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East Oregonian

DAILY SEMI-WEEKLY INDEPENDENT

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DAILY EAST OREGONIAN, PENDLETON, OREGON, TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 16, 1921.

'Round the Sport Circle

WITH JACK VEIOCK,

International News Sporting Editor

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—When a man of my build goes up feeling groggy every morning and tips the beam at 180 pounds its time for him to get into a gymnasium and go to work. I was that way a few months ago and I felt terrible. Today I feel like a two-year-old again.

Mike Gibbons was speaking. The St. Paul fistic marvel was telling how it happened that he came back to the ring after telling the world that he was through.

"I thought I had enough of boxing when I announced my retirement," Michael continued. "I honestly believed that I was ready to quit the ring. I have my family, some business enterprises, a nice home and some hunting and fishing acres up in Minnesota. I decided that I'd settle down and enjoy them."

"For a while all went well. I had been keeping fit for nearly twenty years and I was slow to get out of condition. But finally the fat of idleness began to grow on me. I noticed myself getting languid and pudgy. Then it all came to me. Keeping in condition had been such a habit for so many years that I required exercise to keep feeling fit. So I went back to work."

"At first I did not intend to return to the ring. My one aim was to get to feeling good again. But finally I got to feeling so fit that the fever came back and here I am, campaigning for the middleweight championship."

"I have always coveted that title. I have been rated by many critics as one of the greatest of boxers. I can still box quite a bit"—with a bushful

PITTSBURG AGOG WITH FERVOR OVER CHANCES OF TEAM TO WIN NATIONAL LEAGUE 1921 PENNANT

sent to the transfer of the club and franchise to the Orioles City.

Back home went the Baltimore plout, elated at the thought that he was playing the role of a baseball Moses, and prepared to lead his town into the promised land of hit and run. He told his story, quoted the price and left his superiors to think it over.

Two big obstacles stood in the way of the transfer. One was the price of the National League franchise in question; the other the difficulty of locating the big club in Baltimore without stirring up a rumpus in baseball.

It seems that the ownership of the Baltimore club—which is mostly Mr. Jacques Dunn—has incurred the displeasure of certain big league magnates because of his independent stand with reference to selling star ball players, etc., and it was made plain that in case a deal went over M. Jacques was not to be included. Thus, in order to carry out the plan, the Baltimore men would have to buy out "Dunny" as well as the major league magnate, and that was the last straw. The old camel sagged and flopped into the dust. But Baltimore is still hoping.

Babe Adams, Veteran Twirler, Hero in His Own Country and Wants Chance World Series.

BY WALTER C. MERRITT
International News Service Staff Correspondent

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 16.—Pittsburgh is baseball crazy this year. It's a million to one bet that Pittsburgh will win the National League flag, the natives heretofore will tell you.

But there is a touch of pathos in this great race.

Charles B. ("Babe") Adams gentleman, clean-living athlete, is thirty-eight and about done in big-time baseball. Adams knows it and admits it.

In 1909—twelve long years ago—"Babe" Adams, in the world's series that year, was the hero. Then nothing more than a rookie, he won three games of the series. It was nip and tuck between Pittsburgh and Detroit, and Kid Adams separated the Tigers from the world's championship. He was the wonder pitcher of that time.

Some years since then the great "Babe" didn't play the greatest brand of baseball extant. Half a dozen years ago they said he was through, and it did at times look like it. But last year "Babe" took a brace. He has been a popular idol heretofore for a long time. Win or lose, the gang was always for him, and they boosted him when they were roasting other players.

But Manager George Gibson made wonderful progress last year toward a flag-winning team, but he couldn't quite come across. During the winter Gibby plotted and schemed, and he swapped and dickered until this spring he had a promising-looking team when they went to training camp.

After the season opened and Pittsburgh set the pace the croakers said it was a spring flash, and the Pirates would blow up, but they are still going good.

Realizing that Pittsburgh would come mighty near having a winning team this year, "Babe" Adams determined he would pitch in one more world's series. He has his heart set on that, and the smiling veteran has been pitching his head off all season, and every time you see Adams' name up on the score boards as the pitcher you can get your money down that Pittsburgh is pretty sure to win that game.



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AUTO IS USED AS BLOCK TO SAVE CROWDED CAR

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 16.—(I. N. S.)—By lightning-like thinking, a willingness to take a chance on injury or death, and at the cost of a new coupe type automobile, William Scholle, musician, of No. 215 East Liberty street, saved from death or injury sixty passengers on a cross-town car which was unloading backward down the Brighton street hill.

He prevented the car, loaded to capacity, from plunging down the grade and into the traffic at the street intersection at the foot of the hill.

Scholle was driving up hill behind the street car when the latter conveyance paused, slipped back, and then, gaining momentum, rolled down the hill. He heard the screams of women passengers and saw the frantic efforts of the occupants to escape from the apparently doomed car.

Showing instant decision, Scholle set the brakes on his machine and threw it in gear. The street car hit it with a crash, pushed it slightly down the grade and then came to a halt, the wrecked machine acting as a check-block. The driver leaped as he set the brakes and one of his ankles was badly sprained. No one in the car was hurt.

In discussing the incident Scholle said: "When I started up the grade and saw the car coming down, I thought the motorman was backing up to let another car by, but when I saw there was no escape, I put on the emergency brake, threw the car into low gear and jumped. The street car jammed against my machine and the left rear wheel struck the curb, stopping the street car and holding it like a vise."

RELIEF FOR VIENNA.
VIENNA, Aug. 16.—(I. N. S.)—Has Vienna's soaring B. C. L. reached the south? anxiously inquires the Vienna Neue Presse, in proclaiming the good news that for the first time in years a turn has come in prices. Potatoes and sugar are cheaper; there are indications that other foodstuffs will fall.

Dishonest beggars, seeking to excite public sympathy, have developed a "shell-shock school." Berlin Graduates have learned the technique of shaking as if suffering from chronic ache. They mimic men who really have been hurt and cheat them out of the sympathy which they deserve.

REMARKS BY PITCHER.
Pittsburgh is hungry for a pennant. It has cast sheep's eyes at the pennant for a long time in vain.

Adams wants to stand up before a world's series mob once more. "I can do just as fine work as I did in 1909," he says. The fans here will favor him to pitch when it comes to those heart-breaking, desperate, this-one-to-win-the-flag games.

If he wins and Pittsburgh wins, Adams is content to quit while the quitting is good. He may be persuaded possibly to play one more year with the Pirates, but some doubt it.

Here's Adams' own story.

"I cannot explain my lasting much longer than many other pitchers on any other theory than this. I always take things easy, and I never worry. I discovered many years ago that when I exerted myself I was not so effective, for the mere effort of trying to be uncommonly good distracted my mind from the simple task of pitching. The new changes in pitching rules have bothered many of the veterans, but I do not mind them very much. My only trick was the rule which prevented a pitcher from rubbing the glove off a ball. Now the umpires do that any everything is O. K."

Pennant Hungry

"I am confident that I could pitch one or two more years, perhaps even longer, but I am not certain that I want to make that effort. I have traveled around the circuit so many times that I am tired of it all, and as much as I like baseball, nothing would please me better, when this season is over, than to retire to my Missouri farm and confine my connections with baseball heretofore to reading about big games in the sporting pages."

What sort of a chap is "Babe" Adams? Well, briefly, he is the most lovable sort of a fellow you ever met. He has the sunniest disposition and even temper that ever blessed a man. His private life is clean, his habits correct, and he is even a gentleman. But what is more, he is Pittsburgh's popular idol.

The fans here hope he wins another world's championship flag. They would probably give him the town, with the great Carnegie Institute thrown in, if he does.

When Adams goes to the mound in the coming world series he will have several of his old 1909 teammates to

whop'er up for him. First of all, there will be George Gibson, now manager of the Pirates, who then was a catcher with Adams. Then there will be Honus Wagner, bow-legs baby, both-time and all. Likewise, there will be Deacon Phillips, who pitched in that great world series, and Fred Clarke is coming all the way from his home in Kansas. The old-time Pirates will back Adams to the sky with their cheers and their rolls.

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Mrs. Two Bonnet left the Pine Tree Indian reservation for a few days at the frontier day celebration in Cheyenne, Wyo. She saw white women dressed as she had never seen Indian maidens dressed. That was on the bathing bench. So she ran to offer them her prize shawl as protection from the wind. And the girls refused it!

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