

# THRILLING FOOTBALL

15¢

FALL ISSUE

GRIDIRON FOREIGN LEGION

An Exciting Novelet  
By DAVID BRANDT

*Football  
Forecast  
by  
Ray  
Barbuti  
Former  
All-American*

A THRILLING  
PUBLICATION



FEATURING

**NO MORE  
TOUCHDOWNS**

A Complete Novel  
By T. W. FORD

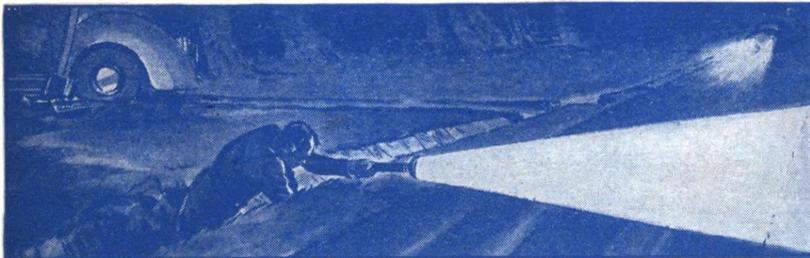
# "MY CRIES WERE WHISPERS AS MY LIFE EBBED!"

A true experience of P. S. NICHOLLS, South Bend, Ind.



"LATE ONE NIGHT, returning from a fishing trip, I dozed at the wheel of my car while going at a fast clip," writes Mr. Nicholls. "Suddenly there was a blinding crash!"

"MY CAR HAD VEERED off the road and smashed head on into a tree. My throat was gashed and bleeding badly. I was able only to whisper—and seemed doomed to die in the inky darkness. Then . . .



"...I REMEMBERED MY FLASHLIGHT ! Somehow I managed to get it from my tackle box and crawl weakly back to the road. Quickly the bright beam of the flashlight, waded in my feeble grasp, stopped a motorist, who took me to a hospital just in time. There is no doubt that I owe my life to dependable 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries!

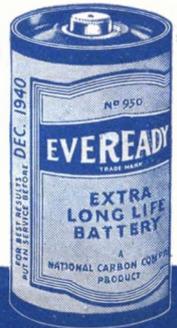
(Signed)

*P. S. Nicholls*



**SAFETY FIRST!** Keep an EMERGENCY LIGHT in your car—for tire changing, roadside repairs, locating lost articles, if lights go out, etc. The "Eveready" Auto Flashlight, shown here, complete with "Eveready" fresh DATED batteries and steering post clamp, only \$1.25.

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Co., Inc.



**FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the DATE-LINE**

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

# Why Trained Accountants Command

—and how ambitious men are qualifying  
by the La Salle Problem Method

# High Salaries

**G**ET this straight.

By "accountancy" we do not mean "bookkeeping." For accountancy begins where bookkeeping leaves off.

The skilled accountant takes the figures handed him by the bookkeeper, and *analyzes* and *interprets* them.

He knows how much the costs in the various departments should amount to, how they may be lowered.

He knows what profits should be expected from a given enterprise, how they may be increased.

He knows, in a given business, what per cent of one's working capital can safely be tied up in merchandise on hand, what per cent is safe and adequate for sales promotion. And these, by the way, are but two of *scores* of percentage-figures where-with he points the way to successful operation.

He knows the intricacies of government taxation.

He knows how to *survey* the transactions of a business over a given period; how to show in cold, hard figures the progress it has made and where it is going. He knows how to *use* these findings as a basis for constructive policies.

In short, the trained accountant is the *controlling engineer* of business—  
one man business cannot do without.

Small wonder that he commands a salary two to ten times as great as that of the bookkeeper. Indeed, as an independent operator (head of his own accounting firm) he may earn as much as the president of the big and influential bank in his community, or the operating manager of a great railroad.

## Some Examples

Small wonder that accountancy offers the trained man such fine opportunities—opportunities well illustrated by the success of thousands of

LaSalle accountancy students.\* For example—one man was a plumber, 32 years old, with only an eleventh grade education. He became auditor for a large bank with an income 325 per cent larger.

Another was a drug clerk at \$30 a week. Now he heads his own very successful accounting firm with an income several times as large.

A woman bookkeeper—buried in details of a small job—is now auditor of an apartment hotel, and her salary mounted in proportion to her work.

A credit manager—earning \$200 a month—moved up quickly to \$3000, to \$5000, and then to a highly profitable accounting business of his own which netted around \$10,000 a year.

## And What It Means to You

Why let the other fellow walk away with the better job, when right in your own home you may equip yourself for a splendid future in this profitable profession?

Are you really *determined* to get ahead? If so, you can start at once to acquire—by the LaSalle Problem Method—a thorough understanding of Higher Accountancy, master its fundamental principles, become expert in the practical application of those principles—this without losing an hour from work or a dollar of pay.

Preliminary knowledge of bookkeeping is unnecessary. You will be given whatever training, instruction or review on the subject of bookkeeping you may personally need—and without any extra expense to you.

If you are dissatisfied with your present equipment—if you recognize the opportunities that lie ahead of you through home-study training—you will do well to send at once for full particulars. The coupon will bring them to you without any obligation, also details of LaSalle's convenient payment plan.

Check, sign and mail the coupon NOW.



## LaSalle Extension University

### A Correspondence Institution

DEPT. 10320-HR CHICAGO

Opportunities in Accountancy—Check below and we will send you a copy of "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," without obligation.

Higher Accountancy:

Other LaSalle Opportunities: If more interested in one of the other fields of business indicated below, check here:

<input type="checkbox"/> Business Management	<input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law
<input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship	<input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship
<input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management	<input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping
<input type="checkbox"/> Law: Degree of LL. B.	<input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching
<input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management	<input type="checkbox"/> Business English
<input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence	<input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy
<input type="checkbox"/> Credit and Collection	<input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking
<input type="checkbox"/> Correspondence	<input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accounting

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

\*Names available on request.

# THRILLING FOOTBALL

FALL 1940

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**THRILLING FOOTBALL STORIES**, published quarterly and copyright, 1940, by Better Publications, Inc., 22 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y. Single copies, 15 cents. Application for entry as second-class matter pending. Manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope, and are submitted at the author's risk. Names of all characters used in stories and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. If the name of any living person or existing institution is used it is a coincidence. October, 1940, issue.

Read our companion magazines: *The Phantom Detective*, *Thrilling Detective*, *Popular Detective*, *Thrilling Mystery*, *Thrilling Love*, *Thrilling Ranch Stories*, *Thrilling Western*, *Thrilling Sports*, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, *The Lone Eagle*, *Sky Fighters*, *G-Men*, *West*, *Popular Sports Magazine*, *Popular Love*, *Popular Western*, *Everyday*, *Astrology*, *Texas Rangers*, *Range Riders*, *Western*, *Startling Stories*, *Strange Stories*, *Detective Novels Magazine*, *Masked Rider*, *Western Magazine*, *Rio Kid*, *Western*, *Thrilling Adventures*, *Black Book Detective Magazine*, *Captain Future*, *Air War*, *Exciting Western*, *Exciting Detective* and *The Masked Detective*.

# Read How These Men Got Better Jobs

## THEN FIND OUT WHAT RADIO OFFERS YOU *Mail Coupon*



BEFORE COMPLETING YOUR COURSE I OBTAINED MY RADIO BROADCAST OPERATOR'S LICENSE AND IMMEDIATELY JOINED STATION WMPC WHERE I AM NOW CHIEF OPERATOR.

**HOLLIS F. HAYES**  
327 MADISON ST., LAPEER, MICH.

I WAS WORKING IN A GARAGE WHEN I ENROLLED WITH N. R. I. I AM NOW RADIO SERVICE MANAGER FOR M----- FURNITURE CO. FOR THEIR 4 STORES.



**JAMES E. RYAN**  
146 SECOND ST.  
FALL RIVER, MASS.

CLIPPING YOUR COUPON GOT ME STARTED IN RADIO. I AM NOW IN CHARGE OF THE RADIO DEPARTMENT FOR THE AMERICAN AIRLINES AT CLEVELAND.



**WALTER B. MURRAY**  
AMERICAN AIRLINES, MUNICIPAL AIRPORT, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

I OWE MY JOB TO THE N. R. I. COURSE. I AM FOREMAN IN A RADIO FACTORY, MAKE MORE MONEY, AND HAVE TWO N. R. I. MEN HELPING ME.



**OTTO CLIFFORD**  
312 W. SEMINARY ST.  
CHARLOTTE, MICH.

MY LOUDSPEAKER SYSTEM PAYS ME ABOUT \$35 A WEEK BESIDES MY RADIO WORK. IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR YOUR COURSE I WOULD STILL BE MAKING COMMON WAGES.



**MILTON I. LEIBY, JR.**  
TOPTON, PA.

I EARN \$10 TO \$25 A WEEK IN SPARE TIME AND ALWAYS HAVE PLENTY TO DO. ONLY TRAINED MEN CAN FIX RADIO SETS NOWADAYS. I OWE MY SUCCESS TO N. R. I.



**WILLIAM F. RUPP**  
611 GREEN ST.  
BRIDGEPORT, PA.

# I will Train You at Home for RADIO and TELEVISION

If you can't see a future in your present job, feel you'll never make much more money, if you're in a seasonal field, subject to lay offs, IT'S TIME NOW to investigate Radio. Trained Radio Technicians make good money, and you don't have to give up your present job or leave home to learn Radio. I train you at home nights in your spare time.

**Why Many Radio Technicians Make \$30, \$40, \$50 a Week**

Radio broadcasting stations employ engineers, operators, technicians. Radio manufacturers employ testers, inspectors, foremen, servicemen in good-pay jobs. Radio jobbers, dealers, employ installers and servicemen. Many Radio Technicians open their own Radio sales and repair businesses and make \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 a week fixing Radios in spare time. Automobile, Police, Aviation, Commercial Radio, Loud-speaker Systems, Electronic Devices are other fields offering opportunities for which N. R. I. gives the required knowledge of Radio. Television promises to open many good jobs soon.

**Many Make \$5 to \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning**

The day you enroll, I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets

which start showing you how to do Radio repair jobs. Throughout your Course I send plans and directions which have helped many make \$5 to \$10 a week in spare time while learning. I send special Radio equipment to conduct experiments and build circuits. This 50-50 method of training makes learning at home interesting, fascinating, practical. I ALSO GIVE YOU A MODERN, PROFESSIONAL, ALL-WAVE, ALL-PURPOSE SET SERVICING INSTRUMENT to help you make money fixing Radios while learning and equip you for full time work after you graduate.

**Find Out What Radio, Television Offers You**

Act Today! Mail the coupon for my 64-page book, "Rich Rewards

I HAVE BEEN IN BUSINESS FOR MYSELF FOR TWO YEARS, MAKING BETWEEN \$200 AND \$300 A MONTH. BUSINESS HAS STEADILY INCREASED.

**ARLIE J. FROEHRNER**  
300 W. TEXAS AVE.  
GOOSE CREEK, TEX.



in Radio." It points out Radio's spare time and full time opportunities and those coming in Television; tells about my course in Radio and Television; shows more than 100 letters from men I have trained, telling what they are doing and earning. Read my money back agreement. MAIL COUPON in an envelope or paste on a penny postcard—NOW!

**J. E. SMITH, President**  
Dept. OK09, National Radio Institute  
Washington, D. C.

## MAIL NOW - Get 64 page book FREE



**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. OK09**  
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

Name ..... Age.....

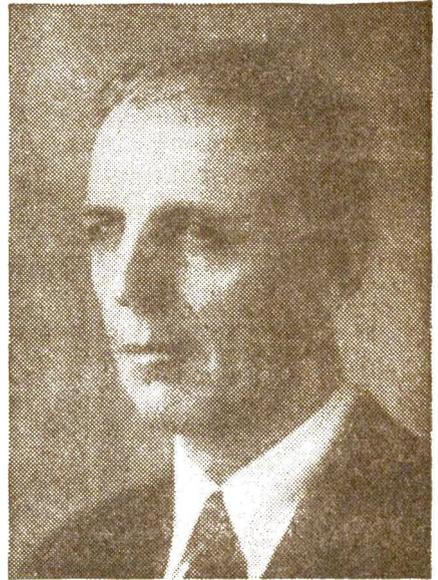
Address .....

City ..... State .....

# FOR MEN OVER 40

## An Opportunity Offered You By a Man Who Built a Nationwide Business After the Age of 55

Starting from scratch, but with a business device that thousands of companies have since installed, the writer of this advertisement has proved that the seasoned, mature man has nothing to fear from life if he works in the right field. So many of our most successful men are well beyond forty, that we are addressing this advertisement to more such men, feeling that they will be a definitely greater asset to us.



### Not A "Get-Rich-Quick" Scheme

Please understand. The only way you can make money with this proposition is by showing results. But take a look at the following: A. O. Davis of New York who made \$110.77 clear in one day (SEVEN were REPEAT orders); E. L. Taylor, Virginia, \$58.35 in a single day; L. F. Strong, Kansas, \$163.38 profit in two days. If a few others interest you, read about these: C. W. Ferrell, who passed 1,000 sale mark, each paying from \$5 to \$60 net profit per sale; I. J. Keuper, Delaware, over \$1,000 clear his first month, and so forth, more than we can mention here.

### Not "A Morning Glory"

As a sound business man, you ask, "Is this a flash in the pan that will be here today, gone tomorrow?" The answer is that we have now been a national factor for over ten years, yet have barely scratched the surface because you can't get around to see hundreds of thousands of prospects even in ten years. We have men who have been with us for years, still with us today, busy, making real money, plenty of it, and happy to be with us.

### A Proved, Valuable Business Device

First, and briefly (not much space left now)—We sell an invention that does for anywhere from less than 2% to 10% of the former cost a job that must be done in probably 99% of the offices in the country. You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile

dealer pays our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. It has been put into use by schools, hospitals, newspapers, etc., as well as thousands of large and small businesses in 135 lines. Practically every line is represented by these field reports we furnish you, which hardly any business man can fail to understand. And you make a minimum of 67 cents on every dollar's business — on repeat orders as well as first orders — and as high as \$1,167 on each \$1,500 business done.

### This Business Has Nothing to Do With House to House Canvassing

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation — whatever size the customer says he will accept — at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer — it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the invention without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer!

### No Money Need Be Risked

In trying this business out. You can measure the possibilities and not be out a dollar. If you are looking for a business that is not over-crowded — a business that is just coming into its own — on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade — a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense — a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory into which you can set foot — regardless of size — that is a necessity but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do — that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business — that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes in a month's time — if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, get in touch with us at once for the rights in your territory — don't delay — because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime — and if it turns out that you were the better man — we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, use the coupon below — but send it right away — or wire if you wish. But do it now. Address

F. E. ARMSTRONG, President  
Dept. 4047-K, Mobile, Ala.

### RUSH FOR EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY PROPOSITION

F. E. ARMSTRONG, Pres.,  
Dept. 4047-K, Mobile, Ala.

Without obligation to me, send me full information on your proposition.

Name.....  
Street or Route.....  
City.....  
State.....

# Step Up Where You Belong

*What Is Your Present Level of Preparation?*

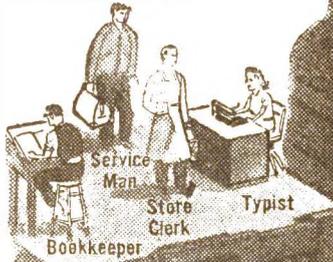
The **FIRST** proof of personal ability is your capacity to see the *need* for training and to **GET IT**. The man or woman who doesn't *realize* that education is **VITAL** to success—or who says he or she "doesn't have time," "hasn't the money" or that study is "too hard"—simply lacks one of the **fundamentals** of the **ABILITY** to make good. *American School (Chicago) graduates* by the thousands have **PROVED** that anyone who **WANTS** an essential education **CAN HAVE** it. *You can, too!*

## You Are Only **HALF** a Man Until **Training** Rounds Out Your Ability and Experience

To make your natural **ABILITY** pay you *profits*, and to get jobs that give you the *kind* of **EXPERIENCE** that promotes constant progress, you practically **MUST** back that *ability* with **TRAINING** combine *experience* with **EDUCATION**. Using only a **PART** of your **SPARE** time, you can train **AT HOME** for the good position you want. If it is **WORTH** having, it **DEMANDS** training and is **WORTH** your effort!

## Write for Facts No Obligation

Make up your mind to enjoy the **GOOD** things in life. Have **FAITH** in yourself, in your country, and in your future. *Expect Success and get ready for it.* Write for **FREE** Bulletin **TODAY**. (See coupon.)



*Grade School*

## Gets Only the "Leavings"

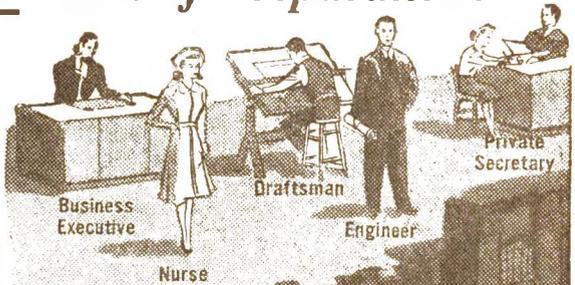
With only grade school education, you are virtually **CONDENED** to the low pay, menial jobs that others **DON'T WANT**... because **THEY** are trained for better things. Home study can fit **YOU** too for more desirable, better paid positions.



## Pays Up to \$16 a Week **EXTRA** Income

U. S. Bureau of Education figures prove that the average high school graduate earns \$16 a week more than grade school graduates.

You can complete our simplified High School Course in **SPARE** time at home, as **FAST** as time and ability permit. **MANY FINISH IN 2 YEARS**. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college, pre-professional examinations, business, industry, Standard texts, Diploma. Or if you've had some high school, **FINISH** now. Credit for subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. Low tuition, easy terms. American School, Chicago, est. 1897—endorsed by educators.



*College or Specialized Training*

## Pays Up to \$25 a Week **EXTRA!**

Government figures show that graduates of specialized training of college grade average \$25 a week more than high school graduates, \$41 more than grade school graduates. But whether you failed to finish college—or failed to complete high school—home study **CAN HELP YOU**. Basic high school subjects are included in vocational courses listed below.

More than 150 noted educators, engineers and executives helped prepare American School courses. An *Advisory Board* of 20 outstanding authorities—each an active leader in his field—is consulted when our work is prepared or changed. A Staff of competent instructors—home study *specialists*—works closely with the individual student. Why continue in an underpaid, overworked job—subject to periodic layoffs? *Step up where you belong*, into well-paid, pleasant work where you command the admiration and respect of others. For full details, mail coupon **RIGHT NOW!**

**American School, Dept. G758, Drexel Ave. at 58th St., Chicago, Ill.**

Gentlemen: Please send me **FREE** information covering special training in subjects checked below. No obligation on my part.

- |  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting and Auditing     | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Course     | <input type="checkbox"/> Drafting and Design    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architecture and Building   | <input type="checkbox"/> Liberal Arts           | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Automotive Engineering      | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management    | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio and Television   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Elec. and Gas Refrigeration | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning       | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engineering          | <input type="checkbox"/> Home Economics Courses | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law           |
|  | <input type="checkbox"/> Retail Merchandising   |   |

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

**Spare Time Training Can Help You in Your Work—and Socially**

# MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME



With HOME RECORDO you can make a record of your singing, talking, reciting or instrument playing right in your own home, too! No longer need the high prices of recording machines or studio facilities prevent you or your family or friends from hearing their own voices or playing. No experience necessary. No "mike" fright to worry about. No complicated gadgets. In a jiffy you can set up HOME RECORDO, play or sing or talk, and immediately you have a record which you and your friends can hear as often as you wish.

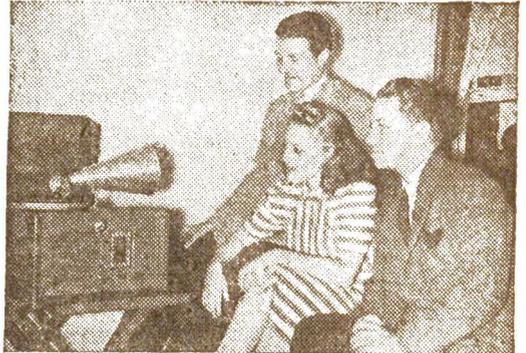
## CHARLIE BARNET

and other famous orchestra leaders use

HOME RECORDO

## YOU TOO CAN MAKE RECORDS RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME

Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and playback unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. ADDITIONAL, 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY 75c per dozen.



Charlie Barnet with Judy Ellington and Larry Taylor, vocalists in his band, listen to a record they just made with Home Recordo.



### ANYONE CAN MAKE A RECORD

If you play a musical instrument, or if you sing, or if you just recite, you can make your own records. You can also use Home Recordo for recording letters to your friends, and they can play them back on their own phonographs.

### HAVE RECORDING PARTIES

You'll get a real thrill out of HOME RECORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a happy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDO unit, which operates on your electric or hand-winding type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your HOME MOVIE, a talking picture with Home Recordo. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing.

**SEND NO MONEY! HURRY COUPON! START RECORDING AT ONCE!**

Operates on Your A.C. or D.C. Electric Phonographs, Record Players, Radio-Phone Combinations, or Hand Winding Phonographs & Portables

**COMPLETE OUTFIT \$2.98**

INCLUDING SIX TWO-SIDED  
BLANK RECORDS ONLY  
**HOME RECORDING CO.**

Studio KP

11 WEST 17th STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

#### HOME RECORDING COMPANY

Studio KP, 11 West 17th St., New York, N. Y.

Send entire HOME RECORDING OUTFIT (including 6 2-sided records) described above, by return mail. I will pay postman \$2.98, plus postage on arrival. (Send cash or money order now for \$3.00 and save postage.)

Send ..... dozen additional blank records at \$.75 per dozen.

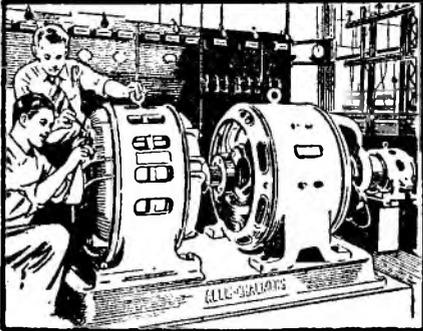
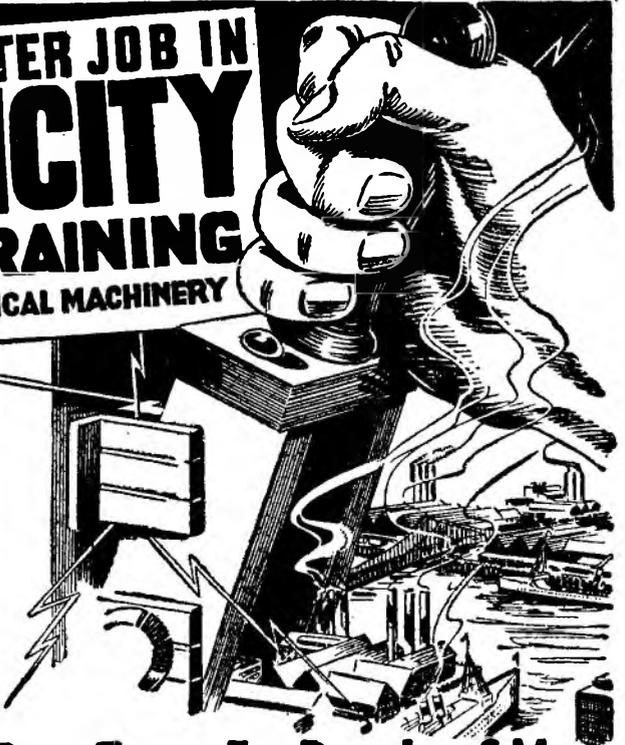
Name.....

Address.....

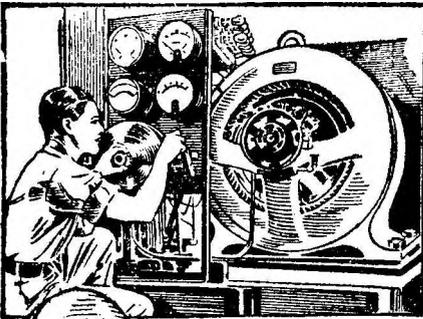
City and State.....

Note. Canadian and Foreign \$3.50 cash with order

# TRAIN FOR A BETTER JOB IN ELECTRICITY 12 WEEKS TRAINING ACTUAL WORK ON ELECTRICAL MACHINERY



First you are told and shown what to do and how to do it. Then you do it yourself.



## Send Today For Details of My "PAY-AFTER-GRADUATION" PLAN!

Are you out of a job? Are you working long hours at low pay in a job you don't like? Are you wondering where you can find a job that will give you steady, interesting work with better pay? If this applies to you and you are between 16 and 40 then you owe it to yourself to read every word of this message. Here at Coyne you have an opportunity to get 12 weeks of practical shop training in ELECTRICITY—training that can help fit you for your start towards a better job and better pay—and you can get this training first and pay for it after you graduate. My school is not the usual kind of school. It's more like a shop—a place where a fellow who likes to get his hands on machinery feels right at home. For that's exactly how you train, and because you "Learn by Doing" right here in my shops you don't need previous experience or advanced education. You do real work on real motors, generators and dynamos. You operate big, factory-type switchboards, wind armatures and do house wiring. You train in these and other branches of electricity—all with capable instructors to tell you and show you how. And right now I'm including valuable instruction in Diesel, Electric Refrigeration and Air Conditioning at no extra tuition cost.

### EASY TO LEARN — EASY TO PAY

Don't let lack of money hold you back. If you need part-time work to help out with living expenses while you train, my employment department will help you find it. We also give you valuable lifetime employment service after you graduate. And remember this: If you are short of money you can get this training first and pay for it beginning 60 days after you graduate—in 12 monthly payments.

#### "LEARN BY DOING" Not a Correspondence Course

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## CHAPTER I

### *Swan Song*

**T**HERE he was, God's gift to the gridiron, the triple-threat star of the Hunder College backfield, Hep Loran himself. Thousands of eyes were focused on him as the Buff team went into a huddle.

Hunder had just crossed midfield, had the ball on the Daybon U. forty-nine. It was early in the second quarter—but Hunder had already scored twice.

And the roaring crowd was cheering the fullback who had dominated

the play—Hep Loran, the Hunder Thunderbolt.

For three years they had watched him flash across the gridiron, swivel-hip his way into the nation's headlines. And now they were seeing the swan song of a star's football career. It was Hep Loran's last game, and he he was winding things up with a bang.

He stood out in that huddle despite the fact that he wore a white-striped, buff jersey like the rest of them, despite the presence of taller men in that group. Perhaps it was that famous numeral "50" on his broad back. Or maybe it was the arrogant set of his stalwart shoulders. Anyway, the eyes

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Author of "The One-Shot Kid," "Colt Court," etc.



The flashing Hunder fullback was off to the strong side

in the stands were on him, waiting for him to swagger out and face the opposition with that half-scornful smile on his handsome face, eager to witness another spectacular run.

But the Thunderbolt wasn't going to town with the leather this time. He closed the huddle with a characteristic remark:

"Well, we only need a yard for first down. Might as well let Deacon pack it this time."

And that was the way it was going to be. Hep Loran usually got his way. He was accustomed to it. Boots Phuller, quarterback, nodded, and

called for a spinner, with the Deacon taking it. It was a sensible enough play, but it was a dirty crack, Hep's remark, just the same, particularly since Tulnick was supposed to be such a good friend of his.

Deacon Tulnick was the left half, a hard-running back who had a trick of executing his assignment like a machine. Never any fireworks about him, never any grandstanding. Nobody ever thought of him as a star. He just bucked in there doggedly as though it was a job of work to be done,

sober-faced and unsmiling. It was that solemn face that had earned him the nickname, "Deacon." The only flicker of zest he showed was whenever he had the blocking job. Hep Loran had often commented on that.

"It just proves that old pickle-puss Deacon must've fallen down a long flight of stairs when he was a baby—on his head," he'd laughingly remarked to friends. "What sane guy would rather block than run, huh?"

Generally Deacon Tulnick shrugged away Hep's caustic ribbing, but once he'd spoken up.

"You don't have to lead the parade to like marching in it," he said quietly. And somehow Hep didn't have a comeback.

**N**OW, in the deep position to feint, Hep Loran grinned at the workhorse Deacon's bent back, then straightened to adjust his snowy white helmet. It drew all eyes to him again—as Loran was fully aware.

Phuller was barking the starting signals. Shift to the right. Quarterback in the spin faking the ball. Knees riding high, Hep Loran cut to the weak side, feigning possession of the pigskin with arms crossed over his mid-section. He even swerved deep, then leaped as if about to launch a pass. He pulled his fake act beautifully, knowing that some forty thousand eyes were watching him.

Meanwhile, the dogged Deacon went into guard on a delayed stab, got through the line. Hep Loran was watching him now. A quick sidestep, or maybe a dervish spin, and the guy might snap into the clear. But Deacon plowed straight on and made his two yards and a first down.

Phuller called for the same thing again, off the weak side. The Daybon secondary closed up faster. But still, Tulnick, dragging two men, went for three yards. On the next play, Hep passed into the flat for a first down. And then it was the Deacon again, out of a spinner, hitting the line for three more. The stands cheered him heartily.

Loran's face reddened with a flush of jealousy. Joining the huddle, he said:

"Hey, any law against scoring in a few big hops? Well, their defensive halfback is closing toward the center every time now, I noticed."

It wasn't exactly true. The fullback star had noticed no such thing. It was logical, however. So Phuller nodded and called the play. As they crouched, shifted, Hep had to stiffen his face against a grin lest he tip off the opposition. He was going to play the lead again.

The pigskin came back, one of those end-over-end passes a good center could hang on a peg. Leaping as if to take a high pass, Hep yapped:

"Got it! Got it!"

But Deacon was pile-driving lineward with the ball again. At the last moment, he pivoted and shoveled it backward to Hep Loran. And the flashing Hunder fullback was off to the strong side.

Forty thousand people came to their feet, their shrieks rending the skies. Hep Loran may have been conceited and swell-headed. Maybe he liked to grandstand plenty. Certainly he made no secret about how good he thought he was. But the guy had the shoulders of a battle-wagon's fighting mast, and he could tote that leather.

He fainted in for the off-tackle spot to suck the end. Then he was curvetting around, out behind blockers, out in an explosive sweep off the flank, streaking, cutting. A defensive secondary launched himself at him, and it looked as if the big star was going to be forced to the sideline.

But Loran cross-stepped, ducked under the grappling arms. His helmet was stripped off to reveal the shock of unruly black hair. Now he was hip-swiveling, then reversing his field again, flying legs gobbling the yardage.

They got him at last, from behind, on the Daybon fifteen. The stands roared. Only the experts realized how Deacon Tulnick's line stabs had set up the play, how the threat of another had sucked in the defense. Hep Loran himself never gave it a thought.

The Hunder machine jammed over another touchdown, Loran scoring and kicking the extra point. That made it: Hunder—21, Daybon—0.

With the half waning, Sleepy Harlan, head coach of the Hunder Squad, proceeded to yank some of his first-stringers. Loran was one of them. As he came out, acknowledging the crowd's acclaim, Daybon's coach made some shifts, too.

With a new backfield of light speedsters, Daybon took the kickoff and started to go. Coach Sleepy Harlan whistled sharply. Actually, Harlan was one of the least sleepy guys the universe had ever known. He was always thinking of how to make Harlan look good and make more dough.

"What's Kenray pulling?" he said aloud, his brow wrinkling.

Down the bench, Hep Loran sneered.

"His own leg—or maybe finding if some of the subs have learned to tackle yet!"

It got a laugh, and the Hunder star chuckled. He enjoyed making George Kenray, the Daybon coach, look silly. For Hep Loran had spent half his freshman year at Daybon, and he had a personal feud with Kenray.

But the Daybon mentor had some ideas about making folks look silly himself. Daybon took the kickoff. And the fireworks began to pop. The new backfield was a pony outfit, a quartet of eel-like speedsters. They had a repertoire of plays of their own, completely new stuff. And they pulled the string before the Hunder aggregation, smug with the assurance of victory, could get set.

A triple reverse took the ball to midfield. A feint at the strong side followed by a stab through guard gave them five yards more. Hunder was offside to draw a penalty and given the enemy another first down. Daybon's advance became a matter of leaps and bounds. Passes into the flat. An end-around followed by a bulletlike flip down the center alley—and a touchdown!

Cursing, Sleepy Harlan paced before the bench. Loran came out and crouched at the sideline. He was snorting epithets every time Daybon gained.

"If I could only go back in there! That damned Kenray! If—"

Hunder took the kickoff, and Dea-



Hep Loran

con Tulnick made eight yards on two drives. But the sub fullback in Loran's shoes fumbled, and Daybon recovered. The old Statue of Liberty play was disinterred and went for a fat first down. Before the disorganized, out-charged Hunder outfit knew what was happening, Daybon had tallied again via the aerial route.

Score: 21-14. A two-touchdown deficit had been wiped out in a wink.

The half ended right after the kickoff.

Loran spat cotton and took a boot at a water-bucket as he headed for the field-house. Boy, he'd cut loose in the next half. He'd show Kenray of Daybon! Bust his neck doing it if he had to, but he'd do it!

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## CHAPTER II

### *Frosh Feud*

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**S**LEEPY HARLAN and his aides were going over every phase of the first half in there in the locker-room—why that Daybon right tackle hadn't been boxed more regularly—about pulling in the first line of the secondary defense against those short passes—and about. . . .

But Hep Loran was paying no heed. Furious inside, he was thinking about the score. Twenty-one to fourteen now! With George Kenray patting himself on the back and telling himself how smart he was.

"I made two of our touchdowns in the first half," Loran growled savagely to himself. "I'll make that look like small-time mathematics in the second. I'll show that dumb apple!"

"What are you mumbling about?" demanded the trainer. "Lie still while I rub down your leg muscles."

Loran subsided, growling. It was hard to lie still and think of George Kenray. And it was impossible to keep from thinking of the Daybon head coach. For it had been George Kenray who, nearly four years ago, had told Hep he would never make a first-class football player.

**K**ENRAY was the yearling coach when the Thunderbolt, then just plain and unknown Hepman Loran, matriculated for his freshman year at Daybon. Hep had promptly gone out for frosh football. Fresh from private schools and trips abroad, running as wild as a young colt under the lax hand of his guardian uncle, never knowing the guiding wisdom and restraining influence of the mother and father who had died when he was a child, Hep Loran had crashed his headstrong way against the first unyielding wall of his life in the person of George Kenray.

In Hep Loran's eyes, George Kenray was simply a sour puss and a bigoted dope. From the very first day of practice the thirty-year-old freshmen mentor seemed to take a violent dislike to Hep. He was always riding him about sloppy tackling, and weak blocking. And when they lined up a couple of teams one day for a preliminary scrimmage, and Hep ran through the other practice team for three touchdowns in a row, Kenray singled him out for abuse.

"Hey, Loran!" he called after scrimmage. "Come here!"

Hep trotted off the field, perspiring.

"Where'd you learn broken field running like that?" Kenray asked.

"I used to play hare-and-hounds

with the boys in private school, and then we played cross-tag a lot, too," said Hep.

"Private school?" repeated Kenray, raising his eyebrows, in a sneering way, Hep thought. "Well, they certainly taught you how to run with the ball. But tell me, didn't you learn anything about tackling, or blocking?"

"I never really played football—that is, on a regular team," Hep admitted. "But I can play. We used to make our own rules, and I learned to kick and to pass."

Kenray cleared his throat. "That sort of practice doesn't always make a good football player," he said dryly. "And you have the makings of a great one. But you've got to learn the fundamentals, the rules—t e a m w o r k . You've been running wild out there, but I don't want you to get the wrong idea. If you intend to play football here at Daybon, you're going to have to learn some other things besides running with the ball. Let's see you hit that tackling dummy. You've been missing some out there, I noticed."

Hep bristled at what he considered the arbitrary tone the frosh coach had assumed. It didn't occur to him that the coach had singled him out because of his obvious ability, and was trying to correct his weaknesses. He turned his head to glance at the tackling dummy in question, and he colored to the roots of his hair. He was sure Kenray was rawhiding him then.

For the dummy was a new affair that Hep Loran had never seen before, one of the late model dummies which had been assembled to look like an amorous coed in décolleté. It was an innovation thought up by the athletic director, and meant to provide some fun to relieve the strain. It had not originated with Coach Kenray, but Hep Loran did not know that. He thought it was a special means of poking fun at him.

He turned furiously back to the waiting coach.

"Think you're smart, don't you?" he grated out, his ears burning at the chuckles and laughs all around him, completely misinterpreting the fun. "Well, you can go to the devil!"

With that, Loran whirled and headed angrily for the showers. He didn't know that Kenray's face went white, that the coach clenched his fists and stared after him. And he wouldn't have cared. The idea of making a sissy out of Hep Loran! Having him practice tackling with a dummy intended for parlor necking practice!

**T**HE next day the misunderstanding was made plain to Hep when he saw husky varsity men tackling that silly-looking dummy. Then he realized that Kenray hadn't been pulling a joke. But Hep Loran was too stiff-necked to offer an apology. He didn't feel that he owed one, really. And Kenray never mentioned the subject again.

So there was a sort of armed truce between the two. But, with never a mention of what had already happened, the coach proceeded to ride the arrogant young freshman unmercifully, it seemed to Hep. He was constantly picking his style to pieces and harrying him about his tackling, his sloppy ball handling, his teamwork, and his blocking—especially his blocking.

At first, swallowing his rage and resentment, Hep worked like a Trojan. He boned on the rules, he studied the drills and team plays when he should have been at his lessons, and he tried everything the coach told him. He knew darn well that he was improving, that he was even becoming a better football player than he had been in the beginning, but still Kenray harped on his shortcomings. Oh, sure, once in a while, he'd say something nice to him. But the coach seemed repeatedly to be holding him up to ridicule before the whole squad, always singling him out for the horrible example.

One day Hep Loran couldn't take any more. He turned savagely on the slighter figure of the driving coach.

"See here, Kenray," he growled, "why are you always picking on me? Is it my fault you didn't have enough to eat as a kid?"

Hep was sorry he'd said that as soon as the words were out of his mouth. He'd heard from one of the team that the coach had had a hard time working

his way through college. Kenray stiffened slightly. His gray eyes met the hot and sullen stare of the youth's for a long moment while he slowly reddened. Then, without the slightest reference to what Loran had said, he answered succinctly.

"You'll never be a real football man, Loran, until you learn that you are no longer the pampered pet of a private school, but a single unit in a big team. You must master the fundamentals, or you'll never amount to anything. I took it for granted that you really wanted to learn to play football, and I've been trying to help you, but I'm beginning to think that you haven't got what it takes after all."

"You're a liar!" flared Hep Loran, and he swung at the coach.

It was a sudden and sharp attack, but Kenray easily blocked the blow and drove his hard fist deep into the younger man's midriff. Hep expelled his breath in a whistling grunt, staggered back, and sat down breathlessly on the ground.

"As I was saying," Kenray continued impersonally with a hard grin, "you can't block, and you won't learn."

Hep Loran got up and went to the showers with an intense hate in his heart, and his jersey collar smoking. He knew he might cause trouble for Kenray for having struck a student, but Hep admitted to himself that he had swung first. That all went back to Kenray's perpetual nagging which had caused the first blow. However, Hep Loran was not the type to run and tell on anybody. That was one of the good traits he had developed in his wild and untrammled youth. He fought his own battles.

That he might have saved himself many a bump and a heartache by going to somebody for advice and counsel, he didn't realize. All he could see was that when anybody got in his way he had to smash that somebody out of it. And George Kenray had definitely got in his way. It was a private fight between him and the frosh coach. And he wasn't quitting!

The first game finally came along, and Hep found himself giving a beautiful shine to the bench as he jittered with eagerness to get out there on the

field. But Kenray seemed oblivious of his presence. The first period passed. Then the second. A growing resentment against the man he considered his enemy rose within the youngster and threatened to choke him. Then, in the end of the third quarter, with the game scoreless, and Hep almost fit to be tied, he finally got the call. He ran out onto the gridiron to take one of the halfback positions, hungry to distinguish himself, savage with the desire to show the hard-headed coach what a mistake he had made in keeping Hep Loran out of the game so long, eager to cover himself with glory.

But there was mighty little glory. Repeatedly Hep was used as a blocker. When he was given the ball, it was on a single spinner into the line, or one of those cut-and-dried tackle thrusts. Hep, powerless to protest, gritted his teeth and got madder and madder.

**T**HEN, midway of the fourth quarter, on the third down, Hep and Bob Greer, the Number Two back who was the team's punter, collided accidentally as they slammed in to put the block on the defensive end. It was a tough crash, and Greer was injured enough to have to be removed from the game. Thus, on fourth down, as the only man in the backfield with punting ability, Hep was shifted to the tail-back spot to kick.

The play was called, and the lines crashed together. Hep had already noticed how the enemy ends invariably swept in directly on a dead-line, fast charge. Those plays inside had made them careless. The ball snapped back into his hands as he saw the same tactics in motion again. The set-up was too tempting.

Holding the ball for an instant as if to make the expected punt, Hep suddenly tucked the pigskin against his belly and fainted toward tackle. Then he veered outward in a delayed sweep as the in-rushing end passed to the outside.

The enemy backs and safety man didn't stop him until he had slashed and cut his way through in a dazzling fandango to the goal line for the first and only touchdown of the game. He

got up from the ground with the cheers and screams of the admiring crowd in his ears. And the next thing he knew he was being replaced.

Hot with indignation, he strode off the field to confront the slim and hard gray-eyed Kenray. The frosh coach stared coldly at him as Hep came up, his face working angrily. Kenray beat him to the punch.

"One of the fundamentals of football, Loran," he bit out icily, "is teamwork. Another—and I may have forgotten to mention this to you before—is learning to obey orders. You can't seem to master these, to you, small points. So consider yourself finished for today."

Hep blew up, thoroughly and completely.

"Nuts to you, you second-rate, jerk-water frosh coach!" he cried hotly. "I've heard that another fundamental of the game is a touchdown, too. And I've had all of your bullying I can take, Kenray. I'm not finished for today—I'm finished with you and your style of football forever. I quit. I'm through!"

Kenray's gray eyes fairly glittered. "I've put up with your mule-headed ways, Loran," he said tersely, "because I thought you had the makings of a great football player. I've stood for your arrogance and childishness because I wanted to help you, but I can see now that it has all been a waste of time. You've been spoiled and pampered too long to learn that other people have to be considered as you go through life, whether it's a football game or a struggle for existence. It takes teamwork and cooperation, and you give neither. You—"

"You're a liar!" cried Hep Loran hotly, the tears of rage and mortification misting his eyes. "Nobody can cooperate with you and your bullying methods and superior ways. I tried like a dog to do everything you told me to do, and all you could do was to keep nagging after me and holding me up as a horrible example. And now you're just sore because I made a touchdown instead of making a weak punt. I proved you were all wrong, and you can't take it. That's all."

"On the contrary," said Kenray cut-

tingly, "you can't take it. You—"

"I can take it, and I can also dish it out," grunted Hep as he swung for the coach's jaw.

This time he connected, and Kenray passed out cold.

"And what did your blocking get you that time but a headache?" he jeered. And, blowing on his knuckles, he headed for the field-house to turn in his suit.

### CHAPTER III

#### *Runaway Victory*

**B**UT quitting the football squad hadn't been enough. For some reason that Hep Loran never understood most of the student body seemed to draw aloof from him and favor George Kenray. Hurt, angry, humiliated, and still fiercely fighting his own battles, Hep stuck it out until the end of the term.

Then, thanks to the laxity of his guardian uncle and the nice way his father had left him fixed, Hep had been able to shift over to Hunder College—Daybon's traditional rival, where he fell under the control of Carl "Sleepy" Harlan, a capable coach who was smart enough to recognize stellar material when he saw it and to push it for all it was worth. Right away the alert coach coupled the flashy Hep with the equally proficient but plodding Deacon Tulnick, and Hunder had three years of the best football it had ever known.

Hep Loran could thumb his nose now at George Kenray. Whether Coach Harlan had made a star of him, or whether he had let Hep Loran make a star of himself, made no difference. The point was that Hep was the Hunder Thunderbolt, and George Kenray was now head coach for Daybon. And here Hep was, three years later, in his last game, and he was out to show George Kenray up. Yes, sir, Hep simply ached to show Kenray what a hot potato of a ball-packer he had lost and then rub the sour coach's face in the peelings of bitter defeat.

No wonder a fellow couldn't lie still

and think about George Kenray at the same time. Hep was burning up to get back out on that gridiron and show the Daybon coach and the whole darned Daybon team up in the second half.

So the score was now twenty-one to fourteen, eh? Slick backfield tricks of Kenray right after Loran had been pulled out of the game. Well, Kenray hadn't seen anything yet!

Hep looked up as Coach Harlan came by and paused at his table.

"I want to go back in, Coach," he said tersely. "I want to stay in the entire half."

"Okay, kid," said Harlan, smiling. Then he bent closer and murmured confidentially: "A couple of pro scouts are here to watch you today."

"I don't care a damn about that," returned Hep in curt tones. "I've told you before that I'm not interested in pro football. This is my last game, and I've got reasons to make it my best."

"All right, Loran," agreed Harlan, shrugging. "Just as you say. I'm counting on you to mop up."

**T**HE rest period ended, and they trooped back out onto the field. Hep went back in at his fullback position, and the Hunder machine got under way like a steam roller. They started a march back from their own twenty-yard line after a Daybon kick had gone into the end zone. The Hunder Thunderbolt made eight yards on a double reverse. Then he hit the weak-side end for three more and a first down. Panting to have his plays called constantly, he next snaked a beauty of a pass down the center alley to the right end for another first down.

A new left tackle came in for Daybon—Rudy Hoss, an All-American lineman whom the pros had their eyes on. This was the first time he'd been in a game for a couple of weeks, due to illness. On the next play Hep Loran was nailed for a four-yard loss on a strong-side off-tackle try. Deacon Tulnick plunged through guard for four yards. Then an end-around play was neatly smeared by that savage new tackle for Daybon.

"That guy, Hoss, may have been sick," said Boots Phuller in the huddle, "but he's plenty tough!"

"We'll soften him up," Hep Loran promised grimly. "There won't be enough of him left for a scrub frosh team, much less a national pro club. Lemme pass!"

As usual, the Thunderbolt had his way. Hep took the ball cleanly on a lateral, and dashed to the left. Then, leaping in full flight, he laced a bulleting heave diagonally across the gridiron.

If the Hunder receiver hadn't stumbled after catching the pass, it would have been a touchdown play. As it was, it was a first down past midfield over in front of the rival bench.

Hep swaggered up, waved to Kenray.

"How's them fundamentals, eh, Mr. Kenray?" he called mockingly.

He tried to take it on a double reverse to the right, but was smeared when the squat Hoss fairly leaped in with a lightninglike lunge. Deacon then hit the weak side for four. On the next play, he grabbed a lateral after Hep feinted a toss, and took four more through center. Then it was Loran off the strong side on the double reverse again. Hoss was mouse-trapped. The great Hunder star cavorted through to the thirty.

When he turned the ball over to the official, he turned to make a mocking bow to the Daybon bench and bawled through cupped hands:

"Wanta see some more fundamentals, Mr. Kenray, huh?"

It was but a matter of moments before another Hunder touchdown. Hoss came through to throw Hep for a loss as he tried to pass. But Deacon got it back with a prodigious line thrust. And Hep himself escorted the ball over for the score.

"Good thing that Hoss isn't up to full strength yet," Phuller said after the Daybon tackle had broken through to block Hep's placement try for the extra point.

"Pfui!" Hep snorted as he trotted upfield for the kickoff. He veered toward the enemy bench to bellow: "Hey, Kenray! Hang around. We got more fundamentals at six points

per, coming up!"

In the lull, the stands heard him that time. There was a chortle down one side of the stadium. But said "fundamentals" were a little delayed. For Rudy Hoss turned on a superlative game. Time and again he reared through a mass of bodies to throttle the Hunder offensive. He batted blockers back into ball-carriers' teeth.

Then, as the fourth quarter opened, Hep intercepted a pass. The next play was a single reverse off the strong side, the solemn Deacon in front of Hep as blocker. For once, the Deacon missed a block. The end got halfway in, leaped over a back and wrapped an arm around Hep's head, blocking his eyes. Twisting viciously to wrench free, Hep spun, got his head loose, then half fell, one hand touching earth. The whistle blew. Hoss, having broken through, tried to haul up as he lunged low. One of Hep's whirling legs came up, and the cleated boot struck the Daybon tackle squarely in the face.

**T**IME was called. They had to take Hoss out, three front teeth broken, nose gashed, and a hunk of flesh gone from one eyebrow. But Hoss paused to turn and stare back at Hep Loran out of his blood-smeared countenance.

"No hard feelings, pal," he mumbled. "I know it was an accident, but when we meet up again—if we ever do on a gridiron—I'll look you up!"

The words of apology and commiseration froze up in Hep's throat. To hell with a guy like that, anyway! It served him right. And what a staggering blow to Kenray's team and Kenray's hopes. But the Hunder Thunderbolt didn't feel like tossing a taunt at the Daybon coach over this misfortune.

Instead, he flung out his arm in an impatient gesture, as though brushing Rudy Hoss out of his path. What difference did it make if nobody understood him or never even tried to understand?

The whistle shrilled, and Hep flung himself feverishly into the next play. He sliced brilliantly off the new tackle for a sixteen-yard gain, and promptly



Harlan started to harangue his star in the rest period

forgot all about Hoss. Maybe his head was too hard or too swollen for him to realize that he had made a possible enemy. How could he know that Rudy Hoss desperately wanted to make a showing for the benefit of pro-scouts? Hep himself wasn't interested in commercial football.

The rest of the game was a runaway. Grim-faced, Kenray put his pony backfield back into the game for more of their race-horse plays. But the Hunder Thunderbolt was going to town. With the towering support of solemn-faced Deacon Tulnick, he led the Buff team and almost slaughtered Kenray's trick backs. Hep Loran dominated the field as he passed and kicked and ran and slashed for gain after gain. He scored three times more. And he never missed a chance to jeer at the silently watching Kenray, either by word or by gesture.

Then, with less than a minute to go, the victorious Hunder team was on the battered and beaten Daybon's five-yard line. Somebody spoke up in the huddle and said to let Deacon take this one over. Deacon—who had never asked for personal glory in three long and strenuous years! Hep Loran almost snorted. But that was the way it was played, before the Deacon could even open his mouth to object or accept. There was a chorus of agreement so hearty that it made Hep Loran wonder how the unspectacular and plodding Tulnick had become so popular.

Deacon got the ball and threshed off tackle out of a spinner. It seemed as if he was safely over when, to Hep's keen eye, he slowed down imperceptibly and was locked in his tracks just short of the scoring line by a desperate tackler.

"Give me the ball," said Hep almost angrily to Phuller. "I'll carry the mail this time myself."

Phuller nodded without speaking. He looked as though he was disappointed because Deacon hadn't scored. Hep scored the final points himself, and he grinned happily at the roar of applause from the stands.

"The Hunder Thunderbolt, huh?" he said half aloud. "Yeah, I guess that's me, all right."

Turning, he solemnly thumbed his nose in the direction of George Kenray of Daybon where the rival coach stood broodingly on the sidelines. Then he fell into formation and made a beautiful placement kick for the extra point, a kick that split the goal posts exactly in the middle just as the gun went off. The lion of the hour, Hep Loran trotted off the field with his weary but happy teammates. He turned his head as he passed the Daybon bench and met Kenray's inscrutable gray eyes.

"So I couldn't take it, eh, Kenray?" he taunted. "Well, can you?"

A bit blatant, even malicious, but it was balm to Hep's soul. It was his night to howl, and he felt justified in feeling exuberant. He had shown George Kenray!

## CHAPTER IV

### *Turndown*

**H**E was mobbed in the locker room. Not by the other players so much, perhaps, but by the old grads, Sleepy Harlan, and sports reporters. They swarmed all over him.

Down at the frat house afterward, it was even worse. Every alumni brother, every former player, wanted to go over the game in detail.

"What was the idea of that guy, Tulnick, batting down that pass in the first of the fourth quarter?" one old-timer wanted to know. "Sure it was fourth down. But Tulnick wasn't deep. The pass was out wide. Yeah. He might've gone for a score if he'd held onto it. Huh?"

Hep recalled it, now. Deacon had seemed to have the ball gripped, then pushed it off sideward to ground it. It was like that play at the end from the five-yard line when he'd slowed a stride from the goal-line. Deacon had acted as if he hadn't wanted to score! Hep didn't know the answer. He shook his head. After somebody had put a second highball in his hand, he didn't feel so tired.

There were phone calls, dozens of them. Three scouts for pro football

teams wanted to talk to him. They were old stuff to Hep, had been plaguing him for weeks. One of them even succeeded in getting inside the house.

Hep laughed in his face and pushed away the proffered bonus check for signing.

"Don't get me wrong, fella," he said. "I'm not too good to play pro ball, but I don't need the money. And I've done what I waited three years to do. I'm through with football. I'm going to get married right after graduation and take my wife on a honeymoon tour of the Americas. I'm not going to turn professional, and that's final."

It was the same thing he had told Jack Felds, scout for the champion Red Eagles, who had been hounding him for a week. Coach Harlan, laughing and glowing and accepting the praise of the alumni enthusiasts, placed a fatherly arm on the star's shoulder.

He drew Hep to one side.

"Sure, Hep," he advised, "get married, by all means, and take a nice vacation first, but you ought to consider Felds' proposition. Football will make a swell career for you—"

"No use talking, Sleepy," said Hep firmly. "Me, I'm through. I've got to play ball with a half-million-dollar estate."

He shook off the Hunder coach's arm and went back for another drink. Harlan stared after him with his sleepy looking eyes. But Hep wasn't interested in Harlan or the Red Eagles.

He was thinking of Moira Ray, the girl who had gone through college with him.

What a girl! Pretty as a screen star—on the screen—and all his. There was a period during their sophomore year when it had looked like a dead heat between Deacon Tulnick and himself, but Deacon couldn't push himself forward with the girls any better than he could on the gridiron. Sure, the three of them were friends, and Deacon still saw a lot of Moira, but he had long since been relegated to the rôle of big brother and pal, and he had gratefully accepted this status.

Deacon was not present at the frat

house. He wasn't a member because he couldn't afford it, and somehow he had slipped away before he could be invited over for highballs. After a lot of milling around, during which offers of jobs and positions were showered on Hep Loran by happy alumni frat brothers, there was the victory dinner. All in all, it was a swell evening.

It was nearly nine o'clock before Hep could get away and hurry over to the sorority house to pick up Moira for the gridiron ball. Already in high, Hep felt a perfectly natural delight when he was almost smothered by a bevy of stunning girls in the living room. While he waited for Moira to come down, he got quite a kick out of the worshipful biddies who found flimsy excuses for coming into the room to see him, to exchange a word with him, and to flutter in awe about him.

The radio was going full blast. Then an orchestra broadcasting dinner music from the Peacock Hotel in Hunder City paused to dedicate the next number to "the Hunder football team and Hep Loran who led them to their crashing victory today." The elated fullback had to get up and stride around, strutting a little because he felt so good.

No doubt about him being the big shot of this corner of the world today, all right.

Gilly Gilbert, team manager, came in to pick up his date and they had a couple of drinks together. When Moira came down, a cool goddess of enchantment in a sheath of aquamarine silk, Hep felt the world was about perfect. Damned if she wasn't just the kind of a date one of the greatest ball-packers in the country should have on the climax-day of his cleat career!

"Honey, I could almost go for you in them rags!" he told her with the flippancy of arrogance.

**U**P at the huge armory, he was the hero, the toast, the head-man of the party. The band played *Comes Love*, changing the lyrics to "Comes Loran—and nothing can be done!" It evoked a spontaneous cheer. A story

got around that he had turned down all pro football offers because Hollywood was interested in him. Hep Loran didn't deny it. Chaps dragged him out to meet dozens of cute femmes whose sophistication alone saved them from going goggle-eyed at the idea of dancing a few beats with the swaggering gridiron sensation.

"Well, Sweetie Pie," he admitted to Moira, "it sure looks as if this goon wins the popularity contest here tonight."

He missed the tiny frown, the flash of doubt in her eyes.

**B**Y midnight, he was admitting: "Yep! I was sort of handicapped out there today. My ankle was a little wobbly. If I'd been feeling right, well—"

Maybe it was the champagne. They broke open a few magnums of it in the fraternity booth. Maybe it was the combination of it and the day's heady triumph. He found himself out in the frosty night air with Moira.

With the casualness of assured possession, he draped his arm over her bolero cape.

"Toots, what the hell! Let's hop off—elope—get hitched!" he said. "Come on—anything for a surprise, eh?"

She stopped, the black bole of a huge maple a background for the paleness of her cornsilk hair.

"For a surprise, Hep?"

He laughed. Hell, this was his day. He was king.

"Does a guy have to get serious, Moira—go down on one knee and stutter? Let's elope, honey! Let's make it a real day and—"

She drew away from him with a scarcely perceptible movement, shrugging her shoulders free of the arm that had launced so many passes.

"You mean, marry you—now?"

Hep nodded, then tossed his head with its unruly shock of hair.

"Sure. Why wait! That's what I said to myself out there on the field every time I smelled a touchdown coming! Why wait?"

She drew her jacket around her with an icy regality.

"It's really awfully big of you, Mr.

Star," she answered faintly. "Awfully big. It'd be the climax of the whole day, wouldn't it?"

Temper surged across Hep's face with a crimson tinge in the moonlight. Fate hadn't denied him a single favor that day. Hell of a time to start now.

"Maybe I should've lost the game, eh? Or have been beaten, perhaps?"

"No-o . . . I don't mean exactly that, Heppy, but—"

The affectionate twist of his name went for nothing.

"You don't sound so very damn sure about it! Maybe I should have lost!"

Reaching forward, she plucked the cigarette from his hand and drew on it before answering. Then the frostiness of her words made the night seem balmy by comparison.

"Maybe . . . maybe it would have been better for *you*—if you had."

Her tiny heels made click-clack sounds as she headed back toward the entrance.

Hep took a long stride and seized her arm. She whirled to face him, pale face a mask.

"Anyway," she said, "I don't choose to be the prize of victory, the spoils that go to the victor—or what have you!"

He laughed harshly, with the toss of the unruly hair again.

"Maybe I should introduce one of the beaten team to you—maybe one of those fullbacks of Kenray's that couldn't gain his cleat's length!"

"You boast badly, Hep—and boasting's bad form, anyway."

His mouth tautened then. "Maybe you're right, Moira. But I worked hard to get as good as I was today! I worked hard today. A man feels good when he's done the things that were in him and had to be done—to show people. If you don't—"

**S**HE came closer with an instinctive move then.

"Don't ask me if I love you, Heppy! Once, when they hit you—a lot of them out there today—my throat went funny and my eyes—well, you know, Hep. But don't let's lose our heads after a gladitorial holiday, Heppy."

"Moira, when you talk like that, I'm a goner. I just want to look at you

and tell you—aw, you know what I want to tell you—”

“Sure, Heppy—but I’ll have pneumonia if we stay out here much longer. Let’s go inside.”

He had the old touchdown-I’m-coming grin, the gray-blue eyes alight with that obstacle-scorning light.

“Gal, it’s an old-fashioned custom, but let’s run off and find a minister and—”

“It’s a big step—an important one, Hep. If we do it, let’s—well, let’s do it when we’re cool and sober and—”

Again, he flamed, the veins jumping into relief against his powerful neck, bulging against the collar of his dinner clothes. This had been his day, his day of glory. He couldn’t stand a setback now.

“I’m crocked, I suppose, eh? I don’t know what I’m doing? Say it!”

“Heppy, we’re all a little intoxicated with triumph. And don’t pout. Don’t you know that All-Americans always grin?”

He couldn’t stand it. Not a setback this day. He was being turned down. . . .

His teeth ground and the words came out in chopped-up snatches of bitterness.

“Thanks for the flattery, but I don’t need it! I know how good I am and—”

She bridled then. “That’s what I was afraid of!”

It was the spark to the dynamite. “You marry me now—tonight, or—”

She was all ice again. “Or what—Hep Loran?”

He didn’t know what to say at first. Then he blurted out:

“I’ll make you sorry you didn’t!”

A shadow took form, became a moving figure coming around the huge bastion at the corner of the armory. It was Deacon Tulnick looking very uncomfortable in evening clothes. Moira extended her hand and said that “Mr. Loran” wanted to cool off. They went in.

Swearing, Hep followed a few moments later.

Sleepy Harlan, the coach, buttonholed him inside the door. “Damn shame the faculty clamps down the lid at two, kid. Doing anything afterward? Because I planned a little party for some of the boys. . . .”

“Yeah?” said Hep.

“Yeah.” Harlan’s eyes were wise and calculating behind the drooping lids. “Got a right to break training now. Of course, if your date feels she has to be back at the sorority house by curfew time, why—”

Hep’s answer was better than he’d hoped for.

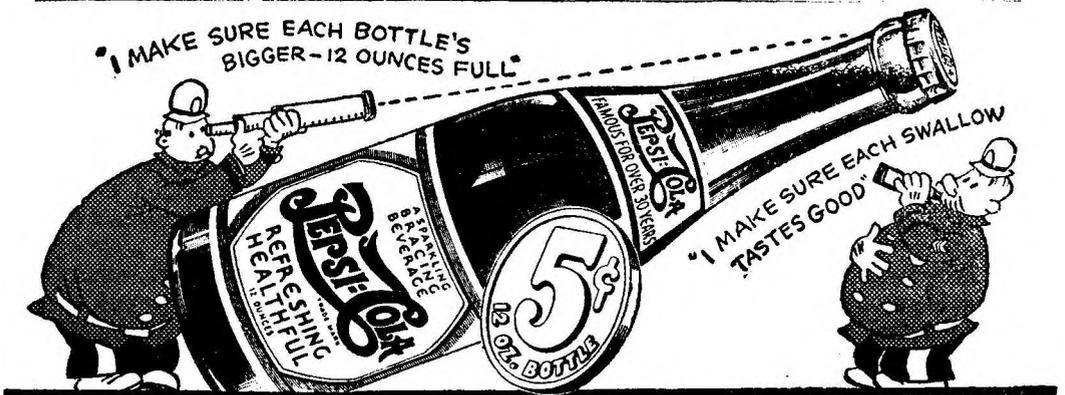
“She will have to be—but I’ll be back afterward, Sleepy!”

The hero of the day wasn’t at all disappointed when the music stopped and Moira came over with her escort to say she wanted to go home. Hep put her in the convertible and they drove to the sorority house in silence. She started to get out.

“Remember,” he snapped suddenly in his triumph-swollen conceit, “what I said before about—aw, honey, let’s —”

She punctuated his words with the click of the car door she slammed.

[Turn page]



Then she put her head in through the window.

"I don't think I'd care to be even engaged to a spoiled baby with a swollen head. A good spanking *might* make a man out of you. But I'm not sure." And then she was gone.

Hep drove back like a wild man. He'd show her!

## CHAPTER V

### *Dark Interlude*

**H**ARLAN was waiting in his car. One of the coaching staff climbed in with Hep. They started out the road past the reservoir.

"What's this—a stag blowout?" Hep asked after a mile of following Harlan's tail-light.

Harlan's aide shrugged. "Don't ask me. I didn't know Sleepy had planned anything myself."

They went through the city beyond the college town. Thirty odd miles on, Harlan turned into the driveway of a roadhouse. Hep swung in alongside. When they got inside, there seemed quite a little party. All the coaching staff was there, and a few veterans of the B team. Then Hep realized that Jack Felds, the scout for the pro Red Eagles, was across the table.

Felds, a big, fleshy man, grinned and ordered drinks.

"Just along as a guest, kid. Don't worry. You wouldn't play pro for a million."

Hep took half his drink, then put it aside. Just enough to push off the heavy fatigue that gripped him. He wasn't any fool about liquor. Sleepy Harlan pushed a fresh glass toward him. Hep shook his head.

"Aw, a guy's got a right to break training," Harlan said.

"Nope. Had enough. Make mine straight ginger ale," Hep insisted, and turned to watch a blues singer sway in front of the small band.

He began to think of Moira. His jaw muscles bunched in a fresh surge of temper. Then it wore off. Maybe he'd been too hot-headed. He'd call

her and they'd have lunch tomorrow. Get out of here soon. . . .

It was a cheap place, a joint, he knew that. He hadn't meant to stay as long as he had but Harlan had said to wait for him. The smoky atmosphere dried his throat and he kept sipping ginger ale. It seemed sharp-tasting. Some of the rest of the crowd had disappeared. Felds and Harlan got up from the table.

Hep found himself alone. He felt as forlorn as a deserted dog. The music seemed to get hotter—sure was a cute little gal doing a tap specialty out there on the floor.

Out in the hall, Harlan's eyes lost that sleepy look, and became sharkish.

"Felds," he said to the agent for the pro club, "don't forget my cut if you get him signed! I corralled him and got him out here for you. Don't spike his drinks too much, either."

"Okay. Depend on me," Felds said. "So-long."

Hep didn't know how much later it was. Felds had told him Harlan would be back soon. The grid star found the little tap dancer sitting with them. He got up and danced with her. She was sort of cute—it'd just teach Moira a lesson. He didn't mind a bit when she snuggled up to him in the booth. So Moira thought he needed a spanking, huh! He emptied his glass.

Felds was saying to the girl: "Now here's a guy for ya! Won't play pro football for any kind of money. Not him! Nope!"

"Got 'nough dough. Don't need any," Hep heard his own voice coming from what seemed a long way off.

More time passed. Abruptly he was aware of Felds fitting a fountain pen in his hand. He was thinking how he wanted to marry Moira, started to make absent-minded scratches with the pen. Felds tried to guide his hand. Hep looked down, and through fatigue-blurred eyes recognized a contract blank before him on the table.

**A**FTERWARD, he remembered tearing the sheet of paper and taking a swing at the scout of the Red Eagles. Then he was out in the driveway, the tap-dancer girl—she'd said

her name was Patty Culler—with him. She was tugging at his arm, telling him to go back and sign the contract. It was *so-o* much money.

Hep had said again, in no uncertain terms, that he had all he needed. Her eyes had gone big. Then she was in the seat beside him, telling him she lived "that way" down the road, away from the city above the campus. . . .

Later, he had a vague recollection of tires screaming against the thrust of a curve in the road, of a white guard-rail streaking laterally across the headlight beams. Then it seemed

voice—saying something about finding a house—seemed to come from a long distance. Nothing about the road was familiar to his blurred vision. He had no idea how long they'd been driving or how far they'd gone.

"Wanta marry," he heard himself droning again. . . .

When he woke, he was in a strange room. It flashed over him it must be a hospital, that he'd been hurt. But big strips of peeling wall paper gave the lie to that. Blinking, he started to sit up and found he was stretched in an old rocker. The coat of his dinner

### *Results of Annual Football Classics*

ROSE BOWL, Pasadena

*Southern California—14, Tennessee—0*

SUGAR BOWL, New Orleans

*Texas A.&M.—14, Tulane—13*

ORANGE BOWL, Miami

*Georgia Tech.—21, Missouri—7*

COTTON BOWL, Dallas

*Clemson—6, Boston College—3*

SUN BOWL, El Paso

*Catholic University—0, Tempe State Teachers—0*

EAST-WEST SHRINE GAME, San Francisco

*West—28, East—11*

BLUE-GRAY GAME, Montgomery, Ala.

*South—33, North—20*

PINEAPPLE BOWL, Hawaii

*Oregon State—39, Hawaii Univ.—6*



as if the earth had erupted under the car. And there was a terrible pain in his left leg.

He heard a voice saying: "I wanta marry her . . . wanta marry her . . . wanta marry. . . ." Finally it came to him it was his own voice. He stopped saying it. He'd meant "marry Moira," of course.

The door beside him was wrenched open. A very disheveled Patty reached in and tugged at him. She said something about them having turned over. Stumbling out, he reeled dizzily. Patty put her arm around him to steady him as he limped along on an ankle that burned like fire, and they moved along the deserted road. Everything was dreamlike to Hep. Her

jacket was off. So was his stiff shirt, and his shoes and socks lay beside the chair.

A kind of panic seized him. He jumped up to get dressed, swayed. He became aware of the throbbing lump on the side of his head and a dull stab in the lower part of his left leg. The foot felt stiff. As he limped around he spotted the alcove in which a bed stood. Hep felt himself blanch. The bed had been slept in.

"Holy smoke," he said, dully.

He dragged on his coat and shirt and stepped out into a hall. It was an old, tumble-down farm house. A saddle-backed barn showed through a window. Turning toward the smell of cooking at the rear, he flogged his

memory in vain to recall what had happened last night.

The door of a smoke-reeking kitchen opened and a gaunt, middle-aged farmer stuck out his head.

"Thought I heard you. Come right in. Mrs. Loran is just finishin' her breakfast."

"Mrs. Lor—" Hep halted.

Inside he could see the road-house dancer. He saw the dyed, brassy-hued hair, the prop smile she donned at sight of him. He swallowed hard.

"Hello, honey," she greeted him in a jangling voice.

**H**E tried to smile, and said he'd get some fresh air. Out on the porch, he puffed hard at a cigarette and tried to steady himself. Maybe there'd only been one room for rent, and she'd said they were married so they would be taken in. If he only could remember. He realized now that his drinks, supposedly ginger ale, must have been spiked.

Patty came through the door, tawdry in her evening dress. She came over and took the cigarette from his shaky hand.

"I know you feel like hell, honey. But you could be a bit nicer on a morning like this."

"What gives out?" he demanded sullenly. "What about a morning like this?"

She pouted coyly. But her shrewd eyes were agate drills darting into him, ferreting for a sign, a give-away.

"Honey, don't you know what happened last night?"

He was glad for the frost that hung in the still air. He fastened his burning eyes on the rim on the grass beyond the porch.

"Well, we had some excitement, I guess. And we turned over—must've fallen asleep at the wheel. And—" He was bluffing hard.

She wasn't fooled. "That was on the way back."

"W-way back—f-from where?"

"Back across the state line. You remember, dear. You can't get married in this state without filing three days notice."

He caught hold of one of the termite-eaten pillars.

"We — we're — married, do you mean?"

Her lips were defiant, vicious lines around the cigarette.

"Do you want to see the marriage certificate?"

He looked around like a trapped animal. One of the faded curtains inside jerked.

"Let's go to our—the room."

They got back there, she clicking along on her high heels. Hunder's triple-threat star shuffled like a punch-drunk fighter. The rasp of the closing door played havoc with his frayed nerves. He wanted to shut his eyes against the whole thing, wanted to rip the night from his life the way you'd rip a page from a book.

Then she pulled a paper from her bag, was holding it before him. He reached for it but she jerked it back from his hands. He saw their names "Hepman Loran and Patty Culler"—in strange handwriting. Below there was a scrawl over the line titled "Justice of the Peace," and the signatures of witnesses. Across the top was printed in large letters: "Certificate of Marriage."

He fell back against the door and waved her to put it away, out of his sight. He'd been thrown for the biggest loss in his sweet life.

## CHAPTER VI

### *Bowl Invite*

**H**E had to play it straight and clean. He told himself that as he paced the Aubusson carpet of the sorority house, waiting for Moira to come down. He tried to put on that half-scorning smile as he looked out at the November rain that slanted across the brown-gray landscape of the campus. Yeah, he sure had made a mess of things.

Well, maybe not quite that. But he sure had made a mis-play in there once, anyway. That was it. Well, he was out of it—though it had cost him quite a few simoleons.

He'd talked fast back in that drab farmhouse room. He'd told the gal he

could have the marriage annulled, of course. Or, at the least, get a divorce. For once, he'd had to keep his temper and arrogance in leash.

"Of course, it was just a crazy trick—an escapade," he said, to soften the blow. "Guess I sort of rushed you off your feet."

"When the justice asked you if you knew what you were doing—you said you were crazy about me," she'd put in. "You got mad at him."

That had made him wince all right. He told her he was no heel, that he'd do the decent thing. Later, they'd arrange a quiet divorce off some place. What he didn't tell her was that he was scared cold the thing would leak out and ruin his college career. So he'd talked fast as hell.

They'd finally made a deal. A lump sum down. That had already been taken care of—he'd long-distanced his uncle, executor of his late father's estate, and giving him a cock-and-bull story about a big repair bill on his car because of a bad smash-up. That had raised the thousand-buck lump payment. Uncle Nate had been surprisingly easy about it.

The other half of the agreement called for her weekly support. It would put a nasty dent in his allowance. Still, he'd got out of it lightly, at that. His fast talking had done it, he prided himself. He'd rushed her off her feet before she realized what a good thing she'd hooked onto. He'd been smart all right, all right. His one demand had been that the marriage be kept secret.

Moira's heels clicked on the sorority house staircase. It brought back the picture of Patty clicking off down the depot platform at the town up the line from the farm—brought back those final, chilling words:

"Keep the mazuma rolling in on the nose, Big Boy," she'd warned, "or I talk—and in headlines!"

Then Moira was coming into the library with a cool smile, poised, unflurried. She gestured for a light for her cigarette and her hands were steady. Hep's weren't. He knew how he loved her now. He thought of the tap dancer and stiffened against a shudder.

"Moira," he began, "I—I've got things to say and—"

She was adjusting the radio dial. "Hep, maybe we were both wrong. I know it wasn't easy for you to come."

**H**E took the bit in his teeth. It was like cutting loose from his interference when a play went wrong. Taking her by the shoulders, he turned her around. All the swaggering conceit was gone from his eyes and voice.

"Listen, Moira—I didn't come to talk about what happened between us the other night. There's something else—pretty bad, too. But remember this. I love you."

She smiled. It was like a knife in him. "Honest, fella?"

"Listen, Moira . . . after I left you—I—I got married."

She fumbled behind her at the radio for support, caught the dial and sent the machine screaming through three stations. Then she had a smile on, was shifting her cigarette to extend her hand.

"Congratulations, Hep-p . . . Who's the lucky girl?"

He swore under his breath. His eyes dodged from hers. He went over to face a window, put his eyes hard on a wet-running tree trunk outside, and told her the sordid story, sparing not a single detail, nor himself. Had he but known it, it was the best thing he he'd ever done.

"The only excuse I've got is that that Felds, the scout of the Red Eagles, spiked my drinks. I didn't know what I was doing," he ended, then added: "I'd like to choke that dog!"

There was silence except for the buzz of the radio behind him. He turned. She was dabbing out a cigarette, long burned down.

"Later, I'll get a quiet divorce from her and—"

She silenced him with a gesture.

"Let's not talk any more now, Hep."

"But—it wasn't a real marriage—I mean—"

"I'll let you know my answer in a few days. . . ."

He moved closer and tried to plead his case. But she called to a girl who'd just come in the hall.

"Oh, Leslie, let's go over those treasury reports now. . . . In a few days, Hep. . . ."

As he walked out, he told himself he'd played it square and straight anyway. He didn't have to tell her. But he had—and it made him feel better. He told himself that many times as the days went by, days that seemed endlessly long without any football. It became a week. Three times he'd tried to reach Moira at the sorority house and been informed she was out.

Then one of the frosh pledges brought the morning newspaper to his room, and he leaped out of bed with a whoop. For the headlines said:

HUNDER GETS CORN BOWL INVITE  
TO MEET CONFERENCE CHAMPS

It wiped out all the brown taste in his mouth, shoved his nervous fears into the background. It would be action again, a means of redeeming himself, reclaiming his self-respect. His gridiron brain began to click. Now those Bobcats, champions of the Big 12, the Conference, had shown a certain weakness against passes all season. And—

Al Hatch, a grad student and head of the house, came in. Hep showed him the headline. Al nodded and mentioned he'd been out with one of the Rho girls—that was Moira's sorority—last night.

"Say, when we tie into those Bobcats—" Hep went on.

"Yeah," Hatch smoothed his hair nervously. "Listen, kid. She told me something. The Rhos have been keeping it a secret for days. . . . Moira Ray left school last Tuesday on a leave of absence for the rest of the year."

Hep Loran knew he'd got the answer she'd promised.

**T**HE varsity went back into training for the Corn Bowl game. Somehow, it didn't seem so important to Hep Loran. It almost seemed as if he'd lost some of his relish for football. Besides, that left leg, injured in the accident, bothered him. The trouble seemed to have focused around the ankle. It didn't hurt except when he went dodging and dancing his way

through on a sweep off the end or into the secondary with an open field setup. Then he got stabs of pain and it wobbled under him.

He noticed that it ached when damp weather was in the offing, too. He was glad practice was light on the scrimmage side, confined mostly to developing new plays and studying the Bobcat offensive.

Offhandedly, one day, Sleepy Harlan asked him if Jack Felds had tried again to sign him for the Eagles that night out at the roadhouse.

"Yeah—he tried," Hep said bitterly.

"No soap, eh?"

"No soap! And I do mean no soap."

Hep had already figured out that it was the Red Eagle scout who'd brought Patty Culler, the tap dancer, over to the table. Probably anything to keep him entertained—and present.

"Oh," said Harlan. "Say, you soldiering? You aren't exactly burning your cleats off out there in practice, y' know."

"Yeah?" Somehow, Hep didn't like Sleepy so much—he didn't know exactly why. "Anything wrong the last time the chips were down?"

"No-o. But I'm thinking of the Bowl game and—"

"And your chance of getting a salary raise next season," Hep was surprised to hear himself say. "Well, I'll be bowling 'em over in the Bowl. Don't worry."

Harlan's eyes got ugly. Then he said okay. He was just worrying some because Deacon Tulnick had sent word he couldn't play in the extra game—had to catch up in some studies. Another of the Deacon's dumb ones, Hep told himself. Imagine a guy passing up a chance for glory and headlines like that!

But somehow he himself couldn't get hot about the game when they entrained for the Corn Bowl in the farm-country metropolis. There was the usual fanfare, the admiring throngs in the hotel lobby, the final drill in the Bowl, testing the wind currents on punts, the tons of publicity. But the coming battle didn't seem so important compared to the fact that Moira hadn't answered his letters, either of his wires, and hadn't been in to his two long-distance calls.

New Year's Day, before they left for the field, he called her upstate home again. An aunt answered. Miss Moira Ray wasn't in, wasn't home at all. In fact, she'd sailed three weeks ago on a South American cruise. Hep let the receiver fall with a gone feeling.

"What in blazes is eating you?" Harlan came over and asked as he waited, dressed, in the big field house. "Sleep-walking?"

Hep nodded. "Yeah. Dreaming of the touchdowns I'm going to make. . . . Why in Pete can't they start these games on time, anyway?"

it, mouth jerking as he talked to himself tearing up the field. He was still talking when he rose after being yanked down on the twenty-one yard line by a rival Loran had missed with a rolling block.

"What's itching you, Loran? You aren't out here just for decoration, you know! It's a football game! Maybe your helmet's not big enough, huh?"

Hep crimsoned. He knew he'd "pulled" that block, cautiously saving his left ankle as he half-pivoted at the last instant to meet the dodging tackler. But he pulled the string when

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## *All-American Football Teams, 1939*

POSITION	ASSOCIATED PRESS	UNITED PRESS
<b>END</b>	Severn, North Carolina	Kavanaugh, Louisiana State
<b>TACKLE</b>	McCollum, Tulane	Stella, Army
<b>GUARD</b>	Smith, Southern Calif.	Smith, Southern Calif.
<b>CENTER</b>	Schiechl, Santa Clara	Haman, Northwestern
<b>GUARD</b>	Molinski, Tennessee	Suffridge, Tennessee
<b>TACKLE</b>	Drahos, Cornell	Drahos, Cornell
<b>END</b>	Kerr, Notre Dame	Sarkkinen, Ohio State
<b>BACK</b>	Kimbrough, Tex. A. & M.	Kimbrough, Tex. A. & M.
<b>BACK</b>	Kinnick, Iowa	Kinnick, Iowa
<b>BACK</b>	Harmon, Michigan	Harmon, Michigan
<b>BACK</b>	McFadden, Clemson	Cafego, Tennessee

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It was braggadocio, nothing more. Hep didn't feel right. And he was a little bit scared about that left ankle. He hadn't put it to a real test for a week or more. This afternoon, in a few minutes, he'd have to. If he could only throw off that tepid feeling. . . .

Phuller gave it to him on a naked reverse to the left.

Running deep, he turned the flank to the tune of a rising accolade from the massed stands. It was the old, flashing thunderbolt streaking from behind the buff-colored line, hip-swiveling, darting, blasting by a tackler with a change of pace at midfield—ever toward the taunting end-zone.

They finally got him in Bobcat territory after a forty yard dash, got him from the rear as he seemed to slow and stumble awkwardly. The ovation was deafening. It was the kind of lightninglike break the customers make turnstile music at the box-office to see.

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### CHAPTER VII

#### *Big Bust*

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**B**UT he still had it when he jogged around, punching his knees high, as the maroon-shirted Bobcats prepared to kick off. Boots Phuller took

But Hep Loran wasn't swaggering or strutting as he joined the huddle. Instead, he was freezing his face against a grimace of pain.

For he'd found out about that left ankle. Apparently it hadn't had sufficient rest to recover from the bad bone bruise of the accident. That was what he told himself, anyway. Fangs of pain had bitten deep into his calf when he'd twisted away from the first tackler. As he'd reversed in the enemy secondary, the ankle had threatened to buckle, then had seemed to lock up on him. Every step from then on it had been torture. It finally had buckled.

Phuller was a smart field general. He smelled something.

"Anything wrong, Hep?" he asked anxiously.

The triple-threat star jeered to cover up.

"Ask the Bobcats!" he snapped.

Damned if he'd come up with an alibi. He never had. Right or wrong, he'd always stood on his own two feet.

Phuller himself garnered three over center on a quarterback sneak. Then Hep was taking it again, out of a spinner, in a cut-back off tackle. Only he was sluggish getting to the gap, and he wobbled. The defensive tackle came up on one knee to grab him for no gain. Experts in the press-box refocused their glasses and blinked. It didn't seem possible, the great Loran being halted behind blocking like that and with such an inviting hole.

But it was the tipoff. The Hunder thrust for the goal-line folded up when Loran bumped into the back coming the other way on a triple reverse as he fed him the ball. A six-yard loss on that one. The Hunder offensive went to pieces.

That was the story of the rest of the half. Loran made two short gains. But at times it seemed he was almost a liability. Several times they hammered him down hard and brutally, slowed down as he was. He took a beating with nobody but himself knowing what was wrong.

Even Lady Luck drew cards against him. He ferried off two passes only to have them dropped by butter-fingered receivers. After that, his pass-

ing fell off as he found it difficult to dodge and twist on that left leg when he faded to throw. He had to hurry his passes.

The Bobcats crushed over one touchdown on ground plays, then scored less than two minutes later with a lot of hipper-dipper stuff against the Hunder bunch who'd suddenly found their attack robbed of its spearhead. The half ended dismally.

**H**ARLAN started to harangue his star in the rest period.

"What're you pulling out there—the wooden Injun act?"

Hep snarled around on him angrily: "Shut up!"

"Yeah?" The coach squared his shoulders. "That's a sweet payoff! Here I've worked with you all these years—built you into a star—made you what you are! You got plenty of headlines and all the glory. So what? Now you lay down on me like a big bum and—"

Hep doubled a fist. "One more crack like that—"

Harlan laughed out loud. "And you'll take out your newspaper clippings and wave them right under my nose, won't you? All I'm asking you to do is play a little football and—"

"Lay off it, Harlan," Hep cut him short, wearily. "I'll get going in the next half. I'll make that gridiron look like a track meet!"

He tried to, tried with every ounce of grid fight and determination in his body. But the Bobcats seemed to think they had his number, or believed they did. They even told him about it. Shortly after the kickoff, he was smeared on a short-side thrust off a lateral.

"Hey, cut out the faking there, Loran," a lank end drawled. "We know you're good. But we aren't afraid."

"Aw, he's waiting till he gets close enough to the photographers to run," one of the Bobcat secondary explained it.

Later, when he faded to pass and then pitched a wobbling heave short of an uncovered receiver, the Bobcats jeered some more. The tackle who'd come through to harry him patted his shoulder.

"Tough luck, fella! You used to look good when you had that Deacon Tulnick in here working with you. *He must've been good!*"

Hep's knuckles itched to poke the guy. And then even the elements turned against him as a thickening drizzle gradually muddied the playing surface to take the premium off speed and agility. As the fourth period began, he was in bad shape. On top of the ankle, the Bobcats sensing that they had the key to stopping Hunder in their back pockets, were seeing to it on their defensive that Hep was hit on every play.

None of the cracks were gentle. And when he tried to tote the leather, some of the work they got in was plain dirty.

But he never whimpered once. Hadn't he told George Kenray a thousand years ago that he could take it as well as dish it out?

Phuller sneered at him as they huddled once.

"Touchdowns scored after the game's over, Loran, don't count. Though it would be a new way of getting publicity, wouldn't it? Yeah. Let's try the D—81-8, huh?"

Hep hitched up his silken pants with shaking hands. But when he steamed wide on a triple reverse, he was slapped down on his ears for no gain. And a Bobcat massaged his ribs neatly with a knee. Simultaneously another enemy player snorted:

"Hey, this guy's a fake! I'll bet that great Loran isn't even playing today!"

It was too much, the foul and the verbal insult on top of it. As they disentangled, Hep lashed out with an elbow, then struck at a maroon-shirted man with a half-closed hand. Two plays later, he pushed another Bobcat after the whistle.

The chief official stepped over to Phuller.

"Better get Loran outa the game—before I have to put him out," he advised.

"Damn good idea," the Hunder quarterback agreed. "He's no help to us, anyhow."

So the great Hep Loran was yanked for a sub fullback. Sure there was a

cheer as he trotted dejectedly to the sideline, but he could detect the difference. It was a mere courtesy cheer—not a yell of acclaim to a stellar performer. . . .

The Bobcats stunned the gridiron world with a 13-0 upset victory.

**T**HE press experts and important grandstand quarterbacks thronged the dressing room. The star who'd failed was the focus of attention. One scribe wanted to know if the explanation wasn't the absence of Deacon Tulnick. That was all Hep needed to set him off.

"Aw, rot!" he exploded, hot-eyed, ripping a shirt as he yanked it on. "Those birds gave me the works! With real officials out there, half of them would've been put out of the game. It was dirty playing and—and—" Then he caught himself, conscious of the chilling silence.

A moment later, he tried to correct it. He forced a grin and grabbed some reporter's arm.

"Forget what I said. It's simple. Those Bobcats just had a new way of tackling. Yeah. Ha-ha. They caught me before I got started and—"

But the sport expert was already walking away. Hep wasn't news any more. It had just been discovered that the Hunder center had played the last period with a broken hand. Now there was a real story. . . .

At the hotel, Hep hurried to his room, trying to swallow down the bitter gall of defeat. A long distance call awaited him. He wondered if it might be one of those pro football scouts making a nuisance of himself again. Well, he didn't need their dough.

But it wasn't a pro scout. It was James Marlowe, his late father's and Uncle Nate's lawyer.

"Hepman, brace yourself," said Marlowe's voice. "I've some bad news for you. Nathaniel Loran is dead. He died suddenly of a heart attack."

"What?" gasped Hep, suddenly conscious of the loss of a relationship he had never really known. "Uncle Nate—dead?"

"Yes, Hepman. But that isn't all. I can't tell you coldly over the phone. I've arranged for a leave of absence

from school, and you'd better come home as quickly as possible. I'll be waiting for you."

"All right, I'll come home," agreed Hep, shifting his weight from his now swollen and throbbing left ankle, "but never mind the mumbo-jumbo stuff. I can take it. Lay off the suspense. What's wrong? Let's have it."

There was a brief pause during which Hep heard only the singing of the wires and he wondered if Marlowe had suddenly dropped dead, too. Then:

"Very well," came the grave voice of the attorney. "It's a—well, a mat-

course. And there'll be enough salvaged to give you a few months' leeway to find a position. Better come on home where we can go over things and thresh the matter out. The funeral is set for tomorrow afternoon."

Dazedly, Hep hung up the receiver. This was the first real tough blow that Dame Fortune had ever dealt him. He had difficulty realizing its magnitude. He even forgot his cruelly throbbing ankle for the moment. Today's game faded into the limbo of the trivialities of the past. The toughest thing that had happened to him so far had been the loss of Moira Ray. That had hurt him like the devil. But he hadn't whimpered because he figured it had been his own fault.

And now—this! But it would take more than this blow to shatter his pride and arrogance. It needed more than a couple of setbacks to wipe out an entire lifetime of willful, easy progress.

Hep learned that the next train north wasn't until after midnight. So he slowly packed his bag as he endeavored to rearrange his life to fit the future. He was vaguely surprised that no scouts phoned him before he left.

He departed from the hotel without seeing any of the rest of the squad and made his way to the station. On the street a late newsboy, trying to get rid of his last few papers, shoved one at him, mouthing his version of the headlines.

"Hunder Thunderbolt big bust of Bowl game: Charges dirty play. Read all 'bout it. Hunder Thunderbolt big bust—"

Hep Loran strode on without looking to left or right.

**Heisman Memorial Winners  
(Past Five Years)**

1935, Berwanger of Chicago  
1936, Kelley of Yale  
1937, Frank of Yale  
1938, O'Brien of Tex. Christian  
1939, Kinnick of Iowa

**Outstanding Coach  
of the Year  
(Past Five Years)**

1935, Lynn Waldorf of North-western  
1936, Dick Harlow of Harvard  
1937, E. E. Mylin of Lafayette  
1938, Bill Kern of Carnegie Tech  
1939, Eddie Anderson of Iowa

ter of speculation—over a period of years, you understand. In short, your Uncle Nathaniel has been playing the stock market, and making secret and poor investments with your inheritance. Of late, knowing that you were rapidly approaching the age set by your father for you to take over, he plunged feverishly in his efforts to recoup. The result is that—well, there won't be much left for you. It was the shock of that which killed him."

"Nothing left?" Hep repeated stupidly. He had never given such a possibility the slightest thought in his life.

"Nothing much," corrected Marlowe. "You'll be able to stay at Hunder long enough to graduate, of

**I**T was a pretty bitter aftermath of stale, cold ashes. But Hep Loran squared his shoulders and took it on the chin. He found things in a worse mess at home than James Marlowe had indicated. To sum things up in a nutshell, he was practically penniless.

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## CHAPTER VIII

### *All-Star Chance*

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Everything had to go. Aside from sufficient funds to see him economically through to graduation, there wasn't enough money to pay Patty Culler her weekly allowance for a year.

But Marlowe didn't know about that unfortunate arrangement, and Hep didn't see that it would help any to tell him. Tight-lipped and grim, the football star returned to the Hunder campus. Nobody there knew a thing about his financial reverses. At least, that disgrace on the part of Uncle Nate had been kept quiet.

And Hep Loran never thought once of mentioning his straitened circumstances. Why should he? Nobody ever heard Deacon Tulnick bellyaching because he had to scrape all the way through school by the skin of his teeth. So why should the great Hep Loran!

Only he wasn't the great gridiron star any more. He was no longer a godlike figure in the collegiate world. Far from it, in fact. That game in the Corn Bowl and the subsequent newspaper publicity had just about ruined him. Hep Loran had let Hunder down—at least, that was the general impression. Men who had formerly gone out of their way to exchange a greeting with him often failed to see him now. Even many of his frat brothers hastened to break off chats with him and found business elsewhere. He had never had any real close friends—no intimate friendship in his life—and he began to feel it keenly.

He got grim inside and forced a tight little grin on the outside. The only person who didn't seem to have changed was Deacon Tulnick, and they hadn't been much more than on civil speaking terms since Moira Ray had so inexplicably left college.

Spring practice came along, and Hep dropped over to watch. His ankle seemed thoroughly recovered now. Nobody, of course, knew that it had been injured to start with. Even in the heat of his anger at the Bobcats he hadn't mentioned his ankle to the reporters.

The boom of the pigskin riding off some punter's foot and soaring up into the sky raised a nostalgia, a sort of homesickness, in him. Hep was sur-

prised to find how much he had grown to love football for its own sake—after he was through. He wished wistfully that he had even just one more game to play. Just one more—and one more chance to prove that he was not all washed up, or that he needed Deacon Tulnick to block for him.

But more than this, he had to think about his future. Now that he had to go to work, football was the only thing that appealed to him. He sought Coach Harlan out and let fall a few delicate hints about a position on Hunter's coaching staff next season being acceptable. Sleepy Harlan proved to be



sleepy indeed, or decidedly obtuse.

"Things haven't been breaking exactly right for me, Coach," Hep finally mentioned more pointedly, still in an offhand manner and with no direct reference to his financial distress. "No real trouble exactly, but—"

Harlan narrowed his sleepy looking eyes to follow a sophomore end cutting down under a punt.

"That's too bad, Loran," he said indifferently.

"Yeah," agreed Hep. "Thanks. I mean, with things not breaking so good, I could—I'd like to. . ."

His voice trailed away uncertainly. He was unused to soliciting favors and he didn't know how to do it. It went

against the grain even to try. And he felt the hard and selfish coldness which underlay this man's sleepy exterior, really felt it, for the first time. Harlan was still turned away, watching that sophomore muff the punt.

"Things didn't break so good for me in the Corn Bowl game, either," he said coldly. "Hey, Tom! Tell that butter-fingered end—"

Hep found he wasn't even good company, much less news, at the spring drills. There was a new pass-pitching wonder up from the frosh squad and—well, graduating stars are deader than yesterday's news, anyway. It would be no use, he told himself, trying to look for a pro job now, either.

He had not been very pleasant turning down offers—and now after the Bowl flop, they probably wouldn't be pleasant to him.

**S**O the former gridiron sensation gritted his teeth and dug his nose into his studies. He took no interest in class activities. There was nothing keen about it with Moira gone.

He got his sheepskin and went home to sign the final papers winding up the Loran estate. Then he boarded a train and headed for New York where Patty had gone shortly after he began sending her a monthly check. But he had no intention of looking up that scheming and grasping girl.

Shaking off his gloom, almost becoming his old, swaggering self, he started invading the offices of old Hunder grads. He made numerous calls on frat brothers who were big shots, mill owners, or chiefs of sales organizations. His confidence was great, because he remembered what they had said after that big game with Daybon.

"If you ever look for a job after graduation, just give me the word, Loran. . . ."

"Yes-sir-ee, I can always use a man with your rep in my business. Just drop around—it'll be a favor to me."

"There's a nice big desk with a sweet salary waiting for you any time in my organization, Hep, ol' boy! A name like yours—sure looked sweet when you faked that pass. . . ."

Such lyrical, enthusiastic invitations he had heard all through his final, starring year. Everybody wanted to fawn upon the big shot of the gridiron, wanted to do something for the Hunder Thunderbolt, figured they could use him and his name.

But it was different now. Executives were terribly busy. Appointments were difficult to get, then usually pretty brief. Business conditions weren't so good. Could he call around in the fall? Or maybe they could fit him in as a filing clerk or possibly a road salesman. Oh, yes, they remembered such-and-such a game and this-or-that play. But they were awfully rushed for time right now and. . . .

The summer was fagging out fast. Back in his home city, Hep looked up the manager of the local semi-pro outfit. But when he heard the mangy salary offered him, he almost took a belt at the fellow. Back in the sultry hotel room, he chucked the credit manager's warning away and fell into a chair. Even a cheap local hotel was leery of his presence now. As if it was his fault Uncle Nate had run through the estate like a drunken sailor!

"The hell with them all! I failed once—so they aren't interested any more. Three years of working and sweating and winning games and you don't grab 'em the golden goose once—so what? You're a bum. They forget all those other games. They—"

It seemed as if echoes filled the room softly, the ghosts of echoes of those old-time stadium cheers. He discovered it was a baseball game via the radio. Bending to silence it, his eye caught the late edition of the paper he'd just bought. It had fallen open at the sports section. He hadn't looked at a sports sheet in weeks, now. But only a blind man could've missed the banner head spread before him. He read it slowly, unbelievably at first, and then avidly.

#### GRID FANS OF NATION GIVE LORAN TERRIFIC LEAD

The selection of the All-American All-star football team of the past season is more than well under way. In spite of his poor snowing in the Corn Bowl post-season

game, Hep Loran, the Hunder Thunderbolt, is getting more votes than his two closest competitors combined for the coveted position of fullback on the team being selected to play the champion Red Eagles.

There was more, but this was enough to cause a tightness to come into Hep's throat. He swallowed twice and then snorted sort of unbelievably. Then he let out a bellow of joy. So he was going to have another chance after all! He was going to be chosen in the nation-wide, all-star aggregation selected to play against the Red Eagles. So the fans hadn't forgotten!

A couple of days later he received two letters through the mail. The first proved to be his invitation to play from the metropolitan paper sponsoring the championship contest. He sat down and wrote his prompt acceptance. The fact that the professional champions, the Red Eagles, for whom Fields had tried to sign him, would be the opponents made it just about perfect. When the gun ended the all-star exhibition, the pro scouts would be mobbing him again. And this time he wasn't going to refuse a fat and juicy contract.

He opened the second letter from New York. It was an ugly and threatening message from Patty Culler, vituperatively berating him because the last payment had been so short. For the first time in weeks Hep laughed. He crumpled up the letter and threw it into the waste basket.

Sure, when he went pro, he would settle that little problem, too. He could see about getting that divorce then. In fact, he had fooled around too long already. The sun was breaking through the clouds once more. It was a true, old adage that you couldn't keep a good man down. Yeah, everything would be cleaned up and straightened out once more. Yeah—everything but Moira!

**T**HE famous Coach Ludd of Calibaska University had been selected as head coach to whip the separate units of the all-star eleven and substitutes into a single, smoothly functioning football machine. George Kenray of Daybon U had been chosen

as his first assistant. Hep's teeth met with a little click at that. But what the hell! That old feud was over and done with now. Hep had buried it with Kenray and the Daybon team in the final devastating game. But what if Kenray didn't consider the war over and the armistice signed?

Hep shrugged. It wouldn't make any difference. Ludd was going to be the head coach and the final authority. There wouldn't be any further trouble with Kenray. Then he chuckled with a glow of real pleasure as he saw that Deacon Tulnick had been chosen for the squad. Somebody must have felt sorry for that quiet and good-natured stooge of the ball-carriers.

But Hep firmly vowed that he wasn't going to be coupled up with Deacon Tulnick if that was the last thing he did. He was going to prove, once and for all, that he didn't have to depend on Deacon's blocking. The stigma of that Corn Bowl game still rankled deep in his breast. Damn it, he could certainly admit the truth to himself! It had been his bum ankle and not the absence of the Deacon that had been responsible for his miserable failure.

Hep received word to report at the military academy just over the state line for training. He couldn't get there fast enough. He was as eager as a young pointer after a covey of birds.

Arriving, he was greeted with something of the old-time warmth and shown his quarters. He had just dumped his bag on a dormitory bed when Chips Helm, a Michigan end against whom he had played, came in.

They greeted each other pleasantly. "Heard the news?" Helm asked, after shaking hands.

"Don't tell me the pros want a rule against me doing any of the scoring," said Hep in mock dismay.

"Same old shrinking violet, eh?" chuckled Helm. "Nope. Coach Ludd's been taken seriously ill—kidney infection, or something. And he's appointed your old friend George Kenray to have full charge in his stead. Nice going for you, eh, keed?"

Hep stiffened. He couldn't help it. Just what would this mean? After all these years, George Kenray was going

to be his big boss again. Kenray, the man who had told him he couldn't take it, that he couldn't learn teamwork—fundamentals. Kenray, the man he had giped and jeered the while he ran through the Daybon team like a wild man. The man upon whom he had heaped insult, and then rubbed his face in the mud afterward. The man he had socked in the jaw the last time he had been close enough to do so.

Yeah, nice going was right. Kenray would just love to decorate the bench with Hep Loran if he had the slightest excuse. Well, not even ten George Kenrays could keep him out of this game as the stellar fullback of the all-star team! He'd just have to watch himself and see that he had no trouble with the old Daybon frosh coach.

## CHAPTER IX

### *Ankle Trouble*

**N**EXT morning, when Kenray greeted the skeleton squad, Hep watched for signs of antagonism. But Kenray merely looked impersonally at him among the others as he talked.

"And there's one thing I will insist on," he said in closing. "I won't have a man on my team who can't block—and do it perfectly!"

As work started, Hep wondered if this had been a warning. He noticed that in the Kenray system, in the formations, a back got shifted around plenty. On one play, he might be in the deep spot. On another, he'd be the blocking back. Then he might carry. Contact drill came. Hep was holding himself in, trying to work in that question-mark of a left ankle carefully. Sometimes he failed to carry out his assignment and he waited for a verbal lashing from the man he'd done his best to make a bum out of.

It didn't come. Kenray said little to him outside of quietly pointing out a defect in play or making a suggestion. But when Hep failed to snake into the clear or ferry a pass downfield accurately enough, Kenray would look at him mildly with what seemed

just the hint of an I-knew-it-all-the-time smile around his mouth.

That shadow of a knowing smile spurred the once great back on to stronger efforts. He took the field for the two-a-day drills with fresh determination to show Kenray each time.

Then, one morning, solemn as ever, Deacon Tulnick arrived. Hep was surprised to find that he was genuinely glad to see his former classmate. Somehow, there was a change in the Deacon, an indefinable something. In spite of his gravity of bearing, there was an inner air of—yes—relief from strain, or something like that. Deacon Tulnick seemed easier in mind, freer in action—not so repressed. As though he didn't care so much—about something.

It was a couple of days before Hep found the opportunity to approach Tulnick on a subject which was eating his heart out.

"Say, Deacon," he finally got around to saying casually, "you haven't heard anything of—er—Moirra, have you?"

Deacon's eyes flicked. He stared at Hep's face.

"As a matter of fact, I have," he answered soberly. "She's been home for two or three months, you know."

"No," said Hep, smiling bitterly, "I didn't know."

"Yes. I've seen her quite a few times," said Deacon briefly, and let it go at that.

But Hep couldn't stand it. "Did you—did she—ever mention—me," he asked falteringly.

"No," said the Deacon candidly.

"How did she look?" begged Hep. "Was she—all right?"

Deacon looked at his companion queerly.

"Then you do care," he said quietly. "I wasn't sure. I've never been quite sure about you, Hep."

"You don't know the half of it," said Hep with a groan.

He started to unburden himself and then checked abruptly. He never had cried on anybody's shoulder, and damned if he'd start now. Things had changed so that, even when he did win free from Patty Culler, he could no longer go to Moirra. He had nothing to offer her now.

"I'm sorry," said Deacon simply. "Yes, Moira is all right. She was swell the last time I saw her. A great girl. I only wish I had a chance with her. Just what is the trouble between you, Hep?"

"Go to hell!" growled Hep, and stalked off.

**P**RACTICE went on apace. Kenray showed his considerable genius in reconciling so many different styles of players to each other, and slowly welded a single machine out of the squad, a machine which retained the individual brilliance of each star and yet which functioned as a smooth, driving whole.

But Kenray did not attempt to couple Deacon and Hep together. He seemed content to follow Hep's unvoiced wish, and let that invincible partnership remain broken. Instead, it was Deacon plus a comparative unknown, a back named Goranski from a jerkwater college, who were the paired stand-outs behind the forward wall.

Kenray was plainly impressed by their drive, but Hep noticed one peculiarity. Deacon was not simply the stooge block for Goranski. Kenray shifted them about so that they took turns in the complementary positions—and both were good.

Hep was smart enough to realize that he would have to earn his spurs in the first practice game if he intended holding his place as first-string fullback. But he was confident of doing that. Hell's bells, if a guy was brilliant enough, no coach in the

world, no matter what personal opinions he might have about the value of dumb stuff like blocking, could relegate him to the sidelines. And Hep meant to be plenty brilliant.

His chance came at the end of two weeks of gruelling practice. Kenray organized a Red and a Green team and staged a game. Hep Loran's intentions were of the best. He went in as fullback for the Reds, and for a few minutes he was a genuine ball of fire. Then, on a deep reverse—one of Kenray's favorites—he cut free and snaked into the open. He reversed and cut and swiveled and danced his way through the opposing team in a flashing exhibition of broken field running that gained sixty yards. And then, without warning, his left ankle which he had thought completely well, collapsed under him.

Twinges of flame shot and pulsed all the way up his leg until he thought he was on fire. He tried to carry on, gritting his teeth to hide his pain. To the onlookers he just seemed to bog down under pressure. An end of the Green team laid him low for a big loss as he failed to fade elusively enough on a pass attempt.

After a couple more bad plays he was replaced by Goranski. In the second half, Kenray put him back in. And the once mighty Hunder Thunderbolt couldn't even get started that time. He was replaced again.

"What's the matter with you, Loran?" asked Kenray keenly as he limped off the field. "Get hurt?"

"No," snarled Hep. "There's not a  
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damn thing the matter with me."

"Don't get huffy," said Kenray mildly. "I've been setting up plays to give you a chance for your broken field running, but it looks as though I had better pair Deacon Tulnick up with you again."

"I don't want Tulnick," said Hep savagely. "I'll manage."

Kenray didn't reply. He started to speak, but the sullen look on the fullback's face deterred him. He just waved Hep toward the showers and then stood staring thoughtfully after him.

But Hep knew a gnawing fear deep in his heart that he couldn't manage. Something was terribly wrong with his left ankle. He realized that he couldn't ignore the condition any longer. But with characteristic grimness he wasted no time in crying over spilled milk.

That evening, implying that he had a little business to see after, he applied for and got permission for a two-day leave of absence. He boarded a train for the city that night. The following morning he was in the office of a bone expert where he subjected himself to every test and probe and x-ray the specialist could devise. That afternoon he went back for the verdict.

**T**HE bone surgeon used a lot of complicated technical terms as he talked of what a delicate piece of mechanism the human ankle was. Then he got down to brass tacks.

"Somehow, in some accident perhaps, Mr. Loran," he said gravely, "you chipped a couple of the tiny bones upon which the ankle depends for its rotating ability. Now, those bones catch and create friction when forced to undergo undue stress in twisting and turning. Fortunately, the matter is not serious enough for an operation, the outcome of which would be doubtful, anyway. It would simply be a painful and expensive waste of time. The chances are that with a year's rest the structure will completely repair itself. You have already found that ordinary exercise, such as walking or running, does not affect the ankle at all. It is only the stress of gyrations and unusual twisting which causes the con-

dition. You are a very lucky young man."

"That's what you think," said Hep gloomily. "What you've just said is the worst news you could have given me."

"How so?" asked the specialist, raising his eyebrows. "Are you a dancer or an acrobat of some sort? You look more like a football player to me."

Hep's chest went tight against his sports jacket. He didn't even care that this man had not recognized him. Such things no longer seemed to make any difference.

"I was a football player," he said tersely. "How much do I owe you, Doctor?"

The specialist told him, and Hep paid off.

"Just remember to avoid undue lateral and twisting strain, and you'll be all right," the surgeon warned.

"Thanks," replied Hep Loran bitterly.

He got away as quickly as possible, walking as soundly as though nothing had ever been wrong with his ankle.



The treatment he had undergone during the day had helped immensely. But he was wondering what he would wire Kenray to explain his failure to return.

Failure to return? He couldn't do that! If he died for it, he could never let Kenray truthfully say that he was a quitter, that he couldn't take it when the going got rough. His secret locked in his heart, Hep took the train back to the military academy.

Unknown to him, the receptionist back in the bone specialist's office was speaking to the great surgeon.

"That patient who just left, Doctor, was Hep Loran, the all-star fullback."

"Yes," said the surgeon, nodding musingly. "I know."

He reached for his telephone to put in a long distance call to Coach Kenray, hesitated, and then thought better of it.

## CHAPTER X

*Startling Revelation*

**T**HE ensuing days were tough ones for Hep. He was frank enough with himself to admit Kenray had plenty of cause to keep him on the bench. And George Kenray didn't need any excuse now. The once great Loran didn't look right. Far from it, in fact. The sports scribes wrote that "the Hunder Thunderbolt was slow rounding into form."

He was merely going through the motions when the last blow fell. The last few days had been concentrated on defense against the formations of the Red Eagles and on the All-Star passing attack. In the final workout early in the afternoon of the day before the big battle, Hep was surprised to see Deacon Tulnick once again go into the deep spot and wing passes. If Deacon had possessed any pass-flipping ability at Hunder, he sure had kept it a secret.

Then they packed up and entrained for the city. At the first stop en route, a news hawker came through and somebody bought a metropolitan tabloid. Chips Helm chuckled at a picture as he paged through it in the same Pullman section with Hep.

"Hey, there's a cutie for you!"

A big Missouri guard and Hep started to look. Then the fullback was snatching at the sheet, goggle-eyed. It was a photo of Patty Culler, the roadhouse tap-dancer he'd married that crazy night. The caption said she'd fled agents of the New York D.A.'s office who wanted her for questioning with regard to certain leaders of the restaurant protection racket.

The sheet slid from Loran's limp fingers. Across the aisle, Deacon Tulnick picked up the paper and held it out to Hep. But the latter was unseeing as he moved woodenly down the aisle to the vestibule. He felt he was going to be sick. Behind him, Deacon Tulnick's eyebrows shot up as he saw the photo that had hit Hep so hard.

A few moments afterward, Kenray followed the player onto the platform.

"Anything the matter, Loran? You're shaking like a leaf."

Hep eyed him sullenly. "What the hell's a leaf got to shake about? Anyway, I'm all right."

But he was far from it. In the city, he slumped in the hotel room after performing like a wooden Indian when the squad tested the night lights at the stadium. This last blow had sunk him for fair. It'd torpedoed his last chance of putting himself on his feet.

They'd catch up with that girl, find he was her husband and—hell, no man could pack the leather out there on a gridiron with a Damoclean sword like that hanging over him! The bum ankle was bad enough. But with a fear like that draped to his neck like a phantom tackler— Well, maybe he ought to quit, after all.

**H**E began to pace the carpet, glad the tackle bunking with him had stepped out. He could go down and tell Kenray about the ankle. Have him verify it with the bone specialist. Maybe that was his way out. He could claim it was for the good of the team and all that baloney and—

Deacon Tulnick stood in the doorway.

"Knocked three times," Deacon said. "Guess you didn't hear me."

"Well?"

Deacon pulled the tabloid, with the photo of Patty Culler, from behind him.

"I was wondering what this girl meant to you, Loran . . . Wait a minute . . . You took one gander at her on the train and acted as if you'd seen a ghost. Tonight on the field, you played like a man with a foot in the grave."

Hep glowered. "You're nuts!"

"You went pale as a bucket of lard when you saw this paper," Deacon said stubbornly. "You're green at the gills now."

"What damn business is it of yours, Deacon?"

Deacon shrugged. "Maybe—none. Except that I know her and thought—well, maybe I could help."

Hep Loran was over beside him in two strides, gripping him by his thick

shoulders, clinging hard. For the first time, he realized that he needed a friend, somebody to talk to. That he had needed one for a long time.

"You know her, Deacon? You know Patty?"

"Not exactly personally. I know who she is, though. . . ." He walked away, pulling at the tape on a wrist. "I'd rather not say how—until it—well, until it's absolutely necessary."

Hep Loran exhaled air in a big gush. It was as if all the things pent up in him were released. He found himself astride a chair, telling Deacon about that night, how he'd gone to the roadhouse with Sleepy Harlan. How, as he realized afterward, Felds, the scout for the Red Eagles, had spiked his drinks. He told everything except about his bum ankle.

"Sleepy Harlan took you out there to set up the stage for Felds, apparently," Deacon said quietly. "Probably promised a cut."

It occurred to Hep for the first time, although he had vaguely distrusted Harlan after that night. The fact that most people wanted to use a star gradually dawned on him.

He went on with the rest of it, how he'd had a row with Felds and lit out with the tap-dancer, Patty. That part was hard to tell.

"Had a little accident—just turned over. Then we got down to a farmhouse . . . When we woke in the morning, I found out we—Patty and I—had gotten married."

Deacon jumped up. "Married to her?"

Hep swallowed. "Yeah. Forget the congrats. I made arrangements to pay her money and keep it a secret and—"

"You poor sucker!"

"What? Listen, I had to keep it hushed up and—"

"Sucker!" Deacon Tulnick repeated, glaring from under beetling eyebrows. "Patty Culler may have got some little justice of peace to hitch you two. But it was bigamy."

"Bigamy? You sure?" Hep cried.

"Am I sure?" Deacon whispered fiercely. "Listen! I was at the trial when they tried to put her on the stand to testify against a small-time gang leader named Red Silvio. The state

got a set-back when the defense revealed Patty was married to Silvio."

**H**EP rose unsteadily and breathing deeply. If it was true, it was the first real break he'd got in months.

"But maybe she got a divorce or—"

"I don't think so. But I can find out." He walked over to the phone. "You see, my brother went to prison with Silvio—as one of his gang. He got out with Silvio—last week."

He picked up the instrument and gave a long distance number. The operator would call him back.

Deacon's simple statement made Hep Loran forget himself completely for perhaps the first time in his life. He gripped Deacon's arm.

"Your brother? He was in prison while you played football at Hunder?"

Deacon nodded. It came to Hep abruptly. He said:

"That was why you never played at college the way you've been going in training camp, eh? You're a different man now."

Deacon nodded again. "Yeah, I was holding in back at school. Maybe I didn't have to. But I was afraid the publicity would ruin my chances of playing, and I wanted to play. But I got so I didn't even want to score. If I ever tried to lead the parade—if I became a star, like you—well, then the sports writers would dig in, and the fact that I had a brother in prison would come out. I'm not ashamed of Tom, but why let all that unsavory mess be stirred up? So—"

Hep remembered that long ago statement of Deacon's. "So you never tried to lead the parade," he finished for him. "I get it."

Deacon smiled tautly. "But tomorrow, in the all-star game, it will be different. I'm out of college, and Tom is free. It will be my first real chance to go to town, and—"

The ringing telephone interrupted. Deacon crossed the room and answered it swiftly.

"Hello? Yes, that's my call. Hello Tom?" He asked a number of questions concerning family matters and then about Patty Culler. "Thanks a heap, Tom," he concluded. "Yeah, I'll be seeing you when I come home . . ."

thanks. Best of luck to you, too. S'long."

He hung up and turned to Hep. "Patty's still legally married to Silvio, Hep. And he was picked up this morning for questioning about her disappearance. You're in the clear."

Hep felt like breaking down and bawling like a baby. He tried to thank Deacon, choked up, and walked quickly to the window. After a while, he spoke.

"And you carried all your own private grief around with you and never told anybody, Deacon?"

"Sure," said Deacon. "Why not?"

CHAPTER XI

Gridiron Comeback

IT was the night of the big game. The vast crater of seats, jammed with sport fans, had suddenly become ghostly with the dimming of the lights. A single searchlight beam thrust a yellow pencil of light at the center of the field where the all-star gridiron heroes were being introduced. Player after player stepped into the golden halo to receive his ac-

*Ten Best Averages for the Past Five Years*

College	Won	Lost	Tied
1. Pittsburgh .....	37	8	4
2. Notre Dame .....	34	8	3
3. Minnesota .....	30	9	1
4. Duke .....	41	7	1
5. Texas Christian .....	39	14	4
6. Fordham .....	30	5	7
7. Nebraska .....	20	10	6
8. Santa Clara .....	31	10	3
9. Ohio State .....	28	11	1
10. Alabama .....	35	7	4



But I did tell Moira about it the last time I saw her. I—well—I thought she ought to know. I felt like you just now felt. I—I had to confide in somebody. I see now that it should have been you years ago."

Hep's smile was a bit tremulous.

"No, Deak," he said softly, "I don't guess I'd have had sense enough years ago to make you a good pal. It's taking a lot of pounding to make me see the light. And, Deak—here's hoping you have a—a helluva big day tomorrow!"

colade as his name, position and school was bellowed through the public announcing system.

Hep Loran took his turn and then came trotting toward the sidelines in the white vari-colored jersey of the College All-stars. He caught up with George Kenray who stood to one side checking off the names on a list of the men he intended starting in the game.

"I guess you're going to start me, aren't you, Kenray?" he asked.

Kenray looked up and eyed the full-back steadily.

"For your information, Loran," he answered crisply, "I practically have to. It's one of the rules that the players who received the greatest popular vote open the game regardless of my opinion of respective abilities. And if it's any compliment to you, I have never questioned your ability."

"It doesn't matter any more," said Hep simply. "I suppose you are starting Petrie at quarter?"

"Yes," admitted Kenray, frowning slightly.

"Thanks," said Hep, turning and trotting off.

He sought and found Petrie, the Alabama Flash, and drew the wiry little quarterback aside.

"Petrie," he said earnestly, "you learned all the play combinations Deacon Tulnick and I used at Hunter. Well, if Deacon and I are in at the same time, I want you to use some of them—but shift our positions! Give Deacon the ball. Don't look at me so goggle-eyed—I mean it! And don't give me any of my old plays at all, no matter who's in or who's out. And you don't need to mention this to anybody, unless you want me to mop up the field with you. Get me?"

"No," said Petrie frankly. "I think you're nuts."

"Maybe I am, but I know what I'm doing," Hep assured him fiercely. "And you'd better remember it!"

Leaving the astounded quarterback with slack jaw and straining eyes, Hep went on to crouch down at the edge of the playing field with others of the squad to wait for the starting signal. He was quivering. The blood jumped in his veins, pumping against his temples with muttering thunder. Somehow, he had recaptured all of the old itch to get in there and play for all he was worth.

It didn't really make sense because he knew he was not going to be a flaming star in so much as one spectacular play. He wasn't even sure how long he could last because of that treacherous left ankle.

But a tremendous change had come over the Hunder Thunderbolt after Deacon Tulnick had left him last night. For the first time Hep Loran had sat down and really looked at him-

self. He had seen Hep Loran from angles he had never suspected before. It was like having a talk with a stranger. He'd stripped off the mask and looked inside to see what had been making this guy Loran click. It hadn't been nice.

In the days of his stardom, he'd got his sense of values mixed up. That was it. He'd believed he was the center of the universe. And in his blind conceit, bolstered by his gridiron glory and his money, he'd been his own worst enemy. The last big game, the Daybon contest, had really finished him.

It had caused him, riding on the tide of his success, bloated with vanity, to break with Moira—blindly, stupidly. And everything else had resulted from that. He'd never have gone to that roadhouse otherwise. The accident had cost him his ankle. Then he'd let himself be bluffed down by that little dancer on an illegal marriage. And after that, when his money had been stripped from him, he hadn't been anything. He'd reaped the harvest of his own sowing.

It hadn't been a nice trail to go back over. But he'd faced the facts squarely. Now, this game, was his chance to prove himself. But—not to the adulating crowds. Not to the grid experts in the press box. But to himself, to Hep Loran.

**K**ENRAY called to them. The last man had stepped from the spotlight. Then they were trotting out to take the Red Eagle kickoff, Hep Loran at the fullback spot. He rubbed at the burnt cork smudges under his eyes to shield them against the light glare. There was the dull thud of the Eagle guard's toe meeting the ball. And Loran was swinging toward the sideline and coming up to get under it.

Sound torrented from the crowd as he gathered it in. Now they'd see one of those dancing-dervish, streaking-lightning runs of the great Hunder back's. But they didn't. Hep was thinking of his ankle. He grabbed the leather and simply bulleted straight ahead. He just ran, reversing the field briefly to the right once. Then he went

ahead again, running right over everything in his path, mind concentrated on the one object of advancing. Two Eagles finally hauled him down on the forty-one.

The All-Stars huddled. It was going to be a naked reverse to the left, Loran at the Number Two, blocking back, spot. He faked taking the ball from the quarterback, went off right tackle, bumping the end out as he did. Cutting back across the enemy secondary, he nailed the defensive right halfback with an oblique block that set him on his haircut. And he bounced to his feet to bump the safety man, closing fast, out of the play.

The crowd howled for Norris who'd carried the ball. But Kenray on the bench blinked and rubbed his narrowed eyes. Maybe he'd been wrong about Loran—a man doesn't throw a block like that by accident. He still had his eyes fixed on him as the Stars tried an off-tackle thrust at the strong side. The play was for no gain, but Loran had gone over and bumped that giant Eagle charging end almost into the next county.

A pass into the flat was bobbled. The Star offense bogged down. There was a punt that went out on the Eagle six-yard line. The professionals, playing a waiting game, ran it twice, then kicked deep. Again Kenray was surprised. Protecting the receiver, Loran had taken one red-shirted end with a shoulder block, then had gone on to pin another Eagle with a beautiful rolling block.

A fumble on a triple reverse forced the Stars to punt back. And the Eagles started to work from their own thirty-five. Then Kenray pulled out a lot of those starting players he'd been forced to put in, sent Goranski and Deacon Tulnick into the backfield. But he decided to leave Hep Loran in for a few more minutes, anyway.

He was glad he did. The Eagles began to crush their way ahead, swinging their massive tackles and guards into running interference behind tackle thrusts and end sweeps. The pressure on the collegiate flanks was terrific.

But Loran, from his defensive back post, was cruising in, splitting the in-

terference for a whack at the runner. Or else stripping him of his blockers smack at the scrimmage line. His tackling was savage enough to snap a man in two. And his name was outstanding for the fact that the fans never roared it in a cheer. Only the experts were noting those plays.

**A**S the quarter ended, halted on the twenty-six, the Eagles failed on a placement attempt. They swapped goals. Kenray was out in front of the bench, adjusting field glasses and simultaneously talking via phone to aides stationed at the rim of the stadium.

"Our right guard's being mouse-trapped too often," a voice from the other end of the wire said. "Tulnick's nervous but settling down. That Loran is doing the greatest blocking I ever saw. . . . A couple of times now, the Eagles have varied a formation to get two men on him. Loran—"

Kenray swung his glasses to outline Loran, the star who'd walked out on him once and dedicated a gridiron career to humiliating him. The guy must have taken a beating. But he saw a grin through the dirt smear on Loran's face, saw him sort of chuckling to himself. It didn't add up. This was the first big game the man had ever played in when he wasn't touted as a star, wasn't even conceded a chance to star.

But Hep himself had the answer. Sure, he was just one of the great unknowns, a blocker, the clean-up bird who went out and did an imitation of a flying doormat to make the ball-carrier look good. Yeah. That's all. And it was all he asked. And he was giving Deacon Tulnick the kind of support that Deacon had given him all through college.

Because he'd found out two things. He could take it, could come back the hard way. Which was exactly what he was doing, making his gridiron comeback. And he didn't give a damn if not a single soul in the stands ever recognized the fact. He and his teammates knew it. The other thing was that ankle—it was holding out. Fate had given him the slim chance the specialist had hinted at on it. Relieved

from the dodging, twisting strain of ball-toting, it was standing up under normal pressure.

"What's the matter, Loran?" an Eagle lineman called as they lined up. "Afraid to carry the ball against us, huh?"

Loran grinned. "Hell, no, Steen! The other boys told me to go out and block against you guys—it'd be so much easier!"

The second quarter was a dogfight. Offsides hurt the All-Stars. Goranski fumbled a punt on his own thirty and the pros recovered. But Loran was in there, handcuffing them again and again. He ended the touchdown threat by snagging a short pass down the center alley.

Tulnick carried on an off-tackle that seemed merely a routine effort before punting. But a simple play, with perfect execution, can spell "score." And one man, the Number Two back, was perfect on that thrust. It was Loran. He put the block on that incoming end, drove on through. The pro tackle had broken out of his box. Loran simply ran right over him, ran him right under, then stiffened the defensive fullback with a rolling block that was a beauty.

The powerful Tulnick was in the clear and flashing up the field as the half ended. It was only the sprint speed of the Eagle right end that enabled him to catch Tulnick on the Eagle eighteen-yard line in a desperate dive tackle.

## CHAPTER XII

### *Real Triumph*

**G**EORGE KENRAY came over to Loran in the locker room of the baseball club-house. They measured eyes. There was no belligerency in Hep's, no doubt in Kenray's.

"You're doing all right," Kenray said. "I couldn't ask for better teamwork and blocking. You're every inch the player I once hoped you'd be."

The second half got under way. The Eagles cut loose with a strong bid for a score, opening up with plenty of

hipper-dipper. But that defensive bulwark of the All-Stars, Loran, was a constant thorn in the side. He batted down one pass, then closed in fast to intercept a lateral on an end sweep. A substitute came in at left end for the pros. The pros kicked. As they lined up, the new end waved to Loran and called out:

"Howdy, Mr. Loran!"

Hep looked, still dizzy from the last tackle, and recognized Rudy Hoss, the Daybon tackle whose teeth he had accidentally kicked out. Hoss had signed with the pros during the winter and had been converted into a wing-man. Fate seemed to be socking back for the payoff from the past on Hep. But the Hunder Thunderbolt only laughed.

"Hello, Rudy!" he responded. "If I never mentioned that I was sorry I kicked your teeth out, I do now. And now's your chance to get even. Go to it, but you'll have to do it in blocking, for I'm not carrying the ball."

"So I've noticed," said Hoss warmly. "And you're playing a swell game. But watch yourself, fella!"

The Eagles were primed to get this collegiate blocking back out of there. And Hoss had a personal score to settle. When the pros intercepted a pass of Deacon Tulnick's, the next play was Hoss on an end-around. Hep dug through blockers, was batted down, then came to his knees just in time to meet Hoss' husky, pistoning legs. The impact was inhuman. Hep was reaping the harvest of his conceit, all right.

Hep Loran had a vague recollection of the conclusion of the third quarter. He remembered blocking for Deacon on a double reverse, of meeting Hoss who was playing a drifting end. Later, somebody was shoving smelling salts under his nose, applying a wet sponge to the back of his neck at the same time. Hoss looked down with a satisfied grin. But Hep Loran stayed in.

Then later they were in a huddle. The lights seemed to be going on and off in front of his blurred eyes. His mouth had a salty taste he knew was blood. Somebody was saying:

"A vise couldn't have hung onto the

ball the way you tackled him! Hoss was practically out cold when he fumbled it."

And Hep felt a slap on his weary shoulders. Then he remembered having crossed over fast to cut down Hoss as he took a pass in the flat.

Chips Helm joined the huddle.

"Less'n two minutes to go. It's our break, grabbing the ball on their forty. Let's go!"

It was the D-91-9 play. Hep heard the quarterback say: "Tulnick back." Hep was at the Number Two spot again. Then he was tearing in, clearing the path for the Deacon, hurling himself at bodies. The whistle. Again, it was the Deacon back, to tote the leather. Hep mowed the way ahead once more. When he picked himself up, he saw Deacon being bumped out on the Eagle twenty. All the one-time Hunder Thunderbolt could think now was that he must block—and block like the Furies of Hell—for the Deacon was having his chance.

They were in the single-wing formation. Deacon was fading. Then there was a short flip down the center alley, a defensive fullback too groggy from being smashed by blockers to get over to it. And an All-Star had cradled it in and was snaking through for the only score of the game.

**H**EP LORAN, wondering if that swirling thing above his shoulders was *his* head, felt himself being led off. Later, he felt himself sitting up on the rubbing table in the locker. "Did I block to get the Deacon into the clear? Did I shake him loose?"

That was all he could remember of those last few plays now. He'd forgotten himself. His mind had been set on one thing—on blocking for the Deacon.

As his head cleared, he found Deacon standing behind him, an arm affectionately about his shoulders. In front of him stood Coach Kenray, warmly gripping his hand. And behind the coach, of all the queer hallucinations, stood Dr. Mason, the bone specialist.

"Hep Loran," Kenray was saying, "you hard-headed young fool, why didn't you tell me about your ankle?"



I wouldn't have sent you into that game for the world. You crazy fool, you're one of the greatest footballers of all time. That's what I knew back at Daybon when I tried to take the lone wolf attitude out of you. Dr. Mason just told me about you. With a little rest, you'll be all right. And there's a Packer scout trying to get in to stick a fat contract under your nose."

This made Hep feel good all over. He didn't know what to say. So Deacon Tulnick said it for him.

"See here, Kenray," the Deacon said in mock anger, "you can't talk that way about Hep Loran. He's my pal."

Hep found his voice. "Thanks, Coach," he said humbly. "But that Packer scout can keep outa here unless he's got a contract for the Deacon, too."

"You're ten minutes late, Hep," advised Kenray. "The Deacon has been given his contract—and he's waiting for you to sign up."

The Hunder Thunderbolt thought his cup couldn't hold any more, but he was mistaken. A messenger boy pushed his way into the crowded locker-room. He had a telegram for Hep. Hep's eyes grew misty and he began to tremble all over as he saw Moira's name at the bottom before he read the message:

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A TERRIBLE SPANKING, AND I NO LONGER THINK YOU NEEDED IT, AFTER THE DEACON CALLED ME UP AND EXPLAINED THINGS. I KNEW I MADE AN AWFUL MISTAKE IN RUNNING AWAY AND I CAME TO TOWN TO ASK THE HUNDER THUNDERBOLT TO MARRY ME AFTER THE GAME. WOULD A REAL MAN TELEPHONE A GIRL AT HER HOTEL? DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU'VE LOST YOUR MONEY. DEACON TOLD ME THAT, AND I DON'T CARE.

Hep wiped the moisture that slid down his cheek and told himself it was sweat. He looked up at Deacon, and behind that smiling face he read the sacrifice the man had made in calling Moira. He wanted to get up and shout to the world what a great game football was, and how wonderful it was to have friends, a pal, and a gal.

Touchdowns? No more touchdowns for him. He'd won a whale of a lot more than that.

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# THE SEVEN MULES

or

## THE STORY OF THE FOUR HORSEMEN

By

### JACK KOFOED

FAMOUS SPORTS COMMENTATOR

**T**HE back gets all the credit on a long run. You know that. Everybody in the stands is watching the ball. They don't see anything else except it—or the fellow who is carrying it. But Knute Rockne had the right idea.

"Football," he said, "is played up in the line. No place else."

He told the truth, too.

When Rock had the Four Horsemen gallivanting in his backfield he owned one of the finest quartets ever put together — Jimmy Crowley, Harry Stuhldreher, Elmer Layden and Don Miller. Fast as a whiplash, tricky as magicians, hard running, smart fellows. Nobody could stop them. They knew it as well as the rest of the world.

#### Inspiration Needed!

That was what Rockne was afraid of. He didn't want too much confidence. It's a bad thing for team morale. Men stop doing their best when they are too sure of themselves. Not consciously, maybe, but they are inclined to take things in stride—and inspiration, as well as perspiration, is needed out there on the gridiron.

At first the old man didn't quite know how to handle it. You just don't bawl out stars who have proved their worth, and anyway, words might not



Knute Rockne

make the proper impression. What they needed was an example. But that was the problem. What should the example be?

#### A Bright Idea

Then the idea came to Rockne. He had the squads out for practice one afternoon. The Four Horsemen were clowning. They were gaining as they pleased against the scrubs, and making sort of a joke of it.

"Pretty good, aren't you?" grinned Knute. "I suppose you're going to play that way against Wisconsin Saturday."

"Sure," answered Crowley. "We'll get you as many touchdowns as you like."

The coach shook his head in the quizzical way he had.

#### The Real Players

"You think you're football players, you guys," he said. "You're not. The real players are those Seven Mules in the line. All you do is carry the ball."

"Not a bad job, either," put in Layden.

"We'll see," said the coach. "You play in the scrub backfield, gentlemen,

*Here's a Line on Knute Rockne's Linesmen!*

and let me observe just how good you are."

The switch was made. The scrubs lined up. The second-string backs went in behind the Seven Mules. And then the fun began.

The Four Horsemen knew what was in Rockne's mind. They were keen to show him they could perform under any conditions.

Stuhldreher tried a spinner. Jack Cannon came bursting through and nailed him for an eight-yard loss. Layden went for an end run, and two of the Mules came tearing in and flopped him six yards behind the point where he started. Third down . . . twenty-four yards to go. Crowley punted, and the kick was blocked. The regular linemen tore the scrubs to shreds, and the Four Horsemen couldn't get started.

They didn't like that. They were used to having the way opened for them—for the forward wall to hold until they could get started. But they never had a chance to start. They were buffeted and knocked about. They were bruised and disgusted. Nothing they did worked out, though they tried as hard as they could. Rockne kept them at it for half an hour. He might have made the lesson longer, but he didn't want to ruin them for Saturday. Besides, the linemen were having so much fun that they might get a whiff of the superiority complex that had obsessed the Four

Horsemen!

Rock was laughing fit to kill when they came off the field, four of the most discouraged youngsters anybody ever saw.

### The Greatest Kick

"You gave me the greatest kick I ever got out of football," the coach said. "The best backs in the country, eh? Sure you are—when you've got somebody up there who knows how to open the way for you. You get all the headlines. Maybe now you'll admit they ought to be divided with the fellows who don't get the chance to ride high and handsome the way you do.

"Layden, I never saw anybody so surprised as you were when those two guys dumped you. You just weren't used to having the defense get to you that fast, were you? Remember, it, all of you. And if you get half a dozen touchdowns against Wisconsin, give about seventy percent of the credit to the boys who did the dirty work."

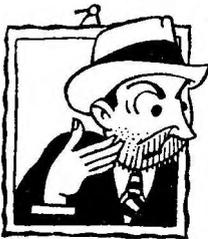
They did, too. That scrimmage may not have been the thrill to the Four Horsemen that it was to Knute Rockne, but it was more than a thrill, really. It taught them that the greatest backs in the world are just country ball players unless they have a line in front of them.

So, the next time you go to a football game, forget the runner some time—and have a look at what the boys up front are doing!

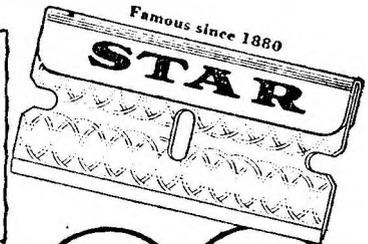
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# PARIAH PARDS

By FORREST KLEINMAN

Author of "Champion Palooka," "Ring Rodeo," etc.



The Grayton halfback went straight through Ox's position

## "Ox" Easley Was a Juggernaut in the Line—But Too Much Weight Slowed His Pace Down to a Walk!

"Ox" Easley saw the play coming and lunged toward the center slot he was supposed to plug. A pair of fast-charging Grayton guards hit him high and low. His two-hundred and sixty pounds ploughed helplessly into the mud. The play whiplashed through without any opposition from him.

He heard the *thock* of driving impact, a break in the crowd's roar. He heaved himself out of the mire to see Sim Vogle, Hilton's razor-faced right end, carefully untangling himself

from the ball carrier. Grayton was inches short of the thirty yard stripe and a first down. Sim Vogle grinned mirthlessly at Easley.

"Where were you on that one, Fat Boy?" he taunted. "That gap was big enough to drive a tank through."

Ox Easley scowled. He wanted to answer with something tough, but even his tongue was clogged with the mud those Grayton guards had fed him all afternoon.

Up in the rain-swept stands the feverish word was going around, up-

set, *upset*, UPSET! Grayton, the breather on Hilton's schedule, had kicked the sports writers' prediction full of holes. The score was 0—0. And the fourth quarter was ticking away swiftly.

In the huddle "Wee" Boyle, Hilton's sawed-off quarter, chattered:

"Let's go, gang! First we give 'em the center shot."

"Why not try one at end where there's something besides beef?" sneered Vogle. A mutter of assent ran through the circle.

"Clam up," Boyle snapped. "I'm running this quarter deck." He whacked Ox's thick shoulder.

"All right, Ox, pry them warts open."

But doubt flicked into his eyes, and Ox knew that even his pal and roomie since high school days realized that he was tired out.

Grimly, he slogged up to the line, planted his battered cleats far apart in the soggy turf. This time it would be different. It had to be.

More than a batch of press clippings was riding on his performance during this final season. There was an ambition, born last spring when Coach Rocky Graham had caught him spending nights in the gym with the freshman centers.

"Maybe after you graduate that'll be your job," Rocky had said, and his craggy features had almost softened to a grin. "I'll be needing a frosh coach next year."

**B**UT Sim Vogle wanted that job, too. He had made it plain all fall that he'd fight tooth and nail to get it. But during today's game Ox had booted his destiny around like an old kidney pad. But not Sim Vogle. With the blue chips down, Vogle was a fire cracker exploding all over the lot.

"Hup!" Boyle barked.

Ox sluiced the ball back, and charged in what he thought was the same motion. But it wasn't. A plunging helmet socked into his belly. He toppled with a splash, and the play stormed up his spine. They went for a one yard loss.

Boyle's blunt face was pale.

"You gotta untrack, Ox," he said.

"You know what Rocky'll be thinkin'. In this slop a big guy should go to town."

Ox winced, glanced at the bench. There hunched old Gibraltar himself, Rocky Graham, coach of Hilton. Ox could almost feel the weight of those granite grey eyes boring into him.

Their ground attack stalled, lacking an accurate passer, Hilton's only hope was to force Grayton to fumble deep in their own territory. On the next play Boyle called for a kick. But the Grayton fullback snagged the punt safely, and the stalemate started all over again. Hilton was frantic to score. But Grayton fought doggedly for the honor of a goose-egg tie.

Only a four minute sliver showed between the hands of the scoreboard clock, when the disaster that had breathed down Ox's size eighteen neck all afternoon finally caught up with him. It was Grayton's ball on their own thirty-four line, second down and six to go. The play was a wide end sweep. Pointed by Vogle, the Hilton blue and gold swarmed to meet it.

Ox lumbered behind where his cleats slipped, spilling him into a puddle. He lay there a moment, dizzy, half blinded. It didn't matter whether he got up or not. Someone else would make the tackle. Someone always did this year.

Now there was a new note in the crowd's roar! A warning light flickered in the back of his mind. He staggered up, pawing at his eyes. The sweep had been a fake, drawing Hilton over to the sideline. Streaking wide toward the part of the field where he alone now stood was the real ball carrier!

Beads of sweat popped through the grime on his forehead. This was his big chance. Up in the press box they were waiting to write his next move into football history.

He hesitated. A year ago, two years ago, he'd have already nailed the runner in his tracks. But now, his body felt clumsy, unwieldy. He floundered and slid once more in the treacherous mud.

The Hilton rooters were shouting frantically, imploring him to act. In a split-second it would be too late.

As the Grayton back hip-swivelled away, Ox did the only thing he could possibly do. He left his feet in a diving lunge. But his arms found only thin air. The ground leaped up to meet him. Then the mud blotted out everything. . . .

A pall of gloom hung heavy over the Hilton campus on Sunday afternoon. It touched bottom at the Zete house in the sparsely furnished room of Ox and Boyle. Slouched on his bunk, Ox gazed morosely out the window at the grey, drizzling sky.

**W**EE BOYLE paced the floor, quoting from a fistful of crumpled newspapers.

"Seven to nothing upset. . . . Tiger's tail clipped by Grayton Terriers. . . . Finger Bowl only hope of Hilton gridders now!" Boyle stopped and regarded Ox irately "Why'n hell did you have to keep growin'? It ain't reasonable for one guy to be so big!"

"I'm only twenty pounds over last year," Ox said. "Gimme time. I'll sweat it off. I'll get back in the groove."

Boyle shook his head sadly.

"Don't think I haven't seen you going out for your run every morning bundled up like an Eskimo?" he said. "No, we might as well face it. You've just outgrown the game, that's all. An' it's gonna cost you that Frosh coachin' job you been eyein'."

"What do they want," growled Ox, "a coach or a perfect thirty-six?"

"They'll want Sim Vogle now. Listen to this—" Boyle thumbed to a sport page. He read: "Only the stellar play of Sim Vogle, Hilton's right end, kept the score down. Time after time the fleet end plugged gaps in the forward wall that might . . ."

Ox knew what he meant. He'd had two good seasons, but glory-grabber Vogle was having three. That would score heavily when the assistant coaching plums were handed out. They'd want a big-time name to draw the prep stars. A fat chance he'd have. After Saturday's performance, he'd be lucky if his cleats saw action for the rest of the season.

But Ox wasn't thinking only of himself. There was Wee Boyle to con-

sider. They'd played a duet on grid-irons from Horace Mann High to the Ann Arbor Bowl. They belonged together. With him on the bench, who'd blast the holes for the little guy—who'd look after him when the going got tough? This season meant a lot to Boyle, too. Wee had pro ambitions—Boyle was reading again.

"Even granting that weather conditions were unfavorable, quarterback Boyle's failure to take to the air in the closing minutes of play emphasized a dangerous weakness in the Hilton offense this year. . . . It is ironical that a team possessing a receiver of Sim Vogle's ability should lack a passer capable of hitting a barn door at two paces." Wee was grinning like a freshman who has just discovered that he doesn't have to pay rent for a seat in the study hall. "The guy's got somethin'!"

"Huh," Ox grunted. "Just another Sunday quarterback spouting off."

"But he's right!" Wee yelled, strangely excited. "The other teams are plenty wise that we haven't a passing threat. Their defense is set for us. What we need is a passer in there!"

"You can't pull a Slingin' Sam Baugh out of a hat," Ox said.

"Oh, no?" Wee paused and pointed dramatically. "You're it!"

**O**X was dumfounded.

"Me?" he gasped.

"Don't squat there warblin' high notes like a glee club soprano! Can't you see it's a natural? You been a center ever since you wore moleskins. You got the feel of the ball, control. You can snap a ball and hit a bull's-eye every time. If you can do it standing on your head, why not straight up?"

"It's crazy," Ox protested. "You can't change a guy like that over night. You can't—"

"Oh, no?" Boyle said again, and suddenly Ox had a battered football in his hands, and Wee was pushing him toward the door.

Outside, Wee sprinted across the lawn, cut sharply to the right.

"C'mon, heave it!" he yelled. "Heave it!"

There was nothing for Ox to do but throw the ball. It sailed flat and soft in an easy spiral. Wee and the pigskin arrived at the same spot at the same time. Wee whisked it out of the air and charged on.

For the first time in twenty-four hours a grin tugged at Ox Easley's wide mouth. It was just like centering, only he threw the ball standing up this time.

"Let's try it again," he said.

They tried them long and they tried them short. They tried so many that dusk was settling over the campus spires when at last they called a halt. But only eight tosses had gone wild.

Monday night it was six. Tuesday night it was three. Friday night before the important game with Midland U, Wee said to Ox:

"Was I right, or am I still crazy? Ox, m'boy, you're another Slingin' Sam!"

Ox felt a twinge of returning doubt.

"But if I'm too slow for the line, how d'you expect me to keep up with the backfield?" he asked. "Besides, what about Rocky? When are we going to tell him?"

"We don't," Wee said. "We're gonna show him. You'll just play your regular position until we need a touch-down bad. Then you'll come back and throw it!"

"If and when Rocky lets me in the game," Ox added wryly. . . .

And when Rocky Graham announced in the dressing room just before the game that Easley was going to play center, Ox almost fell off his bench. Then, as he recovered from the shock, a warm feeling surged through his big frame. Good old Rocky was giving him another chance to make the grade.

But there was a chill to Rocky's private words to him just before they went onto the field.

"You got the nod today for just one reason," the coach said. "We can't risk any fumbles against a tough outfit like Midland, and at least you can still center a ball. But if the lead in your pants gets into your fingers, you might as well buy yourself a nice thick cushion to sit on the bench with. . . ."

Wee Boyle kicked off, and Midland

opened on its own thirty-four with a smashing power attack. The Midland guards were a couple of gorillas with nasty elbows. It didn't take them long to find a weak spot. Three successive plays were rammed down Ox's throat for a first and ten.

**W**EE slapped him on the back encouragingly.

"Awright, big fella," he said. "Now you know their names. Let's see you bat 'em down!"

Ox gritted his teeth, dug his cleats into the sod. On the next play he unleashed everything he had in a wild-eyed charge. Amazingly, the gorillas wilted like men of straw. He was into the secondary before he quite knew what to do about it. Then *wham!* A hurtling body chopped him down!

When the whistle blew, he picked himself up and saw the Midland guards grinning, Sim Vogle sneering. The ball was now planted on the Hilton forty-two.

"Mouse trapped!" Vogle snarled. "Are we going to let that fat guy throw another one away?"

"Take it easy, loud mouth," Wee said quietly. "You're talkin' to the guy who's gonna win this ball game for us."

Vogle's mocking laughter was still burning in Ox's ears when the quarter ended twelve minutes later. The scoreboard said:

Midland, 7—Hilton, 0.

Nothing hatched from that goose egg and, when Midland stopped their desperate, fourth-quarter drive on the five yard line for three downs, Hilton needed a touchdown bad. Wee called a huddle, gave it to them cold.

"Pass thirty-seven, right. Ox back. Rankin at center. Vogle, you're the man down."

The players were stupefied.

"*Who's goin' to throw it?*" Vogle demanded.

"You heard me—Ox. Now make it good!"

"You're batty!" Vogle snapped. "Ox couldn't pass a plate. I'll walk off the field and take eight guys with me."

"Go ahead." Wee invited coolly. "It'll look swell in the newsreels."

Vogle hesitated, glanced nervously at the press box.

"Okay, it's your funeral," he said, shrugging.

Crouched behind the line, Ox felt like a fish out of water. He caught himself spraddling, reaching for a ball that wasn't there. He glanced sheepishly at Boyle.

"Steady," Wee said.

Around the great color-flecked bowl, the fans were buzzing their surprise. Ox Easely in the backfield! What kind of a play was *this*? Ox could feel their eyes. Goose flesh prickled up his spine. Abruptly Wee was barking signals.

". . . Hup!"

Ox wheeled to the right. The ball spiraled back uncertainly from center. Then Wee spun around, and it was heavy in Ox's hands.

Before him the line heaved and strained. He back-pedaled hastily, looking for a receiver. But every blue and gold helmet in the enemy backfield had a crimson mate. He back-pedaled more.

His front wall began to crumple. Crimson jerseys came hurtling through. Frantically, Ox sought Vogle, found him. His stomach did a drop kick. Far out on the right wing, the usually fleet end was neatly sandwiched between two Midland backs! Then charging figures were converging upon him. He clubbed wildly with his left, shut his eyes, and heaved.

**A** MOMENT later he climbed out from under a ton of man-flesh and blinked. Far down behind the goal line an official was chasing the ball. The silence of the Hilton stands told the rest.

"Easely and Boyle out!" the referee called out. It was a long way to the bench and they could feel Rocky Graham's eyes every step of it.

Five leaden minutes later the strains of the Midland victory march filled the great bowl. Ox dragged himself up from the bench and followed Wee into the dressing room. There was no place else to go.

He sat down beside Wee, tense, expecting a furious outburst. But no

one spoke to them. No one looked at them. In that crowded, steamy room they were completely isolated.

Then Rocky Graham walked in, and the silence was flung like a weight against them. Rocky's face was a mask chiseled out of granite, but his grey eyes seethed as they swept the room.

"You played a heads-up game against a tough outfit," he began. "You might have won—" He paused and his gaze levelled on Ox and Boyle. "But two of your teammates threw away the only chance to score. They'll never do it again!"

Ox wet his lips, heard himself saying:

"Don't blame Wee, Mr. Graham. He was just trying— I mean that it was really my fault."

"Nuts," Wee said. "It was my idea and I'm the one who should take the rap."

Rocky didn't even look back as he walked out.

"Why argue?" drawled Sim Vogle from a nearby bench. "You heard what the old man said. Both you guys are junked."

Ox and Wee were silent then. Vogle had said all there was to say.

But the next day the campus gossips said plenty and hinted more. Ox and Boyle found themselves pariahs, shunned wherever they went.

"If it had worked, we'd be heroes," Wee commented bitterly.

"But it didn't, and we ain't," Ox said.

Wee's eyes glinted strangely.

"Trouble was that I forgot to teach you how to fade back with the ball. But I still think you got the makin's of a great slinger. We'll keep in trainin', and polish up your passing. And next spring we'll get us a tryout with the Giants or Packers."

Ox didn't have the heart to tell him that pro scouts don't look on the benches for big league material.

It was tough taking sneers and bruises from the scrubs. It was tougher sitting on the bench for sixty minutes of the Southern Tech game, watching Sim Vogle cover himself with mud and glory.

The days dragged by. Rocky only looked at them once. And that time

he spat on the grass, looked away again. But the quarterback and center reserves were looking none too good in scrimmages against State plays. Ox began to nurse a faint hope that Rocky would have to use them in the Turkey Day clash with State after all.

**T**HEN Wee scuttled that one chance. They were just loafing at the sidelines two days before the game, watching the varsity batter the B squad down around the thirty yard stripe. Rocky was up at the other end of the field, surrounded by sports writers and cameramen.

Out on the gridiron, the Varsity came out of a huddle. The ball snapped back, and a blue and gold back drove into the scrub right flank. He didn't get very far. After the referee, a beefy young assistant, blew his whistle and untangled the mass of players, the ball was resting securely in a scrub's brawny arms. Wee jumped to his feet, grabbed Ox.

"What're we waiting for?" he said. "This set-up was made for us." To the referee he said: "Rocky wants us in for the B's. Ox at full."

Ox stared, expecting the beefy guy to call the cops or something. But the assistant only raised his eyebrows, then motioned them to the huddle. They stuck their heads inside. It was very frigid there.

"De-ice, you guys," Wee said. "We ain't lepers. Just snap that apple and watch Ox hit me on Forty-two left in the flat." He grinned at Ox, and Ox found himself grinning back.

He crouched beside Wee, and somehow he didn't feel strange there now. Even when Vogle snarled, "Let's murder that blimp," he didn't lose his grin. After all, it was only a practice scrimmage. Even if he threw the pigskin over the fence, the worst they could do would be to make him chase it.

The pass from center plunked firmly into his big hands. Ignoring the straining line, he spun around, began to fade as Wee had patiently taught him. When he had counted up to ten, he whirled around again, his right arm cocked. A few yards away Sim Vogle came charging in. Calmly, Ox set his sights on an open patch be-

hind the Varsity right flank and let fly.

Disdainful of the writhing figures below, the ball spiraled past the line of scrimmage into the flat zone. It dipped downward. Wee Boyle exploded out of nowhere, leaped to meet it. Then he was hurtling deep into Varsity territory. He went twenty yards before the safety man flung him to earth.

Sim Vogle's dazed expression belonged on a mackerel. Grinning, Ox sauntered up to the new line of scrimmage.

"A horseshoe heave!" Vogle yelled. "They couldn't do it again before Christmas!"

"Same play to the right," Wee said in the huddle.

**O**X faded back again, whirled and let go. This time it was for thirty yards, and even Vogle forgot to sneer. He faced Ox, a strange look in his pale eyes.

"Say, maybe you—" He stopped, staring at a sudden commotion near the sidelines. A stocky figure had burst from the knot of onlookers and was pounding onto the field. Ox felt happy. Rocky had seen the last two plays. Everything was going to be all right. But the coach's first words to the referee hit Ox's newborn exuberance like a bucketful of ice water.

"Who let those screwballs into this scrimmage?" he shouted.

"They said y-you told them to—" the assistant coach stammered.

Rocky's granite grey eyes glared at Ox and the big guy felt something shrivel up inside.

"So you weren't satisfied when you turned passer in the Midland game," Rocky said coldly. "You had to sneak your way in and gum up the final scrimmage for the most important game of the year with more passes!"

"Well, they worked!" Wee said quietly.

The coach whirled on Wee.

"And you! You're supposed to be the brains of the team. Why if you two weren't seniors I'd—"

Ox didn't wait to hear the rest. He turned and stumbled off the field before the squad saw his eyes going

watery. They'd never believe that it was just because of sweat that had trickled between his eyelids. Ox wasn't sure of it himself. . . .

On Thanksgiving Day the parking lots outside the great steel and concrete bowl at Hilton were jammed to overflowing. Inside, forty thousand fans stood up and roared as the undefeated green and silver horde of State spewed out of the stadium's belly onto the frost scarred turf. Punts began to soar. Passes winged to swiftly criss-crossing figures. The State band played "Hail Heroes." It was a stirring scene. But not to Ox Easley and Wee Boyle—not from where they sat on the tail end of the Hilton bench.

"They got a good team," Ox said to Wee.

"Yeah, a couple of good teams."

Ox knew what the little guy was thinking. Hilton had had a good team too. But it wouldn't be quite the same now with them on the bench. It was all his fault, he told himself bitterly. If only he'd started sweating down last summer, had done anything to keep from growing so darn big, he'd be in at center today, and Hilton would have Wee's brains at the helm.

Out on the field Sim Vogle, captain for the big game, conferred with Drew Taylor, State's All-American back. A coin flashed like a tear drop in the pale November sunlight. Then the green eleven deployed to receive, and the forty yard stripe was strung with Blue and Gold.

The crowd was breathless. Then the *thunk* of the kicker's foot against the tilted oval, and the crowd's scream tore at the sky. The big game was on!

**T**HE ball tumbled into green arms. State closed up, began to roll straight up the center of the field. Hilton players knifed at the green juggernaut. But still it moved, past the twenty, the thirty. Vogle drove in from the side, and dumped the ball carrier on the forty yard line.

Ox leaned forward on the bench. Beside him, Wee was biting his lips, mumbling. Their eyes were on the teams as they crouched for the first play.

The ball snapped back. A green

wedge resolved out of spinning figures in the State backfield, smashed at the center of the Hilton line. Sim Vogle stopped the play after a six-yard gain.

Again the line-up; the bark of signals. State backs charged low and hard. It was a spinner off tackle. The big green eleven was a pile-driving machine hammering out five and six yards at a clip. And monotonously, it was Vogle slashing over to make the tackles.

But before the quarter was five minutes old, Vogle sliced himself a bellyful of trouble by slugging the big State left tackle. The State guy went to work on him and there were no more tackles by Vogle. Twice, before the half was over, State's All-American, Drew Taylor, raced around Vogle's wing for a touchdown. The score of the end of the half was:

State, 13—Hilton, 0.

Glumly, Ox and Wee trailed the team to the dressing room. A hawk-faced man in a green hat leaned over the ramp as they passed, eyeing them narrowly. He was a pro scout from a big league club. Ox knew that by the way Wee's lips tightened when he looked up at the man.

"Who is he?" Ox asked Wee.

"It's Spot Foster of the Packers," Boyle said grimly. "He wrote me at the beginning of the season he'd be here today to see me in action."

Rocky Graham walked into the dressing room, merely wrote the score on the blackboard, and walked out again without a word. Sim Vogle made a speech then—a nice bit of heroics, all about tradition, team spirit and fighting for the school. The members of the athletic board who were present didn't miss a word. Sim Vogle wasn't missing a bet to cinch the frosh coaching job.

Back on the field Vogle's half-time heroics failed to stop State. Seven plays after the kick-off State scored a gain. Again, it was on a left flank run while Vogle had his hands full of that tough State tackle.

Vogle took himself out of the game with a bloody nose. The Hilton rooters gave him a perfunctory cheer. He looked very unhappy about the whole thing.

The game on ice, State sent in its second team. Hilton began to roll against the softer opposition, landed in pay dirt for the first time that afternoon. But on the ten yard line the State scrubs dug in. The quarter ended with fourth down, still seven to go for Hilton.

Ox slapped Wee's shoulder.

"Let's hit the showers," he said. "We can't do no good here."

**B**UT Wee was staring intently down the bench where Sim Vogle was standing over Coach Graham. Ox stiffened as he heard Vogle mention his name. The tall end seemed to be pleading. Rocky was shaking his head. Vogle persisted, gesturing excitedly. And suddenly Rocky jumped up.

"Easely! Boyle!" he called out sharply. "Take over at full and quarter!"

They were stunned. The men on the bench were gasping. From the field came the referee's whistle ending the third quarter rest period. The teams were lining up again.

"Snap in to it," Rocky rasped, "before I change my mind." They moved then. Rocky said, "Get out there and pass. I don't expect them to work. Just keep the score down."

Silence gripped the stands as they sprinted onto the field. Vogle halted them outside the huddle, his nervous glance at the press box a give away.

"One thing Rocky forgot to tell you," he said. "Those passes go to me."

It was pretty obvious now why Vogle had talked Rocky into sending them in. Impressed by the way their passes had clicked against the Varsity, Vogle was using them in a desperate bid to regain the limelight.

Ox grinned. He didn't care. They were in, and there was a ball game to win. That was all that mattered right now.

Fourth down—seven to go. The babble of the stadium hushed as they crouched for the play. Wee barked signals. The ball spiraled into Ox's hands. He ran ten yards back and whirled. The line was a sieve, spurt-ing green-clad players. Wee chopped

down the leader. Then Ox glimpsed Vogle's blue and gold figure flashing into the end zone. A ragged second before he went down under a mass of green jerseys, the ball spun from Ox's fingers. It was good! A touchdown!

Wee kicked the extra point. The Hilton rooters gave a forlorn cheer. No team in the country could spot State twelve points in the fourth quarter and win.

Five minutes later they were bug-eyed in their seats. Gaining the ball on their own thirty-three yard line, the Tigers had unleashed the most devastating aerial attack ever seen since the bowl was built.

The Pigskin flew from the unerring hand of the huge, awkward guy who'd been dubbed the season's biggest flop. And guarding him like a toy bull terrier was the little guy who'd been his partner in disgrace. But the fans gave their cheers to the one who carried the mail into the end zone for that second touchdown.

"Yeaaaah Vogle! Yeaaaah Vogle!"

The sound beat mockingly in Ox's ears. It was a dirge to his frosh coaching dreams.

Again Wee's boot split the uprights. State's Varsity swarmed confidently onto the field to halt the Hilton onslaught. And the Green eleven that had gone undefeated all season really knew how to come back.

They took the kick-off on their own twenty, moved it out to the thirty, and began to stall for time. They used slow breaking reverses, and wide end runs that took in half the field, while the big red hand of the scoreboard clock ate away at the remaining seconds.

**F**URY swelled in the blue and gold line, exploded finally at mid-field. Twice, savage tackles behind the scrimmage hurled State for a loss. Drew Taylor finally went back to kick.

Again the Hilton forwards charged. The punt soared. Out of bounds on Hilton's ten yard line! The fans got ready to leave.

Three minutes were left to play. The players were desperate as Hilton went into a huddle.

"What would they do in the movies in a spot like this?" cracked Wee Boyle. Battered lips twisted into grins. "Well, let's do it!"

Five times they did it. Five times Ox passed to Vogle, and they were on the State thirty. The stadium was a bedlam.

A substitute dashed out from the State bench. Ox saw Vogle go white at the mouth. It was the big tackle who had "taken care of" Vogle earlier in the game.

In the next two plays, Vogle failed to get past the line of scrimmage and Ox had to throw the ball away to keep from losing yardage. There was a bruise over Vogle's eye when he joined the huddle.

"We only got time for one more play and you're sewed up, Vogle," Wee said tightly. "I'll take it in the flat myself."

"The hell you do!" snarled Vogle. "I'm running this team. That pass goes to me."

The circle muttered angrily. Out of the corner of his eye Ox saw the time keeper raising his gun.

"I'll toss it to the guy in the clear whoever he is," he said quickly. "Let's go!"

The ball in his hands, he drifted back from the charging line and sought a receiver. He found Wee sprinting along the sideline. His right arm cocked back to throw. Then he froze. A tall green figure had sputtered up behind the little guy, towering over him now, completely blocking a pass.

Ox faded deeper, hoping frantically that Vogle would get into the open before State broke through. Then he saw Vogle, and the hope died. That big tackle had really taken care of him this time. Vogle was stretched out at the line of scrimmage like a slab of marble.

Ox hesitated with half the State line surging toward him. The first tackler was only a few yards away when the final gun barked. For an instant the man slowed. Then, as though realizing that the ball was still alive, he charged on. But in that instant Ox acted.

Clutching the ball firmly to his

chest, he dodged to his left and set out for the goal line thirty-five yards down the field. He had to go through thirty-five yards of State men swarming to cut him off. He pumped his legs higher, faster. Momentum swelled in his big frame.

He ploughed into the green maze like a wild locomotive. Catapulting bodies glanced from his hips. Arms tore at his knees. But two hundred and sixty pounds of touchdown fury is hard to stop. And they didn't stop him.

He crossed the double chalk line standing up, thumped the ball on the ground to the roaring thunder of forty thousand fans.

**T**HAT night, at the Alumni Victory banquet, there were toasts, cheers, speeches with Ox in the seat of honor. But it didn't mean anything with Wee Boyle's empty chair beside him.

"Foster wants to see me," Wee had told him. "I guess the Packers are gonna have a new quarterback next year."

Rocky Graham had the floor now. Ox tried hard to listen.

". . . and in closing I'd like to say that nothing will please me more than to have Easely as my freshman coach next year," the coach finished by saying.

There was a wild burst of applause. Everyone was looking at Ox.

"Speech! Speech!" they cried.

Slowly he drew himself erect, stood there a moment.

"Excuse me, please," he said, and walked out.

At the desk of another hotel down the street, the clerk told Ox:

"Room Twenty-eight." Ox went up the stairs, found the number.

As he raised his hand to knock, a crisp voice came through the transom.

". . . we can't wait much longer, Boyle," a man was saying. "Are you going to sign this contract or not?"

"Please, Mr. Foster, wait another ten minutes," Wee pleaded. "He'll be here."

Grinning, Ox opened the door and said:

"Make that two contracts!"

# PIGSKIN PREVIEW

1940 Football Forecast

By RAY BARBUTI

*Former Syracuse Football Captain and All-American Back*



**S**ELECTING the outstanding football teams of the country prior to the start of the season is more often a question of luck than gray matter. Neither I nor anyone else really knows just what is going to happen this fall when the pigskins begin to float about in the atmosphere. One thing, however, is certain—and that is the unforeseen defeat of many of September's favorites before the season is half over.

An unblemished record is practically an impossibility nowadays, whereas a few years ago it was a regular occurrence. Today most teams are too

well matched and there are too many outside influences which can alter an otherwise undefeated season.

Sometimes a defeat in an all important game is due to a fumble at a critical moment. Again, it might be an injury to the spark plug of the team. Occasionally, it is blamed on a poor bit of strategy on the part of the coach. Very often a close game is lost when some alert defensive back intercepts a forward pass and scurries the full length of the field with it. Many a favorite team has lost a game due to one bad punt or an inaccurate pass from their center. Then there always remains the possibility of some expensive penalty which might seriously effect the outcome of any tight game.

These are only a few of the elements that make the game of football such an uncertain quantity. It offers more upsets than any other sport I know of, and consequently keeps the stadiums packed.

Another very important item in the selection of possible championship teams, and one which the public and sports writers do not stress enough, is the make-up of each college's schedule. Some book a mediocre or soft schedule while others engage a tough or money schedule. Naturally, the school with the easy bookings has a better chance of going through the season undefeated than the one with the difficult and more interesting schedule.

There are some colleges who year after year engage two or three or four breathers. These are the soft games generally interspersed between the tough games to give the team a rest spell.

The majority of our leading foot-



Wisconsin's Harry Stuhldreher

"—has the necessary power and speed to challenge the Conference leaders."

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North, East, South, West—How the 1940 Grid

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# Meet Ray Barbuti



**T**HE author of *THE PIG-SKIN PREVIEW* is a gent of varied abilities. Ray has participated in many sports and been outstanding in them as well. At Syracuse University, Barbuti was not only a star football man but captained his team and gained national prominence as All-American back.

To become as famous as Ray did on the gridiron is a big enough task for most men, but Barbuti made himself equally as well known in the track world. He was selected for the highest honor a track man can gain in this country—the Olympic team.

He went abroad to the Olympics in 1928—a year which Americans remember as being a disastrous one in the track events for the U. S. A. As a matter of fact, Ray Barbuti carved a niche for himself in runners' Hall of Fame—because he was the only U. S. man to win an individual track event in that Olympics. Ray took first in the 400 meters.

Since his college days, Ray Barbuti has been active in the world of sports in several capacities. He has written about them for our companion sports magazines and others, and gained prominence as a keen judge of athletes and sport events.

Ray has also been a member of the Eastern Association of Intercollegiate Football Officials for several years, and has thus literally been in the thick of modern football! Officials have to know their football backwards and forwards, and Ray has added to this a shrewdness of observation that enables him to select judiciously the cream of the crop.



Ray Barbuti

ball colleges, however, play a full major schedule. This is partially due to the depression, which has unfortunately cut down the attendance at most of the games. In order to balance their budgets, the authorities have attempted to book teams of color and drawing ability. They are, aside from the regular traditional games, the only ones to attract large gatherings of the current not-so-gullible public.

## THE EAST

Team prospects here in the East are again very bright. The Big Red team

of Cornell is again threatening the football world. Undefeated in 1939, losing only one regular by graduation, acquiring the services of a 1938 regular out last season with injuries, Cornell has very good prospects of repeating. The man lost by graduation, Whit Baker, was an excellent receiver as well as a fine passer. Vince Eichler, a hard hitting 200-pound back, unable to play in 1939 due to an injury, should capably fill the gap left by graduation. Cornell's entire line, which includes Nick Drahos, their All-American tackle, will be on hand to give all op-

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## Campaign Looks to an Expert Appraiser!

ponents a charging welcome.

Mercersberg Prep's contribution to the Big Red team, Walter Matuszczak, the hard-working six-foot 195-pound quarterback, whose generalship last fall made Cornell a potential threat from any position on the field, should be an outstanding candidate for All-American honors this fall.

Carl Snavely, coach of the Big Red, is an excellent teacher. His opponents know him to be a crafty mechanic capable of producing a blitzkreig machine second to none. His previous teams at Bellfonte Academy and Bucknell as well as his present Cornell machine have always been considered among the country's best drilled squads.

Cornell's and Coach Snavely's big worry for this season as I see it, is Senioritis—more commonly known as over-confidence. Occasionally with a senior squad it becomes practically an impossibility to work the team into the proper mental condition. They don't digest the old Alma Mater cry as readily as a group of sophomores or juniors would. If Coach Snavely can overcome this menace, Cornell should once again be a candidate for National as well as Eastern honors.

Tad Wieman should present a most formidable team at Princeton this year. The Tigers' opponents may well expect a whole lot of passing. In Allerdice and Bob Peters, Wieman has two of the best tossers in the game. Captain Bob Stanley, an end, and Bob Perina, the sophomore triple-threat artist, are dynamite when it comes to catching passes. With these men as a nucleus and with most of last year's team eligible, the Tigers should be the dark horse for Eastern honors.

## OUTSIDE THE IVY LEAGUE

Other Eastern teams, outside of the so-called Ivy League, who have sufficient experience and power to suit almost any critic are Fordham, Penn State and Boston College.

Coach Jim Crowley should again assemble a fine team on Rose Hill. Losing Captain Kriwicki, his stellar quarterback, and Dom Principe, New York's hardest hitting fullback, will be

a great loss but not sufficient to throw the Rams off stride. Jim has a grand back in Blumenstock to build his team around.

Penn State in the early days of former Coach Bezdek's reign was a real football power. The names of Light Horse Harry Wilson, later a West Point star, and Mike Michalski, the towering tackle who played many seasons for the Green Bay Packers, were nationally known backs around 1924. State had been on the decline as a football power up to several seasons ago when Bob Higgins took over the reins. Since then the Lions have continued to improve, and in 1939 they took the toll of Pennsylvania and Pittsburgh, a feat which hasn't been accomplished for some time. To make things more interesting they played tie games with Maryland, Army and Syracuse. They are the coming team in the East even if they don't arrive this season.

New England, always a bulwark of gridiron strength, will again present a formidable array in Boston College. Defeated only by Florida during the regular season, the Eagles were a tower of strength. Coach Frank Lahey with a nucleus of seasoned veterans plus the additional help supplied by a promising group of sophomores is very optimistic for his 1940 Eagles.

## SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

The South, for many years the seat of only a few really great football teams, is today the up and coming intercollegiate football section of the country. Alabama, Georgia, Georgia Tech, Tennessee, and Tulane, in the Southeastern Conference, have long been known for their football prowess. Alabama has had the unique honor of having been invited to, and having played in, five Rose Bowl games. This is remarkable when you realize that there have been only twenty-four college Rose Bowl contests in the history of football. In her five trips to the coast Alabama was beaten only once and that was in 1938. Her first trip to the Bowl was in 1926. At that time her ace backfield man was Johnny Mack Brown who stayed on and is now one of Hollywood's favorite stars.

Other Southern teams honored by being selected to play in the coveted Rose Bowl game are Georgia Tech, winner over California in 1929, Tulane, defeated by Southern California in 1932; Duke, defeated by Southern California in 1939, and Tennessee, also beaten by the same team in 1940.

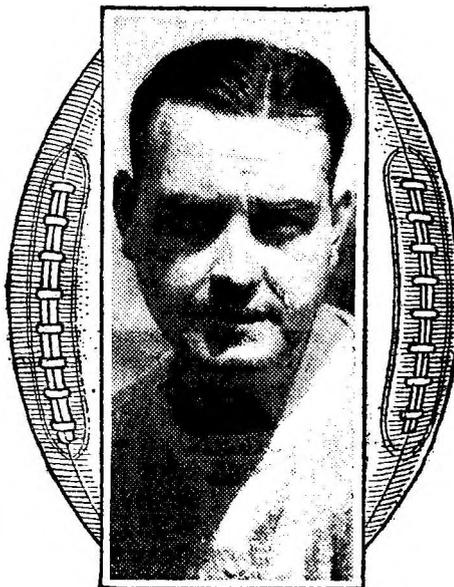
The South today has more outstanding teams than any other section of the country. My choices for the one-two-three honors in the Southeastern Conference for 1940 are Tulane, Tennessee and Alabama with Georgia Tech. as a close fourth.

Lieutenant-Colonel Harlen Mumma, famous Southern official, tells me that Lowell Dawson's Tulane team is the best balanced of many fine Dixie combinations. The Green Wave has a fast experienced squad and is three deep in every position—a very important factor when you're playing a tough schedule.

Pressing Tulane closely for the top honors should be Major Bob Neyland's Volunteers. Unscored upon and undefeated prior to their Rose Bowl game with Southern California last year, Tennessee again is well fortified with some classy material, even though she lost several stellar linemen and George Cafego, her great back, by graduation. The Vols had the benefit of four breathers in their 1939 schedule of games, but their 1940 setup has only two soft spots in it.

The Crimson Tide of Alabama, although not particularly impressive in 1939, should, with its added experience, make a successful campaign of it this year. Coach Frank Thomas with some capable reserves up from the freshman ranks will be a dangerous foe.

The dark horse of the South according to my way of thinking will be Georgia Tech. Never overburdened with good material, Coach Bill Alexander always develops a swell outfit. He did wonders with very little in 1939, losing only to Notre Dame and Duke by the narrowest of margins. The Yellow Jackets didn't look too bad in the Orange Bowl on New Years Day, either, when they handed a good Missouri team a 21-7 shellacking. So keep your eye on Georgia Tech—they



Fordham's Jim Crowley  
"—should again assemble a fine team"

might provide a surprise upset in the Southeastern Conference.

## SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Duke, North Carolina and Clemson look like the cream of the Southern Conference which lies geographically northeast of the misnamed Southeastern Conference.

Duke's able mentor, Wallace Wade, long one of the country's more popular coaches, has annually moulded the Blue Devils into a polished football machine. Losing only to Pittsburgh by one point in 1939, the Blue Devils played a nine-game schedule which included two breathers. Their 1940 bookings favor them more than last year, and Duke should tear right through most of her schedule, though Tennessee, Georgia Tech, and Pittsburgh are her toughest opposition.

North Carolina and Clemson should, however, press Duke closely for top honors in the Southern Conference. With McFadden, Clemson's All-American back lost by graduation, I pick Ray Wolf's North Carolina Tar Heels to be the surprise team in that conference. Their playing of what appears to be an easier schedule is very much in their favor. Clemson, however, will be right behind.

## WESTERN CONFERENCE

The competition in the Western or Big Ten Conference will be, as in most of the past years, a tight race. Most every college has an abundance of fine material. There isn't what could be called a setup team in the league. Chicago, for long a thorn in the side of Big Ten football progress, has called it quits, leaving nine good teams to fight it out for the title. Pittsburgh University now is being considered as a possible addition to replace Chicago.

The three elevens who have an exceedingly good chance of winning the championship are Michigan, Ohio State and Minnesota with Indiana as the dark horse. The Wolverines, practically all seniors and boasting one, Tom Harmon, an honest-to-goodness All-American back, should come through with flying colors for Coach Fritz Crisler. They have the necessary speed, weight, experience and endurance to do the trick.

The Buckeyes of Ohio State, always serious contenders and dangerous foes, will again be challenging the leaders. They are another team who have players three deep for every position. Ohio State is known as the powerhouse squad of the Midwest. Its source of supply of material is the envy of most coaches. Being a State-run institution, it has no tuition fee for those living in the state. This fact may account for the many fine players on the roster. Francis Schmidt, State's wily and able tutor, doesn't relish close games. He likes to win by large scores, and to do it has adopted a wide open tricky offense.

The University of Minnesota, the stamping ground of those bone-crushing Gophers, who would much rather play football than eat, may very well upset any applectart. All the Big Ten colleges block well, but none clean up down the field the way Bernie Bierman's boys do. They really mow 'em down in scythelike fashion. The students who attend the University of Minnesota are hardy youngsters of Swedish, German and Norwegian descent, typical of the entire population of the state itself. They must have

something special on the ball or they wouldn't have been able to develop nine All-American players in the past fifteen years, nor have been perennial contenders for the sectional championship.

## Strong Threats

Bo McMillin, former Centre College player and present coach at Indiana University, hopes to do big things at Bloomington this year. His record last year was only fair, but I have a hunch that when November rolls around the Hoosiers will be right in there fighting for the championship.

Northwestern still has young Bill DeCorrevont, the former Chicago high school wonder, who as yet hasn't lived up to the great things expected of him. Lynn Waldorf, my old teammate and current coach at Northwestern, has been using Bill as his kicker and blocking back. Maybe Lynn will permit Bill to carry the mail this year. If he does, and DeCorrevont pays attention to his knitting, the Wildcats may not only be contenders but real threats.

Eddie Anderson, former coach of Holy Cross, picked as the coach of 1939 by the country's sportswriters, cannot expect to have another season at Iowa like last year. Nile Kinnick, Iowa's triple-threat back, has graduated and his departure will be keenly felt.

However, Dr. Anderson is an ingenious gent who will not be stumped by such things and can be depended upon to pick one out of the hat when the necessity arises.

Wisconsin, Purdue and Illinois will cause plenty of trouble and heartaches to their competitors. The Badgers are unusually dangerous. Much was expected of them last year, but they lost six games in a very disappointing season. Harry Stuhldreher, their coach and a former member of Notre Dame's famous Four Horsemen, now feels that he has the necessary power and the speed heretofore lacking to challenge the conference leaders. Stuhldreher has done wonders at Wisconsin in the four years he's been there—and he's determined to do even better.

## The Fighting Irish

Among the independent teams of the Midwest, Notre Dame is tops. I saw the Irish last year when they defeated Carnegie Tech. by a 7-6 margin and they had plenty of class. They lose last year's Captain and All-American end, Bud Kerr, but they have several end replacements almost as good.

The senior back at South Bend who should come into his own this season is Bob Saggau. That boy has speed to burn. He runs the hundred in about 9.7 seconds and the furlong in 21 seconds. One thing I have especially noticed about Elmer Layden-coached teams is their abundance of football savvy. By that I mean the art of doing the right thing at the right time, as if by instinct.

The Ramblers play one of the toughest schedules in the country and when you realize that they lost only to Iowa and Southern California last year, you must agree that they've got that something. Iowa oozed out a 7-6 victory while the Trojans turned them back by a 20-12 margin.

Only two changes occur in the Ramblers' 1940 schedule. Alonzo Stagg's College of the Pacific replaces Purdue as the opening game and Bob Zuppke's Illinois team replaces Southern Methodist. Georgia Tech., Navy and Southern California will give the South Benders most of their trouble.

## SOUTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

Texas A & M, 1939 winner of the Southwestern Conference will not repeat in 1940. The loss of their All-American fullback, Johnnie Kimbrough, by graduation, will unquestionably be felt. That man was a team all by himself. Those of you who listened to last New Years Day's broadcast, or saw the Texas-Tulane game, will well remember the helplessness of the Aggies when Kimbrough was out of the lineup. I think that Coach Homer Norton will realize just how good that boy Kimbrough was when he gets under way in the fall.

The Bears of Baylor University are my choice to run off with the Southwest Conference honors this fall. In

1939 they finished second, and with practically their entire team returning, Coach Morley Jennings' charges are the favorites in this part of the country, nationally known for its daring, slashing type of football.

Southern Methodist, second in rank in 1938, third in 1939, is the dark boy in the wood pile of the Southwest. Unloading forward passes still is the Mustangs' specialty. They heave 'em from any part of the field, and at any point in the game just to make it interesting.

## BIG SIX CONFERENCE

Missouri, winner of the Big Six title in 1939, is not expected to repeat. Their grand back, Paul Christman, missing through graduation, will be mighty hard to replace. Nebraska is my choice for first place with Oklahoma a close second. The Cornhuskers are a big team with manpower to spare. Combine this with the masterminding of Coach Biff Jones, Army coach of old, and it spells trouble.

## PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

The Pacific Coast Conference is not as wild a scramble as most people seem to believe. Southern California stands head and shoulders above anything else that section has to offer. Losing their All-American guard, Harry Smith, a really fine player, will not necessarily upset the Trojans' equilibrium. Coach Howard Jones has sufficient replacements in training for that department. As a matter of fact, he has four good men for every available position with a few good ones left over—and that is a whole lot more than any other college can mention!

The Joneses have been a successful coaching family for years. Howard's brother, Tad, developed many championship teams at Yale before he decided to retire in favor of a business career. Howard has had five championship teams on and off at Southern California during the past ten years and has won the Pacific Coast title for the last two years.

The University of Oregon was one of the two teams to tie the Trojans

last season. Tex Webb's outfit caught the Trojans off stride in the first game of the season and managed to eke out a 7-7 tie. The Webfeet of Oregon are a good football team but my choice for the dark horse is Oregon State. My information from the coast is that the Beavers are loaded for a kill. Their material this year is very well balanced. A shortage of good substitute linemen was their failing in 1939 but that condition has been remedied. The Beavers have inherited one of the finest freshman squads on the Pacific Coast.

Santa Clara looks like the best of some fine independent teams on the

West coast. The Broncos were a splendid team in 1939, losing only to undefeated Texas A & M by the small margin of 7-3. With almost the entire squad back, Coach Buck Shaw's Broncos should make it interesting for all comers this fall.

That about winds up our tour of the country. Of course, I've only been able to touch on the highlights. There are many fine players in different colleges who may spring to prominence in the coming season. I've simply picked what seems to me to be the most outstanding teams. And, as I mentioned at the start, you never can tell in football!

# DIAMOND DESTINY

A Complete Book-Length Baseball Novel

By ROBERT SIDNEY BOWEN

*Featured in the Fall Issue of*

**POPULAR  
SPORTS  
MAGAZINE**

ON SALE **10c** AT ALL STANDS

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## "I Talked with God"

(Yes, I Did—Actually and Literally)

and, as a result of that little talk with God some ten years ago, a strange new Power came into my life. After 43 years of horrible, sickening, dismal failure, this strange Power brought to me a sense of overwhelming victory, and I have been overcoming every undesirable condition of my life ever since. What a change it was. Now—I have credit at more than one bank, I own a beautiful home, own a newspaper and a large office building, and my wife and family are amply provided for after I leave for shores unknown. In addition to these material benefits, I have a sweet peace in my life. I am happy as happy can be. No circumstance ever upsets me, for I have learned how to draw upon the invisible God-Law, under any and all circumstances.

You too may find and use the same staggering Power of the God-Law that I use. It can bring to you too, whatever things are right and proper for you to have. Do you believe this? It won't cost much to find out—just a penny post-card or a letter, addressed to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. 16, Moscow, Idaho, will bring you the story of the most fascinating success of the century. And the same Power I use is here for your use too. I'll be glad to tell you about it. All information about this experience will be sent you free, of course. The address again—Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. 16, Moscow, Idaho. Advt. Copyright 1939 Frank B. Robinson.

# THE THREE ACES

By SAM CARSON

Author of "Scrub Squad," "Gentleman Rider," etc.



Boomer's big legs got to weaving, knockkneed

**T**IP BEDWELL took the pass from center, turned sharply and lateraled the pigskin to the new back, Gil Blake. Ahead of him, maroon-jerseyed Harvesters were colliding with determined All-Stars in this, professional football's opening game at Twin City.

As a roar swept up from the Harvesters' supporters, Tip wheeled, began counting:

"One—two—three—"

He crossed the scrimmage line at center, through a gaping hole made by fellow players.

"Four—five—six—seven—eight—got it!"

What Tip had was the ball, rifled into his arms promptly on the count by Blake. Immediately Tip Bedwell started going to town. From the Har-

A Gridiron Feud Begins in College and Is Carried Into the Pro Game—Until . . .

vesters' forty-eight yard line he flashed across the field diagonally, until he was finally run out of bounds on the All-Stars' eight.

Like several thousands of other on-lookers, Hank McNail, the Harvesters' coach, was on his feet. He knew what was coming next. Gaunt, veteran Boomer Majorski, Big Ten hero of seven years before, would hit the line. Fans were yelling Boomer's name now. Hank McNail's keen gray eyes caught the shift, the flicked ball at close range, and saw the All-Stars dig in.

But Majorski was halfway to the goal line on that plunge.

He went across on the next try, and the stands roared out their delight thunderously.

"You've got something there," Les Hollis, the business manager of the pro team, confided in his calm voice. "Passing and plunging. Speed and power. And that's what the crowd eats up."

"Yeah," McNail answered, as Major-ski kicked the extra point, to win a second ovation. "Maybe we got something."

"Maybe? You old pessimist. That new man's clicking—he and Tip. They're worth plenty of money, those boys."

"I know."

McNail didn't say anything else and Hollis sat down again. The Harvesters were two touchdowns ahead and this was the third quarter. Everybody was happy.

Everybody except Hank McNail. He knew that Tip Bedwell, for some mysterious reason, hated Gil Blake, and that it had required all his tact and authority, up to now, to prevent open conflict. Other players knew about it. But by mutual consent, the situation had been kept as much of a secret as possible, in the hope that things would work out all right ultimately.

**A**S McNAIL pondered the problem, an All-Star player got away for a long sprint, crossing midfield. It was Tip Bedwell who dived in from behind interference, to slow the runner up. It was Gil Blake, charging over from the other side, who dived after Tip, cleats never leaving the ground, to execute a shoe-lace tackle that finished the job.

"Like clockwork," Hollis was exulting. "Twins in the way they think on the field."

Hank McNail sighed. Hollis was right. Gil and Tip—they clicked as members of the Harvesters' new machine. But how long would it last?

Gil Blake wasn't temperamental. Coming to the Harvesters from Texas, he had speed, was accurate in rifling a pass, and proved himself steady. Tip Bedwell was older, usually placid in

temperament, and ranked next to Boomer Majorski in the affection of Twin City fans. But Tip certainly disliked Gil, had since the first day Gil had reported.

Tip had been sarcastic in criticism, insulting at times, manifestly ready to back up his feelings with his fists. At McNail's suggestion, Gil had managed to laugh matters off so far. But there was a look of competency about the Texan that meant trouble, if goaded too far.

Twice more, during that game, the combination of Tip Bedwell and Gil Blake gave the Harvesters first downs. There was no more scoring, but the fans evidently figured the passing and running was worth the money. From the press box newspaper men shouted happy phrases to the coach after the game. They followed up their verbal praise with predictions of a championship team for Twin City at last.

"Money!" Hollis cried that night, glancing over the late editions. "I'll dream of the turnstiles clicking. Tip and Gil and Boomer, the Three Aces. Say, that's a hunch. Believe I'll give that to the papers."

"Go ahead," McNail encouraged. "Anything, to make the boys feel responsibility, and not forget themselves."

"I don't get you at all," Hollis observed.

The coach laughed. "Just charge it to pessimism, Les. You've got a right to be cheerful."

To Boomer Majorski a half hour later, in his own room, Hank McNail was less secretive.

"Tip and Gil played a swell game, Boomer. But how did they behave—toward each other?"

Boomer rubbed a bald spot atop his head. A slow grin came to his broad face.

"They didn't talk at all, Hank. To each other, I mean. Gil is a nice feller. Likes to kid about the way I run. But I don't care."

"Tip used to be the biggest kidder we had, Boomer. Both seem to have a good sense of humor. Somehow, Boomer, I'm afraid of Gil, more than Tip, if we have an explosion."

"Both of 'em're good boys," Boomer asserted loyally. "Maybe they won't fall out."

"Maybe? We're just hoping, Boomer. Listen. Hasn't Tip ever given a hint why he hates Gil so?"

Boomer shook a bland face. "Nope. Maybe, Hank, they're so much alike—good runners—good passers—good boxers."

McNail sighed. "Well, if we can keep 'em clicking, when we tackle the Bears, and the Ironton Mules, we can come back home crowing."

Boomer drummed his fingers on the table.

"Tip Bedwell had a cousin who played college football," he said abruptly. "Got hurt—crippled—playing down in Texas. Maybe that's got something to do with his not liking Blake."

"Huh? What would that have to do with it?"

"A lot, if Gil Blake was the name of the fellow who slammed Tip's cousin to the ground so hard it crippled him for life."

"So—that's it, eh?" Hank McNail frowned. "Thanks, Boomer. That is news. Bad news."

**I**T WAS on the eve of the game with Ironton's husky Mules that Hank McNail got Gil Blake off to one side. The team had just finished a mild workout in which Tip and Gil had gone through their paces with clocklike precision.

"Good work, kid," McNail told the back. "And I don't hand out bouquets every day. Tip works real well with you, on that timing. It'll win games for us, your teamwork."

"Thank you, sir," Blake said respectfully. "Yes, Tip's okay. I can depend on him."

McNail pondered his next question.

"You and Tip get along—better, don't you? I mean I haven't heard him beef at you."

A cold look came to Blake's face.

"As long as we deliver, as we are doing, Coach, we'll skip the rest."

Tip Bedwell, a short time later, readily admitted that Gil Blake was a natural to work with.

"Boomer's idea of running for the catch on the count works, Coach. I can tell exactly when to turn for the ball when Blake throws. That is, if they don't block, or break through."

"Tip," McNail said, "you, Boomer and Gil are our Three Aces. As long as you and Gil work as you do now, we'll pack the stands. I hope you two will—er—string together, for the good of the team."

"Listen, Coach," Tip replied shortly, "I'm trying to be part of a well running machine, out on the field. As long as that lasts, I'll be doing my part. But I'm warning you, if Blake—" Tip stopped abruptly. "I hate that guy."

"Tip, I heard the reason," McNail said quietly. "Accidents happen, you know. It could have been unavoidable, what happened to your—was it your cousin?"

Tip Bedwell stared at him.

"How'd you hear about it, Coach?" Then he shrugged his shoulders. "Yeah, it was my cousin. And it wasn't an accident. Sim Bedwell was a wiz at figures, and engineering. Now he's—well, half goofy. Leg smashed, too. Just sits and looks over the horizon. But I got it straight. Blake let Sim have it at top speed, when the kid was going out of bounds."

His eyes blazed as he mentioned the incident.

"Listen, Coach. I haven't any brother—and Sim's been more than one. We're clannish—the Bedwells. I'm going to make Blake pay off."

Hank McNail noted the cold eyes and set jaw. He felt shivers chase over his body. But the coach wasn't one to temporize. He eyed Tip Bedwell, arms akimbo, full three inches shorter.

"Yeah? Well, don't try it while Blake's on my team," he said. "I'm serving notice."

"The way I'm playing with Blake, does it look like I'm getting him? Calm yourself, Coach. I'm waiting, see?"

McNail didn't see, but he also didn't know what to say about it. In the end he chose to trust in time, and luck. Or perhaps in Boomer Majorski, who was the idol of both men.

They took four out of six games on

that road trip, the Harvesters working so smoothly that Hank McNail forgot threatening trouble as promised by Tip. Boomer Majorski already had more yardage to his credit than in all the former season. Papers generally were playing up Hollis' nickname of the Three Aces, and the home fans were planning a big reception for the team.

Their record had won for them an exhibition game in St. Louis with a team of Midwest college players. McNail turned the players over to Boomer, because of personal affairs, and didn't even phone a newspaper office while the game was in progress. But newspaper offices phoned him.

"Hey," the first caller cried over the wire, "you're outfit's gone haywire. How come?"

"Says who?"

"Well, they had a young riot, and it seems the other side got mixed in, and then spectators. Hollis had to bail a half dozen out."

**H**ANK McNAIL had a chill feeling, like he had swallowed a handful of ice cubes.

"Who started it? Why?"

"This Blake fellow tossed a bum pass. Tip Bedwell started an argument, and they got to slugging. Then some of the other team tried to stop 'em. Seems like one of them got conked and everybody went to slinging fists. Boomer laid half the other team out. Then there was a free for all."

McNail groaned. "It's all news to me, boys. I'd be a chump to open my trap now, till I get details. Just say for me I'll hightail for St. Louis and take over. Thanks for the dope."

"Hey, you going to fire anybody?"

"I'm not saying," the coach snapped, banging up the receiver.

Hollis met the plane McNail took to the Missouri metropolis. He looked worried.

"Well, you win on the bad blood dope," he said. "Gil and Tip are threatening to fight duels, anything to finish it. The team's split up. And Boomer's got that bad knee of his hurt—after working on it all summer. This is a mess."

"Start at the beginning," McNail cut in. "And feed it fast."

McNail and Hollis were in a taxi, hotel bound.

"Well, it was like lightning when the clouds are gone," Hollis explained. "Gil shot his first real bad pass, on that trick reverse. Tip's ten yards away and when he turns to glom the pigskin, it's bouncing to one side and the college boys are laughing. Tip just walks over to Gil and slugs him. In fact, he flattens the Texas boy."

"And then—"

"Well, Gil bounces up and flattens Tip. That's when Boomer heads for the trouble. But this bunch of college boys starts a traffic jam, and Boomer thinks it's assault and battery. He begins throwing them around. Man, in two shakes they're scrapping all over the field. Then the crowd piles out. After that the law took up a collection—of football players."

"You talked with Gil and Tip?" the coach asked.

"Yeah. But I did all the talking. They just dried up. Gil looks ashamed of himself, but Tip ain't. He's still red hot. That's what worries me. This ain't over yet."

McNail sighed. "A fine blowoff, with the home fans getting ready to hand over the keys to the city."

Hollis lighted another cigarette with shaky hands.

"It's costing plenty dough to make *this* city hand us the keys to the jail!"

McNail found Boomer doctoring his bad knee, the room carrying strong scents of arnica and liniment. But Majorski wasn't glum. In fact, he grinned at the coach.

"Well, we won," he said. "You got a swell bunch of scrappers."

"Boomer, I left you in charge," McNail snapped. "I'm away thirty-six hours and this has to happen."

Boomer wound a bandage cloth about his bare knee.

"Aw, you stop worrying, Hank. Everybody's sorry. Not for licking those punks," he added quickly. "If nobody had butted in I'd have separated Gil and Tip. You ought to've seen 'em slugging, toe to toe."

"Boomer," the coach said patiently,

"how can you be cheerful, with one of the grandest passing combinations in professional football wrecked?"

Boomer looked up and shook his head.

"Huh? Oh, they'll get over it. Wait and see. They're not sourpusses. They can laugh. Anybody who can laugh—he'll come through."

"Well, you'd better study ways and means of making 'em laugh and forget," McNail snapped.

**I**T WAS a penitent outfit that faced Hank McNail two hours later. That is, most of the Harvesters were. McNail watched Gil Blake and Tip Bedwell covertly as he talked. He merely told the team that newspapers and civic organizations of Twin City had completed preparations for honoring the Harvesters, that Boomer Majorski in particular had been singled out for recognition, and that this battle on the playing field would hurt attendance.

"And loss of gate receipts with it," he pointed out. "You're letting me down, not to speak of the owner. It's one thing to stand up for your rights, and another to be a bunch of hoodlums, I hope I make myself clear."

He turned to his two backfield stars.

"Tip—you and Gil—can you go on, like you did before this rumpus? Before either speaks, listen. Tip, you state your case. Then sign off. Gil, you speak your piece later. Okay, Tip, shoot."

"Aw—what's the use, Coach." Tip averted his face. "Me, I'm sprinting across scrimmage, by the count. When I get to ten, I turn. The ball goes *plop*, twenty feet away. I claim anybody who can pitch footballs like Blake, isn't making a rotten shot like that unless it's on purpose. Remembering what he's done—well, anyhow, I figure the war's on." Tip glared at Blake. "That's all."

"Okay, Gil," the coach said quietly. "Did anybody rush you that particular play? Did you slip, say?"

"No," Tip Bedwell put in. "Nobody was close."

"Pipe down, Tip. You've spouted your remarks. Well, Gill?"

Gil Blake flushed. He looked defiant.

"Laugh, everybody," he said. "I guess Tip did have a right to be sore. Coach, I could alibi, but I won't. Boomer was going places right before me as I took the lateral and waited for Tip to get through. And Boomer's big legs got to weaving, knockkneed. You know—twisting around. I got tickled and heaved a bum pass."

"Why you—you nitwit!" Tip Bedwell blurted. "Blowing maybe the game for a laugh."

Tip's voice raised. It was Boomer who put out a big hand as Tip started toward Gil.

"My feet wasn't tracking right," Boomer said gruffly. "My knee—I'd got it hurt on a line plunge just before. Heck, Coach, skip it. Let's go home and beat the pants off—say, who is it we play back home anyway?"

"Oh, just a team of eleven men Les Hollis managed to sign for an exhibition game. Just the Tartars from Pittsburgh, that's all." Surveying the blank faces about him, McNail went on in sarcastic vein. "They've got a guard and fullback who never speak either, except in a game. But they've never swapped backtalk, or put up fists that I know of. They take it out on the men across the scrimmage line. Tip, I'm giving you and Gil a final chance, to make our boast of the Three Aces something."

"Why pick on me?" Tip fired back. "What about Blake?"

"I didn't start this ruckus," Gil flared. "Coach, I can meet Bedwell halfway, but no farther."

"As long as that punk fires straight passes," Tip spoke sullenly, "I'll do my part. But get this straight, Blake, I'm not forgetting the dirty stuff you pulled on my cousin. And that's not settled."

Gil Blake went pale. "I pulled no dirty stuff on your cousin, or anybody else. Sim Bedwell got a bad break. We were all plenty sorry. But it wasn't intentional. He wasn't that important, for one thing."

"Why you—you—" Tip boiled. "Not important, huh? None of us Bedwells is important to you. You'd be in the doghouse if it wasn't for my catches. Not important!"

"Let's all go to bed," Boomer Majorski proposed, with a mighty yawn. "If we got the Tartars to play, well, we're going to need sleep, and grub, and a lot of sand in our craws."

**B**UT when the players had gone their ways, Boomer Majorski looked over at the coach and shook his head dolefully.

"Hank," he said, "I've been on other outfits, when they got that way. If it's just a fight in their systems, well and good. But this is poisoning Tip. He'll blow up again. And Gil's the slow kind to steam up. Maybe they won't be worth a damn again. Not for the Harvesters."

"I know," McNail agreed sadly. "Each one blames the other, from now on. And it'll wind up in their trying to kill each other. Then maybe it's releases for two, or one, anyway. Still, I'm going to risk them back in Twin City. We need 'em too bad for that Tartar game. Hollis is hurrying back, to do what he can with the papers—sort of smoothing it over."

"You don't smooth grudges like that over," Boomer reflected. "Still, a miracle could happen." His big face looked thoughtful.

The St. Louis episode had been given plenty of publicity, the Harvesters learned. Flashlights popped when the team arrived. Reporters fired questions at Gil Blake and Tip Bedwell. Both refused to talk, McNail noted with satisfaction. And after a session with sports writers, in which he gave an accurate version of the circumstances, McNail wound up:

"That's the layout, fellows. Go light on the boys if you can. It's something maybe we can wipe off the slate, if you boys help. Do what you can."

McNail's plea was heeded. Writers generally were mild, and hinted at forces trying to break up team spirit. Much space was devoted to the exhibition game with the Tartars, to Boomer Majorski's record. And it all reacted well on advance ticket sales, according to Les Hollis.

The day of the game arrived with ideal weather, crisp and cloudless. In two practice sessions, Gil Blake and

Tip Bedwell seemed to have been honoring an armistice, and McNail felt relieved in a measure. Today the men were jovial enough in the dressing room, while crowds swarmed into the stadium. Boomer Majorski, singing in one corner, very much off key, went over and greeted McNail as the latter arrived.

"I think I should tell you something," Boomer said soberly. "Gil and Tip have decided that this is their last game on the same team. They'll speak about it to you later. Gil told me."

"Okay," McNail snapped. "I can get other men to wear football pants. But they're going to give their best in this game—and how! I'll show 'em."

He was boiling when he faced the players just before time to go out on the field. But he did some fast thinking as he made his talk, very unlike the emotional appeal that the players of a college team get. But his objective was the same. Hank spoke of packed stands, of Twin City's loyalty, and the honor paid the Harvesters today.

"And that's a great outfit—the Tartars," he added. "They've got Hack Sanders and Peck Timmons—the Hack and Peck passing combination. They say up east nobody's ever beat 'em. They're fading Boomer with Hal Dunkley, the hippo-legged giant. In fact, I guess the Tartars will take us in good and proper, with our prima donnas who don't like something about each other—something that's in the past. All right, play—and—good luck."

With that McNail strode out. But he re-entered the building by the office door. He tiptoed to a rear door, opened it slightly. He could see the players moving about. Outside a roar greeted the Tartars in their flashy, gold sweaters and headgear. Majorski was at the dressing room door, waiting for the rest of the Harvesters. He looked solemn.

"Listen," Boomer said, "I know we're all grown up, and all that. But we've got to go out there and do things. Tip, Coach didn't say different, so I guess you call signals."

"Yeah, I'll call 'em," Tip said slowly. "This is your day, Boomer. I'll help all I can."

The others said nothing, but each man patted Boomer as he passed out. Boomer waited, and McNail stole through the rear door and joined the big back.

"Well?" he inquired.

Boomer laughed. "Hank, you worry too much. Listen to that crowd. Gil and Tip will play ball. We'll show those Tartars we can play football."

He gripped McNail's hand, displaying emotion he hadn't ever shown before. Boomer knew he was to be called out during the half by the fans and presented with something—he didn't know exactly what—and McNail knew the veteran back would leave the field with eyes moist and throat dry.

The coach didn't share Boomer's optimism, however. Somehow he felt depressed. It would be too much to expect, for the Harvesters to take a strong team like the Tartars into camp. Hank was hoping only for a low score.

**T**HE Tartars won the toss and kicked. It was a sweet end over end try that was downed by a gold-jerseyed player on the Harvesters' five yard line.

Hank McNail sat hunched with grim expression as his players buckled down early to a hard task. He saw Boomer hit the Tartar wall and make a scant two yards. He saw a spinner uncorked, with Tartars breaking through to spill the play. And then Majorski kicked.

It was an out of bounds punt, down on the Tartars' twenty. Hollins, a newcomer to the team, got back to the thirty-six with it, displaying real speed. Playing with relaxed ease, the Tartars trotted into close formation and McNail sensed the visitors were trying the Harvesters out.

That test came, in a plunge off tackle that must have been a shock for the gold-jerseyed men. For the Harvesters piled up, and the gain was nil. Another plunge accounted for no more than three yards, and then the Tartars kicked.

McNail saw Boomer Majorski go tearing into the Tartar line, go through while shaking off two tacklers. As Twin City fans shouted encouragement, the ball carrier went down

slowly, careful to thrust the ball forward for an extra yard. Heartened, McNail speculated on the next play. On the thirty-yard line, it was a bit too risky to try a pass. Maybe Tip would try a spinner, and feel out the ends.

The shift came, and McNail thought it was a spinner. Then he saw Tip move nearer the center and swore.

"That lateral pass," McNail exclaimed angrily.

And lateral it was, with Tip receiving instead of Gil. Lance, the other half, went through an undefended gap as the Tartars broke through, intent upon stopping Gil. The latter went wide, and the Tartars were drawn over while Lance took Tip Bedwell's flat pass over the line.

The Tartars were caught flatfooted, and Lance was down through the secondary before the safety man came in for the tackle. But the Harvesters had drawn blood. They were in Tartar territory, and the stands told the world about it. McNail was on his feet like the rest, as surprised by the switch, acknowledging that Tip's field generalship had come through.

After the play he realized that the Tartars, tipped off to the running-passing combination, had expected Tip to take the ball. It was a three way mixup, but it had worked. The coach sat down.

"Whew," he said to Hollis. "Now if they'll stick to the straight and narrow—"

It was a fast shift and a faster bit of action, with Tip shoveling the ball to Boomer Majorski, tearing inside tackle. The visitors closed in, but they had thrown up a deep defense for another pass, and the damage was done. Boomer went through, and he kept going until he was finally forced outside on the Tartars' ten. The tumult sounded as wild as any college gathering.

A group in the background began to plead for a pass. The cry was picked up along the line. Hank McNail expected one, and he wasn't disappointed. Tip Bedwell faded back, fired one, not to Gil, but to Lance, and McNail saw a gold-jerseyed man bat the pigskin down.

"The blasted idiot," the coach grunted. "If we lose this chance, Tip's going to cool his heels, win or lose this game."

Tip sent Boomer Majorski plowing into the line. It held, but not before the Harvesters were halfway to the goal line. Again Boomer went in, charging like a locomotive, and the ball rested a scant two feet from paydirt.

McNail knew he was shouting with the rest. He was yelling when Boomer, for the third time—fourth down—lowered his head and vanished beneath a mass of players.

Not until the man in blue cap, white sweater and trousers leaped and signaled a touchdown, did Hank McNail draw a deep breath. And McNail's breathing wasn't normal till he saw Boomer rise, brush his knees in his usual fashion, and trot back for the try for extra point.

"Boomer—Boomer—Boomer!" the stands roared.

McNail, exultant as he was, didn't study Boomer Majorski any more. He was watching Gil Blake, at one side, as he spoke to Tip. Evidently the pair were angry, for Tip wheeled, came back, then wheeled and ran to position.

"I'll call Boomer out at the end of the quarter," the coach reflected. "Then I'll get word to Tip to let Gil shoot passes, or else."

**I**N THE next few minutes the coach forgot that decision. For the Tartars, stung into action when Boomer made it seven points, went to town. Hack and Peck, their passing combination, clicked twice in as many plays and brought the ball into Harvesters' territory. Then came two first downs, gained by sheer power, and the Harvesters were back down in their goal area, fighting desperately.

But their best wasn't enough. The Hack-Peck combination brought a touchdown in the coffin corner. And five minutes later, breaking through and smearing the Harvesters till Tip had to kick out, the Tartars came right back and scored again. Both times extra points were registered.

"They're hot," a tired Harvester lineman said as they rested at the half.

"When they turn on the heat, they really turn it on."

"Man, that passing pair has something," another voice put in. "Say, Tip, how come you didn't let Gil try his hand?"

McNail strolled into the room just then. He looked Tip over carefully.

"I think that's a fair question," he said mildly.

"Yeah, well, if I'm calling plays, does Blake have a right to tell me what to do?" Tip demanded.

"I just suggested one of the pass plays we'd practiced a lot, and the team knows right well," Gil spoke up. "I think it would have worked, that time Tip tried to work a pass and they smeared him."

"Well, wise guy," Tip sneered, "I've been giving you a chance to show some of your other stuff. You're used to college teams, not men like the Tartars. Why don't you try and cripple one of them?"

Blake sighed. He was on his feet, and his eyes were cold.

"Bedwell," he said quietly, "I've taken a lot off you—riding, wisecracks, and threats. I did it because I wanted to make good on this job. I want to be a good professional football man. And what do I get for it? Because I accidentally hit one of your kinfolks, you're spouting off, and trying to ride me off the team. Now listen. If you've got ten per cent guts in your system, you'll put on the gloves right after this game and we'll swap leather till one, or both have it out of their system."

Tip Bedwell thrust players aside.

"I'll take you on now," he shouted.

McNail and Boomer both caught him. Boomer thrust Tip to a bench. The coach squared off.

"That's about your caliber, Tip," he snapped. "Sorry. I've misjudged you. I thought when I hired you as a player, I'd hired a man in the bargain. If you don't want to play this game my way, well—good-by. Now make up your mind."

Tip glanced around, and few faces looked sympathetic. His face worked convulsively. McNail saw that the destiny of the Harvesters, as a smooth running machine, was in jeopardy, and

he wasn't sure what he could do about it. But Tip could help. All at once he relaxed, shrugged his shoulders.

"Okay, Coach," he mumbled. "We ought to show these high class bums up, for the home talent. But I still say it wasn't an accident, Blake, and I'm not forgetting it."

"We'll settle that after the game," McNail put in. "Now chase out of here, everybody."

Hollis shook his head as the team raced toward the field.

"That's not such a hot idea, Hank," he sighed. "If you let Tip go— Still, you've got to keep him under your thumb."

"We'll do some plain and fancy wishing, the next two quarters," McNail said thoughtfully.

True to his promise, Tip Bedwell turned to Gil, and their first pass worked for a nice gain. But the Tartars were watching, and they broke through on the next attempt. Then Tip sent Boomer in on a plunge. Short of a first down, Tip kicked. The Tartars promptly kicked back. A touch-down in the lead, they played it safe, with a punt that was downed on the Harvesters' five.

The third quarter was a succession of punts, of ground gaining until the Harvesters neared midfield, when the Tartars would stiffen. They seemed disposed to take it easy, when not in danger. But that very habit of relaxation was more significant to Hank McNail, and a lot of other spectators, than more strenuous action. The Tartars were confident, had tried the Harvesters out, and now it looked like smooth sailing. And the Harvesters seemed to crack perceptibly as the third quarter neared its end.

**M**CNAIL replaced tired linemen. He told his fullback to warm up. Tip was using Boomer too much when he shifted Lance in back and made Majorski carry the ball from points nearer the line. As McNail watched, he saw a spinner uncorked, saw the Harvesters strike at the weak side, saw gold-jerseyed men charging through as Boomer hit.

A Tartar man from the secondary, a

sub just tossed into the game, tall and big-boned, tackled Boomer viciously. Boomer was off balance, stiff-arming another Tartar. He went down in a twist, and McNail got to his feet in alarm.

"Get out there, Doc," he called to the trainer. "Boomer fell on that bad knee, I think."

A moment later time was called, and the Tartar who had tackled so furiously, was trying to help Boomer to his feet. The stands were booing. The noise increased, and it was evident that Twin City fans believed their favorite had been tackled with intent to cripple. McNail saw men climbing over boxes to the field. A police whistle blew. McNail leaped from the bench and raced over to the knot of players.

Tip Bedwell came out to meet the coach.

"Stop that gang, Coach," he cried. "I was in there a yard from Boomer, trying to throw a block when that back came across and tackled. Boomer was just off his guard."

McNail nodded, reached Boomer. "Hurt bad?" he asked.

"The old knee," Boomer answered, grimacing. "Guess I'm getting old, Hank."

"Fella, I'm sorry," the Tartar tackler blurted. "I never meant to hurt you. I was only—"

"Sure. That's okay," Boomer cut in. "In this game you have to take it, or else. It could happen to anybody."

McNail and Boomer faced a trickle of irate fans circling the first screen of police.

"It's all right," the coach shouted. "Scram off the field. You want us to forfeit the game, or something? Come on, get back to your seats."

The crowd halted. Boomer laughed and waved a hand, leaning upon McNail and the trainer.

"Sure, they don't kill goats like me," he cried. "You folks be nice boys and watch us polish off these guys."

It was over in less than a minute after that. Police cleared the field quickly.

The stands were quiet, when the fourth quarter started. Boomer, who had been slated to get a gold watch,

not at the half as expected, but at the finish, because the mayor of Twin City was delayed, was gone now. And the Tartars seemed entirely too good for the Harvesters.

McNail sat glumly on the bench. The team was across the field. He saw the Tartars kick, a long one as usual, but this time Tip Bedwell came across and caught the pigskin. He eluded a gold-jerseyed man, another, and struck out dead ahead, teammates deployed in rapidly forming interference.

Galvanized by this act, Twin City rooters woke up. Tip reversed his field twice, when his interference suffered, and he wound up on the Harvesters' forty-one. And then McNail saw Gil take the snap, saw Tip on a wide run, getting through. Wheeling, he took Gil's low pass, not for a long gain, but enough to put the ball in Tartar territory.

Then, to McNail's amazement, Tip ran over to Gil, threw an arm about the latter's shoulder. The two broke away, both grinning. And before the coach had time to digest this surprising action, Tip had brought the Harvesters into their shift. McNail's eyes glinted. The way Tip closed in this looked like the lateral pass Tip and Gil had practiced so well in the past. But the Tartars, he thought, were waiting for something like that.

The play came, and McNail almost yelled a warning as Tartar players sifted through to smother Tip. The latter wheeled and Tartar men followed. For several moments, fleeting ones at that, McNail forgot Gil, as did countless others. Then he saw.

Gil Blake was sneaking down the sideline, out alone, and the Tartar safety man, pulled several steps the opposite direction by the play, alone threatened Gil's touchdown run. The man, heavy but swift on his feet, stretched his legs. Gil stayed just inside the line, and Twin City fans let out a roar.

**T**HE Tartar safety man made his dive, toes barely staying on the ground. His fingers clutched Gil's pants. But Gil shook loose. He ran the next fifteen yards without another

player coming anywhere near him.

Tip Bedwell was very careful about the kick. The Tartars tried desperately to break through to block, but the Harvesters had their blood up. The line held, and the ball sailed high and sure between the goal posts. McNail saw Tip hugging Gil and other Harvesters running about, shouting and laughing.

It didn't matter that the Tartars struck down to the Harvesters' eighteen. The assault bogged down, anyhow, with two minutes to go. And McNail didn't feel like apologizing when the Harvesters, nearly up to midfield by virtue of passes and plunges, kicked just as the game ended when the Tartars stiffened their resistance. They'd tied the Tartars! That was as good as a victory.

Spectators went over box railings like sheep crossing a pasture fence. Twin City was jubilant, even if Boomer was out with an injured knee. The Harvesters had come through, against a great professional outfit, had held them on even terms.

McNail shook off well wishers as quickly as possible. He shoved through the throng of celebrants, shook hands with the Tartar manager on the run as they both trotted to the fieldhouse.

"I'd like Blake and Bedwell, any time you want to get rid of 'em," the Tartar manager said. "They're a second team of Hack and Peck."

"They're not going anywhere," McNail said. "They're sticking with us."

In the fieldhouse there was tumult, friendly scuffles, and tired faces. Center of a group were Tip Bedwell and Gil Blake. They greeted the coach noisily.

"Boomer," Tip cried, and his eyes were moist. "It was old Boomer that made me have sense."

At McNail's puzzled look, Tip went on:

"The way he was tackled. That Tartar man, I could see, was only trying to stop a good man. Boomer got in a twist, and that's how it happened. And we—well, I told Gil I could understand now. Sim told me he was shaking off a tackler when Gil hit him—"

"I just dived, as hard as I could," Gil put in. "Head down and diving

low. But I'm glad Tip came over and told me, after Boomer got his."

Tip grinned. He looked relieved.

"Man, next time we meet these Tartars, they're ours. When old Boomer gets out again—"

McNail smiled, as he left Tip Bedwell and Gil Blake discussing what they were going to do to the Tartars next time they met. He was anxious to get to Boomer and see about that knee.

He found Boomer sitting quietly in his room, reading a magazine.

"Well, the boys clicked, I hear," the veteran back said. "Don't tell me the miracle happened, and those two idiots made up?"

McNail nodded his head. "Yeah, it took an injury to your knee to wake Tip up. How's the knee? Think you'll

be able to play this season, Boomer?"

Boomer got up. "You're getting old, Hank. Don't see any crutches around, do you? Maybe I'll stay out one game to make it look good, but after that I guess the old knee will still bear up awhile." He grinned. "It looked like a good time to pull a miracle, so I tried my hand, or rather my knee, at it."

McNail stared at him, a smile slowly breaking over his face.

"You old son-of-sin," was all he could say, at first. Then he added softly: "You threw up a special reception for you, too. I won't forget that, Boomer."

"Aw, that!" Boomer shrugged. "I can always get another reception, Hank, but I can't always get me two Aces!"

Watch for  
**END OF A TRADITION**

A Complete Football Novelet

By **WILLIAM R. COX**

*Featured in the November Issue of Our  
 Companion Magazine*

**THRILLING  
 SPORTS**

ON SALE **10c** AT ALL STANDS



# THE FAMOUS SERVICE CLASSIC

By CAPTAIN F. A. MARCH

as told to JACK KOFOED

**T**HE most dramatic of all the Army and Navy meetings?

Well, that's a little hard to say, because there have been so many of them. But for sheer, rousing excitement, it's hard to think of a better one than the only game played in the Middle West. All the day before, Chicago huddled under a driving snow storm. But through the night gangs of men shoveled Soldiers' Field clear, and when the teams trotted onto the gridiron the weather was clear and cold, the turf dry, and in excellent condition.

Those were two of the best teams ever to represent the Academies. Each had gone through a successful season, each was determined to climax it with this most hoped-for victory of all.

The lightning struck quickly.

## That Last Yard

Five minutes after the opening whistle, the midshipmen were on the Army 45-yard line. Quarterback Schuber dropped back, and rifled a forward pass straight into the arms of right end Hardwick, who raced to within a yard of the goal before he was dragged down.

But that last yard is always a hard one to gain. The gold-helmeted cadets massed to stop the attack. Big Caldwell hammered into them, and was nailed a foot short of his objective. He took the ball again, and this time they couldn't stop him. Navy led, 7-0.

Having succeeded with an aerial attack, the midshipmen kept at it. The fine, stalwart soldier line that had played so brilliantly all season seemed unable to fathom the shifting drive. They were continually on the defensive, fighting desperately in their own territory, but they had just about enough to stave off another score during the first period.



When the second began they were on their own 22-yard line. Navy's ball, fourth down. Everybody expected a field goal try, but instead Caldwell was sent banging down into the line—and he made a first down. On a reverse play, Schuber slanted off tackle for eleven yards, and once more the shadows of the goal posts were painted across the soldiers' backs.

Navy—14, Army—0

It began to look like a rout. Schuber and Caldwell took turns carrying the ball, and on the fourth down were again only a yard away from a score. Then Schuber hit tackle—hit it like a piledriver—and a moment later the tally stood: Navy—14, Army—0.

Ah, but you never know what will happen when those teams get together! The latent spark had been set on fire in soldier hearts. A few moments later the cadets had the ball on their own twenty-five. There was no indication at the moment that an explosion was about to burst. Navy had dominated the game, offensively and defensively.

But Army's "Light Horse Harry" Wilson went circling around end, traveling on the wings of the wind, running as he had when he was a star at Penn State. He wasn't stopped until he was in Navy territory. Fired by that deed, Red Cagle took the same route, back of grand interference, and reached the 16-yard line before he was dragged down.

Then Wilson raced through the whole Navy team, without anyone being able to lay a hand on him, and crossed the goal line. He kicked the point, too. In three plays the soldiers had brought the score to 14—7!

## Score Tied!

There was more to come, though. A little later, Murrell, kicking for Army, sent a long, low punt almost into the end zone. Ransford, a Navy back, tried to take it on the dead run. The leather spurted out of his hands, and Harbold, the Army end, dove, wrapped his arms around it, and staggered over the goal. So when the half ended the impossible had happened. The score was tied at 14—all!

Excitement was at fever pitch. When the teams came out to start the second half, the 110,000 chilled spectators were expecting anything. They didn't have long to wait.

Eddy kicked off for Navy. Red Cagle took the ball, and brought it back to the

*A Dramatic  
Play by  
Play  
Account of One  
of the Most  
Exciting  
Army-Navy  
Games  
of Them All!*



CAPTAIN F. A. MARCH

An Army Man Who Was Formerly Public Relations Officer for West Point

42-yard line. Light Horse Harry smashed through tackle for a fourteen-yard gain. Those twins of destruction could not be stopped. Then, with the startling suddenness that had characterized the other touch-downs, Cagle went plummeting around right end. When he was under a full head of steam he was the hardest man of the year to stop. No one came close to stopping him this time. Army—21, Navy—14.

Now, you'd think the midshipmen would have been disheartened and disturbed. But they were not. They don't breed 'em that way in Annapolis.

Late in the third period Murrell punted to Navy's forty-five. The stage was set and dressed for more action. Where lightning had struck so often it might again.

Hamilton, who had been a lion all day for the sailors, started by smacking into the line for an eight-yard gain. He then flipped a forward pass to Shapley that nipped off twelve more. Another gain by Shapley, and the ball was on Army's thirty-two yard stripe when the period ended.

"Hold that Line!"

Now, here was a chance for Ransford, whose fumble had given West Point the lead. Ransford wanted to make up for that and he did. On a fake reverse, he ploughed through center for a fifteen-yard gain. The corps of cadets were booming: "Hold that line!"

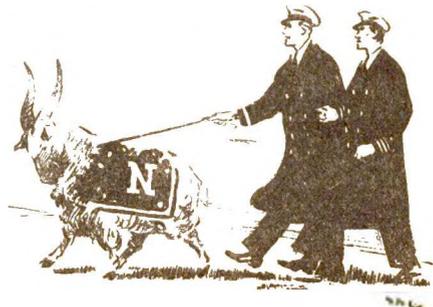
But the Navy was inspired. They had the touch. Another pass, Hamilton to Shapley put the ball only seven yards from a touch-down. Could the soldiers hold? They did their best—but Shapley outwitted them, and circled the wing for a touchdown.

The entire issue of the game was up to Hamilton. If he kicked the point the score would be tied. If he missed, Army would

almost certainly be the winner.

Hamilton looked a little lonely standing there behind the line. But as the ball was snapped back, and the Army forwards hurled themselves desperately into the Navy line in an effort to block the kick, he got it off smoothly and well—and it soared straight between the uprights! Tie score!

It was getting dark now. The winter twilight thickened. The cadets still had a chance in the waning minutes, and they did their mighty best to make it good. Light Horse Harry Wilson got off for a twenty-yard run, and might have made it a touch-down but for Shapley, who stopped him in the nick of time. Wilson caught a pass that took him to the twenty-yard line. Army was praying for time, just a tiny bit of time, but there wasn't enough. The whistle shrilled, ending one of the most dramatic games in gridiron history.



A Complete Action  
Football Novelet

By  
**DAVID  
BRANDT**

*Author of "Blue  
Devils Over the North  
Sea," "Wheel of  
Fortune," etc.*



Bouncer plunged through the entire team for fifteen yards



# THE GRIDIRON FOREIGN LEGION

Coach Terrill Razzle-Dazzles Little Farrington Into the Nation's Headlines—But Touchdowns Are Made on the Football Field!

## CHAPTER 1

### *Four for Farrington*

**T**HE big towhead took a last lingering look at the gold lettering on the glass panel of the door. Then he shoved an expensive shoe through it. "Richard V. Terrill, General Sales Manager," crashed into a thousand splinters of glass.

The towhead was regarding the damage with a critical eye and an appreciative grin when the door of the nearest office popped open and a fat, florid-faced man dashed into the cor-

ridor. After a quick look at the shattered glass, he said anxiously:

"What happened, Ricky? Are you all right?"

Ricky, still grinning, nodded.

"Sure, Dad. Everything's swell. I just resigned."

"You what!"

Terrill Senior's bellow would have done credit to a lion. For the benefit of the curious faces peering into the corridor he added: "I'm not running a side show on company time. Get back to work!"

The faces disappeared. Terrill wiggled a beckoning finger at his son,

cocked a bushy brow and stomped back into his office.

Ricky squared his broad shoulders, followed. He knew the signs.

"What's all this foolishness about?" Terrill Senior snapped before Ricky was even inside the office.

Ricky perched on the edge of the desk.

"We had an agreement, Dad," he said. "My year's up, and I'm through. I don't like selling dolls. I told you so before you dragged me into this place."

"What's the matter with dolls?" Terrill roared. "Babies like 'em."

"Well, I don't," Ricky shot back. "I got myself another job."

"Coaching football, I suppose?" Terrill snapped. "Sure, you were All-

American and a bigger draw than Gable." He wiggled a warning finger at his son. "But that was yesterday, Mister. Your publicity's run out."

"Nevertheless," Ricky said firmly, "Dad Buckley got me the appointment to Farrington."

Terrill scowled. "Sounds like Main Street and hayseed to me."

"It is," Ricky agreed, chuckling. "They play football there, too."

Terrill Senior's face began to grow red. Ricky got off the desk. His father reached for the nearest object on the desk. Ricky backed hastily toward the door.

"Now wait a minute, Dad," he protested. "Aren't you going to wish me luck?"

A paperweight sailed over his head and went through the glass.

"Thanks, Dad," Ricky said.

\* \* \* \* \*

**A** MILK wagon clattered noisily along the dark street. Inside the cab, a portable radio was blaring out the Milkman's Matinee, and a six footer in white overalls was tapping time with the music.

He pulled over to the curb and sold a quart of milk to a drunk. If he made a little more noise than usual going about his rounds swinging five milk bottles in each hand, he wasn't particularly aware of it. His ruddy face split into a huge smile as a second story window jerked open and a shrill

voice implored him to stop whistling.

He paused on the next street to chat with the cop on the boat.

"Feelin' kinda gay this morning, aincha, Tommy?" the cop inquired.

Tommy laughed. "And how, Pat. In half an hour, I'm going to present old lady Thomas with a quart of cream. She owes me three bucks but it'll be worth it."

"And why the sudden fit of generosity?" Pat demanded, a twinkle in his eyes, although he well knew the answer.

Tommy grinned back. "I've been playing milkman and listening to excuses for three years. Tomorrow I'm going to college. A place called Farrington."

\* \* \* \* \*

The little bartender scowled at the two drunks arguing loudly about who was going to pay for the next round of drinks. He glanced up at the clock above the cash register. It was one minute to three.

The bartender scooped two empty glasses off the bar and yelled: "Bouncer!"

The sleepy gargantuan figure at the corner table stirred

"Bouncer!" the little bartender yelled again. "It's three o'clock."

Bouncer hefted his two hundred and thirty pounds from a chair, stretched his mouth into a wide yawn, and sauntered over to the two drunks.

"G'night, fellers," he said. "We're closing."

"Shays who?" one of the drunks demanded belligerently.

Bouncer sighed. Then without warning he fastened a flat hand behind the scruff of two coat collars. Lifting each squirming victim from the floor, he strode toward the door which the little bartender was holding open.

"G'night, fellers," Bouncer said, and heaved. The pair of drunks hit the pavement ten feet away.

"I gotta get up early," Bouncer complained, locking the door. "I'm going to college."

"College?" the little man echoed. "Who says so?"

Bouncer placed an affectionate hand across the little man's shoulders.

"Aw, now, Pop, you wouldn't change your mind, would you? 'Sides, somebody in the family hasta get an education."

"Don't you try none of your shenanigans on me," Pop warned, moving from under that arm. "Anyhow, maybe your Ma won't like the idea of you leavin' me here to run the business alone."

"Ma," Bouncer said firmly, "packed my things yesterday afternoon."

\* \* \* \* \*

Joe Danton's penthouse apartment was ablaze with lights. A four piece orchestra was playing dance music for the crowd out on the terrace. And the corkage on champagne was piling up. Nobody seemed to miss Danton, who was in his private study talking to a bronze-faced young man dressed for traveling.

"The heat's on, Wayne, and things are going to sizzle for quite a while," he explained. For a moment, the hard expression on Danton's scarred face softened. "I don't want you to get pinned underneath the mud, kid."

Wayne shook his head.

"I feel like a heel, Joe, running out on you. It wasn't your fault that the tunnel washed out. You're the best engineer in New York." In a burst of rage he added: "It was a dirty frame up."

Danton shrugged. "Sure, kid. But you're still soft, and I don't want you dragged into this mess. Five men were killed. Remember that. This is a time job, and Temple, damn him, is aching to take over. Politics and dirt, kid. Temple plays both. I don't."

Wayne ran strong fingers through a mop of curly hair.

"I was there when the cave-in happened. Those timbers were loosened, and I can prove it."

"We'll stick to our original scheme, kid," Danton said gruffly. "I promised your Dad I'd look after you, and I'm going to. You beat it until I'm ready to play the ace. And for Pete's sake, be careful." He smiled, tight-lipped. "Lawson knows where to contact you, I hope."

Wayne nodded. "Place called Farrington. Guess it won't hurt me any

to finish where I left off two years ago. You're going to need a good engineer one of these days."

Joe grinned. "Sure, kid. So long." He stuck out a four-fingered hand. Wayne clasped it hard.

Danton sat quiet for several minutes after Wayne had left, and then his face tightened into a hard expression. Temple was at the party tonight. By special invitation. With Wayne out of the way, things were going to happen.

## CHAPTER II

### *All-American Foreign Legion*

**F**ARRINGTON College started its fall semester on the wrong foot. It rained steadily for three days, turning the campus into a sea of mud. The football field was under a foot of water, and twelve hundred students were ready to bite each other's heads off.

Sitting in his cubby hole office, Ricky Terrill felt as if he had just attended a prevue at the guillotine. He wasn't so sure of his own head now. In the rush to get him the job, Dan Buckley had forgotten to mention several things. The total enrollment of male students at Farrington was less than five hundred. Last year's football team had graduated *en masse*, leaving behind a legacy of two unbeaten seasons. And Hunch Palmer, the former coach, had wisely packed up and taken the first train East.

Ricky sighed and glanced at a sheet of paper which listed the number of candidates that had already signed up for practice. There were exactly twenty in all—and Farrington had no freshmen rule. Somebody, Ricky figured, had tacked up the malaria sign on the gymnasium door. He looked over the names again and shuddered. Then, grabbing up his hat and slicker, he went for a walk in the rain. It was better than sitting there trying to decide if China would be far enough away.

He was sloshing through the mud,

head down, when a huge figure encased in a poncho collided violently with him. Ricky found himself sitting in the mud, looking up at a bewildered moon face. And for no good reason, he suddenly laughed. And picking himself out of the mud, he ran a critical eye over the rubber encased pachyderm.

"Plenty of beef," he muttered half to himself and added, "What's your name?"

The other grinned with relief. "Gee, I thought you were hurt. I'm Bouncer Casey."

"Ever play football, Bouncer?" Ricky asked casually.

Bouncer nodded. "Sandlot stuff." Too much like work, though. 'Sides, I'm here to get an education in a hurry before my old man changes his mind."

"You'll have plenty of time to study—after the football season," Ricky said. "I'm Terrill, the new coach. I'll be looking for you at two o'clock in the gym tomorrow."

**H**E left Bouncer, open-mouthed and staring, and went down to the Campus Grill for some ice cream. He was eating his third chocolate sundae when a six footer, bareheaded, and humming a tune came in out of the rain. He sat down next to Ricky at the counter.

"Chocolate malted," he said.

Ricky lost all interest in his sundae. "Some weather," he said.

The six footer grinned cheerfully. "I've been out in worse."

"Student here?" Ricky asked. He eyed the big fellow anxiously.

"Yep. Name's Tommy Neilson. Took a long time, but I made it by the skin of my teeth."

"I'm Ricky Terrill," Ricky said

Tommy's eyes opened wide. "Sa-ay, I've heard of you. Pitt. All-American. '38."

"That was yesterday," Ricky said. "If it stops raining tomorrow, I'm going to try to patch a team together here. Ever play?"

"No," Tommy replied. "But I'm big, dumb, and willing."

Twenty-two candidates reported to the gym the following afternoon. It

had stopped raining, and the sun slanted through the windows onto the oddest assortment of would-be Red Granges and Benny Friedmans ever assembled under one roof. Ricky looked them over for a second time, and once again scanned the list of their names.

"Sure sounds like the Foreign Legion," he told himself. "Casey, Neilson, Mone, Jacobs, Kowalski. . . . But Americans all, now, Americans all—All-Americans—m-m, might be an idea in that—the All-American Foreign Legion. . . ."

At the end of two days, Ricky was ready to tear his hair out. The football field had dried out sufficiently to permit practice, if it could be called that, but Farrington smelled a bad season coming up, and potential football material went into hiding.

Ricky went about his business doggedly, trying to find out what he had to work with. A gangly hopeful heaved a wobbly pass far over the head of the intended receiver. The pigskin rolled down the field toward a curly-haired, bronze-faced youth who was watching practice.

Ricky, his nerves on edge, yelled without thinking: "Let's have that ball!"

**T**HE bronze-faced youth picked up the ball, juggled it a moment with a certain familiarity, and then drew back his arm. Ricky watched, open-mouthed, as it sailed like a homing pigeon with unerring accuracy toward him. It was a good forty-five yard heave.

"Hello, Benny Friedman," Ricky muttered as he caught the ball.

The tosser turned quickly and started to walk away.

"Hey, you," Ricky called, jogging toward him. "What's your name, fella?"

"Wayne Prentiss." The passer seemed anxious to get away now.

"Where'd you learn to handle a ball like that?" Ricky asked.

Wayne smiled faintly. "I've played a little."

"Why aren't you out for practice, then?"

Wayne hesitated then shook his head. "Sorry. I've got other things to do."

Ricky stared a moment at Wayne's retreating back and swore with feeling. He was mad now. Fighting mad. Twenty-two men out of five hundred! He strode purposefully back to the waiting group.

"Listen, you guys!" he snapped. "We've got a game in three weeks. Now get this and get it straight! I want to see a hundred men out for practice tomorrow. A hundred men! If I don't get 'em, I'll stick eleven *women* in those suits and show this college what a football team looks like. I mean that." Ricky jerked a thumb at the locker rooms. "That's all for today."

Before nightfall, Ricky's threat of female football carried weight all over the campus. And it produced a decided change of spirit. Ricky knew the value of publicity. His mind once again played with the phrase, "The All-American Foreign Legion." He spent twenty-five dollars on long distance telephone calls.

By morning, Ricky Terrill and Farrington were on the nation's sport pages. The sports editors liked the Foreign Legion idea.

So did Farrington. Ricky got a pleasant surprise—Wayne came to see him.

"I've changed my mind, Coach," he said. "I'd like to play, but on one condition."

"Sure," Ricky said. He was willing to grant the youngster anything including the Brooklyn Bridge.

Wayne hesitated. "Ill need a head-guard with a nose brace," he said. "I broke my nose playing ice hockey. I'm taking no chances."

"Sure. Sure. I understand," Ricky agreed.

But he didn't. Only Wayne could. With the nose guard, his face would be masked beyond recognition. Just in case!

**F**OR Ricky it was a case of famine turning into a feast. A hundred and seventy-five candidates turned out for practice! Ricky had his hands full

with the sudden wealth of material, and was a little worried. Money was tight, equipment scarcer, and his two assistant coaches had been dragged from the moth balls. Bespectacled Professor James was forty-two and taught mathematics. Professor Allison had a weakness for chess and taught history. He was sturdy, stocky, and willing, but knew as little about modern football as James. Hunch Palmer had done a good job of cleaning house, taking his coaching staff with him.

It was a lopsided, screwy football circus. Ricky went crazy trying to handle a hundred and one things practically by himself. And it developed that the team manager had also graduated. No one had been appointed to fill his place.

Ricky solved the managerial problem through a stroke of sheer blind genius.

She was a half pint in white slacks, with big brown eyes and a way about her that kept a goodly number of the watching crowd at her heels. She seemed to know everybody.

She drew Ricky's attention only after he had made several appeals to the crowd to get off the field. It was partly through her influence with the male population that this was finally accomplished.

Ricky called her over. "What's your name?"

"Beverly Crater," she replied. "Gabby for short." And added with an impish grin, "What's yours, Mister?"

Those near enough to hear the crack snickered. Ricky blew up.

"O k a y, Miss Wise Guy," he snapped. "Since everybody seems to be taking this as a big joke, suppose we make it a real one. You women like to play boss and wear the pants. I'm appointing you team manager!"

Gabby almost swallowed her gum.

"Now wait a minute, Mr. Terrill," she protested feebly, "Fun is fun. This is where I get off. I was only kidding."

"I'm not," Ricky said.

Gabby coughed up her gum. "You mean," she asked, "I'm head man?"

"Sure," Ricky said. "As long as you

stay out of the locker rooms." And suddenly he chuckled. The whole thing was so ridiculous, it was a natural.

Gabby stuck out a tiny hand. "Brother, you've made yourself a deal," she said.

But Ricky had already dismissed the problem. He pivoted to the gang of misfits gathered around him.

"Okay, you birds," he barked. "We're here to play football. Now, let's go!"

### CHAPTER III

#### *Ups and Downs*

**W**ITH less than three weeks before the opening game, Ricky turned Farrington upside down. Gabby turned everything upside down. She took up where the former Pitt star had left off. Every sporting page in the country carried stories of what Ricky was doing. Gabby didn't miss a trick. It was all a joke, but a grim one. Mathematics, history, and youth marching side by side to the gridiron wars.

In two days, Ricky cut the squad to forty. And from them he selected the most promising material for two teams, labeled Hopeful One and Two. It was all business now. Hard, bruising, sweaty business.

Wayne Prentiss slipped into the groove at quarterback. He was easily the best man on the squad. It showed in the way he handled the ball and the team. Around him Ricky started to build ten other players.

Big Tommy Neilson, whom everybody called "Swede" now, grabbed off a half back position. He was rough and clumsy, but he delivered yardage as good as milk. Ricky jammed Bouncer Casey into fullback, although his weight was sorely needed in the line. But Ricky had a hunch.

Bouncer didn't like football. He made that quite evident. He loafed when Ricky wasn't looking.

Ricky shoved him onto the second team.

After going over a tricky play several times, Ricky called time out, and turned on Bouncer who was lolling on the ground chewing a blade of grass.

"Look, fat boy," he snapped, "on that spinner around end, you flatten the opposition. You don't greet it like a politician."

The players snickered. Bouncer stopped chewing on the blade of grass.

"We'll try that play again," Ricky said. "Wayne carries the ball. I'll run the interference. And Bouncer, take me out!"

The teams lined up. Bouncer spat on his hands and sighed. The ball was put into motion. Wayne shifted, spun to the left, Ricky running interference. Ricky never knew what hit him. An elephant came charging through the line. Ricky remembered smacking the ground and seeing stars. Somebody helped him to his feet. It was Bouncer.

"Is that what you meant, Coach?" he asked. He was chewing on a blade of grass again.

Ricky shook his head to clear it. "I think you got the idea now," he said.

Bouncer went back to first team full-back position.

**I**N the strength of two unbeaten seasons under Hunch Palmer, Farrington had a tough schedule to face. The opening game was with big State University. With the publicity buildup, twenty thousand fans packed Center City Stadium. They came out of curiosity and for a laugh.

Ricky was all jittery inside although he maintained a calm composure. This was his first test as a coach. His message to the team just before the game was brief.

"I don't expect miracles from a green team," he said. "Just do your best."

Wayne was the last one out of the locker rooms. He stopped to reread a telegram that had arrived that morning.

IDEA NOT SO SLICK STOP  
THOUGHT YOU PICKED A QUIET  
PLACE STOP BE CAREFUL JOE.

Wayne smiled grimly as he adjusted

his helmet over his ears. The nose guard practically obliterated the upper part of his face. And he could have cheerfully wrung Gabby's neck. She had spread her publicity too well.

Farrington started the game with Wayne, Swede, Bouncer, and a shifty sophomore by the name of Jigg Mone in the backfield.

State won 19-0. They were held scoreless in the second half, however, amassing their total in the first two periods. State gained respect for Bouncer's flattening power combined with Jigg and Swede on the defense. And Wayne's brilliant booting turned back further scoring threats, wrecking the yardage State piled up on drive after drive.

But Farrington had lost—the first game in two years. Somebody had to be the goat. So Ricky was it. After all the buildup and publicity, Farrington fell flat on its face. The newspapers added the crowning touch. It was humiliating and it hurt.

But that wasn't all. On Monday morning, following Saturday's game, Ricky received an immense package. In it were eleven dolls dressed in football uniforms, and an accompanying note which read:

COME HOME. ALL IS FORGIVEN.  
And there was an added postscript:  
BABIES STILL LIKE 'EM.

Ricky was silent and raging. But he kept the dolls.

There were less than a thousand spectators filling the five thousand seats at Farrington Field to watch Ricky's Foreign Legion (as the team had been dubbed by the papers and the campus weekly) upset the applecart. The final score against a strong Tulsa aggregation was 47-0. The team clicked. Wayne ran wild, scoring a touchdown in each period. Screened behind Bouncer's crushing, steam roller tactics, he stood Tulsa on their heads. And his bullet passes to Tommy "Swede" Neilson and Jigg Mone accounted for the rest of the score.

Gabby took care of the publicity.

And Farrington woke up. They had a team after all. For Wayne, however, the victory was bad news. Every

paper in the state carried his picture, plus helmet and nose guard. The caption beneath it was Gabby's idea: ANY DRAGONS YOU WANT SLAIN, GIRLS!

**T**WO nights before the Ardleigh game, Wayne dropped a bundle of trouble in Ricky's lap.

"I'm through, Coach," he said. "I'll turn in my suit tomorrow."

Ricky experienced a drumming in his ears like the aftermath of a terrific explosion. But he took his time and counted ten.

"Now," he said, "let's have that again."

"I'm washed up, finished," Wayne repeated. "That's it."

From the serious look on Wayne's tense features, Ricky knew reasoning would be useless.

"Well, I guess you know what you're doing, fella," he said slowly.

"I do," Wayne replied.

There had been a telegram from Joe.

Wayne didn't linger long. Ricky sent out a hurry call for the rest of his backfield. Gabby popped in uninvited.

"Peddle your papers, Gabby," Ricky said. "This is strictly stag."

"As team manager, I stand on my rights," Gabby retorted. "Something's up. I just spotted Wayne sneaking around corners."

Ricky was in no mood to argue. Gabby stayed. Ricky shot the works. The conference lasted until midnight.

The storm broke at practise the following day. But Ricky was moving fast to plug the backfield gap and strengthen weak spots in the line. He drove the team unmercifully and pounded the reserves at them until they were ready to drop. There was very little publicity for the Ardleigh game, and practise was held behind locked gates. Ricky was taking no chances of another grim joke at his expense.

**A** REVAMPED lineup faced Ardleigh on Saturday. Tommy Neilson kicked off for Farrington. He had the heart and power behind his booting but lacked Wayne's skill and ex-

perience. The pigskin was taken on the Ardleigh thirty-yard stripe. A husky back smothered it and, behind a screen of heavy interference, ran it back to the home team's thirty-seven yard stripe.

Things began to happen fast. Farrington misfired without Wayne spark plugging them. Before the crowd had settled in their seats, Ardleigh was hammering at Farrington's goal. But the invaders were too confident. With less than three yards to go for a score, they fumbled on the touchdown play. Bouncer, crashing through center, hit the giant quarterback as he tried to recover. The quarterback landed on the back of his neck. And Tommy Neilson, flashing through the hole Bouncer had cleaved, smothered the ball.

The stands cheered feebly. They missed Wayne. As the teams lined up, Tommy's face had lost its easy going, ruddy look. He moved back over the goal line in kick formation. The center snapped the ball. There was a wild yell as he faked, faded to pass. He got the ball away seconds ahead of the charging invaders. It was a long, wobbly heave. But Jigg Mone, racing desperately down the sidelines, leaped high in the air and snagged the ball. He was fast and tricky on his feet. The play was good for a score.

It took the heart out of Ardleigh. Farrington collected a 27-0 victory.

#### CHAPTER IV

*"Fifty-One, Coach!"*

**W**HILE Ricky's Foreign Legion was running wild on the gridiron, Wayne Prentiss sat in a saloon on New York's Third Avenue, drinking sarsaparilla. He had been waiting two hours for someone.

Finally, a nervous little man hurried into the saloon. He wore glasses and limped.

"Hello, Lawson," Wayne greeted.

Danton's lawyer glanced suspiciously around, then slid onto a bar stool.

"Are you crazy coming back here now?" he said angrily. "I'll bet Joe doesn't know you're in town."

"No," Wayne replied. "But you don't think I buried myself at college, do you? I know Temple's crowding Joe plenty and squawking for an investigation. But I got an idea. Now here's why I sent for you. . . ."

There were beads of perspiration on Lawson's tiny mustache by the time Wayne finished talking.

"It doesn't sound so crazy," the lawyer muttered, "but it'll take money."

Wayne pulled a fat envelope from his pocket. "Joe's been pretty generous," he said. "If you need more than this, I'll dig it up. I still got Dad's insurance money."

Lawson took the envelope. "Remember, I'm the goat if anything goes wrong," he warned.

"Don't worry," Wayne assured him. "If this hits the jackpot, there's a grand in it for you." He flung half a dollar on the bar for his drink. "I'm going back to college and breathe some clean air. So long, Lawson."

Jubilant over the smashing victory, Farrington promptly forgot about Wayne. But Ricky hadn't forgotten. On Monday he spotted Wayne up in the stands watching the team run through a light practise. He went up to where Wayne was sitting and dropped on the bench beside him.

"Haven't changed your mind, have you, fella?" he said casually. "We still need you out there."

Wayne chewed his upper lip. "I'd give my right arm to play, Coach," he burst out, "but I can't."

Ricky watched Bouncer smear a play for a two yard loss. He turned to Wayne again.

"You know what you're doing, I guess, but you could be a big help to me."

"How?"

"Take over the second team," Ricky suggested. "We've got five tough games ahead of us. I've got some new plays that need polishing."

"It's a deal," Wayne said. "On one condition. Keep a check rein on Gabby. She takes her job too seriously."

Ricky grinned.

The campus buzzed with gossip over Wayne's sudden move. The scrubs welcomed him with open arms. But Gabby was quiet about it. Much too quiet. It was a bad sign.

**R**ICKY'S Foreign Legion made gridiron history in the Backwoods League. They ploughed through the remaining five games without being scored upon, amassing a grand total of 330 points.

It was just after the Thanksgiving day game when Gabby emerged with her cockeyed idea.

"How would you like to pluck a nice ripe plum and boot somebody's backside, Coach?" she inquired.

"No," Ricky said. "I rest on my laurels."

"Look," Gabby said, "You haven't done so bad. You put Farrington on the national map. How about making it international?"

Ricky stared.

"No, I'm not screwy," Gabby said. "I'm just plain smart. Hunch Palmer did pretty well at Mattan College this year. How about a charity game for the Red Cross War Relief Fund?"

It took Ricky a minute to digest that.

"It's a natural," Gabby rushed on.

Ricky started to chuckle. "Half pint, I think maybe you got something."

"You sell Hunch Palmer the idea and leave the rest to me," Gabby said, adding impishly: "I think I'm about the best darned football manager in the business."

Ricky grinned back. "I think maybe you are, too."

With Ricky backing her moves, Gabby put on the pressure. It wasn't hard to sell Farrington the idea. The idea clicked. And Hunch Palmer was smart enough to ride the gravy train. And the newspapers voiced their approval. The game was set for two weeks off. New York donated the Polo Grounds.

Farrington, about to splash into the big puddle, took the national spotlight. Publicity and human interest stuff did the rest.

Mattan had a big, fast team. The New Yorkers had won all but two

games on their schedule with a great aerial offensive. Without Wayne, Ricky had elaborated on power plays. He talked the situation over with James and Allison on the train to New York.

"We need one good scoring play," he said worriedly. "Look." He pencilled a sketch on paper. "Here's the idea."

Allison looked it over. "It might be worked out," he said. "Football is like chess and history. A carefully planned move at the right time can change the whole picture."

Professor James examined the paper and jotted down some figures.

"I'd like to work on this with Allison," he suggested. "A successful play depends on split-second timing. It's all a matter of mathematics."

"Go to it," Ricky said.

**N**EW YORK gave Farrington a big welcome. But the night before the game two things happened.

Gabby burst into Ricky's hotel room.

"Wayne!" she gasped. "We were all in Bouncer's room listening to Kate Smith broadcast when Wayne got a telephone call. He looked awfully funny and then got his hat and coat. He just left."

Ricky frowned. "Why all the excitement?"

"I'm afraid something will happen to him," she wailed. "I gave out a story to the press that he is going to play tomorrow."

"What!"

Gabby nodded miserably.

Ricky grabbed up his coat. "Gabby, I could wring your neck," he snapped.

Wayne was just leaving the hotel entrance in a taxi when Ricky dashed outside. Another had just discharged its passenger. Ricky jumped in.

"Follow that cab ahead," he ordered. "There's ten bucks in it for you."

The chase led to a saloon on Third Avenue. Ricky flung the cabby a bill and went in after Wayne. He didn't notice the big Buick pull up in back of the taxi. Two men got out.

Wayne was at the bar talking to a short, nervous little man. He was just

stuffing a sealed packet inside his coat when he saw Ricky. But he didn't have time to speak. Two men brushed past Ricky.

"Temple's looking for you, Prentiss," one of them growled.

Wayne backed away from the bar. Lawson turned pale and shrank to one side.

Wayne didn't stop to question Ricky's presence there. He suddenly yelled: "Fifty-one, Coach!" and dove at his nearest adversary.

The cry galvanized Ricky into action. Fifty-one was running interference for an end sweep. Wayne's dive caught his man around the knees, smashing him flat. Ricky lunged at the other, catching him around the hips and pulling him off balance.

**T**HE next few moments were blurred with action. The two men were tough and used to rough and tumble tactics. Ricky got an elbow in the eye and a knee in the groin that doubled him up. He hung onto his antagonist grimly, fighting for the use of his legs again. He finally managed to roll clear and staggered to his feet just in time to see Wayne who had torn free of the melee go scooting toward the door. His little companion had beat it as soon as the fight started.

Ricky saw red. Wayne was running out on him! He moved instinctively, just dodging a murderous blow aimed at his head. The other man started to go in pursuit of Wayne, but seeing it was useless, turned in raging fury on Ricky. Ricky grappled desperately, but he didn't have a chance. He never even saw one of the men jerk a gun from his pocket. All he remembered was a terrific blow that descended on his head.

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## CHAPTER V

### *A Clean Sweep*

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**A**N hour later, Wayne, disheveled and dirty, and with blood running down the side of his face from a cut over his left eye, burst into

Ricky's hotel room. Gabby was there with Allison and James.

"Where's the Coach?" Wayne panted.

"That's what we'd like to know," Gabby said. "He went after you."

Wayne groaned. "I left him fighting with two mugs in a Third Avenue saloon. I couldn't help it."

He thought a moment, then went over to the telephone and got Joe Danton on the wire.

"Wayne talking," he said tersely. "I got Temple on a limb. No, I'm not crazy. Lawson helped me. We bought Truman for five G's. He sold Temple up the river. I've got evidence that'll smash the tunnel investigation and put you in the clear. But that's not important now. Here's what you've got to do, Joe. . . ."

He finally slammed down the receiver on the hook and turned to the worried trio.

"Ricky's in a jam on my account. Keep this thing quiet at any cost. I'm going after him."

"If I wasn't a lady, I'd call you every name in the book, Wayne Prentiss," Gabby gritted from between clenched teeth.

But Wayne had already ducked out of the room.

**F**IFTY thousand noisy football fans jammed into the Polo Grounds to see if Ricky Terrill's Foreign Legion could ram a ball game down Hunch Palmer's throat.

In the Farrington locker room, there was sullen, shifty-eyed silence as the players got dressed. It was ten minutes before game time and neither Ricky nor Wayne had shown up. Allison and James tried to restore some semblance of fighting spirit, but it just wasn't there.

Suddenly the locker room buzzed with excitement. Wayne, his face pale and drawn, and deep circles under his eyes, had just slipped inside. He shook his head mutely at the eager expressions on Allison's and James' faces. They dropped.

Wayne started pulling off his clothes.

"I'm playing," he said grimly. "I

owe Ricky that much any way."

"You don't look so hot to me," Bouncer grunted, slipping into his ponderous shoulder pads.

"Never mind, fat boy," Wayne snapped. "Just block."

Allison had one last word. "You know the new play we've worked out. If you're in a spot, remember a good general and strategist always does the opposite of what the enemy expects."

Mattan kicked off. Neely, their rangy half back booted to the Farrington five yard line. Wayne made a

time. The Farrington rooters groaned as the pigskin rolled to the thirty yard stripe where Neely fell on it.

On the first play Mattan plowed through center for three yards. Neely faded back for a pass. It was short, through center. But Neilson materialized from out of nowhere and batted it down. Two Mattan linemen, charging through, smacked him hard. Tommy wiped a smear of blood from a split lip as he got to his feet, but he was grinning.

Bouncer slapped him on the back.



Ossie Solem

## A Coach Talks

By

**OSSIE SOLEM**

*Coach of Syracuse University*

**P**ROBLEMS? Sure, there are problems—millions of them. Every coach faces them, and they shift and change with every week in the season. That's one reason, I guess, why coaching football is such a fascinating profession. There's a chance to do big things—and big things mean man-making as well as the building of winning teams.

Nobody realizes better than I just how big a problem a boy faces in collegiate football. If he becomes a star, the problem is intensified. Thousands of people look on him as a hero, and the danger is that he'll begin to look on himself as a hero, too. Conceit is bad for anybody, particularly for youngsters who are getting a lot of attention. So the coach has to tone that down without instilling an inferiority complex in the lads.

It's my idea that success is built on fundamentals. Without them you go nowhere. That's why on the football field I teach blocking and tackling until the cows come home. The players have got to learn or they can't get on my team. Block and tackle! Men who can do that win games!

nice catch and moving behind Bouncer and Swede, started up the field. He got exactly ten steps and was smothered under an avalanche of Mattan tacklers.

The crowd roared lustily.

Wayne took his time getting off the ground. He had been hit hard, and his head was buzzing. There was a quick huddle. Then Wayne, back on his two yard stripe got ready to kick.

The ball spun back low. He fumbled a moment and got the kick-off just in

"Just watch the fat boy," he consoled. "I'm going to bowl me a strike."

The ball went into play again. Hanley, Mattan's famed triple threat man, took it, faked a spinner and plunged toward the left side of the line. But Bouncer, charging like a wild bull, opened a gap between the two linemen who had roughed Tommy. The power behind his drive pancaked them both. Then he hit Hanley around the hips. The bruising impact smashed the halfback for a three yard loss.

Bouncer, the imps of the devil dancing in his eyes, helped Hanley to his feet.

"That, Mister," he said, "is how we make omelets."

**M**ATTAN treated Bouncer with new respect. Farrington stiffened their defense and held the New Yorkers. Wayne, out on his feet from lack of sleep, played like a mad man literally forcing tired muscles to obey his will.

With three minutes of the first period left, Tommy Neilson wrenched his shoulder. A substitute replaced him, leaving Wayne, Bouncer and Jigg Mone to carry the burden of the attack. A fumble by Mattan gave Farrington the ball on their own thirty-five yard stripe.

Wayne called time out.

"It's fifty-nine, gang," he said, spitting out a mouthful of dirt. "I need a rest." The referee's whistle blew.

After a quick huddle, Farrington settled into the line. Wayne, barking the signals, shifted to the right. The ends spread out.

The center snapped the ball. Wayne took it, spun and shoved it at Jigg Mone, who cut to the right. Wayne sprinted to the left and then stopped dead in his tracks. Jigg faded back to loop a pass to Kowalski, right end, who was streaking out into the clear. Instead he whirled and tossed the pigskin to Wayne.

But Mattan, playing heads up football, wasn't caught napping. Two men moved fast to cover Kowalski, and two more dashed to cut off Harmon, Farrington left end, running along the sidelines. The six-foot Mattan center plunged at Wayne to make the tackle, but an elephant cut him off, smashing him flat. Wayne eluded another tackler and dropped back to his own twenty-six yard line. The crowd was on its feet, sensing a long pass. Harmon was the logical receiver, but Wayne crossed Mattan and the grandstand quarterbacks.

Kowalski had spun into the clear far down the field. Wayne tensed and drew back his arm. He put everything he had into the heave.

Experts later declared the ball

traveled fifty-seven yards.

Kowalski snagged the ball on a dead run and crossed the enemy goal line standing up.

It was spectacular football, and the crowd went wild. Wayne missed the boot for the extra point. He left the game limping and barely able to stand.

"Any news of Ricky?" he asked Gabby, on reaching the bench.

Gabby shook her head. "But all is forgiven, Daddy," she said. "This is Ricky's game."

"Maybe," Wayne shot back. "Mattan is tough."

**I**N the second period, the New Yorkers put on the pressure. Without Wayne and Tommy, Farrington buckled under power plays and aerial bombardment. Hanley went over to tie the score on a spinner from Farrington's twenty-five yard stripe. He converted for the extra point, bringing the crowd to its feet.

Swede went back into the game despite his shoulder injury. The line tightened. At half time, Mattan was leading 7-6. In the locker room, Farrington players sprawled out, exhausted and too tired to talk.

And Gabby broke all precedents by barging in. The cop at the door tried to stop her and tangled with a wildcat.

"Ricky's on his way here, Wayne," she cried. "Your friend Danton found him. In jail in Brooklyn. He said to tell you not to worry."

The news was a fresh shot in the arm. A fighting team went back into the game. But Mattan was out for blood. The New Yorkers unleashed a savage attack, marching sixty yards down the field on power plays. But Farrington, playing over their heads, held on the fifteen yard stripe.

Mattan made a bid for a field goal. Then Hanley, living up to his reputation, made a difficult angle boot for the three points. The drive had taken its toll, however. On the kick-off, Wayne snagged the ball and ran it in to the thirty yard stripe, where three tacklers crushed him to the ground. He didn't get up. He watched Farrington fight a losing battle well into the fourth period.

But with seven minutes to play, things began to happen. Jigg Mone intercepted a pass on the midfield stripe. Tommy crashed the line for a first down. And then Mattan got another surprise. Bouncer, carrying the ball for the first time, ploughed through the entire Mattan team for fifteen yards.

It was an inspired march Farrington was making, and thousands were rooting with all their lusty lung power. But on Mattan's ten yard stripe, Tommy, snaking through right tackle, fumbled. The New Yorkers recovered. Hanley moved back to kick out of danger.

Bouncer, playing safety position, waited for the ball. It was a spinning, end over end kick. A groan went up as the ball slipped through his fingers and started to roll crazily towards the Farrington goal line. Tommy smothered it on the twelve yard stripe.

Farrington called time out.

Wayne, huddled in blankets, suddenly sprang to his feet.

"I'm going in," he cried.

"And I'll say a prayer," Gabby muttered. And then screamed with delight. Running down the sidelines towards the bench was Ricky. The beautiful shiner he wore stood out prominently.

**W**AYNE, helmet in hand, paused just long enough to wave at Ricky. Tommy was stopped on the first play for no gain. Then the team crowded around Wayne.

"Ricky's here," he croaked hoarsely. "Let's wrap up the ball game. It's seventy-nine."

Mathematics and history came into their own.

Wayne deliberately fumbled the toss from center and dropped on the ball. The stands were a bedlam.

"Now!" Wayne spat. He called the signals in a cool, unhurried voice that carried to the hushed crowd. The ball was snapped. The play was kick formation, but Wayne wasn't booting. He ran to the left as if making a desperate bid for an end sweep. Then suddenly he cut back to the right. And

leaping high into the air above charging Mattan tacklers, he heaved a pass at Neilson skirting the end zone.

Tommy made a desperate one handed stab at the ball, juggled it a moment, then, tucking it under his arm, started up the field. He stiff-armed a tackler, reversed toward the left, shook off fingers clutching at his legs. The stands were on their feet.

Hanley, playing safety, bore down on him. But Bouncer came out of the tangle from nowhere. His vicious block nearly cracked three of Hanley's ribs. Tommy made it a ninety-seven yard run to victory.

Bouncer had ideas about that unimportant extra point, however.

"I'm taking it over," he said doggedly. "My Pop's up in the stands. He still thinks I'm a loafer."

Trotting back to his position, he called over to the grim faced Mattan line: "I'm coming through center, boys. Don't get in my way."

Mattan took him at his word and got set. But no team could stop him. He went over the end stripe with four tacklers hanging onto him.

Bouncer lay face down on the ground a moment, then pushed himself erect. "I hope Pop was watching," he said.

It took a cordon of police to keep the mobs from storming the Farrington dressing rooms. Ricky was in a happy daze and didn't even remember shaking hands with Hunch Palmer—fat, bald-headed and looking disappointed.

Joe Danton got into the room somehow. He pounded Wayne on the back.

"A clean sweep all around, kid, thanks to you. Temple's through in this town. You can come home now."

"You'll have to wait for my graduation, Joe," Wayne replied. "In two years, you'll be needing a first class engineer."

Ricky Terrill attended to one last piece of business. As a result, a special messenger delivered a bulky package to Terrill Senior. In it were eleven dolls and a note, which read:

"Babies like 'em, but they've been crying for Daddy!"

# Inside Tips and Helpful Hints

By **ACE PARKER**

*Former All-American Back of Duke University and Famous Pro Star*

**A**T the start, there are several factors to be considered, if you want to play football. The first is: Are you physically equipped to play the game? You must be fairly rugged to begin with. It's a rough sport, no matter what is done to ease it up. In the second place, you have to have the supervision of men who know what it's all about. Even a fellow with a good strong body can be hurt if he does things in a headstrong and foolish way.

It is necessary that boys who play should be in good condition. They should be trained by men who know their business, and not only brought into shape, but taught how to block and tackle and take a fall in the right way. Most boys, too, do not have a conception of what they are fitted for. It takes a shrewd and intelligent coach to pick them out of the herd and place them in the proper position.



**T**HE mental factor is not an inconsiderable one. How is yours? How do you react to punishment—to the demand that you do your best in a crisis with fifty thousand people yelling their heads off? It isn't only a question of courage. I know some of the gamest fellows in the world, who just are not geared up to come through with a great burst of effort under those conditions. Their nervous systems won't permit it.

Try to analyze yourself. Can you do your best when the pinch is tightest? Can you keep your head in the milling maelstrom of a game—remember exactly what routine the coach outlined on the blackboard for a given play? Can you seize on some unexpected situation and turn it to your advantage? You can't know exactly, but you can get some sort of an idea from what happened in similar situations in school or scrub games.



**F**OOTBALL isn't entirely physical. There is a lot of smart stuff needed. If you eventually aim to play college football don't think you can do it at the expense of your education. The intelligent man is the one who goes farthest toting a pig-skin.

I imagine you have seen diagrams of football plays. Suppose a combination forward and lateral pass—or a spinner, if you like—or even a plain off-tackle slant is called for. To carry out any of those plays is not just simply a problem of the men who handle the ball. It is a problem in which every one of the eleven men has a part. If one of the eleven fails in his task the result will be a failure to gain ground, or even a loss.

A team is a machine, and a machine is no better than its weakest part. This means you must have a good mind and an excellent memory.



**D**ON'T stress the matter of courage so much, because I believe that every fellow who tries to play football has enough of that to carry him





through. There have been many incidents of unusual courage—foolhardiness, you might call them—of men playing with broken bones or other severe injuries. This is foolish. No coach wants it. He'd rather lose the most important game on the schedule than risk ruining some boy's life.

And purely from the point of team welfare it's bad. A crippled man is a liability, no matter how brilliant he may be normally. So, if you are hurt, don't make a grandstand play and insist on sticking in there. Admit your disability and hope to be ready for next week's game.



**S**PEED and deftness in handling the ball is important. It isn't hard for any kid to learn to pass and catch passes. He can do it with his friends on the lots. Doing that day after day will give him a natural dexterity that will be endlessly valuable when he actually tries out for a team. Tackling should wait until it can be taught by an expert. Too many boys are hurt in clumsy tackling during scrub games. The smaller fellows can get a lot of needed practice by playing touch football—and not risk physical injury.



**N**OW, LET'S TAKE UP SOME OF THE ASSETS A PLAYER MUST HAVE AND SOME OF THE THINGS HE HAS TO DO IN THE DIFFERENT POSITIONS.

## CENTER

The center doesn't only pass the ball to the backs. He is one of the important offensive and defensive factors in the line. An outstanding one wouldn't be drawn out of position on a deep reverse play or spinner. He could slam to earth every runner who shaved his way past the line. Offensively, he could throw an effective block after snapping the ball. He could knock down passes and back up the line like granite. On occasion he could even go out on the wing and take a lateral pass.

## GUARD

The ideal guard must have leg drive above everything else as he bullets through in a deep charge, or drops out of line to head interference. He is the key man on the hop-shift offense. A good guard doesn't have to be a tall man, for often a low center of gravity is a help. The smaller man does not have to bend down or leave his feet to take out a tackler, but can sideswipe him and go on to take out another one. If he is nimble enough to shuttle in and out as he goes toward the core of the play so much the better.

## TACKLE

The tackle has to get the correct blocking angle on an opponent, and this requires shifty foot-work. On power sweeps and short side reverses, he must be able to come out of the line with the guards to block for the runner. When he stays on the line he must be able to

outguess the enemy end who has been assigned to stop him. He must be able to open holes for the ball carriers—ride out the defensive tackle—and set the stage for fast moving cut-backs. He must be able to get down the field under kicks as well as the ends.

## END

The wingman is a tremendous factor offensively and defensively. In the modern game he is the forward pass catcher. He must be sure-handed in this, but he needs more than catching ability. He must be fast, be able to time his break instinctively, and make himself hard to cover. Defensively, the end must be a smashing tackler. He must be able to diagnose plays, take out the tackle or smear the end on an outside play. You need brains out there on the wings, and plenty of speed to take you down under a punt.

## THE BACKFIELD

While technically the backfield is divided into quarterback, right and left halfback and fullback positions, there actually are no such things any more. Titles don't mean a thing. On some teams the quarterback backs up the line on the defensive and is a blocking back on the offense. On other teams those jobs are done by the fullback or one of the halves. So, if you are aiming to be a back, learn everything you can about all the jobs—and then play where the coach assigns you. There are a lot of things you'll have to know, beside fundamentals like tackling and felling on a ball.

*Including an Analysis of Football Positions*

Kicking plays a tremendous part in the scheme of modern football. You don't only need distance ranging from fifty to seventy yards—but control. There are times when you must boot into the coffin corner—and if you are off direction the ball will roll over the goal line. Sometimes you have to boot high to let your ends get down under it; sometimes low and on a line, as with a quick-kick. One of the backs must be a drop-kick specialist for the all-important point after touchdown or a needed goal from the field.

Passing has become the most important attacking factor of all. You have to fade back, pursued by half the enemy team, and launch your throws straight to a moving target. It's not every back who has a Kelley to throw to—but whether your receivers are good or not you must get the ball near them. You should be able to catch passes yourself, for often the plan of strategy will call for the back to be on the receiving end.

Ball carrying is an art. The star in this department must combine speed, elusiveness and drive. He must be able to whirl through center on a spinner, slice off tackle or cut around

the ends. He must be able to straight-arm, pivot, feint and cross-step. If you are a plunger, you must be able to dive into a mass of men, and fight your way through by sheer power.

Blocking is one of the real fundamentals, and no team can go anywhere without it, even though it has the best ball toters in the world. You have to get the other fellows out of the way or your own can't get going. The blocking back takes a beating and does not get the praise showered on the fellow who makes the long run—but he is every bit as necessary.

One of the backs usually calls signals, or the plays in the huddle. He must be a natural strategist, able to diagnose the strength and weakness of the opposing team. You are either right or wrong. There's no second guessing. You have to mix up your plays, and there is nothing more tragic than to have the winning touchdown on the five-yard line, and not be able to put it over. A smart field general is right eight times out of ten in his choice of plays, though sometimes lack of teamwork prevents them from being carried through perfectly.

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**THRILLING SPORTS—POPULAR SPORTS MAGAZINE—**  
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# A PRO MANAGER VIEWS THE GAME

By **STEVE OWEN**

*Coach of the New York Football Giants*

**I** HAVE played and coached more years than I like to think about, and have come to the conclusion that the average fellow starts to play the game too early. By the time he gets into the professional game he has usually had four years in high school and four more in college, perhaps a year or two extra in prep school.

A boy of fourteen or fifteen is too young for a game of such hard physical contacts. He doesn't know how to take the shock of falls or tackles. While coaching and supervision in the high schools has improved greatly in recent years, I don't believe that even such improvement can make up for too early a start.

It is my belief that if a youngster didn't start to play football until at least his last year in high school, he would last much longer and suffer far fewer injuries. It is likely that boys would develop more slowly in college, and you'd hear less of sensational sophomore and junior players, but that slower maturity would enable them to last longer when they tried to make their living in the professional game.

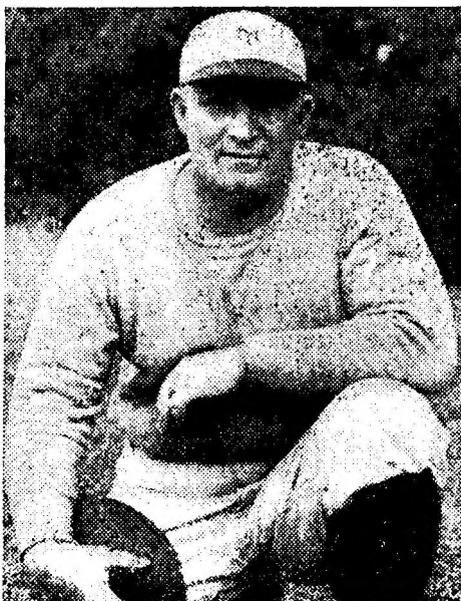
I'm not saying this from a selfish viewpoint, but for the benefit of the boys themselves. It was rather distressing to learn, through tests made at Columbia University, how many youngsters who had been athletic stars in their early boyhood are suffering from various disabilities. They had simply put too great a strain on bodies that had not grown strong enough to stand it.

The game, as a whole, is getting better—faster, more interesting. I believe the few differences in rules between the pro and col-

lege game react favorably to us. We have caught the fancy of the public with our perfectly balanced style of play and fighting spirit. Naturally, that please me. I'm a professional, the manager of a professional team that is judged on the reaction at the box office as well as the number of games we chalk up in the victory column.

We have taken hold because we have given the public what it wants—a clean, fast, dramatic game by men who are experts at it. Pros are post-graduates of the gridiron. They have been playing the game for years. They know what it is all about.

Nowhere in the country is the enthusiasm for professional football greater than in New York. But the tremendous interest in pro football is not centered in New York—not by any manner of means. It has become general throughout the country. This is natural. The pro teams are made up of stars. There isn't a weak spot in any squad, compared with college standards. Some may look spotty when pitted against



Steve Owen

outstanding elevens in the league, but they all have plenty of what it takes!

Some may point out that early season contests with college All-Star teams have not always turned out to our advantage. That is easy to explain. In the first place, our opponents are crack players, a good many of whom have already signed with professional clubs. In the second place, we have had too little practice. Both sides, in a manner of speaking, start from scratch when they get together. But no individual college team can match the power in line and backfield that a National League club has.

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## Do Football Players Start Too Young?

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# WINGS FOR THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

By **NELSON S. BOND**

*Author of "Rose Bowl Fever," "Back to the Bushes," etc.*



**D**UTCH" Meyer was not the sensitive type. Far from it. His thick-set body, massive of shoulders and squaring down to heavy, capable ankles, was built for doing, not dreaming. But as he took his slip of paper and raced across the gridiron to join his crimson-clad teammates, he felt like a man who has turned his back to the warmth and comfort of a winter hearth.

Behind him on the bench, the friendly eyes of Coach "Lazy" Roberts watched him approvingly. In the Tidewater stands a host of frenzied voices roared their adulation. But the faces of the players he was jogging forward to join were cold, bleak, disapproving. There was poorly veiled hostility in their eyes.

Dutch gave his slip to the stripe-shirted official, and moved into position. The deposed halfback, Tom Foster, jerked off his helmet and moved to the sidelines, his lips moving pettishly. The ref signaled time in. Quarterback Joe Irving's voice snarled curt numerals.

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**It Takes More Than Speed and Skill to Make a Football Flash, and Halfback Candace Learns That Dutch Meyer Has What It Takes!**

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"Forty-four . . . thirteen . . . twenty-nine . . . eight!"

The ball arched back from Baylor to Irving. Irving twisted in a half-spinner and jabbed it into the hands of "Red" Candace. Candace lurched toward the gap presumably opened by Davey Crockett and Spud Moreland over left tackle.

All these things Dutch Meyer knew only because he knew the play designated by the signals. He did not see them happen. For with the snap of the ball he had swung into his own allotted part in the routine.

**L**IKE a blunt-shouldered battering ram, he hit the scrimmage line a split-second after the dual blast of Crockett and Moreland. His feet spurned an animate huddle of sprawling arms and legs. His driving charge carried him hip-high into the Aggies' halfback, moving up to block the gaping rent. His takeout was perfect. He hit the turf with a feeling of duty well accomplished, waited expectantly for the delighted scream from the sidelines that would herald the success of the play.

But the scream did not come. Instead, a whistle was shrilling. Bodies about him were rising, and the hand of his late antagonist was stretching down to his.

"Nice block, fella!" the Aggie halfback grunted.

Dutch rose dazedly and looked behind him. Somehow Candace had failed to get through that hole. His gain had been one not of yards but of mere inches. And now it was the Crimson Typhoon's third down and seven yards to go on the Aggies' forty-

The third time Dutch Meyer gained but seven yards



three-yard line—with but four minutes of playing time remaining in this so far scoreless game.

Back in the huddle again Dutch was now free to speak to his companions and they to him. But no cheery word

of greeting acknowledged his presence. Instead, field captain Red Candace said to the quarterback:

"We kick. That right, Joe?"

Irving nodded. "Right! Shove 'em back with a good one. We'll try to—"

Dutch spoke up. "Joe, Lazy said to give me the ball."

Irving's eyes met his hotly for a minute. Then defiantly, "No soap. We're kicking."

"Hold it!" warned Dutch. "Maybe you didn't understand, Joe. The coach said you're to give me the ball."

His eyes met and locked in turn with those of the quarterback and field captain. There was a brief struggle of wills, then Candace shrugged. The hostility in his voice was an open challenge.

"The fair-haired child to the rescue, huh? All right, miracle man, let's see you bust that line!"

"Look, Red, don't be that way," Dutch said. "We can take these guys. We had a chance to break through on that last play except—"

Candace's cheeks darkened. "Except that I followed through too slow to suit you, is that right? Well, we can't all be 'Flying Dutchmen' with our names in headlines. The rest of us are just plain, ordinary football players. Okay, Joe, give Meyer the ball and let's see what he can do with it."

The team moved sluggishly into position. Dutch, awaiting the signal, dried moist hands nervously on his moleskins, sizing the situation before him. There was one thing he could not count on—penetration of the enemy line by his teammates swift enough to let him through. He was on his own.

But sideline study of the Aggies' defensive tactics had shown him a few things. Their right halfback, Williams, was a sucker for a straight plunge play. He'd come in every time. And the fullback, Sherman, was a little slow in getting to his right. If by some miracle Irving could take out the end—

Irving was snapping signals. "Nineteen . . . thirty-five . . . seventy-nine!"

**T**HE ball floated back over Irving's dropping hands straight to Dutch. His right palm snared it and, the brown

oval cradled comfortably to his belly, Dutch charged straight toward the straining line. But just for a second. As he saw Irving criss-cross before him to down the Aggies' right end, he saw too that the Aggies' halfback had sprung forward to back up the yielding primary.

He cut sharply to his left. Ten swift paces he took. Then, with a swiftness that brought a gasp from the crowd in the stadium, he broke even more sharply to his right around the end of the scrimmage line.

The defenders were caught flat-footed. Too late the sucked-in halfback saw the ruse which had betrayed him. Too late the sluggish Sherman turned toward the danger zone. For now the Flying Dutchman was in full sail. Like a flash of crimson fire, Dutch streaked down the sideline to touchdown land.

His feet outpaced the retreating linesmen, left the halfback panting behind him. Sherman alone had a chance to stop him, but Sherman's belated lunge succeeded only in shifting him two paces to the left as Dutch crossed the slant stripes for the first, last, and only score of the game.

In the dressing room after the game the veteran Typhoon trainer, gnarled little Jed O'Brien, was frankly amazed.

"I'm surprised at you guys," he chided as his capable hands kneaded the shoulders of a stiff-muscled linesman. "You won the game, didn't you? Then why don't you talk it up? You're sitting around like a bunch of pickle-pusses. What's the matter with you?"

His query was met with the same strained, unnatural silence that had ushered the victorious crimson-clads into the dressing room. Then Red Candace answered him caustically.

"Your mistake, Jed. It was Mr. Meyer who won the game! Can't you just see the headlines—'Meyer-6, Aggies-0. The brilliant two-minute flash of Tidewater scores after his fumbling teammates were unable to do so for three full periods!'"

Dutch shrugged and said nothing. There was nothing he could say. Or rather, there was but one thing he could ever say to dispel the animosity of his

teammates. And that thing was a secret between himself and Coach Lazy Roberts, a secret Dutch had pledged himself never to reveal.

But O'Brien took up the cudgels for him. "What are you gripin' about, redhead? Meyer made the touchdown, so what? We won, didn't we? And that makes four in a row, doesn't it? If Meyer's the only guy on the team who packs a scorin' punch—"

His words inflamed the smoldering fire of the team captain's wrath.

"Yeah!" Candace snarled. "That's it! That's what we love about this set-up. The Flying Dutchman! The Crimson Typhoon's scoring punch! Lazy Roberts' fair-haired child. The rest of us are just shock troops. We go out there and take the licking, do all the dirty work; then when we get into something that looks like scoring position—bingo! In comes Mr. Meyer to earn his weekly headline!" He spun to Dutch irately. "That's about the size of it, isn't it, Mr. Meyer?"

"I guess it looks that way," Dutch admitted stolidly.

"Looks that way? It is that way!" For the first time Candace used a reasonable argument. "I'm not saying you're not good, Meyer. You're fast and smooth and tricky. But we're supposed to be a football team, not a setting for a one-man show. You're as big and tough as the rest of us. How come you're just a five-minute wonder? Why aren't you out there doing your stuff sixty minutes a game like the bunch of us?"

**D**UTCH had finished dressing. He rose now, his jaw set.

"You'll have to ask Roberts about that, Candace," he said quietly. "I'm just one of the team, same as you."

And he left the dressing room.

But a few minutes later, in the private office of Coach Lazy Roberts adjoining the locker room, Dutch's manner was less mild. He turned gloomily to the team mentor.

"Lazy, it's no use," he said. "I can't go on with this. You'll have to tell the fellows."

Roberts steepled broad, blunt fingertips and eyed his backfield flash.

"What's the matter, Dutch?" he asked.

"You know. You're not blind. It's the gang. They hate my guts. You can see it in their eyes and in their actions. Today Red came right out and asked why I wasn't a sixty-minute man. Why I was teacher's little touchdown pet."

Roberts' eyes clouded. "You didn't tell him, did you?" he asked swiftly.

"No. And I won't unless you say so. But, Lazy, I've got to. I can't go on like this week after week, knowing that every time I walk out on the field I have twenty-one enemies, ten of them in the same uniform I'm wearing. They think I'm a glory grabber. A one-shot show-off. A—"

"I know." Roberts rose, walked around the desk and laid a warm hand on the Flying Dutchman's shoulder. "It's tough, Dutch, but it's got to be this way. It's for the good of the team whether they know it or not."

"Dutch, this year Tidewater has one of the strongest defensive teams it has ever known. I'd back them to hold any pro team that ever took the field. But we haven't got any scoring punch, any change of pace man, except you. And you—" He shrugged. "Well, you and I know why you can't be in there sixty minutes a game."

"If you could, we might be winning by five and six touchdowns instead of by scores of six to nothing, like today. But if we were to tell the rest of the fellows what you and I know, you can guess what the effect would be on their morale."

"Even if they do seem to hate your guts, a noticeable difference comes over them the minute you go onto the field. They perk up. They feel confident. They know, dislike it as they may, there's a spark plug coming out to join them; a touchdown is in the offing. But if they knew this *other* thing"—Roberts stressed the word lightly—"they'd be hopeful, but unsure, nervous. In that condition they'd never shake you loose."

"Maybe by the end of the season—" Dutch said hopefully.

Meyer eyed him gravely.

Roberts nodded. "Maybe. That's

what we're hoping, anyway. Right now we have to keep on playing you in the spots and for only a few minutes at a time. And above all things—we *mustn't* tell the team."

He stared thoughtfully at his star halfback. "You understand that, Dutch? And you'll carry on with things as they are?"

Dutch rose heavily. He essayed a grin that didn't quite jell.

"We're still winning games," he said. "I guess I can take it."

**I**N another building at the far side of the Tidewater campus, Red Candace was reading the sports page of the evening paper and growling as he found there the same write-up he had predicted.

"Listen to this," he grumbled to his companion, fullback "Mutt" O'Doul, "'Dutch Meyer, the Flying Dutchman of the Crimson Typhoon, kept Tidewater's victory string intact today with a heart-stirring fifty-yard dash for the sole touchdown against State's powerful Aggies. As in previous games this season, Meyer's dash provided a thrilling climax to an otherwise uninspired game.' Bah!" Candace crumpled the newspaper in an angry fist. "Scoring punch, your hat! Two-minute wonder, that's what he is! Well, we'll see about that next week."

"Look, Red," O'Doul said hesitantly, "aren't you being a little hot-headed about Meyer? After all, he *is* getting results."

"And," growled Candace savagely, "the headlines and the glory to boot! I'm tired of playing stooge to a one-play specialist. And I'm going to do something about it as soon as I get a chance."

"What do you mean?" Mutt asked.

"Wait till next week," Candace grunted. "You'll see!"

The next week's game, representing the half-way mark of Tidewater's grid-iron schedule, brought the Kay-dets of Southern Military to town.

Always a colorful band of visitors in their snappy gray and gold uniforms, SM was more than ever an attraction this year. Like Tidewater, the military college had come up with an eleven

which was a sure contender for Conference championship honors, if not, indeed, for national recognition. They, too, boasted an unmarred record of four consecutive victories, including bitter intersectional wins over powerful teams from Iowa State and Wisconsin.

Now they had their sabers sharpened to combat the Typhoon, a victory over whom would raise their already excellent standing in the national ratings.

It was the third Saturday in October. The day was clear and dry, almost hot, with the belated breath of Indian summer lingering on the coastal plain. Rooters in the grandstand used their topcoats as seat cushions. And Dutch Meyer, sitting on the bench as the game got under way, felt the hot afternoon sun beating down upon his back like a sultry fist.

He relaxed, drinking in that grateful flood of warmth. Its therapeutic value, he knew, was even greater than the glow of the sun-ray lamp under which he bathed for thirty minutes each day.

The first quarter was very much as the newspaper football experts had predicted. Fifteen minutes of power-play tries terminated by ground-salvaging punts from either end of the field. The two teams were trying each other out; neither uncorked a spectacular play.

For the most part it was straight football, clean and hard-driving. Possession of the ball fluctuated between the teams' respective thirty-yard lines. Never once did either Kay-dets or Typhoon get within threatening distance of the other's goal line.

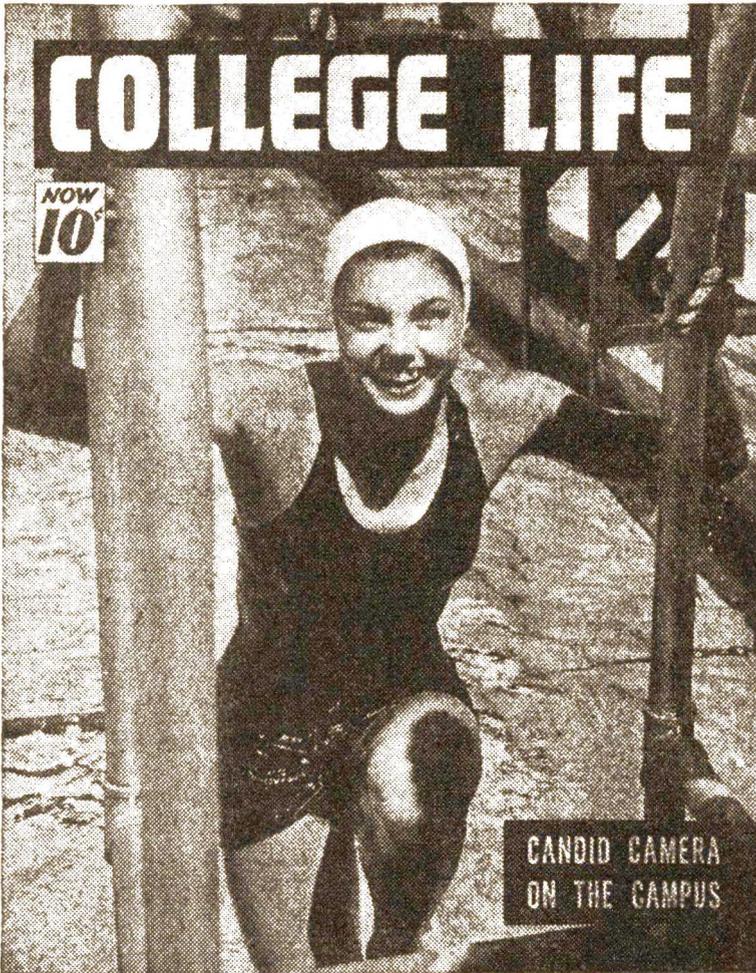
**T**HE second quarter saw a flood of gray and gold reserves racing in to assume Southern Military's line of campaign. Coach Lazy Roberts retaliated by plugging fresh subs into the more noticeably tiring gaps of his own line and backfield. The fans bestirred themselves, anticipating fireworks. Nor were they disappointed.

For the game began to open up. Power plunges and off-tackle drives were abandoned in favor of daring end-around plays and tricky reverses. The new Kay-det quarterback, Thrushler,

[Turn to page 106]

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early evidenced a liking for hipper-dipper. Twice he broke loose teammates for substantial gains by a series of complicated and bewildering chain-laterals.

Against this more wide-open assault, Joe Irving went into the air. SM's gains were nullified as the Typhoon ends, Bass and Latch, went down under two of Irving's talented tosses with sticky-fingered ease. But as in the first quarter, the free-wheeling machine of each team seemed to stall upon reaching pay-off territory.

The big red hand of the scoreboard clock crept nearer and ever nearer to the figure zero. Dutch Meyer's relaxed mood had long since disappeared. Now, like his teammates, he was sitting on the edge of the bench, staring intently at the field. Criticizing, analyzing, he studied each defensive gesture of the team against which, at any moment now, he might be thrown. At any moment, that was, if Tidewater got the ball in Kay-det territory, before the gun ended the half.

But the situation did not come to pass. With three minutes left to play it was the Kay-dets' ball. They exhausted three downs trying to slash a gap in the Typhoon's unyielding line, and ultimately kicked. The punt, a booming lofter, was received by Mutt O'Doul on Tidewater's twelve. There was time but for two more plays and even though Foster did crack through for a nine-yard gain on the second down, the half ended with the Typhoon in possession on their own twenty-five.

In the locker room between the halves, Red Candace exchanged his sweat-soaked jersey for a fresh one. He tossed a derisive comment in the direction of Dutch Meyer.

"I hope you're enjoying the game, Mr. Meyer? I'm sorry we haven't succeeded in setting up a spot for you yet."

"Never mind that, Red," said Dutch good-naturedly. "Listen, if they use Thrushler as quarterback again, there's a swell setup for a scoring play. He's a sucker for a mousetrap. Have Doc and Ted open up for him. Let Joe take him out and—"

"Got it all figured out, have you?" drawled Candace. "Well, no wonder. From where you sit it must be easy to see the faults. Maybe if you'd get in the game for a few minutes we could use some of your invaluable assistance!" He laughed harshly. "But I forgot. You will be in the game, won't you? As soon as we set up a scoring position so you can make the headlines again."

Dutch's hands tightened at his sides. Words that he had longed to speak for weeks trembled on his lips. But his jaw tightened, locking in the words. And finally the rest period was over.

**N**O game is more unpredictable than football. The first half had been dull; the second was like a furious explosion rocking the field. The spectators who, during intermission, had left their seats in search of hot dogs and soda, completely missed the most electrifying play so far.

With the opening kick-off, Mutt O'Doul took the ball on his own twelve-yard line, advanced eight yards, bobbed past one Kay-det end, straight-armed another, and set a slant-wise track across the field. On his twenty-eight he picked up interference, and the coalescing line, charging fast before him, toppled gray and gold defenders like tenpins.

Even before the astonished gasp of the spectators had welded into one exuberant roar, O'Doul had crossed the center stripe and was striking deep into enemy territory. Candace accounted for the halfback, Jennings. Tom Foster took out the swarthy blocking back, Sczchularek.

Had it not been for the fullback, Koehler, who snapped him out of bounds on the Kay-dets' eighteen, O'Doul's name would have gone down in football history as one of those legendary heroes who ran back an opening kickoff for six points. As it was, his seventy-yard gain was calculated to demoralize the gray-clads.

But the Kay-dets were made of stern stuff. In the face of this unexpected threat they demonstrated their claim to football greatness. They stif-

fened and threw back Tom Foster's off-tackle play. They rose on the second down to throw Red Candace for a three-yard loss. It was at this point that Coach Lazy Roberts played his ace in the hole. His eyes glanced down the bench.

"Dutch!" he said.

Dutch could not restrain the qualm of misgiving that burst through him when he heard his name. The echo of Candace's taunt came to his ears. "—as soon as we set up a touchdown spot for you."

But he rose and pulled on his helmet. What others thought of him did not matter. The important thing was for Tidewater to win this game. And it was his speed, his change of pace, after the sluggish power drives which had preceded, that might spell the difference between victory and defeat.

He took his slip and jogged out onto the field, once again feeling the anger and cold hostility that awaited him there. This time, however, he could not help noticing the paradoxical attitude of his teammates. Coach Roberts had been right. They were rebellious, indignant, wrathful at him for having come in at this crucial moment. But their morale was lifted by his presence.

Even as they glowered at him, their bodies tensed expectantly—as though in grudging recognition that the "two-minute flash" would positively score for them the touchdown they wanted.

It was an old story. Dutch went into his crouch, his face masklike to hide the shaft of lancing pain that came as knee and ankle joint took the pressure of his body. Then Irving called signals. The ball leaped back at him. Gray and crimson bodies tangled before him. The guard crashed through to open a hole.

Then he felt his own knees driving high, eyes searching, head lowered, turf hard and unyielding beneath his pounding feet. A gray body loomed before him, arms outstretched. A cut to the left. A slipping half-step. Then on again.

**I**T took only seconds, but so filled with action were those seconds that they seemed minutes. Like a fig-

ure in a slow-motion dream, Dutch saw the Kay-det fullback, Koehler, slamming at him from the right, measured with practiced eye the distance to the goal line and the angle of Koehler's charge. He knew even as Koehler's shoulder jolted his hips, bending him like an arched bow, that sheer impetus would carry him over the precious double-stripe.

And it was so. A split-second later the referee was lifting his hands above his head in token of a Typhoon touchdown. Dutch rose gingerly. Already his teammates were moving into position for the point after touchdown try, and another figure was racing onto the field toward the official—Dutch's replacement. Dutch turned and started toward the sidelines.

"Just a minute, Meyer," came the voice of Red Candace. "What's the rush?"

Dutch stared at him in perplexity. He bobbed his head toward the substitute now handing his slip to the referee. But Candace took two brisk steps to the official's side.

"We're refusing all substitutes," he barked. "Come on, Meyer. Line up!"

Dutch's face paled.

"But, Red, I—I—" he stammered.

The team captain's eyes glinted.

"Yes?" he said. "So you can't take it, eh? You've done your trick. Now you want to get off the field?"

Dutch Meyer knew that the show-down had come. Red Candace had at last found a way to force the hand of the two-minute flash. The choice was Dutch's. To expose the secret of Coach Roberts, or to—

His jaw snapped shut as he made his decision.

"I'll stick!" he said.

If there was a curious stiffness to his posture as he crouched, it went unnoticed in the scurry of the moment.

But on the sideline bench Coach Roberts was raving wildly at the confused substitute who had been rejected.

"But they can't send you back!" he was shouting. "They *can't!*"

"Well, they did!" the sub grunted.

Assistant Coach Bert Lansing

turned to his chief. "Boss, if Candace has his back up, there's nothing you can do about it. He's the team captain. He can accept or refuse substitutes as he chooses."

Coach Roberts' eyes dulled. He sank to his seat swearing softly.

"The fool! The everlasting damned fool!"

To the spectators it did not seem important that Mutt O'Doul's point try was ruined by a fast-charging Kay-det end. They had seen their strong defensive team this year win two games by a six-point margin. Moreover, the rooters' interest was centered now in the fact that for the first time this season the spectacular backfield ace, Dutch Meyer, was remaining in a game.

They anticipated great things. They pounded each other's backs gleefully, prognosticating wave upon wave of sensational touchdowns that would send the Kay-dets back to their academy a sadly bedraggled corps of militiamen.

**T**HE Kay-dets chose to receive. The game settled back into its usual course, as Garrick and Sczchularek each picked up two on consecutive line-plunge attempts. Then Koehler kicked into enemy territory. The Tidewater rooters preened themselves. Now for the fun.

On the field, Red Candace had something of the same idea. Usurping the right of generalship from his quarterback, he gave orders in the Typhoon's first huddle.

"All right, Irving. It's our ball. Call Mr. Meyer's signal. Let's see what a speed merchant he is with a whole field to work in."

Later, Dutch Meyer looked back upon those next ten minutes as some horrible nightmare. The fact that he broke through for twelve yards on the opening Typhoon play did not dissuade Red Candace from his purpose. He merely nodded at Irving, and again it was Meyer's signal that was called. And again. And again.

Four consecutive times Dutch heard that familiar number "fourteen" prefacing the line of numerals rasped by

the little quarterback. His first two essays netted a first down each. Sheer speed was the answer—that and desperation.

But each advance was climaxed by a bone-crushing tackle in which it seemed the entire Kay-det team had participated. The third time Dutch gained but seven yards. The fourth, he was stopped cold—short of the scrimmage line. And now as he reached the huddle, there was a grin of justified mockery on the team captain's face.

"Beginning to feel the pressure, Meyer? Now you know what we go through all the time. Maybe you'd like to take it again?"

Dutch had to shut his eyes for a minute. The fine, crimson wire of pain, scorching from his ankles to his thighs, seemed to touch off a responsive spark in his brain. He saw two Red Candaces before him, two grinning, mocking faces. His words sounded strange on his own lips.

"It's not good football, Candace," was all Meyer said.

"Maybe not, but it's lots of fun! You had enough?"

Anger battered down the pain that threatened to engulf Dutch.

"You idiot!" he croaked. "I—" Then his jaw snapped shut.

For there was a substitute running out on the field, a second-string backfield man. And Red Candace was preparing to wave the man back.

"No substitutes for Meyer, ref. No substitutes."

But the referee read the slip of paper coolly.

"Billings, in for Candace."

Candace grinned at Irving. "This is it. The Old Man wants to know why I'm putting the pressure on his fair-haired boy! Well, keep Mr. Meyer busy. I'll give Roberts an earful!"

He accepted the substitution and ran off the field. He reached the sideline, oozing defiance. The coach motioned to him, and he moved toward Roberts obediently. But he went on the offensive with his opening words.

"I know. You want to know why I refused a substitution for Dutch, don't you?"

**C**OACH LAZY ROBERTS' voice was icily furious.

"You were elected captain of this team, Candace," he said, "because the boys thought you had some sense. Because they thought you were a good leader. At the time I agreed with them. Now I've changed my mind."

"Because I've shown up your two-bit wonder, is that why?" replied Candace heatedly. "Well, he had it coming to him! I'm sick and tired, and so are all the rest of the fellows, of seeing him grab off the hero honors while we do all the work. We—"

"I called you out of the game," said the coach wearily, "because you were too pig-headed to let Meyer come out. Now you've forced my hand. I've got to tell you something that I didn't want to have to tell any of the boys before the season was over."

"Huh? About what?" Red Candace was suspicious, suddenly anxious.

"About Meyer. You've been grouching because I only send him in there in two and three-minute spots."

"Frankly, yes!" Candace's grin was lopsided. "And I'm trying to find out if he has the guts to stick in for a full term!"

"Guts!" Roberts slammed one hard fist into the palm of the other. "That kid can teach you and all the rest of us a lesson about guts, Candace! He's doing it right now by staying in there. Any lesser man wouldn't have waited for your permission to go off the field. He'd let himself be carried off on a stretcher!"

"That sounds good! That—" Then the coach's words penetrated. For the first time Red Candace looked uncertain. He blustered, "What do you mean?"

"I mean that Dutch Meyer's in no condition to play football at all! It's only because he's the gamest guy on two legs that he goes in there for five-minute intervals once or twice a week!"

Candace's confusion deepened. "But I don't understand. I—" he said.

"Of course you don't understand! You've never made it a point to find out anything about Dutch Meyer! You didn't know he was sick all last win-

ter, did you? Sick with a form of malaria that settled itself in his bones—gave him a bone fever that laid him up for two months and left him with an arrested case of bursitis."

"Bursitis?"

"Stiffening of the joints, to you! He's good for one or two plays at top speed. But afterwards—" The coach's voice softened. "You've never gone up to Dutch's room after a game, have you, Candace? You've never seen him lying motionless on his bed trying to soothe the pain that torments him after one of those touchdown dashes that have been the pay-off for us all year. We had to fight like hell to get his doctor to agree to his brief playing as exercise."

Red Candace flushed scarlet.

"Chief, I had no idea—" he choked.

Then his words were drowned out by the tumult of sound that burst suddenly from the grandstand on the farther side of the gridiron. Both men had forgotten the game momentarily. Their attention was jerked suddenly back to the field. What they saw was a dismaying sight.

**S**OMEHOW the Kay-dets had won possession of the ball. Now, as the Kay-det rooters went berserk, a gray-clad backfield man was zig-zagging a path through opposition, was breaking into the clear. Candace hardly realized that his voice was shrill in a cry.

"O'Doul!"

But it was no use. O'Doul was not within yards of the flying Kay-det. The soldier's run was one to equalize that which Mutt himself had made earlier in the half. It could have but one conclusion. And that came quickly. A standing touchdown. And the score was tied, 6 to 6!

Candace turned to the team mentor wildly. "Coach, get me back in there! You've got to! You—"

"You can't go back in there this quarter," grunted Roberts. "You know that. But Meyer can come out. Laferty!" He turned to a substitute.

Then Candace laid his hand on the Coach's arm. The captain's eyes were bleak. "Coach—"

"Yeah?"

"I—I told Irving not to accept any substitutes for Meyer!"

"You idiot!"

For the first time in a long football-coaching career Lazy Roberts lost his temper before a younger man.

"Two more minutes in this quarter before I can send you back to retract your crazy order! And they'll kick this point now!"

They did. Koehler's boot was perfect. The scoreboard barrel rolled to show Southern Military, 7—Tidewater, 6.

And once again the teams lined up for the kick-off. Roberts looked at his watch and groaned. "A minute—"

The boot went down field, high and true. Joe Irving, hoping for a break, had chosen to kick rather than receive. The ball was fumbled, then recovered by Koehler on the Southern Military's three, and the Kay-dets didn't like it. At this stage of the game, holding a precarious one-point lead, they wanted the ball on the other end of the field. Their intention was clear even as they lined up. To quick-kick out of that danger zone.

Candace, at the coach's elbow, spoke fearfully. "Lazy, look at Dutch!"

"I've been looking at him!" gritted the coach. "You know what's the matter with him, don't you? He's shot. Those joints of his have probably swelled and stiffened so he can't move an inch! It's all he can do to stand on his feet! We're getting a break. They're not going to try to run that ball. So long as the kick doesn't go anywhere near him—"

**A**ND then the Kay-dets kicked. It was a fair boot, but against the wind and much too high. The whipping air above the level of the stadium bowl caught the ball and floated it. It started to settle groundward toward the player who could barely move one foot before the other, a man who stood stock still in his tracks and watched the ball lobbing lazily toward him.

The cry burst from the throats of Coach Roberts and Red Candace.

"Free catch, Dutch! Free catch!"

But Meyer's hand did not raise in

the signal.

"He's crazy! He's going to try to run it!" Roberts whispered hoarsely.

"Crazy — but game!" Candace groaned.

The ball was almost down now. So were the Kay-det ends almost upon the ball catcher. And Meyer's hands were still not raised. He was going to make a play out of it somehow. But not if those men hit him first.

The stands were a blanket of motionless color as the spectators, with bated breath, awaited the result of this interchange. The ends were almost upon their quarry, merely waiting for him to touch the ball before they nailed him on their own thirty-eight-yard line.

Then, in one movement, Meyer had the ball and was taking two swift steps backward. He could not run to right or left. But he didn't try to. Instead, his arms reached before him, steadying the ball. The ball dropped. His foot lifted, swung forward just as two men hit him.

Coach Roberts roared. "A return kick? Why did he ever try that? A kick!"

But Red Candace, wild-eyed, screamed a correction.

"Chief, a *drop-kick* and—look! It's going true!" he cried.

Lazy Roberts' mouth dropped open as he watched that kick, but he didn't even know it. For it was going true and it continued to go true. The wind behind it caught it and lofted it perfectly. There was never a moment's doubt. It split the goal posts cleanly, sailed on over the end zone to lose itself in the gaping crowd beyond.

Yet for thirty full seconds the crowd did not cheer. Not until official hands had raised in an unexpected signal did most of the spectators realize they had witnessed that rarest of all football plays—a drop-kick field-goal return of an enemy punt!

**T**HE doctor straightened and closed his little black bag with a snap. He took off his glasses, wiped them fussily with a square of linen.

"Well, son, how does it feel?" he asked kindly.

"Never mind that," Dutch Meyer said. "How does it look? That's what I want to know."

The physician cleared his throat. "To be frank with you, I'm amazed," he said. "Completely amazed. By all the laws of medicine, today's over-exercise should have undone all the good your weeks of treatment have accomplished. But—"

"But it hasn't? The old props are going to be all right?" Dutch caught him up anxiously.

"Yes. As a matter of fact, after this temporary inflammation has worn off, I think your trouble is going to disappear completely. It happens that way sometimes. Bone fevers are strange. Some require complete rest and care. Others can be cured by stringent measures—overwork, such as that you did this afternoon."

Dutch grinned. "That wasn't work," he said. "You can't call it 'work' when you help to win a ball game."

The third man in the room snorted derisively. His eyes were suspiciously moist.

"Help to win? You didn't help, guy—you won!"

"Aw, Red! I thought we were going to forget all that stuff." Dutch Meyer was embarrassed.

Red Candace had more to say. There

were lots of words within his brain, within his heart, which remained unspoken. But he had learned a lot in this past twenty-four hours. He could say his words another way, over a longer period of time, by actions.

"Okay," he said, grinning. "It's forgotten. But, Doc— how long before this lug is up and around again?"

"Two weeks, perhaps."

Candace nodded. "Fair enough. You go ahead and get well, Flying Dutchman. We'll hold them for the next pair of weeks. And after that—"

"After that?" repeated Dutch.

"Well, hurry it up, that's all. Because there'll be a couple more tough teams to meet before we go to one of the Bowl games—and I reckon we'll be needing a guy with brains and speed in the backfield."

"And—er—guts," the doctor suggested mildly.

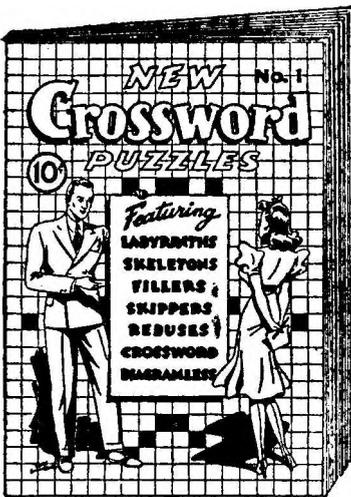
"And guts!" acknowledged Candace firmly.

Dutch Meyer flushed.

"Aw—" he said.

He was kind of stiff. And kind of sore, too. But he felt good. So good that he was sort of sniffly around the nose.

And that was odd, because Dutch Meyer was not what you might call the sensitive type.



## JUST OUT!

A Brand-New Magazine  
Devoted to the Greatest  
Indoor Sport of Them All

Introducing Many  
**ORIGINAL TYPES OF  
PUZZLES!**

10c AT ALL STANDS

# THE GREATEST FOOTBALL STAR OF ALL TIME!

By **EDWIN B. DOOLEY**

*All-American Quarterback—Dartmouth*

**J**UST who was the greatest football player of all time? Was it Thorpe or Heston, Grange or Heffelfinger, Gipp or Nevers, Ames or Coy? Was it a rip-roaring, line-smashing fullback, fashioned of whipcord and brass who smashed his way through those huge forward walls of the robust nineties? Was it an eel-hipped will-o'-the-wisp who squirmed his way through broken fields of fleet-footed tacklers of the modern era? Or was it a tactical genius with a sixth sense of strategy, who tossed passes like rifle shots and piloted his

time and record ushers in the slender, scrawny-looking, haunted-eyed figure of pallid-faced Frank Hinkey.

Packing a scant 145 pounds, ridden with tuberculosis, but literally consumed with the fiery spirit of competitive play, this mighty Yale wingman with lightning in his legs and thunder in his arms spread terrific havoc among opposing attacks, and carved his name on the apex of football's obelisk.

Cast by fate into an era dedicated to bull-necked, bowl-chested giants who delighted in rough-and-tumble, rock-'em-and-sock-'em tactics of unrestrained football, this peaked-faced youth, with the faraway stare in his eyes had to overcome the terrific handicap of a pathetic physique. Yet in that colorful age when coaches were "sold" on the theory that the ideal football players were the thick-skulled boys with the broad backs and the weak minds, he made himself the most feared man on the gridiron.

Mass plays and guards back; tandem drives and bone-crushing flankers held no terrors for Hinkey, the pasty-cheeked, cadaverous outpost of the Elis. He whipped his way into the thickest pile, spilled the hardest men, and stopped the greatest backs dead in their tracks.

Hinkey matriculated at the New Haven institution in 1891, right in the middle of that period when Yale strode across the unruffled terrain of the Eastern gridiron like a pre-historic colossus. From 1888 to 1895 Blue teams rode a tidal wave.

## He Was Frail, but—

Not a few of Pa Corbin's immortals were still in uniform, when pint-sized Hinkey first made his appearance on the field. They looked at him in awe, feeling sorry for one so rash and yet so frail. A senior sympathetically whispered in his ear that he better get off the field before he got killed.

Even the coaches snickered at the crazy kid who made so bold as to venture into a thicket of Goliaths. That was before they saw him crash a man to earth with the most devitalizing tackle ever executed by any man. Once they watched him straighten out horizontally with the ground, and hamstringing a ball carrier, their

*(Concluded on page 129)*



Frank Hinkey

team with uncanny skill?

Take your guess and the chances are you're wrong. Let the legion of bygone moleskin heroes whose shimmering helmets are covered with the dust of immortality parade before your eyes. Long and heroic is the roster of the mighty. Rich it is in legend and in lore.

But when it comes to the man who best epitomized the spirit that is football, who played his position as no man has before or since, who asked no quarter, showed no quarter, who was in the truest sense the game's greatest player—each and all of these Homeric figures must make way.

## Enter—Frank Hinkey!

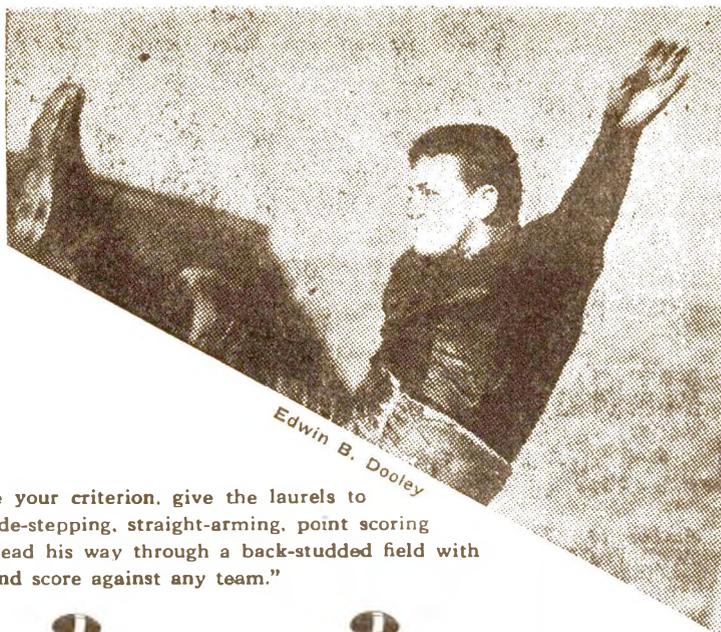
They must stand aside while the fanfare of

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## DOOLEY PICKS HIS FAVORITE PERFORMER!

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Ed  
Dooley  
Says:



**I**F touchdowns are your criterion, give the laurels to Heston. That side-stepping, straight-arming, point scoring Michigan ace could thread his way through a back-studded field with the skill of a mystic, and score against any team."

**I**F it's speed you're after, let time-honored Eckersall take the bow. Chicago's heroic pilot covered the cross-barred field like a sprinter. Thigh pads, cleats and harness never encumbered that human meteor, once he scented the pungent tang of a distant goal."

**T**HE flashiest runner? Give Grange the olive wreath. Illinois' twin-gaited ghost had a photographic brain and a synchro-mesh transmission which enabled him to sidestep deftly and 'step up' his speed at the crucial moment."

**T**HE greatest punter? Pin the medal on Kipke, the Wolverine long-range gun, who could drop a ball in a basket sixty yards away, or angle a boot out of bounds at any point he wished."

**I**F field goals are the test, Brickley takes the prize for accuracy, and enigmatic Pat O'Dea for yardage. Harvard's stalwart back could stand on a dime and propel a ball through an open window thirty yards away. Wisconsin's standard-bearer could float the ball between the bars from the 60-yard stripe with remarkable consistency."

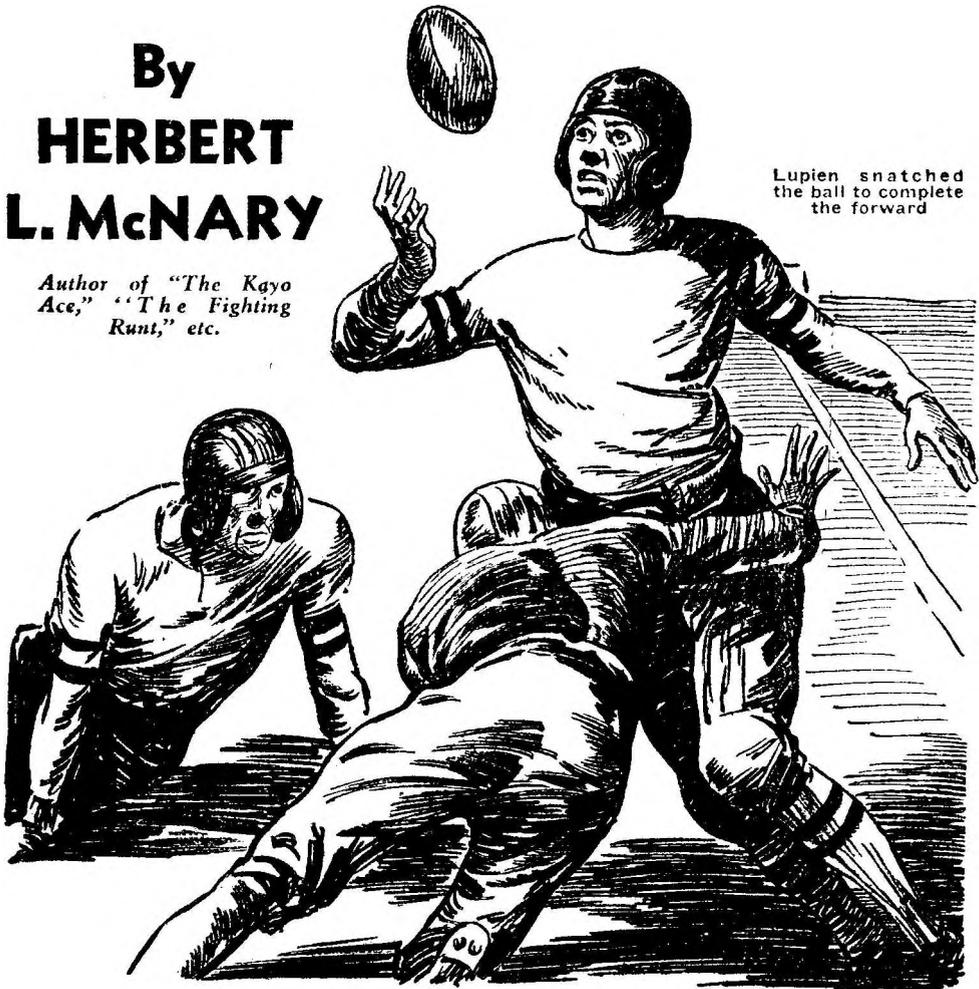
**W**HEN it comes to interleryng, few if any rank with Hardwick. Harvard's Grotton-bred dinosaur was master of the "knock 'em down" technic. The Crimson's most destructive gun had the ruggedness of a bull and the stamina of a dray horse. Never content while one enemy player remained upright, "Tack" bowled 'em over like ten pins, and with such jarring force they took a long time getting up."

**F**OR phenomenal linesmen, Heffelfinger of Yale stands at the front. This leonine hulk, who cleared a path for diminutive Lory Bliss, mowed down many a human forest for the Blue. The strongest man on the strongest line that ever fought for Eli, 'Heff' will be remembered as long as football lives."

# PIGSKIN SPECIALIST

By  
**HERBERT  
L. McNARY**

*Author of "The Kayo  
Ace," "The Fighting  
Runt," etc.*



Lupien snatched  
the ball to complete  
the forward

**T**HE vociferous devotees of inflated pigskin were thundering forth their salvos of exhortation from the sardined tiers of Glendale Stadium. Out on the chalk-striped sward, the green garbed Glendale Rams were rampaging once more. But over here on the bench, where Glendale subs were stacked like shelves of canned goods, a guy was wearing out the seat of his pants.

Now, as trainer for the Glendale squad, I'm responsible for equipment.

**Kirk Allison, Medical Student,  
Diagnoses Gridiron Ills and  
Writes a Winning Prescription  
With His Toe!**

And when you've got a uniform that's as clean as it was when it came from the factory—except in one spot—there's explanations to make. Especially in this economy wave.

Still, I can't blame this Kirk Allison. For the better part of two years he's sat on the bench, gripping the edge of the planking until his knuckles gleamed white.

I felt sympathetic toward young Allison. There should have been some spot on a football team for a guy who tried so hard. I remembered when he first came out—he was pretty terrible.

Bob Campbell, that's the coach, wouldn't have given him a second tumble except for the fact that Allison had something about him that sort of got you. He was smart. There was no question about that. He topped his classes. And he knew football. But—and it's a big but—knowing it and playing it are two different things.

Allison went out for quarterback—that's where brains belong on a team. He showed enough stuff to make me figure he might make the grade the following year. The following year came—and up popped Greg Raymond from the freshman squad.

Right now the eyes of forty thousand spectators were focused on Greg. He was that kind of a player. A born showman. Cocky, without being conceited, colorful and maybe lucky. For he certainly pulled some weird plays on the field—and got away with them.

A moment ago he had tossed a forward from behind his own goal line—and out into the flat, too. I saw the coach almost fall off the bench on that one. But when Nilson grabbed the pumpkin and raced forty yards through a stunned Haverford 6-2-2-1, you sort of figured Raymond knew more about football than we did.

The fans loved it. They ate it up. Haverford was taking time out to try to digest this brand of unorthodox football. And the Glendale cheer leaders grabbed another opportunity to give Raymond a long "YEAAAH! TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!"

I looked at young Allison. His keen gray eyes, well set in nicely chiseled features, looked on with an expression that was difficult to describe. It wasn't envy. Baffled, might be a better explanation. It sort of puzzled me, so I moved over beside him.

"What's eatin' you, kid?" I asked.

The line between the brows deepened.

"Greg Raymond," he said. "He does everything wrong, and yet it always works out right. It's like—like doing a chemistry problem the wrong way, yet getting the right results. It's unscientific."

"Well," I said, "maybe football ain't a science. Maybe doin' the wrong thing, is doin' the right thing. I guess that sounds like double talk, but what I mean is, Raymond succeeds because he pulls the unexpected."

Allison shook his head.

"It isn't football. Football is a science. Its fascination lies in the blending of your component assets and the diagnosis of your opponent's weaknesses and, in conjunction with the position of the ball, the score and the time of play remaining, formulating the proper sequence of plays."

**M**AYBE I was wrong, but it seemed to me that Coach Campbell, sitting down in front of us, pricked up his ears. I put my hand on Allison's knee.

"If you don't mind my saying it," I said, "I'd like to give you a little advice. I've been around sports for a long time. I've trained—well, we won't go into that. The point is, Kid, you've got the right dope—in theory. In practice, it's something else again. Now listen, why don't you go out for some other position—say, end? You're tall. And there's still time."

Allison shook his head.

"No," he said. "I'm taking the premed course. I intend to be a doctor—a good doctor. Football interests me because of its affinity to medicine, an opportunity to diagnose and to experiment. And I can only do that as a quarterback."

I thought I knew all the reasons why youngsters go out for football, but this was a new one on me.

The whistle blew to end the time-out period, the players were getting up off the grass and the water boys were running back to the benches.

"My father was a doctor," mused Allison, "I have his love for medicine

and for the philosophy of medicine. He would have been a famous doctor, but he was gassed in the war. He had to abandon hospital and research work and become a country doctor."

"Well," I said, "a man can be a country doctor and still be a good doctor."

"My father," said Allison, and his eyes actually glowed, "is a great doctor."

"Is he here at the game?" I asked.

"No," said Allison quietly, "my father hasn't left his bed for three years."

Well, I kind of swallowed up on that. It didn't seem right. Here was a kid who would have given his right arm to play—and he was wearing out his pants on the bench.

More than that, some of those players out there didn't know what it was all about while Allison could probably write a book on the game. But a coach can't pick his men on what they know but what they show.

Well, play started again. Raymond called a power play with the fullback lugging the golden apple through a hole I could have navigated myself.

"Nice work," piped up Allison sincerely. "That left side of Haverford's has been weak all afternoon. And they have been playing their backs deep in pass defense."

You would almost think Raymond could have heard Allison, judging from what he did next.

What does Raymond do but call a forward, crossing up the tactician on the bench. He hurled his pass right at a Haverford back. And from out of nowhere at all, Bill Lupien came and snatched the ball to complete the forward.

All the Glendale rooters went wild, of course, and on the bench the subs jumped up and shouted their glee. The ball was now on the Haverford six yard line and we were all set for the touchdown that would make the score Glendale 24, Haverford 7.

But my young friend wasn't cheering. He was scowling.

"He shouldn't have thrown that pass," he exclaimed. "That isn't sound football."

Sound football or not, Greg Ray-

mond lined his team up in front of the goal, and darned if he didn't toss another forward on the first play and score. Glendale went mad, but Allison—Allison just shook his head. As for the coach, he ground a cigarette stub into the grass with more violence than was necessary.

**C**OACH CAMPBELL can talk, and talk plenty. But figuring out just what is really going through that leonine head of his is something else again. Those black gimlet eyes of his were just watching as Glendale lined up again for the point after touchdown.

Three different men had tried to kick extra point after touchdown that afternoon and failed. Now Greg Raymond dropped back. Here was a chance where he might well have pulled a surprise forward, but instead he elected to boot the ball between the cross bars. It missed.

Well, with a three touchdown lead, that extra point didn't count so much. But I thought I knew what was bothering young Allison. All season it had been the same way. Glendale, with the unpredictable Greg Raymond calling the plays, had run all over its opponents, but had muffed up consistently on those tricky points.

"I don't see why some of those fellows don't put in a little time and effort to master that place kick," Allison said to me. "It really isn't so difficult."

I started to say something, but just then the coach got up suddenly from in front of us and glared down on Allison.

"I'd like to know who's running this team," he snapped. "I've been listening to this grandstand quarterbacking long enough. If you're so good, Allison, get in there and replace Raymond."

Allison blushed, but he picked up his helmet and obeyed. He had probably dreamed all manner of situations that would permit him to enter a game, but I bet he never figured that his chance would come as the result of a bawling out.

I felt kind of sorry for him. "Chief,"

I said to Campbell, "I think you were kind of rough on the kid. He wasn't finding fault. It's only that he's got his ideas about things."

Campbell's eyes squinted at me with that look I defy anyone on this earth to fathom.

"Falvey," he says, "you're a good trainer. But you're not the smartest man in the world."

"Yeah," I admitted. "My teachers found that out in my first year in high school."

With that I shut up and squatted down and hoped Allison would show something.

From the game's point of view there was nothing surprising in his going in. The half was almost over and we had a safe lead. The spectators gave Raymond a big hand as he ran back to the bench.

A good kid, Raymond. Blond, bright smile and a cocky grin, but everything came easy to him, and I figure you can't really measure a man until he finds himself absolutely alone. I like to know what he will do in the clutch, if need be.

Haverford had the ball before Kirk Allison had a chance to show what he could do with the Glendale squad. Unfortunately, he couldn't do much. There was a decided let-down in the team play as soon as Allison took over. It wasn't so much because Allison had come in as because Greg Raymond had gone out.

It was almost as if the coach had sent out word saying: "Okay, boys, you've rolled up four touchdowns. Take it easy until I send Raymond back."

But Allison went to work. He called his plays. Most of them were line plays that picked out the weaknesses in the Haverford defense. Glendale moved up the field efficiently—but not spectacularly as it had under Raymond.

Yet somehow I felt that if we were playing a much stronger outfit than Haverford—and we would be, soon—young Allison's style of play-picking would have been the better bet. But then, I'm only the trainer, not the coach.

**U**P near the Haverford goal line the defense stiffened, which was only natural. I saw Allison turn to ask how much time he had. It couldn't be more than time for a play or two.

The ball was over near the sideline. Allison took the ball for the first time. He carried on an end run, but it didn't look as if he was going to gain anything. Sure enough, right in front of the goal he cut in and was thrown for no gain.

But with time for one play he dropped back to his twenty-two yard line and split the goal posts with a drop kick.

One play later and the half ended. We all trooped into the club house. Between the halves is usually my busy time to take care of the groans and grunts, but today I didn't have much work cut out for me. Just a few skinned noses and chins on which to slap some adhesive tape.

The boys were sitting around pretty well satisfied with their three touchdown and field goal lead. I was touching the coach. There's no one better than Campbell when it comes to sticking a needle in an inflated balloon. He let them pat each other on the back for a few minutes more and then he let them have it.

Boy, did he pull that team apart and show them their mistakes. Haverford was a high school outfit, according to Coach Campbell. Yet they had walked right in for a touchdown and had almost scored another. And what kind of touchdowns had Glendale scored? Horseshoe touchdowns! Did they think they were going to be lucky all the time?

And what were they going to do against a team like the Aggies? And especially, how did they hope to defeat State in the big game? Didn't they realize that State hadn't been scored on all season?

To me it looked like the coach was leading up to where he couldn't do anything but give young Allison a nice big hand. But the coach fooled me.

"Allison," he snapped, "you're the man who was criticizing the way the team was being run. You had your chance. What did you show?"

Allison flushed at the obvious criticism, but he didn't fold up.

"I showed you a field goal," he said.

"Three points," snorted the coach. "And almost five minutes to produce it. And why didn't you have Melton throw a forward pass instead of trying for a lucky field goal?"

I saw Allison's jaw stiffen as all eyes were upon him.

"Because time was running out and Haverford was playing a pass defense. That is why I chose line plays. And that field goal wasn't lucky. I'm sure that I can score on a field goal try anytime from within the twenty-five yard line."

Well, everyone looked from Allison to the coach, waiting for the cue. The coach gave it to them—one of those mouth-twisting smiles. And all the players gave Allison the horse laugh.

Allison turned a brick red, but he didn't back down. Those gray eyes of his gave the coach glare for glare.

"Fine," said the coach. "I won't need ten other men. All I need to do is to have you stand out there, polish your shoes, rub off the ball and sink field goals."

"I didn't say that," snapped Allison. "Of course I realize that I have to have protection and a perfect pass from center. Given that, I can kick goals."

"So what?" the coach shot at him. "A field goal counts three points and a touchdown six. But, if you're so good, maybe I'll give you a chance some day next week to show off."

Campbell sort of put the emphasis on the "show-off," which was kind of rough, I thought. But then, I said, the coach is one of those dour Scotch lads that are so hard to figure out. Like if you were playing checkers with him. When you make your first move, mentally, he's already in the king row.

**W**E went out for the second half. I walked beside Allison and could feel he was still smarting from the Campbell lash. Inside himself he was still arguing.

"Don't mind the coach," I said. "He don't mean anything personal in what he says. He likes to take people down a peg or two, particularly the chaps who

come here with prep school reps."

"He doesn't bawl out Greg Raymond, I notice," Allison said with a touch of bitterness. "He pampers him."

I chewed on that one because there was a lot of truth in it. I'd noticed that Campbell didn't always treat his players alike and once when I hinted as much he snapped: "Falvey, you know you can't always give the same massage or treatment because men are different physically. Well, they differ to an even greater degree inside."

So, the only way I could figure that was that there are some people who's vanity needs to be fed. Take a bird like Raymond. If anyone was to show him he wasn't as good as he thought he was, he might fold up. And, anyway, we were winning games.

I didn't quite know how to put that all in words to Allison.

"Maybe if the coach knew about your personal circumferences, about your father being sick—"

Allison turned on me.

"He won't know unless you tell him. And I forbid you to do that. I'm not trying to get anywhere on sympathy."

Well, that was that. We reached the bench and that was where Allison remained for the remainder of the game.

We didn't get anywhere to speak of in that second half. Haverford seemed to have figured out Raymond's style of play and a stronger pass defense blocked efforts to score by the air. In fact, Haverford intercepted two passes. One was run back for a score and the other led to a touchdown. We scored once, and the game ended 33 to 21.

We had won, but it wasn't such a hot victory when you considered the respective merits of the teams. And we had missed five straight conversions.

**M**ONDAY, I was in the clubhouse and most of the team was ready to go out for practice when the coach came in, looked over the squad and then turned to me, or rather on me.

"Where is this sensational drop kicker of ours?" he demanded. "What's his name—Allison?"

"I don't know where he is," I said. "You'd think I was his keeper or some-

[Turn to page 120]

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(Continued from page 118)  
 thing." But one of the subs spoke up.  
 "He was in the biology lab," one of the subs spoke up.

"Come on, Falvey," the coach said. "That guy made a boast and he isn't going to crawl out of it."

And so the coach dragged me over to the bio lab. A couple of post grads working for a master's degree were there, and then over behind some retorts and things we spied Allison in a smock, bent over a microscope. He didn't even hear us until the coach blew off.

"So this is where you are! Trying to back out on your boast that you can kick a field goal whenever you want to!"

Allison turned like a guy awakened out of a trance, his cheeks flying red banners.

"You're exaggerating my statement," he said, "and I'm not backing out of any claim I made. It happens that I was so engrossed in this experiment that I forgot about the passage of time."

The coach laughed. But since he ain't the kind of a chap to be amused, his laugh was more like an insult.

"That's a pip of an excuse," he said sarcastically. "I'd like to know which is more important, this experiment or football?"

Allison blinked and stared at him.

"More important?" he repeated as if he couldn't believe he had heard right. "You mean which is more important, the study of medicine or football? Why, there's no comparison. Medicine is my life. I'm interested in football partly because of the healthful relaxation afforded, but mostly because of its relation to medicine."

The coach looked at me as if he had found some kind of a nut.

"Well," he said, "I've been around football for a long time but I never heard of it being related to the study of medicine. Maybe Mr. Falvey, as trainer, would be interested in an elucidation."

Allison was most uneasy. He didn't like being taken for a ride on a subject so close to him. But his lip stiffened. He wasn't going to back down for the coach or anyone else.

"You undoubtedly have your own ideas about football," he said, "but to me the game presents an opportunity to diagnose and to experiment. To find weaknesses and to correct them. To perfect strong points and to make the team function with its maximum efficiency."

"Well," said the coach, "let's see you get out and function with that toe of yours."

Allison followed us to the club-house, but while he was dressing the coach took the rest of the team out onto the field and explained to them the faults of Saturday and gave them a rough idea of what they would be up against when playing the Aggies that week.

By the time he had finished on this subject, Allison showed up. The coach focused attention on him by looking his way as the tall boy strode all alone across the gridiron from the club-house. It was almost like running the gauntlet.

**B**UT this was only preliminary to being put right on the spot. When Allison arrived, flushed as any man would be under the circumstances, the coach stood him up before the whole crowd.

"Our friend," he said, "doesn't like the way we have failed to score after touchdowns. Those scores would only count a point apiece, but they seem very important to him. First, we'll have him try some point-after-touchdown placements or drop kicks if he prefers."

Snickers ran through the squad, but Allison only bit his lip. He elected to try placement kicks for the extra points. With the whole squad standing around, we went down to one of the goals. Tom Barclay, a line coach assistant, was the one who placed the balls for Allison when they snapped back from center.

Well, Allison booted the first three and then missed. It seemed to me as if Barclay didn't hold the ball properly. I saw Allison flush a bit, but if he felt the fault for the miss belonged to the assistant coach he didn't say anything.

Allison continued to boot the balls, and if I wasn't prejudiced the only reason he missed was because Barclay didn't hold the ball right.

Then the coach ordered Allison to make good his boast about sinking drop kicks from distances up to twenty-five yards from the goal. The coach gave me the job of feeding Allison the balls. He sank a couple and then I got a ball that felt soft.

I turned to the coach.

"This ball don't feel blown up right," I said.

"Who's asking your opinion?" snapped the coach.

Well, Allison missed on that one. And he missed on some others—but every time he had an alibi if he had wanted to use it. The balls weren't all inflated uniformly. But he didn't squawk. Once or twice he flushed a bit.

When it was over, he'd done well enough to indicate he had made good his claim. But instead of praising him, the coach said loud enough for everyone to hear:

"Well, you ought to be even better. I found out you were out here practicing yesterday and early this morning. Do you know what I think of someone who will sneak a practice in on Sunday and at daybreak?"

I thought Allison was going to say something real nasty then. His eyes burned like coals.

"I don't know or care what you think," he said. "But I know what I think. When I want to do something, I don't mind making sacrifices to try to do it well."

And with that he turned and walked back to the club-house as mad as a guy who has broken his last shoe lace.

The coach was staring after him and I was trying to figure out that look in Campbell's eyes. I thought for a second that I caught the ghost of a smile, but I must have been mistaken. No one ever accused the coach of having a sense of humor.

Well, the coach didn't pay much attention to Allison after that day. He had his really two tough games coming up, the one with the Aggies on Saturday and then the big game with State which would practically be for the Conference championship.

He used Allison, of course, to quarterback the team that had the Aggies'

plays. And in his spare time Allison was off to one side pumping balls over the goal posts. I watched him and he was sure getting the trick down to perfection.

**T**HEN on Thursday I got a funny call. It was from Miss Henderson, secretary to the Dean. I went over, wondering what it was all about, and found she had a letter. She and me are pretty good pals because I knew her Mom and we've been able to do each other a favor or two.

"Mister Falvey," she said, eyes wide, "I feel awful about this. It is an invitation to attend a lecture in New York given by Doctor Campbell-Johnstone at Columbia. He is dean of the George Fielding University, and our foremost educator in the field of medicine. An invitation like this is almost priceless to a medical student, and I slipped up on it. It is too late to find out who should be sent, but I wonder if you know of any pre-med student who might like to go to New York."

"Me?" I asked, and then I thought. "Sure—I think I do."

Of course, Kirk Allison was the one I had in mind, so I hunted him up as soon as I could.

"Did you ever hear of a Doctor Campbell-Johnstone?" I asked him.

Allison gave me a funny look.

"Are you trying to rib me?" he wanted to know. "He's the greatest teacher of medicine in the country. I had always hoped to study under him. It was my father's wish. He knew him once. But I couldn't afford to prepare at any college better than this. And, of course, he only takes a dozen or so students each year and would never take anyone from a college as small as this."

"Well," I said, "I got hold of a ticket to a lecture he's giving at Columbia tomorrow afternoon. If you were interested—"

Interested? He grabbed the ticket and ran before I could change my mind.

He must have gone, too, because he didn't show up for practice the next afternoon. The coach called me for it.

"Where is your fancy drop kicker?" he demanded.

I bristled at his tone.

"Why ask me? I'm not his guardian."

"Well, when I want him he doesn't show up. Buried in the lab, I suppose. That game will be close tomorrow and an extra point might decide it. But—he'd probably fold up under pressure."

"Not him," I said loyally. "You don't know what that kid is made of."

"That's right, Falvey. You tell me. I've been handling these youngsters for twenty years, but I don't know what goes on inside them. That's a trainer's job, I suppose."

I was properly slapped down.

It was almost game time before Kirk Allison came into the club-house. He needed a shave and he looked like he'd slept in his clothes. The coach stabbed him with a look.

"Where the devil did you drop from?" he demanded. "And why didn't you show up yesterday?"

"I was in New York attending a medical lecture," said Allison defiantly. "I hitch-hiked back."

"And I suppose you hitch-hiked down."

"No, I couldn't afford to risk missing the lecture. I went down on a freight train Thursday night."

"Hopped freight?" exclaims the coach. "Hopped freight for a dry old medical lecture!" He shook his head. "Well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world."

**M**AYBE the coach meant to punish Allison. Anyway, he didn't even stick his nose into that Aggie game. Greg Raymond got away with one of those heart-stopping prayer-passes of his and Jensen got clear for an early touchdown. I thought the coach might send in Allison to convert, but it was too early in the game. We missed.

Aggie made it 7 to 6 in the third quarter, but Raymond opened up with wild passes in the closing minutes, and when cornered on one of them, he broke away. Making one of the cardinal mistakes of football by running back toward his own goal, his luck favored him and he swung the end of the line, got some good blocking and went over.

Now we had only State to worry about—and State was coming to town with their goal line still uncrossed.

We usually get nice football weather for the Glendale-State game and this year proved no exception. Outside of a 0 to 0 tie, State had a clean slate. Glendale had come through with straight victories, but we had been scored on so many times that the experts were unanimous in picking State to win.

The way the scribes looked at it, Raymond's unorthodox master minding had given us plenty of fluke victories, but against one of the best defensive teams of the year, Raymond would be bottled up.

That was a powerful aggregation State put on the field and I could see where I would have plenty of work patching up battered Glendale gridsters. The orange jerseys worn by State made the players look even bigger than they were.

The stadium was packed. State won the toss and opened up just as we expected. With back to the wind and possessing one of the best punters of the year in Maleski, State powered the line and when stopped had the big Pole boot the ball.

With Raymond mixing his plays pretty well, but cautioned not to hurl passes on his own half of the field, we gained ground. But Raymond couldn't string more than three first downs together and then Maleski would coffin-corner those punts of his and we would have to start all over again.

It looked like a long drawn out game with State playing for the break. But we got the break.

On one of the punts, Jensen raced in from end and blocked the kick. We recovered, too. Well, Glendale went wild as we took the ball on the twenty. I looked at the coach to see if he might be thinking about Allison, but apparently he wasn't.

Sound football called for at least one running play, but Raymond pulled one of his forwards out of the bag. The toss was meant for Jensen in the end zone, but a State defender leaped up and batted the ball away—and right into the hands of Jiggs Ambers, our

right halfback. And the surprised Jiggs went over!

State had been scored on for the first time this year. No wonder Glendale went whacky and started tossing hats and programs. The teams lined up for the conversion, but suddenly the coach called for Kirk Allison.

Time was called as Allison ran out onto the field. He was in football uniform, of course, but somehow, seeing him go out there with that jogging run of his, he didn't look like a football player.

He took Greg Raymond's place. The ball came back, it was planted down, Kirk kicked and the ball went through for the extra point.

The coach sent in Weick, his second string quarterback, and Kirk Allison came jogging off the field.

**T**HAT extra point didn't mean so much just then, but it was to be plenty important. The quarter ended and Greg Raymond went back into the game. That touchdown fired the Orange and they turned on the power. Our boys stood up but they took plenty of battering. It seemed as if I wore a path running on and off the field with my first aid kit. And almost halfway through the quarter the powerful State steam roller pushed over for a score.

State kicked the extra point to make the count seven all. And, thinking of all those extra points we had missed all season, I began to see just how important that kick of Allison's might be.

Having tied the score, State seemed to go back to its original style of play, punt and wait for the break. But on one of the punts, Raymond broke free and scampered up the sideline before he was tackled so hard that I had to go in and give him a whiff of smelling salts.

He hopped up, and darned if he didn't carry the ball on the next play. It was a neat reverse and State was looking for anyone but Raymond to carry. He swept the end for thirty-two yards, to put the ball on State's twenty-three.

There was about time for a forward pass, but the coach stood up again and

(Continued on page 124)

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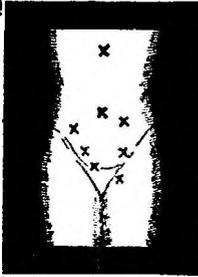
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(Continued from page 123)

beckoned to Kirk Allison.

Once again the unknown Allison jogged out to the play and took over. He had Ambers run the ball laterally to a spot in front of the goal posts. Then the lanky Allison dropped back to the thirty yard stripe. The ball snapped back. The Glendale line held and Allison booted a corker that cut between the posts and over the bar.

Then he turned around and jogged off the field again. He got a great big hand.

The half ended soon after that and we went into the club-house very well satisfied at leading State 10 to 7. Just like I said, I had plenty of work to do patching up the victims of State's two hundred pounders, but I could listen simultaneously to the coach.

He wasn't giving the boys any fight talk. He stressed defense and pointed out ways to stop the State offensive and instructed his ends to crash in on every kick formation.

State took over at the commencement of the second half and powered up the field in a relentless drive, but our boys showed them a stubborn defense and stopped the Orange on the goal line.

I almost fell off the bench when Raymond threw a forward from punt formation and while standing in the end zone. But Jensen grabbed the ball for a fifteen yard gain.

Then Raymond crossed everyone up again by pulling a quick kick. The ball went over the head of the State safety and Jensen, racing after it, touched the ball down on the five yard line.

That put State's back to the wall with the quarter almost over. Maleski went back to kick, but he had to hurry his boot. It was a good punt, but low. Raymond grabbed the ball on the run and by the time State could gang up on him he had fought his way back to the seventeen yard line.

Once again the coach stood up, and once again those fans saw Allison jog out to the referee in that dog trot of his.

Allison dropped back, studied the wind and raised his hands. The ball snapped back, I heard the "plump" of toe against leather and watched the ball

# BEST FUN, FICTION AND FOTOS IN

go over the bar for Allison's second field goal.

And with the score 13 to 7, Allison turned and jogged back to his place on the bench.

On the turn of the quarter, Raymond went in again, and Glendale fought off State's desperate drive. There was no waiting for a break now. The Orange turned on the heat. Its bruising power wore down our lads, but nobody could say we quit.

**I** HAD plenty of work to do, and the coach was busy rushing in substitutes. And one of these substitutes had the misfortune to fumble the ball. State recovered on our fourteen yard line.

Three line plays gave State a first down on our three yard line. Glendale fought stubbornly, holding the Orange for no gains on two rushes. A third try picked up two yards and the fourth smash at center just pushed the ball over to tie the score.

Now we had a chance to see how important these points-after-touchdown could be. A deliberate State back kicked the try to make the count State 14 and Glendale 13 with only a few minutes of play left.

State kicked off. The ball came back to Greg Raymond and he tore for the sideline on his right. The Orange moved over with him. Suddenly Raymond braked and whirled. Across the field was Ambers. Raymond hurled a long lateral and Ambers took the ball and with a little luck would have gone over for a touchdown. As a matter of fact he did go over, but the head line-man said he stepped outside at mid field.

Well, that kind of break put fighting blood into the veins of the tired Glendale eleven. Fighting desperately, the team knocked off a first down. Three more smashes gave Glendale another first down on the thirty-four.

Glendale was excited, but I was watching the clock. Seconds were running out. Suddenly I saw the coach grab Allison and toss him into the game. Stunned fans saw him jog out to the referee.

(Continued on page 126)



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*(Continued from page 125)*

The ball was on the thirty-four and off to the side at that. Would this lanky sub-quarterback who had held down a position on the bench for two years try to drop a ball from this distance?

He would. Allison studied wind and direction and cleaned his cleats. Then he raised his hands. He was standing a good forty-five yards from the goal line and the posts were ten yards beyond that. If he missed he would never get a second chance.

He was too far away for me to see his face, but I could think of him as a cool surgeon about to perform a delicate operation.

The ball came back. That good old line held. Allison took his time and then booted. High and far traveled the ball while forty thousand held their breath. Down under the crossbar the official was waiting. The ball had direction—everyone saw that. But could it carry that far?

The official crouched and suddenly his hands went up! A field goal.

Without moving a muscle the coach looked over the bench, saw Weick, and sent him in. Allison turned and jogged off the field—and, boy, what a reception he got. We were leading, 16 to 14, and this unknown had scored ten of those sixteen points.

Down in front of me one sub spoke up.

"You'd think the coach would leave Allison in there. We've only got a moment or two left."

The other sub turned on him.

"Listen, Allison ain't a football player. He's just a specialist."

I was burnt up for a moment and then decided the kid was right. Allison would never measure up to the accepted requirements for a football player. But he had something few football players possessed in equal degree, a great heart, and a determination to succeed.

Sure, we won the game. You should have been in the club-house to hear the celebration right after the squad poured in.

**T**HEN Coach Campbell entered the littered and noisy locker room, and

he wasn't alone. A tall, angular middle aged man was with him. He had a bony face and a pair of most piercing black eyes I had ever seen. And Kirk Allison was staring at this man as if he had seen a ghost.

At first I thought it might be Kirk's father. But Kirk's father was bed-ridden and was getting the game by radio. Then the coach raised his hand.

"Boys," he said, "I'd like to introduce my brother. Some of you may have heard of him, Doctor Campbell-Johnstone. That swanky name is all right for a scientist, but as a football coach I had to drop the hyphenated part."

He didn't smile—and neither did the doctor. The latter was searching faces.

"Which of you is Kirk Allison?" he asked. "Oh, there you are. I knew your father in France. A fine surgeon. How would you like to study under me? I'm warning you, you won't be happy. I've got vinegar instead of blood in my veins, and the nastiest temper this side of Hades. I hound the life out of my students."

Allison gulped.

(Concluded on page 128)

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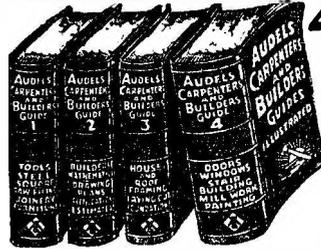
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(Concluded from page 127)

"I'll be happy being hounded by you," he said.

Suddenly, I got a big idea and I looked at the coach. There was a softness in his eyes I had never seen before. He caught me looking at him and immediately his face clouded in a scowl. He turned to go, but I went after him.

"Wait a minute," I said, "you're not fooling me. You knew all about Allison and his father. You wanted him to study under your brother and you gave him the works to see if he could stand the gaff. You got that ticket to the lecture for him, too, and had Miss Henderson give me that fake line."

"Falvey," growled the coach, "you're looney. I was only interested in winning this State game. I knew we couldn't do it by rushing or by forwards. Field goals meant our only chance. I needed a specialist. So, naturally, I took a medical student. The rest is—pure coincidence."

Oh, yeah? I thought. No one could ever tell me after that Coach Campbell wasn't interested in his players, but only in winning football games. Some day Kirk Allison would be a great doctor. And I knew who would be responsible.

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(Concluded from page 112)

one concern was that he might snap someone's spinal column or break somebody's leg!

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Contracting and Building |   | <input type="checkbox"/> Managing Men at Work      | <input type="checkbox"/> Public Works Engineering |   |  |
|   |   | <input type="checkbox"/> Manufacture of Pulp Paper | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio, General           |   |  |
|   |   |  | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio Operating          |   |  |
|   |   |  | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio Servicing          |   |  |
|   |   |  | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Section Foreman    |   |  |

### BUSINESS COURSES

- |  |  |  |   |   |
|--|--|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting              | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising             | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service       | <input type="checkbox"/> First Year Colleges  | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Postal Clerk         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping             | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory | <input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship          | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management     | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial          | <input type="checkbox"/> French               | <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management     | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning              | <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting     | <input type="checkbox"/> Grade School         | <input type="checkbox"/> Service Station Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning              |  | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. Accounting    | <input type="checkbox"/> High School          | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Lettering               |
|  |  |  | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating         | <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish                      |
|  |  |  | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering Show Cards | <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management           |

### DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSES

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Advanced Dressmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Home Dressmaking                       | <input type="checkbox"/> Tea Room and Cafeteria Management, Catering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Foods and Cookery    | <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Dressmaking and Designing |  |

Name..... Age..... Address.....

City..... State..... Present Position.....  
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 British residents send coupon to I. C. S., 71 Kingsway, London, W. G. 2, England

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**MFRS.  
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**\$125.00**

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EASY TERMS While THEY Last!**



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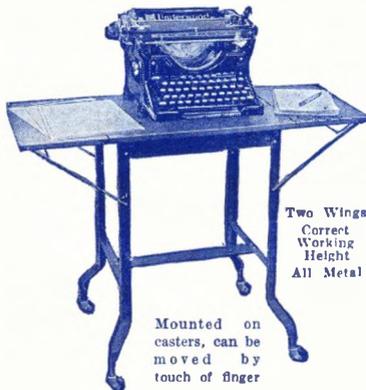
## WIDE 14" CARRIAGES

Wide carriage machines for government reports, large office forms, billing, etc., only \$3.00 extra with order. Takes paper 14" wide, has 12" writing line. A Real Buy in an Underwood Noiseless!

**International Typewriter Exchange**

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Correct  
Working  
Height  
All Metal

Mounted on casters, can be moved by touch of finger

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I back this machine with my personal 2-yr. guarantee that it is in A-1 condition in every respect—that it will give first class service. Over 30 years of fair dealing and my 200,000 satisfied customers prove the soundness of my golden rule policy and prove that dealing direct with me saves you money.



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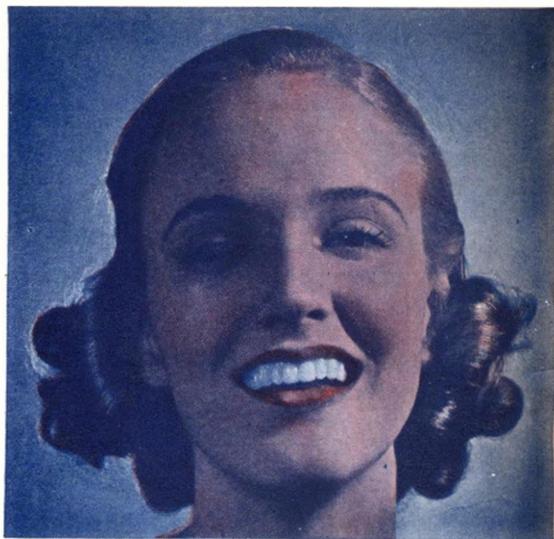
For quick shipment give occupation and reference

Name..... Age.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....  
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**\$685 to \$3500**

**FALSE TEETH**  
**—BY MAIL—**

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**Mrs. Elsie Boland of Norton, Kansas, writes:**

"Enclose find two pictures. One shows how I looked before I got my teeth; the other one today beautiful. I have not had mine out since the day I got them, except to clean them."



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"I received my set of teeth. I wear them day and night. I hate good reason to be well pleased with them. Thank you very much."

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