

# Trainer Considers Leonard

## Capable of Beating McLarnin

### FORMER CHAMP EASILY DEFEATS ABBOTT AT FORT

If Leonard Can Make McLarnin Box, He'll Win, Says Trainer Arcel.

By CHARLES VACKNER

It's bad manners for one Irishman to spoil another Irishman's chowder, perhaps that is what Jimmy Abbott thought last night. In Fort Hamilton, Abbott fought and was technically knocked out in three rounds by Benny Leonard. Next month, Leonard is due to clash with an Irishman named Jimmy McLarnin and truth be known, the boxing fans are believing that McLarnin will give the quondam champion of the lightweights a heap of trouble. In fact many of the fistic enthusiasts think McLarnin will make Leonard fold up like an undertaker's chair, long before the time limit.

Last night the soldier never had a peek in. Some said Abbott wasn't trying; perhaps he wasn't, but he did take a thorough pasting. To me it made little difference whether or not the Celt really was fighting on the up an' up. I wasn't catching the punches. The affair was a private squabble between Messrs. Abbott and Leonard, and if Jimmy was satisfied with the outcome, who is there to put in a just squawk? After all Abbott took the trimming and there wasn't a peep out of him when the fight ended.

Leonard figures to defeat ringmen of the Abbott type every night in the week. The Irishman is courageous enough, but Abbott knows little about the fine art of punch throwing. In Leonard he clashed with an opponent, who in his heyday often knew more about an opponent's style than did said opponent. What can a youngster such as Abbott do against a fellow possessed of that mental capacity? Nothing, and that's exactly what Abbott did. He was in away over his noodle, but give him credit for trying.

Ray Arcel, the trainer, thinks that Leonard has a mighty fine chance of defeating McLarnin. "If Benny can stay out and make McLarnin box him, you'll see one of the biggest upsets scored in many years. There's no denying Leonard hasn't worked hard. The average athlete never would think of putting himself through the conditioning campaign Leonard has gone through during the past 18 months. In addition, Leonard has had little encouragement.

#### Won't Slug with McLarnin

"The fights he has won have all been in the bag, according to the wise guys. Well, on the night of October 3 you may see Leonard outpear McLarnin. All of us in Leonard's quarters sincerely believe he will come through. He'll not slug with McLarnin; no, Leonard is a boxer, and I might mention, Leonard is a better general than the man he will be hooking up with three weeks come next Monday night."

That's Mr. Arcel's statement, but don't take it seriously. It is my humble opinion that Leonard will be fortunate to go three rounds with McLarnin. The former champion has no punch. Leonard has scored several technical knockouts since he assumed the role of a comeback star, but he hasn't hurt an opponent. Nary a one emerged with a damaged eye or banged up nose. Abbott sustained a cut on his upper lip. How one could sustain well-sized duster is beyond me. I don't think Leonard will go far against McLarnin. And, furthermore, it is this reporter's bold prediction that McLarnin will drill Leonard out in a jiffy.

Abbott was floored for a count six before he took the final salute, a right uppercut to the jaw. Referee Dan Florio acted wisely in halting the contest in 1:10 of the third round, for Abbott was outclassed. At 153 pounds Abbott had a two-pound advantage. Sylvester Foley and Al Reimer were the judges.

The Second  
**GUESS**

By DON ROBERTS



An Old Guy Making Good \*

Can Benny Beat Jimmy? \*

Others Conquered Age \*

Los Angeles  
RECORD  
SEPT. 1932

Continued on next page

WHEN Benjamin Leinert, otherwise the pride of Israel known as Bennéh Léonard, perambulates o his aging limbs come October 3, there will be as much interest—probably as much gate—from boxing fans a there was in Benny's hey-day.

This is something on the order of a prediction, and such thing have a mean, dirty habit of bouncing back, but to ride with Benn Léonard is like betting on a one-horse race. He's still packing the fat in at an age when you figure fighters should be safely ensconced i some nice, soft spot, such as bouncer in a speak-easy.

But no, the hardy Benny won't be downed. Here he is, at 36 year of age, whacking away with the youngsters—and beating them, what more.

MR. WILLIAM "SILENT" MILLER, and Mr. Al Lang the two box fighting managers, and this sightsee were going over the situation just the other day. Th opinion seemed unanimous that Benn is just about likel; to outsmart James McLarnin in that October brawl.

It seems almost presumptuous to put Leonard in the same rin with the younger, spryer McLarnin. One look at that thinnig thatc atop the Leonard dome is nearly enough to convince anyone the Benny should eschew such weapons as boxing gloves, yet victories i 21 straight fights (I hope they were straight, Miller put in) can't b cast aside as freaks.

Yes, we'll grant that a goodly share of the crestfallen 21 wer bush leaguers, pure and simple. There was not much to do whe Benny beat Paulie Walker, for instance. Having seen Paulie in action local ring worms couldn't say much for him. Still the fact remain that the Paulie Walker feller is tough, rough and apt to deal som fairish shots over a period of 30 minutes, which happens to be the tim gladiators gladiate in 10 rounds.

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BUT Paulie wasn't the only victim. On head and heart, Benny has walked through some stiff firing. Not all of the boys boasted Walker's toughness and out of 21 at least two of the victims MUST have had some speed.

If Benny beat only two lads with enough stuff to duck a freight train, you'd still have to set those bouts apart and in big type.

McLarnin, of course, remains one of the ring's strangest characters. You don't know whether he'd be champion given the chance, and the little Mick may never even shoot again at a title.

Why should he? He fights every year or so and coins anywhere from \$15,000 to \$30,000 for himself. Perhaps Pop Foster is passing up some glory, but that's a debatable question. It's certain he's not missing any stray bucks.

THE matter of comparative styles puts a new light on this coming fray. Here you have Leonard, the master boxer, up against a young, strong feller whose every instinct is to lay back and wait for a likely opening.

Old timers will tell you that bad mummies must be handled just one way. A fighter thus handicapped has to make the other fellow come toward him. Any chasing the oldest does is apt to come back on him three-fold about the ninth round.

Nevertheless the Leonard man can do it. Why? Superior ring brains. What Benny lacks—perhaps—in the physical sap he once had is more than made up by his skill.

His days of glory are not far enough back to be surrounded by the glamour which comes with time, but remember that when Benny was champion, the lightweight division was stronger than it has been since.

AT ANY rate, we were gassing about the ripe old ages at which some of the ring marvels keep going and naturally it became evident, again, that the heavier lads keep going longest.

The lightweight champion of the moment is ~~Pop Foster~~ ~~McLarnin~~ ~~Walker~~ ~~Leonard~~

MUCH of Leonard's stuff must be attributed to the fact that he has a handler who is heart and soul for Benny. Ray Arcel is the man. When Kid Francis was here last, Arcel accompanied him but was forced to return home suddenly owing to illness in the family.

When Ray was a youngster he worshipped at the shrine of Leonard, the Jewish idol. A few months ago, when dollars began to hide themselves, Benny went back to the gymnasium weighing 175 pounds.

The hardest work possible lopped off some four pounds, and Benny was just about ready to admit that further reductions were impossible.

"I know you can do it, Benny," Arcel pleaded. "I KNOW IT!" With Arcel's backing, Benny kept laboring until now he's down in the 145s and pretty good for an old duffer, to boot. Tut, tut. Old for the ring, that is!

# McLARNIN IS VICTOR BY KNOCKOUT IN 6TH

Vancouver Boxer Stops Leonard, Referee Ending the Fight in Garden Ring.

LOSER BADLY BATTERED

Former Lightweight Champion Floored for Count of Nine in the Second Round.

NOTABLES SEE THE BATTLE

McGraw, Dempsey and Farley in Crowd of 22,000 That Jams the Huge Arena.

By JAMES P. DAWSON.

An old-time crowd saw an old-time ring favorite battered into submission last night in Madison Square Garden when Jimmy McLarnin, puncher from Vancouver, B. C., stopped Benny Leonard, undefeated lightweight champion of another decade, in the sixth round of what was to have been a ten-round bout.

Some 22,000 boxing enthusiasts, paying \$67,000, saw the comeback attempt of the once invincible Leonard meet an insurmountable barrier.

McLarnin, no respecter of persons or fistic kingdoms, hammered and battered Leonard pitilessly, while the veteran offered a weak resistance through five of the six rounds. When convinced that it was a futile undertaking by Leonard, Referee Donovan wisely stopped the struggle.

**Finish Is Dramatic.**

The finish came dramatically, but not altogether unexpectedly, after 2 minutes and 55 seconds of the sixth round. McLarnin, urged by the desire for victory over an opponent who was practically helpless, was battering and pounding a groggy, shaken, weary Leonard in mid-ring when the referee suddenly stepped between the combatants.

Leonard protested against the interference, but his protest was futile in the face of his own condition and Referee Donovan's wisdom and experience. And the crowd agreed with the intervention, giving Leonard a heartfelt cheer for his effort.

Leonard suffered a knockout without actually being counted out. Whether he would have been counted out had the bout been permitted to proceed is a moot question. In this writer's opinion, Leonard would have been sent down for the finish had the fight gone on.

**Form of Old Missing.**

Leonard unquestionably was at the end of his tether. He had given his best, his present-day best. This was not to be compared to the wizardry that was his in the days of eight or ten years ago when his reign as a champion could not be threatened even by the great fighters of his day.

He escaped a knock-out earlier only because, old as he is—36, far past the usual competitive prime—and stale after seven years away from the urge and glamour of the ring's big time, he still possesses some of the old agility and defensive skill which once made him invincible. Indeed, for a brief, fleeting instant in the first round Leonard amazed the crowd with an exhibition of the old Leonard punch.

Twice in the first three minutes he almost upset McLarnin, once with a sharp right cross to the jaw which had the Vancouver fighter almost on the floor, and later with a left hook.

But it was Leonard's one desperate stab for victory and it failed. For the rest, Leonard devoted himself almost exclusively to an effort to survive the full ten rounds; to withstand McLarnin's mad pace and his wild, destructive lunges and dangerous lefts and rights for the jaw.

Knocked down in the second round for a count of nine under McLarnin's terrific right to the jaw, Leonard thrilled the crowd by regaining his feet and furnishing a truly great exhibition of defensive skill. It brought to mind the Leonard of old.

Last night he was not physically equal to his task. He had not the stamina in resisting or administering punishment.

McLarnin, a furious fighting man when he floored Leonard in the second, was handicapped by his own eagerness for victory, as well as Leonard's superb defensive work through the rounds that followed.

**McLarnin Presses Battle.**

In the third McLarnin pressed after his veteran foe tirelessly, jarring and almost upsetting Leonard with a right to the temple.

In the fourth Leonard caught his rival off balance with a straight left jab as McLarnin sank a wicked left hook to the body, and the Vancouver fighter almost went down. But McLarnin came erect and charged viciously.

Twice in the fifth round McLarnin almost finished his foe. The first drive sent Leonard into a defensive crouch and the second jarred him to his heels, but he retreated cagily.

Leonard's defensive skill carried him almost through the fatal sixth until McLarnin suddenly whipped over a right to the jaw. Another powerful right rendered Leonard helpless. Then the referee acted.

In the ten-round semi-final which

## **STORY OF THE FIGHT TOLD ROUND BY ROUND**

Benny Leonard weighed 150½ pounds as he entered the ring to fight Jimmy McLarnin, who scaled 147½.

The fight by rounds follows:

### **First Round.**

McLarnin hooked a left to the body as Leonard backed away. Leonard hooked a left to the head as McLarnin jabbed with his left. After pounding the body with lefts and rights, McLarnin ran into a right to the jaw that almost floored him. He held, however, to save himself. Leonard staggered his rival with a left hook to the jaw and jabbed repeatedly to the face. McLarnin almost drove Leonard out of the ring with a solid left hook to the jaw. Leonard staggered to the ropes at the bell.

### **Second Round.**

After sparring cautiously Leonard hooked a left to the jaw. Leonard jabbed several lefts to the face. McLarnin leaped in with a left hook to the body, staggering Leonard. McLarnin chased Leonard, pounding him about the body with both hands. McLarnin tried for the jaw, but Leonard was cagey and took the blow on the head. A right and left to the jaw put Leonard down for the count of nine. McLarnin hooked a hard right and left to the head and body that doubled up Leonard, but Leonard fell into a clinch. McLarnin landed two left hooks to the head at the bell.

### **Third Round.**

McLarnin was wild with a left hook and missed with a right for the jaw as Leonard retreated to the ropes. McLarnin paid no attention to Leonard's left jabs, but let go vicious punches to the jaw. The blows were wild, however, or landed on Leonard's head. Leonard tried a right for the jaw that landed on McLarnin's shoulder. McLarnin pressed his rival to the ropes and almost upset Leonard with a high right on the temple. Leonard missed three sweeping left hooks. He hooked a right to the head as the round ended.

### **Fourth Round.**

They sparred cautiously and each was wide with lefts for the face. Leonard made McLarnin miss a left and right for the jaw. McLarnin shot a right to the head. He sent two more blows which grazed Leonard's jaw and they clinched. McLarnin went down to his glove tips off balance as he hooked a left to Leonard's body. McLarnin kept after Leonard, but missed most of his blows. McLarnin opened a cut over Leonard's right eye with a left hook. He hooked a left to the face as the round closed.

### **Fifth Round.**

After a clinch Leonard jabbed a left to the face. McLarnin put a hard left and right to the head. Leonard jabbed desperately, but McLarnin went close and pounded at the body with both hands. Crouching and bobbing and weaving, Leonard kept his jaw protected and McLarnin missed many rights. McLarnin shook Leonard with a left hook to the jaw and almost dropped him with another left hook. Leonard crouched and covered his jaw with his arms, but McLarnin straightened him up with a right to the ribs. McLarnin again almost dropped Leonard with a right to the jaw. Leonard shot a left and right to the face at the bell.

### **Sixth Round.**

McLarnin played for Leonard's body starting the sixth, disregarding Leonard's jabs. A left hook spun Leonard around and sent him retreating about the ring. McLarnin was trying to bring Leonard's guard down with rights to the body. McLarnin grazed the jaw with a right, but missed awkwardly with lefts and rights thereafter. Leonard hooked a left to the jaw and landed a right uppercut to the face, following with a left hook to the head. McLarnin shook Leonard with a left hook high on the head and then staggered Leonard with a terrific right to the jaw. The referee stopped the fight after 2 minutes 55 seconds of the round to save Leonard from further punishment.