

BATTLES LIKE GRIZZLY BEAR Ponderous Brute Strength Too Much for Grit of Ever-Trying Moran.

IRISHMAN'S RALLIES FINE Time After Time Smaller Man Carries Fight to Opponent, Only to Fail to Feaze Champion With His Terrific Blows.

BY W. O. MCGEEHAN. NEW YORK, March 25.—(Special)—Frank Moran, the red-haired Irish-American David, made a brave and affective attempt to bring down the Goliath, Jess Willard. It was Willard's fight entirely after the first round and finished with Moran's face a smear of blood, while Willard was unmarked.

The fight put up by the champion was far from impressive. He rushed no more pugnacity when Moran swung heavily upon his head than he did when he was training with his sparring partner. For the greatest part of the time he was wearing a broad and ponderous grin.

Willard's Muscle Too Great. At the first, Willard seemed a bit bewildered. Moran's rush swept the big fellow into the ropes shortly after the bell rang and the crowd got its first thrill. But Willard wrapped his long arms about the body and Moran could not penetrate that shield of muscle. Willard seemed even a trifle worried as he went to his corner. But that he became almost monotonous.

In the fourth round Willard shot out his right arm and his glove landed over Moran's left eye. There was a splash of blood and Moran went to his corner half blinded. In the seventh round it seemed that Willard would dispose of the brave little Irish-American. He jarred him with a terrific right uppercut and began to batter him all over the ring.

Just as it seemed that Moran would have to drop from dizziness and exhaustion, the red Irishman pulled himself together and made the flashiest rally of the fight. He caught Willard with a right hook to the jaw and Willard backed up against the ropes.

Fearful Blows Bring Crisis. Moran followed in the next three right uppercuts on Willard's jaw. These blows would have sent Jim Coffey down for the count, but the Kansas colossus grided over the blows and stood.

Willard's left was his mainstay. With the advantage of five inches of reach, he jabbed continually, almost monotonously, with the straight left to the head back with each jab. The force of the giant's uppercuts have been exaggerated though. Several times he shot it to Moran's head, but Moran's head bobbed up but he recovered immediately.

It seemed an impossible and unequal fight from the moment Moran entered the ring, and stood for the first time beside the gigantic heavyweight champion. Willard's muscle was too great for Moran, who is by no means a small man, looked a child. But the Irish-American play-boy did not seem to be depressed. He took the blows without a change of position, and when he swung for the loose, high-hanging jaw of the Kansas giant, but when he had landed on the same side, he swung a blow and some times with his full strength, Willard only grunted.

After the bout Referee White announced that Moran was the victor by right hand on Moran's head in the third round. It could hardly have been a serious blow, for the referee used to use that hand all through the fight. It was his main defense and main offense when he took the offensive.

To the very last Willard was pecking at Moran's bloody face with the same left, which tantalized the blonde man. The only blow that Moran's sympathizers—and they constituted a majority of the house—was in the first round, when Willard's left hand seemed bewildered and discouraged. His mouth was wide open and his jaw dropped as he went to his corner.

New Glove Not Allowed. A big roll of fat appeared over the Kansas stomach. "Keep after him, Moran," he roared, and he roared and screamed one of Moran's friends. But in the next round Willard came up with that ponderous grin and began to jolt Moran's head with the straight left. Once he caught Moran with a right uppercut and the Irish-American play-boy should have reeled, but it was impossible. Moran went to his corner a trifle more serious, but not discouraged, apparently. In the sixth round Moran reached for Willard's head with a hard right swing and broken open his glove. The ringers clamored for Charlie White, the referee, to get a new glove. The Aldermanic referee shook his head.

"You can't put anything over on me," he said. "Just what you suspected was not apparent. It was the most subdued crowd that ever saw a prize fight. There was hardly an audible cry of encouragement to either of the fighters. Once in a while a Moran sympathizer voiced his hope when an Irish-American landed a blow. Willard grinned serenely and ponderously as he moved to his corner. It was Moran's last chance. It was his best rally, the last which he attempted to bring the prize which Moran has coveted all his life, but it was ineffectual. It was hopeless. They may fight again, but the re-

sult could hardly be different unless Willard could be stirred to a pitch of wrath and fighting fury that seems impossible. The man seemed devoid of temper or pugnacity and his defense is as impenetrable as the defense of a grizzly bear. He strikes as clumsily as a bear, but with some of the force of that animal.

In a finish fight Moran would wear himself out trying to reach the giant. Flieger Broken in Third. Willard seemed to be trying to impress the fact on Moran in the quiet moments of the bout. He would permit the smaller man to place the left glove against his chin, then would jerk his head upward and grin while Moran missed the right swing which he had carefully timed and aimed.

"I broke the index finger of my right hand. I broke this finger in the second round. That prevented me from finishing Moran. The pain was intense when I took a blow on the forehead. The injury came when I started a right which landed on Moran's elbow. So you see I was practically a one-handed fighter for the rest of the bout. I could not use my right for the knockout. If it had been in shape, I would have finished Moran early, perhaps in the fourth round."

In his dressing-room after the fight Moran was still convinced that he had beat Willard. "Why, I think that I won the decision tonight. He never hurt me, really, once the fight started. The blow which opened my eye was only a graze. It stung, but it did not really hurt me. That champion cannot hit. Over the finish route there would be absolutely nothing to it. I can knock Willard out and I'm going to keep after him until I get a chance to prove it in a local fight."

Willard will probably leave today for Chicago. Fight Clean, Says H. Politz. Herman Politz, prominent local sportsman, who managed the 1915 baseball team three or four years ago, was a ringside spectator at the Willard-Moran fight last night and telegraphed the Sports Editor of The Oregonian immediately on the conclusion of the contest. Read it for yourself.

New York, March 25.—(Sporting Editor, Oregonian, Portland, Or.) Willard cleanest fighter ever seen. Could have knocked out Moran any time. Largest crowd ever attended any fight. HERMAN POLITZ.

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FIGHT TIES UP PHONES THE OREGONIAN BUSINESS WAITS ON SPORTING NEWS. First Reports of Hockey Game and Willard-Moran Clash Appear in Sporting Extra.

There was perhaps more interest displayed locally last night's bout at New York between Jess Willard and Frank Moran than in any pugilistic event since Jim Jeffries' defeat at the hands of Jack Johnson July 4, 1910.

The results by rounds were coming into The Oregonian office at 6:30 o'clock, Portland time, and from that time on until 10 o'clock it was impossible to get outside communication over The Oregonian telephone switchboard. All other business over the telephone wires was practically frozen.

All of this was caused by the many inquiries which poured over the telephone wires regarding both the big battle in New York and the world's championship hockey game in Montreal, Canada.

Willard wins on points, 10 rounds," was repeated by Miss Hazel Anderson, The Oregonian's telephone operator, between 4 and 4:45 minutes each minute for the rest of the evening. Willard was not making that reply she managed to get in edgewise: "Canadians, Uncle Sam's."

The first news of the fight appeared on the streets in The Oregonian's Sport Extra at 7:15 P. M., and every other newsstand in the city had a copy of the event started in New York a few minutes before 10 o'clock, and 40 minutes later the 10th round had been shot off by the Associated Press' only exclusive direct wire from the ringside.

Less than 20 minutes after the fight had ended in Madison Square Garden The Oregonian was on the street with the food for the fans. Great throngs filled the Waldorf and Colburn buildings, where the results by rounds were flashed. Approximately 400 were at the Waldorf, where the Associated Press' telegraph to the megaphone man at the Columbia. Every bulletin board in the city was keenly watched.

Every little betting on the result in Portland. Some of the foxy sportsmen were taking the short end of the bet. Pittsburgh, with the prevailing odds to the victor, was the only bet which was made on the Associated Press' account of the battle.

That He May Be Free Agent. LOS ANGELES, Cal., March 25.—(Special)—Manager Patterson, of the Vernon club, has been called by the Fed contract calling for another year, but that he had compromised with the Wards on the condition that he be made a free agent. Baun will take up the question with the barons of the International League. He failed to meet Baun today.

Don Rader and "Swede" Rieberg have clinched the two utility berths of the Vernon club. The way the Tigers will line up: Spencer and Whaling, catchers; Gishman and base Griggs, second base; McGuffigan, shortstop; Baun, third base; Dadey, Doane and Mattick, outfielders.

Paterson led his tribe of pennant-chasers through a strenuous workout today. From 11 o'clock until late in the afternoon the Bengals did nothing but work.

Pat is elated over the condition of his club. He says that the players are in the best of shape and that he will give them a rest tomorrow. A nine-inning game was played this afternoon between the regulars and the tri-glars.

BLUE MOUNTAIN CLUBS UNITE Pendleton, Weston, Echo and Pilot Rock in Baseball League. PENDLETON, Or., March 25.—(Special)—Plans were formulated for a Blue Mountain Baseball League composed of Pendleton, Weston, Echo and Pilot Rock. The season will start April 2 with the teams playing at Weston and Pendleton on the 12th week.

The officers elected were: D. R. Weston, president; Carl Gibson, vice-president; Newton Roger, Echo, vice-president; Newton Roger, Pilot Rock, secretary; John Dickson, Pendleton, treasurer.

Ventura Park Club Elects. A. C. Weinel, 10 East Seventy-second street, has been elected manager of the Ventura Park Club. E. W. Axson is treasurer. The nine-man board of directors will meet tomorrow night at 8 o'clock. Its schedule is filled up until that time. The team is open to most any club. For games address the manager at his home.

CHAMPION HEAVYWEIGHT, WHO RETAINS HIS TITLE.



JESS WILLARD. Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

FIGHT BY ROUNDS FANS CIRCLE GARDEN

PANIC IS JUST AVERTED Speculators Reap Harvest From Late Arrivals—Men and Women Turn in Line With Others.

NEW YORK, March 25.—Thousands of light-hungry men and women surged around Madison-Square Garden tonight, anxiously craning their necks to watch the fraction of their number who were permitted to enter the historic building.

An impenetrable cordon of police, mounted and on foot, had been thrown around the garden hours before, and only those who could show tickets were permitted to pass. Those who held the tickets passed the cordon and into the what seemed endless lines, stretching back from the entrances.

When the doors were thrown open, three-quarters of an hour after the expected time, the great throng almost automatically moved forward. It looked for a few minutes as if a panic would result, as hundreds tried to force their way in at the same time. It was a good-natured multitude, however, and the police soon restored order.

Quotes of applause far back from the garden heralded the arrival of Willard, the champion. The cheers became a sustained roar as the police cleared a path for his automobile through the densely packed streets. His great height made him a conspicuous figure and identified him to those who never had seen him before.

A few moments later Moran's car appeared and he, too, received generous applause. The ownership of E. E. ("Lefty") Owen, young southpaw who started his baseball career three years ago at Hughson, a small community just about ten miles out of Modesto, is still the bone of contention between Portland and Salt Lake.

Bill O'Connor, business manager of the Boes, is in San Francisco, hot after Bradden Baum for the final ruling. "Personally," argued Blankenship the other day, "I don't see how Portland can claim title to this pitcher. The only thing he did was to send a letter to McCredie in which he expressed the view that a young pitcher ought to get at least \$180 per month on the coast."

"I don't consider that as making his terms and the fact McCredie sent him his contract based on the same men-tioned doesn't make it binding. I would like to hold the boy as I consider him a good prospect, but I don't want to take him back with me to Salt Lake unless we can derive some benefits."

There will be a meeting of the managers of the teams in the Commercial Junction League tomorrow night at 6:30. The meeting will be held in conjunction with a dinner at 225 Pine street.

Following is the schedule of the league, which will play Saturday afternoon ball only, starting April 8: Northwestern Electric Company vs. Crane; Blumauer, Seller vs. Northwestern, Wadhams vs. Crane; Lang, Elake vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane.

April 22—Wadhams vs. Northwestern, Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane. April 29—Lang vs. Crane, Wadhams vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane. May 6—Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane, Wadhams vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane.

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June 3—Crane vs. Seller, Blumauer vs. Lang, Wadhams vs. Seller, Blumauer vs. Seller, Crane vs. Blake. June 10—Crane vs. Seller, Blumauer vs. Lang, Wadhams vs. Seller, Blumauer vs. Seller, Crane vs. Blake.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Pugilist's Purse or Percentage, Gate Receipts. Lists names like Johnson-Jeffries, Willard-Moran, etc., with corresponding financial figures.

PAST AND PRESENT PURSES AND GATE RECEIPTS OF BIG FIGHTS COMPARED. Promoted by Tex Rickard. Estimated.

So O'Connor will have a personal talk with Baum and find out just where he stands. Owen accepted terms with the McCredie last Fall as announced in The Oregonian, exclusively, a few days ago. Blankenship has about as much chance of getting his services as a poodle dog has of out-chawing a bulldog. However, it was nice of Clifford to let the boy in shape free of charge to Boss Walter.

Another season and the Salt Lakers are going to protest vigorously against so short a training season as three weeks. It is necessary to make the team homeward bound in advance to accommodate the men to the high altitude and ground conditions.

The Recruit. We laugh about the big recruit. Each Spring, the teams go away. Because his clothes don't fit him and he's somewhat of a fat jay. We jest about his love affair. We score his crazy. We kid about the folks at home. It was nice of Clifford to let the boy in shape free of charge to Boss Walter.

There has been considerable rainy weather at Lake Elsinore, Cal., lately; in fact, so rainy that the Los Angeles ballplayers could do nothing but duck, and the game warden will not allow them to do that. The other day it was raining so hard that the warden of domesticated ducks just to relieve his feelings.

A working agreement has been hatched up between the Vernon Tigers and the Vancouver club, of the North-western League, whereby the surplus Vernon material can be sent to the Canadian town.

Rain has prevented the Vernon Tigers from practicing so frequently of late that Manager "Pa" Patterson has threatened to obtain the Army at Los Angeles to be used in case of a pinch. The time is drawing too close to opening day for any loafing on the job.

Spot McMurdo, manager of the Hayden ball team of the Arizona Copper League, hit Los Angeles the other day with a letter of severance. None of the Tigers seem to want to go.

LEAGUE SCHEDULE SET COMMERCIAL BALL TEAM MANAGERS TO MEET TOMORROW.

Games Will Be Held Only on Saturday Afternoons and Will Begin on April 8.

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June 17—Blumauer vs. Wadhams, Crane vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane. June 24—Northwestern vs. Lang, Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane. July 1—Blumauer vs. Wadhams, Crane vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane.

July 8—Northwestern vs. Lang, Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane. July 15—Blumauer vs. Wadhams, Crane vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane. July 22—Northwestern vs. Lang, Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane.

July 29—Blumauer vs. Wadhams, Crane vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane. August 5—Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane, Wadhams vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane.

August 12—Blumauer vs. Wadhams, Crane vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane. August 19—Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane, Wadhams vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane.

August 26—Blumauer vs. Wadhams, Crane vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane. September 2—Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane, Wadhams vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane.

September 9—Blumauer vs. Wadhams, Crane vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane. September 16—Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane, Wadhams vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane.

September 23—Blumauer vs. Wadhams, Crane vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane. September 30—Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane, Wadhams vs. Blumauer, Seller vs. Crane.

WILLARD, WHO HAND BROKE, IN HIS FIGHT

Champion Uses Left After Injury in Third Round to Check Moran's Advances.

VERDICT IS UNANIMOUS

Tex Rickard and His Partner in Enterprise Realize \$50,000 Profit on Bout—Experts Win by Moran's Gameness.

NEW YORK, March 25.—Jess Willard, heavyweight champion of the world, easily outpointed Frank Moran in a 10-round bout here tonight. Willard had the better of points in every round except the third, which went to Moran by a narrow margin, and the eighth and ninth, which were evenly divided.

The conqueror of Jack Johnson declared he had broken all the bones in the back of his right hand during a slashing rally in the third round, and it was noticeable that he did not use his right to any extent in the later rounds, which were evenly divided.

The chief feature of Moran's battle was his gameness. Although he could make no impression on Willard with his hardest swings, he fought steadily and courageously under a hail of left jabs and hooks which battered his face and almost blinded him toward the end of the bout. Several times Moran was dazed by the champion's smashes, but Willard, fighting with his usual lack of aggressiveness, did not appear to try particularly for a knockout.

White Declares Bout Clean. Referee Charley White said after the bout that it was one of the cleanest at which he ever officiated, and that he had to caution the boxers only once.

Moran opened hostilities with a right left to the head, then tried a left to the body, which was blocked. Willard kept jabbing with his left eye toward the end of the bout. Several times Moran was dazed by the champion's smashes, but Willard, fighting with his usual lack of aggressiveness, did not appear to try particularly for a knockout.

Moran worked industriously in the second session, boring in and trying to land overhand swings, either right or left, while the big fellow jabbed him hard and hooked a short right to the head. Moran found great difficulty in reaching the champion, who held him off with another straight left and uppercut with his right. The champion was cool and grinned at Moran's futile attempts to land.

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