

BOXING.

DARCY DEFEATS O'DONNELL.

A FIERCE COMBAT.

Les Darcy scored a technical knock-out over Les O'Donnell in the seventh round of their battle at the Stadium the other evening (says the Sydney "Sun"). Two minutes 18 seconds of the three minutes allowed for fighting had expired when the contest terminated.

Possibly there was not a man among the big crowd of spectators who expected any result other than success for Darcy. I heard one offer made to bet 15 to 1 on the ultimate winner, but even those extraordinary odds were not sufficiently tempting to induce business in the particular quarter where they were available. There came a time, however, when the layer, had he been able to place his money, would have felt a good deal troubled, and have remained in that condition throughout at least a couple of rounds. I do not wish to convey that Darcy looked like being beaten at any moment, but three or four times he had to bring all his remarkable pugilistic powers into service, and at that there were positions in which he failed to hold his own. For this reason I am constrained to write, and with emphasis, Bravo, O'Donnell! Never before did boxer mix it so freely and so long with our young champion on a public stage. O'Donnell fought with desperate bravery during the last three rounds. Even when apparently partly dazed and on the verge of being driven to the boards for the full count, he strongly resented the action of his chief second in throwing the towel up, but it was a merciful intervention. Darcy still possessed all his strength and desire for fight that he started out with, while his opponent was buoyed up only by grit and that instinct which prompted him while a mere boy to follow the fortunes of the 24 feet square. These attributes count for a great deal as long as nature supports them, but when the physical part of a boxer's equipment becomes completely used up it is a case of needs must.

DARCY ATTACKS THE BODY.

From the beginning Darcy paid most attention to the body. In the opening round he lowered his head, and used both hands so freely that they operated like a pair of pistons. Right and left arms were driven straight, often to make strong

connection and several times just to reach their objective, and no more, owing to the manner in which the man attacked humped his back and shifted the position a bit further away. Fast and furiously did Darcy keep going—so fast was his work that O'Donnell seemed bothered occasionally, and either clinched or claimed one or other or both of the hostile weapons. Darcy did not wholly confine himself to the method of fighting mentioned. Now and again he lifted a punch to the jaw or face, and once in a way whipped a wallop to the left kidney. A red splurge evidenced the effect of this latter attention. But O'Donnell's front was always bold. Here and there he scored nice blows and once in a way a particularly good one—good enough to win rounds of applause. This description covers the first four rounds. The next three were widely different.

TORRID PERIOD.

The fifth round proved a torrid time for both boxers, and there were moments when the O'Donnell section of the house—that is, his particular friends, because each of the principals is every bit as popular as the other—must have become elated at the turn matters were taking. Hostilities had not been renewed longer than, perhaps, half a minute at the outside, when O'Donnell hooked a fine right to the jaw, but while leaping clear of Darcy's rush he was unfortunate enough almost to trip over the referee's feet. This disconcerted him only on the instant. He charged forward again, to hurl home a right so well and effectively that Darcy appeared in sore straits for a little while. They were close to the referee's angle. O'Donnell shot another right out—an effort with sufficient force back of it to do harm—perhaps knock the opposing boxer down—had it landed, but it didn't. "Ooh!" yelled hundreds of onlookers. O'Donnell had the better of the situation, for he placed a further right on the side of the head. Then he delivered an uppercut, at close quarters, and missed by a foot in another attempt. Darcy pounded the body when he could get near enough, but as a rule O'Donnell was able to save his bacon, mainly through clever back moving and side-stepping. Intense excitement prevailed throughout this period, and the two game fighters were loudly cheered.

O'DONNELL DOWN.

Darcy was more in evidence throughout the sixth than during the previous round, but he had to fight hard all the way, and but for being such an unusually tough proposition, might have found the force against him too difficult to combat. Again was the contest high-strung, and again did the onlookers cheer and cheer again. Darcy exhibited fine skill in evading some of the rights fired at him. Darcy started the seventh and last round by essaying three left leads in succession, every one of which the other Les evaded. O'Donnell swung his right with deadly intent, but Darcy was not quite there to receive it. Now Darcy moved up, and lodged a blow which is usually, but wrongly, described as an inside cross. This rattled the recipient, and a left to the body did not improve matters for O'Donnell. Still he stood and fought. Darcy got him on the ropes near the eastern side of the square, and pummelled his body, delving away with both hands as quickly as if they were mechanically controlled. The battle shifted a bit towards the centre, just before Darcy drove a right uppercut home with sufficient power to drop his adversary to his knees till eight had been told off. The punch landed under the chin. O'Donnell stood up bleeding from the mouth, but as eager to fight as ever. Darcy, following the advantage secured, never gave his man a moment's respite. He punched left and right in. He hammered a right chop to the back of the neck, and, still attacking vigorously, soon had O'Donnell in the broken-up condition already referred to.

Both boxers fought as cruiser-weights. Darcy was 11st 9½lbs, and O'Donnell, 12st 1½lb.

ing was going on; and yet all the while he was doing remarkable things in the way of lashing home punches and making his very elusive head still more elusive. The head of Bowker was one of the most remarkable ever seen. It would disappear from the direction of a splendid punch in a manner that left people, especially his opponent, wondering what on earth had happened.

"Just as Palmer before him had caused opponents to sit down and think over things that they had not been able to do to him, so did Bowker cause Palmer to sit down and wonder why he (Palmer) had failed to hit Bowker. It was all a question of a clever man being able to take boxing lightly—to put it in its proper position, as a pastime or a sport, or at least something that need not be regarded as capable of settling the affairs of an empire. Bowker enjoyed his boxing when he was opposed to a man who was willing to make a bout all boxing, instead of a lot of fouling.

"That was so when he met Palmer, and that contest was more eloquent of the kind of boxer Bowker was than any other he took part in. Palmer boxed with wonderful speed and adroitness for a man who was supposed to be beyond his best so far as to be on the down grade for quite a long way. Still, well as Palmer boxed, he was out-manoeuvred by Bowker, who was the better general, and succeeded in feinting Palmer into a position so false that the latter was all open.

"That was just the sort of thing that Bowker was able to do. He could spoof other boxers into expecting almost anything but that which he meant to do. The man who relies upon feinting for his chief means of



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THE STRAIGHT HIT.

JOE BOWKER EXPONENT.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S GREATEST.

"We are apt to forget very quickly. There is a boxer who was looked upon as being better than any other we had ever seen," says a writer in "Lloyd's Weekly." "His name is Joe Bowker. Before his advent we talked of Pedlar Palmer as the most clever of all we had ever known. The two met, and, although Palmer was in the position of the man who tries to come back, he was so utterly beaten by Bowker that men who had seen each man at his best expressed the opinion that there never had been anything better than Bowker as far as science in a boxing ring was concerned.

Bowker, once a newspaper boy, before Harry Stone said he was, looked upon boxing as a joke. Even when he was in the throes of a big contest he would laugh, play tricks, and sometimes almost fool about while the box-

beating others must have a quick head, physically and mentally, and Bowker had that. He could 'show' his face to a man, and then remove it out of danger as quickly and to as good purpose as any boxer who ever lived. He had the habit of punching straight, and knew very well that that kind of punch was the one which was quicker and hurt more than the swinging blows of the uncultivated boxer.

"He was a splendid object-lesson in the value of the hit that was straight. His fist would shoot out straight from the place which permitted of the full use of the weight of the shoulder behind it, and all that meant that he was making full use of the powers that were in him to administer shocks to the other side. His punches were of the direct, high explosive sort. There was nothing showy about them; his fist just travelled out straight to the spot that it was intended to reach, and it got there just about as quickly as one could expect a fist to reach the face of an adversary.

DEWAR'S

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