SPORTS OF THE DAY

JOE BUCHTEL WAS FAMOUS ATHLETE

Portland Pioneer Beat Every Professional Sent Against Him in '50's.

OCTOGENARIAN OFFERS TO RUN MAN HIS AGE

Some Historic Races in Oregon During Earliest Days Recalled and Some of the Prominent Characters Who Delighted Olden Sports.

With the world marveling at the running records of the Kellys and Duffys and Wefers, the athletic feats of the pioneer are forgotten for the new favorites, and it is only through chance or love for the antiquated that they are recalled. Living here in Portland is a gentleman, a prosperous business man, who in his day was probably the greatest sprinter in America, and it is not at all improbable that he could have thrown dust in the faces of many of the famous cinder path experts of the day.

Joseph Buchtel is the name of the pioneer athlete, and he has the unique distinction of vanquishing every professional runner pitted against him at his distance and there were many of them. When it comes to figures, his record shows the remarkable speed which he attained. Without the running shoes and the careful training of the modern athlete, Mr. Buchtel in his youth could cover 150 yards within 15 seconds, and reputable timers have vouched for the correctness of the time. There were no stop watches in the days when Buchtel was in his prime, and it is to be regretted that there were not.

Mr. Buchtel believes to this day that had he been running under the same conditions as Bernie Wefers was when he made his record of 14 3-5 seconds at Travers Island, New York, October 2, 1897, he could have negotiated the distance in 14 seconds. In this feeling he is borne out by the belief of his many pioneer friends, who are certain that he could have gone closer to the 14 second mark than Wefers.

Sixty-one years ago, back in Middleport, Illinois, Joe Buchtel, then a slender limbed, delicate boy, won his first footrace—and against a professional.

It happened this way. A match had been arranged between two professionals, and one of them failed to show up at the appointed time. The crowd that had assembled to see the race was visibly disappointed, but just when they were about to disperse somebody thought of little Joe. A $10 purse was made up for the 17-year-old youth to be given him for running. Ten dollars was a heap of money in those days, especially to a boy.

Just to show the crowd that he was about the best in the business, and to let them know how far he could beat a boy, the professional agreed to run his youthful challenger. The race was for 150 yards. Both runners were off to an even start, but before they had covered 50 yards the professional was two feet behind. At the 100 yard mark he was 10 feet behind, and at the finish lagged 20 feet in the rear.

The Hero of the Boys.

After that Joe had all kinds of confidence in himself, and immediately became the idol of the community. Old men referred to him as "the little fellow that skinned the professional," and the neighborhood school boys pointed him out with pride, aped his walk and wore their hats like he did.

Shortly after this race the Buchtel family crossed the plains to Oregon and settled in Yamhill county. Joe demonstrated on the first day out that he was the fastest runner in the wagon train among both young and old. Oregon pioneers now past their four score mark remember the speedy boy who used to clean up everything on the trail.

Joe did not run any races for big stakes on that journey, and had about given up running altogether when his people reached Oregon. But one day in 1853, when he was running on the upper Willamette river as steward on the steamer Canema, he got a chance to show his skill at Oregon City.

John Coram, the fastest man in Oregon City, had just been beaten by a professional runner for a big stake. The professional was in his silk running clothes and his lithe muscles were being admired by hundreds of race lovers gathered at the track. The track, by the way, was a plank road, the first constructed in Oregon, and extended from Dr. McLoughlin's mill to the mainland.

Joe saw the race while standing by Tom Charmon, the well known Oregon pioneer, who died about a year ago.

"Tom, would you like to see me take the starch out of the 'profesh?" whispered Joe in his older friend's ear.

"Do you mean it?" Charmon quickly asked.

"Of course I do," asserted the boy, for he was still in his teens.

Charmon arranged the race, and 150 yards were measured off. The professional told Joe to strip off, but the boyish runner retorted by telling him he didn't need to. However, Joe took off his coat.

Well, the race was run and when Buchtel reached the 100 yards he was so far ahead of the professional that the latter stopped in disgust at his showing.

Meets An Old Friend.

Buchtel did not run another race for a year. He spent his time traveling over the valley selling daguerrotypes. One evening he stopped in La Fayette, unannounced, during a race horse meeting, to visit a friend, J. E. Wilson. Here is where a strong coincidence enters. Wilson and Buchtel had come across the plains together, but the former had lost track of Joe.

At the moment Joe entered the old Scott hotel Wilson and Jacob Ferguson, representative in the territorial government and village saddler, were discussing a footracer named Jack Roland. Roland was living back in the mountains, but used to come down every Saturday to the athletic games which were carried on in La Fayette. He won every race he ran, and was considered unbeatable.

"If we could only find the little fellow that came across in our wagon train," Wilson was telling Ferguson, "we would have a man that can skin this fellow Roland any mark in the road."

When Buchtel advanced to take his seat at the long dinner-table, Wilson looked up, attracted by the new-comer. "Why, there he is," Wilson shouted, and immediately ran to greet his old-time friend.

Joe was introduced to Ferguson and the men immediately began talking on foot-racing. They resolved to challenge Roland for a race on the following Saturday and Joe limbered up several times. Wilson was enthusiastic and bet all the ready money he had, something like $600, although urged not to do so by the lad, who was not confident of his ability to beat Roland.

Roland was a fine looking, clean-limbed athlete and one of the finest specimens of physical manhood, Joe now declares, that he had ever seen. When the Lafayette people saw the diminutive Joe they laughed and offered to bet 10 to 1 that Roland would win the race. Wilson was frantic at their taunts, but he had bet all of his money and Colonel Ferguson would not lend him any more for fear Roland would win.

Arthur Breyman, now living at Salem, was one of the judges chosen by Mr. Snow, the storekeeper, who had the race in charge. This race also proved an easy victory for Buchtel, who ran along easily, keeping about three feet in front of Roland all the way through the course.

Sim Oldman His Backer.

One of the men who saw this race and who had lost heavily on Roland was Sim Oldman, the race-horse man. Oldman had his stable at LaFayette, but intended to transfer it to Molalla shortly thereafter to take part in the meet at that place. Oldman made friends with Buchtel and the boy became a great favorite with the sporting men. Oldman was anxious to spring a surprise on the Molalla people, who boasted a runner named Dave Crawford. Crawford also possessed a record of clean victories and the Molalla people were willing to stake their farms on him.

Oldman tried Buchtel out under a watch several times and found the boy was covering the 150 yards in the neighborhood of 15 seconds. Well, another week saw the Oldman crowd on its way to Molalla. Oldman thought it would be great fun to lose a horse race so that the intended victims would be in good humor for any kind of a contest. He did and the Molallans bit. They jumped at the chance to pit their man Crawford against Oldman's charge.

Conditions were quickly agreed to and the runners stripped down. Before the race started Oldman had covered bets to the amount of $1,000. But before he could place any more John Burns, the pioneer packer, spoiled the coup. Burns had his freight train loaded up ready to start for the mines, but tarried to watch the race. He had been in Oregon City the year before and saw Buchtel beat the professional. When he recognized the youth, he mounted to the top of one of his wagons and yelled at the top of his voice, "I'll bet this pack train against $1,000 that the kid wins."

That declaration scared the Molalla betters and not another cent would they put up. The race was run and again Buchtel finished in the lead, this time by five feet. Immediately after the race Oldman wanted to bet a thousand that his champion could beat Crawford 20 feet in 150 yards, but there were no takers. Buchtel got half the winnings as his reward.

But Buchtel's greatest race, the one on which most money was wagered, occurred in 1856. Buchtel's successive victories had nettled some of the Portland sports. Bob Talbot and a crowd of Portland bloods got an inkling of the fact that Joe would be at LaFayette on a certain date and they imported a professional from San Francisco to beat him. The Portland bunch also knew that every man in Yamhill would back Buchtel and they counted on making a big killing.

More than two score went up to LaFayette to see the sport and have a share of the plunder. They threw out a banter that they had a man who could beat anybody in town and the Yamhill contingent promptly got its ire up. Buchtel was interrogated and when it was found he was in good condition his supporters began taking all the bets shoved in their faces.

Told to Bet Their Wives.

Joe had a look at the professional who was to test his speed. "Bet your wife and children on me, when you run out of money," Joe whispered to his friends. Ab Hembrie, Snow and Campbell bet everything they could lay their hands on.

Four thousand dollars, it is estimated, changed hands on the result. The Portland challengers were bet to a standstill. All Yamhill had a hand in the pie. Joe won from the scratch and afterwards said he never had won a race so easily. It was a disconsolate lot that made its way back to Portland, but they never again dared such big money against Buchtel.

Joe Buchtel was beaten in a race but once in his life, and that was by Mart Lewis, who afterwards proved to be a professional. Lewis defeated Buchtel at 60 yards by two feet. Buchtel told his friends not to bet on him as the distance was too short. Afterwards Lewis, whose picture is shown next that of Buchtel, was beaten by Joe by 10 feet in 100 yards. This was about 40 years ago and both races took place on the east side near where the Morrison street bridge now stands.

"Joe Buchtel barred," was the expression that used to go the rounds in the early days and it had its origin in the fire company races that used to be held at the circus performances. It happened because Joe won a race against time so much faster than any of the other firemen entered, that the entire volunteer department refused to run again if he was entered. Up in the city hall the silver trumpet Buchtel won on that occasion still reposes, one of the prized trophies of the old department.

LOCAL SPORTSMEN'S GALLERY OF FAME.

Joe Day and Henry Griffin were sleuths in Portland when the water came up to Third street. Joe, prior to this time, was an amateur boxer and he met his first defeat at the hands of Dan Gallagher. Henry Griffin acted as referee.

Joe is an Elk, an Eagle, an Owl and a Buffalo and is very popular in fraternal circles. Henry is a member of the same lodges. Both gentlemen were detectives when Portland had a police force and they have many tender recollections of the days when policemen used to catch wrongdoers and actually convict them.

Henry learned to box in Ireland and when he came to America he was known as "Young Griffo." His friend De Caprio, says that Henry was an Italian and his name was originally Henri De Griff. Henry says that this is not so and that he was born in County Cork and he once had a scrap with the English.

Joe Day and Henry Griffin are inclined to hand each other an occasional sly punch, hence the swift clout and the glad hand as shown in the picture.

SCHREIBER WINS LISSAK STAKES

Rich Handicap Goes to Veteran Deutschland, Which Nosed Montgomery.

(Hearst News by Longest Leased Wire.)

San Francisco, Jan. 18.—Barney Schreiber had his turn at grabbing a big plum at Emeryville track today. After a fierce drive all through the last quarter of the mile journey of the Lissak handicap the big bay horse Deutschland got to the wire a head in front of Sam Hildreth's Montgomery.

The victor was second choice in the betting round 5 to 1. Montgomery was never much better than 1 to 2.

Keogh was on Deutschland, as in all his recent starts, and Walter Miller on Montgomery. And it must be said that Keogh outgeneraled the champion at stage of the race.

Emeryville results:

First race, six furlongs—Mansard (Scoville), 13 to 20, won; Excitement (Mooreland), second; Blondy (Sandy), third. Time, 1:16.

Second race, three and a half furlongs—Lee Rose (Hayes), 2 to 5, won; Opulant (Walsh), second; Eli Piecaro (W. Miller), third. Time, 0:43 1-5.

Third race, five and a half furlongs—Burleigh (W. Miller), 3 to 5, won; St. Francis (Mentry), second; Pajaroita (Klirschbaum), third. Time, 1:08 1-5.

Fourth race, one mile—Deutschland (Keogh), 4 to 1, won; Montgomery (W. Miller), second; Johnny Lyons (Hayes), third. Time, 1:43 4-5.

Fifth race, one mile and 70 yards—Beech Wood (W. Miller), 5 to 1, won; Margaret Randolph (Heatherton), second; Lone Wolf (Williams), third. Time, 1:50 2-5.

Sixth race, one mile—Judge Nelson (Rice), 7 to 5, won; Blanche C. (W. Miller), second; Fairystreet (Hildebrand), third. Time, 1:46 1-5.

COMMISSION TELLS WHY IT REFUSED PLEA

Baseball Tribunal Defines Recent Ruling on Plea of American Association.

(United Press Leased Wire.)

Cincinnati, Jan. 18.—The national baseball commission today issued formal explanations of its recent decisions in answer to resolutions requiring that an American association club be allowed in Chicago.

It is explained that the commission has no jurisdiction in the matter until the leagues have passed on it, and that the commission is without qualification as to territorial infringement of this kind and will strongly recommend that the petition be denied. It is urged that if one league has the right, then all leagues must have the same right, "then nothing but chaos and disaster would follow."

The proposition to draft players only from clubs in the next lower league, is disapproved because it is in disagreement with an object of national agreement, viz.: "The proper development and promotion of players."

"Where applications for reinstatement have been refused by the commission," it is stated, "the action was only taken because the facts in each warranted such refusal and this applies particularly to players the American association has asked the commission to reinstate, viz.: Sebring, Brisling, Owens, Wiggs and others."

FIRST HAUL IN OREGON PLEASED NEWCOMER

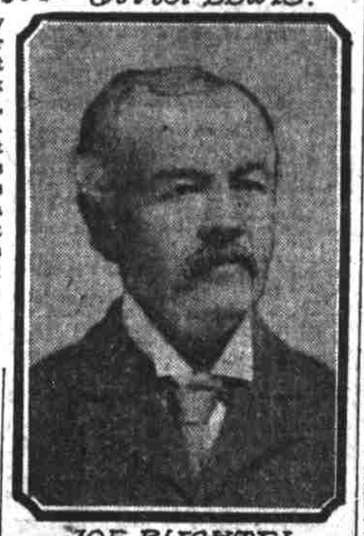
Any man who will fish, they say, will handle the truth carelessly. But when John Heinrich, who recently came to Portland from Zanesville, Ohio, went fishing he invoked the aid of a kodak to prove that what he caught was the real thing and not imaginary on his part.

John Heinrich and His Salmon Trout Catch.

It was Mr. Heinrich's first experience in the fishing line in Oregon and he landed 18 salmon trout just to show what he could do if he tried. One of them was 19 inches in length. The others were also of good size as is shown in the picture which Mr. Heinrich had taken to protect himself.

FAMOUS ATHLETE OF PIONEER DAYS.

Joe Buchtel, who cleaned up every professional and imported footracer in Oregon during the '50's, shown at two ages. The picture in the track suit, that of the cleanshaven boy, was taken at the age of 20 years. Mart Lewis, a professional who beat Buchtel at 60 yards but who was later beaten by Joe at 100 yards, is the other figure. Below is shown a picture of Mr. Buchtel as he is at present. It was taken when he was 75 years old and the well preserved face attracts attention at first glance. Mr. Buchtel is a member of the firm of Buchtel & Kerns, real estate dealers.



ELECTRIC BOAT AUTOISTS FAD

Bubbleomaniacs Can Now Drive and Keep Warm in Zero Weather.

Something new in the automobile line turns up every day. The automobile cab or taximeter, for which a stock company is being organized in Portland, is one of the latest ideas along the Pacific coast.

Edwin L. Thomas of Buffalo, a son of E. R. Thomas, founder of the Thomas automobile factory and the first manufacturer in America of motor cycles, left last night for San Francisco. He will return here in the near future and will bring one of the new style cabs with him.

"One of the newest things for the motor woman is a pair of electric boots," Mr. Thomas said last evening at the Hotel Portland. "The boots are intended, of course, for wear only during cold weather. Each boot is lined on the inside with fur.

"In the hollow of each boot between the heel and the tread is a tiny electric battery. The boots slip on over ordinary shoes, and most of them extend almost to the knee. Running up the leg of each electric boot are wires connecting with safety electrodes. The wires run through the sole of the shoe to the battery.

"Pressure of a button at the top of each boot starts the current, and in a few minutes a genial warmth pervades all that part of the anatomy incased in the device. No matter how wintry the weather, the electric boot keeps the foot and leg warm, yet not in a way dangerous to health. Moreover, the degree of warmth can be regulated by increasing or decreasing the supply of electricity.

"It is one of those devices so simple that everybody says, 'How strange some one never thought of the idea before.' The best of the boot is that unlike a footwarmer of any of the old patterns, it does not necessitate keeping the foot in any one position. As the foot is moved the heat supply moves with it."

WHITMAN FIVE'S LONG BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Whitman College, Walla Walla Wash., Jan. 18.—The varsity basketball team leaves on its annual northern trip January 23. Six games will probably be played, three of them intercollegiate.

The first game will be with W. S. C., Friday night, at Pullman. The next day the team will go to Moscow for one game with the University of Idaho, and will then return to Pullman for a second game with W. S. C. on Monday. Tuesday night Whitman will play company H, N. G. W., at Spokane and, Wednesday afternoon will meet Gonzago college. An additional game will be arranged either with the Spokane Y. M. C. A. or the Cheney Normal school.

Four intercollegiate games are scheduled for Walla Walla next month. The University of Oregon comes here for one game on February 14, and W. S. C. will play the third game of her series on February 21. Idaho will play two games here, February 28 and 29, which will probably close the basketball season.

FIGHT FANS TALK OF BEST MATCHES

Followers Not United in Belief of Burns-Jackson Popularity.

GANS-M'FARLAND BOUT REGARDED FAVORABLY

No Love Lost Between Neil and Attell Families—Naughton Thinks Boer and Dane Affair Will Be Tame With Big Gloves.

By W. W. Naughton.

San Francisco, Jan. 18.—Which is the best pugilistic attraction in sight?

This question came up for discussion the other night in a place where the followers of the ring congregate and it soon developed that there was a difference of opinion on the subject. Before the argument became general some one suggested that a world's championship between James Jeffries and James Johnson would lay over everything else in the Queensberry's entertainment.

"But Jeffries won't fight. What's the use of talking about a match that can't be made?" said one.

"He may break back again if Johnson defeats Burns," insisted the man who proposed the Jeffries-Johnson match.

Anyhow, it was the sense of the gathering that a Jeffries-Johnson meeting was too remote a possibility to be worth talking about and other combinations were discussed.

A good many thought a Tommy Burns-Jack Johnson fight would create more interest than any other match that could be arranged, but there were several who disagreed.

Burns Too Big Choice.

One of the arguments used against the event was that thinking sports would concede Burns much of a choice against Johnson, and that it would be difficult to [illegible] the public to regard the affair with any show of enthusiasm. "What?" yelled a hard and fast admirer of Chunky Tommy Burns; "why, that little fellow will make that big coon jump the ropes before they have been 10 minutes in the ring."

It developed that a contest between Gans and Packy McFarland is one that would be regarded with favor if made and that a fight between Billy Papke and Young Ketchel is thought to be as promising an affair as could be placed upon the calendar.

At this writing it looks as though the first match of the new regime in San Francisco will be a 20-round affair between Abe Attell and Frankie Neil. The closest scrutiny will not reveal the slightest smudge of suspicion in the affair.

If ever two families hated each other, they are the Neils and the Attells.

Apropos of suggestions that Boer Unhols and Battling Nelson would make a good match, news comes from Los Angeles that the pair will be sent together down that way. It seems to me, though, that 10 rounds with big gloves will not afford opportunity for a fair test of ability between two such human billygoats as the Dane and the Boer.

These fellows are slow beginners and they should be equipped with hand-wear that will enable them to jar each other occasionally. Big gloves are all right for your nimble touch-and-go ringmen, but brutes like Nelson and Unhols fitted out with pillows would be about as interesting as a confetti throwing match between a couple of tipsy longshoremen.

Halpin Hounds Ewry.

New York Jan. 18.—The National Amateur union has demanded of the Metropolitan registration committee the minutes of all meetings at which the charges against Roy Ewry, the champion jumper, were aired. Matt Halpin is responsible, claiming the local committee whitewashed Ewry and that the latter should be expelled for competing at unsanctioned meets.

OREGON'S LEADING BOWLING LEAGUE

Crack Bowlers Also Establish High Game for Season, Getting 973 Pins.

Bowling scores at the Oregon alleys during the past week show that Wright rolled high game, 215 pins, and that the high average for three successive games goes to Capen, who secured 197 pins.

The Oregon team rolled the high game of the season, making 973 pins, while the Willamettes were a close second with 969 pins to their credit. Paul Kneyse, the star bowler of the Beavers, has left the team, which suffers materially from his absence.

The standing of the teams at the Oregon bowling alleys follows:

Oregons	36	25	11—694
White Rivers	30	19	14—633
Columbia	36	22	14—611
Beavers	30	17	13—567
Willamettes	36	20	16—555
Rose City	33	13	20—394
Portland	33	13	20—394
Hicks Chatten	36	6	30—167

The averages of members of above teams are as follows:

Kruse, 191, Rowe 184, Kneyse 184, Case 181, Barbour 181, Jones 178, Hansen 175, Ball 175, Peters 174, Endrees 174, Capen 174, Parker 173, Keen 172, Boulanger 171, Lamond 171, Pflughaupt 170, Meleen 169, Raymond 169, Moore 169, Kelly 169, Hague 168, Armitage 167, Kalk 166, Nelson 166, Green 166, Boland 166, Brinkley 165, Martin 165, Swan 165, Harrington 164, Davies 164, H. J. Christian 163, McMonies 161, Pridmore 160, Edgar 159, F. Christian 156, Deaver 155, Gaillard 154, Madden 153, Stein 152, Allen 150, Landes 150, Johnson 149, Flandermeyer 148, Vanderkalk 148, Newberger 147, Rath 146, Dale 146, Koch 142, Baker 134, Doty 107.

WEST SIDE HIGH TEAM OUTCLASSES HILL FIVE

West Side high school won a one-sided basketball game from Hill Military academy yesterday at the Y. M. C. A. The score was 50 to 19. High school played a vastly improved game from the one put up against Columbia last Saturday and completely outclassed her opponents. Hill's teamwork was poor and the cadets were never dangerous. Baker of Hill, and Sutton of high school played the best games.

The lineup was as follows:

Hill.	Position.	West Side.
H. Baker (C.)	F.	McGuire
Bratager	F.	Word (C.)
Hill	C.	Runyon
Donason, Rosenberg	G.	Sutton
Nett, Carson	C.	A. Noyes

LANDS CHAMPION BASS.

Catching a black bass weighing seven pounds and measuring 23 inches in length, probably the largest ever taken from the Columbia slough, is the distinction achieved by E. Kramer, a 75-year-old disciple of Izaak Walton, who resides on Belmont street between East Thirty-third and East Thirty-fourth streets. Mr. Kramer used an eight-ounce split bamboo rod, with minnow for bait and it took 17 minutes to land the prize beauty. The catch was made two weeks ago.

COACH DAN MURPHY AND PORTLAND FOUR.

Picture showing Portland four-oared crew of last season just leaving float for a practice trial on the Willamette. Dan Murphy, the veteran coach, who lies ill at Stanford University, is shown standing on the float giving the men their instructions. Murphy will be with the crew again next May and very likely the four men who occupy the seats will row in the same positions. They are, reading from stroke to bow: Dr. B. E. Loomis, Captain Craig McMicken, Dillabaugh and Art Allen.