

## Star of R. & Swing

*What has happened in the world? The most part of the world has changed, and the rest of the world is still the same. The rest of the world is still the same, and the rest of the world is still the same.*

By Kyle Crichton

THE trouble with all nice family games such as table tennis (ping-pong) is that just when the folks are getting good at pat-pat, a young man from the neighborhood comes in and starts hitting the ball as if he were shooting it from a trench mortar. There is still no law against having a table in the cellar and being just as terrible as you please, but if you start out in tournament play you'll find that the contestants are belaboring the little celluloid pellet with all the vigor of a man hacking a garter snake with a niblick. In short, very discouraging for the elderly people who had hoped that one game was to be left sacred.

The present United States champion is a young southpaw from New York named Abe Berenbaum. He won the title at Cleveland last year in a match lasting two hours and a half. The old way of playing table tennis was to stand up close and bunt it back as it came over. This is awful. The real players stand anywhere from five to ten feet away from the table and either drop the ball over the net with long chop shots or smash it a mile a minute toward the far opposite corners.

The experience of Mr. Robert V. Maleeny may be taken as typical. Mr. Maleeny works in Wall Street, which is located in New York City, and was of the opinion that table tennis was something slightly more masculine than tidly winks. From here on, Mr. Maleeny himself: "Somebody in the office dragged me up to see a national table tennis championship and I got there just in time to see Schussheim, the former champion, fall through a door twenty

feet away from the table. This seemed very inept of the gentleman and it was only later that I realized he had made a remarkable save. Still later I started playing the game and it was annoying and quite wearing to swing that paddle at balls which seemed to go past me like fireflies in the dark. I think I mean fireflies. I mean they just went on by while I waved."

### America Looks On

But table tennis is not a great triumph for America. The champions come from Hungary, with Viktor Barna so far ahead of all his rivals that there is little competition. Barna and his teammate Sandor Glancz were over here last season and mopped up on our boys. But the first eye-opener came in 1933 when the American champion, Mark Schussheim, went abroad to show them how the native stock was faring. Mr. Schussheim got the beating of his life. The crowning insult was when a woman player spotted him ten points (twenty-one is what wins a game) and licked the living by-heck out of him. When he got back he had things to tell his pals. They had been using the driving game before this but it was apparent that, compared with European standards, the American experts were in the primary stages.

"Gentlemen," began Mr. Schussheim in agonized tones and then broke down, overcome by the terrible thing that had happened to him. Conditions have been steadily getting better since.

To be strictly historical, table tennis started in India sometime before 1900.

Like most pastimes, it was the outcome of boredom. English officers, tired of tinkling their drinks on the veranda before dinner, made a ball out of a wad of assorted feathers packed tightly in a woven cloth cover and began batting it around with hollow vellum rackets. They stacked books across the library table to serve as a net and made indoor tennis of the thing. The imprint of that original emphasis was so lasting that the game was still being played in tennis terms (love-fifteen and all that nonsense) up until 1929.

In the early period, the game was all pat-pat, but because the old shuttlecock was heavy the players learned to drive it. This went on until the celluloid ball was generally adopted, necessitating a change in tactics. The next innovation was the bat, which up to that time had been a plain wooden paddle. It was in 1902 in London that a man named Good walked into an apothecary shop to get a headache powder and came away with the rubber mat on which the druggist counted out the change. He glued the rubber mat to the smooth wooden paddle and proceeded to make himself champion of England, spinning the ball past the old masters with the utmost aplomb. Since Mr. Good had hitherto had difficulty in beating anybody but his younger daughter, Margaret, it was immediately realized that he had discovered something excellent in the rubber-faced bat and it became standard equipment.

What makes Viktor Barna, the young Hungarian, the best player in the world is his amazing accuracy, but, even more, his generalship. He plays almost entirely off his backhand and is the

possessor of a shot, the flick shot, which is so devastating that all the stars in America are giving their spare moments to perfecting it. Barna maneuvers his opponent around the table until he has him completely out of position. It is simple then to turn an angled shot in the opposite direction. But the flick shot is something else. It is a shot which makes a monkey of the chop shot, which has become such a favorite among American players and such a bore to all spectators.

When they chop at Barna, he gives them the flick. It is a backhand which takes the chop on the rise before it has time to twist and pokes it back at the sender so sharply that he looks silly when it passes him. Because it gets the chop before it breaks, the flick has both the advantage of the original twist and the speed Barna gives it.

### The Champ of Champs

Barna's accuracy is so uncanny that he can place shots all around a dime placed on the other side of the net and finally hit it squarely when he is tired of the trick. Sol Schiff, red-headed southpaw who was American champion in 1934, made the mistake of becoming a trifle cocky in his match against Barna's teammate Glancz in New York last winter. When Barna got round to him he was in a competitive mood. He slaughtered Schiff. Barna's only defeat in three years was at the hands of Finberg of Latvia in London during the Swathling Cup matches last year. America, represented by Schiff and

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## The Chest

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when her husband had left for a yachting trip over the week end and the garden seemed a very Eden for the lovers, the maid came, quick-breathed, into the pavilion, to say that De Brindeville had suddenly returned to the villa. In that moment Lili knew that she had always counted on the chest.

"Quick, Raoul—hide in it!" she besought. She waved the maid back toward the house, then raised the lid. "Hide here!"

He hated the ignominy; his impulse was to face the husband, to tear his Lili from her prison and dash with her into the oblivion that such dashing would produce, but he could not refuse her agony of appeal. He would have hidden in hell rather than compromise her, so into the chest he went and she lowered the lid and turned the key and hid it in her dress. Then she started along the path to the house.

Her husband was not on it. In the villa she learned that he had gone into the garden, so back she went to the pavilion. It appeared untenanted save for that invisible occupant of the chest, but as she stood there, uncertain, she heard steps coming on the other path. Instantly she sank into a chair, picking up a book, from which she raised her eyes as carelessly as she could, when De Brindeville appeared.

She could not see that he looked either suspicious or unsuspecting. She said, "Marie said you were here. I went along the path, then came back."

COMPOSEDLY he kissed her hand. "A charming attention, my dear. I made a slight circle of the garden."

"But why did you return?" she inquired, because not to inquire would have been strange. "You were going on the yacht."

"So I was, my dear. But it was a stupid trip—since you have not the taste for yachting."

"But you are so fond of it."

"And so I am. But what matter if a little is lost so one does not lose the greater—the pleasure of your society?"

She smiled, but not with too much softness, for softness was not her way. He asked, "You are glad to see me back?"

"But of course." Her smile deepened. It was not her way, either, to be aloof or difficult; she was always pliant and pleasant.

"With me," he observed, almost apologetically, "your society has become a passion, and when one has not many years left why deprive oneself of the truest joy? Youth can wait—youth has an infinite expectancy—but when one is old one does not deny oneself a moment."

"You are a philosopher," she said.

"Something of one," he acknowledged negligently. "But I am original. I arrange—that my system shall come to pass."

"What do you mean?"

"What should I mean? Have I not arranged our life together—this garden, this beauty? It did not come by itself. And our marriage—"

"That is true," she interrupted nervously. "You have done much."

"But have I done well? You love it here—this isolation? You are not lonely?"

"Lonely!" She managed a surprise. "Why should I be? You are seldom absent—"

"And when I am gone you have your thoughts of me—yes? You are not one with whom to be out of sight is to be out of mind?"

"You are never out of my mind," she said a little dryly.

"Nor out of your heart?"

"You are sentimental today, Rudolphe."

She tried to say it lightly but her lips were stiffening.

His eyes were on her, intent, speculative, full of an odd, lambent brightness. It was as though a light were shining through coffee-colored glass.

"I am always sentimental about you, Lili," he said very quietly. "I am an old man—with an old man's fancies. Perhaps an old man's distrust. I imagine things."

"Nothing wrong of me, I hope?" she said boldly.

HE MADE a mild gesture with his big hands. "Of you. Of everyone. The world whispers—it is full of whisperers. I may think they lie, but one needs reassurance. One needs the presence of the beloved, her words—I am waiting for your words, Lili."

"What words? What do you want me to tell you?"

"That you love me. That you love me alone. That you are incapable of deceiving me."

She lifted her chin and looked at him, her eyes a steady brightness under her

The key will be found. It can be opened any day."

His glance continued to dwell upon it, in slow speculation. Then he looked at her and she saw there was something very definite in his eyes. "I hate the thing," he said slowly. "Let us be rid of it."

"I will do so. Tomorrow."

"Today. It reminds me of things—it suggests too much. I know I am a fool with whims, but let us gratify them."

"By all means," she cried vivaciously. "But why bother about the poor chest now? We will have it taken away tomorrow. Now let us have some tea and a game of cards—"

"I am not in the mood. Something weighs upon me. I think it is the chest. Let us have it carried away."

"But where would you put it? It is all right there—until tomorrow. Forget the chest—"

"That is precisely what I cannot do, my little Lili." There was a change in



"You haven't any gasoline handy, have you?"

J. M. ANTHONY

long lashes. "I love you, Rudolphe. I love you alone. I am incapable of deceiving you."

She broke off into a laugh. "What nonsense! As if such a thing could enter my head! Or yours." She grew braver. "I dislike even the sound of the words."

"So do I. Let us forget them." He smiled easily. "It is the chest, I think, which put it into my mind," he said, and her heart stood still in her breast.

"That old Moorish chest with its horror of a history. The chest which the husband flung into the water. That chest for which you had a fancy. . . . I forget what you keep in it, my dear?"

A coil was tightening about her stilled heart. A cold, paralyzing coil like the tightening of a serpent. It was all that she could do to say briefly, "Books—"

"Let us open the thing and see how commodious it is."

Her freezing lips smiled. "Like the lady in the story, I have mislaid the key."

He glanced at the chest. "That lock is difficult to force."

"Oh, I would not have it touched! The wood is too lovely to have scratched.

his voice. "It disturbs me. Let us have done with it."

"What do you want done?" she said desperately.

"I should like to hurl it over the cliff. Into the water. To stay this time. A whim. But why not?"

HIS voice was confessedly amused. But his eyes never left her.

"Why not, indeed?" she said, laughing a little. She perceived that the end of everything was upon her and the extremity of her plight gave her courage. She must choose—if, indeed, she had a choice left.

"You consent, then?" His voice was curiously intent.

"Why not? If that is your whim. The chest was amusing—it seems a pity to destroy a thing of beauty—but if you have a notion to hurl chests over cliffs—!"

She laughed again, more easily. "How are you going to do it?"

"Orson," he called. The chauffeur, who must have been standing at a distance, waiting some call, approached. "Get the gardener, Orson, and bring him here."

They were silent till the two men came up. "I am tired of this chest," said De Brindeville. "You men take hold of it and heave it over the cliff."

"Into the water?" asked the gardener. "But naturally, imbecile. Where else is it to go?"

"It is heavy," said the gardener, grunting, as they lifted it.

"It is full of books," said De Brindeville.

The gardener and the chauffeur, puffing, put their muscles to the strain, and with the chest between them took the few necessary steps to the edge of the cliff. There they paused and cast their eyes back on the master as if waiting further word.

De Brindeville was sitting, his head thrust forward, a pleased, half-incredulous smile on his face, watching the woman. She sat, frozen, incapable of doing more than look down at the hands in her lap. Presently, in the pause, she understood that she must lift her head and look up, interestedly. She must even say something. So she said, lightly, "Silly!"

"What are you waiting for?" said her husband to the two men.

They heaved; they thrust; the chest toppled forward out of sight. They craned forward, looking down. "There she goes," said the gardener. The chauffeur whistled under his breath, rubbing his red hands. The chest had been heavy.

"That is all," said De Brindeville. They went away. He stretched back in his chair and looked again at the woman sitting so quietly opposite him.

"A bad dream, my Lili."

"I hope you feel better," she said, rallying. He must understand that she understood his suspicions and was amused.

"Women are marvelous!" he murmured. "One might expect you to cry out—you seemed to care so for the thing. But when it is your husband's will—not a word! Ah, I knew you would be like that. In fact, I wagered on it—I wagered you would not oppose me. The captain lost. . . . Are you convinced now, Captain?" he said, raising his voice.

FROM a niche, where a small faun was hidden by a mass of bougainvilleas, there stepped a most erect young figure. The Captain Barcourt came slowly forward and stood stiffly before them both. Lili kept herself from a cry. She stared at the face which would not turn to her.

"I met the captain as I came—he must have been shown in by one gate as I came in another," said the husband suavely. "And upon seeing the chest our conversation ran to your fancy for it, and I insisted that, despite that fancy, you would permit it to be thrown away at a word from me—without a protest. The captain did not believe in the existence of such wifely devotion. . . . I trust you are converted, Captain?"

The young man bowed a stiff bow from the waist. "Completely. . . . May I be permitted now to withdraw and not further interfere in the reunion of so devoted a wife and husband?"

"It is what I should have expected of your delicacy," said De Brindeville.

Lili looked after the young man. Her eyes, green as peridot, were intent with the understanding suddenly vouchsafed her. She knew now that her husband had reached the pavilion before her, that he possessed another key. . . .

For a moment her understanding faltered, so hard was the grip of the pain that held her. She had courage; she had told herself that she could bear the loss, could live on in a world in which Raoul was not—but how could she live on in a world in which he was but was not for her?





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Says GRAHAM McNAMEE

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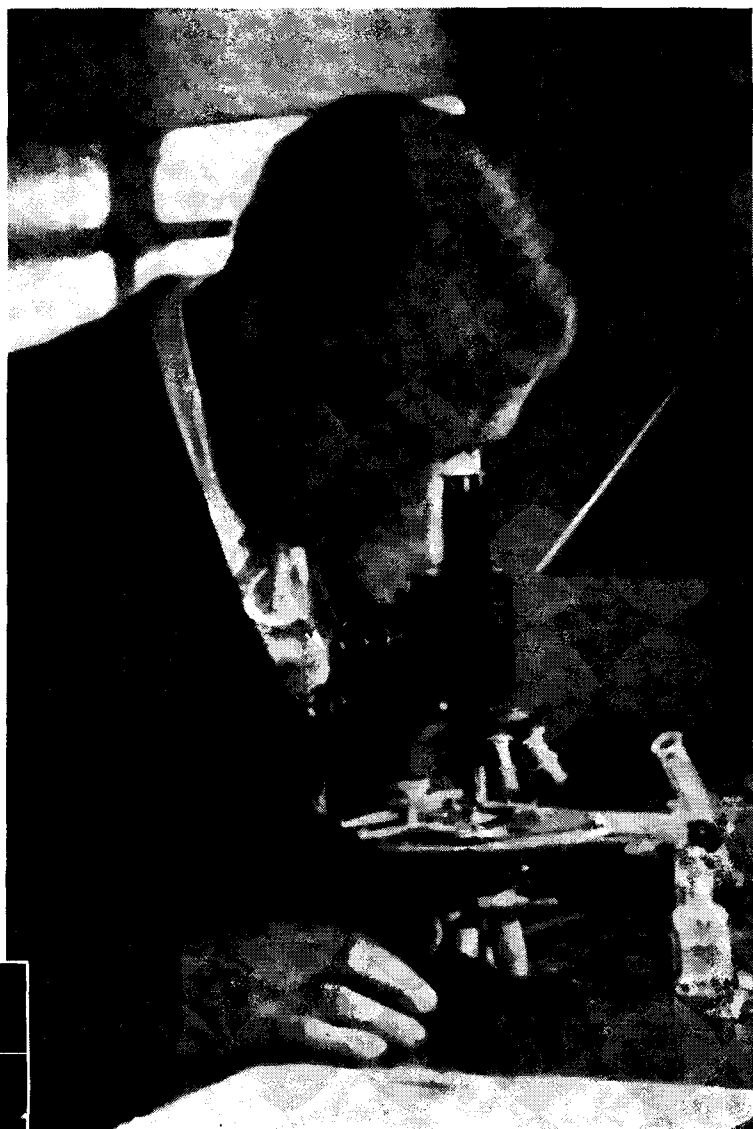
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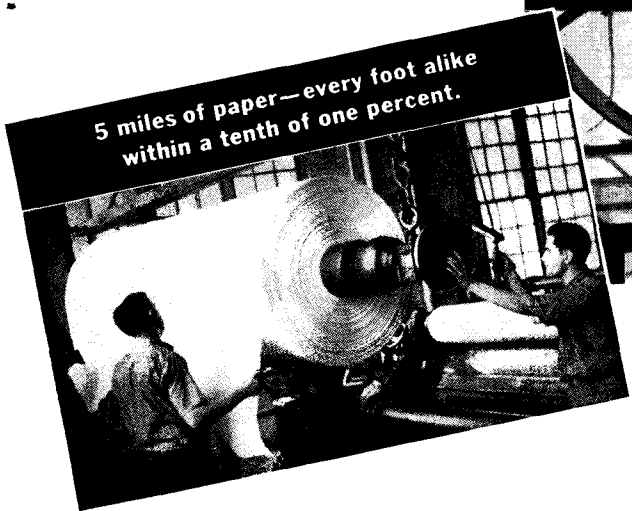
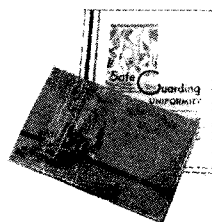
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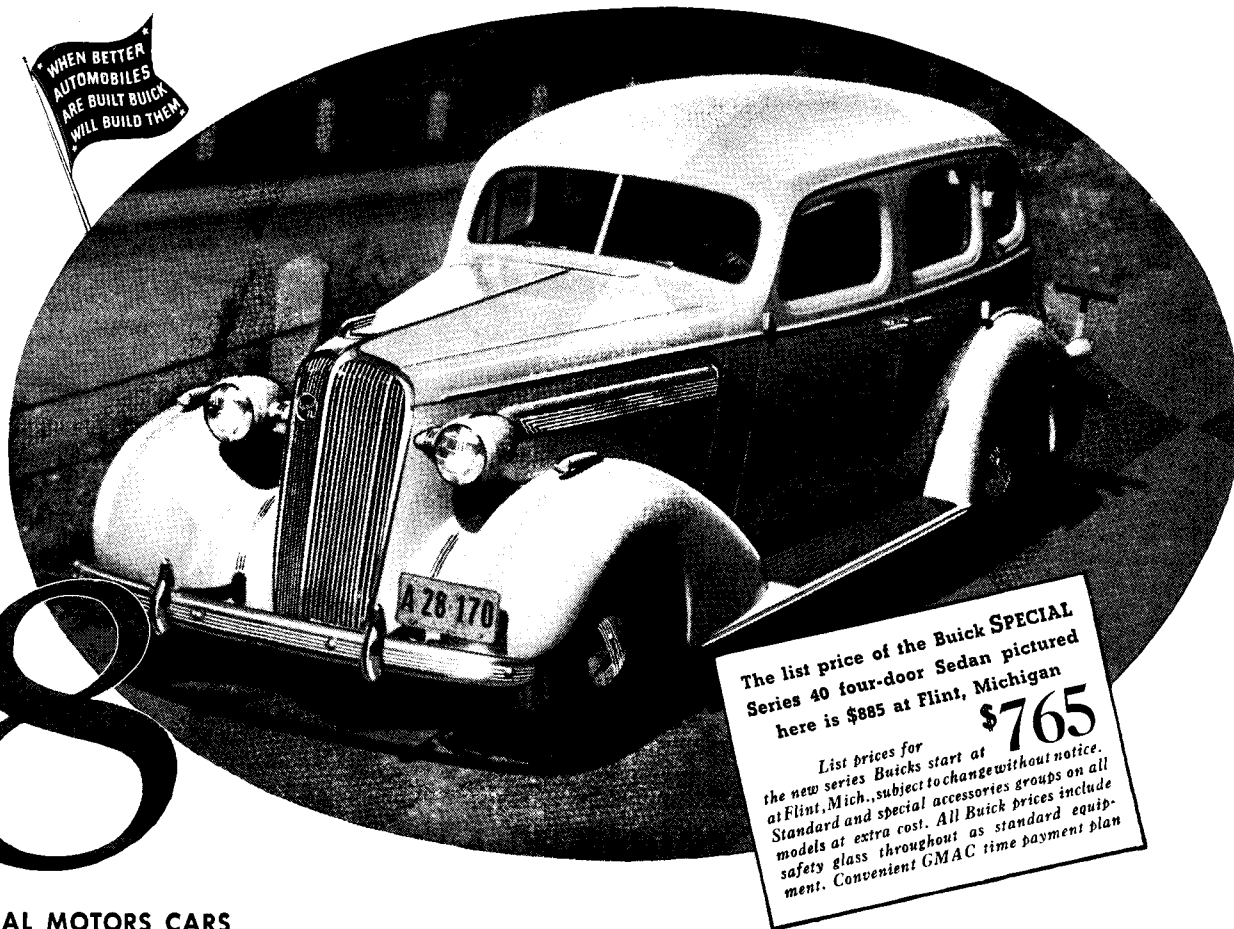
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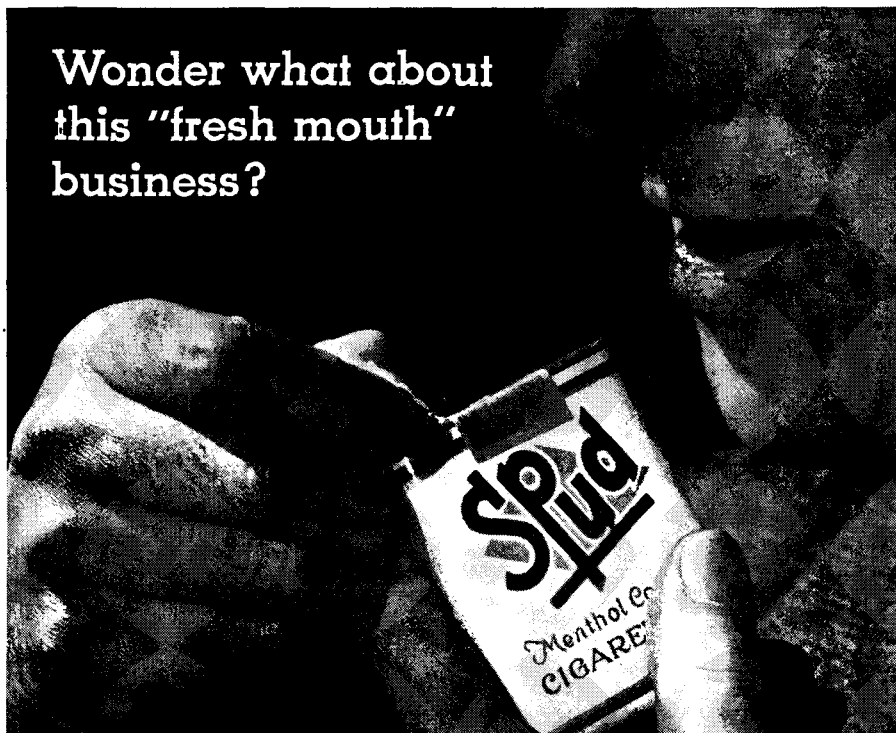
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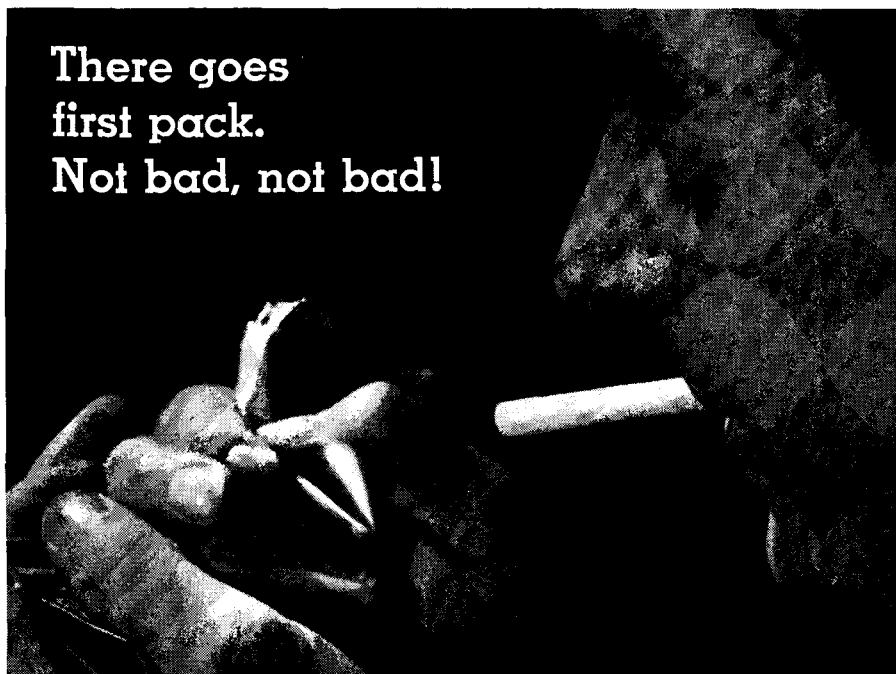
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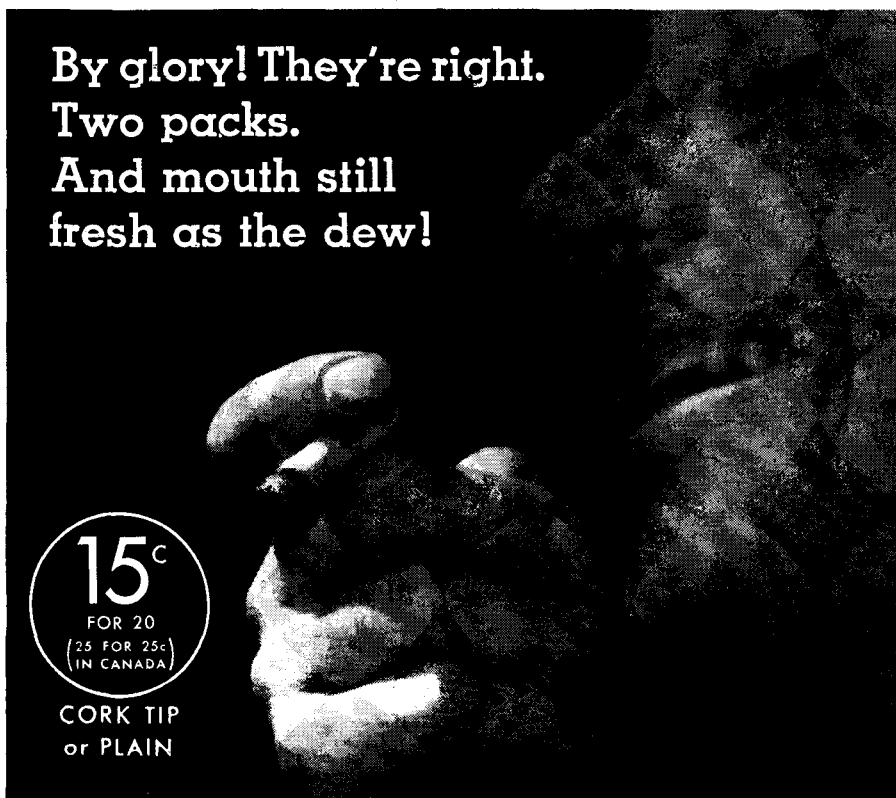
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## Stand Back and Swing

Continued from page 31

Jimmy McClure of Indianapolis, finished twelfth among eighteen nations.

McClure is the crowd pleaser among the better players. After a losing game or a particularly bad shot, he takes another roll in his trousers, the suggestion being that if he wasn't disturbed by the hang of the things he would be invincible. By the end of three losing sets, he looks as if he were playing in kilts.

The prima donna of the sport is Max Rushakoff, of Chicago, who has the same effect upon a table tennis audience as Leo Durocher has upon opposing baseball teams. It is Mr. Rushakoff's habit to stop in the middle of furious proceedings to run a comb leisurely through his locks or to untie his shoe laces and tie them up again in more compact fashion. After several repetitions of this, there is general agreement among the spectators that it would be pleasant if one of the drives by Mr. Rushakoff's opponent should knock Mr. Rushakoff through a twenty-story window, but nothing of the kind ever happens, because Mr. Rushakoff is very excellent at the game and invariably among the last eight at national tournaments.

### Competition Was Limited

The game started as a home amusement, with the ladies wearing bustles and huge coiffures suggesting the presence of rats, poking the ball demurely across the net at gentlemen garbed in gates-ajar collars and shiny shirt fronts. There were spurts of the sport abroad in which it gained some general popularity but they were short-lived and up to 1920 the game in this country was confined to Y. M. C. A.'s and the homes of the genteel.

Cedric Major was accounted the best player in the country at that time. He was playing at the Brooklyn Casino and competition was limited. Among the players he defeated was George Whiteman of Boston, who felt so keenly about it that he looked around for a player capable of knocking Major off. Finally he found him and issued a challenge.

"I have a young man up here named Smith who can bat the ears off you," wrote Mr. Whiteman. "He can bat the ears off you to the tune of \$2,000, which we will post at any time you say the word, the match to be played wherever you like."

The match was played at the Cavenish Club in New York and the mysterious Mr. Smith, who turned out to be a young man from Princeton who was actually named Smith, did just that very thing to Mr. Major. It was an event of some importance and it was felt that ping-pong (table tennis) was at last to have its chance. It began petering out again, however, almost immediately and it was not until 1929 that it took on any real tournament life.

This is as good a time as any to clear up the matter of ping-pong vs. table tennis, which fight was carried on for years. Since ping-pong was the trade-marked name of the equipment, it was felt by various elements that the game could never progress while it restricted itself in that manner. As a result there were a Ping-pong Association and a Table Tennis Association in all parts of the world. Table tennis won the battle earlier in Europe and has now won it in this country.

The most startling development after Mr. Good's discovery of the rubber mat was the trick serves, which began in Chicago about five years ago and threat-

ened to drive everybody insane. Whether they were discovered by Bill Condy is a matter of dispute, but it is certain that he brought them to their highest state of development. The trick—or finger—services consisted in flipping the ball onto the bat with a twist of the fingers and thence onto the table and over the net. If done properly, the ball on reaching the opponent's court would either skitter off at an abrupt angle, pop back over the net or crawl up the gentleman's arm.

The Table Tennis Association barred trick serves from the start but they created havoc in the National Ping-pong tournaments.

"The fellow who got the last five serves (they come in groups of five) had you on the hip," says Sidney Bidell, who was a ping-ponger and is now a valiant table tennis player. "He'd simply twirl that thing over at you and you might as well hang your paddle up on a nail in the dressing-room. There wasn't any chance of returning the ball at all."

Women players in America are dominated by Ruth Hughes Aarons, who occupies the same position as was formerly held in tennis by Helen Wills Moody. She has never lost a tournament match and is considered by the visiting Hungarian to belong among the best five women players in the world.

New York has the largest number of ranking players but St. Louis is a close second, with Schlude, Richard Tindall, Robert Blattner ranked among the first ten in the country, with Price and Nix close up.

George Hendry, the thirteen-year-old St. Louis sensation, is national boys' champion and high hopes are held for his future.

What the future will be depends upon the type of game played. In the international tournament last year in London, Haguenauer, French champion, and Kohn, Austrian champion, rallied for twenty minutes for one point, the ball crossing the net 1,590 times. In an earlier rally the ball crossed the net 950 times. They consumed two hours' time and the patience of everybody in that section of England. "Needless to say," commented the London Mail, with typical British reticence, "table tennis would be dead in a week if such long rallies were frequent."

### Schiff, the Smasher

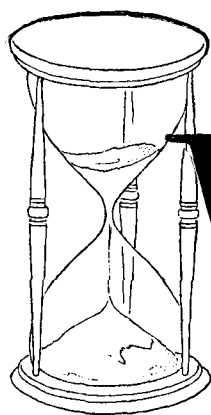
The American defensive style, using the monotonous chop shot, is almost as deadly and it was a godsend when Barna came along with his flick shot and massacred the local boys. Schiff, the skinny southpaw, is a smasher and one of the most interesting players to watch. He monkeys around a while until he gets one he likes and then kills it, bringing his left hand around with a terrific wallop and denting the far corners as accurately as if he were shooting with a rifle.

Table tennis fans are always gratified at hearing about the middleweight boxing champion who took up ping-pong for exercise, played a hard five-set match in the finals of a local tournament and then declared he was through with the game.

"Well, it's about time," cried his manager. "What do you want to fool around with a sissy game like that for?"

"Sissy," said the fighter with his last breath. "Listen, do you want to carry me back to the dressing-room or should I die right here at your feet?"





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**S**URE—we're old-fashioned. We admit it. In fact, we're proud of it. And we believe the millions who like our whiskey are glad of it, too.

For we're old-fashioned for a very good reason. You see, we've been in business for a long, long time—through four straight generations.

During that time we've experimented with about every distilling and ageing method known to man. In our laboratory—the first ever established by an American distiller—we've put countless schemes and short-cuts to the acid test. And we've always come back to this basic belief: —*To make fine old-fashioned American whiskey (and that's the only kind of*

*whiskey we're interested in), you've got to stick to the old ways of doing things. You've got to let Time and Nature take their course.*

That's why all our whiskey is distilled by the *old-fashioned method* of letting the grain ferment naturally. This takes one-third longer in time. And it takes nearly an extra pint of grain to produce every quart of liquor. But the whiskey that results is worth the extra cost—worth it in rich, full body, in mellow, hearty flavor.

When it comes to ageing the whiskey, we again stick to the only two things we know of that will produce the mellow softness and honey-smoothness that we feel sure whiskey-drinkers want. *Those two things are*

*charred oak barrels and summer heat.*

To let the charred oak work its magic better, we put our whiskey in half barrels, which nearly doubles the contact with the oak. And to give the liquor the full advantage of summer heat, we keep our warehouses at mid-July temperature every day in the year. *We make every season do the work of summer.*

That's why we urge you to compare any Frankfort whiskey with any other whiskey near it in price. We are confident of the result.

You will find Frankfort whiskeys—four of the most popular are listed below—on sale at all reputable liquor stores, and featured at the better hotels, restaurants and bars.

## Frankfort Distilleries

LOUISVILLE ★ BALTIMORE

Makers of these fine *American* whiskies

**FOUR  
ROSES**



**PAUL  
JONES**



**OLD OSCAR  
PEPPER**



**MATTINGLY  
& MOORE**

Compare it with any other whiskey of any age or price

Since 1865—the American whiskey for the American taste

An old-fashioned whiskey at an old-fashioned price

The highest quality whiskey ever sold at so low a price

[ ALL BLENDS OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—AND THAT MEANS ALL WHISKEY! ]





THE START: Medicine Hat, Alberta, January 12, 1935. Radiator of Test Car 3 is filled with solution of THERMO ROYAL to protect to 60° below zero as Weatherman Charles Pickering and Chief Constable James Taylor look on.



Radiator being padlocked by Chief Constable Taylor. (Key was mailed to Divisional Superintendent, Pan-American Airways, Mexico City.)



Test Car 3 bogs down in first snowdrift outside of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

ONE U. S. GALLON

**THERMO  
ROYAL**

THE 10,000 MILE

**ANTI-FREEZE**

10,000 MILE  
ANTI-FREEZE ROAD TEST  
CANADA to MEXICO IN ALL KINDS of WEATHER  
DIRECTION OF  
THE ADVENTURERS CLUB of CHICAGO

TEST CAR  
3

**\$1.40**  
PER  
GALLON

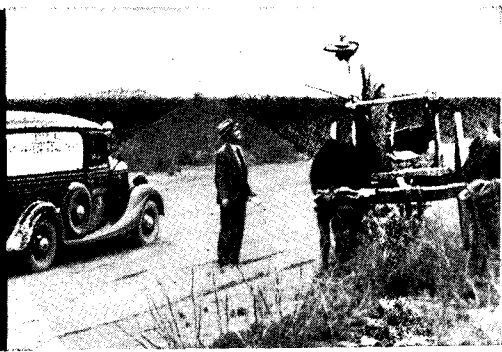
Slightly higher in Western States and Canada

In the back lands of Mexico. Roads are hard on car, men and radiator solution.

Asking the way. The Mexican says, "You just keep on going 'til you get there."

Pounding through the chilly night on a mountain road near San Luis Potosi.

A burro train pulls aside to let Test Car 3 wriggle by.



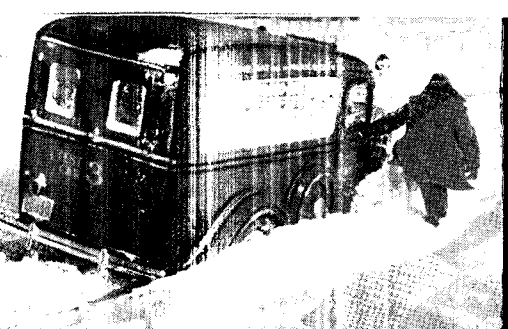




Members of the Test Crew looking for a better road to "colder weather".



They found it! The record low of the trip. But no trouble with THERMO ROYAL.



Test Car 3 snowbound overnight at 49° below. Still no trouble with radiator.



Bucking drifts for mile after mile. Chilly work with a snow shovel on a day like this.

IT WAS  
 54 BELOW  
 IN CANADA  
 but  
 the Radiator did not  
 FREEZE or

THAT'S the amazing stock car record made with THERMO ROYAL—the modern anti-freeze liquid for the modern automobile.

10,000 miles of the toughest kind of driving from Medicine Hat, Alberta, to Mexico City, D. F. One of the most grueling tests ever applied to ANY automotive product. And yet this new chemical triumph showed an operating loss of only 17 ounces.

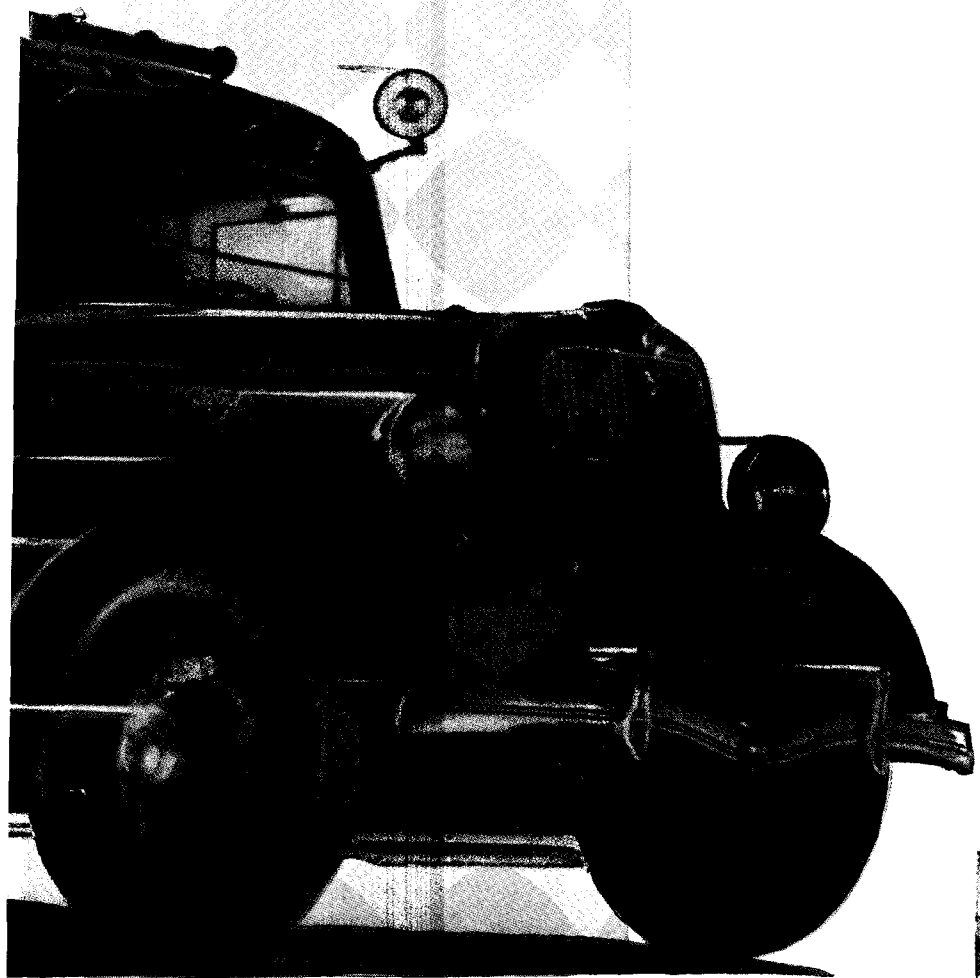
Try this remarkable anti-freeze liquid in *your* car. It has the easy-flowing characteristics of water itself. See how it "fits in" with the cool-running performance of the modern motor. Note how it stubbornly "stays put" under all driving conditions.

THERMO ROYAL contains no harmful salt, nor any other ingredients which attack motor metals, rubber or gaskets. Thus, its use requires no special attention to water pump, hose connections or packing. Guaranteed not to turn gummy or rancid. Prevents formation of rust; helps keep the cooling system operating at full efficiency at all times.

THERMO ROYAL is on sale at reputable local dealers everywhere. Offered to you on its honest merits. It is not claimed to "last forever". (We know of no anti-freeze that will.) But under the severest operating conditions THERMO ROYAL has proved itself to be one of the longest-lasting, greatest anti-freeze values ever offered to the motoring public. PUBLICKER, 260 SO. BROAD ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# THERMO ROYAL

THE 10,000 MILE ANTI-FREEZE



Over two miles high and still the THERMO ROYAL solution "stays put".

The hot spot of the trip! 102° above on the desert near Ciudad del Maiz.



THE FINISH: Mexico City, February 18, 1935. Division Superintendents D. J. Mallet and E. J. Kennebeck of Pan-American Airways unseal radiator with key received from Medicine Hat. Only 17 ounces lost in 10,000 miles of hard driving. Victory for THERMO ROYAL!







**THIS BATTERY STARTED  
A ZERO-COLD MOTOR  
*in 15 Seconds!\****

And if you own a Willard "110" you, too, can count on it to start *your* motor quickly *in any kind of weather*. Its cranking ability is exceptional. The records *prove* that.

But, in addition, the "110" has the tremendous *Reserve Capacity* so necessary to operate your radio, your heater, your cigarette lighter, and other accessories without the expense of frequent recharging. A *thrifty* battery to own.

It fits the popular makes of cars. Extremely reasonable in cost. Carries a two-year or 24,000 mile guarantee and adjustment policy in passenger car service. And any one of Willard's 42,000 dealers can install it for you.

\*In accurate laboratory tests the Willard "110" repeatedly started a standard eight cylinder motor — at zero — in the amazing time of 15 seconds.

**IF YOUR CAR WON'T START**  
call the nearest Willard Dealer. Look for this emblem in your 'phone book under Batteries.

**WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY**  
Cleveland • Los Angeles • Toronto, Canada

# Willard "110"



## They'd Rather Work

Continued from page 9

damn it, Hopkins, we've got to have this project for our community."

Talk about "heat." I've had it applied until I'm a rich biscuit-brown. But what other decision can be made? A small town may be in imperative need of a new school building, but if we have no unemployed on the relief rolls in that town, or if the man-year cost is abnormally high, then it simply does not fit into this program at this time. It is a decision that has nothing to do with the merits of the case, being based entirely on the fact that we've got a job to do, and mean to do it.

### Not a Political Asset

It gives me a laugh when I hear partisans declare that the President obtained the four billions for no other purpose than to buy the election, for I have said from the first that the appropriation was a political liability rather than an asset. Every community that gets nothing will nourish a sense of grievance, and those that get something will always feel that they should have had more.

Al Smith was all wrong when he said that "nobody wanted to shoot Santa Claus." What the old boy really needs is a bullet-proof vest.

Another source of attack is a fairly large group honest in the belief that there is no unemployment problem, and that if the federal government would only quit its policy of "pampering," all the "lazy riffraff" would go back to work. How I wish these people could see what I have seen, and hear what I have heard. One case that I can never forget is that of the half-grown boy who

was shot and killed while stealing milk for his baby sister. This was back in the days before FERA, when private charity was still on the job. Just a youngster who couldn't stand the whimperings of a hungry baby, and sneaked out in the morning to lift a bottle of milk from a neighborhood doorstep.

Another picture that will never leave my mind was that of some fifteen hundred people—evicted people, homeless people—sent to live in basements in a river bottom. I was about to give the name of the state and the governor, but I won't. High water made for constant dampness, and three hundred died miserably of various diseases. Every afternoon the gaunt survivors stood in line, often for hours, waiting for their one meal of the day. And what was it? A half loaf of bread and a cup of slumgullion served from big garbage cans transformed into soup containers. How can anybody think that human beings prefer this sort of horror to a job?

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, the wretched millions that we have kept from starving by baskets of groceries and dribbles of cash are neither organized nor articulate. They control no newspapers, they cannot get out daily statements to the press on costly stationery, and they are without clever, plausible spokesmen to present their case.

Just plain, everyday Americans—what office-seekers love to refer to as the bone and sinew of the nation—dazed and unhappy, but still fighting to keep their courage and pride, and all with a few exceptions, heartsick for the jobs that will restore them to independence and self-respect.

Philbert

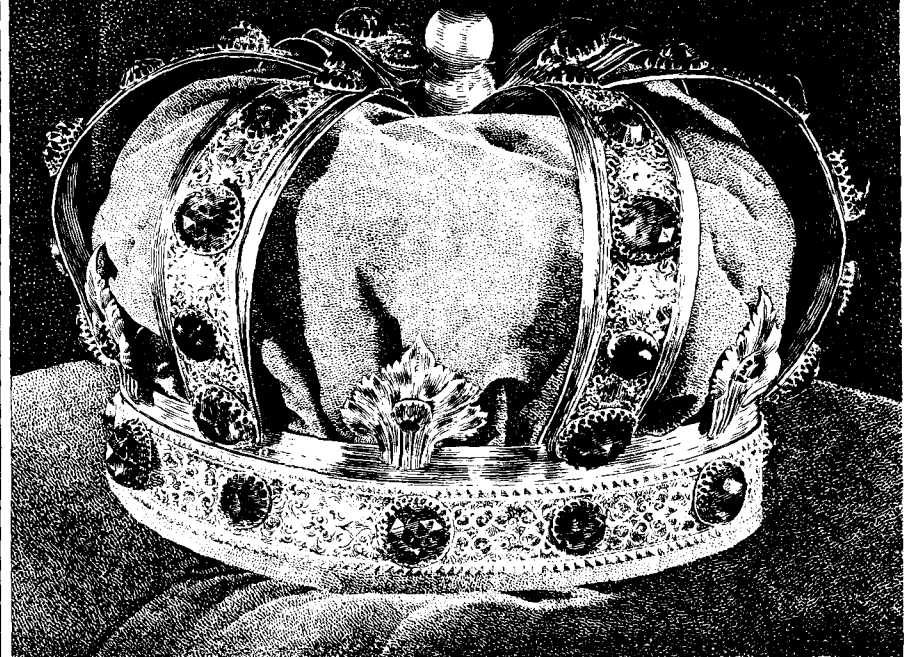
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"Philbert's gone into business! He's competing with the merry-go-round!"

## Seagram Rules the Kingdom of Good Taste



*Finer Taste* has placed Seagram's Crown Whiskies in a "Kingdom All Their Own" . . . It has made them America's Favorites . . . Crown Whiskies are made with Seagram's traditional skill in distilling and blending—gained through more than three generations of experience. And—to insure this taste—now, and for years to come—Seagram's holds in reserve a vast treasure—millions of gallons of rare whiskey.

*Say Seagram's and be Sure*



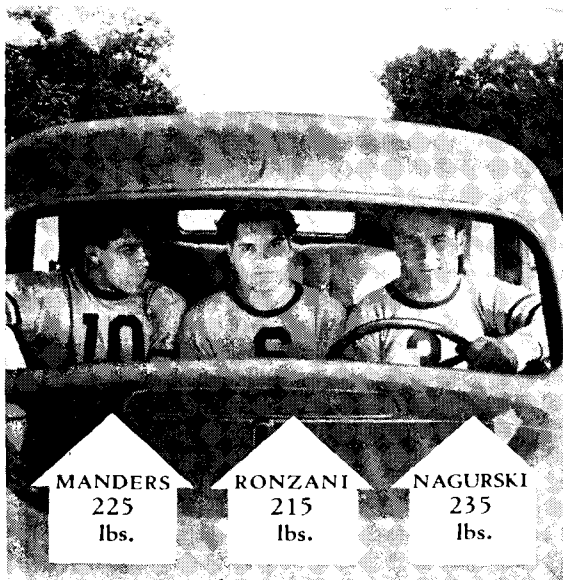
## Seagram's Crown Whiskies

*Blended for Taste with a Master's Touch*

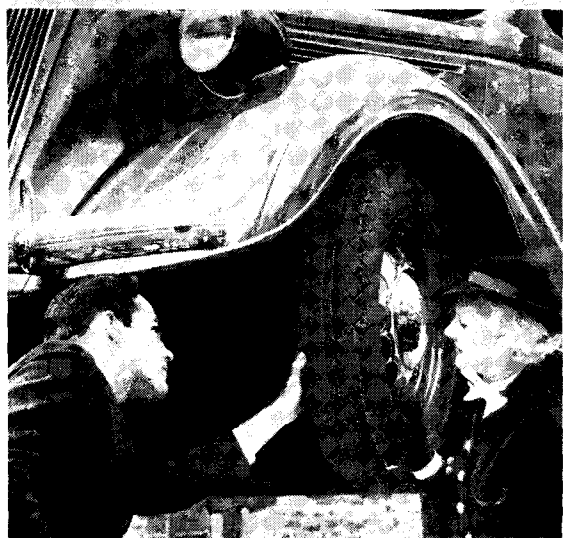
Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Executive Offices: New York



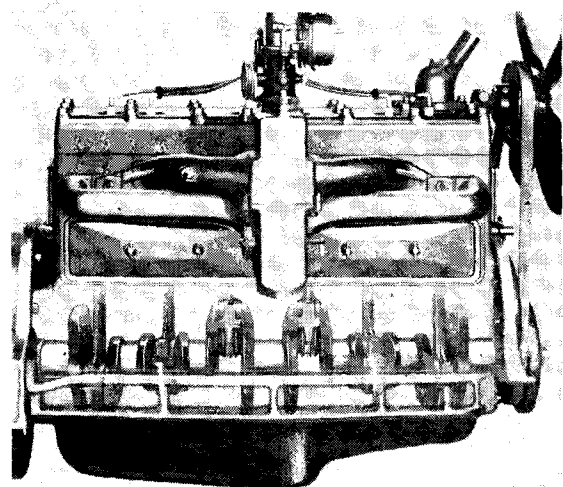
# SALES OF LAFAYETTE COMPARE IT WITH



**EVEN TWO OF THESE HUMAN PILE-DRIVERS**, from Chicago Bears' mammoth backfield, would fill any other low-priced car. LaFayette front seat is wider than cars costing 3 times as much!



**OVERSIZED HYDRAULIC BRAKES BIG ENOUGH TO STOP A TRUCK!** Hydraulic brakes as large as those on one of America's fastest-selling 1½ ton trucks. Safer . . . and so big they won't need relining for years.



**FINEST ENGINE EVER PUT IN A LOW-PRICED CAR** Only LaFayette and more expensive cars have such long-life engineering features as 7-bearing crankshafts and rifle-drilled connecting rods!

Sales double and triple in cities and towns across America as X-Ray System lets buyers see, with their own eyes, the amazing extra value and the higher-priced engineering in the 1936 LaFayette



**MORE HEADROOM THAN IN CARS COSTING OVER \$2,000** This picture shows you how MUCH more headroom you get in LaFayette! It's safer . . . more comfortable.



**WORLD'S FIRST COMPLETE SEAMLESS ONE-PIECE STEEL BODY** LaFayette and the New Nash "400" have a seamless all-steel top, steel floor and steel body with girder-steel frame! Safer . . . will stand up years longer.



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF SIX PASSENGER SEDAN

**ANNOUNCED** just 9 short weeks before this story went to press, the remarkable new 1936 LaFayette is already a sensational success! Even during an off-season period (August-September) sales have doubled and even tripled in cities and towns from coast to coast!

There's just one big reason for this instantaneous success of the 1936 LaFayette.

Without regard to present profits, Nash—one of the four financially-strongest manufacturers in the industry—is out to win a large share of the low-priced car business on value alone! And to do this *quickly*, we made LaFayette the first car . . . the **ONLY** car . . . in the lowest-price field with all of the vital engineering features of the highest-priced cars!

We didn't ask buyers to accept our claims that this was true. Instead, we developed the X-Ray System . . . so that

**ON DISPLAY AT ALL AUTO SHOWS . . . IMMEDIATE DELIVERY AT ALL DEALERS**

*The new* **1936**

A • P R O D U C T



# DOUBLE AS BUYERS OTHER LOW-PRICED CARS



OUT TO WIN AMERICA  
ON VALUE ALONE!

you could SEE with your own eyes the surprising, hidden differences INSIDE all cars, high-priced and low-priced. So that you could see that LaFayette has vital, long-life engineering features that manufacturers *leave out of their LOW-priced cars but always include in their HIGH-priced cars!*

## *The whole story in pictures!*

It's no longer necessary to wade through a mass of complicated figures and specifications to see exactly what you get for your money in a low-priced car. In fascinating pictures, fun to look at and easy to understand, the X-Ray shows you, beyond all doubt, that LaFayette is the ONE car in the lowest-price field that's built, powered and lubricated exactly like high-priced cars. That it's bound to last longer and run "sweeter" for 40,000 additional miles or more!

It will show you, too, LaFayette's SEAMLESS, one-piece,

all-steel body compared with bodies usually referred to as ALL-steel. LaFayette's oversized hydraulic brakes; super safe, and so big they won't need relining for years. And you will see, without taking measurements, that this is a great big SIX PASSENGER automobile. With a MUCH wider front seat than your present car's back seat! With more headroom than you'll find in cars costing over \$2,000! With a world of extra legroom!

Perhaps you don't *expect* all of these vital, big-car features in a low-priced car? But perhaps you've been expecting *too little* all along? The public—you car buyers—are the real winners in this fight Nash is waging for dominance in the lowest-price field. So see the new LaFayette in the nearest Nash-LaFayette showroom . . . before you put the same amount of money into any other car. The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

AUTO DEALERS BY THE HUNDREDS SWITCHING TO NASH-LAFAYETTE "OUT-TO-WIN-AMERICA" FRANCHISE!

Since the announcement of the Nash "Out-to-win-America" drive, hundreds of automobile dealers all over the country are switching to Nash-LaFayette. In addition to the sensational, new LaFayette in the *lowest-price* field, the new 1936 Nash "400" and Nash Ambassador Series offer dealers, beyond all doubt, the greatest automobile values in EVERY price field!

See these amazing new cars. Then decide whether you'd rather SELL them or sell AGAINST them.

# LAFAYETTE \$595

O F . T H E . N A S H . M O T O R S . C O M P A N Y

and up f. o. b. factory. Special equipment extra. All prices subject to change without notice. Convenient terms, new low rates through the Authorized Nash-C.I.T. Finance Plan.



# "Policyholder's interest comes first with THE Mutual Benefit"

**R.E. OLDS**



Pioneer automobile manufacturer and industrialist

MR. OLDS continues:

"It may sound conservative but your liberal treatment of policyholders makes your company most desirable, and you certainly have a wonderful record.

"I took out my first policy and later my limit with your company because I found that the policyholder's interest came first and because of The Mutual Benefit's far-sighted financial program."

Far-sighted. That's the key word. And far-sighted in the interests of the policyholder. Men who look ahead to the establishment of an estate, that will assure the spe-

cific purposes to which their lives have been dedicated, indorse and invest in Mutual Benefit protection.

Security first. Content to "make haste slowly," The Mutual Benefit has always frowned on superficially spectacular methods. No stockholders—this is a group of people banded together for mutual protection. Honor and fairness in the administration of claims. These are a few of the highlights in a 90-year record that includes a dividend for every single year.

Over a half-million policies reflect The Mutual Benefit's conception of life insurance as nothing less than an inviolable trust.



## Retired—and free from worry

He's all smiles today because, years before, he'd had the vision to realize that Father Time would overtake him somewhere along the road of life. A Mutual Benefit Retirement policy will bring you every month a check for \$50, \$100, \$200, when you're past the earning stage. Write for free booklet, "The Sufficient Years," that tells how men can retire at sixty-five without financial risk.

**The MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

302 BROADWAY, NEWARK, N. J.

1845 • LIBERAL CONTRACTS FOR NINETY YEARS • 1935



## Luck in Strange Places

Continued from page 19

he read the notices of The Informer. Then he knew what it was he had always been chasing, and he knew, too, that he had finally found it. It was a little thing called Success. And he was almost fifty when he caught up with it.

I sat with McLaglen in his dressing-room between scenes of a picture he was doing with Mae West. McLaglen took off the heavy blue sweater he'd been wearing and he lit a cigarette. He sat down and the sweat rolled down his body like quicksilver running down a rock. McLaglen has the kind of torso that sculptors dream about. He stretched out his right arm and the muscles under the skin rippled and the arm looked like a snake that has just swallowed a rabbit. I said, "How did you ever get that role in The Informer?"

McLaglen got up and walked to the window. "It's a hell of a long story," he said, "and it starts way back when I was fourteen. I ran away from home to enlist in the Army. If I hadn't done that I wouldn't have learned boxing from Chesty Wright. If my parents hadn't been afraid that I was going to be a prizefighter they wouldn't have sent me to Canada and then I wouldn't have met Jack Crow. If I hadn't met Crow I wouldn't have gone north to the mining fields and wrestled a man named Hume Duvel and later met Biddy Bishop, who managed me as a fighter. And if that hadn't happened I never would have fought a man named Townley. That was important because I. B. Davidson was in the audience and it was he who made a film actor out of me. So that's how I got the role in The Informer and if you want to hear the whole story sit down, though I warn you it's a hell of a long story."

He told me his story and it was the story of a Jeffery Farnol hero, a man who was born lucky and who found his luck in the oddest places. It is a story of a man who was always looking for the world which was just around the corner.

### On a Cold, Star-Speckled Night

The Bishop of Claremont and his gentle wife lived in Tunbridge Wells, which isn't far from London. There were eight boys and a girl and often the bishop would shake his head in bewilderment at the way those boys behaved. Forever fighting they were and how, he pondered, could he and his gentle wife have such pugnacious children. If Fred, the eldest, won the middleweight championship of his school, why Victor and Arthur would immediately start training to win lighter titles. Fred was their god. At seventeen Fred thought that boxing was the greatest thing in the world. The other brothers fell docilely into line.

One morning the family awoke to find Fred's bed empty. He had gone away to fight the Boers. His brothers were filled with speechless pride. Victor, in addition, felt a great loneliness. He and Fred had been inseparable. Victor, fourteen then, finished his school term automatically but his thoughts were with Fred, who had gone to fight the Boers. Then he conceived a bold plan. He, too, would fight the Boers. Sure he was only fourteen but he was big for his age and he could hit very well with a right hand. Not as well, of course, as he would hit later when he had to fight a man named Emil Shock in Aberdeen or the time he fought Jack Johnson in Vancouver, or the time he wrecked a poolroom in Port Arthur. But for a fourteen-year-old kid he knew

a lot of answers. And like every English child he knew the story of Dick Whittington and his cat, and of how Dick became Lord Mayor of London.

He didn't have a cat, but he had a dog, a dog named Binge. Binge wanted to go with him but Victor sternly told him to remain home. Then one cold, star-speckled night with a golden moon beckoning, Victor set out to find the world—the world that was just around the corner.

### Singing for Silver

Two days later he arrived in London and the day after that he said blithely, "Eighteen," when the recruiting officer asked him his age. He was now a member of the Life Guards and for many many months he would live in Knightsbridge Barracks and he would learn to drink his gallon of bitter on pay day and he would learn that boxing was more than merely throwing a right hand at a man and he would learn, too, to watch the mess sergeant, who had a habit of skimping on rations. He would learn of the glory of the Guards and would at all times be ready to fight anyone who challenged their greatness.

He sent home a telegram. It was the first of a long series which he would send home during the next twenty years. It said, "Have joined the Life Guards. All is well. Love, Victor."

Victor was fifteen—then sixteen, and Chesty Wright was teaching him to box. He could always fight—but now he was learning to lead with a left, to counter and to draw away from punches. He was getting quite good, too. In an argument over a plate of meat he knocked out Daggy Cooper and Cooper, until then, had been considered one of the best scrappers in the regiment.

The Informer? These are all steps which led McLaglen to Hollywood many years later. And besides this isn't the story of the picture. It's the story of a man who was born lucky and who found his luck in the oddest places.

The bishop and his gentle wife finally persuaded Victor to get out of the Army. The bishop suggested Canada. Victor wondered why he hadn't thought of that before. The world was never where you were. It was always just around the corner. If you wanted to see it you had to go after it. He went to Canada.

On the boat he met Jack Crow, an ex-Navy man, tough as a twenty-cent steak. A man who looked sardonically at life and who enjoyed kicking it around. Crow and young McLaglen formed a strange partnership. They would farm together and become rich in Canada. They did farm together for a while but they didn't become rich and they didn't enjoy it. They were wanderers born and wanderers make poor nursemaids to land.

They had fifteen dollars between them when they heard of a silver strike in North Cobalt. Blithely they started off but they got only as far as North Bay when their money ran out.

"We'll sing," Jack Crow said. "We'll sing in barrooms and you take up a collection and we'll do all right."

"I can't sing," McLaglen protested. "Neither can I, but these mugs won't know the difference," Jack said calmly. "And I'll tell the story of how I got my wounds."

"What wounds?" Vic asked and Jack took off his shirt. On his body were the marks of what looked to be a hundred knife gashes.

"The Chinese did it," Jack explained.



"They call it the death of a thousand cuts. Pirates captured me in the China Sea and tortured me. They wanted to know where a treasure was hidden but I wouldn't tell. They cut me to pieces. . . ."

The story made McLaglen's blood run cold. They sang for the men of North Bay and then Jack would take his shirt off and spin his yarn. McLaglen would walk among them taking up a collection. In three days they made five dollars. Jack took the five dollars, got into a poker game, made sixty-five dollars and the partners were rolling again. They rolled to the silver strike at Cobalt.

They worked hard but they couldn't get anywhere. One day Vic noticed that Jack wasn't feeling or looking well. He had a fever—complained of pains in his head.

"I want to confess something, Vic," he said. "That story of the Chinese torturing me was a lie. Those marks are burns I got in a fire when I was a kid."

Then Jack Crow died. McLaglen was alone in northern Canada nursing a dull ache in his heart, for he and Crow had been close. Lefebvre was a professional wrestler who made the rounds of the mining towns offering forty pounds to anyone who could throw him three out of five falls. McLaglen knew that he could fight. Anyone who could fight could wrestle, he argued. He'd throw this Lefebvre even though he'd never wrestled in his life. But he didn't throw Lefebvre. The wrestler threw him.

"You're no wrestler," Lefebvre told him. "You're a fighter. You could make money fighting. I'll give you a job though if you need one—painting handbills for me."

So the ex-soldier—ex-miner—ex-wrestler became a sign painter. Lefebvre's words about fighting kept ringing in his ears. He would leave Cobalt and go to Winnipeg. There he'd fight. He stopped off at Owen Sound to pick up some eating money. He got a job as railway stevedore. He worked hard, too, and now his frame filled out and the length of his chest deepened. His conscientious work attracted the attention of the railway bosses. They liked him and they called him into conference.

"We need a new chief of railroad police," they told him. "How would you like the job?"

It seemed soft and he took it. He cabled home:

"Appointed head Owen Sound Police. Love. Victor."

"Grand," the bishop thought and he immediately wrote to Victor telling him of the noble work the police did, of their importance in maintaining the forces of righteousness and of how proud the family was of him.

#### Back on the Trail

Officer McLaglen became a big shot in little Owen Sound. He broke up a fur-stealing gang and he enjoyed the respect of the community. But he wasn't a copper at heart. He liked to fight with his fists—not with summonses and court orders. He was on his way to Winnipeg to fight. This stop-off had only been for a week. Now it had stretched to months. The world was around the corner. He had to get along. So again he hit the trail for Winnipeg.

He stopped off at Port Arthur. There was a local champion fighter there who had about run out of opponents. He was a ring-wise veteran, a crafty boxer who knew the tricks—but whose legs were gone and whose eyes were beginning to dim. McLaglen knew he could beat him. It was really his first professional fight. He hired a local manager whose name was really Smith, and he signed up to fight the local champion.

They climbed into the ring and just

before the gong rang Smith said to Vic, "McLaglen, if you throw this fight it means four hundred dollars for us. The champion knows you can beat him. You're just passing through this town. Beat him and it means his livelihood is ruined. Let him beat you and you get four hundred dollars and you've done a fine thing."

McLaglen refused indignantly—at first. The fight went along with both sparring easily. The local champ was a mug for a right-hand punch. Vic could have put him away any time. But he held back. He couldn't feel vicious toward this man. Between rounds his manager kept it up: "Four hundred dollars, McLaglen. That's plenty of money. Losing this fight doesn't mean a thing to you."

#### When the Sabers Rattled

He convinced Vic. In the sixth round McLaglen caught a light jab on the chin and he went down. The crowd roared as the referee counted ten. McLaglen had fought his first and last crooked fight. They gave him the money in his dressing-room. His manager suggested that they celebrate. They did.

They were drinking in a barroom and a mild-faced stranger came up to McLaglen. "That was a rotten thing to do," he said. "To throw that fight like you did. You could knock that man out in a round. You'll never get anywhere in the game faking fights."

Smith threw a punch at the stranger. Soon the whole barroom was in a turmoil. People took sides and then the police arrived. McLaglen was hustled off to jail, charged with a dozen crimes from inciting a riot up. The stranger somehow had disappeared. In the morning they told Vic that someone had furnished bail for him. He walked out a free man—and the stranger was waiting for him.

He lectured Vic as a father would lecture a son. Told him that honesty was the only policy. He had Vic weeping and he made Vic promise never to do another dishonest thing.

"Drinking and carousing are all right for some," the mild-voiced stranger said. "But not for a fighting man. Now promise me, son, you'll behave and never throw a fight again."

"I promise," McLaglen said soberly and he meant it. Then he added:

"Goodbye, I'll be seeing you."

"I don't think you will," the stranger said—and he was gone.

Two days later the police came to see McLaglen. They wanted to know where the mysterious stranger was. Vic didn't know. Didn't even know who he was.

"I'll tell you," the sergeant said dryly. "He is a train robber who is wanted for murder. There's a reward of \$5,000 out for him."

McLaglen was shocked. The stranger had seemed so decent, so intent upon convincing Vic that a moral, decent life was the only life.

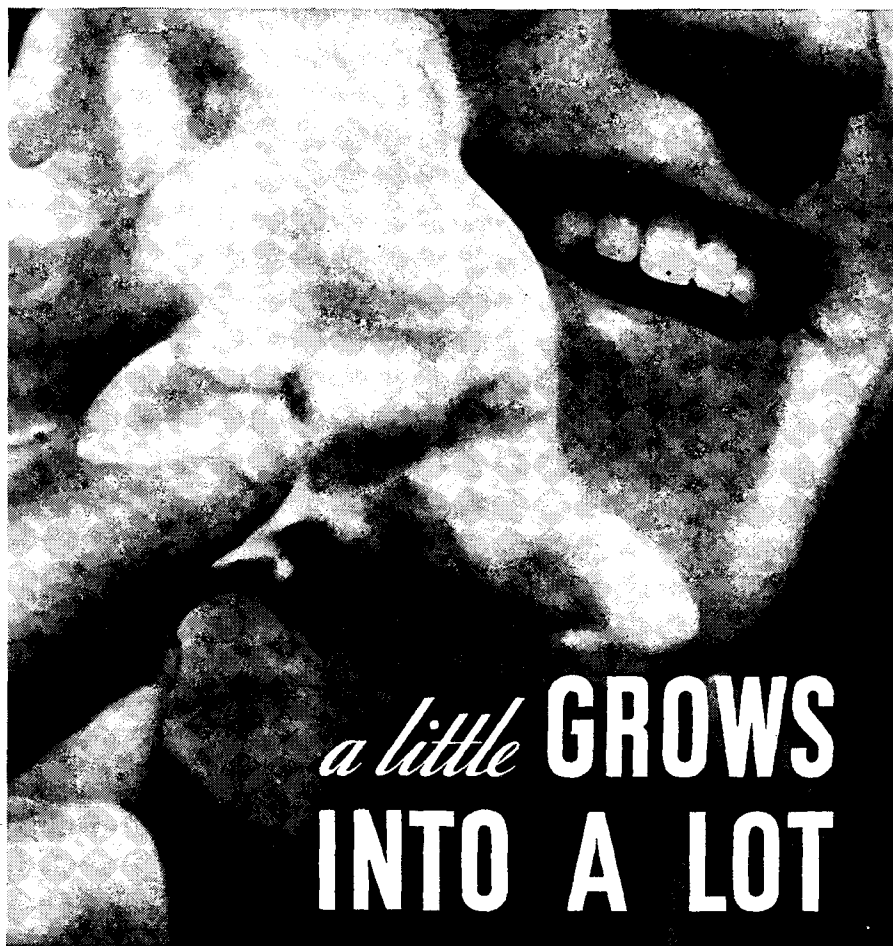
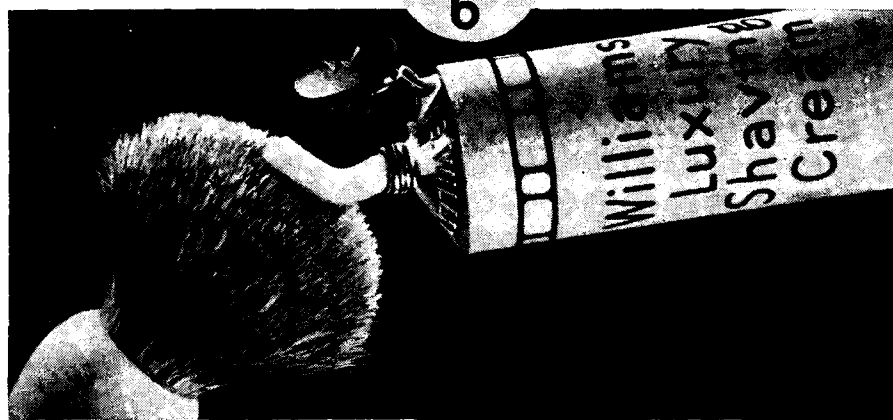
"It gave me something to think about," McLaglen said. "If a murderer thought that taking part in faked fights was a contemptible thing—a contemptible thing it must be. I resolved never again to touch the shady side of boxing. And I never did."

Vic left Port Arthur and went to Victoria. Here he grew up as a professional boxer. He became the local champion after beating Hume Duvel. He took his place and challenged all comers. There is no need to chronicle the events of the next year. He was the rolling stone always looking for the world that was just around the corner. Fights, brawls and poverty and sudden affluence were but incidents in his life.

He found himself in Seattle, Washington, and he met a man of whom he

(Continued on page 48)

NO. 6  
IN A SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS ON WILLIAMS



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That's why so *little* Williams cream billows up into so *much* rich, thick, moist lather . . . why your face feels so soft, supple, fit, after a Williams shave.

*And remember, after every shave, a dash of sparkling Aqua Velva.*

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**Williams**

*Shaving*

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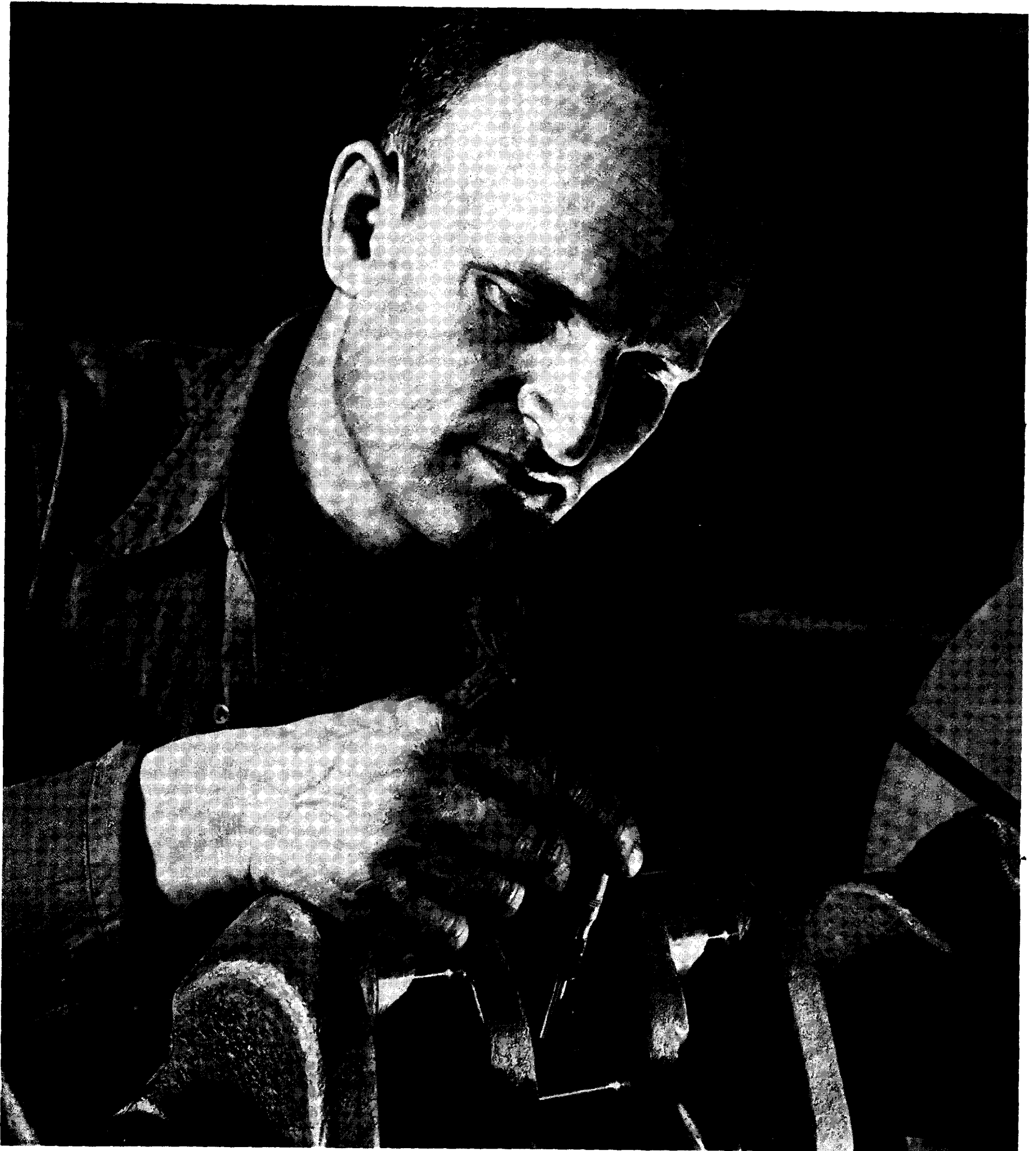


You can't lose this cap

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.—LaSalle, MONTREAL, Canada



# *Bob Miller will*





# *have a job this winter...*

and so will a million others like him, because of the automobile industry's courage and vision in departing from a 35-year-old tradition.

FOR 35 YEARS it has been a tradition of the automobile business to hold the annual Automobile Show in January.

This tradition started in the days when all cars were open cars and there was no winter driving. January was picked because manufacturers were not busy then and the public could have plenty of time to make up its mind before ordering in the spring.

Even after the closed car changed motoring to an all-the-year-round, all-weather service, the tradition of the January Show remained.

Result—factories working overtime in the spring . . . dealers clamoring for cars . . . sales lost through late deliveries . . . too much work for Bob Miller and his fellow workers in some months, not enough work the rest of the year.

This year the manufacturers had the courage to try an experiment. They have advanced the Automobile Show two

months, from January to November. If it works out, everybody should benefit . . . the manufacturers, the Bob Millers, the dealers, the workers in many allied industries like steel, glass, rubber, textiles, and last but not least—the public.

For it is obvious that if car sales can be spread out through the year, instead of being jammed into a few months in the spring, every buyer will have a wider choice of models and colors, and no one will need to wait for delivery.

The new models for the coming year are now on display. They are the finest cars the industry has ever produced. Consider the pleasure of driving a *new* car. Think of the money saved. No tires or batteries to buy. No repairs. No annoying

breakdowns or delays. And remember that all winter and all next year you will still have the satisfaction of driving the latest current yearly model.

Why is United States Steel so interested in this forward-looking move of the automobile companies? Simply this. Half the material in a motor car is steel. Twenty per cent of the country's entire steel output goes into automobiles. We are the world's largest producers of steel—making every kind of steel used in a car. When the automobile workers have steady jobs, the steel workers have steady jobs. When they prosper, we prosper. What is good for the automobile is good for steel. And what is good for steel, the basic industry, is good for the nation.

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OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY • SCULLY STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY  
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## UNITED STATES STEEL



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**"We'd just as soon go back to 'Town Crier Days' as do without Ediphone Voice Writing. It has increased our business capacity at least 30%!"**



(From Edison Records of the World's Business)

The President of an advertising agency writes—"Ediphones stand beside the desks of our account executives, giving each man complete dictation freedom. By this I mean that no one ever has to wait for secretarial service. At any hour—letters, telephone call confirmations, memos, plans, conference reports, etc., can be dictated. (Yes, advertising executives do a lot of work after 5 o'clock!)

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and, thanks to the ease of dictating to the Ediphone, none are lost.

"The Merchandising, Research, Media, Forwarding, Checking, Mechanical and Billing Departments use Ediphones, too. All work flows without duplication of effort.

"The total average increase in our business capacity amounts to at least 30%—thanks to the Ediphone!"

Your business is different... of course. But the Pro-technic Ediphone positively will increase your firm's business capacity 20% to 50%. Get the proof!

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## THE "5-POINT" DICTATING MACHINE

DUST-PROOF · DIGNIFIED DESIGN · SANITARY  
TAILORED IN STEEL · "BALANCED" VOICE WRITING

## Luck in Strange Places

Continued from page 45

still speaks with veneration: Biddy Bishop. Bishop was a sports writer and boxing czar of the northwest. He managed a string of boxers and he added Vic to his collection. "He was a great sports writer," McLaglen says. "When he wrote a story of a fight he was penning a harsh, vivid poem."

McLaglen beat Emil Shock, the champion of the northwest, and he beat Curley Carr, the man with the iron jaw, and he beat others and became one of the ten or twelve best heavyweights in the United States. Then he fought Champion Jack Johnson in a no-decision bout at Vancouver, B. C.

"I remember that Jack had a bright, innocent, childlike smile," McLaglen says, "and he wore bright blue trunks. We boxed six fast rounds and neither of us had a mark on us. He was the most gentlemanly opponent I ever faced. There was nothing savage about him. When he hit you he seemed to smile an apology. The greatest?—No, I think Jim Jeffries was the greatest of all fighters, but Johnson was very, very good."

The years went by and McLaglen kept on looking for something or other—always moving, never liking a place well enough to settle down.

Then the sabers rattled and the war drums rolled. He was in Cape Town when war was declared and he hurried to England, for he remembered that he was once a member of the Guards. His seven brothers were all there when he arrived. One had come from China, another from New York, a third from South America and a fourth, like himself, had come from Africa. They were an English family and their place was with England when danger threatened. The bishop must have been rather proud of his sons. All enlisted save the heart-broken Kenneth, who was too young.

Victor was made a captain in a Cheshire battalion and soon he was lurching down the Mediterranean in a troop ship bound for Mesopotamia.

In Bursa he was made head of the civil and military police and his job during most of the way was checking enemy espionage. When the British took Baghdad he was made Provost Marshal of the city. This was in the days when a man called Lawrence was organizing the Arabs. McLaglen learned Arabic and before the war was finished he had passed an interpreter's examination in the difficult language.

### "There's Nothing Else"

The war was over. London was an economic desert and officers who had marched to the war to the blaring of bands were now playing fiddles in the streets for pennies. McLaglen was thirty-three and he had already lived three men's lives. But what did he know? He knew only boxing—and he was thirty-three.

He managed to get a fight. It was with a second-rater named Townley, a man he could have smothered in a round five years before. Townley cut him to ribbons, smashed him from pillar to post. McLaglen lay on a table in his dressing-room suffering from his wounds but suffering, too, from the realization that he was all done. You can't stay away from boxing for five years and then come back. Even Jim Jeffries couldn't do that. What could McLaglen do? He lay there and for the first time in his life despair gripped him. He was all washed up—through at thirty-three.

I. R. Davidson, one of the leading British film producers, had seen the

fight. He came into the dressing-room. "McLaglen, you've tried everything else," he said, "how would you like to be a film actor?"

McLaglen laughed. "Don't be silly, man," he said.

Davidson explained that he was about to make a picture, *The Call of the Road*. He had searched and searched but couldn't find the rugged type that he wanted for his lead.

McLaglen thought for a while, then said wearily, "I'll try it. There's nothing else." That was in 1920.

It was only a matter of time when Hollywood would call. McLaglen was great in the rough, tough, swaggering parts he played and finally in 1924 Hollywood summoned him.

### Ready for Earthquakes and Fires

He worked in several pictures but didn't attract much attention until he played Captain Flagg in *What Price Glory*? Raoul Walsh directed that picture. McLaglen asked him for the part. "But you're English," Walsh objected. "The part calls for an American marine—a tough marine."

"My regiment in England was as tough as any marine regiment," McLaglen said. "Give me a test."

They gave him a test and he got the part. Of course he was terrific—an immediate success. Why, he'd been living the part of Captain Flagg all his life. He was immediately rushed into pictures in which he portrayed similar roles. The years went by. He was married now and well off. He bought a home for himself and bought saddle horses for his two children. And he indulged in a dream he had always had. He organized his own regiment—McLaglen's Light Horse.

"In case of a flood or an earthquake or any trouble," he says, "the authorities can call us out. We're always ready and I tell you I have the grandest troopers in the world."

But that has nothing to do with how he got his role in *The Informer*. Everything else in this story has. He was making the Lost Patrol with Jack Ford directing. Ford told him that he wanted to direct a picture called *The Informer*. "If I ever get the chance to do it, Vic," he said, "I want you for the lead."

He told McLaglen the story. It captured the imagination of this Englishman who so loves to play Irish roles.

So McLaglen dreamed of this—the perfect role—while they made him and Edmund Lowe play a dozen adaptations of *What Price Glory*? The public grew tired of this oft-told tale of the two bickering marines. A year ago McLaglen faced the ugly thought that he was through. His last picture had been a definite flop. No one wanted to sign him. He had been typed as a roughneck—the public had tired of the type.

He picked up a newspaper one day and saw an amazing announcement. The paper said that Jack Ford was to make a picture called *The Informer* and that Victor McLaglen would star in it. McLaglen drew a deep breath. Truly he was a man who was born lucky and who found his luck in odd places.

It isn't often that you meet a man who has worked hard and played hard and thrown his money across bars in strange cities and who has spent nights in the jails of mining towns and who has fought the greatest fighters in the world and who can talk Arabic. When you meet such a one it is nice to know that he's doing all right and still finding his luck in strange places.



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FAVORITE WINTER OIL



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Mobiloil Arctic stays on the job — lasts longer. Actual users of this winter oil report from 25% to 50% greater oil mileage.

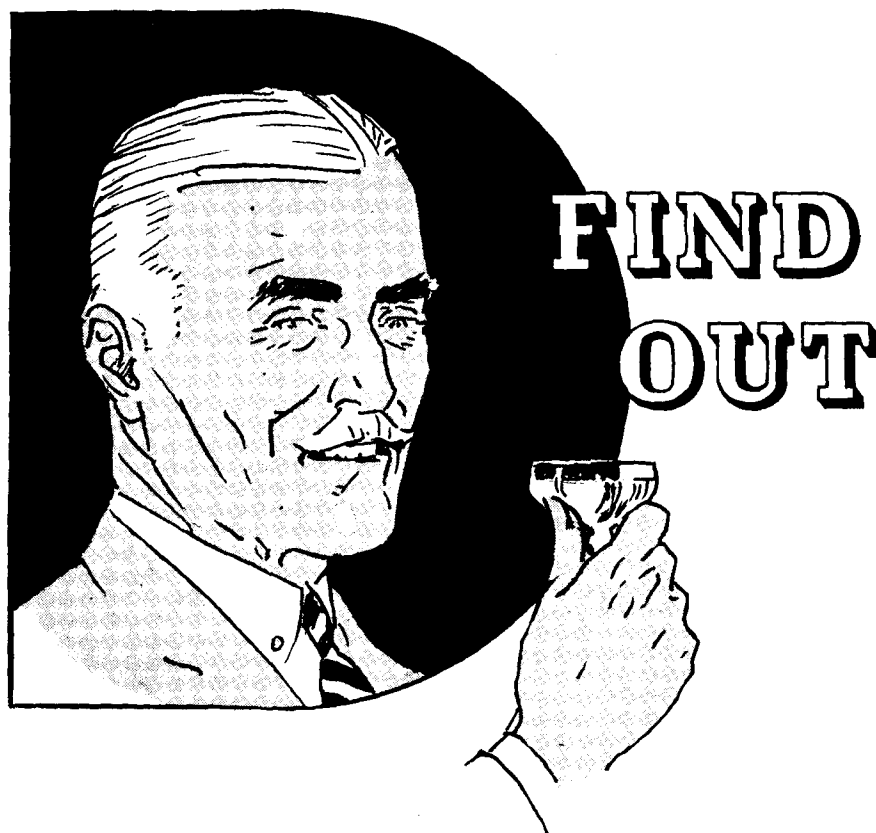
# Mobiloil Arctic





## Foot Rule

Continued from page 22



## HOW A REAL MARTINI SHOULD TASTE

Chill a bottle of The Club Cocktail Martinis in the refrigerator or just pour them over ice, and in four seconds know how a real Martini should taste. Smooth. Mellow. Just dry enough and just sweet enough. An unmatched Martini you will want to serve time and again.

Sir, you can *always* count on such cocktail perfection from The Club Cocktail bottle. The finest ingredients are blended by taste experts into that subtle flavor. That strength with smoothness is *always* present, *always* uniform. Yet truly superior Club Cocktails cost no more than the kind you mix . . . And they are

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FIND OUT — tonight — how a real Martini should taste. FIND OUT why thousands are saying, "Give me The Club Cocktails — the kind I had on the train."



Eight kinds: Martini, Dry Martini, Brut Martini (very dry), Old Fashioned, Side Car, Bronx, Manhattan, Sloe Gin Cocktail. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn. Also makers of Milshire Dry, Sloe, and Old Tom Gins . . . A. I. Sauce, another famous Heublein product, makes food taste better.

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PRODUCT**



**The Club  
Cocktails**

*Taste as you always hoped yours would*

points after touchdowns by Army had swung the fortunes of the day's football war. Yet there are those who believe the power of the foot in football is losing its influence.

We coaches have not been entirely to blame for the absence of emphasis on the kicking game in the past decade or so. As developments in the running attack have come crowding in on us with bewildering rapidity, we have been tempted, sometimes almost forced, to slide over the possibilities of the kicking game. The game's tactics have advanced almost too fast. We have been so busy with spinner plays, short-side deception, the lateral pass, the forward pass, the defense against it and the general hocus-pocus, that we have tended to grow away from one of the thrilling and fundamental plays of the sport.

We are beginning to catch up with ourselves.

## Look at the Wolverines

One of the truest things in football is that a team soundly taught defensively and possessed of a good kicker will always be extremely hard to defeat and will almost never be defeated badly. For interesting proof of this, glance back over the history of football at the University of Michigan. Until last season, when the material was subnormal, Michigan boasted one of the great records of modern football.

Analyze the consistently successful history of the Wolverines in Big Ten football and you will find that Michigan rarely has won by large scores against comparable opposition. But Michigan, until last season, has rarely failed to win. The reason is that Michigan almost never has been without those twin requisites—a strong defense and a superb kicker of the type represented by Harry Kipke, now head coach, and, more recently, John Regecz. Yes, I know it is true that brilliant forward passers like Bennie Friedman and Harry Newman have been factors. Michigan has used them and others like them to drive home the victory spike—after the kickers and the defense had forced the quarry into a corner.

Let's trace sketchily the history of kicking in football. As you know, our American football is the direct offspring of the British Rugby. Football as played in England originally was a kicking game. Then came the memorable day in 1826 when William Webb Ellis, a young man of Rugby, astounded his teammates, his opponents and his elders by picking up the ball and running with it, instead of kicking. For that shocking disregard of the rules of the game, young Mr. Ellis was roundly scolded by his captain, who apologized to the opponents for the unseemly action. But it was ever thus with pioneers.

There came, however, a second thought. The impulsive action of Ellis had created a play which in the light of reflection appealed to some of the watchers and players as attractive. They experimented with the innovation of permitting players to run with the ball, thereby instituting a distinctively new phase in the game. On that day more than a century ago, was created the running, kicking, passing sport that is Rugby today and, with our variations, American football.

Our own football revolution occurred in 1905-06 with the introduction of the forward pass. The defense was loosened, and mass play, which had become a hazard and a matter of national concern, was minimized. Now there came

a new school of thought regarding the punt. Percy D. Haughton, taking up the coaching of Harvard in 1908, was a leader. Haughton had been an exceptional punter as a Harvard player. As coach he visualized the punt not merely as a defensive weapon but as an offensive play. The field goal played a definite part in his scoring scheme. "Punt and play for the breaks" was an important phrase in his football philosophy. Vic Kennard, Sam Felton, Charlie Brickley—the greatest field goal kicking specialist the game has seen—and Ned Mahan became glamorous names in Harvard football history. All were great kickers of that era.

Then, with the rules changing nearly every year in some important particular governing offense and defense, the science of football tactics began to jump ahead so rapidly that the coaches could with difficulty keep pace. New formations were coming into the game. The shift began to be widely used. Mastery of the forward pass, which had been slow in approaching, now seemed to arrive all at once. Touchdowns were being scored on passes against defenses not yet properly attuned to the overhead game. This was the "get-rich-quick" period in football generalship. Why use the punt as an offensive weapon (the coaches reasoned) when spectacular touchdowns could be scored on passes and trick plays? Deception and more deception came to be the vogue.

So it was in this period, roughly from about 1915 until 1930, that the coaches let the kicking game in football shift for itself. Of course, we had to have kickers. If a great natural kicker came along, we gave thanks. If not, we picked out three or four boys, usually backs, who seemed to have some aptitude for kicking and gave them the assignment. But rarely did we devote much time to the building of the attack around them. Rarely did we have a kicker practice punting in scrimmage against a charging line. The ends and linemen were given little or no practice going downfield under kicks. The punt catchers were assigned to catch punts—or to let them roll—but rarely was any attention given to making them the center of a play.

## And Kicking Was Slighted

We slighted the kick-off as a play. Most of us recognized its importance. We knew from experience how demoralizing it is to a team to have the kick-off returned for a long gain that puts the receiving team in immediate position to strike for a score. We knew that games were frequently decided by this opening play. But there were so many other things to think about—spinners and reverse plays and forward passes and the defense against all of them. So we let the kicking game slide along by itself.

In this matter of the kick-off, which is so important, Yale in 1931 was one of the leaders in the renaissance. Down South, Tennessee, under Major Neyland, had turned its attention to the return of the kick-off as a regular part of its play equipment and was having notable success. At Yale, Dr. Mal Stevens, then the head coach, gave the play similar attention, with the result that the Blue had marked success throughout the season in sending such backs as Booth, Parker and Lassiter through into enemy territory on the kick-off behind well-planned, carefully practiced and skillfully varied cross-blocking maneuvers.



You, the spectator, fail too often to appreciate the importance of the kick-off play, especially the kick-off that opens the game.

Here on the field are two teams which have been waiting for this moment for weeks, perhaps for the entire twelve months since they last met.

The whistle blows. The kicker who has worked hard in perfecting his kick-off meets the ball just right. It soars sixty yards downfield and into the end zone for a touchback. The chance of a return is cut off. The ball comes out to the twenty-yard line, but in the arms of an official, not a player. For the receiving team, this is an anticlimax. Now they get under way, as you might say, from a standing start. The chance for a long return on a play based on cross-blocking, side-blocking or the sort of fake I have described has gone glimmering.

In this reverse side of the kicking game, the catching and return of punts should and will be taught in the future as carefully as the kicking itself. Too few safety men have been trained as they should be in the art of catching punts on the run. That is the only way a punt should be caught save in the case of a fair catch. An "arm tackler"—the term is applied to the boy who attempts to tackle with his arms rather than with the drive of his body—may spill a punt catcher who must start after the ball has been caught. But the daring punt catcher who has the ability and courage to catch his ball on the dead run has momentum that carries him through the arm tackler unscathed. Vincent Stevenson, former All-America quarterback of the University of Pennsylvania, and Benny Boynton, Williams College's great quarterback of fifteen years ago, were two of the best I have ever seen at this daring but extremely valuable trick.

There is no doubt whatever in my mind that we are seeing a general revival in the development of the kicking game, both in its use as an offensive weapon and in the development of defense against it. Plays occurring more and more frequently in the past few seasons indicate that. You, the spectator, will be the beneficiary in thrills. This season and next, you'll see more and more frequently the sort of play

with which Bill Morton of Dartmouth surprised Cornell at Hanover in one recent season.

Bill Morton, one of Dartmouth's best backs of a decade and an outstanding kicker, was playing the safety position for the Big Green. In the third quarter, Dartmouth led by a score of 7 to 0. Hanoverian fingers were crossed as Cornell, back in its own territory, threatened to rumble under way with its powerful running attack, was halted momentarily before reaching midfield and punted from its own 40-yard line.

Morton caught the ball on his own twenty-yard line. The Cornell kick had been a good one, aimed at setting Dartmouth back on its heels in its own territory. Taking the ball on the run as a good back should, Morton started upfield. With the Cornell team surging down under the kick in full cry, however, Morton suddenly stopped and swung his kicking foot. Without warning, surprising his teammates as well as rivals, he booted the ball high and far over the heads of both teams.

#### A Victory for Dartmouth

It was an inspired play by a brilliant player and taken directly from the book of English Rugby, exactly the type of play we later saw the Cambridge University ruggers from England turn in when they visited the United States a year and a half ago. The ball struck at about Cornell's 25-yard line and rolled over the goal line for a touchback. Morton, of course, had aimed for the corner but very excusably had missed that objective. Had his ends been forewarned, they might have covered the kick and downed it close to the goal line. But the play had achieved its objective. In little more than an instant, heavy responsibility had been shifted from Dartmouth to Cornell shoulders.

The ball came out to Cornell's 20-yard line and the Cornell punt which followed was hurried, going outside at the Cornell 40-yard line. Dartmouth was now in commanding position. Dartmouth had the "lift" that is born of such a play. Cornell couldn't help being a bit shaken. Without loss of time, Dartmouth pushed to the touchdown that put the game beyond recall, 14 to 0.

(Continued on page 52)



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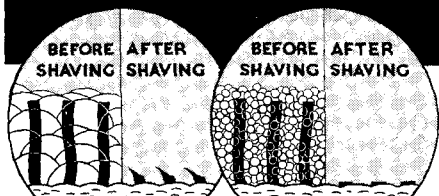




**I NOTICE  
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SHAVE TWICE  
A DAY SINCE  
YOU STARTED  
USING  
COLGATE'S**

**RIGHT!  
AND THESE  
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COMFORTABLE  
I'VE EVER  
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● **ORDINARY BIG BUBBLE LATHER** is made of bubbles too big to get to base of beard! Air pockets in most lathers keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.

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**NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE** in the "after shaving" side of these diagrams! Colgate shaves are cleaner... true "all-day" shaves that keep you more presentable. Get a tube today for better shaving!



(Continued from page 51)

Bill Morton's intelligent use of his kicking game had turned the trick.

I mentioned above the part the lateral pass is destined to take in the kicking game—that is, in the return of kicks. Thrills, spills and the most spectacular football you ever have seen await you in this phase of the game. It won't be Rugby because there are fundamentals in our game—the prescribed distance to be gained in four downs; the blocking, the forward passing, the importance laid on possession of the ball—which will always make our game distinct from England's football. But there is nothing to keep us from borrowing some of Rugby's thrilling plays for transplanting in our game and that is what we are doing in the use of the lateral pass not merely as part of the play from scrimmage but also in the return of kicks. I believe you are not likely to see the lateral pass effectively consistent when thrown behind the line of scrimmage because, with fast-charging ends and tackles and with halfbacks who come up rapidly, the runner can either be forced wide to the side line or tackled while still running laterally, before reaching the line of scrimmage.

### The Lateral Pass

You will, however, see in increasing frequency the lateral pass as Colgate applied it last season against Holy Cross for a brilliant touchdown. Early in the game, Jim Hobin, Holy Cross kicker, got off a great punt which McDonough, Colgate halfback, caught on his own 17-yard line.

Holy Cross ends and tackles were downfield like a pack of beagles, and McDonough had time only to take two or three steps forward before he was engulfed by a purple wave. In the instant before he was tackled, however, things happened. McDonough turned his body sharply with that quick pivot the Rugby players use and tossed the ball to Kern, his companion halfback. Kern took two strides forward, slid through a quick hole, found himself guarded from side and back by a convoy of blocking teammates and ran eighty-three yards to a touchdown untouched by an unfriendly hand.

That, I submit, is real football, combining as it does an outstanding feature of English Rugby, the lateral pass, with a distinctive feature of the American game, the blocking. And it bears directly on our subject of the kicking game and the counter-offensive against kicking.

But let me tell you of a real thriller, a play in which the lateral figured in the return of a kick under the most unusual circumstances that ever came to my notice.

Lafayette, coached by Herb McCracken, the old Pittsburgh star and molder of some of the East's strongest teams during his early seasons at Lafayette, was playing Penn State. The teams are old rivals and this was one of their bitterest battles. Into the final quarter they came with Lafayette leading, 3-0, by virtue of a field goal. Finally into the last minute they came with Lafayette still holding that hair-line advantage. The ball was Lafayette's on its own 18-yard stripe, third down, five yards to go—and fourteen seconds now left to play.

It should be explained that only one week before, against Bucknell, Lafayette's punter had waited until fourth down to punt in the late minutes of the game when his team, curiously enough, had also held a 3-0 lead. Looking directly into the rays of the setting sun, the punter had then bobbled the pass from center, Bucknell had taken the ball and surged to a last-minute touchdown and victory, 6-3. In the ensuing

week, Coach McCracken had held earnest conversation with his quarterback and punter on the extreme inadvisability of waiting until fourth down to kick in such a situation.

Now, with fourteen seconds to go, the signal caller determined he would make no mistake. Kick on third down he would this time.

Third down, five yards to go, fourteen seconds to play, the signal for a punt is called in the Lafayette huddle. The team unwinds from the huddle. The seconds are ticking away. The ball comes back. Woodfin, Lafayette's punter, kicks. It's a beautiful hoist. As it reaches the top of its high arc and begins to descend, the timekeeper's gun barks. The sixty official minutes of the football game are finished, the ball still in air.

But the game is not over, you know, until the play in progress when the gun sounds is completed.

Far, far back on Penn State's own 40-yard line, Cooper French, a shifty safety man, catches the ball. Fully two seconds after the gun has sounded, he gathers it in and heads upfield. The Lafayette ends are down fast, eager for this final kill that will end the game. Two of them dive for French but just as they do so, he passes the ball to Diedrich, his teammate, who had been back with him on punt-catching patrol. Taking the pass cleanly, Diedrich zigzags his way through Lafayette's tacklers with the aid of some inspired blocking. On a run of more than half the length of the field, he scores the winning touchdown actually in the sixty-first minute of a sixty-minute contest. By 6 to 3, this is Penn State's game of football. In one of the rarest plays ever recorded in American college football, Penn State had won through intelligent counter-attack to the punt; had won on a play picked bodily from the repertoire of English Rugby.

One of the marked evidences of the new intelligence in kicking the football has been the development in the past three or four years of accurate, directional kicking, kicking away from the safety man, kicking out of bounds to preclude successful runbacks. This type of kicking is especially valuable for the mediocre punter who, unlike the Jim Mooney of Georgetown, or the Ned Mahan of Harvard or the John Regecz of Michigan, cannot hope for exceptional distance and height.

### Don't Coach a Natural Kicker

On the day that Jim Mooney of Georgetown first reported to my squad there, I watched him punt several times, then instructed the assistant coaches that on no account was anyone to attempt to coach him in kicking. The reason was that Jim Mooney, one of the greatest punters I have ever seen, was a naturally gifted performer, the football counterpart of Ty Cobb or Babe Ruth.

But the less gifted punter who must be developed can be made to learn the trick of accuracy and directional kicking, thereby being sure of the distance he does get on his kicks by punting away from the safety man, rather than chancing a runback of ten or fifteen or twenty yards or more by the shifty punt-catcher. Leroy Mills of Mount Vernon, New York, a Princeton graduate and a kicking scientist if there ever was one, has proved one of the most skillful of all teachers in this phase of the game, although he makes it nothing more than a hobby.

And how, you ask, does one recognize kicking genius as I, for instance, recognized it the afternoon Jim Mooney reported for football at Georgetown?

I can give you no formula. You must recognize it by results, by height and distance and accuracy and speed in get-

ting the ball away against a charging defensive line. There is no set form. Just as Lou Gehrig and Al Simmons differ radically in their form at the plate as they face American League pitchers, just as Tommy Hitchcock and Pat Roark are contrasting figures in the saddle as they belt a polo ball, just as Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen differ on the golf tee, so do the great kickers of football differ. Each has been gifted with his distinctive style and trick of timing. And wouldn't it be foolish for the super-expert to come along and attempt to change any of these masters at his sport?

### The Hewitt Style

Ralph Hewitt of Columbia was accustomed to strike the ball at a point distinctly lower than the average kicker as he punted. In his drop-kicking, he had a similar peculiarity. But he got the ball away, he drove it for real distance and he kicked accurately. It was not difficult for me to withstand the temptation to change him. I knew that if he once started to worry about his form, he would become self-conscious, begin to press and lose his fine edge. On the day that Hewitt kicked a 53-yard drop-kick to send Columbia away to a 3 to 0 lead over a strong Cornell team and followed by running back the second half kick-off the length of the field for a touchdown, playing intelligently his part in the kick-off play we had practiced the preceding week, I sat back and gave thanks for the presence of a young man who not only was a naturally gifted kicker but adept in the kicking game's corollary, the returning of kicks.

But until now, the Mooneys, the Hewitts, the Ken Strongs, the Mahans, the Regeczs, have been far too few. In too many cases, the kicker has been the football squad's stepchild, forced to shift for himself, with too few plays built around him and his ability. I admit it has been more difficult for the field-goal kicker since the rules change in 1927 set the goal posts ten yards behind the goal line. The additional ten yards make a tremendous difference. As things stand now, the ball must be on the 5-yard line for a 25-yard drop-kick, inasmuch as the kicker needs approximately ten yards between him and the scrimmage line for protection and the posts are ten yards behind the goal line. Obviously, the usual strategy calls for an attack on the goal line and the resultant six points—or seven—rather than a field goal and a possible three points. The exception comes sometimes on fourth down.

I doubt that the field goal in college football ever will come back to the halcyon days it knew when Brickley and Braden and Garbisch and their kind were emulating the earlier deeds of O'Dea and DeWitt and Eckersall. But it is certain that thoughtful, intelligent use of the kicking game as it refers to the punt, the kick-off and their counter tactics, will have a fuller sway in American football in the next few years than at any time in the past fifteen years. There will be new tactics, new strategy, new deception built around the kicking game, tactics of which we have now only an inkling.

Some of this strategy we shall have borrowed from the old parent, English Rugby. Much of it we shall invent on our own responsibility. All of it will make for a more interesting and more aptly named game of "football" instead of what was tending not so long ago to be a combination of "carry ball" and "forward-pass ball." We need the foot in football and we're coming back to it.

In other words, the college football player still has a kick coming.

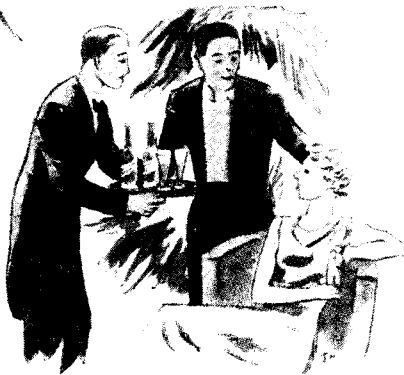
And you, the spectator, may expect bigger and better thrills.





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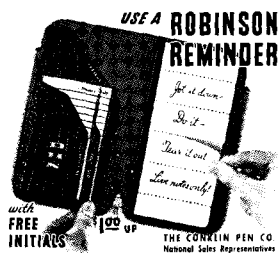
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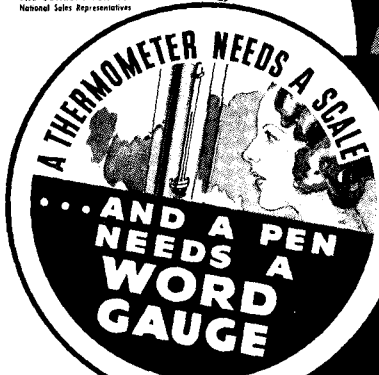
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## The Odds Against Honor

Continued from page 21

the All-America pickers when they write in."

"I don't know. I had quite a chat with Brad Anthony today and all he wanted to talk about was Clark."

"Well, wise guy, I talked to Anthony myself Saturday night."

"You must have talked your way out, then."

Clark asked: "What did you tell him about me?"

Spike laughed confidently. "I told him everything he needed to know and nothing he didn't." He grinned at Cal. "I'd hate to tell you what I'd have told him about you, dress suit, but he never asked me."

"Okay. One of these days when you come to my office to interview me, I'll tell the boy I don't talk to thirty-dollar-a-week guys."

"You'll probably be bumming from thirty-dollar-a-week guys by that time. Well, guess I'll go unpack my dress suit."

CLARK did not rest well that night. His sleep was full of the terrifying images which pile upon a troubled mind in the defenseless zone between slumber and awareness. Everything should have been so pleasant; instead, he could not escape the pounding in his head.

He was up early and on his way to the cafeteria. The morning papers would be there. He passed friendly faces on the campus lawns, heard pleasant words; he wondered if this might be the last time he would walk across these acres and receive such greetings.

Now that it all might be lost to him, he treasured the years he had spent at Atlantic. Here he was somebody. He stood out above the crowd. Young schoolmates respected him, admired him; he felt it even from those he did not know.

Life was short enough. The future was uncertain, at best. When they took his football away and he went on his way without the glare of the spotlight, he might even be a failure. Clark knew he was not brilliant. He was steady and had common sense; he was healthy; ambitious; eager to try. He could sink his teeth into something and stay with it.

If these things were enough in the outside world, he would do all right. If they were not enough, he would be just another misfit, yanked from his natural environment to serve a peculiar talent and then, when that talent was no longer useful, left to grope in the fog, unable to go forward, unwilling to go back.

Clark realized that he wasn't ready to give it all up yet. It was something to be a big man on the campus, to stand out, even if it were chiefly due to his muscle. These kids who smiled at him, looked up to him, were rich, mostly; they had family backgrounds and cultural training. It was something to have beaten them so far, and to have earned their respect. There were few of them who wouldn't have been willing to change places with him this morning, before breakfast—

After breakfast, after they had read the papers—

This glory meant something to Clark but it meant more to his mother, working with her fingers back there to make ends meet; and to his father, lying in pain. Seeing his pictures, reading about him, feeling the admiration of the town, must have made their moments easier.

Saturday night he had sat with the Baileys. He felt that they liked him, respected him for what he was. It

wasn't just muscle, either. There were plenty of muscle people. To hit the top, even in football, required other things—courage, brains, resourcefulness, personality—

The things which made a good football player could make a good man—that was what was behind the respect and admiration of people. It wasn't all artificial, all superficial, as Cal thought.

It was something to have a chance for All-America. It meant that, as far as he had gone, he had the stuff. It meant that he might go further.

Clark Jenkins, coal-mine boy, had begun to feel the confidence of achievement. That evening with the Baileys and their friends had begun to bring it out.

Now, as he walked toward the crucial moment of his life, he desperately wanted to hold it. He didn't want to discover that there were no short cuts over the mountains, to find that he had been lifted so high only that he might have a longer fall.

Only a few students were in the cafeteria—the early risers, studious ones. Football was not so important to these as Phi Beta Kappa keys. Brad Anthony would not be interested in whether Tony Scotti had given money to any of them.

The boy at the newsstand was friendly. There was nothing different in his face.

The New York papers had not arrived.

Clark ordered his breakfast, ate it slowly. When the bundle of newspapers came, he waited until it was opened, bought the first Globe and walked outside.

His picture was on the front page.

HE LEANED against a tree as if he were reading a weather report, and read the story. Brad Anthony had marshaled his evidence with terrifying logic.

A definite link had been revealed between college football and crooked gamblers.

The sudden shifting of odds on the Atlantic-Midwest classic had been explained. A gambling coup on that big game had been engineered by Wayne Harlow and Blackie Dawson, notorious Broadway operators.

Inside information of a leg injury to Clark Jenkins, keystone of the Atlantic team, had been furnished the racketeers by Tony Scotti, a small-time gambler who had access to the inner sanctum of Atlantic athletics.

Scotti had sent Jenkins to Atlantic; had admitted furnishing him money out of gambling winnings.

Scotti had boasted of "cleaning up" on the Midwest game at the expense of Atlantic students. Pete Jenkins, pugilist, associate of Scotti and brother of Clark Jenkins, had also bet against his brother's team and won.

There had been no previous publicity regarding the injury to Jenkins. He had been carried from the field in the first half. The next week, against Knickerbocker, he had shown no trace of the injury.

Harlow and Dawson had been at the Atlantic practice field on the day before the Knickerbocker game, with Scotti and Pete Jenkins. They had talked with Clark Jenkins there but photographers had been unable to get consent for a photograph of the group.

Clark Jenkins was the chief support of his mother and crippled father. He carried a full schedule of classes in the difficult philosophy course.

The story asked how a boy who gave



most of his leisure time to football could do all this. Inquiry had revealed that the only employment he had had was some vague "work" about the gymnasium.

"Under the circumstances," Anthony concluded, "the students and alumni of Atlantic who lost money on the Midwest game can be excused for wondering just how serious was the injury which caused Jenkins to leave that contest."

CLARK fell back against the tree as if he had been struck by a padded fist. Nobody had as yet left the cafeteria.

He hurried across the campus, smiling grimly at cheerful greetings from the students hurrying to breakfast—and the morning Globe.

He climbed the stairs to the office of the football coach, knocked.

"Come in," Gates shouted.

When Clark opened the door and stood, hesitant, the young Skipper shook his head.

"Nice morning, isn't it?"

"Have you read—"

"They called me up in the middle of the night. Phone's been ringing ever since."

Clark sat down. "I'm sorry—"

The Skipper said: "You haven't done a thing wrong. Don't forget that."

Clark waited.

"Now, listen. You go to classes, come to practice and do everything you would do normally. Only one thing—don't answer phone calls and don't talk to newspapermen. Don't talk to anybody about it—I mean outsiders. I'll handle this."

He snorted. "They've got nothing on us. It'll blow over. Keep your head and don't talk. Try to keep that Tony from spilling anything and make your brother disappear and stay away from here the rest of the year..."

As a varsity regular almost from the first day he went out for the team, Clark had become accustomed to attention. He had never, since his freshman year, walked on the campus without being conscious of furtive inspection.

It had been pleasant, mostly; but now he wished for the anonymity of the humblest little bookworm. The news had gotten around, had spread quickly through the halls and the classrooms.

Did you read about Clark Jenkins? What do you think? You don't think he would—

He tried to walk to his eight-o'clock class as he had always walked, quietly, friendly, with a word for all who had a word for him. It was difficult. He could not pretend absorption nor could he look too closely or too aggressively.

They were trying to pretend nothing had happened.

AT THE entrance to the class, those outside whom he knew greeted him with more gusto than usual. It was a lecture class, an elective he had chosen, on Shakespeare, Dante and the Bible.

When it was over, Spike was waiting. He took Clark's arm and steered him toward the lake. Little Spike was heartily loyal to his friend and profanely critical of his chosen profession.

"They'll be after news. I want to talk to you first and then I'll know better what to say. As far as I can see, it's just one of those things with the exception that that damned Tony Scotti had to pop off. He's a publicity hound and he'd die to see that round mush of his in the paper. Nothing for you to worry about. Just one thing—who told Tony about your leg?"

"I didn't."

"Who did—Pete?"

"No."

Spike stopped abruptly. "Now, listen. I'm your pal—you know that."

"The fellow who told him didn't mean any harm. There's no point in dragging him in."

"Okay. Then don't tell me—never mind."

They walked slowly through the sharp wind, over the dead leaves, along the round curve of the lake.

They reached the steps of Dormont Hall.

Cal was dressing. He said tartly: "A thousand phone calls for you this morning. New York calling. New York calling. Did you come into dough or something?"

"Haven't you been out?" Spike asked. "No—I've been trying to sleep."

"Well, he came into plenty. Take a look."

Cal dropped his tie, chosen to match the blue in his eyes, and read. He swore softly. He shook his head several times.

"Why, that dirty—"

"Who?" Spike asked quickly.

"Tony." Cal turned to Clark. "You're not going to bring me into this, are you?"

Spike sneered. "Always thinking of somebody else. How could he bring you into it? What did you do?"

"Nothing."

"Then why bring it up—"

"I'm his roommate. Tony's been here."

"And he might have heard you say something, huh?"

Cal turned angrily: "Who the hell are you—the district attorney or somebody?"

Spike grinned. "Just a dumb thirty-dollar-a-week guy."

AT TWELVE o'clock a group of football players waited on the porch of Dormont Hall.

"Not too many," Tom Vavra said, "don't make it look too conspicuous. Just about six. Make it look natural."

Clark Jenkins stepped out. "Hi, Clark," Vavra said. "Going to eat?"

"Yes."

"Guess I'll go over, too. Any of you guys ready?"

There was a mass movement. Clark laughed. It was his first laugh of the day. "Bodyguard, Tom?"

Tom Vavra grinned. "Aw, well," he said, "nuts."

So they all went, laughing at themselves. The tension was broken. Other students, passing, waved and called loudly. The word went on ahead. When they reached the cafeteria a crowd had gathered.

Margaret Bailey waited after the one-o'clock biology class. They walked to the path about the lake.

"I tried to get you this morning but they said you were out."

"Coach told me not to answer calls."

"I was in the cafeteria at noon but thought I'd wait."

"Everybody's been fine."

"Why shouldn't they be?"

"It must look bad."

"That was a cruel story. Aren't you going to answer it?"

"I'm under orders not to. The faculty board is meeting this afternoon and they'll issue a statement."

"What time are they meeting?"

"Four o'clock. I have to be there."

She spoke angrily. "A trial."

"They have to investigate."

"All they're thinking about is the fair name of the school. Does your mother read the papers?"

"Not much—but my father reads every word that's printed about me."

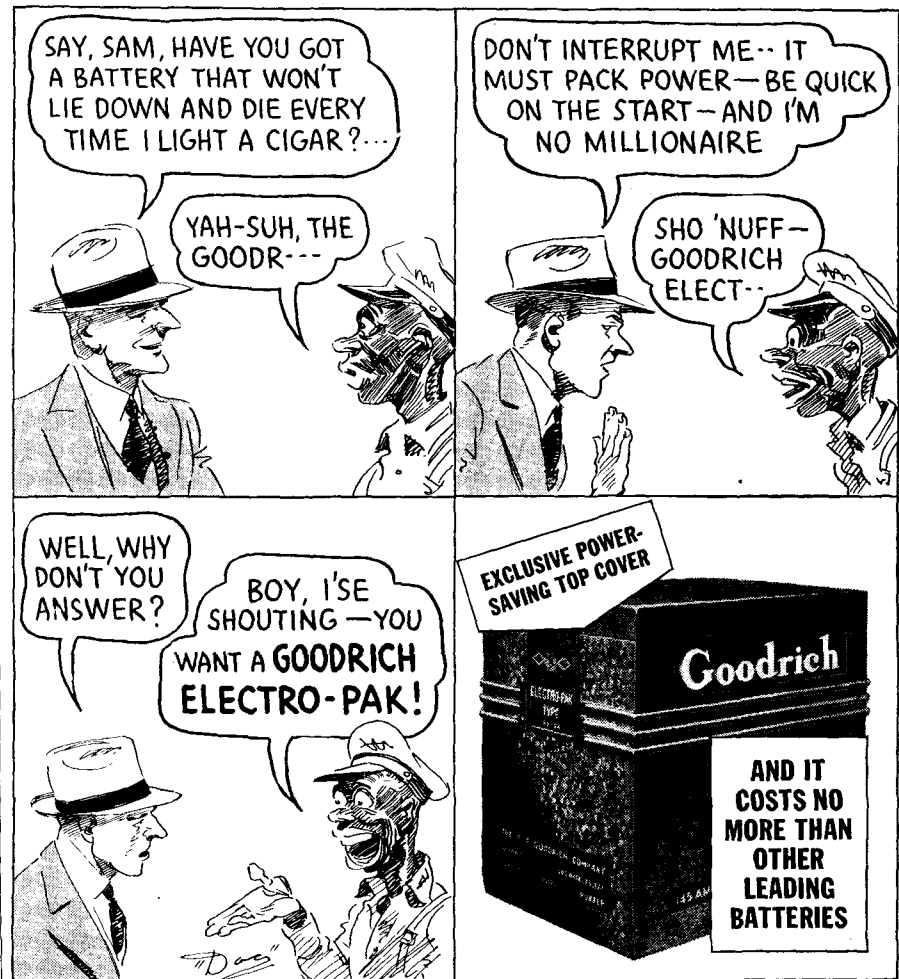
"And he's subject to heart attacks. I think it's outrageous. They don't have to treat you like a criminal. Have you seen the afternoon New York papers?"

"No. I didn't know they were out yet."

"I talked to Dad just before class. He said they're terrible. He's bringing some with him."

(Continued on page 56)

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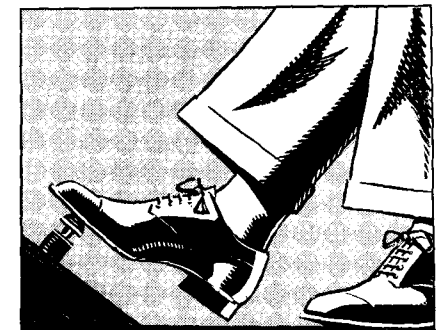
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C-20

(Continued from page 55)

"Is he coming down?"

"Yes. I asked him to."

"You shouldn't—"

"Why not? He knows you've done nothing wrong. He knows how those gamblers work. He might have some influence with the faculty. You might need all the help you can get—you know that, don't you?"

"I don't think it's quite that bad."

"Well, the coach does. I talked to him this morning. He said that if it were necessary to make somebody a goat to clear the school—that you never could tell. That's why I called Dad."

"You mean they might drop me?"

"It's been done before, he said. That's why you've got to do everything to protect yourself. You've got to think of your father and mother, too. You've got to tell who told Tony."

He frowned. "What's the use? I'm hooked in the thing. The person who told Tony did it innocently enough. There's no use pulling him in, too."

"But if he did it innocently, why doesn't he say so?"

"If he wants to—"

"Why don't you ask him?"

"If he wants to, he will."

She was annoyed. "Why should you take the whole blame?"

"Because Tony is my headache—nobody else's."

She stopped. "You don't seem to see. If you didn't tell Tony, you are just the victim of circumstances. If you did tell him—"

"Do you think I did?" he interrupted quickly.

"Of course I don't. But I'm not the public—or the faculty. If they don't know who did, you'll be under suspicion."

"I seem to be under suspicion, anyhow."

"But if somebody else told him, somebody who did not know him, who just said it without thinking and had nothing to gain, then there would be a break in the chain."

"Maybe; and maybe not. If I drag another fellow into the mess then the papers will build it up that much more—the first thing you know they'll be writing that the whole team was in on it."

"If you don't tell, and if he doesn't, the faculty might make you the goat—and there'd be a cloud on you for the rest of your life."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I guess you don't understand, Margaret. You've been fine about it—but I just can't do that."

"That's the gangster's code."

They turned back. The leaves crackled under their feet, making loud noises in the silence.

AT FIVE minutes to four, Clark Jenkins and Coach Joe Gates entered the administration building through a rear entrance and went directly to the office of the president. As they entered there was a mass movement of reporters, a hurried questioning and the quick, quiet sounds of camera shutters.

"You'll have to wait, men," Coach Gates explained pleasantly, "it's like I told you before. After the faculty meeting we may have a statement."

The room was large, with a high ceiling, dark furnishings, soft carpets and an atmosphere of quiet dignity. There were stern faces on the wall paintings and sober faces on the members of the board who sat in comfortable chairs in a semicircle. President Lowden, a tall, spare man with a severe, graven face, was seated back of a desk at the top of the circle.

He greeted them. His tones were sonorous but unaffected. He pointed to two empty seats near him. Clark sat down, glanced hastily about. He saw

Spike, Jim Bailey, Tom Vavra and Cal Calhoun.

The president spoke:

"Gentlemen, we face an unpleasant situation. I am assuming that you have all read the newspapers—the morning Globe and these afternoon sheets. Editorials, headlines, pictures, charges, innuendoes, insinuations—all the hunters of sensational journalism loose on a fresh scent."

He clamped his lips tightly and looked about the room. "We are all here with the exception of the individual who seems to have been the active agent of this disturbance—one Tony Scotti, whose acquaintance I have made through the newspapers but who seems to have been quite prominently identified with our athletics."

The firm underjaw of Coach Joe Gates quivered. His eyes narrowed and he looked about the room as if to search the minds of the members of the board.

"I wired this person, Tony Scotti, to honor us with his presence but he seems to have grown strangely coy. Has anybody else, by any chance, been in communication with him today?"

He looked at the coach. "I have not, sir," Gates answered firmly. "And Clark has not—I told him this morning to talk to nobody until we had met with you, sir."

"Very wise advice, Joe—it's too bad you hadn't thought of something like that before." The speaker was a big man, vice-president of the board, Charles Cormack, Dean of Law.

THE young coach's chin began to jut. Jim Bailey, genial and soft-spoken, interposed:

"If I may interrupt, Dr. Lowden, I may be able to explain Tony's absence. If Harlow and Dawson, or their kind, were in with him, they have undoubtedly warned him not to talk to anybody. That is routine procedure. They shun publicity."

"Thank you, Mr. Bailey." The president picked up some clippings before him, adjusted his spectacles, cleared his throat and said: "I have three items from this journalistic carousal which seem to me important enough to read."

He read first:

"Racketeers, deprived of bootlegging profits and frightened away from kidnapping, have turned en masse to gambling. There will be many millions of dollars wagered on college football games this year. Gambling operators, from Wall Street brokers down to the shoe-string bookies who run the pasteboard cards racket, have gradually been injecting into this haphazard wagering their 'business' methods, which invariably give the house the big edge in the odds."

"Into this virgin field of fresh sucker money, the sure-thing boys like Harlow and Dawson have turned avidly."

The president cleared his throat, looked about him slowly, paused for what seemed to Clark to be a long time. "This situation cannot be ignored. It calls for quick, decisive action, for the well-being of this university and of intercollegiate sports. If, in the process, we discover diseased organisms in our own body, we must not shirk our plain duty; we must not hesitate to operate."

His words beat slowly into Clark's head, remained there, drumming away on the nerves which carried to all parts of his body. He felt, for the first time in his life, as if he might faint. He saw no friendly face on the jury, no mercy in the judge.

His own witnesses were obviously concerned. Spike gave a gesture of courage with his small right hand, Tom Vavra gazed steadily back.

Cal Calhoun looked at one of the paintings.

(To be continued next week)

## Medical Authorities say:

The researches of prominent physicians, as reported in a leading medical journal, indicate that a cold is a lowering of the alkaline balance, or reserve... in other words a mild acidosis.

that's why an

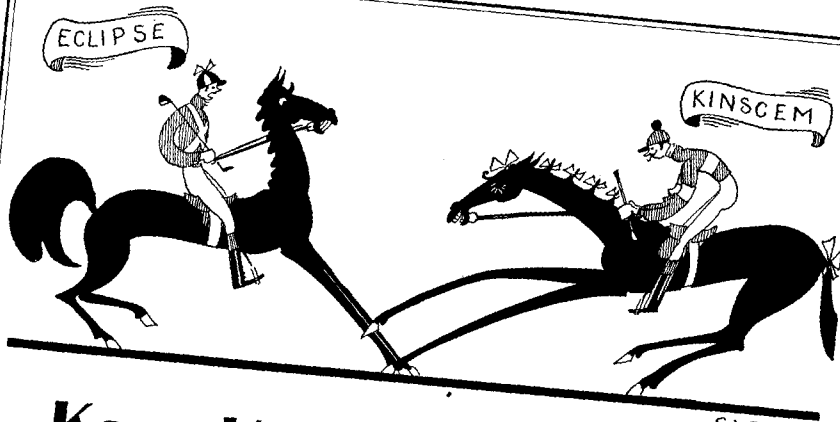
# ALKALINE FACTOR

has been added to  
**LUDEN'S**  
Menthol Cough Drops

Except for the addition of this natural alkaline factor, there is no other change in the famous Luden's formula. Same pleasant taste, same quick relief from coughs. But it pays more than ever to Ludenize—for now it contributes to your alkaline reserve!







## Keep Up with the World

### By Freling Foster

Although Eclipse, foaled in England in 1764, is considered to be the greatest horse in racing history because he won every one of his 20 races and sired 344 winners, the "unbeaten" record belongs to Kinscem, foaled in Hungary in 1874. This mare won 57 consecutive important races, an achievement never equaled.—By Arthur C. Norris, Chicago, Illinois.

One of the world's oddest orchestras is composed of a group of native women of the Tonga Islands in the south Pacific. Without the aid of instruments, they imitate musical notes solely through the clapping and pressing of their hands, and have performed before enthusiastic audiences in New Zealand and Australia.

Man-traps, resembling large rat-traps, with steel jaws armed with teeth that sank into a victim's leg, were at one time used extensively on thousands of farms and estates of England to catch poachers and trespassers. But so many innocent persons were caught and badly hurt in them that they were made illegal in 1827.

Moscow wields more influence in the Soviet Union than any other capital wields in its respective nation. Moscow finances, controls and operates all banks, factories, power plants, mines, oil fields, railroads and other economic enterprises throughout its vast country which, incidentally, reaches almost halfway around the globe.

The greatest mass fist fight in history took place in Queretaro, Mexico, in 1531, when the Indians persuaded the invading Spaniards to lay down their arms and fight like men. So the next day at dawn thousands lined up on each side and the battle began—and raged for 12 hours before a Spaniard knocked out the last Indian and took over the city in the name of Charles V of Spain.—By Mrs. C. S. Aiken, New Orleans, Louisiana.

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Many states have potential weapons against "whispering campaigns" in statutes similar to that enacted in New York providing a \$5,000 fine or three years' imprisonment, or both, for persons convicted of knowingly circulating a false or malicious rumor.

Sneezing is not always caused by an irritation of the sensitive nerve endings of the mucous membrane of the nose. In many persons a sneeze may result from stimulation of the optic nerve by strong light.—By Helmi Numela, Aberdeen, Washington.

A unique electric rate schedule is in force on the farms of Massachusetts. This table of rates is based on the number of cows that the farm "is capable of carrying if operated as a dairy farm." In case the consumer and the company fail to agree on this hypothetical number of cows, each appoints a referee and abides by the decision.—By J. D. Williamson, Cheswick, Pennsylvania.

Less than one third of the entire population of the world today uses beds, although these articles of furniture have been in existence for several thousand years. Even such modern people as the Japanese, and countless thousands in Europe, sleep on floors.

The world still possesses people who believe that dwarfs and midgets are children who never grow up, tribes that cannot "see" or understand a photograph, and individuals who are under the impression that they can stimulate their ability to sing by drinking water in which phonograph needles have been immersed for several days.—By Mrs. H. C. Steele, Olympia, Washington.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address: Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Many a man says after sending for the facts about the Phoenix Mutual Plan, "I never dreamed we could ever afford to retire on an income."



To men

of 40 who want to

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For example, suppose you are 40 years old and decide you would like to be paid \$200 a month for life beginning at age 55. Here is what you can get:

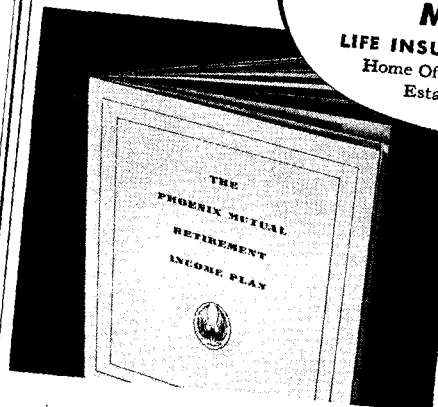
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