

Windmill Harry Greb Gets Slashing Decision Over Mickey

WALKER PUTS UP WHALE OF A GOOD SCRAP BUT LOSES TO A PERFECTLY TRAINED AND MORE CLEVER BOXER

At That, Greb Might Have Had A Knockout In 15th Had He Followed Up Staggering Punch; Thousands Witness Big Hospital Fund Card At Polo Grounds

(By WESTBROOK PEGLER)

POLO GROUNDS, NEW YORK, July 2.—(United News) Harry Greb, the only whalebone product ever turned out by the steel mills of his native Pittsburgh, took on Mickey Walker, welterweight champion of the world, tonight and gave him the worst flogging that any fighter has received in a star performance in New York since the night that Pancho Villa slaughtered Jimmy Wilde.

Greb, the only champion in the entire kingdom row, game enough and reckless enough, to risk his noble asset, the championship, won the decision at the end of 15 wild rounds of plugging, clinching and dock-side roughing. He remains the middleweight champion, and the living refutation of every rule of physical training in the books.

Walker, of course, is still the welterweight champion, but a chastened and subdued young David who has twice gone romping after the goliaths of the upper classes. Last winter he had fair success, out-slugging Mickey McTigue, then the light heavyweight champion, in a no-decision fight. That encouraged him, and he was lured into the ring with Greb. Greb seemed to have drawn himself a shade too fine in his sudden reduction to 159 pounds, and as the fight began, he was unable to untrack himself.

Might Have Had K. O.

From the second round on to the fourteenth, Greb not only matched the speed and violence on which Walker relied to win the middleweight championship, but gradually over-matched it, and then produced a climax in the fourteenth that actually made some of the men at the ringside shut their eyes on the spectacle.

Walker, his face a swollen and lumpy smear of gore, floundered to his corner after the 14th, only half conscious. He never would have got there at all under his own power if Greb had been accustomed to scoring knockouts. As it was, Harry was so startled to discern that he had sent the great Mickey Walker reeling, that he forgot what to do. Instead of standing back and measuring Walker for a concluding shot at the chin, he whirled into a futile, fussy clinch and pecked and hammered him on the face with six-inch blows, and Walker had enough instinct left to take them and stay on his feet.

Mickey Walker, the welterweight champion, entered the ring at 9:34 p. m. Dave Shade, Walker's challenger, came into the ring, fresh from his victory over Jimmy Slattery.

Fight By Rounds

Round 1.—They rushed out of their corners into a clinch. Walker rocked Greb with a right hook to the jaw and they sparred around the ring and went into close quarters with Walker pounding a left to the body like a machine gun. They clinched, Walker stepped back and knocked Greb to the ropes with a left to the stomach. Walker got inside again and pounded a right to the body, and Greb clinched. Greb rattled and put Walker on the ropes from two straight right hands to the head.

Round 2.—Walker danced out of his corner and blocked a left lead to the body. Greb landed two right hand punches to the kidneys. Greb backed Walker to the ropes and staggered him with a right to the jaw. Walker tore back with a volley of rights and lefts to the body, and forced a clinch. Walker opened Greb's right eye with a left hook, and backed him away with two left swings to the body. Greb staggered Walker twice almost to his knees, and Walker almost put Greb down twice. The crowd was on its feet, shrieking like maniacs.

Round 3.—Walker landed two straight lefts to body. Walker came in close and pounded Greb's stomach with short rights and lefts. Greb was boxing, trying to keep Walker at range. Greb came in close and they clinched, Greb taking two hard right hands on the body before they were separated. Walker hooked a left to the body, and took a stiff right hand to the head as a counter.

Round 4.—Greb rushed out of his corner and rocked Walker to his heels with a right hand swing from the floor. Walker led with a left to the body, and Greb set him back with a right to the head. Greb caught a left body punch with his elbow, but went back to the ropes behind a right hand, underneath the heart. Greb was bounding around the ring in his old-time fashion, and laughing off punches that skidded off his shoulders and head. Walker opened a slit under Greb's left eye with a right hook.

Round 5.—Greb rushed from his corner and swung a hard right to the ribs. Walker came back with a left to the head, and three rights to the body at close quarters. They were fighting furiously, and it was almost impossible to record the punches. Walker hurt Greb with a swinging right to the stomach. Walker came back and rushed Greb to the ropes in a flurry of punches. Greb was out-boxed and out-slapped. Walker missed a right uppercut and took two hard right punches to the

swarmed back again and put over a left to the body and blocked a left counter as they clinched. Greb swarmed Walker back to the ropes and beat him up with a flock of eight and left hand blows to the head.

Round 11.—Before Walker left his corner his seconds told him "You got to use a straight right hand now, go on and do it." Walker missed a straight right lead to Greb and Greb bounded him to the ropes with a fusillade of punches too fast to record. Walker tore in with a short right hook to the jaw that knocked Greb back on his heels, and he clinched. They fought to the ropes. The crowd was still with Walker and they were yelling "Greb is tired." Responding to the yell Walker rocked Greb with two lefts to the body and a right to the jaw. Greb rallied and tore in like a wild man, and was punching Walker in a neutral corner as the round ended.

Round 12.—Walker ran out of his corner and swung rights and lefts to the body. Greb came in and clinched. They swapped punches near the ropes and were pulled out of a clinch by the referee. They went into a free-for-all fight in the center of the ring, swinging punches wildly, and the crowd jumped to its feet. Walker ran into Greb with a free swing attack of rights and lefts and Greb came back with a wild attack that put Walker on the ropes. Walker hurt Greb with a right swing to the head, and Greb clinched.

Round 13.—Walker hurt Greb with a short right to the body, but Greb smiled, as he always does. Greb came back with a right that hit Walker on the shoulder, and Walker countered with a left to the head. Greb backed Walker into a neutral corner and pumped him with rights and lefts to the body. Greb set Walker on his heels with a hard smash to the shoulder, and followed it up beautifully with a flock of lefts and rights. Walker was bleeding at the nose when he went to his corner.

Round 14.—When Walker left his corner his seconds yelled "take the fight away from him." Walker rushed from his corner and missed a left hand punch. Greb swarmed into him and the two fighters fell into the referee, whose knee went out again and he almost fell. Greb put Walker back into his corner with a volley of rights and lefts, and Walker was almost out on his feet. Greb rushed all around him with rights and lefts and Walker was holding and weaving around the ring almost out. Greb knocked Walker across the ring with rights, but Walker stood on his feet. Walker was staggering on his feet in his own corner, when the bell sounded.

Round 15.—They shook hands, and Greb backed Walker into a neutral corner with his head down. Greb rushed all over Walker and punched him back to his corner. With a furious rally that brought the crowd to its feet, Walker opened an assault on Greb that brought the crowd roaring. Greb staggered Walker with a hard right to the head, and Greb went into a clinch. They were both dead tired. Coming out of a clinch, Walker's eyes were opened badly, and he was bleeding. The two fighters could hardly stand. They were both groggy and swinging punches. Greb landed a left hook to the jaw, and was knocked back into his own corner with a right to the head. The two fighters were swinging desperately at each other. They were sparring when the round ended. Greb wins decision.

LYNCH AND SHARKEY FIGHT FOUR RD. DRAW

NEW YORK, July 2.—Joe Lynch and Jack Sharkey, pugilistic feudists, sent the Italian hospital beds off to a rolling start, with four fast rounds of agile cutting. The Judge called it a draw, but Lynch seemed to have earned the decision as the fight looked from his corner.

They threw away their defense and slugged away with wild delight in the first two rounds, and in the second Lynch set Sharkey down with a left swing immediately followed by a right, both of which landed flush on the chin.

WILLS SCORES A KNOCKOUT FROM WEINERT IN 2ND

POLO GROUNDS, NEW YORK, July 2.—Harry Wills, big negro challenger to the Jack Dempsey heavyweight title, knocked out Charley Weinert of Newark in the second round of a scheduled 15-round fight. Wills outclassed Weinert from the first.

Weinert was outclassed from the bell, and was finally dumped to the floor with a right uppercut to the chin. Although it was not a body blow that put him down, Wills had sunk several mighty black-smith slams, wrist deep, in Weinert's middle, and these punches were violent and took the breath out of Charlie, and made him gasp so that he could be heard ten rows away from the ringside.

Weinert seemed to be in great distress after the knockout and was carried to Wills corner where seconds for both men worked over him. They waved smelling salts under the nose to bring him around. Weinert was sucking for breath.

Coming out of a clinch in the first round Wills clipped Weinert with a left on the chin and sped a right to the same spot while Charlie was still reeling. Weinert protested that he had been hit on the break-away, but the referee insisted he had not called for a break and it was up to Weinert to protect himself.

Easy Time of It.

Wills slugged Weinert into a corner and slammed him about the head until Charley tipped over, falling on the lower rope and tumbling into the first row of the press, reservation with his heels waving on high after the manner established in the ring by Jack Dempsey. As the round ended Weinert steadied himself and nudged Wills in the face with a sweeping left hand. Wills closed the round with a right to Weinert's wishbone.

The referee warned Wills between rounds for some of his informal practices, but Harry, unimpressed, hit Weinert two low punches as the second began. The second round was simply a spectacle of a large black party slugging a large blonde party until one of Wills' right slugs clipped the pale person on the jaw and dumped him noisily on his back.

Police Chief—So you got the guilty man, eh?

New Member of Force (apologetically)—N-no, sir. But I got the guiltiest looking man I could find.—Middletown Journal.

Diner—Here, I say—there's a black hair in this soup.
Waitress—Ah, let me see—that would be Miss Henderson.—Toronto Tribune.

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Dave Shade Scores K. O. Over Slattery

Jimmy Is Game To Last But Fails To Come Back After Hard Blows

NEW YORK, July 2.—Dave Shade of California knocked out Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo in the third round. Slattery was completely out-boxed by the pseudo welterweight, and only landed two punches in the three rounds. Shade put Jimmy down three times, but Jimmy was on his feet again and tottering around the ring with his hands ready to collapse, when the towel came sailing in from his corner.

Shade put Jimmy down first with a right swing, flush on the jaw. Slattery took a count of eight, and Shade clubbed him to the floor, with another right on the chin. This time Slattery took nine. He floundered up and leaned against the ropes in a crouch, unable to raise his hands.

He arose at seven and was tottering drunkenly when his seconds dumped their laundry on the floor.

PIRATES CLIMB BACK INTO LEAD

PITTSBURGH, July 2.—(United News)—While the Giants rested after their double-header Wednesday the Pirates took advantage of the easy opportunity and climbed back into the leadership of the National league, a position they occupied for several hours earlier in the week. The Pittsburgh return to the top was accomplished by virtue of a narrow victory over the Reds. The Pirates' won the opening game from the Cincinnati team 2 to 1.

The Dodgers carried off scoring honors in Thursday program, putting over 20 runs in their game with Boston. The Brooklyn team scored 19 runs in the first inning while the Braves totalled 7 during the game. The Brooklyn-Boston game was typical of all on Thursday in that it was foolishly played. Brave players made six errors and the Dodgers two. There were a total of 24 errors made in both major leagues during the day.

The Senators picked up a little margin between them and the Athletics by defeating Boston in both games of their double program. The first game went 6 to 4 and the second 11 to 4. In view of the Athletics 6 to 2 victory over the Yankees in New York the Senators now stand one full game ahead of the Mack men.

The Browns piled up the largest score in the American league in defeating the White Sox 18 to 5. The Indians won over Detroit 11 to 3.

COAST LEAGUE

Score	R.	H.	E.
Vernon	1	4	3
Los Angeles	4	6	1
Batteries—Johnson and Whitney; Root and Spencer.			

Score	R.	H.	E.
Sacramento	3	7	1
Portland	6	9	2
Batteries—Keating, Hughes and Shea; Rachae and Hannah.			

Score	R.	H.	E.
Salt Lake	0	5	3
Seattle	6	13	1
Batteries—Singleton, O'Neill and Cook; Peters; Mijus and Baldwin.			

Score	R.	H.	E.
Oakland	1	8	0
San Francisco	12	15	0
Batteries—Boehler, Kaiser and Byler; Williams and Yelle.			

See Madame Panario for expert marcelling and bob curling—at Moe's Beauty Shoppe, J30—Jy7

STARKEY PACKS A MEAN JAB IN HIS RIGHT HAND

Local July 4 Card Lacks Nothing in the Way Of Material

If Harry Greb had a wallop like Kid Starkey, who fights Johnny Carlson in the semi-windup on Saturday night's boxing card at the Scandinavian hall, fighting little Mickey Walker would not have walked in his sleep through the 14th round of their fight at the Polo Grounds in New York last night. He would have been carried to his corner with a k.o. chalked up against his record. Greb swung punch after punch from his nose tops, hips and the floor, but Walker stalked around in a semi-conscious state. Starkey owns the most dangerous right hand that has been exhibited here in many moons. Johnny Carlson is also a hard hitting boy and predictions are made that there will be a knockout in this. When Johnny boxed Joe Coffman here a short time ago, he was not in tip-top shape and did not show his real class. Starkey also was handicapped when he fought Joe Coffman in Tuesday night's card because of lacerated hand. He was unable to close the glove on his left hand, but the wound has closed up, and the little carpenter from Chico will be at his best Saturday.

Murphy In Shape

"I don't figure that Ritchie will bother me any and I think I am a cinch to outpoint him—but here's the low down if I don't knock him out, no one will be more surprised than myself. He's a big boy and I may have to jump up to get to him, but I have used the stepladder before."

Earl Ritchie is working every day and says he is in the "pink" and he looks the part. He is full of confidence and thinks he can beat Murphy. Ritchie is anxious to fight his way back into the good graces of local fight supporters and says that if he can knock the New Orleans boy over he will be ready to take any one the local promoters can match him up with.

HOW THEY STAND

Club	W	L	Pct.
Yreka	5	2	.714
McCloud	5	2	.714
Klamath Falls	4	3	.571
Weed	3	3	.500
Dunsmuir	2	5	.286
Mt. Shasta	1	5	.167

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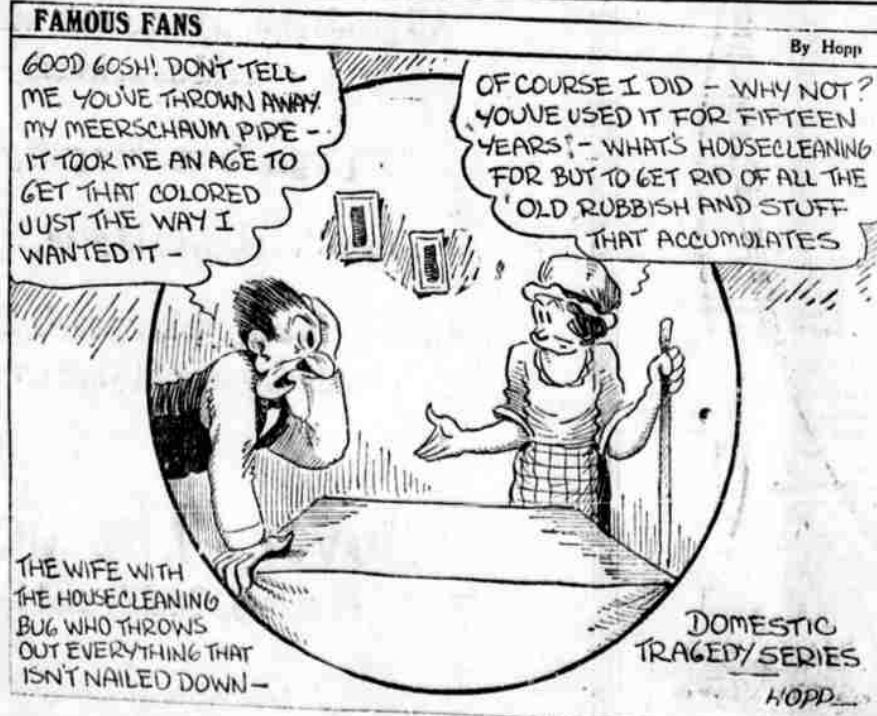
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NATIONAL LEAGUE

First Game	R.	H.	E.
St. Louis	11	11	1
Chicago	11	11	1
Batteries—Rhem, O'Farrell; Jacobs, Cooper net.			

Second Game

St. Louis	R.	H.	E.
Chicago	11	11	1
Batteries—Reinhardt and Bell; Keen and Gonzales.			

Boston

Batteries—Marguard, Varward and O'Neil; Grimes, and Taylor.			
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Score

Philadelphia	R.	H.	E.
New York	6	11	1
Batteries—Römmell and Sand; Hoyt, Ferguson, Johnson, Schang, Hengrough.			

Washington

First Game			
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Boston

Batteries—Zachary, Marber, Severid, Ruel; Ruggins and Ing (10 Innings).			
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(Continued on Page Nine)

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