



20c

# All-American FOOTBALL MAGAZINE

## A PLUNGE and a PRAYER

Iron helmets drive for glory . . .

Novelet  
by TED  
STRATTON

Buck the line  
with Michigan's  
All-Time marvel—

# WILLIE HESTON

**SIX-POINT ATOM**  
from **HARDKNOCKS U.**  
Eleven giants at bay against half-a-pint of football fury . . .  
A Big Novel by **BURGESS LEONARD**



*Leon*

# LEARN RADIO

## BY PRACTICING IN SPARE TIME

As part of my Course, I send you the speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need to build this modern, powerful Radio Receiver! In addition I send you parts to build other real Radio circuits, some of which are pictured below. You use material to get practical Radio experience and make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.



**I SEND YOU BIG KITS OF PARTS**  
**You Build and Experiment**  
**With this MODERN RADIO**  
**AND MANY OTHER CIRCUITS**



J. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute

**I TRAINED THESE MEN**



"AM NOW GETTING \$80 a week and over-time as Radio Service-man for The Adams Appliance Co., W. A. ANGEL, Blythesville, Arkansas."



"KNEW NOTHING ABOUT RADIO when I enrolled. Now I am doing spare time work. I have more than paid for my Course and about \$200 worth of equipment." -RAYMOND HOLT-CAMP, Vandalia, Ill.

Want a good-pay job in the fast-growing RADIO-TELEVISION Industry? Want a money-making Radio-Television shop of your own? I've trained hundreds of men to be Radio Technicians . . . men with no previous experience. My tested and proved train-at-home method makes learning easy. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get practical experience with MANY KITS OF PARTS I send. All equipment yours to keep.

**Make EXTRA MONEY in Spare Time**

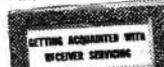
The day you enroll, I start sending SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how to make EXTRA MONEY fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. From here it's a short step to your own

shop, or a good-pay Radio-Television servicing job. Or get into Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, etc. Think of opportunities in the booming Television Industry.

**See What N. R. I. Can Do For You**

Act now! Mail coupon for lesson and 64-page book, "HOW TO BE A SUCCESS IN RADIO AND TELEVISION-ELECTRONICS." Tells how quickly, easily you can get started. Send coupon in envelope or paste on penny postal. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept.

9FG, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Homes Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.



**VETERANS**

You can get this training without cost under G. I. Bill

**Good for Both - FREE**

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 9FG  
 NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Washington 9, D. C.  
 Mail me FREE Sample Lesson and 64-page book.  
 (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Check if Veteran

**MY COURSE INCLUDES TELEVISION**

1st FALL  
ISSUE

1949 All-American

# FOOTBALL MAGAZINE

T. T. SCOTT, President

JACK O'SULLIVAN, Editor

MALCOLM REISS, General Manager

## THREE NOVELETS OF THE GRIDIRON

- A PLUNGE AND A PRAYER** . . . . . Ted Stratton 77  
 What goes with the best fullback in the East this day? What makes him flinch at the massed wall of players? What's happened to the big surge, those high-pumping drives, those savage, do-or-die drives????
- FUMBLE-BUM** . . . . . John Starr 89  
 Tech U. had the kid pegged to fill the All-American cleats of his great, big brother. Yeah, young Jake Bryant was drowned in glory before he ever reached the showers.
- CURTAINS FOR COOLER** . . . . . L. R. Robinson 99  
 Cooler Thorne could put a game on ice any second of any old quarter . . . 'til he began manufacturing the headlines early Saturday mornings.

### *The All-American Novel*

## **SIX-POINT ATOM** from **HARDKNOCKS U.** Burgess Leonard 4

The Wolfpack had a gang of Reluctant Rollos for a line and Fainting Phils in the back-field. But their pint-sized q.b. was all fire and steel; a lost dog with a nasty yap and the glorious courage of a pit-bull.

## TWO SPECIAL PIGSKIN FEATURES

- MICHIGAN'S MARVEL—WILLIE HESTON** . . . . . Doc McGee 54  
 One hundred eighty pounds of solidly packed dynamite, that was Willie Heston. A rugged, pile-driving tailback during the greatest days of Wolverine grid history.
- FAMOUS FOOTBALL GAMES** . . . . . Les Etter 71  
 Belly-laughs resounded throughout the country when Columbia's puny Lions were chosen to meet the mighty behemoths of Stanford U. in the '34 Bowl classic. You could hear a pin drop after the contest.

## A SHORT STORY

- AND THE BAND PLAYED DIXIE!** . . . . . Tom O'Neil 64  
 That wasn't football, that was war when those rebel-yelling demons went North to whip the Yankee champs.

1st FALL ISSUE, 1949  
Vol. 2, No. 7

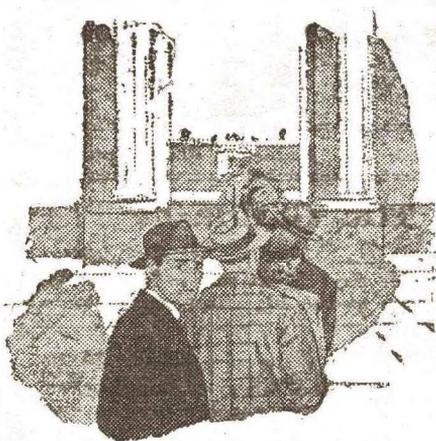


20c per copy

THIS IS A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL MAGAZINE: Published bi-annually by Love Romances Publishing Co., Inc., 670 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. The entire contents of this magazine are copyrighted, 1949, by Love Romances Publishing Co., Inc. All rights reserved. While due care is always exercised, the publishers will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts. For advertising rates address: ADVERTISING DIRECTOR, FICTION HOUSE, INC., 670 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

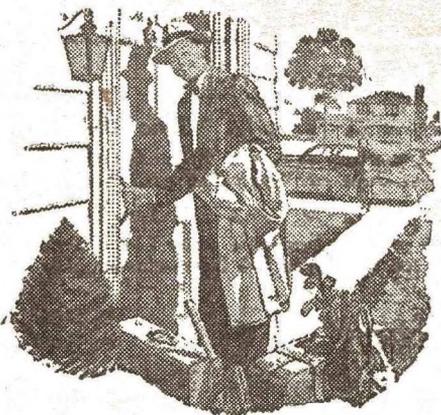
Printed in U.S.A.



**THIS IS HARD**



**BUT THIS IS EASY**



**AND THIS IS  
MIGHTY WONDERFUL**

SURE, you believe in saving.

But it's hard to take cash out of your pocket, time out of your day, to do it regularly.

The sure way, the *easy* way to do your saving is to get started on an *automatic* savings plan with U. S. Savings Bonds. Like this . . .

- 1. If you're on a payroll**, sign up in the Payroll Savings Plan, then forget it. From then on the money saves itself—so much per week, or so much per month.
- 2. If you're not on a payroll**, sign up at your bank for the Bond-A-Month Plan. You decide how much to put into bonds, your bank does the rest.

In just ten years after you start buying bonds, your money starts coming back to you—\$4 for every \$3 you put in.

**And remember**—any time you need your money for emergencies, you can get it back in minutes without losing interest.

**Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds**

*Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.*



# "I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE

until Viderm helped make my skin clearer in one short week"

(FROM A LETTER BY E. S. JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)

**If your face is broken-out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally-caused skin troubles.**

**JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS**



**I**T DOESN'T PAY to put up with a broken-out face. Your very success in business, love and social life may depend upon your looks. *Handsoneness and a good appearance usually start with the condition of your skin.* Nobody likes to look at a face that is blemished by blackheads or pimples. **WOMEN ARE ATTRACTED TO MEN WHO HAVE SMOOTH, CLEAR, HEALTHY-LOOKING SKIN.** Business executives don't choose men whose complexions are against them. Don't take chances with your success in life when this inexpensive Viderm formula may help you.

## Good-looking Skin Is Not for Women Only

You—yes, you—can have the same handsome complexion, free from externally caused skin troubles, simply by giving your face the special care that screen stars give theirs. There's almost nothing to it—it is just about as easy as washing your face. *The whole secret consists of washing your face in a way that thoroughly purges the pores of every last speck of dirt and grime—something that ordinary cleansing seldom does.* In fact, examination after examination shows that, usually, it is not a case of "bad skin" so much as a case of faulty cleansing. What you should use is a highly concentrated soap like Viderm Skin Cleanser. This penetrates the pores and acts as an anti-septic. Specks of irritating dirt and grime are quickly washed out. They dissolve and disappear, leaving your skin

entirely free of the dirt particles that usually bring out pimples, blackheads and other externally-caused skin troubles.

Squeezing pimples or blackheads to get rid of them is a nasty, messy business—but that isn't the worst of it. Doing so may also be injurious and leave your face with unsightly, embarrassing blemishes. There is, now, a much easier, safer, cleaner way to help you rid your face of ugly, offensive, externally-caused skin troubles. *You merely follow a doctor's simple directions.*

Don't murder your skin! Here's all you have to do to get it smoother and clearer and to keep it that way. Use Viderm Skin Cleanser when you wash your face. Rub the rich lather of this highly-concentrated medicated soap on your face for just a few seconds and then rinse it off. Then apply a little Viderm Medicated Skin Cream and that's all there is to it. Viderm Medicated Skin Cream quickly disappears,

leaving your skin nice and smooth. This simple treatment, used after shaving, helps heal tiny nicks and cuts, relieves razor-burn and smarting, besides conditioning your skin.

## Give Your Face This Treat for 7 Days

Stop worrying and being embarrassed over what may happen

to your skin. Just send for your Viderm Double Treatment this minute, and be confident of a smoother and clearer complexion. Follow the simple directions, written by a doctor, that you will get with your Viderm Double Treatment. Then look in your mirror and listen to your friends admire your smoother, clearer skin—the kind that women go for.

Just mail your name and address to The New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. U, New York City 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive both of the Viderm formulas, complete with full directions, and mailed in a plain wrapper. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you aren't thrilled with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded. Remember that both of the formulas you use have been fully tested and proven, and are reliable for you. *If they don't help you, your treatments cost you nothing.* After you have received your Viderm, if you have any questions to ask concerning abused skin, just send them in.



## DON'T DO THIS!

Don't murder your skin by squeezing it. Skin is delicate. When you break it, you leave yourself open to microbes. It's far easier, far safer, to let the Double Viderm Treatment help you enjoy a handsome, clearer, blemish-free complexion.



PLEASE mention FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE GROUP when answering advertisements

# Six-Point Atom From Hardknocks U.

By BURGESS LEONARD

The Wolfpack had a bunch of Reluctant Rollos for a line and Fainting Phils in the backfield. Also a runt T-quarterback, Monk Jones, a lost dog with a nasty yap and the glorious courage of a pit-bull.



*A booklength novel of gridiron intrigue*

**I**T WAS NOT an important football game. A couple of teams were playing for the Junior College championship of the state. There were about six thousand wildly partisan spectators, and nineteen scouts who did not care which team won. The scouts represented universities and big colleges.

These scouts were not looking for potential stars. None of these players had

tickets to stardom at the larger schools. The scouts were looking for depth and insurance. Graduating next June, these Junior College boys would become eligible immediately for the varsities of the various four-year football factories. This was a good market for lesser talent, substitutes



to bolster an unexpectedly-developing loss.

It was a very one-sided football game except for the score. The home team, the Jacinto Hornets, was clearly the superior team. They were smooth and well coached. They had power and balance. Except for a couple of plays they had

dominated the game. But the scoreboard read: Jacinto J.C. 16; Dupraine J. C. 14.

It was very puzzling to the supporters of the home team. It had become alarming as the under dog Dupraine Dukes came limping and sputtering up the field in the closing minutes of the game. It was not

at all puzzling to the scouts. Dupraine had a quarterback.

The quarterback stood up straight in the huddle so that his hard face was almost on a level with the bent shoulders of the bigger men. He was not very big and not very pretty. His small eyes, wide-spaced, were almost dead black, with the sheen and hardness of freshly mined coal. His nose was an impudent button above a wide, sneering mouth. He was 138 pounds of scrawny swagger. He looked as though one good backhand slap would dispose of him, and the Hornets had been trying for fifty-five minutes to get him out of there.

He had a voice like sandpaper on glass. He was using that voice on his fullback now. He said sadly, "Jap, you're going to lose this game for us right now, and it's too bad. Coach Galloway of State is up there with his glasses trained on you. I've made you look good to him a couple of times, and it's tough he has to see what a bum you are in the clutch. It's fourth down and six to go, and if I had Galloway's kind of fullback he could get us a first down right where they're not expecting it—right through the middle."

Big, lazy Jap Gordon snarled, "Monk, blast you! Do you want me to carry or don't you?"

The little man flamed back, "Are you going to let those guards park you on your fat meat again, or aren't you?"

He was fire outside, ice inside, this Monk Jones. The coldness inside him was satisfied with Gordon's profane response. He broke the huddle. The Dukes were on their own forty with a little less than five minutes to go.

**H**E WENT back into deep punt formation. He was an actor. There was a slump to his shoulders, and to the top of the stands they could see the sadness etched into his thin face. A murmur of relief swept through the predominant Jacinto following as Monk called signals in a dejected voice, hands raised to take the pass from center. From the other side of the field rose a low cry of protest as the little man prepared to yield to the inevitable, to kick away the Dukes' last chance.

The pass came back, short and aslant. It disappeared against the trembling bulk of Jasper Gordon. Two hundred and ten pounds of aroused bulk spun and lurched, legs pistoning.

Monk leaped forward with the cry that stormed up from the stands. One of the Jacinto ends had not been fooled. Big and dangerous, the end had whirled, evaded Whiddinger's sloppy block, and was driving in for a hamstringing shot at the embattled fullback. Monk darted between them. The end, a reserve who had made no contact with Monk, swept a contemptuous forearm across the little man's chest. That was just before the balled projectile exploded against the end's ankles, jackknifing him and cracking his teeth together. Big Jap Gordon stumbled and lurched to midfield, half the enemy team burying him there. He had made ten yards.

Monk snapped to his feet and glanced once coldly at the recumbent end. Then he walked away. The home stands, alarmed now, scolded him. This was the third time of the afternoon Monk had walked away from hard contact, leaving a bigger man on the ground.

He huddled the Dukes as the Jacinto trainer came out and revived the wingman. To the panting Gordon, Monk rasped, "You fell into that one. Show Galloway you can do it the hard way."

They went back to the T. Short, agile, Monk was made to work under the center. He whisked the ball up, spun and faked to Whiddinger, the wide-running threat. Over-tense in the clutch of the new danger, the Jacinto defense shifted. The delayed buck caught them off balance. Jap Gordon bulled ponderously for five yards. Hustling it now, Monk called the next play without a huddle, carried the ball himself on an explosive sneak that went for four.

They needed a yard, and they massed into a close-meshed single-wing, power laden. Gordon loomed large in the short spot. But the pass came to Monk. He danced back as his ends foraged deep. He held the pass until nerves strummed like guitar strings in the uproar from the stands. Then he jumped high and seemed

to throw where he was not looking. A Hornet lineman smashed him savagely as Monk let the ball go, and for an instant the crowd, expecting a long pass, thought the dinky lob meant a broken-up attempt. And then things began to happen.

Long-legged Whiddinger had sneaked just beyond the Jacinto line. He grabbed the short toss on the dead run and blazed into the open. He was very fast, this Whiddinger. He was sensational. He had everything except a genuine love for the heavy going. He snake-hipped away from one man, reversed the field to eliminate another. He got down to the Jacinto twenty where the safety man jockeyed him to the sideline. Whiddinger tried to speed his way out of the trap, could not make it, and stepped outside unhit on the sixteen.

Monk, fuming, sympathized in the huddle, "It's all right, Whiddinger. It's not your fault you detest bodily contact. You were born that way, you big, yellow, baby-bellied punk!"

His dark eyes studied the Jacinto defense, found no weakness. Jacinto was good. Jacinto had the better team. And time was running out.

He tried to sneak Battles, the right half, down the sideline on a naked reverse as the fake pointed to the wide-open spaces on the left. An alert center nailed Battles for no gain. Monk attempted a pass, held it as Jacinto defenders did everything but strangle potential receivers, and fought back to the line of scrimmage.

In the huddle Monk panted, "Run it to the middle, Whiddinger. Get any yardage you can, but leave it in the middle."

Whiddinger grated, "So you can kick it, hero? Listen, give me any kind of blocking—"

"Work it up the middle," Monk warned in a flat voice. He set up the fake reverse with an underhand flip to Whiddinger. Battles criss-crossed as the speed boy swung deep, and they faked nicely. Whiddinger hid the ball behind his hip. But the Hornets, tough people, shifted brusquely. Whiddinger gave ground to the pursuit, running laterally. Monk, sifting through to block up ahead, yelled an angry warning. Whiddinger, pressed hard,

was not going to cut in. The tall blonde panicked easily; he'd run it all the way across the field.

Monk knew Whiddinger. That was why he was out front now. He cut back and slithered between the runner and a Jacinto lineman who was reaching long arms from behind. There was a brief, confusing contact. Then Whiddinger was down, with Monk lying across his legs.

Whiddinger was sobbing rage as he climbed up. Monk eyed him coldly and declared from behind a wintery smile, "Anytime, bum. I'm not hard to find. Now act like a blocker for a couple of seconds, and I'll put this thing on ice."

He stood on the twenty-five in punt formation. Nobody was knee-down on the grass, a situation that confused Jacinto somewhat. The Hornet secondary kept chattering, "Fake! Watch a pass!" Monk called signals in a calm voice. He'd kicked two extra points from placement. These Hornets had probably never seen the archaic drop-kick used in a game. The ball spun back—

Hesitant for a fateful moment, the Hornets came through with a vengeance as the little man dropped the ball and swung his foot to scoop it from the turf. End over end it rose, just eluding the sweep of a marauding lineman's hands. Through the uprights it dropped, a lazy parabola that was just barely long enough. In the anguished wailing from the stands, the scoreboard changed: Jacinto J.C. 16; Dupraine J.C. 17.

The dismal complaint continued for the remaining seconds of the game. The Hornets kicked from their twenty. Monk signalled for a fair catch. He called a long series of numbers, then took the ball and trotted slowly against the line and fell down. He accepted a penalty for delay of the game, and trotted aimlessly around in his own backfield with the ball until the final gun blasted.

#### *Champions!*

The Dukes were going mildly mad around him, making a lot of brave noise in a sullen, alien stadium. Their old coach, George Wyatt, was as happy as his team. Somebody tore off his hat and knuckled his bald head. Wyatt shouted

and hugged and slapped backs.

Monk walked calmly to the dressing room.

THE DRESSING room was quiet for a few minutes. Then the squad came in and the celebration continued. It was a very happy time. The Dukes had never before won a championship.

Then the scouts started coming into the room. They seemed interested only in congratulating George Wyatt; but after they had paid their respects it was only natural that Wyatt should introduce them to some of the boys. It was all very quaint and naive.

Laird Galloway came in a little later. There was nothing naive about the State coach. He was big and gruff and direct. He was a slave driver, and was one of the best coaches in the country. He almost literally had a scholarship sticking out of every pocket. They did well by their athletes at State.

So when Galloway came into the room the players tensed, the other coaches and scouts nodded too-polite greetings, and shy old George Wyatt blushed as he pumped Galloway's hand.

Galloway said, "Like to meet a couple of your boys, coach."

"They're all fine boys. All great prospects," Wyatt claimed proudly. The old man turned and walked to where Monk was stripping the jersey from his narrow shoulders. Loyalty and anxiety worked in Wyatt's face. He declared staunchly, "I don't have to tell *you*, Mister Galloway, how much this kid was worth to us today. Maybe he is a little small, but in thirty years of coaching—"

"Best little Junior College quarterback I ever saw," Galloway interrupted carelessly. He did not even look at Monk. Over the boy's scrawny frame he was regarding the impressive bulks of Gordon and Whiddinger. Wyatt's face dropped. Deliberately, Monk let his sweaty jersey fall across Galloway's shiny brown shoes.

"I was the best little high school quarterback you ever saw, too, only you've forgotten it," Monk reminded scornfully. "Remember the Greentree Orphanage team, State Champs two years back? Yeah,

I'm Monk Jones. I was the other half of the Touchdown Twins. Jones and Atchison. We were a team, mister. You broke us up. I was too little. Atchison was big and fast. He was State-sized. When do you figure to start Atchison, mister?"

The big man looked down deliberately as at a heckling puppy. He admitted casually, "Atchison didn't have it. He is no longer with us." Galloway was not concerned. If Atchison didn't have the stuff, Galloway had a dozen equally horse-sized men who did. The big coach said, "You're wrong. I remember you. You've gained ten pounds. Still too little, even if you do have a way of turning up on championship teams."

Monk said deliberately, "I don't turn up on championship teams, mister. I make 'em."

Galloway laughed. He slapped Monk's shoulder genially as he passed him, moving toward Gordon. Coach Wyatt protested, "He's never had to have time called for him in two years—"

Galloway never heard him.

Monk took a shower and dressed. Nobody came near him. There were at least a dozen men who could pass out scholarships in the room, talking earnestly with stalwart athletes. They were men who made football their business. They knew that Monk Jones had won today's game. But they didn't want him.

He buttoned his old leather jacket and walked out. His legs were crushingly heavy, but he swaggered. There was a mocking grin on his face, and there was hatred in his heart. He hated the roomfull of them, the inept big men he had jockeyed to a championship, the smart coaches. Especially Galloway. Galloway, who had never said an unkind word to Monk; who had merely closed the door in his face.

He went out into the chill of the shadows. The wind was no colder than the bitterness inside him. He had wasted two years.

A Red-nosed, skinny little man was leaning against a column in front of the gym. His clothes were of good material, but too big; and he wore them as he had bought them, carelessly. He was sour.

Years had gone into the set of that wrinkled scowl. Yet there was something almost uneasily eager in the dark brown eyes.

The little man said, "Tuition, room and board."

Monk swung around slowly. The wizened face was on a level with Monk's black-eyed stare. Monk challenged, "Talk, mister."

"Durand Tech," the small man said. Monk made a derisive face. The other reminded in a flat voice, "We play some good teams."

"You mean, you get licked by some good teams."

The little man had a poker player's face and voice. "Still we've got that schedule. If we came up with a sleeper we could jump from nowhere into a Bowl off of that schedule."

Monk demanded, "Who are you, mister?"

"J.D. Roberts. Rummy Roberts," the coach said. He didn't sound very proud of it. "Backfield coach at Durand under seven head coaches." There was a newspaper under Roberts' arm. His hand trembled a little as he removed it. It was folded to display a headline.

#### SANDERS OUT IN DURAND SQUABBLE; ROBERTS TAKES OVER

"Contract for one year. They don't want me to win." Roberts was not bitter; he was just talking. "They stuck me in to keep the job on ice until Jody Mac-Hammer's boy graduates from State. I'm a fall guy. I've got a bunch of Reluctant Rollos for a line and Fainting Phils in the backfield. I've got a Purity Plan Administration and alumni with big mouths and little pocketbooks. But give me a T-formation quarterback, and I'll fool some people."

Monk demanded, "You'll give me a fair chance?"

Robert's laughed. The sound wasn't pretty. "You know when I picked you for my quarterback? You pulled some pretty fancy ones but I wasn't sold until I saw you clip your own man to set up that

kick. Like swatting a fly, you clipped him. I said to myself, 'There's a kid would chop a leg off his own grandmother to win a game. There's my quarterback.'"

"Durand Tech!" Monk mused sourly, considering the idea.

"Take it or leave it!" Roberts snapped. "Take it, and you're my quarterback. Take it, or play out the string on somebody's scrub team."

Monk admitted angrily, "I guess I'm your man. If nothing better turns up I'll see you next September."

They did not shake hands. There was an instinctive coldness between them, born of wary understanding. Both were little men, embittered.

MONK went across the street to the chartered bus. He was alone. The others were still celebrating in the dressing room. It was cold in the bus. He sat on the back seat and hunched down deeper into his leather jacket. It had always been like this: other boys, warm and happy and celebrating—and little Monk Jones, cold and unhappy. Monk, the outsider.

Monk Jones. If that was his name. He didn't have a name. He couldn't remember anything beyond the Greentree Orphanage. In his wallet were his two links with the past. There was half of a ten-dollar coin, strung on a tiny gold chain. And there was a yellowed newspaper clipping with a garish headline, THREE DIE IN SMASH-UP OF STOLEN CAR—INFANT THROWN CLEAR OF FLAMING WRECK.

That was Monk Jones. A bit of anonymous humanity, cast free from an inferno where three nameless men had died. Nobody had claimed the squalling, black-eyed baby. Police search had revealed nothing. The car had been stolen in Port City, wrecked and burned two hundred miles away; that was all.

It hadn't been too bad at Greentree Orphanage. The officials, though too few, had been devoted and hard working. There was a sports program. Monk had played football since his skinny arms could reach around the pigskin. Everybody at Greentree played on some kind of team. They had fifty-pound teams, sixty, seventy. It

was a football factory. When you made the varsity you were good.

Monk was good. He was rawhide and spring-steel. You get that way fighting bigger kids all your life. He made the Greentree varsity when he weighed ninety pounds. An ambition was burning the skinny kid in those days. He was tough as a nail, but inside he was still confused and hurt. Somewhere—he believed—he had parents like other kids; and football would find them for him. Some day his picture would be featured on the sports pages of all the papers. And someone would recognize a resemblance.

It seemed long ago. Greentree was great, that last year of Monk's. That was the year of the Touchdown Twins. A little guy and a big one. Little Monk and big Atchison. They ran wild. Atchison had been the nearest thing to a friend that Monk had ever had. They had plans; they were going to the same college. Atchison, a two hundred pounder even in high school, was tabbed the greatest prospect ever produced on the state's gridiron. There were things about Atchison that even his coach did not know. He was a little slower, starting to his left; he needed to be boosted by a lateral when he ran to the left. He had to catch passes at arm's length, or he'd break stride. He had to be talked to like a baby sometimes. But nobody knew these things about Atchison, except a beady-eyed, thin faced quarterback.

They had won everything in sight that last year, the state title, an invitation game. The world had been a rosy place. And then Monk learned nobody wanted 125 pounds of quarterback. Everybody wanted Atchison. And Atchison wanted the top team in the East, State. Other schools would have taken Monk to get Atchison; maybe Galloway of State would have taken the pair if Atchison had held out. But the big boy had swallowed the State coach's bluff; he had longed to wear State's famous blue-and-gold more than he had wanted to keep the Touchdown Twins together. So he had sold out his buddy.

So neither of them had worn the blue-and-gold. At State there was no Monk

Jones to parade Atchison's talents and hide his faults. Atchison had lost or fumbled as often as he gained. In one Freshman season Atchison had degenerated to the number six spot among a fine bunch of tailbacks. He was the disappointment of the decade, the joke of the campus. Monk hadn't heard of him since. And Monk, rejected by the big schools, clung stubbornly to an idea: he was going to sell himself to Galloway. He wound up at a dinky Junior College where tuition was cheap, and odd jobs barely supported him. In two years he had made a championship team of a misfit outfit.

And he was still a little guy, unwanted.

He smiled grimly in the cold darkness. Fate pulled some funny strings. Durand Tech was in Port City. Apparently he'd passed through the place in a stolen car nineteen years ago; now a sour little coach with rum-pickled features was taking him back there.

## II

THE DURAND TECH PRACTICE field, below the big, weathered stadium, was not a pleasant place. There were a hundred and fifty boys in gym togs, and they were not happy. The sun wilted and blistered them, and the voice of Rummy Roberts ate into their souls.

They were pretty good boys. None of them had been high school stars. The stars picked schools like State and Corinth U., where a good man was in line for All-America honors. Durand offered a free education to football players; but it couldn't offer any All-America selections. So Durand got some pretty good football players, and the bigger teams gobbled up the stars.

Rummy Roberts had shoved most of the mob down on the lower field, letting the assistant coaches sort them out. He had four teams running signal drills on the Number 1 field. He had forty-three men from last year's squad, and a skinny, squawky, black-eyed demon working at quarterback on what shaped to be the first team.

Roberts broke up the drill. He sent the linemen to the sleds and the backs to the

bucking apparatus. He said, "Jones!"

Monk sauntered over. He asked deliberately, "Mister, is that the team?"

Roberts countered calmly, "What about it?"

Monk shrugged thin shoulders. "That backfield won't do for the T. Gerdalson can spin for the single-wing, but he won't hit those quick-openers. Maffia may be a bull for blocking but don't ask the simpleton to fake before he blocks. The redhead, Riley, is too fast for the others. And he's just the nervous type that won't wait for his blocking. In plain language, mister, if that's all the backfield you've got, leave the T alone."

"I've been watching those boys three and four years; you've run with them forty minutes," Roberts said calmly. The ghost of a smile pried at the corner of his mouth "It just happens you're right. Those are the power boys. I've got a pair of smaller faster Sophs I expect to use. And then there's another guy who might help us some. Here he is now."

There was something in Roberts' little brown eyes. Monk studied him a moment before he turned. Then Monk's eyes snapped black fire. A statuesque giant was walking toward him, six-foot-two and two hundred and ten pounds of tapered powerhouse, a bronze-haired, leonine, graceful football man. The giant said hesitantly, "Hello, Monk. It's been a long time."

The big fellow held out his hand for a moment. Monk said coldly, "Put that thing away before I use it for a cuspidor, Atchison. And how were things at State?"

"Okay, Monk," Ripper Atchison said dully. "In your place I guess I'd feel the same. I'm not asking you to forget it—you're not the kind to forget. I know it's not going to be like old times. But maybe we can still make a team."

The fire in Monk's eyes froze to ice. He said, "Maybe I've got to play on the same field with you. But any time we're in the same backfield I'll show you up for the punk you are."

Atchison started to say something, then gave it up. He walked away, the great wedge of his back and shoulders drooping.

Roberts' face showed nothing. He said, "Incidentally, it was Atchison who tipped

me to look you up. He's been here a year sitting it out with the scrubs."

"Big of him," Monk snapped. "I made him a hero once. He expects me to do it again."

Roberts did not answer. He was looking over Monk's shoulder and his eyes changed suddenly. Monk wasn't sure what it was—fear or anger. Monk turned, following Robert's eyes.

Two men had walked to the edge of the field. The older man was stone-bald and enormous. He had the bulk and shape of a fat man, but he was not fat. He had the nose and eye of a Roman emperor. The younger man was as tall, almost as broad across the shoulders, and shaped for speed. Although it was too hot for sweaters, the young man wore a sweater. It was a remarkable garment, multi-colored visible for blocks. Lettering across the broad chest proclaimed, "PEEP MAGAZINE OFFICIAL ALL-AMERICA TEAM, 1947." Blonde and hook-nosed, boldly handsome, the young man surveyed the field with a languid glance.

Monk swore, softly, deliberately and contemptuously.

"Double it," Roberts grunted. "But he's still a lot of ball player. And he may be your coach next year if his old man can get himself elected chairman of the board of trustees. That's Joy-Boy MacHammer, State's pride and joy. They don't start practice until tomorrow."

The remarkable pair strolled over. There were no handshakes. The younger MacHammer accused jovially, "Getting the jump on us, eh, Rummy?" And he laughed heartily. The giant beside him did not laugh. Deep-set in a massive face, Jody MacHammer's eyes were small and brown with a reddish tinge. For an instant the eyes moved quickly between Monk and Roberts, seemingly startled. Only for an instant. Then the face might have been granite again.

A grave-deep voice rumbled, "What's the idea, Rummy? You going to start a carnival side show with this midget?"

"Rummy means business," the be-sweatered dignitary chortled. "Even the water boy has to be in shape."

Rummy Roberts' hand clamped hard on

Monk's arm. The fingers were trembling but they were steely. He said, "Just a little old quarterback I picked up in a bargain basement. You might even run into him later in the season, Joy-Boy."

Joy-Boy howled with laughter. He exclaimed, "Not fair, Rummy. Ordinary people would trip over him."

Roberts' fingers dug deeper into Monk's arm, stayed there until the MacHammers strolled off. Monk snapped, "What's the idea? I can take care of myself."

**T**HE COACH wiped sweat from his upper lip. He said, "I wasn't holding you. I had to have something to hang on to or I'd have slugged him myself. Kid, did you ever run into Jody before? You shook him. It takes something to shake that guy."

Monk shrugged. "Never set eyes on the fat pig."

"Not a pig. A wild boar, maybe. I wonder what the dickens—" He looked at Monk carefully, then shrugged it off. He said, "We've got work to do."

They had plenty of work to do. They watered the scrubby grass of the practice fields with their perspiration, and they wore it out with their cleats. They worked, groaned and griped. And after a few afternoons, they just worked.

They were numb. They wore out their spirits along with the grass underfoot. They had known Rummy Roberts as a taciturn, uncaring genius who got tolerance out of a bottle. They said the new job had gone to his head. They hated him with a resentful fury. But he drilled and rode and tongue-slashed them under the raging sun until they were numb. Until they were good robots.

Then Roberts experimented with his good robots. He began to move them around. A man might be on the first team today, the scrubs tomorrow. Possession of a letter meant nothing. Men who had thought to inherit starting posts were shoved about rudely. It was very confusing when they were not too weary to think about it. It was not confusing to Roberts. He was seeking a unit, a meshed group of arms and legs and bodies that would move in simple unison. He would

sacrifice speed and brilliance and personal feelings to get that unit.

One man was not moved about. Monk Jones ran with the first team from the first practice. It caused much unpleasant speculation.

There was a bulky, square-built quarterback named Gleason, a letterman, a Senior. He had played a lot of football for Durand, had been slated for a starting role. Displaced, he was outraged. Gleason had many unpleasant comments. In the first scrimmage Gleason resorted to stronger measures.

The scrimmaging began perilously early. Roberts was working against time, and the pace was murderous. He had his squad now. The scrubs were still struggling around on the lower field, but it didn't mean anything. Roberts had his forty-four men. He put twenty-two of them on the field and blew the whistle.

His first team did not look like much. Later in the season, many of these boys would be replaced. His line averaged 185, the backfield considerably less. He had bigger and potentially better men on the second team and on the benches; but they were also fatter men. The lighter men were shaping up faster.

The second team kicked, and Monk took the ball on the goal-line. He went up the middle for fifteen yards, and then he began to zig-zag. He was in one tackler's arms, spun out, danced away from a man, hurdled a fallen foe, stopped dead for an instant, then picked up blocking and hugged it. He was not really so fast, but he could change direction without seeming to lose a shade of speed. He lost his blocking on the forty, ran a gauntlet of tackles to midfield, and went down hard as someone grabbed an arm and bull-whipped him to the turf.

He hit the ground as he always hit it, loose and easy, balled into a small knot. That was what saved him. He heard the ugly thud of knees against the turf beside his helmet, saw the menacing shadow blot out the sky. So he was ready for the blow. As nearly ready as a fallen man can be for 180 pounds of human javelin trying to chop him in half.

He was crushed and sick for an instant,

and then he was climbing up snappily, sneering, "You'll have to do better than that. Gleason." The dark, sullen quarter-back snorted, "I will."

Rummy Roberts had started forward. There had been rage in his eyes; now there was relief. But he said nothing. Football is a tough game. A little man must fight his own battles.

Under orders, Monk opened up with the T-formation plays. He had a fast backfield. There were two Sophomores, Demmy and Quarles, and one veteran, Red Riley. They lacked power, and they lacked the sixty-minute brand of stamina.

A sweep and a lateral netted five. A double reverse went for eight. A beefy tackle named Rumley stormed through into the first backfield and slaughtered Demmy for a five-yard deficit. On the next play Rumley thrust himself into a savage mouse-trapping, and Quarles danced through the vacancy to stream for ten.

Monk faked badly on the next play, keeping the ball himself and fading with Riley siding him. Charging linemen never lost sight of the ball. They went after Monk, hound-and-hare. Riley charged bravely, missed contact, and peeled off to the left. Monk flipped him a lateral, and Riley went through a wagon-road hole in the middle. He ran down to the second team's five yard line.

They worked the man-in-motion wide. Monk faked to Riley, kept the ball himself, and swept to the right. He retreated a little as the seconds massed densely. He stopped dead, whipping his arm back. He feinted a long one across the field, peppered a shorter one across the field, peppered a shorter one across the field, where Demmy had sneaked from his in-motion chores.

It was obviously good. He got it away cleanly. Then a lineman barged into Monk, driving him into the ground. He was flat on his back with a big body smothering him. He knew what was coming, and he wriggled a knee lose. Gleason hit it like a river steamboat snags a floating log.

**G**LEASON got up before Monk writhed free. Gleason doubled for a moment in pain, then anger snapped him

erect. He swung his haymaker while Monk was still on his knees. Monk ducked his face and took it painlessly on his helmet. He came off the ground like a springing wildcat, and he hit Gleason sixteen times before he came down. He hit him with fists, elbows, knees and feet, and he butted with his helmet. It happened so swiftly that most of the boys missed the scene entirely. When they turned to locate the commotion, Gleason was down, with Monk astride his chest, and bigger men holding his arms.

They pulled Monk off. Gleason sat up, wiping blood from his mouth. He didn't seem to be hurt, or even angry. He was just completely stupified. Rummy Roberts walked over. He did not make any speech. He just said, "You were asking for it, Gleason. You feel like going on?" Gleason nodded dumbly. He got up and played football. He tackled savagely and he ran hard, but he stayed out of pile-ups.

They scrimmaged two periods. The first team scored three times in the first period, once in the second. The other team caught a spark late in the game and drove the length of the field on power.

Ripper Atchison played for a few minutes with the first team. He did not look very good. He did not look good because Monk did not permit him to. Atchison was a "reacher" He had to have the ball given to him out front, where he could lunge into it, making the transfer part of his acceleration. What was right for another back was no good for Atchison. Monk fed him like he fed the other backs. Atchison fumbled twice, lost yardage on three runs, and let a short pass bounce from his broad chest. He never complained, and Roberts removed him shortly.

After that, they scrimmaged almost every afternoon. It was Monk, Demmy, Quarles and Riley in the backfield, and a bunch of guys named Joe up front. Sometimes it was Ripper Atchison in there for Riley, but not for long.

It didn't take much effort to louse up the Ripper. The big boy had lost something at State. He ran as fast as ever, but the old push was gone. He had always been a front runner; and failure had broken him. But he tried. Wooden-faced, grim,

he worked harder than any other man on the squad.

Out of that sun-scorched combat a weapon emerged. It was not a team. Rather, it was a task force, assembled for one battle. Corinth U would be the first game on the schedule. Corinth was one of the big teams of the conference; last year they had been second only to State in the standings. Rummy Roberts had two weeks to prepare for battle. The Corinth coaches thought they had three:

It shaped as an easy opener for Corinth. The Durand stadium would be a proving ground for Corinth stars. Corinth had so many stars that nobody's position was secure; and the men who worked best against Durand would be the team.

Corinth came to the Durand stadium with the game already won. They came on a murderously hot day, the kind of day Roberts would have chosen. They came resplendent in their green pants and golden jerseys. They came forty-four strong, and the magic of famous names made thunder in the stands.

Eleven unknowns with tan pants and white jerseys clustered in a tight ring around Rummy Roberts in front of the Durand bench. "Wildman" Williams, massive tackle and captain of the Durand Wolfpack, went out and called the flip of the coin, and then went back and sat on the bench.

Eleven burly Corinth men ranged out on the field and regarded with compassion the pitifully light team that came to meet them. It looked like things were worse than ever at Durand Tech.

Topper Thacker, all-conference half-back, applied the boot to the ball. Rangy Corinth linemen surged downfield. A ridiculously small Durand man backed up between his goal-posts and caught the ball. He ran straight up the field. He met the first wave of Corinth destruction on his ten-yard line. He ran right into it, like a lamb into a wolfpack. Then the little guy began to run in four directions all at once.

He was as elusive as a greased rabbit. Four giants took their shots at him and sprawled on the ground. He staggered and leaped and scrambled and ducked under reaching hands. It was very funny. Even

Corinth supporters saw the humor of it. Because the little guy wasn't going anywhere. He ran sixty yards to gain five. but he whirled suddenly, with Corinth men all around him, and heaved a long lateral to a redhead loitering alone on the far sideline.

Red Riley was going in just one direction—straight for the Corinth goal. He was on the Corinth forty when Topper Thacker tumbled him out of bounds with a flat block.

The little guy called signals in a voice like a saw hitting a nail. He whisked the ball from under the center's bulk and faked to a plunging back. The little guy spun and whipped a pass over the line to somebody named Demmy for six yards. Somebody listed on the program as Quarles ghosted eight yards on an in-and-outer.

Fans reached for their programs. Corinth supporters grew very quiet. The Corinth team called time out.

**C**ORINTH got a new end and wing-back. The big Corinth line angrily pitched back two plays. Corinth fans shouted jubilantly. A tiny, black-eyed quarterback covertly studied the ugly face of an all-conference, two-hundred-pound guard, who had been dumped with indignities, twice in a row, by a Durand center who weighed 170.

"Chadwick," Monk said to the center in the huddle. "Let that big ape come through. Quarles, smear him. We run that 69 play. This is it."

They set up a short flanker, Demmy dawdling out there, moving to the left. The play unfolded as a sweep to the right, Monk carrying. The right end met them. Then it was an end-around. Then a double reverse, as Demmy angled in, hurdled the prostrate Quarles and his big victim, and went through a yawning gap in the middle. He swerved to his right, bored into a tunnel of blocking, and went all the way. Nobody touched him.

Monk kicked the extra point from placement. He looked over at the Corinth bench as he walked back up the field. The Corinth head coach, a big name in football, was sitting stiffly erect on the

bench. He was speaking briefly to his assistants. He didn't say many words, but he used his whole mouth to say them. His face was not pretty. He was either very angry or very scared.

The mortified Corinth team spread to take the kick-off. O'Brien, a tackle, kicked it for Durand. He kicked a long one, but it was too flat. Stocky Topper Thacker took it on the five, and he had time to gather momentum. He was a speedball, and he was rolling downhill. He fainted to the left, and broke for the right sideline, where well mechanized blocking was massing. But Durand men bored like termites into the structure of the interference. They flushed Thacker out, and he reversed the field.

Somebody took a shot at Thacker. He heaved his hips aside and kept running. He took four steps, and the Durand right end crashed into him. Thacker was tough and knowing. He stepped into the contact with a savage stiff-arming, and kicked himself free. But the crash unbalanced him. For a few steps he was straining to keep from falling. He never saw O'Brien coming. The Durand tackle hit Thacker with tooth-cracking impact. They hit the turf and they rolled three ways, Thacker, O'Brien, and the ball. One of those anonymous Durand linemen covered the ball on the Corinth thirty-five.

Briskly, confidently, Monk chose his play. He pitched a short pass into the flat zone. An agile Durand end snatched the ball, waited just an instant, and lateralled out wider as Riley came blazing across on an angle that hurled him outside the sucked-in Corinth wing-back. Riley was a fast boy. High-kneeing speed slung him clear. Only Thacker had a chance at him. Riley cut for the sideline, side-stepped as the defense man made a desperate try, and went on. The whistle called him back. His cleats had chopped lime from the sideline on the Corinth fifteen.

Monk took the ball from center and fled deep, scampering. He stood there with the ball poised in throwing position. Then the Durand right end zoomed out of nowhere, cutting behind him. The cry rose from the stands, instantly on hundreds of lips, "Statue of Liberty!" But as the

end reached for the ball, Monk threw it. It was not a long pass. Demmy was just over the line of scrimmage. But the blocking was beautiful. Nobody really had a chance at Demmy. Thacker climbed over a double-teaming block to tear away part of Demmy's shirt; and the loose ends of the boy's jersey streamed like a comet's tail as he went over the last big line.

Monk kicked the extra point. Shocked approval was boiling in the home stands. The students hadn't expected much from Rummy Roberts. They'd been grudgingly glad to see an underdog get his chance after all these years as an assistant. But they hadn't expected much. And now Roberts was showing them a Wonder Team.

Monk went back up the field. His eyes were narrowed to black slits. That 14 to 0 lead didn't look big to him. The next few minutes would decide a lot of things. The Corinth coach was sending in a new quarterback and three fresh linemen. If Corinth could get the power game to working, they'd grind resistance small while they rolled up the scores. They had the four-deep manpower to do it.

O'Brien's kick went over the goal. Corinth took it on their twenty. On the first play Thacker faked out wide, cut back outside left tackle and stormed for twelve with three defenders clinging to him. Corinth struck with stunning power. They had a fullback named Aggethorn, long-legged and beam-shouldered. He didn't look like the popular conception of a fullback. He was fast and awkward and slightly top-heavy. Hit low, he would always stumble, but he did all his falling forward. Aggethorn did the steady grinding, Thacker the exploding.

There was no stopping Thacker. Durand kept two men on him, and they could not throttle his smashing thrusts. The stocky man had been made the goat of the game's early minutes; he was wild to redeem himself, and pent-up fury pistoned in his thick legs. Working behind the smooth ball handling of lanky, whip-lithe Ace Boggs, Corinth smashed upfield with startling facility.

The Durand line bent and broke. But it did not crumble. The smaller men hit

hard. They picked themselves up out of the dirt and hit hard again. They made a battle out of it. But Corinth came on. They got to the Durand twenty, and Berry slouched back out of intricate fakery to bid for a quick touchdown with a long pass. Monk flung himself high to bat the pass away from an end's fingers. So Topper Thacker feinted outside left tackle, hurled himself inside, and ran twelve yards. Monk called time out.

Monk said to the tense ring of faces, "This Boggs is hot stuff. He is a whizz. He is a trained seal, and he is running a series somebody taught him. It is now time for that delayed buck thing that makes him look so pretty, handing the ball behind him to that goon of an Aggethorn. Quarles, a smart fullback could slip through there and steal that ball."

Quarles, a dark, serious Sophomore, rubbed his pug nose with the heel of a dirty hand. He mentioned, "If I go through, and they break a receiver into my slot, it makes a dope out of me."

"Well, pardon me!" Monk snarled. "I thought we were out here to win a game. Okay, Quarles. Keep your dignity and lose the game."

### III

**H**E STAMPED out of the huddle, giving Quarles no chance to answer. He looked angry; but he was grimly complacent as he covertly noted the flush on Quarles' stolid face. Quarles, defensive fullback, charged as Ace Boggs spun with the ball. Boggs faked to his right half, bobbed up with the ball, fell into a tandem teaming with Thacker, then thrust the pigskin behind his back for Aggethorn's diagonal charge.

Quarles beat him to the ball. He stole the leather and spun away from contact with the Corinth fullback. He was ten yards out into the clear, and Corinth men were still blocking with brutal efficiency when Aggethorn's agonized howling broke it up. Quarles bulletted straight up the middle, Aggethorn pounding after him.

Monk started the instant he saw Quarles grab the ball, and he threw the key block. Few people noted it, because it was not

down-field. Monk knifed through and chopped the legs from Thacker in the moment the half back whirled around. He cut down Thacker and sat on him. Thacker might have caught Quarles; the others could not. Quarles did not gain an inch on his pursuers, but he lost no ground. He still had his ten yard lead when he hurled himself over the last broad line and collapsed. Coach Roberts took Quarles out of the game.

Monk kicked the point again. It was 21-0 now, with the first quarter unfinished. The home stands were delirious. They had seen nothing like this in years.

The pressure was on Corinth. The big boys began to hurry. The next onslaught was savage, but the timing was haywire. The holes loomed wide and the backs were fast, but Corinth had lost the cutting edge of coordination. Thacker gained forty yards with a gorgeous, twisting run and lost thirty of them when a teammate was detected clipping. Aggethorn ripped off many short gains but fumbled at a crucial moment to force the Corinth quarterback into the air. Riley intercepted the punt-long heave. Monk dumped a quick-kick over Thacker's head, and it rolled gratifyingly to the Corinth fifteen.

Corinth rolled to a first down with Aggethorn shredding the lighter line, then got into distress with a holding penalty and an offside. Thacker kicked out, and Monk kicked back. Thacker boomed his punt fifty yards on the fly, and Monk ran it back across the midfield stripe. Monk kicked thirty yards in the air, and the ball rolled fifteen yards to die on the Corinth twelve as the Durand wingmen were down fast to cover.

The paces of the game slowed, and the spectators settled down. Monk had Corinth penned in their own backyard, and he kept them there with dinky little over-end punts that bounced obligingly. They chafed down there in the shadow of their goal posts. They stormed out twice, and the officials called them back. An offside penalty broke up a nice run for Aggethorn. Thacker was white-faced and clamorous when the whistle called him back from a twenty-five yard rampage—back-field-in-motion. Coldly, Monk kept Cor-

inth confined, waiting for the beleagured team to gamble.

But the long, wild passes did not develop. Ace Boggs pulled one razzle-dazzle stunt with almost everyone handling the ball. The play lost four yards and Boggs left the game. The new quarterback had strict orders. In the huddle he always managed to be facing the Corinth bench. Corinth began to move with simple plays, standard power thrusts at the tackles. They gained a lot of yardage but failed in the clutches. It was puzzling that a team could flash such drive and still not score. They drove deep twice, and Durand took the ball away, and Monk kicked on first down.

The second period was scoreless.

The Durand Wolfpack convened happily in the dressing room. The sound of voices was a self-congratulatory symphony. Someone exulted, "If we can just hold 'em!"

A harsh voice rose stridently over the casual sound. "What do you mean, 'hold 'em'?" Rummy Roberts stood in the middle of the room. His hat was pulled down over his eyes, blazing in the shadows. His narrow jaw jutted, a cutting edge. He stormed, "Hold Corinth? Listen, team. Corinth is the bunch that rolled up sixty points when we were down last year. Have you forgotten that? Any boy who is satisfied with three touchdowns can turn in his suit right now. We've got big, bad Corinth down and we're going to stomp blazes out of 'em."

There was flame in his voice and it caught fire in a chain of yells and cheers. All in a moment, the Wolfpack was howling for the kill. Roberts walked over to where Monk was stretched on a rubbing table. The quarterback sneered softly, "You want my suit?"

Roberts snapped back, just as softly, "You take any chances out there and I'll beat your brains out. Run wide stuff. Let the kids think they're giving their all. Keep them trying, and maybe we can hang on to the ball long enough to squeeze through this thing."

Their gazes locked grimly. They were two little guys who shared the talent for

stirring up trouble, and remaining calm enough to take advantage of it. Roberts was worried. Corinth should have cracked. But the Corinth coach had held his boys in line. What that coach could do to his boys in the rest period was the big question.)

The Corinth coach did plenty. He sent eleven madmen back on the field. What they lacked in polish, they made up in individual brilliance. Each man ran as though the coach were behind him, pushing. Bustling and bruising, they drove seventy yards from the kick-off. Durand barely stopped them. Monk kicked out to midfield. Thacker snatched the ball out of the grass where a Durand end was trying to down it, and rammed back to the thirty-five. They got to the two-yard mark this time, and a scrapping Wolfpack mobbed Aggethorn down inches short of the first down.

Monk kicked, but he had to hurry it. He had no time to place the punt as the enraged Corinth line hurled torpedos at him. It was a high, wobbly boot, and Thacker gobbled it up before the ends could cover him. The stocky man with the threshing-machine knees pounded down to the Durand ten before the Wolfpack could haul him down. Then it was Aggethorn twice, Thacker once, and the ball was over the big line. A substitute came out and kicked the point. It was Durand, 21, Corinth, 7.

Monk took the kick-off on the five. He ran it to the fifteen and lateralled off to Demmy. Corinth was prepared now. They mauled Demmy down on the twenty. Monk began to drive his men. He ran gaudy, wide reverses. He kept Corinth strung out with a flanker. The real Wolfpack gains were made through the line. When a Corinth lineman pulled out to slap down a sweeping run, Monk aimed the next play at him. He watched the spreading sweat-stains grow darkly across the golden jerseys of magnificently big men, and picked his plunges by those blots.

He ran some of those perspiring behemoths out of the game. But Corinth had so many of them. Monk worked the Wolfpack just short of midfield. He had to kick from there.

It was a heartbreaker. He kicked to the left side, away from Thacker. The speedball chased the bouncing pigskin. For a moment it seemed that Monk had driven a nail into the coffin corner, and the crowd was voicing tribute. Then the ball hopped crazily, high and wide. Thacker broke stride, whipped around, and lunged. He got the ball on his fingertips, ahead of the converging Wolfpack ends. He went up the field in a long loop that carried him almost to the far sideline before he cut back. Five men came almost close enough to tackle him—almost. He got to midfield almost on his own, and after that the interference grew like a snowball. Monk, at safety, was just another defense man swept away by weight of numbers. Two men hit Monk, and one of them sat on him. Thacker was coasting when he went across for the score.

**T**HE CORINTH kicker came in again. The score became 21-14. Roberts gave Monk a rest, and Durand slugged it out with Gleason calling plays. The Corinth offense seemed to fade a little with Thacker and Aggethorn on the bench. The ball changed hands twice.

Then Roberts said out of a stony face, "Three scores won't stand up. If we stop them, get in there and throw that ball."

Corinth shoved, sluggishly but with power, to the Durand ten. Two passes fell incomplete, and the ball went over. Monk trotted out on the field.

He called the play without a huddle. He faded into punt formation, wanting to kick Riley's pants as the redhead started visibly. Then the ball came back, and the line was holding valiantly. Monk poised the ball, and his leg swung. Then he twisted around and hurled a flat pass toward Riley, who had brush-blocked and was streaking upfield on a sharp diagonal.

It was very close. Boggs was racing in to cut off the pass. It was close enough that Boggs was playing the ball instead of the receiver—it was a certain score if he could intercept. The pigskin seemed to hover above Boggs' fingertips. Then Riley was taking it over his shoulder, streaming up the field.

There was no blocking; just a fast man

slung into the clear. Riley broke away from everyone but the safety man who had been playing back for the kick. The great Thacker was out of the game just now; but Corinth had only one brand of safety man—good. This big boy jockeyed with efficient caution, hounded Riley to the sideline, and blasted him outside with a savage rolling block just as the redhead went over the midfield stripe.

Monk threw two passes, completed one for ten yards, and then the quarter caught them. Corinth opened the last period by dumping Monk for an eight-yard loss. The little guy chose to take the deficit rather than cut loose a risky throw. He took a beating in the pile-up. Corinth was not deliberately dirtying him; but they wanted him out of there. Monk got up and tried it again. He had a little more time, but no unguarded receivers, so he ran with the ball and lost three yards.

He got up shakily. The old curse was haunting him now—he just wasn't big enough to take the roughing indefinitely. He was tough and fiercely strong, he could hit with tooth-cracking impact; but he was still a little guy. He needed a time out now, and he could not take it, or the opportunity he had spotted might vanish. He huddled his men and called the play. Then he crouched on shaky legs behind the center.

He faded the ball. It was an old story by now to the efficient Corinth defenders. Once again they clamped handcuffs on the deep-receivers. Monk had to retreat desperately as Demmy missed his block. For moments nobody noticed that Demmy kept going, knifing through the line. Monk twisted around in a tackler's mighty arms, threshing to keep his arm free.

It was not too good a pass. Demmy had to hesitate a moment as it came looping over the head of the astonished Corinth center. Then Demmy spurred down the middle, and there was a big hole ahead of him. The decoys turned on their tormentors with timely blocks. Demmy raced down to the Corinth ten, and the safety man tried to tear his legs off there.

Monk called time for Demmy; he needed it himself. Demmy was just shaken up. He stayed in the game. Corinth built

a stone wall on the ten, broad backs low and faces sullen. Monk decided to gamble. He handed the ball to Riley for a sweep to the right, trailed the redhead and got the ball back near the sideline. He stopped dead, feinted a pass into the right-hand corner, then made a buggy-whip of his thin body as he heaved the ball all the way across the field. He saw Payne, the Durand left end, breaking away into the clear as he raced into the far corner, trying to meet the path of the pigskin. And that was the last thing he saw for some time. Three men hit him.

He was lying in front of the bench. Water was dripping from his hair, making a puddle under his head. He clenched his teeth and tried to sit up. A hand pushed him down. Rummy Roberts said calmly, "Relax. We're using scrubs now."

Monk rolled over. The scoreboard declared rather illogically, Durand, 34, Corinth, 14. Roberts explained, "They fell apart after you threw that touchdown pass. They started throwing the ball all over the place and Riley ran one back sixty yards."

Monk growled, "Who missed that extra point?" The coach stared at him, then roared. Roberts' laughter had a rusty sound. It was as though he hadn't laughed in years. He was still chuckling when the game ended a couple of minutes later.

**I**T WAS a big night in Port City. The whole city seemed to be wearing a broad smile. The campus was a kind of crazy snake-dance that kept time to the booming chimes in the bell tower of the Administration Building. Durand Tech had not beaten a big time opponent in a decade, until today. It was a night for celebration.

Rummy Roberts was not celebrating. A little of the noise of a town gone wild filtered through the window of his second-rate hotel room but the coach did not hear it. His head was bent over a mass of notes and diagrams. When the knock on the door came, Roberts called without rising, "Come on in, kid."

Monk cracked the door and slid through the opening with his quick, nervous motion. He looked as though the game had

cost him ten pounds. His cheeks were hollow, and his eyes were black holes bored into the paleness of his face.

Roberts gestured with a handful of papers. "Sit down. I've got the dope on Westchester. Scout did a fair job."

Monk's skinny body stiffened as he noticed the bottle on the room's single table. His eyes blazed. "I don't talk football to any bottle of rum, mister! Good night!"

He had turned when Robert's calm voice stopped him. "That bottle's been sitting there for almost ten months. Since the night Jody MacHammer called me up and informed me I was head coach."

Monk spun. He asked bluntly, "You've quit?"

Roberts shrugged. There was more in his humorless grin than he knew; it was a portrait of a man who puts little faith in anything, and least of all himself. He said drily, "All I know is I've been on the wagon from then until now."

Monk sat down and reached for the papers. Roberts put them aside absently. He had paled a little. He asked suddenly, "Kid, what do you know about me?"

Monk told him with callous frankness. "That you're a bottle bum. That you did a stretch in jail. That you've been hired help for a bunch of coaches, and probably know more football than the lot of them."

Roberts lit a stubby pipe. He had a lot of trouble with it. He said shakily, "I guess success has gone to my head. I never cared what they said when I was just an assistant."

"Bottle bum," Roberts mused bitterly, tasting the words. "And the funny part is, if it hadn't been for a couple of people, the whole thing might have been different."

He began to talk then, abruptly and surprisingly, and it was like a dam breaking. "Jody MacHammer, the big importer. Oh, he is the McCoy—now. But in the old days he met the ships himself in a speedboat five miles out. He got his start selling rotten hooch to students, and lending them money at usurious rates of interest. That's how he got his hooks into my brother, Mike.

"Mike was a good guy. That's the

point. He was wild and a little crazy, but he was a good guy. He had a good team here at Durand then. I was quarterback. Mike was running left half. He was the hot boy, the breakaway kid. He never saw a stranger, and he'd never let a friend pick up a check. He had to be big time, on and off the gridiron. He spent more money than he had, and he got in hock to Jody MacHammer. Mike figured to clean up his debts out of the first year's pay in pro baseball. He could do things with a horsehide, too. But he cracked up his throwing shoulder in his last football game. No more baseball. So he went to work for MacHammer running a speed-boat.

It's hard to explain Prohibition to anybody your age, kid. Folks in this town always voted dry and drank wet. The bootlegger was a hero. Running rum was right down Mike's alley. It was just a new style of broken-field running for him. Just a happy game of cops-and-robbers on a big scale. That was before the shooting started.

"There were a lot of mobs, and there was enough business for all of them," Roberts declared, and added cynically, "But it's always the same, somebody has got to be Boss. They started gunning each other. Mike never would carry a gun. Another mob worked Mike's boat over with a machine gun one night, and one of the boys died in Mike's arms. It sobered him. He tried to quit. But nobody quit on Jody MacHammer, then or later. The quitters ended up walking on the bottom of the bay with concrete shoes. Mike didn't try to run; he faced MacHammer and told him he was through. They had a fight. Mike never was the same after that.

"Don't let Jody's shape fool you; he can still break a man's arm like you'd break a pencil. Mike was afraid of him after that. The boy had never feared man nor devil, but he was afraid of that human bear. And it broke him. He hit the bottle, then the dope.

"All this time I'm telling you about, MacHammer was getting bigger and bigger, until there were just his mob and the Scar-nose Pellotti outfit. And one

night MacHammer and Pellotti met in a dead-end alley. Scar-nose had a knife and a gun; Jody had his hands. And after that, Jody MacHammer was Boss. He had his fingers in every lousy racket in town, and he dug deep.

**"I** WAS A year behind Mike in school. I played out my string and stayed to coach the Freshmen. Yeah, I was a guy with a future in those days. I didn't see much of Mike. He'd pretty much gone to pieces. I would hunt him down in one of MacHammer's speakeasies now and then, and beg him to get out of it. I was looking for Mike the night I drifted into one of the big boy's waterfront joints. I found something different.

"A girl. One of those dancers in what passed for the floor show. She was Spanish by way of Cuba, and she'd spent her last dime getting herself smuggled into this country. She was broke, she had no folks, and she couldn't talk much English. That made her a perfect candidate for MacHammer's dingy dance halls. She was a little girl, just as high as my heart, and a flower-face that was mostly big, black eyes. She was scared. She wanted to get out of there and didn't know how. Nobody had bothered her but she was scared.

"I saw her, and lightning struck me. I got her out of there, away from MacHammer. Never mind how. I took her away and I married her. I made the down payment on a bungalow. I was all set for happiness. It lasted a few days. I came home early from football practice one afternoon. It was a good thing. MacHammer had sent three of his bums to bring Conchita back. Just like that. Like he was a king. I tore a leg off a table and started cracking skulls. I laid out two of the bums and the third ran. I chased him two blocks and half-killed him. I told him if I ever saw him again I'd finish the job.

A lot of people heard me say it, including some cops who pulled me off of him.

"The next time I saw that bum he was dead. Somebody had bashed in his head and pitched him on my doorstep. They pinned it on me. It's not so hard to frame

a man. The court was honest, but guys I'd never seen stood up and swore my life away. MacHammer's stooges. They found me guilty. Second-degree murder. Twenty years.

"I did three of those years. It might as well have been the full twenty. A second-rate thug shot it out with the cops one night and lost. He lived long enough to grab himself some religion. He talked. Among the things he confessed was bashing in the head of the big, dead baby somebody left on my doorstep. He didn't know how the body got there. It was just a bar fight. He swung a bottle harder than he meant to, then got scared and lammed out of town.

"So the State apologized and turned me loose. What was left of me. Conchita was dead. I'd known it while I was in the pen. Nobody told me. I just knew. It took me a year to find her grave. MacHammer never got her. She'd run away from him, moving from town to town like a hunted animal. She was a frightened kid in a country she didn't understand; she didn't know where to ask for help. Mike must have found her that second Winter when she was dying in the charity ward of a hospital—pneumonia on top of malnutrition. The records show he gave her a decent burial. That's the last I ever heard of him. Mike's dead, too, I'm pretty sure."

Roberts stopped talking abruptly. His eyes were like dark blotches painted on a white wall. Monk demanded hoarsely, "That's the same guy? That big blob of meat? And you let him walk on your football field and talk to you?"

"You've never been stir-crazy, kid," Roberts told him quietly. "You've never watched four walls close in and crush you. I'd have gotten MacHammer if I could have been sure of a good, clean death. But I was afraid they'd just send me back. I felt a hundred years old when they let me out. Nothing mattered very much. They felt sorry for me here at Durand. They gave me my job back. Days, I did the job. Nights—" he made an offhand gesture at the bottle on the table. "A couple of years and I got numb. I stayed that way until I got this head coach racket.

I decided to straighten up. I dunno, maybe I was better off the other way."

Monk persisted, "I don't get it, mister. How does a boss racketeer get to be trustee of a college?"

"It's not too tough," Roberts said absently.

Something inside him seemed to have burned out; he was tired of talking, and his words were listless. "Money, partly. Or you can marry the thrill-crazy daughter of a prominent family. That's what MacHammer did just before Repeal broke up his biggest racket. Then he reformed. He got to be awfully respectable. His wife inherited a shipyard and a bunch of assorted businesses. MacHammer did okay with them. The war came on, and he built sub-chasers on government contracts. He did better than okay there, and got to be a patriot to boot. I've heard he did well in the black market, too; but you know how it is: if you can steal enough dough you're out of the thief class. You're big business.

"He's got more dough than he'll ever need. Now all he wants is for people to forget how he got it. He goes in for civic clubs and noisy charities. And politics. He's got his eye on the Governor's Mansion. He's had a lot of the right kind of publicity out of being the father of an almost-All-American. He'll get more if his precious boy gets the coaching job here. It'll give him the right kind of standing."

"What about his record?" Monk demanded.

Roberts shrugged. "He was in court just once. The Pellotti mess. Scar-nose went after him with a gun and a knife. Jody used his hands. It was a clear case of self-defense. The kind of thing that makes a hero of a bum. The guys who could testify against MacHammer are dead. Let him be governor—that's not my affair. What gets me, the big bum shoved me in as head coach because he figured I'd lose every game, and he could yank me out like a rotten tooth when he was ready to give Junior the job. Forget it, kid. We've got work to do."

The two dark heads bent over a scout's hastily pencilled diagrams.

THE NATION was surprised at Corinth's defeat. The Conference was shocked. Port City newspapers gave more space to Durand football. The campus exulted.

The team forgot it.

It was not exactly the same team that had humbled Corinth. The lettermen wanted their jobs back. Captain Williams, "Bon" Bondurant and Chuck Greyfogle alternated with the lighter men in the line. The scrapping was terrific. They were no longer fighting for the conventional Durand letter. Their team had been shoved suddenly into the national spotlight. A miracle had happened and each man wanted a slice of it.

Working for Westchester, Roberts gave more attention to the single-wing plays. Westchester was a punt-and-pray team. A lot of teams whipped Westchester, but not very badly. The stone-wall defense was their tradition.

So while the papers raved about his ten-second backfield, Roberts broke up the combination. He wanted more power and got it. He was pointing for one game at a time.

He needed a breakaway back.

He had run Corinth ragged with three track stars, and it had looked wonderful. But there was not a real broken-field battler among them. They were all dead-ahead sprinters. Maybe one of them would learn the stop-and-go artistry, the swivel-hipping deception that has to be born in most men.

Roberts thought he had the man.

He would hold his breath every time he sent big Ripper Atchison into a scrimmage. He'd watch the spring-legged giant trot out with grace and speed flowing in every movement of the loose body. And he'd watch Monk break the big guy.

It didn't take much to make Atchison wilt. Sometimes just a dark-eyed glare. Other times a casual drawl, "Show us how you did at State, Ripper." And sometimes a pass that was not quite right. And Roberts would swear under his breath from behind an expressionless face.

Monk swore that Atchison was getting

the same chance as the others. The quarterback was honest in his belief, but he was sabotaging Atchison. The old grievance rankled. He wanted Atchison to fail. So the timing of his handoffs, not noticeably bad, was worse than he knew, worse than he intended.

Roberts knew. He yanked Monk out of a scrimmage on Thursday after Atchison had fumbled on a tricky reverse. He met the quarterback on the sideline and said, "That was a lousy pass. And a lousier thing to do."

Monk declared steadily, "That pass was okay. We just don't work together so good if you get what I mean."

Color rose in Roberts' cheeks. He charged, "You could."

Monk jerked his head toward the field. "He does better with Gleason in there?" Roberts shook his head impatiently.

The coach said quietly, "He'll never do better for anyone until you start him off. You could walk out there and say, 'Let's play football, Champ,' and he'd take that first step on the road back. That's a sick football player, kid. He's hit bottom. His confidence is shot to pieces. All he's got to hang on to is knowing that he was good once, with you feeding him."

"If you've got to, choose between us," Monk said flatly.

For an instant Roberts' small frame stiffened. He waited a moment, and he was master of his voice. "A year ago I picked you up to run my team. Maybe I'll be sorry. But I'm stuck with it."

So Ripper Atchison was just another name down among the scrub backs listed for the Westchester game.

The crispness of Autumn chill was in the air when the Durand Wolfpack trotted out into the Westchester stadium. The skies were leaden, and the small, weather-beaten horse-shoe was crammed with fiercely partisan fans. They were not loud. There was an air of sullen defiance about them that matched the overcast skies. Westchester had the underdog brand of fight. Many a startling upset had been unveiled on this gridiron.

Westchester won the toss. They elected to kick. That was their style. Tutored by an old Notre Dame line stalwart, they

always came up with a tough line. They intended to bury Durand with the kick-off down near the Wolfpack goal and never let them out.

They very nearly did that. The initial kick came twisting into the coffin corner. Red Riley took it on the five. He took three steps, and beefy bodies came hurtling at him like gigantic pellets from a shotgun. They buried him inside the ten. He never had a chance.

The Wolfpack huddled briefly. They came out of it and deployed in the T. A hulking Westchester center was giving defensive signals. The safety man retreated for a quick kick. The guards pulled out. Westchester was going to use a sliding defense to smash the T. Deliberately, smoothly, Durand shifted into a single-wing.

The ball came back to fullback Gerfalcon. The stumpy man revolved, faking, as Riley cavorted across. Bull-bodied Maffia roared in at an angle and chopped a great swathe of empty space out of his spin like a missile from a sling.

Gerfalcon lunged into the open, blockers rearing in front of him. He stampeded twenty-five yards before the Westchester left end caught him from behind. Westchester lined up sullenly. Again Durand shifted. Gerfalcon, spinning, handed off to Riley. The redhead scampered wide, then cut back inside tackle. Maffia plowed into the tackle. The Durand right end cut across and chopped down the pulled-out guards. Riley cut out wide again and went for fifteen.

Westchester called for time out. A new center raced into the game. Westchester abandoned the sliding defense.

**T**HEY threw a seven-man line at Durand. And on the next play Monk baited the mouse-trap, and caught big game. Both the Westchester guards teamed to slaughter center Greyfogle, and barged through. Maffia steamed through the cavity, turned to take Monk's spot pass, and lumbered off twelve yards.

Durand rolled. They smashed right through Westchester's vaunted strength. They stayed one play ahead of the defense. The single-wing power was a one-way

ticket down to the Westchester fifteen. There Durand remained in the T for the first time. They shuttled the ball around with brilliant fakery, and Riley broke wide around right end and angled for the coffin corner. Three men shoved him out of bounds at the Westchester three.

Then it was Gerfalcon. The big fullback made a yard on each of two tries. He did a little better on the third attempt, horsing the ball just over the big line. The Westchester men unplied and looked stunned. They had spent a hectic week fashioning a defense against lightning-fast backs and T-trickery. They had not dreamed that Durand would challenge them in their strongest department. Westchester was confused.

They chose to receive the kick-off, something Westchester rarely did in the first two periods. It was a mistake. Center Greyfogle booted it, and he hung a booming kick up there against the leaden sky. A burly safety man elected to gamble, backing into the end zone to take the kick, barging up the sideline in determined fashion. At the fifteen he cut back toward midfield.

Greyfogle was racing down the middle, somehow untouched in the midst of savage blocking. The runner cut back directly in front of the big, rangy center. The momentum of his long sprint was a springboard to new heights of savage power as Greyfogle left his feet. The runner did not fumble. Greyfogle just blasted him out from under the ball. The pigskin seemed to hang in the air for a moment. Then it bounced toward the Westchester goal, squirming away from greedy fingers. Half a dozen men got a hand on the elusive pigskin. Durand's captain, "Wildman" Williams, got both hands on it. He hugged it to his stomach as a massive pile-up buried him two yards short of the Westchester goal.

Sullen-eyed Westchester men dug cleats grimly into the lime of their own goal-line. Eight of them. Monk sent Gerfalcon storming into that eight-man line. The fullback made a yard.

Then Monk stepped back and threw a pass. It was not conventional quarterbacking. Rummy Roberts leaped up from

the bench in protest as Monk faked to the fullback, stepped back, and threw the ball. But Roberts sat down quickly. Riley had drifted wide into the end zone. The pass hit him in the stomach. There was no Westchester man within ten yards of him as he caught the ball.

Monk kicked the point. It was 14 to 0. Westchester chose to kick. Monk took the ball on the five. He wriggled away from a tackle on the ten, changed pace to let another man hurtle harmlessly past five yards further on. Three men hit him on the twenty. They hit to destroy; but their target was small. They slammed into each other and bungled the job. Monk got up, and one of the tacklers had to have the wind pumped back into him.

But Durand could not move the ball. Monk sensed it when Gerfalcon lost two yards on the first play. The opposing line charged with steady, organized fury. So Monk dropped back exploded a quick-kick that rolled to the Westchester thirty.

The home team kicked right back. They had a left-footed kicker named Firkins, and few men could kick a football farther than this lanky southpaw. Firkins made life dangerous for the Wolfpack backs in the next minutes. He herded them into the coffin corners. Monk could only kick back, and he could not match punts with Firkins. Beefy linemen were smashing through, hurrying him. Westchester was gaining yards on every punt.

Kicking from the Durand forty, Firkins angled the ball out inside the five-yard stripe. Monk stood deep in the end zone. The ball came back, and with it two big Westchester linemen. They blotted out the sky above Monk. He turned half around and poked the ball with his foot. He got rid of it, and that was about all. The miniature punt cut a very small segment from the corner of the field, and crossed the outside marker on the Durand fifteen.

The Westchester stands roared. The home team huddled and charged up to the line, grimly eager. They had made their "break"; now they would make it pay off. Firkins came off tackle. It was not fancy; just shoving, brawling power. There was no explosion, no big hole, just Firkins

riding the charge of broad backs. He made four yards. Gerfalcon stopped the play, but somebody blasted the wind out of the full back. Roberts took him out.

He sent in Atchison. The big boy trotted out, wooden-faced, and fell into the defensive fullback slot. Firkins ran wide to the left, then came back inside tackle as the interference massed behind the rampaging of a pulled-out guard. Ripper Atchison crouched in the path of that juggernaut. His great hands flung one man away like a rag doll. He drove low, huge shoulders cracking shins, splitting the onslaught. Firkins leaped wide, abandoning the shattered blocking. Iron fingers fastened around one of Firkin's ankles, hauling him down.

It had been a great tackle. Monk walked up and patted Atchison's shoulder. He said in his dry-ice voice, "Too bad Gallo-way couldn't see it. He'd want you back."

Atchison stared down steadily. His eyes were calm in the grim, wide-jawed face, and his voice was only faintly bitter. He said, "Have yourself a big time, you buzzard-hearted little rat. You ought to be happy. I'm not going to score any touchdowns for this club and I know it. You give me the jitters and you hand me bum passes. You've put me on the scrubs and I'll stay there. But I can play this kind of ball without worrying how my quarterback is going to double-cross me next. So shut your big mouth and get back where you belong. You don't bother me any more, Monk."

And it was Atchison who stopped Westchester. He pounded back their fullback for no gain on the next try. Then Firkins heaved a desperation pass, and a tall end responded with a miracle catch on the Durand three. And after that, it was all Atchison. He made two clean tackles by himself. He teamed with Greyfogle on the third. He was at the bottom of the general pile-up that checked Westchester's last furious line plunge short of the goal-line, and took the ball away from them. And he threw a thunderous block to give Monk time to place his punt. The kick rolled over the midfield stripe. The home team's big chance had come and gone.

Westchester was never quite the same

after that. They fought bitterly. They drew penalties for the roughness of their defense. But they were never again in the ball game. In the third quarter Roberts threw in his fast backs, and they went on a rampage. They rode the airlines for two quick scores. The scrubs finished the game. Gleason piloted the subs to a final six points just before the gun. By that time, nobody cared much.

So it was a 34-0 win over tough Westchester, and the experts who had tagged Durand a one-game flash were confounded. Sunday editions of Port City papers called Roberts a Miracle Man.

THE "Miracle Man" read the papers in the solitude of his hotel room. More than once his hand reached for the bottle on the table, and he drew it back with an effort. Rummy Roberts was scared. He had come too far, too fast, and there was trouble ahead. The papers said he had a "Wonder Team", and the papers were liars. He didn't have a team at all. He had a quarterback and a bunch of boys who could do one thing well. He had speed and power—but he had them in separate units that would not mix. His quarterback could drive those two backfields flawlessly, but he could not weld them together. It would take another back to do that; he'd have to be powerful enough to run with the heavy backfield, fast enough to fit into the flashy quartet.

He needed the kind of back Ripper Atchison could have been. But the flame that could have set the big boy afire was locked in the heart of a skinny, bitter quarterback. Monk was unforgiving. Atchison's faults were no secret to Roberts. The big guy was starting too slowly, tensing himself until he was sure he had the ball. He was not fumbling so often now, but he was flashing his explosive speed too late.

Roberts used Atchison on the second team in both big scrimmages of the next week. He kept him away from Monk. Gleason, no artist at handing off the leather, was a capable workman. But Atchison was still hesitating for that vital second, getting himself smothered before he gathered momentum. When Roberts

tried to hurry him up Atchison became flustered and fumbled.

It was no use. Yet Atchison did two men's work on defense. And late in the second scrimmage he made Roberts' eyes bulge. Gleason was passing and Williams broke through to slap the pass down. Atchison lunged for it. He got it on the dead run, picking the ball from the air just above the grass. He went around right end, his stride getting longer with every scissoring of big, tapered legs. Greyfogle hit him just beyond the line of scrimmage. Atchison's hips heaved and shimmered as he faded into a shorter-striding glide. Greyfogle bounced off and stretched on the grass. Atchison kept running. The wingbacks sandwiched him. Demmy sailed in high and ran into a stiff-arming that collapsed him. Riley dove for the knees, and they did astonishing, rubberish tricks.

Monk, at safety, came in and tried to nail the big boy while he was kicking free from Riley's tackle. He was a split instant late. Atchison flashed a cutback, stumbled momentarily as Monk slapped fingers across his ankle, and then he was running. Quarles came up from behind and chased Atchison halfway to the goal line, then gave it up. Atchison's stride just grew longer.

Roberts realized he was choking, and he released the air that was compressed in his lungs. He gave the ball to the seconds again and forgot to breathe. When he did breathe, it was profanely. Atchison carried and lost two yards. The run had done nothing for him. Atchison might be a broken-field ghost and a china-shop bull once he got into the open but he still couldn't get started.

So Roberts did not include Atchison in his plans for the game with the Greenwich Bengals. He unfolded the plan of battle to Monk that night in the hotel room. Monk came in, glanced with hard eyes at the bottle on the table, and snorted derisively.

"You'll be going for that bottle one of these Saturdays," Monk said grimly. "You caught one really good team before it was ready, and you didn't show everything you had. You pulled the rest of it out of the

bag and tripped a pretty fair outfit. But the bag's empty, mister. It took just a few minutes to show the scouts your attack has a split-personality. They'll be set for us Saturday."

"Will they?" Rummy Roberts asked quietly. "Here's what we're doing against Greenwich . . ."

Monk listened. His thin face was inscrutable. He said finally, "I dunno, mister. Maybe it'll work, maybe not. But I'll say this: as long as you're coaching, the bag won't ever be empty."

From Monk that was high praise.

Greenwich invaded the Durand stadium on Saturday. The Bengals were very colorful in their tiger-stripe jerseys and light green pants. And they were good. They didn't rate with State and Corinth, but Greenwich always won more Conference games than they lost. They came on the field slight underdogs, but they came to win.

Their scouts had done a job. Monk tried to lateral off to Riley on the first kickoff by the Bengals, and found the redhead too well blanketed. Monk kept the ball and went down on the fifteen.

On the initial scrimmage play Monk kicked. He dropped the quick boot over the safety man's head and it rolled to the Bengal forty. Atchison came in at defensive fullback. Durand threw back three running tries. Joe Chase, the Bengal quarterback, was hurried on his kick. It was a trifle short. Monk took it on his own thirty. He did not take a single step. A howl of surprise geysered up from the stands as Monk kicked the ball back.

For a moment the Bengals were completely stunned. The ball rolled toward their goal. Chase finally captured it on the fifteen. The Bengals punched at the line, then kicked.

Monk kicked on first down. The rumbling from the home stands took on a questioning tone. The question grew as Monk continued to kick on first down. The Bengals chafed. They had been drilled remorselessly on how to stop the high-scoring Durand attack. And Durand wasn't even trying to move the ball. They kept the ball down near the Bengal goal-line. They smacked down every offensive

move the Bengals offered, then gave them back the ball again.

The game dragged monotonously through the first quarter. Deep in the second period Chase kicked to Monk on the Durand forty. Monk went back into punt formation, droning signals carelessly. The ball came back, and Monk swung his leg. Then he leaped around the smashing Bengal left end, tucked the ball under his arm, and ran.

He had to hop around wildly for a couple of seconds, and then the interference picked him up. Savage, explosive blocking broke him free. Only Chase loomed ahead. Monk rabbitted down the sideline. Chase came across the field, big and a deadly tackler.

Feet pounded behind Monk. Somebody was coming up faster than Monk could run. A quick jerk of his head gave him a glimpse of white jersey, and quick hope. Monk cradled the ball in both hands, turning a little, ready to lateral. Then he recognized Atchison.

In that instant he saw the protest in Atchison's chalky face. He heard the big back's sharp cry, "No, Monk!" So Monk slowed a little, and Atchison lunged past him and crashed into Chase, and Monk ran on down the field to circle through the end zone. He added the extra point, and it was 7 to 0.

**T**HEN Durand went on the defensive again, and the 7-0 lead stood up at half-time. The Bengals came out of the dressing room fighting mad. They grabbed the kickoff and started battering. They moved impressively. They strung together six first downs. They had the ball on the Durand twenty-yard stripe, fourth down and a foot to go. They exploded a quick hole for their fullback.

Atchison stopped him. He diagnosed instantly and darted through to pitch the Bengal plunger into his own backfield. Monk punted. The Durand ends, Lonigan and Hasty, shook up Chase with a dual tackle on his forty, but the Bengal held the ball.

The Bengals slugged it out stubbornly. They had power and deception, but they could not get Atchison out of the path of

their ball carriers. The big guy was turning in a ball game. He was in on three-fourths of the tackles. He was taking a fearful beating, but his battered face had the unrelaxed intensity of a man who has seen a vision. Atchison had found something he could do well.

Atchison wrecked the ground attack. Chase kicked over the goal line. Monk punted back. The Bengals took to the air. Demmy intercepted a long heave and ran it back to the Durand forty. Monk kicked deep into Bengal territory.

He was playing for the breaks now, making the Bengals do most of the ball handling, coldly confident that sooner or later somebody would have to fumble. Both sides of the stadium were grumbling at the Wolfpack now. The Durand players were showing their distaste. Monk kept kicking.

They got their break finally, just before the quarter ended. Monk booted a high, loafing spiral. Chase tried an old stunt. He waited for the ball three steps out of position, shading his eyes from the sun. Then he leaped suddenly to the right and caught the ball in full stride. He eluded Lonnigan, but Hasty hit him before Chase got a grip on the leather. The ball squirted away as Chase bounced on the turf, and Lonnigan covered the fumble on the Bengal sixteen. Quarles was trotting in from the sideline, replacing Atchison, and Roberts had his fast backfield in there to capitalize on the break.

But they could not do much. They ran into a defense that was not so much a stone wall as it was a series of cleverly placed bear traps. It was the highly specialized defense the Bengals had devised for this game, and were using for the first time. And it worked. Three hitherto sparkling plays backfired. Durand lost four yards on the three tries.

So Monk stepped back behind that stalwart line and punched a placement kick between the uprights. It gave Durand a 10-0 lead, and it threw the goad of desperation into the Bengals.

After that Durand was not on the defensive through choice. The Bengals unleashed a savage onslaught. The sense of urgency drove them, and they became a

different team. They had little more to lose now, and they took chances. They rode the air-lanes, and Chase was their pilot. They broke loose with a dizzying attack, and they moved down the field.

But when the Bengals moved down close to pay-dirt, the Durand backs had less territory to cover. They slapped down passes. And when the Bengals tried to bull forward, they lacked the drive. Atchison wrecked their plays. Durand took the ball away from them. Monk kicked to midfield, and the Bengals tried it all over again.

They broke a man loose finally, a sub wingback and a sprinter. He grabbed a short hook pass and burrowed deep into a funnel of blocking that split a path through the Durand backfield. The wedge disappeared, but there were two big blockers remaining when Monk made his bid from safety position. He moved in gingerly, feinting every step. They did not pay him much attention. They made him come to them.

He tried to dart between them with an ankle-low dive. The audacity of it almost gave him a tackle. But one of the blockers cracked down with his knees and sent Monk rolling under the other man's feet. So the runner lost his blocking, but he had just twenty yards of open space to negotiate.

Atchison came out of nowhere. There was a mob pounding along ten yards behind the runner, and everyone else seemed to slip back into slow motion as Atchison catapulted after the ball carrier. The flying Bengal was two steps from glory, and any kind of tackle would have tumbled him over the broad line, when Atchison got grappling-hook hands on him. He fastened fingers into the runner's right shoulder as he twisted his own body around. The Bengal's feet kicked up over his head and he flopped across Atchison's middle as the big boy pulled him down.

The wind was out of Atchison, and the heart out of the Bengals. The difference was, Atchison got his wind back. He got up, coughed and gasped a little, and strode back behind the stone wall Durand was building on the one-yard line. The Bengals never dented that wall. Chase fumbled

on the third try, and Greyfogle recovered. Monk punted out of danger and that was the ball game.

The crowd was not noisy as the fans jammed the exits. They'd come for thrills from Roberts' high-scoring team, and they had seen a timid, watchful exhibition. Durand had won the game, but no new laurels. There was not much enthusiasm in the Durand dressing room; they'd won a game, and they wanted to forget it.

Several of the boys had a back-slap and a good word for Atchison as the big boy stripped off his uniform, but Atchison was diffident as he murmured, "Thanks. You did okay yourself." Not even Coach Roberts' quiet, sincere praise moved him. He just shrugged and said, "The guys up front stripped the blocking. I knocked over the man with the ball."

Monk laughed softly. It was funny. Three years back, Atchison hadn't known that there was anybody else on the Green-tree Orphanage team besides Atchison, except possibly, Monk. Monk kicked off a shoe and observed carelessly, "How times have changed."

"Not times. It's people who change," Atchison said soberly. "And not always for the better." He turned and walked toward the shower room, the bruises big and ugly over his body.

Roberts stepped close to Monk. His face was impassive, as always, but there were traces of anger in his eyes. He demanded in low voice, "Why don't you get wise to yourself, Monk?"

"I'm wise enough," the boy laughed shortly. "So nobody has to pat my back and tell me I played a great game."

"You always play a great game. You're the best ball-handler I ever saw, and you call a smart game and you know it," Roberts snapped. "You're so self-sufficient. You haven't got a friend on the squad."

Monk recalled bleakly, "I had a friend—once."

"That I doubt!" Roberts snapped. "If you mean Atchison, you were just trying to ride his coat-tails. You built him up so the pair of you would look good. You knew you were too little for a big-time coach to bother with so you leeches on to

a big guy and tried to sell the pair of you as an unbreakable combination—"

Monk advised gently, "You could be saving time and breath."

"I know it," Roberts admitted. His voice was vastly weary. He put a hand on Monk's thin shoulder, and the fingers were shaky. "But I'm teaching Sunday School, and the lesson's not over. I don't know that you could help Atchison now. But you could have, that first day, with a little human decency. If he let you down one time, you've made him pay for it a dozen times over. Only it's not really Atchison you're hurting, Monk. It's—"

"It's myself," Monk supplied, grimly mocking. "My heart is turning black and my soul is rotting away."

Roberts' fingers dug convulsively into Monk's shoulder. The coach choked, "Laugh! It's funny. It won't be so funny ten years from now when you've been booted out of half a dozen coaching jobs because you don't understand people. Maybe you'll be just as tough then as you are now. Or maybe you'll be doing some melon-headed, back-slapping head coach's brainwork for him, and bolstering your self-respect with a few swigs from a bottle. Kid, it may sound crazy, but I can read your future like a book. And it hurts—because I've been all along there where you're headed. If I could just make you understand—"

He gave it up suddenly, jerking his perspiring face away from Monk, whirling to walk out of the dressing room with swift stride.

## V

MONK sat on the bed in his room on the top floor of the oldest of Durand's dormitories. It was a dormer room, very small. Monk had picked it because he hadn't wanted to be bothered with a roommate. It did not look like a college boy's room. There were no banners on the walls, no souvenirs, just a few books and a small wardrobe trunk. Monk was not a boy to accumulate excess possessions.

He did have a small radio. It was snapping the staccato report of a famous sportscaster as Monk, tired as only a little

man can be after a bruising sixty minutes of football, hunched on the edge of the bed, listening intently.

The rapid-fire words poured from the loudspeaker: "State rolls on undefeated! What promised to be a close contest turned into a rout as MacHammer led State's Warhawks to a startling 65 to 0 conquest of the Jefferson University Colonials. The triple-threatening MacHammer grabbed the opening kickoff on his own five-yard line, and he was off to the races, scattering ninety-five yards for the score! Picked for many second and third All-America teams last season, the two-hundred-pound State ace seems destined for unanimous honors this time. Playing less than thirty-five minutes, MacHammer managed to cross the Colonials' goal line four times with runs of forty, twenty-five, and seven yards in addition to that spectacular runback of the kickoff. Predictions are dangerous at this time, but it looks very much like All-America honors for MacHammer, and a Bowl bid for State.

"Over at Port City, Coach Roberts' surprising Durand Tech Wolfpack came up with one for the books. Without registering a single first down, the Wolfpack turned back Westchester by a 10 to 0 score. The Bengals won everything but the game. In one of those slow 'punt and pray' duels, Durand apparently prayed harder. Pint-sized Monk Jones, Durand's T-formation quarterback, accounted for all the Wolfpack's scoring in the dull contest."

Monk sat up and blinked. Then he grimaced, muttering, "So this is fame." Nothing was ever the way you planned it. A voice called your name over the airwaves, and then rushed on, and everybody forgot it. Nobody cared who you were or where you came from. They didn't know that deep inside you the dream still lived feebly, that your face might become famous enough for someone to recognize a lost relative. In that moment, he stopped believing in the miracle.

He opened his wallet and dumped out a yellowed newspaper clipping and half of a gold coin on a slender gold chain. He picked up the coin, and the blackness of the moment put unmeant strength in

his fingers. A link in the chain parted. He stared at the broken chain with dull eyes, somehow hurt.

Monday morning, between classes, Monk hopped a bus to the downtown business district and had the chain repaired in a jewelry store. The job took only a few minutes in the small repair section at the back of the shop. Monk paid the repairman and turned to walk away, the chain still in his hand.

An enormous man was standing at the counter where diamonds were on display. He had a big stone between thumb and forefinger, but he was not looking at it. Jody MacHammer's small eyes were fixed on the ornament Monk was carrying in his hand.

Monk snapped, "Want to buy it, Mister?"

MacHammer's full cheeks glowed a dull bronze. He rumbled "What are you guys trying to pull?"

Monk stared at the big man. Something flickered in the small, brown eyes. Then MacHammer's face was stony again. Monk shrugged and walked around him. MacHammer tossed the diamond carelessly on the glass top of the counter, and the clerk dived for it in alarm. MacHammer revolved ponderously and called, "Hey, kid."

Monk let the huge man overtake him outside the store. The big, strong face was carefully blank. MacHammer asked in a poker-player's voice, "Who do you think you are fooling?"

Monk retorted, "I haven't got time to play games."

The man changed. The whole bulk of him seemed to relax. MacHammer smiled faintly. He said softly, "You're a smart boy, kid."

Monk stiffened. For an instant hot anger seared him. Then he laughed up in the giant's face. He answered, "Not so smart, mister. Smart enough to know that you don't want me playing for Durand, and that you'd make it worth my while to get my education somewhere else. But not smart enough to take it. I've got personal reasons for wanting to be around when State comes to town."

MacHammer laughed then, a scornful

rumble. "You've done pretty well with the second-raters, squirt. But those State boys will wipe up the sod with you. They'll have you out of there about the third time they hit you."

"Want to bet on it, mister?" Monk flared. The desire to hit back at this big, complacent bulk flamed in him. He snapped, "Better mind your own business, big boy. Because I'm likely to make another bet with you—that I can get that balloon-headed offspring of yours out of there before the first quarter's gone."

"You?" MacHammer snorted.

"Me," Monk assured him cockily. "Mister, there were four guys got tossed out of football games last year for taking pokes at my chin and I wasn't even trying to be nasty. They tell me I've got real talent that way. Your Junior has a weakness. I've seen him once and I've got him tabbed. He's got a one-way sense of humor; he can't take it. And I'm just the guy that can ride him into taking a poke at me. I can see you believe me—you'd sort of like to take a poke at me now, wouldn't you?"

The behemoth body shuddered in the grip of fury. "Why you insolent little—you devil!"

Monk grinned coldly. He drawled, "So we understand each other. Stay on your side of the street mister. Don't try monkeying with our football team or I'll make a jackass out of your baby boy in front of the home folks."

MacHammer was a huge man but his wrath was bigger. It was a monstrous force bursting out all over his body. His eyes bulged. Muscles writhed along the rounded lines of his jaw as MacHammer's head began to sink between enormous shoulders.

**F**OR A moment Monk was afraid. Size did not impress him. But there was something primitive about the big man's fury, lawless and utterly uncivilized, that shocked Monk, numbed him for an instant. And then he was angry at himself. He sneered, "Simmer down, fat man. You're about to blow a blood vessel."

MacHammer waged a terrible battle for control. He whispered, "I don't like to

get mad. You fool, beardless child—you're too young to know what can happen when I get mad. Get out of my sight. Stay away from me. You'll never know how close—"

"I know a lot of things," Monk grated. "I know you used to be a mean man in a scuffle. But that was a long time ago, Gramps. You start heaving that weight around now, you'll have a heart attack."

With agonizing effort MacHammer turned his face from Monk. Words dropped like bullets from his tense lips. "Better get out of here. And remember something. I've put twenty years and a lot of cash into making my boy an All-American. Anybody that queered it for him would be just like a rat under my feet."

The huge man turned and almost ran up the street. Monk watched him lumber away, racing his own wrath. The boy started to laugh. No sound came. He discovered that he was trembling, and a fine perspiration had bathed his skinny body.

"I hit him in a tender spot," Monk mused. "Wonder what touched him off?" He hadn't been serious about goading the younger MacHammer into throwing a punch. The big man had made him sore, and Monk's quick quarterback-mind had seized on the bluff in retaliation. It was something to think about.

He went back to the campus and found Rummy Roberts in the storage room checking on mud-cleats. Monk asked without preliminaries, "Old Man MacHammer's little boy. Is he a hothead?"

Roberts screwed one of the long cleats onto a shoe, tested it with deft fingers, and removed it before he looked up. He said, "Maybe. He was. He was a wild kid, and Jody bought him out of a lot of scrapes. He nearly beat a motorcycle cop to death when he was in high school. Jody had it hushed up. And young J.B. broke the jaw of a Corinth end two years ago. That was 'Perk' Perkins, the Corinth captain, and a whale of a ball player. MacHammer had been running wild the rest of his Sophomore year, and Perkins was hog-tying him. So MacHammer blew his top and hung one on Perkins' chops. No excuse. Perkins dropped him for a big

loss, and young Mac jumped up and whanged him. Took a kick at him, too. So they put him out, and Corinth got so mad they held State to a scoreless tie. Probably cost the boy some All-America picks. He's been a good boy since then—on the field at least."

Monk muttered softly, "I see. Thanks."

Roberts stared hard at his quarterback. He said flatly, "We don't play that kind of football, Monk."

Monk assured him, "Just curious, Coach."

**T**HE SEASON moved on swiftly toward the climax, and Durand clung to undefeated status. The columnists said they were lucky. There got to be a saying, "If any breaks are passed around, Durand will get them." And it was not entirely fair, because many of those "breaks" were engineered on sheets of paper at night in Rummy Roberts' dingy hotel room. And a cold eyed, win-starved quarterback made them pay off. They beat Aycock Teachers, 7 to 0, and dumped strong Stromberg U., 10 to 0.

They were having their troubles. Roberts' dual attack was too much for a college team to master. Without Monk, it would have been a bungling hodgepodge of plays; and the quarterback was not perfect. He took too much battering on blocking assignments when they shifted into the single-wing. The defenses were tougher. In the Westchester game Roberts had, in revealing his strength, also displayed glaring weakness. When he wanted to shift systems, he had to substitute; and the defense knew what to expect. It was not that one set of backs failed miserably in the opposite system; they were specialists, and they did not perform quite so well when their assignments were shifted.

The hometown papers became critical. They said that Roberts was asking too much of his men; that no college team could employ two systems effectively. Roberts did not bother to answer. He kept winning games by nervous margins. He kept working. He continued to search for a running back who could make the shift a maneuver of fluid simplicity.

He sweated over Atchison. The big

boy was improving mechanically. All he needed was confidence. But one fumble could destroy a whole afternoon's work. Roberts lost weight, and his eyes were feverish in big, dark circles. He spent less time with Atchison, and brought up a chubby speedball from the scrubs.

The boy was a Sophomore. His name was Barkus, and he was, like Demmy and Quarles, a pretty good dash man on the track. He was not quite so fast as the other pair, but he had the big legs and football ankles they lacked. He was green, but he ran with crunching power.

Barkus was far from a finished product the Saturday afternoon when Roberts rushed him into the final quarter of a bitter 0 to 0 struggle with Emporia College. Atchison, again a defensive demon, had just made a diving interception of an Emporia pass on the Durand forty-yard line. Roberts sent in Barkus for him.

Durand deployed in the T, then shifted to the single-wing with Barkus back. The tough Emporia line was watchful, but not disturbed. Barkus took the ball, faked a toss to Demmy on the left wing, and ran wide to the right. He cut back from a sturdy left leg and popped through a hole at tackle. Rough line play checked him for an instant. Then he was in the clear, cutting wide again, racing thirty yards.

Monk marched his rejuvenated attack straight down the field through a shocked Emporia defense. He struck fast and hard. He used Barkus twice more, and T-formation reverses twice, and they were on the Emporia twelve. Shifting into single-wing, using Barkus as the big threat, Monk sliced back, took Barkus' lateral, and passed to Hasty in the end zone for six points. He kicked the extra point, and it was 7 to 0.

It was the only score of the ball game. Roberts let Barkus finish the game, and the kid did not do so well after that first surprise explosion. But the Emporia boys, defending viciously, were never sure of themselves through the closing minutes. Roberts' stubborn theory was no pipe dream: one versatile power back could weld his systems together and make a good team great.

So they remained in a tie with State

for the Conference lead, but the fans were not fooled. Durand was barely squeezing past its opponents; State was knocking those same teams down and rolling over them. State was rated in third place behind Notre Dame and Southern Cal in the weekly groupings of leading teams. Durand hovered in eleventh or twelfth place, rated behind many good teams that had tasted defeat.

But they were undefeated, and hanging on to their half of the Conference lead when they came to the last two games of their season, Waycross and State, and the title was at stake. State had three more games, but their final game was a December intersectional clash with Southern California.

Durand was installed as a two-touch-down favorite over Waycross, a big, potent team that had managed to win but two games. Waycross had a reputation for doing the unpredictable. They had booted away games they were supposed to win, and had won two upsets. They had thrown a scare into State for one hectic first half.

Roberts was worried. He started Gleason in Monk's place when Durand won the toss and elected to receive. He stood with Monk on the sideline talking in a flat voice.

"This is a mean team, kid. From the coach on down. They will average twenty-fours years old. Plenty of tramp football players in that line-up. I played against their coach, Digger Dooley. He was the dirtiest player I ever saw on a field, and from what I've seen of his coaching, he hasn't changed any. Waycross is letting him out after the season's over but that won't help any today. You watch yourself every minute out there. If you get hurt, for the love of Mike don't get stubborn about it. Give me a sign and I'll take you out. You've got to be ready next week."

Waycross kicked to Riley on the ten. He crossed the field, raced up to the fifteen, and three men hit him. Riley got up slowly. Monk raced out and reported. He eyed the Waycross line and sensed surging enmity. Waycross was "up" for this game. They were spoilers. Their chance for a good season was gone, and

they delighted in spoiling someone else's record.

Monk counted on the savagery of their charge. He pulled a mousetrap play and sent Quarles scudding through a vacated tackle spot for six yards. A blocky, six-foot end with a bulldog face came through and hung a terrific block on Monk after the progress of the ball was stopped. Monk managed to evade the full force of the attack, but went down. It had not been a playmaking block; it had been designed to make Monk a case for the trainer.

He got up without comment. The end said, climbing to his knees, "You still around, sonny? You won't be."

Monk drawled, "If that's the idea, Dooley better call off his boys and send in the men."

## VI

**T**HE WOLFPACK shoved at the line again with a reverse that was piled up.

Again the bulky end waited until the play unfolded, then launched himself at Monk, timing it just within the limit of legality. Monk went down again, and rolled over unhurt. The end grinned at him, crooked teeth yellow in that bulldog jaw.

He remarked with patience, "Maybe next time, squirt."

Monk sympathized, "It's not your style, that's all. You'd look more natural chewing on somebody's leg, dog-face."

Monk had no way of knowing that the Waycross end had heard and hated that title all his life. But he saw the sardonic grin vanish in a thundercloud of rage. The man slobbered, "I'll get you, you little—"

Monk prodded, "You can hand it out but you can't take it, eh—Jojo the Dog-face Boy?"

The end made a gurgling noise deep in his throat as he stamped back into position. Monk huddled the Wolfpack. He said briskly, "I've got a candidate for Goat of the Game. Demmy, we're running sixty-seven. Don't miss it."

Quarles, the serious boy, whistled. "Down here?"

Monk snapped, "Don't think, Quarles. Fake and block."

They broke out into the T with Demmy a short flanker to the right, drifting slowly. Monk took the ball, faked a shovel pass to Demmy, and fell behind blocking that was slashing to the left. He made a sudden pivot, and his eyes flashed at what he saw. The ugly Waycross left end hadn't waited this time. He had abandoned Demmy after that first feint, blasting out of his slot with a dynamite-driven charge. Monk leaped up and slung a flat pass. He saw it spin into Demmy's tar-bucket arms as the fast man zoomed through the flat. Then the end hit him.

There wasn't much Monk could do. He twisted around a little in the thick arms, and got his hip into the shoulder that was spearing for his wind. The end knew his business. It was not a wild dive. The tackler had his feet on the ground when he hit, and he kept driving until he rammed Monk deep into the turf.

Monk was not knocked out. He was just shocked in every bone and muscle of his body. Things were hazy for a while, but he never stopped hearing the roar of the crowd. The weight that was crushing him was removed suddenly as the tackler cried out in alarmed and profane fury. Monk climbed to his knees. The field was rocking a little, but he could see Demmy circling in the Waycross end zone.

The end was bending over him, snarling, "I ought to kick your teeth out of that big mouth of yours. You'll get yours—you just wait. And you better keep your yap shut. I've licked guys three times your size for calling me—that name."

Monk made the long climb to his feet and rocked woozily. Groggy, he did not notice the hysteria in the end's voice. He confided. "I won't use it again. I've got a new name for you. Goat."

The end turned and started to walk away. He took two steps. Then he turned and swung a long haymaker. Monk saw it coming, but his arms were strangely leaden, and he could not get his head out of the path of that big fist.

He was being carried off the field, his arms across big shoulders and his feet

dangling in the air. A monstrous "Boo-boo-boooo!" was rumbling in his ears. His supporters tried to lay him on the sideline turf, but he fought free and staggered over to the bench. Roberts was bending over him. His voice was anxious.

Monk muttered in disgust, "Naw, I'm not hurt. But I must be getting old. That right hand was telegraphed."

Roberts swallowed hard. He commented nervously, "Maybe it's better this way if you're really okay. The officials will be on top of everything after this. And Dooley hasn't got another end that can carry the shoes of that Niederhoffer, the bum."

The booing in the stadium was clamorous. The referee had to go over and chase the banished Niederhoffer into the dressing room before the game could go on. Gleason tried for the extra point. He missed. It was 6-0 for Durand.

After that it was the officials game for a while. They were in there with a quick whistle and a long penalty-stride, determined not to lose control of the brawling war. Both sides unleashed promising drives, and penalties broke them. The crowd was really "on" Waycross. Every infraction of the rules—real or fancied—drew down a storm of booing.

Gleason got the power game to working in the second quarter. Durand rolled down to the Waycross fifteen. There they stalled. A Waycross offside nullified a deep reverse that soured, but fourth down was coming up with ten yards still to go.

Roberts sent Monk in with instructions. The quarterback had never heard one-tenth of the ovation he got then. If the stadium had had a roof it would have been in danger. They stopped cheering for instants as he took the ball, faked it off, and leaped back to pass. He feinted the long pass perfectly, and lobbed a screened pass into the hands of Riley. Roberts was shooting for the first down instead of the score, and surprise did the trick. Riley bored into a wedge of blocking that heaved and bulled down to the Waycross three yard line. Gleason and Barkus came in for Monk and Riley, and the astonishing ovation rolled across the skies again as Monk went off.

Barkus took a handoff from fullback Gerfalcon and slanted inside his right tackle through a hole that opened with zipper-precision. The Waycross center hit him, but the chubby boy was driving hard, and he tumbled into the end zone. Gleason kicked from placement and produced an undercut kick that was wobbly, but good.

The score stayed at 13 to 0 until the closing seconds of the half. Waycross had the ball, and they were dragging out the waning moments, stopping the clock with incomplete passes. A rawboned passer named Clausterby was throwing the ball half the distance of the field. He changed his tactics suddenly on the last play of the half, whipping a short one toward a sub wingback who was performing a button-hook turn in the flat zone.

Atchison loomed up suddenly between the ball and the intended receiver. He juggled the pigskin for three steps. Then he had it, and was gone. Nobody came within tackling distance of him. Monk kicked the extra point in the official overtime.

Waycross faded miserably in the last half. It was the riding of the crowd as much as the 20 to 0 score that sapped their ambition. They had lost enough games that being whipped was no unbearable disgrace. Waycross just went through the motions. Gleason pushed across another score midway of the third period. Roberts let the scrubs finish it, and they scored once more.

It was 34 to 0 when the final gun roared. And then the crowd surged down on the playing field. Monk found himself tossed aloft, riding bumpily on heads and shoulders of shrieking maniacs. He reflected sourly, "Lousiest game I ever gave them, and I'm a hero just because I couldn't duck a sorehead's swing."

The procession moved gaily toward the field-house. Monk blinked suddenly. Above the sea of happy faces one grimly unsmiling face loomed ahead. Jody MacHammer was standing like a rock against an ocean tide. The mob was jamming around him, and he was not budging an inch. He looked more than ever like a carving out of ruddy stone, but his eyes were smouldering, and there was angry warning in their depths.

Something about MacHammer's eyes sent a chill chasing up Monk's spine. He realized suddenly, "The big bum thinks I put on a show for his benefit; that I wanted that end to slug me." It was funny; a few angry words and a coincidence had built a conviction in MacHammer's mind. But Monk did not laugh. Because the MacHammer who was roasting him with small eyes looked less like a man who wanted to be governor than he resembled a mobster who had once walked through bullets and knife slashes to choke the life out of a boss gangster named Scar-nose Pellotti.

But once inside the dressing room, his uneasiness vanished, and he could laugh at himself, "Steady there, Monk. So that big beef doesn't like you—what can he do about it? A guy who wants to be governor can't afford to pull a gun and shoot somebody just to win a football game. So why let a big ex-hoodlum give you goose-pimples with a dirty look?"

**T**HE DURAND campus lived out the next week in a fever pitch of excitement. The big game dominated all thoughts and monopolized conversation. Strange, press-agent-produced names made minor explosions in the ears of Durand's students as they repeated fearfully the names of State's "All-Americans": Ivan (the Terrible) Petrosky, the great smashing end; "Earthquake" Edwards and "Calamity" Carnes, the biggest pair of starting tackles in the East; "T.N.T." Trent, pull-out guard whose shoulders were wider than the length of his legs; and "No-Gain" Gangion, a demon center. These were the super-stars of a brilliant line.

Sports writers called Coach Laird Gallo-way's ball carriers, "Backfields Unlimited". His squad was six-deep in brilliance; and below that inimitable starting quartet, there was little to choose among them.

It was an undeniably great back-field, "Evil-eye" Innes handling the ball for "King" Cole, "Horse-power" Hopkins, and MacHammer. His full name was Joyce Boyce MacHammer, Jr., and the papers shortened it to a convenient "J.B.", but when the State stands shouted it, it

was always, "Joy-Boy." He had given them plenty of reasons for rejoicing.

It was a great team, and its performances had been excelled only by the activities of State's publicity department. Any one of the stars was likely to be listed in the press releases as "State's great All-American . . ." Actually, MacHammer was the only one of them with anything like a legitimate claim to national honors on the basis of previous performance, and he had been a second-team choice on most of the big "official" listings; but he was the most publicized back of the current season.

Much work was done around the Durand campus that week. The ticket office was wearily mailing back requests for tickets, fighting a losing battle with the mailman; the game had been sold out for weeks. Workmen were erecting temporary bleachers. And on the practice field Rummy Roberts was at work.

Roberts was sleeping about three hours a night. He had demanded voluminous scouting reports, and even after he had shaped his plans for the game he kept digging into the reports searching for discrepancies. For Roberts was aware, as only a nervous coach can be, that such a small matter as an overshift of sixteen inches by a boy in a tackle position can open a highway to a touchdown and a lost ball game. MacHammer was dead inside the tackles.

So Durand worked. The Durand defense had learned to break up State's five-man wedge that protected MacHammer on kick-offs—Williams, the durable tackle, was the key man—and the tricky variation when State made a long alley for MacHammer up the left sideline. Now he drilled the Wolfpack intensively against that smooth, explosive State attack. Against the scrubs, the Wolfpack squelched State plays with a vengeance, and Roberts had to be satisfied. He had done all he could do for them.

They scrimmaged lightly on Thursday. Monk had a long session with his textbooks that night. It was ten o'clock when someone rapped on his door and shouted, "You in there, Jones? Phone call for you."

Monk went down the steps slowly. He had a peculiar sensation of excitement. He picked up the receiver in the booth and said, "Monk Jones. Who's calling?"

A high-pitched, nasal voice buzzed into his ear.

"Jones? This is Ed Stainback, reporter for the *News*. I'm calling from the Blue Whale Bar on Waterfront Avenue. I've run into something sort of funny down here, and maybe you'd help me. I notice the programs list your high school as the Greentree Orphanage. Is your name really Jones? I mean, I don't want to be nosey, but you saw your picture in our Sunday paper? Some dame called the office, and I'm checking on it. She's probably a crank or a publicity hound. Claims you're a dead ringer for her dead husband, and her baby that was kidnapped would be about your age. She's excited and not too coherent. She's got half of a gold coin and claims the other half was around her kid's neck. Like I say, she's probably a crank, but it might make a story. I'm wondering if you'd mind running down here and letting her look you over . . . . Say, are you still there, Jones?"

For seconds Monk said nothing. His mind was racing. He made himself choke into the mouthpiece, "Mister, are you kidding me? If you are I'll—"

The nasal voice demanded, "Why should I? Look, Jones, you can check on me at the *News* office if you doubt me."

Monk demanded, "How do I get there?"

"Catch a 16 streetcar. Transfer to a 37 downtown. Get off at Decatur. And hurry, Jones. It's a cold night."

Monk hung the receiver on the hook. For long seconds he could not move. He did not call the *News* office. The *News* would have a reporter named Stainback, of course. But the man who had called was not Stainback. A reporter after a big story would have come after Monk personally.

"It's him. He's going to get me out of that game," Monk whispered. It was incredible. His brain rebelled at accepting the truth. He was no mobster, to be snatched and taken for a ride; he was a college football player. But he remembered the animal fury in Jody MacHam-

mer's eyes, and knew that the veneer of twenty years of respectability was very thin.

He grabbed for the phone and dialed a number. When he heard Roberts' voice, Monk began to talk fast. He crammed words past the coach's astonished protest. He finished, "And stay out of it until I hook the big guy. I can take care of myself. I've got to get him good, or else. I'd rather walk into this with my eyes open than wait for the next try."

**H**E SLAMMED down the receiver and bolted out of the booth. Atchison was coming along the hall with a book under his arm. He stared at Monk's white face and black-fire eyes. He gasped, "Monk, what's wrong?"

Monk pushed around him. He went down the short flight of outside steps and walked under the trees where half a dozen battered jalopies were parked. He jerked open the baggage compartment of three before he found what he wanted, a short, flat jack-handle. Then he raced up the steps to his dormer room.

He tossed the jack-handle on the table and opened a desk drawer to snatch out a spring-knife, and a big roll of adhesive tape he used for injuries he didn't want the trainer to know about. He taped the knife to his right wrist. He tested the job by pressing his wrists together, touching off the catch so that the blade snapped out between his palms. He retracted the blade, then taped the jack-handle lightly along his left forearm. He pulled on a leather jacket, careful that the cuffs concealed his weapons. Then he ran down the stairs again.

Ripper Atchison was still standing in the hall downstairs. The big boy looked worried. He said, "Monk, there's something wrong. I can see it. Where are you headed this time of night?"

Monk pushed past him. Atchison put out a restraining hand, and Monk hacked down at it with the heel of his hand and ran out through the door. He looked back, and Atchison's big body was a black silhouette against the light of the hall. Monk raged, "The big boob!" Then he ran across the campus, taking short-cuts across

the grass under the trees. He was not sure Atchison was following. He got to the campus just as a streetcar was pulling up, and made it with a sprint. Looking back, he saw Atchison burst through the gate and make a futile sprint after the car.

The Blue Whale was a dingy waterfront bar. In the scant light from its clouded windows, two men were waiting on the sidewalk, stamping their feet against the cold as Monk walked up. He looked them over with quick eyes. One was a tall, slender man with a chicken-beak nose that went with the nasal tone Monk had heard. He was well dressed, and looked ill at ease. The other man was a bum, short and husky. Even in the half-light, Monk noted his light, vague eyes with pin-point pupils.

"You Stainback?" Monk demanded. The slim man nodded. He was very nervous. He swallowed once, then said, "That's my coupe. We'll go in that."

"Wait a minute, mister," Monk objected. "Something smells. Who's 'we'? Who's this character? I don't like this."

"You ain't supposed to," the short man told him. He plucked a blackjack from his pocket and slapped it gently in his left palm. "Get in that car."

"Really, it would be best for you," the tall man said. He was holding a snub-nosed revolver gingerly, and he was almost pleading. He started as the lights of a car swept down the darkness of the wide waterfront street. The short man hissed, "Hide that gun, you fool. Jones, just be moving toward that car."

Monk moved, voicing just enough scared protest. The cab swept past them, then stopped with a squall of tires. Atchison bolted from the cab and raced toward them. Monk groaned in helpless fury. Atchison pulled up short as Monk snarled, "Ripper, get out of here!" Atchison saw the gun come up from the tall man's side.

The big guy paled and his nostrils twitched. Then he lunged for the gun. The short thug stepped around swung his sapper as Atchison knocked the gun free. Monk flung up his arm, but he could not break the force of the blow entirely. The sapper took Atchison behind the ear. He hung, limp for a moment, then went

down. The thug dived for the gun. The tall man squalled, "No shooting, Harri-gan!"

The thug waved the gun for a moment. He panted, "Maybe. Maybe not. For the last time, Jones. Get in that car."

Monk ducked inside fast, and the thug jammed himself in beside him. The tall man had trouble starting the car, and the other man cursed him roundly. Atchison was on his hands and knees, shaking his head slowly, when they roared away.

The driver's jerkiness scared Monk more than the steady gun-muzzle that was pressed into his side. They sped along the waterfront road until they reached a shipyard that had apparently abandoned operations. The driver got out, unlocked the gate, and they drove among a maze of assorted large and small buildings until the car stopped in front of a long, low building that had the appearance of a warehouse.

They hustled Monk inside and turned on the lights to reveal a rather small room that had been an office, now bare except a bench, two chairs, and a wall phone. The tall man went back into the warehouse proper and came back with a coil of rope. He began to tie Monk's hands behind him. He was doing a poor job. The thug took the rope away and shoved the unresisting Monk into a chair. He crossed Monk's hands behind the chair and trussed them expertly, muttering something about "fool amateur."

Monk had been silent until now. He burst out, "What's this all about? Let me out of here. You can't get away with this."

"Don't bet on it," the short man advised. "We're both leaving town tomorrow. Me, I'm just a guy passing through, making a fast buck. Me Lud Fauntleroy here tells me he was a bookkeeper that came up short on his accounts, and he got the choice of doing this little job or doing time."

Monk gasped, "What are you going to do to me?"

"Give you a big, free drunk. Bust an arm or some fingers for you," the thug said matter-of-factly. "Feed you a mickey and pitch you in the back room of the

Blue Whale. Blabbermouth here says the barkeep is going to remember you came in with a bunch of drunks and got in a free-for-everbody. I wouldn't know. I am strictly a muscle man on this deal." He turned to the tall man. "We bust him up before we pour the whiskey into him or after?"

"Good heavens, man," the ex-bookkeeper protested. He was beginning to get sick. The short man produced a bottle from inside his coat. Monk used that moment to worry his wrists together, releasing the blade of the spring-knife. The blade slid along his wrist, drawing a sting of pain and a slight, thick moisture.

It was not so easy as Monk had expected. The tightness of his bonds cramped his efforts. But when he had sliced through one strand of the rope he could shake his hands free unobtrusively. He managed it just as the thug moved toward him with a bottle in one hand, and the black-jack in the other.

## VII

HE DID not have time to release his jack-handle. He just vaulted out of the chair, grabbed the man's right wrist, and sank a knee deep into a soft stomach. The sapper dropped to the floor as the thug crumpled and fell. Monk kicked it across the room, then launched himself in a flying tackle. The ex-bookkeeper was trying to run. He did not know how to fall. He hit the floor, stiff as a stick, and the impact knocked him cold.

Monk leaped up, remembering the gun. But he had plenty of time. His first victim was still writhing, trying to get his breath back. Monk tied him up. He was not gentle about it. He went back to the ex-bookkeeper. The man was dazed. Monk picked up the fallen bottle of whiskey and poured vile-smelling liquid between the slack lips. The man snapped out of it immediately, coughing and sputtering. Monk slapped the pale, sick face and ordered, "Start talking, mister."

The man talked. In his distraught state, he seemed anxious to talk. Monk learned nothing new except a telephone number. The rest he had already figured out. He

tied a handkerchief over the mouth of his captive and walked toward the wall phone.

A slight noise in the darkness of the warehouse beyond the office made him whirl. He jerked out, "Who's that?"

Rummy Roberts walked through the open door, and two big men came behind him. Roberts looked nervous and exhausted. He said irritably, "Okay, kid. You've had your fun. You've played Sherlock Holmes. Now untie these bums and let's go home. You're sleeping in my room. I'm not letting you out of my sight."

Monk retorted, "Untie nobody. I just got a confession—"

"I heard it," Roberts interrupted tiredly. "So did two plainclothesmen. And what's the use? In court it would still be hearsay. Kick a few teeth out of 'em if you want; that's all the satisfaction you'll ever get."

"Yeah?" Monk snapped. "Drag these guys out back somewhere and keep them quiet. I'm going to smoke out a daddy rat."

He walked to the phone and dialed a number. He was nervous now, not sure he could pull it off. He believed he could duplicate the high, nasal voice; but he did not know how tough a timid man could reasonably get to be. When he heard the gruff booming at the other end of the line, Monk burst out, "Mr. MacHammer, I'm not going through with this unless I get more money."

His ear recoiled from the outraged bel- low, "Conrad, you ass! I don't know what you're talking about."

"I must have more money," Monk insisted in that high, desperate voice. "I simply must. I am not a criminal, Mr. MacHammer. I—I was pressed for funds and I made a mistake. I should have let you send me to jail. I see that now. I should have paid the penalty. I have taken a terrible risk tonight. Kidnapping is a fearful crime. I can't stand the thought of being hunted—"

"Get a grip on yourself, Conrad!" MacHammer's voice thundered; then hissed, "Have you got *HIM* with you?"

"Yes, yes. And he keeps staring at me.

I know what he is doing. He is memorizing my features. He is getting a description—"

"Listen, Conrad, nothing's going to happen to you. I told you, you'll be in the clear. The kid's a young hellion, see? He's breaking training on the sly and gets into a brawl and gets banged up a little, that's all. Nobody will believe the kind of yarn he'll spin—"

"It doesn't sound so clever tonight, Mr. MacHammer. I'm afraid. I'm going to have to leave town. And I need money."

"You'll get it!" the voice snapped with sudden decision. Then MacHammer became persuasive. "I see your point. You've done a good job and you deserve a bonus. Just stay where you are and don't lose your nerve. I'll send my chauffeur around with your bonus."

The receiver clicked sharply in Monk's ear. He whirled around and barked, "Let's get busy. We're going to have company in a hurry. Tie me back in that chair and cut the ropes almost through. Pour that bootleg gin on me. Then hide back there in the warehouse and keep your eyes and ears open."

His driving nerve-force lashed them into action. Five minutes later he was a small, miserable looking wreck, bound hand and foot to a chair, smelling of cheap whiskey, his head sagging on his chest, all alone in the pale, yellow light of the room.

He never heard Jody MacHammer come in.

The big man came from a rear entrance, possibly the same as Roberts and the lawmen had used. He came on stockinged feet, making no noise. Monk felt his presence. Monk feigned drunken stupor. He raised his head three times and let it drop before his eyes seemed to focus. MacHammer was standing just inside the open door, not moving, breathing hard with great heaves of his chest, but silently, and his eyes were the eyes of a hunting beast that fears a trap.

Monk pronounced with vague dignity, "Yuh think I'm drunk. I ain't so drunk. I know you, Mister Big Fat MacHammer. An' you better turn me loose—" His owlish dignity vanished. He began to

writhe in the chair, apparently straining at his bonds, yelling incoherently.

MacHammer walked closer. He rumbled, "How'd you get here?"

"A SKINNY feller brought me. A lyin', no-good skinny feller. Where'd that feller go? Was here minute ago."

Monk's face creased in deep concentration. He mumbled. "He ran away. He ran away, and he wouldn't let me go. He's scared. Somebody is gonna kill Skinny Boy."

MacHammer stared down for a long time in silence. When he spoke, his voice was oddly quiet. "So it comes down to this. I've got to fix you myself. I knew you were trouble that first time I saw you. Why did you have to turn up? I shouldn't have to do this. I'm the next Governor of the State and I've got to break a punk kid's arm with my own hands."

Monk did not seem to hear him. His head drooped again. MacHammer kept talking in that flat, complaining voice.

"I don't like to do it. I thought I was through using my hands on people. But I won't let you ruin my boy. You fool, you crazy little fool, you'd make a killer out of him with that devilish tongue of yours. Can't you understand that? He wouldn't knock you out like that Way-cross boy. He'd kill you with fifty thousand people watching. Believe me, I know. When he gets mad he has the strength of ten men. It was born in him. It's my fault. I have to protect him. That's why I have to do this—"

He moved slowly toward Monk, sliding on those big, shoeless feet. There was a titanic civil war raging inside the huge man, and the ravages of conflict twisted his face. His lips moved soundlessly. The great, terrible hands trembled as they reached.

Monk kicked himself free from the unresisting ropes and leaped aside. He snatched the jack-handle from his pocket as MacHammer whirled after him. The big man's eyes blazed a pure, mad red. A bestial roar tore up from his throat. He sprang.

Monk swung the jack-handle. It was a

deadly weapon, and he rationed his strength, hitting to stun, not to destroy. The metal club clunked dully on MacHammer's gross jaw. He did not seem to feel the blow. Monk had to duck wildly as the vast arms clutched. He backed, dancing, as MacHammer spun with amazing agility and came after him. Monk feinted a dash to the left, sprang to his right and swung his weapon, harder this time.

It hit the giant over the ear. Blood trickled in a crawling smear down the man's face. But he leaped around and came on with his arms spread. And now Monk was being herded into a corner by the deliberate stalking.

Monk struck out once more. He swung his weapon in a frenzy. His caution was gone; alarm strengthened his arm. The sound of the metal on MacHammer's jaw rang stridently through the room. And the big man just came on, feeling no hurt, driven by a primitive lust that was bigger even than the vast frame. Those huge, man-killing hands groped for Monk . . .

For the first time in his life Monk knew absolute, paralyzing fear. The jack-handle slipped from his hands as he backed against the wall. He wanted to cry out but his voice was frozen in his throat. Those nightmarish hands reached . . .

MacHammer did not hear the detectives rush into the room. He paid no heed to their shouts. They leaped upon him from behind, grabbing his arms. They were big men, and they knew how to throttle a prisoner. But they held him only for an instant, and he whirled around and slung them the length of the room with simple sweeps of his arms. In that moment, Monk recovered and darted around him. The red eyes blazed. MacHammer leaped to block the door.

Rummy Roberts was slouching in the doorway. There was no fear in the little man, only weariness and contempt. He said in a flat voice, "You're through, Jody. Washed up. Finished."

And somehow that calm voice penetrated the red fury that had driven MacHammer. He stood still. He shook his head like some great, puzzled bull. Sanity returned to wash the flame out of his

small eyes. His tongue came out and licked his smashed lips. The fat face was pale now, beaded with sweat. There was fear in him, and he smelled of it. But he was not whipped.

MacHammer stated bluffly, "There are four of you. I can produce sixteen witnesses to swear I was somewhere else. This was a beautiful frame. But it won't work."

The cops were getting up slowly. One of them was rubbing a shoulder gingerly, grimacing. He growled, "Save your breath. We've got your stooges and their stories."

MacHammer looked the two cops over carefully. He said finally, "You know who I am. You know that no case against me will be heard in court. You know that this will cost you your jobs. Let's look at this thing sensibly, profitably. The law can't touch me; but bad publicity can. I want to walk out that door and I want every man here to forget I was here. What I want I pay for. No one need know what happened; in fact, nothing has happened."

"I wish that was so," the cop with the injured shoulder said nervously. Now that his anger had faded, he seemed embarrassed. "I don't want to tangle with you, Mr. MacHammer. But something has happened. A kid named Atchison, another football player, saw this boy being forced into a car at gun-point. Atchison got slugged. He gave the alarm, and it's out on the radio. Every cop in town is looking for this kid. You'll have to come to headquarters, sir."

Roberts said again, wonderingly, "You're washed up, Jody. And a kid did it. Sure, you'll beat the rap. But you're not going to be governor, Jody. And you're not going to be chairman of the Board of Trustees of Durand Tech. And you're not going to keep on moving around in our best social circles. People are going to begin remembering that you're just a rich punk who got his start selling rot-gut hooch to college students."

The red flame flickered briefly in MacHammer's eyes. Then he said deliberately, almost with dignity, "I want to phone my lawyer."

ROBERTS cut on the light in his hotel room. Monk pushed past him. The rum bottle was still on the table. Monk dropped it into the waste basket. Roberts scowled at him.

Monk said quietly, "Mister, things are going to be a little different from now on."

He opened his wallet and let the gold piece slide out on the table. He asked quietly, "Mister, did you ever see anything like that before?"

"Hey, that's mine! Where'd you get it?" Roberts barked angrily. He grabbed it up. His face changed. He gasped, "It's the other half. *Kid, where did you get this thing?*"

Monk did not answer his question. He said, "MacHammer knew. That first day he saw us together, he knew. He practically told me that day in the jewelry store, until he found out I was in the dark. It kept rolling around in my head, the way he was laughing inside before I shut him up. It got to adding up and I wasn't sure I liked the answer."

Roberts was not hearing him. He demanded, "*Kid, where—*"

"It was hung around my neck when I was a baby," Monk said from stiff lips. His head was whirling. He'd traced this thing through in his mind a hundred times in the past few weeks, but it still made him dizzy. The blood was pounding at his temples. "It's crazy. I don't believe it—but I've got to. You were in jail. Nobody sent you a birth announcement. And she had run away—my mother had—so nobody around here knew about it. Unless MacHammer tried to trace her. And your brother—my uncle—Mike. He found her—and me. Where he was going, and who was with him, and why he wrecked that car are things I guess nobody'll ever know. But by the time you got out of jail, she was just a name on some old hospital records, and I was a baby without a name at Greentree."

Roberts swayed as though under a blow. He took a step backward and sat down on the bed as his nerveless legs gave way. He had both hands at his temples as if to hold in the pounding of the blood. He gasped, "Monk. Monk! You're saying—?"

Monk tried to be tough. He said, "Looks like that's the story, mister. We're stuck with each other. You're not exactly what I'd have picked for a parent, and I'm nobody's model boy; but that's the way it—" Then he broke down. The hard, defensive shell that had been years in the building cracked wide open. He'd been a tearless kid. But he was sobbing as Roberts lurched up from the bed and staggered toward him, his face transfigured.

## VIII

IT WAS A DAY for football. The air was cold, a zestful stimulant to the lungs. The turf was dry and fast underfoot. The Durand stadium bulged with its overflow crowd. The nation's outstanding football announcer set up his microphone in the little broadcasting booth. It was the game of the week.

State's Warhawks were warming up at the south end of the field. It was an impressive sight. There were enough of them to start a stampede. Coming out of the dressing room under the welcoming thunder, Monk looked curiously among that horde, trying to pick out his old teammates, Gordon and Whiddinger. He did not find them. The pair hadn't been good enough to make the travelling squad.

A punt sailed over his head. Monk chased it toward the State sideline. A big man in civvies put out a polished shoe stopped the ball. Monk looked up into the eyes of Laird Galloway. The State coach grinned and said, "Some time I expect you to pop up in my breakfast cereal."

Monk grinned back. "I'll be in your hair today."

Somehow he didn't hate Galloway any longer. He didn't hate anybody. The old bitterness at being an outsider was gone. He didn't like the big man much; but the fact that Galloway would not bother with a little football man no longer poisoned Monk's mind. He understood that, even if Galloway had accepted him at State, Monk would have played out his string on the scrubs.

He went back, and the starting team ran signal drills. It was Monk, Demmy,

Quarles and Atchison in the backfield. He handed off to Atchison on the first dummy play. He handled the ball like a bag of feathers. Atchison took it the way he liked his passes, lunging into it, accelerating as he grabbed the pigskin. He swept wide and trotted back. He said quietly, "Nobody ever handled the ball like you, Monk."

Monk slapped his shoulder. He said, "There's an All-American back going to walk off of this field today. And I've got a hunch it's not going to be MacHammer. You're the boy, Rip."

Atchison shook his head. "I'm a big boy now, Monk. I don't swallow your fairy tales. But I'll give you a ball game."

But he was grinning a little, and it was the old free-and-easy grin of Greentree days. They'd be the Touchdown Twins again today.

Captain Williams lost the toss. State elected to receive. King Cole and MacHammer moved into a double safety on the goal line. Cole was a sleek six-footer, prancy in the legs. MacHammer waited stoically, his face a death-mask under the helmet. He had big legs and a small waist, and his shoulders seemed to be about four feet wide.

Williams kicked. It was a terrific boot, and the crowd was screaming a tribute before MacHammer backed into the end zone to take it. He came across his own goal line with thunder in his shoes. Hasty, the Wolfpack left end, was down there fast. He crashed into that spread-legged stride, and MacHammer just ran over him.

He came right up the middle, and the rip-tide of blocking sucked him in and carried him. State's terrible wedge was driving deep.

Wildman Williams drove at that stampede. It was his job to smash the wedge. He tried. He hit low and hard. But the squatty man at the apex of that flying squadron seemed to be all chest and shoulders, and he gored with an incredible shoulder like a longhorn steer on a rampage. The wedge swept on. Greyfogle dented it. Demmy crashed through. And MacHammer cut back as the wedge disintegrated at midfield. He picked up a

block and shot into the clear at the sideline.

Monk kept himself clear of the mauling around midfield. When MacHammer made his break, Monk angled to intercept him. He had the time and position. But two stalwart State blockers swept up and walled MacHammer off. Monk widened his angle of interception, giving up yards, feinting. It was hopeless. Then Atchison was coming across the field like a runaway horse, and it was no longer hopeless. Atchison jumbled the two blockers with a stunning low block that chopped down one and sent the other hurtling toward MacHammer. The runner had to break stride to avoid a collision. In that moment Monk hurled his weight broadside into MacHammer's legs and they went rolling out of bounds together.

MacHammer lay still until Monk had untangled himself. For a moment Monk thought the big boy was hurt. Then MacHammer rolled over easily and bounced up. He did not look at Monk, and he moved away fast. Rage and hatred were flaming inside the star back, but they were like his features, buried in ice. MacHammer had to be very careful today. Old Jody MacHammer hadn't spent a minute in jail; but he had not been able to silence the newspapers and the radio. It had made a very smelly affair, and J.B., Junior, was washing his hands clean of it on every play.

It was State's ball on the Durand twenty-five. "Evil Eye" Innes, a lanky, ham-handed lad with one brown and one blue eye, operated with deft precision behind the massive line. He faked a pass, poked the ball at MacHammer. Innes bent and the ball vanished. It popped up a moment later in the elbow of King Cole, sliding off his own left tackle and ripping off eight yards. Then it was the fullback, Hopkins, short and massive; not a giant, rather, a glorified fire-hydrant of a man. It was Hopkins plunging for the first down, finding no hole—making one, Durand massed and smashed him down.

But Hopkins did not have the ball. MacHammer had it. He was driving off the weakside on a naked reverse. He stuck a big hand into right end Lonnigan's face

and swung around him. That big man could move! He set his eyes on the coffin corner and ran, his cleats digging deep for pay dirt.

There was no blocking for him. He just exploded into empty territory and blazed across it. It was up to Monk. The little guy had a nasty choice. He was sure he could intercept MacHammer on the goal line—and be dragged over. Out further, he could stop the power runner—if he could get there.

**M**ONK took the gambler's choice. He aimed for the second broad stripe. But MacHammer was coming like a nightmare. Monk had to run straight across the field. He made his try on the five. MacHammer veered away and rammed out that wicked stiff-arm.

Monk did not try to avoid it. He grabbed the thick wrist with both hands and used it as a pivot as he hurled his weight behind MacHammer in a crack-the-whip lunge. Something had to give. It was a physical compromise. MacHammer was spun around before Monk's fingers gave way and he went whirling out into space. The ball carrier plowed turf with his right side. Monk stopped rolling, shaken, ten yards outside the playing field.

The referee put the ball on the two-yard line. Captain Williams called for time out. The Durand men whipped themselves into a frenzy. They erected a bristling barricade. Hopkins cracked into that wall, and it fell on him, but he bulldozed the ball to within six inches of the goal-line. The sawed-off powerhouse tried again, and the whole Durand team stopped him. The nose of the ball was touching the broad stripe when the officials placed it down.

Monk was chattering a warning as they tensed again. They had concentrated on Hopkins and stopped him; but they were massed dangerously. Monk was looking for a pass or a wide reverse. Innes fooled him.

State lined up in the close formation. Innes faked the hand-off to Hopkins as the lines fused into one struggling mass. Bondurant, the Durand right guard, piled

Into State's great center, Gangion, and found him suddenly easy meat. Bondurant charged on through. He realized his mistake, but he could not stop his lunge. Bondurant was yelling, "Fake!" in a frantic voice as a blue-jersey-projectile exploded across his knees. MacHammer was crossing behind Innes, grabbing and folding his arms across his stomach. Then Innes spun and leaped toward the line.

State had not figured on Atchison. They'd baited a trap for Bondurant, but Atchison rammed through before Gangion could set himself. There was a big hole in the middle for Innes, but he never got there. Innes whirled and drove directly into Atchison's bone-bending tackle. The ball squirted out of his hands and bounced twice. Bondurant, on hands and knees, dove and pinned the ball under his chest. A mountain of men buried the guard. Bondurant had a purpling eye and a silly grin when the officials rescued him. But he still had the ball.

They had stopped State! It was Durand's ball on their own five-yard stripe. State called time for the shaken-up Innes. Eleven State subs rushed out on the field. This was State's defensive unit. Monk huddled the Wolfpack.

They were full of football. They had stopped State, and in their grim pride they forgot the awesome fact that State had moved the ball something better than ninety-nine yards in three tries. Monk picked his play in desperation; they accepted matter-of-factly.

Monk declared, "We've got to get into this ball game—fast. I'm passing from kick formation. Galloway's throwing that punt-blocking fullback at us. Rip, try to slide across into his slot. Hasty, fake wide and hold that wingback out there. This is it."

The State stands were imploring, "Block that kick!" The Warhawks prepared to do just that. They had a play that squeezed their defensive fullback through to do the blocking. The fullback's name was De Kalb. He looked like Gargantua's little brother. He had blocked a lot of punts, at least one with his nose.

Monk backed up deep into the end zone. The pass came back, fast and true; but it did not travel much faster than three

Warhawks. First and foremost of these was De Kalb, and he came straight out of a cannon's mouth. The squatty man's face was distorted amazingly, and his mouth was open wide enough to swallow the ball. He loved to block those punts.

He would have blocked this one. Monk barely had time to leap back one step and throw the ball; then De Kalb plowed him under. It was a poor pass, low and wobbly. Atchison was driving across behind the State line. He had no more than a dreamer's chance at that pass. It was inches off of the turf when he reached out and slapped it up with the fingertips of his left hand.

The scream of the crowd was a screeching gasp as Atchison kept batting the ball with his fingertips, lunging through the State secondary. It was an incredible juggling act, but that was Atchison: you could bounce them off his broad chest all afternoon, but he had tar on his fingertips. On the Durand twenty, he got both hands on the ball, just in time to turn at the sideline.

Lonnigan, out there fast in the pattern of the fake kick, bounced the covering wingback out of the play. But Atchison had juggled that ball diagonally across the flat, and five Warhawks had taken the shorter route. They were ganging Atchison from the left squeezing him into the sideline.

He cut back among them suddenly. He was not very fancy. He faded off his stride once and flashed the hula-hips dance; but mostly it was sheer speed and shocking power that flung him free from three tackles. Then he had reversed the field, and was running free, and the stream of blue jerseys behind him was no more than a colorful comet's tail.

Atchison was crossing midfield when Monk got to his knees. The State safety man, Burleigh, was playing it cautiously, waiting for Atchison to commit himself. The big boy charged straight ahead. With contact pending, Atchison put his free hand over the ball and lowered his head. Burleigh lunged, driving fiercely low.

Atchison stopped in his tracks. He slammed out a stiff left arm and Burleigh stopped, too. Atchison used Burleigh's

helmet as a pivot. He ran around the safety man, shook his arm free from a desperate grab, and pounded goal-ward. There was nobody in front of him. There was nobody behind who could catch him.

**D**URAND cheers were still shaking the clouds when Monk booted the ball between the uprights for the extra point. They went back up the field, and State's offensive team was back in the game ready to receive. Williams' kick took a queer bounce that delayed MacHammer a moment. Hasty and Lonnigan knifed through to drop him on the State fifteen.

Durand's Wolfpack buckled down grimly to their task. They had won games with seven points. They'd stopped everybody. But they had never faced a team like State.

State worked from a compact T. Hopkins came barging into the middle and horsed through for eight yards. State split the T, and Hopkins came through the middle and plunged seven yards. State worked MacHammer wide as the flanker, and King Cole swept nine yards around right end. MacHammer roamed out again. Innes flipped him a lateral, and MacHammer came back to charge off his own right tackle. Ivan (the Terrible) Petrosky and the monumental "Earthquake" Edwards almost pulped Williams with their box, and MacHammer was high-kneeing through the gap, with Trent pulling out to pulverize Greyfogle. MacHammer sliced to his right. He beat Demmy off with his stiff-arm. Quarles hit him hard, but MacHammer seemed inhuman. He was kicking himself free when Monk came in over Quarles' prostrate body and tumbled him. MacHammer had run fifteen yards. Williams called for time out.

The captain's big chest was heaving. He gasped, "All my fault. It won't happen again—I promise. Let's *fight!*"

They fought. But their efforts seemed always to be misdirected. Hopkins ripped them to bits in close. Then Cole and MacHammer ran wide. The Warhawks were eating yards in big gulps. They steamed across midfield unchecked. Then Innes ranged back with his loping stride and heaved a tremendous pass downfield.

Demmy had Ivan Petrosky blanketed as well as any small man can cover a six-four end. But the pass was step-ladder high. The Terrible One uncoiled in a lunatic leap. One bucket-sized hand hauled the ball down out of the sky. And it was first down for the Warhawks on the Durand eight.

The Wolfpack fashioned an eight-man line and prepared to do or die. What happened was a little shocking. Trent pulled out and escorted MacHammer outside Williams' tackle post. State blockers struck like a swarm of meteorites. And MacHammer swung across the last line untouched. True-toe Tony Antonelli, the specialist, came in and booted a perfect placement. So the score was 7 to 7.

"Calamity" Carnes kicked off for State. He lifted the ball over the end zone into the temporary bleachers. Durand took it on the twenty. They worked out of a standard T and Monk faked to Quarles. Atchison grabbed the ball that Monk was hiding on his hip and rammed inside the weakside tackle. He was checked for an instant, but he kept driving. State had him, but three men could not hold him. He plunged eight yards before they bulldogged him down. Monk called for a quick-opening plunge, and Quarles got away fast, but the hole closed as de Kalb filled the slot with a brutal block. Quarles bounced back and dropped the ball. Monk fell on it. They had lost three yards. Then it was Atchison lunging through again, driving for six and the first down.

Atchison swept wide, decoying in the flanker. Monk tried to lateral to Quarles, but the center of the line exploded on him before he could get the ball away. They lost three yards. Atchison moved wide again. Monk faked the ball off, then scampered to the right with it, tailing Atchison. He made it look like a legitimate sweep, then leaped up and tossed a short lob. Atchison pulled it down. He was surrounded, but he had momentum, and he kept driving until they rammed his helmet into the turf. It was good for a first down.

Then their troubles began. Demmy popped through the middle for his first gain of the afternoon, and the officials

called an offside penalty. The Warhawk guards submarined to smear Monk again. It was second and seventeen. Monk dropped back into short kick formation and they pulled the screened pass. Atchison took it and spun through the middle, knees churning. He gathered tacklers like a snowball. They hauled him down after seven yards.

The State boys were regarding Atchison with unpleasant curiosity. They hadn't been told about Atchison. Monk huddled his men briefly. It was third down and a long ten yards to go. Monk snapped, "This one's got to go. Rip's got 'em buffaloe. We'll go with 29-A. Don't miss it, Hasty."

It started like the lateral-sweep, and Atchison was a big decoy as Monk trailed him to the right. Then Monk leaped, spun, and rifled the pass diagonally. Hasty was in the bucket, but De Kalb came leap-frogging back from a false shift and deflected the ball. It hit Hasty on the neck. It was one of those freak plays. The defense man had killed the motion of the ball, and it hung on Hasty's shoulder. Hasty ran ten yards, trying to roll the ball down across his chest. Just as he got it secured, wingback Bellows hit Hasty across the ankles with an impact that jarred the ball free. A State guard fell on the ball. The referee ruled it a fumble. Captain Williams protested violently, but the official ignored him as he moved his arm in a big sweep toward the Durand goal.

Roberts sent in Maffia for Demmy on the left wing, and removed his first-line tacklers. The entire State offensive team romped into the game. State struck again with electrifying force. Innes faked to MacHammer as the whole backfield swung to the left. Trent jumped out of his guard post, and Innes back-handed him the ball. Ivan Petrosky was coming behind his own line. He took the flip from Trent and breezed merrily away on a daring end-around. He came across to the Durand forty-five before Maffia bounced him out of bounds.

The State backs swung to the left, and MacHammer took a lateral and moved down the sideline alone, walking a tight-wire for ten before Maffia bulled him over

the out-of-bounds marker. Then it was Hopkins through the middle, MacHammer off tackle, and the Warhawks had a first down on the Durand twelve. Hopkins rammed for yardage. Bondurant stopped him with Atchison's help after three yards. MacHammer slugged off tackle again. The State terminal pair had Williams in a vise, but he whipped an arm free and made MacHammer stumble. Maffia charged in and dropped him on the six. The bulky Italian's weight helped, but he was slower than Demmy, and much less agile.

State used that compact T again. Hopkins plunged across Innes' arms. Then Innes spun and lifted the ball. Monk had been watching for it. Maffia, already committed to a forward charge, could not get back. Ivan Petrosky ghosted behind him, lifting huge hands. Monk leaped wildly. He could not knock the ball down, so he flipped the fingers that barely touched the ball, lifting it. The pass skipped Petrosky's hands and bounced over the end zone.

**I**T WAS fourth and four, and State made it the hard way. They sent Hopkins into the middle. Gangion and the prize-bull guards, Trent and Teakle, simply excavated, and Hopkins ran up their backs. Bondurant, Greyfogle, Atchison and Maffia hurled themselves into the breach. It was Maffia who finally halted the landslide with a helmet-to-helmet smash up on the one-yard line.

They needed time out to clear up the human debris. Four men got up slowly. Bondurant had to be carried off. Maffia was groggy. Hopkins shook his head a few times and declared himself ready. Then MacHammer ran over the new guard, Overholt, for the score. The State specialty man performed again. And it was State 14, Durand 7.

For the first time, doubt began to show in the eyes of the Durand men. They had faced nothing like this. They were simply being man-handled, man for man.

Carnes kicked the ball out of the end zone again. Durand started from the twenty. State's cruelly effective defensive unit was in there again. They had been tediously briefed on Durand's attack, and they shifted precisely. But it was the mid-

dle of the line that was giving Monk the most trouble. State had three fire-breathers pivoting the line, and they were likely to submarine and smash any play.

Coach Roberts removed Maffia and ran in Demmy when Durand took over. Monk's eyes narrowed with a silent question, but Demmy had no orders. Monk struck from the T. And State bounced back their best plays.

Atchison carried them. He was starting like a catapult, and his speed and size carried him through. He could not break loose. He was getting his yards by dragging blue jerseys until they wrestled him down. He was taking six and seven yards at a try. But he was getting no help. He was the work-horse, and Monk had to load the whole team on Atchison's back.

They had to hold on to that ball! They knew what State could do with that pig-skin. But to keep the ball they had to advance it, and Atchison was the only back with the drive to move it.

And it was hopeless, Monk felt. Atchison was feeling the weight of his labors. He might lug the ball down close to pay dirt, but he would be exhausted by the effort. More than once Monk turned puzzled eyes toward the bench. He needed the power boys. But Roberts held them on the bench.

The quarter caught them at midfield. The referee just turned the ball around. Demmy plunged for a yard. Monk called for an end-around, but as he spun with the ball, a vast weight descended on his back from behind and rode him into the grass. He got up and looked across the huddle into Atchison's dirty, smeared face. He said apologetically, "It's got to be you, Rip."

Atchison, breathing hard, just nodded. He was taking a beating. State was giving him some special attention on every play. But he was doing his job.

It was a tricky play and it had not always worked. Monk faded with the ball, then sprinted to the right after Atchison. The big back faded a little as though to take a lateral, then leaped forward to slam a block into a rambling State end. Monk sprinted around them, heading for the sidelines. Giants hemmed him in. He

cut back, whipping the ball up in his right hand as he glanced swiftly. Atchison was getting up, shaking off the efforts of the end to hold him. Monk threw across his chest. Atchison ran to the left.

Three men pawed for him, and he clipped away from them. He had no blocking, and he was never quite in the clear. He ran beautifully, but there were too many State men. They ganged him on the State thirty. Three men hit him from different directions. He did not get up immediately.

Atchison got his wind back and wanted to stay in the game, but the trainer took him off. Barkus replaced him. Monk rifled a pass to Hasty, but the covering wingback batted it down. He tried to sneak Barkus through, and the youngster was full of fire, but de Kalb knocked the kid loose from much of his ambition with a savage drive that was more block than tackle. Monk tried a long pass, but he had to hurry it into wildness.

That was as far as they could go. Monk dropped back deep. He took the pass and turned toward the coffin corner. The line held long enough. He kicked very carefully.

An astounded bellow exploded from the stands. He had dropped that pun into the lime of the out-of-bounds marker not two feet from the goal line. State had to kick. MacHammer came trotting out alone from the State bench. The State line held stolidly for him. He lifted a magnificent spiral that drove Monk back to the midfield stripe. He ran diagonally and eluded one end, but ran into the arms of the other on the State forty-five.

He exchanged three punts with MacHammer. He kicked once again, and de Kalb came exploding through the line. Monk got the kick away with a frantic spurt of motion. It was a poor effort. Hasty downed the bouncing ball on State's fifteen. Then the Warhawk offensive team stormed in from the sidelines.

There were a little more than four minutes remaining in the first half. But State came down the field with giant-strides. They broke MacHammer free with a hook pass and precision blocking, and he ran to midfield. Innes faded deep and slung a

arrogantly long pass, and Ivan Petrosky made another miracle catch on the Durand twenty. Then it was MacHammer, pressed hard on a deep reverse, leaping up to hurl a pass that might as well have been a thunderbolt. MacHammer was not supposed to pass the ball. But he slung a strike into the end zone corner, and Petrosky had sneaked in ahead of it. He lifted big hands, and the ball stuck. Just like that. Three plays. Touchdown. State 20, Durand 7.

Wildman Williams rose up in wrath and broke through to block the placement kick for the extra point. The Wolfpack, with Riley in the running spot, eked out a forlorn first down, and the first half was over.

## IX

**T**HE DURAND MEN trudged to the dressing room. They were battered and weary, but mostly they were sore at themselves. Over the season they had developed a solid belief in their invincibility. They had been shoved around, trampled and walked over for thirty minutes; yet enough of that faith remained to make them believe that somehow State had been lucky.

Roberts let them rest for a while. Then he stood up in the middle of the dressing room and began to talk quietly. He said in a low, grim voice, "There's just one man responsible for the score." Guilty faces stared intently at him. He said, "I'm that man. I built up State too much. I warned you that if you made a mistake, it was likely to cost us six points. Most of you went out with that idea—not to be the man who'd make the mistake. You've fought like fools, but you've been afraid to get off of the dime. When you saw an opening, it looked like a trap. We played a waiting game and they ran over us."

He let that sink in. Then he went on, "Forget everything I've told you about State. Rush them like you'd rush any other team. Get in there and smash those plays. Innes is getting enough time to change his uniform on those passes. Give him something to worry about. Sure,

you'll make mistakes. But there are ten good boys behind to cover for you; boys who haven't let you down yet. Forget how good State is. Just get your man on every play."

Monk was staring with round eyes. He watched Roberts pick that team up and set their feet on the ground. He tried to remember the seedy, sour little man who had found him playing for an obscure junior college, a newly appointed coach who tried to hide his frightened self-distrust in bitter cynicism. This was not the same man at all. Roberts had grown in stature to match the job he had done with the Wolfpack. Win or lose, today, his job was safe for next year. But a win today would put him up among the great coaches of the nation.

Monk sat against the wall, and the swelling pride in him was matched by a bursting desire to win this game for the man he was proud to call his father. It was their secret still, a secret to be kept until after this game. He wanted it to be told in the glory of victory.

But State had the better team and a big 13-point lead.

They charged back out into the biting air. The Durand hometowners gave them a gallant hand but there was no real hope in the cheering. State came back confidently. They had smashed this team for one half, and there was no reason to fear that they could not do it again. State returned for new laurels, not to win a football game.

The mammoth Carnes got off his first poor kick of the afternoon, a twister that Atchison downed on the Durand twenty-eight.

Monk gave his sleeves a hitch. He had the big boys in there at last, the 200-pound Maffia, and Gersfalcon at 195. He installed them in the single-wing. Atchison slid off the weakside end and drove for eight yards. The big boy seemed completely recovered from the first-half battering. They lined up again with Atchison in the slot, and he handed off to the spinning Gersfalcon on a delayed buck. Gersfalcon hit a soft spot the submarining guards had weakened with their reckless charge. He ran with the plodding motion of a

plowing mule. But he moved the ball. He moved it six yards.

Monk grinned at the discomfited State guards. He pounded Gerfalcon's back and declared, "I've been waiting all day for that."

They strung together three first downs and brought the ball to midfield. The State boys did not seem disturbed. They figured this was just a temporary dressing-room jag. But Galloway did not like it. He sent in four subs.

The yards got tougher. The new men gave less attention to Atchison, more effort to stopping the short man. Monk shifted them into the T.

He shifted them dutifully, not expecting much. Atchison drifted in motion to the left.

Monk got the ball and took three steps to the right. He turned and faked the long toss to Atchison, and flipped it instead to Gerfalcon, who broke through the middle. For a confused moment, the fullback was in the clear. He was too slow to run from them, but he pounded for twelve yards before they nailed him from behind.

For a moment Monk just stood there. It worked! With a terrific threat like Atchison spreading the defense, the slower boys had an extra second to get moving. Roberts had declared all season that one real runner could make them all look good. And Monk, in that moment of revelation, felt the fangs of regret gnawing in his soul. This could have been a great team, and he had spoiled it.

He sprung them out of the T, Gerfalcon, then Maffia. Then Atchison swept to the right and raced nine yards. It was then that Monk saw the first opening. The defensive left wingback was coming in too fast. So they ran to the right again, and Hasty sneaked all the way across the field. He took Monk's rifle-throw on the State five, and safety man Burleigh dropped him there.

Gerfalcon punched at the line. State stopped him. Then Atchison ran wide. He cut back five yards before he picked his path, and then he whirled like a dervish among the surrounding blue jerseys. They hit him, but he would not go down.

He was still erect and driving hard when he dragged them over the last line.

Monk kicked the point. It was 14 to 20. They were back in the ball game. But so was State's offensive unit.

The kick was into the end zone, but MacHammer went back and got it. He came streaking out, and the wedge formed around him. This time big Wildman Williams broke up the wedge, and Greyfogle and O'Brien broke through to pile up MacHammer on his fifteen-yard line.

STATE started a slick reverse. Hasty waded through a low block to get a hand on Cole's ankle. O'Brien came in to help, and they stopped Cole on the State twelve. MacHammer twisted into the tackle slot with thunderbolts in his knees, but Lonigan tripped him with an ankle-grab, and Atchison's tackle rode the runner backward. No gain.

State did not quite believe it. But they played it safe. MacHammer went back and swung his leg savagely. He kicked the ball sixty yards on the fly, and it dribbled out of bounds on the Durand twenty-eight.

Several State subs dashed on the field, but it was not the complete defensive unit. Petrosky, tackles Carnes and Edwards, and the demon center, Gangion, remained in the game, along with sleek King Cole. Coach Galloway was taking no chances.

Durand Tech marched again. It was harder this time. Surprise had given them a fifth man in the backfield when Roberts played his trump card. Galloway had given State orders: Stop Atchison! They were belting the big boy with double-teamed blasts on every play. Atchison was helping them; he wouldn't go down under one tackle. He stayed on his feet and kept driving, and gave them a perfect target. Petrosky was the chief executioner. He laid back and picked his spots, and he was as dangerous as a flying axe-head. Atchison was rising more slowly now. His chin was smeared with a dull red from the trickle at his lips. But he had a happy grin.

So Durand rolled, not so surely, not steadily. State could not cover Atchison without spreading the defense thin. Maffia and Gerfalcon hit them in the

softened spots. Galloway rushed in his stunted giant, Trent, to bolster the middle. Monk had to take to the air twice.

Gerfalcon made it a first down just beyond the State forty. Trent stormed through to blast Gerfalcon on first down. Atchison, cutting back off tackle, could make back no more than the yard Gerfalcon had lost. It was third down and ten yards to go. Monk called a pass play, Atchison flanking to the left, cutting into the bucket across the line, and Hasty driving deep and wide. Monk got the ball and ran back. Trent came leap-frogging out of the middle of the line, and the State left end smashed as Petrosky dropped back.

Monk took one glance, and Hasty was not in sight. Somebody had cut him down before he could establish himself as a receiver. Monk whipped the ball over the line. Atchison lunged in front of Petrosky and closed his hands on the ball. Petrosky hit him low and Gangion tried to behead the runner. Atchison stumbled a few steps, and King Cole raced in and slammed a shoulder into Atchison's middle.

The chains came out, and a dismal groan rose from the home stands. They had failed by inches. The Wolfpack huddled. Monk looked at their faces. Nobody said anything, but they were begging with their eyes. They were hungry. They wanted to try for the first down.



*Monk grabbed the jack-handle as MacHammer closed in.*

So they tried. They struck from the T, Monk hustling back to fake a pass, slipping the ball to his fullback. There was a monumental pile-up where Gerfalcon disappeared, big legs driving. The stadium was breathlessly quiet while the officials worked into the jam. The head linesman sighted along the ball, then motioned for the chains. A vast roar blared out of silence as the stick failed to touch the ball. They had made their gamble good.

They huddled and Monk Called on Atchison for the in-and-outer. As the huddle broke up, Monk got a startled glimpse of center Greyfogle's face, white and damp. He jumped after the center, and was shaken off angrily. Monk hesitated, watching Greyfogle's stiffness as he covered the ball. Then he called signals. Atchison was back in the single-wing. But he never had a chance at the snap-back. It was over his head. Monk whirled and raced after the loose ball. It bounced toward him. But Petrosky came in from the side, blasting Monk and holding him down; and another blue jersey smothered the pigskin. State's ball.

Greyfogle didn't get up. He was on his knees, and one shoulder was drooping. Tears were cutting furrows in the dirt on his cheeks, and he was cursing himself in a broken voice. He moaned, "It's that old separation. I should have gone out. Now I've lost the game."

They stared at him, stunned. A sickened fury pounded in Monk's chest. Bitter words hung on his tongue. But when he spoke the words came oddly slow, "Forget it, Jack. It was one game try. We'll get it back for you."

The trainers carried him off. Monk turned, and Captain Williams was blocking his path, staring down at him. The tackle said, "I guess you're going to make a man, after all." And Maffia slapped Monk's shoulder bluffly as he moved past. It was a small thing. He had ridden and driven this team; and he had never cared that he did not belong to it. Now that he had made the team, it was humbly important.

But he had no time for reflection. The Warhawks were on the march again. Their

six-point lead was an uneasy margin, and they were throwing everything they had into this drive. But their progress had none of the majestic mastery they had flashed in the opening periods. Those intolerably strong tackles, with five hundred pounds of beef between them, were not so irresistible now. Like most out-sized men, they were not sixty-minute players, and double duty had whittled them down. Galloway removed them for subs who were powerful, but less experienced. But State was still strong in the middle, and it was Hopkins who carried them with his plunges. MacHammer was not helping much.

ATCHISON had the Indian sign on MacHammer now. It was as though the bland-faced backer-up could read the mind that worked behind the death-mask face of the Warhawk star who was so nearly his twin in size and power. He was meeting MacHammer at the line of scrimmage. MacHammer didn't gain a yard as State pushed down the field. The State stands were imploring, "Come on, Joy-Boy!" But he was not the happy warrior today. He was doing all his running against Atchison's wide shoulders, and a reddish flame was beginning to burn in the dark eyes.

"Evil Eye" Innes was a great passer. He was a superlative ball handler and a master faker. But he was not a smart quarterback. He'd always had a great team to run, and he had never learned to scramble. MacHammer's failures unsettled Innes. He tried to take up all the slack with his passes. He hit Petrosky regularly with short tosses until they got to the Durand seventeen. Chalmers batted down a throw, and a deep reverse lost four yards, and Atchison bumped MacHammer over the sideline for no gain.

So when Innes faced the fourth down with thirteen to go, it was no problem to outguess him. Hasty rushed Innes into a poor throw, and both Monk and Maffia were in the far corner of the end zone to cover Petrosky and bat down the pass.

Durand took over on the twenty just as the quarter moved them to the other end of the field. They ran two scrimmage

plays and lost yardage. The ebullient middle of the State line was erupting all over the Wolfpack backfield. Chalmers was a fighting center, but a hundred and seventy pounds are not enough to throw in front of the State guard combination, Trent and Teakle. Monk had to kick.

State hammered back. They saddled Hopkins and rode him. MacHammer carried once, and Atchison and O'Brien threw him back. Innes stopped using him. MacHammer sulked. He did not leave his feet on a sloppy block as Lonnigan smashed in and stopped Hopkins. A sub came dashing out for MacHammer, and he threw down his helmet and kicked it savagely.

The new man's name was Cargyle, and he was reputedly a Sophomore ball of fire. But a jinx seemed to be riding that left-half post. Cargyle fumbled on the first play, and Lonnigan covered the ball.

Durand could not move the ball, and Monk had to kick again. A flock of new men rushed into the game for State. Cargyle and the new fullback, Underwood, alternated to carry the ball to the Durand twenty. Durand rose up there. Weary and battered, they hauled themselves together to hold State for three downs. Then Innes went back and threw a long pass. It was a poor throw, a desperation heave.

Petrosky was racing over the goal line, escorted by Maffia. When he looked around, the ball was yards behind him, falling short. Petrosky whirled and dove. He stuck out one huge hand, and the ball settled into it. There was nothing anybody could do about a catch like that. It was first down and goal to go on the Durand five.

There was the thunder of State cheers trembling in the sky as MacHammer came striding long over the grass, his face was a grim mask, and the red blazing in his eyes. Monk, kneeling for a moment of respite in the end-zone grass, wondered why Galloway was taking a chance on the guy? Then he remembered that they were very vain about their All-Americans at State. MacHammer had made a poor showing in this last half. The climax runner was getting a chance to redeem himself.

But it was the fullback, Underwood, on the first play. The weary Wolfpack line massed to hold him. Then State huddled dangerously long, and everyone in the stadium knew that this was the pay-off. This was the play to put this game on ice.

State shifted suddenly into a single-wing.

Mac Hammer moved into the slot. His mouth looked like an old scar in the tightness of his face. He took the ball, faked a step to his left, then stormed in behind an explosion of interference. It was the old power play at the opposing left tackle, that ancient bombshell out of Notre Dame, and it was a miracle of power-precision. A great hole opened. Trent stormed through to blast Chalmers out of the play. The touchdown road was wide open. For just a moment.

A countering bombshell exploded. Atchison had come all the way across. Someone hit him and spun him half around. He could not twist around as he came slashing into MacHammer's path; he could not get his hands on the runner. So he just threw the hardest block anyone in that stadium had ever seen. MacHammer flew straight up in the air. The ball popped out of his hands.

He landed on his feet and he was the nearest man to the flopping pigskin. But he was stunned. Wolfpack end Hasty dove across the grass. At arm's length, he fastened hands on the fumbled ball.

Then MacHammer cried out. It was not a human sound. It was the roar of a wounded bull. He drew back a foot and kicked at the ball Hasty was transferring to the greater security of his chest. Hasty yelled in pain. MacHammer kicked again. The ball flew into the air. Half a dozen State boys leaped for MacHammer. They held him, and they were not gentle.

For seconds there was complete silence in the stands. Then the outraged boing thundered out from both sides of the stadium. MacHammer did not flinch under it, even after the State boys had throttled his wildness. He walked off the field with his head high, scornful of the thunderous abuse. He was right; the world was wrong.

**B**OTH teams were gathered around Hasty. The end was kneeling on the grass, trying to work the fingers of his left hand. He wanted to go on, but the trainer took him out. His index and middle fingers were plainly broken.

The State boys were as bitter as Durand. Trent growled, "I'll burn my suit before I'll play again with that bum. The guy's a maniac. He's crazy as a loon."

Petrosky declared darkly, "The rat took a swing at me in scrimmage. I've just been waiting until the end of the season. I ain't waiting any longer."

Innes and Trent, co-captains, made their apologies to Williams. The referee paced off fifteen yards. Monk sent Atchison off tackle, and angry Durand men cleared him a path. He ran to the thirty-five. Then Greer, the sub end, said in the huddle, "Coach said tell you, 'I'm waiting for my boy to run that D-series.'"

Monk stared. They had never run those plays. The D-series called for Monk himself to run from tailback. Roberts had worked them out early in the season, but he was afraid Monk could not take the battering. Or had he been saving them?

They went into the single-wing, and Monk moved into the tailback slot. State linemen raised their heads and stared. The pass came back, and Monk ran to the right. He found no opening so he reversed the field and came back. He ran around and under big State men. The stands were in an uproar. He reversed the field again, hopped through the arms of a low-driving tackler, and spotted a potential hole. Maffia came in with a timely block, and Monk got lose and ran ten yards. Petrosky ran him down from behind.

It was a jarring tackle, and Monk's ears were ringing when he got up. He moved into the slot again, faked a pass, and punched at a potential hole over right guard. It did not open, so he pivoted and ran wide. He retreated ten yards behind the scrimmage line, fooled Petrosky with a lightning spin, and went down the sideline. A wingback tried to block him out of bounds. Monk cut back and was streaming nicely when Trent hit him from behind. Every bone in Monk's body trembled from the impact. He was staggering when

he took his position again. But he made twenty-two yards in two tries.

They stopped him the next time. Then he went back to pass, drew the ends in, and ran around them. There was a gap inside tackle, and he went through like a blacksnake into his hole. He offered Gangion a hip and took it away. He stopped dead, and de Kalb hit the dirt in front of him. He ran five yards, and somebody buried him from behind.

State called time out. The State stands were yelling in real alarm. They had seen too many surprises today. Stop that mid-get! Get him out of there!

Monk was trying to shake the dizziness from his brain as State lined up. He was pretty sure, when he saw the ends move wide, that they had decided to counter with the waiting game. So he ran to the right, and they shifted cautiously, and he snapped a short pass across his chest to Atchison, and the big boy cracked through the gap outside tackle and ran to the State twenty.

Atchison was done. Monk saw it as the halfback floundered to his feet. He looked at the clock. In the huddle Maffia was begging, "Just one more time, boy."

Monk got into the slot, crouching on legs that trembled treacherously. He moved to the right, then twisted back. There was a wall of bodies and contorted faces in front of him. A path opened abruptly, and he stumbled through. A blue jersey rushed shapelessly at him. A projectile shot across his knees, and the blue jersey whirled away. Atchison's voice gasped from the ground, "Go, Monk! Go!"

Maffia's squat figure appeared in front of him, and Monk hugged the broad back, trying to keep up. Then Maffia went down, and the path ahead was clear. He ran, staggering. Some different note in the screaming of the crowd warned him, and he lurched sideways. A body thumped against the turf, and a helmet went rolling across the grass. Monk hopped over it. There was a big white line ahead. He lifted his foot to make the last step, and his feet went flying into the air as hands seized his shoulders and quite literally threw him backward.

THEY had to stand him on his feet. He was groggy when they huddled around him. His voice was a little muddled as he called the signals. He threw to Gerfalcon at the line. They had a yard to go. It took the fullback three tries. It was 20 to 20, and the whole stadium seemed to be staggering with excitement. Desperate State supporters were wailing, "BLOCK THAT KICK!" They were in a frenzy. Until today, they had been heading for a national championship. This could not happen to them! BLOCK THAT KICK!

Galloway was standing on the sideline. He had his hat crushed in his right hand, and his left hand was waving his stream of subs to greater speed as they dashed into the fray. He was shouting after them. Monk could not hear his words, but he saw the motion of Galloway's lips. BLOCK THAT KICK.

State was already down in position. They were wild to salvage a tie score out of this stunning debacle. Monk looked at them. He looked at the weary faces ringing him in. And he knew that State was going to block any kick. His guys just didn't have it. They would fight, and most of them would hold, but one of those furious State men would get through; one or more. State had moved de Kalb behind the center, like ramming a shell into the barrel of a twelve-inch gun.

Monk was ready with the answer. He was ready because he was a little fellow, because he had always had to fight against the odds; because he had learned that there was always a way for a man who would not be licked. And as he dropped back, with Atchison kneeling ahead of him, the last of his old bitterness at being a little fellow melted.

The ball drilled back from Chalmers' hands. An earthquake seemed to heave beneath the feet of the valiant Durand defenders. State men came through like ravening wolves; both ends, the left tackle, one guard, and the terrible de Kalb in front of all of them.

It was a direct pass. Atchison leaped sprawling at de Kalb's ankles. Monk jumped high and threw the ball. Gerfalcon took it on his stomach, spun and drove across.

The next thing Monk remembered, he was lying in front of the bench. He rolled over, and there was a glorious snake-dance writhing all over the field, and Durand pennants were waving, and Durand players were riding the shoulders of the mob.

Monk got to his knees. Laird Galloway was coming along the sideline, dodging the mob. His face was grimly set. He had a job to do. He did it. Flash bulbs exploded as Galloway shook hands with Roberts. The State coach did not pretend to be happy. His stay was brief. He turned to go, and his eyes met Monk's. Galloway's mouth tightened, and his eyes were puzzled.

But he said steadily, "You still couldn't play State football, kid. And that's not taking a thing away from you. I never low-rated you; you're the toughest man to beat I ever saw; always were. But I string along with size. One time in a thousand it beats me. You played yourself a football game today."

He stuck out his hand and Monk took it. He had dreamed of this for years, and it had been almost a crusade, a little man fighting through a big man's world to bring a giant to his knees. And it was not like that at all. It was just a defeated coach, who happened to be a big man, taking his licking like a man, applauding the player who had contributed most to that defeat—a kid who happened to be a little man.

Monk said simply, "Thanks, mister. We were lucky."

Then Galloway was gone, and Roberts stood in his place. He did not put his arm around Monk. He put out his hand, and it was somehow a much stronger bond, a man-to-man tribute. Roberts said quietly, "You've come a long way, son."

And Monk said huskily, "Thanks. Thanks—Dad."

# Michigan's Marvel --- Willie Heston

By DOC McGEE

**One hundred eighty pounds of solidly packed dynamite, that was Willie Heston. A rugged, pile-driving, spinning, elusive tailback who remained the star performer for the Michigan Wolverines during the school's most glorious gridiron era.**

**H**ALFBACK WILLIE HESTON of Michigan peered through the lengthening shadows toward the Minnesota goal posts, thirty-five yards away.

He squinted through the slit-like opening of only one eye. The other had been tightly closed since the first half. A thin trickle of blood still ran from his broken nose, and a knife-like pain shot through his ribs at each panting breath. His face resembled raw beefsteak, and his uniform was in tatters.

It was midway in the second half now. But the score still stood at 0-0 on that golden afternoon of October 31, 1903, on Northrop Field in Minneapolis. And this game was for the championship of the West. Michigan, champion for the past two seasons, was having the fight of its life against this giant Minnesota team, keyed to a fanatic pitch, packed with raw and rugged power.

In the stands were 25,000 people, the greatest throng ever to witness a game west of Chicago until this day. Thousands more thronged the nearby roof-tops, hung from telephone poles, or perched on high trees. The odds had been 10-8 on Michigan at game time, and the unheard of sum of \$75,000 had been wagered on the outcome.

The Wolverines had trounced Minnesota handily the year before, 23-6, in amassing eleven straight victories and scoring 644 points to 12. Since Fielding H. Yost had taken over in 1901, Michigan had been unbeaten and untied.

But Dr. Harry L. Williams at Minnesota, the ex-Yale star, was a great coach, too, and the grim doctor hated defeat like poison. He had sworn to avenge that 1902 beating, and he believed now that he had the team to do it. All summer, and all

season long he had preached nothing but: "BEAT MICHIGAN!"

Willie Heston swayed a little now as he awaited the signal. He had been the only ball carrier for either team to gain consistently. But he had been given a terrific going over by the giant Minnesota forward wall. The hard-charging Gophers had outplayed the Wolverine line consistently. Often they were through to meet the Michigan backs before they had reached the scrimmage mark. But Heston had kept punching the ball through with all of the bull-dog tenacity that was packed in his stocky five-foot, eight-inch, 180 pound frame. Spectators marveled at his ability to hold his feet and drive through tackler after tackler, almost without interference.

He'd picked up five yards on the previous play to plant the oval on the Gopher thirty-five. And now he wondered if they'd use it—the quick-opening play that the wily Yost had devised between halves. Yost had told quarterback Freddie Norcross to use it only if they got in scoring position.

Suddenly Heston's heart snapped up its beat.

Norcross had barked his number. This was it. The new play!

Heston bulleted out of his tracks. Norcross had the leather from center Bruce Gregory. The clever little quarter swung in a deceptive arc, faking to right halfback Herb Graver, then slipped it to Willie. The Wolverine tailback had been slanting off-tackle, or sweeping the ends with his lightning speed, previously.

Now he fainted toward the end, then tore straight into the mountainous maroon tidal wave that spilled forward to engulf him. There was a flashing sliver of light through the wave. But that was all Willie Heston needed—all he ever needed. He put his head down and drove into it, his

Willie

# HESTON



WIELDED A DEADLY STIFF ARM



5 FT. 8 IN., 180 LBS.  
OF CYCLONIC FURY  
ON THE GRIDIRON

THE IMMORTAL YOST SAID OF HIM



"GREATEST PLAYER I EVER  
SAW OR COACHED"



L. RAVIOLI

NEVER TASTED DEFEAT  
IN 4 LONG, GRUELLING  
YEARS AT MICHIGAN  
(1901-1904)

powerful legs beating the turf in a run-away tattoo.

Instantly the packed stand rose with one terrific shout. Heston had burst through the milling mass like an exploding shell! He was away. Free and in the open!

Down the field he forced his tired legs as he sprinted across the thirty . . . twenty-five . . . twenty . . .

Suddenly he felt a terrific impact from the side—his blind side. Stunned, he felt himself hurled into the sod. Sig Harris, the Minnesota safety, had cut across the field to head him off. Cool-headed little Sig, one of the Gophers' immortals, had timed his tackle perfectly. It cut off a certain touchdown. But had Heston seen him coming, it might have been a different story. Few backs in history had as deadly a stiff-arm as Willie Heston.

But the ball now rested on the Gopher twenty.

As he crouched for the signal, Heston heard the hoarse chant that had dinned in his ears all afternoon again. It was the voice of Pudge Heffelfinger, all-time All-American guard and former Yale star. Pudge was coaching the Minnesota line.

"Get Heston!" roared Heffelfinger. "Get Heston! Get him out of there!"

**W**HILE such tactics would be penalized today, and there was even a rule against coaching from the sidelines then, it was practically never enforced. Coaches shouted advice and instructions, much as prize-fight seconds do today.

Heffelfinger, a giant of a man, was as rough and ready a coach as he had been a player. He had ranged the sideline throughout the game with his war cry. It wasn't bad advice at that. He had seen Heston beat the Gophers with two touchdown runs of forty yards the year before.

But the cry only spurred Heston into icy rage. They'd been trying to stop him all afternoon, but he had flung his powerful body through for gain after gain. Only fumbles had robbed Michigan of almost certain touchdowns earlier. Willie was by far the longest and most consistent gainer on the field.

Now his puffed lips tightened. All right, boys, here I come! Try again and be

damned! The solid wall of bone and muscle yielded only a stubborn yard. Next time Willie hurled himself through for five, then three . . .

Minnesota knew he was coming again. Heston was tough as whalebone, and always in marvelous condition. And now it was Heston versus Minnesota. Quarterback Norcross dared not gamble much with the other backs. This was Michigan's last chance. If anybody could do it it must be Heston.

"Take it, Willie!" he cried.

Heston plowed down to the eight, dazed and reeling. On the sideline, a white-faced Yost tried to smile and light his frayed cigar with shaking hands.

Again it was Heston . . . to the five now, then to the three, the two . . . The stands were almost silent, awe-struck by this remarkable demonstration of marvelous running ability. Willie was playing by instinct now, like a fighter in the ring who is out on his feet but who keeps on battling to the end.

Big Joe Maddock, left tackle, also was used as a ball-carrier, dropping into the backfield at times. Next to Heston, he was Michigan's best man this day. Now Maddock turned to peer anxiously at Willie.

"This is it—can you do it?" shouted Norcross in Willie's ear.

The gamester nodded drunkenly. He barely felt the hard plunk of the ball in his stomach as he charged into the huge red wall of pain and punishment. He felt himself sinking beneath the struggling weight of massed humanity, felt his knees sag. He gave one final, convulsive lunge, just as the roaring blackness descended . . .

The crowd spilled down from the stands and through the police line. The cops worked frantically to clear the field while the officials tore just as frantically into the tightly-knotted pile of players.

Then the Gopher fans loosed a long shout of relief. The ball still rested a scant foot from the goal line. Heston lay face downward on the turf until his mates boosted him up and walked him around. Then he shook his head and walked unsteadily back to his position.

Desperate little Norcross patted him on the back, and hated to say what he did:

"Just once more, Willie! We'll get you across!"

Just as Norcross started to bark the signal, big Maddock dropped back. His face was cut and bleeding, too. One eye was a deep purple.

"Give me the damn ball!" he growled. "He's done enough."

The Gophers had seen Maddock drop back and they shifted to meet him. But nothing could stop the aroused and bull-like tackle. He raged into the line and threw himself headlong across the human wall, and across the goal line. *Touchdown!*

While the two hundred rooters who had accompanied the Wolverines from Ann Arbor literally tore the stands apart, the Minnesota thousands sat in sick silence. This looked like the end of their hopes, especially when Fullback Tom Hammond kicked the point after touchdown.

It matters little in the saga of valiant Willie Heston that Minnesota came back to tie the score a few plays later, and to claim a share in the 1903 championship.

What matters is that Willie Heston had marched almost single-handed for nearly half the length of the field in eleven plays against one of the greatest lines in Minnesota football annals. With his teammates being battered and hurled back, stout-hearted Willie fought back with a courage and tenacity that has seldom if ever been equalled on any gridiron.

Heston had to be led from the field because by now both eyes were tightly closed. His nose was broken, there were torn ligaments in his side, there was a deep cut under one eye and his body was a mass of bruises and welts from neck to ankles. His moleskin jacket had been ripped all the way around at the waist until it was completely separated from his pants.

When Willie was led into dinner he was seated across from Coach Yost. The Wolverine mentor shocked the squad by laughing at Willie and kidding him about his appearance as Heston grinned feebly back. What they did not understand until later, was that if Yost hadn't kept up his running fire of chatter, he would have wept openly at the sight of his beloved Willie Heston, of whom he said later,

was the greatest and gamest football player he ever saw or coached.

**W**ILLIAM M. HESTON was born September 9, 1878 on a farm near Galesburg, Illinois. But most of his boyhood was spent on a large farm in southwestern Kansas where the family had moved while he was still a small child. The Hestons were not poor but every able hand was needed to help in that sparsely-populated land, and so children learned early to work hard.

Young Willie had shown an early fondness for horses and a natural ability to ride so his father set him to herding cattle at the age of nine. Since there were no fences in that part of Kansas it meant keeping in the saddle from daylight to dusk for nine months of the year. The other three months the boy attended school. He had to walk three miles to and from the country schoolhouse, since a horse could not be spared for other than work purposes.

He didn't complete the eighth grade until he was sixteen, although he was a good student. But he had developed an extremely tough and rugged physique, one that was to stand him well later. About this time the family migrated to Grant's Pass, Oregon, where he entered and completed high school with such high honors that relatives urged him to continue his education. So he chose San Jose Normal in California, largely because a favorite aunt had graduated from there.

Since he could receive but little financial aid from home, young Heston found a job taking care of a horse and doing odd jobs for a San Jose family. For this he was allowed to sleep in the hayloft and eat in the kitchen.

Football had been unheard of in Grant's Pass. It is doubtful if Willie Heston even knew of the existence of such a game until he came to San Jose. It was here he saw his first game and he immediately fell in love with the sport. Little urging on the part of his class-mates, who were impressed with his physique, was necessary to make him report for the team.

A fellow named Jesse Woods coached San Jose. He was later to become a mil-

lionaire, move back East and help found Detroit's famous Olympia Garden, the Madison Square Garden of the Motor City. But at the moment he was more worried about how to develop a winning football team with barely enough men out to hold scrimmage. So he welcomed the rugged Willie Heston with open arms and immediately placed him at guard.

Two games and Willie was a regular. Impressed with the youngster's speed and agility, Woods began dropping him back occasionally to carry the ball. The following year San Jose won five and lost one, with Heston as star lineman. Heston was elected captain as a senior and led the team through an undefeated season to tie with Checo Normal for the Academic Conference title. The teams met in the final game and the result was 6-6. A play-off was agreed upon three weeks later.

During this time a young coach named Fielding H. Yost was the toast of the Pacific Coast sporting world. His 1900 Stanford team had upset highly-favored California, 5-0, for the Coast collegiate title on the same Saturday that San Jose and Checo were battling it out to a draw. Remarkable, too, was the fact that Yost's freshman team had won the Coast title in its class, and that he had coached Palo Alto high school to the state high school championship during the same season. Three titles in one season, and Yost had done *all* the coaching alone. The newspapers were filled with his exploits.

"If we could only get Yost to help us against Checo, maybe we could cinch the title," Heston said idly one evening in a bull-session after practice. He was dumbfounded when his teammates immediately seized upon it and delegated him to go to Palo Alto to see Yost.

Heston objected. After all Jesse Woods had brought them through undefeated, and they ought to remain loyal to Woods. But when the coach heard of the idea he not only raised no objection—he thought it was a fine idea.

Woods, however, posed a new problem. "Get him, if you can, by all means," he urged. "But he'll probably want plenty of money, and that's what we're fresh out of."

The San Jose captain and a teammate travelled to Palo Alto to interview the famous coach. Yost wasn't interested until Heston, in an off-hand manner, suggested that the coach probably could win his fourth title that season. Yost's eyes gleamed, it was the clincher. Besides he liked the quiet, straightforward and intelligent manner in which the square-jawed, blue-eyed youngster had set forth the problem.

"All right," Yost finally said. "I'll come for expenses." Then he grinned at Heston. "Young man," he said, "you should take up law. You are very persuasive."

That was the first meeting of the pair which was destined to make football history, not only in faraway Ann Arbor, but throughout the gridiron world as well. It also was the beginning of a life-long friendship that lasted until Yost's death recently.

**F**IELDING YOST took his first look at the San Jose squad, hat pushed back from his forehead in characteristic fashion, eyes squinted against the bright California sunlight. Suddenly he turned to Jesse Woods standing beside him.

"Why, that boy's not a guard," he said abruptly, pointing toward the scrimmage. "He's a halfback. I'm going to shift him right now! Let's see—what's his name again?"

"Heston," replied Woods. "He's our captain, the fellow who came up to see you. He can run, all right. We've had him drop back to carry the ball now and then—but he's also the best lineman we've got."

"He's a halfback for this Checo game," replied Yost. Then he barked, "Here—you—Heston! Take left half!"

"Wh—wh—what? Yessir!" gasped the astonished youth.

Heston never played guard again. San Jose and Checo had played a 6-6 tie in their first meeting—but this time it was different. And the difference was Willie Heston. He scored three touchdowns as the San Jose eleven swept over its rivals, 48-0.

After the game Yost asked Heston about his future plans. Willie was graduating

the following April. He already had a position teaching summer school at Wolf Creek, near his home town of Grant's Pass, Oregon.

"Too bad you're not coming to Stanford," Yost grinned. "A young fellow who can run like you can needs more higher education."

A few days later the newspapers blazoned the story that the Pacific Coast had barred non-alumni coaches. The man who had just won four football titles in a single season was jobless. Several months later the spectacular Yost was in the headlines again. He had signed as coach at the University of Michigan. He would leave Palo Alto during the summer to take over his new duties. Willie Heston sighed regretfully. It was too bad such a great coach was leaving the Coast.

Near the end of his summer term at Wolf Creek, Mr. William Heston, the school teacher, was astonished to receive a letter from Fielding Yost. Could Yost meet him in a San Francisco hotel within a few days? There were some things they might find mutually interesting.

They met and Yost pointed out the advantages of higher education once more for a bright young man like Heston. This time it was the University of Michigan he stressed. Now it happened that Willie knew all about Michigan since his favorite instructor at San Jose was an Ann Arbor graduate and never ceased talking about his Alma Mater.

Heston mentioned this, and also the fact, that he was desperately in need of funds, and that school teaching did not pay off very well. But Yost had no athletic scholarship to offer, and no job to hold forth, since he had not yet even seen Ann Arbor. They shook hands and parted.

But the seed had been sown. In a week Heston was back in San Francisco. The first big teamsters' strike was on, and Willie, fresh from the country, got a job at the unheard of sum of \$10 a day, unloading fruit trucks. A month of this, with board and room, and a week of working as a stevedore, and he had \$300 in his pocket.

Then luck, or it might have been Destiny, took a hand. He was debating with him-

self about going to Ann Arbor. He sauntered rather aimlessly to the railway station to inquire about the fare. As he was entering, another young fellow stopped him and asked him if he was interested in buying the return half of a round trip ticket to Toledo, Ohio. Yes, the young man said, Toledo was only 56 miles from Ann Arbor and the two cities were connected by an interurban railway. Willie Heston purchased the ticket for \$25, and the next morning he was on his way—toward gridiron fame and glory.

Willie Heston stood on the corner of Main and Huron streets in Ann Arbor, pondering his next move under a blistering August sun. At the Michigan athletic office he'd been told that Yost was out of town. No, they didn't know when he'd be in.

Suddenly his arms were tightly clamped from behind. He was swung off his feet and whirled in a circle. "Why, you old son-of-a-gun!" boomed Fielding Yost. "So you made it! Where's your luggage? You're just in time to ride out to our training camp at Whitmore Lake. Lucky I came in for supplies this afternoon."

The Whitmore Lake training camp, traditional pre-season camp of the Wolverines, was a busy place. Here he met a number of the players who were to make up the famous Point-a-Minute teams of the next four years—Al Herrnstein, a fast and shifty back; Ev Sweeley, one of the game's greatest punters; burly Joe Maddock, the ball-lugging tackle; drawling Dan McGuigan, the Tennessean, who later became a famous coach at Vanderbilt, Harrison "Boss" Weeks, whom Yost always referred to as Michigan's greatest quarterback.

Heston learned at Whitmore Lake what real football conditioning was like. Even Keene Fitzpatrick, trainer and Wolverine track coach, was impressed with the speed of Heston. Later Fitzpatrick was to match Heston against Archie Hahn, the great Michigan Olympic sprinter, to improve the latter's getaway.

In two hundred starts, Heston led Hahn at thirty yards each time. That's how fast he was. In scrimmage also he showed an ability which he was later to develop to a remarkable degree—the ability to

maintain his feet. Willie Heston always ran low, with a wide-spread, pumping knee action. He had a cat-like ability to land on his feet, no matter how hard he was hit, his legs still driving forward.

Yost was merciless with him under the hot sun at Whitmore Lake. That was characteristic of the great coach. Once he spotted talent in a boy, he was never satisfied until he had brought it out to its fullest extent. Now the wily mentor discovered more than talent. He had found football genius. Poor Willie Heston was worked until he almost fell in his tracks. Battered. Bruised. Buffeted.

"Hurry up!" Yost would roar. "Get moving, Heston! Move or make way for someone who can!"

They moved back to Ann Arbor and Yost had relegated Willie to the scrubs and substitutes. He appeared to have forgotten the pride of Grant's Pass. On the eve of the first game, a "breather" with little Albion, the squad worked out on Regent's Field on Friday. Following the workout Yost told the squad he would name the starters just before game time.

Heston was desperate. He knew that the eleven starters were likely to be sixty-minute men for the rest of the season unless injury laid them low. And he wanted to play football more than anything else in the world. Screwing up his courage to the last notch, he approached the coach.

"Coach," he blurted. "Am I going to start tomorrow?"

Yost was taken aback by such temerity. "Why, Willie, I can't do that. We've got a regular from last year ahead of you at left half. You know that."

"But I want to play football," persisted Heston. "I want to show you what I can do!"

Yost glanced away to hide a smile. Then he said, "All right, Willie, I'll put you in in the second half. But you better be good!"

**M**ICHIGAN romped over Albion with ease, 50-0, next day. The game was over almost before it started with Herrstein, Sweeley and Maddock, quickly scoring and turning the game into a rout.

Heston squirmed and fidgeted on the

bench. The game wore into the second half, began to draw toward the close. Willie was almost frantic. Finally Yost nodded to him and he was off the bench like a shot.

Heston ripped through for twenty yards the first time he got his hands on the ball. He played like a wildman, and although he did not score, a paragraph in a Detroit newspaper had this to say:

*"Heston, the stocky halfback from California, entered the game in the second half and immediately caught the eye of the bleachers. The way he smashed into the line and circled the ends would do credit to a veteran, and in addition, he followed his interference well and did not attempt to star."*

There was a gleam in the young halfback's eye as he trotted off the field, purposely near Yost. But the coach was concentrating on the play, and appeared not to notice him.

But still Heston did not start in the next game against Case School of Cleveland. The luckless Clevelanders had never encountered a tornado before and they were battered and bewildered to the tune of 55-0. Again Yost withheld Heston until midway in the second half.

Again Willie tore off the bench like a fireman answering a three alarm. On the first play he circled end for twenty-five yards and a touchdown, the first of ninety-three he was to make during his college career. He scored three times more in dizzying succession before Yost called him, panting and triumphant, to the sidelines.

Surely now, thought Heston, he had earned a starting berth. But his name was not mentioned the following week when Yost checked off the starting lineup against Indiana in the first conference game.

Chagrin and bitter resentment mounted in his heart as he crouched in his blanket against the drizzle which was falling. What did a fellow have to do to make the first team for Yost, kill somebody? And at the moment Willie felt like doing just that.

During the first five minutes Boss Weeks carefully felt out the big Indiana line. There was a cautious punt exchange.

Suddenly it boomed out—the cry from 2,000 damp and impatient spectators—the

cry that was to give Willie Heston one of his greatest thrills in football.

"Heston! Heston! We want Heston!" came the chant of the student body.

Yost paid no attention. Willie sank deeper into his blanket, face burning. The chant grew to a roar, interspersed with some unflattering remarks about the coach. Finally Yost, a dry smile hovering about the corners of his mouth said: "Well, Willie, go in there and see what you can do!"

Heston tore through the heavy Hoosier line with demoniac fury. He scored two touchdowns so quickly that the boys from the Indiana midlands never recovered. Before they knew what manner of cyclone had been unleashed, they were behind 33-0. Never again did Willie Heston fail to start a game.

That 1901 season was simply a victory parade. Northwestern, Carlisle, Ohio State, Chicago, Buffalo, all fell by lopsided scores. Buffalo 128-0! Five touchdowns for Heston and 1,900 yards from scrimmage for the Wolverine backfield. A startled sports world began to realize that this was not merely a good Michigan team. It was a great one. Even the staid Walter Camp, picker of All-Americans, began to look westward.

At the end of the season the delirious student body pointed to a record of 550 points to 0. And more was yet to come. The Tournament of Roses committee conceived the idea of staging a football game in connection with the pageant. Stanford was selected to represent the West. Michigan was invited from the East.

Actually, it wasn't much of a contest. Heston ran twenty-eight and eighteen yards in the first ten minutes of play. Then fullback Neil Snow plunged over for the first of five touchdowns he was to score that afternoon. After that it got monotonous. Heston or Al Herrnstein would run the length of the field in two or three plays and while they were still panting from their exertions in the unseasonable 85-degree heat, Snow would drive over for the score. Michigan used eleven men while Stanford used seventeen. When the Indians ran completely out of substitutes, the game was cut six minutes short by

mutual consent, and the score was 49-0—the same count by which Michigan defeated Southern California, in its second Rose Bowl appearance on New Year's Day, 1948.

Lest it be thought that Heston shone at ball-carrying only, let it be known here and now that he was regarded as one of the finest blockers and interferers of his time. No less an authority than Amos Alonzo Stagg will vouch for that. And Stagg ought to know. Heston was largely responsible for beating Stagg's Chicago teams four times in a row.

"Heston was a great blocker, and he was an expert at pushing a ball-carrier through the line," Stagg once said. In those days it was permissible to push or shove the ball carrier. "Heston also had a marvelous knack of holding his feet. This and his tremendous speed were his biggest assets."

**S**PEAKING of the University of Chicago and Stagg, they were largely responsible, rather indirectly, of course, for the rise of Yost and Heston. If Chicago had not soundly trounced Michigan in 1900, the Wolverines would not have been seeking a new coach. And if Yost hadn't come to Michigan, in all probability there would have been no Willie Heston to spark the famous Point-a-Minute teams.

The Chicago-Michigan rivalry was the greatest in the West in those early days. Chicago was a real football power, and for any team to beat Chicago was honor enough for the season. Michigan had beaten Chicago 12-11 in 1898, and although the two teams did not play the following year, the Wolverines were extremely confident in 1900. When the Maroons beat them 15-6, and should have defeated them by a much bigger margin, the search for a new coach began.

A. A. Stagg was as wily and sound a coach in his way as Yost. So when he saw his 1901 team go down 22-0, with Heston and Herrnstein leading the parade, he was chagrined no end.

Stagg spent all year perfecting a defense to stop Heston & Company. He had not underrated the Wolverines this time, a

thing he was guilty of previously, despite those lop-sided scores.

Played on Marshall Field, Chicago, that 1902 battle was a hammer-and-tongs affair—for a while. Michigan started fast as usual but the stubborn Maroon defense always braced in the danger zone. Finally, on the third march into Chicago territory, Ev Sweeley place-kicked a field goal for five points. But meanwhile the Maroon offense was making ground, too.

Then came the game-breaking play. Chicago had been forced to punt. Sweeley took it on the Michigan fifteen and came back ten yards. A play failed, and it looked like a punt. Instead of punting, however, Boss Weeks called for a double pass with Heston on the receiving end. He took the oval in full stride and raced eighty-five yards (the field was 110 yards long then) for a touchdown. That ended things as far as Chicago was concerned and the final count was 21-0.

Walter Camp deigned to come out of the East for the highly-publicized 1903 game. It was to be a duel between the mighty Heston, and a dynamic, little 140-pound sophomore, a dark-haired cocky little guy named Walter Eckersall, who was a marvel at punting, dropkicking, returning kicks and tackling, besides being a shrewd and canny quarterback.

But there was no duel at all. Heston simply ran over and around Eckersall for two touchdowns as Michigan scored a 23-0 victory. It was largely on the strength of this performance that Camp selected Heston for his All-American, the first of thirty Wolverines to make the mythical team.

The 1904 game, played at Ann Arbor, was Heston's collegiate swan song. It also was smoked up as another Heston-Eckersall duel. Eckie had been a sensation that year. His dropkicking and punting had been superb. Although the odds were 5-1 on Michigan with few takers, this turned out to be the hardest-fought contest, aside from the 1903 Minnesota game, that the Wolverines had played since the reign of the Point-a-Minute teams began in 1901. What betting there was consisted of wagers on whether Eckersall would dropkick any points for Chicago.

Stagg kept his squad in Jackson, thirty-five miles from Ann Arbor, the Friday before the game. They worked secretly and there was such a hush-hush air about the whole affair that rumors flooded the quaint little town of Ann Arbor by the score.

But there was nothing very formidable looking about the Maroons as they trotted through the fence and on to Ferry Field the next afternoon. The blue of the Wolverines loomed bigger and smoother. And when Captain Speik won the toss, forced Michigan to kick-off against the wind, and then saw his Maroons quickly smothered, it looked like the bettors were right.

Heston, playing his last game, quickly went to work. He rammed through for dashes ranging from five to fifteen yards, and in less than seven minutes, he had planted the ball on the Chicago five. Tom Hammond plunged over for five points but failed to kick goal. Five points in seven minutes. The Point-a-Minute boys were doing all right!

Once more the perfect Michigan defense foiled the Stagmen, and the Wolverines took the ball. And once more the fireworks began. This proved to be the first time the much-discussed duel between Heston and Eckersall materialized. Willie took the ball from Norcross, feinted in toward tackle and suddenly swept out around end at express-train speed. The end and halfback never had a chance, as Heston streaked for the sidelines, cut in, and dashed straight down the field.

Eckersall cut over and tried for his legs. Eckie was fast as a streak himself and he kept pace with Heston, but Willie kept stabbing him off with that deadly straight-arm. For forty-five yards they raced side-by-side until Eckersall finally seized Heston's arm and hung on until pursuing teammates caught up to bring the Michigan runner down. It was Heston again to the five and once more Hammond plunged over, and again missed the goal. But in twelve minutes Michigan had scored 10 points.

Then an amazing thing happened. Chicago, urged on by the whip-lash tongue of Eckersall, began a great drive.

The Maroons had a squat, bull-shouldered

fullback named Hugo Bezdek, later famous as a coach at Penn State. Hugo was an emotional type, easily roused, and Eckie had him fighting mad with sarcastic remarks.

Bezdek battered the Wolverines' vaunted defense as no one had ever hammered a Yost team before. Even Heston, as vicious a tackler as ever played football, was slammed into the ground or brushed off. Two . . . five . . . four yards—a grinding, gruelling march. As Chicago drove near the Michigan goal, Eckersall seemed to go berserk. He ranted, raved and cursed at Bezdek, at Catlin and at DeTray, the Maroon leather luggers. Now it was Bezdek on every other play, and finally he drove across. The point try was successful, and now it was 10-6, and Chicagoans went wild.

But their ardor dampened a bit when Heston made four and then fifteen yards on the first two plays after the kickoff. It dampened still further when Willie crossed the midfield stripe and raced to the thirty-five. A moment later he was on the sixteen, and then on the next play he drove across with Eckersall clinging tightly to his waist. He dragged Eckie for the last ten yards with his furious drive.

In a moment it was 16-6, and the gloom deepened in the Maroon stands again as Bezdek staggered off the field, dazed and reeling. Even the Michigan stands stood to give Hugo a tremendous ovation as he stumbled to the bench.

Eckersall might have turned the tide with the second half kick-off if it hadn't been for Heston. Eckie gathered in the leather on his fifteen and weaved like a double-jointed snake dancer through the Michigan pack. Suddenly he was in the open with clear sailing ahead. Heston gave chase and gradually closed the gap. Sensing someone behind, Eckie began to weave and twist. With one final, desperate lunge,

Heston just managed to grasp the Chicagoan's foot enough to trip him.

Eckersall set up the final Chicago marker with a ninety-yard punt, then scored the touchdown himself at Heston's expense. The kick sailed far over the safety man's head and came to rest on the Maize and Blue ten. Instead of kicking immediately the Wolverines sneaked the ball to the twenty.

Then it was Heston again. He steamed around end, cut in and crossed the thirty. As Eckie closed in, Heston tried to sidestep. In some inexplicable manner, the ball shot out of his arms into the air. Eckersall deftly picked it off with one hand and flashed across the Wolverine goal to make it 16-12.

For a few minutes it looked as if Chicago might score the upset of the century. The Maroons fought wildly and banged the Wolverines around as if they were a gang of sandlotters. Then Heston—and class—began to tell.

This was Willie's last game. He would not be beaten.

"Give it to me—and keep on giving it to me," he told his quarterback.

Bang! Off-tackle for five. Wham! A quick buck through guard . . . six yards. Whoosh! A breath-taking jaunt around end for fifteen. He stiff-armed Eckersall, and they had to take time out for Eckie. On he went, racing, smashing, driving until the count was 22-12, and Michigan's four year record of no defeats was still intact—and so was Willie's.

Teeth bared, eyes blazing cold fury, blond, curly hair flashing in the setting sun, legs churning like twin pistons—that was Heston—marvelous Willie Heston, still giving everything he had, still the fighting, tenacious ball player, who was never stopped and never licked. Willie Heston played it up to the hilt, right up to the final whistle—and in four long years he never knew the meaning of defeat.

---

# —and The Band Played Dixie!

By TOM O'NEIL

**Bill Lodge was one guy who thought he knew all the football angles. But when rebel-yelling Jackson College went North to whip the Yankees he learned about football that was war.**

**B**ILL LODGE III, of Boston and Bar Harbor, grunted in sympathy as he leaned over the rail of the rickety little grandstand and watched the scrimmage now taking place under the hot October sun. Out there on the practice field the twenty-two men were working like a gun-crew in battle, stripped to shoulder-pads and pants and covered with a muddy clay where Georgia dirt had accrued to their steaming bodies.

Lodge groaned humorously.

"Fighting the Civil War all over again," he told himself.

Players trotted back to position after each play, bodies streaming profusely with their exertion. The sun's rays slanted horizontally from the west; the afternoon was late; but the heat seemed to radiate from the dusty Georgia soil as enervating as ever.

But the practice scrimmage went on with undiminished vigor.

Then the picture under the hot sun shifted, changed. The play opened up; the tall boy watching in the grandstand saw that it was going to be a pass. A man went back, voices barked frantic warning—a receiver was coming downfield to take a pass. The pass led too much; it brushed his fingertips as he leaped unavailingly. The spheroid bounced away from him in the end-zone and came tumbling toward the grandstand.

Bill Lodge vaulted lithely over the rail. He picked the ball up and looked toward the player who was jogging toward him.

"Here-ya-go!"

He tossed the ball, conscious as he did so of a familiar bodily memory. He hadn't touched a football in over a year, but suddenly—so strong that it made him tremble a little—the old familiar feeling came back.

He looked up. The youth he'd thrown

the football to was standing in front of him. Crandall, Jackson's great fullback.

The big fullback said accusingly: "Yo' threw that ball like yo' knew how!"

Bill Lodge stood silent. Illogically, he felt at a disadvantage because Crandall wore a uniform and he was in slacks and sweater. The Jackson football captain's high tenor, so disproportionate with his size and the dark, bold strength of his face, stirred him with unaccountable irritation.

Crandall repeated in his high voice: "Yo' ever play' football before, suh?"

His irritation loosened his tongue. He said deliberately: "My name's Lodge. Lodge of Yale."

The big Southerner nodded his head cordially. "Glad to know yo', suh. I'm Crandall—Lee Crandall." He held out a powerful, tanned hand.

The burning Georgia sun beat down. Lodge's irritation grew until he wanted to shout the words at the persistent Southerner. Instead he said almost quietly; explaining: "I thought everybody had heard about it. I was a pretty good ball hand at Yale two years back. In fact the coaches built their offense around me—I played No. 4 back. It was something of a scandal—I got pie-eyed on the eve of the Princeton game. Woke up in jail. They played without me." He finished jerkily; aroused in spite of bravado at the recollection, and looked quizzically at Lee Crandall. He said wryly: "So you see I'm not very good football material."

The big Southerner looked at him a moment unsmilingly; then a grin wreathed his dark face. "I beg yo' pardon, suh," he said apologetically, "but if you'd be kind enough to step over this way with me I'd like to introduce you to the coach. So yo' played for Yale, suh? That sure is a startling coincidence, suh."

COACH "PEP" ANDERSON explained about the coincidence a few moments later. The little, bow-legged man, who doubled in Mathematics II in between football and baseball, grinned cockily at Lodge. "Sure," he admitted, "we're going up Nawth the twenty-eighth of October. Play Yale. Expect to beat 'em, too."

Lodge glanced around at the meager squad. "You could do with some reserves, couldn't you, Coach?" he suggested with a grin.

The grin was not wasted on Coach Anderson.

"I reckon you think we haven't a chance against Yale?" he bristled.

Lodge said frankly: "If fighting spirit were all that's involved, you'd have a chance against any team in the country. But . . . material, Coach . . . material."

The little coach looked at Lodge closely. "Son," he said slowly, "you know football. A man can look at you and tell that. I heard about your scrape a couple years back. How would you like to get square by joining up with us Johnny Rebs and goin' Nawth to lick the Yankees?"

Lodge stared at the little man. Somewhere inside of him a pulse started to beat, slowly at first and then wildly. He forced his voice to be calm.

"How could I help you, Coach? I haven't touched a football in two years."

Lee Crandall spoke. "You threw that pass like . . ."

But Coach Anderson waved him to silence. "Son, don't you worry none about where we'll use you. We'll 'tend to that little matter. We—" He broke off abruptly, bawled to the little knot of substitutes



over by the bench. "Riblett! Johnston! Over here!" Two lads broke lose from the group and came loping over.

"Here, Riblett—you're of a size. Shuck right out of your football duds, son. We need 'em to try out Mr. Lodge here."

"But—" objected Lodge.

"No arguin'. Hop into that suit right away. I'm gonna see what you've got, Lodge."

Lodge took one look at the fiery little coach's face and changed his mind about further argumentation. Why not? It wouldn't hurt him to run through a few plays, humor the coach. He wouldn't play. He was through with football, he told himself.

He winked smilingly at Lee Crandall and commenced stripping, right there on the field. Coach Anderson was some fireball.

**T**HE coach's whistle brought them crowding around him, twenty-two eager youths who examined the stranger curiously. Lodge stared back in return. He was slightly amused with it all. He had played a lot of football in his time—at high-priced prep schools and at Yale—yet he had never seen such intensity as here on this Georgia practice field.

Pep Anderson spread his bowed legs and snapped belligerently: "This is Bill Lodge, who's going to show you what you'll be up against when we go Nawth to play Yale. Lodge, you'll take the 'B' team on your own forty and see if you can advance. Our formations are simple—we work out of a single wingback or the short punt most of the time."

Lodge smiled. Lee Crandall tossed him the ball, grinned with a flash of white teeth in his dark face and took up his position on the forty-yard line with the Jackson varsity. Lodge motioned the "B" team into a huddle. He took charge naturally. "I noticed you did some pretty smooth downfield blocking a little while ago," he said admiringly. "Give me more of the same and we'll go to town. All right, let's try a cut-back inside end for our first play. See if we can stay out of each other's way."

They had never played together, but at

that they weren't bad. The small, close-knit boy at right guard pulled out and led him through the hole. Lodge ran instinctively in the feather-soft gait that could instantaneously flash into high, or permit him to fade to left or right. He went past the roving center when the fast little guard checked him and then poured it on as he weaved out again toward the side-lines.

He might have scored with more accustomed blocking, but the "B" team members utilized more verve than science. They left him alone at thirty to run past Lee Crandall at safety. Lodge saw at once the Southern boy was no novice. He fainted him once and Crandall moved with him just enough to cover but not enough to give Lodge the half step he needed. Lodge sprinted toward him at top speed and at the last moment reversed, but it was not enough. Crandall dived under his stiff-arm and dumped him neatly and with a minimum of collision on the thirty. Lodge came to his feet and grinned and said: "Next time I'll just stop and you can tag me."

There was a wide grin on Crandall's face. But he only said: "Man, you sure can run!"

Lodge called the "B" team into a huddle on the thirty. "Anybody catch passes around here?"

The tightly knit guard said: "Tom Craun here can catch anything he can get his hands on." He indicated the tall, hatchet-faced lad at his side. Lodge said:

"You're an end? All right, run straight out toward the goal-posts and when you get to the end-zone break for the corner. You others block."

The "B" team grinned and jumped to the ball. Once more it came spiraling back to Lodge. He doubled over and faked with the ball, then began to fade backwards. A lineman broke through and thundered down on him but his dive clutched only thin air as Lodge turned and twisted. The hatchet-faced end, Craun, was in the end-zone now. He pivoted quickly for a big man and went to his right. The "B" team line could hold no longer and four players converged on him from different directions. Lodge went up in the air like a basketballer, threw cleanly while

in mid-air and went down under the charge of sweating, bare-skinned men.

He sat up. The ball player named Craun had the ball tucked nonchalantly under one arm and was walking out to give it to Coach Anderson. But the little coach was staring in another direction. He was looking at Bill Lodge, and the expression in his eyes was that of a man who sees the Promised Land. Three Southerners murmured something apologetic and got up respectfully from Lodge. Lodge walked over to Coach Anderson.

The bow-legged little man held out his hand. "Son," he said dreamily, "when I was a younker a bunch of us players at the University paid our own fares and went Nawth to play Yale. No coach or nothin'. They beaten us 13 to 7. I been itchin' to get even ever since. Now I'm a-goin' to do it."

Lodge protested. "But—"

Coach Pep Anderson glared. "Son, if you think there's anything you got to say about it, you've got another think a-comin'! After showin' what you did . . .! Shucks, rest your mind easy, son. After we beat Yale, I'll let you go. Not before!"

Lodge threw up both hands good-humoredly. "Discretion's the better part of valor, here, Coach. You win. But I can't answer for consequences. I—"

"Stop chattering," Coach Anderson commanded testily. "Git out there and start learning them signals . . ."

**E**ARLY autumn is hot in Dixie, but the evenings are cool and fragrant. Fresh little breezes, redolent with the scent of pine-trees and the Georgia fields, drifted beguilingly down Peach Street and intrigued Bill Lodge as that young man turned in at Professor Bristow's house and opened the wooden gate. It squeaked. The Northern boy closed it carefully and walked toward the porch. A voice spoke lazily from a figure seated in an old swing on the porch, vague in the twilight. A girl's voice:

"Father's inside. If it's about matriculation, why don't you wait until morning and see him at his office."

It was, Lodge decided, about the nicest voice he'd heard in these parts. There was

only a delightful suggestion of the blurred consonants and saccharine vowels he sometimes found hard to translate.

He said, with the proper amount of reserve befitting a Lodge:

"I believe I have an appointment with Professor Bristow. He—ah—asked me to drop around about eight."

"Oh," said the girl from the dimness of the porch-swing. "I know who you are. You're the Northern boy they say is going to beat Yale. I'm Virginia Bristow. How do you like us Johnny Rebs?"

Bill Lodge moved forward, impelled by a force beyond his understanding. With one foot on the porch step, he said: "It's really funny, you know. I came down here to get away from all that—the football hysteria and the rest. And I find myself inside of forty-eight hours drafted to general a bunch of wild fanatics who are going up North in six weeks to play a team that will walk over them."

The girl said: "You don't like football, do you?"

Lodge shrugged. "It's very good—as a sport. Once upon a time I liked to play . . . in prep school, for instance. But when I got to college—well, it all changed. Everything was football, football, football. I grew to hate it."

The porch swing creaked as Virginia Bristow got up from the swing and came forward. She was tall, cool and lovely in a white linen dress. "Was that why you got high the night before the Princeton game?" she asked amusedly.

Lodge said steadily: "You know about that? I'm not proud about that part of it. It was a kind of protest, I guess. It was pretty lousy."

The front gate squeaked. A tall figure started up the path to the house. It was Lee Crandall. Lodge said hastily:

"Your father—he asked me to drop around—"

The girl giggled and held open the door and whispered: "His study's at the end of the hall. Just knock."

He could hear her murmur as the door closed behind him, "Why, Lee Crandall, you ol' thing! You're just as late as *anything!* I just bet you're holding out on me . . ."

And Crandall's voice, high-pitched, enamored, chivalrous: "Now, Virginia, you' know the' isn't anybody . . ."

Lodge grunted something unflattering under his breath. He knocked at the study door and heard Prof. Bristow's answering "Come in." Lodge sighed and went inside the study.

**T**HEY opened against Georgia Tech. The Yellow Jacks were warming up for their games against Notre Dame, Vandy, Duke, Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia and California and were not prepared for the waspish little team from the Georgia hills. Bill Lodge uncorked a twisting, whirling dervish run on the kick-off that carried him the length of the field. The Engineers' first team came in too late. Jackson scored twice more in the first quarter, on passes, Lodge to Crandall and again, Lodge pitching nonchalantly to Craun—and then Coach Anderson jerked him for the rest of the game. "Can't afford to have you hurt, son."

The Jackson line dug in like the sharpshooters along in front of Atlanta and held the Engineers for the rest of the game, 20—14.

That got publicity. Sportswriters dismissed it as an early season upset, but Alabama saw the straws in the wind and prepared for trouble. And trouble was what they got! Wily Coach Anderson held Lodge out until late in the second quarter. The game was tied at none-all until then, but Lodge broke away in two long dashes to score.

The victory parade began! Jackson College 14, Alabama 7! Jackson College 25, Sewanee 0! Jackson College 7, Tulane 0! People began to talk about national honors . . . the Rose Bowl. The publicity began to roll out, reams of it. Lodge came in for a great deal of attention. Some enterprising newshawk got hold of the "disgrace story" and speculated dramatically on the coming tilt in the Yale Bowl. The headlines screamed:

LITTLE JACKSON TO INVADE  
YANKEE-LAND!

GIANT-KILLERS, PACED BY ELI

RENEGADE, SWING NORTHWARD!

GETTYSBURG RENEWED! REBELS  
MEET YANKS IN RETURN  
ENGAGEMENT!

\* \* \*

**V**IRGINIA BRISTOW held out her hand. "I wish you the best of luck, Bill. Oh, Bill! We just *must* win!"

Bill Lodge grinned. "Just a little Southern girl, rooting for her team . . ." he teased. Her hand was still in his. He drew her nearer. "Didn't Southern girls use to kiss the boys good-bye when they went away to battle?"

Virginia Bristow blushed. She tried to release her hand. "You! Well, since you're going away, sir . . ."

She was in his arms. The veranda hid them from the street.

"Oh, Bill! Do you really feel this way? I've felt this way since you first came up the walk and asked for father . . ."

Bill Lodge said unsteadily: "I've always felt this way. I—"

A shadow fell across the veranda. They looked up. Lee Crandall stood there in front of the veranda steps. His dark, handsome face was impassive, but his eyes were like those of a condemned man. Virginia Bristow threw up one hand. "Oh, Lee . . ."

But the Jackson captian turned stiffly and marched down the walk toward the gate. They watched him walk up the street.

Virginia Bristow was nearly in tears. "I'm so sorry. I like Lee so . . ."

Bill Lodge's voice was bitter with self-indictment. "I guess that caps my career as a heel! Stealing another fellow's girl!"

"But you couldn't help—" the girl cried.

But Bill Lodge had turned and was striding down the flagstoned walk . . .

**T**HE roar took off from one side of the mighty stadium, bounced against the opposite tiers of massed humanity and reverberated with stunning intensity over the heads of the Jackson players. Bill Lodge looked up to find Coach Anderson waving him in to the bench. He was on the far side of the field, and as he turned and

started in, the entire Yale side of the Bowl stood as one man—and began to boo! . . .

It swept down on him, the contempt of thirty thousand Yale fans. Lodge, trotting nonchalantly across-field, thought sardonically: *Yale welcomes the prodigal home.* He came in to the bench and said lightly: "Some friends of mine up in the stands recognize me."

Coach Anderson snapped: "Forget that. We're going out on the field in a moment, men, to face the team we've pointed for all year. I know you'd rather win this one than all the rest. Now go out there and play your regular game!"

Yale kicked off. Lodge went back and took it in the end-zone, came back to his own 25. The North-South game was on!

Dame Fortune, who had smiled upon them so gently all season, now showed her shewdish claws. On the first play of the game, Craun, who did the bulk of the receiving for Jackson, failed to get up after the whistle. The assistant manager came running out on the field—Jackson had no trainer. Craun was finished for the day. He hobbled on one leg from the field and took half of Jackson's pass-catching strength with him. Jackson rushed once more, then kicked. Going down on the kick, Kelsey, one of the watch-pocket guards, dived into a flying squadron of Yale backs and was knocked cold as a haddock! Two key men, important in the Jackson system, lost in the first two minutes of play.

And now the minutes flew fast. The second quarter came and was nearly over. The pace began to tell on the Jackson team. Whistle. Substitution . . . "Yale wishes to substitute an entirely new team . . ."

Smashing, daring play on the part of the Yales. The Northern team can rise to competitive heights, too. Down to Jackson's 24 . . . to the 15 in two line smashes . . . a pass into Don Hyatt's territory, the Southern boy on tired legs unable to get up in time . . . the Yale end pulls in the pass . . .

Touchdown!

In the dressing-rooms, peppery Coach Anderson was striding up and down between the benches. "You've played good

ball. Craun and Kelsey getting hurt was a bad break. You'll make it up."

Then, coming back on the field . . . Bill Lodge walking beside the little coach . . . Anderson asking softly:

"What about it, son? Still feel the same about football? Remember once you said, 'If fighting spirit were all that mattered, we'd have a chance against anybody'?"

Bill Lodge, wryly: "I also said something about material, if I remember rightly."

The coach stopped and turned him around. "Son," looking Lodge in the eyes, "fighting spirit is more important than anything else in the world. I hope you find that out this second half."

**T**HE second half kick-off. Lodge playing his smooth, effortless game at half.

Yale coming out refreshed and throwing everything in the books at the gallant Southerners. Smart football. Power formations. It had to score, Lodge told himself. But somehow it didn't. Yale going twice down to Jackson's 10-yard line, but the Southern team always rising to the heights and stopping the Yale drives—somehow. Lodge punting them out of danger with high, booming kicks—and Yale coming on again. . . .

It began to get Lodge. He sucked in his breath sobbingly when they came back to the huddle. Crandall looked at him curiously. Lodge said:

"Call time-out. We've got four minutes left. We've got to score."

In the huddle Lodge's voice lashed them deliberately. "I've heard all my life about Southern teams—about the way they came up North and licked the damn' Yanks! Well—here we are!"

They looked at him, men drained of all their vitality. Lee Crandall said sharply: "These men are tired! They've been going all out the whole game."

But doughty little Lou Breckinridge snapped: "Lodge is right! Our grandfathers didn't quit in the Civil War when the odds were against them. I call on every man here to do his duty . . ." He looked straight at Lodge. "And you, sir?"

Lodge said gruffly: "If you get up there you'll find that I'm right beside you."

**T**HE startled crowd saw a wild Jackson College crew tearing into the stubborn Yale defense with a burst of fury . . . a raging, bare-headed running back who screamed hoarse encouragements at his teammates . . . who passed to Crandall, the team captain, for a twenty-yard gain, and who whirled and dodged his way through virtually the whole Yale team for forty more . . .

Then down on Yale's eight, with the clock ticking off the moments inexorably. First and goal to go! The stadium a bedlam as Lodge takes the ball and plows straight into the Eli line for four yards. The snap-back again . . . Lodge going back for a pass . . . Crandall in the clear. . . . No, he's covered! . . . The pass is batted down. Lodge fakes realistically off to his right, while Crandall drives over tackle. Three yards! The teams line up—

*The gun!* Game's end—with the ball on Yale's one-yard line! Tears running down Lodge's cheeks as he walks away from the ball.

The rest of the Jackson team standing there, too dazed to understand what

has happened. Out on their feet.

Then it came! Over the hysterical roar of the crowd drifted the first faint strains of the Yale band . . . a marching song, a song of long-ago wars. *Dixie!* The crowd hushed, listening. Then, with a shout, they took up the words. ". . . 'An' I wish I was in Dixie . . ."

Crandall took Lodge's arm. The big captain's face was strangely calm. "I'm proud to have played with you, suh. A great game." They went in to the bench arm in arm. Coach Anderson wept unashamedly. "Twice them dag-nabbed Yales have licked us. But it's good as a victory. You showed that Yankee crowd something they'd never seen before."

The tall girl in the sports coat fought her way through the riotous crowd spilling down on the field. Her eyes were misty. She took Lee Crandall's arm in hers; linked arms with Lodge.

"Listen to them!" she cried, looking up gloriously at the two men. "Listen to them playing Dixie!"

And blurred and far-away and triumphant came that chant of victory. Victory in defeat.

". . . *Look away . . . look away . . . Dixie-land . . . !*"

## AT YOUR WRIST

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BARGAIN CALENDAR watch, tells TIME & DATE precisely, automatically. Sent to you on our 30 DAYS HOME TRIAL. We DARE you to COMPARE. Money back in 30 days if not OVERJOYED. 3 YEARS WRITTEN GUARANTEE (it must be good). Made in world's finest factory (Swiss). Finest RUBY JEWEL movement; Separate mainspring, balance & lever bridges; PATENTED integral SHOCK absorber; AUTOMATIC over-tension guard; Pin pallet lever precision movement; high pressure water proof; non-magnetic. SAVE big money, get the FINEST. Our 30 DAYS trial, or MONEY BACK will prove to you, AT NO RISK, that this is THE WORLD'S GREATEST BARGAIN. Get one now, you'll buy more for your friends. You'll be HAPPY and PROUD. SPECIAL . . . Chrome top, steel back ONLY \$17.00 Rolled GOLD \$20.00 . . . FREE RADIUM DIALS and NO TAX if you RUSH.

ACELL CO. • Box 921 (Dept. 66) • Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

TIME your  
DATE . . .

in seconds  
in minutes  
in hours  
in DAYS

30 DAYS  
HOME TRIAL



3 YEARS  
GUARANTEE

# Famous Football Games

By LES ETTER

**The puny Lions of Columbia vs. the mighty behemoths of Stanford. Belly-laughs and wise cracks swept the country. Poor Columbia. What a set-up. But when the curtain came down on that famous '34 Rose Bowl classic the wisecracs were choking on their own words and shouting the praises of an eleven steeped in guts and glory.**

**I**T WAS a belly laugh from coast-to-coast when the teletypes chattered the news into a thousand newspaper offices throughout the country—the news that New York City's Columbia Lions had been selected to play the mighty men of Stanford in the Rose Bowl classic.

A wave of derision swept the land, ranging from the sardonic chuckles of aging sports writers, to the full-blown guffaws of fans.

Wise-cracks by the pound were spawned at Columbia's expense. The radio comics of 1933 forgot the Depression. Here was a fresher subject for a field day. The Rose Bowl choice kept their corn popping for weeks.

"Like Mickey Mouse and Max Baer," the fans said. "Stanford will murder 'em."

Columbia was the poorest selection ever made for the Rose Bowl, the critics said. The late Damon Runyon was the only big time sports writer in the country to champion the cause of the down-trodden Lions of Columbia. And his pals all said he did it more to rib his fiery friend, Mark Kelly, the Pacific Coast scribe, more than anything else. Kelly already was predicting dire things for Columbia, while Runyon was telling his public that Columbia was too fast and smart for the Coast boys. Some friends said that Runyon would have championed the cause of the Barnard College for Women just so long as it represented his beloved Big Town.

Runyon took a terrific ribbing from fellow columnists. But El Runyon was a fast man with a quip himself. It was all very funny. It was all very funny to everyone, except the Columbia players, and a fellow named Lou Little, who was their coach. It is not very funny to beat your brains out, to take the bumps and bruises

of a winning football season, and still be laughed at. And this game little band of Columbia Lions had done very well indeed when one examined the record.



They had won seven games and lost one, and that loss was to one of Fritz Crisler's best Princeton teams—a squad loaded with reserves, packed with power, and skilled in Crisler's famous pigskin ledger-demain.

The Lions had scored 172 points to 45 for all opponents, and the Tigers had copped twenty of those. They had trounced Lehigh, Virginia, Penn State, Cornell, Navy, Lafayette and Syracuse.

Sure we know all that, argued the fans. The Columbias have a good little team. A great little team—in their own league. But they have no business in there with men. They grow 'em big out in California. Big, blond and tough. And lots of them.

What did Columbia have? A lightweight outfit, a lot of sixty-minute ball players, with not enough reserves to fill half of the bench.

"A nice match for a good California high school team," is the way one Coast writer described them contemptuously.

Yeah, they had Cliff Montgomery, a smart kid at quarter—probably good to his mother, too. And they had Al Barabas, Ed Brominski, Tony Matal, good run-of-the-mine kids—so what? Nice boys, too bad . . .

Now take this Stanford outfit. There, Brother, was a football team. Bobby Grayson at fullback. Already they were comparing him to the great Ernie Nevers. Grayson was big, rugged, fast, a flashy guy who could smash through a brick wall and come up smiling.

There was "Horse" Reynolds, a fine tackle, destined to be the only man to play 180 minutes in three Rose Bowl tilts. And in "Monk" Moscrip and Keith Topping the Indians had the finest ends in the Far West. They raved about "Bones" Hamilton, blocking back extraordinary. About Frank Alustiza, who could make with the quarterback magic.

This gang had all the stuff—a 200-pound line, plenty of reserves, a host of running backs, all under the direction of Claude "Tiny" Thornhill, one of the top big league coaches.

Why play the thing at all, a lot of fans argued? They can't even make it sound good over the radio.

This may seem like exaggeration, but it isn't. Anyone who was around at the time, especially in the middle and far west, will recall the barrage of criticism and derision at Columbia's expense.

But studious Lou Little was not humiliated. He smiled and shrugged and kept rather quiet. He worked his squad enough to keep it in shape, and burned plenty of midnight oil, scanning scout reports, play charts, reading the play-by-play detail of all of Stanford's games during the 1933 season. He paid particular attention to the various defenses the Indians used. When he had analyzed and digested the mass of material on his desk, he grew very thoughtful.

THERE were a few points that made him wonder. Everybody said that the Indians were potentially the greatest thing to come down the football pike in quite a while. Yet they had lost a 6-0 game to four-times-beaten Washington. They had been tied by an average Northwestern team, 0-0, and had barely nosed out poor UCLA, 3-0. Not exactly a championship record. Lou wondered why everybody was so cocksure that Stanford could name the score against his Lions. Lou little had noticed a couple of other things, too. A tendency on the part of the Stanford defense to get rattled at times. A tendency to fumble when they got near the goal line. But he did not mention these things to anyone.

Lou Little knew that he had a lightweight team. But he also knew that his first team was smart and lightning fast. He couldn't gamble much with what reserves he had. Most of his first stringers would have to stay in there and take it from a parade of bigger, fresher men. There was no doubt about it, the big blond boys from the sun-tan belt were almost as numerous as they were large.

Little looked at the charts again, the ghost of a smile hovering about the corners of his wide mouth. Well, maybe—Anyway, he thought grimly, they'll have to prove it on the field. We'll not be licked over the radio or in the newspapers.

Columbia entrained for the Coast and thousands of students milled about to bid them farewell and luck. Along the route,

too, there were crowds to wish them well. But there was an undertone of sympathy, in those greetings that seemed to say "You plucky kids, we hope you don't get killed. Such nice looking boys, too."

Individually the Lions gradually began to develop a slow burn. They were good, clean-cut American kids, athletes all. They were used to taking their lumps on the field without wincing. They weren't looking for sympathy. They just wanted to play football.

They arrived on the Coast and the Californians were as hospitable as they always are. The Rose Bowl committee outdid itself to see that everything was all right. Everybody hoped the boys from the East were enjoying themselves. It was all so nice. Now and then there was a sympathetic smile, an impulsive hand shake.

And inside of each Columbia player, that little knot of smoldering resentment burned higher. The boys began to block savagely, tempers began to grow short, they snapped through their plays with drill master precision. Lou Little, seeing all these things, tried to hide a pleased smile. He'd been around for a long time in a football way.

Conditions were none too favorable for practice that year. That was a year of heavy rains, disastrous floods, and the Depression. But the Day moved nearer until now it was nearly upon them.

**T**HE only sound in the huge gray Rose Bowl that morning of January 1, 1934, was the monotonous snuffing of the water pumps of the Pasadena fire department. Eighteen inches of very wet rain covered the gridiron. Anxious, rain-coated Tournament officials crouched in the ramps and wondered if water polo might not be more appropriate.

There was a grim sound to that early morning downpour, too. The previous night had brought to southern California the most disastrous flood in its history. Scores of homes had been washed away and many lives had been lost in the La Canada, Crescenta and Sunland areas within a few miles of the stadium.

But by noon the skies had cleared slightly. Both coaches breathed a sigh of relief. Perhaps Lou Little's sigh was a

bit more thankful than Thornhill's. The mud would make it tougher for his boys, but if the rain kept up, it would simply be a slogging battle through the line, and he knew his boys couldn't take that against Stanford for sixty minutes.

Little inspected the field carefully. It definitely was not good, but it was not a quagmire, and in spots the footing was firm and fairly fast.

But the faces of the Rose Bowl committee members, however, were as bleak as the weather as kick-off time approached. There parade had been held under the greatest of difficulties in the morning. Now barely 35,000 fans had braved the elements to get to the arena that seats 93,000, and they were hardy souls, indeed, to dare the almost impassable roads.

But those same hardy souls saw a dramatic story unfold, the kind that Lou Little, one of the great coaches of all time, had planned and plotted through long nights of study.

Stanford came out and warmed up. There was Grayson. That was Frankie Alustiza, the quarterback, over there. The big guy was "Horse" Reynolds. The two fellows set to go down under passes were Moscrip and Topping, the ends.

These were the "Vow Boys," all sophomores, so-called because as freshmen the year before, they had taken solemn oath never to be beaten by their arch-rival, Southern California. They kept that pledge for three years. But they also played in three Rose Bowl games and won only one, against Southern Methodist in 1936.

Columbia trotted through its paces, too. There was a marked contrast between the two squads. The kids from New York were trim and athletic-looking enough, but they were more the basketball type. Physically they looked puny alongside of the heavy duty boys in Stanford uniforms.

The difference was immediately noticeable in the stands. The handicapping process began all over again, poor little Columbia! The officials walked out and called the captains together. The slaughter was about to begin.

Stanford kicked off to Columbia's five yard line where Montgomery took it for a nice return up to his thirty-five. It was

a big surprise for all California fans present. But they settled back in their seats as two Columbia plays were smeared and the New Yorkers were forced to punt. There were several exchanges of kicks as neither side seemed to be able to get going.

The Indians apparently were just getting up ahead of steam. They were big and confident looking. They would turn on the fireworks when they got the real opportunity. When they were ready to deal out the crushing power.

There was one Columbia surge, however. It came so quickly and came so nearly scoring that Stanford should have been alerted for it next time. It developed from the Lions' now famous "KF-79," a clever play which stressed carefully timed faking as its main point.

Little had carefully instructed Montgomery, the lad with the movie profile and the scientific brains, just when to use it. And Montgomery did a masterful job with KF-79. Both Little, and his fiery assistant, Herb Kopf, bounded off the bench as they saw Al Barabas racing down the sidelines alone. The Stanford defense was busy piling into Ed Brominski and Monty.

It should have been a touchdown but it wasn't. Something had slipped along the way. Nobody had covered the Indian safety man, and he spotted Barabas in time to overhaul him on the twelve with a desperate, diving tackle.

Little and Kopf sank back in deep disappointment. This had been the Sunday punch and it had failed. Now the Stanford defense had seen it. The Indians would be alert. It would not work again.

The skies grew no brighter as the play wore on. The drizzle became a steady cold rain. The footing grew even more insecure. It would be a battle of lines now, and Stanford would have the advantage. Columbia's big chance had come and gone in one fleeting instant.

But Stanford, despite its vaunted power and weight, was getting nowhere either. The big sophomores were too eager. They needed handles on the ball. They fumbled, booted and bobbled, until the game resembled a Rugby scrimmage. The wonder of it was that they recovered as many of their fumbles as they did.

In fairness to the Indians, their sloppy ball-handling was not an uncommon fault with their type of driving, slashing, off-tackle offensive. The backs, especially sophomore backs, are often so eager to hit the line with all their power that they start before they have the ball safely tucked away. It's like the rookie shortstop who tries to throw to first before he has the ball.

The two teams changed goals for the second period with the count knotted at 0-0. And then, suddenly, in the first five minutes, Columbia got its big, shining opportunity. Got it the way all good teams do, by making it themselves.

Montgomery, sensing that the Stanford defense had been lulled into a sense of security, suddenly switched to passes. He faded back and pitched a perfect strike to Tony Matal. When Tony skidded into the soggy sod, with the Stanford safety man clutching his legs, he was on the Indians' seventeen.

Lou Little came off the bench again. This was the spot, the spot for KF-79. This was the time to strike. While the Stanford defense was still rattled, still trying to adjust itself. What would Montgomery do? What would the Stanford defensive alignment do?

Suddenly the Columbia coach remembered—he had not sent in instructions to adjust blocking assignments on KF-79. If that Stanford safety man laid back as he had done previously, he could ruin that perfect touchdown play again.

His heart took a dive. But it was too late to do anything about it now. Montgomery already was calling the play. And Little's practiced eyes had already noted that the formation was KF-79.

He scarcely breathed as he took in every minute detail of the scene. Quickly he spotted something else. Lou Little did not realize at the moment that he was witnessing one of the fastest bits of clear thinking in college football. He saw Owen McDowell, the Columbia left end, dash over to his short-side guard, Larry Pinckney. Pinckney listened, then nodded vigorously.

McDowell had realized, almost before anybody else on the field, what had happened to KF-79 in the first quarter. The

play called for drawing in the safety man toward the center of the field, while Barabas sped down the sidelines. But the safety man hadn't fallen for it before. This time he had to be blocked. They could take no chances.

At the snap of the ball, McDowell cut down the field. He completely ignored the man he was originally assigned to block on the play. That man was "Bones" Hamilton, defensive halfback. The Columbia end now drifted a bit, keeping his eyes on the Indians' safety man.

**P**INCKNEY, at guard, merely nudged his regular blocking assignee and wheeled swiftly. He drove straight into Hamilton with all of his strength, up-ending that young man to send him skidding across the sidelines.

During that same split-second, Cliff Montgomery took the ball from Center Newt Wilder. He spun completely around, handing it to Barabas without even slowing his spin, and then faking to Ed Brominski, crouched and running low into the line.

Montgomery, himself, would have qualified for Hollywood on the play. Bent almost double, he flitted along behind the scrimmage line as frantic Stanford hands reached for him. One side of the line was concentrating on Brominski, the other side was chasing Montgomery.

Meanwhile, Barabas, like a thief in the night, was treading lightly and casually toward the sideline. He was apparently the man-in-motion, merely a decoy to draw attention from Montgomery and Brominski. The Stanford secondary gave him a quick size-up.

All they saw was a Columbia back trotting leisurely along, going no place, and in no great hurry. He was completely nonchalant, running slowly with his hands on his hips. The Stanford defense immediately dove into the task of dropping Brominski and Montgomery.

What they had failed to notice was that clasped firmly against his right hip, Barabas had a football. The same football that had been in use all afternoon on that field. Barabas was guilty of as clever a bit of gridiron skullduggery as has ever been perpetrated upon an unsuspecting opponent.

He did not hurry, he merely drifted along until he was within a yard of the sideline. Suddenly he wheeled and dashed down the field. It wasn't until he was in full stride that even the spectators saw him. A sudden roar of surprise from the stands woke up the Stanford defense. But it was too late.

The Stanford safety man was just rubbing the mud from his eyes and sprawling out from under McDowell as Barabas planted the ball in the end zone with a broad grin. Not an opposing hand had been laid upon him. No opposing player had come within three yards of him at any time during his run. A moment later, with the stands still buzzing in surprise, Newt Wilder, kicking a placement, made it 7-0 for Columbia.

It was this bit of Columbia deception that led a San Francisco sports writer to begin his story by quoting scripture. "Now Barabas was a robber," he wrote, quoting from the Book of John, XVIII, 40.

Millions of radio listeners throughout the country could not believe their ears. The short-end boys were gloating, having a real holiday. It was practically unbelievable. Mickey Mouse *had* jumped up and kissed one off Max Baer's whiskers for a touchdown!

But after a momentary burst of surprise and enthusiasm, the millions sat down again. This was just what Stanford needed to shake them out of their lethargy. Look out, now, brother! Nobody envied Columbia's position in that second half.

Stanford came out like a bunch of Indians on the warpath for the second half. Up in the pressbox Damon Runyon was laughing and cheering, and ribbing his highly chagrined friend, Mark Kelly.

"What do you wise guys think about my team now?" Runyon asked. "Great team, Columbia. Smart, tricky and lots of guts. That's my team, boys, that team down there with the blue jerseys—Columbia!"

The Indians started with a bang. It was Grayson, Grayson, and Grayson again. He ran up a record 152 yards in 28 times with the ball. But he did not score. Nor did any other Stanford back.

Columbia was on the defense now, and with Montgomery directing, they were as

keen and shrewd as they'd been on offense. No matter how hard the interference smashed in, there was always somebody to come in from the side, to trail the runner and bring him down. In its frantic eagerness to score, Stanford actually aided the Lion's cause by fumbling eight times. Five of those fumbles resulted in large losses, and three were recovered by Columbia. Grayson, who gained 152 yards in twenty-eight plays—more net yardage than the entire Columbia team had gained all afternoon—was charged with five of those bobbles.

The Lions made only 107 yards in net total as compared to 258 for the Indians. Stanford had a total of 16 first downs to 5 for Columbia. Only in passing did Columbia excel, and by the narrow margin of 29 yards to 23.

But no one on that particular day could hand a high-spirited, intelligent and dead-game Columbia team eight fumbles and expect to win. Max Stiles, the Rose Bowl historian, in his book on the history of the Tournament games wrote:

"I am one who believes that, rain or no rain, this particular Columbia team could have beaten this particular Stanford team on any kind of a field. The prime factor is that Columbia was probably the most underrated team ever to play in the Rose Bowl."

Defensively Stanford was tough except for that one slip. Columbia gave ground, and lots of it. But when the chips were down they had it. A desperate, diving tackle here, a smartly played pass, tenacious pursuit of the fumbled ball at the right time. All these were factors.

Grayson played like a man possessed that afternoon. He fought like a demon to atone for his five fumbles. Defensively he rose to the greatest heights of his career. And aside from that Columbia touchdown, he personally stopped two other goal line drives. Offensively, he hit the Lions' three with a slashing first down smash. But three plays later, the lighter Columbia forwards had gone under and through the ponderous Stanford line, and Grayson was buried back on the five.

The Indians rallied desperately in the

closing minutes. But Columbia, with the skill and finesse of a Gene Tunney, kept out of trouble, cool and smart, fending off trouble, taking advantage of every single Stanford mistake.

When the game had ended the soaked spectators gave the Lions a tremendous cheer, and one they well deserved. Never was a football game more smartly played.

For Columbia there was no greater hero than handsome Cliff Montgomery. He had guided his team like a master. And he was as great as any man had a right to be on defense. He did not score and his running average was unimpressive, a mere 11 yards in 18 tries. Al Barabas had the best running record for Columbia, and that was far over-shadowed by Grayson's mark. Barabas carried the ball 17 times for 66 yards. And, of course, there was Tony Matal, whose brilliant catch of Montgomery's pass had set up the touchdown play. And Al Ciampa, sub center, had put in a spectacular afternoon of line backing. It was his vicious tackling that halted Grayson time after time.

It was a great tribute to Columbia, not only to a fighting team, but to the splendid coaching of Lou Little, to the fiery spirit of Herb Kopf, whose unwavering confidence in Columbia from the beginning had helped inspire the team, had helped it to keep faith with itself.

But if you ask him, Lou Little will mention a fellow the sports writers forgot in their nervous haste to file their stories that night. The fellow's name is Austin McDowell, and he played sixty minutes of very good end for Columbia that New Year's Day of 1934.

Little will tell you that McDowell's action on the scoring of KF-79, was as fast and brilliant a bit of thinking under fire as he ever saw on the football field. It was McDowell's quick realization of how to correct the play and make it work, and his perfect block of the Stanford safety man, that made "The Stolen Touchdown" possible.

And, taken as a whole, that Columbia team that won the twentieth Rose Bowl game, is living proof of the fact that a team that won't be beaten, can't be beaten.



# A Plunge and A Prayer

By TED STRATTON

**What goes with the best fullback in the East this Saturday afternoon? What makes him flinch at the massed wall of players ahead of him when for two years he has surged forward, knees pumping high, shoulders down, eyes up in savage, do-or-die drives?**

**S**UDDENLY the wind stiffened in velocity.

It starched the gay pennants atop the rim of the half-moon shaped stadium of the Big Red team, reached down to ruffle the silken red skirts of a dozen cheer leaders immobilized at the sidelines, then scampered on downhill where it flecked the slate blue waters of Canisto Lake with a

thousand warning whitecaps.

Behind the initial onset of the wind, black masses of clouds marched menacingly. The sky darkened perceptibly.

"Hold off that rain!" a Big Red rooter-prayed fervently, then added his voice to the lifted shouts of ten thousand partisans.

"Come on BIG RED!" they thundered. "BIG RED, BIG RED!"

Down on the turtle-backed gridiron the Big Red team swarmed from its huddle. The plaid-clad Tartans of Tech dug in deep along the scrimmage line.

Down three points to the Tartans, Big Red had started to march from mid-field in the final four minutes of play. They deployed in T-formation that placed Dane Wilton, the star fullback, directly behind the center.

"Dane, Dane!" the fans chanted.

Big Red's center handed the ball back to the T-magician. Left halfback Kraws, fleet-footed and barrel-chested, dove at the line. He grabbed the hand-off. Tartan linemen clutched at his squirming shoulders, but Kraws rammed through for three yards.

Like the prolonged pounding of a giant surf, roars of approval burst from the throats of the keyed-up partisans. And unheeding, scarcely noticed amid the hubbub, the first raindrops spewed from the clouds.

On the second play, the right halfback criss-crossed behind Dane Wilton's slice-fake into the line. The halfback stormed through for four yards. That put Big Red on the Tartan six-yard line, first down, as the rain thickened.

On the bench, assistant coach Bones Gruter howled: "They got it set up for Dane, Gus! We got 'em!"

Little Gus Hagerdahn—nicknamed "November Gus" because his teams rarely lost a November game—listened to the shouted messages from the thousands of grandstand quarterbacks massed at his back.

November Gus's lumpy, red face whitened under the strain. "Dane won't score," he thought, "not the way he's been playing safe," and his eyes narrowed as Big Red swung from the huddle, hungry for victory.

So it was Dane Wilton, the fullback scourge of the Eastern gridiron, from the six-yard line.

Rain pelted against his face. Behind the clever faking of the halfbacks, he delayed for a one-two count. Then he bolted straight ahead, his favorite target of attack in the pinch. The T-magician worked his elbows, fed Dane the ball.

The men on the lines locked together in a straining, driving mass of bodies. Dane hit the center. A huge hand clawed at his jersey. A shoulder slammed low against his legs. He went down, buried under the savagely defending Tartans. They held him to a scant half-yard.

And then the rains came.

No gentle November shower, this.

Within an instant, the deluge soaked every fan in the huge, open stadium. It lashed against the bare legs of the female cheer leaders and made them squeal in sudden terror. It flooded over the two teams untangling at the five-yard line. It sluiced its cold, relentless way downhill and blotted out, momentarily, the white-flecked, slate blue waters of Canisto Lake.

November Gus galvanized into action.

"Call time!" he thundered. "Bones, trot out the rosin! Muroch, get towels! And dry towels, you fool! Clancey, in there for Akron! Tell 'em to hug that ball and drive it! Get mud cleats on Bannock! Hurry, you lugs! Towels and rosin!"

Men jumped to carry out the crackling orders.

**T**HE TWO teams huddled separately turned their backs on the first full burst of the storm. Dane Wilton eyed the black cloud masses. The rain sluiced off his helmet, streamed down his face, trickled inside his cantilever shoulder pads and iced his sweaty back.

"We can shove it over," he said, and the Big Red men nodded.

"Just hold on to that ball," Kraws snarled.

Somebody added, "Like it was gold, you lug!"

At the bench, Bones Gruter rushed in the rosin cans, wheeled on November Gus. "You think the rain spoils it?" he asked, worry edging his voice.

"No," Gus growled. "Hell, we should have been three touchdowns to the good by now and riding out the storm!"

"We get nothing but bad breaks today," Bones said. "We—"

"Nuts!" November Gus countered.

With the initial shock of the storm over, the rival players dried their hands on towels, dusted on the rosin. The whistle

shrilled time in. The soaked fans, huddling together in the stands, watched the two teams prepare for the final attack.

It would be Dane Wilton next, the Big Red Rooters knew.

Dane Wilton, the tall, handsome fullback, top scorer in the East. Dane Wilton with the curly brown hair, the deep blue eyes, and the face of a Greek god. But how that Dane could slug a line! Dane Wilton into the line on second down, with five-plus yards to gain for the win.

Fans hugged one another gleefully, laughed at the rain. Good old Dane! Hadn't he averaged six yards per buck all season? Hadn't he sparked Big Red to six consecutive wins? A cinch for everybody's All America. What were five-plus yards to good old Dane, eh?

Big Red deployed against the Tartans. Dane Wilton eyed the dug-in lines, settled into a half-crouch. He wiggled his feet to set his cleats firmly in soggy turf. He rested elbows on his thighs, held his hands between his spread legs and under the shield of his lowered body to keep his hands dry. He listened to the barked signals of the T-magician, Engle, the Dipper.

On the snapback, the lines hit with a sodden, crunching smack, Dane snapped forward from his stance, like a sprinter gunning off the marks. The Dipper laid the wet ball against his belly. Dane wrapped his arms around the ball, lunged into that welter of humans.

The packed partisans of Big Red groaned mightily. The ball had squirted from Dane's arms. It rolled off the pile of men, hit the drenched grass and a puddle of water. At the Tartan two-yard line it rolled dead.

For a perilous, heart-tingling moment, the ball lay neglected.

A Big Red end pivoted, lunged for the ball. A teammate pawed a Tartan aside, dove. A Tartan backer-up loosened his grip on Dane William's shoulders, and wheeling, heaved his body at the ball. But it was the Tartan safety man, laying in close, who came up with a rush, flung his tired body forward, and hugged the ball to his chest.

Fumble, recovery, and Big Red had been stopped at the goal mouth!

The unbelieving Tartan rooters cheered. Big Red's fans subsided in their seats. Crazy Big Red players pounded fists on the turf, stamped their feet in disappointment. They glared unbelievably at Dane Wilton.

The Dipper howled: "You want I should put handles on the ball?"

"Handles!" Kraws, the left halfback, hollered. "And we set it up for him, neat! I coulda walked through that paper line!"

"All America," somebody sneered, and pawed the mud with his cleated shoes. "Hide your handsome puss like you been doing all afternoon!"

Big Bones Gruter, safe on the bench, swore bitterly at the jubilant, dancing Tartans. "Another lousy break," he grouched. "That damned rain!"

"We should have been three touchdowns out ahead," little November Gus snapped, and his keen eyes and brain took in all the details of the sudden change, added them up, and made his decision.

"Bannock!" he shouted.

A lineman jumped up and yanked off his windbreaker. Three strides carried him to the coach.

Gus stared up at him.

Bannock stood six-foot. He had broad shoulders, the flat stomach of a trained boxer, which he was. But he had small, brittle feet and couldn't weather the tough going of line play.

"You're supposed to be rough and tough with your fists," little Gus sneered.

"Forget the build-up," Bannock countered, and anger sparked from his dark eyes.

"Good old two-play Bannock with the girlish ankles," November Gus said, heaping it on. "Look, it's a wet ball for them, too. They'll stall and buck the center and hold the ball. You're supposed to be good with the fists, Bannock. Get in there for Rump at guard. Slug that ball out of somebody's arms! Slug and—"

But Bannock had already turned away. He sprinted across the barred turf and his cleated shoes made angry, splashing sounds on the grass. As the Tartans slowly huddled deep in their own end zone, Bannock braked to a stop at Big Red's line. He heaved Rump, the mud-spattered

guard, to his feet, shoved him towards the bench.

Then Bannock planted his mud cleats wide and deep. He shook his fist at the angered faces of his mates, roared: "Rock 'em back!"

"For dear old Dane!" Somebody snapped.

And hearing those words, Dane Wilton, five yards behind the line, lowered his chin and tried to forget.

The confident Tartans wheeled from the huddle. The scattered shouts from Big Red's rooters merged into single, hopeful, rolling burst of words.

"Get that ball; Get that BALL! GET THAT BALL!"

And calmly, impassively, the second hand on the wet face of the stadium clock warned that the Tartans had only to hold the ball for one minute, for two plays, to smash Big Red's victory streak.

**T**HE TARTANS were in no hurry. One minute to hold on to the ball and run two plays. Their brawny fullback stood erect amid his crouched mates and grinned at the frantic Red men. The Tartan quarterback began to chant the starting numbers slowly.

The fullback lowered his shoulders and poised two yards behind his own guard, which put him a little to the right of Bannock across the way. On the snapback, the fullback kept his feet flat on the ground. The wet ball slid into his outstretched hands. Slowly, carefully, he tucked the ball away. Then he moved forward. Not a ram into the line, but a careful, calculated move to protect the ball and Tech's three-point lead.

But the Tartan fullback didn't know about Bannock.

Bannock had been busy. He slammed one knee into a Tartan. With deft and blinding speed, Bannock jammed his open hands against another shoulder and pushed. A narrow hole opened in the line.

With a surging lunge off his spread feet, Bannock widened the hole with his shoulders, burst into the backfield. He hit the Tartan fullback a yard behind the scrimmage line. His right hand palmed the fullback's nearer elbow while his left hand

clamped the fullback's wrist. Bannock twisted.

In mid-stride, the fullback lifted in response to Bannock's pressuring tactic. His elbow lifted. Had to lift. His left arm left the ball. The ball slipped from its cradle, hit the ground, rolled once, and came to rest a yard behind the Tartan goal line.

Like a big cat, Bannock loosed his wrestling hold on the fullback. He dove. His body seemed to stretch out in mid-air for a tantalizing moment, and then his bulk plummeted down. His red jersey hid the ball, but the ball was Bannock's, a yard behind the Tartan goal line.

Jubilance and madness swept through the Big Red stands. One bad break had offset another bad break. In a moment, Dane Wilton's fumble on the five-yard line had been forgotten, wiped out. Six points for Big Red. Six points that overcame in an instant the safe, sure, three-point lead of the Tartans.

Big Red subs hugged one another. The female cheer leaders did exuberant cart wheels along the sideline. It was a wild, delirious moment, despite the falling rain. Big Red had won again. A moment later the game ended.

Little November Gus took it all in. The heavy rain, the Big Red players cavorting for the lockers, the fans pouring tumultuously onto the field, the laughter, and the seven-game win streak, intact.

"That Bannock," he whispered happily. "Did I needle him just right!"

But Big Red, he knew, should have won it by three touchdowns from the Tartans. Big Red would have won it, he knew, if it hadn't been for Dane Wilton's play on the field. Better than anyone of the thousands of fans at the game, November Gus had spotted the shoddy play of his star fullback.

What gets into the best fullback in the East on Saturday afternoon? What makes him flinch at the massed wall of players ahead of him when for two years at Big Red and for six games this season he had surged into those walls with knees pumping high, shoulders down, eyes up in a to-hell-with-everything drive?

Why had Dane Wilton quit cold today?

And on that last drive into the Tartan line it hadn't been the wet, rain-drenched ball that had caused Wilton to fumble.

With keen eyes that never missed a football trick, November Gus had seen what had happened. Short of the line, with a narrow hole that normally Dane could have surged through, the fullback had slowed. He had lifted one arm off the football and carried it across his face, as if to blot from sight the waiting Tartan.

But it hadn't been that, November Gus knew. Not the sight of the Tartan men barring the way, that had made Wilton quit. The fullback was repeating what he had done 'steen times already in this game. Lifting one arm across his face as he hit the line to protect that handsome profile that made the coeds swoon.

That had been why Wilton had wilted in Big Red's crucial moment. With only one arm loosely guarding the ball, no wonder he had fumbled the slippery thing when the Tartans clawed him!

Yes, November Gus knew, his handsome fullback had suddenly become face-conscious before the Tartan game. Never before had the fullback ever worried about his face. And today, but for a miracle of luck in the final seconds when weak-ankled Bannock had come through, Big Red would have lost to the Tartans because Wilton had put his pretty face ahead of the Big Red team.

"He won't get away with it," Gus told himself, and hardened his mind. "We got to beat the Orangemen, snag onto that bowl-bid. I'll win that last one," he promised himself, standing there in the rain, "if I—I have to bust his nose, the handsome boob! Him and his lousy chance for a movie contract!"

**N**OVEMBER GUS pushed his way through the wildly milling mob. He brushed off the congratulations, the back slaps, and the contagious enthusiasm. **THE ORANGEMEN NEXT WEEK.** He crossed the strip of grass in front of the field house, pushed through the door, and into the lockers where the noisy celebration hit him like a blow.

He went from man to man, patting their

backs, saying the little things that you always say when the team pulls a game out of the fire. Purposefully, he made his way through the sweaty, dirty, naked, singing men. Wilton's locker was at the back end of the room.

When Gus came along, Bannock looked up grinning from the bench where he lounged, looked up expecting congratulations. And November Gus, with other things on his mind, patted the bare Bannock shoulder, said casually without looking at the Bannock face: "Nice try."

*Nice try*, Bannock thought, turning the lack-lustre words around in his mind. The grin left his face. His eyes hardened. "The ungrateful rat," he thought wrathfully. "I win the game and he says nice try. I'll show him! I'll—"

And Bannock picked up his mud-cleated shoes and hurled them into the locker.

Wilton sat on a bench and slowly stripped off his sodden clothes. He looked up, spotted November Gus. Slowly, he forced himself to grin and say: "A nice win," but his heart wasn't in it.

Under the coach's long scrutiny, Dane's face slowly flushed and his fingers fumbled nervously with the top of his bright red stockings. "You've got a streak of mud on your handsome puss," Gus said softly, so no one else would hear. "Better wash it off before you face a camera, Handsome Harry."

Dane winced. "I've done a lot for you," he said.

"You haven't done quite enough for Big Red," the coach whispered. "We face the Orangemen next Saturday, remember? When you're dressed and got your curly locks combed and the dirt off your puss, I'll be waiting upstairs, Handsome Harry."

**T**HE BLACK clouds had turned the shag-end of the afternoon into night. The rain pelted hard against the office windows.

The door opened. Dane Wilton stepped in quickly.

November Gus Hagerdahn stood up behind the desk, switched on the overhead, neon lights. "To see if you've washed the dirt off your face," he said.

They faced each other, these two men

who had worked together for Big Red for almost three football seasons. The little, red-faced coach and Wilton.

Under the neon lights you got a good look at him. Clean-limbed, tall, wide through the shoulders. The brown hair with the natural curl, parted on the left side. The steady deep blue eyes that looked squarely at you and smiled so that you felt the impact clear down to your toes.

The clear, tanned skin. The full lips and the flashing white teeth. And the nose. Straight, delicately molded, yet with strength in it. A perfect nose. Dane Wilton, a god on the Big Red campus, a terror on the gridiron—until two o'clock this afternoon.

"Handsome Harry," November Gus sneered, hating what he knew he would have to say.

"I'd dirty my hands on you," Dane said quietly, "if you weren't a selfish old squirt."

"A selfish old squirt!" the coach exploded. "You don't chill me. I made your unknown name into a byword from coast-to-coast. You get more publicity than the college president! You don't chill anybody these days. Handsome Harry. You didn't see the Tartans back up when you toted the ball. You won't see the Orangemen retreat either. You'll be very very careful of that handsome nose of yours! Sure, I'm an old squirt but I don't quit!"

Dane leaned forward. "Listen, Gus," he pleaded. "I've got my future to think about. There's twenty grand for me, and that's a starter, when and if I sign that movie contract. I take the sleeper to New York tonight for the screen tests. Teret said for me not to get hurt today, to take it easy. Give me a break, Gus."

"I hope," November Gus said angrily, "that lens explodes when it sees your yellow heart!"

"Thanks." Dane said stiffly. "I'll be back Wednesday morning or—" he paused, added: "Maybe I won't be back."

And he wheeled and stalked out.

November Gus stumbled to a chair, sat down. The words hammered at his mind. **MAYBE I WON'T BE BACK.** And now he knew, that he didn't hope his star fullback flunked his screen tests. No, the

kid deserved all that. His words had been spoken in anger and it was too late to try and pull them back. Dane wouldn't understand.

And better than anyone else, November Gus knew that Kenelon, the second string fullback, couldn't take Wilton's spot in the lineup. Nobody could take Dane's spot.

"I wish," he grumbled, "I'd booted Teret off the campus when he came around the first of the week."

He meant J. T. Teret, talent scout for Phalanx Pix. Lean, dapper Teret with the coffee-colored face and the bored eyes. "We're looking for a handsome fullback or half-back," Teret had explained, "for a new pix. We want the real McCoy, flesh and blood right off a star's role on the college gridiron, see? That's for publicity. I saw this Dane Wilton in a color-shot in Sunday's papers. Let's go look him over, coach."

So they had talked to Dane and Teret's bored eyes had seen everything and liked what he had seen. He told Gus afterward. "What the pix needs, or my reputation is showing, coach! He's got the looks and the lean hips and the muscle bulge at the calves and personality and we can make that brown hair a bit lighter and—uh, you ever hear of Handsome Harry Hipp, eh?"

Everybody had heard the legend of Handsome Harry Hipp.

Remember back to the early 30's?

He'd starred for University in the mid-West. One of the greatest fullbacks ever to tote a pigskin. Reams of copy had been written about his exploits on the gridiron. Young America had tried to follow in the footsteps of Handsome Harry, a great guy.

But he was born poor, across the tracks in a tough steel town with no ancestral background. A coed at University, the only child of a New York millionaire with yachts and social background, had fallen in love with Handsome Harry. He had loved her, but the old man had balked at the marriage. "A tramp athlete from the gutter," the old man had sneered. "He'll never marry into *my* family."

Remember the legend now?

You know the sequel. After their graduation in June, Harry and the girl had married and eloped in her private plane,

winged off into the wild blue yonder and immortality.

The newspapers had had a field day. Where is Handsome Harry and his bride? they had asked, and had tried to find out while all America waited breathlessly and the girl's old man sulked at Port Washington.

A week passed, with no news of the two. Gradually, the story faded from the front pages when Fourth of July passed. The father hired fifty detectives to locate his daughter.

And late in September, when fall had crowned the hills of Pennsylvania with red and gold and scarlet, a searching party located Handsome Harry and his bride. The scarred plane, blackened and seared from fire, had been located on a hillside, along with the bodies of the two lovers.

Remember?

The story squeezed the hearts of all America. "They chose death," most people said, "rather than part. Yes, she deliberately flew that plane against the hill!"

So Handsome Harry Hipp and his bride became a legend . . .

"So we want Wilton to play Harry's role in the romance, see?" Teret told November Gus. "We'll change the end to make it come out right, but it's a nach and he's built for the part."

And Teret had left town, but had warned Dane "not to get hurt against Tech, to take it easy." That had soured the football destiny of the Big Red team.

November Gus flicked off the neon lights. Darkness clutched the silent office. MAYBE I WON'T BE BACK, Dane had said.

The hard rain pelted against the window. It had a cold, impersonal touch that seemed to say, "You can't beat the Orangemen without Dane, you can't beat the Orangemen."

"He's not yellow," Gus thought. "He's a fine, clean kid, blinded by that twenty grand. He'll come back. He'll beat the Orangemen. Sure, he'll flunk his screen tests."

**D**ANE WILTON trotted out for practice on Wednesday afternoon. Bones Gruter, the assistant coach, spotted him

first and said, "Thank God!"

The squad stared a little wonderingly at the fullback. They'd heard about the movie contract. November Gus left the tackling pits, walked over to Dane and said: "I'm glad to see you back, kid. I'm just a selfish old squirt, I guess."

"Forget it," Dane said, and grinned.

"You flunked the screen test, maybe?" Gus prodded.

"I passed. I'm in," Dane said.

Something grabbed hold of Gus's heart and squeezed. "But you can play Saturday, kid! That Kenelon, good as he is, can't carry your shoes around. The Orangemen are good. We got to beat 'em and we get that bowl-bid. You can play, kid?"

Dane nodded. "Teret said it was all right, Gus."

"He don't tell you to dog it, eh?"

"I won't get hurt," Dane said. "What's on the agenda?"

"Tapering off scrimmage, light stuff," November Gus said happily. "Let's get it rolling."

He used the standard defense of the Orangemen against a T, stuff that the scouts had picked up. When the varsity had the assignments down, Gus ordered: "Now we'll drive a dozen plays. Just a dozen to tune up, but drive it."

They nodded, huddled. Engle, the Dipper, said: "Let's hit the old stride. Number 34. You want I should put handles on the ball, handsome?"

"Forget that stuff," Dane said.

"34, and drive it," the Dipper repeated.

They deployed against the humpty-dumpties, who used the Orangemen's defense.

It was the center drive, after the fakes of the halfbacks. Running carefully, Dane made two yards, and the Big Red men stared at him.

"We had the hole," a lineman growled. "What gives?"

"Wait until Saturday," Dane promised.

"Wait until Saturday, he says!" Kraws, the halfback, snarled. "You don't peel the Orangemen with a buck like that!"

The Dipper, calculation in his eyes, called eleven more plays, used Dane on every other run. When it was over, he told the rest: "He won't give out, that

guy. We got no punch with him hitting like that."

"The louse," they agreed. "Him and his twenty-thousand dollar puss!"

November Gus had watched the proceedings closely. The glad light in his eyes had flickered out as he watched the cozy way that Dane Wilton had run the plays. No drive in his legs. The old devil-may-care gone from his bucks.

He sent the squad in. Bannock, the sub tackle who had won the Tartan game, walked up to Gus, said: "You didn't use me today."

"No," Gus said honestly, "you got weak ankles."

"I win a game for you," Bannock went on, hiding the anger that boiled inside him, "and you let me sit on the bench. You know I want to play against the Orangemen and—"

"You're a two-play tackle," Gus said, and turned away.

The next day, the varsity put the bite on Dane Wilton. Polite stuff when they ran through plays. "Now don't fall down and scrape your chin on the hard grass," the Dipper said.

"You're in good face today," Kraws added. "Think we can out-handsome the Orangemen, eh?"

"He could wear an iron mask," somebody suggested, "and be the Masked Marvel."

Rump, the flat-faced guard, said: "If Handsome Harry had my face, he'd have no worries."

Unruffled, Dane said: "Let's get rolling."

"Roll he says," the Dipper mocked. "Careful, now."

Afterward, the Dipper told November Gus:

"We want to win this one. We talked it over. Put him on the bench. Give us a chance to win. He's got money on the brain about that face of his."

"I've talked to him," Gus said. "We'll put a protection helmet on him, like the one we had for Rump when he broke his nose. Forget the Tartan game and yesterday's scrimmage. Get together and pull together, Dipper. He'll be in there slugging on Saturday."

"He'll slug or get out," the Dipper warned ominously.

IT WAS A bright, cold day when Big Red faced the Orangemen. A tremendous throng, gay with bright colors, roared a tumultuous welcome as the two teams bolted onto the field.

Gus talked to the varsity on the sidelines. "We're gonna drive it," he said. "We got feelers for a bowl-bid. We clinch this one and we go touring for the Christmas holidays. You ready for this one?"

"Right," they growled, and stamped their feet.

"Go get 'em," Gus ordered, and fingered Wilton.

Gus tapped the thin steel wire that protected the star fullback's face. "You can't hurt that face, kid."

"I'm ready," Dane said.

"I'm telling you the gang is doubtful about you, whether you're gonna be the old stamping, lunging fullback. It's up to you."

Dane grinned. "You've got no worries,"

The powerful Orangemen stomped out, paraded behind the feed hall. The stands came alive, whooped it up. The whistle shrilled. The Orangemen moved out and the kicker toed the ball.

It arced high and short downfield. Dane Wilton set himself under the ball, took off as it settled into his arms.

This one was for blood. You could see that in the way the blockers slammed into the tacklers, see it in the way the tacklers used forearm shivers on the blockers.

Dane slammed through to the thirty-yard line. An Orangeman side-stepped a block, barred the way. Dane faked, sliced. The Orangeman grabbed wildly, and his fingers latched on the steel wire guarding Dane's face.

The weight of the falling tackler twisted Dane's neck around. His feet sailed out from under him. He landed on the right elbow, and the right arm guarding the ball relaxed. The ball popped free, rolled away, with Orangemen diving. They covered the ball on the thirty-yard, Big Red line.

Dizzily, Dane climbed to his feet. The

back of his neck ached from the shock of the nasty tackle. His head rang, as if somebody had crowned him with a sledge hammer.

"You bump into something?" the Dipper sneered.

Kraws jeered: "And today was the day he was going to give it all he had!"

Dane stumbled into defensive position behind the center. The Orangemen spun from the huddle. They struck fast, intent on capitalizing the break. The fullback spun at the line, jumped, and passed. The end had cut in behind Dane.

There was time to halt the pass, to knock it down, but Dane never moved. He stood there, eyes glazed, the shock of the tackle numbing his brain.

The end picked off the ball, tore off. Only the Dipper's desperate tackle saved a touchdown on the five-yard line.

While the Orange adherents cheered wildly, while the Big Red rooters watched glumly, Wilton walked slowly towards the bench. The Dipper watched, raged to his teammates: "There goes the yellow bum! Quitting cold to save his handsome puss!"

"Handsome Harry," they jeered.

Kenelon, the second stringer, sprinted on. At the bench, Dane sat down, held his face with both hands. "Don't get that face hurt," Gus mocked.

The team doctor lifted Dane's chin, used a thumb to lift an eyelid, and said: "Lay off him, Gus. He's got a mild shock from that tackle."

"But the men won't believe that," Gus said, worried. "They'll think he quit to save his face."

Bannock snapped: "Put me in there. I don't care if I break both ankles!"

From the Orange side of the stadium cheers rent the crisp air. The Orangemen had trapped a Big Red tackle, scored a quick touchdown. They kicked the extra point, stomped downfield with fists waving. Orangemen 7, Big Red 0.

The Big Red team rallied. They halted the touchdown threats of the confident Orangemen. They couldn't move much, with Kenelon in there and Dane Wilton on the bench. They lacked the threat of a center attack that kept a defense in tight and set up the outside, long gainers. At

## Do You Want to Make Men OBEY YOU?



Do you want to make him love you wildly, fiercely? Do you want to make him say, "Darling, I adore you. I worship you. I'll do ANYTHING for YOU!" Do you want to make him OBEY your every command? Then use CHEZ-ELLE (What a Perfume) to help you CONTROL Men. One woman told me that CHEZ-ELLE is the STRONGEST perfume she ever used. Another woman told us that she blesses the day she first used CHEZ-ELLE, because now her husband

comes home at night to help her. Just send me your name and address and I will rush a Trial Bottle of CHEZ-ELLE (What a Perfume) to you. When the postman delivers CHEZ-ELLE in a plain package, deposit only \$2 plus postage (3 for \$5) with him on this GUARANTEE. Use CHEZ-ELLE for 10 days. If you don't agree that CHEZ-ELLE is the most POWERFUL perfume you ever used, return it and I'll send your \$2 right back. Write NOW to

TRULOVE, 58 Walker Street, Dept. 145-AC, New York 13

### Something New!

### TWO BOOKS IN ONE!

### A \$4 value for 25¢!

Two complete western books in one magazine. A double-barrel bull's-eye of buckaroo action and campfire romance. Each issue of TWO WESTERN BOOKS contains two full-length western novels, complete and uncondensed. Each issue gives you the pick of the western novel roundup. Get your copy today . . .

# TWO WESTERN BOOKS

On Sale At All Newsstands

the intermission, Big Red trailed by seven points.

Silence and bitterness in Big Red's dressing room. "He quit," the Dipper's eyes seemed to say as he stared at Dane Wilton.

"Quit cold," the rest of the Big Red team thought, "to save his handsome face!"

**N**OVEMBER GUS rallied them with words. They had pride, the men of Big Red. They stormed out to the field, told one another: "We'll do it without the star! Let him sit on the bench!"

The Orangemen grabbed the kickoff, stormed upfield. They mixed short, safe, snappy passes with reverses and moved. Big Red rallied. They took over the ball on their own twenty. Kenelon didn't have the yardage in his legs, and that stymied Big Red's attack, forcing the Dipper to punt.

The Orangemen came back again and again. Deep in its own territory, Big Red managed to drag out enough fierceness to stall the threats, but it couldn't go on like this. When the Orangemen got their break, the game might turn into a rout.

Disdaining to try a field goal, the Orangemen failed to score in the third quarter. Midway in the final fifteen minutes, Kenelon batted a forward pass upward, instead of down to the ground. An alert Orange end picked off the ball and the Dipper hauled him down on the six-yard line.

On the bench, Dane Wilton turned to November Gus. "I can do some good out there," he pleaded. "Look, I don't care about the twenty-thousand dollars! We need this one and I can help."

"But the men don't have confidence," Gus said, shaking his head. "Maybe we can hold 'em and I'll see."

The Orangemen swung from the huddle. Their fullback jolted into the line, slid through a gap, and jounced into the end zone.

That was when Bannock made his move. He stalked over to the coach who sat next to Wilton.

"You'll put me in now!" Bannock said, making big fists out of his hands.

"Block the extra point," Gus said.

"Two-play Bannock, they call you,"

Bannock had taken a half-step towards the field. He stopped short, whirled around. His left elbow came around like a boom, face high. CRACK. The elbow hit bone, and Wilton groaned.

"I'll show you who's two-play Bannock!" the big tackle raged. "Watch!"

He sprinted onto the field.

Slowly, Dane Wilton stood up. Bannock's elbow had caught him on the bridge of his nose. He wiped off the blood, gingerly fingered the cartilage. "Broken?" he asked Gus. The coach nodded.

"That crazy-mad Bannock," Gus said. "Kid, there goes that movie contract up in smoke!"

"Bannock," Dane said, and grinned suddenly. "I've been asleep, Gus. There isn't much time. I'm going in." He fingered the nose again, chuckled. "They'll believe me now when I come in! I look worse than flat-nosed Rump!"

Out on the field, the enraged Bannock had bolted through the line on the try for the extra point. He slammed down on the kicker's foot, blocked the kick, blocked it like he said he would, and the Orangemen led by thirteen points.

The dispirited Big Red team lined up for the kickoff. Dane Wilton sprinted out. The Red rooters rose and thundered a welcome but the Dipper said: "Here comes the quitter!"

"Get your face mask on, Handsome!" Kraws jeered.

Up front at the forty-yard line, Bannock pounded the turf with a fist, raged: "Come on, come on! Let's take these punks!"

Wilton took his place at fullback. The Orangemen kicked. The Dipper picked off the ball. The raging Bannock creamed a couple of linemen. Dane left his feet, upended a burly Orangeman. The Dipper flitted back to the thirty-yard line.

Big Red huddled. Dane snapped: "Let's ride it. We can take 'em. Come on."

"He wants *us* to come on," Rump sneered.

Kraws yelled: "Give the lug the ball! He won't make a yard!"

"Watch," Dane said, and they jeered.

They didn't believe Dane Wilton. Not yet, they didn't believe him. The Dipper

called the center play. They didn't give Dane much help. The halfbacks faked half-heartedly. The line leaned against the Orangemen.

There'd have been no hole at all up ahead, except for Bannock, the weak-ankled giant. He shouldered one man off the play, slammed through and bopped a backerup. That was all Dane Wilson needed.

He surged through the hole, knees up, chin down. He cut away from Bannock's solid block. A second backerup came in from the side. Dane stiff-armed him, ran on.

The defensive wingbacks cut over. Dane slowed, then turned on his deer-like speed. He ghosted between the wingbacks, and only the safety was out ahead of him. Big Red's rooters were roaring now as Dane roared downfield on the safety.

The safety delayed, waited, then tried to nudge Dane towards the sideline or slow him up. Dane lunged. The safety dove. Dane's pumping legs smashed through the tackler's arms.

Then he was in the open, with the sweet music of the cheering thousands conveying him across one barred line after another.

Bannock got to Dane first, pounded his shoulders. "The way to run it!" he shouted. "We can take these punks!"

One by one, the other Big Red men sprinted up, goggle-eyed. "Like he always ran it," Rump, the flat-nosed guard, said wonderingly.

"What hit him?" Kraws demanded.

Dane laughed. "I'm awake," he said. "Let's kick the extra point and roll."

**B**IG RED deployed formation. Wilton kicked the point. But the Orangemen still led, 13-7.

The Dipper, who had held the ball for the placement, spotted Dane's nose. "Hey, what hit you, pal?"

The Big Red men streamed up, stared at the flat, mashed bridge of what had been the most classical nose on the campus. "Busted," Dane said.

"The hell with his nose!" Bannock roared, and he didn't know yet that it had been his elbow that had flattened Dane's nose. "That coach says I'm two-play Ban-



**ILLUSTRATED  
CARTOON BOOKLETS!**

§ SAY, FELLOWS! BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY WITH THESE SMALL ILLUSTRATED CARTOON BOOKLETS OF COMIC CHARACTERS 8 10, ALL DIFFERENT, \$1 POSTPAID § SORRY, NO POSTAL C.O.D.'S!

**REGINALD SALES**

1218AB Park Row Bldg., N. Y. 2, N. Y.

**ARE YOU LONELY?**

Thousands of lonely folk EVERYWHERE have found true happiness through introductions by mail. We will show you PROOF of results. Send NOW for FREE particulars in plain sealed envelope.

RAINBOW SERVICE, 110 W. Oak Avenue  
Santa Rosa, Cal., Dept. FH

**WANT TO BE A MERCHANT SEAMAN?**

**\$195** APPROX. AV. MONTHLY OR MORE PLUS FOOD LODGING **STARTING PAY TRAVEL-ADVENTURE CAREER AT SEA ON AMERICAN SHIPS**

NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED TO START EX-SERVICEMEN WITH SUFFICIENT SERVICE MAY QUALIFY FOR SHIP'S OFFICERS

for further information WRITE today to:  
MERCANTILE INFORMATION BUREAU OF GALVESTON  
Box 6954-D, Walbrook Station Baltimore 16, Md.

**LONESOME?**

*Marry Rich!*

Do you want letters from our well-to-do members? Yes, from your own state. Send name and age for our free matching chart. Try us—we're different, and very fast.

**BLAIR CLUB**  
4554-FH Broadway Chicago 40, Ill.

**LOVE! MONEY! POWER!**

All these can be yours! Handwriting reveals the hidden talents which will make you a success in your personal life. Get your individual analysis today! Send ten lines in your writing and \$1.00 to—

**SEYMOUR SCHNEID**

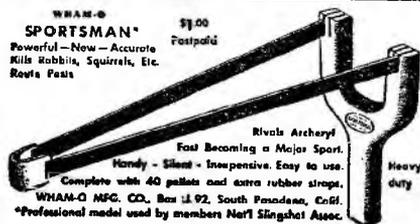
1669 Norman St., Ridgewood 27, Queens, New York

**WHY BE LONELY?**

If it's Friends, Romance or Companionship you want, let one of America's foremost Clubs arrange a correspondence for you. A confidential service. Nationwide membership. Sealed particulars free. Send stamp and age.

**PEARL J. SMITH**

P. O. Box 2732-H Kansas City, Mo.



nock! I'll show him! Come on, you lugs."

They lined up for the kickoff.

And they believed Dane Wilton, now. He was the new Dane, or rather, the old Dane, the hard-plugging, fast running fullback. They swarmed down under the kick. They bowled over Orange Blockers. They rode into the runner and Bannock got there first and flattened the man on the Orange twenty-five yard line.

They smashed across the line on the first play, held the Orange fullback to no gain. Bannock surged through on the second play, slapped the ball carrier down for a loss. To the roars of Big Red's rooters, the team swarmed against the Orange, held the runner to no gain on the third plunge.

That made it fourth down.

The Orange punted. Bannock slammed through, but not in time to block the punt. The Dipper picked off the ball on his own forty-yard line, eeled back to mid-field.

In the huddle, Dane said: "Just feed it to me, you lugs."

They fed it to him. He was his old surging self, catching up with what he had lost. The Orangemen couldn't stop him. He slammed through the line for steady yardage. The Orangemen laid for him, but they couldn't stop him.

On the nine-yard line, needing a yard for the first down, Dane panted in the huddle: "Play it smart, Dipper, smart."

The Dipper sized up the tight-playing Orange line, with the backs in close to halt the expected thrust for the yard. "19," he ordered. "Let's roll."

Big Red dug in against the low-playing Orangemen. Kraws started in motion, crossed in front of Dane. On the snapback, Dane bolted at left tackle behind the left halfback. Every Orangeman knew who had the ball. They drove in to stop the surging fullback.

The Dipper faked the hand-off to Dane. The Orangemen pounced on him. The Dipper stepped to the left, lifted his arm, and gunned a wide lateral out to Kraws circling in the flat.

For one breathless moment, Kraws

juggled the pass. Then it was his, way out there alone in the flat. He tucked the ball away, sprinted across the line with the touchdown that tied the score at 13-13. And, of course, the Big Red stands went mad. The drummer pounded the bass drum. The trumpet men blared on their horns. The cheer leaders did flip-flops.

Dane Wilton kicked the extra point that shoved Big Red into a 14-13 lead. And they held that lead to the end . . . .

Bedlam in Big Red's locker room.

Bannock crowed: "Did you see old Two-Play Bannock out there, huh?" He strutted around, smacked November Gus on the back, shouted: "I don't know I had any ankles out there, bud!"

Gus walked over to Dane, slouched on a bench. "I'm sorry about the nose and the loss of your movie contract," Gus said. "Kid, we won it, but I wanted you to keep that handsome face of yours intact."

"It's all right," Dane said. "I've talked to Teret."

"You got a broken nose," November Gus said, "and Teret says it's all right? How can you play Handsome Harry, kid? That guy was a looker, a Greek god! He slayed the dames. That's why that wealthy coed loved him and—"

"But Hipp played football," Dane said. "Teret told me about him just now. He was worried about my nose. Seems it was too straight for the Hipp-role, Gus. You see, Hipp broke his own nose in his next-to-last-game." Dane laughed. "Teret had planned, without telling me, that they were going to fix my nose in the pictures to look like Hipp's, but now they won't have to do that. I'm a ringer for the part, Teret says, with my busted beak!"

Slowly, November Gus let the air out of his lungs. "I'm damned, kid! Yeah, and I'm glad. We won and you can still play the Hipp-role in the pix!"

And above the hubbub, Bannock bel-lowed: "Good old Two-Play! Did you see me knock that Orange fullback off his pins? Did you—"

"Good old Bannock and his elbow," Wilton said, and November Gus nodded.



# FUMBLE- BUM

By JOHN STARR

**Tech U. had the kid pegged to fill the All-American cleats of his great, big brother. Yep, Jake Bryant was drowned in glory 'til the guts-test game.**

**J**AKE BRYANT dropped his headgear on the locker room bench. In silence he unlaced his shoes, slipped off his sweat-soaked jersey and removed his shoulder pads. Wearily he hung up his uniform and started for the showers. It had been a long, hot, grueling afternoon, and the caustic tongue of Coach Trahan had been unusually cutting during practice. There was a story around the locker rooms that once, years before, his dour expression had relaxed a little, and he had said, "Well done," to some player who had, almost single-handedly, defeated an unusually tough opponent. But it seemed an improbable story. Trahan just couldn't relax that much.

Somehow, it hadn't seemed possible for Jake to do anything right that afternoon. And so much depended on his doing things right. He was a sophomore; it was his first year with the varsity; the position of

left end was wide open, and he wanted it. And he knew he had a battle on his hands for the coach had proved already that he had no love for Jake.

He recalled the third day of practice vividly. It was his first direct contact with Spike Trahan. The coach had been watching his embryo ends working out. Jake had just caught a pass, albeit a bit clumsily. Trahan called to Jake.

"Come over here." To the assistant coach, Mike O'Connell, standing beside him, he asked, "What's this kid's name, Mike?"

Jake heard him answer, "Bryant, Jake Bryant. Jim Bryant's brother, you know."

Trahan had fixed him with a glassy eye. "Look, Mike, with me nobody gets by on his brother's name or anyone else's. I don't give a damn if his father is president of the university. He may be Jim Bryant's brother but he's just Joe Doakes to me. Get that, Bryant. Produce for me or get out!"

He entered the shower room and turned on the hot water and stood, letting it stream over him, gratefully feeling the ache leave his muscles under its soft massage. He glanced at his neighbor, noisily splashing. It was Farmer Gray, big, rawboned, hulking, with hands like over-sized shovels, and a foghorn voice.

"Hey, kid," Farmer bellowed, "how's the old speed merchant today? Got so you can catch a pass yet?"

Jake winced. Pass receiving was not his strong point so far this season. And tact was not Farmer's.

"I'm making out," he said.

"Haw, haw," shouted Farmer. "That's a good one. Way Spike Trahan was riding you, you might be making something, but not out."

Jake grinned a little. Might as well let him bray, nobody yet ever seemed able to stop him, that is, nobody but Spike Trahan.

"Boy, you got a crust," Gray informed him. "Trying to make Jim Bryant's position. All-American for two seasons. Jim never missed a pass last year. How many did you catch today?"

Jake didn't answer. He grinned, because he didn't want anyone to know he was getting mad. He couldn't help it if Gray got under his skin, though he tried hard not to show it. But it hurt.

He felt it again going back to the house. He'd just crossed the campus and was starting down street, overtaking a pair of fans who had apparently been watching practice. One of them had a heavy, throaty voice that rasped like sandpaper on a skinned knuckle. He was saying the thing Jake had come to hate and fear in the past few weeks.

"You shoulda seen Jim against Alton. Why, they ain't got anyone even in the same class. Beside him, this kid Jake can't even play marbles."

"Yeah, Jim was good."

He crossed the street and continued on, still seething. The season was not yet under way, but over and over, he had heard the same refrain, like a phonograph needle caught in a groove:

"You shoulda seen Jim—"

**F**OR the hundredth time, Jake tried to get hold of himself. It always grated on his nerves. It always made him boil over. He was confident that it was the reason he was having so much trouble this season, in receiving, in defensive play, in everything he did on the field. It made him try too hard, made his arms and hands stiff and awkward, made his timing bad, caused him to look like a sucker so often on defense. He was pressing too much, trying to be the player his brother had been. His brother, Jim Bryant, all-con-

ference end for three seasons, All-American the last two! A fine brother he was, too, just as a brother, but, in Jake's case, a hoodoo. He was sure of it. Wherever he went on the campus, or downtown, too, for that matter, it was getting so he expected to hear the same chant.

"When Jim was there—"

He gritted his teeth, hunching his shoulders a little, head down, as he thought of the afternoon. Trahan had stayed on his neck all through practice.

"Come on, Bryant, come on! What was the matter with that one?"

"Show something, Bryant. If you're Jim's brother, I'll eat my shirt."

"What're you trying to do, get through on Jim's press clippings?"

"You got a long ways to go, Bryant—"

Jake cursed to himself. "A long ways to go." Trahan was right about that, and nobody knew it better than Jake. He knew it too well. Why had he ever decided to come to Tech in the first place? He could have done better in some other school, where they didn't know he was Jim's brother, where they wouldn't have turned the heat on for no other reason than because he'd been born four years later than Jim.

It hadn't been bad, last year, on the freshman squad. Nobody was interested much in the frosh outside of the players themselves, and Skip Bennett, freshman coach. None of the freshman players had made comparisons, because none of them had played with Jim, either. Skip hadn't, for he had been new to the campus, and didn't even know Jake had a brother until midseason, when he'd happened to notice that Jim, on the varsity, had the same name as Jake, on the frosh. And Jake had been doing all right for Skip then.

But the minute he came up to the varsity squad it started. It began even earlier, before football season. The Daily News had printed an article at the close of the season, last fall, eulogizing Tech for the best year in its history, and devoting a large part of it to praise of the passing combination of Vito to Bryant. Bryant, finest end Tech had ever had. Probably the greatest end the conference had ever known. And one of the best ever to wear cleats east of the Mississippi. That sort

of thing. They'd laid it on thick. Not, Jake hastened to assure himself, not that Jim hadn't deserved every word of it. But it didn't make the job any easier for him. And after they'd ladled it on, spoonful after dripping spoonful, they'd ended up with a paragraph he'd never been able to erase from his mind.

And now that the immortal Jim Bryant has hung up his jersey for the last time; that famous 22 that has spelled disaster for play after play aimed at the left side of the Tech line; those flashing numerals Tech fans have seen so often rising into the air above the arms of reaching defensive backs to garner Vito's deadly passes in, what can the team look forward to another year? Well, there's an up and coming youngster on the freshman squad named Jake, and his last name is spelled Bryant. He seems to look like Jim, and he's done a good job on the freshman squad this year if the records mean anything. But to this writer he looks like a pale imitation of his big brother. It remains to be seen whether he can fill his brother's shoes, even half way.

The first game of the season had been last Saturday, and Trahan had started him at left end. Cicarelli and Swensen, both seniors, who had played with Jim for two previous seasons, slapped him on the shoulder as they trotted out on the field.

"We're all pulling for you, Jake kid," said Cicarelli. "Let's show 'em today."

"Give 'em hell, kid," grunted Swensen, yanking his helmet down over red, curly hair. "Boy, what Jim did to Alton a year ago!"

Jake nodded glumly, feeling the tension rise within him.

The team went through their warming up practice, ran the usual signals. He felt himself hoping, somehow, Alton wouldn't hit his side of the line too much that afternoon. He thought, "Maybe Dunn's planning on using the right side plays mainly, Kopcek's a veteran. He hoped Dunn wouldn't heave many passes at him early in the game, at least. Maybe he'd get the feel of things after the game had started.

**A**LTON kicked off. The ball veered from the kicker's toe and came twisting toward Jake. He muffed the catch and half stumbled trying to pick the ball off the ground. His fingers seemed wooden. At last, despairing of picking it up in time, he covered the ball, without having carried it a yard upfield.

The teams lined up. Dunn called for a right side play. Jake heaved a sigh of relief. The play gained a few yards. Dunn called for an off-tackle play to the left. Here it was. Jake charged the tackle opposite with the snapback, but somehow, he didn't connect. The tackle stopped the play for a loss.

As they reformed, Jake was thinking. "He'll probably kick. Third down, early in the game, he'll play it safe." Dunn called for a pass. For a second Jake thought he had misunderstood.

"Signals," he shouted.

Dunn repeated. No doubt. Here it was. He'd never make it. He sprinted downfield, cut to his right, looked for the ball, and saw Dunn fire it at him. It was a good pass. He got his hands on it, muffed it.

As they reformed, Cicarelli slapped him on the back. "Tough luck, kid," he said. "Just keep your head and stick in there."

The game progressed. Alton, full of fight and willing to take chances, played erratic, but dangerous football. They had a powerful and elusive halfback, hard to get off his feet. They had a smoothly operated, deceptive reverse. They had a lateral that functioned like a machine, and near the end of the first quarter, they ran it around Jake. Charging in, Jake saw the play form, and hesitated. He knew it was a lateral, and knew that, just as he left his feet to tackle the runner, the ball would be tossed to the back outside him. He fainted at the carrier, hoping to force the pass, leaving him free to tackle the outside back. The runner didn't pass. Jake, off balance, tried to lunge back and pull him down. He twisted loose. The play went for fifteen yards before it was stopped.

Trahan benched him. As Jake came off the field Trahan glared at him and growled in his throat. Jake watched the game and tried to relax.

Alton had spotted the weakness on the State left and hammered it all through the second quarter. Roslyn, substituting for Jake, didn't look too good, either. Jake was even finding half an excuse for himself, watching Roslyn.

Jake looked forward with no pleasure to the half. He knew that Trahan wouldn't

let the thing drop there. After all, Trahan was interested in only one thing, winning the game.

He wasn't wrong. Trahan opened up, the minute they got in the locker room. He leveled a heavy forefinger at Jake, his beefy face red, blue eyes blazing beneath bushy brows. He snarled:

"Look, Bryant, I've seen sophomores come up to the varsity before, but I never saw a sicker one than you were today. I can forgive your fumbling the kickoff. I can even pass up your letting that tackle throw us for a loss on the second play. Other ends have dropped passes, and will again. So I'll forget that. But nobody who called himself a football player ever pulled such a bonehead play as you did on that lateral.

"Now, listen, Bryant, we know your brother was a classy player. Don't try to imitate him. You couldn't. But just get this general idea. What pays off is getting the ball across the goal line—an' stoppin' the other team. And the only way to stop 'em is—STOP 'em. We don't wait to hit 'em fancy—we hit 'em anyway, an' we hit 'em where it counts—before they get up to the scrimmage line. If it looks good—fine. If it don't look good—we get 'em anyway—and to hell with Sunday's headlines!"

Jake sat there glowering.

In the middle of the fourth quarter Trahan sent Jake back in.

Tech had the ball on the Alton forty yard line. Dunn called for a pass. He faded back, fired it at Jake, and to his own amazement, Jake caught it. As he turned automatically toward the goal line he could hear the referee's whistle. He slackened pace and stopped. He had seen Graham, State left tackle, offside as the play commenced.

He returned the ball to the referee. Scuttles reported, substituting for Bryant. Jake went back to the bench.

As he neared the bench Trahan was glaring at him.

"Run out those plays," he bellowed. "This is a football game, Bryant. How the hell do you know the penalty's against your team?"

Bryant sat down. It was the most mis-

erable afternoon of his football career. He hardly noticed the score at the end of the game, 6-0 in favor of Tech.

During practice on Monday the coach called Jake over to him. Trahan looked at him coldly.

"Bryant, you'll have to show a hell of a lot more than you did last Saturday if you want a berth on this team."

Jake could feel the heat begin to boil up inside. He hated the coach, hated him so it would have been a pleasure to set his fingers in that thick red neck and tear his windpipe out. He could almost feel the throat in his hands.

Jake said thinly, "That so?" He'd be damned if he'd kowtow to the old walrus.

Trahan paid no attention. He went on, "I'm not interested, now, in whether your brother was a football player or not. Don't think you can get by on his record, or any other relative's. You gotta play football!"

Jake let go. "Well, whaddya think I'm playing—croquet?"

Trahan stared at him coldly. "It's a little hard to say," he stated finally. "I wouldn't always know."

He turned his back. Jake went back to practice, raging so fiercely his hands were shaking.

O'Connell said to him, later, "Don't let Spike get under your skin, kid. Just relax. You've got the stuff. We're all pulling for you." O'Connell always treated him easy. He was trying to bring him along slowly, so he would get over his nervousness.

Jake's showing in practice was far from good that week. He didn't have the slightest reason to believe he'd start the game next Saturday, but when Trahan called the starting lineup, he paused dramatically at left end position.

"At left end today," he grated, his voice carrying all over the locker room, "we expect big things. Jake Bryant has condescended to appear."

O'Connell's voice came, softly, from behind him. "Relax, kid, take it easy."

**T**HE opponent this week was Truxton, a fair team. Truxton kicked off, a beautiful high kick that carried to the five yard line. Swensen took it. Swensen tucked the ball away and started cagily, letting his

interference pick him up, running diagonally toward the left side of the field, toward Jake. Jake set himself to cut down a white-jerseyed Truxton player and threw a block at him, right in front of the State bench. He missed. The runner continued. Swensen was downed behind him.

**H**E got along all right for the next few plays. Carroll made a first down around Truxton's left end. Dunn hadn't called for any passes as yet. They pounded away ineffectively on the forty yard line, and eventually Cicarelli kicked.

The kick was high and long, carrying to the Truxton ten yard line, but the safety man let it drop, figuring it might roll across the goal line. It leaped crazily, a dozen feet in the air, as Jake came up.

It was a split second decision for Jake. Should he stop, and let the Truxton safety man decide whether to run it, or let it be touched down? The ball was bouncing back from the goal line. Every bounce meant yardage for Truxton.

In the split second of time where thought is not thought but instinct, Jake decided to catch the ball. This would insure its becoming dead where he touched it. So, without slackening speed, he reached for the ball.

As he reached, the Truxton safety man shot forward. He snatched the ball from the air, scant inches from Jake's clutching fingers, and shot up the field like a scared rabbit. He was twenty yards upfield when he was downed.

Jake returned to his position, a leaden weight in his stomach. He knew he was through. He looked toward the bench, expecting to see a substitute on his way in. None came. The game went on.

As they came off the field at the half, Trahan was waiting for him. Hands on hips, heavy jaw outthrust, he met Jake at the edge of the field. He said, sarcastically, "Didn't look much like Brother Jim on that one, Bryant."

Hot resentment flooded up in Jake. He glared back at the coach. "Keep my family out of this," he snarled.

"That's what I'm trying to do," growled Trahan, "but nobody lets me. They all keep reminding me who you are. I'd a damn sight rather have Mickey Mouse on

left end if he could get into a uniform."

Trahan strode into the locker room.

O'Connell caught Jake's arm as they entered. "Keep your head, kid," he counseled.

"To hell with it," Jake growled.

Sometime in the third quarter Trahan finally benched him. Jake could not recall a single play of the game in which he had actually contributed anything. He sat on the bench, miserably wishing the end would come, so he could get off the field and into the dressing room. He was increasingly certain he would never make a football player. Better throw in the sponge and be done with it.

Jake was dressing when O'Connell tapped him on the shoulder.

"Spike wants to see you in his office before you go, kid."

Trahan's door was open. Jake stepped through, closing it behind him. "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes," said Trahan, coldly, "I did." He smiled a hard grin that did not touch his eyes.

"Bryant, I've watched you all season, trying to see what makes you tick. I even threw away today's game by leaving you in there too long. But it was almost worth it. I've made up my mind. You've been petted and pampered all through high school because some coach thought you were a pretty fair player. And you came up to the varsity squad with the team and the other coaches thinking you were something special. Why? Not performance, certainly. They thought so, and they've made you think so, just because you were the brother of big Jim Bryant, All-American for two seasons."

"But, Bryant, you're no football player. For my money you're just another bum who quits when the heat is on." He thrust out his heavy jaw, rolling his lower lip forward. "And I never could, and I never will, stomach a quitter."

Furiously, Jake exploded. "Maybe you think it's a lot of fun having comparisons made about how I stack up against Jim? 'Maybe he'll do, but he's no Jim Bryant!' The papers say it; the fans say it; the other players do."

Trahan's hard eyes bored. "What difference does it make what other people

say? If you had the guts of a pink earthworm, you'd never listened to that stuff. You'd have been digging, trying to make a football player instead of feeling sorry for yourself. You've got everything it takes to make a great football player, except one thing. You haven't the guts. The worst scrub on the squad would make a better showing than you do because you'd quit before he started digging."

"That's a damned lie!" shouted Jake.

"It's no lie and you know it. There's a yellow streak down your back a yard wide."

**J**AKE swung, a roundhouse right. It hit Spike Trahan on the jaw. He went down, a surprised look on his face. He went down, but he bounced up. Like a maddened bull he charged Jake, swinging as he came. A right exploded on Jake's chin. Jake fell backward, entangled in a chair. He came up viciously, jaws tight, fists clenched.

He started across the room at Trahan. Trahan laughed, a hearty, booming laugh. He sounded as if he were enjoying it. Jake had never heard of his laughing before. He stuck his fists in his pockets and sat down.

He said, "Okay, kid, you licked me. Cut out swinging, you might strain yourself."

"Get up," snarled Jake. "Get out of that chair. I'm going to beat hell out of you!"

Trahan put his feet on the desk and reached for his pipe. He was still chuckling.

"It's a pleasure I won't allow you," he said calmly. "Try it and I'll call the police."

He wasn't afraid. Jake knew he wasn't afraid. He knew it instinctively. He knew Trahan would fight until he was beaten to a pulp, until he was carried out feet first, if it suited his purpose. But he wasn't fighting now. What kind of a man was he?

"Bryant," Trahan said, and he chuckled again, "I'm going to start you next Saturday, though I'm damned if I know why. I still think you'll quit on me. Now get out of here."

Jake stalked back to the locker room. He jerked his jacket on, slammed the locker door, and left.

Starting away from the stadium he noticed two figures standing at the corner. One of them was just draining the last of a bottle. He tossed it into the street, and turned to stare at Jake.

"So that's Bryant," he proclaimed to the world. "Jim Bryant's brother. Well, maybe he is, but he's a hell of a football player."

Jake hit him. He hit him where it would do the most good, sinking his left to the wrist in the soft fat of the paunch. The guy said, "O-o-o-i," and doubled up. He hit him again, in the nose, with his right. He sat heavily against a fire plug, and stayed there.

The man's companion was making noises that sounded belligerent, and swung a fist in the general direction of Jake's jaw. Jake didn't bother to duck. He seized the swinging fist, yanked the man past him, gathered a handful of collar and a second handful of trousers seat, and dumped Number 2 face down in the lap of Number 1. Without a backward glance, he started across the campus.

Trahan, watching from the shadows of the stadium gates, started away, grinning to himself. "Maybe he'll do," he muttered. "I think maybe he'll do."

Jake was telling himself that Spike Trahan could take his whole damned outfit and go jump in the nearest sewer with them. He was through. And he was through with college, too. He stalked angrily into his room, jerked open his trunk, and began to throw things into it. He'd be out of the place before midnight.

He was packing furiously when heavy steps sounded in the hall. Farmer Gray pushed into the room.

"Hey, speed merchant," he bellowed, "what the hell goes?"

Jake stopped. He glared at Farmer. "Well," he growled, "what do you want?"

"Spike told me I'd better come up and help you get your bags ready," said Gray. "Said you wouldn't have much time to make the midnight train. You really leaving, kid?"

Jake glared at him. He couldn't trust himself to speak. Quivering with rage, he stood there, a shoe in his hand, scowling at Gray.

"What's the matter, big shot?" asked

Farmer. "Bad news? The old moola maker failing or something?" He draped himself on the bed.

Jake sat down on the bed. He looked at Farmer. He looked at his bags. He didn't say anything. For the space of perhaps ten minutes he sat there, letting himself cool down. So Trahan had figured he'd leave, had he? Regular mind-reader. He'd sent Farmer up just to rub it in harder, eh?

He said to Farmer, "I've changed my mind. I'll stick around."

On the field Monday, Trahan pointedly stopped, put his hands on his hips, and stared at Jake as he came out on the field. What was he trying to do, register astonishment? Surprised he was here? Jake glared straight ahead, and stalked past. Whatever the big ham was trying to do, Jake wasn't having any. Cursing to himself, he strode across the field to where the ends were practicing.

Farmer Gray looked up sharply as he went past. In a horrible burlesque, he hitched up imaginary skirts and minced away from Jake, falsettoing.

"Oh, Mr. Bryant, what you just said!"

"Go to hell!" snarled Jake.

The game next Saturday was at Twin Rapids. The Rapids team had been going like a house afire this year, beating two opponents by lopsided scores. Twin Rapids was a mining city, and the miners were in the chips. Money was offered freely at odds of 2-1 with few Tech takers.

"They don't like us," said Graham to Jake. "Tech took them forty to nothing last year. They're out for blood today."

Rapids brought the kickoff back to the thirty-five. They had a pair of backs, fast, shifty, active, both good broken field runners, Kline and Healy. And on the first play Kline came roaring off left tackle.

Two blockers came at Jake. He went over their backs, reaching, but the play went past. Four yards.

Healy came around end, again screened by plenty of interference. Apparently, the Rapids scouts knew all about Trahan's left. Jake again received the personal attention of two blockers. He fended them off, trying to reach the runner, but too late. Five yards.

## ARE YOU LONESOME?

Large 16-page magazine, complete with details, pictures and descriptions, both ladies and gentlemen. Copy 10¢; with ladies' or gentlemen's addresses 50¢.

**WEED AGENCY**  
772 Cleveland Ave., Bridgeport 4, Conn.



## WHY BE LONELY!

Let America's greatest introduction service find your ideal friend, sweetheart, or mate. Our amazingly different system has brought ideal love, friendship, and enduring happiness to thousands. Why not you? This method offers individual analysis and introduction to persons of your type. Sensational results—even when all other methods fail. Largest, most select membership. Sealed details FREE.  
**DR. MILES, Box 9265, Sta. 3, Los Angeles 3, Cal.**

## SAVE 1/3! POWERBIKE

DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU

Nationally known—Makes your bike a speedy streamlined Powerbike at new low cost. Ideal for work and play! Write for FREE LITERATURE!



## SAGINAW PRODUCTS CORP.

112 River St., Saginaw, Michigan

## RUPTURE-EASER

A strong, form fitting, washable support. Back lacing adjustable. Snaps up in front. Adjustable leg strap. Soft, flat groin pad. No steel or leather bands. Unexcelled for comfort. Also used as after operation support. For men or women. Mail orders give measure around the lowest part of the abdomen. Specify right or left side or double.



Right or left  
Side \$3.95  
Double...4.95  
Pat. Pend.

308 East 12th

**PIPER BRACE CO.**

Dept. FH-6 Kansas City 4, Mo.

## Do YOU want MONEY, LOVE, and POWER?



Do you feel that opportunity is passing you by? That if someone showed you HOW, you could earn big money, be popular and make people admire you? Wouldn't you like to win in whatever you do? Boss those who now boss you? Deane Hammond, a college trained New York Public Relations Executive has compiled a FORMULA FOR SUCCESS that helped him to open wide the door to SUCCESS, LOVE and HAPPINESS. Don't sit on the sidelines while others obtain life's greatest pleasures. Just send me your name and address for a 10 DAY TRIAL. When the postman delivers the booklet FORMULA FOR SUCCESS with instructions, pay only \$1 plus postage. Follow his directions carefully and I PERSONALLY GUARANTEE that if you are not COMPLETELY SATISFIED within 10 days, I'll send your \$2 right back. You are entitled to try to gain for yourself the HEALTH, WEALTH and HAPPINESS you have always wanted. Write NOW to

**TRULOVE**

58 WALKER STREET  
Dept. 145-AH, New York 13

A reverse. Kline around Kopcek, at right end. No gain. Another off-tackle play, aimed at Jake's side. Four yards.

Again the play was aimed at Tech's left. It developed into a lateral. Graham broke through, forcing the quarterback to pass to Healy, and Healy made a fair bid to skirt end without interference. Jake overhauled him at the sidelines, the pair skidding offside in front of the Tech bench.

Jake rose to his feet, almost in front of Trahan. Spike was looking at him, a contemptuous grin on his face.

"Told you you'd quit on me, Bryant," he grated.

The Rapids made six yards on the play.

**T**HE ball was fifteen yards in from the sidelines. Right handed, Janacek, the Rapids quarterback, faded to his right for a pass behind a single blocker. Jake went for him, only to sprawl over the back of the blocker.

The pass was good for twenty yards. The Rapids stands roared.

As Jake got to his feet, he saw Trahan standing, his hands hooked in his belt. He took a step forward. The stands booed behind him. Some gravel-voiced fan shouted, "Back to the sticks for you, Trahan. Why don'tcha get a ball team?"

Trahan paid no attention. The cold, contemptuous, humorous grin on his face, he was looking straight at Jake. He grated, "Your play. You see what I-mean, kid?"

"Shut up," snarled Jake. He ran back to the lineup.

Cicarelli called time out. Jake stayed on his feet, not listening to the huddle, starting up the field to where Twin Rapids had started. From the Rapids thirty-five to the Tech twenty-one yard line in a straight march. And every gain had been Jake's play to stop. He, Jake Bryant, had spotted the Rapids team half the length of the field. He stood there, a slow doubt forming in his mind. It might be that Spike Trahan was right. He had said Jake was a quitter, and certainly the game so far showed nothing to contradict it.

Time was over. The Rapids quarterback sent Healy at him in an off-tackle smash. Charging hard and fast, Jake

ploughed head first over the backs of the two blockers. A foot caught, and he plunged forward, off balance, crashing into the runner. Healy stumbled over him, falling for a yard loss.

They reformed. Janacek threw Kline at Jake, running wide. Again Jake charged, hard and fast. Again the two blockers. Well, if he couldn't get the runner, he'd clear out the interference. He threw his shoulders viciously at the knees of the Rapids backs. They piled up in a heap. Kline, unprotected, was dropped by Levin at the line of scrimmage.

Third down, eleven to go. Janacek decided to pass. He faded back to his right, the same play that had just cost State twenty yards. Jake shot forward, unchecked except for the one blocker. And the blocker was in front of Janacek, crouching, so close the passer could reach out and touch him.

Jake didn't slow up. He didn't leap into the air, trying to block a pass. Instead he charged the blocker, ploughing into him like a runaway truck. The blocker stumbled backward, Jake with him. Together they crashed into Janacek's legs, just as he drew back his arm to pass.

Janacek went down, dropping the ball. He scrambled desperately, trying to cover it. He reached it, even as Jake did. The ball leaped away from them both. Levin, State center, in a graceful diving roll, recovered the ball as Jake struggled to his feet.

Janacek came up, swinging. He wasn't in the habit of having passes broken up. His glancing fist caught Jake under the eye.

Instinctively Jake ducked and swung a haymaker of his own. It caught Janacek's nose. Blood spurted. Jake suddenly felt powerful hands seize his shoulders, jerking him backward. He heard Swensen's voice in his ear.

"What're you trying to do, kid? Get put out of the game?"

Jake had forgotten the game. He stole a glance at the bench. Trahan was on his feet, gesticulating, swinging his fists at an imaginary opponent, jumping up and down. The whole Tech bench was yelling. And the Rapids stands were yelling, too,

but they didn't sound friendly.

Tech took the ball. For the first time all season, they began to show power. They drove the ball back to the Rapids six before losing it. The Rapids team kicked, and Tech began hammering away again from midfield.

They scored twice before the first half ended. It was becoming increasingly evident that the Rapids rooters were in a bad mood. They roared at every Rapids gain; they howled and booed when Tech scored. As they came off the field at the half, Farmer Gray chortled.

"Boy, you're safer on the field than we are on the bench. They're heaving pop bottles at us here."

Trahan was watching Jake as he came off the field. He said, "Well, you stopped a couple of plays this half. I sent a manager downtown for some trophies for you."

Jake walked past without a word. Suddenly, he knew he didn't hate Trahan's methods any more. One thing was certain. The coach was fighting to win every minute of the time. Regardless of whose feelings were hurt, regardless of whose feet were trampled, he didn't give a hoot who got in his way or who got knocked over. Any method of getting a man to produce for him, so long as it was for the good of the team, and so long as it worked. Jake's mind suddenly flashed back to what Trahan had said, between the halves, in the Alton game.

"We don't wait to hit 'em fancy—we hit 'em anyway, and we hit 'em where it counts, before they get to the scrimmage line." That was Trahan's philosophy. That was the way he coached, and that was the way he expected his teams to play. All he asked was the best a man had. And it was all right with Jake.

They trotted out onto the field for the last half to the boos and howls of the Rapids crowd.

The half started. It was apparent that the Rapids team had not quit by any means. Their tackling was savage, their blocking equally so. Twice in the third quarter they were penalized for unnecessary roughness. Near the end of the quarter Janacek again sent Kline off tackle, hammering

7—All-American Football—1st Fall

## SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Send your Poems today for Free Examination to

**J. CHAS. McNEIL**

A.B. MASTER OF MUSIC

510-FH So. Alexandria Los Angeles 5, Calif.



AMAZING MAGIC TRICK

### Vanishing Card

Show it—then pitch it up into the air—its now completely disappeared, yet when you reach into a spectator's pocket you produce the same card—it's complete, ready to perform, easy to do, price only

—"THE MAGICIAN"—**25c**  
2453 F-Kensington Avenue, Phila. 25, Pa.

## LONESOME?

JOIN RELIABLE CLUB, established 1909

Members everywhere—beautiful girls, nurses, teachers, widows, businessmen, farmers seeking congenial mates. Many claim wealth. Dignified, dependable and sure, we get results. WRITE FOR INFORMATION AND DESCRIPTIONS FREE, SEALED.

THE EXCHANGE, 3827-72 Main, Kansas City, Mo.

## QUIT TOBACCO!

Remove all tobacco craving safe in every form and join the thousands who have obtained satisfactory freedom from tobacco with TOBACCO BANISHER. Send for FREE BOOKLET describing the ill effects of tobacco and our safe reliable home treatment, a proven success for 38 years.

GUSTAF H. GUSTAFSON CO.  
2325 E. Vickery Blvd. Dept. FH Ft. Worth 3, Texas



### LONELY HEARTS

Let us help you find real happiness. Join our old reliable club. 42 years of dependable, confidential service. Correspondents most everywhere. Many with means, seeking congenial mates. Proven results. Photos, descriptions free.

STANDARD CLUB, BOX 207, GRAYS LAKE, ILL.

## LONESOME?

A LONELY HEARTS CLUB THAT'S DIFFERENT!

Introductions by letter. Confidential, Dignified, Honest service. Write for FREE sealed particulars.

**LESTER GOLLIDAY**

G-1514 East Long St. Columbus 3, Ohio



## LONESOME?

Find your Lifemate through my Club. Old and Reliable. Established 1924: Personal, painstaking service for refined men and women. Have most all ages. Nationwide membership. Many state they are wealthy, also Christians. Let me help you to happiness: Continuous, Dignified, Dependable individual service. Confidential introductions by letter. Why not join now? Write for Free Particulars, Photos, Descriptions Sealed.

**LOIS L. REEDER**

Box 549 Palestine, Texas

Jake's position. He couldn't forget the yardage they'd made there, early in the game. Two blockers led the runner, directly at Jake.

Jake met them, halfway and more than halfway. He met them three yards behind the line of scrimmage. He met them with his body low, dipping his shoulders, lifting his body up and forward with the drive of his powerful legs, going under and between the two, shaking them off his hips as he came up, as a dog shakes water off its body. The runner had no chance. He hadn't had the opportunity to get into full stride. The same sudden crouch, the same dipping, upward thrust of shoulders and body, arms locked behind the knees, and Kline rose in the air on Jake's shoulders, to be hurled backward, flat on his back. They called time out for Kline, to give him a chance to get the air back in his lungs. Finally, they took him to the bench.

Janecek cursed Jake, low enough so the referee couldn't hear, loud enough so Jake could. "We'll get you for that."

Jake laughed, poised on the scrimmage line.

He laughed from sheer pleasure, looking across the line at the quarterback.

"Come ahead," he invited. "You know where to find me."

He suddenly knew he was enjoying himself. He didn't give a damn where he hit, how he hit, or whom he hit. He didn't care whether he ever played football again or not. He didn't care whether he ever made a football team. He didn't care what fool with a typewriter, what loud mouthed dope, said he wasn't the equal of his brother Jim. The sheer physical enjoyment of the moment was his and he wasn't looking beyond it. He was having the time of his life.

The stands booed and howled at Jake. It had been a clean, hard tackle that put Kline out, no dirty work. But they didn't like him. They booed at Jake for every play in which he participated, the remainder of the game. They howled their anger

when Swensen scored in the fourth quarter. And they nearly shook the stands with their disapproval when, late in the game, Jake scored on a long pass from Dunn. Near the end of the game, police were busy hustling away partisan fans who attempted to get onto the field.

The game ended, 39-0, in favor of Tech. As the gun sounded, fans began leaping down from the stands, collecting near the exit which Tech used to get to the locker rooms. Tough looking, hard fisted customers, one or two with bottles in their hands. As Jake started toward the exit, a little in advance of the others, he heard someone growl, "There's the rat. That's the left end."

He glanced sideways, and ducked, just in time to evade the roundhouse swing of a huge, black-jowled miner. He swung in return.

As he moved his fist, he heard a roar behind him. A blue coated figure shot past, fists swinging, colliding with the miner and driving him back ten feet. Spike Trahan had entered the fray.

Jake leaped up beside him as another miner swung a bottle. He caught the man on the jaw. He dropped like a log. Another appeared. And then pandemonium broke loose, as the whole Tech team bore down upon the knot of thirty or forty men surrounding Jake and the coach.

Whistles sounded. Police came on the double.

Jake and Trahan were side by side, still swinging, as the combined weight of police and the Tech team broke through to the center of the melee. Police herded the miners away.

Trahan, an eye blackened, coat torn, collar awry, legs apart, surveyed his squad. "What in the blue blazes took you so long?" he roared. "They swung at our boy, didn't they?"

John's heart suddenly swelled. He drew a deep breath, and he grinned. He was "our boy." He was in. Spike Trahan had put him in, and for Spike Trahan he'd stay there.

# Curtains For Cooler

By L. R. ROBINSON

**Swivel-hipped Cooler Thorne could put a game on ice any second of any old quarter . . . 'til he began manufacturing the headlines on Saturday mornings.**

**N**ICK THE GREEK said, "How many points Saturday, Cooler?" Cooler Thorne, State halfback, watched the bartender flip the foam neatly from the top of the beer glass, and then push the glass across the bar. It was a hot fall afternoon and the beer was cold, and he was already late for practice. He had a mental picture of head coach Red Blair chewing his nails on the field, tearing the sod with his cleats.

He said, "Twenty-four for sure, kid, maybe more."

In his own mind though, he wondered, just a trifle. Twenty-four points in a game had been an easy thing for him on several afternoons, a year ago, but that was a long time back, too long. He sipped the beer and it tasted good. Made him feel good inside. It made him feel so good that he walked over to the empty phone booth, the beer glass still in his hand, and dropped a nickel in the slot. He got the Tri Delta house and asked for Myra Lynch.

He said, "Will you marry me, baby?"

He was motioning the bartender to set him up another one, and hardly heard what she said. He got the last part of it and grinned.

"Where am I, baby?" he repeated. "Why, I'm up in Hal Maley's office, making arrangements for the game Saturday. They'll want my pictures, you know."

Myra said, "Don't hand me that line, you big liar. Three to one there's beer foaming at your elbow. I can hear it



from here. You'd better pull your freight out of Nick's and get over to the field before Blair tramples you into the turf."

"One more dressing down from that Neanderthal," Cooler growled, "and I'll hang up my cleats for good." He added, "I just wanted to hear your sweet voice again, baby. It'll help me keep cool on a hot afternoon. See you after practice."

She said, "I've got studying to do, you big ape. D'you think a girl gets by like a football player does, on his biceps?"

Cooler grinned. "I'll help you with it.

See you at the Crystal right after. Be looking for you."

After an afternoon's practice, with his legs hurting and feeling a little drained out, he didn't feel much like study. Or like dancing either, for that matter. Funny, his legs hadn't bothered him last fall, or the fall before.

Myra said, "I might be a little late. And I've got to be in early tonight. Got a test in Lit tomorrow. I'll see you, but I don't know why."

"It's because you love me, baby," Cooler explained, grinning. "You just don't recognize it. It's as simple as that."

"You baboon." She hung up and Cooler walked back to the bar with the empty beer glass. He drained the contents of the second one, hardly coming out from under, dropped a half dollar on the bar and walked toward the door and the yellow convertible standing outside. He had seen it pull up while he was in the phone booth.

The heat from the sidewalk seemed to reach up and slap him when he stepped out. The middle of October, and no chill in the air at all.

"Damn," he said to the driver, "why do we have to play football in weather like this? You'd think it was August the way that sun hits you."

Jim Venides, fraternity brother, leaned over and opened the door. "Figured you'd be here instead of out at the field where you ought to be. Get in, you big lunk. Let the beer alone and you wouldn't mind the heat. Trouble with you is you're way out of condition."

"Condition me eye! I'm in just as good condition as I ever was. Better, in fact. Sticking too close to training gets a man down too fine and makes him stale. A glass of beer relaxes you, loosens up the old muscles. Look at that Indian from Illinois, back around 1916. Three times All-American, and he never trained. What was his name, Ernie Short, or something?"

"Ernie Wade, you mean. Yeah, might be he didn't. Last time I saw his name in the paper he was shoveling rock on a road, or something. Some writer was trying to get him a job as caretaker of an estate, but he couldn't stay sober long enough to draw a paycheck."

"Didn't know the right people, that's all. Didn't figure his angles."

"That's your story. There won't be any angles for you, just a straight line all one way—out—if you don't snap out of it."

Cooler laughed. "Don't get in an uproar about it. Where'd Blair's scoring punch be without me?"

"Haven't seen any this year, yet," Venides said.

"Been holding back so far. Don't want the conference to see just how much we have got. Just wait a game or two."

HE grinned to himself again as he slipped into his uniform. He reached for his shoulder pads, hanging in the locker, withdrew his hand. "No scrimmage for me today," he said to himself. "Red can't risk damage to his star half-back."

He was tall and rangy, and the sports writers had nicknamed him Ghost Thorne and Cooler Thorne in his sophomore year. Ghost because he had such an unusual flair for broken field running. A pair of swinging, elusive hips that tackler after tackler reached for only to find themselves clutching empty air. And more often Cooler was the boy who put the game on ice. He knew his weight was up from a year ago, but what of it. He still had that knack of broken field running.

Red Blair was red-faced as well as red-haired when Cooler trotted out on the field. He thrust out his heavy jaw. "Where's your pads, Thorne?"

"Didn't have time to put 'em on, Red. Besides, I knew you weren't scrimmaging me today."

"Scrimmage or no scrimmage, you've got to carry the weight on Saturdays. You'd better get used to it. What do you think we're running, a ballet class? Mebbe that's why you haven't been scoring this season. Not getting enough work."

Cooler grinned. "Look, Red," he chuckled. "I got a bad start this fall. My timing's good now. Just wait'll next Saturday."

Blair said, "It better be. I've been waiting too long." He turned his back to watch his passers.

They trotted through signal practice.

"What's your hurry, kid," he grumbled to Pops Gregs, quarterback. "Don't you know it's hot today?"

"Yeah," growled Bricks Kantos, fullback. "Only thing heats you is that beer belly you're carrying."

"Beer belly!" said Cooler in a shocked voice. "You couldn't mean me?"

"You heard me," the fullback snapped. "You couldn't last a quarter on a second rate high school team, the shape you're in now."

"You're kinda rough," Cooler observed, "on the best halfback State ever had. Watch me on this one."

Gregs shoved the ball at him on a double reverse, and he pranced around left end, showing his heels.

Pete Stikos, center, booed. "The kid thinks he's good today, huh? Pretty fancy footwork with nobody in front of him."

Coming back for the lineup again, Nate Laughland, halfback, jeered, "Why don't you do that in a game, you lug? Nobody cares here."

Cooler scowled as he came off the field at the close of practice, mopping his face. They hadn't said that to him last year or the year before, when he was averaging eighteen points to a game, when the papers had nicknamed him Ghost Thorne. He recalled the headlines, "Galloping Ghost Runs Again. Shades of Grange At His Best."

This year was just an off season. His legs hadn't shaped up; he hadn't really got started yet.

**T**HEY had Wilton for next Saturday, and Wilton was tough. They'd been pretty low in the conference for two seasons but always made it a battle against State. Rivalry between the two schools had extended back for twenty years. And they'd been scorching the circuit so far this season, a hard running team with a strong passing attack, and a line that didn't crack easy. State was unbeaten so far, but they'd had a couple of close calls already at the hands of mediocre teams. A beating from Wilton would be hard to take, both for Blair and the team.

They trotted out on the field that after-

noon, deep maroon jerseys contrasting to the gold jerseys and helmets of Wilton. The sun was hot; the paper had said something about all records for the month of October being broken. There had been no rain for several days, and the turf was firm and springy. He went through the customary warming-up routine, and trotted through the signal practice, holding back just a trifle. No need to get too warm before the game started. It would be hot enough, soon enough, when he got running.

He adjusted his pads as the two captains met with the referee, thinking of the cold bottle of beer he would have at Nick's after the game. He was also thinking of Myra Lynch.

He glanced up in the stands to the section where she usually sat and found her. She waved and Cooler grinned in return.

She was wearing something white and cool looking with just a touch of color around the neck and the sleeves. She looked good in white, he thought. She had a nice tan, and her hair was dark, contrasting sharply with the white of her dress. No slacks or sweaters for her. She always looked immaculate, perfectly groomed. She'd been in white the first time he'd laid eyes on her, at a hop at the Tri Delt house their freshman year, and they'd been steady ever since.

The game started, and it was bad. Wilton scored early in the first quarter and again in the second. The score board showed Wilton 13, State 0, before the half.

Somehow, the heat seemed oppressive; he couldn't get moving; his legs seemed wooden. Somehow the line wasn't opening the holes they ought to. The Wilton players were sifting through, smearing plays behind the line of scrimmage. Somehow, the backs, Kantos, Gregs, Laughland, didn't seem to be blocking quite as cleanly as they ought to. Kantos, a senior, had been a deadly blocker for two seasons past. And Laughland and Gregs, both veterans from the year before, were no slouches. But they weren't holding the defense off, weren't blocking out their men completely, when he had the

ball. He just couldn't shake loose and get started.

Coming in from the field at the half, he thought, "Boy, Blair'll be spitting nails in the dressing room."

He glanced up at the stands looking for Myra again. She was still there, cool and white in the riot of color in the stands. He'd asked her to marry him, then or later, during their freshman year, and three or four times since. Once, last year, when he'd been going good, she'd almost agreed.

"You're a lot of fun, Cooler," she'd said. "I like you awfully well. I'm tempted to say yes. But I'm not a girl who goes around collecting fraternity pins for decorations, and when I say yes it'll be for keeps. I'm trying to decide what you'll look like thirty years from now, you mug. And I think there's something wrong with the picture."

He grinned as he entered the dressing room, thinking how nicely she'd said it, and then the snarling voice of Red Blair cut in.

"Nobody laughs on this outfit," he roared, "especially when we're behind. Get that silly grin off your map, Thorne, and come down to earth. This is no pink tea. It's a ball game and we're losin'."

Blair went over the team, collectively and individually, with the saltiest hiding Thorne had ever sat through. Cooler thought, as the torrent poured directly at him, "Blair's got his job to look after, too.

Probably the wolves are after him already. Coach's job's no cinch, I guess." He even contrived to feel a little sorry for Blair.

They trotted back to the field at the start of the second half.

"Blair was really laying it on today," he said to Kantos, running beside him. "Musta had a bad night."

"Shut up!" snapped the fullback. "Why don't you play a little football for a change?"

"Football? What d'you think I've been doing? Those babies are hitting us hard, that's all. Wait'll I get loose, though."

Stikos snarled, "Yeah, that's what we've been waiting for, all year. Why don't you

get out your press clippings? That ought to scare 'em."

Good natured, Cooler had always enjoyed the banter of his teammates. But this didn't sound like banter. He stopped.

"Look, Stikos—"

"Can the chatter," said Grege, coming abreast of them. "This is a ball game, not a chewing match. Let's get out there."

Cooler scowled. A ball game, eh? It might be, but it didn't look like State's. Wilton was tough.

State kicked, and right away the Wilton team, buoyed up by the confidence generated by a lead of thirteen points, came booming back up the field. The runback put the ball on the Wilton forty-five. A reverse gained a yard or so; a criss-cross netted two; a pass made it a first down on the State forty. And the receiver was Cooler's man.

They reformed. Wilton tore at the line for four yards. A lateral gained five more, and the quarterback sneaked under the guards for a first down.

On their thirty yard line State stiffened and held, allowing Wilton no gain on the first down, and only a couple of yards on the second. On the third, Taylor, left guard, raging berserk through the Wilton line, dropped the play for a five yard loss. Wilton formed in kick formation.

Fourth down, thirteen to go, on State's thirty-five.

Cooler thought, "They'll probably kick, trying to put it in the coffin corner." He dropped back a couple of yards.

The ball spiraled back to the kicker. Cooler, waiting for the boot, suddenly saw the Wilton fullback rifle a pass into his territory. Too late, he rushed forward to knock it down. The receiver picked it out of the air under his very nose, and, pouring on the coal, slashed past him, to be downed by Grege.

**F**IRST down on State's fifteen. Their backs to the wall, the State line rose up in unholy wrath and stopped the Wilton team cold for the first time in all day.

State took the ball. Laughland grated, "About time you cut loose, lug." Cooler didn't like the sound of his voice.

Grege called for Cooler off right tackle.

He tried, and gained a yard. A reverse, Greys to Kantos to Laughland, for three more. Greys called for a lateral to Cooler. He was stopped on the line of scrimmage. They kicked out of danger.

State got a break at the start of the third quarter, recovering the ball at mid-field. Greys called for Cooler on a reverse play. He made a yard. Cooler again on an end sweep. No gain. A substitute raced out from the sidelines. Cooler rested, hands on hips, as he reported to the referee. He didn't even glance to see who it was. He was thinking how good a bottle of beer would taste right now. The referee said, "Thorne out."

He jerked around, looking at the newcomer. He, Thorne, out? He hadn't been taken out all last season. But the substitute was Johnson, Cooler's understudy from the second string. He must have heard right.

He went to the bench, not looking at Red Blair. Probably Red was figuring to give Johnson some experience, since Cooler would graduate in June. He dropped his helmet and sat down, wiping the sweat from his face.

The team seemed to pick up a trifle. A pass connected. The blocking suddenly seemed to click. They picked up two first downs, the first two consecutive first downs in all afternoon. They were on the Wilton ten yard line when Cooler got up and ducked through the door under the stands to the locker rooms. Nobody saw him go.

In the locker room he pulled off his jersey, worked his shoes off, and sat there, trying to figure out what was the matter. Was he slower than he was a year ago? He told himself no, the blocking was ragged. But it hadn't looked so ragged when Johnson took the ball. He knew he should be gaining ground, but he wasn't.

He took his shower and was dressing when the players started to troop in.

"Can't win 'em all, kid," he said to Nilsen, sophomore right end. "Buck up."

Nilsen nodded, but said nothing. Cooler could see he wanted to win them all. Losing a game really hurt the kid.

Nobody said anything to Cooler, but

## LONELY? WHY BE LONELY?

America's friendly club will arrange a romantic correspondence for you. Sealed Particulars FREE.

**DIAMOND CIRCLE**

BOX 1203, DEPT. 14 ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

## Illustrated Comic Booklets

Sell our ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS and other NOVELTIES. Each booklet size 4 1/2 x 2 3/4. We will send 25 assorted booklets prepaid upon receipt of \$1.00 or 75 assorted booklets sent prepaid upon receipt of \$2.00. Wholesale novelty price list sent with order only. No orders sent C. O. D. Send Cash or Money-order.

**REPSAC SALES CO.**

65 Fifth Avenue Dept. K73 New York 3, N. Y.

**MEN!** **COMIC PRINTED POCKET FUN NOVELTIES**

- 40 Comic Pocket Cards
- 12 Illustrated Booklets
- 6 Comic Love Letters
- 6 Laughable Diplomas
- 4 Printed Pocket Laughs
- Everything \$1.00
- Postpaid Sealed

FUN SHOP, 2463 F-Kensington Ave., Phila. 25, Pa.

## BOOKLETS

The kind grown ups like. Each one of these booklets is POCKET SIZE, also contains 8 ILLUSTRATIONS, and is full of fun and entertainment. 12 of these joke booklets, ALL DIFFERENT, shipped prepaid upon receipt of \$1.00, or 24 BOOKLETS ALL DIFFERENT shipped prepaid for \$2, cash or money order. No orders sent C. O. D. Print name and address and mail to:

**TREASURE NOVELTY CO., Dept. 72 K**  
28 Cooper Station, New York 3, N. Y.

**FOR MEN ONLY?**  
THE GIRLS LOVE IT TOO!! ☆



**GALS GAGS PHOTOS CARTOONS**

**4 BOOKS**  
EACH DIFFERENT!

MORE THAN **500 PAGES**

**only 1 BUCK!**  
MONEY BACK GUARANTEED

**LARCH BOOK CO.**  
118 East 28 St., New York 16, Dept. 158-A

then, they were dragged out from the game and the heat. He finished dressing and went out.

Myra Lynch was waiting for him outside. She opened the door of the coupe and he climbed in.

He said, "Not so good today, baby."

Myra put the car in gear, and pulled out smoothly into traffic. She said, "What happened to the star halfback today?"

"Wait'll next week," Cooler promised

"I've been waiting a long time," Myra said. "What do you think I come to the games for, anyway?"

Cooler grinned. "What I need, sugar, is a steady influence, somebody to keep the old rudder straight, you know. Somebody like you."

"That sounds," she told him, "exactly like the proposals you've been making to me for three years back. I don't want to be a rudder for any man. It's bad for the disposition."

Cooler shook his head. Here was the old argument up again, ragged and torn from being dragged out of the mothballs so often, but still unassailable. She was able to take care of herself; even in college she earned an income not to be sneezed at, from designing and illustration; she didn't have to get married, now or ever, to support herself. When she married a man she didn't want to be a watchdog over him; she didn't want to have to commandeer his pay check the minute he came through the door; she didn't want to be forced to drive him to keep him on the job; and she felt she'd have to do all these things in Cooler's case. He was genial, engaging, happy-go-lucky and shiftless: she didn't think he'd ever settle down and amount to anything.

"Look at your class work," she told him. "Always just barely skimming through, and I doubt if you'd do that if the pros weren't giving you a break. You haven't cracked a book, unless it's a comic, since school opened. And if that's your style, you'd never be able to support a family. I admit your face and figure are engaging now, but I'm thinking of mine thirty years from now, when I'd be supporting you."

"Some day," Cooler told her, "when

you're married and settled down with a dog and cat and a flock of kids, none of them mine, and a high-salaried getter of a husband with ulcers and a mean disposition, you'll regret those words."

"That might be so," Myra murmured.

"Then why not get it over with now?" Cooler demanded. "Or right after graduation. I know some people. I can get a job."

"Yes, *get* one. But stick? I wonder. Come on, you big ape. I'm hungry. Let's eat."

Cooler persisted. "Trouble with you," he said, "you're too practical. How can a gal with your looks be as hard-headed as that. Not a soft spot anywhere. You're like Blair."

"Heaven forbid," said Myra. "Here's the Crystal. Come on."

He gave it up. They had a nice evening together, a show after the dinner, but she was unusually quiet. He noticed it. She just sat and listened to him, smiling a little once in a while, but didn't say much. He got back to the house rather early for him.

THE Sunday papers were not kind to State. Cooler read them, feet cocked on the table in his room. None of the boys drifted in, so it left him more time to read them undisturbed. A paragraph caught his eye.

"With a backfield of veterans, and a powerful line, State should be having one of her best seasons. But the punch just wasn't there Saturday afternoon, and hasn't been all season. On paper State should have beaten Wilton by three touchdowns, but performance showed the boys who draw up the statistics to be about thirty-four points wrong. State's crowning defection seems to be Ghost Thorne. The Cooler has cooled, in fact, solidified. The high scorer of the conference last season gained something like nine yards in three quarters of play. From the standpoint of the State rooters, they came the nearest to getting their money's worth late in the game, after the Ghost was laid—on the bench. For the rest of the game State kept the Wilton team back on its heels,

coming within ten yards of the goal line twice. But in the clutch they lacked the punch to put it over."

He threw the papers in a corner. The Cooler had cooled, eh? When he got his legs into shape —

Coming out of Economics class Monday morning he met Taylor, his fraternity brother. "Blair wants to see you over at his office sometime this morning, Cooler." He spoke casually, almost too much so.

"At his office?" Cooler was surprised. Blair's contacts with the players were always on the field.

"That's right. He's waiting," Taylor said.

Cooler went over to the gymnasium, past the graduate manager's office. Burton, graduate manager, was reading the paper as he went past. He lifted a hand in salute.

Blair laid some diagrams aside as Cooler came in. He carefully moved the ashtray to the window sill and laid his cigar on it. He said, "Sit down, Cooler."

Cooler looked at him, eyes narrowing. He'd never heard Blair use that tone before. He was quiet now, much too quiet. When Red was thundering, cursing, blustering, red-faced and raving, Cooler could understand him fine. This man he did not know. Blair's eyes were as cold as ever, or almost so, but he spoke as if he were tired and a bit sad.

"I suppose you're wondering why I sent for you, Cooler?"

"I could think of reasons, but I'd rather get the straight one."

Blair looked at him, but there was a faraway look in his eyes. He seemed to be looking at something a hundred yards behind Cooler. Then his eyes suddenly focussed. He thrust his heavy jaw forward.

"Cooler, you're out of the game—for good!"

Cooler took it. Even sitting in the chair, he seemed to feel himself sway a little but he took it the way a man takes a hard one on the chin. The full blow. He just sat there, looking dizzily at the coach, as if perhaps his ears were playing tricks on him, trying to tell himself he hadn't heard right. The thought of not playing



Meet your future husband, wife or companion through our personalized, selective introduction service. Nationwide membership, all ages. Write today (enclose 10c coin) and receive by return, sealed mail, 40 actual pictures and complete details. Please mention age and sex.

HOLLYWOOD "400" CLUB  
P. O. Box 2349-KX Hollywood 28, California

## SONG-WRITERS ATTENTION

The amazing demand for phonograph records, accelerated by countless Juke-Boxes, warrants your immediate investigation. We are offering New Writers the rare opportunity of having a celebrated "Hit" composer furnish music on reduced percentage basis for any likely poems received this month. The "Pettillo Ban" does not affect us.

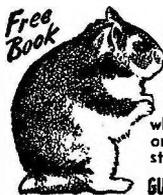
RECOLA RECORDING CO., Box 987FH, Hollywood 28, Calif.



## LONESOME?

Let me arrange a romantic correspondence for you. Find yourself a sweetheart thru America's foremost select social correspondence club. A friendship letter society for lonely ladies and gentlemen. Members everywhere; CONFIDENTIAL, introductions by letter; efficient, dignified and continuous service. I have made thousands of lonely people happy—why not you? Write for FREE sealed particulars.

EVAN MOORE P. O. BOX 988 JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA



## RAISE HAMSTERS

The new wonder animals from Syria. Often called Toy Bears. Delightful pets. Everyone wants them. Laboratories need thousands. Clean, odorless. Raise anywhere. A profitable and interesting hobby or business. We furnish breeders and instructions. Write today for free book.

GULF HAMSTERY, 1516 BASIL ST., MOBILE, ALA.



## DO YOU WANT TO STOP TOBACCO?

Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with Tobacco Redeemer. Write for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved many men.

32 Years in Business  
300,000 Satisfied Customers  
THE NEWELL COMPANY  
293 Clayton Sta., St. Louis 5, Mo.

FREE BOOK



## GETTING BALD?

Doctor's Amazing Discovery for Hair and Scalp! Why spend hundreds of dollars and time visiting fancy offices for treatment? This discovery may be used in the privacy of your home—in a few minutes—only once each week—made from a specialist's prescription, it has been highly successful in stopping further loss of hair due to the most common cause—seborrheic dermatitis and associated dandruff! We do not claim infallibility.

Guaranteed refund if you are not delighted with a healthier head of hair! Mail your name and address only! When this remarkable formula preparation with easy to follow instructions is delivered to you pay postman only \$10 plus postage! This product is medically tested and proven! It is guaranteed to delight and surprise you! Baldness won't wait! Order now! Mail Orders to Dept. 21 NATIONAL SCALP RESEARCH, Box 186, Jersey City 3, N. J.

SEND NO MONEY

football had never occurred to him. It was a part of his life, like eating and sleeping. Of course, this year he'd been off, but when he got his legs in shape—He was still State's powerful running threat, wasn't he? The man with the will-o-the-wisp hips? The back the fans came to watch? He'd thought that.

He repeated the frightening words carefully. "For good?"

"Right, Cooler, and I'll tell you why. I'm not putting you out. You've driven yourself out."

Dumbly he looked at the coach. He opened his mouth but words refused to come. He, Cooler Thorne, always quick on the trigger with repartee, sat there opening and closing his mouth like a fish out of water.

The coach continued. "If you were a sophomore or even a junior I wouldn't even bother to talk to you, Cooler. But you've been a good player, one of my best, and you produced for me for two years."

"Sure," Cooler said. He took a deep breath, hoping his voice was steady. His legs felt weak and his stomach empty. "I—I could again, Red."

Blair heaved a deep breath and let him have it again, full between the eyes.

"No." Just the flat, expressionless monosyllable. Cooler quivered, as if from a physical blow. "You couldn't, Cooler, and I'll tell you why. Even if you got into condition you still couldn't do it."

Cooler croaked, "Why?" It didn't sound like his own voice.

"Because, Cooler, the other players have no faith in you. They've depended on you and you let them down. While they've been training you've been breaking rules. I don't have to see you doing it, your performance in practice is enough for me. Beer sweats out of you every time you run across the field. While they've worked hard in practice you've loafed. Not too much, but you've been giving it less than your best all season."

The coach went on. "They're fed up. Did you notice how Johnson gained Saturday and you couldn't? It's because the rest of the backfield, Kantos, Greys, Laughland, were putting out for him.

They go through the motions when you're carrying the ball, but when it comes to that extra ounce or two of effort that really means pay dirt, they don't give. They don't even know it themselves, but that's what happens. Why? Because they know you aren't giving it all you've got. So why should they? To put it in a few words, Thorne, they don't trust you. The trouble with the team, kid, is Cooler Thorne."

Blair was silent. Cooler knew the dull heartache of the old fighter who slowly drags himself off the canvas, hearing the cheers of the crowd for his conqueror. He was done, through. And he'd licked himself. He rose slowly.

"Thanks, Coach," he said, woodenly, and blundered from the room.

On the steps of the gymnasium he bumped into someone. Bill Durkee, left end, and roommate for three years. "What's cooking, fella?" said Bill.

He looked at Cooler's face. "Guess I shouldn't have asked. Now you know."

"Yeah, I know. Curtains for me." He tried to grin a little. "D'you know it was coming, Bill?"

Durkee said, "Look, Cooler, everyone knew it was coming, sometime. Red's been soured on you all season, and so has the team. Everybody could see it but you. You've been trying to get away on your last season's record, figuring the team couldn't win without you. Probably they can't, but they don't like a gold brick well enough to put out so he can get the credit. How long can a guy expect to stick when he don't deliver, Cooler?"

"Yeah, I've washed myself out," Cooler murmured. He was wondering how Myra would take this. She'd warned him about it a dozen times; she'd begged him to keep in shape. She'd told him to keep his marks up, too.

HE walked down across the campus, past the chapel, past the fountain, and sat down on a park bench. Not many people passed here, and maybe he could think.

He guessed maybe he was missing a class, but that could go. He watched a squirrel rummaging in the leaves and

wondered what a man did when he got the axe.

He'd have to see Myra, sometime. He'd have to see her, not to cry on her shoulder, but because he had to talk to someone. He couldn't stomach the thought of talking to his teammates. Besides, he'd have to make the break with her, too. He wouldn't be here much longer. He couldn't feature staying in college if he wasn't playing football. He'd have to get away from the place, somewhere, and get a job.

It wasn't going to be easy to break with Myra. He didn't like to think about it. He kept seeing her face, so alive, with the special little smile that crinkled her eyes at the corners. He looked up, and she was standing in front of him.

She said, "Hello, guy. What's the good news this morning?"

"It's not so good," Cooler told her. "You heard about it?"

She sat on the bench beside him, chin on her fist, and looked at him quizzically. "Yes, I heard," she said. "Can't hear much else on the campus."

He cleared his throat. "I—guess this is it, Myra. Thanks for all the nice times we've had together."

"You walking out on me?" she asked him, quietly.

He laughed, trying hard to keep his voice steady. "You—you know what I mean," he told her. "I know now. It's why you wouldn't agree to marry me. I—I'm just a bum. I—"

"A guy's never a bum if he's man enough to admit it," she told him softly. "You *were* a bum. You look swell to me now."

Cooler gulped. "I—I don't get it."

"Forget it," she grinned. "Let's talk about ourselves. Where will we go on our honeymoon? We can be married right after graduation—"

Dazed, Cooler said, weakly, "Married?"

"Yes, married," Myra said. "After all you've said, you couldn't jilt me now. I'd sue you. I could make up quite a case for alienation of affections."

Cooler looked at the ground, at his hands. He looked at Myra, his eyes tortured.

**DON'T BE LONELY**

Cupid's Message to you. Obtain friends, Romance, Marriage, through discreet and confidential correspondence. Many fine men and women have found happiness through my club.

**ALICE MAE CORRESPONDENCE CLUB**  
P.O. Box 3006 Los Angeles 53, Calif.

**A THRILLING ROMANCE**

Can now be yours easily and quickly. Send \$1 for full membership in the famous Movieland introduction club with NATIONWIDE MEMBERSHIP. Receive by return mail over 12 pages of names, addresses, descriptions & photos of our lonely, lovable club members. Quick action assured. Please mention age.

**MOVIELAND CLUB**  
P.O. Box 1345 Dept. E Hollywood 28, Calif.

**GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE**

"You should know the legal requirements and the grounds on which the Courts will consider a separation in your State. \*What is "mental distress?" \*What is "cruel treatment?" \*What is "Indignities?" \*Learn the answers to these questions and many others. \*A digest of divorce laws of every State in booklet form. \*Sent to you postpaid for \$1.00. H.A.M. Pub. Co., P.O. Box 427H, Houston, Tex.



AMERICA'S largest and finest personalized introduction club invites you to meet their thousands of eligible members

throughout the U.S.A. and Canada. Write today (enclose 10c coin) for 40 actual pictures and sealed, confidential details. Mention age and sex.

**HOLLYWOOD "400" CLUB**  
P. O. Box 2349-CC Hollywood 28, California

**TOOTHACHE?**



Quick relief with Dent's. Use Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops for cavity toothaches. Use Dent's Dental Poultice for pain or soreness in gums or teeth. At all drug stores.

**DENT'S** TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS DENTAL POUltICE

**DRUNK?**



**DOCTOR'S MARVELOUS NEW DISCOVERY RELIEVES DRUNKENNESS IN 5 DAYS**  
Does Drunkenness Threaten Your Happiness or Your Loved Ones? Our Remarkable New Discovery Quickly and Easily Helps Bring Relief From All Desire For Liquor! With This Craving For Liquor Gone, No Will Power Is Necessary To Stop Drinking! This Is Strictly A Home Method! Easy To Take! Nothing Like It Before! You Can Go To Business And Carry On Your Social Life As Usual, While Using Our Method! May be used secretly for whiskey, wine or beer! Improvement Is Noticed In A Remarkably Short Time! The Price Is Amazingly Low! Only \$10.00 For The Entire Method, Formula and Instructions! This Is The Only Method That Guarantees Satisfaction or Your Money Refunded! You Will Bless The Day You Saw This As Thousands Have Already Done!

SEND NO MONEY  
Pay Postman On Delivery! Mail Us Your Name and Address Only!  
**SCIENTIFIC AIDS CO., INC. Dept. 15, Box 118, Jersey City 3, N.J.**

"Please, Myra, don't rib me."

Her eyes were serious. "It's on the level, Cooler," she said. "You want to give me an answer now, or do you want time to think it over? I won't give you too much time, you know."

"You're not kidding?" His voice was hopeful.

"Honest Injun," she said, her eyes misty. "I don't propose to a man every day, you know."

Cooler wiped his eyes. "Must have got some dust in them," he said, looking away. He didn't even kiss her. Hand in hand, they went across the campus to classes.

HE was out at the field in uniform that afternoon hitting the blocking dummy a half hour before anyone else arrived. Sweat streaming from him, he ran a mile around the field before practice. Blair came on the field while he was still at the dummy, and looked at him curiously. He said nothing. Cooler kept at his work.

Scrimmage was scheduled between the first and second teams. Cooler worked out with the third.

The rest of the afternoon it was the same. Squad members looked at him curiously, but he paid no attention. Driving himself hard, he was going to whip himself into shape, or die in the attempt. He kept at it all week.

The following Saturday he sat on the bench with the scrubs. State was hard pressed to eke out a 6-0 win over Ellenburgh, a weak team.

On Monday he was on the field early again. He was beginning to feel good. Hitting the dummies, running his legs off, practicing with the scrubs. The layer of fat at his waist was gone and his weight was down ten pounds. He weighed a hundred sixty-eight, just the same weight he'd carried last season.

The week was a duplicate of the last. Once or twice, he noticed Blair watching him. And though he didn't go out of his way to make conversation, the old familiar locker room banter began once more to include him.

The following Saturday Franklin was on deck, and Franklin had been going

places this season. Four games behind them, and unscored on as yet. Their closest game had been 20-0 against Keene, a good team in its own right. They were driving hard toward the conference championship, with one of the sweetest running and passing combinations in the country.

Johnson started in Cooler's old position, and Cooler sat on the bench. The bench was getting to have a familiar feeling. He had expected to be there, anyway. He wasn't thinking too much about football this afternoon. He was thinking of the team, and how he had let them down. They had been within their rights in ignoring him during the past two weeks, and he knew it. They had depended on his snaky hips to keep them out in front all season, and he hadn't delivered the goods. He hadn't been in shape to play football, or even croquet, for that matter. He hadn't trained, and he'd carried a layer of blubber under his belt line that had no business there. His attitude toward the team had been careless and indifferent, and it had hurt the club, badly. That was why Blair had soured on him. And Blair had been right. After all, Blair had a family, and had his own job to protect. Losing coaches weren't kept for their good looks.

Cooler began watching the game about the end of the first quarter. Franklin had already scored a touchdown, and was pressing hard toward another. The score was 6-0. The ball was on the State twenty-five yard line. They advanced it to the twelve yard line, where State stiffened and held.

Taking the ball, Kantos kicked out of danger immediately, and Franklin began hammering again.

Two passes put the ball back on the State twenty-one, and once more State, in their extremity, found the strength to hold, taking the ball on downs.

Cooler watched as they tried the right side of the Franklin line, off tackle. Franklin had a big, rugged right tackle, and he raged through, smothering the play. And two plays later when they tried to round left end he tore through again. Cooler began watching the tackle.

Kantos punted and Franklin came boom-

ing back up the field. They wanted that game, and they were going all the way to get it. They pounded back to the twenty before they were stopped again.

Cooler kept his eyes on the big right tackle. No doubt of it, the tackle was good. He watched him narrowly as he smeared another play. He grinned. The guy could be stopped.

Late in the second quarter, a Franklin fumble put the ball in State's possession at midfield. The State stands stood up. Some leather-lunged rooter boomed, "Here we go!" behind him.

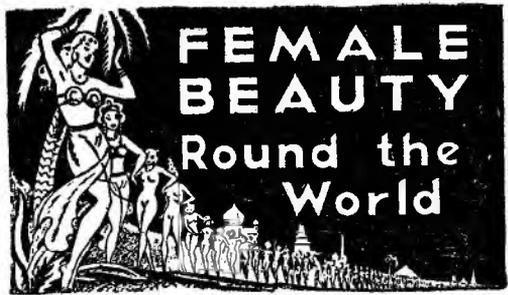
State gained a few yards and was stopped. The left side of the Franklin line was no soft touch, either. The running attack bogged down. Greys took to the air. No dice. Kantos kicked out on the four yard line.

Franklin brought it back up but was held on the twenty. The kick was returned by Greys to the Franklin forty. Once again State tried to roll but piled up on the Franklin forward wall. They didn't have the power to carry it through.

Greys heaved a pass and connected. A blind man would have known the pass was good from the noise in the stands. On the Franklin thirty, the closest they had come to the goal line in all afternoon, State tried the ground again and failed. Two passes, both incomplete, and the half ended.

All through the third quarter Cooler watched. Johnson was doing a good job but he was no broken field runner. A little better blocking of the big tackle, and a back who could twist and dodge a little—. Cooler began fidgeting on the bench. He felt good today. He always had that feeling when he was on edge and his timing was right. He could really show them some broken field running if he could get in there. He wanted to ask Blair to put him in, just for one play. He didn't though. He fell to thinking of the first game he'd played as a green sophomore, and the thrill he got out of the game. He'd scored two touchdowns that day. No thrills for him today though. The show was over for Cooler Thorne.

The middle of the last quarter came



**World's Greatest Collection of Strange and Secret Photographs**

**N**OW you can travel round the world with the most daring adventures. You can see with your own eyes the wildest peoples on earth. You witness the strangest customs of the red, white, brown, black and yellow races. You attend their startling rites, their mysterious practices. They are all assembled for you in these five great volumes of **THE SECRET MUSEUM OF MANKIND**.

**600 LARGE PAGES**

Here is the world's Greatest Collection of Strange and Secret Photographs. Here are Exotic Photos from Europe, Primitive Photos from Africa, Torture Photos from Asia, Strangest Photos from Oceania and America, and hundreds of others. There are almost 600 **LARGE PAGES** of Strange and Secret Photographs, each page 57 square inches in size.

**1,000 PHOTOS**

You see actual courtship practiced in every quarter of the world. You see magic and mystery in queer lands where the foot of a white man has rarely trod. You see Oriental modes of marriage and slavery in China, Japan, India, etc. Through the intimacy of the camera you witness the exotic habits of every continent and the strangest customs, in America, Europe, etc. You are bewildered by these large pages of **ONE THOUSAND PHOTOGRAPHS**, including 150 full-page photos and thrilled by the hundreds of short stories that describe them.

- Contents of 5-Volume Set
- The Secret Album of Africa VOLUME 1
- The Secret Album of Europe VOLUME 2
- The Secret Album of Asia VOLUME 3
- The Secret Album of America VOLUME 4
- The Secret Album of Oceania VOLUME 5

**5 PICTURE PACKED VOLUMES**

The **SECRET MUSEUM OF MANKIND** consists of five picture-packed volumes (solidly bound together for convenient reading). Dip into any one of these volumes, and as you turn its pages, you find it difficult to tear yourself away. Here, in story and unusual photo, is the **WORLD'S GREATEST COLLECTION OF STRANGE AND SECRET PHOTOGRAPHS**, containing everything from **Female Beauty** Round the World to the most Mysterious Customs and Customs. These hundreds and hundreds of large pages will give you days and nights of thrilling instruction.

**Specimen Photos**

Dress and Undress Round the World  
 Various Secret Societies  
 Strange Crimes, Criminals  
 Omens, Totems & Taboos  
 Mysterious Customs  
**1,000 Strange and Secret Photos**

**SEND NO MONEY**

Simply sign and mail the coupon. Remember, each of the 5 Volumes is 9 3/4 inches high, and opened, over a foot wide! The 5 Volumes is that this 5-Volume Set formerly sold for \$10. And it is bound in expensive "life-time" cloth. Don't put this off. Fill out the coupon, drop it in the next mail, and receive this huge work at once.

FORMERLY \$10

NOW ONLY

**\$1.98**

FOR THE COMPLETE  
**5 VOLUME SET**

ALL FIVE  
 VOLUMES  
 BOUND  
 TOGETHER



Metro Publications, 363 Broadway, Dept. 1810, N. Y. 13, N. Y.  
 Send me "The Secret Museum of Mankind" (5 great volumes bound together). I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. If not delighted, I will return books in 5 days for full refund of \$1.98.

Name.....  
 Address.....  
 City.....Zone.....State.....

CHECK HERE if you are enclosing \$1.98, thus saving mailing costs. Same Money-Back Guarantee. Canadian and Foreign Orders—\$2.50 in Advance.

and the score was still 6-0. Franklin wasn't driving quite as hard. State had turned out to be tougher than they had expected. They seemed to be playing a cagey game, protecting their lead and waiting for a break if one came. If it didn't, well, the game could end, still 6-0.

**T**HE break came. Only it wasn't a break for Franklin. Standing on his eight yard line, Kantos kicked, a high, booming punt that carried to the Franklin thirty. Durkee was down the field like a frightened deer, and hit the safety man before he had time to take a step. He fumbled, and Taylor recovered.

The State stands came alive. A hopeful rumble rose from the rooters. Maybe State was still in the ball game. The teams lined up, and State tried. Laughland slashed at right tackle, for no gain. Johnson came out of a double reverse in the clear, but was hauled down from behind for a three yard gain. Gregs faded back and threw a pass. It was knocked down.

Fourth down. Play safe and kick? Or chance it and pass? Gregs decided to play it safe. Kantos put the ball out of bounds on the Franklin four yard line.

The Franklin quarterback elected to kick on first down. Gregs, standing at midfield, caught the kick and returned it to the Franklin forty.

Gregs sent Kantos off right tackle. He gained four yards. Cooler muttered, "Four yards on each play won't score now. Time's too short." A reverse gained a yard. Cooler thought, "Just give me one play, Red. Just one."

He was sitting only one man away from Blair. He took a deep breath. He opened his mouth as the referee disentangled the pile over the ball. He was about to say, "Red, —"

Red Blair spoke. "Thorne, go in for Johnson."

He leaped to his feet, slamming his helmet on his head. He heard the crowd boo behind him as the old familiar 47 showed on his jersey. Some gravel-voiced fan bellowed, "That all yuh got, Blair? Thrown the bum out."

He raced for the referee. Kantos saw him coming and caught Gregs' shoulder.

As he took his position, Rhynas, the Franklin center, stood up and grated, "So they finally sent you in, Hasbeen. Got your press clippings handy?"

Gregs threw a pass, a long one, intended for Durkee. A Franklin back intercepted, and headed for pay dirt. Laughland hauled him down on the State forty.

Cooler went back to defensive position. He was thinking, "Smart thing is to stay on the ground and waste all the time they can. Game's killed right here."

But Franklin wanted a higher score. The quarter faded back, the ball in his hand, and rifled it at an end running diagonally past Thorne.

The pass was short. Only a little, but enough. The end slowed, reached back, and Cooler, cutting past, scooped the ball from the air.

He was fifteen yards upfield before the first tackler reached him. He put on the brakes, reversed his field, dodged another, sprinted ten yards, danced and rolled and twisted to the Franklin thirty-five.

A rejuvenated State team poured down the field. Kantos yelled, "We're in the groove now, Cooler," and smacked him between the shoulder blades.

"Let's go!" yelled Stikos, over the ball.

Gregs called the signal, a double reverse, with Cooler lugging the freight. The backfield handled it perfectly, and Cooler found his opening, right where it should be.

He thought, "Nice blocking," and slashed through.

Two blue-jerseyed Franklin tacklers appeared before him. Someone, Stikos perhaps, hit one, driving him five yards out of the play. He fainted, stepped, fainted again, and shook off the second.

He raced diagonally to his left. Three tacklers converged on him. He stopped dead, raced back to his right, losing two. Kantos, roaring past, knocked the third down. He sprinted and was downed from behind on the Franklin sixteen. Franklin called for time.

Cooler spoke to Gregs. "They'll be expecting you to run me again," he said. "Try 76 instead." 76 was off tackle through the Franklin right side, Laughland carrying the ball.

"But the big tackle's stopped it cold

all day?" expostulated Gregs.

"He won't this time, Pops," said Cooler.

They formed, Cooler a yard behind and outside of Durkee, flanking the big tackle. Cooler knew Durkee had been hitting the tackle all right, but the backs had been a trifle slow, allowing him time to slide past.

The ball was snapped. Cooler hit the big man solidly at the same instant Durkee's shoulder struck. They rode him ten yards out of the play, entangling him with the fullback in the process.

Laughland, cleats twinkling, tore through the opening behind two man interference. One blocked the roving center, the other cut down the right halfback. Stikos, a cat on his feet despite his two hundred pounds, blocked another tackler out of the picture, and Laughland, running like a scared rabbit, almost outran the safety man.

He staggered across the goal line, still upright, dragging him.

Whooping deliriously, the team descended on Laughland. The State stands went wild. Glancing up, Cooler wondered if Myra was there. He thought he could see her. He hoped she had seen the play.

Kantos kicked the winning point.

Back in the locker room, Cooler was getting into his clothes when Blair came past.

The coach said off-handedly, "That was good blocking on that tackle, kid."

Cooler grinned. "Thought maybe I'd branch out, Red. Don't want to get in a rut."

Blair chuckled. "Cooler, I think perhaps we can find a place for you from now on. Been sort of missing a good pair of snaky hips out there this season. You used to be pretty good at it before you started running interference so much."

Cooler Thorne watched him go. He closed his locker and started for the door, pulling on his jacket as he went.

He was thinking that Myra would wait for him; she'd put up with him for a long time, and it would only be a couple of minutes now.

**REVEALED AT LAST!**

*Hitler's*

**STRANGE  
LOVE  
LIFE**

*The PERSONAL  
PHYSICIAN  
TO HITLER TALKS*

**I WAS HITLER'S DOCTOR**



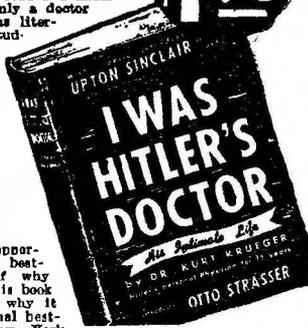
For years the world has heard only whispers about Hitler's strange attitudes toward women, his maniacal fits of hysteria and passion. Now, for the first time, you can read the entire uncensored story of Hitler's personal life, his most intimate thoughts, as told by HITLER'S PERSONAL PHYSICIAN! Every page of this gripping book reveals thoughts and acts so shocking that you will be held spellbound by its weirdness.

**"... a fantastic nightmare of horror!!!"**

—St. Louis Globe Democrat

You will gasp with disbelief as you read of Hitler's pursuit of the 15-year-old Gell, of his wayward sister, the woman who were reserved for officers. You will be fascinated by this true revelation of tortured madness. Here is Hitler's most intimate physical and mental life, stripped bare for you to read and understand. This is a book only a doctor could write, one who has literally lived with Hitler, studied every part of his character, weaknesses and vices. Written in non-medical, easy-to-read language, this book may shock you as no other book ever has!

*only*  
**\$1.98**



**FREE**  
**Read for 10 Days**  
**Send No Money**

Don't miss this great opportunity of reading this best-seller. See for yourself why over 200,000 copies of this book have already been sold, why it has ranked in the national best-seller lists of the New York TIMES for three successive weeks! Send No Money... Just your name and address. When your copy of "I WAS HITLER'S DOCTOR" arrives, pay the postman only \$1.98 plus postage, or enclose \$2.00 and we pay the postage. If you are not completely satisfied, shocked and amazed, return the book within 10 days for prompt \$2.00 refund. Order Today!

**ANWIL PUBLISHING CO., Dept. K-333**  
**45 East 17th St., New York 3, N. Y.**

Rush my copy of "I Was Hitler's Doctor." On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. I may return book within 10 days for full purchase price refund if not delighted.

I enclose \$2.00. Send postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone..... State..... Age....

The Amazing **ELECTRIC WATER HEATER** that gives

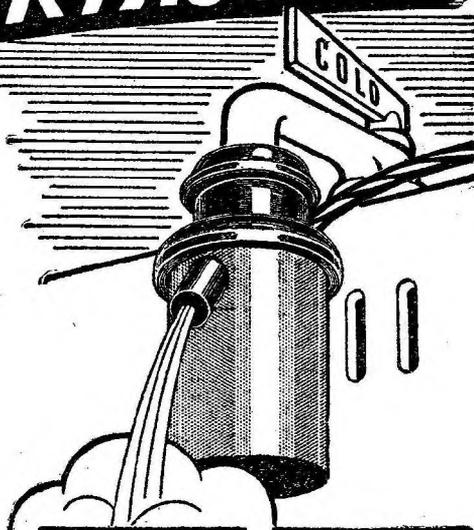
# **WOW!** HOT WATER from your COLD WATER FAUCET!

*-in a Jiffy!*

**24 HOURS A DAY!**

Think of it! **THE HOT WATER YOU WANT** —the moment you want it— from any sink cold-water faucet . . . just by plugging the amazing new Little Marvel Water Heater into the nearest electrical outlet. No boiler or tank needed! No fussing with fires. Attached in a jiffy—takes seconds to attach or remove. You merely turn faucet to regulate temperature.

You're never without hot water when you own a Little Marvel Electric Water Heater. Get one now at the amazingly low cost of only \$4.98. Mail coupon TODAY!



Worth many times its special

**ADDITIONAL FEATURES**

- Operates on AC or DC current
- No moving parts to wear away or get out of order
- Constructed of handsomely finished aluminum
- Weighs less than 1 pound (size 2 3/4 inches x 3 3/4 inches)
- Underwriter Approved 6-foot extension cord
- Costs little to operate a day

low price  
of only

**\$4.98**

**SOLD ON  
MONEY-BACK  
GUARANTEE!**

The Little Marvel Electric Water Heater is skillfully made and guaranteed against any and all defects in material and workmanship. With ordinary care it will give years of satisfactory service.



• For **SHAVING** early in the morning and late at night



• For **BABY'S BOTTLES**  
• For use in **SICKROOM**



• For use in **FACTORY, SHOP AND STORE**  
• For **GARAGE, BASEMENT, etc.**  
• When **HEATING PLANT BREAKDOWN** stops hot water supply



• For quick **LAUNDRING**  
• For **FARMS, BUNGALOWS and COTTAGES** that do not have regular hot water supply or where not readily available.

MARVEL SALES CORP., 18 E. 41st St., Dept. 7-N, New York 17

MARVEL SALES CORP., 18 East 41st St., Dept. 7-N New York 17, N. Y.

- Rush **LITTLE MARVEL HOT WATER HEATER C.O.D.**, I'll pay postman \$4.98-plus postage.
- Enclosed find \$4.98. Send **POSTPAID.**

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....  
(PLEASE PRINT)

**MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

PLEASE mention **FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE GROUP** when answering advertisements



# Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?



**LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU**

<p><b>5 inches of new Muscle</b></p> <p>"My arms increased 1 1/2", chest, 2 1/2", forearm, 7/8"." --C. S., W. Va.</p>	<p><b>What a difference!</b></p> <p>"Have put 3 1/2" on chest (normal) and 2 1/2" expanded." --F. S., N. Y.</p>
<p><b>Here's what ATLAS did for ME!</b></p> <p>John Jacobs BEFORE      John Jacobs AFTER</p>	<p><b>For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS</b></p> <p>"Am sending snapshot showing wonderful progress." --W. G., N. J.</p>
<p><b>GAINED 29 POUNDS</b></p> <p>"When I started weighed only 141. Now 170." --T. K., N. Y.</p>	

**CHARLES ATLAS**

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly developed Man" in international contest—in competition with ALL men who would consent to appear against him.

This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

## HERE'S WHAT ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY CAN DO FOR YOU

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours like and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

### What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17, to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or con-

traptions to feel with. When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

### FREE BOOK Everlasting Health and Strength

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils — fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. AT ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 172W, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 172W,  
115 E. 23 St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name ..... Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No.....  
(if any).....State.....

# Amazing New **LOW PRICED** Electric Sprayer For Home Use **Makes Painting Easy!**

**SAVE MONEY, TIME, WORK! GET PROFESSIONAL SPRAYING RESULTS!**

- Point Floors, Ceilings, Walls, Woodwork, Furniture, Toys
- Enamel Auto Bodies and Fenders, Storm Windows, Screens
- Varnish Table Tops, Linoleum
- Spray Moth-Proofing Liquids in Closets and Attics
- Spray Flit or Other Insect and Pest Solutions
- Spray Insecticides on Flowers, Plants, Shrubs
- USE VIBRO SPRAYER for EVERY Job of Painting and Spraying in and Around the Home
- Self-Contained Unit—No Motor, No Compressor, Produces Equivalent of 40 lbs. Pressure!



**HOUSEHOLD ITEMS**—It's easy to paint clothes hampers, kitchen chairs, shelving, partitions, flat fences, metal trash drums, etc., with Vibro-Sprayer!



**OUTDOOR FURNITURE**—Just the thing for painting rustic chairs, need furniture, brickwork, boats, wagons, and other equipment!



**ROUGH SURFACES**—Makes quick work of painting concrete, rough wood or window screening!



**INSECT CONTROL**—Efficiently aids extermination of roaches, waterbugs, flies, mosquitoes and other pests. Fine for mothproofing clothes!



**AUTOMOBILE MAINTENANCE**—Provides the answer to quick, smooth touch-up work on fenders and body. Sprays light oils for under-chassis lubrication.



**GARDEN PEST CONTROL**—Ideal for spraying insecticides and fungicides on flowers, plants and shrubs.

**JUST PLUG IN—  
PULL THE TRIGGER  
& PAINT OR SPRAY!**

**TRY IT  
10 DAYS FREE  
IN YOUR OWN HOME!**

Yes, now you can do a professional painting job on everything in and around your house with this amazing, brand new, self-contained electric paint sprayer. Just fill the big, 25-ounce capacity, interchangeable mason jar with any kind of ordinary oil-base liquid—lacquer, glossy paint, enamel, varnish, shellac, residual type insecticides, light oils, moth sprays, disinfectants, etc. Then plug the 3-ft. insulated cord into any 110-volt A.C. household outlet—pull the trigger—and get satin-smooth, professional results every time!

**SAVE MONEY, TIME AND WORK**

VIBRO-SPRAYER paints twice as fast as a brush, saves strain, fatigue, backache and sore muscles. Paint goes on **FASTER, SMOOTHER** and far more **EASILY** than with a brush. Adjustable spray control allows wide or narrow spray, thick or fine, as the job requires. Spray radius is always under complete control. VIBRO-SPRAYER cannot clog or drip—and is amazingly simple to clean. What's more, VIBRO-SPRAYER is **SAFE!** Will never break in use as there is **NO** pressure in the jar.

**COSTS LESS THAN A GOOD BRUSH**

Not only does VIBRO-SPRAYER paint faster, smoother, more easily than a good brush, but it actually costs less! And because VIBRO-SPRAYER applies paint more evenly and uniformly, you use **LESS PAINT**—save the cost of the sprayer in just a few months! In addition, VIBRO-SPRAYER shoots a fine, even spray into deep crevices where ordinary paint brushes can't reach, makes short work of rough or pebbled surfaces that are so difficult to brush.

**MADE BY A FAMOUS COMPANY**

VIBRO-SPRAYER is manufactured by the world-famous Burgess Battery Company, makers of popular auto and flashlight batteries. Every VIBRO-SPRAYER is guaranteed by the manufacturer to be free of mechanical defects. In addition, we guarantee that VIBRO-SPRAYER will give you exactly the professional, fast, labor and money saving results you desire, or you may return your sprayer within 10 days for full purchase price refund. You get **FULL PROTECTION** under this **DOUBLE GUARANTEE!**

**SEND NO MONEY**

Send only the coupon, now. When your VIBRO-SPRAYER arrives, pay the postman only \$12.95 plus small delivery charge—or enclose full payment now and we pay all delivery charges. In either case you are fully protected by the manufacturer's guarantee of mechanical perfection, and our guarantee of complete satisfaction, or return your VIBRO-SPRAYER within 10 days for full purchase price refund. Send the coupon **AT ONCE!**

**FOSTER PRODUCTS, INC.**  
179 Wooster St., New York 12, N.Y.



weighs only 2 1/2 lbs.

Glass Paint Jar Holds 25 Ounces. If Broken Use Any Standard Mason Jar.

**Comes Complete—All Ready to Use—No Extras to Buy!**

**ONLY \$12.95**

VIBRO-SPRAYER is completely self-contained—the **ONLY** unit of its kind on the market. Nothing else to buy, no hose, compressor, motor, tank, etc. Just pour liquid into paint jar, 25 ounce capacity; plug in and press the trigger! Size 8 1/2" high, 5 1/2" deep, 4" wide. Works on activated piston and suction principle. Built like professional equipment—does the work of a \$100.00 unit producing 40 lbs. pressure!

**FREE TRIAL COUPON—MAIL NOW!**

FOSTER PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. 5G-52  
179 Wooster St., New York 12, N. Y.

Please send a VIBRO-SPRAYER for 10 days no-risk examination. On arrival I will pay the postman only \$12.95 plus small delivery and handling charge.

Check here if you enclose \$12.95 now. We pay all delivery and handling charges.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

**NOTE:** Whether you order C.O.D. or prepaid, you receive the full protection of our **GUARANTEE** of satisfaction or money back!