



BY BRENDAN GILL
ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

First love is as unpredictable as a New England spring. It may arise from a smile, or a half-heard word. Or even, as in this case, from an unpaid bill

EARLY in November every year, Will O'Donnell took what he called "a little breather." According to the local paper, which apparently kept the item in type from one November to the next, "Will O'Donnell of Elm Street spent a few days in New York last week, visiting friends and taking in the sights."

Actually, the little breather was a business trip, and Will deducted its expenses from his income-tax returns; but it seemed wiser to let people assume that he was enjoying a vacation. In the first place, it had grown increasingly agreeable to Will to be regarded as a rakish young bachelor on the loose. In the second place, it would have been bad for business to let everyone know what he was doing in New York.

In a town like Northton, whose existence depended on the patronage of rich summer residents, a store maintained its popularity by making as little fuss as possible about money. Once word got around that Will went to New York to dun those deadbeats who had left at the end of the season without paying their bills, the other summer residents—a spoiled and unpredictable lot—might decide to take their custom elsewhere.

Will and his two sisters spent most of Sep-

tember, when business had slacked off, in going over the summer's accounts. Though they sent out monthly bills, many of the older residents preferred to pay what they owed in a single sum—as much, sometimes, as twelve or fifteen hundred dollars. This was one of the conveniences overlooked by those who said that the prices the O'Donnells charged were fit matters for confession; and it was a hazardous convenience for the O'Donnells to offer. In a town where houses rented for at least a thousand dollars a season, it was odd to find people who could not pay for what they had eaten and drunk. But it happened, and not infrequently.

In October, Will and his sisters sent out a final accounting and a no less final appeal for payment, both couched in carefully good-humored language. "Perhaps you have overlooked the following charges," the sisters wrote, in their old-fashioned Spencerian hand, or, "Going over our books, we happened to notice . . ."

When this appeal went unnoticed, as, by then, it generally did, Will entered another name and address in his notebook and prepared to pay a call during his little breather in New York.

His sisters always said, "Now, Will, be

strict with them. Stand up to them. We can't afford to lose all that money," and Will replied, "Don't you worry about me. I'll get the money if anybody can. But you should have stopped giving them credit months ago."

Then the sisters answered, in shocked chorus, "Will, you *know* we couldn't have done that. They'd have talked us down all over town."

When Will came to New York, he liked to stay at a small hotel on Second Avenue. It happened, this November, that the hotel was crowded, but the manager found a single room facing an alley which he let Will have at the regular commercial discount. Since he had opened and swept out the store that morning and spent most of the day on the train, Will went to bed at nine o'clock.

There was no use in getting up early, because people in New York, or, at least, the people in New York who spent their summers in Northton, disliked seeing other people much before noon. Still, he visited New York only once a year, and it seemed a pity to waste what his sisters called the golden hours of the day; Will shaved, dressed, and was down in the hotel lobby by eight.

Out of the obscure loneliness he felt away from home, he asked at the desk for mail and got the expected reply: "Sorry, Mr. O'Donnell, but there's nothing for you." At the newsstand in the lobby, where the girl yawned in his face, Will bought a couple of colored picture post cards of the Empire State Building and addressed them to his sisters. He might reach Northton before the post cards, but what mattered was his sending them and his sisters' receiving them.

"New York busy," he wrote. "Got fine room though hotel crowded. Turn off outside faucets if any danger of frost."

After breakfast at a cafeteria, a mixed pleasure and ordeal which was always a high light of his trip, Will walked across town to Fifth Avenue and up the Avenue to Central

"She's shy," Will told his sisters after Miss Burton's first visit. "It's funny, a girl that age being shy"

Park. He could not help feeling disappointed that so few shops listed prices under the merchandise they offered for sale. He would be able to tell his sisters about the colorful dresses and furs he had seen, but he would never be able to tell them, what was hardly less important, their cost. He sat on a bench, his back to the cold park wall, and opened his notebook. This year, he had been forced to set down only three names and addresses, though the total debt involved came to more than a thousand dollars.

The first name was that of Howie Walker, who lived out by the Pond. Walker's family had plenty of money, but "the boy" was careless. He and his pretty young wife ran up bills without telling each other what they had spent. They were always on the point of paying what they owed when, they complained, they lost the notice from O'Donnell's, or their checkbooks, or both.

Will's last recourse was to Howie's father, who, though retired, maintained an office in New York. Will would call the old man this morning, and he knew that before he had spoken half a dozen words, the old man would say, "Wait a minute, O'Donnell. How much, exactly, does Howard owe you?" And then: "I'll mail you a check today."

The second name on the list was also familiar. Mrs. Howell had charged six hundred and fifty-five dollars and twenty-five cents' worth of groceries and dry goods between June and October, and she had paid on account fifty-five dollars and twenty-five cents. Being Mr. Howell's second wife, she was considerably younger than he, and she loved, as she told Will, "to see people having a good time."

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naturally taken him for his overcoat—and something else, too, which he hadn't told anyone yet. But when there was no one around, he sometimes walked to the nearest piece of masonry and kicked it because of what a sap he had been.

They left the subway in Manhattan at Fifty-ninth Street and went to this place where Marietta's friend lived. It had a lobby imposing enough to knock an innocent eye out. But the sergeant's eyes weren't innocent. They had seen the world, and he had worked for a building contractor in Minneapolis before he got his greetings. He knew these marble pillars were imitation. He knew this paneling was wallboard. He knew these bronze doors were painted iron.

Phony, he thought, as he rode up the elevator and peeled the sporting pages from his floral offering, and she's probably phony, too.

But he wasn't so sure when he saw her. Perhaps the apartment had dazzled him a little—frilled and laced and flowered and lighted with these soft, silky lights. Then, when he turned, there she was with her hand out, as cute as a bug's ear, in a baby-blue evening dress. He didn't know whether to shake her hand or give it the box of rosebuds. So first he did one, then the other, and the next thing he knew she had his flowers pinned on her chest and the four of them were in a taxi going down to this perfectly wonderful place for dinner.

Sergeant McGuinness got a fairly good line on his date during the meal. Her name was Lois Moffett, and she was smooth. She talked smoothly, she walked smoothly, she ate her dinner smoothly—with just a touch of the old lah-de-da, with just a gracious arch of the little finger.

"I see you've been in active service, Sergeant," she said, looking at the ribbons on his counter and the winged chute on his collar.

He sprung a stock joke. It was a joke with a whiskered chin, but what the heck! This was a party, and maybe they hadn't all heard it. "Well, yes," he said, "I've had my ups and downs."

Maybe she didn't get it. She certainly didn't smile. If anything, she raised eyebrows of disapproval.

"In which theater of war?" she asked.

Oh-ho, thought the sergeant. So now I'm Spencer Tracey or Pat O'Brien. Or am I little Roddy McDowall? Aloud he patiently answered, "Africa . . . Sicily . . . Italy . . . Cherbourg Peninsula . . ."

He gave the name of the peninsula the soldier's honest, blunt pronunciation. As if it rhymed with "her bug."

She was quiet for a few obviously puzzled moments and then she said, "Oh, yes—Cherbourg." You could see what had held her back. She gave the name the old French sauce, as if it rhymed with "barber."

WHEN dinner was over, the girls disappeared to freshen up for the show. The sergeant and the corporal spoke freely.

"How do you like your girl?" asked the corporal eagerly. "Isn't she a pip?"

The sergeant's manner became that of a connoisseur. He was a Harry James being asked about the tone of a trumpet. He was an Alfred Hitchcock being asked his opinion of a Sunday-school play.

"A very cute number," he pronounced. "And very smooth. What does she do in the daytime?"

"She's assistant to the chief in some big personnel department. Marietta says she drags down anywhere from seventy-five to a hundred bucks a week."

The sergeant figured it out. He didn't have to use pencil and paper on that one.

"That's a heck of a lot more than I'm dragging down, and here I'm buying her a dinner and blowing her to a show. You see what I mean, Sim? You see now what I mean?"

"Listen, Sarge," said the corporal earnestly, "you ain't going to like this party for peanuts if you keep this chip on your shoulder."

The sergeant laughed, though gently. It was the laugh of Sir Galahad who had the strength of ten because his heart was pure.

"You think this is all that would happen

if there was a chip on my shoulder?" he graciously asked. "But thanks for the tip, just the same, Simonetti. I'll try to be good."

Indeed his manners reached a point where they presently shone with splendor. When the girls reappeared, the sergeant was not only the first to leap to his feet, but with a frowning eye and upthrust thumb, he ordered the corporal to spring to attention likewise. He bowed for Lois and Marietta to precede them out of the restaurant. He opened the taxi door. He elbowed a path through the theater lobby. Outwardly, in every way, he was the gracious, perfect knight until toward the end of the play. . . .

It would have been better, perhaps, if they had gone to a musical. But the girls had wanted to see this Family Reunion where one by one the family rubbed one another out.

Now the sergeant had seen the real thing in cancellations, and more times and with more details than he cared to remember. So when these phony killings were made on the stage and he saw the audience watching pop-eyed with their chins hanging down—well, the sergeant scoffed loudly. Several people in front turned in their seats to stare at him. "Sh!" said Lois, and lightly slapped him on the arm where his wound and service stripes nearly met.

The sergeant subsided but his expression remained sardonic as he watched the stage.

Now the hero, both hands pressed against his stomach, had started for the telephone. It was very evident that he shouldn't have drunk a certain glass of beer. He made his way past the Windsor rocker where Aunt

Chively would rock no more, her head at a grotesque angle, her false tongue forever still. He passed Uncle Horace who had slumped over the desk, his ear still smoking from the lethal shock it had received through the telephone.

And when the door behind the hero began to swing slowly open and everyone in the theater was gasping or whispering "Watch that door!" Sergeant McGuinness simply couldn't stand it any longer. Something inside him touched off a clean, short blast of derisive laughter which even made the stilled figures on the stage twitch.

THE sergeant might have pulled himself together if it hadn't been for the ring of shocked faces which were staring at him now from all directions. The more he looked at them, the more his laughter roared through the theater. And the more he laughed, the more funny faces turned to stare at him. There was only one way to end a thing like that. With a reassuring pat on Lois' arm, he made his way to the aisle, still chuckling reminiscently.

A squad of ushers, hurrying down the aisle to quell the disturbance, flashed their lights on the sergeant's ribbons and insignia, also on the width of his shoulders and the swing of his arms. Turning, they escorted him for the rest of his journey like a detail of motorcycle cops around a visiting dignitary. In the outer lobby a real cop and an MP closed in on him.

"Are you the guy who laughed?" asked the cop.

"Yeah," said the sergeant. "Who

wouldn't?" He grinned, expanding his chest and swaggering a little. They grinned, and with one thing and another, they had a real man's visit that only broke up when the doorman fastened his doors back, and the audience began to come out.

When Sim and the girls appeared, you could see that Lois felt disgraced.

"I have to get up so early in the morning," she said, "I'm going to call it a day."

"But, Lois!" cried Marietta. "You aren't coming to the Cocoplum with us?"

Lois shook her head. "I'd love to," she said, "but I have this headache, and I get up so early—"

The sergeant knew he was being punished—punished in front of the corporal—but there was still one lower depth of ignominy to which he must now descend.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I know I shouldn't have laughed."

"Oh, that didn't matter," said Lois, "but this is really late for me."

Oh, well, if she felt that way. He had groveled at her feet. He had done his best. "I'll get a cab," he said.

Even that wasn't right. Even that didn't suit her.

"With all these people here ahead of us waiting for cabs," she murmured, "I'm afraid we would be here indefinitely. I'll take the subway."

"You'll take a cab," said the sergeant distinctly. "All of you wait here. I'll be right back."

He advanced fifteen or twenty yards along the sidewalk and deliberately stepped in front of a taxi which had a boy on the running board. There was first a quarter for the boy and then a slight argument with a fat cat in a tuxedo who came fussing out from under the marquee.

"Here now! That's my cab!" the cat shouted.

Slowly, majestically, the sergeant turned and put the eye on him. There was power in the sergeant's eye. It could speak in any man's language. "Whose taxi did you say this was?" he added in a certain voice.

"Apparently yours," said the other, speaking in some surprise. And still as if he could hardly believe what he was saying, "All right, boy. Get me another, but try to hang on to it this time."

SINCE the cab had stopped, the driver hadn't moved. The sergeant turned now to speak to him, and saw that the driver was a girl. This girl had a keen chin and an upward tilt to her nose. Her eyes were wide apart, and when she smiled a dimple appeared on each side of her mouth.

The sergeant stared at her approvingly. It was a long stare. Then Sim and the girls had joined him and were getting into the cab. The Cocoplum was only three blocks away, and the corporal and Marietta got out there, their reservations being for eleven-thirty. The sergeant would join them later. First he would take Lois home.

"Head still aching?" he asked.

"Yes."

As short as that. Well, she could be as short as a gnat's tail if she wanted.

Yet recalling his grandmother's words, "Always try to be a gentleman till somebody makes a pass at you," he tried another point.

"Have you noticed we have a young lady pilot?" he asked. And then boldly striking at his second front, "What's your name, driver?"

"Kate Condon," she sang out.

"You look pretty young to be driving a cab," the sergeant said pleasantly. "I didn't know they took 'em as young as you."

"I'm not as young as all that, and nobody had to take me. This is my brother Ed's cab I'm running it for him till he gets back."

"Where's Ed?"

"France, the last we heard. Driving tank."

"Good boy! I'm just back from there."

"I thought so, from your ribbons. You're a paratrooper, aren't you?"

"Yeah. 'Little Snowflake, brave an meek—'"

She laughed.

They had stopped at Madison Avenue for the lights. The green came on and, just

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*Now Mrs. Carruthers was new at the game,
And yet she scored X's in frame after frame,
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his 147 pounds, quit a government-school coaching job in Utah. Jodie Marek, fullback, who put Tech in the Cotton Bowl by kicking a field goal and then running 68 yards for a touchdown, both in the space of 17 seconds, left a railroad post.

But this year Cawthon has had time to beat the bushes, trade the Redskins out of the veteran end, Bob Masterson, and a couple of others, as well as making deals with Green Bay and the Chicago Cards. All of which will enable him to field a team of pro veterans with a line averaging 216 and a backfield 199. They should reduce his nervous breakdowns to not more than one a quarter.

Naturally Cawthon does not expect to win alone on heart attacks and veterans, and he employs one of the most successful systems ever devised—that of his late friend, Knute Rockne, whom he trailed about the Notre Dame field in spring practice. There are the familiar man in motion and flanker through a shift in the backfield and ends off a balanced line, but Cawthon has added a lot of hocus-pocus stuff of the spinner and hidden-ball variety, believing it's easier to score when you fool an opponent. And in the hipper-dipper Southwest he helped develop the wide-open game with passing from any yard line, which is in more evidence this year. However, he backs it up with a balanced running attack and a punter who can strong-leg that ball downfield.

But in the final analysis it isn't the Rockne system or the wild-passing game of the Southwest. It's the tough Cawthon system, the Mr. Hyde system, which makes daily workouts so hard that the week-end games are rest periods. There's no horseplay or loafing on the Tigers' field. Tiger players run (not walk) while they're in practice, and substitutes run on the field at full tilt and off at the same speed, except in stretcher cases when Cawthon makes an exception. And if the team isn't going good, as you get a glimmer it didn't last year, Cawthon employs one of his innovations—the white ball for practice after dark. The first one ever developed, so far as known, came when Cawthon applied a coat of white paint to a standard ball while at Tech, after sporting-goods salesman wrinkled their brows and said they'd never heard of one.

Hyde Technique, with Posters

Cawthon has carried not only the Hyde system into pro football but the old college try as well. Last year when his club went five games without scoring, players as well as coaches felt they were taking money under false pretenses. And the signs with which he adorns the clubhouse walls reflect both last year's as well as current problems. Some of them are: Buck Up and Shut Up When You Lose; It's an Honor to Be a Pro, Conduct Yourself as One; No Short Cuts to Victory, It's Hard Work; Winners Don't Quit, Quitters Don't Win; Block and Tackle and You Will Play; Love the Game, Not the Girls; It's a Tough, Rough Game, Play the Winning Kind.

Cawthon lives those slogans. His single desire is to win, and those who put him in a passion find him a violent Mr. Hyde. For instance: His great team at Austin College, Sherman, Texas, in 1923 hooked into, at Wichita Falls, a tough, rawboned outfit from the then Simmons University of Abilene. With time fast running out and the score 0-0, Simmons punted and Walter Miller, an Austin College scat back, gathered it in on his five-yard line and whizzed untouched down the side lines to the pay-off.

But Jack Roach, veteran Southwest Conference official, who was out of position, ran over to the side lines in front of the Austin College bench, marked a spot where he thought Miller ran out and whistled the ball back. Cawthon shot out on the field, jumped up in the air at the giant Roach and closed his eye. That night Cawthon apologized to Roach and in 1928-29, while both were officiating, they shared the same room.

Texans can't understand why Cawthon showed up in Brooklyn this year. For his intensity over winning reacted on him in defeats in other years to make him the All-America disappearing coach. When Gus Dorais' Detroit University team dynamited Tech at Lubbock in 1936, it nearly killed

Football's Whirling Dervish

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Pete. After the merciful gun sounded, the palsied Cawthon wreck climbed in his car and headed south, not even going by home for a clean shirt. When the ignition in the family bus was turned off, it was in Juarez, where the Mexicans never heard of Señor Hyde Cawthon. He holed up for two weeks.

In 1939, Cawthon with one of his better Tech teams shot at and hit the Cotton Bowl game with St. Mary's in Dallas. West Texas went nuts, made him its No. 1 citizen and on New Year's Day trekked to Dallas with layers of oil and cotton money. But the game meant more to Pete, for he was fighting also for membership in the tight, tough, exclusive Southwest Conference. He died several times that New Year's Day, although the score was only 20 to 13 against him. When the gun fired, West Texas' ex-Citizen No. 1 crawled into a car which couldn't talk punts or scores, and stopped only when he reached Sulphur Springs, Ark., where he registered under an assumed name.

The gentle Dr. Jekyll doesn't like to talk about his Rockne-Hyde system, how bad Mr. Hyde's temper in defeat makes him feel. But he admits, "I just can't face anybody. I can't sleep, I can't eat, I just gotta get out of town. It nearly kills me to lose." Then

old socks didn't help Pete in 1943, but he wore them nevertheless and he's wearing them now in their twenty-sixth year.

One year his wife wore a new green coat suit to the train on a chill winter day as Pete's men left for an important game that became a great victory. In the following September when a torrid sun was popping open the cotton bolls on the Texas plains, Pete had her wear the same lucky suit. "She neahly smothuhed," he grins. "But we won," he justified it. Then adds, "It takes all of us pullin' togethuh."

But if Mrs. Cawthon nearly smothered, Pete almost froze another fall, that of 1937. However, it wasn't superstition. He had started the season in a linen suit and straw hat. His team got to losing and "I was 'fraid to go to town to buy anothuh, 'fraid somebody might see me. You got to take an awful ribbin' in a small town."

Chill days came and still no victory. Then the howling northers began ripping down from the pole, and Cawthon wore an overcoat over the linen suit as he slunk along the alleys between home and stadium. Finally, Mrs. Cawthon prevented pneumonia by ordering three suits sent out, made Pete select one and then altered it herself.



Mr. Hyde roars to the surface. "Who wants to be a good losuh?" he snorts. "Get to be a good losuh and you'll lose all the time." Then comes back a contrite Dr. Jekyll: "I oughtuh studied moah when I was in school and I wouldn't have to be in this racket. When I lose I'd rathuh be a ditch digguh. But when I win," and the charming Dr. Jekyll shows those pearly teeth in a grand smile, "man, man, I wouldn't swap places with the President."

A coach who wants to win as much as Cawthon seldom will change a winning combination. Cawthon is that way also about his clothes. During twenty-six years of coaching, he has worn practically the same outfit that he graduated with at Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas, in 1919, and started coaching in a Beaumont (Texas) High School that fall. The ravages of years made the aged outfit and Cawthon look like the ragpicker man. The socks in particular were disreputable. So Sammy West, then of the St. Louis Browns, sent him a new pair when he was at Tech, and Pete retired the old darned and patched ones. His Tech team immediately lost three games in a row. One day a player pointed an accusing finger at the socks, so back from oblivion came the old ones, and West's gift went into moth balls. Tech then won seven straight. Those

A man who hates to lose as much as Cawthon naturally bears down on his men. He makes his players cut their hair Army style, just as he does, to keep it out of their eyes and to keep the girls away. And his usual medicine for loafing is to lap the field.

Several years ago when his Tech team dropped a game to Arizona, Cawthon concluded that his tackle play had been responsible. As the stadium cleared, he ordered his battered tackles, "Broadway" Browning and "Bull" Katrola, to lap the stadium track until he told them to quit. Cawthon busied himself in the dressing room, then in his office, finally went home. Two hours later he recalled a package he had left at the stadium and returned to find in the gloom, with their tongues on their chests but still stumbling around the track, his forgotten men, Browning and Katrola.

He was so contrite and so impressed that he awarded them the highly prized Texas Tech Blanket, an honor conceived by Cawthon and presented only to visiting captains of opposing teams.

Cawthon had a standing punishment at Tech for players who messed up plays in practice. It was to run from the stadium to the college water tower and back, a four-mile round trip over plowed fields and sand. One afternoon in 1939, he ordered a reserve

back to do penance. When practice was over, the back had not returned. So Cawthon sent a searching party. They found exactly nothing. Several days later, Cawthon received a letter which said, "Coach, I just hitchhiked on to California since I was halfway here when I got to the water tower."

Cawthon expects implicit obedience to orders, and his Tigers will give it or get out. Once five stars of his great Austin College team of 1923 asked permission, during a layover at Texarkana between trains, to go riding with some girls. They included Dell Morgan, great lineman who succeeded Cawthon as coach at Tech, and Vernon Tuck, who became the surgeon who in later years operated on Cawthon. Cawthon agreed but told them to get to the station early. They returned just after the train had pulled out. A telegram to Student Manager Walter Hunter, on the train, asking for transportation brought a return wire, "Pete says hell no walk home." And on the following Monday, they took laps around the track after practice until the moon came up about 9 o'clock, with Cawthon standing by.

In the Last Seventeen Seconds

Cawthon is very stern about smoking and drinking. He has relaxed only twice. In 1938 the Red Raiders came up to the University of New Mexico game undefeated and untied, and had the Cotton Bowl invitation in reach. But the Lobos had an idea, too, and went into the game to hamstring the flashy Texans. With but 17 seconds to go, the score was 7-7, the Cotton Bowl was fading, and the Lobos were tonguing that moral-victory howl. But Jodie Marek of Tech booted a 26-yard field goal and a few seconds later intercepted a pass and ran 68 yards for a touchdown.

Cawthon went slap-happy. "Boys," he said later, "I'm just so happy I'm goin' to do somethin' I would fiah you off the team foah if I evah caught you doin' it."

He bought a box of cigars and passed them around for a victory smoke. But the players insisted that he smoke one, too—which he did—and it made him so sick that he had to be assisted off the train at Lubbock.

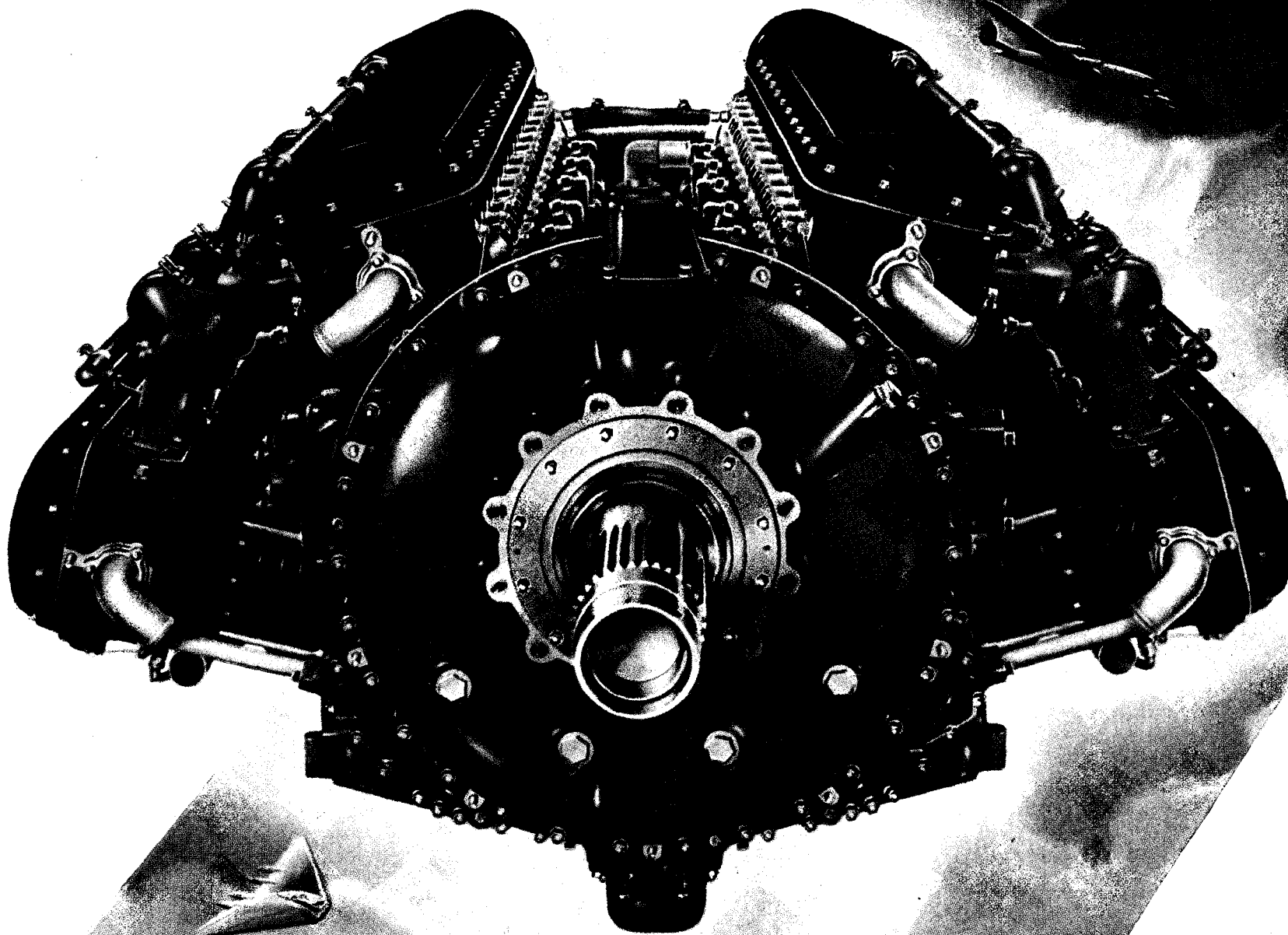
The only rules that Cawthon regularly breaks are those of pressing too hard for a human frame, and he has done that consistently since he broke into the line-up at Southwestern. There he was obsessed with the idea of breaking the four-sports record hung up by the great Jack Snipes. He became quarterback and end in football, a sharpshooting forward in basketball, a major-league infield prospect, a dash man on the cinders, captained football, basketball and track teams, but in trying for a fifth letter, in tennis, he developed heart trouble. That heart, aggravated by the world's worst worrier, forced him out of coaching in 1928-29.

Probably, he inherited his scrappiness but he has fought since he was born, across the tracks in Houston somewhere around 46 years ago. He won't divulge his correct age, since he fudged a bit on the upside when he first applied for jobs. Now he fudges a bit on the downside.

Through the years he has been tough on his players but he is a bit daffy about them. In Texas he went to bat for hundreds of his ex's, and the businessmen took his word and hired his boys, for they knew he would not lie. He keeps up with his former players, has a book of addresses and before the war wrote each one of them once or twice a year. Before Pearl Harbor he had 146 ex-players in coaching jobs, probably more than anyone else excluding Rockne. Incidentally, he was with "Rock" the day before Knute made that fatal airplane reservation, but it did not keep Cawthon from being the first coach, as far as known, to transport his team by airplane, flying in 1937 to Detroit to play Detroit U.

In that game Pete took a licking, and on the return trip called a meeting of his players. "I just want to tell you guys," he roared, "you eat like Notuh Dame, travel high-class like Yale, and play football like Nitwit College. It makes me sick at the stomach to look at you. The meetin' is dismissed!"

THE END



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BY HOPE HALE

THE HEART *Forbidden*

All her love was not enough to free him from his distrust of the past. Now she knew his heart must carry him alone, or his heart would shut her out forever

ALTHEA saw him, of course, as soon as she came in. Almost before she slipped into her seat and started tuning her violin, she had noted that he was civilian, young and far more knowing with a clarinet than last year's occupant of his chair.

That much was normal. Naturally at the year's first rehearsal anyone would look around to see the changes in the orchestra. It was interesting because Mr. Vigner was a director whose endless search for talent was not stopped by the high iron fence of the Green College campus. When at last he raised his hands and halted them all to blast the tempo of the double basses as thoroughly as if they had not been played by full professors, she sat back breathlessly. She did not know that she was rubbing the muscles of her right shoulder until she saw the boy's dark eyes light up with a funny little gleam of sympathy.

Almost before she could be sure he had smiled, he looked back to the score on his music stand. His lips moved quite impersonally now in silent practice, just touching the mouthpiece of his instrument. They were expressive lips, the modeling accentuated by muscular development, but subtly, with discipline and restraint. He was not frowning, yet there was a look of concentration about the level brows, a purposeful thrust to the chin, not aloof but suggesting that he knew how to direct all his power into the precise movement of his strong brown fingers on the keys.

Althea heard her roommate's whisper from the chair behind her and felt the fluff of curls touch her ear as Gen leaned forward. "Look what's happened to the woodwinds. Who wants Benny Goodman when we can have that?"

Then Althea knew why the boy had turned so abruptly and exclusively to his music. Before she looked back to answer, she knew what she would see in Gen's bright blue eyes. It was a look she had learned well last year and year

before, the look that came to the face of girls when they saw a man—any man. It was a look of hungry curiosity—a starved look. Althea had never known before how much she hated it. She turned to her own score and did not lift her eyes again, not even when Mr. Vigner broke rehearsal up at last, admitting the weather was too hot, and started introducing new members to the old. She packed up swiftly and almost ran from the studio.

She had not looked again at the boy, but she had heard his work in *The Afternoon of a Faun*. And she could not leave that behind.

She had decided that she was through with the Debussy phase, that it was simply too mellifluous. Her present taste called for sterner stuff. But tonight, listening to the clear, exact fall of clarinet tones, she heard something new in the music, more than rippling, voluptuous sensation: something fresh and true, a tenderness that was honest and important and hurt her in a way that musicians are not supposed to be hurt by music. It had given her a piercing sense of the world's pain, an exquisite heartbreak. She had brushed her hand across her eyes and had been amazed to feel it wet with reasonless tears.

She was still amazed as she walked along the pond in the darkness, still hurting. The softness of the night, the shadows of weeping willows moving lazily in the dark shine of the water—everything was too beautiful to bear. But her room was no refuge; it stifled her. She laid down her violin case and went out again. She found herself moving toward the lights of the boathouse. Always before, she had been a little scornful of the frankly desperate spirit in which the social committee of Student Government had converted the unused room into an innocent college version of a juke joint. If girls couldn't take care of their own restlessness. . . . But tonight it appeared that she couldn't, herself. The amplified phonograph music sounded like what she needed.

She stepped in out of the dimness with relief and headed for the soda bar. But as she reached (Continued on page 46)

Althea heard Gen whisper from the chair behind her, "Look what's happened to the woodwinds. Who wants Benny Goodman when we can have that?"