

Herald's Special Fight Service

HERALD SPORTING PAGE

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JACK DEMPSEY'S CAREER— HOW PEACH PICKER RODE ON B OX CARS TO CHAMPIONSHIP

This story of Jack Dempsey's career has been written for the Herald by Hal Cochran on information much of which was furnished by Dempsey himself. The rest was obtained from Dempsey's close acquaintances and official records.

BY HAL COCHRAN CHAPTER I

This might be the story of a champion peach picker, the history of a miner, or the tale of a hobo.

But it just naturally leads into the rise to flistic fame of one William Harrison Dempsey.

About 19 years after Hiram Dempsey, erstwhile school teacher of Logan, W. Va., moved to San Luis Valley of Colorado, the stork paid a visit to the little Dempsey ranch, between Antonito and Manassa. Then it was—June 24, 1895—that William Harrison first saw the light of day.

In the early years of his life William got bits of schooling here and there, and plenty of outdoors and fresh air. It was the latter that played a big part in his growing into the husky of the family.

Handy With Mitts

When the Dempsey tribe moved to Montrose, on the western slope of Colorado, dad and mother Dempsey had six boys. They were all handy with their mitts, sometimes at milking, sometimes at peach picking, but most of the time in an athletic way.

If there was a baseball game, a football mixup, a wrestling affair or a boxing go in the neighborhood, it was a safe bet that the six Dempseys would be on deck. William and Bernard, an older brother, usually came out on top.

Bernard leaned strongly to flistic encounters and finally dropped his own first name, prefixed that of the once famous Jack Dempsey, "Nonpareil," and stepped out into the surrounding country to take on other fighters.

Bernard Fizzles Out

William watched Bernard in a lot of his battles, and he saw his older brother fizzle out as a prizefighter.

In the meantime there was alfalfa to be cut, freestones to be picked, and cattle to be cared for on the Dempsey ranch. William was long on the peach end of it, but managed to slip away for an occasional fight with some kid in the town of Montrose.

He finally grew into the town champ. He had licked every one of the village scrappers except one. And this one and William were buddies this one and William were buddies this one and William were buddies.

Success finally prompted William to grab off the title of "Jack," which he dropped by his brother, and his fourth dropped by another battler in other towns. Jack had no money, so he took a "private car" to Delta, Colo.

Jack Bums On a Freight

"It was soft pickin'" as Jack now recalls it. "I simply hopped into an empty freight car when nobody was looking."

This ride, as after events will show, was the first of many that went to make up the hobo, catch-as-catch-can adventure, portion of Dempsey's rough and tumble career.

Delta held Jack's interest for but a short time. He battled in a few bouts, picked up some odd change, and finally headed for Lakeview, Utah, where his family had moved in the meantime.

Jack had had visions of a real money bout, for some time. He soon climbed another freight and landed in Montrose. In short notice a go was arranged—his first real coin encounter.

(The next story finds Dempsey a matchmaker, promoter and principal in the first match he got any coin out of).

Cabinet Has Many Marine Namesakes

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 31.—Secretary of the Navy Edwin Denby was at one time a member of the United States Marine Corps. Now he is one of the foremost members of President Harding's cabinet, as everyone knows.

But does everyone know this: On the muster roll of the Marine Corps today there are thirty-six men bearing the name of "Davis," fourteen bearing the name "Wallace," six eleven whose name is "Hughes," six



SKETCH MADE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF JACK DEMPSEY'S FIGHTING FACE. AT RIGHT ARE PICTURES OF THE CHAMPION'S PARENTS, MR. AND MRS. HIRAM DEMPSEY.

Jewels Win From Plumbobs : : Victors Over Dorris Tossers : :

The City League winners of the initial contests staged Sunday, April 22, met last Sunday to settle the question of supremacy on the diamond and victory crowned the efforts of the Jewels the game ending with a score of 7 to 3, the Plumbobs holding down the small end of the score.

The Plumbobs used three pitchers, Bostwick, McCollum and Cook but all their efforts were unavailing to stem the Jewel warriors. Foster pitched a steady game for the Jewels and received good support throughout the contest.

The first out of town team to fall before the prowess of the two time winners in the City league, The Jewels, was the nine from Dorris who crossed bats yesterday at Modoc Park with the locals.

After the clouds rolled off the field the Dorris team saw, chalked upon the score board, 10 runs against them while their share was limited to a scanty 3. Whistler and Montgomery were at the pitching and receiving ends for the Jewels while the mound work for Dorris was delivered by Bergesen, succeeded by Adams, and the receiving by Steiger.

Sunday's Game Summary

Table with columns AB, H, R, E for Jewels and Plumbobs players.

Table with columns AB, H, R, E for Plumbobs players.

Batteries—Jewels, Foster, Noel. Plumbobs—Bostwick, McCollum, Cook and Callaghan. Two-base hits—Nolan, Crawford, Bressler, Foster, McGee, Noel 2, Moody, Southwell. Struck out by Foster 8, by Bostwick 1, McCollum 1, Cook 1. Double play—Ramsby to Bristow. Hit by pitcher—Noel by McCollum. Left on bases—Jewels 6, Plumbobs 10. Earned runs—Jewels 3, Plumbobs 3. Time of game—2:10. Umpires—Montgomery and Parrish.

Monday's Game

Table with columns AB, R, H, E for Jewels and Dorris players.

Table with columns AB, R, H, E for Dorris players.

Batteries—Jewels—Whistler and Montgomery. Dorris—Bergesen, Adams, Grub, Steiger, Callaghan. Three base-hits—Ramsby, Southwell. Two Base hits—Bristow, Southwell, Struckout by Whistler, 2; Adams, 1; Grub, 4. Double plays—Bristow to Moody, Ramsby to Moody, Foster to Ramsby to Moody. Hit by pitched ball—Stanlake, Noel. Earned runs—Jewels, 5; Dorris, 1. Umpires—Montgomery and Sullivan. Time of game—2:30.

CARPENTIER'S CAREER—HOW PIT BOY IN MINE ROSE TO FAME WITH HIS FISTS

JOSH WISE ON THE BIG FIGHT

BY JACK RAPER



A WORD FROM JOSH WISE: Jack Johnson says he is trainin' hard every day. But I guess he ain't doin' any road work.

Descamps announces that Carpentier will spend only two hours a day in training. That's a little better than Jess Willard did. Jess used to work up a sweat by rocking himself in a chair on the front porch, and built up his wind by riding in an automobile.

The Frenchman spent part of his first day in camp reading a scrapbook. Prizefighters are especially fond of scrap books.

Fight experts believe Carpentier will play the hit and run game. Most of the fellows who have faced Dempsey have played the get hit and drop game.

Carpentier speaks only a few English words. But he understands money when it talks.

The sport eds say Dempsey is as brown as a nut. The world is full of nuts. What kind do they mean?

The dentist lives from hand to mouth, the prizefighter from hand to jaw.

Dempsey is doing a lot of rope work in his training. The men most famous in this country for their rope work are Houdini and Judge Lynch.

A champion never has a long losing streak. He loses once and that's the end of him.

Governor Edwards wrote to the ministers of Camden, N. J., that this is not to be a prize fight, but "a legalized, scientific exhibition of boxing." If the governor is telling the truth nobody will pay to look at it.

Dempsey is being besieged by men who want his autograph. Most of the prizefighters we have known could reduce a pound by writing their names once.

Only 500 persons were on hand to greet Carpentier when he landed. How do you account for the lack of interest? Why, more than that many greeted Pershing!

"Hoovers," two by the name of "Weeks," one "Fall," one "Daughter," one "Hayes" and one "Mellon." Not to mention a "Harding," whose home is in Washington, D. C.

Weight for weight platinum is worth nearly four times as much as gold.



GEORGES CARPENTIER'S FIGHTING FACE. AT RIGHT ARE FRANCOIS DESCAMPS, HIS MANAGER, AND MME. VANHILLEBROUQ, DESCAMP'S MOTHER-IN-LAW, WHO HAS KEPT AN EYE ON GEORGES SINCE HE WAS A SMALL BOY.

Georges Carpentier has come to the United States from France to fight Jack Dempsey for the heavy-weight title less known than any fighter who ever went into a world championship fight. Hal Cochran, in this story of Carpentier's life, written for the Herald, tells of the struggles of the one-time mine pit boy in rising to the light-heavy-weight championship of the world.

BY HAL COCHRAN CHAPTER I

Fifteen years ago Georges Carpentier, at the age of 12, was pit boy in a coal mine in Lens, France. That little obscure mining town had been the scene of his childhood play days and of his early schooling.

He was born of poor parents and as soon as he was old enough, joined his father, a miner, in daily trips to the insides of the earth. The youth's weekly earnings went to help keep the wolf from the Carpentier door.

In those days Georges was a timid-appearing, fair-haired youth, with an appearance far from that of a lad who would indulge in anything that required muscle and brawls. He was

generally looked upon as a fire-side mother's boy.

Working in darkness all day long, away from sunshine and open air, didn't appeal to Georges. He wanted to do something else. With that thought ever on his mind, he occasionally went, after working hours, to a boxing school that had been opened in the town by a Prof. Francois Descamps.

Like many other youngsters, Georges just hung around and watched fighters work. Finally he became well known as one of the youngsters in the town, and was now and then allowed to slip on a pair of gloves himself and mix in the sparring and battling.

One night he gave a much bigger fellow a good drubbing. Descamps witnessed the bout and was much impressed with the fair-haired kid's showing. Georges was encouraged to come to the school more regularly. Eventually the professor had a hunch there was something that goes to make real battlers in the kid—at least a lot of nerve.

Descamps took the matter up with Carpentier's parents. He wanted to

take their son under his wing and train him. At first there was much objection, but Descamps' persistency won out and Georges left his pit-boy task for all time.

From then on the youngster was at the gym almost day and night. Rough edges were trained off of him and he was stacked up against the best fighters in Descamps' lot in short notice, Mme Vanhillebroucq, Descamps' mother-in-law, took an interest in the boy from the start.

Outside battles, with a money angle to them, however, were few and far between. And money talked mighty loud with Descamps and his youthful pupil.

Hence they went on little tours and Carpentier staged exhibition bouts in cafes at night. Let Georges tell you about it himself:

"First we staged a fight; then followed with an acrobatic turn. As a grand finale I allowed myself to be sent into a trance by Descamps and did 'thought reading.'"

"Twas Bunk, But— And then Carpentier smiles and says: "L' hypnotisme? C'est la blague!"

Which, in plain English, means—hypnotism? Bunkum!

But bunkum, or no bunkum, the money rolled in and this, to say the least, was pleasing to master and pupil.

Finally Carpentier's first real bout came with Bourgeois the latter part of 1907. Georges trimmed him in 4 rounds and followed shortly with another 4-round win over Wetinek.

Carpentier was battling as a fly-weight, being just in his 13th year and still far from developed. His third bout saw him get a drubbing from Masoir, a much-touted battler, in 4 rounds.

This beating, however, didn't faze Georges. He had picked up some pointers, and that's what the youth was after.

The year 1908 took him into the ring with men who had gained real reputations.

(The next story carries Carpentier through his first knockout and one of the longest battles he has ever had.)