

Carolina Freshmen 65 Yards For Touchdown—Highs Win Over C. M. N. A. Football And Other Things

Carolina Freshmen Smother Fighting Bingham Eleven By Good Playing and Good Luck

(By PAT RICHARDS)

Good luck and good football gave the Carolina Freshmen a 28-10 victory over Bingham yesterday afternoon at Oates Park. The 1,700 people who saw the game were given plenty of thrills from the first kick-off to the final whistle.

Chief among the thrills was Griffin's 85-yard run for a touchdown in the first quarter. The second period opened. The short halfback of Carolina gave an exhibition of stepping down the sideline as has been seen on a local field.

But capturing all the other backfield men seen on the field yesterday was the tall Kirkpatrick. He stalked the Carolina backfield in at least two of every three plays for the entire game, both offensive and defensive. He took more punishment than any other player. His defense was always able to make a hole in the Freshmen's defense, and time after time when Carolina had the ball he knifed through the line and spilled the runner in his own back yard for a loss.

It was a great fight that the Cadets put up against the Freshmen. Outweighed 20 pounds to the man, the Cadets held the Carolina backfield to the punting line. At 43 yards to the punting line, the Cadets tackled Dalton, Brookshire and Captain Wilson. Their own secondary defense for 47 yards.

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CADETS FIND HARD FOE IN A. AND E.

FIRST HALF NO-GOLK GAME SCORELESS

Aerial Attack Wins for V. M. I.—Score Two Touchdowns, One by 70 Yard Run.

(By SAM POTT.)

That affair at Oates Park yesterday was a double victory. All about from the splendid win of the Carolina Freshmen over the Bingham Cadets it showed that a University team will outdraw anything else ever brought here.

There were around 1,700 people at yesterday's game—the biggest football crowd ever gathered on a regular Saturday in some time. This is a victory for Asheville, cheering thought to the Carolina alumni of heretofore who are working so faithfully toward securing a Carolina varsity football game here next year with some big college.

The amazing dexterity with which that short halfback Griffin eluded them all in his 85 yard dash for a touchdown from kick-off and the same thing on his second and third runs, indicate some one will have to try lively next year to keep him off the varsity. The same thing applied to Quarterback Devin.

Carolina State made a remarkable showing in the first and second quarters, both on the offensive and defensive. In the first period they attacked Bingham's line and around their ends, making five first downs while the Cadets failed to get a single one. In the second half they had registered seven first downs to three for the Cadets.

At the opening of the third quarter the Cadets began a steady drive that finally brought them victory. They paraded down the field in perfect rhythm, and the rest of the time the Carolina line and backfield held the ball for downs and kicked out a punt.

That penalty inflicted on Bingham in the third quarter, just as Brookshire planted the ball on Carolina's four-yard line after a 42-yard run, was mighty hard luck. There was no doubt of the justice of the referee's action, and no doubt of the hard luck. And now it comes to us that Brookshire is deserving of some sort of credit. He was about the only one to skirt the Carolina ends successfully—and while Kirkpatrick got one man, Brookshire eluded the rest by his own talent.

Some sort of medal should be pinned on Coach Nemo Coleman and the team he has developed. From practically nothing, that line, 20 pounds lighter than the Freshmen, held like a stone wall 20 feet thick, and an incidentally one to skirt the Carolina ends successfully—and while Kirkpatrick got one man, Brookshire eluded the rest by his own talent.

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BLUE BIRDS UPSET DOPE BY CLIPPING CLAWS OF ELEVEN WHICH HELD CADETS TO TIE

WIN GAME IN FINAL PERIOD BY 24-7 SCORE

Local Eleven Tallies 18 Points in Fourth Quarter—Chalkies Makes 80 Yard Run.

(By J. G. DICKSON)

GREENSBORO, Oct. 28.—Trinity tamed the Davidson Wildcats here this afternoon, winning the first time the two ever met in football by a count of 12 to 0.

The Methodist had the best of everything, except for a brief time near the end of the third quarter, when the Wildcats threatened to score on a forward pass, and line plunge. Trinity started with a rush making good gains in the first quarter, a touchdown, in the second.

Trinity Victory Decisive

In the last quarter they worked the Cadets for another touchdown. In each case Simpson failed to hook the ball over for the extra point. The victory of the Methodists was decided regarding here mostly in the light of an upset. Local people as a rule had picked the Presbyterians.

The first quarter saw the Methodists strutting their stuff. The ball was in Davidson territory all the time, and when Ledgister ripped off a 25 yard run the method had been in the stands went nearly crazy. Trinity made six first downs to Davidson's two in the first quarter.

The second quarter saw Trinity put the ball across the goal line. Davidson received the ball, but was forced to kick. An end run, a pass, a line smash were good enough to take Trinity near the line, and Smith, quarterback, went across for six points.

In the third quarter Hendrix of Davidson intercepted a forward pass. Davidson kicked. Smith, who fumbled but recovered. Davidson's third quarter.

Trinity fumbled again, Hendrix recovering the ball and carrying it to the 45-yard line. Another forward pass netted nine yards. Davidson gained by line plunge, Davidson tried to kick. Hendrix, on Trinity's five-yard line when the quarter ended.

The fourth quarter saw Trinity intercept a forward pass and punt for consistent gains. Then a pass, Simpson to Neal, with Neal at the 10-yard line.

Yours humbly takes great pleasure in welcoming to Asheville and vicinity Grant and Robert Kings Lardner, and whoever else comes with them. The Citizen long ago realized the value of the writings of these top-notchers in their line, and they are ever gaining in favor.

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH IS GAME OF GOLF, MAKING OLD YOUNG AGAIN, CULLEN CAIN FINDS

(Philadelphia Public Ledger)

That is a question that most of us, passing along the road that borders the green, has asked as able-bodied men apparently sane and sensible men grow old, and over hill and dale before high heaven in a manner to make the angels weep. I had often wondered myself.

I went out to the Lansdowne Country Club yesterday with my friend Bert Crowhurst, the hotel man, to try and find out. And after following a hotel man, a sales manager, a hardware merchant and a banker, all middle-aged men, over 13 holes from midday to approaching twilight I found that they played to become young again. And though they were not so young as I had figured it out carefully and conscientiously, the business man between the ages of 30 and 40 who plays golf with regularity adds, on an average, 10 years to his allotted span of efficiency, during which he may work and play pretty well up to reason's level and mind's eye, and I fell in with the game they play, but the facts forced themselves upon me.

It was not so much the blended blue of sunshine and wind and rain that works so friendly a miracle for weary men, but the mere exercise of walking and swinging a club. Nature's chemicals are an anodyne, but they must be able to get inside the man's brain before they can do much; exercise is an antidote for what ails you, but all the red blood shatters and the brain is wasted if carrying care is still the job with a curycomb in his hand.

As I saw the game and considered the players, the best thing of all that works is the practice of hitting a little white ball and trusting after it, up hill and down, its effect upon these four men. The game and all of its paraphernalia setting work mightily upon its devotees. I went to Crowhurst's inn and found the merchant in a middle-aged man, bald-headed, pedate, his face lined with wrinkles that came from much work in the club house and in the office. He was a man who muttered some about his laundry, his refrigerator plant and his temperamental roof garden. But when we passed from cement walks to the green and the sweep of the hills, he began to laugh and speak of other things.

In the locker room he divested himself of his blue suit and stiff straw hat and correct and polished shoes, and also of his wrinkles, his seriousness and his mutterings. He donned a disreputable, worn, white flannel shirt, a pair of wrinkled, faded, stained knee pants, and a cocked gray cap over one eye and pranced out the door into the sunlight like a boy. With great loud and raucous voice that a person by the name of Jeff Griffith come forth and help him to tread upon the naughty arrogance of a pair of knaves who answered to the entitlement of "Bill" Sullivan and Ralph Hale.

And there appeared upon the club house lawn a man decked out in golf togs and the ruin of what had once been a hat. His legs were crossed upon his knees and he had been frozen by more than 40 Winters and thawed by as many returning Springs. He was a little look smaller still, but he made him grab Crowhurst's hand and they swore by the gods of the bunker, the sandpit and the ravine that they would wreck the hopes of a pair of escaped convicts that day.

Came then two men with a swart and burly and unamused to the name of "Bill," and the other was light and slender and soft of features and he had a pleasant smile. "Bill's" name was Sullivan, and he was a sales manager, the soft-spoken man is a sales manager, and he was Hale in name and he was Hale in met and hearty. He and I went to play mine host of the inn and the hardware merchant with the hard-looking headgear, a foursome.

The battle began at two bells and it never slackened or softened throughout the long afternoon. From the first stroke made by the banker, I viewed with interest the chances of my hotel friend the day. "Bill" was left-handed and he twirled a venomous golf club. When he spoke that little white ball it was though he kicked wings and became a bird, striking its way never less than 200 yards to the flight. They said he was a power of the ball, and he was a left-handed man, and he had a things well; he hath uncanny skill with that portside fin.

On they went from tee to green and green to hole, and the soul of every man was in the stroke and the course of the little white ball. They talked, breathed and oozed sweat. They walked fast after the hole because they wanted to hit it again. They kicked each other and they praised friend and foe over his shots. Their assem purposes were beyond description of mortal man. The crisis of all creation hung suspended over the green and the heavens and the sun stood still in breath and the sun stood blew and the grass grew and the hills were kind.

The hotel man did not know that there was a hotel in the land; he thought that men roosted in trees and slept in the ground. The merchant was counting the green blades between his ball and the cup. He had offered to buy anything he saw in the sales manager, he would have hit the ball in the middle. The other man had held the banker's soul in wrapt enchantment. The fight of his ball as it hovered over the green.

They over the green. They oag of them wags No. 3 and every man was in the stroke and the course of the little white ball. They talked, breathed and oozed sweat. They walked fast after the hole because they wanted to hit it again. They kicked each other and they praised friend and foe over his shots. Their assem purposes were beyond description of mortal man. The crisis of all creation hung suspended over the green and the heavens and the sun stood blew and the grass grew and the hills were kind.

ARMY OPENS LONG RANGE BATTERIES

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 28.—Forward passing as a means to touchdowns by each side gave a touch of the spectacular to the bowl this afternoon, and brought to its feet the crowd of 75,000 spectators.

After a kicking duel, both teams opened up and put across touchdowns. Neither team scored in the first half but the Ellis came back strong in the third quarter when Dalton's four forward passes, consistent with Yale's 40-yard line, Army's 34-yard line. Here Yale completed the longest pass of the game, Neal passing to Mallory, who substituted for Scott, who raced to the four-yard line before being stopped. Neal took the ball over on a spread off-tackle play.

Early in the last period on the Army, again with the aid of the north wind on his back, advanced the ball into Yale territory on the 45-yard line.

Then the Army opened up with a series of four forward passes which were incomplete, two of Smythe to Wood, was good for 29 yards, two line plays gain five yards, and then Wood saved his team by completing another pass to the four-yard line, going 17 yards to the three-yard line before being downed. On two line plays Wood finally plunged over for the touchdown which gave his team the much-d-cerved tie.

ATLANTA, Oct. 28.—Notre Dame's football warriors for the first time today invaded the southland and with an aerial attack too perfect for Georgia Tech's Yellow Jackets to solve was forced to retire for the remainder of the game. Captain Barrett was badly hurt when tackled around the back a few minutes later but he returned to the battle.

PENNSYLVANIA IS WINNER OVER NAVY

WIN GAME IN FINAL QUARTER BY SCORE OF 15-7

Over 50,000 Spectators See Battle in New Stadium—Penn Outplayed in First Half

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 28.—Outplayed and outmaneuvered by the midshipmen from Annapolis today, the University of Pennsylvania's football team pulled itself together in the third period, tied the score and won from the Navy in the final quarter, 15 to 7. Nearly 50,000 people saw the game, and an incidentally witnessed the formal dedication of the new stadium which will seat about 50,000 persons.

Captain "Pip" Miller, Pennsylvania's halfback, came forward in the third quarter, and through his efforts Pennsylvania scored the tying touchdown and in the next period put across the winning score.

SCOUT HEADS NAMED BY A. S. GUERARD

Albert S. Guerard, President of the Asheville Council of Boy Scouts, has announced chairman of standing committee for the year following his committee members to be named later: B. S. Colburn, finance; P. M. Burdette, publicity; C. F. MacRae, activities; Curtis Ryan, court of honor; John H. Cuthy, troop organizer; and W. L. Brooker, leadership and training.

NOTRE DAME'S AERIAL GAME PROVES TOO FINISHED FOR YELLOW JACKETS TO SOLVE

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ERSKINE'S BEATEN BY ELONITES, 10-0

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Oct. 28.—After three periods of scoreless football, Elon put across a touchdown and a field goal here today for a 10-0 victory over Erskine in a game marked by the fact that only two penalties were incurred, off-side offense being committed by each team.

Quarterback Perry in the final period fought his way down the field, carrying the ball almost every time, and finally smashed through for the touchdown, dropped the extra point and hoisted a clean field goal from the 23-yard line.

Erskine had threatened to score in the second period but lost the ball on downs in almost ten yards of the goal, despite the completion of a short forward pass.

Where were the lift and stroke of yesterday? Alas, the wind had blown the mail away. As in the gloaming I left him sitting on that stool, a game sportsman, old in years, but young in heart, wondering if his stroke would ever come back to his eager and snowy arm.

The coaches who after all should get the lion's share of credit for the double victory of the Freshmen here, the left Assistant Coach, H. H. Shepard and the right Assistant Coach, E. M. Alexander, Asheville men and formerly Bingham men.

NOTED WRITERS TO VISIT HERE

Grantland Rice, Ring Lardner, George Horne and possibly one or two more of the world famous sport and special writers for The Asheville Citizen-Sunday are tomorrow for a two-day stay at the Ballroom-Country Club.

SON BORN

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Grice, Asheville, announce the birth of a son, Earl Grice, Jr., Oct. 27, at 10:15 a. m. Weight, 7 lbs. 10 oz. Length, 20 inches. Doctor, Dr. J. H. Grice.