

BOXING LOOKS UP AT MULTNOMAH CLUB

More Than Thirty Members in Class, Some of Whom Have Distinguished Themselves

JEFF NOT TEMPTED

Champion Declines O'Brien's Challenge to Fight.

SAYS HE'LL STAY RETIRED

Belief Prevails, However, That the Big Fellow Will Fight With the Proper Inducements.

Jim Jeffries announced yesterday that he would not consider a challenge sent out by Jack O'Brien, and says that his statement of retiring stays "put." Jeff talks like a man who means what he says, and the big fellow just at the present time, possibly means it. But it will not be good betting to wager he will not change his mind. Wait until the great-est fighting promoter the fatig game ever saw—James Coffroth—gets where he wants a championship battle between big fellows, and then, like this wise man, Jeffries will probably change his mind.

It will be noticed in all of the talk about O'Brien being anxious to meet the retired champion that Coffroth's name has not been mentioned. To those who know the California matchmaker, this is significant. When Coffroth moves and announces openly that he will give poor old Fitz's competitor and the ex-holder-maker a small fortune as a purse for a battle under the auspices of his club, then the fight fans can make up their minds that unless Jeffries should die, or lose an arm, there will be a battle. Coffroth has his datebook pretty well filled up with a number of battles between lightweights and middleweights. It will take until along past the Summer months to clean these fights up, and as there is only one man in the game at present who will come through with big money for a match of the importance of a Jeffries-O'Brien fight, the fight fans will have to wait.

Little Fellows May Fight Again.

Another thing which stands in the way of a battle between the big fellows is the possibility of a return battle between Battling Nelson and Jimmy Britt. Just now Coffroth is not saying much about this fight. He is letting the Britts and Nolan wage their "gabfest," and when they get through he will bait his trap with a sifting-match between Nelson and Britt would bring as much money to the ring as would a mill between O'Brien and Jeffries, and for that reason he is not going away. The article of Coffroth's heart is Colma, and just now reformers are kicking up the dust and discontent around the spot where Nelson beat Britt. He is willing to let matters rest out there for a couple of months, and by that time the fire will be out.

O'Brien, in challenging Jeffries, sets about to still the voice of the third once who point to the fact that in meeting Jeff he is giving away pounds in weight, by saying that when Jim Corbett met and defeated the mighty John L. Sullivan the California gave away lots of weight. There is something in this, but the Quaker forgives that the ex-champion never has lapped out the juice of the grape in the quantities that Sullivan did. Then, too, Sullivan never saw the day that he was as fast as Jeffries. Jeff, on account of his long rest, might have showed up, but if he would enter the ring just half as fast as he was on the night he beat Jim Corbett, he would beat the Philadelphia. On this night Jeffries was so fast he made Corbett actually seem slow. Against Fitzsimmons' shot, O'Brien was a stake-horse, racing with a truck-driver's nag. He simply pecked him to pieces, a thing he could not do with Jeffries. O'Brien also felted Fitz daisy, and all such business as this would be a waste of time against Jeff.

O'Brien's Slender Chances.

In Jeff's battle with Corbett in New York, he was chopped and hacked to ribbons, yet when he sent that trenchant right home, "Gentleman Jim" took the quiet street route for his Fitzsimmons cut and slugged him like a butcher would a piece of liver, yet it was the big fellow's paw that put the Ruby one out of commission. This is just what would happen should he ever fight O'Brien. O'Brien would get off in the lead and dance his dainty minuet around the big fellow, but in the end it would be the same old story. It is only forecasting now to say that if ever they do fight the hill will be taken off the journey. It is hardly believed, even if Jeff should agree to meet O'Brien, that he would make it a 20-round affair. They could make a route too short for him, but it is doubtful whether they could make the road too long.

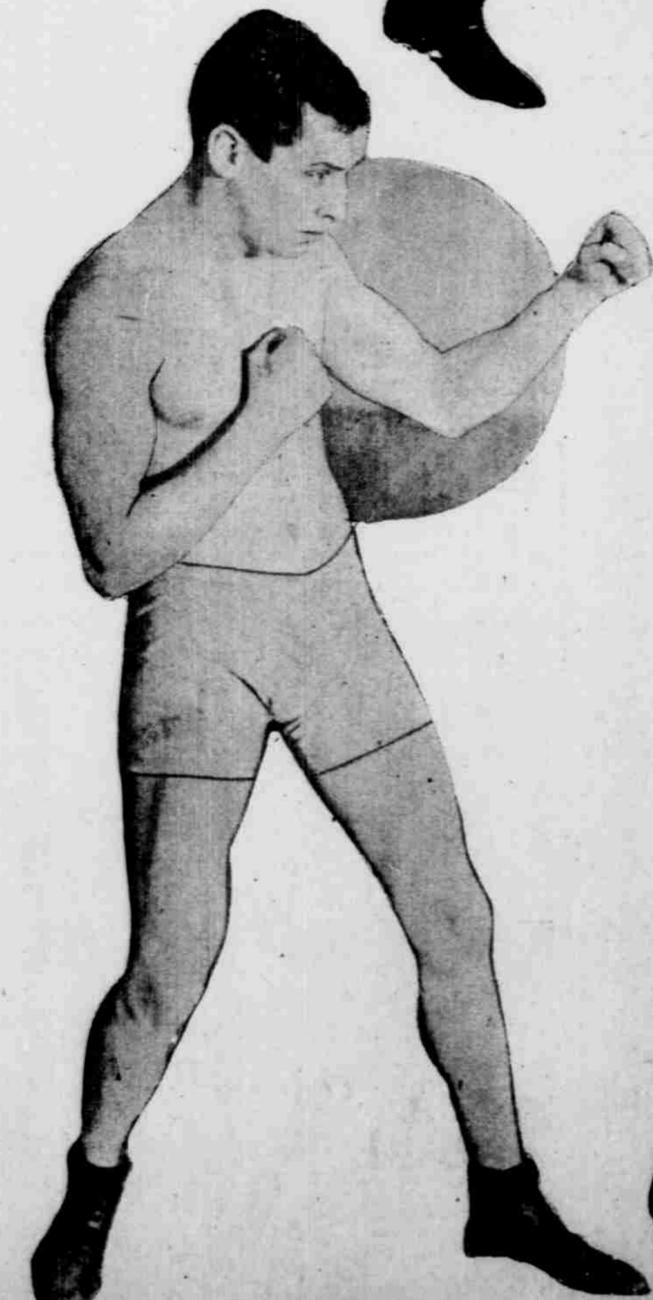
What O'Brien should do before he talks about mixing with Jeffries is to clean up the second-raters who call themselves champions in the light-heavyweight and heavyweight class. His anxiety to meet Tommy Ryan is more to settle an old score than for real championship honors. There is a feud of long standing between them that O'Brien wants to settle. What he should do is to hook up with Marvin Hart, the gift-champion. If ever a false-alarm champion held the title, it is Hart. He is nothing but a rough-sugged battler at best, but with as much class as a cheap selling platter. Then there is Gus Robbitt and one of two others who would keep O'Brien busy.

The Next Fight at Colma.

When Coffroth was in the East he persuaded Willie Lewis, a crack light-weight, a battle in one of his clubs and the other day Lewis arrived in San Francisco. He was brought there to fight Willie Fitzgerald and the battle will be held at Colma, January 30. Lewis visited San Francisco four years ago with George McFadden, whom he helped train for the last fight he made on the Coast. Lewis had one fight here, and this was with Rufe Turner at Stockton. He was a young boy then, and Turner put it on him in two rounds. This defeat was one of the few he has lasted during his career in the ring. Since that time his record has been one long string of conquests, and he has not picked his game either.

Willie's last battle was with Jack O'Keefe, whom he beat in 15 rounds at Detroit. O'Keefe outweighed him at least five pounds, but he won just the same. Another recent contest was with Fred Douglass at Portland, Me., whom he trimmed in seven rounds. A year ago this Christmas he whipped Martin Canole in nine rounds. Another good fight he made this year was with Jimmy Briggs whom he bested in 15 rounds. Briggs is one of the hardest nuts around Boston, and Lewis' streak went up with a bound when he scored this victory.

"I am 21 years old, and I have been fighting six years," said Willie to a San Francisco reporter. "In this time I have had 22 fights and lost but four. Joe Tipman beat me once, but I licked him in five rounds in a return match. Turner beat me in two rounds and Sam Langford and Billy Gardner each put it on me. These are the only fights I have lost, which I think is a creditable showing."



J. FRED RENNICK, Boxing Instructor. EDGAR FRANK.



OLMAR DRANGA. CHARLES R. STOCKTON.

How Rennick Trains Amateur Boxers

Instructor Rennick Goes Easy With Beginners—When Awkwardness Is Lost They Can Stand Hard Knocks.

BOXING is one branch of athletics at the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club that has shown considerable improvement in the past year or so. Some time ago the boxing classes of the club fell off in membership, notably after the loss of the services of David Campbell who resigned as instructor on account of his duties as fire chief, and it was some time before another man was secured to take charge of the class. During this lapse interest in the many art fell off and when J. F. Rennick took charge of the boxing at the club there were very few members in the class, and it necessitates considerable effort on his part to get together the large following he now has.

The class today comprises more than 20 members, some of whom have distinguished themselves and added to the laurels of the club by winning trophies in competitions with other athletic organizations.

Care in Handling New Members.

Instructor Fred Rennick displays the greatest care in handling the new members of the class, for many of the would-be candidates are touchy on the matter

and have to be handled diplomatically in order to determine whether they possess any merit in the boxing line. Some of the candidates are very awkward at first, but as soon as the novelty wears off and they have become accustomed to a hard knock or two, they buckle into the game in a determined manner and soon demonstrate their capabilities, and oftentimes give the instructor a strenuous two minutes of exercise.

The members of the M. A. A. C. boxing class who have shown themselves to be the most proficient in the game, have competed against representatives of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, Seattle Athletic Club and the Spokane Athletic Club, and in the number of matches won by the local men, they have scored more victories than defeats by a comfortable margin.

Some Amateur Champions.

Jack Walsh, middleweight, Hood Bottler, welterweight, and George Teller, bantamweight, won the bouts in their divisions held under the auspices of the A. A. U. during the Lewis and Clark Exposition last Fall, which virtually entitles them to the amateur championship of America at these weights.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings are class nights among the boxers at the club, and the members of the senior classes assemble on these nights for instruction under the supervision of Professor Rennick. The following members of the class and their weights are the ones who have shown the most progress to date, and have distinguished themselves during the season: Hood Bottler (145), Jack Walsh (128), John Douglas (125), Olfmar Dranga (128), Edgar Frank (125), Henry Nicken (125), Charles Stockton (125), George Teller (115) and Tommy Roberts (125).

Juniors of Promise.

Among the juniors who have shown promise in this department are: "Brother" Hughes, Sgt. Douglas, Roy Bernard, Milton Myers and Don Sutton. The youngsters have their session with the instructor on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

Edgar Frank, who has the management of the boxing department of the club, is endeavoring to secure matches for the near future with the members of the Seattle Athletic Club and is now in correspondence with that organization on the subject.

Last week was vacation week, the classes having been discontinued for the holidays, and they will resume next Wednesday night.

SLEPT IN THE SNOW

Auto-Drivers Had a Perilous Time in Blizzard.

ESCAPE WAS A NARROW ONE

Megargel Writes of Recent Adventures in Arizona Snow Storm. Journey Across Continent Again Under Way.

FLAGSTAFF, Ariz., Dec. 21.—(Special Correspondence.)—When I wrote my weekly story of the tour of the Rio Mountains and dated it Flagstaff, I fully expected to be in Flagstaff within the next three or four hours, and mailed the story from Williams, 24 miles west of Flagstaff.

Little did I dream at that time that the adventures experienced during the time it took to cover these 24 miles would be more thrilling and dangerous than any I have yet encountered on the four months of my touring, yet such is the case, for we ran into one of those Western blizzards on the mountains, miles from a railroad or human habitation, lost our trail, ran out of food, and finally used up the last of our gasoline supply.

Leaving Williams on Friday night, we ran a few miles into the mountains over an unbroken trail, and then encountered to await the freezing of the roads. A little after midnight we again started eastward, rebounding higher and higher on the mountain, but traveling painfully slow, as our wheels broke into the crust every few feet, necessitating our digging out the car. All day Saturday, Sunday and Monday we ploughed our way, or, to be plain, shoveled our way over the trail. We frequently lost the road, and several times narrowly escaping running over a cliff or precipice.

Monday a howling blizzard raged, all day the snow blinding us, making wheeling most difficult. More than once we realized we must be lost, but keeping the compass before us, we steadily advanced in an easterly direction. About noon our gasoline gave out, we having used four times as much as we ordinarily should have done because of the hard wheeling through the snowdrifts. Leaving our car we struck out for what we supposed was the railroad tracks, but it proved to be only a stone ledge.

Bed in the Snow.

Eventually we gave up trying to find the railroad, and retracing our steps to the Rio Mountains, built a big campfire, and unrolling our blankets, went to sleep in the snow. Tuesday morning we ate the last of our provisions and again started to find the railroad. It being a clear day, we soon found it, and incidentally ran into a party of searchers looking for us.

Writing to Williams for gasoline, which came up on the first freight, and replenishing our food supply, we went back to our car and succeeded in reaching Flagstaff by Wednesday afternoon, shoveling our road practically the entire distance from Williams, 24 miles away.

Escape Was Lucky.

Upon arriving at Flagstaff we found that six people had lost their lives in the snowstorm and that we were reported as having been frozen to death in the papers throughout the United States. It is needless to say that I have been busily telegraphing friends and acquaintances ever since, assuring them that I was not only alive and well, but none the worse for my three days in the mountains, for the fourth day we slept in the section-house at Belmont, 12 miles below Flagstaff.

We leave Flagstaff in a pretty bad snowstorm this afternoon with lots of gasoline, a week's provisions, plenty of matches and an extra snow shovel. We have little to fear from the weather, for from Flagstaff our trail steadily runs down a hill, and through the woods the trees are well biased, making a road easy to follow, no matter what the condition of the ground under foot.

FERRY C. MEGARGEL.

HE BACKED JOHN L. TO WIN.

Charley Johnston, Who Died Recently, Foresaw the Pugilist's Future.

The news of the death of Charley Johnston, who was one of John L. Sullivan's heaviest fighters and was otherwise one of the best known sporting characters in his day in New York, caused genuine sorrow among the old-timers on Broadway, says a New York sporting writer.

"So old Charley's gone," said Tom O'Rourke, when informed of Johnston's death. "Well, I'm real sorry to hear it, although I suppose he was pretty old."

"Well known?" I should say he was. He was known all over the country as one of the earliest and strongest believers in John L. Sullivan, and there was a time when the fighter was at the height of his fame that John L.'s name was scarcely ever mentioned unless Johnston's was coupled with it."

Johnston died in his home in Brooklyn. He had been ill for some time with Bright's disease. He came to this country from Ireland when he was 8 years old, and lived the greater part of his life in Brooklyn. He became well known in the sporting world first through his management of the victorious Atlantic baseball club of Brooklyn in the early '90s.

"Charley became acquainted with John L. early in the fighter's career," continued O'Rourke, "and he took a shine to Sullivan. He backed him across the board and said he didn't think the man lived that could beat him. As far as I know, Sullivan was the only fighter Johnston took any interest in. He said he knew John L. could beat Kilrain, and he went down to Mississippi with the champion and backed him strong."

"Then Johnston and Jimmy Wakely took Sullivan to France, where he fought Charley Mitchell to a draw at Chantilly. I imagine Johnston picked up a good piece of money by that fight. When the match with Corbett was made Charley was just as confident that John L. would chalk up another victory, and he backed him just as strong as ever."

"The result of that fight nearly broke his heart, and I don't think he ever took any more interest in boxing. I have not seen him in New York in some time." Johnston was up to about ten years ago proprietor of the Plaza Hotel in Brooklyn. It was a famous hang-out for the sporting fraternity and local politicians. For a long time John L. Sullivan's famous championship belt was on exhibition there.

The last time Sullivan was in New York it is told that Johnston met him and asked the fighter why he never came over to the old place to see him.

"There's too many saloons between Fortieth street and the other end of the bridge, and I just can't get past 'em all," was the old pugilist's frank reply.