

# FRANK MORAN EXPECTS TO WIN CHAMPIONSHIP FROM JESS WILLARD, SATURDAY NIGHT

## MORAN SURE OF WINNING; SAYS HE WILL BE WORLD'S CHAMPION SATURDAY NIGHT

### Challenger Does Not Fear Willard—Pittsburgher Is in Perfect Condition for Big Battle and He Surprises Experts

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL

NEW YORK, March 23. — "I'm getting nervous as the date of my battle with Willard approaches a bit of it. Why, I'm looking forward to the night of March 25 with anticipation instead of fear. About 11 o'clock that evening there will be a new heavyweight champion of the world." And Frank Moran wiped off the beads of perspiration that rolled down his rugged face after a strenuous work-out at Dal Hawkins' roadhouse yesterday.

"You've got the wrong idea," continued Frank as he prepared to jump under the shower.

"This isn't a football game that I'm training for. I know how you college fellows like to act a couple of days before a big game. You'd chew the ear off any one who looked crossed at you. Then about midnight you'd be in bed, and you'd be all right. You'd give anything in the world for a companionable earthquake which would tear up the floorboards before you would be called off. You weren't afraid of what would happen to you, but you feared the result and the colors of your dear old college would be dragged to the mud.

**Different in Ring**

"That's all right in high-brow athletics, but when two big men meet in a 14-foot ring and battle for 20 minutes before a vast audience that pays about \$150,000 for the privilege, it's a different proposition. You don't care whether school keeps or not. The only thing that you realize is that there's a great big hulk of humanity before you and you are too busy watching him to think of anything else.

"Nervous? Say, I'd be the most disappointed man in the world if I did not get a chance at Willard next Saturday night. I do not fear the fight. That's not only incident in my young life. The only thing I'm afraid of is that the treasurer will get heart disease and drop dead before I get my share of the purse. I'm going to get \$12,750 for appearing at the Garden, and I need the money. My little fuss with Willard is merely a means to an end.

"Do you realize that Willard and myself, two men who never graduated from college, will draw more money than 22 learned athletes performing on the gridiron? Do you know that you'll have more money in the box office than there is at a world's series baseball game? Last fall, when the University of Pittsburgh played Washington and Jefferson more than \$10,000 worth of tickets, you were the gate receipts? Were they \$150,000? You can bet your life they weren't. Now you can compare higher education to brains and cunning from a box office standpoint.

**Played Against Pitt**

"While I'm talking about football and college, I want to correct a statement quoted to me in one of the papers. It was credited as saying that I was 'hired to play football' with the University of Pittsburgh in 1918. That is not so. The interviewer misunderstood me. At that time I was playing football with a professional team in Pittsburgh and was to come out and practice against the college players. I can see now that the reporter made his mistake, but I hold no hard feelings against him. But I have many friends connected with the University of Pittsburgh, and I don't want the other colleges to get the wrong impression.

"I entered the university as a special student, but soon discovered that I could not win the world championship next Saturday night. Instead of unloading a whole flock of questions on the contender for pugilistic honors, we were forced to read for the interview. Moran did most of the questioning and then supplied the answers.

Frank held nothing up his sleeve when he put on this unusual monologue. He unburdened himself, showing his true feelings, proved that he has the most utter confidence in himself and confessed that he was in the boxing game for all the money there is in it. He did not dwell on the beauties of the "manly art." Instead he pictured the rough and rugged world which must be traversed before a pugilist can give even a little of his money. He showed how the unknown preliminary fight appears night after night, takes a terrible beating and then limps to the box office to collect about \$10 for his work.

**Willard Has Weak Spot**

"When you ask me if I am nervous," Moran snorted contemptuously. "I had all of the nervousness and fear knocked out of me after I had been boxing one year. I feel as if I could knock out Willard right now if he appeared before me. He's big, but not invulnerable. He has a weak spot and I shall find it."

If confidence goes for anything, Moran will carry out his threat Saturday. He believes he will win, showing his true feeling. Yesterday when he appeared before the select audience in Mr. Hawkins' gymnasium, he did not act like a young man thing about to be led to the slaughter. Instead, he went through his sparring stunts like a wealthy business man signing a check. He just radiated confidence when he punched the bag and it was more apparent when he boxed the round with each of his sparring partners.

Jim Corbett and Norman Selby, who used to wear the monicker of Kid McCoy when he fooled the wise ones in the ring,

closely watched Moran during the work-out. Both were impressed and confessed it. "You are in wonderful condition," said Corbett. "You are in better shape than Willard and will give him a good battle. You will hit the big boy if you ever land that right."

**Surprise for Willard**

Moran was just as enthusiastic. "I admit that you have surprised me," he said. "You are ready to enter the ring at this minute and I know that Jess Willard will get the surprise of his life. You have a vicious right punch and I don't think the champion will like it if it lands."

Moran is ready for the fray. He finished his strenuous training yesterday and from now on he will take only light work-outs. Today he will punch the bag, skip the rope and do some shadow boxing, and perhaps he will box one round with Frank Kendall, the tallest of his sparring partners. Moran's chief work now is to keep from going stale.

In his work-out yesterday Frank exposed his line of attack to be used on Willard. He took on Bill McKinnon, Bartley Madden and Frank Kendall in turn, and spent most of his time raining blows to their bodies. Occasionally he would whip his right to the jaw, but this blow was very rare. He will depend on body punches to win from the champion.

It has been said that Moran's left hand is virtually useless. This is not so. He has a good left hook, and when it lands somebody drops to the floor. While he was boxing Kendall yesterday, he landed a left hook to the jaw, and the big sparring partner flew across the room, landing in Kid McCoy's lap. He needed the Kid's assistance to arise to his feet.

On one in a while Moran would stick out his left arm like a weather vane to hold his opponent off, but each time he did this, his right arm would shoot out, and the poor sparring partner was ready to quit.

**Ancient Training Quarters**

Dal Hawkins' roadhouse is a training camp of the olden days, according to Jack McAuliffe and other old-timers. It is more than a shed, one story high and fitted up for boxing only. There is a ring in one corner of the room, but this is not used. There are many spectators present, and all of the training is done in the middle of the floor, while the audience, seated on camp stools and standing up, forms the frame for the picture.

It was cold—very cold—in the gymnasium when Moran appeared. His sparring legs were bare, but he wore a heavy woolen undershirt while he punched the bag. He took this off after about five minutes of work and his clear skin fairly glowed with a healthy pink color as his training progressed. At the end Frank was not even breathing hard and ran to his dressing room like a schoolboy at recess.

Moran is in perfect physical condition for the big battle. It requires but one look to see that. He also has confidence in himself, and this, too, is apparent. He is fast on his feet, can punch hard with either hand and goes at his work with a determination to get everything possible out of it.

Will he win the big fight next Saturday? Moran says he will. "Perhaps Frank is right."

**Devo Barred From Amateurs**

NEW YORK, March 23.—William Devo, otherwise "Big Bill," Princeton's star pitcher, has been barred from amateur ranks by Evan McLennahan, Devo's Devo says, lived like a king in a hotel and didn't do anything to pay his bills, but pitch for the hotel team.

**Evening Ledger Decisions of Ring Bouts Last Night**

GAVEY—Johnny Brown beat Kid Green. Young Higgins knocked out Andy Berlin in the first. Young Tullies quit to Johnny Murray.

NEW YORK—Gus Christie defeated George Lewis in the first. Brannigan and Benney McCoy drew.

SOUTH BETHLEHEM—Eddie Bevan drew with R. G. Longhlin. Hugley Duane shaded Frankie Nell. Jimmy McShee defeated Young Wilson.

NEW LONDON, Conn.—Joe Azevedo easily beat Willie Jones.

DETROIT, Mich.—Ivan Downey beat Ed Kanevsky in the first. Frank's arm was forced to quit in the eighth.

**Willard Is Spaniard?**  
Say His Name Is Villar

Jess Willard, heavyweight champion, is a Spaniard according to the Zig Zag, a weekly magazine published in Santiago, Cuba. The Zig Zag says: "The Spanish and Cuban dailies bring a sensational piece of news to the Latin boxing enthusiasts. According to the dailies referred to, Jess Willard, the champion boxer of the world, is a Spaniard, and his true name is Jose Villar. The Villar family came originally from Taffalla, in Navara, Spain. From data collected in this city and judging from photographs of the champion that have been published there should remain no doubt of the authenticity of the news. This statement means a vindication of the Latin race as sportmen and revives the disputed question of the prowess of the Anglo-Saxon."

Mr. Willard pursueth his literary labors far into the night.



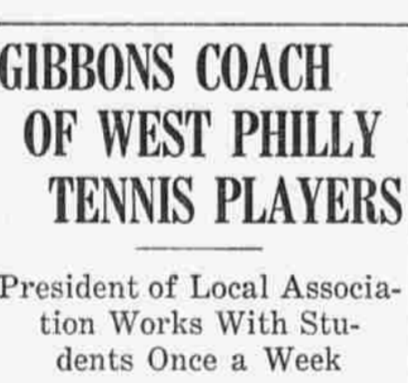
Mr. Willard and prominent gentlemen of the sporting world in special and artistic grouping.



Mr. Jeems Corbett informing the people that in former days there were real champions.



Mr. Rickard refuses tickets to beseeching followers of the ring.



Mr. Rickard refuses tickets to beseeching followers of the ring.



As a youth master Willard engaged in healthful and manly sports.



## GIBBONS COACH OF WEST PHILLY TENNIS PLAYERS

### President of Local Association Works With Students Once a Week

By WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2D

THERE seems to be no end to the possibilities of development among the schools of the city as regards tennis this season. The whole school system is co-operating to bring about real progress from our junior development plan.

The latest school to benefit by the opportunity of getting excellent coaching in West Philadelphia High School. This institution was fortunate enough to get Paul W. Gibbons, president of the Philadelphia and District Lawn Tennis Association, as coach. Gibbons most generously offered his services, which naturally met with the greatest approval at the school, and McAuliffe and other old-timers. It is the intention of this year's team, instructing them in the rudiments and elements of the game.

Last Monday there was a turnout of 50 boys to hear Gibbons, which shows the enthusiasm which is aroused by the game and the man who is coaching the school.

Gibbons, at times, takes other men out with him to talk with the boys. Next week Percy Osborne, of Cynwyd Club, one of the best tennis players in the city, will address them.

West Philadelphia High is arranging to put up a volley board in the gymnasium. If this is done it will give the school the same progressive policy now used at Frankford High and Germantown Academy, where indoor practice is held regularly every week.

What inference can be drawn from these signs of interest in the school?

First. That tennis is becoming the important sport that it should be in school life.

Second. That the co-operation of the schools with Dr. E. B. Dewhurst, Gibbons and Tilden in their plan to develop the juniors assures the success of the plan so far as getting a line on the available material goes. Results, after that, depend largely on the individual boy.

Third. The generosity of such busy men as Gibbons, Osborne and others in giving their time is meeting a most gratifying response in the great interest aroused among the boys and the large turnout for tennis at all the schools this year. It is estimated that in all the schools where any of the men interested in this plan have taken hold, the number of candidates this year is twice as many as ever before.

Gibbons is going to speak at Frankford High on Wednesday of next week. It is this co-operation between the men who are coaching rival schools which will help spread interest in the game. Good sportsmanship and good feeling with good-natured rivalry will raise interest. Selfish desire to win, no matter at what detriment to the game, will never get either you or the game anything.

Let all the schools join, not only in pulling together for progress in league matters, but in mutually trying to meet the needs of the other schools in postponed matches, change of grounds and other little technicalities over which many disputes between schools arise.

## MORAN WILL HAVE TO K. O. DOPE TO DEFEAT WILLARD

### Champion Has Much Advantage Apparently, but Stranger Things Have Happened—Rice Gives Some Good Pointers on Big Battle

By GRANTLAND RICE

AS THE momentous hour approaches wherein Frank Moran is to hurl his wares at the chin and body of Jess Willard, and vice versa, it is hard to figure, via the dope, where Pittsburgh Frank has anything but the faintest of an outside chance to finish first.

You can figure up and down, back and forth, going and coming, hither and thither, and all the other ways there are, without discovering a Moran probability in the way of victory. He has a chance, of course, but the shot looks longer day by day as the dope unravels.

Moran certainly equals Willard in courage and intelligence. No one can take this away from him. The blond brawler is not only game, but he can use his head as well as his fists.

But, for that matter, Willard has also proved his gameness; and the Kansas is no fool.

So Moran picks up only a small advantage here to put against Willard's great margin in all physical ways.

When you are going against an opponent who is bigger than you are, stronger than you are, and heavier than you are, faster than you are—and they don't let you wear a gun—the finish is fairly obvious.

**Psychology and Such**

If Willard is leading so far in all physical ways, what of the psychology of this contest?

Here again the Kansas has the advantage. Moran loves to fight and Willard doesn't. That should indicate something in favor of Moran. But where Moran has been working at top speed to get in best possible condition, Willard has been working along easily, although always toward a definite goal.

And where Moran has tossed his entire soul into this meeting Willard has treated the entire affair without any great seriousness.

For Moran this fight has meant a chance to be heavyweight champion—to gather in a good half million by a victory.

For Willard the same contest has apparently meant nothing but a 10-round boxing match, over which an inordinate and foolish fuss has been raised.

Briefly, Saturday night's affair has been of vastly more importance to Moran than it has been to Willard, to judge their feelings in the matter.

Here is still another matter in Willard's favor: Moran has been ready to fight

## WHITE SHOWS IN WIND-UP WITH O'NEIL AT BROADWAY

### Busy Italian Battler Meets Rugged Opponent Tonight

Frank White, of Southwark, will get back into the wind-up class tonight. He is pitted against Joe O'Neil in the wind-up at the Broadway Club. Since his return to the ring after an eight-month lay-off, White has been the busiest of local boxers. After knocking out Jimmy Gannon on Washington's Birthday, Frankie boxed Larry Hanson, Frankie Fleming and Abe Kabakoff, and tonight's tilt will make the fifth fray in a month.

Four other well-balanced bouts, with Al Nelson and George Blackburn in the semi, are scheduled.

There is a chance that Moran may go stale. There is no chance that Willard will.

The only thing that we can see against Willard is that entirely too many things seem to be in his favor.

When a summer sky gets too blue you can look for an early storm. When a thing looks to be too much of a cinch you can be on the lookout for a painful upset. The things that can't possibly happen are the ones that generally do.

No one can say just how overconfident Willard will be that night. But if it looks as easy as he says it looks and one of those right-hand explosions from Moran lands on a vulnerable spot, the champion will be in a very bad way, psychologically as well as physically.

There is nothing so disconcerting as the sudden and annoying knowledge that you have J. J. Tartar on your hands where you thought you had Henry W. Clinch. It is hard to find a chance for Moran to win—even an outside chance.

Every odd is against him. If he had a margin in skill to offset Willard's bulk—or an edge in speed to offset Willard's strength; if he had an advantage any one definite way, a far better case could be made out in his favor.

## TANK RECORDS MAY FALL IN COLLEGE MEET

### Five Teams Entered in Championship in New York Tomorrow

#### ALL EYES ON VOLLMER

Representatives of the five colleges making up the Intercollegiate Swimming League will meet in competition in New York on Friday to decide the intercollegiate individual championships. From the competition displayed by the teams in the dual meets of the last three months the events will be closely contested from start to finish.

By his wonderful performance throughout the season "Hal" Vollmer, of Columbia University, is conceded to outclass the other aquatic stars in the 50, 100 and 200 yard events. Vollmer with but two exceptions won all three events in the eight dual meets in which he competed. He has been closely pressed at times and no doubt he will have trouble in capturing all three events in the coming intercollegiate. It is somewhat difficult to swim in a dual meet and in a meet where the best of five colleges will be ready for the starter's gun.

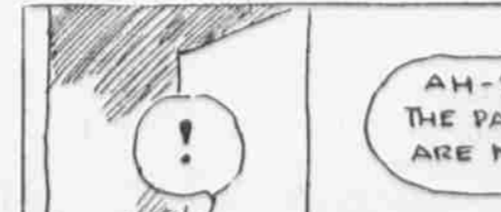
If Vollmer should be able to come out a victor in the coming intercollegiate, it is somewhat a wonder; but it is doubtful, with such men as Captain James N. Shryock, Simonton and Watts, of the University of Pennsylvania; Schaller, Dean and Howe, of Yale; De Lacey, Burchenal and Bethy, of Princeton, and Bosworth, of College City of New York. Virtually every one of these men have done 26 seconds for the 50 yards, and the record is almost certain to go.

The University of Pennsylvania's chances of winning the meet are favorable. In Lehamn they have a plunger who made an unofficial record in the dual meet with Pittsburgh University of 75 feet. With but one exception, the dual meet with Yale University, Lehamn has won out in the plunge for distance. If he comes up to his regular standard, he should have no trouble in winning. There will be a good fight for second place between Levy and Roy, of Columbia; Adams and Bright, of Yale; Norris, of Princeton, and Jones, of College City of New York. Levy and Adams have traveled 69 feet 6 inches in dual meets, while the other plungers have done 68 feet.

The Red and Blue should start off with a record in the 50 yards by Shryock or Simonton following in the wake of Vollmer. Conceding Penn 2 and Columbia 15 points, Yale and Princeton will be in the rear by the time the plunge takes place. If Lehamn can come through it will remain with Levy and Roy, of Columbia, to clinch the title by either finishing second or third.

The entries for Penn were announced yesterday by Coach George Kistler. Coons, Roat and Evans will handle the fancy dive, Captain Shryock the century, Shryock and Russell the 220, Lehamn and Solly the plunge.

## PETEY—Petey Gets a Big Hand in This Scene but Look Where He Gets It



By C. A. VOIGHT