NEWS THAT'S COMMENT — COMMENT THAT'S NEWS

The Star-Bulletin's Page of Sport

Edited by LAURENCE REDINGTON

THE formation of an All-Army baseball league is a move in the right direction on the part of the military authorities, and should be productive of some of the classiest and most interesting sport of the year. The army cuts such a large figure in Hawaii, politicall, financially, athletically and every way, that a purely army league is quite in order, and the race will attract a lot of attention outside of the service.

The two foot, one horse and one wagon regiment at Schofield Barracks, the 2d Infantry at Fort Shafter and a Coast Defense team, composed of the pick of the concrete soldiers, form a six-club league that will play, according to the tentative plans, a series of 30 games. On the proportion of four two two, as far as Leilehua representation goes, two games will be played at Schofield for every one in Honolulu.

Officers representing each of the organizations above named, met Saturday afternoon at the Young hotel, and outlined a plan of campaign, which is subject to the approval of the post and regimental commanders. The new league looks like a live organization, and as it covers a broader field than the post league that has flourished for three years at Schofield Barracks, it should create correspondingly more interest. A post-season series between the winner, and the pennant team of the Oahu league, should be a big drawing card. The Oahu League will probably not divide its series into two halves this year, and it should be easy for the two organizations to get together for a real championship series, which, incidentally, should probe financially profitable to the contestants. Such a series would be a big incentive for the teams of both leagues, as it promises a nice bit of "world's series" money.

WHY worry over a main event for the proposed boxing exhibition to the crews of the Healani and Myrtle clubs will take the water, and then there will be something doing right up to regatta day. From out-of-season talk, it looks as though 1914 would be a big year for the rowing men.

THE oarsmen are beginning to sit up and take notice. Before long test the law. Wilder and McCarn, at catch weights would make a good card, and the fans could be sure that the scrap wouldn't be stopped until after it had gone the limit. As a semi-wind-up, how would "Soapbox" Barron and Pacheco look to the boxing fans?

COAST LEAGUE

(SUNDAY'S GAMES.

At Oakland—San Francisco 5, Venice 5 (11 innings).

At San Francisco—Venice 2, San Francisco 0.

At Sacramento — Sacramento 2, Portland 1.

At Los Angeles—Los Angeles 7, Oakland 0.

Only One of a Crowd

"Who is that man over there?"

"He's the member of one of our largest law firms."

"That so? Which one?"

"Smith, Green, Black, Hewitt, Clarkmore, McFadden, Murphy, Atlas & Brown."

"Phew! Which one is he?"

"He's just Brown."—Detroit Free Press.

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GREAT YALE "BOWL" WILL SEAT 65,000 PERSONS WHEN FINISHED

1-YALE "BOWL" AS IT WILL LOOK COMPLETED - 2-AS IT APPEARS TODAY UNDER CONSTRUCTION

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Work is proceeding with a rush on the new Yale "bowl," the great stadium which will seat 65,000 persons when finished. This mighty sport amphitheater will be 750 feet wide and 950 feet long. There will be a splendid view of the field from every point.

Jimmy The Grasshopper

By OSCAR C. REICHOW
[By Latest Mail]

CHICAGO—Jimmy Sheckard, whose nom de guerre was "grasshopper" after the National and American league war years ago, when he is said to have jumped from Brooklyn to Baltimore and back again, denies he broke his contract that often while the war was hot. He averred he did not break faith more than twice, and would like to find the man who circulated the story he had jumped seven times.

"I do not know how that story got out that I jumped seven times," said Sheckard. "I imagine some fellow had an idea I did, because there was considerable talk of it at the time. Originally I was signed to play with Brooklyn, which, at that time, was managed by Ned Hanlon, now connected with the Federal league. John McGraw was conducting the Baltimore club and had working with him Wilbur Robinson, who is to manage Brooklyn.

"When the war was in its warmest stage I was in my prime and if I must say so now, was a pretty good ball-player. I was at home when Hanlon sent me a contract which I signed. Shortly after I mailed my contract I hurt my arm throwing a snowball. I notified Hanlon and he sent me to Hot Springs. When I got there I found McGraw and Robinson. They immediately grabbed me and, of course, I agreed to play with Mac. I started the season and played one game with the Orioles when Hanlon offered me more money and I returned to him. This happened in Philadelphia.

"McGraw thought I was young and sent a sheriff over to see me and tell me I was wanted at a certain hotel. Before I went over I saw Hanlon and told him. He told me to go over and if McGraw started to call me down to do the same to him, for he would quit. I went to McGraw's room and as soon as I entered he began hurling oaths at me. I came right back at him and he quit, just as Hanlon said he would. He made me another offer, but it was not any better than the one I procured with Brooklyn, so I walked out of the room without accepting.

"As I had played with Baltimore my shoes and clothes were there and I had to send for them. I would not go my self, so I sent a friend named Kelly. He went to the clubhouse and asked for my belongings, but the best he got was a sound trouncing from the players. He also lost $80 in the shuffle to get away.

"Then I went to Brooklyn and because I had jumped to Baltimore and back the fans called me 'grasshopper' and probably the name ought to be applied some more since I have jumped from Chicago to St. Louis and to Cincinnati to Toronto."

INDOOR MEET AT Y.M.C.A. IS A GREAT SUCCESS

The first indoor track meet of the Y. M. C. A., held last Saturday night in the games hall, proved an unqualified success, and considering the large entry list—125—the comparatively small floor space, and the long list of events, the management of the affair was first class. It is planned to make the meet an annual event, and now that records have been set, there will be added interest in the competitions.

John Watt of Oahu College carried off first honors for individual performance, winning three first and two seconds, 21 points. Hans Fassoth, of the same institution, came second with 18 points, secured with two firsts, two seconds and two thirds.

The results of the events were as follows:

Thirty-yard Hurdles—Won by Clifford Melim; second, Dave Bent; third, Hans Fassoth. Time, :04 3-5.

Thirty-yard Dash (novice)—Won by W. H. Meinecke; second, Glenn McTaggert; third, tie between A. E. Larimer and J. P. Morgan. Time, :04

Thirty-yard Dash (student) — Won by Clifford Melim; second, John Watt; third, Dave Bent. Time, :04

Thirty-yard Dash (open) — Won by Hans Fassoth; second, Kai Luke; third, Harry Melim.

440-yard Dash (open)—Won by Clifford Melim; second, Henry Bent; third, Kai Luke. Time, 1:04 1-5.

Shot Put (open) — Won by Harry Melim; second, Hans Fassoth; third, Kai Luke. Distance, 34ft. 5in.

Shot Put (student) Won by John Watt; second, H. Lemke. Distance, 33ft. 9 1-2in.

Shot Put (novice)—Won by C. Tinker; second, S. T. Hoyt; third Glenn McTaggert. Distance, 32ft. 2in.

One Mile Inter-Scholastic Relay — Record established by McKinley High School team, Tai Tong, Henry Bent, Edmond Wong and Brownie Rice running. Time, 4:22 2-5.

Employed Boys' Club Relay (Division A) — Won by Wellington Club team, composed of F. Decker, K. Decker, H. Bent and O. Auerbach; second, Lincolns, with H. Haneberg, C. Barbosa, D. Sanford, C. Melim; third, Washingtons, with Leo Chong, Kam Moon, Fun Luke and W. A. Chan. Time, 1:2[illegible].

Employed Boys' Club Relay (Division B)—Won by the Tamerlanes, with Cha Lum, Ah Mun Ng, Hing Chin, Min Hin Li; second, Shermans, with R. Chung, L. Camara, M. Smith and E. Kam. Time, 1:33 3-5.

High Jump (open) — Won by Hans Fassoth; second, Arthur E. Larimer; third, Chan. Height, 5ft. 4in.

High Jump (student)—Won by John Watt; second, Dave Bent. Height 5ft. [illegible]

High Jump (novice)—Won by S. T. Hoyt; second, Dean Luke; third, Glenn McTaggart. Height, 4ft. 10in.

Half Mile Run (open)—Won by W. H. Meinecke; second, Hans Fassoth. Time, 2:[illegible]

Half Mile Run (student)—Won by John Watt; second, Tai Tong; third, H. Lemke. Time, 2:29 4-5.

Half Mile Run (novice)—Won by H. Evensen; second, J. T. Morgan; third, R. M. Cross. Time, 2:37 2-5.

Senior Inter-Bible Club Relay—Won by Hittite Club team, composed of Meinecke, Luke, Cross and W. H. Meinecke; second, XX Club team, with G. McTaggart, H. Evensen, H. Hill and C. Tinker running; third, P. B. C. Club, composed of Soares, H. Melim, Branco and Rodrigues. Time, 2:19 2-5.

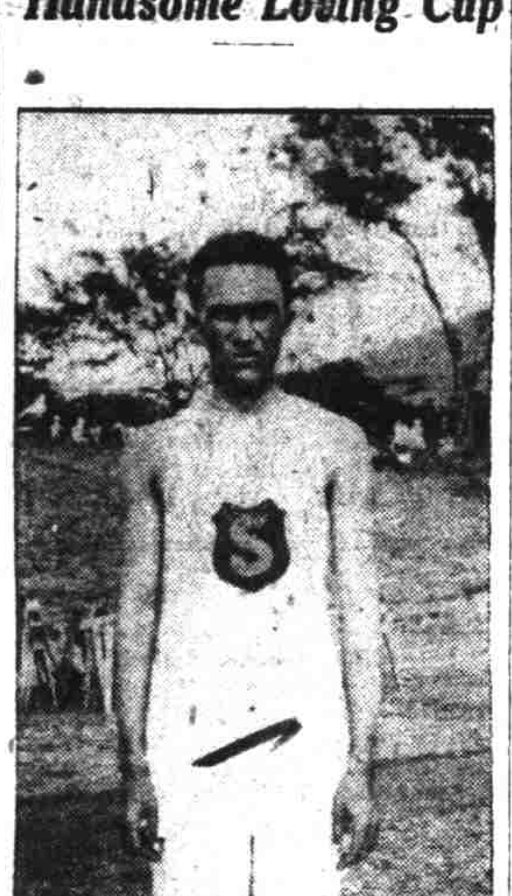
Two Standing Broad Jumps (novice)—Won by Hoyt; second, Watt; third, Fassoth. Distance, 18ft. 2in.

Inter-Sunday School Relay — Won by St. Andrew's team, of Roy Graham, Wai Chon, Peter Davison and Victor Boyd; second, Palama Settlement, with Geo. Lee, Clarence Watson, Kenneth Auld and Ah Sn. Alama running; third, Portuguese Church team, composed of Lester Rodrigues, Albert Vivas, Samuel Rosa and Allan Melim. Time, 1:33.

[illegible]-yard Potato Race—Won by W.

(Continued on page twelve)

Thomas Hore Given Handsome Loving Cup



Thomas Hore

On Saturday night, April 4, the resident students of St. Louis College assembled in the college auditorium, to assist at a little entertainment given by the students. There was a surprise in store for one of their number, and the affair was kept so secret that it was all the more appreciated. The members of the boarding department presented Thomas Hore, the captain of the soccer and track team, with a silver loving cup in recognition of the splendid showing made by him in the recent track meets. Anson Robinson was delegated by his comrades to prepare a little address, and make the presentation. A roar and a lusty cheer welled through the auditorium when the idol of his team-mates, Thomas Hore, stepped forward to receive the well-merited cup.

WEEDING OUT RECRUITS IS A TOUGH JOB

By BILLY EVANS.
(Big League Umpire.)

These are buy days for the major and minor league managers. The big task of the year confronts them, the weeding out of the recruit material. The acid test is soon to be applied to the much-touted phenoms of the winter. Soon the manager must decide what recruits seem to have a chance, and what fellows are to be sent back to the minors. It is a task few managers relish. If they keep players who develop into stars they are simply turning the trick expected of them. If they happen to let some youngster go, and said youngster makes good with some other team, then the manager draws criticism galore for his failure to not the possibilities of the recruit.

It is a pretty hard task to pass judgment on a player, with only spring training form to go by. Often pitchers who look like the one best bet in the world in practice are rank outsiders when used in a regular team. They have the natural ability that easily asserts itself in practice, but other assets aside from natural ability must be brought into play in a championship game.

No young pitcher who has broken into the American League in years had a more sensational first season than did Reb. Russell of the Chicago White Sox. I am told that on the spring training trip Russell was never given even slight consideration. Perhaps a half dozen other twirlers were regarded more highly. So ordinary did Russell look that he was sent with the second team on the exhibition tour. Not until it became evident that a number of the highly touted recruits wouldn't go, did Russell get his real chance to show whether or not he possessed the ability that entitled him to a chance in the majors.

At the close of the 1913 season Russell was a finished pitcher. True, a pitcher can always learn something new about the game, but Russell wore a pretty fair big league polish. When Russell made his debut in the spring of 1913 I don't believe I ever saw a pitcher with so much to learn about the finer details of big league twirling. If there ever was a diamond in the rough Russell was that individual. Practically every time he threw to first base he made a balk; when they started bunting it made him dizzy.

Russell Surprises Cobb.

I shall never forget the first time Cobb reached first base with Russell doing the pitching. Tyrus took a big lead, and danced up and down the line as is his custom to worry the pitcher. Evidently Manager Callahan had warned Russell about allowing Cobb to get too big a lead. To all appearance Russell started his delivery, but instead he snapped the ball to first and caught Cobb napping so far that Tyrus made a dash for second, knowing it would be foolish to try to get back to first. It was a raw balk if there ever was one. As he threw the ball to first I left my position back of the batter's box, to inform Russell in a quiet way that he had made a balk; that the sooner he cut out his peculiar move the better, and also intended granting Cobb second, for I felt sure he would be caught. In some way Tyrus manager to avoid being touched and reached the bag in safety. Quickly getting to his feet he yelled:

"What do you call that movement, Billy?"

"What would you call it?" I asked.

"A balk if I ever saw one," replied Ty.

Big Pitcher Improved Rapidly.

"Well, that is just what is was," I answered, "but since you could move no farther than second on a balk no harm is done." I always like young pitchers to get every chance possible to succeed. Very often it is possible for an umpire to worry a youngster, by constantly objecting to the various ways he is doing things. Often no objection would be raised if the umpire didn't make it a point to start the dispute. I always get better results, and make my work easier by pointing out what I believe are mistakes, and warning him to guard against a repetition. If the pitcher has any brains he will remedy the fault at once.

Walking down to the pitcher's box, I asked Russell where he had gathered together such a move to first. It was such a crude balk that it didn't seem as if a blind man could have allowed him to get away with it. Russell smiled at me and replied:

"That move is my own invention. I used it for two years down in Southeastern Texas, and not an umpire said a word to me. I though it would be just the thing to fool the boys up here."

"Well, if I was you, Russell, I would never apply for a patent on that invention. I would stick it in a grip and express it back to some of the boys in Texas."

"It doesn't look good to you, then?" asked Russell.

"It looks all right," I answered, "but you are going to have all the umpires in the league hoarse from calling balks if you persist in using it."

"This big league stuff is all new to me," frankly replied Russell. "now if you umpires will just tolerate me for about three weeks, and be as blind to some of the things I do as the boys down in Texas were, I'll be a very easy man to handle."

Star Players Much Desired.

No umpire could but respect a fellow who talked in that style. Many a trivial fault of the big fellow was overlooked. Inside of a month Russell had proved true to his word. He had learned a movement to first that was absolutely correct, yet was good enough to hold the runner fairly close. At fielding bunts he was mighty proficient. Other details of the finer points of pitching he picked up with remarkable rapidity from the veteran members of the Chicago staff. Today Russell is an ideal pitcher for an umpire to work behind. For a left-hander his control is truly wonderful. He is seldom in the hole and better yet seldom makes a protest against the rulings of the judges of play. Russell is an example of what a big league manager is up against in the spring. Not conceded a chance to stick when he reported for the training trip, he was the sensation of the league from the standpoint of recruits. What a loss it would have been to the Chicago club if he had been allowed to get away, and came through for some other club in the manner he did for the White Sox.

So many things must be taken into consideration when looking over the recruits that the selection narrows itself down into pretty much of a gamble. Habits, style, temperament and ability are just a few of the things that take up the manager's attention. Every winter much dope is written about the promising material on hand, yet each spring much of the promising material is tossed into the discard. Thousands of dollars are spent and wasted on players who really never have a chance. No wonder the club owner and manager are tickled when the process of elimination unearths a couple of youngsters from the bunch who appear to be stars.

It's better to uphold a good thing than to hold it up.

FIGHT BETWEEN JIM CORBETT AND JOE CHOYINSKI ON BARGE WAS ONE OF THE GREATEST EVER

By ROBERT EDGREN.

NEW YORK.—Paddy Gorman was one of the great fighters Australia sent over here in the good old days when Australian boxers led the world. He was a contemporary of young Bob Fitzsimmons, Peter Jackson, Paddy Slavin, Jim Hall, Australian Bill Murphy and Dan Creedon.

Today Paddy Gorman is working steadily at his trade, as healthy and fit at 50 as he was 20 years ago when fighting for the middleweight championship. He is a carpenter in one of the city departments.

Paddy and I were talking over some of the old fights. "I've been reading your 'Untold Tales,'" said Paddy, "and I often wonder where you pick up the little details."

"What was the greatest fight you ever saw?" I asked Paddy.

"It might have been the fight on the barge, between Choynski and Corbett," he answered. "Did you ever hear the real inside story of that?"

"Shoot," said I.

"Well," began Gorman, "I might as well begin with Choynski. I was responsible for Joe's becoming a fighter. He was amateur champion of the coast when I met him first, and he used to visit the camp and box with the professionals. Joe came out with me, and after I had seen him work a while I tried to persuade him to turn professional. 'Why, Joe,' I said, 'you can beat all these pro's around here right now.' But he couldn't see it. He had the amateur idea. I was training for a fight and one of the men training with me was matched to fight in the old Golden Gate Club, down in that little street back of the Palace hotel in San Francisco — Stevenson street. He hurt his arm and got blood poisoning, and at the last moment I got Choynski to go down and substitute for him. He fought George Bush—the Boston fighter—and finished him like a champion. That was Joe's start as a professional.

Corbett Used Name of Dillon.

"When that great rivalry between Choynski and Corbett grew up Choynski was amateur champion and Corbett was teaching boxing at the Olympic Club. Corbett was supposed to be an amateur in a way, and not mix with professionals. But did you ever hear about the way he slipped out and fought under an assumed name? No? Well, he did. He fought under the name of 'Jim Dillon.' He went up to Butte, Mont., and beat Duncan McDonald in a 10-round bout, and fought some others. They didn't know Jim Corbett up there. He made quite a reputation as 'Jim Dillon.'

"When Choynski and Corbett decided on fighting out their grudge the match was made for some place over in Marin county in which to fight, with only a few people present, and a side stake to fight for. Choynski and Corbett hated each other because they both grew up in Hayes valley—a part of San Francisco—and they were rivals for the championship of the district. All the famous sporting men of San Francisco were on hand when Corbett and Choynski met out in the hills. They came over across the bay on the ferries and droved or tramped along to the barn where the fight was to be held, up in the loft. As the crowd gathered there were so many bulging hip pockets that the referee decided to disarm everybody. So every man was frisked at the door, and all the guns taken from them were stuck muzzle down in some buckets. I forget whether there were three or four buckets full—it was either three or four.

"When we arrived with Choynski, all dressed in his fighting clothes and rubbed down and ready to fight, we found that Corbett had put one over on use. Joe had walked over, and there was Corbett all ready, as he had come the day before and had slept at the farm house. Choynski had warmed up from the walk, and I wanted him to get in the fight right away. But the fellows behind Corbett delayed things for a couple of hours, and that spoiled the fight. The sheriff was to come on the scene too late to interfere, but because of the delay in getting started the fight had only begun when he walked in. I slipped out a knife and cut Joe's gloves off as quick as possible so there would be no evidence of a glove fight. There were no arrests, but the fight was broken up.

"It was eight or nine days later, as I recollect, when they met on the barge. Tom Williams of Stockton, owned it—one of those big barges they use to carry grain down to San Francisco. It was up near Vallejo—anchored out in the bay about midway between Vallejo and Benicia and Port Costa—two or three miles off shore.

"This time we thought we wouldn't let Corbett slip anything over on us, so we went up the day before and Choynski slept at a farm-house near the shore.

"I was managing Joe and looking out for him. I got up early in the morning and cooked his breakfast, as we never took a chance of being doped in those days. Afterward I went down and saw the captain of a tug and asked him to take us over to the barge. 'Why,' he said, 'I just took about 150 men over there.' He wouldn't take us. We gave Joe his rub down at the farm house and had him dress in fighting clothes and put on a long overcoat, and then we got into a rowboat and rowed all the way out. It was blowing hard, and there was a choppy sea that threw the water on us.

"When we got aboard the barge we were surprised, for it was packed with people. There were about 300, made up of sports and followers of each man from his own district. And nobody had taken the guns off that crowd, either. It looked like sure death and an all-around massacre if anything started. And Corbett had put one over on us again. He had slept on the barge all night, in the officers' quarters. These big grain barges had a big flat deck and a cabin house at one end.

"There was a delay again. Choynski was ready, but Corbett kept him waiting a long time while he was rubbed down and prepared. Then there was a delay over the gloves. Corbett brought the pair he fought in the week before, but I had thrown away the ones I cut from Choynski's hands and expected the referee to furnish gloves. Choynski tossed in a pair of driving gloves and suggested that Corbett take them and give Joe the two-ounce fighting gloves. 'No,' said Corbett, 'you take them and I'll use the fighting gloves.' He had a great advantage here. One might think the driving gloves would be more dangerous weapons. But they weren't. They gave Joe no support for his hands, while the fighting gloves Corbett wore were only two-ounce gloves and had been water soaked and dried as hard as iron, and the padding pushed away from the knuckles, and they came high and laced tight at the wrists.

"Corbett demanded a 24-foot ring on the barge. The side ropes were within a couple of feet of the rail, and if either man had been knocked through he'd been in the drink. Billy Delaney and Jim Carr were behind Corbett. I was Choynski's chief second, with Jack Dempsey and Eddie Graney in the corner, too. Patsy Hogan refereed.

"There wasn't any noise and roasting of the fighters in this fight. Every one knew that the slightest thing might start shooting. It was the quietest crowd I ever saw.

"It was about 10 o'clock when they began fighting.

"In the fourth round a blow cut an artery in Joe's nose, and we couldn't stop the bleeding. I never saw a man bleed so. Corbett kept sticking his left over on Joe's broken nose, while Joe rushed and rushed and hammered at Corbett's body. It was amazing how a man could stand up after losing so much blood, but there never was a gamer man than Choynski. Corbett couldn't knock him out, but he grew gradually weaker until in the 28th round he just collapsed from loss of blood and slid down gently to the bare boards.

"Poor Joe was a sight. Corbett was red and raw around the body, but Joe's face was unlike anything human. It took several hours to bring him to consciousness. I believe to this day that but for the cutting of the small artery in the fourth round he'd have beaten Corbett that morning.

"They were fighting for $1000 a side, which Corbett got. After the fight Porter Ashe and Tom Williams gave Choynski $50, and there was $75 added, so he got $175 in all. Imagine getting $175 for one of the greatest fights ever fought.

"After the fight we came back on the tug, all the way to San Francisco. And we got a sample of what might have happened if the rival gangs had started something. One the way down we passed a school of porpoises. Every man on board pulled a gun and began shooting at them. I tell you there was some lively target practice. If one of those shots had been fired during the fight it would have started the finest massacre on record.

"I had Joe in the captain's cabin on the way down, and in the Post street Hamman baths for a week afterward before he could go on the street. Fighting was a tough game in those days."