BOSTON, Monday, Dec. 1.—The football season has gandered on past us and it's to be hoped that nobody forgot the boys in the service, for it's been evident from the mail the boys in the service, for it's been evident from the mail that they didn't forget us—or football. I've been running practically a private mail order business on football information, answering letters that have come from practically all over the hemisphere and some even from Football and Southern from England and Scotland.

The following letter is not by any means the most unusual, the most tabbed as the Guest Guessers' inspiring, or even the funniest, but, as a good average sample of what football has meant to these men, I'm sharing it with you:

Seventeen football prognosticators

"... the main thing is that I think I have a little human interest and each of them, at one time or football player, who, like myself, was one of the inevitable casualties."

of 'The Battle of the Carolinas.'

"My friend Joe Nutter of the Providence Journal always says, 'If you have something you think a sports writer can use, for goodness sake, send it, and let him be the judge. Give him all the data you have even if you don't think it's important. You might save his life—or even his job.' So here goes.

"I am director of the Rhode Island State Health Department Laboratories and was a candidate for a Doctor of Public Health degree at M. I. T. this fall, but was called to active service and ordered to the First Evacuation Hospital at Rockingham, N. C., for the two months' maneuvers. We handled the sick and injured of nine divisions and, in the process, I picked up one of the bugs, or a million of 'em maybe, was flattened myself and shipped to Fort Bragg.

Poker Players Smoke Thermometer

"When I began to show an interest in things, the nurse brought me some of the usual elevating literature somebody seems to think soldiers prefer, the gaudier and bawdier type of pictorial magazines, for instance, but in the batch, apparently by accident, was a Harvard-Dartmout: football program of October 18. In there, I read and enjoyed your opus entitled, 'Meet Mr. Flynn of Harvard,' and I set out post-haste to break down the owner.

"I soon found Col. Wayland M. Minot in a private room, propped up in bed and smiling at his visitors, practically all of whom were exfootballers who had become interested in the same hunt, and all through the medium of that same football program. Anybody who ever played football, or who loves the game as most of us do, would promptly have felt at home in this place far away from the sound of any griditon. Football stories, gossip and opinions filled the air, until finally the Colonel counted noses, found six and proposed a game of poker.

"A table, a blanket, cards and matches were procured and action"

Incidentally, Hammack and the other sixteen members of the seventeen-right brigade will hear more to two concerning their respective abilities to call 'em correctly. Their guesses were the best of 3,296 during the season, and well . .

Twenty guessers landed in the runner-up division last week-end, each picking sixteen correctly. Sixty-five called fifteen, 161 had four-teen (including the G.-G. Conductor), 178 had thirteen, 159 had a dozen, 103-had eleven, 57 had ten, 28 had nine, six had eight, two had seven and three had only six, a sufficiency of upsets failing to develop.

"A table, a blanket, cards and matches were procured and action"

The games finished so:

The games finished so:

"A table, a blanket, cards and matches were procured and action began. Soon a nurse appeared with the inevitable thermometer, but play did not cease. Lieut. Col. Thomas, C. O. of the Hospital, glanced in and asked 'Is anybody sick?' Receiving six negatives, he passed on with a nurseled look

"A few minutes later, a big, beaming brigadier general was passing. "A few minutes later, a big, beaming brigadier general was passing.

He stopped, stared and then started to laugh. We hadn't realized it, but it must have looked pretty funny, for each poker player had a thermometer in his puss and we were signaling to each other with our fingers, unable to say anything. The general kibitzed for a while, and it wasn't until we got rid of the thermometers that we learned he was Gen. Edwin P. Parker, Jr., only that day placed in command of huge

Gen. Edwin P. Parker, Jr., only that day placed in command of huge Fort Bragg.

"Col. Minot's room has been the regular rendezvous for football and poker sessions since. It's still going on and it takes something very unusual, such as the Red Army parachute attack on our Pope Airfield, to break up the meeting even temporarily. Players change as the various patients are restored both to health and duty, but Col. Minot's room is still the social and athletic center of Ward 48, Hospital No. 2, at Fort Brags.

### TROPHY DESERVED



By JACK FRASER Seventeen can now be

Seventeen football prognosticators

happen.
Incidentally, Hammack and the

levelop.

The games finished so:

The games finished so:
Washington 14, U. S. C. 13.
California 16, Stanford 0.
Oregon State 12, Oregon 7.
Arizona 28, Kausans State 21.
Rice 28, Baylor 14.
Boston College 14, Holy Cross 13,
Auburn 28, Clemson 7.
Georgia 21, Georgia Tech 0.
Marquette 28, Iowa State 13.
L. S. U. 19, Tulane 0.
Mississippi State 6, Mississippi 0.
Nebraska 7, Oklahoma 6.
New Mexice 28, Wyoming 0.
Penn State 19, South Carolina 12.
T. C. U. 15, S. M. U. 13.
Tennessee 26, Vanderbilt 7.
Navy 14, Army 6.
Michigan State 14, West Virginia 12.
West Scattle 12, Queen Anne 6.
Ballard 28, Garfield 6.
And the Guessers, following

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IN WASHINGTON TESTERDA

# RECORD-SMASHING STEP



# SELECTS DEFEAT

Hockey Standing

NORTHWEST LEAGUE 

It all happened like this:

Then last night a determined Boeing Clipper crew halted Port land's winning streak, 4 to 2, and Sick's Selects ran wild over the Paris Orphans, 8 to 2.

The biggest and noisiest crowd of the season turned out for the game last night. If the kids, bolstered by a few former professionals, continue to dish up snappy play the Civic Ice Arena soon may hang out the "standing room only" sign that hasn't been dusted off in many hockey seasons.

The hero last night was Donnie Swensson, pivot man of Boeings' No. 1 line. The slim skater stole pucks time and again from such veteran pros as Vic Ripley, Ronnie Martin and Walt McCartany bes.

build; KOL won three from Jack's weteran pros as Vic Ripley, Ronnie Martin and Walt McCartney, besides sparking the winning attack by scoring one goal and assisting Jimmy Aikins on two.

In a special match the Cammarano Squirts of the Seattle Recreations.

## Vitalich Leads In Spokane Pin Meet

It all happened like this:

The climbing Shurfine Grocers, who had won three straight since Goalie Jack Hutton joined them, blew up in the narrow Portland rink and lost a 4-to-1 decision to the Waterfront-Buckaroos Saturday night.

Then last night a determined Recing Climber crew halted Port-