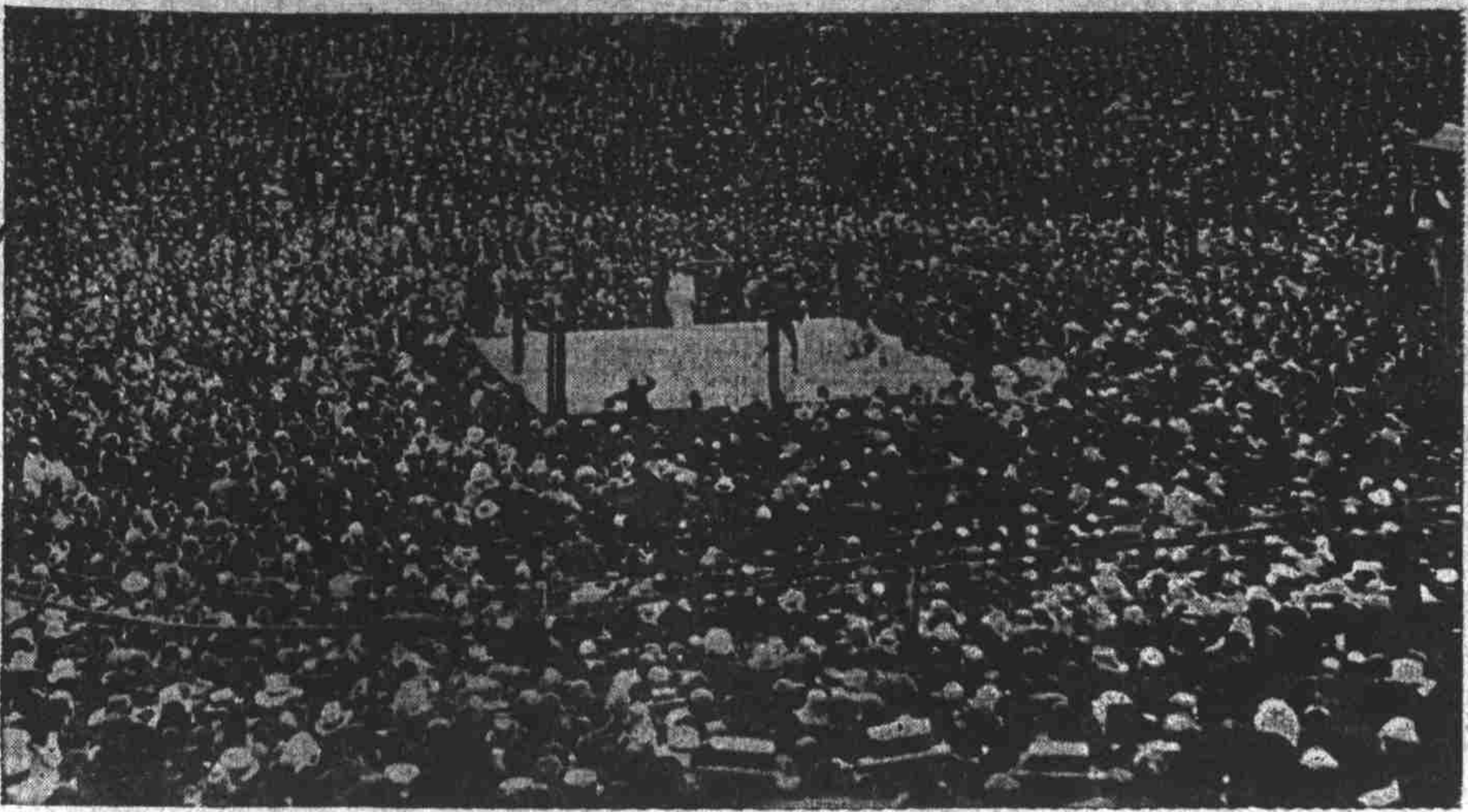
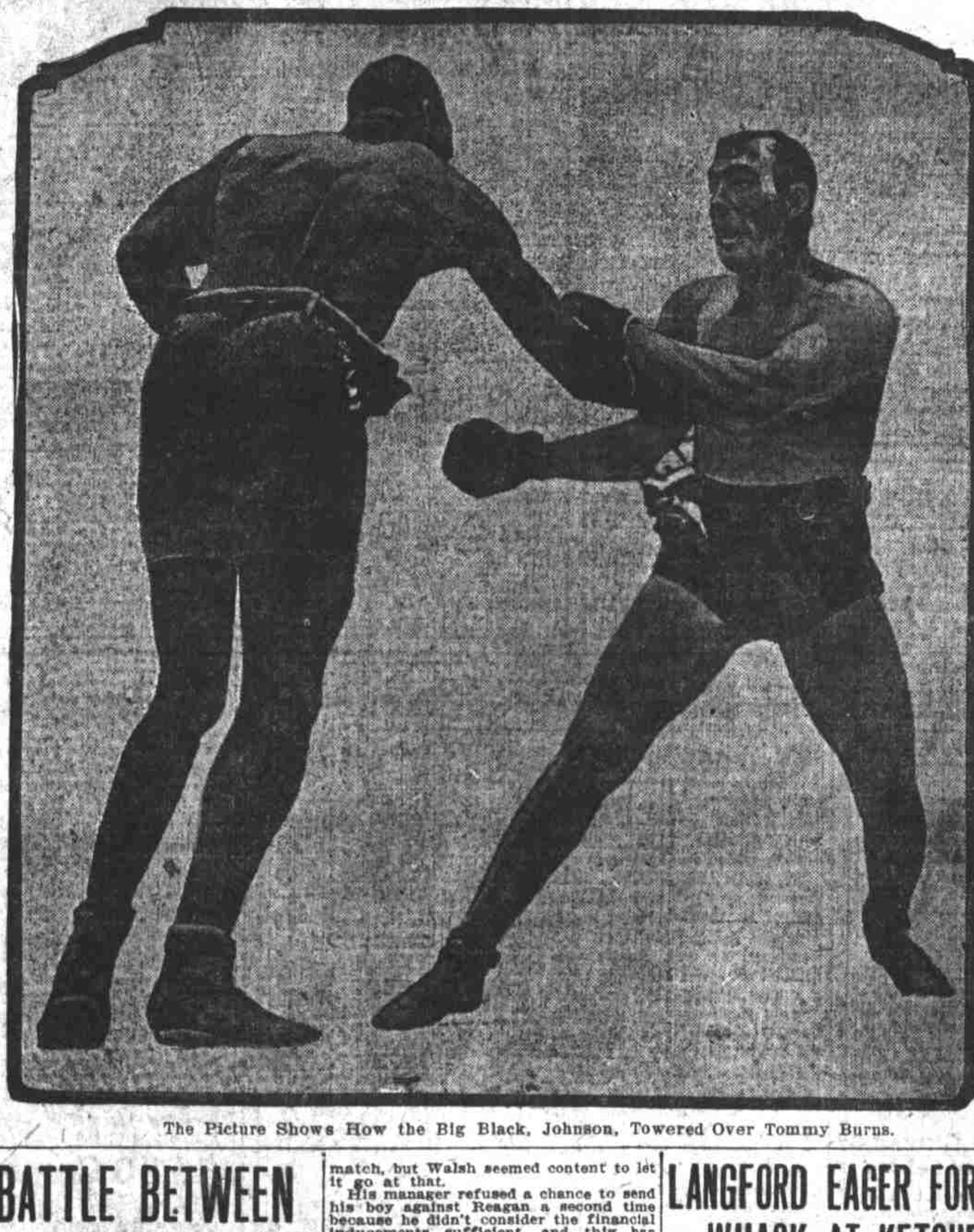
JOURNAL'S SUNDAY | LOCAL, NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPILED BY EXPERTS | ROUNDUP OF SPORTS

First Pictures Printed in Portland of the Recent Burns-Johnson Fight



Showing Enormous Crowd Around Ringside. It is the First Round and Burns Has Just Been Knocked Down.



The Picture Shows How the Big Black, Johnson, Towered Over Tommy Burns.

The Journal today presents its readers with the first pictures printed in America of the famous heavyweight battle between Champion Jack Johnson and Tommy Burns at Sydney, Australia, December 26, last. These in themselves reiterate the familiar story of the white man's loss of pugilistic supremacy to the negro race. More vividly than words can picture they portray the courageous though futile struggle of a well meaning, strong and clever little man against the overwhelming odds of gigantic stature, phenomenal speed, cleverness, stamina and brute force.

The battle in the burning Christmas history of the Antipodes will go down in history as one of the grandest in the annals of the roped arena. It proved in many ways the most remarkable ever waged. On it hinged the portal of alien entrance to the white man's pugilistic paradise. Hung in the balance, in addition to the greatest pugilistic laurels, was one of the largest purses for which gladiators ever strove. The greatest crowd that ever looked upon a combat of the manly art cheered their choices to the fray. There were actually 18,000 fans crowded about the arena, in all probability more than twice as many as ever before watched a pugilistic contest.

Holiday in Australia.

This phenomenal crowd was due to the fact that Australia made a grand holiday of the occasion. From every corner of the big island sportsmen poured into Sydney for the battle. The governor-general and his staff were there. So were the mayors of Sydney and Melbourne. The attorney general and cabinet ministers mingled with the members of parliament in the most prominent boxes. Every profession and trade was represented. In brief, the best of Australia's sport loving public was there to see and to bet.

Johnson from the outset was confidence personified. Through the gruelling 14 rounds of milling the smile of victory was never obliterated from his ebony mask. A row of gold and ivory ever taunted the desperately mad Tommy. He, too, began his task with all the confidence worthy a champion. But the light went out early. The die was cast in the first fatal round. Thereafter Burns never quailed, it is true. But his courage was that of desperation.

Towering head and shoulders over his squat adversary, Johnson looked the part of an avenging demon. When he met Burns' wild rush with a well directed right swing to the jaw, that put the champion down for the count early in the opening of the round, the smile of victory, never to vanquish, mantled his countenance. If there had ever been such a thing as fear in Johnson's heart, it fled when he first saw Burns stretched full length on the canvas. That blow gave Johnson the championship.

Negro Mad With Joy.

And then began the most cruel process of retribution to which an exacting champion was ever put. In his first frenzied joy the negro rushed his fallen adversary almost before he could stagger to his knees and again felled him with a wicked left swing to the ear. But the flash of hatred gave way to a cruel, savage leer of triumph, and Tommy Burns was spared for future agony. The jibes, the jeers, the insults, the scorn heaped upon him by his dazed adversary flashed before the mind of the joy mad Johnson. While his seconds wildly cheered him on to go in and finish his rival, the big black shook his head and smiled. Then he began a line of campaign that for 14 rounds, before the police mercifully interfered, gave Burns a taste of the tortures of the damned. It was Johnson's plan to make his pale faced adversary recall every slight and epithet. Of Burns he made a chopping block.

With solid lefts and rights, now swinging, now chopping and again uppercutting, Johnson belabored the face and body of Burns. Every lead was accompanied by some bantering quip such as "Come on, Tommy," "Where's the yellow streak?" and "I thought you could fight." With tantalizing regularity the four ounce gloves of the negro rained upon the battered face and bruised body of the plucky Canadian. Soon the latter's eyes were swollen almost shut. His body, from the neck to belt line, was red as a cherry, with much of the skin hammered away. The blows were all clean cut and solid. But they came lighter and lighter as the white man's strength waned.

Made Toy of Burns.

All this time Burns was gamely trying. He would rush in, with head lowered, trying for one lucky punch. But on such occasions Johnson showed his superior agility and footwork. He invariably sidestepped or ducked the onslaughts, always countering in such manner as to bring Tommy to a sudden halt. But when he had worn his man almost to the point of submission Johnson amused himself by baiting his antagonist. From the seventh to the eleventh round the black did little fighting. He stood at times with guard lowered and weathered the shower of weak blows aimed at him by Burns. A laugh whenever one landed was all the encouragement Burns got.

And then in the fourteenth it all came to an unexpected end. For three rounds the crowd had interceded with the police to save Burns. Twice in the first round and in the fifth and in the eleventh rounds the negro had floored the white for the count. A light right to the jaw at the close of the thirteenth again turned the trick, and Tommy Burns was practically exhausted and out.

But the game little French-Canadian had implored the referee to let him go on. Johnson had to hold his adversary up in the fourteenth as he hammered away with both hands to body and head. A right lead caught him directly on the jaw, and Burns went down for the last time. He was up on the count of nine and staggered into a clinch, but before Johnson was able to hit his helpless antagonist again the police halted further hostilities.

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SCHOOL TEAMS IN O. A. C. TOURNEY

Best Teams in Each Section of the State Play at Corvallis.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Feb. 20.—Professor E. D. Angell, director of athletics at O. A. C., has nearly completed arrangements for an interscholastic basketball tournament to be held at O. A. C. on April 2 and 3.

Cards are being sent to the various high schools of the state having basketball teams, requesting them to keep a correct score of all games played by their teams. At the close of the season these cards are to be returned and a committee of unbiased men will choose the teams with the best records from each section. These teams will be invited to come to O. A. C. and play a series of games for the championship of the state.

A magnificent oak shield with the names of the members of the team and the scores of its games in gold letters will be presented to the team that is ultimately successful. Also each member of this championship team is to receive a gold medal suitably engraved.

All necessary expenses will be looked after by the local athletic management. Basketball has always received excellent support at O. A. C. and as these interscholastic contests will be unusually interesting, good crowds will attend and expenses will therefore be easily met.

Between four and eight teams are expected, which means that two days will be required to settle the championship. Friday, April 2, and Saturday, April 3, are the dates decided upon.

It is expected that this basketball tournament will give an impetus to the great indoor sport throughout the state.

With the Horses

When trying for high action, remember that too heavy shoes on a young horse will make him awkward.

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C. K. G. Billings has purchased W. J. Lewis, 2:06¼, and will use him under saddle.

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The handicap horses in Lexington this year will have to go a mile and one half.

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Hartford will have on its program this season two attractive events, the $10,000 Charter Oak and the $5000 Nutmeg stakes.

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Dorris B. (2:05¼) next to The Eel has proved to be the crack on the Canadian ice track. The Eel holds the record, 2:11½ with Dorris next.

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Hessian, the 4-year-old colt by Watercress—Colonial, sailed for England Saturday to race in the colors of James B. Haggin. He has been spending the winter at Sheepshead Bay and will go direct to Jack Joyner at Newmarket. Hessian, after beating Mr. Keene's Superman in a handicap at Jamaica last summer, looked as if he would develop into a star 3-year-old, but he was a disappointment later in the season. The Watercress colt is one of the biggest horses in training. He is at his best over distances from six furlongs to a mile and can pack weight. Joyner probably will race him in overnight events, as he has no stake engagements on the other side.

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A new pacing wonder is rumored to have been found in Canada which cost his present owner $55. He is a grandson of old Direct.

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In the trotting world it is reported that matinee managers are considering handicaps for the season, so popular has this form of races become.

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James E. Kneer of Kredersville, Pa., has purchased from C. E. Brown of Watertown the chestnut pacer Sandy B. by Jacob Wolkes.

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Cresceus, 2:02¼, the champion trotting stallion, started in the international race at Moscow a few days ago and finished fourth, trotting the mile in 2:16. He is now 15 years old.

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Lucien Lyne, the jockey, sails for Europe today to ride for M. Ribancourt in Belgium this year. He has been wintering in Lexington, Ky.

MOTOR BOATING IS BECOMING POPULAR

LITTLE CRAFT DOTS WATERS EVERYWHERE

New York, Feb. 20.—The National Motor Boat show opened at Madison Square Garden in New York City last Monday under the patronage of the National Association of Engine and Boat manufacturers. It will close on the evening of February 23. Motor boat enthusiasts in the United States are displaying their entries for blue ribbons with the satisfaction of knowing that during the year just passed this country forged ahead of European rivals in the matter of speed. At the head of the Madison Square Garden show is J. A. H. Dressel, manager, his assistant in the preparations having been H. S. Gamble, secretary of the association.

To a degree greater than ever before, the show this year demonstrates that the motor boat is no longer a thing for sport, a toy of millionaires that is used solely for pleasure riding. As the automobile was once within reach only of the man of wealth, but now is used as an American farm vehicle, as a substitute for the oldtime dray and express wagon, and even as a supplanter of streetcars, so the motor boat has come from the exclusive possession of the rich to take its place as one of the necessities of social intercourse, and is multiplying in numbers as well as in practical utilization. Five years ago, the motor boat was scorned by nautical men. It was looked upon as a mere plaything, and master of steam craft and sail vessels indulged in quite as determined opposition to it as horsemen once did to the motor car.

Power Dory Holds Sway.

So high a degree of perfection has been attained in the development of motor boats, that even those devotees of the historic sailing craft who made Provincetown, Gloucester and other Massachusetts ports possessors of unrivalled clipper fleets of fishing boats, have today abandoned the sail for the power dory. Fishing vessels propelled by gasoline engines, dependable in storm and calm, now get the fish catch from the Highlands off Cape Cod to the Boston market on schedule time. Of the Provincetown clipper sailing fleet which once numbered more than 100 swift fishing schooners, less than 30 remain. The gasoline engine has supplanted the sail among a class which naturally would be expected to be most tenacious of the sailor's traditions and slowest to adopt any device calculated to invade that romantic realm which from time immemorial was ruled by the masters of sails and spars.

The Madison Square Garden show this year exhibits motor boats ranging from the converted rowboat with half a horse power developed by the tiny engine, to the superb racing craft having two engines of 300 horse power each, and capable of running a mile in less than two minutes. There are boats so cheaply built that a clerk on a salary of $75 a month may indulge in one as his recreation, and boats like the gorgeous product for the millionaire, finished in mahogany and silk plush, the wheelhouse upholstered in richest velvet.

Heretofore, the motor boat has been looked on as useful only for light coastwise cruising and for inland waters. Yet a motor boat—the Gregory—was built in this country and sent across the Atlantic in January, a craft 90 feet overall, 12 foot beam, four foot draft, carrying 4000 gallons of gasoline and capable of running on that supply 5050 miles at 6¾ miles an hour, or 2300 miles at 12 miles an hour. It has a potential speed of 23.15 miles an hour, at which it can run 1400 miles on the 4000 gallons of gasoline.

Dixie Holds Speed Record.

Hempstead, Long Island, holds the world's record for 1908 mile races for motor boats. The Dixie there established the record of 35.8 miles in one hour, or faster than a mile in two minutes. Europe holds its greatest motor boat meets at Monaco, France, and last year the record established was 33.14 miles an hour; although at Monaco the preceding year the Panhard-Tellier ran 125 miles on a sea course at the rate of 35 miles an hour. Palm Beach, Florida, followed Hempstead in 1908 with the record of 29.91. The world's record for cabin motor boats is 25 miles an hour.

The three most important motor boat race meets of America are at Hempstead, Long Island; Palm Beach, Florida, and on the St. Lawrence at Thousand islands. The last named meet attracts boats from Toronto, Ontario, and all parts on the Great Lakes on this side of the line, with from 50 to 100 craft sent by motor boat clubs of New York City.

Motor boats attaining these high speeds, however, are not of the most useful type; the craft of eight to ten miles an hour speed is the more economical and none faster seems yet to be sought by those who aim to use them as medium of commerce. These craft dot every lake and river and bay of the United States; they carry a very large part of the burden of the lighter commercial world, acting as messenger boats, pleasure launches and tenders for larger vessels. In some places they serve as light tugs for towing. They cost from $150 to $50,000.

Traveled Same Route.

The popularizing of the motor boat came about exactly as did that of the bicycle and the automobile. Men of wealth encouraged the building of such craft at a cost far beyond the reach of persons of ordinary means. They bought the expensive products of the earlier stages of development of the industry, enabling the builders to experiment with new ideas and maintaining the industry until its output could be brought to a lower level of cost. The Vanderbilt family are among the leaders in motor boat sport. George Gould has had several high speed craft built. Nowadays practically every wealthy man in the country maintains at some place one or more motor boats for summer use, either on Long Island sound or the St. Lawrence river, or on the Great Lakes.

To mention the motor boat clubs of the country would be to catalogue practically every ocean and Great Lakes port, as well as every stream of any considerable size from the Gulf of Mexico to Portland, Maine; from San Diego, Cal., to Puget sound; from Thousand islands in the St. Lawrence river westward to Duluth, Minn., with a score or more between St. Paul and New Orleans.

The Daimler gasoline motor installed in a small boat led the way to the invention of motor boats. It was displayed in 1889 at the Paris exposition. Then the naphtha launch quickly came into common use. The cheapening of gasoline made possible the development of the motor boat. Smaller steam craft had been too expensive for ordinary use. The wealthy class in all countries had maintained private yachts, but it was only after the price of gasoline had been reduced to less than 25 cents a gallon, for common grades, and the heavy demand came for cheaper gasoline engines, that people of lesser means could afford to acquire and maintain the small craft, now numbering thousands the country over.

The conquest of the gasoline engine has not been along the smaller type of power boat, for the census figures show that of the 9927 vessels of over five tons burden registered in this country, 3155, or 31.8 per cent, are propelled by gasoline. Motor boat devotees are looking forward, as are automobilists, to the time when denatured alcohol shall have become a staple motive fuel, when it is estimated that the expense of propelling the craft will be reduced very considerably.

The newest idea in pleasure motor boats is the utilization of the turbine engine, the engine which has enabled the Transatlantic liners to establish their record for across the ocean runs at a speed approximating 25 statutory miles an hour, and doing away with the vibration hitherto always produced by the revolutions of the piston driven engines.

Slowly but surely the motor boat idea seems to be encroaching on the sailing yacht for pleasuring. Perhaps the only yacht club in the country which maintains unchanged the sailing fleet of pleasure craft is the New York Yacht club. Its persistency in this respect has been largely the result of the terms imposed on its custodianship of the international cup, to capture which Sir Thomas Lipton of Dublin has made several gallant trials. Wherever yacht clubs are maintained there may be found the auxiliary craft—the combination sail and power boat, with full complement of sail rigging, and a gasoline engine ready at hand for use in calms.

The time is not yet when yachtsmen will willingly dispense with sail and turn to the gasoline engine. The [illegible] life of the average man of wealth hitherto devotee of the sail yacht has forced him to adopt the auxiliary type of craft in order that he may be able, if necessary, to furl his sails and "crank up his engine" for speedy passage to port when the wind fails and business calls.

BATTLE BETWEEN BANTAM CRACKS

Reagan and Monte Attell to Furnish Sport for the Frisco Fight Fans.

By W. W. Naughton.

(Hearst News by Longest Leased Wire.)

San Francisco, Feb. 20.—On Monday at Coffroth's arena, Jimmy Reagan, San Francisco's new pugilistic sensation, will be seen in action with Monte Attell, the member of the fighting family who, in the writer's opinion, gave Reagan the best battle of Reagan's short and brilliant career.

The last contest between Attell and Reagan was certainly a "hummer" and with the increased rivalry which naturally follows a draw decision, the coming affair should be more thrilling still. "He caught me napping last time. I will be in better shape when we meet again," says Monte, and to make use of a popular phrase, "that's what they all say," especially after one experience with Reagan.

It is a great tribute to Reagan's fighting qualities to have his best opponents pleading short condition and promising to be fitter and put up a better fight if given another chance.

In this connection there is some surprise that Jimmy Walsh did not strain a point to secure another go with Reagan. Walsh lost to the wiry San Franciscan, and pleaded insufficient training as an extenuating circumstance. As a rule a defeated champion moves heaven and earth in efforts to get a return match, but Walsh seemed content to let it go at that.

His manager refused a chance to send his boy against Reagan a second time because he didn't consider the financial inducements sufficient, and this has caused a deal of discussion. A defeated champion who pleads for a chance to regain his crown doesn't go into the question of emoluments to any extent, and the fact that Walsh set up a money bar is taken to mean that he regards Reagan as "a tough proposition," and is content to let things stand as they are.

Reagan is certainly a grand little fighter. He has endurance akin to that of Battling Nelson and he is as persistent as the Durable Dane. In Attell he will find a capable trial horse, and the spat between the bantams should be well worth watching.

NEGRO METHODISTS FROWN ON JOHNSON

(United Press Leased Wire.)

London, Feb. 20.—Jack Johnson, the husky negro pugilist, champion of the world, has a grievance against the Methodists of Sydney, Australia, where he fought his title winning battle with Tommy Burns, according to the story in the Straits Settlements "Finger Board," cabled here today. Johnson is quoted as saying:

"Though I walloped Burns, he is far more popular than I, and all because of the color line. I am a member of the African Methodist church and in my fights in America I could always count on the support of the colored members of this denomination. When I got to Sydney no Methodists welcomed me and I was unnoticed by members of the church when thrown into their company. I shall report to America how I was treated by my own denomination."

The Rev. Mr. Taylor, of the Methodist mission in Singapore, was questioned concerning Johnson's statement, and replied:

"The Methodist church draws no color line, but it naturally does not countenance prize fighting."

LANGFORD EAGER FOR WHACK AT KETCHEL

(Hearst News by Longest Leased Wire.)

Chicago, Feb. 20.—Sam Langford is in the city. The dreadful black walloper is accompanied by Joe Woodman, his manager, and Jimmy Walsh, claimant of the 116 pound championship, and his manager, Eddie Keevin of Boston.

With the claim that he can do 158 pounds at any time of day and fight strong, Sam is a candidate for the middleweight title, but just at the present time Willis Britt, Stanley Ketchel's manager, has entirely different plans for his man. Willie is in the city arranging for the meeting between Ketchel and Jack O'Brien.

"There isn't a doubt in the world that Sam can make the weight limit for middleweights as set by Ketchel himself," Woodman said today. "We waited quite a time out on the coast in the hope that Ketchel and Britt would change their minds and make a match, but finally we were forced to give up hope.

"Sam will fight Johnson on Derby night, May 24, 20 rounds at the National Sporting club in London.

"They fought once before and Johnson got the closest sort of a decision in 15 rounds. That was in Boston. Had the battle gone for four or five rounds more Sam would have beaten him then, just as he will in England. And after we get the heavyweight title we will return here and see if we cannot clean up whoever happens to be the middleweight champion then.

"We will sail for England March 26 and will have plenty of time to get into shape. Sam is never very far out of condition."

Keevin is just as earnest a supporter of Walsh as ever and never tires of singing the praises of the bright little Boston boy.

Walsh is matched to fight Digger Stanley, the best boy in England at this weight, a week previous to the meeting of the blacks.

"Goat" Anderson of the Rochester team has applied for a patent on a sliding pad to be used by basestealers.