



# OLD ELI'S COY WINS GAME FROM TIGERS

## YALE ELEVEN MAKES TWO TOUCHDOWNS

(United Press Leased Wire.) Princeton, N. J., Nov. 14.—Another Tiger skin was added to the list of Yale's football trophies here this afternoon when the bull dog invaded Old Nassau and won the annual gridiron duel of the two old universities by a score of 11 to 6.

Yale won on her merits. Her lads played better football, and had a star whose individual efforts pulled his team out of a disadvantage which a bad lineup precipitated early in the game. The star and the hero of the game is the same lad who landed the honor in last year's game with Princeton—Red Coy.

**Coy Better at Full.**  
When the blue eleven trotted onto the field and lined up Coy was in the position recently assigned to him at right end. Throughout the first half he played the position dropping back behind the line whenever it was necessary for Yale to punt. The arrangement did not work.

Yale fought a good fight, but there was something lacking in her offense. The Tigers, on the other hand, surprised every one with the snap and dash of their attack. They went into the lead in the first period and at the end of the half the Princeton grandstands were delirious with joy.

The second half was started with Coy again on the end position. Still Yale could not score. Then came a shift. The young blonde giant was called back to the line, and Fields took his place at right end.

**Makes Hole in Tigers.**  
On the first attempt he plowed through the Tiger line for a good gain. Again he was called on, and made a bigger gain. Crashing into first one side of the line and then the other, occasionally through the center, he buried in his stomach on each play, Coy was called on time after time, and there was no stopping his charges.

Every play brought a substantial gain. The Tiger wall crumbled, and with the Yale stands converted into billows of blue the ball to the two-yard line.

Once more the ball was snapped to him, the Tiger line made a desperate stand. Twenty-two men were

welded into a mass. Almost a full minute was required to untangle the heap. When the last player was dragged from the mass he was found safely over the line and in Coy's smothering grasp. Hobbs kicked the goal, and the score was tied.

**Bull Dog Aroused.**  
The rest was easy. The bull dog was thoroughly aroused. Coy had come into his own, and his masterly work won new life into the entire team. After the ball had moved up and down for a few exchanges it went to Yale on Princeton's 4-yard line.

Coy was called back and smashed into the Tiger's right wing. Booth dived at him, but was shaken loose. Hobbs made a flying tackle, but could not hold the young giant. Read essayed to pull him down, but Philbin warded off the tackle, and side by side the two set sail for the Tiger's goal. It looked like a sure touchdown, but Dillon came up from behind and pulled Coy down after a 25-yard run. Three fresh Tigers were thrown into the lineup in the hope of stopping Yale's human battering ram. But on the new play Coy went through center for five yards.

With 12 yards to go his number was again called and with Philbin dragging him along and a half dozen would-be tacklers shaken off, he crossed the Princeton goal for the second touchdown. Hobbs' attempt at goal failed.

**Tigers Best in First Half.**  
Princeton did her best work in the first half, when Tibbott proved a terror to Yale's nose and speed. He ran for one score came well toward the end of the first half, after Tibbott had brought off the most spectacular play of the game—a 50-yard run around Yale's right wing.

The next play started from the Blue's 50-yard line. Tibbott crashed through Bingham and Hader's shock of Bingham and neatly dodged Fields' flying tackle. Two yards from the line Philbin got him, but the big halfback was not to be stopped and plunged on over the line for a touchdown. Waller kicked goal.

Throughout the game Princeton worked the on side kick and the forward pass a number of times to advantage. On the other hand, the Tiger appeared the faster. Yale, however, had the strength and won the game by re-buffing at critical times to straighten football and old-fashioned mass play.

forward pass from Borleske to Martin netted gains that varied from 10 to 30 yards on each play. Four times the stratagems of Blanchard worked out by the fast back field from Walla Walla brought the ball within striking distance of Multnomah's goal when a costly fumble or misdirected play would give the pigskin to the locals. Cushman kicked three place kicks, one of them being from the 25-yard line but he missed the goal by inches each time.

A brilliant feature of the half was a 40-yard dash through the clubmen by Borleske, who caught a punt on his own 30-yard line. The grand defensive playing of the Whitman captain forced Multnomah to punt time after time.

Multnomah's touchdowns came in the second half. The first was made by Slaker aided by Captain Stott, in the early minutes of the half. Fumbled punts had resulted in Multnomah getting the ball on Whitman's 30-yard line. The Walla Wallans held and punted to Smithson, who returned the ball 30 yards. Slaker then took the ball and two plays smashed over the line. Stott failed to kick an easy goal.

Multnomah then kicked off to Borleske, who came back to Whitman's 30-yard line. An outside kick by Slaker sent the ball into the hands of Whitman's 35-yard line. The clubmen then started out determined to cross the collegian's goal but so sturdy was the defense put up by the Tiger that Stott was forced to kick. Pilkington took a low punted ball and it was the start of the time for the ensuing 15 minutes Schmidt, who had succeeded Brainard when the latter was knocked out of the game, punted the ball 60 yards to Multnomah's 13-yard line, where Oldright, the missionary right end, fell on the oval. Borleske dived through the center of the line for eight yards and then for one.

The collegians with only four yards to go might as well make an ensue run. He made a break through the wall-like defense and the clubmen again took the ball. Rader punted out of the hands of Schmidt and Rader then punted alternately until the half ended with the ball in the possession of Stott's eleven.

**Brainard's clever dodging in running back punts in both halves brought the crowd gasps and hurrahs. Captain Borleske is regarded by Johnny Bender and other coaches who have seen him as one of the most wonderful players in the country. His returns of punts were seldom stopped until he had made from 10 to 40 yards.**

**Multnomah Redeems Herself.**  
Multnomah to a large extent redeemed herself in the second half for her poor work in the first half. She won by beef and brawn, the lighter and more scientific team of Whitman battering itself to pieces against the stonewall of the Blue's line.

Multnomah's gains were nearly all made through her opponent's line. The forward pass and hurried kick, which were used so freely by Whitman, especially in the first half and nearly always successfully were resorted to by the local team hardly at all.

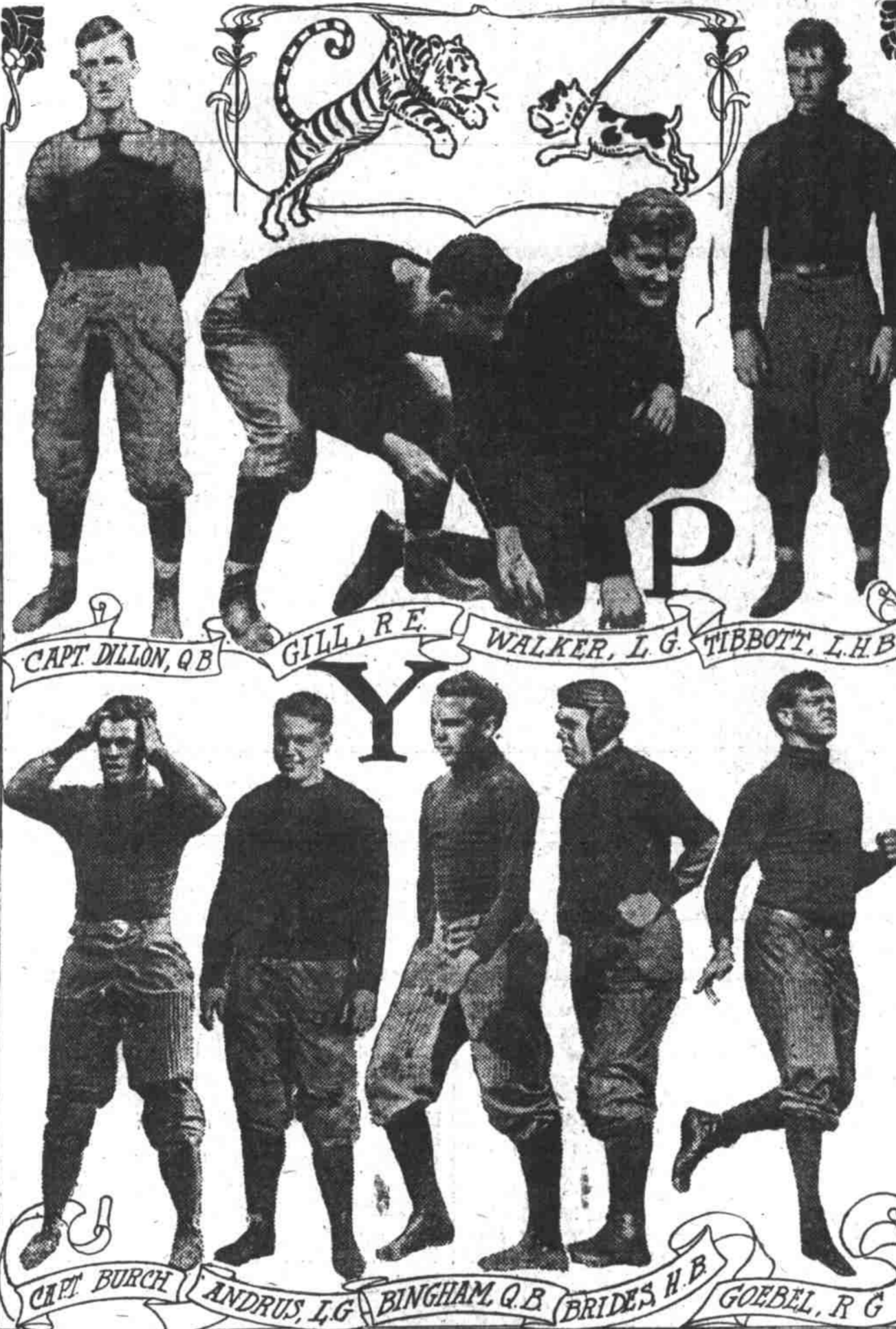
Multnomah's straight line bucks were successful only to a limited degree during the first half and she was frequently obliged to punt on the third down. But something seemed to have happened to the local team when they were off the field during the intermission, for they went at the game with a snap and vigor that had been mentally lacking during the first half.

Whitman, on the other hand, appeared tired and weak, and failed to make the expected gains. She too was frequently compelled to kick, often making considerable gains in this way through Multnomah's rambling of the ball. Twice during the second half Whitman had the ball within a few feet of her opponent's goal, but lacked the strength to carry it over, and Multnomah got the ball on downs and kicked out of danger.

For some reason Whitman abandoned the forward pass in the second half, resorting to it only once or twice. Good gains were made around the ends, but the Walla Walla boys hurled themselves uselessly against the line, frequently being thrown back for heavy losses.

The last 15 minutes of play a Whitman man was laid out, nearly every play being stopped by the heavy Multnomah defense against the heavy Multnomah

# GREAT PLAYERS WHO BATTLED FOR YALE AND PRINCETON



# ASTORIANS DEFEAT PORTLAND ACADEMY

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Astoria, Or., Nov. 14.—The football game between Portland academy and Astoria High school this afternoon was the best ever played on the local field, Astoria winning 12 to 6.

The line-up: Position. Whitman. Austin, Smith, L. E. R. Oldright. Conant, L. T. R. Wilson. Rader, L. G. R. Lyman. Callahan, C. C. Clemens. Walker, R. G. Matthews. Owsalsh, R. T. Lewis. Smithson, R. E. L. Basset. Stott, C. Brainard, Schmidt. Slaker, H. B. Borleske, C. C. Pilkington, R. H. Cushman. Knudson, F.

**Harvard 6, Dartmouth 0.**  
(United Press Leased Wire.) Boston, Mass., Nov. 14.—A spectacular trio of forward passes culminating in a series of irresistible line bucks gave Harvard her only touchdown and the victory over Dartmouth today in one of the most grueling contests that ever tore up the turf of the Stadium.

Harvard kicked an easy goal and the game ended two minutes after with the score 6 to 0 in her favor. Until the last five minutes of playing it was impossible to choose between the crimson and green. Before that time each team came within walking distance of the other's goal but to no purpose.

# CRACK UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON TEAM WHICH DEFEATED OREGON ELEVEN



Top row, from left to right—Coach Dobie, Muckelstone, half; Eakins, tackle; Wand, half; Westover, fullback; Coyle, quarter; Kaylor, guard; Wells, fullback; Willis, fullback; Thayer, quarter; Taylor, half; Clark, end; Cutting, assistant coach. Lower row, left to right—Matsun, end; Esbcock, guard; Beck, center; Swars, guard; Bantz, tackle; Grimm, end; Tegtmeyer, center and captain.

# GREAT BOUTS IN STORE FOR PORTLAND SPORTS

## CLASSY WRESTLERS AFTER O'CONNELL

Portland sport followers will see some of the greatest wrestling matches that could possibly be made on the coast this winter provided the prowess of Ed. O'Connell, conqueror of the sturdy Stranger Smith, does not scare the high-class fellows away. When the news of O'Connell's victory went over the wires Thursday night messages were received from a number of top-notchers challenging the Multnomah wonder.

O'Connell, who only weighs 145 pounds, has announced a willingness to meet any of the high-class wrestlers of the coast for a side bet of from \$250 to \$1,000. He will meet any middleweight under any condition, and will wrestle such fellows as Dr. Roller, the Seattle physician-wrestler, who beat every good man in America but Champion Frank Gotch, on handicap; that is, he will bet that they can not throw him three times in an hour.

This is not much of a handicap when it is recalled that Roller weighs 212 pounds while O'Connell tips the beam at but 145 pounds, a surplus of some 67 pounds.

**California Champ Out.**  
McIntyre, the champion wrestler in all classes in California, has been a persistent challenger of O'Connell ever since the collegian hit Portland. McIntyre will be remembered better locally as the instructor of the Reliance Athletic club team which last year took part in the Pacific coast championship tournament under the auspices of the Multnomah club. At that time he made a special trip to Seattle to try to induce Roller to go on the mat with him, but Roller had too many engagements already scheduled and could not spare the time.

McIntyre has cleaned up everything that ever struck the golden state and years for somebody of real merit to test his strength.

O'Connell won hundreds of friends by his show of cleverness and knowledge in the Pacific coast championship match with Stranger Smith. He is a whirlwind rusher and his method is to keep charging his opponent and could not be stopped for a moment. He did with eminent success in the case of Smith.

Those who thought that O'Connell was off on strength are in the wrong. The young grappler has all kinds of muscle and better even than strength himself, he knows how to use those muscles to the best advantage. It is

this reason that he is able to overcome superior weight. It was this definite knowledge of what to do at the right time that enabled him to tip Tom Jenkins, champion of the world before Gotch. Jenkins weighed pounds and pounds more than O'Connell but the superior weight had little effect on the shifty youngster. O'Connell is now a couple of years older and necessarily better than when he took a fall out of Jenkins.

**O'Connell's Opinion of Doc.**  
O'Connell is confident that Dr. Roller can not throw him in a handicap match, but his backers are doubtful that he has become so accustomed to the western style of wrestling, which varies somewhat from the trans-Mississippi method, before he meets Roller, who is the best known exponent of the style which prevails on the coast. If this policy is adopted to them it is very likely that O'Connell will consider the McIntyre challenge before any of the others. McIntyre weighs about 30 pounds more than the California champion.

Another good wrestler in the middleweight division who is anxious to show that O'Connell is not "all the punkins" in the northwest, is Joe Heinrichs, the Spokane crack. Heinrichs is a good one and would undoubtedly give the Multnomah man a hard rub. But it is almost too courageous a contest that he would go the route of Dick Hart and Stranger Smith.

**May Get Champion Bothner.**  
A match that would attract world-wide attention may also be given the Portland fans if George Bothner, the present lightweight champion of the world, can be induced to come to Portland. Bothner is a crack wrestler, a good one and would undoubtedly give the Multnomah man a hard rub. But it is almost too courageous a contest that he would go the route of Dick Hart and Stranger Smith.

Once negotiations had gone so far that the forfeit money was up, O'Connell has been growing rapidly since the incident and is now a good deal larger within reach of Bothner's weight. Should Bothner agree to meet O'Connell, the classic fight of wrestling ever seen in the west is on tap waiting to be drawn.

His work with the Multnomah club puffed him up and kept O'Connell in good wrestling shape. Ordinarily he needs only a week to get in trim for a match, but against the class of men mentioned as possible opponents he would take several weeks to train for the meeting.

# KETCHEL-PAPKE MATCH PUZZLES

## Thanksgiving Day Pugilistic Go Has Fight Fans Guessing.

By W. W. Naughton.  
(Hearst News by Longest Leased Wire.) San Francisco, Nov. 14.—The November days are slipping away, and pretty soon Stanley Ketchel, the shift specialist, and Billy Papke, the inside worker, will get together in the roped arena. That the fight will be one to remember is the opinion of the men who follow the fortunes of the boxers, but in the meantime what would like to know is whether or not what happened at Los Angeles can be taken as a true test of the relative merits of the rival middleweights.

Papke says that while being defeated at Milwaukee he learned how to turn the tables on Ketchel, and that he made use of the knowledge gained when given the opportunity at Los Angeles.

**Knowledge of a Lucky Punch.**  
The thing is, will the information gleaned by Papke at Milwaukee and put to practical use at Los Angeles be of equal service on Thanksgiving day? Papke says he discovered at Milwaukee that the way to beat Ketchel was to press close and give him no room to work his false shifts and swings. As a rule she vanquisher and the vanquished in a prize ring affair entertain entirely different opinions as to the cause leading up to defeat, and it is even so in the present instance. Ketchel says it was not a matter of faulty style with him, but rather the landing of a lucky punch by Papke while the contest was young.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that Papke fines the case correctly, and that it was what he noted in the initial fight that enabled him to win the second time out, may not Ketchel have profited by what happened in the southland, and may he not have discovered an antidote for Papke's antidote? He says he has a punch this time that it is impossible to get inside of which shows that he has been hearkening to what Billy Papke has to say on the subject. This of itself suggests that Ketchel may have been a different in the coming battle and be harder to catch off guard.

**Papke the Better Man.**  
But to the general question, "Was the Los Angeles fight the true test of the merits of Ketchel and Papke?" the answer seems to be "Yes," otherwise Papke, who was 10 to 4 chance at Los Angeles, would not be a 7 to 10 choice for the bout that is pending.

Here are the arguments used to justify the decision in the Ketchel-Papke fight. The besting of Ketchel by Papke at Ketchel at Milwaukee was not anything like as complete as the trouncing Ketchel received from Papke at Los Angeles.

Papke, after being unhorsed by a "sneak blow" at the start of the Milwaukee fight, didn't "stay beat." He was stung and he was not, but he gradually recovered both vim and confidence, and was rapidly pulling level with Ketchel, and the limit of the 10 rounds was reached.

In this connection Manager Jones is authorized for the statement that when Papke came to his corner for a minute's rest at the end of the ninth round he said, "Too bad this fight is not for five more rounds."

**Ketchel Outclassed.**  
Ketchel didn't show a flash of winning form after Papke got to him in the first round at Los Angeles. The incident was not as complete as the one according to the Papke view of the matter, and lashed out with his accustomed vigor. But he was outclassed and his confidence was not as complete as the one at every point and would have been tumbled much sooner, only that Papke was careful to maintain a record book, and "one best bet" go wrong offener in pugilism than in other departments of sport.

**The Welsh-Letel Match.**  
The Los Angeles sports have something atchy to look forward to in the Freddie Welsh-Abe Letel match which is carded for Thanksgiving eve. Welsh, the English lad, combines extreme cleverness with a fair amount of punching ability, and as Abe is similarly endowed, the match should furnish an interesting display of fisticuffs. Welsh has been made the favorite in the betting, the reason probably being that he will be a few pounds heavier than Letel. This is in pursuance of the old line of argument that a good big man is better investment than a good little man, although in the case in question it is more than probable that the weight difference will cut small figure.

**Atel's Philosophy.**  
There is this to it, however, Atel always fights with more when he is pitted against an opponent who belongs in a class above him. He is a shrewd philosopher, in A-bey. He knows that if he is overpowered by a light-weight he can fall back upon the excuse, "I went out of my class," and he seems to keep this in view every second he is fighting.

As proof, there is the bout with Battling Nelson at the Coliseum. Abe fought that night as he never fought before and the hard-headed Norseman was clearly outboxed by the best of the American featherweights.

The pity is that Atel will not cut loose with the same degree of activity when he meets a lad of his own weight. The idea that he may some day run against a youngster his own size who is capable of traveling him of his championship is repugnant to him, and as a consequence he is invariably under a wrap when he stands forth to defend his title.

# WINGED MAN IS MOTOR OVER WHITMAN

Multnomah club's husky football team won a well-earned game from Whitman college yesterday afternoon by two touchdowns to one, the score being 11 to 6.

The weight of the "winged" team combined with the wonderful playing of Frank Slaker and Dow Walker and the splendid headwork of Captain "Stump" Stott enabled them to triumph over the lighter missionaries.

At teamwork and in the use of the forward pass the collegians were far better than the clubmen. During the first half the contest was a draw, so fast that the clubmen appeared as plowhorses against blooded gallopers.

Had they not passed through a grueling game with Oregon Agricultural college their speed might have given over to the American.

If yesterday's showing is any criterion, Slaker may have a marvelous when he played fullback for the University of Chicago, eleven. He showed flash after flash yesterday of his old time form that won him a place on the college team.

**Rader and Walker Shine.**  
Over on the other side of the line Dr. Paul Rader played a wonderful defensive game at tackle. Time after time he broke up student plays, went his way and got the man. He was not used so much at carrying the ball as his position, Dow Walker, by gained more yardage than he lost when he did to it. Walker and Slaker were the two consistent ground gainers of the clubmen, in fact they were the only two who gained any yardage worthy of much mention. Stott used his head to good advantage when he replaced Austin at left end on the defensive. Stott is one of the greatest offensive ends ever seen on the coast, and when he took the position the runs that had been skirting left end ceased.

Smithson played a clever game at end and caught one punt which he returned some 30 yards. Multnomah used few forward passes and the pigskin had little chance to utilize his speed against the college boys.

**Martin's Race Feature.**  
The feature of the game was a brilliant 45-yard run to a touchdown by Martin, the fleet Whitman back. Martin received a 20-yard forward pass from Borleske and sped straight down the sidelines until he got clear of any interference. When Martin started another player started after him. It was Smithson, Smithson was clear over on the other side of the line when the play started but undertook to overhaul Martin, who had about 10 yards advantage when it was considered that Martin was running down the sidelines, while Smithson had to lay out a diagonal course. Martin is somewhat of a sprinter and the race between the two was as pretty a thing as one could wish to watch. Smithson, inch by inch, cut down the lead and tried a flying tackle just as Martin was a yard from the line. Both men went down and Martin reached the pigskin, the pigskin a fraction of a second before Smithson. Whitman failed of goal and the score was 10 to 0.

Read to Club Secretary. The club secretary kept the ball in Multnomah's territory almost continuously for the rest of the half and the spoils of the play which the eleven secured in rapid succession had the clubmen entirely on edge. The