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Headnote by John Schulian

HEYWOOD BROUN

Heywood Broun (1888–1939) touched every base he could get to in his short life—sports reporter, war correspondent, political columnist, theater critic, book reviewer, magazine writer, novelist—and he managed to help found a union for newspaper wage slaves, too. He captured Babe Ruth’s freewheeling majesty as a baseball writer for the *New York World*, and he used the Babe as inspiration for a character in his novel *The Sun Field*. Broun was equally memorable when writing about boxing and football, and he wasn’t above making sport of the Ivy League. He had attended Harvard but hadn’t hung around long enough to pick up a degree or learn how to make himself presentable. Black Jack Pershing, the legendary World War I general, surveyed the writer’s slovenly attire at their first meeting and asked, “Have you fallen down, Mr. Broun?” Let’s just say Broun wasn’t a slave to fashion.



This Side of Paradise?

PRINCETON, HITHERTO believed to be this side of paradise, sent a line smash through the pearly gates of this afternoon and defeated Yale by 20–0. The score would have been larger but for the brilliant work of Into. He was a tough proposition. It might even be said that he was a tough preposition. He was stalwart on defense, good on attack, but a bad man to end a sentence with.

This, however, is supposed to be a skipping story of the game and ought to start at the beginning. We trust that the reader will take it

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for granted that the Palmer Stadium was full, the hotels crowded, the town gay with bunting and pretty girls. This year they are wearing woolen stockings.

Just before the whistle blew, Captain Tim Callahan of Yale and Mike Callahan of Princeton walked out into the middle of the gridiron. The referee said: "I guess I don't have to introduce you boys," and he was quite right, because the Callahans are brothers.

Mrs. Callahan believes in scattering her sons. She follows the old adage of "Don't put all your eggs in one basket." There is still another Callahan who is preparing for Ursinus. Mrs. Callahan believes that by trying all the colleges at least one of her sons is going to get an education.

Tim asked, "What's the news from home?" And Mike said, "Well, I had a letter last week," but before he could read it the referee interrupted by tossing a coin, and, as Tim is the elder, Mike let him win and choose his own goal. It was the only thing Yale won during the afternoon.

The two captains then returned to the side lines and gathered their respective teams around them for a few last words. Tim said, "Fight hard boys!" and Mike said, "Smash 'em boys!" These are brave words, but it's in the breed.

Then the game began, and we noticed as it went along that, though the passes tossed by the Murphys, the Gilroys, and the Garritys did not always go to the designated receiver, there was generally some Irishman there to catch them.

Franklin Pierce Adams, who sat in the next seat, promised to give us first chance on anything he might say during the game, but after two periods the best he could do was to remark that there were three great plunging backs on the gridiron. "And the greatest of these is Garrity." Then he left to go to another place in the stand where he had some friend who hadn't heard it.

Princeton began as if to sweep Yale right off the field. Yale had punted and, following the kickoff, Lourie went around right end for thirty-five yards. Whenever a Yale man approached, Lourie stuck out

his thumb, like little Jack Horner, and proceeded about his business. It was most enjoyable.

Damon Runyon immediately declared that he was going to send his son to Princeton and Frank O'Malley said he was also going there. That will be mighty convenient in the big game of 1936, because whenever Harvard needs five or six yards for a first down the quarterback will give the ball to H. Broun III and say, "Smash Runyon!" And if a scoring play is needed he can be sent around O'Malley.

However, although Princeton gained a lot of ground nothing came of it in the first period and Runyon began to weaken a little on his decision and said he heard Penn State well spoken of.

Just after the second period began Murrey sent a beautiful drop kick over from the thirty-five-yard line at a hard angle. Your correspondent thinks it safe to assume that the readers of the *Tribune* will realize that much cheering from the Princeton stands followed and all that will be omitted.

With the half almost ended, Princeton had the ball on Yale's forty-yard line and big Keck dropped back for what seemed to be a try for a placement goal. Many in the stands and some on the field were suspicious, but Princeton carried out the deception admirably. The ball was passed to Lourie, who lay prone, and he made a motion as if to place it on the ground. Then he jumped up and began to run.

Keck was ahead of him, and it was hard to see Lourie from in front. He ran toward the Yale goal. One man in Blue was chasing him and seemed to stretch out his hand and say "Tag." He failed to think of this, and in the race for the goal Lourie was first, with the Yale man a good second.

Musing between the halves as Yale and Princeton sang about God and Country, and Yale and Old Nassau and Princeton's honor, and the rest of the sentiments which go to make up an afternoon, we began to reflect that numbering the players didn't help as much as we thought it would. After all it would be almost as satisfactory to know that a touch-down had been scored on a pass from one Princeton man to another as that it had come from 16 to 28 to somebody who looked a little like

39, but might be 7. Of course, it might help a little if they would use nonpareil instead of agate.

Princeton's touchdown in the third quarter was easy, for Murphy muffed a twisting punt from Scheerer and Mike Callahan carried the ball over the line. We noticed when Murphy went out of the game a little later that he buried his head in his hands and seemed terribly broken up about his error.

It is a great pity that all the circumstances of a big game compel young college players to take everything so seriously. Looking at the universe from a cosmic point of view, it doesn't make much difference that Murphy dropped the punt, but he could not see it that way.

Princeton scored again when Keck kicked a placement goal from Yale's thirty-six-yard line after a fair catch. Keck has great dramatic ability as well as skill in kicking goals. In the third period they carried him off the gridiron, and a few minutes later he turned up in the line-up and hit the crossbar from the fifty-yard line. But for his injury, he would undoubtedly have booted the ball over the wall of the stadium. At this point there was not a little sparring back and forth, and Yale sent in Eddie Eagan, the Olympic light heavyweight champion.

By and by the whistle blew, and again we think it is safe to assume that the reader knows that all the Princeton men from years and years back came to the field to snake-dance and throw their hats over the goal posts.

Mike went over to Tim and took out the letter to begin where he had been interrupted by the referee.

"Aunt Sally's a little better," he said.

"Damn Aunt Sally!" said Tim.