

AS BABY-SITTERS, FOOTBALL PLAYERS . . . Gridders, Says Lou Little, Make Good Sitters . . . WOULD MAKE JUNIOR STAY IN LINE

By H. I. PHILLIPS

GRIDDERS ARE SITTERS

Lou Little, famous Columbia football coach, has appealed for jobs for football players as baby sitters. "It is no gag," he says. "I will personally guarantee that any of my players will prove 100 per cent dependable."

So there, Junior! Behave yourself while mommy and popsy are at the theater tonight or else develop some fast off-tackle plays.

Reactions to football players as baby sitters have been varied. At first thought, many parents had dif-

ficulty associating "Rock-a-bye Baby" and "Sleep, Pretty One, Sleep" with "Block that kick!" and "Hit that line hard!" They found it hard to think of a husky fullback as the best person to handle kids who made up their own rules as the evening went along.

It did not seem to mother that when she asked, "Do you think the baby is all right?" she would find comfort in father's answer, "Yes, my dear. Remember that our baby sitter for tonight booted the longest punt in the 1948 season!"

But on more sober reflection most people decided that, children being the problems they are when mom and pop are out, it might be reassuring to know that they are in the hands of a baby sitter coached in a rugged school and with a good record for victory, on fields wet or dry.

Kids are quick to recognize authority. They know when they are up against heavy odds. In the manner and actions of a university grid star, they sense power, speed, determination and the old "do or die" spirit.

Few children will try to sit up until midnight listening to the radio if the baby sitter is all-American material.

Baby is not going to whip out the airgun around 9:30 and take some pot shots at the old woman across the courtyard, knowing that a great broken field runner is on watch.

No kid is going to howl for a cookie if it can see in the eyes of the baby sitter the never-yeild-an-inch spirit of a football man around whose end no opponent made any progress in two seasons.

All in all, parents should feel

easy with a football star as a baby sitter. Even in a home where the kiddies are sure to get rambunctious a crack gridiron man can detect the signals, sense the trick plays and stop the formations. Unless, of course, he is in one of those homes where there are so many children they use the double platoon system.

Why Fans Go Mad

These days in the video belts where baseball games and horse races are broadcast the same afternoon are proving pretty hectic to sports fans. Trying to follow both is doing the American nervous system no good. We found ourself shouting, "Slide ya big bum!" at a horse the other day and yelling, "Stop pullin' his head off," at a ballplayer.

It is all quite confusing. To see both sports, a video addict has to be pretty fast on the switches. In a stirring ball game it is quite a trick tuning out at the proper moment to catch the horses all set in the starting gate. And in an especially important horse race split-second judgment is necessary in deciding when to tune out of the horse oval and into the ball park.

He liked a horse on which Arcaro was announced as the jockey. "Arcaro!" he exclaimed. "That's poor judgment. They pitched him yesterday."

Then while the race track announcer was chatting on generalities, Elmer dove back into the baseball channel. The home team had a man on second, one out and a big hitter up. It added to his pulse beat and general confusion. "Come on!" he yelled. "Don't go wide on the turns. Ya can't lose at the weights!"

Back to the ponies he switched, just in time. The horses broke as one. Elmer liked something called Mike's Pride. "Atta baby," he cried. "You got your stuff today!"

SPORTSCOPE By JOE MAHONEY



SPORTLIGHT

Palestinian, Ponder or Capot?

By GRANTLAND RICE

What About the Belmont?

AFTER THE RACE at Pimlico and on the way home we heard no one discussing either the Kentucky Derby or the Preakness. The flow of racing conversation turned in the general direction of the Belmont, to be run June 11 over the mile-and-a-half test, the real test for the three-year-old.



Grantland Rice

now dust and dreams, or such things as dust and dreams are made of.

With Ponder in charge of the Derby and Capot on top in the Preakness, it would be no unfair turn of fortune's wheel to see Palestinian win the Belmont, which he might do. The Bieber-Jacobs horse was finishing close up and strongly in both the Derby and the Preakness and no one can say that Belmont's longer race will hurt him a bit.

Before the Preakness I happened to run across Warren Wright, the Baron of Calumet.

"The Preakness distance may have been too short for Ponder," he said. "But I honestly think Ponder should win the Belmont. The longer the distance, the better Ponder likes it. He comes from far back, 20 lengths or more, and he needs running distance to make up this ground."

Parnell Ben Jones offered no prediction but he admitted that the longer the race the better Ponder would like it—even up to two miles.

No one can question the fact that Ponder can handle the route. What about Capot? John Gaver turned in a fine job of having Capot in perfect shape for both the Derby and the Preakness. When a horse breaks a track record, running against the time set by such horses as Whirlaway, Count Fleet and Citation, he must be moving in a hurry.

Capot was leading at the mile and three-sixteenths in both the Derby and the Preakness. He had the continued speed of the field. But what about a mile and a half? This is something else again. That extra quarter

can be a heavy test unless the race is slowly run.

Palestinian has shown both speed and stamina in his last three races—the Wood, the Derby and the Preakness. His record is 2-3-2, being extremely close to winning on two occasions. Ponder's most recent marks are 1-5. Capot's last three are 3-2-1.

Palestinian, like Capot and Ponder, is also an improving horse. Palestinian has had enough speed to run with anybody. He has been coming on, cutting away ground, in his last three big races. Capot had to fight bravely and desperately to keep his head lead at Pimlico and I don't think an extra 16th of a mile would have bothered Palestinian in the slightest. He is both fast and strong.

The Belmont will have all this—plus Sun Bahram, Noble Impulse and others. Old Rockport? Rocky seems to be slipping instead of getting better. He hasn't had it since he left California, although as able a trainer as Ben Jones still believes he hasn't run his race.

More Games Than One

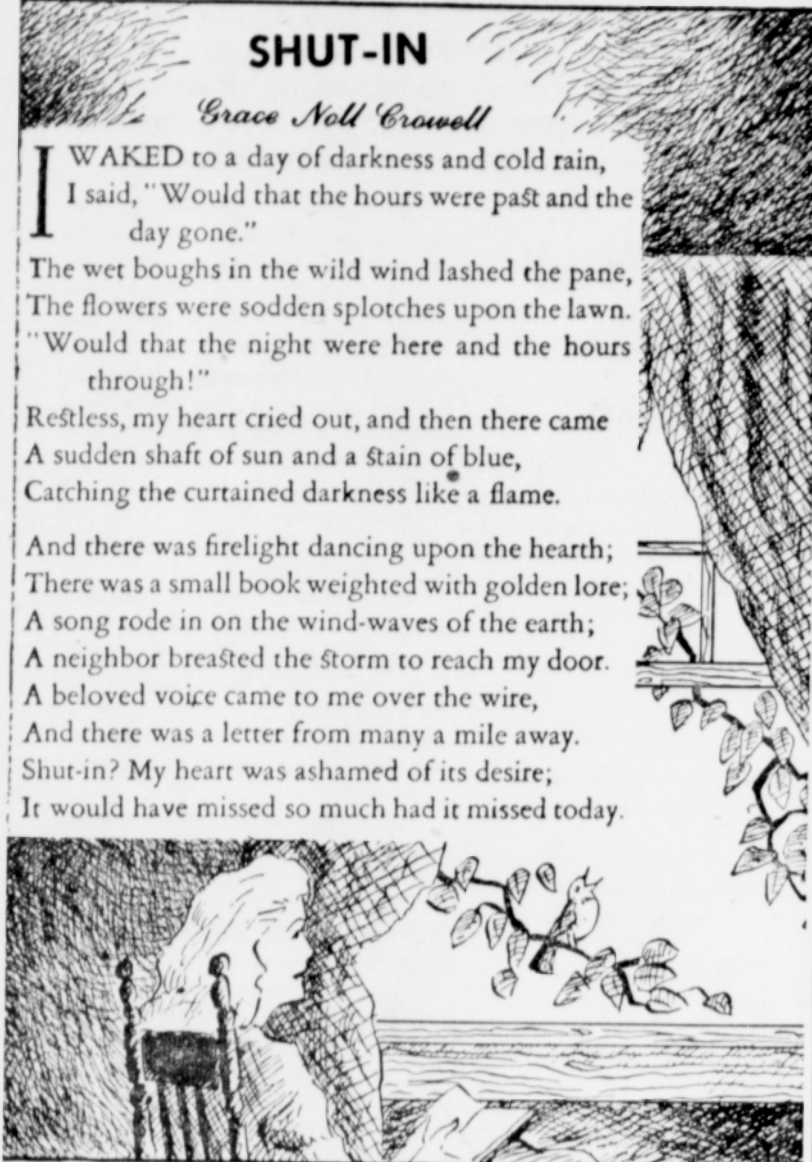
A day or two ago we ran into Ralph Kercheval, now in charge of Alfred Vanderbilt's racing farm.

How many remember that more than 10 years ago Kercheval was one of the greatest kickers college football ever knew? Many well-known pro coaches have tangled in arguments as to whether Kercheval or Ken Strong was the greater all-around kicker. Shipwreck Kelly, another Kentuckian, was always a Kercheval booster.

Ralph had full early faith in Vanderbilt's Loser Weeper, winner recently of the Metropolitan. "Loser Weeper has improved as much as any horse I know," Kercheval said before that race.

As far as racing goes, Sammy Renick has gone out for the versatility record. Sammy started as a rider—one of the best. Then he began as a racing owner and now is involved in the television section, where he is one of the season's video hits. "No," Sam said recently, "I've never tried training. I may take a shot at that later."

The one who has tried the toughest combination is Ellsworth Vines, who is battling earnestly to make as good a living out of golf as he did out of tennis. Vines has played a lot of fine golf, but he has never been the champion he used to be at tennis.



Star Dust STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

BY INEZ GERHARD

CY HOWARD, at 31, is at the top in his second career. Four years ago he was a successful actor; he played the lead in "Storm Operation" on Broadway. Now a writer and producer of radio shows—"My Friend Irma," "Life with Luigi," and a new one, "The Private Lives of Eddie and Anne"—he is also an associate director, producer and writer of motion pictures. "My Friend Irma" is his first one. "Marie Wilson steals the show," he assured me; but a mo-



CY HOWARD

ment later, "John Lund is wonderful; steals the show." He said the same of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis—but didn't mention that he plays the voice of "Joe," heard only on the phone. CBS and Paramount are lucky to have him under contract.

With M-G-M shooting sequences for "Adam's Rib" all around New York pretty girls wearing dark glasses learned to avoid crowds; the interested spectators suspected them of being movie actresses. Judy Holliday, one of the principals, kept right on in her play. "Born Yesterday," during the shooting, Tom Ewell, just through with a play, is now back in Hollywood.

Another Metro picture, the musical "On the Town," has been shooting in New York. All six principals—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Jules Munshin, Ann Miller, Vera-Ellen and Betty Garrett, worked two days at the Brooklyn navy yard.

Cast in a minor role in "Riding High," Dorothy Barrett sang a song for members of the cast during a break; Director Frank Capra heard her and chose her to sing with Bing. She has appeared in several Broadway productions and was vocalist for Vaughn Monroe's band for six months before entering films. Her next step up is a featured role in "Copper Canyon," Technicolor western.

The Fiction Corner

NO REGRETS

By

Richard H. Wilkinson

KIRBY FOUND the girl seated on an upturned box behind the stables crying. He hesitated, feeling awkward, then said:

"Hello. Anything wrong?"

She looked up quickly, appraisingly. "No, please go away."

3-Minute Fiction

Instead, Kirby squatted on his heels. "You must have lost some money on that last race. Black Fox fooled every one by not coming in. I lost too."

"I suppose I'm a baby to cry, but I couldn't help it. I—we—father and I staked everything on Black Fox. Then that terrible I'm-a-Runnin', who nobody thought had a chance, had to win."

She hesitated, dabbing at her eyes. He seemed like a nice young man. And she did so want company and to talk . . .

He discovered her name was Polly Hayden. The next day he called at her house and met her father, a jolly faced old gentleman with white walrus moustaches.

"We really shouldn't feel so badly," Polly told her father after the introductions were over. "Kirby lost a lot more than we and he isn't complaining at all."

That night Polly and Kirby had dinner at a little inn out on the Tamiami trail.

He knew she was wondering when and how he was going to pay his racing debts, and where he was going to get the money to establish himself in the law business. You just can't hang out a shingle in Miami and expect business at once.

But he didn't offer the information. The next day he hired an office on Flagler street, then called up Col. Stratton and asked that racing enthusiast to meet him at Hialeah. "Colonel," he said over a sandwich and coffee an hour later, "I'm going to take you up on the offer you made me for I'm-a-Runnin'. He's yours for \$50,000."

The colonel stared. "Now wait a minute, Kirby. Has the horse died or broken a leg or something?"

"Nothing of the sort," Kirby laughed. "I'm quitting racing for good. It's no business for an energetic young lawyer to be wasting his time at I hired an office this morning."

They went out to the stables and looked at I'm-a-Runnin'. The colonel couldn't understand it, but he wrote his check for \$50,000 and the papers were passed. Conscious of a queer sensation in the pit of his stomach, Kirby headed back for the stables for a last farewell. Outside I'm-a-Runnin's stall he stopped dead still

at sight of Polly Hayden talking with his stable boy.

HER EYES blazed at him. "So! The good loser. The man who can lose everything, who will have to spend the rest of his life paying his racing debts and still smile! Oh, what a fool I've been!"

"Wait a minute! Listen!" He caught at her arm but she jerked away. He followed her out to her car. "You've got to listen," he said desperately, getting in beside her. "I only did it because I thought it would make you feel better. And it worked. I meant it when I said I was through with racing. I've sold I'm-a-Runnin' to Colonel Stratton. Look!" He held out the bill of sale and the check.

She stared at him round-eyed,

frightened. "Oh, you shouldn't have! Kirby, you shouldn't! You'll never be able—I mean, you love horses. Any one can see that. You loved I'm-a-Runnin'."

"Not half as much as I love you," he told her soberly. He put his arm around her. "You believe that, don't you? You must believe it."

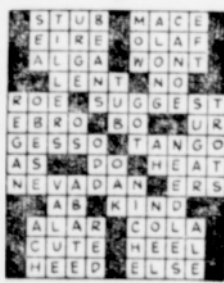
"Darling, of course I do. And—I am glad that you're going to be a respectable lawyer, only—only—" "Only what?"

"Well, sometime, after we've been respectable for a good long while, we'll buy another horse, won't we? A horse as great as I'm-a-Runnin'? Because—we both love horses, don't we?"

"We do," Kirby agreed joyfully

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER



Answer to Puzzle No. 1

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| ACROSS | DOWN | 19. Organ of hearing |
| 1. A pen | 1. Opportunity | 21. Anger |
| 5. Movable part of a table top | 2. Roving | 22. Soaks flax |
| 9. A circle of light | 3. Potpourri | 24. Grate |
| 10. Odd (Scot.) | 4. Attitudinizes | 29. Source of light |
| 11. Capital (Fr.) | 5. Larva of eye-thread-worm | 30. Divisions of plays |
| 12. Corner | 6. Sea | 31. Decorated, as leather |
| 14. Indefinite article | 7. Dispute | 34. Red-breasted birds |
| 15. Over (poet.) | 8. Waver | 35. Pitcher |
| 17. The eye: in symbolism | 11. Anguish | 37. Conceit |
| 18. Frozen water | 13. Relieve | 38. Glossy-surfaced silk fabric |
| 20. Evening parties | 16. Breeding place of colony of rooks | |
| 23. Close by | | |
| 25. Metallic rock | | |
| 26. Music note | | |
| 27. Fraudulent schemes (slang) | | |
| 30. Close to | | |
| 32. Girl's nickname | | |
| 33. True | | |
| 36. Pennies | | |
| 39. Present time | | |
| 40. High, craggy hill | | |
| 41. Sweet potato | | |
| 43. Exist | | |
| 44. Cut | | |
| 47. An ungulate (C. Am.) | | |
| 49. Kind of cheese | | |
| 50. Metal | | |
| 51. Laire | | |
| 52. Snare | | |

PUZZLE NO. 2

HOW-TO-FIX-IT By TOM GREGORY

