

# THE TAR HEEL.

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THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

## Championship Game

## Results in a Tie.

**Carolina 12, Virginia 12---Varsity Played a Magnificent Game—The "Tar Heels" Impregnable.**

**Coach Olcott's Training Shown in the Magnificent Team Work of Carolina—The Virginians, Flushed with Victory Over the Indians, Thought Carolina an Easy Number—The Stars Were Foust, Graves, Stewart, Albright, Endicott, Cox, Condon, Farlow, Holt, Engle, Berkely, Newton, Jacocks, Jones.**

Well! Well!!! Well!!!  
You are not so many Virginia!  
Now do you think so?  
We made you feel as if you were not, didn't we?

"Old Virginia is in the soup,  
S-o-u-p C-o-u-p  
Soup! Soup!! Soup!!!"

That was the yell the three hundred enthusiastic Carolina supporters were singing Thursday while on their way to Richmond, and that was the yell the same contingent was singing after the struggle with the long haired pig skin chasers from Virginia, was over.

With the scalps of the Indians dangling in their belts, helmetted, armored, padded, mighty in the glory of their youth and magnificent strength, the University of Virginia foot ball warriors found out in fifteen minutes Thanksgiving Day that they were against eleven fighting men, "Tar Heels," North Caro-



G. R. BERKELEY.

linians who didn't seem to know what giving up meant.

In an area formed by four walls of humans from ten to fifty rows deep—these two sets of eleven young giants fought bitterly, bravely, fairly, squarely honestly, terribly, for seventy cheering, blood stirring minutes.

At two twenty Capt. Foust (God bless him and his noble followers) leading the "Tar Heel" aggregation, ran briskly to the center of the field and the Carolinians began their preliminary practice. At this jun-

ture the "Tar Heel" adherents went wild with enthusiasm and the Carolina yell "Boom Rah Ray" could be distinctively heard by all.

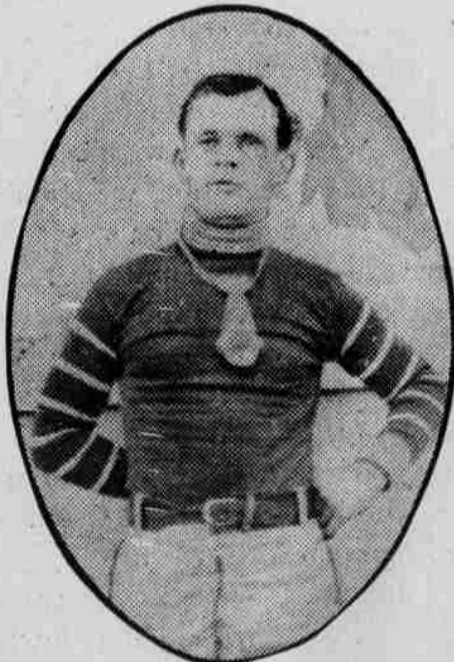
A few moments later the Virginia team—the mighty Virginia—arrived on the scene of action and was vociferously applauded by her



COACH OLCOTT.

admirers and followers. A spirit of confidence, which was shown in various ways, possessed the Orange and Blue, and the spirit of "I am Lord of all I survey" reigned supreme.

While the two teams were warming up, the ten thousand cold, chill-



G. L. JONES (Captain for 1903).

ed spectators could be seen sizing up the teams, and it is significant to note in this connection that the betting, which, previous to Carolina's

appearance, ranged anywhere from 6 to 1 that Virginia would win, and on even money that Carolina would not score, dropped perceptibly, and North Carolina stock began to rise rapidly. The foundation for this change was well founded as will later on be shown.



A. L. COX.

Both teams, after the preliminary practice, walked to the middle of the field, a coin was flashed in the air and Capt Harris said, "Heads".

### THE GAME

For a minute probably the four human walls shut up their mouths.



R. S. STEWART.

Holt (we all love him) was eyeing the pigskin for the first kick and the start of the struggle. He had actually located the one speck on

that leather oval where he wanted his toe to land. He tiptoed towards it softly, lightly. His right foot went back, shot forward and the ball left the ground, soared high in the air and the Virginians were up



CAPTAIN F. L. FOUST.

and after it, with the Carolinians up and after them.

Pollard, Virginia's plucky quarter, received the oval and advanced 18 yards making a beautiful run. This occurrence brought forth deafening applause. Council hit the Tar Heel line and was bitterly repulsed and Johnson succeeded in giving a repetition of the Council act. Harris attempted to buck the line for the 5 yards but failed and it was Carolina's ball. The peerless Foust smashed the Virginia line for 4 yards and then Jacocks writhed himself loose from the mass of struggling warriors, and began a run that made Virginia rosters sick. He covered 25 yards toward the Virginia goal and then the old Captain plowed through the line where Mr. Johnson was supposed to preside for 5 more and on the next pass Frank (he was eating 'em up then) hurled through the line of Indian beaters for 23 yards. It took more than one man to stop the ferocious Foust. Pollard cried "Help me, Virginia or I sink." He was near the Virginia goal. Mann—



L. GRAVES.

the revolving half back, a rattling good player—took the ball and demonstrated the fact that there was no tar on his heels. He dodged like a scared canine with a can tied to its tail and a pack of boys with rocks behind him. When the "Corn" player was uncovered the ball was seen on Virginia's 10 yard line. Foust smashed the line for 4 yards and Jacocks went 2 more. Now the next act—an act which caused many frantic supporters to

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