

POMONA'S SQUAD IN FINE FETTLE

SEEMS FIT FOR GOING INTO
GAME NOW

Claremont Athletes Are Showing Up
Well, With Good Material for
Selections by Coach
Noble

Working in perfect harmony, under the direction of Ralph Noble, their new coach, and imbued with expectations of a strong eleven, the Pomona college football men are training hard for the coming season.

Team work on the 'varsity has not as yet been developed to any degree by reason of preparation for the sophomore-freshman game, which called for a division of the college squad, but training has not been neglected, and the Claremont athletes already seem fit for a slashing tussle.

The heaviest loss sustained by Pomona, when comparison arises with last year's speedy aggregation, is the absence of Theodore Cadwallader, quarterback of the 1904 team.

The others missing are Taylor, sub-quarter; McCormick, end, and Voorhes, sub-full. It is anticipated that the new material will fit well into their positions.

The average weight lies between 163 and 170 pounds with the line showing stronger than the backfield.

Coach Noble has not decided upon a regular team, but it seems to be a well settled fact around the institution, and in the mind of Noble himself just who are slated for positions.

Likely Candidates

Fifty two were in suits yesterday afternoon and of the number the following should win out: Charley Wharton, this year's captain and of several seasons' experience, weighs 145 pounds and will play right half.

C. L. Moorman, one of the best tackles who ever donned a Pomona uniform and a man of three years' play, finds no worthy opponent at left tackle, and with his six feet and 180 pounds will prove a tower of strength to his team.

Tangerman, who played fullback last year, with R. Smith and Good, are candidates for the other tackle positions.

Smith and Holliday are the only men out for the ends and both weigh 160.

Five men, all between 165 and 190, who will fight it out as guards, are Griffin at 180; Conrad, 180; Kepner, 175; Fulton, 175; Metcalf, 165, and Good, 190. Metcalf and Good seem the most likely, and a center will be chosen from the others.

Baird and Spaulding, sub-quarters last year, are again in line for the position, with chances somewhat in favor of Spaulding.

Robert Chisom, an end of former seasons, at full, will be the heaviest man in the back field, balancing at 170. In addition to Wharton, Garretson, Valle, Culver and Spurgeon are trying for the back field, and with Spaulding, whose weight is 128 pounds, the possibilities of avoidpounds behind the line come to less than 150.

In a word, Pomona has practically the same team as that of last year, a heavy line and a very light back field. Noble, new at the coaching game, but as far as football itself is concerned possessing a fund of actual experience, has gained the confidence of his men, but whether he is able to follow the pace set by Walter Hempel remains to be demonstrated at the call of time.

SUBMARINE PLANS COPIED

French Naval Circles Agitated Over
Belief That Germany Has Ob-
tained Their Secret

Special Cable to The Herald.
PARIS, Sept. 30.—Continuation reigns in French naval circles because the plans of the best French submarine have been obtained by the German naval constructors. A dispatch published recently in several papers stated that a submarine boat had been launched at Kiel, and that the vessel had been constructed on plans made by a French engineer. It was asserted these plans had been treasonably sold to Germany.

M. Laubeuf, the naval constructor upon whose plans the latest type of French submarine has been built, has declared his belief that the boat launched at Kiel is a copy of the Algrete. A description of the Kiel boat which Laubeuf obtained tallies exactly with the measurements of the Algrete, and that this should be merely a coincidence Laubeuf says is impossible. "Exact similarity of figures implies a similarity of a type in which the dimensions are essentially characteristic," said Laubeuf, "and I cannot suppose the engineer in Germany should have realized the type of the Algrete without having my plans to work upon."

Laubeuf was asked how his plans could have been divulged, and he suggested that some traitor in the Rue Royale—that is, the office of the ministry of marine—must have had a hand in it, for the precautions taken at Toulon and Cherbourg were, in his opinion, sufficient to prevent any leakage there.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS

Pacific Coast League				
	Played	Won	Lost	P. C.
Oakland	58	34	24	.587
Los Angeles	51	26	25	.510
Pacoma	33	20	13	.489
Seattle	50	24	26	.480
Portland	51	24	27	.471
San Francisco	53	24	29	.453

CLAREMONT TEAM IS HUSKY BUNCH



Members of the Pomona College Football Squad: From Left to Right, Spaulding, Kepner, Metcalf, Noble (Coach), Wharton, Ostrom

FITZSIMMONS TELLS OF HIS FIGHT WITH HALL

ASSERTS HE WON PURSE, BUT GOT IT NOT

Came to America to Avenge Defeat on Decision in Australia,
Loses Forfeit by Jim's Default and Finally Whips
Him, but Fails to Get the Money

There are some funny sides to everything, and now after the years have gone by—grown into something over twelve—I can afford to sit back and crack a quiet smile at the things that came off down in New Orleans when I fought Jim Hall in the National Athletic club, and incidentally, lost a bunch of money; the same old story, you know: Easy mark, and know-it-all got trimmed again. Of course it's funny. It wasn't then, it is now, and I guess we'll all have to get in on it.

On February 10, 1890, I fought Jim Hall in Sydney, Australia, and lost the decision—and not because I couldn't knock him flat any time I wanted to, either, but that's another story, that maybe I'll touch up later.

Ever since that fight I'd been trying somehow to get another go at Jim, principally because he'd been blowing all over the world how he'd found an easy thing out there in Kangaroo-land. I was out for Jim, and I needed him in my business, and it was a long while I took to get him.

However, I came over to this country, and landed in San Francisco, and nobody there seemed to take much of the Fitzsimmons stock at anywhere near what I thought it was worth.

Maybe they thought it was watered a bit, and from what I've learned since, it wouldn't surprise me, knowing San Francisco as I do, if they hadn't had a lot of good hot ones put over the plate before that. However, they didn't cotton to me very much, and I had to wait a bit.

All they knew was that Jim Hall had got a decision over me out in Sydney, and Jim had forgotten to hand over all the details at the same time.

I followed Jim's trail around a bit, and finally I got an offer from the Minnesota Athletic club of St. Paul to pull off a go with the good James.

As I said before, they didn't know me very well, and I had to put up a guarantee of about 3000 simoleons that I'd be there when the gong tapped, and have Jim in the ring.

Loses Forfeit
It looked easy to me then, but Jim had figured out that he was in wrong somewhere, I guess, and he didn't seem to see it in the same light I did.

Maybe I was a little over-anxious, because that Sydney business had to be wiped out somehow, but to cut a long dodging story short, I didn't get Jim into the ring, and the club pulled down my 3000 and left me to square the bill with Bob Fitzsimmons the best way I could.

Afterwards I heard that Jim looked over the fight I'd had with Jack Dempsey, and figured himself in at the small end, but while I thought about it then, I didn't stop watching for a chance to get Jim.

I made him a few offers that the ordinary professional would have grabbed at and swallowed, hook and sinker, but Jim was a bit shy, and steered clear of the bait. That was July 22, 1891, and I was out looking for other business all the time.

In March I met Peter Maher in New Orleans, and dropped him in twelve rounds, and that made Jim shy off a little further.

Then I put Jim Farrell asleep in two rounds in Newark, and Jim sat down and waited. A week later I went after Joe Godfrey in Philadelphia, and laid him away to rest in one round, and six days later picked up Jerry Slattery



"Bob" Fitzsimmons

in New York, and fastened the crape on his record in two rounds.

All this time Jim Hall was fading away a little bit further, and I didn't do any more fighting until September, when I went down in Anniston, Ala., and trimmed Millard Zender without any trouble.

I could see Jim watching me out of the corner of his eye, and I tried to draw him on, but he'd got money mad about then and he couldn't see it anyway he fixed it.

He was still talking pretty big about what he'd do to me when we did meet, but every time he saw a lithograph of me they say he shiver and say it was a goose walking over his grave.

I went out with a show that winter, and we hit some high spots that kind of rubbed our nice new paint off here and there.

Agrees to Fight

However, at last I managed to get Jim nailed down, and it was fixed that we pull it off in New Orleans.

The National promised to hang up a purse of \$40,000, and they did it all right. Then a certain party offered us \$50,000 to come up north and pull off the mill in New York but the cinch, which is me, wouldn't have it that way.

I got up on my hind legs and made a howl which simmered down about like this:
"No, stree. I've got good friends in New Orleans and I know I'll get a square deal here. I'm going to stick to my pals in New Orleans."

Incidentally, I'd borrowed about \$6000 from a man down there who was interested in the club, to get me out of a hole and pay off my show people, and I couldn't see where I came in to toss him in the air. I stuck out for New Orleans, and New Orleans it was.

Here is where the comedy commences. Nobody, but a few wise ones, believed I ever had a chance with Hall.

My fight with Dempsey ought to have put them wise, but it didn't, and so when the betting was called I was at the short end of it, and most of the club outfit could see almost anything but Fitzsimmons.

This is not swelled head or anything like that, but after I'd whipped Dempsey, that lad was always watching out for me, and his wife told me once that when he was on his death-bed he put a roll of money he had saved into her hands and said:

"Whenever, or whoever Fitzsimmons fights, place your money on him, for he's bound to beat every man of any weight he ever meets."

Poor Jack was wrong towards the last, but it went then. Well, stories like that had got about, and they helped me a little in the betting, but the big money was on Hall.

Here is where the fun commences,

and where I fought myself out of a handsome stake.

Whips Hall

Jim and I got into the ring, and it was all day for him, and he knew it. He'd fourflushed about long enough, and while I wanted to show him just how much of a ringer he was, I didn't want the thing to get too short, for I believe in giving a crowd a run for its money any time that's possible.

I set it pretty stiff for Jim, and long before the first round was over I knew I had him on Queer street.

When the fourth round came in Jim was a cinch, and I just handed him his and began to count up that big bit of change in my mind.

It's a good thing I counted it there, for it was the only counting I did. While I was putting a nice artistic finish on Jim the good president of the club was out.

I'll give you five guesses, and you'll never hit it, unless you've heard the story. The president was down the street putting up the purse on Jim Hall.

As I am a living man, that's just what came off. There we were in the ring, getting warm and bruised and the good president was hiking from one place to another putting up the \$40,000 on a dead one.

That's where I fought myself out of a good bunch of ready stuff. If I'd have been beaten I'd have taken down the short end, and that would have been something, but I had to go and whip Jim into a plug hat, and just because I did, and the president's judgment had a hole in it, I got a financial slap that hurt.

Then I thought of that fancy little speech I'd made about sticking to my old friends in New Orleans, and I could have sat down and howled an Indian war song.

I thought of the \$50,000 we'd been offered in New York, and I could have hit some one with an ax, but I had to stand and take the medicine, though I'll never forget how mean I felt when they came in and told me that it was all up.

"Where's the coin?" I asked.
"There isn't any coin," said they. "It went upon Hall."

"All of it?" I wanted to know.
"Every red," said they, and then I kept quiet.

His Good Friend

That was my good friend from New Orleans. Say, but there are a lot of things they can hand you in this sporting game and it's a new one every minute.

Think of me standing up there to batter Jim Hall up and down the ring for nothing. Of course, it was some satisfaction to have handed James his, and to shut his trap down about what he was going to do to me, but that money was a bitter wallop.

I've got many a worse one in the ring, but they never hurt like that did. And me all but broke. Wow!

However, it's a good saying that it'll all come out in the wash, and it did. I got along somehow, but that lesson taught me a lot of things.

In the newspapers sometimes you've read something like this: "Some delay was caused at the ringside by Fitzsimmons. He wanted the money put up in plain sight, and said he wouldn't go on unless some reputable man held the stake."

Well, now, do you blame Fitzsimmons? Do you think he did that for a joke, or because he didn't want anyone to get the hooks into him again? It's the old story, once bit, twice shy, and it's a burnt child that dreads the French ball.

I'm going to know where I get my hands on that purse, no matter how things go, and if any more presidents want to gamble they can do it with some other lad's money.

However, that's where I have a laugh now and then, when I think of me working like a mule, and the other fellow running down the street with that satchel putting it up on Hall.

It is to laugh—now.

CARDINAL ROOTERS SEE TWO GAMES

WILLAMETTE TEAM HARD NUT
FOR 'VARSITY

Visitors Defeated by Score of 12 to 0.
Freshmen Win From Palo
Alto High School,
28 to 6

Special to The Herald.
STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Sept. 30.—Stanford enthusiasts were treated to two football games this afternoon and in each the cardinal waved triumphantly.

The 'varsity defeated the Willamette college team of Oregon 12 to 0, and the Stanford freshmen snowed the Palo Alto high school under 28 to 6.

In the first half the 'varsity got in their work early and scored a touchdown in five minutes of play. The ball was carried by straight bucks and quarter-back run by Scott of 20 yards. Dole kicked goal, score 6-0.

Willamette then began playing hard ball and by bucks outside tackle more than held their own. This work was continued until about the middle of the second half, when Stanford by 25 yards quarter-back run, and hard bucking carried the pigskin the second time over their opponent's goal line. Fenton kicked an easy goal. Score 12 to 0.

For Stanford, Crow at full and Rook of Los Angeles at half, did the best playing. Keller at tackle showed up well for the visitors.

For the first time this season the freshmen got into game and played real football. They were a little weak on defense but their offensive work was good. Crawford at tackle was a tower of strength and the punting was a feature. The day's performance put him in running for the 'varsity.

Barmore of Los Angeles played a steady game at center. Aldowen of Pasadena proved himself the best end in the baby squad. He was also tried at quarter and did good work. From the showing made today the freshmen appear to have a good chance of winning the annual game with California, which will be played two weeks from today.

CRUSHED TO DEATH BY AUTO

By Associated Press.
CHICAGO, Sept. 30.—A dispatch to the Tribune from Des Moines, Ia., says: Frederick A. Harliman, a lawyer, banker and one of the wealthiest men in Northern Iowa, was killed in an automobile accident last night. He was descending a steep hill, lost control of his machine and was thrown into a deep gulch, the car crushing him to death.

Arthur and Frederick Reed, who were with him, were badly hurt.

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