

WATCH-TOWER TALKS BY ROSCOE FAWCETT

"Sixty-Five Days More and D. E. Dugdale, of Seattle, Will Begin Searching for a Manager to Succeed Tealy Raymond Next July"—Abe's Philosophy.

HARRY B. SMITH, the clever sports editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, fired this question at 14 fistic experts the other day: "Who is the greatest fighter of all times irrespective of weight conditions?" and the replies were as varied as the attire of so-called Victorian Englishmen. They bobbed around with all the elasticity of a cork in a bathtub of mercury.

James W. Coffroth and seven others chose Bob Fitzsimmons, three picked Joe Gans and two lit upon Corbett, while Peter Jackson, Kid Lavigne and Abe Attell drew one vote apiece.

Such a comparison as Smith's query suggests is a strenuous bit of mental contortion. It is an easier task even to compare Napoleon with modern generals than it is to draw a parallel between the great warrior of the past and present, because so many angles must be taken into the pugilistic symposium.

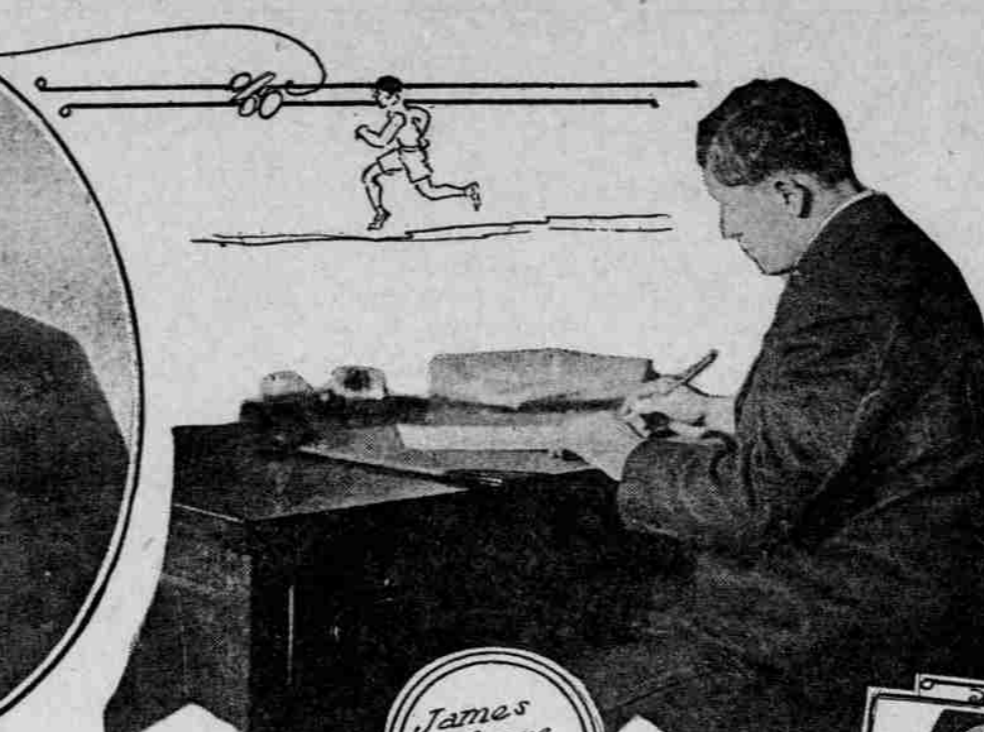
Had Smith divided his field into its three foremost sections and taken separate votes on the greatest heavy-weight of all time, the greatest middle-weight of all time, and the greatest lightweight, it's a safe guess his enterprise would have been rewarded with a much more satisfying hunk of dope.

Regarding the sports warriors of each separate division is no main-line dream, inasmuch as one has to consider times, places, quality of adversaries and fighting rules.

William Phelon attempted to review the heavyweights in a recent magazine, and found himself in a sorry puzzle. Such famous names as Tom Hyer, Charley Freeman, Tom Spring, Tom Cribb, John Heenan, John Morrissey, Tom Sayers and Jim Mace, iron men of the London prize ring days, simply refused to slumber quietly in their little hours when tagged with a stearage ticket alongside the more modern exponents of pugilism, John L. Sullivan, Peter Jackson, James J. Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson.



Biddy Bishop, Tacoma Sports Writer Who Originated Umpire Day



James Thorpe Signing New York Contract



Ben Henderson, Hunting in Mountains, 50 Miles From Oakland



Ed Beeson, Stanford High Jumper Showing Freak Style



Jack Lively, Bought by Sacramento From Detroit

PHELON picked Hyer and Spring as supreme among early day gladiators and Sullivan and Jeffries as entitled to the palm among the modern graduates. Compare Phelon's latter-day choices, then, with Smith's miscellaneous list of all-stars, and you'll have before you a sample of the wide diversity in opinion as to the greatest men who have strutted their little hours before the admiring populace.

Not one of the 14 San Francisco experts chose Sullivan, and not one cast a vote for that man of tremendous physique and limitless endurance, James J. Jeffries. Instead, we find Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett recipients of a scattering vote, with even Sam Berger, Jeff's former manager, a deserter in favor of "Pompadour Jim." Not one eye, mind you, in all that flock, for Sullivan—yet Sullivan has always been undoubtably the greatest favorite of the fighting constituency for the coveted title of chief boxer of all times.

AT his weight, Fitzsimmons, middleweight in avoidance, heavyweight in height and reach and hitting powers, was a logical capesheet in this strange procession. But as a contestant for the greatest heavyweight fighter's crown, the Cornishman could hardly be classed above either Sullivan or Peter Jackson, or perhaps above even Jeffries, lacking though Jeff was in that indomitable spirit that made Sullivan the terror to all adversaries.

However, the placing of Corbett above the mighty John L. is the more grievous travesty on athletic credence of the two. Sullivan may have lacked science and precision, but every member of the distinguished assemblage had his obvious defects. Corbett lacked a knockout punch; Fitzsimmons lacked the weight to brace his spidery legs against the Jeffries onslaught; Jeffries lacked the fire and courage of Sullivan; Jack Johnson, the greatest of moderns, whiplike punch and Jackson's work. There has been no perfect champion.

Corbett whipped Sullivan, but it is no justice to the veteran to compare that fight with what might have hap-

pened had Corbett run afoul of the lithe and agile Sullivan of eight or nine years before. When Corbett beat Sullivan, Jim danced around him and pegged away until nature threw up the sponge and the old demon pugilist sank exhausted to the floor.

The actor man was, perhaps, the fleetest man who ever performed in the ring, but the one vital flaw in his armor, inability to deliver a crushing knockout blow, relegated him to secondary honors among the ranks of those competing for the supreme title of the profession.

TO the writer's mind, Sullivan should have clear claim to that mysterious superlative: "Greatest Fighter of All Time." Sullivan found boxing an out-cast and left it a sport of National recognition. He was a terrible man to meet. Grim, ferocious, relentless, he fought with a ruck that carried his opponents off their feet. He was the incarnation of the terrible fighting spirit for ten long years, until finally, those three relentless combinations, age, dissipation and competition, wrenched from him his zealously-guarded title.

In all respects save science, he was a fighter without a peer, a champion of champions.

MAJOR league magnates must groan with envy when they learn that the teams in the Pacific Coast League went through last season with but one postponed game," says a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Pacific Coast is willing to stand for almost any form of prudential publicity, but that one postponed game computation sounds too much like an apotheosis of aberration to get by without further social survey. Excuse me to intimate facts, let it be whispered that Portland alone had just an even dozen postponed games in 1912. But 10 or 12 had days in seven months isn't so bad after all.

VANCOUVER, B. C., baseball expert is due for a shower of thoroughly mortuarized herring from those peevish pets who pound the prattling mill at Seattle and Spokane. His belin-

ous offense is thus briefly exposed to the public optic:

"Helster, the Sacramento infielder, purchased by Vancouver, batted at a .245 clip in the Coast League, which should make him hit around .290 in the Northwestern."

There can be but one interpretation to that bit of perfidy—Vancouver is housing a traitor, a Judas Iscariot to the cause of preferred Class B, the only man in all that favored section of ilk and money who has yet to learn that the Northwestern League is away above and beyond the majors.

F. A. Jones has not yet informed his afternoon Publicity and Development confidants just what line of drastic endeavor will be launched Vancouverwards, nor have the boys at Seattle and Spokane had time to jab their fusillade of verbal bombs at the cross-boundary window casings, but, remembering this, gentlemen, ham-stringing is too good for such abominable infidelity. The Coast League may come out twice

the monthly salary stipends, may play to twice the crowds in cities twice as large—yet what's the significance? Merely proof that the Northwestern is, and always will be, superior to hypothetical Class AA.

Ugh! The snarl of such argument! Those Class B boys do certainly hate themselves.

THE Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletics of America plans to follow the example of England in the way of fixed hurdles and an increase in the weight of the 16-pound shot to 21 pounds with a shorter handle. At least such is the recommendation of its executive committee.

For the sake of the overburdened sporting writers the association should begin the shortening process on its own hiccoughy handle. And, that out of the way, the other suggestion can be tossed into a discarded cigarbox along with other foolish flings at a

nautical vocabulary, for it will never be missed.

AT South Bend, Ind., a hotelman's college is to be established. Liberal instruction will be given to all employees, from the lowly call boy up through the ranks of the chamber-maids, to the hostlers, the pot wearers, the dining-room dames, the clerks to the sub-manager, the manager, and even to his nbs, the bartender.

The college yell of the class of four, S. T. T's—meaning Scientific Toddy Traders—will need no classroom rehearsal. It will undoubtedly be "Hi! Hi! Hi!"

BATTING NELSON has had several narrow escapes from the dungeon on charges of cruelty to his typewriter, but the newly wed dashed off a most sensible interview when he gave ut-

NEW ERA PREDICTED

Government Regulation Is Expected to Revive Racing.

EAST RENEWING INTEREST

George W. Knight, Secretary of American Trotting Association, Says Need of Good Animals for Army Will Have Effect.

HORSE-RACING—TROTTERS, PACING AND RUNNING—IS DUE FOR GIGANTIC REVIVAL IN THE UNITED STATES UNDER GOVERNMENT REGULATION, IS THE PREDICTION OF GEORGE W. KNIGHT, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN TROTTING ASSOCIATION, WHO WAS A PORTLAND VISITOR LAST WEEK.

"Running and the competition of the thoroughbred and the 'sport of kings' will never be revived in this country on anything but a showstring scale in isolated sections until the Government steps in and regulates it," declares Mr. Knight.

"But the rehabilitation of the thoroughbred is coming, forced by the crying need of the United States Army for horses. As long as the Government needs horses for its army, steps must be taken to foster the breeding of horses.

"Experience teaches us that the best way to foster the breeding of horses is through speed competitions, or racing. This the Government is going to revive a sport under the ban in practically every State in the Union.

Gamblers, Politicians Blamed.

"Running racing was killed by gamblers and cheap politicians. These people secured a strange hold on the great sport and carried their pernicious activity of crookedness to such an extreme that the public revolted and legislative enactments doomed racing.

"But in removing the source of income from the cheap politicians and gamblers, the horse became the victim. So to save the horse, and at the same time eliminate the unsavory human factor, is the task the Government has before it.

"Harness racing is on the upswing in the East, and in a more healthful condition than out here in the West. I'm not complaining of the number of meetings you have out here or the class of racing, but the public does not support harness racing as it should.

"Trotting and pacing will continue to grow in popularity without the as-

WILSON REAL PRIZE

Portland's New Southpaw Has Record With Knoxville.

21 OF 31 GAMES ARE WON

Most Notable Feat Performed in August, When in One Day Two Shutouts, One for No Hits, Are Hurlled by Big Heaver.

KNOWLEDGE, TENN., FEB. 7.—(Special)—Finn E. Wilson, Portland's new southpaw, joined the Knoxville club of the Appalachian League in the Spring of 1911 and finished the season with a percentage of .699. When he rejoined the team at the beginning of the 1912 season he was in better physical condition than ever before and won the first seven games in which he worked on two occasions letting his opponents down with two nits in each game. During the season just closed he won 21 games and lost 10, earning a percentage of .667. In the 31 games pitched he was scored upon 83 times and allowed 172 hits. He struck out 191 men and gave only 37 bases on balls. His most notable pitching feat while with the Knoxville team was performed on the afternoon of August 22, 1912, when he pitched two shut-out games against the Johnson City team. In the first game he gave up no safe hits, while in the second he allowed only six safeties. On the following Saturday, in six innings against the same team, he allowed only four hits and one run. Physically Wilson is a fine specimen of manhood. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 188 pounds. He is 24 years of age and played his first professional ball with the Knoxville team. Before that time he had played college ball near his home town in Kentucky. He is a native of Greensburg, Ky., and is a civil engineer by profession. The two Commit brothers, of the Pittsburg team of the National League, hail from the same town as Wilson and formerly played on the same team.

FLYCASTING CONTEST IS PLANNED

Panama Fair Folk May See International Sport Event.

The San Francisco Fly Casting Club will hold an international fly casting contest in San Francisco during the Panama-Pacific Exposition if they are able to succeed in bringing about the organization of fly casting clubs in other cities on the Coast.

F. J. Cooper, president of the San Francisco Fly Casting Club, is of the opinion that anglers from many parts of the United States as well as Germany, England and Scotland will participate in the contest should the event be arranged. Mr. Cooper has written a number of Coast and Western cities and has promised to do everything possible in bringing about the organization of an angler club in every city.

First Abe Attell went down and out and now Special Delivery Hirsch, the lad Abe hunted as a featherweight, comes, has been undone. Johnny Dundee is the chap to turn the latter trick, beating Hirsch all the way in ten rounds. New York's Hirsch forgot all of Attell's advice when he stepped into the ring.

BRADY IS YOUNGSTER

McCredie, Happy, Assured Receiver Will Do.

EASTERNER IS LAUDED

Though Light Hitter, New Recruit for Beavers Is Good Receiver. Judge McCredie Sees Defeat for Nolta's Measure.

TURNVEREIN TO GIVE SHOW

Fifth Annual Class Exhibition to Take Place February 24.

The fifth annual class exhibition of the Portland Turnverein will be staged at the Hellig Theater, Febru-

PORTLAND'S NEW SOUTHPAW HAS RECORD WITH KNOXVILLE.

Most Notable Feat Performed in August, When in One Day Two Shutouts, One for No Hits, Are Hurlled by Big Heaver.



F. E. Wilson, Knoxville Southpaw, Who Joins Beaver Flung Staff.

WILLAMETTE 5 WINS 2 GAMES

Alumni and Chemawa Indian School Teams Are Defeated.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY, SALEM, OR., FEB. 8.—(Special)—The Willamette University basketball team defeated the Alumni on Friday evening by a score of 21 to 14, and the Chemawa Indian School five, tonight, by a score of 18 to 8. Both contests were hotly-contested and marked by good work. In each game the work of Honan was a feature of the playing. The Chemawa lineup was: Jim and Wilcox, forwards; Silen, center; Clement and Dunbar, guards; Whism, etre played as follows: Ploff, center; Honan and Tallman, forwards; Hepp and Young, guards.

SOCCER SHOWS GAIN

Enthusiasts More Numerous in Portland Schools.

HUNDREDS WITNESS GAMES

Fans Predict English Sport Will Take Place Among Important Events on Calendar of Interscholastic Field Athletics.

PORTLAND INTERSCHOLASTIC SOCCER FOOTBALL GAINS IN POPULARITY IN THE NEXT FEW YEARS AS IT HAS DURING THE PRESENT 1912 SEASON, FANS OF THE GAME SAY THE SPORT WILL BECOME ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ON THE PORTLAND INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT CALENDAR FOR SOME TIME TO COME.

During the 1911 and 1912 seasons students took little interest in the English game and the managers of the different interscholastic soccer teams were kept busy keeping 11 players interested with the game. But in the 1912 season many would become disgusted and quit before the end of the season. This is not the case now. Five teams are in the 1912 interscholastic league and the games draw an attendance of 200 or more spectators—no matter what the weather conditions may be.

During the soccer game between the Columbia University and Jefferson High School teams, which was played early in January, more than 200 enthusiasts braved the rain and cold to witness the game.

P. Chappelle Browne aided in forming the Portland Interscholastic League and introducing the game in the grammar schools of Portland. He organized a league of 10 grammar schools during the seasons of 1911 and 1912. The season that just ended found 35 schools competing for championship honors.

During the first season of soccer at the grammar schools in 1911 a schedule was formed of 10 schools. About the time the opening game was to be played five other schools wanted to be admitted to the league, but owing to the fact that the rearranging of the schedule would cause delay, their requests were not granted. These schools later played a number of games among themselves. Vernon won the opening game. The league is composed of five teams, St. Johns, Portland Heights, Mount Scott, South Portland and the Cricketers. This league opened its ses-

stuffy office buildings should be allowed to unloose their enthusiasm one day a week," declared one minister.

Simultaneously a New York sky-chauffeur, Rev. Frank O. Hall, thus delivered himself of his theatrical discriminations:

"I hold no brief for the theater except that I am a lover of the theater and I believe it is a better institution today than it has ever been in the history of the world. There are better plays and better actors than ever before."

Truly, as someone remarked in a Gotham column, "What sweet relief from the ordinary sensational entertainments."

THE German Army is using ski for Winter Army maneuvers. In the United States 'ski' finds much favor both Summer and Winter. And you don't have to belong to any army either, except the consumers.

MC GRAW says he has the only Indian battery on record in Thorpe and Meyers.

Wroong, Portland had two full-bloods in 1912.

Freckle-In-The-Face-Speak-Harkness and Heap-Much-Long-Legs-Dan-Howley.

TORN by the pangs of jealousy, no doubt, some ardent sport lover has written in for advice on this internationally morbid query:

"Is it right for a man on a small salary to make a bluff that he is prosperous, so as to be able to stand in with a fat boy? Or, is it right for him to attend a certain church for social reasons?"

Let us see what nature touches us, for nature, we are told, "never did betray the heart that loved her."

There are a good many insects who put up a good bluff. One of the neatest of these is the bee. The bee fly, the bee fly is nothing but the bee fly, a silly one, but he hangs out the wrong of a wasp or a bee as to avoid being snapped up by spiders, toads and birds, and wish there were fewer wasps about," says the little totm from his perch on a tree, as he surveys the garden buzzing with bee files.

Moths and caterpillars put up a bluff that they are elsewhere, leaving and flowers so as to escape being eaten.

The caterpillar of the puss moth, when born, looks like a tiny scorpion, and no respectable spider or ichneumon attempts to attack it. As it grows bigger it develops a violet saddle down its back and a decoration around its face that resembles a monarch's collar.

When approached by an enemy, or touched by human hands, it instantly sits bolt upright, turns its dreadful-looking face on its tormentor, and shoots out of the top of each horn a scarlet, sting-like thread. As a rule the enemy retreats in great alarm. Yet this caterpillar is the worst kind of a false alarm. It couldn't hurt a plant loom.

In nature bluff seems to be a valuable art. Perhaps we wrong the man who can't sing, but thinks he can, and makes a bluff at it. Perhaps we wrong the other bluffers we know. It may be merely the means of self-protection against the world, a factor in the struggle for existence, just as it is with the moths and caterpillars.

But, by all means, put up as good a bluff as you can. Pretend to understand music and painting. Put on dog and warm dog at that. But if you do, do it right or the crowd will get onto you and eat you up. And that will be unpleasant.

GEORGE PARKER says every day is groundhog day. If this gets by the business office it will be recorded that George conducts a meat market.

ONE Million, Two Hundred Thout and Columbia River Smelt Caught in One Day at Cowitz," panned the headline in an afternoon newspaper.

If you don't believe it, count 'em.

terance to this commentary on the present-day pugilistic complications:

"A fighter's list of ring achievements is his monument and should stand for many years. When you strike his name out of the statistics you are taking away from him his most cherished possession. You are tearing down his mountain of achievement that required some years to build. There is something in the old game besides money, after all, and a fighter is human the same as other people."

Nelson is eminently right. It would seem that a book of records should furnish enlightenment on the performance of such famous ringsters as Joe Gans, Young Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Terry McGovern and others whose careers are constantly provoking arguments wherever boxing fans are gathered in discussion.

Yet these boxers of the past have been discarded in the 1913 manuals, and in their niches we find such luminaries as Leo Houck, Harry West, Sammy Trott, Sam Robdeau, Paul Sikora, Frank Picato and Jake Barada.

A hypodermic of that mysterious element classified as common sense should be injected into the statisticians. Otherwise they are a pretty good sort.

CHATTANOOGA has been dickered for several weeks with Joe Cohen, of Spokane, for Outfielder Watt Powell. All Joe asks is a right eye and three players in exchange, Pitcher Grover, Catcher Hannah and Third Baseman Massea.

Albe, a good spender, Joseph is one of those philanthropic fellows who would give a 10-cent piece any day for a dollar.

MAHMOUT, the Bulgarian wrestler, addresses us, he will return to America in the Fall, if he escapes death in the Turkish-Balkan setto.

Let's hope for the best.

MOST waiters vote against the stand-up tickets. They believe in change.

MASSACHUSETTS newspapers are meeting with great success in their campaign for Sunday baseball. Several preachers have expressed themselves fairly in favor of baseball as a Sunday afternoon recreation.

"It's wholesome and healthful and the men who are shut up all week in

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