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Albany College.

The following is an extract from Joseph Dillstrom's Toast, "Our Friends, the Enemy," delivered last week at the annual Football banquet:

October 30 we played Albany College, Albany Athletic Club and O. A. C., a combination who termed themselves the Albany College Midget Eleven. In this contest we met our Waterloo, 7 to 0. This was a fast and furious game. The feature of this game was the slugging matches, in which the Albany men had been thoroughly coached. Mr. Smith having at one time donned the mits, was familiar with their kind of game, and made it very interesting for the midgets at times.

The treatment we received there was excellent. The coach met us at the depot and escorted us to the College Woodshed and told us to take off our hats and make ourselves at home. After the game he said, "I suppose you fellows would like a bath." Someone said that it was customary for us to bathe after each game, but being as this was such a clean game we could probably get along without it. After losing the game, several noseguards, headgears, our tempers and

other articles of warfare, we proceeded through the mud in the direction of the hotel. When about three-quarters of a mile from the College and about the same distance from the hotel, one of the professors overtook us and said that he was sorry he could not have given us better accommodations, but it was the best that the college could afford and he would have offered to take us on the trolley, but he didn't think the horse on the street car could draw the crowd as the city could not afford to feed him any oats, and begged us to keep the affair out of the papers. We thanked him very much for his kindness and told him that the Woodshed was an enjoyable and suitable place for us because we are "Children of the Forests" and that it was only a reminder of our old uncivilized ways. We told him that walking was good enough for us, as the swift feet of our forefathers followed the deer through shimmering light beneath the boughs of the spreading forests long before his ancestor, the "Great Father," erected his huge wigwam at Washington, D. C., and invented horsecars and football rules. We assured him that we would not publish anything that would give the City a bad reputation that might lead to closing the saloons or herding the hoodlum population out of town. We kept the affair out of the papers, especially the Chemawa American.