

This Fourth Place Matter

THIS fourth place fuss with Kansas City has our Leighton Hap Emms in a twit.

He isn't dashing about nibbling at his nails. Nor does he otherwise advertise the nervous tension under which he's living.

His grin's still infectious, and his voice is as friendly and warm as a napping spot on the south side of the barn on a bright May afternoon.

But watch him handle his cigar. He frays it with his teeth. He neglects to touch fire to the tip.

He hasn't much farther to go with his cigar before he'll be faithfully emulating old Pa Schulte. Pa, as the world knows, used to eat a large portion of Pittsburgh's annual stogie output.

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Hockey's That Way

HAP said yesterday that Omaha is taking the Knights' presence in the playoffs as a feat already accomplished. He added that he wished to heaven it were.

But it's far from that, and as evidence he pointed to what Kansas City did to Minneapolis Monday night.

Alert and aggressive again after having floundered for 10 days in a slump that was greeted with happy yips of joy in this neighborhood, Kansas City licked Minneapolis, 8 to 3.

That's one intriguing—and distressing—aspect of this hockey game. Without warning, and seemingly without reason, a team becomes unable to lick anybody. Then just as suddenly and unforecast, the team becomes able to lick almost everybody.

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So Viva Hickey!

BASKET BALL—even this senseless scarom—offers something of a parallel. At least the marvelous Dr. Allen insisted Tuesday that it did. And likely Dr. Allen could have obtained indorsement of his views from Edgar S. Hickey, whose pupils on Monday night punctuated with an outsize exclamation point the end of a season that must stand as a tribute to Mr. Hickey's talent for policing undergraduate males.

Mr. Hickey's wards beat the marvelous Dr. Allen's specialists by two points, a happening which was logically and easily explainable by both winners and losers as further evidence of the unpredictability of basket ball.