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BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

EDITED BY ROBERT EDGREN

COACHES OF RIVAL TEAMS SWITCH PLAYERS AROUND JUST BEFORE GAME TIME

Ideal Football Weather Greets Arrivals at Cambridge Stadium—Freight Wreck Delays New Yorkers an Hour on Way to Battle.

BY ROBERT EDGREN.

STADIUM, CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 20.—Yale and Harvard met here to-day on a half dried field and with a wintry gale howling over the stadium. The sky was partly clouded over, but there was no indication of the threatened showers. Yesterday's torrents made the football field a sea of mud. Most of this drained off over night. Early in the morning the ground tenders poured gasoline over the wettest part of the gridiron and set fire to it. An hour or two of fierce heat gave the ground a well dried crust. The gridiron looked as if a prairie fire had swept over it. New chalk lines were laid down on the now blackened earth and everything was ready for the game. The approaches outside the stadium were heavily covered with straw.

At noon the advance guard of the great crowd came wandering down the bridge. It was a little too cold for the early rush. Down through the city of Boston the main lines of traffic became a congested mass of automobiles and taxicabs. Long lines of machines stood before every hotel, slowly filling with people who streamed out of every doorway. Most of the touring cars from out of town had their winter tops on and their passengers rode as comfortably as if in Pullman cars.

As the automobiles arrived in Cambridge they were stopped before they reached the bridge across the Charles River and were allowed to park on the streets bordering the river. The bridge was reserved entirely for foot passengers. Over an hour before game time the bridge was thronged with marching thousands. Soon the great cold gray expanse of the stadium began to show touches of color. A predominating tone of blue began to appear on the eastern side where the Yale rooters will soon be banked. Crimson flashed on the west.

At game time the Crimson still ruled a favorite, with Yale men holding back for 2 to 1 odds, which Harvard supporters were not particularly keen about giving.

Both teams will have changed lineups. Cowen will replace Taylor at guard for Crimson. Parker Allen, a substitute, will take Wiedman's place at right, and for Yale G. Sheldon will go in at left ackle instead of Gates.

BLUE PREDOMINATED ON EASTERN SIDE OF STADIUM.

Because of the tremendous demand for tickets unusually large wooden stands had been erected at the end of the stadium.

Extra seats had been erected along the top of the stadium wall to allow 50,000 people to see the game.

All of the spare tickets were allotted to the college students. Even at the last moment it was impossible to buy any seats from speculators. Yale's startling showing against Princeton last week aroused such interest in to-day's game that 100,000 seats could easily have been disposed of. At a quarter past 1 o'clock a solid mass of spectators was marching steadily over the bridge which leads to Soldiers' Field and struggling past ticket takers at the entrance gates.

From the top of the lofty stadium wall the view was superb. From every direction miles of streets were pouring out lines of automobiles.

Across the bridge, where the spectators gathered and the incoming subway trains discharged their thousands, there was a slow moving army.

MAHAN STARTS IN HIS OLD POSITION AT FULLBACK.

The posting of the line-up on the bulletin board showed that at the last moment Mahan had resumed his position at fullback. Thirty-five minutes before game time the whole Harvard squad came out on the field for a warming up practice. There was a faint cheer from the crowd. The rooting sections were just beginning to fill and the rooters had not yet settled down to the real business of the day.

RECORDS OF THE RIVAL ELEVENS THIS SEASON.

HARVARD.

Harvard	39	Colby	6
Harvard	7	Mass. Aggies	0
Harvard	29	Carlisle	7
Harvard	9	Virginia	0
Harvard	0	Cornell	10
Harvard	13	Penn. State	0
Harvard	10	Princeton	6
Harvard	16	Brown	7
Totals	123	Total	36

YALE.

Yale	37	Maine	0
Yale	0	Virginia	10
Yale	7	Lehigh	6
Yale	19	Springfield	0
Yale	7	U. S. N. A.	16
Yale	0	Colgate	15
Yale	0	Brown	6
Yale	13	Princeton	7
Total	83	Total	57

The Harvard players scattered all over the field.

In a moment at least a dozen footballs were flying through the air. Groups of players practiced passing and putting and handling passes. Several others were punting and trying to kick goals. Down in the field the flying pigskins seemed to be very little effected by the wind. On top of the grandstands a gale was blowing, but it was from the closed end of the horseshoe.

The walls of the Harvard stadium are higher and steeper than those of the other great football arenas.

At 1.30 the bands arrived and took their stations and the white sweatered "yell" leaders distributed Blue and Crimson megaphones along the battle line. It was beginning to look like business. The seats were filling fast and still the marching army pushed its way over the bridge.

Mahan came out and began practicing placement kicks from the 40-yard line. The first one missed, but the three following sailed squarely over the middle of the crossbar. Satisfied with this, Mahan came closer and drop kicked two or three goals from the 25-yard line. At a signal the Harvard players gathered and marched off the field. As they went the Yale band crashed out, and all at once the Yale rooters began to sing. It was Yale fighting refrain.

"Boola, boola, bow bow, Eli, Yale.
Boola, boola, bow bow, our team can never fail."

And the Yale rooters sang it as if they believed it. The moment they stopped up rose the Harvard rooters, and as the Crimson brass band blared out its challenge sang with a roar that echoed from wall to wall across the stadium.

"With Crimson in triumph flashing
'mid the strains of victory,
Poor Eli's hopes we are dashing into
blue obscurity.
Resistless our team sweeps goalward
with the fury of the blast.
"We'll fight for dear old Harvard
till the last white line is passed!"

As they ended there was a moment's hush, then, while silence lay over the field, a blue-jerseyed figure appeared in the tunnel entrance under the temporary stand, and in a moment Yale's fighting line dashed out upon the field. Up went a great roar of welcome from the blue rooters. Harvard waited until it subsided and then gave Yale a complimentary cheer:

"Harvard, Harvard, Harvard,
Harvard, Harvard, Harvard,
Harvard, Harvard, Harvard,
Wilson, Wilson, Wilson!"

Across the way Yale rooters clapped their hands and then sent back a cheer for Mahan.

GUERNSEY KICKS GOAL FROM 35-YARD LINE (IN PRACTICE).

Alfonz and Gaston could not have done it better. It seems that all of the old blood thirsty idea has gone out of football—at least until the first whistle blows. Guernsey came out and drop-kicked goal after goal from various points on the 35-yard line. Every kick went high and straight between the goal post. And at every kick Yale rooters let out a war hoop.

Five minutes before game time Yale players went to the side lines. The stadium was packed now. There were no more bare gray spots. The dense crowd crossing the bridge had become merely a scattered column of stragglers.

As far as the eyes could reach the automobiles along the roadsides were packed to wait for the end of the game. The sun disappeared behind a great purple mass of clouds. There was an icy chill in the wind that swept across the top of the stands. Yale's squads waited patiently until exactly at 2 o'clock the Crimson team came rushing out upon the field.

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YALE BULLDOG'S STARS IN ANNUAL SCRAP WITH CRIMSON

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YALE-HARVARD GAME IN DETAIL

(Continued from First Page.)

yard line and Way threw him in his tracks.

King jammed through Yale for 7 yards in two trys at the line. On a third try the weight of the Harvard attack swept straight through Yale's centre and King dashed over the prostrate bull dogs for a 10-yard gain. Mahan shot through for 9 yards and was stopped by Van Nostrand. Yale was back inside her 30-yard line and seemed unable to hold Harvard's rushes.

King came straight through the line for 5 yards and first down. Mahan took a single yard. King ripped round Yale's left end and was pulled down by Wilson on the 9-yard line. Walden was substituted for J. Sheldon. Guernsey was hurt.

After a moment Guernsey reeled down the side lines with his right arm hanging at his side as if it was broken. He was replaced by Taylor. Mahan made five yards around Yale's left end. On her three-yard line Yale held Mahan's plunge without a gain, but was penalized half the distance for offside play. Mahan took the ball and, swinging a few yards to the right, plunged headlong through Yale's shattered defense and made a touchdown between the goal post. Mahan kicked goal from only sixteen yards away. Score:

HARVARD—13.
YALE—0.

Yale was being outclassed like a high school team. Still the Blue rooters cheered just as loudly and the blue jerseyed men lined up doggedly to continue the game.

Way kicked off. Boles brought the ball back to the 50-yard line where he was tackled by Allen after nearly getting clear. A short punt gave Yale the ball on her 20-yard line. The ball was passed to Allen, who made a wide run at the end, but was thrown by Mahan with very little gain. Yale shoved along for five yards and then Taylor punted. The ball went only twenty yards. Harvard was just beginning to push it back again when the whistle blew for the first period.

SECOND PERIOD.

The teams changed sides. Mahan made ten yards and was tackled by Taylor. The linesmen had to bring out the tape to make sure if Harvard has a first down. The march down the field began again. King walked through a couple times and took nine yards. Harvard swelling trick plays always found opens for the runners.

The next down put the ball on Yale's 23-yard line. Harte trotted around the end with it to the 15-yard line, where Van Nostrand spilled him. Mahan failed to gain. He tried to go through Way and could not do it. King tried to go through Way and gained a foot or two. Gates went in for C. Sheldon.

Mahan made a couple of feet for a first down, and on Yale's 13-yard line he took the ball and waltzed gayly through Yale's centre to make another touchdown between Yale's goal posts. He then kicked goal. Score:

HARVARD—20.
YALE—0.

GILMAN'S TACKLE PUT BINGHAM OUT OF BUSINESS.

It began to look as if Shevlin had not come to Cambridge. Mahan kicked off to Bingham, who ran back to Yale's twenty-five yard line. Gilman ran into him head down and laid him out. After a minute or so Bingham was able to walk off the field and Scoville took his place. Scoville went in for two yards and Wilson took three more. Scoville then punted and was immediately knocked down by a flying Harvard man. Harvard was penalyzed for roughing a punt, putting the ball on Harvard's thirty-five yard line.

Wilson was thrown by Parsons for a two-foot loss and Scoville gained a couple of yards. Church went in for Higginbotham. Scoville punted and Watson ran the ball back to Harvard's forty-two yard line. Van Nostrand was hurt. While waiting for him to recover the whole Yale team took a drink out of a large green bottle. This took so much time.

Now came a fresh sensation. On the first play King dashed around Yale's left end as if to make sure that nothing was left undone. Every Yale tackle fell down before reaching him. Yale men were scattered all over the field in King's way as he galloped along the side lines. The only runner who got near him at all was Scoville, who trailed him all the way until he crossed the goal line and touched the ball down and then fell on him vehemently. Harvard had begun to cheer, but in a few minutes the absurdity of the whole thing set the great stand rocking with laughter. The ball was kicked out and Mahan kicked goal. Score—HARVARD, 27; YALE, 0.

The play went on and on and on. Punts and rushes sent the ball sagging up and down the field, but nearly always in Yale territory. Once in the 50-yard line, King fumbled the ball while breaking through, but Soucy instantly fell upon it.

BALL IS FINALLY IN HARVARD'S TERRITORY.

At last, getting the ball after a punt on her 25-yard line, Yale tried uselessly to make a gain through the Harvard line. Taylor punted down to Harvard's 35-yard line. The ball was in Harvard's territory at last. It did little good. Two line smashes gained nine yards. Taylor was hurt and Roberts replaced him. Mahan tried to break through and Black stopped him. King made it first down on the next play. Harvard began by sending Horween through the line in short plunges. Mahan punted to Yale's 14-yard line.

The Harvard rooters began to sing a derisive imitation of Yale's undertaker's song. Scoville broke through for eight yards. He was tried again, but was thrown back by three Harvard players, who fell upon him at once and smote him hip and thigh.

Yale punted out then mid field and while Harvard was wondering in what way to score the whistle blew for the first half. SCORE AT END OF FIRST HALF—HARVARD, 27; YALE, 0.

ARMY COACHES SEND SECOND STRING MEN AGAINST SPRINGFIELD

Game Marks the Closing of the Football Season at West Point.

THE LINEUP:

Army	Position.	Springfield.
Britton	L.E.	Shea
Jones	L.T.	Stein
Knight	L.G.	Long
Goodman	Centre	Marvel
Meacham	R.G.	Pundt
Wermuth	R.T.	Grime
Tully	R.E.	Mitterling
Gerhardt	Q.B.	Miller
Walker	L.H.B.	Kindlo
Hoge	R.H.B.	Smith
Ford	F.B.	Cooper

WEST POINT, N. Y., Nov. 20.—The Army and Sprinfield rang down the curtain on the local football season to-day. The contest is the last the Cadets will have before they meet the Middies in New York next Saturday.

Although the Army was anxious to close the home season with a victory the coaches did not care to risk injury to star players in the treacherous going which prevailed on the Army's gridiron due to the heavy rain of yesterday.

Such star performers as Oliphant, McEwan and Coffin did not start. Goodman played centre; Walker, Hoge and Ford carried the ball for the Cadets behind the line.

Gerhardt displaced Murrill permanently at quarter. He was used there to-day.

Ford did all the Army's punting. He was in good physical condition after a rest since the Notre Dame game.

The Cadets' backfield combination was a light one, but speedy.

LO! THE POOR INDIAN! FORDHAM TACKLES HIM.

FORDHAM FIELD, Nov. 20.—A large crowd atended the game between Fordham and the Carlisle Indians here this afternoon. The Redskins have always been warm favorites in this city, and it was no surprise that the biggest attendance of the season at this field saw today's battle. Coach Vaughn was confident his men would make up for the reversal of form they displayed in their defeat by Georgetown.

The Indians have not done much on the gridiron this season. They keenly feel the loss of Pop Warner, their old instructor. Coach Kelly has been trying hard to mould a championship eleven out of his horde of Redskins and he told everybody before the game that they would give Fordham an unexpectedly close argument.

BOWIE WINNERS.

FIRST RACE—Selling; three-year-olds and upward; six furlongs.—Sumatra, 114 (Metcalf), straight $8.70, place $5.80, show $4.10. first; Colors, 108 (Ward), place $36.50, show $17.40, second; Deduction, 108 (Buxton), show $6, third. Time—1.16 4-5. Sir Blake, Yellow Eyes, Comensis, Babe, Monty Fox, Jim Beaver, Lady London, Parlor Boy (and First Tromp also ran.

SECOND RACE—Selling; all ages; six furlongs.—Encore, 110 (Farrington), straight $10.50, place $4.70, show $2.60, first; Between Us, 103 (Pitz), place $4.50, show $2.80, second; Prairie, 110 (McCabe), show $2.30, third. Time, 1.15 4-5. Vignola, Volant, Marjorie A. and Chanteuse also ran.

THIRD RACE—Chesapeake Handicap; two-year-olds; seven furlongs.—Daddy's Choice, 106 (Butwell), straight $8.80, place $4, show $2.70, first; Black Coffee, 100 (Farrington), place $3.60, show $2.70, second; Candle, 104 (Smith), show $3.40, third. Time, 1.30 2-5. Big Todo, Sprint and Tiara also ran.

FOURTH RACE—Prince George Handicap; all age; mile and seventy yards.—Harry Shaw, 111 (Butwell), straight $3.80, place $3.10, show $2.20, first; Lahore, 108 (Lilley), place $3.50, show $2.40, second; Eagle, 106 (Loxder), show $2.40, third. Time—1.49. Pandean, Tactics, Old Broom also ran.

BOWIE ENTRIES.

FIRST RACE—Maiden two-year-olds; five and a half furlongs.—Wizard, 114; Ed. Bond, 114; Jacquetta, 111; Donnor, 111; Garnet, 111; McLeahul, 114; Life, 111; Senilas, 111; Belle of the Kitchen, 111; Immune, 114; Jerry Jr., 111; Dancing Star, 111; Carmen, 111.

SECOND RACE—The Junior Consolation purse; for two-year-olds; six furlongs.—Startling, 113; Sancor, 107; Victor, 106; Candle, 112; Tip Folio, 106; Idillo, 106; Sal Vanity, 109; Margery, 106.

THIRD RACE—Selling; for three-year-olds and upward; six furlongs.—Martin Chase, 104; *Joe Blair, 107; Hudas Brother, 104; *Northern Light, 101; *Pontefract, 100; *Meelicka, 91; *Aldenac, 108; The Busybody, 107; Albana, 103; Holton, 101; *Dakota, 98; Royal Tea, 107; *Waterbilly, 106; Ethan Allen, 101; Humiliation, 101; *Anxiety, 98.

FOURTH RACE—The Terminal purse; for all ages; seven furlongs out of the chute.—*Hector Prince, 112; Batea, 98; Herbert Temple, 107; Broom Corn, 95; *Nualion, 109; Bonno, 109; Lada Earl, 104; Black Coffee, 95; Robert Bradley, 110; Hara, 100; Between Us, 101; Sprint, 95.

FIFTH RACE—Selling; for three-year-olds and upward; one mile and a sixteenth.—G. M. Miller, 114; Cliff Haven, 108; *Margaret Meier, 106; Shrewsbury, 104; Della Mack, 111; *Cliff Edge, 109; King Canute, 108; *Vales, 101; Stentor, 111; Gold Parr, 108; *Patter Rogan, 106.

SIXTH RACE—Selling; for three-year-olds and upward; one mile and seventy yards.—Sir William Johnson, 111; Ella Bryson, 108; *Stonehenge, 104; Jem 99; Duke of Dunbar, 98; Ben Quince, 111; *Aldebaran, 106; *Bruz Amend, 103; *Volant, 98; *Lada Earl, 95; Supreme, 108; Col. Cook, 106; Old Broom, 99; *Lake Vanamoit, 98.

*Apprentice allowance claimed. Track fast.

Cross Wins From Harvey In Best Bout of Season

Wells and Leonard Other Winners in Satisfactory Show of Harlem S. C.

By Vincent Treanor.

WHEN the fondest admirers of Leach Cross are shouting all kinds of advice to him and beseeching him to clinch, as they did round the ringside of the Harlem S. C. last night, you may be sure that all isn't clear sailing for the popular Leach. It was in the last of ten of the fastest rounds of milling that have been seen around these parts in a long while, and Johnny Harvey was outslugging Cross.

Harvey started the final session like a whirlwind, deliberately stealing Leach's own stuff. He jabbed hard lefts to Leach's frontispiece and crossed snappy rights to his jaw until it seemed that Leach must crumble up. With the suddenness of attack for which he is noted, Leach uncorked a left hook and down went Harvey in a sitting position on the bottom rope. He was there only a second, however. He bounced up and carried the fight to Leach with a vengeance which, if displayed earlier, might have won for him.

Leach was staggered time and time again. The round seemed about five minutes long to the Cross followers. When the bell rang ending it all, Leach, perhaps, was better pleased than Harvey. He warmly shook his opponent's hands and complimented him. Leach hadn't been through such a storm in a year.

Cross was entitled to the decision because of his early efforts and because Harvey showed himself to be a late starter. He let Leach get too far in front in the first five rounds, and, while like the good stretch-running horse, he was coming fast at the end, he didn't quite get up to win.

No cooler nor more deliberate boxer than Harvey has been seen hereabouts since Chicago Charley White's last appearance. And for taking punishment and showing little effects of it, Harvey is a reminder of Charley Sieger of Iron Man fame.

For the first three rounds Cross hit Harvey with everything. Harvey took it all stoically until it seemed as if he would discourage Leach. Now and then he shot in a straight left or a short right that instilled respect in Leach's think tank. The crowd wondered what was keeping Harvey on his feet. Some figured he was allowing Leach to shoot his bolt and then come on with the stuff that wins fights.

It wasn't really until the fifth round that Harvey got going. From then on he gave as good as he took. His punches weren't quite so showy as those of Cross, but were of the kind that were hard without appearing so. At times he would plainly outfight and outpunch Leach in iceberg fashion. He impressed unbiased spectators as an ideal boxer over a distance and in twenty rounds or so would probably "get" Cross.

The other bouts, while not nearly so good as the Cross-Harvey session, were satisfying to the crowd, and it was plainly evident that John Reisler and his Harlem A. C. got off to an auspicious start.

The Matt Wells-Young Brown bout was full of action. Wells was entitled to the honors on sheer boxing ability. He made the willing Brown miss continuously. Brown's big chance lay in getting over a haymaker. He was always forcing the going without getting anywhere. Once or twice he staggered Wells, but on the whole the Englishman's superior ability as a boxer was always in evidence.

Benny Leonard easily outpointed Joe Azevedo in ten rounds, but didn't hurt him any. Azevedo knows little or nothing about the fine points of boxing. At best he is a random swinger, with strength enough to go ten, twenty or forty rounds with a light puncher like Leonard.

Biker Killed in Chicago Race.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—Louis Kuehl, Chicago star amateur rider, was killed early to-day a few hours after the start of the six day bicycle race. In avoiding a collision with another rider Kuehl went over the railing and landed thirty feet below on a concrete floor.

Amherst's 1916 Captain.

AMHERST, Mass., Nov. 20.—Sheldon B. Goodrich of Taunton was elected captain of the Amherst College football team for 1916 last night. He has played at halfback this season.

Fistic News and Gossip

By John Pollock

The statement of Charley White that there is no such thing as a bantamweight champion, printed exclusively in yesterday's Evening World, created a lot of talk in the pugilistic world. Ertle and Kid Williams, who are arguing about the title, are really featherweights, and Kilbane is really nearer to a lightweight than he is a featherweight. When one looks back at the Jimmy Barrys, Sammy Kellys and Oscar Gardiners, fighting in the featherweight class at 114 and 116 pounds, the featherweight of to-day scaling at 127 is ridiculous. If there are no bantams worth while, a 110-pound class should be established for the light feathers of to-day.

Billy Gibson, the popular promoter, has been "under the weather" for a few days. He contracted a cold several weeks ago, and because of his insistence on attending to business affairs that usually keep him up half the night has been unable to shake it off. Billy finally was persuaded to go to Lakewood and he is there now. If Gibson took half as much care of himself as he does of his big fighter, Jim Coffey, he would not be in need of repairs himself now.

"Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, the middle and light-heavy weight, who ranked with the cleverest men of his time not so long ago, is doing a monologue in the theatres now. Jack once had a lot of money which he put in real estate that didn't turn our profitably.

Here's a funny announcement from a fighter's manager: "Jack McCarron has had 122 fights and never lost a referee's decision." This is doubtless true, but it must be remembered that Jack fought nearly all his battles in Philadelphia, where decisions are strictly prohibited.

There is a big boxing revival on in Pittsburgh. The city authorities are taking an interest in ring affairs there now and the sport is being unusually well conducted. Pittsburgh boxing nets the city a neat sum annually. The license for each show is $25, while for high-priced shows the figures go up. All the police at boxing shows are paid for by the promoters, not by the public.

Phil Bloom did so well on his recent tour of the West that he has decided to return. He is nursing an ambition of getting a match with Freddy Welsh in Detroit. Immediately after his bout with Johnny Dundee at the Clermont A. C. in Brooklyn Monday night, Bloom and his manager will leave for Detroit and Canada.

The star bout at the Fairmont A. C. in the Bronx to-night will bring together Buck Crouse and "Wild" Bert Kenny. Johnny Mack and "Mexican" Dave Smith will appear in the semi-final session of ten rounds, and Jack Irving will be sent in against Jerry Murphy in the first of the ten-round bouts.

Eddie Harvey, brother of Charlie Harvey, Secretary to the State Athletic Commission, is now the manager of a boxer, Frankie Whitney of Cedar Rapids, Ia. Whitney is a blond, good-looking lad and resembles a collegian more than anything else. He has been boxing five years. He admits that Freddie Welsh, the world's champion, outpointed him in eight rounds at Atlanta, Ga., but he says that he'd like to meet Freddie over the twenty-round route. Whitney has also beard Charlie White at Atlanta, and beat Grover Hayes and Joe Hyland. He claims that he knocked down Joe Mandot twice in their bout at New Orleans.

The gross receipts of the show at the Harlem Sporting Club last night were $6,451. The State received 7½ per cent., $483.82. The amount received by each boxer follows: Cross, $1,250; Harvey, $750; Leonard, $500; Azevedo, $500; Brown, $300; Wells, $350. The club had $2,317.18 left, out of which it had to pay about $1,200 for rent and running expenses.

Maine Wins College Run.

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—The University of Maine to-day won the eighth annual intercollegiate cross-country run held over a six-mile course in Franklin Park. J. W. Oberton of Yale was the first runner to finish. His time was 32 minutes 21 seconds.

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SPORTING.

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