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RUTH'S WALLOP STARTED SOMETHING; BODIE GETS JEALOUS, HITS TWO HOMERS IN ONE GAME

BODIE AND SHAWKEY, FORMER MEN OF MACK, FOOL THEIR OLD BOSS

Ping Hits for Fourteen Bases in Two Games, Bob Pitches Airtight Ball and the Result Is the Loss of a Double-Header to New York

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL
Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger
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"YOU can't tell nothin' about baseball," muttered the Rt. Hon. P. Bodie last night as he waited for his limousine to haul him from the ball yard. "No," he insisted, "you never can tell nothin' about the old game. I was a pretty good player when I worked for the A's, but I didn't start to improve until I got to N'Yawk, and now look at me!

"For fifteen years I have been dashin' around the orchards and never before—mark you, NEVER in all of my experience—have I crashed the ol' apple for two homers in one game. Ain't it funny how it happens? Today I never expected to get two long hits. I expected one—always expect to crash a long one—but you could have bought me for a nickel or something when the second homer floated into the bleachers. For that reason I say you can't never tell nothin' about baseball."

The Rt. Hon. Ping Bodie removed his coat, wiped the sweat off his brow and glared at Jimmy the Elk as if he expected an argument. None was forthcoming, so Ping sighed and stroked the front of his vest.

"Losin' lots of weight," he declared happily. "Never felt better in my life. Have speed and everything. Been off'n the stuff for eight months and don't care how soon July 1 gets here."

The Rt. Hon., who once paid the trifling sum of $600 for one glass of beer, certainly looked the part of a trained athlete. During the afternoon he had every appearance of a highly trained slugger, for in the double-header against the A's he did nothing but wallop two homers, two doubles and two singles out of eight trips to the plate. He made one-third of the hits registered by the Yankees in eighteen innings and in the second game drove in four runs and scored two himself. He was there like a goldfish and enjoyed himself thoroughly.

His first soak in the second act was a long wallop, which went beyond the score board in center field. This is a quite common stunt, some one always pulling it about once every five years. That ball was pitched on the outside and, believe us, it had a long ride. After that Ping practiced up with a single and a double, and when he stepped up for the last time Walter Kinney smiled sweetly and remarked that the Rt. Hon. Ping Bodie was through for the day and he might as well leave his bat in the dugout.

Ping, however, thought otherwise and straightened out a fast ball on the inside, sent it into the center-field bleachers and received the plaudits of the multitude. Then he knocked off work, for he had put in a full day.

* * *

PING always has been known as a slugger, and no pitcher ever felt comfortable while he is at the rubber. He has a record of thirty-one homers in one season, performing that feat in 1910, when he was with Frisco. Now he is after the big-league record. But did you ever pause and think what Ping would do if he ever was turned loose in the Phillies' park?

Two Former Mackmen Win Two Ball Games

IT TOOK two former members of the Athletics to put the skids under the home folks yesterday afternoon. Of course, the home folks did a little skidding themselves and played well for New York on several occasions, but the pair of cast-offs, Mr. Bob Shawkey and the Rt. Hon. Ping Bodie, furnished all of the fireworks.

In the opening scenario Shawkey had everything, including a sunburned neck. He had the boys swinging like rusty, unused signs in "dry" Ohio, kept them away from the home plate and allowed four of the most widely scattered bingles you ever saw. Robert was there forty ways yesterday and one wondered how and why Connie Mack ever turned him loose. In two innings he allowed the first man to hit safely and then tightened up like a cotton umbrella or something like that. There wasn't a chance for the folks, for with that brand of pitching and Bodie's slugging they couldn't have won in a week.

But the A's did not keep the spectators in suspense very long. They perpetrated every conceivable form of foozles, kicked them with their hands and feet and occasionally resorted to clever dodging to keep from getting hit on the head. Five times did the home boys fizzle in the opener and four of them gave the other guys some runs. Perkins, Grover, Dugan, Siebold and Thomas were the offenders.

The A's can lose ball games in more different ways than any club in the world. Muffing pop-up flies is their specialty, but they also are good at making bum heaves, dropping thrown balls and trying to kick the ball to first instead of throwing it. If none of the fielders makes an error and there is a man on third waiting to score, the twirler will uncork a wild pitch, which has the same result.

* * *

CONNIE'S club makes such childish, simple, inexcusable foozles that he should put the players through twilight practice, so they can hide their shame in the darkness. They run aimlessly about the diamond and at times play worse than sore-armed sand lotters. Connie can tell his men how to play, but he can't go out and play himself. The lean leader surely is having a hard time of it.

Shawkey Considered Best Pitcher in League

BUT before we go any further we must return to the subject of Robert Shawkey, the premier pitcher. Robert looks better than any time in his career, and the New York players say he is the best hurler in the American League—which includes Walter Johnson. In five days Shawkey has won four games, going in to save the day when another flinger falters, starting and finishing his own game or working out of turn when the other guys go wrong. He will be one of the big aces this year and he deserves every bit of his success.

Herb Thormahlen, the souper-slinger, has won every game this year, but had a lucky break in the finale. After being hammered all over the lot and his team was one run behind, Miller Huggins used excellent judgment and yanked him off the peak. It makes no difference with Hug who the hurler is when he uses the derrick. Past performances mean nothing and the best flinger in the world will get the hook if the time is ripe. Herb was yanked, but his record did not suffer.

Next to appear was a tall Swede—Lute Nelson by name—and Lute hung the kibosh on the Macks for the remainder of the game. He allowed but one hit in two and two-thirds innings, which might or might not be a good performance—against the A's.

* * *

Phils Manage to Drop Two to Giants

WE HAVE but one thing to console us today. The Philadelphia baseball clubs cannot do worse than they did yesterday unless triple-headers are introduced. The Phils dropped a pair to the Giants while the A's were being operated upon. No one knows how the men of Coombs dropped that second game when they were six runs to the good in the first inning, but they did. Scoring six in the first and then losing the conflict by the score of 9 to 7 is going some.

It's funny how the long arm of coincidence stretches from one town to another. The A's were trimmed in the eighth inning of the second game when New York scored five runs and the Phils were walloped on the Polo Grounds when New York also counted five times in the eighth. That inning must be our hoodoo.

However, Cecil Algernon Red Causey surely was a lucky stiff. He was chased after yielding those half-dozen runs, went back to the bench to grieve over a busted winning streak and then watched Jean Dubuc save the day. Thus Cecil Algernon is not charged with a defeat and his record remains unsoiled.

* * *

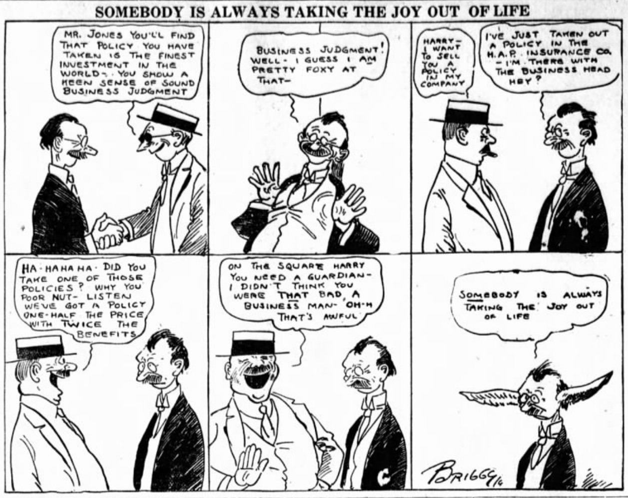
Bleacherites Must Remain in Own Section

THE crowd at Shibe Park left the bleachers and took seats in the grand stand yesterday, stepped all over the patrons in that section and made it uncomfortable for those who paid real money for their seats. There was no excuse for it and the comedy cops, who take their daily sun bath in the outfield, made no attempt to stop the rush.

John Shibe, who has charge of the crowd, has been more than generous in the past. He allowed the bleacherites to go where they pleased last year during the war and the attendance was slim, invited them to get under cover during rainstorms and always has given the bleacherites the best of it. Now they are taking advantage of his generosity, but never again.

Yesterday nine persons were arrested for leaving the bleacher section, and from now on every man leaving his seat in one part of the field to go into another section will be grabbed by a policeman. The grand-stand patrons will be protected.

SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE



JOE LYNCH TRIUMPHS OVER K. O. O'DONNELL

Gloucester Boy Gives Rangy New Yorker Hard Battle in Olympia Final

O'MALLEY TRIMS DON LEW

By JAMES S. CAROLAN

Joe Lynch, mixing slugging with boxing, battled his way to a victory over the rugged, rushing Joe O'Donnell, of Gloucester, in the season's finale at the Olympia last night.

During the early rounds it was all Lynch. That advantage in height and reach was an asset that the determined little Jersey warrior could not overcome.

Left jabs to the face and right crosses to the head kept O'Donnell on the defense, and in the clinches only was little Joe able to do any harm. A right uppercut or a left swing were O'Donnell's messengers of destruction, and it was seldom that they connected.

A Knockout Boy

Lynch once gained a knockout decision over Kid Williams. Ever since that victory Lynch apparently believes he is capable of knocking them all dead. He sprinkled his rights liberally, the majority connecting with space. There is no question that Lynch is a good hitter, but all his power is lost in his lack of direction.

The final round was the thriller of the evening. The timer tapped his cane by mistake when there was one minute to go instead of the usual ten seconds. The boys started their belated rally and for sixty seconds staged a hurricane session that for a time threatened to wreck both of the principals. Each received a bloody, battered nose in the exchanges and each welcomed that seemingly much-delayed final gong.

Reddy Surprises Brown

Battling Reddy was in fighting form and had just enough at the finish to force Harry (Kid) Brown to run second. Reddy timed his smashes better, landed oftener and with more effect and repeatedly compelled Brown to cover and take the defensive. Brown fought well, but not good enough to beat the veteran New York boy.

Johnny Mayo, after a two years' desertion from the ring, came back with a win over the slugging Joe Masters, of Wilmington. Johnny did plenty of receiving, but what he handed Masters more than offset his own punch absorbing.

O'Malley Beats Lew

Sammy Seiger outfought Young Medway in six fast rounds. Frankie McKenna went six rounds to an even break with Johnny Hanna.

Tommy O'Malley and Don Lew, both of Penn, appeared in the three-round amateur engagement. O'Malley, the American 135-pound amateur king, handed the Oriental a severe beating during the abbreviated battle. He earned the decision and received a loving cup for his triumph.

Clarence Carman, the former world's motorpaced champion, was at the ringside and confided in Louis H. Jaffe and Dr. George W. Wittmaier that he would much sooner follow pace than dodge punches.

Big Race at Drome Tonight

The champion and three former title holders will get away in the special forty-mile event at Point Breeze tonight over the new Velodrome. Wiley is the present honor man, with Carman, Lawrence and Corry the former middle distance champions. The race will be a motor-paced one, and Lawrence will endeavor to win back the laurels he lost last year. The new track is much faster, and better times are due.

Central Sophs Triumph

Yesterday afternoon the sophomores won the annual interclass meet of the Central High School at Houston Field by making a total of 46 points. The juniors were second with 44½ points, just 1½ points behind their younger set. The seniors totaled 24½, and the best the freshmen could do was 5. It was a close race between the juniors and sophomores all the way through. At the end of the meet, when the results of the pole vault showed that the sophomores had totaled 8½ points out of a possible eleven, it put them just 1½ points ahead. Eustis threw the shot 41 feet 11

MAXWELL AND SANDS PLAY WONDERFUL GLOF FOR CUP

Cards of Both a Continuous Series of Birds and Par Holes, Each Having an Eagle

EVERYTHING considered, the golf played by Norman H. Maxwell and Harold A. Sands on Memorial Day at the Cricket Club, when they tied for the Joseph Henry Patterson memorial cup, and on Sunday, when they played it off, Maxwell winning, was extraordinary. Maxwell lost his father recently and he has taken charge of the latter's business. Naturally, he has not been able to play as much golf as was the case in other years. Sands played in his first tournament in two years, having just returned from overseas service. George W. Hoffner, who was just recently released from national service, was the third man in the big and representative field.

Three Real Stars

Here we have three men who have not been able to play as much as the rest of the field yet leading it. It speaks a lot for their sterling golf. It is interesting to note the number of eagles, birds and par holes these two men had on the two days. Here is the schedule:

MEMORIAL DAY

	Out	In	Out	In	Total
Maxwell—					
Eagles	0	0	0	0	0
Birds	3	0	1	1	5
Par holes	3	5	5	4	17
Sands—					
Eagles	0	0	1	0	1
Birds	3	0	4	0	7
Par holes	1	5	3	5	14

SUNDAY

	Out	In	Out	In	Total
Maxwell—					
Eagles	1	0	0	0	1
Birds	0	0	0	1	1
Par holes	4	6	9	3	22
Sands—					
Eagles	0	0	0	0	0
Birds	1	0	1	1	3
Par holes	5	5	5	3	18

This shows the following: Eagles, Maxwell, 1; Sands, 1; birds, Maxwell, 6; Sands, 10; par holes, Maxwell, 39; Sands, 32.

Some Best Ball

Their best ball was a wonderful bit of scoring. On Memorial Day they had a 66 and on Sunday a 67. Their combined best ball for the two days of play was 60. Here are the figures:

Memorial Day—

Out	4	2	5	3	5	4	3	3	3—32	
In	5	4	3	2	5	3	5	4	3—34	—66

Sunday—

Out	4	4	3	3	4	5	4	4	4—35	
In	4	4	3	3	4	3	5	3	3—32	—67

Combined best ball for two days—

Out	4	2	3	3	4	4	3	3	3—29	
In	4	4	3	2	4	3	5	3	3—31	—60

Maxwell on Memorial Day played the sixth, seventh and eighth holes in birds. Sands the same day had birds on the third and fourth, an eagle on the second and par on the first. In the same round he had the sixth and ninth in par figures and the seventh in a bird.

Wonderful Play

On Sunday the outstanding feature was the playing of the first nine holes in the afternoon by Maxwell in par figures for every one of the nine holes. Sands the same day had in eleven holes in a row nine birds and one par. Maxwell played eleven holes straight in par figures.

Their combined best ball showed that they played the eighteen holes as follows: Par holes, 11; birds, 5; eagles, 2.

Maxwell Feat of 9 Holes in Par Figures Equaled Only Once

Norman H. Maxwell's feat of playing the first nine holes of the Philadelphia Cricket Club course in par figures for every one of the nine holes is something out of the ordinary, and while there are some scores of players who can equal the par of holes it is a rare thing for a golfer to play hole after hole and have par figures for every one of them.

Only one other man has ever done the same thing in Philadelphia, and he is David Cuthbert, for many years the professional at the Huntingdon Valley Country Club. Playing in a smoke fund match there at Huntingdon Valley two years ago he played the first nine holes, hole after hole, in par figures. It is rather curious, but both feats were done on a Sunday. Maxwell's effort is the better, for he was playing in a medal competition, while Cuthbert was playing in a best-ball match, partnered with Jim Barnes against Eddie Loos and Charlie Hoffner.

WILLARD LOOKS FINE, IS RICKARD'S OPINION

Champion's Apparent Good Condition Surprises Promoter of July 4 Heavyweight Bout

EVEN BET ON GO, SAYS TEX

Toledo, O., June 3.—Thoroughly rested from his tiresome journey from California, Jess Willard is ready today to settle down to training at his camp on the shores of Maumee Bay for his heavyweight championship contest with Jack Dempsey here July 4. The title holder planned to go on the road for five miles, and to do his first boxing in camp this afternoon.

Tex Rickard, promoter of the contest, was so agreeably surprised over Willard's condition that he said picking the winner of the match would be guesswork. Willard looked impressive in his street clothes and did not appear to carry any surplus weight.

"I do not mean that I look for a draw, but the contest I believe will be an even one unless there is a knockout," Rickard said. "Willard certainly looks fine. I can tell by his appearance that he has been training constantly, and that he has the confidence of being able to dispose of Dempsey. If I were to wager any money on either man I would insist on betting it on evens."

Recreation will be on for Dempsey until Saturday when he will resume boxing. The challenger dropped all work with the gloves yesterday after stepping twelve three-minute rounds, the same distance he is to go Independence Day. Dempsey plans to spend the week fishing, boating and swimming.

Coogan Outpoints Kelly

Jersey City, June 3.—Mel Coogan, of Brooklyn, subbing for Jimmy Sullivan, outpointed Harlem Eddie Kelly in eight rounds of fast fighting at the Armory A. A., in Jersey City last night.

Joe Borrell Wins on Foul

Jersey City, June 3.—Wild Burt Kennedy appeared unusually wild last night in his bout with Joe Borrell, of Philadelphia in the Armory A. A. of New Jersey and was disqualified in the second round by the referee for fouling.

Vail Given Eighth Place

Indianapolis, Ind., June 3.—Ira Vail was awarded eighth place in the 500-mile automobile race here Saturday, when officials rechecked the scoring tape and ascertained officially that he was credited with five more laps than announced Saturday.

RED SOX HAVEN'T ANY EASY TASK REDUCING LEAD OF WHITE SOX

Class Still With Boston Team, but No Club Is Able to Spot Gleason's Pacemakers' Liberal Handicap and Expect to Share World Series Spoils

IN THE SPORTLIGHT—BY GRANTLAND RICE
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June Memories

I know you wouldn't go back again
For all earth's yellow gold,
Over the same old track again
Through heat and rain and cold,
Slogging on to a new advance
By field and wood and town,
Over the endless roads of France
Where the big pack wore you down.

I know you wouldn't cheer much again
If war, in its iron grip,
Should reach for you with its clutch again
For a sailing eastbound ship;
To wait for the ration cart in vain
On the edge of a weary tramp,
And then to flop in the mud and rain
With a pup tent for a camp.

But I wonder if ever you miss the thrill
(Where memories hold their tryst)
Where a church spire looms from a distant hill
Or a field through the morning mist,
The thrill again of the swinging beat
As marching men go by,
The swinging beat of a million feet
Under a far June sky?

The big shell singing down the world,
With the rip of the Eighty-eight,
To roar and crash with an echo hurled
From its twilight song of hate;
But how much better it looks today
This side of the crested foam,
Three thousand miles and a year away,
Under the skies of home.

These Here Red Sox

WHILE the Boston Red Sox in the last five years lost such stars as Tris Speaker, Duffy Lewis, Dutch Leonard and Ernie Shore, they have replaced this talent with such people as Jack Barry, Stuffy McInnis, Wallie Schang, Joe Bush, Oscar Vitt and Amos Strunk.

This club early in April, under the steaming Florida sun, was one of the stoutest-looking machines we have seen in several seasons. The class is still there, but no club can spot the White Sox eight or ten games by June and get very far toward a division of world-series receipts.

* * *

SO FAR the expected pitching power hasn't developed, but there may be a big change with summer warmth replacing the cold, wet spring that tied more than one festive salary arm into a number of knots.

Weight for Age

WEIGHT isn't the sole winning ingredient in a battle. Corbett was ten years younger than Sullivan, Jeffries was far younger than Fitz, Johnson was younger than Jeffries and Willard was younger than Johnson.

Willard will be fifty pounds heavier than Dempsey—but Dempsey will be twelve or thirteen years younger than Willard.

Willard may think he is better than he was four years ago against Johnson, but four years, after you have drifted well past thirty, is quite a spell.

* * *

QUITE a considerable chunk of time, taken up, down and around.

The Dub's Requiem

Here in the bunker's gloom
Daily I stand,
Facing my deadly doom,
Niblick in hand;

Tell me, amid the rue
Of my wrecked bliss,
Why did I quit work to
Suffer like this?

Why was it that I planned
Any such date,
Merely to shovel sand,
Cursing my fate?

Chick Evans to Defend Title

THE published statement that Chick Evans is to defend his title of open champion is more in line with the proper sportsmanship. If through pressure of business or serious causes a champion is unable to face the field his absence is to be expected.

But as Chick will be able to get East around that date there is no reason why he shouldn't defend his title. Evans's presence will add considerably to the occasion, as he is one of the great golfers of the world.

* * *

AN AMATEUR team headed by Evans, Ouimet and Travers will give the pros a hard barricade to face, as brilliantly as several of their leading stars are now playing.

* * *

IT MAY be that Babe Ruth can hit a baseball harder than any entry in the game, but he isn't hitting the aforesaid pill quite as often as a number of others. The Babe barely hung by the .300 edge last year and now he is having a pale pink time of it reaching .200. Quality is a corpulent asset, but quantity still has its place in the season's compilation.

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AMONG those who "are always taking the joy out of life" we now rise to remark that June 2 is but a twenty-nine-day jump to July 1. And twenty-nine days are only twenty-nine days.

* * *

THERE is no one or nothing that can lift the joy out of the Rt. Hon. Ping Bodie's life, as he can continue to Crash the Old Apple. Ping has been whaling the whey out of the ball ever since the season opened, and as long as this hilarious state of affairs continues nothing else will matter.

Ping may not be the fleetest citizen that ever raced around the bases, but he is outslugging the rest of his mates so far that lack of speed is forgotten in admiration of the lurid gleam in his batting eye.

SCRAPS ABOUT SCRAPPERS

YOUNG ROBIDEAU and Preston Brown, the colored featherweight, will be the contestants in the final bout at the Atlantic City Sporting Club on Thursday evening. Brown has displayed good form in his recent bouts.

Two other eight-round battles are scheduled to take place. Henry Hauber and Buck Fleming, both of this city, will be seen in action in the third bout, and the second contest will present Ben Taylor and Jim Booker.

Jimmy Myson and Charlie Hauber will clash in the opening tilt.

Frankie Burns, of Jersey City, has been signed to take part in two bouts within four days. On Friday he meets Dutch Brandt, of New York, in an eight-round bout at Bayonne, N. J., and the following Monday he will be seen in action in an eight-round bout in his home town. Battling Reddy, of New York, will be Burns's opponent.

Sammy Gross, one of the officials of the Empire A. C., Bainbridge street west of Broad, expects to have a jammed house on Monday evening, when Willie Hannon and Young Robideau clash in the last part of a double wind-up. The first part of the final will be between Joe Welsh and Johnny Lester, of League Island.

Harry Sherlock, of Hog Island, faces Young Danny Buck in the main preliminary at the Empire. The second bout will feature Patsy Rowan, of Camden, and Johnny Ketchell, of Gloucester. The opener will bring together Lightning Lew and Charlie Leonard. A battle royal also is on the program.

Pete Hartley and Chick Brown will meet in an eight-round bout at Derby, Conn., Friday night.

Larry Hansen and Joe Phillips are getting in shape for their six-round battle, which takes place in the final bout at the Williams A. C. tonight. Mike Burns faces Frankie Britton in the semifinal. The other bouts will present Joe McGovern vs. Clemenceau, Jimmy Mendo vs. Jack Perry, and Al Christie vs. Joe Clark.

Bobby Gunnis, manager of Johnny Mealy, has decided to give his protege a long rest. Mealy in his last bout defeated Jack Russo. He also showed that he has lost none of his hitting powers, when he dropped Russo with a right to the stomach.

Battling Murray, the ever-willing local battler, and Jack Wolpert, of Lancaster, will meet in the final bout of the first open-air show at the Cambria A. C. on Friday evening. The other bouts will bring together Johnny Maloney and Bobby Burns, Andy Burns and Tommy Hogan, Andy McMahon and Willie McCloskey, and Kid Diamond and Johnny Morgan.

Jimmy Lavender, a Pittsburgh flyweight, is here searching for trouble. Lavender made good against all the wee ones in the Middle West.

LEONARD OFFERED $15,000 FOR BOUT HERE WITH TENDLER

Promoter Glassman Wires Challenge to Gibson With Weight at 133 Pounds

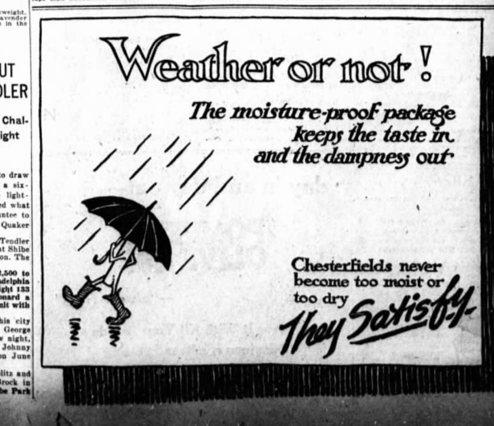
Benny Leonard has a chance to draw down some real big money for a six-round engagement here. The lightweight king yesterday was offered what is equivalent to a $15,000 guarantee to entertain with Lew Tendler, the Quaker City lightweight entry.

Phil Glassman, manager of Tendler and promoter of open-air bouts at Shibe Park, wired his defi to Billy Gibson. The message follows:

"Will guarantee Leonard $12,500 to box Tendler six rounds in Philadelphia any date in July you select. Weight 133 pounds ringside. Will give Leonard a bonus of $2500 if he stays the limit with Tendler."

Both boys will appear in this city this month, Tendler against George Chaney at Shibe Park tomorrow night, while Leonard entertains with Johnny Dundee at the Phillies' Park on June 16.

Johnny Dundee meets Joe Tiplitz and Willie Jackson engages Matt Brock in the other two star bouts at Shibe Park tomorrow night.



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