

APR.  
15¢

A THRILLING  
PUBLICATION

# POPULAR SPORTS

MAGAZINE

ANC



**DANGER-  
SPIKES AT WORK**

*A Baseball Novelet*

by **ROBERT SIDNEY BOWEN**

**YOUNG MAN'S FANCY**

*A Spring Football Novelet* by **ROGER FULLER**

Here it is! "The Triple Header"  
**AMERICA'S Sensational  
 NEW WRITING TRIO!**  
 A Beautiful  
 Matching Set WITH  
 YOUR NAME ENGRAVED

LOOK AT  
 THESE FEATURES



A PERFECT WRITING  
 INSTRUMENT TO MEET  
 YOUR EVERY WRITING NEED



ALL THREE FOR ONLY

**\$2<sup>98</sup>**

You get this matching set complete with your NAME smartly ENGRAVED and in an attractive GIFT BOX as pictured above.

There's never been a merchandise bargain to compare with the "Triple Header" matching 3-piece Pen and Pencil set we here offer you. You can shop every store and bargain counter from coast to coast. We guarantee that you won't find the equal of this set anywhere for the sensationally low price of only \$2.98 with YOUR NAME engraved on all three pieces. Why? Because this new, all-purpose Writing Trio offer is exclusive with us, made possible only because of our tremendous purchasing power and large volume direct-to-you method of distribution. Understand—you don't get just a fountain pen; or just a ball point pen, or just a mechanical pencil—even though the \$2.98

price of this offer is less than you might ordinarily expect to pay for a good pen alone. Here, now, you get ALL THREE in a handsome matching set with gold effect band and clip, each piece beautifully engraved with your own name and delivered to you in a most attractive velour-like Gift Box, all for the ONE LOW PRICE of only \$2.98. Here, in fact, is the kind of set you've always wanted, now priced so low you can't afford to be without it.

Over 2 Million Satisfied Illinois Merchandise Mart Customers

USE THIS SET FOR 10 DAYS ON OUR MONEY BACK OFFER!

You'll marvel at the many writing advantages this new Writing Trio gives you. The Fountain Pen is ideal for all your personal correspondence, signing checks, bookkeeping, etc. The Ball Point Pen, which rolls the ink on dry and writes up to a year without refilling, is perfect where extra carbon copies are needed or for addressing packages, marking fabrics, signing duplicate receipts, etc. The Mechanical Pencil uses standard length leads which are propelled, repelled and expelled by a turn of the barrel. Pencil point is designed so lead is held in sure firm grip. There's no play, no wobble. But why not find out for yourself how good this "Triple Header" set really is; how much extra writing pleasure and convenience it will mean to you. Rush your order today on the handy coupon with the understanding that if you don't agree you've received America's outstanding 3-piece matching pen and pencil at value, you can return the set within 10 days for full refund.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

MAIL \$1.00 DEPOSIT WITH THIS ORDER COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 3624

1227 Loyola Avenue, Chicago 26, Illinois

Enclosed is \$1.00. Rush me the new "Triple Header" Writing Trio with my name engraved as indicated below for the C.O.D. balance of only \$1.98 plus few cents postage charges on your 10 day money back guarantee offer.

ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON MY SET

(please print plainly)

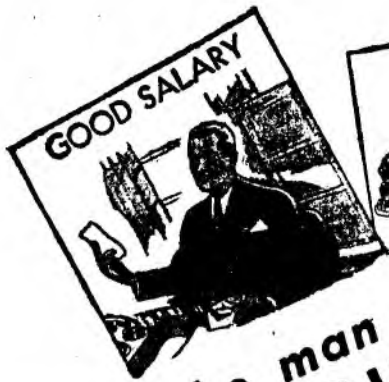
MY NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE STATE

ENCLOSED IS \$1.00 in advance to save C.O.D. and shipping charges. Rush set to me engraved as indicated above, all postage prepaid on your money back guarantee.



To the man who wants to enjoy  
**an ACCOUNTANT'S CAREER**



**IF** you're that man, here's something that will interest you.

Not a magic formula—not a get-rich-quick scheme—but something more substantial, more practical.

Of course, you need something more than just the desire to be an accountant. You've got to pay the price—be willing to study earnestly, thoroughly.

Still, wouldn't it be worth your while to sacrifice some of your leisure in favor of interesting home study—over a comparatively brief period in your life? Always provided that the rewards were good—a salary of \$3,000 to \$10,000?

An accountant's duties are interesting, varied and of real worth to his employers. He has *standing!*

Do you feel that such things aren't for you? Well, don't be too sure. Very possibly they *can* be!

Why not, like so many before you, investigate LaSalle's modern Problem Method of training for an accountancy position?

Just suppose you were permitted to work in a large accounting house under the personal supervision of an expert accountant. Suppose, with his aid, you studied accounting principles and solved problems day by day—easy ones at first—then the more difficult ones. If you could do this—and if you could turn to him for advice as the problems became complex—soon you'd master them all.

That's the training you follow in principle under the LaSalle Problem Method.

You cover accountancy from the basic Principles right up through Accountancy Systems and Income Tax Procedure. Then you add C. P. A. Training and prepare for the C. P. A. examinations.

As you go along, you absorb the principles of Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Statistical Control, Organization, Management and Finance.

Your progress is as speedy as you care to make it—depending on your own eagerness to learn and the time you spend in study.

Will recognition come? The only answer, as you know, is that success *does* come to the man who is really *trained*. It's possible your employers will notice your improvement in a very few weeks or months. Indeed, many LaSalle graduates have paid for their training—with increased earnings—before they have completed it! For accountants, who are trained in organization and management, are the executives of the future.

### Write For This Free Book

For your own good, don't put off investigation of *all* the facts. Write for our 48-page book, "Accountancy, The Profession That Pays." It'll prove that accountancy offers big advantages to those who aren't afraid of serious study. Send us the coupon *now*.

Over 2300 Certified  
 Public Accountants among  
 LaSalle alumni

## LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

### A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION

417 South Dearborn Street, Dept. 4329-M, Chicago 5, Illinois

I want to be an accountant. Send me, without cost or obligation, the 48-page book, "Accountancy, The Profession That Pays," and full information about your accountancy training program.

Name.....  
 Address..... City.....  
 Position..... Age.....



# POPULAR SPORTS

MAGAZINE

Vol. 18, No. 1

A THRILLING PUBLICATION

April, 1948



## FEATURED BASEBALL NOVELET

### DANGER—SPIKES AT WORK

By ROBERT SIDNEY BOWEN

Like a nightmare it followed him all through the war, clung to him when he returned home, and now Johnny Bates faces his greatest fear—the flashing cleats! . . . 13

## TWO OTHER COMPLETE NOVELETS

**THE OLD LEFT HAND** . . . . . Sam Merwin, Jr. 32

His confidence lost, Challenger Bill Weldon has two battles to fight when he climbs into the ring with the heavyweight champ!

**YOUNG MAN'S FANCY** . . . . . Roger Fuller 60

Jumbo Carnes, All-American guard, isn't out for the razzle-dazzle tactics—and flashy Cliff Glenn makes a bid for his job!

## SHORT STORIES

**THE CIPHER SLUGGER** . . . . . Bill Erin 48

J. Pentington Cornel III knew the angles when it came to batting

**DUSTER** . . . . . Matt Lee 57

Just another game—but the pennant hung on a single pitch

**YOU CAN'T WIN ALONE** . . . . . John Wilson 84

It takes more than a shooting star to make a basketball team

**COUNTRY BOY** . . . . . William O'Sullivan 95

Big football player Zach Terwilliger was tricked once too often

## FEATURES

**SPORTS PREVIEW** . . . . . Cap Fanning 6

**THE NEW CHAMP** . . . . . Will Bruce 54

**THE WHIRL OF SPORTS** . . . . . Jack Kofoed 79

Also see "Big Jim," on Page 53 and "Iron Man Joe," on Page 59

POPULAR SPORTS MAGAZINE, published every other month by Better Publications, Inc., at 10 E. 40th St., New York 16, N. Y. N. L. Pines, President. Copyright, 1948, by Better Publications, Inc. Subscription price, \$1.80 (12 issues); 15c per copy. Re-entered as second-class matter October 6, 1947, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. In corresponding with this publication, please include your postal zone number, if any. Manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes and are submitted at the author's risk. Names of all characters used in stories and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. If the name of any living person or existing institution is used, it is a coincidence. PRINTED IN U. S. A.

I WILL SEND YOU  
**BOTH FREE**

**NEW 64 PAGE BOOK**

64-page illustrated book describes many fascinating jobs Radio, Television, Electronics offer, shows big kits of Radio parts I send you, tells how I give you practical experience building real Radio circuits at home in spare time, how you make extra money fixing Radios while still learning; contains letters from many men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning.  
**FREE** Mail Coupon below!

**SAMPLE RADIO LESSON**

I will also send you my Lesson, "Getting Acquainted With Receiver Servicing," **FREE**, to show you how practical it is to learn Radio at home in spare time. It's a valuable Lesson. Study it—keep it—use it—without obligation! Tells how "Superhet" Circuits work, gives hints on Receiver Servicing, Locating Defects, Repair of Loudspeaker, I.F. Transformer, etc. 31 illustrations. Mail Coupon below!



**SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW I TRAIN YOU AT HOME TO BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN**

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio—Television, Electronics," both **FREE**. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with **BIG KITS OF PARTS** I send!

**Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning**

The day you enroll I start sending **EXTRA MONEY** manuals that show how to make **EXTRA** money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is

booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as public demand for Television, FM, and Electronic devices continues to grow! Send for **FREE** books now!

**Find Out What NRI Can Do For You**

Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my **FREE** 64-page book. Read the details about my Course, letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just **MAIL COUPON NOW** in envelope or paste on penny postal. J. E. Smith, President, Dept. 8D09, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

**I TRAINED THESE MEN**  
**AVERAGES BETTER THAN \$4,000 A YEAR**

"I now have a shop and am doing fine. I average better than \$3,000 per year, and certainly give NRI much of the credit."  
**RAYMOND F. DAVIS**, Ashburn, Georgia.



**MADE \$612 IN 12 MONTHS, SPARE TIME**



"Soon after I finished my experimental kits lessons, I tackled my first Radio service job. I made \$612 in past 12 months in spare time."  
**J. W. CLARK**, Wilmington, N. C.

**VETERANS**

You can get this training right in your own home under G. L. Bill. Mail Coupon.

**Build Radio Circuits Like These With Kits I Send**



**Good for Both FREE**

**MR. J. E. SMITH**, President, Dept. 8D09 National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.  
 Mail me **FREE**, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name..... Age.....  
 Address.....  
 City..... Zone..... State.....



# SPORTS PREVIEW



**A Department for Readers Conducted by  
Cap Fanning**

**W**HEN Francois Villon, the famed poet-thief of late-mediaeval Paris, wrote his great line, "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" baseball was still three or four centuries in the future. But in view of the manner in which big league reputations which were nationwide household words for decades at a time fade to make way for the fame of newer stars, he might have used ballplayers rather than snow for his quizzical epigram.

The above outburst is caused by a letter from Peter Johnson of Norman, Oklahoma, who recently sent in an inquiry which, while perfectly legitimate, caused your Cap's somewhat weary eyes to pop from his head in sheer amazement. Said Mr. Johnson—

Dear Cap: In the December, 1947, issue of **POPULAR SPORTS MAGAZINE**, on page 50, Jack Kofoed, in his **THE WHIRL OF SPORTS**, speaks of a pitcher called "Three Fingered" Brown as an all-time star, goes on to describe him as one of the greatest of fielding pitchers.

Not wishing to appear dumb, I still never heard of Brown. But I would like to know something about him and how he got that "Three Fingered" nickname. As always, I remain a devotee of the stories and articles in your magazine, which I consider tops in its line.

We remain flabbergasted. But since it is our job to come up with information as requested (when we can dig it up) we shall hereby endeavor to enlighten Mr. Johnson in his Philistine ignorance of the great of baseball history. Contrary to much fan belief, Brown rates as a "modern"—that is, since 1900—star of the game. And he certainly earned his star rating.

Mordecai Peter Centennial Brown (don't ask us how he acquired that name!) was a farm-born youth from the Midwest when he first came up to the majors with St. Louis back in 1903. A right-hander, Brown had lost half of the index finger of his pitching hand in a mixup with a cornshredder while working on the farm as a lad.

Hence the "Three Fingered" nickname, which clung to him all his baseball life.

Patrick J. Donovan, then manager of St. Louis, did not think the youngster could conquer his handicap sufficiently to win a place for himself in the majors and was glad to unload him to Frank Selee, then managing the Cubs and endeavoring to build up a team of the caliber of those with which he had won five National League championships in Boston between 1891 and 1898.

## The Yankees of Their Day

Well, Selee built his team, the first great one of the century, around an outfield of men like Beaumont, Sheppard and Schulte, and infield of Steinfeldt, Tinker, Evers and Chance, catchers Kling and Archer and pitchers Reulbach, Overall, Pfeister and Brown. In 1906, 1907 and 1910 the Cubs, led by First Baseman Frank Chance after Selee's retirement, won the National League pennant. In 1907 and 1908 they won the World's Series. They were the Yankees of their day.

It was on this mighty club that Mordecai (also called "Miner" because of having dug coal for awhile before making good in baseball) Brown hit his peak. Far from being a detriment to his hurling, his half-absent index finger proved to be a tremendous help. The stub that remained enabled him to put a spin on the ball the like of which was not known before and has never been known since.

For years he was good for between twenty-five and thirty wins and, a fierce competitor, was the Cubs' meal ticket or stopper. When his team had to win a game to stay in the pennant fight it was Miner Brown that Chance called on to start the crucial contest. And he usually came through with a win!

## A Tough Pennant Fight

In 1908, with the Cubs and Giants joined in one of the tightest pennant fights of history, Brown met the New Yorkers' mighty Christy Mathewson nine times during the season. At that time and perhaps never was there a tougher man with which to engage in a

*(Continued on page 8)*

# IMAGINE THEIR JOY

## WHEN THEY FOUND THEY COULD PLAY

### This easy as A.B.C. way!



#### TAKES THIRD COURSE

"The piano course is the third course with your school. Over 20 years ago I took saxophone and clarinet. Since then I've played a lot of dance jobs."

•E. A.,  
Lake View, Iowa



#### LEARNED QUICKLY AT HOME

"I didn't dream I could actually learn to play without a teacher. Now, when I play for people they hardly believe that I learned to play so well in so short a time."

•H. C. S., Calif.



#### FUN TO LEARN

"Your lessons are everything you said they would be. Never before have I seen such an easy way to learn music. It's easy, encouraging and fun. I thank you with all my heart for introducing me to your wonderful courses."

•G. M.,  
Bertin, N. H.



#### INVITED TO PARTIES

"I enjoyed taking this course and I get a lot of pleasure out of it. I have made much progress and have many invitations to play at parties. I owe you much for making this possible."

•K.U., N.Y.

#### INVESTMENT PAID BACK A THOUSAND FOLD

"Anyone with musical ability should make good with your course. My little investment paid back a thousand fold. I have been playing for 4 years now. Today I play in one of our top bands."

•J.M., San Juan, P.R.

## Thousands Have Learned to Play Quickly, Easily At Home

WHAT instrument would you like to play? We'll show you how you can learn to play it—quickly, easily, in spare time at home for only a FEW CENTS A DAY! Never mind if you don't know one note of music from another—don't worry about "special talent."

The truth of the matter is that thousands now play who never thought they could! Yes, men and women everywhere are enjoying the thrilling satisfaction of playing the piano, violin, guitar, saxophone or other favorite instrument. Some of them are playing in orchestras and over the radio; others are teaching music, making

money in spare or full time. And thousands are playing for their own enjoyment and the entertainment of their friends.

It all came about when they wrote to the U. S. School of Music for the Free Booklet that shows you how EASY it is to learn music at home this modern way. No tedious scales, no tiresome exercises. You learn to play by playing—start right in almost at once with the melody of a simple tune! It takes only a few minutes a day and the cost is trifling; you save the expense of a private teacher. Mail the coupon and get the FREE PROOF! Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. (Our fifth year.) U. S. School of Music, 2944 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

### NOTICE

Please don't confuse our method with any systems claiming to teach "without music" or "by ear". We teach you easily and quickly to play real music, any music, by standard notes . . . not by any trick or numbersystem.

### SEND TODAY → FOR COMPLETE DETAILS

• You'll open your eyes when you find how quickly and easily you can learn to play your favorite instrument. Don't doubt; don't hesitate. Send for the fascinating illustrated booklet that answers all your questions; let the free Print and Picture Sample show you how this method actually works. If interested, mail the coupon NOW.

•Actual pupils' names on request. Pictures by professional models.

### FREE! Print and Picture Sample

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
2944 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

I am interested in music study, particularly in the instrument checked below. Please send me your free illustrated booklet, "How to Learn Music at Home."

Piano	Saxophone	Modern Elementary
Guitar	Trumpet, Cornet	Harmony
Hawaiian Guitar	Reed Organ	Clarinet
Violin	Tenor Banjo	Practical Finger
Piano Accordion	Mandolin	Control
		Other Instrument

Have you instrument? .....

Name ..... (Please Print)

Address .....

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

NOTE: If you are under 18 years parent must sign coupon.

Save 2c—stick coupon on penny postcard.

**NOW...Scientific Tests\* give**

# PROOF

no other leading brand of blades gives you

- Better Steel
- Sharper Edges
- Better Shaves
- Lower Prices



**WHY PAY MORE?**

\*details gladly furnished on request

**15 for 25c**

© Berkeley Industries, Inc. Jersey City 2, N. J.

**GET EYE-GLASSES by MAIL** **NEW LOW PRICES**  
**Send No Money!**  
**16-DAY TRIAL Offer** **NEWEST STYLES**  
 Send for **FREE** Scientific Sight Test Chart and Catalog. Write today.  
**U.S. EYE-GLASSES CO.** 3827 MILWAUKEE AVENUE  
 Dept. 4-62, CHICAGO 12, ILL.

# LAW...

**STUDY AT HOME** Legally trained men win higher positions and bigger success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. **More Ability: More Prestige: More Money** We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. We furnish all text material, including 14-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books **FREE**. Send **NOW**  
**LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY**, 417 South Dearborn Street  
 A Correspondence Institution Dept. 4329-L, Chicago 6, Ill.

## SPORTS PREVIEW

(Continued from page 6)

chips-down hurling duel than Matty. But Brown took all nine contests.

It is an interesting sidelight that the last of these contests was the famous playoff between the clubs that was caused by Giant First Baseman Fred Merkle's classic failure to touch second base after the winning run was scored by his team in the last of the ninth. If ever the chips were down they were that afternoon. And Brown outpitched Matty once more to win a tight game.

He drifted away from the Cubs as old age made its ravages felt and the club went into temporary eclipse, winding up with Cincinnati in the National League. Then, when the Federal League was born in 1914, he joined the jumpers, hurling for three clubs in that ill-fated circuit before hanging up his glove in 1916.

### 239 Victories

All in all, Brown's was a comparatively short career. He was in the majors only 14 years, compared to 17 for Matty, 20 for Alexander and 22 for Cy Young. Yet in that period he managed to rack up 239 victories against a mere 131 defeats. His lifetime won-and-lost percentage of .646 ranks fifth among the 53 hurlers who won 200 or more games, following Bob Carruthers (who pitched way back, from 1884 to 1893 when the game was young), Lefty Grove, Mathewson and John Clarkson (another oldster who hurled from 1884 to 1894). Thus, in percentages, he holds third place among modern pitchers who won 200 or more.

Yet, judging from Mr. Johnson's and other inquiries, Miner Brown is almost a forgotten man in baseball—forgotten, that is, by all save those mellowing old-timers who saw him stride to the mound and do his stuff.

We think, on his record, he deserves a better fate!

### OUR NEXT ISSUE

**L**EADOFF spot in our next issue goes to Manager "Spike" Grady of the Junction City Wolverines in a hilariously exciting novelet of baseball as she is played far from the big major league ballparks, **THE GREATEST HITTER IN THE WORLD**, by Roy Lopez.

(Continued on page 10)



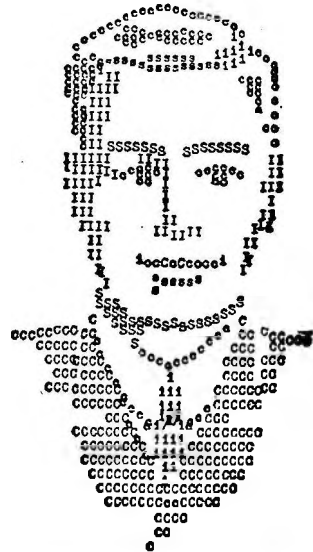
**T**HERE is a definite I.C.S. type. The records of 130,000 current students . . . more than 5 million students since 1891 . . . supply the outlines. Here's how the typical enrollee shapes up at the time of beginning his studies:

He is an adult. In good times or bad times, he is an employed man. Circumstances have prevented his attending a college but he is ambitious, intelligent, determined to acquire the specialized training that will help him in his present job and prepare him for a better one.

Does the description fit *you*? Then you'll be interested in what I.C.S. helps these students to achieve. In a single 30-day period we have received as many as 635 student letters reporting advancement in salary and position. In a period of 120 days we have received 1,920 such reports.

Graduates include the presidents, board chairmen, chief engineers or chief chemists of some of the largest steel, airplane, chemical, railroad and electrical equipment companies in the country. Thousands of others have registered substantial successes in their chosen fields. Here's the kind of coupon they signed and mailed.

**are you the  
I. C. S.  
type of man?**



## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

ICS

BOX 3967-L, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, please send me full particulars about the course BEFORE which I have marked X:

- |   |  |  |   |
|---|--|--|---|
| <p><b>Air Conditioning and Plumbing Courses</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning    <input type="checkbox"/> Heating    <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration    <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing    <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Fitting</p> <p><b>Chemistry Courses</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Chemical Engineering    <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry, Analytical    <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry, Industrial    <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry, Mfg. Iron &amp; Steel    <input type="checkbox"/> Petroleum Refining    <input type="checkbox"/> Plastics    <input type="checkbox"/> Pulp and Paper Making</p> <p><b>Civil Engineering, Architectural and Mining Courses</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Architecture    <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting    <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge and Building Foreman    <input type="checkbox"/> Building Estimating    <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering    <input type="checkbox"/> Coal Mining    <input type="checkbox"/> Contracting and Building    <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering    <input type="checkbox"/> Lumber Dealer    <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Structural Blueprints    <input type="checkbox"/> Sanitary Engineering    <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Drafting</p> | <p><input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineering    <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping</p> <p><b>Communications Courses</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Electronics    <input type="checkbox"/> Practical Telephony    <input type="checkbox"/> Radio, General    <input type="checkbox"/> Radio Operating    <input type="checkbox"/> Radio Servicing    <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineering</p> <p><b>Electrical Courses</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Drafting    <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering    <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Light and Power    <input type="checkbox"/> Lighting Technician    <input type="checkbox"/> Practical Electrician</p> <p><b>Internal Combustion Engines Courses</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Auto Technician    <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation    <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel-Electric    <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines    <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engines</p> <p><b>Mechanical Courses</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Aeronautical Engineers, Jr.    <input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Drafting    <input type="checkbox"/> Flight Engineer    <input type="checkbox"/> Forging    <input type="checkbox"/> Foundry Work    <input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment of Metals</p> | <p><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Engineering    <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Metallurgy    <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop    <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting    <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering    <input type="checkbox"/> Mold-Lost Work    <input type="checkbox"/> Patternmaking—Wood, Metal    <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints    <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet-Metal Drafting    <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet-Metal Worker    <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Drafting    <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Fitting    <input type="checkbox"/> Tool Designing    <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaking    <input type="checkbox"/> Welding—Gas and Electric</p> <p><b>Railroad Courses</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Ah Binks    <input type="checkbox"/> Car Inspector    <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Locomotive    <input type="checkbox"/> Locomotive Engineer    <input type="checkbox"/> Locomotive Fireman    <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Section Foreman</p> <p><b>Steam Engineering Courses</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Boilermaking    <input type="checkbox"/> Combustion Engineering    <input type="checkbox"/> Engine Running    <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineering    <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Electric    <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engines</p> | <p><b>Textile Courses</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacturing    <input type="checkbox"/> Rayon Weaving    <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Designing    <input type="checkbox"/> Woolen Manufacturing</p> <p><b>Business and Academic Courses</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Accounting    <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising    <input type="checkbox"/> Arithmetic    <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping    <input type="checkbox"/> Business Administration    <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence    <input type="checkbox"/> Certified Public Accounting    <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial    <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Art    <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting    <input type="checkbox"/> Federal Tax    <input type="checkbox"/> First Year College    <input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship    <input type="checkbox"/> French    <input type="checkbox"/> Good English    <input type="checkbox"/> High School    <input type="checkbox"/> High Mathematics    <input type="checkbox"/> Motor Traffic    <input type="checkbox"/> Postal Service    <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship    <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial    <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Lettering    <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish    <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography    <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management</p> |
|---|--|--|---|

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

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Present Position \_\_\_\_\_ Working Hours \_\_\_\_\_ A.M. to \_\_\_\_\_ P.M.

Special tuition rates to members of the Armed Forces. Special discount to World War II Veterans. Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada.

# TRAIN for HIGH EARNINGS

IN

## Auto Body and Fender Work



### REFRIGERATION and AIR CONDITIONING or DIESEL

Men are needed in these mechanical trades. The pay is good. There are opportunities to grow with the industries and perhaps have own business. Find out now about U. E. I. training that prepares mechanically inclined men for these opportunities.

U. E. I. "Balanced Training" includes preparatory study at home followed by actual practice in our modern shops under experienced instructors. All courses meet high standards gained from 21 years of technical training. Available to veterans and civilians. High School diploma not needed. For complete information mail coupon today!

**UTILITIES ENGINEERING INSTITUTE**  
DEPT. R-19 CHICAGO 14, ILLINOIS



SEND FOR FREE FACTS

Utilities Engineering Institute, Dept. R-19  
2525 SHEFFIELD AVE., CHICAGO 14, ILL.

Please send me free facts about U. E. I. training and opportunities in the field checked below!

- Diesel     Refrigeration     Welding  
 Auto Body & Fender Repairs     Air Conditioning

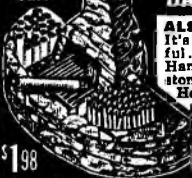
NAME \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ State of \_\_\_\_\_ COUNTY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

( ) Check here for special information if you are under 16.

Watch the Smoke Curl



### Kentucky Tavern BARBECUE ASH TRAY

**ALSO AN INCENSE BURNER!**  
It's different! It's beautiful! It's useful... attractive for home and office. Handcolored to look like the real fire-stones. Smoke curls out the chimney. Holds generous supply of cigarettes and matches. Has metal fireplace grill cover which lifts out to remove ashes. Ideal gift. \$1.98—includes a package of incense.

**Rush this COUPON**

**SEND NO MONEY!** ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART  
Dept. 3475-C, 1227 LOYLA AVENUE, CHICAGO 26, ILL.  
( ) Rush Barbecue Ash Tray C.O.D. for \$1.98 on money back guarantee.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

# LAW

**STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS.** 39 years expert instruction—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree awarded. All texts furnished. Easy payments. G.E. Approved. Send for FREE BOOK. **AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW**  
Dept. 88-T, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.



### NEW! MOCCASIN STYLE SENSATION with 3 LEATHER SOLES!

**BUILD YOUR OWN LOCAL SHOE BUSINESS**  
**BIG ADVANCE COMMISSIONS—CASH BONUS**  
EASY MONEY for you showing fast selling men's, women's, children's shoes. Magic Cushion Innersole clinches sales; sensational JUTE-BUILDUP SHOES make men taller. Complete guaranteed line. Powerful selling features. Outstanding values. Advance commissions to \$3 per pair, PLUS cash bonus. Experience unnecessary. Samples furnished without cost. Write today for FREE OUTFIT and NEW 62-page Spring catalog.

FREE OUTFIT

TANNERS SHOE CO., Dept. 205, Boston 10, Mass.

## SPORTS PREVIEW

(Continued from page 8)

The bane of Spike's existence is a generally incredible rookie by the name of Percy Hoople, who is the exact reverse of Mike Gonzales' "good field, no hit" classic. Hoople, like certain real-life players that have turned other managers gray, can belt the ball to all fields for great distances. But when he takes his place in the Wolverine outfield, anything can happen and does—except what is supposed to happen.

At first, when Percy catches easy flies on the noggin, Manager Grady thinks his new slugging star is simply out of practise. Later, however, he discovers this is not the case. Percy simply has strange inverted talents when it comes to handling a baseball with anything but a bat.

Spike is wrestling strenuously with his problem and sweating blood to keep the Wolverines in front of the Oakville Cougars when love, in the person of an overblown blond ex-chorus girl named "Peaches" O'Dell enters the picture. And from that time on it is anybody's race. This is really one for the book—the book in this case being **POPULAR SPORTS MAGAZINE**.

Moving over to another of America's favorite summer pastimes for our second novelet we run into Jeff Murdock and an alleged race horse named King John in **THE TABLE STAKER** by William Campbell Gault.

Jeff Murdock is a nice guy—a very nice guy—but he has an inordinate fondness for poker on a large scale. He is, in effect, a professional gambler. Or was until he inherited King John in a game of draw.

From then on his life takes some surprising changes and, to his own considerable surprise, he finds that he is going to have to make a winner out of his steed or else. So he discovers that there are other excitements in life besides trying to draw to an inside straight. **THE TABLE STAKER** is a heart-warming and suspense-building novelet about some unexpectedly nice people and a few who are not so nice.

To round out our summer sports picture, William O'Sullivan has come up with a rough, tough and occasionally uproarious novelet about the so-called "whales" upon whom America must rely in its effort to reclaim the Olympic weight throwing events it once held, entitled **THE HAMMERS OF HELL**.

(Continued on page 112)



### Do You THINK in Circles?

Do you ask yourself, "How shall I begin; what shall I do next?" Have you a confusion of ideas? Mastery in life, success in any enterprise, comes from the subtle ability to marshal your thoughts, to call to the fore, when an emergency arises, the proper mental powers. Mentally, you are an aggregate of forces. Why dissipate them because of lack of knowledge of how to properly use them? Learn to unite them, and you will have at your command, a *tremendous power* for accomplishment.

### SEND FOR FREE BOOK

The Rosicrucians have preserved for centuries knowledge of the secret method for the development of mind power and the direction of man's unused inner faculties. This wisdom,

not strange or mysterious, has changed the course of life for many men and women throughout the world. Write for the free, sealed book which explains how you may obtain this helpful information. Address: Scribe E.T.Y.

### *The* ROSICRUCIANS

(AMORC)

SAN JOSE • CALIFORNIA

(Not a religious organization)

Scribe E.T.Y., *The Rosicrucians,*  
San Jose, California

*Please send me a copy of the sealed booklet, "The Mastery of Life," which I shall read as directed. No representative will call.*

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

# ... AND THEN DAN SAVED THE DAY

WOW! A DEAD STICK LANDING AND HE'S SNAPPED A SKI!

LET'S GET OVER THERE. HE MAY BE HURT!

RIDING THEIR MOTORIZED-SLED, TWO STATE GAME WARDENS ARE RETURNING FROM A LONG WOODS PATROL WHEN ...

ARE YOU HURT, MISS?

NO, BUT I'M DARNED MAD. MY ENGINE CONKED OUT AND NOW I'LL MISS THE ICE CARNIVAL.

IT'S JUST A FEW MILES TO HEADQUARTERS AND WE'LL RUSH YOU TO ORVILLE BY CAR.

WONDERFUL! I'LL SEND A REPAIR CREW FOR THE PLANE TOMORROW.

I DO HOPE WE'LL MAKE IT. MY APPEARANCE IS SET FOR EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SAY, YOU MUST BE SANDY OLTNER, THE FLYING FIGURE SKATER!

AND I LOOK LIKE A TRAMP.

REID'LL GET YOU THERE WITH TIME TO SPARE, MISS OLTNER. HOW ABOUT IT, DAN?

YES, SIR... I'LL EVEN HAVE TIME TO CLEAN UP HERE FIRST.

BLADES? TRY THESE

HERE'S THE BLADE I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! NEVER HAD SUCH SMOOTH SHAVING.

THIN GILLETTES ARE MADE TO ORDER FOR TOUGH-BEARDED GENTS.

OUR COMMITTEE IS GIVING A LITTLE PARTY FOR SANDY LATER. WILL YOU JOIN US?

WE-L-L...

THIS IS MY FIRST GOOD LOOK AT YOU, MISTER... YOU'RE HANDSOME!

PLEASE DO!

IF YOU'RE OUT TO GET CLEAN, REFRESHING, GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES AT A SAVING, TRY THIN GILLETTES. THEY'RE KEENER AND LONGER-LASTING THAN ANY OTHER LOW-PRICED BLADES. YOU'LL FIND THEY FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR EXACTLY, TOO, AND GUARD YOUR FACE FROM THE NICKS AND SCRAPES CAUSED BY MISFIT BLADES. NEXT TIME ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES.

THIN Gillette BLADES 4 or 10

# DANGER—SPIKES AT WORK

Hogan took the throw  
and fell over on top of  
me



A novelet by **ROBERT SIDNEY BOWEN**

*Like a nightmare it followed him through the war,*

*clung to him when he returned home, and now Johnny*

*Bates faces his greatest fear—the flashing cleats!*

## CHAPTER I

### *Narrow Escape*

**I**T IS the little things that alter our lives and send us down along this road, instead of down along that one. Little things like an air transport crash, and a chocolate frost, for instance.

The DC-4 was two hours out of Chicago and right on schedule. I knew that was so because the last time the cute little air hostess had passed where I was

taking it easy in Seat 14, I asked. She stopped, nodded, and made an on-the-nose sign with her fingers. Then when her eyes rested on the discharge patch over the top left pocket of my Marine uniform her smile softened.

"Glad to be out, Marine?" she asked. "That fruit salad says you've been a lot of places."

"A lot of places," I agreed. "But I'm on my way to the best one of all, now. Home."

"You're from Miami?" she asked.

"Fort Lauderdale," I corrected. "Miami's just a suburb."

She laughed. "Be careful! Miami's my town. What do you plan to do, now that you're out?"

Her question gave me a very bright idea. I grinned at her.

"Give me your phone number and I'll call you up one day, and tell you all my plans," I said.

She laughed again and started to say something but an old biddy in Seat 6 started yapping for her and she had to move away, so I went back to staring out the window. We were in some clouds, now, and with the sun well down over the western lip of the world there wasn't anything to see save darker and darker patches of shadow going on past.

I wasn't interested in watching clouds, though. That cute little hostess' question was just the echo of the thousandth time I'd asked it of myself. What was I going to do, now? Well, take it easy for a couple of months, or so. With what I had in the bank, plus my terminal leave pay, I had plenty to loaf on. But what after that? I didn't have business training. Fact is, all I knew was how to play baseball. To play second base with the best of them—four years ago. But that was out. I couldn't go back to the Eagles. Or to any other team in the league. A man can take just so much. After all, four years in the Pacific, and not a baseball in my hand once, can change a whole lot of things.

**N**O, EARNING my living playing ball wasn't my dish any more. Maybe I really was yellow. Maybe I—

A violent shuddering that ran through the air transport snapped me away from my thoughts. I saw a dull red glow half way along the front of the wing on my side. Even as I looked it became tongues of orange-yellow flame snapping backward. Instinctively I drew back from the window. A couple of women passengers screamed, but the cute little hostess was on them like a mother hen in nothing flat.

"It's quite all right, really," she said. "See? It's gone, now. Would you like a glass of water, or something?"

She was right. The flames were no longer snapping back over the wing. The pilot up front had doused the engine fire with the automatic foam extinguisher. But the hostess had not mentioned that

the engine had also gone out. It was now pretty dark but by pushing my face against the window, and straining hard, I could see that the pilot had feathered the prop. However, there was still some shuddering that ran through the ship. I guessed that one of the other engines was kicking up, too.

I was sure of that a few seconds later when I realized that we were losing altitude fast. Was I scared? I certainly was, my friend. I was scared stiff! I had been in a couple of Navy transport crack-ups, and they are no fun. When the big ships hit, they hit *hard*. Yes, I was scared stiff, but I didn't show it. Maybe because that cute little hostess was so wonderful. As we went down through the darkness she was here, there, and everywhere, telling the thirty-seven of us that there was no need for worry at all. The plane was right over an emergency field, and everything was just fine. Just please fasten our safety belts in case the landing was a wee bit bumpy. And so forth, and so forth.

She was superb, and I just sat tight in my seat and watched. And the big four-engined ship went on curving around and down through the darkness. Maybe all of three minutes it took, but I lost all track of time. My personal fright and unlimited admiration of that hostess were taking turns being on top.

Well, I can't give you a word by word description of it—just what happened. One instant I was watching the hostess, and conscious in an abstract sort of way that the plane was starting to level off. And the next instant I was sitting in a bramble bush, and everything was as dark as the bottom of an abandoned coal mine. For maybe as long as it would take you to count up to ten.

Then light, and sound, became known to me. The light was something like sunset's glow shimmering in the waters of a placid lake. And the sound was a fierce hissing and crackling. I remembered, of course, that we had crashed, and I knew that what I was seeing and hearing, was the wreck burning up. But, that's all. I couldn't do a thing about it. I couldn't move. I could only sit there in that bramble bush with my brains slugged into a semi-coma, and my body full of a million sharp pains.

Then, suddenly a voice shouted near my face.



I had to fall away  
lightning fast from  
Hogan's first pitch

"Here's one! Must have been thrown clear."

From then on in things got all scrambled up some more. I passed out again just as hands gently took hold of me. I dreamed of lots and lots of hands taking hold of me for years and years. And then after a while I woke up in a hospital bed. There were three other beds in the room, but they were all empty. I felt like a million dollars save for my left arm. It was black and blue from wrist to shoulder, and sore to touch. I started to sit up, and made it without any trouble at all.

Just as I did the door opened and a man in white came in. He looked at me, and grinned.

"What's your name, and where do you live?" he asked.

I told him, and he nodded.

"Know why you're here?" he asked next.

I certainly did, and told him.

"What about the others?" I asked.

**H**E TOLD me, and it wasn't nice. Of the forty-one people aboard the plane thirty-two were dead, and the rest were in the Bayville City Hospital, on the Kentucky-Tennessee line. I was the luckiest of all, having only a badly bruised left arm. I was already over the shock, and the arm would be as good as new in a week. I could leave the hospital whenever I wanted to. The airline, that had a branch office in town, would send me on by plane, or train, whichever I wished. When I felt like it, I had only to drop in.

I had been lucky on another account, too. I had sent my gear bag home by express, so the baggage I had lost in the crash consisted merely of toothpaste, tooth brush, comb, soap, nail file, razor and a couple of extra handkerchiefs. My uniform had been dirtied up and torn in several places, but the hospital had cleaned, mended, and pressed it up all nice and pretty.

Two hours later I left the hospital and went straight to the nearest Western Union, and sent a wire to my mother. Then I bought a paper and went into a little restaurant and had some lunch. As I ate I read about the crash. It wasn't pleasant reading and I skipped through it fast. I found what I wanted. The hostess' name was Mary Ryan, and she was in the hospital I had just left with

a broken leg, and possible concussion.

When I came out of the restaurant I hunted up the nearest florist, and sent a great big bunch of roses to Mary Ryan, and just signed the card, "The Marine." Then I started looking for the airline office to find out when I could catch a plane for Miami. My reason for flying was the percentages. I didn't think two planes would crack up flying the same route in the same twenty-four hours. Besides, I was in a hurry.

It was right after I had made arrangements to fly out of Bayville City that evening at six o'clock that the chocolate frost angle popped up. I was window shopping to kill time, and going by a drug store when the idea occurred to me. I went in and took a stool at the fountain, and ordered. The words were hardly off my lips when a hand fell down on my right shoulder and spun me around on the stool.

"Johnny Bates! What are you doing in this whistle stop, boy?"

As I took my first look at the speaker I simply couldn't believe my eyes. But I had to when I took my second look, because sure enough there he stood for not a hair on his sunburned peeling head, or wrinkled face had changed. It was old "Prunes" Hanley, coach of the Eagles, one of the nicest fellows walking the face of the earth.

"Prunes!" I exploded and came off the stool.

And then we were dancing around, and banging each other, while the hired help and the half dozen other customers wondered if maybe they shouldn't call the cops. Finally we both calmed down, and my banged up left arm started to hurt plenty.

"Easy on this arm, pal," I said and rubbed it. "I was on that airliner last night. That's why I'm in this place. Heading for home. But what brings you here, Prunes?"

"Been living here the last couple of years," he said hastily. "Happened to drive through with the wife and she fell in love with the scenery. One's as good as the next for me, so we bought. But, no kidding, Johnny? You were in that crash?"

"Don't you read your local paper?" I grinned. "My name was on the passenger list. I'm flying out again at six tonight."

"Six?" Prunes echoed. "Then what are we waiting for? The wife isn't home



but there's some beer on ice. Let's go, Johnny."

---

---

## CHAPTER II

### *Spike Fear*

---

---

**WE WENT.** They had a nice little frame house on the edge of town, with lots of trees, and green grass, and flowers, and a nice looking vegetable garden, too, for that late in the year. Prunes planted me in a comfortable chair in the living room, and went out into the kitchen. He came back with beer, and cheese, and crackers. Then he started popping questions about the airliner crash. I told him all that I could. Then he started on questions about my four years in the service. And finally he got around to it . . . just as I knew he would. I had dreaded it just a little.

"Play any ball out there, Johnny?"

"Not an inning, Prunes," I said. "Too busy. When we did have time there wasn't any diamond, or stuff. No. I haven't touched a baseball since that day."

Prunes took a pull of his beer.

"Twenty-fifth of August, Nineteen forty-three," he said, as though to himself. "Almost like it was just yesterday. I tried to get in touch with you several times, Johnny, but you were already in the service."

"By request," I said with a little laugh. "I got my Greetings exactly two days later. Just as well, too, I guess."

"That was a mess, and you were maybe a little in the wrong, Johnny," Prunes murmured, and stared down into his beer. "But, I never believed you went yellow. You were just sort of mixed up for a couple of seconds."

I didn't say anything. I couldn't have for six million dollars. Something was choking me all up inside. It was just as Prunes Hanley had said. The twenty-fifth of August, Forty-three—almost like it was just yesterday. I was playing my second year of ball in the major leagues and doing a good job at second base for the Eagles. Three weeks before the twenty-fifth of August I had been spiked pretty bad while making a double play on an infield smack to short. The

runner coming down from first had been "Spider" Collins, speed boy for the Boston Lions. Maybe he was a nice guy to his mother and small children, but a very mean, rough character on the baseball diamond.

Well, he came into second, spikes high, trying to throw a block on my peg to first to get the hitter. He didn't succeed. I got the ball away in time but his spikes took a square foot of my uniform pants away, and some of the skin on my leg. A few inches over and I could have been put out of baseball for all time. It was close—too close. And I guess that was the beginning of a slight case of nerves for me. I sort of began to tighten up a little whenever a man got on first. The next bag he'd make for would be second. And he might *not* come in standing up.

And then the game on August twenty-fifth. It was against the Lions again and the first of a crucial series that could keep us in first place, or kick us down into the second spot held by those self-same Lions. And it was a squeaker right up to the eighth. One run apiece, and no more. Bill Hogan, our pitcher started off hot as usual by fanning the first Lion. The next Lion, though, got a walk, and that man was Spider Collins.

A funny feeling had sliced through me as I took up my position for the next hitter. It was like there was ice in my legs, and white fire in my chest. I think maybe I prayed a little, but if I did my prayer was not answered. On the very first pitch to him the hitter rapped a half speed grounder to short. Barney Ames went in fast and scooped it up. On the pivot he sidearmed it to me at second. Well, I was taking it just as Spider Collins came in. All I saw was his upraised foot and those gleaming spikes. My brains seemed to dance. The ball smacked into my glove and smacked right out again toward center field. I had leaped back off the bag in my moment of fright.

I scrambled after the ball in time to stop Collins from trying to make third. But the damage had been done. The next Lion fanned, but the fifth hitter to come up lined a single over short, and Spider Collins scored from second. The sixth Lion popped to third to end the inning. We tried in our half, and again in the ninth, but no good. The run Collins had scored was the ball game.

**I**N the clubhouse Mugs Mullins, the Eagles' manager climbed all over me. He had been working up to it I guess for the last three weeks. And Mullins was not one to hold his bullwhip tongue for long. He called me everything in front of the whole squad. What touched me off was when he said that I was a "yellow rat."

It was then I let him have it right on the chin, and walked out of the clubhouse. I didn't go back the next day. And the one after that I got my "Greetings." On the train going to Boot Camp I read in the paper where Mullins had thrown me off the team. And I also read a couple of sports column comments on my hesitant play at second when there was a runner on first. And that had been that. There was a war to be fought in the Pacific.

I looked up from my beer and smiled faintly at Prunes.

"Well, it's all so much water over the dam, now," I said. "What's new with you?"

He didn't answer me. He stared at me rather fixedly, as though to make sure he was talking to the right person.

"What do you mean, water over the dam?" he suddenly demanded. "You're not trying to tell me that you're through?"

He stopped, and stared at me some more. I nodded.

"Not coming back?" he echoed wide eyed. "Why, you're crazy, Johnny! You were on your way to being the top second baseman in the league. Yeah, in either league. And besides, that thing was all of four years ago."

"Sports writers, and ball club managers, have long memories," I said with a twisted smile. "And, Prunes, it was nice for you to put it the way you did, but it wasn't like that. Collins coming in with those gleaming spikes scared me stiff. I backed off the bag because I was scared. I've thought it over plenty, and a fellow can't kid himself. Besides, Mullins would shoot me if I came within a mile of the field."

"Who's talking about Mullins?" Prunes snapped. "I'm talking about the Eagles. We need you. There's a fellow by the name of Hawks on that bag now, or was at the end of the season. Next year I'm not sure at all. So—"

"So the Eagles and Mullins, same thing, isn't it?" I cut in on Prunes.

He blinked at me, and then laughed. "Boy, you *have* been out of touch, haven't you?" he said. "Mullins, believe it or not, is now manager of the Lions." "And the Eagles?" I got out automatically.

Prunes Hanley laughed again, and touched the rim of his beer glass to his shirt front.

"You're looking at him, Johnny," he said. "Me! Since right after the end of last season. So, tush to Mullins. I want you and need you, Johnny. Same contract as you had. I can fix everything with the front office. Spring training starts same time, February fifteenth. Same old place, too. Clearwater. You be there, boy. You understand me?"

It was a Prunes Hanley I had never seen before talking. There was the snap of authority in his voice, and in his whole manner. Before, he had been like a lovable old man who knew more baseball than any other ten men in the country. But getting the managership of the Eagles had changed him. He was a fireball who knew exactly what he wanted and just how he would get it. Frankly, I liked the change.

"Yes sir!" I laughed. "Anyway, I'll think it over. Right now, though, I want to get home and see Mother, and— Well, just loaf around for a little while. But, maybe I might take you up."

"No maybe about it!" he bit off. "You be there February fifteenth! Now give me your glass."

And that was that, as regards me personally. I spent a wonderful three hours talking baseball with Prunes, and drinking his beer. Mrs. Hanley didn't come back from wherever she had gone, so I missed seeing her. At five-thirty Prunes drove me in his car to the local airport. Just before I boarded the plane he took hold of my arm and pressed it reassuringly.

"No man living hasn't wondered about himself once or twice, Johnny," he said quietly. "The worthwhile ones go on through and prove their worries wrong. See you on February fifteenth."

I squeezed his hand in return, and went quickly aboard the plane.

**I** CAN skip over the next three months. It was great to be back home again. I soaked up enough sleep, and ate enough real home cooking to last a lifetime. I got a couple of letters from

Prunes Hanley reminding me of February fifteenth, but I didn't answer either of them. There wasn't anything to say because I hadn't made up my mind. Frankly, I couldn't get up enough courage to decide the big problem that soon. But I did on the night of February fourteenth. I packed my bag, and took a train to Clearwater.

It was wonderful to be back in harness again. And right off the bat, one of my biggest fears didn't materialize at all. I mean, every one of the boys who had been with me on the 'Forty-three squad seemed genuinely glad to have me back in the fold. With the exception of Bill Hogan who had taken the pitching loss that day. He gave me the cold shoulder, and the sneering lip, but it didn't bother me any.

And within a couple of weeks I had the answer to another big question. I could still play that second sack. My legs could take it, my wind was good, and the old whip-throw, and underhand, were coming along fine. And my eyes could gauge the sizzling grass cutters right to the nth degree. True, we'd had nothing but a few four-inning pick up sessions, but I knew I had all the old stuff and maybe something to add to it.

Naturally the big test hadn't popped up, yet, but I was beginning to feel a little that I'd be okay when it did.

And then Prunes Hanley scheduled a full nine-inning tilt between the A and B squads, with the chips down, and no holds barred. It was time to get a line on things, and Prunes was going to have a good look. I went to second for the A Team. The veteran, Barney Ames, went to short. Slim Harris, who had been on the 'Forty-three team went to first. And Rocky Bolton, our old back-

stop, put on the catching tools. The pitcher, a kid named Jackson, the man at third, and the three outer garden fellows, I was playing with for the first time.

However, the B Team wasn't any bunch of push-overs. Its whole outfield was made up of regulars. Hawks, with a half year of big league ball, went to second. And to even it up all the more, Prunes sent in Bill Hogan, a twenty-four game winner the year before, to do the pitching for the B Team.

Well, we took the field and things got under way. Young Jackson was really in form. He fanned the first batter on four pitched balls. The second hitter knocked one across the floor that Barney Ames grabbed on the big hop and threw him out by five steps. The third B Team batter popped one right to where I was standing. I didn't have to move a step, and that was that.

Three up and three down, and we trotted in for our licks. Barney Ames led off, but Hogan out on the mound showed that he could be stingy with pitches, too. He tossed up just three, and Barney whiffed thin air on every one. Slim Harris stepped in, and Hogan fooled him on the first two pitches. But not on the third. Slim got hold of it and drove it through the hole between third and short for a clean single. And that brought a guy by the name of Johnny Bates up to the plate.

As I took my stance in the batter's box Hogan stood in back of the mound looking at me with a crooked smile on his face, and absently fondling the ball in his pitcher's glove. Then suddenly he turned around and yelled at Hawks, playing second, and pointed to Slim

[Turn page]

# HEADACHE

UPSET  
STOMACH

JUMPY  
NERVES



# RELIEF!

THANKS TO FAMOUS  
**BROMO-SELTZER**

Millions turn to Bromo-Seltzer to relieve ordinary headache *three* ways. It's famous for giving fast help. Caution: Use only as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore fountain or counter today. A product of Emerson Drug Company since 1887.



Harris taking a modest lead off first.

"Never mind that guy's spikes, Hawks!" he yelled. "Just tag the guy out if he comes down!"

So it had happened at last. The very first crack dropped for the benefit of my ears. And by Bill Hogan, who had been in the box for us that fateful day. Somehow I wouldn't have minded it half so much from any other guy on the field. Not that Hogan and I had ever been close pals. But once a really sizzling play by me had saved a no-hitter for Hogan and that he didn't remember that, *too*, stung me deep.

However, I tried not to show it. I simply acted like I hadn't heard, or noticed, and gripped my war-club a little tighter. Presently Hogan came down with his first pitch and I swung at it with the idea of driving it straight out into the Gulf. I missed and the ball plunked into the catcher's mitt, instead. Hogan was laughing as the ball was lobbed back to him. And somebody else, too. Hawks out there at second.

For a crazy, stupid instant I saw red as Hogan made his stretch, and then brought his hands down to his belt buckle. If it was that last thing in the world I did I was going to lose that ball. I did. I lost it after two hops right in Hawks' glove. He flipped it to the B Team shortstop who dashed over to the second bag. And the throw to first caught me by a good four steps. I felt like a chump as I slowed up and went out to take my position at second. I knew that I had done exactly as Hogan had pitched me to do, and it burned me plenty.

"Johnny!"

It was Prunes Hanley, who was managing the B Team, and coaching at first. I walked over to him, conscious of the red that certainly must be filling up my face. He looked at me for a brief instant, and then grinned. I had the feeling that he had suddenly changed his mind about something.

"A thing I've been meaning to mention, Johnny," he said. "Try standing a little deeper in the box. You're swinging too soon."

"Will do," I snapped, and went trotting to my position.

I knew then that Prunes had meant to say something else but had changed his mind when he saw my face. I knew it because when I knocked into that double

play my back foot had practically been on the rear line of the batter's box. No, what Prunes had meant to say was that this was only the beginning. And to hang onto myself because there was a whole lot more to come.

And, it did come! In two parts!

---



---

## CHAPTER III

### *Test Game*

---



---

AS WE trotted into the bench for our half of the fifth it was as though it was mid-season and this game was really for the won or lost column. Both Jackson and Hogan had had all the stuff in the world. And so far only two balls had been driven out of the infield. One was Slim Harris' single in the first inning and the other, a towering fly by Hogan, no less, that had been caught in deep, deep center. All in all it was definitely turning into a real squeaker. Something or somebody had to crack before long.

Well, Ames, first up for us, waited out two pitches and then belted a beautiful double down to the right field corner. Slim Harris stepped in but Hogan bore down hard, and got Slim to bounce the horse-hide to him. He grabbed it, drove Ames back to the bag, and then threw to first in plenty of time. And so I stepped in to see what I could do about Barney at the pick-up spot.

This time Hogan didn't bother with any smirks or cracks. With a very possible run leading down off second he concentrated on his pitching. But maybe seeing me set there and waiting, disturbed his concentrating. He threw me a ball, made me miss, and then walked me with three straight bad ones.

And that brought up Rocky Bolton, who hadn't got so much as a weak foul all day. Hogan served him a ball, and then whanged two beauty strikes right by him. The fourth pitch was to Rocky's liking, or so he thought. He swung, but a little late, and banged it down the first base line a foot fair. Of course Ames and I were off with the crack of the bat so I didn't see the first baseman's play. But I didn't have to. I knew it was going to be a try for a double play, the reverse way, first to second. I dug for all

I was worth, and threw a hook slide for the bag.

I didn't quite make it. Hawks played the ball, and the tag beautifully. And didn't budge an inch when I came in. Me, I was winded, and got up slowly. It was then that Hawks leaned over and gave me a helping hand.

"You all right, old man?" he snickered. "I didn't spike you, did I?"

The wise grin on his weasel like face got me, and my temper slipped a dozen cogs.

"Button your lip and you'll keep your teeth, sonny!" I snarled at him.

For a second he bristled up to me, and then he laughed and turned away.

"Cheer up, Grandpa!" he flung over his shoulder. "Maybe there's a league where they wear sneakers!"

I almost went for him, but I checked myself in time. Maybe it was because Slim Harris had heard and thought fast. He yelled for me to come over and get my glove. I did, but it was like walking through a red haze. I knew that *the* test was coming. Everything that day had been building up to it. It just had to be coming. And for some odd reason, when I saw Bill Hogan stepping up to the plate to lead off the first half of the sixth, I suddenly went hot and cold all over, and my mouth and throat became bone dry.

Maybe that was because of this thing they call premonition. I don't know, but I guess it must have been. Hogan looked at just one of young Jackson's pitches and then put the wood hard to the next offering. It was a screaming line drive dead along the third base line. Allen, playing left for us, went over like a jack-rabbit and took it perfectly off the left field wall. By then Hogan was around first and coming down toward second like a fire horse in high gear. I had to half turn my back to him to take Allen's throw.

It was as perfect a throw as ever made in any big league park. I took it on the first skip and pivoted with my ball hand coming down. It all happened in an instant, but it was like a whole year to me. I just couldn't move for an instant as I saw Hogan come roaring in with one leg high, but actually bent at the knee. His spikes were so close! And then it was too late. His knee hit my leg and spilled me. The ball popped out of my glove, and rolled only a foot.

FOR the second time I got up slowly, after grabbing the ball. But this time not because I was winded. It was because I was sort of waiting for everything to stop, and begin all over again. Then Hogan's laugh was like a file being drawn across my teeth.

"You were a sucker to come back, Bates!" he said. "Not even the Marines can change guys like you!"

I didn't say a thing. I didn't even think. I couldn't because of the thunder in my head. I simply hauled off with my right and caught him smack on the jaw. He went flat like a ton of brick, but he bounced back up like a rubber ball and came at me. I ducked under his hay-maker, and was about to plant him with one I had learned in the Marines. But at that moment we were both grabbed from behind, and neither of us could do a thing except glare.

That ended the game. Prunes Hanley called off the day's session and sent everybody to the showers. And so there it was, at last. The big test, and I had failed miserably. Not only had I failed, but I'd added to the thing by making a fool of myself.

Prunes didn't say a thing to me. He didn't even so much as look at me. But as I walked across to the field house the couple of thousand spectators who had come out to watch the practise game booed me plenty. And included in those two thousand were a couple of dozen or so baseball scribes. I felt like walking to the very end of the world, and stepping off the edge.

That evening I didn't eat in the hotel where the squad was quartered. I ate in an out of the way restaurant in town. Afterward I went to a movie. Neither the food, nor the movie helped. It was no use kidding myself. In the morning I'd pack my bag and grab a train home. I had found out, and in doing so had simply made things worse. I went back to the hotel, and in the side door, and up to my room.

When I switched on the light there was Prunes Hanley sitting in a chair. I just looked at him, and blinked.

"Walk any of it off, Johnny?" he asked quietly.

His father-confessor manner riled me. I slung my hat onto the bed, and faced him straddle legged, bunched fists on my hips. I must have looked great!

"Look, Prunes, you've got eyes!" I

grated. "You saw! Oh, I don't mean slugging Hogan. That was dumb. I mean *me*, when he came into the bag. I couldn't move. It had me frozen. It was hell!"

I finished with a mixed up gesture, and flung myself into a chair. Prunes didn't say anything. It would have helped, maybe, if he'd torn off the top of my skull. But he just sort of looked at me, patient like. That riled me all over again.

"So I'm getting out of here tomorrow!" I flung at him. "If that little weasel, Hawks, isn't good enough for you, then go buy somebody who is! But not me!"

"Look, Johnny," he finally said. "Tell me something, will you?"

"Tell you what?" I said, not at all interested.

"Out there in those jungles, Johnny, were you scared?"

"Everybody was scared!" I snapped. "But what's that got to do with—"

"And when a Jap jumped up on you," Prunes cut in on me, "and shot at you, what did you do?"

"Do?" I echoed. "If he didn't get you, then you got him. And we didn't miss!"

"And then what?" Prunes asked.

"Went on with the job, what else?" I growled.

"But still scared?" he murmured at me.

"Sure," I said, and stopped. Then went on, "Well, you got sort of used to it after awhile. I mean, the hundredth time didn't seem as bad as the first time. You—"

I STOPPED again as what he was getting at suddenly dawned on me. I shook my head and started grinding one fist into the palm of the other hand.

"No, Prunes," I said. "I get you, but there just isn't any comparison."

"Why not, Johnny?"

"Because there just isn't!" I said hotly. "A Jap shooting at me and a guy sliding into the bag—the whole thing's different."

"Both create fear!" Hanley snapped. "Right? And you *did* go after the Jap! Listen to me, Johnny, you've been building up for this day ever since you slugged Mugs Mullins and walked out of the Eagles' clubhouse. But a hundred times, or maybe a thousand, you licked the same *kind* of fear by going after the Jap. Johnny, how did we beat the Japs?"

"By taking everything they had, and dishing back about ten times as much!"

I replied almost automatically.

"So the Japs quit," Prunes Hanley murmured.

"And *how* they quit!" I echoed grimly.

"So there you are," Prunes said, and made a palms up gesture with his two hands.

I stared at him, sort of blank faced.

"Come again?" I said.

"You boys dished out ten times more than you took," he said. "And you were scared plenty all of the time. But you won because you came right back for more and more. There is a comparison, Johnny. Sort of one, anyway. Start dishing it out yourself, and pile it on. See what I mean?"

I did, a little. But it didn't make me feel any better. "It's too late, now, Prunes," I grunted. "The ball scribes were just waiting for today—and they got it. By now, the news is in every other training camp. Besides, it isn't the right kind of a break for you."

"Me?" he echoed, and looked puzzled.

"Certainly you!" I got out a little impatiently. "You don't have to tell me, because I know. Your life's dream has come true, Prunes. You're manager of a big league club. Don't you see? If you start favoring me, every sports writer in the country will climb right up your back."

"Every sports writer in the country can go jump in the lake!" Prunes snapped back. "I run my club the way *I* want to run it! If it's not good enough then I'm out, and that's that. Look, Johnny, with young Hawks at second we're too weak through the middle. Oh, he's a pretty fair ball player, but he can't begin to come up with the play that you can turn in. And even when he's hot, he'd be a hundred points under you at the plate. That's fact, and not just to make you feel good."

"Thanks, Prunes," I said. "But, supposing today's game had been one that meant first or second place?"

"To the devil with today's game!" Prunes almost shouted at me. "That's my point. Forget what *has* happened. When you fellows went out on a patrol, or something, did you worry about what had happened the day before?"

"No," I admitted. "But—"

Prunes stood up. "You can't tell me that you can't dish out as much as you take and make the *other* guys do the quitting. Snap out of it, Johnny. Don't

let me down."

"I don't want to, Prunes," I mumbled. "The trouble is, it just isn't me or just my job at second. It's your job, too, the sports scribes will roast you."

"Forget the sports scribes!" Prunes barked. "They don't win ball games, or pennants. You let me worry about what will be written. And it won't worry me at all. But you can, Johnny. I mean, worry me plenty. Because I just *won't* believe you a quitter. All you've got is just a crazy twist about flashing spikes that you've got to untwist. And *can!*"

"Okay, Prunes," I said slowly, and stood up. "I'll try. I'll give the untwisting a good try. I'll do as you suggest. I'll start dishing it out."

**B**UT I didn't go on, because I didn't know what else to say. Prunes had taken a couple of steps toward the door, but on the spur of the moment he turned and came back. He gave me a funny look, and I wondered what was coming next. I couldn't have guessed it in a hundred years.

"That cute little airline hostess you were telling me about, Johnny," he suddenly said. "What about her?"

I gulped and blinked at him.

"Huh?" I managed to get out. "What do you mean, what about her? I haven't seen, or heard a word about her. Why?"

"I'm talking about before the airliner crashed," Prunes said. "She knew what was coming . . . just like you know when somebody's going to come into second hard. Well, she must have been just as scared as anybody in the plane. But, you tell me *she* didn't back up, or drop the ball. She made the play the best she knew how—because it was the thing to do."

I didn't say anything. I just looked at him as a couple of million thoughts chased each other about my brain. And then Prunes spoke again.

"I'm not saying it'll be a cinch, Johnny. That it'll be the easiest thing you ever do. Or that you'll step out on the field tomorrow and be all letter perfect. There are tough times coming up. There's—"

Hanley suddenly stopped. His expression changed. His face got set, and hard, and doggedly grim.

"I've said all I can say," he spoke to me again. "So I'll give you something straight from the shoulder, and you can

pack your bag, or keep it unpacked. The Lions will be in Friday for a two game spring training series. Mugs Mullins is manager of the Lions. And Spider Collins is still playing a whale of a third base for them! Think it over, Johnny. Yeah . . . think over what that cute little air hostess, you admired so much, would do in your shoes!"

With that, Prunes Hanley was out the door and gone. I dropped down into the chair again, and stared into space, seeing nothing at all. A half hour ago I had but one fixed purpose in life—to get away from where I was on the very first train in the morning. But, now? I didn't know what to think. I was all jumbled up, and just grabbing at handfuls of thin air.

---



---

## CHAPTER IV

### "Spider" Collins

---



---

**P**RETTY SOON I began to quiet down little by little. And, if you must know, a great big lump of cold ice took the place of my heart. That's right. Just thinking about "Spider" Collins, and his gleaming spikes, did that to me. Of course I'd realized that I'd probably come up against Collins in spring training. And if by any chance, not, that I certainly would before the regular season was much under way.

Funny, but just thinking about Spider Collins and the Lions dropping in for two next Friday made that day's experience with Hawks and Hogan seem like nothing at all. It was like mixing it with a lump-dumpy before you stepped into the ring with Joe Louis. Or, at any rate, it was built up in my mind that way.

Spider Collins, and the Lions, with "Mugs" Mullins their manager. Nobody had to write me a letter that the stands would be packed for that series. And that sports scribes would come all the way from China to see Johnny Bates run for the clubhouse, in the event Collins came toward second. Particularly after what had happened today. I don't mean they'd come because I was a great star in the game who drew them into the park by the thousands. I mean because I was the guy who had knocked my former

manager cold before I went into the service. And the guy who had knocked the best pitcher in either league kicking, right after I'd come out of the service, for the same, identical reason! So why shouldn't it be a feast for the wolves?

Yes, Prunes had certainly whipped it at me straight from the shoulder. Spider Collins, and the Lions, would be in at two on Friday. And what did I think Mary Ryan would do in my shoes?

Well, the next morning I was dead on my feet because I hadn't closed my eyes once. But, I hadn't packed my bag. When I went into the dining room for breakfast I was steeled for anything. But, maybe Prunes had spoken a word here and there. But, more likely, it was because the other players had their own worries. It was still early spring training and it could be that every position on the team was still open.

Anyway, nobody paid any particular attention to me, and that suited me fine. Incidentally, I didn't buy, or even look at a single newspaper. I had no desire to read what I knew the scribes had written. After all, you don't hit your thumb with a hammer a second time on purpose.

The morning session at the park was just a light workout. Batting practise, fielding practise, fungo flies to the outer garden boys, and the like. But when we came back after lunch Prunes Hanley pulled his surprise. He called for another nine-inning tilt with line-ups just the same as they'd been the day before. With just one exception, that is. Hogan went back in to pitch for the B Team, but another twirler, a veteran of the baseball wars named Jake Lynn, took over Jackson's job for us.

Well, it was the same line-ups as the day before, with the exception of one pitching change. But it certainly wasn't anything like the tight ball game the day before. I don't know if Prunes wanted to punish Hogan, or something and gave him the extra work, but Hogan certainly wasn't right.

In their half of the first the B Team banded over two runs by way of a walk, and a home run ball that probably hasn't been found, yet. Then we went to bat. Barney Ames was first ball hitting, and he belted out a ringing double. Slim Harris drove him home with a clean single on the second pitch. And then it was my turn.

Sure, in the hush that fell over the

four thousand odd who had come to the park, you could hear the center fielder chewing his gum. Frankly, I wasn't easy and relaxed at all. My palms were sweaty, and there was a tight invisible string drawn around my chest. But I wasn't having heart failure, either. Prunes Hanley's words the night before were still echoing in me, and that echo was doing something to me. To my courage, I guess.

**H**OGAN'S first pitch I had to fall away from lightning fast. It was a duster if I ever saw one. It made the sparks snap in me, but I just picked myself up, brushed myself off, and took my stance again in the batter's box. Hogan threw me a hook but I was waiting for it. I swung, and I connected. I managed to hit well behind the runner on first. The Team B first baseman made a desperate try but he could only get a couple of fingers of his glove on the ball. And in so doing he deflected the ball so that it scooted over across the right field line.

I was picking them up and laying them down fast. I rounded first and streaked for second. There at the bag was "Weasel" Hawks waiting to take the throw from the right fielder; there being no chance at all to get Slim Harris romping into third. Yes, there was Hawks waiting, and into him I went. No, not with my spikes straight out, but almost straight out. He got the ball, but couldn't make the tag. He hung onto it, though—hung onto it as he went cart-wheeling head over heels out toward center field.

He came up on his feet pretty fast, considering the bouncing he'd taken. But he didn't have to throw home. Slim Harris had not made a try for the plate. White-faced, his hands a little shaky, Hawks lobbed the ball to Hogan, and glared at me.

"You want the whole park, or what?" he got out hoarsely.

I grinned at him, and nodded.

"That's right, rookie, the whole park," I said. "Watch out the next time I come down."

And then I turned my back on him and took a conservative lead. I stayed there just long enough for Hogan to throw one pitch to Rocky Bolton. Rocky had his hitting shoes on and the horsehide sailed high and far out of the park. So that



put us two runs up on Hogan. But maybe it was a tonic for him, or something. He proceeded to pitch nine straight balls. And they were all clean strikes, one after the other.

When we took the field Jake Lynn yielded two walks, and a base cleaning home run, before he could retire the side. And in that inning as in the first not a single runner came down toward me at second who wasn't either loafing along, or going all the way around. And so it went for the next couple of innings, both teams murdering the opposing pitchers, and not a single runner having to stretch it at all to make the next base.

And then in the last of the fifth I was first up with the run count eight to six in our favor. Most everybody was groggy from chasing balls and running the bases, and so Prunes had said that the fifth would be the last for the day. That suited me fine, because I still had a turn at bat. I mean, I had a little something on my mind, and I wanted to get rid of it.

Frankly, Hogan on the mound was doing little more than going through the motions. You could tell that he was burning because Prunes had made him stay in. All he wanted to do was throw balls and hope the players in back of him would do the necessary ground work. And so, the first one he served up to me had home run written along the seams. That is, if I wanted to help myself to a home run. I didn't. I knew where the Team B first baseman was playing, and so I timed my three quarter swing just right.

I banged the ball across the right side of the carpet so that Hawks didn't have a chance. It was up to the first baseman, and he went after it as Hogan ran over to take the throw at first. Maybe I could have beaten the throw, I don't know. Anyway, I made as though it was close. That's right! A couple of strides from the bag, when the first baseman's throw was already in the air, I left my feet and slid into first with everything I had. I saw Hogan take the throw, and then I saw Hogan fall down on top of me. And then I didn't see anything. There was just a great big explosion, and then darkness.

When I woke up I was flat on my back, and somebody was pouring a dipper of water in my face. A lot of faces were in my vision, but I was unable to

see feature details for a couple of seconds. Then I saw Barney's face, and Rocky's, and Slim Harris', and some others. But I didn't see Hogan's, and a little twinge of fear shot through me.

"Hogan?" I said and sat up. "He all right?"

A SORT of queer look that had been in those faces bending over me suddenly went away. Barney Ames grinned, and helped me to my feet.

"Sure, Bill's okay," he said. "He trotted to the showers. It was you. His elbow caught your noggin when he came down. But, not his pitching arm elbow. Feel you're all right?"

My head was ringing a little but I could nod it without stepping up the ringing.

"Just a bump," I said, and gave a little laugh as I added, "Tried to give it the old college try, and tripped."

"Yeah," Barney Ames said, holding his grin. "Bill got the idea, too, I guess."

I dropped it at that and walked with them over to the field house. In the bus going back to the hotel Prunes Hanley dropped into the seat beside me. He didn't say much of anything until just before we pulled up in front of the hotel.

"Every little bit helps," he murmured so that only I heard him. "But nobody ever completely solved a problem by killing himself."

I got what he meant, but I didn't say anything. I just grinned, and felt a whole lot different than I had felt in a long time.

Well, the next day was Tuesday, and then came Wednesday, and then came Thursday. And then came Friday. For those first three days we went through the usual morning drills, and a full game in the afternoon. I didn't play all of them, and neither did anybody else. Prunes was fishing around for this, or that, or something. Anyway, he made snap changes in the line-ups so often it looked like a never ending parade.

During those three days Bill Hogan didn't say a word to me. He didn't even come near me, except when it was necessary. But, he didn't have to say anything. We both knew that I had served notice, and we were willing to let it go at that. However, I didn't go back to my usual style of base running. I went wild every time I got on. I took

all kinds of chances because I wanted to make the next bag with no more than a second to spare.

Maybe I was building up courage for Friday's game, or whatever you want to call it. I don't know. I simply purposely went wild. And, frankly, more times than not I got tagged out. But that didn't matter to me. I guess maybe I thought I was serving notice on the scribes in the press box that Johnny Bates had spikes on his own shoes and was ready and willing to take full advantage of them.

I repeat, I really don't know exactly what was in my mind those three days before the Lions came into the park. Maybe I was half crazy, and that was the best way to let off pent up steam. But one thing I did know, and it was like a ten-ton weight on my heart. It was as though the fates, or the gods, or what have you, had arranged things, and were just sitting back for a spell.

I mean, that in the game when I had spilled Hawks and Hogan, and in every inning I played the following Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday—not once did I have to take a throw on a runner coming down to second base. *Not once!* Sure, just like the gods didn't want me to take any of *that* kind of throws until Mugs Mullins came in with Spider Collins, and the rest of the Lions!

Well, Friday eventually dawned just as it always does, and that particular Friday was perfect from the standpoint of weather. We had an hour's light workout in the morning, and then went back to the hotel while the Lions took over. An hour before game time we were back, and even then the stands were pretty well packed.

Prunes Hanley had decided on his line-up. The infield was the same as it had been the day Hogan had come spikes high into second, and I had popped him on the chin. The outfield, though, was made up of last year's regulars. Cain in right, Melton in center, and DeBenigno in left. And, of course, Prunes selected his top twirler to go to the mound against the Lions. Bill Hogan.

Right up until about ten minutes before we trotted out to take the field I hadn't bumped into either Mugs Mullins, or Spider Collins. Of course I had seen them out there on the field, but that was all. But it wasn't to remain that way. As I came into the bench for the last

time, I met Spider Collins face to face on the first base line. He stopped short and gave me a slow look from the top of my head down to my shoes and up to my eyes again. A crooked grin twisted his lips.

"So the little man is with us again?" he said. "Haven't I been reading things about you, sonny? Kind of familiar things?"

That he called me, sonny, didn't bother me at all. Spider Collins was playing his twelfth year in big league ball. And reportedly better than ever before. The rest of what he said did bother me, just as I had known it would. However, I kept it under cover as best I could. I nodded and returned his crooked grin.

"That's right," I said. "I'm back, Spider. Come on down to second and see me sometime."

Collins blinked and then burst out laughing.

"That's good, sonny, that's real good!" he cried. "Gotta tell Mugs that one. And, yeah, I'll be right down to second to see you the first chance I get!"

## CHAPTER V

### *Good-by, Jinx*

HE TURNED and walked over to the Lions bench still laughing. I walked over to our bench, but I wasn't laughing. I was grinning a little, because I was making a grin stay on my face. I wasn't feeling funny inside. Not that kind of feeling funny, anyway. Inside I was as tight as an overwound steel spring. My heart was like a rock pounding on another rock. And in between jars icy shivers went down from the back of my neck to the backs of my heels. I went to the water cooler and for a couple of seconds my throat muscles were so tight I couldn't drink.

And then Prunes sent us out onto the field. That is, all but me. He grabbed my arm as I was going past him and pulled me back for an instant.

"*She* didn't back up, or drop the ball," he said. "Keep thinking about it."

I didn't say anything in reply. I didn't even nod. I jerked my arm loose from his grip and ran out to second base. The crowd was whooping it up by then,

and I wondered how many eyes were being fixed speculatively on me, but when Slim Harris threw me a practise bouncer to swoop up, I stopped thinking about the crowd and the boys in the press box. They weren't going to help me or harm me this day.

Then presently Slim Harris threw the practise ball over toward our bench and the first Lion stepped out of the batter's circle and moved toward the plate. I started to take up my defensive spot, but checked myself sort of on impulse and trotted over to where Hogan was standing back of the mound and rubbing up the ball.

"On the same team, Bill, today," I said, and smacked my glove. "Groove it, boy."

He looked at me surprise in his eyes, and then his face clouded a little.

"*Maybe* the same team," he said evenly. "We'll have a look and find out if."

My face burned, but I let it ride. I punched my glove a couple of more times, for the benefit of the stands, nodded, and backed quickly over to my position. The first Lion stepped into the batter's box and Hogan looked him over.

A moment or two later Hogan let fly with his first one. As nice a strike as you'll ever see go over the outside corner. He threw another but it was high for a ball. The third delivery was lifted high way over in back of first. Too far over. Slim Harris made a great try, but it was two rows back. The new ball tossed out didn't seem to be to Hogan's liking. He threw two that were both low for a ball, and yelled. The plate umpire took a look at the ball, decided in Hogan's favor, and gave him another new one. Hogan walked the Lion batter on the very first pitch.

Right then and there the old, old

memories that had been lurking just back there in a corner of my mind, came out like a flood tide. The steel spring inside me wound itself up even tighter. My palms were so sweaty I thought my glove was going to slip off. I licked my lips several times, but it didn't do any good. It was just like drawing parched skin over other parched skin. Was this the beginning of the end?

"Look out for his spikes, Bates!"

The voice in the stands had triple fog-horn qualities and it belted the words out far and wide. I closed my eyes for an instant. Maybe because I hoped when I opened them that I wouldn't see the same picture. I didn't get my hope. It was exactly the same. The Lion runner was jiggling down off first, and the second Lion up at the plate was waiting for Hogan's first pitch. He got it a moment later and I had the signal, too, from Rocky Bolton back of the plate. A pitch-out to catch the guy going from first to second.

The batter saw the pitch and threw his bat at it to protect the runner as much as he could. But Rocky grabbed the ball and whipped it down toward second. And of course all the time the Lion on first was digging his spikes into the basepath. For one infinitesimal part of a second I was wildly glad, wildly angry, and frozen stiff inside. And then I saw that Rocky's throw was going to be bad, very bad. And it was. It pulled me several feet off second toward the short-stop side, and even then I had to make a flashing backhand shovel scoop to stop the ball from slipping out toward center.

THE LION runner, of course, had hit the dirt and gone into the bag like a  
[Turn page]

## Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits

poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

(Adv.)

fast freight. But it hadn't been necessary for him to slide in. He had seen the throw pull me way off, and he could have gone in walking on his hands. But, no, he'd gone in spikes high, and flashing. When he got up grinning I was certain of what I had already figured even before the game began.

Mugs Mullins had passed the word for everybody to go down to second on anything. Maybe Mugs could still feel the explosion of my fist on his jaw. Anyway, it was a cinch that the word was to give Johnny Bates a lot of flashing spikes whenever there was a chance. It would be not only paying me off for a smack on the jaw, but it would help to score the winning run, or runs.

I lobbed the ball to Hogan and moved over to play a deeper and wider second base, now that first was open. The Lion in the box was batting left, and so it was up to Barney Ames to bother the runner and keep him close to the bag. Well, I guess Mullins was playing it fast and daring for some runs quickly, and put the hit and run on. Anyway, the batter swung on Hogan's very next pitch, and the runner broke for third with the motion.

The batter connected, and it was a screamer to my right that was starting to take off. But, I had got a half step jump on the ball, and I went up high and out with my gloved hand. The ball whammed into it, and stayed there. I came down on my feet running.

I had touched second for the double play before the runner going down to third could dig in his spikes and spin around back. The honest to goodness cheer I got made me feel fine. It made me feel plenty relieved, too. And I felt a whole lot more that way a couple of moments later when the Lion hitter whaled a high lazy one to Melton standing in his tracks in deep center field.

Well, I had gotten by that one. True, it meant simply a postponement, but it did ease the tightness inside me to have at least that much of the game passed into history. When I got to the bench I grinned my thanks for the praise the boys gave me for my stab of the ball, and went straight to the water cooler. My mouth and throat were so bone dry they actually ached with a burning ache. And the water cooler didn't help things very much, either.

The pitcher Mugs Mullins had se-

lected to start the game was one "Bullet" Wyatt, a twenty-game winner the last two years in a row. The item of importance to me, though, was that Wyatt had pitched for the Lions that last game I had played in the big leagues. He had been a rookie then with blinding speed, fair control, and nothing else. He was a veteran, now, and it was well known around the loop that he had everything, plus something extra in the clutches.

And he seemed to have all of everything when we went to bat in the last half of the first. He made Barney Ames swing like a rusty gate at two. Then he came in with a fire-ball when Barney was expecting a hook. Before Barney could swing it was a called third strike. Slim Harris didn't do much better, though he did get a piece of the ball—a very small piece; just enough to bounce the ball right back to Wyatt, who tossed it to first in plenty of time.

I threw away my extra bat and walked up to the plate. The general murmur in the stands rose a bit, and then that unknown of the triple foghorn voice sounded off again.

"Put him on, Bullet! He wants to show you things!"

Just what the bum meant by that I wasn't sure, but I thought I could make a close guess. Only I didn't bother guessing. I pounded the plate with my club a couple of times, waved it back and forth, and waited for Wyatt to get ready. He didn't take long. He wound up and gave me a taste of that fire-ball. In the brief instant, I had time to wonder if Mullins had forgotten to mention to Wyatt that I always did love fast ball pitchers. I set and swung from way back, and connected with plenty of solid wood.

**A**T THE instant I met that ball I knew instinctively that it was going for a long ride. It rode high and far out between center and left, right where the boys hadn't played me to hit. The two Lions out there were chasing it as I rounded first and dug for second. The Lions shortstop had raced half way out as I touched second and kept on going. Out the corner of my eye I saw him set himself to take the throw-in. I thought I even saw the ball on its inward flight, but I didn't waste time checking.

I tore for third. And there at third was Spider Collins. He had the bag half

covered and both hands outstretched. I hit the dirt and went in with one leg a little high. In the cloud of dust I saw Collins whirl and snap his glove hand down. There was a sharp crack on my ankle, and then Collins was toppling over and half sitting on me. And the umpire jerking up his right hand and bellowing to the world that I hadn't made it.

Spider Collins got up grinning, and tossed the ball down into my lap. There was a funny look in his eyes, but he was wearing that crooked grin.

"You want to be careful, sonny!" he chided. "I might have been spiked just

all over, but strange as it may sound I kind of prayed a little for him to get on. The tension was putting me way out on the ragged edge, and I was beginning to care less and less how it all came out. I was more exhausted, somehow, than I had ever been in my life before. And that went for plenty of times when I was out in the Pacific.

But four pitches by Hogan later I was caring plenty all over again. Hogan—and I honestly believe not purposely—gave Collins a free trip to first. So, there he was at first. And grinning down at me. And probably three quarters of the fans in the stands were grin-



### "He's Great at the Plate— but a Cluck in the Field!"

THAT was Wolverine manager Spike Grady's opinion of hard-hitting rookie Percy Hoople. Grady thought he had troubles when Hoople kept playing the ball off his head but he didn't know what trouble was until blond and buxom Peaches O'Dell went to work on his ball team.

From that moment what looked like a sure Wolverine pennant became as uncertain as a foul fly in a high wind. The whole story's told in *THE GREATEST HITTER IN THE WORLD*, by Roy Lopez—next issue's featured baseball novelet.

Look forward to *THE GREATEST HITTER IN THE WORLD*—it's a home run in thrills! And it's only one of the next issue's big fiction headlines!

now, if I hadn't known *how* to play the bag. Or if I scared easily."

Then with a wink and a widening of his crooked grin he went trotting over toward the Lions' bench. I got up, and brushed myself off, but it was just a stall to try out the ankle Spider had cracked with the ball. And also to give time for the couple of quarts of blood in my face to go away some place else. My ankle just ached a little, and didn't hurt when I put weight on it. I went across the foul line to where I had left my glove on the grass, and then walked toward second by way of the pitching rubber. I tossed the ball I still had in my hands to Hogan and grinned ruefully.

"Just an over ambitious guy," I said. "Sorry."

Hogan gave me a funny look, and a shake of his head.

"Some mugs sure ask for it," he said.

"And love it!" I snapped, and went to my position.

The Lion stepping into the batter's box was Spider Collins. I tightened up

ning with all kinds of expectations. Nobody in the park would have covered a five-cent bet that Collins wasn't coming down on the very next pitch.

Well, Rocky Bolton, of course, signaled for a pitch-out, but it wasn't quite wide enough. The Lion batter reached out for it and tried to whack it behind Collins pounding for second. He did, but too much. It was a fast hopper to Slim Harris who snagged it with one foot right on the bag. Then Slim whipped it down toward me. But the little angels were kind. Slim's throw caught Collins' right shoulder and the ball went dancing off toward right center.

I went after it because I was closest. Collins didn't bother sliding into second. He kept right on going around to third and made it easy, before I could recover the ball and whip it over. And that was that. Sentence postponed!

And, sentence was really postponed, too. I mean it was as though Hogan suddenly decided that he had fooled around enough. He went to work, and fanned

the next Lion. And the next one he made pop up to Barney Ames. And it was only the beginning. For six innings more Bill Hogan was practically the entire Eagle team, you might say. He fanned Lions left and right, and all those he didn't fan he made hit easy grounders we infielders gobbled up, or lazy watermelon flies to the outfield. Six straight innings, and not a single Lion reaching first.

**B**ULLET WYATT seemed to be given the magic touch, too. He mowed us down inning after inning like we were a bunch of blind bush-leaguers. That is, until our turn in the last of the eighth. Ames, first up, popped out to Collins. But Slim Harris finally saw the pitch coming that he liked. He swung and hung out the clothes dead over the Lions' first sacker's head, and on down into our bull pen for a double.

I stepped up and Lady Luck sort of kissed me on the cheek. I cracked a single through the center, and Slim scored the first run of the ball game. That was all, though. Rocky Bolton fanned. And DeBenigno lifted one high and far, but the Lions' left fielder was camped under the ball when it came down.

So, into the first of the ninth we went, just three outs away from our first spring training win against another league club.

Parkus, the right fielder, was the first Lion to make a try. He made the try and walked back to the bench, Hogan's twelfth strike out of the game. And up to the plate for his fourth time stepped Spider Collins!

For me, it was like four long years suddenly rolled back, and I was seeing the picture for the second time. Something gripped me by the throat, and it was hard to breathe. My legs felt like lead poles, and my insides were a raging torrent. I was telling myself over and over that it wasn't the same; that it just had to be different. I swore that if I got by this game I'd be okay, even if Spider Collins didn't get the chance to come down to second.

I told myself a lot of crazy things, and none of them did me any good. Collins worked the count up to three and two again, and then went gleefully galloping down to first when Hogan threw the fourth ball, way wide.

This was it! This was exactly the

way it had been that day. Spider Collins on first from a walk, and what would the next Lion batter do? Hit the double play ball? Or what? I thought of the many things the next Lion hitter might do, but I was as certain, as I was certain my insides were being stirred to a jelly, of what that batter was *going* to do. Maybe even ball players are given the right to see a little into the immediate future now and then. I don't know. I only know that I *did!*

Bill Hogan checked Collins, dancing a little down off first, and then let go with his first pitch. I heard the howl that went up from the crowd as Collins broke for my bag. But it was like hearing sounds from another world. My eyes were on Hogan's pitch heading toward the plate. I saw the Lion batter swing, saw him connect a little, and saw the hopper going slowly along the carpet to Hogan's left. By then I was in automatic motion. The double play ball had been hit, and I was racing to cover second.

Hogan came off the mound like lightning and grabbed the slow hopper. I'll never be able to remember whether or not I breathed a flash instant's prayer that he'd throw to first wild. I hope I didn't. Anyway, Hogan didn't throw to first, of course. He whirled and went after the front man, and that possible double play.

The ball came toward me like a white bullet. And Spider Collins came in like a run-away tank with great big flashing spikes. They say that just before a man dies every event in his entire life flashes across the screen of his brain. Maybe so. In my case, I got two pictures of the past, and one of the present, in that slight passage of time. I saw Mary Ryan as that airliner dropped around and down through the dark night. I saw Prunes Hanley talking to me in my Clearwater hotel room—and I saw Spider Collins' spikes coming in, like daggers headed for my throat.

Then the ball was in my glove, and I was leaping high off the bag and pegging it to Slim Harris straining way out from first. Behind me the base umpire yelled Collins out. Down at first my peg went into Harris' glove with time to spare. And then, as though I had been hanging up there in the air over second, I came down. And I wasn't a bit careful *how* I came down. It was hard. My bent knees

on Spider Collins' legs. He let out a yell as I sort of bounced and rolled off him.

I GOT quickly to my feet, expecting most anything, but least of all what happened next. Spider Collins was sitting up and rubbing his left leg above the knee, and looking at me with a funny look, and a grin that wasn't so crooked any more.

"So, the boy has become a man!" Spider said and stood up. "Somebody should have told me."

"That's right, Spider," I said, and I was suddenly grinning, too. "No hard feelings?"

"Think nothing of it, sonny," Collins said as he turned away. "If you have to kill 'em to win, then kill 'em!"

In the field house it was like I had never walked out on the Eagles and gone to war. Even Bill Hogan shook my hand and banged me on the back. And I knew it was okay with him too. Soon Barney Ames let out a yell and half swung me around. "My gosh, Johnny, he cut you!" Barney yelled.

I looked down and sure enough it was true. My right pants leg was ripped,

and my leg under it was red with blood. I started to laugh, and I couldn't stop. That was maybe *the* moment, I guess. I mean, sometimes you don't have a reason for knowing something. You just *know* it, that's all. And I knew then that flashing spikes coming in would never bother me any more. Sure, I might get the chills a little, but that wouldn't stop me. Dish out more than you take, just like Prunes had said.

Well, a little later I walked out of the field house on air, and headed to where the hotel bus was waiting. Spider Collins' spikes had cut my leg some, but nothing to keep me away from practise more than a day or two. Yes, all was absolutely wonderful with the world. And then—

"Hello, Marine!"

I stopped and swung around. I had not heard an imaginary voice, and it was no mirage. There she stood smiling. Little Mary Ryan, and looking ten times cuter than ever.

Well, it's the little things in life that send you down this road, or down that one. Little things, like an airliner crash, and a chocolate frost—and sending a bunch of roses to a cute little air hostess!

# Carhartt's

FOR OVER 50 YEARS A FRIEND  
TO ORGANIZED LABOR

When work clothes stand up for you, you should stand up for them. And when one family of overall makers has backed the cause of Union Labor so generously and whole heartedly for so many years—even contributed considerable money—you, as an American Labor Union member, should back those who helped you.

Three generations of the Carhartt family have supported Labor Unions. They have proved by example in their own mills and shops that the Union label can be the badge of finer workmanship and sounder values. Insist on union made Carhartt Overalls. They're better built for longer wear.

MAKERS OF

Blue Denim, Brown Duck, White Sailcloth Overalls,  
Dungarees, Washable Work Caps

HAMILTON CARHARTT OVERALL COMPANY

Established 1889

Detroit

Atlanta

Dallas

Carhartt Park, Irvine, Ky



# Carhartt



UNION MADE  
OVERALLS

# The Old Left Hand

By SAM MERWIN, JR.

## CHAPTER I

### *Title At Stake*

**T**HE heavy bag felt sluggish as he rammed first his right, then his left fist into its yielding surface. Around him the photographers' flash bulbs emitted a silent uneven salvo of light. He caught the bag in the circle of his long right arm and hugged it, steadying it. Paddy, his trainer, with dark hair spilling down over his forehead and a towel over his shoulder, spread his hands palm downward and nodded. He stepped back from the bag, wiped sparse sweat from his brow with the back of a glove. "What round, Bill?" one of the grinning herd of hangers on asked him.

"You name it—I'll try to deliver," said Bill Weldon as Paddy fussily hung the white toweling robe over his shoulders. He grinned then, feeling relief that the grind of training was over. The crack got a laugh. Ed Manno, the Champ, hadn't lost a fight in three years.

"Don't make it too quick, Bill," said someone else. "We don't want to disappoint the fight movie customers, do we?"

"You and who else?" countered Bill. Lou Abby, his manager, bustled up then and guided Bill and Paddy out into the corridor that led to the dressing rooms. He muttered something about Bill taking a shower before his back muscles stiffened and Paddy made assenting sounds.

The cold water stung his back under

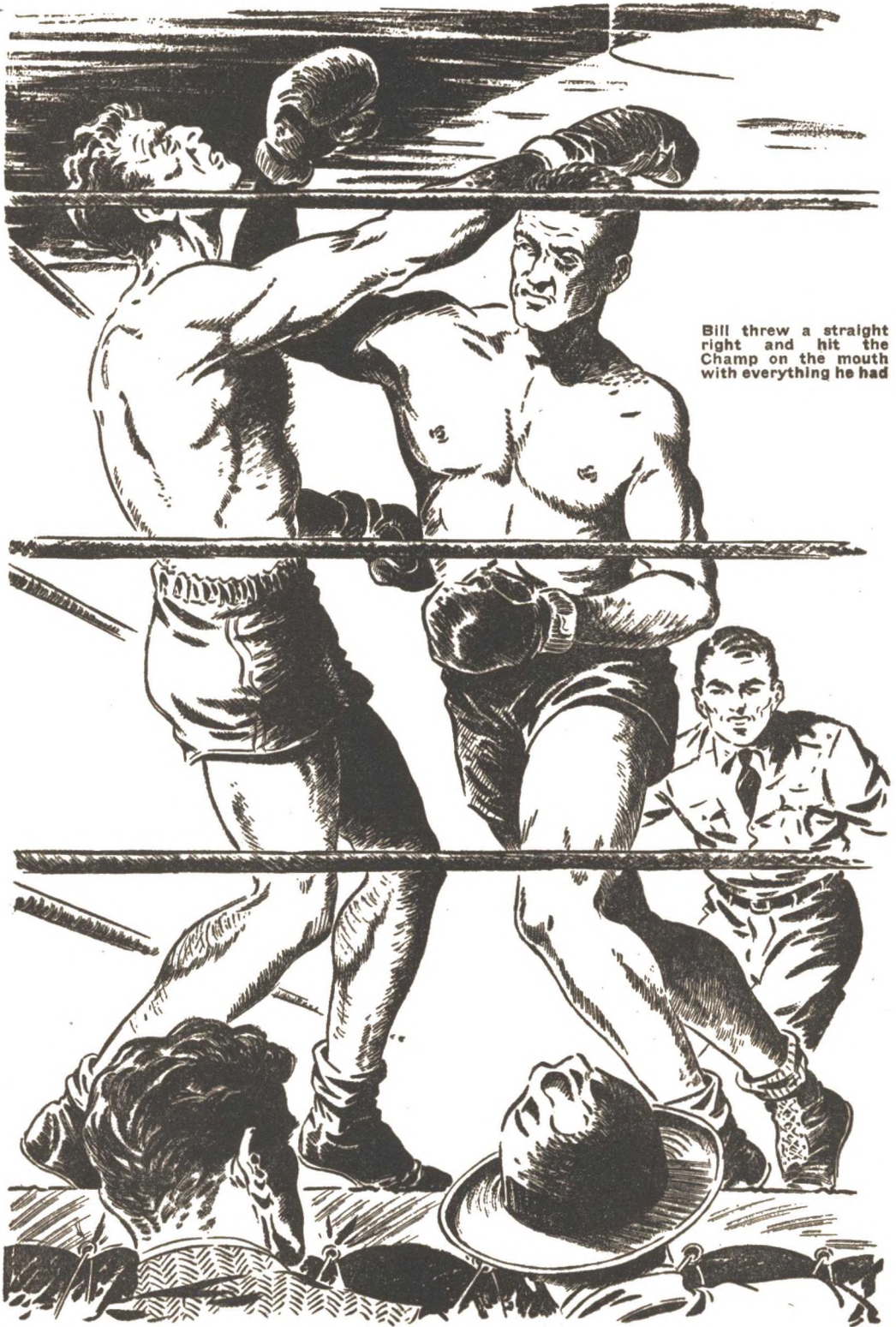


## A NOVELET OF THE PRIZE RING

**His confidence lost, Challenger Weldon has two battles to win when he climbs into the arena with the heavyweight champ!**







Bill threw a straight right and hit the Champ on the mouth with everything he had

the shower. Involuntarily he yelped at its needling shock. He had forgotten how cold cold water got in New York in the winter. Come to think of it he had been out of town for more than a year. The night he beat Terry McShay in Newark had been the closest he had come to the big city that had been his home for most of his twenty-three years. And they had taken a train for Philly right after that one.

"Lou," he said as he got into his clothes, "why don't you smoke cigars? You don't look like a real fight manager with those cigarettes of yours."

Come to think of it, Bill decided, Lou didn't look like the rest of them. He was a tall, lanky, faded veteran—faded in all but his eyes, which gleamed darkly keen and alert in deep settings on either side of his only slightly displaced nose. In his days as a welter Lou had been a cutey. No one had marked him up and there had been some tough welters around then.

"Maybe I don't want to be a real fight manager," Lou Abby said quietly. "Maybe I just want to be a good one." He paused to look at Bill thoughtfully, then added, "Remember, Bill, you got the fight of your life on your hands tomorrow night. Don't blow your top just because you finished training."

"I'll be good, teacher," said Bill, smiling faintly at the thought of Sonya.

**H**E HAD been thinking about this evening with Sonya for a long time now. When the going, in the ring or in camp or in the endless succession of smoke-filled hotel rooms and liniment-scented rooms that had been his recent life had got him down, memory of Sonya and the soft huskiness of her voice and the white satin of her shoulders and the long sweep of her shoulder-length brown hair had kept him going. Fifteen months could be a long time.

"I suppose you'll want some dough," said Lou Abby, eyeing him keenly.

"Have a heart, Lou," said Bill. "I haven't spent a dime in months."

"See Carol," said the manager. "I been caught for fifty touches in the gym this afternoon. She's got the bankroll." He looked at Bill again and his thin lips curved in what passed with Lou Abby for a smile. "Maybe, Bill," he went on, "you don't look like a real fighter in those duds of yours."

"Maybe I don't want to be a real fighter," said Bill. This was old patter between them. "Maybe I just want to be a good one." He started toward the door, paused on the threshold. "You should see me in tails, Lou." He ducked and got out of there just ahead of a flying towel.

He went on up to the temporary office the matchmaker had loaned them for the fight and found Carol Lee behind Lou's desk. She was bending over a pile of complex looking papers with a ball-pen clutched in her hand. She didn't look up for a moment or so and, when she did, Bill saw a smudge on the tip of her nose. He got out a handkerchief and tried to wipe it off, only making it worse.

"Leave me alone, Bill," she said, turning her face away and resignedly getting a compact out from a handbag half hidden under the papers. "If you think you can soften me up for more dough that way your methods are about fifteen years out of date."

She was eyeing herself in the mirror as she spoke.

"I've got a date, Carol," he said. "I need a hundred."

"Get it from Lou." She was wiping off the smudge as she spoke.

"Lou told me to get it from you," he told her, sitting on the desk. "He's been getting cut up by some old touches downstairs."

"I should have known," said Carol, completing repairs to her face. Then, "Hey, you big mug—get off those papers!"

"Give first," said Bill, rubbing thumb and forefingers together. Carol, come to think of it, was not half bad looking when she was angry. He wondered how she'd look dolled up like Sonya. He wondered a lot about Carol from time to time, why she hung around with Lou, why a lot of things.

"I know when I'm licked," she said. She got up, pulled down her simple green jersey dress, revealing a healthy young female figure in the process. She sighed, got a key from her handbag, crossed the room to a metal file, opened it and took out some money. "Here," she said after counting it.

"Thanks, honey," he said, giving her a pat on a softly firm cheek.

"Stay out of cafe brawls," she told him. "You'll need all the fighting you've got in you tomorrow night." She looked

so solemn he had to grin.

"It's just another fight, Carol," he told her. He lifted the money and waved it before putting it away. "And this—this is only money."

"And you're just another mug, even if you did go to Yale," she told him.

He waved a hand in salute and left her, went on down and out to the street. Times Square was alive with its inevitable tawdry late-afternoon crowd. Bill wrinkled his nose in distaste as he waited for a cab. Broadway was not for him, never had been. He was glad to be on his way up and east, to the quieter, lusher, more aristocratic part of the city which had spawned him.

He wondered briefly if he were going to be hurt—if Ed Manno's savage and vaunted two-handed attack were going to batter his features out of shape, rip his insides and send him bleeding to the canvas. He wondered how he would look in a pair of cauliflower ears. Briefly, he shivered.

Then he dismissed the thought. After all, he had never been knocked down in the ring in his life, seldom on the football field. He had never been unconscious, never really been hurt. Not that there hadn't been plenty of chances. He had played three years as tackle on the Hotchkiss varsity, done a year in the Marines, put in four years on the Yale varsity, first at tackle, then at end. In his final two seasons he had won All-American mention.

He had taken plenty of banging around, but never once had he been really hurt. He hadn't been worried then. His father had still been alive and there was plenty of money. Now things were different but he had a chance to recoup quickly even if the family fortune were gone. The heavyweight championship meant dough, big dough even in his former league.

**B**ILL wondered about his mother, currently married to some sort of a European nobleman, a count or a baron or something. He wondered what she thought about his career, if she thought about it all. When he had entered the Golden Gloves it had been a lark, a wintertime conditioner. He hadn't expected to win.

But he had won, won with surprising ease. His height, his speed of foot, his left-handedness, all had combined to

make him invincible. But when Lou Abby had called on him after the bouts and left his card with a "Look me up if you feel like getting serious about this" he had simply laughed it off.

Then his father had died and he had barely been able to graduate from Yale. There simply wasn't any money left that his mother didn't need for her self-indulgent mode of life. He wasn't angry about it, though. After all, she had been spoiled all her life—life without money was inconceivable to her.

So, after looking over what jobs there were and discovering they wouldn't even enable him to keep Sonya in theatre tickets, to say nothing of himself in surroundings, clothes, food, liquor and hobbies to which he was accustomed, Bill had looked up Lou Abby and become a fighter. It was as simple as that. Since then, after a fierce month of conditioning, he had fought all over the country against a rising scale of opponents.

After losing two out of his first five bouts thanks to his lack of ring wisdom, he had nearly given up. But Lou and Paddy had coaxed him and Carol had needed him into staying on. He had knocked out a tough old trial horse with a lucky solar plexus punch two weeks later in Cleveland and been on his way.

Since that fateful night he had won seventeen bouts, fourteen by the kayo route, and gotten two draws. Now, thanks to the shortage of heavyweight talent that had descended like a blight on the big division after the war, he was going in there with the champion himself. If he made any kind of a showing, he would be in for a return bout and riches. If he won—

That, he decided, could wait until the following evening.

Sonya didn't keep him waiting more than twenty-three minutes in the Louis Quinze living room of the triplex apartment which the Gore family had occupied since they had sold their Fifth Avenue mansion to make room for a forty-story office building in which they still held a majority interest. While he waited Bill tried to remind himself that Sonya was always late.

When she came in, smiling and pliant and lovely in adroitly designed and sewed amber satin, and offered a well powered cheek for his kiss he forgot all about his impatience. Being there with

Sonya in the Gore living room seemed to wipe out all the blood and sweat and liniment and foul language and cramped quarters of the past year, to carry him back to the lush and tasteful security which had been his during all but the last few months of his life.

"Let's look at you, Bill honey," she said, her small hands tugging him around toward the light, her voice exerting an even stronger pull. She studied him for a moment, then said, "Bill honey, you look pale."

"Remember, Sonya," he reminded her, "I work nights. And you look like caviar and blinis and cherries jubilee and—"

"Bill, watch your vocabulary. Remember where you are." She laughed and he laughed with her and for a moment it was very gay.

"Listen, you animal," she said when he tried to kiss her again. "I'm in full warpaint. What's this I hear about you fighting for a title?"

"The title, Sonya," he told her. "I'm going to lay it in your lap."

"I think that's sweet, Bill honey," she told him and let him kiss her then—carefully so as not to disarrange the work of the past two hours. He sighed, but held her off and looked at her and decided it was worth it.

"Where to, Sonya?" he asked. "I've got the night off."

"Isn't it exciting?" she countered. "Let me see—I've got to show you off. Some of the gang is having dinner at the Falcon and I thought—"

"Just you and me and the gang?" he said. But she slipped an arm through his and he didn't have the heart to protest that he was in no mood for any gang at the moment. Quickly she caught his mood. She had always been clever that way.

"There's no especial hurry if you'd like a drink here," she said, added, "That is if you can the night before a fight."

"It'll have to be sherry—and that's against the rules," he said sadly.

He had three while Sonya downed a like number of martinis. But it was the intoxication of Sonya's presence rather than the reinforced wine that had him walking on golden air when they finally reached the Falcon. Her low, well-bred voice, her perfume, her beauty, were more intoxicating than any wine.

As a more than normally good looking

young man, a rich man's son and a college athlete of considerable renown, Bill had always been used to his share of public attention. But this evening, from the moment he followed Sonya's sable wrap across the black glass threshold of the Falcon, Bill realized that he had somehow attained the almost embarrassing status of a true celebrity.

HE SENSED it in the hat check girl's appraising mascaraed look, in the fact that Marino, suave, articulate owner of the restaurant, himself brushed aside the equally suave if less articulate headwater, to usher them to their table. It was present in the wave of low comment that followed them to the big round table in the rear where the "gang" was seated, in the greetings called to him from persons he didn't know en route, in the way the women present eyed him.

"You seem to be famous, Bill honey," said Sonya, again taking his arm. Her own radiance had deepened to a glow of pride. He made a face at her.

"I'll be a tramp if I lose," he told her. She hugged his arm.

"But you're not going to lose," she whispered. Then they were at the table and Bill found himself in the center of a windmill of backslapping arms, of fond insults, of garbled introductions, of encouraging words.

Yes, the gang was there—old Marty Williams, who had played beside him in the Yale line, Blink Delafield, the polo player, Meg Wilson, who had played with him summers on Long Island, a half dozen others, old friends and new. Sonya and he sat down in places saved for them and he refused a drink.

"Believe it or not, I'm in training," he said and got an unearned laugh.

Later, when things had settled down and talk no longer was focused on him, Bill for the first time became aware of the thin, sallow-faced young man who was seated on the other side of Sonya and who had, he realized, been talking earnestly to her during most of the hullabaloo caused by his arrival. He was now leaning across her to address him. Bill thought he looked vaguely familiar.

"You don't remember me," he said. "I'm Havelock, 'Forty-four."

"Sure, I remember," said Bill. Havelock had been a year ahead of him at college, a quiet, rather insignificant specimen around the campus. To cover his

surprise at finding him in this flamboyant company, Bill said:

"What gives with you these days, fellow? It's good to see you again."

"Why, Brand is famous too—and in your circles," said Sonya unexpectedly. "He writes an awfully clever sports column for the *Gazette*."

Bill remembered seeing the name Brand Havelock and wondered why he hadn't connected it up. But Havelock had been such a nonentity at college. It went to show something or other, he supposed. Havelock was rated a very up and coming young sports writer.

"Glad to see you're doing so well," Bill told him. "Sorry I was slow in tying you up with your column. I've been reading it—it's good."

"And I'm glad to see you taking training seriously," said Havelock.

"Why not?" said Bill, surprised. "I've always believed in an athlete keeping in shape."

"You're in for a fight, Bill," said Havelock, regarding Bill somberly. "In fact, you're in for your first real one."

"Oh, I've had a few this last year," said Bill. "Quite a few."

"That," the writer told him quietly, "is what *you* think. The hitch is that Manno likes that crown and means to hang onto it—and he's in a position to take orders only from Manno."

"What are you driving at, Brand?" Bill asked, puzzled.

"You might ask Sailor Green," Havelock told him. "He's in town."

## CHAPTER II

### *Poison Of Doubt*

**B**ILL fought back the gnawing canker of suspicion that rose against the under side of his diaphragm. He told himself not to worry, to ignore Brand Havelock's hint, to relax and have a good time. But increasingly, as the evening fled past, he found that he could think of nothing else.

He knew he was eating food of a flavor and quality he had not encountered in many months—but he could barely taste it on his tongue. He knew he was among friends who wished him only the best but somehow their assurances rang hollow. He had only to move his left hand

a matter of inches to touch Sonya—but she seemed oddly unreal and fragile and artificial to him just then.

A vision of Primo Carnera, the monstrous, good natured Italian, crept into his mind uninvited. He had, as a kid, seen the immense heavyweight knocked out by Max Baer, a bleeding, bewildered travesty of a champion. Carnera had believed himself a fighter, had been nurtured on tankers and bums until he thought himself invincible—until he came up against a man who could really hit.

Ed Manno, the Champion, was a man who could really hit.

To still the rising tide of uneasiness within him Bill knew that he was going to have to move fast. There would be no chance on the morrow—what with the weighing in and the various sessions that preceded a big fight. He would be wrapped in cotton wool, allowed to see no one but officials and his own camp.

Putting down a demi-tasse cup which was apparently filled with liquid rubber, Bill glanced at his watch. It was after eleven. He turned to Sonya.

"Sweet," he said, "I'm going to have to head for the sack. Want me to take you home?" She wrinkled her aristocratic little nose at him.

"Oh, Bill—and just when things are getting going!" He patted her shoulder and laid his napkin on the tablecloth beside his plate.

"It's all right," he said. "After tomorrow it will be different." As he spoke he wondered just how it would be different—for better or for worse. Brand Havelock, who had not missed the byplay, leaned forward again.

"I'll be glad to take care of Sonya for you," he said. Sonya turned to Bill and there was a plea in her glance. He sighed and got to his feet.

"Thanks, Brand," he said. "Say, where does Sailor Green hang out? After all, I knocked him out in Cleveland. Maybe Lou can do something for him."

"Don't ask me," said Havelock. Then his eyes narrowed and he added, "Wait a minute—you might try the bar at the Blackmon. That's where I saw him."

"Okay, Brand," said Bill. He bade Sonya good night, waved a hand at the others and left. A half dozen people tried to stop and talk to him on the way to the door but he moved past them with bare hellos and reclaimed his wraps from

the pert female object in the check room.

The chill night air felt good against his face and he could see the little cloud of his breath. He decided to walk across town to the Blackmon. It was one of those dingy old hotels off Times Square and close to Jacobs Beech which seems to cater chiefly to the two big businesses of the district—fight and show people.

Sailor Green was the trial horse Bill had knocked out in Cleveland when he had been on the eve of quitting the ring. Come to think of it the Sailor had gone down awfully easily under a barrage of slashing left hand punches. Bill had had him on the canvas five times before the referee stopped the bout in the seventh. At the time he had been too exultant to wonder about it.

Now he wasn't so sure.

He found the Sailor there in the bar, sitting alone in a booth. The big burly ex-tar with the scrambled features looked up and gave Bill a salute. The sight of his thick ears and bashed in nose was reassuring. It showed that this hulk of a man had been hit hard and often. He had straw colored, almost white, hair, cropped close to his skull. His voice was little more than a rasp.

"Hi, Weldon," he said, nodding toward the other side of the booth. "Squat."

Bill sat down. All at once he felt foolish. Now that he was here he didn't know what to say. You couldn't just ask the man if he had done a water job for him, gone into the tank, taken a dive. The Sailor picked up the ball.

"Just came into town to see you and Ed Manno," he said. "You been getting a good press, Weldon. How about something to knock out them butterflies?"

"They're buttermilk-flies tonight," said Bill inanely. He ordered the innocuous beverage from the unwashed waiter who hovered over the booth, nodded toward the Sailor's near-empty glass. "Get him another," he said. Suddenly he recalled that he had only dented the hundred in his pocket by a couple of cab fares. It was not, it seemed, his night to howl after all.

"You're a wag, Weldon, a wag, yessir," said the Sailor. "If you can still crack wise after the fight. That Manno's a real good boy. I had a couple of goes with him three years back. He got me both time.—good."

"I read about it," said Bill.

THEIR talk was desultory while the drinks came and Bill sought some opening for broaching what was on his mind.

"Manno can hit with both mitts," said the veteran. "He keeps coming at you from all angles. That's what you gotta watch. You can't relax a second with him in the ring. Not and stay off the canvas. But you ought to do all right. I don't suppose a smart tomato like Lou would have you in there if he wasn't sure."

"What do you mean, 'sure'?" Bill asked sharply. Here it was. He felt almost unbearable tension within him as he asked the question.

Sailor Green shrugged his thick, sloping shoulders. "I ain't talking," he said. "I still gotta make mine fighting." Then he gave Bill a reassuring nod. "But you oughtta do okay in there tomorrow. You're a big strong boy and you can hit pretty good too. I'll be watching you, pal."

"Thanks, Sailor," said Bill. He got up slowly, walked over to the waiter and paid the check. Then he went on out and took a cab back to his own hotel.

They had a suite high up in the glossy modern building. Bill let himself in quietly and saw that a light was on in the drawing room. Carol was in there, surrounded by the early editions of the morning papers, sitting on the carpet. She looked awfully tired and his heart suddenly went out to her.

"Where's Lou?" he asked. She looked up at him, startled.

"Out somewhere," she said. "He's got a lot of things on his mind." Then, "You might make some noise instead of coming in like a mystery movie creep."

"Sorry—I didn't mean to scare you," he said. He shed his coat and sank onto the sofa. Carol, he saw, was eying him suspiciously. He grinned.

"Three sheries, two demitasses and a glass of buttermilk, mama," he told her. "I couldn't eat much. What's with condemned men's breakfasts anyway?"

"Who's condemned?" she asked sharply. She got up, once again revealing briefly the figure he had just begun to notice, took a cigarette from a box on the sofa and lighted it. She looked down at him somberly, pushed her reddish hair back from her forehead. Her eyes were greener than ever in artificial light.

"Don't worry," he said. "I guess it's

just pre-fight jitters."

"It's the first time *you've* shown any," she said. "It's the first time you've shown anything but a good left hand and a flock of conceit."

"I guess I have been pretty cocky," he said. "I'm sorry."

"You have a right to be cocky," she told him. "You've *had* everything."

"Don't be a nasty little snob," he told her. He fumbled in his pants pocket, dug out the money and put it on the end table. "Here—here's the change from that hundred, Carol. There's ninety-odd left."

"Now," she said, "I've heard everything. I mean everything." She picked up the money, retrieved her handbag from a chair, stuffed it into her purse. Without looking his way she added, "How was the divine Sonya?"

"Divine—and afraid I'd muss up her pancake makeup," he replied. She looked at him and he saw thoughtfulness in her eyes—thoughtfulness and something else. For a moment he could have sworn it was pity. She sat down in an armchair opposite him and regarded him for a long moment.

"Bill," she said, "your mother's still alive, isn't she?" He nodded and she shook her head. "How come she doesn't take more interest in you?"

"She's got a French count or baron or something keeping her busy on the Riviera," Bill told her. It was a relief to talk to somebody, even Carol, after months of silence. "It's her fifth try at so-called wedded bliss."

"It just occurred to me, Bill—no don't get sore—that you're lonely."

"Maybe," said Bill doubtfully. "I don't know though. There was always Dad—and there have always been plenty of guys and girls around."

"Do they really count?" she asked him, exhaling through her nostrils.

"Who knows?" he countered. He studied her. "What gives with you anyway, Carol? How come you've latched onto Lou? I should think you could do a lot—"

"Bill," said Carol quietly, "you have a remarkably low mind. If you think for a moment—" She paused, half appalled, half amused. "If you must know, Lou's wife was my aunt. When mother died they took me in. Later, when Lou's wife—my aunt—got killed in a train wreck, there I was. He sent me to school, did

everything for me. I can help him some so why shouldn't I?"

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked her. In spite of his inner tension he had to grin. "When I think of some of the things I've been thinking—"

"You should have your pretty little shell pink ears boxed," she said.

FOR a while they were silent after this. Then she said, "Was it a good party? You have a little fun coming your way, you know."

"Not so hot," he said. "I ran into a couple of old friends. It turned out this columnist guy, Brand Havelock, was at Yale with me. I'd forgotten."

"I've read his stuff," said Carol. She yawned and stretched with grace. "Bright stuff. What sort of a lad is he anyway?"

"He wasn't much around college," said Bill. "Insignificant grind. He told me Sailor Green was in town so I stopped by to see him on the way here." He studied her significantly, wondering if she knew or, if she did know, whether she would show any reaction. Women, he knew, were all natural actresses.

"Good old Sailor," she said. She shook her head. "If you hadn't taken him that night in Cleveland, well—the ring would have lost a heavyweight contender."

"I know," said Bill. He clenched his big fist and held it up and studied it. "Sailor made a crack that sounded as if maybe he made it easy for me. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you, Carol?"

"You didn't let that bother you!" the girl exclaimed. She was sitting up in the chair now, no longer sleepy. "Why, Bill, no fighter of any standing likes to admit he was licked. They all have to come up with a reason—an alibi. It's a form of self justification. For the love of Pete, Bill, you—"

"But he went down awfully fast—like a hunk of cheese—when he went. I hadn't made a dent in him for six rounds and then—" He shook his head slowly.

"Bill, the Sailor is a crafty old ring-wise veteran. Crafty enough to cover up when he's hurt." She had risen now, was standing over him. "You found yourself that night, Bill. You tore him to pieces for six rounds. Lou and I were wondering what was holding him up. He took all he could and then he went."

"I don't know," said Bill. He grinned

up at her without mirth. "But it makes a fellow think. I've just been lucky, I guess. All those knockouts!"

"Bill, you big meat-head, I think I like you in your swell-headed version better," Carol said angrily. "I hate to tell you this but you're the best natural hunk of fighting man I've ever seen—up to and including the Champ. You were good material to begin with. If you had a little trouble at first it was because you were learning a lot of new things all at once. Your reflexes weren't adjusted to them. But since you took the Sailor, you've had it, had more of it every time you stepped into the ring."

"I didn't know you cared," he said but his weak effort at humor felt flat even as he said it. He wondered, if Lou were pulling a swifty, if he had set up all those fights—would he have let Carol in on it. He doubted it.

"You don't suppose that Lou—" he began. Carol's green eyes burst into cold flame as his voice trailed off. The opening of the suite door stopped whatever she was going to say. Both of them looked toward it.

Lou Abby came in, his soft hat pushed back on his head. He looked at them from the doorway, then took it off and dropped it on a chair.

"Hey—no quarreling tonight," he said. "What's the matter? Did Bill get rid of that dough, Carol? You look ready to spring on him."

"No," said Carol. "It's not that. We just got into a dopy argument." She gave Bill a pleading look that besought his silence. He shrugged the massive shoulders that had bulwarked the Yale line. Lou lighted a cigarette and spoke through clenched teeth as he got it going.

"Let it go," he said quietly. "Bill, it's time you turned in. You looked a bit fine drawn this afternoon. I know how it is before a big one, believe me. Get in there and lie down. I hope you can sleep but you won't be the first who couldn't. But lie there and give your body a rest anyway. And try not to fight your fight until you get into the ring. Okay?"

"Okay," said Bill. He looked at Carol, who was staring at Lou with an unaccustomed spot of color in either cheek. Then he lifted a hand in good night salute and walked into his bedroom, his mind still turning over the unanswered question.

---



---

## CHAPTER III

### *The Wrong Slant*

---



---

HE PUT in a rugged night. In spite of his resolve to slumber, the fights he had fought in the year and a half just past paraded themselves remorselessly in front of him. There was Panelli, the husky dock worker, who had gone down like a poleaxed steer in the semi-final in Seattle. Bill had hardly worked up a sweat. He had landed no more than a dozen punches.

And there was Corrigan, the reedy looking New Orleans heavyweight, who had hit him so hard his head rang like a bell and made a monkey of him in the infighting. Bill had nailed him early in the ninth round and slowed him up enough so that the home-town officials had called it a draw. But Corrigan had seemed ready to last twenty-five without slowing down. Bill wondered if he had really caught the Irishman or if—well, or if—

There was Washington, the big colored lad in Kansas City, with the thews and sinews of an African Atlas. Bill had been taking a pasting until he drove a lucky straight left through his guard in the fourth that paralyzed the giant. There were Markofski and Gentry and Cunningham—but what was the use? He had found each of them tough until his man hit the canvas.

Somehow, with false dawn sending its gray light through his open window, he managed to drop off to sleep. Then, only a second later it seemed, Lou and Paddy were shaking him awake and telling him it was eleven o'clock. The weighing-in was set for noon and it was time to be up. He still felt tired, as if he hadn't slept. It took the shower to get him fully aroused.

The newspapermen and a couple of the ever-present photographers were in his bedroom when he came out to put on his clothes. They kidded him about the fight ahead and for once he couldn't kid back. He kept looking at Lou, trying to read what lay in back of that inscrutable face.

After all, what did he really know about Lou? He hadn't expected, when he presented his card, to get in so deep. Sure, Lou was supposed to have been a



good fighter in his day. He was supposed to be one of the few "clean" managers. But Joe Gould, Braddock's manager, had born that reputation for years—and had then gone to jail with an Army officer in World War Two for crooked deals with Government property. Reputations could be bought in the fight game.

"Feeling ripe for Manno tonight?" one of the reporters asked as he got into his trousers and zipped them up. Bill gave the newsman a look.

"I'm all right," he said slowly, then turned away to tie his tie. In the mirror he saw Lou and Paddy exchange a swift look—of what? Worry, comprehension, suspicion? He couldn't be sure, finished dressing in a hurry.

Somebody muttered something about "leaving his fight in the dressing room before he gets to the dressing room even" but he gave the remark no attention. For some reason he wanted to see Carol but she was not in evidence.

"She went out a couple of hours ago," said Paddy, apparently reading his thoughts. "After all, Bill, a weighing-in is no place for a dame like her."

Bill nodded and went on out with the crowd. In the Commission offices it seemed silly to have to undress just after getting his clothes on. But it was all part of the act he supposed. He let Paddy wrap a towel skilfully around his middle and walked on out to the weighing-in room.

It was full of people and full of smoke. It was also a far cry from a Yale locker room before a big game. The newsmen and cameramen were there, of course, along with both fighters, managers and handlers, the officials, the Commission doctor and the rest. Also present were the inevitable blue-chinned, button-eyed specimens who seemed to gravitate around the excitement and easy money of a big fight like insects drawn to a lamp.

He waited patiently while the doctor examined the Champ, who was called first as befitted his eminence. Bill had seen movies of him scores of times, but this was the first time he had laid eyes on his opponent in the flesh. He took advantage of the opportunity to study the man.

Ed Manno was not as big as he was but Bill was of exceptional size—his height a trifle over six feet three, his frame big

and well fleshed. But the Champ was not small. A couple of inches shorter than Bill, his stomach, back, thighs and shoulders rippled with long hard muscles. There were no huge knots to tie his biceps in hard-boiled eggs but great strength rippled with every slightest motion beneath Manno's smooth white skin.

CHEST and shoulders were thick fore and aft and the shoulders sloped to give leverage to a natural hitter. His face, scarcely more marked than Bill's despite ten years in the ring, bore witness to his boxing ability. His eyes were cold and blue and, once they had spotted Bill, remained fixed on him with a sort of cruel and silent speculation.

He was going to be no pushover. Hard and deep-set confidence was present in his every movement. He weighed in at two-ten—and not an ounce of fat.

"All right, Weldon. Over here." It was the Commission doctor. Bill made his way over to the table on which his equipment gleamed and went through his paces. It was purely routine. Bill was fit and he knew it and so did the doctor. When he turned toward the scales, the Champ was waiting for him, directly in his path.

"Hello, Weldon," Manno said, his voice low and soft with no trace of Italian accent. "Just wanted to see how a Yale man looks before I mark him up."

"Is this an act?" said Bill, turning toward Lou.

"It's no act," said Manno. "I don't like a cheese challenger any better than I like a cheese champ." His lips were almost white with anger.

"Save it for the ring," said the Champ's manager, stepping in to hustle his charge away. En route he said something about the Champ really wanting to show the college boy what one fight was like before he quit.

"Before who quits?" said a voice Bill recognized. It was Havelock, standing a little to one side and looking more insignificant than ever.

"Joe College, who else?" snapped Ed Manno almost jauntily.

"Why didn' cha step on his feet?" growled Paddy hustling him onto the scales and deftly removing the towel. "Why'd cha let him get away with it?"

Bill said nothing but he could feel his jaw muscles tighten at the half-laughing

buzz of comment that rose in the room. They thought he'd showed chicken by not cracking back. But he had felt paralyzed, unable to think or act.

He weighed in at two-fourteen and a half.

Back in the hotel he ate his last meal before the fight and, to his surprise, found he was hungry. The inevitable beefsteak and baked potatoes, backed by a more unusual chef's salad, composed the bulk of the meal. Paddy and he ate alone as neither Lou nor Carol showed up.

"Lou's up at the Garden office, helping rig a few last minute angles," Paddy informed him, picking his teeth with a paper match box cover.

"What about Carol?" said Bill. He wanted desperately to talk to her, to learn what she was up to. It was the first time since he and Lou had signed up that she hadn't been on hand constantly with a fight coming up. Her absence, especially after their talk the night before, made him even more nervous.

He went back to bed after eating and read and dozed and tried to get his nerves under control. It was, he told himself, perfectly normal that he should be so worried and jumpy on the eve of his shot at the title. But even as he thought it, he knew he was lying. For the first time in his life he, Bill Weldon, was scared. He hadn't the slightest idea whether he could really fight or not. And it was not a pleasant sensation.

His anxiety about Carol gradually turned into irritation. It was, he decided, a devil of a time for her to take a powder. If she cared at all about his chances— But, come to think of it, there was no reason why she should. He thought about Sonya then and, to his annoyance, discovered he no longer gave a flying hoot for her. A girl who worried about his mussing up her makeup was not the girl for him.

"All right in there, fella?" It was Lou, who had opened the door silently and discovered him awake. Bill made a so-so gesture.

"Okay, I guess. I wish it were over," he said.

"I know how you feel," the manager told him. "Well, it looks like we got a sellout. The big brass is having a hemorrhage at not waiting till spring and holding it outdoors in one of the parks. They didn't figure how you'd draw."

"Good gate, eh?" said Bill. He said it mechanically. After all, he had turned to fighting as a career because he wanted to make money. But now, as he spoke, he realized what he wanted more than anything else in his life was to win that title. Even the little taste of glory he had known last night was a heady sort of wine. He sat up on the bed.

"Where's Carol, Lou?" he asked. Lou looked surprised.

"Isn't she around?" he countered. "Don't worry about her. Carol's a nice girl—and a smart one." He hesitated. "Say, Bill, you looked a little off your feed this noon. Sure everything's all right?"

"Everything's dandy," said Bill. He lay down as if he wanted to sleep and the manager went back into the drawing room and shut the door.

**B**UT Bill didn't sleep. He wondered about the Champ's terrific left—it was supposed to be the deadliest since Dempsey. His own left, of course, was stronger than his right, but then he fought from a southpaw's stance. It came to him naturally and had helped to keep his opponents off timing.

He tossed and worried and was relieved when, after dark, it was time to go to the Garden. They drove there in a limousine the Commission had sent for them, bundled up in a lap robe. It was cold outside that evening. There was a big jam around the Garden, even though the preliminaries had not yet begun.

"What'd I tell you?" said Lou, looking for him, almost seraphic.

"Chicken this Sunday," said Paddy. "We got the fight, we got the gate, now all we gotta do is win it."

All he had to do was win it, Bill thought, wondering if he could really punch his way out of a paper bag. Then they were in the dressing room and he was once more getting out of his clothes. As always, the protector felt stiff against his abdomen until, a few minutes after donning his dark blue trunks, he got used to it and forgot it. He shadow boxed briefly, just enough to get limber without working up a sweat, then lay down on the rubbing table.

Paddy checked him over with Lou looking on, saying nothing. When the trainer was satisfied, Bill sat up and let him put on his socks and shoes and lace them up. From somewhere far above the

roar of the crowd sounded faintly as something happened in the first of the preliminary battles.

They took it easy then, for awhile, although the atmosphere was taut. Then Manno's manager, plump Cooney Sands, came in and looked on distrustfully while Paddy taped up his hands. The reporters came in for a few minutes and there were more pictures. Havelock was not among them and, after awhile, Lou led them out to take his turn at overseeing a like operation on the Champ.

"Lots of stuff and protocol tonight," said Bill to Paddy.

"You ain't kiddin'," the handler replied. "This is a bout for the champeen-ship—and it's in the Garden. Everthin's gotta be right." His words were more slurred than usual with excitement and he was grinning from ear to ear.

"Listen, Bill," he went on, his voice low. "I know I'm not givin' the orders but I've handled other boys against this Manno. You gotta be ready to move both ways. His punches come outta everywhere."

"So they tell me," said Bill. "See if Carol's around, will you?"

Paddy looked out in the corridor and came back with a shake of his battered head. "Never seen you so steamed up about Carol," he said. "She's a mighty nice dame, mighty nice. Cut straight as a die—like Lou."

"Yeah. She's okay," said Bill. The uproar of the crowd upstairs had been steadily increasing, in both volume and frequency. He wondered if she were like Lou—and just what Lou was really like. The muscles of his stomach felt as tightly drawn as guitar strings.

Then, suddenly, it was time and Lou was back and Paddy was putting the white satin robe with the blue trim around him and he was being hustled through the crowded corridor to the ramp that led up to the ring. The vibrant, throbbing life of the crowd burst against him like a blow as they came into the aisle.

The rest of the ceremonies—the arrival of the Champ in his purple robe of royalty, the introduction of former ring greats, the announcer's microphonic screech anent fights to come, the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner" with a Canarsie-Irish ex-cop doing the vocal honors, the referee's last-minute instructions—all seemed interminable in the

passing but were over incredibly fast.

Then Bill found himself dipping his rubber soles in the rosin box and shuffling them against the canvas, stretching himself on the corner ropes and moving slowly forward to touch gloves with Ed Manno. Suddenly they were alone in the ring with the white-shirted referee, eying each other, waiting.

For Bill it was a lot like waiting for an opening kickoff in a big college football game after the whistle has blown to start play. The same tight near-sickness paralyzed him as if he had been hit in the wind. Half consciously he noted that Manno was in his usual four-square stance that left him free to pivot into a punch with either hand. He remembered from somewhere that the Champ had a habit of dropping his right quickly after landing a one-two.

From nowhere the first blow landed. It hit him low on his left cheek, just above the jaw, and while it was obviously a feeler blow, it hurt. The contact released him from his paralysis and he slid into action, poking a long right jab over Manno's guard to hit the Champ on the side of the neck below the ear. He had some weight behind it but Manno was sliding with it.

For a big man, Bill was fast and knew it. He began to box his man, staying up on his toes and flicking his right into the Champ's face, moving around him in a clockwise circle. Manno, in his odd flat-footed shuffle, simply turned with him, occasionally breaking as if to move in, lancing out with an occasional flurry of light punches, seeking the knack of Bill's timing.

His eyes seemed to stay on Bill's and he bobbed and ducked Bill's feeler punches apparently without looking at them. He was fast, unexpectedly fast. The movies, most of them slow-motion, had not given Bill the idea. He was harder to hit cleanly than any man the challenger had yet faced.

After all, he was the Champ.

They were still circling when the bell rang and Bill trotted back to his corner and the stool. There was a faint undertone of boos from the crowd.

"Pay them no mind," said Lou in his ear as Paddy looked him over for non-existent damage. "Manno's a counter-puncher. Make him come to you. You're doing fine, Bill. Just be sure you keep your shoulder covering your jaw. And

if he clinches, make sure you got your arms outside of his. Bring your elbows down to break his grip and then hit him. You know how."

"Okay, Lou," said Bill. The warning buzzer sounded and he got ready for round two.

## CHAPTER IV

### *Power Punch*

**F**OR a minute or so it was just like round one. Then Manno, apparently tired of waiting for Bill to make a move, came in unexpectedly from his flat stance. He ducked a long right that Bill had thrown at his head and drove in with a one-two. Both blows landed, the first catching Bill on the side of the jaw, the second blasting him in the ribs so hard it knocked him a full step to his right.

Bill, remembering on sheer conditioned reflex about the Champ's dropped guard, threw his first left-hand punch of the night, smashing a thudding blow into Manno's side just under the ribs with such force that the Champion grunted and gave ground. If Bill hadn't been knocked off-balance by his opponent's two wallops he might have smashed him halfway across the ring.

Then Manno was in on him clinching, driving short, chopping blows into the flesh over his kidneys. Now that he was beginning to hit, Bill realized that the blows were hurting. Manno packed the kick of a mule in either fist. Bill put his gloves together and brought his forearms down hard, then smashed a right at the Champ's chin. He didn't see the referee moving in to break them.

But Manno did and dropped his arms and it looked as if Bill had hit him on the break. The crowd boomed and Bill found the official shaking a warning finger at him. He was still disturbed when Manno came in again. A glove flashed in from somewhere to land with crushing, paralyzing force, upon the right side of his face. The ring exploded in a flash of sheet lightning and pinwheels.

When Bill came to he felt the ropes at his back and Manno had his head down and was pummeling his midsection with blows, each one of which seemed to cut him in two. Bill got hold of his tor-

mentor's elbows and, exerting his greater strength and weight, leaned on the Champ and pushed him away.

He heard the crowd roaring from somewhere and wondered if he had been knocked down. Then Manno was crowding in once more and Bill hit him squarely in the center of his face with the hardest straight left he could muster. It caused claret to spout from Manno's nose like a stone in a puddle, but the Champ bored right on in and Bill, unable to check or counter his punches, was forced to clinch and hang on. The bell rang before they were broken.

"Are you all right, Bill?" Lou asked him anxiously.

"Was I down?" Bill wanted to know. His manager shook his head.

"You were staggering, but you stayed up," Lou told him. "So you were out for a bit. That was an awful wallop you took."

"I'm not worried about my catching ability," said Bill. "But, Lou, at the end there I hit with everything I had. It didn't even slow him down. Lou, level off now, can I really hit?"

"Are you kidding, fella?" said the manager. "You've got a left like an elephant's kick. You busted his nose with one punch there."

"Lou." He had to ask it right then. "Lou, have all my fights been on the level? I mean did I really knock those guys out?"

Lou looked at him for a moment, then turned away. The buzzer rang and Paddy took over and he was back in the ring, fighting, before he realized that Lou hadn't answered his question. Then the Champ blasted another blow over from somewhere and once more the lights were too bright.

Bill swung back desperately in an effort to drive the crowding Manno away and get a breather, but his first two punches both missed and the Champ was once more in on him, driving him around the ring with savage, undefendable smashes that seemed to go right through skin and flesh and muscle to his bones.

Bill kept trying, but when he did land Manno didn't even bother to shake off the blows, and scenting a kill came right on in. For the most part, having lost the initiative, the challenger had to back peddle, duck and clinch in an effort to avoid the murderous barrage of leather.

Every one of Manno's blows hurt. He wished he had been stunned as he was in the second. He could do no worse.

The round dragged on and on and Bill had to stay in there an take his beating. Some inherent stubborn streak within him made him stand up under as fierce a series of punches as the Champ had ever unloaded upon a hapless foe. Once or twice he felt things swimming around him, but each time he forced himself back to consciousness and sought to launch a counter drive. He was still trying—and missing—when the bell mercifully rang.

Paddy was working on him alone. Bill scowled at him. "Where's Lou?"

"What'dya say to him anyhow?" the trainer wanted to know. "He quit!"

"That proves it," said Bill, feeling forlorn and, beneath his numbness a little sick. He turned his head away from Paddy—and looked into a pair of level green eyes just above the ring apron.

"It does not," snapped Carol. "Bill Weldon, you big ape, get in there and start hitting that punchy Joe over there and don't stop until he's out."

"Where've you been?" he wanted to know.

"Getting the dope about this business," she snapped. "You're making a fool of yourself and Paddy and—me. None of your fights have been fixed. I finally ran your precious Sonya to earth and made her talk. Get this. Havelock's nuts about her and scared to death of you. He's behind the whole thing. The guy's a cutey. Now go in and make a monkey out of him. I'll try to get Lou straightened out. You've got him boiling."

**T**HE bell rang then and Bill took a deep breath. Somehow he believed Carol implicitly. She never had lied about anything, come to think of it. And, wise beyond her years, she was almost impossible to fool. Come to think of it, the entire picture made sense.

Sonya had always been strictly spoils for the victor. It was her cooling toward him when his father died broke that had caused him to enter the fight game. Havelock had come along, probably a good talker, with a red-hot future in a well publicized type of work. He had had the inside track.

Then he, Bill, had come back to town as challenger for the heavyweight title,

first Ivy-leaguer, first Yale man, ever to reach such a spot in professional sports. Havelock had probably hunted an Achilles heel in the setup for weeks. At any rate, he had found it. Found it and sprung it neatly, at the psychological moment when it would do Bill the most harm.

But Carol had sensed the urgency of his collapse of confidence, had gone to work and dug up the whole story. It—well, it didn't matter now. He could hit—and once more he knew it. He got up as Paddy whisked the stool away and flexed the muscles of his arms on the ropes.

When the bell rang he went charging across the ring and threw a terrific one-two with the whole momentum of his body behind the punches—and missed them both. Manno countered with a left hook that caught Bill off-balance and sent him to the canvas for the first time in his life.

Bill sat there, looking up at the Champion as he retreated to a neutral corner—and laughed. He couldn't help it. The whole situation struck him as funny. He had behaved like a kid in his anxiety to make good. He saw a brief flicker of astonishment cross the Champ's face—astonishment and, perhaps, worry? It was gone too quickly for analysis.

He was up at the count of six and allowed the referee to dust the rosin from his gloves. Then he flicked his long right at Manno, who was coming in a bit carelessly and speared him again on his bashed nose. Before the Champ could regain balance Bill flung a terrific left smash into Manno's stomach.

The Champ grunted and half doubled up and Bill planted a hard one-two on the point of his chin. Once more sure of his ability to hit, he thought for a moment that Manno was going down, but the Champ was built of rugged stuff and came on in to clinch briefly and plant a left hook on Bill's ear just after the break to remind the challenger that he was still in the fight.

It was hammer and tongs for the rest of the round, but Manno was not making the fight. Slowly but surely Bill was taking command, forcing the Champ to fight the battle his way. There was little clinching, not much infighting.

Despite his greater weight and height, Bill knew that it was his length of arm and the leverage and moment that length

of arm gave him that were his greatest assets. He hit better from outside than in, and he knew it. There his fine footwork counted more, that and his speed of glove.

Just at the bell Bill drove over a straight right with everything he had in back of it and hit the Champ full on the mouth. Manno's eyes went glassy and his knees buckled. Bill, knowing he had his man now, stepped in for the kill, but the round ended before he could land another blow.

At that, Manno fell forward and Bill had to catch him and support him until his handlers got into the ring. The act, mere routine sportsmanship for a man of his training, drew an incredulous gasp, then a storm of applause from the crowd. He sat down in his own corner and exchanged a sheepish grin with Lou, who was back at his regular post.

"Lou," he said, "I'm a sucker for a poison tongue."

"And I'm a chump as a manager," said Lou. "I should have found out what was biting you and got you straightened out. It's my job. And, Bill, you can run me out of your life for walking out on you just now."

"Quit it," said Bill. "How do you want me to fight him this round?"

"Just knock him out—that's all," said the manager, putting a friendly hand on Bill's shoulder. "Don't rush it—but don't give him too much time to come back. He's mighty tough."

"I'll put him in Carol's lap," Bill promised and grinned. The buzzer did its stuff and he was out there again. Manno, save for his nose, which was still bleeding, looked grim and dangerous as ever. Bill moved out to meet him, up on his toes and ready to drive in at the first opening.

**B**UT the Champ was determined to give him none. Like Arturo Godoy, he crouched low and went into a shell. He was determined to get through the round and regain strength for a final drive to hold his title.

Bill smashed blows at skull and shoulders and forearms—all the targets that present themselves. Midway in the round he thought he had broken a finger in his left hand on Manno's hard head, but the pain went away seconds later and he was all right.

The crowd voiced its disapproval in

almost continuous boos. Then the Champ, apparently feeling safer, straightened up a little and launched an attack of his own. A couple of his punches landed and Bill realized that he still could hurt. But he lacked the sting he had packed in the first two rounds.

Bill swung a right lead deliberately past Manno's head, but got his chin tucked safely out of danger as Manno threw the same one-two that had so nearly won the fight for him in the opening stanza. The blow glanced off and Bill managed to ride with the right that followed.

Then, as Manno dropped his right briefly, Bill, scorning an orthodox lead, smashed his hardest blow of the fight, a straight left with all of his weight behind it that caught the Champ full on the point of the chin. Bill pivoted in, swinging to get every ounce of power.

The Champion seemed to disintegrate. His arms dropped, his face went vacant. He swayed on his feet and then crashed head-first to the canvas, dead to the world. Bill, in a neutral corner, paid small attention to the referee's count.

Then they were holding up his hand and the ring was full of madmen. In retrospect, the hours that followed were like some sort of a crazy kaleidoscope. A few pictures only stood out sharp and clear in his memory.

There was the moment when Brand Havelock nailed him outside the dressing room, pushing through the crowd.

"You're a great man, Bill," the reporter said. "You'll be a great champ."

"Let's just say I'm a big one," said Bill, laughing. He couldn't feel sore at the sports columnist now.

"Sonya's outside," he said and it was obvious the words hurt him.

"I'm afraid I'm going to be busy," Bill told him. "Why don't you and Sonya do something yourselves?"

"You mean—?" Havelock was staring at him incredulously.

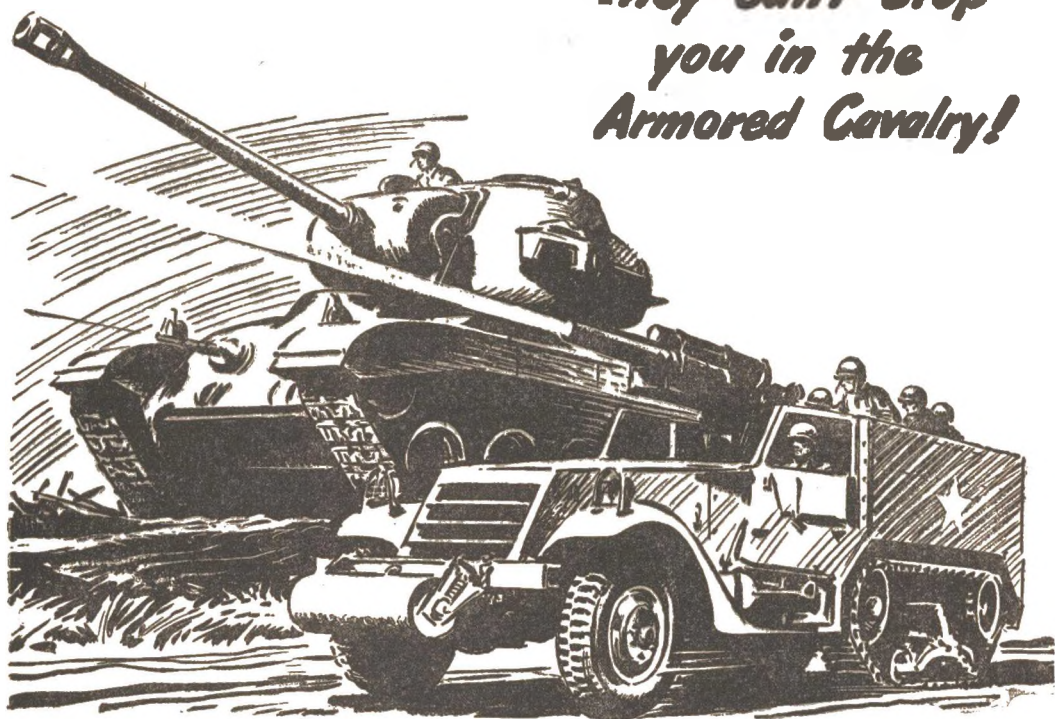
"I know all about it," said Bill. "Why do you think I nearly blew that fight up there? But if you ever write a word of it—"

"Don't worry," said Havelock. He stuck out his hand. Bill took it.

"Now scram," he said. "I've got to find a certain redhead and—"

"You won't have to look far, you wonderful lug," said a soft voice from behind him. He didn't.

*they can't stop  
you in the  
Armored Cavalry!*



**H**ISTORY's greatest heroes ride with you in spirit in the U. S. Army's glory-covered Armored Cavalry. It's the fastest moving, hardest hitting combat team in the world.

You ride in the great tradition of Jeb Stuart and Phil Sheridan. But you move twice as fast and hit ten times as hard. You inherit the mantle of Patton's incomparables who swept across Africa, broke the line at St. Lo and hurled shattering thunderbolts at the heart of Nazidom.

The Armored Cavalry offers big jobs for big men. Not big in size alone. But big in courage and brains. Men who can take it, who crave the excitement,

high adventure and fast-moving life of this proud fighting outfit.

You're more than a soldier in the Armored Cavalry. You're Artilleryman, Infantryman, Tanker and Cavalryman—with the hardest hitting qualities of all four:

If you have a talent for motors and guns, if you like action, if you want to learn leadership, this is the job for you. High pay. Good food and quarters. Travel opportunities. A chance to further your education.

Visit your U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Station.

CAREERS WITH A FUTURE

**U. S. Army and  
U. S. Air Force**

**U. S. ARMY  
AND U. S. AIR FORCE  
RECRUITING SERVICE**



Jay's big bat connected for another would-be Texas Leaguer

# THE CIPHER SLUGGER

By BILL ERIN

*J. Pentington Cornell III knew the angles when it came to batting, but Mortimer Rawlings did a few things with mathematics!*

MANAGER BART WILSON of the Springfield Panthers eyed the rookie sitting on the bench beside him and sighed. When Bart had played in the major leagues a man wearing glasses would have been rawhided off the field. Bart realized the fallacy of that idea now, however, and his sigh was for the complexity of the task assigned to him by the Yankees, his parent club.

"Teach this kid how to hit a long ball," had been his orders. Bart regarded the slim, wiry body, the large hands, the bright eyes behind the glasses and the studious face.

"Where did you say you played ball?" He asked the question off-handedly.

"Miramar Tech," said the young man.

"That's a college?"

"Yes," said the young man a little coldly, "an engineering college. One of the best math schools in the country."

"You mean you're an engineer?"

"Precisely."

"Well, what are you doing, you should excuse the expression, playing baseball?"

The young man's face set and his studious eyes turned from the playing field to regard the leathery-faced manager.

"It's a sad story," he said.



"I got a broad shoulder," said Bart. "Go ahead, cry."

The young man obliged. "I was a failure," he said.

"You mean you didn't graduate?"

"Oh, yes, I graduated—but only second in the class."

"Only second?"

The young man explained. "The top man in the graduating class is automatically selected for the Roger D. Tyrol award."

Bart looked blank.

"It's the highest honor attainable at Miramar Tech," said the young man reverently.

"Oh," said Bart.

"My father and my uncle both won the Roger D. Tyrol Award."

"I get it."

"I *didn't* win it," said the young man, a little sadly.

"Who did?"

"Mortimer Rawlings—by one tenth of one per cent. His average grade was 99.8—mine was 99.7." The young man's face set. "All through Miramar he was just a fraction ahead of me. When we figured complicated stress problems, his hand was just a fraction ahead of mine going in the air. In the final exam his complete computation was one thousandth closer to the point and handed in one and a half seconds before mine. But some day I'll win a problem from him."

This last sentence was uttered through clenched teeth with determination greater than Bart had ever seen, even in the World Series.

"What's that got to do with baseball?" Bart was puzzled.

"I was driven into baseball by the shame of it all," said the young man. "I couldn't face my father and my uncle."

"That's tough," said Bart, disgusted with the whole conversation. "Look, kid, it's your turn to bat."

**I**T WAS a close game, but the young man strolled nonchalantly to the plate after selecting a bat. It was the top of the eighth with the score tied and the Panthers had men on first and third.

J. Pentington Cornell III—for that was the young man's name—stepped into the batter's box and considered the pitcher. He stood with bat on shoulder as the hurler whipped a strike past him.

On the next pitch he put his bat out in front of the ball but missed for strike two. He crouched as the pitcher wasted two and, with the handful of fans yelling, he waited for the big one.

As the pitcher reared back and poured it through, J. Pentington Cornell III stuck his bat swiftly in front of the ball and spanked it smartly over the second baseman's head into right field for a clean single. The winning run scored and Bart Wilson sighed.

It was very obvious why Jay, as he was called, was not hitting a long ball. He was not following through. He was just meeting the ball. True, his batting average was phenomenal, which was shown by the interest the Yanks took in him, but he was strictly a hitter of singles.

After the game, Bart Wilson cornered Jay in the dressing room. "Look," he said, "I know your weakness—any ball player should know your weakness. Why did the Yanks have to send you down here to make a long-ball hitter of you?"

"I know," said Jay. "I don't follow through."

"Yeah," said Bart, still puzzled by this rookie.

"It seems impossible," the rookie said stiffly, "that any group of so-called professional people could be so stupid, but it's a very simple case of mathematics—one of the simplest."

"What is?"

"Let me show you," said Jay. He reached into his locker and came out with a pencil and an envelope. He started to write on the envelope. "The ball arrives at the plate at a certain velocity, right?"

"Huh?"

"Velocity—speed!"

"Oh yeah, certainly."

"All right. We shall call that S. There is also a certain angle of arrival, depending on height of pitcher, manner of delivery and height of batter, right?"

"Huh?"

"Where the ball crosses the plate." Jay made a slicing motion across his chest with his hand.

"Oh yeah, certainly."

"We shall call that A. The other factor to consider is the plane of the surface meeting the ball."

"Huh?" Bart was obviously confused and the group of ballplayers gathered around were doing no better.

"The bat," Jay explained patiently. "The way you hit the ball—the angle of your bat." Again he demonstrated physically.

"Oh yeah, certainly."

"All right. Those three factors determine X."

"X?"

"X! The unknown factor—where the ball will land. Speed of delivery, angle of arrival and angle of bat when it meets ball determines where the ball will land, right?"

"Sure," said one of the other ball players before Bart could utter his nonsensical question, "that's right."

"Good," said the approving Jay, mentally patting the player on the back. "Now then, suppose we determine X ahead of time—where we want the ball to land. We have no control over the pitcher—he is delivering at a certain rate of speed and a certain angle, no matter what we do. Therefore, what is the adjustable factor?"

"What the blue blazes are you talking about, that's what I want to know?" exploded Bart.

"Batting, man, batting," said Jay.

"Sure," said his recruit, "batting!"

Jay took Bart's apologetic silence as approval and went on. "Therefore, if we have quickly calculated from the first pitch or two the speed and angle of the pitcher's pet delivery, S and A, and we know where we wish to put the ball, X, then the angle of our bat becomes the unknown and variable factor which we shall call Y."

"That's what I want to know," said Bart Wilson, who had recovered partially. "Why?"

JAY decided to ignore him. "If three factors are known to us—speed, angle and final point of arrival—a simple mental calculation will give us the angle of our bat. We wait for the pitcher's pet delivery, meet the ball at Y and it winds up at X with no fielder near it." Jay finished his formula on the back of the envelope with a flourish and looked triumphantly around.

"Well," said his only disciple in the vacuum of silence surrounding Jay's explanation, "then how come sometimes

they put you out?"

"Ahhhh," said Jay, "I was expecting that question." The disciple looked gratified. "It's very simple. First, the hurried mental calculations sometimes necessary lead to slight errors—but very infrequently. Usually it is due to an unexpected variable in the pitcher's delivery. However, even then, if I see the velocity of the ball or the pitcher's angle has changed, I can sometimes compensate for that in the plane of my bat and still place the ball at X."

"You mean," said Bart, "that after the pitcher has thrown the ball you can figure this all out?"

"Sometimes," said Jay, "particularly if it isn't a fast ball, I have the extra split second necessary to finish my calculation and correct Y."

The players stood in awed silence while Bart ran a hand over his face and threw his arms up in desperation.

"I gotta think this over," he said. He turned away to his locker. "I gotta think this over!" And as he undressed for his shower the men around him could hear him muttering, "When I worked for the White Sox they sent me Art Shirers. When I worked for Brooklyn they sent me Babe Herman. And now the Yanks send me this—it ain't fair!"

Bart decided, after not sleeping on the subject all night, that it would be best to leave the rookie alone until he hit a batting slump, and then to approach him on the subject of follow-through. He waited patiently, day after day, week after week, for Jay to go into a slump.

But Jay continued to stick his bat in front of the ball and rap out his singles. Each game he was good for two, three or four hits. His average soared and continued to soar until rival managers clenched their teeth and Bart began to wonder why the Yanks were interested in making a long-ball hitter out of Jay. But he had his orders, so he waited.

The newspapers began to write about Jay's phenomenal hitting and Jay was very happy to explain his theory to anyone interested. No one understood it anyway. Rival managers tried to work out defenses. They brought the outfield way in—since it was easy to see that Jay was no long-ball hitter—but Jay's ability to place the ball was uncanny and he continued to put it just beyond

the reach of the desperate outfield.

His quick calculation of Y led inevitably to X and there was very seldom a fielder at X.

As the season went into its late stages, the Panthers, on the strength of Jay's hitting, a record breaking .620, were fighting for the league lead with the Bears. They met in a crucial four-game series at the Bears' park and it was no more than natural that the Bears' manager, a canny old ballplayer in his own right, should take unusual steps to stop Jay.

There was nothing to indicate to Jay or Bart, as they opened the first game against the Bears, that anything unusual was afoot. The Panthers opened with two hits in the first inning and when Jay arrived at the plate two men were on and two were away. Jay took his stance, surveyed the preliminary pitches and suddenly placed his bat in front of the ball.

But a strange thing happened. Just before bat met ball one of the fielders started running at top speed. And when the ball arrived at X, as calculated by Jay, the fielder was there to gather it in for the third out.

Jay didn't think too much about this. After all, he had only been hitting safely two thirds of the time and, while he had been slowly correcting this percentage in his favor, it was natural that he should still be put out now and then.

**T**HE second time at bat there was no one on base and so, when the fielder again arrived safely at X before the ball, Jay thought perhaps he had been just a little bit careless in his calculations.

The third time he concentrated furiously and figured the entire thing to a fine point. His X and Y were firmly in his mind as he met the ball—but the fielder was in motion and again X was covered when the ball arrived.

Jay's fourth and final time at bat he placed X right at the spot where the fielder was located, figuring that when the fielder started to run, the ball would fall behind him.

But, as Jay put his bat out, the fielder took one step and then remained where he was. It was an easy out. Jay had been held hitless for the first time that season and the Bear fans, well aware of

his amazing record, stood and applauded their team for five minutes.

Jay rushed to the locker room and appropriated pencil and paper. For five minutes he worked madly, covering the paper with figures and letters. At last he leaned back against the locker and sighed.

"I can't understand it," he said. "I can't understand it!"

"Look," said Bart, the opportunity he had waited so long for at last arriving, "why don't you try follow-through? A man with your eye and co-ordination could knock a ball way over their heads." He looked at Jay's strong hands and wrists. "You got the strength to do it."

Jay looked right through Bart. "I can't understand it," he said. "I can't understand it!"

The next day, as they met the Bears for the second game, Jay scanned the stands intently before the game. There was a bright, feverish look in his eye, as though understanding had at last come to him. He wandered up and down in front of the stands, as though looking for someone.

And then, when he had finally given up, just before the start of the game a bundled but to Jay, unmistakable figure, walked into the stands and took a seat down front in a box obviously reserved for him.

"Ahhhh," Jay breathed, and he leaped from the dugout, headed directly toward the new arrival. Arriving at his destination, Jay planted both feet and sneered: "Mortimer Rawlings! I thought it was you."

Slowly the figure in the box straightened and a predatory looking head came out of its wrappings. Little eyes gleamed from behind thick glasses and a pasty face smiled nastily.

"Hello, Jay," said this obnoxious character.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Jay.

"Beating you to the calculation by a split second, as usual," said Mortimer, the red and yellow ribbon in his lapel, signifying the Roger D. Tyrol award winner, gleaming in the sun.

"Hah!" Jay's retort was more of a snort than an exclamation. He turned on his heel and strode back to the dugout.

"What's the matter?" Bart asked anxiously.

"The Bear manager has hired Mortimer Rawlings to signal the location of X to the fielders," said Jay bitterly, "but I'll out-calculate him yet." Jay tore the pencil Bart had been using to write his starting line-up from the manager's grasp and began to cover the wall of the dugout with fine calculations. Every time the opposing pitcher threw to one of his teammates, Jay went into a furious series of algebraic hieroglyphics while the other men in the dugout watched with bated breath.

But when Jay arrived at the plate and finally put his bat in front of the ball, an unerring Mortimer Rawlings wig-wagged quickly to one of the outfielders and X was always covered. Mortimer was still just a split second ahead.

JAY met ignominious defeat that day. His eyes were wild, his cap was twisted, his glasses seemed to shoot off sparks, his body was tense in the batter's box, his mind calculating titanically, veins standing out on his forehead, but Mortimer was a split second ahead of him. The complexities of X and Y and how to arrive at them were no mysteries to Mortimer.

Jay could see, as the team sadly trooped off the field, beaten again, that he had lost caste and respect in their eyes. But doggedly Bart Wilson gravitated to the fallen hero.

"Jay," he said, "try some follow-through. It's worked for years in baseball, it might work for you."

"Popycock," snapped the irate Jay, "mathematics is the only answer. I've got to work out an answer."

The next day Jay arrived at the field with his eyes red-rimmed from lack of sleep, his face haggard, his mouth determined. All night he had worked on formulae, filling his waste basket with discarded ideas. But he went to bat without confidence. And continually Bart drummed at him:

"Try some follow-through."

The Panthers were desperate that day and the Panther pitcher outdid himself. But the Panthers, without offense, were also helpless and a great pitcher's battle ensued as the game drew on.

The first three times Jay went to bat the result was the same. His sharp drives and looping Texas Leaguers were gathered in by a Bear outfielder receiv-

ing his directions from the unerring Mortimer Rawlings.

In the ninth inning it was once more Jay's turn to bat.

"Kid," pleaded Bart Wilson, "just once, try some follow-through. You can fool him that way." Bart was straining his brain to its utmost in an effort to influence Jay. "He doesn't know what the speed of your bat is going to be."

Jay stopped suddenly in his tracks and looked at Bart Wilson. Jay's mouth hung open and his eyes were glassy.

"You've got it," said Jay. "Y can become variable. We can give Y a velocity that Mortimer will have no means of determining—only I will know that. Bart, you've got it!"

Jay seized a pencil and rushed to a small corner of the dugout that was not covered with figures. Hurriedly he worked on a new formula until the umpire fretted at the delay. He ran from the dugout and seized his bat firmly. With new vigor he advanced to the plate, casting one disdainful look in the direction of Mortimer Rawlings.

Jay took his stance in the box and crouched as usual, outwardly not different from his previous attempts. But in the brain of Jay a new set of figures was tumbling hurriedly about as he looked over the pitcher's delivery. He now had a fourth dimension to calculate and his mind was racing wildly. But at last came the pitch he wanted and Jay stepped forward in the box with his left foot, swinging hard and following through.

Crack! The ball met the bat and soared high in the air, over the center-fielder's head. The fielder, having started one way at Mortimer's signal, tried to reverse himself at the last moment and tangled his legs, sprawling on the turf. The right fielder dashed madly after the ball, but it rolled and rolled, right to the very corner of center field.

Jay rounded second base and headed for third. There he saw Bart, who was coaching at third, waving his arm in a big circle and Jay continued on around third. He headed for home and saw the next batter motioning him into the dirt. Jay slid, stretching a leg for the plate under the catcher's descending glove.

"He's saaaaaafe!" The umpire bawled it out as he spread his hands out flat, level with the ground.

IT WAS a happy, jubilant Panther team that left the field with their 1-0 victory that day. And the next day Jay was once more an unstoppable maniac. With pent-up fury he slashed the ball from one corner of the field to the other, pounding out doubles and triples. And then, his last time at bat, he blasted the ball over the left field fence for a home run to give the Panthers an overwhelming, one-sided victory.

There were tears in Bart's eyes as he fumbled for Jay's hand after the game. But Jay's eyes were on a skulking figure that stumbled dazedly from the park before a thoroughly angry Bear manager could reach him. At long last J. Pentington Cornell III had out-calculated Mortimer Rawlings, leader of his class at Miramar Tech and winner of the Roger D. Tyrol award.

"My boy," said Bart Wilson, already

mentally framing the words of his report to the Yankee front office, "now you'll turn into a good, solid, normal .350 long-ball hitter and the Yankees are going to be very proud of you."

"No," said J. Pentington Cornell III, "at last I can go home and face my father and my uncle and become junior partner in the engineering firm!"

"You're not leaving baseball?"

"Oh, yes," said Jay firmly, his eyes clear and bright, "the mathematical problems presented here are much too easy. The variables are minor." And Jay walked off the field to leave a broken and beaten old manager in a very dazed condition.

"No," said Bart, mumbling to himself. "No, I've got to retire before it's too late. I've got to retire before X becomes Y, the Yanks lose to the Dodgers and I turn into an unknown variable."

## "BIG JIM"

ALL-AROUND  
CHAMPION



Jim Thorpe

FEW modern sports fans realize that Big Jim Thorpe, the Carlisle Indian athlete, was not only the greatest all-around track-and-field champion America ever produced (he won both the pentathlon and decathlon in the 1912 Olympic Games at Stockholm, the only time it has ever been done), and almost certainly the ablest football player of all time, but was a big-league baseball player as well.

Thorpe was disqualified after winning his Olympic titles when it was proved he had played minor league ball for money. So, in 1913, he became a New York Giant outfielder. He took a loser's cut of the World Series in that year and in 1917, winding up his baseball career two seasons later with the Boston Braves.

Big Jim could do anything afield and could hit the ball a country mile. But he was blocked from baseball stardom by inability to find the handle on a curve.



# THE NEW CHAMP

By  
WILL BRUCE

ON THE morning of September 29, 1790 all roads leading into Doncaster, England, were jammed with stagecoaches carrying sportsmen down from London. A farmer on his way to market pulled his cart aside. He gaped at the endless procession in astonishment.

"Where be ye all agoin', sir?" he asked a man.

The man stared at the farmer. "The battle o' the century's being fought at the inn this morning," he explained. "Dan Mendoza, the Star of Israel, an' Gentleman Dick Humphries, for a purse o' four hundred guineas!"

The farmer shook his head. "Star of Israel? Whut's that?"

"My eye!" said the city man in disgust. "Mendoza's Jewish, that's what it means. Don't wast my time! There won't be an inch o' standing room left." And he was off.

The inner courtyard of the inn was jam-packed with the *fancy*. They'd come from all over England to see this fight. Around the raised platform, bare to the

early morning sun, seethed the eager spectators. Only the nobles had chairs, flush against the ring. They smoked and paid no attention to the common standees. But even they arose and bowed respectfully as a whisper ran across the throng and a path opened down the middle.

"The Prince of Wales!"

A short, fat man in flowered waistcoat and high white stock strode briskly down, a trail of courtiers in his rear. A baron jumped up to offer his chair. The prince sank into it, crossed his legs, adjusted the lace on his sleeves.

"What are the odds?" he asked.

"Five to four on Mendoza, Your Highness," said the baron.

"Hmm! The Israelite's pretty small. Humphries's got four inches on him in height and forty pounds in weight."

"Ah! But Mendoza's got the skill and science, Your Highness. And he's *game*! Remember what he did to the Butcher o' Bath?"

"Bah!" declared the Prince contemptuously. "The Butcher was a big tub of

lard. Gentleman Dick's a *fighter*, and he's out for blood. The score's one and one between 'em, and Dick told me himself he's going to flatten Mendoza."

### The Betting Goes High

The baron was respectful, but firm. "I'm betting on the Star of Israel, Your Highness."

"Tell you what, De Mort! I'll lay you four hundred guineas against five on Humphries."

"Done, Your Highness."

A roar went up from the crowd. Humphries was climbing onto the platform. The fighter bowed respectfully to the prince, grinned at the others. Then he stripped to his tights and flexed his muscles. He made a pretty picture of giant fighting machine. Five, eleven; weighing a hundred and ninety-five; powerful shoulders, solid, formidable.

There was another roar. Dan Mendoza, called "The Star of Israel," jumped lithely into the ring and also stripped.

The Prince eyed him narrowly; then smiled. "Look at 'em both, De Mort. Your wager's lost. Mendoza hasn't a chance."

It looked that way. Mendoza, standing next to Humphries, was positively puny. Height, five, seven; weight, a hundred and fifty. Slim, well-formed, but with no brawn or knotted muscles showing. One would rather have taken him for a poet than a fighter, with his

piercing black eyes, flowing dark hair, sensitive face and aristocratic nose that no blow had ever marred. But De Mort stuck to his guns.

"Our wager still holds, Your Highness," he said.

Colonel Hamilton, the umpire, had clambered on the platform. So had Sir Thomas Apreece, the referee. They conferred with the fighters, then moved aside. The mob tensed. Action was about to begin.

### Two Men Square Off

The two men squared off, bare fists extended. No gloves were used, and the battle would go on, round after round, until one was down and couldn't get up, or had cried quits.

Humphries stood rigid, huge arms extended stiffly, flat-footed! But Danny Mendoza's left foot was forward, the knees bent and springy. His left arm up with elbow advanced to guard his body, while his right was drawn back, fist knotted and nervous for a rapier blow.

Humphries rushed, both fists swinging in sledgehammer blows. Mendoza blocked the roundhouse swings and bored into a clinch, where left and right beat a rapid tattoo upon the giant's ribs. Humphries twisted to avoid the punishing jabs and slipped. His great bulk bore Mendoza down with him. As both men fell, the referee yelled and the round was over.

## The True Story of DAN MENDOZA

*Sensational  
Fighting Star of  
the Eighteenth  
Century!*



Daniel Mendoza

"Well, what d'ye say now, Your Highness?" demanded De Mort exultantly. The Prince held a glum silence.

### Humphries Tries Rushing Tactics

In the second round Humphries rushed again, determined to end the fight with an overpowering rain of furious fists. His knotted arms pumped like whirling windmills. Mendoza caught most of the blows on his elbows, ducked others, but some few got through and landed with resounding thuds. Blood trickled down Mendoza's cheek; his lip began to puff.

Back, back he yielded, Humphries pressing him and bellowing triumphantly like a bull. Back, back to the very edge of the platform, where Mendoza pivoted and slipped. The round was over.

The Prince of Wales grinned at his companion. "I'll lay you four hundred more against your *four*, De Mort."

This time the baron was silent.

### The Elusive Star

Round three! Humphries rushed again, but Mendoza danced away, elusive. Every time Gentleman Dick sought to close, the Star of Israel wasn't there; but rapier fists tapped out to jolt the giant's jaw. Humphries lost his head. He bellowed and came in swinging. Mendoza's right flicked out, traveling only a few inches. Humphries went flat on his back. The crowd was yelling now: "Mendoza! Mendoza!" It was a clean knockdown blow.

De Mort rubbed his hands delightedly. "I'll take that bet, Your Highness," he crowed.

The Prince dabbed his perspiring forehead with a lace handkerchief. "You had your chance!" he muttered.

In the next few rounds Humphries fought more cautiously. That final blow had given him a healthy respect for his slim opponent. The rounds were indecisive. Mendoza danced around his heavier antagonist, seeking an opening. But Humphries took advantage of his superior height to keep out of the way. Once Gentleman Dick tried his old rushing tactics and drove his fists solidly into Mendoza's stomach. There was a sickening thud and Dan doubled up with pain.

But the Star of Israel put all his strength into a sudden lightning smash at Humphries' face. It caught him over the left eye. He staggered and went

down full length.

Thereafter Humphries tried no rushing. His eye was closed, his cheek was cut to ribbons, and his stomach was red and bruised from a hundred jabs. He covered up, to protect himself from the fists that flew at him from every direction.

### Mendoza Shows Boxing Skill

It was no use. Mendoza seemed fresh as a daisy. He began to furnish the delighted customers with as fine an exhibition of scientific boxing as they had ever seen. He took advantage of every opening, his fists flicked in and out so rapidly the beholder was barely able to follow their passage. Time and again the weary giant was knocked down. It became more and more difficult for him to bring himself to his feet and advance to the center of the ring in the half minute allotted him. De Mort was gloating. "I'll lay you five hundred against a hundred, Your Highness."

"D'ye think I'm mad?"

"Ten to one, then."

"Not a guinea more. Poor Dick's through!"

To avoid the constant punishment Humphries flopped to the platform before he was hit, rested his full half minute, and came up to drop again. The crowd roared its disapproval.

Mendoza swarmed over him mercilessly, jabbing, methodically cutting him down. Humphries' friends begged him to quit. He refused. On and on the fight went until, in the thirtieth round, Mendoza put everything he had into a smash to the point of the jaw.

Like a chopped oak Humphries tottered and went down with a spine-splintering crash. This time he didn't get up.

The fight was over. Daniel Mendoza, Star of Israel, was the undisputed champion of England!

### That Was a Battle!

They carried Mendoza out of the yard on their shoulders, hailing him as one of the greatest and gamest fighters of all times. In after years, wherever the sporting fraternity gathered, and reminiscences were in order, some old gaffer was sure to interrupt:

"Ah, you fellows! But you should've seen the fight between Gentleman Dick Humphries and the Star of Israel, Danny Mendoza. *That* was a battle!"



# DUSTER

By MATT LEE

*Just another game — but the pennant hung on a single pitch!*

**B**IG ARNY WISTER'S arm felt old and numb as he sent his last warm-up pitch thumping into Will Sinclair's big mitt. He stood on the mound, a relaxed figure as Will fired the ball past him to the Buck second baseman



and the infield talked it up. Beyond the crisp familiarity of their chatter, beyond the vocal drumfire that came toward him from the baseline coaches and the Sox dugout, he could sense the restless excitement of the crowd that packed the stands.

"It's just another ball game, Arny," said Catcher Sinclair, walking halfway out to the mound before lobbing him the ball. "Just burn it by them, Arny, that's all."

"Just burn it by them," Arny muttered to himself as he nodded and walked back to the slab. It sounded fine but it didn't ease the fatigue that made his muscles sing like overloaded high-tension wires. It didn't lift the deadness

from his arm. Arny felt ten years older than the thirty-eight listed in the record books. The strain of the season, of sixteen seasons, weighed him down.

He had had a great season, an unexpectedly great season in the Indian summer of his long career. Twenty-two wins against twelve losses, and he had been pitching the tough ones for the Bucks all the way. He should have been taking it easy, getting his tired whip in shape for the Series.

But with the pennant apparently safely bagged the Bucks had stumbled into a slump, and the Sox had come on with one of their typical late-season surges. It was twelve years since the Bucks had copped the flag and the younger pitchers had crumpled under the strain. Arny had pitched his regular turn two days before—and won a three-hit shutout—had saved yesterday's game against the Sox with a five inning relief chore.

Now, with one out and Sox speed demon, Bobby Emmett, on third with a triple, Will Sinclair, the Bucks' playing manager-catcher, had called him in from the bullpen, where he had been taking a well-earned doze. He wasn't sleeping well—the strain and fatigue of the tight pennant race was getting him.

If the Sox wiped out the slim one-run lead the Bucks had managed to hang onto they'd be tied in the season standings, and the Bucks were in no shape to win a play-off. The team needed rest badly. The long climb from the second division in July had taken plenty out of them, from manager to bat boy.

But it was up to him, Big Arny, who had waited so long to pitch another World Series and collect a fat extra check. It was up to him and his arm was as numb as it had been three years back, when the experts had pronounced him finished. He gave it an extra loosening as he watched Bobby Emmett taking a big lead off third. With deceptive casualness he snapped a throw to the Buck third baseman, sending the runner scuttling back, barely in time.

**N**OISE poured around him in waves. He caught the return throw, stood casually, watching the runner, who was sticking closer to the sack. Then, with the familiar businesslike motion, he toed the rubber and sent the first pitch toward the plate. His arm felt detached from his body, almost as if it belonged to somebody else. But the pitch found a corner and Ray Fentriss, the batter, let it go. Will Sinclair came trotting out, looking worried.

"Put more on it, Arny," the manager pleaded, his voice low so that the sharp ears of the Sox coaches would not pick up his words. "Fentriss is crowding all the time. Better cool him off—you got a couple to waste."

"You know me, Will," said Arny simply. He had never thrown a duster or a beanball in his life. He hadn't had to. Not with his speed. The batters didn't like to get too close to the danger area against his hopping fast ball.

Sinclair walked back to the plate and Arny wished he had developed a good curve. But they hadn't wanted him to. His fast ball, his change of pace and his control had been enough to rack him over two hundred and fifty wins in the course of his long career. Without the swift, however, he felt an emotion new to him—fear. They'd be hitting the ball down his throat with this arm.

So Will wanted him to drive Fentriss back from the plate. The big Sox slugger was crowding. He swung his black bat by the very tip, making menacing motions and grinning his confidence at Arny. The lack of stuff on the first pitch hadn't escaped his sharp batting eye. He was really digging in.

In spite of himself, Arny took his time. For the first time since his comeback he was reluctant to deliver a pitch. He took a full windup, praying that his arm would somehow regain its life—and, just as he started his motion toward the plate he saw Emmett break toward the plate out of the corner of his eye. Fentriss shortened the grip on his bat and swung around in the box.

The Sox had taken advantage of his self-preoccupation to pull the squeeze play, and they were going to get away with it.

Big Arny knew he wasn't considered a quick or brilliant thinker, but his mind worked at that moment—worked with chain lightning speed. He was on the

spot, but years of thinking of little else but baseball keyed his thoughts.

He couldn't throw a pitchout. Fentriss was a right handed batsman and such a wide throw would leave Will Sinclair far out of position to block the plate against the speeding Emmett. Set for a straight pitch he doubted that the Bucks' manager could get out in time even to catch the ball.

Big Arny went through with his pitch, automatically moved over toward the first base foul line in case Fentriss managed to lay down his bunt. The ball had nothing on it—not for Arny Wister at any rate. But it was low and straight and struck Fentriss on the fleshy part of his left thigh, bounding harmlessly off toward third as Emmett raced across the plate.

Arny Wister had deliberately hit a batsman for the first time in his career, but he had insured that Fentriss, beyond a brief soreness, would not be hurt. Ignoring the frenzied outpouring of anguished players from the Sox dugout, he walked slowly back to the mound, a faint smile on his lips.

Fentriss and Emmett and Joe Thomas, the plump Sox manager, led the assault on the umpires—but to no avail. Fentriss had been hit by a pitched ball and was ordered to first, while Emmett reluctantly returned to third, kicking dust every step of the way. The run didn't count.

"Arny," said Will Sinclair, consulting him once more on the mound after the hullabaloo had subsided, "are you okay?"

"Sure," said Arny. He rubbed his shoulder and winced. "Get back there and make sure you're wearing your sponge."

He glanced over his shoulder at Fentriss on first, then at Emmett on third, and his grin was wide. He went into his pitch and the ball streaked toward the plate, taking off as it crossed the rim of the platter and smacking like a rifle shot into Will Sinclair's big glove. Pat Byrne, the hard-hitting Sox first baseman, looked at it helplessly as it sped past him.

"Steeerrrrrike one!" bawled the plate umpire, making the time-honored gesture with his right hand. The crowd forgot its Sox partisanship and roared its approval of the pitch.

Arny grinned as he readied himself for the second pitch, grinned at the soreness which had assailed his shoulder ever

since he had pulled the string on the pitch which hit Fentriss and voided the tying Sox run. The soreness told him that his arm was at least alive, and with his arm alive—

As the second strike went steaming past the hapless Pat Byrne, big Army found himself wondering why they

didn't allow a relief hurler more than a half dozen warmup pitches. Old timers like himself, he guessed, needed a bit more time before they could get loosened up. He'd have to speak to Will about pulling him cold out of the bullpen after he finished striking out the side.

## "IRON MAN" JOE



Joe  
McGinnity

**J**OE MCGINNITY, winding up for the Giants in the accompanying picture, deserved his nickname. He won it while pitching for Brooklyn back in 1900, when his submarine shoots were good for five complete games and five wins in six days. Brooklyn won the National League pennant that year with a flock of old Baltimore Orioles, including Willie Keeler and Manager Ned Hanlon. McGinnity, also a former Baltimorean, came in with 30 wins.

Back as an Oriole in the newly-founded American League a year later, McGinnity first tried to pitch both games of a doubleheader. He tried on September 3 and September 12 of that year, on both occasions splitting the decisions. Then, in 1903, with the Giants, he hit the jackpot, collecting twin wins singlehanded on August 1, 8 and 31.

During the 1905 World Series, between Giants and Athletics, Joe dropped a 3-0 game to Chief Bender, then came back to turn the tables on Eddie Plank by a 1-0 score. Mathewson won the three other Giant victories, also by the shutout route. McGinnity was leading pitcher in the National League twice—in 1900 with 30 and 6 for Brooklyn and in 1904 with 35 and 8 for John McGraw's Giants.

Joe's big-league tenure was short, lasting for only eleven seasons from 1899 through 1909. No speed-merchant, he was essentially a "nothing-ball" pitcher who stood the batters on their heads. He might have lasted longer if he hadn't tried to pitch so many doubleheaders by himself. But in his eleven seasons he managed to turn in 248 wins against 141 losses for a .638 percentage. Not bad for a nothing-baller.

# YOUNG MAN'S

*A Spring Football Novelet*

By **ROGER FULLER**



***Jumbo Carnes, All-American guard, isn't cut out for the razzle-dazzle tactics, and when flashy Cliff Glenn makes a bid for his job, there's a hammer-and-tongs fight at Alessee U!***

## CHAPTER I

### *Gilded Back*

**T**HE song has it that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, but at Alessee University, a good part of the male student body turned its thoughts, each spring, to football.

Lest some readers rise in scornful wrath and point out that spring belongs to baseball and lacrosse, tennis and track, let it be hastily explained that

Alessee, one of the nation's mightiest football clubs, put a great deal of importance in spring training. It was during the spring training period that Alessee's coaching staff, headed by the great Doc Hunter, separated the chaff from the wheat, the sheep from the goats, and began framing the varsity squad which, in the following fall, would electrify great hosts of spectators with some of the smoothest, fastest, cleverest football played on any grid-iron anywhere.

"It takes a real football man," Doc

# FANCY



Hunter was fond of saying, "to get out in the spring and work at the tackling dummy, the line-bucking machine, and the rest without a single pretty girl to cheer him or a crowd to give him a hand when he makes a long run from scrimmage. It's in the spring that I really make up my clubs. The fall training, before the schedule opens, is merely a polishing proposition, most times."

The boys that went out for spring training realized that their chances of making the Big Team depended a whole lot on the showing they made during

I hit the Millionaire Kid like a ton of oversized bricks

the balmy days of April and May and they labored accordingly. With a hundred or so young men fighting it out for a maximum of forty-four positions—Alessee usually being able to put a four-deep football team on the field—the rivalry was intense, to say the least.

Joe Smith might have been an outstanding tackle, say, for Alessee the previous fall and may have seen his name included in half a dozen All-American lineups, but that didn't automatically mean that Joe Smith was assured a berth on the next year's Big A team. There was always the possibility that Freshman Luke McGloock, barred from Varsity play by Alessee's Freshman rule, might come along that spring, prepping for the following fall, and play the cleats off Joe Smith in spring training. Each year, as soon as the snow left the practise field, down behind Hooker Gymnasium, all the Joe Smiths would have to prove themselves all over again to the satisfaction of Doc Hunter and his staff.

That was my chore this spring I'm talking about. I'd played guard for two seasons on the Big A team and had lucked myself into a couple of All-American lineups, but I was out there, sweating off the winter's accumulation of lard and going through the fundamentals as earnestly as the most eager beaver among the new crop of freshmen coming up. Jumbo Carnes is my name and you may have heard of me (the man said modestly, hauling out his scrap book).

I was at Alessee on a football scholarship. It was up to me to prove that I was worth the financial assistance I was getting or face the unpleasant possibility of getting a part time job waiting on table or selling tennis rackets and other junk to pay my fraternity dues. Also to keep a rag on my oversized back.

**A**LESSEE UNIVERSITY is franker than most schools about its athletic scholarships. While some colleges get very coy when the play-for-tuition-and-board subject is brought up, swearing that they just happened to get some very good football players from places several thousand miles away because of their scholastic reputation, Alessee admits bluntly that it makes special inducements to boys who can cut off tackle a little sharper than their fellow men or

lift a punt down the field for seventy yards or throw a pass into a bucket at thirty yards against a cross wind.

As a matter of fact, Alessee officials are not above admitting that they have a scouting crew operating during the high and prep school football seasons, selecting above-average football players eligible for one of the many athletic scholarships the University has to offer.

I know there are two schools of thought on the advisability of athletic scholarships. Personally, I know I'd never have been able to go past High School if I hadn't won one. And seeing that I managed to graduate from Alessee with honors that didn't have a thing to do with a delayed spinner or the T-formation, here is one Joe, at least, who benefited by the set-up.

Sure, the thing is overdone in some places. I've heard of schools, so-called football factories, where the guy with an athletic scholarship got paid off every Saturday night and attended two classes a day—one in music appreciation and the other in Gothic architecture—but it wasn't that way at Alessee.

The athletic scholarships usually took care of a man's tuition and there was an Alumni Fund against which a bird who was hard up could borrow, at three per cent, but you took a regular, bona fide course and if your grades weren't up to par it was as bad as flopping on the football field; you were soon packing your bags and shaking hands with your roommate and saying something about, "Gee, how I hate to leave the university."

This year I'm speaking about, we had a very open winter at Alessee so that the practise field was dried out and fit to play on in late March. It was on the twentieth, I think, that the call for spring practise went up on the bulletin board and, groaning at the idea of the hard work that lay ahead of us, we plodded our weary way to the locker rooms.

We'd lost quite a few men to graduation, but there was nothing to be worried about. We still had "Slippery" Ellinger, one of the greatest backs Alessee had ever bragged about, we had Peyton Gorse back there in the fullback spot and we had four Big Team linemen, myself included, ready to go.

There were several B-Team men ready to fight for an A-team berth and according to the grapevine, there were ten or

twelve freshmen coming up who might open up some eyes when they got operating. Our Frosh club of the preceding fall had won five, lost one and tied one. Nothing too spectacular, perhaps, but good enough to be comforting to Doc Hunter and his crew.

"Well, Jumbo," Slippery Ellinger said to me when I walked into the locker rooms, "here we go again."

"It seems like only yesterday," I moaned, "when we were coming back from the Bowl game and celebrating over the idea of no more football for months and months and months. Whatever happened to those months, anyway?"

"They pulled a fast one on us," Charley Jurgens, a big, rangy tackle, explained. "They slipped February in on us and clipped two days, anyway, off our free time. It ain't fair."

All the time we were kidding around, getting into our uniforms, we were giving the new guys, the freshmen, the eye without letting on that we were interested. They were a big lot of men, those kids, that year and they seemed a lot more confident than I had been when I walked into the Varsity locker room the first time as a freshman. They stuck together, as usual, and if they were viewing us with anything approaching awe, they certainly hid their admiration well. But maybe, I thought, they were just hiding their real feelings behind a bold front as I did when I was a kid.

There was one Joe that caught my eye as soon as he walked into the room. He was a big, wide-shouldered boy with a head of curly yellow hair and he walked and talked as though this were the end of the regular season, instead of the first day of spring training, and he'd starred consistently for Alessee.

"Who's blondie?" I asked Jurgens, when we were both bending over, lacing up our shoes. "The kid looks as though he was good and knew it."

"That's Cliff Glenn," Charley explained. Jurgens always was a walking information bureau. "He's a back and pretty good, they say."

"One of the brethren?" I asked, meaning was he at Alessee on a football scholarship.

"Heck, no," Charley snorted. "That guy is supposed to have about thirty million bucks in his own name and a couple of decrepit uncles who'll leave

him another potful when they cash in their chips. He drives a car half a block long and he has an apartment in town with a manservant, no less. Every fraternity on the campus tried to nail him but he brushed them all off; said he preferred his own diggings or some such bally rot."

I GOT it then. So this was the guy I'd been hearing about, with more dough than the Endowment Fund and some pretty funny ideas. I didn't pay too much attention to fraternity affairs but I remembered then that our president had been urging the brothers to put a lot of pressure on this guy to try to make him take our pledge pin, the house needing new furniture as badly as it did, but Glenn had turned down our bid, along with all the others.

I gave him the eye again, interested. Glenn was pulling on his jersey and when his head came through the neck hole he looked straight into my eyes before I could pull my stare away. He looked at me and put on a grin.

"You don't have to worry, Jumbo," he said, in a loud, clear voice. "I'm a back, not a lineman, so your job is safe."

For a second, I thought I'd heard wrong. Not that we scholarship guys were exactly ashamed of the fact that we were playing for tuition and allowance but at Alessee it had always been tacitly agreed to assume that all the football men were at the University on the same footing. It was the first time since I'd come to the University that anybody had made a crack about my "job" there.

I'm not the fastest-witted person alive and I guess I just gawked at this fresh kid for a minute, with my face probably getting red as it always does when I'm caught at a disadvantage like that. Finally, I reassembled my thinking apparatus long enough to mumble something about being glad I could quit lying awake nights, worrying, and I turned away.

"What a heel!" Slippery Ellinger said, under his breath. "Methinks Mister Cliff Glenn needs a little taking over."

"Which I," Charley Jurgens put in, "will be glad to do, once we get scrimmaging. It'll be a pleasure to push that bee-yoo-ti-ful blond head into the mud."

Which is no way to start off a training session, as I think you'll agree. It wor-

ried me a little, these first signs of dis-sension, but not too much. Doc Hunter, I figured, would know how to cope with anything like that and stop it before it got serious.

We went out on the field and Doc gave his annual spiel about the hard work that lay ahead of us and how every position on the team was wide open and how no man could expect to make the Big Team by resting on whatever laurels he might have accumulated. That last part was directed at guys like Slippery and Charley and me, as well as being intended to buck up the Freshmen. We Seniors-to-be had heard the spiel before but that didn't mean we brushed it off. We knew Doc meant what he was saying, every word of it.

"Some of you Freshmen," Doc said, "did pretty well last season. I want to see you give the Varsity men a run for their money this spring. The bands won't be playing, the stadium will be empty, there'll be no newsreel cameramen around, but the play you give me during spring training, during the practise games we have scheduled, will mean a lot toward the question of whether you'll be trotting out there on the field next fall or wearing out your pants on the bench. So let's go, everybody, and show me what you can do. Any questions?"

It was Blondie, Cliff Glenn, who stuck up his hand, of course.

"Is that straight stuff about everybody having an equal chance to make the team, Coach?" he asked, as calmly as though it wasn't Doc Hunter he was hinting might be throwing a lot of baloney around. "I've heard stories that the men here on athletic scholarships might be given a little better break, on account of the investment the school has in them."

---

## CHAPTER II

### *Second Team*

---

**N**EVER before had I seen Doc Hunter as mad as he was when that freshman, and I do mean fresh, came out with that crack. I saw his face go white and then red and he turned away, gnawing at his lower lip to keep from busting out with all the words that must have been crowding his tongue, right then. Everybody on the field stared at Cliff Glenn,

some in open awe and others with black looks that didn't bode the kid any good when scrimmage started.

Even though I was one of the targets the millionaire kid had selected, I had to hand it to the boy. He certainly had nerve, to stand up there in front of one of the most famous coaches football has ever produced and say his piece. Personally, I guess I would have kept my mouth shut forever, regardless of what kind of a set-up I encountered, rather than ask a question like that of a man like Hunter. Doc was a good coach, but he was plenty hard-boiled. His middle name was discipline. A big, rugged man, he had a face like a bulldog and when he brought his eyebrows down and shoved out his jaw there weren't many men who didn't wish they hadn't said or done whatever it was that made Doc sore.

But he was the fairest man I ever met, I guess. He never blew his top without just cause and after the tornado had run its course, he never held a grudge. Also, he was always careful to try to see the other guy's angle, to see if he had a case, before sounding off.

He did that right now, chewing at his lip and fighting to keep control of himself. Finally, after a few long seconds, he swung around to face Cliff Glenn again.

"Young man," he said, in a low, even voice, "athletic scholarships are given to men who might not be able to come to Alessee otherwise. When the scholarship student gets here, we forget whether he's here on a scholarship or on his own. So long as he plays football for me, I don't care whether he's a scholarship man or a millionaire. If he can't produce football for me, he's out, regardless of whatever 'investment,' as you put it, the University has in him. Does that answer your question, young man?"

Cliff Glenn nodded carelessly and said something in a low voice to the man standing next to him. The other fellow gave him a look and edged away. It was plain that he didn't want to get involved in whatever tangle Glenn seemed to want to get mixed up in. Doc Hunter saw the by-play and his voice cracked out like a blacksnake whip in a mule-skinner's hand.

"And any comments you have to make," he said, "about my system of



coaching, you can make to me. Three times around the field, young man, and when you come back maybe you'll have learned to save your breath for your work here, instead of wasting it on asides."

Glenn looked at the head coach, smiled a little and shrugged his shoulders. Then he took off on the three laps around the field. At a quarter mile a lap, that was three-quarters of a mile and no idle jaunt for a man in football uniform, on the first day of conditioning.

The line coaches took us down to one end of the field and we started to work, so I didn't see Glenn when he came in from his three laps. Slippery Ellinger told me, though, that the Freshman was pretty near all in when he came off the track, but still wearing that smile of his and still keeping his chin up.

"Doc," Slippery told me, "put him through the broken field hoops and then sent him to the tackling dummy. The kid's got plenty on the ball, even if he is a flap-jaw. As tired as he was, he went down the hoops fast and he didn't miss a ring."

I didn't have much chance to worry about Cliff Glenn and his mouth. There were five Frosh guards breathing on my neck from the first day of spring training and I had my work cut out for me to stave them off. One of the youngsters, a kid named Calloway, was a lulu and seeing that Hank Usselman, a Senior like me, played an awful lot of guard position, it began to look like Mister Jumbo Carnes might have trouble keeping his Big Team place, all those All-American citations notwithstanding.

Rory O'Neil and Ben Parkson were line coaches at Alessee that year and they drove us hard. Doc was experimenting with a new system that had the guards pulling out on nearly every offensive play and we were kept scrambling over the turf for hours on end, trying to add speed to our movements. Rory was a wild Irishman and his voice kept getting higher and higher as we lumbered through our paces.

"Jumbo," he'd scream. "For the love of mud get moving when that ball is snapped! And don't telegraph your move with your feet, the way you're doing now. And when you come around on a flanker, keep your head up!"

It was Jumbo this and Jumbo that, while the sweat poured off me and I

wondered what in time had ever made me think I could ever play football. Up until that year, I'd been a block-of-granite guard with Doc Hunter using very few pull-out plays. But Doc had gone overboard for this new system and the whole line was suffering, learning it, especially me.

**I**T WAS just before our first practice game with Howell that things really got tough. Doc usually scheduled four or five practice games a spring. They were regular sixty-minute games with the only exception that the coaches could stop play and explain to the men just what they were doing wrong. With each man on each team playing his head off in the hope that he'd impress the coach enough to insure himself an A-team position, there was some mighty good football played in those spring games, even if the stands were empty and the co-eds were in another part of the campus, watching the lacrosse or the tennis matches. Take a tip from me and if you want to see real football, without the frills and furbelows, take in a spring practice game sometime. The play might be a little rough around the edges, at times, but it's sincere, to say the least.

On the Wednesday before the Howell game, I was lunging back and forth to the accompaniment of Rory O'Neil's mounting screams, trying to put wings on my big feet, when Doc Hunter stopped the scrimmage. We had been using the A-team backs with the B-team line, and vice versa, and the A-team backs, led by Slippery Ellinger, had been punching holes through our line, much as I hated to admit it. Hank Usselman wasn't doing too bad, but I was doing very bad, indeed, floundering around trying to remember the moves I made under this new system. I was off balance more than I wasn't, and they went over me and around me and through me as though I was just up from the fourth team of P.S. 162.

"Okay, Jumbo," Doc said. "Take a breather for awhile. Glenn, go in there at guard and see what you can do."

Now, Cliff Glenn had been playing in the C-team backfield, with occasional forays into the B-team backfield. I'd been up against him a couple of times in scrimmage and it hadn't been hard to see what was wrong with him as a back. He had plenty of power, but he didn't have

the speed that he needed to stay in there with such men as Slippery and Peyton Gorse and Eddie Jordan and "Bingo" Ritchie. This new system of Doc's called for a lot of razzle-dazzle, Texas style, and this millionaire kid, Glenn, just couldn't keep up. We both seemed to be suffering from the same ailment, gluey feet.

And now, all of a sudden, Doc Hunter was trying the big Freshman out as a guard, of all things! As if I didn't have enough to worry about, with Hank Usselman and the new guy, Calloway, out-playing me consistently, Doc had to convert a back into a guard to give me more competition.

When Doc told Cliff Glenn to go in at my position, the kid acted as though he'd been hit with a club. He gaped at Doc for a minute, as though trying to decide whether Hunter was kidding or not. When he saw Doc wasn't, he said:

"I'm no lineman, Coach. I'm a back. I don't know the first thing about playing the guard spot."

"Maybe we can teach you," Doc said, sweetly—too sweetly. "Or maybe the position's a little too rough for you, Glenn."

The kid didn't like that. During the days we'd been scrimmaging, Cliff Glenn had showed that he could take it, and the opposing lines had been piling it on him without regard for a single one of his so-many-million bucks. The old-timers hadn't liked the crack he made that first day about scholarship players getting the breaks. The other newcomers might have admired the way he talked right out in class to Coach Hunter, but they didn't want to be pegged as bosom pals of a man who looked fated to talk himself into trouble. Living alone, in town, as he did, he didn't have any fraternity brothers bound by a ritual to be on his side and Glenn wasn't a very friendly kid, at best.

Consequently, whether they realized it or not, everybody was sharpshooting at the boy. I know I was, to make up for that crack he had made about me worrying about him taking my "job." Every time he headed for my position, I put a little more zing into my tackle. When he went down, carrying the ball, there weren't actual pile-ups, but the boys made sure he was down, all right.

Now that Doc Hunter had virtually accused him of disliking the guard spot

because it might be too tough, the blond kid shook his head and managed a grin.

"It's not that, Coach," he said, "but I've never played in the line in my life."

"You'll never learn any younger," Hunter cracked. "Get in there and try it for size."

I should have been glad for the respite, I suppose, but I wasn't feeling any too happy as I jogged off the field and sat on the bench. I knew I'd been playing rotten football that spring, under the new system, and it looked bad for me when Doc Hunter had to pull a man out of a backfield to try to fill my place. My dreams of five years of pro ball went glimmering, along with my hopes of a degree in physical education, if this blond millionbucks turned out to be a good guard.

**A**ND that's just what he did turn out to be. The A-team backs, of course, were odds-on bets to aim their plays at this fresh Freshman who drove a car worth more than a lot of them would make a year, when they left college. The first one they shot at him was a straight buck, with Peyton Gorse carrying the ball. On defensive, our guards pulled back, just before the ball was snapped and then charged or sliced, depending on which direction the offensive play seemed to take. Cliff Glenn didn't pull back with Usselman, the other side of center. He just squatted there, looking as out of place as a bum at a debutante's ball, and he was still there when Peyton's interference crashed into him.

I was on the sidelines, so I didn't see exactly what happened. I did see a couple of first string backs hit the line and then stop dead, jamming up so that Gorse didn't have any place to go. He hit the pile-up and tried to skid off into a little hole near the tackle slot but Cliff Glenn had him before he made more than a step. Peyton went down and the play meant a yard loss for the A-team backs.

They tried it again, on the next play, and this time they really turned on the steam. They hit Glenn with a crash that fairly made the practice field shudder but when they unpiled them, there was the millionaire kid with his arms wrapped around Peyton's knees. I looked over and saw Doc Hunter talking very earnestly to Rory O'Neil and Ben Parkson, looking quite excited, and I knew then that Jumbo Carnes, last year's All-

American guard, would be a mighty lucky guy if he held his place on the Varsity.

I felt no better as the practice scrimmage wore on. There was no denying it, Cliff Glenn was a natural guard. All Rory and Ben had to do was explain what they wanted on the pull-out plays and the blond kid had it down pat in two or three chances, whereas I'd been stumbling around for weeks with very little, if any improvement. Cliff Glenn might have been too slow for that flashy Varsity backfield but he was fast enough in there at guard and he could throw a block, when called upon, that would rattle a set of false teeth in Section KK, Row 18, behind the goal posts.

Doc gave the B-squad backs the ball and told them the plays to use and pretty soon it was Cliff Glenn hauling his freight all over the field, cutting down would-be tacklers and playing the position—*my* position—as though he'd been a roving guard all his life. Doc pulled Hank Usselman out and put the Freshman hot-shot, Calloway, in there with Glenn and the two of them worked together like Army's Green and Ohio State's Amling might have, if they'd ever played together on the same team.

"This," Hank Usselman said, sitting next to me on the bench, "is not so good, Jumbo."

"The kid is clever," I admitted. "He's playing a good piece of guard for a reformed backfield man."

"Yeah," Hank agreed, mournfully. "But it pains me to see a heel like Cliff Glenn make good at anything, much less the job that belongs to you, by rights. If we're not careful, Jumbo, we're going to lose our Varsity jobs to a couple of Freshmen, and I, for one, wouldn't like that at all."

"Neither," I said, thoughtfully, "would the Alumni Scholarship Fund."

We sat there for a minute without saying anything as Cliff Glenn broke through the line to mess up what had been intended to be a spinner off the strong side. It didn't seem the kid could do anything wrong that afternoon and I wondered just how much reason I had to worry.

If Cliff Glenn did get my position, what would the outlook be? I never had been Phi Beta Kappa material, although I'd managed to squeak through for three years. I was majoring in physical ed, of

course, but I had some classical courses, all required, which gave me plenty of trouble, not that I'd ever flunked any of them but there had been some mighty near misses a couple of times in the Greek and Latin departments.

Because I had been considered a pretty outstanding guard before the sudden advent of Cliff Glenn, plus the change in Doc Hunter's system of play, it hadn't been too hard to get guys who were good in my weak subjects to coach me, from time to time. It was all on the up and up, you understand. There was no cribbing or anybody writing my themes for me, but these fellows who liked to see Alessee win on the football field used to come around to my room at night and explain in words of one syllable just what the heck it was all about.

But as a B-squad player, would things be quite the same? Would the same fellows who spent their own spare time coaching me when I was All-American feel it worth while to tutor a has-been who couldn't even make the first team because he was too much of a tangle-foot to get out of his own way under a new system that called for a bit of brains as well as brawn? I thought not.

And if I flunked, I was out of football. And if I was out of football, I was out of Alessee. And a kid who had a disgusting amount of money and a big lip was to blame for the whole thing.

"Maybe," a little voice said inside me, "you could do something about knocking that Glenn guy out of the running."

I **SHOVED** the thought away from me fast. Here I was majoring in physical education and the cardinal rule of that profession is to teach men that playing the game the right way is more important than playing it to win by any means, and here I was getting ideas like that one.

I was heartily ashamed of myself and I stayed that way until Doc Hunter called Hank Usselman and me back into the lineup and stuck us in the B-squad line, against Calloway and Glenn. Then I forgot all about being ashamed of myself. The only thing I could think of was that the blond-headed kid opposite me was in a fair way to ending my University days long before Commencement.

Doc had shifted Cliff Glenn over to left guard, so his position was just opposite mine. The B-squad huddled and the sig-

nal-caller asked for one through the middle to try to draw up the secondary. If I was going to do anything about Cliff Glenn, this was the spot for it. In that kind of a play, the guards didn't pull out, of course. They charged straight in with the snap of the ball. I'd have the jump on Glenn and nobody could blame me if, in the pile-up, he got—

The ball went back and I went forward, digging hard. They don't call me Jumbo for nothing and, after all, I had been named on quite a few All-American teams, in my day. This was the kind of football I understood, the straight, driving, churning charge, without the razzle-dazzle, and I hit the millionaire kid like a ton of oversized brick.

I heard him grunt as my shoulder caught his middle and then I was swarming all over him. That's when I gave him the business.

Oh, sure, I knew all the tricks, or most of them, anyway. You can't play four years of high school football in a tough coal mining town without picking up a few of the less publicized ways to discourage an opponent. There are things that can be done with knees and elbows and feet and hands in the center of the line that might surprise you. Okay, I admit it, I did them all.

I haven't got any excuse for that, even today. If Cliff Glenn had started it, if he'd been giving me the knee or using his hands the wrong way or playing dirty pool otherwise, I might have had some kind of an excuse—not much of a one, perhaps, but still more than I had under the circumstances. Outside of making that crack about my "job," though, Glenn hadn't spoken half a dozen words to me and his play on the football field had always been exemplary. I guess I was just sore at the kid for threatening the future I'd staked out for myself. Anyway, I gave it to him, but complete.

---

## CHAPTER III

### *Tough Tactics*

---

**W**HEN the pile-up untangled, I got up slowly, being careful to put my weight where it would do Cliff Glenn the least good while getting to my feet. I gave him one look and I saw that his

face, under the helmet, was white and twisted, like he was in considerable pain. He looked straight up at me and I hope that never again will I have to look at a man whose eyes spelled out such complete contempt, mixed with rage and a certain quality that might have been bewilderment or hurt or even a kind of sorrow. It was not a nice look for a man to get, let me assure you of that.

I went back to my position, trying to make it seem that I didn't know Glenn had been injured. Rory O'Neil spotted the kid's condition right away, of course, and play was stopped while the line coaches and Doc came over to where he was lying. I hung around the outskirts of the little group that clustered around Glenn and I overheard what was said.

"Where are you hurt, son?" Doc asked. "Leg? Shoulder?"

"Just the wind knocked out of me, Coach," Glenn said. "I'll be all right."

"Maybe you'd better take the bench for a little while, Glenn," Rory remarked.

"No," Cliff Glenn said, "I want to play. If I'm going to try out for a tackle spot, I'll have to learn to protect myself at all times, I guess."

Doc Hunter shot the millionaire freshman a sharp look and asked:

"Just what do you mean by that, Glenn? Did somebody try some rough stuff in that pile-up?"

Here it comes, I told myself, and you've got it coming to you. The freshman had every right to blow the whistle on me, I knew. He might hesitate to complain about an opposing lineman in a real game, but to get the business in a spring practise session was something else again. There wasn't a rule in the book that didn't say you couldn't squawk, with good reason, if somebody gave you the old knee and elbow treatment in a practise scrimmage. For a team-mate to do a thing like that was against every rule of decency, as well as football.

Heel that I was, I got ready to put up a blustery argument that the millionaire kid was mistaken if he thought I'd intentionally roughed him. I had a pretty good record for clean play and I thought that I might be able to get away with it, if I could call on my histrionics enough to look amazed fast enough.

I could have saved myself all that

preparation, because Cliff Glenn shook his head and managed a weak grin.

"Nobody deliberately roughed me up, Coach," he said. "I meant by protecting myself at all times, that I'd have to learn how to get the jump on the other guy instead of letting him pile into me."

I turned away again, kicking at the soft, damp turf. If I'd hated myself before, I had double reason to despise myself now. Talk about your coals of fire! I kept my back turned while they helped Glenn to his feet—I couldn't be that much of a hypocrite to give him a hand upright after what I'd done—and watched them lead him off the field.

"Would you suggest," Hank Usselman murmured at my elbow, "that I give that kid Calloway the same treatment?"

I looked at the guy who had played so much guard with me, trying to read his face. But Hank's eyes were bland and innocent and there wasn't the slightest expression on his face to hint that he knew I'd roughed up Glenn. I could take his question to mean that Hank was asking whether he should just play hard against Calloway, or I could take it the other way. I had a nasty suspicion, though, that Usselman meant it the other way.

"The kid can't take it very well," I said in what I hoped was a light tone. "He's a sucker for a shoulder in the solar plexus."

Usselman gave me a faint smile and turned away. The coaches were back from escorting Glenn over to the bench and they shook up the squads again. I went back on the Big Team and Usselman went with me, and this time I seemed to get my feet unglued faster and play my position better than I had all spring. I made a couple of stops that would have done me credit in my best days and I realized that Doc Hunter was regarding me in a new light when the session ended.

"I think you've got it now, Jumbo," he said to me, after one play in which I pulled out and ran interference for Peyton Gorse, managing to upset a couple of men who came in for a shot at Peyton. "I think the idea has finally filtered through and I say praise Allah for that. I was beginning to think that our All-American guard was going to ride the sub bench for a good part of next season."

Truthfully, the whole thing came to

me as suddenly as a new swimming stroke or even a new dance step comes to a guy. Before I gave Cliff Glenn the business, I was a floundering incompetent in that guard spot, under the new system. After I took my position back, the wrong way, it was all there, the old confidence, the old drive, the old savvy. Which may point up a moral, but I can't think what it is at the moment.

**P**RACTISE was over and we trooped in to the showers. I should have been feeling good but of course I didn't. I seemed to be in a fair way to staying on the Big Team, all right, but at what a cost.

"Forget it," I tried to tell myself. "This is a rugged business, this football, and you had enough at stake to maybe cut a couple of corners. You didn't hurt him bad and he's got three more years to play for Alessee. You've only got one and your degree depends on your playing ball."

Sure, I had all the arguments, but the trouble was that they all sounded mighty thin, especially, in the locker room, when I saw Cliff Glenn stripped. There was a bruise on one side of his tall, straight body that extended almost from the collarbone to the hip, red now but beginning to get darker.

I kept my eyes away from the Freshman after that first look, while the trainer fussed around with his bottles and tapes, clucking his tongue over Glenn's marks. I dressed quickly and got out of there before Cliff was off the trainer's table. Outside, I met Hank Usselman inhaling big lungfuls of that balmy spring air.

"Going downtown, Hank?" I asked him. "They say there's a good show at the Palace. I'll pop."

He looked at me with the same blank expression I'd noticed on the field and shook his head, smiling that faint smile.

"Not today, Jumbo," he told me. "I've got a calculus lesson that is yelling for attention. Some other time."

Now, ordinarily, that would have been just that; Hank would have had some books that needed cracking, and I'd have understood what he meant. But this day, it seemed to me that there was something hidden behind Hank's words, some touch of scorn in his tone of voice, meant to let me know that he knew I'd roughed up Glenn. In spite of myself,

I felt my face go red.

"Suit yourself, Hank," I said. "I can find somebody else to take in the movies with."

"Sure," Usselman murmured. "Why not?"

I wandered downtown and went to the Palace. I tried to keep my mind on the film—something about a psychiatrist who was really a murderer, I think it was about—and finally I gave up and mugged back to the fraternity house. I'd no more than gotten inside the door when somebody yelled to me that there was a phone number on the telephone stand that needed calling back.

I didn't recognize the number. I knew it was no co-ed because Jumbo Carnes was never known for his Casanova qualities. I dialed the number and heard a stiff voice say hello.

"This is Jumbo Carnes," I said. "Somebody there call me?"

"One moment please, Mr. Carnes," the stiff voice said. I wondered who in time it could be that sounded like the butler in the movie I'd just seen. Then it hit me. Butler—and Charley Jurgens had told me that Cliff Glenn was probably the first Alessee student who had a manservant to wait on him.

It was Glenn, all right. His voice, when he said hello, was almost as stiff as the butler's.

"Are you going to be busy this evening, Carnes?" he asked me, after he'd identified himself.

"Yeah," I said. "Pretty busy. I've got a lot of studying to do. Why?"

"I thought," said Cliff Glenn calmly, "that you might like to meet me some place where it's dark and where we—er—wouldn't be disturbed."

"What for?" I asked, but I knew.

"I'll tell you," the millionaire kid drawled. "I didn't have a chance to give you much sport on the field today, you hit me so suddenly. I wasn't expecting it, you see. I thought that you might get more enjoyment out of slugging a man who was at least on his feet and more or less ready for you."

"You're crazy!" I blustered. "That was an accident that could have happened to anybody. Everybody who saw it knows it was an accident."

"Do they?" Cliff Glenn asked, in that correct voice. "They might say so, they might even think so, but you and I know it was no accident, don't we, Carnes?"

"Look," I said, "if you're going to accuse men of slugging you every time you get the worst of it in a line pile-up, you're going to have a busy time of it. If I hurt you, I'm sorry, but let's not have any cracks about slugging."

There was a second's silence and then Glenn said, in his quiet voice:

"I'll be down at the practise field in—say—twenty minutes. I'll be waiting there for you."

"I won't come," I told him. "The whole thing is silly. If you think you've got a complaint, go to Doc Hunter or Rory O'Neil. They'll straighten you out. But I got through meeting guys after school when I was at grammar school."

"I," said the voice at the other end of the line, "never went to grammar school. So I'll be waiting."

**WHAT** could I do but go? I couldn't let this millionaire kid challenge me that way without at least showing up. I hated to do it, because I knew what was going to happen. Jumbo Carnes was the product of a rough-and-tumble environment and he'd been fighting ever since he was old enough to double up his fists. This Cliff Glenn might have had some boxing lessons at whatever prep school he went to, but he wasn't good enough to beat me, in spite of his size and that Greek god build of his.

On top of that was the bruise the kid was carrying on one side. If there was to be a fight, it would take only a couple of pokes at that black and blue mass to make Cliff Glenn feel pretty sick. And I was afraid that once the fight started, I'd get mad enough to heave a couple of punches into that side, and I hated myself enough already without having that added.

He was waiting for me, in the shadows of the old bleachers, made black by a near-full moon. He was alone, in flannels and a sport coat that probably cost more than the best suit I owned, and his face under the blond hair seemed almost ghostly white in the moonlight.

"Glad to see you made it, Carnes," he said, pleasantly, as I walked up. "How do you prefer it, no holds barred, the way you play football, or Marquis of Queensbury, if you know what that means?"

"Listen, Glenn," I said, "I don't want to fight you. I'm heavier than you and

I've done a lot of fighting, at one time or another, and you've got a bum set of ribs and—well, there's no sense to it."

"So you noticed the ribs, eh?" he asked. "It must have warmed your heart to see you'd done your work so well. Was that the knee or the fist that did that?"

"I—uh—" was all I could say. While he was talking, Cliff was shucking that expensive sport coat, rolling up his sleeves.

"Before we start, Carnes," the millionaire kid said, "I want to tell you—assure you—that this little party won't go any further than right here, unless you spread the story around."

"I don't want to fight," I said, mulishly.

"But I'm afraid you'll have to," he said, politely. "I owe you a couple of licks for what you did to me out on that field today. I know you're anxious to keep your job—all you scholarship boys must be—but I'm just as anxious to get a position on the Varsity next Fall as you are to hold yours. If I've got to use my fists to get it, as you used your fists to try to keep yours, it's all right with me."

"You've got three more years to play ball for Alessee," I blurted. "This is my last year here."

"Sorry," he said, shaking his head, "I can't afford to be magnanimous. A—er—certain party is depending pretty heavily on me making the Big Team in my sophomore year and I'd hate to disappoint her."

"I don't know anything about that," I said, "but if I don't get my degree—and it depends a lot on my football—I'll be throwing a lot of hard work out the window."

He thought that over and nodded.

"So both of us," he said, "have a worthy incentive. Maybe, if the situation were reversed, I'd resort to the tactics you did this afternoon, though I doubt it. But that's not getting us anywhere right now. Are you ready, Carnes?"

I didn't say anything because there was nothing I could say. The kid put up his hands and began moving around me. Instinctively, I stuck up my own guard and the freshman's left flicked out, over my guard, and ticked me on the nose.

It was a flea bite, a nothing. I started

a counter and pulled it back. Heck, I didn't want to fight! His left came out again, and then again and the third time it landed on my eye and it stung. Again I started the right, under his left, a sucker shot, and again I stopped it a couple of inches away from that raw set of ribs I knew he was carrying.

"Come on," Glenn taunted. "Fight, if you know how."

He came at me and banged me a couple of times about the head with a left and right that wasn't bad. I pushed him away. He came in again and caught me in the middle with a hard right. What I had been afraid of happened. I was hurt and suddenly all I remembered was that I was in a fight and the other man was wide open.

I swung a left, a looper, to pull his guard around and then I sank the right. Cliff Glenn went over, doubled up, holding onto that bum side, and I clipped him on the chin. He went down.

He wasn't out, not completely, but he was plenty groggy. He lay there, trying to get his feet under him, and the breathing spell gave me time to clear my brain. I walked over and hoisted him to his feet and steadied him as he wobbled on those loose pins of his.

"I'm sorry," I told him. "I'm sorry for a lot of things. I'm sorry for what happened out there on the field today and I'm sorry I banged your bum side. You're okay, Glenn. You've got what it takes and now if you'll tell me where you parked your car, I'll help you over to it."

"Not—through—yet," the kid gasped, trying to straighten up.

"Yes we are," I said. "If you insist on beating me up, as I deserve, we'll at least wait until those ribs are healed. Now, where's your car?"

He told me, finally, after a little more argument and I helped him over to the machine that was, as Charley Jurgens had said, half a block long. He got his wind back and his side must have stopped hurting quite so much, during the walk to the sedan because he didn't have any trouble sliding behind the wheel. He pulled the lights on and then gave me a look that seemed sort of speculative.

"Can I drop you somewhere?" he asked, hesitantly.

"Why not?" I said. "You can take me over to the house and then I can

always brag to my grandchildren that once I rode in a car that cost more than the President makes in a year."

---

## CHAPTER IV

### *Razzle Dazzle*

---

**G**ETTING in the sedan, I sank back on the soft cushions. I was tired and not from the effects of that brief fight, either. I was tired of the struggle to keep up there on the Varsity, tired of the worry that came with knowing I wasn't doing my job right, tired of all the rivalry, the competition that was part of spring training. Most of all, I was suffering from a conscience hang-over. Old General R. E. Morse was riding me hard.

I closed my eyes and leaned my head back as the car got under way. It was like riding a cloud, traveling in that big car with the motor just audible despite the surge of power that came when Cliff Glenn straightened the sedan away.

"Some car," I murmured. "It must be nice to have a lot of money."

I wasn't making any cracks. I was just saying what I thought.

"Sometimes it is," Glenn said, in a low voice. "Sometimes it's not as much fun as you'd think. Wealthy people have their headaches, too."

"That kind of headaches," I said, "I think I'd be able to take."

He gave a short laugh and twisted the wheel to send the car around a corner.

"I suppose," he said, conversationally, "that most of the fellows here at Alessee think I'm a snob."

"I wouldn't say that," I told him. "I don't think many of the guys know you very well. You—well, you live in town instead of at a fraternity house and the way I get it you didn't mix in many things during the winter. With all your dough, naturally the fellows are sort of slow in going out of their way to make friends with you for fear somebody'll accuse them of making up to you for your money."

"And I've got a big mouth," he put in. "I'm always saying the wrong thing. Like that crack I made about you football scholarship men holding jobs."

"You weren't so far wrong," I said, wearily. "I guess it is a job, in a way.

We get pretty frantic about it, sometimes, and then—well, then things happen like what happened out there this afternoon. Maybe the system is all wrong. I don't know."

He drove on a way. I opened my eyes to see him frowning in concentration as he watched the road ahead.

"But aren't there plenty of other scholarships?" he asked. "Alessee is supposed to be a university with a lot of rich endowments. I know my uncles—er—my understanding is that there were a lot of scholarships available to men without any football requirements attached."

"Sure," I said. "But those scholarships are for the students, the guys who've got something to offer besides muscles, the ones who are really going places. Me, I haven't got it in the brain department. I think—I'm sure—I'd make a good physical ed man."

"In my book, that's a profession worth aiming at. The only way I can get there is to play football for some school that'll put a high enough value on my football to help me through the four years. I'm not apologizing for my position here, you understand, I'm just trying to give you the straight picture. Call us amateur pros, if you want to, or football bums. It still follows that we get an education we wouldn't get otherwise and that might mean something."

"If there's a place in our school system for physical education, and plenty of smarter people than I think there is, we can't be blamed too much for fitting ourselves for a physical ed job by the means nearest at hand—our football. If you think, like a lot of other smart people do, that the average athletic director or coach is a big knot-head who gets a salary that ought to go to a Greek prof or a physics lab technician, then we're football bums."

I yawned and stretched. "And here's my house, on the left," I said. "Thanks for the lift."

He sent the big car over to the curb and cut the engine. He looked at me and then stuck out his hand.

"I'm glad you came tonight, for a lot of reasons," he said. "And thanks."

"Thanks!" I exploded. "You're thanking the guy that roughed you up on the football field this afternoon, in case you've forgotten."

"Also the guy," he said, "who's talked



to me like one human being to another, and you'd be surprised how seldom I've been talked to like that."

I threw the latch on the door on my side and slid my legs out of the car.

"Relax," I told Glenn. "Tomorrow I'll be out there trying to knock your head off so I can keep my job on the Varsity, and then you'll be thinking of me as a play-for-pay guy again."

I guess the kid never had had anybody talk to him just that way, at that. Because he looked across at me, his face lit up by the dash lights, and grinned.

"If you think your story is going to keep me from trying to get that guard spot," he said, "you're crazy, Carnes."

"Okay," I said, and I could have laughed out loud, knowing that from then on in it would be the right kind of rivalry, win, lose or draw, with no temptation to repeat the performance I'd staged that afternoon. "Okay, but I want to warn you that I'm a tough man to deal with when the chips are down. . . ."

**H**E FOUND that out, too, the next day. I knew he had a damaged side—who should know better—but the kid was out there for practise just the same, with no favors asked.

"It looks like you didn't hit him quite hard enough," Hank Usselman said, in a low voice, when Cliff walked on the field. "Maybe some more in the same place will do the trick today."

"Hank," I said, "I guess you know I gave the kid the business yesterday but in case you didn't know, I really laid it into him the rugged way. But not again today. Never no more, Hank."

His grin was the real McCoy this time, instead of that faint smile he'd been giving me.

"Glad to hear you say that, Jumbo," he told me. "I thought for awhile it wasn't going to be the same old Carnes playing in the other guard slot next fall."

"It'll be the same Carnes," I said, a little grimly, "if he plays."

"He'll play," Hank said.

Doc Hunter talked to the trainer and found out from him that Cliff Glenn didn't have any broken ribs or anything like that, and the trainer had fixed him up with a special pad. Because it was his left side that had been hurt, seeing that Cliff was a right-hander, in the left guard slot, there wouldn't be too much

chance of him getting hurt badly, if he watched himself. And the boy wanted to play, all right.

"It's just a bruise," I heard him telling Doc. "I can hardly feel it today."

That's how I found myself opposite Cliff Glenn when the scrimmaging started. I was back on the A-team, with Hank in the other guard position, and when I went down into my crouch, I looked up to see Cliff smiling at me.

"Watch it, Jumbo," he said. "I'm out to make you look like a fifth string guard today."

"Take care of yourself, Cliff," I gave him back. "I'm coming through with a bucket of paint in a minute."

The signal number was called and the ball went back. I pulled out to lead Bingo Ritchie on a flanker to the right. I didn't get very far because that kid came busting through and I had to turn aside to throw a block into him to keep him from reaching Bingo. We went down in a lump and I gave him a hand to his feet.

"See what I mean?" the millionaire kid grinned.

"Lucky," I said. "Try it again."

The next play was right through the middle and I heaved a charging block into Glenn. I caught him just right and he went back two or three yards before he braced. Peyton Gorse got through for about six on the play. Glenn got up shaking his head.

"Dunno what happened," he said. "I must've done something wrong."

That's the way it went all afternoon. On the pull-out plays, using Doc Hunter's new system, the millionaire kid would be swarming over me like a bunch of bees looking for a queen. On the power plays, I'd shove him all over the field. Every once in awhile I'd look at Doc Hunter and Rory O'Neil, to see what their reactions were and they both looked as though they were trying to decide whether it would be better to have a powerhouse guard, like me, in there or a fast, rangy cutey like Cliff.

I knew how sold Doc was on his new system. It was an offshoot of the T, with a lot of improvisations, and if it worked next fall Doc stood in a good way to be as well-known as Shaughnessy was, when he dusted off the T, that first year, and ran the boys ragged trying to build defenses against it. On the other hand, I knew that Rory O'Neil,

at least, never had been completely sold on Doc's new system. Rory was an old crusher lineman. He could go for a roving center and even wandering tackles but I knew it grated on his nerves to train his big guards to come back on offensive plays.

"A guard," I'd heard him say to Ben Parkson, the other line coach, one day when they didn't know I was within earshot, "ought to be there and stay there. You can shuffle the rest of your club around as much as you want, but the ball-snapper and the guards ought to stay put on every offensive play. Otherwise, you're going to have a basketball team, not a football team."

SO THAT was one man, at least, on my side. Ben, being the junior coach didn't have much to say, but I had the idea that he was a razzle-dazzle enthusiast, too. Hank Usselman had proved himself a lot more adaptable to the new system than I had, so he didn't have to worry, but I was getting the sneaking impression that if Doc Hunter plumped for the loose line, there was going to be a certain guy named Carnes who'd be out of luck.

I kept on plugging away. There was nothing else for me to do, except try to get as good as I could at that pull-out business and learn to move my feet a little faster than I ever had before. I got an awful kick in the stomach, though, when Doc Hunter called off the starting lineup for the Howell practise game that Saturday. Starting guards were H. Usselman and C. Glenn.

I managed to get a smile on my puss as Glenn put on his headgear.

"Go out and murder them, kid," I said. "Forget it's a spring practise game and make believe you're in the Rose Bowl."

He fussed with his helmet awhile and said:

"Believe it or not, I sort of wish it was you going out there, instead of me. As you said, I've got three more years and—"

"And forget all about that," I told him.

Howell had a big team, and slow but sure. They took the kickoff on their thirty-two and came down the field by three's and four's, through the line. The day was cloudy, with rain due any minute, and the field was soggy from the previous night's showers. It was an ideal

set-up for a team like Howell's.

They pushed us from their thirty-two to our thirty without uncorking anything more than tackle cut-backs and flankers. The Howell coach was trying out his backfield candidates at the rate of a new man every three plays or so, so the first quarter was a long, drawn-out affair. Our line wasn't doing what it could, at top form, and Rory O'Neil and Ben Parkson were fussing around between each play, changing stances and moving tackles out or in and cautioning this man or that on playing too high or too low.

Howell finally fumbled on our twenty-six and we recovered. Bingo Ritchie called for a flanker with Slippery Ellinger carrying the ball and I watched the guy who had taken my position, Cliff Glenn. He played it beautifully, coming out of the line at the right time, feinting one way and cutting off the other side in time to take out the Howell end that had come in on the play.

We got twelve on that run and on the next, a duplicate flanker around the other end, we got seven. Bingo called for two into the center and the Howell forward wall came through and smashed each try. Slippery kicked down to the Howell eighteen, where the other safety man called for a free catch.

Then that Howell team started rolling up the field again. Five yards. Two yards. Four yards and first down. Four yards, three yards, six yards—all through the line. Doc was talking to Rory and I could see him shaking his head. The Howell club made its third first down and Doc called time. He walked in to the bench and began stabbing his finger at those of us who were sitting there.

"Jumbo, Jurgens, Peterson, Raphael, LeBrau, Isaacs, Calloway," he said. "Go in there and see if you can put up some kind of a defensive line."

We went in there as the others came trooping out and, when Howell tried its next line play, we were on top of it like a blanket over a sleeping baby. We smothered that one, and the next and the next with a net gain for Howell of four big yards and the visitors punted. When we went into our huddle, Bingo called for one off the guard slot, with Peyton Gorse carrying.

We put everything we had into that charge and we racked up six yards be-

fore Peyton went down. Bingo called a tackle play and we shoved that Howell line back for a first down. This was what I knew, and the others knew—straight football without the zip-zip stuff.

We went on down the field, much in the same way that Howell had come up into our territory. We had the ball on Howell's nineteen when Doc yanked the whole club, backfield and all, and sent in the A-team line with the B-team backs. The new lineup scored in four plays, using plenty razzle-dazzle.

We won that Howell game, 28 to 12, with Doc alternating his lines and backs frequently. Whenever Howell got the ball, Jumbo Carnes and the others would go in there. When we got the ball, we'd push through a couple of power plays and then the B-backs and the A-line would come in and fancy-Dan up the field. Howell scored her two touchdowns against the A-line and the B-backs, passing, in the last quarter.

It was about eight o'clock that night when the phone rang and somebody yelled for me. It was Cliff Glenn on the other end.

"You busy tonight?" he asked me.

"Not another round!" I said.

"No," he laughed. "I thought you might like to take in a movie."

"Sure," I told him. "Mind if I bring a couple of other fellows along?"

**T**HERE was a moment's silence at the other end of the wire and then Glenn said no, indeed, he wouldn't mind. We fixed a place to meet and I went out to find a couple of guys to go to the movies with me, my treat.

The way I figured it was this: Glenn had been brought up with too many bucks in his pocket to make many friends along the route. He'd gotten off on the wrong foot in spring training when he asked Doc Hunter about scholarship students getting the breaks in football and, as I've said, the older men resented him as a freshman with a big lip. He'd made a mistake, taking an apartment in town instead of living on the campus. While he might have his valet and his big car and his dough, I had the idea he was one of the loneliest guys at Alessee.

But he'd shown me, the way he took the roughing up I gave him and the way he called me out for a go-around that

night, that basically, he might be a nice guy. I figured that with three years left to him at the University, he'd do well to get over his superciliousness, shyness, self-consciousness or whatever it was, and make some friends in his own class.

That's a laugh, really. Imagine Jumbo Carnes, with a patch on the wide seat of his pants, worrying about the well-being of a youngster who had more millions than Carnes had quarters—and the guy who was about to take Jumbo's football job away from him, at that. But I owed the guy that, for the dirty stuff I pulled on him that day I tried to knock him out of competition via the knee-and-elbow route. The least I could do was nab a couple of frosh and cart them along with me.

We had a good time. The picture was a comedy, with plenty of laughs and after the movies we went to Cliff Glenn's apartment—all white leather and splashy oil paintings—and the valet, who turned out to be as stiff as his voice, served Pepsis and cheese and crackers.

The two freshmen I'd corralled turned out to know things about Sibelius and Cezanne and Thomas Wolfe and Jo Davidson and after they'd gotten over their stage fright at being with a millionaire, they got along all right.

I just sat back and drank Pepsis and beamed. I could see that the two freshmen I'd dragged along would spread the word among their friends that Cliff Glenn wasn't such a high-hatted snob as they'd thought all along, and I had the idea that Cliff would begin to enjoy college a lot more, once he began making some friends.

The valet, I decided, would have to go, and that movie set apartment. If Cliff wouldn't take a fraternity bid, he'd have to join Commons, and there were plenty of swell boys in Commons to make him forget he was a rich guy long enough to have some fun out of life.

---

## CHAPTER V

### *Each to His Style*

---

**Y**EAH, I had it all figured out, until it came time to leave. The two freshmen clattered down the stairs ahead of me and Cliff took me by the elbow and

pulled me back inside the apartment's foyer.

"What I really wanted to talk to you about," he told me, "is that I've decided to turn in my uniform."

I popped my eyes at him. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"I've been thinking over what you said the other night, the night we swapped a couple of punches," he explained, "and I figured that you deserve the Varsity job. I mean, you've got only one more year at Alessee, and your physical ed degree means a lot to you and I've got three more years and—and—"

He waved his hands in a sort of vague gesture. I could feel the fine old Carnes blood starting to boil.

"Listen, Glenn," I growled. "If I make the Varsity or if I don't, it'll be because I did or didn't, by myself. It won't be because some snooty freshman feels sorry for me, ever! There wasn't a day I couldn't rush the cleats off you in the line, even though you've been lucky having some kind of a freak new system that has you doing the conga in there instead of playing guard."

I really warmed up to my subject then.

"I don't want you feeling sorry for me, Glenn," I said. "I don't want you making any sacrifices on my account. Turn in your uniform if you want to make a chump out of me, which you'll be doing, if you do, but if you don't think I can get my own job back, by myself, leave your suit in the locker and see what happens."

He was still standing there, trying to say something, when I stormed out of the place to follow the two freshmen. I was back at the house before I cooled off enough to realize that he'd really been trying to be a good guy, that he'd made a sincere gesture to the first friend, probably, he'd ever had at Alessee. But, thickheaded as I am, I couldn't get in touch with him and tell him I'd popped my cork without reason. No, Jumbo Carnes had to keep his mouth shut and let the situation remain in status quo.

I saw Cliff Glenn on Monday, when we turned out for practise. He gave me a brief nod and that was all. We went into scrimmage almost immediately and I knew the first time we ran up against each other that war had been declared. He didn't rough me up, exactly, but he wasn't playing practise when he barged into me, trying to get through my posi-

tion. And I didn't ease up at all when I slammed into him, either. It was no quarter asked or given and at the end of that practise session I was pretty joe-d and I guess he was, too.

That was the way practise went for the whole week. I was determined that I'd play so much guard that Doc Hunter couldn't help but put me on the A-team and keep me there. Cliff Glenn had the same idea in mind. It was the old immovable object and irresistible force idea, reversed every time the ball changed hands. I'd open a hole through Cliff to let my ball-carrier through for five yards and I'd gloat—until, on maybe the next play, Glenn would come through me and crash into my ball-carrier for a couple yards' loss.

I still had him on the power play and he still had me on the razzle-dazzle. When he pulled out to run interference, I'd lumber in after him, but I never could quite get in there in time to make a pass at the carrier. He could do that when I pulled out, knifing through to either make the tackle or make me go out of play, making the block. But in the straight plays, I could always root him out of his tracks for three or four yards.

We met Carnegie Tech and Lehigh, and won them both, with Cliff Glenn and I playing about the same number of minutes in the left guard position, offensive, and right guard defensive. We got beat by Penn State, in a drenching late-May rain and we came up to the Votre Frere Spring game. Votre Frere, of course, was our big fall game and the spring game wasn't much less important to us footballers. It was the last game of our spring season, the game in which Doc Hunter made up his mind who'd have first call on those Varsity positions in the fall.

I didn't have many high hopes. Votre Frere had a heavy line, that year and one that was ideal for a razzle-dazzle offensive used against it. Cliff Glenn had been getting better and better at that stuff, despite the pounding I'd been giving him, and I hadn't improved much in the fast business, if at all. I had a pretty good idea of whom Doc Hunter would start against Votre Frere and I knew that if I was B-team material in June, I wouldn't have much chance of being A-team material in September or October.

B-team wasn't good enough. Sure, I

might be able to hang on, by the skin of my teeth for another year at Alessee, but there weren't going to be many athletic directors or even high school boards the year after that who'd be interested in signing up a physical ed teacher who hadn't been able to make the first team at his university. Pro football would give me a couple of years' play, but I wasn't too interested in that.

I SAT down in my room, the night before the *Votre Frere* game, and thought things over. I knew I could always transfer to a "football factory" where they could use my type of play and get my degree. It wouldn't mean as much as an Alessee degree but at least I could claim I was a first-string guard in my Senior year; I wouldn't have to admit that a Sophomore had booted me out of my position.

Or I could quit school entirely and grab the dough I could make at pro ball the following fall. The Tigers had made me a couple of promising feelers and the Ironmen had told me that if I went into the draft they'd sell me with a pretty nice bonus on the side.

Maybe, I thought, I'd be a sucker to stay on at Alessee, where a millionaire kid who started out as a back and got changed to a guard, of all things, had the Indian sign on me.

I was sitting there, feeling pretty gloomy, when somebody yelled up from the lower hall to tell me I was wanted on the phone. It was Doc Hunter.

"Drop around, Jumbo," he told me. "I want to talk to you."

I knew what was coming. Doc Hunter might be a hard-boiled guy to play ball for but, as I think I've said, he was inordinately fair. If he was going to drop me to the B-squad, he'd want to tell me he was, man to man, before he posted the lineups.

I'd played a lot of ball for Doc and I knew he'd appreciated it. Now that he had to put the skids under me—and he knew what going down to the B-squad would mean—he wanted to tell me himself, rather than have Rory or Ben Parkerson do the dirty work.

"I'll be right over," I said. "Give me half an hour."

I had something to do before I got the bad news from Doc. I had to go around to Cliff Glenn's place and make my peace with the millionaire kid. It hadn't been

his fault that I couldn't learn that new-fangled modified T. He'd even offered to quit, to give me a clear field and I'd gotten up on my high horse and cussed him out for offering to do me a big favor.

He was in when I got to his apartment. Also there, with her mother, was one of the prettiest girls I've ever seen. If Glenn was surprised to see me, he hid it well. He introduced me to the girl and her mother and took my hat and asked me to sit down.

"Oh, you're a football player, too, Mr. Carnes!" the girl asked. "Cliff has mentioned you so often. We're so anxious to see you play *Votre Frere* tomorrow." She gave a little laugh. "Although if anybody had ever told me I'd ever be watching football in June, I'd say they were insane."

"Nancy," the girl's mother explained, "is all excited about the possibility that Cliff might make Varsity next fall. She's quite a football enthusiast, Mr. Carnes. If I'm not asking you to violate any secrets, what are Cliff's chances of making the Big Team next season?"

I looked at Cliff and he looked at me. We held each other's eyes for a second and then I turned back to this Nancy girl's mother.

"Very good," I said. "I just had a call from Coach Hunter and from what I gathered, Cliff will start tomorrow against *Votre Frere*. And usually that means a certain job on the A-team next season."

"Cliff!" the girl squealed. "Did you hear that?"

He nodded and he walked past the girl, straight toward me.

"I'm sorry, Jumbo," he said. "I wish it had been anybody else but you."

"Forget it," I laughed. "I just wanted to be the first to give you the good news and to—well, to let you know I think it's swell. It was a great fight, Mom, and I lost."

"Not with me, you haven't," Cliff Glenn said. "You're still tops with me."

"Whatever in the world are you two talking about?" Nancy asked. "My goodness, you sound so solemn!"

Cliff said something that satisfied the women and I made my escape a couple of minutes later. I felt better as I walked over to Doc Hunter's place. I might have lost out in the campaign, but I wasn't holding any grudges. The better man had won and he was my friend and may-

be making a true friend out of an enemy was better than winning something at the cost of the friend.

Rory O'Neil and Ben Parkson were with Doc when I got to the Head Coach's place. Doc shoved a chair in my direction, lit a cigar and looked at me over its tip.

"I think I know what you're going to say, Doc," I told him, "and I want to tell you it's no surprise to me, really."

"You knew, then?" Doc asked, his eyebrows going up.

"I had a good idea," I said.

"What do you think of it?" Rory put in. I hunched my shoulders.

"Glenn's a good razzle-dazzle guard," I said. "He's a nice kid, too. He ought to help you win some games."

"But about the other?" Doc Hunter asked. "What do you think about that?"

I must have showed then that I didn't know what they were talking about when they mentioned "the other."

Doc said: "I mean the idea of having two A-team lines. One for defensive play against powerhouse teams, with you line captain. The other for offensive play against light teams, or slow lines."

I blinked. "With me line captain," I said.

"Sure," Rory said, enthusiastically. "You're still the greatest powerhouse

guard that ever played for Alessee and this kid Glenn is one of the best scat-guards, if that's the word, ever built. The idea is to use your line when we need power, Glenn's line when we need speed. Interchange 'em. Mix up the plays, depending on how the new system makes out against the other guys."

"It's—it's a new idea," I said, weakly. "I've heard of running in new backfields and I've heard of running in offensive and defensive lines, but I never heard of running in one line for one style play and another for another type play."

"You will," Doc Hunter predicted. "Can't you get the picture? We're playing Columbia, say, and we start off with the new system. Columbia maybe dopes it out too quickly, or maybe their line is too fast, or the system doesn't jell that afternoon. Okay, we substitute a new line, keeping the same backs. Columbia's all set to break up our fast loose game and what do we give them. Power—old Fordham style power! I tell you, Jumbō, I think we've got something there!"

I sat and listened to the two line coaches get more and more enthusiastic about the possibilities. I didn't say much. I was too happy, thinking about Cliff Glenn and my new job as line captain of the second A-team line, to do much talking.



COMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE

## THE TABLE STAKER

A Complete Racetrack Novelet

By **WILLIAM CAMPBELL GAULT**

PLUS MANY OTHER STORIES AND FEATURES

# THE Whirl of SPORTS

BY JACK KOFOED

---

FAMOUS SPORTS COMMENTATOR

---

## A STEAK LOST THE DECISION FOR THE DURABLE DANE

**T**HE clean living fellow, who doesn't drink or smoke to excess, is likely to go farther than the one who demolishes all the rules. However, there are exceptions to every rule.

Offhand, I would guess that more men have eaten themselves out of competition than have been ruined by John Barleycorn. There are no statistics to prove me right, but observation indicates this is so. However, there are men so constituted they can throw off the excesses of the table, or the bar, and remain at the top of the heap.

The first time I heard of food playing a part in the ring was in a fight between Battling Nelson and Jimmy Britt. The Durable Dane had knocked Britt out in a previous meeting, and was an odds-on choice to whip him again.

Nelson consumed a large and luscious steak for dinner. The waiter, having made a mistake, brought an extra one, so Bat ate that, too. During the fight, Britt whipped in a vicious right hand shot to the stomach, which stirred the steaks like the ocean on a rough day. Nelson became a very sick young man, and lost the decision.

But, there also was the case of Tony Galento, who is called "the Beer Barrel That Walks Like a Man." Galento usually trained on Pilsener and spaghetti, even in his most careful days, and the fatty condition of his torso gave ample evidence to this. On one occasion he went even farther.

Tony had been matched with a six foot seven inch gargantuan named Arthur DeKuh, for whom he held a low regard. As a matter of fact, The Barrel even bet a friend \$10 he could eat fifty hot dogs before the battle, and still win. It is recorded that Galento finished the fifty, added several more for good measure, and then fell into groggy slumber. He was awakened with effort, dragged into the ring, and knocked DeKuh out in the third round.

Certainly, no one has forgotten the historic belly-ache induced by frankfurters and

soft drinks, which almost ended Babe Ruth's illustrious career. And, I recall the fabulous appetites of such athletic gentlemen as Ping Bodie, Primo Carnera and "Fireman" Johnny Murphy, who ate with no regard for calories.

Liquor and carousing has ruined many a good man, but again you can find occasional



exceptions to the rule. One was Walter Hagen. Some years back Walter played in the Masters' Tournament. This event had been inaugurated pretty late in his career, and was about the only event The Haig had never won. Walter had played little or no golf for several months. He arrived too late to practice, and spent the evening before the first round absorbing Scotch and laughs. Bedtime turned out to be five o'clock, though he was scheduled to leave the first tee at eight-thirty.

Hagen hit 'em a mile, putted like a fool, and wound up with a 68 that kept him up at the head of the parade. Thereupon, he decided to play safe. That night he went to

ed at ten, and went out to practice for an hour before the second round started. The result? He had an 84, and booted away any chance of winning.

"It just goes to show," said Mr. Hagen,

'that I can't do things like anybody else.'

But this should not fool the rest of the population. The fellow who eats, drinks and smokes too much does nothing but dig his own athletic grave.

## FAST LIVING AND BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL DON'T MIX!

**W**HILE we are talking about food and drink, and their effect on athletes, it might not be amiss to mention some of the big league ball players who kicked the suds around, stayed out late at night, and otherwise consorted themselves in an unseemly fashion.

Most big leaguers are smart fellows, who realize they must take care of themselves if they are to last long in their chosen profession. But, there have been quite a few who didn't care what the time was, in a manner of speaking.

Among these must be listed Rube Waddell, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Phil Douglas, Bugs Raymond, Hugie McQuillen,

pearing on a day when he was scheduled to pitch—because he had an urge to fish or go to a fire or tend bar—almost drove Connie Mack crazy, and Connie is certainly one of the most level-headed men baseball ever saw.

Alexander, one of the greatest pitchers of all time, was one of my prime favorites, because he started to pitch in the National League the same year I began writing sports. "Old Pete" hit that bottle like nobody's business, but fast living took much longer to lick him than it does most people.

When he was in St. Louis, Pete was warned, and he tried to stay off the stuff. The boss walked in on a party when the curve ball expert was getting squiffed. Alexander offered the classic alibi of all time. He said people were trying to get Flint Rhem to drink, and that, in order to protect Flint, he sluffed down all the beverages himself.

Douglas, you'll remember, caused himself to be kicked out of baseball altogether. While starry-eyed with bourbon, he kiddingly promised to throw a game. The old Shuffler never meant that, but Judge Landis took it seriously, and tossed him out.

You can take the McQuillens and Rhem and Raymond—who was as nutty as Waddell—but the quaintest character of all baseball's bad boys was Boots Poffenberger.

Boots never was a pitcher to be compared with the Waddells and Alexanders, but he could have stuck around in fast company for a long while if he had passed up the playboy stage. Detroit paid him about a thousand dollars a month, and took back half of it in fines without disturbing Poffenberger's equanimity. If he wanted to stay out all night he did it, no matter what the penalty was.

I know Waddell and Raymond died without a dime, and Alexander even worked in New York's Flea Circus to make a precarious living. Poor Phil Douglas didn't have a dime when they cast him into outer darkness, and it is to be assumed that the other playboys of the majors were not exactly wealthy when their careers ended.

Nobody ever beat dissipation. The young-



Boots Poffenberger, Flint Rhem and an earlier McQuillen named George. The fact that all these gentlemen are pitchers must not be construed as casting aspersions on those who toil on the mound. It just happens that these were the first names to come to mind.

Waddell is the classic of them all. He was not only a lover of firewater, but was slightly cuckoo to start with. His habit of disap-



sters on the doorstep to athletic fame should realize that. The only way to be a winner is

to live cleanly, and do your best. There never has been a shortcut to fame.

## HERE ARE THE GREATEST ATHLETES OF THEM ALL!

**G**RANTLAND RICE, dean of all sports writers, selected Ty Cobb, Walter Hagen, Billy Johnston, Tack Hardwick and Jim Thorpe as the greatest competitive athletes he had ever seen.

I'll go along with Rice on his choices. There may have been other men as good under pressure, but none better. If I had to make a choice of athletes who competed last year, I'd take Whitey Kurowski, Bobby Locke, Jack Kramer, Arnold Tucker and Gus Lesnevich. This, of course, is purely on competitive spirit, and not on mastery of the games they played.

Kurowski, for instance, is no ideal of grace when it comes to covering third base. He bats down grounders with his chest, just as Pepper Martin did, but seldom makes an error when an error will hurt his team. And, at the plate, in a clutch, Kurowski is as tough a fellow as you'll find in the big leagues. Whitey is one of those fellows who just doesn't know when he is licked.

Locke is a fine golfer, but he is more than that. He came to the United States with two strikes on him, as the saying is, because British linksmen simply had not been able to keep pace with our top drawer performers. All Bobby did, under the toughest pressure, was to make himself the biggest money winner of the year. There were plenty of times, with the last round coming up, when he faced a deficit, but made great shots in order to win.

Kramer is probably the best tennis player in the world today, but he is more than skillful. He has heart, and the bright flame of competitive instinct. Jack gets better, when competition is toughest, which is the sign manual of a fighting heart.

Quarterback Tucker was the key and sparkplug of the greatest team Army ever had . . . which was one of the great teams of all time. He was outshadowed by the publicity given the terrific touchdown twins—Blanchard and Davis—but that never bothered him. He was always cool, always

knew what to do, and how to do it. Brains and competitive quality are the most important assets a quarterback can have, and Arnold Tucker possessed them in wholesale lots.

Lesnevich will not go down in history as one of the top fighters of all time, but as a competitor, he can rank with Jack Dempsey and Harry Greb. When everybody thought Gus was washed up, he was tossed into the ring with Billy Fox. Fox pouted dynamite in his fists, and had knocked out everyone he had met. The old man's chin was figured



as a perfect target for the Philadelphian's atom blows. Well, Lesnevich made sure Fox's record of never having been in a fight that went the limit was not spoiled. He flattened the young man neatly and cleanly.

Skill can be developed, but heart is something you are born with. Grant Rice reminds us that nobody ever loved savage body contact as much as Hardwick did. The more bone bruising it was, the more he revelled in it. He gained both a sadistic and a masochistic pleasure from punishing and being punished. A great player may absorb tremendous punishment and go on, but few like it. Hardwick did.

In sheer ability, a Kurowski could never match a Cobb, or a Lesnevich, a Dempsey; but there is no great margin between them when it comes to competitive instinct. They not only failed to understand the definition of the word "quit," but were capable of doing their best, when they had to do their best, or be beaten.

The fellow with heart is the one to remember through the ages.

## EXTERMINATOR DID HIS BEST IN EVERY RACE!

**I**F YOU are an old time follower of the race track, you'll remember Exterminator, "Old Bones," they called him. Exterminator

was a lanky, hammer-headed nag, but one of the most honest and conscientious thoroughbreds in history. There never was a

race in which he did not do his best.

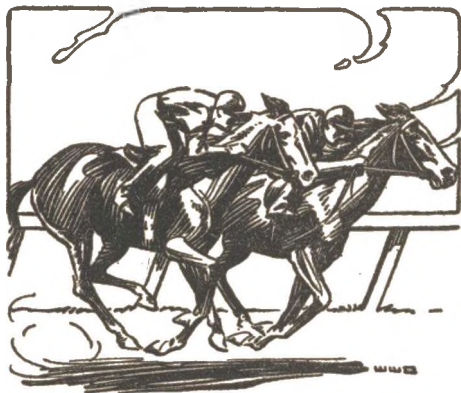
Exterminator won the Kentucky Derby in 1918, and a lot of other great stake races. It was not until he was nine years old that the veteran was retired to the peaceful life of the pastures.

He was given a pinto pony called Peanuts as a companion, because race horses, like human beings, grow lonesome and unhappy by themselves. These two became inseparable. You never saw one without the other. It wasn't until Exterminator was eighteen, which is a long, long life for a horse, that Peanuts died. The great horse was inconsolable. He grieved as a human being would grieve at the loss of his best friend.

They brought him a Shetland pony, but for weeks Exterminator would have nothing to do with him. He was set in his ways, and Peanuts II did not fit in with those ways. After a while, however, he accepted the little fellow, and they became friends, too.

In 1945, when Exterminator was thirty

years old, Peanuts II passed away. Ancient as he was, old hammerhead chased a new pony around the lot, with homicide in his heart. But, he was too old to hold a grudge.



The new pair became friendly, but Exterminator died a year later. Don't blame it on a broken heart, though. Not many horses live to be as old as he did.

---

## THE CARDINALS-PIRATES GAME MADE HOME-RUN HISTORY

EVERY baseball fan likes a rash of home-runs. There's a thrill in seeing that old apple sail toward distant fences.

In all the thousands of big league games that have been played since Abner Doubleday got what is now the National pastime under way, only two had produced as many



as ten home-runs. The Phillies and Cubs did it in the National League, and the Yankees and Athletics in the American.

When the Cardinals and Pirates tangled last summer, no one looked for such an incredible record to be equalled. True, there were long distance crackers on both sides, but a ten home-run game is like a hole-in-one

on a par four hole. It's possible, but practically a miracle.

Paste this in your record book, because it may be a long time before the equal of it happens again. At any rate, seventeen years elapsed between the Yank-Athletic holocaust and this one. This is what happened:

Ralph Kiner, the Pittsburgh left fielder, bashed out his 33d, 34th and 35th homers of the season. Hank Greenberg, "Hammerin' Hank," of blessed memory, laced out his 22d and 23d, and shortstop Billy Cox his 11th and 12th.

Whitey Kurowski banged out a pair of homers, and Terry Moore, who doesn't do that sort of thing very often, connected for one.

The palm goes to Kiner, who hit a pair the day before, and by getting five in two days, tied a mark set by Pop Anson back in 1884. That's something, when you consider that the intervening period was filled with such sluggers as Ruth, Gehrig, Crawford, Wilson, Mize and others.

Yes, sir, the Cardinals-Pirates game is one for the book.

---

## YOU COULDN'T BEAT KID BROAD FOR HONESTY!

BACK in the days when I was getting started in the newspaper business, Kid

Broad was finishing his career as a prize-fighter. The Kid was tough. He could

throw a punch, and take one. But, no matter how good you are, the time comes when you're washed up, and that time came to Kid Broad.

Having one of the ugliest pans in the world, The Kid went to Hollywood, where he found it a simple matter to get jobs as an extra, when repulsive looking characters were needed.

You can imagine how long ago this was, because the senior Douglas Fairbanks was making a movie that called for a tough-looking man. Broad turned up, feeling sure he would get the job. But, Fairbanks said he needed somebody even uglier than that.

To bystanders this seemed impossible, it wasn't reasonable to believe anyone could

have a more scrambled collection of features than Kid Broad. But, the Kid was honest, as well as an artist in ugliness.

He said:

"Mr. Fairbanks, I'll get you just the man you want."

The star looked at him incredulously.

"You know, Kid," he answered, "if you dig up somebody with a more horrible-looking mug than yours, you'll be doing yourself out of many a job in the future."

Kid Broad smiled sadly.

"I know, but this fellow is too good to keep under cover. He will make history."

And, that is how a third-rate wrestler named Bull Montana made his start as the homeliest man in the flickers.

## SATCHEL PAIGE AND JOSH GIBSON NEVER GOT A CHANCE

**T**HEY have taken down the bars of racial discrimination in big league baseball, and Jackie Robinson has proved Negroes are capable of playing in any company.

A good many of us knew that 'way back when. They talk about great batteries like Mathewson and Bresnahan, Johnson and Street, Alexander and Killifer, Grove and Cochrane, Gomez and Dickey. They were aces, all right, but there was another you may never have heard about.

Old "Satchel" Paige and Josh Gibson never reached the major leagues, but only because they were Negroes. Right now, old Satch, who must be fifty if he is a day, can pitch pretty good games against anybody. Take him back, anywhere from ten years to a quarter century, and you have one of the really great pitchers of all time.

His battery mate, Gibson, was not only a smart catcher, with a fine throwing arm, but could hit with anybody. Not only on averages, but in long distance clouting. Paige worked against the best major leaguers in exhibition games, but he'll swear up and down he never saw a better hitter than Josh. It isn't sentiment or loyalty. Satch is a common sense, and objective man, and says what he thinks.

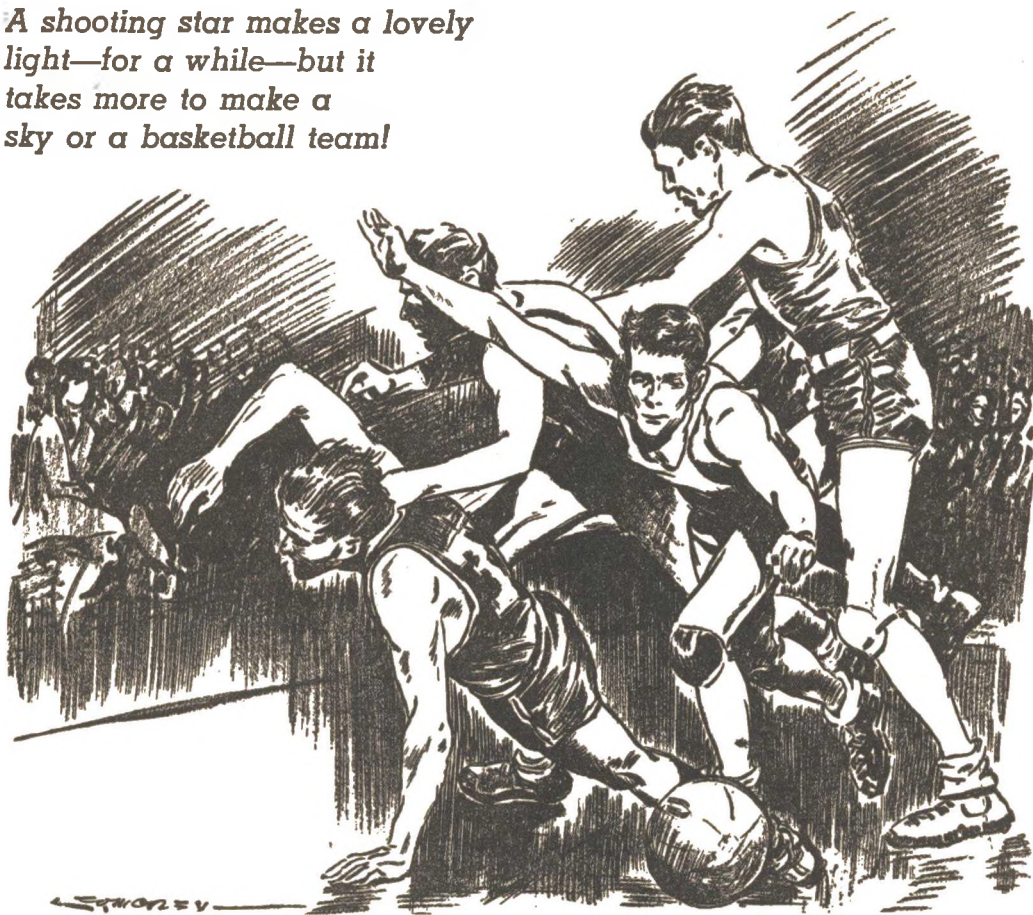
The Brooklyn management did itself a favor by bringing in Jackie Robinson as the first Negro major leaguer . . . but baseball history would have to be rewritten had some other teams hired Satchel Paige and Josh Gibson, when they were in their youthful pride. I'd be willing to bet they would have been rated with the first half dozen immortals if they had been given the chance!



MORE HIGHLIGHTS OF EVERY SPORT IN  
**THE WHIRL OF SPORTS**  
by JACK KOFOED

NEXT ISSUE!

*A shooting star makes a lovely light—for a while—but it takes more to make a sky or a basketball team!*



The attack surged and overpowered the defense

# YOU CAN'T WIN ALONE

By JOHN WILSON

**H**ANK OLIVER'S brow was damp and there was a pounding pressure under his ribs. He leaned forward on the Hanover bench, hands gripping the wood, crinkled eyes intent on the swirling action under the basket of his Titan team. The big, green-shirted Eastern forward dribbled, trying to fade around the guard.

Hank Oliver smiled grimly, knowing he'd get nowhere, expert though he was at the trick. He'd been pulling that stuff all evening, and now again Ed Jarrett was crowding him toward the sidelines.

The Eastern forward maneuvered desperately, losing ground. Then he was wheeling, legs kicking under him, and

hooking the leather over his shoulder. The Hanover guard, Ed Jarrett, was not big and rangy like the shooter, but there was a tremendous lift in his heels. He went up, timing the spring expertly, and lashing a hand against the leather. The ball flew loose, deflecting into the hands of the other Titan guard, who rose out of the jammed quarters to grab possession for Hanover.

It was a good feeling, this mixture of tension and pride spilling through Hank. He'd been sending his Hanover Titan teams onto the boards these many seasons, and each time there was the hope that he'd developed a champion. He'd had good teams, lots of them, and they made cre-

ditable showings against the big universities. But in all the bunch there'd never been a really great team, one that could take the floor against the best in the land and hold an even chance of winning.

There'd been teams that had been potentially great. But something always seemed to happen, and when the record was in the book, they'd done no better than the others. So the years kept piling up for Hank, his hopes bitterly frustrated, and the one thing he wanted most eluding him. And now it had come down to the end of the string for Hank.

He knew that, and suddenly it didn't matter too much that his remaining seasons in the game could be counted on a couple of fingers. Hank's hope were soaring again. This was the Hanover team that would make him forget those old foils, the near misses, the teams that had broken his heart, and the larceny the big schools had practised on him. How they'd tempted his stars into making transfers, riddling teams, hopes, everything. All the bad breaks that had come Hank's way down the years could be wiped away and forgotten.

**I**T HAD been a long time coming, this great Hanover team. But it was all the sweeter, now that it had finally happened. The years didn't seem so long and bitter, and the labor so wasted.

The mark of greatness was on this Hanover edition, and tonight they were firing their challenge at the basketball world. Hank had taken the wraps off them, and Hanover was trouncing a heavily favored Eastern team, 41-34. Five more minutes to go and the biggest upset of the season was in the making.

Hanover swung to the offensive, the separate gears of the machine meshing in a manner nearly miraculous. They swept into the attack, the ball handling slick and pretty, the maneuvering a split second thing, probing for soft spots and exploding in goal thrusts. The guards stayed back there, feeding into the circle, the sidelines, with decoys spreading the defense. It was dazzling stuff and a little bewildering, the pattern of motion.

Ed Jarrett rifled into the corner pocket, and Ziggy Hale fainted under the guard and whipped the melon into the keyhole spot. Slat's Faber wheeled in the bucket, and a trio of Titans were suddenly breaking against two defensemen, two on the

inside and Ed Jarrett on the outside.

Slat's lofted the leather on the left side of the backboard. Buzz Perrin, leaping in, pushed his fingertips against the leather, wrists flicking, and the ball nestled softly into the netting.

Hank Oliver relished the moment. He'd kept these men covered up from the eyes of the hungry university scouts who on occasion plagued his teams. Well, covered with one exception. The man missing from the original line-up was Bolt Emory, and he'd been grabbed off by Chug Ellis for his mighty Stratford team two seasons ago.

Hank thought of Chug Ellis and his lips pinched tight. There were maybe a couple of guys who'd wormed into the collegiate game like Chug Ellis. Guys who wouldn't hesitate to steal a player from a small college coach. That hurt, when you labored and sweated to smooth and polish a man's game and then lost him to another coach. And that coach sopped up the credit for developing a star.

The noise of the crowd expanded in volume, expressing the wild jubilation, knowing the upset was in the bag. They were roaring now for the Titans to pile on the score.

"Give it to 'em, Titans. The more the better."

"C'mon, Titans, keep shooting. Forget the passing stuff. Shoot."

The Titans responded. Ziggy Hale flipped one through from mid-court. Eastern scored. Ed Jarrett dropped a set-shot. A moment later, it was Buzz Perrin hitting with a one-hander and Hanover was ripping the game apart.

Hank's eye caught Ziggy Hale racing into the clear, and then frantically calling for the pass. Ed Jarrett never gave Ziggy a look. He popped the leather himself, and it split the cords. The Hanover attack, skillfully set in motion, stressing control and finesse, was ripping loose from its moorings. The game was suddenly developing into a basket bombardment. And that wasn't Hank Oliver's system.

He glanced down the bench, calling the names of five reserves, and waved them toward him.

"Go in and put a stop to that shooting gallery stuff," Hank said. "Keep the ball moving and never mind trying to run up a score. Stick to the system."

There was a horn a moment later and the crowd groaned and the regulars trooped toward the bench. It was obvious to Hank, their disappointment at not being allowed to stick in there and roll up the score on Eastern.

Ziggy Hale said, "Those guys didn't pull any punches when they took us more than twenty points last season. I'd just love to give them a nice big swallow of their own medicine."

Hank said, "Just win. That's good enough. I'm not interested in piling up big scores."

He scanned their faces, and then he was looking squarely at Ed Jarrett. The guard turned his face a little. But Hank didn't miss the flicker of annoyance in Ed's eyes, the derisive movement of his lips.

They were good and they knew it. They were impatient to let the world in on their secret. And Hank didn't blame them for trying to rush things a little. There'd been little glory in the past seasons.

"There'll be other games," Hank said. "They'll remember whether you won, and not the score."

Buzz Perrin said, "We got time. There's no sense tipping off these other outfits about our stuff. That guy sitting in the front row across the floor for instance—Chug Ellis."

**T**HERE was a sudden and grim silence on the Hanover bench. Hank threw his glance over there, spotting the swarthy, thickset man. He was surprised, Chug putting in an appearance. Then he remembered that Eastern was coming up next on Stratford's schedule and that Chug was undoubtedly scouting them. Hank grinned tightly, and he knew that the Hanover performance must be as much of a jolt to Chug Ellis as to the Eastern team.

I'll bet, Hank thought, old Chug is wondering how he missed getting his hands on this whole outfit. They're all seniors and it's too late now, so let him take a good, long gander, for all the good it'll do him.

Then Slat's Faber was saying:

"The old buzzard. There oughta be a law against guys like Ellis getting into the place."

"Relax," Chuck Braden said. "We'll settle things with Mister Ellis and a certain member of his team in our own, old-

fashioned way. We'll square a lot of things, including last season's little session. In the meantime, though, I'd like nothing better than to put a right hand in Mister Ellis' mouth—where it belongs."

They all seemed to have a word to put in about Chug Ellis, and none of what they said was worth much as a character reference. Only Ed Jarrett remained silent, his eyes dark and brooding.

That was the kind of feeling there was between the Titans and Chug Ellis. They knew how he'd swooped in and blitzed Bolt Emory off the Hanover campus. He threw the basketball world at Bolt's feet, placed him in the middle of a big time collegiate team. It made a nice picture, and broke the starch of Bolt's loyalty to Hank.

There'd been some bait tossed at a couple of the other Titans too, but they flung it back in Chug's face. Yet it was really Bolt he wanted, and he was not too much concerned about the others.

The Titans never quite forgave Bolt for walking out on them. He'd been their spark, a brilliant forward. He'd ripped the heart out of their ambitions, choosing to go on the glory hunt alone. That was far from the way the five of them had planned things. They never mentioned Bolt Emory's name again, and when they talked of him, they always referred to him as "that guy". He was a traitor among them. And they cordially hated Chug Ellis.

Hank said, "You've shown Chug enough to worry him plenty. He'll forget about Eastern and start thinking about you guys."

On the court, the final moments of the game were spilling away. The reserves, expertly schooled, wove a silky pattern, but they lacked the instinctive timing of the varsity. Eastern, rallying desperately, registered eight straight points before a reserve forward sliced in and salted away a goal. Hanover took the game, 55-46.

Hank got to his feet slowly. The crowd's noise was crashing around him, and there was a wild, unrestrained joy filling the tiny gym. Hank read in those cheers that the Hanover student body sensed the tremendous power of this Titan team. This is the season, Hank thought. It's got to be now or never. This is the season.

Hank Oliver was a tough-fibered, grizzled looking guy. The sports writers said of Hank that he didn't own a lick

of emotion; that the Hanover Titan bench was like an icebox with Hank sitting on it. Outwardly, Hank did give that appearance, but he'd never quite let himself go the way he had tonight. Hank, fine physical specimen that he seemed to be, was beaten and worn on the inside. You just couldn't tell about Hank, looking at him.

**I**N THE dressing room, the Titans whooped it up, the laughter reaching into the corners. There were the forwards, Ziggy Hale and Buzz Perrin, twin packages of dynamite. Sometimes, Hank thought, Buzz did more for the team than Bolt Emory could possibly supply. Buzz Perrin was strictly a team man. The pivot man was Slat's Faber, a big, powerful guy, and deadly on that bucket hook shot.

The guards, Hank knew, were as strong as could be found in the collegiate ranks. There was Ed Jarrett, a wide and sturdy individual and a born play-maker. Ed was the electric eye of the club, the guy at the control wheel, and murder, too, on the set-shot business. The other guard Chuck Braden, was only a shade less brilliant than his running mate.

Hank walked among the Titans, a soft word here, another there, a slap on the shoulder. It was a ritual, all right, and they'd come to expect it, and love Hank for the same thoughtfulness, win or lose. Hank went over to Ed Jarrett, said:

"You were great tonight, Ed. You've been good before but this was the game that pushed you into the highest class."

"But still not good enough," Ed said, and there was a touch of bitterness in his voice.

"What do you mean by that?" Hank was suddenly staring at Ed, the remark puzzling him. He'd never had any trouble from Ed before, and the feeling ran through him that he was going to have some.

"We'll have a good season," Ed said. "We'll win ball games and everything will be fine and everything will end right there for me."

"It doesn't have to end there," Hank said. "There's professional basketball if you want it, and coaching, of course."

Ed laughed a little. "When they pick a coach at most places, they take the guy with the biggest pile of clippings." His face darkened and he paused. "They pick a guy like—" Hank expected him to say

"that guy," meaning Bolt Emory, but Ed went the full way—"like Bolt Emory. That's the kind of coach they want. A big university guy. A small college guy doesn't have a chance against that kind of competition."

Hank said, "Maybe you and I better talk about things, Ed. You drop in the office whenever you like."

The door opened and the laughter in the room suddenly died. Hank looked up. Chug Ellis was entering. Chug came toward Hank, a big grin on his swarthy face.

"Same old Hank Oliver, the passing man," Chug said. "Your boys were hot and Eastern came in expecting a push-over and got caught cold. So you win a big one."

Hank said, "Hello, Chug. My boys did fine. Any ball club that goes into a game expecting a soft touch deserves to be whipped. But I can't help but feel this club of mine could take Eastern on their best night."

"Sure, sure, you did okay," Chug said reassuringly. "You toyed around with Eastern, passed 'em dizzy. That's pretty stuff, and the Hank Oliver system. Guess you won't ever change that system, huh, Hank?"

"No, I don't suppose I will," Hank said slowly. "You and I work from different angles, Chug. You teach a hipper-dipper, running and shooting game and I still go pretty much according to the book. It'll be interesting when we play your club. Maybe we can make it a bit more of a contest than in other seasons. Something besides the usual warm-up for you."

"You got the shooters and team to make trouble for any outfit," Chug Ellis said. He shrugged, grinning and giving his words a light twist. "But I hope you stick to your brand of ball when you play us. It won't work, Hank. I can tell you that now. Bolt Emory will score a million."

Hank said, "We know all about Bolt Emory here, Chug. I think you've got an idea how we feel about that deal. So maybe the less said about that the better."

"Look," Chug said, "You oughta feel proud about what's happened to that boy. On my outfit he's a star and a big timer. This will make the second straight season he's been All-Collegiate forward. That's because my system gives him plenty of chance to hit the hoop. He'd be just another good small college player on Han-

over. I think Stratford has done all right by Bolt Emory."

**T**HE Titans were frozen into position, their stares bitter and intent on Chug Ellis. Ziggy Hale's voice was like a dash of cold water.

"Nobody in this room is interested in what you thought of the game, Mister Ellis. We beat Eastern tonight and we're going to make your outfit hustle plenty. Just bring 'em around for the game, that's all."

Chug laughed. "You're certainly a cocky bunch, aren't you." He paused, and Hank thought he noticed Chug's glance dart toward Ed Jarrett. Then: "I didn't realize the feeling against Bolt was quite so intense. But Ed won't be losing any sleep about it. He can play pro ball or go back to his home town and coach the high school team. His future is assured."

Hank saw the sudden, almost stricken look on Ed Jarrett's face. And for a moment Hank was at a loss to figure the seemingly bombshell effect of Chug's words on Ed Jarrett. Then Chuck Braden was saying:

"You've got your marbles mixed, palsy. That job hasn't gone to Bolt Emory yet. There's Ed Jarrett, and he stands just as good a chance of grabbing it off as Bolt Emory."

Chug grinned, and there was an indulgent patience about the grin. "Ed Jarrett is one of the finest guards I've seen in the collegiate ranks," he said. "If he were playing for Stratford he'd be every ounce the star that Bolt Emory is right now. But you can't get away from the fact that Hanover is a small school, and Hank's system, of course, hardly allows any one man to be outstanding. So I don't think there's much doubt about Emory getting the job." He looked at Jarrett. "Isn't that about the size of it, Ed?"

Ed Jarrett said, "Emory's way ahead of me for that job, if that's what you mean."

Daylight struck, and the picture formed in Hank's mind. Ed Jarrett and Bolt Emory were both from the same home town and only a while ago Ed had been talking hopelessly about landing a coaching job after graduation. He knew the job lay between him and Bolt Emory, and he seemed to have given up on winning the post.

There was more to the picture. Chug Ellis was big time, and he'd seen things

he'd never expected to see from a small college outfit like Hanover. He was more concerned with his Stratford team being dumped from its throne than he pretended. And Hanover was the team that could do it.

So he hadn't hesitated to slyly belittle their system of play, hoping to plant the germs that would in time create a tension among the Titans and eventually gnaw away their confidence in the system. Then he'd pegged his Sunday punch, bringing in that stuff about Bolt Emory having that coaching job in his hip pocket. He was apparently aware that Ed Jarrett would buckle under the blow.

Hank turned on Chug Ellis, his anger spilling into his face and words.

"Get out of this dressing room," he said bitterly. "Get out of here."

**C**ARNIE TECH, another member of the big time circuit that boasted a long succession of power teams, came next. Hank grinned a little, noticing how other scheduled opponents had hastily dispatched scouts to the scene. The secret was out, and the big universities were desperate to get a line on just what kind of sleeper they'd innocently booked.

After Carnie Tech there came another home game, and then the Titans would hit the road, going east and pulling their big bid for a national championship.

In the locker room Hank said, "We haven't lost a game and whatever reputation we've won is based on that Eastern win. Now comes a string of big, tough outfits, and they'll be gunning for us. They figured they were booking a warm-up game and they're steamed up. You've been taught a system and it's too late to change it now. Stick to it all the way."

Ziggy Hale said, "Let's go, fellows. Pile it on these guys."

They were all suddenly clamoring, whooping it up. There was about them that hungry, ambitious fire that Hank loved. The spark was alive, blazing in each of them. They were making basketball history and they knew it. They were driving with a wonderful, rollicking spirit.

Then Hank noticed that Ed Jarrett wasn't having any of the pre-game whoopee. Ed was standing there, his face grim, his lips pressed tightly together. Hank looked straight at him. Ed shrugged his shoulders and fell into the line starting toward the gym.



They whipped Tech, and the size of the score surprised even Hank. The Titans passed and wove a deceptive web, and the shooters picking the holes in the defense were forever exploding at close range. When Tech managed to plug the gaps, Ed Jarrett stood back on his heels and flipped set shots that found the hoop with amazing regularity.

A few minutes before the half ended, Ed was letting his receivers die on the vine. He was pitching the leather for all he was worth.

He scored twelve points and four of his baskets were dropped in those waning minutes of the half.

But the heave that jerked the fans from their seats was thrown seconds before the gun. Ed was ten feet beyond the mid-court mark when he let go and it miraculously split the cords. The crowd stood, cheering him wildly as he left the court.

Even Hank had to admit it was a sharp-shooting performance of breath-taking quality. It battered the poise loose from the Tech team, and they were faltering badly at the half. Hank said nothing to Ed.

It was obvious when play resumed that Ed had taken it upon himself to abandon much of the slick maneuvering and passing pattern in order to fire set shots. Ziggy Hale and Buzz Perrin were breaking in there, squirming loose, but Ed was ignoring them whenever it seemed convenient to him. He was by no means hog wild about it. It was simply a shorter route to the basket, and Ed garnered the points for himself instead of feeding to teammates fighting in on the goal.

There was just that slight difference that meant the perfect meshing of the play or its crack-up. The Titan forwards were not breaking with the old flawless motion, and the pin-point passing accuracy was missing.

The Titans were banging the hoop from varying distances.

The big pay-off in points went to Ed Jarrett. And Hank wondered if Ed wasn't deliberately and purposely breaking the old system to pieces. He wants that coaching job, Hank thought, and he's out to crack the headlines. Figures that's his only chance of competing with Bolt Emory.

There were a couple of minutes remaining to play and Hank pulled Ed out

of the game. The Titans were out in front, 66-53.

"Ed, that was a great exhibition of shooting," Hank said. "But it kicked our set plays out of whack. The thing is that you can't be that hot every game, and when you begin missing, the other team is going to roll up points. We won't have the old system to fall back on because it rusts quickly unless it's kept in use all the time."

Ed Jarrett said, "We got a ball club. I don't think it matters too much how we get points. Every one of us is capable of filling up that basket, and with a lot less energy than we've been using."

"I'm the coach of this team," Hank said evenly. His stare fastened on Ed Jarrett. "You'll play my way or not at all. You make up your mind and let me know."

Ed Jarrett said nothing.

**T**HE practise sessions between games were light, devoted mostly to ironing out flaws and studying the next opponent's strong and weak points. Hank concentrated on Ed Jarrett's replacement, and there were dark and puzzled stares from the other regulars. Hank was aware that such a change in the starting line-up might do more damage than if he allowed Ed Jarrett to stay in there and play as he saw fit. He didn't want to bench Ed, and yet there didn't seem to be much choice about it.

Hank went into his office following one session. He was turning the thing over in his mind. Ed Jarrett was the backbone of the Titans, and his absence from the line-up could lead to nothing except the riddling of the dream of the great team he'd put together back down the years.

There was a knock on the door and Chuck Braden entered. Chuck was direct and came right to the point.

"Coach, it'd be kinda strange going out there without Ed. The guys asked me to try and straighten things out with you."

"I don't like the idea of benching Ed any more than you do," Hank said. "It's going to hurt us all but there isn't much to do about it. Ed wants to keep pitching the ball, and it's ripping the system apart."

Chuck nodded. "I guess it does, in a way. But we talked things over among ourselves and we'd kinda like to go along with Ed on this thing. You see, it isn't just the idea of Ed winning a lot of glory.

We're all rooting for him to beat out Bolt Emory for that coaching job. The way to do it is to boost him into the headlines."

Hank got it then, and he realized that in shaping a great team he'd also given them a common bond that was in itself a wonderful thing.

But right now that bond was threatening to upset the apple cart.

"You're willing to make that kind of sacrifice so that Ed will get that coaching job," Hank said. "You're saying it'd be a personal triumph for each of you if Ed won the job over Bolt Emory. That's how badly you want revenge on Bolt for walking out on the team."

"Maybe that's partly the reason," Chuck said. "But the other part is that Ed's been making a sacrifice of his own just to stay in college. His father died a year ago, and there's his mother and a big family at home. He's going to need to land a job right away. Some of us can take a while to look around, but it's different with Ed. He needs that job and it was practically promised to him till Bolt Emory heard about it and made himself a candidate."

There wasn't much that Hank could say to that. He knew the feeling of college, the big hopes, the job hunting. And there was that much more weight when a man began things with Ed Jarrett's responsibilities.

Hank said:

"If that's the way the team wants it, then it's okay with me."

The next night against the Beavers, Ed Jarrett scored 23 points, and the Hanover offense rolled up a 57-51 victory.

Ed was brilliant, hitting from all angles of the court, and it didn't seem to matter much whether the Titans played a wide open, shooting game or pinwheeled their attack on possession basketball. They seemed equally adept at either brand of game, demonstrating they could win both ways.

They were that good.

But Hank noticed that the old precision had slipped another notch, and that in one game he'd witnessed more bad passing than in almost all the others put together. Maybe I'm just a stubborn old man, Hank told himself. These boys want to play this kind of basketball and it's certainly achieving its purpose. Ed Jarrett is getting plenty of headlines and maybe he'll win that coaching job after all.

A TELEGRAM arrived the following morning, and Prexy Stevens himself brought it to Hank.

"We've got an offer here to play Stratford in the Coliseum instead of their home court, Hank," the Hanover prexy said. "Stratford has already accepted the change and the Coliseum people want an immediate reply from us. Whatever action you take is perfectly all right with me."

Here it was, the opening of the gateway to the Coliseum where the nation's greatest teams strutted and ran their fame into golden legend. It could be the completion of the dream Hank had nurtured and so laboriously built. The reason was plain enough for the Coliseum wanting this game.

Both teams were unbeaten and the outcome would send one of them to the top of the champion's heap.

"I'll let the boys make the decision," Hank said. "But I don't think there'll be much doubt about them accepting the invitation."

Prexy Stevens smiled. "Incidentally," he said, "I've received a letter asking whether I'd recommend Ed Jarrett for a high school coaching position. They've also asked me to enclose a reply from you." He fished the letter out of a pocket. "It seems to me that there's just the formality of the recommendations and the post belongs to Ed. I'll pass the letter on to you and then add my comment to yours."

Hank said, "I thought Bolt Emory had the inside track on that coaching job. This comes as a surprise that they've practically decided in Ed's favor."

Prexy Stevens frowned. "That's strange, because I recently spoke in Ed Jarrett's home town and the officials of the school indicated that he was their choice for the job. This letter is the follow-up.

"You see, most of the men on your club are either from Ed's town or that vicinity. The fact that Emory walked out on them hasn't been forgotten. Besides, there's the impression that Bolt Emory wants something bigger than a high school coaching job. I'm quite certain Ed Jarrett is the school's number one choice."

Hank said, "I'll get the recommendation ready at once."

Prexy Stevens looked at Hank.

"I'd rather you waited until the team returns from the East. I think that will be

the real test for Ed Jarrett as well as the team."

And Hank was suddenly conscious that Prexy Steven's shrewd eyes had caught enough of the behind-the-scene changes in the Titans to realize that things were not going exactly as Hank planned them. The role that Ed Jarrett was playing was no longer that of spark plug but of shooting star.

"I'll wait, if that's what you want," Hank said.

Prexy Stevens said, "Leadership begins in the high school, Hank. Sometimes it is better to sacrifice the coach than the boys he teaches. I want you, in fairness to the school and to Ed Jarrett himself, to look at him in the light of what contribution he can make to the youth he'll coach, and not just as a star basketball player, Hank."

It was a great day, the next one. A bus marked "special" and bedecked with banners and slogans pulled up outside the Hanover gym. The Hanover band was there, whooping it up, and Hanover's three hundred-odd students, cheering wildly.

The townspeople got into the spirit of the occasion and packed the area around the gym. Each player, stepping into the bus, heard his name cried into the wintry air and cheered to the hilt.

Hank stood there, watching each of his men climb the bus steps, and his own pulse was racing hard. Buzz Perrin grinned at Hank.

"We can't lose now," Buzz said. "Nothing is going to stop us from coming through, Coach. Not after this kind of send-off."

The echo of the ovation was still roaring in Hank's mind when the bus rolled beyond sight of the Hanover campus. Hank sank back in his seat, thinking about Ed Jarrett and how nothing stood between Ed and the coaching job he wanted except a few written words in the form of a recommendation.

It was ironic that he, and not Bolt Emory, owned the power to give Ed's hopes full maturity. He wanted to give Ed his full approval, yet Prexy Stevens' challenge kept popping into his mind. Sometimes better to sacrifice the coach than the boys. Look at it, Hank, in the light of what contribution Ed can make to the youth he will coach, not as a star basketball player.

SUCH thoughts persisted. Was it real leadership? The way Ed was accepting the glory role in his attempt to beat Bolt Emory out of the coaching job. Wasn't Ed letting the other guys carry a load that really belonged to him?

It was true that Ed needed that job desperately, but in his desire to grab it he was willing to sacrifice the team, even the rock-ribbed confidence of the college and the people who'd put a trust in him along with the others. Ed was projecting his own personal ambition above a team level.

Hank tinkered with the idea of going to Ed and telling him that he'd already copped the coaching job. He shook the thought off, knowing that under the existing conditions he somehow could not write that recommendation and still meet the standards Prexy Stevens expected him to meet. There was also the remote possibility that the high school board might change their mind about Ed, and it was better to wait till the act became official. Then, too, the Titans would feel obligated to go back to the old system of play, and Hank did not want them to feel he meant to impose his own will now that the chipboard was loaded. They'd chosen their own way and it was best to let things run their natural course.

They opened with Kings, winning 66-63. Ed Jarrett had another big night and continued to operate handsomely in the scoring department. The Titans' unbeaten string remained intact during the remaining six games en route east. There was a sense of accomplishment in each new victory, but Hank could not help but feel that what had once been a smooth, five-man machine was now more of a one-man show than ever. Each game seemed to be a tighter squeak than the one before, but the Titans won them and rode into the Coliseum and the Stratford game.

It was like the frame dropping away from a still picture, and the moment was real and rich and swimming in Hank's eyes. It had been a long, strange road to the Coliseum for Hank and tiny Hanover College. But the heartaches and bitter disappointments of other seasons were lost in this one great shining moment.

Hank let his glance drift over the scene. It was all there, the jammed tiers, the sea of staring faces, the throbbing, hammering excitement. The floodlights poured their white heat onto the slick

hardwood, and the ref was walking toward the tip-off circle.

They'd come onto the Manhattan scene and Hank detected a skeptical note in the write-ups. The sports writers seemed unwilling to accept Hanover strictly on its record.

Too many other clubs had walked into the Coliseum bedecked in glory and then fallen apart at the seams.

The impression was that there was something freakish about this small college that had manhandled the big university teams.

Stratford's Wildcats were established favorites.

"Stop Ed Jarrett and Hanover's streak will end," they wrote.

Hank crouched forward on the bench. The players strode to their positions and Hank noticed that Bolt Emory turned away from Ed Jarrett's pre-game handshake.

He saw Ed's hand tighten into a fist at his side, then slowly relax.

The ref lobbed the leather between the centers. The purple-clad Stratford giant, outstretching Slats Faber, guided the ball to an onrushing forward. The action broke in a whirlpool of motion that drew a lung blast from the crowd. The Stratford forward was twisting in midair, arms raised over his head, and pitching a two-handed pass down the court. A rangy, black-haired Wildcat player came out of the milling men and grabbed the pass.

He was Bolt Emory, a shifty and swift maneuvering courtman. He shot into the clear, dribbling and springing up with a nice loose motion. The ball was up there against the backboard and through the hoop. Stratford's Wildcats were away, 2-0.

**T**HERE it was, that plunging down the court, that helter-skelter attack that would be always gambling for points and never mind the defense. Pile up the points and let the other team worry about matching the pace, the flood of baskets.

Hank half rose from the bench, watching the Titans spill their offense into the teeth of the Wildcats. There was nothing left of the old, poised deliberate attack. The Wildcats were weaving among the Titans, slapping at the ball, alert for an interception.

They got it. Ed Jarrett scrambled to-

ward the sidelines and Chuck Braden fed him the pass. There were suddenly two purple-clad Wildcats jamming Ed, and one of them stole the ball cleanly. The whole Stratford team sprang into torrid motion and Bolt Emory, breaking down the middle, let go a one-handed push shot. It was a beauty, splitting the cords.

The Titans came back, and Ziggy Hale was loose in a corner. He faked to Slats Faber, galloping in on the right side of the basket. Then Ed Jarrett slashed across the hardwood, taking the pass, finding an open slot and firing a set shot. It caromed off the backboard. The Stratford center snatched the melon, whirled, and winged it almost the full length of the court.

Amazingly, Bolt Emory was down there, hugging the basket. He scored again, and the crowd's howl tore across the arena.

Hank looked across the boards, where Chug Ellis was grinning broadly and clapping his hands. The whole Stratford bench was beseeching the Wildcats to pour on the score. Hank winced. The Titans were going beyond themselves to feed Ed Jarrett the ball.

The strategy behind their tactics was plain enough. They figured they could win and still build up Ed to such tremendous heights that he'd overshadow anything Bolt Emory could uncork. But Ed himself was defeating the purpose, because Bolt was his man to guard and he was getting all the worst of it at the moment.

The air was filled with leather during the next minute, both teams pumping away. But it was Stratford again, surging in on the goal, with the pivotman tapping in a rebound.

They pushed ahead, 8-0.

The crowd cut loose with a long, mocking cheer when Ed Jarrett dropped a set shot for Hanover's initial points. Ed came back a moment later, hitting again. But the Wildcats quickly put down the challenge, their centerman connecting on a hook shot. Then Bolt Emory caged a mid-court heave.

It was racehorse basketball, boiling down to a marksmanship duel between Ed Jarrett and Bolt Emory. And the Titans had never looked more like a one-man team than now. They were forever feeding Ed the leather and depending on his

scoring eye. He flipped nine points through, but the attack was stalling around him, nevertheless. The Titans needed Ed's passing more than his shooting. There were five minutes remaining of the half and Stratford's Wildcats led, 30-14.

Hank thought of the hours stretching into full seasons that the Titans had toiled, mastering a system. And they'd become so adept and powerful an aggregation that they believed themselves unbeatable. It never quite penetrated that the skill and precision they'd been taught could slip away from them more easily than it had come to them.

It had been a simple matter for them to decide to help Ed Jarrett win that coaching job. Let him make a flock of points and they'd go on winning. But in Stratford they were up against a team as soundly schooled as they'd been, though a completely different style of basketball. And the Titans, Hank knew, could not beat Stratford at their own game.

Hank smiled bitterly. Once again he could see his own hopes being crushed. This team would go down in the books like his other almost great teams. And no failure would hurt quite so much as this defeat because it would be the final one.

He stared at the Titans, huddled in a time-out and shook his head a little. He wondered if it might not be better to send in a whole new team.

The Titans were breaking from their huddle, and Ed Jarrett was twisting his head toward the bench and looping his index finger and thumb in a circle. The gesture, assuring as it appeared to be, did more to puzzle Hank than stir any optimism.

Chuck Braden flipped the ball into play from the sidelines and Ed Jarrett was whirling around Bolt Emory. He rifled the melon to Buzz Perrin, breaking down the middle. Then the leather was flying in a series of short, flat heaves. Ed Jarrett stepped into the scoring zone, crouching. But he didn't shoot. He fed a blind, shoulder-high pass to Ziggy Hale slicing in on the basket.

Ziggy pushed it off his fingertips and through the netting. And suddenly it was plain to Hank what Ed Jarrett had meant when he'd looked toward the bench and framed that circle with his fingers. The Titans were going back to the old system

and Ed Jarrett was abandoning his goal hungry thrusts.

Hank watched the old tick-tock precision jerk and sputter and finally begin to catch some of its one time fluency. He wondered if the Titans hadn't realized their mistake too late.

The half: Stratford 36, Hanover, 22.

**I**N THE dressing room, there was nothing gloomy about the Titans, though they were on the short end of the score. They were grinning and confident and it was a grim confidence.

Hank said, "Those last few minutes reminded me of old times. I mean, when Ed Jarrett was in there, setting up the plays and we had a real five-man machine."

Ziggy Hale said, "It was Ed's idea to go back to the old passing system. He said we were licked unless we slowed down the pace and forgot about him and that coaching job."

"I was getting buckets but they were steamrolling us," Ed Jarrett said. "Maybe I woke up in time to stop the guys from making a phony hero outa me. It was swell stuff while we were winning but now I kinda see I was selling the guys short."

There was more he wanted to say, but Hank was slapping him on the shoulder, saying:

"You don't have to tell me, Ed. Say it out there on the court."

Here it was, the test of the guy. There wasn't much doubt in Hank's mind that Ed sincerely believed that the Titans could win, playing a shooting game and forgetting the passing stuff. He'd gone basket-hunting, the other Titans subscribing to the plan.

They'd been eager to boost him above Bolt Emory, and help him clinch the coach's job he so urgently needed.

And yet in his glory grab he'd been slowly steering the Titans toward disaster, forgetting his obligations to the college and to his teammates. The desire for the job had overshadowed everything else.

Ed could recognize the obligation now, see more clearly in defeat what had escaped him in victory. For the first time, the Titans were defeat bound, largely because they'd staked their game on his skillful shooting. Ed Jarrett was a ball player, and the urge to win was greater even than his personal ambition. That

was what had made Ed a great guard in the past, the play-maker of the outfit. It was normal that the urge reassert itself now.

He knew how much this game meant to all of them.

He could only try to give back what he'd taken from them.

Ed Jarrett said, "You guys hit, and I'll keep setting 'em up. Have some baskets on me, guys. From me to a great bunch, and never mind that coaching job."

They went back out there, lips grim and set, a fighting look in their eyes and moisture clouding them a little.

They will write and talk about that second half, because a hick team became a legend that night. They shattered old and dusty records.

The roaring might of Hanover's machine burst upon Stratford in flawless and devastating onslaught.

It took them just a couple of minutes to get under way. Slat's Faber gave Ed Jarrett the tap, and the ball flew from hand to hand. But there was always Ed, magically controlling the offense. Buzz Perrin angled across the court and Ed fired a perfect strike. A Wildcat came over to cover, but Buzz whirled in a pivot and looped the leather over his shoulder. It was good.

**T**HAT started it. The Wildcats, driving up court, uncorked a long heave. Slat's Faber picked it off the board and the attack formed, surging and overpowering the defense. Ziggy Hale snapped up the pass and went in, laying the deuce away.

The Titans were hot, smoking hot. They intercepted passes, guarded tight and skillfully, forcing the Wildcats to hurry their shots. The offensive-minded Wildcats were leaving big gaps behind them, and the lightning kept striking, tearing new scoring pockets and denting the old ones.

The Titan attack was rolling, and it was a battering and relentless thing. There was Ziggy Hale, feinting and shaking loose, and drilling that net. Mercury-footed and a sharpshooter from any angle, Ziggy was handling the pay-off shot of the exploding, split-second timed plays.

Buzz Perrin was the decoy floating on the attack, timing each thrust, riding in to score when the Wildcats frantically covered Ziggy.

The pivot man, Slat's Faber, kept going into the pivot, working that hook shot and feeding to his forwards. Chuck Braden was tireless and forever anticipating the Wildcat plays and smashing them to pieces. But mostly there was Ed Jarrett, blending the Titans into a perfect, irresistible unit. He was setting up the plays and feeding the leather magically into the holes.

**E**D JARRETT didn't score a point during the second half. But he was the undercover guy, the horsepower driving the Titans.

The Titans wrote their miracle into the book, driving from behind and blasting into the lead. Ziggy Hale hit for nineteen points that half, and Slat's Faber netted ten more, and Buzz Perrin was a few counters behind Slat's.

The impact of it all stunned the Wildcats, and they fell back in a desperate attempt to patch the holes in their defense. It didn't work. Nothing worked for them because this night the Titans, the great team that Hank had built them to be, became even greater.

Along press row typewriters were clacking and a man at the mike was telling his radio audience that the Titan comeback was the most amazing thing ever witnessed on the Coliseum boards. Old time reporters rubbed their eyes, wondering how a team that had played the first half so dispiritedly could find such order and unleash such a crushing attack in the final half.

They didn't know about the debt Ed Jarrett was repaying to his teammates and to his school. They would write mostly of Ziggy Hale and his tremendous scoring splurge.

The gun sounded, and the game belonged to Hanover, 59-53.

Hank sat there a moment, the thrill spilling through him, and his eyes rather moist. His hand was trembling a little. This was everything, he knew, the fulfillment of those dreams for a really great team.

He could leave the bench now and the memory of this game would endure and there could be no better swan song.

Hank stood up, remembering about a recommendation he was going to write for Ed Jarrett. There wasn't the slightest doubt in his mind that Ed Jarrett deserved the job.

Terwilliger took out the Georgia left halfback and Carney was gone to the races



# COUNTRY BOY

By WILLIAM O'SULLIVAN

*Big Zachary Terwilliger was just a good-natured bumpkin until Captain "Horse" Dunphy tricked him once too often!*

**H**E WAS big. Even among the State football players, he was big, and State packed a big team up front, the Varsity line averaging a fraction more than 191 pounds.

Coach Arnie Peters squinted an eye at him there in the dressing room before practise.

"Holy Cow!" he said. "Is that Frosh all in one piece?"

Statistical Sam Derwent, Varsity manager, looked.

"Oh," he said. He grinned a bit, his eyes glinting behind his glasses. "You mean the country boy? He's no Frosh. He's a transfer from Normal. A Soph. He asked me, so I told him to come around. Name of Zachary Terwilliger. He's big. Six four-and-a-half—weighs two-eighteen."

"Horse" Dunphy, State captain and All-American tackle, looked up from lacing his shoes.

"Who is?"

"Terwilliger," Derwent said, his sharp face going unfriendly. "That big kid over

there. See him?" He walked away to talk to the trainer.

Dunphy looked after the man, his face expressionless but hard pinpoints of light showing in his eyes.

"Sometimes," Dunphy said to Rickey Jarbo, the center, "I wish that guy were my size and didn't wear glasses."

"I'll bet he does, too," Jarbo said flatly. "I like Derwent. Anyway, it takes all kinds to add up to a team. He's a good manager."

"You're not kidding about it taking all kinds to make a team," Dunphy said, tonelessly. "And what kinds! But I wouldn't work too hard at liking Derwent because it isn't necessary. Derwent likes himself enough. It is a lifetime romance. Him and himself."

Jarbo's dark eyes were curious when he turned them on Dunphy.

"Look, pal—do you like *anybody*? I mean, really? Except Mr. Dunphy, maybe?"

Dunphy didn't answer. He was looking at the big newcomer to State's locker rooms.

"Yeah, he's big," he murmured aloud. "So is a St. Bernard puppy big. Or a young elephant with big feet and flop-ears big. So what? They're dopey and clumsy, too."

Jarbo winked at Bo Kelsey and Pete Miller, across from him.

"A horse is big, too, Dunphy. Anyway you look at him, a horse is big. Anyway you view him. Trouble is, we don't have any choice in the matter of the view *we* get, old boy. Right, Horse?"

Kelsey snickered. Miller just stared from Bo to Horse and got to his feet. Dunphy told Jarbo where he could go, and then Peters yelled to them all to show some pep and get out onto the field and they clumped out heavily and without any talk.

State had had a beautiful year, the year before. They had made only one mistake. They had showed up for the last game, the game that was a breeze to put them in the Rose Bowl. Western U. was good, but State was better. All season, it had been better. And for three of the four quarters of that final game, it was better. By 7 to 6.

**T**HEN the skies and Western U. fell on State and the final score was 35 to 7. State's line had come unhinged at the center, somehow, and the papers all said

that Horse Dunphy could maybe have done a better job if those other six hadn't been there to get in his way. But Horse had done a good enough job to be the roaring, smashing stand-out on the field. Good enough to be unanimous All-American left-tackle.

"Now," the papers asked, "what would have happened if Tuffy Gordon had been in there at left-guard? State's former, great, All-America left-guard? Tuffy Gordon, the new Pro sensation? Whew!"

The papers even asked Horse Dunphy that, in an interview.

"How would it have suited you if Tuffy had been in there with you, Horse? How would it have suited you if Tuffy had been taking the pounding that Jarbo, Soultter and McClanahan were taking. Or rather, *not taking*?"

"Swell!" Horse had told them. "Oh, boy, how I wish that could have been! You bet!"

The papers said it just that way, too. And Jarbo, Soultter and McClanahan said plenty, the sort of things the papers couldn't have printed even if it had been said to them and not just around the State campus.

But that had been last year, and this was another season, and even this far away State had a line-up for practise before their initial game that gave with a slight scent of roses.

Arnie Peters trotted them around the track, later tuned them up with a Grass Drill in calisthenics. Then he lined the Varsity and Scrubs up for Signal Practise, turning some new line candidates over to Line Coach Mike Collins to go through the paces.

The Scrubs were given the ball, then, and the Varsity lined up against them, and all the others were waved to the bench to watch. Zachary Terwilliger sat entranced, his dark eyes glued on the lines, his lips parted slightly, his hamlike hands gripped into big-knuckled fists.

Line Coach Collins nudged Peters and indicated the big youngster with a grin.

"Brother, how'd you like to be that age again? And that size! My, oh my!"

Peters looked. "How's he? Any good?"

"He's willing. But clumsy." He grimaced. "He's no Tuffy Gordon."

Peters watched the Varsity stop the Scrubs cold, and then the Big Boys took the ball and worked five first-downs in a row with a series of cut-backs, delayed



plunges and quarterback sneaks. When they scored, the ball was brought out again, given to the Scrubs on the Varsity thirty, and this time the Big Boys got it back again on the twelve.

It was pretty to watch, if you knew what and where to watch, when the first team started their second march. The ends—Leason and Marchbanks—alternately worked their out-and-in, in-and-out on defense, and slashed the tackles and backer-ups on offense. They feinted the opposition into high-handed grabs, only to dissolve into smearing body-blocks. Or they took the secondaries out with roaring shoulder blocks.

The guards charged low and furiously, or pulled out to run interference, depending on the play.

"They look good," Collins patted himself on the back.

"We'd still look good against grammar-school kids," Peters said, flatly. "You and me. But you know where we would be against competition! On our—ah—reputations. Flat on them! Put some beef in that Scrub line and some savvy, and the Varsity wouldn't look so hot."

Collins bit his lip. "Too bad we can't bring on Western U. to warm us up," he said. "This way, I got to use what I have."

"You'll get Western U. soon enough," Peters said, with a mirthless laugh. "The Rose Bowl Champs, he wants!"

"You want," Collins corrected mildly. "Well—I'll put a bit more weight in there. Let's see . . . *Hannigan?* Scrubs. Right-tackle. Er—you! *You, Big Boy! Hey, Country Boy!* Right-guard!" The assistant coach shook his head. "Will someone please poke that big guy and tell him he is wanted in conference"

There was a general laugh. Then Terwilliger stumbled to his feet, gaped and managed to climb the wrong way over the bench. The laugh grew when he ran half way along the bench, then hurdled over it to the playing side again.

"Me? You want *me?*"

"Right guard," Collins said. "Run! Hurry up! Just like you wanted to play!"

**A**T THIS Terwilliger broke into a good-natured grin and lumbered out onto the field. Guffaws broke from the men on the bench when he pointed to McClanahan and tried to line up in Mac's place.

"The Scrubs!" Collins bawled, cupping

his hands to his mouth. "The Scrubs, Terwhoosiger!"

McClanahan and Jarbo and Soultter laughed, but Captain Dunphy looked at the new man with thin lips and a slight shake of his head. A negative shake.

Quarterback Bingham ran the next play straight at the new guard, a delayed buck between guard and tackle. Soultter charged in low and spilled Terwilliger. But there was so much of the man that he was hard to submarine. He was floundering on his knees when Carney hit for the hole. Terwilliger raised a huge paw and grabbed Carney's left ankle and calmly jerked him off his stride and down.

"Uh-huh, a nice line," Peters grunted, his eyes savage. "A raw rookie goes in and dumps the play with one hand. Brother!"

Collins walked away on the pretext of studying the next play. . . .

Bingham scratched his jaw, stared over the huddle at the defense, and called the same play all over. This time, Horse Dunphy teamed with Soultter and between them they pinioned the willing and huge guard, and tried to flatten him like linoleum. But the big man struggled, dug his cleats in and grabbed hold with both hands, and leaned forward, swaying like a wind-rocked tree.

Carney piled into the trio, tried to skirt them when he bumped off, but Terwilliger heaved in an effort to keep Soultter from dumping him. Down they went, and Carney under them.

"Very-y nice," Collins yelled his eyes carefully away from Peters. "Nice work, Terwilliger! Nice work!" He looked around at Peters. "That's the way I showed him."

"Now go out and show the Varsity," Peters scoffed. . . .

But State's Big Boys didn't need to be shown anything further. They ganged in a tight huddle.

"A big country boy is stopping us!" Bingham said tersely. "But cold! A country boy with the straw sticking out of his hair. Carney will carry on Play Sixteen. And this time we will open that hole for him. Let's go, gang!"

But the Scrubs were bright-eyed with delight, were tasting the sweet revenge of stopping the Varsity. One look at the determined Varsity when they lined up and the fullback, playing close in on defense, spotted the exact part of Ter-

williger's back that he would assist, come the next charge. The Scrub center pulled out of the line slightly to back up the guard. The right-half shifted to be directly behind the tackle.

The Varsity right-half went into motion, the rest of the backfield stilled, the ball snapped. Six bodies rocked in jarring collision, one of them pole-high, the others fighting a grim battle about him, pinioning him there like a whale caught in a human net.

Carney tore in, head low, both hands gripping the ball, feet thudding. Terwilliger reached out a huge arm, clutched with a big hand, and yanked.

Carney lost half his shirt and all of his feet.

Peters came out slowly, hands in pockets, eyes unpleasant.

"I guess we are still playing Western U. in that last quarter," he said. "Or are we playing it at all? Okay, Varsity—we'll forget scrimmages until you men understand your assignments a little better. Collins? Take over! Drill your line until it acts like a line. You backfield men will go through a punting practise—blocking, and like that—and passing practise. And for the love of Joe put some pep into it! We open against the Aggies next week. Get going!"

Collins claimed his charges and led them down the field.

But he didn't get far before Peters stopped him.

"Aren't you taking Terwilliger?"

Collins stared. "Oh. You mean on the Varsity squad?"

"Yeah, if he don't mind slumming. I mean, after all he showed your champs up, didn't he? Take him along for the ride."

"Gee!" Terwilliger said. "Oh, gee, Coach! I mean—thanks!" His grin was from here to there, and his eyes shone like dark lamps. "Gosh, Coach, I'm not that good!"

"Who said it was good?" Peters said.

"Gosh, Coach!"

JARBO chuckled, and the entire Varsity squad grinned at the big ox of a man. All but Horse Dunphy. The All-America stand-out looked at Terwilliger, his gray eyes flinty and his mouth hard. Finally, he wiped his nose, shrugged, and walked slowly on down the field. . . .

"Boy!" Terwilliger breathed to Soultter.

"Imagine me getting a chance to play next to Dunphy, the All-American. Imagine it!"

"You imagine it," Soultter said shortly. "I'd rather think of something pleasant like Leyte Beachhead, or Iwo Jima."

"Don't you like him?" Terwilliger asked. "Horse Dunphy?"

Soultter grinned and punched the big rookie in the ribs.

"Sure. We love him. Every one of us. Love him like a brother! Only we don't want to show it, it might give him a big-head."

Bo Kelsey and Pete Miller, second-string Varsity tackles, laughed.

"We only loved one man more, ever, at State," Bo said. "Tuffy Gordon!"

Everybody that heard it laughed. Terwilliger beamed.

"I like a good-natured, friendly bunch," he said. "Normal was never like this."

"You can make a record of that remark," Bingham said, overhearing. "Normal was never like this." . . .

When the big youngster hit the Training Table for his first meal, he almost forgot to eat, he was that busy staring around him.

Kelsey had something to say about an off-tackle play that Notre Dame had used to smear Minnesota some few years before.

"They used that, and two other plays," he said. "Only. And beat the Gophers. The Gophers had been touted to beat the Irish all year."

"That's bum quarterbacking, for my money," Bingham said. "Your smart quarterback uses plays in series. With maybe three of them starting from the same, original set-up. So the defense can't get set. For instance—"

He broke it off, his eyes uncomfortable, when he looked across the table. He cut a slice of steak and munched on it.

Kelsey looked across and saw Terwilliger, fork poised midway between his plate and his mouth with a strip of steak dangling from the tines. Staring. Wide-eyed, slack-jawed staring.

"You want something, Country?" Bo asked casually. "Bread? Something?"

Terwilliger came out of his trance with a flush.

"I—was listening. Gee, it's great to hear inside talk on Football."

"Autograph your book and send him a copy, Bingy," Dunphy said. "You know?"

'Inside Quarterbacking Against Western U.?' "

"Did you write a book about that game?" Terwilliger asked the quarterback, innocently. "Is it for sale?"

"With the Coach's comments expurgated," Dunphy said. When the laugh subsided he said, "Pass the butter, Country."

The big man's eyes were glowing when he shuttled the golden staple to the star.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Dunphy!"

"Put the napkin over your left arm when you serve The Great Man," Bingham growled. "Just because he lets you sit at the same table, don't get familiar."

"Where do you live, Terwilliger?" Kelsey asked. "Haven't seen you around the campus much."

Terwilliger's eyes were on his plate.

"Jones Street," he said, naming the eyesection of the town. "I board there."

"All that will change now," Bingham said. "You will eat at the training table, and someone will discover you have great promise as a State man, and you will have a scholarship. Ph. D. Doctor of Phootball. Get yourself a nook on the campus."

"Gee!" Terwilliger breathed.

"Stop kidding him," Dunphy cut in roughly. "Just because he's big and made a couple lucky plays, or we boomed up, or something? Listen, Country—you hang onto your room. I'm not kidding. Don't let the smart-alecks talk you into a mousetrap. You stay where you are."

"Orders," Bingham said, nodding his head gravely. "The Voice has spoken! Too bad, Country. I did my best for you, but The Voice has spoken. You shall live and die on Jones Street!"

Terwilliger looked around him, puzzled. They were all of them grinning and talking easy-like; but somehow it didn't sound just that way when you thought about it. Finally, he gave his entire attention to his meal.

**L**ATER, Dunphy hung around the door and fell in step alongside the rookie guard. A few others who had been with Terwilliger slowed a bit, then veered off in another direction. Dunphy looked at the big man and asked:

"You do anything in athletics? I mean, except football?"

"Yeah," Terwilliger said. "Field. Shotput and Javelin. I was just taking up wrestling, too, at Normal."

"Why don't you stick to those?" Dunphy asked. "Drop football, and stay with Field and Wrestling."

The other man gaped. "Huh? Well, what do you mean? I like football! Gosh, Mr. Dunphy!"

"Drop the 'Mister' right now," Dunphy told him. "Look, Big Boy—some men are natural football players. They can take it; and forget it. Others just aren't. If you take a man who isn't a—er—natural football player, and make him play football, one of two things will happen: he won't be any good at football, or football will become the only thing he is any good at. Get it? I mean up Front, up on the line. I don't mean this running the ball stuff. That's different. Up front is where the dirty work, the rough work, is done. If it isn't in you naturally, don't give it a second thought."

Terwilliger slowed to a halt in front of the Soldiers' Monument.

"And you don't think I'm a natural football player, then?"

"I know you are not. I *know!* Oh, sure, you're big and strong. You like to horse around and you like the gang, and all that. The training table is fun. Good grub, a lot of talk, some glamour. And you are ready to die for Dear Old State. Wrestling and Track have a training table, too. You take my advice and die for Dear Old State putting the shot, or throwing the javelin, or grunting and groaning on the mat."

Terwilliger's eyes were hurt. But his mouth was stubborn.

"I want to play football, too," he said. "I want to be a *good* football player. And think I can be."

Dunphy stared at the man in the growing shadows of night, his grey eyes intent, probing.

"You sure? You sure you want to be a lineman? Maybe a good lineman? Even—very good?"

"I *know* it!" Terwilliger said intently. "More than anything else, I want to be a great—I mean, *good*—guard, a good lineman. I—I think I can be, too. Despite what you say."

Dunphy sighed and seemed to lose interest. "Have it your way. Maybe you will be. I still don't think so, though. From what I know of you."

Terwilliger blinked. "What do you know of me?"

"Nothing. And everything." Dunphy

looked around him. "Well—I'll be running along. See you, fella!"

Terwilliger started along with him, and the All-American came to a stop.

"Where are you going?"

"Your way," Terwilliger said. "Across the campus."

"Well, go by yourself, then. I'm—thinking about something. I got something to do. I don't want guys tagging along gabbing when I got something on my mind. Good night."

All the pep, the enthusiasm, had gone out of Terwilliger's huge frame when he went slowly along in Dunphy's wake and headed for drab Jones Street. . . .

The Aggies brought a smart but light team to face the State outfit in the opener. The weather was clear but mild, not the sort of football weather that puts a stinging compulsion for action into big men.

Bingham handled his men cleverly, using his plays in series, playing everything safe and smart. When Carney fumbled a punt inside the twenty, Bingham called a first-down kick, to the displeasure of the crowded stands. Another time, with inches to go on the Aggies Forty and Fourth, he punted.

But he connected with two passes, both to glue-fingered Kibbey Davis, for scores, and was meticulous about the points-after.

State was winning, but it wasn't great football. In fact, it was as far from Rose Bowl football as cheese is from flowers. But over on the left side of the State line things were cooking. On the middle burner.

Horse Dunphy played coldly, furiously, smartly. His out-and-in, in-and-out playing was accounting for two men more often than not. He shrewdly piled up plays by the simple expedient of dumping a near defensive man into the interference, or the runner. Or again submarined under them to nail the runner cold. Or slashed savagely through the line on his side and circled to tackle the runner from behind.

**I**N THE bench, Terwilliger watched him as much as he did the Varsity guards. Once, after a particularly brilliant play, he spoke to Kelsey.

"Gee, Bo! That man is a tackle, no?"

Kelsey nodded. "The best," he said. "The best there is. Now, if he had Tuffy Gordon out there with him—Oh, mama!

What we would not do to the opposition!"

"They were great pals, huh, Dunphy and Gordon?"

Even Mike Collins, overhearing it, laughed. Terwilliger thought about it all, frowning, getting the undertones of it and not understanding it at all.

Then Collins was slapping him on the back and saying:

"Limber up, fella! Buck around and get yourself set. You're going in for Soultter, next time-out!"

"Yipe!" the big man shouted, jumping to his feet and peeling off his wind-breaker. "Oh, golly!"

The cheer-leaders worked up a *Yeah, Soultter*, for the regular, then wobbled Terwilliger's knees with a *Rocket*.

"STATE! SIS-BOOM-AH! TERWILLIGER!"

The guard reported, danced around some more, then ran close to Dunphy.

"Gee! I'm in!"

The Aggies had the ball, and didn't gain on a try at their own left end. When they gathered in the huddle, the Aggies quarterback let his eyes linger on the behemoth State guard who just now was eased on all-fours. Then he lowered his head into the group.

"Go right in!" Dunphy said, just crisp enough to let Terwilliger hear him. "Blast in and smear it!"

The Aggies came out rhythmically, sharply, squatted, shifted, and the ball snapped. Terwilliger lunged for his opposing guard, was through when the man flattened out. A sob of suspense ripped his throat when he saw the ball-carrier invitingly near, delaying slightly, wide-open for a smear.

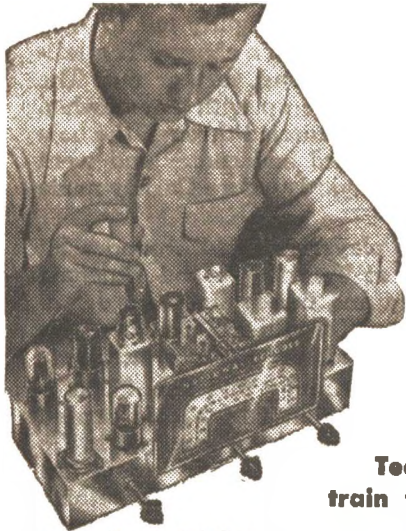
And then something hit Terwilliger and he was spilling hard, heels over kettle, and the Aggies carrier was sprinting. A roar came from the State stands when Dunphy smartly back-tracked and dumped the man with only a three-yard gain. He'd almost got into the clear.

Bingham came over. "Don't let it get you down, kid. But remember you are on a team. You don't personally have to do all the playing."

Terwilliger looked over at Dunphy. The captain's gaze was flat and hard. But his words were encouraging.

"You almost got him," he said. "They're liable to try it again. That left-half took you out. Maybe if you ran a bit to the left this time?"

(Turn to page 102)



You receive all parts, including tubes, for building this fine, modern Superheterodyne Receiver. This and other valuable standard equipment becomes your property.

*these two FREE books will tell you how*

### Good Jobs Await the Trained Radio Technician

You are needed in the great, modern Radio, Television and Electronics industry! Trained Radio technicians are in constant and growing demand at excellent pay—in Broadcasting, Communications, Television, Radar, Research Laboratories, Home Radio Service, etc. National Schools Master Shop Method Home Study Course, with newly added lessons and equipment, can train you in your spare time, *right in your own home*, for these exciting opportunities. Our method has been proved by the remarkable success of National Schools-trained men all over the world.

### You Learn by Building Equipment with Standard Radio Parts We Send You

Your National Schools Course includes not only basic theory, but *practical training as well—you learn by doing*. We send you complete standard equipment of professional quality for building various experimental and test units. You advance step by step until you are able to build the modern superheterodyne receiver shown above, which is yours to keep and enjoy. You perform more than 100 experiments—build many types of circuits, signal generator, low power radio transmitter, audio oscillator, and other units. The Free Books shown above tell you more about it—send for them today!



### NOW! NEW PROFESSIONAL MULTITESTER INCLUDED!



This versatile testing instrument is portable and complete with test leads, batteries and tubes. Simple to operate, accurate and dependable. You will be able to quickly locate trouble and adjust the most delicate circuits. You can use the Multitester at home or on service calls. It is designed to measure AC and DC volts, current, resistance and decibels. You will be proud to own and use this valuable professional instrument.

**GET THE DETAILS—SEND THE COUPON** ➔

# Learn RADIO TELEVISION, ELECTRONICS *by* SHOP METHOD HOME TRAINING

Let NATIONAL SCHOOLS of Los Angeles, a practical Technical Resident Trade School for over 40 years, train you for today's unlimited opportunities in Radio.



Lessons and Instruction Material Are Up-to-date, Practical, Interesting.

National Schools Master Shop Method Home Training gives you basic and advanced instruction in all phases of Radio, Television and Electronics. Each lesson is made easy to understand by numerous illustrations and diagrams. All instruction material has been developed and tested in our own shops and laboratories, under the supervision of our own engineers and instructors. A free sample lesson is yours upon request—use the coupon below.

Here's Just a Few of the Interesting Facts you Learn with the

**FREE MANUAL**

1. Routine for diagnosing Radio Troubles.
2. Preliminary Inspection of Receivers.
3. How to Test and Measure Voltages.
4. How to Test Speaker in Audio Stages.
5. How to Trace the Circuit and Prepare Skeleton Diagram.
6. Complete Reference Table for Quickly Locating Receiver Troubles.

A free sample lesson is yours upon request—use the coupon below.



**VETERANS**  
If you are a veteran, qualified for training under the G.I. Bill, check the coupon for a Special Bulletin.

G. I. APPROVED

**NATIONAL SCHOOLS**  
LOS ANGELES 27, CALIFORNIA EST. 1908

**MAIL OPPORTUNITY COUPON FOR QUICK ACTION**

National Schools, Dept. TG-4 Paste on a postcard  
4000 S. Figueroa, Los Angeles 27, Calif.

Mail me FREE the books mentioned in your ad including a sample lesson of your course. I understand no salesman will call on me.

NAME.....AGE.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Check here if Veteran of World War II

**EASY NEW METHOD**  
SHOWS HOW TO



**PLAY GUITAR IN 2 WEEKS**

TRY IT ON

**MONEY-BACK OFFER**


**45 PHOTOS**  
show exactly  
where to put  
your fingers

**101 SONGS**  
words & music  
INCLUDED!

Now let Bob West, radio's favorite guitar player, show you how! Most "Courses" have only 6 or 8 pictures—but Bob's new method has 45 actual photographs! It not only teaches but shows exactly where and how to place your fingers, etc. Most others offer a few songs—Bob provides 101—chosen for their radio popularity so you can sing and play right along with your favorite radio program or records!

**SEND NO MONEY:** Just send name and address to Bob West and pay postpaid \$1.69 plus COD and postage. Start playing beautiful chords the very first day. Be playing beautiful music in two weeks or get your money back.

**BOB WEST, Dept. FT, 1101 N. Paulina, Chicago 22, Ill.**




**MAN'S IMITATION DIAMOND RING**  
at special **\$4.95**  
low price of

A handsome, massive and rich-looking man's ring set with three large imitation diamonds. It's really a beauty. Gold filled or Sterling Silver.

**SEND NO MONEY**  
Pay Postman on delivery plus 20% Fed. Tax and postage on Money-Back Guarantee.

**CLARK RING CO.**  
Dept. 774 Box 5181 Chicago 80



DO YOU WANT TO **STOP TOBACCO?**

Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with Tobacco Reducizer. Write for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved many men. Caution: Use only as directed.

**30 Years in Business**

**THE NEWELL COMPANY**  
153 Clayton, St., St. Louis 5, Mo.

**FREE BOOK**

**RUPTURE!**

An amazing Air-Cushion Invention allows body freedom at work or play. Light, neat, cool, sanitary. Durable, cheap. Day and night protection helps Nature support weakened muscles gently but surely. No risk. **Send on Trial!** Write NOW for free Booklet and Proof of Results. (All correspondence confidential.)



**Brooks Company, 183 State St., Marshall, Mich.**

**What To Do For Pains of ARTHRITIS Try This Free**

If you have never used "Rosse Tabs" for pains or arthritis, neuritis, rheumatism, we want you to try them at our risk. We will send you a full-size package from which you are to use 24 Tabs FREE. If not astonished at the palliative relief which you enjoy from your sufferings, return the package and you owe us nothing. We mean it! **SEND NO MONEY.** Just send name and address and we will rush your Tabs by return mail. **ROSSE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 223, 2708 Farwell Ave., Chicago 45, Illinois.**

Terwilliger nodded, his mouth determined. The ball snapped, and he flailed in anxiously, veering slightly left to keep his feet at the left-half's charge. The left-half carried him along, farther out. The Aggies stands came up with a roar when the delayed buck carried through the hole between left-guard and center and went for twenty-two yards before Carney made the tackle.

The State players walked around a bit and looked at Terwilliger and Bingham and Dunphy and finally lined up defensively again. Terwilliger clenched his fists and squatted low, his eyes ashamed.

"Forget it," Dunphy told him. "This is another play. If that half hadn't carried you out wide, you'd have smeared it. Go get 'em, this time! Slash right in and just knock them all over the lot. Something has to give! You can redeem yourself yet."

Terwilliger winced at the word "redeem," but he laid his plans for the redemption just the same. They'd probably sweeten up the series with another run for left-end, a cross-over to give the Aggies tackle and end time to mop up. If they could. Maybe Terwilliger could get through fast, and get the runner far behind the line!

He grunted to himself when they came out of the huddle and the Aggies right-half trotted close, cut over, and ran to position himself behind the left-end. This was it! The quarterback would take the ball, spin to give his line time, then pass to the left-half for the end run. Or maybe would lateral it. Whichever. Perhaps Terwilliger could get through, could smear it!

The ball snapped, and the huge guard lunged madly, smeared the Aggies right-guard, roared into the hole in the Aggies backfield. The quarterback had spun, was passing the ball to the left-half. The left-half made a quarter turn, to his own left. This was it! Terwilliger set himself for the slamming tackle.

**H**E NEVER saw the fullback coming in until it was too late. He tried, terror riding his heart, to duck that block. But he knew he couldn't. The fullback hit him with a legal shoulder-block that straightened him, carried him upright long enough for him to see the half turn back to his right, and sprint for that huge hole Terwilliger had left.

The Aggies stands went crazy when Carney missed the tackle and the back scored standing up.

Then the loud-speaker system was throatily saying:

"Soulter for Terwilliger at left-guard. Soulter for Terwilliger!"

The big guard dropped down on the bench and let the assistant, Moon Mullen, throw a blanket around his shoulders. Derwent cracked his knuckles, stared around him, and then walked over to talk with a cheer leader.

The next play was on, the kick-off, before the stands gave with a weak: "Yea, Terwilliger!" Carney took the kick and scored all the way.

Collins dropped down alongside him. His eyes were savage.

"My Lord, Country! You are Country, aren't you? Mouse-trapped on two plays, and running out instead of in on the other! How come?"

"Dunphy," Terwilliger started. He gulped, held it, looked around. "I guess I misunderstood."

"You sure did, if you thought Dunphy was going to play your position, too! Dunphy is good. He's great! But he isn't two men! How is it you charged out when the rest of the line was charging in?"

Terwilliger sat with his shoulders hunched and his eyes on the ground. "I—must have misunderstood."

Arnie Peters came over and clapped him on the back.

"Better going next time, fella. Look—trot along to the showers. You've had enough to-day."

Terwilliger couldn't meet those stares from the others. "I guess you mean you've

[Turn page]

Less than **50¢** a week buys as much as **\$1746** of Old Line Legal Reserve **LIFE INSURANCE**

**YOU ACTUALLY PAY**  
only \$2.00 a month at all ages for the amounts shown below.

**\*THIS IS HALF THE PERMANENT RATE WHICH TAKES EFFECT THE 6TH YEAR.**

AT AGE	FOR MONTHLY PREMIUM OF	YOU GET A POLICY FOR
20	\$2.00	\$1746.
25	2.00	1582.
30	2.00	1408.
35	2.00	1250.
40	2.00	1086.

Proportionate amounts at all other ages, 15-55. Mail coupon now for full facts and amounts at your age.

Here is a unique plan that lets you budget your Life Insurance like rent. The rate is the same no matter what your age! The amounts vary but, even at 40 you can get \$1086 of this Solid, Old Line, Legal Reserve Life Insurance protection! And not only that—but your policy will be

**FULLY PAID-UP IN 30 YEARS**

with no more premiums to pay, yet your

insurance continues in force the rest of your life. **POSTAL LIFE** operating under the rigid New York State Insurance laws has sold Life Insurance by mail and over the counter for 43 years and has satisfied policyholders everywhere. Over \$14,000,000 in assets! More than \$60,000,000 paid out in benefits!

Postal Policies are participating! Mail Coupon today!



**GIVE TO YOUR RED CROSS!**

**Get the FACTS by mail!**

**Postal Life Insurance Company**  
 511 Fifth Avenue, Dept. D-761  
 New York 17, N. Y.  
 Mail me complete information about your new "\$2.00-per-month", 30-payment Modified 5 Whole Life Policy at my age.  
 NAME .....  
 OCCUPATION .....  
 DATE OF BIRTH .....  
 ADDRESS .....  
 Include Postal Zone, if any.

**DRAW for MONEY!**



**Be An ARTIST!**

*Trained Artists Are Capable of Earning \$60, \$75 and More a Week*

It's pleasant and interesting to study Art the W.S.A. way. **COMMERCIAL ART. DESIGNING. CARTOONING** all in ONE complete home study course. No previous Art experience necessary—hundreds have profited by our practical methods since 1914. **TWO ART OUTFITS** furnished. Full information in **FREE BOOK**, "Art for Pleasure and Profit." Write today. Course available under "G.I." Bill. Veteran D

**FREE BOOK** gives details

**WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART,**  
Studio 604-M, 1115 15th St., N. W.  
Washington 5, D. C.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone ( ) State \_\_\_\_\_

**DETECTIVES**

Home Study in Detective Training—Professionally Modernized—Recognized Instructors—Easy Payments—Write:

**INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE TRAINING SCHOOL**  
1701-T Monroe St., N. E. Washington 18, D. C.

**PICTURE RING \$1.**



Exquisite Picture Ring—made from any photo. **SEND NO MONEY!** Mail photo with paper strip for ring size. Pay postman only \$1 plus postage. **Fixed limited size extra.** Photo returned with ring. Money back guarantee. **SEND PHOTO AND RING SIZE NOW!**

**PICTURE RING CO.** Dept. 8-26, CINCINNATI 2, Ohio


Made from Any Photo or Picture! **SEND NO MONEY!**

**SALESPeople** **WORLD'S LARGEST**  
**DIRECT SELLING ADVERTISING BOOK MATCH FACTORY**

Offers money-making proposition to men or women, full or part time. Liberal cash commissions. No experience needed to start. No investment—now or ever. Year 'round selling. Low prices for high quality. Factory service. Repeat orders. Impressive samples printed in **FOUR and FIVE** colors of ink. Sales kit and instructions furnished. Write today.

**MATCH CORPORATION OF AMERICA**  
3432-43 WEST 49th PLACE, Dept. TF-4, CHICAGO 32, ILL.

**DEVELOP RUGGED STRENGTH!**



**Strong Men's Club of America offers FREE Membership!**

Send for your personal membership card and Strength Secrets. No dues! No obligations! Many valuable privileges! Send name, address, age, on penny postcard.

**JOE BONOMO** Strong Men's Club of America  
Director (Dept. TF4) 1841 Broadway, N. Y. 23, N. Y.

# Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma and choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is difficult because of the struggle to breathe, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Company for a **FREE** trial of the **FRONTIER ASTHMA MEDICINE**, a preparation of temporary symptomatic relief of paroxysms of Bronchial Asthma. No matter where you live or whether you have faith in any medicine under the sun, send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Caution! Use only as directed. Address

**FRONTIER ASTHMA Co.** 637-B FRONTIER BLDG.  
462 NIAGARA ST. BUFFALO 1, N.-Y.

had enough of me for to-day, Coach. Am I—off the squad? The training table?"

"Because of one game? No! Now, forget it. Beat it!" When the big fellow had gone slowly away, the head coach turned to Collins.

"What are you beefing about? Like you always have been saying, you taught him, didn't you?"

Collins was thoughtful. "Look, Coach—remember how Tuffy used to mess Horse up? In Horse's Soph year? Feed him fall-stuff and then laugh at him? I wonder if Horse is pulling that on Terwilliger!"

"Nobody pulls anything on a guy knows his job," Peters snapped. "Cut the pipe-dream alibis and get onto your job. There's carloads of line coaches out of work, you know. Some good ones, even. Get on the job, I'm warning you! Anyway, why should Dunphy cross him up? His own teammate?"

"I dunno," Collins said.

"And that ain't all you dunno," Peters said brusquely. "What you and I do know is, you produce. Or else! They'll get me for a bum season, with all this material. But, by Joe, I'll get you first!"

Terwilliger came late to the training table, that night. Late; and hesitantly. There was a place next to Dunphy. He was sitting down when there was a scrape along the floor.

"Sit down, Country!" Dunphy said.

The big man crashed to the floor where the chair had been and a guffaw of laughter sounded from about half the table.

"Pick up the fanny, Country," Dunphy said. "This isn't the Aggies."

Kelsey and Bingham looked embarrassed when the guard met their eyes. Dunphy slowed his chewing when Terwilliger's stare at him became apparent. "Something?"

Terwilliger's mouth hardened, but he

*Read Our Companion Magazines*

**THRILLING SPORTS**  
and  
**EXCITING SPORTS**

Now on Sale—Each 15c at All Stands!



didn't say anything. He picked at his food, then after a few minutes got up and kicked his chair back. The table was quiet when he went away. Dunphy followed after him.

"What gives, Country?"

Terwilliger stopped. "I guess you know—Dunphy."

"Quit football, like I said," Dunphy suggested. "Stick to your Field. You won't make a football player. Not a good lineman."

"Says you?" Terwilliger asked, his dark eyes steady.

"Says anybody saw you play," Dunphy said. "You got size; but no savvy. No fight. No—well, what makes a great lineman just isn't in you."

"Is it in you?"

**D**UNPHY shrugged. "I'm getting by. Nobody makes a monkey out of me. Not anybody. Not even guys like Tuffy Gordon." His gray eyes flared in the light from inside, then quieted. "I paddle my

[Turn page]

*America's Most Entertaining  
Picture Magazine!*



Packed with Fascinating Photo Features!

NOW ON SALE—15c AT ALL STANDS!

**FALSE TEETH  
FIT TIGHT FOR LIFE  
OF PLATE**

With One Application  
**OF YOUR MONEY BACK**  
Professionally Developed **AMAZING**

**LINO-DENT**

**REAL COMFORT INSTANTLY FOR ALL PLATE WEARERS** At least — with no fuss or bother—looseness and slipping vanish—gum soreness **Needs and disappears—forever.**

**NOT MESSY • NOT STICKY**  
Not a paste—not a powder—Lino-Dent is an amazing development in the field of plastics. It is the same material modern dentures are made of. That's why we can guarantee perfect plate comfort not for just a month but permanently with one application.

**ABSOLUTELY SAFE**

Lino-Dent is pure, non-toxic, non-irritating, harmless, odorless, tasteless, pleasant, simple to use. Needs no heat.

**It's professionally developed YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED**

We guarantee perfect plate comfort permanently with only one application.

**SEND NO MONEY** Full size package only \$1 plus postage. Specify upper or lower. Or send \$1 and we will pay postage.

**LINO-DENT, Inc.** 1199 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y.

LINO-DENT, INC., Dept. T  
2199 Broadway, New York 2, N. Y.

Send LINO-DENT for

Upper \$1  Both \$2

I will pay postman  \$1 ...  \$2 plus postage. My money will be cheerfully refunded if I am not satisfied.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Enclose payment and you save postage!

**High School Course  
at Home Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. H-458, Drexel, at 68th, Chicago 37

**Thrilling Work COLORING PHOTOS**

Fascinating vacation learned at home by those with aptitude. Thrilling part-time. National method brings out life-like colors. Free booklet.

**NATIONAL PHOTO COLORING SCHOOL**  
1315 S. Michigan, Dept. 1804, Chicago 8

**LEARN AT HOME**

**TO BE A PRACTICAL NURSE**  
You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates.

**HIGH SCHOOL NOT REQUIRED**  
48th year. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equipment included.

Men, women, 18 to 60. Easy tuition payments. Trial plan. **CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING**  
Dept. 423, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

Please send free booklet, and 18 sample lesson pages.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

# GUM GRIPPER

## Tightens FALSE TEETH or NO COST



**Lasts from 3 to 6 Months!**  
 New discovery makes loose dental plates fit snug and comfortable for months—almost like having your own teeth again. For uppers and lowers.

**Easy to Apply at Home...** Simply squeeze some "GUM GRIPPER" evenly on your denture, put plate in your mouth where it sets and hardens in few minutes. No heat—no fumes—no muss. Will not harm any denture.

**SEND NO MONEY...**  
 Order a tube today, for only \$1.00 (deposit with your postman). Each application of "GUM GRIPPER" guaranteed to last from 3 to 6 months and delight you completely or your money will be cheerfully refunded.

**GUM GRIPPER, INC.**  
 127 N. Dearborn St., Dept. 50D, Chicago 12, Ill.

# SUIT YOURS AS A BONUS

**AND BIG MONEY IN SPARE TIME, TOO**

We want you to wear this fine made-to-measure suit! Make it yours by sending a few orders, & earn BIG CASH PROFITS in spare time. Your suit will help you get more orders with scores of rich, quality fabrics, tailored-to-measure to prevent wrinkles in spare time. Your suit will help you get more orders with scores of rich, quality fabrics, tailored-to-measure to prevent wrinkles in spare time. Your suit will help you get more orders with scores of rich, quality fabrics, tailored-to-measure to prevent wrinkles in spare time.

**FREE SAMPLES** for quick action tell us about yourself.

**J. C. FIELD & SON, INC.**  
 Harrison and Throop Sts. Dept. D-1877 Chicago 7, Ill.

## "How to Make Money With Simple Cartoons"

A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligations. Simply address:

**CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE**  
 Dept. 74 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

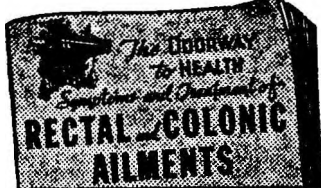
# ASTHMA

**WRITE FOR 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!**

**IF YOU SUFFER FROM BRONCHIAL ASTHMA PAR- OXYSM, from coughs, rattling wheezing — write quick for 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER. Inquiries from so-called "hopeless" cases especially invited.**

**MAGOR, 423-P, State Life Bldg., Indianapolis 4, Ind.**

# FREE BOOK - On Chronic Ailments



40-page FREE BOOK explains the causes and effects of these ailments. Write today — Thornton & Minor Clinic, Suite 456, 926 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

own canoe, but my canoe is equipped with a steel prow. My canoe is a destroyer; and anyone gets in my way finds out. On the field, the campus, anywhere. That, my overgrown friend, is where you and I differ. Take my advice and quit."

"The day after you do," Terwilliger said. "The day after."

"Okay, be a country dope. If you can stay on the squad."

"Another thing, Dunphy," Terwilliger said, his eyes agates, "I think you better keep your mouth to yourself. You and your flashy clothes and your big clubs and wise talk. You may be All-America on the field, but I'm still man enough to forward-pass you over the Library. You lay off me!"

Dunphy shrugged, his eyes cool on Terwilliger. "Have it your way. I'm only trying to help."

"Oh, sure! I don't know what it is, but you got something against me. What is it?"

"You remind me of someone I used to know," Dunphy said, slowly. "A long time ago. That's all. Someone I used to know. Well—I got more to do than stand here and gab to you. Good-night."

"Go to blazes!" Terwilliger said flatly and clearly.

Terwilliger didn't start the Tech game. But he was shoved in when Soultter was hurt in the third quarter of the Georgia game. He had been working with Collins and Peters and Collins again, for two weeks. Blackboard drills. Blocking. More drills. More blocking. Pulling out to run interference, with the Scrubs.

And keeping to himself, At the training table, he showed early, late or not at all. If it hadn't been for daily practise, the squad would have forgot about him completely.

There was some surprise when Collins signalled the big man to go in for Soultter. Even Dunphy was surprised.

"Well, well, if it isn't Country," the captain said, when the guard lined up. "Smash right in, guy and smear them. You can do it."

Terwilliger turned his head slowly to look at the man, then faced forward again. State had the ball, and the play was an end run. Left end.

"Be sure you are ready to go," Dunphy had told him. "Carney is fast. Don't get

caught flat-footed in the line when the play starts."

Crouching there, Terwilliger wondered if he wasn't maybe too close in. He eased back slightly, shifted his weight to his right foot to get a better start in pulling out and racing along the line. He saw the opposing tackle lick his lips and eye him intently. The tackle barked, "Forty-one!" and some more of the Crackers looked at him.

The ball snapped and Terwilliger started to move.

Then the Georgia tackle was there, knifing low, hitting him as he tried to roar by. He went down, and the play was smeared for a loss of seven. The State players got up, looked at him, and then Bingham looked toward the bench.

Terwilliger felt something explode inside him.

"Aw, play ball!" he snarled. "I been country-boyed for the last time. You bunch of wisecracs, just because a guy messes up on one play. You ain't so hot, either, except in your press-clippings."

"Take it easy, take it easy," Jarbo said, his eyes angry. "Is this an act? Where do you get off to goof the play and then bawl us out?"

"Aw, shut up," Terwilliger said flatly. "Come on, let's go. I feel like playing football."

But he was too anxious. Bingham, his eyes puzzled, had called the same play. Terwilliger had anticipated the ball and moved, and the Georgia guard and tackle came over before the snap. But the officials had seen Terwilliger's move, and called it.

Five yards, offside. Tricking the defense unfairly.

[Turn page]

## FIGHT INTOLERANCE!

Observe

## AMERICAN BROTHERHOOD WEEK

FEBRUARY 22-29, 1948

## AUDELS Carpenters and Builders Guides 4 vols. \$6



Inside Trade Information for Carpenters, Builders, Joiners, Building Mechanics and all Woodworkers. These Guides give you the short-cut instructions that you want—including new methods, ideas, solutions, plans, systems and money saving suggestions. An easy progressive course for the apprentice and student. A practical daily helper and Quick Reference for the master worker. Carpenters everywhere are using these Guides as a Helping Hand to Easier Work, Better Work and Higher Pay. To get this assistance for yourself, simply fill in and mail the FREE COUPON below.

### Inside Trade Information On:

How to use the steel square—How to file and set saws—How to build furniture—How to use a centre box—How to use the chalk line—How to use rules and scales—How to make joints—Carpenters arithmetic—Solving mensuration problems—Estimating strength of timbers—How to set girders and sills—How to frame houses and roofs—How to estimate costs—How to build houses, barns, garages, bungalows, etc.—How to read and draw plans—Drawing up specifications—How to excavate—How to use settees 12, 13 and 17 on the steel square—How to build hoists and scaffolds—skylights—How to build stairs—How to put on interior trim—How to hang doors—How to lay floors—How to paint



AUDEL, Publishers, 49 W. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y. Mail Audels Carpenters and Builders Guides, 4 vols., on 7 days free trial. If OK I will remit \$1 in 7 days and \$1 monthly until \$6 is paid. Otherwise I will return them. No obligation unless I am satisfied.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Employed by \_\_\_\_\_ PAL

HAVE FUN—WIN FRIENDS—WITH THIS SENSATIONAL

**ELECTRIC GLO-BOW**

LIGHT

Be the hit of the party with this swanky electric light GLO-BOW. Comes complete with attractive bow tie, 2 built in electric bulb jewels, cord, and secret battery. Flashes on and off as you touch hidden button in your pocket. Amaze your friends! Have fun. Order yours today, and let your personality glow with GLO-BOW. Easy to put on. Money back if not delighted. SEND NO MONEY! On arrival pay postman \$1.75 plus postage charges. Or enclose \$1.75 and we pay postage. Order now!

**HOPKINS THE COMPANY**  
100 Hopkins Place Dept. 15 Baltimore 2, Maryland

When

# PRAYER

FAILS

The prayers of the most worthy people often fail. Why? The unworthy often have the greatest health, success, riches and happiness. The best, smartest, and most industrious people often have only pain, poverty and sorrow. Why? Thirty years ago, in Forbidden Tibet, behind the highest mountains in the world, a young Englishman found the answers to these questions. His eyes were opened by the strangest mystic he met during his twenty-one years of travels in the Far East. Sick then, he regained health. Poor then, he acquired wealth and worldwide professional honors. He wanted to tell the whole world what he learned, and offers to send a 9,000-word treatise, FREE, to everyone who asks promptly. It is a first step to the POWER that KNOWLEDGE gives. There is no obligation. Write for YOUR FREE COPY today. **INSTITUTE OF MENTALPHYSICS, Dept. 14-E 213 South Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles 4, Calif.**

# HOME-STUDY BRINGS BIGGER PAY

Don't be caught napping when Opportunity knocks. Prepare for advancement and more money by training now for the job ahead. *Free 48-Page Books Tell How.* Write for the book on the business field you like—or mail us this ad with your name and address in the margin. *Now, please.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy            | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management            | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law—Degree of LL.B.           | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management         | <input type="checkbox"/> C.P.A. Coaching     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy (Machine Shorthand) |  |

## LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution  
Dept. 4329-R 417 So. Dearborn St. Chicago 5, Ill.

**EYE-  
GLASSES  
BY MAIL**  
16 Days' Trial



Write Today for Free Catalog. Send No Money.

**ADVANCE SPECTACLE COMPANY**  
537 South Dearborn Street, Dept. T-4, Chicago, Ill.

**NEW! EXCLUSIVE! PATENTED!**

**SELL SHOES WITH  
HEEL-TO-TOE MIRACLE CUSHION**

SCIENTIFIC ARCH SUPPORT

New improved comfort feature! Dress and work styles. Advance commissions. Bonus. No experience. Complete family line. No investment. Write for free outfit.

IMPROVED HEEL-TO-TOE MIRACLE CUSHION  
\*Pat. 2218228

**PARAGON SHOE CO.,**  
716 Columbus Ave., Dept. P-24, Boston 20, Mass.

**FREE OUTFIT**



## Give Them This Day!

Help 230,000,000 children of the world to survive hunger and deprivation!

Contribute to this world-wide action for the suffering children of today—tomorrow's citizens . . . support the United States government foreign aid policy . . . build the Children's Century, the peace that can march forward on the feet of little children!

GIVE THEM THIS DAY the American way, through—**AMERICAN OVERSEAS AID, United Nations Appeal for Children, 39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.**

In the huddle, Terwilliger said, grim-eyed. "Same play over, Bingy. Please! Same play! I can do it. It's only second down."

"And twenty-two to go."

"What's twenty-two if we shake Carney loose around that end? Anyway, they won't be looking for it."

**B**INGHAM'S eyes sought Dunphy. The captain shrugged.

"Call your play, Bingy. The guy can't miss all the time."

Terwilliger was murderous when he lined up again. The ball was snapped and the big guard came out fast, slammed parallel to his line, hoofed it for the end. The Georgia picket-man was trying to clear away from Dunphy and the State end, who were trying to box him in. Terwilliger reached out a huge paw in stride and shoved. But hard.

Dunphy catapulted into the Cracker end and the stands roared when Carney, racing close behind Bingham and Terwilliger, cross-stepped away from a tackler and then cut back downfield. Terwilliger took out the Georgia left-half and Carney was gone to the races.

The stands rocketed with a cheer. For Dunphy. The captain grinned and looked at Terwilliger.

"Thanks for the hand, guy. You made me look good. That was a neat take-out I made, thank you."

"It was a pleasure," Terwilliger grunted. "I only wish we had been on Mount Vesuvius. What'd you think, I'd step around you and say, 'Excuse please, sir, I am going by?' *Mr. All-American?*"

Pin-points of light showed in Dunphy's eyes. "You're big, and so is your mouth."

Dunphy had lots of backers in that 'big' statement. The papers said it, too.

"The biggest improvement in the State

**True Picture-Stories of the World's  
Greatest Heroes in**

# REAL LIFE COMICS

Now On Sale—Only 10c At All Stands!

line since Tuffy Gordon and Dunphy made a championship team," they said. "The big guard was half the game in the Georgia smear. A roaring, smashing power on offense; and an avenging angel on defense."

They said it more and more, as the season went by, and Terwilliger sharpened up, acquired savvy, tasted the blood of hard physical contact and came back to taste more.

At the training table, he was tight-lipped and quiet. Except when Dunphy would speak. Then the big man would raise a hand in mock solemnity. "Hark!" he'd say. "The Voice is about to pronounce!" Or, "If anybody wants to give the Voice the butter, it is okay by me. I'm busy feeding a better man."

Kelsey and Bingham and Jarbo got along with him fairly well. But when he wasn't busy pulverizing opponents, he was like that—hard, and tense, and restless. As if he couldn't wait for the next game.

And then came unbeaten Western U. to meet unbeaten State, and Newtown was

[Turn page]



Get Aboard

THE FREEDOM TRAIN

Coming Your Way!



LOOK  
**TALLER**  
INSTANTLY!

WEAR  
**HITE-BUILDERS**  
IN YOUR  
OWN SHOES



Want more respect? ... more opportunities? Then increase your height **INSTANTLY** with Davis Hite-Builders. Slip them inside your own shoes. Invisible ... comfortable ... easy to wear. Made to last for years. Amazingly low-priced!

**SEND NO MONEY**

Rush name, address, and shoe size today. Pay postman only \$1.95 plus few cents postage for your pair of Hite-Builders, mailed in plain package. If not delighted with immediate result, just return them and we'll refund your money at once. Or send \$1.95 now and save postage. Same guarantee ... of course. Order today, look **TALLER** next week!

**DAVIS MFG. CO.**  
DEPT. G-340 LOVELAND, OHIO

Only  
**\$1.95**  
A PAIR

**Fit-Rite** makes False Teeth **TIGHT**  
Makes loose dental plates fit snugly and comfortably.  
**LASTS for MONTHS!**

Simply press on dental plate and put it in your mouth. Hardens and becomes part of plate. Money-back guarantee. **FREE** Generous package of Dental Plate Cleanser with each order. Send \$1.00 or mail parcel post collect.

**Fit-Rite Co., 1573 Milwaukee Ave., Dept. 4-82, Chicago, Ill.**

**Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home**  
Scientific opportunities. Prepare in spare time. Practical photo training. Long-established school. Send for free book, "Opportunities in Photography." No obligation.

**American School of Photography, 1915 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 1804, Chicago 8, Ill.**

**IMITATION DIAMOND RINGS**  
**\$1.95 each or both for \$3.50**  
Beautiful Solitaire and Wedding ring set with brilliant imitation diamonds in Yellow Gold-Plate or Sterling Silver.

**SEND NO MONEY**  
Pay Postman on delivery plus 20% Federal Tax and postage on Money-Back Guarantee.

**CLARK RING CO.**  
Dept. 773 Box 5151 Chicago 20

**WHEN KIDNEYS Work Too Often**

Are you embarrassed and inconvenienced by too frequent elimination during the day or night? This symptom as well as Smarting Passages, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains and Swollen Ankles may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. In such cases the very first dose of the scientifically compounded medicine called **Cystex** usually goes to work right now helping you these 3 ways: 1. Helps nature remove irritating excess acids, poisonous wastes and certain germs. 2. This cleansing action helps nature alleviate many pains, aches, soreness and stiffness. 3. Helps reduce frequent night and day calls, thus promoting better sleep.

Get **Cystex** from your druggist today. Give it a fair trial as directed on package, Money back guaranteed unless **Cystex** satisfies you.



**DO YOU LONGER WANT LONGER HAIR? MAKE THIS EASY 7-DAY TEST!**

Just try this SYSTEM on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of ATTRACTIVE HAIR that can so very often capture Love and Romance for you. **MARVELOUS HELP FOR DRY, BRITTLE, Breaking-Off HAIR** WHEN SCALP and HAIR CONDITIONS are normal and dry, brittle, breaking-off hair can be retarded. It has a chance to get longer . . . and much more beautiful. Amazing. The JUELENE System is not a hair restorative. **SEND NO MONEY—Fully Guaranteed** Just try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. Then let your mirror PROVE the thrilling results. JUELENE comes in 2 Forms  Pomade  Liquid. **SEND FOR IT TODAY!** C. O. D. \$1.00 plus Government charges. It is fully guaranteed. Money back if you are not delighted. Write Now! JUEL CO., 4727 N. Damen, Dept. C-615, Chicago 28, Ill.

**Learn BAKING At Home**

Baking is one of America's high industries in wages. Neatly - depression-proof. Thorough basic home course lays sound foundation. If you have aptitude, write for FREE BOOKLET, "Opportunities in Commercial Baking." National Baking School, 1318 Mich. Ave., Dept. 1804, Chicago 8



**Free Sample!**

**GLOWS IN THE DARK**

Be the first to sell amazing, new GLOW IN THE DARK house numbers, switch plates, pictures, decals, religious articles, etc., etc. Represent a large manufacturer. Wonderful opportunity. Big Profits. Write at once for FREE SAMPLE. **MADISON MILLS, Dept. B-18 303 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.**



**3 In 1 AIR PISTOL**

SPORTSMAN JR.—Sensational low-priced air pistol. Ruggedly built, full size target gun shoots either standard BBs, pellets or steel darts. Fast, single-action compression chamber. Single shot, silent shooting. Use indoors or outdoors. Modified after famous target pistol. Economical to operate. Die cast all metal non-slip moulded grip; machined steel chamber and barrel. 8-in. long; 4 1/2-in. deep; full size. weighs 15 oz. EACH \$3.49 BBs, 3 pkts. 25¢; .177 pellets, 500 for \$1.50; steel darts, 300 package. (Order silently). Holster 50¢.

No C.O.D.

**JOHNSON SMITH & COMPANY, Dept. S-149, Detroit 7, Michigan**



**If Ruptured Try This Out**

Modern Protection Provides Great Comfort and Holding Security Without Torturous Truss Wearing

An "eye-opening" revelation in sensible and comfortable reducible rupture protection may be yours for the asking, without cost or obligation. Simply send name and address to William S. Rice, Inc., Dept. I-L, Adams, N. Y., and full details of the new and different Rice Method will be sent you free. Without hard flesh-gauging pads or tormenting pressure, here's a Support that has brought joy and comfort to thousands—by releasing them from Trusses with springs and straps that bind and cut. Designed to securely hold a rupture up and in where it belongs and yet give freedom of body and genuine comfort. For full information—write today!

swarming with Old Grads and raccoon coats and bright-eyed lovelies with rose-petal cheeks and chrysanthemum blooms golden in the sunlight like the State headguards.

In the dressing room came some of the Greats, to make their pep talks. Tuffy Gordon got a cheer and said some fighting words, and then he got down from the bench and slowly eased his muscular and professional bulk along to where some of the regulars were sitting.

"Hey, Country! Well, well, well! Old Country!"

Terwilliger started up. Dunphy got up and walked away down the locker line. Gordon grinned uncertainly, then followed him. Terwilliger stared after them, round eyed, then turned away with a shrug.

Over behind the lockers, Gordon caught up with Dunphy.

"Nice goin', nice goin'," he approved. "A good publicity agent you got! The country cousin becomes the State slicker!" When Dunphy didn't speak, he grinned again.

"Thanks for the nice things you said about me after the game last year," Gordon said. "I wish Tuffy Gordon had been in their instead of Soultter and McClanahan!" Thanks, old Country!"

Dunphy's eyes were not pretty. "And how I wish it," he said. "Brother, would you have got smacked to blazes and gone off that field. Western U. was hot, and how! How I wish you'd been there!"

Gordon blinked owlishly. "Oh. Like that, huh?"

"Like that." He stirred and licked his lips. "How's it in the Big Time, Tuffy?"

Gordon was grinning again. "But good! The beauty is, they pay you for it. Important folding-money. Hey, look—how is the Big Noise? Ter-whichiger? The guard?"

"Sorta good," Dunphy said. His eyes were far away. "In fact, he is very good,

**ENTERTAINING PUZZLES OF EVERY VARIETY IN POPULAR CROSSWORD PUZZLES**

**NOW ON SALE—15c AT ALL STANDS!**

for what he is. Two-hundred twenty pounds of murderer. Six-foot-five, nearly, of executioner. Next year, you'll read nothing else. Just Terwilliger, Terwilliger, Terwilliger."

"You like him, huh?"

Dunphy shrugged. "I used to. He's—changed. When he first came here, he was a nice, simple, big—" He broke it off. "But you wouldn't understand."

"Country Boy!" Gordon chuckled. "Sentimental, good-natured Country Boy Dunphy! Well, good luck, Country! You'll need it when you hit the Pros. Look me up, and I'll teach you some more!"

"You go to the devil!" ex-Country Boy Dunphy said flatly.

## NEXT ISSUE'S HEADLINERS



## THE GREATEST HITTER IN THE WORLD

An Exciting Baseball Novelet

By ROY LOPEZ

## THE TABLE STAKER

A Racetrack Novelet

By WILLIAM CAMPBELL GAULT

## The HAMMERS of HELL

An Olympic Games Novelet

By WILLIAM O'SULLIVAN

AND MANY OTHER SWELL YARNS



# AUTO BOOKS ON APPROVAL



**SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail the coupon for a complete set of 4 Big, Thick Auto Books, 30th Edition. Over 7700 Pages! Whether you are a mechanic or helper, expert or apprentice, auto owner or driver, take immediate advantage of this FREE EXAMINATION OFFER.

**MAKE GOOD MONEY NOW HOLD A PERMANENT JOB**

America wants its automobiles kept in good repair. Men with "know how" are in demand, at big pay. These books will help you get and hold an important job, or give you a chance to go into business for yourself now or later. Any man who has time to improve himself can learn auto servicing and repairing by this quick reference method. Use the JIFFY INDEX to find easily understood answer to any auto problem. These wonder books prepared by eleven of America's great automobile engineers. Many hundreds of valuable illustrations. Send the coupon TODAY.

**A year's consulting privileges with our engineers now given with these books without extra charge.**  
Vocational Publishers Since 1899

### CAN YOU FIX IT?

These wonder books tell you by step HOW to make difficult repairs and adjustments, how to design and operate. Solve troubles and how to correct them well covered.

**4 BIG, THICK VOLUMES** Over 7700 pp., 3000 illustrations, wiring diagrams, etc. including Diesel engines. Beautiful modernistic, washable cloth binding.

**AMERICAN TECHNICAL SOCIETY, Dept. A449**

Brush Ave. at 88th St., Chicago 27, Ill.

I would like to examine your 4 Volume Set of Auto Books. I will pay the delivery charges only, but if I choose I may return them express collect. If after 10 days' use I prefer to keep them, I will send you \$2 and pay the balance at the rate of only \$1 a month until \$24.50 has been paid. Include consulting service as offered above.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Please attach letter stating age, occupation, employer's name and address, and name and address of at least one business man as reference. Men in service, also please give home address.

## "YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!"



### Help Bring Crooks to Justice Through Scientific CRIME DETECTION!

We have taught thousands this exciting, profitable, pleasant profession. Let us teach you in your own home. Learn Fingerprinting, Firearms Identification, Police Photography, Secret Service Methods thoroughly, quickly, at small cost. Over 800 of all American Bureaus of Investigation employ I. A. S. students or graduates. We can prepare you for 2 1/2 years, during spare time. Write today, stating age, for "Blue Book of Crime."

**INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE, 1920 Sampson Ave., Dept. 7954, Chicago 44, Ill.**

# INVENTORS

Learn how to protect your invention. Secure "Patent Guide" together with "Record of Invention" form—without obligation.

**CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN & HARVEY JACOBSON**

Registered Patent Attorneys

88-D

District National Bldg. Washington 5, D. C.

**SEND FOR THIS FREE!**

**FREE!**

Make money with horses. Every farmer, every lover of horses should have a copy of this booklet. If you want to know how to break, train and make money with horses, write today for full information FREE, together with my special offer of a course in Animal Breeding. If you are interested in Galting and Riding the saddle horse check here.  Do it today—now. You'll never regret it.

**SEERY SCHOOL OF HORSEMANSHIP**  
Dept. 824 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

## CONFIDENTIAL LOAN SERVICE

**Borrow \$50 to \$300**

Need money? No matter where you live you can borrow **BY MAIL** \$50.00 to \$300.00 this easy quick confidential way.

**BY MAIL**

**IT IS EASY TO BORROW BY MAIL!**  
Completely confidential and private  
**CONVENIENT MONTHLY PAYMENTS**

**NO ENDORSERS NEEDED**  
EMPLOYED MEN and women of good character can solve their money problems quickly and in privacy with loans **MADE BY MAIL**. No endorsers or co-signers. We do not contact employers, friends or relatives. Convenient monthly payments. Send us your name and address and we will mail application blank and complete details **FREE** in plain envelope. There is no obligation.

**STATE FINANCE COMPANY**  
303 Marine Bldg., Dept. B-82, New Orleans 12, La.



## LEARN MEAT CUTTING

At Home — In Spare Time

Get into the vital meat industry. Concise, practical Home Training based on 25 years proven instruction method used at National's famous resident school. Prepares you for bigger pay as Meat Cutter, supervisor, market manager or more money in your own store. Go as rapidly as your spare time permits. Diploma. Start NOW to turn your spare hours into money. Send for **FREE** bulletin today. No obligation. National School of Meat Cutting, Inc., Div. JG-30, Toledo 4, Ohio



## A Penny May Bring You HAPPINESS!

Would you gamble a penny to win Happiness, Companionship, Love, Financial Success, through the help of a mysterious International Secret Organization? Then just send name and address on a post-card TODAY for your **FREE** Copy of great Book "Mayan Mysteries". It can change your whole life! Address: James Egan, The Mayan Order, Dept. 546, P. O. Box 2710, San Antonio, Tex.

**BE A DETECTIVE**  
WORK HOME or TRAVEL. Experience unnecessary. **DETECTIVE** Particulars **FREE**. Write to **GEO. R. H. WAGNER, 125 W. 86th St., N. Y.**

Here Is a Way YOU Can Get Ready for the **BUILDING BOOM**

**FREE** — Important Information Telling How to Get Started. Do you want to be on the inside in the building boom—where big money is made? This is your chance now. **HOME TRAINING** prepares you for these big opportunities. (Approved for veterans). Write today—no obligation.

**HOME BUILDERS TRAINING INSTITUTE, Dept. D46-4**  
7050 N. Glenwood Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

## Stop Getting Up Nights

**TRY THIS FREE**

If you get up many times at night due to Irritation of Bladder or Urinary Tract, and have never used **PALMO TABLETS** we want you to try them at our risk. We will send you a full-size package from which you are to use 20 tablets **FREE**. If not delighted at the palliative relief received, return the package and you owe us nothing. We mean it. Send No Money. No C.O.D. to pay. Write today and we will send your **PALMO TABLETS** by return mail post-paid. Address — **H. D. POWERS CO., Dept. 429-M, Box 135, Battle Creek, Mich.**

## SPORTS PREVIEW

(Continued from page 10)

Unfortunately, as "Paddy" O'Dee and "Dinty" Morgan have long since known, ability to hurl a heavy hunk of iron impossible distances does not require much mental candlepower. They **SHOULD** know, since it is their job to get together a weight-throwing team for the 1948 Olympics.

In "Jumbo" Tarrantiti and "Blitz" Boz of Furnace, Pennsylvania, Paddy and Dinty meet a double-barrelled Waterloo. For these two sterling young men not only represent the last hope for a win for Uncle Sam, but they are totally musclebound between the ears—and have been engaged in a life-long feud besides.

The results are a riot—several of them in fact—which should make **THE HAMMERS OF HELL** one of the stories of the year.

With these three long stories will be the usual selection of shorts—picked for their qualities of excitement, entertainment and sports interest in varied fields. Jack Kofod will be in with his stirring **WHIRL OF SPORTS**, along with your Cap and a number of newly added fact features. June, in **POPULAR SPORTS**, should be a very warm month—red hot in fact.

## LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

**A**ND now for the mail sack. This time we open up with a message from one of the largest fraternal orders in America—outlining an extensive new sports program for all young men and boys who wish to develop themselves athletically. Because we believe it to be a fine idea, well organized and undertaken, we're glad to print the letter here.

## MOOSE CALL

by Ken Hughes

Dear Cap Fanning: A healthy nation is a happy nation, or so believes the Loyal Order of Moose, which is sponsoring a concentrated national sports program for amateurs among its almost one million members in an effort to make our country more sports-minded and health-conscious.

Many of the Moose's 1700 lodges throughout this country sponsor sports among the youngsters. These Junior softball and hardball teams are open to all boys who qualify, whether their parents are members of the Moose or not. Some lodges have sent boys and girls to summer camps, paying all expenses.



Just off the press is the Moose Sports brochure, which explains the various sports each lodge may develop in its own community. Ten thousand copies of this brochure are being mailed to the officers and sports committees of all Moose lodges.

Mr. Hughes, public relations man for the order, has sent us a very impressive brochure, which lists table tennis, table shuffleboard, billiards, rifle shooting, trap shooting, skeet, casting, archery, tennis, handball, volleyball, horseshoe pitching, ice hockey, figure skating, bob-sledding, baseball, horseback riding, boating and swimming among the various activities which, wherever facilities exist, are being organized for boys and girls.

So, if you are interested in playing any of these sports, find out where your local lodge is located and learn what steps have been taken. It may give you opportunities for new friendships and physical development along healthy lines at present denied you.

## SKULL

by Master Sergeant Ray A. Strolo

Dear Cap: Just started to read the December issue and, as usual, opened with the SPORTS REVIEW. Just to note what I think may be an error, there seems to be a lost stadium out here in Los Angeles. I would like to know where the stadium of the University of California at Los Angeles is located. Strange that with such a large stadium as your column gives them they most always play their home games in the Los Angeles Memorial Stadium.

All in all your column and POPULAR SPORTS are tops and I shall continue to wait anxiously for each new issue.—Quarters 104-S, Fort MacArthur, California.

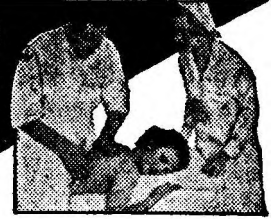
A checkup results in the mournful information that you are so right. We took our information from an authoritative source, but someone seems to have given the present stadium 2,000 extra seats and called it a new stadium for good measure. So please accept our apologies as well as our thanks for pointing out the error.

Well, that does it once more. Remember, if you want sports information, write Cap Fanning, POPULAR SPORTS MAGAZINE, 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y. We'll do our darndest to dig it up for you. ADIOS until next issue, and thanks to you all.

CAP FANNING

SAVE WHEAT—SAVE MEAT—SAVE THE PEACE!

## Learn this Profitable Profession



**IN 90 DAYS AT HOME**  
**MONEY-MAKING CAREER OPEN to MEN and WOMEN, 18 to 50**

Hundreds of men and women between 18 and 50 make \$10 to \$20 in a single day giving Scientific Swedish Massage and Hydro-Therapy treatments. There is big demand from doctors, hospitals, sanatoriums and clubs. Graduates earn large full time incomes from these or in private practice in their own offices. Others make good money from home treatments given in spare time. Learn this interesting, money-making profession in your own home through our home study course. Same instructors as in our nationally known resident school. You can win independence and prepare for future security by qualifying for our Diploma. Course can be completed in 3 to 4 months. Many earn while they learn. Begin your training at once.



### Anatomy Charts & Booklet FREE

Enroll now and we will include, at no extra cost, many needed supplies. Fit yourself to help meet growing demand for Scientific Swedish Massage. Send the coupon at once for complete details. Anatomy Charts and 32-page Illustrated Booklet. FREE, postpaid.

THE COLLEGE OF SWEDISH MASSAGE  
Dept. 863-D, 100 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois  
Please send me FREE and postpaid, Anatomy Charts, 32-page Booklet and complete details on Home Training.

Name \_\_\_\_\_


Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

## LAW

STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 39 years' expert instruction—over 100,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree awarded. All texts furnished. FREE payments. G.I. Approved. Send for FREE BOOK, AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW, Dept. 88-T, 848 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.



## Relieve Misery of ITCH

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for D.D.D. Prescription.



## MEN! THIS FINE SUIT YOURS WITHOUT PAYING ONE CENT!

### BIG CASH EARNINGS TOO!

Big News! Wear this fine tailored suit without paying one cent and earn big cash income too! It's easy! Just take orders from a few friends and neighbors. Show actual samples of dozens of rich new fabrics superbly tailored in choice of all the latest styles at low prices. Money back guarantee on every order.

**WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES!** Rush letter or postcard giving your name and address, and telling us about yourself—age, etc. We'll send you big profit of actual samples FREE, and details of amazing new BONUS SUIT and money-making plans. No experience needed. Send no money!

W. Z. Gibson, Inc., 500 S. Throop St., Dept. D-677, Chicago 7, Ill.

# WHICH OF THESE *EXCITING* BOOKS DO YOU WANT?

Now you can enjoy many hours of exciting reading pleasure at a small fraction of the original cost. The Popular Library reprints bring you word-for-word, page-for-page books of proved popularity in durable reprints. Take your choice of the titles listed below.

ONLY  
**25¢**  
EACH

- EVERY ONE A FULL-SIZED VOLUME!
- EVERY ONE A FAMOUS BEST SELLER!
- EVERY ONE ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED AT \$2 OR MORE PER COPY!

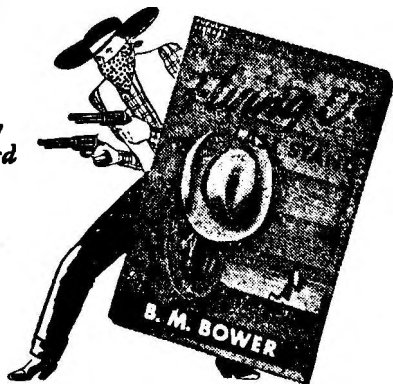


## POPULAR LIBRARY *Mysteries*

- 63 SING A SONG OF HOMICIDE by James R. Langham
- 65 THE WOMAN IN THE PICTURE by John August
- 67 MURDER ON THE YACHT by Rufus King
- 69 THE LISTENING HOUSE by Mabel Seeley
- 87 FATAL DESCENT by John Rhode & Carter Dickson
- 97 A VARIETY OF WEAPONS by Rufus King
- 98 DIVIDEND ON DEATH by Brett Halliday
- 111 BEDELIA by Vera Caspary
- 113 CRUCIBLE by Ben Ames Williams

## POPULAR LIBRARY *Westerns*

- 103 THE PHANTOM CANOE by William Byron Mowery
- 104 MESQUITE JENKINS, TUMBLEWEED by C. E. Mulford
- 114 RAMROD by Luke Short
- 118 THE FLYING U'S LAST STAND by B. M. Bower
- 119 FIREBRAND by Tom Gill
- 127 PARADISE TRAIL by William Byron Mowery
- 128 THE VOICE OF THE PACK by Edison Marshall
- 134 FIGHTING BLOOD by Gordon Young
- 135 LAW RIDES THE RANGE by Walt Coburn



## POPULAR LIBRARY *Specials*

- 91 THE SEA-HAWK by Rafael Sabatini
- 94 THE MORTAL STORM by Phyllis Bottome
- 102 DUEL IN THE SUN by Niven Busch
- 110 CONGO SONG by Stuart Cloete
- 132 SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE by Earl D. Biggers

POPULAR LIBRARY, INC., Dept. TFG-4  
10 East 40th St., New York 16, N. Y.

Send me postpaid the Popular Library books I have circled. I enclose 25c (in coin or in U. S. stamps of small denominations) per copy (NOTE: We pay postage on orders for 4 books or more. If ordering less than 4 books, please enclose 5c per book extra for postage.)

87	134	98	103	63	111	135	91
128	127	104	65	113	118	94	97
108	132	110	114	119	67	69	

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY & ZONE.....STATE.....

No C.O.D.'s please.

ORDER BY NUMBER  
**MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

# Now Any AUTO REPAIR JOB Can Be a "Push-Over" for You!

**IN LESS TIME—  
WITH LESS WORK—  
AND MORE PROFITS!**

MoToR's new AUTO REPAIR MANUAL shows you how to service and repair ANY part of ANY car! Now you can lick even the toughest jobs when you have this amazing Manual to make your work easier!

Every job on every car built since 1935 is explained as simply as A-B-C. Clear, illustrated instructions lead you step by step. NOW you can tackle ANY job from carburetor to rear end—and do it quick, easy, right, the FIRST time! Just look up make, model, and the job in the quick index of MoToR's AUTO REPAIR MANUAL—and go to work!

## ONLY Manual of Its Kind

No wonder this manual is used by the U. S. Army, Navy, trade and technical schools everywhere, and thousands of successful auto servicemen!

To make this great book possible, the engineer-editors of MoToR Magazine condensed all the meat from 150 official factory manuals for you. They dug out all the information you need; made sure every word is crystal-clear; and put "the whole works" into this one great, handy book!



## Same FREE 7-Day Offer Applies on MoToR's Truck Repair Manual

For mechanics, truck specialists, service stations, fleet owners. Covers EVERY job on EVERY truck made since 1936! 1400 pictures, 352 pages, 300,000 facts. Used by Armed Forces. Warranted to contain every essential fact you need to know. Strong binding, size 8 1/2 x 11.

Covers all types Gasoline Engines; Diesels and Hesselmanns. Fuel Systems, Governors, Lubrication Systems, Ignition Systems, Starters, Generators, Clutches, Transmissions, Axles, Torque Dividers, Transfer Cases, Brakes, Steering,

etc., etc.

Also services buses, farm and industrial tractors, con- tractor and road building equipment, stationary power machinery, etc. (on all parts described in Manual).

Offered on same FREE 7-Day examination as Auto Repair Manual. Check box in coupon at right.



Published by MoToR, The Leading Automotive Business Magazine. MoToR's manuals assure high standards of repair work.

MoToR's AUTO REPAIR MANUAL is a big book: 856 large pages, 8 1/2 x 11 inches, bound in sturdy covers. Nearly 200,000 service, repair, adjustments, replacement, tune-up facts on every car built from 1935 through 1946!

## Over 1,000 Pictures!

More than 1,000 cutaway photos, diagrams, drawings, charts, SHOW you what the clear text TELLS you! No wonder thousands of men call this amazing book their Auto Repair "Bible"! No wonder it will save YOU countless hours of work—and help you make MORE MONEY from auto repair!

See for yourself—without cost!—what a work-saver, time-saver, and "life-saver" MoToR's AUTO REPAIR MANUAL will be for you! TRY it FREE—for 7 days. Learn first-hand how it can pay for itself the first few times you use it!



Just mail coupon below—without money! When the postman brings your book, examine it thoroughly. Make it show you what it's got! Unless you agree this is the greatest time-saver and work-saver you've ever seen—return book in 7 days and pay nothing. Mail coupon today. Address: MoToR Book Department, Desk 64D, 572 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

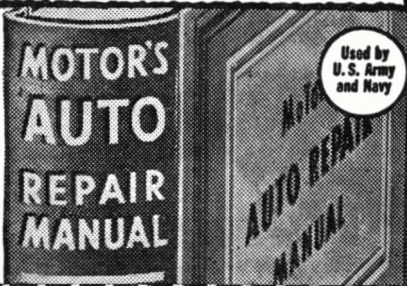


## Clear, Pictured Facts on Every Job on Every Car Built Since 1935!

Nearly 200,000 service and repair facts on all these makes:

American	Crosley	La Salle	Packard
Bantam	De Soto	Lincoln	Pierce
Auburn	Dodge	Lincoln	Arrow
Austin	Ford	Zephyr	Plymouth
Bulk	Graham	Mercury	Pontiac
Cadillac	Hudson	Nash	Reo
Chevrolet	Hupmobile	Oldsmobile	Studebaker
Chrysler	Lafayette	Overland	Terraplane
Cord			Willys

856 big pages; including 50 pages of carburetor text, charts, illustrations covering all models. Over 500 charts, tables: Tune-up Chart; Valve Measurements; Compression Pressure; Torque Wrench Reading; Starting Motor; Engine Clearances; Generator; Clutch & Brake Specifications; Front End Measurements, etc.; Engines; Electric, Fuel, Cooling, Lubricating Systems; Transmissions; Universals; Front Ends; Wheels; Rear Ends, etc.



## MoToR Book Dept., Desk 64D, 572 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22

Rush to me at once: (Check box opposite book you want)

MoToR's AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. If O.K. I will remit \$1 in 7 days, plus 35c delivery charge, \$2 monthly for 2 months and a final payment of 95c one month after that. Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$8 cash with order.)

MoToR's TRUCK REPAIR MANUAL. (Described at left.) If O.K. I will remit \$2 in 7 days, and \$2 monthly for 3 months, plus 35c delivery charge with final payment. Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$10 cash with order.)

Print Name..... Age.....

Print Address..... Zone No.....

City..... (if any).....

State..... Occupation.....

Check box and SAVE 35c delivery charge by enclosing WITH COUPON entire payment of \$5.95 for Auto Repair Manual (or \$8.00 for Truck Repair Manual). Same 7-day return refund privilege applies.



**"Bet they'll want a retake of this scene!"**

We can picture *you* sipping your first Calvert and soda—  
then switching to Calvert for keeps, too! For Calvert's  
greater blending experience has produced a whiskey of  
*milder* qualities—a whiskey that's lighter, mellower, smoother.



86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.