

# LOUIS RETAINS CHAMPIONSHIP

## Godoy Knocked Out in Eighth Round

### Referee Stops Fight With Aid of Police When Chilean Is Beaten

By Harry Ferguson  
(United Press Sports Editor)

New York, June 21 (UP)—It took 20 policemen to stop it.

They might have gone on fighting all night by the golden glow of a fat moon that swam the skies over Yankee stadium, for Arturo Godoy never knew when he's licked. He was blinded by his own blood, both eyes were swollen almost shut and his ribs were raw from a cruel thumping, but then they stopped the fight in the eighth round last night, the Chilean charger raced across the blood-splattered canvas to try to throw one more punch at Joe Louis.

That punch never landed for police swarmed into the ring and, anyway, it was too late because the men whose typewriters were flecked with Godoy's gore already were tapping out these words—"Joe Louis retained his world heavyweight championship tonight by..."

It was a strange mixture of wheat and chaff that the customers bought when they paid \$27.50 ringside. Five rounds of the fight were a dull wrestling match with Godoy bullying Louis into the ropes, going in and out of the ropes and hardly ever throwing a punch that traveled more than a foot.

But in the sixth round it began to be a fight. Arturo came out of his crouch and that was what Louis had been waiting for. Punches began to fly. Louis had opened a cut over Godoy's left eye in the first round and by the sixth enough blood had flowed out of it to make crimson splashes over both fighters.

In the seventh round, they came off the ropes, broken out of a clinch, and Louis took one step backward. He hooked a hard left to Godoy's head and the Chilean swayed. Then Louis cocked his right and it flashed through to the chin almost before the "crunch" of the left hook had died in the bedlam of the ringside. Godoy went down, sort of on his hands and knees, and the timekeeper's hammer thumped on the bloody canvas "one, two, three, four, five."

Godoy got up, but the clang of the bell ended the round. Old Jack Blackburn, the champion's trainer, his razor-scared face wearing a smile for the first time in the evening, wiped Godoy's blood off of Louis's

shoulders between rounds and whispered earnest, urgent advice into his right ear.

Bong! They went out for the eighth. A right and a left bounced off Godoy's head, but the Chilean came on. He hulled Louis into a neutral corner and threw a wild punch at him. Louis, as if measuring a yard of gingham in a general store, stepped off the ropes and flashed a right to the head. Godoy went down in a crazy spin, shook his head twice and came back to consciousness at the count of eight.

He got up on wobbly legs and charged again into battle.

By this time Godoy probably didn't know what he was doing. But his oaken heart commanded him to fight, so he threw a punch. Louis sidestepped it, took his measurement again and thumped a left hook to the head followed by a piledriver right. This time Godoy hit the canvas hard but by some miracle of bone, muscle and brain he got up and was wading in when Cavanaugh stopped the fight. That happened at one minute and 24 seconds of the eighth round, but time and space meant nothing to Godoy.

He rushed across the ring, shoved Louis's seconds aside and got ready to throw a right. But police poured into the ring and hustled him back to his own corner. A few moments later Godoy was himself and, his wrecked face swathed in a big towel, he went across and shook hands with Louis.

Let old Jack Blackburn tell the story in seven words spoken in the dressing room: "That Godoy gave Chappie his toughest fight."

## Out Our Way



GO THAT'S YOUR OLD OUTFIT, EH, SUGAR? THAT'S A MIGHTY OLD STYLE OF SADDLE—I GUESS IT'S A GOOD MANY YEARS SINCE YOU QUIT PLUNCHING CATTLE

YAS--LINA, BE SOME PEOPLE, I HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO QUIT WHILE I WAS STILL FAIRLY GOOD!

BUT YUH'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO ACCOMPLISH THAT ON THIS JOB!

THE GOOD END

## By J. R. Williams

## McLemore's Sport Parade

(United Press Staff Correspondent)

By Henry McLemore

New York, June 21 (UP)—"Boys," no pictures.

These were Bill Brown's words to the photographers after his first look at Arturo Godoy in the South American's dressing room after his knock-out by Joe Louis.

This three-word order by the ablest of New York's boxing commissioners tells almost the whole story of last night's fight for the world's heavyweight championship. Before he fell for the third and final time in the eighth round Godoy took a beating that few animals could have endured.

For 22 minutes and 21 seconds—until he pitched forward to land on the back of his neck, bloody, a leg lost, blind, and out of his senses—he was persecuted as mercilessly as a bull in an arena. So closely did the fight parallel a bull fight, with the big, helpless, clumsy but terribly brave Chilean serving as the bull, and the fast, sure, confident, and quick-striking Louis playing the role of matador, one would not have been surprised had Louis, at the kill, taken an ear of his foe and thrown it to the crowd.

Had Louis done this Godoy would not have known the difference, because the South American had been punched beyond reason at this point. All he had left at the finish was an inner spark of courage that somehow enabled him to wrest himself loose from the referee's arms and, on legs of rubber, totter toward the champion's corner to carry on the fight. Ten policemen were needed to pin his arms to his side and strong-arm him back to his corner.

As for Louis, last night's fight, which marked his 11th defense of his title, showed him at his very best as a fighter. Having fought Godoy 15 rounds in an earlier bout, Joe knew just what he had to do to win and he did it. For six rounds he boxed Godoy. In close, head to head, shoulder to shoulder. Short left hooks, quick, stabbing rights. Piston punches to the stomach. Sitting there at the ringside, close by the canvas, one could see the gradual disintegration of the powerful Godoy. A cut over one of his eyes, and the first two of three rounds he was strong enough to wrestle and hit, and about the ring. Then, as Joe kept hammering, he grew weaker, and the champion began to be the stronger of the two.

When Louis came back to his corner after the sixth round he told his trainer, Jack Blackburn:

"He's getting soft, now. I can feel him giving in."

So Blackburn told the brown boy to quit boxing when he went out for the seventh and start moving around and hitting.

"Take a few shots at him, Chappie," Blackburn said.

Joe got his first shot just before the end of the round. Godoy missed a wild right hand swing and Louis unloaded a right uppercut that blasted the Chilean out of his crouch and straightened him as completely as a soldier at attention. There he stood, a bewildered target. Bang, Bang, Bang. Louis pounded him with rights and lefts and Godoy slumped to his knees. The timekeeper had just started the count of six when Godoy staggered to his feet. Before Louis could hit him again the bell rang, ending the round.

Everybody knew the finish would come in the eighth and it did. Godoy tried to protect himself by crouching but Louis beat him upright and crushed him to the floor for a count of eight. When he got up, Joe poured rights and lefts into his face and he toppled forward. Even as he fell the referee ran to protect him and waved the champion into a neutral corner.

Five former holders of the title saw the fight—Tunney, Dempsey, Baer, Sharkey, and Braddock. I doubt very much if any one of them, on the best day he ever saw, could have handled the Louis of the night of June 20, 1940.

## PORTLAND LOSES TO PADRES, 1-0

### Hollywood, Los Angeles Win Games

(By United Press)

Bill Fleming turned San Francisco back with two hits last night to give Hollywood a 6-1 victory.

The win gave Hollywood a two to one series edge.

Los Angeles made it three in a row over Oakland, by an 11-6 count.

Ray Harrell, Portland's pitching importation from Pittsburgh, lost an 11-inning heartbreaker to Dick Newsome when San Diego won 1-0. Harrell gave the Padres seven hits and only in the 11th did he permit more than one an inning. In that frame George McDonald singled Hal Patchett home from second with two out. Newsome was touched for eight blows, two each in the first, fourth and sixth, but the Beavers could not count.

Seattle clubbed Sacramento 5-2 when Oscar Judd blew up in the fourth inning to permit all runs to score.

## Shevlin Beats Bend In Valley League

Lapine, June 21 (Special)—Shevlin opened the second half of the Deschutes valley league season here this week with a 9 to 6 victory over the Bend Babes. The Babes outhit the Loggers 11 to 8, but at the beginning of the contest Mogan, a Bend pitcher, was wild and the Loggers got off to a fine start by scoring eight runs on five hits, five walks, one hit batsman and two errors. Byers held the Loggers to one run and three hits in the final seven innings. Score:

	R	H	E
Shevlin	9	8	3
Babes	6	11	3

Batteries: Isaacson and Lester; Mogan, Byers and Blucher.

Standing of the Deschutes valley league teams at the end of the first half of the 1940 season follows:

	W	L	Pct.
Powell Butte	3	1	.750
Shamrocks	3	1	.750
Shevlin	1	1	.500
Babes	0	3	.000

## Three Bend Players Among Top Batters

Portland, June 21 (UP)—Buster McMillan of the Portland Babes led the Oregon state baseball league in hitting today with an average of .529—nine hits in 17 times at bat. Bill Carney of Eugene, with .462, and Al Wray of Medford, with .433, were second and third.

Other leading hitters and their averages: Calvert, Medford, .417; Crispin, Medford, .409; Fleishman, Hills Creek, .406; Graser, Bend, .385; Burton, Bend, .375; Dean, Eugene, .350; Cook, Medford, .346; Nehl, Bend, .346; Koch, Portland Babes, .333; Rego, Medford, .333; Pendergram, Jack and Jill of Portland, .333; McLean, Medford, .320.

This weekend's schedule: Jack and Jill at Medford Saturday night and Sunday; Albany to Eugene; Portland Babes to Silverton; Sunday double header; and Hills Creek to Bend, Sunday doubleheader.

Insulin, life-saver in diabetes, is being used in smaller doses to help undernourished, non-diabetic children to gain weight.

## Poor Dobbin, Mechanized Scooters Put-Put-Put For Poloists



A mechanic instead of a groom is required to take care of these polo "ponies" in the newest game to be introduced in Southern California. Polo players run their "mounts" on a regulation Santa Monica polo field, with four 10-minute periods of play. The "ponie" are capable of 45 miles-an-hour speed.

## ELKS HOLD FINAL PRACTICE TONIGHT

### Illness and Injuries Cut Into Bend Ranks

Elks of Bend, preparing for the doubleheader against Hills Creek Sunday afternoon on the local diamond, are to hold their final practice tonight, with Sunday's lineup to be picked following the evening workout. So far this week, illness and injuries have cut into Bend's practice lineup. Harlow Burton is still favoring his leg injury and was unable to practice this week. Also, John Bubalo has been ill since Sunday's game and unable to practice, and Jim Farmer has been favoring a back injury that kept him idle. However, Bob Douglas, who has been out of the Bend lineup for the past month because of illness, again reported for duty last night.

Bill Hatch and Murel Nehl, the battery that defeated Silverton two weeks ago, have been unable to report for practice because of work.

Jim Farmer, hard working Bend pitcher, now leads the Elks in batting. Manager Clyde Stokoe reported today. The most notable climb of Bend batters in the past few weeks were those of Harlow Burton and Andy Hurney, with both boys collecting plenty of hits in the Portland Babes game.

Hills Creek will come here Sunday loaded with heavy hitters, and prospects are that fans will see plenty of hot action in the two Sunday games.

Here are the Elks who have batting averages better than 300 per cent:

	A.B.	Hits	Ave.
Jim Farmer	15	6	.400
Harlow Burton	31	12	.387
Wally Graser	26	10	.385
Murel Nehl	26	9	.385
John Bubalo	12	3	.333
Andy Hurney	29	9	.310

## Voice of Central Oregon K B N D 1310 Kilocycles

TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS

5:15—Allen Roth  
5:30—Bulletin News  
5:45—Novatime  
5:50—Melodiers  
5:55—Concert Hall of the Air  
6:00—Hit Tunes  
6:15—Sweetheart Duet  
6:30—Hawaiians  
6:45—Hildegarde  
7:00—Pageant  
7:15—This Is Magic  
7:30—Tropical Moods  
7:45—WPA Program  
8:00—Shep Fields  
8:30—Sign Off

Saturday, June 22, 1940

7:00—Home Folks Frolic  
7:15—Musical Coffee Cup  
7:45—Morning Clock  
8:30—Bulletin News  
8:35—Symphony of Melody  
8:40—Master Singers  
9:00—Old Family Almanac  
9:15—On the Mall  
9:30—Ranch Boys  
9:35—Music by Curat  
10:00—Bill Winger Orchestra  
10:15—Organ Treasures  
10:20—Marimba Music  
10:30—Bulletin News  
10:35—Redmond Hour  
11:30—Rhythm Makers  
12:00—Man on the Street  
12:15—Hollywood Sidelights  
12:30—Sports News  
12:35—Sport Bookman  
12:50—Bulletin News  
12:55—Farmer's Hur  
1:15—Old Refrains  
1:30—Music Graphs  
2:00—Sweetheart Duet  
2:15—John Seagle  
2:30—Modern Symphonique  
3:07—Rhythm Makers  
3:30—Gene Austin  
3:45—Selinsky Strings  
4:03—Maffee Melodies  
4:30—Les Brown's Orchestra  
4:45—Hildegarde  
5:00—Gray Gordon  
5:25—Secety Notes  
5:30—Bulletin News  
5:45—Novatime  
5:50—Special  
5:55—Concert Hall of the Air  
6:00—Rainbow Trio  
6:15—Allen Roth

Sunday, June 23, 1940

8:00—Sunday Song Service  
8:30—Modern Symphonique  
9:00—Gospel Hour  
9:30—String Ensemble  
10:00—Vincent Lopez  
10:30—Melody Time  
11:00—First Baptist Church of Bend  
12:00—Harry Horlick Waltzes  
12:25—Camera Club  
12:30—Blue Barron  
1:00—Selinsky Strings  
1:15—Gene Austin  
1:30—Allan Roth  
2:00—Violin Solos  
2:15—Zam Gospel Singers  
2:30—Organ Classics  
3:00—Concert in Brass  
3:30—Music Graphs  
3:45—Frank Banta  
4:00—Rainbow Trio  
4:15—Pentecostal Mission  
4:45—Male Quartet  
5:00—Shep Fields  
5:30—Symphony  
6:00—George Hall  
6:20—Tropical Moods  
6:45—Old Refrains  
7:00—Quiet Hour  
7:30—Organ Reverie  
7:45—Novatimes  
8:00—Sign Off

## Anniversary of Golden Wedding Is Celebrated

Mr. and Mrs. John Heinrich Peters, of Brothers, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary recently at the home of their son in Portland. Seventy-five guests were present, and four generations of the family attended.

The couple have been residents of Central Oregon for 23 years, and during much of that time Peters has been a cattle rancher. Accompanying them to Portland were Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Howard, daughter and son-in-law, and grandchildren Erna and Reed Howard.

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**TO MEET BAER OR GALENTO**

New York, June 21 (UP)—Promoter Mike Jacobs announced today that Joe Louis's next opponent would be the winner of the Max Baer-Tony Galento fight on July 2. Louis's next title defense will be late in September.

**NOW** Is the Time to Laugh and Forget Your Troubles!

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IF YOU PEOPLE WILL PARDON US... ALLEY, COME INTO THIS ROOM... I'LL DISCUSS THIS MATTER PRIVATELY.

THUD

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HOWEVER, THE NOW VACANT POST OF WAR MINISTER WILL BE FILLED WHEN MY CANDIDATE FOR THAT OFFICE CAN BETTER SEE MY POINT OF VIEW!