

CORBET PRAISES WORK OF PACKEY

Ex-Champion Says McFarland Is Rightful Challenger of Wolgast.

WEIGHT QUESTION IS UP

Noted Fight Critic Believes Lightweight Limit Should Be 135 Pounds or at Least Not Placed at Wolgast's Own Weight.

BY JAMES J. CORBETT. NEW YORK, March 25.—(Special.)—Lightweight Champion Ad Wolgast will have the time of his young life if he ever gets into the ring with one Patrick McFarland of Chicago. After witnessing his classy exhibition of boxing with Owen Moran as opponent, New Yorkers are willing to swear Packeey is the best ever. Old sports who are fond of raving about the remarkable performance of the old timers admit that nothing to surpass McFarland's beautiful display of fistic wares ever has been seen in a Gotham ring.

Owen Moran can show a lot of speed on occasion and was thought to be equally clever as any boy in the game of his weight, but Packeey made him look rather like a novice in their 19-round bout. He had the little Englishman guessing throughout the contest. Packeey showed everything the best boxers carry and his feinting alone was more than worth the price of admission.

Good judges agree that the clever Frank Erne and the "old master," Joe Gans never had anything on McFarland. The wonderful display of action took the spectators by storm, and when the bout was over there was no question as to which was the better boxer. Even Moran admitted he had met his master, but offered as an excuse that he was giving away too much beef. Owen may rest satisfied with the knowledge that he was licked by the best man in his class, and there is no disgrace attached to honorable defeat.

Of course Packeey did not make the 125-pound ringside, which will be demanded by Wolgast before a match between them is consummated, but he did what other lightweights before him have done and weighed in at 125. Frank Erne, Joe Gans, and Jack McAuliffe regarded a 125-pound opponent as a legitimate lightweight, and did not insist upon a lower scale. Gans won the championship about that figure from Erne and the only champion of recent years who insisted on the 125-pound thing and got away with it was our esteemed friend Battling Nelson.

Wolgast Holds to 133. The present champion, being a natural 125-pounder, will most likely object to letting a clever boxer like McFarland come in at a heavier figure. Since Packeey so cleverly demonstrated his superiority over the only man who ever knocked out Battling Nelson it is the opinion of the critics that a fight between him and Wolgast probably is farther off than ever, although both have been matched a few times in the past. They figure that Ad, being anxious to hang on to the title as long as possible, will avoid a meeting with Mac and the champion's recent announcement of contemplated retirement would suggest that he has no intention of raking his laurels in a match with the Chicagoan.

McFarland has started an agitation for a revision of the weights, and by the way, what has become of that convention of so-called "Federation of Boxing Clubs" which was booked for this month and which was to be called primarily to adjust the scale of weights in the various classes? Packeey contends that nearly all the championship battles of the last 20 years have been contested at from 125 to 128 pounds, and that 125-ringside is not a fair weight to govern the possession of the title.

Former Weight Higher. He cites as his authority that "Kid" Lavigne met Dick Burge, the English champion, at 125 pounds at 2 o'clock, and that Erne won the title from Lavigne at 125 pounds, weighing in at 2 P. M. Also that Gans defeated Frank for the honor at 125 pounds, scaling at 8 o'clock. Therefore Packeey insists he is justified in commanding a match with the present champion at 125 pounds, and agrees to weigh in at 4 o'clock.

According to precedent there is much justice in Mac's claim, but Wolgast has the Bat Nelson statistic to fall back on and support his argument that 125 is the lightweight limit. I believe it is Billy Nolan, one-time manager of the Dane, who inaugurated the system of weighing in at 125 ringside, and the ringside made for the express benefit of one Joe Gans. The latter had to make the weight to get the fight and game boy that he was, entered the tank. It is believed that the rigorous training the veteran was forced to undergo was the direct means of hastening his death.

Plan to Settle Question at Once. I think the matter of weight revision should be taken up at once. No time like the present. Here we have Packeey McFarland, admitted one of the best in the game, and his chances for the championship of his class are reduced by the matter of two pounds by the scale. That is, provided Wolgast still insists upon 125 pounds ringside, as he is expected to do. It must be remembered Wolgast is champion. Of that there can be no doubt, even if the majority who have seen him perform opines he is a mighty poor one. There is only one way to take the championship from him, and that is by licking him, and I look upon McFarland as the boy who can do it if ever given the opportunity. If Ad is stubborn and will not concede the two pounds then let the power that be get together and raise the limit. This will permit Packeey and other good boys who cannot make 125 to do themselves justice coming into the game as legitimate lightweights.

Messic an Easy Victim. The champion had no trouble in disposing of George Messic of Los Angeles on St. Patrick's day. He outclassed Messic from the start and virtually knocked his man out, the referee stopping the bout in the third round, when the Los Angeles man was in a bad way from the terrible punishment the champion had administered. If Wolgast is true to his promise he is due to retire from the profession after the bout with Hogan has been decided, but I for one do not look for him to quit at this stage of the game. The sports want to see Ad Packeey in action before any retiring is done, and public opinion may force the champion to agree to a contest. Let us earnestly hope

SEPTUAGENARIAN IS AUTO ENTHUSIAST

Mrs. F. W. Berry Makes Trip Round World, Then, at Age of 70, Masters Art of Driving Car Unassisted.



MRS. F. W. BERRY.

DESPITE her "three-score years and ten," Mrs. F. W. Berry, of 600 East Oak street, is an enthusiastic motorist, owns her own car and drives it everywhere about the city, weaving skilfully through the crowded traffic of the downtown district, or indulging in an exhilarating bit of swift speeding when the way is clear out on some smooth, hard-surfaced avenue of the residence districts.

Mrs. Berry is several months past 70 years of age, but in her youthfulness of spirit and the sweet wholesomeness of her kindly and sympathetic outlook on life, she has retained a buoyancy which is not in itself for one of her age, since she went unaccompanied and negotiated all the difficulties of the trip by herself. The tour was made entirely for pleasure and Mrs. Berry traveled in a leisurely way, taking in all the important points of interest and enjoying every minute of the trip. She returned by way of Japan and spent many delightful weeks traveling in the Orient.

While abroad she made many side tours by automobile and found such delightful traveling by the luxurious medium of the motor that she determined to purchase a car for herself upon her return to Portland and to learn to operate it. This she lost no time in doing and within a fortnight after arriving in her home city she had selected a spic-and-span Babcock electric and was busily engaged in learning how to drive it. With the buoyant enthusiasm that has been so characteristic of all that she has done in her long and useful life, Mrs. Berry quickly mastered the task she had set herself and in a short time she was skilfully driving her smart motor everywhere about the city, picking up invalid friends and taking them for afternoon airings, or whisking some over-growned matron and mother away from her too-earnest domesticity for an hour or so of refreshing recreation. Mrs. Berry never misses a fine day, and seldom goes alone for her outing in her swift little motor; she is of that unselfish type who finds her pleasure doubled when it is shared with someone else, and she is greatly loved for her rare thoughtfulness and consideration for all who know her.

The septuagenarian motorist is an active member and an officer of the Oregon Humane Society, and is prominently identified with church work. Through her personal efforts and her generous individual endowment, funds were raised for the building of the Grace Memorial Episcopal Church in Irvington as a memorial to her deceased husband, Frank W. Berry, who was one of Oregon's respected pioneers. Mrs. Berry is president of the woman's auxiliary connected with the church, and is an energetic worker in that organization, besides being active in the affairs of the Humane Society.

Britt and Battling Nelson for six rounds early in April. Britt now is in England associated with McIntosh in the boxing venture of that hustling

Jack is Poor Instructor. Jack took his protege, Walter Monahan, his own "white boy," across the bay to Oakland and fought him against a rough proposition called "Roughie" Smith. Jack acted as chief second and advisor, but the "Dunboat" party made short work of his pupil, knocking him cold inside of four rounds. As an instructor the champion is a huge joke.

While on the subject of weights it would appear that Packeey McFarland was the lucky kid when he turned "dip" country. He is entitled to offer to invade the antipodes. "Cyclone" Johnny Thompson left these shores a lightweight and returned to us as a claimant for the middleweight championship. All the Americans who went over took on much beef, and had Packeey spent a few months in that "dip" country it would have been good night to his lightweight championship aspirations.

"Cyclone" recently outpointed Packeey and was given the decision over the "Thunderbolt" in a 20-round contest, and bases his claim to the title upon this victory. Johnny says the report that Packeey is "all in" is a mistake and that he is in as good condition as ever in his life. This, by the way, is a left-handed compliment to his own prowess. However, the "Cyclone" is out to beat all aspiring middleweights, so he says, and first come first served with him, Hugo Kelly may have first chance.

Another Chance for Lang. Bill Lang is to be given another chance to redeem himself and to try to prove he is not the big piece of cheese most persons think him. He will have hard work convincing the sports after the showing he made with Langford. Bill is on his way to Australia—so is Jack Lester, the "white hope" with the Tommy Burns trademark. The two will be billed as the champions of Australia. Burns professes to believe that Lester will have an easy time with Lang, so easy, in fact, that he has shipped the boy out there all alone and does not think it necessary to accompany his "discovery."

Jack O'Brien is conducting a series of pugilistic revival meetings. His latest inspiration is to match Jimmy

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Australian, but expects to sail for home within the next few days. Don't know where Nelson is hanging his hat just at present, as he has been unusually silent for him of late. If the match goes through and he defeats his ancient foe there will be no holding Bat. He will be strong for taking on Wolgast, McFarland and Moran one after the other without delay, and what's more will, with the aid of his trusty typewriter, make some folks believe he is in earnest about it.

An epidemic of measles has closed the Gresham public school. About 60 cases are reported, all of a mild type, and with no serious results apparent thus far.

GRESHAM, Or., March 25.—(Special.)—

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H. E. "Rat" Rhinehart, Former Oregon Agricultural College Quarterback Is Captain-Elect of Multnomah Gridiron Players.

At the annual dinner of the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club football players, held last week at the Hotel Bowers, H. E. Rhinehart, quarterback, was chosen to lead the winged "M" gridiron squad this Fall.