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Prelims Occupy Filters Into Championship

Amos Carter of Fort Worth Pushes in With His Party As Ham and Eggers Do Their Stuff.

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Universal Service Staff Corre-
spondent.

SESQUI STADIUM, Philadelphia, Sept. 23.—At 9 o'clock, Monte Munn, the young Nebraska legislator and ex-football player, who is earnestly devoting himself to the business of trying to become heavyweight champion of the world, entered the ring, followed by old Mr. Dan Hickey, his tutor.

Hughey Clements of Philadelphia, climbed into the other corner, a bulky, sad looking young man in green, tights somewhat worn from frequent impact with the resined floors of different rings. Monte Munn weighed 210½ and Clements 189½. Jim Heinshan, a stoutish gent from Wilkesbarre was the referee.

Monte dashed right across the ring at the bell and punched Hughey in the body, but strange to say Hughey remained upright. Monte kept pounding him and Hughey decided that he looked better covered up. He finally fell down just before the end of the round and Mr. Heinshan counted him out in a loud voice. Hughey really lasted longer than his admirers anticipated. He got up after the referee finished the count and seemed disposed to continue but Mr. Heinshan led him away.

It was a great triumph for education. Monte Munn is well educated as you may have heard.

Griffo Flashes In.

Joe Griffo, well known in pugilistic circles in Philadelphia, as a promoter, referee and announcer entered the ring resplendent in a dinner jacket, or tuxedo, as it is locally termed, and acted as a sort of master of ceremonies.

George Godfrey, the black shadow of Leipersville, and Robert Lawson, the Alabama bear, both very colored gents, appeared in the next bout with Eddie Kennedy of Pittsburg, as the referee. The crowd moaned when George's weight was announced at 223, with 180½ for Lawson, but the Alabama bear is said to be the colored heavyweight champion, having knocked out old John Arthur Johnson not very long ago. No colored man ever before stopped Johnson, and some folks say Johnson kept the world's heavyweight title.

The black shadow was all bandaged up about the knees like an old race horse and he wore very tight fitting green trunks. He went leaping out of his corner, urged on by his manager Jim Dougherty, the good Baron of Leipersville, and hurled a left hook to Lawson's stomach.

They did a lot of good wrestling, punching inside as they wrestled. Toward the end of the round they traded rights and Lawson was a little dizzy as he walked back to the comforting care of Mr. "Squack" Miller, his manager, who also manages Baron Leipersville, the middleweight champion.

Between the rounds, the baron poured harsh words into the black shadow's ears and urged him to greater efforts. The shadow came out throwing his left to Lawson's body. Clinching ensued. Lawson fell flat on his back from a severe push but got up immediately and dashed at the black shadow. Both boys were bleeding at the mouth as the round ended.

Carter Winner.

While this matter was going forward, Amos Carter, publisher of the Fort Worth Star Telegram, piloted a party of distinguished Texans to some choice chairs, the party included F. O. Clarity, Dr. Webb Walker, Judge Bob Milam, Charles Rasier, Phil Laughlin, Red Knight, E. S. Walker, R. C. Martin, Jimmie Shelton, Carl Smith and John Phillips.

Joe Bannon, the famous circula-

tion manager of the New York Evening Journal and Dempsey's time-keeper, came in with Reno Jack McCaffery and took a seat in the press section awaiting his duties in the main event.

Mayor Jimmy Walker, of New York, entered the press section followed by several Philadelphia coppers and began his duties as a pugilistic reporter. The mayor was working tonight for a New York newspaper.

Viewed from the press section, the crowd was really a tremendous spectacle. It stretched away in

compact rows for what seemed to be miles and miles.

In the meantime, the matter between the black shadow and the Alabama bear has proceeded on to a six-round conclusion, with Mr. Kennedy, the referee, perspiring from every pore as a result of his struggles with the big men. Lawson was disposed to hang on to the black shadow rather tightly, so it was rather a slow fight. The judges agreed on Godfrey which would seem to make the black shadow colored heavyweight champion of the world.

Stoessel-De Mave Next.

Joe Stoessel, a giant Italian from New York, and Jack De Mave, the so-called golden boy, of Hoboken, were next, substituting for John Risko and Knute Hanson.

Joe weighed 226 pounds and De Mave 186½. Frank "Pop" O'Brien, the Philadelphia veteran, was the referee.

It was nearly 9 o'clock when De Mave and Stoessel went on, and the people were still coming in steadily.

The crowd came out of a lethargy and cheered when De Mave crowded big Joe to the ropes and hooked him about the head with a looping left. Joe looked quite indignant, and so did Mr. Harry Lenny, his manager.

In the third round De Mave hooked his left to Joe's body and Joe leaned up against the ropes rather distressed. De Mave kept pelting away, and finally dropped Stoessel with a right to the chin. Joe remained in an incumbent and listening attitude on the canvas until "Hop" O'Brien counted ten in an extra loud voice. The crowd cheered intensely over this incident.

Delaney-Loughran Is Good.

Jimmy Delaney, the St. Paul light heavyweight, who was one of Tunney's sparring partners, and Tommy Loughran of Philadelphia, who served with Dempsey, were next. Loughran weighed 176 and Delaney 177. Frank Floyd of Philadelphia was the referee.

Loughran and Delaney are both clever chaps, and they started off at a fast clip, stabbing and stepping. Tommy was trying some of Dempsey's body punching.

Loughran's mouth was bleeding as the second round opened, and the exchange of jabs, Delaney was pressing the fight.

In the fourth round, Loughran banged a sharp left to Delaney's nose and the blood spurted. Before the close of the round he was quite a mess, and Loughran was well smeared with gore, too.

Loughran punched Delaney all over the ring in the fifth. Tommy tried for a knockout, but it is very rarely indeed that Thomas knocks out any one. Tunney's friends tried to console themselves with the thought that Gene had punched all the fight out of Delaney up at Stroudsburg.

The lights were extinguished all over the stadium between the rounds save those above the ring, and the crowd sat in what the poet calls stygian darkness, which is very dark, indeed. It seemed to be an astounding amount of darkness. Occasionally sparks of light would flame up as the spectators struck matches, until finally one got the impression of a lot of fire flies flitting through the blackness of the night.

Glare Over Ring.

The ring lights spread a glare over the newspaper writers and the first few rows of the ringside seats. Beyond that was the darkness. It was like walking out of a brilliantly lighted room into the night to go down one of the aisles from the ring.

The judges agreed that Loughran won the six rounds with Delaney. The home boys cheered again.

Harry Persson, the heavyweight champion of Sweden, and Sergt. Jack Adams of St. Louis were the next performers on the bill. The sergeant is a former soldier and Persson is being mentioned as a potential heavyweight contender. He weighed 203, including the tattooing on his chest, while Adams weighed 186 1-2. Bob Murphy of Philadelphia was the referee.

The Swede knocked the soldier down in the first round with a pop to the chin. Adams was up without a count, and Professor Jimmy De Forrest, who is tutoring Persson, motioned for him to proceed.

The soldier lasted the first round, but had a sad expression as he returned to his corner, where the aged Bobby Bobbs, once one of the greatest lightweights of his time, carefully sponged him off. What the boys used to call the claret was springing from various wounds and contusions of the sergeant's face. He fell down, and Persson gallantly helped him up, then knocked him down again with a right to the tip of the chin.

Sergeant Takes Nine.

The sergeant took nine and managed to last the round, but then he tried to take Persson's corner. The gallant Swede kindly directed the soldier in the proper direction because he desired the corner himself in order to consult with Professor Jimmy De Forrest.

Adams staggered through the third round afoot until just before the bell, when he went down from a clip to the chin. He was on the floor when the gong sounded. The gallant Swede was a bit fagged out himself from his prodigious efforts. A man can not carry all that tattooing around without it tiring him.

The sergeant's blood seemed to be annoying some of the spectators who must have thought they were attending a pink tea, and there were cries of "stop it." He finally fell over again and the referee carried him to his corner as an act of mercy.

The spectators in the expensive seats now took a final stretch and fresh resin was sprinkled over the canvas to cover up the blood of the soldier. Then came the big battle.

In the semi-final which was put on after the main bout, Yale Okun, New York heavyweight, defeated Martin Burke of New Orleans in six rounds. It was still raining at the conclusion of this fight.

Cardinals Rest But Pull Closer To the Pennant

By Universal Service.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—St. Louis was closer to its first National league pennant this afternoon than ever before in its baseball history.

When the Philadelphia Nationals came from behind in the seventh inning of their game with the Cardinals' chief rival, Cincinnati to assume a 5 to 4 lead it looked as though Hershby's men were safely in the pennant port at last. A victory for Philadelphia would assure the Cardinals of at least a tie and one defeat for Cincinnati or one victory for the St. Louisians would mean the clinching of the pennant.

But the Red Legs, clinging desperately to their last pennant straw forged ahead in the eighth, only to be tied again and then held the fort till the fifteenth when darkness put a stop to the game and let the huge crowd file away to take their seats at the Dempsey-Tunney fight.

So today's abbreviated baseball program left the pennant base in status quo with the Cardinals holding a 2 1-2 game lead over the Reds and the Yankees teetering on the slim 2-game margin.