## Judgments

NEGOTIATIONS, we read in interviews with the truthful and reliable gentlemen who conduct and press agent box fight events, for the proposed Darcy-Gibbons tangle have reached the $50,000 stage. These frenzied financiering persons, we would take it, have finally come to the conclusion that the well known public has about been tuned up for another trimming. The last time the w. k. public was harpooned in the spine was when Mr. Willard and Mr. Moran staged their gentle joust in New York City. That was a year ago and a year should be long enough for the victim to recover and set himself for a second attack. P. T. Barnum once remarked there was one born every minute. His dope may have been all right then, but it's all wrong now; there's three born every minute and two of them bite every time a ten-round, no-decision tango is exhibited by a couple of alleged fist slingers, who, if they were called by their right names, have Vernon Castle licked to a frazzle.

Base ball magnates, it would seem, need not be overly worried about the prospects of a war. Canada has been sending troops to Europe for two years now and Montreal and Toronto are still active members of the International league. And Toronto led the league in attendance last year and was one of the few money makers in the loop. Toronto is said to have sent 40,000 men to the trenches, too. And as the prevailing belief is that the United States would not be even as active as Canada if we should become tangled up in the embroglio, it would seem the magnates are unnecessarily alarmed.

The Western league has definitely concluded Joplin is the city in which to place the eighth club. Joplin may be the propitious city and it may not be. Joplin and Tulsa once fought it out for a Western association pennant in the final game of the season at Joplin. The total gate receipts amounted to $1.60 or some such enormous sum. Of course, Joplin may be a much improved city, but it would seem to the ordinary observer focusing his field glasses from a distance that Joplin would have had to have imported a lot of new citizens or distributed an entirely different brand of enthusiasm to make it Western league territory.

Les Darcy, who was first thought to be a fighter, but has turned out to be a chorus person in vaudeville, has been handed a left-handed rap in the molars by one Al Lippe, manager of Jeff Smith. Lippe declares Darcy was knocked out by Smith in Australia and that Smith was jobbed out of the victory. To prove same Lippe offers to pit Smith against Darcy for glory, honor and fame, neither fighter to get a cent of the gate receipts and 50 per cent of the dough to go to the Canadian Red Cross fund. Darcy will probably accept this offer about as quickly as Ban Johnson would invite Dave Fultz to luncheon.

Ban Johnson very graciously announces that in the event of war American league players will be released from their base ball contracts to enlist in the army. This should be gladsome tidings to the athletes who cavort around the diamond greensward. Having been so keen for war during the days of the Federal league, we have no doubt the recruiting offices will be besieged by the perfect specimens of physical young manhood who wish to continue the war, this time with rifle and cannon as weapons instead of check books and fountain pens.

All in all it must be admitted Fred Fulton is a favored son of Dame Fortune. Born and developed in an age of tramp fighters, thoughts of which make an old-time fight fan cough hysterically, Fred has had a cinch in laying low all other contenders for the championship crown and becomes the logical man to tangle with the title-holding drone, Willard. Fulton's leap to the top of the ladder is due more to lack of class in the heavyweight ranks rather than record of achievement.

Hal Chase is said to have signed a two-year contract with Cincinnati, thus giving the critics and experts much to ponder over owing to the fact that the magnates have come out in favor of a one-year contract. We fail to see the reason for this perturbation. The new contracts contain the ten-day clause. And of what use, pray, is a two-year contract containing a ten-day clause? The Reds can fire Hal just as quickly as a U-boat could ruin a bark canoe.

Wilbur Robinson indignantly refuses to concede the National league pennant to the Giants, as most of the experts have done, and insists his Dodgers will be in the running. Wilbur had better observe caution in emitting the war talk, with Zack Wheat threatening to quit base ball and retire to his ranch in Oklahoma, and half a dozen other of the Robins yelping about salary cuts.

President Tener says base ball fans should support the agitation to turn the clocks ahead an hour. No doubt, a fan might be able to arrive home in time to partake of a little midnight lunch instead of just breezing into the domicile in the nick of time to catch his portion of the daily setting of ham and eggs. The governor is right.

That $50,000 talk over the Darcy-Gibbons bout must be a brain puzzler for the Australian. From the sums he received in his home country one would judge Darcy would flounder helplessly on any financial mathematics over $2,500 and two round trip tickets. It requires vast experience to converse coherently in figures of that size.

Percy Haughton is an amateur squash player. How Percy can be a professional foot ball coach, own and assist in the management of a professional base ball club and still retain a simon-pure amateur standing at squash is something of a mystery to us; but, then, perhaps Percy is a bum player.

Hughie Jennings, firebrand manager of the Tigers, rises to inform the world that the players' strike will be a failure. Which makes it unanimous—among the magnates and managers.

# RACE MANAGERS LACK FORESIGHT

### Harness Race Heads Take Too Much for Granted Says Frank Trott.

### ST. PAUL HOME OF CHAMPS

By JACK VEIOCK.

New York, Feb. 17.—Grand Circuit track managers take too much for granted.

This is the belief of Frank Trott, one of the best versed of racing men in the country, who protests that the purses offered these days are not large enough to induce horse owners to enter their best steppers in the various meets which are held around the big loop.

"The managers seem to figure that Cox will have Mabel Trask along, and that Pop Geers will enter St. Frisco, and that a purse of $1,200 will catch them," says Trott. "This is the way the harness horse turf is conducted, and it tells plainer than any other thing why this branch of racing has not been receiving its just share of public approval."

Last season Mabel Trask and St. Frisco did more to increase popular approval and interest in harness racing than any ten or twelve trotters combined, and their rewards were ridiculously small.

These two wonderful performers must either be raced for purses ranging between $1,000 and $1,200 or remain in their stalls. Trotting managers either fail to recognize their value as gate attractions, or refuse to do so because they believe they can get them anyway.

**Foresight Lacking.**

When it is considered that the horses available are numerous and that a free-for-all with a reasonable purse, drawing such entries as the two already mentioned, together with Peter Mac, Zomrect, Volga, Mary Putney, Peter Scott, Donna Lona and others who have marks ranging from 2:03¼ to 2:05¼, could be depended upon to draw handsomely, it is apparent that the meets are not conducted with the foresight that should be used.

It is said that such events as the M. & M. and the Charter Oak stake may be moved back to the 2:12 class, and that other promoters of the big purses are likely to follow suit, and it seems a pity that the managers, instead of providing for the best performers first, have taken the other tack.

The war in Europe has made it impossible for American horse owners to ship their stars abroad, and there is an abundance of material for some of the greatest racing meets in history.

**St. Paul Gets Honors.**

When it comes to the boxing championship of individual cities it appears that St. Paul, Minn., has the inside track, with a good chance to hold it for quite a while.

St. Paul boasts more boxers of the top-notch class than any other city in the country.

First of all there is Michael Gibbons, the "phantom," who, although extensively criticized by many writers, is nevertheless the best looking boy among the middleweights of America by a long way. Mike's brother, Tommy Gibbons, is another wonderfully clever and capable boxer who is coming fast, and may some day rank among the best in the country.

Next comes Johnny Ertle, who claims the bantamweight title, and who is recognized as the bantam champion by some of the writers on boxing, while others consider that the bantam division is so tangled up that no one boxer can be rightfully credited with the championship. At any rate, Ertle stands out as a bantam of the top-notch class, and St. Paul is his home.

In the light heavyweight division Billy Miske, another St. Paul product, has proven to the satisfaction of fistic critics both east and west that he has a just claim to a seat in the first row among the near-big fellows, such as Dillon, Levinsky and Darcy.

And the biggest of all St. Paulians is Fred Fulton, giant contender for the Willard skypiece. Fulton is working his way to the top, and he will eventually be matched with Willard for the championship.

Aside from these boxers are a number of good boys who deserve mention. They are Mike O'Dowd, a good middleweight; Billy DeFoe, a featherweight; Bobby Ward, a lightweight of better than the average class, and Buff Seidel, a strong 133-pound boy who has been making rapid strides in his division.

There are a few others, but in the list named here we have called your attention to the best of the St. Paul contingent. There is not another city in the country that can show a better hand of boxing stars.

**Coulon Loses Punch.**

Johnny Coulon is still the clever, shifty performer that he used to be, but he has lost the punch he packed when he was wearing the bantamweight crown, and he proved it recently when he met Jack Sharkey in New York at the Pioneer Sporting club. Coulon was given a popular draw with Sharkey, but had there been a hairline decision awarded Sharkey would have been entitled to it. Coulon still can box, and seems to have lost none of his ring generalship, but the old punch is lacking. Age is telling on Johnny, and the proof of his years is shown by the sparse covering of thatch which adorns his head.

## Omaha Swedes Ready to Tackle Denver Coppers

Those chesty Denver coppers, who evidently believe they are some pullers because of their recent victory over the Omaha police team, will be accommodated in their desire to test their strength with the Omaha Swedes, according to Charley Van Deusen and Sergeant Al Samuelson, who manage and captain respectively both the Omaha coppers and Swedes.

It was Van Deusen, who first suggested the Swedes, who won the championship from the Omaha Danes some time ago. The Denver cops in their first reply didn't cherish the Swedes, but did say they would be tickled to death to tackle the Omaha sleuths again. Then, apparently, the Colorado cops got ambitious and have signified a willingness to lock horns with the Swedes.

Van Deusen and Samuelson are getting their Swedes together and are making plans to bring the Denverites to Omaha the latter part of March or the first part of April.

## Fulton Training for Big Fight

FRED FULTON AND AL PALZER.

Now that it is definitely settled that Fred Fulton is to meet Jess Willard on March 26, the training quarters of the big westerner at Goshen, N. Y., have been swamped with visitors.

Fulton is shown here delivering a right-hander to the heart of Al Palzer, his sparring partner. This is considered his most effective blow.

# MASS MEETING OF AMATEURS TUESDAY

### Prominent Base Ball Men Will Give Sandlot Athletes Advice Talks.

### LEAGUES READY TO START

By FRANK QUIGLEY.

Of course, the amateur manipulators of the horsehide are not off on the right hoof for the base ball season yet, but they are rapidly lining up at the barrier, and will be off before long. Items of interest to the local base ball devoters have been transpiring rapidly during the last week. One by one the wandering sheep are returning to the fold.

The date of the mammoth base ball gathering in the council chamber of the city hall has been changed from Wednesday to Tuesday evening. A dandy program has been arranged for by the program committee. Smokes will be donated by Earl Higgins, Ernie Holmes and H. Beselin & Son.

The main purpose of this meeting is to stimulate interest for the approaching season. Everyone interested in the progress and welfare of the Omaha Amateur Base Ball association is cordially invited to attend. In the past these pre-season meetings have always drawn a packed house, but it is expected that this meeting will surpass all others. Prominent speakers have been secured. Among these orators will be men that have given their most loyal efforts to amateur base ball, and they will unselfishly expound their views which will probably have a tendency to promote and secure close co-operation for this year.

**Greater Omaha to Meet.**

This week the Greater Omaha league, a Class A organization, will elect officers. All Class A teams wishing to join this league are requested to attend this meeting. There were seven teams in this league last year and in all probability seven will again be the limit. The Te-Be-Ces, Armours, Omaha Gas Co., Burgess-Nash and the Jawn Dennisons, still retain franchises in this league. Ducky Holmes withdrew before the 1916 season terminated, and Mr. Bourgeois, leader of the Bourgeois squad is of the opinion that he will back an independent team.

Friday night, the City league, which iced the local Class B championship, held a meeting and elected officers. A few new teams will answer the roll call in this league, hereafter.

On February 28, the American league, a Class B troupe, will congregate at the city hall, elect officers and lay plans for another prosperous season. Eight teams still retain franchises in this league. Regardless of this fact, other teams are welcome. Teams that found the books closed in the City league, might find some consolation in attending the meeting of the American league.

**Holland Resigns.**

February 29, President Holland, of the Inter-City league will call together the magnates and tender his resignation. At present he is busy looking for a backer for his team, formerly the Krajiceks, champions of Class C. He will enter his aggregation in another league.

The National league will convene for their annual salvefest, February 28. Otto Pecha, the big gun of this league, will preside, but he avers that he will release his claim to the presidency.

Tuesday night, prior to the time set for the big mass meeting, the generals of the Booster league will hold a short session. Reports have been circulated that a couple of the teams associated with this league, have inoculated the dropsy since last fall and the reliability of this information will be investigated and prospective members will be given the once over.

Walter Nelsen, the big noise of the Metropolitan league, will ask his drove of warriors to assemble on February 28. The Metropolitan league will be shy a couple of squads, when the register is checked, so teams wishing to affiliate with this classy Class B army, should call Colfax 2123 for Walter Nelsen, or have a representative on deck at this meeting.

# FOUR TEAMS HAVE EDGE OVER RIVALS

### Omaha, Lincoln, Fremont and Sutton Likely Contenders for Cage Title.

### OTHERS ARE STRONG, TOO

By KARL LEE.

Two weeks and four days more—then the annual state tournament! Slowly high school teams have been preparing for the home stretch of the race for the floor title of Nebraska. Practically all the dope is in and everything points to the biggest and fastest tourney in the history of the event. At least 125 teams will participate, battling for three distinctive championships.

In Omaha, in Lincoln, in Sutton and in all other centers, interest has reached the highest pitch. Crowds of fans are expected to gather at Lincoln on the eventful days, March 7, 8, 9 and 10. Players alone, including coaches, will number more than 1,000, while the rooters that accompany their favorites, will easily expand that number four times. Omaha alone will have 500 rooters on the battle ground the last two days.

There are four leading teams which have the edge on the championship dope—Omaha, Lincoln, Sutton and Fremont. The latter two give the most promise. Hebron, South High, University Place and Crete are counted as game challengers, who will make things uneasy for those on top, while Newman Grove, Kearney, Columbus, Sidney, Schuyler, Friend and Norfolk are teams that cannot be disregarded.

Fortune and psychology have a great deal to do with the winning of the tournament. The drawings in 90 per cent of cases tell the tale. The chance is all as the cards are laid. For example, Fremont last year was put out by Crete in the first round of the tourney, the game being won by a three-point margin, while the latter went through and easily defeated every team until Beatrice was met in the final round.

**Make Winner Over Night.**

On the other hand a team that has played unlikely ball through out the season may be shifted at crucial moments during the tourney to form a winner. This was the case of Beatrice. After winning a one-point margin game from Geneva in the second round of the tourney, which would seem mighty discouraging, Coach Jones of the Queen City five arranged his team differently in successive games, to the end that a successful attack was obtained.

No doubt there are many squads in the state that have the key to the championship, if only their coach can see the need for greater aggressiveness. Several squads have been built on this principle this year, one being Coach Patton's Packer squad. The South High coach has a crew of excellent fighters, and by chance strategy may play a winning card and win the title. Coach Thieson of Geneva, with three old men in dock, has a similar opportunity.

## Last of the Hercules Shoots Will Be Today

The last of the series of five trap shoots for the Hercules trophy will be held at the Omaha Gun club today, providing a large enough number of shooters appear on the grounds. Henry McDonald, Doc Frye, Carl Blake and Cliff Wolff won the other four events. The shoot will be twenty-five targets.

The Columbus Gun club has challenged the Omaha Gun club for the Rees trophy, now held by Omaha. The shoot will be held here within a couple or three weeks.

## Creighton Warriors Play Drake Tomorrow

Coach Tommy Mills will lead his Creighton basket ball quintet to Des Moines tomorrow for a cage tangle at that point with the Drake university five.

Drake is a member of the Missouri Valley conference and has one of the best teams in the circuit. Blue and White supporters have hopes the locals will defeat Drake so decisively that they will be recognized as the equal of the valley quints.

# HERMAN READY TO MEET ALL COMERS

### How Bantam Champ Says He Will Defend Title Against Any Contender.

### MOHA HARD LUCK VICTIM

By RINGSIDE.

Chicog, Feb. 17.—Pete Herman of New Orleans, new king of the bantamweights, is a refreshing champion.

In these days when champions make a specialty of picking soft marks as opponents, getting the money before they enter the ring, then giving crass exhibitions that would disgrace a third rater, his actions are a treat.

Herman's claim on the title may be questionable, the flock of challengers large and classy and his own ability a mooted question, but his stand regarding the game is to be commended. He says that he is ready to meet them all, and he makes no bones as to which he will take on first. He will fight as often as he can get matches, and he proposes to do it in hammer and tongs fashion, so that the Doubting Thomases may come to believe that he is a real champion.

And—he hasn't mentioned the subject of money or demanded huge purses before he will discuss matches.

Johnny (Kewpie) Ertle, the St. Paul bantam, who has claimed the title because he won on a foul from Kid Williams last year, probably will be Herman's first opponent. Tom Andrews, the Milwaukee promoter, has opened negotiations which bid fair to be successful.

Kid Williams, from whom Herman got the title on a referee's decision that was not generally satisfactory, is starting out all over to mop up in the division and get another try at the crown. He started out with a decision over Benny O'Neil in Kansas City. Williams is credited with displaying all his old-time ferocity and showed no signs of having gone back or of having suffered mentally over the fact that he was deposed. Williams' belief that he was euchred out of the decision over Herman has given him all the confidence in the world, and he is going about his business just as strongly as when he was champion.

Johnny Coulon, former champion, is another who must be considered. Coulon's showing on New Year's against Joe Wagner, veteran of the game, was all that could be asked, and his battles since then have revealed that he still has championship ability and must not be regarded lightly. It must be admitted that Coulon is not the man he was a couple or more years ago, but he is far from being a has-been yet.

**Other Good Timber.**

In addition, there is quite good timber for battles with the champion in Pal Moore of Memphis, George Thompson, a Pacific coast battler, who is here under the wing of Willie Ritchie, former lightweight champion; Joe Lynch, New York's latest entry in the bantam stakes, and a handful of others who are forging their way into the front ranks.

Lynch's showing against One-Punch Hogan in fifteen rounds at New Orleans a few days ago stamped him as quite a likely opponent for Herman in the southern city. This One-Punch person is no slouch with his fists, but Lynch gave him a tasty lacing. He displayed both left and rights of ability, willingness to stand punishment and a perfectly sound wallop. He is green yet, but under the skillful tutelage of Scotty Monteith, who handles Johnny Dundee, he will be heard from before long.

Thompson is a trim and tidy little chap. His desire is to fight his way to the championship. If some other boy convinces him that he has no chance, he will quit the game. He doesn't have to box for a living, but he likes it, and believes he is good enough to bid for Herman's laurels. He has fought Coulon twice in no-decision bouts and appeared in a dozen battles in the east without getting trimmed. Altogether he has mixed in sixty battles without having his colors lowered.

**Hammer Sees Light.**

Prospects of driving the old grocery wagon again have worked wonders with Ever Hammer, the bristling blonde who was tiger in the ring until Johnny Dundee put the skids under him several months ago. Hammer has seen the light and the pep which was so conspicuously missing in his last bouts again is in evidence as he cavorts around the gym.

When Hammer was creating a sensation in lihgtweight ranks and the money was rolling in, he fell like so many other boxers for the gay life, neglected training and took things easy. Then came the beatings from Dundee and Benny Leonard and Hammer began to wake up.

The alarm clock went off with a vengeance when Joe Welling, whom he previously had trimmed, put the bee on him. Hammer retired for a few weeks, then began working again at light training. Then he enlisted the aid of clever Sam Langford and under the tutelage of that past master of the ring he is showing the form of old again.

"He's a great boy," said the "Boston Tar Baby." "He's strong as a bull and my, how that little boy can hit. When he gets going again those lightweights had better watch ont."

**White Scoffs at Mitchell.**

Charley White is not one of the great admirers of Ritchie Mitchell of Milwaukee. White believes that Mitchell is as big a staller in the ring as Freddie White was accused of being when he fought the Beer City lad.

"Mitchell says he is the coming lightweight champion, but he doesn't want any more of my game," said the left-hook artist. "When I fought him he kept his fist stuck up in front of his jaw and covered up and ran away. If he will stand up and fight I am willing to bet I can knock him out in ten rounds without more than half trying."

Otto Wallace of Milwaukee and Harvey Thorpe, the battling Kansas Citian, will meet in a fifteen-round battle at Joplin, Mo., Tuesday night. These lightweights are both comers and there is an old grudge to be settled between them.

# The Hypodermic Needle

By FRED S. HUNTER.

WHOOPS.

I do not wrestle, swim or box,
Or play the base ball game,
I do not tennis, run or golf,
I've never gained much fame.

I've never donned a gridiron suit,
At hockey tried to play,
And even poker, pitch and chess,
Do not stand in my way.

I've never curled nor tried to skate,
My name is clean and pure,
I've never even played croquet,
I am an amateur.

Contrary to general belief, the current squabble between W. Wilson and K. Wilhelm is not over the amateur issue.

Fifty thousand bucks is the purse hung up for Darcy and Gibbons. Jack Curley must have had hysterics when he heard the news.

We can now expect Yale or Harvard to bestow the professorship of archeology upon Jess Willard. Washington-Jefferson has made Johnny Evers a doctor of philosophy.

Johnny will now be competent to write learned treatises on the "metaphysics of smoting the pill on the snoot."

Can you imagine Johnny Evers, Ph. D., arguing with Bill Byron, X. Y. Z., over a strike? We ask you now is "you blind bum, you. Raffles was a saint compared to you. Diogenes would never waste any time investigating your record, you oughta be blowing safes for a living, you gotta about as much license to be an umpire as Pancho Villa has to be teaching a Presbyterian Sunday school, whaddya mean strike, yuh big stiff?" fitting language for a Ph. D.?

Our dough goes down on Mike Gibbons. We have discovered Les Darcy wears a cane.

Otto Floto says Jess Willard's wind is bad. What's the difference? Tom Jones has got enough to make up for the two of them.

The owners of the Phils refuse to pay Alexander more than $8,000 a year. That seems a reasonable enough pay roll for a ball club.

Ordinarily we are loathe to disclose office secrets, but because of the insistent demand of so many interested parties we have consented to tip the public off as to why Abe Groh, the world's greatest mutilator of Noah Webster's favorite work and historian par excellence, wears his hair like Paderewski. He does it for the same reason some men wear spats and others play the ukelele.

Comiskey not worried over war, says headline. Why should a guy who is sure of 25,000 paid every Sunday whether his team is on top or in the cellar worry over war?

A scribe says Fritz Maisel is all Fielder Jones needs. We may be wrong, but we thought he needed a few ball players.

Muskogee fans fret for signs of base ball, reads another headline. But there's no fretting in St. Joseph.

# *Taxi Driver Pops Plestina in Eye; Joins Pacifists Two Minutes Later*

When pitted against a husky foe on the padded wrestling mat, Marin Plestina, the big Omaha grappler, at once becomes a rough and ready bone crusher who has little regard for ears, arms, legs or ribs and any other such personal property as his opponent may possess and cherish, and members in good standing of the ancient and honorable order of wrestling parties are prone to give Marin a wide berth on this account.

But in private life, when he has discarded the togs of war for the day, Marin is a big, good-natured, likable chap, who wouldn't harm man, woman or child—except, except when some simon-pure simp whose bean is a perfect vacuum tries to take liberties with him. Then woe unto him who arouses the wrath of the terrible Marin. With proper nursing and good luck he may be discharged from the hospital within six months.

Not so very long ago an Omaha taxi pilot picked up a nocturnal fare who insisted that the custodian of his carriage join in the convivial entertainment of the evening. As a result the taxi pilot became so blythe and gay that when he encountered the huge Plestina in his wanderings the wrestler hurt his eyesight or something and the t. p. reached the belligerent stage, where he "choosed" Plestina.

Immediately upon choosing Marin the gas cart driver shot a right swing that landed perfectly on the wrestler's eye. It was a swell punch, discolored the optic and even rocked Marin's head a bit.

"What for you hit me?" inquired Marin mildly.

"Get outa my sight, you big bum, before I slam you so hard your whole family drops dead from the shock," answered the taxi lad as he prepared to swing a left hook this time. The swing never arrived, it never even started. A curly wolf, a grizzly bear, a mountain lion and a forty-two-centimeter Krupp started after the taxi gent at the same time. Eye-witnesses declare to this day Marin was trying to destroy the entire earth with the taxi driver as an instrument of destruction. "He must have plowed up three acres," declared Frankie Lane, who tells the story, "Talk about your human tractors."

By offering to buy a drink for everybody in the precinct, then the ward, then the county and then the entire world, the taxi driver, who had collided wtih the hard earth about seventeen times with the usual result which attends a crash between an immovable object and a human being, managed to make his peace and induce Plestina to desist.

"All I wanta know," said the taxi driver, "is whether you're Jess Willard or Kaiser Wilhelm."

## Tom Clark Puts Two Hurlers Out of Game By One Swing of Bat

Did you ever hear about one pinch-hitter who retired two pitchers with one swing of his mace?

His name is Tom Clark, the Rhinelander backstop. On June 13, 1916, the Reds and Braves battled to a sixteen-inning scoreless tie. Toney started the game for the Cincinnatians and Rudolph did likewise for the Bostonians. But neither finished it, because Clark finished both of them in the twelfth.

The Reds got a man on the bag in the twelfth session and Cholly Herzog, then piloting the Red skiff, decided to send Clark to bat in the place of Toney. That removed Toney from the battlefield. Rudolph served up a twister to Clark and the catcher at once whaled it right back to Rudolph. The drive hit the bald-headed flinger on his operating fin—and he went away in search of a doctor.


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