

TRONG OF ENTHUSIASTIC FIGHT FANS SEE SPEEDY BOUTS IN ARENA AT SHIBE BASEBALL PARK

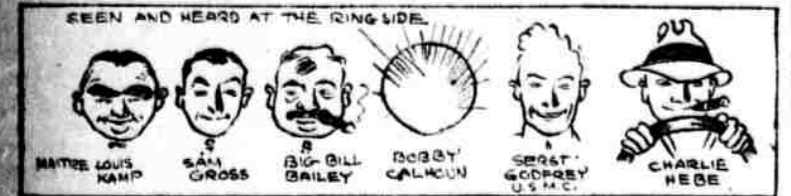
LEW TENDLER BEATS CLINE IN A SENSATIONAL FINISH WHEN PATSY GETS WEARY

Philadelphia Lightweight Allows Foe to Wear Himself Out in Third and Fourth Rounds; Crowd of 12,000 Witnesses Feature Card at Shibe Park

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger

THE pugilistic hopes of Irish Patsy Cline were derailed, muddled up and otherwise wrecked at Shibe Park last night when he collided with the fast-flying and deadly accurate gloves of Lew Tandler. For six rounds in the windup of the greatest show ever held in Philadelphia the visitor from New York traversed the well-known rocky road, and although he showed well in spots, Tandler emerged with a strange hold on the honors. He defeated Cline in one of the fastest and most sensational bouts ever seen in this city and further proved his class among the contenders for the lightweight crown.

Lew did not have an easy time of it, but he fought a crafty fight, allowing his opponent to wear himself out, then stepping in and administering a beating in a whirlwind finish. It was a fitting ending to the strenuous scrap and a stage manager could not have improved on it. The 12,000



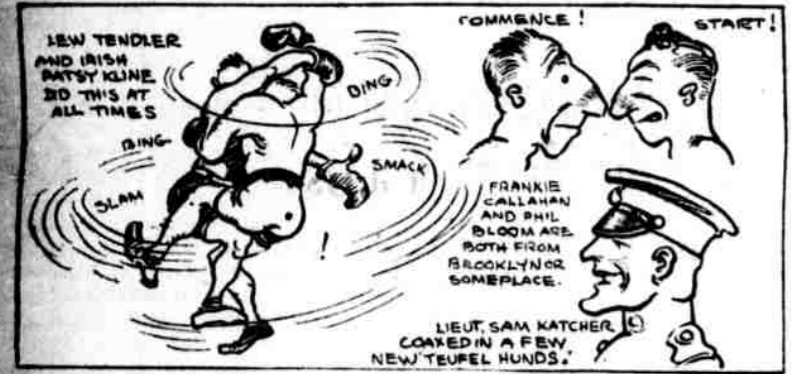
spectators were on their feet cheering wildly, and the enthusiasm was so great near the end of the sixth round that the crowd left the stands and rushed to the ring to get a closer view. The police and sailors were unable to hold them back, but nothing serious happened, as Timekeeper Billy Purcell pulled the bell and the battle was over.

Tandler won the first round, the second was even, Cline took the third and fourth and Tandler forced ahead in the fifth and sixth.

Boxing came into its own last night, and the huge crowd which packed the arena proved that the sport is a popular one. The grand stand was comfortably filled and the overflow occupied the covered bleachers in right and left fields. The ring, which was pitched near the home plate, was surrounded by a horseshoe of humanity, with every pair of eyes fixed intently on that squared circle bathed in the glare of powerful electric lights. They followed every move of the boxers and expressed appreciation after each bout.

Soldier Bartfield and Harry Greb boxed a hard draw in the first of the all-star events and Frankie Callahan barely was able to win from Phil Bloom in the second. Bloom substituted for George Chaney, who was too ill to appear.

Tandler's Cleverness and Cool Judgment Won the Bout ALTHOUGH the other bouts were good, Tandler and Cline furnished the real thrills of the evening. There was excitement even before the battling began, for Lew was unable to get his hands into the new set of gloves and old ones were used. All of this took time and the spectators were on edge when the bell started hostilities. Cline rushed as usual, but Tandler met him with a stiff right jab and followed with a left hook to the head. This stopped Patsy for a time, but he came back again and the fighting was fast and furious at the end. In the second round Cline shifted



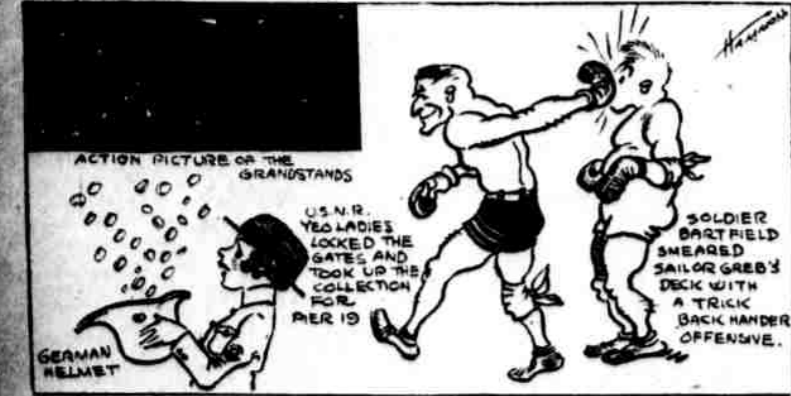
his tactics and tried to beat Lew at his own game. He stood off and jabbed, but the local southpaw outboxed and outslugged him. Lew rocked Patsy with a left to the jaw and had him worried at the bell.

Between the rounds H. Morgan Pollok and Dan McKittrick, Patsy's advisers, spoke harshly to their charge, for after the rest he took after Tandler and soon had him hanging on. He beat Lew to every punch, was on top of him all of the time and his work was so sensational that Walter Leslie, who monologued behind us, almost passed away with joy. Walter also did some great work in the fourth when Cline rushed Tandler into a corner and connected with a solid right to the jaw. Lew fell backward and clinched. The blow evidently worried him, for he remained on the defensive while Patsy was all over him like a tent. He had wiped out Tandler's margin at this juncture and was leading on points.

Cline Fought Himself Out and Was Tired at End

LEW played a foxy game, whether he knew it or not. He allowed Cline virtually to fight himself out, and in the fifth round began to inflict a little damage on his own hook. Tandler's superior condition began to tell, for he seemed to grow better every second and his blows had more steam behind them. Patsy tried his old rushing game, but Lew met him in the center of the ring. They stood toe to toe, whaling away at each other, but the southpaw hit him five times to one return. He had Patsy very tired at the finish and the body blows, which always found a mark, were beginning to sap his strength.

Then came the sixth. Lew landed two beautiful uppercuts and when Patsy stepped back he shot a hard left to the body. That blow almost



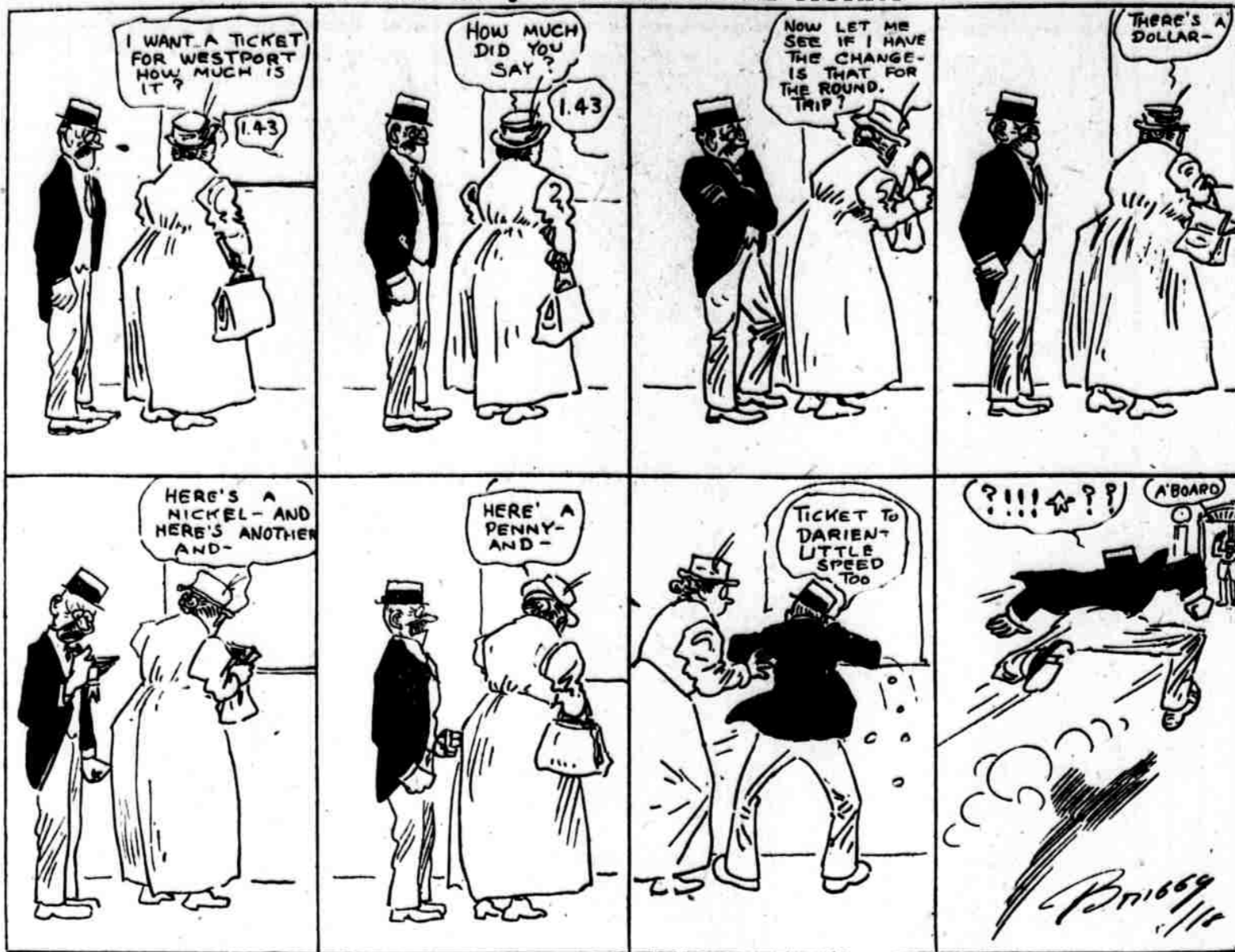
ended the fight. Cline's knees stiffened, he threw both hands out and grabbed Tandler, holding on until his head cleared. Lew knew he had Patsy in bad shape and tried hard to pull out of the clinch. He wanted to finish his man. But Cline refused to be shaken off. By this time the crowd was yelling itself hoarse, and there was more excitement when Lew finally broke away and started another slugging match with his tiring foe. He was hitting Cline almost at will when the spectators rushed to the ring, but before they arrived the round was over.

THE success of last night's affair was due to the capable work of Leon Rains and his partner, Phil Glassman. Rains saw that each man got his seat, there was no crowding at the gates and when the dollar patrons found it was hard to get through the main gates he opened two more and allowed them to go into the right and left field stands. Rains also announced that he would refund the money to those who were not satisfied with the substitution of Bloom for Chaney, but only two spectators out of that big crowd cashed in at the box office.

YESTERDAY'S victory marked the third straight for the Athletics, and they still are on the trail of the Detroit clan for possession of seventh place. While the Mackmen were downing the White Sox, the Detroit team, cheered on by the sensational playing of the Peerless Ty, arose and gave the Sox "over here" a double push on their downward slide. The Tigers are a game and a half in front of the A's.

FRANK SHELLENBACH, the nineteen-year-old semipro, of Chicago, went down smoothly in the box for the Sox yesterday in the first five innings, but the Athletics jumped on him for three runs and the game.

MOVIE OF A MAN IN A BIG HURRY



MERION EVOLVES CADDIE SYSTEM

Has Best Arrangement of Any Club—Murphy Is Great Master

HIS "GOAT" SAFE

By WILLIAM H. EVANS

If you happen to follow the final match for the amateur golf championship of this country at Merion between Chick Evans and Bob Gardner, you might have noticed the two caddies, Chick had a small but chunky youth and the other champion had a man somewhere in the fifties with grizzled hair and a fine Irish brogue. That was Murphy, one of the finest caddies that ever carried the bag of a champion. Murphy for some time has been the caddie master at Merion, and Merion has one of the finest caddie systems imaginable.

It takes a man who understands boys to handle the boys, and the caddie master, full of life and mischief, and one of their delights is getting the goat of the caddie master. But they never get Murphy's, and the hundred-odd boys at Merion and Murphy get along well, for Murphy is the boss, and no one knows it better than the boys.

Flaw in Old System

The old system at Merion was all right in many ways, but it had one flaw, there was certain rate for eighteen holes and you paid so much if the boy lugged your clubs for nine and eighteen holes. But there were times when the boys or the players quit after playing the thirteen holes, which is near the clubhouse. In that case the player had to pay for eighteen holes, and if he continued playing with a new caddie he had nine hole rate for the five remaining holes.

So Murphy got them to change it to a flat rate of so much a hole. Now the first-class caddie got four cents a hole, whether they carry the bag for one hole or eighteen. And the second-class boys got three cents a hole. Some thought it would not work out to the satisfaction of the boys if the players quit after playing thirteen holes, but Murphy equalizes matters by sending the boys out with other players, so the boys are certain of a fixed pay for the day. The first-class caddie who carries two bags gets a rate of three cents a bag for each hole, while the second-class boy gets two cents a bag for each hole. For chasing balls boys of both classes are paid at the same rate of twenty-five cents an hour. There is a caddie either on the hole with each player, and the members are asked to indicate whether the boy is excellent, good or poor.

All the checks are numbered consecutively, and in the event of the losing balls through the carelessness of the caddie the club has a check on the boy. Balls found are turned in to George Sayers, the professional, and the boy receives ten cents for each ball found and the members may redeem them for fifteen cents.

This system is an excellent one, as all players are placed on the same basis. Frequently one player may pay ninety cents and the man he is playing with gets by for seventy-five cents, as a course where the boys figured that no member was around, and we, being strangers, they had a perfect right to take us in for whatever the traffic would bear.

At Lansdowne they have a sensible practice of printing on the scorecard the rates for two, three and four ball matches and for matches where the boys carry double. As a result of this there is not a chance in the world of the boys overcharging. It is a plan that is worthy of adoption by other clubs.

Tom Norton, formerly of the Tredyffrin Golf Club, at Paoli, is the new professional at the Philmont Country Club, succeeding Jim Douglas, who has a well-earned reputation as a caddie master at the St. David's Golf Club, Charlie Hoffman, the other Philmont pro, is now at Wissahickon barracks.

THE CROWD

They were rooting out at Shibe. They were shouting out at Shibe. Fifteen thousand happy people making up a happy tribe. Not a Pharise among them all, but here and there a Seribe Jotting down topographical hints. Paraphrasing it to be tasty. Little boast or merry gibe: Fifteen thousand fight-fans merry, Dick and Harry, Tom and Jerry Out at Shibe.

Fifteen thousand! Twice that number, Half that number—such is cheering! Piffing facts the wind grumbles, Another Truth with what she's searing: 'Twas a crowd of huge dimensions That went out to see a fight; Justified its best intentions, Told the world it felt all right; Scalloped pop with great delight; Put its cream roses out of sight; Emptied penny shells with profit; from a hot dog took a bite. Here are many souls seeking many places in the sun; Where, then, are the great unguineas who will turn them into one!

First the band. It's lulling music set all merry hearts atune; Made them beat in a rictus rhythm— Set the feet a-going with 'em! Very soon They're singing with emotion that both high and low may share "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight," "Hello, France," and "Over There." And with patriotic burning How they bent the knees and feet burning! The well-known waltz rang again with some few rings to spare.

Then the fights. The trim young fellows, strong and supple, sure and swift Round the crowd to admiration, give each other a lift! And the crowd as one is cheering! And the crowd as one is cheering! For individually is quickly disappearing In the creature new created, in the suit of the crowd. And alternate joy and anger cries its message to the skies As the fighters dash or fumble, its emotions fall or rise. As the fighters dash or fumble, its emotions fall or rise. With a bunch of cannon crackers and the blessed crowd blows up!

It fears me I don't qualify exactly as a sport. But, among show books, the fight and herewith make report. Moreover I make claim and hope the claim will be allowed, I do not know the pugilists, but well I know the crowd; And I'm a joyful listener and critic—get us, pop! When Nature plays her peans with a Vox Humana stop! GRIF ALEXANDER.

SCRAPS ABOUT SCRAPPERS

MOE GHEENBAUM, matchmaker of Wrightstown, A. C., expects a jammed house tonight. He has an all-star bantam show booked with a double wind-up to each hostilities. In the first part of the wind-up Young (Hank) McGovern, pride of Port Richmond, does battle for eight rounds with Little Bear, of Montana, and in the latter eight-round fight, Wally Schell, of this city, meets a tartar in Eddie Coulton, assistant boxing instructor at Camp Dix.

In the other bouts Young Coaster and Joe Mendell, both of this city, are scheduled to box in a preliminary in the preliminary; Max Williamson, of this city, boxes Freddy Williams, of Brooklyn, in the second setto, and the opening encounter brings together Joe Stanley and Pete Howell, both of this city.

Another all-star program will be staged at Shibe Park within the next two weeks. It features three bouts that will witness are Kid Williams, former bantam champion, and Pete Herman, present titleholder in the 118-pound division, Jack Thompson, of this city, formerly of St. Joe, Mo., and Sam Lawford, the Huston Tar Baby, and another other contest brings together Jack Britton, of Chicago, and Soldier Bartfield, of Brooklyn.

BENNY LEONARD VICTOR

Outboxes Jackson in Charity Bout in New York New York, July 17.—Prominent pugilist met in bouts at Madison Square Garden last night in a benefit to buy athletic equipment for soldiers. The feature bout, between Jack Dempsey and Billy Miske, heavyweights, was called off, as Dempsey appeared in an eye-nasum work in the afternoon.

Benny Leonard, light eight champion, outboxed W. Jackson, of New York, in a four-round bout. Augie Rainer, of Philadelphia, outboxed Jimmie Dolan, of Philadelphia, in a four-round bout. Sergeant Andy Terrano, of Port Wadsworth, won on a foul in the third round of a four-round bout with Jimmie Dolan. Pelham Bay naval reserves. Both were welterweights.

In a welterweight four-round bout, Kid Norfolk outboxed Jim Johnson, of New York. Packey McFarland, of Chicago, gave a three-round exhibition with D. Shields, of New York.

HERE THEY ARE AGAIN

Fulton and Dempsey to Box Near Newark, N. J. Trenton, N. J., July 17.—The New Jersey Athletic Commission yesterday granted a boxing permit to the Hudson County Sportsman's Club, of Harrison, N. J., and it was stated here that Harrison Field would be the scene of the Fred Fulton-Jack Dempsey fight July 23 under the auspices of this club.

The men behind the club have secured a lease on Harrison Field, formerly Federal League Park. Jack Curley has been made matchmaker and manager of the club, which it is reported will accept additional funds to accommodate 30,000 at the time of the fight.

HAD CLINE DAZED IN SIXTH ROUND

—LEW TENDLER

Southpaw Fighter Says Left to Stomach Had Patsy in Distress

RELIED ON BODY BLOWS

By LEW TENDLER

Philadelphia's Lightweight Contender I had Cline out in the sixth round standing up. A left to the pit of the stomach did it. When I nailed Patsy with that blow I heard him grunt, then he doubled up and I knew all the fight was knocked out of him. As soon as I saw him double up I looked over at my corner and told them that Cline was through.

I fought Cline differently than I did any other fighter. I did not try to reach his head, but did everything I could to weaken him with body punches. It was the first time I ever fought a strictly body battle. If you noticed, it worked. Patsy gave me a little trouble in the first three rounds, but I always find it hard to get started. He is a good boy, but HE CAN'T HIT. This may surprise you, but it is true.

Punches Stung I knew my punches stung. Whenever I cracked Patsy with that good old left, he clinched much to the right. He is a strong boy and tried to use his weight to push me around the ring. Every time he did that I backed against the ropes to save myself. At real close range fighting I was his master. I guess Patsy will admit that.

Patsy didn't try to punish me about the body. He was after my nose, but my gloves stopped everything he shot at me. He nailed me only twice in the whole fight. Once in the second a short right caught me on the cheekbone, but it was too high to do harm. It was the third round he nailed me with a straight left to the nose, which hurt. I was all set for a left to the body and he crossed me by stepping in first. That was the only time I clinched during the fight.

Patsy Is Tricky Patsy is a tricky fellow. You've got to watch him all the time. Three times he tried to catch me napping with that pivot punch of his, but it failed, as I always smothered him when he started his pivot. He is a good boxer and is fast, but he lacks the punch. That is why I took so many chances.

I like to fight Cline because I can make a good showing when he is in there. He helps make the fight and that means much to the fellow in there trying to win and at the same time trying to please the crowd.

Cline was in better shape than the last time I fought him. He was in there trying all the time. I guess that fifth round did much to weaken him. That was the hardest round of the night. I think Patsy fought himself out in that round. At least he wasn't so dangerous in the sixth. I finished strong. I was in good shape and guess I fooled Patsy by my work in that last round.

Thomas, Red Sox, Joins Navy

Milwaukee, July 17.—Fred Thomas, third baseman of the Boston Red Sox, yesterday enlisted in the navy as an apprentice seaman, at the Milwaukee Recruiting Station. Thomas has been laid up recently with an injury to his hand. He will go to the Great Lakes station next Monday.

CLINE AND LEW TENDLER CONTRAST IN OPPOSITES, THE COOL VERSUS FIERY

Southpaw, a Remarkable Ring General, and New Yorker, a Bundle of Nervous Energy, Supply Action in Brilliant Battle

By JAMES S. CAROLAN

WHILE the crowd swarmed on the boys who just had staged such a sensational wind-up at the all-star show at Shibe Park last night, the gladiators themselves were trying to make their way to the dressing rooms. A hurried exit was impossible. The Tandler rooters flocked around their idol and the Cline adherents, led by Walter Leslie, made their presence known. Patsy made his exit through the dressing room to the Athletics' bench and Tandler departed via the gate along the right-field line.

There was a great contrast in the condition of the combatants. Patsy wasn't so flustered as he had been when he was hurt in the last round and still seemed to feel the effects of the hard fight. His face was swollen slightly and his abdomen was a beautiful pink, mute testimony of the evening's bombardment. Patsy had lost all his punch and pepper of a half hour previous. He had done a big night's work and seemed satisfied with his showing.

Crowd Storms Quarters Over on the other side of the stands Tandler was quartered. It was the private room occupied by Kilbane after his defeat by Leonard and it was used by Jack Britton a few weeks ago when he encountered Benny. All of South Philadelphia was represented as well as other sections of the city which harbor Tandler rooters. It was a difficult task to break through the stone wall, but Manager Phil Glassman made an excellent pilot and entrance to the room was secured.

Lew just had come out from under the showers. His face was scruffed and he bore a few light cuts about the chest. He was fresh and full of life. He talked freely with his friends while he dressed and was thoroughly alert to everything going on about him. He seemed no more fatigued than when he completed one of his days of training. He was in perfect condition and acquitted himself as a high class boxing artist in condition should.

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Patsy the Nervous Cline is like a very high-strung racing horse. He goes to the post with every nerve tingling. He is restless and always moving. It is this nervous energy which carries him into action, and when the nerves begin to weaken under the severe strain Irish Patsy also slows down. He has all the necessary class, and it is his nervous energy that makes him a topnotcher. This was very apparent last night.

Tandler presents another comparison in opposites. He is one of the coolest fighters in the game. He never loses track of his opponent and refuses to become annoyed when the other fellow starts a furious rally. Tandler decides that it will be beneficial for him to mix it when the other fellow wants action he will mix it, but he always waits until a critical moment arrives before he strikes. Joe Gans and Benny Leonard have had nothing on this boy for coolness and headwork under fire.

Cline plus Tandler's coolness doubtless would be a wonder. Tandler, aided by Cline's super supply and display of nervous energy, perhaps, would be a marvel. Then again, a crossing of either with their present style might make them second-raters. But there is little doubt the boy with the cool head had the better of the nervously inclined Cline last night.

Another very good example of the Cline type was Promoter Leon Rains. He started his program two weeks ago with a fury that seemed certain to burn up the speed paths. When last seen last evening he still displayed all kinds of nervous energy. One carried more or greater burdens than Leon. That is why he was worried over the failure of Chaney to appear, then Harry Greb did not arrive until the referee interfered. Tamer Purcell enforced the new ruling.

SHIBE PARK BASEBALL TODAY ATHLETICS vs. CHICAGO GAMES CALLED AT 2:30 P. M. VICTORIA AT GIMBEL WOODS. Point Breeze Motordrome Tomorrow Night, 8:30—"HARBAN NIGHT" 40-MILE MOTOCYCLE RACE. Starters—Carman, Redell, Antler & Collins. SUITS \$1.80 REDUCED FROM \$2.50 AND \$3.00 PETER MORAN & CO. 518 North Broad St. Open Monday and Saturday 9 o'clock

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