Many Shortcomings In Boxing In 1915--Moakley a Trainer of Champs

Willard's Victory Over Johnson Only Bright Light in Boxing Game

Downfall of Negro Heavyweight Makes Up for Shortcomings of Tango Fighter of 1915.

GOSSIP OF ROPED ARENA

New York, Jan. 1.—Greetings! Here's hoping the New Year will prove more beneficial for the boxing game than the last one. But for Jess Willard's victory over Jack Johnson back in April the year 1915 would have been the most disastrous in the history of fistiana.

Several circumstances combined to make 1915 a poor boxing year. These circumstances were Freddy Welsh and Johnny Kilbane, Mike Gibbons, the crafty, and Al McCoy might also be added to the circumstances. But the two named first were chiefly responsible for the almost decadent state of ring affairs throughout the year.

For champions, Welsh and Kilbane performed miserably all year. Welsh did not put up one commendable fight, while Kilbane showed championship form only in one battle, that with Kid Williams. It was a six-round affair, and Kilbane showed all his wares in these eighteen minutes.

These eighteen minutes were the sum total of his fighting energies for 1915. In all his other bouts Kilbane stalled and otherwise betrayed the confidence of fight devotees. He has been debarred from boxing in Wisconsin, and came near being suspended from further competition in this State.

What aggravates the feeling against Kilbane is the fact that he can fight, but won't. In Welsh's case it must be borne in mind that the light-weight champion can't do much better. He is the champion among the light-weights, even though he lacks the fighting qualifications of a real champion, and Frederick is parlaying that fact into a fortune. He prefers boxing "suckers" at $1,000 per bout than gathering in $10,000 at one time for taking on a contender.

Mike Gibbons' showing in his match with Packey McFarland left a stench that is not readily forgotten. Since that fiasco there has been little or no demand for Gibbons' services in this country. Despite Mike's plausible excuse for his ragged performance against Packey, local fight fans are not no quick to forgive him. It was a disappointing bout, to say the least, and several thousand spectators vowed that night never to attend another bout until there is a decided uplift in the boxing game.

Which leaves Al McCoy to pick on. We think it advisable to leave Al McCoy just where he is; refuse to disturb him. For a supposed champion he is—awful; that word best describes his fighting. He has yet to win even a popular decision over a mediocre middle-weight. The mere announcement that Al McCoy is going to fight serves as a warning to the boxing fans, and they show their good sense by staying away. Those who attend do so in the hope that they will see McCoy knocked out. He is absolutely the poorest apology for a champion the ring has ever been inflicted with.

Now all the circumstances mentioned retarded the progress of boxing during the year of 1915. Only such a feat as accomplished by Willard in winning the heavy-weight championship from Johnson, could have saved this situation. Willard's victory did just that. The memory of Johnson's downfall makes one forget the shortcomings of the greedy tangoing boxers—for the time being at least.

So here's hoping that 1916 will find boxing on the high plane it deserves.

Frank Moran and Jim Coffey, the super-Dreadnoughts of the heavy-weight division—barring Willard, of course—will collide again at Madison Square Garden next Friday night, January 7. A pleasant evening is anticipated by all who expect to be present.

In their previous meeting, several weeks ago Moran scored a technical knockout over Coffey in three rounds. Moran hopes to do better this time; he promises to batter Big Jim into a comatose state before the fifth round is reached.

Coffey, quite naturally, thinks otherwise. He contends that he was in full possession of his faculties when their last bout was stopped and that he might have come back and knocked Moran out had the referee not interceded. To back this latter statement Coffey cites a number of instances where a beaten fighter recovered sufficiently in the late rounds to knock out the apparent winner.

However, here is Coffey's chance. He starts again on an even basis with Moran, and only by flattening blond Frank for the doleful "ten" can Coffey re-establish himself as a contender for Willard's laurels.

The experience gained in the first fight with Moran should be of material assistance to Coffey. It is quite unlikely that Jim will stop Moran. He may outbox Frank in the ten rounds. Coffey has been training with clever heavy-weights, and this would seem to indicate that he is planning to outpoint Moran. Coffey cannot afford to make a rushing battle of it, for it was while boring into Moran that Coffey bumped into the right jolt that laid him low a few weeks ago.

When Eddie McGoorty succumbed under the trip hammer blows of Les Darcy the fact was again emphasized that the antipodean looks like the most serious challenger for the middle-weight of any of the boxers now competing in that division. Darcy has thoroughly cleaned up the American fighters he has been pitted against and as there are no more big matches in sight for him in Australia it is expected that his plan to invade this country will be carried out very shortly.

According to word coming from the antipodes, Darcy and his new manager, Jack Kearns, San Francisco, will sail for the United States early in January and will arrive at Frisco about the first of February. Negotiations now are under way for a series of matches, it being the purpose of Kearns to show the newest ring sensation in the Twin cities, Milwaukee, New York City and wind up the campaign with a twenty-round championship match at New Orleans sometime during the spring.

Matches with Mike Gibbons, Young Ahearn and Jack Dillon are under consideration. In this connection it is interesting to note that the proposed ten-round contest between Gibbons and Ahearn is now a fixture for January 18 at St. Paul. Both of these battlers are keen for a joust with the invading antipodean, as the money returns will be enormous, so for that reason it is a certainty that the pair will put up a spirited fight when they get together.

That the coming year will be featured by a number of championship matches seems evident now from the activity being displayed by the topnotchers in the various classifications. Starting with the midgets, it is reported that Kid Williams and Johnny Ertle will be brought together in a fifteen-round contest at Baltimore. In the feather-weight class a title match between Kilbane and Chaney is reported to be a fixture for March 17. The heavy-weight crown will be fought for on March 4, and the prospective middle-weight title engagement, with Darcy as one of the contenders, will be staged in May.

There is a possibility, too, that the oft-discussed match between Welsh and White will be arranged for the winter season. Harry Pollock, manager of the champion, is slowly realizing that his high-handed demands will get him nothing and he is showing a disposition now to be more reasonable. As soon as Pollok gets down to a sensible basis promoters at New Orleans and Denver will be willing to take a chance on handling this battle. From all indications, therefore, the coming year will see a marked revival of interest in the manly art.

BOXING BOUTS THIS WEEK

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4.
Leach Cross vs. Frank Whitney, 10 rounds, at New York City.
Charley White vs. Matt Wells, 12 rounds, at Boston, Mass.
Johnny Ertle vs. Jack Sayles, 10 rounds, at New York City.
Morty Cross vs. Harry Gattle, 10 rounds, at New York City.
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5.
Pal Brown vs. Sammy Taylor, 8 rounds, at Windsor, Ontario.
FRIDAY, JANUARY 7.
Frank Moran vs. Jim Coffey, 10 rounds, at New York City.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 8.
Joe Welling vs. Jimmy Murphy, 6 rounds, at Philadelphia.

COURT MAY AWARD KAUFF TO NEW YORK

Giants May Secure Much Talked About Star of the Federal League.

New York, Jan. 1.—The management of the Giants again spikes the story that the club will be sold to Harry Sinclair, the man whose millions stopped the fight between the Feds and organized baseball.

The chances of the Giants securing Benny Kauff are good. Phil Ball, who now owns the St. Louis Federals and St. Louis Americans, wants to begin his career in the American League with a pennant winning team, and Sinclair, who is his personal friend, has promised to help him accomplish this feat. Sinclair controls not only Kauff but a majority of the former Federal League stars, and it is almost certain Ball will have first pick of all the players owned by Sinclair.

The Giants, however, may secure Benny through a decision of the court. The suit instituted by Kauff for the bonus of $5,000 will come up shortly and if Benny wins the Giants will have to assume the three-year contract he signed with the New York club last season.

This contract was signed by Kauff after the New York club's lawyers assured the outfielder that the Brooklyn Federal League club had no claim on his services. President Hempstead promised Kauff that as soon as he affixed his signature to a contract he would hand over to him five $1,000 bills.

But this money did not reach Benny, for the national commission, after he had joined the Giants, blacklisted the outfielder for three years, and the lawyers then discovered that the Brooklyn club had a claim on Kauff's services. Benny rejoined the Brookfeds, but, according to his statement, never signed a contract with the Brooklyn club except the one the late Robert B. Ward repudiated.

President Hempstead is anxious for the case to come up. The general opinion prevails that Kauff will be awarded to the New York team. If the decision is the other way, Kauff will probably land with the St. Louis Browns. With them he would have an opportunity to fight Ty Cobb for premier honors.

JOHNNY KILBANE IS BEATEN BY MITCHELL

Cincinnati, Jan. 1.—Johnny Kilbane, of Cleveland, champion feather-weight of the world, emerged from his ten-round argument with Ritchie Mitchell, of Milwaukee, light-weight champion aspirant, in the Music Hall this afternoon a badly whipped champion.

Mitchell was three pounds heavier, just as strong per pound, and just as clever when it came to actual boxing. He had seven of the ten rounds all his own, and from the opening of the eighth had Kilbane bleeding furiously from a bad gash beside the left eye.

MORIARITY BEATEN BY FRANKIE NELSON

Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 1.—Frankie Nelson, the Buffalo light-weight, scored a victory over Gene Moriarity, of Syracuse, in two rounds here this afternoon. Within twenty seconds after the fight started Nelson floored Moriarity with a right to the jaw and followed it with three knock-downs. Within one minute in the second round Moriarity was in a helpless condition and lost to Nelson.

Is Showing Class.

New York, Jan. 1.—Firmin Cassignol, the French billiard expert, won both his afternoon and evening games of 18.2 balkline yesterday at Daly's. A remarkable feature was the fact that Cassignol had a high run of 54 both afternoon and evening, and had the same average, 15 11-16. F. Williams was the victim in the afternoon. He scored 32, with a high run of 12, and Dr. J. Bauer lost in the evening, with a total of 33 and a high run of 12.

To Fight Ertle.

New York, Jan. 1.—"Jimmy" Taylor, the New York bantam-weight, will get another crack at the title when he tackles "Johnny" Ertle in a fifteen-round bout in Baltimore the last week in January. "Bob" Fennell, his manager, has practically signed him up.

Yale Football Star Wins Bride

New York, Jan. 2.—A romance of the football field is revealed in the announcement of the engagement of Miss Margaret Henderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Henderson, of this city, to Otis L. Guernsey, Yale football star, also a resident of New York.

Miss Henderson was introduced to society two years ago, and last November was one of the interested spectators at the Yale-Princeton game at New Haven, in which Mr. Guernsey brought glory to himself and Yale by kicking the field goals that won the game. One of his field goals was made from the 55-yard line, equaling the Eastern record. He is now a senior at Yale.

TRAP AND FIELD

TRAPSHOOTING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Southern Will Be Held in Memphis, Western in Omaha, Eastern in Philadelphia and Grand American in St. Louis.

By PETER P. CARNEY.

That the Interstate Association of Trapshooters used excellent judgement in their award of the 1916 trapshooting classics is the trend of thought expressed at the gun clubs throughout the country.

St Louis has been a contender for the Grand American for many years and the feeling is that the gun clubs of the "Mound City" will outdo themselves in all efforts to excel the work of the Chicago clubs last August. They have a big task ahead of them, for the Chicago tourney was a stupendous one, but St. Louis clubs have gone to work with a willingness that leave no room for doubt as to their intention.

Memphis, Tenn., is for the second time honored with the Southern trapshooting championship—the first time that any city has secured it in successive years. Memphis also has ideas about breaking a record. 150 shooters were at the traps in Memphis in 1915, which is thirteen less than appeared at Roanoke, Va., the year previous. Memphis is out for an entry list of 200 this year.

Omaha, Neb., is once more the scene of the Western trapshooting championship. Omaha handled the championship in 1912 and handled it well. That's the reason it returns to them in 1916 Omaha expects over 500 entries in the tournament this year, and if there is any way to get that number to the traps they will be gotten there. Omaha is doing the thing right by getting the women interested and there will be at least fifty of the fair Dianas at the traps in the tournament.

Philadelphia, Pa., will be the scene of the Eastern championship tournament. This is the tenth running of the Eastern and seven years ago it was held in Philadelphia. Trapshooting has made great strides since then and the Keystone Shooting League, which will handle the tournament, are positive that they will have more than 500 entries. Many members of the league are inclined to the opinion that the entry list will be as large as in the Grand American last August—839.

This isn't the only championship which will be conducted in Philadelphia. The Pennsylvania State title will be decided in that city at the traps of the Lansdale Gun Club. Pennsylvania has more active gun clubs than any other State in the Union and they are going to be more active than ever this year.

Of course, the real big noise—the trap-shooting classic—the windup of the season of tournaments—the Grand American Handicap, will take place in St. Louis in August. This is the seventeenth running of the Grand American and the eleventh annual Southern and Western tournaments. The Southern comes in May, just previous to the Pennsylvania State championship tourney; the Western takes place in June; the Eastern in July and the Grand American in August. The sectional championships will hold forth for three days, while the national titular meeting will last for five days.

There will be no Pacific Coast or Northwestern tournament this year, because the Portland, Ore., Gun Club did not put in a bid. The Portland Club is conducting the Oregon State championship and the tornament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, and could not handle any other meetings. In 1914 the Portland Club had the greatest number of shooters at its traps that ever assembled west of the Mississippi, and, therefore, the trapshooters are sorry to see the tornament go by the boards.

It will be impossible to announce the complete list of dates for State championship shoots for some time yet, as the Interstate Association will not send out its application blanks explaining its 1916 policy until next week.

However, these dates have been decided upon:

January 18, 19, 20, 21—Ninth annual handicap trapshooting tournament of the Pinehurst Country Club, Pinehurst, N. C.

May 9, 10, 11—Southern trapshooting tournament under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club, Memphis, Tenn.

May 16, 17, 18, 19—Pennsylvania State championship trapshooting fournament under the auspices of the Lansdale Gun Club, Philadelphia, Pa.

June 13, 14, 15—Western trapshooting tournament under the auspices of the Omaha Gun Club, Omaha, Nebr.

July 18, 19, 20—Eastern trapshooting tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Gun Club, Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.

August 21, 22, 23, 24, 25—Grand American trapshooting tournament, under the auspices of the St. Louis Trapshooters' Association, St. Louis, Mo.

McIver and Solomon Are Feature of Aquatic Meet

The boys' department Y. M. C. A. pool was the scene of many interesting and exciting swimming and diving events yesterday when the association held the finals in its annual aquatic meet. The work of McIver for the juniors and Solomon for the seniors was easily the feature of the day.

Young McIver won five first out of six events, scoring 25 out of a possible 30 points, while Solomon, in the senior class, scored 20 out of a possible 30.

All of the events were closely contested, but the one that caused the judges the most trouble to decide the winner was the one lap on back race, in which Fuchs nosed out Demonet by a scant 6 inches.

The diving events in both classes were of special interest, Solomon defeating Demonet by a close margin of senior honors, but in the junior class McIver had things his own way, scoring 72.9 out of a possible 80 points.

In the plunge for distance in the junior class McIver and Pallon tied at 35 feet, but in diving to break the tie McIver went 36 feet while Pallon was unable to increase his mark of 35.

By plunging 36 feet McIver, of the juniors, equaled the distance made by Fuchs in the senior class.

The point winners on the day's events were as follows: Senior class, Solomon, 20; Fuchs, 16, and Demonet, 15. Junior class, McIver, 35; A. Watson and Pallon tie for second with 9 each. Summary:

Senior class—Plunge for distance—Fuchs, 36 feet; Demonet, 33½ feet; Solomon, 32½ feet.

Two laps; any stroke—Solomon, first; Demonet, second; Fuchs, third. Time, 0:27 2-5.

Three laps; any stroke—Solomon, first; Demonet, second; Livermore, third. Time, 0:34 1-5.

Fancy diving—Solomon, first; Demonet, second; Kwang, third.

One lap on back—Fuchs, first; Demonet, second; Solomon, third. Time, 0:12 4-5.

Four laps; any stroke—Fuchs, first; Demonet, second; Solomon, third. Time, 0:12 4-5.

Four laps; any stroke—Fuchs, first; Solomon, second; Livermore, third. Time, 0:09 1-5.

Junior class—One lap; any stroke—McIver, first; A. Watson, second; Libby, third. Time, 0:08 3-5.

One lap on back—A. Watson, first; Clark, second; Jenkins, third. Time, 0:15 3-5.

Fancy diving—McIver, first; Jenkins, second; A. Watson, third.

Two laps; any stroke—McIver, first; Pallon, second. Time, 0:23 2-5.

Plunge for distance—McIver, 36 feet; Pallon, 35 feet; W. Hanna, 31½ feet.

Three laps; any stroke—McIver, first; Pallon, second; Clark, third. Time, 0:40 3-5.

TED LEWIS BATTLES BRENNAN TO DRAW

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 1.—Ted Lewis, English light-weight, who has been beating crack light-weights, and welter-weights, with startling regularity, stacked up against Willie Knock-out) Brennan, crack Buffalo middle-weight, this afternoon in the presence of 4,500 fans, and fought him to a draw.

From a viewpoint of boxing skill, Lewis vastly outpointed his opponent. Lewis landed more clean blows, but Brennan kept him backing away most of the time. Experts at the ringside agreed the bout was a draw. Brennan weighed 150; Lewis 142.

WEBER AND RAND LAND TENNIS TITLE

New Yorkk, Jan. 1.—James Weber, of Phillips Andover, and R. C. Rand, of Harvard, yesterday became the first national junior doubles indoor tennis champions that the sport in this country has known by defeating Elliot Binzen, of Fordham, and H. Taylor, of the West Side Tennis Club, three straight sets in the final round at the Seventh Regiment Armory.

Winning almost without hard competition by 6-3, 6-2, 6-3, the youthful title holders gave a finished exhibition of indoor tennis. Weber especially playing a sensational volleying and placement game.

GOLF GAMBOLS

JINX'S OFFICE.

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The 'phone bells are a'ringing; everybody's on the jump,
As the clacking of the ticker spells the story of the slump;
The clerks are dazed and frightened as the market lower sinks,
For they don't know where the boss is; they have lost all trace of Jinx.

The manager's exhausted, and the office boy's all in,
The stenographer has fainted in the turmoil and the din;
For the market keeps on sagging, as poor lambs are shorn of wool,
And though at golf Jinx is a bear, on 'change he is a bull.

At last they have him spotted, and he's dragged in from the links,
And then his frantic manager unfolds the news of Jinx
Over the 'phone as best he can, in choking voice and sad;
And Jinx replies, "Why, goodness me, now isn't that too bad!"

The boss continues speaking: "Say, just have Miss Blossom 'phone
The golf shop where they make my clubs and ask for Joe Malone,
And tell him that the brassey which he sent me doesn't suit ,
But the driver is a corker and the putter is a beaut."

There are few games other than golf which compel the players to continue despite weather conditions. In a medal round one may not stop for shelter without disqualification. It is a hardship unworthy of any place in the game. Where is the test of golf when the men force themselves to face driving torrents as they smash away with the thunder cracking their ears? It may be said that it is quite as fair for one as another, but what of the lucky individuals who have finished their rounds and are snug in the shelter of the clubhouse when the rain deluges the course and their less-fortunate competitors? The rule is absurd.

If you wanted to be a good musician would you wish to listen to the discordant strains of the wheezing hurdy-gurdy or the street band? There could be nothing inspiring in these. If you had dreamed of a wonderful picture that you would place on canvas do you suppose that it would put you in line for the N. A. after your name if you spent several hours each day carefully analyzing the touches of the man who was painting the back fence or the dusky artist who happened to be calcimining your cellar walls? I should say not.

Suppose you were lost for ten years among Hottentots. Inside of three years you would have whiskers two feet long; in another year you would wonder why you ever wore a shirt, and at the end of ten you would be eating with your fingers, jabbering in a strange tongue, and you would want to stick a snicker-snee into any white man who insisted on rescuing you or who said anything derogatory to "us Hottentots, individually or collectively." Suppose you followed golf for one year, do you think you would have absorbed more knowledge by watching good golf or bad? Let me tell you that you will be more like those about you the more you see of them. Shun the game of the duffer as regular diet, as you would the plague. He may develop in you "sweet self-complacency and a peace of mind—golfing temperament," but what is the use of golf temperament if the other fellow is licking the very life out of you? Follow the good ones and follow them often. Play with them as much as possible and you won't have to try to imitate them. You will do it unconsciously.

RESOLVED.

As each new year comes ringing in
I know a man—you know him, too—
Who makes resolves to keep from sin,
To quit cigars, abstain from gin,
And all bad things taboo.

But in a fortnight all's forgot;
I know it's so—you know it, too.
Good resolutions go to pot,
For men are but a feeble lot
And erring through and through.

Today I vow that all next year—
Hark to my pledge, and mark it, too—
I'll slice no more or putt with fear;
But if I do you'll never hear
Me make the breezes blue.

But yet I fear, like other men,
Like Tom and Dick, and Harry, too,
I may get slicing—now and then,
Or a little "damn" escape me when
I putt as I am wont to do.

TWO SCENES.

(FIRST.)

The man—(proudly gazing at the newly acquired cup which occupies the center of the dinner table) (sub rosa, Fifth Sixteen): "Ah, Mary, my love, it was a great match. I've told you every stroke up to the last hole. He had been lucky, very lucky, but I stuck like a leech. We are even now and only the home-hole to play. We drive, and I out-drive him, but unfortunately my ball lies atrociously and I don't quite get hold of it; but at last the green is reached. He is in the hole and I have to hole my putt to win. It is a longish one, too, but I steel my nerves and think only of you and your eager waiting for my return. My putt is true and as the ball goes into that cup its ring seems to echo your happy laugh. It was a great contest, Mary, but we were there, By Jove! we were game!"

The Woman (with clasped hands and brimming eyes) "My hero!"

(SECOND.)

A boy (also at table, deftly polishing a plate with a remnant of bread, soaked in gravy): "Say, Pop! We win t'day an' d' guy I caddies fer slips me a extry iron boy."

Pop grunts eloquently, but looks across the table with new interest at the last words.

"An' say, it wuz a scream! Needer uv dem mutts couldn't play none, an' dey's all over d' lot, an' it makes me dizzy t' lamp d' way dat Fish-eye (he's my guy) gits t' slicin'. Course, I'm pullin' fer him t' win, but on d' level he wuz rottun, on'y d'udder guy wuz more rottuner. If dey both hadn't had luck dey'd be out dere yet. We wins d' last hole in a 9, an' I'm near throwin' a fit when Fish-eye lines up a ten-inch putt fer d' win. I cudda kicked it in, but I'm a sucker if he didn't near blow it. Honest, it jest snuck in over one side. He's all right at dat, fer he slips me two bucks, but his hands is shakin' fierce as—Soitenly! I gives d' coin t' mom!"

In looking back over the past year, there have been comparatively few new developments in golf. In Europe, the game has stagnated during the war, but in America there has been a very marked increase in the numbers of players and new courses. In looking forward to the new year, however, there seems to be every likelihood of happenings. Above everything else looms the probable reduction in the price of golf balls. The Haskell patent expires, and this must be followed by a tremendous importation of British-made balls, and many new brands will be manufactured in America. This competition must result in some reduction of price, and golfers everywhere are anticipating this happy condition with great satisfaction.

Taking the past year's increase in the numbers of players as a basis for conjecture, the new year must see the building of many courses. The old law of supply and demand must be recognized, and wherever there are men who wish to play golf, there must be room made for them. These new courses will be developed on a more ambitious scale than ever before, for the golfers are insisting upon links built along modern lines. Never before in the history of the game in America has a new year opened more auspiciously.

Jack Moakley, Veteran Cornell Track Coach, Tops List of Tutors

Cornell's Veteran Track Coach

JACK MOAKLEY.

Seventeen Years with Ithacans and Team Has Won Fourteen Intercollegiate Cross-country Titles

Jack Moakley and Cornell, one and inseparable!

It looks that way, doesn't it?

Whenever one thinks of Cornell he thinks of Jack Moakley, and whenever one thinks of Jack Moakley he immediately thinks of Cornell. John Francis Moakley, in fact, is one of Cornell's most sacred institutions. Any Cornell man will tell you that. And it is worth a little bet that when ol' Jack breasts the tape in the race of life Cornell University will erect a monument to his memory. Hang it all, he deserves one, anyway!

But, after all, the innumerable trophies the Red and Black have won on track and field and over hill and dale perhaps are the best monuments to his memory. They can't erase from the college records the athletic feats performed by the athletes of the Red and White under the Moakley regime. Those records forever will keep Jack Moakley's name in Cornell's Hall of Fame.

Out of the thirty-five years spent in the realm of the track and field, first as a runner—and none of the old-timers are ever going to forget that old Massachusetts hose company team that Jack, together with Mike Murphy, Keene Fitzpatrick, Johnny Mack and Micky Finn, if our memory serves us right, were members of—and later as a coach, seventeen years have been spent in the capacity which he now fills as dean of Cornell athletics.

Seventeen years at the same old stand! 'And it's hard to tell which is the richer for it, Cornell or Moakley!

They have appreciated Jack up there in Ithaca, and Jack certainly has appreciated Cornell. Appreciated, perhaps, is too mild a word. Loved would be a better one. Jack boasts no sheepskin and never won an academic degree, but Cornell is his alma mater, all the same, and no graduate ever loved his college with a greater love than Jack Moakley loves Cornell.

No coach in the annals of athletics ever has established as remarkable a record as Jack Moakley has with the Cornell cross-country teams. Since Moakley has had charge of the hill-and-dalers at Ithaca, a period of seventeen years, Cornell has lost the intercollegiate cross-country championship only three times. Think of it, fourteen victories out of seventeen! Some record, fellow athletic fan, some record!

Yale won the intercollegiate cross-country team championship in 1901, Harvard captured the laurels in 1912, and the stout-hearted and strong-lunged hill-and-dalers from the University of Maine won this year's collegiate chase. But in 1898, 1900, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912 and 1914 Moakley-coached harriers from the shores of Lake Cayuga carried the silks of Cornell to a glorious victory.

As to individual intercollegiate cross-country championship winners Jack Moakley has been almost as successful. It is the team idea that prevails at Cornell. At Ithaca the idea is to make all of the students physically efficient rather than to turn out individual champions. And so Moakley turned out fourteen cross-country champion teams out of seventeen. Incidentally, however, Jack sent home eight individual cross-country champions as well.

In general track and field sport Moakley has achieved almost as wonderful results with the Cornell athletes as he has in the hill-and-dale department of athletics. Cornell won the collegiate track and field championship of America in 1905, 1906, 1908, 1911, 1914 and 1915. Moakley's Cornell team has been returned victorious six times in the last ten years. That indeed is a record to be proud of.

And so you can see why, outside of his lovable qualities, they think so much of Jack Moakley at Cornell.

As usual, there's a reason.

Jack Moakley, the Cornell track coach, recently celebrated his 52d birthday and seventeenth anniversary as track coach at Ithaca. Moakley is considered the best track coach in the country, and his success at Cornell is testimony to this fact.

Moakley started in as a runner at the tender age of 16, and he competed at distances from 100 yards to six miles for twelve years. He quit in 1891, and that same year his judgment of athletic flesh was recognized in his election as the official handicap of the New England Association of the A. A. U. He held this position to the satisfaction of all until he went to Ithaca eight years later. Moakley, during his eight years in the handicap's job, spent much of his time organizing athletic clubs. He started dozens of New England's amateur sport organizations on their way, and it's not at all difficult to trace the generally healthy state of athletics throughout that territory to Moakley's eight years of activity there.

Previous to his work at Cornell, Moakley coached at the University of Maine, Tufts College, Brown University, University of Wisconsin, Boston English High School, and Roxbury High School. Jack went to Cornell mainly because of his activities at the Cornell Cross-country Club, the members of which recognized his ability earlier and went out to get him. The very first team that Moakley put his hand to turned out to be a champion one. Moakley got the habit then and there, and he's never gotten out of it.

CRITICISE CAMP FOR PICKING OLIPHANT

Western Footballer Protests Against Army Star Being Named Ahead of Bartlett Macomber, of Illinois.

New York, Jan. 1.—Walter Camp, former Yale football adviser, has aroused a storm of criticism in the Middle West by dropping Bartlett Macomber, of the Illinois eleven, from his All-America team and placing Elmer Quillen Oliphant, of West Point, on his first eleven.

When Camp chose his third eleven it was discovered that he had picked Halligan, of Nebraska, a coach, as a member, but he promptly placed another player in Halligan's position. Now comes the change in Camp's All-American selection.

In a letter to Collier's, printed in the January 1 number, Mr. Camp says:

"I wish, indeed, we might go back to the old times when I had a few days after the final game of the season to check up the very voluminous records of all the men. This year in this rush there was not time to compare carefully, game for game, the full records of Oliphant and Macomber, the former having come so fast in his final game that he is entitled to first place."

Mr. Camp gave Macomber a place at half back on his first team and Oliphant was chosen for his second eleven, but later he shifted these two players. It is contended in the West that Oliphant was ineligible for the mythical All-American team, inasmuch as he had competed three years in athletics at Purdue University before his graduation and entrance to the West Point Military Academy.

Several collegians in Chicago, who favored the retention of Macomber on the first 11, wired the following protest to Mr. Camp:

"The local papers indicate that an unwarranted change has been suggested in Mr. Camp's all-star team, replacing Bartlett Macomber, a member of the national interscholastic champions of Chicago, as a member of Mr. Camp's all-star team.

"That any change should be made at this time, since the publication of your official all-star selection, is only to the discredit of Mr. Camp; for it is hardly possible that he would displace a man who in two years has proved himself of all-star material, but that he should be shifted in favor of a man who has graduated from college, so far as football is concerned in the colleges of the West, and who, having completed his three years of football in this section, has played additional years under the rules of West Point and would be ineligible to compete with our Western or Eastern colleges, is absurd."

Although West Point's eligibility rules do not conform to those of colleges, Oliphant's adherents point to his wonderful record in athletics at Purdue and West Point, and they believe that he is entitled to all the honors that can be bestowed upon him.

Seek Golf Championship.

New York, Jan. 1.—The executive committee of the United States Golf Association announced that it has added the Kent Country Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., to the list of courses to be presented at the annual meeting for the open championship in 1916.

YALE ROWING WILL START ON FEBRUARY 15

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 1.—The Yale rowing squad will take up spring practice under the supervision of Assistant Coach Wiman on February 15. The machines in the gymnasium will be used until Coach Nickalls returns from England, about March 1, when the crews will probably get out on the river.

A race has been arranged during the Easter recess with Pennsylvania, in which both the university and second eights will compete. The Eastern race with Pennsylvania last year was rowed in a blizzard, but the Ells and Quakers, hoping for better favor from the weather, are apparently eager to try again.

CARROLL TOSSERS WILL OPEN SEASON

Carroll Institute will start its basket-ball season on January 8, game to start at 8:15 to be followed at 9:30 by dancing.

First game on January 8, will be with the Lord Baltimore club, of Baltimore. This club defeated Carroll in Baltimore on December 18.

Walter Cahill, formerly of Mount St. Joseph, is coaching the team, and has not as yet decided on the team he will place on the floor.

The schedule is not completed, but it is assured that there will be a game and dance every Saturday night in January and February.

JOE AZEVEDO DRAWS WITH JOHNNY DUNDEE

Philadelphia, Jan. 1.—Joe Azevedo, of California, held Johnny Dundee to a draw in six furious rounds at the National A. C. here this afternoon. It was a hard-fought bout.

Cadets Want Games.

Poolesville, Md., Jan. 1.—The Briarley Hall Military Academy basket-ball team would like to arrange games with Washington teams. The games must be played on Washington floors. Only small guarantee desired. The cadets average 17 years of age and desire games with teams in this class. Address Lieut. C. W. Woodward, Poolesville, Md.

Battle to Zulu Kid.

New Orleans, Jan. 1.—Before 1,000 fans Zulu Kid, of Brooklyn, defeated Jack Doyle, of New York, in fifteen rounds last night.