

Shooting Stars



At left: Bennie Friedman of the big head, Michigan's bull's-eye ace

By GRANTLAND RICE

NOW and then there arise great stars whose prowess on the grid-iron makes them symbols of all that is best in the football of their day.

Willie Heston of Michigan, 1901-'04, was such a symbol. He was a symbol of the best in old football before the forward pass came into being. He represented almost the last word in the combined speed, power, weight, strength, and stamina needed to hurl his heavy body up and down a field.

Weighing close to 190 pounds and stockily built, he could run 50 yards faster than Archie Hahn, then national sprint champion. This meant that the Wolverine Flyer could start his 190 pounds at top speed and catapult through any barrier in the way.

Heston was the type old football demanded. In his four years of play he scored no less than 106 touchdowns.

But the new game demands different symbols of football eminence. It is for this reason that the names of Dooley and Friedman are picked: Eddie Dooley of Dartmouth and Benny Friedman of Michigan.

These two, with Oberlander, have demonstrated the possibilities of the forward pass when it is directed by a keen brain and an accurate arm. There have been other great passers, other great directing backs. But these two have been in the public eye, off and on, for some time, and they have also had the help of strong teams and keen coaching to carry out their plans.

They are not the only first-class quarterbacks of the year. One might mention Caulkins of Princeton, Bunnell of Yale, or various stars to be found from the Middle West on to the Pacific Coast. Nevertheless Dooley of Dartmouth and Friedman of Michigan are symbols of the modern attack that in years to come will expand still further in deception and skill.

The Samson Twins

EDDIE DOOLEY is one of the most unusual types in football. Weighing around 200 pounds, short in stature, he possesses tremendous physical strength. He was once offered a good salary to



Willie Heston, Mich., typical hero of the smash-and-run era

tour the country as a professional strong man, having performed certain incredible feats of sheer strength which even modern Sandows could not accomplish.

With all this he is as light on his feet as a young cat, and he happens to have a quick, keen brain and imagination. The fact that he has written and published a volume of serious verse, all along the imaginative side, is merely another detail which shows what kind of man he is.

Dooley has tremendous strength in his hands and wrists. He can throw a football a long way with deadly accuracy, largely because he has the art and need make no extra effort. It is

When it comes to putting wings on football, Dooley and Friedman are great. They have passed their way forward to glory

astonishing to see how far the Dartmouth star can peg the oval with a mere flip of his wrist. In a forward-pass competition he hit spaced targets down the field at 72 and 74 yards, which gives some idea of his range.

Strangely enough, Benny Friedman's first ambition was to be a professional strong man. Friedman, like Dooley, has great strength of hand and wrist. He is taller than Dooley, weighs 170 pounds, and like Dooley he has unusually strong legs.

Friedman is one of the most accurate passers that ever flipped a football to an end or back. He hasn't Dooley's range, but he can throw any distance the Michigan passing game ever demands, and he can throw the ball into a tin bucket.

The Michigan star has a great football head, with more than his share of poise, coolness and judgment. He knows the right play to make and he knows how to make it.

In one big game, when something went wrong with a Michigan pass and the designated receiver was too well covered, Friedman in a half second's flash coolly called out the name of another eligible receiver who had been sent down as a decoy and whipped the ball to this player for a touchdown.

There are not many young quarterbacks who can see a designated play broken up and then suddenly switch to another plan.

Friedman is also a good ball carrier and a fine field-goal kicker, in addition to being a strong defensive star. But the main point about Dooley and Friedman is that they are forward-passing types who, with fast ends and backs to work with, may at any time wreck a first-class team by some lop-sided score.

Neither is a fast, elusive back of the Grange or Mahan order. Their deadliness lies in the overhead game.

For example, a passing attack of this order helped Dartmouth to run up 62 points on a strong Cornell team last fall and it helped Michigan pile up 54 points against the Navy. Here was a case of two standard teams being completely demoralized by the passing game raised to a level that was never dreamed of ten years ago.

It so happens that Dooley has a great set of receivers in Lane, McPhail, Black and Fusoni, among others, to work with. And it so happens that Friedman has an Oosterbaan and a Flora to shoot at down the field. An Oosterbaan is

a mighty help, a tall, powerful end who can catch a football at full speed as easily as Speaker can pull down a simple fly.

It also happens that in Jess Hawley and Hurry-up Yost, Dooley and Friedman have two coaching directors who bank heavily on the passing game, who believe in it and who have spent much time in working out varied methods that go well with the running game. This is true of Zuppke, Wilce, Warner, Young, Jones, Roper and other coaches, of course, but not all of these have anything like a Dooley or a Friedman, an Oosterbaan or a Lane to work with.

It must be recognized that the forward pass is also a most uncertain weapon at times. There are days when it will score five touchdowns against the reserves, and there are other days when against the same team it will score nothing.

The point is that on certain days when the passing attack is working well it may chase an opponent almost as strong clear off the field and make the difference in scoring strength look far greater than it actually is.

If You're Good at Guessing

IT IS quite conceivable that on certain occasions the Dooley passing game or the Friedman passing game may not work to any great extent. Last year these attacks failed against Ohio State and against Brown. But it is seldom that any team can break up both the passing game and the running game where in addition to a Dooley or a Friedman there is also a strong running thrust to throw into action.

Illinois has a strong combination in Peters and Kassel. Princeton has one in Caulkins and Slagle. Pennsylvania has Murphy, Rogers and others. Ohio State has an exceptional artist in Marek, the powerfully built young back. There are many combinations on hand, but for all that Dooley and Friedman, from past records and from their earlier performances this autumn, still remain the symbols of the new game.

They have the plays, the receivers, the rare passing skill, the cool judgment, the confidence and the imagination needed to round out the complete repertory of an up-to-date offense that on most occasions will be almost impossible to stop.

This does not mean that the team which looks strongest will surely go through the season without defeat. The

strain of modern football, with its intricate system and its widespread publicity, is something terrific for a young man of 19 or 20. And a football team gets less than eighty hours of practice in an entire fall season!

There are not many coaches who happen to have a Dooley or a Friedman hanging around the campus—a star who can shoot a football straight to an end or back whirling down the field from 25 to 45 yards away. And there are but few other passers who can plant a football at this range in extended arms with such uncanny accuracy, game after game.

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"I don't feel no more like dying than you do," said Doc. "What else you got on that peculiar mind of yours?"

Dr. Lysander

"Live to do your duty," the hymn book says, and I sure done it"

By WALTER DAVENPORT

THE cool of the Nassauvian evening soothed Doc Lysander; it had been a hard day. He had comforted, if not exactly cured, the sick. He had eased and here and there banished pain. He had distributed among those unable to leave their beds many bottles of his wonder-working medicine—a variable admixture which might to-day be sea grape, sisal juice and whisky and to-morrow a boiling of peppergrass and tea leaves.

The Doc regarded his material remuneration for thus succoring the luckless: Two English shillings, two American dimes, one mess of sea bass, a dignified, albeit somewhat decrepit, coat which once hung from the shoulders of the governor—it would do for Liverpool Minus at funerals and other fête days—two baskets of the produce of the islands: pineapples, limes, coconuts, tamarinds, oranges, sapodillas, bananas, sour sops and avocados; six lumps of coral, charms against the encroachments of the evil one; bunch of dried sea fans, ill-smelling and no longer lovely; a brass compass, which might fetch a dollar on the docks; a straw hat made not so many years before by a hatter who boasted the express permission of His Majesty the King.

"Might be more and it might be less," soliloquized the Doc. "Might be better, and it might be worse. Got no use for them sea fans, and them coral charms are what you might call meaningless, but it don't pay to refuse nothing. Take

what they offer or else they don't feel right about it. And if they ain't feeling right in their minds they don't respond to treatment."

The Doc hung up the royal straw hat. Siloam Simpson, his cook, took the fish to the kitchen and salvaged the best of the fruit. The Doc slumped down in his wicker chair, his white luxuriant beard sweeping his chest: still a noble figure despite his sixty years—Michelangelo's Moses, sweat and dust soiled and clad in a hickory shirt, a pair of gray and not so clean flannel trousers belted with a broad sash of red silk, black cotton socks and canvas shoes. Still able, probably, to stun any other white man in the Bahamas with a slam of his raft of a hand, he had a clanging voice which suggested, when provoked, a right busy day in an iron foundry.

From Grant's Town, a figurative jump from Doc Lysander's cottage, came the sound of singing. The Doc

took a drink. The twilight was solemn. The Doc was blissful; his soul was at peace. The singing of Grant's Town was just nigger song to white Nassau; to Doc Lysander it was symphony. Sweetly it filled the old boy's large, hairy ears and trickled into his heart. Liverpool Minus, younger but physically as mighty as the Doc, came loping across the parade with news. He was naked from the hips up. In the dying light his black torso glistened and seemed to grow. He had the arms and shoulders which might have carried off the gates of Gaza. Let the Doc chide if he cared, Liverpool Minus would speak.

"At Guv'ment House, doctah boss," said Liverpool. "Mudd, de butlah, tell me they is sending fo' you. Oth' doctahs ask the gov-nuh is he gwine make you leave us. Mudd say gov-nuh 'gree make you go. Oth' doctahs say, boss, you ain't no doctah and ain't got no

right make medicine. Gov-nuh say 'tis so and you is got stop."

"I've been waiting for that," said Doc Lysander.

"Is you got go?" demanded Liverpool. "Ain't you a doctah? Us don't trus' no oth' medicine."

"Liverpool," sighed the Doc, "I sorter figured that you were fetching news by the cut of you, but you didn't. A year ago, when Blessing, the young Conch, came back from England with his college diploma and other important papers certifying that he was a doctor of medicine, I seen this here day approaching. Six months ago Applegate, another young Conch, returned to this his native home with some such papers, and he settled down to conquer the bodily ills of these Bahama Islands. That, Liverpool, made four of them—Blessing, Applegate, Dr. Wythe, who don't believe nothing that's been discovered since 1860, and Dr. Blagnall, who's had rheumatism for twenty years I know of and therefore ain't likely to inspire the suffering ones with confidence.

"So they say I ain't no doctor, hey? They say I gotta quit ministering to the colored folks in this here archipelago, hey? Liverpool Minus, are you listening to old Doc Lysander?"

"Doctah boss, I is listening."

"Well, maybe I'm leaving you and the colored folks of Grant's Town. Maybe I won't be here to succor the needy and drive distress from the