

# DEMPSEY DECLARES THE FIGHT WILL BE SHORT AND SWEET

## NAMING OF THE REFEREE SEEMS TO BE WORRYING EVERY ONE BUT FIGHTERS

### Carpenter Doesn't Care Who Officiates, but Champion's Manager Wants to Have Say Because He Claims the Frenchman Has Won Thirty Fights on Fouls.

By Robert Edgren.

ATLANTIC CITY, June 21.

THE referee question seems to be worrying every one but the fighters. Carpenter is more or less indifferent, as he feels sure he won't get the worst of it, no matter who referees. Dempsey is annoyed over the ignoring of his traditional right as champion to have something to say about the selection of the man who will referee a bout in which his title is at stake. But he isn't worried.

In the Dempsey-Kearns combination, Dempsey does the fighting and Kearns attends to everything else, including the worrying. That's well understood. Kearns seldom talks over business details with Dempsey, and Dempsey always refers people looking for information to Kearns unless they are asking something about his former battles or his punch. On these subjects Jack is the authority.

Kearns's whole objection to the appointment of a referee unknown to him is that he isn't willing to risk his champion's title on the action of any referee he doesn't absolutely know to be capable and reliable. It isn't enough for Kearns that other people believe in the referee and tell Kearns he is all right, or that he may be licensed and experienced.

"I've got to know," said Kearns to-day, "that the referee will know his business and that if Dempsey hits Carpenter a fair punch in the body the referee won't be swayed by any consideration to disqualify him on a claim of foul. They've claimed foul for Carpenter in about thirty fights, I've heard."

Asked Dempsey about that, he laughed.

"It won't make any difference to me who referees," he said, "as long as he can count up to ten. But of course I don't want to have to keep all my sitting up around the head. It's hard to get a fast man if you only have one man to shoot at. Anyway I bring down with my body punches and sometimes finish 'em that way too. If I think there may be some sort of a trick put over on me I'll have to be careful. But it might not make any difference. They never try the trick you're looking for anyhow."

### Dempsey Says He'll String With His Manager.

"I never use any tricks and I don't think Georges would either because he's a good sport. The tricks always come from outside the ring. I never bother my head about them. I do the fighting and it's up to Kearns to look out for these other things."

"But I string with Kearns. He started with me when I was working by the day and hardly getting enough to keep my family from starving and he got me the matches that made me champion."

"If Jack said to me, 'Get in the ring and fight Carpenter to-morrow,' why I'd get in and fight."

"If he said, 'Look up and take the fight to me,' I'd look to-day and look around for a job, we're going to stop fighting,' why that's just what I'd do."

Naturally Kearns has to be more careful of each detail of the fight than Dempsey. He has the championship of the world to lose. Jack Dempsey is in an unfortunate position. Thousands of people in this country who don't know him and don't know the facts in the case still harp on the "blacklist" charge. It ought to be enough for them that Dempsey was tried and immediately acquitted, that the "blacklist charges" were proved to have originated in an attempt to blackmail him, to have been bolstered with forged letters and to have been entirely unwarranted.

They don't know that Dempsey is a clean, decent fellow who has supported his mother and family since he was a boy, always working and sending home all he could spare. Anyone who ever knew Dempsey would have a lot of respect for him.

### Sparring Partners of Dempsey Outclass Carpenter's Staff

Neither Champion or Contender Has Much to Boast of in Way of Trainers.

Neither Jack Dempsey nor Georges Carpenter has much to boast of in the way of sparring partners.

Perhaps the Dempsey camp is a little better supplied in the way of human punching bags.

Two of the boxers helping Carpenter gave a sad account of themselves last night in Brooklyn. Paul Journee, who has been knocked out by most of the second raters in Europe, continued his successes by taking the count against Charlie Weinert and Italian Joe Gans was bumped off by Augie Hatner.

Experts have long maintained that Carpenter needs a couple of good fast, heavyweights who could swap punches with him. Joe Jeannette is too slow and awkward to do him any good, and the funniest thing of the season was to see the big novice, Journee, try to copy the style of Dempsey against the Frenchman.

Carpenter could have had any number of good American boys to

help him out, but he passed them up. Perhaps he was afraid they would carry tales back to the American champion, Harry Greb, one of the best in the business, and Jack Britton, the welterweight champion, volunteered their services, but Desamps smiled and thanked them.

Dempsey has better sparring mates in Larry Williams and Jack Benoit, but he could get better ones - Kid Norfolk, the colored heavy, is expected to join the staff this week. He would be a valuable addition. Norfolk trained Bill Brennan for his fight with Dempsey and his work was no small factor in getting the Chicago boy in superb condition for the twenty-round fight with the champion.

Dempsey does not show up his punches against his sparring partners and he invites them to give it to him. Carpenter apologizes when he strikes them too harshly and growls when they get so intimate as to strike him hard.

As a whole, Carpenter's camp is a joke, especially when one looks over the beefy chief, Maroot, the French lightweight, and Journee.

The sparring partners are a slapstick comedy and the Frenchman's work is of the same variety. Perhaps he is so good he does not need work. His record has never shown it, however.

## AT EBBETS FIELD LAST NIGHT

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By Thornton Fisher

## WEINERT STOPS PAUL JOURNEE IN THE FIFTH ROUND

### Joe Gans, Another Carpenter Sparring Partner, Also Gets Knocked Out.

By John Pollock.

PAUL JOURNEE, the French heavyweight and chief sparring partner of Georges Carpenter, the heavyweight champion of Europe, may be able to beat the big fellow now boxing in France, but after his showing against Charlie Weinert of Newark, in their contest at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn last night, he has a slim chance of whipping the "beavies" we have on this side of the big pond. Journee was so badly punished by Weinert that he was knocked out in the fourth round. It would have been the right thing at that moment for Francois Desamps, manager for Journee and Carpenter, to have thrown up the towel or sponged when Journee came staggering and bleeding from the nose and mouth, but Desamps merely laughed at Journee's condition and the poor Frenchman was sent out for the fifth round.

Prior to this round, Journee was floored three times, the bell coming to his rescue in the fourth round. It would have been the right thing at that moment for Francois Desamps, manager for Journee and Carpenter, to have thrown up the towel or sponged when Journee came staggering and bleeding from the nose and mouth, but Desamps merely laughed at Journee's condition and the poor Frenchman was sent out for the fifth round.

So far outclassed was Journee that if he were had in real good condition he wouldn't have stopped him in one round. In less than one minute after the bout started, Weinert nailed Journee on the jaw with a left swing, which almost ended the bout. The blow staggered Journee against the ropes and Weinert with several heavy blows to the face and jaw had him dazed and bleeding from a split lower lip when the bell rang ending the round.

From that time on Weinert just beat Journee to a pulp. He jabbed him frequently in the face with a stiff left hand jab which brought the claret from his nose and mouth and nailed him on the jaw with right swings, inside right uppercuts and heavy smashes to the stomach which brought the blood in a fresh stream from his nose and mouth and had his two eyes badly puffed up.

Despite this terrible grueling, Journee fought back gamely, but it was plain to be seen that he was no match for the big, clever New Yorker, who fought no other fight which is his heavy blows and then handed him additional punishment before Journee could get away.

Journee won't make a good rough and tumble fighter in a street scrap, but in a fistie battle he finishes a bad second. The Frenchman is a dangerous fighter, as he always swings a heavy right which is liable to cause some trouble if it lands flush, but as it did not nail Weinert full on the jaw, his efforts went for naught.

One thing Journee is gifted with and that is gameness. He gave an exhibition of gameness against Weinert that few other fighters have shown in years. It was said after the fight that Journee's nose was broken by Weinert's stiff left hand jab.

Italian Joe Gans of Brooklyn, another of Carpenter's sparring partners, almost met with a defeat, he being floored in the fourth round in his bout with Augie Hatner. Gans wanted to stop at the end of the ninth round, but his seconds would not let him. He did so himself in the tenth. He was badly hurt by Hatner, who banged him unmercifully in those two sessions.

## THE EBBETS FIELD BOUTS DRAW GATE OF \$21,530.50

By John Pollock.

Close to 13,000 fight fans witnessed the bouts at the open air boxing show which was staged by the Ebbets-McKeever Exhibition Company at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn last night. The gross receipts of the show, including the Government tax of 10 per cent, brought the figures up to \$21,530.50. The State received \$934.90. The tickets were sold for the show, including the Government tax, as follows:

5,303 at \$1.10 ..... \$5,833.30  
3,027 at 2.50 ..... 7,567.50  
2,376 at 5.00 ..... 11,940.00  
Exchanges ..... 53.00  
Total ..... \$21,530.50

## TUNNEY'S HANDS ARE O. K. AGAIN.

Gene Tunney, the Greenwich Village light heavyweight, isn't in retirement as many had supposed. Instead he is very busy, he came back from the sea and started toting over opponent after opponent, when suddenly his hand went back on him and he was forced to let up in his boxing. Real hard work down on the farm has done his stinging welts going to Harry McCormick, and now the knockout man, who is almost as strong as ever, Tunney is about the most popular of local boxers. Greenwich Villagers think he is a coming Dempsey.

## Vince Richards Divides Honors With Namsack.

Vincent Richards shared the honors of the metropolitan lawn tennis championship singles with a namesake, A. Richards, the old Wesleyan captain, Watson, and the young star had his stinging welts going to Harry McCormick, and now the knockout man, who is almost as strong as ever, Tunney is about the most popular of local boxers. Greenwich Villagers think he is a coming Dempsey.

## he looked like a bee on a seven-foot cornstalk.

He kept old Rockport at the early pace until entering the stretch, where Dorcas and Salute landed alongside and forced Rockport back, as they passed. Kummer wasn't dismayed at all, but kept on booting and kicking his mount with the favorable result. It was one of the several good rides the youngster has delivered this spring, the sort that have prompted horsemen to regard him as one of the likeliest featherweight riding propositions the saddle has seen in several years.

The story that Man O' War would be seen in action again at Saratoga during August seems to have been a bit premature, according to owner Samuel D. Riddle of Glen Riddle Farms, and it is likely that the turf will have to worry along without the superhorse for all time, much as it would like to have him back.

The old Gravesend colony tried to put over a good thing in the final with Flannel Shirt, who had outwaged Mustard Seed, a top-notch from the same barn who performed creditably with stako colts at Belmont. Flannel Shirt, who had outwaged Mustard Seed, a top-notch from the same barn who performed creditably with stako colts at Belmont. Flannel Shirt, who had outwaged Mustard Seed, a top-notch from the same barn who performed creditably with stako colts at Belmont.

Little Eddie Kummer, who rode Rockport, was deserving of a great measure of the credit. The kid brother of the Foreign Stable's first rider was compelled to carry ten pounds of lead to make his saddle and other equipment heavy enough to scale the 74-quart, ridden by the tiny apprentice,

## CARPENTIER SO CLOSE TO HIS FIGHTING WEIGHT HE TAKES THINGS EASY

### Frenchman Writes That After His Afternoon Workout He Felt Better Than He Has for Days.

By Georges Carpentier.

MANHASSET, June 21.

I FELT in better shape yesterday than I have for days after my public workout in the afternoon. Not but that I always feel good, but I seemed to have a little extra, what you call, pep. I did the best I could to please the sporting writers, but I am down so close to fighting weight that I simply must take things easy.

When Joe Jeannette and I were banging away at each other in infighting I noticed over Joe's shoulder the familiar features of Gunboat Smith, whom I defeated in 1914. I was so amused that Joe got in a couple of clean blows while I was wondering if Smith would carry away the same story that I was going to be easily defeated which Bill Brennan gave out last week.

My workout was a harder one than may have appeared from the ring-side. Joe Jeannette is still pretty rugged, but when we clinched I could feel my advantage in strength. I permitted him to hit me freely with all but certain blows, against which I guarded myself. There were many openings of which I did not take advantage, for I was not practicing punching, merely defensive tactics. Against Marcel Denis it was different, I hit him freely and several times had to pull up and wait while he cleared his head.

I was pleased that some wounded soldiers, one a poor chap who had lost both legs, came down to see me box. I went through my own mail personally yesterday morning after coming in from road work, and I was glad I had, for I found a \$10 gold piece in the very first letter I opened.

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## LATEST TRAINING TRIALS

Following are the best and most recent of the training trials at the local tracks:

At Jamaica, June 20. Track Fast. Jago, 1.21.  
Dorothy's Pet, 1.19 3-5, 1.46 2-5.  
Pavia, 1.08.  
Pierre Qui Roule, .37.  
Snob and Sadona, 1.07 2-5.  
Rosa R., 48 3-5, 1.16 2-5.  
Clarke C., .48.  
Black Knight, 1.22.  
Black Thong, 1.16, 1.43 4-5.  
Runstar, .39.  
Tikeb, .39.  
June Grass, 47 3-5, 1.01.  
Mohant, 48, 1.01 2-5.  
Phalaris, 49 3-5.  
Sweepy, 50 3-5.  
Dumingo, .40.  
Romany, 51, 1.19 3-5.

At Aqueduct.  
Extremator, 50 3-5.  
Our Flag, 1.14, 1.41 3-5, 1.65.  
Accumion, .60, 1.17.  
Hard Guess, 48, 1.14 3-5.  
Rhinstone, 48 2-5, 1.19.  
Carnarvan, 49 2-5, 1.16 3-5.  
Daisy Florida, 49 3-5.  
Balzo, .49.  
Eager Eyes, 1.08.  
War Tax, 1.46 3-5.  
Dry Moon, 47 2-5.  
Mustard Seed, 38 2-5.  
Walnut Hill, 1.47 2-5.  
My Reverie and Last Effort, 48, 1.01 2-5.  
Hyperbole, 49, 1.03.  
Forge Ahead, 50, 1.04.  
Pirate McCoy, .50.  
Super, 1.08.

At Belmont.  
Joece and Ivanhoe, .39.  
Dartmoor, 49 2-5.  
John P. Orier, 1.16, 1.42.  
Diomedes, 1.16.

LATONIA SELECTIONS.  
First Race—Exhorter, Alex Jr., Harvest King.  
Second Race—Alverida, Hermoden, Commander Colin.  
Third Race—Nellora, Clintonville, Jane Penny Baker.  
Fourth Race—Cantlever, Our Birthday, Kallipolis.  
Fifth Race—The Porter, Jack Hare Jr., Rapid Day.  
Sixth Race—Mom, Wayward Lady, Brass Tacks.  
Seventh Race—Mab, Dahablah II, High Gear.

Toll, 1.19 3-5.  
Tom McTaggart and Stromboli, .50.  
Marchong and Araphoe, 49, 1.17.  
Thistlebloom, 48 2-5, 1.02 2-5.  
Penitent, 48 1-6, 1.02 2-5.  
Blaze and Paul Jones, .51 3-5.  
Krewer, 48 2-5.  
Andalous, .50.  
St. Patrick, 1.22.  
Duc De Marney, 1.18, 1.47.  
Ada McGee, .37.  
Vista, .52.  
Gravitate, 50 2-5.  
Budana and Rose Brigade, .36, .49.  
Pancake, .37.  
Zeonah, .50.  
Edgar Allen Poe, 1.17.  
Roulette, 1.02 2-5.  
Gallot, 1.16.  
Gimme, 1.45.  
Sedge and Horwood, 1.19 3-5.  
Hankala and Chimneron, 47 2-5.  
Postlude, 1.05.  
Miston Bells and Flying Jib, .50.  
David Harum and Sporty Boy, 1.16, 1.43.

BASEBALL TO-DAY, FOLD GROUNDS, ORANGE vs. Boston, 2:30 P. M.—Adv.

## LIVE WIRES

BY NEAL R. O'HARA.  
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"What is so rare as a day in jail?"—Ruth.

The trouble with Babe's bus, as we understand it, is that its accelerator is livelier than usual this season.

Some day Babe will bust a fence with that roaster of his and then the Yankees' next pennant will be at half mast.

Just because the pitchers give Babe plenty of walking in a game is no reason he has to ride sixty miles an hour the rest of the time.

BABE'S COURT RECORD TO DATE.

Arrests. At Bar. Guilty. Fined. Served. Hours

Ruth, G. H. . . . . 2 12 15

Umpire—Magistrate. Time—Thirty-five miles an hour. Attendance—Two witnesses.

Babe's chief trouble is that he's on the road too much when he's in New York.

Jack Dempsey should worry about that rash over his left glim. A million-dollar audience July 2 will be a sight for sore eyes.

Carp will have a busy time July 2 watching Francois's hypnotic eye and trying to paste Dempsey's sore one.

## Dorcas, Odds-On Choice, Is Beaten by Rockport In Race at Aqueduct

### Father Bill Daly's Seven-Year-Old Veteran Upsets the Dope Badly.

EVERY once in a while something happens to remind the racegoer that the good old-fashioned days the turf historians are wont to tell about are not so very far distant after all. In fact, some are being lived again. What used to be a frequent occurrence, but has happened seldom during the last ten years, returned to provoke a smile and a cheer yesterday at Aqueduct when Rockport, a seven-year-old veteran, racing in Father Bill Daly's colors, and one of the outsiders, got up in the last stride and bowled over an odds-on favorite, Dorcas.

Twenty years ago, the picturesque old horseman from Hartford, Conn., campaigned a stable of platers, many of them cast-offs of the August Belmont stable. The purpose of having the horses was to win races if they could, but principally to provide mounts for the youngsters who were studying the art of riding as apprentices to the Sage of Hartford. The combination of cast-off horses and unfinished riders seldom made any great impression on the bookmakers of those days, and Daly entries were invariably quoted at a generous, if not a long price. They always had a following, however, for the reason that every once in a while one of the horses would forget his infirmities and carry his rider home. There were many two-dollar punters loyal to the Father Bill colors, because they knew if they ever won the odds meant something juicy. During the fall of 1905, Broomstick, one of the best horses of the year, ridden by Jack Martin in the Capt. S. S. Brown colors, was quoted at 1 to 10 in a condition race. The heavy plungers at the track were a unit in supporting him because he appeared a moral certainty. The race went to Sailor Boy, in the Daly colors, variously quoted at 20, 30 and 40 to 1.

Yesterday Dorcas was regarded as just such another moral certainty. She had the best of the weights and the services of Jockey Earl Sande, and the few of the public who looked beyond her at the winner could see no further than Salute. The pair appeared to have the race between them at the sixteenth pole, when along came the rejuvenated Rockport, ridden by the tiny apprentice,

Eddie Kummer, to get up in the last stride, snatch the honors and rout the old-timers to a memory of Sailor Boy, Cupid, afterward Daly, and some of the other famous sage birds who used to carry the "green above the red." Father Bill had spoiled someone's party again.

Daly, who developed Danny Maher, Winnie O'Connor and several other first class riders of their day, has not cut much of a figure in turf affairs lately, but he hangs on—once in a while patronizing the big tracks when his old stable performed, and occasionally shipping away to the county fairs and half-mile tracks. Rockport has raced at some of these fairs and at Cuba during the last two years and has won several races. Yesterday, when some of those whose custom it is to listen to and study clocks' records heard that Rockport had been worked in blinkers the other morning and that he had shown a new lease of life in the new equipment, they smiled—but there were a few who thought of the old days and sought out some of their ultra-wise friends who were willing to quote as good as 20 to 1 against the odds of this support forced Rockport's price down to 10's at post.

Because of the lack of class possessed by Dorcas and Salute, and possibly because of Sande's confidence on Dorcas in indulging her while in her tired condition after it became apparent that she had Salute beaten in the last sixteenth, little Kummer's jaring and Rockport's game finish brought the big surprise of the day to about every one except Father Bill. The veteran hopped excitedly around on his lumber limb, receiving congratulations and telling the old timers just how it all happened. According to Daly, instead of sending the horse to the stables after he rested him up in a stable at home, and by constant hard work and study, which latter prompted the use of blinkers, his friends to do the same—and then sent out the horse who proved to be the life of the party, whereupon the grizzled regulars said: "Remember the day Sailor Boy beat Broomstick?"

Little Eddie Kummer, who rode Rockport, was deserving of a great measure of the credit. The kid brother of the Foreign Stable's first rider was compelled to carry ten pounds of lead to make his saddle and other equipment heavy enough to scale the 74-quart, ridden by the tiny apprentice,

quirted 44 pounds, and on the parade

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