

THE FICTION CORNER

POINT TOUCHDOWN

By RICHARD BRESLIN

IT WAS still raining when they came onto the field for the second half. After the heat of the dressing room the air was cold and biting.

Jerry Ellis grunted, and drew his blanket tighter. He splashed toward the Tech bench, staring up into the stands. The spectators, huddled under umbrellas and newspapers, looked as if they'd melted in the drizzle and had run together.

"They must be nuts," said Farraday's voice beside him. Jerry turned. "They?"

"Sure," Farraday grinned; he nodded at the stands. "They paid money to sit in the rain. Am I glad I'm third string. You're going to freeze out there without that blanket."

Jerry frowned. He said: "You're sure I'm going out there?" "You always have," said Farraday.

Jerry winced. He always had. Since he'd been a sophomore he'd kicked every extra point that Tech had made. Automatic Jerry Ellis, the newspapers called him—Tech's place-kick specialist. There'd been columns telling how he hadn't missed in twenty-two games, how he'd run up a string of forty-eight successive points after touchdowns.

Most of the sportswriters mentioned the part he'd played in Tech's unbeaten, untied season, and that this was his last college game.

There was straw strewn under the bench and Jerry kicked it into a pile for his feet. He sat down and one of the assistant managers tucked a blanket around his legs.

Jerry wished that he'd missed in the previous game. He was due to miss. He was overdue. He'd expected it a week ago, and the Saturday before. Tech had had a nice comfortable lead in both those games. They didn't need his points. Today, they were trailing the Aggies 6 to 0, and it was raining, and it was his last game in a Tech uniform.

There was a hoarse murmur from the crowd in the opposite stands, and he saw the Aggies sprinting out on the field. They'd changed to dry uniforms and it took Jerry a moment to spot the two new men in the Aggie backfield. Tall men, and fast.

Farraday sat next to him. He said: "We're wearing them down. See those suts in there?"

"Suts!" Jerry said. "They're three deep in backs. They're playing safe, that's all."

"Sure," Farraday nodded. "Trying to protect their lousy six points. Just like Big Dan said."

Jerry remembered the coach's words in the dressing room. Big Dan Winowski didn't go in for pep talks. But there hadn't been a sound except his calm voice, and a dripping shower.

"All right," the coach had said. "I know it's wet, and bad footing, and we can't pass much with that ball. But they've shot their bolt,

You see what they're doing. Kicking early. Keeping us away. They've got a touchdown and we haven't. Get it back. Get the six points and I'll send Jerry out there. That's all we need." And he had turned to Jerry and smiled.

Jerry bit his lip. Even Dan didn't realize that you couldn't kick them all. Sooner or later he was bound to miss. And this was the last game. "Here we go," muttered Farraday.

The Aggies kicked off. Taggart, the Tech quarterback, took it on his five, and brought it back twelve yards. The Aggie tackler barely

brushed him, but it was enough to send him sliding in the mud.

Tech tried three plays and then punted.

The game settled into a punter's battle. Taggart had the wind at his back and counted on picking up distance on each exchange. But the Aggie kicker was good, too.

Jerry couldn't keep from watching the clock on the scoreboard. The big second hand jerked around, stopped, moved again. Jerry found himself nodding as the hand jerked. He was cold inside; a chill that had nothing to do with the wind and rain. Every minute passing made the odds against him greater.

The quarter ended; the teams changed goals. Now, he'd have the wind fighting him when he tried to kick. His luck was out all right.

"Hey!" cried Farraday, startled. "Hey!"

Jerry snapped awake. A fumble. There was a wild, awkward scramble for the ball. An Aggie, stumbling in the mud, dropped on it. The ball popped from beneath him, bounded

bench only Jerry was silent, his eyes shifting from the clock to the field. He sat on his hands to hide their trembling.

Tech stuck to power plays. They bulled through for three yards, two The Aggie backs were playing close, backing up the line. The next play bounced off the Aggie wall. No gain.

Taggart suddenly faded back, passed. It was out in the flat and risky. The Tech half juggled the ball, but he held it. He went all the way to the seven yard line before the Aggies caught him.

Taggart opened up. He called a spinner, a reverse, a delayed buck. The referee's arms went up. Touchdown.

Farraday pulled the blanket off Jerry. He said: "Get going."

Jerry saw Big Dan beckon. "There's the ball game," he said, smiling. "Make it legal, Jerry."

Jerry swallowed. He opened his mouth, and then shut it tight. He nodded and trotted out onto the field. His legs moved him stiffly toward the referee. He heard his voice, thin and strained. "Ellis for Melkovich. At full." He walked

woodenly into position and stared up at the cross-bar. It was a dim line in the gloom.

Taggart was drying the ball with a towel. He wiped his hands and knelt at Jerry's feet, Taggart grinned and said: "In the bag, kid. I'll put my hand under it. The mud's like grease."

Jerry stood rigid. His forehead was clammy.

"Steady in there," called Taggart. "Keep them off him, Steady." His head turned as he glanced along the line. "Ready, kid?" Taggart's voice sharpened. "Signals!" he raised his hands.

Something clicked in Jerry's head. This is it, he thought.

"Seven, nine, eleven—"

At worst it was a tie. But a tie spoiled the season's record. He couldn't make it.

"Three, five—"

He'd done it too many times. A miss was overdue. He was going to miss.

"Two!"

The ball moved, grew large. It came back straight. Taggart caught it, placed it in position. Jerry took a step. He froze.

"Kick!" Taggart screamed, wild-eyed.

Jerry gave a gasping sob. He stooped, snatched the ball from Taggart's fingers, and ran.

He nearly hit the Aggie end, charging in. The end tried to stop himself, slipped, went down. His mouth was still open in amazement as Jerry dodged past.

He raced for the corner of the end zone. He could hear Taggart pounding along behind him, shouting in a high, excited voice, but nobody came near him. As he crossed the line, Jerry looked back. The Aggies were standing motionless, bewildered.

Jerry touched the ball down. He started to laugh. He looked up at the scoreboard and saw the 7 move into place.

Homes on Wheels

A total of 300,000 automobile trailers are now in use, either rolling over the nation's highways or parked in trailer camps, says the Automobile Manufacturers association. Many trailers are painted on the outside with aluminum paint to reflect heat in hot, sunny climates, and on the inside in attractive color schemes to make them homelike.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.



Jerry froze, grew rigid; gave a gasping sob. "Kick! Kick!" Taggart screamed.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Gay One-Yard Apron for Gifts Clever Date Frock for Misses



Practical Bib Apron THIS pretty and oh-so-practical bib apron is fashioned from just one yard of colorful fabric in the smaller sizes. Bold ric rac makes a striking trim — crisp ruffling edges the bottom. Why not put together several for Christmas gifts.

Pattern No. 1586 comes in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42 and 44. Size 16, 1 yard of 35 or 39-inch; 1 1/2 yards purchased ruffing; 6 yards ric rac.

Don't wait—send today for your copy of the Fall and Winter FASHION. It's brimful of ideas for winter wardrobes for all the family. 25 cents.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT. 828 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif. Enclose 25 cents in coins for each pattern desired. Pattern No. \_\_\_\_\_ Size \_\_\_\_\_ Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and solutions. Includes 'Horizontal' and 'Vertical' clues and a grid with numbers 1-67. Solutions provided for puzzle number 38 and 39.

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

- 1. The quotation "For the apparel of proclaims the man" comes from? 2. Approximately how many of Bolivia's 3,000,000 population is pure Indian? 3. How much leaf surface has a tree? 4. The mythological dog who guards the gates of Hades is named what? 5. What is the only state split completely into two parts? 6. When was the first life insurance policy issued in this country? 7. Hawaii is how far southwest of San Francisco? 8. What kind of wood did Noah use in building the ark? 9. What part of the corn is used in making cornflakes? 10. How far can one see from the top of the Eiffel Tower?

The Answers

- 1. Hamlet—Act 1, scene 3. 2. 1,500,000. 3. A large oak may have as much as 87,000 square feet of leaf surface. That is, if all the leaves from the tree were spread flat on the ground and touching, they'd completely cover two acres. 4. Cerberus.

Get Well QUICKER From Your Cough Due to a Cold FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

TOO FAT? Get SLIMMER this vitamin candy way. Have a more slender, graceful figure. No exercising. No laxatives. No drugs. With the simple AYDS Vitamin Candy Reducing Plan you don't cut out any meals, starches, potatoes, meats or butter, you simply cut them down. It's easier when you enjoy delicious (vitamin fortified) AYDS candy before meals. Absolutely harmless.

Relieve MISERIES OF Chest Colds



At bedtime rub throat, chest and back with Vicks VapoRub. Relief-bringing action starts instantly... 2 ways at once! And it keeps up this special Penetrating-Stimulating action for hours in the night to bring relief. VICKS VAPORUB

Happy Relief When You're Sluggish, Upset



WHEN CONSTIPATION makes you feel punk as the dickens, brings on stomach upset, sour taste, gassy discomfort, take Dr. Caldwell's famous medicine to quickly pull the trigger on lary "in-nards" and help you feel bright and chipper again.

DR. CALDWELL'S is the wonderful senna laxative contained in good old Syrup Pepsin to make it so easy to take. MANY DOCTORS use pepsin preparations in prescriptions to make the medicine more palatable and agreeable to take. So be sure your laxative is contained in Syrup Pepsin.

INSIST ON DR. CALDWELL'S—the favorite of millions for 50 years, and feel that wholesome relief from constipation. Even finicky children love it. CAUTION: Use only as directed.

DR. CALDWELL'S SENNA LAXATIVE CONTAINED IN SYRUP PEPSIN

Buy U. S. Savings Bonds!

THERE'S A CARAVAN TOP. TO FIT ALL LEADING MAKES OF PICK-UP TRUCKS. You can get a Caravan Top to fit your make and model of pick-up truck... in 4, 5 or 6 ft. clearance to suit your specific need.

Remember —all the different brands you smoked during the wartime cigarette shortage? That's when so many people discovered—from experience—that Camels suit them best. Yes, experience is the best teacher. That's why... More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before. Experience is the best teacher!