

KENT SPORTS FOR KENT FANS

ENTERPRISE SPORTS

SPORTS OF INTEREST WHILE THEY'RE NEWS

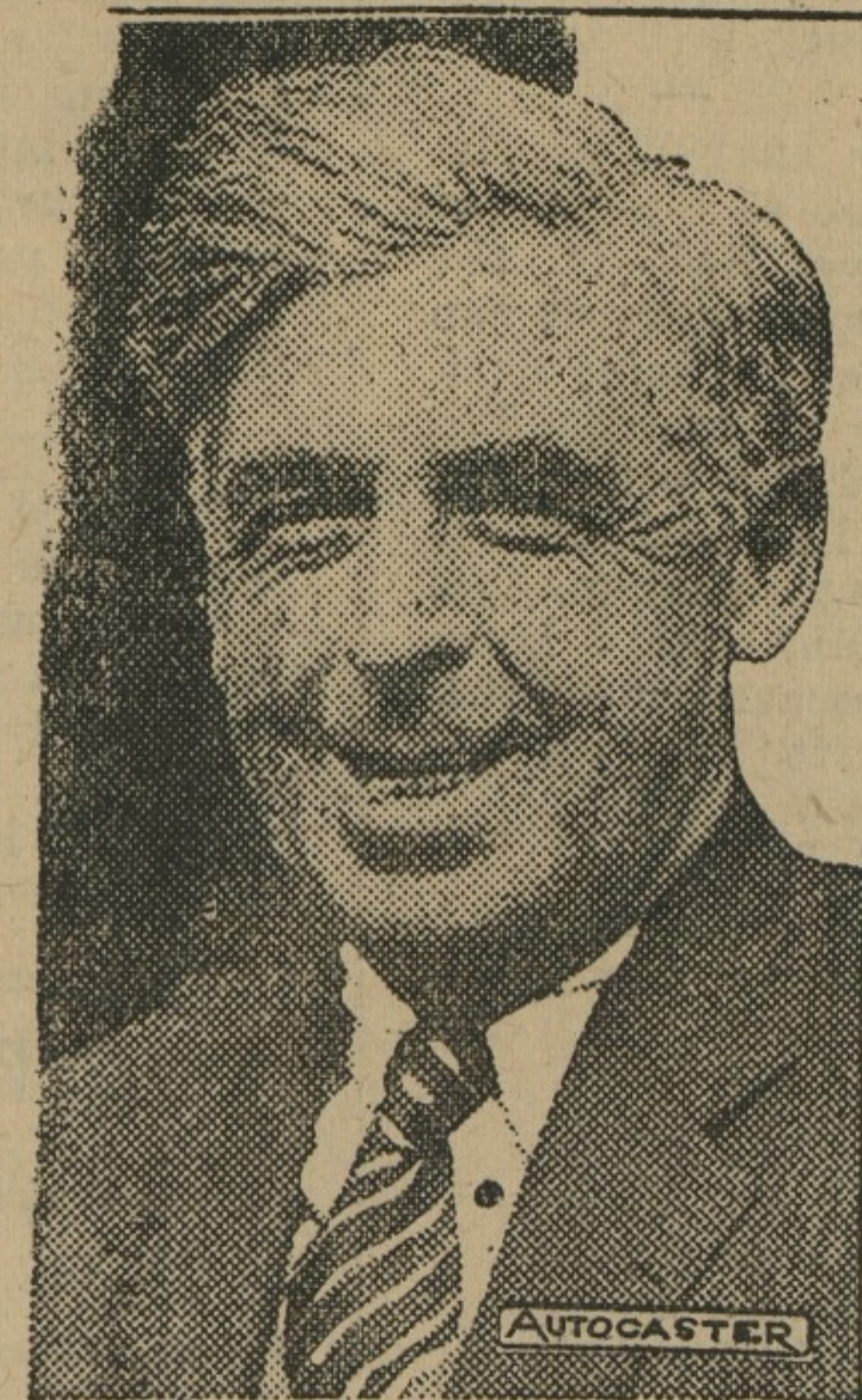
THE SILVER FOX FOXES

HOW DEMPSEY AND FLYNN PLANNED BATTLE

They call him "The Silver Fox." He was christened Leo Peter Flynn. The sports fraternity takes liberties and call him Leo "Pisen" Flynn.

The difference between the Jack Dempsey at Philadelphia and the Jack Dempsey at New York last week—was Leo "Pisen" Flynn—the Silver Fox—who, as Dempsey's manager and chief advisor, did a bit of clever boxing and was one big factor in helping bring victory over Sharkey to the former champion.

Dempsey's Fox Mind



The aftermath of the Dempsey-Sharkey battle found conversation centered almost chiefly in discussion of whether or not Dempsey had fouled Sharkey in the knockout mix-up in the seventh round. Now that sober analysis of the battle has been made virtually all unbiased and fair judges agree that Dempsey's victory was clear-cut and that the better man won by following a carefully planned battle and leading the bragging sailor on to his Waterloo.

And "Silver Fox" Flynn had a big hand in this. Discussing the side-lights of the battle, both before and after, Flynn disclosed to the writer the details of a hoax which was put across on the New York gamblers—and which incidentally led on until even the Sharkey camp fell for it.

A few days before the fight Flynn learned that the New York gambling clique which cleaned up on Tunney at Philadelphia—was out with a pool of \$65,000 to bet on the Dempsey-Sharkey match.

"I heard the boys were sending an agent to Saratoga to look over Dempsey," said the Silver Fox. "They had agreed to be governed by his decision. They picked a good man—one of the best boxers that ever lived. He approached me at the camp—for my confidential opinion.

"I gave it to him. I told him I was doing as well as I could considering that Dempsey was an old guy. I was down-hearted. I did everything but cry. Finally—I was forced to tell him that in my opinion Dempsey would have to win within five rounds—or good night."

"Well—it worked. They went hook, line and sinker on Sharkey. Best of all, however, they let Sharkey in on the 'inside' info—and Sharkey too fell for it. Really—all Sharkey's loud talk was based on the fact that he thought he was going into the ring to meet a wheezy old gent. And ye gods—he was meeting a fighter every bit as strong as he was and with dynamite in both hands.

"Now here is something that should be of much interest to some of the alleged experts—who even yet are trying to make their audiences believe that it was all Sharkey up to the knockout by Dempsey."

"Up to the time that Dempsey landed that right and left in the seventh round he was pulling his punches. I will say for Jack Dempsey that despite everything that happened in earlier rounds, he followed the pre-arranged battle plans to the letter. He is one grand soldier and fighter.

"The idea was to encourage Sharkey in the belief that he could afford to trade wallops with Dempsey. And did it work—now I ask you?"

"Dempsey told me at the end of the fifth round that he felt Sharkey going. He was convinced then that victory was his and he whispered to me—I've got him. He's ready to go. I hope he don't take a dive. I want to knock him out."

"Here's another point. Look back at Dempsey's last statement to the press at weighing-in time. He said he would win with two punches. Well—he did. It was the right to the solar plexus and left to the chin in the seventh round. Jack didn't say WHEN he would shoot across those two blows. But he knew and I knew—and there you are.

"And they were the only two real punches he let go in the whole fight.

"Can Jack Dempsey sock?"

"At the end of the first round Sharkey told his handlers, 'Why Dempsey can't break an egg.'

"Maybe not—maybe so—but down deep in Jack Sharkey's heart he now knows what real punching is—and from the receiving end."

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Miss Lambert Sets Two New Marks

Girls of the Women's Swimming Association won two more national A. A. U. championships over the 45-yard course of the Baltimore Shores Yacht Club Saturday afternoon.

Miss Adelaide Lambert, of Chestertown, successfully defended her laurels in the 300 meter medley breast, back and crawl strokes and returned 4:57 4-5, shattering her own world's standard of 5:01, established in capturing the title event last summer. The first team of the W. S. A., composed of the Misses Virginia Whitelack, Lisa Lindstrom, Ethel McGary and Martha Norlius, came through in the 380-yard relay fixture in 11:22 4-5 and put a big dent in the universal record of 11:22 4-5 and put a big dent in the universal record of 11:45 3-5, another mark hung up by a W. E. A. foursome in last year's national classic.

The team of the Carnegie Library A. C. of Homestead, Pa., made up the Misses Josephine McChin, Alberta Stafford, Mae Sutnell and Susan Laird, also went beneath the former relay figures, taking second place in 11:42.

The medley championship had many entries, but a number of candidates withdrew after noting the week's striking performances and only five starters toed the mark. Besides Miss Lambert, they were the Misses Eleanor Holm and Lisa Lindstrom, her classmates, respectively thirteen and fourteen years old, Miss Madelyn Smith, of the Women's A. C., of Buffalo, and Miss Ruth Elberfeld, of the Birmingham, A. C., of Birmingham, Ala.

Miss Lambert went to the front at once and never relinquished the lead. Little Miss Holm made a game attempt to overtake her on the final lap, but failed, gaining the place in 5:05 4-5. Miss Lindstrom followed, six yards behind, giving the W. S. A. a clean sweep of ten yards. Miss Smith nosed out Miss Elberfeld fourth.

In the relay test Miss McKim, swimmer first for the Carnegie Library Athletic Club, sprang a surprise by assuming the lead and covering her allotted furling in the splendid time of 2:46 2-5. Miss Lindstrom, however, who took the second relay for the Women's Swimming Association overtook Miss McKim, and after that Miss McGary and Miss Norlius drew steadily away from their Homestead rivals. The Women's Swimming Association's second contingent—the Misses Eleanor Holm, Catherine Ames, Doris O'Mara and Adelaide Lambert—finished in third place, twelve yards behind of the Homestead girls and far ahead of the only other contenders, the Misses Edith Fehr, Evelyn Armstrong, Winifred Smith and Edwardina Kranick, of the Women's Athletic Club, of Detroit.

As the outcome of the day's title competition, the Women's Swimming Association naids swelled their score in the race for the team championship attaining a total of 62, of a possible 72 points.

When cigarettes are lacking, With many sigh and groan, He takes his sack-o-backer out, And calmly rolls his own.

When modern styles are calling, With puff, sigh and groan, She grasps her hose below her knee, And calmly rolls her own.

When these two meet they cool and wed, And build for them a home. Then in a carriage down the street, They calmly roll their own.

He: "It feels like rain."
She: "What feels like hain?"
He: "Water!"

Cecilton Shuts Out Kennedyville Nine

Scoring four runs in the eighth inning Cecilton won by that margin over Kennedyville at baseball last Saturday. The game was played at Cecilton.

Groff, who for the past month has been doing all the mound work for the Kennedyville team, again twirled.

Perfect ball was played until the eighth, when a hit or two couple with a kick or two sent the four runs across. The scoring ended at this point.

Chicago seems to hold the edge at this writing. There may be some objection to this site on the part of the fighters.

For if the right man doesn't win, and the right man will be the one that Chicago money is on, he may find himself full of lead.

Our office wisecracker says this should be the battle of the "half-century." When ask why.

"Because that will be the price of the seats."

Not so bad for a half wit.

Adelaid Lambert, Chestertown's mermaid, continue to crack records. It is rumored that her parents

are going to take her out of competition.

They are bringing up her younger sisters to go out and smash the records set by Adelaide.

There's nothing like keeping a good thing in the family.

Down in the Sho' League they have started the second half of the pennant race.

Parkley won in the first session, and may win in the second.

But if Tex Ricards had charge of the league Parkley wouldn't win the second half.

That wouldn't be good business, let alone good baseball.

One of the most astonishing records established in the first half of

the split season was the lack of casualties among the umpires.

None were hurt and only two were forced to dig for cover.

The League is getting civilized and thereby losing some of its appeal to the fans.

Ask any fan, there's nothing like seeing a couple of umpires slaughtered.

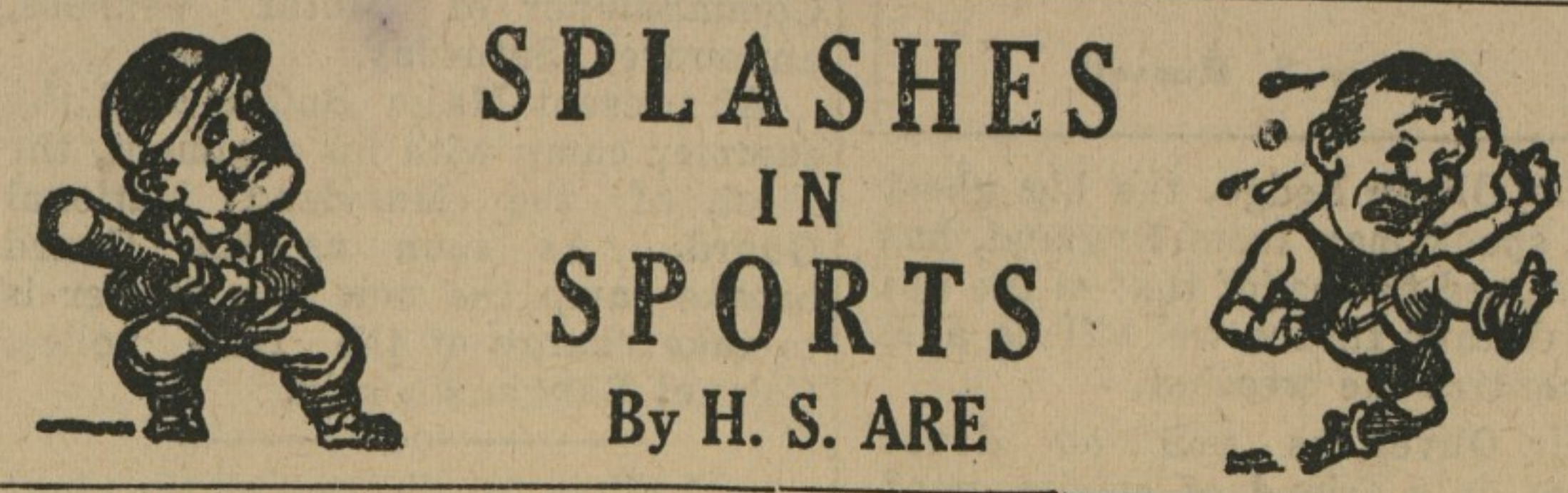
It isn't Bill Johnston's fault that Cambridge isn't in the lead.

He has performed in every position on the team trying to show some of the canners how to keep from getting canned.

Persistence conquers, or something like that, so keep at it Bill, they may learn by 1935.

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SPLASHES IN SPORTS
By H. S. ARE

Now that the experts have decided that Dempsey did or didn't hit Sharkey low, I forget which, it is time for them to decide where the next battle of the Century will be held.

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Her Prince With Millions



From the kitchen of her humble home in the backwoods of Canada, Lena Wilson, this week, became the bride of Millionaire "Bud" Stillman who dowered her with one-half his wealth. Stillman's grandfather was the great American banker.

The Judge's Joke



THE SKINNER GIRL IS AWFULLY QUIET AROUND HOME. SHE DON'T EVEN DISTURB THE DUST.

ANYWHERE TO ANYWHERE—BY LONG DISTANCE

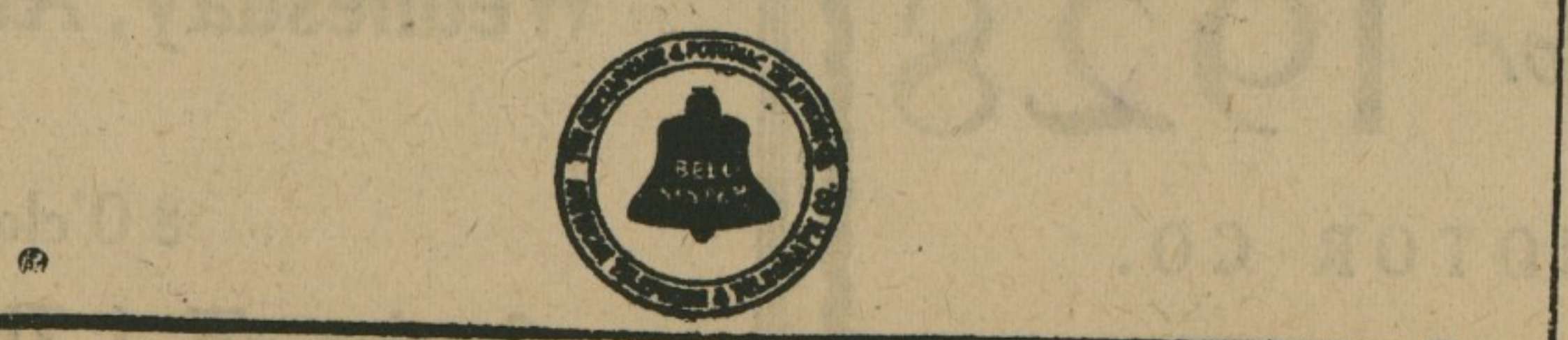


Keep in touch with them by TELEPHONE

ARE they spending the summer months away from the intensity of the city heat? At the seashore? At the mountains? Long distance reaches them quickly and conveniently at a very moderate cost. And they would appreciate hearing your voice in a personal conversation so much more than they would the usual humdrum letter about the weather and other commonplaces.

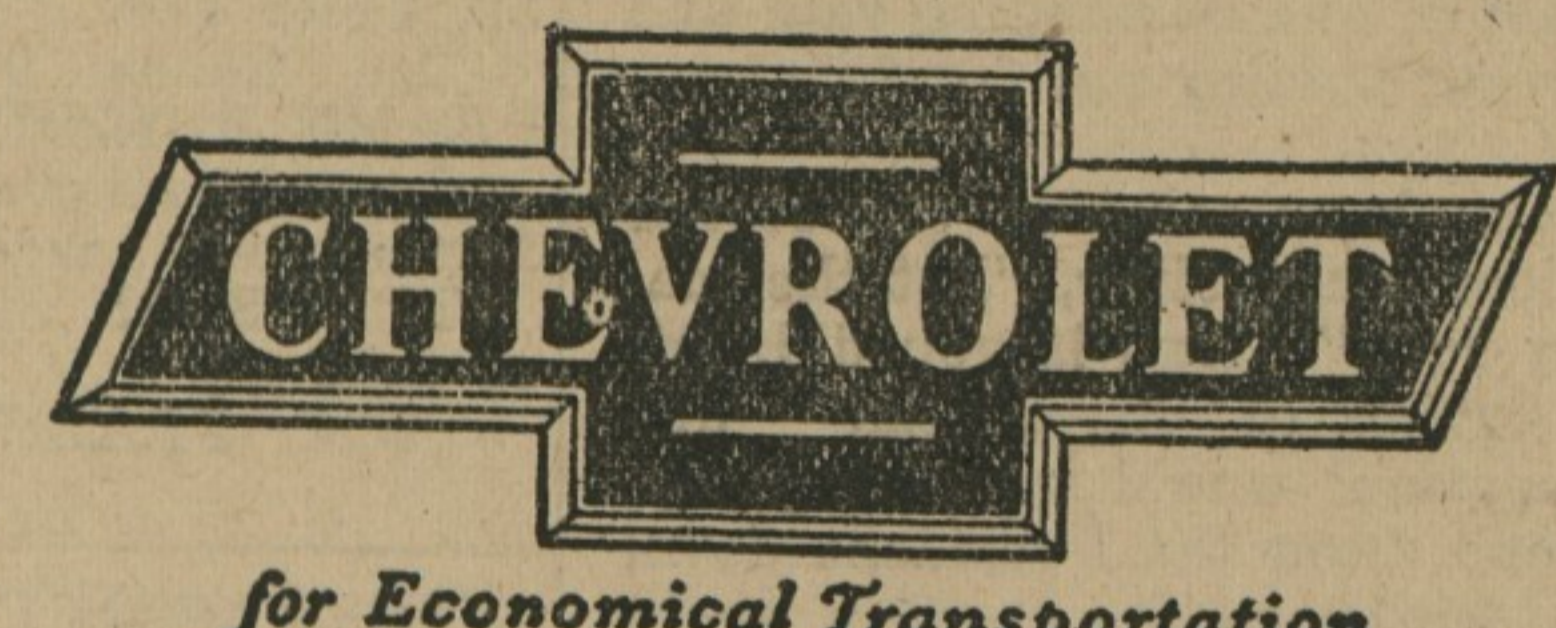
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Station-to-station calls—calls to a particular telephone or address in the distant city.



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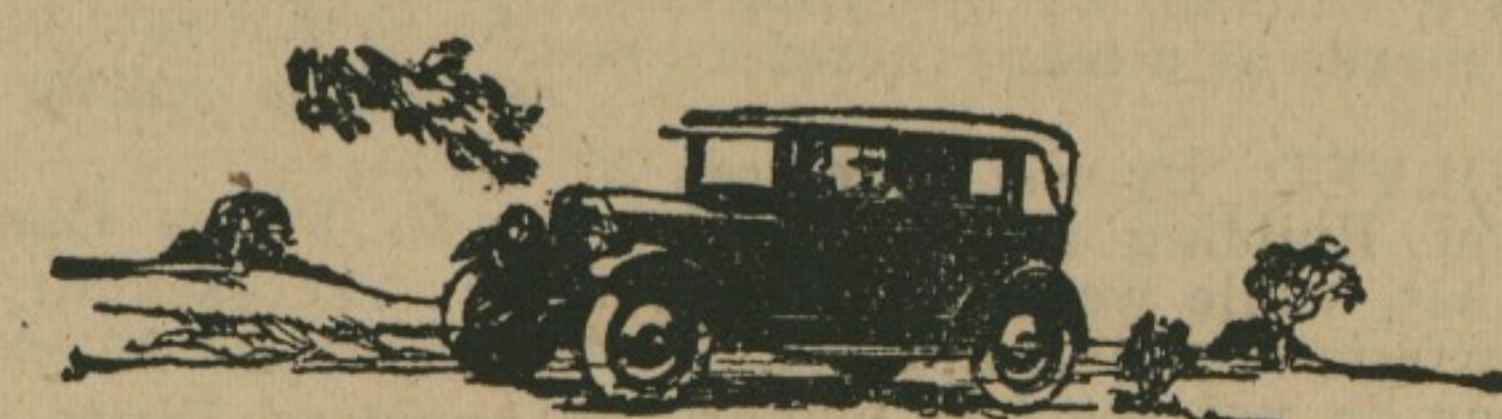
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