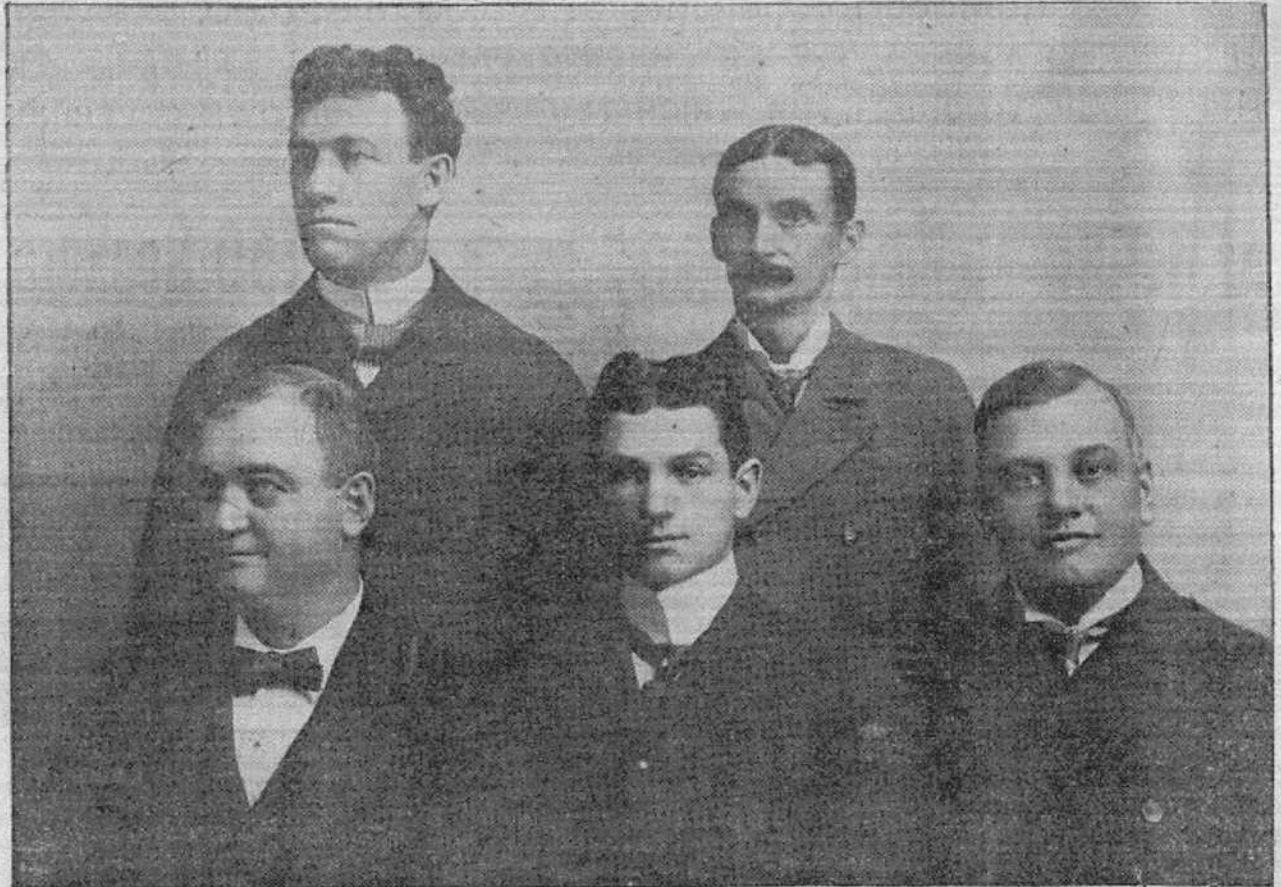


## SPONSORS AND PROMOTERS OF PRIZE FIGHTS IN DENVER, WHO ARE NOW MIXED UP IN A BITTER FEUD



PATRICK GALLAGHER.  
BAT MASTERSON.

NORMAN SHELBY ("Kid" McCoy).

NELS INNES.

OTTO C. FLOTO.

Hi Dan,

I've attached 1 photo from Denver Republican June 10th 1900 of famous promoters, manager, boxer of the Denver scene. There are also 2 attachments of newspaper clips from the same paper with the dates that 1) accompanied the photo. 2) discrepancies amongst the fight clubs, 6/27/00, e.g. Denver Athletic Club, 3) problems with bat masterson, biddy bishop (mgr of yg peter jackson) on 6/27/00 as well. Denver was the other hot spot for fights on the west coast, in addition to San Francisco, at the turn of the century. The photo is very rare, and may be unique to that area. I hope you can use this for the next IBRO issue.

Sincerely  
Tom Scharf

# REDDY GALLAGHER AIRS HIS WOES

## Blames "Bat" Masterson for Divers Annoy- ances.

6/10/00

The group picture of Bat Masterson, "Reddy" Gallagher, et al., shown on this page, was taken a little more than a year ago. The faces are those of men prominent in Western sporting affairs and the principal personages in a bitter fight over the fighting game in this city. To-day it would be a most powerful influence that could draw the men into the same room. When the friendship that the picture commemorates was cemented as a thing that was to last forever, all were interested in the establishment of a fighting club in this city. A process of "freeze-out" was worked on some of the faces. The man in the lower right hand corner secured control of what was to have been the joint property. The man in the middle of the lower part of the picture went East, where he has figured as the principal in several fights of more or less "shady" character, and all the others became interested in a club to rival the first. The curly haired man in the upper left-hand corner has since deserted the rival club and may be found casting his influence, if not his fortune, toward making the old or first organization the popular one of the West. How fleeting are friendships, and how soon what was designed to last forever, and a little longer, goes to wreck on trifles!

"Reddy" Gallagher realizes as well as anyone that he must pay the penalty of fame, and he is doing it with the best grace that he can command. Nevertheless there are times when he chafes for his old freedom, merely that he might stop the ever onward flow of oratory and the waste of ink by those who are annoying him. He was in such a humor yesterday afternoon, when between rounds in his work of buffering a pupil in the manly art at the Denver Athletic club, he spoke of the numerous challenges that were pouring in upon him from the four corners of the globe. He spoke particularly of one from the "St. Joe Kid," one Lem McGregor, a pugnacious individual from Missouri, who is not content to rest in his sepulchre, nor will he let Mr. Gallagher enjoy the peace to which ten years of retirement should entitle him. The "St. Joe Kid" was a child in the days of the mighty fighters of the past generation; so far as the live fighters of to-day are concerned, McGregor was buried long ago. But now he hobs up with a challenge to fight Mr. Gallagher. He will fight at any weight and under any condition, even to sinking himself with the vermilion professor into the depths of a well and have it out there, yet Mr. Gallagher does not know how he has given cause for such sanguinary def.

"It is all this way," he said. "McGregor has been put up to this thing. Just the same as every tramp prize fighter that comes to the country is being put up to challenge me. He knows, and so does every one acquainted with my situation, that I cannot go into a prize fight. But there is this crowd in town that is doing everything to make me uncomfortable, or to make me do something that will cost me my place in the club. I am not in the fighting business; they all know it."

Gallagher did not speak any names, but it was not necessary, for he left no room to misunderstand that it was "Bat" Masterson of whom he spoke. He continued:

"He either wrote that supposed telegram himself, or he put the thing into shape when he was back east a few days ago. It is in the same line with this suit: done only to annoy me. I was never in the Olympic club, more than that I helped them to start it, and signed their lease for the building to guarantee the rent. But the rent has been paid, so how can I be responsible? Masterson and Tutill not only ran the club without me, but they gave it out time and again that I was not in it. To make sure that I could have nothing to do with the club, they had the locks on the doors changed, so that I could not get in. They are now suing for the money that they claim, but only for the sake of annoying me."

# WAR BETWEEN FIGHT CLUBS

6/27/00

## "Jackson" to Be Olympic's Star—Bishop Is Ejected.

Open war, not the concealed, skirmishing and bushwhacking of the last few months, now exists between the Colorado Athletic club and the Olympic Athletic club, the prize fight organizations of the city. The feeling between the two clubs and their managers has been intense from the very outset, but, in spite of all, they have been on visiting terms. The officers of one club were at liberty to attend the functions of the other, and even to officiate for a fighter in the contests. But last night "Biddy" Bishop, who had yesterday officially united his fortunes with the Olympic club, was escorted from the arena of the Colorado club by a police officer. The reason given was that he belonged to the other club, and Manager Floto, therefore, did not want him in his house.

The enforced march occurred during the "fight" between "Birdlegs" Collins and "Young Corbett." Bishop had been asked by Collins to look after his interests in the battle, and in pursuance of that request was in the colored man's corner. "Young Peter Jackson," the colored fighter, was actively caring for Collins, and Bishop was simply aiding with his advice. While Bishop was standing upon the small flight of stairs leading to the ring a detective touched him on the shoulder and said he had been told to order him off the steps. Accordingly, Bishop stepped down, but at the next interval between rounds climbed into the ring to give Collins advice. Then a policeman stepped up and told Bishop he had been ordered to take him out of the hall. While the escort was moving for the open air they passed Floto, and Bishop paid the latter a compliment echoed in the choicest verbiage of the ring-side. Floto led for Bishop's head, but Bishop dodged.

Two reasons are alleged for the ejection. Manager Floto stated that it was because Bishop had allied himself with the Olympic club and was "knocking" the Colorado association. Bishop claims it was because Floto has been trying to get "Young Peter Jackson" to leave his management and place himself in the hands of Floto. Bishop further states that the second meeting between "Jackson" and Parker has not been made because Floto is trying to undermine him, and wants to get "Jackson" to stay with the Colorado association. The colored fighter has not left Bishop's hands, and yesterday a deal was completed which will make him the star of the Olympic club. The deal was spoken of in yesterday's Republican, when it was under way. During the day it was completed. The new turn of affairs makes the return fight between Parker and "Jackson" appear very remote.

The ejection of Bishop and the giving of the decision in the fight between Collins and "Corbett" were the only likely incidents of that "battle." The fight itself was tamer than even the child-like glove contest. "Corbett" put none of his steam into his work, going at Collins very much as though he was afraid of snapping one of those bits of underpinning that have given his opponent the designation of "Birdlegs." The latter did more boxing than is customary with him, but was really in action only in the tenth round. Then he got Corbett's head in chancery, and belabored his face with the other. If Corbett had shown the dash and vim he did against Jimmy Coogan it is doubtful whether Collins could have lasted two rounds. As it was, the colored man came pretty near being the freshest at the close of the tenth. What little cleverness was displayed was all Corbett's. He showed that he could beat the tattoo on Collins whenever he cared to, and did it during moments of forgetfulness, in which he seemed to be really trying to box.

At the close Referee Billy Woods tried for a full minute to make a decision, but the racket was so great he could not make himself heard. Then he secured silence and announced:

"The agreement was that Corbett was to beat him. Corbett beat him on points by about forty miles."

"Young Peter Jackson," second for Collins, took about a quarter of a second in getting to where Woods stood. He elevated his good left fist under Woods' nose and wanted to know what he meant by giving such a decision. Woods knew, or thought he did, and was just as quick in replying, though the clamor that arose made it impossible to hear a word. "Jackson" and Woods shook their fists at each other and talked away like two pugilists trying to make a match. Finally Manager Floto jumped into the ring and told what the club thought about it, as follows:

"'Corbett' was to stop him in ten rounds," he shouted, "and he did not do it."

The management having the disposal of the money collected, and being therefore the authority to make the decision that carried weight, therefore decided that "Corbett" had not won. The crowd, which had been pretty fair for the entertainment promised, fled out discussing eagerly the points of the discussion between the club and its own referee. It was fully agreed that "Corbett's" showing had been a disappointment, and that he had not really tried to "stop" his antagonist.