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PRICE TEN CENTS.

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

"To stand upon their feet and play the game."

The team the college cherished took good care of Yale!

Six weeks ago they were, in a football sense, "prep" school boys. Brown gave them a bitter schooling. Then the Indians hammered them, but the boys had learned a thing or two, and they did some work on their own account. Two weeks ago West Point tried them out in a desperate game which one of these boys finally made a tie at the very last moment. Then loomed up ahead of them the game with Chicago—a team quite generally considered, after the Newton game, as able to defeat Yale.

There were plenty of people who said, and some who bet, that Yale would cancel the game. But Yale has never cancelled any games under such circumstances. The boys in blue went on against Chicago knowing nothing of what they might have to do, save one thing; that Yale must not be beaten. And they did their duty. With every succeeding game the Yale team was growing—growing older and wiser, and not being beaten. Every match was a lesson, and many were terribly hard ones, but they learned them.

Then came the week of the Harvard game. These boys, who had been tugging away since the first of September, were better men now than when Brown gave them their baptism of fire. But most of them had only heard of a Harvard game—not even seen one—still less taken part in one. And the game was to be at Cambridge, in the heart of the enemy's country. Harvard, who had beaten Brown all to pieces, who had doubled and trebled most of Yale's scores—Harvard was waiting for that long-deferred opportunity at Yale. Some of the boys in blue remembered Yale's record against Harvard with a thrill of satisfaction, and then a chill, as they thought that it depended upon them to keep that Yale goal safe this year. Then the day was at hand. The last words of the coaches rang in their ears and they ran out on to that great field before twenty-five thousand people and played for Yale.

The first half was a sort of hurly-burly to them. A Harvard man went around the end. Harvard men came through the line. But there was the favoring wind and an occasional kick, and somehow they got along and things steadied down a little. Then they were plunging with their own running game—the same that they had used day after day, and they lost their stage-fright and began to walk toward Harvard's goal. It came closer and closer, and they almost believed that they were going to get there, when something went wrong and the up-and-down began again. Then the referee's whistle blew, and the first half was over—their half with the wind! It was a little dreary to think of that.

But when, in the tent at intermis-

YALE'S COACHES AND PLAYERS.



COACHES.

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|-----------------------|------------------------|------------------------|----------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. F. S. Butterworth. | 4. Ray Tompkins. | 7. W. W. Heffelfinger. | 10. W. C. Rhodes. | 13. F. T. Murphy. | 16. F. W. Wallace. |
| 2. Walter Camp. | 5. H. S. Graves. | 8. G. T. Adee. | 11. V. C. McCormick. | 14. L. T. Bliss. | 17. L. M. Bass. |
| 3. F. A. Hinkey. | 6. Dr. J. A. Hartwell. | 9. L. Hinkey. | 12. W. O. Hickok. | 15. H. H. Knapp. | 18. G. F. Sanford. |

PLAYERS.

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|-----------------|---------------------|---------------|-------------|-----------------|--------------|
| 19. Hine. | 22. McBride. | 26. Chadwick. | 30. Marvin. | 34. Kiefer. | 38. Durston. |
| 20. Sullivan. | 23. Rodgers (Capt.) | 27. Benjamin. | 31. McGee. | 35. Chamberlin. | 39. Dudley. |
| 21. Cadwalader. | 24. Corwin. | 28. Marshall. | 32. Post. | 36. deSaulles. | 40. Conner. |
| | 25. Hazen. | 29. Brown. | 33. Allen. | 37. Hall. | |

sion, they looked about upon each face of player or coach they saw no trace of discouragement, but a sternness of purpose that meant much—how much it took the second half to tell. When each one of three or four coaches told them their faults, for there was no coddling, the team took it like veterans and only set their teeth the firmer. And then they went out once more and faced that wind, and a little accident gave Harvard the ball and a start toward the Yale goal. In the twinkling of an eye the Harvard assault was

throwing itself at the Yale line. Nearer and nearer these boys in blue felt the moment coming when Harvard would go over that goal line. But something they had learned or breathed in or acquired in some way at New Haven began to burn in them, and right on the very edge of the goal—on their six-yard line—they stood fast, and for three downs hurled the Harvard line back and away!

And then they became men, an old Yale team, and every moment they played they played harder, and the

Harvard runners went back more easily; and the sun shone; and before the referee called time those boys in blue had begun to march up that Soldiers' Field into the teeth of the wind and the Harvard team. And they didn't want to stop, but longed for more of it; more time to play, more time to make a touchdown. For they were past the fear of defeat.

All Yale has a right to love such a team, for they have taken good care of her colors. Here's the best of luck to Mr. Butterworth and his sandy boys in blue!

WALTER CAMP.