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'He Has Always Been An All-America Boy To Me,' Declares Davey's Mother

By Jack Cuddy

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—(UP)—All New York was talking about Texas Christian university's "12th player" Wednesday as Quarterback Davey O'Brien, possessor of football's most coveted award, flew back to the Fort Worth school with his entourage.

That 12th player—little Davey's mother—stole the show completely Tuesday night at the Downtown Athletic club during the ceremonial presentation of the Heisman memorial trophy to her diminutive son, who has been chosen the nation's outstanding college grid performer for 1938.

More than 700 spectators jammed into the club's bunting-vested gymnasium. They got that old feeling in their throats and a bit of dew in their eyes as Mrs. Ella Mae Keith O'Brien thanked the sports writers of America for discovering at last a truth she had long known. She said:

"To his mother, Davey has always been an all-America boy."

As she talked, those who had come to honor the great passer, carrier and field general, found themselves paying tribute to Da-

vey's inspiration. They realized then why the "Little Giant"—who weighs only 150 pounds and stretches to make five feet, seven—had rocketed to fame in the most bruising game where beef and brawn often count more than brains. And why the "sling shot" kid had been able to fade back, with big men thundering down upon him, and fling 19 touchdowns passes this season; how he had been able to spark-plug the Horned Frogs to victory in every game, and on to the Sugar bowl contest with Carnegie Tech.

The chipper little gray-haired woman in the purple evening gown adorned with an orchid corsage was an ultra-modern mother but she gave off old-fashioned sentiment there before the "mike."

She said: "At first I was afraid that Davey might be hurt, because he is so small, compared to the other players. But gradually I came to realize that defeat hurt my boy more than any physical injury. After that I concentrated on the score. And the scores have been fine this season. I know how grand they are because I played every minute with Davey, and everything has turned out just perfect for my little boy."

When Mother O'Brien said this, some of the men from Texas, in their big sombreros, felt like blubbering because they knew how the little woman from Dallas, in the pince-nez spectacles had made things turn out right, after the estrangement from her husband years ago, how her courage and energy had kept her and her Davey marching downfield, how her determination and intelligence had made a success of her private school of public speaking down in Dallas.

Other speakers on the presentation program included Amon Carter, publisher of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram; Lieut. Gov. Walter Woodul of Texas; E. M. Waits, president of Texas Christian university; L. P. (Dutch) Meyer, the T. C. U. coach; Jim Farley, postmaster general; Capt. Bill Wood, Army coach; Walter P. Holcombe, president of the Downtown A. C., and several nationally known sports writers.

Little Davey O'Brien spoke also. The lad with the hazelnut hair, close-set eyes, straight nose and large mouth, seemed even smaller than his mother as he faced the "mike." He thanked the sports writers, his teammates, his coach and "most of all, the little lady on my left."