GREB DEFEATS BRENNAN—HUGHES AND PURYEAR DRAW

PITTSBURGH MAN PROVES TOO FAST

Wins Seven Rounds, Draws in Seven Others and Loses One Inning.

PACKED HOUSE SEES CARD

Hughes Robs Puryear of a Match With Champion by Fierce Fighting.

By CHARLES J. BRILL.

Harry Greb, light heavyweight, hailing from the smoke clouded city of Pittsburgh, slashed and slammed his way to victory over Bill Brennan of Chicago, in a 15-round battle at Convention hall yesterday afternoon, the feature event of the Tulsa Sporting club program. There was tumultuous applause as Referee Edward Cochrane lifted Greb's hand in token of triumph, for the verdict met with universal approval.

From the ninth round on there was no doubting the outcome, barring an accident which might have incapacitated Greb, for by that time he had clearly established the fact that Brennan could not bother him while the rapidly tiring Chicagoan was becoming a target which the Pittsburgher was beginning to hit almost at will.

Brennan Gets One Round.

In only one round did Brennan make a better showing than the victor. This was in the fourth, when with honors for the round about even otherwise, he socked a terrific right to Greb's wind that carried more force than any blow that had been landed up to then. He evened the first, second, fifth, seventh, eighth, 13th and 15th. Greb carried all the other seven of them—the third, sixth, ninth, 10th, 11th and 14th.

Greb just naturally was too fast for the big fellow from Chicago. He had a peculiar jumping-jack attack that completely baffled Brennan in the later rounds when he began to tire. The Pittsburgher, in spite of the fact that he was continuously moving finished comparatively fresh, whereas Brennan was noticeably distressed near the close of many of the later rounds.

The most impressive showing made by either fighter was by Greb in the 14th. He tore into Brennan with a two-fisted attack, slapping, slashing, chopping and smashing Brennan's face until it was badly battered at the bell. In addition to out-boxing Brennan, Greb displayed just about as hard punching ability as his larger opponent. Brennan's hitting lacked the snap that is necessary to be effective.

The largest crowd that ever attended a fight in Tulsa packed the mammoth auditorium to capacity.

Bantams Make Great Battle.

More sensational than the heavyweight mill was the 15-round bantamweight battle which preceded it. Earl Puryear of Tulsa and Bobby Hughes of New Orleans battling each other hammer and tongs from the first to the last rounds. It was a no-decision affair, but it was the unanimous opinion of sport writers at the ringside that they came through the fray with honors even.

Because Puryear was unable to prove any superiority over Hughes, Promoter Reisler announced later last night that he had declared off the match between Puryear and Pete Herman for the bantamweight championship on Labor day. He says he will get some one else to meet the champion.

Round One

They went right after each other. Greb tried to swing under but could not land. Brennan smiled as he parried the attempt. Brennan sent in straight left to neck. Greb landed left to body and repeated. Round even.

Round Two

They clinched. Greb was cautioned about hitting in the break. Greb danced around trying to make an opening finally getting in left to neck and right to ribs. Brennan landed right to body. Brennan caught Greb coming in with a right to the body. Greb sent left to neck. They were squarring away again at the bell. Round even.

Round Three.

They went close together both using infighting. Greb sent in left and right to head and Brennan retaliated with right uppercut. Greb sent left to stomach and right to neck. Brennan crossed right to neck. Greb speeded up slashing through but most of them were caught on Brennan's arms. Greb a round by a shade.

Round Four.

They clinched Brennan sent right to body and Greb swung left to head. They mixed freely, Greb having a slight shade the better of the going. Brennan worked on Greb's body with both hands. Greb landed lefts and rights and Brennan worked a hard right to Greb's wind. Greb's cleverness was offset by Brennan's more solid punching. Brennan's round by a shade.

Round Five.

Greb sallied in, landing left and rights to head and body. Brennan sent right to body. Greb jabbed left to face. They exchanged rights. Brennan jabbed left to chin and swung right to ribs. Round even.

Round Six.

Greb swung right to jaw. Greb right to body and took right in close. They went close and worked on each other's bodies. Greb sent left to head and came back with hard left to body. Brennan hooked right to ribs as they clinched. They got mad and fought hard at the bell. Greb's round.

Round Seven.

They clinched. Greb started dancing around, but neither was in. Then he shot a left to chin. Greb sent right to body. Brennan worked on Greb's ribs as they clinched. Greb was starting an opening dance at the bell. Round even.

Eighth Round.

Brennan landed hard right to body and they started fighting, neither getting in effective blows. Greb swung left to head. Brennan shot in left jab. Greb cracked Brennan's neck with left and took right to body. Greb sent in right and received left to body. Round even.

Round Nine.

Time was taken out while Brennan's left glove through which his thumb was protruding was exchanged for a good one. Greb sent left to body. They swapped body blows. Greb sent hard right to face and took right to body. They exchanged rights. They clinched after Brennan slipped on water in Greb's corner. Greb missed hard right swing but landed left.

Greb's by a slight margin.

Round Ten.

They clinched. They exchanged rights to body. Greb sent right to head. They swung to each other's bodies. Brennan's right eye showed badly puffed. Greb sent right and left to body. Brennan hooked right to body and jabbed left to face. Brennan looked tired.

Greb's round.

Round Eleven.

Brennan glanced right off Greb's shoulder. They went at infighting but neither handed out much punishment. Greb slashed left and right across Brennan's face. Brennan took a hard right to the body and left to the jaw. Greb had Brennan guessing while he jabbed lefts to the face and then shot over a right to the head.

Greb's round by largest margin to date.

Round Twelve.

They started infighting but taps were all they could get in. Greb sent right to body and right to head. Brennan landed left to chest. Greb sent left to head and sent right to body. Greb was smiling and aggressive while Brennan took things soberly. Greb crashed right to jaw and Brennan sent in a right.

Greb's round.

Round Thirteen.

Time out while Greb put on a new left glove. After minute of ineffective swatting, Greb shot right to body and left to face. Brennan landed right to body and right cross to head. Round even.

Round Fourteen.

They went together slipping in short-arm efforts to the chin. Greb put left to jaw and received right to body as they came out of mixup. Brennan's right eye was bleeding. Greb sent in two hard left swings to Brennan's wind. Brennan took lefts to face and jaw and right to body. He showed the effects of his beating at the bell. Greb's round easily.

Round Fifteen.

Brennan charged into Greb in the final round in a final desperate effort to turn back the overwhelming tide. Greb went to close quarters with him at once. Brennen sent in left and rights to body at short range. Greb clinched with him, working his left for Brennan's face. Brennan landed right to ribs and Greb left to jaw. Most of the rest of the round was occupied with ineffective infighting. Round even.

CHAMPION PLANS TO GO INTO VAUDEVILLE

Compliments Willard on His Gameness—Hailed as Hero Wherever He Appears.

TOLEDO, O., July 4.—Jack Dempsey, the new champion, will remain in Toledo until at least Sunday night, his manager, Jack Kearns announced tonight. "We have a dozen theatrical offers," Kearns said, "and Jack probably will open in vaudeville next week."

Dempsey's first request after winning the title was that a message be sent his mother, Mrs. Cecilia Dempsey, in Salt Lake City. "Your boy made good. Knocked the big fellow out in the third round," the telegram read.

"Willard is a game fellow," Dempsey declared. "I never handed out more punishment to anyone and have him come right back for more as Willard did today."

Dempsey made a hurried change to his civilian clothes after his victory and was taken in an automobile to his headquarters in a downtown hotel. Hundreds of admirers greeted him as he alighted from his car at the hotel and the lobby rang with Dempsey cheers for more than 15 minutes.

The crowd was so great at Dempsey's hotel that the new champion was forced to make an exit through a back door in order to reach the union station, where he went to greet a number of friends who had traveled from Philadelphia on a special train. Dempsey received another ovation at the railway station and had to again make an escape in order to keep the crowd from tying up traffic.

MUTT AND JEFF.—JEFF INVENTS A SUBSTITUTE FOR GASOLINE —By Bud Fisher

The New Champion

How Championship Was Won

RINGSIDE, Toledo—How Jack Dempsey won the championship of the world from Jess Willard is told in the three rounds of fighting as follows:

Round One.

Willard loomed up like a Goliath against his five-inch shorter David and opened the engagement by pumping his long left twice into Dempsey's face with force enough to make the latter think. The challenger missed a swing and slipping into a clinch, landed three body blows with his free left hand, carrying but little force. Willard held him easily in a clinch and partly turning him around, used his rapier-like left again, once to the head and once to the body after the break.

Then Dempsey, as if he had got the range, opened his heavy artillery and swung a jarring left to the jaw followed a right and left to the body. The almost superhuman power of the punches was immediately apparent. A partly silly, partly stupid expression overspread the champion's face and as he rocked on his heels his whole body quivered. He pulled himself together and Dempsey crowded in again, shot a left to the mouth and repeated to the eye. The blows did not even cause his youthful nemesis to hesitate and dodging past the outstretched left as it snapped for the third time, he whipped over a right and left almost simultaneously, the blows landing flush on Willard's jaw and for the first time in his championship career Willard was dropped to the floor. He was up again at the count of six only to be sent to the canvas with another right as he rose slowly to his feet, the blood began to pour from his mouth.

He turned away from his opponent, who struck again twice with his right, Willard falling on his hands and knees. When he arose Dempsey crowded him into a corner and with a right and left to the face sent him to the floor again. As he arose a fusillade of body blows dropped him in a corner where he sat when the bell terminated the round, and led Dempsey to believe that Willard had been counted out.

Round Two.

Dempsey started where he left off and Willard, with a big circle under his eye appeared to be in a bad way. He managed to stop a left to Dempsey's face and a pretty right uppercut to the chin. Dempsey replied with several body drives and Willard fell partly through the ropes. When he regained his feet he stumbled into a clinch but Dempsey easily tore loose and proceeded to batter him almost at will, the champion recalling with but three feeble stabs to the face during the period. When Willard went to his corner he fell heavily into his chair and it was seen that his right eye was completely closed and that side of his face was swollen entirely out of shape, while Dempsey was unmarked.

Round Three.

The final session was simply a series of rapid fire swings which fell on Willard's face and body with piledriving power which left Willard completely helpless, although he staggered about the ring and wobbled along the ropes utterly unable to defend himself. Blood bubbled from his mouth with every gasp for breath, while the crowd about the ringside began to yell to Referee Pecord to stop it. Just as the bell rang and Willard collapsed in his chair, he spat out a tooth and it was seen that he was in bad condition. As he sat bolstered from side to side, his chief second, Walter Monahan, talked earnestly to him and when Willard nodded his head Monahan walked over and spoke to Pecord. The referee threw up his hands and hurried to Dempsey's corner. He gesticulated in the uproar and finally pulled Dempsey toward the center of the ring before the new champion realized that Willard's seconds had thrown up the sponge. As soon as he grasped the situation, he started for Willard's corner and the late title holder arose and stepped weakly to meet him. They shook hands and Willard muttered something in reply to Dempsey's remarks and the fight had passed into history.

Mother Overjoyed at News of Challenger's Victory Over Willard

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, July 4.—Mrs. Celia Dempsey, mother of the new world's heavyweight champion, is the proudest woman in Utah, if not the entire country, tonight.

"I have felt all along that Jack would win," she said. "I am just filled with joy and pride. I guess if he hadn't won I would have been ready for my coffin. But now I am a highly proud mother."

Hughes and Puryear Battle Sensational 15-Round Draw

Bobby Shows Greater Stamina; Puryear Takes Early Rounds but Weakens.

HUGHES WONDERFUL BOXER

Shows Remarkable Improvement Over Last Year; Puryear Fights Well.

By LARRY DAILEY.

Coming back in the later rounds and fighting in masterful form, Bobby Hughes of New Orleans earned a draw with Earl Puryear of Tulsa in the first 15-round event before the Tulsa Sporting club yesterday.

It was a slashing scrap, such as Hughes and Mutt McKee showed here a few weeks ago. Both boys boxed with consummate skill and to give either the decision would have been unfair.

It was a no-decision go, articles signed between Puryear and Pete Herman, who are booked to meet here Labor day, forbidding the champion or Puryear to engage in a decision contest.

Showed the Wise Ones.

There were many who had expected Puryear to stop Hughes, due to the former's K. O. of Johnny Mitchell a few weeks ago. And there were many who had especially counted on seeing Bobby take the count about the tenth or eleventh round. Those birds are a much wiser but sadder gang now. But that wisdom is the sort that hurts.

In Hughes, Puryear met a boy who was boxing not only to make a great showing, but to show the backers of Puryear. Bobby did both. A year ago Puryear and Hughes boxed here. Puryear was victor. Yesterday they drew. A year from now, or not that long, Hughes will win. For if a boy has ever shown great improvement that boy is Bobby Hughes.

Puryear's Craft Unavailing.

Puryear had the better of the early rounds, but Hughes' stamina and great finish made it a draw. Puryear used all the ring craft of several years, and all his powers in trying to beat the little southerner, but to no avail. Bobby was on top of him all the time, slashing and exchanging blows with his heavier opponent and coming out even in each exchange. In open fighting, Puryear was still the same clever boxer, but even here Hughes was his equal.

It was a grand scrap and each boy emerged from it with honor. And its termination, without the K. O. so confidently expected by those on the "inside" was especially pleasing.

The Bout by Rounds.

FIRST ROUND—Hughes tapped with left. They exchanged body punches. Clinch. Hughes landed left to jaw. Infighting. Hughes swung left to jaw. Puryear landed left to body. Hughes landed left to jaw. Puryear missed left swing but landed right to body. Hughes countered. Round even.

SECOND ROUND—Hughes landed left to jaw. Puryear missed left. Puryear landed left to face. Puryear swung right to ribs. Infighting. Hughes landed left to jaw. Puryear missed left swing. Hughes landed right to face.

Puryear's round by shade.

THIRD ROUND — Infighting. Clinch. Hughes landed left to jaw. Puryear missed left to jaw. Puryear landed left to face. Hughes landed left to jaw. Puryear countered. Exchange of body punches. Puryear swung right to jaw. Puryear missed right to jaw. Puryear missed left to jaw. Clinch. Puryear landed left to body. Hughes landed right to jaw.

Puryear's round by a shade.

FOURTH ROUND—Puryer rushed Hughes to ropes. Hughes landed left to jaw. Exchange of body punches. Puryear landed right to body. Puryear landed left to body. Hughes swung left to face. Puryear landed left to jaw. Puryear missed right to body. Hughes swung right to jaw. Puryear had evidently quit trying for Hughes' face and was playing for Hughes' body. Round even.

FIFTH ROUND—Puryear landed left to body. Hughes landed right to jaw. Puryear countered. Hughes effective in infighting. Clinch. Puryear swung left to ribs. Hughes landed lefts to jaw and face. Puryear swung hard one to ribs. Exchange of body punches. Clinch. Hughes' round.

SIXTH ROUND—They rushed to a clinch. Puryear landed left to jaw. An exchange of punches drew the fans to their feet. Puryear landed left to jaw. Hughes countered. Clinch. Puryear landed right uppercut. Clinch. Hughes swung left to face. Puryear missed left uppercut. Round even.

SEVENTH ROUND — Hughes missed vicious right swing to jaw. Puryear landed left to jaw. Exchange of body punches. Clinch. Puryear blocked right to jaw. Puryear missed right to jaw. Round even.

EIGHTH ROUND—They rushed to clinch. Hughes showing superior infighting. Hughes landed right to face. Clinch. Exchange of body blows. Puryear landed left to jaw. Hughes countered. Puryear missed left to jaw. Puryear landed right to face. Hughes swung left to body. Puryear missed right to body but landed left to face. Hughes landed left to body. Round even.

NINTH ROUND—Hughes forced to ropes in vicious exchange. Infighting about even. Puryear landed left to jaw. Hughes swung right to face. Hughes rushed Puryear to ropes. Puryear swung right to face and left to ribs. Puryear's round by a shade.

TENTH ROUND—Puryear rushed Hughes, the latter coming out of the infighting by landing a hard left to the jaw. Hughes rushed and swung to body. Puryear missed left to jaw. Puryear landed right to body. Puryear missed left to body. Puryear landed right to face. Hughes landed left to jaw. Hughes landed right to jaw. Hughes' round by a shade.

ELEVENTH ROUND—In an exchange of glows Hughes landed left to jaw. Puryear countered. Hughes swung right to body. Infighting. Clinch. Puryear swung right to body. An exchange of punches drew the fans to their feet again. Round even.

TWELFTH ROUND — Hughes landed left to face. Exchange of punches. Puryear landed right to face. Hughes countered. Puryear missed terrific right uppercut. Hughes landed right to body. Puryear missed left to jaw. Puryear evidently trying for knockout. Clinch. Puryear swung left to body. Hughes landed right to jaw. Hughes' round by shade.

THIRTEENTH ROUND—An exchange of punches. Puryear landed right to body. Hughes swung left to face. Puryear missed left to body. Puryear again trying for body. Puryear landed right to jaw. Hughes countered. Round even.

FOURTEENTH ROUND—Hughes landed left to face. Hughes swung another left to face. Puryear landed right to body. Clinch. An exchange of body punches. Hughes swung to jaw. Hughes leading the going. Puryear swung right to face. Hughes rushed Puryear to ropes. Hughes' round by shade.

FIFTEENTH ROUND—They shook hands. An exchange of body punches in which Hughes was forced to ropes. Both fighting hard with neither having advantage. Puryear landed right to face. Hughes landed left to face. Puryear landed right to body. Clinch. An exchange of body punches. Puryear's round by a shade.

SUMMARY OF ROUNDS—Hughes, 4; Puryear, 4; 7 even.

Reisler Refuses to Give Puryear Crack at Champion Herman

John J. Reisler, promoter of the Tulsa Sporting Club, announced last night that the proposed 15-round bout with Pete Herman and Earl Puryear here Labor day has been canceled, owing to Puryear's inability to defeat Bobby Hughes yesterday. No plans have been made to secure some other boy in Puryear's place, though Hughes may get the bout.

Spanish Minister Quits

MADRID, July 4.—The minister of justice has resigned. The course the discussion concerning the electoral policy of the government is said to be the reason for his action.

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DEMPSEY WINS WORLD'S TITLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

than half of these were occupied. Speculators lost heavily. They resold their tickets at anything from $5 to $15 under gate prices. No betting was reported at the ringside, nor was there much elsewhere so far as could be ascertained.

The heat of the day was terrific, intensified as it was by the vast acreage of green lumber. During the preliminary bouts, which lasted from 11 o'clock till 2.30, a thermometer exposed as were the spectators and fighters, jumped to 120 degrees, which was the limit of what the instrument could record. It showed 118 degrees when Willard and Dempsey entered the ring.

Hustle Dempsey Away.

When Dempsey was proclaimed winner, the crowd surged onto the mat in a wild scramble to shake the hand of the new champion. At times some of them toppled over onto the telegraphers and reporters just below who were struggling in the mad disorder to report what had happened. Police eventually dispersed them by hustling Dempsey away. Willard was taken to an automobile and disappeared from view of the crowd, which then itself began the task of covering the four miles from the arena to the city as best they could, by street car, automobile or on foot.

While the passing of the heavyweight championship was one of the most dramatic events of modern ring history, it was lacking entirely in high class boxing. With the exception of the first three snappy left jabs with which Willard opened the contest, the combat was simply a series of terrific drives and smashes, virtually all of which were delivered by Dempsey.

The first of these crashing swings to land on Willard's jaw and body appeared to completely daze and take away from the titleholder all power either to protect himself or fight back as had been expected by his admirers. Whether he could have stood up better under the battering of Dempsey a few years ago, always will be a mooted question in the years to come when today's battle is discussed. It cannot be denied, however, that Willard was in good physical condition and displayed gameness up to the moment that his seconds persuaded him to relinquish the championship to Dempsey.

Willard Is Game.

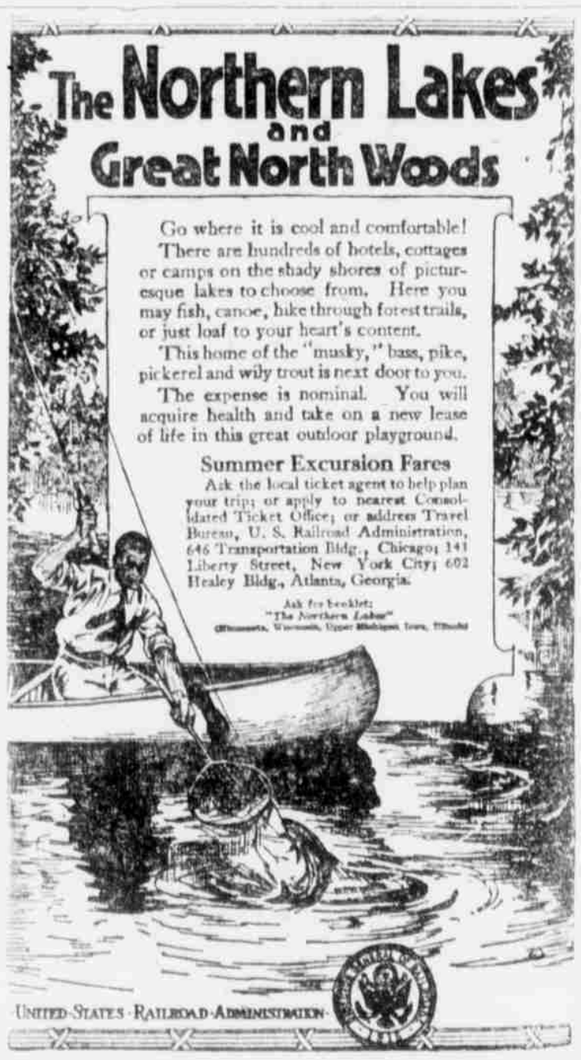
This was demonstrated by the fact that the Kansas giant received in nine minutes of fighting far more punishment than did Jeffries at the hands of Jack Johnson in their 15-round bout at Reno and yet was able to respond to the bell had his seconds been calloused enough to send him again to the slaughter. Even after the disastrous ending of the first round, Willard flashed a momentary comeback in the second, which for a few seconds led to the belief among his supporters that he would weather the storm and carry the battle along on even terms for a few sessions at least. It was the last flicker of a spirit which was stronger than the flesh. Another sweeping right arm smash then flew over Willard's shoulder and landed flush on his swollen, bleeding jaw, took the last ounce of resistance out of the giant and made his downfall a matter of minutes.

An analysis of the newly crowned champion shows nothing new in his fighting methods. He tore into his opponent at top speed as has alway been his fighting custom and simply battered his way to the pinnacle of pugilism by the speed of his blows and the overwhelming power that traveled from the huge shoulder muscles down through the brawny arms and into the clinched fists armored with five-ounce gloves. He made little or no attempt at defensive work and not more than five or six times during the nine minutes of battling did he resort to foot work to avoid Willard.

Covered With Umbrella.

Once the new canvas was stretched there was little delay in bringing the principals into the ring. Dempsey appeared at 3:55 o'clock and Willard a minute after. They were stripped ready for action, Willard wearing short, tight-fitting blue worsted trunks with an American flag belt, while Dempsey wore short loose trunks like those of a sprinter. During the few preliminary details both were covered with huge umbrellas to keep the sun from their uncovered heads.

At nine minutes after 4 the weak gong, later caused so much confusion, clanged, and the battle was on.

GRIFFITHS NO MATCH FOR WELTERWEIGHT CHAMP

CANTON, Ohio, July 4.—Jack Britton, welterweight champion, easily defeated Johnny Griffiths of Akron in a 12-round, no-decision bout today.