

YALE ALUMNI WEEKLY

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READY FOR PRINCETON.

Yale Eleven Doing Light Work—In Fine Physical Condition.

The annual Yale-Princeton game will be played at the Yale Field, Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2 o'clock. The details for the seating of a great crowd have been completed and at this writing it looks as though not a single seat would be vacant of the 17,500 that the stands contain.

Yale's strong game against Harvard, and her splendid physical condition afterwards with not a man even bruised, would seem to point to a fine contest with Princeton, of which the result would be very hard to forecast. Princeton will, probably, depend on mass plays for her gains and on her speedy quarter, Hutchinson, to reduce McBride's punting. Yale will undoubtedly play the same line as last Saturday, Snitjer being at end. Sharpe and Richards will probably start at half.

Train and Car Service.

The following time table of the best trains from New York and Boston to New Haven and return on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad on Saturday, Nov. 18, may be of value to those who are coming from those points, and beyond, to the Yale-Princeton game. The train which leaves New York at noon, reaching her at 1.40, will scarcely give sufficient time for its passengers to get to the Field before the game starts, at 2 o'clock.

NEW YORK TO NEW HAVEN.	
Leaves New York.	Arrives in New Haven.
8.00 A. M.	10.05 A. M.
9.04 "	11.00 "
10.00 "	11.30 "
10.02 "	12.00 M.
11.00 "	12.50 P. M.
12.00 M.	1.40 "

NEW HAVEN TO NEW YORK.
After the game regular trains will run from New Haven to New York as follows, in sections sufficient to carry the crowd:

Leaves New Haven.	Arrives in New York.
4.17 P. M.	6.00 P. M.
5.10 "	6.58 "
7.10 "	9.00 "
8.10 "	10.00 "
9.10 "	11.00 "

BOSTON TO NEW HAVEN.
These trains start from the South terminal station, Saturday morning as follows:

Leaves Boston.	Arrives in New Haven.
6.42 A. M.	12.00 M.
9.00 "	1.05 P. M.
9.00 "	1.35 "
10.00 "	1.30 "

NEW HAVEN TO BOSTON.
Leaving New Haven after the game these are the best trains for Boston:

Leaves New Haven.	Arrives in Boston.
4.50 P. M.	9.00 P. M.
5.45 "	10.00 "
6.50 "	11.00 "
1.00 A. M. Sunday.	6.15 A. M.

CARS TO THE FIELD.
Although the cars do not run beyond the bridge, the same as last year, the transportation promises to be much better. The new, wide bridge and the improved road bed to the Field gate

HARVARD UNIVERSITY ELEVEN.

Sawin. Eaton. A. R. Sargent. Burnett. Hallowell.
Campbell. Mc Masters. Daly.

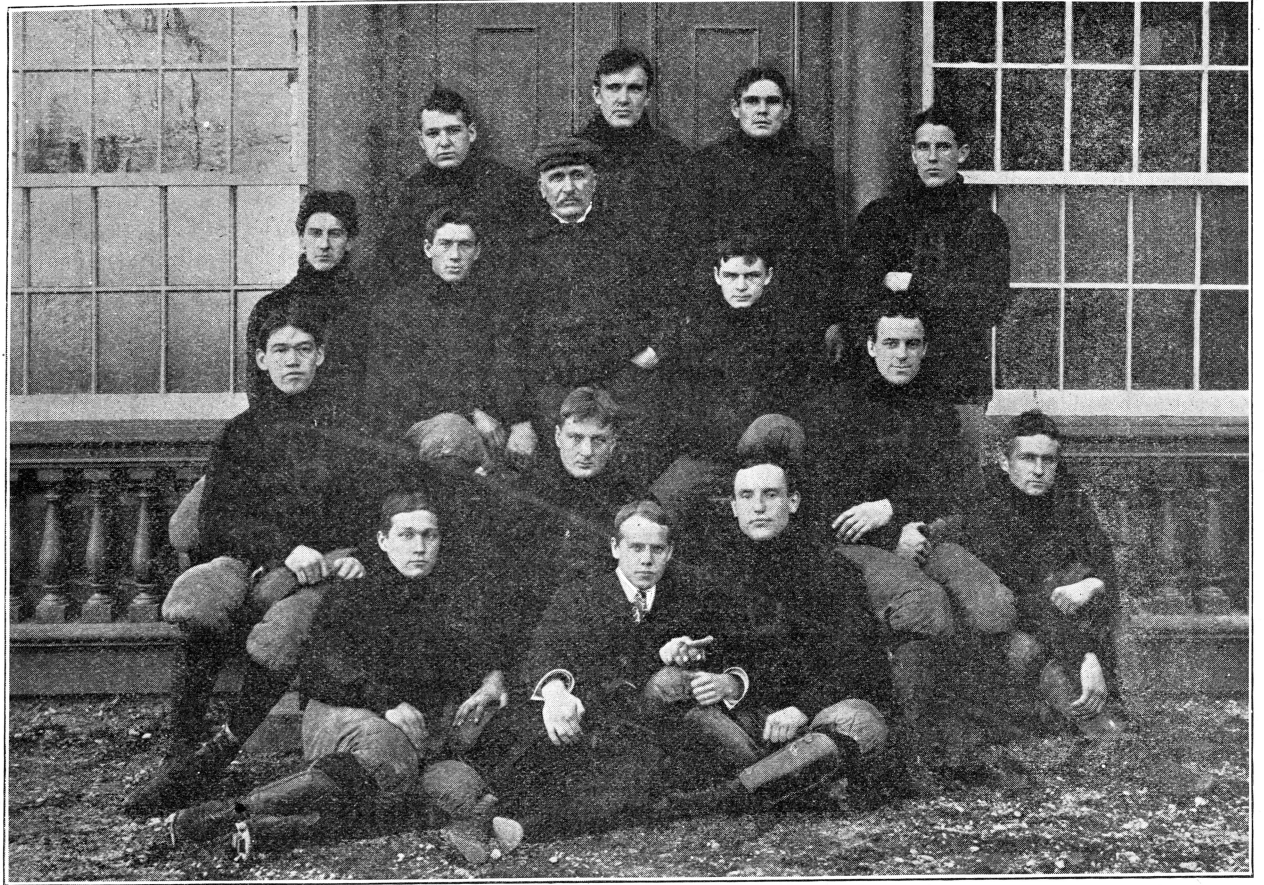


Photo by Pach
Ellis. Kendall. Burden. Spalding (Mgr.) Boal. Donald. J. Lawrence.

will minimize the crowding and delay. Cars will run, through Chapel Street and Derby Avenue, to the line terminus, every minute, starting from the corner of Church and Chapel Streets. Should the crowds demand it, cars sufficient to carry everyone, will be put on.

SAND, SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

Mr. Camp Thinks They All Contributed Towards Yale's Recovery.

To the "sand" of the team, the sense of the Captain and Coach and especially to the sentiment of the University, Yale owes her recovery from the depth of defeat after the Columbia game and her remarkable stand against Harvard. The cheers that have daily aided the men made them grow slowly but surely into a team "that to beat would mean a triumph," and the cheers that swelled from the Yale stand at Cambridge helped make "the work of whipping that team a difficult undertaking." Though it looked dark for Yale yet that cheering never stopped. Harvard was crowding the team down toward the goal; near and nearer they came, but Yale spirit was there awaiting them.

"And when Harvard got 'em down against the ropes, There was something in 'em up and made 'em rise, Till they ripped and tore and crushed the crimson hopes, And set the blue o' heaven in their eyes!"

WALTER CAMP.

THE GREAT TIE.

Some Impressions of It by a Reporter Without a Notebook.

If there is ever again to be played such another football match there will be people who will not go to it. The tie game at Soldiers Field on Saturday, the eighteenth of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, was the most painful kind of a glorious thing to watch, to one who cared at all as to how it came out, of anything that the writer ever remembers being offered in the name of sport. Men who have laughed at their nervous friends for what they called their suffering during exciting athletic contests have now some sympathy with them. Coaches who have passed their first decade of service on the field or the sidelines, churned their heels into the cinders, bit pieces off their cigars and swallowed them without knowing it, leaned on each other for support, and forgot all the proprieties of official composure, as one after another of the sharp corners was turned. During a stop of a minute to measure a distance, I noticed a man sitting near me blowing things out of his mouth. I inquired sympathetically, and he explained by saying that he supposed his cigar had fallen onto the cinder track three or four times and that he had put it into his mouth afterwards without knowing anything about the act. We looked at it and found it all covered with fine pieces of black cinders. He was a man who had been in intercollegiate athletics for most of his college course and in close connection with them for twenty years afterwards. He said

he would not take the contract of smoking another cigar during such another game for anything short of a referee's stipend.

THE YALE STAND.

One man said it was the third down. He is one of the chiefs of the sport and has lived more days and nights and years with a Rugby football and knows more about the dynamics of the toe than any other athlete living, according to the writer's best knowledge and belief.

And he said that Harvard had another chance to go through when Richards took the ball from Ellis, between twelve and eighteen inches from the goal line of the Blue. It is a pity that there are not more people who agree with him. If this belief could be established, it would complete in every detail a superlatively dramatic incident in the chronicles of the great American game.

Of course, this is all about Yale's stand in the middle of the first half. You know about it. If you weren't one of 35,000 people who saw it, you were one of several myriads more who watched the thing on a blackboard. As to how it all happened, play by play, tackle by tackle, hurdle by hurdle, is it not hereafter told according as it appeared from the notebooks of two men who saw it all from different vantage points, and knew the fighters, and checked each other's notes, and made diagrams, in order that history might be accurately written?

Things had been going so well, as Yale men thought, up to this time, that what then happened in this great onslaught and the greater standing against it was all the more heartwringing. The game was not three minutes old before the Yale team said as plainly as though