



The year 1919 should be a bumper year for sports the world over. In England football and cricket will resume the normal, and interest will revive to the extent of pre-war times, that is, the limit.

Field and track event championships will be resumed for a certainty. Then in Canada and the U.S.A. baseball will be able to take the foremost place again without any deterrent in the shape of the general feeling that the boys ought to be playing a different game.

Boxing, which has probably increased rather than decreased throughout the war, will come into greater favour than ever. Soldiers have got used to fistic encounters, take pleasure in them, and will require to have their appetite satisfied after the peace materialises. Then there are many new men in the limelight. Men who have come to the front rank in these times of war. The heavy-weight championship still remains to be settled. Jess Willard is undoubtedly champion, but every follower of the game wishes to see what he can do against some of the new would-be champions. What of Carpentier, the French lion? He must be considered as a possibility. Willard must meet him at some time within a reasonable period. Carpentier is undoubtedly champion of Europe, and the world's championship cannot be truly said to be Willard's until a meeting between the pair. Then there are numerous contenders in the States, and Billy Wells and Frank Goddard in England. Whether Wells would have a chance is doubtful, but one cannot tell, and no doubt he would be anxious to try. As to Goddard, a year or two may see him coming along fast.

The situation in the heavy-weight championship is full of promise, and some good fights are sure to eventuate.

Jimmy Wilde is pretty sure to meet the American cracks before many moons are sped. He is not likely to be satisfied with that verdict, and he and Moore are sure to meet again.

Nobody seems to be in the running to seriously challenge Benny Leonard for the light-weight championship, but the next year or two are sure to provide a crop of contenders.

All the sports fans are realising the necessity of some controlling body to fully organise and lay down rules. The Amateur Associations cover their scope of action very well in most countries, but the professionals are not subject to discipline, and the time has certainly arrived when all sports should be placed on a proper footing and legislation provided. It is certain that an endeavour will be made very soon to put all sports on a sound basis and when that time comes it behoves all sportsmen to support the scheme of control.

There should be some system whereby a champion is recognised as such by authority and not merely his own say so, or that of a local newspaper, or by a chance decision in a contest. There are dozens of claimants to various championships, but there should be a hall mark which is unquestioned.

The last of the American nights at the Sporting Club did not furnish the usual good sport, only three competitors appearing. There was a presentation of a cup by the Staff of the American Forces to Mr. James White, the popular organiser of "the nights," and presentation of medals. There was also a little speechmaking by Admiral Sims and Mr. White. Later "Peggy" Bettinson entered the ring and passed a few highly entertaining remarks anent the cordial relations resultant on the fraternisation of the services, which was well received.

It is a pity that these nights are discontinued, as we have three months yet of winter, and there will certainly be lots of lovers of the game who like to be entertained, still in town, and we trust that some effort will be made to meet the demand for this class of entertainment.

The ban on boxing has been lifted at Baltimore, Ind., the first bout to be held on December 20th between Jack Sharkey (New York), and Dick Lowden (Philadelphia).

Charles Ledoux, the French Bantam-weight Champion, who is looked upon as being the first boxer to meet Jimmy Wilde after the latter gets his discharge from the Army, will be remembered for his victories over Joe Bowker, Digger Stanley, Bill Beynon, Curley Walker, and Johnny Hughes. The Welshman will have to concede Ledoux something like 18lb. Wilde expects to go to New York next April for his match with Ertle.

Representatives of the London Combination and the new Players' Union met in conference at Winchester House on Tuesday night. Mr. P. Mulheron, secretary pro tem. of the Union, stated the case for the professionals, who aim for the establishment of a minimum wage when football becomes normal, the abolition of the transfer system, the institution of yearly contracts, and representation on all football governing bodies. Mr. C. Kirby, Chelsea, who presided, pointed out that the Combination was only a temporary war-time organisation, and possessed no legislative functions, but he promised that the views of the deputation should be laid before the proper authorities.

Mike O'Dowd (U.S. Army), who beat Sergt. W. Ring (R.N. and Marines) in the final for the Light-heavy-weights at the Albert Hall Tournament last week, is not yet 24 years of age. He was born at St. Paul on April 5th, 1895, while his parents were born in County Sligo, Ireland. Mike began

boxing in the professional ring in 1913, and since then has met the best exponents of the manly art, even such heavier men as Billy Miske, with whom he fought two ten-rounds draw contests at Hudson, Wis. At that time Mike was only a welter-weight. After winning some twenty combats, Mike was finally pitted against Al McCoy, who was then the recognised middle-weight champion. It was to be a ten-rounds bout, but O'Dowd by his superb condition and aggressiveness out-gamed and outpunched his crafty, clever opponent, although he was knocked down several times during the very sensational battle. In the sixth round, after some of the hottest fighting possible, O'Dowd finally knocked McCoy out and won the middle-weight title. The "Young Fighting Harp," as they call him in St. Paul, was always an outdoor boy. Next to boxing football is still his favourite exercise and sport. A big reception awaits O'Dowd on his return home.

NOT TO EAT!

During a particularly nasty duststorm at one of the camps a recruit ventured to seek shelter in the sacred precincts of the cook's domain. After a time he broke an awkward silence by saying to the cook: "If you put the lid on that camp kettle you would not get so much of the dust in your soup."

The irate cook glared at the intruder, and then broke out: "See here, me lad, your business is to serve your country."

"Yes," interrupted the recruit, "but not to eat it."

CARRY A WATCH!

An old man in a Scottish village had an eight-day clock which needed repair, so he took it on his back to carry it to a watch-maker. As he went along the village street an acquaintance met him, glanced at him, and passed on. After he had got about fifty yards away, his friend called out to him, "Hi!" Back went the old man laboriously to where the other stood. "Man," said his friend, "would it no be far handier if ye carried a watch?"

"The Canadian Kipling" ROBERT W. SERVICE

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