

the good name and good work of the University, that the boys took to athletics instead of to hazing, and to sowing wild oats in general.

In those days, Grant Memorial Hall was only a theory—two rows of storm-broken cottonwoods, holding undisputed sway where the Hall now stands—and the site of Science Hall was then only a patch of weeds, kept more or less under control by John Green's scythe. The northeast corner of the campus was the base-ball ground, and general rallying point for all things athletic. Base-ball was the leading game then, and the boys may have still clung to the country school-house tradition that "over the fence is out," for the east and north lines of the campus were marked by a straggling, scrawny, pugnacious, countrified, hedge-fence. I say the boys may have clung to that old tradition—it was very proper if they did—but I cannot vouch for it, as I was little more than on speaking terms with base-ball bats, and did not get in touch with the game. But several new men entered the University that year whose natural propensities and prepdom training at other colleges, had given them a taste for foot-ball. A number of these congenial spirits talked the matter over, and finally we chipped in a quarter all round and purchased a ball. Thus was laid the corner-stone for the organization of the first foot-ball team. No games were attempted or even seriously thought of that year. The novelty of kicking the ball about and limbering our joints was enough for most of the boys. Occasionally they chose up sides, fifteen or twenty on a side, and played a purely kicking game, the only object being to force the ball across the goal line at about a certain point, and if the ball were caught back of the goal line it was counted no goal. As soon as a goal was kicked the players changed sides. Another amusing rule that was sometimes enforced was this: If any player batted the ball with his hand a foul was called, and the unlucky transgressor was compelled to stand in the

center of a compact circle and there drop the ball and attempt to kick it. The instant the ball was dropped everyone began kicking. It made lively work sometimes for the fellow in the center. Thus the days wore away with an occasional diversion from having the rubber bladder punctured by a two violent contact with the obnoxious hedge fence.

Although not in school the next year, the reports that have been made to me show that the ball was kicked about in much the same aimless way, but that the interest was greatly deepened.

When the fall of 1889 called the boys together again, a different order of events was inaugurated. Everybody seemed to have the kicking fever, from the first prep in his Tam-O'-Shanter to the dignified senior with his plug hat. Even the girls looked wistfully on, and it is even rumored that they organized an eleven and practiced in the Armory behind closed doors. The northwest corner of the campus was appropriated and it made a fairly presentable spot on which to play, even though there were a dozen or more boxelders and six or eight stumps in the way. Permission was obtained of the faculty to remove the most objectionable of the trees and all of the stumps. But suddenly nearly every fellow discovered that he had some back work to make up, and it devolved on a few of the faithful ones to do the grubbing. How well I remember of going out with Stockton and Anderson one frosty morning to grub out a particularly refractory stump. John Green kindly loaned us an old axe that he used to break coal with. To this day, I have a suspicion that the handle was cracked when it left his hands, but anyway we succeeded in breaking it beyond all repair. John loudly insisted that the axe was as harp as a razor and as good as new when he loaned it. We meekly let him impose on us and bought a new handle—but we got the stump.

In a short time the side lines were run, goals erected and a schedule of class games arranged. There was lively competition for