

#2 - Dale Maxwell.

An alumnus of one college bets an alumnus of another college \$50.00 that his team is going to whip the tar out of the professional man's alma mater, and when the game ends they have lost their fifty smackers and there is only one thing to do - and that is the fire the football coach, or just raise the devil. But when football season is over the business and professional man goes back to his work, doing a good job in making a very fine living and is considered a pretty reasonable fellow. They don't just get that way -- they have already gotten that way.

I know bankers and lawyers that would sit down and give you the finest advice about everything that you might ask them, except about that great American game that we have all gone nutty over.

I was at the all-star game in Chicago this summer. Over 85,000 people attended, and many of them paid \$3.30 for a seat to see a spectacle that was entirely out of season, but was ballyhooed by the Chicago Tribune in the name of charity. I do not know what the pros got but the amateurs got \$500.00 a piece and all their expenses, and the promoter got \$10,000 for his promotion. I am hoping that some of those anemic little kids got some milk that was not too diluted to straighten up their rachitic bodies. It is a great thing we do in the name of charity.

The boys came out and as they passed by me they looked like a bunch of professional wrestlers who had seen their best days - big, fat, stolid and leaden individuals, all of whom had come to college to get a college education, but most of them being paid during the time they were in school, and who feel they could earn more money playing football even in college than they could earn on the outside. When their days of eligibility were over they were not satisfied like Dale Maxwell, who starts out practicing patience - not, I hope - but is willing to start at the bottom, and being hopeful, anticipating a life wherein competence and intelligence will put you on, not Easy Street, I would say, but in a community where your integrity and your standing will make a durable satisfaction for you the rest of your life.

But these big lugs, bruised and battered, muddy and sweaty, looked like the "grunt and groan artists" that we see on the professional ballyhooed hippodrome.