

THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

SALEM, OREGON, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1916

ON TRAINS AND NEWS STANDS, FIVE CENTS

WILLARD IS VICTOR IN TEN ROUND BOUT IN NEW YORK TONIGHT

Thirteen Thousand Fight Hungry Fans Crowd Arena---Crowd Is Held In Check By Three Hundred Policemen---Many Fashionably Gowned Women Among Spectators---Gate Receipts Over \$150,000.

By Perry Arnold Ringside, Madison Square Garden, New York, Mar. 25.—Jess Willard retained his world's championship title tonight in a lifeless 10-round bout with Frank Moran. Sheer superiority of size and weight won for Willard. Moran boxed frequently but was unable to damage the big champion who smiled throughout most of the 10 rounds. In the seventh Willard made his only spurt and seemed to be going after a knockout. Before the round was over however, Moran rallied. At least a dozen times during the fight Willard had an easy chance for a knockout but took no advantage. It was announced that Willard broke his right hand in the third round. The announcement was made by Tom Jones. (United Press Staff Correspondent.) Ringside, Madison Square Garden, New York, March 25.—Back in A. D. 50, a gink Yolept Nero, together with all the elite of Imperial Rome—accompanied by the hot sports of that day—gathered in the coliseum to watch the clash of a trident armed cent against another person armed with a short thick sword. Not since that memorable day has there been such an assembly of the purple robed with the hot sports as there was tonight in Madison Square Garden. This time it was to watch the clash of six foot seven against six foot one—Jess Willard against Charles Francis Moran. Ermine mingled with soiled garb—pig with society leader, sport with aristocracy tonight. The battle of a challenger against champion made the historic garden a regular melting pot. Three hundred policemen slammed and pushed and hauled at the 17,000 fight hungry fans at the gates. Long before six o'clock when the management had announced that the doors would be opened there were at least a thousand in line. The gates weren't opened until 7:30 and by that time there were lines blocks long waiting, pushing, scrambling—and complaining—to get in. Women, fashionably gowned and accompanied by silk hatted full dressed escorts rubbed elbows with the East Side fight fans in this swirling, pressing mob. The police played no favorites. All had to take their place in line. Inside one could look over the series rows of seats—a dark mass of humanity with a full dress shirt front sticking the black here and there. Even Bob Fitzsimmons wore an open front and a high topper. Consequently he got a husky cheer as his lanky figure was espied in the aisles. Along about 8 o'clock somebody rang the gong. It didn't hush the rattle, bang and thud of folded seats being opened. The preliminaries had been scheduled to start an hour before. But who worried about preliminaries when Willard was to battle Moran long about 9:30 or so? Nobody. The crowd plainly showed it was disdainfully careless of any preliminaries. The high powered lights were lighted and there was a sudden hush. But when a moving picture gent stood in the middle and held up a poster so cameras on each side could get the correct focus raucous voices voiced disgust. An announcer—not the famous "Humphreys", but a mere volunteer—got a cheer when he announced "No smoking." At 8 precisely the two gladiators selected as first whetters of the audience's flinty appetite clambered into the ring. They were Nate Jackson of Oklahoma City and Pete Slane of New York. By this time society with a big B was beginning to arrive. The ladies for the most part however, kept the low necked evening gowns covered over and it was just a trifle chilly in the great hall. Maybe also they were holding back waiting for the big bout. Among the women spectators of note was Mrs. Tex Rickard, wife of the promoter of the bout, looking as interested as a man who saw dollars in every one of the sea of faces turned on the ring. Geraldine Farrar, the prima donna was another to attract attention. Somebody won the preliminary bout—but nobody seemed particularly en-

waiting for the champion to lead. Willard put stiff right to the jaw and followed with a left to the same place without return. They mixed furiously in the center. Willard getting a good right to the head. Willard jabbed left to face and Moran missed a counter, head down. Moran swung right and left to the head. Willard backed into a corner and led left and right landing both. Moran swung wildly, Willard taking the blow on his giant arms and smiling broadly. Willard had a shade. It was a tame round. Not a solid blow had been struck up to this time. Round 3. Moran put straight left to the stomach and then covered up. Willard failed to land. Willard landed stiff right to the stomach. They came to a harmless clinch. Willard put light left to the jaw and Moran more than evened it up with three hard lefts to the jaw. They sparred in the center of the ring. The round was even. Round 4. Willard put right to the face and then swung light left to same place. Willard landed right to head without return. Moran swung left to the jaw and Willard countered with right to the head. They were sparring at the bell. It was Willard's round by a shade. Round 5. The blows were heavy. Willard smiled but he was not hurt. In the center Willard jabbed left twice to the jaw. Willard bored in. Moran landed two lefts for the body. Moran seemed to be making the pace which was not fast. Moran landed to face. Willard's round. Round 6. They exchanged a series of body punches. Willard jabbed left to the jaw. Moran's injured eye bled profusely. Willard put three hard rights to the injured eye. Willard landed two stiff lefts to the jaw. Willard put left to the jaw at the bell. Willard's round. Round 7. Willard rained lefts to Moran's head and body without return. Moran covered up and tried to block. Moran leaned his head against Willard's breast and swung wildly over head. Willard uppercut left to the jaw fiercely three times. They battled head to head until the referee broke them. Moran seemed groggy. Willard put stiff left to the jaw. Moran bored in but Willard pounded head and body. Moran took terrific beating. Suddenly coming to life Moran landed left and right to the head and the crowd cheered wildly. Moran made a terrific flash but it was Willard's round. Round 8. Willard put left to head and they clinched. Willard put another left to the head. Willard put his left through twice to the face and Moran's eye bled. Moran missed two lefts and they clinched. Willard put left to jaw and Moran swung right and left to the head. Willard jabbed left to the nose three times and blocked Moran's left. Moran covered and backed away. Willard jabbed left to the head. Moran landed right to jaw. Moran swung left and right to the head but Willard straightened him up with a left uppercut to Moran's bleeding face. Jess' round. Round 9. Moran rushed but Willard blocked his leads and rained left and right jabs to face. Willard got in two good jabs to Moran's face. Willard landed left to the jaw and blocked an overleft swing for the face. Willard backed Moran about the ring without landing. They stood off waiting. Willard put a stiff left to the face and caught Moran coming in with his right. Moran landed overhand left swing to the ear. Moran's swing was easily blocked. The pace was slowed to a walk. Moran landed right and left. It was Willard's round. Round 10. Moran refused to shake hands. Willard jabbed left to face three times without a return. Moran put his left to face but did no damage. Willard put stiff left to jaw and Moran bored in with head down but failed to land. Willard put right to the body. Willard landed left and right to the jaw. Willard uppercut to the face and blocked Moran's counter. Willard landed left and right to the jaw. They exchanged lefts and Moran swung right to ear. ***** SPORT GOSSIP ***** In one of his raving moods on the bench George Stallings hauled Sherwood. Magee over the coals. Magee wasn't quite agile enough in the outfield that day to suit his boss. "There you are," exclaimed George to Sherwood, when the latter came in between innings. "playing the field on one foot!" "Uh, huh," responded Magee tranquilly, "that's a hard thing to do. I'm the only outfielder in the league that can do it." Tom Seaton, the pitcher, last year with the Brooklyn Federals, and recent ly bought by the Chicago Nationals, telegraphed from New York, in March 3, that he would join the training camp at Tampa. John McGraw is through with the Indians, red, white or blue. Not even another Sox-kalexis could get a contract with the New York club, said John B. Foster last week, for his experience with original Americans has impressed the manager of the Giants with the undesirability of having any of that temperamental star on the team. Jim Thorpe's contract with the club has another season to run, and when that expires it looks like curtains for the red-

BILLY MASCOTT AND AL SOMMERS ARE BUSY IN PORTLAND Will Not Appear In Smokers In Salem Until Present Dates Are Filled

Billy Mascott and Al Sommers have a string of matches in Portland and other coast cities that will prevent them from appearing again in Salem for some time according to Manager Bobby Evans who writes to Salem friends that he will probably bring his boys back here for Smokers later on. Mascott will meet "Tex" Vernon in Portland March 28. Vernon is the man from whom Mascott won the Northwest featherweight championship and Vernon is anxious to have a chance to regain his lost laurels. Vernon is a good boxer but Mascott has improved greatly since he won the title and it is more than likely that Vernon will find that he has a harder nut to crack than he encountered at the first meeting. Al Sommers meets Billy Weeks, the Canadian Champion middleweight, at Centralia, Washington, next Wednesday. Al is training at Portland and has the chance of a lifetime to step out among the top notchers by beating the Canadian. Sommers is confident of winning and if his hopes are realized he will meet Fighting Billy Murray in Portland. Sommers gained in popularity in Salem after his first match here and his last encounter with the big Seattle boxer, Art Wilson, convinced the fans that he has the goods. He is outweighted 30 pounds but he outboxed the big fellow and forced him to quit in the seventh round. Weeks may possibly box in Salem if he wins from Sommers and it is possible that he will meet Valley Trambitas in this city. Weeks is confident of winning from Sommers and says he intends to take a trip east in the early summer and wants to clean up all of the Northwest 158 pounders before he leaves and carry a clear title to the new fields. Manager Evans is confident that the Salem boxing fans will support the game in this city when they come to realize that Mascott is the king of the bantams and at least the grand duke of the featherweights in the northwest and that Al Sommers is one of the best of the middle weights and that these boys are boxing in Salem for lower prices than are offered in the large cities.

Salem Is Placed On Boxing Map By Smokers

Salem promises to gain some recognition as the home of some clever boxers according to a letter received here recently from Sandpoint, Idaho, from a bantam who wants to go with Billy Mascott in Salem. J. W. Fitzgerald, of Sandpoint, says his home town harbors a crackerjack bantam by the name of Bud Ridley who is anxious to meet Billy Mascott some time in April. He states that Ridley has won two 10-round bouts from Jimmy Stank, of Spokane, which were staged in Sandpoint and that the boy is eager to try his skill against the best of them so he has selected Mascott as a target. Men as far as McGraw's team is concerned. Pitcher Stanley Dougan, of the Cincinnati Reds, is a protege of "Old Cy" Young. Dougan was a student at Ohio university, where Young is coaching, and Herzog has great hopes of his making good. Christy Mathewson is standing the early workouts at Moran Springs as well as ever. He has excelled even doubt as to his ability to do much pitching the coming summer but Manager McGraw believes he will come through as well as ever. No matter what is said of Roger Bresnahan, no one can accuse him of overlooking a bet when it comes to putting the coin on his contraballs. He is the only man in baseball who has been able to make big money on getting releases from different clubs. Manager Tucker, on March 7, immediately after arrival at Tampa, Fla., indefinitely suspended Phil Dougan, a pitcher, who had preceded the other players by a day, for failing to keep in condition after arrival. Hank Palmoro, the Cuban wonder, is banking on making the New York team this year. Palmoro is bigger and heavier than he ever was before, and his pitching has improved with his strength. McGraw believes his actions this spring and likes that he will fill the shoes of Rube Marquard nicely. Charles A. Fredericks, for several years secretary of the Chicago White Sox, and who died January 11 after a lingering illness, left an estate valued at \$75,000, according to his will probated in Judge Horner's court. Mrs. Mathewson Whitteman, mother of the deceased, is named as the chief beneficiary, the money to be divided among his brothers after her death.

Willard's Just-Before-the-Battle Statement

(Made to the United Press.) New York, Mar. 25.—"I am going to knock Moran out in the shortest possible order. His right never will get near enough to hurt me. I never in my life was in better shape than I am today for the Moran fight. I have trained down almost to ringside weight and expect to enter the ring weighing about 245 pounds, a reduction of 15 pounds. I will rest up for about a month after beating Moran and then go out again with the circus."—Jess Willard.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Possible Receipts and Expenses of Big Bout. Revenue: 540 seats at \$3 each, 2,200 seats at \$5 each, 4,920 seats at \$10 each, 1,350 seats at \$15 each, 600 seats at \$20 each, 1,751 seats at \$25 each. Total Revenue: \$139,645. Expenses: Purse (Willard, \$47,500; Moran \$23,750), Advertising, Rental of arena, Incidentals (fares, telegrams, telephones, clerk hire, etc.), Reconstruction of arena, State tax (7 1/2 per cent, on \$100,000), Help (ushers, private police, police, etc.). Total Expenses: \$70,000, 5,000, 7,500, 5,000, 3,500, 7,500, 1,500. Total Expenses: \$101,250. Recapitulation: Gross receipts, \$129,645; Expenses, 108,250; Gross profit, 21,395.

Moran Has Made Only \$15,000 In the Fight Game

(By the United Press.) New York, Mar. 25.—Frank Moran has made only about \$15,000 out of the fight game, as compared with Willard's nearly a quarter of a million. Frank, while not a recklessly reckless spender, is liberal with Colbie liberality and has not hung on to all that \$15,000 by any manner of means. He is not, however, a pauper, nor would he be even if some one should tap him on the koke tonight after the show and take that \$23,750 he is to get. Moran really needs the money and it will be up to him to husband that 23 thou' very carefully if he loses tonight, because defeat in this fight would be apt to bar him from the big fight money forever and ever after.

A New Today add may lead to fortune—take the right road.

BATTLE TONIGHT FOR WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP

Willard and Moran to Fight for the Title—Willard Gets for His Share of Purse \$47,500, and Moran \$23,750—Gross Receipts From Ticket Sale \$129,645, Expenses \$101,250, Net Profit \$28,395—The Fight To Go Ten Rounds and Will Be Real Thing

By the Sport Seer. (Written for the United Press.) New York, Mar. 25.—The scene is set in Madison Square Garden. With almost reverent awe the ringside flunkers have tested the ropes, jarred the floor for possible flaws and burnished the sacred water buckets. Jess Willard and Frank Moran meet tonight. The 10-round bout between the giants of the ring has all New York, a station of some few hundred souls, tingling with expectancy. A considerable outside section of the so-called civilized world is straining its ears for ringside tidings. Charley White, referee of the east-est 10-round inside ever planned, has his counter in trim. He is ready to toll ten over either gladiator with almost brutal impartiality. Willard will send full many a member of the clan Moran suppers to bed for nights and nights to come if he stops the blonde from Pittsburgh in the evening shadows. Those who saw Moran beat Jim Coffey over the knockout course twice in the same ring were so strongly impressed with his naymaking rigat that they plunged even before Big Jess bestowed his bulk on Broadway. Later they felt tremors about the bank-roll and these tremors have become acute pains as the big battle draws near. Willard is powerful long on size and strength and it is inconceivable to many persons that anything less than a Bullwip runabout can carry a kick of sufficient force to bounce him into dreamland. It ought to be a real fight. Moran has nothing to gain by stalling 10 rounds with Willard. He could have gone on in New York obtaining fairly copulent purses for fighting mediocre manners had he not chosen to take on Willard. Now that he has done so the road to fabulous wealth is clear, except for Jess Willard. All Moran has to do is flatten the Kansas giant. He opines it's a man-sized undertaking but claims he is the man to do it. Willard himself stands higher than Mister Worth's sizeable shanty with most of the fans of the country. But if he pulls the old one-two-three-kick on the Broadway bouncers he will find himself flat on his well-known back so far as desirable matches are concerned. The fans are putting a lot of faith in the big boy in tonight's go and he will have to deliver according to the invoice, or go down in pugilistic history as the biggest article of gorgonzola ever shown. Moran's boxing ability is fairly well known, but Willard's is a mysterious quantity. Jess boxed like an amateur with a broken arm in his bouts here in the harrowing ham-and-egg lays and flashed up as a master of Queensbury tactics against Jack Johnson. When that gloomy gent measured his longitude along the floor at Havana, Jess was hailed a rather some boxer. He appears in his training bouts to have learned a whole library of tricks and most valuable of them is that of holding his opponent's elbows to keep the other gent away. Willard gets the biggest purse ever offered for a 10-round bout, \$7,500 being the stipend. Moran's purse of \$20,000 with a sizeable bit for trinitram and other training expenses, is the largest ever offered any challenger for any kind of a bout, according to sport statisticians. For that money the boys ought to put up quite a tussle this evening.



Willard (left) and Moran as they will appear in ring at Madison Square Garden.

Moran's Just-Before-the-Battle Statement

(Made to the United Press.) New York, Mar. 25.—"If I feel as good when I enter the ring as I do this minute I have no doubt I will be returned a winner, whether the fight goes 10 rounds or not. I have never before felt the agility and health that I

Table with 2 columns: Measurement, Value. Chest: 44 in. Normal, 47 in. Expanded, 47 in. Waist: 35 in. Biceps: 16 in. Neck: 17 1/2 in. Forearm: 8 1/2 in. Calf: 35 1/2 in. Ankle: 9 in. How the Battlers Compare: Willard: Age 29, Height 6 ft. 7 in., Weight 260 lbs., Reach 83 1/2 in.; Moran: Age 29, Height 5 ft. 1 in., Weight 203 lbs., Reach 78 in.