, stood up, took off his head gear, threw it across the field and started for the side line, passing near where I was standing, when I yelled at him:

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“The game is not over yet. Go back.’

“‘Oh,’ he said, ‘we came down here to get some experience. I’ve had all I want. Let the other fellows stay, if they want to; me for the dressing room.’

“And when this fellow quit, all the other M. A. C. players stopped, and the game ended right there. There were but four minutes left to play.”

Somebody circulated a rumor that Yost had made the statement that Michigan would beat Iowa one year 80 to 0. Of course, this rumor came out in the papers on the day of the game, but Yost says:

“I never really said any such thing. However, we did beat them 107 to 0, whereupon some fellow from Iowa sent me a telegram, after the game, which read: ‘Ain’t it awful. Box their remains and send them home.’”

In Tom Shevlin’s year at Yale, 1902, Mike Sweeney, his old trainer and coach at Hill School, was in New Haven watching practice for about four days before the first game. Practice that day was a sort of survival of the fittest, for they were weeding out the backs, who were doing the catching. About five backs were knocked out. A couple had been carried off, with twisted knees, and still the coaches were trying for more speed and diving tackles.

Tom had just obliterated a 150-pound halfback, who had lost the ball, the use of his legs and his Varsity aspirations altogether. Stopped by Sweeney, on his way back up the field, Tom remarked:

“Mike, this isn’t football. It’s war.”

A Brown man tells the following interesting story:

“In a game that we were playing with some small college back in 1906 out on Andrews Field, Brown had been continually hammering one tackle for big gains. The ball was in the middle of the field and time had been taken out for some reason or other. Huggins and Robby were standing on the side lines, and just as play was about to be resumed, Robby noticed that the end on the opposing team was playing out about fifteen feet from his tackle, and was standing near us, when Robby said to him:

“‘What’s the idea? Why don’t you get in there where you belong?’

“The end’s reply was:

“‘I’m wise. Do you think I’m a fool? I don’t want to be killed.’”

During a scrub game, the year that Brown had the team that trimmed Yale 21 to 0, Huggins says:

“Goldberg, a big guard who, at that time, was playing on the second eleven, kept holding Brent Smith’s foot. Brent was a tackle; one of the best, by the way, that we ever had here at Brown. Smith complained to the coaches, who told him not to bother, but to get back into the game and play football. This he did, but before he settled down to business, he said to Goldberg:

“‘If you hold my foot again, I’ll kick you in the face.’

“About two plays had been run off, when Smith once more shouted:

“‘He’s holding me.’ Robby went in back of him and said:

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“‘Why didn’t you kick him?’

“‘Kick him!’ replied Brent. ‘He held *both* my feet!’”

Hardwick recalls another incident that has its share of humor, which occurred in the Yale bowl on the day of its christening.

“Yale was far behind—some thirty points—playing rather raggedly. They had possession of the ball on Harvard’s 1-yard line and were attempting a strong rushing attack in anticipation of a touchdown. They were meeting with little or no success in penetrating Pennock and Trumbull, backed by Bradlee. And on the third down they were one yard farther away from the goal than at the start. They attempted another plunge on tackle, and were using that uncertain form of offense, the direct pass. The center was a trifle mixed and passed to the wrong man, with the result that Yale recovered the ball on Harvard’s 25-yard line. Wilson, then a quarter for Yale, turned to his center and asked him sharply:

“‘Why don’t you keep track of the signals?’

“In a flash, the center rush turned and replied:

“‘How do you expect me to keep track of signals, when I can hardly keep track of the touchdowns.’”

Brown University was playing the Carlisle Indians some ten years ago at the Polo Grounds at New York City. Bemus Pierce, the Indian captain, called time just as a play was about to be run off, and the Brown team continued in line, while Hawley Pierce, his brother, a tackle on the Indian team, complained, in an audible voice, that some one on the Brown team had been slugging him. Bemus walked over to the Brown line with his brother, saying to him:

“Pick out the man who did it.”

Hawley Pierce looked the Brunonians over, but could not decide which player had been guilty of the rough work. By this time, the two minutes were up, and the officials ordered play resumed. Bemus shouted to Hawley:

“Now keep your eyes open and find out who it was. Show him to me, and after the game I’ll take care of him properly.”

It is interesting to note that Bemus only weighed 230 pounds and his little brother tipped the scale at 210 pounds.

In 1900 Brown played the University of Chicago, at Chicago. During the second half, Bates, the Brown captain, was injured and was taken from the game, and Sheehan, a

big tackle, was made temporary captain. At that time the score was 6 to 6. Sheehan called the team together and addressed them in this manner:

“Look here, boys, we’ve got thirteen minutes to play. Get in and play like hell. Every one of you make a touchdown. We can beat ’em with ease.”

For many years the last statement was one of Brown’s battle-cries. Brown, by the way, won that game by a score of 12 to 6.

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A former Brown man says that in a Harvard game some few years ago, Brown had been steadily plowing through the Crimson's left guard. Goldberg, of the Brown team, had been opening up big holes and Jake High, Brown's fullback, had been going through for eight and ten yards at a time. Goldberg, who was a big, stout fellow, not only was taking care of the Harvard guard, but was going through and making an endeavor to clean up the secondary defense. High, occasionally, when he had the ball, instead of looking where he was going, would run blindly into Goldberg and the play would stop dead. Finally, after one of these experiences, Jake cried out:

[Illustration: AINSWORTH, YALE'S TERROR IN AN UPHILL GAME]

"Goldberg, if you would only keep out of my way, I would make the All-American."

In the same game, High, on a line plunge, got through, dodged the secondary defense and was finally brought down by Harvard's backfield man, O'Flaherty. Jake always ran with his mouth wide open, and O'Flaherty, who made a high tackle, was unfortunate enough to stick his finger in High's mouth. He let out a yell as Jake came down on it:

"What are you biting my finger for?" High as quickly responded:

"What are you sticking it in my mouth for?"

Huggins of Brown says: "The year that we beat Pennsylvania so badly out on Andrews Field, Brown had the ball on Penn's 2-yard line. Time was called for some reason, and we noticed that the backfield men were clustered about Crowther, our quarterback. We afterwards learned that all four of the backfield wanted to carry the ball over. Crowther reached down and plucked three blades of grass and the halfbacks and the fullback each drew one with the understanding that the one drawing the shortest blade could carry the ball. Much to their astonishment, they found that all the pieces of grass were of the same length. Crowther, who made the All-American that year, shouted:

"You all lose. I'll take it myself," and over the line he went with the ball tucked away under his arm.

"Johnny Poe was behind the door when fear went by," says Garry Cochran. "Every one knows of his wonderful courage. I remember that in the Harvard '96 game, at Cambridge, near the end of the first half, two of our best men (Ad Kelly and Sport Armstrong) were seriously hurt, which disorganized the team. The men were desperate and near the breaking point. Johnny, with his true Princeton spirit, sent this message to each man on the team:

"If you won't be beat, you can't be beat."



“This message brought about a miracle. It put iron in each man’s soul, and never from that moment did Harvard gain a yard, and for four succeeding years—‘If you won’t be beat, you can’t be beat,’ was Princeton’s battle-cry.

“The good that Johnny did for Princeton teams was never heralded abroad. His work was noiseless, but always to the point.

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"I remember the Indian game in '96. The score in the first half was 6 to 0, in favor of the Indians. I believe they had beaten Harvard and Penn, and tied Yale. There wasn't a word said in the club house when the team came off the field, but each man was digging in his locker for a special pair of shoes, which we had prepared for Yale. Naturally I was very bitter and refused to speak to any one. Then I heard the quiet, confident voice talking to Johnny Baird, who had his locker next to mine. I can't remember all he said, but this is the gist of his conversation:

"Johnny, you're backing up the center. Why can't you make that line into a fighting unit? Tell 'em their grandfathers licked a hundred better Indians than these fellows are, and it's up to them to show they haven't back-bred.'

"Johnny Baird carried out these orders, and the score, 22 to 6, favoring Princeton, showed the result.

"Once more Johnny Poe's brains lifted Princeton out of a hole. I could mention many cases where Johnny has helped Princetonians, but they are personal and could not be published.

"I can only say, that when I lost Johnny Poe, I lost one who can never be replaced, and I feel like a traitor because I was not beside him when he fell."

* * * * *

Rinehart tells how he tried to get even with Sam Boyle.

"I went into professional football, after leaving Lafayette," says Rinehart. "I joined the Greensburg Athletic Club team at Greensburg, Pennsylvania, solely for the purpose of getting back at Sam Boyle, formerly of the University of Penn. He was playing on the Pittsburgh Athletic Club."

When I asked Rinehart why he wanted to get square with Sam Boyle, he said:

"For the reason that Sam, during the Penn-Lafayette contest in '97, had acted in a very unsportsmanlike manner and kept telling his associates to kill the Lafayette men and not to forget what Lafayette did to them last year, and a lot more, but possibly it was fortunate for Sam that he did not play in our Greensburg-Pittsburgh Athletic Club game. I was ready to square myself for Lafayette."

A lot of good football stories have been going the rounds, some old, some new, but none of them better than the one Barkie Donald, afterward a member of the Harvard Advisory Football Committee, tells on himself, in a game that Harvard played against the Carlisle Indians in 1896.

It was the first time Harvard and Carlisle had met—Harvard winning—4 to 0—and Donald played tackle against Bemus Pierce.

Donald, none too gentle a player, for he had to fight every day against Bert Waters, then a coach, knew how to use his arms against the Indian, and also when charging, how to do a little execution with his elbows and the open hand, just as the play was coming off. He was playing legitimately under the old game. He roughed it with the big Indian and caught him hard several times, but finally Bemus Pierce had something to say.

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"Mr. Donald," he said, quietly, "you have been hitting me and if you do it again, I shall hit you." But Donald did not heed the warning, and in the next play he bowled at Bemus harder than ever for extra measure. Still the big Indian did not retaliate.

"But I thought I was hit by a sledge hammer in the next scrimmage," said Donald after the game. "I remember charging, but that was all. I was down and out, but when I came to I somehow wobbled to my feet and went back against the Indian. I was so dazed I could just see the big fellow moving about and as we sparred off for the next play he said in a matter of fact tone:

"'Mr. Donald, you hit me, one, two, three times, I hit you only one—we're square.'

"And you bet we were square," Donald always adds as he tells the story.

Tacks Hardwick, in common with most football players, thinks the world of Eddie Mahan.

"I have played football and baseball with Eddie," he says, "and am naturally an ardent admirer of his ability, his keen wit and his thorough sportsmanship. One of Eddie's greatest assets is his temperament. He seldom gets nervous. I have seen him with the bases full, and with three balls on the batter, turn about in the box with a smile on his face, wave the outfield back, and then groove the ball waist high. Nothing worried him. His ability to avoid tacklers in the broken field had always puzzled me. I had studied the usual methods quite carefully. Change of pace, reversing the field, spinning when tackled, *etc.*,—most of the tricks I had given thought to, but apparently Eddie relied little on these. He used them all instinctively, but favored none.

"Charlie Brickley had a favorite trick of allowing his arm to be tackled flat against his leg, then, at the very moment his opponent thought he had him, Charlie would wrench up his arm and break the grip.

"Percy Wendell used to bowl over the tackler by running very low. I relied almost exclusively on a straight arm, and 'riding a man.' This means that when a tackler comes with such force that a straight arm is not sufficient to hold him off, and you know he will break through, you put your hand on the top of his head, throw your hips sharply away, and vault as you would over a fence rail, using his head as a support. If he is coming hard, his head has sufficient power to give you quite a boost, and you can 'ride him' a considerable distance—often four or five yards. When his momentum dies, drop off and leave him. Well, Eddie didn't use any of these. Finally I asked him how he figured on getting by the tackler, and what the trick was he used so effectively.

"'It's a cinch,' Eddie replied. 'All I do is poke my foot out at him, give it to him; he goes to grab it, and I take it away!'

[Illustration: TWO TO ONE HE GETS AWAY

Brickley Being Tackled by Wilson and Avery.]

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“Leo Leary had been giving the ends a talk on being ‘cagey.’ ‘Cagey’ play is foxy—such as never getting in the same position on every play, moving about, doing the unexpected. If you wish to put your tackle out, play outside him, and draw him out, and then at the last moment hop in close to your own tackle, and then charge your opponent. The reverse is true as well. The unexpected and unusual make up ‘cagey’ play. Much emphasis had been laid on this, and we were all thoroughly impressed, especially Weatherhead, that year a substitute.

“Weatherhead’s appearance and actions on the field were well adapted to cagey play. Opponents could learn nothing by analyzing his expression. It seldom varied. His walk had a sort of tip-toe roll to it, much similar to the conventional stage villain, inspecting a room before robbing a safe. In the course of the afternoon game, Weatherhead put his coaching in practice.

“We had a habit—practically every team has—of shouting ‘Signal’ whenever a player did not understand the orders of the quarterback. Mal Logan had just snapped out his signals, when Al Weatherhead left his position. Casting furtive glances at the opponents, and tip-toeing along like an Indian scout at his best, the very personification of ‘caginess,’ Weatherhead approached Logan. Logan, thinking Al had discovered some important weak spot in the defense, leaned forward attentively. Weatherhead rolled up, and carefully shielding his mouth with his hand, asked in a stage whisper ‘Signal.’

“A piece of thoughtfulness that expressed the spirit of the man who did it, and also the whole team, took place at the Algonquin Hotel at New London, on the eve of the Harvard-Yale game in 1914. The Algonquin is fundamentally a summer hotel, although it is open all the year. The Harvard team had their headquarters there, and naturally the place was packed with the squad and the numerous followers. Eddie Mahan and I roomed together, and in the room adjoining were Watson and Swigert, two substitute quarterbacks. Folding doors separated the rooms, and these had been flung open. In the night, it turned cold, and the summer bedding was insufficient. Swigert couldn’t sleep, he was so chilled, so he got up, and went in search of blankets. He examined all the closets on that floor, without success; then he explored the floors above and below, and finally went down to the night clerk, and demanded some blankets of him. After considerable delay, he obtained two thin blankets, and thoroughly chilled from his walk in his bare feet, returned to the room. Passing our door, he spied Eddie curled up and shivering, about half asleep. I was asleep, but a cold, uncomfortable sleep that is no real rest. He walked in, and placing one blanket over Eddie and one over me, went back to his own bed colder than ever.

“I am a firm believer in rough, rugged, aggressive, bruising football,” says Hardwick. “The rougher, the better, if, and only if, it is legitimate and clean football. I am glad to say that clean football has been prevalent in my experience. Only on the rarest occasions have I felt any unclean actions have been intentional and premeditated. We

have made it a point to play fierce, hard and clean football, and have nearly always received the same treatment.

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"In my freshman year, however, I felt that I had been wronged, and foolishly I took it to heart. Since that time I have changed my mind as I have had an opportunity to know the player personally and my own observation and the general high reputation he has for sportsmanship have thoroughly convinced me of my mistake. The particular play in question was in the Yale 1915 game. We started a wide end run, and I was attempting to take out the end. I dived at his knees but aimed too far in front, falling at his feet. He leaped in the air to avoid me, and came down on the small of my back, gouging me quite severely with his heel cleats. I felt that it was unnecessary and foolishly resented it."

One of the most famous games in football was the Harvard-Yale encounter at Springfield in '94. Bob Emmons was captain of the Harvard team and Frank Hinkey captain of Yale. This game was so severely fought that it was decided best to discontinue football relations between these two universities and no game took place until three years later.

Jim Rodgers, who was a substitute at Yale that year, relates some interesting incidents of that game:

"In those old strenuous days, they put so much fear of God in you, it scared you so you couldn't play. When we went up to Springfield, we were all over-trained. Instead of putting us up at a regular hotel, they put us up at the Christian Workers, that Stagg was interested in. The bedrooms looked like cells, with a little iron bed and one lamp in each room," says Jim. "You know after one is defeated he recalls these facts as terrible experiences. None of us slept at all well that night, and my knees were so stiff I could hardly walk. Yale relied much on Fred Murphy. Harvard had coached Hallowell to get Murphy excited. Murphy was quick tempered. If you got his goat, he was pretty liable to use his hands, and Harvard was anxious to have him put out of the game. Hallowell went to his task with earnestness. He got Murphy to the point of rage, but Murphy had been up against Bill Odlin, who used to coach at Andover, and Bill used to give you hell if you slugged when the umpire was looking. But when his back was turned you could do anything.

"Murphy stood about all he could and when he saw the officials were in a conference he gave Hallowell a back-hander, and dropped him like a brick. His nose was flattened right over his cheek-bone. Fortunately that happened on the Yale side of the field. If it had happened on the Harvard side, there would have been a riot. There was some noise when that blow was delivered; the whole crowd in the stand stood aghast and held its breath. So Harvard laid for Murphy and in about two plays they got him. How they got him we never knew, but suddenly it was apparent that Murphy was gone. The trainer finally helped Murphy up and the captain of the team told him in which direction his goal was. He would break through just as fine and fast as before, but the moment his head got down to a certain angle, he would go down in a heap. He was game to the core, however, and he kept on going.

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"It was in this game that Wrightington, the halfback, was injured, though this never came out in the newspapers. Wrightington caught a punt and started back up the field. In those days you could wriggle and squirm all you wanted to and you could pile on a thousand strong, if you liked. Frank Hinkey was at the other end of the field playing wide, and ready if Wrightington should take a dodge. Murphy caught Wrightington and he started to wriggle. It was at this time that Louis Hinkey came charging down the field on a dead run. In trying to prevent Wrightington from advancing any further with the ball, Louis Hinkey's knee hit Wrightington and came down with a crash on his collar-bone and neck. Wrightington gave one moan, rolled over and fainted dead away. Frank Hinkey was not within fifteen yards of the play, and Louis did it with no evil intention. Frank thought that Wrightington had been killed and he came over and took Louis Hinkey by the hand, appreciating the severe criticism which was bound to be heaped upon his brother Louis. There was a furor. It was on everybody's tongue that Frank Hinkey had purposely broken Wrightington's collar-bone. Frank knew who did it, but the 'Silent Hinkey' never revealed the real truth. He protected his brother.

"Yale took issue on the point, and as a result the athletic relationship was suspended.

"It was in this game that Bronc Armstrong established the world's brief record for staying in the game. He was on the field for twenty seconds—then was ruled out. I think Frank Hinkey is the greatest end that was ever on a field. To my mind he never did a dirty thing, but he tackled hard. When Frank Hinkey tackled a man, he left him there. In later years when I was coaching, an old Harvard player who was visiting me, came out to Yale Field. He had never seen Hinkey play football, but he had read much about him. I pointed out several of the men to him, such as Heffelfinger, and others of about his type, all of whom measured up to his ideas, and finally said:

[Illustration: SNAPPING THE BALL WITH LEWIS]

[Illustration: "TWO INSEPARABLES"]

Frank Hinkey and the Ball.]

"'Where is that fellow Hinkey?' And when I pointed Hinkey out to him, he said:

"'Great guns, Harvard complaining about that little shrimp, I'm ashamed of Harvard.'

"Hinkey was a wonderful leader. Every man that ever played under him worshipped him. He had his team so buffaloed that they obeyed every order, down to the most minute detail.

"When Hinkey entered Yale, there were two corking end rushes in college, Crosby and Josh Hartwell. After about two weeks of practice, there was no longer a question as to

whether Hinkey was going to make the team. It was a question of which one of the old players was going to lose his job. They called him 'consumptive Hinkey.'"

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Every football player, great though he himself was in his prime, has his gridiron idol. The man, usually some years his elder, whose exploits as a boy he has followed. Joe Beacham's paragon was and is Frank Hinkey and the depth of esteem in which the former Cornell star held Hinkey is well exemplified in the following incident, which occurred on the Black Diamond Express, Eastbound, as it was passing through Tonawanda, New York. Beacham had been dozing, but awoke in time to catch a glimpse of the signboard as the train flashed by. Leaning slightly forward he tapped a drummer upon the shoulder. The salesman turned around. "Take off your hat," came the command. "Why?" the salesman began. "Take off your hat," repeated Beacham. The man did so. "Thank you; now put it on," came the command. The drummer summing up courage, faced Beacham and said, "Now will you kindly tell me why you asked me to do this?" Joe smiled with the satisfied feeling of an act well performed and said: "I told you to lift your hat because we are passing through the town where Frank Hinkey was born."

Later, in the smoking room, Joe heard the drummer discussing the incident with a crowd of fellow salesmen, and he said, concluding, "What I'd like to know is who in hell is Frank Hinkey?"

And late that evening when the train arrived in New York Joe Beacham and the traveling man had become the best of friends. In parting, Joe said: "If there's anything I haven't told you, I'll write you about it."

Sandy Hunt, a famous Cornell guard and captain, says:

"Here is one on Bill Hollenback, the last year he played for Pennsylvania against Cornell. Bill went into the game, thoroughly fit, but Mike Murphy, then training the team, was worried lest he be injured. In an early scrimmage Bill's ear was nearly ripped off. Blood flowed and Mike left the side lines to aid. Mike was waved away by Bill. 'It's nothing but a scratch, Mike, let me get back in the game.' Play was resumed. Following a scrimmage, Mike saw Bill rolling on the ground in agony. 'His ankle is gone,' quoth Mike, as he ran out to the field. Leaning over Bill, Mike said: 'Is it your ankle, or knee, Bill?' Bill, writhing in agony, gasped:

"No; somebody stepped on my corn."

Hardwick has this to tell of the days when he coached Annapolis:

"One afternoon at Annapolis, the Varsity were playing a practice game and were not playing to form, or better, possibly, they were not playing as the coaches had reason to hope. There was an indifference in their play and a lack of snap and drive in their work that roused Head Coach Ingram's fighting blood. Incidentally, Ingram is a fighter from his feet up, every inch, as broad-minded as he is broad-shouldered, and a keen student of football. The constant letting up of play, and the lack of fight, annoyed him more and

more. At last, a Varsity player sat down and called for water. Immediately, the cry was taken up by his team mates. This was more than Ingram could stand. Out he dashed from the side lines, right into the group of players, shaking his fist and shrieking:

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“Water! Water! What you need is fire, not water!”

Fred Crolius tells a good story about Foster Sanford when he was coaching at West Point. One of the most interesting institutions to coach is West Point. Even in football field practice the same military spirit is in control, most of the coaches being officers. Only when a unique character like Sandy appears is the monotony shattered. Sandy is often humorous in his most serious moments. One afternoon not many weeks before the Navy game Sandy, as Crolius tells it, was paying particular attention to Moss, a guard whom Sanford tried to teach to play low. Moss was very tall and had never appreciated the necessity of bending his knees and straightening his back. Sanford disgusted with Moss as he saw him standing nearly erect in a scrimmage, and Sandy's voice would ring out, “Stop the play, Lieutenant Smith. Give Mr. Moss a side line badge. Moss, if you want to watch this game, put on a badge, then everybody will know you've got a right to watch it.” In the silence of the parade ground those few words sounded like a trumpet for a cavalry charge, but Sandy accomplished his purpose and made a guard of Moss.

The day Princeton played Yale at New Haven in 1899, I had a brother on each side of the field; one was Princeton Class, 1895, and the other was an undergraduate at Yale, Class of 1901.

My brother, Dick, told me that his friends at Yale would joke him as to whether he would root for Yale or Princeton on November 25th of that year. I did not worry, for I had an idea. A friend of his told me the following story a week after the game:

“You had been injured in a mass play and were left alone, for the moment, laid out upon the ground. No one seemed to see you as the play continued. But Dick was watching your every move, and when he saw you were injured he voluntarily arose from his seat and rushed down the aisle to a place opposite to where you were and was about to go out on the field, when the Princeton trainer rushed out upon the field and stood you on your feet, and as Dick came back, he took his seat in the Yale grandstand. Yale men knew then where his interest in the game lay.”

After Arthur Poe had kicked his goal from the field, Princeton men lost themselves completely and rushed out upon the field. In the midst of the excitement, I remember my brother, George, coming out and enthusiastically congratulating me.

CHAPTER XXII

LEST WE FORGET

Marshall Newell

There is no hero of the past whose name has been handed down in Harvard's football traditions as that of Marshall Newell. He left many lasting impressions upon the men who came in contact with him. The men that played under his coaching idolized him, and this extended even beyond the confines of Harvard University. This is borne out in the following tribute which is paid Newell by Herbert Reed, that was on the Cornell scrub when Newell was their coach.

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"It is poignantly difficult, even to-day, years after what was to so many of us a very real tragedy," says Reed, "to accept the fact that Marshall Newell is dead. The ache is still as keen as on that Christmas morning when the brief news dispatches told us that he had been killed in a snowstorm on a railroad track at Springfield. It requires no great summoning of the imagination to picture this fine figure of a man, in heart and body so like his beloved Berkshire oaks, bending forward, head down, and driving into the storm in the path of the everyday duty that led to his death. It was, as the world goes, a short life, but a fruitful one—a life given over simply and without questioning to whatever work or whatever play was at hand.

[Illustration: MARSHALL NEWELL]

"To the vast crowds of lovers of football who journeyed to Springfield to see this superman of sport in action in defense of his Alma Mater he will always remain as the personification of sportsmanship combined with the hard, clean, honest effort that marks your true football player. To a great many others who enjoyed the privilege of adventuring afield with him, the memory will be that of a man strong enough to be gentle, of magnetic personality, and yet withal, with a certain reserve that is found only in men whose character is growing steadily under the urge of quiet introspection. Yet, for a man so self-contained, he had much to give to those about him, whether these were men already enjoying place and power or merely boys just on the horizon of a real man's life. It was not so much the mere joy and exuberance of living, as the wonder and appreciation of living that were the springs of Marshall Newell's being.

"It was this that made him the richest poor man it was ever my fortune to know.

"The world about him was to Newell rich in expression of things beautiful, things mysterious, things that struck in great measure awe and reverence into his soul. A man with so much light within could not fail to shine upon others. He had no heart for the city or the life of the city, and for him, too, the quest of money had no attraction. Even before he went to school at Phillips Exeter, the character of this sturdy boy had begun to develop in the surroundings he loved throughout his life. Is it any wonder, then, that from the moment he arrived at school he became a favorite with his associates, indeed, at a very early stage, something of an idol to the other boys? He expressed an ideal in his very presence—an ideal that was instantly recognizable as true and just—an ideal unspoken, but an ideal lived. Just what that ideal was may perhaps be best understood if I quote a word or two from that little diary of his, never intended for other eyes but privileged now, a quotation that has its own little, delicate touch of humor in conjunction with the finer phrases:

"There is a fine selection from Carmen to whistle on a load of logs when driving over frozen ground; every jolt gives a delightful emphasis to the notes, and the musician is carried along by the dictatorial leader as it were. What a strength there is in the air! It

may be rough at times, but it is true and does not lie. What would the world be if all were open and frank as the day or the sunshine?

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"I want to record certain impressions made upon a certain freshman at Cornell, whither Newell went to coach the football team after his graduation from Harvard. Those impressions are as fresh to-day as they were in that scarlet and gold autumn years ago.

"Here was a man built like the bole of a tree, alight with fire, determination, love of sport, and hunger for the task in hand. He was no easy taskmaster, but always a just one. Many a young man of that period will remember, as I do, the grinding day's work when everything seemed to go wrong, when mere discouragement was gradually giving way to actual despair, when, somewhat clogged with mud and dust and blood, he felt a sudden slap on the back, and heard a cheery voice saying, 'Good work to-day. Keep it up.' Playing hard football himself, Newell demanded hard football of his pupils. I wish, indeed, that some of the players of to-day who groan over a few minutes' session with the soft tackling dummy of these times could see that hard, sole leather tackling dummy swung from a joist that went clear through it and armed with a shield that hit one over the head when he did not get properly down to his work, that Newell used.

"It was grinding work this, but through it one learned.

"That ancient and battered dummy is stowed away, a forgotten relic of the old days, in the gymnasium at Cornell. There are not a few of us who, when returning to Ithaca, hunt it up to do it reverence.

"Let him for a moment transfer his allegiance to the scrub eleven, and in that moment the Varsity team knew that it was in a real football game. They were hard days indeed on Percy Field, but good days. I have seen Newell play single-handed against one side of the Varsity line, tear up the interference like a whirlwind, and bring down his man. Many of us have played in our small way on the scrub when for purposes of illustration Newell occupied some point in the Varsity line. We knew then what would be on top of us the instant the ball was snapped. Yet when the heap was at its thickest Newell would still be in the middle of it or at the bottom, as the case might be, still working, and still coaching. Both in his coaching at Harvard and at Cornell he developed men whose names will not be forgotten while the game endures, and some of these developments were in the nature of eleventh-hour triumphs for skill and forceful, yet none the less sympathetic, personality.

"After all, despite his remarkable work as a gridiron player and tutor, I like best to think of him as Newell, the man; I like best to recall those long Sunday afternoons when he walked through the woodland paths in the two big gorges, or over the fields at Ithaca in company much of the time with—not the captain of the team, not the star halfback, not the great forward, but some young fellow fresh from school who was still down in the ruck of the squad. More than once he called at now one, now another fraternity

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house and hailed us: 'Where is that young freshman that is out for my team? I would like to have him take a little walk with me.' And these walks, incidentally, had little or nothing to do with football. They were great opportunities for the little freshman who wanted to get closer to the character of the man himself. No flower, no bit of moss, no striking patch of foliage escaped his notice, for he loved them all, and loved to talk about them. One felt, returning from one of these impromptu rambles, that he had been spending valuable time in that most wonderful church of all, the great outdoors, and spending it with no casual interpreter. Memories of those days in the sharp practice on the field grow dim, but these others I know will always endure.

"This I know because no month passes, indeed it is almost safe to say, hardly a week, year in and year out, in which they are not insistently resurgent.

"Marshall Newell was born in Clifton, N. J., on April 2, 1871. His early life was spent largely on his father's farm in Great Barrington, Mass., that farm and countryside which seemed to mean so much to him in later years. He entered Phillips Exeter Academy in the fall of 1887, and was graduated in 1890. Almost at once he achieved, utterly without effort, a popularity rare in its quality. Because of his relation with his schoolmates and his unostentatious way of looking after the welfare of others, he soon came to be known as Ma Newell, and this affectionate sobriquet not only clung to him through all the years at Exeter and Harvard, but followed him after graduation whithersoever he went. While at school he took up athletics ardently as he always took up everything. Thus he came up to Harvard with an athletic reputation ready made.

"It was not long before the class of '94 began to feel that subtler influence of character that distinguished all his days. He was a member of the victorious football eleven of 1890, and of the winning crew of 1891, both in his freshman year. He also played on the freshman football team and on the university team of '91, '92, '93, and rowed on the Varsity crews of '92 and '93. In the meantime he was gaining not only the respect and friendship of his classmates, but those of the instructors as well. Socially, and despite the fact that he was little endowed with this world's goods, he enjoyed a remarkable popularity. He was a member of the Institute of 1770, Dickey, Hasty Pudding, and Signet. In addition, he was the unanimous choice of his class for Second Marshal on Class Day. Many other honors he might have had if he had cared to seek them. He accepted only those that were literally forced upon him.

"In the course of his college career he returned each summer to his home in Great Barrington and quietly resumed his work on the farm.

"After graduation he was a remarkably successful football coach at Cornell University, and was also a vast help in preparing Harvard elevens. His annual appearance in the

fall at Cambridge was always the means of putting fresh heart and confidence in the Crimson players.

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“He turned to railroading in the fall of 1896, acting as Assistant Superintendent of the Springfield Division of the Boston and Albany Railroad. Here, as at college, he made a profound personal impression on his associates. The end came on the evening of December 24th, in 1897.

“In a memorial from his classmates and friends, the following significant paragraph appears: ‘Marshall Newell belonged to the whole University. He cannot be claimed by any clique or class. Let us, his classmates, simply express our gratitude that we have had the privilege of knowing him and of observing his simple, grand life. We rejoice in memories of his comradeship; we deeply mourn our loss. To those whose affliction has been even greater than our own, we extend our sympathy.’ This memorial was signed by Bertram Gordon Waters, Lincoln Davis, and George C. Lee, Jr., for the class, men who knew him well.

“Harvard men, I feel sure, will forgive me if I like to believe that Newell belonged not merely to the whole Harvard University, but to every group of men that came under his influence, whether the football squad at Cornell or the humble track walkers of the Boston and Albany.

“Remains, I think, little more for me to say, and this can best be said in Newell’s own words, selections from that diary of which I have already spoken, and which set the stamp on the character of the man for all time. This, for instance:

“‘It is amusing to notice the expression in the faces of the horses on the street as you walk along; how much they resemble people, not in feature, but in spirit. Some are cross and snap at the men who pass; others asleep; and some will almost thank you for speaking to them or patting their noses.’ And this, in more serious vein: ‘Happened to think how there was a resemblance in water and our spirits, or rather in their sources. Some people are like springs, always bubbling over with freshness and life; others are wells and have to be pumped; while some are only reservoirs whose spirits are pumped in and there stagnate unless drawn off immediately. Most people are like the wells, but the pump handle is not always visible or may be broken off. Many of the springs are known only to their shady nooks and velvet marshes, but, once found, the path is soon worn to them, which constantly widens and deepens. It may be used only by animals, but it is a blessing and comfort if only to the flowers and grasses that grow on its edge.’

“‘Serious as the man was, there are glints and gleams of quiet humor throughout this remarkable human document. One night in May he wrote, ‘Stars and moon are bright this evening; frogs are singing in the meadow, and the fire-flies are twinkling over the grass by the spring. Tree toads have been singing to-day. Set two hens to-night, nailed them in. If you want to see determination, look in a setting hen’s eye. Robins have been carrying food to their nests in the pine trees, and the barn swallows fighting for feathers in the air; the big barn is filled with their conversation.’

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"In the city he missed, as he wrote, 'the light upon the hills.' Again, 'The stars are the eyes of the sky. The sun sets like a god bowing his head. Pine needles catch the light that has streamed through them for a hundred years. The wind drives the clouds one day as if they were waves of crested brown.' Where indeed in the crowded city streets was he to listen 'to the language of the leaves,' and how indeed, 'Feel the colors of the West.'

"Is it not possible that something more even than the example and influence of his character was lost to the world in his death? What possibilities were there not in store for a man who could feel and write like this: 'Grand thunderstorm this evening. Vibrations shook the house and the flashes of lightning were continuous for a short time. It is authority and majesty personified, and one instinctively bows in its presence, not with a feeling of dread, but of admiration and respect.'

"It was in the thunder and shock and blaze of just such a storm that I stood not long ago among his own Berkshire Hills, hoping thus to prepare myself by pilgrimage for this halting but earnest tribute to a great-hearted gentleman, who, in his quiet way, meant so much to so many of his fellow humans."

Walter B. Street

W. L. Sawtelle of Williams, who knew this great player in his playing days, writes as follows:

"No Williams contemporary of Walter Bullard Street can forget two outstanding facts of his college career: his immaculate personal character and his undisputed title to first rank among the football men whom Williams has developed. He was idolized because of his athletic prowess; he was loved because he was every inch a man. His personality lifted his game from the level of an intercollegiate contest to the plane of a man's expression of loyalty to his college, and his supremacy on the football field gave a new dignity to the undergraduate's ideals of true manhood.

"His name is indelibly written in the athletic annals of Williams, and his influence, apparently cut off by his early death, is still a vital force among those who cheered his memorable gains on the gridiron and who admired him for his virile character."

W. D. Osgood

Gone from among us is that great old-time hero, Win Osgood. In this chapter of thoroughbreds, let us read the tribute George Woodruff pays him:

"When my thoughts turn to the scores of fine, manly football players I have known intimately, Win Osgood claims, if not first place, at least a unique place, among my



memories. As a player he has never been surpassed in his specialty of making long and brilliant runs, not only around, but through the ranks of his opponents. After one of his seventy- or eighty-yard runs his path was always marked by a zig-zag line of opposing tacklers just collecting their wits and slowly starting to get up from the ground. None of them was ever hurt, but they seemed temporarily stunned as though, when they struck Osgood's mighty legs, they received an electric shock.

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"While at Cornell in 1892, Osgood made, by his own prowess, two to three touchdowns against each of the strong Yale, Harvard and Princeton elevens, and in the Harvard-Pennsylvania game at Philadelphia in 1894, he thrilled the spectators with his runs more than I have ever seen any man do in any other one game.

"But I would belittle my own sense of Osgood's real worth if I confined myself to expatiating on his brilliant physical achievements. His moral worth and gentle bravery were to me the chief points in him that arouse true admiration. When I, as coach of Penn's football team, discovered that Osgood had quietly matriculated at Pennsylvania, without letting anybody know of his intention, I naturally cultivated his friendship, in order to get from him his value as a player; but I found he was of even more value as a moral force among the players and students. In this way he helped me as much as by his play, because, to my mind, a football team is good or bad according to whether the bad elements or the good, both of which are in every set of men, predominate.

"In the winter of 1896, Osgood nearly persuaded me to go with him on his expedition to help the Cubans, and I have often regretted not having been with him through that experience. He went as a Major of Artillery to be sure, but not for the title, nor the adventure only, but I am sure from love of freedom and overwhelming sympathy for the oppressed. He said to me:

"The Cubans may not be very lovely, but they are human, and their cause is lovely."

"When Osgood, with almost foolhardy bravery, sat his horse directing his dilapidated artillery fire in Cuba, and thus conspicuous, made himself even more marked by wearing a white sombrero, he was not playing the part of a fool; he was following his natural impulse to exert a moral force on his comrades who could understand little but liberty and bravery.

"When the Angel of Death gave him the accolade of nobility by touching his brow in the form of a Mauser bullet, Win Osgood simply welcomed his friend by gently breathing 'Well,' a word typical of the man, and even in death, it is reported, continued to sit erect upon his horse."

Gordon Brown

There are many young men who lost a true friend when Gordon Brown died. He was their ideal. After his college days were over, he became very much interested in settlement work on the East Side in New York. He devoted much of his time after business to this great work which still stands as a monument to him. He was as loyal to it as he was to football when he played at Yale. Gordon Brown's career at Yale was a remarkable one. He was captain of the greatest football team Yale ever had. Whenever the 1900 team is mentioned it is spoken of as Gordon Brown's team. The



spirit of this great thoroughbred still lives at Yale, still lives at Groton School where he spent six years. He was captain there and leader in all the activities in the school. He was one of the highest type college men I have ever known. He typified all the best there was in Yale. He was strong mentally, as well as physically.

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It was my pleasure to have played against him in two Yale-Princeton games, '98 and '99. I have never known a finer sportsman than he. He played the game hard, and he played it fair. He had nothing to say to his opponents in the game. He was there for business. Always urging his fellow players on to better work. Every one who knew this gallant leader had absolute confidence in him. All admired and loved him. There was no one at Yale who was more universally liked and acknowledged as a leader in all the relations of the University than was Gordon Brown. The influence of such a man cannot but live as a guide and inspiration for all that is best at Yale University.

Gordon Brown's name will live in song and story. There were with him Yale men not less efficient in the football sense, as witnesses the following:

A Yale Song verse from the *Yale Daily News*, November 16th, 1900:

Jimmy Wear and Gordon Brown,
Fincke and Stillman gaining ground;
Olcott in the center stands
With Perry Hale as a battering ram—
No hope for Princeton;

James J. Hogan

The boys who were at Exeter when that big raw-boned fellow, Jim Hogan, entered there will tell of the noble fight he made to get an education. He worked with his hands early and late to make enough money to pay his way. His effort was a splendid one. He was never idle, and was an honor man for the greater part of his stay at school. He found time to go out for football, however, and turned out to be one of the greatest players that ever went to Exeter. Jim Hogan was one of the highest type of Exeter men, held up as an example of what an Exeter boy should be. His spirit still lives in the school. In speaking of Hogan recently, Professor Ford of Exeter, said:

"Whenever Hogan played football his hands were always moving in the football line. It was almost like that in the classroom, always on the edge of his seat fighting for every bit of information that he could get and determined to master any particularly difficult subject. It was interesting and almost amusing at times to watch him. One could not help respecting such earnestness. He possessed great powers of leadership and there was never any question as to his sincerity and perfect earnestness. He was not selfish, but always trying to help his fellow students accomplish something. His influence among the boys was thoroughly good, and he held positions of honor and trust from the time of his admission."

Jim was hungry for an education—eager to forge ahead. His whole college career was an earnest endeavor. He never knew what it was to lose heart. “Letting go” had no part in his life.

Jim was a physical marvel. His 206 pounds of bone and muscle counted for much in the Yale rush line. Members of the faculty considered him the highest type of Yale man, and it is said that President Hadley of Yale once referred to 1905 as “Hogan’s Class.”

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As a football player, Jim had few equals. He was captain of the Yale team in his senior year and was picked by the experts as an "All-American Tackle."

Jim Hogan at his place in the Yale rush line was a sight worth seeing. With his jersey sleeves rolled up above his elbows and a smile on his face, he would break into the opposing line, smash up the interference and throw the backs for a loss.

I can see him rushing the ball, scoring touchdowns, making holes in the line, doing everything that a great player could do, and urging on his team mates:

"Harder, Yale; hard, harder, Yale."

He was a hard, strong, cheerful player; that is, he was cheerful as long as the other men fought fair.

Great was Jim Hogan. To work with him shoulder to shoulder was my privilege. To know him, was to love, honor and respect him.

Jim spent his last hours in New Haven, and later in a humble home on the hillside in Torrington, Conn., surrounded by loving friends, and the individual pictures of that strong Gordon Brown team hanging on the wall above him, a loving coterie of friends said good-bye. Many a boy now out of college realizes that he owes a great deal to the brotherly spirit of Jim Hogan.

[Illustration: McCLUNG, REFEREE SHEVLIN HOGAN]

Thomas J. Shevlin

There is a college tradition which embodies the thought that a man can never do as much for the university as the university has done for him.

But in that great athletic victory of 1915, when Yale defeated Princeton at New Haven, I believe Tom Shevlin came nearer upsetting that tradition than any one I know of. He contributed as much as any human being possibly could to the university that brought him forth.

Tom Shevlin's undergraduate life at New Haven was not all strewn with roses, but he was glad always to go back when requested and put his shoulder to the wheel. The request came usually at a time when Yale's football was in the slough of despond. He was known as Yale's emergency coach.

Tom Shevlin had nerve. He must have been full of it to tackle the great job which was put before him in the fall of 1915. Willingly did he respond and great was the reward.

When I saw him in New York, on his way to New Haven, I told him what a great honor I thought it was for Yale to single him out from all her coaches at this critical time to come back and try to put the Yale team in shape. It did not seem either to enthuse or worry him very much. He said:

"I just got a telegram from Mike Sweeney to wait and see him in New York before going to New Haven. I suppose he wants to advise me not to go and tackle the job, but I'm going just the same. Yale can't be much worse off for my going than she is to-day."

The result of Shevlin's coaching is well known to all, and I shall always remember him after the game with that contented happy look upon his face as I congratulated him while he stood on a bench in front of the Yale stand, watching the Yale undergraduates carry their victorious team off the field. Walter Camp stood in the distance and Shevlin yelled to him:

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“Well, how about it, Walter?”

This victory will go down in Yale’s football history as an almost miraculous event. Here was a team beaten many times by small colleges, humiliated and frowned upon not only by Yale, but by the entire college world. They presented themselves in the Yale bowl ready to make their last stand.

As for Princeton it seemed only a question as to how large her score would be. Men had gone to cheer for Princeton who for many years had looked forward to a decisive victory over Yale. The game was already bottled up before it started; but when Yale’s future football history is written, when captain and coaches talk to the team before the game next year, when mass meetings are called to arouse college spirit, at banquets where victorious teams are the heroes of the occasion, some one will stand forth and tell the story of the great fighting spirit that Captain Wilson and his gallant team exhibited in the Yale bowl that November day.

Although Tom Shevlin, the man that made it possible, is now dead, his memory at Yale is sacred and will live long. Many will recall his wonderful playing, his power of leadership, his Yale captaincy, his devotion to Yale at a time when he was most needed. If, in the last game against Harvard, the team that fought so wonderfully well against Princeton could not do the impossible and defeat the great Haughton machine, it was not Shevlin’s fault. It simply could not be done. It lessens in not the slightest degree the tribute that we pay to Tom Shevlin.

Francis H. Burr

Ham Fish was a great Harvard player in his day. When his playing days were over Walter Camp paid him the high tribute of placing him on the All Time, All-American team at tackle. Fish played at Harvard in 1907 and 1908, and was captain of the team in 1909. I know of no Harvard man who is in a better position to pay a tribute to Francis Burr, whose spirit still lives at Cambridge, than Ham Fish. They were team mates, and when in 1908 Burr remained on the side lines on account of injuries, Ham Fish was the acting Harvard captain. Fish tells us the following regarding Burr:

“Francis Burr was of gigantic frame, standing six feet three and agile as a young mountain lion. He weighed 200 pounds. The incoming class of 1905 was signaled by having this man who came from Andover. He stood out above his fellows, not only in athletic prowess but in all around manly qualities, both mental and moral. Burr had no trouble in making a place on the Varsity team at Guard. He was a punter of exceeding worth. In the year of 1908 he was captain of the Harvard team and wrought the most inestimable service to Harvard athletics by securing Percy Haughton as Head Coach. Hooks Burr was primarily responsible for Haughton and the abundance of subsequent victories. Just when Burr’s abilities as player and captain were most needed he

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dislocated his collar bone in practice. I shall never forget the night before the Yale game how Burr, who had partially recovered, and was very anxious to play, reluctantly and unselfishly yielded to the coaches who insisted that he should not incur the risk of a more serious break. Harvard won that day, the first time in seven years and a large share of the credit should go to the injured leader. We were all happy over the result but none of us were as happy as he.

“Stricken with pneumonia while attending the Harvard Law School in 1910 he died, leaving a legacy full of encouragement and inspiration to all Harvard men. He exemplified in his life the Golden Rule,—‘Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.’ Of him it can be truly said, his life was gentle as a whole, and the elements so mixed in him that ‘nature might stand up and say to all the world,—“He was a man.”’”

Neil Snow

The University of Michigan never graduated a man who was more universally loved than Neil Snow. What he did and the way he did it has become a tradition at Michigan. He was idolized by every one who knew him. As a player and captain he set a wonderful example for his men to pattern after. He was a powerful player; possessing such determination and fortitude that he would go through a stone wall if he had to. He was their great all-around athlete; good in football, baseball and track. He had the unique record of winning his Michigan M twelve times during his college course at Ann Arbor.

He played his last game of football at Pasadena, California. Neil was very fond of exercise. He believed in exercise, and when word was sent out that Neil Snow had gone, it was found that he had just finished playing in a game of racquets in Detroit, and before the flush and zest were entirely gone, the last struggle and participation in athletic contests for Neil Snow were over.

It was my experience to have been at Ann Arbor in 1900, when Biffy Lee coached the Michigan team. It was at this time that I met Neil Snow, who was captain of the team, and when I grew to know him, I soon realized how his great, quiet, modest, though wonderful personality, made everybody idolize him. Modesty was his most noticeable characteristic. He was always the last to talk of his own athletic achievements. He believed in action, more than in words. After his playing days were over he made a great name for himself as an official in the big games. The larger colleges in the East had come to realize with what great efficiency Neil Snow acted as an official and his services were eagerly sought.

Neil Snow loved athletics. He often referred to his college experiences. His example was one held up as ideal among the men who knew him.

When Billy Bannard died Johnny Poe wrote to Mrs. Bannard a letter, a portion of which follows:

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I greatly enjoy thinking of those glorious days in the fall of '95, '96 and '97, when I was coaching at Princeton and saw so much of Billy, and if I live to a ripe old age I do not think I shall forget how he and Ad Kelly came on in the Yale game of '95, and with the score of 16-0 against us started in by steadily rushing the ball up to and over the Yale goal, and after the kick-off, once more started on the march for another touchdown.

It was a superb exhibition of nerve in the face of almost certain defeat and showed a spirit that would not be downed, and I have often thought of this game in different far-off parts of the world.

While Yale finally won 20-10 still Billy showed the same spirit that Farragut showed when told that the river was filled with torpedoes and that it would be suicidal to proceed. He replied, "Damn the torpedoes, full steam ahead!" I love to think of Billy's famous fifty yard run for a touchdown through the Harvard team in '96 at Cambridge, when the score had been a tie, and how he with Ad Kelly and Johnny Baird went through the Yale team in that '96 game and ran the score up to 24, representing five touchdowns. Never before had a Yale team been driven like chaff before the wind, as that blue team was driven.

Billy Bannard and Ad Kelly's names were always coupled in their playing days at Princeton. These two halfbacks were great team mates. When Bill Bannard died Ad Kelly lost one of his best friends.

In Ad Kelly's recollections, we read:

"Whenever I think of my playing days I always recall the Harvard-Princeton game of 1896, and with it comes a tribute to one of us who has passed to the great beyond; one with whom I played side by side for three years, Bill Bannard. I always thought that in this particular game he never received the credit due him. In my opinion his run on that memorable day was the best I have ever seen. His running and dodging and his excellent judgment had no superior in the football annals of our day.

"In speaking of great individual plays that have won close games, his name should go down with Charlie Daly, Clint Wyckoff, Arthur Poe, Snake Ames and Dudley Dean, for with Reiter's splendid interference in putting out the Harvard left end, Billy Bannard's touchdown gave Princeton the confidence to carry her to victory that day and to the ultimate championship two weeks later."

Harry Hooper

When Henry Hooper, one of Dartmouth's greatest players, was taken away, every man who knew Hooper felt it a great personal loss. Those who had seen him play at Exeter

and there formed his acquaintance and later at Dartmouth saw him develop into the mighty center rush of the 1903 Dartmouth team, idolized him.

C. E. Bolser of Dartmouth, who knew him well, says:

“Harry Hooper was a great center on a great team. The success of this eleven was due to its good fellowship and team work. The central figure was the idol of his fellow players. Such was Hooper. Shortly after the football season that year he was operated upon for appendicitis and it soon became evident that he could not recover. He was told of his plight.

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“He bravely faced the inevitable and expressed the wish that if he really had to go he might have with him at the last his comrades of the football field. These team mates rallied at his request. They surrounded him; they talked the old days over, and supported by those with whom he had fought for the glory of his college this real hero passed into the Great Beyond, and deep down in the traditions of Dartmouth and Exeter the name of Harry Hooper is indelibly written.”

The game of football is growing old. The ranks of its heroes are being slowly but surely thinned. The players are retiring from the game of life; some old and some young. The list might go on indefinitely. There are many names that deserve mention. But this cannot be. The list of thoroughbreds is a long one. Yours must be a silent tribute.

Doctor Andrew J. McCosh, Ned Peace, Gus Holly, Dudley Riggs, Harry Brown, Symmes, Bill Black, Pringle Jones, Jerry McCauley, Jim Rhodes, Bill Swartz, Frank Peters, George Stillman, H. Schoellkopf, Wilson of the Navy and Byrne of the Army, Eddie Ward, Albert Rosengarten, McClung, Dudley and Matthews.

Richard Harding Davis and Matthew McClung were two Lehigh men whose position in the football world was most prominent. The esteem in which they are held by their Alma Mater is enduring. I had talked with Dick Davis when this book was in its infancy. He was very much interested and asked that I write him a letter outlining what I would like to have him send me. Just before he died I received this letter from him. I regret he did not live to tell the story he had in mind.

[Illustration: (Handwritten Letter)]

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS
MOUNT KISCO
NEW YORK

April 2nd

My Dear Edwards,

Yes, indeed. As soon as I finish something I am at work on, I'll "think back", and write you some memoirs.

With all good wishes

Richard Harding Davis]

His interest in football had been a keen one. He was one of the leaders at Lehigh, who first organized that University's football team. He was a truly remarkable player. What he did in football is well known to men of his day. He loved the game; he wrote about the game; he did much to help the game.

CHAPTER XXIII

ALOHA

"Hail and Farewell," crowded by the Hawaiians into one pregnant word! Would that this message might mean as much in as little compass. I can promise only brevity and all that brevity means in so vast a matter as football to a man who would love nothing better than to talk on forever.

We know that football has really progressed and improved, and that the boys of to-day are putting football on a higher plane than it has ever been on before. We are a progressive, sporting public.

Gone are the old Fifth Avenue horse buses, that used to carry the men to the field of battle; gone, too, are the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the Hoffman House, with their recollections of great victories fittingly celebrated. The old water bucket and sponge, with which Trainer Jim Robinson used to rush upon the field to freshen up a tired player, are now things of the past. To-day we have the spectacle of Pooch Donovan giving the Harvard players water from individual sanitary drinking cups!

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The old block game is no more. Heavy mass play has been opened up. To-day there is something for the public to see; something interesting to watch at every point; something significant in every move. As a result, greatly increased multitudes witness the game. No longer do football enthusiasts stand behind ropes on the side lines. The popularity of the game has made it necessary to build huge *stadia* for the sport, to take the place of the old wooden stands.

College games, for the most part, nowadays are played on college grounds. Accordingly the sport has been withdrawn from the miscellaneous multitude and confined to the field where it really belongs and the spirit of the game is now just what it should be—exclusively collegiate.

Best of all, the modern style of play has made the game more than ever a heroic see-saw, with one side uppermost for a time only to jar the very ground with the shock of its fall.

Yet, victorious or defeated, the spirit through it all is one of splendid and overflowing college enthusiasm. While there is abounding joy in an unforeseen or hard won victory there is also much that is inspirational in the sturdy, courageous, devoted support of college-mates in the hour of defeat.

Isaac H. Bromley, Yale '53, once summed up eloquently the spirit of college life and sport in the following words:

"These contests and these triumphs are not all there is of college life, but they are a not unimportant part of it. The best education, the most useful training, come not from the classroom and from books, but from the attrition of mind on mind, from the wholesome emulation engendered by a common aim and purpose, from the whetting of wits by good-natured rivalry, the inspiration of youthful enthusiasms, the blending together of all of us in undying love for our common Mother.

"As to the future: We may not expect this unbroken round of victories to go on forever; we shall need sometimes, more than the inspiration of victory, the discipline of defeat. And it will come some day. Our champions will not last forever. Some time Stagg must make his last home run, and Camp his final touchdown. Some day Bob Cook will 'hear the dip of the golden oars' and 'pass from sight with the boatman pale.'

"It would be too much to think that all their successors will equally succeed. It might be monotonous. But of one thing we may be assured—that whatever happens, we shall never fail to extend the meed of praise to the victors. We shall be hereafter, as in the past we have always been, as stout in adversity as we have been merry in sunshine."

* * * * *



“Then strip, lads, and to it
Though sharp be the weather;
And if, by mischance you should happen to fall
There are worse things in life
Than a tumble on heather
And life is itself, but a game, of football.”

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[Transcriber's Note:

Many words in this text were inconsistently hyphenated or spelled, so I have normalized them. The majority are football terms that originally appeared inconsistently as “full-back,” “fullback,” and “full back,” for example.]