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AND HARVARD WINS.

[Continued from 79th page.]

ler of the days when he was himself, and Ely, magnificent exemplar of the grit of the Blue, took his broken rib as a high spirited steed takes a spur. Yale lived then; but Ely almost died. He finished off that string of rushes by skirting Harvard's left, as a partridge, driven from his cover, skirts the edge of birches. And, like the partridge, when the hunter knows his station, he fell at Daly's charge. The Harvard quarter struck the Yale quarter so hard that the impact could be heard all through those dripping stands. He not only held him; he lifted him up even as he struck, and threw him back, it seemed five yards. When the situation and Ely were diagnosed, it was found that Yale had gained twenty yards and Ely had lost some important connection in his anatomy. He could not disguise the fact although he had disguised his earlier injury, but he would say nothing about it and rebelliously refused to leave the field. As the whistle sounded a moment later, when the ball had been carried over in front of the Harvard goal, he was lying on the ground and from his outstretched arms the Yale Captain had just sent the ball low over the Harvard line in a last desperate attempt to score against the finest eleven that ever came out of Cambridge.

THE FIRST YALE OFFENSE.

To go backwards in the game, it was early in the second half when Yale first showed something of this same spirit. It foreshadowed that final rally in the end of the game and in some respects resembled that all but triumphal march of 70 yards at Princeton the Saturday before. One had begun to doubt that any impression at all could be made on that Harvard line, so it was all the more refreshing when that first sign of a brace appeared. There had been an exchange of kicks, in which Dibblee had made one of several fine dashes through a broken field, carrying the ball to nearly the center of the field. Harvard had attempted to rush, but failed, and Cutten put the ball in play for Yale at or about her 50-yard line. Then the irregular Blue line became fierce and the backs recovered some of the dash and force of former contests. It was the straightest kind of football; there was no mass coherence, which was so evident in Harvard's tremendous rushing. The Harvard line was split, rather than forced. Dudley more frequently carried the ball, but Durston, McBride, and Chamberlin cooperated. An additional aid was a neat gain by Ely on a double pass.

It raised the spirit of the Yale side considerably. For all that, the progress

was slow. And when, after fifteen yards had been slowly wrenched from Harvard's strong grasp and the gains came all the harder, there was a great deal of wondering along the side-line as to why Yale did not kick. "They can never get that through," said one of the coaches to his neighbor. "It's costing too much both in strength and in time. You've got to do things quickly nowadays in football. A short high kick gives at least a chance for a fumble."

BUT YALE HAS TO YIELD.

Still Yale hammered persistently on and Harvard cut down the gains from yards to feet and then held them absolutely. As the ball was transferred this same critic continued: "There goes the first chance for a touchdown." It was not long after this that Haughton's kick, supplemented by a Yale fumble, brought the battle again near Yale's goal, where the Harvard machine once more began business.

For those who want to see the course of the contest, as shown by the successive series of rushes and runs, the diagrams of this issue ought to tell the story with a fair degree of completeness and accuracy. It is rather the pleasanter way of telling a story to a Yale audience. But that Harvard eleven was a wonderful thing, and just how it accomplished its particular purposes on three occasions is worth the knowing.

Its first work was early. After the usual exchange of kicks Yale began on her rushing program about the middle of the field. She left it off where she began. Chamberlin's men could not at the outset do anything against the Harvard defense, which was fierce, sure, consistent and omnipresent. Chamberlin kicked and Harvard returned. A long punt from Haughton went over the Yale goal line, which meant nothing but an opportunity for Yale to kick out at her 25-yard line. The kick-out by Chamberlin was taken by Dibblee, who did what Harvard was often able to do under those circumstances; that is, he ran about 20 yards before he was stopped. The Yale ends were seldom down with the kicks.

When they arrived the Harvard interference was in the way and almost invariably too much for them. Now and again the wet ball slipped from Harvard hands, but there was no instance in the writer's recollection when that did Yale any good. There was another Harvard man there to get it. The Yale forwards had very little idea where the ball was. "They don't know even when it's on the ground," said one of the coaches on the side-line. Those men were not in decent condition. Hubbell, in spite of several fine tackles, was certainly playing below his standard and his face was anything but the face of a man trained to the task of a championship contest.

Dibblee decided that Harvard, at about the center of the field, was near enough to the Yale goal line to travel there. Harvard's great play was the tackles-back formation and it worked almost every time. It was fine, sharp, hard football and Reid, Warren and Dibblee in turn took from two to five yards on every formation. One gain crossed three lines. Yale supporters by no means expected what was coming. "They'll hold them yet," said the substitutes, and the Harvard mind was not unprepared for a characteristic Yale defense. There was a characteristic determination and sand in the last ditch fight, but it was death and not salvation which followed. The ball went on from the 7-yard to four, and then to the 3-yard line and then there was only a single yard to cover. And a good strong drive at center covered it. It took a lot of tangling to tell whether the trick had been done or not, for everyone was in at the death. Jaffrey, who was several times as long as the distance Harvard wanted, had made a dive at Cutten's shins. The Yale center came over on Jaffrey, then Reid of Harvard came over the Yale center; also the Yale goal line.

THE HARVARD JOY.

For the first time in eight years the Harvard bleachers saw Harvard actually leading and acted accordingly. You may think that the weather prevented any picturesque demonstration of joy. But a football crowd can rise superior to any such slight embarrassment as a north-east storm. The system of de-

fense used against nature, after the mackintoshes and rubber coats of New Haven had all been bought up, were, first, tarpaulins and oilskins for the men, and, when they had given out, oil-cloth and marble-cloth for both men and women. Some undergraduate probably first thought of the latter device. He went into a department store, bought a few yards of this stuff, cut a hole in the middle for his head, and there he was. When the Harvard and Yale crowds, who of course followed this example by the hundred, just as long as the supply of material in New Haven lasted, donned these chorister's cotters, they of course chose their colors when they could. The more horrible and repugnant the design as long as the shade was all right, the more it suited the man. Growsome carpet patterns were the most popular. Those who couldn't get the right color chose white.

The ecclesiastical effect was interesting. So you can imagine how that crowd of six or seven thousand Harvard people looked when that touchdown was made. At such a time red oilcloth is not used to keep the rain out, nor are cane seats used to sit on.

The touchdown was at the west side of the field and Harvard punted out for a try at goal near the center. There was no hitch in the program and Haughton had all the chance possible for a goal, but missed it, the ball striking the left post. The Yale crowd lifted a shout, for that meant that a good touchdown could still win the game. Two more good ones did.

Harvard made the first touchdown after 12 minutes of actual play. She took about half the time to make the second. After the exchange of punts one of the beautiful plays of the day was made by Ely of Yale, who took the ball on a kick and started for Harvard's right. He slipped by all the forwards and, when at last squarely blocked, jumped clean over the Harvard tackler and added five yards more before he was downed. He had covered 25 yards.

Yale had been blocked again on her rushing and again took up the kicking game. There, also, Harvard gained and left the scene of the contest at about Yale's 15-yard. The evident play was still for Yale to kick; but perhaps she was discouraged by her former experi-

[Continued on 82d page.]

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