

SPORTING NEWS Local, National and International Compiled by Experts for The SUNDAY JOURNAL

SQUIRES KNOCKED OUT IN NINETEENTH ROUND

Puts Up Great Battle Against Clever Opponent, Sullivan, and Result in Doubt Until Finish—Pronounced Best Heavyweight Go Since Fitz-Corbett Fight.

By W. W. Naughton. San Francisco, Sept. 28.—Bill Squires has been weighed in the pugilistic balance and found wanting. Following on his defeat in less than two minutes of fighting by Tommy Burns he was knocked out in the nineteenth round in the same ring by Jack (Twin) Sullivan this afternoon.

There is nothing left for Squires but to return to his home in Australia, and he fully recognizes it. He said at the conclusion of today's bout: "I have lost my man; I cannot punch. I know it. I know it. I did my best and I was fairly outfought."

But though going home a defeated man, Squires will carry a reputation for extreme gameness. He bore the severest kind of punishment from Sullivan with Spartan fortitude. In all he was knocked down three times in the deciding round, the punch in each case being a left hook on the jaw. He had arisen each time, but in the third time, but he was so palpably beaten that his seconds interposed and acknowledged defeat in his behalf.

It was the kind of fight to delight a ringside gathering. As a matter of fact, it was described as the best heavyweight contest since the famous fight between Fitzsimmons and Corbett at Carson.

Kept Crowd Guessing to Last. Up to the last it was a bout that kept the crowd guessing. Both men were punished severely, the face of Squires being particularly unlovely to look upon and as long as the suspicion that Squires still carried a victory was the result remained in doubt. It wasn't until the first of the knockdown blows was administered in the nineteenth round that the fight seemed certain.

When Squires said: "I cannot punch like I used to," he certainly told the truth, although never had the clearest of evidence that his blows carried more force than those of the average heavyweight. He seemed to have Sullivan's right in a few of the early rounds today and in the clinches it was noticeable that Squires enormous strength permitted him to bend his lighter opponent as a reed is bent to the wind. Sullivan's face was scraped from Squires' blows and it really looked as though Bushy Bill would wear his man down inside of 10 rounds. In the sixth round particularly Squires, who seemed to have settled to his work, fought cleverly and effectively. He had blood streaming from Sullivan's nose and he was driving in heart punches with the right in a forcible manner.

Sullivan, who has a trick of swaying as he is buffed and allowing his head to roll, came in with a slight smile on his lips and from the sixth round on, the aspect of the fight changed again and again, until, being a lead by turn, Squires came up strong in the seventeenth and eighteenth and looked to have an even chance of winning, only to succumb to Sullivan's well placed hooks in the final round.

The fight by rounds: Beginning of Battle. Round One—Squires takes the aggressive and starts with a right hand punch to body. Bill misses a wild one, Sullivan laughing at him. Sullivan puts left left to face and hard left to body. They clinch. Sullivan fiddle in middle of the ring. Squires gets two light lefts in his face. Sullivan misses right cross and they clinch as goes sounds.

Great cheering when Bill got through first round. Round Two—Both spar cautiously, each trying with left. Squires sends different back right punches to body. Sullivan lands two hard lefts on jaw. Squires retaliating with left to body. Sullivan blocks Squires right and left and runs away to stomach. He lands left left on Bill's face, following with left and right. A Sullivan breaks out of a clinch and lands hard left on jaw. They clinch. They exchange left hooks at the gong.

Round Three—Sullivan opens round three with left. Squires tries to wrestle him. Sullivan again plants left on midriff. Sullivan lands another in same place. Squires tries to slug with the clinch. Sullivan catches him to catch him. Bill takes three punches in the pouch in succession. Sullivan lands hard right on Squires' stomach. Squires grogginess in a corner and copes Bill with hard lefts and rights. Both miss lefts and rights. Squires plants hard right on body. Sullivan catches him off his balance and lands with right and left at finish of round.

Squires Champion at Missing. Round Four—They exchange lefts to face. Sullivan blocks Squires' left with ease. The Australian takes light tap on face and hard right on body and then misses with wild right. Squires is still forcing Sullivan but is a champion at missing. He did land, however, a hard punch on top of Sullivan's bald head. They clinch and Sullivan cuts wicked left to body, repeating same a second later. Bill takes another in the same place and seems to be crying. He wrestles a bit and the crowd boos. Bill lands right uppercut coming out of a clinch and Sullivan comes back with left to the face. They are clinching at the bell.

Round Five—Sullivan tries with left, but misses. Squires gets into position and plants left on body. Sullivan lands hard right and left to stomach. Squires lands hard on Sullivan's chest. Sullivan lands two hard lefts on body and light one to face. In a clinch Squires lands hard on Sullivan's cheek. Surprised crowd laughed when he blocked Sullivan's right jaw. Sullivan again attacked and Bill took the bait. They both missed left swings, after which Sullivan put left to mid section. Squires is showing better form. He has taken a few good punches, but has not been fazed.

Australian Draws Blood. Round six—They fall into a clinch. Jack taps Bill with left to head. Bill misses with right and right swings. He throws twin about ring and lands left on short rib. Squires forces Sullivan about ring, but misses stiff uppercut. He draws blood from Sullivan by hard tap on the nose. Bill gets a bit anxious at the sight of blood and takes the hard lefts in face. Sullivan's nose is bleeding profusely and both fighters are stained with crimson. Sullivan missed a hard left in a clinch when the gong sounded.

Round seven—Squires went after Twin determinedly. Sullivan, however, blocked cleverly and all Bill could do was hit the Boston boy on his ulna. Bill missed twice and twice Sullivan slipped in with left. In a clinch Sullivan takes a swift one on the neck. Bill fights hard for body, but seldom lands solidly. Again he hits Sullivan on the bald pate. Squires' mouth is bleeding now and the supply of blood has been increased by a gash over Sullivan's right eye. Both miss hard swings, but are fighting free at the bell. There was money's worth in the blood line.

The Twin a Mass of Blood. Round eight—They clinch as they start. Squires misses left and later copes Sullivan with hard left hook. Squires plants hard right on jaw, staggering Sullivan. Sullivan breaks round. Bill again hooked with hard left and right. Sullivan lands a hard left on the shoulder. He ducks Sullivan's left and plants vicious right on jaw. Sullivan now a mass of blood and fighting desperately, but laughed at Squires at the gong.

Round Nine—Both fighting hard in a clinch. Bill uses left and right with telling effect. Squires again lands hard right to face. Sullivan lands hard right and left. His punches don't seem to bother Squires. Squires gets two more on the jaw but comes back unaffected. After a clinch Sullivan lands two light lefts to body. Bill Squires misses hard right to body. Bill lands left and right on Sullivan's body. Sullivan in a clinch fights with his arm and shoulder, but Bill does not seem to mind. It was Squires' round.

Bill Begins to Tire. Round Ten—They exchange lefts to face. Bill puts hard right to the plexus. Sullivan does the same and follows it with left and right to jaw. Squires lands two hard lefts on body and face and they clinch. Sullivan misses on Sullivan keeps backing up and they both land lefts. Squires knocks Twin's head back with straight left. In clinch Sullivan lands two lefts. Squires fights free but cannot land on the Twin. Sullivan hooks Squires on the ear with left. Squires with the same sort of a punch. At the gong Squires is a bit tired and groggy.

Round Eleven—Sullivan opens round with left left, but Squires again makes him back up. The Australian misses three times with his left. Sullivan's hands have been ripped open. Bill misses left and Sullivan catches him on jaw while his back is turned. The Australian slips to his knees. The Twin puts two lefts to body. In clinch Sullivan fights hard and has Squires groggy. Squires comes back and forces Sullivan across the ring. Squires weakly tries with left and right. Both men are covered with blood. Bill misses with right and left. At the gong Sullivan lands right and left, staggering the Australian. It looks like Sullivan from here.

Squires Shows Gameness. Round Twelve—They exchange lefts at opening and Squires hugs apparently to save time. The Twin steps back from him and occasionally lands straight lefts. He knocks Squires back with a right cross and the Australian lands on the jaw. Sullivan plants left swing on body and they clinch. Bill lands two lefts to body. In clinch Squires awkwardly ducks left lead. He is very tired, but still has his punch. Sullivan is forcing the Australian now and staggers Squires with left at the end of this round, but is fighting with great courage.

Round Thirteen—Sullivan lands a low lead that wallops a foul. Squires tries right for body. Bill scores with left and right. Sullivan plants right hand to face. Squires again all out, but Bill comes back for more. In clinch Sullivan knocks Bill staggering with two lefts. Squires gets vicious right on jaw, but is still aggressive and fights Sullivan across the ring.

Only Matter of Rounds. Round fourteen—Squires misses twice with right and left. Sullivan skips about ring to avoid Bill, landing light left on body as he retreats. He repeats it a moment later with left and then right to jaw. Sullivan lands hard on stomach and Bill clinches. They both miss swings. Sullivan taps Bill on the body. Sullivan again scores with left to face. Squires totters in his corner. Unless he shows a sudden burst of speed it is only a matter of rounds.

Round Fifteen—Sullivan lands three straight lefts. They clinch. Squires forces Sullivan into a corner, but fails to score. In a clinch Squires has a bit the better of an exchange. He fights wildly, however, and the Twin scores hard on stomach. Squires throws Twin about ring to avoid Bill, landing light left on body as he retreats. He repeats it a moment later with left and then right to jaw. Sullivan lands hard on stomach and Bill clinches. They both miss swings. Sullivan taps Bill on the body. Sullivan again scores with left to face. Squires totters in his corner. Unless he shows a sudden burst of speed it is only a matter of rounds.

Round Sixteen—They fiddle in the corner. Bill is again the aggressor and lands left to Sullivan's nose, bringing more blood. Squires seems to have a burst of new life, trying hard repeatedly with right. Sullivan makes him look foolish. Bill slips to the floor and Sullivan again comes close to losing on a foul. Sullivan misses with both hands. Squires tries with right and falls. Sullivan staggers Bill with left hook. The Australian, however, will not back up. He tries with a vicious right in a clinch, but cannot get away with it. E. W. Watkins bull-terrier hooks Sullivan with hardest right he has landed during the fight. He follows it to the body and then just misses the jaw on a third attempt. Squires looks to fight on defensive, but Sullivan picks out an open spot for his left on Bill's mid section. Sullivan refuses to back up. Sullivan misses left. He plants stiff left to Squires' sore stomach. In a clinch Squires' right hand left against putting Squires on queer street. He backs Squires up and Bill is lucky to avoid a knockout. Bill goes back. The Twin attempts to pull Squires to his corner. He was blazed for the act.

Pierce Battle to End. Round eighteen—Squires plants light right under the Twin's heart and almost puts Jack over the ropes with a right that lands too high. Sullivan hits Squires a foul punch, but Roche was on the jaw. Sullivan does not seem to mind. Bill scores with left to nose, but misses with right. Sullivan gets to body with hard left. Bill lands left on top of the head. Jack's next punch, however, was a ripper to the body. Squires staggers the Twin with a left to the jaw. The crowd thought that Bill had him going, but Sullivan was stalling again.

Round Nineteen—Sullivan starts round nineteen as though he was going to win. He floors Squires with a right to the jaw. Squires is on the floor. He went down again for the count. Bill is no lemon. He is just a willing strong fellow and does not know how to fight. Bill is counted out.

Ballot Wins From Fine Lot of Stars. (United Press Leased Wire.) New York, Sept. 28.—Ballot, the three-year son of Voter-Certo, demonstrated that he is the leading horse in his division when he defeated a clever lot of stars at Gravesend in the second special, a struggle of one mile and a half. Salvadore, Hitchcock's gelding, who defeated Ballot in the annual championship at Sheepshead bay, finished second and Electioneer, the winner of last year's Futurity, was third, eight lengths behind Salvadore. The victory was made remarkable in that Ballot made the pace for the entire route. Summary: About six furlongs—Knapp, 2 to 1, won; Fleming (G. Burns), second; the Nan (Brussel), third, time, 1:09. About two miles and a half, steeplechase—Mr. Cunn (Stone), 13 to 5, won; Gas Straus (McAfee), second; McKittredge (O'Brien), third, time, 4:55. About six furlongs—Sponner (Miller), 7 to 1, won; Jim Gaffney (Knapp), second; Nimbus (Nicol), third, time, 1:33 1-5. Mile and half, second special—Ballot

Frank Dillon, Captain of Los Angeles Team and Best All Around Ball Player on Coast.

Walter Carlisle, Los Angeles' Great Home-Run Hitter. He Will Be With Boston National-Next Season.

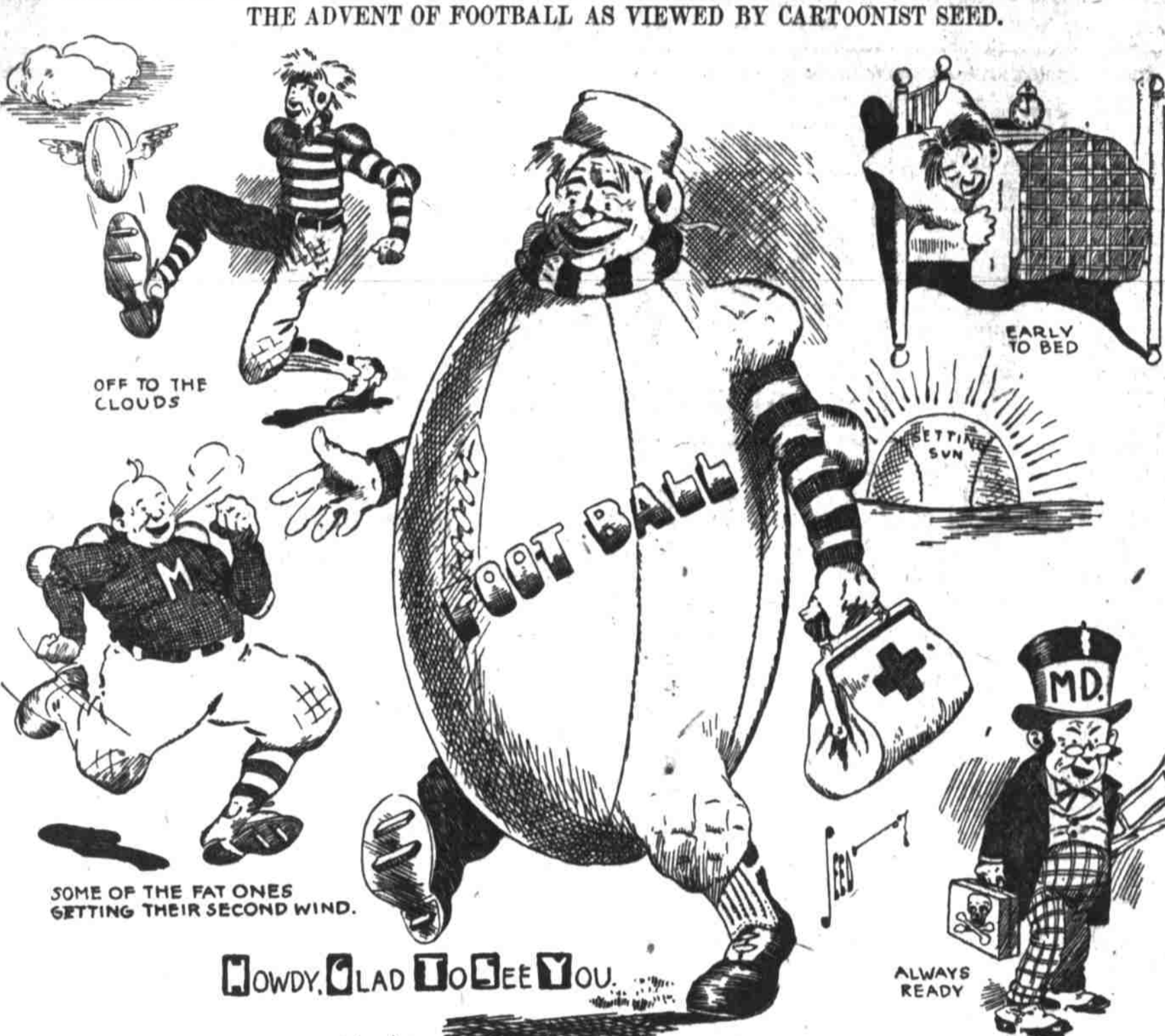
Stanford Booms With Athletics. Activity in Football, Baseball, Track, Tennis, Basketball and Hockey.

Stanford University, Cal., Sept. 28.—All branches of athletics are in full swing at the university this week. The main interest centers in football, the baseball and trackmen are turning out faithfully every afternoon. The freshman tennis tryouts are also being held.

Lanagan has rescinded his action of calling off the interclass series and has compromised by allowing the freshmen to forfeit their game to the sophomores. Next Tuesday the sophomores will play the seniors for the championship, for the fourth-year men defeated the juniors Wednesday by a score of 18 to 0. Stanford is having much difficulty in arranging dates with outside teams. Manager Knapp is inclined to think that hereafter no Cardinal team of any branch of sport will meet Nevada unless the present difficulty is settled. November 2 is reserved for Vancouver, and November 16 would mean a post-season match.

The track men are doing light work each afternoon and the cross-country runners, about 30 in number, are covering about two miles three times a week. This distance will be increased as soon as the men get in better condition. H. L. Horton, who won nine points in the 1905 meet, has returned to college and will be a valuable addition to the squad. B. W. Lee, the champion half-mile runner from the prep school, will not train this fall on account of an injury received in an automobile accident this summer.

Trainer Moulton has received a letter from J. R. Hickey of the Pacific Coast Athletic association urging him to enter some Stanford athletes in the handicap meet October 25 on the California track. "Dad" says that he is willing to enter all that he can get in



PORTLAND'S QUALITY CANINES STAR AT SPOKANE DOG SHOW

Portland's quality canines starred at the Spokane dog show which closed last night after a four days' session at the exposition grounds in the inland metropolis. The 13 Portland dogs which competed won, in all, 14 regular first prizes, 10 special prizes and 8 cups.

and a cup for being the best bull-terrier bitch on exhibition. J. C. Moore's bull-terrier dog, Willagette Demon, won first in the puppy class, first in the winners' class and also took a cup as the best bull-terrier dog.

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GANS TURNS OVER HIS TITLE TO GEORGE MEMSIC, WITH STRINGS

By C. E. Van Loan. (Pacific Coast Press Leased Wire.) Los Angeles, Sept. 28.—Joe Gans is going to play a little ping pong with the lightweight crown. He has announced his intention of turning over the lightweight championship to George Memsic, there being two rather significant strings attached to said crown.

weight title. The men met downtown this morning and Gans offered his hand. "You fought a good fight and surprised me," said Memsic. "I think that you can whip any man in the world, barring myself. To prove this, I am going to turn over to you the title of lightweight champion and I want you to promise me that you will never draw the color line. When a good colored boy comes along who is worthy, you are to give him a chance to win the championship."

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SEALS SHUT OUT IN PITCHERS' BATTLE

Locals Would Have Scored Twice but Donahue Lost His Head and Interfered With Catcher Street, Causing Retirement of Side.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS. Portland, 1; San Francisco, 0. Los Angeles, 5; Oakland, 2.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS. Los Angeles, 80; San Francisco, 75; Oakland, 68; Portland, 57.

The clouds rolled away yesterday afternoon in time to give Portland and San Francisco an opportunity to play one of the best games of the season.

Kinsella followed Byrnes at bat and knocked a beautiful two-base hit past Melchior. Byrnes had plenty of time to score, but Donahue, for some unknown reason, stepped up from the bench, rushed out toward the plate and knocked against Street, who was trying to round up the ball as it came bounding in.

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Piper tried to put the ball over the Seal center-fielder's head, but the batter ran back and should have had his man easily. He dropped the ball, and misplayed second before he could get it and threw it to Mott on the third on Kennedy's grounder and scored on an infield hit by Jimmy Byrnes.

Portland's pitcher had another run right there but for a fool act by Donahue, who played right field in McCredie's place.

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Except in the second inning Portland had small chances of scoring. Both pitchers were very effective, and San Francisco endangered the plate but only once.