

Herald's Special
Fight Service

HERALD SPORTING PAGE

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FOOD HELPS CARP TRAIN UP—NOT DOWN



BY ALICE ROHE

MANSASSET, L. I., June 14.—Around the clock with Georges Carpentier!

It's a mystery. That is, it is supposed to be.

The network of barbed wire entanglement behind which he lives makes it so.

Food is helping Georges to train up—not down.

Now that everybody is talking about the secrecy in which the European heavyweight champion is shrouded and the mysterious aloofness of Georges in training is causing much comment, a trip around the clock with Carpentier is a privilege.

His Hardest Job

About the hardest work Georges does in the fastness of his 40-acre farm retreat—is trying to be let alone.

If you are a real early riser you may see Georges, wearing a flannel shirt, ordinary trousers, sneakers, emerge from the farm house at half past six in the morning. And listen—he has just partaken of a cup of tea! Just plain tea—nothing brewed with incantations or other things.

Morning Stroll

He is accompanied by Gus Wilson his trainer, and by Flip, his dog mascot.

Fortified by the tea Georges plunges into his road work. For an hour he walks briskly along the Long Island road sometimes dipping into the woods belonging to the estates of neighboring property owners.

Sometimes he carries a ball or a rope and plays with Flip, or jumps rope.

Upon returning to the farm house he is given a light rubdown or friction rub, after a shower.

Then he breakfasts. It consists of coffee and oatmeal, and sometimes toast.

Lounges Around

Breakfast finished Carpentier shaves and dresses. Then he reads, writes letters, plays the piano—does anything he chooses until noon.

At 12 o'clock—not one minute before or after—he sits down to the midday meal with the members of his training staff. This meal consists of vegetable soup or bouillon, meat, several green vegetables, stewed fruit or occasionally apple pie, caramel pudding or ice cream.

The meats are generally roasted.

After lunch the mysterious actions of the great Carpentier, which are baffling the curious consist of—taking a rest.

He doesn't sleep—merely lies down for an hour or so. Then he goes to the gymnasium for an hour.

More Lounging

After this comes a shower and the real massage, the special, scientific, mysterious and secret. Then Georges is free to "loaf" until dinner time.

He reads, writes, plays checkers or goes marketing in the car which has been loaned him by admiring Mansassetites, with Gus and Chef Marcot.

Dinner and Sleep

At seven precise he has dinner, once more, en famille.

The meal is the same as that at noon except if a dark meat is eaten at lunch a light one is served at night.

After dinner Carpentier frequently takes another stroll.

At 9:15 he is in bed—where—he says, he sleeps like a log until 6:30 in the morning.

Then the "mystery" of his life begins all over again.

Defeated But
Not Vanquished

Could you make them talk? It may be a fair question to ask the Herald's readers but the sport reporter can conceive of no other situation which will fit the position he found himself in when he made inquiry about the Weed flacco to the members of the local team Sunday night and Monday forenoon.

The "third degree" defiant attitude was maintained all day long until—a garrulous fan appeared on the scene and he said, "Hoss is hoss, cows is cows and pigs are pigs." The whole story came out—and there was no reason on the local's part to be so reluctant about chattering a little. The locals "died with their boots on"—need anything else be said? (If they had taken them off, we never would have forgiven them!)

The potent reasons for the loss of the game to Weed lay to many reasons, one of which was that the locals played for the first time upon a real honest-to-goodness diamond, (the fastest field on the coast) and one that Weed should be proud of. According to the versions told, the inner field was like a billiard table, smooth and hard rolled, while the outfield was a dream for a fielder. When a batted ball hit the inner diamond—it went, and went with a vim. Quickness of eye was necessary to field the pill and catch the runner, anyway the diamond was the real article. The next weakness developed when players failed to show for duty, closely followed by the fact that six hard hours of riding over roads that Billy Sunday could put sinners into Fords and then shake. (whoa!) well, who could play ball with your kidneys in the place where your brains belonged? And who your brains belonged? "Blackie" McDonald, master of smoke signals and Voodooism, would have been a mere nonentity to that jink! Going on a little further, who had the nerve to flash "ivory" down there during the game? (Not African golf or pool balls—if it had been the first, only the police would have saved Weed from bankruptcy.)

The boys went into that game handicapped and knowing well they were, like good sports, played a sportsman's game and took defeat like real American boys. Klamath Falls boys, game to the core.

The famous Anthony was no terror to the fellows for eight hits were collected off his delivery. Clark picked a two bagger, Callaghan a triple and Gay, a complete circuit, so the "almighty" was not such a world beater after all. But it was that first inning when eight Weed men each collected a bingle and chalked up eight runs—that was the blow that killed father. Just what ailed Cook has not been found out—somebody let his goat get loose up here in Klamath and—oblivion. Sharkey Hutchins then took the mound and tried desperately hard to retrieve the fallen fortune of his teammate, but to no avail. The Weed team were "run crazy" and hobbling would have been the only means to prevent their making the circuit. (They were regular village cutups in their own hometown!)

Nuf sed, Weed won and that bunch of Weed players were good winners, white to the core and a bunch of all around good fellows. (Even if they did win the game.) When Umpire Pool made a rank decision in favor of Weed, Captain Cramer of the Weed team, was the first man over to apologize and state that Klamath Falls could select another umpire. On another "phony," the same thing happened and the balance of the Weed team did not approve of the decisions, and told the local boys at the time—but who could outtalk an umpire? He honestly tried to be fair, but he forgot his specs, that's all.

The Weed organization are a fast playing, well trained bunch, on their toes all the time and Captain Cramer, an all around man. He stood out from all the rest. For the locals, want it to be on the winner-take-all basis. It wouldn't be money that I'd be fighting for. That's good. Then he wouldn't be disappointed when he got none.

"Dempsey beat me with a lucky punch." We didn't see the fight, but friends of ours who were there didn't say anything about "one" punch. They talked in the thousands.

"I honestly believe," Jess adds, "that I could lick both the same evening." If he ever tries it, it would be better to take on the Frenchman first. You know why, gents.

Dempsey Trains With Wrestler



Besides having light and heavyweight fighters as sparring partners, Jack Dempsey has taken on "Bull" Montana, the famous wrestler and strong man of the movies. The two are shown in action in Dempsey's ring at Atlantic City.

Gay, the latest acquisition to the team, played a star game, while Callaghan, Clark and Noel were the star batsmen. Touli, Kaer, Crawford and Anthony stood out as batters for the Weed bunch.

For the benefit of the fans the "slaughter" is summarized:

Klamath Falls	AB.	R.	H.	P.	O.	E.	A.
Gay, 2b.	4	1	1	5	0	4	
Noel, c.	4	1	2	1	0	2	
Crawford, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0	
Clark, lf.	4	2	2	2	1	0	
Callaghan, lf.	2	0	1	3	1	1	
McGee, lb.	4	0	1	5	0	0	
Postor, H. 3b.	3	0	0	1	0	1	
Ramsby, ss.	4	0	0	0	0	3	
Cook, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Hutchins, p.	2	0	1	7	0	0	
Totals	33	4	8	24	5	9	

Weed	AB.	R.	H.	P.	O.	E.	A.
Cicoria, cf.	4	2	1	1	0	0	
Kaer, 3b.	5	1	2	0	0	1	
Cramer, 2b.	3	1	2	3	1	6	
Touli, ss.	5	3	2	1	0	2	
De Pall, c.	5	1	1	1	0	2	
Crawford, rf.	4	3	3	0	0	0	
White, lf.	5	1	1	0	0	0	
Powell, lb.	5	2	2	12	0	1	
Anthony, p.	5	1	3	9	0	2	
Totals	41	15	18	27	1	15	

Batteries — Klamath Falls: Cook, Hutchins and Noel.
Weed: Anthony and D. E. Pauli.
Home runs—Gay Kaer.
Three base hits—Callaghan, Touli.
Two base hits—Clark, Kaer, Touli.
Crawford (Weed).
Base on balls—Cook, 1; Hutchins, 2; Anthony, 2.
Double plays—Kaer to Crawford to Powell; Callaghan to Gay; Gay to McGee.
Umpire—Earl Poole.
Score

R. H. M.
Klamath Falls—
2 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 4 3 5
Weed—
5 1 1 3 2 0 0 0 x 15 18 1

Club Standing.

W. L. Pct.
Jewels 3 0 1000
Plumbobs 2 1 .666
Ewauna 1 2 .333
Cepco 0 3 .000

Carpentier works one day and rests the next day. Dempsey's sparring partners work one day and rest the next week.

"Let George Do It!"

WATCH REPAIRING

—A—

SPECIALTY

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JOSH WISE ON
THE BIG FIGHT

A word from

Josh Wise:

The heavyweights will be in the ring July 2, but the reserved seats will be filled with swelterweights.

Champion Jack, says Johnny Kilbane, is the type of fighter who always keeps himself set. Trying to hatch something?

Mike Gibbons says he will challenge Carpentier if the later wins. You'd better do it quick, Mike. We, too, intend to challenge him.

More than half a million dollars has already been taken in. At the Willard-Dempsey fight about 20,000 men were taken in.

There is nothing bull-like about Carpentier's neck, announces an eastern physical culture expert. This is the first time we've heard "bull" mentioned in connection with this fight, though several writers have commented on the size of the Frenchman's calves.

Some of Dempsey's sparring partners wear a football headgear. In time those fellows will be wearing

Milton Wins 500-Mile Classic



Tommy Milton, winner of many auto races, drove an American car to victory in the 500-mile international automobile classic at Indianapolis, Memorial Day. He is shown here with his mechanic, Harry Franck, surrounded by his admirers after the finish.

suits of mail with steel helmets and visors.

One of Carpentier's favorite blows has been named "the flying fish hook" by the sport eds. Now we know why so many of them call him Carp.

Let us consider a moment Jess

Willard, the champion of Kansas potato farmers.

"If I was going to fight Carpentier," says Jess, "I wouldn't train at all." That was the system Jess tried at Toledo.

"If I was going to be Dempsey's opponent I'd want to be in condition. At Toledo he wasn't in condition either before or after the fight.

"If I do fight Dempsey again I'd