

THE CAMPUS NOTEBOOK

BY

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To speak against football—that sport dearest to the hearts of college youth—is like protesting against the Methodist church, for no matter what one says they both go on just the same.

Football is a warm and passionate sport, so warm and so passionate as to be brutal and barbaric. It breaks more men than it makes. Its patrons, once they enter the gates that enclose the gridiron, are a mob of yelling savages, unmindful of the needless wounds that are inflicted for their amusement. It is fast becoming a life and death struggle between the young Galahads of the opposing colleges.

I say all this because it spoils my football game when a player, vomiting blood, is carried away on a stretcher. Yet I stand on the sidelines yelling with the loudest of the loud when our team completes a pass or makes a first down. In fact, football comes near being my favorite sport. The coloring in the bright fall days, the crisp air, the noisy bands and pep clubs all work their spell in my veins. And there are few who watch the plays with more interest than do I.

Still I sometimes wonder if it is not just such people as myself who encourage those boys to go into a game even though they know there is a great possibility of injury, or even death.

If the government permitted gladiatorial combats and bull fights there is no doubt that entrants could be found who would go into the arena knowing that death was almost inevitable. For glory is something to be bought with precious coins.

And, like other fans, I usually try to pass it off by saying: If the boys want to go into the game, knowing the danger, then it is their fault and not mine. But even this is just another of those lies by which society removes the distasteful from its conscience.

Lest some might think that letters from a Mr. X. Y. Z. and the rebuffs of J. D. H. have made me somewhat of a preacher, let it be known that the above was written unmindful of their great influence on my depraved character.

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Bertrand Bailey submits the following as a model of how teaching is done in the famed East Central:

Miss Jones: Herbert, arise and tell the class your experience with hydrophobia serum.

Herbert: Well, one time I was bit in the eighth grade.

Miss Jones: Now let's have quiet, please.

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Mr. Davis in history class: "Mr. Deering, you are the all fired laziest looking boy I ever saw in my life."

If I seem to agree with the Prof., don't tell Ferdie.

Some of the students who have been hard hit by Laird's trenchant's quips in "Looking Around" still believe that Jeff is serious about it.

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There is considerable agitation on the campus for a student council. Several of the agitators have asked that I say something in this column in order that more interest might be created in the move. I don't know why they should have come to me unless they find my column a last resort, for in the first place I have not sufficient readers to justify such, and in the second place I have consistently argued with them against a student council.

However, there may be something in their ambitions. A student council might do a great deal to arouse more student interest in the school.—a thing that has been notably lacking but which is fastly gaining power now. On the other hand, there are several things a council might do that would be detrimental to the school. It introduces that great game of politics into newer and broader fields; and too much politics are not to be desired in an institution of higher learning.

However, if the student body feels that a student council is to be desired, I will cast my lot with them. Any activity that the school sponsors should receive the support of every student or be stricken from the list.

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I mentioned a faculty drama last week and have been well pleased with the comments. "Educators All," a one act tragedy, will occupy this space next week. It deals with the idiocrascenes of some of the notables of our faculty, brought to front by an impending tragedy that behooves even the subtle intellect of Mr. Molloy to find solution adequate to avert it.