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The Perils of Being a  
Football Writer

WELL FRIENDS here it is the middle of the football season and maybe your favorite team looks like it will win the championship, and I don't want to be no kill joy but I can't resist from telling you what a treat you missed this fall namely I was going to write up some of the big games down east but at the last minute the boss said no. He didn't state no reasons but I wouldn't be surprised if I knew what they was and guess he is right for once. I don't know nothing about the game but that don't seem to stop a few of the other boys that is writeing it up and I doubt if my mgr. took that part of it into consideration but I guess he felt like my write ups would be kind of silly and I might get smart and introduce a spirit of levity into my write ups which would be out of keeping with a game which is almost sacred you might say and the coaches and aluminum of all the different colleges would be off of me for life. Then in the 2d place maybe he asked the different newspapers if they wanted the stuff and they all said no. If that is the case it may of had something to do with his decision as he is funny that way.

Well anyway I ain't going to write up on football games but wile we are on the subject I would like to say a few wds. in regards to this great autumn complaint and firstly I beg to assure my readers that when informed that my services as football reporter was neither required or desired I managed to not break down in public because I once had that job for several seasons and I wouldn't number it amongst the melons of journalism.

From the middle of Sept. till xmas a football reporter can't go in his office without they's a bunch of letters from students or old grads or the coaches themselves and the letters always starts out by calling you some name and then the writer goes on to say why and the he—ll don't you give more space to the old Yellow and Pink. All we ask is a square deal, but we ain't getting it. By a square deal they mean 8 columns about the old Yellow and Pink and nothing about nobody else and the 8 columns has got to be 8 columns of glory hallelujah. Maybe it's necessary to mention that the Yellow and Pink was beat 98 to 0 last Saturday by the Old Mauve, but you are supposed to excuse this on the grounds that Buster Gifford the Yellow quarterback, was out of the game with a hangnail, but even at that the old Yellow would of rallied and tied the score in the 4th period only just as they were getting started, Jesse James, the head lineman, called an offside and the 5 yd penalty took the heart out of our boys. Coach Dunglebury says the penalty was a outrage as none of his men was ever offside in their life. He had learned them different.

Well friends when a man is a football reporter he gets acquainted with the different coaches and asst. coaches and theys a few of them that is as good fellows as you want to meet a specially some of the asst coaches and some of my best friends is asst coaches and a few head coaches too. And if any of the last named is reading this article I want them to understand that they are not the ones I am talking mean about. It's the ones that ain't reading this article that I refer to when I say that they's no class of people that compares with head coaches when it comes to fair mindness unlest it's the boys that wrote the official communiques during the war.

Dureing my turn of service as a football expert they was numerous occasions when different head coaches spent the sabbath writing a letter to my sporting editor asking him to give me the air as a special favor to them. And they were also 2 occasions when coaches wrote to him and said that my write up of their game the day before was the best football report they had ever read and lest my readers should think I am bragging I will hasten to exclaim that in each of

these 2 cases the teams who these gents coached had win a close game and my articles was nothing but hymns of praise for how well the teams were coached.

One of a football reporter's little chores is generally to look up both coaches after the game and see what they have got to say for themselves. The coach of the winning team pretty near kisses you but you don't no sooner than lay eyes on the other guy when you realize for the first time that the result of the game was your fault. I won't repeat none of the alibis that these birds have thought up as you would think I was copying out of Joe Miller's joke book but instead of that I will tell you about the time I got the surprise of my young life and that was up to Ann Arbor, Mich. Cornell and Michigan had just had a alleged contest and the score was something like 35 to 10 in favor of Cornell. So afterwards I went in the Michigan dressing room to see Mr Yost and there he was smileing from ear to ear and I says

"Well what about it?"

"Well," he says, "I guess we was lucky to score."

The trainer worked on me for a hr.

I don't know how they are running it out west now days but here in the east the coaches has a meeting in the off season and picks out the officials for their next season's games and here is another place where fair play and sport for sport's sakes comes leaping to the surface like a ton of lead. I don't need to go into no details but it would be kind of fun to see the same system tried out in big league baseball, namely let the managers pick out their own umpires. As soon as a ball club lost a game, why the manager would say, "He can't never umpire no more games for me" and when 8 games was lost the manager would be out of umpires and congress would half to pass conscription.

And it would also be fun if the football coaches was allowed to tell the newspapers who they could send to report their games. A lot of the boys that is now writeing up the games would have their Saturdays free for golf.