



ALBERT
DORNE

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING

Father had spoken and, so far as he was concerned, the subject was closed. Martin Quinlan was a dangerous radical and a rascally Irishman, and Clara was never to see him again

By FREEMAN PHILLIPS

MY SISTER Clara's wedding to Martin Quinlan is still clear in my mind today although it took place a little over half a century ago. I was eleven then. I can still see my father and Martin Quinlan, two big men, glaring at each other out of the corners of their eyes as though only the fact that there were women and children present was keeping them from coming to blows.

And I can see my sister standing between them at the altar, serenely oblivious to the scandalized hum of conversation that went on all through the ceremony. Clara was twenty-eight and the general opinion was that she was very lucky to have acquired a husband at that age, regardless of how. But I knew that luck had had little to do with bringing the wedding about. The credit for that went to my mother. . . .

My mother was a gentle woman, with smooth brown hair only lightly touched with gray, and a warm, quiet smile. Although she had a great deal of poise, she was always a little shy with strangers, perhaps because of the sheltered life she led. She had married when she was seventeen and left the home of one strict, domineering man for that of another.

She hated arguing or wrangling of any sort, and in most matters, in order to maintain peace, she deferred readily to Father's wishes. However, on the few occasions when she found it necessary to oppose him, she displayed an iron determination which was more than a match for his own. One of those occasions was when Clara wanted to go to work. That was shortly after her twenty-seventh birthday.

Clara was pretty enough—she had thick blonde hair and blue eyes—but she was also strong-willed and independent, and this had discouraged most of the young men who came to call on her. She was bored with staying at home and she wanted to get a job in a business office.

Father, of course, was dead against it, but Mother sided with Clara, I suppose because she hoped that in the business world my sister would meet a man who suited her. At any rate, in her quietly determined way, she went to work on Father and, after a stormy week, she got his permission. Clara went to secretarial school for a few months

With a bland smile, Father would pleasantly lead a witness straight into a trap. Then he would pounce, waving his forefinger like an avenging sword under the victim's nose

and then Father got her a job with Webster and Webster, an accounting firm which he considered to be reliable. It was there that my sister met and fell in love with Martin Quinlan, an occurrence which permanently shook my father's faith in the Messrs. Webster.

Our first meeting with Martin Quinlan was a memorable one.

The evening before it, Clara had announced that she'd invited a young man to call. I remember the look of hopeful interest that came into Mother's eye as she said with studied casualness, "That's nice, dear. Is it anyone we know?"

"No. I met him at work. He's a client of ours," Clara said. That was all she said, but they must have had some other way of communicating, for presently Mother went to the kitchen and began making a fruitcake, which was her specialty and reserved only for special occasions.

Quinlan arrived at our house the next evening at eight. He was a big, roughhewn man with a mop of shaggy red hair and the heavy, broad shoulders of one who'd labored with his hands and back. He looked baffled, a little angry and acutely uncomfortable.

He had started the evening off with what must have seemed to him a horrible blunder. In his full baritone he had said, "Good evening, Mrs. Roper. I'm Martin Quinlan," to Katie, our maid, when she opened the door. Then, when he saw my mother and realized his mistake, he flushed painfully and even Mother's gentle smile couldn't quite put him at his ease.

His distress melted Mother's usual reserve with strangers. "Good evening, Mr. Quinlan. I'm so glad you could come. This is Mr. Roper, and Theodore—Mr. Quinlan."

He shook hands stiffly with Father and me. "Clara!" Mother yoo-hooed prettily up the stairs. "She'll be down in a moment, I'm sure. She's still busy with her hair, I'm afraid." She motioned him to the sofa and he sat down carefully, placing his big hands on his knees. "My, hasn't it been warm these past few days," she said.

"Yes, very warm." There was a trace of an Irish brogue in his speech.

"Today was especially lovely, I thought. Although I'm always afraid when it gets warm so early in the season that it only leads to colds. Don't you think so, Mr. Quinlan?"

"I very rarely catch cold."
"Oh, you're so fortunate, Mr. Quinlan," Mother cried passionately. "My family has always been very susceptible to colds." (Continued on page 43)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT DORNE

The Best Pros I Ever Saw



Don Hutson



Arnie Weinmeister



Danny Fortmann



Mel Hein



Garrard Ramsey



Stan Mauldin



Tom Fears



Otto Graham

In a decade of coaching Philadelphia's Eagles, the famed mentor saw many great players—and picking 11 wasn't easy. But here they are, and the author also reveals how he got his team ready for games, the inside story of TD plays and his grid philosophy

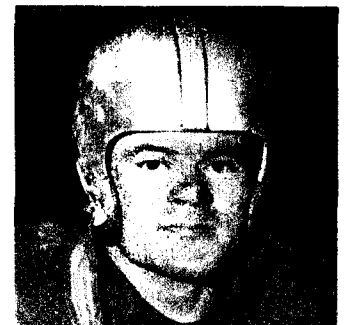
POS.	PLAYER	PRO TEAM	SCHOOL
LE	Don Hutson	Packers	Alabama
LT	Arnie Weinmeister	Giants	U. of Wash.
LG	Danny Fortmann	Bears	Colgate
C	Mel Hein	Giants	Wash. State
RG	Garrard Ramsey	Cardinals	Wm. & Mary
RT	Stan Mauldin	Cardinals	Texas
RE	Tom Fears	Rams	UCLA
Q	Otto Graham	Browns	Northwestern
LH	Steve Van Buren	Eagles	LSU
RH	George McAfee	Bears	Duke
F	Joe Muha	Eagles	VMI



Joe Muha



George McAfee



Steve Van Buren

With an exciting account of his decade as coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, Alfred Earle (Greasy) Neale ends the story of a football career which began more than 40 years ago, when he starred for his high-school team in Parkersburg, West Virginia. Fans will find thrills in his stories of great games and players—and deep interest in his report on how he was dismissed by the Philadelphia pro club

III

PROFESSIONAL football was in the horse-and-buggy stage when I received \$75 for playing my first game with the Canton Bulldogs in 1917. It has now progressed to the point where I'm being paid \$15,000 for *not* coaching the Philadelphia Eagles this fall. I have seen the pro game expand from an informal sport to one of the most exacting of them all.

John Kellison, my teammate with West Virginia

Wesleyan and my assistant in almost every football coaching job I've ever had, used to tell the Eagle squad stories of our early playing days with Canton and I don't think the players ever believed pro football was such a hit-or-miss sport at any stage.

Pro football players in those days often didn't see one another from Sunday to Sunday and weren't always in condition. I recall one Sunday morning when Jim Thorpe, one of the greatest of them all, lined up the Canton squad in a hotel room in Akron and asked us how much of the game we thought we could play. Most of us were coaching football at different schools and the general answer was, "Put me down for a half, Jim," or, "I think maybe I can go 40 minutes."

When Thorpe asked Kellison how long he would play, Honest John replied, "Sixty minutes, Jim. That's what I came over here to play and that's what I'm being paid to play."

The big Indian always had a soft spot in his

heart for Kellison. After one of John's early games with Canton he was wandering around and Thorpe noticed his worried look. He learned "Kelly" wanted to get paid and get back to West Virginia.

"Jim will take care of that," said Thorpe, reaching into his pocket and peeling off five \$20 bills.

"It's too much," protested Kellison. "I agreed to play for \$75. I'm just small-fry."

"Here's twenty-five more," said Jim, boosting the ante to \$125, "you were the best damn' player on the field."

Although the players weren't drilled and weren't in very good shape, don't think those old pro games weren't rugged. I recall one in which Kellison, playing tackle, was holding the end all day so he couldn't get downfield for passes. Fred Nesser, one of six brothers who played football around Columbus, was in a rage at Kelly's tactics.

"I'll massacre you when this game is over," grimly threatened Nesser.

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