

# Ken Lewis, Turnage Hit Long-Gone Home Runs



This trio of Eastern Blues led the Seashore League wonderboys to a 7-4 baseball victory yesterday afternoon in Smyrna. Third baseman Milton Scott, left and right fielder Kenny Lewis, right, hit awesome home runs. Curly-locks Brad Piner pitched 4 and two-third innings of shutout relief ball after the same performance in an exhibition 5-3 win over the Griffon Cubs on Saturday.

By STURGIS HEDRICK

A CHINK finally appeared in the perfectionist mold of the Eastern Blues.

It showed up yesterday afternoon as the Seashore League defending champions found themselves locked in one honey of a baseball game in the Smyrna Home of the Blues.

THE WEAKNESS, of course, proved not fatal. The champs won, 7-4, over the straining-at-the-reins Newport Red Sox. And it added up to 33 victories, 0 defeats in the 2-year history

of the fascinating (for all Downeasters) and frustrating (for everybody else) Seashore circuit.

But there it was, for some 1,200 fans to see. There may be a tape-measure somewhere Down East. But, ho-hum, the Blues don't put it to use to measure their home runs.

MILTON SCOTT and Kenny Lewis hit two yesterday that would have sent big league press agents and a sportswriter or two clamoring for a tape-measure. Well, maybe Milton's could be called routine in distance. But this, his first extra-base hit of the year, tied up the ball game at 4-4 in the bottom of the fifth.

That colossal clout by Kenny Lewis, however, presents a real challenge to precise description. It won the ball game for the Blues, coming as it did with Crawford Pigott on second with two outs in that same decisive fifth. The 400-plus-foot howitzer shot gave the champs a 6-4 lead they never surrendered.

HOW TO MEASURE Kenny's homer? Well, it takes a more far-seeing telescopic sight than the eyes trained behind this typewriter. The best this old-fashioned writing machine can state is that maybe we saw one once that went farther.

The one that comes to mind rocketed off the bat of a later Cleveland Indian clouter named Al Rosen in the Texas League All-Star game of 1948 in Houston.

There's a funny thing about heroic homers. Most everybody claims to have been right there, on the scene, when it exploded.