

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 interested in athletics. I speak of that rubbed in at the Harvard-Yale football game at Hampden Park on Sat.

wednesday, I was sorry that you could not be here, but perhaps it was better for your piece 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 you 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 Cot- ossum 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 mightily 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 more game is by no means the whole of it. All I hope is that you will never see such brutality and distress dis-

played upon any field as that
which characterizes Yale's play on Satur-
day. Belton had minding two men
and having the rumpire cheat us
out of a touch-down, the score does
not reflect any great credit on the Yale
men - though no one thinks that Har-
vard would have beaten. It must
probably have been a tie. I do not
think you will have any complaint
to make with the Princeton's account of
it. It may surprise you to see
our enthusiasm over Sat. ball, but
Saturday would have excited a corpse.
I sent you the book this morn-

ing - They are 45¢ each.

I ran across that Critic met
Pres Hayes look-notice in it & will
send it along. I bought a copy
of Austin Dobson "All the Life of the Lyre"
and was disappointed. I prefer
Kipling's "Bards" as for 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 ~~main~~ trail that is always new," etc, etc.

Sincerely
Robinson