

"Tommy" Fennell

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If "Tommy" Fennell could afford to devote his whole year to football instead of only two months' vacation, there is no doubt that he would be without a peer. As it is, State's undergrads and alumni rightfully claim that "Tommy" is the best there is, not simply because of his wonderful coaching ability, but more because of the magnificent manliness of the man himself, and the example he sets to all of State's students.

The Interclass Football Game.

Supported by three hundred cheering classmates, the freshman team last Saturday pulled off a hard-fought but brilliant victory, in spite of the splendid resistance of the outclassed sophomore eleven and the rooting of their loyal friends. Both teams worked smoothly and every inch was hotly contested. With Vorhis, McCleary, Maxwell, and Hirshman in the game for the Freshmen, most of the Varsity's best plays were possible, and it was on these that the game was won. Neither team was able to gain consistently through its opponent's line. In consequence, the first half became a punting duel which favored the Freshmen. After exchanging punts several times, Vorhis tried for a field goal, but failed. Not long afterward McCleary made a spectacular 40 yard run around left end, scoring a touchdown for the Freshmen. He also kicked the goal. After both sides had lost the ball on downs, a splendid forward pass from Vorhis to Maxwell made a big gain, and placed the ball in position for an easy field goal by Vorhis, making the score 10 to 0. The first half closed a short time later without further score.

The second half was marked by more aggressive play on the part of

the Sophomores, and it ended with no score for either side and honors about even. During this half the Freshmen made large gains by on-side kicks and forward passes. The latter were especially effective, and were as well executed as any seen on Beaver Field this year.

The game was a very interesting one, and much enthusiasm was shown by both classes. Not only was good team work shown by each side, but much brilliant individual work was seen. For the Sophomores, Yeckley, Skemp, and Reece played a star game, while Vorhis, McCleary, Hirshman, Maxwell, Ayers and Sloan were much in evidence on the freshman side.

FRESHMEN 10	SOPHOMORES 0
Ayers.....	l.e. Mitchell, Digby
Wallace.....	l.t. Arnold, (Capt.)
Waters.....	l.g. Plough, Holtz
Johnson.....	l.c. Reece, Long
Vought, Montgomery.....	r.g. Bennitch
Sloan.....	r.t. Holtz, Fuhs
Maxwell.....	r.e. Allen, Haven, Workman
Vorhis, Whitmoyer.....	q.b. Lindemuth, Sell
Sullivan, Jones.....	l.h.b. Yeckley
McCleary, Hirshman.....	r.h.b. Skemp, Pearce
Hirshman, Taylor, Robinson.....	f.b. Miller

Touchdown—McCleary, Goal from touchdown—McCleary—Goal from field—Vorhis, Referee—Dr. Robison. Umpires—Higley and McIlveen. Timers—Thompson and Wright. Linemen—Sell and Brennan. Time of Halves—Twenty minutes.

A Mule-Shoe for Yale.

In speaking of Yale's game with State, Many reporters were heard to relate That it was by chance, through some ill fate, That Yale succeeded in scoring on State. I'll explain it to you, so that you can see, I'll make it as plain, as plain can be.— There was a mule, her name was Maud; Now this poor mule was loosely shod; And as she wandered with tail a-wavin', She entered the town of old New Haven. Within this town excitement reigned, Excitement that could not be feigned; Running in and out of doors Asking the "Y's and wherefore's", The people fled in wild dismay, For State had come to town that day. The sympathies of the mule called Maud, Whose beauty and grace all the papers applaud, The sympathies of this generous beast, Which are sought by all, to say the least, Were promptly extended to the boys of State, The sturdy boys from the Nittany college, Who stand for athletics as well as sound knowledge. Old Maud went out to the football field, To encourage Penn State, to make Yale yield; "State! State! Chee! Chah!" The boys would say; "State! State! Hee! Haw!" Old Maud did bray. The game, indeed, soon became exciting; Maud forgot herself and was in for fighting; In this did Maud very greatly err, For as a Yale man came down towards her,

Clasping the ball in his strong arm, Thinking that State's men could do him no harm, Maud suddenly turned, and let drive with both feet; She missed the Yale man, but hit the ball neat. The ball that she hit quickly sailed through the air On over the goal-posts, and then it dropped there. A shout went up from Eli's rooters; A wave of pennants; a blast from the "tooters;" The band played "March on Down the Field," While the State boys cried, "We'll never yield." The ball was picked up just back of the goal, But in the football there was a large hole, They pulled back the cover and then brought to view A piece of bright iron—It was a mule-shoe.

College Men in Demand

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