

arm that didn't do him any good. In fact, Hart was pretty groggy when the session ended. The varsity had failed to score.

In the first freshman game Barney got away on two long runs. Only one of them ended in a touchdown, but that, along with the extra point, was enough to down the Union frosh. True, one touchdown crossed Howard's goal. It was partly Barney's fault, and yet it wasn't. One of Union's trick plays worked and the ball was passed so quickly that Barney's eye hadn't been able to follow it. The result was that he had tackled the wrong man and the ball had gone over. But it was Barney, who blocked Union's kick for point, and that was what had really won the game.

The Fisk freshmen were next on the schedule. They went down easily under the shattering onslaught. And once again it was Barney who carried the oval as the winning points were scored. Two touchdowns were added to his total that day, one on an off-tackle rush through the right of the line, the other on a beautiful forward, the ball arching through the air for at least forty-five yards.

"Who threw that one?" yelled Duke Hart, who had just arrived on the sidelines. "Sure was a beauty!"

"Barney Reid," someone told him. "Oh," Duke cooled off. "Just lucky, that's all."

But when another pass sailed fifty yards in the last few minutes of play, straight from the hands of Barney into the arms of a receiving end, no one could have the nerve to call it luck. The gesture had been futile, of course, because the whistle had been blown, of course, because the whistle had ended the game before he ball could be put over. But it was a credit to Barney.

The last game of the season was with the Lincoln club. Howard's frosh were undefeated and were on the trail of a perfect season. Lincoln looked like easy meat.

The game was held a few days before the classic varsity encounter, and attracted more attention than freshman games usually do. A large crowd turned out, mainly to see the great Barney Reid in action. And Barney noted that among the crowd were Duke Hart and Sally Martin.

He was at his best that day, and so was the entire team. Playing as if inspired, they ran all over the Lincolmites. Two touchdowns went across in the first half, Barney carrying one, another being scored by one of the ends on the runback from the punt.

But in the first few moments of the second half, something happened. The score was 14-0 at the beginning, both of Howard's extra points having been scored. But on the kick-off a Lincoln back got hold of the ball and raced almost the entire length of the field to cross the line. They passed the ball over for the extra point.

Another kick-off, another long run, three successive first downs, and another six-pointed went up for the Lincoln yearlings. This time the ball was booted between the posts to tie the score at 14-14.

Barney was frantic. He called time and talked to the team. He tried to quiet them down and get them to working together again. Time passed swiftly. A passing attack was agreed upon.

Barney took the ball the first time, stepped far back behind the line, and hurled it with all his might. The ball sailed forty-four yards, but there was no one to receive it. The end hadn't gotten down fast enough.

Again he tried a pass, this time on a fake-kick formation, and again the ball sailed lazily down through the air for forty yards, only to be snuffed by the receiver.

Barney growled. What could he do? He was throwing them all right. The trouble was on the receiving end. Well, he decided, he'd try to pick one out of the air himself.

"Three minutes to play!" the referee warned.

"Speed" Bruce, left half, went back and took the ball this time. Barney scooted through the line and

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Open 100 Graves in Search for Missing Corpse

CHICAGO—After nearly 100 graves had been opened without revealing the final resting place of her late husband, Henry Ganaway, Mrs. Ida Ganaway of 4643 Indiana Avenue, filed suit against the cemetery corporation and W. T. Brown, the undertaker who had charge of the burial.

Mrs. Ganaway asks \$100,000 for mental anguish occasioned by the to have been buried in Burr Oak Cemetery of the body which was supposed metery in May, 1929.

Makes Search

The trouble arose when Mrs. Ganaway returned to the city after being out of the city following the burial and went to visit the grave. The attendant led her to a spot that was different from the spot she recalled as the burial place. The grave when opened revealed the body of a woman. A frantic search to discover the body of her husband followed, with the opening of nearly 100 graves.

streaked for the open. He cleared Lincoln's safety man and looked over his shoulder for the oval. He was almost across the goal line and the ball was spiraling straight for his outstretched arms. Behind him were three men, racing furiously. They would not tackle him, he knew. But . . .

One of the men lunged at him from the side. Not tackling—that was against the rules. But rolling hard and fast, straight for Barney's legs.

Barney thought fast. He remembered how Hart had clipped him in the varsity scrimmage; remembered that his ankle was still on the bum from that encounter.

In an instant he had sidestepped the rolling figure. But in doing so, he lost sight of the ball for just a second.

That fraction of a second was enough. He was out of reach of the ball when it fell. One of the Lincoln yearlings sped in and took it as it sailed toward the ground. In the twinkling of an eye he was off, darting through the scattered Howard freshmen. Ninety-five yards he scampered through that broken field, pausing only when last white marker had been put behind him and the winning points tallied.

Barney felt pretty terrible about the whole matter. Not only had the freshmen's hopes for an undefeated season been by this sudden turn of events, but he, Barney, had been the cause of it all. He had been afraid. He had stepped away from the ball when he should have reached up and taken it. The defeat could be blamed on no one but himself.

He felt it keenly. It hurt him deeply.

But what troubled him most that evening was a remark he chanced to hear as he walked along the sidelines to the gymnasium.

"I told you he was yellow, didn't

"It was Hart's voice. 'Well, I guess this proves it.' And then a girl's voice that could belong to no one else but Sally. 'Yes, I guess—maybe you're right.'"

(To be continued)



SHE HAS PLAYED WITH THE DUKE—Muriel Cook, one of the newest and most outstanding chorines on the Eastern stage.

SHEIK PASTOR GETS 3 YEARS

JACKSONVILLE, Fla. — The Rev. R. A. Blount, well known minister here, must serve three years in the State prison as the result of an illicit love affair with a young girl minor.

Special Assistant



R. L. BAILEY

Indianapolis, Indiana, lawyer, who was recently appointed by Attorney General James M. Ogden and assigned to appeals cases. Mr. Bailey is also president of the Indianapolis Bar Association and the first attorney appointed by the State of Indiana.

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