

## LIGHT-HEAVIES END TRAINING FOR BOUT

McCormick and Roper Taper Off for Milwaukee Go.

## CLASH SHOULD BE FAST

Chicagoan Will Enter Ring With Advantage in Poundage-Feather Match Promises Well.

BY DICK SHARP.

Boy McCormick, light-heavyweight champion of England, and Captain Roper, heavyweight champion of the United States army, will wind up their training tomorrow afternoon and rest up Tuesday, outside of some light gymnasium work, for their ten-round bout in the Milwaukee arena next Wednesday night.

McCormick has been training hard for nearly three weeks for his impending match with Roper, who bids fair to be the toughest proposition that Boy has faced since his arrival in the United States. The winner of the battle will be rewarded with a ten-round bout with Tommy Gibbons of St. Paul, the leading claimant of the light-heavyweight championship of the world, at the Milwaukee arena, February 11. Roper has greatly impressed the fans who have watched him in his daily workouts with his sparring partner, Marty Cutler, and he shapes up to be a likely-looking performer. Roper bats Cutler from one end of the gymnasium to the other and delivers a punch from any angle. He is agile on his feet and will have a big weight advantage over McCormick. All of this, coupled with his reputation gained in the east, speaks well for a red-hot contest.

Only a little over a month ago Roper gave Frank Moran a terrific lashing in ten rounds at Saginaw, Mich., and is also credited for a fast, round mull against Tommy Gibbons at Waterloo, Ia. Roper gave Gibbons a tough fight, though losing the ten rounds, according to newspaper reports of the contest.

McCormick is by far the best man at his weight that has boxed in this section of the country for years, and the same statement might go as to his popularity. As a rule, the fight fans do not like to have any boxers introduced between bouts, but they raise the roof whenever the fiery-haired Irishman pokes his cranium through the ropes.

Harry Pelsinger, San Francisco's best featherweight, will try to upset Earl Baird of Seattle in the semi-final of ten rounds. Pelsinger has been training in Portland for a week, and he and Neil Zimmerman have been putting in some spirited workouts. Pelsinger is about as clever as they make them at his weight in the west and east, and Baird, who is the former national amateur featherweight champion, is as formidable an opponent as could have been selected for Harry and the bout should be a whirlwind affair.

Tommy Hayes, the rugged San Francisco welterweight, who will make his debut in this neck of the woods in the main event, will fight next Wednesday night, against Mike Pete of Seattle, comes north with the reputation of being one of the best men at weight in California. It will be the first time that Hayes has ever fought away from the bay city region, his home. Nearly every one of his nearly 200 battles within the past five years have been fought in San Francisco and the rest of the state. It will also be the first time that Hayes has traveled over four rounds.

Hayes has been added two cantos, however, as he works out as many as 16 and 12 in the gymnasium.

Hayes has victories over Billy and George Shade, regarded as two of the best milken in the south, and whom Tommy Simpson is fighting on using against Battling Ortega. Hayes has also defeated a number of other well-known boxers, and the rest of the state during the war and was boxing instructor at the Coast Island yard.

Hayes has been able to give the English champion a real workout.

Mike Pete is a tough, boring-in-fighter and has been going at a fast clip late in Seattle. He is a fair boxer, but he is a fairly clever boxer. Dan Connel will bring Mike down from Seattle.

Another bout that is attracting a good deal of attention is the semi-round tilt between Neil Zimmerman, the fast-moving young Portland featherweight, and Earl Baird of the Tacoma brawler. Tomorrow is the best man that Zimmerman has met in the local arena and Baird is in excellent condition, while Morrow has been training in Tacoma for the match.

Johnny Bosworth will meet a 150-pounder named George Fiddler in the curtain-raiser. Bosworth is eager to get higher up on the card and will be out to polish Fiddler off in short order, if possible.

"Denver" Ed Martin and Roy Kendall will referee the matches.

Seattle fans are clamoring for a return to three-minute rounds. Six rounds at two-minute intervals is not in favor. They'd rather have four according to Hoyle.

Two-minute rounds don't permit the action that is allowed in rounds that go a minute farther. Just as the thing gets interesting—gone!

"LACE" SPUDS NOW POPULAR

Boy McCormick Pulls Good One on Defenseless Waiter.

Boy McCormick, light-heavyweight champion of England, walked into a Broadway restaurant the other day and dropped in for a drink at the table with George Larkin, the mayor of Newberg.

"What are you eating?" asked McCormick.

"Steak and potatoes," replied George.

"The potatoes look very appetizing," remarked McCormick. "What do you call those kind of potatoes?"

"Shoestring potatoes," replied George.

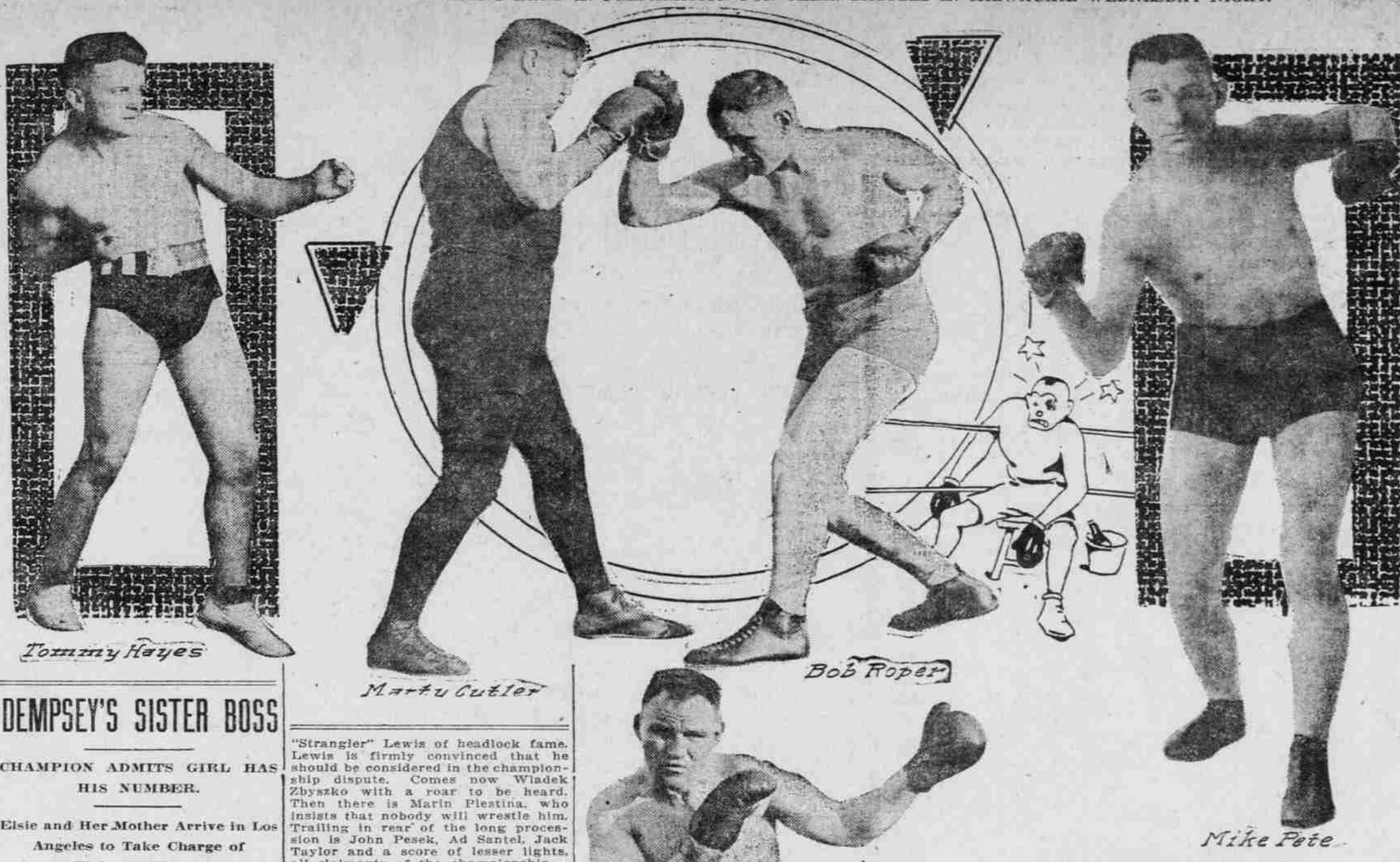
The next day McCormick was not into the same restaurant all by himself.

"Bring me a steak," he said to the waiter, "and potatoes. You know the kind—lace potatoes."

League Honors Unsettled.

The American league pitching averages do not give the number of games won and lost by each twirler, and this fact makes the table less interesting. Walter Johnson is the recognized champion, according to the earned run system, but Stanley Coveleski of the Cleveland Indians is the real champion in the matter of games won. Johnson won 19 games and lost 14, while Coveleski hung up 24 victories to 11 defeats, according to unofficial records.

BOXERS WHO HAVE BEEN TRAINING HARD IN PREPARATION FOR THEIR BATTLES IN MILWAUKIE WEDNESDAY NIGHT.



## DEMPSEY'S SISTER BOSS

CHAMPION ADMITS GIRL HAS HIS NUMBER.

Elsie and Her Mother Arrive in Los Angeles to Take Charge of Fighter's Home.

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 24.—There is one person in the world, at least, who has Jack Dempsey's number. He admits himself that if it ever came to an argument of any kind he would certainly stand for a fall. No, it isn't a Frenchman, nor an Englishman, nor any other kind of a man. She is his sister, Miss Elsie Dempsey.

This charming miss, who is some half dozen years the junior of her big brother champion, has just arrived in Los Angeles, together with Jack's mother, Mrs. Celia Dempsey, to take charge of the elaborately furnished Dempsey home.

"I am quite sure she will get just about whatever she wants, as far as I am concerned," remarked the champion heavyweight fighter. "She is a mighty fine girl and I guess with mother to back her she will come pretty close to being the boss of the house."

Miss Dempsey says that she doesn't know much about her brother's boxing, but judging from a few reports she is quite sure he must be somewhat of a fighter.

"I don't think that I would care to see him in the ring. But I have seen him act in the movies and I really believe that he is a good actor."

"No, I don't know what makes him such a boxing champion. It must be that he enjoys it so. It seems that he goes about it with all his heart. I have seen him about the moving picture studio where he is now engaged, and he seems to get into his work there with just the same enthusiasm. It must be rather a habit with him."

Miss Dempsey and her mother came to Jack's home in Hollywood where he is living while engaged in acting for a series of moving picture plays featuring him, from the Dempsey home in Salt Lake City.

They will remain in Los Angeles throughout the winter and have indicated this may possibly be made their permanent home.

Slender and with a clear, glowing complexion, Miss Dempsey is an outdoor girl. Apart from the time she gives to her music she is a golfing enthusiast and an expert horsewoman.

WRESTLERS TO GET TEST

STANISLAW ZBYSKO WILL SETTLE TITLE ISSUE.

Contenters in This Country to Be Given Chance to Meet Polish Grappler.

CHICAGO, Jan. 24.—Who is the world's heavyweight wrestling champion? That is the question that is being asked by the wrestling fans of this country. Stanislaw Zbyzsko, the Polish grappler, is the man who has been making the most of the title issue.

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"Strangler" Lewis of headlock fame. Lewis is firmly convinced that he should be considered in the championship dispute. Comes now Wladek Zbyzsko with a roar to be heard.

Then there is Mark Dostin who insists that nobody will wrestle him. Trailing in rear of the long procession is John Pesek, Ad Santel, Jack Taylor and a score of lesser lights, all claimants of the championship.

When Zbyzsko returned to his native Poland four years ago he left a string of bewildered wrestlers behind in this country, all of them glad that he had departed. He had defeated the whole string of them, including virtually all of the present-day stars of the mat. He waded through the entire list, the late Frank Gotch being the only man in the country to upset him.

Gotch, then the undisputed world's champion, met Zbyzsko in their memorable match at the Coliseum in Chicago. Zbyzsko advanced to the center of the ring with a friendly hand extended to Gotch, who, instead of grasping it as was the custom, dove for the Polish giant's legs and pinned him before he had realized what had happened. Gotch considered himself lucky to get away with the trick. Efforts to get him to meet Zbyzsko in a return match were unavailing. He refused absolutely to go to the mat with him again, although he was offered \$20,000 for his share.

Zbyzsko is acknowledged to be the master wrestler of the world. He is scientific to the highest degree, powerful, tricky and a marvel in physical development. Cadlock, Lewis, Dostin, et al., may consider themselves as champions, but in their hearts they are willing to concede the title to Zbyzsko.

Zbyzsko promises to settle the championship dispute—rather, begin the task of settling it—this week after his arrival in New York. He notified his manager, Jack Herman, to arrange matches at once with Cadlock, Stecher, Lewis, Flestina, Pesek and the rest of them. He is anxious to meet them all, with no exception, regarding weight, color or affiliation.

come to general realization that golf was becoming too slow for modern requirements. The increase in players accentuates this condition and aggravates it too when it is considered that newcomers to the game conscientiously imitate the veterans in their links etiquette as in their actual golf form. The four-ball affair which slows up the field behind is largely of two varieties. There is the match which is naturally sluggish either through the inability of the players to go faster or by reason of the fact that the crowd is just out for a good time, regardless of the result.

Then there is the match in which not so much time is lost on the greens but on the tees, where scores must be written down, usually after a lot of questioning, and where players, having learned the habit of delay, grow careless of time in every other direction, such as washing their balls, practice swings and so on. Three or four minutes actually wasted on a tee by a four-ball match of this character is most common. That means about an hour wasted on a round.

The primary rule prescribes that a four-ball match using cards and pencils must allow any other combination not using the card-and-pencil system to go through upon request. It is pointed out in explanation that a four-ball match with no side issues is really but little slower than a single match; with individual scores it is slower than a steam dredge moving up a 20 per cent grade.

It is to discourage four-ball parties, with side issues, that a rule is being adopted in many places, for it has

Drives and Putts.

NOT so long since the chief slogan of the golf links called for the replacement of divots taken in the "pocket" of the course and green committees at various clubs metaphorically "tore their hair" at the way the suggestion was disregarded by careless ones. Nowadays these signs are just as much in order, but have somehow or other been relegated to the background in favor of a "keep moving" campaign. The story concerned a four-ball match caricatured in such summary fashion that it made all who read it smile their appreciation at its truthfulness.

The story had to do with four men who simply wouldn't let anybody go through, and had finally arranged for a four-ball match caricatured in such summary fashion that it made all who read it smile their appreciation at its truthfulness.

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## ANOTHER CHANCE ASKED FOR O'BRIEN IN FIGHT

Biddy Bishop Is Appealing Urgently That Heavy Who Made Miserable Showing in San Francisco Get Match With Some Other Scrapper.

BY HARRY B. SMITH.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 24.—(Special.)—Biddy Bishop, once San Franciscoan and after that Northwesterner, but more recently of Cincinnati, who brought Dick O'Brien all the way to the Pacific coast only to have his heavyweight make a miserable showing in the bout with Carl Morris, wants another chance for his scrapping. Biddy has made a pathetic appeal for what he insists is right. He declared he is willing to wager anywhere from \$250 to \$2500 that O'Brien can lick Willie Meehan.

"I have watched O'Brien in every one of his 31 contests," writes Biddy, "and believe, after all, I am the better judge as to his fighting merit. I noticed that Jack Britton was hooted out of the ring right here in San Francisco; yet he had enough ability to win the welterweight championship and no man familiar with boxing can deny that he is a pastmaster at his own game."

"Others of the better boxers have made poor showings at intervals, so I do not reason why O'Brien should be criticised so severely for his showing in one match. He is, at least, entitled to another chance."

"Boxing four rounds is a far cry from the longer distances in the east and O'Brien did not have the angle of your game when you saw him. Another thing, Carl Morris is one of the hardest fellows in the ring to make a showing against because of his style of boxing."

All of which sounds logical, though a question very much whether this is going to give O'Brien the chance that he craves.

O'Brien, by the way, is not the only heavy who is gunning for Meehan. Gunboat Smith, who is still with us, is showing against because of his style of boxing.

After their evidently pre-arranged match in San Francisco on New Year's day, Jack Thompson and Harry Willis took up the same argument in Tulsa, Okla. Their match was a 15-round affair and Willis gained the decision.

According to newspaper clippings Thompson was credited with a knockdown in the sixth round. From that point on Willis came fast and won going away. Charlie Schweitzer, manager of Thompson, who sent the clipping, thinks that Willis is a better man than he was given credit for and that Willis is no so good.

It doesn't necessarily prove anything of the sort. Perhaps the two blacks were trying to put the same stuff over in Tulsa, and if so, it is evident they were more successful in fooling the public.

Evans' two boxers are to appear at the Oakland Auditorium show this coming week. Joe Gorman is to box Tommy Richards, although at this writing an opponent for Mascott has not been named. If the boys go with a flash, Evans will prolong his stay in the bay region.

Bob Martin, the American expatriate force champion in France, who is under the management of Jimmy Bronson, one-time fighter, will likely be seen at the Oregon building in a ten-round match. Captain McIntee, who is handling the fight-gate at the Presidio, has been in correspondence with Jimmy Bronson and the latter has indicated they will have some open time in March.

The Presidio authorities suggested Sergeant Bunker, the heavyweight put forward by Louis Parente, as a suitable opponent. Bronson, in his letter, asked a lot of questions concerning Bunker, which is a proof that he doesn't propose to carry Martin along too fast.

Bobby Evans, here with Billy Mascott and Joe Gorman, is beginning a drive on Bud Ridley, who has been styled by Fred Winsor as the flyweight champion of the Pacific coast. "Up in the northwest," observed Bobby, "some of the fight managers have a habit of naming a champion overnight. Ridley hasn't done anything that would warrant his claiming this title. Joe Gorman is every bit as good a boy as Ridley, and if we have the chance we can prove as much. Nothing would suit us better than to settle the argument in a ten-round go."

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