

DRINKING AT FOOTBALL GAMES

THERE is a sense of futility connected with the discussion of football problems at this particular time of year. From early in September until after Thanksgiving, the air is filled with punts, publicity and plaudits; from Thanksgiving until the middle of December, the football banquet, with its weather-beaten oratory is perpetrated; and then during the waning days of the year, after the tumult and the shouting cease, the reformers take the middle of the stage to view with alarm "certain trends" which are about to annihilate this national sport. They snap the padlock on the barn door after the horse, or better, the team and sometimes the coach, have been stolen. If we really wish to improve conditions it might be well to have the convention of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, the Football Coaches Dinner, the Sportsmanship Brotherhood Luncheon, and the rest, immediately after Labor Day when a new football season is just in the offing, and not at a time when the jerseys have been put away in moth balls, and the bottles have been swept out of the stadium. But for the fact that this particular meeting is turning the spotlight away from the gridiron where the fewest of the evils of football exist to the stands where most of the evils are located, it would indeed be useless to say anything; but here is at least an opportunity to place responsibility where it belongs.

Lovers of football are becoming increasingly concerned over the attitude of that growing minority among the spectators who under artificial stimulus make the game unpleasant for their neighbors, and even invade the field and interfere with the progress of the game. It may not be softness which causes many people to say, "I would rather stay home and listen to a game over the radio than to see it." It well may be that one can get a better idea of the plays and progress of the game when undisturbed by the raucous and imbecile shouts of some bibulous enthusiast who is crowding against him. And by the way, when Jonathan Swift said, "That whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together", he omitted from his commendation