

In Kansas' great Memorial Stadium today 22,000 Jayhawker and Tiger partisans cheered to the echo the valiant deeds of the sons of old Missou' and of old K.U. Those boys were playing for the love of the game. Not one cent of the total of more than \$40,000 taken in at that game today will any of those boys receive. Many of those boys have been dreaming for 15 years of this opportunity to play for their university. They played for the joy of battle that was theirs. That was something that is indefinable that wells up in the breast of each young male adult who desires to struggle, who desires to take a chance to win or lose on the toss of the coin, on the bounce of the ball, or the break of the game. Had the game resulted in anything but a scoreless tie today--Tonight, those boys on one side would be momentarily steeped in the gloom of defeat and the boys on the other side would be tasting the greatest elixir of their lives. They would have felt that high exaltation of being successful, of being winners, of having the populace cheer for them and say, "Great, and well done!"

And this is as it should be, because fame is fleeting, but it is all a part and parcel of the game of life, and it is also a part of his education. Listen to the words of Grantland Rice on "The Way of the Game":

"Now summer goes and tomorrow's snows
Will soon be deep;
And skies of blue which the summer know
See shadows creep;
And the gleam tonight which is silver bright
Spans ghostly forms,
As the winds rush by with their warning cry
Of coming storms.

So the laurel fades in the snow-swept glades
Of flying years,
As the dreams of youth find bitter truth
Of pain and tears;
Through the cheering mass let the victors pass
To find Fate's thrust,
As tomorrow's fame writes another's name
On drifting dust."

What is this thing called football, with these men in armoured uniforms and helmeted headgear? It is a gladiatorial combat in an arena where partisan throngs yell themselves hoarse at contestants playing a game that the majority of spectators so little understand. Most of the men spectators do not know the rules of the game. The women come for the occasion and to cheer these gridiron gladiators. But it is a struggle where strong men throw themselves at each other in zealous combat for the glory of their alma mater. The more frail spectators who witness this holocaust cannot understand why these players are not torn apart, limb from limb. But through the years these men have grown strong in physique through struggle, and they are prepared for such combat. They resist force as a healthy individual resists disease.

It is an interesting thing to know that in a game which lasts nearly three hours, none of the players are in continuous action for a total elapsed time of over 12 or 14 minutes. The Department of Physical Education at the University of Kansas chose for a research problem the determination of the actual playing time of the average university football player. The selected two teams in action were the University of Nebraska and the University of Kansas. The total elapsed time from the first whistle to the last whistle of the game was two hours, fifty-six minutes. The actual time that the game was in progress was 60 minutes, yet the