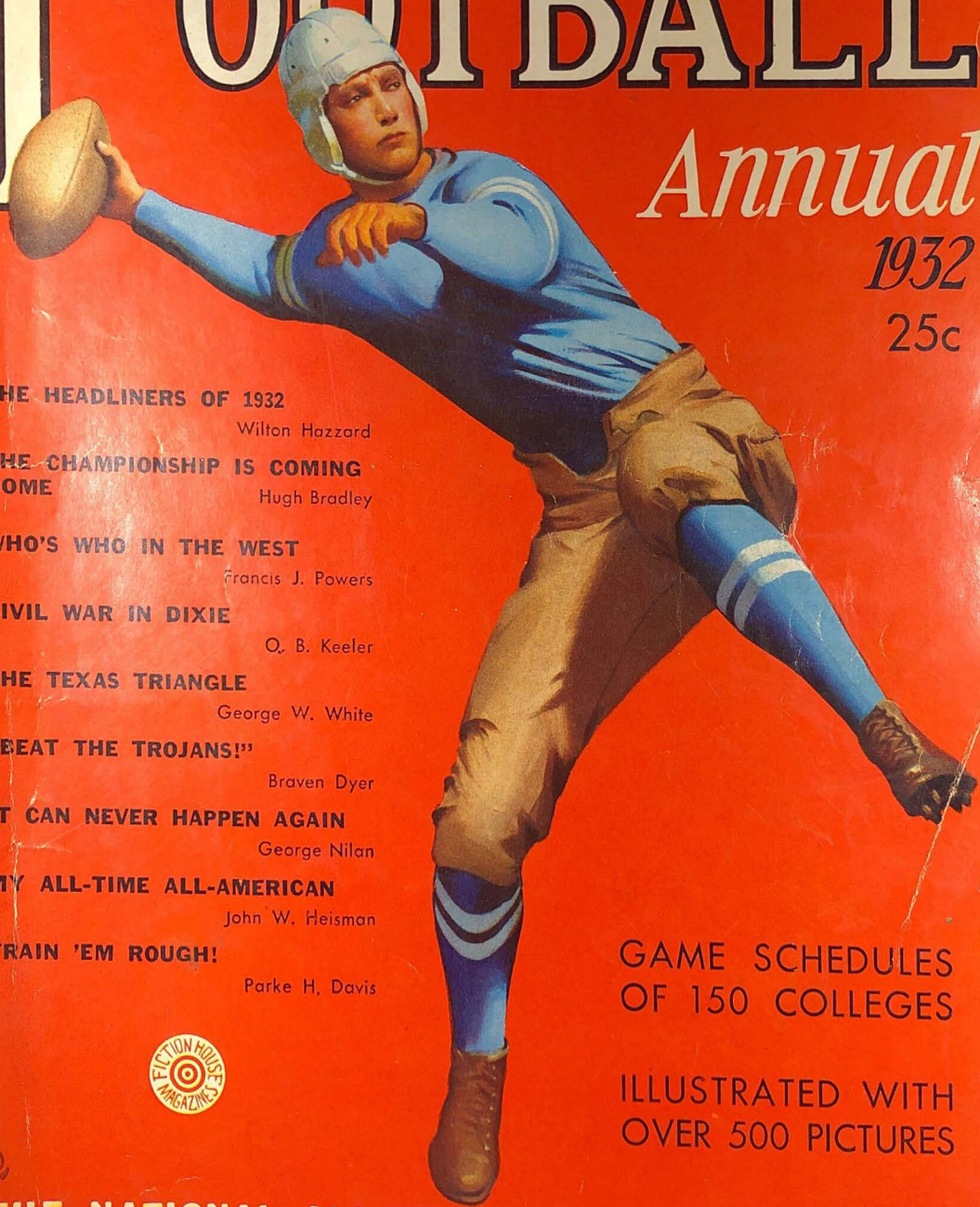


# *Illustrated* FOOTBALL

*Annual*  
1932  
25c



- THE HEADLINERS OF 1932**  
Wilton Hazzard
- THE CHAMPIONSHIP IS COMING HOME**  
Hugh Bradley
- WHO'S WHO IN THE WEST**  
Francis J. Powers
- CIVIL WAR IN DIXIE**  
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George Nilan
- MY ALL-TIME ALL-AMERICAN**  
John W. Heisman
- TRAIN 'EM ROUGH!**  
Parke H. Davis

GAME SCHEDULES  
OF 150 COLLEGES

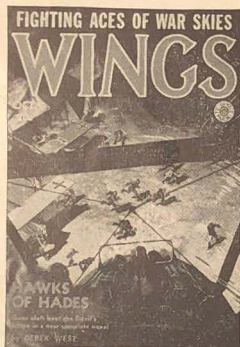
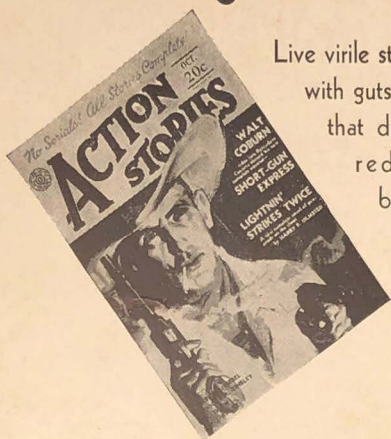
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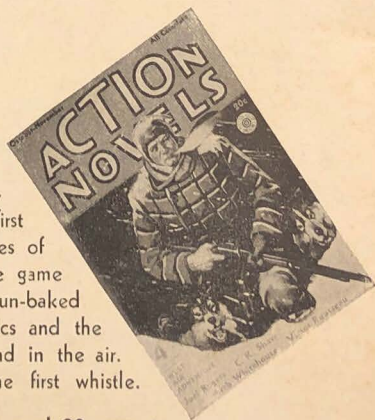
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# Illustrated FOOTBALL 1932 Annual

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

EDITED BY JACK BYRNE

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J. W. Glenister, President

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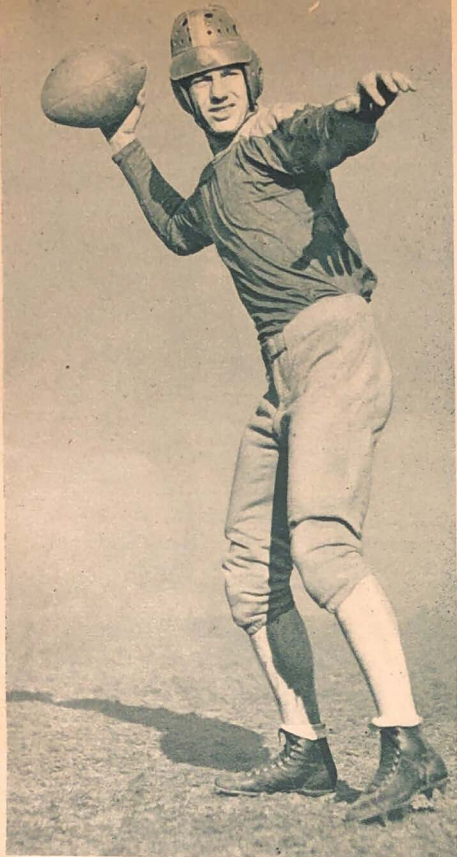
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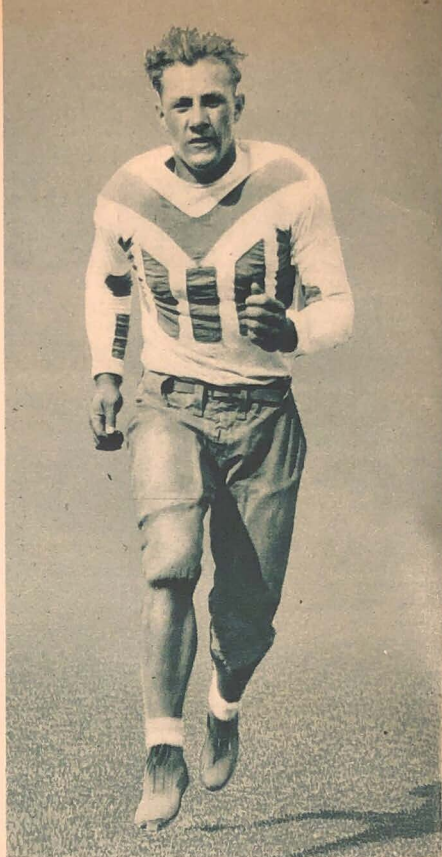
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Warren Heller of Pittsburgh (see page 5)



Harold Moe of Oregon State (see page 9)

# THE HEADLINERS

**The Blue Book of the football greats — 1932 edition. From coast to coast, from Maine to Texas, our spotlight covers the outstanding players who will write the new annals of the game in blazing, amazing action**

**T**HE finest football America ever saw — so the experts say — was served up to the post-war fans of thirteen years ago. "Those were the days!" they nod, and they breathe a longing sigh. For back from France and the far-flung training camps came a legion of bronzed young stalwarts to trade their Sam Browne belts for football pads and polished boots for cleated shoes. They came back older, wiser, toughened in the grimmest game of them all, and the stars of the year before gathered splinters on the bench while better men made gridiron

history with mighty feats that are destined to endure.

Perhaps the new season now under way will fail to match that older day in greatness. When the last whistle blows in the campaign of 1932 we may not have produced touchdown stars of the same luster as Bo McMillan and Casey of Harvard; we may find no lineman to rank with Higgins and Henry and Swede Youngstrom. As a matter of fact, the odds are heavy against it. The new safety rules have taken some of the swagger from the game, and some of that roaring, swash-buckling spirit is gone. The players of today are younger, proselyting is frowned upon, and the rules of



Don Zimmerman of Tulane (see page 11)



Cliff Domingue, Texas Aggies (see page 13)

# OF 1932 By WILTON HAZZARD

**Wilton Hazzard, nationally known sports editor, canvassed the country to gain his information. Leading coaches and officials and the players themselves have contributed the basic details on which this article is based**

eligibility have teeth in them. So perhaps—

But note how that word keeps climbing into the discussion. *Perhaps*—meaning maybe, possibly, per- adventure, perchance—and the word is used advisedly. A lot of water has flowed past reluctant tonsils since 1919, many a pigskin spheroid has hopped the touch- down chalk-line, and Ol' Massa Hazzard has a hunch. After surveying the 1932 crop, coming out of that seven-man huddle with my coast to coast correspond- ents, there's only one statement to cover the situation:

Gridiron material is climbing to a new high and is just about to turn another corner to prosperity. Look

for new and bright stars in the 1932 football firmament!

Since spring practice began we have been checking the records and scouting about. We have watched our men in recent action, discussed them with fellow play- ers, coaches and officials. We have had an eye on them in the preliminary workouts. As a group they are not as old as those warriors of 1919. They may not be as tough in fibre. But they are bringing to the game a keener spirit, an inspirational drive that was sometimes lacking in the old days. Talk about the jaded attitude of modern youth and the pseudo-sophistication of our collegians if you want to. I think I see the



Yale's successor to Albie Booth is spindle-shanked Bob Lassiter from No'th Ca'lina, suh

beginning of a swing-back to the "die for Rutgers" era.

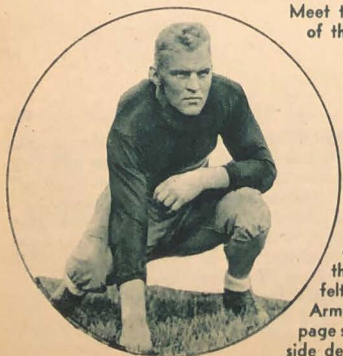
You know what that means. It means the brand of football that produces the most glamorous, thrilling spectacle in all sportdom. The gridiron stage is set for it and the headliners are ready to play their inspired roles. Grab a seat on our trans-continental air liner and we'll throw the close-up spotlight on the players that 1932 seems to have destined for the high places on the honor roll of Football greatness.

All abo-o-o-ard! First stop New Haven and the Yale campus.

### Lassiter of Yale

**T**HE spotlight centers on a lanky lad with the limber legs of a Broadway dancing star; you look at him and wonder what he is doing in the midst of these laughing young giants who are waiting for the bus to take them to the football field. You glance again

Meet the master of the Mule



A thunderbolt on the attack—that's Summerfelt, captain of the Army array. See page seven for the inside details

at his slender shoulders and slim hips as he stands there chatting with lazy confidence. Then you mutter:

"Oh yeah, I get it. He's an assistant manager—one of those chaps who carry the balls and help out on things like that."

Right you are—that is partly right. He's one of the chaps who carry the ball, and how he can carry it. That tall, spindle-shanked youngster is Robert Lassiter, Jr. of Charlotte, North Carolina.

Throughout the years Yale has resounded with the praises of many great backs: Coy, Booth, Caldwell, Pond—the list is too long to name a tithe of them. But even now the Bulldog does not have to feed on memories. In Bob Lassiter, whirling dervish, flaming spirit, consummate gainer of those precious extra yards, old Eli has a back who is worthy to be ranked with the best of them.

A Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, this drawling lad from the sunny South. He ambles gently on his way to the classrooms, he smiles lazily at his professors, he seems at peace with the world. But give him a football, turn him loose on the chalk-scarred turf, see him slash, spin, drive pell-mell over a tackler. Then you know that he meant it when his soft voice assured his classmates: "Ah sho' can tote that pigskin."

Ask Army—ask anybody. He's as good against one team as another. Football is a religion with him, and once he dons that blue jersey and digs his cleats into the turf he lashes himself into a fine frenzy which scoffs at the odds.

All he asks is a chance to get started, and when he does get started he goes places. They put him in against Army last fall when Albie Booth needed a rest. It was his first real chance, and the usual happened. He was too excited, too eager. He fumbled, was thrown in his tracks, nothing seemed to go right.

"A great kid on Wednesdays" his friends who knew of his dazzling runs in practice, consoled themselves. "But we play all our games on Saturdays."

Hardly had they said it before Fighting Bob broke loose. He had conquered himself, got his second wind. Fifteen yards he sprinted off tackle. He whirled around the end for twenty-eight. Three Cadets flung themselves at him deep in his own territory as he started on that twenty-eight yard rampage, but he tore himself loose, a flashing, flailing fury.

They gave him the ball again. Knees piling high, bent almost double at his wasplike waist, he cut outside tackle, reversed the field and was away. It was a case of "Interference, follow me!" but finally he was nabbed from behind, thirty-two yards from where he started.

That was his bigtime debut, and he has been getting better ever since. Sleepless for three nights before the Harvard fray, so anxious was he to prove his worth, he kept the Crimson wide awake throughout a wracking second half while he tore off three, four, five yards at a clip. To show that he played no favorites among Yale's dearer rivals he wound up the campaign by taking a Princeton kickoff and dashing ninety yards to a touchdown.

It will be worth your while to keep a keen eye on him this season. The same high-pitched, reckless abandon will be there, minus the early stage fright and plus the cunning that comes from experience. During the summer he was practicing, putting on the final touches. He has good hands and he throws a pass well but eagerness overcame him when he was given this assignment last fall. Against Harvard, especially, he was passing before the receivers could get clear and he was overshooting his mark.

Now he believes that he has eliminated that fault. If

he has—well then, how are you going to keep him from being the brightest star of the East.

### Warren Heller of Pittsburgh

**O**KAY, Pittsburgh! We heard you and you may be right. A year ago *Football Annual* told the world to get an eye-ful of Warren Heller—inconsistently called "Fats" by his Panther mates—and we're mighty glad we did it. How that boy did go once he got started. There was hardly a game in which the level eyed Steelton Thunderbolt didn't break loose for long gains. Like Lassiter, he might as well have been a Congressman preparing to cut the budget, for all the scant respect he showed the Army.

Teamed with Paul Reider he made a forward passing unit that was the Tinker to Evers to Chance combination of 1931 football.

"Heller passes to Reider who goes over for a touchdown," the lookout in the press box would call. I don't know how many times he uttered those words during the season—when you start piling up the big numbers you get me dizzy—but I do know that it happened all too frequently for the comfort of the Soldiers or that of older and dearer rivals.

Late in the first period of the West Point contest one pass, Heller to Reider, travelled forty-nine yards to Army's five-yard stripe. In the Nebraska affair it was a twenty-five yard pass, Heller to Mike Sebastian, who had only four yards to go for the score, that set the stands to roaring. The Mountaineers from West Virginia couldn't raise themselves high enough to stop a bullet-like heave that whizzed twenty yards into the waiting hands of Reider.

When not occupied with passing the tall, lean Heller does a few more football chores: He catches the tosses from Reider and the others, hits a line with force and fervor—loves to hit 'em in fact—blocks with uncanny skill, and he can run. How he can run! That he broke loose in one early game to snake hip his way eighty-eight yards to a touchdown and had hardly got his breath before he was off on another sixty-five yard jaunt, should give you a rough idea of his running ability.

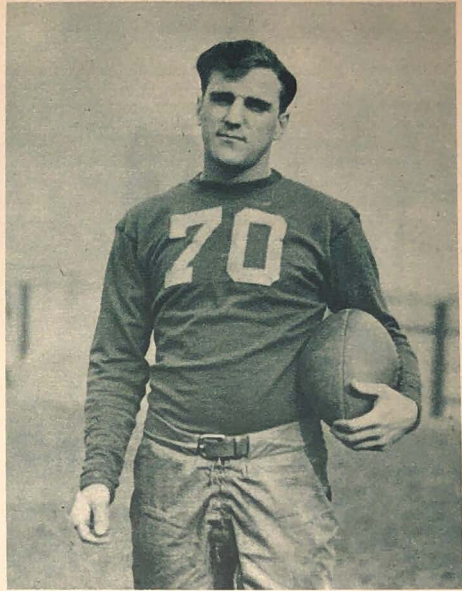
But that's ancient history, you may say. Not a bit of it—we are just warning you. A back who can out-shine Paul Reider has to be a wonder, and Heller fits the bill.

They brought him along slowly at Pitt because they knew that he would be a sensation some day. With Eddie Baker, Franklin Hood and other good backs ready for action the Steelton Thunderbolt was used none too frequently as a sophomore. He had some things to learn and some to unlearn, and Coach Jock Sutherland knew that too many good players are spoiled by having their training rushed. So they groomed him like a stake horse while they prepared for the future.

Last fall they threw off the wraps and let him loose. Only Notre Dame was able to stop Pitt short of victory and Warren Heller has been thinking of that, thinking and planning. Perhaps his feats have made him a marked man. That's all right with him, he's aiming at a few marks himself. One of them is the chalk mark that lies in the shadow of the Notre Dame goal.

### Irad Hardy of Harvard

**W**HILE on the H's lets swing our cruiser back a bit. There's Harvard, and another young man whose name should fit as prettily into the All America honor roll as that of the Pitt back. We refer to Irad B. Hardy, Jr., a driving, charging tackle who is just getting started now as a senior.



They call Paul Reider the reason for Pitt's new and sensational forward passing attack

Harvard has known many great tackles. Ham Fish was in that class; so were Gilman, Waters, Squires and Percy Haughton. Yet before this season is at an end the name of the minister's son from Waltham, Mass., may be placed above them all on the Crimson records.

You think that is a strong statement? Perhaps it is but there are others who say it even more strongly. One of them is Captain John J. McEwan, head coach at Holy Cross and a peerless center in his days at West Point. After Hardy had come smashing and crashing into the Crusaders' well conceived attack time after time last November, Captain McEwan sighed and turned to one of his assistants.

"I've seen pretty nearly all of them", he said. "I've coached in the East and I've coached in the West. We had some mighty big men out on the Coast when I was there and they played a fast, bruising game. But, I'll be confounded if I ever saw a better tackle than that

The pride of old  
John Harvard



Irad Hardy is the name; and if you play at tackle against Harvard take care if he gets irate. He's TNT—use no hooks!



Photo, Keystone-Underwood

Here's where headliners are made. A battle of stars against stars as U.S.C. meets Stanford

fellow Hardy. He hits harder than any of them and when he hits they stay hit. Why say, he could knock down a regiment with one of his plunges."

A barrel chested, heavy shouldered, thick armed young man of twenty, Hardy would be game to tackle a regiment, too. Off the field he is as mild and unobtrusive a lad as you might want to meet. But once the whistle has blown, all that is changed. His jutting chin thrusts forward an extra, menacing inch, his thick legs drive like pistons, his muscular arms sweep opponents aside like chaff in the mill. The joy of battle flows supreme then. He is a raging, roving conqueror.

As a freshman this powerful fellow played tackle and defensive fullback while wrecking Harvard's opponents with a hearty good will. In practice he brought joy to the hearts of the coaches by hitting the tackling dummy so hard that he drove it back five yards farther than any other player had ever driven it at Cambridge.

He seemed certain to be a varsity sensation but he fell afoul of scholastic difficulties and was ineligible for his sophomore season. That was tough luck for the varsity in more ways than one. He needed the exercise and so he came out for practice each day. Now and then they would permit him to play tackle for the scrubs during scrimmage. When they did he ripped the varsity line into pieces.

Last fall he came into his own, making up for lost time so quickly that he was a star from the start. As left tackle on that Harvard line—and you couldn't name a half dozen better forward walls in the country—he was supreme. He must have made fully half the tackles against Yale, Holy Cross and Dartmouth. Even though they took good care to avoid his side of the line as much as possible, he was always bobbing up asking them to give him some more work.

In that Yale contest the capable Herster Barres and the Eli outside back worked on him all afternoon, but even though Harvard was beaten, Irad Hardy was the best lineman on the field that day.

On the attack he is at least as good as he is on the defense. Jack Crickard is a great back—no doubt about that—but it must be recorded that most of Crickard's long runs were through holes opened wide by Hardy's fierce charges. And, having opened the holes, more often than not the big fellow would accompany Crickard down the field.

All that happened while the Waltham Wonder was getting his first varsity experience. This year he is

bigger and stronger than ever and he has that added poise which will remedy the one or two minor defects of his play. Now that he's got his growth, watch him go!

**Del Isola of Fordham** AND watch the spotlight shift to another Massachusetts giant who used to play fullback. You will find him at Fordham now and his name is John Del Isola.

At Everett High Del Isola liked the fullback assignment because of the sheer joy that could be obtained from crashing head long into the opposing line. But he never had much chance to play it in his last year; he was too good at other places.

If something happened to the first string tackle they shoved him in there; if an end needed a rest they let Del Isola relieve him for a while. He played every place but quarterback and there was no doubt about him being the best man on the team. When the time came to select the All New England Scholastic eleven the experts picked him for nearly every position. Finally, because a fierce argument was being waged as to whether he was a better fullback or end, they settled on him as a guard.

When he came to Fordham two years ago he announced that he was a fullback and they let him play there. By the time the N.Y.U. game came around and he was the brightest star of the attack that swamped the strong Violet yearlings, 32 to 0, everybody was ready to agree that John had made no mistake in thinking that he was a fullback.

Last fall this twenty year old, 195 pounder, sat on the bench as a backfield substitute for a while. There was no disgrace in that. As good as he was no one could see how a sophomore could break into that backfield combination headed by the versatile Captain Jimmy Murphy.

The young giant with the very blonde, curly hair and the light blue eyes didn't care much for this life of ease on the bench, but he didn't say anything. He just sat and waited.

One afternoon Davis, the regular center was hurt. It was one of a series of injuries to the pivot men and no competent substitute was available. Major Frank Cavanaugh tugged at his iron hat and walked up and down in front of the bench, wondering what to do. It was the Boston College game. The Rams figured to win that one and already had a lead but it was wise

not to take any chances against this bitter rival. Still, what to do? The referee was calling impatiently.

A big, heavy-muscled, sunburned hand clutched the Iron Major's elbow and a soft voice spoke, earnestly.

"I can play center, sir. I used to play it some at high school."

Major Cavanaugh looked and what he saw reassured him. He decided instantly. With his light blue eyes ablaze Del Isola trotted out upon the gridiron. From then on he was the Maroon's regular center.

Perhaps you didn't hear much about him, but there are reasons for that. Fordham had many other stalwart players, and it is hard for a soph lineman to get wide recognition; especially hard in his case because the skeptics doubted that it was possible for another great pivot man to come along so soon after Tony Siano.

But Fordham's opponents heard about him and felt his thudding tackles on more than one afternoon. The Maroon's plays are predicated upon passing from the center that must be consistent and far better than the average. They got it from this blonde boy who loves the game. Furthermore they got a roving defensive center, thirty pounds or so heavier than the departed Siano, but with the same uncanny knack of spotting where the enemy intended to run or to pass.

In the final game of the season with Bucknell he was magnificent, but finally some strategic emergency made it necessary for him to come out. Maybe it wasn't a strategic emergency, maybe he had been working so hard that they thought he needed a rest. Anyhow, it was a move that didn't go so well. All afternoon he had been knocking down passes so energetically that the Bisons had been forced to sheath this weapon for a while. Now they brought it out. Within a minute or two after Del Isola had been summoned to the bench Bucknell had completed two long heaves over the middle of the line and the Rams were beaten. That makes it seem certain that John will get all the work that he ardently desires, this year.

### Summerfelt of West Point

SINCE we are talking about work let us move over in the line a bit and we come to a position that seldom sends forth a man to be singled out for the rousing cheers of the crowd. It's funny about the guards: they are always in the thick of the fight, doing yoeman's work, yet few people, sometimes not even the coaches, ever give them proper credit. Funny, I said, but I take that back. It's not

funny to these industrious, unassuming young men; it's closer to tragedy.

So, it's a pleasure now to shove Milton Summerfelt, captain and guard of the West Point eleven, into the spotlight's glare. He's a lad to watch this fall, this Cadet Summerfelt. Army does not bother with fraternity politics or other non-essentials of that sort when it elects its captains. The man who leads a West Point eleven out upon the football field has to be a real man. Cadet Milton Summerfelt is that. His teammates knew it when they honored him.

A powerful built chap, Summerfelt faced a difficult job last fall. The year previously he had been a substitute for Captain Polly Humber and now he was on his own. West Point had none too many good guards and that meant he must stay in action most of the time while grandstand critics compared him to Humber and others who had made the Army guard play a standard of perfection. He stayed in and did it—more than did it. Before the third game had been played the Cadets knew that few yards would ever be gained over Milton Summerfelt's position.

A roving guard and a relentless spotter of forward passes, he roamed far and wide behind that West Point line. Center was a weak spot, but more often than not you hardly knew it because Summerfelt was moving over, unobtrusively taking over part of the work of that position.

It was in the Notre Dame classic that he was at his best. Twice, Marchy Schwartz uncorked far flung passes that might have turned the tide of battle and have saved the day for the visitors from South Bend. Both times it was Cadet Milton Summerfelt who leaped through the air to intercept them and to put the Soldiers on the attack again.

Accustomed as he was to seeing little Bert Metzger and brawny Nurdy Hoffman doing brilliant deeds at that position, it shocked even the well poised Schwartz to find a guard ranging so far down the field to nab his passes.

That was not all. Ray Stecker's sixty yard run blazed in the headlines the next day. It was a great sprint, one of the most sensational feats of the campaign, and the lad from the coal fields of Pennsylvania deserved a full share of credit. Yet—like the time when Paul Revere went on his famous ride—they forgot to mention the other chap who galloped along.

It was Summerfelt who paved the way that drab afternoon in late November. Deep into the Notre Dame

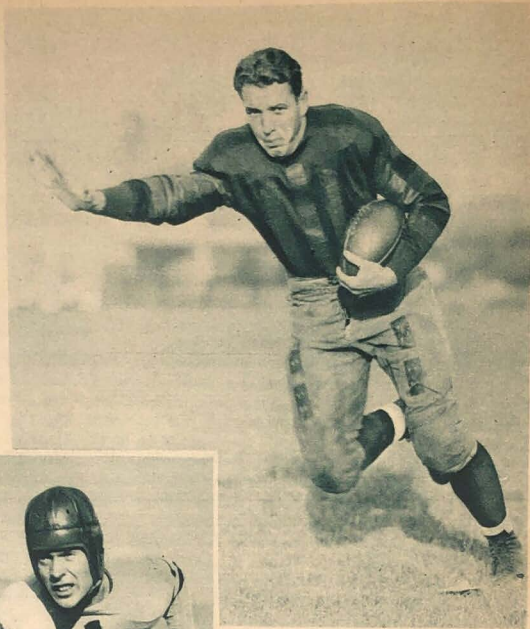


Football greats are not just ball toters. See that yeoman interference as Notre Dame routs Penn

Photo, Acme



John Cain,  
the Crimson  
Tide's great  
halfback



Carl Perina  
of the Uni-  
versity of  
Pennsylvania



The experts  
say that Co-  
lumbia has  
the best  
quarterback  
in the East:  
Cliff Mont-  
gomery —  
on your left



Homer Key,  
left, Georgia  
University



At your right  
—Joe Crow-  
ley, the giant  
backfield ace  
of Eli Yale..  
He blocks  
'em out pah-  
lently, broth-  
er

secondary he charged. One of the Fighting Irish backs was all set to dive for Stecker. Maybe he would have gotten him and the dash would have ended there, far from the goal line. Certainly it looked like it then. But you'll never know, for Summerfelt's 190 pounds crashed into the back with a superb block and the way was clear again.

He was that way all day, harrying the opposition, upsetting the best laid plans of the Notre Dame quarterbacks, constantly mingling with the secondaries. I think that was his best game but he was mighty good in others, and signs point to him being even better this season.

### Carl Perina of Pennsylvania

WHEN the cheers are echoing in the stadiums and you are sweeping forward behind a well knit line it is easy enough to be a star. But when the odds are piled high

against you and you must battle your way alone, then it's the real test. I'm naming Carl Perina of Penn as the man who may pass that test this fall. A man of muscle, this Perina. He stands six feet in height and weighs more than 200 pounds and it is just as well that he does. He'll need every bit of his brawn if Penn is to score many touchdowns in 1932.

Carl is the ace of the Quakers' backfield. He has the perfect build for the Warner style of football which was introduced at Franklin Field last fall and the coaches wish to make the most of it. A pile driving fullback who hits a line like a berserk elephant, he also can pave the way for others when not carrying the ball. He will get plenty of chance to attend to both assignments.

Fast, for all of his bulk, he leaves the mark quickly and generates great power on the way. Notre Dame found that out. The Irish scored a rather handy victory over the Quakers last fall—but when the Irish

picked their "All Opponents" team at the end of the season this husky young resident of Irvington, New Jersey, was on at fullback. When you consider that Notre Dame played against such formidable fullbacks as Shaver and Musick you realize that is no small distinction.

Wisconsin felt much the same way about him.

"We could have licked Penn," one of the Badgers' coaches said after the upset. "It was that bird, Perina who messed things up. His name sounds like a tonic and he certainly was a tonic to them. He can do almost anything on a football field and do it well. I've never read much about him but if you've got any better backs in the East then you can start naming your All America outfit right now. The way he was today that Perina was better than anything I've seen out in our section."

In one or two other games Perina wasn't quite as good. In addition to the plunging and blocking he also had to do the punting, which he does very well, kicking them long distances and placing them well. Naturally, with all this strain on him, he was bound to have an off day. Maybe he will have one or two off days this year. But don't depend upon it if you happen to have to play against him. He's a football man.

### John Cain of Alabama

**A**ND if you'll grab your seats tight these we'll make a long fast swoop to the stamping-ground of some more of them. That was the Mason-Dixon line—that blurr we just passed. But what's this looming big in our spotlight? Man the parachutes and batten down the hatches!

Cain is the name. John Cain. They call him "Hurry." "Hurry Cain," don't you see? Figure of speech. Every spring, down in Alabama, the heat suddenly steams up in some locality, down goes the barometer, and up out of the Gulf sweeps a typhoon. It lays waste everything it encounters. It blows the man down. It strips feathers off Dominecker roosters, drives pine straws through live-oaks—all that sort of thing. It is a hurricane. And some sports writer down South, observing John Cain in action on a football field, dislocated the muscles of his forehead figuring out the nickname.

But the wearer of this sobriquet was no mere virtuoso of one talent. He was ambitious to be a real football player, and he learned to employ a vast pair of arms against those who fain would embrace him to his downfall on the field of battle. He is only 5 feet 9½ inches tall, and he weighs 185 pounds, and he is muscled like a wrestler. While mastering the art of the stiff-arm, he studied the other side of it—tackling. He became a superb tackler; one of those boys who are not content merely to stop a foe in his then tracks, but who love to inject a bit of extra impact, an additional twist, into their establishment of contact.

And Hurry Cain turned out to be the best fullback in Dixie in '30, and he showed the folks at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena that he was one of the best in the land.

John Cain was even better last year as a runner and a defensive player. In Alabama's losing game, with Tennessee, beaten 25 to 0, Cain carried the ball 125 yards, which was more than the famed McEver and Feathers, stars for the winners, gained between them. There's no finesse about the running of Hurry Cain. He's a fast starter, and, starting, he lowers his bullet-head and relies on a terrific leg-drive to get him through the line. Once through, he brings into action a heavy, extraordinarily lengthy arm that seems to find unerringly the shoulder of a would-be tackler.

Cain had last year one weakness. So eager was he

to reach the man with the ball, when stationed behind a seven-man line as backer-up, that he permitted a number of catastrophes in pass-defense. But he's the type to keep on learning, and it is unlikely that he will forget those short forwards that McEver of Tennessee flipped into his zone last fall.

John passes with the fork-hand, and his passing is well above the average. But when it comes to punting! John Cain is the last, or at the worst the latest word, in dropping that oblate spheroid just where he wants it, zipping and curvetting from the shrewd and vicious impact of a very large left foot. His shots come at the safety man always from the wrong direction and it is hazardous to try to catch them—that is, if you are right-handed. It is suicide to try to take them on the run. Last fall, Cain punted four times from outside Kentucky's 40-yard line. The four shots were out of bounds inside Kentucky's 5.

"Excellent," you say? Even more. That's perfect!

### Homer Key of Georgia

**W**HICH brings up another back from the South who also has the habit of being on the spot when the perfect play is due. He's a man of action, and when he's moving he's at his best. So switch that spotlight, Captain, and let's have a flashback:

Of the 73,000 persons assembled in the Yale Bowl one afternoon early last October, most of them came hoping to see Yale avenge two successive defeats by the University of Georgia, and to see the idol of their hearts, little Albie Booth, finally escape the shackles applied to him for two years by the Southern Bulldogs.

They saw the great little man in one foray, typical of his most brilliant performances: a 78-yard run that just fell short of a touchdown. Booth fitted through the broken field of a kickoff, tucked himself under the protection of two big linemen, and down the field he went—a great bit of work that stood the crowd up with a thunderous roar.

And within five minutes the same 73,000 sat stupefied as a Georgia sophomore, smaller even than Booth, reeled off the most spectacular, the most incredible run ever seen in the Yale Bowl.

The boy was Homer Key, a stocky, bandy-legged little fellow who when in motion with a football under one arm seems to spurn the touch of human hand.

It was, it turned out, the last play of the second period. Booth had just punted to Georgia's 26. Georgia was leading 6-0, and more as a time-killer than anything else Downes, the Georgia captain, called for a spinner play against Yale's left guard. Little Key took the ball, spun, and fitted himself into the lock. It opened, narrowly.

As he emerged from the interstice, he cut right, only to face the left side-back coming at him from an angle. Key spun a complete about-face and started for the sideline through a ragged lane between the linemen and Yale's defensive backs. Wriggling and twisting, offering a hip and taking it away, he traveled 20 yards across the field, eluding cleanly or pulling away from those who stabbed at him. Of a sudden, he cut right, heading for the goal, and still weaving his way he went 76 yards for a touchdown.

Visibility was superb that afternoon, and a motion picture of the play, disclosing and perpetuating every detail, shows that seven Yale men attempted to tackle the small Georgia athlete. From one he escaped twice.

In the fourth period, Key went straight through on a pass play and was spotted by two Yale men. He lured them on, then, like a flash, he cut left, so sharply they were left standing flat-footed when he leaped, took the pass from Downes, and went for an easy touchdown.

Homer Key is not exceptionally fast, and while sturdy and rugged he hasn't the heft that gives exceptional power. But he flits like a diminutive phantom, and he gets through openings that seem impossible.

A severe knee injury made it necessary for Coach Harry Mehre to use him but little last year. If the ligament has regained its normal strength, watch him this season. But watch him close, for he is a phantom of football.

### Pete Gracey of Vanderbilt

**O**NCE in a moment of considerable exasperation Knute Rockne shouted at his guards in squad drill, pounding his fist into his palm:

"Get low and go har-r-r-rd! And har-r-r-rder—!"

And he added:

"This game is 90 per cent leg-drive and 10 per cent guts! Give me leg-drive and guts, and you can have all the rest—and I'll lick you, every time!"

Now, whether Rockne meant that literally is to be doubted. But it sounded good and helpful at the moment—a good idea, at the time. And young Peter Gracey, about being graduated from Battleground Academy, heard of it and accepted it as Gospel.

So when young Gracey entered Vanderbilt in 1929 he decided to live in Franklin, Tenn., and go to and from his classes in Nashville, 18 miles away. Also, he spurned the rusty flivver his parents offered him—a flivver so decrepit, so *outré*, that it would have absolutely fascinated the average freshman. Instead, said young Gracey, he would do the round trip of 36 miles each day on a bicycle.

"It's good for the leg muscles," he explained, sagely. "What I need is leg-drive."

And, as things turned out, it was Pete Gracey's leg-drive that had most to do with making him an easy choice for All-Southern center last year, despite formidable competition in Lodrigues, the Tulane star; Ben Sharpe, the Alabama captain; and Monk Neblett, Georgia Tech's brilliant lineman.

Gracey is not big; he weighs 185, but he hits with the impact of a 13-inch projectile. His coaches say he met no superior all year, though he took a fearful battering from "Baby Grand" Scafield of Tulane and Herman Hickman, of Tennessee, two of the most powerful linemen the South has ever produced. He was outweighed thirty pounds in each of these encounters, beside being up against players of rare skill and spirit. He absorbed an awful beating—but he held his own. And it was leg-drive he relied upon.

Pete is a rangy defensive player and a shrewd diagnostician—exceptionally smart against passes—but Dan McGugin used him as center on offense and as a defensive guard. His snapping is perfection; he is a brilliant downfield blocker, and thus is invaluable when a back gets into the clear. On defense his powerful legs enable him to drive through into the backfield, where he plays ducks and drake with involved formations.

With two years of great achievement written into the records, Gracey faces his third, and probably his best, year in the Vanderbilt line. And the old bicycle will be wheeling its way eighteen miles, up hill and down dale, from Franklin to Nashville every morning this fall, and down dale and up hill in the evening.

It isn't equipped with one of these labor-saving coaster-brakes, either. It's a high-g geared racing model. It requires leg-drive to propel it. Which same leg-drive will come in right handy on the second Saturday in November when the Commodores trek to Nashville to meet Tennessee and a certain gentleman named Feathers.

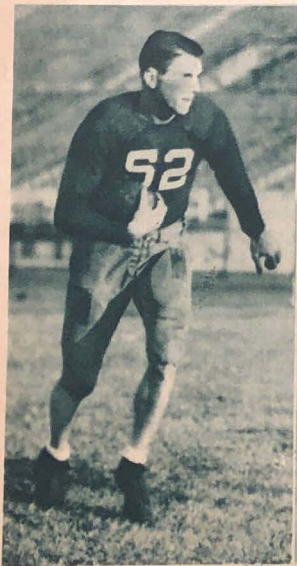
### Beatty Feathers of Tennessee

**B**RILLIANT sunlight flooded the Yankee Stadium in New York City last December 4, while some 40,684 spectators and eleven violet-clad New York University football players centered their attention on beetle-browed, bull-necked Gene McEever, University of Tennessee's great halfback, who was playing his last collegiate game; a post-season affair the receipts from which were dedicated to a municipal fund for the unemployed.

But the Bristol Blizzard failed to rage, that afternoon. He was a power on defense, and he blocked for his backfield mates with extraordinary skill. But it became apparent within the first five minutes of play that Gene McEever was a marked man. Chick Meehan's stalwart crew were concentrating on him—ganging little Gene.

The Bristol Blizzard, however, was not the only missile

Wherever football fans gather, there is talk of the men who make gridiron news. Here's a trio who will give them sufficient topics for many a heated conversation



Francis Payne, star halfback of the Green Wave from Tulane



He took a tip from Rockne, and it worked: Pete Gracey of Vanderbilt



A crack end from the East—"Dutch" Donner of Dartmouth

in the armory of Major Bob Neyland, the Tennessee coach. In the backfield was another youth of whom few if any Easterners ever had heard tell. He too was from Bristol, a little town that squats on the line between Southern Virginia and Northern Tennessee. He was a sophomore and his name—a joy to the sobriquetters—was Feathers; Beatty Feathers—Chicken Feathers, as you might guess in one guess. And Chicken Feathers came up to the varsity team at Tennessee with the unusual record of never having participated in a game or a scrimmage as a freshman without running 50 or more yards at least one time for a touchdown.

A few minutes after the start of the second period, Tennessee absorbed a punt on its 35-yard line, and Feathers, who had relieved Allen, swung into action. The play was a simple, orthodox thrust outside his right tackle. As McEver made contact with the powerful Hugret at end, Feathers cut in through the narrow gap. Big Bill Abee and Joe Lamar came up from secondary like twin pile drivers converging in front of Feathers. The Southerner drove straight between them—and they both grabbed him. For a fraction of a second it seemed he was stopped. But even before the very prompt whistle of these days could sound, Feathers had broken free and was gone. He traversed 65 yards for the first of Tennessee's two touchdowns, outrunning Tanguay, the Violet safety man, over the longer leg of the triangle.

Fast as Tanguay is, it was not surprising—to one acquainted with Feathers—that Tanguay could not collar him. Feathers is a real sprinter, good for his century in 10 flat at anybody's track. And, unlike a lot of sprinters, he is almost as fast in football garb as on the cinder path. He is six feet tall, weighs 185, and in the relative *neglige* of a basketball costume he displays not a whipcord or a knot of muscle on his smoothly rounded legs and arms and body. But he packs power and elusiveness, and blinding speed. He can pivot or cut on a silver dollar, changing direction with a minimum loss of speed or traction, and his hip-sway is reminiscent of Red Grange himself.

Nor is our hero any mere ball-toting halfback. He is a competent blocker, a hard tackler, and a spot-punter of amazing skill. He was the balance of power that defeated Vanderbilt last year, in the annual game that is one of the South's classics. Again and again, Vandy crashed and smashed downfield, only to be turned back by a final rugged defense, and Feathers' deadly toe. Once he kicked 67 yards and out of bounds on Vandy's 6. And that was the blow that broke the heart of the desperate Commodores.

Tab Chicken Feathers for one of the prospective greats of 1932.

### Don Zimmerman of Tulane

ON the afternoon that Beatty Feathers was showing New York fans a sample of his wares, Tulane was playing Washington State in New Orleans. The so-called Cougars had been champions of the Pacific Coast the year before, only to be beaten by Alabama in the Rose Bowl game.

Coach "Babe" Hollingberry brought a team across the continent that loomed like the redwoods of the Coast. There was the gigantic Glenn Edwards, 6 feet 3 inches, weighing 245 pounds, picked for half a dozen All-America teams the year before; and the powerful guards, Hurley and Parodi; and ten or twelve other only slightly less massive specimens of *homo sapiens*.

Tulane was no team of midgets. There was plenty of heft and might in its line—but it looked in physical aspect that afternoon as if the Green Wave would do no more than break punily against a concrete sea wall.

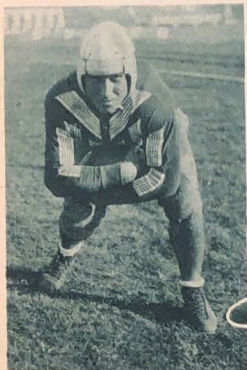
The Greenies already had won the Southern Conference championship and it was known they would be invited to meet Southern California in the Rose Bowl on New Year's—if they defeated Washington State. But they were in poor shape. Nollie Felts, 200-pound battering fullback, was ill. Tulane was in no condition to oppose might with might, especially against bulk so preponderant.

Coach Bernie Bierman directed his team to play a passing game, with an occasional sweep for variety.

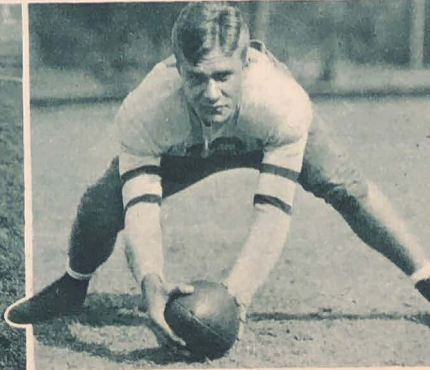
Don Zimmerman, left halfback, began passing as soon as Tulane got the ball. Don passed twenty-six times that afternoon, usually on the run, and around or over the ponderous figure of "Turk" Edwards, charging in like a thoroughly discontented bull elephant.

Zimmerman flipped to Vernon Haynes, southpaw receiver, for 19 yards and Tulane's first touchdown; again to Haynes for 15 yards and the second touchdown; then to

Football is never a one-man game by any reckoning. Yet down there below are two fast backs who often make it look like one. The secret is speed—a faster getaway



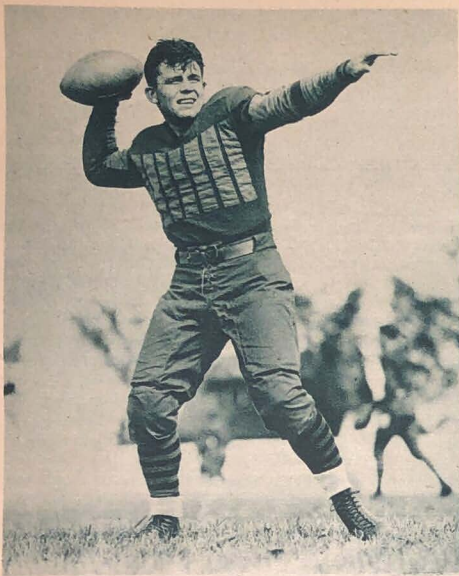
The Texas Longhorns say: Erny Koy's the real McCoy



Vason McWhorter feeds the Georgia Bulldogs with plenty of accurate leather



Beatty Feathers—of the Fighting Vols



What it takes to make a quarterback, Paul Pardonner owns. He calls the winning signals for Purdue. A dangerous man anywhere on the football field

Dalrymple for 19 yards and the fourth and final marker. Three passes—three touchdowns. And into those passes went the smooth artistry of perfection. Nine more passes he threw to completion, for a total gain of 125 yards. Of the fourteen which were not completed, four failed through the maladroitness of the receiver.

Don was throwing passes from his 5-yard line, from his 10, from anywhere on the field. He was throwing passes of all varieties; long ones, looping like lazy punts; short ones in a flat trajectory, zipping like bullets. He threw passes underhand and with a full over-shoulder swing. He threw them while standing immobile as a cigar-store Indian, and he threw them while on a dead run and apparently heading for an end sweep. And he made them good when it counted.

In the great Rose Bowl battle three weeks later, Southern California profited by their careful scouting of Zimmerman's play at New Orleans. Howard Jones adopted the simple expedient of ordering Haynes and Dalrymple crashed on every play in which they sought to cross the line of scrimmage. None the less, the Trojans were unable completely to stop Zimmerman's passing, though they kept out of action the two best receivers. And Zimmerman and Tulane were able to make two touchdowns against perhaps the greatest football team America has seen.

Don't forget Don Zimmerman in 1932. He was good in 1930, easily All-Southern; and of All-American caliber in 1931. He weighs 178, is fast and very elusive, appears unbreakable in body and spirit—and he is the type of competitor who is at his best when the going is toughest.

### Ernest Koy of Texas University

AND now shift her sou'-sou'west, captain, and let's take a look at the Lone Star state. There's the city of Austin below, and the spotlight picks up a big young fellow in

the orange and white spangles of the University of Texas. Maybe you've heard his name before—Ernest Koy, a football player from who laid the chunk. He's the outstanding hope of the Southwest to win general recognition as an All-American back, an honor this section has yet to attain. And as you watch him warming up there, you must conclude his chances are bright. He is 22, stands an even six feet in his football socks, and can gallop the hundred in ten seconds flat. In addition to this fine physical equipment he has the competitive spirit that leads men to gridiron glory.

Weakness in his forward line, which caved in on numerous occasions and left him helpless, deprived him of his chance last year. But he's raring to go again—begging another chance. This year will find him the ace forward passer of the conference, and the yeoman work he did behind a weak restraining wall should have bolstered him in the other departments.

Koy's chance to rank with the top-notchers was wrecked in the Harvard game. That big, devastating Crimson line smashed the Longhorns down, and Koy couldn't untrack himself. For the first half of the game the stands snickered: "So that's the great Koy of Texas, eh? Well, I'll have vanilla." But in the second and third quarters they changed that opinion. They saw that Texas team come back fighting, and the battle was led by the inspired play of Ernest Koy. After the game Eddie Casey, general coach of the Crimson remarked: "That boy had me fooled for a minute, but when he got started he sure lived up to his advance notices."

And so it went all season. Despite a yielding line, Koy shone from the first game to the last. He started by flipping passes to Stafford and Furrh for touchdowns against Simmons; was most of the show when he tore the Missouri line to shreds; completed seven aerials against Oklahoma and played a mighty defensive game. Against Harvard he looked like the best all-around back on the field, and back in the home sector he was little less than a holy terror. Southern Methodist, Texas Christian, Centenary and the Texas Aggies all felt the fury of his plunges and fought unsuccessfully against his canny passing.

Perhaps his passing is his greatest asset. He has big hands, an arm like a whip, and he can keep his head when they're crowding through to rush him. But that doesn't begin to tell the football story of Ernest Koy. He is a finished blocker as well, a remarkable defensive man at backing the line, and a corking good punter. The six

Max Schmeling?  
Can this be the  
Herr Maxie, all  
dolled up in a  
football suit? Ach  
nein, gentle reader,  
but it's a real  
fighting man just  
the same. His  
name is —



Milo Bowers, the captain and left guard of Drake

feet of him is of whalebone and steel construction; he has power and almost unbelievable stamina. He is a terrific plunger inside or outside tackle—in this specialty he will rank with the best of them—and best of all he's a hard, conscientious worker who loves the game. You will see more of him in the football headlines.

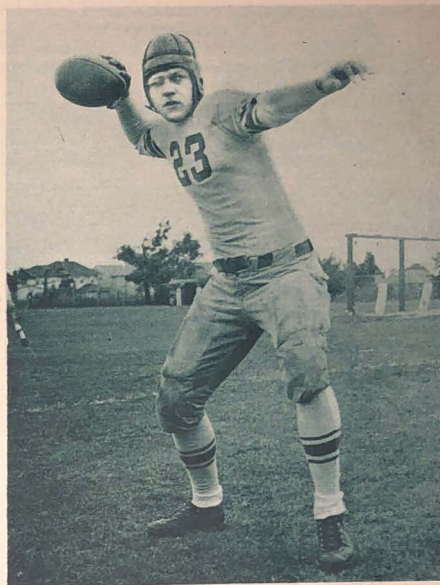
**Cliff Domingue**  
—Texas Aggies

**B**UT Koy will have to keep stepping at top speed if he wants to keep pace

with some of the other lads from the home sector. In Clifford Domingue, a full-blooded Frenchman from Port Arthur, the Texas Aggies present a back who will take a lot of licking before the top honors are handed out. The Aggies say that Domingue has the makings of another Joel Hunt—and that's saying plenty, for Joel Hunt still ranks right at the top of the great backs in the Southwestern annals. Domingue is no giant as football players go, but he packs terrific speed in his one hundred and seventy pounds of bone and muscle. He can do everything behind the line and do it well. One of the fastest starters in the game, he is the hardest man in Texas to overtake within twenty-five yards. And in addition to his own playing, he knows how to handle a team. There's plenty of football savvy and keen strategy in that dark head of Clifford Domingue.

He's no Johnny-come-Lately, either, as his '31 record will show. Against Tulane he was a constant thorn in the side of Jerry Dalrymple, and he gave that great end plenty of trouble all afternoon. Dalrymple will probably remember that thrilling chase Domingue led him—a forty-five yard dash that almost became a touchdown until Dalrymple's last desperate spurt bumped him out of bounds. Coming out of this game, slightly injured, Domingue found himself a marked man. But that didn't stop him. He did some beautiful passing against Centenary, Southern Methodist and the Aggies. Against Texas he averaged 59 yards on two punts, did a fine job returning Longhorn boots, and managed to rush the ball for a 110 yard total. His play was responsible for the Aggies' one point margin of victory in this game, and it gives fair warning of what to expect of him this season.

But let's give our star-shooting ship a twist and see what they have to offer in the Mid-west. They grow their men big in the plains country, you know, and of late years the prairies have produced a greater crop of football greats than any other single section of the coun-



Pug Rentner is the nearest thing to Red Grange that the West has seen since old Number 77 dazzled them. The Flying Dutchman can tote that ball to town

try. So slow up over Evanston, Illinois, and we'll start there. Spotlight for a mighty scoring halfback!

**Ernest Rentner**  
of Northwestern

**H**E calls himself the "Flying Dutchman," which is not a bad nickname

considering the way his feet fly over mid-western gridirons, although Hans Wagner, the old baseball star, really has first claim to that handle. His mother named him Ernest; the world calls him "Pug" and his mates "Pugger." Dick Hanley calls him an assortment of names, particularly when he shoots himself in the hand or injures an eye in high jumping. But no matter what you call him he is Rentner, a mighty halfback in any man's lineup.

Pug Rentner of Northwestern University is one of the greatest backs ever developed in the middle west. He is a near equal of Red Grange, the old Illinois' Ghost as a runner, and may excel the Illinois' record if he can avoid injuries this season. But Rentner can do more than run. He is a sensational forward passer; a good punter and one of the best blockers in the game.

As a sophomore, Rentner played fullback for Northwestern but was injured in the Minnesota game of 1930 when several Gophers fell upon him, causing a nerve in his right arm to be pinched. For several weeks Rentner carried his arm in an airplane splint and there were days when it was doubted if he ever would play again. Last year he was moved to right half and was a greater star in that position than when playing fullback. But again misfortune overtook him. In the Illinois game his right thumb was fractured in several places but he refused to miss a game. A special drum splint of German silver was built for his thumb and he played Northwestern's remaining four games without ever fumbling a punt or missing a block.

Rentner is known as the most dangerous long runner in the Big Ten. In the majority of his inter-collegiate games



They never come back! So the old slogan goes, and here it goes into the discard. For Greg Kabat is all ready to stage a new climb to the grid heights from which he toppled

Gregory Kabat, left guard and captain of Wisconsin.

he has scored on runs of more than thirty-five yards. Weighing 194 pounds he has tremendous speed and could be a sprinter in track if he took time to go out for that sport. He runs with exceptionally high knee action and can pivot on a dime. His stride is practically a swift lope and he seldom offers much of a target for a tackle.

Pug's greatest performance in 1931 was against Minnesota. The Gophers, led by Jack Manders and Clarence Munn, put on a surprise charge that netted two touchdowns in the first quarter of the game. Northwestern

thumb to hurl passes and then return the case to his hand. In every Northwestern game it was Rentner who starred, although Rentner's No. 23 made him a marked man.

Rentner has powers of relaxation second only to those possessed by the late Harry Greb in pugilism and Walter Hagen in golf. In practice he seldom works hard, although his slouchy walk belies a keen and observant mind. When playing safety in a game he always is relaxed until the moment comes for action. Then he galvanizes into a typhoon of speed and power. There are



Gil Berry, Illinois star and captain

### HEADLINERS of the BIG TEN

The manpower of the West hits a new high in 1932, and brighter stars arise on the football horizon. Here is the Big Ten crop — potential greats all

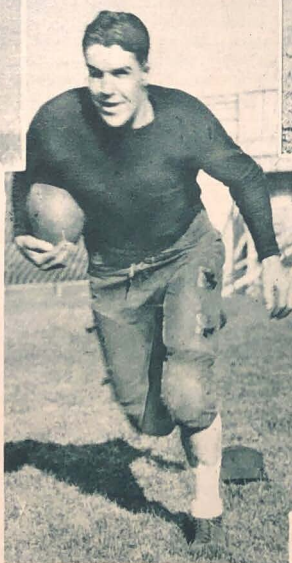
The Minnesota battering-ram — Big Jack Manders



Bob Jones, halfback hope of Indiana



Joe Kurth, Notre Dame's candidate for an All-American tackle post



The second K-twin — Ed Krause of Notre Dame — a human powerhouse

fought back to get one touchdown but was trailing at the end of the half. At the opening of the third period, Rentner swung into action and things began to happen. Pug ran a kickoff back for a touchdown. Later he ran a punt more than 80 yards for another touchdown. Inspired by the blond Teuton the Wildcats pushed over two more scores to win, 32 to 14.

Against Ohio State, Rentner ran 55 yards for the deciding touchdown. Nebraska saw him flit across its goal line. Notre Dame found him a star in the mud and rain of Soldier Field and once only a collision with a team mate prevented him darting to the door of the Irish goal. Against Purdue he would pull the splint off his injured

moments when Rentner's nonchalance arouses Dick Hanley's ire but the coach has come to learn that Pug is never a loafer. Dick's greatest worries are the chances Rentner takes off the field.

There's a six-foot woven wire fence separating Northwestern's practice field and dressing room. Although the gate is wide, Rentner seldom uses it. Being a fine high jumper he just takes the wire on the run while Hanley mutters. Dick threatened to put barbed wire on top of the fence but did not for fear Rentner would take up pole vaulting.

Last winter, Pug was wounded in the hand while playing with a pistol and a few weeks later sustained a bruised

eye when a high jumper's heel caught him in the face. Rentner—and all Northwestern—hope that he can escape injuries this year when he is captain of the Wild Cats and really capitalize on his tremendous abilities.

Rentner is working his way through Northwestern by working in a hotel. And he really works, for Fred Kihm the host of the inn has queer ideas that young men should work for their pay. Although a fraternity man, Rentner lives in a basement room of a Northwestern dorm and his chief nocturnal amusement is listening to his pint-sized radio.

The Cat captain refuses to become excited about the fame he has won in football. "I'm still a small town kid from Joliet," he declares. "They'll forget all about me in a year. I'm not going to play pro football; neither am I going to coach. I'm going to get a job and go to work (if I can get a job). But I would sort of like to make the All-American this year. It would make the folks happy."

Rentner's diffidence and modesty, which distinguishes him from so many college stars, has made him the favorite with everyone in Evanston—a snooty village, my masters—and everyone from Charles Gates Daves down to the milk man is pulling for his success in the 1932 season. A young fellow that well liked by his townfolk is something more than a boy with strong legs. And there you have Ernest Rentner, the Flying Dutchman.

### Jack Manders of Minnesota

AT Minnesota, though, they have a backfield man who will ask no favors from Rentner, or from any of them. Jack Manders, leading Big Ten touchdown maker of last season, is the lad in question, fit successor to the Gopher line-smashing dynasty that boasts the names of "Cully" Lidberg, Herb Joesting and Bronko Nagurski. Fit successor is right. Jack Manders can certainly bust that forward wall.

His football story is one of those Horatio Alger tales that is crowded with human interest. One of seven sons of a Milbank, S. D., farmer, Manders has worked almost ever since he can remember. Shortly after his eleventh birthday his mother died, and Jack had to leave school for a time. When he started again, more than a year later, he was far behind his class. But he managed to enter high school on schedule at the age of 15. Work as a harvest hand in the summer and as a waiter and general handy man about town put him through high school, absolutely on his own. His size and strength impressed the Milbank high school coach but Jack was too busy earning his way to devote any time to athletics. Finally, one fateful day, the coach got in touch with Jack's employer. The latter proved to be a rabid sports fan and he arranged the boy's hours so that he could play football.

Jack Manders was slow and awkward at first, due to the back-breaking toil he had engaged in on the farm. He did not really come to the front until his senior year when he pushed forward with a rush to score 120 points single handed in football and 256 points as a center on the basketball court.

Then came a summer of hard work, of scrimping and saving to salt every dollar and every loose dime away. But he made the grade and even though paying his tuition at Minnesota left him broke, that was a minor problem. He talked himself into a job as nightwatchman in a lumber yard, managed to turn out for football in the afternoons and to keep up a good pace in his class work.

During his college career he has worked as a watchman, waiter, baggage-smasher in an express depot, concrete worker, harvest hand and steel worker. Last summer as a riveter on a steel construction crew he reported for practice almost as hard as the steel he worked with. In fact, it has been rumored among opposing tacklers that some of that steel crept into his sinews, making him a

mighty hard man to stop. Ask Iowa, Wisconsin, Northwestern or Ohio State.

As a sophomore Jack showed tremendous power but it was crude, crushing power and not the explosive burst of a Joesting or a Nagurski. Under careful coaching in 1931, he began to get the knack of timing that force and opposing lines felt that difference in no small way. He runs low, utilizing every ounce of power in his pile-driving legs. For a big man he is exceptionally fast, and he can add that extra yardage when he breaks into the open. His peculiar stride makes him particularly hard to tackle, and he hits his holes with such swift force that he often gets beyond the scrimmage before a hand has touched him.

Manders scored 39 points to lead the league last year, and was named on most of the mythical all-conference teams. Now he's working nights as a file clerk in a downtown office. Before he goes to work he drops over to the Stadium and takes a couple of turns around the track to hold himself close to 200 pounds. He figures on keeping just under that weight this fall. And since his job of filing clerk doesn't take much physical energy, he's bound to be bursting with it when the season starts. The gridiron will provide a fit and proper place for said explosion.

### Carl Cramer of Ohio State

WHEN the Scarlet and Gray regimentals of Ohio State parade on the field for the big games you will see another of last year's sophomore sensations in a new and mightier role. Carl Cramer, Buckeye quarterback, was called by many the outstanding newcomer of 1931, and he's back again, better—if not bigger—than ever.

Cramer served notice on the football world that he was a dangerous man with the pigskin in his almost single-handed rout of the Indiana Hoosiers. He did not get into action that day until Indiana had scored, but once he took the reins it was "Johnny, bar the door." He broke in with a bang by launching a canny pass attack that gained fifty-five yards on two throws. Then he proceeded to plunge for the touchdown. He intercepted an Indiana pass and galloped seventy yards through the entire Hoosier team for another score. All that afternoon he harassed them, and he kept up his same tactics against State's other foes in the Conference to prove there was no flash-in-the-pan taint to his achievement.

Cramer is the spectacular, daring type of quarterback so dear to the heart of the gallery gods. He fields punts like Tris Speaker caught fly balls—with a consummate ease and grace that conceals the chance he is taking. He likes to take them on the run, as Jake Slagle of Princeton used to, and slant down the field for extra yardage. There's always a thrill in the way he plays 'em.

He had plenty to learn about the quarterback's job when he started, but he came along as the season progressed. There were black marks against his strategy of last year, of course, but he should have learned his way around by now. If he has, watch out!

He learns quickly, as not a few teams found to their sorrow last fall. He rarely makes the same mistake twice. In the Michigan game he had some trouble getting off his punts. Williamson, who played a corking game at right end for the Wolverines, kept breaking through and rushing the kick. He broke through so fast one time, in fact, that he blocked the punt and fell on it for Michigan's lone touchdown. But Cramer made him pay for that later. In the fourth period he dropped back to punting position and allowed Williamson to

charge him. Williamson came surging in, wild and eager. And as a Wolverine end came close Cramer made a deft pivot and ran past him for a thirty yard gain that put the ball in scoring position.

In the other departments Cramer is exceptionally capable. He weighs around 170 and he can uncork a blazing turn of speed in the open field. He has an elusive running style that makes him especially potent on the long gainers—and how this boy can pass! He is a deadly tackle on the defense—a capable safety man who can gear himself to an emergency. And his inspirational effect on his mates is not the least of his strong points.

### Kurth and Krause of Notre Dame

Notre Dame? Where can you start in all that wealth of hand-picked football material? So handle that spotlight slow, Captain, while we look them over. There's a first-string backfield down there that would delight the eye of any coach, but that forward line catches our roving gaze. And we have to bring two men into the spotlight.

Last season was a year of tackle pairs. There was Quatse and McMurdo of Pitt, Riley and Marvil of North-

**W**HAT can a man do when he has to pick out individuals at

western, and the K-twins—Kurth and Krause of the Ramblers. And that last mentioned duo is an eye-filling pair. Even their opponents and their coaches were often at a loss in choosing between them. Joe Kurth, from Los Angeles by way of Madison, Wisconsin, is a senior this year, and in his two seasons of play he has made an enviable record. He started out as a man apart—a sophomore on a Rockne team—and he proved his worth in game after gruelling game. At the end of last season he was playing tremendous football. He was easily the outstanding linemen on the field against Southern California and the Army. His name was prominent on many an All-American list when the experts weighed the records. Weighing 200 pounds, tall and rangy, he was a power on attack and defense.

Over the season his record was better than that of his running mate, but just the same our spotlight will have to linger longer above the light brown head of Ed Krause. For this young giant with the Jimmy Durante schnozzle is one of Football's potential greats. He has it in him to reach the heights of play that few have reached before.

Take a look at him now, towering six feet, three, and tipping the beam at 215, and remember that under that big exterior there are steel-hard muscles, competitive courage, deep stamina. Krause hails from Chicago where he was a schoolboy star at De LaSalle High, and all-state man in both football and basketball. He was a freshman wonder at Notre Dame, and as a sophomore last year—he was only 19, too—he was good enough to step into a varsity berth and shunt big Al Culver to the sidelines. And Culver, if you remember, was of All-American timber.

Krause started out like a whirlwind. Against Northwestern, in the mud and muck of that bitterly fought stalemate, he played inspired football. The Wildcats were unanimous in calling him the best man on the Notre Dame line. In the other early games he kept the pace—he was Hunk Anderson's favorite football topic. But as the season grew older the inevitable happened. Lack of experience began to tell, and while Kurth improved Ed Krause began to slide back a little. Kozac, his freshman running-mate, began to replace him more frequently, and when the battle with Southern California rolled around Anderson started Culver at the left tackle berth. It was a wise move. There was a crucial game in which experience counted. And Krause, great potential player he was, did not fill the bill that day.

Don't think for a minute that he was a bust. Far from that. He played a powerful game in that Nomad line—proved he could take it as well as hand it out—but even a rating of *very good* was less than they expected of him. He developed certain faults due to over-eagerness. As young players often do, he tried to cover too much territory. He balanced his good plays with an occasional bad one because he still lacked football experience.

Well, he has it now. He is wise in the wiles of the opposition these days, and he knows a trick or two himself. He has been hardened in the fire of competition and 1932 should send him to the football wars in prime shape to collect dividends for Notre Dame on his great gridiron promise.

### The Secret Six of the West

**T**HERE are other men of note in this section, too, but our time is short and the trip's a long one. There is Paul Moss of Purdue, for example, a finished and capable all-around end, ready for stardom. And on the same team that blocking quarterback Paul Pardonner is not without honor, even in his own country. Buckets Goldenberg, the Wisconsin Iron Man who looks like the late Louis Wolheim, is knocking on the door in his new fullback role.



Best end on the Coast! And Dave Nesbit of Washington is looking for new worlds to conquer this season  
Insert: Diamond Joe Palia, Santa Clara Univ

And Indiana and Iowa have just reason to acclaim the prowess of Bob Jones and Howard Moffit, fine backs both, who have proved themselves in the face of obstacles that would send lesser men flying to the refuge of the sidelines. Give either of these fellows a forward line that can hold its own and he will put on a one-man version of football's Big Parade for you.

But here we go —

### Tay Brown — Southern California

**D**ON'T be alarmed by that high-powered crackling from our radio coil. That's just Coast Operative Z-37 demanding that we veer around to the west coast where the redwoods and the football men grow bigger and better. "Stars!" he bellows. "Come on out where they live."

Okay, Z-37, the coast it is. And the football field of the Trojans of Southern California, defenders of the national championship this season, is fertile ground for our star-hunting beam. In fact it's hard to pick the headliners here because there are so many of almost equal calibre. But there is one sure shot to start with: Raymond (Tay) Brown, 1932 captain.

Now let's get it straight: Tay Brown may not be the greatest tackle that ever slid his toes into a cleated shoe. Chances are he isn't. But he has that certain something that football men call class, and his spirit is the essence of the great American game.

If a coach were building a tackle to order he could well choose Tay Brown for his physical model. Weighing 200 pounds, tall, fast and alert, Brown combines tremendous forward drive with the mobility that is essential to the good tackle. He fits like a glove in Howard Jones' complicated system of line play which demands a continuous flow of power from the tackles on the offense as well as the defense.

What it takes to produce that power Tay Brown has in plenty. He proved that against the most brilliant line-breakers of the nation in 1931. But it was quite another quality he possesses that made him unique among the players of the game. I refer to his ability to judge himself—his spirit of team play.

Twice last season—in the final quarters of tough and gruelling games—Tay Brown called time out and asked Coach Howard Jones to send Bob Hall in to replace him. If you're a football man you know how unusual that is. The ordinary player never thinks he has played beyond the peak of his efficiency; he fights to continue rather than invites a substitution. But Tay Brown has a bigger slant on the gridiron game. He wants the personal glory that comes with high achievement—that is only natural—but first of all he wants to see the team win. He knows that football is an eleven man game, and he had courage enough to sacrifice his own ambitions to that idea.

Asked why he took himself out of those games, Brown said: "I had played myself out and I knew it. Why should I weaken the team by going through the motions to fool the coaches when there was a man on the bench who could do a better job?"

That's Tay Brown's spirit of the game, and the soundness of his reasoning was proved in the greatest victory the Trojans scored in their resistless march to the championship. After 58 minutes of the fiercest conflict with the powerful forwards of Notre Dame, Tay Brown had a hunch that he had just about shot his bolt. So he took himself out and Bob Hall took over his tackle berth, fresh and ready. On the fourth play Hall found himself on the outside of Jones' unbalanced line formation and rushed down the field to grab a long pass and put the ball in position for the placekick that beat the Nomads 16-14.

Maybe Tay Brown could have made that same play.

Maybe he could have dragged his tired legs down there in time to snag that pass and the glory that went with it. But the good of the team said, "Let some one else try," and Tay Brown was man enough to bow to that unspoken edict.

### Ernie Smith and Orv Mohler

**O**N the same Trojan Squad with Brown are two others who stand out as headline material. At the opposite tackle is a hammer-em-down 200-pounder, Ernie Smith by name, who has been playing a whale of a game for the past two seasons and expects to cap the climax in the new campaign. He towers six feet, three inches into the California atmosphere, is 23 years of age, and blossomed into grid prominence in his sophomore year after being only a mediocre freshman player. Off the field Ernie sometimes answers to the name of "Slip-Horn" Smith because of his trombone playing. He still conducts a campus orchestra and sings a mean tenor, although he's not a crooner, thank you.

Put him in football togs, though, and his line play is distinctly bass. When he plants those size 14 shoes of his wide apart and starts swinging those hamlike hands there's very little that gets by him.

And in the U. S. C. backfield there's a little fellow named



Orv Mohler, Trojan speedster, warming up. He's the trickiest running threat in all the nation  
Insert: Ernie "Sliphorn" Smith of So. California

Mohler who has a habit of going places and doing things with a football. Perhaps the Washington State Cougars will remember Orville Mohler as a fair country quarterback.

If they don't, they ought to. For last October this 165-pound speedster showed them just about all the football tricks that are written in the book. He played the greatest game of his career that day, and no less than four times showed them his heels on touchdown runs. One of them went for 65 yards, during which he seemed to fade through no less than five tacklers. It is in this specialty that he shines with greatest brilliance. Here his quickness and coordination give him the advantage over the huskier type of back that seems to predominate in the Trojan style of play. He is as elusive as a flea, a weaving type of runner; instead of shifty footwork he dodges would-be tacklers by snake-hip movements that would have a South Seas dancer green with envy. He is always moving forward and rarely tries to outspurt an opponent by slanting across the field. He feints, spins, cuts in, appears to dart into the tackler's arms and then is gone. Out on the Coast they say he needs only a blade of grass for interference.

Mohler likes speed so well in whatever he does that he works in the summer as a pilot of a speedboat at Catalina Island. He will need all his speed if he is to live up to the big things the experts prophesy for him in 1932, but added

experience should make the path easier. There was many a loud argument last year as to who was the best back: Mohler or Shaver. And any man who can play that close to the stride of Dynamite Gus must be plenty football player.

### Corbus and Caddell of Stanford

**A**T Stanford Pop Warner has a pair of lads that he's willing to stack up with any of them. In the line there's Bill Corbus, dubbed the "Baby-Faced Assassin," who has only to keep up his brilliant playing to win a high place in the national rankings. Corbus was only a sophomore last year, and it took the populace several games to become acquainted with his spectacular, knock-'em-dead style of playing. But not so his opponents on the line. No sir, not hardly. All they had to do was play one game against Bill and they knew his true worth.

Rather small as guards generally scale—he weighs only 176—Corbus has a pile-driving charge, knows how to use his hands effectively, and is smart enough not to be caught off balance. On defense he is well-nigh impregnable. He played a smashing game against Southern California's mighty line, and electrified the Eastern critics with a letter-perfect performance against the Dartmouth Indians to close the season. They rave about him on the Stanford "Farm" and if you want to see one of the best



Above, Tay Brown of the Trojans. Oliver Pope of Oregon waits down below

Hard-Luck Hank—Henry Schaldach, star California half-back—is doubtless wishing that his injury-jinx could be tossed away with that there football



Ernie Caddell, Stanford line-smasher, above. And below, Tom Rafferty, UCLA



Campbell of Stanford



linemen on the Coast this year just keep your optics glued to "Baby Face."

Behind that line Warner has 185 pounds of TNT labeled Ernie Caddell. Ask the Dartmouth team about him! In that inter-sectional game in the Harvard Stadium he did just about everything except kick a field goal with the water bucket. The Green Indians must have thought that he was twins, the way he harassed them. Caddell hit his peak that day, but the way he did it promises that he has some more of those big moments in store for the Cardinal fans.

He's almighty fast for a man of his size, this Ernie Caddell, and with his speed he combines rugged line-breaking power. He is calm and capable on the defense, a sure tackle, and he knows how to use his weight in the interference. He's a mighty good man, too, on the receiving end of those lateral passes and the darting forwards that break out of Warner's well-masked attack. Those touch-down tosses of Hillman to Caddell will score many a point for Stanford this year.

### Hank Schaldach of California

**T**HE Coast is not without its hard-luck star, either. Remember Hard-Luck Hank Bruder, that devastating No. 13 who tore them all wide open for Northwestern a couple of seasons ago? Well, the University of California has his ill-starred counterpart in Hank Schaldach. If he could only keep from getting hurt Schaldach would go down in the records as one of the greatest halfbacks in Pacific Coast history. But the football jinx has marked him, and if it isn't one thing it's another.

Two seasons running he has suffered a broken wrist, among other things, and as a result he played in only about one-fifth of California's games. Last fall, though, he ended the season in good shape, playing a flashy all-around game that was largely responsible for the Bear's first victory over Stanford since 1923, and all looked bright for his last year on the gridiron.

But the jinx struck again. Right after spring practice Schaldach broke his wrist again—broke it playing golf, of all things!—and even now that wrist is a question mark. The break has apparently mended, and Schaldach, with a stout leather guard to protect the injury, is playing at top speed again, but . . . Well, there will always be a "but" where "Hard Luck" Hank is concerned. There are more Bear backs available this year, fortunately, than ever before, and if Schaldach doesn't have to work so hard he may be able to dodge his hoodoo and make his last year his most brilliant one.

The plentitude of backs is a good break for Schaldach from another angle, too. Hank weighs only 170, and is at his best when he is fresh. If he can be relieved frequently his value to the team will be increased considerably. He is a brilliant passer, a fine kicker, and a skillful runner in the open field. On running plays he has been California's most consistent gainer.

### Hal Moe of Oregon State

**T**HE land of the tall trees—the Northwest—seems to be strangely silent as we point our nose that way. But maybe they're laying low. Maybe the Huskies and the Cougars and the Webfeet have something up their sleeves. They have pulled that little trick up there many a time before.

At Oregon State, for instance, I seem to recall a lad named Hal Moe. And the Hal Moe we saw last year was as good a football man as any of them. His jumps into the national headlines were few and far between because he played on a team that was distinctly below the Oregon State standard. But just the same this fellow



The Baby-Faced Assassin—otherwise Bill Corbus of Pop Warner's Stanford crew. On guard, you guards!

was the best back in the Northwest, bar none. And if he had managed to get a modicum of cooperation there's no telling how high he might have climbed in the season's records.

Moe is a dazzling climax runner as well as an extraordinary all-around player. Hard as nails, possessed of a spirit that carried him forward when there wasn't much but spirit left, he is the kind of player coaches rave about. What the new year has in store for him we can't guess, but give him a little support and he will show you folks some football.

And what about those Oregon Webfeet who showed New York the most dazzling football they saw all season? What about Leighton Gee and the ubiquitous Mike Mikulak?

I seem to hear a deep silence . . .

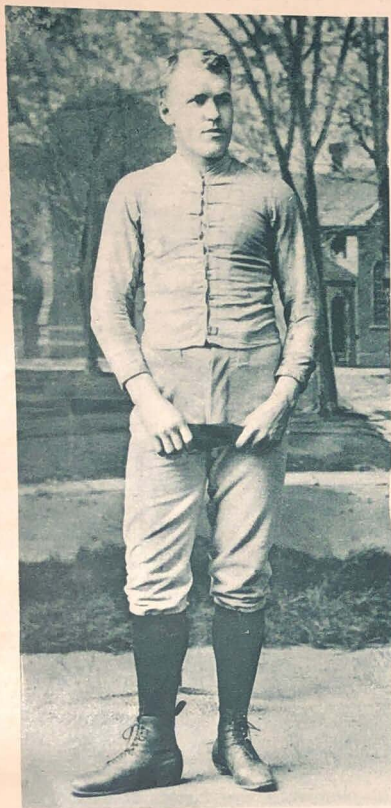
Well, if we can't pierce the fog we had better set back for home. We have had to miss a few, maybe, but that's the way of fishing and football. There's Newt Montgomery, Columbia's clever field-general who may turn out to be the best quarterback in the East. There's Jack Ferrara of Cornell, a great back on any team, and Dutch Donner, that smashing end from Dartmouth. We had to miss Kercheval and Scaife in the South, Ted Petoskey and Gil Berry from the Big Ten, Johnny Cherberg of Washington and big Angel Brovelli of the Galloping Gaels. But it would take a volume to tell of all of them.

There's one sure thing, though: 1932 will suffer nothing because of lack of man-power. When the season hits the peak, when the red-letter games roll along, you will see these names again. On green, chalk-barred fields you will watch them write new history in the annals of our national game. Already they have dug their cleats in the pathway that leads to stardom, have proven their skill and their fitness, are ready to meet whatever new tests the gridiron gods have in store.

So come on, Mr. Referee—blow that big whistle!

**JOHN HEISMAN'S  
SELECTION OF—**

**MY ALL-TIME**



**HECTOR COWAN**  
Tackle—Princeton—1886-'89

Height 5'11" Weight 204  
No more powerful man has ever played the game, or knew better how to turn his muscles loose. He played football with unconquerable frenzy

**HAROLD "RED" GRANGE**  
Halfback—Illinois—1923-'25

Height 6' Weight 176  
By all odds the most outstanding ballcarrier the West has produced—not excepting Heston



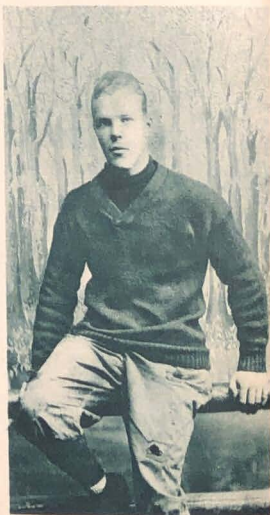
The All-Time team is a yardstick by which the gridiron greats of past and present are measured. Each year a noted authority in the game selects a team to conform to his ideal. We offer these selections as records in the history of football



**EDWARD W. MAHAN**  
Halfback—Harvard—1913-'15  
Height 5'11½" Weight 176  
No defense could stop this wizard of the pigskin. He had what they call "football genius"



**WM. "PUDGE" HEFFELFINGER**  
Guard—Yale—1888-'91  
Height 6'2" Weight 204  
Inventor and finest exponent of guard interference. The most devastating player I ever saw in action



**EDWARD "TED" COY**  
Fullback—Yale—1907-'09  
Height 6'1" Weight 194  
The last word in fullbacks—a human dynamo. He gave more of himself to the game than any other fullback I know about

**HAROLD "BRICK" MULLER**  
End—California—1920-'22  
On the All-Time teams of Warner, Roper, Rockne and Godfrey. The finest all-around player the Coast has known

# ALL-AMERICAN TEAM



JOHN W. HEISMAN

John Heisman learned his football at Penn and Brown in the late '80's. He invented at least ten of the fundamental usages of the game. He served with distinction as coach at W&J, Penn, Akron, Oberlin, Rice and Georgia Tech. He is one of the great men of Football



T. TRUXTON HARE  
Guard—Pennsylvania—1897-1900

Height 6'4" Weight 206  
In playing ability almost an identical twin with Heffelfinger. And like Heff, could carry the ball with the speed and skill of the greatest halfbacks. One of only four to make Camp's All-American four years in succession



WALTER ECKERSALL  
Quarter — Chicago  
1904-'06

Height 5'6" Weight 156  
An expert in every department of play; a great general, deadly tackler, fine blocker, superb safety-man, and one of the greatest kickers in grid-iron history



ADOLPH "GERMANY" SCHULTZ  
Center—Michigan—1905-'08

Had remarkable speed, boundless energy, rare aggressiveness, and a mental aptitude for the game seldom excelled



HUNTINGTON "TACKS" HARDWICK  
End—Harvard—1912-'14  
Height 5'11" Weight 184  
The greatest blocker in football. Hinky may have been the greatest tackler, but that is individual; blocking is team play and is far more valuable



WILBUR "FATS" HENRY

Tackle—Washington & Jefferson—1917-'19  
The perfect tackle in every phase of the game. Super-human activity. Remarkable agility. A faultless diagnostician. A non-stoppable charger

# The Championship

By HUGH

**S**AD SOUNDS have mingled with the shrill call of the officials' whistles as recent football seasons have struggled along in the East. Once the dull thud of the pigskin had a bracing effect; it seemed to echo the footsteps of men rushing onward to greater victories. Then the scene changed, not swiftly but surely. To those who had cherished the supremacy, long maintained along the Atlantic seaboard, the sounds that reverberated from the gridiron had a funereal tone. They seemed to be tolling the knell of a once mighty tradition.

Faint breezes conveyed mournful sounds to the ears of the faithful who gathered under the elms at New Haven. Georgia, really only a grandson of the proud old man, was licking the pants off Father Eli. All the rum that Eleazer Wheelock traded to the Indians couldn't have consoled Dartmouth while Stanford was trampling the Big Green team. Fair Harvard never sounded so much like a dirge. At Princeton they almost stopped singing: "Back, back to Nassau Hall." What a song it is—but the first words of the refrain were entirely too reminiscent of what was happening to the Tiger elevens.

Here and there some Easterners attempted to uphold the ancient prestige. Fordham, N. Y. U. and Pitt turned out some formidable combinations but somehow it didn't seem the same. "Where were they in the days when Caspar Whitney and Walter Camp started that All

**The Bulldog, the Panther and the Ram are the new Big Three of the East. Here's the why and wherefore**

America business?" the old timers would ask. Besides, Fordham, Pitt and N. Y. U. had a way of losing when the eyes of the entire country were turned upon them.

It was sad—but it was true. The East was not what it used to be in football. There was no use in denying it: the balance of power had shifted.

That was last year and the year before—but what's this we hear now? Joyful tones seem borne along on the autumn breezes. They seem to be whispering a happy message. What is it they say? It can't be—but yes it is. It's true. A new era is on the way.

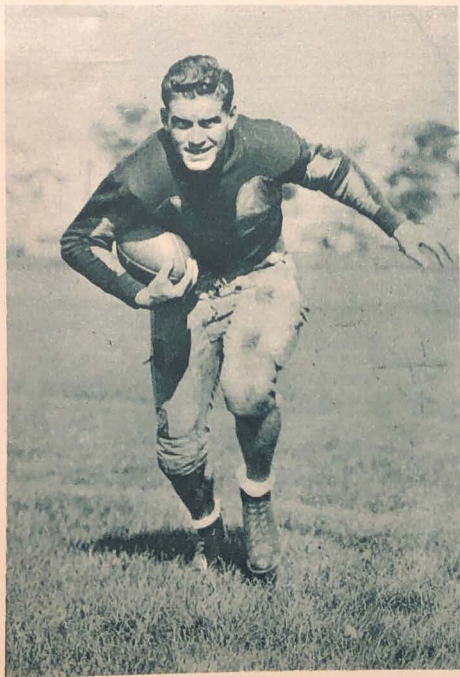
Weep no more, my laddies. No matter what happens in the election booths in November something very pleasant is due to occur on the Eastern gridirons. I said it last year, when the first faint notes were heard, and I'm shouting it again. Pay no attention to the belittlers. The truth is, that in the East, the grand old game is getting better and better.

Don't look for miracles. The process of restoration must be built on more solid ground. Don't comfort yourselves with the belief that your ardent prayers will be answered by a National Championship on this side of the Mississippi. Not so all-of-a-sudden. But you can be warmed to the depths of your souls by the knowledge that the rewards are on their way. The time is coming when you will no longer have to suffer over comparisons made by your Western cousins.

A style of football is springing up that is better adapted to this section and to the men who can be found here. That is as it should be. All gridiron strategy stems from the East. Thirty years ago Dartmouth was using a play—the concentration of power for a drive off tackle—that differs very little from Notre Dame's best ground gainer. Talk to Parke Davis or to John Heisman, who belongs to the East although he achieved most of his fame as a coach in the South. They can show you the origin, far back in the misty past, of many another formation that has been heralded as a Western innovation.

But you may say, if the East had the tactics why couldn't it win? The answer is easy. Burdened too much, perhaps, by tradition, the East was not as alert as the other sections in fitting its weapons to the new style of campaigning. It waited too long to adopt modern angles, and once committed to them, copied them too slavishly.

In the South and in the West they were not so conservative—so dead set on fighting it out along the same old lines. The double wingback worked at Stanford when



Bill Gilbane, potent defensive and blocking back, is leading a strong Brown array into the 1932 wars

# Is Coming Home

## BRADLEY

**One of the nation's ace sports-writers opens his football dope book wide. Read the details of those secret pages**

Pop Warner had the burly Herb Fleishacker and other fleet giants to head the attack. After they had departed the material was not so well adapted to this formation. Warner tried a new one, or at least a variation, that was better suited to his new players. Last year he began to get results.

It is a lesson that the East is just learning and the rewards are not far away. Today the East, too, has coaches who can learn fast and who are willing to learn. And that has not always been true.

Don't look forward to a season of unbroken feasting in victories, however. Football is filled with disappointments as well as with bountiful gifts from Lady Luck and no matter how well drilled a team may be something is apt to go wrong. Suppose Jack Crickard had sprinted the rest of the way for a touchdown after he had taken the ball from Barry Wood at the start of the Yale-Harvard classic. It was a well-conceived and smartly executed play. It deserved a better fate. Yet Lady Luck frowned upon the Crimson and it was little Albie Booth who was hero of the day.

So it goes. The season is underway already. Who will be the champion of the East? Who has the best chance to bring the National title back to the land where it was born and raised? It's all in the lap of the Gods. Mortal man merely can guess and guessing, even when backed by long, cold columns of statistics, is often of little avail.

Remember the old fair grounds cry: "You pays your money and you takes your choice." The offer is repeated here in a slightly changed version: "Read this story and take your own pick." It will be as good as, or better, than mine. I propose to help you, though, by offering the results of many days of investigation, of talks with leading coaches, officials and players, and of a careful study of all other available material.

Who will be the champion of the East? Go slowly, think carefully as you consider the names of Fordham, Pitt and Yale. One of those names may be the answer.

**Yale University** **A**SIDE from the element of chance three things make a great football team. They are material, coaching and the will to win. Yale is lavishly equipped with one of them. And if the other two can come through, the first of football champions may be also the latest.

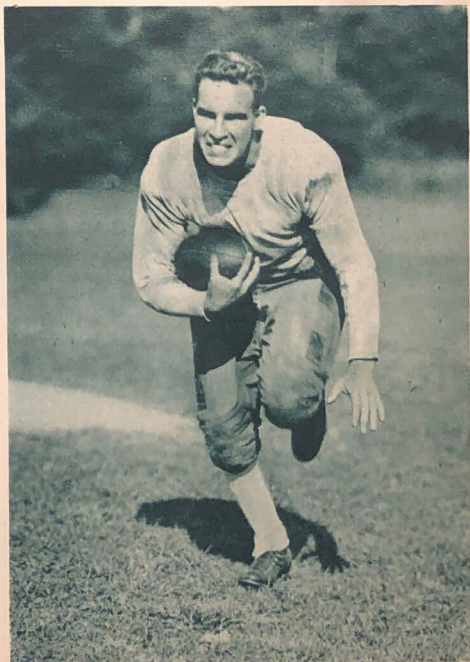
What manpower there is at New Haven! Even Notre

Dame cannot match it, nor Southern California surpass it. Two years ago Knute Rockne admitted that with a sigh. The loss of such a glowing personality as Albie Booth might wreck most teams. But Yale is ready to carry on to its greatest triumphs without him. Even the inspiration that Albie supplied so abundantly may be forthcoming from the fiery Bob Lassiter, a back who is just being permitted to find himself.

Lassiter may not be able to pass as well as Booth but his hell-for-leather slashes off tackle should produce more yards—and there are others who can attend to the passing. Take a look at his mates in the backfield. Dud Parker, a grand halfback and a good quarter; the massive Crowley and Levering, seniors, well tried; Andy King, who starred on the Freshmen eleven and is reminiscent of Booth in both size and mannerisms; Sullivan, a daring strategist.

Mark down King in your future book and while you're at it remember the Williamson brothers. You can't forget them if you saw Yale against Princeton. The way they can pass is uncanny.

What a coach's paradise Yale should be! The bugbear of most mentors is lack of reserves. But the Blue has so many regulars available little room is left for the lads who are seeking their first varsity rewards. At that, the veterans may be unable to withstand the challenge of Johnson, the 195-pound freshman center of 1931. Perhaps



Syracuse is the dark horse of the East. Here's Dick Fishel, one of the scoring aces of the Big Orange