



Sports Sparks By Sarge

12th Mess Gp Snares SJ Baseball Playoff

Well, lads, we won't be watching any no-hitters or fast double-plays or ringing extra base hits for a while. The good old baseball season is over. We've had a helluva good time watching the thrillers of the past five months—so have the other thousands of GIs who've attended at some of the battles. Next year, and there probably will be another year, there will be another batch of participants and spectators watching our super-soldier nine.

The playoffs was the finishing touch for the year's competition. It was that a pie in the Mode after the main course. The Little World Series wrapped up in that final three games carried with it a generous dosage of all the many exciting elements killed with the word baseball.

REMEMBER . . . The way the Mess Group slugged in seven runs in the very first inning of the first game of the series. . . . How Hank Whittam came back the next day to pitch his heart out for the 794th and tie the series for them. . . . The overflowing crowd at the rubber game on Tuesday. . . . The marveling you did at the versatility of Herman Kiel, the star. He did everything but lag around the water shed for his team. . . . How intense the interest in the outcome of the series was by GIs and officers, alike.

THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING

Baseball is out the door now and pugilism will now rule topmost over all the field athletics without any rivals. Crown princes, Cavanaugh, Jackson, and all the others will dominate the news for a while and then. . . . **BASKETBALL** will come breathing into the warmth of the spotlight and Ole King Slug will have to fight like merry hades to stay even with the hoopsters for popularity. What a fight, folks! Whatta fight! Who'll get the edge in the "I like it more" department? Don't ask us, we only work around here.

NOTES OFF AN O. D. CUFF

You almost feel, like asking what the "like" figures to be tonight, when you walk into the Sports Arena offices where the Fight Promoters and Matchmakers, Inc. held court. This is what the commercial announcers would call a reasonable facsimile of Mike Jacobs' office on Broadway in New York. With a menacing out-thrusting of his always present cigar, Happy Fortiano will grab you by the collar and start to spout about his "new boy." Evidently at the time that Happy may be spending on his man, Sammy Potrock, loquacious matchmaker of the outfit will start to feed the victim a con line about his "champion."

"Ya crazy, I tell ya, ya crazy" will suddenly interrupt the Potrock patter and sure nuff it will be Eddie Wagner closing his pair of penies into the general confusion. Through the haze of blue-ish smoke and language in a similar streak, you see Wagner's lips moving. Having taken a term of extra-curriculum lip-reading back at Madame Bindlestiff's little schoolhouse, you gather that the topic that Eddie is giving himself confusions of the gums about is much the same as what you've already heard from Messrs. Potrock and Fortiano. Only a different name.

Nodding and yawning furiously, you finally persuade them to lower the latitrap tempo. Slowing up to three-quarter time, they then cluster around the listing of names for the next boxing card. Potrock and Happy talk slowly and proudly as they show the wisdom of this and that match. By heck, the card is just every bit of what they claim for it! Beal careful matching. When you ask Wagner or one of the others why some of these boys that they've been raving about aren't listed, they will soberly tell you that "Aw, maybe he ain't quite as good as that. We'd better wait till he learns a little more." I guess, I'm just enthusiastic.

That's the way it is, too. Lt. Rosenblum and his boxing staff are working hard and conscientiously on the program and sure rate a rousing cheer for the progress made in this morale lifting section of the Athletic set-up on Seymour Johnson Field.

FLAHER . . . Field's Officers and A and E men had best start getting their toms ready for the Valley Ball tournament for this fall. Will commence about Oct. 11th. . . . JE.

Rrrringer!! Boyer, Hq-Hq Given Award

A gold medal emblematic of the Horseshow Championship of Seymour Johnson Field was presented to Corporal Paul Boyer, of Headquarters and Headquarters Squadron at the flight Wednesday night. Awards were also given to second and third place contestants.

Boyer best out the second place, Pfc. Ken Hopkins, 36th TS, by mark, 9th Academic, 50-21.

a decisive 50-22 tally in the championship round last week.

Cpl. Paul voiced his appreciation of the titular award and said that he sure was glad that he'd played a little horseshoes in his time and had had enough luck to get such an attractive medal.

Defeat's Margins . . . Boyer drew a bye in his first match, best Pfc. Ivan McCann of the 76th, 52-23; and qualified for the final round by vanquishing Cpl. F. P. . . . His conclusive win made it a perfect streak.

Cpl. Sam Kocher, 10th Academic, won third place honors with a 50-21 victory over 8-Sgt. G. Westcott, Pfc. Ken Hopkins, 36th TS, by mark, 9th Academic, 50-21.

Playoff Panorama



Ringing down the final curtain on a successful season of league baseball on Johnson Field, the 12th Mess Gp nine captured the Post Playoffs on Tuesday morning with a 3 to 2 victory over the rival 794th Technical School Squadron outfit before a crowd of about 2500 fans. The Messman had won their qualifying game by knocking over the pennant possessing 793 the previous Thursday, while the 794th had ousted the Medics from the playoff contention on Friday.

FITTING FINALE

There was a goodly crowd overflowing the stands at all games and the Officer-Enlisted Men audience enjoyed every inning of the struggle on the new field near the Medics area. Playing in high gear throughout, the two teams exploited every conceivable phase of the National Pastime in skillful style. A fitting ending to a thrilling and class-plus baseball season.

Star of the three game series was Pfc. Herman Kiel, who batted and pitched his team to the final victory in a regular Frank Merrill well manner. Outstanding a splendid effort by opposing hurler Henry Whittam, Kiel struck out seven men, allowed the same number of hits and capped the series with a Ruthian four out of four at bat. He spanked out two doubles and two singles, all clean, hard bounces, and scored two of his team's tallies and drove in the winning run. Whittam was touched for eleven bingles, allowed one walk and struck out four. The well-scattered hits combined with smooth work arfield made for a real tight game.

Leading Decides . . . The 12th jumped off to a one run lead in the second inning of the rubber match, added one a couple of innings later and then settled down to record their margin. The 794th got their inning run over in the fourth and then put it same on a genuine even-temper basis with a tying run in the sixth frame. Starting the last inning rally, the 12th advanced Rasokki to third base on a mixture of plays. Kiel was now on deck. . . . was set. Waiting little time, Kiel took stock of the situation, dug in and laced a sharp drive into right field for the half-

Slitter For Whittam . . . The first game of the series on last Saturday saw the Cooks win 9 to 3. Kiel also won this game with a well thrown seven hitter. Stewart was the losing twirler for the 794th and Backstop Cliff Hold hit hard for the 12th. Next . . . was set. Waiting little time, Kiel took stock of the situation, dug in and laced a sharp drive into right field for the half-

Double Debat . . . Two newcomers set at it in the fifth bout and Johnny Buckley emerged the winner over Johnny Caruso in a very close bout. Both hit hard and showed promise, but Caruso seemed to have a little more to offer. He did well in the first two heats, setting his man up often, but lost the decision when he was pelted around in the finale. . . . Frankie floored Phelps for no count in the first, landed well in the second and took a few hard shots in the third. Phelps threw plenty of leather, too, but seemed to be hitting the shoulders more often than not. Both boys seemed surprised at the decision.

Jimmy Jackson KO's Trent in 2 Al Cavanaugh Edges Out Miller

Amid a storm of boos and a torrent of abuse, Referee Chesler fought his way to five hard victories, all of them over an unruly crowd. Wednesday night at the Sports Arena. Decisions unpopular to a partisan mob, caused the uproar.

The final blowoff was occasioned by the decision in the scrap between Jimmy Jackson and Johnny Trent. It had been fairly even throughout most of the first round, with Jackson landing an effective flurry at the close. In the second, a right and a left set Trent on the floor. He arose at two, went down again and just failed to make it up by the time the count had reached ten. Lt. Chesler awarded the bout to Jackson on a knockout in 1:04 of the second heat, and the mob went crazy.

Cavanaugh Skill Tops . . . Cavanaugh shaded newcomer Miller, of the 712th, in the sensational bout. Al, from Chicago, and his 794th, seemed to have lost his edge since the Jackson fight, but still had enough savvy to batter his man with hard blows. Miller made it close by countering, but Al just scored on a steady stream of punishment and forced Miller to clinch and break around repeatedly.

Both boys started fast and that tempo kept all through the scrap. The opening bout brought forward Max Shumkowitz and John Mellon, both at 131 lbs. Max, from the opening canto, but was floored himself in the second. The decision went to Mellon, in a very close scrap. . . . The 791st's Tommy Palese won his second straight at the Arena, by outpointing Ed Nowak from the 792-

Nowak bounced around and temporarily bewildered Palese, but Tommy got on the ball in the second, and although bleeding from the nose, slugged hard and often enough to take the nod. **Brooklynite Wins Fast One** . . . Oca: Goldstein, the Brooklyn Indian, took a close decision from Pennsylvania's Lester Boyer in a lightweight scrap. They boxed at long range most of the time, and

(TOP) Freezing a thrilling bit of 4th inning action, the Air-O-Mech group produced this result. Action, of the 794th, is seen sliding savagely into home plate only to be tagged out by Catcher Hold of the 12th, as Umpire Al Sedocul calls it. (MIDDLE) Series star Herman Kiel, 12th Mess, received the gladhand from a valiant mound rival Harry Whittam, of the 794th just after the 12th had captured the Playoffs. (LOWE) Pfc. Johnny Mosteller leans into a Kiel pitch for a sharp liner over third base. Mosteller, of the 794th, scored a little while later in this inning, the fourth, for the 794th's first run. Catcher is Cpl Cliff Hold.

The Indian was hurt by a flurry in the first round, but he came back with hard shots which rocked Les. Oca's suffered a nose bleed in the second but stood up to Boyer, and eked out an unpopular win. Third man to be awarded the distinction of Fighter Of The Night was Jimmy Jackson, of the 794th. Avistian, who stopped Johnny Trent in two rounds, Al Cavanaugh and Joe Romano won on previous cards. New Yorker Joe Yanchulis scored