

Herald's Special Fight Service

HERALD SPORTING PAGE

JOHNNY KILHANE, MAX BAETHNER, HAL COCHRAN, ALICE ROBE, BERTON BRALLEY and many other feature writers

JOSH WISE INTERVIEWS JACK DEMPSEY, HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION, AT ATLANTIC CITY AND TELLS YOU ALL HE LEARNED

BY JOSH WISE Jack Raper, Amanuensis

ATLANTIC CITY, June 28.—This has been one of the busiest days for me as Jack Dempsey since he opened his office here and begun training for his battle with Col. Carpenter, of Paris and the rest of France. Jack's regular program of the day includes such things as skipping the rope, playing pool, washing his dog, posing for pictures, writing his autograph, shaking hands with the mayor, greeting a committee of Elks, meeting actors, politicians, ex-prizefighters, ex-saloonkeepers, cabinet members, congressmen and other members of the sporting fraternity, punching the bag, running up and down the public highway (road work, I believe, is the technical term), an sparring with a few men paid for the purpose of being hit by him. Besides all that, Jack has to meet me. Understand, when I say he met me I am speaking not in the pugilistic sense. We met in a social and business way.

He's Lookin' Well

Well, first of all, I want to tell the hemisphere that I found Mr. Dempsey looking well. He is in prime health. Respiration and pulse normal, appetite heavy, sleeps well and weighs considerably more than a hundred and fifty pounds.

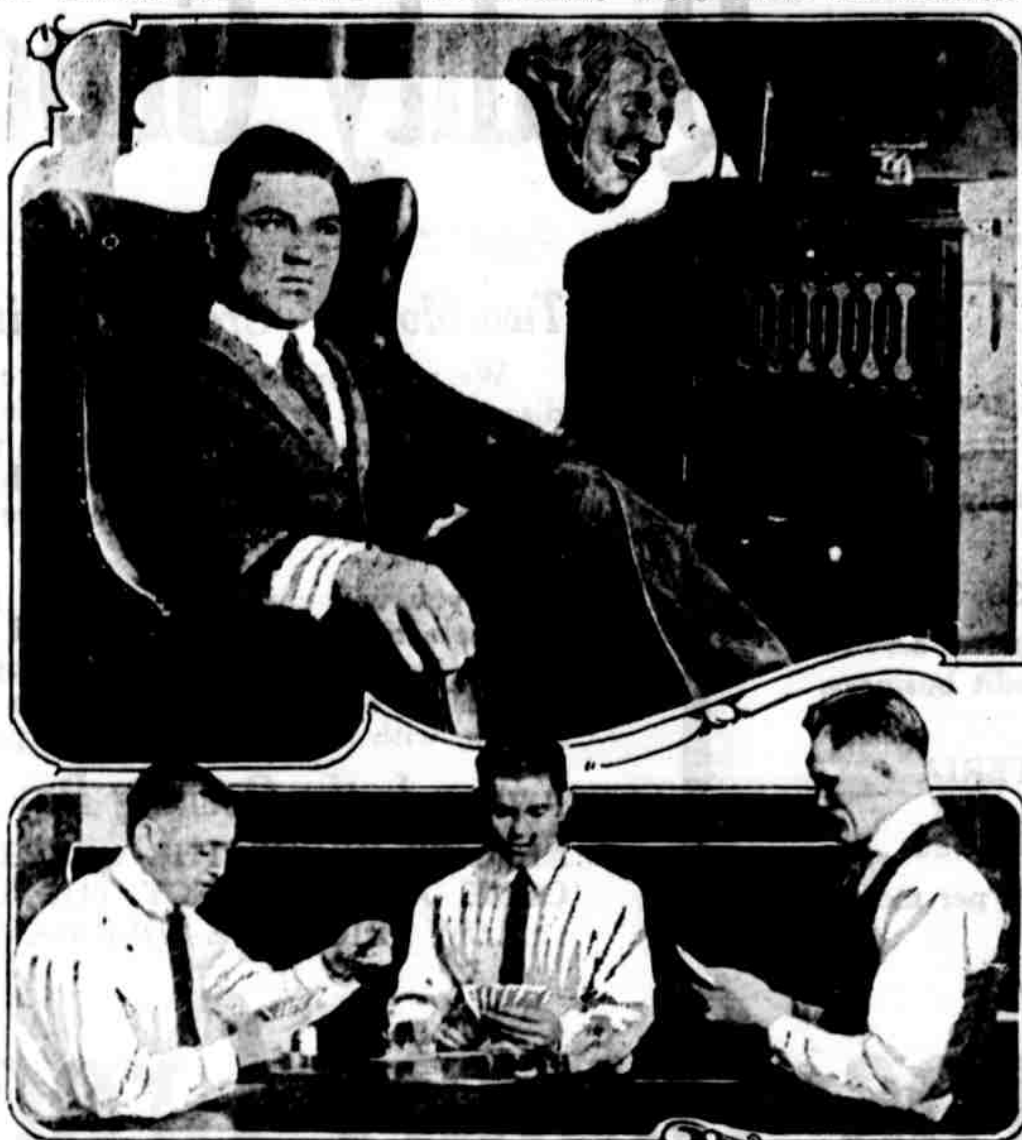
It was the first time I had ever met Mr. Dempsey, and I took occasion to size him up carefully. His fingernails were well cleaned and polished, his white flannel pants were nicely creased, his canvas shoes were lined clean, his necktie modest—in fact, he had all the earmarks of a gentleman, outside of his facial expression and grammar, both of which have become somewhat tanned by the sun and wind.

"How do you do, Mr. Dempsey," I said, when I introduced myself to him. "Howdy, Josh," he said, putting out his hand. "Shake the hand that shook the hand of Attorney General Daugherty and Richard Croker."

"Oh, that's all right," I said. "No apologies." Then, to show him I'm something of a sport myself, and can use sporting editor language, I said, "Jack, I thought I'd find you a kind of serious old sober-sided, considerin' things, but now that I can see you, I find you're nothin' more'n a great, big, good-natured boy."

"Well," he said, "there's nothin' in it here, otherwise so long as you and me ain't meetin' for a purse."

"By the way, that reminds me..."



YOU NEED CALLING CARDS TO SEE JACK

The only kind of calling cards that go around the Dempsey camp are the ones that are not worth raising on. That's if you want to see the champ during his rest periods. For playing cards is one of his two chief recreations. The other is listening to canned music. Jack delights in listening to the records—and the faster they go, the more he enjoys it. It's a real jazz that was on when the photographer snapped. You can see that from the way even the plaster cast on the wall is laughing.

sex I, "speakin' of fightin', who's goin' to win the fight?"

Jack Has Hunch

"Well," he said, "I've got a hunch I'll win." "They tell me this feller Carp is a tough fish, Jack."

"That's what I hear, but I'll hook 'em."

"I see by the papers that the Long Branch Elks give you a match box. Do you smoke?"

"No, but they thought a match box was a good thing to give me because I'd had so many boxin' matches."

Everybody round laughed hearty at this, and I may say in passin' that everybody in the camp laughs hearty when Jack makes a joke, all hands playin' safe and takin' no chances.

"How is yer left eye?" I asked 'im.

"Oh, I guess it's all right," he

sex. "I can see a dollar out of it us well as my right."

"What is there in this report that you're goin' to be married soon after you fight Carp?"

"Not a thing. My next fight will be with Jess Willard."

Jack's College

"I have read the story of your life, Jack, but not much was said about your college life. What college was you graduated from?"

"I was graduated from Knox college," Jack said, and the fellows all laughed hearty again.

I asked Jack if he thought the fight would end in a draw.

"No," he answered, "it won't end in a draw. I ain't no artist."

Then I said, "Who's goin' to be yer second on the second?"

"That's a thing I ain't give no thought to," Jack said. "I'll let the timekeeper look after the seconds."

Jack and me talked along in that strain for an hour or so, and in the course of our conversation he explained to me the plan of his battle he intends to follow at Jersey City, but it was all told me confidential and professional ticket prevents me from repeatin' it.

I CAN'T PRAISE TANLAC ENOUGH

THIS IS WHAT PORTLAND WOMAN SAYS AFTER HER GRATIFYING EXPERIENCE WITH THE MEDICINE — ALMOST NERVOUS WRECK

"Two years ago I was a nervous wreck unable to do my housework, but since taking Tanlac I am feeling just fine," said Mrs. E. C. Emerick, 1484 Boston Ave., Portland, Ore. "I had suffered with stomach trouble for four years," she continued, "and couldn't find anything to help me. I had sour stomach and nervous sick headaches nearly all the time, and often during the day I got so dizzy I could hardly stand up. I always felt awfully tired and didn't seem to have a bit of strength or energy. My nerves were completely upset so I couldn't even stand the noise of the children playing. Tanlac gave me back my appetite, corrected the sour stomach, stopped the nervous headaches, the dizzy sick spells and gave me back

my strength and I also gained 11 pounds in weight. "I just felt fine after that until I had an attack of the 'flu' that left me all run down, weak and nervous. Tanlac soon brought me right out and I can't praise it too much. My appetite is good, I eat anything I want and my food makes me feel well nourished and strong. I am doing all my housework with ease, the weakness and nervousness are gone and I have gained seven pounds." Adv.

A boy who had heard Mme. Melba on the phonograph was rather sceptical as to whether the prima donna really sang all the trills. To settle the question, he wrote to her for a ticket to her concert, and got it by return mail.

Advertisement for Doughnut Shop. Includes text: 'Take Home a dozen Doughnuts 30c', 'We bake them right before your eyes!', 'DOUGHNUT SHOP', and 'H. J. WINTERS GRADUATE OPTICIAN 706 MAIN STREET'.

Glasses That Fit You Perfectly

Not only the way you see through them, but the way you look with them on.

That's Our Reputation

We devote our time and make a special effort in seeing that you are scientifically fitted.

H. J. WINTERS GRADUATE OPTICIAN 706 MAIN STREET

SAMMY GORDON HAS A CLEAN FIGHT RECORD

Sammy Gordon seems to like the Klamath people and bases his statement on the fact that he has been here three days and the people all treat him fine and dandy, are friendly and try to make him feel at home even though he is not a resident here.

Such treatment, Gordon says, shows that the residents of this city believe in encouraging all outsiders to stay and for this warm greeting, he feels that when the contest in which he is matched to meet Babe Blue, July 4, is pulled off, he will endeavor to do his individual part in returning the welcome he got by giving Babe Blue a stiff battle and the spectators a run for their money.

Gordon is 19 years of age, born in Baltimore, Maryland. When one year of age, he came to the coast because his folks brought him with them without his consent, coming to Portland. Now, all inducements to leave the coast would not influence him to return east for the west is "his home." He received his education in the Portland schools and while attending school, "hustled" Oregonians for his spending money and even today, his stand near the depot pays him a neat sum daily. While his father had aspirations to

make "Sammy" into a real estate dealer like himself, the life of a boxer appealed more to him and he gained his first experience in the ring at the age of 13 when he appeared before the "Newsboys Athletic Club" at Portland in 1915, meeting in turn Nick Pluto and Alexis Tramlits in six round bouts, winning the first and getting a draw in the second event.

In 1918, Los Angeles appealed to him and he went there in the fall, meeting Danny Kramer in a four round contest, winning at the end of the third round. Kramer was stopped by him in an event which Gordon said was a wild one and at the end of three rounds, the seconds of Kramer threw up the sponges for their battler. In rapid succession after this contest, came a decision over Joe Rooney and Danny Edwards, both fast boys in Jack Doyle's Vernon arena. The spring of 1919, Gordon went to San Francisco and fought George Spencer a six round draw. At Sacramento, he met "Frisco Joe" Lynch and Joe Kingleopo, both events draws at the end of four rounds.

The old home town, Portland, called him back in 1920 and in December he was matched to meet Babe Blue. This contest went six rounds to a draw before a wildly shouting crowd for it was nip and tuck all the way through. Next came Ray Rose of Denver, another draw. Babe Herman was too fast and Gordon lost at the end of the sixth round on a decision.

The battle that Gordon says meant much to him was the next contest with Mickey Dempsey, who had 11

straight K. O.'s, and figured that Gordon was the 12th. Before the Milwaukee club, Gordon won a decision at the end of 6 rounds. Frankie Monroe won a six round bout in the same club from him and then Danny Edwards whom he met in Los Angeles in 1918 was stopped by him for a decision in a eight round go.

The American Legion staged Ray Rose and Gordon at Butte, Montana, for a ten round go and at the end, the contest was so close between the two men, a decision fair to both was given, a draw.

In Seattle, Frankie Murphy at the end of four rounds managed to get a draw but Bud Ridley won from Gordon in four rounds a week later. Not satisfied with the bouts in Seattle, Gordon met Bud Ridley in Tacoma in a six round contest and received a draw.

Gordon states that in Portland, he is known as the "Fighting Jew" and is of Jewish parentage. He likes the boxing game for there is a shift of scenery all the time, the uncertainty of meeting unknown boxers and the pure joy of boxing a rival who is just a little faster than he. Gordon warmly greeted Babe Blue when they met here Monday.

Gordon stated that Blue is a mixer and that he was glad that his training the last two weeks in Portland had made him fit to meet the dusky boxer. Altitude does not bother him. All he wants now is the chance to have ideal weather conditions on the Fourth when he meets Blue and to show the fans here what kind of material is in a "Fighting Jew."

A Classified Ad will sell it.

Boxing Contest Guarantee

The undersigned "Fight Committee" do hereby personally guarantee to the Boxing Commission of the City of Klamath Falls, and to the Executive Body of the Fourth of July Committee, and to the Public generally, that the

BOXING EVENTS

Advertised to be held in the Open Air

DREAMLAND PAVILION

July 4th and 5th

Will be CLEAN, SQUARE CONTESTS; free from the objectional features which have characterized similar events in Klamath Falls in the past.

GATE MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED

To any patron who witnesses these contests and is not perfectly satisfied every event on the program has been

CLEAN, SQUARE SPORT

Blackie McDonald, Ross Nickerson, O. W. Robertson, Nelson Rounsevell, BOXING COMMITTEE