

BOXING.

BOXERS ADOPTING ODD POSES.

HOW SOME HAVE FARED.

"KNOCKOUT" BROWN'S STYLE SUCCEEDS.

One of the oddest things about "Knockout" Brown, the New York lightweight, who recently gave Champion Wolgast such a surprise at Philadelphia, is the attitude he assumes when facing an opponent. He always stands with the right arm and foot extended, in direct contrast to the regulation pose adopted and taught by all boxing teachers. Nearly every novice, when he starts his first lesson with the gloves, wants to stick out his right arm and foot, but this is quickly put a stop to by the teacher. It isn't very easy, as a general thing to persuade the learner to switch to the other position, and the tutor usually accomplishes the desired change by demonstrating with the aid of a couple of sharply administered jolts the uselessness of the novice's guard when opposed to a left-hand artist.

But Brown appears to have made his own style pay, notwithstanding all the sneers of the critics who assert that a man cannot hope to make good at the stuffed mitt game unless he conforms to the accepted fashion of wielding the said mitts. The probability is that if Brown tried to box in regulation style he would become a mark for the most mediocre performers.

There are some fighters who are natural born scrappers, able to slug merrily and with tremendous effect along certain lines. Now, take one of these fellows and endeavour to mould him into a different pattern, one that seems more in unison with established theories, the chances are just a million to one that you will spoil him altogether. Imagine trying to make Terry McGovern stand up, jab prettily, and do fancy side-stepping, when the former Brooklyn terror was in his prime.

It is best to let nature alone in these kind of cases. Whether Brown will continue to win victories in his own peculiar way remains to be seen. If he does, he will be the first pugilist of class who won fame and fortunes under such conditions. There never has been a fighter in recent years, outside of Brown, who used the left arm for guarding and the right to jab with—that is to say, never one that amounted to a row of beans. Now and again some raw kid has bobbed into view as a preliminary who held his arms in an attitude a la Brown, but he seldom appeared more than once.

Back in the nineties, however, there was a big, hulking heavy-weight named Mike Boden, who always sparred with the right auctioneer extended. Mike hailed from Philadelphia, and was celebrated principally as a trial horse for champions. Whenever a star heavyweight visited Philly, they sprung Michael on him, with the proviso that the visitor was to stop Boden in four or six rounds.

BODEN, A CANADIAN FIGHTER.

Though Boden was generally announced as coming from Philadelphia, he was really a Canadian, and known to his intimates as "The Canuck." He was not a very agreeable sort of person, the same Mike. When he was up against a hard puncher in the ring he was wont to get ugly after he had been made the target for a few shrewd wallops, and then the "Canuck" indulged in every foul trick known in the business; and he was a dab at inventing new ones. His queer sparring attitude puzzled quite a few clever men, who found themselves at sea when commencing an attack on the huge frame of the right hand jabber.

In 1892, Jim Hall, the clever Australian, who was then milling in good form, took on Boden at Chicago for a four-round bout. According to the terms of the contest Hall was to stop Boden in the distance. Jim started out blithely enough, but the straight unerring left which had always proved so vindictively effective in punishing an adversary seemed to have lost its bearings. Boden's right was always in the way, and being a much bigger fellow than Hall, he kept crowding the Australian continually. Hall's cleverness enabled him to keep out of the track of Boden's swings. Mike being a clumsy individual and not possessed of any particular accuracy of aim.

But Jim was not accomplishing much at that, and his failure to land

properly riled him immensely. In the second round Hall dashed savagely at his opponent, slipped inside Mike's exasperating right, and battled him on the jaw with a good satisfying jolt. Mike muttered an oath, clutched the Australian's slim figure in his arms, and extending his bull neck, bit Hall on the shoulder.

Hall uttered a yelp of dismay and anger, and the fight broke up amid a scene of wild disorder. Boden was disqualified, of course, but as he had insisted upon receiving his money before he entered the ring, that didn't trouble him any. He was anything but a sensitive soul.

But retribution camped swiftly on Boden's trail. At the ringside while Boden was using his molars, sat Joe Choynski. The latter sized Boden up thoroughly and decided that he could figure out a plan of battle which would put the kibosh on the man-eater. A match was arranged between Choynski and Boden, under the same terms as those governing the bout with Hall. When the men faced each other in the ring, Choynski instantly adopted the same attitude as Boden—right arm and right foot out.

This was meeting Mike with his own weapons, and the "Canuck" didn't like it. Joe seemed perfectly at home, and whenever Mike tried to jab, he was countered with straight rights that shook him from his square dome to his wide feet. He then tried to clinch and outrough Choynski, but the latter was strong at the wrestling game, and wrenched Michael's joints in painful fashion.

For a couple of rounds Mike staggered along, getting much the worst

boxer who tried to change his style to suit Brown's methods would probably find himself up a tree in no time. The pose is second nature to the knockout youth, and one that a man accustomed to spar according to the usual rules could hardly venture to assume with any hope of success.

OLD BOXERS GIVE WAY TO YOUTH.

FITZSIMMONS AN EXCEPTION.

There was only one Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons. Only one gawky blacksmith, who, at the age of 35, went out and won a world's championship, and for five years successfully defended it. Old Bob set a record that will probably stand for all time in the archives of fistiana. Fitz was the Mme. Bernhardt of fightdom. Age did not leave any defects upon him and he was fighting great battles when other men were past the meridian of their years. The freckled Cornishman established a goal that fighters of the present day will never be able to touch.

There are few old glove rammers in the ring today. The rusty arms of antiquity have evidently been consigned to their proper place—the junk man's back yard. Age cuts small figure with the exponents of the manly art of pummeling. Youth is king, and a man's proficiency is not gauged by his years because all of the children of the God of Fisticuffs are pretty equitably matched in this regard.

In the hit and get away game of to-day, a man past thirty is rated as

twins, Mike and Jack (Twin) Sullivan, rank next in order in the list. Jack has been stopping cross-counters and moving his hands in faultless rhythm for nearly 13 years. Mike is the junior twin of the ring sport. He only took up the game in earnest in 1901, when the fame of his brother began to permeate his being.

Jim Flynn, the Pueblo fireman, is 32 years of age. The fight game has known him for nine years. Flynn is the last of the millers over the one score and ten.

Following are the ages of the other oldest ring celebrities of to-day, showing positively that youth is dominant: Owen Moran, 27; Tommy Murphy, 26; Harry Lewis, 25; Willie Lewis, 27; Abe Attel, 27; Tony Caponi, 29; Hugo Kelly, 28; Fighting Dick Nelson, 28; Jack Redmond, 27; Battling Nelson, 29; Jem Driscoll, 30; and Rudolph Unholz, 30.

A 20-rounds contest at Melbourne last week, between Billy Elliott and Frank Thorn, resulted in the latter gaining a points' victory over the New Zealander, after an exciting set-to.

Bill Turner the Tasmanian heavyweight, is very keen on getting a chance at showing his skill against Jack Lester, but so far the American has turned a deaf ear to his harangues.

Says an eye-witness of the Jim Flynn-Al Kaufmann fight, in which the latter obtained such a gruelling at the hands of the fireman:—"Kaufman was knocked completely out, a



GROUP OF WELL KNOWN AUCKLANDERS, TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF MR. W. W. NAUGHTON'S RECENT VISIT TO HIS NATIVE TOWN AFTER A LENGTHY ABSENCE.

of it. He held on repeatedly and refused to break and then Choynski brought another trick into play.

As Boden clung to him like a leech, Joe shifted his arm until the elbow rested upon the apple of his opponent's throat. Then he utilised his right glove as a hammer, driving down upon the left. As the bone of Choynski's elbow stabbed into his throat, Boden groaned in agony, gurgled once or twice and broke away. It wasn't exactly according to the rules as laid down and promulgated by the Marquis of Queensbury of esteemed memory—but it was just the proper caper in dealing with a thug of Boden's stamp. He had found a man who could and would meet him with foul for foul, since he refused to fight any other way, and the licking that Boden received on that occasion was such that veteran ring followers present almost wept tears of pure, unadulterated joy.

Nobody, however, accuses Brown of fighting foul, his whimsical pose is the only thing in which he differs from the ordinary fighter. It has been suggested that it might be well for someone to use Brown's own tactics when facing him. But that would be a somewhat risky proceeding. Choynski worked it all right on Boden, because the latter was slow and clumsy, whereas Brown is as supple and quick as a cat. The average

being on the decline of his powers. He is locked upon in ring circles the same as an octogenarian. Such a man has not a chance of ever ascending to a title, although one does hold one now—Jack Johnson. But the negro is an exception.

Only five fighters who are now making their living by sticking gloves into an opponent's features are over 30. These are Jack Johnson, Cyclone Johnny Thompson, Mike and Jack (Twin) Sullivan and Jim Flynn. Only two are 30—Jem Driscoll and Rudolph Unholz. Of those passed the acknowledged period of decadence, Cyclone Johnny Thompson is the eldest. Sycamore, Illinois (U.S.), was the first training quarters of the cyclonic one 35 years ago. Thompson is the oldest fighter of the present time. However, he didn't start as early as some of his competitors and has only been in active conflict nine years. There is a queer angle connected with the Cyclo's history. A lightweight and welterweight until 35, he turns into a light heavyweight, left registered at 161 pounds.

Next to Thompson is the Champion, Johnson. The negro has participated in the sorrows and joys of mundane existence for 34 years. Johnson has come the closest to Fitz's record. He was 32 when he won the title from Tommy Burns.

The two antiquated bald-headed

swinging right uppercut to the jaw, followed by another to the chin, after the Californian was almost helpless earlier in the round, being the finishing wallops to one of the best battles seen at Kansas City between heavies for a long time. From the third round on when Kaufman, under a shower of blows, took the count of nine, the battle was all in favour of the fireman."

In these columns is reproduced a photograph of a group of well-known Aucklanders, who met together to welcome their old friend, Mr. W. W. Naughton, during the latter's visit to his native town some few weeks ago. In order to commemorate the occasion, Mr. Arthur Myers, M.P., ex-Mayor of Auckland, invited the members of the group to Jenkinson's studio to have their photographs taken, and presented each of them with a copy, a considerate action that was greatly appreciated by the recipients.

Al. Kubiak, who was spoken of some time ago as an American heavyweight likely to visit Australia next season, was recently beaten by Joe Jeanette. The last-named showed that he had the "Indian's sign" on Kubiak by stopping him in the ninth round. The pair had met twice previously, the coloured man winning on each occasion.