

The father of a college player looks back on his experience and says:

"You can help clean up football!"

Anonymous

Art by Franklin McMahon

My son's a football hero. Like a lot of fathers, I'd always hoped he'd be a top athlete—better in high school and college than his old man was, I mean.

I got my wish—and a lot of worries besides.

Paul has just started college. Selecting the right school is always a problem, and for the boy who is football fodder, it can be a treacherous one. I think Paul made the right decision, but it took a Summer of agonizing debate by the whole family.

Long before Paul's graduation, we were visited by representatives of college athletic associations or "interested alumni."

"Paul is the kind of young man who will fit in at our school," each told us. "Intelligent, clean-cut, interested in athletics. Our school can do things for Paul."

What they could do differed greatly from school to school. Fourteen institutions contacted us, all with "deals" to lure the athlete to their campus. But some of these "athletic scholarships" were simply euphemistic disguises for what was play-for-pay "amateurism."

Frankly I was surprised at what Paul could get just for playing a game. On my earnings as a small retail businessman, I had been worried about paying Paul's way through four years of college. But these schools soon had us worrying about how much Paul could get for receiving an education.

Tuition and some incidentals were



Paul's future was nobody's business but that of the gridiron entrepreneurs.