

Herald's Special Fight Service

HERALD SPORTING PAGE

JOHNNY KILBANE, MAX BALTHEAR, HAL COCHRAN, ALICE ROBE, BERTON BRALLEY and many other feature writers

"HOW CAN WE REDUCE?" WOMEN ASK CARPENTIER; HERE'S HOW



By ALICE ROBE
MANHASSET, L. I. June 22.—There is no use denying that a lot of feminine interest is centering about the Carpentier training quarters.

But though mysteries and secrets seem to be the order of the day—here is where one little secret is going to be turned right side out to the public gaze.

The fact that female forms may be seen prowling about the cow pasture's distant fences trying to get near Georges' training gyms doesn't mean that American womanhood has deteriorated or become coarsened by a too masculine interest in the sport of sports.

Not a bit of it. If you notice the outlines of the ladies who are trying to rush the barbed wire entanglements and scale the high fence, you'll observe that not one of them is suffering from emaciation.

"Cooks, calories, calisthenics, Carpentier!" That is the slogan of the female fat fighters who are trying to find out how Georges preserves his "perfect figger."

If only Carpentier would let them see him train all this awful torture

Georges Carpentier, in two positions showing the strenuous work he goes through in stomach-strengthening exercises. As an answer to the oft-repeated inquiries from plump women as to how he keeps "his figger" Georges points to these pictures.

of rolling on floors, morning and night, whirling ones arms around like pinwheels till one becomes dizzy, going through all those boxing movements might be simplified until life were worth living.

Magic Diet The secret preparation of Georges' food is in the hands of his special cook, Henri Marcot. The menu is directed and supervised by Trainer Wilson. There isn't a chance for the diet fans getting the recipes and the system—at least until after the fight.

They say Carpentier is massaged with a special preparation. Wilson won't tell what it is—which adds to the general mystery.

"How I would love to get that prescription," said my fat friend. "I've been rubbed with camphor till I feel like a moth ball."

The unsuccessful attempts to lure Chef Marcot and Gus Wilson into divulging a few secrets being futile and Carpentier being unapproachable, it has been suggested that after the fight Georges might make a fortune by giving a course of instructions, with special menus on "How I retain my perfect figure."

Now, while Georges is also a perfect gentleman it does get on his nerves not to be able to gaze at the skyline without seeing a female head silhouetted against the far horizon of the cow pasture.

BALL TOSSERS MULLING OVER DARK SECRETS

The baseball fever will again come to the surface Sunday among the patrons of the city league games when they learn that a number of surprises are in store for the attendants at the Plumbob-Ewauna and Jewel-Copco games. The news even surprised the sporting department of this newspaper. No one had any idea that the Copcos had anything special hidden up their "sleeves" since they wandered over to Yreka and lost their scalps to a bunch of "juice pluggers" working for the same company. They say they are out for scalps themselves, and that the bunch of egg-scramblers looks like ready money to them.

Manager Thompson and Mascot Mather of the Copcos were buttonholed and beseeched to tell just what their "mystery" was, but with smiles and twinkling eyes, the reporter was frankly told that the only way to find out for sure was to go out to Modoc Park Sunday afternoon and see for himself. Manager Thompson says that the team will be a revelation. Just what "revelation" means is beyond the writer's comprehension, but if his opinion was sought, he might suggest that the juice-slingers were going to be "shockingly rude with their bats" on the league leaders.

The Plumbobs feel that the Ewaunas will bear watching since Sunday, a week ago, when they pulled a trick on the Copcos, and humbled that bunch, not gently, but downright shamefully—and it will be no team of happy-go-lucky hair-cutters and kitchen-robbers who will stack up against the mill men. Nay, nay, Sweet Mabel, not after that 1 to 0 game at Bonanza Sunday. The six bit shot boys say that it is fair enough to pull that stuff out in the bushes, but it does not work in the city league, not unless sanctioned first, and nobody has "Kings' Exed" them for this game Sunday.

Now just what the fans can digest from this situation is hard to say, for even the wise ones are "up in the air" with all the mysterious pussy-footing that the managers are doing, the exchange of secrets between members of each club—why, some act as if they knew the president of the "Home Brew League," and had open sesame to his cellar, and had open sesame to his cellar, "cache" than do the players and managers when one tries to learn the truth of the coming games Sunday.

Since the layoff for the benefit of the outside games, a number of shake-ups have taken place in the teams, and a different type of game is expected Sunday. It is reported that one Jewel will be glad he has a job where "found" is included, should his team lose, and a long-haired mill man will save at least \$1, should the Ewaunas annex the game Sunday from the Plumbobs. It is one of those mysteries which requires a Hawshaw or a Sherlock Holmes, with Nick Carter as first assistant to ferret out the truth. The sport writer of The Herald is "off" the entire lot of them—for life—unless they all take him into their little pink tea scandal.

knocking off the rough edges that come of being absent from the padded arena for over a year, since the time when his hand was broken. Burns delights in pushing the fighting but does not carry it too far.

There has been no unfavorable comment passed upon the two boxers when at work and it seems that most of the spectators sense at once the experience that each man has had from the manner in which they handle themselves. The fans are welcome to come down each day and watch the workouts at 3 p. m.

GATE RECEIPTS FOR BIG FIGHT WILL LEAD ALL

NEW YORK, June 23.—The Dempsey-Carpentier boxing bout for the world's championship at Jersey City, July 2, will draw the greatest "gate" in the history of sport.

A month before the fight, Promoter "Tex" Rickard announced that the seat sales totaled \$650,000. Since that day the sale of all seats has gone on briskly except for the \$50 postboards, which are exhausted, and the general admission seats, to be placed on sale the day of the fight. Rickard estimates that approximately 65,000 persons will pay \$1,000,000 to view the ring action at Boyle's Thirty Acres.

These figures will eclipse by far all previous records for ring contests or any other sport in this country. The Willard-Dempsey battle at Toledo, Ohio, which established the previous record, drew \$451,000 at the box office, a puffy figure as compared with what the coming spectacle will attract.

The Harvard-Yale football game and the Indianapolis Speedway races are annually reckoned among the largest and most widely patronized sporting events in this country. Last fall 79,000 persons were jammed into the Yale Bowl when Harvard met the bulldog, and the total receipts were approximately \$250,000, about one-quarter of the amount which will be paid for the coming fight. The attendance at the Indianapolis Speedway event usually ranges between 100,000 and 125,000, but total receipts fall short of what Rickard and his assistants will have gathered in when the gong sounds for the first round of the Jersey City battle.

"Tex" Rickard started his career as a promoter of championship bouts on a large scale when Joe Gans met Battling Nelson in Goldfield, Nevada in 1906. The receipts for that memorable battle were

\$49,715. That figure was topped when Jack Johnson fought Tommy Burns in Australia, on Christmas Day, 1908, but Rickard again established a high mark in 1910, when boxing fans from all over the country paid \$270,775 to see the Jeffries-Johnson conflict at Reno, Nevada. Figures for the Willard-Dempsey bout at Toledo, July 4, 1919, supplanted even that large total, and Rickard, in the coming Jersey City match, has entered the select circle of "million-dollar business men."

Table with 2 columns: Principals, Gate receipts. Rows include Willard-Dempsey (\$452,521), Johnson-Jeffries (270,755), Willard-Moran (140,000), Johnson-Burns (\$7,000), Gans-Nelson (69,715), Willard-Johnson (68,000), Jeffries-Sharkey (66,300), Jeffries-Corbett (63,340), Corbett-McCoy (56,350), McGovern-Erne (52,000).

LOCAL FIGHTS HAVE EDGE ON JERSEY BRAWL

The Dempsey-Carpentier bout may take up a lot of time when discussions are being held among the local boxing fans as to the probable outcome of the great contest in New Jersey but interest and comment is being stirred as to the results of the bouts that will be held in this city on July 4-5. A lot of things will happen here that the local people can see for themselves while all that transpires in New Jersey will have to be relayed all the way across the continent and be received second handed, and that's where the local exhibitions have the best of it.

For two days now, a crowd of the boxing fraternity have assembled at the Deramland pavilion to watch the workouts of the two boxers who now are on the field of action. Babe

Blue and Jack Burns, and an insight from the "shadow" tactics displayed by both men gives the audience an idea of just what they will do on the day when they enter the roped arena.

Experience shows, to the most casual observer, in the case of Blue and one readily perceives in his action with the mitts, when dancing around and boxing the "unknown" opponent, that he has been up against the real article more than once. It brings a smile to most of the on-lookers when they see him suddenly cover and dodge the blows of his opponent—then launch out in an offensive just as he would were he tackling a rival. Blue takes to his training with a seriousness that the novice does not understand and from remarks passed, the casual observer is wondering why he gets so worked up when no one opposes him. Blue told one man that his work in this particular is as real to him as though his opponent were opposite him and it has helped him wonderfully in his career.

Blue shows excellent muscular development in his broad shoulders, well shaped arms and tapering waist. His legs are slender but well muscled. When time comes for donning the mitts for a few rounds with Burns, Blue simply toys with his partner. The fans enjoyed the workout yesterday afternoon when a two round go was staged. Only once did Blues' "fighting face" loom up and that was when Burns went after him to draw him out.

Jack Burns goes to work eagerly and openly states that he has quite a task ahead of him to get into perfect trim but road work, bag punching and the tricks that Blue will show him, will work wonders towards

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