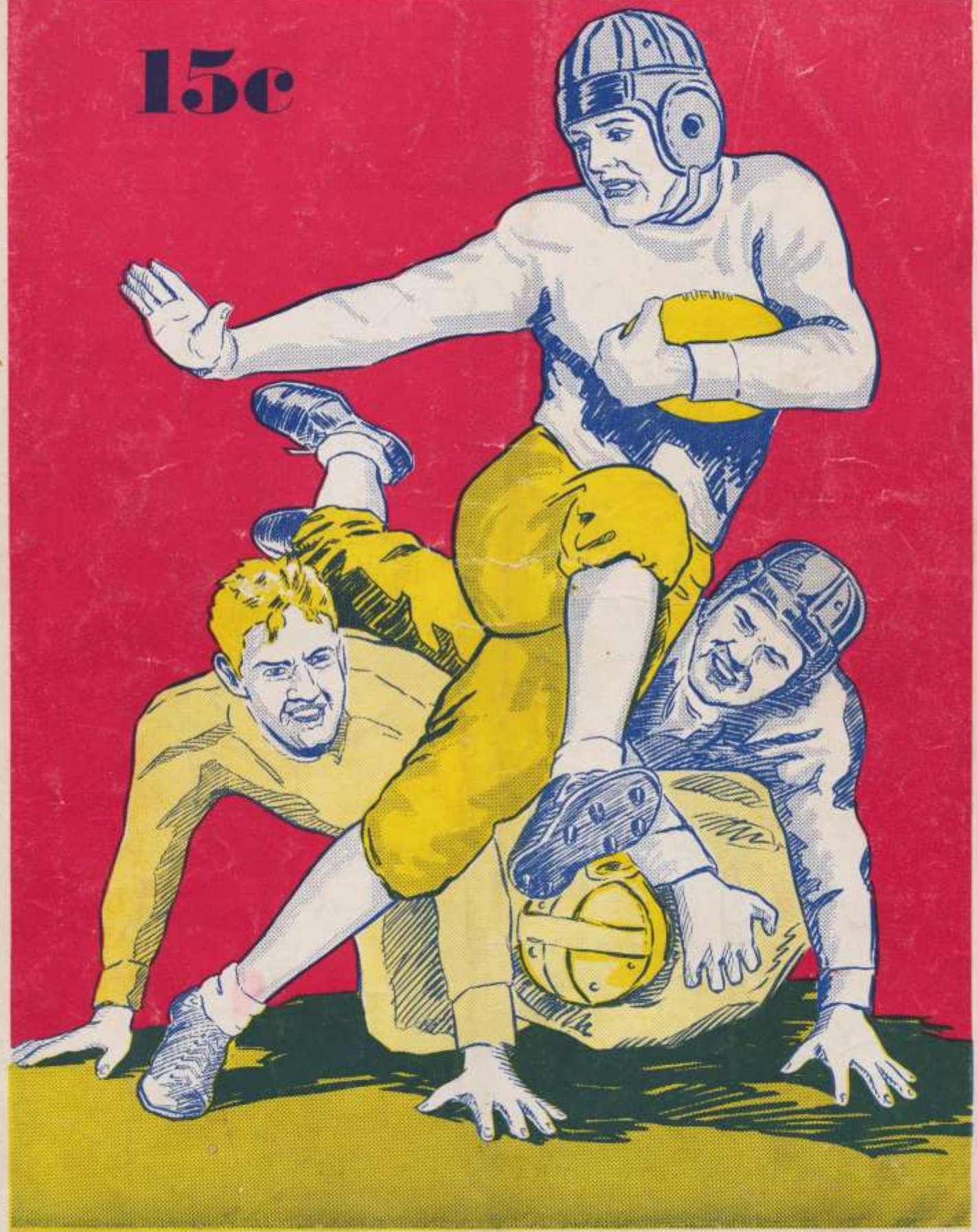


CAL. GIANTS
CHL. CARDS

DEC 23 1934

POST COLLEGIAN

15c



OFFICIAL PROGRAM

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL RULES

The rules of professional football are to a large degree the same as the Intercollegiate rulings. However, there are several differences, the principle of which has been to speed up the game and present more thrilling action to the spectator.

The outstanding differences in professional rules are as follows:

Kick-off and Free Kick

1. The receiving team may line in any position beyond the ten yard restraining line.

2. It is permissible for the kicking team to use a natural tee made from the soil in the immediate vicinity of the point of kick-off.

Flying Block and Tackle

The flying block and tackle are permitted.

Forward Pass

The passer may pass the ball from any point behind the line of scrimmage, and any forward pass made hand to hand back of the line of scrimmage which becomes incomplete is a fumble, or free ball.

Dead Ball

The ball remains in play until a runner is completely stopped and not when any portion of his person except his hands or feet touch the ground.

Clipping

The foul of clipping is strictly enforced and the penalty is 25 yards.

Substitutes

Substitutes coming on the field are allowed to communicate with teammates instead of waiting until play is completed. Substitutions may be made at any time.

Off-side

On all off-side plays committed within the ten yard line by the defensive team, the penalty shall be one half the distance to the goal line instead of five yards.

Goal Posts

The goal posts shall be placed on the goal-line instead of ten yards beyond. Account of the goal posts being placed on the goal-line the following rules become effective.

1. A ball kicked from the field of play, except one scoring a goal, which strikes the goal posts or cross bar before being touched by a player of either side, shall become a dead ball and is to be ruled a touchback.

2. A ball kicked from behind the goal-line which strikes the goal posts or cross-bar and is recovered by the opponents in the end zone shall be ruled a touchdown. In the event it is recovered by a player of the kicking team, or

rolls outside the side line extended, or beyond the end line in the end zone, it shall be ruled a safety. Should the ball strike the goal posts or crossbar and continue into the field of play it shall be played as if it did not hit the goal posts.

3. A forward pass thrown from the field of play which strikes the goal posts or crossbar before or after it has been touched by an eligible player and before it has touched the ground shall be declared incomplete and ruled a touchback.

4. A forward pass thrown from behind the goal-line which strikes the goal posts or crossbar shall be subject to recovery by the opposing team or any eligible player of the passing team before it strikes the ground. (The passer is included among the eligible men.) Should the ball be recovered by an opposing player within the end zone before it strikes the ground it shall be ruled a touchdown. If it is recovered by a member of the passer's team and not advanced into the field of play, or bounds beyond the side line extended, or beyond the end line, it shall be ruled a safety. Should the ball strike the goal posts or cross-bar and continue into the field of play it shall remain in play as though it had not touched any obstruction.

Summary of Principal Penalties

Loss of a Down

Illegal forward pass.
Intentionally grounding pass.

Loss of Five Yards

Offside.
Stalling.
Illegal use of hands by defensive player.
Crawling by runner.

Loss of Fifteen Yards

Failure to stop one second in shift.
Tackling or interfering with player making fair catch.

Illegal use of hands or arms by player of offensive team (Holding).

Roughing the kicker.
Piling up
Hurdling.
Tripping, tackling runner out of bounds.

Loss of Twenty-five Yards

Clipping.

Half the Distance to the Goal

Striking, kneeling, etc.
Defensive offside inside 10-yard line.
Foul within 1-yard line.

GIANTS PREPARED FOR CARDINALS' INVASION

Medanich team in top form for today's fracas; threat seen in All-American aggregation from Windy City

After a rather disastrous invasion in the southland, the powerful Chicago Cardinals come north today looking for new fields to conquer. Boasting a group of All-Americans that have made football history from coast to coast, the easterners are slated to put on a brand of football to make the most hardened fan thrill and cheer. What might be termed "show" in another team is just the usual performance of this all-star team.

Fiercely "Butch" Medanich, coach and captain of the Giants, refuses to be awed by the record and reputation of the Cards. The local team has proved itself to be one of the strongest in the Pacific Football League, and Medanich intimates that they may be able to show these invaders a thing-or-three.

The Giants, composed mainly of star players from the University of California, are the only undefeated team in the league—which bodes ill for the Cards. Their strongest triumph was the 17 to 14 win over the powerful Southern California Maroons, and another thriller for the books was their 10 to 7 victory over the Braves.

If anyone can stem the tide of the Cardinals' power plays or solve their deceptive formations, this team can.

Medanich, who starred in his collegiate days as one of the greatest centers ever developed at the Golden Bear institution, has drilled his men hard. Backfield aces are numerous with such famous ball-toters as "Rain" Relles and Jim Keefer due to start. The duo are brilliant players and will be responsible for heavy yardage gains today.

Three of the greatest players on the Giant team are not California graduates, but are ex-stars from the up and coming San Francisco University. These are Lyn Warford, and "Burly Bob" Kleckner, halfbacks, and Jack Gaddy, end. Kleckner is in perfect shape for football as he is at present coach of the S.F.U. freshman squad and takes a hand in scrimmage each night to give his boys practice in solving and stopping plays. He also was voted by bay district sports writers as one of the greatest all-around athletes in the history of the Don school as he earned letters in football, basketball, track and baseball.

Kleckner weighs a slight 210 and stands six feet two in his stocking feet. He has played professional ball with Ernie Nevers in 1933 and has a flock of tricks up his sleeve for every occasion.

One of the famous line of Gills to play for California, Harry M., is determined to cause

PACIFIC FOOTBALL LEAGUE

presents

CALIFORNIA GIANTS

versus

CHICAGO CARDINALS

Sunday, Dec. 23, 1934

KEZAR STADIUM
San Francisco, California

OFFICIAL PROGRAM 15c



JACK GADDY (E)

plenty of trouble for the Cards. He was termed one of the "pony guards" by Brick Morse.

California's pro line includes Jim McCormick, Louis "Red" Di Riesta, and Jack Gaddy

at ends, Chuck Fortier and Seldon Del Giorgio at tackles, and All-American Ted Beckett, Dick Bogue, Gill and McArthur at guards. Captain Medanich and Roy Fitz will alternate at center.

Beckett, who gained All-American fame at California during his collegiate days, is expected to be the bulwark of the Giants' forward wall. He is a notably aggressive and scrappy player and will be well matched against the best the Cards have to offer.

Warford is expected to give good accounting of himself today, with fans depending on him for his tricky broken field running and his dependable returning of punts.

Kefer won his spurs as regular fullback for the Golden Bears and players and fans who have watched this human battering ram in action will testify that he will be plenty tough today.

Kefer played three years of California varsity football and four years of high school ball, and excels at fullback where he appears today. He tips the beam at 178 pounds, is five feet nine inches tall, and is a product of "Navy Bill" Ingram.

Medanich is said to have spurred his men to their best efforts for today's game, with the goal of upsetting the eastern pros. Whether or not his ambition is achieved, it is a foregone conclusion that today's meeting will be packed full of thrills for the fans.



He simply hates football!—I only bring him to see the card tricks.



"BUTCH" MEDANICH, (C) Captain and Coach Giants



CHARLES STEWART (Q)



TED BECKETT (G)



GEORGE RELLES (H)

AND HERE ARE THE GIANTS

Determined to stem the winning streak of the eastern invaders, these Giants are drilled to a fine point for today's fracas. According to Coach Medanich, his men are in good state both physically and mentally, and are expected to give the powerful Cards a real run for their

money this afternoon. Among the Giants who will see action are "Butch" Medanich, Coach and Captain, Jack Gaddy, George Relles, Charles Stewart, Ted Beckett, Dick Bogue, Jim Keefer, and "Chuck" Fortier.



JIM KEEFER (H)



DICK BOGUE (G)



"CHUCK" FORTIER (T)

CHICAGO CARDINALS



ROY HORSTMANN



DAVE COOK



TED ISAACSON PETE MEHRINGER



BILL SMITH



PAUL PARDONNER



HERB DUGGINS

CARDINALS REAL SHOWMEN

By PHIL NORMAN

Not since the days when the original trapeze man hung by his teeth from the top of the big tent has anything so daringly and thrillingly been staged for the edification of sports fans.

We're talking about those windy city gangsters, who have so rudely upset our western football gridiron greats in the past two weeks.

They're fast. They're tricky and they know what to do with the pelota under any and all conditions. And when they do it they don't bother about side issues. If there was a big tent over the Gilmore stadium, it's a cinch that



one of the porkhide artists from Chicago would hang by his teeth and toss 'em all over the park.

Paul Schissler's boys, who probably could make any all-American team in the country without much trouble, added insult to injury last Sunday when they emerged victorious over a fighting but inadequate team of ex-Trojan stars. The people in the stands had a hard time keeping track of the ball, let alone the players on the field of play. After the first quarter it was clear that the only thing that was troubling anyone was how high the score would go.

It rang the bell at 41. After that the lads thought they had earned a rest and let up. The gun had gone off anyhow.

There's one thing about this Chicago bunch. They don't let up or give any quarter at all during the course of the game. In this respect, they are just like a college team, in that they have

plenty of spirit and lots of drive. Given sixty minutes in which to perform they do their job and do it thoroughly.

Individual stars on the Schissler's eleven would be hard to single out. The secret of Eastern pro team's success during the past season has been due to their vicious tackling, blocking and team work.

Bill Smith, formerly of Washington, where he gained all-American honors, stepped into the limelight with two sensational finger tip catches in last week's party and added a couple of end around plays that brought the grandstand to its feet on no few occasions.

Little men have been the trickiest of the lot in by-gone days, but when Dougal Russell stepped into his moleskins those by-gones were really by-gone days. Never has such a fast stepping back been seen in the southland, college ball or no college ball. And when he hit someone, players were strewn on all sides, most of them on their backs. He'll be seen in action tonight.

Phil Sorboe, another member of the backfield from Chi, can be counted upon by his coach to manufacture a touchdown at almost any time. Bullet passes are flipped from his finger tips with the ease of an artist. His footwork in evading tacklers makes of him a very classy, artful dodger.

There is quite a huge doubt in the minds of the casual fan that anyone could penetrate through those colossal immovable objects, Lou Gordon and Ted Isaacson, Cardinal tackles. Standing besides any ordinary sized men these two loom up like two of the sultan's choicest elephants.

The rest of the line isn't so bad either.

With the advent of the Bears coming out from the east for a post season game with the Cardinals, football fan-atics better be thinking about making reservations now. Otherwise, you'll have to do a little hanging by your own teeth from the nose of the Goodyear blimp.

Adios.

Official Roster of Teams

California Giants

- 10 Medanich, c
- 11 Relles, h
- 12 Kleckner, h
- 13 Beckett, g
- 14 Keefer, h
- 15 Lange, h
- 16 McArthur, g
- 17 Klein, f
- 18 Fortier, t
- 19 Del Giorgio, t
- 20 McCormick, e
- 21 Gaddy, e
- 22 Fitz, c
- 23 Warford, h
- 24 Stewart, q
- 25 Di Riesta, e
- 26 Gill, g
- 27 Mallory, g

Chicago Cardinals

- 12 Pardonner, Paul, q
- 18 Hughes, Bernie, c
- 20 Neuman, Robert, e
- 21 Horstmann, Roy, h
- 22 Gordon, Lou, t
- 23 Mehringer, P. J., t
- 24 Creighton, Milan, e
- 25 Greene, Frank, q
- 26 Cook, Dave, h
- 31 Field, Harry, t
- 32 Russell, Dougal, h
- 33 Griffith, Homer, h
- 34 Tipton, Howard, h
- 35 Duggins, "Herb", e
- 40 Smith, Bill, e
- 41 Sorboe, Phil, q
- 44 Volok, Bill, g
- 45 McNally, Frank, c
- 46 Handler, Phil, g
- 47 Cuppoletti, Bree, g
- 48 Mikulak, Mike, f
- 49 Isaacson, Ted, t

Officials

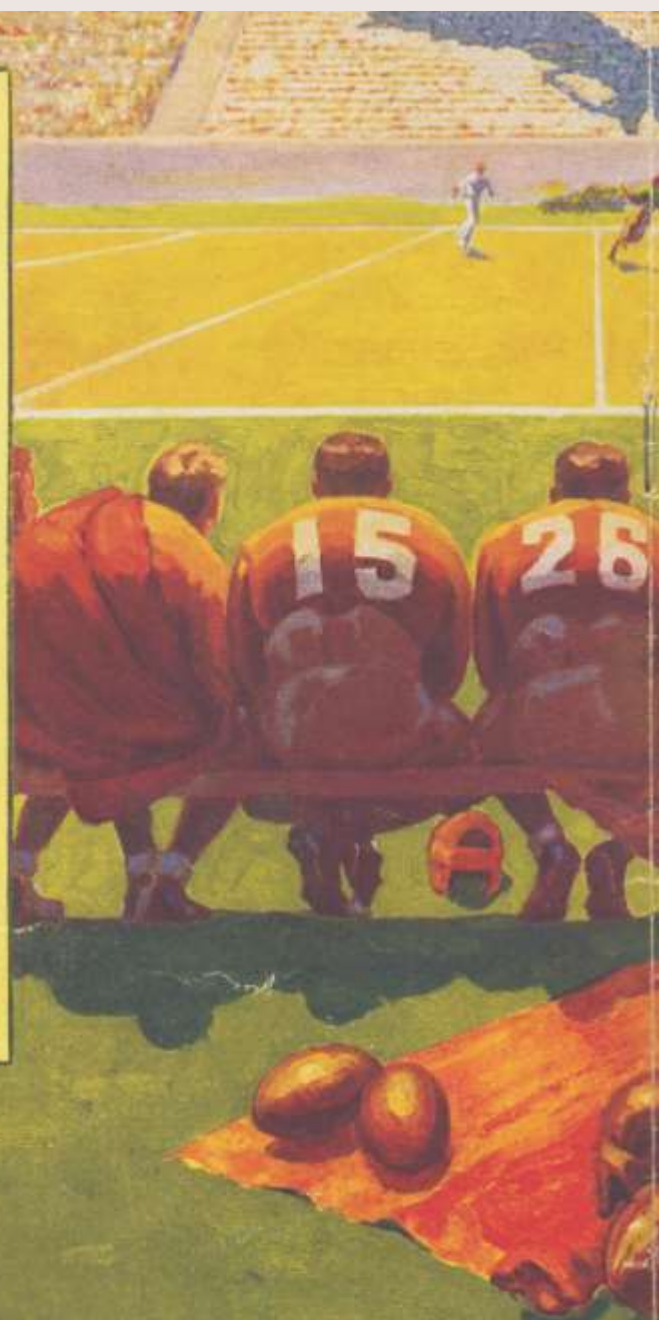
Referee.....

Umpire.....

Head Linesman.....

Field Judge.....

(Officials will be announced over the loudspeaker)



There is no
for HI-O

RICHI

GIANTS vs CHICAGO CARDS

TENTATIVE STARTING LINEUP

| California Giants | | | CARDINALS | |
|-------------------|------------------|----------|-----------|-----|
| No. | Name | | Name | No. |
| 21 | Gaddy..... | LER..... | Duggins | 35 |
| 19 | Del Giorgio..... | LTR..... | Gordon | 22 |
| 13 | Beckett..... | LGR..... | Handler | 46 |
| 22 | Fitz..... | C..... | McNally | 45 |
| 16 | McArthur..... | RGL..... | Volok | 44 |
| 18 | Fortier..... | RTL..... | Field | 31 |
| 20 | McCormick..... | REL..... | Smith | 40 |
| 11 | Relles..... | Q..... | Pardonner | 21 |
| 14 | Keefer..... | F..... | Horstmann | 21 |
| 12 | Kleckner..... | LHR..... | Cook | 26 |
| 15 | Lange..... | RHL..... | Griffith | 33 |

| Score | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | Total |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|-------|
| Giants | | | | | |
| Cardinals | | | | | |

substitute
CTANE!

FIELD

SPORTS SHORTS

By Walt Shatford

When you want to show a reader that the article you are writing has no particular significance, that it is just a collection of alleged humorisms and such, you start off with something simple, so that the casual reader knows what to expect.

These simple starts go something like this:

Substitute—"What do they make these footballs out of?"

Trainer—"Hide."

Substitute—"Why should I hide?"

Trainer—"Hide, hide, the pig's outside."

Substitute—"Let her come in, I'm not afraid."

After reading this the writer's victim should be convulsed with laughter or else the editors of the Yale Record, who practically guaranteed it, are wrong.

Once this sort of start has been gained, an alert author can fill up a few bits of space by inserting a subhead, all the time working quickly before the reader comes out from under the effect of the joke. In case the subhead does not satisfy the author's desire to fill space, he can talk about the subhead and how he is slipping something over on the poor reader. This author's dislike, however, for this bit of petty fraud, should be well-known to all by now.

Here comes the subhead, ready all:

Pleasing the Boss

Following the beginning of the article, some attempt must be made to placate the boss for past short-comings—the boss must be given a smooth working lubricant such as Gilmore lubricants are. (See how easy that plug was brought in?) In other words, the old oil should be poured on copiously.

"Did you know that Dave Smith (Smith is used because Grumplebohunk would sound like hell) has the best reputation for honesty in sports world dealings, among those who know?"

The above is a splendid example of oil using. Now the big mogul can carry the program around in his hip pocket and every time he

meets a fellow wolf he can whip out said program and say:

"Look! See what my reputation is, J. K. Now are you still mad that I should cheat you out of the gate receipts last week?"

Perhaps it's time for another subhead.

Schissler Speaks

Paul Schissler, Chicago Cardinal mentor recently named his 1934 pro All-American. Only two ex-Coasters made the first honorary team, which may, or may not, have something to do with this question of East-West football superiority.

Perhaps the fact that Paul does most of his coaching in the East has something to do with it, but better reasons are that there are more schools to draw from in other sections and those that are "drawn" are accustomed to the playing conditions on Eastern grids.

Another interesting feature of Schissler's selection is the absence of Beattie Feathers from the first string. The Card coach placed the former Tennessee terror, who was the leading ground-gainer in pro ball this season, on his second eleven, saying:

"Feathers is a weak blocker and neither passes nor kicks."

The old gag—"All Galli-Curci could do was sing" could be brought into play here, but perhaps it would not be such a hot idea.

Statistics Speak

According to National Football league statistics, 20 percent of professional football games were decided by field goals this year with no ties resulting in any of the 60 league contests.

The Chicago Bears piled up 3750 yards to lead the league's offensive specialists—Boston, Detroit, and Green Bay, and Philadelphia yielded only 1237 yards to top the list defensively. The Phillies sparse yield over an eleven game schedule eclipsed Green Bay's record by more than 800 yards.

Provided a big enough illustration can be found, these last lines should fill the allotted space nicely, so the end, you extremely fortunate people, has at last come.

I FOUGHT THAT CURSE . . . BUT IT'S GOT ME

By HOOCH AVERY

After six consecutive weeks, it's beginning to get me.

In vain I reassure myself by saying loudly ten times just before going to bed:

"It's a coincidence. It's a coincidence. It's a coincidence."

It's a coincidence. It's a coincidence. It's a coincidence.
It's a coincidence. It's a coincidence. It's a coincidence.
It's a coincidence. It's a coincidence."

But despite that assurance, I wake up a dozen times a night with a start of sudden terror, and always just before me are those moving shapes.

Through all my dreams they follow me, phantoms of horror.

I look to my right, I look to my left. I look up and I look down.

They are still there, weaving back and forth in endless, ceaseless, tireless movement.

I close my eyes and their shadows cross and recross the horizon of blindness.

The peanut vendor. The beer salesman. The hotdog peddler. The popcorn man. The program boy. And the usher.

I don't know. Maybe it is the color of my ties, or the tilt of my hat, or the mildness of my puss.

Maybe I don't live right, or maybe sometime, somewhere, somehow I played somebody a dirty trick and this is the punishment the gods have meted out to me in return.

But whatever the cause, the effect is obvious.

I am haunted by the peanut vendors, the beer salesmen, the hotdog peddlers, the popcorn men, the program boys and the ushers who stand in front of me from the time I step hopefully into the grandstand just before game-time until I drag my weary, and baffled way out of the stadium again in the dusk of the early evening without having seen a single play.

I try peering through the crooks in their elbows. I try leaning far to one side, and then far to the other.

I even try standing up until a chorus of "Hey, you, sit down" turns my ears a fiery red and sends me skulking back into the dugout of my seat.

At first I blamed their attention to my section on the fact that a little Eglebert, whose mother bought him a constant succession of peanuts, popcorn, hotdogs and sodapop invariably sat just behind me, and that the steady procession of supply men resulted from the attempt to keep him stocked in food to dribble down the back of my neck.

But last Sunday little Eglebert and his mother failed to show, perhaps, because of ptomaine poisoning, I hope, and still my section got this undue, unwarranted and unwelcome solicitous attention.

Of course, where I really made my mistake was when I got so desperate at the start of the second half and completely lost my head.

You see, it was this way.

All through that exciting, and, as I read in the paper later, unusually well played first half last Sunday, I have not seen anything but the usual collection of white aprons and assorted arms and soda pop cups that passed in a never ending procession just beyond the tip of my schnozzle.

Between halves I do get a quick glance at the scoreboard when a hot dog salesman trips over a step and goes down for the count of two.

The sight of that 14-7 score awakens in me a burning desire to witness the second half.

So intense is my feeling in the matter that I am willing to pay any price.

It is then the desperate idea that proves my undoing occurs to me.

Casting all caution to the wind, and whipped to a frenzy by the realization that, to judge from the cheering of the crowd, the teams must be back on the field, I dig all my dough out of my pocket and start buying out the entire stock of all the peanut vendors, the beer salesmen, the hotdog peddlers, the popcorn men, and the program boys that come up the aisle.

Frantically, I go to work putting out the money and passing the stuff I buy to the guy sitting behind me.

It seems as though hours have passed, and still the line of vendors keeps coming up the aisle.

In fact, hours have passed, I find, for in a moment of exhaustion I look around.

I am aghast.

The game is over, the teams have left the field, and the spectators have departed.

Alone in the misty twilight that enshrouds the vast emptiness of the stadium I stand, deserted, and solitary.

Except, of course, for the peanut vendors, the beer salesmen, the hotdog peddlers, the popcorn men, the program boys and the ushers who are all sitting behind me, too full of peanuts and popcorn, hotdogs and beer to get up and go home.

It's got me.

MAKE WAY FOR A SAILOR

By Dick Goldstone

Me and Eddie and Bill are sitting on the bench at Sailors' Field when Ensign Hughes comes along. The Ensign, who coaches our outfit, was once an awful smart quarterback at Annapolis, and he still carries a bend in the bridge of his nose where a West Point fullback



busted it. But he's a good guy and mixes right in with the boys when they scrimmage.

"'Lo, boys," he says, "getting ready for the rough, tough college boys from Western Tech day after tomorrow?"

Eddie, who's a right good quarter-back himself, looks up at him from where he's tying his shoe, and grins. "That's right, Commodore," he says. "We're a breather, aren't we?"

"A pushover," says the Ensign. "They put us on their schedule between St. Mary's and Southern California so that they could get a little dummy practise to toughen 'em up. What do you suppose the score'll be?"

"I dunno," Bill says, "we ought to hold 'em down to three or four touchdowns. My brother Will saw 'em play Occidental a while back, and he says they got enough reserves on their bench to beat up the U. S. Marines!"

"Anybody can beat up a Marine," Eddie tells him. "Even an outfit that's been listed for a breather with Western Tech."

This Eddie, he's a funny guy. He's got a swell build and cigarette-ad face, and every once in a while he get's talking to the Ensign with big words that go over the heads of Bill and me like he was talking Chinese. He's just been transferred to the Columbus from the Atlantic

Fleet at the beginning of the season, and already he's first-string quarter on a team that won the cruiser championship for two years running. Bill, who played right guard at Poly High in L.A. for a spell, says he never seen a back who could weave through a broken field like Eddie, and he can kick and pass and block when he has to. And except when he goes high-brow with Ensign Hughes, he buddies around with Bill and me till they call us the three musketeers after some guys in a movie.

Practise that day was a tougher assignment than fleet maneuvers. We scrimmage in the sun for three whole hours, and when Eddie isn't in a huddle with the Ensign he's running us harder than the Diesels in a sub-chaser. But we have a lot of fun fooling around between times, and all in all it's a better way of spending shore-leave than rowing a rowboat around a park lake. Bill, he gets a black eye when Nicholson, fullback on the second team, plunges over his manly form on a surprise buck, and I can use a little arnica here and there myself when we go to the showers.

We're pulling on our pants when Eddie snaps his fingers like he's got an idea.

"Red,"—that's me—"Red," he says, "that thirty-three play, when I call for a spinner that ends up in an off-tackle slash. You play to the right, don't you?"

"Yeah," I says. "I block out the end."

"Well," says Eddie, "When we play Western Tech play to the left."

"But the Ensign told me—" I begin.

"It'll be all right with the Ensign," says Eddie, tying his tie.

And another thing. When we get outside of the dressing-room there's a big car parked across the street, one of those twelve-cylinder things with a deck-plan like a Whitehead torpedo.

There's a girl in it—a blonde that looks as if she came right with the car—tall and aloof-like and elegant. But she ain't so aloof when she sees Eddie, because she bugles the horn and his face goes kind of red.

"Walk along, will you, fellas," he says, "I'll catch up with you."

I'm going to ask him has she got a friend, but the look on his face says nix. I grab Bill's

arm before the lunkhead can crack wise and Eddie starts walking across the street. I can see his neck getting redder and redder from the corner of my eye while I and Bill walk on a few steps to wait.

Eddie puts his foot up on the running board of the coupe and for five minutes he and the girl are talking as earnest as gobs in a crap-game. She has on a big swell-looking fur coat and while they're talking I can see Eddie holding onto the edge of the collar like it's something he hadn't touched for a long time. Then he puts his head inside the car for a moment and comes out redder than ever.

"Gosh," Bill says, "He musta mugged her!"

"Shut up, you sap," I tells him. "Do you think I'm blind?"

Then Eddie tears a page from the little notebook he writes signals in and gives it to her. He starts walking away from the car and when he gets a few steps from it he turns his head and she's waving to him.

"So long, honey," he calls. "Don't spill the beans!"

Which is no way to talk to a swell girl like her.

Board ship that evening, Bill and me try to get him to tell who she is, but all he'll say is that she's a girl he once knew. Then Ensign Hughes comes along and takes Eddie aside and they start drawing diagrams together. So Bill and me, we go get in a checker game and I take Bill four games straight.

Well, Friday we taper off practise, and in the late afternoon we go down to the depot to meet the Western Tech boys who have come down by bus. They're a fine-looking bunch of kids, a lot younger than our gang. Eddie isn't



with Bill and me, and when Ensign Hughes sees us he doesn't even ask where he is. So me and Bill watch the busses unload and help kid the college boys. There are enough of them to sink a battlewagon, and they most of them wear corduroy pants and red sweaters with a white "W" in front. A lot of them, Bill says, are managers, and there is a doctor and a trainer and a guy who watches what they eat, besides two or three assistant coaches. And they even have a little red-and-white wagon with a fountain on it for water.

Ensign Hughes is standing by this time with a funny little guy who seems very polite and friendly, and later on he calls me and Bill over to him and introduces us. We like to drop dead when the Ensign gives the little feller's name as "Dad" Thornton, Western Tech's great coach who is one of the best known men in the U.S.A. When he shakes hands with us and the Ensign tells him to watch out for Bill and me because we are his best tackle and guard we feel pretty swell.

Next day is Saturday and the game. We have a little skull practise in the A.M. and go down to the field about noon. Eddie still isn't with us and although we're a little worried we figure he's on special detail, and will get there just before the game. While we're getting into our togs the Ensign comes in and goes around the whole dressing room for a word with each of the boys. When he comes to me he tells me what Eddie had said the other day—to pull to the left instead of the right on that thirty-three play. I don't say anything because he's the coach and my superior officer anyway, but it seems funny football to me.

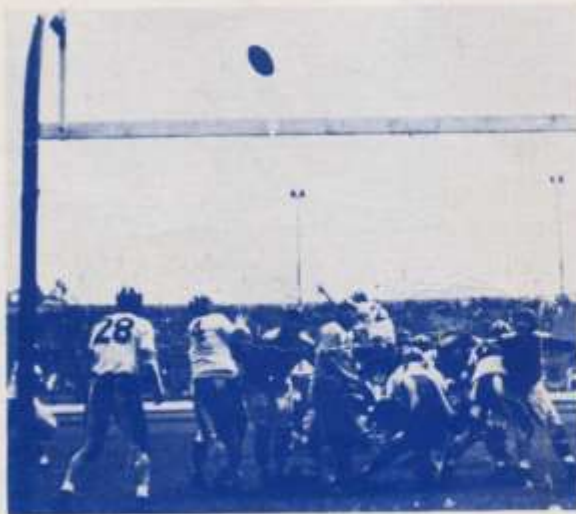
Watch next issue for the surprise finish to this thrilling football yarn.

Can you figure out the happy ending to this story? The Professional Football League will give two free passes for the next game to the first nearest correct answer. Hurry!!!



ROSTER, CHICAGO CARDINALS

| No. | Name | Pos. | Wgt. | Ht. | Played | Honors |
|-----|------------------|------|------|-------|-------------------|--------------|
| 12 | Pardonner, Paul | U | 170 | 5' 8" | Purdue | All-American |
| 18 | Hughes, Bernie | C | 190 | 6' 1" | Oregon | All-American |
| 20 | Neuman, Robert | E | 200 | 6' | Illinois Wesleyan | All-American |
| 21 | Horstmann, Roy | H | 190 | 5'11" | Purdue | All-American |
| 22 | Gordon, Lou | T | 230 | 6'5" | Illinois | All-American |
| 23 | Mehringer, P. J. | T | 200 | 6' 1" | Kansas U. | All-American |
| 24 | Creighton, Milan | E | 190 | 5'11" | Arkansas | All-American |
| 25 | Greene, Frank | O | 190 | 5'11" | Tulsa | All-American |
| 26 | Cook, Dave | H | 200 | 6' | Illinois | All-American |
| 31 | Field, Harry | T | 230 | 6' 1" | Oregon State | All-Pro |
| 32 | Russell, Dougal | H | 180 | 6' | Kansas State | All-American |
| 33 | Griffith, Homer | H | 185 | 5'11" | U. S. C. | |
| 34 | Tipton, Howard | H | 180 | 5'11" | U. S. C. | All-American |
| 35 | Duggins, "Herb" | E | 200 | 6' 3" | Purdue | All-American |
| 40 | Smith, Bill | E | 198 | 6' 1" | Washington | All-American |
| 41 | Sorboe, Phil | O | 165 | 5' 9" | Washington State | All-American |
| 44 | Volok, Bill | C | 215 | 6' 2" | Tulsa | All-American |
| 45 | McNally, Frank | C | 200 | 6' 1" | St. Mary's | |
| 46 | Handler, Phil | C | 215 | 6' | Texas Christian | |
| 47 | Cuppoletti, Bree | F | 198 | 5'10" | Oregon | |
| 48 | Mikulak, Mike | F | 210 | 6' 1" | Oregon | |
| 49 | Isaacson, Ted | T | 280 | 6' 4" | Washington | All-American |



Good! Kicking goals after touchdown is just another job to be done by those Windy City pro ball players. Judging from this photograph it looks to be an easy job, although Clark Galloway looks to be doing a high board jack-knife dive trying to stop the pelota.

PERSONALITIES

Ted Beckett, Giants' running guard, who scored the winning touchdown against the Wolves by snagging a lateral pass, was an All-American guard at the University of California under "Nibs" Price. Beckett is still playing great-heads-up football.

Wonder where Lou Di Riesta, the black-touled Italian-Irish boy at end for the Giants, ever got the nick-name "Red"? He carried it all through his college days. Di Riesta is num-

ber one man in his class at the School of Jurisprudence over on the Berkeley campus.

* * *

"Chuck" Fortier, playing tackle for the California Giants, was one of the greatest tackles in Santa Clara football history. And he's still able to blaze away for sixty minutes of football.

●

AND GO TO SLEEP

By DICK GOLDSTONE

The score was tied, the eager fans
 Were shouting in the bleachers—
 Down on the field the battling teams
 Trod on each other's features.
 The stands were jammed beneath the glare
 Of stark electric light
 The moon had sunk behind a cloud—
 (The game was played at night)
 The teams lined up; the ball was snapped—
 It flashed across the grass—
 The halfback stood behind the line
 To heave a forward pass.
 The end ran down behind the goal
 And no one saw him there—
 He parked himself across the line;
 The ball flew through the air.
 As I have said, the score was tied—
 The issue was in doubt—
 (But no one knows who won the game
 Because the fuse blew out.)



"Quitting, eh!"



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COACH OF THE U. C. L. A. FOOTBALL TEAMS

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