



PHOTOGRAPH
FOR COLLIER'S BY
VALENTINO SARRA

Jefferson High, Lafayette, defeats Delphi in Indiana's round of high-pressure competition

Indiana Madness

By Kyle Crichton

Other states play basketball; in Indiana it's a state religion. Come and see, if you like, but don't crack any jokes about it

THE state of Indiana is nuts. Politically it has always been slightly on the wacky side, but in that respect it has lots of competition. Where the matter shows now is on the subject of basketball, which has been made a state religion. The didos which go on out there are enough to make your eyes pop.

Where I first got the notion was from the brakeman on the Big Four out of Chicago. He was from Indianapolis and

the minute we passed Kankakee, Illinois, he sidled over and harumphed a couple of times and finally asked me whether I thought Frankfort was going to repeat. Instead of being honest and saying I didn't know, I hemmed and hawed a little on my own behalf, trying to stall until I could get clear whether he referred to Frankfort, Kentucky (which I happened to know about, having a cousin living there), or some horse named Frankfort which was in the winter books of the Derby, but it turned out that he meant Frankfort, Indiana, and the high-school basketball championship. "Me," I said importantly and a little disapprovingly, "I'm worried about Spain."

The usual course in gags like this is for the fellow to ask what sort of team

Spain has, but he was a bright man and said that was sure a bitter war over there and then went back to discussing Frankfort and a man named Everett Case, who was the Frankfort coach and a gentleman who seemed to be continually getting into hot water through his activities.

Things were no better when I got off at Lafayette and I looked up Gordon Graham of the Journal and Courier, who had once skinned me to the quick for having written an article on basketball without mentioning Indiana. Through Graham I got in touch with Ward (Piggy) Lambert, coach of Purdue, whose teams have won the Western Conference title nine out of the last eighteen years.

"Don't try kidding Piggy," Graham

suggested. "He takes his basketball seriously. He gets so excited during the close games that they've hired a man to sit by him on the bench and grab him when he starts out on the floor to brain somebody."

Mr. Lambert on first appearance was disappointing. He was a quiet gentleman who began discussing the subject with all the dispassion of a scientist addressing a guinea pig, but as the talk waxed hotter I began to detect that well-known Indiana glint in the eye. When we got back as far as Mr. Lambert's start as an athlete, which was at Crawfordsville around 1900, an outsider was privileged to see what basketball means in Indiana. It is obviously not only a religion and a business but a definite

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The Second Mrs. Brown

Of Abbie Gale, gentle adventuress, and her prophetic star. The story of a girl in search of an answer, and the dark roads where her quest led

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH SIMONT

ABBIE GALE was nineteen, and the oldest she could possibly look was twenty. As against this handicap, she was prepared to swear herself black in the face that she had seen dozens of five-year-olds through the early stages of deportment and alphabet—if that was what a “governess” did—even there she was a little misty in her own mind. And one other thing, just now, she was prepared to do. She was prepared to sit down and bawl in her handkerchief if this cubical, pale-pink, naked house before her on the flat Normandy plain turned out to be the house she was for, as the man at the diligence-stop had said he thought it would.

And it did. There it was, *Villa Bellevue des Peupliers*, Beautiful View of the Poplars, in painted letters. Abbie didn't sit down though, at least not until she had pulled the bell and waited a while and no answer. Even then she got up quickly from the step, she was so terrified of weakening if she looked too long

at this land of lowering emptiness. And she wasn't going to weaken. No more today than yesterday was she going to write home for the money that Aunt Clara had so little of, anyway. And besides, there was an audible disturbance of life somewhere rearward, and a gate open at a corner of the wall.

The life at the rear was a heavy-set woman with greasy forearms. More by gesticulations of these than by a peasant speech, for which Abbie's Michigan high-school French had a little prepared her, the woman pointed out the wickedness, the peril and the presence of a small figure on the peak of an inconsiderable building, apparently a pig barn, a hundred yards away across rubble heaps and ditches.

“No, mademoiselle, I am but the kitchen, Name of Several Animals!”

“I am the novel governess American.”

“Hah!” A glitter of dark glee. “Justly yonder is your affair.”

Why Abbie did what she did when she reached the pig barn she could not have said. But, then, this was true of many of her acts on impulse. She climbed to the roof and sat down on the ridgepole.

“No,” she reassured the small figure,

“Ah!” Abbie blazed. She walked down the bank, into the water, out of it again. Lem by the scruff of the neck