

Spotlight

by GRANTLAND RICE

A QUERY comes in from far away Leyte in the Philippines to this effect—"What is the distance record for the forward pass?"

This is one of the most interesting, and one of the most unproved records in sport. Years ago this forward pass distance crown was given to Brick Muller of California who was credited with a 65-yard pass against Ohio State, as we recall the faint and faraway details. Brick Muller is still credited with the distance record, registered as 70 yards in many dust-covered guides.



Grantland Rice

Later on along the West coast many conceded a new record to Kenny Washington, U. C. L. A. star, who was supposed to have thrown a completed pass for 68 yards against Southern California.

"It was in that neighborhood," Howard Jones of Southern California told me later. "It may have been 65 yards—it may have been 70 yards. It was too long for me. I couldn't tell you the exact distance."

Brick Muller and Kenny Washington were undoubtedly two of the great long-distance passers on the West coast—probably two of the best in football history.

Isbell's Long Peg

The longest completed pass I ever saw came in a game between the professional All Stars against the Green Bay Packers in California several years ago. Green Bay in this game had the ball on its one-yard line with only a few seconds left to play. Cecil Isbell of Green Bay faked back of his goal line and whipped a long, high one through the balmy California air.

Don Hutson was already under way. He galloped down the field with two All Stars alongside. Suddenly Hutson, with his amazing speed, put on full steam, ran away from his guardians and took the ball around the mid-field strip at least 65 yards from the spot where Isbell had thrown the pass. It was an easy touchdown. I happened to be sitting on the Packers bench where I could measure the throw.

All of this still doesn't answer the Leyte sergeant's question. There probably isn't any answer. I was talking this problem over with Eddie Dooley, Dartmouth's long-distance passer.

A 75-Yard Toss

"We had a contest at Dartmouth once," Eddie said, "for distance passing. I was to pass against Swede Oberlander. We had no following wind. In this contest I passed on the carry for 75 yards and Swede hit the 73-yard mark. This is the only occasion I recall where forward passes were accurately measured. But remember, this was not in competition. It may be that someone has passed the ball over 75 yards on a carry, without a favoring wind. I doubt it. Of course, if you have a favoring gale at your back it would not be difficult to pass 80 or 85 yards."

The main trouble is this—if you can pick up a passer who can heave the ball over 80 yards—how can you find a Hutson or another end who can ramble that far and catch it? I recall, vaguely, one pass in a Dartmouth game against Cornell, where Eddie Dooley, from his own 35-yard line, hit Bjorkman on the shoulder, 65 yards away, and just at the goal line.

The great passers of more modern times have been Sammy Baugh, Sid Luckman and Glenn Dobbs. And it might be mentioned that Cecil Isbell and Arnie Herber were punks. Two of the most accurate passers I've ever known were Benny Friedman and Sammy Baugh. They were not 65-yard marksmen. But they could hit a gnat in the eye from 10 to 30 yards. So could little Davey O'Brien. There is another great and now forgotten passer.

There is no set or proved record on the longest pass ever thrown in actual competition—a pass that was caught and held. Maybe Brick Muller of California is the man. Maybe Kenny Washington of U.C.L.A. It might be Isbell to Hutson. I know of no other end who could go as far to catch one as Hutson of the Green Bay Packers. I only know that Eddie Dooley could cover 75 yards through the air and Eddie today can hit the 65-yard mark, long after he has been away from the Green of Hanover.

Stars in Service

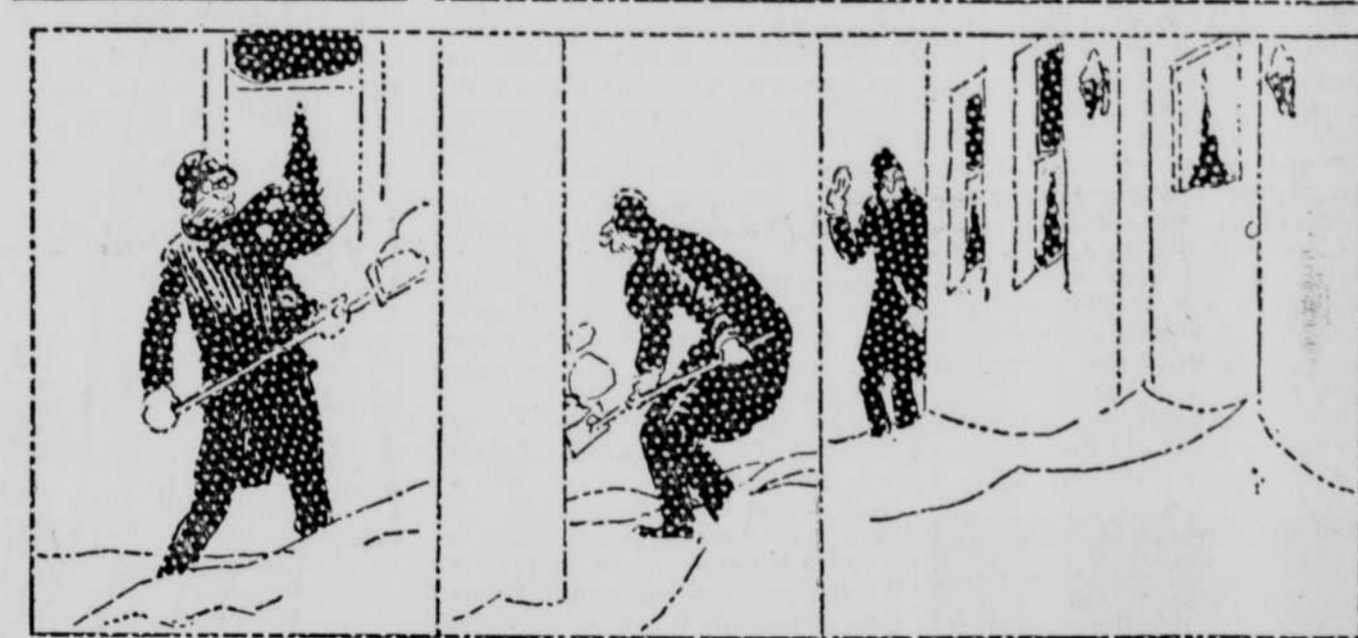
All this matter about service training, rough life in the barracks, lack of time to play or practice, said to be wrecking skill training, is about 97 per cent bunk.

It doesn't take any too long to swing back to the matter of touch and timing or to the more important fundamentals. Army sergeants Ferrier and Harrison, and Sammy Sneed, late of the navy, have already proved this point in recent golf tournaments.

OUR COMIC SECTION

PETER B. PEEVE

O THE SNOW THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW, FILLING THE SKY AND THE EARTH BELOW



POP

By J. Millar Watt



SOMEBODY'S STENOGR

WNU Features



NOTHING ON THE BALL



Nit—Why can't the Yankees play poker as well as baseball?
Wit—Easy. Because all the "cards" are in St. Louis!

Looking Ahead

School Boy—What business do you expect to take up when you finish school?
F'ew Boy—Well, it looks as if I'd have to take up land, a shovelful at a time!

Never Fails

Boy (in store)—Do you have anything that will wake me early in the morning?
Clerk—Yes, we have, but I'm sure his mother would refuse to part with him.

Change of Climate

There once was a farmer who lived right smack on the Russian-Polish border. He worried over it for years.

"I'm a man without a country," he would wail aloud. "I don't know where I live."

Eventually, he paid a surveyor to size up the situation. "My friend," the surveyor stated at length, "you live just inside Poland."

"Thank God!" the newly made Pole cried. "No more of those horrible Russian winters."

Down on the Farm

Hi—That certainly was a sure-footed horse Mr. Crumm bought last week.

Si—How did you find out so soon?
Hi—He kicked me in the same place three times!

In the Navy

First Gob—What would be the first thing you'd do if you fell overboard?

Second—I don't know. What would you do first?
First Gob—Land in water!

OUT COLD!



She—Did you get hurt badly while you were on the team?
He—No, it was when the team was on me!

Black Market

Driver—What's the charge for this battery?

Mechanic—Six and a half volts.
Driver—Here's a buck. Slip in an extra volt and don't tell anybody.

There's a Difference

Myron—Your aunt calls her dog and her husband by the same pet name. It must cause a lot of confusion.

Byron—Oh, no. She always speaks gently to the dog.

Hedda Hopper: Looking at HOLLYWOOD

To a small group in Hollywood the year 1945 means the beginning of fame; for movieland, already jammed with stars, is planning to feature some new names in big lights during the coming year. There will be many surprises not in the cards at present, but from where I sit on the side lines these are the stars you'll hear from in a big way during the coming year:

Bill Eythe, at 20th, landed smack in the lap of Lady Luck. This means that the lad from Mars, Pa., unknown to movies two years ago, will be right up at the top in the cast of characters. Eythe's high



Bill Eythe



Lauren Bacall

pressure personality won him the lead opposite Talulah Bankhead in "Royal Scandal." When Producer Lubitsch saw the rushes he said, "Eythe is the greatest star material I've run into in 20 years." So they rushed Eythe into the lead in "Colonel Blüdhorn's Raid." Watch his dust in 1945.

That Uncertain Something

Lauren Bacall, that glamorous menace whose pussy willow face and half-mast eyes are her trademark, is familiar to every magazine reader, although she's appeared in only one picture, "To Have and Have Not," with Humphrey Bogart. So what? Warners sent her right back into double harness again with Bogie in "The Big Sleep." She's decorative and provocative.

Quite a different type is Universal's Ella Raines. A girl with clean blue eyes and a well washed look. You saw her in "The Invisible Lady" with Franchot Tone, and again with Eddie Bracken in "The Conquering Hero." But "Tall in the Saddle," with John Wayne, really got 'em.

Moody Gail Russell is Paramount's ace find of the last year. Dark, mossy soft hair, eyes full of dreams, and a trick of projecting the intangible put Gail Russell into a class by herself. She's valuable, and proved it in "The Uninvited."

Home Town Boy Type

When Metro found Van Johnson they hit a rich vein of talent ore. Metro has a second Van Johnson in Tom Drake, a dark type with the same direct, homey appeal. He'll make the register ring at the box office.

Faye Emerson has had all along what it takes to make a young star. Already she's been stepped into the lead role in "Happiness," and if she wants to keep on making pictures she's set. Faye has real talent as an actress, but it took a marriage to a Roosevelt to make Warners recognize it.

You might keep your eye also on red-haired Lucille Bremer, M-G-M's most promising young dancer. She gets star billing in "Ziegfeld Follies." Then there's Metro's Gloria De Haven, hailed by the GI Joe as just what the doctor ordered for a soldier with the blues. Twentieth's June Haver has danced her way into star roles after 18 months' experience on the screen. Of June Allyson, another Metro baby, you might say "once seen, never forgotten."

"Destination Tokyo" gave us three boys that hit the popularity target dead center—James Craig, Bob Hutton, and Dane Clark. Craig has some of the quality that put Clark Gable among our fabulous few. Hutton is a sort of composite Jimmy Stewart and Bob Walker, and Dane Clark is a natural.

Never Too Young

Peggy Ann Garner was the child prodigy of 1944. But Elizabeth Taylor will be in 1945. Remember "Lassie Come Home" and "White Cliffs of Dover," and a little girl with black hair and sooty Irish eyes? She played a scene with Roddy McDowall that made the big boys sit up and take notice. In "National Velvet" Elizabeth Taylor rides right into your heart. You'll simply love her.

You can shout and scream about the great discoveries of the year, but for my money Bob Walker tops 'em all. He has the homey, shy, sweet boyishness of your own son.

The year 1945 should be a lucky and a happy one for these Hollywood stars.

Six Girls Turn the Tables

Six Goldwyn girls had so much confidence in Allan Dodd, former collegiate wrestler from Tulsa, Okla., and recently discharged from the army, that they signed him up. He had no agent, no influence, didn't know where his next job was coming from. Now Frank Ross and Mervyn Leroy are going to use him in "The Robe," and if he clicks they will add another contract to the girls'. I'm told he's definitely dreamy and strictly swoon stuff and the picture they sent me proves it.

Kathleen Norris Says:

Before You Write to Him—Think

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Features.



He also married an English girl, whose feet, after five years of war privations, were probably solidly on the ground.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

MY FOLKS write me so much about trouble that I'll be dargoned if I want to go home again," writes Private Tom Willoughby, from a post somewhere in northern England. "It's got so bad," the letter goes on, "that I kind of hate to open the letters! My mother, my father, my sisters, all write me as if they'd be glad to change places with me. I wish they could, for a few weeks. I was in the hospital four weeks, I didn't write them anything about that until I was almost well. I've been over German towns in a bomber seven times. I've been wet and cold and scared and hungry more than once, and homesick all the time. But my letters aren't half as depressing as theirs are."

It's all rising prices and shortages and manpower scarcity and how dull the town is in wartime, with no men to dance with and no gas to go anywhere. They tell me that the fellows who aren't in the service are getting a long head start on me in business, and that Roger and Bat have just bought darling homes out in the new development and that both their wives are having babies. Ma writes me about her arthritis, and Dad about his business troubles; the girls don't write often, but when they do it's one long yelp about not having anything to do, nor any fun, and wishing the rotten old war was over! My sisters are 17 and 15; I am 19.

"You don't know how it makes us feel, out here, to know that there's so much trouble at home. Every fellow I know wants to get home, dreams of baked beans and Main street, the local newspaper and the familiar faces. To have the lucky ones who can stay there, knocking it all the time, is about the limit! Sometimes I think I'll make a fresh start on my own, when I get home, and live in some other place. I know all news can't be good, but I should think they could pick out enough that was decent to sort of buck us up over here."

Tom, I think so too. And I know many mothers and wives who do manage to keep their letters cheerful and inspiring. How eagerly and with what passionate delight those letters are received by our lonely, far-away boys, only those boys know. Your mother and father and sisters not only should select for you whatever pleasant news there is, but they should do something to build it up.

I mean they should definitely plan something for your homecoming that will mean a real welcome for you. One mother who wrote me had taken the room over the family garage and turned it into a study for her son, where he can some day ask his friends to drop in for talking and smoking; his own especial part of the house, not to be used by anyone else. Before he went away he shared a room with a younger brother.

Another mother and father and sis-

LETTERS FROM HOME

Fighting men have enough to endure without having to read about the "hardships" back home. They depend a great deal on letters from home to keep up their morale. When these letters are merely a constant recital of complaints about shortages and rationing, difficulties of travel, and the scarcity of interesting young men, they may be worse than no letters at all.

To the man at the front, tired and homesick, and living in constant peril, these sort of letters are just one more burden. He would be better off without them.

ter have bought three small farms, one each for their absent boys. Still another devoted family is going to present their boy when he comes home with a substantial bank account, enough to give him a three-years-start on the career he has always dreamed of as an architect. When one of our boys came home suffering from a nervous complaint a few months ago, his parents sent him, his brother, a pound dog and two horses up into the Sierras for a long summer. He went thin and trembling and nervous, he came home last week as hard as iron, and brown as an Indian. He already has a good job.

"All that costs money," protest the whining voices. Of course it costs money! But surely saving for the boy's return, and if possible a definite plan for that return, is the least we can do. A thousand dollars, five hundred—even one hundred dollars ought to be awaiting him, to save his pride, to give him time to look about him for his work in the new world.

Three Times a Day! An engaged girl, Dean Davis, writes me the other side of the picture. She is so deeply in love that she writes her George two and three times a day. Georgie is out somewhere in the Philippines.

Three times a day, I think, is too much. Especially as Georgie probably gets these letters in bunches of 30 or 40. Glad as he is to know that he is so constantly in your thoughts, there is a certain amount of boredom involved in opening 30 or 40 letters that all say the same thing. Three times a week is better than three times a day, and a good healthy inclusion of clippings from the newspaper and from magazines will give him more pleasure than too much love making. One girl of whom I heard wrote such incessant and poetical letters to her young man that he answered by asking her not to expect him to match quotations from Coventry Patmore or to tell her which of Millay's poems he liked best. He also married an English girl, whose feet, after five years of war privations, were probably solidly on the ground.

What we all have to do is to try to put ourselves in the places of these lonely, homesick, hard-pressed boys, and contribute what we can to their comfort, with their needs, rather than our own, in view.

Bathtub Made of China

The plumbing industry announces that a china bathtub will be on the market soon. The main problem was to find a combination of non-critical ceramic material which could resist sudden changes from hot to cold water. The result is a bathtub that looks like fine china, is easy to clean, and is resistant to acids and scratches. It is flat on the bottom, and not nearly so deep as the familiar tub. Extensive research preceded the design that was finally adopted.



Try to cheer him up. . .