

# Pittsburg Must Hurdle Penn State to Remain Unbeaten and Untied

## Nittany Lion Has More Than Once Proved Big Mouthful for Panther

By GEORGE CURRIE

Penn and Cornell fill the nearby football horizon tomorrow at West Philadelphia, but let that not cloud over the fact that young Mr. Unsap of Pittsburg folds up his football pants and tosses his jersey into the locker for the last time tomorrow night. So do his illustrious teammates, Donchess, the outstanding end of two Eastern seasons, and Parkinson, a ball-carrier who is the coach's dream come true.

Mention is made of this in consideration of the Panther's climax game against the traditional and honorable foe, Penn State. The team from State College is all that stands in the way of an unbeaten and untied Pitt, with a claim on the imaginary championship of the country.

And in case one be rash enough to exclaim, with an eye upon the dressing room, that tomorrow's turkey for early roasting in the morning, let it be restated that the unbeaten and untied teams are exceedingly scarce this season. In the East only Western Maryland survives with the Panther. In the Middle West only Notre Dame and Purdue. In fact, the heaven-born cleft can be counted on the fingers of the hands.

But even as Colgate, which meets Brown tomorrow, has learned to count no chickens as hatched because the last testing whistle, so will Pitt gang warily against Penn State. A burnt child knows the fire, runs the saying; and Pitt has burned its fingers more than once in handling those flaming, last ditch standees of the Nittany Lion.

### HEWITT NEEDS SOME SUPPORT

New York may break away from dinner to see Syracuse and Columbia have at each other, or to watch N. Y. U. meet Carnegie Tech. After tonight these four teams will be pitted with white and dark meat and cranberry sauce and mince pie; but under the sunshine or clouds of the daytime they will be fed upon the glory of doing and dying, particularly in the last game of the season. Ostensibly, Syracuse is touch-downs better than Columbia. The Blue and White, with his smart, wiggling helmet, will have the best back on the field. The Morning-side eleven, however, has yet to cash in on his smartness and speed. So far, he has been delivered to the line of scrimmage with no more ceremony than Aunt Eugenie's old baggage car. The best back in the world is entitled to look for a little help in sitting through six or seven tacklers before he takes up his private battle with the oncoming secondaries.

Give Hewitt some hard-hitting interference. Hand him a Miller or Dunn, such as Yale gave Booth and McLennan, or a Mullins or Brill, such as Notre Dame flings ahead of Jack Eider, and the pale Blue flame of Columbia's backfield would be knocking out first downs with the best.

### South Enters Championship Squabble

Two other unbeaten teams, one of them also untied, take the field. Tennessee meets Kentucky at Lexington and will become the South's entry into the annual squabble for a championship crown, which exists only on paper. If she wins the best of a game is played on the field, but the old grads insist on playing it all over again, on notepaper, after it is only a memory and history.

"If Albie Booth had only been in top shape," is the next of his typewriter prelude yesterday. Alas, but when one covers a news event, he is expected to report not "ifs" but "is's" as they unfold before his eyes. Al, well, lay on, Macduff, and cursed be he who first shalluff cry enough. It may be over-emphatic, but one must hand it to a game which can pull the aging alumnus out of his easy chair to get after a typewriter pounder through the U. S. mails in behalf of a player he only sees far down on the field. After all, what other game can make old men purple up and fair women look so black?

One is accused by alumni of being down on Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Fordham, N. Y. U., Pennsylvania, California, Cornell, Colgate, Syracuse, Bucknell, Dartmouth, and what are you? Only Columbia is as yet unrepresented among the hard words received from thoughtful alumni who take a pen in hand. One has also been accused of favoring all the above and more, so there you are.

We all play football, even if we do sit with a rug wrapped around our feet while the boys on the field take the bumps. When "Hoot" Ellis of Yale had his trick-knee cap snapped back into place Saturday, a psychology professor will be cheered because "Hoot" seemed to be over his pain. That eased our collective conscience as he took his place in the Eli backfield again.

### Pojello Tosses Malarious At Ridgewood Grove

Carl Pojello threw Paul Marinos in exactly 54 minutes in the final bout of the wrestling show held at the Ridgewood Grove last night. Big Hank Steinke, that sturdy German cak, won the decision over Matros Kerekinis in the semi-final. Hank, one of the midgets of the Ridgewood citizenry, hasn't been doing so well lately. He doesn't throw his opponents as was his wont. The wrestling gods must have deserted him.

Frank Judson and George Hagen wrestled to a draw in another affair. And George won two matches with the champion not long ago. Does this mean that Judson will meet the champion next? In another affair, Mike Romano threw Joe Rogcki in 19 minutes.

### College Football Tomorrow

Metropolitan	South
At. vs. Cornell	Kentucky vs. Tennessee
Yale vs. Princeton	Kentucky vs. Vanderbilt
Harvard vs. Yale	Georgia vs. Georgia Tech
Stanford vs. Cal	North Carolina vs. Duke
Illinois vs. Michigan	Virginia Tech vs. Wake Forest
Ohio State vs. Penn State	West Virginia vs. West Virginia
Wisconsin vs. Minnesota	Alabama vs. Auburn
Michigan State vs. Iowa	Arkansas vs. Arkansas
Nebraska vs. Missouri	Mississippi vs. Mississippi
Texas vs. Texas	Florida vs. Florida
California vs. California	Washington vs. Washington
Oregon vs. Oregon	Oregon vs. Oregon
Washington State vs. Washington State	Idaho vs. Idaho
Utah vs. Utah	Utah vs. Utah

## ONE "DEAD" ONE HEARD FROM



BY ED HUGHES

## Bay State Golfers' Rebellion Promises Trouble for U. S. G. A.

### Bay State Golfers' Rebellion Promises Trouble for U. S. G. A.

Maybe there will be war! All necessary excuse was provided by the United States Golf Association in its printed report, in which it states in clear, more or less concise terms just exactly what was anticipated. The United States Golf Association, solemn and conservative as ever, has answered the plea made by the Massachusetts golf ruling body in which it requested permission to pay the expenses of its team in the Lesley Cup matches. Payment of golf team expenses other than of the Walker Cup team and the various golf teams participating in the Harding Cup event, which is part of the national public links championship, will not be permitted.

The Massachusetts Golf Association threatened to do all sorts of things if the U. S. G. A. would not permit payment of team expenses in the Lesley Cup series. It demanded that right because of the Walker and Harding Cup expense privileges. It based its demands on the fact that Canada pays the way for its representatives. But for all the believed sound basis for its desires the U. S. G. A. holds up a forbidding hand and says "Nay!" The U. S. G. A. does not clearly state that violation of the existing rule will mean banishment from the ranks of the accepted simon purists. It didn't have to. The four-sections involved in the Lesley Cup matches has many young golfers who have the ability to make places on the team but not the cash to pay their way. Massachusetts, in particular, has had plenty of young golfers worthy of places on its team. Massachusetts thought it saw a way to help those youths, and men past voting age, who found the spending of as much money as would be demanded by a three-day trip a severe handicap. The Massachusetts Golf Association made its plea which may or may not end in a lively rebellion in the largest of all golf associations.

### PREVIOUS EFFORTS WERE FAILURES

Singularly the effort of the Bay State golfers would have had more support two years ago than at the moment, for just as certainly as opinion then favored anything that would help the youthful golfer so has the general point of view swung like a pendulum toward the other extremity. It is believed in certain quarters, and not without basis, that youth is receiving entirely too much attention not only for its own good but for the general good of the more seasoned golfers and for the game in general. Youth has flocked into tournaments in numbers not anticipated by those who sponsored their appearances. In fact too many tournaments are simply cluttered with golfers so young that they have a great deal to learn. No one seeks to deny that the competition afforded in tournaments is excellent practice and is largely the reason we have so many fine young players.

### THIS REBELLION MAY BE SERIOUS

You cannot tell. This particular uprising may amount to something. And then again it may break. It must be remembered that Robert W. Lesley, donor of the cup for which the Massachusetts, Metropolitan, Pennsylvania and Canadian teams stage their annual four-cornered fray, has the right to withdraw the permanent trophy from competition. He has been quoted in the past as saying that the cup was put up for friendly competition among the gentlemen golf teams from the three big sections in the United States. Canada came in later. Who knows but that Robert Lesley will decide that the present conflict is not a gentlemanly affair and take back the trophy. It is within his power. The Massachusetts golfers had requested that their association be

### BOXING BOUTS TONIGHT

**MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**—Four-centred, six night intercity and open invitation amateur tournament, Washington, D. C., Boston, Philadelphia and New York, tonight.

**MITCHEL FIELD**—Dino Temprati vs. Edward Corbi, eight rounds; Eddie Carr vs. Doc Danney, Tommy Murphy vs. Johnny Patten, Ted Merion vs. Young Boss, six rounds each; Vic Acosta vs. Willie Barry, Henry Malinart vs. Johnny Pinto, four rounds each.

**ST. NICHOLAS ARENA**—"Kid" Chacoste vs. Edith O'Jee, ten rounds; Joe Caprio vs. Joe La Bata, eight rounds; Kuznetz Kimura vs. Willie Bonaventura, Sammy Dilson vs. Renee Vigna, Sammy Binder vs. "Baby Face" Quintana, six rounds each; Joe Piazza vs. Abe Franklin, four rounds.

### Thanksgiving Day Football on Radio

Penn-Cornell, National Broadcasting Company chain, 1:45 p.m.; Columbia Broadcasting System chain, 1:45 p.m. Brown-Colgate, WJAB, 10:50 a.m. Virginia-Carolina, WBT, 2 p.m. St. Xavier-Haskell, WLW, 2:15 p.m. Sewanee-Vanderbilt, WSM, 3 p.m. Auburn-Georgia Tech, WAPI, 3 p.m. Texas-Texas Aggies, 4 p.m. Oregon-St. Mary's, KPO, 5 p.m. (Time is Eastern Standard and indicates when broadcast begins, not time of game.)

### Cunningham Wins Medley Race in Central 'Y' Meet

Bill Cunningham Jr. gave a remarkable exhibition of speed in capturing the 150-yard medley event in the weekly meet of the Brooklyn Central Y. M. C. A. Swimming Club in its pool last night. Cunningham, clocked in 1 minute 50.3 seconds, beat out Francis Winters by two yards. The victor got off from scratch. Bernard Kassel conquered Phil Harburger and Paul Millus in the 200-yard freestyle scratch race and Charley Baum not home first in a 100-yard freestyle handicap event. Summary: 150-yard medley (handicap)—First heat: Cunningham (12 seconds), second: Paul Galscher (12 seconds), third: Time, 1:50.35. Second heat: Cunningham (11 seconds), second: Vincent Robinson (11 seconds), third: Hans Proshold (scratch), third, Time, 1:58.35. 200-yard breaststroke (handicap)—William Gorman (22 seconds), Harold Nissen (scratch), second: William Gorman (16 seconds), third: Time, 2:12.15. 100-yard freestyle (handicap)—Won by Robert Cunningham (18 seconds); Howard Hanson (18 seconds), second: Cecil Schaefer (18 seconds), third: Time, 1:38.35. 200-yard breaststroke (handicap)—Won by William Gorman (22 seconds); Harold Nissen (scratch), second: William Gorman (16 seconds), third: Time, 2:12.15. 100-yard freestyle (handicap)—Won by Robert Cunningham (18 seconds); Howard Hanson (18 seconds), second: Cecil Schaefer (18 seconds), third: Time, 1:38.35.

### Bouts Last Night

St. Paul, Minn.—Bernardsey Billy Wells, England, outpointed Jimmy Owens, Fort Worth, Tex. (10); Ritchie Mack, Minneapolis, outpointed Wally McElwaine, Eau Claire, Wis. (6). West Palm Beach, Fla.—Jeff Carroll, Biloxi, Miss., outpointed Mike McGuire, New York (10). Spencer, Ia.—Johnny Mack, Cincinnati, knocked out Hal Mullenhoff, Fort Dodge, Ia. (5); Pep Jennings, Des Moines, and Eskimo Grarkin, Dead Horse, Alaska, drew (6); Ike Haggerty, Mason City, Ia., and Larry Curtis, Elmora, Minn., drew (6). Brooklyn Arena—Andy Divodi, Brooklyn, knocked out Marty Roth, Brooklyn (8). Eddie Mack, Colorado, outpointed Ted Moran, junior lightweight champion (10) (non-title).

### Standing of Teams in Pro Hockey League

International Group	American Group
Ottawa Senators	W. L. T. P. 11
Montreal Canadiens	W. L. T. P. 10
Montreal Maroons	W. L. T. P. 9
Toronto Maple Leafs	W. L. T. P. 8
New York Americans	W. L. T. P. 7
Chicago Black Hawks	W. L. T. P. 6
Chicago Blackhawks	W. L. T. P. 5
Detroit Cougars	W. L. T. P. 4
St. Louis Flyers	W. L. T. P. 3
St. Paul Flyers	W. L. T. P. 2
St. Louis Flyers	W. L. T. P. 1
St. Louis Flyers	W. L. T. P. 0

## Rosenbloom Turns Clairvoyant, Bringing Slattery Back to Life

By ED HUGHES

Among the persons not listed at the ringside in Buffalo the other night were Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir A. Conan Doyle, a piece of negligence these two scientific gentlemen should lament to eternity. They missed the most astonishing demonstration of spiritualism that has ever been given. And practical spiritualism at that. They missed, too, the most gifted "medium" of them all, a man who could have grinned at Houdini and his incredulous pen. It was a bad night for thoughtless scientists.

Of course Messrs. Lodge and Doyle can be forgiven, for not even the soothsayers of the sports columns had the faintest inkling that the pugilistically deceased James Slattery was to be brought to life by the master clairvoyant of them all—Professor Max Rosenbloom.

As a matter of fact, the professor himself was probably the most astonished gentleman in the house when he surveyed his miraculous but painful result. Professor Rosenbloom has attempted communications with the Queensberry dead in the past but with quite different results. Usually he has not only failed to restore his subjects to the living world but has generally left them "deader," so to speak.

Evidently your clairvoyant has his "peck" as well as pugilists, that magic moment when he is phenomenally in tune with the mystic melodies of life in the great beyond. Or else how could the hitherto undepositable Professor Rosenbloom have completely vanquished the erudite efforts of Lodge and Doyle, to say nothing of Dr. Phelps? Is it possible that Buffalo's spiritualistic wave length has a sympathetic connection with the spirit world to be found nowhere else?

These are questions that only Professor Rosenbloom can answer, and already I understand he has generously given a certain amount of credit to an assistant medium of the referee. Such liberties, however, are common among Queensberry clairvoyants. The professor, modestly isn't likely to overshadow his art. Rosenbloom, in justice to science, must be hailed as the hero on this occasion.

The professor's feat was accomplished in plain view of the spectators. He exhumed a body that had been rotting in the grave for years, gave it life and vitality and a chance to once more get on in the realm of the quick, in the vale of swings and uperups. How can the world withhold him credit for that, whether he wants it or not? Render unto Caesar whether it was a close decision or not.

Wenger accounts of the astounding manifestation in Buffalo indicate that the usual course of clairvoyance was adopted by Professor Rosenbloom. But of course everything was intensified, made a thousandfold stronger than the order given.

### FOUND SPIRIT WORLD OF SLATTERY IN GOOD HUMOR

Professor Rosenbloom upon mounting the rostrum immediately discovered the spirit world in good humor, anxious to establish a connection. He called for Jimmy Slattery. A bell tinkled and James appeared. An excellent beginning.

The professor then requested the customary introductory raps familiar to all patrons of the seance. Slattery supplied them with a vigor that far surpassed the wildest desires of Rosenbloom. These rappings, in fact, made it plain to the professor from the start that his effort would be an extraordinary success.

Slattery then began to speak up in tones that even the bewildered professor could not mistake. "I am your Slattery of old," he said, "so beware of the impostors who vitalized one began to give painfully satisfactory evidence of same. In the language of the spirit world one raps according to the professor, means "no" and three "yes." Upon putting the question to Slattery, Mr. Rosenbloom received a most disconcerting reply. As the professor himself relates it:

### PROFESSOR AIDED BY SLEEP-WAKING STATE

"So valuable did my subject become," explained the professor, proudly, "that I performed miracles of footwork. I immediately got out my alphabet of letters in order that I could record more complicated messages for science, and I was not disappointed.

"Slattery," Rosenbloom continued, "trapped out hooks, jabs, swings, uppercuts, performed miracles of footwork and grandslamming. It was dumbfounding with my success. My enthusiasm mounting, and wishing to further aid the demonstration, I quickly called on my hypnotism. I slid into a hypnotic trance. No doubt his sleep-waking state greatly benefited the performance.

"There was no trickery or baloney, no matter what my work, let me point out. Whatever the reaction toward the spectators, I know that my impressions are most definitive and convincing. I heard the ringing of bells in and out of my head and the ring tinkled like a sock in a sock. I hear strange voices, probably Buffaloian. I came from the Bronx.

"Slattery," I'm told, appeared in the complete human figure but most notably I observed only his hands. He took them on my face and body constantly. There can be no mistaking about that.

"There you have the professor's own story, and I think it is an impressive human document, strange to say; the professor, when seen, appeared to be in a feebly despondent state of mind, badly shaken up and upset. This is probably due to the terrific strain and generally tempestuous evening he had experienced in performing his miracle.

PROF. ROSENBLUM THE ONE IMMORTAL RING FIGURE. The professor has layed his own almost mute melancholia, his one chief utterance being "I'm out of the running. I'm out of the running."



Ed Hughes.