

CHESTER TIMES – November 16, 1905

SWARTHMORE WINS FRONT PLACE IN AMERICAN COLLEGE

FOOTBALL – Defeat of the Stalwart Gladiators of Lafayette by the Overwhelming Score of 27 to 0 Gives the Quaker Institution the Highest Athletic Honors – Some Stiffing Scenes On Whittier Field

“Good bye, Lafayette, good-bye; You’ll win, maybe, by and by,” roared the lusty voices of several hundred Swarthmore College lads yesterday shortly after the great football game with Lafayette had begun, but if the visitors are to win, it will not be from Swarthmore this year. That was amply demonstrated by the form with which the two teams fought their great game. Lafayette was plucky. She was game. She was hard to die, but die she did, as nearly any other team in the country, with possibly one or two exceptions, would have done. Swarthmore was not to be denied. She was out to win. On her home grounds, Whittier Field, before her scores of pretty co-eds, her full staff or instructors, to say nothing of the dignitaries in the grandstand and (probably) the greatest incentive of all) the great Pennsylvania team standing or lounging along the side lines, Swarthmore had nothing else to do but win.

TO CONJURE WITH – Here is an odd proposition, and it will please you. Penn defeats Swarthmore by 11 to 4. Lafayette holds Penn down to a tie score 6 to 6. Along comes Swarthmore and plays tag with Lafayette for 27 to 0. What is Penn’s relation to Swarthmore? And the Penn athletes were trying to decide that very thing all through the game.

The crowd began to gather on the field about noon. From that on until long after the game began, people were flocking up the big hill and across the campus and in at the narrow entrance. Extra preparations had been made for the accommodation of the crowd, and yet there were but few empty seats. A conservative estimate of the crowd placed it at 4,000. Directly at the entrance, in an enclosure reserved for them, was the cadet battalion of the Pennsylvania Military College, and just to their left was the Swarthmore Military Band, and the bright uniforms of these two organizations formed a pleasant relief to the eye in gazing along the packed wall of humanity. The band kept up a constant fire of music that kept the crowd in a good humor.

FOR LUSTY LUNGS – Next to the P.M.C. lads was the cheering stand of Swarthmore, while directly across the gridiron the lusty-lunged Eastonians yelled back their defiance. Down in the field, in front of these stands, the big fellows selected to lead the rooting directed their hoarse-throated cohorts to still more vigorous efforts, the result being yells that could have been heard a mile away. P.M.C. had a parody on “Tammany,” Swarthmore her parody on “Good-bye, little girl, good-bye,” another on “Molly O,” while Lafayette confined her singing to her college song, rendered by the loyal young men while standing with bared heads.

The Times man sought President Joseph Swain with a request for the names of the prominent people present. Isaac H. Clothier, one of the most active and prominent members of the Board of Managers of the College, standing beside Dr. Swain, smiled and said, “Oh, just say everybody and his brother are here.” And before the crowd stopped coming, the remark threatened to become verified.

MAYOR WEAVER’S OVATION – Mayor John A. weaver of Philadelphia walked down to a seat in the north grandstand. Immediately the Swarthmore stands arose en mass with a “Rah-rah-rah, rah-rah-rah, rah-rah-rah, Weaver!” P.M.C. was not long in taking the

cue and then Lafayette woke up to the exigencies of the situation and gave a brisk, snappy greeting to the Mayor.

“Oh, how nice; now let’s all give three cheers for Jim McNichol,” cried a generous and mischievous little co-ed, but there was no responses except a hearty laugh.

Senator William C. Sproul, a Swarthmore alumnus and member of the Board of Managers was an interested spectator at the game. He greeted Mayor Weaver and introduced the squad of Chester police officers and a number of others to the Philadelphia reformer.

Dr. Joseph Wharton, president of the board of Managers and of the Wharton School of Finance and donor of the handsome Wharton Dormitory at the College, followed every play with the keenest interest. Professor Edmunds, head of the Swarthmore Law School and chairman of the City party of Philadelphia, seemed as much interested in the game as any of the college boys, and frequently broke forth into enthusiastic rooting.

HIS FIRST GAME – “This is the first football game I have had time to see this season,” said Mayor Weaver, “and I really hadn’t time to spare today, but I couldn’t forget what these young men did for us in helping us with a clean election in Philadelphia, and I could not find it in my heart to refuse. They certainly play a splendid game.”

The game was remarkable throughout for its cleanness. There was no slugging of any kind. Both teams went in to win, but they did it in a manner befitting the sport and one which will certainly elevate the game in the opinion of its traducers. There were but few men knocked out, and then only for a few moments, due to a bump in one of the mix-ups. The greatest praise was accorded to both teams for their clean playing, and President Swain was especially pleased with the showing.

After the game, the bank lined up, with a tremendous garnet banner bearing a gigantic “S” in front and several hundred rooters of both sexes with the intoxication of complete success heavy upon them, bringing up the rear in a cheering, singing, shouting, happy mass. In this manner they marched the complete round of the field and over the campus and down the hill to the station, where they remained singing songs of victory until long after the special train had left for the city.

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