

JESS WILLARD BITES HIS OWN TAIL

Chicago Fans Not Surprised Pugilist Charges New York Fans to See Him.

O'CONNELL DOESN'T SQUEAL

Old Bill Who Grubstaked "Punk" When He Was Nobody Is Thrown Over When Jess Demands Split 50-50 in Fee Receipts.

BY W. S. FORMAN. CHICAGO, March 18.—(Special.)—Jess Willard's run-in with the New York State boxing commission over the question of charging admission to his training camp caused little surprise among Chicago fight fans.

Ever since Willard has been in a position to do so he has commercialized every phase of his work that possibly could be capitalized, and the prize stunt of them all was pulled here in the city where he used to hit the first time hard and regularly.

Old Bill O'Connell, who runs a sort of orphan's home for boxers in the form of a gymnasium over on South State street, was the victim of one of the cheapest tricks turned in the fight game here in many moons. And it is only fair to Bill to say that he is in no way responsible for the publication of this story—for he is as good a loser as he is infrequent a winner, and he never yelps when he gets the worst of it.

O'Connell's a Santa Claus. O'Connell is the best friend the "ham-and" boys ever had. As the "ham-and" boys say, "O'Connell is a dollar he throws back 90 cents of it to people whom he considers less fortunate than himself."

For a long time Jess Willard was the rankest kind of what is known to the fight fraternity as a "punk." That was no discredit to himself, it was simply one of a legion of "white hopes" who had nothing but a manager and a promoter. And Willard even lost his manager, or he fell with Charlie Cutler, one of his first official keepers, and wandered aimlessly in and out of the ring, getting no attention except in quarters where he attempted a touch.

"Touching" Story Told. Now let one of Bill O'Connell's closest friends go on with the story. "For three years Bill actually fed Willard and gave him a place to sleep. There was nothing exceptional about that! Bill has done the same thing for scores of punks, neither expecting nor claiming anything in return."

Then Willard began to climb, for he got into the hands of men who knew the game and could squeeze the sweat out of a loser's pocket. He won the championship he connected with a fat circus contract, and his net profit last year was \$20,000.

Then came the match with Moran, and it was up to Willard to do some training here. He notified O'Connell that he would pay for the gym, and it was good news, for Bill is a poor man.

Several of us who knew Bill's circumstances prevailed upon him to charge an admission of 25 cents, for he needed the money and needed it badly. The income was not tremendous, a good deal of it went toward preparing the gym for Willard—for the champion of the world required a lot of extra such as new canvas, etc. for his distinguished presence.

Holdup Game Worked. "After Willard had been working there for a week an attaché of his came out of the gymnasium one day—O'Connell happened to be out at the time—and said Willard wanted a 50-50 cut on the gate receipts.

"He doesn't get it," I replied. "Willard owes Bill O'Connell more than he ever paid him, and this is one way we have of valuing him, and even consult O'Connell about it. I wouldn't let the old man know Jess is so."

"Then we'll quit training here," he said. "You bet you will," I answered. "And they did. Willard broke up at the gym the next day, and a few days later the champion moved over to the Chicago Athletic Association, where he trained until he departed for New York."

O'Connell never said a word about it. To the boys it breaks an arm, but that is only a part of the game, and we weren't surprised here when we heard that the New York boxing commission was looking into the matter about the petty gate graft worked by Willard's training quarters—not surprised at all.

The only surprising part of the story was the fact that the camp follower who attempted the holdup here left behind when the party moved to New York. I think he was hired to bite the quarters collected at the door of the training camp."

TENNIS PLAY DATES ARE SET

Pacific Coast Singles Tournament Will Open June 17.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Pacific States Tennis Association dates were assigned for championship events for the coming season. The Pacific Coast championship singles tournament will be held from June 17 to 24, but it has not been awarded as yet to any club.

The Coast doubles will be contested at Long Beach from July 1 to 4. An Eastern team of tennis stars will be out here to play on July 6, 7 and 8, and a Western team will be selected for a similar competition held last year at the exposition.

TRIO OF MOUNTS WHO "TOOK IN" THE ANNUAL OPEN PAPER CHASE OF THE PORTLAND HUNT CLUB YESTERDAY.



(1) JAMES H. MURPHY ON "LADY D", (2) EMMA WACKROW ON "SUNDAY MACK", AND (3) MRS. H. R. EVERDING ON "WAIPI."

DR. COGHLAN WINS "GIBSON BOY" CARRIES WINNER IN OPEN PAPER CHASE.

E. R. CREBBS IS SECOND

Score of Riders Take Part in Hunt Club Event, Which Is Over Hard Course; Three Come in Closely Bunched.

Dr. J. N. Coghlan, riding "Gibson Boy," captured first honors in the open paper chase of the Portland Hunt club yesterday afternoon. It was the annual New Year's day chase, the original date having been postponed several times because of the weather.

Second place in yesterday's event was won by E. R. Crebbs on "Kitty," while Sheldon A. Volkman finished third, riding "Winnie."

The course was laid by Mrs. James H. Murphy and proved to be a rather hard and difficult ride.

Almost a score of riders took advantage of the good weather and rode through, while quite a large gallery witnessed the start, every one of the jumps and the finish. The three firsts were bunched when they struck the first jump, and not until they had cleared it did they begin to separate.

After the chase the riders journeyed to the Portland Hunt club house, where light refreshments were served. Harry M. Kerron, master of foxhounds, announced the breaking off of the chase for the women riders only would be held a week from next Saturday afternoon. No one has been selected as yet to lay the course, which will be in the neighborhood of Garden Home.

ALBANY BALL PARK IS SOLD

Linn County Seat Fans' Chances of Seeing Home Game Dubious.

ALBANY, Or., March 18.—(Special.)—Baseball will go begging in Albany this season. Announcement was made today by the Albany Athletic Club that the park, with its seating capacity of 6000, had been sold and would be torn down this week.

This park was constructed by the Albany boosters to house the first University of Oregon-O. A. C. gridiron battle following the breaking off of athletic relations between the two institutions. Two of these annual classics were staged within the four plank walls of this hurriedly constructed park and many fast baseball contests also have been played on the same field.

Prospects for any kind of a city baseball team here this year look decidedly gloomy.

FISHERMEN OFF TODAY

ONLY FEW WILL SEEK CHINOOK BECAUSE OF MUDDY WATER.

Within Week Streams Are Expected to Be Clear When Anglers Will Be Out in Force With Rods.

Several parties will go to Oregon City and work points in search of chinook salmon today. Last year of this time the fishing near the Falls City was great, but it is being held off this season because of muddy water. By next Sunday it is expected that the water will be clear. Just as soon as this fault is eradicated there will be an influx of fishermen in that vicinity.

A. E. Burghdoff, president of the Salmon Club of Oregon; Dr. E. C. McFarland, secretary of the Multnomah Anglers' Club, and W. C. Block will make up a party which will feel out the water today. They will use light tackle, a six-ounce rod and nine-strand line.

Two or three fish have been caught at the Clackamas rapids, where the Clackamas empties into the Willamette. The rapids make the water clear and when the season is at its height, elegant fishing is enjoyed at this point.

Ray Winters, secretary of the Salmon Club of Oregon, is busily engaged in arranging a system of awarding the club's prizes for fish caught. There will be 30 or 40 trophies handed out for fish caught in local waters and about 15 badges of honor for fish caught in the coast streams. Winters will announce in a few days just what his plans are.

Although steelhead fishing within easy access from Portland is practically finished, there is plenty of it at Hood River, just above the town. Salmon trout are also being caught there in the season. They will use light tackle, and the fish are harnessed in, not being able to get above the ladder. Many handsome catches are being made there.

TABLE SHOWS THAT 9 BIG MEN HAVE WON, AS COMPARED TO 7 SMALL PUGS.

Table showing pugilist statistics: Name, Weight, Lbs., Wt. Dif., Weight, Little Men, Sullivan, 210, 54, 156, Mitchell, 210, 55, 185, Corbett, 210, 55, 164, Fitzsimmons, 210, 55, 170, Fitzsimmons, 210, 55, 185, Sharkey, 210, 55, 185, Burns, 210, 55, 170, Burns, 210, 55, 150, Langford, 210, 55, 160, Ketchel, 210, 55, 185, Flynn, 210, 55, 140, Walcott, 210, 55, 160, McCoy, 210, 55, 240, Russell, 210, 55, 250, Morris, 210, 55, 215, Knuffman, 210, 55, 210, Jeanette, 210, 55, 40.

*Represents winner. †Represents draw. ‡Represents close decision.

BEES OR BIG FIGHT SNAPPED UP

Gallery Seats Only Remain. Method of Sale Pleases Boxing Commission.

Willard Spars with Trio

Champion Confident of Ability to Make 250 Pounds—Moran, Ably Fit, Has Narrow Escape in Auto Mishap.

NEW YORK, March 18.—Chairman Wenck of the New York State Athletic Commission said today that the arrangements made by the management of Madison Square Garden and the promoters of the Willard-Moran bout, which is to be fought here next Saturday night, are satisfactory in every detail to himself and the other two commissioners. He expressed gratification at the manner in which the sale of tickets had been conducted.

The sale of tickets has been so brisk that every seat has been disposed of with the exception of the gallery reservations, which will be put on sale next Thursday. No tickets will be sold at the box office of the day of the bout and no one without a ticket will be allowed to pass the police lines that evening.

Willard took a brisk walk in Central Park today. The boxer, three rounds with Hemple, Monahan and Rodol and then wrestled with Rodol for three minutes.

Willard celebrated his 29th birthday by taking a three-mile run over the Westchester roads early in the morning. This afternoon he boxed five rounds with his three sparring partners. The Pittsburgh man never looked in better condition. He turned the scales today at 201 pounds.

Try it now, and a storm of blows and cries of "take" soon wake the fighters up.

Contests between heavyweights are no longer treated in this way to the same extent that the little fighters are.

It is because so few big championship bouts occur that the public does not know what it is entitled to expect.

But put on a championship bout between little fellows and see what happens when it slows up.

In all sections where boxing is carried on openly the boxing patronage is the champion of the world required a lot of extra such as new canvas, etc. for his distinguished presence.

And as a matter of fact it is the bouts between the little boxers that are becoming the most popular these days. Two reasons stand above all others:

1—Greatly increased action.

2—The diminished liability to serious injury on the part of the contestants.

Big men are necessarily slow.

There have been bouts between good heavyweights which seemed tame and uninteresting because of the want of continued action.

Levithans of ring stand facing each other without exchanging serious blows for a minute at a time.

One swing destroys their pose and the go between the smaller kings of the ring, Gibbons and McFarland, and uninteresting because of the want of continued action.

In proportion to their bulk all animals lose speed.

The rhinoceros and the elephant are bound to be proportionately slower than the horse.

At one time in the history of the ring the idea prevailed that the bigger the better the battle.

One has only to witness a few heavy-weight battles to find the fallacy of this.

The big fellows lumber about the ring, impressing one with their power, naturally. But it is seldom that there is any between the smaller kings of the ring, Gibbons and McFarland, and uninteresting because of the want of continued action.

Sports Want Action.

And so it is dexterity and action that the great mass who patronize the boxing shows want.

The fans want to see each round fought hard from the tap of the gong. The crowd wants blows, footwork, blocking, leading and countering.

It still has some lingering notion

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

8-room house, just completed, built for home; for specific reasons owner cannot sell; for half of \$1500. Terms: \$100 down, balance in 12 months. Call 406, Oregonian.

WILLIAMS-AVENUE ADDITION. 10-room house, just completed and painted. Call 406, Oregonian.

WANTED—An experienced candy salesman to call on city trade. Must be a live wire and energetic. Give references, experience, and address. A 407, Oregonian.

EVERY ATTRACTIVE MODERN BUNGALOW. 8-room house and bath, \$1500. Terms: \$100 down, balance in 12 months. Call 406, Oregonian.

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