

CHAMP WINS DECISION

MICKEY KEEPS MIDDLEWEIGHT TITLE IN BOUT

Battle Waged in Pouring Rain; Hudkins Takes But One Round of Ten

By FRANK GETTY

CHICAGO, June 21. (UP)—In the midst of one of the most terrific downpours that ever beset a championship battle, Mickey Walker of Elizabeth N. J., retained his middleweight title tonight by outfighting Ace Hudkins of Nebraska in 10 furious rounds.

Fierce as the storm was, it barely exceeded in fury the two fisted attack which Hudkins launched against the champion and after it was over the cheers of the crowd of 35,000 who took their ducking to see the battle were all for the challenger.

Nevertheless Walker deserved to retain the title for he fought a far cleaner fight than the Wild cat from Nebraska, who fouled him in every conceivable manner. The champion landed the harder, cleaner blows and won five of the rounds. Hudkins put on a furious rally in the 10th but at the finish it was Walker's hand that was raised.

Hudkins was continually warned by the referee for his low blows but apparently the infractions of the rules were not severe enough to declare a foul.

Each fighter inflicted severe damage on the other and at one stage of the fight both men were bleeding.

The weather which had threatened throughout the day cleared off shortly before the preliminaries but as hostilities began to get under way, the clouds appeared again.

Along in the early minutes of the eighth round the rain began to fall. The ninth was held under a steady downpour and at the beginning of the final stanza, a cloudburst developed.

The men stood in the center of the ring, presenting a sad spectacle to the rally dressed battlers that had started at the sound of the opening song.

Both dripping wet, they stood toe to toe for several minutes slugging away at each other. Their water-soaked gloves splashed against each other's body.

weighted by the water from the heavens.

For Hudkins it was a last-minute stand. Outpointed throughout the fight, he could win only by a knockout. He tried to put over the blow but, like Walker, was blinded by the drenching rain.

He swung hard for the blow but he could not make it.

FIGHT BY ROUNDS

ROUND ONE—Walker stuck a left into Aces stomach and drove him to the ropes with a hard poke to the jaw. Hudkins forced the champion into a corner and held him there, banging away with a left to the body. Walker hooked a short right and left to the body. Ace sent a long right to the head. Hudkins rushed and Walker met him with a left hook to the jaw. Hudkins swung a left to the body and hooked his left to Mickey's jaw. Ace jabbed a light left to the face and made Mickey miss. Hudkins rushed and missed a wild right but drew blood from Walker's nose with a left hook. Mickey drove a hard right to the body. The champion swung right and left to the head and punished Ace at close quarters. Hudkins drove a straight right to the face. He jabbed left to the face at the bell. Round even.

ROUND TWO—Hudkins drove in and stuck his head in Mickey's chest, carrying the champion off balance and then stabbing him with rights to the head. Mickey stuck a left to the jaw. Ace swung hard left and right to Mickey's face and kept boring in with his head down. Walker missed a left to the face and then caught the Ace with left and right uppercut to the face. Walker blocked a hard right to the body and they clinched. An old cut over Walker's left eye was opened and bled profusely. Hudkins was warned for butting and they stood toe to toe slugging away furiously with both hands. Walker crossed a short right to the jaw and swung a right to the body. Hudkins jabbed a left to the face and Walker tied him up in a clinch. Round even.

ROUND THREE—Walker hooked left to the body and Hudkins put his head down and went boring in. Ace pounded Mickey in the repeated clinches. Walker uppercut left and right to the jaw, but was missing badly with his right to the head and Ace swung a right to the ear. Hudkins was low to the body and Walker stepped away and hooked left and right to the head. (Continued on Page Six)

McLarnin Knocks McGraw Out in First Round of N. Y. Bout

By GEORGE KIRKSEY

NEW YORK, June 21. (UP)—Jimmy McLarnin, the baby-faced, blue-eyed Irish lad from Vancouver, B. C., pounded his way back toward the heights of the lightweight division when he knocked out Phil McGraw, Detroit Greek, in 2 minutes and 45 seconds of the first round of their scheduled 10 round fight here tonight.

Unleashing a savage attack that sent the Greek sprawling to the canvas four times in the first round, McLarnin knocked out McGraw for the first time in the rugged Detroit fighter's career.

Reeling and rocking, McGraw was a pitiful sight when referee Jack Dorman stepped between the fighters and led McGraw, glass-eyed and without his senses, to his corner, to save him from further punishment.

The victory will go down in the record books as a technical knockout, but never was a fighter more cleanly knocked out than McGraw was tonight.

A right to the jaw sent McGraw spinning through the ropes in the first minute. There was no count because McGraw almost fell on the official knockdown timekeeper who had to raise both hands to keep McGraw from falling on him. The other timekeeper reported McGraw had been down for eight seconds, although there was no official count with the knockdown hammer.

Back in the ring, McGraw, dazed from the terrific punches, rushed at McLarnin on wobbly

knees and stuck out a feeble left. McLarnin stopped aside and pounded home his sledge-hammer right, sending the Greek down once more.

McGraw, insensible to what was going on now, came back again as quickly as he went down and stumbled after McLarnin shot his left and right to the jaw and McGraw went tumbling almost through the ropes.

Bleeding from the nose and mouth, McGraw for the first time in six years of fighting was on the verge of a knockout.

Game to the core, he refused to quit.

McLarnin shot his left out like a bolt of lightning and it caught McGraw flush on the jaw. Again McGraw went down. Half thru the ropes McGraw struggled to pull himself back into the ring and onto his feet.

By a superhuman effort he got to his haunches, but referee Dorman rushed in and stopped the bout to save him from further punishment.

Just as he was wafted into the hearts of New Yorkers by his sensational one-round knockout of Sid Terris four months ago in this same ring, McLarnin tonight was hailed as the greatest puncher the 135-pound division has ever known.

His victory over McGraw clinches McLarnin another championship bout with Sammy Mandell, the lightweight champion, under Jim Mullen's promotion at Chicago in August.

McLarnin weighed 136 and McGraw 134. The referee was Jack Dorman.

Dark Horses Steal Honors in Olympia Field Golf Meet

By FRANK GETTY

CHICAGO, June 21. (UP)—A young Italian-American with the characteristics of a Connecticut Yankee and a naturalized Englishman who is acquiring a Dixie accent down in Georgia, led the field of 142 starters in the 32nd national open golf championship at Olympia Fields today.

This hot, sunny day was indeed a day for dark horses, with Al Cluel, 21-year-old Stratford, Connecticut, professional, and Frank Ball, who learned his golf on the famous course at Hoylake, England, near his home, tied for the lead with 70 strokes apiece.

At their heels came another dark horse, Leonard Schmutte, a Hoosier who now hails from Lima, Ohio, with 71.

Of the outstanding favorites, Bobby Jones of Atlanta, still rated a 5 to 1 choice to capture his third open title, was best with a 73.

Both Cluel and Ball come from famous golfing families. There are four dark-haired, diminutive Cluel boys who learned their golf away down east and they all rank high at the royal and ancient pastime, while Ball, who is 33 years old, is a cousin of John Ball, one of the most noted of old-time British professionals.

Cluel is a protégé of Gene Sarazen, while Ball, before succeeding Stewart Maiden, Bobby Jones' former teacher at East Lake Atlanta, Georgia, was professional at Broadmoor, near Colorado Springs, Colo. Thus the results of the first round geographically and genealogically, are not without general interest.

The consistent play of the leaders is demonstrated by their cards, compared with par for the championship course:

Par out 555-443-434-35.
In 444-345-345-36-71
Cluel, out 545-543-334-35
In 443-355-344-35-70
Ball, out 444-452-345-35
In 433-445-345-35-70

The "best ball" of the field for the opening days play was 59. Close upon the heels of the leaders came some other dark horses, and some veterans who always figure prominently in open championships these days.

Bunched like bananas with 72 each were Bill Leach, Overbrook, Pa.; Horton Smith, Joplin, Mo.; Leo Diegel, the temperamental White Plains pro and Johnny Golden, Paterson, N. J.

The feature of Cluel's 70 was an amazing machine nibble pitch at the 17th, perhaps the most spectacular shot of the day. The youngster's second shot stopped behind one of the many trees which crowd in upon the narrow fairway on the 383-yard hole.

He pitched boldly over the top of the tree, and his ball stopped dead a foot from the cup. It was one of those shots by which championships are won.

Leonard Schmutte, the former open champion, heard the bookmakers laying 100 to 1 against Schmutte last night. Willie bought a ticket.

One needs but one guess to figure who was grinning broadly and pumping Schmutte's hand when the youngster stepped from the 18th green and the 71 went up on the score board.

Ball plays a compact English stroke with a short finish, rather reminiscent of Abe Mitchell. He had three putts on the fifth, sixth and 18th greens today, or his score might have been even more sensational. He was never once off the course.

Bobby Jones was applauded when he stepped on the first tee, but the gallery heaved a sigh of regret when the Atlantan pushed his tee shot into the deep rough at the right of the long fairway.

He pulled his second into a trap at the left and there were more exclamations, not exactly guarded, for this was not a well-trained gallery.

Two shots into trouble mean nothing to Bobby Jones, however. He hustled out of the sand to within five feet of the pin and sank the shot for a birdie.

The crowd cheered and scampered noisily for the next tee before Johnny Farrell, Bob's partner, had a chance to putt.

COAST LEAGUE BALL SCORES

Club— R H E

Seattle 4 9 1

Missions 3 10 6

Batteries—Knight and Parker; Nevers and Whitney.

Club— R H E

San Francisco 7 12 1

Sacramento 3 8 1

Batteries—Jacobs and Sprinz; Flynn and Severeid.

Club— R H E

Los Angeles 5 11 4

Oakland 4 8 9

Batteries—Pitt and Hannah; Wetzel, Sparks and Head.

Club— R H E

Portland 11 13 3

Hollywood 6 10 4

Batteries—Yerkes, Ponder and Rego; Kinney, Mulcahy, Fullerton, McCabe and Agnew.

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BIG LEAGUES AT A GLANCE

American—First game:
Detroit 5 8 2
St. Louis 8 11 0
Carroll, Smith, Holloway and Woodall; Crowder, Blacholder and Mantion.

American—First game:
Chicago 2 8 0
Cleveland 4 7 2
Thomas and Berg; Miller, Hudlin and Myatt.

American—First game:
Philadelphia 0 9 0
New York 4 7 0
Grove and Cochrane; Johnson and P. Collins.

American:
Philadelphia-New York second game called off, rain and wet grounds.

National—First game:
New York 9 13 0
Boston 4 6 1
Pittsmons and O'Farrell; J. Cooney, R. Smith, Wertz and Spolner, Urban.

National—Second game:
New York 1 5 0
Boston 3 9 0
Benton and Hogan; Delaney and Taylor.

National—First game:
St. Louis 1 2 1
Chicago 2 5 0
Mitchell and J. Wilson; Blake and Hartnett.

National:
Cincinnati 5 11 1
Pittsburgh 4 11 0

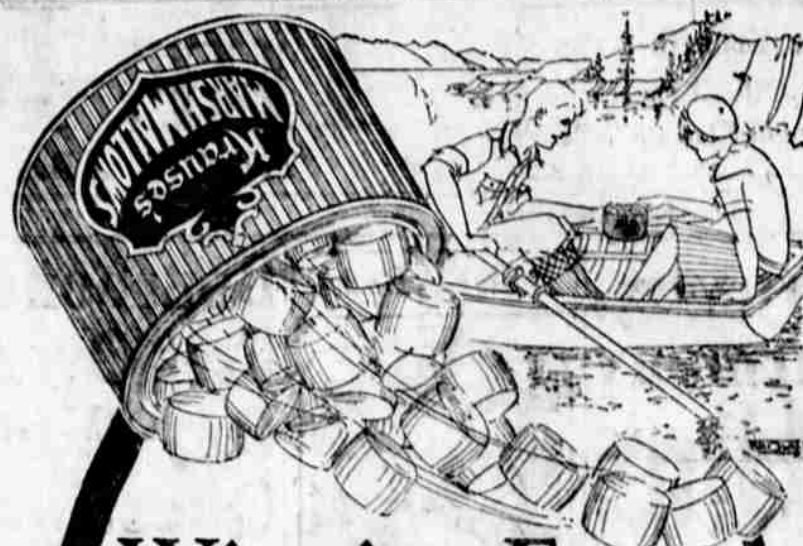
National—Second game:
St. Louis 4 7 0
Chicago 1 3 3
Johnson and J. Wilson; Root and Gonzales.

American:
Boston 9 11 1
Washington 2 8 1

ACTOR ILL

ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, N. J., June 21. (UP)—Robert H. Mantell, veteran Shakespearean actor and producer, is seriously ill at "Brucewood," his country home here. Mantell is more than 70 years old. He suffered a breakdown last winter while on tour, but recovered sufficiently to undertake another tour in the spring.

Mrs. George Canning of the Main News company is home from an enjoyable visit in Portland with relatives and friends.



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