

Everything in Sportdom

Giants Trounced by Angels—Coast League Games—Naughton on the Fighters—Football as it Should Be Played—Bowling.

# Journal's Page of Sports

Oregon Beats the Willamette Team—High School Downs H. M. A. Eleven—Eastern College Gridiron Results—Sporting, Racing.

Edited by J. A. MORAN

## HAS FITZ ANOTHER FIGHT LEFT?

Pugilistic Patrons Wondering if Cornishman Can Stand Training for Fight.

BILLY DELANEY WEEPS OVER AL'S DEFEAT

Some Think That Kauffman Was Too Untutored to Go Up Against the Wary O'Brien—Naughton Talks of the Fighters of Today.

By W. W. Naughton.  
 (Special Dispatch by Latest Wire to The Journal, San Francisco, Nov. 4.)—The sports of San Francisco are talking in a languid way of the threatened fight between Bob Fitzsimmons and Jack O'Brien. If Fitz were the Fitz of half a dozen years ago, interest in the projected bout would have begun to simmer the moment the match was suggested. But the pugilistic patrons of the city by the Golden Gate have not forgotten the sorry exhibition the Cornishman made with George Gardner a couple of years ago. He trained faithfully and did his best when sent against the Lowell man but that best was simply pathetic when compared with the old-time form of the freaked one. Fitzsimmons gained the decision, principally because Gardner acted like a scared rabbit all through the mill and admirers of Fitz of long standing said they hoped the affair would mark Bob's last appearance in the ring.

Not so long ago Fitz went into training at Salt Lake for a bout with Mike Schreck. He closed up his quarters suddenly one day and took the first east bound train, claiming that the Mormon section promoters had failed to post their forfeit. The matchmakers got back at Fitz. They said that he discovered after a few days' training that he could not stand the grind and that he simply availed himself of a subterfuge to avoid the fight. The matchmakers are on top of all this comes the news that Fitzsimmons is to shy his castor into the ring once more.

Sports are doubtful.

Followers of sports sometimes of all kinds are notably whimsical and it may be that the Fitzsimmons-O'Brien match will be regarded with all seriousness a week or two from now. It seems to me that the character of Fitz's training and the effects produced will have considerable bearing on the box office receipts. To be explicit, if Fitzsimmons can show the railbirds hereabouts that he can stand a siege of road work, bag punching and the other things that go to make up the daily schedule of a pugilist preparing himself for a championship battle, the impression will quickly gain ground that Bob has a fight left in him and a big house will result.

At present we are more interested in the scramble for the December permit than we are in the pugilistic program for the month in question. Gregains of the San Francisco club thinks that as he and Levy of the Hayes Valley have alternated all through the year 1905, the December sanction will surely fall to him.

Jimmy Coffroth of the Yosemite club, who paid his annual license of \$1,200 early in the year and who has not received a single permit as yet, feels that he is entitled to one favor at least at the hands of the city fathers and is making a big bid for the last fight of the year. There are conflicting rumors about respecting the situation. One is that numbers of the supervisors think it savors of persecution to shut out Coffroth entirely after he has paid a big license to the city and that the chances are strongly in favor of the character of Fitzsimmons-O'Brien fight. Another story has it that the political influences which operated against Coffroth from the outset are as bitter as ever and that Gregains will get the coveted permit.

Matters should come to a head shortly, however, and with the permit question settled fight talk will begin to fill the air.

Poor Billy Delaney. He is in a position similar to that which old Barney Farley occupied when Peter Jackson punched the championship aspirations out of "Big Joe" McLaughlin, the Mission giant. The fight fans of 17 years ago said that Barney should have known better than to have matched Joe with the clever negro. Now some of Kauffman's friends are saying that it was a fatal mistake to send an untutored boy against that butcher Jack O'Brien.

The clarity of vision that is manifested now that it's all over with is striking. But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Jack O'Brien, who cut and slashed Kauffman as deliberately as a cold-blooded assassin, is a professional fighter and the ideal of the hour. The sporting world loves to turn to new gods, if not to strange ones, and hears arguments as to whether the mighty Jeffries could corner the dancing dervish from Philadelphia or escape the blinding and bludgeoning effects of the O'Brien left.

Jack tries to bear himself modestly through all this adulation, but as a matter of fact he is swelling with pride.

It is the difference between being sneered at as a butterfly boxer and having people discover suddenly that you are not only the cleverest of the clever, but a cool-headed fellow and a wonderful puncher in the bargain.

O'Brien has a big black bruise on the side of one of his thighs which bears testimony to the force that lurks in Kauffman's punches. It appears that while Kauffman, with almost closed eyes, was lunging out aimlessly in one of the latter rounds he dealt O'Brien a blow in the spot referred to.

"For a moment I thought the muscles of my leg were paralyzed," said O'Brien, "my foot seemed to drag and the whole of the limb was numb. I tell you that was the time Mr. O'Brien had to show generalship. I fainted and ducked and clinched and for a good minute was wondering whether my leg was going to feel any worse. The minutes' rest that came at the end of the round was a Godsend and I just said to the men in the corner, 'rub my leg, fellows, with-out telling them what had happened. The effects passed away in a round or two, but next day when I was bathing I noticed a discolored spot the size of my fist."

Jimmy Gardner and Mike Sullivan are in training now but as the November permit has not been awarded as yet there isn't much talk about the projected contest. Levy, the Hayes Valley manager, says he has been promised the November sanction but as there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, the sports here will not regard the Sullivan-Gardner fight as a fixture until the matter is voted upon.

Joe Gans arrived in San Francisco several days ago and went over to his old training quarters at San Rafael. Joe says he has severed relations with Al Herford and will make his own matches in future. He declares that he is willing to be signed on the "no work-go-pay" basis. In other words, if his showing is deemed "fakery" he will forfeit all right and title to a share of the purse money. Furthermore, he is willing that this rule should be a standing one.

"Any time I don't put up a square fight I don't want anything," says Joseph.

"I want to get in and show that I am the best 113 pounder before the public. I am broke and I want to fight."

When old Kentucky is mentioned one naturally thinks of long hair blue eyes, it almost looks, though, as if Marvin Hart is engaged in raising hemp and popples, the stuff that drowsy syrups and dream tablets are extracted from.

Marvin said a few days ago that Jeffries was in a scheme to job him in the Reno fight and that the plan was for Jeffries and Jack Root to battle later for the championship.

For a man like Jeff to enter into a conspiracy which had for its object the corralling of the world's championship to a good deal of becoming they are picking your own pocket. An accusation of that kind doesn't sound like big, open-faced, good-natured Marvin Hart. It looks to me as though Marvin wants to advertise himself and doesn't know how to go about it. He can't handle lion cubs or make horse shoes, like Fitzsimmons, but he ought to grow a giant pumpkin or some other freakish thing and send it to the governor of his state.

Reading from left to right, the players are: Top row, McCarty, Clark, Reid, Hammock, Barker; second row, Steelquist, Holmes, Nicholas; third row, Grout, Stevenson, Captain Woods, M. McLain, Obertauf-fer; bottom row, Reid, C. McLain, Whittlesey.

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Ben Holman—I played but two games in my life and lost both. Mills college beating us once and Bryn Mawr twice. Therefore I am not competent to argue with Roosevelt. Still, if it came to an argument, I wouldn't run from him nor Antonio Apache.

Captain Dave Jordan—I say "ding bats" for Theodore. It makes me tired to hear Roosevelt criticize football, when his own son got his ribs kicked in the other day while playing with the Harvard freshman team. I do not allow any of my men on the Multnomah squad to talk cross with each other or even think sassy things. Of course it's hard to hold Kellar down, but I feel that the restraining environment of a center position will have a tendency to curb his frisky habits. The only real rough player that I have ever seen was Jeff Seely. Jeff wasn't so rough after all as the number of his victims would indicate. His giant strength at times possessing him with a desire to walk through an entire team; hence his reputation for roughness. I can speak plainly about Seely, as he is out of town at present. But I repeat "ding bats" for Theodore.

Erve and Harry—We know much more about this roughness than Roosevelt himself. We have made a private study of it and find that it's only a bluff. We have seen big lobsters on the Multnomah team trying to frighten little players out of a month's meals by being rough with them, but as soon as the smaller fellows retaliated the "crustaceans" disappeared. There is an individual roughness in tennis that savors of brutality, but a player forgets this when the score says "Twenty, love, three up, two to play and take one from the discards." Individually we are opposed to roughness and brutality, but collectively we encourage and seek it. Our ideals of roughness are Eddie Dowling, Professor Herdman, "Broncho" Travis, Bob McCracken, Arthur Kerr and Mrs. Woodcock.

Major von Eslofstein—I think Roosevelt and Emperor William are about the limit when it comes to roughness. From a football standpoint I can state with positiveness that there is no roughness allowed at the Hill Military academy. I have heard it said that there are several local school teams that indulge in rough work, but I am not mentioning names. Teddy is all right in statecraft, but is a rank failure on the gridiron, as his legs are too short. This is not for publication.

Football Gossip.

The following game of football in criticism of President Roosevelt's antagonism of football, are by local authorities of all games, and their opinions will be eagerly read:

Tom Roosevelt—I see why Teddy is opposed to football as it is played today. In my experience in the exalted pastime I have never seen any roughness, excepting that which might be committed by opponents in the Seattle Athletic Club where last year there was a big-headed fellow named Pullen who hit Mart Pratt a crack on the jaw, and as Mart didn't see him, I thought it was my turn to land on him, and I simply punched him a little one in the nose. Count Villa told me afterwards that I did the correct thing. At Columbia, where I am now holding forth, there is no roughness, and politeness is encouraged at all times.

Center Kellar—Roosevelt is mad because he cannot play. His son is a lobster, too. Teddy may know how to charge up Ben Jupp Hill but he couldn't make an impression on our side of the Multnomah line. Last week I tore four Jerseys off the heads of the Astorians and am living in hopes. Dave Jordan told me to go to it and you bet I did.

Marion Dolph—Good fullbacks never engage in roughness, and for that reason I have never become rough. I have had opportunities to hit opposing lines much harder than they could have stood, but there was no necessity, so I restrained myself. On holidays I play harder than in Saturday games, but I have a reason for it. Roosevelt didn't know much about the game when I was at Williams and I don't think he knows any more about it now. It is a very difficult game to learn thoroughly, and I am glad that I know that I appreciate all of the fine points of football.

Jeff Seely, by Wireless—Roosevelt played against me at Williams years ago and after a real hard game one year, in which I put it all over him, he resolved to become a rough rider. This is the real reason why Teddy followed war for a gentle pastime instead of football. It was after this game that Marion Dolph became well known at college. We celebrated after the victory. One fellow tripped and fell down stairs, cutting his head. We sent Marion after the doctor, telling him that he lived half a mile away. To make the

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1902	0	0	0	0	0
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