PAGE SIX



trophy game

A trophy deer and bear measuring program has been scheduled for Northeastern Pennsylvania according to N.J. Molski, Supervisor for the Pennsylvania Game Commission's Northeast Division. The measuring will take place at the Game Commis-

quarters on Saturday and Sunday, April 26 and 27, 1969. Hours will be from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. each day. The Division Headquarters is located about one mile west of Dallas on Route 415, at intersections of Routes 118 and 415.

An invitation is extended to all persons who possess deer racks, mounted heads, or bear skulls to present their trophies for measuring.



By DAVE GRIFFITHS

Basketball officials are a special breed of men. They've got to be to stand the criticism directed at them throughout the season and during the post

The men in the striped shirts have become the whipping boys of those coaches whose teams went down to defeat. High school mentors in our area have voiced their displeasure with the work of the

Stan Majaika, coach of the Abington Heights High School cagers, made it clear following the loss to Penncrest High School that he disagreed with the calls made by the men who handled the inter-district

But his objections were mild compared to the angry shouts that emanated from Nanticoke followe ing the Trojans' loss to Steelton-Highspire. In the words of the late Mike Jacobs, the boxing impresario, Trojan fans made it clear "they were robbed."

Now, this fault-finding with officials is not confined to this region. It's a common ailment. Gordon S White Jr., writing in the staid New York Times, hac

"The officiating during the Eastern regional playoff of the National Collegiate Athletic Basketball Championship left something to be desired." One of the four coaches involved asked this pertinent question: "What can you do? They were just incom-

Not an unusual evaluation for, a coach to make. But whether he was correct in his judgment is another question. Certainly, there are incompetent officials. And that goes for every branch of sports. But the reverse of that is also true-there are incompetent coaches. And, as an old official, I'd venture a guess there are more incompetent tutors than there are play-callers.

But you've got to remember that a coach who loses a tough ball game is looking for an out. He certainly isn't going to shoulder the blame for his mistakes or the errors made by his team. Perfection in his book is a one-way street.

The coach is always right, but, when he loses, you can be certain he'll turn his attention to the officials who handled the contest.

Let me hasten to add that there are coaches big enough to assess their own mistakes, count the own failures. One of the most capable high school

coaches in the area told me at one time that he didn believe officials were perfect, but, he said, "Who is? I've never lost a game because of an official.'

But the complaints continue. It's part of the game. I'll be the first to criticize an official for failure to know the rules or to stay on top of the play. That's his job. And most of the arbiters I know are dedicated to that goal.

But when you come to the end of the season when the big games put the pressure on coaches, players and officials, you can look forward to the usual flood of post-game commentary.

The siege-guns of criticism will be rolled out and aimed directly at the men who called the plays. It's always been that way. It always will.

You wouldn't expect the coach to admit he erred, would you? He's got to have an alibi. The official fills the bill to perfection.

Amazingly enough in all my years of reporting, I've never heard a winning coach fault an official. For, you see, victory is the goal-victory, at all

Ironically enough, the world of sports is built on an intangible cornerstone called "sportsmanship." Players, from the first day they don a uniform, are taught to respect their opponents, to abide by the decisions made by the officials in charge of the game. They usually do.

But when they watch in disbelief as their coach leads the attack on the whistle-tooter, all those lessons are forgotten. They join in the chorus that echoes in the dressing rooms of the losers . . . "We

