



SUMMERS AGAIN BEATEN.

A SENSATIONAL KNOCKOUT.

MCCORMICK'S QUICK VICTORY.

Johnny Summers committed suicide last night. He cut the throat of his reputation by the manner in which he fought (writes W. F. Corbett in the "sun"). No sooner had the gong sounded than, like a greyhound freed from the leash, he bounded after his game, and one of the fiercest and longest-sustained rallies seen at the Stadium resulted in the man who provoked it being knocked out in 2 min. 19 sec. after the battle began.

It was the most thrilling thing possible. Though the crowd looking on got nothing in length for their money, they had more excitement by far than the previous battle between the same pair provided, spite of the fact that it went the full time—20 rounds.

Summers' action demonstrated that he knew from experience it was no use pitting his skill against McCormick's, and he tried another way of fighting, with disastrous results for him.

Weights were announced:—McCormick, 10st. 5½lb.; Summers, 10st. 3¼lb.

What happened proved that Summers could not have gone to work in a manner more calculated to give himself to the enemy had he intended doing so.

McCormick was plainly flabbergasted at the suddenness and ferocity of Summers' onslaught. The welterweight champion of England thundered after his clever rival in a manner that carried us all off our feet, it was so absolutely unexpected. Summers battled in the way we saw him fight a few weeks ago during the last 10 seconds of every round. Back to the ropes near the south-west angle McCormick retreated before the fury of the attack, and, apparently after he had made a few retaliatory drives, the only way of meeting the onslaught that suggested itself to him was to cover up. This, however, did not protect the whole of his body, it sheltered the face and the upper structure as low as the chest, but left the abdominal section and the ribs open to a succession of left and right drives and hooks, hair-raising in the speed with which they were delivered.

As far as could be judged by a hasty glance around the enclosure every individual in a not over big house, with its unusual long stretches of empty benches, was on his feet roaring. Summers pounded away and fought with tigerish fierceness.

Soon McCormick pounded too, but Summers' blows were the more frequent and better directed, though their effect upon the other fellow was not as great as might have been expected. McCormick evidently has a

remarkable capacity for punishment.

In a thrice the scene shifted to the middle of the western boundary, and the milling was as stirring as ever—each displaying as much anxiety as the other to be embroiled. Here Johnny swung a torrid left, which jerked Tom's head to the other side in a manner that made it seem McCormick might not be able to endure much more, but he steadied quickly, and presented a rock-like front as the strongly pugnacious couple worked across to McCormick's seat, and then to where the other man had taken up his position.

Still the force and the pace continued all fire and determination.

A second or two later the middle of the ring was the place of conflict, but only for a few moments, but during that brief space McCormick landed left and right on a head which appeared to be offered to him. Summers had his hands down the while. The heat of the thing began to tell on Johnny first, he backed to the vicinity of his chair, hotly pursued by a foeman whose eyes gleamed the combative instinct within him. Still Summers faced his man, fighting on the retreat.

After making a couple of steps to the left to get out of his corner, Johnny back-moved a sinister hook and bumped the ropes slightly, but sufficiently to be thrown a few inches forward. Quick as a flash, McCormick, who was in close at the moment, whipped a right jolt to the jaw, and Summers pitched headlong to the boards, where he remained in a most peculiar position, exactly that Waldemar Holberg struck when knocked out soon after his arrival here. Summers was on his knees with his forehead resting against the boards so closely and immovably that it might have been rivetted there, and remarkable coincidence, he went down, as near as I can remember, on the exact spot where Holberg fell, and from the same position.

It was as true and as clean a knockout as I have seen, but the man responsible found a clear opening, though he had to be mighty quick and resourceful.

The great bulk of the spectators applauded but there were many hooters—those who always kick when a contest is short, no matter how "sweet" it may be.

Arthur Scott, as usual, filled the position of referee.

SMALL MEN MOST IN DEMAND.

FURNISH BEST SPORT.

Starting with Jack McAuliffe, the Queensberry art has produced some very remarkable lightweight boxers. Though in the old days the lightweights did not monopolise the limelight, latterly the lightweights have

been making the strongest appeal to followers of the game, and, barring the Jeffries-Johnson affair, the lightweights have been the prime favourites with the boxing fans for many years.

In McAuliffe's day John L. Sullivan and Jack Dempsey probably took preference over the great little Brooklynite, but at that McAuliffe was not without his drawing power.

And McAuliffe was a sterling little warrior. Old-timers who saw the great Jack mix it with his opponents will tell you that his equal at the 133lb. notch never put up his hands before him in defence of the lightweight title.

Brooklyn Jack's bouts with Billy Myers, Jen Carney, and that sort were classics, and Jack McAuliffe is the one man alive to-day who retired the real undefeated lightweight champion of the world. No one ever gained a decision over the Williams-town cooper, and he met the best men of his day.

McAuliffe was a podgy specimen of gloveman, and a lad who loved life as lived in the cafes and about the sporting resorts. For thirteen years McAuliffe held the title, and when he saw he was getting a bit old for the game he passed it on, and retired.

To-day McAuliffe is a vaudevillian, and those who have seen him behind the footlights say that he will be a topline before he quits the stage.

Personally, McAuliffe is the smartest boxer the writer has ever met. He is not very well posted in book lore, but in what constitutes life McAuliffe has all the versions.

Following McAuliffe as the lightweight champion came "Kid" Lavigne, the wonderful scrapper from Saginaw, Mich. Lavigne was not as big a man as McAuliffe, but he was a great box office attraction, and if you want to start an argument just tell some veteran of the ring game that any of our modern lightweights would have a "look in" with the great Saginaw Kid. But before you tell this to a veteran be sure and be on your mark and ready for a quick start.

Lavigne fought the great Joe Walcott, the Barbadoes terror, twice, and held him as good as even on one occasion and bettered him the next time. You don't see lightweights taking on welters nowadays, do you, and what a welter that Walcott boy was.

The great Saginaw Kid exceeded the speed limit in his mode of living, and as a result cut short his reign as king of the lightweights by several years. Lavigne is now conducting a boxing school at Detroit, Mich.

Frank Erne followed Lavigne as the king of the lightweights, and they say that Erne was the most polished lightweight the world has ever known. Erne was a smart fellow, a regular Beau Brummel, and a patron of the race tracks. While he was champion

Erne made a trip to Paris, and on that trip he wrote his pugilistic obituary, for he was never much account after he returned, and was easy for men whom he could have beaten easily before he made his trip to Gay Paree.

Joe Gans won his title from Frank Erne up at Fort Erie when he knocked the once great Erne out in a punch. All points considered, probably Gans was the ideal lightweight, though at that he was never really at his best as a 133-pounder. He was such a marvel with the gloves, even when he was in the sere and yellow, that a noted cartoonist dubbed him the "Old Master," and he carried this name with him until his last battle with that dread disease (consumption), and even now when the fans bring up the memory of Joe Gans they still refer to him as the "Old Master."

"Battling" Nelson succeeded Gans as the title holder, and in many respects he was the most remarkable of all the lightweights. He was practically impervious to punishment. In Nelson's lexicon there was no such word as "quit." No matter how badly they battered Nelson he was always on the job for more. He possessed more recuperative power than any boxer, light, heavy, middle, feather, welter or bantam, that was ever in the ring.

Nelson has been in the ring 17 years, and he is still pegging along. He recently married a sweet little cartoonist of a Denver paper, but still the retirement microbe has never entered his vitals.

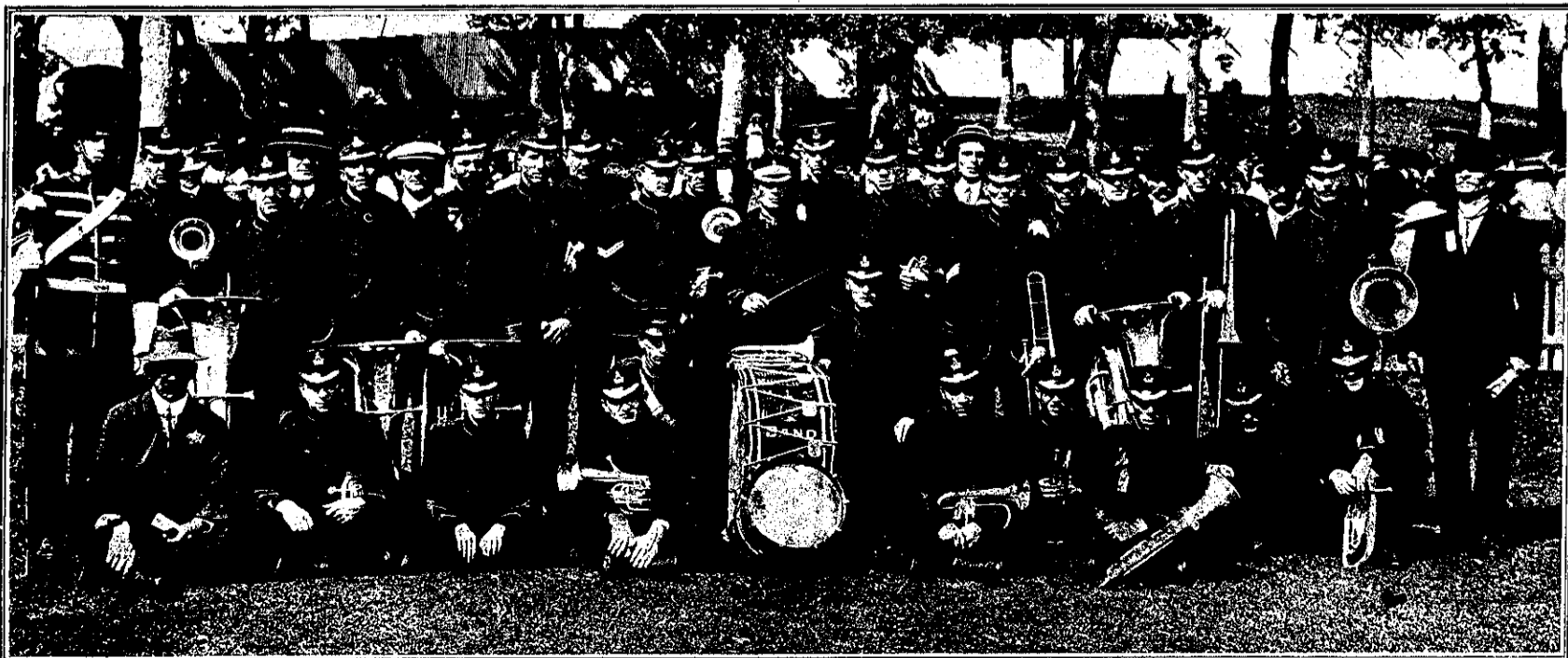
Ad Wolgast came as Nelson's successor. He beat Nelson for the title at Point Richmond, Cal., just over three years ago. During the three years that he held the championship Wolgast was the most wonderful drawing card in the ring, and even now he is still a topline from a box-office standpoint.

Willie Ritchie, the only man in the entire history of pugilism who won a title on a foul, is the champion of to-day. Willie is a bright boy and a game one.

The one beauty about the lightweights is that they always put up a beautiful battle. It is indeed seldom that a championship changes hands in this division without a memorable struggle. There is usually a great deal of excitement attending the settlement of a title in the lightweight division.

The lightweight boxers hit just hard enough to suit the spectators; they usually possess great assimilative powers, and they are rapid workers.

And as a general rule there are usually more good lightweights in the field at the same time than appear in other divisions of the Queensberry realm at a similar period.



THE WHANGAREI MUNICIPAL BAND, WHICH COMPETED AT THE RECENT BAND CONTEST HELD IN AUCKLAND IN CONNECTION WITH THE EXHIBITION.