

the heart of a boy, in all the glory and youth of his strength, a few moments <sup>before</sup> ~~to the time when~~ he strides out on the athletic arena and matches his brute strength, skill, wits and brain with his opponents on the other team.

Berton Braley in 1912 wrote "The Half Back". It is my opinion that he has perhaps described the reaction of our scholastic half back better than most any man I know.

"When the stands are black with people, and they yell, yell, yell,  
When the whistle shrills the signal for the start,  
Then the spirit sort of grips me in a potent spell,  
And the blood goes dancing swiftly through my heart."

"And the rooters are forgotten with their flags and all,  
And the joy of battle pulses through my frame,  
And there isn't anything worth the having but that old pigskin ball,  
And there isn't any glory but the game."

"Is there anything that thrills you with a zest more keen  
Than to spill the interference in a pile,  
Or to throw the runner earthward with a tackle clean,  
Or to gather in a punt in proper style?"

"There's the thump of men colliding. There's the thud of feet,  
There's the play that starts as sudden as the flame,  
There's the grit that knows no quitting and won't be beat,  
They're all a part and parcel of the game."

"It's the game of Anglo-Saxons. It's the hard old stuff.  
It's the horror of the timid and the tame.  
And calls for men of daring and of fibre tough  
Who are worthy of a chance to play the game."

"Rumple 'em! Crumple 'em! Never twice the same  
Keep forever on the jump and play the game."

When the more zestful days are over and we drift into the quietude of middle or later life, we like to turn to the pages of the "Prayer of a Sportsman", written by Berton Braley in 1919 - in which he said - - -