

QUAKERS' SEASONED BACK FIELD FAR TOO STRONG FOR CORNELL IN ANNUAL GRIDIRON BATTLE

CORNELL BATTERED BY PENN VETERANS

Nerby Novices from Ithaca Fight Bravely but in Vain Against the Quaker Eleven.

LOSE BY SCORE OF 37 TO 0

Red Team Gets Off with a Rush at Outset, but Three Efforts to Kick Field Goals Fail.

Special to The New York Times.
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20.—Cornell's green, unwieldy football eleven journeyed to Franklin Field this afternoon to keep up the appearance of the traditional rivalry with Pennsylvania and was battered down to defeat by a score of 37 to 0. In the wreck of the Ithacans' war-time team, which took grueling punishment on a snow-covered and mud-splashing gridiron, there was one bit of consolation—they had the satisfaction of knowing that they were doing their best for their college home, while the husky lads in whose places they were playing were off somewhere doing their best likewise in a sterner and graver game.

Pennsylvania, with a backfield of schooled veterans and with a superior line, riddled the Cornell team with thrust after thrust, assault upon assault, until they had scored five touchdowns and booted over a field goal. There was nothing for Cornell to do but stand up and take her medicine, and this the boys did with a gameness and courage which will make Captain Fritz Shiverick and all the other Cornell veterans who are now wearing the khaki, proud of this band of clumsy youths who jumped to Coach Sharpe's call when the war stripped the Cornell gridiron of all its best talent. Eleven youths never fought more desperately in a lost cause, even in their overwhelming defeat, the Cornell team commanded the greatest admiration from the Thanksgiving Day crowd of 15,000 which was banded around Franklin Field. A faithful band of Cornell rooters, not more than 200 of them, cheered the big Red eleven in defeat as enthusiastically as they could have cheered them in triumph.

Crowd Much Smaller than Usual.

There was the unusual sight for this annual fixture of rows of empty seats around the gridiron today, seats which would have been jammed by the youths who are far away from the fireside and the turkey. But all the pretty girls were there, and the proudest were those whose escorts wore the khaki. Instead of going to the game today with the college boys who live next door, the girls were in charge of their fathers or their uncles. Against their furs they wore great red chrysanthemums or bunches of violets and orchids. The day was sunshiny and warm, the snow covered ground furnishing the only touch of winter. Pennsylvania did its best to keep up the glitter of the gridiron's spectacle, but there were many in the crowd who could not avoid sombre reflection concerning those who were absent.

Cornell started out as if the Red team was going to hand out the greatest surprise of the football season, for throughout the first period the Ithacans outplayed Pennsylvania, playing with a rush which seemed to be irresistible. Three times during that first quarter Cornell with a furious attack came within striking distance of the Penn goal and three times Hoffman attempted to kick goals from the field. All three attempts failed, two of them being blocked while the other failed because the ball was muddy and slippery.

The failure to gain anything by their great efforts seemed to unnerve the inexperienced Cornell players. At first they were dumfounded when Penn full back before them. They were just as astonished as Penn. In the first quarter Cornell made five first downs, pushing the ball 30 yards to Penn's 47. The realization of strength keyed the Cornellians up to fighting pitch, and they were hammering away at the Quakers in surprising fashion when the Ithaca line suddenly collapsed and let the Penn players enough to block a punt. Then the whole complexion of the game changed. The blocked punt resulted in a touchdown, and the Pennsylvania eleven picked up courage, and from that time on had Cornell on the run.

Try for Field Goal Is Blocked.

Just as the first quarter ended Penn had the ball in midfield. Bert Bell smashed through the Cornell line for seven yards, and Penn was then set back 16 yards for holding. Berry was forced to punt when the Quakers failed to gain anything with a forward pass and Nethercott got the ball on Cornell's 33-yard mark. Cross, the Cornell left half back, then dodged his way through Penn for a spectacular run of 45 yards, racing clear of all his tacklers except Bell, who brought him down. When Carry and Hoffman were unable to penetrate the Penn line Hoffman dropped back to punt from midfield.

Maynard, Penn's left tackle, broke through with a rush and blocked the kick, the ball rolling away over the muddy field toward Cornell's goal line. Then began a wild race for the truest ball. Helme Miller, Penn's Captain, outraced the other players, and as he dashed along at top speed, he scooped the ball up on the thirty-yard-line, continuing his flight until he had slipped away from the Cornell tacklers and had tumbled over the goal line, his legs caked with mud. This unfortunate break was the undoing of Cornell. If the Ithacans had had any chance at all, it was gone now. That touchdown, after which Jerry kicked the goal, seemed to take all the heart out of Cornell.

After the next kick-off Penn started in and ripped the Cornell line to bits. The inexperienced Cornell forwards were thrown into confusion, and Berry, Joe Straus and Light punctured the red line in an all-powerful march down the field until Straus plunged through for another touchdown. This procession by Penn covered sixty-five yards, and every step of the way Cornell fought back in a hopeless fight. After each scrimmage the Ithacans unraveled themselves from the heap of players, covered with mud from head to foot. On the play before the touchdown was scored Cornell was completely fooled when Berry dropped back as if to make a try at field goal. Instead Berry made a pretty forward pass to Bell, who rushed to the one-yard line, and Straus carried the ball over on one headlong dive.

Hoffman's Toe Valuable.

Throughout the third period the Cornell players again made a desperate fight, and their resistance was so stubborn that Penn was unable to score in that quarter. Hoffman got away several long kicks in this session, and each time that Penn worked the ball down into the Cornell ballwick, Hoffman's foot came to the rescue and booted the ball far into Penn's territory. Cornell gained consistently in this period by punting. All the time Penn kept pegging away at Cornell so persistently that the strength of the Ithacans was ebbing constantly. It could easily be seen that it was only a question of time before the superior Penn eleven would get under way and crush their opponents into submission. Cornell knew it, too, but the Ithacans' spirit and courage was an inspiring thing to watch.

Beginning with the fourth period Cornell began to crumple, and Penn's attack met with weak opposition. Lining up at the beginning of the last quarter on the 30-yard line, Light took the ball and darted through the left side of the Cornell line on a mad rush which did not end until the Penn back sprawled his mud-covered body over the goal line for Penn's third touchdown. Cornell was pretty well spent now and Penn came on with a rush. The Quaker backs, Straus, Light, Berry, and Bell picked great gain in the line of red and shot deceptively forward passes over the heads of the bewildered Ithacans. Cornell's game but unskilled eleven

was being banged and smashed in every direction to complete the Pennsylvania holiday. There was no holding Penn now. Keyed up to a high pitch by success, the Quakers ran wild through the youths from Lake Cayuga. The sharp staccato yell of Cornell echoed in the ears of the overpowered Cornell players as they faced the terrific battering.

Another Touchdown Recorded.

After the next kick off, when Cornell was unable to gain Hoffman punted out of bounds on his own 45-yard line. Line smashing by Straus and Berry, a forward pass of 15 yards from Berry to Bell, and then another aerial outbreak, Berry to Bell, landed the ball on the six-yard line, and Howard Berry catapulted his way through the tiring Cornell players for another score.

Again the performance was repeated. Penn ripped off big gains through the crushed Cornell forwards. Bell skirted the Ithacans' left end for a 20-yard dash and then Berry hurled a 20-yard forward pass to Miller, who nailed the ball on the 12-yard line. On came Berry again with an irresistible rush, jamming his way over the goal line again. The Penn full back booted over the goals from touchdowns with deadly regularity.

The score was now 34 to 0, and the cheers of triumph from the Pennsylvania stands drowned the yells of encouragement which came from the handful of Cornell's faithful.

Cornell was a sad-looking aggregation, bruised and plastered with mud. Penn kept up the unrelenting advance, brushing the Ithacans aside like so many tentpins. "Fight, fight, fight!" howled the Cornell rooters, but by this time most of Cornell's fight was gone. Down the field came Penn, slamming Cornell back for yards at every plunge. Straus, Berry, and Light howling along with ceaseless fury.

Penn again rushed the ball down to the 10-yard line, and the backfield was so tired that Bell ordered Berry back and he kicked the ball through the uprights for a field goal.

The lineup and summary:
Penn. (27) Position Cornell (20)
Van Ginka L. P. Gavin
Maynard L. T. Harris
Cook L. G. Fingleton
Wray C. Straus
Cleary R. G. Swanson
Thomas R. T. Harriman
Miller, (Capt.) R. B. Edmonson
Bell B. Nethercott
J. Straus H. B. Cross
Light H. B. Carry
Berry F. B. Hoffman, (Capt.)

Score by periods:
Penn 0 12 0 24—27
Cornell 0 0 0—0
Touchdowns—Miller, Straus, Light, Berry.
(2.) Goals from touchdowns—Berry, 4. Goal from field—Berry.

Referee—C. J. McCarthy, Germantown Academy. Umpire—Carl Marshall, Harvard. Field Judge—W. R. Oleson, Lehigh. Linesman—David J. Fultz, Brown. Substitution: Cornell—Van Horn for Pendleton. Time of periods—fifteen minutes.