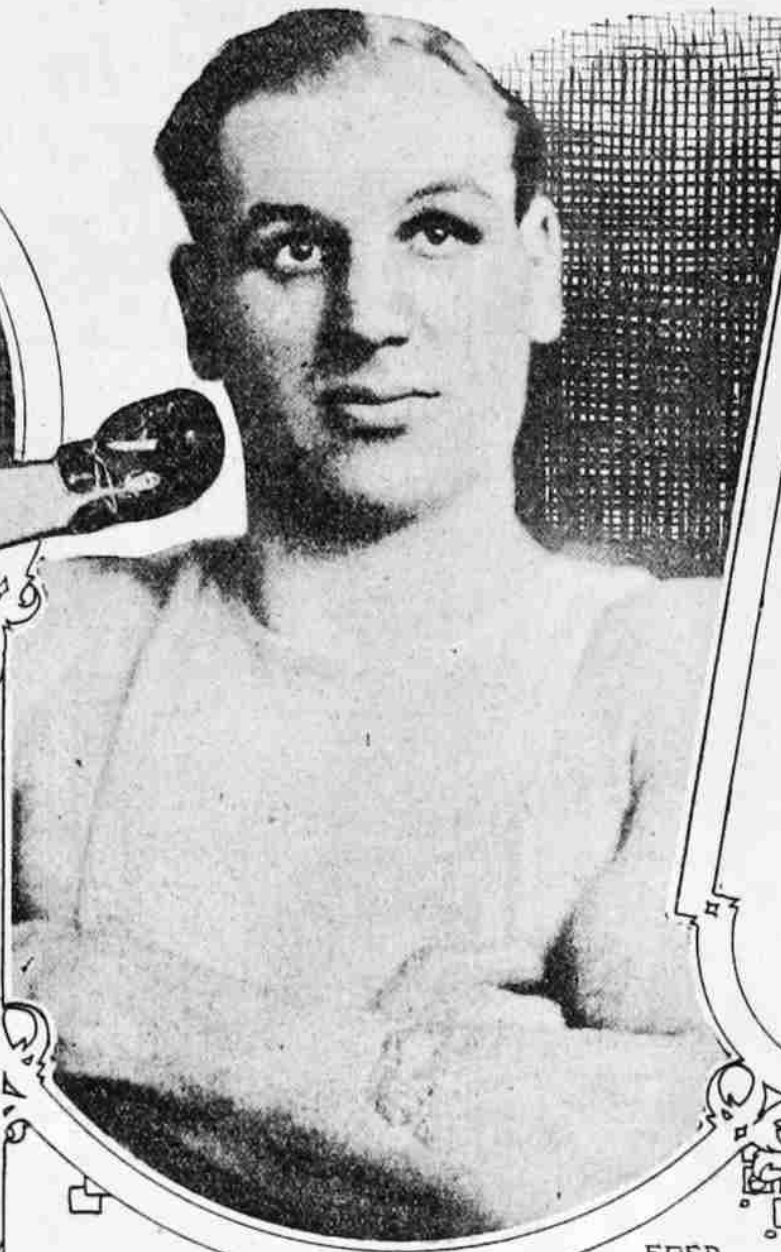


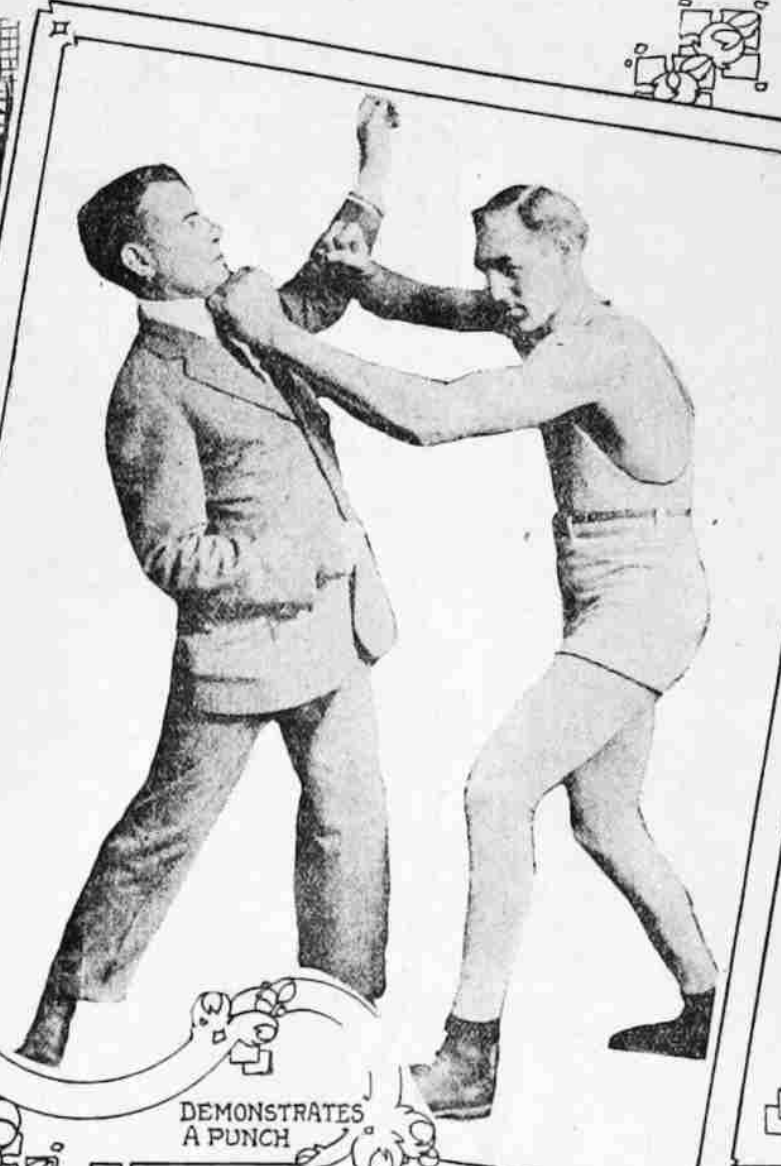
Fulton's Chances Stronger After Cowler Bout



WILLARD'S FIGHTING POSE



FRED FULTON



DEMONSTRATES A PUNCH



THE WILLARD SMILE

All but Out in Recent Battle, He Fought Gamely Through Three Rounds, Came Back and Knocked His Clever Opponent Out

BY J. B. SHERIDAN.

WHEN Fred Fulton was all but knocked out by Tom Cowler in their eight-round bout at St. Louis March 11, many experts on boxing said that Fulton had no chance to beat Willard when they met later on. Fulton made a bad showing. Cowler is a big, clever chap, but he was too fat and slow. Were it not for these things he, very probably, would have beaten Fulton in two rounds instead of being knocked out by him in the fifth round. The experts do not seem to rate Cowler very highly and when he all but put Fulton away in the first round, and had all the better of the first three rounds, they shook their heads and said "What will Willard do to that big stick?"

Fulton did make a poor showing. He was in much better condition than was Cowler. Cowler all but put him out. Good condition enabled Fulton to recover and knock out Cowler, who was not in condition and who could not come back.

However, snap judgment, or any judgment based on the fight with Cowler, must do Fulton an injustice. Many first-class men have been caught with a lucky wallop and all but put away. The great Sullivan was fortunate that his reputation, and clever management back of him, enabled him to get out of the ring with Patsy Cardiff and Dominic McCaffery without having defeats chalked against him. Sullivan was out of condition on both occasions and was opposed by clever, capable fighters. Had he been compelled to go on he could not have won. He might have lost. Cardiff really had him beaten, but Sullivan claimed that he had broken a bone in his wrist and withdrew. To quit was regarded as one of Sullivan's privileges. He could do what no other pugilist dare do and get away with it.

Jackson Underrated Smith.

"Denver Ed" Smith had the great Peter Jackson thoroughly beaten at Battery B, Chicago, about 1891. Jackson was not fit and underrated Smith, who was really a clever two-handed fighter and a great hitter. Had Smith been a careful liver, he would have tackled with the best of them. Some one got him fit afterwards and he gave "Earrier Joe" Goddard, a man later the besting of his checkered career. Goddard was the first man to start Jackson on the downward path. He was a terrible fellow, the roughest of the rough, a foul fighter, but game and capable of taking a terrible grueling.

Joe Choyneki almost nipped the conquering career of Bob Fitzsimmons. A lucky punch. Fitz's amazing vitality alone saved him. George La Blanche twice beat Jack Dempsey with lucky blows when Dempsey was methodically and leisurely chopping him to pieces. The world remembers what Jack Moun-

Cowler is Clever. So it will be well not to take Fulton's mishap with Cowler any too seriously. Cowler is a great big, fast fellow, he is clever, he can hit, and, if he would only take pugilism seriously and train hard, instead of making life one long, sweet song, he might be champion of the world himself.

Then remember that, though all but out, down for the count of nine, Fulton came around and knocked out Cowler. Fulton came from as far back as a man can possibly come in a flat-fight. He was all but dead to the world. He came around, fought uphill for three rounds, and then came out on top. Indeed, to my way of thinking, the fight was one of the most creditable that Fulton has ever made. Any man can win when everything goes right for him. Everything went wrong for Fulton—it was a bad match in the first place—yet he kept on and triumphed. He proved what had been doubted, his gameness. Of course, Fulton fought through habit and instinct, not gameness, but, all the same, he stayed, took a beating, and won. In all human probability the fight did him no end of good. So, on the whole, I would say that the poor showing against Cowler is more creditable and more beneficial to Fulton than an easy victory would have been.

In any event, we must rate Fulton, not on his showing with Cowler, in one, two, four or five rounds, but on his

general record as compared with Willard's record. Experts may say that Fulton's showing against Cowler does not give him a look in with Willard. Yet we find that Fulton has made much better showings against the men that he has fought and that Willard has fought than the latter has made. Save his defeat of Jack Johnson, which no well-informed boxing expert takes seriously, Willard has beaten no man who at all compares with Sam Langford, whom Fulton not only whipped, but made quit, in six rounds. It will be remembered that the best Johnson ever did with Langford was to get a decision from him April 28, 1904, at Chelsea, Boston. This was before either Johnson or Langford had achieved any great meed of fame and were, presumably, boxing "on the level."

Fulton Beats Langford. Also let it be remembered that Willard no sooner had taken the championship from the aging, bankrupt and needy Johnson, who probably made much more money by losing than he could have made by winning from Willard, than the Kansas promptly drew the color line against the same Langford. Then Fulton went out and made Langford quit in six rounds, just took him on quietly and punched him into a pulp. There is slight use in discussing the value of Willard's win over Johnson. The world knows that Willard or any other man that ever lived, bar, perhaps, Jeffries or Jackson at his best, could not have whipped the real Jack Johnson. Willard's win over the Texan was no more creditable than Johnson's win over the huge dervish that had once been James J. Jeffries, champion pugilist of the world.

For, in the first place, it was up to Johnson to lose. As a money-making asset his championship title was no good. He was barred from the United States, Great Britain and France, the only places where a boxer can make money. The title was fallow so long as Johnson held it. No one could make a dime off it. It was to the interest of promoters, and of Johnson himself, to have the title go to a white man who could make use of it for himself and for promoters of boxing clubs, the theatrical managers, etc.

In other words Johnson had something that was very valuable in the right hands, but of no earthly use to him. Then Johnson was aging, had dislocated and perhaps, might lose anyhow. Then Willard beat him. The title was back where it belonged, where it did some good to somebody. There can be no doubt that Langford could have beaten Johnson as he was

when Willard beat him. But Langford was aging and black and no black man can do as much with the championship as a white man. So let us take the men with whom both Willard and Fulton have tried conclusions. First we have Arthur Pelkey. Pelkey stayed twelve rounds to a no-decision with Willard in 1912. Fulton knocked out Pelkey in five rounds in 1915.

The Carl Morris Angle. Next came Carl Morris. The big fireman went ten rounds, no decision, with Willard. Many critics did not like big Jess' showing with the Oklahoma leviathan. Fulton flattened Carl pretty thoroughly in five rounds and compelled him to lose on a foul. Of course Fulton also lost on an alleged foul to Morris, but it was generally admitted that the scener had fought so feebly that Fulton was to be forgiven for having fouled him in return.

Gunboat Smith gave Willard a real trimming in twenty rounds May 29, 1913. Remember, too, that his win is a rare one in a long list of no-decision and lost bouts on the part of the Gunboat. Willard lost to Smith in twenty rounds. Four years later Fulton put out the Gunner in seven rounds. Then came Tom McMahon in March, 1914, to beat Willard in twelve rounds. Fulton knocked out McMahon in six rounds.

In 1916, after Willard had won the championship from Johnson, he took on Frank Moran. They went ten rounds to no decision. Willard had slightly the better of a tame bout. In February, 1918, Fulton put away Moran in three rounds and could have done it quicker had he wanted to.

Summed up, we find that against five men, Willard has fought sixty-two rounds to two defeats and three no-decisions and no wins, while against the same five men Fulton has had to go but twenty-seven rounds to five victories, four of them clean knockouts, one a foul.

This makes Fulton look 5 to 1 the better fighter than Willard. He had his men knocked out, the fight over and the money collected while Willard was warming up for two losses and three no-decisions. On record, there is nothing to it but Fulton. You get no consolation out of Willard's other fights save that against Johnson which, for reasons set forth above, we have "thrown out of court." In all we find that in seven years of boxing Willard has thirteen knockouts of fair and good men to his credit. In five years we find that Fulton had knocked twenty-one men, most of them much better than any man Willard has knocked out, barring Johnson.

Careers of Willard and Fulton

	W.	L.	K.	K. by	W. F.	L. F.	D.	N. D.
Willard	15	4	3	0	0	1	1	5
Fulton	33	4	0	1	2	2	0	3

Five Fighters Met by Both Men.

	Willard.	Rds.	Opponent.	Decision.	Rds.	Fulton.
No. dec.	10	A. Pelkey.	K.	5		
No. dec.	10	C. Morris.	W. F.	6		
Lost.	20	G. B. Smith.	K.	7		
Lost.	12	T. McMahon.	K.	6		
No. dec.	10	F. Moran.	K.	3		

Total rounds..... 63
 Willard's other fights: K. O. J. Young (2), F. Bowers, Sailor White, Soldier Kearns, J. Leon, Boer Roedel (2), G. Davis, D. Riley, J. Johnson; draw, Charley Miller; won, J. Reid, A. Williams; no decision, L. McCarty.
 Fulton's other fights: K. O. S. Klosby, J. Moran, F. Farmer, B. Clark, G. Logan, T. Kellar, A. Andersen (2), J. Flynn, A. Reich, P. Flynn, T. Cowler (2), S. Langford, C. Weinert, B. Devere, H. Tate, etc.; won, foul, C. Weinert; won, decision, P. Flynn; draw, E. Miske; lost, foul, C. Morris; K. O. by Al Palzer early in ring career.

On the records Fulton should win easily. But records are not the only things to be considered. The morale of the fighters, the temperament, the condition of the men, the fighting instinct is of primary importance. Let it be said at once that Willard is not a real fighting man. That is to say, he does not like to fight. Primarily, he is a stockman and farmer. Standing in the stock yards selling a carload of cattle is Willard's proper place. We may as well say here that Fulton is not a born fighting man, either. He is primarily and naturally a mechanic, a bricklayer or plasterer. He is not a gay, debonair fighting man. This much must be said in favor of Willard: He is a sound, fresh, powerful and well-behaved fellow. He lives a sound, home life. He has never taken anything out of himself by dissipation. There is no reason to doubt that Fulton is also a clean liver. However, it is bruited about that he is not quite so wholesome in his method of living as Willard, who lives with the healthy simplicity of one of his own steers. Without doubt, Willard can stand up and take a long mauling. He has no nerves; he is strong and patient as an ox. Fulton also is of a bovine nature, but does not seem to be so healthy or vitally powerful as Willard.

It has been held against Fulton that he did not show much boxing skill against Cowler. Well, Cowler did not give him much of a chance to display boxing skill. He leapt upon him at the top of the first bell and all but put him out in the first minute of fighting. Before a man's brain clears it is testimony that he did well. Further from what I have seen of Fulton, he has got just one boxing asset—a long, strong and accurate left hand. Now, a good left hand is about the best thing that a boxer can possess. I have seen faster, snappier and more dexterously used left hands than that owned by Fulton, but I do not think that I have ever seen so long and so strong a left as that employed by the Minnesota miller. Fulton is, like Jeffries, a natural left-hander. He writes, cuts his food and does everything with his left hand. It is a longer left hand than that of Jeffries, and probably stronger.

Take away that left hand, and I would not give much for Fulton's chances as a boxer. He is not at all so strong in the body or jaw as Willard is. Willard can probably take a much harder beating about the jaw and body than Fulton can take. The plasterer is flaccid. He carries no flesh. Willard is round-bodied and carries flesh. Long experience has taught me that the best men and dogs and horses, the best competitors of all sorts, are round-bodied and deep in the abdomen. Every capable trainer of athletes likes a man to carry some extra flesh. They love to train a man who has flesh to lose. It is an axiom among old trainers that every man feels good when he is losing flesh. You have heard of men "training up," putting on weight instead of taking it off. That would be bad, if, indeed, it could be done. No doubt a sick man, or a man much indoors, can put on flesh while training, if he does he will not feel good. Thirty years of experience has taught me that all great performers must eat heavily and endure hard work. This goes for animals as well as men. The great race horses have almost all been heavy in the abdomen and big eaters. "One-gutted," meaning slim in the abdomen, is a term often used to express utter contempt on the race track. I got a rare illustration of the weakness of the slim-bodied, light feeding men as opposed to the hearty eater when Corbett was training for Fitzsimmons.

Corbett was slim through the stomach, never gathered flesh. He never went to breakfast hungry. A grapefruit and a cup of coffee made breakfast for Pompadour Jim. Fitz was not heavy in the hips or body, but he bulged a bit in the stomach and he put on weight when out of training. Corbett never had to take off weight. Fitz always had flesh to convert into muscle, if not to lose. Fitz a Hard Worker. Fitzsimmons was a great believer in hard work when training. He believed in fresh air and out-of-door work. So at Carson City he was out every morning and afternoon over the worst roads in the world, plowing through the snow, which often was waist deep, and climbing the Sierras. It was the best sort of work for a fighter. Road work is always the best sort of work. The rougher the road the better the work. Fitz was doing from twenty to thirty miles a day in clear, cold weather over the Nevada roads.

Now Willard looks like a sounder body than Fulton, just as Fitz was a sounder body than Corbett. I will venture the statement that Willard eats more, digests what he eats better than Fulton does, that his stomach, lungs, heart and arteries are sounder than those of Fulton. Not that Fulton is not a strong and sound man, Willard is exceptionally strong and sound and healthy. As a boxer Willard has two better hands than Fulton has, but I doubt that his left is as good as that of the plasterer. Willard's right must be better than Fulton's right, for Fulton's right is not much.

Up to Fulton's Left. So, we may figure Willard, sounder than Fulton, and an all-around better boxer than Fulton, but with a less effective hand than Fulton's long, strong, stiff and cruel left. We have seen that a left hand is the best tool that a boxer can have. We have also seen that Willard exceeds Fulton in staying ability, nerves and two-handed power. Therefore, if Fulton is to win, his left hand must win for him. In order to win Willard need but get past that left hand. But to get past a good left hand is the hardest thing a boxer can have asked of him. The fighting instinct, the exhilaration which some men feel in battle, is not very strong in either Willard or Fulton, not strong enough to decide the conflict, to have any great effect upon it in any way. Fulton probably likes to fight better than Willard, but is not so even tempered nor so patient. It is a matter of left hand with Fulton. His left hand must win for him as it won for Peter Jackson and many another good man. What must Willard do to beat that left hand? Clearly Willard's greatest asset is his superior strength, health and weight. If he can keep Fulton's long left out of his face and stomach and throw his weight on the plasterer, rough him in clinches, Willard should win. If the Fettawatami giant is fit and keeps that left out of his face and stomach Fulton is in for a bad time. It is a case of a good left hand, strong, straight, natural, but not cleverly used, against two fair hands, a better constitution, greater weight and a more equitable, better-poised character. Can Willard avoid Fulton's left? If you can answer that question you can pick the winner.

Corbett worked enough, but always indoors. It was difficult to induce him to take a little trot on paths swept in the snow. He even hated to walk from his quarters indoors to the handball court because of the cold. Jim was brought up in San Francisco, where it rarely snows, and where it is never what any Northerner would call cold. The result of this was that Fitzsimmons let Corbett beat and punch him at will for eight rounds. When Jim, soft from indoor work, tired, the old road racer, bleeding like a stuck pig, but strong as a lion, plowed into Jim and pushed him all over the ring. The solar plexus punch has been called a flick. Corbett has always thought he could have beaten Fitz had not that punch landed. I had money wagered on Corbett, I was "strong for him," but I never thought I had a chance to win after the eighth round. He was scoring on Fitzsimmons right to the end, he was much the better boxer, but, despite his pecks, old Fitz was boring into him, not caring whether he got hit or hit. He felt Corbett tiring; his blows losing power, he was wild to get to close quarters and finish it. Afterward Corbett said: "He is a funny fellow, Fitzsimmons. Gee, I used to hear of him plowing through the mountains and snow in Nevada. I never could do that!" "That" was what won for Ruby Roberts.