

1938

FOOTBALL

Stories 20c

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OF THE GRIDIRON



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BIG FOR YOUR HEADGEAR—
LOOKOUT!"

by
Wm. R. COX

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A FEATURE ARTICLE BY
WALLACE WADE

THE FAMOUS COACH OF
THE DUKE BLUE DEVILS
TELLS HOW THE GRID
STARS ARE MADE

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SCHEDULES

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FROM THE RANK AND FILE OF
ENLISTED MEN CAME RAW-BONED
STEVE . . . TO WIN THE SALUTES OF
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1938

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MALCOLM REISS, Editor

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Fall Issue, 1938

Vol. 1, No. 2



20c per copy

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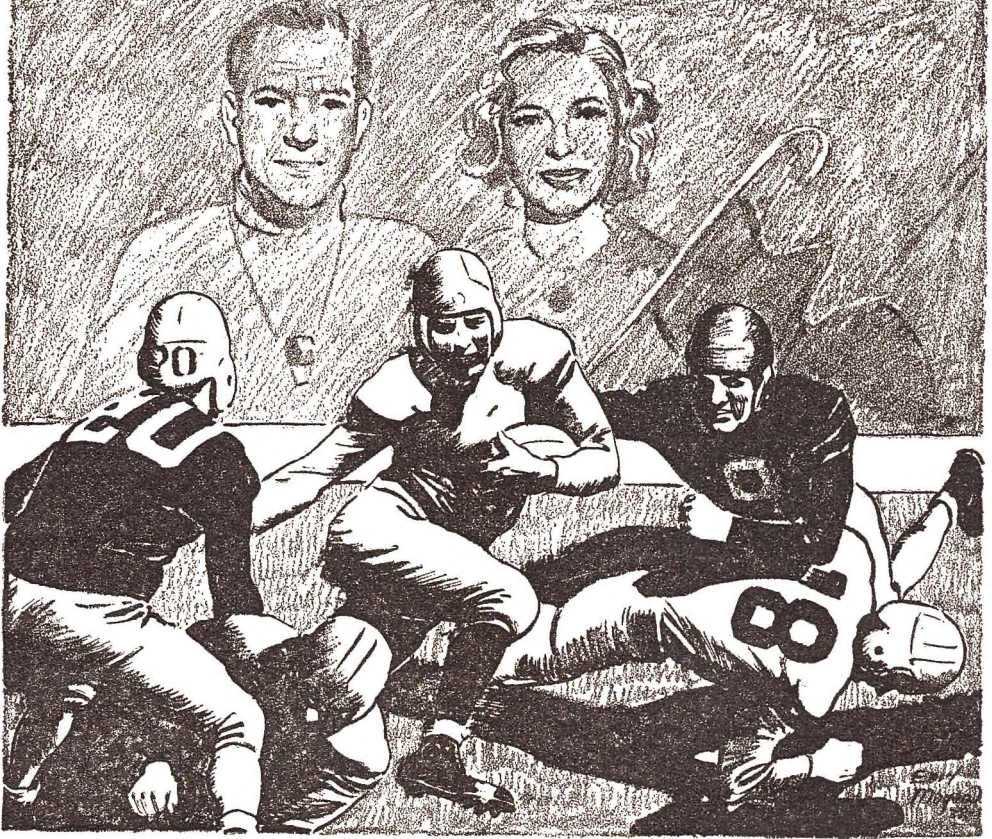
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MR. ALL-AMERICA



By WILLIAM J. COX

A Novelet of Straight-off-the-Gridiron Football

Ford was a grid miracle, and knew it! Still, no guy is big enough to hog the backfield limelight—one flash never matched four steady burners—so it was the hard, cold bench for free-wheeling Wonder Boy Ford!

ALLENHART'S perennially bare head was sunk in the collar of his Burberry so that his square chin was concealed. His wide-spaced blue eyes were sombre. The late November breeze ruffled his blonde hair. His big body was slumped on the bench. On the field his Eastern University football team was taking its bumps.

Line Coach Joe Bell said, "They're gonna score again. This'll be the biggest beatin' Tate ever hung on us."

Lenhart shifted his broad shoulders, scarcely controlling a wild impulse to get out there and help his struggling youngsters. The Maroon giants of Tate were

deploying into a double wing formation. Black and Gold Eastern men shifted and poised, outweighed, outmanned, but determined.

Joe Bell's freckled face was scornful. He said, "Those hired hands of Bim Heary's are plenty good but nobody's out-gamin' our kids. That soph line of ours is tough. Look at that number one back plunge!"

The Maroon back hit from a spinner. There was a momentary hole in the center and he sifted through, cross-stepping to the right. The secondary was slow covering. On the five-yard line a wild-eyed safety man dived in and saved the score.

The stands were chanting mournfully, "Hooooold 'em Eastern." The score was already 35 to 0 for Tate. Al Lenhart shoved his hands deeper into his pockets and wished that he didn't have to look.

He was fond of those boys. They had yet to win a major contest but they had come through the season with their spirit unimpaired. The sophomore line had shown moments of greatness and only the ineptitude of the backs had caused the disastrous year.

The precision and power of Tate's hired players was obvious to the most unprofessional observer. From a short punt they maneuvered to the left. The Eastern line dug low, the guards submarined and Lang, the big tackle, slashed viciously. Al came to his feet with a yell. Tate was thrown for a two-yard loss.

Again and again the Maroon machine threatened to move. Desperate, bleeding, choking Eastern lineman with nothing to gain but glory without victory fought them back. Al muttered,

"Look at 'em fight. Give me a couple more years with them. What a line. Joe, you did good with those boys."

Joe Bell's round face was morose. He said, "Yeah we managed somehow to get linemen without buyin' 'em. But what we gonna do for backs? The frosh stinks. You just can't get backs without givin' scholarships, Al. You—there! It had to come!"

The Tate passer faded. A tall end in the corner of the end zone threw up his arms. The bullet pass found him with unerring aim. The referee's arm went up and the scoreboard changed. Tate had attained the biggest margin of victory over Eastern University in history.

THE light died in Al Lenhart's eyes. He said, "You can't lick City Hall. I'm going to save my kids for next year."

He yanked the entire line. He looked over the bench and picked out a tall, dark handsome youth whose sleekness was that of a trained and competent body. He said, "Ford, go in there at number three. You may be the answer to a maiden's prayer and a football player, too. Let's find out."

The handsome sophomore said easily, "I've been tryin' to hint to you about that. Watch."

Al watched him grimly, then turned to locate Mary Lou Barnes in the stands. He found her and noted the burly figure beside her. He shuddered. Tonight was not the time he would have chosen to meet Mary Lou's father. Jerome K. Barnes and his millions would not appreciate the coach of a humiliated football team as a prospective son-in-law.

Joe Bell said, "Heary ain't such a bad guy after all. He's easin' up. Here's his second team."

Tate men in fresh, clean uniforms were gingerly warming up. Al said gloomily, "They'll still be better than our guys."

"Sure," said Joe philosophically. "Why not? You let me go out and hire a few gees and I'll show you how to beat them. You're a better coach than Heary but you ain't gettin' material. Hell, look at Little. He ain't gettin' anywheres either."

"Give me backs to equal the line and we'll do it," averred Al.

Eastern was receiving. The ball soared against the darkening sky. It was very cold on the field. A lithe youth stepped neatly into the path of the ball and took it tenderly into his hands. Brief interference formed and he charged straight downfield.

Tate men plunged into the path of the ball carrier. The boy in Black and Gold struck for the sidelines, running easily, under control. He passed the thirty-five-yard line with two men ahead of him. Al Lenhart said,

"A back? There's a back. It's that Ford kid."

Grant Ford was running alone now. There were two men between him and the goal. He slowed down, although his churning legs still seemed to move as swiftly as before. The two Tate men moved confidently to pinch him.

There was a split second of indecision on the part of the tacklers. The Eastern back spurted straight at them. They were off balance as he came close. They reached long arms out to seize him but he lowered his head and drove with sturdy legs. He was between them, away from them. He scored standing up, all alone.

Joe Bell said, "That was fancy but it was against reserves. He's a dude, Al."

"He's a sweet runner," said Lenhart, frowning.

"And a dude," insisted Joe Bell. "And not a blockin' back. What we gonna do for a number two back? I tell you we can't keep playin' Tate and the rest without a few scholarships."

Al sunk back into his ulster and watched the game run out to its inevitable conclusion. Grant Ford was brilliant on outside plays and in the open field. The line played well enough to prevent further scoring.

Tate adherents deliriously tore down the goal posts. Drunks cavorted in a wild snake dance. The season was ended on the sour note of defeat. Al slowly made his way out the gate and down toward the clubhouse. It was all over but condolences for the boys. He squared his shoulders and attempted to look cheerful. He failed utterly.

THE girl was small and blonde with the wide eyes of youth and full of the banked fires of approaching womanhood. Smooth shoulders gleamed above the delf blue of her evening gown which swept the floor in graceful lines. She said,

"Al, this is my father. I know you will like each other. You both love football so."

The man was tall and heavy and his jaw-line was commanding. He peered at Al from beneath heavy brows and roared,

"Ha! So this is the young man. That's a terrible football team you got there, Lenhart."

Al said politely, "We do what we can, Mr. Barnes. The line is coming along good."

"Young Ford is the best man on the team," said Barnes emphatically. "Know his father. Give him some good blockin' and he'll go to town for you. Why haven't we got good backs? Tate gets 'em."

Mary Lou said indignantly, "Tate hires 'em. You know that, father. Everyone knows it."

"Then we gotta hire some," said Jerome K. Barnes triumphantly. "We can't take beatin's from Tate every year. When I was here we didn't take 'em."

Al said, "Doctor Lawson is the boss, sir. We have fine boys here. The game means something to them. They will make good men. That's something."

"Posh," exploded Barnes. "There are good boys who can play football, too. Most

of 'em can't afford to come to Eastern. And even if they can they'll go where they can get some extras. Our attitude is all wrong, Lenhart. You play a tough schedule. Your opponents give scholarships, you do not. It's not fair to the team nor the school nor the public. Receipts are falling off. Eastern is getting beaten and laughed at. It's not right."

"You know President Lawson," shrugged Al. "You'll never convince him that we should give athletic scholarships."

Barnes instinctively lowered his voice. "Lawson is a good man. But what he doesn't know will never hurt him. Lenhart, a few of us have decided to do something about this situation. We are prepared to finance the college career of four or five good boys. They may be anyone from anywhere. But they must be good football players."

Al said, "I can't lend myself to that, sir. It's against the policy of the school. My job wouldn't be worth a dime here."

"It need never be known," said Barnes. "The boys won't know the source of the money. You need know nothing officially yourself. Get the ones you want, let us know and we'll do the rest."

Al said stubbornly, "I don't believe in it. We've never hired ball players. It's against all my instincts."

The older man took a cigar from his breast pocket and bit at the end of it. He said slowly, "Lenhart, you'd better think it over. We are determined to have a football team at Eastern—if we have to hire a new coach."

MARY LOU cried in distress, "Father doesn't mean to threaten you, Al. But I do think he's right. It's no more than fair that we should have an even chance with the others. We have to play them."

The young coach's jaw set in a stubborn line. He stared into the blue eyes of the girl, then turned his glare upon the father. Barnes was blowing smoke at the ceiling, head tilted. There was a ring at the bell and a maid moved into the hall. A smooth voice in the doorway said,

"Am I interrupting a conference? I'm sorry."

Grant Ford came into the room. The handsome young sophomore backfield man

was poured into white tie and tails which fitted him perfectly. His black hair was sleek on his round head. In his young eyes was a look of secret amusement.

Mary Lou said quickly, "Oh, come in, Grant. You've met father. Grant is taking me to the Theta Phi dance, Al. You'll drop in later, won't you?"

Ford said, "Yes, coach, drop in later. I can spare you a dance—if you feel like dancing after the debacle."

Al mumbled something, watching the girl wrap herself in a velvet cloak, watching Ford's solicitous, almost proprietary gestures as he led her from the room. Jerome K. Barnes said reflectively,

"Nice boy, Ford. Wealthy family, too. Great ball player, give him some blockin'. Mary Lou's pretty fond of him I guess."

Something clicked inside Al Lenhart. He said, "A long time ago I used to be a very tough guy, Mr. Barnes. I never knew when I was licked. I've learned things since then. Are you willing to put up your money and wait a year for the hired hands to get through freshman year—if they can get through?"

"Certainly," said Barnes eagerly. "We don't want tramp athletes. We want deserving boys who can play ball."

"Yeah," said Al succinctly. "Okay. John Bell will dig them up for you. I'll play along. But I still say that football belongs to the boys who play it and that some day it'll be given back to them and the stadia of the country will be foreclosed by the mortgage holders. I love football, Mr. Barnes, better than victories."

"Sure you do," said Barnes. "That's why you're a good coach. Give you some victories and you'll be a great coach. Don't underrate victory, son. You're all right but that's another lesson for you to learn. Let me know when the boys are ready."

Al grunted and went out into the chill night. He walked his conscience about the old campus under the bare trees until the moon was high. Ghostly shadows flickered about him and from the Theta Phi house came the strains of the imported New York band.

He went to a lighted window and peered in. After five fruitless moments Mary Lou whirled by on the arm of Grant Ford. Al's expression did not change as he watched their gay young faces. When

they were gone from sight he turned and went back to the little house which he shared with Joe Bell. Through the long night hours he tossed in the bed, listening to the music of Joe's snores. His last waking thought was that he should have gone into the Thet house and taken Mary Lou aside for a talk. He felt the need of someone to talk with.

In the morning Joe Bell said, "Cert'ny Barnes is right. Give us one good year and what do we care? Anyone'll hire us."

"You didn't go to school here, Joe," said Al. "I took my degree from Doctor Lawson's hand. He's a fine man. Deceiving him is going to do something to me. But I've got to go through with it. If I don't they'll get another man. And it's not beyond reason that they might in the end go after Lawson himself."

Joe said, "Sure. You gotta do it. Just let me get out there and look up some kids."

"So there it is," said Al. "I'm going through with it but I'm not going to like it."

AND then it was another Tate game. The season behind had not been too bad, Al thought as he sat on the bench. Skip Jorgen and Bing Perry had borne out their promise of becoming great ends. Art Lang at right tackle would be captain next year and play All American ball. Big Lamby Pye was a sterling center. Wreck Kelley and Doug Tracey were small but swift-moving guards who could lead interference on any pull-out play.

The backs were mediocre but Grant Ford was still shining. He had pulled out the Pratt game with a long run. He had caught a pass which tied up the Hornell opener. In the defeat by Naupeg he had starred consistently over any other back on the field. Eastern had won the other games handily with his aid.

They were down on Tate's home grounds this year. Bim Heary's great outfit, bolstered by the brilliant soph find, Riggs Granger at fullback, were undefeated and a four to one favorite. Yet Al Lenhart, hunched on the bench, was exultant as his team took the field.

"Next year," he said to Joe. "Next year we'll get 'em."

A messenger boy wheeled up to the

bench and handed him a note. He said, "Our cute frosh just beat the Tate yearlings by two touchdowns."

"I told you those boys were good," grinned Joe. "I don't pick cripples."

Al's face clouded. He said, "You picked 'em all right. I hope you didn't pick us right out of a job."

"Stop frettin'," said Joe. "It's done now. They're enrolled and playin' ball. Make the best of it. It'll be a swell best, too. Look at that."

It was late in the second period. There had been no score, although Tate had threatened twice. It was Eastern's ball on their own thirty-yard line. Grant Ford was going away on a fake spin inside left tackle.

He crossed the scrimmage line and veered beautifully to the right. Pye threw a block on the Tate fullback, Granger. Art Lang came from nowhere and shouldered past a wing back. Ford stepped away from the end and stretched his long legs.

He went past midfield all alone. Maroon jerseys threatened him but he whirled and straight-armed and pivoted. The safety man made a last lunging attempt. Ford wheeled around him, spun and stumbled. A moment later he was free. He ran over the goal line with the field spread out in futile chase.

Joe said, "Wait'll Mueller and Malady come up next year and start blocking for him. We'll break him loose three times a game. He's a ghoster, that guy."

Al said gloomily, "Yeah. He's all right. But he is a dude, you know."

Joe looked startled. He protested, "That's what I said last year. He's a good dude, though."

Al said nothing when the half ended, he went into the clubhouse and talked to the boys. They were tired but full of fight. He soothed them, patted their shoulders, pointed out weaknesses in the attack, and praised the defense.

In the second half the Tate power asserted itself. The line played inspired ball but the heavy Tate backs, driving with tremendous leg-action, poured through and over. By constant pounding they sucked in the Eastern secondary until the soph whiz, Granger could let loose with his fancy passing.

They caught the Eastern defense flat-

footed in the third quarter with a long toss down the middle. Grant Ford was blocked out neatly and the score went over. The game was tied.

Al made substitutions among his backs, cautioning them against the passes. Tate went back to its powerful ground game. Al sighed. The wings began creeping up. Just before the final whistle another booming pass nestled into the arms of a Tate end. Grant Ford tackled him on the goal line, but the ball was over by inches. The game ended Tate 14, Eastern 7.

JEROME K. BARNES gave a party for Mary Lou that night. Al stood in a corner watching the blonde girl waltz with Grant Ford. In spite of himself he admitted that they made a handsome couple. He rubbed his own heavy jaw with blunt fingers. Barnes was saying,

"You didn't do bad, Lenhart. With these new boys you should be able to beat Tate next year. I don't see how you can miss."

Al said moodily, "Anyone can miss beatin' Tate. They're a tough outfit. One of the best in the country. I dunno."

"You'd better find out," said Barnes sharply. "We're expecting plenty from you."

Al winced and hung on to his temper with both hands. He danced with Mary Lou. She said,

"You're such a lousy dancer, Al. If you weren't cute as a bug's ear I wouldn't go on the floor with you. Don't worry about the game. You're sure to get them next year when you get good blocking for Grant."

"How about marrying me?" said Al bluntly.

She stared up at him in amazement. She said, "Are you actually proposing to me out here on a dance floor among all these people?"

"I'm not missin'," said Al uncomfortably.

"You great big romantic hero," she said bitterly. "The answer is no."

Al said, "Look, I can't do any fancy business like gettin' down on my knees. Be serious, won't you? I love you, honey."

She stopped dancing and walked him into the next room. She said, "Look, Al. There's a lot of things. Like how you're

going to make out here. You might not want to marry me if things go bad with you. Think it over. Ask me later. I won't say no, now. You're just a big dope and all that—but I do like you a lot."

He looked at her. She had matured in the past year. She was strangely calm and her blue eyes were clear and direct. He said humbly,

"Okay, Mary Lou. I—I just couldn't help askin' you. You look swell tonight, baby."

Her eyes softened as he lumbered out the door. She waited a few moments before she went back into the room. Grant Ford was looking for her. She danced with him, but her mind was not on her work.

IN the fall it seemed all simple and serene. Spring training had told him all he wanted to know about his squad. Joe Bell said,

"It's a push-over. Jorgen and Perry on the ends. The new kid, Race Ebele at left tackle. Cap Lang at right tackle. Pye at center. McHugh, Malady, Mueller and Ford for the startin' backs. Gilligan, Paley, Kriger and Fern for reserve backs. And Gilligan good enough for any spot you want him in."

The team was tumbling about, chasing elusive, rolling balls, charging each other fiercely, kicking and practicing running starts. Al stared out at them.

Fitz McHugh and Robert Mueller and George Malady and Francis Ebele and Joe Gilligan. They were all out there in shiny new varsity uniforms, sophomores destined for great things. And they were good.

McHugh was a wiry, tough-fibred youth with a keen eye and a smiling mouth. He was gifted with a piercing voice and born leadership. Joe had brought him from an obscure high school in Newark. Without varsity experience he was the best signal caller Al had ever coached.

Dutch Mueller was the blocking back. Wide-shouldered, sturdy, his thick legs moved with remarkable speed and deception. He was game, steady, full of fight. His square, honest face was bright with native intelligence. A Pennsylvania prep school had given him to Eastern with a sound scholastic record.

Malady, the plunging back, was a tall,

husky lad with the grace of an antelope. They called him "Zig" because of his amazing ability to go off at a tangent without losing speed or pace. He was fast and capable and a great kicker and passer. He and Race Ebele, the giant, good-natured tackle were from the south.

Joe Gilligan, the Irish kid with the freckles and the big grin, hailed from New York City. He was a number three back, swift, sure and a great defensive man. He would, as Joe Bell said, fill Grant Ford's shoes after this year.

They were all good boys, good students, fine athletes. Al loved working with the backs. McHugh's qualities of leadership developed every day under his shrewd guidance. He quickly picked up Al's strategy and offensive tactics and in a week was driving the team with the confidence and skill of a veteran.

Grant Ford said at the end of the first week, "These kids are sweet, Coach. With the support they ought to give me I'll knock 'em dead this season."

Al said, "I'm building around you, Ford. Your experience and savvy can make this backfield—make the team. You've been traveling in nondescript company. Make it good with these kids. Let them help you. Don't try to do it all yourself."

Ford said almost contemptuously, "Don't you worry about me, Coach. I pulled your last year's outfit from the brink of disgrace. I'll do the same this year."

"Just a natural dude," said Al as the tall, graceful youth walked away. "He can't help that stuff no more'n nothin'."

He watched Joe Bell working with the line. He could find no suggestion worth giving. Camp Welsh, the veteran end coach, was having a picnic with Jorgen and Bing Perry and a couple of kids named Lahey and Pappas who would make grand reserves. He returned to his beloved backs.

MONDAY they started scrimmaging. It was informal scrimmage with Al behind the backs, watching them work. The straight plunges and runs from orthodox formations went off well. Grant Ford seemed to fit into the combination of McHugh, Mueller and Malady with ease and despatch. Al said,

"Okay, Fitz. Now try that split buck.

We open against Hornell, Saturday. You're far enough along to take a few tricks."

They ran from a punt formation with Malady in the kicking slot and Ford in the number three spot. McHugh faked to the end, doubled over and gave a swift pass to Ford. The veteran was supposed to slip through a hole blasted by the center of the line. It was a fast-moving play, depending upon perfect timing by the backs and designed to shake a good runner loose in the secondary.

McHugh faked beautifully, concealing the ball. Ford started and there was a slight bobble. The guards charged, opened the hole. Ford recovered but could not get up fast enough. The line smothered him.

Al said, "Okay, slight slip. Try it again. Watch your timing, Grant."

They tried it again. Again there was a slip-up and the ball rolled on the ground. Al said dryly, "A fumble like that can cost you eighty yards. Forty you might have picked up kicking and forty they'll kick back at you. Grant, you're still off."

The veteran back bit his lip, then said, "Why pick on me. Maybe something else is wrong."

Al's good humor disappeared instantly. He said in crisp accents, "I said you were wrong. Gilligan. Come over here and try that play."

Ford stepped back, his mouth half open to protest, his eyes angry. Al glared at him and he subsided. Young Joe Gilligan stepped into the number three shot. The play went off.

Gilligan took the ball and went straight through the hole. The guards never got a hand on him and the fullback missed him a foot. He cut back and went ten yards. Al said calmly.

"Try it again, Joe."

Again the play clicked. Al said, "All right, Ford. If you're convinced, you can get in there and learn to get off on the right foot instead of the left. That's what's screwing it up."

Ford's face was sullen as he went back into the line-up. Al watched him closely. He could see that the senior was trying hard to get the rhythm of the play. It was suddenly borne in upon him that it could not be done.

He knew instantly the whole truth. Ford

had been playing so long with inferior men that he could not adapt himself to the swift-moving, fast-thinking play of the sophomore stars. Time and again during the afternoon he failed to get up in time for the fierce blocking of his teammates. Other times he was away too fast, not waiting for blockers to pick him up.

He went hastily for Joe Bell and said, "Watch Ford, Joe. The dude is going to be a problem child."

Joe watched as the split buck failed miserably to gain a yard against a fighting scrub outfit. McHugh railed at his team, calling for a reverse off right tackle. Ford took the ball and waited a split second too long before cutting. Lahey, reserve end, nailed him for a loss.

Joe said, "Uh-huh. Trouble we got."

Al said, "This is going to raise hell. But I'll have to use Gilligan or teach Ford new tricks."

"You can't do that," said Joe. "Football is too much a game of experience and sound reflexes. You need an experienced man along all those kids. You're in a pickle, my friend."

THAT night Al sat at his study table and penciled diagrams on a piece of paper. There were many stratagems to work out, assignments to be given to men whose talents they would fit, defensive tactics to be molded about his material. The phone rang sharply. Mary Lou's voice said,

"Hello, Coach. Where you been half my life?"

"The Coach's life is not a happy one in the football season. Me. I just ain't got time for nothin'," said Al regretfully. "I been missin' you, honey."

"I certainly would like to see the man who wants to marry me," she said lightly. "It's good for my ego. How about dropping over?"

"No can do, honey," said Al. "Got a million things to do. Trouble rears its ugly head at my club."

"You're not supposed to have trouble, sonny. You got a wonder team. I been hearing about it."

"Don't believe all you hear and only half you see," said Al. "I tell you I got trouble."

There was a moment's pause on the other

end of the wire. Then Mary Lou said, "Grant Ford just came in. I'll see you later, then, Al. Don't work too hard."

He pronged the hand instrument in and sat back in his chair. He stared at the diagram before him for moments. Under the little circle which designated the number three back he found himself scribbling a name. It was that of Joe Gilligan.

His lips tightened and he went determinedly back to the task of shifting his line so as to get more blockers ahead of the ball on the end sweep.

HE read the opening line-up for the season in measured accents, "Ends, Jorgen and Perry. Tackles, Ebele and Lang. Guards, Tracey and Kelley. Center, Pye. Backs, McHugh, Mueller, Malady and—Gilligan."

Grant Ford's face went white, then red. He started to speak but no words came. Young Gilligan's eyes flashed brightly and his lips were a firm, straight line.

Al said, "Go out and warm up. I'll see the starters in here alone before the whistle."

The team arose and filed out silently. Ford lingered and managed to whisper, "I'm wise to you, Lenhart. But you'll never get away with it. The team won't stand for it, just because I'm beatin' your time with your girl."

Al said sharply, "I've been holding my temper around here for years, Ford. Don't push me too far. Get out there and act like a man or turn in your suit."

The dark youth stiffened and his eyes shot fire. He muttered, "Some day I'm gonna take a crack at you, wise guy."

Al watched him go out on the field. He followed, seeing that everyone was busy limbering up. He looked over the Hornell squad across the field.

There was no set-up on the Eastern schedule. The seaboard schools had ceased to book games with obviously inferior teams and Eastern had been in the van with disastrous results up until now. Hornell was a school of equal antiquity and equal football calibre. The team was big and strong but Al hoped that they might be slow. A slow team would have no chance against his speedsters regardless of weight disadvantage.

The Hornell backfield was heavy with

the exception of the star, Hips McNoodle, who was rangy. He had been a good man last year, Al remembered. He would put Lang and Ebele on McNoodle from the whistle.

Time grew short and he called the team into the dressing room. He faced the eleven starting players and said,

"You are the best team physically that I have ever coached. You can do things no other Eastern team has ever done. Right now you know more plays and are stronger in fundamentals than half the teams in the country will be at top form.

"Our problem in coaching is to keep you up there mentally. I know some of you veteran linemen are puzzled right now because one of your classmates is on the bench. Forget about that. Go in there and get the jump on Hornell. Blast 'em from the whistle. Score and score again. They're big and tough but probably slow. Get the lead and hold it and the season will start the way we want it to end against Tate. Let's go."

He stood near the door and watched their faces as they went past him. There was no sign of nervousness or funk about them. Young Gilligan had the holy light of a seeker after the Grail on his homely Irish countenance. Al followed them as they crunched across the gravel and ran out onto the grass.

The undergraduates bunched on the fifty-yard line broke into a cheer. It suddenly occurred to Al that he had been too preoccupied to ascertain where Mary Lou would be sitting. He wondered if he could pick her out in the half filled stadium. He rubbed at his blonde head. Mary Lou wouldn't like that, he knew.

The referee was tossing a coin and Art Lang was calling it. A new season was about to begin. Al saw that Eastern had won. They elected to receive, there being no wind. The team huddled at the sideline and Al stuck his head into the ring. He said,

"Open up on 'em, Fitz. Give 'em hell."

McHugh flashed his wide, cocky smile and said, "Just like you say, Coach. C'mon, you guys."

They touched hands in the team pledge. Then they were trotting out on the green grass. Fitz gave them the sign to form for a mass attack down the middle and

went back to motion his backs into line on the five.

Al joined Joe Bell on the bench. Joe shifted his wad of gum in his cheek and said worriedly, "Supposin' they kick right to Gilligan and he flubs it. You're takin' a chance startin' that green kid."

Al kept his eyes on the field. He said, "Nuts. Gilligan's all right."

OUTWARDLY imperturbable, his nerves were stretched to the breaking point. In his own playing days he had been nervous before a game but never anything like this. The whole team was hanging on his shoulders now. He felt the cold sweat breaking out on his body. He clenched his hands and leaned forward.

A Hornell lineman took two steps and swung a long leg. The ball plunked off his toe and sailed on a high trajectory toward the Eastern goal line. The giant Hornell line thundered on the turf.

Joe Gilligan poised motionless. He made a slight signal to the other backs. Black and Gold figures waited, forming in a mass at the center of the field. The ball was dropping on the ten-yard line. Gilligan did not move. A triumphant Hornell end cut in.

Gilligan ran forward. When he took the ball into his arms he was going at top speed. The too-anxious end over-ran the play completely. Interferers carried him straight downfield to the forty-yard line before a Hornell man got to him and brought him down.

Al Lenhart exhaled sharply in relief. He glanced instinctively to where Ford sat on the bench. The senior back's face was stony, pale. His eyes were black and deep lines etched the corners of his mouth. Al shook his head and turned back to the field.

McHugh was shouting gleefully, mocking at the mammoth Hornell linemen. The Eastern team marched out of its huddle with mid-season perfection. From the short punt Zig Malady went inside tackle on a half-spinner. Wreck Kelley, the chunky guard, spread devastation in the Hornell secondary as Malady crashed through. The fullback went into his precious cross-over swing and reversed the field. He pivoted off a charging wing back, straight-arming at the peak of the swivel and careened downfield.

McHugh picked him up and ran with him. The safety man figured the tangent and came over on a gallop. Others chased from behind. Bing Perry blotted out a tackle. Dutch Mueller knocked over the fullback. Hornell men went down like ten pins all over the field.

The safety man dove gamely but Fitz McHugh interposed his muscular body and the two crashed to the ground. Zig cantered over the goal line.

McHugh swung his leg with neatness and aplomb and the ball split the uprights. Seven points went up on the big blackboard and the Eastern team ran back to kick off. Joe Bell said reverently,

"How they click. What an outfit. Al, we got champs. We got all-time, all-time. We got a ball club."

Al's eyes were moist with exultant tears. He breathed, "I never knew how good they were. They're just kids. They can't be this good."

Hornell brought the ball back only to the twenty-five-yard line where Wreck Kelley spilled the famed Hips McNoodle on his ear. Two hacks at the sturdy Eastern line got them exactly nothing. They kicked. Fitz McHugh ran the ball back to midfield.

Joe Gilligan went five yards off tackle. Malady split the center for five more. The Hornell backs moved up and Zig tossed one in the flat to Gilligan which he took in mid-stride and carried to the twenty.

McHugh called for a straight end sweep without deception. The two guards got into the play and Gilligan turned the end. He cut over and ducked away from McNoodle and Dutch Mueller threw a body block on the safety man. Gilligan scored with a man on his hips.

Grant Ford's face was longer and more solemn than ever. Al got up and moved up and down in front of the bench. The quarter ended with a third score imminent and Hornell offensively impotent. Al said,

"Lahey and Pappas go in at ends. Kerrigan for Tracey. Pike for Pye at center. Paley, in for Mueller. Kriger, in for Malady. Ford, in for Gilligan."

The first stringers came off with beaming faces, secure in the knowledge of a good deed well done. Al watched Grant Ford go reluctantly, then determinedly on to the field. The second quarter started.

Hornell opened up in a desperate attempt to stave off disaster. From their own goal line they elected to chuck a long pass down the middle. The ball sailed high and wobbly over the heads of the straining players.

Al was watching Ford. When the end went down, Ford retreated with him. The veteran back sensed a quick kick or a pass and was thoroughly alert. He lengthened his stride, passing the Hornell end. He was, Al thought, the fastest man on the field. His arms went up and he leaped high on the thirty-five-yard line. He got his hands on the ball and hung on to it, landing squarely on his feet.

He spun and ran straight for the sideline. Shocked Hornellians in Green jerseys came at him. Black and Gold Easterners formed hasty interference. Ford made a quick reverse and came down center behind Art Lang. The captain carried him ten yards before being cut down.

Ford cut inside of two men who blocked his return to the sideline and dove into another who was ridden down under his ferocity. His long legs scissored swiftly as the stands rose and cheered. He fell over the goal line with the safety man hanging onto him.

"That," said Al in Joe Bell's ear, "was the worst thing that could have happened."

"It was a damn swell run," grunted Bell.

"A swell individual piece of work, aided by damn good blockin'," corrected Al. "On his own Ford's a good man."

"Sure he's a good man. He just don't fit into our scheme as a starter," sighed Joe. "I don't like what this is gonna do to us, Al."

"You nor me neither," said Al lugubriously.

WITH the slower starting, less flashy Paley and Kriger running his interference and Fitz McHugh calling the plays and adapting himself to the tempo with rare football genius, Ford had a field day for the rest of the quarter. He was the outstanding man on the field, figuring in every play, blocking in his turn, tackling viciously on the defense, guarding his wing like a battalion of storm troops. Only a professional watcher with glasses trained upon every play could see that McHugh was not forced to use any other than

straight football and that the Hornell line was too slow to take advantage of the lack of deception.

Al put the varsity back to start the second half, withdrew them after a few moments and put in second and third string men. Nothing could stop Eastern that day. The third team scored twice in the last quarter. The final score was Eastern 54, Hornell 0.

When it was all counted up Ford had scored the most points, gained the most ground, made the longest run. Al looked at the figures and groaned. He said to Joe Bell,

"Everyone in the country but us will expect us to start him and use him forty to fifty minutes a game. What a life."

JEROME K. BARNES staged a small celebration in his home that night. The big house was a glare of bright lights and the radio played swing music as football men danced with pretty girls. Barnes led Joe and Al into a small den and closed them in with a great air of secrecy. He handed out cigars and said proudly,

"Well, we did it. We showed 'em. That score will reverberate around the nation with a vengeance."

"Yeah," said Al sardonically. "That'll be swell. Now everybody will point for us. I threw scrubs in there as long as I had 'em to keep the score down. We were just too hot. It's the worst thing could have happened."

"Nonsense. We'll show 'em," said Barnes excitedly. "We'll show 'em all. If you'd use young Ford more we'd do even better. What's the idea keepin' that fine boy out of the opening line-up? Best man you've got. You shouldn't keep him out just because he's interested in Mary Lou, Lenhart. That's kind of picayune, I think."

Al got to his feet. The muscles in his jaw were working strangely. Joe Bell leaped up in haste and caught his arm. He said soothingly:

"Take it easy, kid. Remember where you are. Mr. Barnes, you wanta be careful. This guy sees red when he's crossed."

Al shook himself loose. His voice was cold and controlled. He said, "In the first place, Mr. Barnes, I don't like that 'we' stuff. It reminds me that I am doing

something which was against my will and against the rules of this school. These boys we brought in are good boys and I'm glad in a way that they're here. But I don't like reminders of how they got here."

"What you like means little to me," Barnes blustered. "You're hired to coach football, not criticize your elders."

"Furthermore," said Al stonily, "any reference to the relationship between your daughter and me is bad taste upon your part unless you use a different tone. I stood for it twice today now without socking somebody. I better be going before it happens again."

He wheeled and went out the door. Joe Bell looked at the enraged Barnes with comical helplessness. He lifted his shoulders and spread out his hands. When the door had slammed he said:

"Gosh! I seen him half-kill three men for less'n that. You don't know Al Lenhart, Mr. Barnes. He's a hell of a good man but he's an awful bad actor when he gets sore."

Barnes' face was brick red. He said thickly, "He's an insolent young puppy. He'll never enter this house again. He'll be out of a job before the month is out. Before the week is out. He can't talk to me like that."

"He did," Joe pointed out. "And he's got a good contract. And Doctor Lawson likes him. You better forget that stuff about gettin' him fired. It might back-fire."

He went out. Al was gone. Joe hesitated a moment, then went into the room where the merriment was at its height. Grant Ford was dancing with Mary Lou as usual. Joe cut in and maneuvered her into the hall. Five minutes later he left her pale and breathless and went home.

AL was pacing the floor of the sitting-room. Sulphurous language polluted the air. Joe perched on a chair and listened admiringly. Al said:

"That's what we get for lettin' an over-stuffed, stupid, arrogant money-bag into the picture. For two pins I'd drop the hired hands and go along with what we had. This situation stinks."

Joe said phlegmatically, "You can't no more fire those kids than nothin'. They're swell kids. They didn't do anything

wrong. They came through for you today like little soldiers. You can't throw those kids down."

Al said wildly, "Of course I can't. They're here and they're all right and they're entitled to what they're getting. But that big, blusterin', blitherin' wind-bag of a —"

"Your gal's father," pointed out Joe Bell.

Al stopped short. He groaned, "Yeah. My gal's father. She won't be my gal long. Between that old idiot and Grant Ford whining about favoritism she'll air me quick enough."

The phone rang. Joe picked it up and held it out without speaking into it. He said:

"Trouble with you is, you ain't got any faith in people."

Al grabbed the instrument and said, "Hello?"

Mary Lou's voice was low but distinct. She said, "Joe told me all about it. Father forbids me to see you again. I'll meet you in an hour under Big Elm."

Al said, "Darling. I love you."

The phone clicked. He blinked at Joe Bell and said, "Uh—thanks, Joe. That was fast thinking."

Joe shrugged. "Wasn't any use to have that kinda trouble, too. We got plenty without that."

Under the Big Elm it was dark and secluded. The old tree creaked as he took her in his arms and held her tight. He said:

"They'll probably fire me in the end. But I'll get another job. Will you marry me right away?"

She kissed him and said, "I would, Al. But I want you to fight it out. I don't understand about Grant. He looked good in there. But I know you're right. I know you're always right. I want you to fight it out and win. Then I'll marry you."

"But the cards are stacked," he protested. "I may lose out, Mary Lou."

She said softly, "You can't lose out. You have to be right. I'm with you, Al, no matter what happens. But you can't lose."

It was an hour before he got back to the house. Joe Bell was doing his nightly solo snoring in the bed. Al laughed at the raucous sound which only last night had

enraged him and tortured his nerves. He fell into bed and went instantly to sleep.

THE world was quickly aware of Eastern's wonder sophomores. The newspapers spread word of their rising to the far corners of the earth. Al brought them along swiftly through the week to the Pratt College game.

As a matter of course he started Gilligan with the other sophomores. Eastern took the field with the same line-up as the opening game.

The Pratt forward wall was big, experienced and stubborn. Even against Eastern's practiced veterans they refused to give an inch. The first quarter ended without a score, although the ball was ever in Pratt territory. As the second period opened, Al said:

"Reaction to a start too good to be true. I'm going to try an experiment."

Joe said, "Be careful, kid."

"Nuts," said Al. He raised his voice. "Ford. Go in for Gilligan."

The veteran back started in amazement. Then a triumphant flush mounted to his dark cheeks. He seized a head guard and dashed onto the field. Al met Gilligan at the sidelines and put his arm about the disconsolate youth. He whispered:

"Take it easy, son. This is not discipline. You have to learn to take it in this game, you know."

Gilligan said gratefully, "Whatever you say, Coach. You know best."

Hornell punted. McHugh ran the ball back to Eastern's forty. Al settled back on the bench, his nerves tingling. McHugh called for a spinner off right tackle with Ford carrying from the number three spot.

The play formed quickly from a modified single wing with one guard ahead of the ball. Ford spun, took the ball and plunged. He was a second late. He lost two yards.

Al grunted. He could hear McHugh's voice, lashing at his team. The quarterback took the ball himself on a short-side plunge. Ford missed a block by a step and the play piled up.

Again McHugh called Ford's number, this time off left guard. The veteran leaped into the play with too much speed. Mueller did not have time to get up and

work on the tackle. A Pratt defender nailed Ford from the side and rolled him.

Al relaxed and said, "That's that."

Zig Malady kicked out of danger and Pratt tried a couple of desultory plunges which cracked up against the aroused Eastern line. Then they kicked to Fitz McHugh, who ran all the way back to the Pratt forty-yard line.

Fitz called for the split buck from the short punt formation. At the last moment he gave Malady's number on the play, shifting Ford into the slot. Ford drifted, McHugh faked and handed the ball to Malady. Zig was into the hole like a rabbit, veered right, lowered his head and ran down the secondary. Eight yards.

Again McHugh called for a buck with Malady carrying. Mueller worked the tackle over and Ford managed to check the end. Malady gained seven yards.

Al said, "Fitz is cute. He knows Ford don't fit in. So he uses him as a threat and feeds Malady. Smart stuff."

"Ford's a dude," said Joe emphatically.

Al cocked a quizzical eye at him and turned back to the play. Fitz had the ball and was fading. The Pratt defense had drifted back with the ends. Dutch Mueller doubled up and hit a charging tackle. Fitz evaded a line-man and ran toward where Dutch was getting up.

The field was broken by the delayed play. Fitz was supposed to run. Grant Ford's job was to take the end out and let him get to the line of scrimmage. Ford missed the end completely, but Mueller, his football instinct working overtime, wheeled and did the job himself.

McHugh whirled somehow between two men and fought forward. Driving, twisting, he broke loose in a brilliant piece of individual running for five yards.

Al said, "A touchdown gone to hell on account of a missed block. Ford is gettin' demoralized out there."

Fitz tried a pass from the same formation. He looked for Bing Perry and found him in the flat. He zoomed the ball in a straight line, head high for the mark. Perry overjumped. The ball struck his chest and bounced.

FORD was up covering the play. The pigskin landed in his arms without a move on his part. He broke and ran

madly. He scored going away from the flock.

Al said, "There's something about that guy. Is he lucky or what?"

"He's good in spots," said Joe grudgingly. "And he's lucky, too."

Al sent the regulars back in the game. Ford gave him a contemptuous look as he came to the bench. Al said directly to him:

"You looked lousy out there, Ford. I hope you know it."

"I scored, didn't I?" demanded the senior, his handsome face sullen.

"Sure. I give you that," said Al coldly. "But Fitz had a clear field when you missed that block. I just want you to know these things, Ford."

The veteran back mumbled something and subsided into a blanket. The game went on, the varsity backfield clicking merrily for two more scores before the final whistle. The score was Eastern 21, Pratt 0.

THAT night Al said, "The squad is beginning to get restless. Those line-men of ours are all classmates of Ford's. Most of them are fraternity brothers. I feel a difference in them lately. We're gonna have trouble."

"You're always lookin' for it," observed Joe. "I think you're screwy. Those kids know you're makin' a real team out of 'em."

"They expect Ford to be a starting back. They know we don't make many substitutions in the Tate game. They live and breathe for that game, Joe. They want their buddy in there."

"You're borrowin' trouble," Joe still insisted.

There was a knock at the door. Joe opened it and Art Lang lumbered into the room. The big team captain was serious and uncomfortable. He sat on the edge of a straight chair and talked about the game in strained accents. After a bit Al said briskly:

"All right, Art. Let's have it. What's on your mind? Is it Ford?"

Lang flushed and said, "Well, it's like this, Coach. The boys—they've been talkin' it over."

"They would," said Al pleasantly. "So what?"

"Well, he's a senior, after all. He's done a lot of good work in the past two years. And he's been our luck out there. We think he ought to be a starter. Gilligan's good, but he makes it an all-soph backfield. They're too green."

Al said, "And you're captain of the team! You wouldn't know that the backfield clicks better without Ford. You wouldn't know that he's an opportunist and not a team man. You'd take a chance on spoiling a perfect season to play him because he's a senior and a fraternity brother."

"Wait now," expostulated Lang. "This isn't all my idea. I'm just here for the boys. After all, Ford is all right. And he's not here on a scholarship."

Al said sharply, "Who is?"

Lang said, "You know that as well as I do. I'm not sayin' it isn't all right. Those boys are good boys. But you know the policy here. You ought to at least use home-bred talent when you have the chance. Those boys'll be back next year. Give the seniors a break."

Al said, "Look here, Art. I hadn't ought to bother discussing this with you. I'm the boss of this club and you know it. And you know I'm right about Ford. But I've always believed that the players should have the final word in the game. I've always sort of thought that if we coaches were all fired and the game given back that you'd have more fun."

Joe Bell murmured, "Perish the thought."

"But the game isn't run that way," pursued Al. "The way it is I must make the decisions. Now, Art, if you can honestly say that you think Ford fits into the starting backfield better than Gilligan—I'll start him with them."

Lang hesitated, his face solemn. Then he said, "Look, Coach, couldn't you just start the second string backs and make like they were the varsity?"

Al grinned. He said, "That's a good answer. But you know it doesn't go. Go back to the boys and tell them what I said. Ford is a reserve back and a mighty valuable man. His temperament is bad, but I'm keeping him on and using him because he's good in spots. If he had the interest of the team and the school at heart he would be proud to fill the important role

which is his. Carry that thought away with you."

Art Lang got to his feet. He said, "I'll try to keep them in line, Coach. It's tough to see this season go lousy. We got a good club."

Al said, "It's up to you and me to pull them together. Keep your chin up, son."

When the captain had gone, Joe Bell said lugubriously, "You're right again. Must you always be right? Can't I be right once in a while? Now what?"

There were deep lines etched into the craggy features of Al Lenhart. He said:

"I wish I knew. Sometimes I wish I had fulfilled my boyhood ambition and gone on the police force. People can't talk back to cops."

INNER dissension seemed to have no effect upon the efficiency of the machine which Al Lenhart was welding together with such great care. A hapless Naupeg team fell to the tune of 28 to 0. Greenley U. took it on the chin for two touchdowns in spite of a stubborn defense and a great kicker. The valiant Yarmouths, one of the best teams in the East, yielded but one touchdown, but Al was more than satisfied to get over this mid-season stumbling block.

Vail provided the big test. They cracked Eastern's hitherto impregnable goal line and led at the half, 7 to 0. The ubiquitous Grant Ford intercepted a forward pass in the third quarter and ran fifty yards for the tying score.

Al promptly inserted his varsity backfield as soon as Eastern got the ball. Taking advantage of temporary panic on the part of the Vails, McHugh promptly sent his men over for two more scores, sewing up the game. Al put Ford and the reserves back in the third quarter and the senior back ran for eighty yards to score again.

The next morning Joe Bell yelped from his end of the breakfast table, "Wow! This tears it. Get a load of this story in the *Graphic*."

His voice taut with indignation, he read, "Jerome K. Barnes, member of Eastern University's Athletic Council, prominent alumnus, accused Coach Al Lenhart of favoritism and stupidity in his dealings with the football squad today in an exclusive interview with the *Graphic*. Barnes claims

that Lenhart has a grudge against Grant Ford, hero of yesterday's game and high scorer of the team, and will not play the veteran back with his sophomore stars. It is Lenhart's practice, Barnes declares, to let Ford put the game on ice, then to allow the others to garner the glory."

"And that ain't all," he groaned, "When it was suggested that the sophs need experience and that it will stand them in good stead against Tate in the big game, Barnes hinted darkly that there were deeper reasons for the coach's policy. This correspondent wonders if Eastern University momentarily forgot its strict anti-proselyting stand when it took in Mueller and McHugh and Malady and Ebele. The inception of these four grand players in one class seems, to say the least, significant."

Al said, "The big-mouthed damn fool! He was hinting about Mary Lou and the reporters got smart on him. How do you like it?"

"I don't," groaned Joe. "Doctor Lawson will be on our tail for sure. This is our jobs, Al. He'll sure as shootin' fire us out, contract or no contract. Unless we plead ignorance. Could we duck out from under and leave Barnes holdin' the bag?"

Al said, "We haven't ducked anything yet."

He got up from the table, leaving his coffee untouched, and picked up his coat. Joe said:

"Now don't go off half-cocked. What you gonna do?"

"I'm going over to see Doctor Lawson," said Al grimly. "No one but me is going to tell him about this."

"Wait. He might not see it. Think it over, Al. We might think of a way out," pleaded Joe.

"There's no way out. Barnes has split it wide open," said Al. "I'll see you later."

"Not me you won't," said Joe, leaping up. "I'm in on this too. You can't leave me out."

THE distinguished gray-haired man with the kindly face was in his study when they entered. Al always felt like an undergraduate in the high-ceilinged, book-lined room. President Lawson said:

"It's nice to see you again, Al. You're always hard to find. Tell me about the

great football team and how you do it."

Al said, "That's what I'm here for, sir. Read this, Doctor Lawson. Then I want to tell you the real story."

The great man adjusted his spectacles and read. When he had finished he said quietly, "Sit down and tell me about it, Al. You know I'm your friend."

An hour later the two coaches left the house of the President of the University. They were silent, thoughtful. Then Joe Bell said:

"So that's what makes a great man."

"Yes," said Al. "That's what makes 'em."

"We're to go right ahead. He guessed it all the time because he knew about Barnes. The boys are all right so he won't do anything about them."

"He wouldn't penalize them or us because he knew we were in a spot," said Al. His voice broke a little. "A grand man, Joe."

"But we gotta make good or he won't keep the alumni off us. He's right, too," said Joe. "The Tate game will be the blow-off, Al."

"Yeah," said Al. "It'll be the blow-off all right."

THE day dawned bright and cold. Al supervised the winding of tape and adjusting of pads. The odor of leather and canvas and liniment was strong in the team room. The squad was in good physical condition. Al Lenhart's teams were always shy on injuries. Al knew how to train them, how to bandage them against hurt.

He passed among them, dropping a word here, a pat on the shoulder there. There was something in the air. He could feel an undercurrent. Grant Ford, alone in a corner, was inwardly excited. The veteran linemen were noncommittal when he spoke with them. His jaw hardened and he held up his hand for silence.

He said, "You've been a good ball club this season. You could have been a great ball club without this dissension which I feel in you right now."

He paused and looked around. Sullen faces greeted him from various sections of the room. He went on:

"We might as well bring this right out into the open. Grant Ford and Jerome K.

Barnes have kicked this squad around because they didn't see eye to eye with me about Ford's ability to fit into the varsity backfield. You all read the *Graphic*. You know what happened last week. It's a shame that it had to happen. Because, of course, Tate will kick the pants off you out there."

Several men stirred. Grant Ford got to his feet and said, "You can't palm that off on me and Mr. Barnes. If you knew how to handle men . . ."

"Shut up, Ford," bawled Al, his voice suddenly loud and fierce. "All of you. Sit down and shut up. I've babied you guys long enough. I've been patient with your childish nonsense. Now I'm through. Completely through. The first mugg to make a move while I'm talking gets it on the chin."

Grant Ford charged forward. He said, "I'll take a piece of that. I've wanted to all season."

Al's eyes glinted dangerously. He crouched, waiting. As Ford flung himself forward, the coach's big left hand shot out with surprising speed. It connected with Ford's jaw. A short right followed briskly. Ford went down on his back and rolled under a bench.

Art Lang bellowed, "Hey! You can't do that." He swung a hand like a ham. Al ducked under it and slugged a right to the chin. The surprised captain stumbled back. Doug Tracey and Wreck Kelley started forward. The senior ends, Perry and Jorgen, tried to get into the mêlée.

Fitz McHugh's piercing voice called, "Hold 'em, Coach. We're comin'."

There was a hammering on the door. The backfield sophomores plunged eagerly into the fray. Al, a red blaze before his eyes, slugged indiscriminately at the figures about him.

Joe Bell clambered through a broken door. He leaped to a table and brandished a length of lead pipe. He yelled, "Lay off. Stop it. I'll brain the first guy that swings at Al Lenhart."

ALMOST miraculously the fight was over. Bruised and battered men moved about, sank down on benches, worn as much from the emotional output as from the fight. Al, his eye blackened and blood running from his nose, climbed up

beside Joe. The haze was gone and his voice was steady. He said:

"All right. We got that out of our systems. Now listen to what I was going to say. You all think I've been wrong. You veterans are in favor of starting Ford in the backfield this afternoon and leaving him in there against Tate. You think he can pull out the game for you. I think he'll screw up the works.

"So I'll tell you what I'm going to do. You've got fifteen minutes before game time if you skip the warming up exercises. Skip 'em. Stay right in here, all by yourselves. Make up your own starting line-up. I don't care if you put the assistant manager in there. And then come outside and go to work on Tate. If you want me to take over I'll be right there on the bench. And if you don't, I'm walking away from the bench and out of Eastern University and I'm never coming back, because I've failed. Now go ahead and have fun."

He dragged Joe out of the room and closed the door. Joe said, "You gone completely crazy, Al? Fightin' with 'em, then turnin' the game over to 'em. Now we are through. Now we might as well take the first train."

Al Lenhart went into the washroom and tenderly wiped the blood from his face. He said, "Joe, the hell with it. Let's go outside and wait. It's just like a roulette wheel, only I think we've got a chance."

HE went out into the vast stadium. Thousands of people were murmuring in amazement. The Maroon jerseys of Tate covered the field. People were wondering where the Eastern team was lurking. They spotted the two coaches and a shout went up.

Al found Mary Lou. She was right up behind the bench in the third row. She always sat down there where she could see him. He waved at her, deliberately ignoring the scowling presence of her father. She blew him a surreptitious kiss. He grinned and hoped she could not distinguish his black eye.

He sat on the long, empty bench. Joe Bell shifted uneasily alongside him and muttered, "This is screwy. This ain't never been done before."

"It's what is known as giving the game

back to the boys," said Al blithely. "Do you know, Joe, I don't really give a damn. I feel like we have done all we could. We gave them plays and rated them along and taught them how to act out there. This is the last game of the season. What good are we to them? Hell, they could make their own substitutions for that matter."

Joe Bell said shrewdly, "You know and I know how they'd go. You know they can't run without an engine. You're the guts of this outfit, Al. You don't even know how much they need you."

Al said, "They're coming out."

They came out briskly, running on their toes, their heads up. The starting eleven made for the field, the reserves came toward the bench. Al Lenhart leaned forward, his lips white. He suddenly knew that he did care. He cared more than anything else in the world that moment to know what the boys he coached thought of him.

He picked them out one by one. There was Jorgen and Ebele and Tracey and Pye and Kelley and Art Lang. There was Bing Perry and McHugh and Mueller and Zig Malady. Then through a haze he saw Grant Ford walking to the bench, a peculiar expression in his eyes. Young Joe Gilligan was adjusting a headgear over his grin.

Ford came straight to where Al sat on the bench. He said, "I think you ought to know from me. The team wants you to take over. It was unanimous. That sock on the jaw sorta made me wise up, I guess. I'm in favor of everything. I want to get in whenever you think I'm ready."

Al said quietly, "Thanks, son. Sit down here beside me. You'll be in there."

He walked over into the huddle as they gave the team pledge. The usually perfunctory gesture was a tight handclasp today. He said:

"Everything's okay, boys. Make it good in there."

Fitz McHugh's clear voice said, "Now me fine buckeroos. A good one for the coach."

Al went back to the bench with the words ringing in his ears and squeezed in between Joe Bell and Grant Ford. The announcer was droning the names of the starting Tate players through the huge microphone.

AL sat forward, his chin on one big palm. The Tate men were big and strong and fast. Eastern had won the toss and was receiving. The Tate line spread out across the field, imposing in tight Maroon jerseys. The great Riggs Granger minced forward and drove at the ball. Deliberately he sent it out of bounds. The officials brought it back and gave it to Eastern on the thirty-five-yard line. The two teams lined up.

"Takin' no chances and puttin' the pressure on us," grunted Joe Bell. "Bim Heary swiped that from Dartmouth and the Washington Redskins last year. It's winning football if you got the bulge."

Fitz McHugh was exhorting the team. They went into the familiar short punt with Malady in the slot. Fitz took the ball himself and tried right guard. The big Tate line drove in. Fitz made a yard.

Al said, "Attaboy, Fitz. Set 'em up. Pull 'em in tight, then throw the bombs at them."

Another try at the line netted three yards with Zig Malady carrying. Then Fitz went back and quick-kicked. Bing Fortune had to run back for the ball and Bing Perry made the tackle on the Tate thirty-yard line.

"We picked up five yards," said Grant Ford exultantly.

Al looked curiously at the veteran. He was sitting bolt upright, his handsome face aglow. There was a noticeable bruise on his jaw where Al's fist had landed. His eyes were bright and intent upon the play. The sullenness was entirely gone from him.

Tate wasted two plays on the stolid Eastern line and Granger returned the kick to Eastern's thirty-five. The two great teams were stalemated. The first quarter waned swiftly. Once Joe Gilligan got away for twenty yards, but Granger came back on the next exchange and picked back the precious yards.

"Fitz is feelin' 'em out," said Ford. "We'll get going."

Al shook his head. "You've never been up against a better team than this Tate outfit. They've got more poise, more balance than the others. Watch that Granger, Grant. You'll be out there pretty soon."

The teams changed goals. Fitz McHugh

looked over at the bench and shrugged his shoulders at Al. He was cool and collected but he knew what they were up against. Tate had the ball on their own forty.

THE Maroons deployed into the old double wing. Riggs Granger took the pass from center and ran laterally. Bing Perry crossed the scrimmage line and made for Granger. Three linesmen and Tug Lowry, the Tate blocking back, loomed about the right side of the line. As Perry came in, Granger shovel-passed ahead to agile Jack Hinkle.

Hinkle dug behind the four-man interference and started downfield. Dutch Mueller drove into the mass and upset two men. Zig Malady flung himself in the path of the moving block. Granger, loping downfield behind the play, took a quick lateral from Hinkle.

Two men were on the struggling, shouting Fitz McHugh, shoulders in his middle, forcing him back. Granger's speed was magnificent as he cut for the sidelines. Al groaned as he raced easily across the goal line.

"That's the old Tate stuff," he mourned. "Suck 'em in and run 'em ragged."

Granger converted with a free and easy kicking motion, splitting the middle. The Tate team trotted downfield without demonstration. Touchdowns were all in the day's work to them. Fitz McHugh and Art Lang begged for fight from the others. Bing Perry hung his head and kicked at the turf and wished he was dead.

Grant Ford said, "It was a good play. I don't see how they could have stopped it."

"That's the right spirit, kid," said Al. "You'll have a shot at it as soon as they make a substitution."

But Tate refused to send in reserve backs. They were confident but wary of this Eastern team. They kicked off deliberately out of bounds again.

Fitz was opening up, now. He called spinners, reverses, in-and-outers and laterals. He tried to pass and couldn't connect. He sent Joe Gilligan wide and he shot Zig Malady at the line. He crossed them up, by using Dutch Mueller in the slot and faking it to the weak side with Dutch bulling into the heap. He worked

the ball past midfield for two first downs and Tate dug in and held.

Tate took Malady's boot on the five-yard line and brought it back to the ten where Wreck Kelley and Art Lang stopped it dead. They took two straight bucks and then Granger booted a long one over Fitz's head to midfield. Al said:

"The old army game. They're sure we can't score twice so they play it safe all along the line."

"Looks like they got something there, too," said Joe disconsolately.

"We'll score. We've got to score," said Grant Ford in tight accents. "We've got to."

Al shifted uneasily. The quarter dragged out to its dismal conclusion. Tate was too strong, too sure. The Eastern attack could not get under way.

IN the clubhouse he found the boys tired and bruised. Fitz McHugh said:

"They're tough. There's some guy swingin' in there. He caught me a pip in the middle."

Al passed from one to the other. They were all battered and bruised. He would have to use reserves in the next quarter to save his varsity for the last ditch. He knew that the reserves could not stand up. He said:

"You've got to get them this half. Go right out, all the way from the kick-off. Get over that forty-yard line and open up. It's safe in there with the score against you. Give them the works, all you know."

He was worried. He went out to the bench and sat down. Mary Lou waved at him. He tried to grin and managed a lopsided grimace.

Fitz started with a spinner. Malady picked up four yards over tackle. Gilligan made it a first down with a brilliant sprint around end. They lined up on their own forty-five. Fitz threw a glance at the side-line marker and called for number 89.

Eighty-nine was a fast-moving play which developed from the single wing. The ball snapped back deep to Malady in the slot. Zig faked to Gilligan. The defensive end slashed. Fitz and Wreck Kelley let him come in and slipped either side of him to go into the secondary defense.

Dutch Mueller took the ball, swung and passed laterally to Joe Gilligan who had

checked and swung out to circle the flank. Joe picked up speed and drove past the line into Tate territory. Fitz and Kelley were mopping up industriously on Hinkle and Lowry. Joe got away and started for the sideline.

Granger came over and dove in a beautiful flying tackle from the side. Joe side-stepped and went out of bounds on the Tate thirty.

The players slowly untangled themselves. Al saw Art Lang hurry to the side of a fallen man. He jumped to his feet and ran toward the sidelines. The referee nodded to him and he raced onto the field, his coat streaming open behind him.

Art Lang was bending over a twisted figure in Black and Gold. Al recognized Fitz McHugh. He said:

"Fitz! How's it, kid?"

"It's the left gam," said McHugh faintly. "I don't think it's broken."

"He put a terrific block on that back," groaned Lang. "Who in hell are we gonna use now? Fern'll never do in this spot."

Al felt gingerly of the leg. The ankle was swollen already. Fitz groaned and said, "Take me out for a few plays and strap it up. I'll be all right."

"The hell you will," muttered Al. He helped the quarterback to his feet and half-carried him off the field.

At the sideline he paused and peered at the bench. He said, "Ford!"

Grant Ford came to his feet, amazement on his strained features. Al said:

"You know the plays. You've had the experience. Go on out there and show us something, boy."

Grant fumbled at the headguard with trembling fingers. He said, "Coach, I—I—okay, Coach."

Al went to the place beside Joe Bell and said, "There it is. Ball game or no ball game. He's hot, Joe."

"Yeah," said Joe. "And he's never played the spot before."

"There are times," said Al, "when men rise above mechanics. Watch."

FORD stood straight and still outside the Eastern huddle, staring at the Tate line. He stepped briskly back into the circle of leaning players and snapped a signal. The team wheeled and came out into the short punt. Malady was in the

slot. They shifted to the right. Al recognized the split buck upon which Ford had first failed so early in the season.

He was handling the ball now. He bent low, faking. Wreck Kelley and Doug Tracey blasted a hole. Ford handed the ball to Joe Gilligan and kept on toward the end.

Gilligan went into the line with his head down, burrowing through the hole. He split the guards and cross-stepped. Malady picked off the wing. Art Lang hit the fullback a terrific bang. Joe skidded out of the arms of Tug Lowry and headed for the goal. On the five-yard line the canny Granger angled at him and got him. It was another first down, goal to go.

Al said, "You see? I told you he was hot."

Tate dug in. The backs were up on the line. Grant Ford sent three plunges hurtling inside the tackles. Malady picked up a yard. Mueller picked up two yards. Malady stopped dead at the line. It was fourth and two and the stands howling like maniacs. Al Lenhart's nails were cutting his palms.

Eastern went into the orthodox box formation from which quick punches are thrown. Al held his breath. The ball snapped back to Malady. The big fullback dove at the mauling, hauling mass. As he reached the line of scrimmage he pivoted and passed sharply back.

Joe Gilligan had checked. He took the accurate pass and lit out for the long end. Grant Ford wheeled behind the line and stepped swiftly. The end came in and Ford butted him, driving him with a shoulder block, harrying him with irresistible leg drive. Joe Gilligan cut inside. Granger made a gallant effort but Joe left his feet and dove five yards to skid on his face across the last white line. The Eastern stands went mad.

Al said in a whisper, "Beautiful. Gorgeous."

"Who's gonna convert?" asked Joe lugubriously. "None of 'em but Fitz is sure."

Grant Ford stood back with his black, sleek head bared to the breeze. He held out his hands. Dutch Mueller knelt to receive the ball. Ford opened his fists.

The ball came to Mueller. Charging tackles were suddenly and startlingly mousetrapped. Mueller picked up the ball

and scudded behind Art Lang. He bounced over the goal line without a hand laid upon him. The scoreboard showed Tate 7, Eastern 7.

Al Lenhart breathed, "A genius. Sheer genius for a day."

Eastern kicked off. Tate ran the ball back to the thirty behind desperation interference. The big Maroon machine was notched into high again, moving, fighting. Tired Eastern linemen dug in. Al sent up a prayer and substituted four men on the front defense.

Granger was calling for the ball. He drove for five, for four, for five more and a first down. He ran the end for six. He faded and threw a pass for eight. Al muttered:

"If they'd only stop him once. Just once good and hard. He's too tough."

They held at mid-field but could do nothing against the Tate defense. The quarter ended with the ball on Eastern's twenty-yard line in their possession.

AL sent back the regular line with instructions to harry Granger at any cost and to watch for trick plays from familiar formations.

Malady kicked past midfield and Tate started to bring it back. They tacked a lateral onto a short pass and picked up ten. Eastern buckled down and held them for two downs. Then they cut loose with a tandem inside Art Lang and picked up another first down.

Al said despairingly, "There they go. This is the spot for the big play."

The double wing spread out. Grant Ford, back in the safety position, moved cautiously to the right. Granger took the pass from center and faded. The backs were coming down. An end headed over into Ford's zone. The senior let the end get past him. Al leaped to his feet in dismay.

The pass was long and true. It had victory for Tate written all over it. The end turned and paced under it. Everyone in the stadium held his breath and waited.

Grant Ford had wheeled. He was putting on speed now. Al's heart stood still as the big back raced under the flying ball. The end was in the median line but Grant stepped along. He came even with the Maroon jersey.

The ball was coming down. Ford leaped high, his long arm outstretched. The end was too far, he had to wait. The ball bounced off Ford's finger-tips. The senior back slapped it to one side, twisted to follow. Before it could touch the ground he had it in his hands.

HE was in motion almost before he had the ball, wheeling, coming back downfield. Dutch Mueller, following the play, was the first to pick him up. Ford slowed his pace to Mueller's and went along. They passed midfield together. Art Grant and Wreck Kelley appeared from nowhere and formed a phalanx.

Al prayed, "Mop up in there. Knock 'em down, you terriers!"

Eastern men knocked them down. At the forty there was still left Dutch Mueller and Art Lang. They mooched down the sidelines, moving with seeming slowness but with tremendous power. Men dove at them and bounced off. Then Dutch plowed into a big tackle and was eliminated. Two backs hurtled at them. Art took them both.

Grant Ford was alone. His stride lengthened. His speed accelerated visibly. Only Granger was left between him and the goal. He headed for the safety man.

Granger slacked, his head down, poised, waiting. Ford stepped over and swivel-hipped. Granger timed his dive and sprang. Ford put out a stiff arm and pulled away his limber hips. Hands scratched along his silken pants. With superhuman effort he tore away.

He staggered three steps, then got his balance. He drove for the goal line with all the dash of a sprint man on a cinder track. He scored.

Al was on his feet. He said calmly, emotion drained from him, "That's the ball game. They'll never catch us now. They can't beat us. We're in, Joe."

Joe Bell pinched himself. He said, "I don't believe it. It never happened. They couldn't do it."

Zig Malady pitched a short pass over the goal line to Joe Gilligan for the extra point. The board changed to Eastern 14, Tate 7. Tate men rushed in from the sidelines in droves. Only Granger and the big center were left.

Al said, "That's stupid. Bim Heary's slipping. Reserves will never do what good boys can't."

IT was over. The cheering and the mad rush of spectators was behind them. They were all together in the team room. Fitz McHugh was lying on the table, his ankle strapped, saying:

"Without me you could win. Some bunch of hamdonnies. Lettin' a guy down."

Grant Ford walked up to Al Lenhart and held out his hand. He said:

"Thanks for socking me and telling the boys off, Coach. You had to put us on our own to make us see that you were right."

"Why, Ford, it looks like I was wrong," said Al. "When you got the right spot you went out and did things. I guess you were a quarterback all the time and we missed it."

"The hell I was," grinned the handsome youth. "I was just quarterback for a half hour. The occasion made the man."

Al went outside into the fresh November air. He had to get away from the deliriously happy youths or burst. He walked quickly around a corner of the clubhouse.

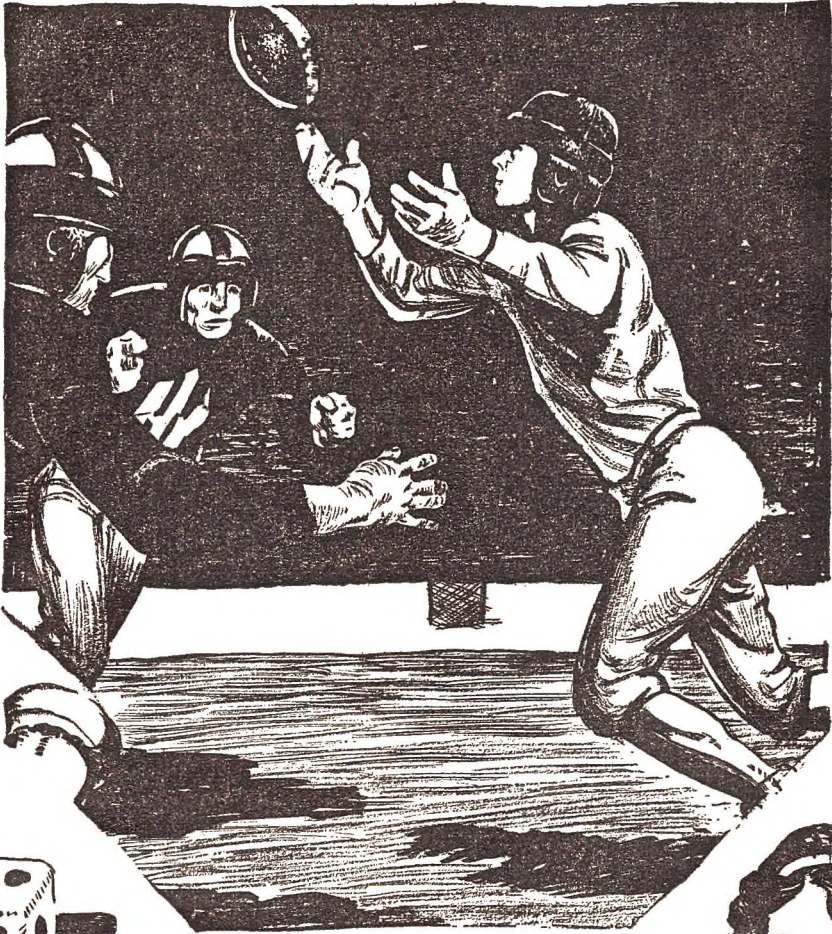
A gruff voice said, "Hrrmph. Lenhart."

Al stopped and stared at Jerome K. Barnes. The big man was frowning. He said, "Er—ah—that was a stroke of real genius, Lenhart. Making a signal caller of Ford at the psychological moment. My congratulations. I was wrong about you."

"Don't mention it," grinned Al. "You'd better see Doctor Lawson, though. He wants words with you. About paying for the boys."

"I've seen him," said Barnes grimly. "We compromised on the strength of that talk you had with him. You sold him on those boys, Lenhart. You did a great job. We're to have legitimate, open scholarships for athletes—just a few to hold our end up. It's been a great season, Lenhart. Er—ah—Mary Lou wants to see you. She's over in the car."

He could see her blue eyes shining from within the closed coupe over at the side of the road. He went blindly toward them, stumbling as he went. The world was suddenly and completely roseate.



TRIPLE THREAT



By TARLETON COLLIER

Light-horse Henley sank the Bucks' hopes with his crazy crapgame stunts. Yet in spite of coach and campus, in spite of a co-ed's icy shoulder, that cootch-hipped clutch runner was star-destined to go on chancing those 7-11 long-shots.

AS he circled slowly, far downfield, in delicate calculation of the long punt, Lou Henley found himself warming with admiration for the Blue kicker. The fellow had been giving him fits all afternoon and this, perhaps the last

desperate kick of all, was the masterpiece.

It was not the distance that bothered the safety man, although this punt would carry more than 60 yards and Lou, not daring to take his eye off the ball, judged instinctively that he was backing now in-

side the 15-yard line. The trouble was in the punter's technique. The Blue fullback kicked with his left foot, the ball taking a crazy slice; and as Lou had learned earlier in the game, when it hit the turf its hop was even crazier.

The thing to do was to play it safe, let it go. It looked pretty certain to go into the end zone, and that would be the ball game. Leading 19—to—14, with less than three minutes to play, the Bucks of Buckingham U. would have the ball on the 20-yard line, could freeze it for three plays, then boot it good-night. The Sunday papers would be telling of an upset.

Lou saw that the slice was widening, pressed by the stiff wind. He teetered toward the side of the field at his left. It struck him in a flash that the ball might carry or hop out of bounds in the coffin corner.

He tightened, poised. The Blue ends were racing. Lou was aware of motion, rather than of figures. Then he saw that its sharpening curve was carrying the ball outside the course of the tacklers. Between them and the sideline a broad alley beckoned. To play the ball, run it back . . . What was the 20-yard line, when the rest of the field lay ahead? . . . To run, for the percentage; to put the game on ice . . .

He lunged toward the sideline, instantly under full steam like the sprinter he was. The ball, descending, was more perverse than ever, with the wind, with the last sinister freak of the punter's slice. At Lou's speed, intended to carry him in a dash past the ends, there was no time for getting set for the catch. At his awkward left, the ball struck his hands and skidded away from him. It struck his leg and bounded to one side.

He twisted in a frantic sidewise dive, felt a stab of pain in his right knee; but the ball eluded him and a dark gigantic missile flashed in front of him before he could dive again. The Blues had the ball on the seven-yard line.

Lou winced at the explosion of sound, at the shame of his error, at the pain in his knee. He lay a moment prone on the brown turf, as if paralyzed. He arose slowly, first on hands and knees, then to his feet, as his mates came down about him, dazed, incredulous, hurt. Gorilla

Blease, the shaggy guard, spoke for them, bitterly:

"You gamblin' fool. . . !"

But the sight of Lou's wretchedness stopped that sort of thing. Wop Bruno, the center, screaming like a wild man, ran along the line, pushing the sluggish Bucks into their positions of suddenly forlorn defense.

"They can't score!" he shrilled. "They won't score!"

THE Blues danced triumphantly into their huddle. The stands were roaring. . . . *Hold that line!* . . . One tier after another, the crowd arose, to watch the kill. Lou's anguish deepened. He sent into safety the right halfback, a rangy boy whose reach would serve better than his own against a possible forward pass, and himself took a wing position, close behind the line. He prayed for a killing, vengeful impact.

The Blue fullback came straight into the line, which piled up to meet him. He left his feet and dived over the mass, carrying two men with him, one of them Lou Henley. Two yards.

The second play came from the same formation, but Lou, taking a stride forward, saw that it was working into a double reverse. The second Blue back who took the ball stepped backward, raised his arm.

"Pass! Pass!" screamed Lou Henley. Then he saw that it was a fake, and that the Blue right end was tearing around to receive the ball.

Lou paced him on the wide sweep, saw the right side of the Bucks' line taken out, and found himself all at once alone with the flying runner, racing with him toward the far sideline.

They can't score. They won't score . . .

With an incredible lightning motion, the Blue end spun on the ball of his foot and cut straight in. Lou matched him with a backward thrust of his body, twisting on the pivot of his bad knee—which buckled under him in a supreme dart of pain and failed him.

He flung out his hands as he fell, but the end, evading them with a slippery twist that all but threw him off balance, miraculously kept his feet and stumbled on to the goal line. Somebody hit him just

before he reached it, but they fell across together.

Lou clutched the dead grass in an agony of body and soul, and heard the roar that told him the game which had been won was lost, and he lost it . . . a gambling fool.

There was a brief blurred period of automatic action as the game was wound up. Then the Bucks were in their dressing-room under the stands, morose and silent. They went slowly about removing their soggy uniforms.

Lou sat on a bench, put his head in his hands, and cried like a baby. He accepted the pain in his knee with a grim satisfaction, as a kind of penance. He craved, yet dreaded, a word; but nobody seemed to pay any attention to him, to see him. Despair and resentment were heavy in that fetid chamber. Only Wop Bruno chattered.

"I reckon they know they were in a ball game!" he said.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped a savage voice.

It was some time before the burden of remorse, of rage, of self-pity lifted and Lou thought of Jo. What was she thinking, what was she feeling? She had seen him take the crazy chance and fumble away the game that he had promised her the Bucks would win.

Deep in his heart he knew that he had wanted to win the game, first of all, for her.

They had talked about it, as they walked and as they sat in the living-room of her sorority house, late last night and the night before that—whispering together their confidences, the strategy he would use; sharing a faith that no one except themselves seemed to have. Jo's love for Buckingham University was an ardent, passionate flame—and he was quite sure that she knew more football than any other girl in the world. She was the only girl in the world that mattered, anyhow. But he had let Buckingham down, and he had let her down.

She would be waiting out there at the players' gate, as she had promised. But he knew now that he could not face her. When at last he had bathed and dressed, he walked, a lonely, huddled, limping figure, across the field, now deserted and deep in gloom, and slipped through an exit on the other side.

Down the street he passed a knot of boys and heard his name.

"Tough luck, Lou," said one of them, but the words were flat, without warmth. Lou walked on in silence, and was grateful that there was no other encounter before he reached his fraternity house.

He saw a light at the front and heard voices; and he went through the driveway to the rear of the house and thence up the backstairs to his room. Throwing himself on the bed, he surrendered to misery.

IN his jumbled, tormented mind every detail of the game arose to plague him. The thought of what might have been the game's outcome harried him into a tortured twisting, into frenzies of clenched fists. Driven by remorse, he leaped upright, but fell back with a groan at the sharp pain in his knee. He was blubbering again. Outside it was dark, and the voices and the music downstairs were gone. He remembered the dance and buffet dinner for the visitors at the hotel, where he as the Bucks' captain should be, and where Jo would be . . . looking for him. To hell with it, with everything.

Two hours later he heard faint voices, feet on the stairs, then a knock at the door. He made no answer at first, then at a repeated knock he lifted a croaking voice to bid the caller come in. In the light from the hall he saw that it was Coach MacNabb.

He sank back and waited numbly for the outburst. He was a little surprised, when the Old Man spoke to him, to catch an unmistakable note of sympathy.

"How are you making out?" asked Coach.

"You ought to know," Lou mumbled, with bitterness.

Surprisingly, the Old Man chuckled. It was the nearest Lou had ever heard him come to laughing.

"Do you feel up to a little walk?" Coach asked.

"If it will take me down to the river, yes," said Lou, and turned on his side, away from his visitor.

MacNabb placed a hand on his quarterback's shoulder, and said quietly: "Let's go out."

With an instinct of obedience the boy arose, dashed cold water on the puffed

face that confronted him in the bathroom mirror, and smoothed his clothing. He and the Old Man went out in silence and moved thus along the street.

Defensively tense, Lou set his teeth against the pain of hiding his limp. He told himself defiantly that this encounter had been coming a long time. He couldn't play the MacNabb kind of football, and the Old Man should have known it. "Belly" MacNabb, they called him . . . he played his cards close to his belt, and tight . . . a third-down punter . . . "*when in doubt, kick*" . . . don't pass on the wrong side of the 50-yard line . . . dig in and play for the breaks, that was MacNabb. The alumni had whetted their axes for him, and he might have gone a long time ago, but that he seemed somehow to win most of them, even if drably. But it was generally regarded that this season would tell the tale. . . .

"A gr-reat game," said the old Scot at last.

Lou uttered a short laugh. "Go on," he said. "Let me have it. I kicked the game away. I'm a gambling fool. I don't belong on your squad."

Old Mac's unfamiliar chuckle sounded again, gently humorous.

"Well, laddie, if that's off your chest, maybe we can go on. There's next Saturday, you know."

"There'll always be this Saturday," said Lou.

"Well, as for that, today's game is one we'll never win, so what are you going to do about it?"

"But we might have won it," cried Lou.

"Do you think so, lad? I'll always believe our second touchdown was one in a million. How Micky Toole caught that pass is beyond all logic. And I hate to tell you that on your run for the first one, the Blue secondary got itself in the sweetest traffic jam I ever saw. Blease took out three of them in one block, where no man living ever got more than one on that assignment before."

"Oh, say—!" Lou was startled at this revelation of a philosopher MacNabb he had never clearly seen before. "Do you mean— You don't think— You mean you wouldn't shoot me if I handed you a gun?"

That chuckle. "I won't say I wouldn't consider it strongly—for playing the ball

in that position. But on the point that you lost the game, no."

THEY had come to the sprawling front of the suburban hotel which had a bright and festal aspect. Lou paused and stared at the Old Man, a little shamed and wondering. The loss of the game might well mean Coach's job; at least, if there were one more like it, perhaps; certainly, if the State game were lost. And he was saying these things—he, Belly MacNabb! "You mean—" Lou began, slowly, as if musing.

"I mean," said the Old Man, "that it's a game. You play it hard, and play the best you can—not wildly, lad, because you have a responsibility to others who stand or fall with you—and the least important thing is the result."

Consolation began to warm Lou's heart.

"I mean," Coach continued, "that a man can do queer and cruel things to himself, eating his heart out. There's next Saturday, lad, and there's life. That's why I came looking for you."

He gave his quarterback a little push toward the entrance of the hotel. "Now, go on in there, where you belong. I had a mind to go with you, but it's better you go alone, with your head up."

He strode away. Gazing after him, Lou Henley was aware suddenly of the reason why old Belly MacNabb stayed on the job, while flashy, brilliant coaches elsewhere came and went. The boy ran his hand through his black hair, lifted his shoulders and entered the hotel.

He caught himself flinching at the impact of the lights, the chatter—and the eyes. He would have turned and run after the Old Man, if he'd dared. . . . "H'ya Lou. . . ." "Tough break, Lou. . . ." He wanted to say, "Tough break your grandma, it was plain damn goofy." But he set his face in a grin and looked around.

Then despair and bitterness came again to clutch him at sight of Jo. She was dancing with, of all people, Krevich, the Blue end who had recovered the fumble and then had run over him for the touchdown. And when she saw Lou, she waved with what he fancied was a shade too perfect nonchalance. But he went over to them, hating Krevich, himself and—well, just a little—Jo.

Krevich, swarthy and cocky, put out his hand and said, "Great game, kid." His grin was sly, infuriating.

Jo's smile was too bright. It didn't look like her, and it frightened Lou because he knew instinctively that tears lay close behind—tears and a despair to match his own—and, with despair, disappointment in him, perhaps resentment for his failure.

She did not talk when they danced briefly together—everybody was cutting in—except to say in a low voice: "Oh, Lou! . . ." Reproach, sympathy, appeal? . . . Old MacNabb, his kindness and his encouragement, were far away now.

Nor did Sunday morning bring any brightening, because there were the newspapers, and Jerry Jerkin devoted his column in *The Herald* to a savagely ironic essay on The Fumble, which began:

When his classmates undertake to select their Superlatives before graduation next spring, they are very likely to vote with unanimity for Lou Henley as the Man Most Likely to Succeed—at Crap-Shooting.

However, the manner in which Snake-eyes turned up for him yesterday, when he shot away Buckingham's three touchdowns, would indicate that their prediction is faulty. . . .

Lou squirmed, plotted alternately murder and suicide, tried vainly to recapture the comfort that he had won from the coach, and lay in bed all day, partly out of a desire to be alone, partly to favor his sore knee. The world was no brighter Monday afternoon, when he showed up for practice, found the Old Man busy across the field with the linesmen, and had to endure the jibes of Massey, the back-field coach, an All-American of the preceding year whom he detested as a swell-head and a tyrant.

Massey was pointed in ordering practice in punting and receiving, with the ends going down and tackling the receivers. He was on Lou's neck from the start, with many an innuendo.

"All right, Henley, let's see if you can hold this one," he would shout when it was Lou's turn in the file of backs to receive the kick.

One sharp tackle stirred Lou's knee to acting up again, and thereafter, warily protecting the spot, of which he had yet told nobody, he held fewer of them. Massey rode him ruthlessly and set him the disci-

pline of catching the punts of an erratic third-stringer, who kept him running over the field, long after the rest of the squad was in. It was late when Lou stumbled into the trainer's room and confessed the injury to his knee.

AS he submitted to the torture of the trainer's ministrations, he thought dully, wearily, that he had been a fool to wait so long about it. He wondered if Trainer Pat were indifferent, or merely tired. He imagined they would be talking about him, saying that he had trotted out a sore knee as a kind of belated alibi.

When, the next afternoon, he talked it over with the Old Man, they decided the best thing would be to give the knee a rest for a day or two. Later, when he was seen on the campus in street clothes at practice hour, he found out that the talk really had started. It was Jo, troubled but frank, who told him of the gossip—that he had cracked, that the fumble had got him, and that MacNabb was easing him out of the first string.

The Bucks were sluggish all week. It was as if they could not snap back after the ordeal of their game with the Blues and the cruel break of its loss. And Tech took them Saturday by three touchdowns—Tech, a team that they might have beaten in the normal stride of their season.

Lou went out of the game near the end of the first quarter, and didn't go back. He went out after a Tech touchdown. Anticipating a pass, he had come in a little too close, taking the chance on an interception. That wasn't Belly MacNabb's style. Coach admonished his safety men to play the runner, not the ball, on forward passes; but Lou had a hunch. As it happened, however, there were two free receivers instead of one, and he found himself forced to a diving tackle to stop the man who took it. But he couldn't stop the other Tech man who came up from behind, took a lateral pass, and went on to score. Lou struggled up, limping badly, and the Old Man relieved him.

Watching miserably from the bench, he saw his Bucks fight hard, doggedly and stolidly, but fail.

The Tech line, inferior in weight and quality, on this day played over its head and was always a jump ahead of the dazed

Bucks. Two tiny Tech backs, darting through quick openings, ran the Bucks' secondary ragged and scored again on a 30-yard zigzag dash and on a hapless Buck fumble which was recovered in midair.

A fourth Tech touchdown run was called back, on the questionable decision that the runner had stepped out of bounds near midfield.

Jerry Jerkins' column, the next morning, said:

Buckingham University, we are convincingly informed, would be glad to call the whole thing off and to dig in until next fall. In losing yesterday's game with Tech, the Bucks were a dazed and hopeless outfit, without spirit, without confidence.

As to lack of the latter, is it any wonder? Whom may the Bucks trust for the winning touch and judgment? Where may they look for fire? Captain Lou Henley, the changeling of the MacNabb system, is potentially a sparkplug, but do these old eyes see aright when they seem to detect an uneasiness on the part of the boys, the coaches, the faithful rooters when he is in there?

The trouble with the MacNabb system is that it has got to win to look even remotely good. There are some that look good losing, but not . . .

The newspaper dropped from Lou's hands. He felt a little sick, enormously discouraged. Later, talking about it to Jo, he found himself hungry for reassurance. Desperately he wanted her to tell him that everything was all right, to exorcise his torment of guilt, remorse and vague fear.

"Tell me, Jo," he begged. "I wouldn't know—I wouldn't hear— Are they saying anything like that about me? Are they feeling anything like that?"

Her eyes were level, grave, the clear deep gray of honesty. "What do you think?" she asked.

His impulse was to brazen it out, to say he could not believe it, and to hope that Jo would be persuaded in his behalf. He was aware then how much he loved her, and how much he feared a loss of her respect and her faith. But his eyes fell away from her steady gaze, as her honesty stirred the honesty in him. "Yes," he mumbled. "Yes, I suppose I am a headstrong gambling fool."

She cried: "You say that! But you don't do anything about it! You go on, throwing down Mac and the boys. And Buckingham. And me." She put a hand on his arm, and he could feel her distress.

"Oh, Lou! What am I to believe, except that—I'm afraid? The things we've talked about. The things I've thought about, planned. Our lives together, maybe." Her voice rose in a little wail. "I'm afraid!"

"Jo! Jo, darling! I swear . . ."

She put her fingers lightly on his lips. "Don't swear anything." She smiled ruefully. "You wouldn't be you, I suppose, otherwise. But oh, Lou, hold everything—including yourself—Saturday. Watch everything. We'll see."

STATE COLLEGE was coming Saturday, and there was need of watching. State's Wildcats had a little of everything this year, including an eye on the Rose Bowl. They were that good. The gamblers started giving Buckingham seven points, and finding little money at that, ventured ten.

The Bucks, everybody conceded, were shot; and MacNabb was as good as through, because between Buckingham and State, nothing else on the schedule mattered.

The winner could find solace for all the blunders and disasters of an otherwise dreary season; the loser might count the year a washout, although everything else were won. And with the Bucks' season a disappointment already, the prospective loss to State was pretty certain to bring the long-deferred blowoff.

Lou Henley felt himself depressed by a dull premonition as the week wore along. The strategy being developed for the State game was simply not his kind of football. The Old Man was going in for power, which was State's own stuff. Beat 'em at their own game, he suggested grimly. Fundamentals win games . . .

"They won't be looking for it," he said at one of the blackboard sessions. "They'll be looking for—for—"

He paused, threw out his hands in a fluttering, deprecating gesture. Lou, with a flash of resentment, fancied he could fill in the missing words. The gesture, he decided, stood for Lou Henley, for forwards, laterals, triple reverses, razzle-dazzle; for a gambling fool. The Old Man kept them later each day at blocking drill.

The blow fell Saturday afternoon, as the squad assembled in the dressing room.

Outside, the clatter of the crowd was a mounting roar. The Bucks moved restlessly, taut and grim. Wop Bruno shivered in a seizure of excitement. Lou reclined on a table for a final taping of his leg.

"Clarkson, you'll start at quarter," the Old Man said suddenly, hurriedly. "Take another look at this diagram."

Propped on his stiffened arms, Lou remained motionless. Pain and fury pounded at his temples, a hot, dazzling flush. Actually, nobody looked at him, but he fancied that he was oppressed by eyes here, by eyes of thousands in the stands which bored through the walls of this room and gloated over his disgrace, by Jo's eyes, incredulous, wondering, and at last scornful.

Lou heard the burred voice of the coach, impressing on the substitute quarterback the stolid plan of this game which he hoped to win by a concentration on plodding fundamentals and caution. . . . Keep after their left tackle, at least one play in every series. . . . You're a blocker, not a ball carrier, understand? . . . Kick on third down in the first quarter, then we'll see. . . . Play the receiver, not the ball, on their midfield passes. . . . When in doubt, kick. . . .

The roar that went up as they trotted upon the field stirred in Lou a vast irritation. It was not for him. The mob would be seeing soon that he was out of it, and he fancied what they were saying. . . . "Henley's benched. He's through." . . . "He fumbled away the Blue game and a playing career." . . . "That's the way they crack." . . . "Just as well, you can't depend on him." . . . "I like to see him run, though. . . ."

He had his moment before the humiliation befell him, going out to midfield for the handshake with Spurgeon, the Cats' All-American center and captain, and for the toss of the coin. Spurgeon won, chose to kick off, and Lou was back on the bench, withdrawing into bitterness.

Jo was in a box at the 50-yard line, snuggling a cluster of enormous chrysanthemums. She was one of the Bucks' sponsors, by vote of the Senior class. Lou writhed, crouched desperately on the bench as he saw that she noted his absence and looked curiously about.

CLARKSON, faithful to instructions, sent the first play over the Cats' left tackle. The Old Man's dope was right. The line caved in, and Micky Toole got six yards. He slammed again in the same spot, and it was first down.

But that was all. The Cats' backers-up plugged the weak spot, two more line plays failed, and Clarkson kicked just a little beyond midfield.

Then those Cats showed why they rated Rose Bowl consideration. They went into their offense with deadly precision. Their first play was a wide sweep, the next a dart through a quick opening and a cutback in the secondary. Then Spurgeon led a parade through center, and the ball was on the Bucks' 35. A shovel pass carried it 10 yards farther, and from that spot it was steady and relentless pounding, with the Bucks' line mowed down at every drive, until the Cats went over in six plays. They missed the goal.

The hopelessness and the dreariness of the Bucks' game was as plain as the stadium. Clarkson's a blocker, all right, Lou thought, but he hasn't got much else. . . . The substitute quarterback called his plays according to the formula. Two "MacNabb Specials" worked fairly well at first but, since they involved little or no deception, it was easy for the Cats to get set against them thereafter. One was a play in which a powerful end came around to take the ball behind a concentration of interference that stormed between the other tackle and end. The other was a wedge, pile-driving machine-like into the center of the line.

The Cats learned to send one man diving under the mass and to jam it. Their superior line was always getting through. It was increasingly hard for the interference to form, and the Bucks never got far enough downfield to open up.

Lou fretted in impotence, found himself sobbing when the Bucks for the fourth time were forced to kick after two mechanical plays and the Cats started inevitably back. The boy beside him put an arm about his shoulder, nodded at his cry:

"That dummy . . . that damn' dummy!"

How the Cats missed scoring four touchdowns instead of the two that they got in the first half was the point of wonderment. Only some good defensive punting, two

penalties for roughness, and fumbles held them down.

The Bucks stalked hopelessly back to the dressing room when the half was over. . . . Slumped on the floor and benches. Lou, remembering dully that, after all, he was still nominally the captain, in spite of coaches and distrust, in spite of everything, moved among them, patting a shoulder here, mumbling there, not daring to trust himself to speak aloud.

Nobody was talking except Massey, who had the backs in a corner and was haranguing them in a high tenor. MacNabb leaned against a locker, grim and taciturn, as if gathering strength to give his counsel but without hope that it would serve any purpose. Lou suddenly was before him, and the two stared briefly at each other.

"Coach!" said Lou. "Coach!"

The Old Man's face moved, deepening its pattern of despair.

"All right," said the Old Man at last. Thirteen to nothing, and it might have been thirty. It was the end for him. In a flash Lou's resentment disappeared and he felt sorry for Belly MacNabb, the real victim of this defeat. Himself, he was not beaten. He felt a surge of power and eagerness. Hope lifted him.

Lou nodded, spoke in a quick whisper. "I'll take it. I'll—I'll—"

"All right," said the coach again, tonelessly.

When they ran out on the field, Lou heard the strident voice of the loud speaker:

BUCKINGHAM IS STARTING ITS OPENING LINE-UP. . . . EXCEPT HENLEY AT QUARTER. . . .

Henley at quarter! He saw a flash of brightness in the center box, the upward dart of a shape that was a cluster of chrysanthemums. He took the kickoff and got back to the 25-yard line.

He sent the first play into the line, the old "MacNabb Special." Let them get set for more of the same. He wanted to laugh. On the second play he took the ball and ran wide to the right, behind a well-formed screen, faked a cut-back and then, as the Cats bunched to stop him, leaped high and threw a pass to a spot near the opposite sidelines where his end might be in one, three, five, seven loping strides. . . .

And there, indeed, the end was, reach-

ing, lunging for the ball, clear of the defense which had been drawn in to smash one more monotonous play of the old formula. Nobody touched him on the 60-yard dash to a score. Lou's smooth kick went true for the seventh point.

HENLEY at quarter! The Cats called time for a quick consultation before the next kickoff, and Lou knew that they had learned their lesson. It would be harder, now. Lou squeezed out a first down by faking a kick on the third play, but had to kick on the next series . . . praying that his line would hold the furious power of the Cats.

The Bucks fought with new strength, but the Cats came down to the 35-yard line before they could be stopped. They came down with a grim sureness and vengefulness that chilled Lou into the fear that at last they would not be denied and that, after all, the end was certain.

None of the old "specials" would do to mask his deception, now. Those Cats were smart. Lou went back to pass on the first play, from his 20-yard line, but found no receiver and had to run. He picked up a gratifying five yards, then quick-kicked a long bounding number that set the Cats back on their 15-yard line.

Suddenly, it struck him that the game was changed. Those Cats had not had to work from that position before. On an impulse he sent Toole back into safety and came in close. He saw the Cats' spinner before it was well started, and was there at the center of the line to hit the runner with a high dive that caught him about the shoulders and knocked the ball from his arm. And a Buck recovered.

The Cats stopped everything cold, knocking down two passes and tearing through to smear Lou on another play. *Watch that line! . . . Watch Spurgeon! . . .*

The Bucks watched close enough on the next play to give Lou a split second in which to kick a field goal and to make it 13 to 10.

Thereafter the play of the Cats took on a furious desperation. They trickled through the Bucks' line to stop everything, they beat their way through with power for one first down after another. Then they were at the Bucks' twenty, and it was fourth down.

Far back, Lou saw coming the pass that was meant for the touchdown. He saw that he could reach it a jump ahead of either of the two Cats who might receive it, and he saw also that it would carry over the goal line. Bat it down, and that was that. Bat it down, and the Bucks would have it out there.

But even as he went up for it, seeing that there was but one Cat near him, a wild impulse lifted him, intoxicated him. It was the incorrigible gambling fool, the disdainful lunatic, who leaped there, who caught the pass and started running.

He circled wide behind the goal line, all but fell as he twisted away from the reaching Cat, caught his breath as returning sanity rebuked him with fear at the nearness of the safety which he might have given the enemy, and reached the open lane at the sidelines.

He screamed at two Bucks who were standing there, aghast at his folly, and they turned, half in panic, and dived headlong into a gathering mass of Wildcats.

One tackler all but forced him into the sidelines, but he danced away with an intricate mincing shuffle and cut sharply to his left to escape a cluster of striped Cats who had come up to head him off at the 15-yard line. They reversed with him, but the foremost stumbled off balance with the sharp motion and went on his face. It was the great Spurgeon.

Lou darted diagonally across the field, in a narrow cleared space back of the linemen, some of whom were still sprawling from the scrimmage. One of them, a Buck, lunged upward from hands and knees in a superhuman spring that fetched him against the knees of a Cat tackler—and there was the clear field ahead.

Still cutting across, Lou outran two Cats who were pacing him, found himself in a race with a third until he had passed the 50-yard line. Then it was easy, and he was trotting when he crossed the goal line. It was a matter of little note that he missed the point after, because the score now was 16 to 13 and the world was gone crazy.

THIS, Lou knew in his heart, was the ultimate all that the Bucks could expect. It was indeed a crazy world that had let them have so much. The job now was to hold those Cats, who were fighting

against the breaks that audacity had forced upon them, who were fighting for the Rose Bowl bid and fame. And, a little later, when the Cats were breaking through on defense, gaining almost at will on offense, Lou reflected grimly that it would be only through a miracle that the Bucks could hold them.

Panicky Cat quarterbacking helped for a little while. Over-eager to score, the signal-caller, when the chance came, would shift from the plays that had brought short but consistent gains and that looked to be unstoppable.

Forward passes, which the Cats didn't need, were broken up. A lateral went askew once when a score seemed inevitable. A place kick that would have tied the score missed the bar by a foot early in the fourth quarter. The fresh instructions were sent in with a substitute, and there was still time for anything.

The Bucks helped themselves by two desperate offensives that were prolonged for twenty yards each time, and by booming kicks that followed. But the line weakened perceptibly, and both the kicks were all but blocked.

It won't be long now, Lou said to himself, trotting up the field after the second punt. The flash of spirit that had fired the Bucks after their scores was dwindling.

The miracle happened when the Cats, putting on the power, rolled at last down the field and came within the five-yard line for a first down. They called for their Sunday punch and everything piled together in one mighty smash. The ball bounded into the open . . . was recovered by the Bucks, a scant yard from the line.

There were two minutes left. A flash of time or an eternity. And Lou thought, These things can't keep on happening forever.

One more kick, he thought, and if he got it out—if he got it out—the Bucks might hold. But sharp premonition stabbed him. He was afraid of that kick as of nothing else in his life.

Looking up from the huddle, he saw that the Cats had thrown two extra men into the line, that the secondary defenders had moved in close. They were shooting the works to block the kick or to force a short one that would give them another desperate, dangerous chance for the touch-

down. Thirty yards back stood the safety man.

Lou heard a faint savage murmur: "Boot the tar out of it, kid!"

He looked again and saw the clear space between the line and the safety man. An inspiration seized him.

Kick, hell! He'd show 'em. He had pulled the Bucks ahead, and he'd keep them ahead. He'd get the ball out from there, and the game would be on ice. Ducking into the huddle, he called the signal for a pass.

He heard a grunt of protest, saw a head shake. A hoarse whisper, "No!" He set his jaw and stepped back to fake a punt. Uncertainty slowed the Buck's movement into position. The referee made a little sound, and they hurried.

Back, almost to the limit of the end zone, Lou was sure of himself, yet felt a stir of excitement. This would be one for the books. This was his game. Lou Henley at quarter. . . . The others could be afraid of an interception, a fumble, an almost sure touchdown, not he.

In the flash of time, the tail of his eye caught the bench. He could see the Old Man there, crouching . . . praying? . . . Above and beyond him was a gleam—Jo, leaning forward in the box, chrysanthemums dangling.

Take a good look at this one, Belly MacNabb. . . .

Lou's heart swelled. There was that moment, two weeks ago, and the Old Man shaming him with kindness, talking . . . "Not wildly, lad, because you have a responsibility to others . . ."

The Old Man would stay on, perhaps, if this game were won. "Responsibility. . . ." What was that?

Lou caught his breath with a jerk. Now! He held out his hands and the ball came back.

The Cats lunged forward, streaming through the line as if it were paper, the extra men leaping desperately toward him, unimpeded.

He darted sidewise, saw his ends in the open. Then he paused, tucked the ball beneath his arm and took two leisurely steps backward, out of the zone. An automatic safety, and the Bucks still out in front, 16 to 15.

It was seconds before the crowd got it, then the roar went up:

"Ye-ah, Buckingham . . . !"

He stood there and laughed as the on-rushing Cats stopped short, baffled, furious with disappointment. And then, as he trotted out to kick the ball free from the 30-yard line, to kick it home beyond any hope of return before the sands ran out, he laughed again, happily.

That's one for you, old Belly MacNabb. You win, you blessed old tight-wad—you and Jo. . . .

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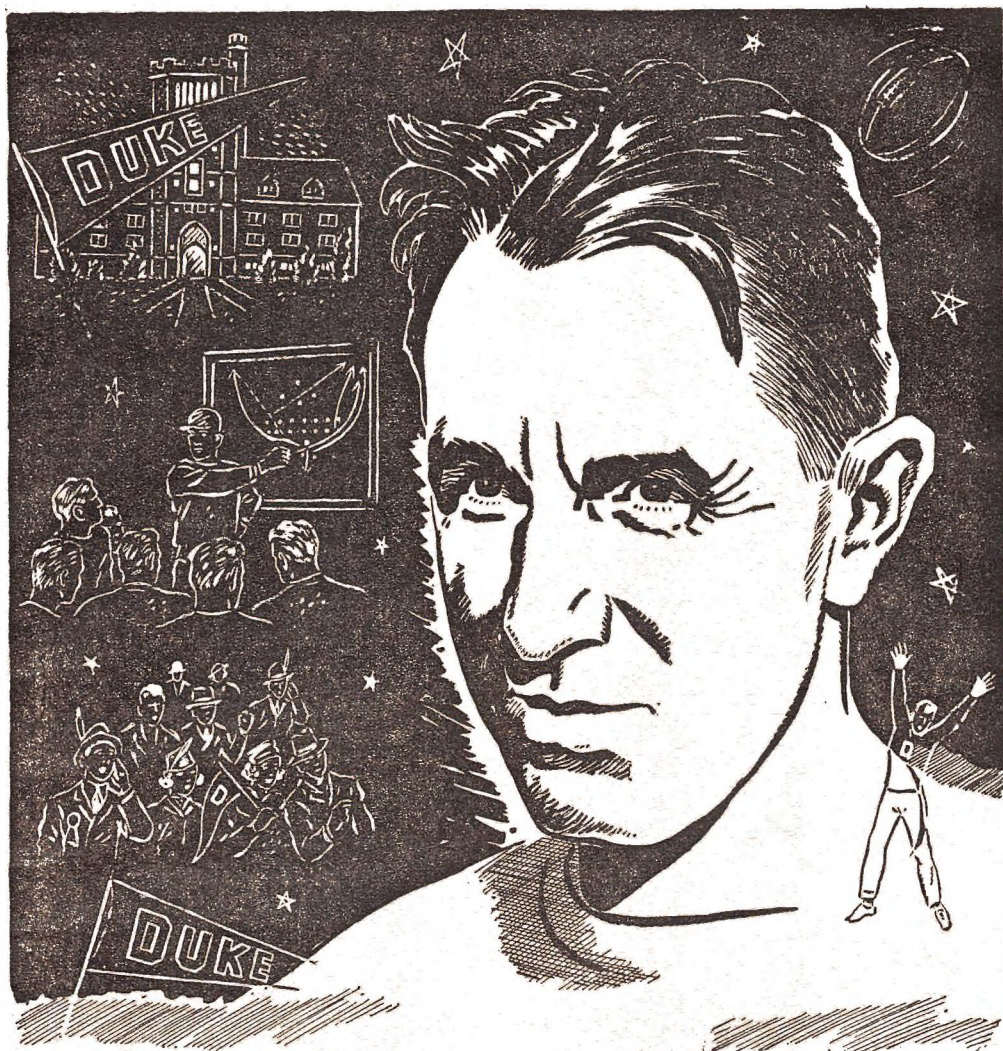
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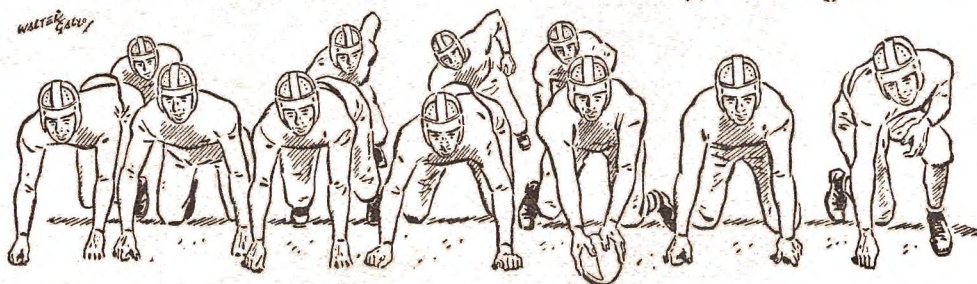
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WALLACE WADE



Star!

By WALLACE WADE

Wallace Wade, Coach of Duke's high-stepping Blue Devils, and the South's big-time, top-ranking football mentor, gives his opinion on football men—are they born or are they made?

COACHES are often asked how football stars are made.

As in the case of standouts in al-

most all walks of life, they're self-made!

True, you can't start with a mule and expect to have him cop the Kentucky

Derby. To become a star, a boy must have certain natural attributes. And like a race-horse, he must have a trainer—a coach who will watch him and help him along. There are other angles, too, aside from the matter of ability and coaching. A boy must have the good luck to get in with a bunch of real ball-players, a crowd of fellows who play for the sheer love of the game.

Stiff competition is another force that helps forge a star. There's nothing like heart-break handicaps to bring out a boy's utmost. Bucking weak opposition makes a player flabby. He doesn't learn anything and he doesn't get ahead. Greatness will evade him if he doesn't learn to fight.

To the Duke of Wellington is attributed the famous remark that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. Football's important product is not brawn, though it certainly develops the muscles. Character is the thing it builds, and character is what Wellington had in mind. The will to go up against an invincible team and beat it. But just as it takes years to become a first-class punter or blocker, so it takes more than a day for a squad aspirant to learn to say "I will!"—and do it. Boys who aim to become gridiron standouts must set their jaws and develop this will to do. They must learn to hit a tackle dummy when they're bruised and tired. They must develop the determination to train, day after day, though it looks as if they were never going to get anywhere. They must go ahead and do a thousand things they would rather not do—tasks that have no relation to football. That's how character is built. And character is the foundation of all great stars' successes.

Ambition, determination, loyalty, unselfishness, a spirit of co-operation, alertness, intelligence and poise—all these characteristics go to make the type of footballer that a coach can count on in the clutch.

No player has ever become a standout without work and without grief. Players never drift into stardom. The ambition to be outstanding must be backed with sufficient determination to keep plugging at the job in spite of failures and disappointments. It doesn't hurt a football player to be disappointed but he shouldn't get discouraged. The player who can be discouraged doesn't have sufficient fortitude to reach the top.

Football is overrun with players who boast first class physical ability and plenty of ambition. However, the fraction who achieve All-America, or even ring the bell, is composed of the lads who, in addition to having the goods, have plenty of plain stubborn muleish stick-to-it-ness.

FOOTBALL is a team sport and a player can never get to be really great until he throws everything he has into the team. He must learn to be unselfish. To subordinate his own personal desires and ambitions to the welfare of the team and college. He must learn to do what is expected of him even when he's not doing what he'd like to do. I have never known a really great football player who was selfish. However, I have known quite a few who might have been great if they could have forgotten themselves long enough to give their team the benefit of their full co-operation.

Football requires discipline. A good player does what he is supposed to do at the right time and in the right way, and does it in spite of "hell and high water."

Another thing a football player must learn is how to take it. He must be able to surpass himself when the going is roughest. We've all seen prima-donna performers who were brilliant when their team was playing against weak opposition, but who fell down against the stronger elevens.

A player must know how to accept victory and how to take a licking. He learns more from one sound defeat than from all push-overs ever played. Take for example the defeats that Auburn and Georgia Tech handed the over-confident Duke team in 1935. The Blue Devils came out of those games smarting and as a result beat a great North Carolina team, 25—0.

No football man will be great until he overcomes a weakness to "pass the buck" for failures. A winner never says that he lost because of hard luck or unfair tactics. A boy should learn to accept defeat as proof that the opposition did a better job than he did. It should merely make him play that much harder the next time.

A boy who becomes too well satisfied with himself after a few wins will not go very far either. He'll be unable to recognize the need for further improvement and from then on he's finished. Confidence is another thing. Every footballer should

have confidence in himself just as he should have respect for the rights of his opponents. No player is a consistent winner who has to use unfair means to get there. He fails to develop the traits of character that make a man a success.

Athletic ability on the part of a football player is more an asset than an actual requirement. I have known many fine players who were very limited physically. These boys were great solely on account of their determination, their courage, and their morale. On the other hand, you often see boys with magnificent physical abilities who are only fair performers.

Football players need to have many and varied talents. Usually one player has only one or two of these talents developed to any high degree. Some are good at one thing and some at another. Harry Ros-siter, a very valuable player on the out-standing '33 Duke team, stood out for only one thing, and that was his punting.

All A-1 players should be able to block and tackle to perfection but mighty few can. Blocking is probably one of the hardest things in the whole game to get down pat. A player who likes to block is a jewel because he's one out of a hundred. Most players find blocking drills tiresome.

As a matter of fact, football practice is seldom fun. Men don't practice football because they enjoy it. They practice because they want to become expert and because they want to be more useful to their team. They realize that the only way that they can do this is by keeping at it. So they block and pass and hit the dummy, not for the enjoyment that they get out of it but in order to accomplish an end.

Tackling is not so much the result of practice as it is of downright determination. In tackling the thing to master is good form. And good form in both blocking and tackling depends primarily upon balance.

SOME players are great because they have a fine charge in either defensive or offensive line play. A fine charger on the offense is invaluable to his team because he's the boy they depend on to blast holes for the ball-carrier. Some boys who are only mediocre chargers on the offense are dynamite on the defense. Players of this type are very useful, not only in piling up

running plays but also in needling through and smashing punt and forward-pass plays.

In my opinion the most valuable assets a defensive lineman can have are the ability to hurry forward passers and punters and to cover kicks well. We had a tackle named Fred Crawford at Duke, a few years ago, who made All-America largely on his ability to do these three things exceptionally well.

Other linemen stand out on account of their ability to whip out of the line and lead interference, blocking defensive players in the opponents' backfield. This assignment on a team has become much more important during the past ten years. The reason for this is that during the last decade defensive backfield play has improved more than any other department of football.

Then there are the boys who are whizzes at breaking up opponents' forward passes. This means not only covering receivers but breaking quickly to the ball when it's thrown. As well as just knocking down a pass, a player must be able to intercept the ball and to run with it after catching it. Sometimes a ball-hawk will score more touchdowns by intercepting passes than the whole backfield force put together.

Then again, a player may become a star on the strength of playing the safety position well. This job probably requires more poise and judgment than any other assignment on a football gridiron. A player can very easily lose a game by trying to catch a punt that should have been allowed to roll. Yet, if he fails to catch certain punts he will not only lose valuable yardage but will also pass up numerous opportunities to gain ground by returning them. Horace Hendrickson, who is now football coach at Elon College, was invaluable while at Duke because he could be depended upon to catch the punts that should be caught, and let the others alone.

There are other players who are outstanding merely on account of their punting ability. Good punting probably requires more practice than any other phase of football. A punter must have remarkable poise and timing. It is something like pitching or driving a golf ball. First of all he must be able to get his punt away quickly. Then he must either be able to kick an exceptional distance or with ex-

ceptional accuracy. Great punters are few.

Ralph Kercheval of Kentucky, now in professional football, was a wizard at squeezing out extra distance, often kicking sixty yards from the line of scrimmage on the carry. Bobby Dodd of Tennessee and Harry Kipke of Michigan were masters at placing punts just out of reach of the safety, or aiming them so that they'd roll out of bounds between the five-yard stripe and the goal line. This kind of kicking is a big help not only in keeping a team from being scored upon, but to help get into a scoring position.

Not often is a player able to get both exceptional distance and great accuracy, but Ace Parker, the Duke All-America, combined both of these abilities. As a matter of fact, Parker was the most versatile player I have ever known. He was an outstanding punter, passer, pass receiver, runner, blocker and defensive player. You can't ask for much more.

Some men seem to be natural-born pass receivers. They can pick a pass out of the air, instantly cut loose and out-manuever the whole field. An exceptional forward pass combination is as much dependent upon the receiver as upon the passer. The coach who boasts such a combination is indeed blessed. Most of us would give more than we'd be willing to admit for a crack passing combination on the order of Benny Friedman and Benny Oosterbaan of Michigan, or Hoyt Winslett and Herschell Caldwell of Alabama.

Every strong football team needs at least one fine passer. A good thrower has to be able to sidestep calmly the opposing team's wild charge and be able to pick out the receiver the instant he's open. It's a business that requires a good head and iron nerves. Split seconds often make the dif-

ference between a completed or an intercepted pass. Not infrequently it decides the score. A good passer must not only be able to throw the ball quickly and accurately but he must be able to screen his intentions both by making his play look like a run and by passing to an unexpected spot.

Passing and running are the most spectacular activities in football. To do these things well requires more natural ability than for any other phase of the game. Only a few have the possibilities of becoming outstanding passers or runners. Ball-carriers can generally be divided into two classes. One is the type who is as elusive as a ghost in the open field. Usually he's not hard to stop behind the line of scrimmage, but once in the open he is as slippery as a "greased pig." The three best open field runners that I have known were Fritz Pollard of Brown, Red Grange of Illinois and Johnny Mack Brown of Alabama, now a movie star.

The second type of runner, who is just as valuable although not so spectacular, is the line-plunger. He either depends upon sheer hard-hitting power and weight, or complete and perfect balance. Poised like a feather, he can twist away or feint a tackler out of position.

In ball-carrying, speed is not so important as quickness. This applies to the ability to start, to stop, to get up speed, and to turn or dodge. Some backs, when in the open field, have a knack of being able to cut in the right direction, whereas others often lose yardage and touchdowns by breaking to the wrong side.

As I have said, no boy has all the attributes of a great player. If he has even a meager aptitude, coupled with determination and team spirit there's nothing to stop him from eventually carving his name on an All-America berth. I've seen it done.

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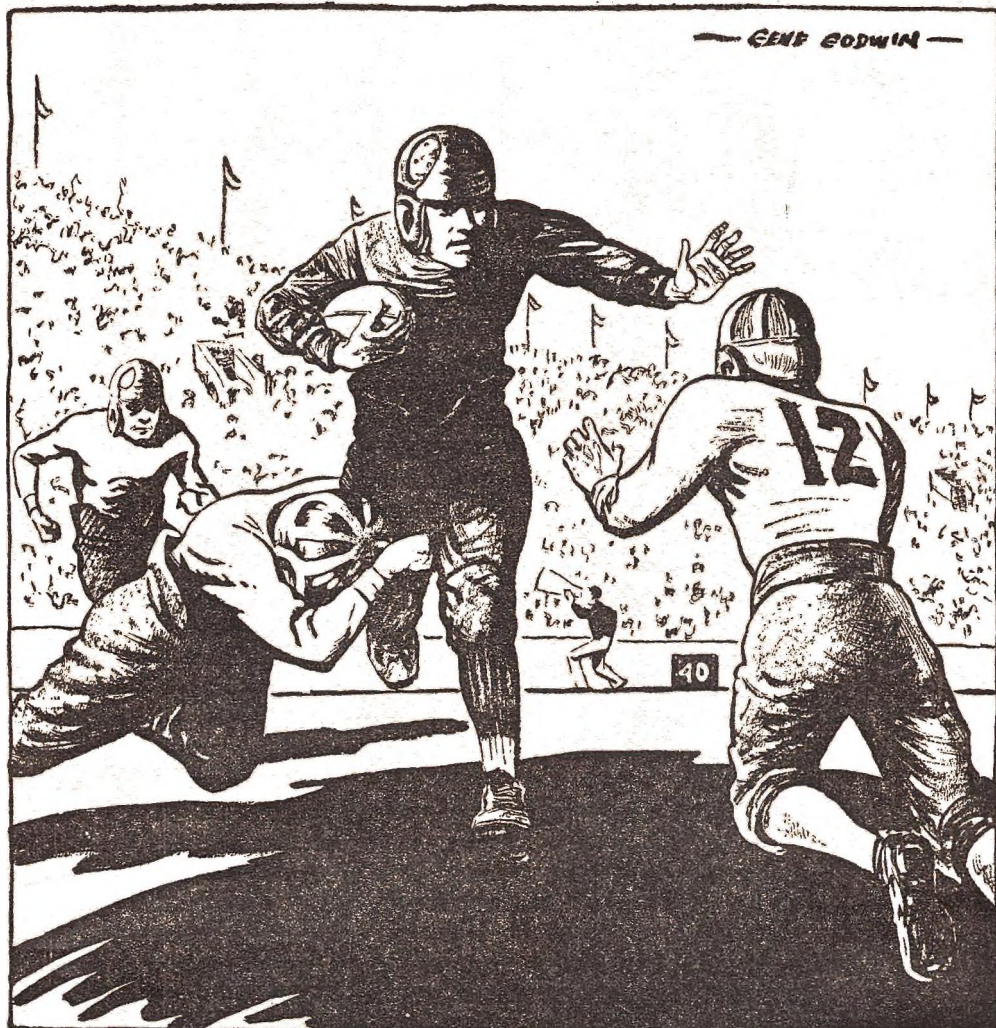
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BULL'S-EYE DETECTIVE



Delayed Dynamite

By STEVE SORENSEN

Bulk, speed, power, brilliance. . . . The lad had everything. Except fight. Fight, the flame that turns lambs into lions! The spark that makes or breaks a football man!

IT'S queer about football players. They're like frogs—you can't never tell by lookin' at 'em how far they can jump. I've seen all kinds in the years I've been workin' out charley horses an' strappin' up busted ankles an' knees here at E & W, an' I don't understand 'em yet.

I've seen a lot of football games won an' lost in my day for some darn fool reason or other. I've known about men winnin' games because dear ol' Dad had come a thousand miles to watch 'em. Or because

they wanted to make a big hit with some dame from over at the Kappa house. All that old stuff. But I never heard of a guy comin' across big because. . . . But hold on a minute! I'm gettin' ahead of myself. Let's go back to the kickoff an' start right.

This begins early in September about the second or third day's practice. We wasn't doin' much 'cept puttin' an' passin' the ball 'round and a few other warmin' up stunts. Mostly Coach an' I was sizin' up

the squad, 'specially the sophs. We had lost a bunch of reg'lars by graduation. We was badly in need of new material.

There was the usual bunch along the sidelines out to watch the practice and I was givin' 'em the once over like I always does in hopes of pickin' up somethin'. Right away I spots this guy. He's half again as big as the crowd he's trailing with an' not fat either. I watches him a minute an' then eases over to where Coach is standin'. "Coach," says I, "take a look at that bird over there. He looks big enough to push freight cars around the yards."

COACH gives him one glance and then walks over to where the kid is standin'.

"What's your name?"

"Stanford," answers the kid, grinnin' good-naturedly.

"Ever play football?" asks Coach.

"A little," says the kid, still grinnin' in his easy way.

"Well, why aren't you out here in a suit?"

"I dunno," sez the kid, "I hadn't thought much about it."

"Report at the gym at two-thirty tomorrow," says Coach, an' goes back to watch the punters.

The kid shows up the next day and I give him a suit and a locker and tells him to shake it up and get into his clothes. Then I goes over and sits down, kind of casual like on one of the rubbing tables where I can watch him. He hustles off his duds and I get a good look at him stripped. Oh, boy! I've handled box fighters an' rasslers and weight men in my day, but for a kid of his age I never saw anybody that had it on him for build. If that kid's going to play, I want to be on his side.

Right away he begins to make good. There ain't a lazy bone in his body. He's willing and quick to learn and handles himself like a ole timer. It looked, right away, as if we had plugged the hole at right tackle which Red Fergusson left when he graduated the previous spring. And things kept lookin' better an' better. When we got to running signals the kid was always there. He never missed a signal, was quick on the jump, and always in his right place in the play. Always good-natured,

too, and laughing and kidding with the other men. We all liked him.

Then we began our schedule. After the second game, which had been with a little one-horse college from the western part of the state, Coach comes to me and says, "Finney, what's the matter with Stanford?"

"Whaddaya mean?" says I, stallin' fer time 'cause I'd been thinkin' about the same think myself.

"I mean just this," says Coach, an' I hears his teeth snap, "he doesn't know yet that he's been in a football game. He thinks it some sort of amateur theatricals."

Coach was right, too. The kid had played them two games just as if he'd been running signals. He hadn't missed a trick. He'd been in his proper place on every play, but he never once quit grinning. He was so big and powerful that nothing feazed him, but there was no more fight in his play than nothin'.

"Oh, he'll come out of it as soon as we have some real games," I says. "He ain't been pushed yet."

"He better," says Coach. "And I mean to see that he does."

Right away he begins ridin' the kid. He don't leave him alone for a minute. He bawls him out 'til my own ears sizzle and I'll tell the world that it takes some talk to get under my skin, 'specially when it's bein' spilled at somebody else. He takes the kid off the 'varsity and puts him on the scrubs. He keeps him in the scrimmage when 'most everybody has gone to the showers. He puts Terrell, who's captain and quarterback and some talker himself, on the job. An' nothin' happens. The kid just grins an' goes ahead.

HE even tried the old gag of having one of our own men jolt Stanford on the sniffer in a scrimmage so he'd think the other team was roughin' him. But that didn't work. The kid saw who hit him and couldn't figger out why he'd done it. He didn't believe it was on purpose but it looked kinda raw to him. He got to studyin' about it and missed the signal on the next two plays, so we quit that.

So Coach said we'd have to try somethin' else. He began inquiren' 'round to find if there was any skirt that the kid was nuts about so we could get her to slip a

few well chosen words in his ears. But we drew a blank there. Stanford wasn't no kind of a ladies' man at all. But we found out that he stayed with an aunt of his who lived there in town. She was a widow woman an' her own kids was grown up an' gone away.

So Coach decided that we'd see what we could find out there. He called me over one day and says, "Finney, you go and see Mrs. Thompson,"—that was the old dame's name—"and see if you can find out anything that may give us a lead on how to get at Stanford."

I give him a mean look. "Out of this whole big college," says I, "why pick on me?"

"Well," says Coach, "you always were a diplomat."

"All right," I says, "I'll go, but you don't have to call me no names."

I snuk off during practice, so Stanford wouldn't be home, and when I knocked at the door the old girl opened it herself. She give me one of those What-yuh-tryin'-to-sell-me? looks, but when I told her who I was it was all Jake 'cause Stanford had told her about me.

I went inside and sunk myself into one of them red plush chairs and tried to think of something to say, meanwhile giving the old girl the once over. She was one of them oversize models that has et hearty all their lives, but in spite of carryin' all that excess weight she looks like she could tackle any job from sewing on a button to running a four hundred acre farm—and get away with it.

Well, I finally got started though I guess I sounded kinda cuckoo. It ain't so easy explaining that you're trying to find some way to get a favorite nephew mad. But the old dame knew something about football, having lived so long in a college town, and I see she was kinda gettin' the idee. When I run out of breath she kinda studied for a minute and then says,

"I think I understand, Mister Finney. I remember when my children were little, people used to say that you should never spank them when you were angry, but it always seemed to me that I could do a more satisfactory job if I were at least a little provoked."

"M'am," says I, "I ain't no family man an' don't know nothing about spanking

kids, but it looks to me as if you seen what I'm driving at."

"Well," she says, "I've known Fred Stanford ever since he was born, and I must say that he's rather easy going. There has never been anyone but his little brother William that could really make him angry. William has red hair and is a bit cantankerous. He might be able to do something But he's in school now and I don't suppose his mother would let him come up. However, I'll see what I can do."

I THANKS her and she promises to let me know how things are going. In about a week she calls me up on the phone an' says the best the kid's folks will do is to let young Bill come up for the big Lawrenceville College game. So we has to be satisfied with that and hope something'll come of it.

Our schedule wasn't a very stiff one that year, for we'd been kinda layin' back for the big game with Lawrenceville College, which came the Saturady before Thanksgiving. We'd lost two years in succession an' wanted to come back. We had a good team, too. Some of the new men had come up in good shape an' the old men were going strong. We figured Lawrenceville would outweigh us considerable but we had some fine forward passes and didn't ask no odds from nobody on our backfield. On the whole, it looked like our year if we could get our offense going.

Well, first thing you know the day of the game arrives. It's played on our home grounds that year and there's the usual hullabaloo and flags and glad rags and all that stuff that I don't pay no attention to.

Right after lunch, which we has early, the squad begins to blow into the dressing-room looking kinda white an' most of 'em swallowing hard. Stanford is the last man in, and when he finally shows up he's leadin' a little kid about twelve or thirteen. He comes over to where I'm tapin' up Riley's ankle and says, "Finney, this is my brother Bill. He's a football fan and wants to see the game from the sidelines. Can you fix him up?"

I looks the two of them over. They're as alike as two peas—NOT! The big one had gotten all the build and the looks, but there was something about the little one's eye that kinda took my fancy. He

might be a runt but I figured that he wouldn't take nothin' off no one, regardless.

"Sure," says I. "You get into your clothes and tell the kid to stick close to me. I'll look after him."

Stanford goes off to dress but the kid don't budge. He hangs to me like a leech and ever' now an' then I gives him a look out of the corner of my eye. He ain't missing a trick an' his eyes are shinin' with excitement. When Coach gets the team together for the last instructions the kid's eyes get bigger'n ever and I feels him pushin' up against me. Then we all beats it out on the field and next thing I sees of him he's crouchin' on the ground beside my water bucket.

I seen Coach lookin' at me and I knew he was expectin' me to figger out a way for the little kid to do his stuff, but I hadn't no idee at all. I decided to just wait an' hope something would turn up.

The game gets away in fine shape. Lawrenceville kicks off and Terrell receives it on our ten-yard line. He runs forty yards before they stop him. He picks himself up, spittin' out signals before he's off the ground. Right away we gets goin' and before the smoke clears away we're on Lawrenceville's twenty-yard line. But just about then that big bunch comes to and begins to show class.

We didn't make three yards in three downs and had to try a place kick that went wide. They brought the ball out and the halfback that was doing Lawrenceville's kicking booted it to our thirty-yard line. That fella was a kickin' fool. We come right back, opening up everything we had, and getting away with it, too, until we got within striking distance of their goal. After that—nothing doin'.

It went that way for the whole first half. The crowd was crazy, for it looked like our day to them, but being on the inside I feels different. Our team has tried everything they've got and hasn't scored and every drive we've made has taken just that much out of the team. As I says before, we've got the lighter team and I'm looking for something to break.

It came in the third quarter. I guess Lawrenceville's coach must have spoken a few words to his team between halves 'cause they come back fightin' like bear cats.

They quit kicking the ball and began to uncork a offense that sure had a punch. The pace begins to tell. Terrell, our captain, comes out with a twisted ankle and Hart, our fullback, follows a few minutes later with a dislocated shoulder. Then Jenkins, our best end, collapses, just plumb wore out, and has to be carried to the gym. And all this time Lawrenceville is marching toward our goal.

We held 'em on our thirty-yard line and that kickin' halfback of theirs drops back for a place kick. He's standin' on the forty-yard line, but when the dust blows over, they're hangin' up a big three on the score board at the end of the field.

ALL this time the little kid was squat-tin' by the bench. He was so quiet I'd forgot that he was there, but while they're gettin' ready to kick off he gets up beside me and says, "Mister Finney, is that all the better Fred can play football?"

The question came so kinda sudden that I didn't say nothin' for a minute. I just looked at the kid. He was so mad that the tears was runnin' out of his eyes.

"No, son," I says, "I think he can play better'n that."

"Well, why don't he then?" says the kid, clinchin' his fists. "The big stiff!"

That kinda set me thinkin'.

Well, we kicks off and Lawrenceville starts another drive for our goal. But there's only a few minutes left of the quarter, and when it's over the ball's just about the center of the field and ten yards from the sidelines. It's just in front of our bench and the team is standing just inside the lines. Everybody's mad and growlin' but Stanford, and he's got his usual grin.

I starts to say something but I'm glad I didn't for just then the little kid ducks under my arms and makes a rush for Stanford. He's so mad he's cryin' and he begins beating the big fella with his fists. "You big stiff! You big stiff!" he shouts. "You ain't no brother of mine. You ain't even *tryin'* to play! You're just *letting* 'em beat. I hate you!" Then he just busts out bawlin'.

Stanford catches hold of the kid's arms and grins more'n ever. Then he looks 'round expecting to see the rest of the team grinning too. But they ain't. Every one of them knows Stanford ain't playin' the

game he could and there wasn't a damn thing funny about it just then.

All of a sudden it begins to register on Stanford, and his face turns red and then white. Just then time is called and I leads the kid back to the bench. I'm sorry for him but I has a hunch that we're about to see something new.

Right then things begin to happen. Stanford almost beats the ball when it's snapped and he goes through that line like a cop through a crowd of kids. He meets the fullback before he gets to the line and carries him back about five yards before the referee can stop him. That's just the beginning. Did you ever see one man play a whole team? Well, Stanford done it. The best offense in the world ain't worth a plugged nickel if it can't get started, and Stanford seen to it that it didn't start. He was behind Lawrenceville's line as soon as the ball was and everything he put his mitts on took the count.

THE only thing he couldn't stop was their kicks. That halfback got 'em off like lightning. And whenever we got the ball our backs couldn't gain. Stanford opened up holes that looked big enough to drive an ox cart through, but somehow one of that Lawrenceville crew would slip in and nab the runner. So, in spite of Stanford, we wasn't getting nowhere. We was even losing ground on the exchange of punts and the time was getting awful short.

Lawrenceville punted to our fifteen-yard line, and I figured there ain't more'n five minutes left to play. All of a sudden I seen Stanford grab the quarterback by the arm and say something in his ear. He's a soph we had to put in when Terrell came out and it's his first big game, so his bean ain't working like it should. He looks kinda lost for a minute and then gives the signal. Stanford drops back and the line shifts over. For a second I'm lost myself. Then I remember it's a play Coach had worked up early in the season for Stanford's benefit when we thought he was going to be good. But it had never worked and we hadn't used it for a coupla months.

It worked now, all right. Stanford grabs the ball and goes into the line like a baby tank. It looks like the whole Lawrenceville team jumped on him but he's

made his seven yards before they pull him down and he's up again in a second yelling at the quarterback to hurry it up. The quarterback calls for a different play this time, but Stanford grabs him by the shoulder and whirls him around so fast that he pretty near sits down. "Gimme the ball! Every time!" he shouts.

By this time every man on the Lawrenceville team knows what the play's going to be, but that don't make no difference to Stanford. He's on his way. Boy! That was worth watchin'. I've seen Heston, Coy and Oliphant when they was in their prime, but nobody before nor since has seen the likes of that. One man, working one play. Eight yards! Five yards! Seven yards! They didn't hardly take the trouble to give the signals. Sometimes Stanford went where the play ought to go and sometimes he just went where the goin' looked best.

The crowd was ravin' crazy and all of a sudden I looks for little Bill. He'd quit me cold and was out on the sidelines opposite the play. His cap was gone and his little red head looked redder'n ever. He wasn't saying a word but there wasn't a man on either team that was workin' harder. Every time the teams lined up, the kid would crouch down for a start and when the ball was snapped he'd heave and push until you could almost hear him grunt.

But the time was slippin' by and there was twelve yards to go for a touchdown. I see Stanford look at the timekeeper and I looks in the same direction. He's got his eye on his watch and is just getting set to fire the shot that will end the game. I reached for the water bottle, thinkin' it's all over. Then the ball is snapped.

You can't see Stanford for the Lawrenceville players that's hanging to him. He moves so slow that I think the referee is goin' to blow his whistle and call the ball dead. But he don't!

Six yards to go! Five! Four! I counts them off in my mind. Three! Two! One! He's *over!*

The crowd's down on the field like a swarm of bees, and when I fights my way to the team, there's red-headed Bill sittin' on Stanford's shoulder, wavin' his arms an' shoutin' like he'd bust himself wide open.

No Guts— No Glory!

By JOHN WIGGIN

No guts—no glory! Winning didn't matter to Marston's Saturday afternoon boys. Coach and team—they played for marbles. But Garry O'Toole played for blood and an Irishman's honor, until the creampuff set-up got him, too!

THE black hand of the clock on top of the scoreboard glided relentlessly around the dial and came to an abrupt stop. There were twenty-three seconds left to play. The crowd in the half-filled stadium was on its feet screaming for a touchdown. Garry O'Toole lay panting over the ball on the enemy thirty-five-yard line. A few seconds before, he had received a punt on his own five-yard line and run it back sixty sensational yards. He scrambled to his feet and ran groggily back to the huddle.

"Come on, you loafers!" he shrilled, his teeth flashing whitely in his mud-stained face, "we can't let those bums walk off with a tie!"

"We've got time for one play, mebbe two," muttered the tall right end. "Throw one to me, will you, Irish?"

"You've got it," snapped O'Toole. "Formation Q, number nine. Now fight, you lugs!"

The Marston team turned toward the ball and marched up into line, keeping step



in their famous military style. Opposite them the huskies from St. Patrick's glowered, black-browed, and swung their arms menacingly.

Garry O'Toole gave one more agonized look at the scoreboard and bent low, barking the signals. The ball was snapped to the fullback, John Darling, who skittered backwards with it. Garry O'Toole hurled himself at a St. Patrick's tackle who was breaking through, and said a prayer. The fullback got off a beautiful pass far down the field where Wentworth Tucker, the right end, picked it gracefully out of the air. The Marston rooters were going wild. The tall end started across the five-yard line, then stopped short in an attempt to elude two tacklers, danced backwards three steps, and was tackled high from behind and held in a vise-like grip. The whistle blew and the roar of the crowd faded into a disappointed murmur. The time clock showed three seconds to play.

Garry O'Toole shook with rage as he ran up the tall end. "Why didn't you run it through them, you yellow-livered skunk," he screamed. "Tucker, you were tackled standing up."

"Aw, pipe down, Garry, we made thirty yards on the play, what more do you want?"

"I want a touchdown, that's what I want," yelled the quarterback. "We can't let a little college like St. Patrick's walk out of here with a tie game."

"All right, call your play," growled John Darling, "let's get this over with."

"Same formation," hissed Garry, "only this time I'll take the ball on a sneak through center while you fake the pass, John."

The Marston boys didn't like the idea very well but nothing more was said as they marched up to the ball. There was silence in the great stadium as Garry called the signals. Then as the crowd went delirious he cuddled the ball to him and flashed across the line of scrimmage. A hand seized his ankle, and two men of the enemy secondary loomed in front of him. Somehow Garry wrenched his ankle free and charged straight at the two men in front of him. He smashed the heel of his left hand into the face of one of them and caromed off the other. The whole St. Patrick's team closed in on him on the one-

yard line and brought him down fighting hard. The whistle blew, the timekeeper's gun cracked and the game was over. The score was Marston, 6; St. Patrick's, 6.

TEN minutes later, Garry sat on the edge of a rubbing bench and grunted with pain as old Gus, the trainer, strapped up his rapidly swelling ankle. The varsity was scampering light-heartedly around the showers, apparently unaffected by the ignoble tie-game they had just finished playing. As Garry limped toward his locker he could hear big John Darling and Wentworth Tucker making their plans for the evening.

"Let's go up in my car," shouted Tucker. "We'll get an early start so that we can be at the Onyx Club by ten o'clock when Maxine sings."

Fine kind of talk, Garry reflected bitterly, from the man who might have won the game if he hadn't showed the white feather. Just then he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned and looked into the cool gray eyes of Henry Bulow, head coach at Marston.

"You played a bangup game, O'Toole," he said softly, "in more ways than one. How's that ankle?"

"Oh, it'll be all right," said Garry, flushing. "I wish we could have won, though, Coach."

Bulow nodded his blond head slowly. "Yes," he said finally, "I'm afraid some of the boys laid down a little bit after the first quarter. Come into the gym-room, when you're dressed. I'm going to have a little talk with the first team."

And not a bad idea, thought Garry, as he struggled into his clothes. The trouble with those guys was that they apparently didn't care whether they won or not. Just fair-weather athletes. He hoped Bulow would light into them plenty. He threw his football shoes into his locker, clanged it shut, and hobbled off to the gym-room.

The coach was leaning his tall, trim figure back against the wall and was surveying the group of well-dressed lads who were sprawled on a mat in a semi-circle in front of him. His hand played with his watch-chain, swinging the end of it with the charm on it idly around his finger, first one way, then the other. Finally he looked up at the ceiling and started to

speaking in a confident, matter-of-fact tone.

"By this time," he began, "you fellows ought to know that I don't give pep talks. It is my opinion that the day for that kind of stuff has long gone by. American football is a science, not a street brawl. I ask of my teams only that they play skilfully and intelligently with a minimum of physical risk. I don't ask them to die for dear old Rutgers. That is corny stuff, strictly out of date. Of course, you can't exactly play football in silk smocks, but with the glancing body blocks you've been taught here, and the deception and pass plays you've learned you should be able to win games without breaking any bones, or without even losing your tempers.

"Now you are all exceptionally intelligent fellows. You are what I call a smart team. But you're lazy. That score in the first quarter was so easy that you didn't bother to play any more all afternoon. All of you but O'Toole, that is. He wanted to win so badly that toward the end of the game he started doing just what I always tell you not to do—dying for dear old Rutgers. He came out with a black eye and a sprained ankle, but it might have been worse. Now if you all will remember to play football for sixty minutes and not fifteen, O'Toole can win without going berserk the way he did at the finish of the game today. That's all."

Garry wandered out on the campus in a daze. He had expected Bulow to tear into that bunch of yellow bums and give them hell. Instead of that they just got a slap on the wrist, and he, Garry, was almost bawled out for playing too hard. He couldn't understand it.

He started up the quiet, tree-lined street toward his club. His ankle hurt. It wasn't a bad sprain, but if he stepped too hard on that foot, the pain shot up his leg sickeningly. He limped dispiritedly on, his mind brooding on Bulow's curious behavior. He hardly noticed that a car drew up to a stop beside him, when a man's voice brought him to.

"Excuse me, but aren't you Garry O'Toole?"

GARRY saw a stoop-shouldered, gray-haired man with an oddly young face leaning toward him from behind the wheel of the car. Garry nodded wonderingly.

The man's ruddy face creased into a warm smile.

"I thought so," he said. "I'm Toots Smiley of the *New York Record*, and I'd like to have a few words with you. Hop in and I'll take you where you're going."

Garry felt a glow of pleasure. Toots Smiley! The most quoted sports columnist in New York! The man whose witty column was read every day by hundreds of thousands of sport fans. Garry couldn't suppress a flattered grin as he climbed into the front seat beside the great man.

"Now about that ankle," Smiley began, as he threw the car into gear, "how bad is it?"

"Oh, it's nothing," said Garry, "really. Nothing at all. It hurts a little now, but I'll play next Saturday."

"I see," said the sportswriter. "Bulow had a few choice words for the team after that game today, didn't he?"

"Well, yes," Garry admitted, "but it wasn't exactly what you'd call a bawling out."

"It wasn't, eh?"

"No. He certainly didn't give us the dressing-down we deserved."

"Sounds just like him. Why, I bet he even cautioned you about playing too hard. You, personally, I mean, not that bunch of softies that let you down."

"Why, how did you know?" gasped Garry in astonishment.

"Listen. I've known Henry Bulow ever since he started coaching football, thirteen years ago. I used to be a sports reporter on the *Chicago Star*, and I watched him grow from a shy young kid into the great Bulow, whose teams at Chippewa State were national champions seven years out of ten. In my small way, I have perhaps helped build the legend of the Bulow system which is now being used in so many colleges. And the secret of that system has always been 'mind over matter.' He always insisted on his boys winning by skill rather than brute force."

"He told us something like that today," Garry admitted.

"Sure he did. I know all about that jiu-jitsu blocking he teaches. And those running plays he's invented are a miracle of deception when they're properly executed. He really feels that football can be figured out like billiards or chess. Well,

of course, he's right. He's proved he's right by the number of winning teams he's put out, and by the number of young coaches who are imitating him. But, of course, he had one thing very much in his favor during those years at Chippewa State, and that was his material. Every year he had a flock of earnest, hard-working young giants named Olson, or Swenson, or Larsen who were like granite on the defense, and were like cogs in a well-oiled machine on the offense. Now what I want to ask you is this: are these tea-quaffing lads here at this exclusive Eastern college going to get him the same results?"

"That's not a fair question to ask a member of the team," said Garry slowly. "It's true we were pretty lazy out there today. We didn't realize how tough those St. Patrick's boys were until it was too late."

"Very commendable modesty, Mr. O'Toole," said the sportswriter dryly, "but I know better. You were hustling all through that game, but your boy friends quit after the first quarter. It's too bad, because it looks like a nice team. A little light maybe, but fast. And I know one thing—if the rest of the Marston varsity had the guts and gittup of one Garry O'Toole, I would have to eat some words I used in commenting on Bulow's arrival at Marston."

"What do you mean? What words?" asked Garry.

"Well, I went on record to the effect that Bulow was making a mistake to leave the Middle-West . . . that the lack of material at Marston would prevent him from turning out winning teams."

GARRY compressed his lips and stared straight ahead of him under bushy black eyebrows. Finally, with a great sigh he turned and said, "I hope you're wrong, Mr. Smiley, and I'm going to do what I can to prove that Henry Bulow can build a winning team anywhere."

"Good for you, Garry," said the sportswriter, and his eyes crinkled agreeably, "I hope you do."

"You can let me off right at this corner, if you don't mind," said the boy.

"Right here? Okay. Now look, I'll be covering Marston for the *Record* all sea-

son, so I'll probably be seeing you again."

"That will be swell. It was nice meeting you," said Garry as he stepped carefully out of the car. "Anyway, thanks for the lift and for the interest."

"Don't mention it. I'm always interested in Hank Bulow. Incidentally, I may be able to help you some time with some facts about your coach. Some facts which might explain his curious attitude toward the great game of American Intercollegiate Football. So long, boy."

Garry O'Toole stood on the sidewalk and stared after the departing car. What did Toots Smiley mean by that? He was still frowning over it as he climbed the stairs to the porch of the luxurious clubhouse and went in search of Wentworth Tucker.

He found that young gentleman sitting beside a telephone with a huge Manhattan directory on his lap. Wentworth Tucker was setting about to insure the success of his evening in New York.

"If that little minx has an unlisted phone number," he muttered absently to Garry, "I'm going to be plenty sore. Let's see, I think she lives on Beekman Place." And he flipped the pages of the telephone directory anxiously.

Garry wanted to say he wished Tucker had gotten sore at the boys from St. Patrick's—sore enough to play football to win. But when he spoke he chose his words carefully.

"Went," he said, "how do you feel about Bulow? Are you for him?"

The blond boy looked at him vacantly. "Why, of course, you dope. Why shouldn't I be for him?"

"Well, let's win that game next Saturday," said Garry.

"Sure. Sure," said Tucker. It was evident that his mind was far away from football.

"Well, I'm going to remind you of that next Saturday," said Garry, and his voice rose, "the first time you're tackled standing up."

"Oh, change the record, O'Toole," the blond boy complained. "Why do you always have to be fighting the Battle of the Boyne the minute the referee's whistle blows? That isn't what Bulow wants, anyway. He said so in the gym-room after the game."

Garry stumped out of the room helplessly. Toots Smiley was right. Bulow shouldn't have come East. Marston was a rich man's school, and rich boys weren't accustomed to fighting for anything. Even he, Garry, came from a rich family, although his father had acquired a fortune through his own efforts. These other lads' fathers had for the most part inherited their money. And Bulow didn't believe in fight talks!

The following Saturday Marston played a strong Brentwood team and was beaten by a score of 21-7. Bulow wouldn't let Garry play in spite of the boy's almost tearful assurances that his ankle was sufficiently well.

Marston started off with all its typical brilliance. A series of scintillating plays, smartly executed, ran the powerful team from Brentwood ragged, and resulted in a score in the first five minutes of play. Brentwood resolutely kicked off again, and again Marston marched down the field, their speed and deception continually throwing their heavier opponents off balance. This second attack, however, finally bogged down on Brentwood's ten-yard line, and the end of the quarter found both teams in the middle of the field.

DURING the second quarter Brentwood began to collect its wits and eventually pushed over a touchdown by repeated smashes at the line. The score was tied up at 7-7 at the end of the half. Between halves, Bulow gave the team a quiet little talk, in which he gently pointed out individual errors, and formulated the general strategy to be followed in the rest of the game. There was no hint of scolding in the talk, nor was there any sign of displeasure on Bulow's impassive face.

Garry walked disconsolately back into the Stadium and heaved himself onto the bench with a sigh. Bulow must be right, he thought; he's the greatest coach in the country, but why didn't he hit harder in that dressing-room talk? Why was he so easy on certain players who were obviously not playing their best? Garry kept on wondering why through the third quarter, as the Marston team seemed to be content with just holding off their opponents. In the fourth quarter, they couldn't even do that. Garry raged on the sidelines as

Brentwood smacked through a listless Marston line for two touchdowns.

The next day, the *New York Sunday Record* contained a stinging column by Toots Smiley entitled "*Blessed Are the Meek.*" The column sympathized with Henry Bulow for the tough break he was getting from the Marston Varsity—The Lazy Daisies, Toots called them.

On Monday the campus daily printed an interview with a prominent alumnus who not only took a crack at the team, but also expressed grave dissatisfaction with the new coach. Garry read the item in a rage. It wasn't fair to criticize Bulow for the performance of the team! He hoped the article would make Bulow mad enough to crack down on the boys. But during practice there was no sign of dissatisfaction from Bulow. He was quiet and cool as always. The only indication of what the coach might be thinking was that the entire practice period was devoted to fundamentals. And if some of the more indolent members of the squad may have secretly rebelled at going back to the tackling dummy, they were too smart to show it.

Apparently the practice session had the desired effect. Or perhaps the team really was ashamed of its performance against Brentwood, because Marston won its next three games. All three were impressive victories against tough opposition, although Garry knew in his heart that there had been a considerable element of luck on their side in all three games. Toots Smiley alone among the New York writers was unenthusiastic about the team. Many of the football experts predicted that Marston would win all three games remaining on the schedule, but Smiley only conceded the first one to Marston.

"In the last two games on Marston's 1938 schedule," he wrote, "I greatly fear that she will go down to defeat. In spite of the panegyrics my colleagues on some of the other papers have written about Bulow's team of socialites, I have yet to be shown that they can really play sixty minutes. I pick Connecticut over Marston by one touchdown, and Hudson in the traditional Big Game ought to win by two."

This appeared in his Friday column, the day before the game with little Harpswell.

This was the game that looked like a cinch for Marston. But how correct were Toots Smiley's doubts was borne out by the fact that Harpswell pulled an upset and defeated Marston, 7-6. Both scores were made in the first half, and during the intermission Garry waited in vain for Bulow to land on some of his delinquent players. Not a word of condemnation did the coach utter. The expression on his face showed that he was not too happy over the score, but he confined his remarks to a general outline of play for the second half. He ordered more passing. But nothing happened in the second half, in spite of Garry O'Toole's heroic efforts. Marston was on the verge of scoring time and time again, but when the moment arrived for that extra punch they didn't have it.

THE climax came when with a few moments of play remaining, Wentworth Tucker, running for what looked like a sure touchdown, allowed himself to be pushed out of bounds by Harpswell's tiny safety man. In the locker-room afterwards, Garry's fingers shook so badly he could hardly unlace his shoes. It was all he could do to refrain from going over to Wentworth Tucker and punching his pink, handsome face. Just one word out of line from that contemptible coward, Garry thought, and he would hit him for sure.

But the big blond end was very subdued, as indeed the whole team was. The Marston Varsity wasn't laughing off this game the way they did the St. Patrick's game. Garry quickly shucked off his uniform, and snatched a towel out of his locker and started down toward the showers, still inwardly seething. Just as he came abreast of Wentworth Tucker an unfortunate accident happened. Tucker was sitting on a bench, and twisted his body around to reach for something behind him. He did not see Garry going past him, and was as surprised as anyone when Garry tripped and fell over the leg he thrust out to keep his balance. But Garry thought it had been intentional. He picked himself off the cement floor and advanced on Tucker in a cold rage.

"Get up, you yellow bum," he spat, "and put up your hands, because I'm going to hit you so hard you'll never forget it."

And with that he swung a right hook that landed square on Tucker's beautiful chin. The blond boy toppled over backwards and lay in a heap on the floor. Garry stood over him menacingly, eyes flashing. Then big John Darling ran up and grabbed him from behind and pinned his arms to his sides in a grip of iron. The whole team clustered around excitedly and Sims Carpenter, the left end, lifted Tucker's shoulders up and helped him to his feet. Everyone began talking at once, but there was a sudden hush when Bulow walked in among them and stood with folded arms, looking at Garry.

"Who started this?" demanded the coach. "You, O'Toole?"

"Yes," said Garry, through clenched teeth, "he had it coming to him."

Wentworth Tucker passed his hand over his eyes dazedly, and said, "Wait a minute, Garry. I didn't mean to trip you up. I didn't even know you were there, so help me I didn't."

"I would have hit you anyway," Garry snarled. "I'm glad you gave me an excuse."

"That'll do, O'Toole," Bulow said sharply, but without raising his voice. "Please come into my office." With that he wheeled and strode off without a backward look. Garry wrapped the towel around his middle and padded silently after him on bare feet.

In his office Bulow said, "I don't want to know anything more about this incident. This much is enough: you, who are perhaps the best man on my team here at Marston, have done the silliest thing I can imagine. You started a locker-room brawl with a teammate. Supposing everyone felt free to do that. There'd be a lot of team spirit left, wouldn't there? As a disciplinary measure I'm going to take you out of uniform for nine days, O'Toole. That means you won't play against Connecticut, and I'll decide later whether or not you will play against Hudson."

"Coach, you can't mean it!" Garry whispered, "you know yourself that Tucker needed a whipping. Why, he's been . . ."

"I would rather handle the team without your help, O'Toole," the coach said, not unkindly. "I know you mean well, but what you've just done doesn't happen to fit in with my methods of coaching. I'll

see you at practice a week from Monday."

Garry understood that he was being dismissed, and he moved slowly to the door. With his hand on the door-knob he turned and looked at Bulow. Bulow was staring out of the window. Garry closed the door behind him and wandered back to the lockers in a daze. What a thing to have happen to him, he thought. He admired Bulow beyond the telling, and had worked hard for him, and yet, because he had lost his temper at a damn slacker, he was suspended from the team. It was a bitter pill to take.

A MAN came hurrying up the hall and stopped in front of him. It was Toots Smiley. His keen young face squinted anxiously at Garry.

"I just heard what happened," he opened up, "and I want to know the rest. What did Hank Bulow say to you?"

Garry told him. The sportswriter frowned and shook his head with a sigh.

"He's carrying the thing too far," he said. "That man is so hipped on the subject of fighting on or off the field that he's got a blind side. Get your clothes on and meet me at the Coffee Shop. I'd like to talk to you if you have the time."

Garry agreed gratefully. Here at least was someone who saw his side of things. Possibly Toots Smiley would intercede for him with Bulow and get him reinstated for the Connecticut game. He dressed hastily and ran over to the campus soft-drink emporium.

Smiley was sitting alone at a corner booth writing rapidly in long-hand on a folded piece of yellow paper. As the Irish boy slid into the bench opposite, Smiley thrust the paper into his pocket and surveyed Garry carefully.

"Hank Bulow and I are old and close friends," he said finally, "but not even I can change his mind, once it's made up. I'd like to be able to talk him out of this suspension he's slapped onto you, but I know it's no use. But I'll guarantee you'll get into the Big Game, week after next. He'll need you too badly to keep you out of that."

Garry waited. He felt more was coming. The sportswriter continued.

"I'm going to tell you something which is not generally known around here. It

may explain a little why Bulow never gives fight talks, and why he has been sitting on you all season. You probably feel that he has been unfair to you, and has been too easy on the rest of the team. Well, here's why. Nine years ago, when he was still new at Chippewa State, a boy on his team had an accident.

"Up to that time, Hank had been a slave-driver. He was young and enthusiastic, and he used to fire up those teams of his so that they would go out and do the impossible during a game.

"But one day in a hard-fought game his quarterback, a fighting youngster, who only weighed about a hundred and forty, broke through the line of scrimmage and with his head down smacked into a couple of big backs. His neck was broken and he died on the field."

"My God!" said Garry. "That was a terrible thing to have happen. But it wasn't Bulow's fault. He couldn't help it."

"Bulow felt personally responsible for the death of that kid," the sportswriter answered. "I've never seen a man so cut up. For a while he swore he would give up coaching football altogether, but his friends persuaded him not to do that. He finally agreed to go on with football, but he vowed he would never allow his boys to run any physical risks on the gridiron. He refused to give pep talks; he revised his system of play so that there would be a minimum of bodily contact. Being a thorough-minded sort of guy, he succeeded at it."

A wave of understanding swept over Garry. "That explains everything," he cried.

"Sure it does," agreed Smiley.

"But these lazy Marston lugs put the wrong interpretation on his system," pursued Garry. "They think he's just being easy on them."

"Precisely," said Toots Smiley, with a wry face. "They think just because he doesn't hound them between halves they can lay down any time they feel like it."

"Well, I'm going to tell those guys that story," said Garry hotly. "I don't know whether it'll do any good or not but . . ."

Smiley held up his hand and shook his head. "No, son," he said, "I don't think that would do a darn bit of good. And

yet, something has got to be done. I know for a fact that if he doesn't win the Big Game with Hudson, he's through at Marston. And he can't afford that. He hasn't any money. He's been supporting an invalid mother since he was sixteen, and this year was the first time he ever made a really good salary."

"**B**UT what can we do?" said Garry despairingly. "We can't let the greatest coach in the country be kicked out of a job just because a bunch of lousy—" he broke off spluttering. Garry O'Toole was sore.

"Well," Toots Smiley said slowly, "I think maybe *you* might be able to do something."

"For heaven's sake, tell me," the Irish boy said eagerly, "I'd do anything—I'd be so happy if I *could* do anything."

The columnist bit his lower lip reflectively for a minute and said, "I'm not quite sure whether it would work or not, but I have the germ of an idea. It's pretty drastic treatment, and I don't know if you'll want to do it."

"If it's going to help win the Hudson game for Coach Bulow, I'll do anything," said Garry stoutly.

"Good boy." A smile creased the young face under Toots Smiley's gray hair. He looked around the Coffee Shop quickly and then bent over toward Garry and started talking in a low voice. "To begin with, Bulow thinks an awful lot of you, O'Toole, believe it or not. Now here's the idea. . . ."

Twenty minutes later, Garry strode up the street to his club, his mind in a whirl. Toots Smiley had put a hard proposition up to him, and he was going to have to carry it out. It wouldn't be pleasant, but Garry felt that it would have to be done.

The following week, the Irish boy kept pretty much to himself. He avoided his friends and members of the football team as much as he could. He stayed in his room or at the library in the evenings, and worked out on the track field alone, during the noon hour.

He felt he couldn't bear to watch another game from the sidelines, so he spent the week-end away from the campus. It was a definite hardship, although self-imposed, because Garry liked people, and

liked to be with them. But the solitary part wasn't so bad as the feeling of guilt at what he intended to do, even though his motives were so fine. He told himself over and over again that he was doing the right thing, and that it was possibly the only thing which might instil into the Marston Varsity a will to victory.

Garry read four newspaper accounts of the game with Connecticut, including Toots Smiley's. There were no surprises. Marston again scored in the first quarter—made two touchdowns—and then called it a day. The hardy Connecticut outfit moved into action in the second quarter and kept on going throughout the game. The final score was Marston, 13; Connecticut, 29. All the reports commented on O'Toole's absence, and Smiley went so far as to say that the following Saturday might show Marston in far better form with the Irish quarterback in the lineup.

The following Monday Garry reported for practice. Nobody made any references to the locker-room incident, except Wentworth Tucker, who came up to Garry and offered his hand as a sign of conciliation. Garry shook hands and made a nice little apology which he was not quite sure he meant. He couldn't help noticing, however, that the Marston Varsity was taking practice more seriously than usual. A detached observer might have guessed that the boys were a little ashamed of their record and were taking steps to make up for it. During scrimmage the line charged fast, ball carriers were hard hit by determined tacklers. Garry wondered whether the team was at last waking up. Bulow was the same as ever—impersonal, impassive.

IT was a tough week for Garry O'Toole. Normally, he would have been keyed up enough as each day brought the game nearer, but he had something extra on his mind this year, the anticipation of a job which he didn't relish. He read Toots Smiley's column on Friday and was at once pleased and dismayed that Toots predicted a surprise for the Big Game, even reversed his earlier prognostication and allowed Marston a chance to win. In a sense, Garry reflected, Smiley had inside information; that is, he knew of something that was going to take place during the

game that no one else knew. But would that idea work? Garry fervently hoped so.

In spite of Marston's in-and-out record, there was a capacity crowd in the Stadium for the Hudson game. After all, Hank Bulow was Hank Bulow, and though the alumni were disgusted at the showing of their team, they still hoped against hope that Bulow's magic might work again at the last minute. It was a beautiful day, warm for November, and the great Stadium was full of the color that football writers love to describe in their reports of important contests. The Hudson rooters were present in full strength, and gave their still unbeaten team a handsome ovation as it swarmed on to the field. When the Marston team trotted into the arena, the home student body yelled itself hoarse in order not to be outdone by their rivals across the field.

Garry O'Toole observed the pre-game formalities in a kind of an unpleasant trance. The only thing he noticed positively was his hands; they felt clammy, and he continually wiped them on his pants. Then all of a sudden he was conscious of a deafening roar from the crowd, a blast on a whistle, and he automatically started running forward. Marston had kicked off!

It was a beautiful boot, adroitly placed away from Hudson's star halfback. The blocking back received the ball and was quickly thrown by Sims Carpenter on the twelve-yard line. Garry skipped lightly backwards on his toes to play a deep safety position. He didn't think Hudson would punt right away but he wasn't taking any chances. Forty yards away he watched the huge red-shirted Hudson line looming over the slighter figures in Marston's white jerseys.

Both lines crouched, the ball was snapped, and Hudson's broken-field star was in tail-back position running behind beautiful interference around Wentworth Tucker's end. But Tucker had been coached by Henry Bulow; he eluded the interferers like a matador, and slipped in to nail the ball-carrier at the line of scrimmage. A power play off tackle gained only a yard. Hudson went into punt formation, and Garry hitched his pants up nervously.

The punt was low and traveled fast to-

ward the sidelines, but Garry was off like a flash and picked the ball off the ground just before it went out of bounds. He streaked down the sidelines for fifteen yards, feinted a tackler off balance, and danced his way to Hudson's 24-yard line. The Marston stands screamed joyously.

Quickly, Garry called for a criss-cross with the left half, fleet-footed Billy Werner, toting the ball around left end with only Sims Carpenter for interference. Werner went for a touchdown.

While the Marston rooters went delirious, John Darling converted. It was a sensational beginning for a game, but each Marston rooter as he bellowed with joy wondered secretly whether the early score would really mean anything—the Marston team had always scored in the first quarter.

John Thompson, Marston's left guard, kicked off again, and Hudson ran the ball back to their own 28-yard line. From there they pounded their way on successive line smashes to Marston's 40. They were making their superior weight count for them. An end-around maneuver gave them another first down on Marston's 29. Hudson began to smell a touchdown.

But they were over-eager; a low pass from center got away from the fullback, and Wentworth Tucker shot in like a bullet and fell on the loose ball. The Hudson rooters groaned in dismay, while the home supporters shrilled gaily. Garry daringly called for a forward pass, which was not completed, the ball just eluding Sims Carpenter's straining fingers. But the pass play served Garry's purpose, which was to open up Hudson's defense. John Darling hit the line and ploughed through for eight yards. Third and two to go. Darling faked the forward from Formation Q, and Garry lugged the leather across the center of the line for a first down.

ONCE again the Bulow attack clicked, and Garry drove his team down the field like a racing chariot with a series of bewildering reverses and pass plays. Just before the first quarter ended, he flipped one down the center alley to Tucker, who stepped across the line for another touchdown. The kick was good, and the Marston side of the Stadium was well satisfied with the 14-0 score, and made no bones about it.

It just went to show, Garry reflected bitterly, as he ran out to begin the second quarter, what that Marston team could do if they felt like it. If the lugs would only play four quarters like that, instead of just one. As play commenced, he watched his teammates anxiously for any signs of letting down. They were not long in coming. Wentworth Tucker juggled an easy pass and laughed uproariously at his error. It would have been good for twenty-five yards, at the least.

Five minutes later, when Marston was deep in enemy territory, Billy Werner bobbled the ball in a double reverse, and a Hudson player fell on it promptly. Werner shrugged his shoulders with extravagant humor, Garry bit his lips. There they go, he thought; they feel they've played enough football—they just want to clown the rest of the afternoon. He glanced at the clock on the scoreboard. Eight minutes to play—too early to put his plan into action, but he must begin to watch for his opportunities.

Hudson now really began to march down the field. They were not going to be denied this time. Steadily they pressed on the over-confident boys in white jerseys, and with two minutes left in the half, they rolled over for an inevitable touchdown. The kick was good, and the score became 14-7.

To his teammates' amazement and consternation, Garry elected to kick off. Obviously, he should have received, when such a short time remained in the half, but he set his mouth in a stern line and wouldn't answer the angry questions from his teammates.

Hudson came on with a rush. There was time enough to score again if they were quick about it. But they were over-anxious, and fumbled at midfield. They recovered immediately, but lost twelve yards. At fourth down, they had seventeen yards to go with forty seconds left to play. They punted.

It was a magnificent boot. Garry backed up to his five-yard line and watched it coming down to him. There was no one near him. Now was the time to put Toots Smiley's idea into action. He signaled for a fair catch, although there wasn't a tackler within twenty yards of him. The Marston players gathered around him in

astonishment. Wentworth Tucker stood over him menacingly.

"And you're the guy who called me yellow!" he rapped.

"Get up there on the line, I'm running this ball club," said Garry, tight-lipped, and called for a quarterback sneak. The team glared at him, but fell into formation. Garry took the ball from center, started to run to his left, then turned indecisively and ran to his right. Finally he ran back into the end zone and quietly allowed himself to be tackled there, automatically scoring a safety for Hudson. The half ended after the next play.

As the team trudged off the field to go to the clubhouse, Bulow was waiting at the sidelines. As Garry came up to him, he said, "What's the matter, O'Toole, were you hurt?"

"No, sir," Garry answered, his eyes on the ground.

Bulow's eyes widened incredulously. "You're not hurt?" he said slowly.

"No, sir, I'm perfectly okay," said Garry. He added carelessly, "I just kind of figured what-the-hell!"

The color drained out of Bulow's face. He looked at the sweaty, slightly startled faces of the team. His eyes went up to the tiered stands rising against the autumnal sky. Old grads, some of them, had come a thousand miles for this game. Finally Bulow's eyes came back to the team.

He looked at Garry. "You too!" he said. Scorn, disappointment and rising anger—all in those two words.

NOBODY spoke to Garry in the clubhouse, and Garry spoke to nobody. The team was very quiet, in a grim sort of way. Bulow did not appear until it was nearly time to go back into the Stadium. When he did, it was a different Bulow. He suddenly was standing in the doorway. His blond hair, normally so neat, was standing up in spikes on his head; his eyes were glinting, his face was a dark red.

"All right, you spoiled bunch of precious hot-house roses," he said in a loud, harsh voice, "I've got a few words I want to say to you, and I'm going to say 'em now, because I have an idea that after this game you're going out to lose, I won't have a

chance to say 'em, as I will probably no longer be Coach here."

There was a moment of shocked silence in the room, then Bulow continued, "Of all the lazy, lousy, selfish crop of velvet-pants that ever a football coach was cursed with, the Marston Varsity takes the top-most honors. I have taught you the same brand of football I taught those boys out in the Middle-West, but I certainly have gotten different results. I have my reasons for not teaching bruiser football, and those reasons don't concern you. But you have all chosen to interpret my idea of football as having another meaning. You have represented Henry Bulow, as well as Marston University, by showing the yellow streak and about all the other contemptible weaknesses in competitive sport.

"I thought for a while that there was one guy who wouldn't run out on me, but today, finally, Mr. Garry O'Toole laid down and quit. I thought he, at least, was a little different, but today he took his place along with the rest of you. Not that he was any worse than Tucker, or Darling, or MacPherson, or any of the rest of you. But I had expected a little better from him.

"If you win this game it will be a miracle. I'd lay ten-to-one against you. And after it's all over, you'll see a man in a position none of you will ever be in. You'll see a man looking for a job. However, my dear little team of Fauntleroy's, I don't know of a job that's so bad that I wouldn't prefer it to this one.

"So, go on out there and loll around for another hour. Perhaps your mothers will be proud of you, but no decent man will be. O'Toole, I will issue no instructions from the bench. I'll leave the entire direction of this exquisite group in your capable, lily-white hands."

Not a sound was in the room. The odor of liniment and of moth-balls—perennial effluvia of the locker-room—was in Garry O'Toole's nostrils as he watched the coach throw them one keen, level glance and stalk from the room. He wanted to cry out: "Don't go, Coach! It's all a gag!" And then he looked at the other players.

John Darling, Thompson, Carpenter, Wentworth Tucker sat with heads bowed in their hands. The other members of the

team sat with a look of shocked surprise on their faces; it was as if nothing they had ever seen or done had affected as much as this. Then Went Tucker came to his feet with a howl. There were tears streaming down his face.

"By God, we've been a bunch of heels! We've played around with this game, and never once given the old man a whirl! If you don't get out there and smack hell out of Hudson, I'm gonna lay into the whole bunch of you."

"You!" he whirled on O'Toole.

"Get out there and call the right plays! Are you fellows coming?"

Their reply shook the lockers. "YES!"

HENRY BULOW walked out and sat on the bench just as the whistle announced the beginning of the second half. His fingers shook as he picked up his chart. He looked up vaguely and watched the ball Hudson had just kicked off settle in the arms of John Darling. He saw the big fullback start down the center of the field, as the Hudson's red shirts went down like ninepins under ferocious blocking from the entire Marston team. He saw Garry O'Toole take out two men at once, each man twice his size. He watched Right End Wentworth Tucker lead the fullback down the length of the field, and stood up in amazement with the rest of the shrieking mob in the Stadium as John Darling dragged three tacklers across the line for a touchdown.

Toots Smiley, up in the Press Box, looked down, and a crooked smile creased his curiously young face. He ran his hand through his gray hair with a satisfied gesture, and turned to his neighbor, Caswell Adams, of the *Tribune*.

"Cas, my boy," he said, "our friend Bulow is going nuts down there. After all these years of preaching 'mind over matter,' those boys of his are going out and dying for dear old Rutgers!"

"And Cas, my boy," he added, "I'll give you two solid tips. The first one is, that Garry O'Toole is a terrific actor, in addition to being the sweetest footballer you ever saw; and the second one is, Marston is going to win this game by about 41 to 7!" And Toots Smiley chuckled at his thoughts.



Edited by EDDIE DOOLEY, Football's foremost commentator and former Dartmouth All-America quarterback.

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CORNELL?

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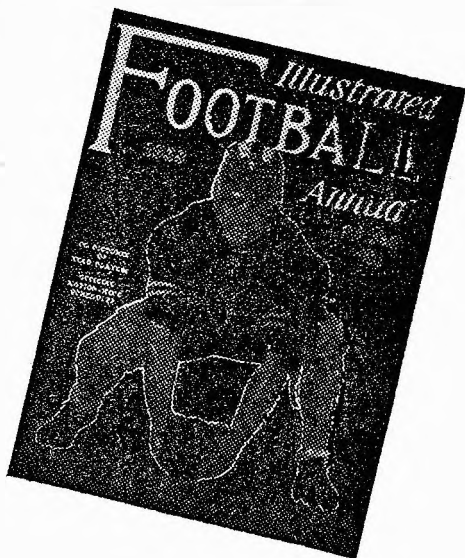
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GATHERED FROM THE GRIDIRON

By WALTER GALLI



AMERICAN FOOTBALL WAS PLAYED ONLY IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1926...TODAY IT IS PLAYED IN 60 DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.



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BRADBURY ROBINSON-- OF THE ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL TEAM THREW A PASS OF 87 YARDS-- AGAINST KANSAS ... 1906 ...



SYLVAN KAYE - PLAYING FULLBACK FOR SOUTHWESTERN STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE, DRAKE, UTAH, RAN 255 YARDS TO A TOUCHDOWN... A STRONG WIND BLEW THE BALL 155 YARDS BEHIND THE GOAL-LINE AFTER A KICK-OFF ... SEPT. 4, 1919...



ON OCT. 18, 1913, LINDEN H.S. OF LAWSON, MICH., BEAT SPRINGFIELD HIGH SCHOOL BY A SCORE OF 618-0!! (THERE WAS A CATCH IN IT, AT THE START OF THE GAME, SPRINGFIELD PROTESTED A PENALTY, REFUSED TO PLAY. LINDEN KEPT ON PLAYING, PILING UP POINTS.)



THE YALE FOOTBALL TEAM, BETWEEN 1885 AND 1889, WON 42 STRAIGHT GAMES, WAS NEITHER BEATEN NOR TIED!

WALTER GALLI



A
Novelet
of Pacific Coast
Football

First-Half Hero

By LINTON DAVIES

It was a back seat for Hart! He'd been a first-half skyrocket, a second-half flop. The Big Game found him playing a hundred-mile-distant consolation double-header—just a broken-hearted ex-great, fallen from glory!

CHARGING hard and fast the lemon-yellow line opened a hole through which a Webfoot back sifted with the ball. Dinny Hart ghosted up just as the Oregonian got set for his run. His

jarring tackle stopped that run on one foot, and the thud of impact was magnified by the wild roar from the stands.

Then the gun ended the half. Hart hooked a hand under the enemy's arm and

lifted him to his feet before he joined the Western squad in their trot to the dressing-room. There was a nonchalant looseness in his stride, a strange suggestion of a day's work done. Rising from the bench, Coach Kane's eyes clouded, as he watched his fullback jogging through the concrete arch under the noisy color-filled stands.

At the locker-room door Kane's hand fell on the fullback's shoulder. Hart turned. "Hello, Coach," he said. "They're tougher than last year, eh?"

Kane eyed him briefly. "They've got stronger reserves. How you feeling?"

"Pretty good," said Hart comfortably. "Kinda weary."

The coach nodded noncommittally but a frosty snap came into his voice. "We have some reserves, too. You've held 'em, but I want a drive in the backfield next half. Call it a day. I'll use Taylor."

"Sure!" Hart cheerfully fell in behind the coach. Inside, as he sat down on a bench close to the lockers, Meredith Taylor, second-string fullback, edged over, undisguised worry on his face.

"Not so good, so far," he muttered. "Eh, Din?"

Hart slapped him consolingly. "We didn't score, but neither did they. And you'll get going. Just remember the pass tricks. And kick straight and high."

Taylor started. "You mean I'm going in?" He eyed Hart with mingled excitement and concern. "You hurt?"

"Me! No. Just slowed up."

"How about Norris?" Taylor asked dubiously.

"Leg's bad," explained Hart in an undertone. "And besides, you're a better kicker. If that line holds we'll have to take this one on kicks. Watch your chance, Merry. You can do it."

Coach Kane strolled among his players, beetling eyebrows drawn low over quick-darting eyes. He spoke quietly, and they all sat up.

"Oregon's huskier this year, boys," he said calmly. "The Webfoot line, as usual, can take a lot of punishment, and this time they've got good reserves. The backs are weakening, though. This half you can score."

He paused, hitched his sagging gray pants under the worn sweater. He said slowly, "Remember, we've won two games

this season. Five to go in the conference. You've never heard me mention the Rose Bowl during a conference season, but—"

The forty-odd athletes sat straighter. No, they never had. This was something new.

Kane grinned briefly. "I'd like to see this team go to the Bowl."

"Wow!" Rutherford, captain and signal-caller, came alive. "That's what I'd like myself! Coach, here's trying! Some of us are playing our last year. What say, Dinny?"

"Hart's out," Kane cut in quickly. "We'll use Taylor this half. He's fresh, and we need a drive there to bust that line."

"Oh," said Rutherford, eyeing Hart oddly. "Yeah. Well, here we go!"

WESTERN took the field to the sudden roar of a crowded stadium stirred by the spectacle of the little Oregon squad holding the big Scarlet of Western scoreless for half a game. Up in the press box a bright-eyed scribe droned into a telephone, "Same line for Western, same back—" He stared. "Same backfield except Taylor for Hart. And Tommy, whip up a sidelight story. On Hart. We may smoke out something. Let it go like this: Half-a-Game Hart, last year's all-conference fullback, has faded into a part-time pensioner. Yesterday, for the third game in a row, he called it a day after two quarters. Get it? Hold the story till the game's over—if he goes back in it's no good. All right. Oregon line—"

The Scarlet went from the kick-off for thirty yards. And was stopped in mid-field as by a brick wall.

It was easy to see where the trouble began. Half that lemon-yellow line was brown where the dust of battle had caked over sweaty jerseys, but here and there the yellow was bright on linemen who were new to the fray. And the stubborn forward wall from Oregon stopped dead the darting red Western backs.

The exultant Webfeet took the ball. The yellow line charged with new-found fury, eager to humble the team that some called the class of the conference.

"Webfeet!" grunted a disconsolate sub alongside Hart. "More like hungry lions. If their backs could keep up with their line—"

He didn't finish, but Hart could see his point. Behind that inspired and reinforced wall, the weary Oregon backs had lugged the ball for two downs in six plays. But now the pace told, and the red line, backed up by the eager Taylor, stopped the Webfoot ball-carriers for short gains. The quarter ended with Oregon ready to kick on Western's thirty.

Hart, huddled in his blanket, shook his head. A try for a field goal was coming. The stands, and some of the Western men, might see it as a desperate gesture, but Hart knew that the Oregon guard was a wizard on the long ones.

The lemon-yellow lined up, digging cleats in the turf. The ball flashed back, seemed to stand on end invitingly, and the Webfoot kicker booted a vicious high one that sailed smack between the Western posts.

A great yell rose from the stands, a generous cheer in which the Western cohorts joined with the outnumbered Oregon rooters. The Western bench sat glumly silent. Hart sneaked a glance sidewise and saw Coach Kane hunched over, bushy brows drawn down as he grimly watched his team trotting back for the kick-off.

Rutherford kicked, and the Oregon back, screened by that savage line, ran it back eighteen. Then Western dug in and took the ball away on Oregon's twenty-seven.

Kane called sharply, "Hart!"

Subs looked up hopefully as the big full-back shed his blanket and slid down the bench. He was ready to protest the kid's removal. But Kane said only, "Can Taylor kick it?"

Hart shot a look at the angle, nodded. "Sure! He's good for that one."

"Okay." Kane turned to a tackle. "In you go for Thomason. And tell Rutherford to let Taylor kick the field goal and get another."

The sub dashed onto the field. After the play, Hart carefully watched the red jerseys as they came out of the next huddle. He shook his head.

Taylor was nervous. Not so good.

Rutherford snagged the pass and set it up. Taylor kicked. And a groan rose from the Western bench.

The kick was wide and low. And before the frantic Western team could pull

itself together for a vengeful drive, the game was gone, 3—0. The game, and with it all Western hopes for the Bowl.

The sub alongside Hart stood slowly and faced him, a hostile gleam in his eyes. "You could have kicked that one," he said, and turned on his heel.

Hart only shook his head regretfully at the wrathful sub's back. Some guys acted as if a football game was a life or death matter.

With the mild strains of the game ironed out of his muscles, Hart went back to the hall, changed his clothes, and called for Georgia—. He was glad to see she didn't look depressed like all the faces he had passed on the darkening campus paths.

"I guess you and I are the only cheerful people on the campus tonight, Dinny," she murmured as they found a table at their favorite after-the-game spot. "Why must they make such a tragedy of one football game when life can be so gay?"

"Search me," chuckled Hart. "Sure glad you aren't infected. There's plenty of gloom."

"Well," said the girl spiritedly, "they can't blame you. Oregon didn't score while you were in, did they?"

"Nope," he agreed. "But neither did we."

"Good game?" she asked.

"Tough," he said. "Maybe, if I'd stayed in—"

"And get yourself killed!" she said. "There are more important things than football. What about your future—and mine?"

Dinny Hart rested elbows on the table and leaned his big blond head forward, his fine blue eyes glowing as they traveled over the wavy brown hair, the fine clear brow, the crinkled laughing eyes that were wistful and soft with tenderness now. "Sure you're right, Georgia. A few months now, and I'll be out.

"It will be a different game than football I'll be playing. And as soon as I get going we'll get married, won't we?" The girl gave him her rich smile. "That's what I had in mind," she said lightly, but with a deep, warm undertone to her words.

But the afternoon's game wasn't so easy to forget. The two glanced up a few minutes later to see a junior standing beside them, a newspaper in his hand. "See this?"

he asked Hart quietly, and dropped the paper on the table.

It was folded to show a two-column headline: "Oregon Boot Beats Western, 3—0, After Half-a-Game Hart Checks Out."

The girl lifted startled eyes. Hart sighed, and read the first paragraph. Then he grinned ruefully.

"It seems," he said, "they think I should have stayed in the game to kick a few field goals."

The girl's eyes grew stormy. "Downtown quarterbacks!" she snapped. "Isn't that what you call them?" She darted an angry glance around the smoky, crowded hotel dining-room. "Why should Jim Morrow show you the paper?"

He eyed her steadily. "It looks as if there may be some people on the campus who agree with the newspaper."

"Dinny!" Her hand crossed the table impulsively and warm fingers twined themselves in his. "You won't let this spoil your plans. Our plans?"

"Of course not," he assured her promptly. "I couldn't throw more of myself into football if I wanted to. Coach Kane sees to that part of my life. It was the coach took me out today." He glanced at the paper. "He gets it in the neck, too." For a moment a look of regret crossed his face, then he shrugged his broad shoulders and grinned across the table. "I saw some pretty country last summer, on the survey job. I know I've told you about it, but next summer, maybe, I can show you . . ."

THERE were others, though, who were determined to bring attention back to the afternoon's debacle. On the tree-shaded walk he bumped smack into Coach Kane.

The stubby stern-browed driver of the football squad drew back and looked his big fullback over from head to foot. Then, "You see the story in the paper? The one that called you Half-a-Game Hart?"

"Yes, I did, Coach," acknowledged Hart. "I'm sure sorry about the way they rubbed it into you."

"Yah! Don't you be sorry for me. I can take care of myself. I'm sorry for you! Haven't you enough pride in you to play ball the best you know, all the way, so long as you're able to stand up? You

know why I jerked you out of that game today? It was because you weren't half trying." The little coach glared, chin tilted pugnaciously. "And when the chance for the kick came, I gave you a chance to ask for the job. Did you ask for it? No! You left it to the kid, when you knew he'd shake himself out of line!"

Hart nodded soberly. "Guess you're right. I should have taken that kick."

Coach Kane ran his hand along the back of his neck, and grunted. "Well, we've got some more games. Want to play?"

"Sure, Coach."

"Okay, I'll start you. But I'll be watching you." He shoved his hands deep into his pockets and stalked off.

It wasn't the first time Dennis Hart's team had left a field on the short end of the score. Three years of varsity football had taught him that gridiron pride often goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fumble. Yet some still small voice within him whispered, and he was troubled as he turned off the walk to his dormitory. He banished his moodiness, for he knew he would find his room-mate and team understudy, Meredith Taylor, inside, and probably eager to be absolved for his part in the day's defeat.

But when he entered the room, Taylor replied to his cheery hail with only a non-committal grunt. Hart paused in the act of peeling off his tweed sports-jacket. "You're not bothered, are you, Merry, about the kick that failed?"

II

TAYLOR looked up then, sober-faced, searching Hart's face for some sign of regret for the day's loss. He said finally, hesitantly, "You're taking it in your stride, aren't you?"

"Sure, Merry. Why not? It's just another game."

Taylor got up and paced the floor. He walked to the window, stared out, wheeled to find Hart regarding him quizzically. Twice he opened his mouth to speak, only to clamp his lips tight.

Hart said easily, "Better get it off your chest, kid."

"Well!" said Taylor explosively. "I've been thinking ever since the season started." He hesitated, then went on with

a rush. "We've been good pals—at least you've been a good pal to me. You helped me through my freshman year, studies and football, and it's been great, living here with you. At any rate, it was great until lately."

"What's wrong lately?" asked Hart, puzzled.

Taylor sat down heavily on his bed. "I thought it would be great, living with the best fullback on the Coast. Today I found out different."

Hart said slowly, "Gosh, kid! You're all busted up."

The sophomore gave him a bitter glance and twisted his hands, fist in palm. "You started me in football for Western. And all I could think of was to be like you, even to playing your position and taking up where you'd leave off when you got your sheepskin. But for two games it was Norris took up where you left, and we had all we could do to win those two. Then today . . ."

"Today," cut in Hart as the younger student paused. "It was you who filled in for me."

"Yeah. And that's when I saw things in a different light." Taylor bowed his head and stared at his shoes. "I've had a feeling for a while that the coach was easing off on you. I thought maybe you were hurt, and couldn't play. Now I know it was that you just didn't care!"

Hart asked softly, "Is football really so important?"

Taylor's lips twitched. "Maybe not. How should I know? The point is, we see it from different angles. Today, when I got that chance to kick, I suddenly realized that if you had wanted to play all out—the way you could, the way a real football player wants to play—you'd have been in there making certain of those three points. I realized you'd—well, betrayed me. Betrayed all of us who trusted you. It shook me so, I . . ."

"You muffed it." Hart sighed. "Sorry, kid. I didn't think you'd feel that way about it." He absently hung his coat and tie on a hook and sat down on his own bed. "You see, I like the game, but I've got to think about making a living beginning next June. The serious life is farther away for you."

Taylor flared up. "Yeah!" he grated

bitterly. "Well, if you want to be a grind, why don't you go the whole hog? Why don't you turn in your suit?"

Hart's eyes narrowed. Under his steady gaze the sophomore squirmed. "I guess I didn't mean that," he said. "Anyway, it's not the thing for me to say." He ran his hands through his hair and suddenly rose decisively. "There's just this to say. When I stood there, knowing that kick was a cinch for you, and that you could have been there to kick it if you wanted to play the game hard, I realized we could never be the same pals again. So I'm pulling out."

He turned abruptly and dragged a couple of bags from behind his bed. Hart stared from them to their owner. He said slowly, "Found another room?"

"Yeah," said Taylor, not looking up. "Going in with Jim Morris, Junior."

"I know him," Hart muttered.

Taylor opened the door, propped it open with one extended foot, and picked up a bag in each hand. "We'll be seeing each other, on the field anyway," he managed to say. He shoved a bag through the door, halted, blurted over his shoulder, "Thanks for everything. If I ever get to be a football player it'll be to your credit," and popped out. The door closed gently on the spring.

Dennis Hart sat on the bed through the long twilight. It was pitch dark when he rose wearily, slipped on his sweater and coat, slapped a hat on his head and left the building.

III

COACH KANE stood, arms akimbo, in the middle of the cluttered living-room of his cottage off the campus, and squinted coldly at Dennis Hart.

"So you want to turn in your suit, huh?" he rasped. "Well, it wouldn't be a bad idea—but for one thing." He turned away, kicking viciously at the rug, then turned back with his jaw outthrust. "And that thing is that I'm not going to let you."

Hart said nothing. There was a slight smile on his lips that infuriated the coach.

"You don't lay down on me!" Kane roared. "You'll stay out there even if you only warm a bench. I don't like quitters."

He calmed down some then, and jerked

a hand at Hart in a sort of savage appeal. "What's wrong with you?"

Hart frowned. "I'm sick and tired of football. Whatever I do is the wrong thing. It's worse than being President."

"Huh." The coach grunted. "I don't get it. But you'll stay out there, d'you hear? You'll take your medicine. Personally I think what's ailing you is a good old-fashioned yellow streak."

He waited then, half hoping that this big fullback with the honest eyes and firm chin would rouse and bawl hell out of him. But Hart, after studying the palm of a hand intently for a moment, only nodded. Slowly he turned and left the house. Behind a curtain the coach watched him gloomily.

Strolling home by starlight, Hart was oddly perplexed. Why had he taken Merry Taylor's jabs, and then Kane's, without a return? That was easy though. They were wrong, and nothing he could say would convince them or make them understand.

But even as he answered himself, he felt uneasily that the answer came too readily. He wondered if deep in his heart he felt that he himself was wrong.

He reminded himself again that he had played fair with his college. Keenly aware of the rebuilding job that Kane had faced early in the year, he had turned out for spring training when he might have devoted his time to lining up a better job for the summer.

What he didn't realize himself was that, behind his ready smile, life was no laughing matter for Dennis Hart. He had been born and bred on a lava-locked Modic ranch. His family had made great sacrifices to send him away to high school and college. He was aware, unlike so many of his classmates, that it wasn't going to be such easy going once graduation was behind. With this always in the back of his mind, and in addition the spur of wanting to get married, it was only natural that old-for-his-age Dennis Hart should feel that football was only a game. That there were more important things in life. The sporting spirit is not born in every man. Or sometimes it's there, waiting to be aroused.

WESTERN took the field against Washington State, low in mind. Southern California had won its third game

while Western was losing to Oregon. Washington had won as well. Was Western to wind up the conference season in third place, a step below its position last year? It looked like that to the captious critics who wrote for the big dailies, and there was a sullen look to the big Scarlet squad as they met the invaders from Pullman.

The Cougars received the kick-off, and a smart running attack carried them twenty-five yards around the Western ends before the wings braced. Then they tried the line—and Dinny Hart stopped them. Two yards, three, two, and they kicked.

Rutherford ran it back ten. Then Hart hit the line for nine yards. He took it again for a three-yard gain, and the Scarlet scowl vanished in favor of an exultant grin. Left-Half MacLean swept an end for seven. Hart got six through the line. A quick pass, Rutherford to Hart and down the flat to left end, added eighteen.

On the thirty-five, Rutherford went into the huddle with his arm around Hart's neck. "Got a hunch, Dinny. Kick a goal, eh?"

"We could run it. But it's a kick if you say so."

In the huddle the command was given. MacLean glanced quickly at Hart and muttered, "Good idea. Kick while we've got a kicker."

Hart didn't like that. But he shook off the thought and eyed the goal posts. A bit of an angle, and plenty of distance. Suddenly he remembered that he might be on the field when a kick would be the object of Western prayers. A tingle went down his thighs and his kicking toe seemed to wriggle.

Beyond his line he could see the Cougar backs glancing over their shoulders at their own goal posts, and settling in their places with relief on their faces. Forty-odd yards through the air is a long way to kick a field goal when eleven men are poised to smear the play.

The pass came. Ruthie took it cleanly, set it up like a fragile thing. Dinny Hart swung his big foot. *Plunk!* The oval soared over the reaching Cougar hands, up against the cloudless blue, while the shrieking crowd stilled its yells and gasped a breathless "Ah-h!" Down swung the ball, splitting the posts, a clean goal.

Captain Rutherford, rising from where he had been sent sprawling by the charge of a Cougar wing, hugged Hart. "Had a hunch we might need it, Dinny! You never kicked a sweeter one!" And the breathless halves, having diverted the rush of the enemy, thumped Hart's shoulders.

Western beamed. The stands buzzed with the fury and the beauty of that kick, and hundreds of Scarlet rooters said, "Now if Hart had been in against Oregon—"

Dinny Hart thought of that, too. Then he forced the notion from his mind. Washington State was kicking.

Rutherford picked it up on the run. Hart downed the tackle whose eyes were fixed on the Scarlet captain. He bobbed up just in time to throw a hip block on a Cougar back. Ruthie made twelve to the thirty.

They worked the line again, for pay dirt. The Cougars packed their claws in the backfield this year. And down the field they went in a long lashing march, until Rutherford gathered them in a huddle. "Just one shove. Dinny. Through the center."

Hart took it and plunged through a hole that was made to order. Three Cougar backs hit him all at once, but not until his feet had crossed the line with his big body ahead of them. Western, 9!

The next play was his last of the game. It was an easy kick, compared to that tremendous boot before the touchdown. But perhaps that triple tackle had shaken the steadiness out of him, for Dinny Hart missed the point after. His unhurried kick struck the crossbar. The ball bounced crazily against a goal-post, then fell on the wrong side to the turf.

From the sidelines Norris came running out while the Western fans were still emptying their lungs with a collective groan. And Hart felt a momentary disappointment. Out again, and the half not yet over.

KANE gave him never a glance as he reached the bench. He sat down and drew his blanket about him, prepared to follow the fray. There was little left. Two plays came, then the gun. He trooped into the locker room, saw that Taylor was sitting apart, and sat down beside him.

The sophomore glanced up in surprise. He flushed and said nothing. Hart was

debating just what point he had intended to give the kid when Taylor suddenly blurted, "Nice boot."

"Yeah, wasn't it? Surprised me a lot."

The kid's averted face flushed. "That means you weren't trying?"

"No, I wouldn't say that," Hart demurred. "And for that matter, I was just as surprised when I missed the point after touchdown. However, what I wanted to tell you was that their line's green. I couldn't find a man who telegraphed the play, shifting to show where it's coming. They've been coached that much. But you can spot the side, if you get in there today. Whichever side the play's on, sure enough the whole side stiffens up on the signals before the ball moves."

The kid stirred uneasily. "Thanks," he muttered grudgingly.

"It's all right," returned Hart cheerfully. "Ruthie might forget to tell you if you go in during the excitement."

Coach Kane was walking among his linemen, talking to Rutherford and Norris. Hart stole a glance at Taylor, and said easily, "One thing more, Merry. That kick I missed. I've been telling you to keep 'em high. Then I went and blew one, just by not following my own advice."

The kid nodded. "I'll remember," he said, and sat forward as Kane began to talk. The coach had a gift for pouring a lifetime of gridiron lore into a few quiet words. There wasn't time for speeches, and the fewer the words, Kane argued, the deeper they sank.

Western went back to the fray in cheery spirit. But somehow the attack slowed. The Scarlet was on the Cougar forty, and making slow progress, when Rutherford fumbled. The ball's crazy bounce took it past a frantically reaching end and snug into the arms of a Cougar tackle. The big fellow's shrill whoop carried clear to the stunned Western bench. And Hart saw him slice sidewise past Norris and lunge for the unprotected goal.

MacLean caught him on the five, but the rush of the charge carried them both over. Western 9, Washington State 6.

And the Cougar kick was good. Kane began to shove his hands into his pockets and pull them out. To stare at tight-clenched fists, then shove them out of sight again. The subs moved uneasily.

The third quarter ended with the ball in midfield, Cougar possession. The fourth began with a Cougar rush. And Norris lay on the field as the pile-up untangled itself. Rutherford stood up, hands at sides, facing the bench, and the squad knew. The Norris knee was on the bum again.

Kane, glancing down the bench, let his eyes, lit with a gleam of malevolence, rest on Hart for a brief moment. Then he called, "Taylor!" The kid jumped up, bent beside the coach, and ran in. Norris came limping off.

The rest of the game was all Taylor. True, Western scored no more. But the Cougar drive was stopped in three plays. Western took the ball when Taylor trapped the line-bucker twice and then tackled a fleet runner behind his own end. Hart smiled to himself. The kid had profited by his lesson.

Western steamed up to the kid's play. Even Rutherford seemed steadier. Line bucks and end runs; it was all the same to the kid. He made gains where the halves were held to measly twos and threes. And the big Scarlet was knocking at the Cougar goal when the gun barked.

Coach Kane had a good word for all hands, back in the locker room. The score was a bit too close to suit the grumbling campus, but that last drive had looked plenty good.

For everybody but Hart, Kane had a word. And none for the big fullback until the great room was all but deserted. Then the coach drifted over.

"Taylor tells me," he said gruffly, "you put him wise to that green Cougar line."

Hart nodded. "Ruthie could have done it," he said, "but I figured he might not think of it."

"It gets me how you can figure some things," Kane rasped, "and not figure how to put some fire under your own tail."

Hart grinned and shrugged. "They went sweet and pretty that last quarter with the kid, didn't they?" he remarked evasively.

Kane muttered something under his breath, eyeing Hart with open anger. "Plenty good," he agreed. "So good I think I'll start the kid next game."

For a moment the big fellow seemed to have trouble finding his belt buckle. Then he looked up, and his glance was even and

mild. "Do the kid good to get used to that tense minute after the start," he drawled.

The coach snorted in plain disgust and stalked off.

IV

GEORGIA DIXON lay half-curved on the grassy river bank and flicked brown weed-stalks into the slow eddies. "Christmas is a-comin', mister," she gaily informed Dinny Hart.

He sat hunched beside her, hands gripping his ankles, and grinned at her crinkly smile. "You've been looking at a calendar again," he said. "Still some way off, isn't it?"

"Yes," she confided. "But I had a letter from home. They want me there, and they want me to bring you."

Hart glowed pleasurably. He had met Georgia's father and mother and had liked their frank friendly ways. Now, to go to their home for the Christmas holidays, meant but one thing, he knew—a tacit approval by the parents of the plan he had to marry the daughter.

Before he could speak the girl added, "Dad and Mother are planning to see the Stanford game."

He looked at her quickly, watching her face. "I won't be playing," he said slowly, waiting for her reaction.

She faced him quietly. "You haven't been hurt?"

"No." He shook his head. "Coach Kane liked the way Taylor went in the last game, and he'll start him."

"You'll go in later. When they need you."

He stretched out on the grass and began to pluck the last green wisps that still showed in the brown turf. "Georgia," he said, "you may as well know. The team doesn't need me. I'm not the player I was last year, or the year before."

For a moment she sat silent, thinking that one out. Then with a quick impulsive movement she stretched out her hand and grasped his own. "Oh, Din! Are you—are you sorry?"

He shook his head. "No. Maybe I should be, but I'm not."

"Well, then! It doesn't matter to me. My goodness, you've done enough for

Western, and more than enough. You won that last game."

He had to laugh at that. "You pick up the most surprising things. Where did you get that?"

"Oh," she chuckled, "everybody says you won that game." She sobered. "Everybody will be disappointed, won't they, when you don't go in?"

"Will your father and mother be disappointed?" he countered.

"Of course not," she answered quickly. "They know your plans, and they think they're fine. And so do I, mister." She tweaked his ear.

THE big Scarlet team of Western University went to Portland for the game with Oregon State, and took it by a touchdown, with Taylor starting. The sophomore's nervousness after the opening kickoff gave the Beavers a free first down, and Coach Kane, on the bench, paced up and down in front of Dinny Hart. But never once did he cast a glance at his senior fullback.

Taylor steadied, and bored and flashed through the Beaver line for three first downs in the first half. They weren't enough, and MacLean swept their end for the score in the third while Norris was in at full. Taylor went back for the fourth quarter and broke up the pass plays as Dinny Hart had painstakingly taught him on the upcoast train ride.

The next game was a breather with Utah. As it was outside the conference, it could have no bearing on the title, so Kane resolved to let Taylor go the full game to test his stamina. In the week before the game, Hart, long since shifted to the third team, gave his ex-roommate the full benefit of two seasons against the Jack-rabbits.

"They always come fast and tricky, those Utahs," he told Taylor as the varsity shifted its opponents. The second team had tried Utah running plays against the first string; the third team was coming up with passes. "You'll find one fast back at the end of every pass, just about. Usually he's light and shifty, but you never can tell."

The teams lined up, and the third-string signal-caller, still somewhat flustered at having the great Hart in the backfield with

him, rapped out the signals. It was a lateral, that began like an end sweep and went the other way, then to the fore like a dart.

Hart got the running of it. He flashed forward, and would have eluded Taylor but for the alert Rutherford, who, playing deep defense, ran up to help trap the runner.

Rising from between them, Hart slapped Taylor encouragingly. "A little faster on those passes," he urged. "They'll come quick and glittering."

"I'll get the next one," the kid retorted grimly, and Hart smiled to himself. There was solace in the thought that if he couldn't give Kane fullback service this year, he was doing his darnedest for years to come.

Utah, usually able to score on the best the Coast offered, scored not at all on Western. For Taylor solved their tricks early and smeared them often. And for Western he scored thrice, with Rutherford, playing half a game, adding a touchdown of his own.

Non-conference game though it was, the victory stirred the dormitories and fraternity and sorority houses of Western. The highest score of the season, against a very good Utah team! The gloating campus almost forgot to wonder at the mysterious malady that kept Dinny Hart out of the game.

The squad, too, seemed to reconcile itself to the picture of Hart toiling with the scrubs. Even Rutherford. The captain had a sharp encounter with Coach Kane.

"Next is Stanford, Coach. How about our having Dinny in there with his big boot and wide shoulders?" he asked bluntly.

What Kane answered only Kane and Rutherford knew. But thereafter Rutherford seemed unable to notice Hart on the field, except at rare moments when he felt no one was watching him. Then he would steal a glance at the cheery fullback chaffing the scrubs, and a look half of pain, half of puzzlement, would cloud his eyes.

For the hard week before the Stanford game Kane abruptly shifted Hart to the second team. "I want you to harden that boy Taylor," was all he said. And Hart only nodded.

For four days Hart played the spot, shifting to meet the drive of the sopho-

more piledriver. The kid was a few pounds lighter, but how he could hit! Dinny Hart's shoulders began to feel as if he had been driving against rock.

And the kid seemed to pick up steam when he saw that it was Hart who would tackle him. He learned to shift his weight, learned to handle his feet in the sidestep, learned most of all to hit hard and with grim finality. To himself Hart thought the Stanford line and backs would find a tough one in the kid.

He was surprised, and confused, when the scrub coach, a lean, sad-faced individual named Scarp, fell in with him after one hot afternoon's work, and paced by him to the lockers. "You're bringing the kid along, Dinny," said Scarp gloomily. "Nice going."

Hart flushed, stammered his thanks, and edged away without ceremony. He could feel his face flushing, and he ducked to unfasten his shoes. Funny, that. Out of a clear sky.

WALKING home, he thought of it again. Well, he mused, any feller would be startled at hearing Scarp, the grave-digger, ladling out a careful measure of praise. Yes, that was it. Or was it? He suddenly realized that Scarp's quiet word had shaken him more than any roar of acclaim after a goal kick or a thirty-yard run.

It disturbed him. Was he working himself into an irrational frame of mind? He had heard of students, boning for examinations or slaving for scholarships, who had lost their reason.

Then he laughed at himself for the amazing thought. Not Hart. There weren't any nuts in the Hart tribe. He swung away to a meeting with Georgia Dixon, light of heart.

She was in sight, waving, when he suddenly realized that he had been planning to tell her what the Carp had said. Shucks, that didn't make sense. She wouldn't get the significance of it. And if she did. . . . Well, it was as if he had started all over again as a sophomore.

His mind was tangling with a strange whirl of little thoughts, none of which seemed to match another, when he came up to her. She must have sensed that his usual confident view was gone.

"Anything wrong, Dinny?" she asked quickly.

"No," he assured her. "Where shall we go?"

"How about down to Joe's Place?" She fell in beside him. But his mind was not even on her tonight. His mind was far away. He was roused from his reverie by a tug on his coat sleeve.

"Dinny!" The girl was half-turned toward him, shaking him. "I've been talking to you!"

"Were you?" He shook himself. "Funny, I was busy thinking of something."

She gave him an odd look and fell silent. They walked on in silence for a full minute, until suddenly Hart realized his absent-mindedness was stirring up wrath alongside. "Sorry," he said quickly. "Just can't keep my head in line tonight."

She gave him a dubious return for his grin. Twice again during the dinner and the walk home he offended, and she was cool when he paused at her door. "Sorry," he said. "Let's try it again tomorrow, eh?"

"Oh, all right," she agreed, and whisked inside.

But he never kept that date. For after the practice session next day, while the team was still under the showers, two alumni sheepishly presented themselves to Coach Kane. They were volunteer scouts who had seen the last Stanford game up in Seattle.

Kane eyed them sourly. "Nothing new in the Stanford bag, eh?"

"Sure, Coach!" they hastened to tell him.

"Well, I got no report from you."

They hung their heads. "Why, Coach, the fact is—er—we—er—"

"Got kinda sidetracked on a bottle of gin," Kane prompted.

"Yeah. Met a couple of the boys after the game."

"Well? What's up. Did Stanford have anything?"

The scout pulled a sheaf of notes from his pocket. Kane looked them over and whistled. "How many times did they pull this one?" he wanted to know.

"Just once—for a score," they assured him.

Kane shoved the scouts into a corner and summoned the squad. They came, dripping, or half-dressed, and stood while

he warned them in solemn tones to meet for skull practice in half an hour.

They all went to the gymnasium direct. And Kane drew the Stanford play on the blackboard, drummed it into their heads, then sent them away to dinner.

Hart, trailing the squad, touched Meredith Taylor on the arm. He knew, better than did Kane, that Taylor always found it hard to assimilate the fine points of a play when it was presented on a blackboard. "Did you get it, Merry?" he asked.

Taylor hesitated, made as if to draw off, then faced around and shook his head. "Give it to me again, will you?"

"Sure." Hart, picking up the chalk that Kane had thrown down, began to draw. "Now, it starts with a fake shift. Wing-back fades—"

Later, the picture of the eager Taylor still in his mind, he forgot to remember that Georgia Dixon was waiting for him. He sat up late, studying, and only after he stretched out between the sheets did he recall his appointment. He groaned. It was far too late then to call her. What would she say?

He found that out when he bumped into her between two morning classes. "Georgia!" he called. "I'm sorry as the devil. I forgot all about our date."

She went white. "You forgot—" She turned then and saw two co-eds listening open-mouthed. Quickly she smiled, a bright, forced smile. "It's all right, Dinny," she said hastily, eyeing the co-eds.

"See you for lunch?" he asked hopefully.

She shook her head quickly. "I'm afraid I can't."

Hart watched her uneasily, walking slim and straight across the green quadrangle. He would have been still more uneasy had he known that half the campus was whispering, "Did you know that Dinny Hart stood up Georgia Dixon last night!"

V

STANFORD opened up fast and furious. The tricky lads from Palo Alto came up from the run-back for a quick first down. The Western line dug in—and the Stanford backs flanked it. They got six yards on two plunges, and then

took a long time in the huddle. Hart, on the bench, tensed.

It was the spot for the Indian's scoring play. Would Taylor smoke it out?

The white jerseys broke out of the huddle and lined up. Hart saw Taylor ranging behind his line, and began to breathe more easily. Then it came. The fake shift, the wingback fading, and the hocus-pocus that beat the Huskies. Oh, it was fast!

But Taylor was faster. He was in there—and he smeared it behind the Stanford line for a loss of a couple of yards.

Down the bench, Coach Kane slapped his cap to the ground. He beamed. He chuckled. And Hart felt good inside, too.

Western won that one by two touch-downs. That sudden checking had taken the heart out of the Red Indians.

After the game Hart phoned Georgia Dixon. Over the wire her voice sounded strained. "Is anything wrong?" he asked anxiously. "You're not ill, Georg?"

"No," she answered distantly. "Perhaps I've been studying too much. Maybe—it'll be better if I don't see you for a few days."

It was a bit puzzling, but Hart assented cheerfully. And had he known it, his very willingness to yield was bitter stuff to Georgia Dixon. Vengefully she slammed the telephone receiver down and vowed that Dinny Hart should see her no more.

Her resolve, which she was ready to hold against all his pleading, pined for lack of a test. For Hart, content with his tutoring that had stopped a Stanford score, now found a new urge—a desire to tune Taylor up for the tough game of the year. Southern California.

The Trojans were undefeated thus far. If Western could nose them out, there might still be a chance for the Bowl. Not that it could mean anything to Dinny Hart. Yet he went to work with a will.

For a week he studied the Trojan plays, and soon the scrubs' signal-caller was looking to him for the guidance of the eleven. And Hart led them, drove them, whipped them into the varsity until Kane came onto the field, bright-eyed.

"They've got it," he told Scarp. "They know what to expect from Southern Cal." Of the scrubs' desperate efforts and their aching bones he had no word to say. But that is the way of coaches.

Southern Cal scored early, and the Scarlet hopes drooped. Trailed in the dust until the third quarter. Until Merry Taylor, mindful of the patient coaching of his ex-roommate, began to boot field goals. High and far. One from the twenty-seven.

That looked good to Western, but especially good to Kane and Hart and maybe a few others. For the Trojans had failed to convert their touchdown. And two times three is six.

For another twenty minutes of play, and more than that of anxious conjecture, the crowd watched for the break. It came as the big hand on the timer clicked off the seconds of the last minute. Taylor booted his second from the thirty-two.

The stands rocked as the gun barked. Western had tied the score.

The headache came later. That was when the Western campus realized that, though they had held the tough Trojans, the same Trojans were still a game ahead—and had only the little Oregon State squad to face, while Western had to play the hurricane Huskies and the Aggies, and that on the same day. The tie game was a moral victory, but Western saw the Trojans riding proudly into the Rose Bowl at Pasadena on New Year's Day.

GEOORGIA DIXON was not at home when Dinny Hart phoned that night. He accepted that bit of news from Georgia's landlady with regret but without suspicion. For Dennis Hart was unexpectedly pleased with the showing of his sidelines pupil, Merry Taylor.

Taylor himself voiced his thanks. In the crowded dormitory dining hall, he broke from the midst of a group of applauding students to walk over.

"Thanks, pal," he said awkwardly. "You showed me how to kick. I haven't forgotten that." He eyed the grinning Hart wistfully for a moment, then bit his lip and strode away.

Hart was satisfied, though it seemed that Taylor was the only one on the campus to realize where his talent had been nursed. He would have been astounded had he overheard the conversation of Kane and the lean Scarp over a couple of mugs of beer in a little arbor restaurant two miles away.

"You've been beefing about losing a fullback when Hart went sour," Scarp sighed, and sipped from his glass. "But he's sure given you a fullback to take his place."

Kane leaned forward, beetling brows working up and down. "Sa-ay! I've been wondering—you mean, he's been training that kid? Hell, I thought he was pasting him out of spite for the way the kid left him!"

The cadaverous Scarp permitted himself a grin. The effect was rather horrible, but Kane had seen it once or twice before and was able to fortify himself with a quick swallow of the brew. "Yeah. I think the kid suspected that at first, and now he doesn't know just what to think. But one thing the kid knows, and you know, and I know—the kid's a football player because Hart made him one."

Kane marveled. "I wonder what made Hart fold up?" he murmured.

Scarp shook his head. "Can't figure it. Tell you one thing, though. You better send him north against the Aggies next Saturday."

Kane frowned in quick disagreement. "And leave that plunger job open if anything happens to the kid?"

Scarp spoke soothingly. "The kid can last half a game. And Norris is good for the rest."

"Yeah, I guess so," conceded Kane. "But what's your idea?"

"That leaves you all the best material for the Washington game," explained Scarp. "Because if you send Hart north with all the green kids, he'll take 'em under his wing and shepherd 'em and just naturally keep 'em going. And maybe we can win two games in one day."

"That's the beer talkin'!" scoffed Kane. "Be yourself!"

"Oh, all right," grumbled Scarp. "I really didn't think we could. But anyway, Hart can maybe teach the green kids something. He'll have 'em thinking they're playing a real game."

"Okay," agreed Kane. "You can have him."

He gave the Aggie game no more thought. The campus gave it even less. What good would it do to win it, the students grunted, since Washington would take the big game with the Western squad divided? They saw the Trojan lead so

large that they even forebore to grumble at the schedule-makers' blunder that had forced Western to play two games on separate fields. California played two in a day, sure, but that was early in the season, and on the same field, and the two teams together would be little trouble for the Golden Bear. Oh, well, it didn't matter. There it was—Southern Cal had the call for the Bowl, and the best that Western could hope for was to hold the two opponents to low scores on the last day of the season.

Oddly, as the interest in the Aggie game subsided to a mere spark on the campus, Dinny Hart began to glow at the prospect. Sad-eyed Scarp had taken him aside. "You'll go with me to meet the Aggies," he sighed. "Do you think you could play a full game without busting into small pieces?"

Hart felt his face grow red, but he answered quietly, "I'll go all the way, and do my best."

Scarp looked at him as at a strange specimen in the zoology building, and sighed again. But as he departed he whistled a little mournful air, and Dinny, looking at him, thought, "He's been hitting the keg again. Funny I didn't smell it."

FROM there he went with quickened footsteps to call upon Georgia Dixon. The landlady eyed him askance, and murmured, "I don't think she's able to see you."

"Please, Mrs. Cowan," Dinny insisted. "Oh, well—if you'll wait here."

It was a long wait. Finally Georgia Dixon appeared behind the screen door. She didn't open it, or ask him in.

"I'm glad you came," she said, and Dinny's heart jumped and did a flip. Then it sank when she said, "I must tell you that we—I—oh, just that it won't be possible for me to invite you home for Christmas."

He stared up at her from the step, and the pain in his eyes must have reached her and stirred her to grudging explanation. "I—I guess we wouldn't get along very well, Dinny."

"But—Georgia!" All the memories of summer nights on the river, autumn strolls over the hills, and dances during the gay winter seasons seemed to flood him as he

stood there. "But—we've always—haven't we . . ."

"Let's not talk about it," she cut in flatly. "And—if you don't mind, I—I'd rather not see you again." She gave him a strange look, seemed uncertain and half ready to linger, then suddenly drew herself up.

It was Dinny Hart's cue to speak, and speak fast. But he was bewildered. He had no consciousness of guilt, and he had a lively resentment of what appeared to be a cruel whim. With a belligerent nod he turned away. "Okay," he muttered gruffly, "Okay." And walked away.

She watched him, perplexity and anger and longing in her eyes, until he turned the corner. Then she went to her room and cried quietly for half a minute before she took a snapshot from the frame of the mirror and stared at it. Her tears blurred her vision, so she wiped them away the better to see the face in the picture.

VI

ON the train to Aggie-town, Hart found himself in the midst of a jittery swarm of sophomores whose life heretofore had been the lowly existence of scrubs and who now were uplifted and shaken by the realization that they were to play as a varsity team for old Western. Only little Goode, quarterback of last year's freshman squad, had ever seen action in a big game.

They milled around Hart, anxiously planning their game, until his own mood became one of uneasy excitement. He began to realize he was tense and set to play a big game. And glad of it. It was while this realization came that he thought of Georgia Dixon.

He rose abruptly and headed for the back of the observation car. On the way he passed Scarp. The lean assistant coach stopped him. "Feelin' okay, Half-a-Game?" he asked languidly.

"Uh-huh," grunted Hart, and passed on.

He breathed in relief when he found the observation platform empty, and sank into a chair, staring unseeingly at the panorama of brown fields and gray roads. Half-a-Game! Half-a-Game Hart! In a swift vision he saw himself plunging through the future with that tag on him.

Only it would be changed. It would be Half-a-Job Hart. Shunted off the best teams, out there in the arid desert or up in the mountain passes, wherever dams and bridges rose.

He balled his hands into fists, clenching until the knuckles showed white and taut, and shook his head. What had been the matter with him, that he hadn't seen it all along? Well, that was over. Little time now to change his ways. . . .

But he had one game to play. And he'd play it to the hilt.

As for Georgia—well, no need to think of her. No use to think of her. Somehow they were parted. But he felt oddly consoled for his loss as he hunched down in his chair and swore the Aggies would see a ball game. After a while he went back to the team car and flipped little Goode down beside him on the seat.

"Looky here, Goode Boy," he said with his quick grin, "we can take those Aggies for plenty."

The kid looked up with eyes shining. "You'll take us through 'em, Dinny?" he asked hopefully.

"You and me, Boy," Hart assured him.

THE Aggies turned out a full forty thousand rooters and spectators. And the spectators were all Aggie people, Hart told himself. All the Western adherents were down South watching the varsity go up against the Huskies.

Also, and more important to Hart, the Aggies turned out a big, eager squad, hot-eyed and hopeful of a clean win over the contingent from the Scarlet. The blue horde ran out on the field in clusters, and the youngsters huddled about Hart and Goode stared at them with some misgivings. "They're big," said a rangy young tackle. "And plenty of 'em," Goode mourned.

Hart laughed. "They'll be tireder than we will when this fracas is over," he prophesied. "What d'you say we start fast and take the play from 'em?"

An eager chorus of assent sounded, and Hart knew he'd knocked the jitters out of them with that quick ambition. He watched the line form, and fell in with Goode and the two young halves. Down the field they went, kicking up their heels like a bunch of colts. Hart envied them

for the moment; nothing on their minds but a ball game. And suddenly he scorned himself for his envy and self-pity. Wasn't he one of them? Nothing on his mind but a victory. Nothing.

The Aggies chose to receive, and spread themselves all over the lot. The kids in the Scarlet flanked the ball. Goode pleaded, "You kick, Dinny?"

Hart shook his head firmly. "Let Babcock do it. He's got a good prod."

The right tackle flushed pleasantly, and moved over. His right toe, tingling with the praise from the great Hart, thucked into the oval and sent it angling high and far. Down into the coffin corner. And the Aggies brought it up no farther than the twenty.

Yelping hilariously, the Scarlet scrubs raced in for the shock of battle. Alert and eager themselves, the Aggies tried a long end run. Goode backed up his wing and took two men out, and Hart smacked the lone blocker into his ball-carrier, then fell on the pair.

Goode came up gasping for breath, but wildly happy. "They lost a—yard or so!" he chortled, and pranced up and down behind his line. Hart laid a hand on his shoulder. "Easy does it, Goode Boy," he counseled, and felt the boy's body ease itself of tension. He went back ten yards, playing the safety spot to alternate with the left half.

The next one came through the scrub left tackle, and made three for the Aggies. Hart smacked the grunting tackle back into line, grinning. But he was beginning to worry. These Aggie backs were big and handy. He decided to spare the kids a pounding by grabbing the offensive, and then opening up.

The chance came soon. The third try of the blue plungers made four and no more over the scrub center. And the Aggies kicked.

Little Goode caught it, and fell in behind Hart. Up from the thirty they went, to the forty, dashing wide and drawing the frantic Aggies. Hart held off two linemen on the forty-five, but an end had slipped through to down Goode on the forty-two.

"Nice going!" yelled Hart in Goode's ear as they huddled. "One through the line now. It's my turn!"

"Okay!" snapped Goode. "Give us a hole, Bab!"

"If I have to bite my way," promised Babcock with a grin at Hart. They lined up.

Babcock made good. And Hart, following the right half through that nice big hole, was in full plunge when the half went down with an Aggie back beside him. A hulk in blue loomed before Dinny, went down under his straight-arm, and then he was in the open, with only the safety man ranging over at the dead run.

For a fleeting second he figured the gain in yards, reckoning on a tackle that would spill him. Then he remembered the kids. And Scarp. And the tag that streamed out behind him.

That Aggie must have thought a fast freight had gone by. He lunged hard and sure, but Dinny Hart was going places. No stops. The Aggie stood on his head before he stretched out, and Hart was over the goal stripe with blue-jerseyed pursuers yards behind.

AND Hart put one square between the posts to make it seven merry points.

The scrubs bubbled with joy. "Quick and easy!" they gabbled. "Have we got a fullback!"

Hart grinned. But his mind was tackling the quarters to come, when the Scarlet cubs would be worn and weary. Quickly he issued a cheery warning.

"Goode Boy, we ain't so strong on reserves. So let's go easy on ourselves. What say?"

Goode nodded eagerly. "Pass while we're fresh, huh?"

"You've got it." Hart slapped him on the rump. "Soon as we're set, we'll start rolling."

In three minutes by the clock the scrubs were set. And little Goode, his mocking laugh ringing out between signals, called 'em. He passed down the flat, lobbed to the wings, shot laterals that whistled. And the merry scrubs, with that heartening seven-point lead to build on, piled it up. Seven more—Babcock kicked the point. And—with four minutes remaining to the half—another seven.

The Scarlet scrubs trotted off after the half with grins on their sweat-streaked faces. Scarp met them with a gloomy

scowl. "Not bad," he conceded, "but how's the next half going?"

Hart said mildly, "Why not start the fresh lads now?"

"You want to take a rest?" Scarp asked.

"No, you fool, not me!" Hart growled. The scrubs standing by stared.

"You staying in, Dinny?" Goode asked, amazed.

"Sure," Hart barked. "You need a rest, though."

Scarp agreed to that. "Yeah. You can go back in for the finish, Goode. Everybody but Hart gets a rest. Now let's see what we can do."

If anything, thought Hart. But he peeled jersey and pads from his aching shoulders and gratefully submitted to the rubdown that Goode offered. Scarp was setting the other weary ones together in twos for the same treatment.

The Aggies came out fresh, a new team but for the signal-caller. That veteran, spotting Hart on the field, opened his eyes. "Hi, Hart!" he called. "You're the half-game honey! Get off the lot!"

"Not today, son!" retorted the big fullback. "Comin' at you!"

And he came at them with a fury of resolve. To the pace he set the fresh scrubs rallied. For half the period they failed to gain. But they held the Aggie drive. And toward the last the smooth words of cheer from the veteran whipped the kids into a hot stride. They scored. Breaking out of a flurry of laterals, Hart's chunky left half scurried across the field and down. Sixty yards—his stubby legs twinkling with amazing speed, his head down and his chubby arms cradling the ball fondly—sixty yards, and a goal line.

Hart had made it possible. He had blocked an end, then a surging lineman, and finally a flying back. He had to pull himself together for the placement. The kick was good, and the kids slapped him so hard that he had to brace himself to keep his feet.

That was not all. Dizzy and trembling, he lingered on the spot and heard the Aggie signal-caller muttering savagely to his team, "Stop Hart! We've got to stop Hart!"

He looked around quickly. The kids hadn't heard. Just as well. He'd stand up to this without help.

It was bitter medicine. The Aggie tackling waxed fiercer. It was *smack*, *smack* when Hart carried the ball; and thud, thud as the blockers whipsawed him out of the interference. Slowly the scrubs were swept up the field. Doggedly, Hart stuck to his guns.

Once the Aggies came through in a thrust that made him shiver with fear. A scrub dropped the first man. Hart took the second with a shoulder shove and groped in blackness for the ball-toter. He found an ankle—he could tell it by the feel of sock and leather shoe-top. And hung on.

The blackness stayed with him, and he feebly shoved at his helmet. Must have slipped down over his eyes. Funny. Never did that before.

When he opened his eyes, little Goode was bending over him. Hart frowned. "How'd you get out here?"

"Scarp sent me," the kid said quickly. "You okay?"

"Sure, sure," Hart grunted. "How does she look from the bench?"

"Fine," grinned the kid, "but she looks better out here."

"Can't get enough, eh?" taunted Hart.

The kid said, "Did you get enough for one day?"

"No!" yelled Hart. "If Scarp sent you out to jerk . . ."

"HE didn't," the kid assured him, and tucked an arm under Hart's back. On his feet again, Hart surveyed the team. "You're the only substitution?"

"So far."

"More next quarter?"

The kid looked at him strangely. "Quarter's over. Called when you made that last tackle. Guess you weren't noticing."

"No," said Hart quickly. "Well, now we want to take the ball, eh?"

They took the ball. Took it with two slamming drives of line and backs, and a third that jarred the ball into a Western scrub's welcoming arms. And they were off.

First down, with little Goode calling 'em cagily. Then Scarp sent in four of the rested men, including the two halfbacks. And the pass play came back with a whirl.

Hart found it hard to concentrate on the ball. But the scrubs, he noted thank-

fully, saw no slackening in his pace. They drove deep into Aggie ground again. And little Goode shot the ball to Hart for an end sweep.

They gave him nice interference. But the Aggies came at him like madmen. He shook off a jarring clutch and wrestled past a second tackler—smack into the arms of the safety man. It was more of a surprise to the Aggie than to Hart, and he found himself free and running.

Dimly he sensed a change in the pattern of white stripes under his feet, knew he was over, and fell exhausted. He thought nothing could raise him. But something told him he'd have to kick a goal. So he got up and walked to his place.

The goal posts seemed to be doing a jig. He frowned at them and wanted to shout at them, "Stand still, damn you!" Instead, he held his tongue, squinted to follow the ball as it shot back from center, and kicked where he thought it might be. He felt Goode's slap on his shoulder, heard Goode's voice saying, "Pretty!" and knew it was safe.

He fell in somehow with the scrubs as they turned back to midfield. A voice roused him, an agitated voice.

It was another substitute. The kid had just left the bench, and was looking back at it furtively. He was saying to Goode, "Something's happened to Scarp! He's sick, or something! Look at his face!"

Hart turned, focused on the bench. And slowly he made out the sad face of the lean Scarp, sad no longer. He laughed helplessly, nudged the kid in the ribs. "Sick me eye!" he gasped. "Scarp's grinning!"

"What!" Goode whirled in unbelief. Then he laughed, thumped Hart, and leaped in the air. "All right then! One more for Scarp!"

They made it, too. Hart through the line, Babcock around end, passes galore, and at the last, Hart through the line! And he kicked the goal.

He was leg-weary when the gun barked. The kids trooped off the field yelling, and he followed slowly. The stands slowly emptied. On this side the front rows were empty, save for one girl, sitting alone, in the front row. Somehow she reminded him of Georgia Dixon. The way she sat, straight, head up. He dropped his head as

a wave of loneliness swept over him. The kids were gone, through the arch.

He was plodding along, stumbling as his feet refused to lift, when her voice reached him. "Dinny! Oh, Dinny!"

He trembled. Then he forced himself to look up. It was—yes, it was Georgia! She was waving, waving a limp little handkerchief with a funny little jerky signal.

His legs came to life, and he ran, weaving a little from side to side, to the box where she sat. Yes, it was Georgia.

She leaned over the rail. "Dinny!" She was crying, and a lump came into his throat. But she was smiling, too, eyes shining through tears. "Oh, Dinny!" she murmured. "We were so wrong! Oh, Dinny, how you played! I was so proud!"

"It didn't mean much, this game," he grinned. "But somehow I want to call it my best."

She challenged him flatly. "It meant everything! That is—if it means anything to you that I love you so for it!"

Hart stared. "Huh!" he said with great emphasis, and reached for her hand.

Scarp found them both there. He glanced sharply from the girl to the sweaty fullback, and said dismally, "You want to catch pneumonia?"

"Uh-huh," agreed Hart. "Er—I mean, no. But why should you worry?"

"Gotta keep you in shape," sighed Scarp. "Know what? Southern Cal lost to Oregon State."

"No!" cried Hart. "Upset, huh?"

"Yeah. And we beat Washington by a point."

The girl sat up. "Bowl!" she cried.

Hart turned dazed eyes on Scarp, found the lean coach regarding him with shy affection. "Sure," said Scarp. "I just talked to Kane. He says you better start figuring on a full game New Year's Day."

THE sun smiled down on the green turf. In the reaching stands, eighty thousand men and women milled. They were there to see the Scarlet of Western defend the football tradition of the Pacific Coast against the power-packed big team from the East.

The East's backers had plenty of good words for their choice, and money to back it, money that shifted from hand to hand along the rows of seats. Coast defenders held their ground, fighting down the doubts that the experts had sown. Western, the dope ran, was none too hot. Beaten once, and winner over the two strong rivals by only a point or two. Whereas this big herd from the East—well, look at those scores!

All of which bothered the Scarlet not at all. Dinny Hart was the center of the strategy meeting in the locker-room deep under the big concrete bowl. Rutherford put it all in words:

"Dinny, here's where we shoot the works. Set us a pace right at the start, and we'll show these Eastern tourists. Hey?"

Hart flushed with pleasure as he met the eager looks of his close-crowded grinning mates. Embarrassed, he turned to Kane.

The coach, leaning idly against the wall outside the circle, fished a peanut from his pocket. "That's okay with me, Full-Time," he drawled. "It's your team today. What say, Scarp?"

The sad Scarp sighed. "What else could you do?" he retorted irritably. "And don't shove in front of me on that bench. This is going to be pretty."

Hart smiled. As the Big Scarlet took the field, he looked up at the sea of eager faces, and beyond them to the blue. And smiled.

Somewhere in that human sea was Gloria. And under that cloudless canopy, a blue-sky future for a full-time guy.

It was a massacre. The ball game began sedately, with kick-off and short run-back. Then Dinny Hart came in. And the bewildered eighty thousand twisted their necks into pretzels trying to follow that mad, hurtling charge. Three minutes after the kick-off it was "Hart! Hart! He's over!"

And thereafter, through the merry afternoon of magic and wild triumph, the crowd roared, caught its breath and roared again. All but a brown-haired girl, sitting alone in the stands, who only laughed and cried and watched one shuttling numbered jersey with proud eyes.

One minute to go! A game in the balance—and Montgomery pulled a million-to-one shot! A last desperate, moss-grown trick—so old that once in a lifetime it works!



One Minute To Go!

By Bernard Lee Penrose

"STATE is going to kick out of danger. Montgomery is back, almost on his goal line. Here's the play. Ball goes to Montgomery. He—*he fumbles! He fumbles! He's hit!*"

Clutching his microphone, the announcer leaped to his feet with the roaring crowd below.

"They're diving like mad in the end zone! It's—wait a second—it's—*Tech's Ball! A touchdown! Six three favor Tech! And there goes your old ball game!*"

Within that vast amphitheater, seventy thousand humans went mad.

One was still.

Hal Montgomery, the State halfback who

had fumbled, lay where Croniker's vicious tackle had smashed him. Hal's young helmet-framed face was white beneath sweat-plastered dirt and his mind was cloaked in merciful unconsciousness.

The memory which filtered first through that cloak was not of the game itself, but of an agreement he had made before it started. As they worked to revive him, Hal Montgomery was not lying there in disgrace before the eyes and far-flung ears of a nation. He was listening again to Croniker, the Tech quarterback who had hit him.

"We both want Ellen," Croniker had said before the whistle, "and neither of us

is getting anywhere the way we've been rushing her. Let's let the game decide. The man on the winning team gets a clear field with the girl."

In the excitement of the great stadium, that challenge had seemed unreal to Hal Montgomery. But he had accepted it, trying, like Croniker, to mask determination with a smile. A gentlemen's agreement.

They pulled him to his feet, amid continued roaring from the stands. He did not realize the full horror of what had happened until he had lined up with his stunned teammates and charged futilely, like an automaton, to block the Tech kick which sailed high over the crossbar.

Seven to three—and the game almost over!

As State received, Hal Montgomery's mind was a scourge, screaming at him. His block smashed a racing end five yards before he hit the ground.

But Tech stopped the play. And coolly it broke up the desperate passes that followed, taking the ball, with the aid of a penalty, on the State twenty-nine yard line, and then hitting in slow straight thrusts.

"Tech's freezing the ball," the announcer on the high rim of the stadium was saying. "With less than a minute to go in this final quarter, Tech has the game on ice. Montgomery was hurt on that last play. Montgomery again. . . . He's up now, limping."

HAL limped away from his defensive right halfback position, pain in his right knee, but his head somehow more clear from that last shock. He limped toward Minestraum, his quarterback, and every step of the way he fought the black despair limping with him.

He did not see the break, the change, in the slowly forming Tech play. His agonized eyes were on Minestraum, in whose panting, suddenly turning face Hal saw amazement and fear.

It came sailing low over the line, a baseball pass for Tech's left end. It was too far away, unless . . .

Hal sprang off his driving left leg. His long, pitching body stretched toward the ball. His fingertips caught and held it when he was so far out of a vertical position that he landed falling forward, but with his

cleats digging to save him like the spikes of a starting sprinter. He was moving fast when he caught his stride. Hugging the ball in the crook of his right arm, he flew.

The sideline! That thick white stripe ahead! In the blurring kaleidoscope of sight and sound it was the only thing in the world that Hal Montgomery knew. Two lightning strides away from the stripe he swayed far to the left in his turn.

And at that instant he was trapped by the first of his frantic pursuers—the one man who had started with him.

Croniker's bulky body humped and straightened in a vicious tackle.

Like a piston Hal's left arm shot out, his hips swaying to the right. The heel of his hand crashed against Croniker's helmet. The impact knocked Croniker down on his face, and Hal to the very fringe of the sideline. But Hal was free, and high above him, on top of the banked wall of rioting humanity, the announcer was screeching hysterically into his microphone.

"He's in the clear! He's running like an express train! He's got his head back and he's running away from the whole Tech team! He's going for a touchdown! It's State's game!"

ELLEN BAILEY was a vision of loveliness dancing with Hal that night.

"I still can't understand how you did it," she smiled. "How could you run like that and dance like this with your knee hurt the way it was?"

"It wasn't hurt much," Hal confided. "That limp was mostly for Croniker's benefit. He had no business calling a pass at that stage of the game. But I guess he couldn't resist it when he saw me limping out of position, goofy like, and leaving my territory wide open. That's old stuff. So old that it sometimes works."

Still dancing, Hal led her to a door, and through it to the balcony beyond. As they stood there in the crisp Autumn night, his arm, which had never quite left her, tightened, and his lips spoke softly in the fragrant gold of her hair.

"This is old stuff, too, Ellen."

She turned, her white gown melting against him.

"I know, darling," she whispered, "but I'm an old-fashioned girl. Kiss me again."



The Gridiron Parade of '38

By WALT INGERSOLL

Here they come—cleated cohorts on the green glory turf! And a famed sideline sizer-upper spins his coast-to-coast panorama of the glittering favorites and gallant under-dogs.

SHADOWING Old Sol, a gyrating spheroid soars into the sky. Eclipse? No foolin'. America's fall phobia, football, tosses all the summer sports into the shade and arrogantly, regally, to the blare of the horns and the thunder of the drums, takes its place in the sun.

Hard upon the hundreds of cloistered halls of learning, on green sod or brown sawdust fields, countless thousands of lusty lads are lugging the leather, flipping the forward or allez-oooping the opponent of the moment. For the day of Alma Mater's destiny is at hand.

And it's a great day, neighbors. From every corner of this fair land, from every shadowed vale and sunswept plain come rumors of mighty cohorts marching. In other years the East, the Midwest, the South or the Far West has held the lion's

share of toe talent; but Anno Domini 1938 rings up the curtain to show that giants grow wherever you may look. By sections or by gosh, there's no telling. Read it in cipher or take it in code, it all adds up to the hottest race for national honors that has ever been set out for the impatient millions who'll soon be milling at the gates of the gaping stadia.

Big squads or scanty, they're sweating in scrimmage, straining at the tackling dummies, polishing the pass and quickening the kick. And there are surprises galore awaiting the gaze of the multitude. Power teams are shifting to the razzle-dazzle, pass-famous platoons are drilling for the sudden scoot and the thudding line drive. The Warner devotees of yesteryear show up with a Notre Dame front, and vice versa. Surprises, yes. Plenty of them. SOUTH-

ERN CALIFORNIA has no more Quarterback Ambrose Schindler, nor PITTSBURGH a Halfback Marshall Goldberg. On account of they're fullbacks now.

And if you doubt the zip and the zest of the battles to come, just run your eye down the list of squads that have been at it ever since the spring thaws. Schools that never before thought of anything but baseball and track in the pre-commencement summer afternoons were playing real games last spring and pouring the lessons learned into the pot for fall consumption. So now the fighting edge is on the blade.

In a minute, the whistle.

Where are the winners? Mister, it's a chore to tell you. If you play past performances strong, take PITTSBURGH for the East—but if you like hunches, mark an X opposite DARTMOUTH and CORNELL. Down in Dixie, take your 'BAMA boys, winners all the way to the Rose Bowl, where they found CALIFORNIA a trifle too tough last year. Or pick DUKE and have yourself a team.

In the Midwest it's MINNESOTA once again—though a cautious urge would leave OHIO STATE noted on the margin. In the BIG SIX you'd pick NEBRASKA with your eyes shut, not a reliable system of picking this year. In the Southwest, RICE and TEXAS CHRISTIAN, heads or tails. And out on the far coast, CALIFORNIA on the basis of what transpired on the green sward last New Year's Day.

But that's form-chart stuff. There are other things to figger. Every loop nourishes at least one sleeper, and in some of the regions surprise outfits are thicker than bears around the huckleberry patch.

So it's ticklish business going out on the limb. A risky job, made no simpler by dillydallying. So here goes!

The East's Enigma

DOWN where the Pittsburgh smoke is about to take on an icy sheen, the terrible Panthers of Doctor Jock Sutherland are all set for another banner season. What a backfield! The scurrying Cassiano, the nimble Stebbins, the bold blocking Chick-erneo and last but not laziest, the one and only Goldberg. If there's anything wrong with the line, it's at the tackle spots. But Petro and Lezouski are grand guards and

Daddio at left end is most anybody's All-America. PITT should make a clean sweep, though NEBRASKA, a real threat last year, may eke out revenge. The Panthers scorned the Pasadena trip in '37; they may accept this time—if the scores give them a chance.

But what's this?

Proudly flaunting the '37 Ivy League pennant, DARTMOUTH bobs up with an all-senior eleven that Eastern coaches have picked to repeat. The ends needs a little more starch, and a bit more glue for the passes. The tossing, too, is weak, though Bob MacLeod, All-America stuff last year, has improved his pegging. And with Harry Gates boring the holes, MacLeod, Howe and Hutchinson are figured to run away with the Ivy wreath and perhaps put the Hanover team on top in the East.

It's up to CORNELL to stop the Big Green, if any team in the conference is to do it. On the Big Red at Ithaca are nine seniors with two years of hard campaigning behind them and Captain Al Van Ranst, once a tackle and now a center, to lead them. Brud Holland and Carl Spang are two of the best ends in cleats, and the Cuyuga backs are a flashy lot. Peck's the bad boy for the climax runs and if he tires, the Big Red can spring Baker, the sophomore find of last year who's better'n ever.

The Smoky City has a team that'll fly out of the huddle in a V. You've guessed it. VILLANOVA. Just one of Clipper Smith's little tricks. And that flying V may even wedge its way through the powerful Panthers for the championship of Pittsburgh and as much more territory as may be. The '37 backfield is gone, but Bill Romanowski is ready for his great climax runs and on hand to spell him is Nick Basca, a scintillating soph. At the end berth the wild Wysocki is whirling all over the field and up to the All-America threshold.

AMONG the very best, list HOLY CROSS. Nobody looked for much from the Crusaders last year, what with the squad decimated, but the few surviving regulars and a brilliant band of soph came through with a spotless record. It's the same team, wiser and wicked, with Captain Bill Osmanski, one of the best full-

backs in the game, the pass-perfect Ronnie Cahill and the buzzing Hank Ouellette all ready for bigger and better victories. They'll spread grief through a schedule that includes MANHATTAN, CARNEGIE TECH, GEORGIA, COLGATE, TEMPLE, BROWN and BOSTON COLLEGE.

Everything's rosy for the Eagles of BOSTON COLLEGE. The spotty page of 1937 is turned. The sophs who slumped late are showing a better stride, and Gloomy Gil Dobie forgets to growl as he watches Fella Gintoff and a fine following of backs in serious endeavor. Then, too, Dobie has some new sophs—the frosh who defeated even the famed DARTMOUTH yearlings last year. John Yauchos, 6' 4" and 230 pounds, is a tackle to tie to. It looks like a better year for the Eagles.

A RMY and NAVY are even-Stephen. West Point has a goodly lot of versatile, earnest backs, but the line is shy reinforcements. Charles "Huey" Long will be doing his southpaw tossing again and Woody Wilson will run for good gains. Annapolis gives thanks for a rugged line, but looks with misgiving at the riddle of a backfield. A three-threat man would be a handy addition. Emmett Wood will do the blocking for Lem Cooke and Ulmont Whitehead. The two service teams can't figure on rating the fastest company this time.

Toss in SYRACUSE as one of the year's surprise entries. "Beat COLGATE—and maybe CORNELL" is the watchword. Flashing, tossing Cliff Wilson will alternate this fall with the pitching phenom, Wilmeth Sidat-Singh and the 150-pound long-legged Harold Babe Ruth is a twisting threat to any team. Ossie Solem has a great guard in George Hooper, and enough talent for the other positions to keep SYRACUSE on the map.

There would seem to be dark days ahead for COLGATE, for once in the rear of the three-school parade in upstate New York. The Red Raiders cannot hope to match CORNELL'S power and may well fear SYRACUSE. But Andy Kerr is a man of weird magic, and among his presentations this year are a couple of sophs who'll stand inspection—Fullback Joe Hoague and Quarterback Jack Bremner. If they come

through, COLGATE may need no sympathy.

It may be a sophomore backfield at PENNSYLVANIA. Three new tacticians are tutoring the Red and Blue, George Munger having lured Line Coach Rae Crowther and Backfield Coach Howard O'Dell from HARVARD, and the PENN prospects are on the rise. It looks like a good year for Jim Connell and the passing-punting Bill Koepsell, but Munger may throw in Frank Reagan, high scorer of the '37 frosh, plus three of his classmates, to make a new afterguard. There's no telling about sophs, yet Penn's are lads of high promise.

HARVARD is in line for another BIG THREE title—at least on paper—for the Crimson strength is tested, while YALE and PRINCETON are still puzzles. HARVARD'S Bob Green and Don Daughters can take on all comers at the ends, and Chief Boston, Torby Macdonald and Francis Foley, with Ben Smith in the spinback role, are a great backfield. Shortage of reserves may spell trouble when the DARTMOUTH and CORNELL cohorts wheel up for battle.

YALE hopes for another great backfield find in Al Wilson. Bud Humphrey is rated better than Frank as a passer. For the other two backfield spots the Elis may have to depend upon two big fast sophs, Jim Reilly, a lively plunger, and Harold White-man, who though still wet behind the ears as far as years goes, is a marvelous blocker and defense man. It's a veteran line, except at center, but the backfield uncertainty leaves the Blue out of the front rank.

Half the season was shot last year before the PRINCETON Tiger stirred. Then NAVY fell prey to the sudden attack. This should be a better year. There's a mountain of material, with Dick Wells doing the signal-calling, the hip-weaving Jack Daniel to take it and go, and Captain Tom Mountain, a rousing leader. PRINCETON will field one of the highest ends in the East, "Stretch" Longstreth, 6' 4", who wears a mask fitted with glasses for his nearsighted eyes. PRINCETON'S a maybe team.

If it isn't one thing it's another at FORDHAM. The Seven Blocks of Granite are gone, but the current backfield is the fastest that Crowley has ever had. Kazlo, Krywicki, Principe and Fortunato can cut

thisaway and pivot thataway, and Pete Holovak is a long-gain genius. Fordham followers who look in vain for the immortal Wojje at center will see instead either Red Haggerty or Louis DeFilippo there, and doing very well too. FORDHAM takes on a succession of strangers, but should flourish until the Rams go to Pittsburgh for a meeting with the Panthers. Only the old FORDHAM fight can grab this one.

COLUMBIA opens the season against YALE, and prays that Sid Luckman's passing arm is tuned to concert pitch. On the flanks, Siegel and Stulgaitus are on the qui vive for the catch-and-run. Guards and tackles are bigger in Lou Little's fast-charging line, and the Lions can see a better year than last if Luckman stays on his feet.

The heftiest backfield in the East this fall will cavort for NEW YORK U. Boell, Shorten, Wittekind and Williams average well over 200 pounds, and for all their bulk they're go-devils. The passing game is strong, with Boell starring, and all four can make yards through or around the line. Violet rooters concede OHIO STATE may carry too much artillery, but they'll be reconciled to a couple of defeats if they can take Fordham at the shank of the season.

Coach Herb Kopf, succeeding Chick Meehan at MANHATTAN, has switched the Jaspers from the power attack to the spin-and-fake offense. Kopf is lucky in his ends. In Joe Migdal he has a triple-threat artist capable of keeping the ball moving far from the Jasper goal. Al Caruso is back on the long-gain job. MANHATTAN'S coming up.

THE forgotten team last year, and many years before, was BROWN. But BROWN very neatly upset COLUMBIA. And the Bears, stronger at the flanks and in the backfield, can hope to continue their rise from oblivion. They've got Captain Atwell, O'Leary and Hall to go places and McLaughry's terrific on defense.

Pop Warner has a fine team and an awful schedule at TEMPLE. October brings PITT, TEXAS CHRISTIAN, BUCKNELL and BOSTON COLLEGE. After GEORGETOWN come HOLY CROSS, VILLANOVA and MICHIGAN STATE. That's a load, maybe too heavy.

A fine collection of sophomores cheer CARNEGIE TECH as the Skibos tackle HOLY CROSS, NOTRE DAME, PITT and DUQUESNE. They hope to win two of these, which shows they're not down-hearted. The Nittany Lions of PENN STATE are thrown for an early loss in a hard schedule which brings up MARYLAND, CORNELL, SYRACUSE, LAFAYETTE, PENN and PITT.

GEORGE WASHINGTON U. looks for a fair season but may well fear WEST VIRGINIA. GEORGETOWN relies mainly on first-year men to turn back MANHATTAN, TEMPLE, WEST VIRGINIA and MARYLAND. CATHOLIC U. prospects are only fair, with two sophs, Brostek and Sachon, filling in the versatile backfield.

BUCKNELL feels optimistic with plenty of regulars and the cool-headed Bill Lane to keep the works running. DUQUESNE, hit hard by graduation, relies on McKeeta and Onder to carry the ball. At RUTGERS, Harvey Harman has tossed the modified Notre Dame offense overboard to put the Warner system in play, with Bill Tranavich, one of the nation's high-scoring backs last year, on the job again. LAFAYETTE, undefeated in '37, must meet PENNSYLVANIA right off the bat, and the tally of victories may stop at that point. LEHIGH, with a heavier backfield and a 50-yard passer in Wertz, hopes to turn the tables on LAFAYETTE this fall.

WEST VIRGINIA, with seven victories last year and a loss to PITT, went on to beat TEXAS TECH in the Sun Bowl New Year's Day. The Mountaineers have lost heavily, but they'll be in there trying.

Third in the LITTLE THREE last year was WESLEYAN. But the last may be first, for WILLIAMS and AMHERST suffered from diploma fever. The Purple-clad WILLIAMS sophs, however, show fight, and the holdovers are more numerous than the Lord Jeffs.

The West's Own War

HALF a dozen hungry hordes are on the trail of MINNESOTA. The Norsemen lost to NEBRASKA and NOTRE DAME last year but cleaned up the BIG TEN as per usual. This time it

won't be so easy. Though MINNESOTA looks even better than in '37, so do some rival BIG TEN teams, and WASHINGTON, beaten early in '36 will come a-shootin'.

OHIO STATE will put on a show this year. Power to burn, with Mike Kabealo, the non-stopper, and a swirl of big fast sophs including triple-threat Don Scott and a keen runner, Jim Sexton. The Buckeyes may be the best in the Midwest this year.

"On, WISCONSIN!" is the song, and that's the story of the Badgers now that Harry Stuhldreher has had time to get the juggernaut under way. It's a bulky but quick-busting team, with a darn good line and some backs who have learned a lot from one of the best that ever drove off tackle. Watch WISCONSIN and see stars.

Out of a big squad of ponderous plungers a threatening team has emerged at NORTHWESTERN. There's a fine first eleven and seven or eight other good ones. This may be the surprise of the Midwest, this Wildcat pack, with Jack Ryan leading the charge.

But Fritz Crisler hasn't been idle at MICHIGAN. The Wolverines have always needed a backfield—now they've got one. His name is Tom Harman, and the Midwest scouts and coaches wave their hands in the air when they point him out. He's only a soph, and yet they figure he'll start MICHIGAN going this year.

Sophs will be the mainstay of the IOWA hopes. The season to come will be an improvement on the last, when Coach Tubbs took over. The Illini are mainly large and durable, with Zuppke banking on Howard Carson, 155 pounds, to pass. He's not so sure his ends will be there for the catching. INDIANA is building fast, with Bo McMillin fielding a well-coached squad that may raise the games-won marker a notch.

PURDUE, always dangerous, lacks the sustained power for a really good year. Lou Brock will pack the ball with gusto and may equal his '37 mark of 4.28 yards per try. CHICAGO is hamstrung by lack of manpower, but Captain Lew Hamity, a heady quarterback and a mighty leader, will keep an aroused little team on the hop.

Battalions of ball-toters swarm on the NOTRE DAME campus, but there's a catch—too few seasoned performers. Grad-

uation took nine of the first eleven and half of the second and third teams. The Irish always bob up with a guard who's All-America or thereabouts, and this year it's Captain Jim McGoldrick. Whether the Irish backs will fit the holes he'll open up is a question.

The Spartans of MICHIGAN STATE aren't given room at the top in their neck of the woods, but triple-trouble halfback John Spencer Pingel is out for his last patrol and aims to add to his laurels. He punts, he passes, he runs. And how! Spartan rooters are wistfully willing to look on the sunny side of life.

Maybe this is the year for DETROIT, more likely next year is the time to celebrate. Gus Dorais has a mint of material topped by the sparkling quarterback Bob Filiatrault and the lean passer Ed Palumbo. The Titans may surprise. As for MARQUETTE, so long as the Golden Avalanche has Ed Niemi, the Fighting Finn, at center it has a team. However, the backs need reinforcing, and the avalanche may be detoured into a couple of crevasses.

LIKE MINNESOTA in the Big Ten, NEBRASKA in the neighboring BIG SIX seems in danger of losing the franchise. The Cornhuskers scored a wild win over the Norsemen last year, but in their own circuit they wrested no better than ties from chipper KANSAS and obstreperous OKLAHOMA. This year NEBRASKA, with a sadly depleted line, may bow in its own bailiwick.

It looks like KANSAS STATE'S long-awaited turn. The Wildcats of Manhattan are finally running wild. They had a taste of raw meat last year when they held NEBRASKA to an 0—3 score, and this year it may read 3—0. The schedule favors the Manhattan men, with the big Cornhusker game at the tail of it.

KANSAS, close last year, is stronger too. Starting off with a non-conference game with TEXAS, the Jayhawkers take on NOTRE DAME before going after the circuit crown. Right on their heels will be the OKLAHOMA Sooners, who haven't forgotten that they beat RICE in '37.

MISSOURI rates the dark-horse stall, with a plethora of promising gridders. On the basis of team strength, IOWA STATE

stands at the foot of this list, though any team with a sparking field general like little Everett Kischer, who punts and place-kicks long-distance, is dangerous.

SPREAD out in the nearby territory and you'll find that TULSA is due to snatch up the MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE bunting again, and the Golden Hurricane will take time out in the process to present Halfback Morris White, the boy who looks like a barrel, as the TULSA nominee for All-America honor. Runners-up for the title are DRAKE, with that flashing fullback Clarence Pub Manders. And WASHINGTON U. and ST. LOUIS are strong. CREIGHTON and WASHBURN, withdrawn from the conference, will yet provide stern opposition for the loop teams.

IN the NORTH CENTRAL CONFERENCE the Sioux war-party of NORTH DAKOTA looks like a sure repeater, especially with the renowned Fritz Pollard Jr. back to star in the backfield. SOUTH DAKOTA is the strongest contender. SOUTH DAKOTA STATE, with Jack Barnes, formerly assistant coach at UTAH U., as head coach, and NORTH DAKOTA STATE are next in line. UNIVERSITY OF OMAHA, IOWA STATE TEACHERS and MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE with smaller squads may yet add a surprising liveliness to the prairie play.

THERE'S a hot little wheel on the Ohio Valley that turns out some of the best small-college football in the country. The BUCKEYE CONFERENCE is in the awkward position of a state loop that has seen the title carried beyond the state borders. The kudos belongs to MARSHALL of West Virginia, the only non-Ohio school. So here come DAYTON, led by the brilliant Jack Padley, and OHIO U., OHIO WESLEYAN and MIAMI on the invader's trail. XAVIER, admitted to the conference when CINCINNATI dropped out, is in on this too.

WESTERN RESERVE'S Red Cats and the TOLEDO Rockets top the twenty schools of the informally conducted OHIO CONFERENCE. No title ever goes to the winning team in this scramble;

it's all in fun. JOHN CARROLL'S coming along fast in this ruckus, and BALDWIN-WALLACE refuses to be counted out.

At this point, look away, look away down South in Dixie.

Dixie's Dandies

FROM the mountains of the Mason-Dixon line to the sweet canebranes of the Deep South, it's a bumper crop of bumping teams. Which'll bump off which is a complicated conundrum.

In the SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE the ones on top at this juncture appear to be—yes, there's the Crimson of ALABAMA, twined around the AUBURN Plainsmen, and entangled in the heap are the L. S. U. Tigers, the TENNESSEE Volunteers, the TULANE Greenies and VANDERBILT'S Commodores.

'BAMA, champions of the conference in '37 but losers to CALIFORNIA in the Rose Bowl, sends out a big line and a galaxy of backs. They open in Los Angeles against U.S.C., and if they get going against the Trojans they should repeat the title grab. Triple-threat Herschel Mosley leads the Crimson Tide on its way in.

AUBURN'S long suit is speed, speed to burn. With little George Kenmore, 160 pounds of ding-dong, setting the pace, those zippers will keep the Southern folk in a sweat, no foolin'. LOUISIANA STATE'S Eddie Gatto and Young Bussey, Jabbo Stell and Ken Kavanaugh are no slow-pokes, and the Bayou Tigers will be roaring into the winter. The Volunteer line must draft some husky recruits to hold up in a hot league, but if the wall will stand the backs will travel.

TULANE bares the famed old number 18 to the eyes of men once again. Billy Banker wore it in '27, '28 and '29 to such glory that his school draped it as a relic revered, not to be restored to action until Don Zimmerman proved his mettle. Now comes Buddie Banker, brother of Billy, and so high do they rate him that old 18 is on his jersey. Left half, 190 and 6' 2", he's the Green Wave's new hope. Lacking reserves, TULANE must show staying power in the first attack wave.

VANDY, trying to fill the gaps in the middle of the line, has found some swell sophs, and the ends will shine. Junior Bert Marshall, only 146 pounds, but mighty fast and a fighter, is the goal runner.

In the middle bracket of this loop is GEORGIA TECH, mourning the loss of good men and facing a hard schedule. Also FLORIDA, better than in years, having beat Georgia in '37, but still short of stout substitutes. Bud Walton, a soph, is a pass wizard and big as he is will do some scampering for the 'Gators.

FOUR colleges, GEORGIA, MISSISSIPPI, MISSISSIPPI STATE and KENTUCKY, are slowed up this year by changes in coaches and gridiron strategy, and must bide their time. Joel Hunt at GEORGIA, Harry Mehre at OLE MISS, Spike Nelson at MISSISSIPPI STATE and Abner Kirwan at KENTUCKY are building from the ground up. Only GEORGIA can figure a way to the top, and then against odds.

Little SEWANEE, still in the conference as some of the big teams can testify, and still undermanned, must be content with such moral victories as holding a couple of good teams to a couple of tough touchdowns.

IN the more moss-grown merry-go-round, the SOUTHERN CONFERENCE, Wallace Wade of Duke has one of the greatest squads in the comparatively short tenure of the sport at Durham. There are only two question marks, one at each end of the line. If those two queries are answered correctly, it will be the Blue Devils all the way.

The NORTH CAROLINA Tar-Heels, champs of '37, will be a brisk outfit, undismayed by graduation losses. Two fine backs, Tony Cernugle who hits the line, and a soph, Jim Lalanne, who passes and punts and runs, will give the spectators a show every time out. The Tar-Heels look like the runner-up.

Best since the no-defeat season of 1900, and that's a long time back, young feller, is CLEMSON'S '38 array. The line is a marvel, but the backs may lack the punch to carry CLEMSON higher than third in this loop. MARYLAND'S young crew, leavened by only five seniors, shows a sturdy

line and a versatile backfield. VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE tackles an eleven-game schedule with no qualms but no unreasonable degree of optimism. SOUTH CAROLINA, with a new coach in Tex Enright and the newly installed Irish system, is up against a murderous string of shindigs. NORTH CAROLINA STATE is improved, and Art Rooney, clever tailback, will be heard from.

The Generals of WASHINGTON AND LEE are sure to topple some of the big ones as the sophs improve, and VIRGINIA, bolstered and brave, can do the same, though troubles will come with the NAVY, COLUMBIA and HARVARD clashes. VIRGINIA TECH has the brightest but greenest squad in more than twenty years. DAVIDSON is outweighed in the backfield, the line having taken on much-needed weight. WAKE FOREST is on the up grade and FURMAN with much raw material is improving fast. CITADEL, RICHMOND and WILLIAM AND MARY have turned out such small squads that games won will be something to treasure.

And now, on to Texas.

The Southwest Seesaw

DOWN here in the longhorn belt, it's TEXAS CHRISTIAN and RICE, or swap ends as you please. Surely the Horned Frogs have the finest line in the nation, all over 200 pounds, and glory-tipped with the great Hale at tackle and Aldrich at center. Back of that wall are Davy O'Brien again, John Hall, Earl Clark and the punting Ward Wilkinson. Can a Southwest team beat them?

Well, here's RICE. Champs last year and conquerors of that amazing COLORADO team in the Cotton Bowl. Clipped here and there by graduation—but Ernie Lain and Ollie Cordill of the puissant pass partnership are in harness, and the quick-bucking Earl Glassie is at the fullback post. Jack Vestal, redheaded kicker, will start at the quarterback spot with two-year regular Paul Hancock in the support trenches. If RICE can stand the successive onslaughts of ARKANSAS, the TEXAS AGGIES, T. C. U., BAYLOR and S. M. U., the Owls may go on to the national championship.

SOUTHERN METHODISTS Mustangs are pawing the turf and Matty Bell, who has been looking forward to this campaign for two long years, may get his wish for another aerial aggregation of all-stars. MARQUETTE, then PITT. Well, he'll find out early.

TEXAS A. & M. is rich in the real stuff. If it shapes into team play fast, the Aggies will be a real threat. Probably the best in sight is a good build-up for '38. BAYLOR'S Bears are waddling out of hibernation and Billy Patterson is bound to pass his way to greater fame. It's the small squad again at TEXAS, but Dana Bible has an upset or two up his sleeve. ARKANSAS, only non-Lone Star team in the conference, is on the outside in another sense, for graduation shot the squad to pieces.

UP in the Rockies, the depression has hit once towering COLORADO. The great '37 luminaries are gone, and for lack of half a line and a blocking back, the Frontiersmen must bar the stockade against COLORADO STATE and BRIGHAM YOUNG, whose eager ranks boast a swarm of two-year lettermen. UTAH STATE, UTAH and DENVER are on a par with their '37 strength, and if the sophs develop can hold their own with the three top teams.

West again, all the way to where the West winds up.

The Pacific Coast Problem

RAMPAGING on the shores of misty Puget Sound, one of the mightiest Husky teams of all time is marching south to conquer. And conquer they must, for their cause it is just, gleaming with stardust from the northern skies. The WASHINGTON line is as tough as a concrete pier, and the secondary smash is a stunner. A swell team was left over from '37, but the sophs are so good that one, Dean McAdams, has a strangle hold on the fullback job. They'll ramble, these huskies, and a fairly safe guess is the Rose Bowl for the terminus.

Mighty close to the Seattle speeders range the Trojans of U. S. C. Shouldered out of the conference throne for the last five years, they pine for a sight of the

green sod in Pasadena's Arroya Seco, where in '32 they beat TULANE and in '33, powerful PITT. It's a flashing bunch of backs that's on the field for Troy. Ambrose Schindler, star quarter in '37, is on duty at fullback, running mate for the smashing Greenville Lansdell. Given the canny Coye Dunn and bruising Bob Hoffman as halfback helpers, they'll go to town.

The Golden Bears of CALIFORNIA, champions of the conference and a lot of extra territory last year (Cal. 13, 'Bama 0), are still strong. But the power drive has been put aside, and even the Blue and Gold wonders must take time to imbibe a new system. They'll be near the top.

WASHINGTON STATE, short of manpower last year, breaks loose with the best soph crop in ten years. Always tough, these Cougars, and this year tougher than usual. OREGON ranks right along with them. The best pair of halfbacks in OREGON'S history, they say of Jay Graybeal, the skittering little flash, and the weaving Jim Nicholson. Paul Rowe, once a Rugby player, is a pass-handly fullback with a punch for the line. Under their new coach, Tex Oliver from ARIZONA, the Webfeet are coming out of the mud.

Shy of strength in the line, STANFORD will field a marvelous rear rank. Thundering Norman Standlee at fullback, the cyclonic Bill Paulman at quarter and blocking Jim Groves and hip-swinging Pete Fay at the halves will ruin many a Cardinal foe. OREGON STATE has seldom failed to muster a great line, and the current version is one of the best. Kenny Rowdy Dow at left half looks like another Joe Gray in an out size. A 200-pounder, he smacks hard and often. U. C. L. A. has Kenny Washington to throw passes, and that means trouble for the Bruin opponents.

Climax Games

WHEN two teams have met three years in a row for the identical result each year of a 0-0 score, the suspense is tight enough to ease a squirming, goggling grid populace off the edge of its seat. So when PITT and FORDHAM meet again this fall, there'll be a hush eloquent of eagerness and hunger to know. They say Dick Cassiano and Marshall Goldberg have a

side bet on which'll break that scoreless tie. No report on the FORDHAM wagers, but you may bet that the Rams will be ramming.

Another titanic struggle will open up with the plunk of the kick-off in the battle between DARTMOUTH and CORNELL. Not only the Ivy League title but all the hopes of the Big Green and the Big Red will strain behind that boot. For other hot conference climax battles, see KANSAS STATE versus NEBRASKA in the BIG SIX; MINNESOTA versus—oh, any one of six or so, in the BIG TEN. The South takes its football seriously, so keep an eye on the two loops in Dixie. And ah, that TEXAS CHRISTIAN-RICE melee!

For sheer drama in the intersectional warfare, no ballyhooed big games can match the meeting on November 12 of little COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC, oldest school on the Western Slope, and old CHICAGO on the Maroon field. For, leading that little band out of the West, the Grand Old Man of Football, Amos Alonzo Stagg, will come again to the sward

where he tutored the grandsires of the gridgers of today. And old CHICAGO will render the patriarch a regal tribute.

New York City will see many an invader from many a far field. FORDHAM is host to PURDUE, OREGON, ST. MARY'S, NORTH CAROLINA and SOUTH CAROLINA. COLUMBIA greets COLGATE, CORNELL, VIRGINIA, NAVY and SYRACUSE. MANHATTAN, after entertaining NORTH CAROLINA STATE and WEST VIRGINIA, spreads the Thanksgiving board for VILLANOVA. Meanwhile MAINE, NORTH CAROLINA, OHIO STATE, LEHIGH and COLGATE will be honored and hammered guests of N. Y. U.

Those roving NOTRE DAME Irish are at it again. Off to Atlanta to meet GEORGIA, then up against ARMY in New York, NAVY in Baltimore, NORTH-WESTERN in Evanston and out to Los Angeles to tackle U. S. C. Yet even the Irish must bow to TEXAS TECH in the variety sweepstakes, for the Red Raiders play foes of nine states.

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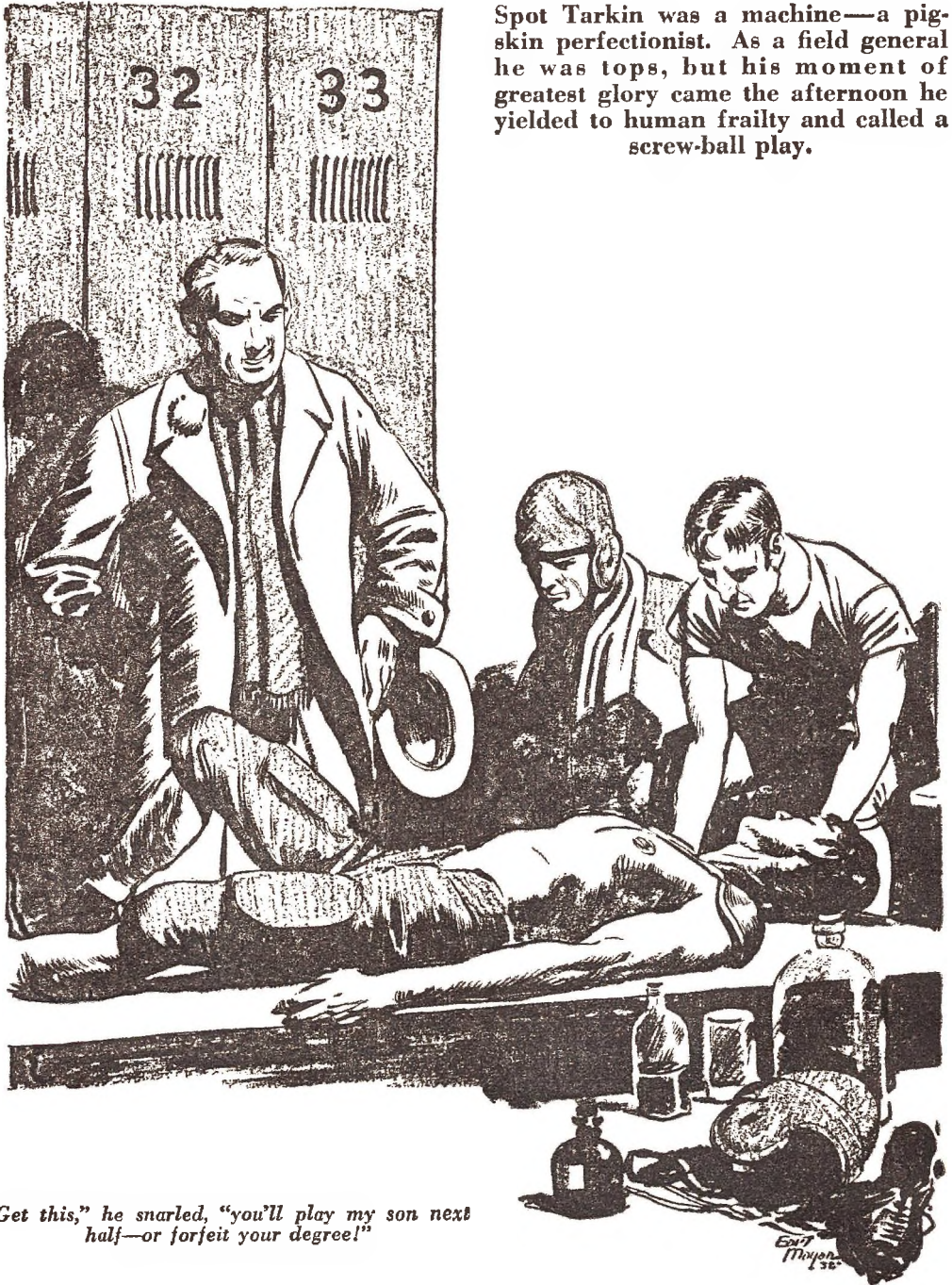
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Spot Tarkin was a machine—a pig-skin perfectionist. As a field general he was tops, but his moment of greatest glory came the afternoon he yielded to human frailty and called a screw-ball play.



"Get this," he snarled, "you'll play my son next half—or forfeit your degree!"

Ace of the Scrub

By CLARENCE BARR THOMAS

GREAT cheers periodically drowned the clatter in the locker room, striking upon the ear at that distance with the crashing sound of waves meeting a breakwater. Spot Tarkin, lacing his

breeches, glanced out a window beyond which towered the rim of Tyler stadium. Flags fluttered now and then in the tranquil, sunny spaces above the big bowl. From within and near it flowed an uproar

of shouts, motor exhausts, harsh shrieks from electric horns, also band music.

"Hysteria," sniffed Spot; "big games make folks nutty."

Football produces its nervy, expert players year by year. Once in a generation it brings forth a Spot Tarkin, who savors every moment of play as an epicure tastes each morsel of his carefully chosen food; who day by day haunts the practice field until marched to the showers under the personal surveillance of exasperated coaches. Frequently, as Spot settled to sleep at night, inspirations to improve attacking or defensive play woke him, elated him.

Spot could not approve of hysteria; to his mind the spectators at the stadium, together with the newspaper sport writers, profaned an Art. One should not worship football, one should try to be worthy of it; one should care nothing for the dear old school, but everything for the game. Colleges had degenerated into impresarios, promoters of great spectacles, whereas the game had improved into a keener test of skill and brain.

Spot, twenty-three years old, ranked No. 1 of Tyler University's quarterbacks. "When I put you in, do as you please." That was Coach Zelman's regular instruction. "Use your own head to play your own game. I wouldn't let Bradshaw carry the ball, of course, but I don't need to tell you that. Your thinking is good as mine, any day."

UP and down the locker aisles ambled members of the Tyler squad, some in harness, others half-dressed; some with tightly compressed lips, others garrulous. Spot quietly made sure that his pads lay snug under his uniform.

Before locking away his street clothing, he fumbled in the pockets of his gray flannel coat, producing a letter which he read with a disturbed frown. Someone had delivered it to him while the squad lunched at the training table, secluded from visitors.

Written on Rica Bradshaw's stationery.

The characters, beyond doubt, were those of her portable typewriter.

Also, it was signed, "Rickey," in her clear, vertical hand. (Rickey being Spot's nickname for her, which no one else should have known.)

SPOT, DARLING:

I want to ask a most unusual favor. You can't guess what it means to me. Please call a play this afternoon that will let my brother, Duke, run with the ball. Daddy has come to see the game and his heart is set on Duke's scoring a touch-down. Duke will make good if you give him a chance. He doesn't know we are asking this.

Do it for me, sweet boy, if you care for me at all.

Love,

RICKEY.

Spot put the letter away, shaking his head. "Hysteria!" he sighed. "She knows better than to ask that."

Then he shuddered. Give Duke Bradshaw the ball? Let him run against the first class, keyed-up team that Polk College would put on the field that afternoon? It would be throwing the game away.

Duke blocked to perfection with his hundred eight-five pounds. As interference, he frequently took out a second man after disposing of the one assigned to him. He could punt or place kick, and he passed well enough to alternate with Joe Handy. But he went haywire the minute you gave him the ball, streaked away from his interference, abandoned friends to court enemies, invariably getting spilled before he gained a yard.

Furthermore, he had a corner-lot way of holding the pigskin with one hand. Any smart player could knock it loose or take it away from him. Coach Zelman had struggled to develop Duke into a triple threat halfback, but dozens of fumbles in practice, due to that loose grip on the ball, had proved the impossibility of trusting him. . . .

"I can explain to Rickey this evening," Spot decided. "She'll feel different then. People get these notions just before these big games."

A tug at the sleeve of his jersey brought Spot around to face Duke Bradshaw himself, wide-shouldered, tall, haggard.

"Tark, for God's sake, give me a break today," he begged huskily. "I want to run with it, just once."

An obsession, this; Duke bedeviled every quarterback, every coach, before and during every game. He refused to believe in his weakness, remained mad to do the thing he could not do.

"Now, Duke, be yourself," soothed Spot. The big youth trembled. "Tark, it's my

last game before I graduate. Please, won't you?"

"No," said Spot sharply.

ZELMAN sounded a referee's whistle. The squad formed up near the door. "Let's go!" Zelman shouted, opening for them. Man after man clumped through on his cleated shoes, then broke into a trot over the turf, following the leader in a long line to the players' gate.

Mechanically, Spot tossed passes, caught punts, sprinted to and fro, warming up. The sun toasted his back, but the air above the turf bore a damp chill—true November air. Cheers swept across the field, rebounded from the concrete opposite, met midway, in hoarse turmoil. Tyler's bandmen blew and thumped, horns glittering, arms tossing, but could scarcely be heard.

It would be tough if Rickey meant that seriously, "Do this if you care for me." But she could not mean it. Not Rickey. She understood football.

By Heaven! she was a marvelous girl. Very slowly, timidly, she had put herself in his arms. Then, she had hugged hard. "Are you *sure*, Spot?" she had whispered, "Are you sure you love me? Because I love you—oh, so much!" Afterward, they had gone places about the college, laughing, bubbling. It had seemed impossible to be *that* happy.

Maybe her dad prompted this request to let Duke carry the ball. Phew! Grief loomed if that were true. Because after this game, or rather as soon as Spot got acquainted with the old gentleman, he must tell him that they were engaged. They hoped to be married after Commencement. . . .

Oh, her father would not be unreasonable. Spot could make it clear that Duke was no ball-toter. The hysteria of the game would subside by then. People would be walking the earth again.

POLK lined up to kick off. Players not named for the starting teams trotted toward the benches. Spot joined the drift to the sidelines taking his place under the blanket with Sheely and Potts, near the coach.

Spot studied the play, photographed mentally the mannerisms, the speed, the alertness of each player sent in from the

Polk bench, while LeCron skirmished like the commander of a cavalry advance guard. LeCron managed well, worked the ball to the forty yard line before he sent off his final punt, then came out, with his ponies panting and grinning, through for the day.

Sheely went in now, with the best of the second stringers. Several linesmen were relieved. Masterson, Polk's captain and tackle, gave the new tackle more trouble than ever. A bear for work, Masterson. But he would tire and Polk had no one who could relieve him adequately.

How in the world could a quarterback be expected to keep a man like Duke Bradshaw in mind? During a game you noted a thousand points, matched facts with memories, trying to outguess the opposition. You couldn't fiddle around, wondering when to let a lame duck run with the ball.

Sheely's crew got going; marched down the field. Stopped on the twenty yard line, they contrived to hurry Polk's kicker, returned his short punt to the thirty-five yard mark.

Several substitutes ran on the field. Spot recognized the line-up now in process of building. This was his bunch. Ah! Zelman had nodded to him. He reported, ran to his position. Handy called signals for the first play; then Spot took charge.

Concentration and instinct guided him. He saw openings for gain, ordered plays that puzzled the Polk defense. With carefully subdued elation, he noted wild eyes and desperate, contorted faces in the line-up opposite him. They felt Tyler's mastery. For the moment they were depressed—licked. Where was Ach? Hm! Over to the right of his line, set to block further gains through a weak spot there. Ach had been drawn out of position! That left a section of the shorter passing zone wide open. Football games are won by snapping up such opportunities.

Spot called for the short pass. It clicked. Duke Bradshaw shot a perfect throw to Handy, over to the left. Ach, caught flat footed by a feint in his direction, got started too late. Alforth took him out of play. Zig-zagging behind first class interference, Handy scored.

Duke place-kicked the extra point. The time-keeper's gun signalled the end of the half. Spot, trotting off the field, realized that in the heat of the play he had repeat-

edly ignored beseeching glances from Duke, had forgotten Rickey's request.

SURELY, Spot reasoned, as he sprawled under a blanket on a locker room mat, surely the Bradshaws must understand that a quarterback's thinking was dictated by circumstance. It would be fatal to govern play by some previous idea, to attempt any given run or plunge merely because he wanted use it. A man could not disregard the capabilities and certainties of his opposition; not in modern, big-time football.

Rica must know this, and her father must know, too.

His muscles trembled with fatigue. He wriggled, trying to ease them. When a hand clutched his shoulder, he lifted himself on his elbow. He found a slender, white-haired man kneeling beside him. The stranger's face burned red and fiery. His eyes, wide and brilliant, fitted admirably with the tom-tom throbbing from the stadium. He resembled a savage roused by orgy.

"Surprised to see me here?" he snarled. "Well, I'm R. W. Bradshaw and I go where I please around this school. Why didn't you let Duke run with the ball on that play, instead of passing? Didn't you get a letter from Rica, telling you what I wanted?"

Spot drooped wearily. What use trying to explain that with Ach out of position, it would have been unthinkable to waste the chance to pass?

"I couldn't," he said.

"You couldn't, eh?" quivered Bradshaw. "Well, let me tell you that you'll do as I say this next half or find yourself kicked out of school. I gave the Chancellor his library, I donated his Memorial Campus, I built a dormitory for him. I furnished the money for the scholarship that's paying your expenses. I'll withdraw that scholarship. I'll prevent them giving you any other money they have, and I'll fix it so they won't dare give you a job to earn anything. You take orders from me, not that dunderhead coach, or forfeit your degree. Remember, now! I mean it."

Although he spoke in a low tone, his fierce quaver carried to others. Heads were lifted from nearby mats. An assistant coach advanced inquiringly from the door of the shower room. Bradshaw, with a furious grunt, sprang up and made for a

locker room door, disappearing at once.

"What was the matter with him?" someone asked.

"Hysterical!" groaned Spot. "Crazy."

Rubbers took charge of Spot, stripped off his sweat soaked uniform, kneaded him lightly, armored him again for the field.

Well, that settled it; Rica meant every word of her note. Her father took his football with the slobbery, old-alumnus attitude, couldn't see that the team must score the touchdowns—no, his boy must do it. Raspberries!

No counting on explanations after the game, now. If the Bradshaws were this way, they wouldn't listen. Happy hours with Rica were ended. The whole deal was off, shot to pieces.

Why not yield? Let them have their way? Then, he would have Rica. Also, his college degree. Why not call the signal for an end run, coupling it with Duke's number as ball carrier? Zelman had given him a free hand. Why not?

Zelman whistled. "Let's go!" He winked as Spot ran past him at the door. "Shoot your marbles, old-timer."

THE picture changed, the voice of the crowd rose to raving quality. Ach ran back the second half kick-off to midfield, for Polk. Freising cut through off tackle and tagged in the shelter of Masterson's huge frame to the eighteen yard line. Tyler rallied there, held for three downs, but Ach's fourth down pass over the goal line fell in the arms of a Polk end, tying the score at 7-7.

The Polk team got the scent of victory up its nose, began to play "over its head," acquiring confidence and omniscience that Tyler could barely combat. Sheely called for kick after kick, but lost ground. Tyler's men, like groggy boxers, hung on and clinched desperately. Twice, they turned back Polk at the ten yard line.

Along the bench, reserves groaned and gasped. Panic was in the air. Zelman, with teeth set so tightly that little pallid circles mottled his cheeks, nodded to Spot . . . to Bradshaw . . . to Handy . . . to the best players he had . . .

"Spot?" implored Duke, as they trotted through rocking clamor. "I'll hang onto it if you let me take it. I promise to

Heaven, I will. I'll save us this game."

"Yes, yes, Duke. We'll see."

They went in with the half not ten minutes old; their first objective to take the ball to midfield and safety. They charged grimly, but Polk playing over its head was a different team from Polk playing its best. Polk men were upsetting the laws of momentum and gravity just at that time. One hundred sixty pounders hoisted two hundred weight linemen on their shoulders, derricked them out of play. Halfbacks, although struck with sufficient force to knock down a horse, remained on their feet, kept running.

The fourth quarter began and ran on, with Tyler blowing away strength on desperate defensive play.

When Handy was thrown for a loss on his thirty yard line, while attempting his favorite spinner, Spot whistled dolefully. "Think fast, mister," he murmured to himself. "Spot's your name and you're on it now." For Handy, who might easily have been considered the Imperial Guard, the crack regiment, the Hobson of the Tyler squad, rose from the ground shaken, uncertain. Waski, the fullback, was dazed, too, and bleeding from the mouth. For the next play, Bradshaw and Spot remained dependable.

Why not? It wouldn't be such bad judgment, in one way. Polk would not look for Duke to carry the ball, since he had not been allowed to do so all afternoon. Surprise would aid him. Furthermore, it would satisfy Duke's goofy father, and it would save explanations to Rica.

Spot hesitated, weakened. He must call a signal at once, or be penalized for undue delay. With poker face, he chanted Duke's number, the play number. The training of Tyler players, their trust in Spot, was amply demonstrated when, hearing an unusual combination in that ticklish moment, each settled calmly into place, giving nothing away.

Spot rubbed perspiration from his forehead. Duke, of a certainty, would break away from his interference. That meant—what? It meant that the problem of keeping tacklers off Duke was up to Spot Tarkin, no one else. He must somehow manage to take out one man, get ahead of Duke and keep ahead, until he took out Freising, the safety man. But he couldn't

do such feats of blocking. He weighed a scant hundred and sixty and was slower than Duke. No matter, he must do it.

AGE-LONG, fractional seconds began. The ball floated rearward. Duke caught it, running. Waski whole-heartedly executed a fake spinner. Bodies thudded as Handy flattened the Polk end, and as Tyler's end successfully erased a secondary defense man. Spot ran madly, everyone ran madly, yet the play seemed to hang on a treadmill. Long as they had been driving, they were only coming to the line of scrimmage now.

As Spot had foreseen, Duke turned short, rounding the end. Why, oh why, couldn't the scatterbrain tag behind Geddes, the guard who had pulled out of the line to protect him? Why not swing wide and give Spot a chance to cut in alongside?

Spot darted to intercept Ach, determined to block the man out, keep his feet, drive on for Freising. Geddes was already down, having skilfully accomplished his mission of blocking a halfback away from the runner.

Duke whooped exuberantly. Hit his stride and ran like a deer, the ball held carelessly against his hip. Doing everything wrong, but . . . maybe they'd make it.

No, they wouldn't. Duke had veered in, keeping true to his jackass form of abandoning protectors, courting tacklers. Ach had sensed the runner's wildness, had picked his position, and even now was launching his dive to tackle. The play was wrecked. Hadn't gone ten yards even. Ach would nail Duke and there was that ball, held only by Duke's imagination, ready to fly in any chance direction when Ach hurled him down.

Spot groaned in agony. What if Polk recovered that imminent, certain as day-break fumble? It would be the game, sure. Freising would drop on the ball. Maybe it would be tossed so that he could catch it in the air. If that happened, Freising would go for a touchdown.

A game shot to Hades. A swell record as quarterback blotched. All through an unreasonable suggestion from a girl, and through a father's nonsense.

"Damn him!" growled Spot. "Damn her, too. Oh, God! Maybe I can do it—"

Hope, slim but glittering, braced him. He might recover that fumble himself. He was close enough. He must do it. He must recover the ball, then call for a kick. With luck, they could still hold Polk to a tie.

He drove forward, lungs hurting, stomach a fiery knot of nerves. He studied the tackle. Ach was throwing Duke to the right. Which way would that send the ball?

Now! There it was, high in the air, a free ball. If it touched the ground, Spot must fall on it, to retain it for Tyler. If he could catch it, he could run with it. Name of glory! He had figured its trajectory to a hair. He could get it if he tried just a little harder. Jump! He had it. No, it was slipping. No, he had it safe, and he was gaining speed with the field open before him. Freising had flung himself on Duke to make the tackle sure. A miracle, nothing less. He was going to score. Somebody—oh yes, Masterson—was after him, but yards to the rear. Yes, it was a miracle!

THE crowd saw no miracle. It saw an alert quarterback follow the ball like a hawk, take advantage of a break in the game, catch an arching fumble, and run on to a touchdown. Tortured emotions rose to the final exquisite pitch.

Panting, Spot rejoined his team mates before the goal posts. They grinned and pounded him, but he shook his head grimly, jerking his arm in a signal to Zelman for someone to replace Duke. An eager youth raced over the turf. Duke, with lolling head, lifted his hands a short way as if in appeal, then blundered off the field, heading direct for the tunnel and the showers.

Spot's voice cracked, he erred in his decisions during the remaining minutes of play, but he could scarcely go wrong, now. Polk's balloon was punctured. Men who had been playing over their heads hugged ground level and blundered. Masterson alone kept courage, but Masterson could not carry his team to another touchdown. The score remained 14-7 until the final gun.

Spot undressed slowly, lingered in the shower, invented strained tendons for

the rubbers to treat. When the dusk had blackened to within a gray shade of night, he slunk toward the gymnasium door. Hilarious friends and relatives waited outside to greet other players, to carry them away to dinners and dances, but at this hour they were comparatively few. Spot could easily slip out, make a quick turn to the right, and be lost in the shadows. . . . Rica and her apolectic little father should be there; they couldn't deny he had given Duke a chance. But he did not want to see them. To hell with such people.

"Tark!" A hand clutched the sleeve of his overcoat. Dully, he obeyed the urgent tug, stepping from the lighted hall to the shadows of the trophy room. Duke's face, beaded with perspiration, gleamed close to his. "Tark, for God's sake don't tell on me," came the pleading voice. "Give me that letter and forget you ever saw the fellow that came in the locker room between the halves."

"What?" asked Spot.

"Give me the letter," repeated Duke. "I wrote it on Rica's typewriter and I copied her signature, from a letter she wrote me. I sent that guy to bawl you out. It wasn't my father; it was an actor. I fixed up the scheme over at the frat house to make you give me the ball. Get it? Dad is under the lamp out there now, with Rica. The big fellow. He's waiting to meet you and take you to dinner. You go ahead, and I'll show up later. But wait! Give me that letter. I saw you put it in your pocket before the game—oh thanks!"

Spot slowly handed over the letter.

"Tark, you're a white man. You won't give me away, will you?"

"Damn you!" exploded Spot. "You faked that note?"

"Not so loud," pleaded Duke. "Be a sport, Tark."

"Sport? Why, you nearly made me lose that game."

"I know, Tark. It was dumb. God, how dumb! But I always wanted to take one over. I thought I could. By God, Tark, I'd give my right arm, now, to be able to say I'd done it."

Spot sighed.

"Hysteria," he said. "It spoils high-class football."



A Novel of West Point Football

Fight On—Army!

By HERBERT L. McNARY

Up from the ranks to become West Point's grey-ghosting triple-threater. . . . Wonder-boy Dutch Holland was on the march! Then—disgraced! Drummed out—but it took more than an iron court-martial to swerve that soldier's son from the Pigskin path!

TWO lines crouched before each other on ground that had felt the impress of countless hobnailed shoes, the iron clodding of hoofs and the rolling of artillery wheels. Not a face in the lot would have escaped first cut in a beauty elimination contest. One outfit wore the light brown jerseys that stamped them as truly representative of Camp Edwards, while sweat shirts and other nondescript equip-

ment graced the outfit upon which the camp team was *supposed* to be practicing.

A brown jerseyed quarterback chanted some signals climaxed with a "hip," and players merged. A hole opened—but instead of a brown shirt popping out, a once white sweat shirt went through and the ball carrier smacked hard against the parade ground.

An officer wearing the twin bars of a

captain blew on a whistle until his red cheeks threatened to burst. "There it is again—you bunch of lead footed kitchen police," he blasted. "You're playing the sky birds tomorrow. A college coach who is a friend of mine sends me a perfect mouse-trap play—and you murder it."

The sweat shirted youth who had made the tackle unwrapped himself from the ball carrier and faced the captain-coach. "I think, sir, your man isn't shifting right at the line of scrimmage. . . ."

"Maybe you could do better," snapped the captain sarcastically. And then suddenly his expression changed. "Maybe you could," he repeated. "You slip by those blockers like a bird beating an AWOL. What's your name?"

"Holland, sir."

"New recruit, huh. Well, get in that backfield and *you* carry the ball."

The sweat shirted youngster—he couldn't be more than twenty—exchanged positions with the man he had just thrown. A pucker of concern wrinkled his brow and shadowed the blue eyes. The play called for deception and the Sweat Shirts knew what was coming and would be willing to break a leg to show him up—a fresh rookie telling them off.

"Hip!" The ball snapped into Holland's hands. He wheeled and faked passing the ball to a decoy and then spun around after his interferer who broke through a hole at center. Holland stepped after him, feinted toward the right, sucked his hips away from clutching hands, pivoted out of the embrace of another secondary and targeted swiftly toward the left. Breaking into the clear, Holland tricked a fast charging safety man with a neat change of pace and left him flat footed as he reversed and romped unheeded. Holland could have kept running to the distant scrub pines that encircled the extensive parade grounds, but he halted at the goal line and then trotted back with the ball.

A SHORT while later the coach called a halt. Holland left the field tired but exhilarated from the exercise and bodily contact with his new comrades. Holland's top kick, the grizzled, brick faced Sergeant Riley, had called for volunteers to scrimmage with the camp team, and Holland had reported. The sergeant had

looked at him rebukingly as though a man who had been in the service less than two weeks should have known better than to volunteer for anything. But now, as Holland left the parade grounds, Sergeant Riley was waiting for him. His eyes seemed to glow with paternal pride as he surveyed the youngster and saw a well set up athlete, lithe and graceful, a flushed but pleasant face with a square jaw and—now that he carried his headguard in his hand—a shock of blond hair damp from perspiration.

"Holland," he exclaimed with a rich brogue, "y're a credit t'y' company. Let's see now, we got t' be callin' ye somethin'—Dutch, that's it. Dutch Holland. Th' Flyin' Dutchman it is, th' way y' traveled out there t' day. It's a pity y' weren't enlisted whin they chose th' camp team; but hist, lad, I was hangin' 'roun' Captain Barnett an' I think there may be somethin' doin'." He winked broadly as he kept pace with the recruit.

"I think he'll be after goin' t' th' colonel—or better still, t' the Little Colonel."

"Who is the Little Colonel?" asked Holland curiously.

The sergeant looked at him aghast. "Who else would she be but the colonel's daughter, Rosemary. Sure, she has th' whole camp, th' colonel included, eatin' out of her hand. It's she thet should have been the bye instead of her brother."

"What's the matter with the brother?" asked Holland, a bit eager to get camp information on the first occasion it had ever been offered. This new found equality with the top kicker delighted him. He was making progress.

"Oh, young Carleton Ames is all right, I guess. But it's the old man's hankerin' that the bye go t' West Point an' they do say he has no heart fer it."

"Not want to go to West Point?" exclaimed Holland, stopping short.

"C'n y' imagin' it, Soldier. Spakin' of th' Point, Oi have a nephew—me sister's bye—that's expectin' an appointment, Rusty Baker. You've heard of him."

"I've heard the name."

"He's a football player. End fer Lehigh—an' some of th' experts said he was All-American. He will be at th' Academy, Oi'll bet."

"I—" Holland hesitated. "I have hopes

some day of gettin' appointed to West Point myself."

"Have ye, lad," beamed the old sergeant. "Well, good luck t' ye. Maybe ye'll be there with Rusty. He's a great pass receiver they tell me. Maybe some day ye'll be feedin' 'em to him." And with eyes glowing the old sergeant seemed to be picturing a happy vision.

Dutch Holland could share the dream.

"PRIVATE HOLLAND reporting, sir." Dutch Holland stood before Colonel Ames in the latter's quarters. His first surprised look had fallen upon a girl who sat in a chair near the colonel's desk—a pretty girl—but his dutiful glance had immediately shifted to his commanding officer, a stern, military man whose thinning hair was beginning to gray with middle age.

"Oh, yes. You're Captain Barnett's football sensation. You feel an exception should be made to the rules assigning men to the camp team."

"No, sir."

"What?" The colonel's brows arched. "You don't want to play football?"

"I don't believe exceptions should be made to rules and regulations, sir."

The colonel and the girl exchanged brief glances. A smile played at petal red lips, but the colonel studied the young soldier thoughtfully. He seemed pleased.

"Strictly speaking, these are not army regulations. I think we may exercise discretion—" the phone rang. After making several brisk answers the colonel closed with, "All right, I'll be right over." He hung up and looked rather uncertainly at the girl.

"If you want his history, Dad," she said with a provocative smile, "why not let me take it down?"

Colonel Ames frowned and his stern jaws seemed to click together like a pair of spurred heels.

"All right," he consented gruffly and then he turned to Holland, scowling as he rose from his desk. "This is my daughter. Her knowledge on extra-military matters affecting this camp exceeds my own."

The colonel departed and Holland was left with a girl who stared at him with blue eyes mockingly sparkled with mingled curiosity and amusement. He knew she

was pretty without having to look at her. The afternoon sun through the window danced in gold lights in the brown hair; but there was more to it than just hair, eyes and lips—she had a flair, a personality that marked her apart from the limited number of girls Holland had met. For her part she found a well proportioned youth whose lines an enlisted man's uniform could not conceal and one of those profiles that made fingers fairly itch for a pencil—it was so simple to sketch, just straight lines.

"At ease, Soldier, and spill the sad story. How come it happens you drop out of the sky to save us from the bombing squads from Bowdoin Field, tomorrow?" But Rosemary Ames found it no simple matter to put this youth at ease. He had a story, one that intrigued her as she drew out more and more of the details, not so much for the facts alone, but for what it revealed of the man himself. Finally she secured the important outline.

His father had been a World War veteran who had eventually died of injuries received in action but not until several years after the war. Holland had thus been left fatherless while a small boy and soon had lost his mother. He had been raised by relatives. One could gather that his childhood had not been too happy and that through it all there had remained that ideal of a father who had sacrificed his life for his country. The boy had his heart set on going to West Point. With a fine high school record and one year of college behind him he had sought to try for appointment but had not been favored by his congressman who for political reasons had other preferences. So Holland had enlisted, hoping to win selection from the service. That, in brief, was the story Rosemary Ames received.

"WHAT you said about wanting to go to West Point will please my father," she declared. "I have a brother—" she left the sentence unfinished but as eyes met eyes Holland could intuitively complete the sentence. She had a brother who was supposed to follow his father in West Point—and who didn't wish to do so, strange as it seemed to Holland. Just then the colonel returned. The girl gave her father a brief account of her question-

ing, while Private Holland fidgeted a bit uneasily.

"That's a commendable spirit," said the colonel, "and I wish you every success." Suddenly he stopped and stared at the youth. "Holland," he repeated, "Was your father by chance—?"

"Lieutenant Holland of your company, sir. That is why I requested to be sent here when I enlisted."

"A brave man, your father. He wasn't a West Pointer but the college never turned out a better soldier. I suppose you know his story. I wrote the version which won him his Medal of Honor. A pill box had been holding up our advance and it was impossible to take it by frontal attack. Yet we had to silence it or our whole company would be wiped out because of our position. Lieutenant Holland conceived the idea that one man might get into that pill box. He crawled forward with hand grenade and trench knife, and when the door was opened momentarily he threw in his hand grenade and rushed in after it. We found him with six dead and I don't know how many wounded. We captured twelve. Your father was badly wounded. It was a miracle he wasn't killed outright. It wasn't so much the bravery of his deed but his willingness to sacrifice himself for others that marks a heritage of which you should be proud."

"I am," said Private Bradford Holland quietly.

And then as if a bit put out by his show of sentimentality Colonel Ames cleared his throat gruffly. "You may report to the football squad this afternoon," he said. "I shall make arrangements."

"And," added Rosemary Ames, "you should be good for at least a half dozen touchdowns tomorrow."

The colonel shot a look of sharp disapproval toward his daughter and recovered proper dignity by snapping an order at his enlisted man.

"That will be all."

Holland saluted and withdrew.

When Holland returned to his barracks he found Sergeant Riley waiting for him.

"What luck, Soldier?" asked the grizzled non-com.

"I'm to report for practice this afternoon. The colonel fixed it up although I think Rosemary—his daughter, I mean,"

and Holland pinked slightly, "helped the decision a lot."

"She would. A grand girl, that one—an' Army through an' through. She'll be marryin' int' the Army, that one. An' Oi'm thinkin' it's that aviator guy, bad luck to him."

Holland didn't know why, but he felt queer about the midsection, as though someone had driven a fist into the pit of his stomach.

"What aviator?" he asked.

"Oh, one of th' byes over at Bowdoin Field. Lootinant Manson, an' loike all them sky pilots he thinks he's the cream of th' earth—an' him not even a West Point man. We're playin' the Bowdoin Field gang Saturday."

Somehow Holland felt he would enjoy playing against the aviators.

II

TWO or three planes from Bowdoin Field floated lazily above Camp Edwards, but the players and personnel of the aviation field rolled into camp in khaki hooded lorries. The players, wearing blue jerseys, climbed out of the lorries and began kicking the ball in warm up practice, while their supporters lined up on the far side of the parade ground as a cheering section. A few drifted over to the opposite side of the grounds and sought to place bets, haggling over odds because the form favored the aviators.

Brad Holland, wearing a new brown jersey, participated in the punting and passing practice, but he did not appear in the starting lineup. Captain Barnett, acting as coach for the camp team, kept Holland on the bench where along with other substitutes he crouched wrapped in a khaki blanket. A number of visitors had come to the camp to view the game and for the most part were parked in automobiles on the camp side of the field. Dutch Holland had eyes for but one car, a shining roadster with a girl at the wheel. A young man in soft gray hat and tan colored topcoat sat with the girl. Holland wondered if that might be Lieutenant Manson in mufti. But a moment later Holland amended his opinion. A tall young officer crossed the grid-iron and went directly to Rosemary Ames' car. Holland could not hear what was

said although he would have been greatly interested.

"Hello, Carleton," said Lieutenant Manson to the youth sitting beside Rosemary, "Down for the week end? How's everything at college?"

"Fine, Manson."

"Perhaps I should have said how's everything in Greenwich Village," and a knowing smile broke over the officer's features. The smile even increased as he noted the girl's displeasure. Manson was good looking. Dark features were set off with a neat, black moustache. He seemed very certain of himself.

"Where's this new football sensation of yours, Rosemary? Bet you a hat against a date that he doesn't even score against my boys."

"It's a bet," agreed Rosemary. "And that's one bet I want to win."

THE game began with the aviators receiving. One might expect the aviators to take to the air, but Manson's team had beef and power. Their game was a throw back to the push and shove days, and officials were inclined to blink at a little holding or even a flying fist or two. Service men should be able to take it, anyway.

Guards ganging up on interference. Heavy, bruising tackles using elbows, shoulders and high knee action. The aviators asking no quarter and giving none. Time out with men sprawled on the ground. Carmine trickling from noses. Headguards flung aside and hardboiled service men snarling at one another. This wasn't football. This was *war!*

Crashing their way through a stubborn camp team the aviators finally drove over in a smash that left four men sprawled on the hard parade ground as the whistle blew. Stretcher bearers lugged unconscious players off the field. Fresh meat rushed in unhesitatingly to carry on even as they might some day go over the top in the face of a withering machine gun fire.

Sergeant Riley edged up to Holland where he sat wrapped in a blanket Indian style.

"Ye'll be goin' in soon, bye. Give 'em hell, Dutch."

Holland's time came quickly. Captain Barnett slapped him on the shoulder.

"All right, Holland—in for Kasminski. An' tell Bogenheim to use that mouse-trap play."

Holland ran out onto the field and passed the sagging Kasminski being helped off by two mates. Holland sprinted about the field to stretch his legs. Rosemary Ames turned to the officer standing by the running board of her car.

"Here's where I get that hat," she taunted.

However, the aviators still held the ball; and on the first play a sky bird broke off end and ran unheeded for a second touchdown.

With the score 13 to 0 against them, Camp Edwards received. Holland saw the pigskin sailing down toward him. He grabbed the ball and hesitated. A swarm of blue shirts bore down upon him. Grim eyes showed a determination to smash him to the ground. Holland faked left, then right, and then darted straight up the center of the field, his sudden burst of speed catching aviators flat footed. Stripe after stripe passed beneath his flying cleats, but near midfield an overzealous teammate got in his way and before Holland could shift an aviator crashed him from behind—and about six more aviators piled upon him for good measure. No penalty. Not in this game. Only sissies took penalties.

Holland said something to Bogenheim and the brown shirts snapped out of the huddle. Backs started running behind the line and a bewildered aviators' secondary watched the ends. Suddenly out of the center of the scrimmage popped a brown jerseyed ball totter. Hips swerved, body weaved, a straight arm caught a chin and an aviator said "Ugh," and flopped. Daylight showed and the Flying Dutchman put on a burst of speed and breezed over for a touchdown.

Lieutenant Manson threw down a cigarette and glared at Rosemary Ames. "All right, you win the hat. But don't tell me he isn't a ringer."

The girl laughed at his discomfort. "Sorehead," she laughed. "That's a protégé of mine. I'm training him for West Point."

Manson felt a bit cheered as his team took the kick-off and battered its way up the field for another touchdown. A few minutes later the half ended with the sky

birds leading 20 to 7. Only the injured players left the parade grounds. The others, players and subs, dropped on the sidelines and sat huddled in blankets and listened to the free advice offered by their supporters. Scarcely a man but bore the marks of the game. Holland was no exception. The whole bridge of his nose was scraped. Sergeant Riley dropped beside him.

"Listen, Dutch, y're doin' foine," he said. "Th' byes have a month's pay ridin' an' next week we play th' Wanderers. That's a semi-pro gang fr'm the city an' th' byes are figgerin' of parlayin' their winnin's. But we've got t' win first."

"I'll do my best," declared Holland, proud of the fact that he was being depended upon by his comrades in arms.

Holland started the second half. The kick-off went to Bogenheim who suddenly lateralled to Holland, and the Flying Dutchman scampered unhindered up the sidelines before he was hurled outside at the aviators forty-five-yard line. A moment later he circled the end on a reverse for twenty more. The aviators stopped the brown jerseyed drive on the five-yard line, but the hurried kick that followed only traveled twenty-five yards—and Holland took the ball on the run and was over for a score before the aviators had climbed to their feet.

With the score 20 to 14 the sky birds went to work on Holland. Before the quarter ended he found himself being assisted off the field. But as he dropped on a pile of blankets he discovered that he was suffering from nothing worse than a buzzing in his head. And this soon departed.

THE fourth quarter started and it looked as though the aviators had bombed the camp team. Captain Barnett looked at Holland. "If you can break away, Holland," he said, "we might do the trick."

Holland rose obediently to his feet and took a helmet. Sergeant Riley came over to him, a quizzical look in the wrinkled eyes. "Dutch, me bye," he said, proffering a long white envelope with a blue name in the upper left-hand corner and no stamp in the right-hand corner. "Here's some mail thet' came for ye. Seein' it was gov'-

ment Oi didn't want t' be upsettin' ye—but it can't hurt now."

Brow wrinkled with wonderment, Dutch Holland took the envelope and tore it open. With eyes popping he read the letter. Re-read it. Then, shoving the letter inside his jersey, he turned to the coach.

"Captain, send me in and I'll show them what flying really is."

Holland ran into the game. Bogenheim shot a play at the line and then Holland joined the huddle. "The coach says use Number 17," he told the quarterback.

The camp team snapped out of the huddle, shifted suddenly, and then Holland started for the right end with the ball—Bogenheim leading the way. An end crashed through and just as he was about to tackle Holland, the latter flipped the ball to Bogenheim who got away for fifteen yards before he banged to the ground. A sweep at the opposite end failed to gain and then Bogenheim called the same lateral. Once more Holland carried and this time he faked to Bogenheim . . . suddenly cut past a stunned end and caught the secondary chasing Bogenheim. All Holland needed was to get into the clear. He was clear now . . . and the Flying Dutchman showed his heels!

The teams lined up for the extra point and anyone could see how sore the aviators were at having the game tied up in almost the final seconds of play. They meant to stop that extra point if they had to flatten the whole camp team to do it; but the soldiers were just as grimly determined to win that game. Jaws butted jaws like bulldogs ready to tear at one another. Fists were clenched. The officials looked the other way. Bogenheim went back to kick. The ball came to the receiver crouched on the ground, and even as the blue line fought through he tossed the ball up to Bogenheim. Bogenheim shot the ball through a sea of blue arms—and behind the goal line Dutch Holland grabbed the oval and touched it down for the game-winning point.

Even as scrapping groups were unsnarled and order restored, the final seconds clicked away. Before the teams could follow up a kick-off the whistle blew and the sky birds paid off.

Holland heard the sirening of an auto horn as he left the field. A white gloved

hand beckoned to him. Holland went over, grimed and scarred and breathing heavily.

"Fine work, Soldier," she declared happily, eyes bright and cheeks flushed. "I haven't been so thrilled in ages. This is my brother Carleton. I have told him of your ambition to go to West Point."

Holland looked wonderingly at the dark featured youth. Her brother? It was not only that he did not resemble Rosemary or her father, but that he seemed utterly different—not the least military.

"Nice work," said Ames. "We could use you at Columbia to say nothing of West Point."

And then suddenly Holland remembered. He fished inside his jersey and pulled out a letter damp with perspiration. He passed it to the girl—his eyes bright. She took it wonderingly and womanlike glanced at the signature first.

"From your congressman," she exclaimed, and then she read the letter aloud:

"Owing to the withdrawal of the candidate selected by me for West Point an open examination will be held at the Central High School on Saturday the 18th at 9:30 a. m. If you are still interested please report.

John J. Hennessey, M. C."

"Splendid," said the girl, looking up and handing over the letter. "Why—you and Carleton may be in the same class."

"I have to get permission to take the examination, first," reminded Holland.

Rosemary tossed her head. "You just leave that to me," she declared.

Her brother laughed. "Same old Sis," he exclaimed. "Look out, Soldier, that she doesn't run your life the way she does with everyone else."

III

IT was not until after Brad Holland, now familiarly hailed as "The Flying Dutchman" or just "Dutch" by his comrades 'in arms, had obtained his permission to leave the camp to take the West Point examination that he realized that he had two important engagements for the same date—the examination and a football game!

To make matters worse his buddies had gone down hook line and sinker, placing

every cent they could raise that the camp team would take the strong and well supported semi-pro Wanderers from the nearby city of Lawrence. It was Sergeant Riley who argued with Holland.

"Listen, Dutch," he pleaded, "I'm not askin' fer meself or the byes, even. It's fer yerself. Ye don't know what it means t' let y' buddies down. In th' army ye'll be gettin' off on th' wrong foot if ye think only of yerself. Sure, it's a sacrifice—but th' army teaches yer t' make sacrifices."

"But you don't know what this opportunity means to me," protested Holland, pacing the barracks floor while his buddies lolled on khaki blanketed bunks and watched him wrestle with his inner feelings.

"Sure I know," reasoned the sergeant, "but y're young yet. They'll be other examinations. Y' can' afford t' make the sacrifice."

Sacrifice. That was what the colonel had said about his father. It wasn't so much the bravery of his deed but the willingness to sacrifice himself for his mates.

"I'll—I'll think it over," said Holland ruefully, and in the back of his head was the idea that he might be able to obtain Colonel Ames' advice.

When Holland sought an interview with the colonel he found a recognized roadster parked near the headquarters. Perhaps he had unconsciously waited until that roadster should be parked outside the brick building which flew the stars and stripes . . . and so, perhaps, it was not altogether accidental that he encountered Rosemary Ames before he even entered the headquarters building. He met her coming down the stairs, and in answer to her questioning look he told her his problem.

"What time is the examination?" she asked thoughtfully.

"Ten o'clock—and the game is called for two in the afternoon. It's almost a three-hour ride by train."

"By train," repeated Rosemary, and the blue eyes lifted thoughtfully toward the equally blue sky.

"You take the examination," she said finally, "and leave everything to me."

DEJECTED groups of enlisted men crowding the gridiron sidelines saw a blue and gold Wanderer eleven take the

ball on the opening kickoff and march down the field for touchdown in the initial five minutes of play. They saw the brown jerseyed camp team take the ball on the kick off and bog down as its running plays were stopped dead by a fast charging Wanderer line.

The drone of a plane sounded overhead, but scarcely a soldier glanced up. Planes from Bowdoin Field frequently flew over the camp. But this plane nosed over in a steep bank and then slanted down for the far end of the parade grounds. The plane, a two-seated scout model, landed neatly and then taxied over to where a roadster was parked near the edge of the parade grounds. The plane came to a halt. Lieutenant Manson, wearing a helmet and the wings and bar of a lieutenant in the air service, climbed out of the front cockpit and crossed to the roadster.

"Well, I got him here, Rosemary. I'll probably be courtmartialed—so at least I rate a date for tonight."

She laughed. "It's a bargain," she exclaimed and then looked at the figure climbing out of the rear cockpit. "I hope Holland isn't too sick to play after all our trouble to get him here."

Holland did feel a bit shaky from his air ride, but by the time he had climbed into his uniform and had reported to Captain Barnett he felt more himself.

"What's the score?" he asked, reporting.

"Fourteen against us," said the captain grimly, "and if you want to redeem yourself you'd better get hot. All right—go in for Kasminski."

Holland ran out and reported to the referee, and with the referee watching, he joined the huddle.

"You here," growled Bogenheim. "It's about time. The first half is almost up. Let's try that Number 17."

The team came out of the huddle and the brown shirts shifted. Holland took the direct pass and dashed for the wing and lateralled to Bogenheim, but the play only gained seven yards. Two smashes off tackle gave the Camp team a first down on their thirty-yard mark and put the team in position for the lateral sweep again. Once more Bogenheim called the play and this time Holland faked the lateral and cut back through the Wanderers for a fifteen-

yard gain. The soldiers came to life and began clamoring for a score.

Bogenheim called the mouse trap play and the brown shirts shifted. The Wanderers, watching for the lateral or its fake, were caught napping as Holland went through a gaping hole on a spinner. Dancing away from a center backing up the line, Holland cut diagonally for the sidelines with a burst of speed that carried the safety racing across on the hot foot to cut him down. Holland timed the safety perfectly and reversed his field sharply . . . then set out unhampered for a touchdown scored standing up! Bogenheim converted the extra point.

In the remaining few minutes of play Holland found himself pretty well covered; and the half ended with the count 14 to 7.

The Wanderers came onto the field for the second half convinced that they had only one man to worry about and they concentrated upon Holland. Employing a 6—3—2 defense with the ends crashing in on every Camp Edwards' play, the Wanderers succeeded in bottling up Holland pretty well. Late in the third quarter, however, Holland took a punt and sucked in the charging ends. Then he proceeded to show the semi-pros what an exhibition of broken field running looked like. At the start it appeared that Holland could hardly gain five yards, but he seemed to melt through blue and gold arms. Time after time he appeared completely cornered, but hips swerving, feet prancing and body pivoting, he slipped through holes and finally broke into the clear to outrace three Wanderers for a touchdown!

Unfortunately, Bogenheim failed to score the extra point. The game went into the closing minutes with the Wanderers protecting their one point advantage. The soldiers opened up with forwards, but the Wanderers played the zones carefully. With about a minute to go Bogenheim faded back for a long forward. Holland cut in sharply behind the line of scrimmage and took the ball in full stride. Dashing for the sideline, he suddenly reversed his field and cut straight down the center. Wanderers closed in on him, and Holland drew them together with a change of pace and then suddenly sprinted for the far corner. Feet thundering, lungs straining,

throat contracted, he sped for that coffin corner as two Wanderers tried to beat him to the line. Suddenly he saw them leap. Holland halted and braced himself for the collision. He rolled with the blow, spun around and then lunged over the line with a Wanderer on his shoulder!

HOLLAND'S thrill over the victory won for his comrades in arms was as nothing compared to the thrill that came to him a few weeks later. But before that thrill came dark despair. Holland was doing guard duty at the camp entrance one morning when Rosemary Ames' roadster braked to a stop in a cloud of dust.

"We just heard from Carleton," she exclaimed, eyes bright. "He passed the examinations for West Point. Hear anything?"

Holland shook his head and his heart went down into his boots. "Not yet," he answered.

"Don't worry," she smiled, "they are probably sending out the notices in alphabetical order. Good luck, Soldier." And she was off with a wave of her gloved hand.

A few days later a sergeant's shrill whistle called Holland's barrack mates to gather for mail. A number of names and then. . . .

"Holland." A long white envelope was passed over heads to Holland and as he saw the printing *War Department* his hands began to shake. With fumbling fingers he opened the envelope, as by tacit consent the calling of the mail suspended. Holland's eyes ran over the contents and then almost popped from his head.

"I passed!" he exclaimed. "I passed theamentals!"

The gang fell upon him and whacked him joyously. The old grizzled sergeant Riley pushed his mates aside and gave a snappy salute.

"Allow me t' be th' foist t' salute ye, bye, an' may I serve enough hitches t' do it often. Remember, bye, when y'r at th't Point that y'r a service man an' y' must never do anythin' t' bring dishonor on th' service."

"Not much chance, I guess," beamed Holland. "Not when this chance means so much t' me."

"Boy," exclaimed someone, "would I give a right arm to see old Dutch do a job on the Navy when it's football time again."

IV

DUTCH HOLLAND looked toward the rolling green that stretched toward the sombre Hudson, where a tug boat puffed up the river pulling two barges behind it. Then his gaze swung back toward the buildings he had visualized in dreams, the gray stone structures massive and towered against the verdant early summer foliage of the Highlands, the flagstone walks beneath ancient trees and the uniformed sentries pacing up and down. He was to be part of this, he, Brad Holland, orphaned and a buck private in the Army. Where he stood now had walked Grant and Lee and Pershing and a long line of others who had helped write the glorious history of *his* country.

There were lads in civilian clothes and carrying bags, too. Almost before he knew it, the soldier in khaki found himself on the way toward being a cadet. He found his coming expected by Carleton Ames.

"Dutch, old boy," he cried extending a hand. "We are to be roommates—Sis' orders." They were interrupted by a third youth, a lad who stood well over six feet and who was as homely as young Ames was good looking. He had a thatch of reddish hair and merry blue eyes.

"You must be Dutch Holland," he said to the latter and then turning to Ames, "and maybe you are Colonel Ames' son. The ole Sarge told me to look you up. I'm Rusty Baker—Riley's nephew. Looks like we ought to like this place. Of course," and he winked at Holland, "Dutch and I haven't any West Point fathers, grandfathers and what-have-you. . . ."

"You fellows better get me straight," and Carleton Ames' dark eyes flashed. "I'm not here of my own volition. I'm playing square with the family tradition, but I won't be content until I can go to Paris and study art. All through the world today one hears the tramp of marching feet—and I'm to give up four of the best years of my life—for what? To become a part of a damn' world chaos." And young Ames stalked away across the Area leaving Dutch and Rusty staring at each other.

"The old Sarge told me about him," mused Rusty.

"I think," said Dutch, "I'm beginning to understand the reason why I am to room with him."

THE summer passed swiftly enough, and the end of August found the battalion moving into the barracks. Then began the gruelling work of kaydet life: Reveille at 5:00 with the drums rolling . . . assembly . . . inspection . . . marching to mess . . . marching back . . . study . . . recitations . . . sections to the blackboard . . . facing around at attention and reciting . . . marching to dinner . . . marching back . . . recitations . . . drill . . . marching to supper . . . marching back—always the sound of marching feet . . . study . . . 10:00 o'clock and taps, the roll of drum across the plain. "Lights out!"

Inspections . . . *knock, knock* . . . "Fore." Tac's in . . . Attention, heels together . . . everything in its proper place . . . "Dust on the shelf. Mister Ames" . . . demerits . . . gig list . . . punishment duty, white gloves and cross belts, guns at right shoulder . . . marching feet . . . bracing by upper classmen . . . "Pull in your chin, Mister Holland. Further! Further! Suck in your stomach."

Dutch took it all in stride. Ames rebelled. Rusty chuckled. Rusty with his "boodle parties" and his sweet tooth for smuggled contraband. Holland received few demerits and those he did receive could have been charged against Ames or Rusty. Ames, rooming with Dutch, sometimes revolted at discipline. Rusty, rooming nearby, was at the bottom of most of the deviltry that kept the division inspector hopping. Studies came easy to Ames. A quick scanning of lessons before class and he could chalk his problem . . . then give an almost perfect recitation for a maximum mark. Dutch and Rusty found the going harder. Holland had to labor over his studies, but what he learned he retained. Rusty was inclined to loaf a bit and to yearn for football.

The plebe year passed more swiftly than Dutch could imagine. A number of the class had fallen by the wayside, but Dutch, Rusty and Carleton Ames came through all right. Ames topped the class in January, but dropped to third in June. Rusty

dropped from 17th in January to 24th in June and picked up a flock of demerits on the way. Holland, with few demerits, rose from 35th to 28th and both he and Ames were made corporals.

And when September came around Dutch and Rusty were among the candidates who rushed out onto the football field that opening day of practice . . . led by Captain Russ Anders, one of the outstanding tackles of the year before. The squad formed in a circle and squatted on the grass and waited for the head coach, Clint Hynes, a major in the army. Finally the coach appeared, accompanied by his assistants. He was a thick set, middle-aged man in baseball uniform save for the football shoes and gray sweat shirt. A whistle hung about his neck. The temples showed gray beneath the black baseball cap and the somewhat wrinkled eyes glowed like pieces of polished coal. Those eyes swept the squad and seemed to tell the cadets that he was not only their coach but a major in the service to which they had dedicated their lives.

After a brief talk the candidates were scattered by the coach and broken up into smaller squads according to the positions they played. Holland found himself with the kickers and Rusty Baker with the ends. Sometimes Baker chased down the field under Holland's long spirals. No tension marred Holland's play. He knew that in addition to veteran players the squad contained former college players like Rusty. Holland confidently expected to be dropped as soon as the coaches started on their task of cutting the squad. He laughed off Rusty Baker's assurances that he was good.

"Maybe next year I'll make the grade," said Holland resignedly. "I don't expect to click this season."

"You're good, I'm telling you," persisted Rusty. "Wait and see."

The first few days were spent on fundamentals, tackling dummies and blocking out shadow opponents. In the days that followed it seemed to Holland that Hynes never knew of his presence and that the assistant coaches paid him but little attention, despite Rusty's assurances that he "looked like a million bucks." Dutch obeyed instructions, scrimmaged with Teams C and B and waited for the cuts . . .

KNOCK. *Knock.*
Dutch Holland and Carleton Ames sprang to their feet and looked despairingly at a broom out of place and a shirt on a bed. What the devil. . . Tac inspection so soon? And not a ghost of warning. Heels together. Chins in.

The door opened and Rusty Baker stood on the threshold, his homely features split with a grin. Holland and Ames let out a yell and rushed him.

"Kamerad!" pleaded Rusty. "Opportunity knocks but once, but little Rusty, harbinger of good news, knocks twice." He turned to Holland and dropped on one knee and thrust out his arms in loving gesture. "Teammate."

Holland cocked his head and regarded Rusty suspiciously. "What d' you mean—teammate?"

"Just what I said. The cuts go up tomorrow and by my infallible grapevine I have advance info. Of course it was a foregone conclusion that I would survive and, brother, I'm happy to have you with me slinging passes for Rusty to cuddle."

"Get out of here," and Dutch looked for something to throw at him. Rusty ducked, but as he started out he reached back and yanked the blankets off Holland's bed. Holland groaned. He would barely have time enough to get straightened out before the real inspection took place. Carleton Ames came over to help.

"Nice going, Dutch," he said. "I'll have to write Sis and tell her the good news. She'll be up to the Harvard game to see you."

Dutch felt his pulses throb as he grabbed the blanket and he growled to conceal his inner feelings. "Hope she doesn't see me. I'm liable to have a hole in my pants from warming benches."

DUTCH called the turn. He saw very little early season action, and in the first big game, that with Yale in which Rusty showed, Dutch watched the entire game from the bench. He saw the Army get away to an early lead, try to protect this lead only to have the Bulldog stage one of its traditional last-minute rallies and sent Riley, the big end over on a pass for a winning touchdown.

And Holland sat hunched in heavy blue coverall as the gray column of cadets

marched over the Lars Anderson bridge and into the Harvard Stadium, swinging into squads right in front of the steel stands and filling the green carpet of the gridiron in battalion formation and then breaking for their reserved section in rhythmic trot. Somewhere up there sat Rosemary Ames. Would she see him in action?

The Crimson went to town from the opening gun and made the most of a tricky mousetrap, with Strack breaking through on a spinner and Foley sweeping the end on the alternate play. The dial showed the first half almost over with the score Harvard 13, Army 0. Holland heard his name called and almost leaped out of his skin.

Major Hynes grim and scowling. "All right, Holland—in for Fegler."

Holland raced out onto the field, his heart pounding like a trip hammer. Suppose he fumbled. Suppose the ball in his hands, his legs churning, the smashing impact of a tackle. Carrying an Army's reverse play that up to now had failed to click, the Flying Dutchman reeled off two dashes of better than fifteen yards. The second dash put the cadets in a position from where they drove over for a score almost as the half ended.

Holland appeared again in the second half with the Crimson leading 13 to 7. Slowed down repeatedly by his own interference, Holland on another attempt cut back through tackle and on a brilliant broken field run dashed forty-five yards before he was hurled over the sideline. On a fake reverse a moment later he whipped a pass down the center alley for Army's second touchdown. The Cadets scored the all important point and fresh substitutions rushed in—including Fegler for Holland.

Holland dropped onto the bench where Rusty made room for him. Rusty whacked him on the back. "What have I been telling you. Boy, were you hot."

"Yeah, so hot I got yanked."

"Listen, Hynes is grooming you for the Notre Dame and Navy. You showed him he only has to shake you loose. Leave it to him to find out how."

Holland felt somewhat cheered by his friend's prophecy, but the big thrill came that evening at the Copley Plaza. Dutch, Rusty and Carleton Ames, tall and trim in their cadet gray, waiting for three girls:

Rosemary, a chum of hers—a Mary Lou Kempton from Smith College—while Rusty awaited a Radcliff girl from his own hometown—a Miss Mildred Gaines.

As they went to their table in the softly lighted dining-room where muted music drifted from behind sheltering palms, Rusty whispered an aside to Dutch. "Now I get the play between you and Carleton. That sister of his is a neat trick—and do those eyes say she has a soft spot for you?"

"You're crazy as a loon. She's rushed by plenty of Army officers. There's one in particular—a Manson in the air service."

"So what? In a couple of years you'll be an officer. I'll ask her to wait."

DUTCH gave his pal a kick in the shins, not putting anything past the red head. Rusty let out a yell and grabbed his foot. "Listen, Rosemary," he warned, "don't dance with this ox. He'll walk all over you." And limping exaggeratingly, Rusty piloted his own girl out onto the crowded floor. Carleton and Mary Lou followed. Dutch looked at Rosemary.

"If you don't mind, Dutch," she said, "I'd like to sit this out."

He complied. He was thinking that this was the first time she had ever called him "Dutch." But her next question startled him as her eyes returned from watching her brother on the dance floor.

"Dutch—what do you know about Sonya Tamarin?"

Holland looked at her, startled. A cadet must always tell the truth.

"Not much. Carleton has quite a few friends come up from New York on visiting days. I guess they come from the village and they all seem—well, different." He was thinking of one girl who came more often than the others, a girl whose large greenish eyes stared out of a pallid face heightened by a scarlet mouth, a girl who smoked cigarettes incessantly and wore honey colored hair in a page boy bob. He was thinking, too, of the large orchid envelopes Ames received.

"Don't think I am too inquisitive," said Rosemary, "but I feel that by now that you probably understand Carleton better than I do. I, at least, am reconciled to the thought that Carleton is more interested in art than in the Army. But while he was at Columbia he got in with a fast

crowd. I feel that West Point may not make a soldier out of him, but that it can make a man out of him and a better artist or whatever else he may choose to be than if he continued to run around with this Village crowd."

"I wouldn't worry about him," assured Dutch. "Carleton is playing ball."

"I hope so. I understand that this Sonya Tamarin has been divorced at least once and that she is married to a New York banker who has figured in the newspapers himself. I'm not a snob, Dutch, but we have our family traditions—and Carleton is at that age where an indiscretion might ruin his whole life. That's why I feel so relieved at having you with him. Somehow, you're so—secure."

He wasn't very secure just then. As a matter of fact he knocked over a glass of water.

THE point moved down en masse to the Yankee Stadium for the annual game which, more than any other, belonged to the football public. Only a small number of West Point graduates would be in the tiered stands and not many more who could call Notre Dame their *alma mater*. The form picked the Irish to win, but rumors had been floating around about the Army having dug up another Cagle.

Two squads ran out onto the field for the opening kick-off and the amplifier announced the last-minute change in program. "Holland, Number 44, playing in place of Fegler at left halfback for the Army."

A buzz ran through the triple stands. "Was this the new Army sensation?" the radio announcer asked the millions listening in. Within two minutes he could give his answer. Army put the ball in play on its twenty-yard mark. Two line plays failed to gain and Holland moved back to punt. Ends charged in with the pass. Suddenly Holland slipped past the ends. Spinning on his right foot, he sprinted for the sidelines and curving sharply eluded the wing back and darted up the field. Weaving through tacklers like a greased pig, he crossed the midfield stripe and with over 60,000 fans standing on their feet and cheering wildly he breezed into enemy territory. Only a desperate lunge knocked Holland outside at Notre Dame's thirty-

two-yard line. The Irish took time out. Army lining up again. An off-tackle smash gained four yards and then Holland carried on a spinner. He sifted through the line, reversed his field and put on a burst of speed. Two backs pounced upon him at the three-yard line but he dragged across for a score.

Kicking, passing, running back punts, sifting through a broken field, Dutch Holland dominated the play until late in the second quarter when Major Hynes saw his discovery limping. On the next play Fegler went in for Holland, and as the lithe back sporting his smirched 44 came off the field, 60,000 fans rose to their feet and acclaimed football's newest sensation. Unknown less than an hour ago, his name clicked from the battery of telegraph instruments and crackled over the ether waves.

"What's the matter with your right leg?" asked Hynes gravely.

"Nothing serious. Somebody whacked it, I guess."

"Okay—take it easy."

With Holland out of the game the Irish put on the heat and in the closing minutes of the half put over a touchdown. The Irish dominated the second half and although the cadets made goal line stands the boys from South Bend finally crashed over and put Notre Dame out front 14 to 13.

In desperation Hynes sent Holland back into the game with his ankle strapped tightly. Acting on instructions, Dutch opened up with passes that found the bounding Rusty the target for most of the slinging heaves. Successful passes brought the Army down to the ten-yard line. Once again Holland faded back for a pass, found his receivers covered, twisted away from charging linesmen and then, spotting a hole, made a dash for the coffin corner, bad ankle and all. Weaving through tacklers, Holland staggered across the goal line with the winning touchdown. But when he attempted to rise to his feet, his ankle gave way beneath him.

With ankle bared to a doctor's inspection Holland sat in the Yankees' dressing room, a room that had housed Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Joe DiMaggio and other stars. The anxious eyes of Rusty, Dutch and the coach asked mute questions

of the doctor. The latter shook his head, and rubbed his chin.

"He *may* be able to play in the Navy game," said the doctor.

V

WAR clouds hung over Europe and all through the world could be heard the tramp of marching feet. Army and naval affairs engrossed Congress, but an injured ankle promised to pigeon-hole all national defense talk for the final week of November. Army had a new football sensation. Army *did not* have its football sensation, since Holland might not be able to play. Navy had the better team on its season record and would win. Navy did not have the best record because the comparison excluded Dutch Holland.

A cold, raw day with the hint of snow in the air, found Franklin Field crowded to capacity, almost eighty thousand rabid spectators staring down from tier upon tier of densely packed humans toward the white striped green carpet they encompassed. On one side the white capped solid blue of the midshipmen hurling their long drawn out "N-N-N-A-A-A-VY, N-N-N-A-A-A-VY. On the other side the rising patch of bluish gray and their answering cheer AH-AH—AH-MEE! AH-AH-AH-MEE! Team! TEAM! TEAM!! On one side the President of the United States and party. On the other side the Vice-President. And between halves they would exchange places. And scattered through the packed humanity all manner of gold braid and resplendent uniforms, Cabinet members, Senators, Congressmen and countless officials. Band blaring in a battle of music. Somewhere up in that stand where sat countless feminine rooters in gorgeous furs and brightly colored hats was Rosemary Ames. And down there on that green carpet, the cynosure of many eyes besides those of Rosemary Ames stood Dutch Holland, his blond hair dancing in the cold breeze, a bright "44" on his back.

Dutch scarcely dared look up at this tremendous sight, and he tried desperately not to think that he was a part of it. A short two years before he had been an unknown enlisted man. Today the attention of the football world was focused upon him and that uncertain ankle of his. Up

there in the press section typewriters and telegraph instruments were clicking and repeatedly spelling out the name of "Holland." In the broadcasting booth Bill McAvoy, well-known sport announcer, was intoning his viewpoint onto the ether waves for millions of listeners:

"The game is about ready to start. The officials are out there in the center of the field with Captain Russ Anders of the Army and Captain Bob Nelson—a grand old Navy name, by the way, for the Middies. It looks like the Army—yes, the Army won the toss and undoubtedly will receive. There they go back to the squads. I can't see from here if Dutch Holland is going to start for the Cadets. That is the big question for the day, you know, whether the boy who flashed so sensationally in the Notre Dame game and subsequently injured his ankle is fit to play and if he does play how long he will last. Those Middies will be concentrating upon him, you know, and all is fair in love and football. But Holland knows what to expect. They say this Flying Dutchman got his football training in the service. I have seen some of those service games—and do they play football. The busiest men on the field are the stretcher bearers. There they go—yes, Holland is starting. That '44' is out there for everyone to watch. Listen to the cheering, folks. . . ."

Dutch Holland trotted out to his post down near the ten-yard line and favored his ankle a bit as he ran. Rusty Baker glanced back toward him and waved a handclasp, ring fashion, above his head. Dutch waved back and adjusted his head-guard strap. He was actually starting a Navy game. He, Bradford Holland. He heard the thud of toe against the ball, the roar that rose from thousands of throats. He saw the ball, glistening somewhat in the haze, come sailing down toward him.

Panic swept over Holland. A cold sweat broke out over him. He couldn't move arm or leg. He was paralyzed with stage fright. . . .

Dutch never could remember those first few seconds of play. Somehow he had caught that ball. Somehow he was moving up the field. Somehow like a frightened hare he was weaving in and out of blue arms. And then somewhere along about midfield a projectile hit him, and he

smacked down on the cold green sward. He lay there quietly for an instant. Dutch had had the life all but shaken out of him on a number of occasions; but right now the life was being shaken *in to him!*

Rusty pulled him to his feet, as solicitous as ever. "All right?"

"All right! I'm perfect. Let's go!"

ARMY huddling. . . . Army coming out . . . shift . . . signals . . . ball snapping back . . . grunts as body met body in bruising contact . . . cries of warning as the ball passed from hand to hand behind the Army forward line . . . a tackle scissored . . . an end fighting through interference and held just long enough to see a Army ghost flash by . . . a wing back flattened with a rolling block . . . the Army ghost past the line of scrimmage and racing toward the sidelines . . . the cadets springing to attention as though mysteriously commanded . . . the Army ghost moving along that white stripe while an official watched . . . a desperate Navy defender legging across . . . the Army ghost stopping on a dime . . . swerving in . . . tricking the safety . . . sprinting again and breezing by while the cadets went wild . . . stripe after stripe . . . white goal posts and the obliquely striped end zone ahead of him . . . over for a touchdown!

Holland crouched over the ball, his chest heaving from a run, a wide grin on his features. A touchdown against the Navy on the second play of the game! Rusty grabbed him and all but broke a rib in a bear hug. A neat place kick and a bold 7 went up for the Army. The Army mule went racing down the sidelines urged on by its gray sweated rider, and the Army eleven trotted back to kick off.

The Middies got under way and with Ingleman and Nelson alternating, rolled their drive for two first downs before forced to punt over the goal line. Army on its twenty-yard line with Holland carrying again. Holland a marked man, well covered and hit hard on every play, yet slicing off for neat gains and acting as a decoy for his mates. The Army carrying over the mid stripe. Holland dazzling behind the line again. Suddenly straightening and hurling the ball down the field. Rusty Baker streaking down the field with a desperate safety lashing himself for the

cardinal sin of allowing a receiver to get behind him, Rusty glancing over his shoulder and without slacking stride reaching up and clutching a boring ball that landed in the big hands as light as a feather. Rusty crossing the goal line standing up. A 13 replaces the 7. The teams line up. A 14 replaces the 13. The Army mule goes on a rampage again. The Navy goat curls up.

Navy takes time out. . . . Navy receives. . . . A lateral on the kick-off, and Ingleman almost gets away. Holland cut over and crashed the ball carrier. . . . A twinge of pain shot through Holland's right leg. Navy huddling . . . a split formation . . . Ingleman slicing through and dancing his way to the Army twenty-four-yard stripe. Navy huddle again . . . the same formation . . . Ingleman fades back and hurls a pass out into the flat. . . . Nelson takes the ball on the run and is only pulled down on the four-yard line. The Army stiffens. Twice the Navy bucks a solid wall. The third time an opening shows and Nelson burrows through. The try for point fails. Army 14, Navy 6.

Second quarter. Army receives. Holland slicing off tackle. Holland through on a spinner and weaving his way to the Navy thirty-eight. Holland rising and limping slightly. Holland again for no gain. Time out. Holland stretched out on the grass. Holland leaves the game. The cadets standing as a man. AHHHH-MEE! AHHHHH-MEE. A HHH-MEE! HOLLAND! HOLLAND! HOLLAND!

First half, Army 14, Navy 6.

Second half. Navy receives. Navy taking desperate chances. Throwing passes in the shadow of its own goal. Army intercepts and almost goes over for another score. The Navy takes the ball on its one-yard line. Middies will have to kick. Ingleman back. "Block that kick! Block that kick! Block that kick!" A rhythmic chant from the cadets. Ingleman digging the dirt from his cleats and posing hands out. The ball snaps back. Suddenly Ingleman straightens up and hurls a pass. Beebe, Middies left end, cuts in and takes the ball on Navy's thirty-yard stripe and is only yanked down from behind on the Army's twenty-three-yard stripe. Dutch Holland, on the Army bench in black

woolen coverall, beginning to shift uneasily.

Middies hot, now, and Army a bit tired and stunned. Eight yards off tackle. . . . Four yards through center. . . . First down. Army substitutions. . . . Six yards through left guard. . . . Four yards through same place. . . . More substitutions. . . . Inches to go. Touchdown. . . . Teams lining up. . . . "Kick is good."

Third quarter, Army 14, Navy 13.

Fourth quarter. Navy still taking chances to overcome that one-point lead. Army playing a 6—3—2 defense. Shadows creeping across the field. Army intercepts with only a few minutes of play remaining. Army fumbles. The Middies go wild as the Navy drives toward a touchdown. More Army substitutions. Holland biting his fingernails on the bench. Rusty Baker carrying on heroically as he charges into the Middies' backfield. Army holds on the eight-yard line. Ingleman goes back for a place kick. "Block that kick! Block that kick!" Good! Good! Middies go wild.

Two minutes to go. Navy 16, Army 14.

DUTCH HOLLAND looked pleadingly at Major Hynes. "Let me go in. I can still throw forwards."

Coach Hynes' chin was buried deep in his chest. "All right," he agreed like a drowning man clutching at a straw.

Dutch Holland limped out onto the field and at the sight of the smirched "44" a hopeful cheer went up from the cadets.

Army receives deep in its own territory. . . . Holland drifting back and hurling passes. . . . Handicapped by his lame ankle as Middle ends rush the passes. . . . Rusty leaping desperately like a jumping jack and snagging the ball out of a sea of hands. . . . Army moving up the field—and the hand of the clock moving just as fast. Shadows deep on the field. . . . Pass incomplete. . . . Pass incomplete. . . . Third down ten. Army huddling . . .

"Let me try a quick kick," Holland begs of tired, mud plastered faces.

Army out of the line. . . . Ball in Holland's hands once again. . . . A quick kick. . . . A sharp jab of pain up Holland's right leg as he puts the full drive into the kick and falls to the ground writhing in pain. . . . Rusty Baker following the soaring

ball. . . Rusty and Ingleman watching the ball land. . . Watching it bound toward the goal line. . . Ingleman trying to block out Rusty to allow the ball to go over for a touchback. . . Rusty falling on the ball on the one-yard line!

Whistle shrilling. Time out for Army.

Boots Harrington, Army trainer ran out onto the field and shook his head as he looked at the ankle. "All right, a couple of youse guys, help him off the field."

Rusty Baker was the first to get an arm around him, and the face that was usually breaking into a smile was grim and determined as Rusty relinquished his burden at the sideline to two subs.

"Don't worry, Dutch—that kick is as good as blocked now."

At the bench, Dutch begged to see the last play. Settled on blankets, he saw the teams line up at the goal line with Ingleman backing up in the end zone to kick out. Scarcely time for one more play remained. The deepening shadows almost masked the players, but Holland could make out Rusty crouching at the far end of the line. He saw Rusty shoot in, crash through a block and leap through the air. The ball against boot. The hollow sound of ball against chest. The mad scramble. Ingleman on the ball. A safety! The final gun.

Score—Army 16, Navy 16.

VI

DUTCH HOLLAND'S football brilliancy lifted him from comparative obscurity at the Point to prominence, and because of this he had been warmly congratulated by Carleton Ames. But gradually, as the days passed into weeks, Holland began to sense a change in the attitude of his roommate. It was Rusty Baker who put his finger on the difficulty. Dutch had dropped into Rusty's room in the brief visiting period before study hour one evening for some candy the lanky redhead had promoted. Ames had declined a similar invitation.

"You can't exactly say that Ames is jealous of you, Dutch," observed the sage of Lehigh, munching the biggest of the chocolates in the box, "it's just that he finds himself tricked on a reverse play, so to speak. Up to the time you crashed the

headlines, you were Carleton Ames' roommate. And now he suddenly finds himself Dutch Holland's roommate. Get the distinction? He's the son of Colonel Ames, the scion of a long line of West Point graduates and to boot he's a college graduate and a great artist in the embryo—so they tell me. You're the upstart that was a buck private in his old man's shebang. You're the guy his sister writes to for information about him."

Dutch frowned and pushed away the candy box that Rusty offered—not too insistently. "I try not to make him feel that way."

"Don't try anything at all. Let it wear off. If Ames was a louse things would be different, but at heart he's a good kid. It's only that he's a round peg in a square hole—or is it the other way round? Anyway, the sooner his old man gets wise to the facts and takes Ames out of here the better." Rusty's eyes twinkled. "If the old man can't have a son a West Pointer he might be satisfied with a son-in-law."

Dutch hurled a book at the grinning Rusty and returned to his quarters. Nevertheless he felt that Rusty had shrewdly diagnosed the situation; and that the lanky end's advice was just as good—to let the moody Ames adjust himself. But Holland felt perturbed to think that instead of being the good influence Rosemary expected him to be he seemed to be a symbol of that West Point against which Ames inwardly revolted and to which, perhaps, he felt a bit superior. In the conversations that ensued, Ames became cynically critical of West Point regulations . . . talked of Village life, of artists, writers, of Paris and of Moscow.

Ames who had topped his class the first semester and had finished third for his first year, dropped to seventh the following January; and June was to find him eleventh in his class. Meanwhile, in his own plodding fashion, Holland had risen from 28th to 21st and had even pulled ahead of Rusty Baker.

At the end of the yearling year the class went into camp again. Time dragged for Carleton Ames, perhaps, but for Dutch it moved swiftly enough and almost before he realized it he was back in quarters again, rooming once more with Ames. The evenings became cool as the mists rose from

the Hudson, the foliage started to turn to reds and yellows . . . and the smell of pigskin was in the air.

The call came for football and once more Dutch and Rusty were in that swarm of eager cadets who raced out onto the sun-bathed field that first day, only this year Dutch and Rusty were both reasonably sure of their positions. In fact, when the time came for actual scrimmage, any keen football observer—and several scribes drove up from New York to watch—could have told you that Major Hynes planned to build his offensive around the shifty triple threat, Dutch Holland, with Rusty's sky-scraping claws destined to gather in most of Dutch's passes. With a threat of a ball hawk like Rusty racing down the field the opposition would have to spread its defense; a fine maneuver for a hip weaver like Dutch, once he got out into the open.

Dutch and Rusty clicked in the few moments they were used in the opening games, but Hynes, remembering Dutch's injury of the year before, took no chances with his prize package and groomed him for the Yale game.

For two consecutive years the Blue had thrashed the Army in the Bowl, but there came the day when those marching feet of gray cadets carried a new spring of confidence as they paraded into the Bowl and trotted in perfect formation to their reserved seats while forty-odd thousand football fans cheered in appreciation.

Holland, headguard adjusted, "44" gleaming white on his dark jersey, waited nervously on the sidelines with Rusty Baker while the two captains, Jig Davis for the Army, and for Yale the brilliant all-American back with whom Holland's work would be compared today.

"Next year, Dutch," said Rusty in an aside, "you'll be out there calling the toss." Holland laughed, but the thought thrilled him. Captain of the Army team. . . .

DAVIS won the toss and came back to the sidelines, the somersaulting, white sweated cheer leaders called for a long Army cheer, the Army mule with its cadet astride it went scampering down toward the goal post significant of an Army touchdown . . . the teams rushed onto the green

and white striped carpet . . . the whistle . . . the kickoff.

Holland moved forward toward those white-helmeted, blue-jerseyed Yale huskies. A savage, rolling block hit Dutch waist high and he went down with a bone-crushing impact. He rose to his feet with the breath knocked out of him. A white-helmeted Yale guard stood over him as he scrambled up. "No hard feelings," said the guard grimly, "but, brother, you're a marked man today."

Holland grinned. His mind went back to those parade-ground clashes at Camp Edwards. Those were *battles*—Holland felt at ease. He could take anything Yale had to offer. Rusty came over after the tackle, concern wrinkling his homely puss. "Hurt, Dutch?"

Holland laughed. "What with—a cream puff? Let's go."

Three smashes at the Army line by the Blue failed to approximate a first down, and Knowles dropped back to kick. Holland saw the punt drifting lazily down to him and even as the ball plunked into his arms Holland felt the impact of a driving end. A smashing tackle dropped Holland for no gain. Marked man was right. Okay, brother. Dutch adjusted his headguard and set his jaw.

Army came out of a huddle and with Holland faking a reverse and watched carefully, Larry Painton knifed off tackle for nine yards. Holland dropped back as if to pass on the next play and Painton picked up four more. With only a yard needed for first down, a line smash by Bing Carson, Army's piston-legged full-back, seemed in order. Grason hit the line, all right, but he didn't have the ball!

The Yale secondary woke up to find an Army flash streaking between end and tackle. Holland, carrying the pigskin in the crook of his left arm, reversed his field and in a hip wiggling, change of pace dash, almost got away for a touchdown. Only a desperate lunge by Yale's brilliant Knowles knocked him outside on the Blue's thirty-three-yard line.

Army came out of its huddle speedily, hot to go to town and with the cadets clamoring for a touchdown so vociferously that Painton had to sign for silence. Holland took the ball on the next play and swung wide toward the end. Suddenly he stopped

and fired the ball toward the goal line. Rusty Baker, tearing down the field, suddenly cut in toward center and reached up and clutched a spot pass. Again Knowles came up in time and dropped Baker on the eleven-yard line.

Army in the huddle once more. Army out of huddle. Cadets clamoring for a score. The Blue digging in. Army shifting. The ball snapping back. Holland swinging wide again. Rusty shooting over the goal line. Receivers covered. A hole off tackle. Holland popping through. Twisting out of blue arms, straightarming the quarterback. Hit. Pivoting. Cadets gone mad. Hands clutching him. Over for a touchdown.

Army made the score seven all and went back to kick. The kick low and hard—and right into the hands of Jerry Knowles. Army man after man blocked out. Knowles twisting and turning in the style that had won him All-American honors the year before. Thirty-yard line. . . . Forty yard . . . midfield . . . forty yard . . . a slashing tackle by Holland and Knowles went down . . . off tackle smashes . . . first down . . . Knowles cutting through for fifteen. . . . Knowles again for nine . . . Yale pounding over. Score tied.

Army receiving . . . ball on twenty-five-yard stripe. . . . Holland slashing through for gains . . . secondary in . . . Holland shooting passes to Baker . . . secondary back in, 6-2-2-1 defense. . . . Holland through the line again, twisting, darting, stumbling, up again, tackled, twisting free. . . . "He's away! He's clear!" . . . Holland over for a second score.

Yale players slapping each other on the back. The Bulldog driving up the field again. . . . What a half! The spectators were more exhausted than the players when the gun finally went off. Score—Army 20, Yale 14.

THE Army came out for the second half with the conviction drilled into the players by Hynes that the Bulldog was traditionally strongest when it had to come from behind. Holland did not start. He remained on the bench while Hynes concentrated upon defense. Even so, Knowles ripped the gray line and late in the third period Knowles went over. A

successful kick made the score Yale 21, Army 20!

Hynes threw Dutch and Rusty back into the game, but the Bulldog tightened. As shadows crept over the Bowl, Holland took to the air. Long, bullet-like passes bored through the deepening dusk but usually found vigilant defenders slapping the ball out of the hands of potential receivers.

With only a minute to go, Holland faded back. Twisting and dodging, he finally found Rusty in the loose and shot the ball into the end zone. Rusty leaped up, caught the ball—and then fumbled!

Rusty was all but crying when he came back to the huddle. Dutch slapped him on the back encouragingly. "Better luck next time."

The same play. . . . Holland again dodging his pass hurriers. . . . Receivers covered. . . . Holland breaking away . . . past the line of scrimmage . . . slicing through startled Yale defenders. . . . Racing for the coffin corner . . . fighting, twisting . . . the whistle. Outside on the three-yard line!

Time for another play. . . . Army out of the huddle. . . . Yale backs slapping their linemen and admonishing them to hold. . . . Bing Carson with head down like a bull. . . . Carson hitting the line . . . blue and gray merging into one solid mass . . . Holland suddenly straightening up with the ball in his right hand . . . a quick toss . . . Rusty Baker leaping skyward . . . the ball tight in his clutch for the winning touchdown!

VII

WHEN Dutch Holland returned to the Point late that night he found Carleton Ames already in bed and wrapped up in blankets. Holland dropped his shoes a bit noisily and bumped a chair or two, but his roommate never stirred, and yet Dutch had an intuitive feeling that his roommate was not asleep. Holland felt a bit hurt. He had been showered with adulation for his brilliant play against Yale and yet he would have swapped it all for some friendly word from Carleton Ames.

Holland turned in with body stiff and sore from the day's hard work, and when he awakened he found Ames already up

and about. Ames looked at him from before the mirror where he was shaving.

"Ah, the hero awakes. Suppose your name is plastered over the front pages of at least fifty newspapers this morning." And then, as if realizing the note of bitterness in his tone, he turned apologetically. "I'm sorry, Dutch. I'm a heel. I was awake last night when you came in and never said a word. You played a grand game and I'm proud of you. I only wish Sis was there to see you. Perhaps I would have felt that the game belonged more to me than it did." He came over to Holland's bunk, razor in hand and one side of his face lathered. He might have appeared amusing except that there was no hint of laughter in the deep dark eyes.

"I was sore, Dutch. And I still am. I rated a liberty last night and I didn't get it. A liberty in New York. You know how often those come. Sonya was throwing a party. There were a lot of celebrities there."

"Maybe it is just as well," offered Holland.

The eyes glowed. "Maybe it isn't. I feel that I was kept from that party deliberately. Oh, I know my feelings are pretty well known around the Academy, but I've played ball, Dutch, more perhaps than any man at the Point, considering the way I am inside. Well, they've got to play fair with me. They owe me that liberty and I'm going to get it."

Holland offered no objection. He sat in bed with hands clasped around knees. You couldn't argue with Ames in that mood. Holland was worried.

However, he was too busy to concern himself with his roommate's problems until the following Wednesday. Crossing the grounds on an errand that took him past the Kosciusko monument, he observed a girl strolling among the trees. The hour was a bit early for the visitors who sometimes came to watch the evening parade. Holland would have passed by had he not suddenly caught sight of the page-boy bob. Sonya Tamarin!

Holland crossed to the girl. Perhaps he appeared very stern and military as he bore down upon her. Insincere apprehension marked the girl's expression. The large eyes, greenish in the fading light of

the autumnal afternoon, held a twinkle of amusement.

"Please don't arrest me, Mister Soldier," she pleaded in a voice that was intriguingly throaty and bore a hint of an accent.

Holland ignored her mood and the puff of cigarette smoke she blew his way.

"Are you expecting Carleton Ames?" he asked brusquely.

Her eyes widened in some surprise . . . then brightened with recognition.

"Why, of course," she exclaimed. "I know you from your pictures. You are this Dutch Holland, the grand football player. Some time you come with Carl—yes?"

"No. And while we are on the subject I think it would be better if you didn't see so much of him either. You can't play the Point half way. Carleton belongs here."

The green eyes smiled in worldly superiority. "You are wrong," she said calmly. "Carleton Ames belongs to the world. He is a genius. But don't worry. I shall not take your Carl away from you. He shall play with his guns and toys until he is tired."

She turned away and suddenly Holland remembered his errand. He assumed she had left the reservation immediately, but evidently she had not. For that night at study period, Carleton Ames turned on his roommate after minutes of strained silence.

"You gave Sonya some advice today."

Holland shut his book. "I'm sorry. I acted impulsively. But I can't help but feel she is a menace in both our lives."

"How the 'both our lives'?"

Holland furrowed his brow. He could talk this way easily. "Your mental attitude whenever you see her or hear from her is almost that of a prisoner. She's a constant temptation for you to do something rash. I promised your sister . . ."

AMES rose to his feet, his face flushed. "I thought there was something like that. Maybe you mean all right, but I'm a bit tired of being—protected."

"I'm sorry," said Holland.

Ames sat down, scowling, and took a book. "Let's drop it," he growled.

Carleton Ames' mood persisted and for the next few days he avoided conversation with his roommate and passed up Rusty's

boodle parties. Dutch attempted to break the ice Saturday noon when he received a letter from Rosemary.

"Here's a letter from your sister. Like to read it?"

"Thanks—later." Ames took the letter and thrust it into his back pocket.

Holland pulled on his coat. "See you after the game," he said.

"Maybe."

Holland thought that "maybe" sounded a bit cryptic, but after hesitating for a moment he went on his way.

That afternoon West Point played host at Mitchie Field to Boston University. Army expected a breather. Holland climbed into a uniform and took part in the pre-game practice, but the opening kick off found him and several of the first string players on the bench.

The red jerseyed boys with the white stripes on their sleeves gave the Army second stringers a good workout for the first half. What the B. U. boys lacked in weight they made up for in speed, and playing an open game, they ran the Army a bit dizzy for a while with bewildering passes. The Army got going late in the second period and pushed over two touchdowns.

Hynes sent Holland and some of the other first string players in at the commencement of the second half. Acting on instructions, Holland relied on his passes and repeatedly plunked the ball into waiting arms. Army was leading 20 to 0 when Holland almost got away on the run back of a kick. Cut off near the B. U. forty-yard mark, he tried to slip by on the sideline, but a B. U. secondary hurled himself upon Holland and the pair of them tangled with a line marker.

Holland rose to his feet and limped as he put his weight on his right foot. The same leg he had injured the year before. Time was called and cadets and players looked on anxiously as the trainer pulled off Holland's shoe and stocking and inspected the ankle. A cheer of relief broke from the massed cadets as Holland climbed to his feet and trotted around the midfield to show that he was all right.

But Hynes took no chances. The coach sent in a replacement right away, and when Holland came back to the bench the coach looked at him sharply.

"Better shoot over to the infirmary and get the ankle treated right away," he ordered.

Holland opened his mouth to protest, but at the glint in the major's eyes he swallowed his words.

Although his ankle required but little attention, Holland loafed away the twilight hours in the infirmary until supper time. Following supper, Holland did not return immediately to his room. He hunted up his classmate, Rusty Baker, to talk over the football game and reports of other games that might have been picked up by radio.

When Holland did return to his quarters he found it in darkness. He snapped on the light and glanced over to Ames' bed. His roommate had already retired—and then, suddenly, Holland looked back to the bed again. He crossed swiftly and pulled back the blanket. A pillow, a bundle of dirty clothes—but no Carleton Ames.

Holland restored the blanket and damp perspiration broke out on his brow. What fool thing had Ames done now? Helplessly, Holland paced up and down the room. He could not leave his quarters. And if he did he would not know where to go. He could do nothing but wait and hope.

The minutes clicked away—8:30, 9:00, 9:30 and tattoo. 9:45, 10:00 o'clock and taps—and lights out. Holland heard the inspector making the rounds. Acting on impulse, Holland quickly filled a basin of water, yanked off his shoe and stocking and rolled up his trouser leg and was sitting there in the dark bathing his leg when the door opened and a flashlight beam swept the room. The light fell upon Holland. Cadet Lieutenant Foster stepped into the room.

"How is the ankle, Dutch?"

"Be all right—if I keep soaking it."

"Hope so. That ankle is more valuable than Marlene Dietrich's. Hit the hay as soon as you can." The light flashed momentarily over Carleton Ames' cot while Holland held his breath. The light switched away.

"'Night, Dutch. See you in Cambridge."

The door closed behind the cadet lieutenant.

VIII

DUTCH HOLLAND awakened the next morning to find that some time in the night Carleton Ames had slipped into his bed. Holland earnestly hoped that his roommate had managed to get to the room undetected. Holland had dressed before Carleton Ames stirred himself. Neither man spoke. Finally Ames could stand the suspense no longer.

"For God's sake, why don't you say something," blurted out Ames as he flung back the blankets. His face looked haggard and pale, his eyes bloodshot. He seemed to be trembling.

"I have nothing to say," Holland told him, adjusting his tunic and looking away, "except that Foster didn't miss you at check up last night."

"How—how did you pull it off?"

"I was bathing my ankle."

Holland left the room. He had almost concluded breakfast when a message was brought to him that he was to present himself to the Superintendent immediately.

A few minutes later Holland stood before the stern-faced Colonel Williams, still wondering as to the cause for his summons.

"How is your ankle, Holland?" asked the Superintendent crisply.

Holland felt a surge of relief. So that was it. They were worried about his condition. "All right," he said eagerly.

"Jump up and down," Holland complied willingly.

"I see," observed the Superintendent, "that it has improved since Cadet Lieutenant Foster found you bathing it last night."

Holland lost his composure. So he had been reported. Well, he could afford a few demerits. But Holland was utterly unprepared for the next act.

The Superintendent handed over a letter enclosed in an open envelope. Holland recognized it. The letter he had received yesterday from Rosemary.

"Your letter?"

The blood pounded in Holland's temples. "Yes, sir."

"Have you any explanation for its being found along with some feminine articles of dress in the back seat of a wrecked automobile near Highland Falls?"

Holland hesitated. He sensed that on

his answer his whole future depended—and he had only a split second to make a decision.

"I have no explanation to make, sir."

"You wish to shield someone?" And as Holland made no answer the Superintendent continued. "It is customary, apparently, to shield any ladies involved, but, unfortunately, we have no room for sentimentality at the Academy. Your record has been excellent, Holland, but we have had to contend with football prima donnas before. National publicity seems to have impressed you with the assumption that you are entitled to make exceptions to our regulations. You are entitled to a court martial."

"I waive my claim, sir."

The Superintendent nodded grimly. "You came here from the service. You understand that in your case you will return to Camp Edwards?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all."

Dutch Holland saluted and withdrew. On his way to his quarters he was hailed by Rusty Baker as he passed the latter's door. Rusty held a newspaper.

"Hey, Dutch—see what the teams did yesterday. Dartmouth 20—Harvard 15. Pittsburgh 27—Kansas 6. Notre Dame 14—Carnegie Tech 6. Looks like with you and me hitting on high, boy, we'll go to town. Somebody's in wrong, though. See this about a cadet in a hit and run jam?"

DUTCH took the paper. Alongside of the football scores printed on the front page was a small item:

WEST POINT CADET SOUGHT IN ACCIDENT

Considerable mystery surrounds the collision of two cars early this morning near Highland Falls. Robert V. Geyseller of 614 Sumner Avenue, Newark, N. J., the driver of one of the cars involved, states that he was forced off the road by a speeding car coming in the opposite direction. The cars collided and the second car was also forced off the road and knocked over a small tree. Badly shaken up, Geyseller recovered in time to see the occupants of the other car climb into a third car and drive away without ascertaining the extent of the injury. Geyseller states that he believes the car contained at least two couples and that one of the men was wearing a dark overcoat over a West Point uniform. The car was found to be registered to Nina Loberti, musical comedy star now appearing in "Never Too Late." Miss Loberti states that the car was used without her knowledge or permission. The police are investigating.

"Wonder who he is," observed Rusty.

Holland handed back the paper. "You're looking at him," he said soberly and moved on to his room, leaving Rusty staring after him with mouth agape.

Dutch found Carleton Ames quickly hiding a cigarette as he entered. Relief showed on Ames' face. "Oh, it's you. I had to smoke. I'm all nerves."

Holland handed him a letter. "Do you remember what you did with this?"

Ames put his hands to his temples. "My skull is bursting—and you ask me riddles." He looked up, blinking. "You gave me that yesterday. I—" His eyes widened with fright. "Where did you get it?"

"The Superintendent just gave it to me. It was found in the back seat of a car wrecked last night near Highland Falls."

Ames collapsed on his bunk as though someone had walloped him in the mid-section.

"Oh, my God," he gasped. "I *knew* something would happen. I *knew* it. And it isn't just myself. There's bound to be such a stink. Sonya's husband is just dying to get something on her. And there were others. This will be spread all over the front pages."

"You should have thought of that before," said Dutch grimly. He walked to his shelves and started tossing some personal belongings on his bed. Ames watched him with staring eyes as he began to comprehend.

"Dutch—what did you tell him? Listen, I can't let you take the rap for this."

Holland paused, holding his last year's jersey with the "44" still stained by the mud of Franklin Field and that hard-fought Navy game.

"I've already taken it," he said, tight lipped. "I went in there cold. If I had been prepared I might have acted differently. I didn't know how bad things were and I had to make a decision. I made it and I couldn't retract it. Besides, they have a good case against me. I was awake and dressed after taps and I was faking a sore ankle."

"But—you did that to cover me."

Holland faced him. "All right. Let's be practical about this. Don't think I am attempting to be heroic, even if I sound that way. You have much more at stake than I have. You have your family; your

father, your sister and your family traditions. I have no one but an uncle or two; no one to whom I owe as much to as I do your sister."

"But Rosemary wouldn't want you to do this. You know she wouldn't."

"She'll never know, unless you tell her. And I don't think you will. From now on you had better keep your nose clean."

IX

LEUTENANT BOB MANSON rolled his car to a stop before the driveway leading to the small brick cottage that housed Colonel Ames and his daughter. The young officer appeared rather striking in his dress uniform with the silvery wings of the air service sparkling on his chest. He seemed rather sure of himself as he awaited Rosemary in her living-room. When she came, looking rather trim herself in a gray tweed suit, she noted the paper in his hand. A shadow of annoyance passed over her face.

"Something more about Dutch, I suppose."

"Private Holland, to you," he corrected, a twinkle in the dark eyes. "Hasn't he reported yet?"

"He had a week's leave to straighten out his affairs."

"Maybe he is straightening out his women. Listen to what Wheeler says in his column:

... Why all the hush-hush over Dutch Holland? How much of the trouble was football and how much *cherchez la femme*? What connection if any was there with Nina Loberti's wrecked bus? And is somebody's missus biting her fingernails?

"I don't believe it," declared Rosemary. "And I think you're perfectly wolfish."

"Sure I am," agreed Manson unabashed. "I'm practical. No false pretense about me. Holland had me worried. You were going soft on him."

"I was interested in his career."

"And how you were interested. Well, I want you to know he is just human. Why shouldn't a guy with all that football glory kick over the traces?"

"You're not West Point."

"But I am grateful to the Point. It isn't sense to drop a star football player just because he went stepping after a

game, but the Point certainly did me a favor. Am I ready to celebrate coming out of the eclipse."

"If you knew as much about women as you think you do, you should consider the sympathy you are building up for Dutch."

"Ah, but I know you, darling. You're West Point, too. You're the daughter of Colonel Ames of *the Ames*. You've called Holland 'Dutch' for the last time, Rosemary—and you know it."

The girl's eyes flashed in protest. The petal lips parted—but no words came out. Manson was right. She knew he spoke the truth.

HOLLAND would have been the first one to agree with Lieutenant Manson. He could never again be "Dutch" to Rosemary Ames. He realized that as he trudged up the camp road to the barracks. He was Private Bradford Holland, Headquarters Company, reporting once again for duty. When his enlistment ran out he could just vanish and there would be no regrets. Perhaps he might play professional football. But he didn't think so.

Sergeant Riley was one of the first to meet Holland—and there was no affection in his greeting.

"Y're a rat, Holland," he said, his blue eyes sparking fire. "There's maybe a lot that c'd be said about disgrace an' dishonor—but Oi haven't th' words fer it. Nayther has any of th' rest of us. Callin' ye a rat about sums it up. Don't be expectin' any favors."

"I'm not," said Holland calmly. "You all are entitled to feel the way you do about it."

Holland, in the days that followed, went about his duties a shunned man. Sergeant Riley, particularly, rode him as only an old-timer who knew all the tricks could do. Occasionally from a distance he saw Rosemary Ames, but he avoided her and felt that she was anxious to keep out of his way. A meeting would be embarrassing.

There seemed to be just as much camp interest in football as when Holland had first enlisted, but Holland showed no interest and no one invited him to do so. Newspaper accounts revealed that the Army had taken it on the chin from Harvard. Hynes was trying to discover a passer who might team up with Rusty

Baker, but the experts predicted that the Army would lose both its major games, that against Notre Dame and the big game of the year—against Navy.

Returning from some road-mending work Sergeant Riley had chosen for him, Holland passed the parade grounds where the camp team was practicing for its game on Saturday against Bowdoin Field's aviators. On the same Saturday Army would be playing Notre Dame before a packed Yankee Stadium where a year before Dutch Holland had become a national sensation. And now he marched in dungarees, not in football togs, not even in the snappy gray of the parading cadets. . . .

A badly punted ball bounded off the parade ground onto the road and rolled to a stop almost at Holland's feet. Holland stared at the pigskin for a moment and then he automatically stooped and picked up the ball. He turned and threw the football toward the parade grounds. The ball sailed far and true and into the arms of a waiting player—and as that ball left Holland's hand a strange thrill ran through his veins. He saw Captain Barnett watching him. Suddenly Holland acted on impulse. He approached the coach and saluted.

"Sir, I'd like to play next Saturday if I may."

Captain Barnett looked at him with searching eyes. "I can use you," he said finally, "but for your own good I can't advise it. You know how this crowd feels about you, and you know the kind of football we play here."

"I still wish to play, sir."

A COLD, crisp afternoon with lead skies and the autumn foliage a rusty brown found two squads of players on the parade ground getting final instructions from their coaches. The group in brown jerseys gathered around Captain Barnett but one member seemed to be crowded out of the picture. Many new faces had come into the line-up since Holland had last worn a brown jersey, but Bogenheim, Wiliston and a few others remained.

Camp Edwards won the kick off. Holland went to his post without a mate speaking to him. He saw the blue line of Bowdoin Field move forward. He heard the clunk of an opening kickoff once again.

The ball sailed away from Holland and he moved up the field, turning his head to watch the course of the ball. Suddenly a projectile-like object hit him and Holland went down, badly shaken. He scrambled to his feet—and as he did so a smashing fist caught him flush on the mouth.

Anger flamed through Holland. He saw a burly opponent waiting for him, a grim face inviting retaliation. Anger melted away from Holland. He was getting the works. Well, he had asked for it.

Holland did not carry on the first play; but even so, he was crashed to the hard ground and a knee was driven savagely into his ribs. Holland rose unprotestingly and went back into the fray. When he carried he received no interference and the opposition ganged up on him. When he didn't carry, two or three aviators crashed him anyway—and sometimes Holland thought that some of the arms behind those flying fists wore brown sleeves.

Twice in the first quarter time had to be called for Holland and when he was knocked groggy a third time, Barnett took him out of the game. With Holland out of the line-up the game ceased to be a grudge affair and settled into something like a football contest. Early in the second quarter the aviators' power started to function and they rolled over the goal line for the first score of the game.

In the closing minutes of the half the camp team got a break when they recovered a fumble on the aviators' thirty-three-yard line. Captain Barnett immediately sent Holland back into the game. This time his teammates functioned and with good interference ahead of him, Holland swept the end and cut in sharply to weave his way to the five-yard line, where he was thrown savagely. On the next play the blue linesmen smashed through and ganged up on Holland, but Bogenheim swung around on a spinner and dove over the goal line.

The kick for extra point failed and the score remained tied at 6 to 6. The aviators took the kick-off and with only a minute or two left of play, the blue took to the air. Holland drifted back on a long pass and leaped for the ball with a potential receiver. Holland clutched the ball and the aviator end made a desperate lunge for him. He caught Holland by the strap

of his headguard, but Holland jerked free!

Bareheaded, Holland started up the field, twisting and weaving, trying to find a hole and breathing heavily from the pounding he had been taking. He thought he saw an opening, started for it and stopped. The next instant a pair of arms locked about his ankles and he went down. The back of Holland's head cracked against the solid parade ground—and all went black before him!

When Holland came to he found himself being helped off the field. A moment later he dropped onto a pile of blankets—and no bed had ever felt more comfortable.

The half ended with the score still tied. The teams went to their respective benches. Holland sat quietly by himself, all right except for a buzzing in his head. A soldier came over from a car where the muffled tones of a radio could be heard. The soldier made his announcement loud enough for all, particularly Holland, to hear.

"Army is takin' a shellackin'," he declared. "The score is seventeen to nothing in the first half in favor of Notre Dame."

Holland could feel all eyes upon him.

Time ended and the two teams rose to do battle again. At a sign from Barnett, Holland pulled himself to his feet. He stumbled, but recovered. Funny, his head felt light.

The aviators received and the camp team got another break when again the blue shirts fumbled, this time on their forty-four-yard line. The brown shirts came out of a huddle. Holland heard an intoning of signals as if from afar off. Unexpectedly a ball snapped into his hands. He dropped it, recovered it and started running. He heard a lot of shouting from the sidelines. Suddenly it dawned upon him that he was running toward his own goal line!

He turned swiftly and saw scattered players. Soldiers still talk about that run, but Holland never remembered it. He had a hazy recollection of goal posts in front of him and then of bodies hurling him to the ground. . . .

A ROADSTER came to halt with a scream of brakes outside the entrance to the camp hospital. A girl in a

squirrel fur coat climbed out of the car. Heels clicked on concrete steps and Rosemary Ames burst into the hospital. She saw a medical officer. . . .

"Doctor Fryling—they told me that Dutch—that Private Holland was injured in the football game. Is he hurt badly?"

The medical officer, a slender, bespectacled man in his forties, looked at the anxious girl intently.

"He has a concussion—I don't think there is anything more serious than that. He has been mumbling your name—something about a letter. . . ."

"May I see him?"

"I guess so."

Several minutes later Rosemary left the hospital as swiftly as she had entered; but her lips were drawn tight and almost white, and a strange, fixed look haunted the blue eyes.

X

IN spirit West Point was shrouded in deep mourning—and Rusty Baker looked upon himself as the chief mourner. On Saturday the cadets would move down to Philadelphia. Once again those marching feet would tramp across the sod of Franklin Field. But this time the cadets would be like so many sheep being led to slaughter—just the antithesis of what the situation should be.

Rusty sat with his long frame draped over his study table covered just now with newspapers, all opened to the sporting pages. Rusty's roommate, Bob Onthank, was out visiting in that brief respite offered before study period. Rusty was in no mood for visiting. Rusty even had lost his appetite for chocolates. The rangy end was certainly down in the dumps.

After several weeks Rusty was just as stunned and bewildered by the whole business as he had been that day Dutch Holland had walked out on him—and on the Academy. And now Carleton Ames had gone—resigned. Colonel Ames had come to the Point. There had been one of those conferences in the Superintendent's office and then the announcement that Carleton Ames was resigning from West Point and sailing for Paris to pursue his art studies. About time the colonel woke up to the

fact that his son would never make a soldier—Rusty's brows corrugated. Was there any connection between Ames leaving West Point and Dutch's dismissal? Rusty shook his head and picked up a newspaper. He disliked riddles.

George Gibson, ace chronicler for the New York *Tribune*, couldn't see any riddles. Saturday's outcome was a clear-cut proposition to him:

While past records and cold statistics can usually be tossed in the well when figuring times comes on the annual Army-Navy gridiron classic even the world's worst guesser—who said that?—ought to be able to pick Saturday's winner. The War Department has a lot to learn about national defense when the absence of one man can ruin the Army's first line. Maybe Major Hynes is at fault for building his machine around the scintillating Dutch Holland and having nothing in reserve; or maybe the sudden snuffing out of the Flying Dutchman has left the boys on the Hudson shell-shocked.

The cold facts of the case—as everyone knows—is that the Army which, with Holland reeling off yardage, ran riot against a strong Yale team, without Holland took it on the chin from a not too strong Harvard eleven and was positively shellacked by Notre Dame. Meanwhile the Navy, with one of its best lines in years and with Ingleman and Gibson torpedoing all opposition, appears destined to route the cadets for keeps.

The door opened.

"About time you got back," growled Rusty without looking up to greet his roommate.

"That's what I'm thinking, too, Rusty."

Rusty looked up sharply at the sound of the voice and all but fell from the chair at the sight that greeted him.

"Dutch!" exclaimed Rusty and he knocked over a chair in his eagerness to seize the apparition. "Let me feel of you. Are you real?"

"Absolutely," laughed Dutch, as happy over the reunion as Rusty, "and ready to change uniforms. I'm reinstated."

Rusty turned and swept the sporting pages off the study table. "Boy, will those wise guys have to eat crow. Every one of them picking the Navy to win. 'Ware, Sailor, the Flying Dutchman is in port again."

"I'm not so sure," said Holland soberly.

Rusty's lantern jaw all but bounced off his chest. "What d'ya mean?"

"I mean whether I play or not depends on the medical okay. I've been parked in the hospital at Edwards from a crack on the head."

"You'll play," declared Rusty vehemently. "Hell, man—you've *got* to play."

AS Rusty had predicted, the sport writers had to make quick revisions of their opinions following the front-page story of Dutch Holland's return to West Point.

The *Tribune* article reflected the general newspaper attitude:

DUTCH HOLLAND RETURNS TO
WEST POINT
HAS BEEN CONFINED TO HOSPITAL

The mystery shrouding the sudden shift of Dutch Holland from cadet status back to Army service as a buck private at Camp Edwards has either deepened or been partly cleared, according to the view-point taken. Despite the customary secrecy accompanying episodes of this nature, a few pertinent facts stand out. Some time during the recent weeks Holland suffered a concussion. Information is lacking as to whether the injury occurred in a West Point game or practice session, only to have the seriousness of the injury develop later, or whether the injury itself happened after he left West Point. In any event he was confined to the hospital at Camp Edwards and it is known that Colonel Ames, commander of the camp, visited the authorities at West Point. Apparently as a result of his visit, Dutch Holland has been reinstated. A human-interest note exists in that Holland's father served overseas as a lieutenant in the company commanded by Colonel—then Captain—Ames, and was seriously injured in action.

Whether or not Holland will play Saturday is still a matter of speculation.

FRANKLIN FIELD once again. History repeating itself. Once more the broadcaster high in the stand informing the listening millions of the doubt that still existed concerning Dutch Holland's playing. Once more the telegraph keys clicking out the name of Holland. And down below the tiered rows of fortunate ticket holders; fur coats, multicolored hats, waving banners, gold braid and the national colors and the bunting-draped boxes. Once again the President of the United States.

Once more the muffled tramp of marching feet. The long gray columns of heavy coated and caped cadets and visors pulled down over eyes. Once more the precision of parading lines and the wheeling into squads right. Once more the rhythmic trot to the reserved section. Once again the midshipmen marching in tall and slender in their great blue coats, waves of white caps in perfectly timed motion. Once more the cheer leaders somersaulting and flinging aside their megaphones and with

clenched fists leading the lusty football salutations. AHHHHH-MEE! AHHHHH-MEE! N-N-N-A-A-A-VY! N-N-N-A-A-A-VY! Once more the battle of music and the thunder of song.

*"On, brave old Army team,
On to the fray.*

Fight on to victory,

For that's the fearless Army way."

*"Anchors aweigh, my lads, anchors
aweigh. . . . On, brave old Army team—
N-N-N-A-A-VY! AHHHH-MEE!*

Jigg Davis out there in the center of the field for the Army. Captain Ingleman of the Navy shaking hands with him and the officials garbed in white knickers and shirts. The toss. A roar from the crowd. The racing army mule with his black, gold-bordered saddle-cloth and the embossed A, the proud cadet astride him. The Navy goat, spotlessly white and held by two middies straining on leashes. The President of the United States. The "Star Spangled Banner." War clouds shrouding the world and here the traditional battle of the service.

Last-minute instructions. Twenty-two men adjusting headguard straps and prancing up and down. Two elevens rushing out onto the field. Eyes straining to find that certain number. "42"—"46"—"44." "He's in there. Dutch Holland is playing."

Up in the stands on the Army side Lieutenant Bob Manson of the Air Service turned to Rosemary Ames, huddled beside him in a mink coat and blanket. The lieutenant read confirmation in the shining blue eyes.

"I hope he gets killed," declared Manson frankly.

"Bob—you're a brute."

"No—just a spade caller as usual. The great Manson, ace of the air service, washed out by a kaydet. So I do the proper thing—wish him luck. All the bad luck in the world—the big stiff. Why, I won't even come to the wedding unless I'm carrying a bomb."

"Don't be a goose."

"Who's a goose? See what Wheeler said in his column. Oh, you don't read it. Well, for your benefit I memorized it. Quote: 'That's a pretty gag about Colonel Ames interceding for Dutch Holland because latter's pere was wounded in action under Ames. It isn't a case of the

Colonel at all but of the Colonel's lady, sister of Holland's former roommate, now in Paris after leaving a few broken hearts behind him.' Unquote."

"Oh, watch the game. I'm sorry I asked you to come."

News cameras reeling. The official's arm descending. The whistle! Eleven blue-jerseyed middies spotted like chessmen. A line of black moving forward. Dutch Holland down after the end-over-end boot with Ingleman drifting back to the goal line for the ball and moving slowly as his interference formed. Rolling blocks. Black-sleeved arms whacking aside middies.

Ingleman moved swiftly up the field and then cut over toward the north side as interferers cleared, but Army defenders closed in and pulled down the Navy back at his twenty-seven-yard line. Players rising from the ground, tension removed by the bodily contact. "Okay, let's go. . . . Hold 'em, Army. . . . Watch that shift. Potter, close in on the guard. Benson, Army quarter, slapping moleskin buttocks. Navy in crap-shooting formation. Out of it. Lines crouching across from each other. Eighty thousand fans intoning advice unheard by the twenty-two gladiators.

SHIFT to the left. A reverse. Rusty Baker smashing through the interference to spill the ball carrier for a loss. First blood for the Army. Second and twelve. Huddle. Shift again. A fake reverse saw Ingleman knifing through on a spinner and cutting away sharply with high knee action . . . dragging two Army backs before spilled for a first down. Middies gone wild.

Rusty again knifing the interference and forcing the Navy to hit the line. Third down six. Navy in kick formation. Holland back. Holland saw the first Navy punt come zooming toward him and even as he set himself for the catch he sensed the charging Navy ends. Ball and end arrived together, but even as he caught the ball, Holland pivoted and shook off the full force of the tackle. He recovered and snaked his hips away from the second end. A wall of blue rose before him. He swerved and raced along the fifteen-yard stripe, pulling the middies over with him. Spinning on a dime, he slashed between

two Navy linesmen before they could grab him. Arms brushed his swerving hips. Hands clutched at him and lost their grip. Eighty thousand fans stood as one as he kept his feet although completely surrounded. A Navy man hit him and Holland rocked. He recovered and raced toward the north side of the field, dragging the confused middies over with him. He found an opening and slashed through.

Up in the broadcasting booth the announcer went haywire. "He's tackled. . . . No, he's free. . . . Tackled. No. No. . . . He's away. . . . He's coming up to the midfield mark. The forty-five . . . the forty. . . . He—oh, Holland stumbled. Holland is finally pulled down on the—let's see—the thirty-six-yard line. Holland actually advanced that ball about fifty-five yards on the run back, but he must have traveled at least a hundred yards in those criss-crosses of his. What a broken field runner he is!"

Rusty slapped his pal. "Nice work, Dutch, we're in."

Holland broke away on a fake reverse for fifteen more yards only to have a holding penalty send the play back to midfield. Navy tightened and forced the Army to kick.

Two great teams playing their heads off. Navy boxing Holland and Army smothering Ingleman. Punts angled to keep them away from the pair of great ball carriers. Two teams waiting for the break.

Navy received the first break. Army had to kick and Holland dropped back to his twenty-one-yard line. He stood poised, waiting for the ball—and suddenly a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. A mist blurred his eyes and the ball that shot toward him seemed out of focus. He caught it somehow and swung his leg for a punt. The ball slid off his instep and curved in a wobbling arc into the stands at Army's forty-yard line.

Rusty came back to his pal and looked at him strangely. "Never mind, Dutch. Accidents are bound to happen."

Navy put on the heat and the Middies crashed through for a first down and then completed a pass on the Army ten. The cadets took time out and then held like the Maginot Line only to have Ingleman drop back and boot the ball through the cross bars for three points.

First blood for the Navy. But three points did not loom large at this stage of the game.

Army received and fed the ball to Holland. He failed to gain ground. . . . even was thrown for a loss. Once when his interference cleaned out beautifully Holland ran smack into a lone Navy secondary. Rosemary Ames bit her lip and frowned. "Dutch doesn't seem to be himself."

"You're telling me," agreed Lieutenant Manson. "I think that boy left a lot of the Flying Dutchman back in the hospital at Camp Edwards. Looks like Hynes thinks so, too. He's sending in a sub—yep, Holland is coming out. There's your hero for you."

Rosemary made no answer. She opened her purse and took out a lipstick and compact and hurriedly dabbed the lip she had been biting. A letter fell from her purse. Manson retrieved it for her.

"**I**S that the letter from Carleton?" he asked. "The one you were telling me about."

"Yes. I want to show it to Dutch after the game. Funny thing, it was my letter to Dutch that caused all the trouble. If he hadn't let Carleton take it and if Carleton hadn't lost it in that auto—oh, well."

"I know. For want of a nail a horse was lost. For want of a horse a rider was lost. For want . . ."

"What?" asked Rosemary.

"Nothing," and Lieutenant Manson's eyes had a serious look. "I was just thinking. Oh, don't be alarmed. I sometimes do think, you know. But let's watch the game."

They watched, but saw little to cheer about. Having taken the lead, the Middies played cautiously. And with Holland out of the line-up the cadets seemed powerless. Play hung around midfield and the half ended without further scoring.

In a locker room where tired Army players slumped on benches, and the trainer and his assistants inspected bruised bodies, Dutch Holland sat disconsolately, elbows on knees and head buried in his cupped hands. Rusty dropped beside him.

"Feel any better?"

Dutch shook his head. "I'm all right inside, but I just can't seem to control my leg muscles properly. I ran smack into

Comstock that time when I was trying to tell myself to dodge him. It's the strangest sensation. I guess it was that crack in the head. Maybe it has worn off. I hope so."

So did Rusty. So did Hynes. So did that whole Army team, padded giants breathing deeply and trying to suck in as much of their lost vitality as they could. The call came for the second half. The cadets pulled themselves to their feet and with cleats clicking on the concrete floor they trudged out to the field where the Navy cheering section was spelling and picturing exhortations with colored cards.

The Middies pulled on their black headguards and the Army eleven adjusted the straps to their gold. Eleven blue jerseys huddled about Coach Parkinson on one side of the gridiron; eleven black jerseys with gold striped sleeves grouped around Coach Hynes.

"Don't worry about those three points up there on the board," snapped Hynes. "Consider them in your favor. They mean that the Navy will try to protect them and play defensive. A single touchdown can win. Let's go."

Army spread out to receive. A line of blue moving down the field. A ball soaring toward the white goal posts. Holland circled behind his goal line, plucked the ball out of the air and swung toward the south side of the field. Cutting in sharply he raced over white stripes, angled toward his left, slipped through a pair of lunging blue arms, crossed the twenty-yard stripe, the twenty-five and ran into a wall of blue at the thirty-five-yard stripe.

Army elated. Army snapping out of its huddle. Shifting. Holland sweeping toward the end. Cutting in to slither through for nine yards. First down. Holland away for twelve yards and another first down—but rising slowly from the hard tackle. Holland thrown for a loss. Holland—no gain. A pass to Rusty completed on the Navy thirty. Cadets going mad. Navy starting to take time out and then Ingleman changing his mind as he saw the tired look on Holland's mud-smirched face. Holland smothered by a wall of blue at the line. Pulled to his feet by Rusty. Holland thrown again for no gain. The whistle. Army substitution. Linardi in for Holland. Dutch moving slowly toward the bench, head down, Army

cheer-leaders: "A long Army for Holland."

The Army bogged down. Navy played safe, punting the ball down the field and waiting to capitalize any break. With Linardi tossing, the Army took to the air. Rusty dropped three that fell right in his hands.

"Oh, what's the matter with Rusty?" exclaimed Rosemary.

"Guess Holland's collapse has got him down. Bet Hynes yanks him."

Manson's prediction proved correct. Before the quarter ended, Rusty was on the bench sitting beside Dutch; both silent in gloomy despair.

THE fourth quarter started with the score still Navy 3, Army 0. Deepening shadows drew like a shade across the field. Army, relying almost entirely on passes, now, hurled them into zones protected in a way that would have warmed the heart of any Admiral.

Manson crunched a cigarette under his heel. "Looks like the Army is sunk unless something desperate happens—yeah," he said thoughtfully, "unless something desperate happens. You know, there's a saying in the Army that if you're in a jam, go to your top kicker."

"I wish you'd stop talking riddles," protested Rosemary, frowning. "I'm in no mood for levity."

"Okay—guess I'll step outside for a smoke. Can't stand tragedy."

Manson fumbled around a bit. Got his cigarette and departed, crowding his way out into the aisle.

The President might have difficulty intruding upon the Army squad in the heat of the Army-Navy classic; but those in the air service are credited with plenty of gall—and in this respect Lieutenant Manson yielded to no comrade. Dutch felt a hand on his shoulder and looked around. His eyes widened with surprise as he saw Manson.

"Hi, Dutch. Tough luck your legs have gone back on you, but how about that good right arm? Listen, a letter started this whole jam. I'm giving you this on a hunch." Manson passed over an opened envelope and departed.

"What the hell is that?" demanded Rusty. "And who is that guy?"

"That's Manson. He's here with Rose-

mary. This letter is to Rosemary. It's—it's from Carleton."

"Oh, that guy? How can he be of any help?" Rusty's brow corrugated. "Say, just where does Ames fit in this picture, anyway? And what did Manson mean about a letter starting this whole business?"

Dutch flushed slightly. He looked out onto the field where another hopeless Army heave was knocked down. "A letter Rosemary sent me was found in that auto near Highland Falls. I had given it to Carleton to read."

Rusty screwed up his face. "You mean Ames let you take the rap?"

"He didn't let me. I walked into it before I knew what I was in for. Up in Edwards when I got knocked for a loop I started raving in the hospital. Rosemary was there and got the story."

"So what? Ames is over in France having a swell time for himself and we're behind the eight ball. Read the letter, anyway."

Holland opened the folded pages slowly
"... I went up to Beurville. That's where Dad and Dutch's father fought together, where Dutch's father sacrificed himself for his comrades. I got to thinking what Dutch did for me. I was pretty rotten about the whole mess. About the time you get this I am going to be feeling pretty blue. It will be Army-Navy game time. That long line of Gray will be marching onto Franklin Field—and I won't be with them. I have scoffed at those marching feet, but I would give my right arm to be with them. I shall be there in spirit, though. Tell Dutch and Rusty that I shall be up in the cheering section rooting them on to victory, watching Dutch race through that Middie team and hurling passes for Rusty to snatch out of the air. And, Sis, will you tell them to throw one of those passes for me and to make it extra good?"

Carleton.

LIEUTENANT MANSON dropped down beside Rosemary. "Where in the world have you been?" she demanded.

"Just winning the game. I ought to be down on the field right now. In fact, I ought to be that egg-shaped thing they're booting all over the field. All right, don't get mad. That first time I saw Holland,

when he walloped my gang from Bowdoin Field—what did Sergeant Riley do?"

"What did Sergeant Riley do?— Oh, gave Dutch that letter from his congressman."

"At the psychological moment—and Holland went haywire. I told you about going to the top kick when in a jam. Let me take your compact. Now, don't ask questions—your compact."

Rosemary opened her pocket-book. She fished quickly and looked up at Manson. "My letter. I've lost—" She stared at Manson. "Did you give it to Dutch?"

"Go to the head of the class. Now, if Army could only get hold of the ball. There's Navy kicking. Here come Army substitutions. Look, they're in!"

A last hopeful cheer from the cadets as Dutch Holland and Rusty Baker ran out onto that twilight-enshrouded field with the ball on Army's twenty-one-yard line and about three minutes of play left. Navy in a brief huddle. They might just as well have been gathered around an amplifier microphone. "Watch Baker for passes. Stick to him. Don't leave him uncovered an instant."

Let them watch him. At the forty-five-yard stripe, Rusty turned. Two Navy men had him sandwiched. Rusty leaped into the air. His hands clutched around a high pass and brought the ball to earth! Army huddle. Holland back again. "Pass!" Knocked down. Huddle. Holland back. "Pass." Rusty leaping up in a forest of blue sleeves. Referee peeling off players. "Good." Linesmen waved ahead. Cadets going wild. Middies exhorting one another. Substitutes in. "Watch Baker." "Rush Holland."

Less than two minutes of play left. A long heave into the end zone—failed by inches. Holland back. Pass knocked down. Holland back. Good. Holland to Baker. First down for Army on Navy's twenty-three! Ingleman refusing to take time out. Why give Holland a rest? Rush him. He's playing on his nerve.

Pass incomplete. Pass incomplete. Gold striped arms rearing into the air! First down for Army on Navy's eleven-yard line. Less than a minute to go. Navy back in the shadow of its goal. Not so much territory to cover now. Watch

Baker! Pass incomplete. Pass incomplete. No interference—the referee shaking off protests "Play ball." Dutch and Rusty huddling.

"They got me covered like wall paper," groaned Rusty.

"Rusty—what does the Navy see when it comes up to the Brooklyn Navy Yard?"

Rusty stared at his chum suspiciously—that crack on the head. "What does the Navy see—?" A light of understanding broke over Rusty. "I get it—you mean that play I pulled down at Lehigh once."

"Right—and let's make this for Carleton."

Holland back. The ball. Watch Baker. That command drilled into disciplined Middies. They saw Baker wheel and start to circle the line of scrimmage as Holland stood with ball in hand ready to throw a pass. Navy men shifted with Baker. Baker snatching the ball from Holland's hand. The Statue of Liberty play!

"Watch Baker! *Watch Holland!* Somebody get Holland!"

Dutch streaking toward the abandoned right end. Turning on the ten-yard stripe. Grabbing the ball out of the dark and with eyes misty. Juggling it. Holding it. Swinging around. "Okay, Carleton, this is for you." Moving toward the coffin corner with legs like lead. The five-yard stripe. Blue jerseys looming up. Pivot, fall. You're over!

TWO tired cadets in uniform, an officer in khaki and wearing wings, a flushed girl in a mink coat and wearing a big golden chrysanthemum.

"Well," observed Manson, "maybe it was the Army and Navy—but it took the Air Service to win."

"You're a hero, Bob," smiled Rosemary.

"Yeah? I'm a darn fool. I win a game and I lose a girl. Oh, well, Dutch, my advice to you is not to do any more talking in your sleep. It isn't being done in the best marriages. Come on, Rusty—we'd better leave them together."

Rusty grinned. "Yep—looks like the Holland-Baker combination has only one year to run."

Holland looked at Rosemary; both with the same thought. Another year and then graduation. And then . . .

OFFICIAL SCHEDULES FOR 1938

(* Home Games. (●) Night Games. (‡) Homecoming Games.

ALABAMA

At University, Ala. "The Crimson Tide."
Coach: Frank Thomas, Notre Dame, 1921.

Sep 24 So. Calif.	Oct 22 Sewanee*
Oct 1 Howard*	Oct 29 Kentucky
Oct 8 No. Car. St.*	Nov 5 Tulane
Oct 15 Tennessee	Nov 12 Ga. Tech.
	Nov 24 Vanderbilt

AMHERST

At Amherst, Mass. "The Lord Jeffs."
Coach: L. P. Jordan, Pitt., 1923.

Sep 24 Hobart	Oct 22 Wesleyan
Oct 1 Springfield*	Oct 29 Mass. St.*
Oct 8 Tufts	Nov 5 Trinity
Oct 15 Rochester*	Nov 12 Williams* ‡

ARIZONA

At Tucson, Ariz. "The Wildcats."
Coach: Orlan M. Landreth, Friends, 1923.

Oct 1 So. Methodist	Oct 29 New Mexico*
Oct 8 New Mexico	Nov 5 Centenary
	Nov 11 Texas Mines*
Oct 15 Stanta Clara	Nov 19 Marquette*
Oct 21 Loyola (L.A.)	Nov 24 Montana*

ARKANSAS

At Fayetteville, Ark. "The Razorbacks."
Coach: Fred C. Thomsen, Nebraska, 1925.

Sep. 24 Okla. A & M*	Oct 29 Texas A & M
Oct 1 Texas Chris.	Nov 5 Rice* ‡
Oct 8 Baylor*	Nov 12 So. Methodist
Oct 15 Texas	Nov 16 Mississippi
Oct 22 Santa Clara	Nov 24 Tulsa

ARMY

At West Point, N. Y. "The Cadets."
Coach: Capt. Wm. H. Wood.

Sep 24 Wichita*	Nov 5 Frank-Marsh*
Oct 1 V. M. I.*	Nov 12 Chatta-nooka*
Oct 8 Columbia*	Nov 19 Princeton
Oct 15 Harvard	Nov 26 Navy
Oct 22 Boston*	
Oct 29 Notre Dame	

AUBURN

At Auburn, Ala. "The Tigers."
Coach: Jack Meagher, Notre Dame, 1917.

Sep 23 Birm.-South*	Oct 29 Rico
Oct 1 Tulane	Nov 5 Villanova
Oct 8 Tennessee	Nov 12 L. S. U.
Oct 14 Miss. State*	Nov 19 Georgia
Oct 22 Georgia Tech.	Nov 26 Florida

BAYLOR

At Waco, Texas. "The Bears."
Coach: Morley Jennings, Miss. A & M '18.

Sep 24 Southwestern*	Oct 29 Texas Chris.
Oct 1 Oklahoma	Nov 5 Texas
	Nov 11 Loyola (L.A.)
Oct 8 Arkansas	Nov 19 So. Methodist*
Oct 15 Centenary	Nov 26 Rice
Oct 22 Texas	
	A & M* ‡

BOSTON COLLEGE

At Boston, Mass. "The Eagles."
Coach: Gilmour Doble, Minnesota, 1902.

Sep 24 Canisius*	Oct 29 Florida*
Oct 1 Northeastern*	Nov 5 Indiana*
Oct 12 Detroit*	Nov 11 Boston U.*
Oct 22 Temple*	Nov 19 St. Anselm*
	Nov 26 Holy Cross*

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

At Boston, Mass. "The Terriers."
Coach: L. B. "Pat" Hanley, Wash. State, '21.

Oct 1 Lehigh	Oct 29 Western
Oct 8 St. Lawrence*	Reserve
Oct 15 Upsala*	Nov 5 Tampa*
Oct 22 Army	Nov 11 Boston C.*
	Nov 19 Villanova*

BROWN

At Providence, R. I. "The Bears."
Coach: D. O. McLaughry, Westminster, '16.

Sep 24 Connecticut*	Oct 22 Rhode Island*
Oct 1 Harvard	Oct 29 Tufts*
Oct 8 Lafayette*	Nov 5 Yale
Oct 15 Dartmouth	Nov 11 Holy Cross
	Nov 24 Columbia*

BUCKNELL

At Lewisburg, Pa. "The Bisons."
Coach: Albert Humphreys, Illinois, 1927.

Sep 23 Furman**	Oct 29 Albright*
Oct 1 Gettysburg*	Nov 4 Georgetown*
Oct 8 Penn State	Nov 19 George
Oct 14 Temple*	Washington* ‡
	Nov 25 Miami (Fla.)

CALIFORNIA

At Berkeley, Calif. "The Golden Bears."
Coach: L. B. Allison, Carleton, 1917.

Sep 24 St. Mary's*	Oct 29 Oregon St.*
Oct 1 Wash. State	Nov 5 So. California
Oct 8 Pacific and Calif. Ag.*	Nov 12 Oregon*
	Nov 19 Stanford*
Oct 15 U. C. L. A.*	Dec 25 Georgia Tech*
Oct 22 Washington	

CARNEGIE TECH

At Pittsburgh, Pa. "The Skibos."
Coach: William F. Kern.

Oct 1 Davis Elkins*	Oct 29 Akron
Oct 8 Wittenberg	Nov 5 Pittsburgh*
Oct 15 Holy Cross*	Nov 12 Duquesne*
Oct 22 Notre Dame	Nov 24 No. Car. St.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

At Washington, D. C. "The Cardinals."
Coach: A. J. Bergman, Notre Dame, 1920.

Oct 1 American*	Nov 5 De Paul
Oct 7 Detroit	Nov 11 Miami*
Oct 22 W. Va. Wes.*	Nov 19 Loyola N.O.
Oct 29 St. Louis	Oct 26 So. Car.*

CENTENARY

At Shreveport, La. "The Gentlemen."
Coach: Curtis Parker, Arkansas, 1926.

Sep 17 Louisiana	Oct 22 Mississippi
	Oct 29 Loyola (L.A.)*
Sep 24 Texas Chris.	Nov 5 Arizona*
Oct. 1 Hardin	Nov 12 Mississippi
Oct 8 Simmons	Nov 19 State
Oct 8 Southwestern	Nov 19 De Paul*
Oct 15 Baylor	Nov 24 Louisiana Tech.*

CENTRE

At Danville, Ky. "The Pray'n' Colonels."
Coach: Quinn Decker.

Sep 24 Miss. Col.*	Oct 29 Washington (Mo.)
Oct 1 Chatta-nooga*	Nov 5 Washington & Lee
Oct 7 Transylvania*	Nov 12 Ohio West.
Oct 15 Villanova	Nov 19 Louisville
Oct 22 Presbyterian*	

CHICAGO

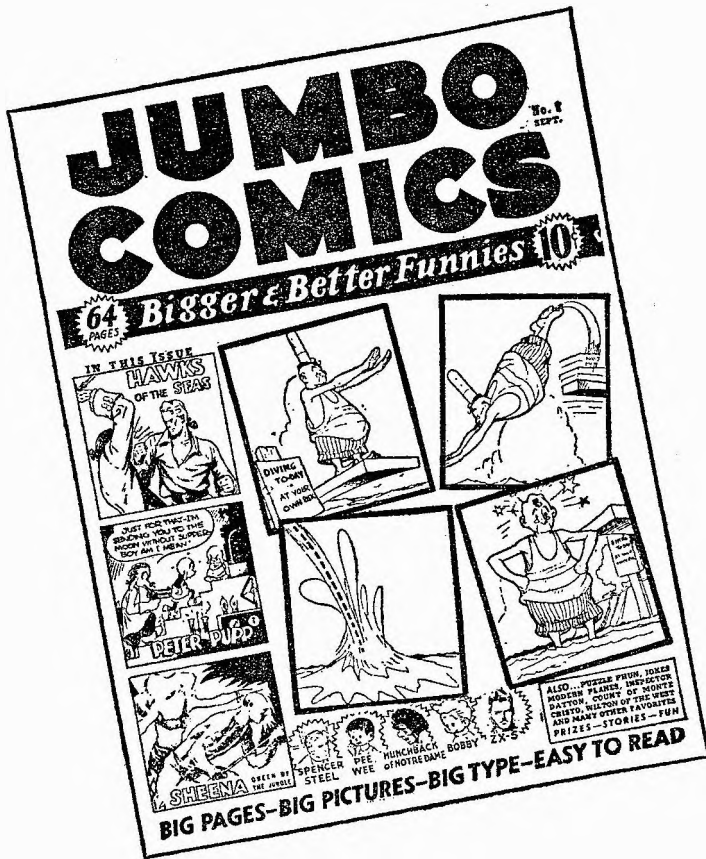
At Chicago, Ill. "The Maroons."
Coach: Clark Shaughnessy, Minn., 1917.

Oct 1 Bradley*	Oct 29 De Pauw*
Oct 8 Michigan	Nov 5 Harvard
Oct 15 Iowa*	Nov 12 Pacific*
Oct 22 Ohio State	Nov 19 Illinois*

CINCINNATI

At Cincinnati, Ohio. "The Bearcats."
Coach: Joseph A. Meyer.

Sep 24 Louisville**	Oct 29 Ohio
Oct 1 Ill. Wesl.**	Nov 5 O. Wesleyan*
Oct 8 Dayton**	Nov 12 Marshall*
Oct 15 Tampa*	Nov 24 Miami*
Oct 22 Western Reserve*	



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OFFICIAL SCHEDULES FOR 1938

(*) Home Games. (●) Night Games. (†) Homecoming Games.

<p style="text-align: center;">CLEMSON</p> <p>At Clemson, S. C. "The Tigers." Coach: Jess Neely, Vanderbilt, 1924.</p> <p>Sep 17 Presbyterian* Oct 29 Wake Forest Sep 24 Tulane Nov 5 George Oct 1 Tennessee Wash'n Oct 8 V. M. I. Nov 12 Kentucky Oct 20 So. Carolina Nov 24 Furman*</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DARTMOUTH</p> <p>At Hanover, N. H. "The Indians." Coach: Earl Blaik, West Point, 1920.</p> <p>Sep 24 Bates* Oct 22 Harvard Oct 1 St. Lawrence* Oct 29 Yale Oct 8 Princeton Nov 5 Dickinson* Oct 15 Brown* Nov 12 Cornell Nov 26 Stanford</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DUKE</p> <p>At Durham, N. C. "The Blue Devils." Coach: Wallace Wade, Brown, 1917.</p> <p>Sep 24 V. P. I.* Oct 22 Wake Forest Oct 1 Davidson* Oct 29 N. Carolina Oct 8 Colgate Nov 12 Syracuse Oct 15 Georgia Nov 19 No. Car. St.* Tech.†† Nov 26 Pittsburgh*</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">COLGATE</p> <p>At Hamilton, N. Y. "The Red Raiders." Coach: Andrew Kerr, Dickinson, 1905.</p> <p>Oct 1 Cornell Oct 22 Iowa Oct 8 Duke Oct 29 Holy Cross Oct 15 Columbia Nov 5 Syracuse Nov 11 N. Y. U.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DAVIDSON</p> <p>At Davidson, N. C. "The Wildcats." Coach: Gene McEver, Tennessee.</p> <p>Sep 17 Citadel Oct 22 No. Carolina* Sep 24 N. C. State* Oct 29 Furman Oct 1 Duke Nov 5 Wofford* Oct 8 Erskine* Nov 12 V. M. I.* Oct 14 So. Carolina Nov 24 Wake Forest</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DUQUESNE</p> <p>At Pittsburgh, Pa. "The Royal Raiders." Coach: John P. "Clipper" Smith.</p> <p>Sep 23 Waynesburg** Oct 28 Detroit** Sep 30 Texas Tech.** Nov 5 So. Carolina Oct 8 Pitt. Nov 12 CarnegieTech. Oct 14 W. Va. Wesl.** Nov 18 Miami* Oct 21 Miss. State** Nov 24 Niagara*†</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">COLORADO</p> <p>At Boulder, Colo. "The Frontiersmen." Coach: Bernard Oakes, Illinois, 1924.</p> <p>Oct 1 Missouri Nov 5 Utah*† Oct 8 Utah State Nov 12 Brigham Oct 22 Colo. State Young* Oct 29 Wyoming* Nov 24 Denver</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DAVIS & ELKINS</p> <p>At Elkins, W. Va. Coach: Harry Shelton.</p> <p>Sep 23 St. Vincent Oct 21 Geo. Wash'n Oct 1 CarnegieTech. Oct 28 St. Bonaven- ture Oct 8 W. Va. Wesl.* Nov 11 Salem Oct 15 Mt. St. Mary Nov 19 Elon Nov 26 Morris Harvey</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ERSKINE</p> <p>At Due West, S. C. Coach: J. C. (Jakie) Todd.</p> <p>Sep 17 So. Carolina Oct 15 Wofford Sep 24 Catawba* Oct 22 Newberry*† Sep 30 Presbyterian* Oct 29 Stetson* Oct 8 Davidson Nov 5 Western Car.* Nov 25 South Ga. Thr.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">COLORADO STATE</p> <p>At Fort Collins, Colo. "The Farmers." Coach: Harry W. Hughes, Okla., 1910.</p> <p>Sep 24 Colo. Minea Oct 29 Utah State*† Oct 1 Wyoming Nov 12 Utah Oct 7 Denver* Nov 19 Brigham Oct 22 Colorado* Young** Nov 24 New Mexico</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DAYTON</p> <p>At Dayton, Ohio "The Flyers." Coach: Harry Baujan, Notre Dame, 1917.</p> <p>Sep 23 Wittenberg* Oct 22 Miami Sep 30 Georgetown* Oct 29 Marshall Oct 8 Cincinnati Nov 5 Xavier* Oct 14 Toledo* Nov 12 Ohio* Nov 24 Ohio Wesl.*</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">FLORIDA</p> <p>At Gainesville, Fla. "The Gators." Coach: Josh Cody, Vanderbilt.</p> <p>Sep 24 Stetson** Oct 29 Boston Col. Oct 1 Miss. State Nov 5 Georgia Oct 8 Sevanee** Nov 12 Maryland*† Oct 15 Miami** Nov 19 Georgia Tech. Oct 22 Tampa Nov 26 Auburn Dec 3 Temple*</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">COLUMBIA</p> <p>At New York, N. Y. "The Lions." Coach: Lou Little, Pennsylvania, 1919</p> <p>Oct 1 Yale Oct 29 Cornell* Oct 8 Army Nov 5 Virginia* Oct 15 Colgate*† Nov 12 Navy* Oct 22 Pennsylvania Nov 19 Syracuse* Nov 24 Brown</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DENVER</p> <p>At Denver, Colo. "The Pioneers." Coach: William H. Saunders.</p> <p>Sep 23 Iowa State** Oct 22 Wroming Sep 30 Brigham Oct 29 Utah Young** Nov 5 New Mexico Oct 7 Colorado St.* Nov 12 Hawaii* Oct 15 Utah State*† Nov 24 Colorado*</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">FORDHAM</p> <p>At New York, N. Y. "The Rams." Coach: James Crowley, Notre Dame, 1925.</p> <p>Oct 1 Upsala* Oct 29 Pittsburgh Oct 8 Waynesburg* Nov 5 St. Mary's* Oct 15 Purdue* Nov 12 No. Carolina* Oct 22 Oregon* Nov 19 So. Carolina* Nov 26 N. Y. U.*</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">CORNELL</p> <p>At Ithaca, N. Y. "The Big Reds." Coach: Carl Snavely, Lebanon Val. '15.</p> <p>Oct 1 Colgate* Oct 22 Penn State* Oct 8 Harvard Oct 29 Columbia Oct 15 Syracuse Nov 12 Dartmouth* Nov 24 Pennsylvania</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DETROIT</p> <p>At Detroit, Mich. "The Titans." Coach: Chas. Dorais, Notre Dame, 1914.</p> <p>Sep 24 Purdue Oct 29 Duquesne Sep 30 Western St.** Nov 5 No. Dakota* Oct 7 Catholic** Nov 12 No. Car. St. Oct 12 Boston Nov 19 Tulsa*† Oct 23 Villanova Nov 27 Santa Clara</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">FRANKLIN-MARSHALL</p> <p>At Lancaster, Pa. "The Diplomats." Coach: Alan Holman, Ohio State, 1930.</p> <p>Sep 24 Blue Ridge* Oct 22 Gettysburg Oct 1 Lebanon Val.* Oct 29 Drexel* Oct 8 P. M. C.* Nov 5 Army Oct 15 Muhlenberg Nov 12 Geneva* Nov 25 Ursinus*</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">CREIGHTON</p> <p>At Omaha, Neb. "The Bluejays." Coach: Marcy Schwartz, Notre Dame, '31.</p> <p>Oct 1 So. Dakota** Oct 29 Wichita Oct 8 Okla. A&M** Nov. 5 St. Bene- dict's* Oct 15 Drake* Nov 13 Loyola of N. O. Oct 22 W. Virginia*† Nov 19 No. Dakota St.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DRAKE</p> <p>At Des Moines, Iowa "The Bull Dogs." Coach: V. J. Green, Illinois, 1924.</p> <p>Sep 23 Central and . Oct 15 Creighton** Monmouth** Oct 22 Miami (Fla.)* Oct 1 Washington Oct 29 Grinnell* Mo.* Nov 5 Iowa State Oct 8 Northwestern Nov 12 Tulsa* Dec 2 New Mexico St.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">FURMAN</p> <p>At Greenville, S. C. "Purple Hurricane." Coach: A. P. McLeod, Furman, 1924.</p> <p>Sep 23 Bucknell* Oct 22 No. Car. St. Sep 30 Geo. Wash'n* Oct 29 Davidson* Oct 7 Georgia Nov 5 Marshall Oct 15 Citadel* Nov 12 So. Carolina* Nov 24 Clemson</p>

OFFICIAL SCHEDULES FOR 1938

(*) Home Games. (●) Night Games. (‡) Homecoming Games.

GEORGETOWN

At Washington, D. C. "The Hoyas."
Coach: John Hagerty, Georgetown, 1926.

Oct 1 Hampden Sydney*	Oct 28 Manhattan Temple*
Oct 8 Roanoke*	Nov 4 Bucknell**
Oct 15 Randolph Macon*	Nov 12 W. Virginia
	Nov 19 Maryland*

GEORGE WASHINGTON

At Washington, D. C. "The Colonials."
Coach: Wm. J. Reinhart, Oregon, 1923.

Sep 30 Furman**	Nov 5 Clemson
Oct 7 Butler**	Nov 12 Kansas*
Oct 21 Davis Elkins**	Nov 19 Bucknell
Oct 28 Mississippi**	Nov 24 W. Virginia**‡

GEORGIA

At Athens, Ga. "The Bulldogs."
Coach: Joel Hunt.

Sep 24 Citadel*	Nov 5 Florida
Oct 1 So. Carolina	Nov 12 Tulane
Oct 7 Furman*	Nov 19 Auburn
Oct 15 Mercer*	Nov 26 Georgia Tech.*
Oct 22 Holy Cross	Dec 2 Miami*

GEORGIA TECH

At Atlanta, Ga. "Yellow Jackets."
Coach: W. A. Alexander, Ga. Tech., 1905.

Oct 1 Mercer*	Nov 5 Kentucky*
Oct 8 Notre Dame*	Nov 12 Alabama*
Oct 15 Duke	Nov 19 Florida*
Oct 22 Auburn*	Nov 26 Georgia
Oct 29 Vanderbilt	Dec 25 California

GONZAGA

At Spokane, Wash. "The Bulldogs."
Coach: Michael Pecarovich, Gonzaga, '24.

Sep 23 Col. Puget S.*	Oct 29 Wash'n St.*
Oct 2 St. Mary's	Nov 5 Montana*
Oct 8 No. Dakota*	Nov 11 Texas Tech.
Oct 15 Idaho	Nov 20 San Francisco*
	Nov 27 Loyola (L.A.)

GRINNELL

At Grinnell, Iowa. "The Pioneers."
Coach: Guy Lookabaugh.

Sep 23 Cornell*	Oct 29 Drake
Oct 1 St. Teachers	Nov 5 Washburn*
Oct 14 Central*	Nov 11 Coe
Oct 21 St. Louis	Nov 19 Colo. Col.*

HARDIN-SIMMONS

At Abilene, Texas. "The Cowboys."
Coach: Frank Kimbrough, Bethany.

Sep 17 Daniel Baker*	Oct 29 E. Texas St.*
Sep 23 San Francisco	Nov 5 Arizona St.
Oct 1 Centenary**	Nov 19 Loyola
Oct 15 W. Texas St.*	Nov 24 Okla. City
Oct 22 Kentucky St.	Dec 3 Howard Payne

HARVARD

At Cambridge, Mass. "The Johnnies."
Coach: Richard Harlow, Penn St., 1912.

Oct 1 Brown*	Oct 29 Princeton*
Oct 8 Cornell*	Nov 5 Chicago*
Oct 15 Army*	Nov 12 Virginia*
Oct 22 Dartmouth*	Nov 19 Yale

HOLY CROSS

At Worcester, Mass. "The Crusaders."
Coach: Edw. Anderson, Notre Dame, '21.

Sep 24 Providence*	Oct 22 Georgia*
Oct 1 R. I. State	Oct 29 Colgate*
Oct 8 Manhattan*	Nov 5 Temple*
Oct 15 Carnegie Tech.	Nov 11 Brown*
	Nov 26 Boston College

IDAHO

At Moscow, Idaho. "The Vandals."
Coach: Ted Bank, Michigan, 1924.

Sep 24 Oregon St.	Oct 29 Montana
Oct 1 Washington	Nov 5 Oregon
Oct 8 No. Dakota	Nov 12 Washington State*
Oct 15 Gonzaga*	Nov 19 Utah State
Oct 22 U. C. L. A.	Nov 24 Utah

ILLINOIS

At Urbana, Ill. "The Illini."
Coach: Robert Zuppke, Wisconsin, 1905.

Sep 24 Ohio*	Oct 22 North-western*‡
Oct 1 De Paul*	Oct 29 Michigan
Oct 8 Indiana*	Oct 29 Michigan State*
Oct 15 Notre Dame	Nov 12 Ohio State*
	Nov 19 Chicago

INDIANA

At Bloomington, Ind. "The Hoosiers."
Coach: A. N. McMillin, Centre, 1922.

Oct 1 Ohio State	Oct 29 Wisconsin
Oct 8 Illinois	Nov 5 Boston Col.
Oct 15 Nebraska	Nov 12 Iowa*
Oct 22 Kans. State*‡	Nov 19 Purdue

IOWA

At Iowa City, Iowa. "The Hawkeyes."
Coach: Irl Tubbs, William Jewell.

Sep 23 U. C. L. A.*	Oct 29 Purdue*
Oct 8 Wisconsin*‡	Nov 5 Minnesota
Oct 15 Chicago	Nov 12 Indiana
Oct 22 Colgate*	Nov 19 Nebraska*

IOWA STATE

At Ames, Iowa. "The Cyclones."
Coach: James J. Yeager, Kansas State.

Sep 23 Denver*	Oct 22 Kansas*‡
Oct 1 Luther*	Oct 29 Marquette
Oct 8 Nebraska	Nov 5 Drake*
Oct 15 Missouri	Nov 12 Kansas State
	Nov 19 Oklahoma*

KANSAS

At Lawrence, Kansas. "The Jayhawkers."
Coach: Adrian Lindsey, Kansas, 1916.

Sep 24 Texas*	Oct 22 Iowa State
Oct 1 Notre Dame	Oct 29 Kansas State
Oct 8 Washburn*	Nov 5 Nebraska*‡
Oct 15 Oklahoma*	Nov 12 Geo. Wash'n
	Nov 24 Missouri

KANSAS STATE

At Manhattan, Kans. "The Wildcats."
Coach: Wesley L. Fry, Iowa, 1925.

Oct 1 North-western	Oct 29 Kansas*‡
Oct 8 Missouri*	Nov 12 Iowa State*
Oct 14 Marquette*	Nov 19 Washburn*
Oct 22 Indiana	Nov 24 Nebraska

KENTUCKY

At Lexington, Ky. "The Wildcats."
Coach: Ab Kirwan.

Sep 24 Maryville*	Oct 22 Xavier
Oct 1 Oglethorpe*	Oct 29 Alabama*
Oct 8 Vanderbilt*	Nov 5 Georgia Tech.
Oct 15 Wash. & Lee*	Nov 12 Clemson*
	Nov 24 Tennessee

LAFAYETTE

At Easton, Pa. "The Marquels."
Coach: E. E. "Hooks" Mylin, F&M, 1918.

Oct 1 Pennsylvania	Oct 29 Ursinus*
Oct 8 Brown	Nov 5 Penn State
Oct 15 W. & J.*	Nov 12 Rutgers
Oct 22 N. Y. U.*	Nov 19 Lehigh*

LEHIGH

At Bethlehem, Pa. "The Engineers."
Coach: Glen W. Harneson, Purdue, 1930.

Sep 24 P. M. C.*	Oct 22 Delaware
Oct 1 Boston U.*	Oct 29 Rutgers*
Oct 8 Rice*	Nov 5 N. Y. U.
Oct 15 Penn State*	Nov 12 Muhlenberg*
	Nov 19 Lafayette

LOUISIANA STATE

At Baton Rouge, La. "The Tigers."
Coach: B. H. Moore, Carson-Newman, '17.

Sep 24 Mississippi*	Nov 5 Mississippi State*
Oct 1 Texas*	Nov 12 Auburn
Oct 8 Rice*	Nov 19 Southwest-ern La.*
Oct 15 Loyola So.*	Nov 26 Tulane*
Oct 22 Vanderbilt**	
Oct 29 Tennessee	

LOYOLA OF THE SOUTH

At New Orleans, La. "The Wolf Pack."
Coach: Larry "Moon" Mullins, Notre Dame.

Sep 23 Spring Hill**	Oct 22 De Paul
Sep 30 Birmingham- Southern**	Oct 28 South-western**
Oct 7 St. Mary's (Tex.)*	Nov 5 Texas Tech.
	Nov 13 Creighton*‡
Oct 15 Louisiana St.*	Nov 20 Catholic*

OFFICIAL SCHEDULES FOR 1938

(*) Home Games. (●) Night Games. (†) Homecoming Games.

<p style="text-align: center;">LOYOLA OF THE WEST</p> <p>At Los Angeles, Cal. "The Lions," Coach: Thomas J. Lieb, Notre Dame, '23.</p> <p>Sep 21 Cal. Tech** Oct 29 Centenary Sep 30 Pacific** Nov 11 Baylor† Oct 9 St. Mary's* Nov 19 Hardin- Oct 14 Redlands** Simmons* Oct 21 Arizona** Nov 27 Gonzaga*</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MERCER</p> <p>At Macon, Ga. "The Bears," Coach: Lake F. Russell, Carson-Newman, 1922.</p> <p>Sep 24 Wofford** Oct 22 Tulane Oct 1 Ga. Tech. Oct 29 Oglethorpe† Oct 7 Birmingham Nov 5 Presbyterian* Southern* Nov 11 Miss. Col.* Oct 15 Georgia Nov 24 Chatta- nooga</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MISSISSIPPI STATE</p> <p>At State College, Miss. "The Bulldogs," Coach: Emerson Nelson.</p> <p>Sep 25 Howard* Oct 21 Duquesne● Oct 1 Florida* Oct 29 Tulane Oct 8 Louisiana Nov 5 L. S. U. Tech* Nov 12 Centenary Oct 15 Auburn Nov 19 Northwestern Nov 26 Mississippi*</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">MAINE</p> <p>At Orono, Maine. "The Black Bears," Coach: Fred Brice, Mass. Opt., 1908.</p> <p>Sep 24 Rhode Island* Oct 15 Connecticut* Oct 1 N. Y. U. Oct 22 Bates* Oct 8 New Hamp. Oct 29 Colby* Nov 5 Bowdoin</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MIAMI (FLA.)</p> <p>At Miami, Fla. Coach: Jack Harding, Pitt, 1926.</p> <p>Sep 30 Spring Hill** Nov 4 Oglethorpe** Oct 7 Tampa** Nov 12 Catholic Oct 15 Florida Nov 18 Duquesne** Oct 22 Drake Nov 25 Bucknell** Oct 28 Rollins** Dec 2 Georgia**</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MISSOURI</p> <p>At Columbia, Mo. "The Tigers," Coach: Don Faurot, Missouri, 1925.</p> <p>Sep 24 Freshmen* Oct 29 Nebraska Oct 1 Colorado* Nov 5 Michigan St.* Oct 8 Kansas State Nov 12 Oklahoma Oct 15 Iowa State* Nov 19 St. Louis Oct 22 Washington U. Nov 24 Kansas*</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">MANHATTAN</p> <p>At New York, N. Y. "The Jaspers," Coach: Herbert M. Kopf.</p> <p>Sep 24 St. Bonaven- Oct 22 Georgetown* ture* Oct 29 Canisius Oct 1 Niagara* Nov 5 No. Car. St.* Oct 8 Holy Cross Nov 19 W. Virginia* Nov 24 Villanova*</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MIAMI (OHIO)</p> <p>At Oxford, Ohio. "The Redskins," Coach: Frank B. Wilton, Stanford, 1928.</p> <p>Sep 24 Alma* Oct 22 Dayton* Oct 1 Mt. Union Oct 29 Ohio Wesl. Oct 8 Marshall Nov 5 Ohio† Oct 15 Findlay* Nov 12 Case Nov 24 Cincinnati</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MONTANA</p> <p>At Missoula, Mont. "The Grizzlies," Coach: Douglas Fessenden, Illinois, '25.</p> <p>Sep 25 East. Oct 22 North Dakota Wash'n** Oct 29 Idaho† Sep 30 San Francisco Nov 5 Gonzaga Oct 8 De Paul* Nov 11 Montana State Oct 15 Texas Tech* Nov 26 Arizona</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">MARQUETTE</p> <p>At Milwaukee, Wis. "Golden Avalanche," Coach: John L. Driscoll, Northwestern.</p> <p>Oct 1 Wisconsin Oct 29 Iowa State* Oct 7 So. Methodist* Nov 12 Mich. St.*† Oct 14 Kans. State* Nov 19 Arizona Oct 22 Tex. Chris.* Nov 26 Texas Tech.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MICHIGAN</p> <p>At Ann Arbor, Mich. "The Wolverines," Coach: H. O. Crisler, Chicago, 1922.</p> <p>Oct 1 Michigan St.* Oct 29 Illinois* Oct 8 Chicago* Nov 5 Pennsylvania* Oct 15 Minnesota Nov 12 Northwestern* Oct 22 Yale Nov 19 Ohio State</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MONTANA STATE</p> <p>At Bozeman, Mont. "The Bobcats," Coach: Schubert Dyche,</p> <p>Sep 17 Texas Tech* Oct 15 Western Sep 23 N. Mexico State** St.* Oct 21 Carroll** Oct 1 Utah Oct 29 Portland Oct 8 Omaha** Nov 12 Montana Nov 24 Greeley St.*</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">MARSHALL</p> <p>At Huntington, W. Va. "Thundering Herd," Coach: Cam Henderson, Waynesburg, '15.</p> <p>Sep 24 Carson- Oct 22 Toledo Newman** Oct 29 Dayton* Oct 1 Ohio West** Nov 5 Furman* Oct 8 Miami (O.)* Nov 12 Cincinnati Oct 15 Okla. City** Nov 19 Ohio Nov 24 W. Va. Wesl.*</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MICHIGAN STATE</p> <p>At East Lansing, Mich. "The Spartans," Coach: Charles W. Bachman, Notre Dame, '16</p> <p>Sep 24 Wayne* Oct 22 Syracuse* Oct 1 Michigan Oct 29 Santa Clara* Oct 8 Ill. Wesleyan* Nov 5 Missouri Oct 15 West Virginia Nov 12 Marquette Nov 19 Temple*</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">NAVY</p> <p>At Annapolis, Md. "The Middies," Coach: Lt. H. J. Hardwick, U. S. N.</p> <p>Sep 24 Wm. & Mary* Oct 22 Princeton Oct 1 V. M. I.* Oct 29 Pennsylvania Oct 8 Virginia* Nov 5 Notre Dame Oct 15 Yale Nov 12 Columbia Nov 26 Army</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">MARYLAND</p> <p>At College Park, Md. "The Terrapins," Coach: Frank M. Dobson, Princeton.</p> <p>Sep 24 Richmond* Oct 22 Virginia* Oct 1 Penn State Oct 29 V. M. I.* Oct 8 Syracuse Nov 12 Florida Oct 15 West. Md. Nov 19 Georgetown* Nov 24 Washington & Lee</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MINNESOTA</p> <p>At Minneapolis, Minn. "The Gophers," Coach: Bernard Bierman, Minnesota, 1916</p> <p>Sep 24 Washington* Oct 29 Northwestern Oct 1 Nebraska* Nov 5 Iowa* Oct 8 Purdue* Nov 12 Notre Dame Oct 15 Michigan* Nov 19 Wisconsin</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">NEBRASKA</p> <p>At Lincoln, Neb. "The Cornhuskers," Coach: L. N. "Big" Jones, Army, '17.</p> <p>Oct 1 Minnesota Oct 29 Missouri† Oct 8 Iowa State* Nov 5 Kansas Oct 15 Indiana* Nov 12 Pittsburgh* Oct 22 Oklahoma Nov 19 Iowa Nov 24 Kansas St.*</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">MASSACHUSETTS STATE</p> <p>At Amherst, Mass. "The Statesmen," Coach: Elbert F. Caraway.</p> <p>Sep 24 Amer. Int.* Oct 22 W. P. I.* Oct 1 Bowdoin Oct 29 Amherst Oct 8 Conn. St. Nov 5 Coast Guard* Oct 15 R. I. State* Nov 12 R. P. I. Nov 19 Tufts</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MISSISSIPPI</p> <p>At Oxford, Miss. "Rebels," "Ole Miss," Coach: Harry J. Mehre, Notre Dame, 1922</p> <p>Sep 24 Louisiana St.* Oct 29 George Tech.* Wash'n● Oct 1 Louisiana Nov 5 St. Louis Oct 8 Miss. St. Trs.* Nov 12 Sewanee* Oct 15 Vanderbilt Nov 16 Arkansas Oct 22 Centenary† Nov 24 Miss. St. Dec 3 Tennessee</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">NEVADA</p> <p>At Reno, Nevada "The Wolves," Coach: Doug Dashiell, Southwestern (Tex.)</p> <p>Sep 21 Idaho* Oct 22 Fresno St.*† Oct 1 Arizona St. Oct 28 Pacific* Oct 8 Chico St.* Nov 5 Cal. "Aggies" Oct 14 Greeley St.* Nov 11 San Francisco St.* Nov 24 San Diego St.*</p>

OFFICIAL SCHEDULES FOR 1938

(*) Home Games. (●) Night Games. (‡) Homecoming Games.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

At Durham, N. H. "The Mountain Men."
Coach: George H. Sauer.

Sep 24 Lowell*	Oct 22 Vermont
Oct 1 Bates	Oct 29 St. Anselm*
Oct 8 Maine*	Nov 5 Tufts
Oct 15 Colby	Nov 12 Springfield*
	Nov 19 Connecticut

NEW MEXICO

At Albuquerque, N. M. "The Lobos."
Coach: Ted Shipkey, Stanford.

Sep 24 N. Mexico	Oct 29 Arizona
Thrs.*	Nov 5 Denver*
Sep 30 Tempe**	Nov 12 N. Mexico
Oct 7 Colorado**	Agg.*
Oct 15 Texas Mines	Nov 19 Texas Tech*
Oct 22 Flagstaff	Nov 24 Colo. Aggies*

N. Y. U.

At New York, N. Y. "The Violets."
Coach: Mal Stevens, Yale, 1925.

Oct 1 Maine*	Oct 29 Ohio State*
Oct 8 Rutgers	Nov 5 Lehigh*
Oct 15 No. Carolina*	Nov 11 Colgate*
Oct 22 Lafayette	Nov 26 Fordham*

NORTH CAROLINA

At Chapel Hill, N. C. "The Tar-Heels."
Coach: Raymond Wolf, Texas Christian.

Sep 24 Wake Forest*	Oct 22 Davidson
Oct 1 N. C. State	Oct 29 Duke*
Oct 8 Tulane*	Nov 5 V. P. I.*
Oct 15 N. Y. U.	Nov 12 Fordham
	Nov 24 Virginia

NO. CAROLINA STATE

At Raleigh, N. C. "The Wolfpack."
Coach: Williams Newton, South Carolina.

Sep 24 Davidson*	Oct 29 Virginia Tech
Oct 1 No. Car.*	Nov 5 Manhattan
Oct 8 Alabama	Nov 12 Detroit*
Oct 15 Wake	Nov 19 Duke
Forest**	Nov 24 Carnegie
Oct 22 Furman*‡	Tech*
	Dec 3 Citadel

NO. DAKOTA

At Grand Forks, N. D. "The Sioux."
Coach: C. A. West, Coe College, 1910.

Sep 16 Winnipeg	Oct 14 De Paul*
Sep 23 So. Dak. St.*	Oct 22 Montana**
	Oct 29 N. D. A. C.
Sep 30 Morningside*	Nov 5 Detroit
Oct 6 Gonzaga	Nov 11 Omaha

NO. DAKOTA STATE

At Fargo, N. D. "The Bisons."
Coach: C. C. Finnegan, Ripon, 1913.

Sep 23 Moorhead St.*	Oct 29 North Dakota*
Oct 1 Winnipeg	Nov 5 South Dakota
Rugby	Nov 12 So. Dak. St.
Oct 4 Idaho	Nov 19 N. Dak. St.*
Oct 14 Iowa St. Trs.*	
Oct 21 Greeley St.*	Nov 19 Creighton

NORTHEASTERN

At Boston, Mass. "The Huskies."
Coach: James W. Dunn, Western Maryland.

Oct 1 Boston	Oct 22 St. Anselm
Oct 8 Bates*	Oct 29 Springfield
Oct 15 Lowell*	Nov 5 Amer. Int'l
	Nov 11 Upsala

NORTHWESTERN

At Evanston, Ill. "The Wildcats."
Coach: Lynn Waldorf, Syracuse, 1925.

Oct 1 Kansas St.*	Oct 22 Illinois
	Oct 29 Minnesota*‡
Oct 8 Drake*	Nov 5 Wisconsin*
Oct 15 Ohio State*	Nov 12 Michigan
	Nov 19 Notre Dame*

NOTRE DAME

At Notre Dame, Ind. "The Fighting Irish."
Coach: Elmer Layden, Notre Dame, 1925.

Oct 1 Kansas*	Oct 29 Army
Oct 8 Georgia Tech	Nov 5 Navy
Oct 15 Illinois*	Nov 12 Minnesota*
Oct 22 Carnegie	Nov 19 Northwestern
Tech.*	Dec 3 So. Calif.

OCCIDENTAL

At Los Angeles, Cal. "The Tigers."
Coach: Wm. W. Anderson, Illinois, 1917.

Sep 23 Santa Barbara*	Oct 22 La Verne*
	Oct 29 Redlands*
Oct 1 San Diego St.	Nov 5 Cal. Tech.*
Oct 15 Whittier*	Nov 19 Pomona*‡
	Nov 26 Colorado

OHIO U.

At Athens, Ohio "The Bobcats."
Coach: Don C. Peden, Illinois, 1923.

Sep 24 Illinois	Oct 22 Wayne*
Oct 1 Xavier	Oct 29 Cincinnati*
Oct 8 West. Reserve*	Nov 5 Miami
Oct 15 Ohio Wesleyan	Nov 12 Dayton
	Nov 19 Marshall*

OHIO STATE

At Columbus, Ohio "The Buckeyes."
Coach: Francis Schmidt, Nebraska, '13.

Oct 1 Indiana*	Oct 29 N. Y. U.
Oct 8 So. Calif.*	Nov 5 Purdue*
Oct 15 Northwestern	Nov 12 Illinois
Oct 22 Chicago*	Nov 19 Michigan*‡

OHIO WESLEYAN

At Delaware, Ohio "The Bishops."
Coach: George Gauthier, Mich. St., 1921.

Sep 24 Western	Oct 22 Butler*
Res.*	Oct 29 Miami*‡
Oct 1 Marshall*	Nov 5 Cincinnati
Oct 8 Toledo	Nov 12 Centre*
Oct 15 Ohio*	Nov 18 Rollins*
	Nov 24 Dayton

OKLAHOMA

At Norman, Okla. "The Sooners."
Coach: Tom E. Stidham, Haskell.

Oct 1 Rice	Nov 5 Kansas
Oct 8 Texas	State*
Oct 15 Kansas	Nov 12 Missouri*
Oct 22 Nebraska*	Nov 19 Iowa State
Oct 29 Tulsa*	Nov 26 Okla. A & M
	Dec 3 Wash'n St.*

OKLAHOMA A & M

At Stillwater, Okla. "The Cowboys."
Coach: Ted Cox, Minnesota, 1925.

Sep 17 Central**	Nov 4 Washington
Sep 24 Arkansas	(Mo.)
Oct 1 Baylor	Nov 11 Oklahoma
Oct 8 Creighton	City
Oct 22 Tulsa	Nov 19 Wichita*
Oct 28 Washburn**	Nov 26 Oklahoma*

OMAHA

At Omaha, Neb. "The Cardinals."
Coach: Sed Hartman, Nebraska, 1924.

Sep 24 Wayne St.	Oct 22 Bradley Tech*
Trs.*	Nov 5 Morningside
Oct 1 So. Dak. St.	Nov 11 No. Dakota*
Oct 8 Montana St.	Nov 19 Iowa St.
Oct 15 So. Dak.*‡	Trs.*

OREGON

At Eugene, Oregon "The Webfoots."
Coach: G. A. Tex Oliver, So. Calif., '30.

Sep 24 Washington	Oct 29 So. Calif.
St.	Nov 5 Idaho*
Oct 1 U. C. L. A.*	Nov 12 California
Oct 15 Stanford	Nov 19 Washington
Oct 22 Fordham	Nov 26 Oregon St.

OREGON STATE

At Corvallis, Oregon "The Beavers."
Coach: A. L. Stiner, Nebraska, 1926.

Sep 24 Idaho*	Oct 22 Washington
Oct 1 Southern	St.
Calif.	Oct 29 California
Oct 8 Portland*	Nov 12 Stanford*
Oct 15 Washington	Nov 26 Oregon
	Dec 10 U. C. L. A.

PENN

At Philadelphia, Pa. "The Quakers."
Coach: George A. Munger, Penn, 1933.

Oct 1 Lafayette*	Oct 29 Navy*
Oct 8 Yale*	Nov 5 Michigan
Oct 15 Princeton	Nov 12 Penn State*
Oct 22 Columbia*	Nov 24 Cornell*

PENN MILITARY

At Chester, Pa. "The Shavetails."
Coach: Judson A. Timm, Illinois, 1930.

Sep 16 West Chester*	Oct 29 Lebanon Val.*
Sep 24 Lehigh	Nov 5 Delaware
Oct 8 Frank-	Nov 12 LaSalle
Marsh.	Nov 19 St. Joseph
Oct 15 Ursinus*	Nov 24 West Chester*

OFFICIAL SCHEDULES FOR 1938

(*) Home Games. (●) Night Games. (†) Homecoming Games.

PENN STATE

At State College, Pa. "Nittany Lions."
Coach: Robert Higgins, Penn St., 1920.

Oct 1 Maryland*	Oct 29 Syracuse*†
Oct 8 Bucknell*	Nov 5 Lafayette*
Oct 15 Lehigh	Nov 12 Pennsylvania
Oct 22 Cornell	Nov 19 Pittsburgh

PITT

At Pittsburgh, Pa. "The Panthers."
Coach: Dr. J. B. Sutherland, Pitt, 1919.

Sep 24 West Virginia*	Oct 29 Fordham*
Oct 1 Temple	Nov 5 Carnegie Tech*
Oct 8 Duquesne*	Nov 12 Nebraska
Oct 15 Wisconsin	Nov 19 Penn State*
Oct 22 S. M. U.*	Nov 26 Duke

PRINCETON

At Princeton, N. J. "The Tigers."
Coach: Elton E. Wieman.

Oct 1 Williams*	Oct 29 Harvard
Oct 8 Dartmouth*	Nov 5 Rutgers
Oct 15 Pennsylvania*	Nov 12 Yale*
Oct 22 Navy	Nov 19 Army*

PROVIDENCE

At Providence, R. I. "The Friars."
Coach: Hugh J. Devore, Notre Dame, 1934.

Sep 24 Holy Cross	Oct 22 Springfield
Oct 1 St. Anselm*	Oct 29 Xavier
Oct 9 Niagara	Nov 5 C. C. N. Y.*
Oct 15 Western Maryland*	Nov 11 Rhode Island St.*

PURDUE

At Lafayette, Ind. "The Boilermakers."
Coach: A. H. "Mal" Edward.

Sep 24 Detroit*	Oct 22 Wisconsin
Oct 1 Butler	Oct 29 Iowa
Oct 8 Minnesota	Nov 5 Ohio State
Oct 15 Fordham	Nov 19 Indiana*

RICE

At Houston, Texas "The Owls."
Coach: Jimmie Kitts, So. Methodist, 1922.

Oct 1 Oklahoma*	Nov 5 Arkansas
Oct 8 Louisiana St.	Nov 12 Texas A & M
Oct 15 Tulane	Nov 19 Texas Chris.*
Oct 22 Texas*†	Nov 26 Baylor*
Oct 29 Auburn*	Dec 3 So. Methodist*

ROCHESTER

At Rochester, N. Y. "The Rivermen."
Coach: William Cox, Muskingum.

Oct 1 Oberlin*	Oct 22 Hamilton
Oct 8 R. P. I.*	Oct 29 Hobart*
Oct 15 Amherst	Nov 5 Union*
	Nov 12 Wesleyan

RUTGERS

At New Brunswick, N. J., "The Queensmen."
Coach: Harvey J. Harman, Pitt, 1922.

Sep 24 Marietta*	Oct 22 Hampden-
Oct 1 Vermont*	Nov 5 Sydney*
Oct 8 N. Y. U.*	Oct 29 Lehigh
Oct 15 Springfield*	Nov 5 Princeton*
	Nov 12 Lafayette*

ST. LAWRENCE

At Canton, N. Y. "The Larries."
Coach: Roy B. Clogston.

Oct 1 Dartmouth	Oct 22 Niagara*
Oct 8 Boston	Oct 29 Alfred
Oct 15 Cortland	Nov 5 Vermont*
	Nov 12 Clarkson

ST. LOUIS

At St. Louis, Mo. "The Billikins."
Coach: C. E. Muellerletle, St. Louis, '32.

Sep 23 Bradley Tech.**	Oct 21 Grinnell**
Sep 30 Mo. Mines**	Oct 29 Catholic
Oct 8 Wichita	Nov 5 Mississippi*
Oct 14 Tulsa*	Nov 13 De Paul
	Nov 19 Missouri*
	Nov 24 Wash'n, Mo.*

ST. MARY'S

At Oakland, Calif. "Galloping Gaels."
Coach: E. P. Madigan, Notre Dame, '26.

Sep 24 California	Oct 16 Portland*
Oct 2 Gonzaga*	Oct 23 U. S. F.*
Oct 9 Loyola	Nov 5 Fordham
	Nov 18 Santa Clara*

SAN FRANCISCO

At San Francisco, Calif. "The Dons."
Coach: George L. Malley, San Francisco.

Sep 18 St. Mary's (Tex.)*	Oct 7 Santa Barbara**
Sep 23 Hardin-Simmons**	Oct 23 St. Mary's*
Sep 30 Montana**	Nov 6 Santa Clara*
	Nov 11 Fresno State
	Nov 20 Gonzaga

SANTA CLARA

At Santa Clara, Calif. "The Broncos."
Coach: L. T. Shaw, Notre Dame, 1920.

Oct 1 Stanford	Oct 29 Michigan St.
Oct 8 Texas A&M	Nov 6 San Francisco
Oct 15 Arizona	Nov 13 St. Mary's
Oct 22 Arkansas	Nov 27 Detroit

SCRANTON

At Scranton, Pa. "The Tommies."
Coach: Thomas Davies, Pitt, 1922.

Sep 24 Mansfield*	Oct 23 St. Bonavent*
Oct 2 Canisius	Oct 30 St. Vincent
Oct 9 La Salle*	Nov 6 St. Joseph
Oct 15 Morris Harvey*	Nov 11 St. Anselm
	Nov 20 Mt. St. Mary*

SEWANEE

At Sewanee, Tenn. "The Purple."
Coach: Harry Clark, Sewanee, 1918.

Sep 24 Tennessee	Oct 22 Alabama
Sep 30 Southwestern*	Oct 29 Tenn. Tech*
Oct 8 Florida*	Nov 5 Vanderbilt
Oct 14 Hiwassee*	Nov 12 Mississippi
	Nov 19 Tulane

SO. CAROLINA

At Columbia, S. C. "The Gamecocks."
Coach: Rex Enright.

Sep 19 Erskine**	Oct 20 Clemson*
Sep 24 Xavier	Oct 28 Villanova
Oct 1 Georgia†	Nov 5 Duquesne*
Oct 8 Wake Forest*	Nov 12 Furman
Oct 14 Davidson	Nov 19 Fordham
	Nov 26 Catholic

SO. DAKOTA

At Vermillion, S. D. "The Coyotes."
Coach: Harry Gamage, Illinois, 1925.

Sep 26 Dakota West.*	Oct 22 Morning-side*†
Oct 1 Creighton	Oct 29 S. Dakota St.
Oct 8 WayneThrs.*	Nov 5 North Dakota State*
Oct 15 Omaha	Nov 12 Iowa St. Thrs.

SO. DAKOTA STATE

At Brookings, S. D. "The Jackrabbits."
Coach: Jack Barnes.

Sep 17 So. Dakota Mines	Oct 8 St. Norbert
Sep 23 N. Dakota*	Oct 15 Morningside
Oct 1 Omaha*	Oct 27 Moorhead*
	Oct 29 So. Dakota*†
	Nov 12 No. Dakota St.*

SO. CALIFORNIA

At Los Angeles, Calif. "The Trojans."
Coach: Howard H. Jones, Yale, 1908.

Sep 24 Alabama*	Oct 29 Oregon
Oct 1 Oregon St.*	Nov 5 California*
Oct 8 Ohio St.	Nov 12 Washington
Oct 15 Wash'n St.*	Nov 24 U. C. L. A.*
Oct 22 Stanford	Dec 3 Notre Dame*

SO. METHODIST

At Dallas, Tex. "The Mustangs."
Coach: Madison Bell, Centre, 1920.

Sep 24 No. Tex. Thrs.*	Oct 29 Texas
Oct 1 Arizona*	Nov 5 Texas A&M*
Oct 7 Marquette	Nov 12 Arkansas*
Oct 22 Pittsburgh	Nov 19 Baylor
	Nov 26 Tex. Chris.*
	Dec 3 Rice

SPRINGFIELD

At Springfield, Mass. "The Maroons."
Coach: Paul Stagg.

Oct 1 Amherst	Oct 29 North-eastern*
Oct 8 Clarkson*	Nov 5 Baldwin
Oct 15 Rutgers	Nov 12 Wallace
Oct 22 Providence*	Nov 19 New Hampshire

OFFICIAL SCHEDULES FOR 1938

(*) Home Games. (e) Night Games. (†) Homecoming Games.

SOUTHWESTERN	
At Memphis, Tenn.	
Coach: Edwin Kubale, Centre, 1925.	
Sep 17 Howard	Oct 22 Birm.-Southern*
Sep 24 Union	Oct 29 Loyola
Sep 30 Sewanee*	Nov 5 Murray
Oct 8 Centenary*	Nov 12 Millsaps*
Oct 15 Chattanooga*	Nov 19 Miss. St.*

STANFORD	
At Palo Alto, Calif.	
Coach: C. E. Thornhill, Pitt, 1916.	
Oct 1 Santa Clara*	Oct 28 U. C. L. A.
Oct 8 Wash'n St.*	Nov 5 Washington*
Oct 15 Oregon*	Nov 12 Oregon St.
Oct 22 So. Calif.*	Nov 19 California
	Nov 26 Dartmouth*

SUSQUEHANNA	
At Selingsgrove, Pa.	
Coach: Amos A. Stagg, Jr., Chicago, '23.	
Oct 1 Haverford	Nov 5 Lebanon
Oct 8 Drexel*	Nov 12 Valley*
Oct 22 Alfred	Nov 19 Dickinson
Oct 29 Moravian*	Nov 19 Brooklyn

SYRACUSE	
At Syracuse, N. Y.	
Coach: Ossie Solemn, Minnesota, 1915.	
Sep 30 Clarkson**	Oct 29 Penn State
Oct 8 Maryland*	Nov 5 Colgate*
Oct 15 Cornell*	Nov 12 Duke*
Oct 22 Michigan St.	Nov 19 Columbia

TEMPLE	
At Philadelphia, Pa.	
Coach: Glenn S. Warner, Cornell, 1895.	
Sep 23 Albright**	Oct 28 Georgetown**
Oct 1 Pittsburgh*	Nov 5 Holy Cross
Oct 7 Tex. Chris.**	Nov 12 Villanova*
Oct 14 Bucknell**	Nov 19 Michigan St.
Oct 21 Boston C.**	Dec 3 Florida

TENNESSEE	
At Knoxville, Tenn.	
Coach: Major R. R. Neyland, West Point.	
Sep 24 Sewanee*	Oct 29 L. S. U.*†
Oct 1 Clemson*	Nov 5 Chattanooga*
Oct 8 Auburn*	Nov 12 Vanderbilt
Oct 15 Alabama	Nov 24 Kentucky*
Oct 22 Citadel*	Dec 3 Mississippi

TEXAS	
At Austin, Tex.	
Coach: D. X. Bible, Carson-Newman, '11.	
Sep 24 Kansas	Oct 22 Rice
Oct 1 Louisiana State*	Oct 29 So. Methodist*
Oct 8 Oklahoma	Nov 5 Baylor*
Oct 15 Arkansas	Nov 12 Tex. Chris.
	Nov 24 Texas A&M*†

TEXAS A & M	
At College Station, Tex.	
Coach: Homer Norton, Birm.-South., '16.	
Sep 24 Texas A&I*	Oct 22 Baylor
Oct 1 Tulsa	Oct 29 Arkansas*
Oct 8 Santa Clara	Nov 5 So. Methodist
Oct 15 Texas Chris.*	Nov 12 Rice*
	Nov 24 Texas*

TEXAS CHRISTIAN	
At Ft. Worth, Tex.	
Coach: L. R. Meyer, Texas Chris., 1922.	
Sep 24 Centenary*	Oct 29 Baylor*
Oct 1 Arkansas*	Nov 5 Tulsa
Oct 7 Temple*	Nov 12 Texas*†
Oct 15 Texas A&M	Nov 19 Rice
Oct 22 Marquette	Nov 26 So. Methodist

TEXAS TECH	
At Lubbock, Tex.	
Coach: P. W. Cawthon, Southwestern, '20.	
Sep 17 Mont. St.**	Oct 22 Texas Mines
Sep 24 Wyoming**	Nov 5 Loyola
Sep 30 Duquesne*	(N.O.)*
Oct 7 Okla. City**	Nov 11 Gonzaga*†
Oct 15 Montana	Nov 19 New Mexico
	Nov 26 Marquette*

TOLEDO	
At Toledo, Ohio.	
Coach: C. W. Spears, Dartmouth, 1915.	
Sep 24 W. Liberty*	Oct 22 Marshall*
Oct 1 St. Viators*	Oct 29 Wayne
Oct 8 Ohio Wesleyan*	Nov 5 John Carroll*
	Nov 12 Akron
Oct 15 Dayton	Nov 24 Xavier
	Dec 3 St. Mary's Tex.

TULANE	
At New Orleans, La.	
Coach: Lowell Dawson, Tulane.	
Sep 24 Clemson*	Oct 29 Miss. St.*
Oct 1 Auburn*	Nov 5 Alabama
Oct 8 No. Carolina	Nov 12 Georgia*
Oct 15 Rice*	Nov 19 Sewanee*
Oct 22 Mercer*	Nov 26 La. State

TULSA	
At Tulsa, Okla.	
Coach: Victor C. Hurt, Emporia.	
Sep 24 Cen. St. Th.*	Oct 29 Oklahoma
Oct 1 Texas A&M	Nov 5 Texas Chris.*
Oct 8 Wash'n Mo.*	Nov 12 Drake
Oct 14 St. Louis*	Nov 19 Detroit
Oct 22 Okla. A&M*†	Nov 24 Arkansas*

U. C. L. A.	
At Los Angeles, Calif.	
Coach: Wm. H. Spaulding, Wabash, '05.	
Sep 23 Iowa**	Oct 29 Stanford*
Oct 1 Oregon	Nov 5 Wash'n St.
Oct 8 Washington*	Nov 12 Wisconsin*
Oct 15 California	Nov 24 So. Calif.*
Oct 22 Idaho*	Dec 10 Oregon St.*

UTAH	
At Salt Lake City, U.	
Coach: Ike Armstrong, Drake, 1923.	
Oct 1 Mont. St.*	Nov 5 Colorado
Oct 15 Brigham Young*	Nov 12 Colo. St.*†
Oct 22 Utah State	Nov 19 Wyoming
Oct 29 Denver*	Nov 24 Idaho*
	Dec 17 Hawaii

UTAH STATE	
At Logan, Utah.	
Coach: E. L. "Dick" Romney, U., 1916.	
Oct 1 Idaho*	Oct 29 Colo. Aggies
Oct 8 Colorado*	Nov 5 Brigham
Oct 16 Denver	Nov 12 Young
Oct 22 Utah*	Nov 19 Wyoming*
	Nov 26 So. Methodist

VANDERBILT	
At Nashville, Tenn.	
Coach: Ray Morrison, Vanderbilt, 1912.	
Sep 24 Wash. (Mo.)	Oct 22 La. St.*
Oct 1 W. Ky. Tb.*	Oct 29 Georgia Tech*
Oct 8 Kentucky	Nov 5 Sewanee*
Oct 15 Ole Miss.*	Nov 12 Tennessee*†
	Nov 24 Alabama

VERMONT	
At Burlington, Vt.	
Coach: John P. Sabo, Illinois, 1922.	
Sep 24 Trinity*	Oct 22 New Hamp.*
Oct 1 Rutgers	Oct 29 Norwich*
Oct 8 Colby*	Nov 5 St. Lawrence
Oct 15 Union	Nov 12 Middlebury

VILLANOVA	
At Villanova, Pa.	
Coach: Maurice Smith, Notre Dame, '20.	
Oct 1 Amer. Int'l*	Nov 5 Auburn
Oct 8 Muhlenberg	Nov 12 Temple
Oct 15 Centre	Nov 19 Boston U.
Oct 23 Detroit	Nov 24 Manhattan
Oct 28 So. Carolina	Dec 18 Loyola (L.A.)

VIRGINIA	
At University, Va.	
Coach: Frank J. Murray, Tufts.	
Sep 24 V. M. I.*	Oct 22 Maryland
Oct 1 Wash'n & Lee	Oct 29 Wm. & Mary*
Oct 8 Navy	Nov 5 Columbia
Oct 15 V. P. I.	Nov 12 Harvard
	Nov 24 North Carolina*

V. M. I.	
At Lexington, Va.	
Coach: Allison T. S. Hubert, Alabama.	
Sep 17 Elon*	Oct 22 Wm. & Mary
Sep 24 Virginia	Oct 29 Maryland
Oct 1 Navy	Nov 5 Wake Forest*
Oct 8 Clemson	Nov 12 Davidson
Oct 15 Richmond	Nov 19 Roanoke*
	Nov 24 V. P. I.

OFFICIAL SCHEDULES FOR 1938

(*) Home Games. (⊙) Night Games. (‡) Homecoming Games.

VIRGINIA TECH

At Blacksburg, Va. "The Gobblers."
Coach: Henry Redd, V. Tech., 1919.

Sep 17 Emory Henry*	Oct 22 Wash'n & Lee
Sep 24 Duke*	Oct 29 No. Car. St.*
Oct 1 Army	Nov 5 No. Carolina
Oct 8 Wm. & Mary	Nov 11 Richmond
Oct 15 Virginia*‡	Nov 24 V. M. I.

WASHINGTON STATE

At Pullman, Wash. "The Cougars."
Coach: O. E. Hollingbery.

Sep 24 Oregon*	Oct 29 Gonzaga
Oct 1 California*	Nov 5 U. C. L. A.*
Oct 8 Stanford	Nov 12 Idaho
Oct 15 So. Calif.	Nov 26 Washington
Oct 22 Oregon St.	Dec 3 Oklahoma

WILLIAM-MARY

At Williamsburg, Va. "The Royalists."
Coach: Branch Bocock.

Sep 24 Navy	Oct 29 Virginia
Oct 1 St. John's*	Nov 5 Hampden-
Oct 8 V. P. I.	Sydney*
Oct 15 Guilford*	Nov 12 Wash. & Lee
Oct 22 V. M. I.*	Nov 24 Richmond

WAKE FOREST

At Wake Forest, N. C. "The Deacons."
Coach: Douglas C. Walker.

Sep 17 Rand. Macon*	Oct 22 Duke
Sep 24 No. Carolina	Oct 29 No. Car. St.*
Sep 30 Citadel	Nov 5 V. M. I.
Oct 8 So. Carolina	Nov 12 West. Md.
Oct 15 N. C. State	Nov 24 Davidson

WESLEYAN

At Middletown, Conn. "The Cardinals."
Coach: Jack L. Biott, Michigan, 1924.

Sep 24 Coast Guard*	Oct 22 Amherst*
Oct 1 Conn. St.	Oct 29 Trinity*
Oct 8 Bowdoin*	Nov 5 Williams
Oct 15 Haverford	Nov 12 Rochester*‡

WISCONSIN

At Madison, Wis. "The Badgers."
Coach: Harry A. Stuhldreher, Notre Dame, 1925.

Oct 1 Marquette*	Oct 29 Indiana*‡
Oct 8 Iowa	Nov 5 Northwest,
Oct 15 Pittsburgh*	Nov 12 U. C. L. A.
Oct 22 Purdue	Nov 19 Minnesota*

WASHBURN

At Topeka, Kans. "Fighting Ichabods."
Coach: Elmer W. Holm, Nebrassa

Sep 23 Baker**	Oct 21 Wichita*‡
Sep 30 Emporia**	Oct 29 Ocla. A&M
Oct 8 Kansas	Nov 5 Grinnell
Oct 15 Colo. College	Nov 19 Kansas St.
	Nov 24 St. Mary's*

WESTERN MARYLAND

At Westminster, Md. "The Green Terrors."
Coach: Charles Havens, West. Md., 1930.

Oct 1 Cortland St.	Oct 22 Upsala
Th.*	Oct 29 Mt. St.
Oct 8 Washington*	Mary's*
Oct 15 Maryland	Nov 12 Wake Forest
	Nov 24 St. Vincent's

WITTENBERG

At Springfield, Ohio. "The Lutherans."
Coach: T. W. Stobbs, W & J, 1918.

Sep 23 Dayton	Oct 15 Bowling Green
Oct 1 O. Northern	Oct 29 Marietta
Oct 8 Carnegie	Oct 29 Oberlin*
Tech.*	Nov 5 Denison*
	Nov 12 Kenyon

WASHINGTON (MO.)

At St. Louis, Mo. "The Bears."
Coach: James Conzelman, Wash. U., 1924.

Sep 24 Vanderbilt*	Oct 29 Centre*
Oct 1 Drake*	Nov 4 Okla. A&M**
Oct 8 Tulsa	Nov 12 Butler*
Oct 15 Simpson*	Nov 18 McKendree**
Oct 22 Missouri*	Nov 24 St. Louis U.*

WESTERN RESERVE

At Cleveland, Ohio. "The Red Cats."
Coach: William M. Edwards, Wittenberg.

Sep 24 O. West.**	Oct 22 Cincinnati*
Oct 1 Youngstown*	Oct 29 Boston*
Oct 8 Ohio*	Nov 5 W. Va.*
Oct 15 Baldwin-	Nov 12 John Carroll*
Wallace*	Nov 24 Case*

WYOMING

At Laramie, Wyo. "The Wolves."
Coach: W. A. Witte, Nebraska, 1930.

Sep 24 Texas Tech.	Oct 22 Denver*
Oct 1 Colo. St.*	Oct 29 Colorado
Oct 8 Brigham	Nov 12 Utah Aggies
Young	Nov 19 Utah*

WASHINGTON

At Seattle, Wash. "The Huskies."
Coach: James Pheian, Notre Dame, 1917.

Sep 24 Minnesota	Oct 22 California*‡
Oct 1 Idaho*	Nov 5 Stanford
Oct 8 U. C. L. A.	Nov 12 South. Cal.*
Oct 15 Oregon St.*	Nov 19 Oregon
	Nov 26 Wash. St.*

WEST VIRGINIA

At Morgantown, W. Va. "The Mountaineers."
Coach: Marshall Glenn, W. Va., 1931.

Sep 24 Pittsburgh	Oct 22 Creighton
Oct 1 West Va.	Oct 29 Youngstown*
	Nov 5 West. Res.
Oct 8 Wash. & Lee	Nov 12 Georgetown*
Oct 15 Mich. St.*	Nov 19 Manhattan
	Nov 24 George Wash'n

XAVIER

At Cincinnati, Ohio. "The Musketeers."
Coach: Clem F. Crowe, Notre Dame, 1925.

Sep 24 So. Carolina*	Oct 22 Kentucky*‡
Oct 1 Ohio*	Oct 29 Providence*
Oct 8 Akron	Nov 5 Dayton
Oct 15 Transyl-	Nov 19 Baldwin-
vanis*	Wallace*
	Nov 24 Toledo*

W & J

At Washington, Pa. "The Presidents."
Coach: George Roark, Bethany.

Oct 1 Marietta*	Oct 29 Geneva*
Oct 8 Muskingum	Nov 5 Gettysburg
Oct 15 Lafayette	Nov 12 Bethany*
Oct 22 Dickinson	Nov 19 Wooster*

WEST VIRGINIA WESLEYAN

At Buckhannon, W. Va. "The Bobcats."
Coach: C. E. Ross, Wesleyan, 1920.

Sep 24 Morris	Oct 22 Catholic
Harvey*	Oct 29 Waynesburg*‡
Oct 1 W. Virginia	Nov 4 Salem*
Oct 8 Davis-Elkins	Nov 11 St. Vincent*
Oct 14 Duquesne*	Nov 24 Marshall

YALE

At New Haven, Conn. "Old Eli."
Coach: Raymond Pond, Yale, 1925.

Oct 1 Columbia*	Oct 29 Dartmouth*
Oct 8 Penn	Nov 5 Brown*
Oct 15 Navy*	Nov 12 Princeton
Oct 22 Michigan*	Nov 19 Harvard*

W & L

At Lexington, Va. "The Generals."
Coach: Warren E. (Tex) Tilson, W&L, '26.

Sep 24 Hampden	Oct 22 V. P. I.*‡
Sydney*	Oct 29 Richmond
Oct 1 Virginia	Nov 5 Centre
Oct 8 West Va.	Nov 12 Wm. & Mary*
Oct 15 Kentucky*	Nov 24 Maryland

WILLIAMS

At Williamstown, Mass. "The Purple."
Coach: Charles Caldwell, Princeton, '25.

Sep 24 Middleburg*	Oct 22 Tufts*
Oct 1 Princeton	Oct 29 Union
Oct 8 Norwich*	Nov 5 Wesleyan*
Oct 15 Bowdoin	Nov 12 Amherst

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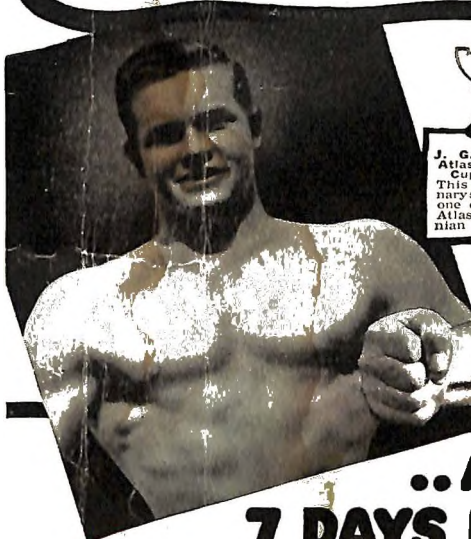
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NO. 2

FOOTBALL STORIES

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