



FATHER IS A TAILBACK--Art Fletcher star Washburn grid charger, assured yesterday as he posed with his pretty wife and their four small youngsters, it takes a strong back to halfback on this team. A few seconds after the camera clicked, one-year-old Paul (left), Arthur Jr., 2, and daughters Phyllis, 6, (right) and Sylvia, 4, tackled "daddy" and gave a demonstration of the kind of "work-out" they give him at home with strangling holds and overpowering hugs. Washburn's '49 great and undoubtedly one of its all-time greats, will play his last grid game here Saturday night, the season's final home game, when Washburn U plays Ft. Hays.

Playing Days Soon Over, but W.H. Halfback Busy 'Cause—

## Fletch Has Own Team

BY SARALENA SIHERMAN

A pigskin is something 24-year-old Washburn senior Art Fletcher already has well in hand. It's a sheep skin that he's really out to capture. And the day he is scheduled to get it is just three months away.

When that late day in January arrives and he is graduated, the giant-sized Topeka lad can look back on his four years of college and recall without boast that his university accomplishments were giant in size as well.

Married when he finished at Junction City High, the good-natured popular big Negro lad served in World War II for two years and six months, including a year and a half overseas in the European theater serving as a combat truck driver.

Although he got a late start in college as a result, as did most young men his age, Art had a head start on a family. In addition to his pretty wife, Mary, to provide for, he had two bright-eyed little daughters that wanted him to read "The Three Big Bears" to them instead of his history books and English lit texts.

That was in 1946, when Art enrolled at Washburn shortly after his discharge in service. Late in his sophomore year, his family had grown to five and by last year it was a touchdown of six--two little girls, two little boys and Mama and Papa Fletcher.

It took more than a GI allotment check and reading history, so it sounded like fairy tale to keep all the Fletchers laughing, healthy and happy. Papa Fletcher worked during the fall and spring months for the Highway Commission and during the sum-

mers. Along with continuing college studies in his social work major, he held down an eight-hour-a-day job with John Morrell and Company plus six-hour-a-day job with the highway.

With all this, Art Fletcher somehow managed to star on the Washburn grid team. A fullback that could get a football scoring up points so that every member of his family could figure a portion as daddy's share for them, Art Fletcher would be welcomed to work for a sheep skin at any Big Nine school, if he'd just carry the pig skin for them.

Folks around here will have their last opportunity to see Washburn College's giant grid grinding fullback Fletcher on the football field here Saturday night, when Washburn plays its last home game of the season against Ft. Hays State College.

From then on until January his big fellow will be concentrating on his social work studies, finals and particularly graduation day.

He's not the only one looking forward to that day. Mrs. Fletcher dreams of the time when her husband will only have one job, school will be something the youngsters attend and football will be a game daddy can take them to and explain each play to the whole family.

I don't know whether Art will eat any less than or not, Mrs. Fletcher wondered yesterday. "But he could hardly eat any more than he does now," she declared. "We have three big meals a day, there's never anything like a lunch or a snack or light breakfast around here.

"And that's just one of my jobs, too," reminded attractive Mary Fletcher.