



Ah—the mysterious man in the iron mask, none other than Cliff Goldmeyer. A cold iron visage that has potentialities which developed to be powerful enough to whip even Miami in a shut-out score. This steely glance would frighten even the best of team-mates, to say nothing of

the opponents who lay in wait for him. What a nose the man has! Potent enough to smell forward passes and to sense openings in the opposing line. Therefore it was a comparatively easy matter for him to sneeze his way through the firing line to victory.



*King*

*Rice*

*Mileham*

*Babcock*

They Coached the Team to Victory