

JULY, 1953

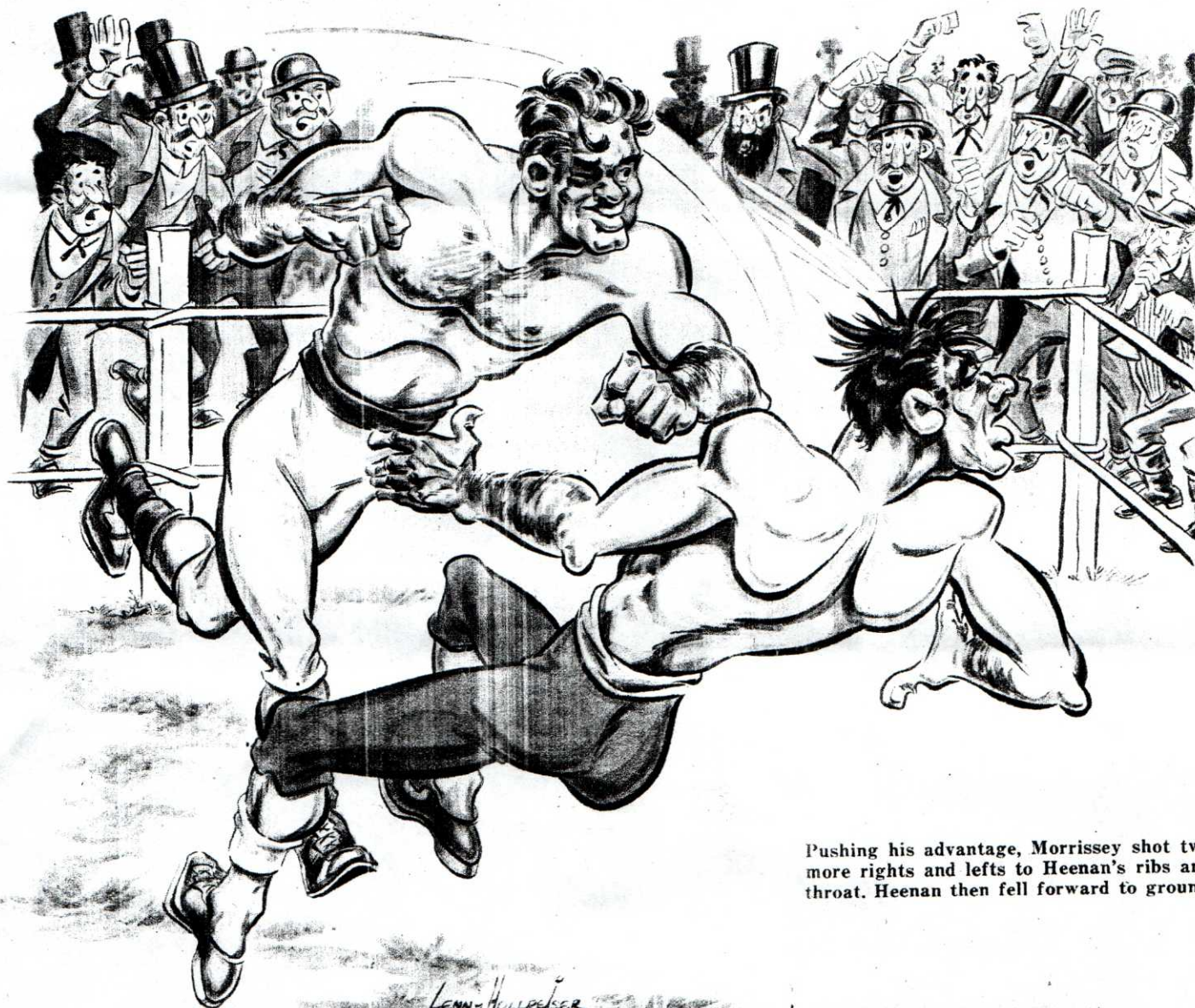
BOOK
LENGTH
FEATURE

JOHN

MORRISSEY

BOXING'S FASCINATING CHARACTER

• Here's a true account of a fearless, fighting demon who rose from the gutter to pugilistic, social and political heights. This was in the days when New York was headquarters for malice and mayhem, when old-time fighters like Hyer, Beasley, Kensett, Fuller, Hammond, Secor, McLane, McCluskey, Lilly and McCoy were the bully boys of the squared circle.



Pushing his advantage, Morrissey shot two more rights and lefts to Heenan's ribs and throat. Heenan then fell forward to ground.



The boy lashed out with a straight right at the bearded man. Bibler McGeehan slowly sank to the floor. He lay motionless.



During his colorful career, John Morrissey rose from a lowly barroom brawler to a highly respected politician.

A True Story By RICHARD LA COSTE

UNDOUBTEDLY THE MOST COLORFUL CHARACTER in American sports circles was the Irish-American boxing champion, John Morrissey. Never has a pugilistic personality stood out so sharply against the horizon of time as did this bully-boy from Templemore, Tipperary. Nor has any fighter in the history of the ring, similarly handicapped by lowly birth, defective education, and abject poverty, risen to such heights.

Amazing it is that Morrissey, despite the disrepute attached to professional pugilism at that time, rose from lowly barroom brawler to tip-top politician during his colorful career.

Morrissey's congressional career is all the more astounding since official records show that he, in the course of his adventurous life time, had been indicted eight times for assault with intent to kill, assault and battery, and burglary. Moreover, Morrissey served nine months in the penitentiary for breaches of the public peace. These derelictions, however, were indulged in before his sojourn in the Nation's Capital.

Morrissey's life, from the time he landed in Canada in 1836, at the age of five, until his death forty-two years later, was one of thrills and excitement, comedy and tragedy. He experienced life in its every phase. He mingled with men and women of every type. He knew knavery, corruption, thuggery and violence as few (Continued on page 50)



Young Morrissey presented dignified appearance.

John Morrissey

(Continued from page 25)

men have known these things.

He was a swaggering, picturesque figure of magnificent physique. He possessed a cold, reasoning mind, and an instinct and flair for leadership.

He feared no man, living or dead.

Such was the squared circle's greatest gladiator of the 19th or even the 20th century!

John Morrissey first saw the light of day in a small cabin in Templemore, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1831. When he was five, his parents emigrated to Canada. From there they moved to Troy, New York, within the year.

Morrissey's main motivation in life—success—first expressed itself when he shifted from a \$2-a-week job in a wall-paper factory to a \$5-a-week job at the Burden Iron Mills. He was then twelve.

It was while working at the iron moulding business that he developed his fine physique. Here also he perfected a flair for fisticuffs. Since the mill men angered quickly and were older and bigger than he, Morrissey found it necessary to fight almost every day.

Soon, however, the mill men and the barroom bullyboys learned to leave alone the lad whose temper flared faster than a match dipped in oil.

Sportsman Alexander Hamilton, keeper of a tavern in Troy, heard of the sensational seventeen-year-old youngster's ability with his fists. He sent for him. When Morrissey made himself known to him, Hamilton said:

"Still workin' at the factory?"

Morrissey nodded his head.

"Like it?"

"No."

"How much do you make?"

"Is that any of your business?"

"May be in need of a bouncer. Maybe I can pay you more," Hamilton pressed.

Morrissey thought for a moment. "If you want me workin' here," he said, "you'll have to pay me \$20 a week."

Hamilton, who had never paid more than \$12 a week to any of his bullyboys, hesitated. Experience warned him that even the toughest bouncers sooner or later met their match. He took the defensive.

"Maybe I could pay you if—"

"You want me to prove it?" John interrupted. "All right. Bibler McGeehan is at the bar. Will he do as a sample?"

McGeehan was a notorious character known from Troy to Albany. In an all-around rough-and-tumble he had few peers. He had several gouged-out eyes to his credit, and he had bitten an opponent's nose clean off in one of his lighter moments.

Due to this reputation, Bibler never had been tackled by any of Hamilton's bouncers. Hamilton looked long at the fearless seventeen-year-old youngster before him. He shifted the cigar to the left of his mouth, mumbled, "Bibler'll do as a sample."

At that very moment Bibler's hairy, hamlike first was pouring a drink. His face was bearded, sullen. He looked up as Morrissey approached him.

"You!" he snarled.

"Yeah, it's me." Morrissey mimicked, and I'm gonna throw you the hell outa here!"

The boy lashed out with a right straight to that bearded jaw. Bibler slowly sank to the floor. He lay still. Morrissey looked up at Hamilton. Hamilton, stared straight back at him, mouth open.

"Twenty it is," he said.

In less than a week, the beardless youth put the fear of God into the tough, hard, heavyfisted and vicious river men and factory hands. He laid low one after another the toughest among them. Soon discipline came to a Hamilton's bordello and it took on the appearance of a Sunday school class.

The toughs around Troy at long last had met their match.

While working at Hamilton's, Morrissey was furnished with his first contact with the so-called softer sex. He learned here that although these midnight Magdalenes might have been without morals—that they could pick a pocket, slug a lug or cut a copper—they could be far kinder to other humans than their more respectable sisters. Here, too, he learned tolerance, and acquired the philosophy that no man or woman is entirely good or bad.

After a year of unprecedented peace, Hamilton heard that his bouncer was planning to make a move. He cornered him during a lull one evening and offered him more money if he would only stay.

"John," he said, "there ain't a more respected man in the State of New York," he told him. "Moreover, you can have all the women and whiskey you want here. You know that, don't you, John?"

"Yes, I know," John answered. "But I want to make somethin' o' myself. I want to be rich, too. And I'll never get rich workin' in a . . . saloon."

"But—" Hamilton started.

"No," John answered. "I'm goin' to do somethin' else. Thanks."

Morrissey was then eighteen.

Morrissey hired out to Captain Levi Smith as a deckhand on the steamboat City of Troy, which plied the Hudson between Troy and New York. While working for Captain Smith he fell in love with the captain's daughter, Susie, then fifteen, and his future wife.

Significant is the fact that despite his many extra-curricular Rabelaisian rites, he never fell out of love with this wonderful woman "who forever guided him onward and upward."

Hamilton in the meanwhile, as befitted his calling, attended fights the country over. Returning from the famous "Yankee" Sullivan-Tom Hyer shindig in '49 at Pool Island in Chesapeake Bay (which Hyer won), he stopped at the

Americus Club at 28 Park Row, Manhattan, rendezvous of the reckless classes.

According to the journalists (there were no reporters in those days), this reckless class was composed of criminals, con men, crooks, gamblers, pimps, prostitutes and the glamor girls of the day. Also gathered there were the politicians and the wealthy sportsmen of Manhattan and surrounding towns. Certainly, as fine a collection of cutthroats could not have been duplicated anywhere in the country as gathered daily at the Americus Club.

Boastful by nature, Hamilton chose Morrissey for his tall tale.

"Ah, there's a lad," he said to the assembled thugs, thieves, fighters and small-time ward heelers. "With all due respect to you gentlemen," he continued, "he is the greatest fighter in the world. Unless you have seen him yourselves, you would scarcely credit it."

Roars of laughter greeted this statement. "Dutch Charley" Duane, a first-class, all-around rascal, tough as tungsten, appointed himself spokesman for the group.

"There ain't a man in the place couldn't murder that farmer o' yours," he said. "Just send him down and I'll agree to bite off his ears."

When repeating this story to Morrissey, Hamilton embellished the tale until the youngster's beardless cheeks burned with rage.

"I've been wantin' to go to New York for a long time," John said to Hamilton. "Now I've got a good excuse. I'll drop in on Dutch Charley and have a word with him."

Dutch Charley's insult and challenge proved to be a call to arms for Morrissey. He was bigger, stronger, tougher and more fearless than ever. He'd whipped dozens of men in bloody battles on the fo'c'sle and on the docks.

Arrived in Manhattan, John strode on Broadway past Wall Street and Vesey into Park Row.

At 28 Park Row, he adjusted his tie and cap, drew a breath, lifted the latch of Captain Isaish Rynder's saloon. As he opened the door, hard suspicious faces turned toward him. They were faces he was to know very well—and mighty soon.

Some wore thick mustaches in the mode of the day; others hair was plastered down with bear grease; a few had their derbies tilted at an angle at the back of their heads while others wore collarless shirts. Most sported broken noses, cauliflower ears and slashed cheeks.

There were Bill Poole, a handsome tough, the most terrible brawler in New York, who was held in terror even by the Fourth Ward and Five Points mobsmen (Old Boss Tweed's hoods); Captain Isaish Rynders, no mean mauler himself; Big Tom Burns, One Eye Daly—really rough guys, one and all.

"Is Dutch Charley Duane here?" Mor-

American Manhood • Book-Length Feature

rissey asked in a low voice.

"No," Captain Rynders said appraising the clean-cut youngster before him. "Who are you?"

Poole pounded the table and burst into loud and contemptuous laughter. "I bet it's the farmer from Troy," he shouted. "It can't be anybody but the farmer boy from Troy."

John stood still.

"Yes," he said, "I'm from Troy. And you . . . I don't know your name, mister, but you look like your mother would be a dollar street-walker."

John stood facing Poole from which direction he expected the attack. But a different set of rules obtained here at Captain Rynders'. Suddenly he was staggered by a blow from behind. In a flash, feet, fists, clubs, pitchers and bottles filled the air. For fully five minutes the bloody battle continued. Roaring defiance and using only his fists and feet, Morrissey managed to hold off the entire gang. An earthenware cuspidor, catching him under the left ear, finally laid him low.

That well might have been the end of John Morrissey had not Captain Rynders saved him for future pugilistic posterity. He bullied his way through the crowd until he came upon Morrissey's unconscious form. A double-bladed weapon in his right hand, he stood astride Morrissey.

"We ought to kill him," Poole said, "and save Dutch Charley the trouble."

"No. We need a fighter like him," the captain stated with an air of authority.

Morrissey nursed his broken and bruised body for four days in Manhattan. He then returned to Troy where he resumed his intermittent courtship of Captain Levi Smith's daughter, Susie. He promised Susie that he would one day be rich and return to marry her. After he had fully recovered from his hurts, he joined Captain Rynders' crew of cut-throats in a highly questionable political livelihood. He made his headquarters at Petri's gambling saloon. There he was initiated into the mysteries of faro.

An amusing sidelight of the sentiment shown by Morrissey in all of his dealings with wanton women is his association with one Kate Ridgely, a wealthy madam, who ran a fashionable bagnio at 74 Duane Street in lower Manhattan. She possessed a face that could have launched a thousand ships. Also she flashed a figure that was the talk of the town. She was the mistress of Tom McCann, a noted rough-and-tumble fighter. No man had ever messed around with McCann's mistress; that is, until Morrissey came upon the scene.

Kate, by the way, had purposely set a snare for the 19-year-old youngster who was the acknowledged king of the New York toughs. Little did she know that when he tired of her he would cast her aside with as little compunction as she herself had cast aside many a man—including Tom McCann when Morrissey became the cock-o'-the-walk.

For a few months Morrissey was Kate's constant companion. Then he tired of the

American Manhood · Book-Length Feature

toast of the town. He wanted out from this romantic interlude.

Morrissey told her he was leaving her. She threw her arms about his legs and begged him to stay.

"I will make you wealthy, John," she pleaded. "You won't have to work. We could go away sometime, somewhere. You're the first man I ever loved, John!"

But Morrissey had tired of the wanton woman with the beautiful body and the soft, sweet, lovely lips. He told her he was through—definitely.

"Definitely through, Kate," he whispered as he held her in his arms and gave her a long, last lingering embrace.

First, however, he decided that he would have to fight Tom McCann, for even in those days men didn't steal other men's women without giving them some sort of satisfaction. He arranged to meet McCann at Sandy Lawrence's house—a friend of McCann's. There they fought (presumably) for Kate's undivided favors.

A bloody battle it was, too. After four or five minutes of all-out slugging during which both drew blood, Morrissey collided with the stove in the room. Live coals pitched to the floor. Off balance for a moment, Morrissey was pushed onto the red-hot coals by his opponent. He was held there until one of his own friends poured water over the coals, smothering the fire.

The stench of burning flesh filled the room. Pain pushed clear through to Morrissey's brain. With super-human effort he drove a ringing right to McCann's jaw knocking him cold with that one blow.

Morrissey arose from the floor, swayed back-and-forth for a moment. He spat a mouthful of blood on the man he had just knocked out.

"I'm through with Kate, and McCann can have her now," he said. Then he walked out.

Tall tales of millions made in California gold whetted Morrissey's appetite for easy riches. In company with Dad Cunningham, a weary wayfarer, he embarked for California via Panama. There, at the Crossroads of the World, while trying to run up their \$100 stake, they went broke. So they stowed away on a ship scheduled for California.

Discovered, they were saved from the brig by the captain when Morrissey punched to a pulp two bullies who had been kingpins in the "Glory hole."

Morrissey needed a stake upon his arrival in California. He challenged Tom Hyer, then reigning heavyweight king. Hyer refused to fight at this time. So he challenged the only other fighter thereabouts: Tom Hyer's trainer, Thompson.

At Mare Island, August 31, 1852, Thompson traded blows with Morrissey for nine rounds. Then he fouled Morrissey when he became too weak to carry on. Both men were battered, bruised and

bloody. In acquiring victory and a \$2,000 stake, Morrissey also became Champion of California.

Unable to find suitable opponents in California, Morrissey returned to New York. There he contracted to fight the foremost fighter in the East—one "Yankee" Sullivan, who, like himself had emigrated from Ireland. A \$2,000 purse was agreed upon; the battleground selected was a place called Boston Four Corners, about 100 miles northeast from Manhattan.

On the 12th of October, 1853, crowds from Manhattan, Albany and surrounding country converged on Boston Four Corners. Their numbers totaled some four thousand, a tremendous gate in those days.

Journalists tell us that "the usual scenes of dissipation, tumult and quarrelling were not wanting on this occasion; but, aside from the exhibition itself, and its accompaniments, the spot was picturesque in the extreme, and all the trees and hillocks in the vicinity were loaded with human beings."

Both fighters were in "tip-top trim," but Sullivan "seemed old enough to be Morrissey's father."

Actually Sullivan was forty-one to Morrissey's twenty-two. Morrissey was 5 feet 11 and three-quarter inches and weighed 173 pounds; Sullivan—5 feet 8 and three-quarter inches and weighed 143 pounds.

At approximately one-forty-five on this afternoon of the 12th of October, 1853, Morrissey, a long fluttering scarf representing the stars and stripes wrapped around his neck, stepped into the ring accompanied by Tom O'Donell and "Awful" Gardner, and was wildly cheered by the crowd. A few minutes later Sullivan followed. He was escorted by Billy Wilson and another friend. Sullivan's colors were a "very practical and death-dealing signal, composed of a black silk cravat and still more suspicious looking cords."

At two o'clock the two men shook hands, toed the scratch, each with the elegant attitude assumed by old-time pugilists. They squared off.

Round 1. "Yankee" feinted once or twice, then shot a stinging left to Morrissey's nose. Morrissey missed both a right and left. Sullivan lashed out with a left to Morrissey's eye. Morrissey rushed Sullivan, and in getting away, Yankee fell through the ropes.

(In those days, falls meant the end of a round).

As the men came up for the second round Morrissey's nose was bleeding and his left eye was slightly swollen. Sullivan's seconds claimed first blood. Morrissey was missing consistently. Yankee was scoring at will, lashing lefts and rights to Morrissey's midsection.

After the third round Morrissey's left eye was lanced. As he came out for the

American Manhood • Book-Length Feature

fourth it was fast closing. Meeting at the scratch, Yankee unleashed four lightning-like lefts to Morrissey's injured eye. Morrissey then uncorked a roundhouse right to Yankee's head, staggering him.

Sullivan's left hand appeared badly cut between the knuckles, and from his manner of keeping it open it was evident that it was badly hurt.

Morrissey's mangled face was twisted in pain as he came out for the sixth. Blood streamed from his nose and mouth. Sullivan led off but Morrissey counter-punched Sullivan all over the ring in this round. Morrissey's left eye was closed tight.

Although Sullivan's superior skill was evident throughout the fight he ended each and every round from the first to the 14th by falling or being knocked down by Morrissey.

As the 15th got under way the crowd settled back in their seats and perches in anticipation of a long fight. They were not disappointed. In the 15th round Morrissey assumed the aggressive and forced Sullivan into backpedalling, which Sullivan kept up until the 17th.

From the 17th to the 32nd rounds both battlers stood toe-to-toe ramming rights and lefts to each other's bodies. These rounds were about equally divided. Morrissey weakened both in the 33rd and 36th, going down to his knees in both stanzas. However, his youth and recuperative powers came to his rescue for he was fighting as fiercely as ever at the opening of the 37th round.

At this point (the 37th), after Sullivan had scored a stinging left on his bloody cheek, Morrissey rushed Sullivan to the ropes, lifted him entirely clear of the ground. Sullivan kept his feet drawn up meanwhile. Seconds of both boxers then rushed into the ring. Amidst the confusion and promiscuous fighting in the ring itself "time" was called. The usual eight seconds allowed in those days for "time" was allotted and three full minutes besides. However, fighting and confusion continued within the ring.

The judges then went into a huddle and hailed Morrissey as the winner because he had never left his post. The referee concurred. Thus Morrissey copped a unanimous decision.

Sullivan, some years later, ended his career in California by suicide while in the hands of the Vigilance Committee, by whom he momentarily expected to be hanged for various crimes.

Eight months after his victory over Yankee Sullivan, Morrissey attended a political ball at the Chinese Assembly rooms in New York. He soon became bored with the people present. So he hid himself to City Hotel, a political rendezvous, situated then at the corner of Broadway and Howard Street.

Morrissey was smoking a cigar when Bill Poole, who had helped hand him his lumps on his first visit to New York, came

into the club.

"Here comes the black-muzzled American fighter," Morrissey said loudly.

"And I'm a dandy," replied Poole in the repartee of the day. Poole, by the way, was as handsome and well built and possessed of as fine a physique as Morrissey.

There was, naturally, jealousy between the two toughs.

One insult led to another with the result that they agreed to a fight to a finish at Amos Street Dock.

Poole arrived at the appointed rendezvous at 3:00 A.M., July 26, 1854. Morrissey was more than three hours late, arriving in the company of his friend Johnny Ling, the keeper of the "Sporting Headquarters" at Canal Street and Broadway. Although antagonistic the crowd made a lane for the California champ.

When time was called both men sparred lightly for five minutes. Then Morrissey rushed, but Poole was too fast for him. Poole seized Morrissey by the ankle and threw him clean over his head. Still gripping him, Poole fell atop Morrissey.

As the crowd surged forward the fighters clutched each other with steel-like grips. They gouged, bit, butted and pounded each other without changing positions. Here is how the New York Times reported the fracas:

"There was a disgraceful brawl on the Amos Street pier yesterday between John Morrissey, the pugilistic champion, and "Butcher" Bill Poole, noted slugger of the Native American Party.

"They punched and gouged and bit until they were drenched in blood, rolling about the dock almost under the feet of the tense watchers, who crowded in closer and closer."

With Poole on top of him, Morrissey did his best for a few minutes. Finally his voice was heard, suffocated with blood.

"I'm satisfied," he moaned.

Morrissey got up without assistance. The crowd was strangely silent as it realized that the great Morrissey had more than met his match. Still swaying unsteadily on his feet, Morrissey had to wipe the blood from his eyes before he could see.

Poole also had received a terrible mauling. He spat blood and swayed unsteadily on his feet. A great gash on his cheek gave mute evidence that the fight had not been one-sided.

Morrissey to his dying day never mentioned his ignominious defeat.

Undoubtedly Morrissey's most important ring battle was his titular tussle with John C. Heenan, known as the Benicia boy and "Champion of the World!"

This fight occurred October 20, 1858, at Long Point Island, about seventy-five miles from Buffalo. The purse was \$5,000. It is significant to note here that although Heenan was known as the Champion of the World, his defeat resulted in transferring to Morrissey the lesser title of "Champion of America."

Morrissey entered the ring weighing 173 pounds. Heenan weighed considerably more and his height was six feet two inches to Morrissey's five feet eleven and three-quarter inches. Morrissey's colors were a blue with white bird's eye spots. Heenan wore a long silk scarf, with the American ensign at one-half the length.

Morrissey, although the challenger, was five-three favorite.

Round 1. Morrissey feinted for an opening, then let loose a left as Heenan countered with a right that caught Morrissey on the left eye. Heenan followed up with three jabs to the same spot. Morrissey clinched but was outslugged during the in-fighting that followed. Both men punished each other with long lefts and rights to the body. This round lasted five minutes.

Morrissey led the fight to his opponent in the second, third and fourth rounds. In the fifth, however, Heenan stood flat footed as Morrissey bored in and telegraphed one from his shoelaces blasting Morrissey completely off his feet. This was the first knockdown for Heenan.

Morrissey continued to force the fighting from the sixth to the tenth round. His legs stood up well. Heenan was showing signs of tiring. Morrissey, however, had not escaped the results of bare-knuckle fighting. His left eye was nearly closed, his mouth and nose were out of shape and he sported a jagged cut over his right eye. Morrissey had thrown his opponent in eight out of ten rounds.

Morrissey opened the eleventh round with a looping left to Heenan's mouth. Heenan countered, fanning air. Morrissey then twisted Heenan's round with a sharp right uppercut. Shifting to his left, he caught Heenan, this time on the neck, twisting him around once more. Pushing his advantage he shot two more rights and lefts to Heenan's ribs and throat. Heenan then fell face forward to the floor.

When time was called, Heenan was still unconscious. His seconds threw in the sponge. Morrissey was hailed as "Champion of America!"

Well might Morrissey have remained a comparatively obscure saloon-owner and small-time gambler had he not settled in the "Bloody Sixth" ward in Manhattan whose roughneck populace prized their hero-champion and whose insistence practically forced him into politics.

He even might have ignored the pleas of his hero-worshippers had not newspapers taken up this threat to dignity and clean living, and attacked him both in editorials and news stories.

Morrissey said he had no idea of becoming a candidate for congress when the newspapers first mentioned his name. But so much had been said against him by certain newspapers that he decided to become a candidate. He wanted to show them that, regardless of their opposition to him personally and to his party politically, he could be nominated and elected.

After his nomination, many of his friends went to him and advised him to close up his gambling-houses and abandon all business of that character.

"If I am elected, I must be taken as I am," Morrissey replied to this hypocrisy.

Morrissey in the meanwhile had married the only woman he ever loved. Also, he had a son. Morrissey's main motivation in politics was to leave his son more than the mere memory of a successful fighter and gambler.

For years Morrissey had stood shoulder-to-shoulder with Tammany Boss Tweed while that political parasite was looting the city treasury. He even had acted as paymaster in "big deals." But gradually the innate honesty of the man asserted itself and he began to object.

So Tammany (which was Tweed) named John as candidate for the U. S. Congress from the Fifth District. With the full power of the organization behind him, plus his own personal popularity in the "Bloody Sixth" ward in Manhattan, there was no question of the result. Morrissey polled 2,659 more votes than his nearest opponent, Nelson Taylor.

Susie was overjoyed at this turn of events. They moved to the Nation's Capital for John's first session. They were well received by both congressional house members. Compared with the dumpy and dowdy wives of Washington's politicians Susie was gracious and gorgeous, attractive and alluring.

Editorials the country over were written extolling the accomplishments and virtues of "Champion" John Morrissey. There must have been few mealy-mouthed men in the Ivory Towers in those days. As witness this interesting editorial which appeared in the LaCrosse, Wisconsin, Democrat:

"The Radical papers are making a great ado over his election by a majority of thousands. Let us see a little.

"Who and what is Morrissey?

"He is a stout, good-looking Irishman.

"He has a good head, a clear brain, a deep-earned fearless brown-black eye. . . He is wealthy; he is liberal to the poor, giving thousands of dollars yearly to objects of charity; he pays a hundred cents on the dollar for all he owes; he champions the poor and defenseless; he is a clear-headed businessman, with liberal national views.

"He was a poor, ignorant boy, brought up to all manner of devilment and a credit to nobody. He has risen from the lowest rounds to the position he now occupies. He is not a brawler, not a saloon loafer, not a drunkard, not a robber, not a thief, not a hypocrite, not a Union-hater, not a despiser of the people and an obsequious snob who bends the knee to Puritan bondocracy of New England and its morbid Christianity.

"John Morrissey is a gentleman who minds his own business, and is 1,000 times more respectable than nine tenths of the ministers of the gospel of this country or their ranting followers.

"He was once poor—so was Lincoln; Morrissey was a mechanic—Lincoln was a rail-splitter. Morrissey talks, acts, appears like a gentleman of sense. Lincoln told smutty stories, stitched hogs' eyelids together to blind them so he could drive

them.

"He never stole cotton as did Curtis, Banks, and others of the God and Morality thieves.

"He never allowed men to be murdered, slaughtered and captured as Banks did northern men on Red River, in his crusade for cotton.

"He is not rotten with that most foul nasty, stinking and body-destroying disease, which is the penalty for indulging in licentiousness, as is Governor Morton of Indiana.

"He is not a gutter drunkard, as is Governor Yates of Illinois.

"He is not a common adulterer and murderer as is Jack Hamilton, the jail-deserving renegade of Texas.

"He is not a ranting, canting, blasphemous, hell-deserving tenement of hate, ignorance, selfishness and hypocrisy, as is Brownlow of Tennessee.

"When in a fight he never went out of a back door, like peas from a tin scoop, with his shirttail fluttering in the breeze a la Washburne at Memphis.

"He is not one of those chicken-stealing, Christ-forgetting, wench-loving, Bible-bangers, such as turn their secret desks into political stands, and wallow in the wordly pool of politics.

"He sleeps with a white lady and not with a moist wench as does Thad Stevens, the gambling head of the Republican Party.

"Morrissey is not a bounty-broker, a sanitary swindler, a hospital robber, a thieving Army chaplain, a bloated bondholder growing rich at the expense of the poor, as are thousands of the Radical leaders."

Oh, that modern man were allowed to write this type of pithy paragraphs. Journalism would live again. Living could be exciting.

When Morrissey came up for reelection in 1868 in the Seventh District, he defeated James M. McCartin by 11,570 votes.

In 1877 he was elected State Senator from the Seventh Senatorial District of New York, proving he was a champ in politics as well as in the ring. This position he held until he died at Saratoga, New York, on May 1, 1878, after a painful illness.

He became ill while fighting Tweed.

Morrissey was buried in Troy, N. Y., his home town. Pall-bearers were state officers, members of the Governor's staff, and members of the Senate.

Working men and athletes lost a champion when Morrissey went to his Maker. Yet, he couldn't be pointed out as an example to either group. For every individual that might have overcome corruption, graft, thievery and vice, tens of thousands might have fallen by the wayside or landed for life in penitentiaries throughout the country.

Morrissey's honest manhood redeemed him and pointed a path for future fighters to follow.

Yes, indeed. Students of the ring all agreed that never has a pugilistic personality stood out so sharply against the horizon of time as did our bullyboy from Templemore, Tipperary.

WARNER STUDIOS

P R E S E N T S



Catalog No. — Forty Four
Featuring

CHARLES BERENDO

Handsome 18 year old High School athlete. The price: — twelve beautiful miniature photographs: only \$1.00.

Recent listing of available photographs and prices included FREE with each order.

Submit all orders to: —

WARNER STUDIOS

5377 BOND STREET
OAKLAND 12, CALIF.

TONY LANZA

International Photographer

OFFERS FOR SALE



JUAN FERRERO
Mr. Universe 1951

"Four" 3x5 for \$1.00
or ONE 8x10 for
\$1.00 with every
\$4.00 order one 5x7
of Juan Ferrero, Mr.
Universe 1951 will
be given FREE in-
cluding catalogue B.

Send for your order to
TONY LANZA
5336-A JEANNE MANCE
MONTREAL, CANADA

Send 25c for information and small catalogues of photos available for sale.

If in Montreal, Phone CA 0891
For Information