

WOODEN INDIANS COME TO LIFE AND WIN MEET

Schween's Victory in High Jump Has Much to Do With Triumph; Hables Takes Both Sprints

BY BILL HENRY

PALO ALTO, April 22. (Exclusive)—Historians tell us that the Trojans were badly fooled several centuries ago by a wooden horse but no soothsayer was ever bold enough to predict that they'd be bamboozled in 1933 by a bunch of wooden Indians.

But that's just what happened

here today when all of Dink Templeton's wooden-legged wonders outdid themselves to upset Dean Cromwell's untried track team, 87 to 64.

Don't let anybody tell you that the Trojans fell down. The Stanford team simply came through with maximum performances in every event on the program and the only really sensational upset of the day was the astounding victory of Stanford's Mr. Schween in the high jump, a noteworthy triumph not entirely without a four-leaf-clover effect.

STORY-BOOK PERFORMANCES

It had been pretty well admitted in advance of the meet that Stanford had a chance to win, but everyone agreed that every member of the Indian squad would have to live up to his maximum performance—and that's the sort of thing that happens only in story books.

But things began to take on a decided crimson hue early in the afternoon. The meet was just nicely under way with McKenzie of the Trojans uncorking a wild heave of 204ft. 11 3/8in. in the javelin when Stanford's barrel-chested Mr. Mottram pegged one high and far that sailed way out and ended its flight with a vicious jab into the turf less than a foot short of the 310-foot mark.

It was by far the best heave of young Mr. Mottram's life and as in the case of the past two years, the javelin throw proved to be the tip-off on the final outcome of the whole affair.

When they lined up for the mile run, the first event on the track, Stanford sprang a surprise by entering the swarthy Fresno red man, Morentin, in this event and he justified his selection by trotting across in second place some three seconds behind Benavides, favorite to win.

Then came the first of the four short races into Palo Alto's well known breeze with Abe Hables, the cinder scorcher from King City, up up against Troy's highly touted Charley Parsons and Les Ball.

HABLES GETS FIRST WIN

Hables got off to only a fair start but his early speed took him out in front at the thirty-yard mark to lead Ball by about two feet, with Parsons hanging on the other flank a few inches back. They might just as well have called the race right there as the three runners neither gained nor lost an inch in the final seventy yards, Hables being timed at 27s. with Ball and Parsons close together in about 28s. There was a breeze to back against, too.

The quarter-mile gave the Trojans something to crow about when Tompkins, the Arizona jackrabbit, finished with a terrific burst of speed to barely nose out Al Blackman for second place. Ablewich, Tompkins and Blackman finished almost abreast within a yard of each other in the sparkling time of 48.9s.

Another cheer rose from the Trojan rooters when it was noted that Hippo Harper, by the simple expedient of removing his shirt, had outdone his best previous effort with a heave of 36ft. 9 7/8in., thus breaking into what most Stanford supporters had considered a cinch clean sweep by the Indian behemoths. Although Nellie Gray, Stanford's best shot putter, was unable to come up to his normal performance because of a backbone that had gone astray, King Kong Dunn and his team-mate, Lyman, made

WOODEN INDIANS COME TO LIFE TO WIN MEET

(Continued from First Page)

up for his absence with puts of 5 ft. 11 in. and 5 ft. 7-8 in., respectively.

TROY'S HOPES DASHED

Trojan hopes were sadly dashed a moment later when Gus Meier, the behemoth Stanford hurdler who has been threatening to do something sensational for a couple of years, picked the high-hurdle event in which to deliver. Off to a rather poor start, well behind Jeddly Welsh and Lyon, the big Stanfordite came faster and faster until Lyon only led him over the last barrier by a foot and Meier's lunging finish caught the judge's eye. And in the excitement of the race for first, few noticed that Herbert of Stanford, likewise bucking the breeze in a most determined fashion, sprinted past the rest of the field to take a hang-up third.

Meantime, things were happening at the high-jumping pit. The lone Stanford entry, a harmless appearing individual by the name of Schwenn, was supposed to be jumping as a sort of a formality to see whether he or a third-string Trojan by the name of McNeill should grab off the third honors, first and second places being conceded to Duncan McNaughton and Bob Van Osdel, the two Trojans who had tied for first place in the Olympic Games.

Imagine the embarrassment of all hands when the contest for third place kept going on to astounding heights. Schwenn rather surprised folks by clearing 6 ft. 2 in. nicely and McNeill lived up to expectations by duplicating this feat. They put the bar up another inch and, after the two Trojan stars had cleared it rather easily, Schwenn and McNeill continued their duel, the Stanford man finally getting the decision amidst lusty cheers.

VERY MUCH INSPIRED

Thus inspired, Schwenn decided apparently that if he could lick one Trojan he could lick 'em all and when they put the bar at 6 ft. 4 1/2 in., he made a wild spring into the air, wriggled and squirmed as he reached his maximum altitude, and collapsed in the pit while the bar jiggled perilously on the pegs high over his head—and suddenly found himself the only athlete on the field who had cleared the bar.

Now 6 ft. 4 1/2 in. was not only unprecedented for Schwenn, but it's a man-sized leap for anybody, Olympic champion or no Olympic champion, and the combination of the altitude and the mental hazard proved too much for both McNaughton and Van Osdel, who strove nobly but just licked the bar off at each attempt.

And well did I remember the parting whisper of the noted expert, Mr. B. V. Dyer, as I was rushing for the northbound train. "There might be one real upset, Bill. I understand this fellow Schwenn has done better than 6 ft. 1 in. and might fool everybody."

Things by this time had come to a pretty pass, as we authors say. Every Trojan was doing nobly, but the gosh-darned Injuns were doing better than that. Dave Foose held the two-mile pace back as best he could in the hope that his teammate, Winn, might outfinish Morentin, tired from his efforts in the mile. While Winn did beat Morentin, Stanford's Mr. Azevedo out-sprinted Mr. Winn to edge into second place with three valuable digits.

TROY SWEEPS 800

Points by this time were being quoted at considerably more than par and Trojan hopes, which had begun to sag badly, were raised as Troy's sparkling half-milers swooped into a grand slam for honors with a well-timed stampede down the home stretch.

This spectacular sweep of the 8 points in a single event was being offset meantime by Stanford's troupe of trained elephants, who were hurling the discs high, wide and handsome and were quite obviously taking all the points to be had in that muscle-bound portion of the program.

Trojan hopes in the pole vault that were buoyed up by the obvious limping of both Miller and Deacon, Stanford's two best men in this event, hit a new all-time low when Doyle Gilbert's leap of well over 23 ft. in the broad jump, which had been the leading performance in that event, was suddenly eclipsed by a terrific spring by Stanford's mysterious Mr. Zaches and that in turn by a still better jump by another Stanfordite named Williams.

ALL TIED UP

With five events, the 220, the low

hurdles, the broad jump, the pole vault and relay, still to go, the score was all tied up in a double bow knot, 45 to 45, with 66 points needed to win the meet. With only Oraber of Troy and Bill Miller left in the pole vault Stanford was assured of 3 points at the worst and with Williams and Zaches leading in the broad jump another 3 were in sight, meaning that out of the 220 and the low hurdles Stanford needed 10 points to clinch the meet before the relay.

As the runners crouched for the start of the furlong little old Abe Hables was the only white-shirted runner on his marks and as they shot out of the chute halfway down the straightaway he was leading Mend fighting, Charley Parsons by a foot. Neck and neck they breasted the breeze and then, thirty yards from home, Hables just opened up in a rather striking imitation of Bill Carr to pull into a good three-yard lead as he hit the tape.

Five more points needed—and badly needed, for Stanford had little hope of beating Troy in the relay.

The low hurdlers crouched on their marks and at the third hurdle Norman Paul of Troy, last year's winner, and Alden Herbert, Stanford's long-striding barrier leaper, had pulled into a good lead. Stride for stride they raced over the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh hurdles with not an inch separating them—and the nice Indian's superior experience on the breeze-swept back stretch began to tell. Paul faltered as he lost his stride approaching the eighth barrier—and the race was over, Herbert maintaining his tremendous strides to win by yards in 23 1/2 s., one of the outstanding performances of the afternoon.

And there were those five points—with one to spare that was contributed by Gus Meier with another stirring finish—and there went your old ball game.

SENSATIONAL MEET

It was as sensational a meet as anyone could ever wish to see and the victory-drunken Stanford rooters never even noticed that the Trojan relay team ran away with the final event of the afternoon.

Stanford's victory was all the more sensational in the absence of Benjamin Bangs Eastman, a cinch double winner, and the obvious injuries of Miller and Deacon in the pole vault and Nellie Gray in the shot.

But there's another day coming and it's just two weeks off. Stanford invades the Coliseum for a return meet May 6 and if you don't think that's worth going to see, then Prof. Einstein's a member of the Nazis.

Mile run—Won by Benavides (S.C.) Mer-
ciles (S.) second, Ashcraft (S.C.) third.
Time 46. 35 1/2.

100-yard dash—Won by Hables (S.) Bell
(S.C.) second, Parsons (S.C.) third. Time
8 1/2.

120-yard hurdles—Won by Meier (S.)
Lyon (S.C.) second, Herbert (S.) third.
Time 14 1/2.

440-yard run—Won by Akkewich (S.C.)
Tompson (S.C.) second, Al Blackman (S.)
third. Time 48 1/2.

Two-mile run—Won by Foose (S.C.)
Azevedo (S.) second, Winn (S.C.) third.
Time 36. 34 1/2.

800-yard run—Won by Webster (S.C.)
Cassin (S.C.) second, Saffert (S.C.) third.
Time 16. 56 1/2.

220-yard dash—Won by Hables (S.) Par-
sons (S.C.) second, Bell (S.C.) third. Time
21 1/2.

220-yard low hurdles—Won by Herbert
(S.) Paul (S.C.) second, Meier (S.) third.
Time 22 1/2.

Relay—Won by S.C. team (Dwora, Reed,
Carter, Ashcraft.) Time 26. 21 1/2.

Shot put—Won by Dunn (S.) 23 ft. 1 1/2 in.;
Lynn (S.) second, Sid. Van Osdel (S.) third.
Time 26. 57 1/2.

Javelin throw—Won by McLean (S.)
269 ft. 4 in.; McConkie (S.C.) second,
262 ft. 1 1/2 in.; Williams (S.C.) third.
Time 26. 57 1/2.

Broad jump—Won by Williams (S.) 23 ft.
25 1/2 in.; second, Zaches (S.) 22 ft. 5 1/2 in.;
third, Johnson (S.C.) 22 ft. 7 1/2 in.

Pole vault—Won by Oraber (S.C.) 24 ft.;
second, Miller (S.) 23 ft. 6 in.; third, Sam-
sey (S.C.) 22 ft.

High jump—Won by Schwenn (S.) 6 ft.
4 1/2 in.; tie for second between McNaugh-
ton (S.C.) and Van Osdel (S.C.) 6 ft. 2 1/2 in.

Discus throw—Won by Laberde (S.)
267 ft. 7 in.; Dunn (S.) second 257 ft. 1 1/2 in.;
Gray (S.) third, 247 ft. 1 1/2 in.

Y.M.C.A. FISTICUFFS

SLATED WEDNESDAY

The Los Angeles Y.M.C.A. is holding its annual boxing tournament to crown the 1933 champions Wednesday in the main gym of the "Y" building.

There will be contests in six divisions, the winners receiving gold medals and Y.M.C.A. titles. Last year's tournament produced such good amateurs as Richard Bartosh, Leo Green, Jerry Kaufmann, Fred Allen and Frank Glover, and this year's prospects appear to have just as much ability as the 1932 crop.

The tournament is open to the public and ladies are especially welcome. The doors open at 7:15, the music starts at 7:30 and the first bout goes on at 8:15 p.m.