

Yesterday's Football Stars

HOW THE FORMER HEROES OF CALIFORNIA AND STANFORD UNIVERSITIES ARE CHASING THE BALL OF SUCCESS UP AND DOWN THE GRIDIRON OF LIFE



BILL TRAEGER, NOW A COURT CLERK



BEN STROUD, NOW AN OIL OPERATOR



ORVIE OVERALL, BASEBALL PROFESSIONAL AND MINER



a tale which dealt with training in summer time and dieting on the milk of a pair of thoroughbred cows valued at \$1,000. Star grazing leaves one dizzy. The number of bright lights is almost beyond counting. There was "Orvie" Overall of U. C., who was the greatest punter in the state. Starring agreed with him, so he kept it up, and it is whispered that the after-college years

"WREC" WOMBLE, NOW A MINING EXPERT IN SOUTH AFRICA



EZRA W. DECORA, NOW AN ATTORNEY

By Caroline Singer

WHERE are the punters of yesterday? That was not the line which Villon wrote. He versified about roses, which have little to do with football players. But is not the loss of the old gridiron heroes, and their passing from laureled fields into the realm of the commonplace and the prosaic, as pathetic as the fading of the roses? How they shone in their firmament for a short season or so and then disappeared—into business, they will tell you. But what is business compared with the sublimity of a gridiron heroism? For a day they were as glorified upon the sod as Titus returning to Rome with the branched candlestick, and now they are mere factors in everyday life.

But what are they now? What has become of the spectacular punters and tacklers? You can wrest their glorious histories from the sacred "archives" of the college libraries. The sequels which tell of the game of life, after the sheepskin ticket of leave, gather dust on no shelves. The unwritten chapters are as scattered as the corners of the earth. There is nothing like a city directory or the pamphlet of a college alumni association for racy, up to the minute football news. Hunting for the names of the beloved stars you find that they climbed down out of the rosters' heaven and are doctoring sick humanity, sick laws, sick trees and sick souls. Taking their pigskin pedestals and laurels as part of the baggage, some went to mine gold out of the earth and some to till the soil. Great and popular as a hero may be, worship is but light diet and he must scurry after his three meals a day with the rest of the world.

Both Stanford and the University of California played football before the latter put forth the all star team of '98-'99. In 1897 Stanford carried away the honors with a 28-0 score. It was in '95 that Wolf Ransome of the University of California made history as a punter. In the game of that year he started out dashing across the field with the ball under his arm. It looked to everybody on the sidelines as though a touchdown was due, when Will Campbell of Stanford started after him, catching him in time to prevent a score. Ransome is now in New York, where he is president of a firm bearing his name which manufactures concrete building material. You can see the football name now in big letters on buildings are in use. Campbell is a lawyer in Portland, Ore.

On the team with him was Abe Lewis, who played end and also became a lawyer, practicing in Honolulu. W. C. Hazard added another page to his gridiron career, written in italics at the University of Minnesota, then became a peaceful instructor in Illinois. Loren Hunt of the University of California team became an instructor in his own college. Twice the name of Barnhisel was written large at Stanford. First it was Arthur H., who played center in '92. He was ordained by the Presbyterians and became a "sky pilot." Then in '03 came W. B., who also knew the game, went to study law at Columbia and forsook scholarly ways for the prune business. "Doc" Williams is still "Doc" Williams of Palo Alto, but the nickname is now a title. Frank Slaker had already made his mark on the all American team before Stanford claimed him as her own. He went into the local insurance business.

Though both colleges had already as many heroes as these and many more, you can not enter the Berkeley campus without coming upon the names of the all star team. It was the team of '98-'99 which ran up scores of 22-0 and 30-0 against the cardinals. The names of the men are carved in stone and preserved for posterity, which speaks a new name called Rugby, and talks of

"scrum" and "dribbling" the ball. But what are these stars now?

"Wrec" Womble, the famous end, and Craig were swallowed up by South Africa, where they went to mine. There has been no news of a Kafir team under their able instruction. It was Womble who summered at the seaside, always taking with him an enormous bulldog. There he had a following of curious youths and admiring maidens which would have turned a popular "pug" green and made him look like a rank outsider. Back to Niles went "Big Jim" Whipple, via Alaska, where he and Barth Thane went to mine. Thane is still in the north.

In peace or revolution 'tis said that "Lol" Pringle, the other tackle, mines in Mexico. Halfback Warren Smith, known to the sporting world as "Locomotive," the great bucking halfback, grows blue ribbon asparagus at Isleton, on the Sacramento river. "Kangaroo Pete" Kaarsberg, with speed charac-



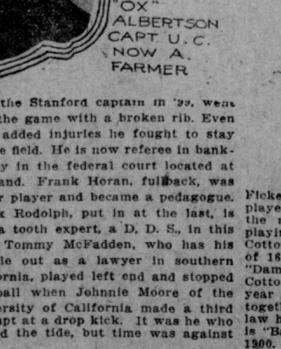
HEINE HEITMULLER, NOW A PROFESSIONAL BASEBALLER



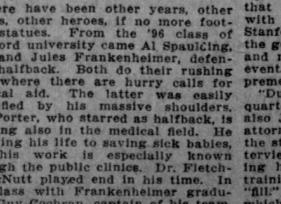
JAMES WHIPPLE, CAPTAIN OF THE SAN FRANCISCO BASEBALL CLUB



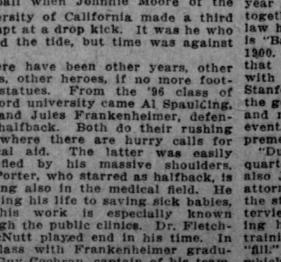
PERCY HALL, NOW IN BUSINESS IN OAKLAND



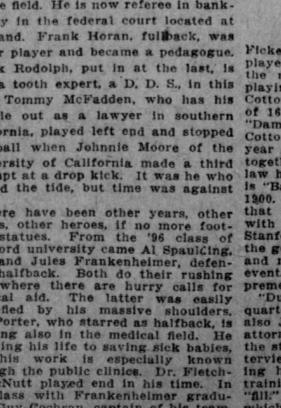
JIM FORCE, NOW A MINING MAN



"OX" ALBERTSON, CAPTAIN U. C., NOW A FARMER



OLIE SNEIDIGER, NOW A PROBATION OFFICER



ELVIZIO MINI, NOW LIEUTENANT OF PHILIPPINE CONSTABULARY



of it payed enormously. From college he went to the Tacoma baseball team. Later he joined the Cincinnati players and then became "twirler" for the Chicago Cubs. He has played in three world's championship series. But a bad arm sent him out of the limelight to the mining business. Now he gladdens the hearts of the Stockton fans in an occasional game. The great American game has lured others from the great American intercollegiate game. Harry Walton, never to be forgotten halfback at Stanford, is secretary of the San Francisco baseball club. "Heine" Heitmuller, with the name like a dill pickle, played base-

chapters written by Rugby stars there comes the name of Dole. First there was Alfred, affectionately called "Gully," after the University of California player, Guberson, whom he resembled in playing. He joined the band of mining engineers and left the field to younger brothers. It was Ben Stroud of Berkeley who was captain of a team which varied its training with a measles scare. He is an oil operator at Kern. Billy Erb, the Stanford halfback, later made a splendid record on the Columbia team and is now an oil magnate. His younger brother is playing at Stanford this year. Two Kerns have been players. There was Claude Kern, halfback of U. C., and now there is a younger brother on Erb's team. Pete Smith, old time tackle for U. C., is a sporting writer. Reggie Kittrelle of the same college, who played end, is selling Oakland real estate.

In 1906 the new game of Rugby came and a new style of heroes was created, but stars just the same. If there were fewer broken heads and legs and less gore, Elliott of U. C. was to have been captain of the new team, but did not come back. It is whispered that he scored the new game. Tuller, now a local attorney, was captain and played in the scrum. Out of the old game with a splendid record came Ralph Butler, fullback, and Halfback Jimmie Schaefer. The former became foreman for a San Francisco architect and the latter is still a devotee of the game, acting as coach. Out of the old game at Stanford came "Bull" Chalmers, fullback. He is now in the lumber business. He played three-quarters on the first Rugby team.

Even as a Freshman at U. C., Stanton was a dazzling light. After trying himself a wonderful Rugby player, he went to Virginia and played on the all southern team. He was halfback on the all American team. Cedric is a musical name, but when Cedric became a footballist and five-eighths he was renamed "Skood." After acting as assistant coach he went back to the farm in the Sacramento valley. Earnieott, who played forward for U. C., is in charge of the Newcastle Fruit company. Milt Farmer, one of the best forwards the new game produced, has a clerical position on the campus. Herb Johns, wing three-quarters, is an Oroville agriculturist. George Bell, forward, and later volunteer coach, is a mining engineer in the employ of the Guggenheims in Alaska. Jay Dwiggins, captain of last year's team at Berkeley, is doctoring sick trees for the government, cutting away sick limbs and dressing the wounds with concrete. Lee Scott of Stanford, who adds the world's championship for pole vaulting to his football vator, is making engines for flying machines. So now we see what has really become of them. Some of them are great in their way, but, unhappily, after a man gets out of college in this beginning epoch he has to do more astounding things than succeed to wear laurels. Crown men no longer go away sick limbs and dressing the wounds with concrete. Lee Scott of Stanford, who adds the world's championship for pole vaulting to his football vator, is making engines for flying machines.

teristic of the Australian animal, is an engineer, stationed at Mare Island. He played fullback. Griesberg is a San Francisco electrical engineer. In the sanctorum sanctorum of the "S. P.", Fred Athearn, guard, who cared not how he was rolled in the dust, rests his valiant elbows on mahogany and directs railroad affairs. Brazilian mines called to Harry Cornish, and he quit his famous stunt of tripping men, when he played center, to go. Jimmie Hopper played quarterback, and when his student days were over worked as a coach. But now his football glory is eclipsed by his greater light as a fiction writer, which began with his popular stories of the Philippines. To those same islands went "Little" Mini. He was a halfback, and is now Lieutenant Elvizio Mini, with the constabulary service. Echo, hiding in the Berkeley hills, may sneak out and chant the old war song, "Here's to Percy Hall, drink 'er down." Perhaps it will set the "wonder" halfback to dreaming of days when no team had men called five-eighths, like a fraction puzzle, but he is too busy in Oakland to answer. A losing team has its heroes. "Chet" Mur-

phy, the Stanford captain in '98, went into the game with a broken rib. Even with added injuries he fought to stay on the field. He is now referee in bankruptcy in the federal court located at Portland. Frank Moran, fullback, was a star player and became a pedagogue. Frank Rodolph, put in at the last, is now a tooth expert, a D. D. S., in this city. Tommy McFadden, who has his shingle out as a lawyer in southern California, played left end and stopped the ball when Johnnie Moore of the University of California made a third attempt at a drop kick. It was he who turned the tide, but time was against him. There have been other years, other games, other heroes, if no more football statures. From the '96 class of Stanford university came Al Spaulding, end, and Jules Frankenhimer, defensive halfback. Both do their rushing now where there are hurry calls for medical aid. The latter was easily identified by his massive shoulders. Bob Porter, who starred as halfback, is starting also in the medical field. He is giving his life to saving sick babies, and his work is especially known through the public clinics. Dr. Fletcher McNutt played end in his time. In the class with Frankenhimer graduated Guy Cochran, captain of his team. He is a doctor in Los Angeles. Charles Fickert, present district attorney, played guard for four years and won the name of "old reliable." Always playing at the same time was Stewart Cotton, who made the team at the age of 18. He and Fickert were called "Damon and Pythias" of the gridiron. Cotton became captain in his junior year and both played their last games together in '98. Both are practicing law here. Sharing offices with Fickert is "Babe" Burnett, who was captain in 1900. It was in the game of that year that the Thanksgiving game ended with a score of 5 to 0 chalked up for Stanford. Bill Traeger, tackle, kicked the goal from a place kick. For months and months he had practiced for this event. He is a deputy clerk of the supreme court, located in Los Angeles. "Dutch" Banaback, the worshiped quarterback, was on the same team; also Joe De Forest, the San Francisco attorney, who played guard. He tells the story on himself of how he was interviewed by a lady reporter, and taking her for merely a guest at the training table, proceeded to give her a "fill." The "fill" was a boomerang which flew back and hit him when the "interview" appeared in print. It was

LOCOMOTIVE SMITH, NOW AN ASPARAGUS GROWER



ELVIZIO MINI, NOW LIEUTENANT OF PHILIPPINE CONSTABULARY

