

# Athletics at Pennsylvania

By Frederick E. MacMillan

Illustration from Photograph

NOW that the baseball season is over and balls and bats and the feats of "Ty" Cobb and "Hans" Wagner have been laid to rest in the garret of oblivion, sporting interest has turned to whet its taste on the thrilling excitement of a spectacular end run—a smashing play through center—or on the breathless awe instinct in the execution of a cleverly-timed forward pass. And why not? Foreigners say that we Americans live rapidly; we do, both in regard to business and to pleasure. Gladly do we hang in tingling suspense over three men on bases, two out, and "three and two" called on the batter. But baseball can only live so long. The series ended, the championship decided, and we shout:

"Give us excitement—blood, gore and broken bones if need be—but give us some outlet for this pent-up enthusiasm, and let us root."

Well, throw wide the gates, toss the ball into the gridiron, call forth the teams and give us peace!

American athletics—college athletics—athletics at the University of Pennsylvania if you will. As a system it is wonderful; as a course it excels in general interest all others at the university. As its basis it has a \$500,000 gymnasium fitted up with an enormous drill hall complete in apparatus, a pool 100x30, a boxing-room, rowing-room, fencing-room and all the rest, presided over by one supreme officer, under whose supervision are attached instructors and assistants for each of the many departments, in some of which must appear every one of the 4,500 students in matriculation.

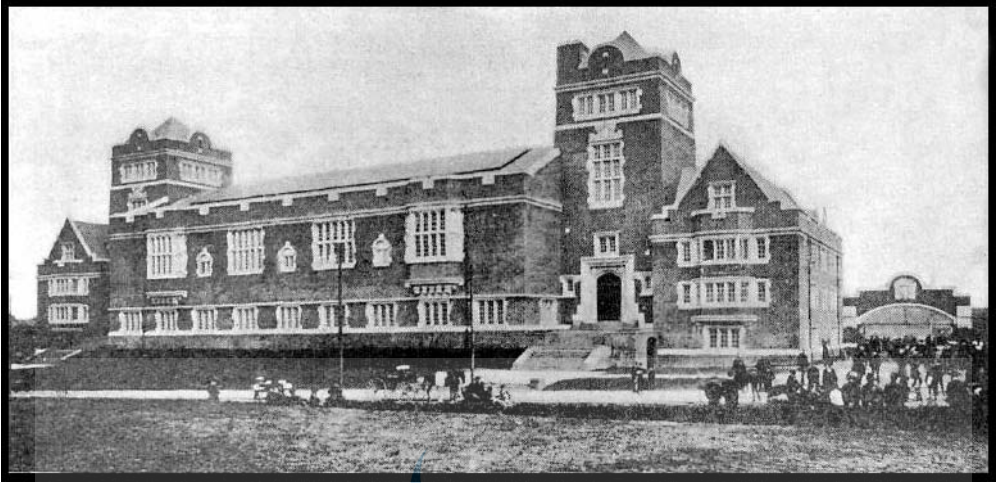
An adjunct to this is a training house—a brick and sandstone building just north of the gymnasium and overlooking

Franklin Field. This is the home of the football team in the fall and the baseball and track teams in the spring. It is run on the dormitory system, one man to a room (as much as opportunity will afford), with dining-hall, reading-room and so on. Under the direct control of "Mike" Murphy, probably the greatest trainer the country has yet known, the men are kept in perfect condition, continually on their toes, ready to make the fight of their lives.

Franklin Field, a quarter-mile track, within which lies the lime-marked football field, without, the horseshoe stadium capable of seating 25,000 enthusiasts, rooters, friends, enemies, their friends and their friends' friends; and if you haven't two dollars with you, we will take a dollar and a half, or a dollar—or even seventy-five cents—and we will do our best to give you your money's worth.

Football—and this is what we have come to tell you about—is the one real money-making sport in a university. From the treasurer's report, based on the fiscal year ending September 1, 1907, the net receipts totaled \$57,064.40, from which \$25,850.76 must be deducted to off-set expense incurred that season, leaving a balance of \$31,213.64, enough to overcome a bill of \$10,167.81 for rowing (this sport oddly enough contributed the ludicrous amount of \$3.51 towards its own maintenance), \$10,241.94 for baseball, and left almost the necessary balance to defray \$11,310.21, a wad the track team managed to run away with. It is easily seen then what a healthy patronage can do for college athletics.

The setting arranged, bring out the team. Captain Hollenbach, Scarlett and Draper, the all-American selections of



THE GYMNASIUM

last season; Pike, Miller, Braddock, Gaston, Keinath, Crooks returned a nucleus for this year's team. To this number has been added Manier, the all-Southern fullback two years back, Means from Ohio state, Lamberton, Ferrier, McIntyre, Young, Reagan, Philler, Marks and Cozzens. From end to end, the team averages 178 pounds. With the revision instituted several years ago, making it necessary to gain ten yards in three downs, instead of five, has come the imperative demand for speed rather than weight—for a reasonably heavy team which is fast rather than the husky type with great line-bucking ability.

And yet, in spite of the different variations of the forward, double, triple and fake passes, the old game as we knew it three years ago—halfback through tackle, halfback through guard—is the play relied upon. We hesitate more than once before using the long pass—it is risky. Either that, or we won't unfold our tricks until we have to. A most surprising thing it is that so little open play is resorted to. Pennsylvania is not alone here; nearly all the big teams, with the possible exception of Yale, have clung to the old game and played safe. We are every one of us holding something "up our sleeve." The Indians against Pennsylvania gave an exhibition of forward, double and delayed passes that electrified the crowd. They were willing to show their hand in the middle of a

season in order to win. Though time and again the ball was intercepted in mid-air by a Pennsylvanian end or back, this method resulted in gains that made a touchdown all but inevitable. Three attempted goals from placement failed, and after having tied the score 6 to 6, the Indians heard the final whistle blow with the ball in their possession in mid-field.

The temporary disability of Keinath, who at quarterback has shown himself to be most adept in executing the forward pass, has robbed the game of a great deal of its hair-raising possibilities.

Hollenbach has played his position at fullback with a greater degree of brilliancy than any of his rivals up to date. He returns the kick-off forty, fifty and sixty yards before being thrown, is almost in a class by himself in getting away on a fake kick, and is a deadly tackler in the open field. His punting, especially the long, low "on-side" variety, has called forth no small amount of favorable comment, while otherwise he twists a spiral fifty yards or so and high enough to allow his ends, Braddock and Scarlett, plenty of time to get down on them.

The drop-kick came into being with enthusiasm, and died out on account of an injury to Keinath.

Thorpe of the Indians excels in this style of play, having won two games already with his agile toe—he kicks, however, from placement.