

Humbled in First Period, Centre Came Back and Caused Harvard Lot of Worry With Trick Shift

CENTRE LACKED FAITH AT START OF FRAY AND HARVARD GOT THE JUMP

Praying Colonels Did Not Put Real Fight Into Grid Efforts Until It Was Too Late—That Weird Shift That Had Crimson Guessing

By STONEY McLINN

A SERMONETTE tells about a devout Christian who was without a job and prayed earnestly, night and morn, that he might get some work to do. Between supplications, however, he sat by his fire, making no real effort to obtain an answer to his prayers. Finally, his faith being shaken and the rent being due with no money to pay it, the man visited his pastor and told him the story.



STONEY McLINN

It was in the Harvard Stadium last Saturday afternoon, Ho McMillan, Centre College's former All-American quarterback, who did so much to beat the Crimson on the same battlefield in 1921, stated in a magazine article that his team deserved the title of "Praying Colonels"—that they did ask for divine guidance before they trotted on to the gridiron to meet the enemy. It is assumed that the pre-game prayers continue.

But in Cambridge this year the gold-jerseyed lads from Kentucky lacked faith at the beginning of the fray. They did not put that fight into their gridiron efforts which might have earned victory in answer to their prayers. When they emerged from the locker room, they were too late—the Crimson was already entrenched behind a buttress of 24 points; and that kind of friends, is some fortification.

Before proceeding further with this tale, suppose we get this thought out of our skull—Harvard played stronger, tighter football than the Colonels. The Crimson made fewer errors and displayed more alertness in taking advantage of the enemy's misplays. Consequently, the Fishermen deserved victory.

AT THE ST. BATAFOL Club in Boston, Saturday evening, Harvard grads were giving the game the aftermath treatment. One prized veteran boldly announced: "I wish I had seen that Harvard team pull the game out of the first today! If that mark me a traitor to my alma mater, so be it. It was the one time in my life when I was willing to see Harvard lose."

Lot of Others Felt Same Way

THAT appeared to be the sentiment of a great number of the 52,000 persons who witnessed the stirring struggle. And in our humble opinion it warped their judgment. In their mind's eye there was a picture of the Praying Colonels fighting against seemingly insurmountable odds throughout the last two periods; fighting valiantly and craftily. The spectators had forgotten Centre's costly mistakes in the first period and how Harvard turned these errors into three touchdowns. Also, that the brilliant and unique psychological attack of the Kaintucks was colorful and potent until it approached touchdown territory. Then only once, and that after a bitter assault, did the Crimson yield the six points; another time a field goal followed four unsuccessful touchdown efforts.

Americans love the spectacular; their sympathies invariably go out to the fighter who, liked to the point of raggedness at the start, comes back with a punch that hurts the victor. By a canny couldn't exist on the crumbs of comfort which Princeton and Yale got from that sparkling, concentration-destriving attack of the Colonels in the second half, which had the Crimson on the defensive and fighting hard.

Centre lost the game because she fumbled twice and threw a forward pass into the arms of Gehrke, a Crimson back. Remember, however, the dropping of the ball was more or less due to vigorous charging by Harvard linemen. The intercepting of the toss showed that Gehrke was alert; had not been drawn in from the pass-receiving zone. And don't forget that in the scramble for the fumbles it was Fishermen who fell on the ball, though Kaintucks had a chance to do so.

THE first Centre fumble came when the battle was yet an infant—less than one minute old. When Snowday fumbled, Fitts was on the ball and it was Harvard's first down on the Kaintucks' 13-yard line. George Owens, a Crimson back, who is all he was advertised to be in the way of a line-plunger, quickly pierced the Gold defense to the touchdown. Bull, Harvard captain, who bore out advance notices which told about his generalship and goal-kicking proclivities, added the one point by a drop-kick.

Centre Warriors Flabbergasted

THERE is no denying the fact that Centre was flabbergasted. They walked wearily to their positions after the score, heads hanging low. It was a shock from which they did not recover quickly. Therefore when their forward backs went wrong, Owen and Gehrke, with a cleverly masked delayed pass to help, pounded their way from the 47-yard mark across the line for a second touchdown.

Centre was shaking off the effects of that first-minute punch; was desperate. She uncovered the "Parallel Parade Shift"—more about that later—but the faces decreed that Covington should fumble at the very outset of this psychological punch. Harvard then showed that she had a forward pass attack. Bull threw true into the arms of Chapin, who scored easily—this was a 28-yard aerial advance.

Now, it is cheerfully admitted that had Centre escaped that first-period disaster there might have been a different ending. For Charles Moran, National League ump in the summer, teacher of football psychology in the fall, removed the cover from a ludicrous shift that would have caused Bob Zuppke to show the well-known green of envy.

Is it possible to describe it? Perhaps not, but read on and see. The Centre team lines up in regular scrimmage formation—seven men on the line and the backs behind them. At a signal all stand erect and face toward a sideline. Slowly, and stepping with a military precision that would please General Pershing, they march six full steps parallel with the 5-yard chalk mark. Another signal; they turn and counter-march. This may be continued ad lib. Each time, as an end reaches the ball, he stoops as if to pick it up. When the field general decides that the enemy is sufficiently disconcerted by the seemingly silly procedure, somewhat resembling the lock-step march of prisoners, he wig wags an order to whichever end happens to be leaning over the oval.

AND, "hey they go!" The end shoots the ball to one of the backs, usually Red Roberts or Rabbit Covington, and behind the splendid interference which the shift forms, one side of the opposing line being shy two or three men to match the Kaintucks' numerical strength, a gain almost always results.

Crimson Players Disconcerted

IN AN article about Iowa's "tea party" which helped to beat Yale, and Zuppke's weird offensive methods which have won games for Illinois, the theory behind the freak shifts was explained. Briefly, the object is to disturb the concentration of the enemy, cause them to commit the cardinal sin of the gridiron—remove eyes from the ball.

Moran's parallel parade may never rear its freakish head on the football field again—at least, not in the near future. But it did two things in Cambridge. It surprised and disconcerted the Crimson players in a way that might have ruined their revenge party had Centre's mistakes not been so promptly converted into Harvard points in the first period. It afforded the spectators amusement equal to that provided by comedy on the stage.

Finally, how could one help but pull for Centre? She had in Red Roberts the most versatile, powerful and game football gladiator it has been our pleasure to watch in many a long day. Whether it was on the attack or the defense, the headless, Titan dome of the Centre captain was within touching distance of the ball.

SO PERFECT is this young man physically that not once was he on the ground for the count of one, and he withstood some knocks that would have jarred a Jack Dempsey.

"Red" Always in Every Play

AND Covington—where have we ever seen a header or more dashing and elusive quarterback? Answer, nowhere! His broken-field running produced a picture no pen artist can paint. Also, Kubale, the center, though bearing the brunt of Harvard's line smashes, down no fewer than three times the count of nine, always he staggered to his feet, refused to quit and continued to make tackles which glittered like diamonds in the sunlight.

HARVARD desired to win the game. But the Praying Colonels were heroes in defeat—and that is real hero stuff.

GOLFERS ALL SET FOR SHORE TOURNEY

Following Atlantic Club Event Comes Qualifying Round at Pinehurst

MERION TEAM HAS MATCH

THE thrill that is clinging the bells at the starting tees of the local golf links today is that the winter golf season will begin before you can honestly say hereabouts that winter is on. In other words, the boys that take their full whiff in the annual fall tournament of the Country Club of Atlantic City would have to hustle a bit to make the start of the winter season in the South.

The seashore tourney is dated for November 2, 3 and 4. Then comes the eighteenth annual tourney at Pinehurst, N. C., the qualifying round of which will be played on November 6. Therefore all that is necessary is a flock of speed between courses.

Some of the local talent figures on playing in both the tournaments, which is perfectly O. K. because both courses are highly playable.

Pinehurst is set for a lot of skirmishing in a month of November. The large amateur-professional, best-ball tournament will dawdle along a couple of days, with a fat money prize of \$100 to be split up between the two leading professionals. All that is necessary is one of the mean scores in seventy-two holes of medal play in the second quarter.

Other Pinehurst fixtures, scheduled for the month of November include the Sand Hills harness and flat races, November 7 to 10; the fall polo tournament, week of November 8-10; and the Carolina golf tournament, November 18, 20, 21, 22 and 23.

It may only prove that the golf season is not yet finished hereabouts, but at any rate a vigorous battle is on this week for Saturday the golf team of the Merion Cricket Club will tackle the Baltimore crew on the home course.

Both teams participate a grueling struggle and the players who will take part are getting all steamed up for the coming conflict.

Somebody pushed back the cap and began a withering blast at the game of golf.

"The main trouble with the game," he began, "is that it is not divided into periods. It takes too long to get to the hole. Why don't they have quarters or halves?"

"It's better than that," was our merry reply. "It's a dollar game. You have heard of a player making an eagle?"

Speaking of eagles, Charlie Doep had one when he won the championship of the Lu Lu Temple Country Club for the second consecutive time. It was thirty-six holes, and he beat Charlie Heeb, North Hills and Lu Lu, who was the loser by the count of 3 and 7. The latter reached the finals by downing E. J. Leonard and Heeb got in the finals by routing George M. Adams, both sturdy players.

That match involved itself into a close battle from the very beginning. Doep and Heeb were in a neck-and-neck race until the P. M. round which was a fair round of seventy-three for the last nine in A. M. and first nine in P. M.

Doep's score in the morning was 78 against 81 for Heeb in the P. M. Doep had a 77 against Heeb's 81, and these two 81's which are generally good enough on Lu Lu course, went down to defeat.

The par of the course and score of the players are given below:

Doep	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
A. M.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4-42
P. M.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	3-39
Total	8	10	12	14	17	18	20	21	24	81
Heeb	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
A. M.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4-40
P. M.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4-37
Total	8	10	12	14	17	18	20	21	24	78
Leonard	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
A. M.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4-36
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P. M.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4-41
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Hagen-Kirkwood Defeated

Washington, Oct. 22.—Walter Hagen, who defeated Kirkwood in the final round of the U. S. Open at Newport, R. I., today defeated him in a practice match at the same place.

Run Record for Women

Paris, Oct. 22.—Miss Bracommond, star of women athletes, established a world record in the mile run in 5 minutes 18 seconds here yesterday.

WILL BATTLE FOR CUE TITLE



Ralph Greenleaf, youthful world's pocket billiard champion (above), will defend his crown against Henry Allen, former titleholder, at the Hudson Academy this week

NATIONAL SOCCER DRAW

Three of Four Teams in This District Are From This City. Members of the National Challenge Cup Committee of the United States Football Association met in New York yesterday for the purpose of making the draw for the second round of the annual competition for the national soccer championship.

The drawings were made for the eleven districts represented. The teams in this section known as Eastern Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia drew as follows: Bethlehem vs. Fletcher Yarn and Fairhill vs. Patapsco Rangers or Baltimore or Norfolk.

SUCH IS FAME



IS THIS JAMES J. JIMSON? YESIR—?

THE SCHOOL HELD A WILD CELEBRATION THAT EVENING, DID IT NOT? YOU WERE THE HERO OF THE OCCASION, WERE YOU NOT? YESIR.

YOU'RE OBSCURING THE VIEW DOWN IN FRONT!!

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MARYLAND EASY FOR PRINCETON

Practice Game for the Tigers Proves as Such, Many Subs Getting Into Contest

DINSMORE SHOWS UP WELL

By JACK STRUBING (Former Princeton Quarter)

FOUR times a practice game was a practice game instead of a tilt which extends the practicing team to its utmost to win.

Maryland on Saturday brought very little to New Jersey that could make it difficult for the Tigers. By the end of the second quarter the Orange and Black substitutes had started and a steady stream was flowing till the last whistle blew.

Maryland had little in any department of the game. Their only redeeming feature was a line which at times made stands that were courageous to say the least.

As a game, it was rather slow. Maryland was within scoring distance, but the Tiger pilot elected a line play and was stopped by the Southern forwards.

The Maryland offense lacked effectiveness and the Princeton attack for the most part was rather sally in need of punch.

Easy Game. The game was too easy. The real drive was displayed in the second half. The game was the fourth quarter. The team was made up of substitutes who were anxious to show their prowess and so drove hard. And some of them showed prowess too.

Beauty and Crum displayed a ball carrying ability that will bid fair to give them berths in the line-up. They were a fair round of seventy-three for the last nine in A. M. and first nine in P. M.

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COACH STAGG MAKES READY FOR PRINCETON

Chicago, Oct. 23.—Alonso Stagg, veteran master mechanic in the construction of football machines at the University of Chicago, today began overhauling his Maroons in preparation for the Princeton game, the country's leading football attraction next Saturday.

Despite Chicago's record of three victories, two of them in Western Conference games, and the other over Georgia, Stagg is not satisfied with the Maroons, who are in for a vigorous going over this week.

nicely, handled the team well, and took care of punts in big league style. His general play was a little questionable near the final chalk line and Maryland stopped the line plays that he called. He was also a little too prone to throw his forward passes while on the dead run which did not make for accuracy.

The line was much improved due to the elimination of the guard shift, which was mentioned last week. On defense the Tiger forwards were impressive and on the offense drove their way forward in good style, although until the second half there was not the punch there should have been.

After the coaches had voluted sundry thoughts and opinions in the interim which picked up a lot in the second half of the game.

Altogether the team is coming along as expected. A crowd of green men Roper is developing a team, of more than eleven men, which bids fair to keep on coming and coming.

Walker is a rugged customer, a rather rough Irish neophyte in the ring, and they will fight flats at each other at the Madison Square Garden next Friday night.

Mickey who hails from Jersey City, and showed in local ring last season, that he was no set-up, ought to make no easy competition with Britton. In fact, Britton already knows that Walker is a rugged customer, having boxed him twelve rounds not long ago at Newark.

Just out of his teens, Walker, as you can see, has no experience, and while Britton, no doubt, will be a favorite, the result of the contest will bear watching.

Curley in East With Mike Dundee. Dick Curley, who used to be around New York and Philadelphia until several years ago, when he went to Chicago, is back East. Don Richard did not return home, having brought with him a youngster of little ambition, Mike Dundee, by name, and after banter-wag prestige.

Curley thinks so much of Dundee that he does not want to guarantee any preliminaries. He wants to get right into the spotlight immediately, for a championship bout with Michael, Dick is blurring loudly and continuously about a match between Dundee and Joe Lynch.

They say on about the Windy City that Dundee is quite a fighter. He has been entering the ring for about three years, during which time he has had sixty-three bouts without having suffered, as Dick remarks off-handedly, "the ignominy of a defeat."

Curley is so sure that Dundee can take Lynch's measure, as well as his own, that he is willing to guarantee Joseph \$25,000 for a Dundee set-to.

Floyd Johnson Seeks Brennan Bout. Backed by logical argument, Charles Cook, manager of Floyd Johnson, makes his most daring offer for the young Iowaan.

Johnson will fight Bill Brennan, and if he beats Brennan will take on Harry Wills, says Cook. "If Floyd can beat the only man that ever beat out twelve rounds with Dempsey since Jack's earliest days in the ring, he certainly ought to be worthy of a chance at Dempsey's leading challenger."

"They want Johnson to fight a lot of men that Brennan has licked with ease. It wouldn't prove anything if Johnson beat them. Bob Martin went fifteen rounds with Brennan and Johnson stopped Martin in ten. Surely that's except that I feel Johnson should prove himself further so that a challenge to Wills would be taken more seriously. We are aiming at Brennan because Floyd feels it will be a real test."

BARBER BASKETBALL HEAD

Again Chosen President of College League—McWilliams at Penn. New York, Oct. 24.—William McK. Barber, of Yale, one of the old-time Ell basketball stars, was re-elected president of the Eastern Interscholastic Basketball League at a meeting of Executive Committee of that body and the undergraduate managers of teams composing it held at the Columbia Club.

Edward Kemp, former assistant manager of Columbia, will continue to fill the post of secretary and treasurer.

There will be only one change in the coaching staff, which means this year, Joe Fogarty, formerly at Penn, going to Yale to take charge of the Ell court team. Hill Zahn, coach of the champions at Princeton last year, will retain his post, and his brother, George, will again drill the Dartmouth players. Joe Deering will again be in charge at Columbia while Carter Orner will handle the reins at Cornell, and Eddie McNichol at the University of Pennsylvania. The last named will likely have Alexander McWilliams, a former team mate of Fogarty, in the Eastern League, as an assistant.

Boylton May Be Out for Season. Wilmington, O. T. 23.—Williams may lose the services of Captain Charlie Boylton for the remainder of the season as the result of an injury which he sustained last Saturday. Feary expressed the opinion that the injury is fractured, but the extent of the injury will not be definitely known until an X-ray is taken today.

How Does It Strike You?

Moral Victory 106-Yard Run Henry Ford's Win

"MORAL victory?"—Phoote!" This is the sentiment of Wilmer Crowell, Swarthmore quarter, almost twenty years ago, and now one of the leading football officials in the country.

"In my day," continued the one-time famous drop-kicker, "you won or you lost as the score indicated. There was no moral victory. No one thought of it." In present-day football, there is too much attention paid to the moral victory. In many instances it is likely to cause a let-up in the fight of the losing team.

Too much credit cannot be heaped upon a small college team that holds the big college team to a close score. It is indeed a moral victory, but in looking backward ten years hence, the game was lost. The moral victory is forgotten except by those who participate in it.

Last week, we were talking to a college athlete whose team played a powerful rival on Saturday.

"We'll be satisfied if we score," he said. "It is the spirit which makes for fighting on the field? Can any team work up the enthusiasm and daring so necessary to a winning combination on the hope than one score will be made regardless of the number piled up by the opposition?"

THE moral victory spirit never won a football game.

106 Yard Run for Touchdown

WE CAN never tell when fate's sledge hammer, ever raised, is going to fall on that portion of our anatomy which joins head and shoulders. Even in the moment of triumph the blow is likely to descend.

This was the case in the Minnesota-Northwestern game. Minnesota scored early and led in the third period, 7-0. Prospects took on even a brighter hue when a steady march down the field brought the ball to Northwestern's 3-yard line.

Mitchell, a Minnesota back, in a desperate plunge, carried the ball over the goal line. Just as he was experiencing the satisfaction of earning six points for his alma mater, fate's hammer came down with a thud. He fumbled!

The ball dribbled out of the mass. There was a wild scramble of waving arms and legs. Chuck Parsons, quick of eye, feet of foot, placed a huge hand over the pilsener, lifted it and tucked it in the crook of his arm.

There was no hesitation in the movements of the Northwestern halfback. He dug for the sidelines, rounded into the playing field and went through the business of placing chalklines behind him.

Clear down the field sprinted the Northwestern back and he planted the ball behind the goal line. He kicked the goal and the score was tied. A Minnesota touchdown had been converted into a Northwestern touchdown by a run of 103 yards. A 14-0 defeat had been remedied into a 7-7 tie!

Even many athletes would have been so careless as to fumble on a touchdown play and how many would have been brave enough to pick up instead of falling on the ball behind his own goal line?

Fate's strokes struck Minnesota like lightning, but it was a rubout for Northwestern.

ON MAY 15, every New York morning newspaper gave Ty Cobb two hits against the Yankees. The official scorer credited him with one. That one questionable hit is the difference between a .400 average and a .398 average. The official scorer should yield to the opinion of the majority and enable Tyron to gain his .400 hitting record.

Sport for Sport's Sake

THESE fishermen who raced the Bluenose and the Henry Ford in the international forty-mile run off the New England coast are real sportsmen. A cup and a title were at stake, but they cared nothing for these. They