# FIGHTERS ON EDGE; NOW NEED SLEEP

## "Night Before Battle" Has Marred Chances of Many Champions and Challengers

## DEMPSEY NOT A BECKETT

By GRANTLAND RICE

**New York**, July 1.—Tonight, when the June moon has ridden high and the ostermoor beckons from the dim shadows, Dempsey and Carpentier, at Jersey City and Manhasset, will come to the most important stretch of their training.

Throughout the vast hubbub and the endless babel that has beaten upon them, the millions of printed words and the thousands of printed pictures, they come to the last night before the Big Tomorrow with an insistent groping for the sleep "that knits up the ravel'ed sleave of care," the sleep that is needed now more than any week of work they have ever known.

This "night before the battle" has marred as many champions and challengers as any opponent's speed or power on the following day. Only those upon the eve of some big test who have looked for endless hours with wide, staring eyes at the ceiling, waiting for sleep to come, know the weakening agony of this last night.

In the Art of Preserving Health you will read, "O, sleep before you fight. 'Tis not too late tomorrow to be brave." Considering the final stages of nervous strain, both will be lucky if they can pass a night that isn't broken by restless tossing or marred by strange, fantastic dreams, where leering phantoms have arrived to foretell the possibilities of the day beyond. Jeffries and Willard both know what it means to find, the night before, the vain groping of "tired limbs and over-busy thoughts inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness." It is an old story of both the ring and the field. And it may come to even the gamest. Travers knew it at Muirfield, where for nine hours he looked, open-eyed, into the darkness, until his weary nerves finally gave way at dawn, leaving him an easy prey to the first opponent in sight.

### Time to Think

Both the champion and the challenger now have time to think it over with their physical training done. Dempsey has trained too much in the jarring whirl of the crowd, and Carpentier has made no violent effort to toughten his fiber against the punishment he will be forced to weather.

But in the main they are both as ready as men can get for the job of carrying out the basic ideals of their chosen profession.

Champion and challenger together have watched the odds against the latter improve. Whether the remarkable outburst of Prof. George Bernard Shaw had anything to do with the shift is not known. George Bernard has duly warned a gullible public against Dempsey's quick and sudden overthrow at the hands of "the greatest boxer in the world." Dempsey may be a number of things, but he isn't a Beckett. The reason for the slump in odds against the challenger is obvious. The crowd has heard too many rumors of Dempsey's worried state of mind over the reception that he may get when, as American champion of the world, he steps through the ropes to receive the verdict of his countrymen.

### Dreads First Moment

Remembering Madison Square Garden just after the Brennan fight, Dempsey dreads this first moment more than any two swings his opponent may have to hurl his way. He has already been told that the big majority of the audience will be for his rival, something upon a home field unheard of in the vast history of sport. If this disfavor is openly shown, no prophet can foretell the result, since no prophet can read aright the many possibilities of the human mind.

Under any lash of public disfavor, either expressed openly or by greater adulation for his opponent, he may lash himself into a destructive fury that will add steam to his punches and speed to his fists, and that in turn may also wreck his saner judgment, where he will tear in to win or lose in a single crushing smash.

Or it may be that any such public display will have the effect of killing off his ambition to win, leaving him in the lethargy of a drooping spirit that no longer cares. Not even Dempsey himself can know how his subconscious spirit will work in with the feeling of the crowd.

This, to us, is the most important phase of the fight. It has been shown clearly enough that in a physical way Dempsey is heavier, stronger, far more rugged and about as fast in those departments where speed is a vital asset.

### Can Hit Fast Man

He has shown that while he can be hit by a fast man, he can also hit a fast man himself, and hit with more punishing effect, both hands considered, than his rival. But Carpentier, with the volatile Latin temperament that thrives upon acclaim and the bravos of the populace, is sure to be psychologically at his best. The feeling that so many from a foreign nation are with him can have but one effect. If he is even close to the champion in a physical way, counting up both strength and speed, and if he has the stamina to take something and still keep on his way, this psychological edge will have a big effect and play an important part in the final returns.

The odds against him might be even lower if he had whipped just one good man since he laid aside his sky-blue uniform of service and returned to civil life. But in his case so much has to be taken on faith, with so little actually shown to indicate that he has the qualifications needed to beat a man like Dempsey unconscious to the floor.

Dempsey and his backers are still wondering whether the fast Frenchman will tear in at top speed in an aggressive attack or depend upon his shifty feet and good defense to keep out of range until the big opening comes. The chances are, of course, that with two such slashing hitters mauling away the battle isn't destined to run into extra innings by any chance. They carry too much high explosive power to keep up any long-drawn-out bombardment without one of the two buckling up and caving in before a well-directed wallop that lands solidly upon a vital spot. The odds are that the battle ends in the immediate vicinity of the fourth round, with Dempsey, in spite of psychology and Bernard Shaw, the one most likely to be upon his feet as Ertle's right arm starts up and down in the closing count.

## *Dempsey Cares Little About Shaw's Opinion*

**Atlantic City, N. J.**, July 1.—When Champion Jack Dempsey was shown the published statement of George Bernard Shaw that Carpentier is invincible and should be a 50 to 1 favorite, all he had to say was "Is that so." Jack knew who Shaw was, but he seemed to have no more interest in the great playwright's opinions than he has in the price of ukuleles in Sumatra.

On being pressed he said: "Every man is entitled to his own opinion and I don't think I'll worry much about what people in England think of Saturday's fight."

## *Attack on Iowa Was Not Failure*

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would swoop down much nearer to the prey than they did to the Iowa. On the other hand, the Iowa, under radio control, was making only nine knots an hour and was thus an easier mark than a battleship going at high speed.

### Learn Lesson on Ship Armor

Of defenses against air attack the experts are skeptical against any further armoring above decks. Extending armor further below the water line to guard against the submarine, the mine and the bomb from the air seems inevitable. And the added weight of this increased armor plus special armor above water would overburden war vessels.

As was shown in the case of cities attacked in the late war, the only defenses against the airplane are fighting planes to clear the air of bombers and anti-aircraft guns. Navies will have to defend themselves by carrying their own fighting planes and bombers and by improving anti-aircraft guns which will force the bombers to higher altitudes. Until it is demonstrated that these defenses are ineffective, the big battleship will remain the master of the seas and no nation will give up building its navy about these first line vessels.

As already pointed out in this correspondence, it is only for the defense of coasts from attacks that the airplane has shown its superiority. When a vast number of airplanes are based on the shore hostile fleets will run great danger in approaching it.

### Separate Air Ministry Discussed

These tests are raising the question of a separate ministry of the air. Both France and England have such separate departments and both are making greater progress with the airplane than this country. Such an organization does not mean that the fighting air services of the army and navy are taken away from them. On the contrary, both in England and France the army and navy have their own airmen.

But in both countries the development of the plane itself is put in charge of a department of air, which controls also the use of the airplane commercially. The feeling is that the army and navy can be trusted to use the airplane, but not to develop it, both services regarding innovations with a certain suspicion.

This hostility recently was revealed in the quarrel between General Menoher, an old line officer who is at the head of the air division of the army, and his assistant, General Mitchell, which Secretary Weeks has just composed.

In France with its separate air ministry airplanes for commercial routes are subsidized by the Government, which pays half the cost of operation. The result is that from Paris there is a daily air service to all the more important capitals of Europe, including the distant Constantinople. It costs little more to go to London by air than by land or sea, and 1500 persons a month make the trip.

The consequence of all this flying is that France is developing an airplane industry and skill in pilots which will be immensely valuable to her in time of war. On the theory that this is preparation for defense the Government subsidizes the commercial operation of the planes, examines their controls, maintains searchlights in the air, like lighthouses on the coast for ships, and in general makes airplane development a national charge.

This Government is far behind in this respect. General Mitchell has done remarkable work in training his fliers to act in squadrons, surpassing anything done abroad, but beyond this the United States is falling behind.

## DUPES INVEST $50,000,000 IN GOLD-BRICK FILM STOCK

### National Association Denounces Frauds Perpetrated in 1920

**New York**, July 1.—(By A. P.)—Fake movie stock gobbled up $50,000,000 from gullible investors during 1920, says a report by the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, which has a vigilance committee trying to stamp out promoters of wildcat film companies.

Hundreds of such companies, often organized by men who did not even know the difference between a cut-back and a close-up, not to mention the distinction between an ordinary platonic kiss and the lingering fade-away, were trumpeted by stock salesmen, who pointed to great financial achievements by well-known film makers as an assurance that investors would soon receive gobs of dividend checks, the report indicated.

But the investigating committee discovered that most of these wildcat schemes died without leaving a foot of film to posterity. It then started a campaign of warning to the public.

This, the association claims, has been successful.

"The danger of this sort of investment has been called to the public's attention with such force," its statement said, "that very few, if any, new producing companies have attempted to sell stock within the last six months."

## NO CAMDEN SUNDAY BALL

### City Lawyer Tells Council It Cannot Give Permission

Sunday baseball in Camden was virtually knocked out yesterday by Camden City Council after City Counsel E. G. C. Bleakley in an opinion declared that the councilmanic body could not legally grant permission to any persons or organizations to play baseball on Sunday within the city limits.

A petition was presented to City Council by Fred C. Bowers, representing athletic organizations in the Cramer Hill section, asking that City Council grant permission to play baseball on Sunday afternoons on the Pennsylvania Railroad athletic field at Thirty-sixth street.

Submitting his opinion, City Counsel Bleakley stated that Council would be violating the law in granting permission for the playing of baseball on Sunday. The request was subsequently refused.

An ordinance was passed on first reading making it illegal to lay gasoline supply tanks on Market and Federal streets, Broadway, Mount Ephraim avenue and Kaighn avenue, within six feet of the curb line. Gasoline pumps cannot be erected at a distance of more than two feet from the property line of any building.

## *Dr. Deaver Picks Dempsey to Win*

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day—" and here Dr. Deaver illustrated Dempsey's uppercut and straight-arm drive—"that if I had to choose between the kick of a hefty mule with his shoes removed and boxing gloves on his heels and a blow from Dempsey's glove, I'd take the mule.

"There is some talk of Dempsey being hide-bound. I can't see how any one would think so. Dempsey is not only a perfect specimen of a man, he is also beautifully conditioned. He shows every evidence of being in perfect trim. I have seldom seen a man with such wonderful shoulders and back.

### Dempsey No Boxer

"Dempsey and Carpentier are both open fighters, and as far as that goes, equally matched. Dempsey is no sparrer, however. I thing if Dempsey and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien were matched with blackened gloves for points O'Brien would land three blows to Dempsey's one. But unless Carpentier is both a wonderful sparrer and can put more force in his blows than is generally thought, he does not stand a chance.

"It looks as though we might have bad weather for the bout," concluded Dr. Deaver. "I hope we won't—I'm looking forward to it."

### Odds Are Coming Down

The odds here on the fight this afternoon stand 2 to 1 on Dempsey instead of 3 to 1 as yesterday. Some of the sporting fraternity are predicting even money before the fight starts.

There is something intangible in the air that no one seems able to explain. One man tried to in Charlie Rhoads' cigar store at Broad and Chestnut streets. "Dempsey hasn't got it," said this man. "He hasn't got it."

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Well," waving his arms around, "he hasn't got it, see?"

Whatever it is he hasn't got, the skids seemed to be under the Dempsey stock among the bettors, yet none of them could tell how or why. At Broad and Chestnut streets, where the bookmakers ply their trade, everything was in a buzz of tense excitement. Bets were placed eagerly, but all at small amounts. The bookmakers could tell no more than any one else what it is that Dempsey hasn't got, but that he lacks it they seemed sure. And the odds fell steadily.

One man insisted Dempsey was muscle bound. A friend of his who knows a man whose brother saw Dempsey train said so, said this man, and he would not lay his money on him. He bet on the Frenchman. Another man put a hundred on Carpentier because, as he expressed it, "Everybody wants to see him win. And that ought to help some."

So the bookmakers, lined up against the wall, with their discreet little bits of white cardboard in the palms of their hands, kept their eyes peeled for the "fly cops," while they looked sharply into the faces of the passing throng for possible bettors.

A man would stop a moment, pass a word or two, there would be a pencil mark on a card, and the man would pass on. Then the bookmaker, with a smile, would show another bookmaker what he had written, both would smile, and settle back against the wall again, to watch and wait.

### Plungers Are Wary

The big plungers, the men of wealth who get a thrill out of huge wagers, men who put small fortunes on a fighter then go to the ringside to help cheer him to victory, are not betting. As one member of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange said today, "I never in all my experience ever saw anything like it. They simply are not putting up the money. There is a lot of big talk, but very little coin.

"Somehow or other there seems to be feeling in the air about this thing that is positively mystifying. The odds here are now two to one, and wait till I get New York on the wire and see how things go there."

He went. When he came back he said it was the same there. "Three to one in New York this morning, and now they are offering two to one. And no big bets. Personally I want to see Carpentier win."

Norbert A. J. Conway is holding many stakes in the fight.

"It is two to one in New York and two to one here now," he said. "Two to one is the very best we can get here. But there are no Dempsey takers. As a matter of fact, men who bet three to one on Carpentier yesterday came back today for more, and when the odds fell, snapped up all the Dempsey money at the new odds just the same.

### Dempsey Money Scarce

"It's got so now we can't get any Dempsey money at all. And all the bets are in small amounts. Honest, in all my experience I never saw anything like it. In my judgment it will be even money when the men are ready to enter the ring tomorrow.

"The feeling among the bettors is that Carpentier wins if the fight goes to five or six rounds. Somehow they don't feel that Dempsey will put him out in two rounds, as was at first thought. But the surprising thing is there are no big bets. Plenty of bets at $100 or $200. I know of a number of bundles of $1500 Carpentier money lying around now, but there is no Dempsey money to cover them with. Now why should that be so; answer me that?"

## *Dempsey Nervous on Eve of Battle*

(By ROBERT W. MAXWELL)

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did his best to convince the public that there was nothing to any of the stories. He is on the level himself and wanted to convince the public. He didn't have any time to himself for two days because of the constant calls on the telephone.

Instead of resting peacefully and quietly, as did Carpentier at Manhasset, he had to hide himself from admiring throngs. Every time he appeared on the boardwalk a crowd followed, and even if he only went to a barber shop the report was spread that he was doing the cabarets. He faced every handicap, and it's no wonder his nerves have cracked.

He is far from being in shape for a big fight now, but expects to become normal from now on. He will see no visitors and cut himself off from the outside world.

### Dopesters at Work

Just the same, the boys are boldly predicting an easy victory for the champion whenever there is a chance to do any predicting. At the Traymore last night, where most of the real chatter is spilled, the guests of Dan McLaughlin could see nobody but Dempsey. Frank Mackin, our Mad Hatter, was most emphatic.

"This fight," said Mackin, "will be very sad for Carpentier. If Dempsey ever gets the Frenchman in a corner, it will be like pulling the cork out of a bottle of overnight hooch. Georges will be etherized."

This gave Dan McLaughlin an idea. "Georges will look like Georgette after the first round," remarked Dan, but this is not strange, because McLaughlin is Irish.

The experts, who are getting wheezy after the long grind, also expressed opinions. Some said the fight would end in the first round and others hoped it would.

"But there is one thing to be considered," said one, "and that is the dope on past fights. Once upon a time a young man named Corbett boxed a warship named John L. Sullivan. John L. could hit like a pile driver and Corbett couldn't break a pane of glass, according to reports. Sullivan was a six-to-one favorite and he was knocked out. Perhaps Carpentier will do the same.

Also it will be well to remember that Terry McGovern was licked by Young Corbett when Terry was considered invincible. Nobody ever expected to see Terry bite the canvas, but he did. A hard-hitting fighter occasionally is socked by a clever person."

This recalls a conversation I had with Walter Clothier recently. Mr. Clothier was in Carson City the day Fitzsimmons knocked out Corbett and won the championship and still has a vivid recollection of the affair.

"Corbett was clever," he said, "and for a dozen rounds knocked Fitz all over the ring. The freckled Cornishman looked helpless and to all it appeared only a question of time before he sank to the canvas, a battered hull. However, he allowed Corbett to fight himself out and you know what happened in the end. Bob still had the punch in the fourteenth round, slipped over that famous solar plexus and Corbett was through.

"Therefore, I cannot help but favor Dempsey in the coming battle. He can hit, and I know he is clever. He will do the same as Fitz at Carson City."

### Approve Grant to British Miners

**London**, July 1.—(By A. P.)—The House of Commons this afternoon approved the plan submitted by Premier Lloyd George for a grant of £10,000,000 to the coal miners in pursuance of the strike settlement program, the money to be applied in helping tide the men over the next few months, during the process of wage reduction.

### Half of U. S. Farms Run by Owners

**Washington**, July 1.—(By A. P.)—More than one-half of all the farms in the United States are operated by their owners, the Census Bureau yesterday announced in classifying the 6,488,366 farms in the United States as of 1920.

### Teagle Buys Greenwich Mansion

**Greenwich, Conn.**, July 1.—Walter Clark Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, has purchased the mansion of E. L. Marston at Byram Shore here. It was held at $900,000.

## LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

By Lee Pape

Me and Sid Hunt was setting on Sids frunt step and so was Sids little brother Bert, and I sed, Hay Sid, wat do you say lets go erround to Sniders and get some ice cream.

G, all rite, sed Sid.

Can I go with you, sed Sids little brother Bert.

Certeny not, you aint got eny money to buy eny ice creem, sed Sid.

Well I'll jest set there and watch you 2, sed Bert.

Like fun you will, sed Sid, and Bert sed, Yes I will too, and Sid sed, Hay wats the matter with you, dont you know wen youre not wunted, and Bert sed, No.

Wich he dont, and I sed, O well we aint going to get eny ice creem enyway. And I winked at Sid, saying Lets dont get eny ice creem, lets jest take a wawk insted.

G, all rite, thats a god ideer, sed Sid winking back, and Bert sed, Can I wawk with you?

Certeny not, you cant wawk fast enuff, hurry up, Ben, sed Sid. And him and me quick jumped up and started to wawk fast as enything in the opposite direction to Sniders ice crem place, me saying, This will fool him all rite, we'll turn erround as soon as we get out of site and go back to Sniders, this will fool him all rite.

Sure, gosh, this will fool him all rite, sed Sid. And we started to go back down other streets and wen we got to Sniders who was standing outside waiting but Sids little brother Bert, saying, Hay, I thawt you was going to take a wawk.

Well, wats the matter, cant we wawk past Sniders on the way, I sed. Wich we did, leeving Bert still standing there, and we went to some new place and got the ice creem, not being as good as Sniders but being better than Sniders, with Bert setting there staring at us.


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