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There was an atmosphere of wonder as the regiment of midshipmen, in their long blue overcoats with gold buttons, marched onto the soggy turf, followed by the long gray line of Cadets. There was a feeling of uncertainty as the Army mule, ridden by two reckless cavalry officers of the future, and the Navy goat, led by two potential Admirals, appeared and were cheered lustily as omens of good fortune for the teams they represented.

There was a hum of excitement that swept through the throng and across the field. But all the wonder, and uncertainty and almost all the excitement were smothered by one quick thrust just after the game started. The Army left no doubts.

**8 Point Times Bold**

On the first play after they received the ball, Monk Meyer, the spindle-legged shadow that has flitted ominously across the paths of every Army opponent through the season, stabbed at the Middies' line and was flung back on his slender shoulders without a gain. The Navy was prepared to meet Meyer. The Middies had heard of his ability to disappear on the slightest provocation. But the Army had another fleet-footed phantom for them to chase this afternoon, and on the second play he showed the Middies his heels.

On a short-side reverse, Whitey Grove came wheeling around the Middies' right flank, cut down the side line and raced eighty yards without being touched before he crossed the goal line.

That touchdown came with the suddenness of lightning and with no more warning than a summer storm. It jarred the Navy like a clap of thunder on a calm night in June. And it was just the beginning, for the command was forward.

Two powerful punts by John Schmidt, set the Army back until its back was to the goal posts.

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counter-attack that earned the respect and admiration of every one, whether he wore the Navy blue or the Army's black, gold and gray, the Army was out of range.

It was a valiant but vain performance that the Middies put on in the final minutes. They scored once after a sustained drive of sixty yards, but they still were beaten by the biggest score an Army team had rolled up over its service rival since Charley Daly, a diminutive stick of dynamite that exploded signals with a Harvard accent, ran another Navy team dizzy on the same turf back in 1903.

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**EXCELSIOR—8 on 9**

L. C. Alphabet Length, 126 pts.

Lines to 21½" Column, 172

Approx. Words to Column, 1004

Excelsior is Duplexed with: Memphis Bold, Gothic No. 3 Bold Face No. 2 and Italic and Small Capitals

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Lines to 21½" Column, 172

Approx. Words to Column, 990

Paragon is Duplexed with: Paragon Bold and with Italic and Small Capitals

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L. C. Alphabet Length, 109 pts.  
Lines to 21½" Column, 172  
Approximate Word Count to 21½" Column, 1160  
Times Roman is Duplexed with:  
Times Bold,  
and with  
Italic and Small Capitals

**EXCELSIOR**—8 on 9  
L. C. Alphabet Length, 126 pts.  
Lines to 21½" Column, 172  
Approx. Words to Column, 1004  
Excelsior is Duplexed with:  
Memphis Bold, Gothic No. 3  
Bold Face No. 2 and  
Italic and Small Capitals

**PARAGON**—8 on 9  
L. C. Alphabet Length, 129 pts.  
Lines to 21½" Column, 172  
Approx. Words to Column, 990  
Paragon is Duplexed with:  
Paragon Bold  
and with  
Italic and Small Capitals

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The Cadets struck without warning. The colorful crowd that included every one who could get a ticket for love or money or political prestige, came expecting to see one of the closest Army-Navy games in the history of the service series that started in 1890. Neither team was undefeated and both had scored major victories, the Army over Harvard and Yale, the Navy over Columbia and Penn.

There was an atmosphere of wonder as the regiment of midshipmen, in their long blue overcoats with gold buttons, marched onto the soggy turf, followed by the long gray line of Cadets. There was a feeling of uncertainty as the Army mule, ridden by two reckless cavalry officers of the future, and the Navy goat, led by two potential Admirals, appeared and were cheered lustily as omens of good fortune for the teams they represented.

There was a hum of excitement that swept through the throng and across the field. But all the wonder, and uncertainty and almost all the excitement were smothered by one quick thrust just after the game started. The Army left no doubts.

#### 8 Point Bold Face

On the first play after they received the ball, Monk Meyer, the spindle-legged shadow that has flitted ominously across the paths of every Army opponent through the season, stabbed at the Middies' line and was flung back on his slender shoulders without a gain. The Navy was prepared to meet Meyer. The Middies had heard of his ability to disappear on the slightest provocation. But the Army had another fleet-footed phantom for them to chase this afternoon, and on the second play he showed the Middies his heels.

On a short-side reverse, Whitey Grove came wheeling around the Middies' right flank, cut down the side line and raced eighty yards without being touched before he crossed the goal line.

That touchdown came with the suddenness of lightning and with

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#### 8 Point Memphis Bold

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On a short-side reverse, Whitey Grove came wheeling around the Middies' right flank, cut down the side line and raced eighty yards without being touched before he crossed the goal line.

That touchdown came with the suddenness of lightning and with

**EXCELSIOR**—8 on 9  
L. C. Alphabet Length, 126 pts.  
Lines to 21½" Column, 172  
Approx. Words to Column, 1004  
Excelsior is Duplexed with:  
Memphis Bold, Gothic No. 3  
Bold Face No. 2 and  
Italic and Small Capitals

line that was rugged and relentless, made a counter-attack that earned the respect and admiration of every one, whether he wore the Navy blue or the Army's black, gold and gray, the Army was out of range.

It was a valiant but vain performance that the Middies put on in the final minutes. They scored once after a sustained drive of sixty yards, but they still were beaten by the biggest score an Army team had rolled up over its service rival since Charley Daly, a diminutive stick of dynamite that exploded signals with a Harvard accent, ran another Navy team dizzy on the same turf back in 1903.

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#### 8 Point Bold Face No. 2

On the first play after they received the ball, Monk Meyer, the spindle-legged shadow that has flitted ominously across the paths of every Army opponent through the season, stabbed at the Middies' line and was flung back on his slender shoulders without a gain. The Navy was prepared to meet Meyer. The Middies had heard of his ability to disappear on the slightest provocation. But the Army had another fleet-footed phantom for them to chase this afternoon, and on the second play he showed the Middies his heels.

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#### 8 Point Paragon Bold

On the first play after they received the ball, Monk Meyer, the spindle-legged shadow that has flitted ominously across the paths of every Army opponent through the season, stabbed at the Middies' line and was flung back on his slender shoulders without a gain. The Navy was prepared to meet Meyer. The Middies had heard of his ability to disappear on the slightest provocation. But the Army had another fleet-footed phantom for them to chase this afternoon, and on the second play he showed the Middies his heels.

On a short-side reverse, Whitey Grove came wheeling around the Middies' right flank, cut down the side line and raced eighty yards without being touched before he crossed the goal line.

**PARAGON**—8 on 9  
L. C. Alphabet Length, 129 pts.  
Lines to 21½" Column, 172  
Approx. Words to Column, 990  
Paragon is Duplexed with:  
Paragon Bold  
and with  
Italic and Small Capitals

swept down the field with a short side reverse, two passes and a plunge to pile up a total in the first two periods on which they could ride through the rest of the game.

And, although the Navy, trailing hopelessly, battered back through the first half by an Army line that was rugged and relentless, made a counter-attack that earned the respect and admiration of every one, whether he wore the Navy blue or the Army's black, gold and gray, the Army was out of range.

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There was an atmosphere of wonder as the regiment of midshipmen, in their long blue overcoats with gold buttons, marched onto the soggy turf, followed by the long gray line of Cadets. There was a feeling of uncertainty as the Army mule, ridden by two reckless cavalry officers of the future, and the Navy goat, led by two potential Admirals, appeared and were cheered lustily as omens of good fortune for the teams they represented.

There was a hum of excitement that swept through the throng and across the field. But all the wonder, and uncertainty and almost all the excitement were smothered by one quick thrust just after the game started. The Army left no doubts.

#### 8 Point Memphis Bold

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On a short-side reverse, Whitey Grove came wheeling around the Middies' right flank, cut down the side line and raced eighty yards without being touched before he crossed the goal line.

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one who could get a ticket for love or money or political prestige, came expecting to see one of the closest Army-Navy games in the history of the service series that started in 1890. Neither team was undefeated and both had scored major victories, the Army over Harvard and Yale, the Navy over Columbia and Penn.

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#### 8 Point Times Bold

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On a short-side reverse, Whitey Grove came wheeling around the Middies' right flank, cut down the side line and raced eighty yards without being touched before he crossed the goal line.

That touchdown came with the suddenness of lightning and with no more warning than a summer storm. It jarred the Navy like a clap of thunder on a calm night in June. And it was just the beginning, for the command was forward.

Two powerful punts by John Schmidt, set the Army back until its heels were dug deep into its own goal line, and booting against the wind Meyer was unable to shake off the shadows of the goal posts. But as the Navy pressed down to the Cadets' 29-

was rugged and relentless, made a counter-attack that earned the respect and admiration of every one, whether he wore the Navy blue or the Army's black, gold and gray, the Army was out of range.

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#### PARAGON—8 on 9

L. C. Alphabet Length, 129 pts.

Lines to 21½" Column, 172

Approx. Words to Column, 990

Paragon is Duplexed with:  
Paragon Bold  
and with  
Italic and Small Capitals

swept down the turf with a short side reverse, two passes and a plunge to pile up a total in the first two periods on which they could ride through the rest of the game.

And, although the Navy, trailing hopelessly, battered back through the first half by an Army line that was rugged and relentless, made a counter-attack that earned the respect and admiration of every one, whether he wore the Navy blue or the Army's black, gold and gray, the Army was out of range.

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**TIMES ROMAN—8 on 9**  
L. C. Alphabet Length, 109 pts.  
Lines to 21½" Column, 172  
Approximate Word Count  
to 21½" Column, 1160  
Times Roman is Duplexed with:  
Times Bold,  
and with  
Italic and Small Capitals

**EXCELSIOR—8 on 9**  
L. C. Alphabet Length, 126 pts.  
Lines to 21½" Column, 172  
Approx. Words to Column, 1004  
Excelsior is Duplexed with:  
Memphis Bold, Gothic No. 3  
Bold Face No. 2 and  
Italic and Small Capitals

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