

THE REFEREE

and Announcer

Vol. 57

MAY 19, 1933

YOUNG GRIFFO — BOXING MARVEL

* * * * *

BRINGING BACK FISTIC HISTORY

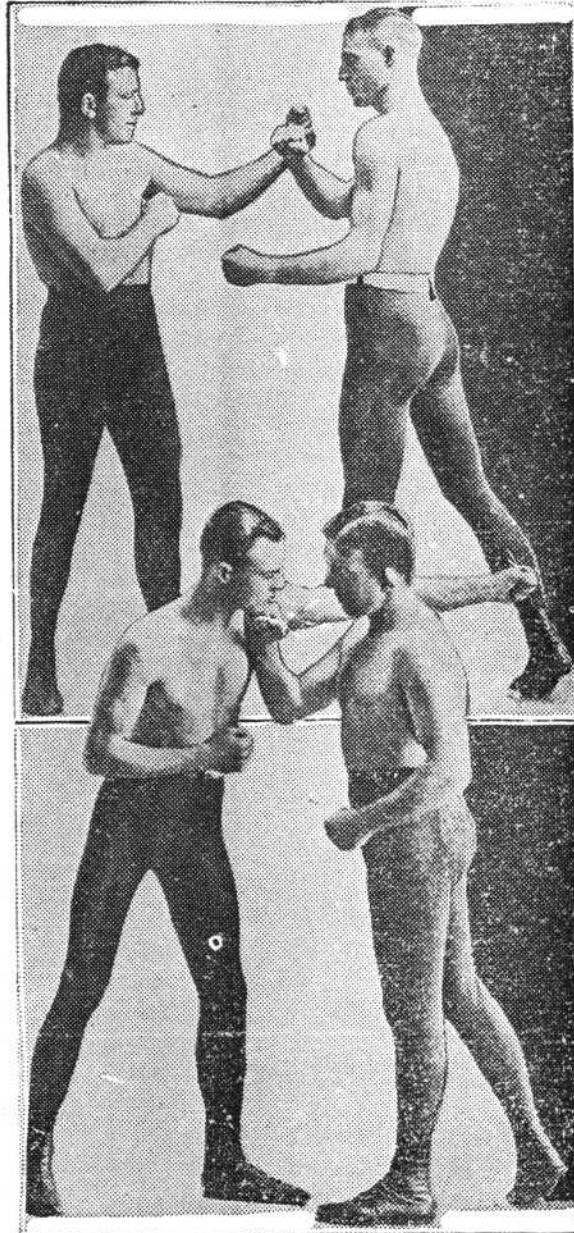
By SYR SUTHERLAND

Albert Griffiths, known to ring immortality as Young Griffo, was born at Miller's Point, N. S. W., in 1871. As fishes need no natorial tutor, so this featherweight had but to don the gloves to make the gymnasium experts of Sydney rub their eyes in awed realization that this bullet-necked, bullet-headed, thick-armed, slender-legged little lad was potentially the most marvelous boxer the world ever was to behold.

His professional career began in 1888, and in 16 years in the arena, only two defeats, one of them highly questionable, were marked against his name.

The story of Griffo's career can be summarized in a description of his American debut, a six-round contest at Tattersall's in Chicago, the night of November 13, 1893. His opponent was Young Scotty, a negro lightweight, whose color alone kept him from winning the title from Jack McAuliffe. Frantic to see the heralded sensation, Chicago fought for seats in the famous old hall; and Chicago never forgot the miracle it witnessed that autumn night. The Australian reached the city only two weeks before the match, becoming immediately the sole topic of the sporting fraternity. First, he refused to train; and, second, he invaded the near north side, where he became notorious in the night life of the bright lights belt. He would go from bar to bar, drinking whisky "neat," and singing his Cockney songs, trailed by astonished throngs.

The night of the fight came, and the house was sardined; and Young Scotty and his retinue arrived and went to his corner. But no Griffo.



Old-time photos of Young Griffo, the Australian marvel. He is shown on the left in the upper picture, and on the right in the lower. His sparring partner is a man named Campbell.

The announcer leaned over the ropes, whispered a moment, and waved his arms for silence.

"Gentlemen, just be patient a moment please," he said. "There has been an (Continued on page 14)

WRESTLING NO GENTLE AWAY UNDER, SO

Wrestling in New Zealand "sport" either, from all following report of a match on, N. Z., is amusing, especially who have watched the great perform these days in this it is:

"A little nonsense not relished by the wisest men of Leichhardt got an end Billy Meeske and Walter the other night.

"Naturally in the first Billy felt something connected that portion of his anatomy upon, and saw Walter's in the distance, that was him. The fun began in

"Meeske secured a Japan in the second term and B submitted. At the end of both were locked in a lock on the carpet when the corners. As Billy disentangled from the wreckage, or what it, Walter parked his boot and laid him flat. Meeske his feet, and as though he walked over to Browning and socked the Aucklander on In a few seconds every one of all trades was involved session lost nothing for sale in the fifth, Browning's trick. Biting, kicking, gouging thing but using tomahawks played upon each other's impunity. Every time they blood. Then came the finishing hailed as the winner. Immediately demanded an explanation grabbed the referee as the through the ropes. Finding able to do "business" satisfactory the ring, the referee returned closure, and for five minutes them got to it. The host "Pansy" (referee) who was of a thorn in this imprompt

YOUNG GRIFFO — BOXING MARVEL

BRINGING BACK FISTIC HISTORY

(Continued from page 3)

ugly rumor that Young Griffo was seen an hour ago in McGurn's saloon, dead drunk. But it may be a mistake. The promoter and several policemen have gone to hunt him."

A few moments later an usher ran down to the ring and announced that Griffo had been located and was now in his dressing room. After a short delay, his head wobbling, arms supported by his escort, Griffo appeared.

COULDN'T HIT HIM

When the bell rang, Scotty leaped from his seat and ran to meet the white man, where he had stumbled a few paces from the ropes and stood swaying, loose-lipped, legs far apart, hands hanging at his sides."

Puzzled by his opponent's refusal to raise his gloves, Scotty waited for a sec-

ond, and then whipped a lightning left hook at the exposed jaw. To his surprise, he missed. Griffo apparently had turned his head to look at one of the spectators. So Scotty inched closer to the motionless figure, and instantly crossed with his right.

Bewildered, he stepped back and stared. Griffo had done something with his head—Scotty didn't know what; but, somehow, both gloves had whistled past the place where, by all the rules of boxing, Griffo's face should have been waiting. Not only was the target back where it was before, but it seemed never to have moved. The crowd sat petrified. Griffo had stood with his face unprotected; Scotty had aimed carefully and had launched three bullet-fast blows. Griffo had seemed to glance twice at the ring-siders to his right, then elevated his head slightly, as if gazing up at the lights, and then looked calmly back at his puzzled adversary. When he had turned his head to the right, both of Scotty's lefts had brushed the left side of his face; and when he had raised his chin, the negro's right hand drive had barely caressed his chin and spent its force over his right shoulder.

GRIFFO SNEERING

Griffo stood there, glass-eyed and sneering, evading the blows in the hurricane Scotty loosed by the merest flicker of his head, or—the only man in the annals of boxing who could do so—by actually ducking from side to side with his torso! Every blow missed by so tiny a fraction of an inch that it seemed an accident—but it missed.

When the bell rang Scotty went to his corner, looking back with a baffled expression in his beady eyes. Griffo strolled to the ropes, crossed his thick arms on the top strand, and addressed the open-mouthed newspapermen.

"Strike me ruddy, but the blighter

cawn't hit me! His this yer best boxer? Wy, 'e's a bloomin' blacksmith, wot? 'Hi'll tike habout one hor two more raounds to clear me balmy 'ead, and then Hi'll show you bleedin' Yanks haw to do 'it."

He took two more, during which the unbelievable was repeated; and at the end of the third round opened full blast the torrents of insult and imprecations of which he was so fluent a master.

"SAY YOUR PRAYERS"

"Ho, Scotty!" he leered, an oath between each word; "wen yer gets back to yer corner, sye yer prayers. 'Ere's the bell; Hi 'opes yer muvver's got a pitcher of yer, 'cause she's not goin' ter know yer wen yer gets 'ome tonight."

If the fans had been half paralyzed by the unprecedented exhibition of super-defense, they were completely awed by what followed. They met in the corner of the ring, Griffo raising his hands for the first time.

"Hon yer beezee, yer smoky cove!" he cried, and shot his left to the nose.

"Naow yer right hear!" he cried, and lifted his left out and up and down.

"Ten more hon the syme hear, Scotty, me pal!" he announced, and 10 more half hooks lashed their four-inch trips to the ear, Griffo counting as fast as his tongue could move.

The next two rounds were like the fourth, yet different. They were alike because Griffo continued the butchery without receiving a return blow; and different in the manner in which the slaughter was conducted and in the vileness of the vocal accompaniment to the carnage.

GREAT BATTLES

Griffo's outstanding performances were so marvelous that a fairly accurate list can be made out of his great battles. Thus, we know that he whipped such men as Tommy White, Solly Smith, Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider; Johnny Griffin, Billy Murphy, George Dixon, Kentucky Rosebud, Jerome Quigley, Jimmie Dime, Jack Randall, Owen Zeigler, Adam Ryan and Kid Ashe. His most sensational battles were two 20-round draws with Kid Lavigne; his defeat of Weir, his three draws, 55 rounds in all, with Dixon; his 10-round "hairline" defeat by Jack McAuliffe; his three contests, one 10- and one 15-round draw, and eight-round defeat, with the immortal "Old Master," Joe Gans.

EAGLE VAN & STORAGE CO.

"Movers That Will Move Anything.
Any Time, Anywhere!"
Estimates Cheerfully Given

1818 MARKET STREET

Day Phone UNDERHILL 6463

Night Phone UNDERHILL 0953

FRANK L. SINCLAIR — Props. — WM. J. ASPE

PARIS RESTAURANT

FULL COURSE LUNCHEON 30c
DINNER 50c

With Half Spring Chicken, Lamb Chops,
Tenderloin Steak

242 O'Farrell Street SUTTER 9436

GARFIELD 3476 263 MONTGOMERY ST.

RUSS BUILDING CAFETERIA

(Open from 6:00 a. m. to 3:00 p. m.)
BREAKFAST — LUNCH
Quick Service

Wm. McLeod, Mgr. (Cor. Pine & Montgomery)

Templeman Flying School

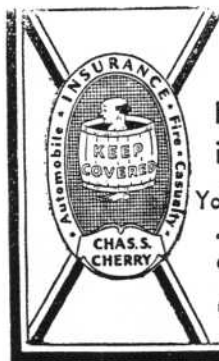
\$3.50 PER LESSON

DONALD TEMPLEMAN, Instructor

Phone DOUGLAS 2381

15 YEARS OF FLYING

Airport "Mills Field" San Francisco



INSURANCE DUE?

Here's the way those with reduced incomes KEEP COVERED

You can pay your auto or fire or casualty insurance . . . MONTHLY . . . out of income. Only 1/4 of 1% added. Policies delivered to you. Nothing to sign.

CHAS. S. CHERRY · 1028 RUSS BLDG · SUTTER 1888