

# Braddock, Fistic Has-Been, Decisions Baer for Heavyweight Title

## PLODDING PUNCHER GIVEN UNANIMOUS BALLOT BY JUDGES

Courageous and Steady Battling Wins Coveted Crown — Crowd Yells for Action — Baer Wastes Time

NEW YORK, June 14.—(AP)—Jimmy Braddock, newly crowned heavyweight champion, today agreed to defend his title for Madison Square Garden against Max Schmeling, former titleholder, in the summer of 1936, thus eliminating any chance of a championship fight in September.

NEW YORK, June 14.—(AP)—Paid attendance at the Baer-Braddock heavyweight championship match last night was 29,366, Madison Square Garden officials revealed today. The gross receipts totaled \$205,560.37. The net receipts of each fighter's share had not been figured out late this morning.

By ALAN GOULD Associated Press Sports Editor

NEW YORK, June 14.—(AP)—The man who couldn't win the 10-to-1 shot who didn't have a chance—20-year-old James J. Braddock—is the heavyweight champion of the world today in the most astounding upset since John L. Sullivan went down before the thrusters of Gentleman Jim Corbett back in the gay nineties. He couldn't win—but he whipped the curly haired "man killer," Max Baer, by a margin that was close but nevertheless convincing in 15 slow, plodding rounds before an amazed crowd of scarcely 30,000 cash customers last night in Madison Square Garden's half-empty bowl.

Tends to Business He didn't have a chance to cope with the bigger, stronger, hard hitting Californian, but he kept fighting, punching, piling up points by paying strict attention to the business of the evening. He earned the unanimous decision of Referee John McAvoy and the two judges, George Kelly and Charley Lynch.

Braddock was just another fistic "has been" only a year ago, getting up off the floor in a preliminary to the Baer-Carners slugfest. That fight started a comeback which led straight to the end of the rainbow, with its championship glory and the pot of gold that means no more visits to the relief agency by the Braddock family.

Baer was unable to dispel the jinx that has pursued every champion to stake his title in the sprawling Long Island city arena, including Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey and Primo Carners.

Braddock won, not by any spectacular method or margin, but because he stuck everlastingly to his guns, standing his ground in every exchange at close range and using every resource at his command to the best advantage.

Proves Courage He proved not only that he was courageous, willing and a steady puncher but that consistency has its own reward.

Baer lost, despite a gallant finish, because he started too slowly, slugged too much and found too late that he could not put over anything resembling a finishing blow against an opponent who gave him few openings and yielded no unnecessary ground.

The Californian fought a bad fight, but Braddock made him look bad. Max hurt both hands, he said, before the fifth round, but he didn't do it because of using them too often.

Discourteous but generous in praising his conqueror, Baer said he was "through" with the ring, but no one took him seriously.

Before he crumpled, scowling for the 15th and final round, knowing that his crown was slipping from him, Baer summoned a characteristic grin and whippersnapper in Braddock: "Good luck to you, kid, if you win the championship."

No Knockdowns. The posture was a crowning touch to a fight that added a strange and surprising chapter to heavyweight annals. There were no knockdowns, nor did either fighter exhibit a punch calculated to bring about a sudden turn of events.

The crowd, though strongly partisan in the challenger's favor because he was so much the underdog, frequently booed and yelled for action.

For round after round, the on-lookers seemed to be waiting for the moment when Baer would open up, launch a characteristically savage attack and cut the plodding challenger down. Grimacing and vomiting, the champion himself seemed to be coasting, if not actually pulling his punches at close quarters and biding his time for the opening and the "kill."

Baer let five rounds slip past before he landed anything like a solid, jarring punch. He was so far behind after a dozen rounds that not even his most desperate efforts could turn the tide.

Baer brought gales of laughter from the crowd with his antics, but also damaged his chances by tactics which violated the rules and resulted in penalties.

Baer Hitting Low. When Braddock missed a punch in the eighth round, Baer feigned attack and cut the grinning challenger down. Grimacing and vomiting, the champion himself seemed to be coasting, if not actually pulling his punches at close quarters and biding his time for the opening and the "kill."

## New Champion Hailed



JIMMY BRADDOCK

punching him in close quarters, crowding the challenger more and looking for the main target. The champion had taken the two previous rounds. He had blood trickling from Braddock's nose, which had been cut in the sixth. Baer was on top of Braddock near the latter's corner when he let fly a low punch, just before the bell.

The crowd jeered vociferously and Joe Gould, Jimmy's manager, ran half way across the ring to yell a warning at Baer. A policeman leaped in to help restore order but it wasn't necessary. The referee took the round away from Baer, and the champion's chances were behind him.

Max Finishes Strong. Braddock took everything Baer could muster in the last three rounds. The challenger not only countered briskly to the head and body in every exchange, but tried hard for a knockout himself. Once he grazed Baer's chin with a looping right hand that had dynamite in it. Max finished strong, with a shade the better of the last two rounds, but he was too far behind on points to make up for lost ground.

On the Associated Press sheet each man was credited with seven rounds, with one even, but Braddock's margin was more pronounced in the rounds he won.

At no stage did Baer resemble the "killer" who knocked out Max Schmeling two years ago and who smashed Primo Carners to defeat in the same battle pit last year.

Clothing Costly. Regardless of how much he was handicapped by damaged hands Baer undoubtedly paid the penalty for under-estimating his challenger beforehand and wasting too much time during the fight in gesturing or clowning. He waved at ringsters, thumbed his nose at jeering spectators, but neglected to pay enough punching attention to his challenger.

Other results on the card: Eddie Hogan, 217, Waterbury, Conn., outpointed Jack McCarthy, 191½, Boston (6); Steve Dudas, 183½, Passaic, N. J., outpointed Terry Mitchell, 186½, Boston (6); Tony Cisento, 231½, Jersey City, knocked out Anthony (Young Pimp) Ashraf, 219½, Philadelphia (1); Don Petrin, Newark, N. J., outpointed Paul Pross, New York (6).

Besides losing the third and deciding fall, Tony Catalano of Italy took a back seat in the main event of the wrestling program last night at the Armory, when Referee Ray Friebe ended a wild fistic fracas with such a solid punch to the Masked Marvel's jaw that although he was winner of the match, the mysterious man was the only one who had to be carried out of the arena.

Trouble started when the man-mustard came back for the third fall after dividing the first two tumblers via flats and feet. Taking a sudden dislike for the third man in the ring, Masked Marvel laid a healthy blow to Friebe's chops. The fireman refused to stand for maltreatment and cuffed the mystery man back on the side of the head. Then used a flying mare and a healthy body slam to prove he was master of the situation.

After Masked Marvel centered his tactical activities on his opponent long enough to win the deciding fall in six minutes with a press, Referee Friebe continued the fireworks by kicking the hooded one out through the ropes. The mysterious man climbed back into the ring and started strenuous objections, and threatened with the fans rallying round and one or two up in the ring. Friebe wound up and posted the Marvel across the mat with a sweat that had him flat on the canvas. Afterwards, the referee said the punch nearly broke his hand.

## HEAVY FIRING ON SCHEDULE TODAY IN STATE SHOOT

Championship in A. B. C. and D. Classifications at Stake — McNelly Trophy Preliminary Also Slated

Most of the celebrated trap sportsmen of the west were scheduled to compete in today's program of events at the Medford Gun club. The principal event was the championship contest for the A. B. C. and D. classifications, and advance registrations indicated that the spectators would be treated to some remarkably accurate shattering of clay pigeons.

The preliminary doubles event for the F. C. McNelly trophy was also on today's schedule, and sandwiched between these two numbers were the matches for the "rookies"—those having an average of 95 per cent or better—and for the "lamb"—those having an average under 95 per cent.

Handicap Saturday. The championship contests will be continued tomorrow and Sunday, with the Medford handicap scheduled for tomorrow.

Among the top-notch shooters competing today were J. C. Gray of Nampa, Ida., who won the Idaho state championship in Boise two weeks ago; Joe Cotant of Postville, Ida., who won the state handicap championship; and V. M. Benson, also of Postville.

Other scatter-gun stars contesting for honors today were George E. Young of Buckley, Wash., who holds the singles crown for his state; Dr. B. J. West of Seattle and H. W. Carpenter of Pullman, Wash.

Centro Contestant. Ted Renzo of Dell, Mont., one of the greatest shooters in the world, was also among the contestants on the Medford field. Mr. Renzo holds numerous trophies as evidence of his skill. He won the world's live bird championship in Monte Carlo in 1931.

Other luminaries who were out to shoot their way to additional fame included Frank M. Trow of Portland, present state title holder, who has won the national live bird championship five times; Henry Rosenberg, Jr., 10-year-old star from Gardnersville, Nev., who won the national sub-junior crown when he was 14; Harry Spicer, Portland veteran, and O. N. Ford of Del Monte, Cal., who has captured all kinds of trophies and titles during his 34 years of trapshooting.

Henkle Sleet King. M. G. Henkle of Portland today held the distinction of being the first trapshooter to win the Oregon state skeet championship. The title was up for contest for the first time this year, and Mr. Henkle won the crown in yesterday's skeet event by shattering 47 out of the 50 targets offered him.

J. F. Moore of this city was runner-up with a score of 46, cracking 28 straight birds on the second round. Thomas D. Wyatt of Redding, Cal., was third high in the skeet event with a score of 45. He was the highest scorer among the contestants from outside states.

Additional entrants were expected today and tomorrow, and by Sunday the field will reach its climax with more than 200 gunners booming away at the winging targets.

DANCE At Bonney's Grill, Saturday night.

## Trapshooters Dine and Name Officers Tomorrow Evening

Numerous matters of policy will come before the annual meeting of the Oregon State Trapshooting Association at Hotel Medford tomorrow evening. It was announced today by T. E. Daniels, president.

The election of officers for the ensuing year will be held, the place for next year's state tournament will be selected and important policies will be adopted. Mr. Daniels said in urging all members to attend the meeting. The business session will be held at eight o'clock, to be preceded by a dinner.

## HOW THEY STAND

By the Associated Press Coast

W. L. Pct.	W. L. Pct.
Los Angeles 46 23 667	Oakland 41 26 612
San Francisco 37 30 552	Hollywood 35 32 552
Seattle 29 37 439	Portland 28 38 424
Sacramento 28 41 406	Mission 25 42 373

W. L. Pct.	W. L. Pct.
New York 29 13 711	St. Louis 29 19 594
Pittsburgh 31 21 596	Brooklyn 24 22 522
Chicago 24 22 522	Cincinnati 19 29 396
Philadelphia 16 29 356	Boston 12 32 273

W. L. Pct.	W. L. Pct.
New York 32 19 711	Chicago 27 19 587
Detroit 26 22 542	Cleveland 25 22 532
Boston 25 24 510	Washington 22 27 440
Philadelphia 20 26 435	St. Louis 14 32 304

## Skeet Results

Complete scores for the Oregon state skeet championship, competed for yesterday, follows:

M. G. Henkle, Portland	47
J. F. Moore, Medford	46
Thos. D. Wyatt, Redding, Cal.	45
E. E. Troch, Portland	44
H. D. Olson, Redding, Cal.	44
C. T. Helfield, Portland	43
Jas. B. Troch, Eugene	43
Sam Coleman, Jacksonville	42
P. D. Gruell, Los Angeles	41
C. G. Hillbrand, Independence	41
Ernest Carsten, Sr., Camino, Cal.	41
H. W. Carpenter, Pullman, Wash.	41
H. Barr Carlisle, Salt Lake U.	41
R. J. Pierson, Salt Lake U.	40
George L. Jantzer, Medford	40
Ward W. Wells, Portland	39
Ron DeVore, Medford	39
M. H. Cummings, Corvallis	39
Sam Jennings, Medford	39
Glenn Bradley, Pendleton	38
W. R. Wilson, Portland	37
Ernest Carsten, Jr., Camino, Cal.	36
H. P. Brown, Placerville, Cal.	36
H. L. Claycomb, Ashland	35
C. G. Robertson, Salem	35
W. J. Miller, Corvallis	31
Clair Miller, Corvallis	31
Louis Lang, Portland	30
W. T. Peters, Portland	29

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## ROGUES TO FACE LEAGUE LEADERS HERE ON SUNDAY

Hoffard's Crew Hopeful of Giving Klamath Invaders Surprise — Grants Pass Travels to Ashland Park

Southern Oregon League. W. L. Pct. Klamath Falls 4 2 567 Grants Pass 4 2 567 Ashland 2 4 333 Medford 2 4 333

Games Sunday. Grants Pass at Ashland. Klamath Falls at Medford.

For the second straight Sunday Ashland and Medford, supposedly the weak sides of the Southern Oregon league, will get cracks at the two league leaders, Grants Pass and Klamath Falls, and if they come through like they did last week, the race that started out to be strictly a two-team affair will turn into a ding-dong battle with every club in the running.

Last Sunday, Ashland surprised Grants Pass 7-4, and Medford upset the Klamath Falls Red Sox 8-4. In the league schedule, and this week the two cellar occupants will have the added advantage over the leaders of playing on their home fields.

At Ashland, Manager Cliff McLean will take over the mound duties for the Lithians, attempting to beat the Merchants for the second straight time.

Manager Paul Hoffard of the Medford Rogues pulled the big surprise of the year last Sunday by pitching the entire game to win from the powerful Red Sox, and will work on the mound again Sunday if he is unable to procure a good pitcher. Bouchard will catch. Clyde Carlstrom, right-hander with the huge curve ball, will do the throwing for Klamath Falls, with Charles Booth back of the plate.

The Rogues are expected the largest crowd of the year to turn out for the game at the county fairgrounds at 2:30 o'clock.

At present, Klamath Falls and Grants Pass hold a two-game lead over Ashland and Medford, but if the latter two are able to win their games Sunday, the margin will be cut to one game—within striking distance of the top. However, if the two cellarites lose, the gap will be

## YOUNG SHOOTERS REAL PALS AFTER HOT COMPETITION

Glenn Bradley and Clair Miller were good pals today, like the true sportsmen they proved themselves to be in yesterday's junior skeet championship contest at the Medford Gun club. They talked of other tournaments to come when they would again line up for the state title, and every once in a while they proved how really boyish they are by cajoling their date into buying them ice cream sodas at the club's refreshment stand.

Glenn was wearing his figurative skeet crown at rakish angle, while Clair explained how he is going to snatch it from him at next year's meet. The champion retained the title by cracking 38 out of 39 targets yesterday, the challenger being seven targets behind with a score of 31.

"It's all in fun," commented Clair Miller. "Sure it is," agreed the champion. "It's not the titles or the trophies that count; it's the fun."

Glenn won a handsome reel and rod for retaining the crown and also captured a prize for high gun in both rounds of the shoot. In a special event to determine the state junior champion for 20-gauge guns, Glenn won a cup donated by his father, while Clair, as runner-up, received a prize posted by the Medford Gun club.

Clair is 12 years old. He is the son of W. J. Miller of Corvallis. Glenn is 14 years old, the son of George Bradley of Pendleton. The Bradleys are former residents of Central Point. They are a great pair, those two youngsters, and now, having competed under sportsman's rules, they are great pals.

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