

INDIANS WALLOPED BY SCORE OF 14-4

DALLAS LOOKS FORWARD TO BIG GAMES TOMORROW AND MONDAY.

The Dalles diamond artists were victorious yesterday afternoon in a rather lopsided game with the Indians baseball team from the Warm Springs reservation. After the dust had finally cleared, Manager Fitzgerald's adding machine showed a total of 14 tallies for the locals with only 4 marked up on the job of the Indian team.

The Indian players show flashes of speed at times, but in the main showed lack of practice.

The local swaters are expecting the hardest battle of the year to be tomorrow afternoon, when they take with the Harriman club team of Portland. The railroaders come to this city with a record of 10 straight wins and no defeats.

The Harriman club team will play two games here, one tomorrow afternoon and another Monday afternoon. Tomorrow's game will start promptly at 2:30 on the old ball field. Woolsey will occupy the box for the locals in this game. Monday's game will start at 2 o'clock. Carlson and Lawrence will do the hurling in this game, which will also be played on the old ball grounds.

MASCOT WINNER OVER PAL MOORE

By United Press
PORTLAND, Ore., May 28.—(AP)—Mascott, Portland heavyweight, defeated Pal Moore of Memphis, Tenn., in a ten-round main event here last night. The southern boy did the leading throughout almost the entire event, but it was Mascott who stepped in the telling blows.

DEMPSEY TO WORK FOR GALLERIES MEMORIAL DAY

By United Press
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., May 28.—Crowds expected to take a three-day holiday at this popular watering place will prevent Jack Dempsey from getting his holiday. The champion has decided to work through the holidays to give the visitors a chance to see him in action. However, after Monday, Dempsey will do no more active work until Saturday, Manager Keenan said today.

CARPENTIER WILL RESPECT NATION'S SOLDIER DEAD

By United Press
MANHATTAN, L. I., May 28.—George Carpentier will observe Memorial day, a mark of respect for the fallen American soldiers with whom he fought on P. trench soil, Carpentier will not work Monday. He will rest Sunday and Monday morning and will go to Brockton Monday afternoon to get his first look at Tommy Gibbons, the St. Paul boxer.

CALIFORNIA TRACK TEAM WINS 45TH CHAMPIONSHIP

By United Press
CAMBRIDGE, Mass., May 28.—The University of California track team won the forty-fifth intercollegiate championships, which were held here today.

RACE DRIVERS QUALIFY FOR MONDAY'S CLASH

By Barney Oldfield
(Written for the United Press)
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 28.—Special dispensation has been granted to six drivers who were unable to get their cars ready in time to qualify for the speedway race here on Monday. These six will put their steel mounts through their paces this afternoon.

CARPENTIER HERE FOR DEMPSEY BOUT



Georges Carpentier, European heavyweight champion, in quarters in the Long Island training camp and at work for his battle with Jack Dempsey for the world championship title at Jersey City, N. J., July 4. Carpentier arrived earlier and confided in a training with him the Italian police dog, "Zio," which was with him before leaving during his service in the world war and for which he received the highest French decorations for bravery in action.

It was my first view of Carpentier. When he stepped into the ring in a forlorn back of an old barn on a isolated Long Island farm, he was shocked. He seemed a mere step of a boy. His skin was white and pink. He appeared so slim and young, fragile.

I had not expected to see a heavy, nor thin. Neither had I expected to see such a pink and white stippling as he appeared to be. Certainly I had not expected to see one with such a cherubic quality of expression.

MYSTERY SHIP HAS HOLD OF TREASURE

By United Press
PORTLAND, Ore., May 28.—A report on the coast of Oregon there is a mysterious old hull in which they put down the memories of the sea-faring settlers in the Oregon country.

TROUBLE WITH

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Lithe, Cat Like Carpentier Is Enigma To Dopesters of Bout

SLEEPY AIR OF FRENCH BATTLE, STRANGE CONTRAST WITH FEROCIOUS APPEARANCE OF DEMPSEY, BUT SUGGESTION OF LATENT POWERS.

By William Slavens McNutt
(United News Staff Correspondent)

NEW YORK, May 28.—I saw Carpentier box today and after watching him work out, I wouldn't bet a nickel upon the fight either way. It's a case of the more you see the less you know. The gentleman with the inside information, the wise boys with the real dope—the one who, in the race track parlance, "talks to the horse," will probably be wrong in what in their guesses on the fight. The wise ones may learn something from watching the work-outs, I don't.

There was no hint of much latent power in the look of the French fighter. He seemed a mere step of a boy. His skin was white and pink. He appeared so slim and young, fragile.

I had not expected to see a heavy, nor thin. Neither had I expected to see such a pink and white stippling as he appeared to be. Certainly I had not expected to see one with such a cherubic quality of expression.

I thought of the heavy, brown-skinned, thick-lipped Dempsey with his ferocious expression, his huge arms and shoulders, his bulldog build, and shouldered. It seemed a shame that this pink and white perfection of athletic form should be before me should be submitted to the mutilation of Dempsey's sledge-hammer fists.

Italian Joe Gans clambered into the ring with him and they began to box. Italian Joe Gans looks like a fighter. He is quiet and seemingly powerful, scarred and rugged. Carpentier worked lazily. He seemed tired; bored. I could see a thing to suggest the champion. I found myself wondering how he could have obtained his present place in the fighting game, how he could be considered as an opponent for Dempsey. As a model for a fighter, wonderful. As an actor, a matinee idol? Perfect. But a fighter?

As he warmed up in his tank with Italian Joe Gans his face became flushed. The expression changed. The cherubic quality was not so pronounced. The tired, bored look faded from the big blue eyes. A bit of rough fighting I saw the flash of an expression on the flushed face that stirred my blood. It was not the zeal of the fighting look of an angry animal, but it was a fighting expression. I'll tell the world it was an exaltation, a refinement of ferocity, a refined passion of anger. A painter could have caught that fleeting expression and fittingly fixed it upon the idealized face of a French soldier charging to certain death against the enemy. It was a flash of the fighting spirit as distinct from the primitive and base of animal anger. It was a flash and like a flash it was gone. The face was again that of a bored matinee idol secretly playing to a small audience.

But when I thought of him in the ring against the bruiser, Dempsey, I did not shudder. I no longer wondered how he had attained his present position in the ring.

I began to look more closely at the pink and white body. I became increasingly impressed with the

long, smooth muscles. Carpentier was working very lazily, not exerting himself. Little Descamps, in shirt sleeves and absurd red slippers, looking very much like a fat grinning Chinaman and somewhat like a fussy old woman was sitting in a chair on the grass by the ring-side holding a watch and making suggestions. Marston, the fat, tubby little combination cook and catering partner, dressed in baggy flannel drawers and an old black jersey was leaning against the barn door watching Carpentier's every move. A few newspaper men stood nearby watching. There was no crowd.

There was no play to the gallery because there was no gallery to play to. It did not seem like the training camp of a contender for the world's heavyweight championship. It seemed more like the camp of some back woods farmer fighter, being prepared by his uncle, say, and the hired men for his first bout with some neighboring rural fighter. The scene seemed familiar. I felt that I had seen it all before. I wondered where then I knew.

The whole thing reminded me of the French army back of the fighting line. The French army back of the fighting line was one of the world's most ludicrous sights. The privates looked like sloppy old farmers doing the housework in the absence of their women folk. The officers appeared like cake eaters from the boulevards dolled up for a musical comedy. Apparently everything was haphazard and at loose ends.

The French fighting army on the march looked like a large crowd of thin and old clothes peddlers accompanied by nice little chorus men. The French army in the line? Zowie! Bing, Slam Bang! Woof! Woof! How those farmer comedy privates and their dainty mincing chorus men officers could eat it up when the bell rang for a dinner of Germans!

Carpentier is the French officer type. His manager and his retainers remind one of the French army privates. The training camp is a Lagiment of a bitter back of the Rhine. There is nothing impressive about it. But watching I remembered the French army and its fighting record. Then I recalled the famous Dempsey with his huge shoulders and his sledge-like hands. Then I wondered what would happen on the second of July.

The more I wondered the less certain I was. I don't know. I have no idea. The slim, pink and white Carpentier may knock Dempsey kicking. Dempsey may make a mistake by Carpentier. Carpentier may find it peculiar when I saw Carpentier was that he couldn't possibly escape defeat in the first few rounds. Then that flash of an expression; the impression of power in the long smooth muscles, the recollection of the absurd, glorious French army with its sloppy farmerish looking privates and its stender, futile appearing officers and its tremendous fighting efficiency.

When I got done wondering I was sure only of this one thing: I want to be there at the ring-side when whatever happens.

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