

## THE Calvert SPORTS COLUMN

by Elmer Ferguson

**• TIMES CHANGE.** Once the Irish ruled the prize-ring, but you don't see many Irish fighters, any more—no Ryan, no John L. Sullivan, no Terrible Terry McGovern, no James J. Corbett, no O'Brien, no Bould Michael McGuire. There are no more O'Mahony or Casey at the wrestling peak, and the great Irish weight-lifters of other days, the Flanagan and Ryans, don't seem to be around.

But the Irish are by no means out of top-flight sport. It may not have occurred to you, but the Irish come pretty close to holding top hand on the turf in this country. Ireland is a great horse-racing country. The Emerald Isle specializes in jumping horses and has sent many a winner to the most testing of all races, the Grand National steeplechase.

But right now, Irish-bred horses have played and are playing a big part in American racing. First there was the Irish-bred Nor that, on four successive occasions, defeated America's greatest modern race-horse, the mighty Citation in race thrills seldom equaled anywhere and in which world records were shattered, and tied, while the pride of Kentucky was being humiliated. Now comes another of the Irish, Windy City II, to breeze by Calumet Farm's best three-year-olds as though they were tied.

This Irish-bred European juvenile champion of last year not only has won two stakes for three-year-olds in this country, America, beating Hill Gail and a clean-rated Calumet's best Derby hope, at this time—has come from behind, to win going away like a real stunner.

His victory in the San Felipe handicap at Santa Anita at one mile and one-sixteenth—indicating his blinding distance, since he was increasing his lead as he passed under the wire—just about convinced turf experts that Gus Luellwitz's \$165,000 Kentucky is a prize package. Windy may win the post in the Kentucky Derby a not favorite to win that big race.

In Europe, where Windy City was raced as a juvenile, his amazing speed won him the title of the champion two-year-old of England and Europe. His only defeat was an upset, something the same as once happened to Man O'War. About the only question about Windy was his ability to go the Derby route. So Ireland is by no means in sports eclipse. The Old Sod carries on, as it has always done, in some division of sport.

"The Day" has been good and bad for the sons of the Old Sod. Most important thing in ring annals, staged on March 17th, took place in Carson City, Nevada, on March 17th, 1937, when Corbett, an Irish-American who had defeated the mighty John L. Sullivan to win the title, was matched with the Cornishman, lanky Bob Fitzsimmons. Corbett was the favorite, but was knocked out in the 14th round with a blow that still lives in ring legend as the solar plexus punch.

But on March 17th, 1937—and in Dublin City no less—Michael Francis McGuire of County Clare out-fought the Senegalese, Bartling Sili in 20 tortuous rounds and became the lightweight champion of the world. You couldn't ask for a greater combination of Irish ring success than that, could you now?

Your comments and suggestions for this column will be welcomed by Elmer Ferguson, c/o Calvert House, 431 Yonge St., Toronto.

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## War Weapon May Be Cure For Arthritis

One of the new poison gases developed during World War II was nitrogen mustard—not to be confused with the mustard gas of World War I. Now good seems likely to come from the evil that in fact never happened, for Spanish doctors of Madrid University report that injections of nitrogen mustard are a possible cure for rheumatoid arthritis.

Nine patients were treated. Five of them improved extraordinarily, pain and joint swellings disappearing and normal movement being made possible again. Three of the others improved considerably but not so completely.



"I'm so sorry—I do remember we have met before somewhere."

Why did these doctors even think of testing the poison gas as a treatment for arthritis. They had read the old American reports on the action of the new and scarce drug, cortisone, which relieves arthritis so remarkably. Cortisone, however, is not yet available in Spain, even for medical research. The doctors knew, however, that nitrogen mustard and cortisone produce very similar effects upon the white blood cells. It seemed worth trying nitrogen mustard as it was a similar effect to cortisone on arthritis.

Cortisone cures or relieves other kinds of illness besides arthritis. Asthma is one trouble in which it helps. Here, too, the mustard poison gas from World War II is showing promising results. Two asthmatic patients were able to breathe without difficulty soon after their first injections.

Weapons and materials of war have been turned into peaceful blessings before, but this is probably the first time a weapon of war that was never put to its deadly use has become instead a remedy for hitherto incurable disease.

## Cooked Her Goose

"What a wonderful goose!" said Reggie Sanders as he sat down to dinner in his place. Dumfries villa. "I should hope so, darling," answered his wife. "I'm afraid it was rather expensive—I've spent half my housekeeping money on it!"

In the next few minutes the goose repaid her expenditure a hundredfold. Her husband bit on something hard, and he yelled "Ouch! A piece of stone!"

"The goose must have swallowed"

## The Western Horse

The history of the Western horse is perhaps more romantic than that of any other type developed on the North American continent, partly because of the vastness and primitive ruggedness of the Western area and partly because of the winning of the West was virtually accomplished on horseback. Mere mention of the word "mustang" conjures up an exciting picture of Western history and folklore.

Perhaps not everyone realizes that the wild horse, the Spanish Barb, the Indian pony, the early cow horse, the range's mount, and even the deathless "white mustang" were one and the same. For those who think this is an exaggeration, let us go back almost four centuries to what may seem how close to the truth it really is.

The horses that were brought into Florida around the middle of the sixteenth century were distributed over the Southeast through the Galle settlements. The next important point of entry was New Mexico where at the close of the sixteenth century Juan Oñate and a group of Spanish settlers established themselves a few miles northeast of the present site of Santa Fe. Here and cattle breeding was the regular order of business.

It is believed by historians that the Indian began acquiring the offspring of Oñate's Barbs early in the 1600s. Within a few years, surely, Indians of the Iowa and Missouri tribes became well mounted. Tonti, in fact, nearly all the tribes of the western half of the United States possessed horses.

As the pace of settling quickened, trails were established through-out the Southwest. The trail from Santa Fe to Santa Fe was worn deep at an early date. This was the route traveled by the first Spanish adventurers about 1540 and it was in continuous use until New Mexico became a part of the United States.

Santa Fe formed the hub from which radiated trails in all directions. The Old Spanish Trail meandered northward out of Santa Fe, up into southern Utah, across to Las Vegas, Nevada, and on westward into California. The famous Santa Fe Trail took a northward route into Kansas...

By 1812, there were three recognized zones of horse activity in the Southwest and in northeastern Mexico. The first area consisted of the plains country of the Arkansas River, where such horses were known as "Pawnee" or "Ojaga." The second zone lay between the Arkansas and Red rivers where the horses were owned by the tribes of Caddo, Wichita, and Comanches. The largest area was south of the Red River, now known as Texas. These horses were owned by Texas Indians and Texas Spaniards— "Cavaliers" of American Horses," by Pers Crowell.

"I never see you with Miss de Style nowadays." "No, I couldn't stand her vulgar laughter." "Really, I never noticed it." "No! Well, you weren't there when I proposed to her?"

The secret weapon began taking shape.

## I Was Nearly Crazy With Fiery Itch

There I was, sitting in my chair, feeling fine. Then I noticed a small, dark, round object on my leg. I picked it up and it was a cigarette. I was nearly crazy with fiery itch.

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IN DARK PLACES WHERE CLOSE WORK HAS TO BE DONE, IT IS A GOOD IDEA TO HAVE A FLASHLIGHT. AS ILLUSTRATED, THIS WAY, ONE HAND IS LEFT FREE TO DO THE WORK.

BY ARTHUR POINTER

"I Am A Genius"—Vladimir Levinsky, who claims to be the reincarnated of Franz List, admires a portrait of the great pianist-composer. Says the 21-year-old London pianist, "I am a genius. I only happen once in a hundred years. Only I can play Liszt the way it should be played." He, Vladimir that is, was born in Malta.

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## Desert Escaper's Nightmare Trip

The sun beat down with pitiless ferocity on the little band of Foreign Legionnaires under discipline for military offences in the hard-labour camp at Khenifra.

Max Durier, hard-bitten soldier of the Legion, saw that the armed sentry had his back turned and seized his chance. Dropping his pick, he scrambled into a water-trough and grabbed one of the uniforms that the sweating sentries had discarded and piled on the bank.

So began one of the most amazing instances of escape—or desertion—in the history of the French Foreign Legion. Max's accomplice, Hans Brunnen, was waiting with provisions concealed in a sack of oats. At the gateway of Khenifra, they explained to a guard that they had been ordered to feed the mules tethered outside the town.

"All right," said the soldier, running his hands through the grain. "But hurry! You'll be late for roll call..."

Dead or Alive?

A little later the two found themselves in open country. Tanager, three hundred miles away, was their objective. They had to run the risk of thir, hunger and Arab who knew that every deserter was worth a hundred francs dead or alive. The prospect dented Brunnen so much that he changed his mind and turned back to the camp, leaving Durier to face alone the terrors and dangers of the merciless desert.

Max Durier went doggedly on. Of British nationality, he knew that if he could reach Gibraltar he would be safe. On the third day he fell in with a solitary Arab, who gave him food and shelter. Max expected treachery at every step but with every kindness he treated him with every kindness, and then let him go. To show his appreciation, Max gave some of his clothing to the Arab and, too late, discovered that the crafty old man had stolen his small store of money from his tunic as he slept!

After another two days' walking he came to a stretch of desolate waste land. Here every move brought an attack, burning agony to the tough soles of his feet, which as a hardened Legion marcher he had not expected.

Now, sometimes, he suffered such pain that he imagined other marchers with him, heard them talking, heard the rattle of their rifles and equipment, heard the crack of leather shoulder straps as the soldiers shifted their harness.

And he was alone. Never, so long as he lives, will Max Durier forget the agony of those days in the desert. When his water supply ran out he had to catch rain and dew. Once he met and milked a stray cow. That long drink was his only food for seventeen days...

He chewed grass and dried sedge added to his misery. As weakness overcame him and he realized he was practically barefooted, his stout boots completely worn away, he dragged out, internally, he cut a notch in a stick. On the nineteenth night he came upon the twinkling lights of a town and managed to catch a chicken and kill it with his penknife. His desert journey had ended, but greater dangers were at hand.

The Appointed Hour

A galling twist of fate came when, after he had passed through so many hardships, he could find no boat to give him a passage across the Straits.

To a fisherman of a smack whose skipper had rejected him he proposed a feverish scheme. He proposed to swim out to a white dot where the boat was moored, shortly before she was due to sail, and with a line fastened round his waist, be towed across the Straits.

It was an incredible plan, but the fisherman took him on. At the appointed hour, Max swam out through the darkness pushing a plank before him.

There was a violent jerk as the rope tightened around his body. The motor had started. He was

How to Fix It

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