

and almost mechanically he rolled on his side, holding the paint can in both hands at full arms length.

From the open window came forth these words in a rough voice, "It's bad enough having *that* dumb kid with us, without the Captain deciding to make a man out of his drunken nephew too, by taking him to sea on our ship." Johnnie did not hear the door of the deck-house slam as the owner of the rough voice emerged and stood behind him. The man saw the kid lying there, and without hesitation immediately gave the can a kick. It soared over the ship's rail and up on to the wharf between two piles for a most perfect convert. Johnnie now awoke to realize that he was not on a football field but lying on the hard deck of an ocean freighter destined to take him far from his beloved gridiron.

"Grab your kit, and get up to the crew quarters up aft," said the man. The voice sounded familiar to Johnnie, but the unshaven face and tattooed arms suggested no name to him.

Entering the crew's quarters rather hesitatingly, as if fearing to tread on more painted territory, Johnnie saw a huddled form lying across the table in the center of the room.

Hearing the steps, the form became quickly alert. The man was dressed in good-looking street clothes, but his face was red and flushed, his eyes of a similar red, and his hair was sadly in need of combing. The man, as if crazed by some devil within him, drew from inside his coat a long shining knife and made a rush for the boy. Johnnie, quick to realize the situation, threw his kit bag at the staggering feet of the oncoming man. The man fell to the floor, letting fly the ugly knife, which did no more harm than a slight scratch on Johnnie's right shoulder.

The drunken man, for crazed with drink he was, lay moaning on the floor and frequently muttered to himself. Out of the mutterings one could hear the words, "Red Harris". Johnnie began to recollect his thoughts. "Red Harris, was he not a college football man of two years ago? Yes, and he had been expelled for stealing some important papers just before a big game. All these thoughts of last year's football season crowd-