



By
Grantland Rice

Without disparaging the mentalities of some of our best athletes Mr. Rice explains why they keep right on fighting after having their skulls fractured. They simply hadn't sense enough, just then, to stay down

Dutiful but Numb

WHEN Jack Sharkey nailed Tommy Loughran between the eyes and Loughran got up at the count of five to fumble his way along the ropes asking Referee Magnolia to get him a chair, the episode seemed incredible to a big part of the crowd. Thousands of spectators figured that any cove able to get up and walk around ought to be able to keep on fighting, or at least to keep on trying. They overlooked the fact that a man can receive a certain type of head injury in boxing, football, baseball or other hard competition that will stop his entire mental system for the time being.

As far as one can see he may be unhurt and completely normal. He may be able to talk and walk. And yet he may not have any idea where he is or what it is all about. This is the fix that Loughran was in.

Two years ago Chick Meehan of New York University had a star quarter-back named Connor. He could run, pass, kick and handle a team up to any standard. About that time N. Y. U. met Colgate in a battle that ended 0-0.

"What was the matter with your passing game?" I asked Meehan the next day, N. Y. U. having depended almost entirely on a running game.

"That's one of the queerest things I've ever known in football," Chick replied. "I waited all through the first two periods for Connor to pass, but he didn't. During the intermission I asked him why he hadn't thrown the ball. He told me he was waiting to use passes in the last two periods. He talked as

rationally as anyone possibly could. "I kept waiting all through the next two periods for the pass attack to start. I saw members of the team go up and talk to him, only to have him drive them away. He was the best man on my team and I did not want to take him out. He was playing hard physical football. He was running and tackling and blocking beautifully but his headwork on calling plays was all off.

"After the game I talked to him again in the dressing-room and found that he knew nothing that had happened on the field. He thought men were in the game who were on the bench. He thought he had thrown a flock of passes. I had him examined and found he had received a concussion from a hard blow at the base of the brain and it was two days before he could get his head cleared. And even then he remembered nothing about the Colgate game."

Faking a Pass-Out

Aurelio Herrera, the Mexican, one of the stiffest punchers for his weight that ever lived, once caught Bat Nelson on the chin with a smashing right. Nelson landed on the back of his head and the lights went out. This was in the fifth round. He scrambled up and charged back in. But his mind was a total blank for the next five or six rounds. After the fight he was unable to remember anything that happened, where he was, whom he was fighting, or what he did until his head suddenly cleared fifteen or twenty minutes later and he knocked

Herrera out. He could tell you what happened through the first four rounds and the final round, but the rest of it was a total blank.

It was during a Crimson-Blue game a few years ago that Harvard's team doctor rushed on the field where Charley Buell lay, apparently knocked out.

Buell had just taken a Yale punt and run it back a good thirty yards to Yale's eleven-yard line. The Blue tackler who hit him put everything he had into the dive, and Buell lay stretched out as stiff as a log.

As Tom Thorp, the referee, came up, Buell opened one eye and winked. Then he closed his eyes again. The team doctor asked Buell what day it was, what team he was playing against and several other questions. Buell answered a few and finally told the doctor to go away and let him think. As it happened, the Harvard quarter-back could have gotten up at once, but he wanted to take his time in mapping out the next two or three plays to carry the ball across.

In just two plays Buell sent Owen over for a touchdown. The first was a fake forward pass and the next a crack at the line where Buell told Owen to wait until the lines locked and then dive over. They were not plays that a cracked or battered skull could have figured out.

Al Mamaux, once a big-league pitcher, was hit in the head by a thrown ball and from that moment his mind was a total blank. Yet for five innings he not only had all his allotment of speed and



curves, but his control was perfect. He held the opposing team to one hit while working in a mental fog.

"I have never had the slightest recollection of anything that happened," he said. "No one knew I had been hurt or dazed. All I know is what they told me later and the box score I saw next day. I read a full description of each inning I pitched but it might as well have been someone else in another state."

Knute Rockne of Notre Dame tells of one of his men who was hurt but who got up. Knute did not like the queer look in the boy's eyes. When Rockne started to take him out the player kicked.

"I never felt better in my life," he said. "I haven't even got a headache."

Knute Knows Best

Rockne had too hard a schedule to take any chances.

"What day is it?" he asked, "and what team are we playing?"

"It's Tuesday," the battered athlete answered, "and we're playing the Army."

The Notre Dame coach gently but firmly led his half-back off the field.

Few who saw it can ever forget the insane grin that came over Jess Willard's face when Dempsey dropped him with a punch that shattered his cheek bone. Willard at that moment was as crazy as a loon and yet something forced a queer-looking smile to his lips at the idea of a man sixty pounds lighter and six inches shorter spilling him with one wallop.

Willard, who had the stamina of two men, kept getting up mechanically, but he had no definite idea where he was.

It is Jimmy Bronson's contention that Tunney's brain had cleared completely at the count of four (the second count), because he followed instructions by watching his corner for the signal.

"Gene might have looked at any one of 80,000 people that night," says Bronson, "but he looked directly at me."

By this time, however, eight had been counted, which would have been close figuring if the referee had stopped at ten.

Wild Parties

By Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars

Curator, New York Zoological Garden

Playing the animal game is great sport—if you win. Years of experience with cagey creatures have made Dr. Ditmars a champion

I LOVE my fellowmen, but I get a lot more fun out of the animals I deal with.

For a quarter of a century it has been my task to capture, transport, feed, nurse, soothe, fight, guard and cajole various specimens of the animal kingdom. I have been on intimate terms with snakes, bears, apes, monkeys, elephants, jaguars, tigers, buffaloes, ostriches, giraffes, deer, kudus, hippos, wild horses, kiangs, rhinos, lions, cougars, leopards, kangaroos, emus, cassowaries, beasts of almost every sort and many other species.

The average wild animal has character, personality and conscience, pretty much like the average human being. He is temperamental, perverse, vicious, phlegmatic, diffident and deceitful as the case may be. Entertainment lies in discerning these traits and adroitly checkmating them. Only in this way can one gain the upper hand.

It's a sort of game. Where some men play golf, those of us at the New York Zoological Park play *animals*.

Usually we win. Once in a while we lose.

One morning the head elephant keeper was carried away with excitement when he found that his favorite charge had gained weight. Not waiting to return the elephant to its cage, he started for my office to tell me the glad tidings.

The elephant, a small one, patiently followed her keeper not only across the yard but also down the passageway which led to my office.

"Dora's doing fine, sir!" gayly cried the keeper as he entered. The next moment he gave a loud grunt and advanced rapidly toward me. Dora had come up behind and butted him out of the way. Never having been a stenographer, she probably was curious to find out what the inside of an office looked like.

Before we could stop her, Dora tried to enter. Her big black head got through the door all right, but her bulging body stuck. She tried to back off for a push.

To her consternation—and ours—she couldn't move. Instantly she raised her long black trunk and emitted a blast of sound that nearly deafened us.

As Dora struggled to free herself, trumpeting wildly, the whole wall threatened to cave in. That was bad enough. What concerned us more painfully was that we knew she would attack us the minute she was free. The elephant mind is childishly literal. She had come to visit me. She had been pinched in a trap. Therefore, I was to blame.

Taking Her Out of It

Through the window I could see other keepers, always on the alert for trouble, running to our assistance. I knew they would be on the job in a moment or two. Our immediate problem was therefore to calm Dora, first, to save the wall; and, second, to protect ourselves.

There was no dramatic climax to the incident, illuminating as it is of our problems. The keeper and I simply engaged in a loud fake dispute, pretending not to notice Dora. Almost at once she quieted down, distracted by what must have seemed a more important trouble than her own. The other keep-

A little inconvenient, perhaps, but still highly satisfactory. The baby giraffe spreads himself in the matter of the evening meal

A manicure for Maria assumes the aspect of a major operation and, due to the lady's skittishness, is not entirely unattended by its own peculiar risks and thrills



If it's a question of relative meanness, the insolent Mr. John J. Jaguar ranks right up at the top, and he wants it to be well understood



we knew he was a "bad" elephant little did we dream of the sinister passion for revenge that was boiling in his little brain.

In accordance with routine Thuman took Gunda out of the inner cage into his yard one afternoon for recreation. He walked beside the towering beast, holding by one hand to the wide, flapping ear and with the other hooking his elephant iron not ungently under Gunda's loose chin.

Just before Gunda

ers quickly removed the door from its hinges, extracted Dora and led her back to her own quarters, somewhat subdued by her first and last experience with "big business."

Not all elephants—or other animals, for that matter—are as easily susceptible to suggestion or as tractable as was Dora. There are criminals among animals just as there are among men.

We had a big Indian elephant named Gunda, with wicked eyes and a distinctly cunning look on his face. For no reason at all that I was conscious of, he hated me with a deep abiding hatred. He had other pet and violent aversions among those who worked about the place. His own keeper, an intelligent fellow named Thuman, he greatly feared. An angry shout from Thuman would send the huge Gunda cowering into a corner.

Gunda bided his time. And though

reached the door he gave a sharp sideways jerk of his head which knocked Thuman off his feet and sent the elephant hook spinning across the pavement. In an instant he flew for the helpless man with the cold fury of a deliberate murderer who at last has his victim at his mercy.

Gunda Takes the Warpath

One has to know the incredible recklessness of elephant anger to appreciate the dreadful predicament in which Thuman now found himself. Only for a second was he stunned by his fall. Before Gunda reached him he knew that his chance for escape from the small box-like room was very slight, especially so long as Gunda's mountainous bulk filled the only exit.

Gunda now set about dispatching his man in the ordinary elephant way. In

