

SPORT CLASSICS



This hilarious fight topped the Dempsey-Tunney—

LONG COUNT

By **PACKEY O'GATTY**

former leading bantamweight costender

BOXING fans probably never will stop talking about that long count in the second Dempsey-Tunney fight, and I don't blame 'em. But something that happened to me tops it, I think.

On New Year's night, 1921, I fought Benny Coster, "The Chinatown Flash," in a scheduled 15-round bout. It took place at the Pioneer Sporting Club (the old Horse Market on East 24th Street), and the winner was promised a shot at Joe Lynch's world's bantamweight title.

Benny came from practically around the corner from my neighborhood, so it was more or less one of those neighborhood grudge fights. Plenty of dough was bet on the fight, and Benny's fans were all there. So was the Packey O'Gatty rooting section. When I opened the door of my dressing room, the noise of the crowd really was something.

It was a whirlwind bout. As I sat in my corner at the end of the 12th round, my brother Jimmy and Jack McAuliffe (who were seconding me along with

Jimmy Twyford) told me: "If you don't cut loose, Coster will steal the duke."

The fight had been so fast and furious that I didn't realize what round it was. I asked them, "What round is this?"

"The 13th coming up," Jimmy replied. "Go after him now."

I took his advice, all right. I started working hard, pumping hard left hooks to Coster's body. In the 14th round I floored him—and then the shenanigans started.

Battling Nelson, the ex-lightweight champ, was the referee and he was inexperienced in the art. He started counting with agonizing deliberation while my followers yelled all sorts of names at him. At the count of nine, Coster got up—and I sent him right down to the canvas again. Nelson started counting slowly again.

My fans yelled some more, and one of them really got Bat's goat. He stopped counting at eight, walked toward the ropes and

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shouted back at the raving crowd.

"I can lick any one of you bums," yelled Bat. "Come down here. I'll show you how I knocked out Joe Gans."

Nelson returned to finish the count, but he had forgotten where he had left off. So he started a new count. At the count of nine, Benny Coster got up again—and again I floored him.

Laboriously, Nelson began his counting routine, but this time when he reached nine someone pulled the master switch and every light in the place went out. It was almost five minutes before they went on again. By then Benny was soaking wet. One of his seconds had thrown a bucket of water over him to bring him around.

In the 15th round I was all set for the kill. I came out fighting mad. I'd already knocked this guy out a couple of times, and now I had to do it again. I was swinging hard and fast, trying to put my man on ice when, not more than a minute after the round had started, the bell sounded, ending the fight.

(I later learned that some gangster, who surely wasn't betting on me, reached over the timekeeper's shoulder and tapped the bell with the butt of his gun).

I went back to my corner to await the verdict. Referee Nelson pointed to Benny Coster's corner and announced: "Packey O'Gatty wins."

Someone near me yelled, "Hey, Nelson, this is O'Gatty's corner right over here."

Bat finally got it straight and pointed to my corner. But by that time the Coster and O'Gatty mobs were pasting each other all around the ringside and up in the gallery. What a brawl!

In the excitement, Joe Humphries, the old fight announcer, stepped into the ring and grabbed the referee. "Bat," Joe told him, "you can't give a decision unless the judges disagree."

Luckily, they did and Nelson awarded the decision to me. Joe Humphries then raised my hand up as he barked, "The Winnah—Packey O'Gatty."

I understand it was the longest count in the history of boxing in New York State. Believe me, it was my longest fight, too.

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SAYS



YOU!

How to cook your goose

Editor:

Yes sir, you have many enthusiastic readers up here. Articles like Mr. Botsford's will make our hunting a greater pleasure and the expense felt less when the game is spent to such mouth watering recipes as his. Though I would like to have seen a recipe on our big fellas—the wild geese.

KEN P. HATLEN

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA

• *Harry Botsford has sent Mr. Hatlen an elaborate recipe for roast wild goose. Space prevents reprinting it here, but readers may have a copy for the asking.—Editor.*

Wants more about Canada

Editor:

All of your articles were great. I was wondering if it were not possible to have you write up something that is "all-Canadian." Living so close to us, the stories of our country would become of great interest to your readers.

ROLAND J. G. JONES

NORTH VANCOUVER, B. C., CANADA

• *We are indeed on the lookout for a good story worthy of our great Neighbor to the north. We have an article in the works now.—Editor.*

Whodunit

Editor:

Just read "The White Panther" in March issue. Could the barber have been the driver of the car that killed his wife? It's been bothering me ever since.

J. B. JENNINGS

BATON ROUGE, LA.

• *You're so right—he could have been. Pretty neat, eh?—Editor.*

What to do about spies?

Editor:

Your article, "Are You A Spy Fall Guy?" was excellent. It called attention to a real growing danger, but I think it did not go far enough. The author failed to suggest any-

thing as a real legal preventative.

He should make a study and write another article suggesting what new legislation is called for.

I think the statute of limitations which saved Hiss should be abolished. That treason should be punished by banishment. That parole should be denied unless the convicted one makes a full disclosure of all associates, and others,

What do you think?

LOUIS GUARACINO

NEW YORK, N. Y.

• *Our best judicial minds in Congress are, of course, wrestling with this problem. The nut is to devise laws that will combat the danger of espionage without jeopardizing the constitutional rights of all citizens.—Editor.*

Salute to Sammy the Seahorse

Editor:

I especially liked "Father's Night In," by Rae Oetting. I've studied seahorses, and I liked his way of telling a true nature story in a humorous vein.

L. CARL DAVIS

MILFORD CENTER, OHIO

Editor:

Congratulations for a fine piece of fictional material by Rae Oetting. The title of his article was "Father's Night In" and it was a very good humorous story which I and several buddies of mine enjoyed immensely.

Here's hoping that more of his work can be printed in your magazine.

PFC. C. E. KUDAS

FT. RITCHIE, MD.

• *Coming up, sir. The response to Sammy the Seahorse was so big that we asked Rae to do an encore. It's scheduled for next issue, and we think you'll like it as well as the first one.—Editor.*

(Address letters to: Editor, Man's Life, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.)