

SPORTS..

THE DREAM TEAM

Right after the burial of college football which happened in a general way Thanksgiving eve. We shall now proceed with the eulogy that concerns certain individuals of note that have carved their way to fame on the covers of gridiron pigskin. Everyone an artist in his own right and a specialist in his division rose to great heights, while fighting on teams in most parts that had players of the opposite race. To overcome racial obstacles, these boys had to be great to steal the show away from their caucasian brothers in most instances.

While in an early morning snooze and turning over to take our beauty nap, it would be no harm at all to have the following dream "In the great Soldiers Field at Chicago, we find ourselves sitting in choice pews along the 50 yard line munching peanuts and eating hot dogs with 120,000 other cosmopolitan groups who go to make up such a capacity sized gathering, to see our game of games. The bands of Wilberforce, Ky. State, Florida A.M., Prairie View, Cornell, Minnesota and other colleges have blasted the musical notes of Hail, hail, the Gangs all here and all the other alumni athletic classics. Cheer leaders have done their number and strutted their stuff before the multitudes; pet mascots of the different 11's has been unleashed having an inning of zoology, we pause to hear the familiar, Ladies and gentlemen have

your score cards ready to write down the following line-up for today's game: Brud Holland, L. E., Cornell; Rock Neely L. T., Florida; Che. Smith, L. G., Boston; Sam Cade, Prairie View; Horace Bell, R. G. Minn.; Gene Tomer, R. T. Ky. State; Woody Strode, R. E., UCLA; Kenny Washington, U. C. L. A. back half Sidat Singh, Quarter back, Syraruse; Fred Pollard, North Dakota, back; Bernie Jefferson full back Northwestern.

We take a breath to see what the Hell of excitement happens to be about and to find the opposing team warming up consisting of: Sid Luckman, Jack Wright, Bob Taylor, Gerry Sidel, Wyatt of Tenn., Jimmy Hayes, Mike Hoebel and the rest of a hand picked All-Star lot of white collegians. They have had their half hour of practice kicking, punting, diving thru lines around end plays on signals and all the rest of the business in the football coaches portfolio. Our boys take the field amid deafening cheers and musical numbers from the trumpet section. Sidat Singh and Kenny losing those long distance passes. The mighty Brud and Horace Bell downing a couple of team-mates. Cheat Smith the kicking fool and the others going thru their regular paces. The whistle blows: the field is cleared and lines re-marked in important sections and simultaneously both teams trot out in their respective positions. The GAME IS ON.

Most of the first half was played in the dreams team territory. Each team played cautious and conservative football during the first half. Punting was on the 2nd and 3rd down. The half ended with the score 0-0.

After the middle of the last quarter Bob Taylor of the Latin team with his back to the goal kicked out of bounds on the 35 yards line. Holland the old master carried the ball around the end to the Latin 20; Kenny took the ball after faking a spinner, shot a pass to Bernie Jefferson around his own left end. Bernie then sailed to the goal posts for a touchdown. Bell kicked the point. Score: Dreams Team 7, Latins, 0.

Latins kicked the Dreams, who fumbled on the 30. The Latins recovered and pushed down to the Dreams 2 yard line. The Dreams line held, the ball went over on downs. The Dreams stalled for time repeatedly were penalized to 6 inches of their goal. After throwing a couple of incomplete passes the Dreams runner was downed for a safety by Phil Swaidon the UNY tackle, for the Latins only score. Score Dreams Team 7, the Latins 2. Oh how that Singh was slinging that Pig skin. Gee whiz, THROW THAT DA* BLANK* DE BLANK alarm clock out the *** Blank-DOOR; Some GAME.

Signed,
L. O. Hudson.

ALCORN FINISHES ITS GREATEST GRIDIRON YEAR UNDER COACH ABRAHAM

Alcorn, Miss., Dec. 8 (By Leon Lewis for ANP)—Centered around the spectacular performance of Quarterback Charles Stewart and Halfback Horace "Hoss" Williams the Alcorn College Braves ended their 1938 grid-schedule with a decisive victory over the Alabama A & M eleven. The final score was 19-6. The feature of the clash were two touchdown bullet-like passes from Charles Stewart to Warrent, 25 yards, and Miller 35 yards respectively, for a total of 60 yards.

Stewart has been one of the outstanding quarterbacks in the South this year. His passing ability has accounted for 336 yards gained for the team. He has completed 45 out of 98 attempts. As a general on offense and defense, the record of the team is most convincing. Alcorn has scored 27 touchdowns against opponents while offenders have been able to cross their goal line only four times.

SPORTS CIRCUIT

By LOUIS O. HUDSON

TALLEST HEAVYWEIGHT

The tallest heavyweight in the ring today happens to be an amateur named Tom Dewey. Six feet six inches and tipping the beam at 218 pounds. This 18 year old colorado lad will bear watching as he is a heavy two fisted fighter who packs a dynamite punch in his right duke. Unattacked to any blub he belted the daylight out of the white runner-up in the semi-finals to qualify handsomely for the Diamond Belt Finals to be held at the Hippodrome, Dec. 5th.

FOX-GAINER

On the heels of the Armstrong fight comes served to you hot off the fistic griddle; Tiger Jack Fox and Al Gainer. Jack was defeated by the foxy Gainer before, but folks let bygones be bygones. The Tiger is training as never before plus that dynamite punch incidentally informs you that Brother Gainer will be in for a busy evening. I will take a ticket on the Tiger this time, the Al will go ring-war! as the betting choice. That John Henry bout does not make him look good to me.

BERNIE JEFFERSON

Turkey Day bringing the college football season to a close; it was very noteworthy to note the great number of Sepia stars that shone so brightly in the past season, No. 1 on my list will be the sensational Bernie Jefferson, half back of the Northwestern U. Winding up his senior year, he played a game of consistent brilliancy backed up by kicking passing and ball totting which carried his Alma Mater to many an important victory.

MORRIS BROWN WINS THANKSGIVING TILT

Morris Brown had its turkey served to specifications when the opposing Clark University faced them Thanksgiving Day. For the first course of cocktails and soup, the Georgians romped thru the Clark territory for a splendid starter. For the meat course of turkey and fixings not to mention the savory vegetables, and bramberry sauce they made completed passed and touchdowns at will, to their satisfaction of splendor. Don't mention the last course of mince pie with brandy sauce and hot coffee they tackled, caught intended passes to keep opposition scoring down for the full four periods. To the delight of 15,000 this closing day Thanksgiving Gridiron menu brought praise and glory to the Morris Brown chefs. The check for such a sumptuous dinner read 31-0 and paid for by the Clark U. for not scoring.

VIRGINIA STATE, 15; MORGAN BEARS, 0

Petersburg, Va., Virginia State playing one of the greatest games in football classic, downed the mighty Ed. Hurt coached Morgan Bears before a capacity crowd at Rogers field Thanksgiving. In their quest for the championship, the Bears had nothing to offer. While running into one trap after another and making costly fumbles at critical moments; all other glory must go to Vt. State. The stellar backs Hurst and Briscoe played their usually good game but today rose to their heights as the coonskin down. After piling up what looked like a safe lead, the boys from "Virgin" took it easy and took care of all attempted passes and gains in a defensive way that looked like they would mean goal scores. Lots of penalties went against the Bears for roughing and holding. 15-0 was the final score with Coach Ed asking for a return match.

HOLLAND STARS AGAINST PENN. STATE

Philadelphia, Pa.—Was a treat to see Brud Holland in his last stand game with Cornell against Penn. State. From the start, the Liberty Bell boys played an attacking game, but Brother Brud stopped the advance by dropping Miller the R. H. for a 11 yard loss. Cornell's attack started in the 2nd half but the great Holland could not find running room to establish points for his gains. After Penn. punted, Holland started with a dash of 14 yards around the end, but the Penn. boys stopped them again. It was a treat for 70,000 to witness on a rainy and cold

day on the 45th renewal of this classic traditional rivalry. Brud was cheered to the echo when he completed the last quarter and walked off the rain soaked field. With the assistance of policemen, he was able to escape the auto-graph hounds. The final score was 2 German Pact 0-0.

FREE GRID STAR, BARRED BY DIXIE TEAM, THREATENS TO ATTEND NEGRO COLLEGE

Youngstown, Dec. 8 (By Simeon S. Booker for ANP)—"I'd think again now," blasted Tom Pinckney benched Chaney High backfield ace home again after watching Union nail Hampton, 6-0, at Hampton on Turkey Day while his own varsity whipped Portsmouth, Va., 6-0. "Maybe I might go to a colored school instead of a white one," continued the impressed school boy.

"Up North, the folks have the idea that Negro football is far below par as compared to white football. That's stuff," related the scholastic kingpin, "Negro football teams deserve a lot more praise and publicity than they get."

"In the Union-Hampton classic, I saw nice blocking and a wonderful display of offensive and defensive power. I wouldn't have expected to see a better game anywhere under those conditions." Although quite lavish in his praise of colored schools, Pinckney, who wasn't allowed to appear in Chaney's line-up against Portsmouth, had a notion to reject the prospective grid scholarships that have been offered him by large universities and attend a Negro school.

In the Portsmouth white paper, an article appeared to the effect that Portsmouth school officials were "very, very sorry" to bar the Negro from the game and expressed the opinion that the future might not hold such setbacks to Negro players. Coach McPhee refused to book the southern team in Youngstown next year when the Portsmouth heads turned thumps down on Pinckney's participation in both the gridiron and basketball court has made him the most popular lad in the school. During his sophomore year, the brown star earned top letters playing on the first team in both sports.

ARMSTRONG QUILTS JACOBS

Manager Eddie Mead announced yesterday that "two-crown" Henry Armstrong is breaking away from promoter Mike Jacobs and will campaign independently hereafter. Before leaving for Cleveland with the lightweight-welterweight champion, Mead said he and Armstrong were deserting the 20th Century Club because Promoter Jacobs is trying to "force Armstrong into a lightweight title fight with Lou Ambers.

Promoter Jacob's reaction to Mead's announcement was this: "I've got a five-year contract with Armstrong and Mead, this can't fight in any place in the U. S. without my permission. I'm not paying any attention to Mead's statements. He sounded off like that once before. You'll see Armstrong fighting Ambers for the lightweight title before spring."

Mead insists, however that Jacobs' contract will not hold good outside of New York state.

"And if it does, Henry'll fight in Europe or South America," he said. "We have many attractive offers from both places. We won't fight for Jacobs' doughnut money any more."

Mead is willing to have Armstrong defend his welterweight title against Ambers in Febr. but Ambers' manager, Al Weill doesn't want to fight for the welter crown.

ARMSTRONG GETS OFFER FROM PARIS, FRANCE

New York, Dec. 8 (CNA)—The amazing ring explet of Henry Armstrong have so intrigued French sportsmen that Promoter Jeff Dickson, the Tex Rickard of France, has cabled an offer of \$35,000 for a battle in which Armstrong would defend his welterweight title against Pedro Montanez on Feb. 19.

Armstrong is signed to defend his lightweight crown against baby Arizmend in Los Angeles Jan. 1. His manager said he had taken the French offer "under advisement."

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The Battles of Kid Concrete

By Louis O. Hudson

The final day around the Kid's training camp, was worse than a bunch of Kids invited to a free lemonade party. Friends neighbors and well wishers were there in droves to see the Kid go thru his last rites in the camp for his battle with the Horizontal Thunderbolt. Nobody was disappointed for the Kid did his number. For the last days grind the Kid started out in exceptional good form. He assassinated a whole panoply of Mothers biscuits, countless numbers of country sausages with pitchers of Georgia cane and slabs of butter; brought in on the finger becoming schedule by Grandma Hardrock Grandpa Anvil and papa junior, managers of the Kid were holding their own near his side so the whole board of strategy was in perfect trim. Resting from his arm table exercise he read pages of Popeye the Sailor Man to help him digest his fodder. Our hero after his bath, rubdown and dinner will be ready to show himself to the rubber-necking camp multitude.

The Horizontal Thunderbolt finished his training the day before and pronounced fit by the home folks Doc. Visitors said they had never seed him in such perfect fettle. Thunderbolt was a consistent and busy fighter getting up and off the floor wiping the canvas dust off his ring panties. In his whole ring career he always finished in a horizontal position on the ring canvass; so you see folks his name was rightfi awarded next victim of defensive manly art took the bicycle very early, when the Kid caught him it was a sweet dream in the land of nod. With a yelling crowd that stamped its approval for the Kid's work, Grandpa and Pop pronounced him fit as the German Peace Pact, for his coming battle, with the Thunderbolt.

Both men were in the ring stripped for action awaiting the sound of the bell before a packed house in the sardine like arena of the township Hall. The smiling Thunderbolt was telling his best gal friend, how they would celebrate at the local Shindig after the bout while Papa junior was whispering last minute details to the Kid, as the gong sounded. Silence fell over the place, like a hat dropping on a carpeted floor; for Thunderbolt was really doing his number in the Kid's face with a wicked left jab. Still crossing him with a one, two punch to the ribs and face the clever one was having things his own way. The Kid was swinging him. He was one of those lovable kind of fancy fighters that the populace liked. His one major was forgetting to duck with his chin in the way. Say what you may, he was a real trial horse and one capable of giving the Kid a real struggle long as it lasted. This time with a less experienced foe man to meet, the betting was that he would remain upright for the entire 10 rounds.

The Kid trotted out in his gym finery, lifted huge rocks tossing them to one side especially constructed camp, juggled potato sacks loaded with sand from a protruding left arm which brought cheers from the home town gang. He jumped rope in the ring listening attentively to Grandpa Anvil Junior. His first sparring mate lasted the whole 3 rounds sampling the Kid's wares by constantly inhaling the ammonia bottle. His but the experienced Thunderbolt was side skipping and under 'em. Again the Kid's head was bobbing from the wicket left, the Kid finally they one but Horizontal was under it, once more the clever rocked the Kid like a mother with her babe two more stif jabs but the Kid was in tip-top shape for the fray. Desperately the Kid threw one that found its mark, the old vet took it. Two more pot shots to the jaw and Horizontal was down, reeling like a drunk being loaded in the paddy wagon he was up the count of 7, the Kid rushed him; hung another one of his special brand on the jaw of Thunderbolt. This time he draped the top strand of the ring rope in a diving pose, and at the count of 8 he fell to his usual horizontal position while the counts of 10 was pronounced. Deafening cheers met the victor while hats and news papers found their way in the air, while in the ring, Grandpappy Anvil and Pop Junior were doing the Rumba to the tune of "He's gone

to stay." Next week, Kid Concrete battles Double Jointed Joe.

SPORT NEWS

Tallahassee, Florida—Bill Bells Florida A&M Rattlers can boast of one of the best all time records in college football. Never defeated and not scored upon in two years of seasonal sport would be worthy of the Spingarn Medal even tho it would be dummy practice and not actual combat. The bon fires on Lee Campus Hill and the Nims brothers celebration in French Town. And parades on Georgia Virginia and Brevard Sts. near the Governor's mansion were some of the aftermath highlights.

Arkansas State and Langston put up the bloodiest of all football battles. Before a cheering crowd of 6,000 in both sectors scores of defensive and sparkling plays were made that had the gathering applauding all afternoon. Threatening to near goal lines on the oppositions territory, resulted in the keenest kind of a football duel of intense rivalry. After all was said and done, the tally sheet read; Ark. State-0, Langston -0.

Hamburg, Germany—Steve Dudas who laid low to Max Schmeling, repeated the same feat last Saturday night for the benefit of Herr Adolph before a crowd of 15,500 cheering Nazis. Supremacy of the Aryan was again demonstrated on German (local) soil. This waltz lasted 15 boring rounds.

The strong Virginia State College knew they had been in a game when they nosed out the tough Morris Brown team 8-6. Briscoe played his stellar game for the winners. The state executed their number to perfection in the first period and coasted home to glory by air tight defensive play in the latter part of the game. Excitement reigned supreme in this contest for looked like the Georgians would pull one out of the old pickle vat at any moment, but the boys from old Virginia were right there to intercept all serious looking passes.

A crowd of 100,000 a record to witness a game on the Pacific coast; saw the U. of Southern California humble Knute Rockne's memorial of Notre Dame.

New York City, N. Y.—Mike Jacobs, major Domino of the 20th Century Club and Eddie Meade of averoidupois and rounon proportions, came to a parting of ways after he would not sign to meet Lou Ambers ex-lightweight boss in a battle for the lightweight crown. Eddie says Armstrong will defend the welterweight crown or nothing against him.

There are a few reasons for this rift, first Lou in winning the 145 lb. crown should he happen to (less likely) would find the division too tough, also he knows that he could not and never conceded chunks of weight as Little Henry does and be a winner consistently in this division. So Lou and his manager feel in winning there would be nothing to gain.

The little California Clouters managerial board of strategy, claim, due to the unsettled condition of the N. Y. Boxing Comish that if Lou should and would win the lightweight crown; he would lay claim to both titles and let the matter rest in the hands of the BIG THREE and who could tell what the ruling of the General, Honorable and the Colonel might

be. They have so many titles involved between themselves that one more would leave them in a perplexed situation.

Meanwhile at the offices of the 20th Century Mike and his good Portfolio Minister of ballyhoo and printed stuff material, deny in big letters that the real low down comes from the mistake of misfiguring dollars and cents. After reporting an advance sale with more than \$91,000 in the strong box; Eddie Meade, a pencil man of no little ability, started to figure on a 37 1-2 percent basis. Then during the grand finale in the gross report after Henry escaped the Bollo punches of Cerferino, we find the Fat Eddie pointing an accusing finger at Mike for causing him to use the eraser end of his pencil to figure Armstrong's end of the \$73,-931 of the real American negotiable. Moral "Don't tell the public what you have until they ask for it."

Note) Those who have either praise or criticism on any matter printed under the head of the N. N. P. Syndicated Sport Service, are invited to address their correspondence to the Release Editor, 112 West 135th St., N. Y. City, N. Y.

ARMSTRONG WINS BY A TECHNICAL K. O. IN 3RD

Armstrong who recently turned back Cerferino Garcia, made short work Monday night of Al Manfred of San Francisco, scoring a technical knockout over his fellow Californian in the third round of their scheduled 15 round go.

Referee Tony Labranch stopped the bout at 1:45 of the round when Manfred was helpless, his arms dangling at his sides.

A crowd of 12,724 saw the championship bout, which headlined an all star card on the Cleveland News' annual Christmas charity boxing show.

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