

# LITERARY

3.



## TIME OUT

For many weeks Arthur Flynn had looked forward to the game with Chester Academy as the main feature of the Thanksgiving season. Chester was the only undefeated team in the Western Conference besides Valley High, and the Thanksgiving game would decide the championship. Coach Alkin had worked the Valley boys hard in preparation for the battle between these two formidable rivals.

When Art started the game for Valley in the position of right tackle, the big moment had arrived. With perfect football weather and over five thousand fans in the stands, the game began. The teams played hard, clean football, and it was only by brilliant deception that Valley managed to score a touchdown in the first quarter. The attempt for the extra point failed, and Valley led six to nothing. Neither side made another score in the first half.

Late in the third quarter during a time out Art heard an airplane overhead. He glanced up and saw that the plane was spelling out the word "Thanksgiving". Play began again. Valley had the ball on her own fourteen yard line, and it was fourth down. Hughson dropped back to punt. Art's mind was on Thanksgiving. What was it the preacher had said yesterday about

Thanksgiving? "Forty-one", called the quarterback. "Fifty-seven!" What had the preacher said? Art was puzzled. "Thirty-eight! Hip!" Arthur, engrossed in thought, was knocked out of the way by the Chester tackle rushing to block the punt. He heard a dull thump and turned to see the ball bounding off the chest of the tackle that he was supposed to hold out. Chester had the ball on Valley's six yard line. Arthur had allowed the punt to be blocked. Chester scored, and the extra point was made. Chester led seven to six.

Art came to his senses as Valley lined up to receive the kick-off. Oh, yes. The preacher had said that everybody should take time to think of all he had to be thankful for. Well, he had taken time. Valuable time, too - - time in which he had lost the game for Valley. What a fool time to think of something said by a man who didn't know thing number one about football! Well, he had a lot to be thankful for now, he reflected bitterly. But maybe there would be another break. He'd keep awake any way.

There was another break. But Valley didn't seem able to take advantage of it. Holding the ball on Chester's twenty yard