

Jock Sutherland's Maroons Tackle the Presidents Tomorrow in Grid Tilt at the Polo Grounds

LAFAYETTE SHOULD DROP W. & J. TOMORROW IN POLO GROUNDS TILT

But This Is Only a Hunch, and Sometimes the Best of Hunches Are All Wrong—Teams Have Not Been Defeated in Seventeen Starts

ALTHOUGH the first Saturday in November may be regarded as a day of recreation for the majority of the big college football teams of the East—those that are pointing toward traditional rivals—there is one battle which will have a direct bearing on the somewhat mythical championship of our section of the U. S. A.



By STONEY McCLAIN
Lafayette and Washington and Jefferson, eleven that are eager to be ranked on top or near the peak, meet tomorrow afternoon on the Polo Grounds in New York.

Others, the stage is all set for a battle—h-a-t-t-l-e, spelling it out so you won't mistake the word. At the outset it is known to the world at large that two undefeated gridiron armies will match brains and brawn. Try to picture exactly what that means.

In seventeen starts, since back in 1920, Lafayette has not been defeated; ditto W. and J. Now, in the sports world, when one side of the competition displays an unblemished state it attracts interest. But this side is expected to do the desperate fighting. It has a reputation, a record, to protest and maintain. The opponents go into the fray with that "Well be heroes if we do, but won't be damned if we don't" attitude which usually gets them nowhere.

But this notable clash of grid greats in New York is different—very, very different. When they glare at each other across the white chalk marks on the Polo Grounds they will challenge in union about as follows: "When we leave this field this evening one of us will have a modern record of eighteen straight victories—of that one will be us." It is possible that the game may end in a tie—but highly improbable. When champ meets champ, in deadly earnest, somebody gets licked.

Considering what is at stake in the fight between the two Pennsylvania college teams it is the height of mistaken courage, in our opinion, to even hazard a guess as to the winner. Both are well-coached, both have stars that twinkle brilliantly in the football firmament, both have the spirit that in approximately two grid seasons has never been quenched. We ask you, in all sincerity, how we could possibly interest you by attempting to give a man-for-man comparison or by endeavoring to point out the strong and weak points of the rivals for pigskin fame?

A HUNCH—that and nothing more—caused us to render a two-bit package of cigarettes that Lafayette would win. The chap on the other end of the pipe says he admits that he, too, is playing a hunch.

Lafayette Has Bowled Over Best Teams

OUR hunch is based on this very treacherous foundation—Lafayette appears to have encountered stiffer opposition in October warm-ups than did the team from the other end of the state. It took a real team to beat Pitt 7-0, even though a pick-up of a fumble by a watchful Eastland did it. A 28-7 victory over Bucknell is not to be "ker-chooed at." And Boston College, which held Detroit to a 10-8 score, was no set-up; therefore the 12-0 win by Sutherland's young men is worthy of attention. Add to this the fact that neither Bucknell nor Boston, played in successive weeks, could earn a first down against Lafayette and you have pretty fair grounds for a hunch—at least a twenty-five-cent hunch.

W. and J.'s toughest scrap was with the Carnegie Tech bantams. Neale's team escaped a snuff on the slate by a whisker—the game ended in a 7-7 tie. Out Pittsburgh way they say that Tech team is playing real football, and they say the same thing up New Haven way since Yale was quite happy to get a 12-0 decision over the Carnegites. Perhaps you may also say that the W. and J. win over West Virginia Woodson by 14-0 should be mentioned, but the W. V. W. eleven is not to be compared with Lafayette's three strong opponents. All in all, if we took past scores as a basis, we should try to win a supply of cigarettes to carry us through the long, hard winter.

But when one Greek meets another Greek person you can't tell a thing about the outcome. We hope to be privileged to tell you how it happened in the Saturday and Monday issues of this afternoon caller.

IT HAS happened. Yes, even as we anticipated. A New York writer on football topics appreciates this paper for the press; however, then ever catches a beating from the possible boomerang qualities of the forward pass. This is a result of the improved defense, developed this season and last against the aerial game.

Page Alonzo Stagg
SO THEY have developed a defense against the toss forward, have they? Suppose you ask Alonzo Stagg, address Chicago University, about this. The names and addresses of other well-known coaches will be furnished upon request—and all will welcome a diagram of that defense.

This week we were honored to carry a good pair of ears into a company of football experts. They asked for details of Bill Roper's aerial offensive. "Bill," said our former All-American and when he got the info. "Somehow like the old West Virginia stuff—and believe me, the team that can copy those passes successfully all the time, if the head and receiver are as competent as Sutely and Gray must have been, is going to sneak more than eleven men into the defense."

Any play is dangerous unless the ball is handled cleanly. It was the scooping up of a loose ball dropped by a runner that gave Lafayette the touchdown to beat Pitt. Fumbles by Centre paved the way for Harvard's victory. In fact, one of Princeton's touchdowns at Chicago was made possible by a bad snap-back from center, Gray hopping on the ball and running across the goal line.

It would be possible to give facts to prove that blocked punts, plays of every description which went wrong, lost a game for one team or another. In all sincerity, we don't care a whole row of whoops whether any team ever uses a forward pass. But like any play because it is sensational always; it brings into play dexterity rather than brute strength. It can be developed into a winning tactic. Why not?

WELCOME, brother, Frederick B. Nelson, of Baltimore, N. J., who was crew captain and sub-captain at Princeton in his late college days, has joined the Grand Order of Retirees, in his initiatory letter was, in part, as follows:

Played Forty-five Minute Halves in His Day
I OFTEN have wondered at the relative brittleness of the present-day five-minute over those of yesterday. In my day the halves were not thirty-five minutes—that was later—but forty-five minutes. And many of the men played a Wednesday match as well as a Saturday match—and with the same men in the line-up. Nor was the game the "dreaded" mass play (in which no one ever got hurt), but was wider open than now.

Mr. Nelson adds that he is quite joyful these days, since he seems that my old gang (Penn) have found the long-lost "punch." There plays was a fight in a Penn team; they simply mislaid their punch for a time.

They like "em" to be plain-spoken on "West." In Chicago we wandered out to the Madison campus to listen in on a "West" meeting attended by several thousand university students and supporters. Naturally, the "old man," Coach Stagg, was among the speakers. And in the course of his remarks he made some caustic comments on his players.

One was "overweight and slow"; another was "needlessly ferocious"; a highly touted lineman was "not giving his best"; a first-string star was "a man without the heart."

But when he came to Zorn, the fullback, he declared that he was "a man, always intense and serious."

It is not unusual—or was not some years back—for a coach or coaches to tongue-lash the athletes before a big game and between the halves. Often we have seen big, strong boys weep, tears of anger mostly, after they had been dressed down by a tutor with a wicked vocabulary. But it is not the accustomed thing to hear a gridiron mentor put on the rough stuff, verbally, at a pre-game rally.

AND yet the "old man" is actually loved by the students of Chicago, past and present, especially the athletes. It must be the old story of a "rough exterior, but a tender heart."

The Postman Delivered This One
LETTER from a friend tells about what he dubs the "prize football boner."

In a game last Saturday a Rutgers player is said to have picked up a loose ball and run like a frightened hare for his own goal line. That has happened often with all the speed that was in their legs, caught him and crashed him on the turf. And there is a reported scarcity of the material used in the game.

CHAMPION WALKER IDE FOR A WHILE

"Smiling Mickey" Is Entitled to Vacation, Says Manager. Has Had Rapid Rise

BRITTON GLAD NOT K.O.'D

By LOUIS H. JAFFE
LESS than ten minutes after the coronation of E. Michael Walker as the new king of the world's welterweights, following his 15-round victory against the venerable Jack Britton at the Sunnyside Hotel Wednesday night, a Philadelphia matchmaker allowed his way into the dressing-room of the Elizabeth, N. J., lad, congratulated him and, after a few more words, asked:

"How'd you like to box in Philadelphia?"
Michael, whose front handle is Edward and has been called Mickey since he was knee-high to a grasshopper, smiled and, without answering, nodded to his manager, Jack Hanlon, the Quaker City matchmaker, immediately got the significance of the gesture. Mickey Walker only did the boxing. His manager, who happens to be Jack Bulger, of Newark, handles the business affairs. Bulger's reply to Hanlon was:

"Sure, Mickey'll box in Philly, but I don't know when. Think the kid did a big job and he deserves a vacation. Won't let him box for a while—at least."

No brand-new titleholder is going to forget boxing for a few weeks, after three years of hard work in the ring, strict and diligent training together with earnestness in the squared circle, finally reaching his goal—that of world's champion. Walker's Rise With Gloves Ringed

Walker's ring career was of the meagre sort as they say. He enjoys the distinction of an unusual rapid rise to the estate of a native titleholder. The Mick has been boxing for only three years, and in that short time he has shown admirable form against such men as Dave Shady, Nate Seigel, Marcel Thomas, Marty Summers, Johnny Summers, and Soldier Bartfield among others. Two of Walker's bouts were against Bartfield in Philadelphia, and the Mick's manager made a most rapid rise to the estate of a native titleholder.

Walker had little to say in his dressing room after the bout. He was too busy smiling and, incidentally, showing his teeth, in the position for the sole purpose of stopping the opposition in any way at all. Of course, not every guard was of the kind described above, but usually it was the case.

The guard of today must be speedy, aggressive and of average weight. Naturally, a good big man with speed is much better than the man of average weight. A college guard should weigh between 175 and 200 pounds and a high school forward should come between 150 and 170 pounds. During the three years at college I did not weigh over 180 pounds.

Charge hard and fast, get up speed and always follow the ball is about the best that can be told to a player aspiring to be a guard on any team, whether it be a college, school or among the independents. A good guard should never take his eyes off the pigskin. The guard lacking light is useless. He must also be able to take punishment.

ON THE offense a guard must be capable enough to tear holes in field water can get through when a play is called in the guard's territory. On the defense he must be able to meet the rush of the opposing line men and get the back coming through.

Charge Low
THE primary lesson in guard play that should always remain uppermost in the mind of a player is, never high charge, school or among the independents. Meet the opposing backs in their own territory. If the charge is low the guard is in a position to make a good tackle. If he doesn't he is virtually useless.

Most colleges and schools have discarded the high guard play. The guard playing high cannot prevent a back kicking at least three or four yards. The duties of this player on the offense are manifold. First of all he must take his position on the line quickly. He should always be ready, the moment his quarterback starts calling signals, to meet the rush of the opposing line men and get the back coming through.

When the ball is being carried through the opposite side of the line the guard has no time to lose. There is no time to lose. The guard should break through and knock down the secondary defense. The only way to perfect this part of the work is to drill over and over again. A team that can knock down the secondary defense is a mighty hard one to defeat.

VISITATION HAS TEAM
Uptowners Will Use Home of Jasper Team for Cage Games
A new basketball team in the uptown section has entered the ranks of the competitors. The Visitation Catholic Club has decided to support a first-class team and a prominent Eastern League player is now assisting. Visitation has already made arrangements to play at the Rose Garden, where the Jasper Eastern League team made its debut last night.

Boots and Saddle
The Serial Highweight Handicap, No. 2, second of the series, is to be run today at Laurel, with a value of \$250. The winner will be the horse which is six furlongs. He may not find the mile today—Paragon H., Little Chief and Knobble. The English horse carries 124 pounds and should prove a dangerous contender.

Head Up, Body Down
A NOTHER important factor in guard play that is often overlooked in the thinking of a forward pass. The guard's man should be checked for an instant and then he should go through in an effort to get the secondary defense.

Vodry Heads Harriers
Princeton's Princeton football team, composed of East Liverpool, Ohio, candidates, were named at Mercer, N. J., as a member of the track and field team.

S-S-S-H! S-S-S-SECRET PRACTIS-S-S!



Head Up, Body Down, Charge Low, Youngstrom's Advice

Former All-American at Dartmouth Tells Guards to Get Across Scrimmage Line on Defense and Meet Opposing Backs in Rival Territory

By "SWEDE" YOUNGSTROM
Star Guard at Dartmouth 1916 to 1919 and All-American Selection in 1919.

Picture the guard of the old days, a fat always has the impression that he was a big, fat, slow-moving man. A college guard should weigh between 175 and 200 pounds and a high school forward should come between 150 and 170 pounds. During the three years at college I did not weigh over 180 pounds.

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How Does It Strike You?

Miller's Spirit
Lebanon Athletes
Barrett's Chance
By THE OBSERVER

IF POSSIBLE Miller were the kind of a young man who lets compliments go to his head, instead of his heart, the Lebanon Lion, would be wearing an observatory dome today for a chapeau.

After the Navy game one of the first to congratulate Jonathan K. was Big Bill Hollenback.

"Poss is the big hero at Lebanon and Bert Matthews is writing columns for the News concerning the activities of the athletic idol during the practices and games."

"The Town of Production, Lebanon, Pa., Iron, Steel and Athletes. We turn steel and iron into bars and sheets and our athletes into stars." This is the opening paragraph of one of the articles.

Lebanon has a right to chuckle a bit over her athletes. Ursinus has received a large number of them—Hunk, Bowman, Will, Evans, Gingrich, Bert and Sterling Light and others; Princeton had Jimmy Hynson, basketball captain a few years ago; Albright had Arthur Light, at present team physician at Franklin Field; Lebanon Valley had Strickler, Walters, Moore and Wolfe, and Pennsylvania is grateful for Holey Light and Poss Miller.

AT LEBANON HIGH now they are drilling "Paster" Fields to keep the Lebanon lamp shining at Franklin Field. Fields is a snappy scholastic back. He beat Reading High last Saturday when he intercepted a forward pass and raced 90 yards for the winning touchdown.

Barrett's Chances Against White
CHARLEY WHITE knocked out Sid Marks, Sid Marks knocked out Bobby Barrett. What's going to happen at the Olympic Monday night when White meets Barrett?

Following this line of deduction, it must follow that White will knock out Barrett. But here's another line:

Barrett clipped Joe Tiplitz on the point of the chin and put Glassman's boy down for more than ten, but it happened between rounds. Tiplitz then knocked out Sid Marks in one round.

This line of reasoning would lead one to the conclusion that the fuss between the Clifton Heights red-head and the Chicago veteran will be very much of an even-Stephen affair.

Barrett as a boxer is as far away from White as Charley will be from his native town the night of the fight, but Robert possesses a very mean and wicked wallop in his right hand that is likely to muss up the dope on any occasion.

BARRETT is after Big Game again, and Big Game is dangerous.

Knockout Punchers in Battle at the Olympia
Barrett and White Both Possess 3 Sleep Wallops

Bobby Barrett, Clifton Heights' one-punch artist, satisfied that he has repaired the form that made him a terror to 135-pounders early last season, has been matched to meet Charley White, Chicago veteran, who has knocked out his last four opponents. Barrett and White will clash over the eight-round route in the final of five contests at the Olympia A. A. Monday night.

It will be a battle between Barrett's terrific right and White's sleep-producing left. Victory unquestionably will go to the one who lands the first punch.

The rivals of the punch have posted a forfeit of \$500 to make 137 pounds at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the bout.

Johnny Brown, of England, and Frankie Conway, of Camden, will square off in the semi-final.

The pairings for the other bouts are: Sammy Bern and Eddie Dempsey; Buddy Robideau and Sammy Hewitt; and Al Gordon and Jack Lester.

Darcy Knocks Out St. Hillan
New London, Conn., Nov. 2.—Johnny Darcy, of New York, knocked out Joe Hillan, of Concord, N. H., in the ninth round of a ten-round bout here. Darcy, who weighed 135 pounds, while Hillan weighed 137.

St. James to Open Season
The St. James baseball team, of West Philadelphia, will open their season on Monday with the Forty-eighth Ward at Sixty-eighth street and Woodland avenue. In the preliminary St. James' reserves will play the Bulldogs, who have been in the city for a few open days. He can be reached at 6740 Woodland avenue.

Western Electric Girls Ready for Basketball
Twelve Candidates Practice at Christ Church for Team

Chas. Henry says
"Never in all his experience has he seen Roses so cheap in November. Roses that sell at \$2, \$3 and \$4 per Dozen. We are selling Special to-day \$1.00 per Dozen" No Deliveries CHARLES HENRY FOX "The Sign of the Rose" 221 South Broad Street

Seekers of sounder values in shoes will have only themselves to blame if they buy without seeing these. Steigerwalt Boot Shop 1420 Chestnut St.

If you ask us we recommend Carter's Knit Union Suits

If you prefer other brands we have them also

Carter's Union Suits \$3.50 WOOLEN \$4 \$5 \$6 \$7.50 \$2 BALBRIGGAN \$2.50 \$3 Half Hose—woolen for winter, 50c to \$2.00

Marshall E. Smith & Bro. Men's Furnishings 724 Chestnut Street Athletic Goods