



WHY THE
BULLDOG
IS LOSING
HIS GRIP

PRICE 50 CENTS

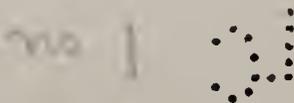
LOYALTY FOR ONE'S ALMA MATER, AS IT DAWNS ON THE FRESHMAN AND CONTINUES TO DAZZLE BEFORE THE EYES OF THE ALUMNI, IS, AFTER ALL, A PLIABLE SORT OF THING, AND ONLY UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF A LEADER NOT YET ARRIVED CAN IT BE MOLDED INTO A PERMANENT FORM WHICH ALONE WILL BE WORTHY OF THE NAME. LET SUCH A LEADER STEP FORWARD! HE MUST BE A HERO WHOSE MORAL COURAGE WILL OUTSHINE THE BRUTE STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE OF THE MOST LAUDED ATHLETE; HIS INFLUENCE MUST NOT ONLY COUNTERACT BUT ANNIHILATE THE INFLUENCE OF THE COACH; HIS MESSAGE MUST RING SO CLEARLY WITH TRUTH AND FAITH THAT THE CHEERS AND JEERS OF THE MAD MULTITUDE SHALL BE AS SILENCE IN COMPARISON.

© CIA 759624

From "Football and Warfare"

— 1917 —

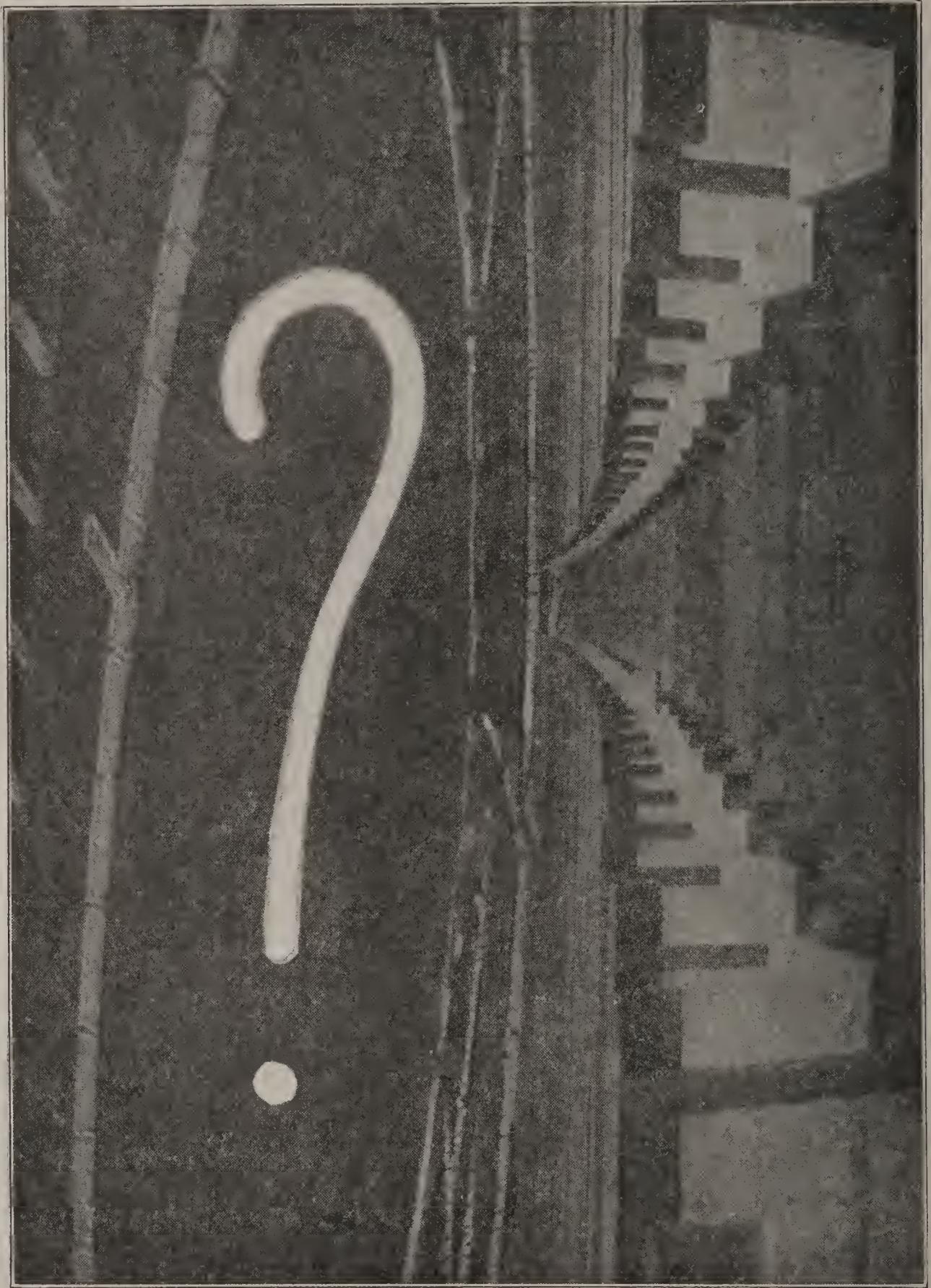
OCT 30 1923



Moloch (as the Scriptures tell us) was an idol made of copper and brass, which resembled a huge man holding his open hands before him. These hands were baked in fiery coals until they trembled horribly with heat. Parents would then throw their children into these glittering palms, where they were consumed and burned to death. Those who looked on made a loud noise with timbrels and cymbals and horns, to drown the pitiful cries of the infants.

Yale's Moloch is to be constructed from concrete and steel. The palms of its extended hands shall also form a gridiron. Young men shall be dashed upon it to risk their lives for the glory of their Alma Mater. Limbs may be broken, and skulls may be crushed, but mothers and fathers, sisters, classmates, alumni will cheer and shout and scream to drown the misery of their aching, mangled, bleeding sons and brothers.

—from "*Ten Years at Yale*" (1915)



The Snake-Dance of the Future

WHY THE BULLDOG IS LOSING HIS GRIP

A Secret Chapter in Yale Football History

by

GEORGE FREDERICK GUNDELFINGER

(Author of "Ten Years at Yale")



THE NEW FRATERNITY

Literature & Music

SEWICKLEY,

PENNSYLVANIA

GV958
.Y3G8

Copyright, 1923
GEORGE F. GUNDELFINGER

WHY THE BULLDOG IS LOSING HIS GRIP

Any one who, during the last half dozen years, has been following, however unemotionally, the events in the world of sports, must know that Yale has met with defeat after defeat from the hands of Princeton and Harvard on the gridiron. The same person may also know that the author of the present article is the author of several books and pamphlets pertaining to the same university,—his Alma Mater,—but doubtlessly does not know that these publications and a carefully thought-out schedule and plan for their sale and distribution together with certain conforming elements of Fate are largely responsible for this appalling sequence of “disasters.”

Even those Yale undergraduates among whom the literature has been circulated may not fully realize its astounding influence on Yale traditions, since no small part of this influence, though effected through these very persons as mediums, has been produced subconsciously. On the other hand, while many of them have been conscious—voluntarily conscious—of the part they themselves have played in bringing certain changes to pass, they can not possibly know either the extensiveness or the many details of the campaign as a whole. And for this reason I feel that this booklet will be almost as enlightening, though not so surprising, to those who know the secret as to those who do not.

Furthermore the booklet will serve as a reliable though only a partial review of ten years of Yale football history, albeit certain phases of this history must be over-emphasized here to enable the reader to feel how firmly the Hand of Destiny has clasped my own from the very beginning, when I was unaware of it, down to the present, when I realize and confess the fact with gratitude, knowing full well that without it my individual efforts, strenuous and indefatigable though they were, would have been in vain. But since every possible effort has been made

by others to defy Destiny and to preclude this chapter from all other records of Yale football history, over-emphasis is here fully justified.

1913 — 1914

My first book—*The Ice Lens*—was published in February, 1913. This play by no means concentrates on the evils in football, although there is one scene which depicts (minus modesty) the dissipations which are believed to be the essential and the only commensurate means for celebrating a pigskin triumph and for revealing one's loyalty to team and college.

My resignation from Yale took effect in June, 1913, after I had spent ten years in *residence* as undergraduate, graduate student and instructor. My first book, appearing just before the resignation which would allow me greater freedom in criticism, served as a forecast of the *absent* treatment I was going to inflict upon my Alma Mater for a period equally as long.

On October 3rd, 1913, the following lines appeared in an editorial of the *Yale Alumni Weekly*: "While there is an unimpeachable moral discipline in a prolonged series of athletic defeats, there comes a time in every such series when the soul of man recognizes that it has learned all it can learn of moral discipline without becoming too inconveniently spiritual, and yearns for a taste of the good old days of brutalizing victories—morally depraving and degenerating as they are."

Although the *Yale Alumni Weekly* had refused to mention *The Ice Lens* or accept an advertisement for it, I do not believe that these lines were intended to counteract any effect which my vivid descriptions of the "depraving and degenerating" consequences of victory may have had; for official Yale had decided to ignore the book completely—not even to refer to it indirectly. The object of this editorial was, no doubt, as the editorial itself stated, "to reverse the results of the last few seasons and bring an old-fashioned football victory to the final game in the old wooden amphitheatre at Yale Field."

The final big game in the old wooden amphitheatre with Princeton, although it resulted in a tie, was described as "a thrilling Yale comeback," notwithstanding the out-of-town defeat at Cambridge the following week.

I do not wish to give *The Ice Lens* any credit whatever for this tie with Princeton or this defeat from Harvard. The book was a math-

ematician's sudden plunge into and first attempt at literature. It was not taken seriously by the undergraduates who, despite the *Yale Alumni Weekly's* determination to suppress it, ridiculed the play through rhyme and satire in the *Yale Record*.

1914 — 1915

The old wooden amphitheatre was still used in the fall of 1914 for all football contests up to the Harvard Game, when the new Yale Bowl was thrown open to the public for the first time. The excitement was intense, for Yale had not won a victory over Harvard since the days of Ted Coy (1909). A victory over Princeton was, after all, not an unusual event. Nevertheless the fact that the Bulldog had just beaten the Tigers in their own lair at the Palmer Stadium before a crowd of 40,000 spectators was looked upon as a sure indication that Yale under Coach Hinkey would at last smash the Haughton machine and christen her new seventy-thousand-capacity stadium with blood that was truly Crimson. But it was by far *too* Blue a day for Yale. As a Harvard man put it, "Yale furnished the Bowl and Harvard provided the Punch—a 36 to 0 concoction—for a Crimson holiday. Harvard's wonderful attack simply smothered Hinkey's men, and Yale went down to the worst defeat in her football history." And this the first game in her wonderful new amphitheatre!

In the spring of 1915, I published my second book—*Ten Years at Yale*—which was sensationally taken up by all the big newspapers. While this book did not devote a special chapter to Athletics, it did, like *The Ice Lens*, deal with many other defects at Yale, incidentally taking the following flings at football:

"A three-hundred-thousand-dollar Bowl (with four-hundred-thousand dollars more for surroundings) and a ten-dollar prize for the boy who leads the Freshman Class in his studies!" (page 157.)

"Moloch (as the Scriptures tell us) was an idol made of copper and brass, which resembled a huge man holding his hands before him. These hands were baked in fiery coals until they trembled horribly with heat. Parents would throw their children into these glittering palms, where they were consumed and burned to death. Those who looked on made a loud noise with timbrels and cymbals and horns, to drown the pitiful cries of the infants.

"Yale's Moloch is to be constructed from concrete and steel. The

palms of its extended hands shall also form a gridiron. Young men shall be dashed upon it to risk their lives for the glory of their Alma Mater. Limbs may be broken, and skulls may be crushed, but mothers and fathers, sisters, classmates, alumni will cheer and shout and scream to drown the misery of their aching, mangled, bleeding sons and brothers." (page 147.)

Strong as these words were, there were other indictments in *Ten Years at Yale* which made them appear pale in comparison; and again I ask that this second book be considered as having little effect on the outcome of the football games the next fall. Its blows were too many and too varied to accomplish immediate results; "kaleidoscopic" was the word used to describe them by one critic. The *Yale News* declined to advertise the book and referred to the author as "a delightful humorist and a staunch member of the Ananias Club." The *Alumni Weekly* did not even include it in the Bibliography of Yale Graduates published for the first time that year.

1915 — 1916

Hinkey was retained as Head Coach, but the football season of 1915, played entirely in the new Bowl, was even more disheartening. Four contests with smaller colleges had been lost before the Princeton Game, which, though it resulted in a Yale triumph, was not the triumph Yale was so anxiously awaiting—in vain; for a week later at Cambridge, the "Closing Act of the Most Disastrous Yale Football Season on Record" brought forth the score: Harvard 41—Yale 0. "Yale's Worst Defeat."

The time had come when Yale could stand it no longer. The *Alumni Weekly* began a series of articles on Yale football history, publishing the pictures and accomplishments of her great gridiron heroes of the Past. She flew to her traditions! A Yale pageant, celebrating the 200th anniversary of the removal of Yale College from Saybrook to New Haven, was planned for presentation in the Bowl itself as the opening event of the college year 1916-1917 to wash away the disgraceful stain which Harvard had put there on the very day of its dedication in 1914 and which she had recalled vividly with the even blacker ignominy on her home field in 1915. Indeed Yale could not even wait until the fall of 1916 to drive the offensive Harvard odor from her great Bowl, so she planned the production of a German opera

there in the spring of 1916. *Die Walkyre*, most warlike of all Wagner's music-dramas, was selected, the eight fighting daughters of Wotan, led by the shrieking Brunhilde, probably serving to inspire the eleven Sons of Eli who were to defend the Bowl in November when it would be visited a second time by Yale's infamous enemy.

1916 — 1917

The Pageant of 1916 with its Wooden Spoon Prom, Death Dance of the Quinnipiacs, Arrival of John Davenport, Colonial Maypole, Demand of the Keys to the Powder House, Entry of Washington, British Invasion of New Haven, Martyrdom of Nathan Hale, Town and Gown Riots, and Burial of Euclid—all these traditions enacted in the Bowl by students, faculty and townspeople of New Haven—served to dispel the gloom occasioned on the day of its baptism and to admit the sunshine which was to illuminate the beginning of a new era in Yale football under the coaching of "Tad" Jones, Yale quarterback in 1908, fresh from three successive and highly successful seasons at Exeter. To have retained Coach Hinkey would have meant the recollection of those fatal 36-0 and 41-0 scores under his régime—scores which the Pageant had driven far back into Yale's unconscious mind and which would be nailed there forever, it was hoped, by this youthful Siegfried who had been chosen to slay the Crimson Dragon. Under "Tad" Jones' first year at coaching, a Yale team captained by "Cupid" Black won all the preliminary games save one (Jones' first defeat in four years) and then not only vanquished Princeton (who was unable to score) but also accomplished the seemingly impossible feat of beating Harvard. Yale football had indeed come back from its "slough of despond"—as Walter Camp put it. "It is no hyperbole," claimed the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, "to say that Jones has worked wonders for Yale football in the short time he has been in charge."

"Tad" Jones was the man of the hour!

In connection with the Pageant of 1916, the Yale University Press published several beautiful books also dealing with Yale traditions. But two books published elsewhere at this time were of greater interest because they dealt chiefly with the gridiron. In November, when "Tad" Jones was accomplishing the impossible, there appeared *Football Days* by "Big Bill" Edwards, famous Princeton player. This volume is to football what Bernhardt's is to war and militarism. It was widely

read, and the spirit of it was probably a great help to Jones in his triumph at New Haven in that it must have wiped out even the most insignificant influence of my earlier publications. The other book, published by a curious coincidence in the very same month, was my third attack on Yale, entitled *The New Fraternity*—a novel in which the name Yale is never mentioned but in which every page reflects the Yale atmosphere. *The New Fraternity* differs from my earlier attacks in that it depicts football as the root of many evils. Its nature is the exact opposite of *Football Days* which sings of the glories of the gridiron. The very first chapter of *The New Fraternity* is a severe flogging for the Bulldog:

“The fog was gathering thickly along the western horizon, and through it the upper zone of the setting sun was still visible, emitting a crimson glow, which, at lengthening intervals, seemed to brighten perceptibly, as if fanned by a wandering breeze, and then become duller than before. One might almost imagine it to be a human heart which some warrior, athirst for blood and fame, had torn from the bosom of his victim and tossed into this sluggish, muddy, snake-haunted stream, where its pulsations grew more and more feeble and irregular as it sank lower and lower in the cold, lifeless water.

“The game was over and won. It was the greatest victory in the history of the university, and the credit went to one man—Tom Kuhler. He did all the brilliant playing, made the long runs and the timely tackles. He was the star of the afternoon, the hero, the king, the god. And yet a merciless god—for, although he had sent the opposing team to bitter defeat, he had to twist their ribs and crack their skulls to do so; there was scarcely a man who escaped being injured in some way or other.

“During the first quarter, one player was carried off the field; his neck had been broken. He was, in fact, the only man considered as Kuhler’s equal or superior—the only man who really stood in Kuhler’s way, and Kuhler himself had connived in advance with his squad to remove him from the gridiron as soon as possible.

“When the fame of a great university lies at stake, human suffering and death itself are disregarded. The main thing is the glory of the Alma Mater. Let us unfurl her flag to the eyes of the populace that she might lure the youth of the nation into her ranks. What difference does it make if we murder a man or two, as long as we win the support of a thousand others by doing so!

“And while that score was being flashed across the continent, and while the graduates of the future were reading the thrilling

accounts of the contest, the dying man was drawing his last breath."

The snake-dance of victory is then described.

"There was perhaps only one student of the university absent from this spectacular pageant. He remained in his seat in the last row at the top of the East Stand . . . His thoughts were with the dying student, and it was to this boy alone that the sinking sun became symbolic of the final throbs of a human heart."

The banquet at the training-table in celebration of the victory is described in the second chapter, and Kuhler, in his speech, refers to the editorial in the *Yale Alumni Weekly*: "What ya want 'a do is ta give football all yer attention. Concentrate yer efforts on that. Muscle! Mountains ove it! Gray matter don't matter. Good animals—that's w'at we want—that's w'at we need. Football ain't a game fur babies, but that's w'at the're tryin' ta make out ove it. I want ya all ta work hard an' save the game an' restore it. Don't become too inconveniently spir'tu'l. I want ya ta yearn again fur the good old days of brutalizin' vict'ries, as our encouragin' *Alumni Weekly* puts it."

Then come the intensely realistic descriptions of the events which followed the brutalizing victory—"morally depraving and degenerating as they are."

"A university! A place for learning! A thoroughly civilized community! This is the type of man you graduate. This is the outcome of the great football contests on which your reputation is founded. It is for the encouragement of this barbaric sport that you erect your million-dollar stadiums. Wonderful Football. Glorious Football! Noble Football! Onward! Onward, thou frenzied Serpent of Victory! Onward, leaving injury, death, crime, murder and ruin in thy path!"

But *The New Fraternity* does not end here; in fact, it only begins then to show up the other far more terrible influence of pigskin on the undergraduates of our colleges and universities. But enough has been printed to acquaint the reader with the nature of the book as compared with *Football Days*.

Review copies of *The New Fraternity* sent out to the press were practically ignored, although the book by the same author which had preceded it—*Ten Years at Yale*—was given the utmost publicity by the bigger newspapers. The reason for this change was obvious. Immediately following the sensation created by *Ten Years at Yale*, an honorary degree was conferred by that university on Melville E. Stone, President of the Associated Press.

That propaganda was everywhere working to suppress the publica-

tion of *The New Fraternity* was evident from the fact that twenty well-known American publishing houses had rejected the manuscript, the reason for rejection, as certain letters revealed, not being that it was uninteresting stuff. This meant, however, that at least twenty persons had read it, and it is safe to assume that at least one of the twenty was a Yale alumnus, since Yale is well represented in Publishing throughout the United States. I am indeed convinced that a large university can have a scheme of representation which may be far more effective than a German spy-system. The nature of my novel was, no doubt, immediately flashed to New Haven and elsewhere, which explains why my efforts to place it on sale (after I had published it myself) were at first futile. I knew, from experience, that it would be even more futile to attempt advertising it in Yale papers. The only remaining means for bringing it out was to mail cards to individuals. With these I deluged both the Yale faculty and the undergraduates. These cards in no way indicated that the book was an attack on football, but that fact must have been let out and spread by those who had read the manuscript, and this information together with "Tad" Jones' triumph was successful in establishing a 100 per cent resistance—for I did not receive a single response to my announcements.

The result of all this was that I felt I had written a book which was certainly going to do things—if only I could get the right persons started in reading it.

As a last resort I began to send out complimentary copies with the hope that they would be devoured mentally rather than physically. One was mailed to each member of the Yale Corporation; a few of them acknowledged the receipt of the book with no further remarks whatever. About twenty copies were mailed to Yale administrators and faculty; I received only one acknowledgement, which, however, included the opinion that there were real evils in university life and expressed the hope that my novel would help to correct them. (Later I published this "opinion" and "hope," with the result that the indignant professor requested that he "never again be quoted as favorably inclined to Mr. Gundelfinger's books about Yale.") A copy was mailed to each member of the Yale Student Council; I received but one acknowledgement, and this included the opinion that the book contained a moral lesson worth remembering. I mailed a goodly number to individual students in fraternities and dormitories with impersonal inscriptions to the effect that they were to be passed along after they had been read. Some of these were probably confiscated; but I have good reasons to believe that others were read by more than one person.

For I had at last succeeded in planting some seeds a few of which had sprouted though very slightly and under intense opposition. In the winter of 1916-17 a few direct orders came in from the faculty and undergraduates at New Haven, and the Yale Co-operative Store and the Brick Row Print And Book Shop began to obtain very small consignments indirectly through New York jobbers.

It was the Beginning!

1917 — 1918

During my ten years residence at Yale, I had had ample time to observe and study the influence of football on the academic world, and when I returned home my feelings toward it were very similar to Lincoln's feeling toward Slavery when he returned from the South: "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard." The little blows which I had dealt in my earlier books (one completed at Yale and the other largely under way when I left there) were mild compared with those in *The New Fraternity*, which though purely fictitious in spots abounds in descriptions of after-triumph lawlessness which are not mere products of the imagination. The editorial, which I had read in solitude while the Fall term (1913) was opening at Yale in my absence, was the key which unlocked my memory and the prong which drove me to record the shameful scenes in my novel. And no other thing did more than that editorial to strengthen my determination to prevent "brutalizing, morally depraving and degenerating victories" in the future and to usher in "a prolonged series of athletic defeats" which would result in moral discipline and lead to an intellectual renaissance. It goes without saying that Yale's gridiron victories of 1916 were at first a big disappointment to me.

But the disappointment was of short duration. In fact, I soon saw that the triumph of "Tad" Jones was not to be considered as a disappointment at all but a revelation of what Jones could really do as compared with Hinkey—the power against which I could truly measure the strength of the influence of my writings. But Fate also dealt her masterful stroke at this time. The gridiron victories of 1916 were no sooner won, it seemed, when the United States entered the World War, "Tad" Jones himself resigning as coach to work for the Government and all but one of the twenty-two "Y" men of his famous varsity squad enlisting in the Service—all of which served to leave Yale football

unguarded and to make my chance to "hit it hard" the more supreme. However forcibly I had written against the game in *The New Fraternity*, I realized that I had to deal a still more powerful blow—and from a different angle entirely; and I saw immediately this very angle which Destiny had placed at my command.

Yale of course had been preparing for war all along. She had opened a military camp at Niantic, Connecticut, in the summer of 1916; and the R. O. T. C. was well under way in the fall. The anti-German sentiment in this country was growing more and more bitter; in the spring of 1916 the idea of presenting Wagnerian opera in the Yale Bowl was resented by many alumni, a number of whom had already enlisted and were sending letters from the other side which were published in the *Alumni Weekly* to arouse the graduates at home.

Early in the summer of 1917, it was hinted that Yale, Harvard and Princeton would cancel the big games owing to the depletion of their football squads through enlistment. Under the pressure of war many activities of the collegiate world hung in the balance, but the suspension of football seemed to give writers most concern—in particular, sporting editors. Fearing that the action of the "Big Three" might become general, the newspapers began publishing article after article in which football was compared to war and was proved to be the best preparation for the soldier.

I knew the spirit for war was not so strong among American undergraduates as the college and daily press tried to have us believe. I knew that the students would resent compulsory military training. To watch one's classmates "slaughtering" and being "slaughtered" on the gridiron was one thing—and even a thing of joy! But to prepare one's self for slaughtering and for being slaughtered was a matter of a quite different color, however gloriously others were praising such deeds and sacrifices. To transform this loathing for war into a subsequent loathing for football became my whole-hearted aim. I proceeded to write my essay *Football and Warfare* in which I used statistics and authoritative quotations to make the gridiron appear almost as bloody and vicious as the battlefield, and I reprinted from a radical periodical the extremely repulsive commands of a victory-at-any-price officer at one of our national cantonments, claiming that his words were nothing more than the intensified orders of a winning-mad football coach. I reprinted the analogies between football and warfare from the daily papers, repeating that such tactics were indeed necessary in winning a battle against equally insane opponents, but I also reversed the application and showed that for this very reason football had no legitimate place in

the scheme of education. I suggested its abolition after the War.

The essay was printed on yellow paper in pamphlet-form, and the name of the publishers given as *The New Fraternity*. Guided by earlier experience, I did not send out circulars about it in advance; I gave no man time to decide whether or not he should order a copy—the first thing he got was the pamphlet itself, free of charge. Something told me these pamphlets would not go into wastebaskets before they were read, although they might go there afterwards not because of hatred for what I had written but because of the fear of having such “yellow” literature discovered on one’s person.

I succeeded in saturating undergraduate Yale and its faculty with this essay, in sending a copy to each member of the Yale Corporation, to each member of the Yale Alumni Advisory Board, to each Board of Athletic Control at many colleges and preparatory schools and high schools in the United States—and then! *Football and Warfare* was suppressed by the Department of Justice!

A headmaster at a preparatory school in California upon receiving and reading his copy, immediately informed the officials at Washington who notified the officers at Pittsburgh, to whom it was requested that all New Fraternity publications be sent for inspection, which request was complied with—with *The New Fraternity’s* request that it be informed as to which of its publications should no longer be sent through the United States mails. Since there was no answer whatever to this latter request, I continued after a reasonable time to mail all other literature except *Football and Warfare*; and when, after a few months, the reply was still wanting (and because I was still wanting to mail the “yellow” pamphlet to a few persons) I took the liberty to mail *Football and Warfare* also. The few persons happened to be Yale men. Almost immediately I heard from the Department of Justice at Pittsburgh again and was asked this time to appear in person. I was cross-examined by two men—Mr. A. who was very human and liberal and Mr. B. who seemed almost as ferocious as the cantonment officer I had quoted in my essay. Mr. B.—I honestly believe—wanted to send me to Leavenworth and put me in a cell with Debs. He read a part of my essay three times aloud in an attempt to prove that I was trying to encourage young men to evade the draft, and he read it so dramatically the third time that he almost succeeded in making a slacker of the author himself. I admitted of course that the pamphlet could be so interpreted but that such an interpretation had not been my intention. I had a hard time convincing Mr. B. that I was not trying to prevent the United States from winning the War and that I was pointing out the atrocious means

that were *necessary* to win a war only with the hope that the analogy would prevent the *unnecessary* victories in football after the War was won. Mr. A. said that he had seen certain pictures on the screen, shown every afternoon and night, that would do far more to discourage young men from enlisting. This seemed to soften Mr. B's heart, for the trip to Kansas did not materialize, and I left the scene of the trial promising to keep my pamphlet out of the mails and feeling that I had written "the hard hit" which was going to bring results *after the War*—if it had not already done so.

There were other football enthusiasts who "misunderstood" my pamphlet. I received a direct communication from an attorney in Missouri who returned a copy of *Football and Warfare* all marked up and accompanied by a letter, stating: "You are as bad as any German propagandist we have in this country, and the better that such should meet the fate that we, in the West, wish and pray for all but true Americans: not internment but the firing squad!"

The pamphlets which got through the mails before suppression set in had an astounding effect on the Yale student-body, which was a glorious promise of what the others would do later at a time when the student mind would be even more receptive.

Owing to the enlistment of all "Y" men, there was of course no varsity team in the fall of 1917. Nevertheless even though the big intercollegiate games had been canceled, Yale tried to keep her football-spirit alive through the formation of class teams for intramural contests; but that spirit was completely smothered by *Football and Warfare*. "Shorn of their promising players and supported by little or no interest on the part of the college, the class teams," said the *Yale Daily News*, "passed gradually out of existence."

The influence of the pamphlet on the Freshman Class was reflected in the following editorial: "It is doubtless true that the Sheff Freshmen carry comparatively heavy schedules and that many of them are busy with military or naval training. But these facts in themselves are not sufficient to account for the peculiar apathy in which 1920 seems to be enthralled. At a recent call for candidates for Football Managership competitions, only four men responded, the bare minimum from which an election could be held." And in the next issue the *News* continued to lament: "For the first time in the history of the university, it has been necessary to give a Freshman Class an extra day to nominate its quota of football managers."

But most marked of all was the anaesthesia of the Baby Bulldog; for Freshman football, with certain restrictions, was still in existence.

I had been particularly careful to see that each of the Freshman Eleven had received a pamphlet by first-class mail. The Freshman Team under Captain Acosta had already defeated Andover 41-0, Exeter 20-0 and Harvard 14-0, had in all scored 82 points to their opponents' 7. Then, after having read *Football and Warfare*, they were defeated by Princeton—a fact which was all the more significant when one considered that the Harvard freshmen (defeated by Yale) had defeated this same Princeton team 24-0.

And note the changing editorial policy of the *Yale Alumni Weekly* (November 16th, 1917): "There can be no question that intercollegiate football, as it had come in late years to be organized on a large scale for championship public spectacles, was fast becoming a serious interference with college work and a commercialized business of large proportions that had no place in college life . . . Will Yale, then, have the courage to resume Varsity football next year or the year after, whenever it becomes a possibility, upon a basis similar to that which has proved so salutary to the Freshman Team? Will Yale be willing at least to help lead the way to purer amateurism and less of the spirit of professionalism, to more of a sensible economy in keeping with the purpose of a University and less of the extravagance smacking of commercialism, to less of the trumped-up public spectacle with its hero-worship and other inevitable evils and more of the college sport for the sake of college sport as such? We cannot think too hard and too often upon these things."

Think of how the Bowl with its seating-capacity of 70,000 must, despite its construction of steel and concrete, have collapsed temporarily under such a blow! But it probably recovered when the *Yale News*, in its last issue of the college year, looking forward to the opening of the university in the fall, headed its editorial: "A RETURN TO THE BOWL!"

1918 — 1919

But the "return to the Bowl" did not materialize.

When the term opened in the fall of 1918, the Government had taken charge of all American colleges and universities and established the Students' Army Training Corps. Not only Yale officials but the officials at Washington decreed that all intercollegiate football games were to be abandoned. I am inclined to believe that this action on the

part of the Government was due, in large part, to the policy of Yale, Harvard and Princeton in the fall of 1917, intensified to the degree that likewise not only Freshman teams for outside games but also class teams for intramural contests were to be prohibited from interfering with military training. Here again the Government must have noted the lack of interest in the Yale football class teams in 1917—an apathy due almost entirely to the distribution of *Football and Warfare* and *The New Fraternity*. Indeed it is not going too far to claim that the novel, appearing immediately after the Yale intercollegiate victories of 1916, must have disgusted some of “Tad” Jones’ players and influenced them subconsciously to enter the Greater Game. The more deeply one delves into this matter, the more clearly one understands why football was abolished temporarily not only at Yale but at all American colleges. The War, of course, delivered the direct blow; but there had been many other local blows which led up to it.

The prohibition of intercollegiate gridiron activities was indeed my dream, but I would never have believed that it could come true so suddenly. After all, the suppression of my pamphlet was entirely unnecessary by the Department of Justice in the light of the fact that the Government itself had suppressed football, which was the ultimate purpose for which the pamphlet had been printed, and, curiously enough, in the accomplishment of which the pamphlet had indirectly influenced the Government itself.

The prohibition of intercollegiate football was of course only a temporary measure. Nevertheless it was bound to affect the sport when the latter would be resumed. The *Yale Alumni Weekly* hinted at this in its issue of October 14th, 1918: “The supreme demand of the moment touching our American colleges—that of preparing for army and navy service at the earliest possible moment the young men matriculated at our institutions of higher learning or sent there for special training—transcends the erstwhile large importance of intercollegiate athletic schedules, defeat-proof coaches and training tables. Whether these items, of a day now seemingly far off in the past, go or stay when readjustment comes”

But the significant thing was not so much the stroke of Fate which brought my dream to pass temporarily but the further conformity of Fate in dealing the blow to football only—the only college sport that I longed to see disabled to the degree that it disabled its players; for most other sports seem to me to be constructive in nature and devoid of morbidity. Nothing pleased me more than that the Armistice was announced just as the time usually allotted to the football season was

about up, so that other sports could be resumed with no interference whatever through Federal rulings.

As soon as the War was declared ended, Yale took up the problem of Reorganization. Again I saw my opportunity and published, in early December, 1919, a handbill entitled *Some Suggestions for the Post-Bellum Reconstruction of Yale University*, on which my ideas in *Football and Warfare* were crystallized and brought afresh to influence student opinion and the action of authorities. Under the sub-title "Athletics," I printed the following suggestions:

"The abolition of all sports which transform students into Huns, brutalizing and mutilating them for the sake of domination, commercialism and publicity. The abolition of all sports which aim to produce the abnormal physiques of those short-lived freaks who should be concealed in the side-show of a circus, rather than displayed on the campus of a college. The introduction and permanent establishment of a non-military system of athletics *for all students* which will result in that healthful physical development and humane discipline which are necessary to stimulate and sustain mental activity—a system which will help bring about the gradual expansion of the mind rather than a sudden concussion of the brain."

Thousands of copies of this handbill were circulated by mail among the students and faculty of Yale.

Now note the editorial in the *Yale Alumni Weekly* (December 20th, 1918): "There are the best reasons why the annual session of the National Collegiate Athletic Association in New York City on the twenty-seventh of this month should be a notable meeting. While the war was making its demands upon the best manhood of the colleges and calling a halt on intercollegiate athletics, those who had almost despaired of reforming intercollegiate athletics saw their golden opportunity ahead and talked the language of the optimist. That opportunity has arrived . . . Real Sport for the greatest possible number. That will mean an end to grooming particular stars and lavishing money on picked men."

And observe the "Keynote of the Conference" mentioned in the above editorial—the Chief Resolution which was published in all the daily papers: "Athletics and Physical Training for the Student-Body as a Whole!" Everything from secret practice to long trips was discussed at this national meeting, and it looked as though everything was going to be abolished. One newspaper went so far as to publish the headline: "Collegiate Coaches to Become a Thing of the Past!"

But the most interesting feature of this Conference, as far as the future of Yale was concerned, was pointed out unconsciously by the

Yale Daily News (January 6th, 1919): "The whole tenor of the N. C. A. A. meeting is summed up in a paper by Dean J. R. Angell of the University of Chicago, which was read at the meeting and which heartily denounced the professional coach, training tables and the spectacular aspect of the large football games. He even compared these great games to the circus, the prize fight and gladiatorial combat." Here surely was the fore-going shadow of a forth-coming event.

It is hardly necessary to point out the similarity—even the use of identical words—between the above passages and the *Suggestions* on the handbill.

The dailies of Yale, Harvard and Princeton seemed rather nervous during those days. Fearing that football might be prohibited permanently, they also called a conference and published their resolutions, claiming that although inter-class and intramural athletics for all students should be encouraged for placing a check upon the previous excesses and over-emphasis of varsity athletics, nevertheless "successful, well-trained varsity teams were prerequisite and contributions to a wide general interest and participation in athletics." In this attitude they were backed by Walter Camp, whose "daily dozen," by the way, are participated in by thousands without prerequisite varsity teams.

But there was far more fear than logic in these resolutions. That well-trained varsity squads are necessary for a general participation in athletics has yet to be proved; that they are not sufficient to stimulate such participation has already been proved by Yale's general (?) participation in athletics in the past. Such teams have, it is true, always interested the student-body in athletics as far as the discussion of scores and players is concerned, but to say that they have aroused the general student-body to participate in athletics for their own health is nonsense and falsehood. They have drawn in many a candidate who was seeking glory and publicity, but few who were desiring a development of physique for a purpose other than display or commercialism. The only thing in which such teams have led the general student-body to participate is the "rah! rah! rah!" and that is far more injurious to the throat than the accompanying inhalations of fresh air are beneficial. It is not necessary to shout one's head off in order to admit the great out-of-doors into one's lungs.

But these conferences did lead to a general discussion of athletics whether the resolutions were radical or conservative; and something has been accomplished when people begin discussions. In the midst of all this discussion, I made a special effort to keep my books alive. By this time they had been read at many other universities, colleges and prepar-

atory schools, and I published, on attractive circulars, the endorsements of certain well-known persons in the educational world who did not change their opinions just because they were put in print. Notable among these endorsements was that of Professor George Elliott Howard of the University of Nebraska, former president of the American Sociological Society, who wrote: "You have delivered a powerful and much needed message. In my judgment you have courageously attacked the chief evils in American college life. Football, by fostering vicious habits and wrong ideals, is lowering the standard of higher education. As conditions now are in our universities, the chief tributes of "glory" and prestige go to men like Kuhler (character in *The New Fraternity*) whose merits can only be measured by the pound." I had this printed on a little folder together with an editorial from a liberal publication by the Yale Club of Boston, explaining what loyalty to one's college really meant. I kept Yale well fed with these circulars on which I received permission to use the for-sale-at stamp of the Yale Co-operative Store. I issued a special Reconstruction Edition of my first book *The Ice Lens*. Undergraduate Yale at last became sufficiently interested in my ideas so that I no longer had to send out free copies of my books, the Yale Co-operative Store keeping itself well-stocked all the time.

Following a winter of free discussion of athletic affairs, there came a revolution of the Yale athletic scheme in the spring of 1919, in which "athletics for all" was the predominant factor. A large club house for the use of all students was proposed. The Board of Athletic Control underwent various changes in personnel, Professor Mendell replacing Professor Corwin as Chairman. A University Department of Athletics was organized, and Dr. Albert H. Sharpe was summoned from Cornell as Director.

And yet with all these big changes for that which would be new and undeniably better, we find the old traditional idea unwilling to die. The *Yale News* (May 3rd, 1919), referring to the Banquet at which Director Sharpe was guest of honor, said: "Last night was the biggest night of its kind since the evening of November 25th, 1916. Dr. Sharpe came and saw and conquered But there was other cause to shout. Yale won against both Harvard and Princeton last night; but the frog chorus rent the sky in anticipation of other victories." The victory referred to was that in the Yale-Harvard-Princeton triangular debate on Prohibition, which, by the way, is not in favor of "Bowls"—in particular, when they serve us with a 36-0 concoction of a decidedly Crimson flavor.

In concluding the college year 1918-1919, I shall quote a very

similar editorial from the Commencement number of the *Yale Alumni Weekly*:

“There has been no intercollegiate Varsity Football Game since the fall of 1916, when Yale beat both Harvard and Princeton. But it was not an inappropriate ending to the most remarkable year in Yale’s History capped by the most remarkable of Yale’s commencements that Yale should be able to claim victories over both Princeton and Harvard in every major-sport engaged in during the year 1918-1919—track, crew and baseball. Add to this a like victory in debating and minor sports. The omens of the year 1919!”

But my reader now knows only too well that these victories in good activities were not good omens for the victories Yale was craving in a sport that was doomed—the victories which Destiny, for good reasons, would not grant her.

1919 — 1920

FOOTBALL SQUAD LARGEST IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY —116 MEN OUT FOR TEAM!

This headline appeared in the first issue of the *Yale News* in the fall of 1919. The paper went on to say that the nucleus of the team consisted of five “Y” men of the victorious Varsity of 1916, now back from service. The renewed enthusiasm in football was reflected in the editorial: “Entranced by the glamour formerly attending it as dean among college sports, football, after a three year lapse, resumes the center of the Yale athletic stage. That it has lost none of its old-time popularity was evident at last Saturday’s practice at which over 2,000 spectators were present.”

The team, coached by Director Sharpe himself, lost but one of the early games and the score of that closely fought contest was 5-3 with Boston College as the victor. In the other five games preceding those with Princeton and Harvard, only one of the defeated teams was able to score. It was little wonder that the *Yale News* after the last preliminary victory (Yale 14—Brown 0) said: “There exists among the team’s supporters a definite spirit of optimism.”

But it is well known that no matter how successful a Yale team has been in meeting the opposing teams of every other college, the football season is regarded as a failure (and even a disgrace by some) if that team is defeated by Princeton and Harvard—or even by Harvard alone.

Hence the traditional schedule always reserves these classic games for the close of the season, the conflict with Harvard invariably coming last. The earlier games are considered mere practice. "Our chief interest, after all, in preliminary matches," the *Yale News* once claimed, "is the opportunity afforded to measure our strength and to estimate the possibilities of beating Harvard. Of course Princeton must always be considered. But it is necessary to take it for granted that the Princeton Game is a hurdle that we must jump over successfully before coming to the Harvard Game." And elsewhere I have observed that the *News* does not even regard the preliminary games as a part of the football season, referring to them as "pre-season" games.

The reformer then who is striving to crush Yale football-spirit is striving in vain if he begins his open propaganda in October. If he brings about a Yale defeat in a "pre-season" game, it will have little or no effect, and his literature will have lost its freshness of attack by the time the classics are about to be staged. Furthermore if "pre-season" games are allowed to proceed undisturbed, the list of winning scores preceding the classic games makes disaster in these all the more effective. The psychological "moment" to mail a dynamic pamphlet is after the last preliminary game, at the beginning of the week which terminates in a clash with the Tigers.

While my books had been read by Yale undergraduates during the spring of 1919, my pamphlet *Football and Warfare*—the real bomb which shattered the morale of the freshmen and the various class teams in 1917—had (owing to suppression by the Department of Justice) not been distributed for two years. During that interval a number of the students who had received it had graduated, and those who should have graduated but were now back to make up the work they had lost through enlistment had not received copies. If there were some undergraduates who had saved their pamphlets for two years, they would have run the risk of becoming very unpopular (to say the least) if they had shown them during so glorious a "pre-season." The pamphlet would have been entirely novel to all freshmen and sophomores.

As to the Varsity Team itself, the five members of "Tad" Jones' triumphant team of 1916 who served as a nucleus had, of course, not received copies, and those members of the Freshman Team of 1917 who had now advanced to Varsity rank, had, no doubt, destroyed and did not care to talk about the little "yellow" demons who had brought about their downfall.

Apparently then, the pamphlet would have all the freshness of attack that it had in 1917. Indeed, it would now be even more effective; for

in 1917, the students were only *preparing* for military service and now many of them had actually *fought* at the front. The resistance to military training, because I had compared football to warfare, made the student-body only luke-warm at most in its enthusiasm for the gridiron sport; but the pamphlet was bound to have a more crushing effect on the football-spirit of those to whom it would recall all the horrors of actual warfare which they themselves had seen and experienced.

The large supply of pamphlets which I had printed in 1917 was not very materially lessened by those which I had mailed before the essay was suppressed. All through the War this supply lay in safety, not brooding over and being consumed by the frustration of their falsely construed attempt to prevent the United States from winning the War, but dreaming about and anxiously awaiting the accomplishment of their real and original purpose: "a prolonged series of athletic defeats."

A cloud of them went into the mails after the Brown Game, and the cloud burst in New Haven on Monday morning, November 10th, 1919. The *Yale News* of that date informed me later that on that day "the University Football Team for the first time of the year did not report for practice;" so its members had ample time to do a little reading. The effect of the cloud-burst was tremendous. The next morning (Tuesday, November 11th) the *News* announced that "the first Football rally since 1916" would take place on Wednesday night and that Captain Callahan, Coaches Sharpe, Cates, Brides and Bull and Professor Abbott would address the parade that would be led by all the "Y" men in the University. Captain "Cupid" Black of the Great Year 1916 came to New Haven for the occasion, and "Tad" Jones would probably have been telegraphed for could he have arrived in time from Seattle. The *News* editorial on the day of the rally said: "Of course every Yale man will be on the campus at 7. The football rally will be 100% attended anyway. Nobody is going to attend the theater tonight, for instance."

On Thursday, November 13th, a half-page of the *News* was utilized to call the attention of all students to a Song Night at Commons, Yale's gigantic Dining Hall. In letters an inch high: "Whip it into them—Li-ine! It's up to the Football Squad—but it's up to You, too!" The famous *Undertaker Song* was a particular feature. There was another Song Night on Friday.

On Friday, November 14th, the *News* insisted that all students march to and cheer at the last practice. Editorial: "TO THE BOWL!—Every man who attended Wednesday Night's parade and later listened to the short speeches in front of Dwight Hall must have been

impressed by the spirit and fire of it all. This afternoon witnesses the last practice before the Bulldog meets the Tiger, and it challenges the practical application to the spirit so in evidence Wednesday. When the parade forms for the Bowl, it should see those same men in line who formed that Wednesday multitude—practically the whole of the University. This march to the Bowl, with everybody taking part, is the final proof that we give the team that we are behind them.”

The editorial of Saturday, November 15th (the day of the Game itself) concentrated on cheering and pointed out that the World War, just over, was not won by armies but by nations—by nations with the strongest *esprit de corps*. “Modern Football is indeed a game in which whole universities engage,” it said.

The score that afternoon was: Princeton 13—Yale 6.

Editorial (Monday morning, November 17th): “POST MORTEM—The game is something about which a Yale man would rather not talk . . . Those of us who are so constructed mentally as to be able to do so prefer to look forward to next Saturday . . . Exeunt marching—to Boston!”

Editorial (Wednesday, November 19th): “THE LAST PRACTICE—It is perhaps unnecessary to remind the undergraduate that the last practice of the University Team at the Bowl this afternoon implies an obligation—an obligation to the Team in behalf of every man who can possibly go out and add his voice to the throng which will be there to cheer. Unanimous support of the Team and unanimous confidence in its ability to bring back a victory Saturday will be evident this afternoon”

On Thursday (November 20th) the *News* apologized for its own mistake in regard to The Last Practice—which was secret. A “throng” of 400 students had marched to the Bowl to give their “unanimous support”—only to be turned away.

The last bit of reading matter in the *News* on Friday (November 21st) was found buried among the advertisements on the back page: “Yale has only been beaten once by both Harvard and Princeton in the same year. This was in 1889.”

For some reason I did not receive the copy of the *News* for Saturday (November 22nd) issued just before the Harvard Game; nor did I receive the copy of the *News* issued after that game on Monday (November 24th). If these issues contained some things I was not to see or reprint, the authors may rest assured that at present writing (July, 1923) I have not yet read them. Of course the Sunday edition of a Pittsburgh Paper, published between the two issues referred to above, informed me as to the score: Harvard 10—Yale 3.

The *Yale Daily News* itself had little to say about football in the issues immediately following, although it quoted the opinions of other papers: "All in all Yale impressed me as a team without a soul," wrote Lawrence Perry in the *New York Evening Post* after the defeat at Cambridge. "The Blue outfit impressed me as the product of a house divided against itself: a house in which conflicting notions, cross purposes and the like had given to the football world a child of great natural aptitude, but spoiled in the bringing up. Or, to change the metaphor, it was a great machine with parts not properly assembled. For this I am not inclined to hold either Dr. Sharpe or Captain Callahan responsible."

I should like to ask who should be held responsible if a great team is not properly assembled—who if not the coach or the captain? But Perry was right in not blaming either Sharpe or Callahan. Perry hit the nail on the head not when he "changed the metaphor" but when in the very beginning he said the Yale team was "a team without a soul." When a team has no soul, it cannot win no matter how powerful or how well-assembled by its captain and its coach. What deprived the Yale team of its soul? Many knew—perhaps Lawrence Perry himself also knew. But no one wanted to tell.

The "house divided against itself" was more fully explained in another paper which the *News* did not care to quote, referring to the article as "gutter talk." Under the headline—Internal Strife Among The Eli's—this article went on to say:

"Funny tales were whispered around Boston about the Yale-Harvard Game. Some of the knowing ones said that Yale players had to have individual dressing rooms to prevent a riot. But the stories of dissension in the Eli's ranks were branded as 'bear' stories. They were 'bear stories,' it has developed. But the bear had real, honest-to-gosh claws. Buried under an avalanche of criticism from all sides, Head Coach Al. Sharpe has offered to resign. He hinted at a clique between the Sheffield contingent and the Academic members of the squad that had the team pulling at both ends of the well-known rope. Herb Kempton's friends resented the criticism of the blonde quarterback for faulty judgment on the Princeton and Harvard Games. They claimed that Kempton called for Braden to hit tackle when the ball was on Harvard's one-yard line and that instead of following the signal, the Blue fullback charged into center and lost the biggest chance to score. Braden's friends then joined in the feud. The big fullback said they were all wrong from Coach Sharpe down, and that if they did not stop making him the

goat of the affair, he would open up and tell a few interesting things."

But who wanted to "open up and tell a few interesting things?"

Perhaps the truth as to what was behind all the internal strife was best revealed in the two envelopes I had received from New Haven. With each copy of *Football and Warfare*, I had also mailed a copy of the handbill with its *Suggestions*. Two of these handbills were returned to me. One came back in a sealed envelope addressed carefully in ink, although the writing across the enclosed *Suggestions* was anonymous: "You are a fine Yale man; but why don't you come up here and say it out loud?" The other handbill came in a dirty, open envelope, sloppily addressed in pencil to merely: Gundelfinger, Sewickley, Penna.; and the following lines were scratched across the enclosed *Suggestions*: "I suggest that you try Berlin as a field of endeavor. Skunks of your stripe are doubtless plentiful there." (Signed) J. M. Cates. Cates was one of Director Sharpe's assistant football coaches, a graduate of the Yale Law School in 1906, and a member of the Yale Alumni Advisory Board in 1917, when, as such, he received a copy of *Football and Warfare* before it was suppressed by the Department of Justice.

It should be noted here that the Freshman Football Team of 1919 again lost to Harvard as in 1917—following the distribution of the pamphlet.

The gridiron gloom of 1919 was followed by a winter during which the Yale Co-operative Store sold a maximum number of my books—showing that undergraduate Yale (and her graduate and professional schools also perhaps) was searching for the real cause of Yale's defeats and wondering, perhaps, if they were not an indication that she should select her goal and seek her glory in some field other than that one which was marked off by five-yard lines. I do not mean to infer by this that my books became "best sellers"—nor was I anxious that they should become "best sellers," which are invariably written and read for the purpose of recreation and which not infrequently do good varying in amount inversely with the number of copies sold. I wanted my books to be read by thinkers. Charles Scribner's Sons boast that the Princeton Co-operative Store sold 96 copies of *This Side of Paradise* on the very day of publication. F. Scott Fitzgerald, the author, is a Princeton graduate who (to quote one of his critics) "if he sees no more in life than the spinning dance of midges he portrays with so much skill and intelligence, is but a midge himself, with the single added quality of being aware of his midgeness and able to describe it." I do not believe that the Yale "midges" were very strongly attracted by the "odor" of my own books, but I do know that the Yale Co-operative Store sold as

many of them in the winter of 1919-1920 as the Princeton Co-operative Store sold of Fitzgerald's in one day. It goes without saying that they must have been purchased by thinkers rather than "midges" of the rah-rah-rah variety. And yet the latter probably borrowed them from the thinkers afterwards, instead of buying them with their own cigaret money. Books of this sort are, when sold in a college community, read by others than those who buy them; they are read also not only by the fellow across the hall but by all the fellows in the same entry of the dormitory.

Another thing which I believe stimulated interest in my books was a full-page advertisement of them in the *Yale Alumni Weekly* in October, 1919. The *Weekly*, as I have pointed out elsewhere, refused to advertise my earlier books when they first appeared. I had made this fact known on leaflets sent to the undergraduates, and since the latter seldom read the graduate paper, I had the full-page from it reprinted and circulated in the winter to change the impression which the earlier refusal had made. The reprinted page stated that my books "have been the stimulus behind and the prophecy before the Great Post-Bellum Reconstruction recently voted by the Yale Corporation." These, of course, were the words of an advertisement, but one could hardly conceive of the *Yale Alumni Weekly* publishing the advertisement if there had not been a sense of truth in it; the *Weekly*, however, still kept its own lips sealed as far as any mention of my books was concerned, although it boasted of its desire to give publicity to the works of all Yale graduates.

The winter of 1919-1920 again heard all sorts of reforms proposed for the athletic world—reforms so radical as to eliminate all gate receipts (which at some universities amount to over a million a year for football alone) and reforms so conservative as to reduce the distance between the goal posts to fourteen feet. (This reduction, by the way, refers to the distance between the two goal posts at the same end of the field.)

The Yale system itself underwent a change or two. It was decided that Director Sharpe had too big a job for one man, and there came with great joy the announcement that "Tad" Jones would return as Head Football Coach without remuneration so as to silence the charges of professionalism, which had again been resumed and intensified at national meetings. Sharpe was to continue "in the direction and upbuilding of general Yale athletics for the good of the whole student-body—something that many have wanted to see developed for many years." The concentration of Director Sharpe's ability in this one direction should have been a cause for greater rejoicing than

the return of Jones for the sole purpose of winning football victories.

The *Yale News* probably realized this when in its issue of February 23rd, 1920, it commented as follows: "There is perhaps no other single advance which has been made by the University this year as striking and as universally interesting as the advance which has been made in athletics. The New Department of Athletics, under the leadership of C. W. Mendell with the new Physical Director, Dr. Albert H. Sharpe, has worked wonders with its policy of making athletics attractive to the average as well as to the exceptional man . . . Through the careful improvement and throwing open of all the University's athletic facilities, some twelve hundred of the undergraduate body have been able to participate. Through the energetic pursuance of the sane policy of rendering athletics not compulsory, but universally attractive, the University can now boast of an ideal all but realized: Athletics for All."

But, at the same time, there was no more loyal slave to tradition in those days than this oldest college daily. In spite of its open appreciation for the new policy, it continued to crave for pigskin ecstasy. It announced that spring football practice would start in the "Gym" on the first day of March, and added that this was "the earliest start in the History of the University;" it announced that fifty school athletes were to enter Yale in the fall, and added that twenty-nine of them were football players; and when "Tad" Jones sent a letter to the last meeting of football men for the year, it ran the following editorial: "FOOTBALL—The football meeting last night was the opening gun for next fall—for next fall and victory. It was not a mere outline of plans with the usual exhortations. There was sounded a new note, the return to the old football that won games. Little can be added here. 'Hell and Brimstone' are Tad Jones' words—words that will put Yale football where it ought to be. The eyes of the Yale world are on next year's team. There must be no disappointment." I can pardon Ted Coy for having telegraphed: "Here's to Tad and a sure Championship Football Team!"—for Ted Coy lived back in the days of stars and general neglect for the rest of the undergraduate body. But just because the *News* is the oldest college daily was no reason why its editors should still have clung to the faulty policy of its childhood. I agreed with the *News* when it said that Tad Jones' words would put Yale football where it ought to be; but I knew the *News* and I did not have in mind the same place.

Fortunately not all of Yale's graduates were still making a god of pigskin. The waning of the old football-spirit among the alumni was

evidenced when in February, 1920, the Yale Athletic Association sent out a request for contributions "to finish the Bowl"—the seats in the upper half having been built only temporary in sand instead of concrete when the Bowl was originally constructed. As a special inducement, preferred tickets to the big games were offered to these contributors, the number of tickets varying with the amount subscribed. The whole amount necessary was \$250,000. The Committee had to know within a month whether to proceed with the work or not. On March 20th, a second appeal was mailed, saying that only a little more than half of the amount had been subscribed, but that the engineer's specifications were not yet ready and that the time-limit for accepting subscriptions had been extended to April 1st. In August another circular letter was mailed saying that the subscribed amount was still \$45,000 short of what was needed. There was a time when Yale could have collected \$250,000 for football overnight without the offer of preferred tickets or any other inducement.

1920 — 1921

Did the return of "Tad" Jones, Hero of 1916, to command Yale football mean that I would have to conduct a propaganda program more extensive and intensive than that of previous years? It might have meant that; indeed, it would have meant that if "Tad" Jones himself had not helped me by writing his "Hell and Brimstone" letter in the spring of 1920. Such a philosophy would have been very effective before the War, and it may have been the foundation for Jones' triumphs in 1916. But it was not the War so much as the War combined with *Football and Warfare* and the *Suggestions* which made undergraduate Yale averse to such victory-"dope." I do not know if Jones knew just why Yale was defeated by Princeton and Harvard the year before he returned, but if he did know, he certainly made consciously the supreme mistake of his career as Coach. When he announced his "Hell and Brimstone" philosophy, recalling so vividly the words and advice of the Army commander quoted in *Football and Warfare*, I felt assured that I need do nothing further in the way of propaganda to keep the Yale football-spirit under suppression as far as seniors, juniors and sophomores were concerned—or any others who had read the pamphlet in 1919 and been stimulated by it to read my books during the winter.

The freshmen, of course, were still innocent, and I am of the opinion

that it was considered loyal to keep them so, however strongly the conscience of some upperclassmen dictated the enlightenment of the newcomers. It was the first year in which the Freshman classes of both the Scientific and the Academic Departments were, in accordance with Yale's Reconstruction Program, united, and I had prepared a special *New Fraternity* circular for this first "Common Freshman Year," in which circular the novel was featured as an attack on venereal diseases in a college community. No small number of freshmen ordered the book direct, and others were supplied from a consignment I had sent to the Yale Co-operative Store. In this way I began my anti-football agitation among the freshmen in October, although it was disguised as a campaign which was just as necessary and beneficial.

I had indeed begun my propaganda among some of the freshmen before the opening of college by conducting an advertising campaign among those students of Yale's foremost preparatory schools who had graduated in June, observing that the circulars were responded to mostly by boys who entered Yale a few weeks later. After college opened I continued to advertise *The New Fraternity* among the seniors at these preparatory schools, some of whom would enter Yale in 1921. It was interesting to note that a surprisingly large response came from Exeter, "Tad" Jones' own preparatory school and the school where he had coached so successfully just before coming to New Haven in 1916. Exeter continued to send in orders, ranging from one to seven books, for several months.

The circulation of *Football and Warfare* however was still restricted to students who had actually entered Yale, and the time of circulation for the freshmen who entered in 1920 was to be reserved for the psychological moment.

In spite of "Tad" Jones' philosophy, the *Yale News* showed a weakening of spirit in the matter of football. There was a sense of doubt behind all the editorials, and when they did become fiery, the enthusiasm seemed forced: "'Tad' Jones will give his best; this spelled victory in 1916. The rest is up to the team and the college. For it must not be one man who does the work, no, nor yet eleven, but three thousand. The less said of last season the better. History is much easier to talk about than to make. This is not a year for prophecies—nor is it one for disappointment."

The first game of the year was a decisive Yale victory over Carnegie Tech 44-0, which some probably considered a good omen, for I happened to be instructing at the Carnegie Institute of Technology at the time. With the exception of Boston College (who was also Yale's

only master in 1919), all the other "pre-season" games resulted in victories for the Bulldog, the victory over Brown again immediately preceding the game with Princeton.

The moment for mailing the "yellow" pamphlet had come. Despite the fact that Yale had beaten West Virginia 24-0 and that West Virginia had already beaten Princeton, despite the fact that a rally had been advertised and that the *News* demanded that "every man that can beg, borrow or steal the carfare will be in Palmer Stadium on Saturday"—despite all this, I felt that the football-spirit of the upperclassmen was low enough to prevent a victory over Princeton, irrespective of how the freshmen felt. The "low campus morale" of 1919 (after the circulation of the pamphlet) was pointed out by the *Yale Alumni Weekly* in November, 1920; and there was no reason to believe that it had undergone a rejuvenation to lift it out of the still lower depression due to the "Hell and Brimstone" philosophy of Mr. Jones. So it was entirely unnecessary to keep the morale low even through the influence of a fresh attack on the Freshman spirit.

But I had another reason for not mailing *Football and Warfare* to the freshmen before the Varsity Game with Princeton. The younger team was to play the Harvard freshmen on the same day that the older boys played in New Jersey. I was curious to do a little experimenting, which, even though unsuccessful, would in no way prevent the defeat of Yale at the Palmer Stadium. If successful, it would, in its way, be further proof that my pamphlet had brought about the defeat of the Freshman Team by Harvard both in 1917 and in 1919. It was successful; the pamphlets were not mailed until *after* the Freshman Game with Harvard—a Yale victory 28-3, which gave the Yale freshmen the championship.

This Freshman victory over Harvard served to counteract somewhat the effects of the Varsity defeat 20-0 (which was said to be the "Worst Drubbing Yale ever suffered from Princeton") and to give the *Yale News* sufficient strength to say: "The result of the Princeton Game in no way alters the sincerity and earnestness which has characterized the University's support of the team this fall. This week all Yale will stand more squarely than ever behind the team." In the same issue with these words there was a large notice requesting all students to eat and sing at the Yale Commons "to get the spirit which will beat Harvard." It was on the very morning of this issue that the freshmen received their copies of *Football and Warfare* and the *Suggestions*; and in the following issue, it was announced that the Yale Commons would close "from lack of patronage." This sequence of events, in which

Fate seemed to enter so strongly, cannot be fully appreciated unless one has read that part of *The New Fraternity* which depicts the celebration of a football victory in the Yale Dining Hall. In my own undergraduate days, these celebrations were the very thing—in fact the only thing—that made Commons so popular. That the Dining Hall should have closed just before the Harvard Game looked as though the students, by their lack of patronage, foresaw no reason for a celebration. It should be observed here, now that this subject is under discussion, that the patronage of Commons has wavered all through the “prolonged series of athletic defeats.”

Nevertheless there was a rally in Woolsey Hall on Thursday night (November 18th), when Coach Jones and Captain Callahan both spoke “after the cheer leaders had stopped a five minute ovation” and after the team was called on the stage by a crowd of 2,000 students. The crippled condition of Jones’ men (doubtless a direct outcome of his philosophy when put to practice) had been referred to time and again in the *Weekly* and the *News*, and, despite the cheering, it was probably an outward reflection of the condition of their inner minds. “Prophecies,” said the *News* on the morning of the rally, “are not popular, and we will not make any; but,” continued the ever-hopeful paper after swallowing the lump in its throat, “there is a clearly defined feeling that the Bowl may yet be the scene of the greatest football game of the 1920 season.” Then with a faint smile: “And it is rumored that even seniors, casting privileges to the winds, will have their hats with them.”

When the Harvard team, undefeated, arrived in New Haven on Friday, the *News* ran: “For the first time since 1916 the Bowl will rock to the roar of eighty thousand voices acclaiming the appearance of the oldest of gridiron rivals.” And “Tad” Jones, dreaming of his triumph just four years before, said: “The team is in excellent shape, mentally and physically.” (Why consider injuries?) “I expect the eleven to come through tomorrow and am absolutely confident of victory.”

Saturday Morning,
November 20th, 1920.

T. A. D. Jones, Esq.,
Yale Athletic Association,
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sir:

As I sit here at my desk, New Haven is fast filling with the out-of-town fans who have come to see the Yale-Harvard Football Game which

marks the close of Yale's Season. I am not so confident that Yale will lose as you and Captain Callahan are that she will win;—but if she should win, it would certainly be a most depressing victory—the kind that would have been inflicted on the world if Germany had won the War. Indeed, your letter to Yale men last spring, reads as though you had asked Hindenburg's advice on how to word it:

“One thing is certain and you can tell each and every one for me: the fellows who make up the Football team next fall will be those who are ready to go through hell fire and brimstone for Yale and who are willing to make any sacrifice necessary. There will be no petting and coddling, and all concerned might just as well make up their minds to it now as later. I won't have a man on the squad who does not place Yale first and his pleasures and himself second. I am going to be mighty rough on those fellows who don't come back in the fall ready for the toughest season they have ever gone through.”

By a curious coincidence, I opened a pack of a half dozen of my books “Ten Years at Yale” last night which I had wrapped in newspaper to keep them clean. The newspaper was dated March 28th, 1918, and contained the cartoon which I am enclosing. Take a good look at it, and don't forget “the crippled condition of the team” this year.

In the *Yale News*, I read what you had to say at the “greatest of rallies” in Woolsey Hall on Wednesday night: “I am coming before you, not as a coach, but as a Yale man. The team that takes the field Saturday will fight to its last ounce of strength for you because they are Yale men and you are Yale men. . . . Yale expects Victory—demands Victory—demands that every man give his whole to Yale. Not only that, but I expect them and you expect them to give more than they thought they had because it is a Yale team. . . . They will come through with your support and by giving all they've got to Yale.” I thought this Deutschland-über-alles rot had been squelched; after a world war, fought with that intention, it is certainly disgusting to find Prussianism again lifting its bloody head under the disguise of “loyalty” in one's Alma Mater, whose students are supposed to be educated men and not barbarians. There have been times in the history of the world when it was necessary to stimulate loyalty to the *n*-th power and to arouse the emotions of highly educated men; but during those times, there was always some great cause at stake. But pray why inflame men over a piece of pigskin? If Harvard had committed some awful crime, there might be some sense in vanquishing her. But when two groups of men meet to play *with* one another instead of *against* each other, why worry as to which one is going to win? Why hold a special service in

Woolsey Hall accompanied by the Newberry Organ in an attempt to make the students believe that Yale is God's chosen university—just as the Germans were led to believe that they were God's chosen people? Why have the captain get up and shout: "Many a Yale team has gone into a Harvard game without being expected to win and has come through because it was for Yale!" It is said that the highly successful team of Center College kneel on the gridiron and pray before each game; but they do not pray for Center—they pray that each man might do his best. They have not yet become a team of religious idiots who believe they will come through "just because it is for Center." If the Yale team could for one moment forget that they are Yale men, they might accomplish something. This is Yale's weak spot not only in football but in everything, and unless Yale men everywhere in every undertaking give up their damnable pride and brainless "loyalty," Yale, in spite of her recent Reconstruction, will one of these days find herself lying prostrate at the side of Germania.

Trusting you have learned the folly of "militarism on the gridiron," and hoping you will wend your way back to Seattle and spend your efforts in some useful employment for the good of Mankind, I am

Yours very faithfully,
(signed) GEORGE F. GUNDELFINGER.

The cartoon referred to was called *The Hindenburg Drive*, showing Hindenburg driving a chariot through an ocean of blood (labelled *Human Sacrifice*) not a chariot conveyed by horses but by a German Soldier. The Kaiser stood at the helm throwing out iron crosses. A sign-post read: *To Amiens!* I changed the iron crosses to football Y's; and I believe I changed the name Amiens to Harvard.

The letter was mailed to "Tad" Jones before the Harvard Game began; but he did not receive it of course until after the 9-0 score of Yale's defeat had been wired all over the country and published in all newspapers.

"Looking into the future," said the ever-hopeful and ever-disappointed *Yale News* (Monday morning, Nov. 22nd, 1920), "we cannot say there is anything about the season's defeats to cast a shadow of discouragement ahead. The high morale, which has steadily grown since September, is here to stay. Victory, postponed in 1920, we confidently await in 1921 and thereafter. . . . The key to the football situation for the future is "Tad" Jones. We express the sentiment of the University in stating our unreserved confidence in his ability to win back Yale's football supremacy of the old days."

It was decidedly doubtful whether the *News* was expressing "the sentiment of the University"—or even of its own editors—in regard to the "season's defeats." Had the *News* said there was nothing about the playing of Yale's team to cast a shadow of discouragement ahead, there would have been more truth in the statement. But to have given the impression that there was nothing about the "season's defeats" to cast a shadow of discouragement ahead was not in keeping with the motto on the Yale seal. In regard to those defeats, 20-0 and 9-0, I believe the graduate paper came closer to expressing the sentiment of the undergraduate body: "What is Yale going to do?" asked the *Alumni Weekly*. "It seems unthinkable that conditions should be permitted to continue that have been true at Yale the last few years. Yale football has been sick and seems to be growing worse." By the conditions that have been true at Yale the last few years the *Weekly* undoubtedly meant the anti-football attitude, falsely called "the high morale" by the *Yale Daily News*; and when the *Weekly* said that "Yale football has been sick and seems to be growing worse," it meant the Yale football-spirit of the undergraduates, which, according to the *News*, "is here to stay." That Yale football (spirit) seemed to be growing worse was reflected in the scores of 1920 as compared with those in 1919. It is as unfortunate as it is true that the only thing that lives after a football game is the score; the untiring efforts of the coach and the brilliant work of individual players are, in time, forgotten—only the figures remain to tell the story. There may indeed be something in those defeat scores of 36-0 and 41-0 from Harvard in 1914 and 1915 respectively which reflects poor coaching and inferior playing; but the defeat scores of 13-6 and 10-3 from Princeton and Harvard respectively in 1919 and those of 20-0 and 9-0 from the same universities in 1920 do not indicate "sick football growing worse"—they indicate lukewarm football-spirit growing cold. The *News* was only partly right when, in 1919, it said that modern football was not played by teams but by whole universities; it is true that the last two games on Yale's schedule are always played by whole universities, but the "pre-season" games are played by teams alone. If you want a measure of the ability of the Yale team, look at the pre-season scores; compare, for example, the number of zeros Yale received from other teams in 1915 with the number of teams who received zero from Yale in 1919 and in 1920, and then decide for yourself if Yale football was sick under Coach Sharpe or under "Tad" Jones' first effort after the War. Sick football naturally changes the undergraduate football-spirit, which probably explains the Yale-Harvard scores under Coach Hinkey when the whole university was playing the

game; but it was not sick football that produced the sick football-spirit of the whole university in the whole-university games of the first two years after the War. It was *The New Fraternity* and *Football and Warfare* and the *Suggestions*. These were the "season's defeats," which, as the *News* itself later admitted (when it acquired wide-awake and truthful rather than optimistic editors) would always "cast a shadow of discouragement ahead"—but discouragement in football only.

But the *Alumni Weekly*, however well it knew where the cause lay, pretended to seek for it in other directions. It even took a fling at Jones himself: "The old Yale coaching system was not built up around any one man nor was any individual the boss of it." And the bewildered *News* came to the Coach's defense by completely ignoring his accomplishments in 1916: "With Tad Jones back with time to build up a system such as has been utterly lacking since the days of Ted Coy, it looks as if ancient football laurels might come back home." The *Weekly* also began to blame the alumni for their ebbing spirit—which was due to recent scores, however, rather than to direct circulation of "yellow" literature. There was a Life Insurance Advertisement in the *Weekly* in February, 1921, which read: "9 out of every 1,000 men now age 35 will never hear the results of the next Yale-Harvard Game. Death is inevitable. Are you prepared?" I believe there were many graduates of that age who were fully prepared and regretted that the percentage would be so low.

Of course some graduates knew, just as all undergraduates knew, the truth of the situation which was so mysteriously concealed from the *Sporting World* as a whole. Mr. Stone of the Associated Press, bribed by his Yale honorary degree, was probably doing his part to keep it dark, and a part of official Yale was no doubt silently applauding his successful efforts in that direction. That a certain element at Yale was still craving a "morally degrading and degenerating" victory which would disprove the influence of my writings, that this element refused to recognize this influence and by so refusing allowed *Sporting* editors to drag Yale teams and coaches through muck and to feed the public at large on adulterated and poisoned criticism—this is probably a Yale disgrace which the future will be unable to erase. It is little wonder that Callahan, who captained the Yale team during both seasons, 1919 and 1920, falsely bearing the shame of the two most disastrous years in Yale football history, left the university before graduating—indeed, quit America to study History and Politics at Oxford in January, 1921. There was something pathetic—something bordering on mental derangement—when, just before his second chance with Harvard (a chance

never given to any other Yale captain), he cried out from the stage of Woolsey Hall: "Many a Yale team has gone into a Harvard game without being expected to win and has come through because it was for Yale!" *Without being expected to win!* That was the truthful accusation he hurled at his hypocritically cheering audience. But as to why the audience could not expect them to win—that was the Great Secret that no Yale man dared breathe, let alone shout.

Foreseeing the great consequences, I was proud of the decisive defeats which I had, with the assistance of Fate, brought to what was promised to be "a new era in Yale football." I was absolutely willing to take all the "blame," but it hurt me to see the blame on the shoulders of innocent men who did not desire or deserve it. It was for this reason that I had decided, now that my purpose had been accomplished, to enlighten some others who were falsely assuming the credit. When I mailed the *Football and Warfare* pamphlets to the Yale freshmen after the Varsity defeat from Princeton in 1920, I also sent a deluge of them to the Tiger's own lair, addressing one to the students in each even-numbered room of every dormitory on the Princeton campus. Of course, I do not care to claim that no stray copies of this pamphlet had found their way to other colleges, but no undergraduate-body other than Yale had been saturated with them to a degree that would drown the football-spirit and defeat the team. When Princeton did her snake dance at the Palmer Stadium on the evening of November 13th, 1920, she was quite insane over her 20-0 score, but when she found the "yellow" pamphlets in her mail the following week, she no doubt thought her dance had been a little too spirited for the occasion; for she must have felt less elated when she learned the real cause of her having defeated Yale twice in succession; perhaps she, too, could not have won, if her morale had been shattered. "Your pamphlet *Football and Warfare*," wrote a Princeton undergraduate who was one of the leaders of his class, "was enthusiastically received by us all. We witnessed the last Yale-Princeton game, and I can only say that our feelings of repugnance and horror to the spectacle were equal to those of Paul Milton." (Paul Milton is the name of the main character in *The New Fraternity*.) The story of the further effect on the terrible Tiger will be reserved for 1921-1922.

There was a big event which occurred in the spring of 1921 to make Yale forget, at least temporarily, her gridiron defeats of the preceding fall. It was the announcement of the election of James Roland Angell to succeed President Hadley. Athletics, however, happened to be one of the main topics in President-elect Angell's first

address before a Yale audience—the *Yale News* banquet of March 21st, 1921:

“I want physical education of the most helpful possible kind for every college student, particularly for the non-athlete who is often a bit neglected. I want clean, honest intercollegiate athletics, so conducted that they not only benefit the men who compete but that they also exercise a wholesome influence on the entire academic community. I want them so conducted that they do not unreasonably invade the time and attention of the members of the team, and, as a consequence, prevent their proper attention to academic work. If there are to be professional or semi-professional coaches, I want men selected who are not only technically expert but who are men of essentially sound, fine character. I would rather have a man of questionable character in almost any other University post than in that of athletic coach; for nowhere else is the opportunity for fundamentally wholesome influence so great and nowhere else is the pernicious influence of a coarse or immoral man so serious.”

It is hardly necessary to call the reader's attention to the fact that the new president's views on athletics bear a close resemblance to the views expressed in *Football and Warfare* and the *Suggestions for the Post-Bellum Reconstruction of Yale University*. It is true that he said nothing that would indicate the abolition of intercollegiate football contests; but it is equally true that he said nothing in praise of them. A new president's first speech must necessarily be of a conservative nature, which may not, however, conform with the nature of the president himself. A better insight of his true nature can sometimes be had from an earlier speech made before he was aware of the honor awaiting him, even though that speech may have helped him to attain the honor itself. In his address as President-elect, Dr. Angell referred lightly to the fact that the public press regarded him as a radical in athletics, and as far as his paper read before the meeting of the National Collegiate Athletic Association in December, 1918, is concerned, the public press would seem to be not far wrong. When Dr. Angell told the Yale undergraduates at the *News* Banquet in March, 1921, that he wanted intercollegiate athletics conducted so that they would exercise a wholesome influence on the entire academic community, I do not believe that he was altogether oblivious of the reference which the *News* made to his ideas in January, 1919. I do not believe, in other words, that by wholesome influence, he meant the “wholesome” influence of a prize fight or a gladiatorial combat. I do not believe, for example, that he would sanction the application of “hell fire and brimstone” when there is no great cause at stake—when it is only a question of healthful recreation.

"I have no use for the sport, and I have the highest respect for the sportsman," said the president-elect. But these words needed interpretation.

The fact that "Tad" Jones was retained under President Angell's administration is an endorsement of the Coach's character, but not necessarily an endorsement of the sport he is coaching or of his method of coaching it. Yet in such a war-like sport, "hell fire and brimstone" do seem essential for victory. Off the gridiron, "Tad" Jones is just as perfect a gentleman as were some of our greatest generals off the field of battle. Some time ago I read a letter of "Tad" Jones' (not addressed to me) which proved conclusively that he is a man of character; President Angell's endorsement of him was not necessary for *my* enlightenment. "The opportunity for fundamentally wholesome influence on the entire academic community" is nowhere so great as it is in "Tad" Jones. It is only the game of football that is "pernicious, coarse and immoral;" and it is only natural that one who coaches such a game seemingly takes on these unbecoming colors.

The two unfortunate things that happened after President-elect Angell said that he wanted "physical education of *the most helpful possible kind* for every student, particularly for the non-athlete" were: that Dr. Sharpe, who was supplying this very want so efficiently, resigned; and that "Tad" Jones, who was the next best man to fill the vacancy, continued, instead, to segregate the few athletes who were already blessed with physique and health and put them through a season of training and playing which crippled their bodies and sent them to the Yale infirmary.

1921 — 1922

It would, of course, have been a gigantic and expensive task to deluge all universities and colleges with *Football and Warfare*, as I had deluged Princeton. But I was still anxious to inform other institutions of learning, in some degree, as to the cause of Yale's defeats. I decided that an effective way to do this would be to deluge the senior classes of the preparatory schools which fed the colleges. This was done in the spring of 1921, when, for example, a copy of *Football and Warfare* was sent to each room at Exeter that contained a prospective college freshman for the fall. A large number of pamphlets were similarly sent to Lawrenceville, Hotchkiss and Hill.

But this deluge also served a second purpose. Yale was, no doubt, observing the element of periodicity in my attacks, and I surmised that an attempt was being made to counteract their influence. While there may have been no direct statements made, it is very likely that the prominent seniors who were now addressing the Yale freshmen in the early fall at meetings in the entries of the various dormitories, were throwing out general hints here and there in their talks on Yale spirit and traditions. It was wise, therefore, to have had the pamphlet read by the boys before going to New Haven. The circulation at the preparatory schools accomplished this to some extent and would even serve the purpose for more than one year, if one assumed that the pamphlet was also read by upper and lower middlers. I realized that this would detract from the freshness of the attack immediately preceding the classic games, but I also realized that the freshness of attack could not be kept up indefinitely even under the most minute precautions. No trick works so effectively as it does the first time it is sprung; and most tricks do not work at all after the secret is divulged. I knew that the maximum momentary and direct effect of the circulation of the pamphlet had already been obtained. Nevertheless it would probably continue to have an influence and bring about eventual and permanent results. I had played my rôle; the rest would be taken care of by other powers and persons with nothing more than an occasional suggestion on my part. I did not mail any free anti-football literature to Yale in the fall of 1921.

The "pre-season" of 1921 under Captain Aldrich was even more brilliant than that of the preceding year. There was not a single victory for the visiting teams, and five of them failed to score a single point. Yale ran up 47 points on Brown—the largest score in Yale-Brown football history and the largest of that particular Yale season. But the defeat of West Point, following an impressive array of all her cadets in the Yale Bowl, must have been *the* event of October. How any one could say that Yale football was sick and growing worse was more than I could fathom!

But the *Yale News* itself was finally learning to differentiate between Yale football and Yale football-spirit. After the opening game (Yale 28—Bates 0), it said, editorially: "Ever since Black's team was carried off the field on the shoulders of howling undergraduates, Yale has opened the season with bright prospects, good material and the applause of Eastern sporting editors. Two black Novembers attest the futility of pre-season triumphs." One wonders why Yale did not awaken to the selfishness and folly of tradition—the tradition of placing the so-called classic games at the end of her schedule. Had these contests

come earlier in 1919 and 1920 and if the decisive victories over Brown, Tufts and Maryland had come (with even higher scores perhaps) at the close of the season, the two black Novembers referred to above might also have been worthy of the significance of a capital B. But the black November of 1920 was very similar to the Black November of 1916; the teams had the same coach, and in each case it was really his first year. The only difference was the added tradition of 1920—the two-year-old tradition of sick football-spirit.

From all appearances this tradition was preparing to celebrate its third birthday. The above editorial would seem to imply so. But there were direct indications also. The *Weekly* continued its policy of calling attention to the low undergraduate morale of the preceding year (which it printed in an entirely different garb at that time): "Last year, football was looked upon as a wearisome labor by all concerned." But in regard to the morale of the present: "Everybody appears to be behind Jones with a will; if the team does not do credit to him, it will not be the fault of the situation in previous years." And yet, three or four days later, the following note appeared in the *Yale News*: "Due to lack of interest shown by the student-body in football practice on Mondays and Tuesdays, the Bowl will be closed for the rest of the season; starting today, all practice will be strictly secret." We even find "Tad" Jones himself saying: "It is too early to make prophecies, and talking has never made a football team." Nevertheless football-spirit is just that: Talking.

One of the advantages of pessimism is that when it does disappoint, the disappointment is always a pleasant surprise. And such was the Yale victory (13-7) over Princeton on November 12th, 1921. This first triumph in classic games since the War transported certain Sporting editors as well as those of the Yale publications.

Grantland Rice, of the *New York Tribune*, burst into "poetry:"

In days of old when Coy was bold

And Hogan held his sway,

Etc.

And then the tide went out.

Year after year the salty tear

Has marred the Yale grad's face.

Etc.

But wait! The tide, with blue-flecked stride,

Is rolling up the glen,

Where, through with rout, one hears the shout:

"The Bulldog's loose again!"

And his prose embodied the same sentiment: "Jones and his men

at last put the Bulldog back upon the map, where, barring an unkempt misfortune, he should stay for some time. . . . Nothing but a miracle can save Harvard!"

It was interesting to watch how the *Yale News* kept restraining and restraining itself and finally had to let go: Earlier it had contradicted a New York paper, saying: "The team is not the greatest since Ted Coy. Results talk; two weeks from now, it may be." And as late as Friday (November 18th): "The miracle has happened once, and it may happen again. Victory, however probable, is by no means a foregone conclusion." But on the morning of the Harvard Game (November 19th): "It would be useless to deny that the undergraduate body is completely confident of the ability of the team that takes the field at two o'clock. Even a murmur of over-confidence is occasionally heard. Such over-confidence is justified, if it ever was, by the performance of the team last Saturday."

On that same morning, the *Literary Digest* appeared containing an article entitled *Football as a "Fighting Game."* The opening lines: "College football, our greatest fall sport, stirs American blood principally because it resembles war. Not only does it appeal to the fundamental battle spirit of both young and old, but also its strategy and tactics are those of war." Could anything have been more reminiscent of *Football and Warfare*? And a picture of the Yale Bowl at the center of the page! The omen had appeared just before the kick-off.

And on that morning I also received the *Yale Alumni Weekly* and read: "Yale has finally emerged from a depressing football slump. It is hard to see what is going to stop the 1921 Eleven from emerging unbeaten."

But it would not have been hard to see why Yale had beaten Princeton if the *Weekly* had known and confessed the secret, which only Princeton and myself knew. And with such knowledge it would not have been so hard to see what was going to stop the 1921 Eleven from emerging unbeaten. The *Literary Digest* had pointed it out at the last minute for those who, at the last minute, had not pulled the cap of optimism over their eyes. Yale won the Princeton game not because the Yale football-spirit had become less sick, but because its sickness was a few years staler than that of Princeton. The pamphlet had shown its influence in a new manner—that of breaking down the morale of the enemy's spirit. The Princeton team was said to be "admittedly below their usual standard." Why? Did Yale realize that disarmament was the topic of the day at Princeton during the fall? Did Yale realize that the big Disarmament Conference was staged at Princeton during

the week which ended with the exodus of the Tigers to New Haven? If Yale had known that Princeton had been deluged with pamphlets in the fall of 1920 *after* her victory, she would have understood why the conference recalled that deluge and served to break down the Princeton football-spirit. It is interesting to note that the *Yale News* in an editorial at this time, quotes a Yale senior as asking: "Who are they going to disarm? Football players?" And these were just whom the Conference was disarming. And what was happening at New Haven? War was, on the contrary, again being applauded. Generalissimo Foch was being given a degree at a special convocation in Woolsey Hall on the very morning of the Yale-Princeton Game, and he marched across the Yale Bowl between the halves of the Game itself. All these things had their subconscious and conscious influences which helped to bring about, not a Yale victory, but a Princeton defeat.

And the momentary optimism of the *Yale News*, preceding the Yale-Harvard Game, vanished as quickly as it had appeared. After the Harvard victory (10-3), the *News* unknowingly called itself to task: "Some irrepressible optimists are already beginning to talk about the years to come. Admirable as their attitude may be in the abstract, it is a painful and ineffectual remedy for the depression which has seized the rest of the University. Oblivious to the future, most of the undergraduates prefer to remain a while among the desolate ruins of the present."

And the next day (November 22nd) the *News* even went so far as to predict the celebration of the fourth birthday of Yale's newest tradition: sick football-spirit. "Another football season has ended in black despair. Other years will come, but the University prefers not to talk about them. Next fall the rôle of the undergraduate will be a silent one." And in the same issue on the opposite page in large black letters: "The Bulldog is No Longer the Symbol of Yale"—an advertisement for and quotation from an article by Donald Ogden Stewart, a *News* editor of 1916, the Big Year!

But the *Yale News* did not remain long "among the desolate ruins." Four days later it published a drawing of the Bowl with a proposed, additional balcony, which would increase its seating capacity to 117,000. And here as in the last act of *The Playboy of the Western World* when Old Mahon comes in on all fours, one feels like shouting with Christy: "Are you coming to be killed a third time, or what ails you now?"

The football season was, as usual, followed by a winter of criticism and proposals. Most sensational, however, was that which President

Lowell, referring to the influence of large crowds on athletics, said in his Report to the Harvard Overseers in January, 1922: "The necessity of maintaining for this purpose public spectacles attended by thousands of spectators every Saturday throughout the autumn is certainly not clear; and whether it ought to be maintained for any other object is a matter worth consideration. Like many other questions touching the direction of the undergraduate life, this is one that affects all American colleges, and it would be well for faculties, administrators and governing boards to consider afresh the proper place of public intercollegiate athletic contests in the scheme of education."

I had mailed a copy of *Football and Warfare* to each of Harvard's Overseers in 1917, and because there had been considerable change in the personnel of the Board, I repeated the act after President Lowell's Report in 1922. At the same time I sent a hundred or more copies to the various undergraduate dormitories and to the editors of the *Crimson*.

President Meiklejohn of Amherst, whose views were so radical (too radical, I fear) as to sanction abolishing not only the coach but even the boards of athletic control (which boards are very essential in the supervision of athletics-for-all despite the fact that they insist on getting financial support for such from the slaughter-of-the-few as a public spectacle), likewise made a sensation at this time, speaking before the Yale chapter of Phi Beta Kappa on *Scholarship and Athletics*.

It was rather significant that the University which had the perennially victorious football team should be the leader in a winter of radicalism along athletic lines of thought. That the academic world (or rather the athletic end of it) was greatly alarmed was evidenced by the frequency with which its supporters used the word abolition in connection with all mention of football.

"Unless something can be done to denature the great intercollegiate sport—football—the scholastic authorities seem likely to declare an everlasting *prohibition*," said an editorial in the *Yale News*; and under "Campus Views" in the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, we find: "The general sentiment of the college seems to be against any drastic changes; the big games are far too precious for the undergraduates to be willing to see them *abolished*." Professor Mendell, Chairman of the Yale Board of Athletic Control, set forth the corrective: "The statements of President Lowell and President Meiklejohn left, unfortunately I think, in the minds of the public the impression that it was a question whether football should be *abolished* or not."

The dailies of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, fearing abolition, again called a conference and passed resolutions to influence the action

of authorities. The *Harvard Crimson* even went so far as to suggest scrapping Walter Camp's All-American Team, which is the prime factor in keeping football-spirit aglow among American boys. This measure did not find its way into the General Resolutions which did, however, include the suspension of all practice before the formal opening of college, the discontinuance of all communication between coach and team during the game and the *abolition* of all so-called intersectional and "big games" other than the Yale-Harvard-Princeton series. The *Yale Alumni Weekly* became more alarmed over "this sudden fervor for drastic reform of undergraduates" than it did over the views of the presidents, saying that it should be replaced by "more seasoned wisdom" in order "to prevent changes for which the necessity does not exist."

Coach Roper of Princeton objected to the resolution against early practice and said that football was too strenuous a game to play without sufficient preparation, and if such preparation could not be obtained he advocated *abolishing* the game. "Tad" Jones also had an opinion to express: "What the situation requires is an application of some common-sense and no "high-brow" legislation; if the game does require such legislation, then I would suggest that the game be *abolished* entirely as a menace to the youth of the country." One would hardly expect "hell fire and brimstone" to favor legislation of any kind whatever. Jones claimed that the Senior class voted football the favorite sport to watch (which does not seem to check up with attendance at the Bowl) and of all major sports the favorite to play and that this "may be an argument in favor of retaining the present game; or it may be an indication of the spirit of the times which leads President Meiklejohn to the conclusion that there is work to do in the way of 'civilizing our country'—a point which had better be left without comment by one of the heathen."

All these opinions together with the views of certain "self-appointed graduate committees" were voiced to guide the action of the presidents and representatives of the Big Three at a meeting for the purpose of determining some "high-brow" legislation to affect the game.

In the midst of all this wrangling, it was refreshing to receive a circular from the officers of the Yale Alumni University Fund Association reproducing an article dealing with "Athletics for Every Boy at Yale" and claiming that now "somewhere in the neighborhood of seventy per cent of the undergraduates were out for some form of competitive sport." But it was entirely out of keeping with the nature of the circular to find a picture of the Yale Bowl at the very head of it—a Bowl in which only eleven Yale boys were exhausting and crippling themselves and their opponents for the sheer amusement of fifty thousand *squatters*.

Toward the end of May, the *Yale News* ran an article dealing with large stadiums. Despite the fact that the *News* had earlier announced the intention of Ohio State, Illinois, Iowa and others to put up such structures, this article reflected the doubt on the part of those men who were making donations for these stadiums as to the wisdom of their action. The article included the following statements:

“These games for the entertainment and edification of the people are not for the good of the universities. I would be glad to see a stop put to them and rejoice to see several institutions leading to that end. That will bring about a proper sense of proportion of what a university is for. Its object is to promote learning. Athletics are drawing the attention of students away from this. I am hopeful that the tendency is now the other way.”

These are the words of William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court—and a member of the Yale Corporation.

1922 — 1923

A university or school is perhaps the only place where history repeats itself each year. There are, to be sure, variations, but the schedule of events is the same. This is, in a large measure, necessary; but adherence to the traditional plays no small part in preventing possible changes which might prove to be very beneficial.

In no other direction is this repetition becoming more monotonous at Yale than in that of football, where the variation seems to have been reduced to a minimum. Not only the schedule but the sequence and even the nature of the scores all seem to be fixed and predestined. (Note the Yale-Harvard scores since the War.) It is indeed becoming traditional to have four or five “pre-season” victories over teams who are unable to score, one game in which the visiting team does score (perhaps ties), one in which the visiting team wins, and then the two inevitable defeats from Princeton and Harvard respectively. Such was the program again in 1922.

The only unusual feature of the 1922 season was the game with Iowa. Yale may have played Iowa for the same reason that Princeton may have played Chicago—to work in one intersectional game, as an experiment, before the new rules of the Big Three went into effect; for there had been a conference during the summer, but the “house-cleaning” was not to be effective until the first of January, 1923,

and did not therefore affect the gridiron season of 1922, and for that reason need not be discussed in detail here.

But Yale had another reason for adding the Iowa game to her schedule. The western Eleven were being coached by Howard Jones, brother of the Yale coach, who had graduated with him in 1908 from Yale, played end when "Tad" played quarterback on the Varsity, and had even coached the Yale team which played the last big game in the old wooden amphitheatre in 1913. These facts made the Iowa game unusually interesting even though it did result in a Yale defeat (6-0) in which, however, the *News* found some consolation because the victors from the West had been coached by a man who had learned how to play football at the New England college; it was a Yale achievement after all.

There was also a second game with Carnegie Tech, from which institute I had been dismissed the preceding June. The story of my dismissal was printed and circulated among undergraduate Yale in the fall and stimulated renewed interest in my book *The New Fraternity*.

Early in the season, "Tad" Jones softened his attitude toward the "high-brow" legislators by removing about a dozen men from the football squad for scholastic ineligibility. That the "hell fire and brimstone" element had, however, in no way abated was evident from the fact that, owing to injuries, six players (including Captain Jordan) were unable to participate in the Iowa game; so Jones had defeated Jones in more than one sense of the phrase. Injuries had become the bugbear in Yale football.

The fall of 1922 revealed a complete decay of football-spirit on the part of the undergraduates. The *Yale News* was far from reluctant in exposing the fact, and, although there were moments when it had to appear otherwise, the *News* itself was awakening. When one considers that its editors were now students who had lived in the Yale community for three years under the influence of my books and pamphlets, one understands why the editorials had at last become indices for the general attitude of the undergraduate body. Thus we find the *News* talking about "knocking the bottom out of extra-curriculum undue emphasis on athletics" and giving this advice: "It behooves Yale men to broaden their scope of vision beyond the Bowl and the Princeton Stadium."

The cheering section is, of course, the best place to look for indications of decay in football-spirit. The letters written by undergraduates and printed in the columns of the daily prove conclusively their indifference and apathy. "No cheer leader can perform creditably in the face of the listlessness which pervaded the cheering section at the Carnegie game." To this came a response blaming "the pepleless leading of the

cheer leaders." It was probably a case of "fifty-fifty." And in another letter: "The deplorable lack of unity in the Yale cheering section, having gained in every minor game this season, was brought to a climax last Saturday when open ridicule of the cheer-leaders was manifest in the cheering section." Still another letter referred to the "dearth of cheers" in the West Point game; and the *Alumni Weekly* published a letter in which the cheer leaders at the final Harvard Game were described as "comatose!"

But the climax, as far as the revelation of the decay of football-spirit is concerned, came in the *News* editorial (November 4th.): "It would almost seem as if football in general should mean enough to every undergraduate to influence him to follow the vicissitudes of the team. Yet the attendance at the Army game on Saturday last is fairly conclusive proof of the pitiful stage to which football has dropped. In a quandary and frantically grasping for some effective method by which to cope with the situation, the best brains of the Y. A. A. have been closeted in their offices night and day—and seven days out of the week." It should be added that the "best brains" then decided to stage a vaudeville act on the field between the halves of the next game. But it must have been difficult to find an act to excel or even equal the unattracting novelty of the drill of Cadets the preceding Saturday, and even if such had been found the increased attendance would hardly indicate that football-spirit had again come to itself.

It is little wonder that we find a certain graduate who signs his name "Veritas" writing a letter which the *News* published under the headline "Is Yale Spirit Dying?" and in which the undergraduates are advised to "Get hot, get fighting mad! Forget yourselves! Pound your neighbor on the back, and fight with the team!" One would think that age if not a four-year college course would have helped to civilize this unruly alumnus. That a *News*-editor, however, was temporarily inoculated with the madness of this particular son of Eli, was reflected in the editorial before the Princeton game: "Yale Spirit—is that force which will drive the Football Team to greater Heights than has been thought possible." Only two hundred undergraduates marched to the station to help drive the departing teams to those "Heights," and three thousand students (so the *News* informs us) marched to the station the following week to cheer the returning team for having attained those "Heights:" Princeton 3—Yale 0. It is hard to believe that 2800 went to New Jersey to actually see the "Heights" being attained.

"Fate," said the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, "would not allow Yale to win on Saturday." The *Weekly* was at last waking up to the truth.

In the time remaining before the Harvard Game some one, under the impression that Foch's march across the Bowl between the halves of the 1921 game was the cause of Yale's victory over Princeton, arranged to have Clemenceau do the same thing on November 25th, 1922. When the French statesman addressed the Yale students the preceding day at the New Haven station (where, just a little while before it seemed, they had gone to meet the returning defeated Eleven), he said: "Your name alone has prestige enough to win victories." He meant, of course, the name America; and the students surely understood, for they had lost faith in that mere name-stuff which "Tad" Jones had tried to make them swallow at the rally two years before. And yet that blind faith still possessed a few of the graduates, one of whom wrote to the *Weekly*: "Let us wish for victory because it is a Yale team, and for that reason alone."

There was, of course, another rally—at least it was called a rally. It was advertised by a large drawing in the *News*, showing Harvard about to be fed to Moloch. I felt certain that nothing did more to stamp the last breath out of Yale's dying football-spirit than the gruesomeness of this cartoon under which President Angell's name appeared as one of the speakers. I do not know what President Angell said at the rally; he may not even have been present. But if he was present and did speak, his words were probably not worth taking stock in. If President Angell had said what he had really wanted to say,—in fact, what he had already said earlier elsewhere,—the students would have got up and left Woolsey Hall (which was Yale's regular place of worship on Sunday mornings) instead of remaining there to applaud and shout falsely for insincerity and hell fire.

On the night before the Harvard Game, the 1892 Yale Championship Team, which had scored 435 points against its opponents without being scored upon, sat at a banquet in New York City, at which grace may or may not have taken the form of a prayer for victory on the following day. Some of the things said at the banquet were sent to the *Yale Alumni Weekly* for publication by Vance C. McCormick, a member of the 1892 Team and also one of the few members of the Yale Corporation who had acknowledged the receipt of my book *The New Fraternity*. The *Weekly* could not, unfortunately, publish the views of the 1892 Varsity until after the Harvard Game: "It was the opinion of the older men at the dinner that if the varsity team cannot go to Yale Field and play a practice every afternoon without serious injury to themselves, then football ceases to be a sport and is too dangerous a game for the youth of our land to play. The rules should be modified or the game

Gale Daily News

NEW HAVEN, CONN., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1922.

... MAKES
... HERE TO-DAY

New Haven
... on Where
... Speaks.

9:50.

... duates Headed
... Will March to
... Premier—

... and pos-
... world. will
... 10:20 to-
... making
... people
... trav-
... dress
... ough
... short
... he city
... suffi-
... 41 un-
... ten-
... speech.
... d by the
... front of
... vatory to
... e a recep-
... e towns-
... ll be on
... By spe-
... road plat-
... members
... ch as Yale
... which will
... demon-
... distin-
... under-
... ception
... signi-

... country
... nation-
... United
... speeches



"GOOD NIGHT POOR HARVARD"
Rally in Woolsey to-night—Parade forms in front of Dwight at 6:35

SPECIAL TRAINS FOR SATURDAY
ARRANGED BY N. Y. N. H. & H.

Parade Forms at 9:50

A procession of undergraduates
led by the ... will form

GUN TEAM TO HOLD SHOOT-
WITH HARVARD SATURDAY.

Wins Third

... anta, Barnett, Bart, Bell, Beltz,
... Bridge, Brinkeroff

... stag tickets have been sold

... are trying to make last minute arrange-
ments for the game Saturday.

FOOTBALL RALLY IN WOOLSEY TO-NIGHT

PARADE FORMS IN FRONT OF DWIGHT HALL AT 6:35. R. E. JORDAN, C. P. LUCKEY, M. P.
ALDRICH, T. A. D. JONES, AND PRESIDENT ANGELL TO SPEAK.

SCRIMMAGE

University
Touchdown

NEALE

Wight Does
But Is
Satur-
Score.

Scrimmage
the Harvard
scored two
Bull's el
The first
run and t
The first tea
of Jordan, M
linger.
througho
ticipate
Saturday
during
Scott and
and Becke
Dummy
drill will
signal di
Eddy
Princet
ball clon
will play
joy was
a slight
forced to
tations
place an
the guar
started a
a part of
In scr
ball w
tactics
score w
run, and
The sec

and dete
the final po
(6-3).

C. C. Hub
den, 1924, w
ing a set,
1925, an
finals b

Cups
and rug
omment
for the

in its present form given up And after all, we again reverted to the fact that football is supposed to be a college sport, not a gladiatorial spectacle."

On the morning of the Game, the *News* gave a headline only one column wide to the event whose announcement had heretofore occupied the width of three columns, and at the foot of the page there appeared the note: "Campus Football Prohibited by the Dean, due to damage done to the grass." Such a notice would hardly serve to arouse Yale's dying football-spirit for the big occasion of that day. Its appearance, however, should not be blamed on the tactlessness of the editors, but rather praised as a subconscious "error" full of significance.

When the Tiger of France crossed the Bowl between the halves of the Game that afternoon, I fear he recalled, not the defeated tiger which lay prostrate in the Bowl in November, 1921, but the victorious Tiger which had chewed up the Bulldog at the Palmer Stadium just a week before: and that he therefore did not look any too good as an omen for the final score: Harvard 10—Yale 3.

After the Harvard Game I mailed all the pamphlets that I had left of the original printing of *Football and Warfare*.^{*} There were only enough to send one to every third room in the Freshman dormitories at New Haven. On Monday morning when the pamphlets arrived, the *Yale News* had printed an editorial which explained, in a confession, why I had sent them: "Criticism which emanates from the resultant highly-strung sources is to all intents and purposes destructive. This type of criticism is distinctly injurious and can have no place in today's problems. It is the psychology resulting from such criticism and from the spirit which gives rise to it which is in large part responsible for Yale's continued defeats."

The *Alumni Weekly*, commenting on this *News* editorial, said: "The *Yale News* was right when it said Monday that psychology had its part this year. A team that knows it is not supported by the graduates is half beaten before it enters a game." This criticism, the *Weekly* concluded "not only tended to put all Yale men into an attitude of disloyalty but actually got into the mental condition of the team itself."

And the same sentiment was at last expressed by the outside press: "When all else is said," claimed the *Waterbury American*, "the fundamental cause of failure this year lay in the poison of criticism and doubt

^{*} *Football and Warfare* is now out of print as a pamphlet. It has, however, been preserved in combination with two other papers for future reference, in more permanent book-form: *Essays of Elihu*. (See back of this booklet.)

which was ceaselessly distilled into the minds of coaches and players. They were playing for their critics instead of their opponents—an unwise and exceedingly human proceeding and one which has proved the undoing of individuals far more hard-boiled than these boys in their early twenties. Yale dinned into the ears of its really great team: "You're rotten; you can't win!" And small wonder it is that they finally came to believe there must be something in it."

Nothing pleased me more than that "these boys in their early twenties" had at last been vindicated by the public press and that the Yale team was acknowledged to be "really great" and that it was Yale's football-spirit alone that had psychologically caused the defeats.

But why blame the graduates, most of whom based their judgment entirely on the scores. Why omit the name of THE graduate whose propaganda was at the bottom of it all? Why was not the real culprit brought forth for his just share of damnation. There can be but one answer: Yale is doubtful. She doubts if he has really done her a great harm; she really wonders if he has not done her a great good. So she prefers to wait—to wait until the devil gives himself his dues while she continues to laud her great disciple of hell fire and brimstone: "Yale is absolutely satisfied with what "Tad" Jones is giving to Yale Football and to Yale, and she is most sanguine of the future. Accordingly the University is united in earnest support of Jones as the head football coach of today and tomorrow."

All of which calls to mind what the great Huxley once said: "Next to being right in this world, the best of all things is to be clearly and definitely wrong, because you will come out somewhere. If you go buzzing between right and wrong, vibrating and fluctuating, you come out nowhere; but if you are absolutely and thoroughly and persistingly wrong, you must, some of these days, have the extreme good fortune of knocking your head against a fact, and that sets you all straight again."

Yale, as I have shown, has been "buzzing between right and wrong" for a long time in regard to football, and nothing is going to do more to bring about the advent and permanence of right than the complete but temporary predominance of wrong. Everybody knows that Yale can not find a better football coach than "Tad" Jones. No one has ever succeeded more successfully than he in driving "these boys in their early twenties" through the pool of human sacrifice and crippling them for the attainment (?) of an "honor" which is as asinine as it is worthless. Everybody knows that there is no cause at stake in the war on the gridiron; the only thing that both sides are fighting for is merely to win (intransitive verb). Here as nowhere else perhaps must we treat these

two impostors—Triumph and Disaster—just the same. And yet I go even a step farther than Mr. Kipling in the way of paradox and claim that in football, Disaster itself is Triumph for Yale.

Why then postpone the Disaster? “Is it college out-door sports for their own sake and the good of the undergraduates, and rivalry with old opponents for the sake of fine old graduate traditions? Or is it to develop to the highest power a sporting spectacle in which our students will amuse the public as did the gladiators of old and make a University contribution to the gamut of professional and semi-professional sports with which our country is healthily supplied now? Which aim do Yale graduates wish to see Yale’s?” asks the editor of the *Yale Alumni Weekly* (December 15th, 1922). It would appear at first that the editor is here “buzzing between right and wrong” again; but he is not—he is merely attempting to postpone Disaster by suggesting a slower speed on the wrong road. If the public still craves gladiatorial spectacles (and it is my opinion that this demand is cunningly created far more than it is “healthily supplied”), it is certainly not the place of educational institutions to gratify that desire. But the sad truth is that our “educational” institutions have prostituted college sports—in particular, football—for this very purpose; and now the editor of the *Yale Alumni Weekly* suggests that football, after having contracted sores innumerable and incurable, be brought back to its former status. But this is as impossible as football itself is unwilling. In the first place, football never was an *essential* organ of the academic constitution, and yet it has grown to the most abnormal dimensions imaginable and is filled to the point of bursting with greed and disease germs of every description. It is a folly to call conferences each winter—conferences of learned doctors—to prescribe treatments for and to massage the game with reforms in the hope of bringing it back to a healthful state. The passion to keep on expanding for commercial purposes can never be wholly suppressed; the only solution is complete amputation—and this is the fact against which Yale will eventually knock her head.

But the editor of the *Yale Alumni Weekly* (same issue as above) should be congratulated on his lecture to that type of graduate “whose great and consuming ambition is to see his college’s name at the head of the sporting page as the winner in everything from tiddlywinks to rowing, and who eats glass if it is the other fellow’s college instead.” And yet it seems to me that this self-same editor was at one time more in need of such a lecture than are the Yale graduates of today. I am glad to learn that he himself has stopped eating glass—for there was indeed something about his “yearning for a taste of the good old days of brutalizing

victories" in 1913 that suggested blood at the mouth. In contrast to which I should like to bring to the reader's attention an event in the spring of 1923. Herbert W. Bowen, first chairman of the *Yale News* suggested that money be raised to pay some artist for plans for a bronze bulldog and pedestal for the Yale university campus. \$150 was to be secured from each of the classes from 1872 to 1922, and \$350 more from the classes now in college, or a total of \$8,000. The sum was to be awarded to that American artist who provided the best design. President Angell was to head the committee formed for placing the statue on the campus. It is obvious that the appeal was made to the football-spirit of the alumni, the financial appeal being almost negligible. The *Yale News* sent out a circular letter to each of the Academic class secretaries. "Of the twenty-five replies received," said the *News*, "only two favored the proposal, two refused to commit themselves, and twenty-one rejected it in a language varying from careful logic to bitter execration and facetiousness."

Some of the opinions of secretaries as printed in the *News* are here-with reproduced:

"The erection of such a statue would lend itself immediately to ridicule and would offer what I might almost call an uncouth contrast to the statue of Nathan Hale which better expresses the Yale Spirit."

"I would prefer to collect \$150 to keep any such statuary off the campus."

"It is idiotic."

"I can think of no better way of wasting \$8,000 than the scheme for erecting a bronze bulldog on the Yale Campus."

"As a fetish the bulldog hasn't worked of late. Brown has her bear and Princeton her tiger—but Harvard has gotten on fairly well without any kind of animal, and Yale might survive if she had no visible reminder of something which hardly deserves permanent recognition."

But the unkindest cut of all came in the reply: "If there must be a bronze bulldog, let's put it on the Yale Field where, perhaps, some kind visiting team might be induced to take it home with them."

These remarks surely indicate clearly the status of the Yale graduate mind as far as football-spirit is concerned, and the fact that the *Yale News* has published them indicates the mental status of its own editorial board. And yet the *News* shouts out hypocritically: "The university is united in earnest support of Jones as the head football coach of today and tomorrow!" And I, thinking of Huxley's wisdom, shout: "Continue, thou oldest college daily, for the fact against which thou art about to knock thy head may serve as a good example

in making other college dailies as well as thyself straight again."

The "wonderful" Yale football-spirit of early days has completely evaporated and has been replaced by my *Suggestion in athletics for the Post-Bellum Reconstruction of Yale University*, with which I had deluged all alumni meetings and banquets immediately after the inauguration of President Angell. Yale football-spirit is dead, and those who would try in vain to revive it would do better to sit with Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle. One wonders if this may not have been the reason why these two celebrities have lectured at Yale since the War.

But we should be thankful to know that there are more wholesome and more beneficial things than the Bulldog. "Certainly there are more men engaged in the twenty-one different branches of sport than the Athletic Association now provides for than ever before in the history of Yale." So said John T. Blossom, Director of Athletics and successor to Dr. Sharpe, to the Yale graduates on Alumni Day, February, 1923. It is interesting to note that this athletics-for-all policy was born in the year when Yale had no varsity football team whatever, and grew to its present dimensions during those years when the varsity football teams were the most unsuccessful teams in all Yale football history. And yet the *Yale News* in a conference with the *Harvard Crimson* and the *Daily Princetonian* resolved in 1919 that successful varsity teams were necessary to stimulate a general participation in athletics. As far as football is concerned, they were, as I have pointed out, not *sufficient* for that purpose in the past; and now it has been proved that neither are they *necessary*.

In March, 1923, it was announced that ground had been broken for the Lapham Field House, the remarkable feature of which is not its proximity to the Yale Bowl and its rooms for the teams that are to be mangled therein—but its 1500 lockers and showers and lunch and lounge rooms *for all undergraduates*.

In concluding the year 1922-1923, nothing could be more appropriate than to repeat here some of the things which President Angell told the alumni during commencement week. At the Alumni Meeting in Battell Chapel: "There has been in the Yale constituency, as I sense it, a certain pervasive depression because during the last few years we have not had more winning scores in football games with Harvard and with Princeton. They have both exhibited a grasping spirit which we should not expect in Christian institutions. But there are other sports than football and in these we have had the most remarkable record, if you wish to judge success by victory. Some of us do not regard that as the only criterion, not even the main criterion We

are getting away from the "sideline and bleacher" idea and away from the highly trained and specialized team as the only source of athletic interest I hope we can get our thoughts off of football at times and remember the other significant and equally important considerations in our general student program."

At the Alumni Luncheon the president later announced the main gift of the year: The Greist Property—seven hundred and fifty acres donated by Mrs. Sarah Wey Thompkins "to encourage general participation in athletic sports by the students of the University and to provide increased facilities for such athletic sports."

It is evident that Yale has been the leader among American colleges and universities in the Athletics-for-All movement and will continue to be the leader in its future development.

EFFECTS IN GENERAL

After I published my first book exposing unfortunate conditions at Yale, there was considerable talk at the university as to the harm it was going to do. But one of my colleagues claimed it would not do Yale half so much harm as a defeat from Princeton or Harvard on the gridiron.

Now the fact is that my earlier books did reduce Yale's enrollment—not, however, because they had been widely and intelligently read by parents and by high school principals and headmasters, but because the newspapers quoted from them my vivid descriptions of Yale's worst features without printing my reasons for publishing such facts or my suggestions for amelioration. It took a long time to counteract all this notoriety by sending out circular after circular to the preparatory schools and their patrons, explaining some of the good things which the books had already helped to accomplish.

Of course one of the more recent things which they have accomplished is the decay of Yale football-spirit and the subsequent defeats from Princeton and Harvard. And, queer as it may seem, the loss of these games has done Yale infinite good; these defeats have not served to reduce Yale's enrollment, but to increase it far beyond the number from which it had fallen. The old belief—that Yale flourishes on her football victories—has undeniably been proved false. After having been beaten by both Princeton and Harvard in two successive years after the War, Yale opened the following year (1921-1922) with "the

largest freshman class in the history of the university." And let it be understood that these freshmen were not admitted in large quantities because the bars had been let down, for Professor Corwin, of the Board of Admission, told us that the entrance requirements had never been more strictly enforced, and that, in spite of the rigid tests, 528 men entered without conditions. The next autumn (1922) Yale had a still larger Freshman Class, of whom 700 entered without conditions, the percentage breaking the record of the previous year. The total enrollment in the University had increased by 450 over that in 1921-1922. The continued growth has made it necessary for the Yale Corporation to limit the Freshman enrollment to 850 in the fall of 1923. And all this after practically four consecutive years of defeat in football from both Princeton and Harvard!

I have done my best to explain in this booklet that these defeats were not due to inferior coaching or playing but to the decay of Yale football-spirit on the part of the undergraduates due to my propaganda. Nevertheless the public, owing to Yale's conspiracy of silence, has until very recently been given the impression that Yale football itself had become "rotten." (It is no more rotten than all football is rotten.) By withholding the secret, Yale was able to attract a scholarly lot of freshmen who very likely would not have gone to an institution whose rank in football was above its rank in scholarship, and at the same time she was able to keep her coaching and playing up to par. It is probable that Yale will attract a still better class of students from those who now know the whole truth, namely: that gridiron stars, irrespective of their magnitude, are no longer regarded as campus kings.

The question that now arises in the mind of the reader is: What happens to the good scholarship element in so large a class when they all take up athletics? Before answering this the reader should understand clearly the policy of athletics-for-all. In this scheme, victory is only a secondary consideration—if considered at all. The finest thing about the athletics-for-all movement is that a man, irrespective of whether he has lost or won, feels that he has developed his body and improved his health; his gain is not measured by the number of points scored but by the resultant invigoration which he shares equally with his "opponent." Another fine point of the system, one which is not yet emphasized as much as it will be, is that a man has no *opponent* at all. Only those games will be stressed in which one man or one group of men do not oppose or hold back another, which is the vicious element in football—or at least the element which becomes vicious, not only vicious but injurious and even fatal. But in sports like rowing and swimming and all track

work, one's "opponent" can in no way interfere with one's own progress; and this is the ideal that athletics-for-all must eventually strive to attain. Until then the element of opposition, in particular where it is dangerous, must be reduced to a minimum. Scholars, to be sure, must learn to meet mental opposition, but physical resistance is no preparation for such. (Imagine a football player on a debating team!) The fundamental idea behind athletics-for-all is physical development and the resulting improved health of each and every student; it does not strive to make *athletes* of all students and to enlist them in one big game of internal competition for the whole university, for that would be more disastrous to scholarship than football-spirit itself.

The next question to be answered is: Does not this physical development of all students lead to a physical exuberance, which in itself leads to dissipation? If Yale had had gridiron victories during the years after the war, the celebration of them, because of the physical condition of the undergraduate body as a whole, would probably have been more lawless and disastrous than in former years. But Fate saw to it that a check was placed on this explosive outlet for stored-up energy. (There have indeed been such outlets recently for other reasons.) But something more than a check is needed, for a check too closely resembles suppression, and suppression, like the element of opposition, is dangerous and must be avoided if possible. The solution lies in allowing stored-up energy to be used up gradually and continuously rather than suddenly and in wasteful quantity. To build up body and health with no further end in view is mere animalism. True education demands athletics-for-all, but uses it only as a means to an end—and that end is mental activity and achievement. The transformation of physical energy into mental energy, the body considered as a means of stimulating and a foundation for sustaining the mind, the sexual phenomenon of the flesh regarded as a symbol for the enlargement of one's mental horizon—this is the prime philosophy of higher education. In cultivating this philosophy among Yale undergraduates my efforts have been just as strenuous as my campaign against football-spirit. Under such a philosophy, athletics-for-all does not interfere with scholarship but encourages it. It was reported in December, 1922, that the Yale freshmen stood particularly high in their ratings for November (the big football month, by the way), and there are indications that interest in things intellectual has increased throughout the university. We were told that a series of optional lectures on the philosophies of life were very well attended, the lectures, although delivered by faculty, having been organized solely by the undergraduates themselves. One particular lecture begun in one hall had to be finished

in another, owing to the unexpected size of the audience. An increased interest in Science is likewise revealed in the large delegations of undergraduates at the Sigma Xi and Gamma Alpha lectures.

But Yale has taken her greatest stride forward in her extra-curriculum activities of the mind. The old Yale Union, for the purpose of debate, has been revived, and the undergraduate body is to be divided into two parties, the Conservatives and the Radicals, to discuss World problems as well as those of the University. Several new publications have appeared on the campus, some of them serving temporary purposes, others of a more permanent nature to be added to Yale's present list. The presentation of plays has outgrown its former limit—the Yale Dramatic Association; the University now supports the Playcraftsmen, and even the fraternities are producing Dunsany.

Particularly noticeable and noteworthy is the undergraduate inclination toward creative work in literature and art. The *Yale Literary Magazine* each fall reports more candidates for the Board than its office can comfortably accommodate and entertain. The Yale Series of Younger Poets, published by the Yale University Press, is attracting wide attention. The Playcraftsmen produce only those plays which have been written by undergraduates, and some of these have been highly praised by professional stagefolk and accepted by prominent publishers. The scenery for these plays is likewise designed and painted by the students. The new campus publication *Elihu* also affords an audience for undergraduate art, by publishing drawings of a more serious nature than those which appear in the *Yale Record*. *Elihu* also prints original articles on campus-topics. Note the following from the last number issued in 1922-1923:

“As to athletes, the most curious thing about them is that a man who has been a good athlete is considered to have had a successful college career on the basis of that alone. A good athlete is satisfied to have a dull mind, mediocre marks, and little or no mental ability. It makes one doubt if quite so much glory is good for him The result is that terrible ‘lost’ feeling some have upon graduating from college—unprepared, alas, to drop into oblivion and with nothing to fall back on but the past, the good old college days of football and beer-drinking. I confess I do not see how all this is to be avoided if practical measures are not taken to remove some of the jewels from the crown of the ‘campus king.’”

These extra-curriculum creative activities are bringing two classes of persons to Yale: those who aspire to become artists and those arrived who serve to inspire the incipient. The *Yale News* now publishes headlines

announcing that men interested in literary and dramatic activities are planning to enter Yale in the fall from the various preparatory schools (formerly concentrating on prospective football material only); and it keeps the students well-informed concerning approaching talks and recitals by men and women of renown in various fields. The students not only flock to these concerts and lectures but also "fall over each other in the rush to obtain signatures of the visiting celebrities."

There was a time at Yale when such interest in the extra-curriculum would have meant neglect of classroom work accompanied by a mad rush for tutoring schools in an effort to buy assistance for passing tests and examinations. But last year the undergraduate body voted by a large majority that tutoring schools were injurious; and the time will no doubt come when these parasitic institutions will disappear in New Haven. There seems to be something about the right kind of extra-curriculum activity which encourages scholarship and makes it more genuine. President Hadley once said that scholarship would have to become an extra-curriculum activity itself before scholarship could become a success; I believe it would have been more nearly true to have said that the extra-curriculum activity must itself resemble scholarship or become more closely related to it.

So why worry because the Bulldog is losing his grip? In commenting on the last Yale-Harvard Game, a certain Sporting editor said that Yale had the power and Harvard the mind; and a certain Yale graduate, after reading this comment, wrote to the *Yale Alumni Weekly*: "We find in the last line the thing that hurts the alumni of Yale: *Harvard has the mind*. It cuts to the quick, not to see Yale lose, but to see the smug complacency of the student body." This poor, hurt, cut-to-the-quick son of Eli may find some relief and consolation in what I have written in this section. If he does not care to believe me, I refer him to the seemingly more authentic and recent statement of Donald Ogden Stewart (*Yale News* editor in 1916): "The Bulldog has never been distinguished by his mentality, whereas the outstanding feature of the Yale of today is, I believe, the intellectual awakening of the students." And if this fails to heal the aching soul of said cut-to-the-quick alumnus, let him heed the *Harvard Mind* itself, as represented by Mr. Heywood Broun in the *New York World*:

"Personally we have the feeling that football defeats have been rather a stimulating thing to the life of Yale University. It seems to us that the task of forgetting November misadventures has led the undergraduate body into seeking escape in a lively interest in books and plays and poetry and politics. Give a college an unbroken series of athletic

triumphs and all imaginative effort is discouraged. Under such circumstances there is no temptation to articulate. The undergraduate feels that he has said all he needs to say when he has contributed nine rahs and put Team! Team! Team! on the end."

If, however, the poor Yale alumnus, because he does not take Mr. Broun seriously (for which I cannot altogether blame him), still feels no relief, then I offer as a last resort the following from the official *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*: "The half-gods of football victories had to be dispelled at Yale before the gods of literature arrived."

And now if the pain of his wounded soul has still undergone no abatement, he must, I regret to say, continue to endure his "Hell Fire and Brimstone!"

CONCERNING PROPHETS AND PROPHECIES

There was once a man who made the prophecy that he would die before a certain day and in order to establish his fame as a prophet he was forced to commit suicide the night before that day arrived.

Which goes to show that not all prophecies come to pass without any effort on the part of the prophet; and even though the prophet himself may do nothing to bring his prophecy to pass, this work is inevitably thrown on the shoulders of others, who, however, have the privilege of altering the prophecy.

I have made several prophecies and have had to work (almost suicidally) to bring them to pass. In the matter of Yale's gridiron defeats however, I am not the original prophet. The prophecy was made by Isaac H. Bromley, Yale '53. I found it on the very last page of Edwards' book *Football Days*, which I mentioned earlier and then forgot—until now. "As to the future: We may not expect this unbroken round of victories to go on forever; we shall need sometimes, more than the inspiration of victory, the discipline of defeat. And it will come some day." But this is the prophecy which I have worked to bring to pass and which I took the opportunity to alter: For Yale has not lost inspiration with the passing of victory; she has gained inspiration as well as discipline from her defeats.

Yale is now about to open again. The fall of 1923 will see a football season under the new rules which became effective on the first day of the year. I have made my attitude clear on the matter of football, and no set of rules will change it. And yet I make no prophecy

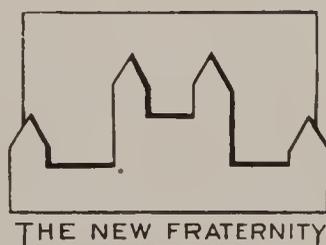
for the immediate future—as to the outcome of the November games. I am indifferent as to whether Yale loses or wins from the hands of Princeton and Harvard. But one thing I do know—and that is that Yale football-spirit is dead and is going to stay dead. Even if these other institutions should forsake their “grasping spirit” (as President Angell puts it)—even if their teams should become so genuinely Christian and compassionate as to fight less strenuously and actually *allow* Yale to win both games, then I *do* prophesy there shall be no resurrection. I do not foresee the return of that which may be annoying so many others after four consecutive years of defeat. (Indicated by the fact that, as a result of the shameful debauch last spring, eight promising but guilty freshmen will be prohibited from playing on the Varsity Football Team this fall.) I have no vision of the spectre rising from his grave—the spectre whose gray flesh drapes his youthful skeleton, his empty eye-sockets lit up with the hellish glare of bonfires, his breath stinking with rum, his diseased genitals in the clutch of a harlot, howling his dirge of victory to the accompanying din of discordant brass, marching across the sacred campus and down to the unoffending town to demolish everything within his reach, brainlessly defying the Law and spitting his venom into the faces of those whose duty it is to uphold it. For this, gentlemen, is Yale football-spirit! And who wants to see it above ground again? This, I say, is not Triumph; this is Defeat and Disaster at their worst.

But there is a vision that I do have—not of the immediate but of the more distant future: I see the Great Yale Bowl in ruins like the ancient amphitheatres of Rome. This huge mass of concrete which a few times each autumn bellowed insanely from seventy thousand borrowed mouths and which lay mute and deaf, blind, immobile and lifeless for the rest of the year, as utterly insensitive to the warm sunshine and clean rains and singing zephyrs of springtime as it was to the cold, soiled and silent weight of winter’s ice and snow—this marvelous piece of engineering constructed not for Yale’s use but as a mere memorial to an inhuman gladiatorial sport of a day that will long have passed—this “Bowl of Triumph” will also have cracked asunder and crumbled to pieces; and the vast stretch of *debris* will be ignored by all Yale’s first-year men forever, and none but her oldest living alumnus will visit it during his last reunion and be able to recall it as it stood today.

And I have a vision of another MEMORIAL: It stands there sheltering young men, clean and strong in body and mind, morally wholesome and unbroken, preparing themselves for the service of peace and progress. It is alive every minute of the college year—alive with the

healthful activities, laughter, and throbs of youth. It stands there reflecting the light of morning, its upright towers reaching to the opal of the heavens, its picturesque archways flooded with New England sunsets—and at night the lamp of knowledge and the woodfire of companionship burn in its myriad of windows, while the moon pours her silver over its resounding chimes. It stands there ever useful, ever beautiful, ever symbolic of learning and virtue. And it *has stood* there for centuries, welcoming the youth of our nation and gilding the memories of other men, more advanced in years and wisdom, who once played in its courts on the grassy shadows of its hallowed walls and studied in its atmosphere of genuine inspiration and worthy achievement.

These are my prophecies—the prophecies which other men shall work to bring to pass.



THE ABOLITION OF ALL SPORTS WHICH TRANSFORM STUDENTS INTO HUNS, BRUTALIZING AND MUTILATING THEM FOR THE SAKE OF DOMINATION, COMMERCIALISM AND PUBLICITY. THE ABOLITION OF ALL SPORTS WHICH AIM TO PRODUCE THE ABNORMAL PHYSIQUES OF THOSE SHORT-LIVED FREAKS WHO SHOULD BE CONCEALED IN THE SIDE-SHOW OF A CIRCUS, RATHER THAN DISPLAYED ON THE CAMPUS OF A COLLEGE. THE INTRODUCTION AND PERMANENT ESTABLISHMENT OF A NON-MILITARY SYSTEM OF ATHLETICS *FOR ALL STUDENTS* WHICH WILL RESULT IN THAT HEALTHFUL PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT AND HUMANE DISCIPLINE WHICH ARE NECESSARY TO STIMULATE AND SUSTAIN MENTAL ACTIVITY—A SYSTEM WHICH WILL HELP BRING ABOUT THE GRADUAL EXPANSION OF THE MIND RATHER THAN A SUDDEN CONCUSSION OF THE BRAIN.

*From "Some Suggestions for the Post-Bellum
Reconstruction of Yale University"*

— 1918 —

BOOKS AND BOOKLETS BY
GEORGE FREDERICK GUNDELFINGER

THE ICE LENS

(New Edition)

Price \$1.25 Postpaid

TEN YEARS AT YALE

Price \$1.45 Postpaid

THE NEW FRATERNITY

Price \$1.75 Postpaid

THE GREAT RELIEVER

Price \$1.35 Postpaid

ESSAYS OF ELIHU

Fooball and Warfare

Prince Albert's Velvet Tuxedo

The Passing of Brother Greek

Price \$1.15 Postpaid

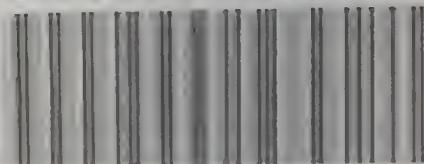
MY DISMISSAL FROM
THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Price 30 Cents Postpaid

WHY THE BULLDOG IS LOSING HIS GRIP

Price 50 Cents Postpaid

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 041 112 304 2

PUBLISHED BY

THE NEW FRATERNITY

Literature & Music

SEWICKLEY.

PENNSYLVANIA