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PENNSYLVANIA WINS.

BUT NORTH CAROLINA DOES HERSELF PROUD.

Carolina's Fast and Fierce Team Work Holds the Last Year's Champions to Three Touchdowns.

North Carolina met the powerful aggregation of the University of Pennsylvania on the gridiron in Philadelphia Saturday and with remarkable success held the giants to three touchdowns, being defeated by a score of 17 to 0. Every man on our team played hard, clean ball from start to finish, eliciting many favorable comments from the Northerners who expected, they said, to pile up a score of 50 to 0. The following account of the game, which was witnessed by 8,000 or 10,000 people, is from the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Roberson, of North Carolina, kicked weakly from the centre of the field to Scarlett, standing twenty-five yards from Penn's goal. The Red and Blue men then started on a march to a touchdown. North Carolina proved fast and nery on defence, played low and tackled hard, but Folwell, Sheble and Longwell found it easy work marching ahead five and ten yards at a time. Finally only forty yards from North Carolina's goal Sheble fumbled, but Stevenson, quick as usual fell on the ball, and there was much joy in the Red and Blue camp. On the very next play Penn did a little unfair work with their hands and paid twenty yards as penalty for the pleasure. Feeling it a waste of time to make that distance up by rushing the ball, Sheble dropped back and kicked to Sadler on North Carolina's ten-yard line.

Sadler tried to run the pigskin back, and was of course buried under a mound of Red and Blue jerseys. The Southern boys managed to carry the ball four yards in two attempts, but then decided to kick. Roberson stood too near his line, and was rattled by the Penn players charging towards him, and kicked less than fifteen yards. In four plays after thus regaining possession of the ball, Lamson was shoved over the North Carolina goal line for Penn's first touchdown. Storrey missed the goal. Score—Penn. 5—North Carolina, 0.

North Carolina kicked off again. Folwell caught the ball on the twenty-yard line and hustled back five yards before he was tackled and incidentally laid out. After coming to he tried to play again, but was taken out of the game, Green going in.

On the next lineup, Sheble punted. Sadler misjudged the kick and let the ball roll to his own fifteen-yard line before falling on it.

Once again the Southerners got their attacking machinery in working order and clipped off the usual four yards. Fearing to try again

for the last three feet needed to keep the ball. Roberson punted to midfield, the pigskin going out of bounds. After two ineffectual dashes, Folwell got off on a forty-yard run by working that moss-grown fake, the double delayed pass. First the ball was given to Sheble, by him to Green, and then to Folwell, while the entire North Carolina team chased Green and the interference as it went around one end, while Folwell sailed around the other all by himself.

Three plays now failed to gain materially so Stevenson tried a quarterback kick. It failed to gain territory, but in the ensuing mixup a Penn man got the ball. Then the Red and Blue started once more towards a touchdown, but holding cost them 20 yards again and a poorly placed quarterback kick lost the ball.

After one fruitless effort to gain, North Carolina tried to kick and Roberson fumbled the pass from centre, but luckily fell on the ball. Trying it again, he kicked about 20 yards and gave Stevenson a chance for one of his hair-raising runs. Catching the ball on the bounce, "Steve" dodged both ends, hurdled a tackle and darted 25 yards through a broken field until downed by a nery Southerner, who was knocked out in the process. After this brilliant play, Penn foolishly tried another quarterback kick and again lost the ball.

Here North Carolina pulled off a neat play. Trying the old delayed pass themselves, Roberson, their fullback, got away for 10 yards around Gaston's end and would have made more, only he ran out of bounds and into Stevenson's elbow at the same moment. It took almost the time limit to bring him to, but finally the game was continued. The first half proved to be nearly up, however; and the whistle blew in a very few seconds. End first half.

Penn. 5—N. C. 0.

The Southern boys, though light, played a surprisingly fast game. They have profited by the lessons of their coach, "Bill" Warner, the former Cornell captain and brother of Glenn Warner, the famous coach of the Carlisle Indians, now with Cornell.

The second half started with no change in either lineup. Penn kicked off this time. Sheble kicking 35 yards to Story, who ran 5 yards back before being downed. North Carolina lined up quickly and in two plays made a first down. Then Pennsylvania braced and Roberson, of North Carolina, made a punt of 10 yards or so, giving the ball to Penn on the Southerners' 40-yard line. The big University of Pennsylvania backs and linemen crashed through the light blue and white line 5 and 10 yards at a time. Fighting desperately the North Carolina boys gave ground until at last Penn was with-

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UNIVERSITY DAY.

An Appropriate Celebration—Dr. Venable Reports the University in a Flourishing Condition—A Thoughtful Address by Col. Bingham.

The celebration of University Day on the Hill last Thursday was a distinct success. The program arranged for the day was interesting and everyone entered into the exercises with the proper spirit.

At eleven in the morning a large audience gathered in Gerrard Hall, where the exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. J. W. Wildman, pastor of the Chapel Hill Baptist church.

Dr. Venable then made his annual statement as to the status of affairs in the University. Reviewing briefly the past year he pointed out many things which are sources of gratification.

The large number of students—667—registered last year, with 650 already registered this year; the completion of the Bynum gymnasium, the appropriation for the Chemical laboratory and the increased appropriation for general purposes, the appropriation from the General Educational Board, the Carnegie gift for a new library (only \$20,000 yet to be raised), establishment of the Department of Applied Sciences with Prof. J. W. Gore as dean, and the organization of the Graduate Department with Dr. C. Alphonso Smith as dean, the granting of a charter to the Phi Beta Kappa, the establishment of fellowships in Chemistry, the establishment of the University council, satisfactory work and good order—all these are most encouraging.

Dr. Venable then introduced the speaker of the day, Col. Robert Bingham, of Asheville, stating that he was a graduate of the University, his father a graduate of the institution and his grandfather was for years one of its honored professors.

"Our history," said Col. Bingham, "has been neglected too long. We have allowed it to go by default and it is now time we were standing up for our rights." Continuing he treated exhaustively of the period preceding, and the period of reconstruction succeeding the Civil War. "The horribleness of the latter has just begun to be realized by the thoughtful men of the North. These admit now that it was a colossal mistake." Coming finally to more modern times, Col. Bingham spoke of the great opportunities afforded the South today in the solution of great problems, which are facing the nation. The race problem, the problem of a bribed and conscienceless body of Senators, the existence of an outrageous and unjust protective tariff, said he, demanded our attention. The retention of the Phillipines is the only natural policy for us to pursue. In fact, in less than fifty years every foot of soil on the American continent will be own-

ed by the United States. If we would rise to the occasion in each instance and solve each problem in a manner worthy of us we must meet them without sectarian narrowness or prejudice, fairly and squarely, without rashness, without precipitateness, yet without fear.

At the close of Col. Bingham's address, which by the originality of its thought, the boldness of its expression and the general skillfulness of its treatment held the attention of the audience for considerably more than an hour, the University Orchestra rendered a selection and the exercises were closed with the benediction, pronounced by Rev. J. W. Wildman. Delightful orchestra music was interspersed throughout the exercises. The singing by the entire audience of the University Hymn and the Song of the Old Alumnus was also a pleasant feature.

In the evening from 9 till 11 a reception was tendered by the faculty to the members of the Senior class and the second year students in the professional schools, in Commons Hall. This was in pursuance of a custom established last year. The affair was entirely informal and was much enjoyed by the fairly good sized crowd present.

Opie Read Tells Some Stories.

Rarely has any Chapel Hill audience left Gerrard Hall more universally pleased with an entertainment than that which greeted Opie Read Saturday night. No announcement of his subject had been made and after one had heard him through he could easily understand why. He had no subject. There were those who entertained apprehensive fears that a reading from one of his own books—delightful though they are—was to be thrust upon them. But their fears were groundless.

At 8:10 o'clock Mr. Read rose, confident in the strength of his towering manhood, and began to tell stories. At 8:31 Mr. Read seated himself in a chair in the centre of the rostrum and—continued to tell stories. And people listened. There was no pedantic rhetoric here, none of Bob Taylor's attempted flights of flowery eloquence, but fun, hearty, wholesome fun, sprinkled here and there with pathos. It was a student of human nature revealing, reproducing human nature. Now it was the dark, alternately humorous and pathetic; now the typical Kentuckian feud-fighter, thirsting for revenge for the blood of his kinsman; now the village rustic visiting the city theatre or forming his first acquaintance with a modern automobile. One forgot, as he listened, the personality of the storyteller in the fascination of the story. And that is the highest test of the storyteller's skill.