

Hear Me Talkin' to Ya

By BILL

THE HALFWAY POINT in collegiate football finds the gridiron scene slightly mused up with casualties and upsets.

There are yet many things to happen as the teams swing into the stretch and prognosticators are scratching their heads and rubbing their eyes as they find their predictions going awry.

One of the biggest upsets in the East occurred Saturday when St. Paul killed what championship hopes Virginia Union might have entertained, by eking out a 13-12 victory (another triumph for me and my extra-point argument). Hampton avenged two straight losses to Lincoln by a 13-6 win in New York. Lincoln, oddly enough, scored on the same play that they have used to fool the Virginians in previous games—the forward pass.

At the beginning of the season I chose Virginia State, Lincoln, A. and T. and Morgan as championship contenders. Harold Martin down at Petersburg has not disappointed me and is still in the front rank with Hampton, whose strength at the time I made my choices was an unknown quantity. Big Jeff down at A. and T. pulled the biggest surprise on this writer by having such a miserable aggregation. Morgan, unless the Virginia Seminary game is counted, will not be in the race for championship honors. With this game thrown out, the locals will not have their quota of six games and the Bears have to play Howard, North Carolina State and Hampton.

Bill Taylor, with what all critics concede to be the best material of any C.I.A.A. coach, should push his Lincoln team up close to the top, as his gridgers have played their hardest games and have only the Howard hurdle to fear. The Lions meet Smith and St. Paul but from the showing of the Saints against Union the Lincolnites should be in for a busy afternoon if they expect to bag a victory.

Hampton, the dark horse, and Virginia State, then, have the best chances for the conference rag, but the Petersburgers have yet to dispose of Virginia Union, their arch foe, St. Paul and A. and T., while Hampton must bowl over A. and T., Howard, Morgan and Union. It looks as if Old Smith's boys have a little harder and longer row to hoe than the Statesmen.

However, I'm dropping this hint. Coach Hucles's boys at Union will be a pain to anybody and I believe that they will be more of a pain to Hampton on Thanksgiving Day than they will be to Virginia State this Saturday.

Wilberforce, conqueror of Tuskegee, the team that defeated Wiley, gives Lincoln an excellent test on November 21. If the Lions can overcome the Green and Gold Wave of Coach Graves and not lose another conference game—and IF the present leaders in the C.I.A.A. lose, they will have a crack not only at conference honors but a claim to that mythical thing called a national title.

That, in itself, should be some sort of inspiration.

The Bar Remains

BEFORE BASEBALL'S curtain is rung down, let me pass on to you a few outspoken words regarding the situation in American baseball which at present makes it impossible for the dark-skinned diamond star to break into the big time.

This pillar has spoken loud and often of this discrimination, but has yet to find a more outspoken summing up of the situation than that given by Westbrook Pegler, while writer in his column, "Speaking Out on Sports."

Mr. Pegler, it seems, had aroused the ire of one of Pepper Martin's admirers, who wrote him a letter expressing indignation at what was felt to be an injustice in regard to the baseball idol. The columnist, in reply, has this to say:

But in all the time I have been writing sport I have never had a letter from this or any other lover of fair play complaining against a discrimination which constitutes the cruelest wrong in all sport. That is the unwritten but inviolable proscription against Negroes in organized baseball. It is no explanation to say that organized baseball is a white man's game, for there have been a number of great Indian players, and I have no doubt that if a great Japanese or Chinese player should come along, he would be welcomed. Nor is it true there have been no Negroes who could make the grade. There have been many colored men, Rube Foster being the greatest, who could have been great stars and who knew quite well why they never got a chance.

It is not uncommon to see Negroes on college football teams. On the train back to New York from Philadelphia after the Eastern operations of the World Series had closed there, I renewed old acquaintance with a huge man with a deep complexion who had been All-America in football at Harvard many years ago. William H. Lewis had dined with Roosevelt in the White House, but if he had wished to play in the great national game he would have been barred with no explanation, not that he would have needed any.

The colored man is not forbidden to spend his money at the ball yards, even in the South, and, considering how many distinguished athletes his race has contributed to football, basketball, and the track sports, the prejudice against him in baseball is hard to reconcile with the proud title of the national game. He, through his forebears, has been an American for more generations than many of the Caucasians who make up the league teams. It cannot be reasonably argued that the Negro is likely to engage in conduct detrimental to the best interests of the sport. There are no colored men on Al Capone's staff, and Legs Diamond is distinctly white.

This barrier against a large element of the population in a game purporting to be the national game and a high expression of the national sporting spirit has never had any logical or practical justification. But the champion-chasing and indignant letter-writing type of sportsman, with his great passion for fair play in trivial matters, has never taken his pen in hand to wonder why white college boys can dress and compete and associate with great colored athletes without embarrassment, whereas professional ball players must be protected by a regulation which the magnates haven't the gall to put on paper.

I think that after having read the foregoing that you will agree that seldom has there been a more accurate and outspoken summing up of this cruel jim-crow practice which keeps such players as Dick Lundy, Webster MacDonald and other stars not only from performing for big salaries with white associates, but frequently from occupying decent seats in some of the larger ball parks.

BITTER-SWEET

Yes, I'm bitter, why shouldn't I be?
When you burn flesh that's kin to me,
I'm bitter.

Yes, I'm bitter when you trample me down,
And broadcast my folk as a race of clowns;
I'm bitter.

I am sweet when this blackened face,
In the hall of fame wins its rightful place;
I'm sweet.

I am sweet when children refuse to bend,
But fight to the end to be treated like men;
I'm sweet.

—ANITA TURPEAU.

A Wireless "Clock" to Serve the Whole World is Now Suggested

Setting up a "clock" to serve the whole world, with millionth of a second time-intervals, has just been proposed by Dr. P. W. Lee, of the U.S. Bureau of Mings, to the American Geophysical Union.

The U.S. Naval Observatory could serve as part of such a clock, he says, by extending its present time signal service to "a continuously emitted electromagnetic wave with a cycle adjusted to constancy by astronomical corrections," passing around the world.

In his communication to the Geophysical Union, Lee points out that while standards of length and weight are maintained for world use there is nothing of the same sort for the equally important physical constant of time.

"A zero line from which to measure time anywhere at the same unit intervals does not exist," he says. "The second, which once was thought to meet our needs as the smallest unit of time, has become an inordinately long interval for many physical measurements and the millionth of

a second now often proves more convenient."

A combination of "constant frequency wireless waves distributed from various cardinal places over the earth," he points out, "would serve to synchronize broadcasting stations and keep them automatically on their proper wave length. They would also control the speed of scanning disks or similar television devices, and would prove invaluable for gravity pendulum measurements and for seismology."

Well Now!

A primitive tribe in Korea is said to marry by merely shaking hands.

One of the largest forests in the world, situated in Russia between the Ural mountains and the Okhotsk sea, stands on ICE.



WHEN lazy glands won't open, the hair is starved and faded.

WHEN lazy glands don't close, scalp is fouled by secretions.

LAZY GLANDS

Foul the Scalp!....

If the tiny glands in your scalp have fallen asleep—look out! The consequences won't end with just dandruff! It may take a year or more for the pore-filth to reach the surface.

Scaly scalps that make you turn your eyes away, began with "just a little dandruff."

The next commonest sign of gland trouble is when the color of one's hair begins to fade, or becomes streaked.

There is only one thing that will ever help heads in this state of stagnation: you must stimulate the tiny glands that feed the hair and give it color. Massage will do this. Use the fingers. Dip them in

Danderine—to cut through the crust and penetrate the pores—and do this daily. One treatment will settle the dandruff. One week will find your scalp as clean and wholesome as a little girl's. The second week will have the glands wide-awake and working. That is when your hair begins to live and begins to thrive and grow!

Remember, it's massage that does it. And it's Danderine that gets through to the glands. Just rubbing something on the head won't stimulate lazy glands! Get a bottle of Danderine today, start your treatments tonight, and see what happens when those lazy glands come to life! Your druggist has it.

DANDERINE

35¢