

Old Age and Pampas Wild Man Combine To Defeat Jess Willard, One Time World's Champion

FIRPO'S MIGHTY PUNCH COUPLED TO HIS YOUTH TOO MUCH FOR WILLARD

Hope of the Argentine Battered Down ex-World's Champion in Eight Desperate Rounds-Big Jess Fought Like a Champion and End Came as Surprise.

ATTENDANCE BREAKS WORLD'S RECORD

BY BOB EDGREN.

Special to The Advertiser. Arena; Jersey City, N. J., July 12 .-Louis Angel Firpo knocked out Jess sharp jabs that threw Firpo's head Willard in the eighth round of a desperate fight that belonged to anybody until the actual knockout blow was struck.

Havana.

All through the first round Firpo went in with these hard-driven righthanders. He seemed to forget, except at rare intervals, that he had a left hand. Willard quickly had the right timed, and found a way to block it with his left forearm. But now and then one slipped through, and when it did the thud of it could be heard all around the ringside. A red patch appeared on Willard's left side, where Firpo found his target.

Willard looked a giant beside the swarthy wild bull of the Pampas. It seemed as if he must overwhelm Firpo by sheer bulk and strength and aggressiveness. When Firpo leaped at him it was like throwing himself against a wall. Willard had the first two rounds, but the third belonged to Firpo. Still it was so even that the slight advantages of either man in the desperate fighting gave no in-timation of the final result.

Cheers for Willard.

As the fight went along the crowd began to cheer wildly for Willard, who was making a magnificent fight. Firpo, diving in, leaping headlong to attack after attack, could get few by through the hurse Krasaria do. through the huge Kansan's defense. But on the other hand Firpo was not hurt by the blows Willard landed. Willard carried the only marks, early in the fight. A grazing right swing tore his left ear, and the red fluid that trickled down his neck seemed to rouse Firpo to more furious effort. But in spite of its fury the fight was perfectly clean. do but walk around the ring.

Forest. Firpo shook his head

Fourth Was Fierce.

The fourth brought some desperate Willard came up deliber ately, but rushed Firpo after the first exchange of blows. Then Louis, who had been taking it easy for a moment, suddenly rushed at Willard with a swinging right that caught the giant on the temple and rocked Sticking close, Firpo swung right after right, and nine times in succession landed squarely on the side of Willard's head. The crowd was up and yelling and shouts came from Firpo's corner

As Firpo's attack weakened, Willard swung cloar and straightened up, and he was laughing. That laugh made Firpo back away, looking at Willard with a puzzled eye. He had seen men take punishment before but he had not seen anyone laugh a his wild clubbing right. Instantly Willard went after Firpo, eyes blazing with the old look of rage that used to indicate one of his danger-ous moments. He feinted fast, jabbed two or three times, followed with a straight right, missed, and Firpo went in headlong with a crushing right that staggered Willard for a Willard was rushing again when the bell rang. He went after Firpo hot-foot in the next round, landing heavy blows. Willard never better than at this momen His body showed no sign of punish ment except a red spot on the left side where Firpo's right hand found its mark.

Fighting Like a Champion.

Big Jess was fighting like a champion again, and Firpo was forced back, helpless, in spite of his desperate plunges. Jess was blocking the right hand. Near the end of the round the crowd near the ring started a yell that was soon booming in uni-son all over the arena until it fairly

a yell that was soon booming in unison all over the arena until it fairly rocked the stinds. "Come on, Jess: come on, Jess." At the beginning of the next round the far bleachers were still yelling it. In this round, the sixth, it looked as if Firpo was tiring, and Jimmy Deforest, head thin with an anxious eye.

Firpo arena with it fairly an anxious eye.

Firpo in the propes, watched him with an anxious eye.

Firpo's right seemed to have lost its sting. He floundered a bit as he went, in, looked clumsy. His left hand was still forgotten. It looked like Willard's ribs. Firpo forced Jess to the went, in, looked clumsy. His left hand was still forgotten. It looked like Willard's ribs, and the big fellow, sensing victory, glared at Firpo and the ropes, across the ring and furlous as before. A hard-driven right that landed just over the heart, followed swiftly by a right swing on the jaw, sent Willard ever the heart, followed swiftly by a right swing on the jaw, sent Willard ever the heart, followed swiftly by a right swing on the jaw, sent Willard ever the heart, followed swiftly by a right swing on the jaw, sent Willard ever the heart, followed swiftly by a right swing on the jaw, sent Willard ever the heart, followed swiftly by a right swing on the jaw, sent Willard ever the heart, followed swiftly by a right swing on the jaw, sent Willard show the head as the bell sounded. Firpo away. There was sting enough in will also be will be same spot as the gong sounded. Willard's jabs. Only his right hand seemed heavy and slow. Jess rush to head a close quarter. The Argentine forced Willard into a corner will are the right will be a still be a provent in the proper will be a still be a s

He dug rights into Willard's body until he became arm weary, and for the first time began to clinch and hold. Willard attacked, driving in back. In spite of the pounding he had taken Willard seemed as fresh as in the first round. Firpo, backing

away from him, looked up with what was struck.

To the surprise of everyone around look in his eyes. He seemed to be the ring, Willard cut loose from his usual waiting style and went after when he found the fight going hard. the South American from the first round on. He paid no attention to the terrific blows that Firpo sunk wrist deep into his body. There was no question that Willard was in shape. He looked as good as at Hayana. right in the body that hurled him reeling to the middle of the ring. Then came the big round. No one,

as it started, realized that Willard, so aggressive and determined, so huge in bulk, was near the final crash of all his ambitions. As Willard sat in his corner waiting for the bell he raised his hand and pressed it against the left side of his face, where a red lump had risen since Firpo's last furious attack. Both came up slowly. Willard walked to-ward his man, and Firpo, looking him over anxiously, seemed undecided and lost, like a novice who has come to the end of his knowledge of the game and doesn't know what to do next. But again Firpo was stalling. Willard jabbed him hard. With a grim scowl Firpo dived in, beat Willard back into a corner, and stood there volleying terrific blows to the big man's head. Suddenly Willard's knees bent, and as he tried to sidestep out of danger he staggered and nearly fell. Firpo was all over him im an instant, blows flying, lefts and rights, now, one side and then the other. Finally, gathering himself for one terrific effort, he swung a last crashing right and stepped back.

Beaten By His Age. There in his own corner Willard crumpled up as that last blow struck home under his ear. He bent forward and fell slowly to hands and knees. His face turned up toward Firpo, and his itps parted in a grin that was half foolish, like the grin he turned on arry Lewis, the referee, had little to be but walk around the ring.

Dempsey the first time he went down at Toledo. Then he surged forward Jimmy DeForest, watching anxiously from Firpo's corner, met his man coming back from the third round. "Are you tired," asked De Found. "Are shock his head." and caught the ropes with his right hand, trying with all his might to pull his bulk up from the ground. His legs nd still struggling, with vacant' blue eyes turned up to where black-haired Firpo stood waiting, grim and expressionless as the Sphinx, Willard was ounted out. That last blow had finseven times as he did at Toledo. But circumstances were different. Wil-

before he can have an even break with the champion, he'll have to train that left hand of his until he uses it as Inter-Club Has naturally as his right. He landed just one hard and effective left on Willard in all eight rounds. Give him a left hand and Dempsey's crown won't be safe, for Firpo has shown that he can take everything that comes his way, and still have the strength and grit and speed too, and above all, the punch to

Just before the main bout Tex Rickard announced at the ringside that the attendance had passed 100,000, making a new world's record. The huge bowl was jammed from my to rim, and outside the arena another 100,000 packed Jersey City's streets



Luis Firpo, right, last night defeat- Acres, Jersey City. The winner ved Jess Willard, left, in the eighth fight Jack Dempsey on Labor Day round of what was to have been a the heavyweight championship 15-round battle before a record- world. Experts today differ

IN BUENOS AIRES

Shouting Men, Women and Children Acclaim Him as National Hero.

Special to The Advertiser. Buenos Aires, July 13.—A bedlam of noise, sirens, bombs, automobile horns and rattles, raised by 100,000 persons crowding the streets last night, greeted night's record-breaking fight, said tocrowding the streets last night, greeted news flashed that Luis Firpo had knocked out Jess Wiliard. The Argentine went wild, with its customary fervor, over the victory of its champion. Returns of the fight were broadcast by wireless throughout the country, and were posted on bulletin boards as it was learned that Firpo had won as it was learned that Firpo had won. The Argentine populace never doubted the outcome. At least 50,000 joined in a parade along the Avenida de Mayo. Automobiles filled with shouting men. Women and children made their way slowly through the streets. No previous event within the memory of the oldest inhabitants had created such nation-wide interest.

Inter-Club Has

Important Tilts

Last Company and was not decided on the place for the fight, but he intimated that he Firpo knocked out Jess Willard last inight.

Jack Kearns, manager of the champion, said he wanted a fight with Firpo on Labor Day, and was not particular where it was to be staged. "This Firpo is a strong, rugged fellow, and a natural fighter. He will give Dempsey a great inght." Kearns said.

Official figures on the clady of the dight, but he intimated that he will stage the fight in the ring where Firpo knocked out Jess Willard last inght.

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Inter-Club Has

Important Titts knocked out Jess Willard. The Argentlard had taken a fearful beating in the body for seven rounds, and many a hard smash on the chin. It may have been age that beat the giant in part. Perhaps a few years ago he could have taken all Firpo gave him. He must be given credit for fighting a wonderful fight, and for going down to defeat like the game man he always has been.

Firpo Necds a Left.

As for Firpo, he has the stuff in him to give even Dempsey a battle, but before he can have an even break with

Important Tilts

Forest City meet Alerts at Queen's Park and the "Kaysees" meet Orients at Sunshine Park in Saturday's Inter-Ciup fixtures.

"Mike" Shaw, who combines the presidency of the league with managing the Forest City crew without any friction, claims that Alerts are due for a beating Saturday. The game will have to prove this bold statement. Rockwood will handle the game.

"Kaysees" looked much better in their game last Saturday, and may hand the fast-traveling Orients a surprise in the northern diamond clash. Munro will handle this fracas.

Dempsey, with his years in the ring, is a master of fisticuffs. He has an arsenal of blows, as varied as they are powerful. He is still in his prime.

Firpo, on the other hand, is still green. His most powerful blow is still his right swing. His much totuted left, said to have been developed by his trainer, De Forest, hardly whipped out once last night, and then it had no sting. He still rushes to the attack, leaving vulnerable spots unguarded.

Willard did more than any of his previous components in helding his

Battle of the Behemoths Described Blow By Blow



VICTOR AND VANQUISHED

Tex Rickard Asserts He ready Has Arrangements Under Way.

50,000 IN PARADE JERSEY TO GET IT

champion.

Dempsey, with his years in the

previous opponents in holding his wicked in check, but even the

to do with Willard's defea death Tuesday, when they cked over by an auto on avenue. Both were slight-

d, but were able to proceed

Sotheby's, in London, a copy of ling's schoolboy lyrics printed in ore in 1881 fetched \$1,100, and a

Willard Made Gallant Show But Old Strength Was Gone

McGeehan Says Ten Years Ago Kansan Would Have Knocked Firpo Through the Ropes.

By W. O. McGEEHAN.

Special to The Advertiser.

Jersey City, July 12.—One hundred thousand huddled in the huge wooden saucer at Boyle's Thirty Acres tonight saw Jess Willard, once a champion, counted out in the eighth round as he knelt in his own corner. Luis Angel Firpo battered him down with a volley of right swings to the jaw. No particular blow brought the Kansas glant down. One right made him waver and shake. Three following, and he sagged slowly down on his knees, clutching the rope.

He was in this position when Harry Lewis, the referee, with his eye on the timepeeker, counted ten. Willard did not seem able to move towards rising to his feet. His long jaw was sagging down to his chest. His eyes were staring up at the starless skies, his legs quivered and his arms worked convulsively.

Just a foot away from him stood Firpo, called the Will Bull of the Fampas. The eyes of the South American, which are a placid brown in repose, were gleaming like white hot coals. His face was grim, impassive. He seemed to know that it was over, but he was ready with a coup de grace if necessary.

Jess Made Gallant Show.

Jess Made Gallant Show.

Willard had scarcely tottered out Yet for six rounds this giant from Kansas, long past the fighting age, made a gallant show of it. He took harder blows in other rounds than the ones under which he seemed to wilt in that eighth.

Willard started briskly and with a gay sort of smile. Firpo crowded him smiling ponderously, to the head with the right hand. Despite all the tutelage of Jim Deforest, Firpo seemed to remain a one-handed fighter. His right was all that he had, but it was enough. At the end of the seventh round Joe Humphries, who has been sitting somewhere in the shadows contemplating



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