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Rodgers. Chadwick. Murray. Bass. Chamberlin. Fincke. Conner. Hartwell. Thorne. Hefflefinger. McFarland. VanEvery. Mills.
Hinkey. Murphy. Benjamin. Hine. Camp. Knapp. Tompkins. Ely.

THE UNIVERSITY ELEVEN WITH COACHES, AT THE FINAL PRACTICE.

[From a photograph by Corbin.]

YALE WAS OUTPLAYED.

The Story of Princeton's Great Victory on Manhattan Field.

There was said to be a way to kill the Tiger. Yale found that way. It didn't kill. The score of last Saturday's incident on Manhattan Field, Yale 6, Princeton 24, shows that it is well to have more than one way, if possible.

This year it was not possible. That is all one can say about it. Princeton overwhelmed Yale by a general superiority, having other instruments at hand when what was supposed to be her best weapon was parried and turned back on her.

From early in the season it was heralded abroad that of two elevens, supposed to well offset each other in most respects, that one would prevail which had the man who could punt best. Forseeing this, Yale's coaches and players united their work on the one point and before the game on Manhattan Field had been five

minutes under way they showed they had succeeded. Before another five minutes was up, they had showed they had scored a success in this line even beyond their hopes. Yale had not only broken the Princeton defense and stopped Baird, but in this very achievement had scored. Besides that, in this ten minutes, and indeed in all the rest of the play, it was clearly shown that the work of the great Princeton full-back was offset by the skill acquired by the Yale end rusher, whose natural equipment was not in this line. This is why Hinkey of Yale is given such praise by every spectator of the football battle in New York. This is why Yale was so delirious in her joy when her first and only score was made.

This, too, is what made the rest of the game and the drubbing given to Yale all the harder to bear. To pass a known danger only to meet a greater; to exchange apparent victory for a thorough defeat, is not pleasant.

There are lots of things that might have been otherwise; that might have affected the score. There always are. There is no harm in talking about them and speculating as to their effect, but there is business enough in hand in considering what actually was and what made the real score.

Of these things, greatest of all was the perfect system and the splendid spirit of the Princeton eleven. The men who are responsible for the game played by Princeton last Saturday are worthy of all praise and they do not find the least of their admirers among the supporters of the eleven which they so signally vanquished. Failing to succeed and even seeming for a time to lose the contest in a kicking game, they resorted with even more energy to the straightest and simplest form of a rushing game. The feature of it was an interference so perfectly formed, so accurately timed, so comprehensive, as to prevail, whenever tried, with rarest exceptions. This too, against an eleven fighting

harder and harder as the hope of victory for them grew more remote and even when crushing defeat was certain.

It was great football, even when Yale's eleven was worst overthrown and the attack of Cochran's men leading most plainly to successive touchdowns. That Princeton play alone was worth the watching, even to a Yale man, whose pride had no fall so long as the players who wore blue were fighting their hardest. There was plenty of sand in the defense. It is not an easy thing for a Yale team with crushing defeat in sight to improve its play, but the last fifteen minutes of the contest saw better work by the light Yale line against Princeton's attack and more frequent gains in offensive line plays.

Of the misty day and the muddy field the Weekly's readers must know well already. Of the appearance of the grounds, it is only necessary to recall other of these great games, and then fill up every place from the