



J.J. Johnston
5230 Kester Avenue, Apt. 2
Sherman Oaks, California 91411
(818) 784-8378



DEAR RALPH -

I'M ENJOYING MY 1 BRO SUBSCRIPTION
A LOT. RECENTLY I BROUGHT A SCRAPE
BOOK OF CHARLYS SCULLY CHICAGO LIGHTWEIGHT
OF PRE WORLD WAR I. A COUPLE OF INTERESTING
THINGS I WANT TO SHARE WITH YOU AND YOUR
READERS. (1) ANOTHER KAYO AGAINST JOHNNY
WILSON APRIL 10 1914 JIMMY FRYER STOPPED (4 ROUNDS)
HIM IN PHILADELPHIA AT THE NATIONAL A.C. IN PHILADELPHIA
(2) ALSO BRYAN DOWNEY BEAT JOHNNY TILLMAN JAN
29 1917 - ACCORDING TO NEWS PAPER ACCOUNTS THAT
I HAVE ENCLOSED. ALSO THE SCULLY SCRAPEBOOK
HAS FIGHTS LISTED THROUGH 1918. DO YOU HAVE
A TOM ANDREWS RECORD BOOK FOR 1919, SO I
CAN SEE HIS RECORD FOR 1918 AND CHECK IT
AGAINST THE CLIPPING IN HIS SCRAPEBOOK.

THANK YOU

SINCERELY YOURS

Jim Johnston

BRING ON WELTER CHAMP DOWNEY TO GET AT BRITTON TILLMAN THE "SPEAR TOTER"

By JACK WILSON

A WRIGHT, Speed! Bring on Welter Champ Jack Britton. Bryan Downey is it. He gets the call to face the hunk, for Johnny Tillman of Minneapolis has finished his argufyin' here for the position. Tillman admitted it in every move after the fourth round at the Coliseum Monday evening. Bryan Downey waded out in front, slugged 'er out with the



Twin City mittman and made it a parade from that on. He made Tillman bring up the rear of the procession a much bedraggled and tired young boxer at the final bell. Yep! Johnny was the "spear toter" in Downey's show.

About the show as a whole! Six pair sturdy arms and legs were still doing business when the last bell clanged in all three bouts. The opening number was as fast and interesting as could be desired. The local boy, Phil O'Dowd, had it on the Chicagoan, Allen Douglas, but the latter made a world of friends by his willingness to slug. It was O'Dowd's bout by three clear rounds of the six. The other three were even.

In the semi-windup Charles Scully of Chicago and Johnny Cashill of St. Paul did more infighting in 10 rounds than has been seen here in a long while. Scully might have "opened up" some of his heavy body punching earlier, but he didn't, so Cashill feinted himself into knots, jabbed a left into Scully's face and piled up enough to earn a draw.

More than likely Johnny Tillman and Manager Muggsy Herman are looking around for an alibi today, and, if so, no doubt they will fall back onto the ol' gag about fightin' Young Brown in New York Saturday evening, riding until Monday morning, then fightin' again, just 48 hours later.

It is Tillman's own fault. He knew and had reasons to understand that Bryan Downey is no "set-up" for any of them. His record within the last year should convince any ringman that he should be in "the pink" when he climbs through the ropes with the west side Harp.

The Columbus boxing commish might profit by this and include in articles of agreement for battling that no head-line ringman is to engage in a bout for at least three days before appearing here. This would protect both the promoters and the fans.

Tillman did not live up to the "great spreads" given him and no attempt is made to detract from Downey's ability in that statement.

DOWNEY USED FITZSIMMONS' SOLAR PLEXUS BLOW ON TILLMAN, THEN THE PARADE STARTED

FOR Bryan Downey was never in danger from Johnny Tillman.

He far out-ranked the Minneapolis man. He settled the question in the very first round, and veterans at the ringside knew it and "called" the blow when the mitt landed.

Tillman felt out Bryan for the first two minutes of the opening round and then came to the conclusion that he knew what to do. Tillman feinted with a straight left and followed it quickly with a straight, shoulder-high right. Downey turned it off his head high and easy and in counter shot a right to the body, a solar plexus, over the heart, (the blow that Fitzsimmons stopped Corbett with at Carson City). The blow sounded like the sharp report of a gun—and Johnny Tillman was whipped right there.

Tillman fought on through the 12 rounds but he was a much wiser young man after that blow had connected. He had "felt" Downey's strength and he knew he was in for a real fight. Tillman

relieved heavily in the fourth round, and some fan with "a ticket" on the Minneapolis battler might still insist that he won the round. But Bryan was in there doing a bit of walloping himself, and Tillman can only honestly say that he evened the round.

Then the parade started. Bryan commenced to uncork his stuff and he made Tillman look bad at times. Bryan boxed, he carried the fight; he slugged and he stood off Tillman in the rushes; he took every round from that on and never worried, maybe only that he could not get the ol' K. O. across.

Tillman's defensive battle started in the eighth round. He did a bit of leading in the last four sessions but it could not offset the rip-tearing-snorting milling of the Columbus youth.

Tillman evened the second and fourth rounds, the rest were Downey's.

But with Jack Britton, champ—well that's another question and another fight. It is promised here in February as told in The Monday

COLUMBUS MONITOR BOXING DECISIONS

At Columbus — Bryan Downey beat Johnny Tillman, 12 rounds. Charles Scully and Johnny Cahill, 10-round draw.

Phil O'Dowd defeated Allen Douglas, 6 rounds.

At New Orleans—Johnny Dundee gets decision over Jimmy Lon, 20 rounds.

At Cincinnati—Jack Britton beat Johnny Griffith in 10 rounds.

At Memphis—Pal Moore beat Arthur Simons, 8 rounds.

At New York—Ted Lewis beat Willie Beecher, 10 rounds.

At Philadelphia—Benny Kaufman Dick Loadman, six-round draw.

Artie Root beat John Mealey, 6 rounds.

At Buffalo—Rocky Kansas beat Pete Hartley.

At Muncie—Ford Munger knocked out Hal Stewart.

Tommy Teague draws with Frank Mason.

At Baltimore—George Chaney beats Gene Delmont, 15 rounds.

At Rochester—Bill Brennan beats Joe Cox, 10 rounds.

At Wheeling—"Goo" Stewart knocked out Jim McCoy, three rounds.

Johnny Gallagher knocks out Tommy Ford, six rounds.

FIGHT RESULTS OF LAST NIGHT

New York, Jan. 30.—Willie Beecher was a mark for Ted Lewis in ten rounds. The Englishman won by a wide margin of points.

Jimmy Duffy had no trouble shading Tommy Toughy in ten rounds.

Johnny Alberts lost a popular decision to Mike McTigue in ten rounds.

Columbus, Ohio, Jan. 30.—Bryan Downey beat Johnny Tillman in twelve rounds.

Charles Scully and Johnny Cahill fought a ten-round draw.

Peoria, Ill., Jan. 30.—Kid Herman of Pekin, knocked George Adams out in the eighth.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 30.—Jack Britton and Johnny Griffiths drew in ten rounds.

Memphis, Ten., Jan. 30.—Pal Moore beat Arthur Simons in eight rounds.

New Orleans, Jan. 30.—Johnny Dundee beat Jimmie Hanlon in twenty rounds.

to Do with the Popular Decision Finally Going to the Smooth-Working West Sider

Smacking his left hand to the face with considerable abandon and crossing freely with his right, Bryan Downey administered a lacing to Johnny Tillman of Minneapolis, Monday evening over the 12-round route before the Queensbury club at the East State Street Coliseum. Downey appeared to be at the top of his game and fought with greater freedom and more power than at any time since he met Johnny Griffiths in a 12-round bout last October.

Monday evening Downey's left jab was a potent weapon in bringing home the bacon. Tillman appeared to be totally unable to avoid the punishment that was directed his way. Many times the visitor from the East attempted to rush matters, but he was met at his own game and forcibly made to cease the rushing tactics that he was reputed of like so well.

By his victory Monday evening Downey placed himself among the really great 140-pound boys of this country. Tillman is sincerely regarded as one of the very topnotch boxers in his class. As proof of this he has been signed to box Benny Leonard in a 10-round match next week in Brooklyn.

THAT FIRST ROUND PUNCH.

Downey's form as displayed Monday evening would be hard to surpass. The Columbus lad appeared much faster and far more secure in his own ability than at any time perhaps since he has been boxing main bouts. Tillman often times was forced to miss. When he did Downey followed his advantage with a willing right cross. It was a short left, followed by a powerful right smash above the heart, delivered in the first round that eventually brought Downey the blue ribbon. It was this blow that gave Tillman a taste of the punching powers of Downey. After that he was wary of his foe. Downey was seldom given a chance to again advance within punching range and Tillman did his fighting more at long range. Nevertheless, it was a great battle in which both boys stepped at a lively clip.

Tillman did not fail to live up to the advance notices of his ability. He convinced most every one gathered around the ring that he is of superior ability. His left hand is not as fast as that of Griffiths, but it was good enough to land and to land frequently. On the other hand Downey's left kept ticking Tillman's face continually. It seemed impossible for the visitor to avoid the fork mité jabs of the Columbus youngster.

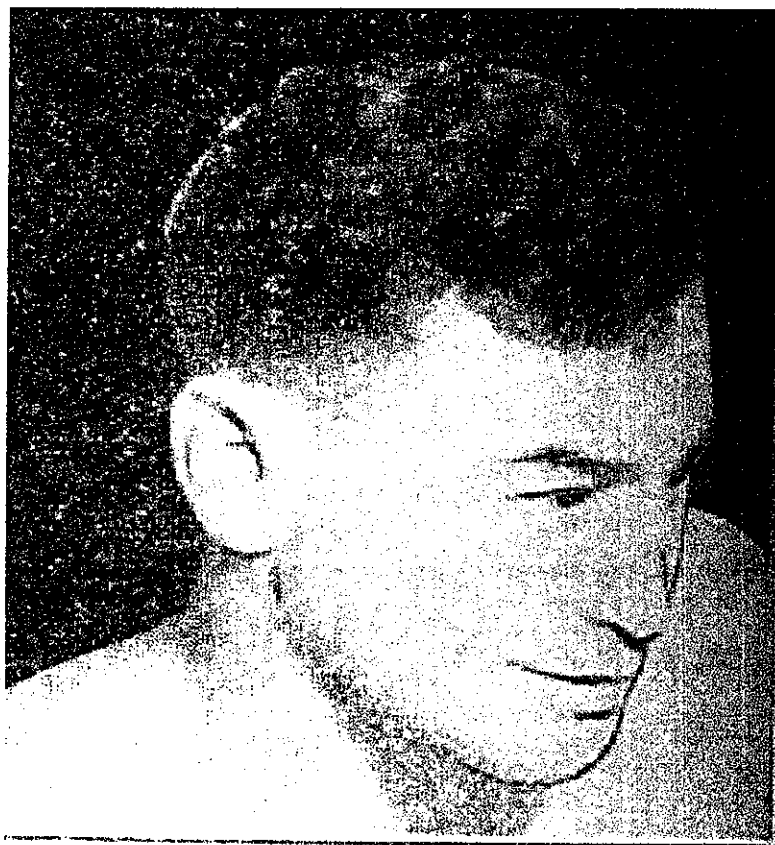
TILLMAN'S BEST ROUND.

In the fourth frame Tillman showed to the best advantage. It was the one round in which he held a clear edge. He forced the milling considerably in this number and it was in this frame only that he appeared to be even so much as the equal of Downey. Downey's jabbing appeared to be far better than any left hand work he has ever displayed in Columbus. He timed his blows well and another admirable trick that he uncovered was the slipping of punches with his head and body.

CASHILL A FLASH.

In the semi-windup Johnny Cashill of Philadelphia and Charley Scully of Chicago traveled 10 of the "sweetest" rounds seen in Columbus for many a day. Cashill had a slight edge on his opponent. Cashill used his left hand in clever style and employed a nasty left jab that bothered his opponent not a little.

The show was opened with a six-round bout in which Phil Dowd performed with Allen Douglass. These lads battered each other to a draw.



JACK BRITTON

April 18, 1914.

BOXING BOUTS

Dundee Trounced Thomas.

Charles (Kid) Thomas was given the worst defeat he ever received in this city by Johnny Dundee at the National A. C. on Saturday night. The result of the wind-up was a great surprise to the fans, who packed every seat of McGuigan's club house in the expectation of seeing Thomas at least make a good showing against the New Yorker. From the very first round Dundee started in to "show up" his rival, making him appear to be standing still with a rapid fire series of jumping left-hand jabs which he kept up throughout the entire six rounds. Beaten in every one Thomas made his best showing in the fifth, when he tried to get Dundee on infighting, landing a hard right, which, however, only had the effect of making the New Yorker come back the faster. Time and time again Dundee made Thomas look ridiculous by deliberately facing an intended swing and then avoiding it by clever ducking and foot-work.

There was some little surprise shown by the fans when Referee Calhoun stopped the semi-wind-up to save Wilson from further punishment at the hands of Fryer. The New Yorker, who was no match for the Philadelphian, was getting a bad beating, but was apparently able to continue, even though he showed no disposition to do so. Charles Scully, of Chicago, again made good by having the best of all but two rounds against Whitey Baker. One of these was a draw, the other went to Whitey by a shade. The Western boy's chief attack was a left hook, followed by a hard right swing.

It was Young McGovern's first downtown appearance, and he celebrated by outclassing Dever, who was saved by the bell in the second, but went out for keeps in the third.

The Whalen-McLeod match was a poor one, the marine being altogether too heavy for the little Scotch bantam, who was stopped in the fifth, when he was floored twice.

Scully, the Chicago featherweight, is trying hard to get matches in. By winning his first two fights he scared off all the lads in his class.

John McDermott writes "The Record" that Stanley Scully is in fine shape now, having been up for several weeks, and ready to meet any one in the lightweights. Scully is one of the cleverest who has come to this city in a long time.

BATTLING REDDY AND FRANKIE CONWAY IN NATIONAL A. C. FINAL

A card that should certainly please the most fastidious fan has been arranged by Manager Jack McGuigan for his weekly stag at the National Athletic Club tonight. In the final bout of the evening Battling Reddy, of New York, and Frankie Conway, of this city, will cross mitts, and a rare old slugfest is promised.

Both are exceedingly clever, with their fists, as well as being able to land a dream-producing wallop. Reddy has met most of the toppers in his class, and is remembered for the three great fights he put up against Kid Williams, the Baltimore bearcat.

Charley (Kid) Thomas, of this city, another lad who has faced the best of them, encounters Johnny Lustig, of New York. He has met and defeated all the high-class boys that could be induced to meet him, and in Thomas he will face a most worthy opponent.

Otto Kohler, one of the best lightweights in the west, is paired off with Willie Moore, of this city, who is boxing better than ever at present. Still another go that should be above the ordinary is that between Charley Scully, of Chicago, and Lew Stengel, of this city, a pair that should set the fur flying as soon as the bell rings. The opening number introduces the well-known Frankie White, of Southwark, and Johnny Shea, of the Seventeenth ward.

NATIONAL BOUTS TONIGHT

There have been many all-star shows held in this city, but the one arranged by Manager Jack McGuigan for tonight at the National Athletic Club seems to have the edge on most of them. In the final bout of this aggregation of stars Battling Reddy, of New York, opposes Frankie Conway, of this city, and a rare old slugfest is promised. Charley (Kid) Thomas, of this city, another lad who has faced the best of them, encounters Johnny Lustig, of New York. Otto Kohler, who is one of the best lightweights in the West, is paired off with Willie Moore, of this city, who is boxing better than ever at present. Still another go that should be above the ordinary is that between Charley Scully, of Chicago, and Lew Siegel, of this city. The opening number introduces the well-known Frankie White, of Southwark, and Johnny Shea, of the 17th ward.

Opals.

NATIONAL.—Manager Jack McGuigan has arranged an all-star show for tomorrow night at the National Athletic Club. In the final bout Battling Reddy, of New York, opposes Frankie Conway, of this city. Charley (Kid) Thomas, of this city, encounters Johnny Lustig, of New York. Otto Kohler, one of the best lightweights in the West, is paired off with Willie Moore, of this city. Still another go that should be above the ordinary is that between Charley Scully, of Chicago, and Lew Siegel, of this city. The opening number introduces Frankie White and Johnny Shea.

New Yorker Won Fast Bout at National Club.

Battling Reddy, the New York featherweight, defeated Frankie Conway in a National Athletic Club last night in a good glove battle. Reddy won through his speed and fast jab that he was continually sticking in Conway's face. He had Frankie bleeding from the mouth in the second round, and in the fourth he started Conway's nose bleeding like a hydrant running water. Conway did not box up to his usual form. He was very wild and missed many hard punches. Conway got on some speed in the fifth, and in the last two rounds he battered Reddy all over the ring, but he had waited too long and could not pull down Reddy's lead.

In the semi-wind-up Young Lustig beat Charley Thomas in a hard fight. Thomas scored a knock-down in the third round, but Lustig kept fighting him hard to the end. He had Thomas bleeding from the nose and mouth, but fighting like a bulldog till the end.

Willie Moore found pretty soft picking in Otto Kohler. Moore put Kohler away in one round with a punch to the jaw and another to the stomach. Some folks close to the ring thought that the punch to the stomach made Kohler quit.

Lew Siegel and Charley Scully disappointed the spectators. They are a pair of clever, hard-hitting boxers, but they did not put much steam in their work last night. In the third round Referee Bobby Calhoun stopped the bout, saying the men were not trying to do their best.

In the opening bout Frankie White defeated Johnny Shea in a slashing contest.

The Castle Wheelmen E. B. C. has organized for this season. William Rudolph, president; Clarence Ricketts, secretary; Walter E. Long, manager. Manager Long has secured such well-known players as J. Egan, C. Skelly, J. Brennan, J. Sullivan, W. Simmons, J. Wader, J. Burns, H. Gallagher, J. Daly, D. O'Hara, Y. Taylor, H. Hooper and D. Fritz. The above boys are all well known and are capable of handling out the fastest kind of a game. The management would like to arrange mid-week games and Sunday games with such clubs as Millville, N. J.; Steelman, Pa.; Pottsville, Pa.; Atlantic City and all first-class home clubs. Address: Walter E. Long, 2341 South Eleventh street.

STANLEY SCULLY GOOD BOY

Stanley Scully, under the management of John McDermott, is training daily and keeping in shape for the boxing season. John has a good lad in Scully, and as soon as Stanley becomes accustomed to the eastern style of fighting he should make the wise ones sit up and take notice. Go after them, Stanley.

In National A. C. Show

Another crack bout has been clinched by Manager Jack McGuigan for the weekly show at the National Athletic Club, Eleventh and Catharine streets, next Saturday night.

The principals in this, the stellar event of the evening, are Kid Thomas, of this city, the lad who gave Johnny Kilbane, the featherweight champion of the world, such a tough battle some time back in this city, and Johnny Dundee, of New York, the boxer whose reputation stretches from coast to coast.

In the semiwind-up, Johnny Wilson, of New York, a hard-hitting welterweight, meets Jimmy Fryer, of this city, who has a decision over Italian Joe Gans.

In the third preliminary, Charley Scully, of Chicago, meets Whitey Baker, of this city. Young McGovern, the successor to the great Tommy O'Toole, meets Patsy Dever, the 110-pound amateur champion of the state, and Bobby McLeod, featherweight champion of Scotland, clashes with Denny Whalen, the champion of the navy.

Meet Kid Thomas

Johnny Dundee, of New York, will meet Charley (Kid) Thomas in the wind-up at the National Athletic Club, Eleventh and Catharine streets, tomorrow night, and a great bout is assured the fans.

The semiwind-up will be between Johnny Wilson, a hard-hitting southpaw welterweight with a good record in New York, and Jimmy Fryer, the local crack, who, in addition to numerous other victories, holds a decision over Italian Joe Gans.

The preliminaries will bear the closest inspection. Charley Scully, the clever Chicago boxer, will clash with Whitey Baker, of this city; Young McGovern, of this city, whom most critics pick as the successor of the great Tommy O'Toole, is paired off with Patsy Dever, the 110-pound champion amateur of Pennsylvania; Bobby McLeod, the featherweight champion of Scotland, and Denny Whalen, the featherweight champion of the navy, appear in the opening event.

NATIONAL A. C. BOUTS

Another star bout has been clinched by Manager Jack McGuigan for the weekly show at the National Athletic Club, Eleventh and Catharine streets, next Saturday night.

The principals in this the stellar event of the evening, are Kid Thomas, of this city, the lad who gave Johnny Kilbane, the featherweight champion of the world, such a tough battle some time back in this city, and Johnny Dundee, of New York, the boxer whose reputation stretches from coast to coast. For action, speed and class it is doubtful if McGuigan has a better match this season. Dundee looked upon as the best featherweight in the East, but his claim to this distinction is questioned by Thomas, hence the bout. In the semi-wind-up Johnny Wilson, a hard-hitting welter from New York, meets Jimmy Fryer, who has a decision over Italian Joe Gans. In the preliminary Charley Scully, of Chicago, will meet Whitey Baker, of this city. Young McGovern (the successor to the great Tommy O'Toole) will meet Patsy Dever, the 110 amateur champion of the state, and Bobby McLeod, featherweight champion of Scotland, will clash with Denny Whalen, the champion of the navy.

JOHNNY DUNDEE TO MEET KID THOMAS AT NATIONAL TONIGHT

Jack McGuigan will stage another attractive card at the National Athletic Club, Eleventh and Catharine streets, tonight, with Kid Thomas, of this city, and Johnny Dundee, of New York, as the topliners.

Both the lads have given Champion Johnny Kilbane great fights, while Dundee has met and defeated some of the best boys in the country. Thomas in his recent trip abroad trimmed all the featherweights and lightweights who could be induced to meet him. They make a speedy, aggressive pair of boxers and the bout should border something out of the ordinary. It will present Johnny Wilson, a southpaw welterweight from New York, who is on the sensational.

The semiwind-up also promises credited with being a very hard hitter, and Jimmy Fryer, of this city, who is conceded to be one of the best boys in his class, as is shown by his defeat of Italian Joe Gans.

In the other bouts Charley Scully, the Chicago lad who has already made good here, encounters Whitey Baker, of this city. Young McGovern, of Richmond, whose work has attracted much attention and who is thought to be in line for the honors formerly held by Tommy O'Toole, will meet Patsy Dever, the 110-pound amateur champion of Pennsylvania, while in the opening event Bobby McLeod, featherweight champion of Scotland, clashes with Denny Whalen, featherweight champion of the navy.

DUNDEE BEAT THOMAS

Light-Weights Put Up Hard Fight at National Club

Johnny Dundee, the New York light-weight, defeated Charley (Kid) Thomas in the wind-up at the National Athletic Club last night. The bout lasted six rounds, and in the first round Dundee with repeated jabs started the blood running from Charley's nose and he kept it bleeding till the end of the last round. But although the New Yorker kept punching Thomas constantly all through the bout he could never keep him back, neither did his blows seem to hurt Charley any, for he was always boring in, keeping after Dundee all over the ring in every round. The continual jabbing from Dundee mused Thomas' face considerably, for his lips and nose were puffed up all the time after the first round, but he kept coming back for more in every round, and he was constantly laughing or smiling in spite of the terrific beating he was getting. Thomas landed many punches to Dundee's face and body. In the third and fifth rounds he staggered the New York lad with punches to the jaw.

In the semi-wind-up Jimmy Fryer made a punching bag of Johnny Wilson, a "big lub" from New York. He was taller than Fryer and looked to be many pounds heavier, but Fryer had him beaten in the first round, and in the fourth Wilson was so badly beaten that the referee stopped the bout. Young McGovern made his first appearance down town and made a hit with the sporting fans by knocking out Patsy Dever in three rounds. Charley Scully, the Chicago light-weight, proved too clever for Whitey Baker, whom he defeated in six rounds. Denny Whalen, one of Uncle Sam's sea fighters, knocked out Bobby McLeod in four rounds. It was an uneven match, Whalen having considerable weight on the clever little Scotch fighter.

SATURDAY'S NATIONAL A. C. BOUTS.

Bobby McLeod vs. Denny Whalen.
Young McGovern vs. Patsy Dever.
Charles Scully vs. Whitey Baker.
Johnny Wilson vs. Jimmy Fryer.
Johnny Dundee vs. Charles "Kid" Thomas.

Charles Scully, McDermott's Chicago find, will make his next appearance at the National A. C. on Saturday. Scully is weighted at 130 pounds, but can make 128.

GREAT CARD AT NATIONAL

Johnny Dundee, of New York, one of the greatest little fighting machines in the world, whose list of victims runs in the hundreds, and who gave Johnny Kilbane a hard, twenty-round battle in Philadelphia, will meet Charley (Kid) Thomas, in the wind-up at the National Athletic Club, Eleventh and Catharine streets, tomorrow night, and a great bout is assured. Thomas is one of the toughest boys in his class, and this he proved on his trip to the other side, when he not only defeated the featherweights that could be induced to meet him, but he trimmed a number of known lightweights, too. Thomas also gave Johnny Kilbane a hard argument in this city some time ago.

In the semi-wind-up will be between Johnny Wilson, a hard-hitting southpaw welterweight with a good record in New York, and Jimmy Fryer, the local crack, who, in addition to numerous other victories, holds a decision over Italian Joe Gans.

The preliminaries will bear the closest inspection. Charley Scully, the clever Chicago boxer, will clash with Whitey Baker, of this city. Young McGovern, of Richmond, whom most critics pick as the successor of the great Tommy O'Toole, is paired off with Patsy Dever, the 110-pound amateur champion of Pennsylvania; Bobby McLeod, the featherweight champion of Scotland, and Denny Whalen, the champion of the navy, appear in the opening event.

McDermott

Johnny McDermott has his new lightweight star, Charley Scully, ready to battle with any of the lightweights in this city. Scully, who comes from Chicago, makes his debut in this city recently, and has scored three consecutive victories. Manager McDermott is willing to send him against any of the 123-pounders in this city.

WAVE SCULLY DUE HERE TODAY

**Chicago Boxer, Who Battles
Tait on Monday, Has
Splendid Record.**

Charles Scully, of Chicago, who battles Clonie Tait of Moose Jaw for the Canadian lightweight championship at the Norwood park Monday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, has considerable experience in boxing, having been Benny Leonard's training partner for many of the champion's bouts. He will arrive here today. His record is as follows:

Born Dec. 16, 1894, Chicago; height 5' 6" in.; weight 133-135 lbs.; nationality, American; color, white.
 1912—Won—Young Hanlon, 6 rds.; Julius Stein, 6; Eddy Kenny, 6; Bud Hanlon, 6. No decision—Kid Taylor, 6; and White, 6.
 1913—April 8, Kid Miles, won, Chicago, 6; June 18, Kid Shaw, K., St. Louis, 1; July 3, George Pauldino, K., Denver, 1; July 18, Red Butler, D., Denver, 10; Aug. 11, Red Butler, D., Denver, 10; Oct. 10, George Horton, K., Denver, 4; Dec. 23, Eddy Blair, W., Chicago, 6.
 1914—Jan. 1, Freddy Hedlin, no dec., Summit, Ill., 6; Feb. 16, Freddy Anderson, no dec., Cincinnati, 10; Mar. 1, Blum, exb., Philadelphia, 6; March 2, Lew Seigel, no dec., Philadelphia, 6; April 2, Jimmy Freyer, no dec., Philadelphia, 6; April 16, Whitey Baker, no dec., Philadelphia, 6; May 4, Lew Seigel, no dec., Philadelphia, 6; Oct. 16, Leo Tracey, no dec., Philadelphia, 6; Nov. 16, Buck Fleming, no dec., Philadelphia, 6.
 1915—Mar. 8, Ritchie Mitchell, no dec., Milwaukee, 10; Dec. 26, Chester Near, no dec., Willow Springs, Ill., 6.
 1916—Jan. 10, Young Russell, K., Willow Springs, Ill., 2; Mar. 10, Kid Cole, Willow Springs, Ill., 2; Apr. 15, Morris Mann, no dec., Chicago, 6; May 16, Frank O'Leary, no dec., Chicago, 8; June 5, Franky Britton, K., Chicago, 3; Aug. 25, Tommy O'Neill, no dec., Chicago, 6; Sept. 22, Jimmy McGovern, W., Chicago, 3.

SCULLY HOPES TO TAKE TAIT'S TITLE

Chicago Scrapper Arrives for

TAIT MEETS TOUGH BOXER IN SCULLY

**Chicago Boy Declared to be
Real Mixer and Clever
Ring General.**

**Abe Mantell to Meet Kid Whitey
in Eight-Round Semi-
Wind-up.**

That Clonie Tait, Canada's lightweight champion, who arrived in the city yesterday for his bout on Monday, may be meeting a tartar when he stacks up against Charlie Scully is evident from a letter received by him yesterday from Joe Carr, a noted Milwaukee sport authority. Carr tells Clonie to be sure to be in good shape and to be at his best, as Scully is a good strong boy and a good mixer and has beaten several likely lads in Milwaukee.

Tait says that he is in fine shape and hopes to give the fans even a better account of himself than when he beat Benny Haskell recently. Plans for the bout are going ahead, the tickets being on sale at local places today. A splendid semi-wind-up has been secured in Abe Mantell and Kid Whitey, who will box eight 2-minute rounds. The opener will be a 4-round bout between Young Willard and Kid Jackson. The programme will start at the Norwood park at 3 o'clock Labor day.

Two bantam bouts are booked, also several lightweight encounters. Among the little fellows Pal Moore and Frankie Burns are scheduled at Memphis and Kid Williams and Jack Sharkey at Baltimore. Concerning the 133 pounders Ever Hammer fights Fighting Thorpe at Joplin and a couple of Loys not well known here. Pal Moran and Jimmy Hanlon, are to do twenty rounds at New Orleans. Charlie Scully of the West Side tries conclusions fith Clonny Tait in Winnipeg and Joe (Wop) Flynn and Kid Mex clash in Denver.

CANADIAN LIGHTWEIGHT

Champion in Rait

Johnson Beat Ketchel on Trick, Says Ex-Spar Mate

BY WHITNEY MARTIN.

New York, Feb. 4.—(AP)—Most fighters spend their time in a gym scheming to knock their opponents into a state of "comm," as they say on Jacobs Beach, so it is interesting to learn of a man practicing graceful falls, although some of the fighters we have seen must have had a few lessons on the quiet from an accomplished fall guy.

Jack Johnson was the dry diver, and he wasn't plotting to lose. He was plotting to win through a shrewd spider-and-the-fly maneuver. He noted a short time ago that motion pictures of the Johnson-Stanley Ketchel fight showed Johnson, apparently knocked down, leaping up and flattening Ketchel with one punch.

The word "apparently" is used because, if you believe a Denver Jack" O'Keefe, Johnson was not knocked down. O'Keefe says he should know, as he was Johnson's sparring partner before the bout.

Just a Trick

"Ketchel apparently knocked down Johnson in that 12th round with a terrific uppercut," O'Keefe says, "but it was all arranged by Johnson and his manager, George Little.

"They knew of Ketchel's excitable manner when he sensed the kill, and planned to take advantage of it. I worked with Johnson at the Seal Rock House in San Francisco, and for 10 days before the fight Johnson 'went down' from a harmless punch to perfect the technique he planned to use in the Ketchel contest.

"Little also had me get that big sailor—at this moment I can't think of his name, but I am sure

you know him—to work with Johnson the same way, but Johnson leaped up and knocked him down with a right uppercut and the sailor lasted only four days.

"When Ketchel launched that uppercut in the 12th round it never landed. Johnson caught it in the palm of his left hand and went down, just as he had done in the workouts.

Easy Prey for Uppercut.

"He knew Ketchel would be standing over him, and that it would be easy to jump up and catch him with the terrific right uppercut Johnson had in those days. That's just how it worked out."

O'Keefe denies that Ketchel was an overstuffed middleweight, a description we used to denote his medium size and not to picture him as a fat, out-of-condition fighter. He weighed at the most 165 or 166 pounds, O'Keefe says.

O'Keefe adds that he himself was on the coast 18 months about that time, and that he had 28 fights against opponents of the middleweight and light heavy classes. He won 27 of them, a dozen billed for 10 or 20 rounds. "Montana" Dan Sullivan was the only one to beat him.

"He was too big and too tough," he adds naively.

Reviewing the picture it does seem odd, considering the difference in size of the two fighters and the ease with which Johnson seemed to be handling the smaller man, that Ketchel could score a one-punch knockdown.

And, considering the vigor with which Johnson leaped to his feet to score the kayo, he couldn't have been too badly hurt. Maybe O'Keefe has the right slant on the affair, after all.

Friedman Fought Best in Lightweight Ranks

BY FRANK MASTRO

William [Sailor] Friedman's death was confirmed yesterday by his sister, Mrs. Dora Greenberg of Sheridan road.

Friedman, given the nickname of Sailor after he joined the navy in World War I, was one of the toughest, cleverest lightweight and welterweight fighters to grace the ring as a professional.

The Sailor, born in New York in June, 1899, but raised in Chicago's Maxwell street Ghetto about the time Charley White, the great Chicago 135-pound left hook artist, was growing up there, fought some of the great boxers of his era, including Joe Dundee, Mickey Walker and Benny Leonard, all world champions at one time.

Beat Benny Leonard

Mrs. Greenberg was asked about the bout she remembers best in which her handsome brother participated.

"I don't remember," she said, "but he fought so many great fights. He was one of the few to beat Leonard [in 1921, Friedman gained a newspaper decision in eight rounds]."

Friedman, who insisted he was not a prize fighter but "an exponent of the fistic art," from 1916 to 1928, engaged in 116 bouts, winning 52, 19 by knockouts, and boxing 48 no-decision encounters. Of the others he boxed six draws, lost nine and was stopped three times.

His victims included Charley White, whom he beat on a disqualification in 10 rounds in Kenosha, Wis., Jan. 14, 1921.

Among Friedman's big fights was one with Mickey Walker, world welterweight champion, in East Chicago, Ind., Aug. 24, 1925. James C. Mullen, matchmaker for the sponsoring East Chicago Athletic club, served as referee. Jack [Doc] Kearns was manager of Walker and Max [Boo Boo] Hoff of Philadelphia represented Friedman at the bout, which was a no-decision affair, since boxing was not legal.

The Tribune representatives gave the decision to Walker in 10 rounds. Altho Friedman was a Chicago resident, he was listed from Philadelphia, his manager's home town.

"Friedman as sent to the



Sailor Friedman

mat for a two-count in the first round with a right cross [to the jaw]," wrote Walter Eckersall, TRIMONE boxing writer and formerly an All-American quarterback from the University of Chicago. "He came out of his shell in the eighth and traded punches with the champion. In fact the Sailor rocked the titleholder a couple of times with right and left swings [to the head]. In the ninth, Friedman carried the fight to Walker and won the round by a wide margin."

Special Train to Fight

Sammy Wolff, now retired in Florida, conducted a special train over the Illinois Central from the Randolph street terminal. Sammy also sponsored a special train on the Northwestern railroad to Kenosha for Friedman's fight with White in Kenosha four years earlier.

You may remember that Friedman was given the verdict over White on a disqualification in the 10th round in the old Kenosha Coliseum, "to settle the Chicago Ghetto title."

"The disqualification made Friedman the winner," wrote Ray Pearson of THE TRIBUNE. "However, the Ghetto championship of Chicago was not officially awarded to either Sailor or White, who boxed before a packed house, because Referee Walter Houlahan of Milwaukee stopped the bout in the 10th round and disqualified White!

DOWNEY EARNS RIGHT TO MEET BRITTON IN CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT

IF JOHNNY Downey, master of the ring, has beaten the best of them, if he has fought the best, he has indeed won the championship. Jack Britton, the champion who will be his next opponent, here, Monday night at the coliseum.

A resume of the 12 rounds which the pair battled indicated Downey's superiority. He won every round except the fourth, which was Tillman's, and the second, which was even.

First Punch Wins

"The fellow that lands the first punch has the fight half won," is an old saying of street fights, that may have helped Downey win. He landed it in the first round, and after this he apparently had Tillman so respectful of his punch that apparently he would not open up.

Tillman came out in the first round, confident. He uncorked some punches, notably a swift straight right, that at once stamped him as a hard puncher. Coming to the close of the round he rushed Downey, and the latter, with all his great punching power behind it, shot a terrific left hook to Tillman's midsection. It stung Tillman. After it he fought with too much caution to make a slam-bang affair, such as was expected.

Downey the Aggressor

Downey was always the aggressor. He fought perhaps the most careful, studied bout he had ever shown here. He was master of the situation at all times, and Tillman, waiting with his right cocked for

an opening to land a punch. But Downey waited in vain. He never came. Downey left mostly to get through the close of the round. His unmarked punches, his greater frequency. But his method got the best of him. At long range his work was clean-cut and he missed few blows. At close range he had things practically all his way. He showed the same steady improvement that he marked all his bouts and at the close appeared much stronger than his opponent.

Semi-Windup Good

Johnny Cashill, Philadelphia, and Charlie Scully of Chicago, put on one of the best looking semi-windups that has been seen here in many days as their share of the bill. By virtue of the first three rounds, in which he piled up a big lead, Cashill had a little on his opponent at the close. Both boys were given a great ovation as they left the ring.

Cashill is a protege of Mike Gibbons and boxes somewhat like his famous instructor. He appeared to have about 40 hands in the first rounds, and it took Scully some time to fathom his delivery. When he did get going, however, he covered up the bout to a great extent, and the last five rounds were practically even.

In the first four, which went six rounds, Phil Dowd had a little on Allen Douglas of Chicago. Douglas was outpointed, but not outfought. He showed great willingness and carried the fight to his opponent all the way, but Dowd proved more clever at long range work.

Hundreds were turned away unable to gain admission.

DOWNEY DEFEATS TILLMAN

Columbus, O., Jan. 30.—Bryan Downey put up the greatest fight of his career against Johnny Tillman, beating the latter every round. Charley Scully made a big hit in the semi by beating Johnny Cashill. Downey will box Jack Britton here the latter part of February.

Scully weighed 132 flat. Cashill weighed 132½. It was hard for spectators to see how they weighed so nearly alike. Cashill did everything to weigh as much as he could and Scully trained like a beaver to make 133, which he shattered one pound.

"PLIMS" SATISFY WITHOUT K. O. BLOWS AND UPSET GOSSIP ABOUT THE FANS' APPETITES

PARADING back through the "plims" it can only be said, "they satisfied."

That fact is a feature in itself because there was not a knock-out on the program. It only goes to show that the oft repeated statement that boxing fans here have to have "murder" to be satisfied is all wrong.

The nearest to a knock-out came in the opening number. Little Phil O'Dowd hung two or three nice ones on Allen Doug-

rounds and fought so gallantly in the closing session that he evened the round. This was a nice little come-back, but O'Dowd had taken the second, fourth and fifth while the other three were even, so honors must go to O'Dowd.

The semi was a draw that can be figured for either man if one were bent on either winning. Cashill bobbed about like a flickering film at a jitney show, using a left that piled up a lead. On the other hand Scully walked in with heavy body blows and carrying

Write-ups of the Fireman Jim Flynn
 Jack Dempsey fight at Murray-Utah
 2/13/17

Jack Dempsey of Salt Lake lasted about twenty-five seconds in his match with Jim Flynn of Pueblo last night at Murray.

During those twenty-five seconds Flynn punched Dempsey twice on the right side of the head, twice on the left side. He knocked down Jack's guard with his right and put the finishing touches on with a screaming wallop with his left to the jaw. Dempsey was out about half a minute. When he began to regain consciousness in his corner he evidently thought he was still in a pugilistic encounter, for he put up a strenuous battle with those who were trying to bring him round.

Although Dempsey well knew that it is Flynn's way to start from the instant the gong sounds, hurdling himself into the fray with all the speed and strength of which he is possessed, Jack apparently made no preparation to meet that onslaught. He looked like a man dazed by the swiftness with which things moved, and he was as helpless before those two rushes of Flynn as though he were but a child.

Taken by Storm.

Those who have seen Dempsey fight have always admired his ability to take punishment, but usually the punishment came in the course of a battle, and to have it come all at once, like a bolt of lightning, was too much for the local scrapper. Perhaps Dempsey would have made a better showing had he been able to weather the going for three or four rounds, but he certainly was helpless against the tornado which caught him right at the start.

During the few seconds the fight lasted Flynn made two attacks. At the beginning he bent his head downward and began in whirling away with both hands. Then there was a wee bit of a lull during which the referee tried to do some expatiating and next came the onslaught with its two-blow finish.

IN violation of the state statute the Jim Flynn-Jack Dempsey prize fight was staged last night in Murray, ending in a knockout when Flynn landed a terrific left to his opponent's jaw in the first round after 15 seconds of fierce fighting. Dempsey was insensible for several minutes and when brought back from the land of nod he evidently thought he was still in the prize ring and attempted to slug his seconds.

Fred Winick was the chief promoter. Billy Roche represented Flynn and A. J. Auerbach represented Dempsey. Before the fighters entered the ring, the gate receipts were split after considerable wrangling, but those connected with the affair will not say who got the big end of the money. It is understood, however, that Flynn's demands were met and when he got into the ring he cut loose for a knockout, outclassing his opponent in every respect.

During the time the men had been in the ring after ducking hands, Dempsey was hit twice on the left side of the head and twice on the right and then the finish punch was delivered which closed the short but brutal contest between two giants.

After being hit twice Dempsey appeared dazed and he was as helpless as a baby against the final rain of blows. Dempsey appeared ready to do battle at the opening gong and rushed in with all his speed, but the hammer punches ended his aspirations to finish a winner.

IT WAS the thirteenth day of the month and Jack Dempsey forgot to duck.

The "pride of Utah" will therefore have ample reason to shy at the baker's dozen day in the future for he lasted just about twenty-five seconds before Jim Flynn at Murray last night. A right hook square on the chin apparently sent Dempsey to the place where the birds sing and it was curtains.

Jim Flynn learned this little trick from a dusky hood battler by the name of Langford and Jack wasn't wise to it or he was so far engrossed in his financial affairs that he failed to remember it. It was one of the shortest mills on Jim Flynn's record. In fact there is but one of shorter duration that we can remember—the time Sam Langford dropped Jim with a punch. Now, if Jack will but memorize, learn, master and cultivate his little stunt as Jim did after and experience, he may still have a chance for he can always have old man Flynn before him as a living example.

Kidding seriously—Jack Dempsey learned something last night. He should have learned a lot. This idea of stalling into the start as has always been his style, may be all to the mercy when toyed with a Young Dector or a "Boston Tar Baby," but it should be placed into the grip when battling against a wise old master with a wallop such as Jim Flynn packs around in his right coat sleeve.

After a whole lot of unnecessary delay, both fighters finally entered the ring somewhere nearer midnight than 9 o'clock and much to the discomfiture of the audience and, apparently, themselves as well. Jack forgot to shake hands, but Flynn insisted on this little formality, all of which took up about five seconds. Jack rushed at Dempsey as if he, too, had a last one to catch. Jack bent over and covered up. Flynn rushed again. In fact he tore into the local man, pushed him into position with one hand and laced him with the other. Dempsey acted as if he might be content to let well enough alone, perhaps in the hope that Flynn might tire, slip back or finally give him a chance to straighten up. Dempsey did not appear to be in any distress, at any rate. Then came the end like a flash. With Dempsey still bent over and walking toward Flynn, both forearms and gloves covering his face, Flynn rushed again. The Pueblo battler gave Dempsey's head a quick shove toward his right and sent a short right hand hook through Dempsey's guard and straight to the point of the chin. He stepped back at the same instant and Jack went down face first in his gloves. It was all done in a flash, but those close to the west side of the ring could plainly see the punch and all grabbed their hats and coats for the bout was over before it had gotten started.

Dempsey entered the ring as if scared out of his wits and shook like a leaf as the seconds were putting on his gloves. No one realized this any more than Flynn did and the latter was not slow to take advantage of it.

LET Dempsey! A "one-two" to the jaw was about all there was to the much-advertised battle at Murray last night. There was only one redeeming feature to the entire bout, and that was the fact that the dope books will carry down to posterity the information that Jim Flynn was engaged in one of the shortest bouts in history. The contest lasted twenty seconds and in that time Jack Dempsey never hid his glove on the "Pueblo trial horse." The men shook hands, Flynn put his head down and bowed in. He got a left to Dempsey's face and had the local boy covering up and not knowing what to do. An hook dropped his guard from his chin and pecked out. Jim put a right swing to the local boy's jaw, followed quickly with a right to the same spot, and referee Ralph Armstrong counted ten. It was all over except hauling the "local pride" to his corner.

Jan 6 1939 Madison Square Garden

Setting the Pace

By FRANK GRAHAM

Business Picks Up Again.

The prize fight business, having lagged for a considerable time, is picking up again. This is good news not only for the young men, reprehensible and otherwise, in the business, but for those with lowly instincts who like to sit at the ring-side or get a bang out of the raffish atmosphere of the training camps.

The last show at the Garden uncovered two very promising young fighters in Billy Conn and Tippy Larkin and today Jimmy Johnston, rousing himself from a state bordering on somnolence, has offered to fight Tony Galento for the benefit of the Infantile Paralysis Fund. Not, of course, that Jimmy intends to climb into the ring with Galento. At the proper time, in the event that the match is made, Jimmy will produce Bob Pastor to do the fighting. But Jimmy is doing all the preliminary skirmishing and if the match can be made—as, of course, it should be—he will steam it up in his inimitable manner, probably infuriating Galento and putting a few extra thousands into the till for a very worthy purpose.

Meanwhile, the prize fight managers are getting ready for a dance, which indicates they believe happy days are here again. They have invited Mayor LaGuardia to lead the grand march, having claimed him as one of their own since the recent rumpus on the City Hall steps.

"Much might be done with him, you know," Nat Rogers said. "Didn't he get up off the floor and flatten that guy with a left hook?"

Only the Fight Mob Knew Conn Before.

The advent of Conn to the big time was the most exciting of recent developments. Conn was pretty well known about the country before he poked his head into Madison Square Garden, of course, but heretofore no fighter is regarded as having a reputation until he has shown himself in the Eighth avenue arena. Conn, taking a decision over Fred Apostoli, merely was adding to his collection of victories over middleweight champions and former champions, a list which previously had included Solly Krieger, Teddy Yarosz, Vince Lunnie and Babe Risko.

Other than members of the fight mob—who go everywhere, see all and know all—no one around here had seen the young man from East Liberty, Pa., however, and consequently he was on the short end of the betting. But he made a fine showing, scraped through to win and—which is most interesting—gave promise of growing into a good heavyweight. He isn't a middleweight any more. "The chances are he will grow through the light heavyweight division in a few months. A year or so from now he should be at least on the fringe of the heavyweight contenders. He fights a little like Jimmy Slattery and a little like Tommy Loughran and nothing at all like Jim Braddock, but he is built as Braddock was when Jim first came across the Hudson River to run up a string of sensational knockouts in the Garden. Another year or so should add fifteen pounds to his weight and make him big enough and heavy enough to fight anybody.

Fortunately He Isn't a High School Graduate.

It is refreshing to know that Conn isn't a high school graduate and that the nearest he ever got to college was to ride past MIT and Carnegie Tech on a Fifth avenue street car. He is an easy-going young man who grew up with the perfect disposition for a prize fighter—a love of combat and a dislike of any form of work.

Nobody had to guide his steps toward the ring. He walked into the office of a fight manager named Johnny Ray one day and told him he wanted to be a fighter and Ray looked over the gangling kid and thought something might be made of him. Conn's ambition up to now has been a modest one: to make enough money to buy a home and draw fifty dollars a week—in a pinch he probably would have settled for twenty-five—for the rest of his life. Maybe his victory over Apostoli has spurred him to want more than that. The heavyweight championship of the world, for instance.

Of course, too much cannot be expected of the boy. Maybe never, certainly not right now. He was fading fast and taking a beating through most of the tenth round with Apostoli and might have been knocked out if the fight had been for more than ten rounds. He probably will be beaten and may be knocked out in his return bout with Apostoli, which will be for fifteen rounds. But he is learning all the time by fighting good fighters, which, once a young fighter has reached a point where he rates action against good fighters, is the only way for him to learn. A defeat at the hands of a fighter of Apostoli's quality—even a knockout—would not be a terrific knock for Conn. Most good fighters—most great fighters, for that matter—have been beaten or knocked out on their way up. This will be no news to Apostoli.

Apostoli's First Bad Fight in New York.

Conn undoubtedly fought a grand fight against Apostoli. It is taking nothing away from him to say that Apostoli fought a bad one. His first bad one he ever made in this town. This will come as no news to Apostoli. In his corner between rounds he was seething. He knew that he wasn't fighting his kind of fight. Knew that if he was, he would take the fight away from this clever, resourceful youngster, dancing and flitting and hooking in front of him.

Apostoli did his best work at close quarters, as he always does. Nearly everybody he has fought has made Fred look bad for a little while at long range. This is Steele vs. Young Corbett. Nearly all of them, but once he got in close and began hammering away, smothering their attack, rolling and bobbing and weaving away from their short punches, he murdered them, as the saying has it.

Against Conn, Fred was most effective in close. But until the last two rounds, just when he was doing well, he would back off always within range of Conn's stabbing left jab or his jarring left hook. Fred never was badly hurt, never in anything even approximating danger of a knockout. But, although he forced the fighting all the way, he allowed Conn to fight his own fight much of the time.

Another Lightweight Joins Armstrong and Ambers.

Tippy Larkin, who borrowed his name from Bantay Bay or thereabouts, but who really is an Italian, also gave a fine show knocking out Billy Beahuld. Thus, he is a welcome addition to the lightweight division which, for the last year or so, has consisted of Henry Armstrong and Lou Ambers. He is clever, can punch, and is a strong finisher.

Unfortunately, poor little Beahuld isn't likely to share to any great extent in the revival of interest in prize fighting heretofore. It is suspected that his career virtually began and ended the night he was rushed into the ring with Armstrong where he didn't belong—and was knocked out.

Feb 10 1939 Madison Square Garden

Setting the Pace

By FRANK GRAHAM

They Say Conn Won the Fight.

The referee and the two judges said that Billy Conn won from Fred Apostoli. They were unanimous in their verdict, but there was room for argument as to whether they were right or wrong. You thought they were wrong. But not by a great deal. It was a rousing, roaring fight and, or so you thought, close at the finish, with Apostoli in front.

More important than the decision, except, of course, to the bettors who threw their money in on Apostoli, who was a 5 to 7 favorite, was that it was a terrific brawl. They fought like a couple of hoodlums in an alley and the crowd loved it. And neither lost any prestige as a result of it. Conn is a kid who is moving on to bigger fights. Apostoli still stands alone among the middleweights. Conn learned some more about fighting. He learned at the hard way, winning up with his jab trickling down the right side of his face from a deep cut under the eye and with welts on his body. And Apostoli made another grand showing in the hardest fight he ever had in this town—a harder fight than any middleweight could give him.

Apostoli Was in Better Form.

This was a return fight that was better than the first one. Apostoli was in better form than he had been for his first meeting with Conn. There were times in the early rounds when it seemed that Billy might be knocked out. But he rallied under fire in the eighth round and went stabbing, hooking and slamming down to the finish. He took a lot of steam out of Apostoli, so that along about the twelfth round Fred was moving around slowly and taking a bad pasting. And then Fred hurled himself back into the battle to take the thirteenth round. Conn won the fourteenth, but Apostoli closed strong in the fifteenth.

There the referee and the judges were, figuring on their cards and the crowd standing close packed about the ring and waiting for the decision. When it was announced most of the newspaper men . . . at least on your side of the ring . . . wagged their heads and one man said it was the worst decision he had seen in a long time, although you didn't think it was as bad as all that. But the majority of the crowd liked it and coming out of the Garden all you could hear in the crowd around you was what a fighter Conn is and how he had given Apostoli a bad beating.

So it must have been that the fight looked a lot different up close than it did to those on the packed floor and in the arena seats and the galleries.

Conn Needs No Help From Any One.

There have been complaints after some of Apostoli's other fights that he was a little careless with his punches and hit his opponent low and got away with it. But last night Fred was in there with a young man who almost tore his pants off, especially in the fourteenth round—and got away with it very nicely.

There were, indeed, times when not only Conn, but Apostoli, threw the box. Away and tried to take the other apart. They were both guilty of fouling, although in that respect, certainly, Apostoli was no match for Conn.

It began in the second round when Conn accused Apostoli of sticking his thumb in his right eye.

"Keep your hand closed!" he snarled.

While he was snarling, Apostoli hit him under the eye with a left hook, opening the deep cut that bled frequently during the fight. Whereupon Conn almost split him up the middle—and the fight which had opened rather lamely, was on in earnest. Once Apostoli hit Conn low and Conn hit him low right back, only harder. And Conn back-handed him and hit him on the break a few times. And you came away with a very clear conviction that Conn is a good fighter in the ring or out of it, as you like your fighters to be, and that he doesn't need a referee or a policeman to protect him anywhere along the line.

Conn Hasn't Yet Found His Punch.

Conn's main deficiency as a fighter right now is that he isn't much of a hitter. He can hurt an opponent with a punch and dazzle him and drive him back on his heels. He is no powder-puff puncher as Tommy Loughran was, for instance. But he seldom knocks anybody down and even more seldom knocks anybody out.

Had he been able to hit a little harder last night he might have won off by himself because there were a few times when he shook Apostoli up and befuddled him. But Apostoli, much the harder hitter of the two, would shake these punches off and tear in and rake Conn in the stomach and in a flash Conn would be retreating again, skimming along the ropes and trying to hold him off with his long left jab or his cutting left hook.

He should improve as a hitter, however, as he takes on weight and learns how to put that weight behind his punches. Once in a while last night he really leaned into a punch and when he did Apostoli was hurt worse than he had been hurt in any other fight around here.

A Kid Who Was a 'Storaway'

The decision naturally was popular with a train load of Conn rooters who came here from Pittsburgh and showed up at the ring-side wearing high hats made of shiny green paper mache—and who tore up the hats and threw them in the air when Conn was proclaimed the winner.

It was popular, too, with a wide-eyed kid of 17 who sat in the fifth row. The kid is Conn's brother Jackie, who weighs 147 pounds and is a fighter, too, and was seeing the Garden for the first time. He hadn't even hoped to come here for the fight. There still isn't much money in the Conn household . . . or wasn't before last night . . . and Jackie makes only about fifty dollars a fight. But the Conn rooters got him on the train and he stowed away in the smoking room of one of the cars.

"I was a storaway comin' here," he said, "but I'll be goin' back with Billy and I'll have a ticket of my own."

At the training camps of Joe Louis and Max Schmeling before their first fight June 19 1936 by Jimmy Cannon

Louis, with His Guitar, Allays Cannon's Fears

By JAMES CANNON,
N. Y. American Staff Writer.

LAFAYETTEVILLE, N. Y., May 7.—The rain came down as if it were tired of falling on the dark and sullen afternoon. It drummed lazily on the roof of Joe Louis' cottage on a woody crag which looks down upon this slow-pokey and lonesome speck of a mountain town.

All through the aiter of the miserable morning I had waited for Joe to show at his house, which is at the end of a shallow trail that mysteriously crops its way up the hillside.

Finally I heard the constant of brakes and the great of a motor laboring hard, and Mike Jacobs started laboriously in his endless sista.

"That's them," Mike said.
"I know," I said.

EMPLOYER'S IDEA.

I have an appointment to step a few rounds with Joe when he starts his training. It is the silly idea of my employer that I shall never learn how to write shorts unless I know something about them. Sparring with Louis is to be my education in the boxing dodge. But I will make a small bet that the only place I can print that experience will be on my tombstone.

"You'll like this guy," Mike said.

"But he doesn't like me," I said, "because Joe is a humorless guy about his bloody business and doesn't like sport page jesters making fun of the way he makes a living."

"Yeah," Mike said gustily, "he doesn't. Well, you won't meet him today. I won't introduce you to him. Just stand around me as if you were my Musky Jackson, my stooge, and he'll be none the wiser. By the time the fight comes off I'll square you with him and he will not murder you."

The young man from the auto factory in Detroit came out of the gloaming, rain-wet auto first. There is something bulky cat-like about him, as he moves across the grass with a shuffling glide that goes out into the past beyond the cane brakes of Alabama and is an inheritance of men as old as life, and as primitive as virgin jungle.

CAPITAL O MOUTH.

You notice his mouth first. It is a red capital O. It is a soft doughnut stuck on his moon-face, and it does not go with his narrow and shifty eyes.

"Hello, Mr. Jacobs," he said.
"Hello, Joe," Mike said, and the murderer of the ring sat down and was silent for awhile.

My typewriter has not the eloquence to describe the quickness and incredible stealth with which the man moves. I have seen him in the ring. In his street clothes he looks more like a killer, because his clothes are neatly noisy and he wears them well.

No man in or out of our time writes with more brutal beauty than Ernest Hemingway. The history of blood making mud out of the bull ring's sand in "Death in the Afternoon" had a strange fascination for me. But at the time I read it I could not believe that Hemingway was true to his fine mind when he saw a quick and savage and permanent beauty in the fights of men and bulls. But after seeing Joe Louis box, I understood that beauty could be terrible and mentally lasting but sudden to come and go.

PIECE OF 'SCULPTURE.'

The Detroit kid is sculpture in flesh and blood, a statue done in frozen chocolate that has the sly and effortless movements of a jungle prowler and not a prize fighter at all. As I write this foolish essay

I feel ashamed of myself. It is all right to say he is mean and homicidal and a perfect practitioner of his art. All that is fine. But never do the sports writers seem to recall that after all he is a boy, a twenty-one year old kid with no background but a colored man's youth in a Southern town and a factory hand's miserable existence in an auto factory.

He did not know who I was. If he did, I do not think he would care at all. Newspaper-men are people who torment him with questions that he does not like to answer. Not that he is mean in his heart, or sullen in his outlook on life, but because he does not like to talk very much. All this they told me, the wise men who guide his destiny. More than an evil disposition, I think it is a young man's meekness which makes him conscious of the way he talks to strangers.

As the rain came down on this hill close to the low-hanging and rainy sky someone brought out a guitar. The boy they call The Embalmer sat down with it across his knees, and out of that mush-mouth came a soft and drizzly voice.

"With all my heart..." That was what he sang, making the steel strings of the guitar tremble, making all of us on the porch sit still and listen.

YOUTH NO CRIME.

And when it came time to go away, I wanted to talk to him and tell him that youth is no crime and that a man can't help it if he is not blessed with allness, and that fighting with your fist dead on the level is a good way to make a million dollars.

As we left I said to Mike Jacobs that I didn't think he would hit me very hard when I squared off with him in our exhibition scuffle.

"You never can tell," said Mike, who is a shrewd man. "He is a vicious guy when a man stands before him with his gloves on."

So you see I guess I am wrong again.

Has a Chance to Beat Louis, Max Tells Cannon So

By JAMES CANNON,
N. Y. American Staff Writer.

NAPANOCH, N. Y., May 8.—The little guy had his shirt neatly buttoned at the collar, but he wore no tie, and no coat, but his vest was buttoned properly.

"Fine guy, Max," said the little guy, who was Francis Albertanti. "The salt of the earth. There isn't a better guy that ever lived."

In the misty brilliance of a day in the springtime, we were walking down a path which straggled through the trees. Beyond the sprawling hotel grounds and the blockily-attractive hotel Max Schmeling was dancing, monotonously with his shadow, and he looked like a guy who was truckin' with an invisible partner.

ODDLY LURCHING STRIDE.

As we came into the shadows of the covered pavilion, the man from Germany stopped his absurd skipping and walked toward us with a heavy and oddly lurching stride.

"I am glad to see you," he said, and his thickly-accented voice had dignity and a cold respect for the man he was meeting. "I'm glad you came."

Behind him moved a narrow and shy-looking fellow with slick but thinning hair, dressed pompously in sports clothes which he wore with unwrinkled pomp as though they were evening clothes. It was Max Macion, he is Schmeling's friend, and his counsellor, and the man who has governed his training since he first began his career as a fist fighter.

"Hello," said Macion, and there was a great aloofness in his talk. "Hello."

Down the road we walked, the four of us. Schmeling has a flat-faced handsomeness, and his thick, black hair was mussed and ruffled by sweat and the wind.

STOOGES MISSING.

The last time I saw Schmeling we sat uncomfortably around a smoky room in the Hotel Commodore, and tried to speak above the sickening praise of a trinity of stooges. At that time I thought he had a slippery shrewdness and a wisdom which he craftily hid behind the bar-ricade of his poor English.

Now as we walked and talked casually, I found him polite and reserved and a young man very conscious of his top-sliced and occasionally Jack Pearl English. Max looked soper today and the wind and the sun had darkened his face, and his pant seemed loose around the waist, and his thick neck had plenty of room in his turtle neck collar.

"I have a good chance to beat Louis," Schmeling said, reciting the words slowly and with great care like a kindergarten pupil who laboriously has learned how to speak a plect. "I have a very good chance to beat him. I know that in my heart. If I did not know that I would not speak about it. I only speak what I know. If I do not know, I would keep quiet."

As he spoke his large head swiveled, and he looked back at

Macion who walked slowly behind Macion nodded and Schmeling smiled, as if he were proud that he had said the right thing without being prompted.

LIKES HIS CAMP.

"The people are nice people around here," he went on. "Yes. They are very nice people. I do like them. They are kind to me. It is a nice place to train."

"No. No. No. That is not so. Cannon. I like training. Yes. I like training. I like golfing and running and taking long walks. It is very good for me—training. I like it. People should like things that are very good for them. That is why I like training."

Again he turned around and once again the slender trainer okayed the speech of the man he came across the sea with and who won a championship sitting down and lost standing on his large and wobbly feet.

"People seem to think I haven't a chance," he said. "Why do they say that? 'It is silly. I would not come across the ocean, would I, if I did not think I had a chance? I did not think anyone would. If a man comes far—he knows in his heart that he has a very good chance."

In the spacious room of the hotel a log crashed wearily and smoke gusted out of the grate and sparks flew, too.

"This is the life," said Joe Jacobs, who is Schmeling's manager of record. "The country is the joint for me."

BROADWAY STICKS.

You can take the hick out of the country but you can't put a city fellow in a hotel in the mountains and expect him to forget about his Broadway habits. In a side room off the hotel there is a gaming room with all the nickel-a-try marble games ever invented by man.

"I like them," Schmeling said. "They are a lot of fun."

"He is good at them," Macion the Silent said. "He is very good at that. Yes. He is."

We watched Max play, and his aim was accurate. The little ball wobbled straight to the money hole every time he aimed it, and he seemed more pleased than any adult I have ever seen.

"It is good for the eye," he said. "It is a lot of fun."

"The guy is braking me," J. Jacobs laughed. "He's a pip, ain't he?"

As we rode home along the white and wide highway which runs over and across and through the mountains, Mike Jacobs was teasing me about going to sleep. But I wasn't dozing. I was only thinking of who will pick up the marbles the night Schmeling walks out there to take his swing at the Black Murder Man from Detroit.

THERE WAS PLENTY of moaning around the bars as Joe Louis went out to sea. Yet, sad though the occasion was for those who had to watch the great fighter of yesteryear being pounded into oblivion by an efficient but colorless mediocrity, there was something glorious about the farewell voyage of the Brown Bomber.

Isn't it better to carry down through the years the memory of a great champion who bowed out in the finest tradition of the prize ring by putting all he had left into a hopeless cause, asking neither quarter from his foe nor sympathy from the fans, rather than to recall one who, to satisfy his ego, retired undefeated before offering his successor the chance to prove he was worthy of the mantle?

At any rate, the spiritual pain that Joe must have suffered as his ring career ended on an anticlimactic note, is as nothing compared with the aching void his departure has left in the fight racket. In a mean, corrupt and sordid business, he stood out like a rose bush on a public dump. Washed up though he has been for several years, he gave dignity and honesty to the mercenary sport and kept the public from losing faith in it entirely. Now that he has bowed out the hard way, there isn't much left of boxing that isn't an unsavory job for the garbage collector.

Whether Joe's influence will linger long, if at all, in boxing doesn't matter much. The important thing is that, by his irreproachable conduct as a champion, he won new respect for his own people and tore down prejudices that had seemed too deeply ingrained ever to be even budged. Some of Joe's most sincere admirers are to be found among white Southerners. Joe's dignity and sense of responsibility to the country which gave him his opportunity not only have been in marked contrast to the rabble-rousing, treasonous conduct of a few self-styled leaders of his race, but have had infinitely more influence on the American Negro. Joe knew that his people still suffered many injustices but he felt that the situation would be improved by constructive rather than destructive leadership. He gave hope and inspiration where there was little before.

Joe was one of the first fighters to enlist for World War II. Not only did he place his body at the disposal of his Government but he gave his talents, twice, to raise large sums of money for the relief organizations connected with the Army and the Navy. It is chiefly on account of these circumstances that Joe finds himself burdened now with unpaid tax bills that could harass him for the rest of his life. I have proposed it before and I now suggest again that the Treasury Dept. take Joe's latest purse and consider the account closed. Louis can never be repaid for the good he has done for racial relations in America through wise leadership. His country, I think, owes it to him to write "Paid in Full" on those outstanding tax bills.

And what of Joe's successor? Ezzard Charles seems to be an intelligent, well-balanced young man who would like to follow in the Joe Louis tradition, even though he lacks the physical assets to make the resemblance anything but vague. There's nothing inspiring about Charles, either as a fighter or as a person, but he does command respect. Champions have a way of growing into the robes they inherit, loose though they may be at first, and Ezzard may turn out to be a racial leader fully as inspiring as Joe, when he gets accustomed to his new role. Up to Wednesday night, his title pretensions, even though they had Louis' imprimatur, (Ah there, Husing!) weren't taken very seriously. It is unfair now to stress the undisputed fact that the Louis Charles beat with such ridiculous ease at the Stadium Wednesday night while millions around the nation wept in their Pabst with only one side, and that, the wrong one, of the appallingly efficient killer they used to call the Brown Bomber. Ezzard licked the best Louis the promoters could produce and did it so thoroughly, efficiently and courageously that there's nothing more a fair-minded person could ask of him. But still I'm constrained to ask fans who are having a good cry over Joe's downfall to save their sorrow for tomorrow, because with Joe out of it, boxing is left in a helluva fix.

Two defeats in the career of Joe Louis by Dan Parker

FOR SEVEN ROUNDS at the Garden Friday night, it looked as if Joe Louis was going to make it. Then, in the eighth, his 37 years and Rocky Marciano's deadly punch caught up with him, simultaneously. The inevitable result of this combination of circumstances was a humiliating climax to the most notable boxing career of the century. After Rocky had finished the job that a left hook to the jaw started, Joe was stretched out on the ring apron outside the ropes, as helpless as the day he arrived on earth, his boxing career irrevocably finished, and the heavyweight division had an uncrowned champion who promised to resuscitate the fight business that had grown moribund with Louis's decline.

Joe's fadeout from the Glory Road was just what most of his legion of well-wishers knew would eventually be his unhappy lot if he didn't have the good sense to retire with what was left of his prestige, and it was the last thing they wanted to see. Millions who had never witnessed any of Joe's great triumphs must have felt something tugging at their heartstrings as what was left of the finest fighting man of our era, lay helpless on the edge of the ring, another martyr to nature's inexorable law that youth must be served. A poignant climax to a brilliant chapter of ring history had been written for all the nation to see.

Knockouts are so common on television they arouse little emotion. But even the dullest natures must have reacted to this stirring drama of the mighty falling. Only Marciano's vociferous supporters didn't feel a pang of sorrow at Joe's downfall. They were so hysterically happy over Rocky's achievement that they forgot everything else. A screaming, milling mob around ringside, they had no eyes for Joe even when, a tragic figure, his vision blurred with tears, he pulled himself together and stumbled out of the ring, which they were trying to storm, in defiance of the police cordon, to touch the hem of the new idol's garment.

As if to emphasize the contrast between the Louis they had just seen knocked out on live television, and the great fighter of his prime, a movie of the second Louis-Schmeling fight was shown to the TV audience immediately after the Bomber's sad finish. The Marciano who brought Joe to the end of the trail in the eighth hardly compares with the Louis who annihilated Schmeling in one round. But, though a clumsy chap with a great deal to learn, Rocky is a deadly puncher, with plenty of heart and a chin that seems impervious to ordinary punishment. He seems to bleed easily and the souls of old would probably have made mincemeat of his face with the straight lefts that on this occasion just drew blood. The important thing about Marciano is that he has the brawny that distinguishes great natural fighters from synthetic one. That's the stuff of which box-office records are made.

To make Joe's downfall all the sadder, he was doing nicely up to the moment his reflexes betrayed him. Marciano had set out as if bent on battering him down by sheer force in the first two rounds and managed to land his Brockton Block Buster once or twice, stunning Joe with it in the first, just before the bell. Joe was able to checkmate Marciano most of the time, close range, ducking, blocking or riding with most of his wild swings and meantime getting in such effective short punches that they drew blood.

Louis didn't really get started, however, until the third when he began to take advantage of his reach by shooting long lefts at Rocky's face, that upset his equilibrium and had him fanning the breeze with his roundhouse swings. Joe's best round was the fifth when he nailed Rocky with an old-fashioned Louis right to the jaw that befuddled him as he rushed in. The Louis of old would have made this the exit cue but, this time, he let the opportunity slip. At 37, a man isn't as belligerent as he is in his 20s and is willing to live and let live. Louis was outboxing the crude slugger but Rocky wouldn't take no for an answer. No matter how many lefts Louis stuck in his bloody face, the Brockton bully boy kept coming in like the tide for more.

This was something for which Joe didn't have the antidote. Whereas Rocky was tireless, Louis began to slow up in the seventh, so much so that he passed up the best chance he had of winning the fight. Rocky had started slugging away at Joe as this round opened and it was noticed that the haymakers which had been missing by a foot were now creeping up on the target, to the extent even of grazing Louis's chin. As the action warmed up, Joe forced Rocky against the ropes and was all set to counter with a right as Marciano bounced off them, as wide open as the Garden lobby. It was one of those situations for which Louis, the panther of old, would stalk his opponent for rounds, hoping to encounter. Then—biff would go his right and the victim would drop in his tracks. This time, Joe saw Marciano coming at him, wide open, seemed bewildered about what to do—and wound up just clinching with him. That was Joe's last chance.

In the eighth, Louis was mixing it up with Rocky in the center of the ring when the Brockton boy let fly a left hook that caught Joe on the side of the jaw and knocked him down. He took an eight count on his knees with his back to Marciano but was still so befuddled when he got up that it was a comparatively simple matter for Rocky to close in and bombard him with a volley of lefts and rights, against the ropes. The two punches that finished Joe were a right and a left to the chin. He fell against the ropes and, over them onto the ring apron. Referee Ruby Goldstein didn't bother to count. It would have been wasted motion. Joe was out for almost a minute, or so it seemed in the tense moments that followed.

In his dressing room, Joe, like all old-timers, refused to believe his years had caught up with him and spoke about continuing. "I couldn't help thinking as I elbowed my way through the lobby on the way out of the Garden and ran head-on into Jack McVey, former middleweight, who was trying to sell pamphlets to the hordes that brushed past him, without giving him even a glance that there, five years from now, could be Joe Louis, if he doesn't see the light."

Mr. Armand Well, Madison Square Garden matchmaker, now is in a position to make Marciano the heavyweight champion and if you don't think he'll take advantage of that position, you're