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SPORT

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EXCHANGE OF COACHES IN RECENT OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE

Sporting Gesture on the Part of English Colleges Lauded by American Scribe—Real Boon For Small College, He Says—How It Would Work Out on the Football Field.

(By Peterman in Philadelphia Public Ledger).

By far the most interesting thing about the recent crew race between Oxford and Cambridge to me was an item not played up very much in despatches. It concerned the coaches.

When the light blue of Cambridge swept over the finish some four and a half lengths in front of Oxford, the victory discredited to a great extent, the old saying that "coaches make winners." The losing eight was coached by Peter Haig-Thomas, the man who had instructed eleven previous winners in succession for Cambridge. Now the twelfth straight Cambridge boat was returning his boys the losers—for Peter Haig-Thomas coached Oxford this time.

It seems the sporting Brits—jolly old cricketers, don't you know—wearing of Cambridge success, decided Oxford should get a break. So after some parley and a bit of to-do, it was agreed that Peter, old chappie, would take over the coaching duties at Oxford, and give his Cambridge position to the Oxford cove. Quaint idea, what?

Well, they do quaint things in quaint England. Never heard of such an idea over here. But the Oxonians fared no better. Not even with a heavier boatload, averaging 183 to the Light Blue's 180's, could bring the Haig-Thomas model home first. It just wasn't in the log for old Oxford.

I am wondering what would happen if we tried the same thing in America. Not only in crew, but football, basketball, track. After all, the scheme's not preposterous. Don't our universities trade professors right along—the guest instructor in this and that, the exchange professorship in applied arts and science, the sabbatical leave, filled by the visiting fireman from Siwash—a common practice.

For Variations and Hot Copy

But we never hear of flanker passing attacks at Yale promulgated by exchange Coach Alonzo Stag. Or double spinners by Visiting Coach Little, directing the Pennsylvania eleven while Harvey Harman handles Columbia's Lions. We don't even hear of Haystack College swapping quoits coaches with Barnyard, so closely do our athletic file remain on the ground of conservative action.

This seems a shame, and certainly a restraint on sports copy. Something ought to be done.

I think your agent will start the Association for Swapping Football Coaches at once, thus becoming a candidate for the Nobel prize awarded for eradicating proselytizing. What better way to clear up the problems embodied in Carnegie Reports, Gates Plans, Conference Rulings, and Purity-for-All movements? Really, the more I think about the coach exchange system, the more I think about it.

Fancy the immediate caution it would instill. Pop Warner would cease creative thought and try to guess who'd be borrowing his services in September. Why dope out trick plays for Temple if he might be asked to stop Dave Smukler and Co. for West Virginia the next year? Or why develop more Smuklers if they lug the leather for a Double-coached team?

Public Might Catch Up

Imagine the mixed systems we'd get. The Alabama passing attack could blossom at Purdue, and the Minnesota pile driver pounded on at Lafayette—if the coaches are all that we're led to believe. It certainly would simplify matters.

As well try to teach race horses to run on their hind feet, as remould a Notre Dame squad's attack because Bill Alexander is traded for Laydon. The first effect would be to standard-

ize football, thus giving the public a chance to catch up. As it is, a good share of the spectators are always on a five year plan—five years behind the rules and always planning to read up on the stuff.

Here is indeed a chance to put a Gates plan to work. Since no coach would be told in advance where he must go next, the grand old game of "getting 'em" would decline. It would become a matter of make what you can of what there is. In this way the coach would become what the name implies—an instructor in the game, not a human magnet calculated to attract husky boys who seek his knowledge and are willing to grind up the opposition and prove his methods best.

Here is a chance for the game to become such—since Coach Whizzbang is only borrowed—he isn't going to lose his job if the boys lose one. He'll turn out the best possible eleven, of course, but suppose it does drop the Thanksgiving day game? Coach Whizzbang can go back to Haystack and resume his place on the home staff.

Real Boon for Small College

While outlining this colossal plan, I may as well go the whole hog and furnish details.

One of the prime points would be that each coach continues on the home college payroll. Thus Haverford could with a bit of good fortune come up with a \$10,000 a year man, while So. California's bright young lads might struggle along under \$1,500 tutelage. Golly! How this could bring out the true caliber of a squad.

Of course there should be a clearing house to prevent conniving. We could not have Harry Stuhldreher and Sleepy Jim Crowley traded, for that would only entail methods of application. The Four Horseman system would afford Fordham and Villanova the benefits of a familiar style. Maybe the coaching exchange should have a blind draw, like the Irish sweepstakes. In which case not a few colleges would get no coach at all—which in turn might be just as well, too.

Picture the stalwart tackles and guards from Pitt, roaming up and down the highways wondering whether life has anything further to offer. Presently Mule Friedcakes gets an idea, the first he's had since hitting that Ohio State halfback in 1930.

"Hey, Smokey," he says to a brother from the mines. "What're we gonna work at this fall?"

Two More for the Dole

"This fall? Don't you remember? We go back to college, you cunk. I'm captain this year and you're playing center 'cause Badnewsiki's wife had twins and says he can't go to school any more."

The announcement doesn't make Tackle Friedcakes a bit happy, however. He produces a clipping, has a passing stranger read it. "Tell us what it says here under where it says about Pitt," he requests.

The stranger, luckily a recent graduate from Penn State, reads the item without hesitation, for he was able to get a little time off from his football and gleaned a smattering of knowledge.

"It says here that you birds are outa luck the coming season. It says Pitt draws a blank in the coach exchange. You'll have to make up your own plays or try to remember last year's."

And with a nasty chuckle, the State man goes his way, leaving Friedcakesky and Badnewsiki in a state of nervous prostration.

Consider Unemployed Coaches

Now such contingencies could easily occur in the blind draw for coach exchanges, because it is a known fact that a good many of the smaller colleges would refuse to release a first-

NELLIE FLAG FAVORED FOR THE KENTUCKY DERBY

Churchill Downs To Be Scene of Muddy Race Tomorrow

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 2—Churchill Downs, scene of the 61st running of the Kentucky derby this Saturday, was struck simultaneously today by a deluge of rain and a fresh wave of sentiment for Nellie Flag, granddaughter of the renowned Man O'War and only filly entered in the year's first classic three-year-olds.

The historic one mile oval at the Downs, turned into a quagmire by an early morning cloudburst, was hit by another heavy thunderstorm tonight.

The weatherman holds out hope of clearing skies by Saturday afternoon, but it seems certain the going will be heavy, if not actually muddy, when the Derby field parades to the strains of "My Old Kentucky Home." The track was fetlock deep in mud tonight.

A poll tonight by The Associated Press among more than a score of turf writers, here from all parts of the country, showed nine favoring Nellie Flag, with seven nominating William Woodward's Omaha to win and only three picking Today, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney's colt which won the Wood memorial at Jamaica last Saturday and now rates the betting choice at 3 to 1 odds.

MAJOR LEAGUES

National League				
	Won	Lost	P.C.	
New York	8	3	.727	
Brooklyn	9	5	.643	
Chicago	8	5	.615	
St. Louis	7	7	.500	
Cincinnati	7	8	.467	
Pittsburgh	6	8	.429	
Boston	5	7	.417	
Philadelphia	2	9	.182	
American League				
	Won	Lost	P.C.	
Cleveland	9	2	.818	
Chicago	9	4	.692	
New York	9	5	.643	
Boston	8	5	.615	
Washington	8	6	.571	
Detroit	5	9	.375	
St. Louis	2	10	.167	
Philadelphia	2	11	.145	

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ranking mentor, and certain big institutions would consider themselves worse than ignored under some of the freshwater leaders now passing in the profession.

Coaches thus passed or those whose names remained in the hat after all draws, could be formed into a sort of C.C.C. (Crying Coaches Club), or maybe an (L.T.W.A. (Let Them Worry Alone), and with a modicum of promotion would be installed as part of the crowd who cut in on the Government's latest five billion. From the way we're turning out coaches each year, these adjuncts to alphabetical America may be formed whether my coaching exchange reaches first base or not.

And finally, what an incentive to school spirit. Picture the steam loyal Pennsylvanians could generate if Doble came down here, coached a Red and Blue team which took another lacing like 1921 model by Kaw and Pfann, then retired smugly to the Ithaca hills. They'd see red and blue as they swore the crafty Gil had achieved revenge for many unhappy Thanksgiving.

But let us not become unduly disturbed. My whole idea is likely to go unwelcomed. In many ways we're so deucedly unlike the English!

Boxing Show At Montreal

MONTREAL, P. Q., May 3—When it comes the time for Brigadier W. W. P. Gibbons, C. M. G., D. S. O., O. B. E., to present the winners' medals at the Garrison Boxing Tourney at the Drill Hall on Saturday night, it was evident that the Black Watch had carried off the major honors for they placed four title-holders in the ring for the awards, standing well ahead of any.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons, the regulars from St. John were second, with two but, then, they only had two entered, so couldn't have been expected to improve much. Loyola's quartette all failed in the finals, but mainly before more experienced fighters the majority of the large entry list of the Cadets being just high school lads and their performances, were plucky to the end.

The shortest fight of the night saw Black Watch win its second title, the 126-pound novice, when Pte. Paul Langlois battered Able Seaman Cann of the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve to the floor in just over a minute. Langlois had a greater reach and was more adept in getting his blows to count. Cann went down for the count to six, with a blow to the chin that started his decline, for Langlois went right in and dropped him again for good.

Langlois also lost the second shortest bout, the last one of the evening when he challenged Bugler Polesino, of the Victoria Rifles, in the 126-lb. open class. Polesino, already an experienced battler of the past winter and a standout recruit to the game, caught the Highlander a hard one that dropped him as the first round was nearing its conclusion. Langlois just managed to get to his feet, but the Bugler tore in to measure him and dropped him back.

A FAMILY BUDGET

London Daily Express: Neville Chamberlain is the hero of the hour. He scores a personal triumph as the "Family" Chancellor. The worst his critics can find to say is that his Budget is so popular that it looks like first-rate electioneering. No praise can be too high for the Chancellor's restoration of all pay cuts. It marks the end of the bad black era of "economy". The Government's example should be decisive to private employers in restoring the wage cuts imposed by them in 1931. You may confidently believe that Recovery is almost complete. Britain stands today on the threshold of New Conquest.

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SPORTS WRITER TELLS OF RECENT GIANTS-DODGERS FIRECRACKER GAME

Wild Scenes at Ebbetts Field, Brooklyn as Fruit, Cannon Crackers and Fourth of July Ammunition Greeted Giants in Opening Game—Brooklyn Fans Haven't Forgotten Terry's Wisecrack.

The following story was written by Paul Gallico, New York sports columnist, on the Giants-Dodger game recently:

Ebbetts Field, Brooklyn, April 30

Today was a fine day for hate here in Brooklyn. Hate is sometimes a good cleansing, especially if you can sit out in the open. True, there is a certain alarming virulence in the Flatbush haters that expresses itself in explosives hurled at first base, and when Bill Terry came to bat for the first time for the opening game of the Giant and Brooklyn series here, an orange was flung at him and rolled at his feet past the batter's box. However, the Brooklyn have been suppressing venom all through the long, cold winter months, and this has really been their first chance to free themselves of a libido. Psychiatrists would have had a field day here today watching the boys and girls free themselves from inhibitions that might reasonably otherwise curdle within them and result in an alarming series of axe murders, gasoline station stick-ups, and pistolings of innocent husbands.

There are apparently but two general types here today, them as hates the Giants, and them as hates the Brooklyn. There may be also, I suspect, a scattering of them as hates them both and the umpires to boot. But only the Brooklyn seemed to be armed. The red-coated ushers in the lower grandstand back of first base are having a merry chase trying to locate the hidden bomber who has been curving cannon crackers into the coaching box. These detonators are no doubt being heaved in a spirit of good, clean, boyish fun, but sooner or later one of them is going to blast some skin off the ankles of a coach, umpire or photographer and the comic element will vanish.

Out in centerfield bleachers there seem to be parties who came with their pockets stuffed with Chinese repeating crackers because the outfield has been crackling like distant musket fire. These are the manifestations of rather more trammelled souls to whom a good loud yell is not sufficient release. Also the distance affects 'em.

Pity with me now, the plight of the grenadier in the lower grandstand back of first base. At the critical moment he ran out of ammunition. It seems that he was a man of two purposes. His bombs were intended for offensive purposes and likewise for celebration. They were to serve either to shake the nerves of the Giants, or to punctuate runs scored by his beloved Brooklyn. But never in his wildest dreams did he imagine that

success would come in such quantities. In the third inning, in a grand, thrilling and hysterical spree of hits, runs and errors, Brooklyn scored six times. As the first four men crossed the plate at various times, there would be a flash, a puff of smoke and a sharp "bang" from back of first base. The park was in sweet uproar. Repeaters were crackling in the outfield, the crowd was screaming, the Giant pitcher was being demolished. Then the fifth man scored. Silence from the bomber. And the sixth. Somewhere in the stands, a bitter and disappointed man was searching through his pockets for just one more teeny weeny little bit of dynamite to celebrate his magnificent discomfiture of the enemy. I can see him feverishly frisking himself, hoping against hope, half afraid to inspect the final pocket. And then failure and a ruined afternoon. A great lesson in ordnance organization.

There was so much more to come that should have been hailed with howitzer fire, shrapnel and mine bursts. Koenecke was to hit a home run. Terry was to strike out with men on the bases. The Brooklyn were to stage another rally that brought in three runs. There were errors, and excitement and an extraordinary jocose moment when Boyle lined a ball through the box right at a Giant pitcher named Gabler, who quickly turned around and presented the least vital portion of his self to the liner. It struck him squarely there and dropped to the ground. He made the putout. There were many Rabelasian jokes rippling up and down the press box. And still no fireworks to signalize this amazing play.

Bill Terry and Casey Stengel are in truth the best of friends and the players of the two teams stew no bitter bile anent one another. But hear the cowbells ring, the cheers and the hisses and the boos, the excited bubbling of the crowd and marvel at the wonders of the national safety valve.

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