TIE-SCORE IS SATISFYING

BAKER AND LA GRANDE STRUGGLE ON ICY FIELD.

Amicable Struggle Ends With Favors on La Grande's Side of Sheet.

TABLOID OF THE GAME.

	La Grande	Baker
Forward passes	2	0
Incompleted for ward passes	7	0
Onside kicks	1	0
No. of punts	11	9
Av. distance	26.2 yds	27.2 yds
No of line gains made through line or ends	9	21
Total gains as above *	97 yds	136 yds
Times inside opponents yd. line	10 3	0

Penalties—5 yards (one time); 45 yards (four times).

*Gains made running in punts, by recovered points and onside kicks and fumbles not included.

With an icy ball and on a sea of snow and mud and in a bonechilling wind that precluded all possibilities of best results, La Grande and Baker struggled to a no score end last Saturday on the local field. The game was the first between these schools in two years but was handled so satisfactorily and was so manifestly popular in all respects that there seems to be no question but what athletic relations have been put on a firm, permanent and amicable footing again between these two schools.

Rest gained from unlimbering over 10 different styles of attack of the 96, the team has worked out because of mid-winter conditions La Grande nevertheless shot wierd plays at their opponents that none could master and by a remarkable improvement on defensive work were able—with the exception of a few minutes during the game—to hold the visitors to a standstill at the visitors' own and only style—old football.

With a green team Coach Caylor has worked marvels and the contest showed a hundred-fold improvement of the individual men in previous contests this year. Weaknesses were removed and in thir stead was an eleven man team with almost no flaws. The locals matched wits and strength with the Baker visitors in such a way as to leave no doubt in the minds of the crowd but that La Grande has mastered 1911 football to a greater degree than Baker and with lighter men outplayed the visitors and should have scored.

Ralston kicked off to Baker's 20-yard line and the game was on. For a few moments McCord waded through the stage-frightened line but a down or two and the youngsters settled to their traces. Few gains were made, but enough success to Baker resulted from the flash of brilliancy to get the ball barely into La Grande territory. Then the ball got icy and Baker fumbled. Back and forth between Baker's 45 yard line and La Grande's 35 yard line the ball see-sawed, was fumbled, was punted, thrown and rolled, Baker invariably having their noses near the ball and able to recover 75 per cent of the times that a free for all scramble occurred. The quarter ended with the ball on La Grande's 35 yard line advantages being easily in favor of the visitors.

More Energy Shown.

The brief rest between cantos gave La Grande more pepper and the linemen charged viciously putting a deadly quietus on what looked in the first quarter to be menacing to the home guard. A fumbled punt after two unsuccessful attempts to gain gave La Grande the ball on her own 35 yard line, the nearest point that Baker got to a score. A recovered punt brought La Grande to the middle of the field and there one of La Grande's brilliant pieces of work was shown up.

On one of those mysterious, weird, delayed, projected backword four man relay passes that Caylor has invented let Bolton boot an onside kick of 20 yards to Couch. Couch wrapped his biceps around the sphere on the run but grim fate commenced to dabble with events and the oozy pigskin glided to the ground. It was recovered by one of the Baker vigilantes, but at the time that Couch picked the ball from the ozone there was a clear field before him for a score. Here was once a touchdown would have been scored but for the slippery ball. The second quarter closed with La Grande having showed far superior ability and masters of the one-style attack of the miners. The quarter was indisputably in La Grande's advantage from every standpoint.

The long rest gave coach and fans time to innoculate even more ginger and "pep" into the steaming, puffing, yet finger benumbed players.

La Grande kicked off again, Ralston hoisting one to the 10-yard line with his clammy No. 10. Ends back and center were down the field like collegiately drilled veterans—more confident, tacking low and accurately, fully aware that they were masters and playing with that dash and effect that comes with confidence in self, singly and collectively.

Third Quarter Brilliant.

In the third quarter things happened in staccato fashion. Spectators were thrilled with the long, brilliant runs and forward passing that drove heat to the cold feet and accelerated circulation in the refrigerated side line contingent. Baker was held in the middle of the field and a pass to the fullback, rolled to the ground where the visiting aeroplane department kicked gingerly at the bounding ball. Bohnenkamp was on it like a pussy on a mouse and Baker was promptly punished for the infraction of the Walter Camp statutes. On Baker's 50 yard line Reynolds spread his minions wide and on a formation carried the ball himself 14 yards. They were off now and the crowd clamored for more of it. They got it. Lottes played "you're it" for a time on a sextuple pass well handled and then skirted around tackle for 25 yards. Bolton went two yards. Then the first successful forward pass was used, Lottes to Garrity going good for first down. They were on the six yard line now for the field is five yards short. Interest grew intense, blanched faces tingled with excitement. Some surmise Reynolds should have run the ball to the middle of the field for the play took place on the extreme edge, and then took a chance on a place kick. But it looked good for a touchdown on end runs. Lottes failed to gain, Bolton couldn't and on the third down fate once more showed her hand and Baker flopped onto a fumble; the two attacks at the Baker line from as many angles serving only to bring the ball squarely before the goal posts With the crowd groaning and bemoaning La Grande's failure to negotiate a touchdown, Baker punted to Reynolds on the Baker 40 yard line and the diminutive shrimp struggled, wiggled, dodged and squirmed his way until interference was reached and then when 38 yards had been reeled off, runner and interference skidded into a Baker tackler and went into a snowdrift on the three yard line. What happened then? The combination mortgage-lifter skin and ice cream preserver took a meandering twist and rolled to the three foot line where a Baker warrior took it to his bosom. Thus for a third time La Grande missed by inches. Baker punted out of danger, recovered the punt and for a period of three minutes reeled off end runs and cross tackle bucks that counted for long gains at a time. The period counters ended the flash of ground gaining. Except for the last few minutes it was decidedly La Grande's favors again.

The two-minute rest prefacing the final curtain were nerve racking and with darkness lowering rapidly the men were soon at it again. Baker resumed her dashing end runs with Bronaugh, Taylor and Simonis showing up in fine style. It lasted but a moment or two for Baker fumbled the icy chunk called a football and Bohnenkamp made one of his lightning dives and brought him in possession of the ball. Attempted forward passes, fumbles and what not put the ball in La Grande's possession on Baker's 27 yard line from where Bolton broke through the line and went 15 yards, leaving a string of straight armed, ducked and dodged chargers wondering what hit them, until, exhausted by his terrific midship collision with would-be tacklers, he got to the last man of all. Bronaugh got him. It was as pretty a piece of "staying on one's feet" as was exhibited during the day.

Fast Thinking Shown.

To top the play off, Lottes enacted a pretty piece of headwork that was missed by the most of the fans. The signal called for a forward pass on the left, but opportunities were blocked on that side and with men coming at him from all directions the wiry captain shouted to Crawley who had worked out at right end and tossed the sphere for a neat gain of 10 yards to Crawley's arms.

Then came more fumbles, more darkness and La Grande punted, punted and punted but Bronaugh, the invincible half back who played safety for Baker, caught, knocked down and stopped every one of the dozen punts sent his way and each and every punt in this quarter meant a touchdown for La Grande if Bronaugh had fumbled, for Bohinenkamp and the ends tantalized him at close range. The curtain was whistled down and it was all over.

Good Spirit Prevails.

Rah! Rah! Rah! went Baker in La Grande's honor; Rah! Rah! Rah! barked La Grande players in Baker's honor. La Grande went away feeling that no score was as good as victory for the local fans conscientiously expected defeated on an icy and snowy field.

Aftermath of the Game.

Crawley went in at right end in the third quarter displacing Couch. The little flaxen haired youth had his nose on the ball all the time and tackled well.

"Bohnenkamp is a playing machine. I know for I bumped into him 'several' time," said McCord, the 196 pounder who handles the helm for Baker. Coach McCullough opined the same notion at the hotel later in the day.

Reynolds, referee and umpire; Nichols, umpire and referee; Zimmerman, field judge, worked to good satisfaction and no more discussion ensued than goes with any exhibition of the brain fogging rules of 1911 calls for

"On a dry field your open field playing would have netted your team touchdowns but it would have let Baker score, too. Our straight football style was retarded by the snow." This is the way Prof. McCullough, the Baker coach, sized up the game. Coach Caylor is pleased and is confident that his proteges can outscore the Bakerites on a dry field any day. The Observer would rate the two teams at a 16 to 12 clip with La Grande on the long end of the score. On two different occasions yesterday Baker would likely have scored but for fumbles resultant from ice and snow; La Grande had five distinct opportunities to score but three especially were shut off by snow and ice. Therefore the 16 to 12 score is a fair estimate of the strength of the two teams, allowing for profuse number of successful kicks for goals.

Grimmet, Snider, Casey and Corpe, all of them green men, were veteran-like in their playing. Baker players marveled that they were, disputing at first that they would be were new men. This is their first year at football.

Bohnenkamp got back into 1910 style Saturday and was everywhere. The Baker players sized him up right when they called him a machine and it is due to "Bohne" that the much-touted McCord was nipped in the bud and had to leave it to his halfs to gain for him.

Reynolds reeled off two long runs, ran the team well, and was an all-around hard worker, though several punts caromed off his chest because he wore no jersey that would help him in holding the chunk of ice when it came down. Garrity, too, showed more of his real self than ever before, tackling hard and low and going down under punts with rare speed. Couch on the other end lacks the experience yet for he, too, is in his first year of football. His tackling yesterday and footwork under punts was a big improvement over former games.

Bolton's great calling is running interference and he did it exceptionally well yesterday. He gained consistently when called upon and was worked more on offense than Ralston, the idea being to save the latter for his kicking proclivities. Of the 11 times called upon to punt he never failed once; he was keeled over on fake punts but never on straightaway. It must be remembered that players were coming by him like lead from a rapidfire gun at times too. Both he and Bolton bothered Baker in getting off their punts, Bolton blocking one and hurrying all.

Lottes was everywhere and all over and when an occasional fleetfoot from Baker was getting away Lottes saw to it that he was bowled over. The doughty captain was perhaps as near being a star in the game as anyone. Charging of middlemen, fleetness of ends and machine-like movements of the backfield sums up the showing made by the home guard.

Bronaugh was the big shining star for the visitors. His running, his tackling and his gentlemanly conduct set an example for the other visitors.

Absolute lack of dirty tactics, satisfaction with the officials and a curtailment of the excessive inter-city rivalry were the illuminating marks of distinction between this and games that have been scrolled on history tablets between these two teams. It was indeed commendable and may it always be thus. It was good sport, the visitors were good sportsmen and showed clean coaching and drilling.

Baker has a dangerous attack of old fashioned football that will hurry Pendleton next Friday.

The La Grande lineup: Le. Garrity; lt, Casey; c, Bohnenkamp; rg, Carpy; rt, Snider; re, Couch; quarter, Reynolds; lf, Ralston; f, Lottes (captain); rh, Balton. Substitutes: Crawley for Couch.

The Baker lineup: Le, H. Weeks; lt, H. Miller; lg. A. Brown; c, R. Miller; rg, D. Easterwood; rt, L. Finch; re, H. Taylor; q, E. Simonis; lh, F. Herbert; rh, Bronaugh; f, McCord, (captain. Substitutes: Hoff for Taylor; Taylor for Weeks.