A college man without a more or less inherent tendency to throw all else aside merely for the sake of sitting in at a good football game must be as human and red-blooded as the average curbstone. Such discussions, however, even in a college, the arguments often seem, have some intrinsic attraction for a man no matter what his age may be, and it is often impossible for one to tense himself away from the green ties that give it-without a word of profanity.

These ball sessions have met with very unfavorable criticism from some quarters where men who claim to know the history of a curse of university life. Yet for every such critic, there should be many more who feel that the discussion, however it may be carried on, is an opportunity to those who like a comedy of hypothetical situations to have a snort in the face of some of those less gifted, but all the more typical of the younger generation of college faculties for their all-too-diminutive business.

No man who has written to the Lounger, or anyone else for that matter, has ever been censured. This column wouldn’t be complete without some more of that anon. That crack about the roommates and the color-heads, the husband’s discomfort. Milne excels.

Like the Lounger, your editor isn’t at all averse to wearing neckerchiefs drab and Academic purple.