



FITZSIMMONS WAS ROBBED.

Knocked Out Tom Sharkey but Lost on an Alleged Foul.

REFEREE EARP GAVE A RAW DECISION.

The Cornishman Was Warned Against Accepting the Ex Faro Dealing Sharp.

ONLY ONE MAN IN THE FIGHT FROM START TO FINISH.

Lon Agnew Won From Muller After Six Hard Rounds--An Immense Crowd Filled the Pavilion--Crowd Yelled Fake.

The alleged gun-fighter, Wyatt Earp, who is best known as the bodyguard of Long Green Lawrence, of the Examiner, robbed Bob Fitzsimmons of a well-earned victory over Tom Sharkey in the most barefaced manner last night.

The sailor, who fought foul all through the eight rounds of the battle, went down from a hook on the chin and a terrific left drive in the pit of the stomach, and the crowd got up to go with the impression that Bob had won.

But then the slouchy would-be referee gave the decision to the sailor on a foul, and the house howled in derision and would not believe it until Fitzsimmons himself confirmed the story by protesting against the outrage.

It was the most half-decent steal that has ever been seen in the San Francisco prize ring and will do much to hurt boxing on this coast if, indeed, it does not kill it entirely.

Earp did not wait to see what effect the decision would have on the crowd, but sneaked from the ring while Fitz's friends were crowding about the big Cornishman to congratulate him and was far away when the crowd understood and began to yell "Fake," "Steal" and other expressions of that character.

It is safe to say that his fake reputation as a bad man from Arizona would not have saved his hide had the crowd been able to get hands on him.

He showed the "yellow dog" in him by going into the ring with a Colt's navy revolver in his pocket, indicating that he feared trouble over the decision that he knew he would give if opportunity offered.

When Captain Wittman saw it pushing out his coat tails he demanded the gun, and it was only after repeated orders from the big police officer that Earp gave up the weapon on which he depends for a living.

The Fitzsimmons people knew when they entered the ring something was wrong, and when the club management announced that Fakir Earp was his choice--the managers of the men having failed to agree on a man--they protested against him.

Julian, who talked for Fitz, said to the throng that they had originally been satisfied with the alleged gun-fighter, but that just before the fight they had heard that Earp was fixed for Sharkey.

"We are satisfied with any other man in the house," he said, "but we don't want this man," pointing to Earp. "We don't want to be kicked, but we want at least a fair show. Let them choose any other man and we will be ready."

Earp hung his head during the speech. The wrangle grew too long for Fitz and he finally sprang from his chair and said: "I have given in to everything in this matter and I will give in to this. Let's get at it."

That slip of judgment cost Fitz \$10,000, but not a whit of his reputation, for not a fair-minded man in the audience saw more than one man in the fight, and that man was Bob Fitzsimmons.

He simply smothered the sailor and won the good will of the crowd, which was at first with Sharkey, by the great fairness with which he fought. When he

Professor Watson, "The Call's" Authority on Boxing.

Professor Walter Watson, boxing instructor at the Olympic Club, was secured by THE CALL to write a technical report of the big contest by rounds. Such a report is of especial value, because Professor Watson has probably seen more boxing contests than any other man in California, having been connected with the sport as a participant, instructor and referee since he was 18 years of age. He knows all the points of the game and has brought out a score of amateur and professional champions, including James J. Corbett.

Professor Watson was born in London in 1854. He commenced boxing when he was 18 years old, weighing at that time 140 pounds, his first experience being gained at old Nat Langham's, a place then known to all London. He won several tournaments with gloves and bare knuckles, being the champion in his class. At 20 he commenced giving instructions in boxing, being engaged at different times by all the prominent boxing clubs of London. He brought out eleven different champions, at various weights.

In the summer of 1883 Mr. Watson came to New York teaching boxing at Wood's Gymnasium, and at the New York Athletic Club. He was engaged by the Olympic Club of this City in 1885 as boxing instructor, and has retained that position ever since, with the exception of short intervals when he was employed in a similar capacity by the Acme and Reliance Clubs of Oakland when those clubs first started.

As a teacher of the manly art Professor Watson has few equals. During his stay on the coast he has brought out such champions as Corbett, Jack Kitchen, Billy Galigher, Stewart Carter, Joe Reay, T. Van Buskirk, Milton Hayes and dozens of others.

ment of the club were allowed inside, and even the latter were not let in until he had been dressed.

Two or three reputable physicians who came to the door were told that Dr. Lustig was inside and were turned away.

Later, when an interview was requested with Dr. Lustig, the information was given that he was not there and had not been there.

It was seen when Sharkey was carried out and into the carriage that no physician was in the room.

As a matter of fact no doctor was allowed to see Sharkey and up to the time he left his room all the proof that he had been fouled was the say so of his trainers and the backer. His trunks

FITZ SAYS HE WAS ROBBED.

To Dan A. Stuart Esq., Dallas, Tex.

We were robbed to-night, but this outrageous decision will not make any difference in our plans. Fitz will meet both Sharkey and Corbett in the same ring any time you are ready to arrange the match.

MARTIN JULIAN.

[COPY OF A TELEGRAM SENT LAST NIGHT BY FITZSIMMONS' MANAGER.]

were not even removed to see whether he was hurt.

Later when a Dr. Lee had examined Sharkey and pronounced him injured, an effort was made to ascertain something about the doctor, but as his name does not appear in the register of regular physicians issued in January, 1896, it was in vain.

Dr. Wadsworth, secretary of the Board of Examiners of the regular public schools, said last night that he had never heard of Dr. Lee, and could not give any information on the subject.

On the streets after the fight nothing but the manner in which Fitzsimmons was robbed was heard and if Fakir Earp's ears did not tingle it was because they were hardened by long experience in this line.

There was evidently trouble about the referee. They both crossed the ring and talked with Major McLaughlin.

At 10:16 o'clock Sharkey threw aside his robe and stepped to the center of the ring, when Billy Jordan introduced him to the crowd as "Thomas Sharkey, the pride of the American navy and the champion of the Pacific Coast." He was received with great cheering. Sharkey was clad in green tights with the American flag draped as a belt. He looked in splendid condition, though perhaps a little finely drawn.

Sharkey walked back to his chair and then Mr. Jordan introduced "Robert Fitzsimmons, the champion of the world." He was cheered heartily, though not so loudly as was Sharkey. Fitz walked back to his corner and then another delay ensued. Fitz watched Sharkey closely, "wiping him up." He also looked about the house, bowing here and there, and

Martin Julian, Fitzsimmons' manager, then went to the ropes and addressed the crowd, saying: "I want to announce that Mr. Sharkey's manager, the club officials and myself, met and tried to select a referee. I named half a dozen, among whom was Hiram Cook, and several others. Mr. Lynch objected to all of them. The club then selected Mr. Earp. A good man," yelled somebody in the gallery; "some cheered this rally, others hissed it." When we first heard that Mr. Earp had been selected he was satisfactory to us," continued Mr. Julian, "but since 6:30 o'clock this evening several sporting men belonging to San Francisco have come and told us that the referee is fixed."

"Name them," cried the man in the gallery, and the crowd cheered. Then Mr. Lynch took the platform. He said: "Gentlemen, Mr. Fitzsimmons' representative and myself, in conjunction with the officers of the club, met. Mr. Sharkey has lived up to every article he agreed to, and is here ready and willing to fight, with the referee selected by the club."

Then Danny Needham went to the center of the ring, selected a pair of gloves and brought them over and put them on Sharkey.

Mr. Jordan then announced: "Mr. Julian is willing to select any referee in house." "Watt Earp!" yelled a hundred voices. Manager Gibbs then climbed through the ropes, making eleven persons within the inclosure.

Jordan crossed to the west side and said: "Mr. Julian is willing to select Hiram Cook, or any other good referee."

The crowd on the west end cheered and called "Hiram Cook." Jordan went to different sides, calling for Mr. Cook, but he did not appear. Somebody yelled: "Get Judge Campbell," and the crowd laughed.

Then Fitzsimmons stood up and raised his hand for silence, and the house quieted. He said: "I have given in to all my fights, and I will give in to this one. The crowd cheered and cried: 'Take them off, Sharkey.' Billy Jordan announced: 'Mr. Fitzsimmons accepts Mr. Earp for referee.'"

With this Fitzsimmons pulled on his gloves, assisted by his seconds. Sharkey's seconds took the bandages off his wrists. Hickey, one of Fitzsimmons' seconds, walked over and felt of Sharkey's gloves. Referee Earp took off his coat and prepared for business, while Sharkey took another gargle of water and Fitz rubbed his shoes in the rosin-box.

Billy Jordan then announced: "This will be a ten-round contest, and the conditions are that at the end of the ten rounds the man having the best of the contest will be awarded the decision. The certified check for \$10,000 is now in the referee's hands."

Fitzsimmons stood up and so did Sharkey. Their seconds left the ring. They stepped to the center and shook hands. Fitz did not look much taller than his opponent. Fitz put his hands on Sharkey's shoulder, evidently illustrating a break-away. Both shook again after the referee made to them and Fitz said, "May the best man win."

Billy Jordan then announced: "The men have agreed in a clinch to break away fair and square and not do any fighting. Here is the check for \$10,000," waving aloft a check-shaped piece of white paper.

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THE AIRSHIP DESCRIBED BY FISHERMEN

Say That It Landed on the Beach Near Pacific Grove.

SEEN AT SHORT RANGE.

The Men Assert That They Conversed With the Three Aeronauts.

ABOUT SIXTY FEET IN LENGTH

The "Call" Correspondents Will Visit the Place To-Day for Corroborative Evidence.

According to the testimony of two fishermen of Pacific Grove, Monterey County, an airship landed on the beach yesterday about fifteen miles north of that place and they held a conversation with and dined with the aeronauts. The fishermen described the airship, which they say they viewed from a distance of fifty yards and asserted that it is about sixty feet long and made of metal.

The CALL correspondent, who interviewed the fishermen states that they have the reputation of being truthful and responsible tellers of the sea. However he will today visit the place where the airship is said to have landed, if the fishermen's story be true the aeronauts will surely have left behind some evidence of their visit.

W. H. H. Hart, the attorney for the inventor, stated yesterday that he had not heard of his client recently, but he believes that he is still navigating the sky somewhere over the southern part of the State.

A letter received by THE CALL from five residents of Water town gives the information that they saw an airship pass over their locality on the 29th ult. bound apparently to the north.

NEAR PACIFIC GROVE.

Two Fishermen Say They Saw the Airship on the Ocean Beach, PACIFIC GROVE, CAL., Dec. 2.—That the problem of navigating the air has at last been successfully solved there no longer remains a doubt.

At an early hour this morning, some fifteen miles from this city, two Italian fishermen, Giuseppe Valinzi and Luigi Valdivia, while engaged in their vocation, were completely terrorized by seeing an object descending from the heavens, which to their terror-stricken imaginations seemed to be falling directly upon their boat. When the object had fallen within some few hundred yards of the water it floated easily and at a moderate speed until it landed on the sandy beach. The airship, for such it proved to be, seemed to be under the perfect control of its occupants, three in number.

Immediately on landing they alighted and picking up their ship, carried it back from the beach and into the woods. As soon as the two fishermen had recovered from their astonishment they drew in their nets and attempted to make a landing, and after several unsuccessful attempts to get through the surf, which was very rough, a landing was made.

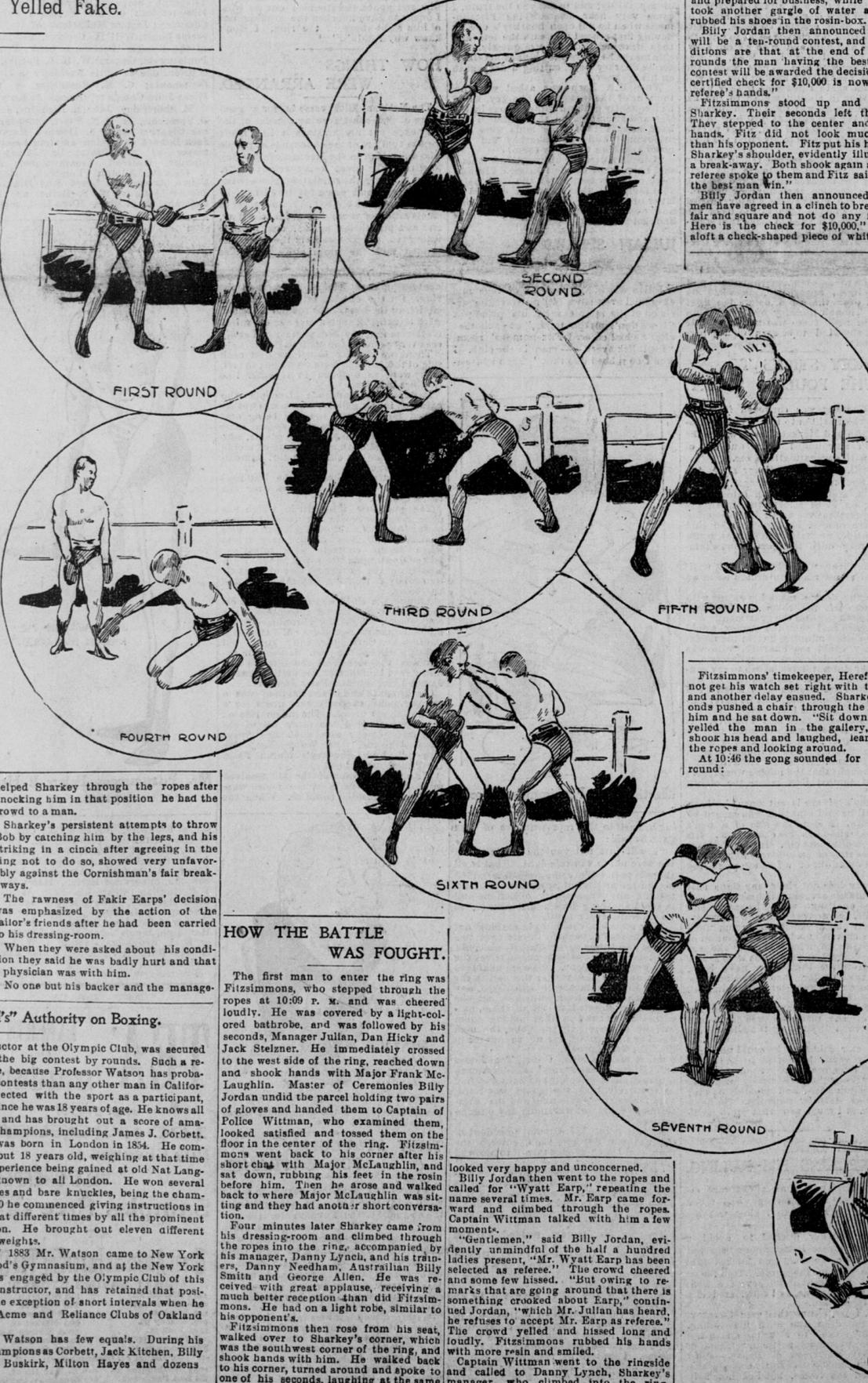
During this time the persons who had so strangely appeared upon the scene were watching the actions of the fishermen, and upon the first signs of a successful landing one of the party advanced to meet them and warned them away from the spot where the ship was concealed. But Valinzi, who is a man of considerable intelligence, was not to be got rid of so easily, and engaged the aeronaut in conversation with the intention of learning as much as possible concerning the strange visitor. At first the man who had met them at the water's edge refused to answer any questions or allow the two fishermen to proceed further toward the spot where the ship was located, threatening to use force if necessary to prevent their doing so, but finally seeing that Valinzi and his companion were determined not to leave without obtaining at least a glimpse of the aerial traveler milder counsels prevailed.

Telling them to remain where they were until he could consult with his companions the aeronaut left them and disappeared in the woods, remaining away some fifteen minutes, and on his reappearance beckoned Valinzi and his companion to advance.

Upon their arrival at the edge of the woods they were met by the entire party. One who appeared to be the leader courteously bade them "Good morning" and said: "I suppose your curiosity has been aroused by our rather unusual mode of traveling. I am not yet ready to make my discovery known to the public, but hope to be able to do so as soon as some slight changes are made in its construction. Until such time I must refuse to allow any one to make a close inspection. You are welcome to get a view of the ship as you can from a distance, but any attempt at closer inspection will meet with forcible resistance."

The man who had done nearly all the talking for the party was addressed by his companions simply as "captain." He declined to give any information as to where the ship was constructed or where he intended going, saying it was simply an experiment tal trip.

While this conversation was being carried on the airship was being carried



HOW THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT.

The first man to enter the ring was Fitzsimmons, who stepped through the ropes at 10:09 p. m., and was cheered loudly. He was covered by a light-colored bathrobe, and was followed by his seconds, Manager Julian, Dan Hickey and Jack Stelzer. He immediately crossed to the west side of the ring, reached down and shook hands with Major Frank McLaughlin. Master of Ceremonies Billy Jordan undid the parcel holding two pairs of gloves and handed them to Captain of Police Wittman, who examined them, looked satisfied and tossed them on the floor in the center of the ring. Fitzsimmons went back to his corner after his short chat with Major McLaughlin, and sat down, rubbing his feet in the rosin before him. Then he arose and walked back to where Major McLaughlin was sitting and they had another short conversation.

Four minutes later Sharkey came from his dressing-room and climbed through the ropes into the ring, accompanied by his manager, Danny Lynch, and his trainers, Danny Needham, Australian Billy Smith and George Allen. He was received with great applause, receiving a much better reception than did Fitzsimmons. He had on a light robe, similar to his opponent's.

Fitzsimmons then rose from his seat, walked over to Sharkey's corner, which was the southwest corner of the ring, and shook hands with him. He walked back to his corner, turned around and spoke to one of his seconds, laughing at the same

time. Fitzsimmons weighed in at 173½ pounds and Sharkey at 182. Fitzsimmons sat in his corner with a very confident air, leaning his arms on his legs, which were spread far apart. Sharkey sat perfectly still and erect, listening to something Billy Jordan was saying to him. Martin Julian and Danny Needham were engaged in an animated conversation, evidently about a referee, alongside. The men remained this way for several minutes, while the crowd talked and yelled, and cheered alternately. Sharkey rinsed out his mouth with a little water, and Fitzsimmons rubbed some resin on his hands and then leaned forward on his legs again, twiddling his fingers and looking very unconcerned.

Manager Gibbs then climbed through the ropes and talked with Martin Julian. There was evidently trouble about the referee. They both crossed the ring and talked with Major McLaughlin.

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