

The more often I ponder the mask of happiness that this thin, drawn, unassuming little Japanese cook wore, the more do I choose it as a fitting design for living with players and opposing teams and coaches.

Behind the dressing room doors we see anxious, panting, drawn men, spent and sprawling. We see coaches adjusting themselves to the situation of the moment. If the men need mental pep-injections, the coach may be a snarling, vicious, fighting or laughing tiger. If they need soothing and quiet their reactions may be determined by the ingenuity of the coach. At one time he must be kind and extremely gentle - at another he must be relentless and hard; but at all times a dynamic leader whom men with their blind faith and loyalty will die to follow.

I am happy that in America today we find our boys waging a gridiron battle on football fields instead of, as in Europe, the symbol of the young school boy with a musket over his shoulder marching for the battlefield. Ours - a Democracy; theirs - an Autocracy.

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