

SPORTS



OLYMPIC TRAINERS DESERVE CREDIT

Only Complaint of Athletes Was That Camp Was Too Fat From Clombes Stadium

By HENRY L. FARRELL
(United Press Sports Editor)

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—An era's success in the Olympic games was due not only to the possession of a large number of superior athletes, but also to the care and fine treatment given the athletes by the managers and trainers of the team.

Charles Dean and George Brown, the two managers of the team, were on the job constantly, and their concern for the comfort and welfare of the team was in striking contrast to the actions of the management of the 1920 team, who acted on the assumption that the team was not composed of school boys, and that they could take care of themselves.

During the games the managers and coaches of the team were not well acquainted enough with the heat waves of the Montmartre canaries and the other bright-night pictures in Paris to call them by their first names and get into tables. They were at Rocquencourt and Clombes village with the athletes. They also had a team of men, but they knew that the job of getting ready and competing in the games was enough to occupy the attention of the men without bothering them with the task of finding something to eat and some place to sleep, as the athletes had to do in Antwerp.

The coaching and training of Lawson Robertson, Walter Christie, Alonzo Stagg, Eddie Farrell, Bill Heywood, Johnny Magee, Tom Keane, and Jake Weber was splendid, and the results of their attention by apparatus. There were no star athletes hurt or ruined in training before the games, as there were in Antwerp. With the exception of a few bar breaks in actual competition the coaches were able to get about 100 per cent strength out of the team.

While the team was most admirably handled there were brought out a few defects in the management, which probably will be corrected when the arrangements are being made in 1928 for the trip to Amsterdam.

The only complaint the athletes made—and it was not made in the bitter spirit that almost caused a rebellion in Antwerp—was that the camp was too far away from the Clombes stadium. No places could have been picked as a more ideal place to live than the Murat chateau at Rocquencourt, and its lone bad feature was not the result of poor judgment on the part of the American committee, but came as a result of the failure of the transportation to live up to the promised speed.

Rocquencourt Villa was located about 12 miles from the Clombes stadium, and it was natural, perhaps, that Americans should figure that the trip would not consume more than 30 minutes over good roads. But the drivers of the busses operated on a schedule that was regularly about an hour and sometimes more.

It was mentioned previously that many times the athletes who competed in the late events on the program did not arrive at their camp until the kitchen had closed. This was not the fault of the committee, however. No American had thought of the possibility of having the games started at 3 o'clock and finishing as late as 9.

It had been planned to house the athletes scheduled in early events overnight, at the Clombes village, but the accommodations were so poor that another carefully made plan had to be abandoned through no fault of the committee.

The bumping and jolting in a bus over 12 miles did not help the athletes, and the irregularity of the meals was also a handicap, but the athletes knew that the French committee was to blame, primarily, and they didn't grumble.

The committee, in the past, has had bigger problems to face than the managers of European teams, and the same problems will have to be faced in the future. It is reasonable to believe that in such

N. B. WOMEN GOLFERS WIN YESTERDAY

MONCTON, August 26.—New Brunswick women golfers defeated a team composed of players from Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia in the first event of the women's golf championship held here this afternoon on the Riverside links, the score being 7-6.

Representatives of the St. John clubs were responsible for four of the seven New Brunswick points, Miss Dawson being victor over Mrs. Bonnyman, of Halifax; Miss Audrey MacLeod, over Miss Pipes, Amherst; Mrs. Stetson over Miss Downey, Amherst; Mrs. C. S. MacLeod, MacKay over Mrs. C. S. MacLeod, Amherst. Miss Bauld, of Halifax, the present title holder, defeated Miss Mabel Thompson, of St. John, by playing some excellent golf in doing so. The other two entrants from St. John, Mrs. Otto Nase and Mrs. Schofield, were also losers to the Nova Scotia players.

While no sensational golf was played this afternoon the standard set was high and promises well for the championships, the first round of which is to be played tomorrow morning on the links, which are in fine condition and though the sky is overcast tonight it is not thought that rains will injure the greens unless it is long sustained.

The draw.

The draw for the qualifying round tomorrow resulted as follows:

Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Trotter, Miss Bauld, Mrs. Bonnyman, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Bonnyman, Mrs. MacKinnon, Mrs. Embree, Miss Pipes, Miss Audrey MacLeod, Mrs. MacKean, Mrs. Geo. Taylor, Mrs. Will Ross, Miss Downey, Miss Rennie, Mrs. Stetson, Miss D. Page, Mrs. MacNaughton, Mrs. Acon, Miss M. White, Mrs. Dennison, Mrs. A. MacDonnell, Mrs. Wilbur, Mrs. Worsley, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. C. S. MacLeod, Miss Marks, Mrs. S. B. Anderson, Mrs. Rippey drew a bye.

No Officers.

No officers were elected at the annual meeting of the association held in the City Hall this evening with Mrs. F. C. Jones, the president, in the chair and about 30 present.

Yarmouth has been selected for the 1925 Tournament and as there were no representatives at the meeting from that club the selection of the officers whom it is customary to have from the club on whose links the meet is held, was left to the discretion of the Yarmouth organization.

Considerable discussion followed the reading of a suggestion from the Canadian Ladies' Golf Association to abolish the present Maritime meet and to substitute in its stead provincial meets the winners to compete in the Canadian tournament. The suggestion was rejected as being impractical owing to the small number of clubs in each of the Maritime Provinces.

"I WAS KNOCKED OUT BY FIRPO'S FIRST PUNCH, BUT I WENT ON FIGHTING IN MY SLEEP"

My Hardest Fight—Dempsey Tells His Intimate Sensations During One Of The Roughest Periods in His Career.

By ROBERT EDGREN

Firpo is trying to fight his way back to another chance at Dempsey's title. So this article, which reveals the champion's sensations during their last memorable engagement, has a particularly timely complexion.

"Yes," said Jack Dempsey, "you can say the Firpo fight was my hardest. But use your own judgment. They're all hard when the other fellow manages to pop you on the button. The only easy fight is where you walk out and let one punch go and the bird in front of you hits the floor and stretches out for a ten count when you see Carl Morris did at New Orleans. Sometimes you hit the other fellow and think it's all over, and then he lands on you like a ton of coal tossed off a skyscraper in a piano case. That's what makes fighting tough.

"You never know what will happen until they raze the last gong. There was that fight at Toledo when I won the championship. The second round pop Jess Willard was a sight. He was all beaten up like an egg, and he wouldn't quit. I was just thinking it was tough, but I'd have to finish him, when I saw his right arm coming up slowly, like the walking beam on a terryboat engine. I didn't even take the trouble to dodge.

"That big glove landed on my chin and nearly took my head off. It was the heaviest punch I ever felt. Like running into the edge of a big oak door in the dark. For about ten seconds I was so bad Jess could have knocked me for a loop if he'd had anything left. Of course, he was too far gone.

"This Firpo fight, now—if coming within an eyelash of being knocked out of a title worth a couple of million dollars makes a fight hard, I'll admit Luis handed me the marble lined chocolate drops.

"Did you know I was knocked out in that fight, by the first punch? Well, I was. That is, my head was knocked out, my legs weren't. They're all that saved me. The old bear was out for maybe half a minute, and the old arms kept working instinctively, until Luis was on the floor.

"The first thing I remember after that punch is Luis rolling over and me hunting a corner. I looked at the pictures next day and I had to admit there was a laugh at myself. There was a lot of fighting in those pictures that I didn't know anything about. It was like some other guy fighting—some guy who looked like me—my double.

"I did two months' road work before I met Firpo. If Firpo had been knocked out the first day I did, he might have won the championship of the world. We were both down a few times. My legs bounced me right up again. Firpo's legs didn't have any bounce in them. He got up so slowly I could move half across the ring to get at him before he was set to hit.

"That was the main difference between us, although, of course, there were other things. My good legs saved me the title, and believe me they're going to get good treatment any time I ever train for another battle.

"You remember," Dempsey went on, "one day up at Saratoga before the fight when we sat down and talked it over, and I told you how I spent a couple of hours every day thinking up everything that could possibly happen and figuring what to do if it did happen? I must

HOOLEY SMITH AND MCAFFERY HAVE SIGNED

Olympic Hockey Stars Will Play With Ottawa and St. Pats This Coming Season.

(Canadian Press.)

TORONTO, Aug. 26.—Two members of Canada's Olympic team which won the World's Championship in France early this year will play professional hockey in National Hockey League during the coming winter. Yesterday, Reg Smith, star centre player affixed his signature to contract and will receive three thousand dollars for playing with Ottawa. It became known definitely today; his team mate Albert McCaffery has signed to play with St. Patricks of this city.

"I jumped in to get Firpo before he could lower his guard. I threw everything from my shoestrings up into a left hook. I missed.

"Something smacked me, from somewhere. I felt my knees hit the floor and kind of bounce. No, I didn't slip that first time. I was knocked down. That's where I told you my head was knocked out and my legs weren't.

"In the pictures afterwards that I bounced up against him and went on fighting. But if you want to tell about that you'll have to do it yourself. What I remember is nothing—just nothing at all—a blank.

"Next I knew I was looking through a thick fog and Firpo was on the floor. I can't remember how many times he went down. The next thing I remember I had more than one, because I saw him on his stomach, and rolling on his back, and on his hands and knees—all different pictures—through the fog.

"I heard the referee telling me to go to my corner, and the ring alive for the first corner I saw and grab the ropes to steady myself, and look for Doc Kearns. Only once I saw a flat, white face, kind of hazy, through the ropes, and I knew that was Doc, but I couldn't get any message over. And then I was fighting again.

"I don't remember when Firpo knocked me down the second time. I remember I felt the ropes against my back, and I was ducking punches, and I knew Firpo was throwing them at me, but the fog was so thick I couldn't see him. The fog, of course, was just local; you might say. I got that way from being socked. But I guess Luis Angel wasn't much better off. I didn't feel the punch that knocked me out of the ring. It must have been half a push, for I'd been hit right with a snappy blow I'd never been able to climb back. I felt the back of my head hit something. Luckily, it wasn't a typewriter.

"The fog turned black and a big yellow glow came through it like the sun rising over a mountain range and shining down into a deep canyon. Then two black lines came across the sun, and all of a sudden I knew they were the ropes and the sun was the overhead picture lights, and the big black blur that moved between me and the sun was Firpo looking from

MAN DEFEATS HORSE IN SIX DAY RACE

LONDON, Aug. 26.—A six day running contest at the Crystal Palace ended Saturday night with a decisive victory for man. The human contestant was W. H. Hart, 59 year old runner, and the horse "Saucy Lassie," ridden by Jockey Arthur Nightingall.

Both the horse and the man ran ten hours daily until last night when the horse was withdrawn, and Hart won by eight miles. The total distance ran was: Hart, 345 miles; horse, 337 miles.

Firpo Pounds His Sparring Mates

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Aug. 26.—Luis Angel Firpo, with his sparring partners, Joe Stoessel, Jack Townsend and Bill Tate, performed before a large week-day crowd at Luther's today. Firpo gave the spectators an unusual exhibition of his punching power, thumping all three of his sparring mates groggy.

Young Stribling, preparing for his fight with Paul Berlenbach, did his stunts when Firpo had finished. Stribling boxed one round with Mickey Ferrara, one of Firpo's countrymen, and one round with Jack Reddick, Canadian light heavyweight.

Good Racing At Waterville, Me.

WATERVILLE, Me., Aug. 26.—The Central Maine Fair opened today with three good races on a good track with cool and cloudy weather.

Lester Dorec colt, Don Setzer from Readville, Mass., and Valley Forbes, owned and driven by Harry Hayes, of Rochester, N. H., repeated Banor wins in their class, and Elizabeth Watts, owned by M. J. Bryon of Berlin, N. H., took the 2:22 class without much trouble.

The Summary:

2:22 Trot, Purse \$500.

Elizabeth Watts, b.m. by Gen. Watts (Byron) . . . 1 1 1
Allie Delmar, b.g. (Linsky) 2 2 2
Miss Todd, b.m. (Wells) . . . 5 3 3
Silk Worm, b.s. (Potter) . . . 4 4 4
Belwy Boy also started.
Time—2:15½; 2:17¼; 2:17¼.

Three Year Olds and Under, Purse \$300

Don Setzer, b.g. by Henry Selzer (Dore) 1 1
Pearl Q., b.m. (Potter) 2 3
Tramport R., o.g. (Evans) 3 2
Princess Elbel, b.m. (Kennedy) 4 4
Time—2:20¼; 2:21½.

2:17 Pace, Purse \$500.

Valley Forbes, b.g. by J. J. Malcolm Forbes (Hayes) . . . 1 2 1 1
Col. Crook, b.g. by My Colonel (Simmons) . . . 2 1 3 4
Patrika, b.m. (McWilliams) 4 4 2 2
Mary Aberdeen, b.m. (Evans) 3 3 4 2
Time—2:13¼; 2:13½; 2:14¼; 2:13¼.

HOW THEY STAND

AMERICAN LEAGUE			
	W. L.	Pe.	
New York	69	51	575
Washington	70	52	574
Detroit	66	55	545
St. Louis	61	59	508
Cleveland	56	66	459
Philadelphia	54	67	448
Chicago	53	66	436

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
	W. L.	Pe.	
New York	74	46	617
Pittsburg	69	48	590
Brooklyn	68	54	557
Brooklyn	68	54	557
Chicago	65	53	551
Cincinnati	64	56	516
St. Louis	52	69	430
Philadelphia	43	73	371
Boston	44	76	357

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE			
	W. L.	Pe.	
Baltimore	94	35	729
Toronto	82	53	607
Buffalo	66	65	504
Rochester	66	68	493
Newark	63	70	474
Syracuse	60	70	462
Reading	51	75	408
Jersey City	42	88	323

TO LIVE

To know, to do, and on the tide of time
Not to drift idly like the cocklesailor,
Whose pearly shallow dances on the blue,
Fanned by soft airs and basking in brief sun;
But to steer onward on some purpose
And make new waves with motion
Of our own.

That is to live.

To prevent an iron sticking to starched clothes, add a small quantity of kerosene to the starch while hot.

In boiling or roasting meat that is not tender, treat in this simple manner. Mix two tablespoons of oil and one tablespoon of vinegar. Brush this over the meat and let the meat stand for half an hour before cooking it.

Salt moistened with vinegar will remove burnt marks from enameled saucepans and dishes. Don't forget that they should be soaked in cold water for a few hours first to loosen the stains.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

- 1 lb seedless raisins,
 - 1 lb currants
 - 1 lb mixed candied peel,
 - 1 large carrot,
 - 1 lb brown sugar
 - 1 lb suet chopped fine
 - Nutmeg, ginger and cinnamon to suit taste; crumbs of one loaf of bread; 3 cups flour; pinch of salt.
- Mix in order given. Divide in four parts, moisten and tie in four cloths to make four puddings. Put in boiling water and boil slowly for six hours. It is best to leave stand in fruit cellar for two months before using. Boil two hours before serving and serve hot. Cover with dapping.

BRINGING UP FATHER



HICKEY'S
Black Twist Chewing Tobacco.
The Big Juicy Fig
The Tobacco With a Flavor all its Own
HICKEY & NICHOLSON
TOBACCO COMPANY, LIMITED
Manufacturers, Charlottetown

British Consols 12 for 15¢
1 1/4¢ Cigarettes per smoke in either size package
20 for 25¢

—By GEO. McMANUS