

WOLTERS FIRST, CRANDALL SECOND IN MOOSE MOTORCYCLE MARATHON

Albuquerque Noses Phoenix Out In Thirteenth Inning Of Frightful Baseball In Which Umps Figures Strong

OLE MAN TROUBLE PASSES HARLEY TEAM BY AND GREY ONES WIN OUT

Marty Graves Rides Fastest Race After Perry Goes Out, But Is Often Called Upon to Visit His Workmen—Indians Win Third and Fourth After Fearful Luck, in Which All Sorts of Trouble Figures—Boido, Local Favorite, Gamely Finishes on One Cylinder, Winning Fourth—Frank Montgomery Stays with Losing Fight Until Flagged Out and Awarded Fifth Money—Big Crowd Sees Wolters and Crandall Finish 200 Miles Only 55 Seconds Apart.

No.	Machine	Rider	Time
3	Harley	Wolters	3:07:27.1-5
16	Harley	Crandall	3:08:22.1-5
5	Indian	Graves	third
6	Indian	Boido	fourth
8	Exc	Montgomery	fifth

With his Harley-Davidson clipping off the miles in neat stacks, once every 56.2-5 seconds, on an average, Joe Wolters won the Moose Motorcycle marathon, and set the world's first 200-mile record on a mile track at 3 hours, 7 minutes, 27.1-5 seconds.

Harry Crandall, local boy, riding his first real race, finished second, just a mile back of Joe Wolters in 2:08:22.1-5, giving first and second places and the undisputed long distance supremacy so far this year to the Harley Davidsons.

Marty Graves, his eight valve Indian shooting perfectly, but his tires giving him trouble, lost enough time in the pits, so that even his excessive speed could not gain him any better than third place.

Lorenzo Boido, stricken at several points in the race, with various troubles finished with a poor cylinder, in time to grab fourth money.

Frank Montgomery, after having been in the pits long enough to have rebuilt a motorcycle, led his ported Excelsior to the track with eighty miles reeled off, about the time Wolters was finishing his 160th mile, and when flagged off after Boido had scored his 200th time, was awarded fifth money.

No other finished. In the canvas-topped pits along the quarter-stretch of the half mile track, were strewn the hopes of the Merkel team, those of the Excelsior—when Bob Perry went wrong—and two Indians—those of Gerig and O'Connell. So that just half the entries remained in the running when

Starter J. C. Adams wagged the checkered flag on Wolters.

Impressions of the Race
Consistent running, without tire or other troubles won for the Harley-Davidsons and their Firestone rubbers. In much the same manner as that of Oldfield and Carlson in the Tucson race last March, Wolters and Crandall shot around the curves, eating up the miles in a steady, unflustered manner. In spite of all announcements to the contrary, it is not probable that either of the winners did any laps in less than 51 seconds.

In the beginning, after Marty Graves had shot into the lead, the two gray machines began acting exactly like those of Parkhurst and Artley in the track events last fair week. Wolters, who "managed" Crandall, kept the 18-year-old local boy at his elbow for miles and miles, setting the pace that his world of experience told him would keep the tires in the best condition. And at the finish, the condition of the two back cushions justified Joe's continual directions to his less experienced riding partner. Crandall escaped from Wolters' leash for a while, during Joe's one visit to the pits for gas and oil and began clipping the miles faster than the old hand desired. This resulted in a call down, and when Crandall had again been caught, he came in for a signaled cursing. Crandall's rear tire was worn to the fabric, while Wolters was certainly able to do another hundred miles, a fact which proves the wisdom of Wolters' ride.

Graves A Surprise
The riding of Marty Graves was a revelation. Having hung back in the practice and elimination miles, Graves gave out the impression he was able to cut 51 seconds with some difficulty. But once in the race, he began reeling off the miles in astonishing time—

(Continued on Page Five)

ALBUQUERQUE WINS IN 13TH SCORE 5 TO 2

Smiley Smitten for Three Runs After Having Held Visitors Nicely Since the Eighth—McCreery Starts Like a Winner.

BUT IRION HURLS HITLESS BASEBALL.

Hester's Two Scores on Dowling's Two Hits Save Phoenix Shutout in Morning Game—Mr. Sterling Gets in Bad.

EL PASO HERE TO START SERIES TODAY

El Paso's crack ball club shows up on the local lot this afternoon and the Mackmen and the Solons meet for the first time this season. The game will be called at 3:30. Figured on past performances, the locals stand an excellent chance of taking the series with the El Pasos. Although the next six games will be just as hard fought as the last, Hester believes that his men will hit the Texas twirlers better than they did those from New Mexico.

Yesterday morning's third extra inning game of the Albuquerque-Phoenix series might have been an interesting contest, even if the one-sidedness had been due to the undisputed superiority of the said team of Dukes. But when five or nine chances of evening things were slaughtered mercilessly by a well intentioned but very erratic umpire, the matter ceased to be funny, or even interesting. Of course nobody can tell whether or not Smiley So-noquil would have beaten the visiting batters in the first of the thirteenth had Sterling not assisted, but the fans love to believe that the three hits off Smiley would not have happened had everything else been well.

The same combination that sent Hester over in the seventh, scored him again in the ninth with the tying run. And after that, no Senator got as far as third. This was mostly because Jordan positively refused to permit any accumulation of safe hits in any one inning. And that isn't all this remarkable pitching chap did for his country. His two base wallop in the thirteenth scored the run that broke the heart of the Phoenix offense, and made it easy for him to do things to the local batsmen in the last half.

It started out like a regular old pitching duel. McCreery had every member of the visiting club on his list that morning. And then disaster came along in the seventh, bearing a couple of hits and a boot, and ping! Just like that, Albuquerque had a little lead that the locals simply couldn't overcome.

Twice, the Phoenix infield yanked the game out of the fire with rapid double plays. Once, Bill Dowling stepped the ball and made it too good ever to McArdle and the fastes two outs occurred that most everybody in the park had ever seen.

This is how things happened to Smiley in the thirteenth, after he had consistently held the Dukes for five innings:

Husky Carman took the ball on his shoulder, so he says, and got a base. The ladies fair wasted considerable sympathy on him. Charles French executed a safe bunt, which is a habit he has, when not engaged in getting hit on the shirt-sleeve. Billy Dodge's double organized an out force out, when he grounded to Hester and Hester nipped Carman at third—the only decision of the game that smacked of blindness in Phoenix's favor.

But it was no use. Herriott hit to right for one, and Nutt lost the ball, permitting two to score where only

(Continued on Page Seven)

ARMORED RIDERS CROUCH OVER DUSTY MACHINES IN RACE WITH CLOCK HANDS

By LYLE ABBOTT
Crouching hooded riders with pillows in their buzzums—a couple of lines of five each—faced J. C. Adams yesterday in the evening, and got away on the first two century grand ever promoted on a mile track. Five of them won glory, and five wisdom—in chunks of greater or less size.

It was twenty minutes to three when everybody got through fossing around, swearing at us poor officials for not having got our stop watches all together. Referee John Hohl directed his national guard cadets to can us all off the grounds if we didn't be good. So everybody in the sunny boxes had to tend strictly to business, and enjoy the soda pop as best we might.

That part of the race which was clearly visible to the spectators assembled, was the part between huge clouds of dust. As a matter of fact, those ten machines just about tore up an acre or two of Salt River valley soil and the unkind wind shifted it indiscriminately over the adjoining fields and us.

One would see groups of riders—perhaps no two of them in the same mile, as far as their laps went, grind into a turn and spit fire at each other in exciting little brushes. There were several races within the big race, which relieved the monotony somewhat and brought the people cheering to their feet.

While the motor makers and the tire makers and the others were all winning great fame for themselves, the yellow badged officials were perspiring and kidding each other in the stands, with tense intervals as the checkers announced leaders finishing ten-mile laps.

Then, out would come the stop watches, and for a few seconds, nervous, efficient hands would grasp these delicate instruments and the quick eyes would survey the

hands that were flying almost as fast around their two-inch dials as those adorable mechanisms were circling the mile track. Folks, we are right here to inform you that it was some race between these motorcycles and the little steel pointers on the watches.

We add the little touch of distinction that works the differences between being dressed and well groomed. The Wardrobe Cleaning Co., 237 N. Central Ave. Phone 594.—Advertisement.

HUSKY HARLEY WINS AGAIN

Joe Wolters on Harley wins the 200-mile race in 3 hrs. 7 min. 27¹/₅ sec. Harry Crandall on Harley, second, time 3 hrs. 8 min. 22¹/₅ sec.

No stops for mechanical trouble of any kind. Never touched a tool to either machine. Wolters stops once for gasoline and oil. Crandall stops twice for gasoline and oil. These machines were pitted against the best ported and eight valve machines other factories could turn out.

Consistent Riders Buy Consistent Machines --- Note the Harley Performance

Phoenix Cycle Co. Agents 308 North Central Avenue



"Utterly Different!"

Be honest with yourself

You keep on smoking the same old tasteless cigarettes.

Why?

Because you're in a rut.

You're tired of them! You know you're tired of them!

They haven't given you a thrill of pleasure for months.

You're hungry for a change—for something "Utterly Different".

Man alive! NEBO plain end were made for you.

They are the "Utterly Different" cigarette.

They will give you an "Utterly Different" kind of enjoyment—an "Utterly Different" value for your money.

Don't put off the pleasure.

➔ **GUARANTEE**—If after smoking half the package of NEBO plain end you are not delighted, return balance of package to P. Lorillard Co., New York (Established 1760) and receive your money back.

