

TO HARRY DE FOREST SMITH

1716 Camb.,

Nov. 21 - '92

My dear Smith,

The dungy Thanksgiving week has come again and the College yard is reeking with the strong but honest odor of New England ordure. There is also another kind of dung that is noticeable here, particularly by those more interesting^{ed}~~ics~~ in athletics. I speak of that rubbed in at the Harvard-Yale foot-ball game at Hampden Park on Saturday. I was sorry that you could not be here, but perhaps it was better for your peace of mind that you were not. If you had seen that game your adoration of Yale's "manliness" would have received an unpleasant shock. I send with this a copy of the Sunday Herald and a copy of the Crimson for this morning. Yale's deliberate plan to physically disable Harvard's strongest end was so obvious that it was disgusting. The whole thing was much like the Colosseum of old--twenty thousand people and two men half-killed. A life time is not well lived without seeing this game once. I only got my ticket at the last minute and I am mighty glad that I got it. I don't think you need hesitate to pay ten or twelve dollars for the day if you ever get a chance to take the game in. The mere game is by no means the whole of it. All I hope is that you will never see such brutality and dirtiness displayed upon any field as that which characterized Yale's play on Saturday.

Between half murdering two men and having the umpire cheat us out of a touch-down, the score does not reflect any great credit on the Yale men--though no one thinks that Harvard would have beaten. It would probably have been a tie. I do not think you will have any complaint to make with the Crimson's account of it. It may surprise you to see me enthusiastic over foot-ball, but Saturday would have excited a corpse.

I sent you the books this morning.--They are 45¢ each.

I ran across that Critic with Pres. Hyde's book-notice in it & will send it along. I bought a copy of Austin Dobson's "At the Sign of the Lyre" and was disappointed. I prefer Kipling's "Ballads". At first I did not care much for them but now they are great.

"The old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,
That blaze in the velvet blue.
They're all old friends on the old trail,
our own trail, the out trail,
They're God's own guides on the Long Trail,
the {trail} trail that is always new". etc., etc.

Sincerely

Robinson