

Seratti Pleasing Pelican City Fans By Style Fighting

The impromptu fight ring at Pelican City where Larry Seratti is doing his daily dozen in preparation for the coming main event November 1 with Earl Ritchie, is quite the center of attraction at the mill metropolis these evenings, according to Klamath Falls fans who were there last evening for a glimpse of the Jackson miner's glove throwing.

Tickets for the fight are selling like gold bricks both here and at Pelican City from where a large representation of fight fans will attend the big scrap in Scandia hall here. All present indications are that the house will be a jam, with standing room at a premium.

Jack Crim, Indian scrapper, who will go six rounds with Tim Callahan in the semi-windup, is also working out at Pelican City each evening, so between his efforts and those of Seratti, ring discussion wages keenly around the big mill.

The mill city workouts last night were given added interest when Jim O'Dowd, sparring partner for Earl Ritchie, invaded the Pelican ring and exchanged blows for a while with the Jackson miner. The two heavyweights put on a real exhibition of leather pushing, according to those who sat in on the festivities, and the showing which Seratti made against O'Dowd whipped up even greater interest in the coming main event battle.

Of interest here is the word that Joe Coffman and Tim Callahan will appear in a six round semi-windup at Roseburg tonight. Hearing of the reputations which these two fighters are establishing for themselves locally, the Roseburg fans are said to be keen for a view of the two boys in action. Considerable comment is going the rounds here, as to which of the Klamath fighters will take honors at Roseburg. It is likely that the two will be matched on a local card in the near future.

To get in shape for his fight with the winner of the Ritchie-Seratti bout, Tiny Herman, colossal milt artist from Portland, last night commenced light workouts at Scandia. Local fans favor Ritchie to win the decision in next Monday's battle, and even before the deciding battle is staged, are wondering what the outcome of his possible tilt with Tiny will be. Herman is one of the leading heavyweights on the coast, and if Ritchie can plant the big boy on the carpet for a ten-count, his name is made.

Crim and Callahan are doing the semi-act Monday, in what has all the appearance of being a worthwhile scrap. Tim is primarily a flashy fighter and when confronted by an opponent who goes in for a similar style of boxing, he puts up an interesting scrap. Crim is just that, and endowed with a capacity for taking punishment, as well as ring ability, will let the Irishman know he's been to a battle when the referee hands out a decision.

Black Cloud Blown From Fistic Arena As Wills Retires

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—(United News)—A big black cloud has been blown from the fistic horizon.

A white and equally ominous thunder-cap has taken its place. Life never will be a perfect picnic for the holder of the heavyweight championship.

There always will be the rumble of thunder and a threat of rain just over the horizon.

Gene Tunney, of course, can bask for a while in the sunshine of success. Sooner or later he must lend ear to a chill blast from the Baltic which has blown in a Lithuanian lad with eyes of steel blue and ambitions extending to the very crown which Gentleman Gene so jauntily wears.

The blotting out of the big ink—H. Wills—was a commendable piece of work on the part of young Mr. Sharkey from Boston. It would be too much to say that as a reward he deserves a fight with Tunney, some day. His manager has asked the boxing commissioners of New York to name him "logical contender."

Why go to this trouble? Does anyone recall the years during which the boxing commissioners named Harry Wills as "logical contender?"

The best man to fight Tunney will be determined by a group which claims no title as a "commission." It will include George L. Rickard. Perhaps it will include no one else. Rickard is sufficient.

Sharkey has been playing ball with Humbert J. Fugazy. That is all very well. Fugazy is a fine fellow and a square sportsman. But he is not a promoter of world's heavyweight championship bouts.

Dempsey, Rickard, Estelle Partake Dainty Luncheon

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—(United News)—Tex Rickard and Jack Dempsey, guided by Estelle Taylor, did their bit Wednesday toward raising heavyweight boxing to the aesthetic plane to which Gene Tunney, its champion, aspires.

It all began when Tex made a luncheon engagement with Jack to talk over plans for the former title holder's future. Dempsey brought along Estelle, his wife.

"Where'll we eat, Tex?" asked Jack.

"Now you boys take me to the Algonquin," Estelle decided.

Obediently they taxied to the hotel, which, as every one knows, is the rendezvous of the literary, of George Jean Nathan, Heywood Brown, Marc Connelly and F. P. A., and of fashionable movie actresses who come to see and be seen by the critics.

Tunney dotes on the Algonquin. After a couple of hours—one never lunches in less at the Algonquin—Tex Rickard strolled out, alone, with a toothpick. Leisurely he made his way to his office at Madison Square Garden, and there, after he had cocked his feet comfortably on his desk, he faced a barrage of questions.

"Now, we didn't talk about fighting," the promoter replied, when asked if he could disclose Dempsey's plans.

With most of the sporting world anxious to know what the former heavyweight champion intends to do, Rickard was irritating.

"When will you know Jack's plans?" Tex was asked.

"Couple of months," said the promoter. "He's leaving for the Pacific coast Monday. After he sees what kind of shape he can get into he'll let me know what he wants to do."

This was getting around toward some real news, but Rickard claimed that was all he knew of Dempsey's intentions. The promoter added on his own behalf that Jack would fight indoors this winter if he found he could get into shape, and then contradicted himself by declaring that a Dempsey fight would be an outdoor affair.

"Will you match him with Berlenbach?" This appears the most important of heavyweight questions of the moment.

"I'd rather put him in against one of the big fellows," said Tex. But a moment later he added that Berlenbach was "up to 180 pounds and would be a good match for Dempsey."

"Too expensive?" it was suggested.

"Yes, too expensive," replied Rickard frankly.

"Dempsey will fill any place he fights in and he'll be the favorite, too, over any man in the world, except maybe Tunney, and I'm not sure about that."

Which was all the heavyweight boxing news for the day.

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Jack Sharkey Bids For Championship Heavyweight Honor

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—(United News)—A new giant is following through the land of fisticuffs.

The giant hails from the rocky shores of the Baltic Sea where he was born of parents named "Kucoskey." He is now known as Jack Sharkey and he claims he is the mightiest among the mammoths of fisticuffs.

The giant-killer, is, of course, none other than our old friend, Jack Delaney, whose role in boxing has been the cutting down of just such ambitious heavyweights.

While everyone is talking of the possibility of a fight between Sharkey and the world's champion, Gene Tunney, Delaney and his manager, Pete Reilly, with whom he has just signed a new three year contract, are gunning for the new Boston strong boy.

Delaney had a contract to fight Sharkey, which he was none too anxious to fulfill after acquiring the light heavyweight title from Paul Berlenbach.

Now, however, that the Boston Lithuanian has become one of the most talked-of fighters in the ring, the Bridgeport battler is hot after a match.

Many a heavyweight has been hailed as a coming contender for championship honors among the big fellows, only to be cut down by Jack, the giant-killer.

The New York boxing solons, who are more discreet in their commands since they put all their chips on the black and became laughing-stocks of the world of fisticuffs, have told Delaney to stick to his class and defend his own title at the 175-pound limit.

Pete Reilly says, however, that Jack wants Sharkey.

"If we cannot get him, we'll take Wills," proposed Pete.

To such a pass has the erstwhile "Black Panther" come. Just a chopping block for anyone who wants to put a practice fight under his belt?

Confining ourselves to the prospects of a Delaney-Sharkey bout, there is no doubt that it would be a good match.

Delaney is faster and hits harder and would not be giving away

more than 15 pounds. It would be a good fight to watch.

There is little prospect of Johnny Buckley and his newly prominent Boston bulldog taking a chance on a Delaney match, however. Sharkey is pointing at the title. He has a chance to strut as a giant among giants. He would be a sap to take a chance with the Bridgeport giant-killer.

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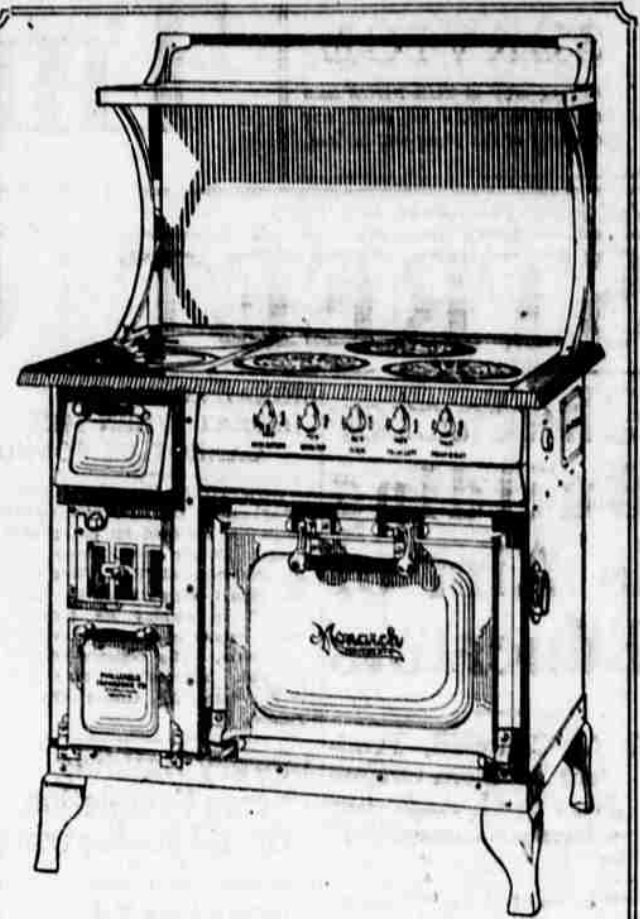
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