

**We have it straight from their opponents: The Georgia Tech team is only fooling—fooling their opponents, who are rapidly going nuts**

**B**Y ALL established law Bill Alexander at Georgia Tech should have been let out to pasture years ago. He has been coaching football down there for twenty-two years, and most coaches by that time become so stale and heavy-laden that they are only good in the biological museum, stuffed.

No engineering school has a fair break in athletics because of the hard courses and the long hours in laboratories, and the material at Georgia Tech had fallen off badly since those happy days in 1928 when Tech licked California in the Rose Bowl. So Bill has been substituting magic for brawn and, last year, his team ended up in the Orange Bowl at Miami, beating Missouri 21-7.

A look at the pictures illustrating this article will give an idea of what Bill's finagling does to the opposition. The situation was best explained by Charley Noser, Missouri center, when he got back home after the defeat: "Don't ask me what happened. I don't know what happened."

Tech lost to Notre Dame, 17-14, when an end dropped a pass in a clear field. It lost to Duke, 7-6, for the simple reason that Wallace Wade had given strict instructions to his players: "Tackle everybody in the Tech backfield and, to make sure, tackle a couple of the officials."

Bill Alexander explained his success very simply: "All we had was a chunker, a reverse and an end-around play." The chunker was Johnny Bosch, the star on the end-around was Ison and the bird who made the whole thing work was Ector, the fullback. Ector would take a pass from center, turn his back to the enemy and stand there nonchalantly, arms down at his side, looking neither to the right nor left. The tailback sped past him, grabbed the ball (?), folded his arms and ran as hard as he could outside tackle to the strong side. The wingback, a second later, took the ball (?) from Ector and galloped around the weak side. A blocker would pop out ahead of each of the diverging runners.

Then Ector ran straight back as if to pass, holding the ball (?) carefully out of sight. Three plays were now going at once and the opposition was nuts! Finally, the enemy decided the wingback had the ball and started after him. They took *one step too many* before discovering their error. The tailback, who grabbed for the pellet in the first place, now actually had it and was off to the races!

The plays were so mystifying that when Bobby Dodd, the Tech backfield coach, tried to explain them in an after-season movie seance, he got them all balled up. At Auburn they swear the Tech backfield make up the plays as they go along. "That fullback takes the ball and ad libs," they swear. "He doesn't know which back he is going to give it to and they don't know which one is going to get it. Why shouldn't they fake well? They even fool themselves."

Tech has lost Ector and Buck Murphy, the great blocking back, and the enemy may have caught up with them but they'll have to be cute if they do. They're playing a tough schedule and like it better that way.

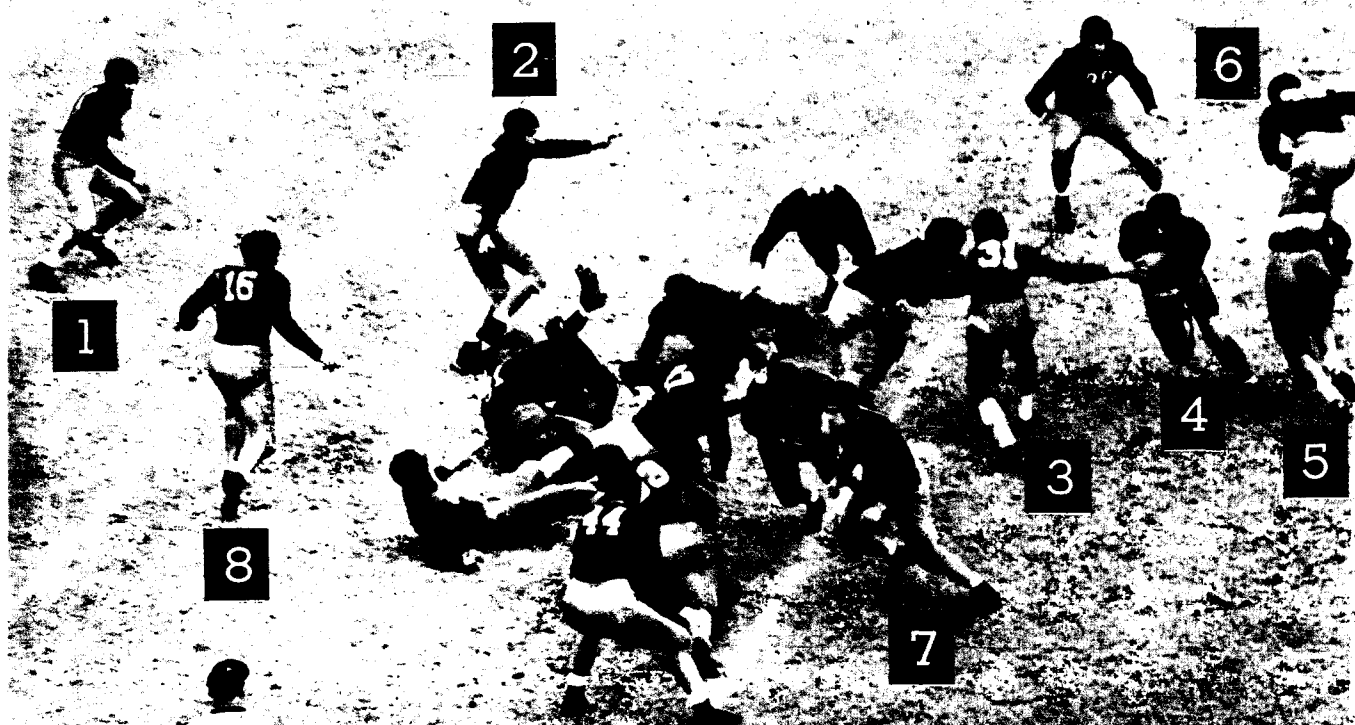
"We'd get our ears pinned back if we played weak teams," says Bill Alexander. "Our stuff doesn't work against a slow, dumb team. We have to capitalize on defensive eagerness. When they get thinking and wondering, then we have them."

It's probably the greatest theatrical team ever known. Everybody is an actor; everybody on every play is dying for dear old Tech. The decoys grit their teeth and twist up their faces and lunge for an opening; the bird who has the ball does the same. On one play the whole team goes one way and the ball carrier prances off in the opposite direction, alone. Either he loses five yards or gets a touchdown. He got a lot of touchdowns last year.

The secret is to get the opponents to take one step too many in the wrong direction. Alexander and his mystifying midgets have that down to a science. In the Orange Bowl game, Ector, the Houdini of Tech, was tackled no less than eighteen times . . . and only ten of those times did he have the ball. Missouri was sort of bumfuzzled. A lot of other fellows are going to be confused unless they figure out some way to stop that legerdemain. ★★★

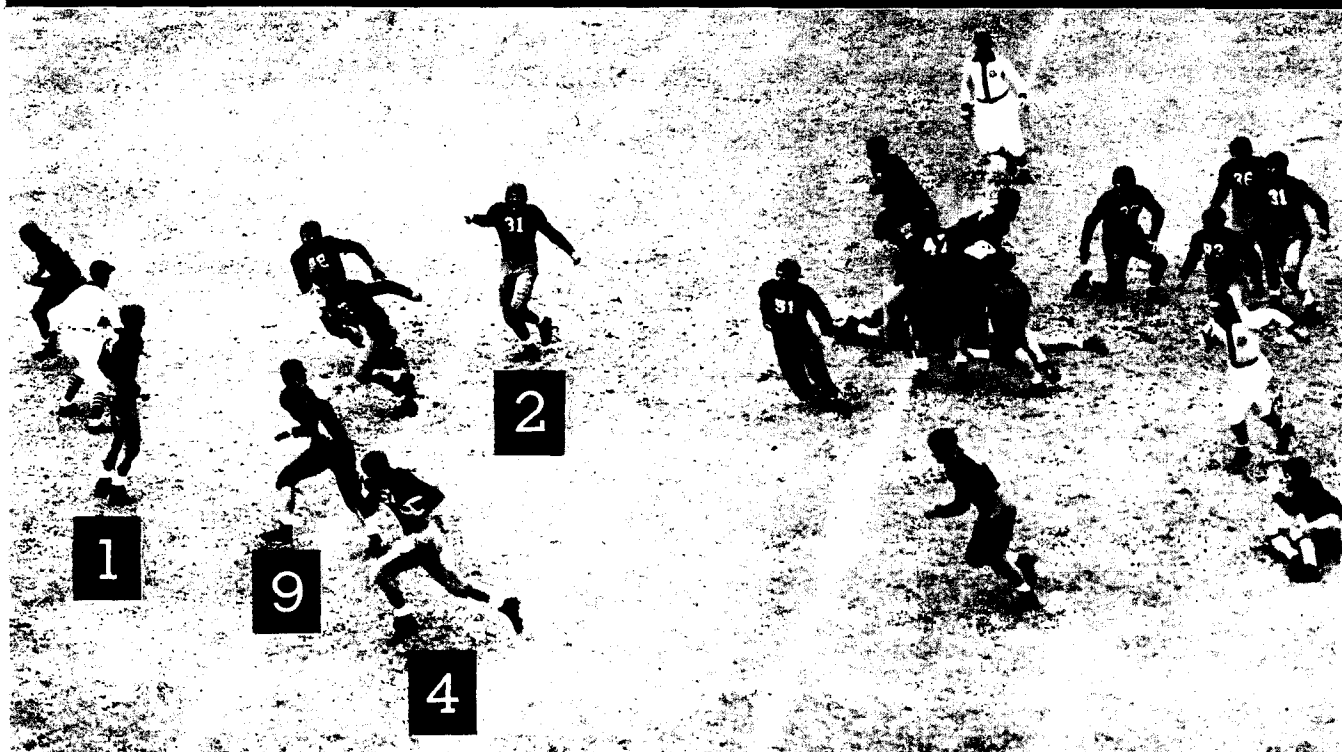
## Hot Magic

By Ed Danforth



Kentucky's defense has taken the fatal "one step too many" as Georgia Tech gets off one of its notorious razzle-dazzles. Fullback Ector (3), having faked handing the ball successively to Tailback Bosch (6) and Wingback Gibson (5), is now giving it to Ison (4), who has come in from

right end. The Kentucky backers-up (8 and 2) and the defensive halfback (1) all think the play is going to their left and have gone just one step too far in that direction. The Kentucky end (No. 44) is waiting on the line of scrimmage for Ison (7) but is about to be blocked out by Murphy (7)



The Kentucky defense is completely bewildered as the end-around play at the top is developed, and Ison (4) is off on a 26-yard touchdown run. The Kentucky defensive back (1) is still looking the other way as Ison flashes past him, while one of the Kentucky backs (2) frantically tries

to signal his confused teammate. A Tech blocker, Cavette (9), has come out to run interference for Ison and is cagily passing up the unsuspecting Kentucky back to go on and block out the tacklers coming in, proving that magic on the gridiron pays big dividends

# Traitor's Purse

By Margery Allingham

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

## The Story Thus Far:

ALBERT CAMPION awakens in a hospital room in England, to find that he can recall nothing of his past. Convinced by a conversation he overhears that he has attacked a policeman, he slips out of the hospital and makes his getaway.

Picked up by an elderly man and a girl ("Mr. Anscombe" and "Amanda," both of whom seem to know him well), he is taken in a car to the home of one Aubrey—Lee Aubrey. There a letter is awaiting him—a letter from which he learns that he has been working for Scotland Yard on a matter of tremendous importance!

Startling adventures follow. In the course of them, Campion learns that the "Town Masters," members of a semisecret organization, are somehow involved in mysterious machinations of which he can make nothing. And presently he learns that he is suspected of the murder of Anscombe (the old man had been killed, on the night he and Amanda had picked Campion up). Vaguely aware that he must remain at liberty, he is approached by Superintendent Hutch, a local official, who prepares to arrest him. Without the slightest hesitation, he knocks Hutch unconscious, steals his car and speeds away.

Adventure follows adventure. Campion can understand none of them. He learns that certain persons are hoping to bribe him. *But why?* Campion has no idea. He remembers, hazily, that the number 15 is of vital importance in his Scotland Yard work. Is it a date—or what? Campion does not know.

Shadowed by certain mysterious persons, Campion—assisted by a man named Lugg, who is obviously in his employ—

escapes to a train for London. In his compartment, he has a companion—a man. The man says: "Aren't you Albert Campion?" Campion, in a perilous predicament, says: "No. That is not my name." But, as the train speeds on, he is terrified. Is the man a chief inspector, preparing to arrest him?

The man, it develops, is not a police official. He is Sir Henry Bull, who (after Campion has admitted his identity) refers mysteriously to a vast loan of some sort which, Campion gathers, is destined to be of great importance to England. Sir Henry seems to feel that his country is in great peril; but Campion can only wonder what the nature of that peril is.

Leaving Sir Henry, Campion is arrested. Led to a station house, he is brought before the charge sergeant. Then, fearfully he awaits developments.

## IX

WAIT," Campion said, and was hurt to find that even his own voice was going against him. It sounded strangled and hysterical: "Get into touch with Lady Amanda Fitton at the principal's house at the Bridge Institute."

He saw they were surprised by something. It had not been the name, but the address had touched them. He seized the pause and hurried on:

"Also get hold of Yeo, of Scotland Yard. Find him. Tell him I'm here."

That made them laugh. Their great grins merged into one huge idiot face, like a mask of comedy on the ceiling of a theater.

"All in good time, my lad," said the charge sergeant. "You shall have the queen to see you if you don't hurry it. Meanwhile, if you could wait a minute, I'll just charge you, if you don't mind. We don't want to do anything against the book, do we?"

The clock with the face as big as a tea tray leered over the sergeant's shoulder. One o'clock. There was no time for anything. He must get to the Nag at once, within the half-hour. The big hand moved while he looked at it.

"Send for Hutch," he implored in panic.

Hutch was at least intelligent. Angry and suspicious he probably was, but at least his mind worked. Perhaps he could be got to see the hideous urgency of the occasion.

"Here, that'll do, that'll do." The charge sergeant was scandalized. "Superintendent Hutch has quite enough to do without bothering himself about you. If he wants to see you he'll come in his own time. Now then, Albert Campion. You are charged in that you did feloniously utter counterfeit bank notes to the value of one pound at the railway-station booking office at . . ."

Campion ceased to hear. He went deaf and blind. A great avalanche of fury at their incompetence descended over him, sweeping away every shred of his control. They couldn't even charge him with something he'd done! They were going to hold him in this gimcrack police station on some driveling, mistaken or invented charge while the minutes rushed by. The door was open behind him and he did the fatal thing.

As he sprang for the rectangle of light the plain-clothes man seized him. Campion slung him off, pitching him half across the room. The turnkey shouted and the young constable raised a great fist, while a slow, silly smile of surprised delight spread over his face. Campion took the blow just under the ear. The force of it lifted him off his feet and sent him sprawling across the boards toward the forms built in all around the room. The rounded edge of polished wood met his left temple with a crack that echoed around through the building. He fell into complete darkness and lay still.

ALBERT CAMPION came to himself in the cell. He gathered where he was at once and sat up on the hard couch, smiling ruefully. A clock striking two somewhere out in the town surprised him and he raised his eyebrows. To the best of his knowledge it must have been around about six in the evening when he had encountered the toughs down at the quayside. It was now daylight, so that if he had been out for around about twenty hours he must have taken a pretty severe blow. How extraordinarily like these country police to bring him into a cell and leave him to die while they found out who he was! So far they must have been singularly unsuccessful, the fools, and, while he was on that subject, where was Oates?

For the first time he felt a twinge of anxiety. Oates had certainly been with him. He remembered his own amused exasperation when the shambling figure, really astonishingly unfamiliar in the dirty flannels and threadbare greatcoat, had appeared at his elbow as he had stepped out of Lugg's paper shop. Poor old Oates! He had been badly rattled. The thing was getting him down, as well it might, of course, but it had been shocking to see him losing his grip and to hear his voice go husky as he admitted, "I wrote you last night, but I couldn't stick it. I simply couldn't sit up there and wait. I just walked out to see you. Campion, have you got a line?"

Well, he had, and he'd said so, and they'd gone on together. The fight had been pretty sensational. Campion felt his head cautiously. Yes, there it was. A very nasty, spongy little spot, by jimminy. There must have been five or six in the gang, all pros and all using blackjacks, which had been fortunate. Had it been clubs he might well have awakened to hear a harp quintet instead of the mouth organ that some misguided amateur was playing in the street outside.

All the same, it had not been exactly a walk among the apple blossoms. The money had drawn the gangsters, as he had hoped it would, and he had recognized them. He went over them in his mind. The Lily had been there, and the (Continued on page 52)

"Ere, what are you saying?" The turnkey was excited. "I'll 'ave to ask you to repeat." Amanda ignored the interruption

