

Art Fletcher in Arizona, While Big League Meeting Will Be Held in New York

HOREMANS REALIZES THAT APPLAUSE FOR FANCY SHOTS IS FICKLE

As a Result, Belgian Billiard Champion Has Developed Strong Nursing and Dead-Drive Game—Art Fletcher Should Be at Big League Meeting

BY STONEY MCLINN

IN THE sports world when a chap who employs his left arm to indorse his pay checks does or says something that is a bit out of the ordinary channels, the right-handers shout in chorus, "He can't help it; he's a southerner." Why right-handers should have a strange hold on the eccentricities has never been sensibly explained—it is, assuming that a southerner is—well, eccentric. It is a fact, nevertheless, that baseball players who use the right arm in throwing the cork-covered sphere are wont to regard the fellows who use their left as whimsical and frivolous—"bugs," they call 'em.

It has been discovered that this opinion of the southerner extends to the billiard table, where Edouard Horemans, the Belgian expert, is the chief portside cueist. Unquestionably the master of the masse, the spectacular shot that always thrills the gallery, Horemans has lost important matches because he "struck his cue butt in the air," as Joe Mayer expressed it, instead of selecting what would have been an easier draw or error that might not have elicited a murmur of applause.

Horemans is the one left-handed cue artist who is in the top flight of professional players and it is a curious fact that he should be the eccentric one. In the course of his match with Roger Conti, French champion, staged at the Hudson recreation parlors last week, the Belgian southerner executed masses that were positively remarkable. When the balls are in a position for him to elevate his cue, he does it in a workmanlike manner. He leans over and gives the lay-out a seemingly careless glance. Up goes the stick, down comes the cue-point with a confident left-hand push and the ball scurries around to touch the others as if it had human legs to carry it.

There are times when Horemans' mastery of the masse is a great asset. But even he can fall down on the difficult shot. Usually, too, his misses end findings that might carry him along to victory if he could squelch that desire, supposedly common with southerners, to do the spectacular. Again quoting Joe Mayer, "Horemans gives the impression that he would rather earn a round of loud applause from the gallery than win the match."

HOWEVER, the Belgian champ is beginning to realize that the useful United States dollars and the fame come to him who wins titles, and that the applause of the gallery for fancy shots is fickle. He has developed the nursing and dead-drive game to the point where experts tell us Horemans is not surpassed by any other tournament player.

The Balls Obey His Cue Absolutely

HOREMANS' uncanny mastery over the balls when he gathers them on the edge of the ball line is the real feature of his game—and what may be a winning feature, too. Two, three or more short caroms almost invariably find a line-up as perfect as though two balls had been placed with the hand just where the player wanted them. And then a ball is driven to the side rail and brought back precisely where the expert southerner requires it to continue his point-manufacturing.

"Nine times out of ten, Horemans can bring that ball within an eighth of an inch of where he wants it and where it should be," said a billiard enthusiast who watched the Belgian in all his games with Conti. The best part about it is that there is not the slightest indication in his play. So perfect is his control over the cue that he executes his shots with a confident rhythm which delights the gallery.

By the way, Joe Mayer bears out our theory that Willie Hoppe, present champion, is a victim of the "bug." In other words, the essential condition between eye, mind and muscle is missing. The popular Hoppe finds indication a bugaboo that is wearing him down, physically and mentally. However, it is not to be assumed that Willie will lose the title when he meets Schaefer, Conti or Horemans, for his superior generalship may carry him to victory over these younger and more sensational players who seek the applause.

The gallery does not exist, so far as Hoppe is concerned. He looks ahead always. His object is the winning of the match and never does he execute a shot until he has determined in his own mind that it is the easiest and the most likely to prolong his run. This is a billiard generalship, something that fancy shot players have not fully developed. Hoppe may finish and still hold the title by his superior mental effort.

Conti Has a Glass Arm which Has Reduced His Game to Temporary Mediocrity

Conti has a glass arm which has reduced his game to temporary mediocrity. The French expert, in his late teens, has reached the stage where he enters a match convinced that the cue he is using is not properly balanced and that the tip is loose or otherwise all wrong. In short, Conti is off his game and the cue and tip are his alibi. That condition billiardists refer to as "the glass arm."

Where Is the Phillies' Manager This Week?

MIKE THOMPSON, the football official and Maryland editor, is the president of a unique baseball league. Eight towns of Frederick County have teams in the league and the schedule provided for four games each Saturday and holding in the course of the season. No salaries are paid and no admission charged. But practically the entire population of Frederick County is watching baseball games on afternoons and the rivalry and spirit are intense.

In New York this week Mike Thompson will be mixing with the baseball throng. He will not have \$75,000 in his wallet to buy a Sammy Hale; he cannot select one of the many loose umpires who will be hanging around seeking to pick up a \$2400 job. But Mike will be there because the December baseball meeting week in New York is the one time in the year when one may walk through a level lobby and meet, personally every baseball man who is in any way whatsoever connected with the national game. The day may come when even the president of a semi-professional county league may use to good advantage the acquaintance formed and the information gleaned at the combined big league sessions.

And where will the new one-man manager of our Phillies be found this week? We are informed that he will be in Phoenix, Ariz. He may trade a player or two for a strip of the desert and get the best of the deal at that. But here in Philadelphia we can see Arizona dead hands to win pennants. What we need are ball players and a field leader who is monarch of all he surveys.

The International League is seeking to compel Jack Dunn, owner of the Baltimore team, to make good his promise to dispose of his three stars—Bentley, Ogden and Boye. The Giants have purchased Bentley, but Ogden and Boye were available yesterday. Perhaps Dunn would ask more than the men are worth; his price might be higher than the stack of iron men in the Phillies' safe. Or it might be that Fletcher would not consider these players as likely to help his club climb.

A Team for and by Philadelphians the Slogan

ART FLETCHER may give you the raspberry," declares J. J. K., and then informs us that the former Giant shortstop is a born leader, an honor man in the McGraw school of baseball and a chap who will command the respect and admiration of his players. Well, old-timer, if Art Fletcher wins the pennant or finishes well up in the race, no fellow in this city will be happier than the typist of these words, nor will any person offer congratulations that will be more sincere.

The Phillies' new field director was an aggressive player who was popular with every fan who liked to see a man put his heart into the game. Furthermore, William F. Baker, the local National League club president, is a gentleman with a fine personality—a man one likes to meet and talk with about baseball. We have no quarrel with either Fletcher or Baker, so please get that idea out of your head, J. J. K.

What we have said and shall continue to say is that Art Fletcher will have performed a miracle if he builds a winning team at Broad and Huntingdon streets in one year and lacking the money that is all-essential in producing a big league winner. The Phils' president was criticized and will be criticized some more because he did not offer Fletcher a three-year contract, place him in absolute charge of the team and provide him with not less than \$50,000 with which to recruit players and buy them.

FLETCHER should be in New York this week. He should be in Philadelphia all winter. Remember, our slogan is a national League ball club for and by Philadelphians. Garry Hermann and Pat Moran live in Cincinnati; Bill Veck and Bill Killefer live in Chicago; Charley Stoneham and John McEvoy live in New York. All are in New York right now for the meeting. Where do our National League Club president and manager reside? Where is our manager this week?

Tufts Football Schedule Shortened

Ball schedule for next fall is shorter by two games than that of this year. Williams, Norwich and Boston University are dropped and Harvard is added.

Football Team to Hold Reunion

Football team will hold a reunion day night at Mott's Casino. The 1921-22 team is to be re-united in Philadelphia and vicinity twenty years ago, during a game with the Philadelphia team of the time.

UPSETS RESULT IN MATCHES AT ARENA

Loughran, Freedman and Wallace Are Defeated Before Crowd of 7000

BOGASH'S HOOK COUNTS

BY LOUIS H. JAFFE

DOPE in local boxing circles was knocked into a cocked hat, or something like that, at the Arena last night. Three of the favorites—boxers who went out as almost sure-shot winners—went down to defeat before a crowd estimated at 7000.

Tommy Loughran was outfought, Satchel Freedman by the superior Pete Luzzo in the fourth round, and the biggest upset was Joe Colletti's victory against Patsy Wallace.

In the Loughran-Bogash contest it was a case of a hook being entirely too fast for a straight left. Time and again Luzzo unhooked a semi-circled clout with his southpaw, getting under Tommy's job at the same time and from the fourth round on Loughran was taken up several times.

No Knockdowns

At no time did either boxer appear to be on the verge of a knock-out, although Bogash drove Loughran into the ropes once in the seventh round with a left that carried knockdown powers. The heap saved Tommy from being dropped.

As usual, Loughran was on the defensive in the first round. Bogash crept the mulling and the end of the initial count found the visitor from Bridgeport, Conn., in the lead.

Loughran opened his speech in a throaty in the seventh round, but Bogash to Bogash to the punch Tommy earned that session. He was in and out, jabbing and right crossing nicely, making Bogash miss at the same time. Incidentally, this was the only period carried by the Philadelphia.

The third was even, and so was the sixth, while each of the other rounds several times and it appeared as if he would put on one of his well-known ralls, but on each occasion his flashes did not last long.

Loughran had an advantage in height and reach, still he was the lighter, coming in at 157½ pounds, while the lean gipsyweight when Hogan stepped into the scales with the indicator fixed at 160.

Freedman Off Form

With an advantage of seven pounds, Luzzo breezed out into the lead against Freedman after the second round, and from then on the up-starter never was so close to the first round as he was when Freedman took the second. After that, however, it was all Luzzo.

Freedman's judgment of distance was off. He missed as often as he hit at the end of a row. Freedman tried hard, but Luzzo never failed to accept the issue and he outpunched the Chicagoan.

In the final count Freedman put everything he had into his punches, as he evidently felt that the only way he could win would be via the knockout route, but Luzzo flashed with him and both finished up in a great rally.

It looked as if Wallace, in his surprising defeat, held his 110-pound championship. Colletti's southpaw was somewhat and Patsy Bogash, brother of Lou, succeeded in winning in eight rounds from the former amateur champion.

Brown Extended

The first round was even and the next two were won by Wallace. Thereafter, however, Colletti, although he did a lot of back-stopping, was able to pile up a stack of points while Wallace was making an effort to connect with a single wallop.

In the opening contest an injured right hand handicapped Wallace somewhat and Patsy Bogash, brother of Lou, succeeded in winning in eight rounds from the former amateur champion.

Secret of His Success

After the exhibition Peterson was asked to explain briefly what he considered the secret of his success. Hoppe considered the supreme in the billiard world. "Petey" has probably told the same thing to hundreds of others. But here is "it."

"While others are playing Hoppe, Hoppe is playing billiards." "Twenty-five years ago as a seven-year-old boy I climbed on a soap box in a one-table billiard parlor and made my first shot with a cue. Through the in-

AS A SHOPPER, DAD IS A GRAND LOOKER



HOPPE AND PETERSON THERE WITH THE STUFF

Cue Master and Cue Magician Delight Crowd at Hudson Parlors

HERE 4 DAYS MORE

THIS cue master and the cue magician, which is another way of saying Willie Hoppe and Charlie Peterson, if it's variety that you are seeking, then these knights of the green cloth can serve it up to you with all the trimmings. If you desire to see billiard balls loop the loop, do the tango, shimmy and camel walk, Peterson can put on his stuff. If you want to see a cool, clever master of the situation at all times, cast your optics on Hoppe, and you will cease wondering why he is the champion 18.2 balkline billiard player of the world.

Yesterday afternoon and evening Hoppe and his partner put on their acts at the Hudson Recreation Parlors, Broad and Cherry streets. If there was anybody who would give up dissatisfied, then gin-popping (fiddlesticks or croquet) was suggested.

In the afternoon Hoppe defeated Peterson 300 to 150, and in the evening he scored another triumph, 300 to 240. Hoppe's high run was 185 in the evening. Peterson had runs of 100 and 105. Those who had not seen Hoppe play since he lost and regained his title have no cause for alarm as to his future success. The most careful player in the game and one who never makes a careless shot. He takes nothing for granted.

Praying Colonels May Be on Red and Blue 1923 Schedule

Danville, Ky., Dec. 12.—The Centre College football team will play Sewanee at Memphis in 1923 and also will meet Georgia, the latter game probably at Athens, Thanksgiving Day, according to an announcement by athletic officials here. Both Southern teams will come here in 1924.

Requests for games next year have been received during the last week from Michigan, Colgate, Alabama, Georgia Tech and Georgia. All request that Centre play away from home, however.

A game with Auburn at Birmingham is practically assured. One game will be played in the East next year, with University of Pennsylvania, Penn State, Army or Colgate as possible opponents.

GEORGETOWN COACH QUILTS

Albert Exendine Retires as Grid Mentor After Seven Years

Washington, Dec. 12.—Albert Exendine, head football coach at Georgetown University for the last seven years, has declined to continue as football director. Exendine said he was unable to accept because of the recent faculty decision that all athletic coaches shall be engaged on an all-year basis and shall be members of the faculty.

Results of Bouts Held Last Night

THE ARENA—Lou Bogash won from Tommy Loughran, Pete Luzzo defeated Satchel Freedman, Johnny Brown beat Lew McFarland, Patsy Bogash outfought Sam Hildebrand.

TO OPEN CAGE SEASON

Holy Name Will Oppose Nativity at Palm Hall Tonight

The Holy Name C. C. basketball team will open the season tonight at the new dancing academy at Frankford avenue and Norris streets. Nativity will be the opposing club.

Title Swims to Brookline

Brookline, Mass., Dec. 12.—The Brookline Swimming Club has received sanction of the A. A. U. to hold the national women's title swim meet at the Brookline pool, which will be the national junior 100-yard back stroke championship. The event will be part of a swimming meet to be held here January 14. It was announced.

How Does It Strike You?

Amateur Rules "American Wimbledon" Hoppe's Sincerity

By THE OBSERVER

PROFESSIONAL baseball players who meet with scholastic requirements will be eligible for athletics in conference games of the "Little Five" colleges of Wisconsin.

At a recent meeting of the governors of the association it was decided to permit students to play baseball for money in the summer time without losing their eligibility status.

Here in the conservative East our college presidents would be shocked at any parallel rule in this sector. They would hold up their hands in horror. It is not being done.

But out in the West they take a broader view of amateurism. The rule of the "Little Five" follows a statement made some time ago by Major Griffith, head of the "Big Ten" Conference, that students had the right to believe that minor infractions of the amateur rule would be overlooked.

Amateurism is the very heart of sports, especially college sports, and it would not be for us to advocate that our institutions let up even a little bit on their eligibility vigil.

It would be against all tradition to permit an athlete who has received money for playing baseball to represent his alma mater on the diamond, but why, if he is a professional baseball player, should he be barred from football or basketball or any of the other sports except the national pastime?

Summer baseball is a field for the poor athletes who are seeking an education to earn their way through college, and many students play for money during the vacation period and thus eliminate themselves from the college athletics. We know of one athlete, a Pennsylvania man and now a physician of some prominence, who paid his tuition and board bills and bought his books and other medical equipment by playing summer baseball. He was an excellent football player and had prospects of developing into an All-American, but he was not eligible for the gridiron game.

Jim Thorpe, admittedly the greatest of all American athletes, was stripped of his championship titles and cups won in the Olympic track and field games because he accepted a few dollars for summer baseball.

OUTSIDE college circles the professional in one sport is not barred from amateur standing of another. A professional baseball player can be an amateur golfer or an amateur trapshooter.

A Wimbledon Tourney at Germantown

IT has been forecast that the British Lawn Tennis Association will give up the world's tourney at Wimbledon if America will enter the International Federation.

It is said that the West Side Tennis Club, of New York, already is planning a concrete stadium for the staging of the title event next summer. Such a stadium would be the first of its kind devoted exclusively to tennis.

It is being talked about that the world's championship on grass will be played in rotation in England, France and America, but the proposal of Pat O'Hara Wood, made when this sterling Australian player was in this country last summer, we believe is the most logical.

O'Hara Wood suggested that the title tournament should be staged in the country holding the Davis Cup, reasoning that a number of foreign players would go to that country for the team competitions, and therefore expense would be reduced.

If his proposal should be passed America would be virtually sure of the "Wimbledon" for at least two years, unless Bill Tilden's stiff finger affects his game more than is anticipated.

This would mean that the Germantown Cricket Club would be in line for the award of the title play in 1924. The Manheim organization has successfully staged two national championships and probably will get the plum for next year.

GERMANTOWN has proved that it can handle big tourneys. An American Wimbledon would be as successfully staged at Manheim as in any part of the world.

Willie Hoppe—the Man Who Came Back

WILLIE HOPPE, billiard champion, is entertaining at the Hudson Academy this week with Charlie Peterson, the trick shot, but he will be entertained on Thursday night by the sports writers at a dinner to be given in his honor.

There are few men in professional sports who deserve the respect and admiration of the public more than the champion of billiards.

Hoppe is one of the cleanest-living men in sports. Neither John Barleycorn in the heyday of his career nor Lady Nicotine ever succeeded in getting on speaking acquaintance with the blond-haired cueist.

Hoppe reigned for many years before young Jake Schaefer toppled him from his throne. He outlasted the field, but he never relinquished in his training and practicing. He kept himself in excellent physical condition by exercise to meet the mental and nerve test of a crucial match, and he practiced diligently over the green cloth to retain the touch that makes him so famous.

The champion is a home man and devotes much of his time to his wife and two children. In New York when he regained his crown recently by beating Schaefer in the match, his wife was the first one to congratulate him. Congratulations were tendered in the form of a kiss.