

"PSYCHOLOGY"

Ed Wells Coming Back After Big Season, to Join Washington



By Billy Evans

"You can't hit this one!"

"That is what I say before each ball is pitched to the batter and I continue to hold to the thought until he does or doesn't hit it."

Ed Wells, then a pitcher with the Detroit Tigers, was doing the talking. At the time he had pitched more than 30 consecutive innings without the opposition scoring on him. A Detroit newspaper man was interviewing him on the secret of his success.

It was near game time and I was sitting on the Tiger bench, attired in umpire regalia ready to start the contest. I was merely a listener in on the conversation.

That interview brought to Ed Wells the nickname of the "Psychology Pitcher," the tall southpaw who had proved that mind was greater than matter in pitching as well as other things.

Once the rival batters were let in on the pitching secrets of Wells they must have decided to retaliate in like manner and adopted as their slogan:

"I'll murder this one; knock it out of the park."

There finally came an end to Wells' run of scoreless innings and later during the season there were times when he had his troubles getting his side out. However, he managed to finish the year with a record of 12 victories against 10 defeats. Not so bad.

When George Moriarty took over the management of the Tigers I know that he looked to Wells for considerable help. When I reached the training camp of the Tigers at San Antonio I watched for hours a star pitcher of 25 years back, "Wish" Egan, instruct Wells in a change of pace. In his day no pitcher had such a change of pace as Egan. Wells was making progress when I departed for the north.

A few months after the season opened I picked the paper

up one morning and learned that Southpaw Ed Wells had passed on to the Birmingham team of the Southern League.

Unofficially, I am informed that Wells was sent to the minors because on two occasions he permitted Ty Cobb to steal second while he stood on the rubber with the ball in his hands. It seems just before each game Wells had been coached on the play, was told merely to back off the rubber and throw the ball to second. He didn't and with such failure came a ticket to the benches, so the story goes.

As a big leaguer, Wells always had a pretty good fast ball. His curve was just ordinary and he lacked a change of pace.

Just about the time he was sent to the minors he apparently had finally mastered the touchings of "Wish" Egan, for all he did as a member of the Birmingham club was win 13 games while losing only one, for the remarkable average of .925.

Scouts who toured the Southern League last summer tell me that Wells has learned to mix up his assortment of stuff in great style and was a "wow" in that organization.

Wells comes back to the American League in 1928 as a member of the Washington club. If that record of 13 wins and one loss is any criterion of his present ability he should be a great help to Manager Stanley Harris of the Nationals.

BLACK BATTLER CLUBS WAY TO 10 ROUND WIN

Paolino Uzcudun Defeated in Slow Battle in Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 29, (AP)—George Godfrey, hottest of fighters' battlers, today was established even more firmly in the status that long has been claimed for him by his backers and admirers—that chief menace of the heavyweight division.

Before the greatest crowd ever to witness a ring spectacle in the far west, the giant negro last night clubbed and mauled his way to a referee's decision over Paolino Uzcudun, the bounding Spanish Basque. But it was only after the squatty wood chopping of the Pyrenees, fighting for a shot at Gene Tunney's crown, had lashed the big negro into giving his best to win.

It was a one-sided affair insofar as physical measurements were concerned, but what the Basque idol lacked in size he made up in fight and a stout

heart. Godfrey, at 236½ pounds, outweighed his stocky adversary by 14 pounds, towered over him by several inches, and outreached him by several more.

Following is a round by round account:

ROUND ONE—They went into a clinch, then sparred for an opening. Godfrey stuck a left in Paolino's face and they clinched. Paolino was working his arms. They both pounded at the body in a clinch. Godfrey landed a right to the ribs. They clinched. Paolino played for the stomach. The big negro was taking it easy. Godfrey jabbed to the face with three lefts. Paolino landed a right to the jaw and three lefts to the jaw. Each pounded to the body in a clinch then sparred for an opening. Paolino jabbed two lefts to the stomach and Godfrey tapped a light left to the face as the round ended. Round even.

ROUND TWO—They rushed into a clinch. Paolino pounding into the stomach. Godfrey shoved him away with a right to the head. Paolino pounded Godfrey's ribs in a clinch. Godfrey jabbed with a left then crossed a hard right to the head. Paolino came in fighting and stuck a left to Godfrey's head. Paolino pounded Godfrey in the stomach, but the big negro didn't seem to mind, taking the punches with a smile. Godfrey tied Paolino up in the clinches. Godfrey swung a vicious right, but missed Paolino's jaw. Paolino crooked Godfrey's shoving his head back with a left to the mouth. Godfrey had an edge on the round.

ROUND THREE—They pounded each other in a clinch. Paolino was gunning for Godfrey's mid-section. Paolino landed a right to the ribs. They clinched. Godfrey jabbed two hard lefts to the jaw and shoved Paolino back when he attempted to clinch. Paolino landed a hard right to the mouth and rushed into close quarters, pounding away at the body. Paolino landed a right to the jaw and followed with two rights to the stomach. Godfrey landed a right to the jaw and shoved Paolino back when he attempted to clinch. Paolino landed three rights to the head and two lefts to the face. They were in a clinch at the bell. Godfrey's round.

ROUND FOUR—Godfrey opened furiously, pounding Paolino ferociously. Paolino landed a

right to the ribs. They clinched. Godfrey jabbed with the left and landed a hard right to the jaw. Godfrey then sent three hard rights to the ribs. Uzcudun hit Godfrey close to the goal line. Godfrey clubbed a right to the head. Paolino landed a hard left to the stomach and they went into a clinch. Paolino was bleeding from the nose. Godfrey looked over the crowd as Paolino worked on his stomach. The blows appeared not to bother him in the least. Godfrey chased Paolino around the ring, landing many blows as the round ended. Godfrey's round.

ROUND FIVE—They clinched then sparred for an opening. Paolino landed a hard right to the mouth and they went into another clinch, pounding away at the body. Paolino put a left to Godfrey's mouth. Godfrey for the first time appeared angry and rushed Paolino, landing several blows. Paolino put a right to Godfrey's jaw. Godfrey crouched and lunged away furiously into the clinch. Godfrey landed rights to the head and clinched again. They sparred and Paolino struck out with a hard right to the head. Godfrey held Paolino off with his right and missed with a left. Paolino had a shade on the round.

ROUND SIX—They rushed into a clinch. Paolino was red around the ribs. Godfrey landed two hard blows to the head. They pounded away in a clinch. Godfrey sticking a right to the face. Paolino sent a vicious left to the face, apparently hurting the big negro. He repeated a second later and Godfrey held on. Godfrey came back with hard rights and lefts to the face. Godfrey tied up Paolino in a clinch. Paolino landed a hard left to the stomach. Godfrey, in a clinch, upped to the jaw. Paolino missed a vicious left and Godfrey smiled. The referee separated them from a furious mix as the bell rang. It was the best round of the bout so far, and went to Paolino.

ROUND SEVEN—Paolino ran from his corner and landed a right to the body. Godfrey sent a left to the mouth. Godfrey sent a hard right to the ribs and took one in return. They wrestled, Paolino shoving Godfrey back. They went into another clinch. The crowd yelled for action. Paolino missed a right and took several hard uppercuts to the jaw in a clinch. Paolino was

bleeding again from the nose. Godfrey was working on Uzcudun's mid-section. Paolino kept his arms going like pistons in a clinch, Godfrey taking them leaning against the ropes. They stood in the same position for half a minute, Godfrey unable to hold Paolino off. Paolino's round.

ROUND EIGHT—Both men stood up before the bell rang and then ran to the center of the ring and began pounding each other in the ribs. Godfrey cut loose with a left but missed. Despite the negro's size, Uzcudun was tying him up in the clinches. They went into close quarters with lefts and rights to the body. Paolino pounded Godfrey with a right to the body. Paolino was the aggressor. They clinched. Paolino's crouching style seemed to bother Godfrey. Godfrey landed a left to the mouth, and Paolino went to work on the body. Godfrey landed a left to the mouth. Godfrey was chasing Paolino as the round ended. The round was about even.

ROUND NINE—Godfrey chased Uzcudun to a corner and they pounded away at the body. They clinched. Godfrey was looking for a shot at Paolino's head, but Paolino was crowding him too closely. Godfrey missed a left to the head. Godfrey landed a right uppercut to the mouth. Paolino was bleeding from the mouth. They were standing with their heads together, pounding each other in the middle. Godfrey was getting the best of the exchange. Godfrey landed a vicious left to the mouth, turning Paolino around. Paolino was searlet on his left side. He had taken many blows to the kidney. Godfrey's round.

ROUND TEN—They shook hands. They pounded each other viciously in the body, standing toe to toe. They were fighting with their heads together, awning for the body. Uzcudun landed a hard left to the stomach. Godfrey landed two hard rights, bringing blood from Paolino's mouth. Paolino was also bleeding from his left eye. Godfrey landed several jabs to the mouth. The Basque was bleeding freely. Paolino rushed into a clinch and backed Godfrey to the ropes. With Godfrey leaning against the ropes both swung hard rights to the body.

Great Trio of Runners Plan To Get Record

NEW YORK, Feb. 29, (AP)—Lloyd Hahn, Ray Conger and Dr. Otto Peltzer too the mark in Madison Square Garden tonight for the "mile of the century."

Hahn, best of the current American milers, must be at top form to beat not only the German ace but Conger as well. The Illinois A. C. flash, in fact, may prove to be the man that both Peltzer and Hahn must beat. At the short distance—1,600 yards and 1,000 meters—Conger holds victories over both his rivals.

Regardless of the outcome, one fact seems definitely established—that the indoor record for the mile will be seriously threatened. Hahn's whole campaign this year has been designed to peak him for an attempt tonight to shatter the record held jointly by Jole Ray and Paavo Nurmi.

HARD FIGHTING INDIAN KNOCKS OUT BLACKWELL

SEATTLE, Feb. 29, (AP)—Joe Blackwell of La Grande, Ore., middleweight fighter, fell before the onslaught of Walter Cleghorn, Seattle Indian, here last night and Cleghorn won by a knockout in the second round of a scheduled six-round go. The event was a preliminary to the Ted Krache-Art Francis fight, won by Krache by a knockout in the third round. It was slated for six rounds.

Notice—Inez, I am leaving Saturday night or Sunday for parts unknown. Would like awful well to talk to you before I go. Harry Larean, 123 South Riverside.

Bill's Flower Shop—130 North 7th St.—adv. 29-1f

DIXON KNOCKS AUERBACH COLD IN FIFTH ROUND

Negro Middleweight Ends Fight in Fifth With Hard Right

PORTLAND, Feb. 29, (AP)—George Dixon, Portland negro middleweight boxer, knocked out Herman Auerbach, Salt Lake, in the fifth round of their scheduled 10 round main event last night with a terrific right to the chin. From the gong Dixon carried the fight to his equally willing opponent but Dixon's blows carried dynamite. Auerbach's seconds threw a towel in the ring to avoid his being counted out. He had to be carried to his corner. The battle was one of the fiercest from the start and it took a stout-hearted fighter to stand up under the solid blows exchanged. Dixon's blows were the more effective throughout. There was no clinching. Auerbach received an unpopular decision over Dixon three weeks ago.

Jimmy Dolan, Los Angeles, won his third successive match here, when he took a six-round decision over Eddie Cartwright, Portland.

George Hval, won over Bobby Lamar, both of Portland, six rounds.

Joe Manchillas, a clever and strong young lightweight from Los Angeles won a technical knockout over Bobby McIntyre, Salem, in the third round. Red Mays was given a four-round decision over Billy Watson in the curtain raiser.

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