

CORBETT HANDS NEW YORK BOXING COMMISSION A PROPER ROAST

Men at Head of Affairs Have a Lot to Learn About the Game—Referee Is Now a Joke—Takes Off His Hat to Luther McCarty, Who Really Surprised Him.

By James J. Corbett, Former Heavyweight Champion of the World.

Written for The Sunday World.

In the set of "new" rules formulated by the New York State Athletic Commission recently a few comparatively unimportant features are introduced, while certain crying needs of the sport are entirely overlooked. The new deal is about what would be expected from a collaboration by two men directly opposite in their views of how boxing should be conducted, and outside of a minor detail here and there the latest pattern in ring regulations can hardly be termed an improvement on the old.

Commissioner O'Neill, to give that gentleman credit due, realizes that professional boxing is not a parlor game and wants to govern the sport accordingly. Major Dixon, his associate, is apparently influenced very much by his experience in amateur sport with which he has long been identified.

There are several paragraphs outlining the duties of the referee, but after reading them thru carefully one wonders whose referees at all. The job calls for nothing in the way of knowledge of boxing or experience in any capacity with the sport. A clerk from the ribbon counter who had never witnessed a bout could perform the duties assigned to the third man in the ring.

The rules in a referee's hands so effectively that he scarcely has more authority than the average spectator. In fact, as I understand the new code, his discretionary powers and ring authority are confined to the privilege of stopping a bout should it become so one-sided that it is obvious to everybody present. He is not even allowed to disqualify a foul fighter. There is not a line to govern his actions in such a contingency. As for giving decisions, period. The referee would be playing right into the hands of the horrid gamblers and too terrible to contemplate.

I would like to see three red-blooded men on the athletic commission. A new governor is now on the job. I hope he feels the same about it, too, and I have reason to believe he does.

New Weights Are Good.

The commission has also undertaken the regulation of weights in the different classes and to help out matters has created two new divisions or classes—paper-weight and commission-weight. The former to be limited to 105 pounds and the latter (a new name for the light-heavy) set at 175 pounds.

This is in accordance with a request made, it is said, by the ring authorities of England and France to assist in compiling an international scale to govern the various divisions. It is a step in the right direction and any movement that has as its object the establishment of a world-wide standard should be supported. Still New York is not the entire United States, and it strikes me that those interested in the sport in other boxing centres of the country should have been consulted upon such an important matter as revision of weights, before the commission submitted the new scale to the ring authorities of foreign countries for approval.

The most radical changes in weights in the New York scale are made in the smaller divisions. It is a more difficult task for the average boxer to weight to concede one pound to an opponent than for a heavyweight to give away ten times as much. Yet the local body had widened the breach between two of the smallest classes by increasing the limit in the feather-weight class to 125 pounds and reducing the bantam limit to 115. From this it is evident that the commissioners

have a great deal to learn about classifying boxers according to weight.

Sam Langford will have to come back now—and to Joe Jeannette. There is no chance for Sambo to dodge the Hoboken boom any longer. He played the string out in Australia by putting Sam McVey away in 13 rounds and now it's a case of home for the "bar baby." McVey was a good meal ticket while he lasted and Langford fattened financially on the proceeds of no less than five battles before he put the K. O. across and killed his man's drawing powers.

Just a year ago the two Sams met for the first time in Sydney and McVey was awarded the decision after 20 hard rounds. The battle had been billed for the "championship of the world," as it was thought at the time that Jack Johnson had quit the game for good, and when the California negro was given the victory the Australians proclaimed him "champ."

As an illustration of the value a clever manager is to a fighter McVey's case is cited. Langford had this country rated second only to Johnson and many were of the opinion that Sam was the better man. When McVey "copped" the decision he had the chance of a lifetime to gather some big money and to gather it fast. A manager "on to his job" would have taken the man to America by first boat, to make the match or quit. In any event it would have meant oodles of advertising and coin for McVey and his manager. As it is Sam probably has little to show for his hard campaign in Australia, and has lost all standing as a candidate for the championship.

I understand Langford has split with Manager Joe Woodman and will shortly sail for this country to challenge Johnson and the white heavyweights. Nothing is said about Jeannette, but Sam will first have to make good against Joseph, who has been patiently awaiting Sambo's return. Sam and Joe were matched over a year ago by Tom McCarry, but Langford suddenly decided to cancel in favor of the Australian trip. Sambo need come no farther east than the Pacific Coast. Jeannette will gladly hike that far, to meet him for the money and the championship. And it ought to make a great battle.

Kearns a Flash in the Pan.

Soldier Kearns who came in for quite a lot of boosting thru landing a "lucky" one on the jaw of "One Round" Davis and a supposed resemblance to Tom Sharkey, made a sorry showing against the huge Jess Willard. Kearns has a wallop, and a shape like a strong man, and that lets him out. He "wires" all punches and a clever manager should make him miss every time, barring accident.

Willard is a hard proposition to fight. That is, as heavyweights go these days. He lacks aggressiveness and seems to warm to a fight only when stung. Like all the big fellows, he wastes more energy than he applies to good uses. He can hit very hard—of that there is no doubt—and is as clever, if not more so, than the average heavyweight of today, but I would fight like to see him pitted against tougher game before passing opinion on his merits. It would be interesting to see him against Luther McCarty again. When they met last summer both were green as grass, but big Willard had a bit the better of the argument.

"One Round" Davis' quick defeat of veteran Jack "Twin" Sullivan at Buffalo last week puts him back in the

Senior O. H. A. Game At Arena on Monday

Parkdale Play T. R. & A. A.—Both Teams Look Strong and It Should Be Lively Battle.

Parkdale and Toronto R. and A. A. will play a Senior O.H.A. fixture at the Arena Monday night. Both are in great shape, and this meeting will clear the atmosphere somewhat, at least locally. The teams:

Parkdale—Goal, Moyle; point, Lawson; cover, Code; rover, Davidson; centre, Evans or Barrett; right, Edwards; left, Ridpath.

Toronto—Goal, Addison; point, Hefferman; cover, Hunter; rover, Horsfield; centre, Meeking; right, Brown; left, McLean.

Referee—Lou Marsh.

running, and adds weight to his claim that Kearns beat him with a lucky punch. The men are to be re-matched, and if Davis is successful in turning the tables on the soldier he will be given a chance with Jess Willard.

French promoters hope to clear up the middleweight championship—with the aid of a few of our fighters. Billy Papke and Frank Klaus will battle March 5, and Eddie McGoorty will have it out with the winner a month later, if that is the Parisian promoter's do not miscarry.

That means McGoorty and Klaus will meet in the final, I think Frank a better man than Billy. He has outboxed Papke for six rounds at Pittsburgh several years ago, and at that time Billy was ranked second only to Ketchel, and a little later made a very creditable showing with the champion himself. Klaus was then a comparatively novice and is now at his best. He should stop Papke inside of 20 rounds.

I take my hat off to Luther McCarty. He hardly knew how to put up his hands at that time, and folks wondered how he had ever managed to stop big Carl Morris. During his stay in Gotham Luther boxed Jim Stewart and Jess Willard. Stewart made him look ridiculous and even the green Willard showed more boxing skill.

Adverse criticism did not discourage McCarty. He was a determined youth and decided to best learn the game was the ring itself. He got after the best of the big men and in rapid order howled over Jim Barry, Al Kaufman and Jim Flynn. Luther showed marked improvement with each new start. When he beat Flynn he earned the holiday battle with Falzer.

Falzer put up a very poor fight and showed nothing at all except that he is game. He took a few heavy blows and never showed the white feather. At his weight, 227 pounds, suggests he was not in the best of shape, but he has no one to blame but himself. He had his opportunity and failed to make good.

TINKER ONCE SOLD FOR THREE DOLLARS

Joe Tinker, Cincinnati's new \$50,000 manager, once sold for \$3.

Of course that was in the "way back days" of his career. It was right at the start. Joe was playing shortstop for a semi-professional team in Kansas City in 1897. Another semi-pro team wanted him and offered \$3. The offer was taken up in thirty-eight hours the match was to be off.

Failed to Post the Money.

CALGARY, Jan. 4.—Major Bick, who arranged the match between Bomber Wells and Tommy Burns for Good Friday, has failed to post the \$7,000. Unless the money was put up in thirty-eight hours the match was to be off.

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Navin of Detroit Flatly Refuses Tyrus' Demands—Crawford and Dubuc, Too.

DETROIT, Jan. 4.—This promises to be a hard winter for holdouts. President Navin of the Detroit club returned home yesterday from New York, and from the very emphatic manner in which he denied any intention of compromising with the Tigers who have jumped the reservation, it is apparent that there is going to be war to the knife.

The Tiger boss did not see Ty Cobb while in the east. "If Ty Cobb insists on \$15,000 or nothing it will have to be nothing," said Mr. Navin. "I positively will not pay him that much money, even if Detroit doesn't have a team in 40 years. Ty is simply wasting his time talking about that fancy salary. I know how much the club can afford to give him, and it isn't any such sum as that. I haven't told him what we are able to give."

"I am willing to take a chance on building up the Tigers with youngsters. We can't get very much lower than we finished in 1912, with Ty playing every day, and in time we probably will develop a winner. It isn't the star that makes a ball club pay, anyway. If the team is winning the fans will turn out, regardless of the personnel, and if it is losing they won't no matter what you are to offer in the way of brilliant individuals."

"Stars are a fine thing and help to draw, providing they have the proper setting, but they are altogether too expensive to be maintained at \$15,000 a year on a second division team. Probably Cobb and I will reach some satisfactory settlement before the season in April. If we do not the Tigers will have to get along the best they may without the great centre fielder," said Navin.

"I feel the same way about Crawford and Dubuc. I have told each of these men exactly how much I will pay them and on my honor I will not raise this offer a cent. We are not running a philanthropic institution and must make our salaries agree with sound business ideas."

"Before Dubuc left here last fall he named the sum that he wanted in his 1912 contract. I told him that it was more than we could afford to pay. Later he wrote me again asking for the same salary that I previously had refused, and mentioning the fact that he wanted an immediate decision, as he wished to know just where he stood. I replied that he already had had his answer, and that is where the matter rests now."

PACE IS THE THING NOW ON THE ENGLISH RACE COURSES

LONDON, Eng., Jan. 4.—Some interesting speeches were made at the Gimrack Club dinner at York recently, and in one of them the late was given the oft-repeated rumor that it is King George's intention to discontinue the sport of horse racing.

Replying to the toast of "The Jockey Club," Sir John Thursby said he had Lord Derby's authority for stating that he had been the personal recipient of the King's assurance that he had no intention of in any way withdrawing from racing, and, indeed, meant to participate in it in the future as far as his many duties and engagements permitted him. Sir John added that England remains the recruiting ground to which foreigners have to refer to replenish their stock.

"While our climate and national advantages, combined with our select and long inherited blood stock lines, defy competition, so long will English racing hold pride of place in the world."

Speaking on the question of breeding, Mr. E. Hulton, whose filly won the Gimrack Stakes, which gave him the honor of occupying the chair, said he thought pace was the deciding factor as to the merits of endurance. The contests of today are far more keen and exacting than the old tests, and a champion then would cut a very poor figure now. The ideal test of merit is the fast mile, and the horse which can succeed at that distance, amongst the best class and in the best time, is the horse that he wanted. The

fast mile is the horse to breed for. So long as this type is produced there is being produced—there is no lack of decadence. The most important test was the breeding test. It was found that the best stallions proved their speed at about one and a half miles. It was found that they could longer distances as well. But no stallion had lacked speed. It was the essential.

Even though they had won the long distance races, pure stayers—meanst horses of one pace, but without speed—had never been successful stallions. How few Cesarewitch winners had succeeded as sires? On the contrary, in the Cambridge races, very fast run mile—many winners have subsequently become successful at the stud. The winners of the foot Gold Cup might be divided into two divisions, the first consisting of very high-class horses, many of whom, in the year, who had already won the foot Gold Cup, such as Cylindrus, Inglegrass, St. Simon, Doncaster and Thornaby. The second were second stallions.

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