

THE DAYTON HERALD, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1942

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DEARBORN, MICH.—When Jesse Owens cracked one running Olympic of 1936 in Berlin, Aryan-loving Hitler was so mad he wouldn't even shake hand in congratulation. He's probably even madder now because the famous track star has become a war worker in the employment division of the Ford Motor company. The Olympic runner is pictured at his desk in the Ford Rouge plant. (Acme)

Member Of Rival Coaching Staff Aided In Tennessee Bowl Defeat

By BILL CUNNINGHAM

Just to get 'em good and mad, I am about to relate a little unwritten history incident to the time Boston College socked the famed Tennessee Volunteers in the Sugar Bowl of Jan. 1, 1941. It isn't why B. C. won, but at least it didn't hurt their chances.

The Eagles received the Sugar Bowl bid that year after narrowly squeezing by Holy Cross in a bad game of football. Tennessee was already in, the Vols having been signed by the Louisiana burghers after the second win on their schedule, which chanced to be from Duke. Knowing they were in, and figuring Boston College a probable choice because of its victory over Tulane, Tennessee had scouted the Eagles exhaustively. I don't know whether they got their information first hand, or procured it from third parties, but they had a lot of it.

B. C. had practically nothing on Tennessee. They made an effort to get a line on the Vols from the Tennessee-Vanderbilt game, a traditional finale down that way, but it rained hard that day, and, anyhow, Vanderbilt didn't have much of a team.

Major Is Away

I took off from Boston, in due course, and went down to Knoxville to write a few pieces about Maj. Neyland's fine eleven. Most of it, unfortunately, had to be fiction. The Major was away. They prevaricated neatly and said he was in Florida on a fishing trip. It developed he was in Philadelphia checking Boston College movies and scout reports with Ray Morrison, the Temple coach, an old southern boy and then but recently through as head coach at Vanderbilt.

The Tennessee team was disbanded while the Major was away. They were due to hitch back together in a couple of weeks and resume training for the New Orleans game.

The local publicity man was a swell gent, and friendly as could be. He even had me over to his house for Thanksgiving dinner, or some sort of dinner—anyway we had turkey. But I've never seen a bright man who could go so suddenly blank. He was glib, even voluble, until the talk got 'round to football. Any sort of question about Tennessee formations or Tennessee plays and he'd go as vague as the face on the barroom floor after it had been walked on a week.

Well, I wrote about the history of the institution, the beauties of the campus and the matchless hospitality of our fine southern friends and went on down to Birmingham, Ala., to make a speech. This was a football job for an Alabama alumni group, and had nothing to do with the Tennessee junket, except that the two pieced together conveniently into one general excursion.

I could call names from this point, but there's no point in getting anybody lynched even at this late date, so I shall be as vague as Tennessee's Jack Joyner, the press man, except about facts.

I checked in that afternoon in the Birmingham hotel, and the local banquet committee and others started to call. Finally a southern gentleman I shall leave nameless, but who is well known all over that Southeastern Conference, came in with another man and said, "It's mighty nice of you to come down here, and I was wondering if there wasn't some way we could really make it worth your while. For instance, would a little information on Tennessee be of any use to you?"

"It certainly would," said I. "Who's got any?" Then I went ahead to explain how I'd been stumped back up the line.

"Well, you know John Blank here?" he said, introducing the man who was with him.

"No," said I, "but I'm happy to," and we shook hands.

"Well, John here," he said,

"knows more about Tennessee than Neyland does himself. He concentrates on scouting them. He never does anything else on any Saturday in the fall. He's positively a better authority on Tennessee than anybody at Tennessee."

This John was a member of the coaching staff of another Southeastern Conference college that plays Tennessee every year in one of the south's biggest games.

"Yeah," he said, in a matter-of-fact way, "we hate their guts. We're for anybody who's playing 'em, even a Yankee team. What do you want to know about 'em?"

"Anything you'll tell me," I replied.

"O. K.," he said, "here's their basic formation. But they're a funny ball club. A lot of their success is their trick blocking in the line. Their plays look like a lot you've seen, but when you start to break 'em down, you'll find that there's a lot of funny business in their blocking assign-

Donie Adds Real Color To AA Setup

Donie Bush's decision to return as a field manager of his Indianapolis Indians is a grand break for the American Association. Lil Donie will make things hot for everybody concerned. Umpires, however, may not be too pleased over Bush's return. Small as he is, Donie is a tough hombre on the field and the men in blue always have to be alert against Bush's teams.

Donie retired several years ago because of ill health. He returned to the game as owner-president of the Indians. Last season he hired Gabby Hartnett, who was probably the highest paid manager in the minors. Gabby received \$10,000 to mastermind the tribe to a sixth place tie and an additional \$2,500 for backstop duty. Bush will save at least \$7,500 by handling the reins himself and hiring a right hand man for about \$5,000.

Roderer Wins

Roderer Shoes won its final football game of the season yesterday afternoon downing the East Side Merchants, 35-0, at the Wilber Wright high school field. Fisher scored two of the touchdowns while Mariscalco, Westendorf and Stofert tallied one each.

ments up front. Neyland's a genius. There's no doubt about it. On this one, now, the guard fakes his charge here and then pulls out this way . . ."

"Wait a minute," I said, "this is tricky business. Instead of my trying to draw it, why don't you? I'm afraid I'll miss some of it. You sketch and keep talking. I'll take notes."

"O. K.," he said, and he rolled up his sleeves and went to work. Tennessee Analyzed

He drew 14 sheets full of diagrams. I must have taken 25 pages full of notes. It took us three or four hours, but I've never heard a team so completely and exhaustively analyzed down to and through the fifth string quarterback. The guy knew where every man's foot was on every play. He knew every tip-off, every sequence, every shift, everything, in fact, but the signals, and he probably knew them, too.

Before midnight, I had bound that bale, insured it and had shipped it air mail special delivery to Head Coach Frank Leahy, Boston College A. A., Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. They tell me that when Mr. Leahy opened that bundle, he took a hurried look and yelled for his coaches so loudly they thought the house was on fire.

The game was played in due course and Boston College won.

Next day in the lobby of the dear old St. Charles, a New Orleans scribe said, "You're not doing anything. Come on upstairs and see Neyland. He's up there packing up to leave. I guess he feels pretty low about the ball game. Let's go up and cheer him up."

As it chanced, I didn't know the Major very well, having met him only casually, so I more or less did the heavy standing around while the other men talked.

"... and there's one thing about that ball game that has really got my goat," he was saying to my friend. "We were beaten all right. Maybe we'd have been beaten anyway, but there's something darned peculiar about the whole thing. I don't think we have ever played a team we had so much information on as we had on Boston College. We felt we knew everything about them, everything that they could do. Yet, when we got in the ball game, it developed that they knew more about us than we did about them. I can't figure it out."

The scoreboard could.

Cuddy Divorces Mild Bill Terry #2.

St. Bernard Of Press Coop Adopts Branch Rickey As Newest Object Of His Defensive Affections

By JACK CUDDY

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—(UP)—Sweet Wilyum Terry, the Memphis choir singer, has departed from the New York baseball scene. We, personally, will miss him much, because we had played the role of self-appointed defender during Terry's wrangles with New York sports writers.

Now that Bellicose Bill has resigned as director of the Giants' farm system, we will have no one to defend, unless we espouse the cause of Branch Rickey, the choir singer from St. Louis who already is getting off on the wrong tootsie in his relations with gentlemen of the metropolitan press. David Harum Rickey, you will recall, is the new president and general manager of the Dodgers.

We regard both Terry and Rickey as swell fellers because they've been strictly on the up-and-up with us. And we always speak of a man as we find him, entirely unprejudiced by the complaints of others. However, in the case of Terry, we were sort of a lone voice crying in the wilderness. After Memphis Bill became manager of the Giants in 1932, his brutal frankness, lack of diplomacy and scorn of certain other managers who had sycophant leanings, lured him into unfortunate verbal exchanges with various New York sports writers and made him a quick target for their barrages of black-and-white bullets.

During the eight years before Terry succeeded John McGraw at the Giants' helm, he had been one of the game's greatest first basemen—a brilliant fielder and a powerful hitter. In 1930 he led the National circuit with a batting



BILL TERRY

mark of .401—the last major to top .400 until Ted Williams turned the trick in 1941.

But even as a player, he was a confirmed independent, and on certain occasions a rebel against the master-minding of McGraw. Terry's ability and independence as a player made him popular with the writers, against whom he had no ire. His belligerence was aimed in other directions.

When he became manager, he thought this happy situation would continue, without any change in his own attitude. He didn't realize that as pilot he was front man for the club, the buffer between his players and the press, and that it was almost as important to maintain cordial relations with the writers as it was to turn out winning teams.

Hence, although Sweet Wilyum proved a managerial genius in many respects—winning the pennant and world series in 1933, a year after he had taken over the last-place club, and winning flags in '36 and '37—he was constantly under fire from the press coop. The strain of this feud, coupled with the fact that key players of the McGraw regime were fading out, caused a recession in the Giants' fortunes. They finished third in 1938, and then dropped into the second division for three consecutive seasons.

The writers slammed Terry unmercifully and unceasingly. Crowds fell off at the Polo Grounds, and Bill gave over the managerial post to Mel Ott, popular little outfielder, a year ago. Terry took control of the club's farm system, which then comprised nine minor clubs, but which probably will have but one, Jersey City, in 1943 because of war conditions.

It is rumored that Terry may take over the futile Phils, in some capacity. Bill could do a good job there, if he evaded contact with the press. He's a master of baseball economics. But we know Bill's

attitude toward writers will not change. He's a wealthy man now, one of the richest in the game. He doesn't have to change; and he wouldn't if he had to—because he's that kind of a feller.

Meanwhile Branch Rickey, elderly and apparently benign, is an entirely different type. Branch is not a firebrand. Instead, he goes in for the old "oil." Already the writers are complaining that Branch is so complacently evasive to pertinent questions, that he lends the impression he thinks the metropolitan baseball Boswells are a bunch of "dopes."

One of the writers told us recently: "Rickey must think he's still talking to the boys in St. Louis." We replied: "Now, now—that's not very complimentary to the St. Louis lads."

"Maybe you're right," he said, "but there's a lot of difference between handling three or four writers in St. Louis and 20 or 30 in New York."

Looks like Branch will soon need our help.