

K V P P H I L O S O P H E R

I remember the last game of my senior year. We needed it for a perfect season, no losses, no ties, a national championship. Maybe you remember the team that year. They were tough, as tough as they come. was having his best year at tackle, and, who made All-American left half that season, simply ran us silly. He made us look like Michigan against Red Grange. They scored two touchdowns the first half, and we didn't get the ball past their 40 yard line.

Boy, oh boy, did the Old Man lay into us between halves! Every word he said cut like a knife. We took it in those days. The boys nowadays are smarter; they don't take so well to the driver type of coach. He had us crying mad. I mean literally. Then just before the time-up bell, he said: "And one thing more. If that left half back is in there after the third play, I'm jerking every man on the team. We'll finish with the water boy and the grounds keepers, if they lick us a thousand to nothing."

Well, it took all three plays to do it, and I guess two or three of their other boys got softened up pretty badly at the same time. Anyway, went out, and we went on to win by a one-point margin. Maybe that's why I've never been quite as proud of this solid gold watch charm as you might think. I don't think the rest of the team has bragged much about theirs, either, after the first flush of the victory was over.

Now don't get me wrong. I still think the Old Man was the greatest coach that ever lived. But he wasn't Sir Galahad, not by a long shot. I wonder if anybody ever really gets over the shock when he finds his idol's feet are made of clay.—G. S.