

(Wednesday) in Sydney and the result of the battle between these two well-known American boxers will be read with interest. The contest in question is Lester's last fight in Australia, for he is under orders to sail for America by the next boat.

Young O'Neil, of Westport, whose portrait appears in these columns, is anxious to box any lad in the Dominion at 7st 10lbs. O'Neil turns the scale at 7st 4lbs, so that his challenge is one that should receive consideration from aspiring flyweights. The youngster in question is agreeable to travel to any part of the Dominion to box for a suitable trophy, provided his expenses are paid. Young O'Neil has quite a number of performances to his credit, which he may well feel proud of. It was while weighing but 6st 10lbs that he won his first tournament, beating lads 14lbs and 20lbs heavier than himself. Since then he has won 6 other tournaments, in addition to which he has fought six special bouts, winning on four occasions, and losing twice, the two boys who defeated him having a big advantage in weight, one scaling 8.13. O'Neil has also secured four valuable cups, presented to him for exhibition sparring. He was to have fought Jimmy Ferguson, of Waipawa, at the last tournament, at Westport, but Ferguson failed to put in an appearance.

uppercut. Howard again arose, but he was dazed, and Referee Mitchell very properly stopped it and declared Clabby the winner.

The 20 rounds contest between Dave Smith and "Cyclone" Johnny Thompson drew a big crowd at the Sydney Stadium, despite the fact that the former was perhaps the hottest odds-on favourite that has ever boxed at the Rushcutter's Bay convincing ground. Smith knew his opponent's tactics to a nicety, and the majority of the American's cyclonic hits were wasted on the elusive Australian, whose generalship and excellent judgment enabled him to win all the way. Thompson repeatedly attempted to lure his opponent on in the close fighting, but Smith contented himself mostly with blocking the American's furious onslaughts, while in the open he out-boxed Thompson badly, increasing his points lead in every round. In the final round Thompson fought savagely for a knockout, but all to no purpose, the agile Smith causing him endless trouble, and gaining a popular decision by a wide margin.

American papers to hand convey the interesting news that Jack Johnson will of a certainty re-enter the pugilistic arena at no distant date, and the champion has lately been besieged by boxing promoters with their

Flynn, the Pueblo fireman, is not as well-known to the average boxing enthusiast as many lesser lights of the ring. Flynn has always been referred to as an Italian, whose real name was Chiariglioni. This, however, is a mistake, accredited to the fact that he assumed the name of his step-father. The great pugilist claims Irish-German parentage, with Flynn as the correct name. Flynn was born in Hoboken, New Jersey, in 1882, and when he was about four years old his people moved to Pueblo. Flynn attended school as little as possible until he was able to go to work as a blacksmith's helper, which was when he was fourteen years old. After a three years' apprenticeship he worked as a locomotive fireman for seven years on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad. His salary varied from £32 to £25 a month. Plenty of opportunities for rough and tumble fighting offered, and Flynn was so uniformly successful he began to consider a ring appearance.

It was in 1901 that the chance Flynn had waited for came his way, for he was matched to fight a barber named Ed Chambers, who had quite a reputation, before the Rovers' Athletic Club of Pueblo. This was Flynn's first appearance for money, although he had been in many private bouts. Chambers ran out of the ring after

ness to meet all comers is what has earned Flynn his present prosperity, for no game is too tough for him. He can take a terrific lacing himself while the "kick" he carries in his right mitt always represents an interesting possibility for an opponent.

Flynn's notable battle with big Al Kaufmann gave fight critics an idea of the former's remarkable calibre. Flynn took a great deal of punishment, but in the last round of a ten session affair he gave enough more than he took to put Kaufmann down for the count. Flynn then "tried out" big Carl Morris, the Oklahoma "Hope," in New York, and while no knockout was secured owing to Morris's gameness and strength, boxing critics declared Morris was far from ready for the game of Champion Jack Johnson. Flynn does not make any big claims as the result of these victories. Johnson once defeated him, and Flynn isn't clamouring for a return match. He thinks he has a "chance," and if an opportunity offered he would fight Johnson simply because fighting is his business.

Al Palzer, who is named as Johnson's second opponent, lately defeated Al Kaufmann in five rounds, and if all that is claimed for this new "White Hope" is gospel, then he is surely destined to take a prominent part in the world's championship dispute. A year ago Palzer was a farmer's boy working on his father's farm in Iowa, but being modelled on the lines of the ideal heavyweight, he decided to quit farm life and try his hand at the boxing game. He won several minor fights, and then placed himself under the control of that great boxing tutor, Tom O'Rourke, who spared no pains in moulding young Palzer into a perfect fighting machine. During his short term at the boxing business, Palzer has shown wonderful improvement, and possesses all that goes to make a champion—aggressiveness, gameness, and stamina. Palzer's worst fault is too much anxiety; he wants to beat his opponent in one round, but with further experience it is almost certain he will adopt different tactics. Good judges, however, affirm that within a year Palzer will be the toughest stumbling block ever seen in the heavyweight division.

Referring to the Barry-Lang fight, the Sydney "Sportsman" comments: Jim Barry is an ugly customer. He is a man a couple of inches shorter than Lang, but with his colossal limbs, deep chest, mighty buttocks, and heavy shoulders, he looked much heavier than Lang. Barry has clear-cut features, and a large, straight nose, which shows no signs of fist visitations. As a fighter, he is a sort of a glorified Jack Lester, with a Joe Grimm flavour. A hard, pressing, rushing fighter, he invariably had Bill Lang back-peddalling away from him with considerable speed. He is not too slow on his feet, and it was very seldom that Lang's punches appeared to cause him the slightest harm. He came out of the battle absolutely unmarked, whilst the Melbourne man's left eye was a fearsome spectacle; his lip was split, his nose was bleeding, his tongue had become lacerated, and, once, what very much appeared to be a tooth flew from Lang's mouth, although some wags aver that it was Snowy Baker's collar stud which had suddenly burst. It must be said that Barry fought fair all through, as also did the Australian. Lang's straight left appeared to trouble the visitor most, but it never appeared to have any great power behind it. All the time Barry's right swings to the head were the most dangerous to the local man, and Lang's injured eye kept stopping them with monotonous frequency, although by a head-shift Bill frequently allowed them to pass round to the back of his neck. Barry also kept smashing in short hard punches to the body calculated to take a tremendous deal of steam and fighting force out of his enemy. Taking the fight all through, though, he pretty well landed three blows to Lang's one. He invariably made the fighting, and at the conclusion of the fight Snowy Baker declared him the winner. He won most decisively; there was only one in it.

A match is talked of between those two clever lightweights, Jack Read and Billy Hannan, with Melbourne suggested as the scene of combat. Should the contest eventuate it is fairly safe to predict that the meeting of the pair will provide one of the best lightweight battles seen in the Victorian capital for some time.



DELEGATES WHO ATTENDED THE NEW ZEALAND ATHLETIC AND CYCLING UNION'S ANNUAL CONFERENCE WHICH WAS HELD AT HAMILTON ON FEBRUARY 29.—Back Row (reading from left): Messrs. J. I. Wilson (Greymouth), A. A. Campbell (Dunedin), J. M. McKay (Dunedin), P. Lindegren (Hastings), T. P. Gilfedder (Auckland), F. E. Goodey (Wellington), W. Gillespie (Masterton), A. J. Woodley (Auckland), J. H. Trinnear (Auckland). Second Row (from left): Messrs. A. J. Fisher (Blenheim), H. H. Fraser (Secretary), J. Clarke (New Plymouth), J. Kennedy (President), T. Duncan (Auckland), A. Hansen (Eltham), W. G. Callender (Hastings). Front Row (from left): J. O'Grady (official reporter), J. Collingwood (Feilding), M. Lavery (Masterton). [G. Cartwright, photo.]

Jim Barry, the young American fighter, who is to meet Sam Langford at the Sydney Stadium on Saturday is expected to make a big showing against the Boston coon, for it is stated that Barry was not seen at his best when he beat Lang a fortnight ago. Saturday's battle with Langford will be their tenth meeting, and as Barry seems to have got nearer and nearer his goal every time he has met the "Tar Baby," a great fight is anticipated, for there is no doubt that the American is the best of the white boxers at present in Australia.

Jimmy Clabby, the clever American middleweight, gave further proof of the effectiveness of his boxing powers at Melbourne last week, when he accounted for heavyweight Jack Howard in the seventh round. Howard's weight was given at 12st 7lb, while Clabby only tipped the beam at 11st, but was nevertheless a strong favourite in the betting. Clabby's varied stock of blows, combined with his lightning speed had Howard in trouble from the start and early in the seventh round the end came. Howard dropped from the effects of a hard left and right to the jaw and mouth. Regaining his feet, he received a second dose, which had a similar effect. Again Howard's pluck asserted itself. He wildly chased his opponent swinging with both hands. Clabby measured him coolly, and dropped him again with a smash on the chin and an

tempting offers. Notwithstanding the scarcity of good boxing material, there appears to be no difficulty in finding opponents for Johnson, but whether these aspiring heavyweights will ever actually stand face to face in the ring with the celebrated 'negro pugilist is quite another matter. A cable received in Sydney from San Francisco towards the end of last month announces that a syndicate at New-haven, Connecticut, U.S., have offered Johnson a guarantee of £10,000 to fight two fifteen rounds contests in the same afternoon, one against "Fireman" Jim Flynn, and the other against Al Palzer. The syndicate have applied to the police for the necessary permission to stage the bouts, and meanwhile further developments are awaited with no little interest. The matching of Jack Johnson against Flynn and Palzer in the one afternoon emphasises more than ever the great superiority of the coloured boxer over the white man, for Flynn and Palzer are unquestionably the two greatest white heavyweights of the present day. Jim Flynn is already well known to boxing followers, having basked in the limelight of ring adoration for a number of years, but it is only of late that Al Palzer's name has flashed across the cables as a coming world-beater.

Despite his ten years of prize-ring fighting, and the fact that he is the greatest white fighter of to-day, Jim

four rounds and Flynn was given £125 as the winner's share. Finally the railroad authorities began to take notice of Flynn's ring activities, and before his first fight with George Gardner, a 20-round draw, he was sent a letter warning him either to keep up his firing or get fired. Flynn managed not to receive the letter until after the contest, so was reinstated in his position after an investigation. Soon afterwards, however, he resigned and formally entered the boxing game. Then followed bouts with the best men in the light heavyweight and heavyweight ranks, including a go with the present champion, Jack Johnson, who stopped him in eleven rounds in San Francisco in 1907.

Jim Flynn is not likely ever to be world's champion, but he is likely to upset premature aspirations of any "white hope" who is not pretty well fortified with cleverness and experience. Flynn admits he never has been a clever boxer, doesn't ever expect to be, and furthermore, doesn't want cleverness. He's afraid cleverness might rob him of his punch. What's the use of being clever, argues Flynn, when you can defeat clever fellows of your weight. Flynn believes he can defeat any white pugilist of his weight in the world, a good many above his weight, and, furthermore, he is willing to meet any of the rest of them, whether he thinks he can beat them or not. The willing-