

BOSS OF ROAD NINE TO TAKE ON SAN MATEO

Gene Hollister to Oppose
Camozzi in Battle on
Peninsula Field

**CALIFORNIA STATE LEAGUE
GAMES TODAY**
California Poultry vs. Vallejo, Val-
lejo, 2:45 p. m.
Boss of the Road vs. San Mateo,
San Mateo, 2:30 p. m.
Napa vs. San Jose, San Jose, 2:30
p. m.
Modesto vs. Stockton, Stockton,
2:30 p. m.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS

	W.	L.	Pct.
Modesto	1	0	1.000
San Mateo	1	0	1.000
San Jose	1	0	1.000
California Poultry	0	1	.000
Stockton	0	1	.000
Vallejo	0	1	.000
Boss of the Road	0	0	.000
Napa	0	0	.000

Swinging into the second week of play today, the California State League offers its patrons four contests in as many cities—two of which carry the distinction of being opening day affairs.

Manager Eddie Hennessy will take his California Poultry Club to Vallejo, where everything is set for the seasonal getaway at Beach Park at 2:45. The Vallejo Grays, like the Poultrymen, hit the road last Sunday and as each club is on the same footing with regard to the standings, there is bound to be something doing.

Hennessy, with reference to his shortstop, Buddy Byrne, is a firm believer that lightning doesn't strike twice in succession in the same place. He has confidence in the ability of Byrne to come through. The same goes for third baseman Ralph Barry.

JOHNNY MOLLOY TO WORK FOR POULTRY

Johnny Molloy, erstwhile Utah-Idaho League, will be given the opportunity to show one and all who visit Beach Park, Vallejo, just what kind of a pitcher he really is. Stopped by wet grounds last Sunday, the Boss of the Road, led by Andy Ahern, will appear today at City Park, San Mateo, at 2:30. San Mateo has already shown signs of being a real ball club, if anything much stronger than last season. Just how formidable the Bulldogs are remains to be seen.

A battle of Gene's is in the offing at the Floral City. Ahern announces that Gene Hollister, the "veteran-youngster," will throw for the Overall tribe. Manager Justin Fitzgerald states that Gene Camozzi will start for the Blues.

With Manager Justin Fitzgerald back on the job, San Mateo is bound to be a hustling, bustling, heads-up ball club. People who motor to San Mateo expecting to root for the Blues are very apt to consider it an afternoon well spent.

NAFA CLUB VISITS SAN JOSE THIS WEEK

Napa, another club rained out last Sunday, will visit San Jose talking on the Bees at Sodality Park at 2:30. The Bees play smart defensive ball, but will have to pick up in their hitting if they expect to get anywhere this season.

Modesto will assist its neighbor, Stockton, in putting on the opening show at Coast League Park at 2:30 p. m. Both clubs have already made their presence felt, so this augurs to be a real ball game between a pair of long standing rivals.

BLUES FAVORED TO REPEAT WIN OVER VALLEJO

Camozzi in Shape; Has Twirled
21 Scoreless Innings in
League Play

By JOE CUSTER
All things being even and the Goddess of Fair Fortune remaining true to her original love, the San Mateo Blues will walk off the field tomorrow afternoon champions of the first half of the California State league.

Along with that assertion, dope points to the Blues as ultimate winners of the second leg of the race, and wearers of the first crown of the newly-organized circuit.

A Blue victory tomorrow largely rests in the copious left mitt of one "Genial Gene" Camozzi, the unbeatable. Camozzi has at last rounded into form, and it takes a smaller total of pitches each Sunday before he starts burning in the old crossfire as in days of yore.

The Vallejo fans and ball players alike dub Camozzi as "nine-tenths of the San Mateo Blues." Following the game last Sunday, when the locals trod the Vallejo toe in reckless manner and abandon they are more than ever convinced of the fact that the San Mateo slab artist controls the destinies of the Blues to an unappreciable extent.

After that havoc last week, critics of Vallejo has this to say: "Aside from Camozzi, the San Mateo Blues cannot say much for themselves. The infield is fair, the outfield bright in spots and slovenly in other instances. Hitters are conspicuous by their absence."

Hit in Pinches
Yet those hitters were conspicuous at that last game. Mel Simpson clouted four for four, including a double; Tommy Randazzo hit one for the circuit with two resting on the pitcher; Al Silva socked heartily in the pinches and was robbed of a double when "Gunner" Moore couldn't get out of the way of a sizzler that hopped into his glove on a freak bounce; the boys occupied the sacks on the least opportunity, and their mates brought them home with hefty clouts.

A repetition of the same tactics and the same "heads-up" ball will win again for the Blues.

Line-ups Same
Managers of both squads will use the same combinations, unless big-league strategy keeps them from so informing the public.

Earl Tobin of Vallejo may start Wise, although this is quite unlikely. Wise pitched a heady game to beat Fresno on Memorial day and his mates showed improved work at the plate and afield.

"Gunner" Moore will most likely face the Blues again, with Wise ready for a quick call to action.

Camozzi on Mound
There is still less possibility that the Blue chucker will be a new man. Camozzi has danced merrily through 21 innings without allowing the opposition a run.

Inasmuch as this is the first year of the new league, everything will be a record, logically. But Camozzi's feat, especially if he continues his shutout performances, will attain all the proportions of a standing mark for future State league slabsmen to shoot at.

Tommy Randazzo switched back to left field at Vallejo, after taking the center garden the week previous against Stockton, and will most likely be at his left-field post again tomorrow.

Line-ups, managers, bathoys, officials and other incidentals of that line will remain unchanged, no doubt. The only change, and it is an improvement, will be in the crowd. There will be more of it. Look for a capacity crowd tomorrow, says Herman Kroger, and you'll see about 4000 fans.

Vallejo— San Mateo—
Tadovich, lf Bertram, cf
Christensen, 2b Simpson, 1b
Donovan, cf Silva, rf
Johnson, c Randazzo, lf
Hassen, rf Casey, c
Jacobs, 1b Farrell, 1b
Farrell, ss Osborn, 2b
Crowe, 3b Garry, ss
Moore, p Camozzi, p

BURKEMEN VICTORIOUS IN BLUSTERY WEATHER OVER FALCONS OF WATSONVILLE

By TAY PAY MAGILLIAN
The circus left San Mateo last mid-week only to return to the city yesterday afternoon in the guise of baseball trouper, who put on a thrilling, spilling and chilling performance which the San Mateo Blues won from the Watsonville Falcons 10 to 7.

The only thing lacking at city park to make the illusion of a circus complete was an elephant or two, a steam calliope and pink lemonade. Everything else that one commonly sees in a circus was on exhibition, including a couple of the most daring aerial acts ever seen by man or "bunion."

And the grand finale—you know the kind the circus barkers rave about—was even better than advertised when that boy Benjamin brought the show to a conclusion with a one-handed backward running circus catch that caused one old fan to swallow his false teeth, and a private in the ranks of the right field "bunion squad" to pull his hand out of his pocket and lose three quarters of a dollar, two white mice, and 13 moth balls, or almost three times the price of admission to the grand stand.

Gene Camozzi Is Hero
And the big anti-climax was staged by Gene Camozzi, who pitched the last two and two-thirds innings for the Burkemen and turned in a huriling performance that made Christopher Columbus glad he discovered America. While he was out there in the trenches Camozzi allowed only three hits, one a Henry Ford and the other a lame duck. The Henry Ford was a skidder by T. Rowan down the third base path in the eighth inning, which was a lucky hit, and the other was a Tom Cassey sized belt down the left field lane, a hit in any man's league.

Get Out the Violets
Camozzi may not be a fast runner, but he can pin a few violets on himself on the pitching performance he turned in yesterday. Kasich got along well up to the seventh inning, but he blew up in this period like a toy balloon into which a mischievous boy sticks a pin. After the Falcons had clawed Kasich for four hits and four runs in the seventh, Manager Fitzgerald hoisted him off the mound, and sent Camozzi in as a replacement. The Falcons were in their batting stride when Camozzi took to the field. They had hit Kasich with everything but the flagpole and one of Chief Burke's golf sticks, and when Gene went in there were two Falcons on the bases with only one down. Camozzi retired the next two men as easily as a confidence man retires a yokel.

In the ninth inning the visitors nicked Gene for two hits, but then Camozzi is training for the Brown Derby and did not want to exert himself too much.

The Grand Finale
Then the grand finale. T. Rowan sliced one of Camozzi's twistlers and the ball sailed over second in a lazy loop. Benjamin went after the ball like a bull terrier after a lamb chop. He kept hopping back squinting over his shoulder and just when the ball looked as though it would elude him he stuck out his fin, like a seal grab-

So much difference in the pitching of Schmidt and Camozzi that Gene would make Walter N. go to the county hospital to have his nerves cut out. Not crust, but Nerve.

It doesn't appear as though Genial Gene Camozzi is through playing ball, nor that he will be for some time to come.

The way he was tossing them over and around the plate last Sabbath reminded one of the old days. He had the little old pill doing everything but sit up and beg, and he had six of the hard hitting Tokays looking foolish as they made ineffectual swipes at the ball.

**LEAD ALL SAN MATEO CLUBS...
STATE LEAGUE
Results Yesterday**

San Mateo 10, Watsonville 7.
San Jose A's 3, San Jose B's 3.

Standing of the Clubs

	W.	L.	Pct.
San Mateo	2	1	.750
San Jose A's	1	1	.500
San Jose B's	1	1	.500
Santa Cruz	1	2	.333
Watsonville	1	3	.250
Verdi Club	0	3	.000

bing a fish, and hung on. It was a marvelous catch, the kind you often read about in Laura Jean Libbey when the working girl snags herself a duke, but seldom see in real life or on a ball field. Benjamin should be decorated with the Croix-de-guerre, a sprig of laurel or something worthy of his performance.

Prout as Usual
And while we're decorating the heroes it would never do to overlook that Prout. In the second inning he did a Lindbergh after a wild heave made by Keane, going about two yards up in the ambient after the pellet and coming down in a tail spin with the bulb in his paws. It was a marvelous catch, and made by anyone else but Prout it would have won one of Manuel Mike's apple dumplings, but Prout makes impossible plays so often that when he does something that would be out of the ordinary for any other player, he makes it look as easy as Tom Casey putting on 20 or 30 pounds.

Blues in Front
San Mteo was off in front in the opening stanza when they counted one on passes to Walsh and Montague and Keane's tremendous triple. Walsh would have scored too, had he remained on second instead of being doubled on Benjamin's pancake pop to Simoni.

The Falcons went out in front in the third when they picked up a pair of tallies on Kirby's single and Simoni's four ply clout out of the enclosure.

The Burkemen eased themselves out in front in the fourth when they scored two runs on Prout's first double and singles by Walsh and Kasich. Watsonville tied the count in their half of the fifth on a pair of walks by Kasich and T. Rowan's single.

Simoni Gets Gate
Fitzgerald sent his warriors after Simoni in the fifth frame and a double by Benjamin, B. Rowan's error of Montague's easy one, Burns' single, Labitch's miff, a single by Prout and Burns' half homer netted out runs for the Burkemen.

The visitors tied the count in the seventh when they opened a vicious drive on Kasich that knocked him loose from everything except the barber's delight he wears under his nose. After T. Rowan opened this period with a single, Labitch popped out to Deadwood Dick, alias Prout. Then Kasich hit Monzo on the head with a pitched ball, and it unnerved the San Mateo twirler. The next three batsmen singled, he walked the next, four runs crossing the pan.

Fitzgerald wig-wagged Kasich from the mound at this point, and ordered his trainer to bring Camozzi from his stall for some heavy track duty; Camozzi's blankets were removed and he was rubbed down with an onion and after he ascended the mound and stopped the bombardment like a policeman stops a jag when he is hitting on eight cylinders giving Sweet Adeline a workout.

And Camozzi not only stopped the visitors with that wicked fork-

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