

TENDLER IS EASILY THE BEST LIGHTWEIGHT NOT HOLDING TITLE, SAYS BOB MAXWELL

TENDLER IS VICTOR OVER JACKSON IN BATTLE AT THE PHILLIES' PARK, WITH 6 TO 2 AS THE FINAL SCORE

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL
Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger

LEV TENDLER won everything, including the decision over Willie Jackson, at the Phillies' park last night in a regulation contest which lasted the full eight innings. The local boy won because he was contented with a steady, consistent, plodding attack, keeping after his man at all times, forcing the fighting and piling up so many points that the only chance he had to lose was to stop one on the whalers and take the high drive.

His plan of battle was similar to that adopted by Babe Ruth and other sluggers. Willie was waiting to get on to the groove and knock Tendler over at his side, and for a homer. His powerful right dangled at his side, and many times it was always happened to be some other place when the slam swished harmlessly by. Had a bullseye been scored on any of these attempts there would have been a different story to tell, for Jackson is one of the hardest punchers in the lightweight ranks today.

Tendler guarded against this, and save for a brief period in the first round, his chin was muffled up like an Eskimo's during a hard winter. Before the muffer was put on, however, Jackson managed to shoot one over. The blow was a trifle high, but it shook Lew and warned him to be careful in the future. He was.

There was no doubt about the sincerity of the boxers. If there ever were two young gentlemen anxious to sock the daylight out of each other, they were Jackson and Tendler. For a year they have nursed a healthy grudge, and it came to a climax last night. There wasn't a let-up in the fighting in any of the eight rounds, and at the end the boys didn't kiss and make up.

There was a lot of repartee in the ring and conversation flowed like water. Once Tendler said to Jackson: "Stand up and fight, you bum. Don't run away like a coward."

"I'll knock your block off," snarled Jackson. "You ain't got a chance and I'll knock you out in the next round."

TENDLER'S reply to this was placing the thumb of his right hand on his nose and waggling his glove. That did not produce any bonds of friendship, but it brought the boxers closer together—in the clinches.

Leon Rains Decides Impromptu Scrap

THERE was considerable ill-feeling apparent before the bout started. Tendler's handlers objected to the way Jackson was twisting his gloves and an impromptu fight almost was staged in Willie's corner. Leon Rains, the promoter, had to step in, chase Scoddes away and restore order.

Putting on the gloves always is an interesting sight. Opposing seconds watch every move of the operation, keeping an eagle eye open to see that no horse-shoe or worn horn for good luck. You must be very careful in grudge

After the gloves were tied on the fighters posed for a picture, but it looked more like a mob scene. The adversaries got in position and everybody else in the ring turned in the background. Then came the real thing, and the crowd saw one of the hardest battles of the summer.

There were about 22,000 spectators in the arena to see how the battle came out. The grandstand was packed and several thousand were out on the field. However, there was no disorder, no rushing for seats, and the police never did better work. Leon Rains and Director Corley had bucoats scattered all over the place and everything ran smoothly. The police squad deserves special credit for its work last night.

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five minutes until Tendler appeared. Willie was accompanied by Doc Bagley, Willie Lewis and Charley Rose, his trainer, Phil Glassman, Joe Tipitini, Scoddes, Booboo Hoff and Jack Brady were with Tendler to see that he didn't get lonesome.

In the first round Jackson started after Tendler and did some very good work. Lew was wary and kept at a distance, but Willie couldn't see it that way. He opened the engagement with a hard right to the body and followed with a left hook which landed above the eyes. A right to the head shook Tendler, and Jackson was on top of him like a wildcat. Lew used a right jab occasionally, but Willie was not annoyed. He tried hard to put over a finishing wallop, but it couldn't be done. That one whack placed a heavy guard on the Tendler tender chin.

JACKSON looked best in that round and won it by a large margin. He also took the fourth, while Tendler, to my mind, won all of the others. The final score was 6 to 2.

Tendler Lands Often With Left

FIREWORKS started in the second. Tendler stepped out and started to operate his right jab, interspersed with his educated left, which seemed to land on the body and jaw at the same time. The boys clinched considerably and Jackson foolishly used up a lot of strength in wiggling and squirming out of them.

Willie had an idea he could put over a right slam, and started to measure Tendler for the wallop. Lew, however, smiled and took advantage of the opportunity by showing a volley of lefts and rights all over Jackson's map.

Near the end of the round they stood toe to toe and slugged like two enemies in a battle royal. Tendler had all the better of this and won the round.

Jackson adopted different tactics in the third. He sprung a new crouch which was not at all effective, but looked pretty. In addition, he was on the defensive, waiting for Tendler to lead and then attempting to counter. Lew, therefore, became the aggressor until the last few seconds, when Jackson landed a couple of hard rights to the body.

The battle was even-Stephen in the fourth, as Jackson got busy again and mixed things up. He rushed Tendler, battled him all over the ring, and had all the better of the slugger. Lew's right eye was red and he was blinking at the end of the round.

From then on it was all Tendler. Lew boxed a great battle and kept the spectators on their toes with his sensational boxing. He accidentally butted Jackson with his head in the fifth and blood streamed down Willie's face. It was not serious, however, and was fixed up between rounds.

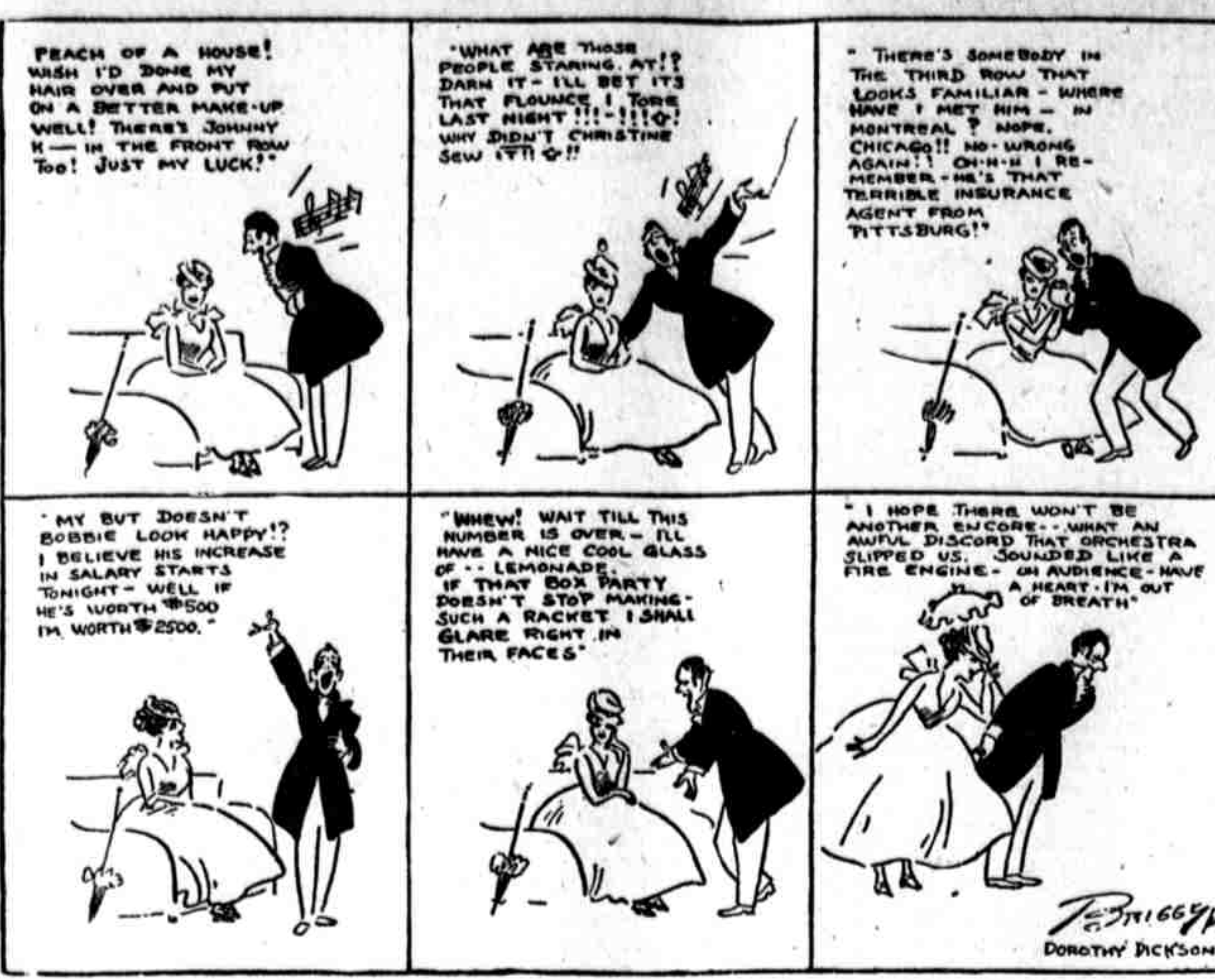
Tendler was in great shape, and so was Jackson, for that matter. Lew proved he has the class, can take a wallop, and is the logical opponent for Benny Leonard. He showed what he could do against a slugger, and more than held his own.

In the seventh he had Jackson at his mercy and socked him with everything he had. Willie seemed unable to do anything but hold his guard high, as the wallops were coming too fast and furious. This was Tendler's best round, and removed all doubt as to who was the victor.

LEW more than made up for his bum showing against Eddie Fitzsimmons. This time he was in shape and not trained down too far. He easily is the best lightweight not holding the title and deserves a chance with Leonard.

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WONDER WHAT AN ACTRESS IN THE LOVE SCENE THINKS ABOUT



LLANERCH GOLF TOURNEY IS LAST CHANCE FOR SUMMER

Last Invitation Affair Before Fall—Several Local Golf Veterans Join Senior Association—Marcus Green Breaks Record in Canada

THE first annual invitation tourney which made such an impression here in the Lynnwood Hall play. Greer beat George Hoffer at Lu Lu last year. He learned his game at Bala, but did most of his playing at Cobbs Creek.

There were surprises and upsets at Pointe Claire throughout the day, and the chief part of the program terminated by a real sensation. This was furnished by Marcus Greer, of Grand Mere, who rose to the top of his game in the afternoon while playing in the second round and established a new record for the Beaconsfield Club's course. Going out in 33 Greer came home in 35, and his total of 68 makes a pretty framed picture to be admired by fellow-golfers who desire to emulate this performance. The best amateur card made at Pointe Claire in previous essays was the product of T. B. Reith, who traversed his home course in 70.

The greater part of Greer's play during the afternoon was in a heavy downpour of rain, but the Grand Mere player was playing his ball straight and true. His card follows:

While such a card ought to satisfy the most exacting of mortals, the Grand Mere player was really entitled to cut a couple of strokes off that 68. At the thirteenth green he required no less than three putts to run down for a five. At the fourteenth he played into the bunker, but recovered neatly. Yet these two incidents account for the only five to appear in the second half of Greer's card.

The Grand Mere player is certainly not a novice at the royal and ancient game. Greer recently played in the provincial tournament played at the Country Club, St. Lambert, but did not get to the top. It was then the prediction, however, by those who had seen him play previously that he had the ability to go a long way in the Canadian championship.

One of the amazing results was the defeat of T. B. Reith, who was the best in the province. The Quebec champion was not in it at any stage of the game and from the start was down to Greer.

Bobby Jones is continuing his scintillating work this year. He scored under 70 yesterday once more in medal play. He is the southern champion, in which event he also had some brilliant rounds.

OHIO MAY BE CENTER OF TWO GREAT FIGHTS

Cox vs. Harding and Cincinnati vs. Cleveland Would Be the Last Word in Frenzy—Approaching Decisive Stage—Brooklyn Has a Chance

FOR six years—from 1911 through 1916—the world series belonged to the East exclusively. In 1917 and again in 1918 it was an East-West affair. In 1919 the big act

trily excluded for the first time since 1909, when Tigers and Pirates fought it out. The location of the next world series is already beginning to enter into the fashionable chit-chat of the day. What's the answer—East, West, or a mixture of both?

THE West Leads MAKING a baseball prediction in this bizarre age of upsets is almost an art in picking the right oil stock. Yet no one can be arrested for trying. The main pennant contenders in the National League are Cincinnati, St. Louis, Brooklyn and Chicago. Of these four, Cincinnati—a club that has proved its ability to finish at top speed through the stretch—has the best chance.

OF the four clubs three are western teams. Brooklyn alone in the East has a pennant chance, and Brooklyn has a robust assignment ahead when it comes to beat out all three western rivals. The four western clubs are much stronger than the four Eastern clubs. In the National League the West has a lopsided advantage. No doubt of it. The Reds will take a lot of beating before they surrender that \$5000 prize money, which will be the reward of each winning athlete.

ONCE MORE THE WEST THE three leading contenders in the American League are Cleveland, New York and Chicago. Once more the West has the call. Both Cleveland and Chicago have a serious proposition ahead when it comes to eliminating the Toe-Hold Yanks.

THE Yanks have never been extremely lucky in the way of injured athletes, but this season they have too much power to be overlooked. Yet they have two powerful clubs to stop in the Indians and the White Sox, who have well-led machines and a lot of fancy hitting on their own account.

THE Yanks seem to be the sole hope of the East in a world series way. If they can't wiggle through the one best bet is Cincinnati vs. Cleveland—in any event a western affair.

THE Battle-Scarred State IF CINCINNATI and Cleveland get into a world series, with Harding and Cox fighting it out for the presidential choice, Ohio will be the Flinders Fields of 1920—or the new Argonne of the West. The tumult and the turmoil will be terrific in the death grapple that will follow.

IT is hard to say which will cause more excitement—Cox vs. Harding or Cincinnati vs. Cleveland. A strictly Ohio world series will be the last word in frenzy.

THE decisive stage of both races should be reached soon. A number of con-

ditioners are due to crack in the next few weeks, for the strata has been tested—harder than either league has known since 1908. The general average of team strength has either been higher or at least better bunched, and no club can tell when a second division outfit of valuable hide at a given moment or stated interval.

THE preliminary detonations will start taking place at any minute. The Stranger IN THE meanwhile a stranger has popped out in the American League argument.

Back in 1912 the Washington Club defied the laws of gravity by fighting its way to second place and even threatening to win the championship. Now, for the second time in some-thing like two decades, Washington is again making threatening gestures and is holding its own well above the 500 mark, with July speeding into August. Carry an untrammelled arm all the year, Clark Griffith's team would be closer to the top. It was a tough break for Johnson to suddenly find himself surrounded by a cluster of 300 hitters and stering run makers, and then have a kink in his arm slow up his usual effectiveness.

Griff's club has been hitting the ball and scoring a lot of runs. Enough runs to return Johnson a winner in nine out of ten starts under normal conditions. But so it goes. When one thing goes right something else goes wrong, thereby adding continual bunkers to the perfect state.

IN WHICH condition it might be well to mention an athlete by the name of Sam Rice, who is not only hitting the ball, but is leading all base runners by one of the widest margins yet offered. Griff at last has the hard-hitting, run-making outfield he has been searching for after some fifteen years. A number of things will happen along if you can wait fifteen years.

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Chapin Allows but Five Hits Ring Professionals defeated the Harry Davis Club by the score of 9 to 2. Chapin twirled in rare form for the Ring boys, allowing the victors five hits and while the entire Ring team played a splendid game both afield and at bat.

JACKSON-TENDLER BOUT TO DECISION NEXT MOVE

Star 133-Pounders May Meet for Fifth Time in Fifteen-Round Match to Referee's Verdict in New York City

By LOUIS H. JAFFE THE feud between Willie Jackson, of New York, and Lew Tendler, of Philadelphia, still is on. While there was not the semblance of a doubt as to the superior form shown by the local lightweight ace last night over the Gotham gloveman in their eight-round bout at the Phillies' Ball Park, it is probable that another meeting between these scintillating scrappers will be held before it is officially decided which is entitled to the 133-pound championship.

New York, where 15-round bouts to a referee's decision are permissible under the new Walker boxing law, will be the next scene of a fifth fracas in which Tendler and Jackson could determine their battle differences for all times. This talk along the boxing railroads of Philadelphia today.

Tendler and Jackson both said this morning that they would be willing to go the fifteen-round route, or less, to a referee's verdict. Phil Glassman and Frank Bagley, respective managers, also intimated that they would agree to a decision contest in New York, providing of course satisfactory arrangements could be made. There would be no hitch in the weight question, as each of the fistmen is a legitimate 133-pounder.

"That was a butt and not a punch that opened the cut over my left eye in the fifth round," said Jackson today. "Our heads came together as we came to close quarters. It was a great fight. I admit it, and I think that Tendler is of the same opinion."

"Yes," said Tendler, "it was a tough battle. It was unfortunate for me to have hurt my left third finger. This happened in the sixth round. The injury didn't stop me from trying for a knockout. I punched my way out. Jackson is a lot tougher than I thought him to be."

"In the seventh round I asked Jackson to stand up and fight, kindly, and he got peeved. He yelled you out in the next round," he said. But Jackson continued in his crouch, which made him no easy target for my left."

Tendler and Jackson both were marked as a result of their amazing acts, the New Yorker more so than Louis. Tendler's left eye was reddened and the bridge of his nose was colored, while Jackson suffered cuts over both eyes, his nose and lips were cut and his face was puffed.

A real slugfest resumed in the second preliminary with Johnny Lise, 121½ pounds, winning from Joe Nelson, 120 pounds. They were even up early about the round, but thereafter Lise's smashing punches to head and body enticed him to the verdict despite a sensational rally by the Philadelphian in the last round.

K. G. Hanson, 105 pounds, was a double-knockout victor over Harley Hutchinson, 127 pounds. Hanson first put away Hutchinson in 129 seconds of the third round. The latter landed swing on the jaw when the latter was on his back, but Hanson's right hand body blow. Referee Lou Grimsom called a halt, believing Harley had been felled, and when the marionette agreed to continue the bout was resumed. In the seventh round a right-hand blow on the chin knocked Hutchinson down, and Grimsom stopped the bout again, a second technical knockout.

Jack Diamond didn't have a chance against Lew Jackson in the boxing ring, and Referee Sam Lewis halted hostilities in the second round.

Tendler was handled by Phil Glassman, Al Nelson, Scoddes and Booboo Hoff, with Corvino as Lew's timekeeper. Bagley, Willie Lewis and Charley Rose were with Jackson, with Pete Moran holding the watch for the Philadelphia side.

Phil Glassman did the talking for all

of the Philadelphia side.

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TAKE RESOLUTE OUT OF THE WAYS

Hauled From Water to Keep Hull Clean for First Race

New York, July 13.—The Resolute, defender of the America's Cup, will be hauled out of the ways today at Staten Island and kept there until Thursday morning, when she will be slid off and towed out to the Hook to meet Shamrock IV in what promises to be the greatest contest ever sailed for the trophy.

The real object in hauling out the big sloop is to guard her underbody from the accumulation of oil, dirt and other foul matter, which she could collect between now and Thursday, and as the waters of Sandy Hook are just now saturated with all sorts of fotsam it is a wise move on the part of the managerial directorate of the American boat.

Resolute has been given her last sail-stretching and the cup committee and the majority of the New York Yacht Club members watching the work of the Bristol yacht. On Wednesday the hull of the Resolute will be given an examination by those interested in the defense of the cup.

Shamrock IV was put overboard from the Moose drydock yesterday afternoon and in order to protect her hull from the oily waters of the harbor it was swathed in canvas.

SHIBEPARK BASEBALL TODAY, 3.30 P. M. ATHLETICS vs. CLEVELAND Reserved Seats at Gimbel's and Spalding's