

MIKE GIBBONS' ONE BOXER WITH CLEAN RECORD

St. Paul Phantom Quits Game and Leaves Reputation of Family Up to Brother, Tommy.

By RINGSIDER. Chicago, June 1.—It begins to look as though Mr. Thomas Gibbons of St. Paul, brother of Mike, the phantom boxer, of the same city, will have to take up the burden...

Mike's reputation as a clean fighter has spread far and wide, and in two instances has been a big boon to the boxing game. The clean reputation of Mike Gibbons and his brother, Tommy at St. Paul led to the Minnesota legislature passing a bill legalizing boxing in that state.

Again, the Gibbons boys made a trip to the coast some time ago, and with their reputation gone ahead of them, the bars against boxing in Oregon and Washington were dropped to allow them to put on exhibitions in those states. And the exhibitions were of such sterling and clean-cut nature that the bars have been down ever since.

That Mike made a hit with the soldier boys and the commanders goes without saying. It always has been a great delight with him to teach boys with the boxing instinct, or with a desire to learn how to defend themselves. And wherever he has found a lad with more than ordinary ability he has induced him to take up the game and earn a comfortable livelihood out of it.

Helped Billy Miske. Such famous boxers as Billy Whelan, Mike O'Dowd, Johnny Ertle and Irish Patsy Cline, owe much to Mike for the training of the early days of their careers. He also had much to do with bringing Billy Miske into the limelight.

It is now up to Tommy to do the fighting, since Mike is out of it. Tom has lost no time and is out with a challenge to Jack Dempsey, the Pacific coast aspirant.

Tom is a smaller man than Dempsey, but despite weight handicaps he has beaten every man he has met. Tom has never been held to a draw. He fought Miske twice and put up a fine showing; in fact, many say as good as Dempsey did.

A battle between Dempsey and Tommy ought to prove a corker, and fans are hoping that ere long the two may be matched.

Willard Disappointed. Since the calling off of the Willard-Fulton bout by Colonel Joe Miller of Oklahoma, Jess has been pretty well disappointed. And one of the thorns in his side appears to be the Red Cross. He said as much the other day when he departed for his ranch out in Kansas. The fact that the officials of the Red Cross turned down his first offer to give that organization almost all of the receipts from a championship battle graded on him. He couldn't understand it, especially when they wired him broadside messages to come on to New York and box for the big fund they recently raised by a monster boxing carnival.

Rejection Hurts. "I made what I considered was a fine offer when I returned from Florida," said Jess, "and it was turned down cold. That hurt.

"On top of that Colonel Miller and I offered the sum of \$50,000 to Fort Sheridan officials, that amount to be used for an athletic fund or in any way they saw fit, to stage a bout with Fulton there. We never heard any more of this.

"At no time was the colonel unwilling to give up a big amount of the gate receipts to any war fund or charity that I might be given. At no time was I unwilling to give up a big portion of my earnings for a similar purpose. I sincerely believed that the people wanted to see the question between Fulton and myself settled for all time.

SUNDAY GAMES MAKE HIT WITH CAPITAL FANS

War Workers in Washington Flock to Sabbath Contests; Other Eastern Cities Envious.

By JACK VEIOCK. New York, June 1.—Washington is furnishing a vivid example of the attitude of fans along the Atlantic coast toward Sunday base ball. The lifting of the bars against Sunday ball in the national capital May 19 proved a great boon to lovers of the game throughout the season. The American league as well, and the owners of the Washington club have reason to believe that Sunday ball may be continued indefinitely if the public shows that it wants the bars left down.

Last winter there were many rumors concerning the status of the Washington club. Clark Griffith's team failed at the box office during the season of 1917, for the great army of war workers at the capital had no time to patronize base ball during week days, and the dyed-in-the-wool regulars who could get away to attend the games throughout the season were fewer than in other years, when this country was at peace with the rest of the world.

Talk of Moving. There was talk of moving the Washington club to some other city, and it is known from authoritative sources that such a move was discussed on several occasions. Finally, Ban Johnson came out with a flat denial that such a move had been seriously thought of and denied the idea of taking the national pastime away from the national capital.

Sunday base ball in Washington will be watched with great interest by major league club owners throughout the east this season, for the sentiment of the base ball public is known to be strong for the amendment of blue laws which prevail throughout the eastern states.

Hope Bar is Lifted. New York fans would welcome Sunday ball, as would the fans of Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Boston, and the club owners are living in hope of seeing the bars lifted by the time another season rolls around.

Base ball men contend that there is no radical sentiment among the masses of fans against Sunday ball, and they are predicting that the time is not far off when the base ball fan who cannot enjoy weekday games will be permitted to see Sunday games in all of the big league cities.

Wielding the Hammer. DESPITE the expert prognostication of S. G. V. Griswold to the contrary, we lean toward Jack Dempsey in his July 4 brawl with Ferocious Freddie Fulton. The fact that Tonsorial John Reiser and Jack Kearns continue to quarrel over Dempsey convinces us that Jack has an ace buried some place.

Modern Pugilism. FEROCIOUS Freddie Fulton, having broken a bone in his hand, has cancelled his vaudeville tour. What has a broken bone in the hand to do with a box fighter giving exhibitions on a vaudeville stage? Only a broken leg would prevent that kind of fighting.

Boy Page Sarah Bernhardt. MR. RINGSIDE informs us that Michael Gibbons has retired from the field of pugilism. Michael will remain retired until some promoter finds a new collection of restless dollars. Then will all bets be declared summarily off.

Roger's Integrity. WHO KNOWS? IT IS suggested by a follower of the wrestling game, who evidently has heard that dressing room conversations occasionally take place, that perhaps Mr. Zhysko ran out of his match with Joe Stecher for the simple reason that he discovered he might really have to wrestle this time. Well—it has been done, it has been done.

Mike Loses Cast. THE cold eye of suspicion points to Mike O'Dowd, who admits he is the middleweight champion of the universe. Mike ran out of a match with Eddie McGoorty, whose championship class ends with the outskirts of Oskosh, Wis.

Mr. Kelley. FOR the benefit of those who may wish to know, the first name of Mr. Kelley of the Rourkes is not Pat or Mike. It is Bill.

Eddie Rickenbacher--Flying Ace

He Raced for Joy of Racing; He Flies for Joy of Flying; Ever Seeking Thrills. EDDIE RICK HITTING HIGH SPOTS AT 100 MILES AN HOUR ON HIS LAST VISIT HERE

By FRED S. HUNTER. Something like a decade ago, when the craze for speed began to sweep the entire nation, a few reckless Omaha souls, bitten by the germ, pressed into service an old, discarded, half-mile dirt track out on West Leavenworth for the purpose of staging automobile speed contests.

It was a dangerous, treacherous little track but a spectacular one. The circumference was only half a mile, the course narrow, the turns sharp and flat. The earth was soft and crumbly and easily displaced. After a few moments of racing, the track took on the appearance of a plowed field and huge ruts and furrows appeared to divert the front wheels from their course, play havoc with tires and otherwise make attempts at speed difficult and hazardous.

Efforts to put the track into condition were only half-hearted. The course was raked and rolled a bit, a few pieces of ramshackle fence repaired, the long grass in the infield cut and the track was ready. Sunday races were scheduled.

New Entry Appears. One Sunday a new entry appeared on the scene. He was a mild-mannered, pleasant-eyed, good-looking young chap. He was open of countenance, fair of complexion, light of hair and possessed of a frank and engaging smile which quickly made him friends. He looked sort of business-like, too, this new-comer, with the almost hairless face of a mere boy. But his car didn't. It was a little, low, slim, rakish-looking car and its ridiculously little engine purred like a sunning kitten. Racing fans of today would have recognized the little car as a dangerous entry, but it looked anything but formidable as racing automobiles went in those days.

Compared to the giant cars of giant horsepower which roared and thundered like blast furnaces and threatened to burst into flames any moment, it was ridiculously out of its class.

A few of the curious here and there asked a question or two about the new driver's identity. A few of the sympathetic did, too. What a shame, they said, sadly. "He's such a nice looking chap and with such an absurdly tiny car. And it's so dangerous, too," they told one another.

What was the new driver's name? Somebody spoke it. It was a long name, a little difficult to pronounce, a little difficult to remember. Everybody promptly forgot it. But no matter, he was a rank outsider anyhow.

Rush and Roar. Then the races began. The great motors began to pound and hammer and thunder and roar. There was much spitting of fire and smoke. There was a rush and a roar and the cars were off in the first race.

The air became gray with dust as the grinding wheels sent the dry earth flying in all directions. The track became as one, great gray cloud. The flying cars sideslipped and skidded dangerously. Hazardous ruts and furrows began to take shape at the turns. Desperately at every corner, drivers unable to see but a few feet in front of them or to either side on account of the blinding dust began to shut off their power, to slow down. The dust lifted a bit. Then the spectators, the wisecracks who had played the favorites heavily and cast aside the long shots, received the jolt of their lives. The little car with the green unknown driver was running around its great rivals in circles.

The young chap won nine out of 10 races that day. In the tenth, he was forced out by engine trouble.

him and hoped for him, and prayed for him. They wanted to see him win—and they wanted to see him escape the leering fate and the lurking death which they knew were ever on his trail.

For Joy of Game. For there was something about this young Omaha chap they liked. It was his ever-present smile, his ever-kindly word, his carefree, happy-go-lucky manner and the sheer joy he got out of racing. Few great racing drivers like the game they are in. There is a fascination about it that holds them and they can't quit, although down deep in their hearts they hate it. Some day, they know, will come the day of reckoning, the day when the game reaps its awful harvest, takes its terrible toll; some day the game will "get" them, and they hate it—but they can't quit.

But here was a driver who was different. He didn't hate the game, he loved it. He raced for the pure joy of racing. He was never happier than when on the track. He loved the speed, the risk, the thrills; it wasn't just the fame and the fortune—it was the game itself he loved.

Hair-Raising Escapes. He was a wonderful driver, a driver with a distinction all his own. His wrists were like iron, his eye clear and true, his intuition keen, his mind ever alert and ready for any one of the thousand and one unexpected emergencies which might arise. He underwent many hair-raising escapes. They were always made possible, though, through skill and cleverness and nerve, not the "luck" about which we hear so much and which occurs so seldom. Citation of one instance will prove this. It happened at Sheephead Bay. Carl Limberg was leading the race. He was traveling at more than 100 miles an hour. Suddenly his car plunged, broke away. It struck the guard rail at the top of the track. The machine broke into two pieces. The two pieces began to roll down the pitched bank of the turn where the accident occurred. Directly behind Limberg, pounding the boards at a terrific clip, came the young Omaha driver. The wrecked car was directly in his path, the track was blocked by the falling pieces. The great crowd shuddered. It looked like inevitable death. There was seemingly no escape.

Avenue of Escape. Then something happened. The alert young driver saw what the crowd did not. He saw a loophole of escape—only a loophole, it is true, but a loophole. He gave a quick sure tug at the steering wheel, the car shot suddenly toward the top of the bank. Then it turned straight ahead again. The railbirds near the scene closed their eyes as the speeding car headed directly into the wreck, which was rolling down the track. They waited for the crash. But it never came. And opening their eyes the fans saw the Omaha driver safe on the other side, his speed undiminished, his nerve unflinching. He had darted between the two riving pieces of wrecked machine. He had seen the only opening and he had gone through. His clear-ance was less than three inches on either side.

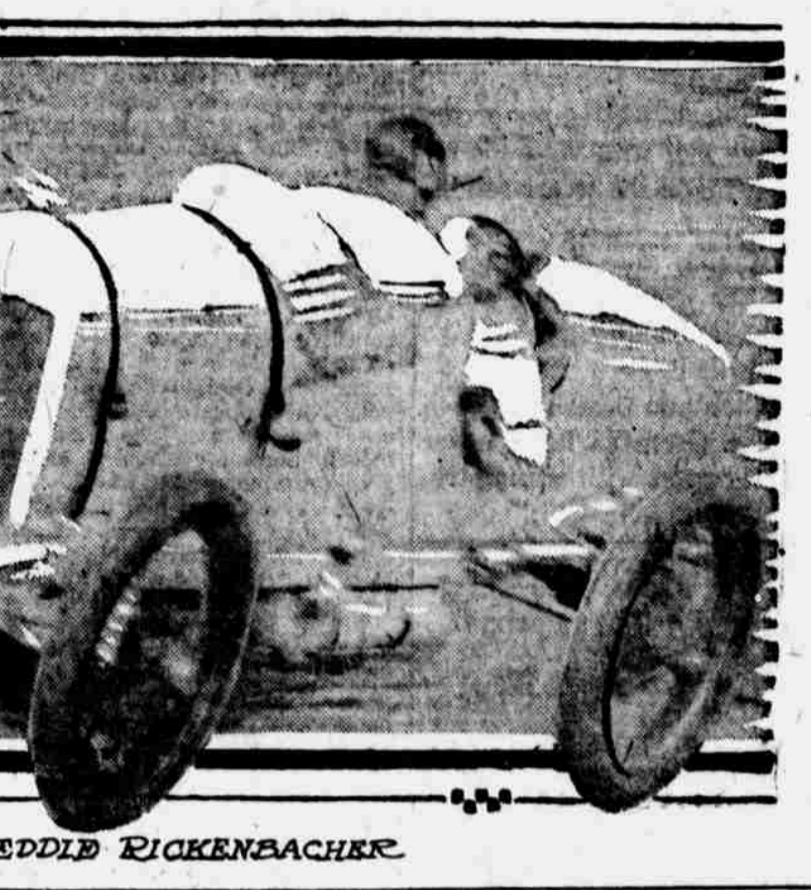
But the speedway game, thrilling as it was, began to lose its appeal to the young Omaha. He began to long for more exciting pursuits. One hundred miles an hour was all right, but it was too easy. He champed at the bit. Nothing offered.

Went to Egypt. He was an instructor at a flying school there. But when the thrills of mere flying began to wear off, the young officer began to chafe at the bit again. He began to plead for more active service—and he got it. He was given a battle plane and assigned to the American battle front in France.

That was only a little more than a month ago. No more had he arrived than he underwent his first air encounter—and came out victorious. In company with Captain Normal Hall he sent a boche flyer to the earth behind the German lines. That was only a beginning. Only a month has passed and yet he has been decorated with the French war cross for bravery in action. He has become an "ace" for he has sent his fifth plane tumbling to the earth. One time, answering an air alarm, he encountered three of the foe. Not a moment did he hesitate. The odds were great—three to one. But he attacked all three. He got one and sent the other two in hasty flight.

Rescues Comrade. Just a few days and he encountered five enemy planes—two biplanes and three monoplanes. Again he attacked singlehanded. And again he sent one machine crashing to the ground while the others hiked for the safety of their own lines. Returning to his own lines from this engagement he saw four Hun flyers attacking a comrade. One of them collided with the comrade who began to limp toward safety. Another enemy discerning the plight of the American dived to attack. But the Omaha lad dived too. He dived straight at the Hun, his machine-gun barking. The Hun turned and fled. He saved his comrade.

He has earned the title of "ace," he has earned the French war cross and he has saved a comrade from almost certain death. And he asks only time to gain more distinctions, to earn more honors, and—what probably is more important to him—to enjoy more thrills.



EDDIE RICKENBACHER

Close-up of Rick at Wheel



In Uniform



young seeker of thrills who went out into the world from Omaha. Perhaps, at last he has found the thrill that thrills, the thrill of lasting quality. Perhaps, he has found the game he will always love. Perhaps, he has found that which he has ever been seeking—the great adventure. It's about the most thrilling thing imaginable, this flying of a fighting plane over No Man's land in France, especially when one tackles five hostile planes unaided and returns unscathed and safe to venture forth again. It's hardly a game, even a man who loves thrills for the thrills themselves, would tire of it.

Perhaps He's Satisfied. Perhaps he is satisfied now, this

Scouts Begin to Beat the Bushes for Young Talent. Major league club owners are hopeful for the future and several of them have sent their scouts out. Eddie Herr of the St. Louis Browns is making a trip that will take him through the Pacific coast territory. Charley Barrett of the St. Louis Cardinals is hunting for that much-wanted outfielder in the Southern and Texas leagues. Billy Doyle of the Philadelphia Nationals is combing the colleges for prospects for next year or the year after.

American League Clubs Have Assistant Managers. There are no such things as coaches with American league clubs these days. The old-timers who get on the lines and help move the runners around are "assistant managers." The club that doesn't carry such a prop to the manager is the exception. Here are some of the "assistant managers": Boston Red Sox, Charley Wagner; Cleveland Indians, Herman Schaefer; New York Yankees, Paddy O'Connor; St. Louis Browns, Jimmy Burke; Detroit Tigers, Bill Donovan; Washington, Nick Altrock and George McBride. Connie Mack has no assistant since Harry Davis retired and Clarence Rowland is going it alone, except for a field captain since Kid Gleason quit him.

MURPHY TEAM TO PLAY COMBAT IN MICHIGAN TOWN

Leaders of Greater Omaha Race to Journey to Alma, Mich. for Game Fourth of July.

By FRANK QUIGLEY. The best trip ever tendered an amateur base ball squad by a backer is the excursion which will be indulged in by the Murphy-Did-Its of the Greater Omaha league, when on the day before freeracker day they will shoot out of this burg over the rails for Alma, Mich., which is approximately 900 miles from here. A duel has been arranged at Alma with the Republic team stationed there. It is the object of Manager Cleve Hull to schedule a few other games, so the boys can enjoy a layover in a few of the large cities on the way back to the old fireside. He is especially anxious to fight the Logan Squares at Chicago. At the present writing the Murphy-Did-Its are the real it's in the Greater Omaha league and if they are perched in the same position when they bump Alma and others, their achievements whatever they may be, will automatically tell the Omaha fans how our amateur manipulators of the pill compare with the eastern speed merchants.

American Loop Shows Class. Heretofore the City league has always walked away with the championship of class B without any trouble. It was all cut and dried before the fusties were played. You could get a 20 to 1 bet that the City league would win the honors. It was pie a la mode and strawberry shortcake for the City leaguers. That old adage, success comes to he who waits doesn't make much headway in this busy world but it looks like it might hit the American leaguers this year. The American league was sure to have a week, a month and a year. The way the Florence Merchants and Sample Harts of the American league are tearing up things now, the City leaguers would have to haul around a barrel or two of mustard to be strong enough to slim them a dose of bitters. Well, just wait and see if the City leaguers will not be up against a starchy proposition this fall.

This season to date, the Armour, champions of Omaha last year, have been playing error base ball so you can not be sure to expect today when they clash with the Murphy Did Its, present leaders of the Greater Omaha league, at Luxus park. The Armour might bring along their New York Giant stuff and they might uncock the extreme opposite. Of course the Blacksmiths say they are going to hammer the sausage out of the packersville crew. Anyway a classy duel is looked for by followers of both squads. Potach will swing them over for the Irishmen and Stillmoch or Graves will be on the hill for the South town bunch.

Teams Must Reduce. Managers, remember that Saturday, June 1st was the day for all of the teams of the association to reduce to an even dozen men.

Holmes park 31st and Ames avenues, is where the Holmes White Sox and the Krajiceks will embrace each other. Their last loving match resulted in the Holmes being kicked out or rather shut out. Today a different story will be unraveled for the Holmes are going to buckle down to work and demonstrate to the Krajiceks what they can do. Baker, Grant or Zink are the Holmes pitchers and McCoy is the Krajiceks best bet.

The big game in the City league will be the tussle between the Slugs and National Cash Register.

Standstill Goals. Team managers take notice. Please call Frank Quigley at Douglas 2246 and report the score after each game.

Ernest Adams, local athlete of repute, is taking life easy out at Fort Omaha. The Walter O. Clark are looking for a good kicker. Call Yon Crowder at either Douglas 2187 or Webster 2241.

To date none of the Class A managers has convinced Russell Rout, star beaver, what he is missing in not advancing the mound this season.

Arthur Moran is apparently doing accurate work as an adjudicator. He has not been introduced to Mr. Trouble this season.

Alfred Adams, who signed with the Bombers, has not played so far. Recently his score off a gamessuit and Alfred's left paw was injured.

The Slugs used four pitchers to leave the day at Schuyler, Neb., but failed by one point.

Robert Elliott has taken over the management of the City league. Under his tutorage this gang ought to wake up.

Here of late Carl Rathke is bombarding the cherry unusually hard. He cornered three safe cracks out of four last Sunday.

Alphonse Camp, W. O. W., is looking for a couple of live wires. Call Webster 565 and squawk for Robert Elliott.

Although Arthur Drok of the Beesline was injured with two transportation last Sunday he won his game. He issued eight free tickets.

Ernest Deamers of the Men's Fashion Shop gang is still on the shelf because of a winger which was cracked by a pitched ball.

That dude, Carlan, hitched to the Rumpers is some clubber. Two weeks ago today he collected two home runs and last Sunday three for the half way mark.

As customary Collins is playing his usual stellar game in the field for the Armour. He is fast on his heels and a tough customer to deal with when he reaches the initial sack.

William Madden, who used to be a crack class A knicker, is now handling the indicator for the Beesline. He is a fast runner.

The Beesline are looking for a duel on Freeracker day. Call Roy Stacey at South 1233.

Roy Spencer of the Union Outfitting team is recruited to be the president of the American league. There is a franchise open in that league.

It is laid pipe that Willie Probst can still hit the ball. He put one over the boards last Sunday.

For a pitcher, Ray of the Murphy-Did-Its is some hitmith. He slipped two for the limit against the Murphys.

Monk Manke of the Omaha Bluffs Longways is some knicker. He fanned 13 of the Holmes White Sox and only allowed one hit.

W. H. Murray, centerfielder for the Holmes White Sox, is the lucky dude to draw the only single off of Manke's footers.

The Union Outfitting company team will play a twilight game with the Nebraska Storage Battery nine, Thursday night and Dewey avenue Wednesday night.

The Florence Merchants would like to schedule an out-of-town game for July 6. Address M. Pascal, 2129 Tuckett street.