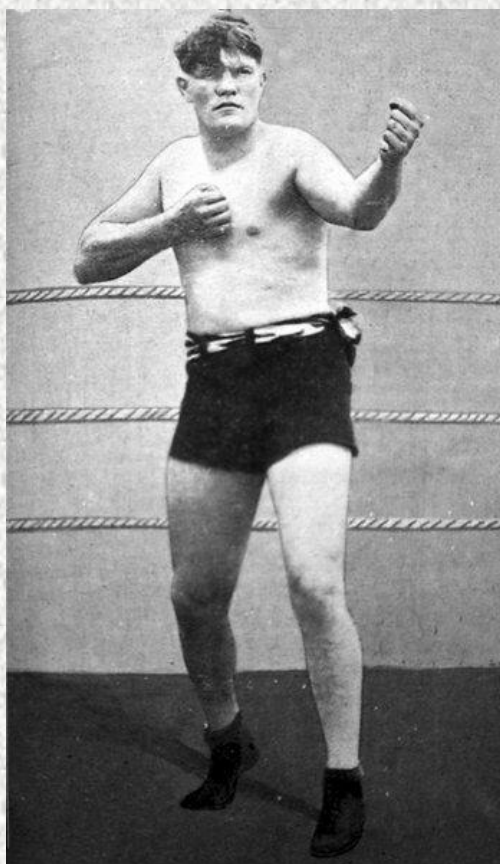


# The Boxing Biographies Newsletter

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**Name:** Al Palzer  
**Born:** 1890-01-01  
**Birthplace:**  
**Died:** 1917-07-26 (Age:27)  
**Nationality:** US American  
**Hometown:**  
**Stance:** Orthodox  
**Height:** 6' 3" / 191cm  
**Boxing Record:** [click](#)

## *Giant Farmer No Match For Cowboy McCarty*

### **Nebraskan Heavyweight Now Heads List of Big Fellows; Best Boxer**

VERNON ARENA, Jan. 2.1913 —Luther McCarty, the Nebraska cowboy, is today heralded as the white champion of the world, and Al Palzer of Iowa is out of the running. For nearly eighteen rounds yesterday the cowboy punched the giant, about the ring, and in the eighteenth, with Palzer dizzily staggering from a

volley of terrific lefts to the face, Referee Eyton stopped the fight

With the elimination of Jack Johnson from pugilism, on account of his recent escapades, this victory puts McCarty in the position of heavyweight champion, but, until the Negro is disposed of he will probably be accepted only as white champion. He declares that he will not fight the Negro under any consideration.

Palzer, in spite of his superior height, weight and reach, was no match for the cool-headed, agile youngster. The slow witted farmer literally stumbled through the fight, assimilating terrific punishment, and his bull-like rushes were productive of nothing but more blows for himself. He scarcely landed a clean blow throughout the fight his hardest punch only provoked the smiles of his lighter but quicker-witted antagonist.

Palzer , began the fight with an aggressiveness that showed his determination to finish his man in short order, but McCarty had little difficulty in eluding his rushes and causing him to swing wildly.

Only once Palzer appeared to have an advantage. In one of the early rounds McCarty slipped to the mat. Palzer rushed in, launching a right uppercut to catch the rising cowboy, but the latter with great agility ducked backward and Palzer's attempted knockout blow caved the atmosphere three feet away from the intended mark.

### **CLEVER BOXER.**

McCarty fought cleverly throughout, taking his time and beating down his man systematically. He seldom wasted a blow and hit with deadly precision. Palzer had practically no defence against Luther's whip like left, delivered straight, from the shoulder, and seldom was he able to block the vicious right swing or uppercut which invariably followed a series of straight lefts, with Palzer's face or stomach as the target. McCarty landed at will and with an accuracy that became monotonous.

In sparring or in clinches Palzer's eyes were kept almost continually on his manager, the veteran. Tom O'Rourke. Who crouched at the edge of the Iowan's corner, shouting instructions to him through a megaphone. He appeared to have, no initiative whatever, and tried only to follow instructions. The latter were as audible to McCarty as to Palzer, and every move of the farmer was anticipated by the Nebraskan. McCarty frequently smiled and wrinkled his nose at the Iowan's preceptor and occasionally "**joshed**" the worried veteran.

The fighters bandied good humoured remarks continually, but in the concluding rounds Palzer's attempts to smile through streams of blood provided an exhibition of gameness that was pitiful. His face was badly disfigured and he showed the effects of his beating even more than McCarty's last victim, the veteran Flynn. Unlike the latter, he was never knocked down during the fight.

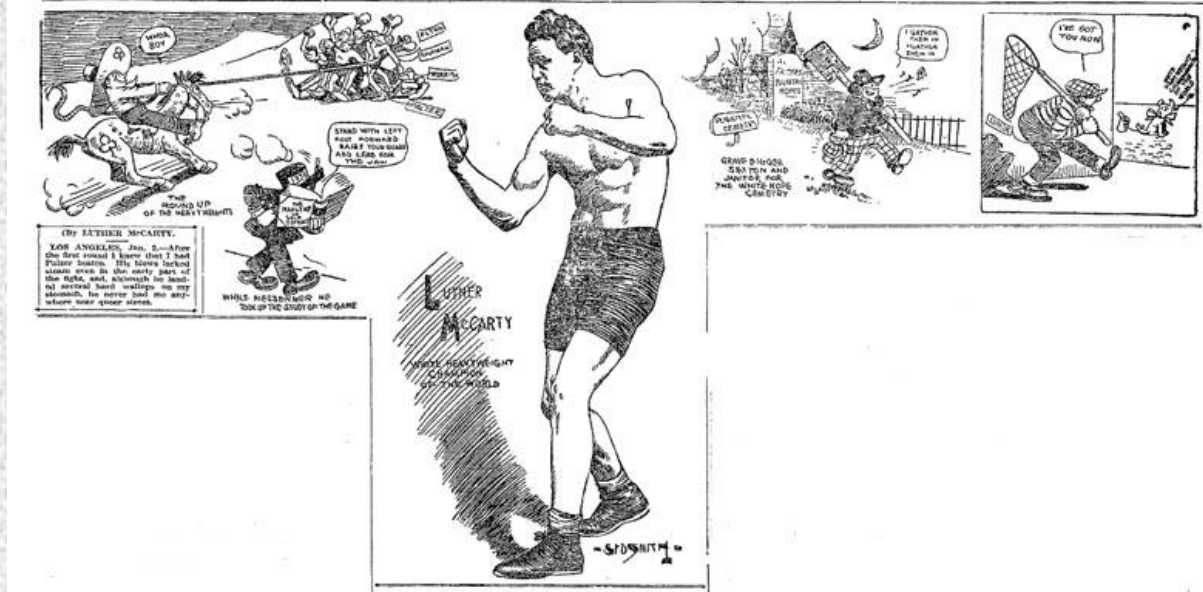
The end came quickly. For several rounds the sturdy farmer was helpless before the well-timed onslaughts of the cowboy, and McCarty tried vainly to put him down. At the end of the sixteenth Referee Eyton asked Palzer if he was strong and the husky nodded an affirmative, but he came up weakly in the seventeenth to meet the inevitable volley of rights and lefts to the face and stomach.

In the eighteenth Palzer walked unsteadily to the center of the ring and literally fell into a left hook that dazed him. He clung to McCarty's shoulders, and when they separated McCarty shot two vicious lefts to the jaw that sent a jet of blood into the air. Palzer staggered back, poising for a moment on one foot. One wicked drive appeared to be all that was needed to finish him, but McCarty, apparently unwilling to administer the finishing punch, backed away, and the referee stopped the fight. McCarty's only mark was a slight cut under the right eye.

Heavy Palzer support appeared early yesterday with the arrival of fight fans from the north and east, but all the large wagers were recorded at evens.

# 'Cowboy' McCarty Fights Way to World's Championship

ST. PATRICK'S DAY BABE, AFTER TRAVELING MANY COUNTRIES, RISES TO PUGILISTIC FAME



## PALZER BIGGEST.

Palzer weighed in at 218 pounds, McCarty at 205. The big Iowa farmer towered above McCarty, who appeared gigantic when he battled with Jim Flynn three weeks ago. Palzer's reach was six inches longer than that of McCarty. Nevertheless the Nebraska cowboy asserted that he felt secure in his own superior cleverness and hitting power.

In addition to the purse, the winner of yesterday's battle will be given a diamond belt, provided by Tom McCarey, emblematic of the heavyweight championship of the world.

The receipts for the fight aggregated \$27,019. The exact amount received by McCarty and Palzer was not made public. Palzer said last night that he had no complaint to make, but asked for a return fight with McCarty on July 4. His manager, Tom O'Rourke said that Palzer was not in proper condition when he entered the ring and should have had a week's additional training. He said also that he had underrated McCarty's ability.

McCarty suffered no ill effects from the fight except a badly bruised right hand.

## The detailed story of the heavyweight battle by rounds:

### ROUND 1.

The fight started at 3:18. Palzer rushed McCarty and McCarty walloped him with left and right to the head. McCarty drove hard right to Palzer's eye. Palzer missed two hard rights and a left. McCarty ducked wild swings. Palzer reached McCarty's jaw with a hard right. Palzer staggered with a hard straight left to the chin. Palzer brought blood from McCarty's lip with another straight left. They clinched. As the bell rang Palzer stopped to shake hands with McCarty.

Round even.

## **ROUND 2.**

McCarty landed hard right to Palzer's jaw and forced Palzer to make several vicious swings. They exchanged rights to head and hard body blows in a clinch. McCarty drove a terrific left to Palzer's left eye, Palzer reached McCarty's face with two straight lefts and McCarty sent Palzer's head back with a left to the face. Both landed hard lefts to the face. McCarty brought blood from Palzer's nose with a right swing and sent lefts and rights to stomach. McCarty apparently landed at will on Palzer's stomach.

McCarty's round.

## **ROUND 3.**

Palzer sent right to body and put two hard rights to the stomach. Both missed and they went into clinch. McCarty rammed straight left into Palzer's face and followed with right and left to body. McCarty landed light left to face and cleverly blocked terrific swing. Palzer in a clinch crossed with left to McCarty's face. McCarty rammed Palzer's jaw with right and left with terrific speed. They exchanged blows in the center of the ring.

McCarty's round.

## **ROUND 4.**

After feinting, McCarty landed light left to face and drove right to stomach. McCarty missed left swing and Palzer drove right to wind, following it with left to head. Despite Palzer's great strength, McCarty had little difficulty in holding him in clinches. McCarty swung hard right and left to face and Palzer sent three straight left to jaw. McCarty put right to Palzer's jaw.

Round fairly even.

## **ROUND 5.**

Both of Palzer's eyes were swollen when he came up in the fifth. McCarty drove a hard right to the ribs and they exchanged blows at long distance in center of the ring, McCarty sent right to chin and swung a hard right on Palzer's face. Palzer's head rocked from right to left under McCarty's well timed swings. Palzer missed swings and McCarty drove right to stomach, following with two left to the face, causing Palzer's mouth and nose to bleed. Palzer smiled as he spat out the blood. Palzer drove a hard left to McCarty's chin, but the cowboy merely grinned. Both men were joking each other as the bell rang.

McCarty's round by large margin.

## **ROUND 6.**

Palzer put two straight left to McCarty's face. McCarty swung right to jaw, causing another flow of blood from Palzer's mouth. They exchanged blows to the head. McCarty sent Palzer's head back with left jab which he followed with a hard left swing. He again rocked Palzer's head with a short left swing and caused Palzer to miss a vicious right uppercut. Palzer sent McCarty to the ropes with two lefts to the face, but McCarty bounced back smiling. McCarty



made Palzer's eyes bulge with three terrific lefts to the face. McCarty worked left swings with good effect to Palzer's face. Palzer went to his corner looking groggy.

McCarty's round.

### **ROUND 7.**

Palzer sent three lefts to face and McCarty retaliated, with a hard right to the stomach. In the clinch that followed McCarty drove a terrific right to Palzer's jaw, nearly throwing him off his feet. Two straight lefts in rapid succession sent Palzer's head back and McCarty followed with a volley of swings to the face. Palzer reached McCarty's jaw with a left and McCarty retaliated with a left to the head. Palzer's left ear bled. Both were laughing as they went to their corners.

McCarty's round by a shade.

### **ROUND 8.**

McCarty flailed Palzer's head with rights and lefts. Neither attempted to do any fighting in the clinch that followed. McCarty sent hard right to wind and left to face. Palzer rocked McCarty's head with two straight lefts. McCarty put vicious right to Palzer's jaw and then put a left to the chin. Both exchanged blows to the body. Palzer playfully tickled McCarty under the chin as the bell rang.

McCarty's round by a shade.

### **ROUND 9.**

Palzer rushed into a clinch and McCarty sent hard right to body. McCarty again reached Palzer's jaw with right and left. Palzer put left on face. McCarty drove a right to the stomach and both rested in a clinch. Palzer put a right to the stomach. McCarty's smile showed that Palzer's blows did little damage. Palzer drove a terrific left to the wind and McCarty followed with a vicious right swing that sent Palzer's head back. Palzer had his eyes most of the time on his corner, where his manager, Tom O'Rourke, coached him through a megaphone.

The round was even.

### **ROUND 10.**

Palzer came up aggressively and put three lefts to McCarty's jaw. Both appeared to be slowing up. Three straight lefts followed by a hard right swing brought the blood from Palzer's eye. McCarty slipped to the mat, but was up in an instant and eluded a clumsy

uppercut with which Palzer tried to hit him as he was coming up. A straight left opened a slight cut under McCarty's right eye.

Round even.

#### **ROUND 11.**

McCarty drove a hard right to the heart and put left to the jaw. The men clinched. As they broke away, McCarty placed his right to the jaw but Palzer only smiled. McCarty drove a terrific left to Palzer's right eye and blood squirted over the fighters. Palzer was almost blind and rushed McCarty desperately only to be met by a left to the stomach and another left swing to his injured eye. McCarty put Palzer back with a left uppercut to the chin and Palzer was dazed as the gong rang. The crowd rose to its feet proclaiming McCarty as the winner.

McCarty's round.

#### **ROUND 12.**

McCarty staggered Palzer with a volley of rights and left to the jaw, followed by a terrific right to the stomach. Palzer swung wildly and McCarty drove right and left to head and stomach. McCarty sent a crashing left to Palzer's, mouth and Palzer reeled stupidly about the ring, trying to reach McCarty. McCarty again slammed right and left to face. Both of Palzer's checks and his mouth were bleeding profusely. Palzer again closed in to get a straight right in the stomach. Palzer did not land a blow during this round.

McCarty's round.

#### **ROUND 13.**

Palzer rushed and was met by a left to the wind. McCarty staggered Palzer with a right to the jaw and they clinched. Palzer reached McCarty's ribs with his left and the cowboy sent his crashing right Palzer's jaw McCarty rocked Palzer's head from side to side at will. A terrific right swing cut Palzer's left ear. McCarty sent two terrific swings to Palzer's head and body with no come back. McCarty drove two hard rights to Palzer's face, the crash of which was heard at the furthest corner of the arena. As the bell rang McCarty smothered Palzer with a fusillade of terrific swings to the head and body and Palzer reeled as if drunk to his corner.

#### **ROUND 14.**

Palzer came up viciously and after reaching McCarty right straight arm blows, McCarty again staggered him with a series of straight lefts to the face and stomach. Palzer was standing up under terrific punishment and It appeared at this stage that only the landing of a chance knockout blow would save him. McCarty smiled as he took a hard left to the face, again working his right and left to Palzer's face with precision, against which the farmer apparently had no defense. -A crushing right to Palzer's stomach caused Palzer to stagger. McCarty winked playfully at Palzer's seconds as he took his corner.

All McCarty's round.



### **ROUND 15.**

Palzer jumped into a clinch and neither damaged the other. Palzer put a left to the jaw and drove his right to McCarty's stomach. McCarty staggered Palzer with a left and a right to jaw. A hard left to the jaw staggered Palzer and as the latter rushed the cowboy again shot rights and lefts to battered face. McCarty followed the staggering Palzer about the ring and sent his right and left at will to the face and body. Palzer hung onto McCarty's neck as the Missourian shot rights and left to the wind. Palzer was badly dazed at the bell and appeared to be weakening rapidly.

### **ROUND 16.**

Palzer tried to reach McCarty put Palzer's head back repeatedly with terrific left swings, Palzer was staggering about the ring. It appeared that the end was near for Palzer. The Iowan rallied here and poked his left to McCarty's face and the cowboy again sent him hack with well placed blows to the stomach. Palzer was hanging on as the bell rang. Palzer was all but out as the round ended.

### **ROUND 17.**

McCarty put two terrific rights in the jaw, followed with straight lefts to the injured eye. A short uppercut to the jaw almost finished Palzer and the Iowan hung on with his eyes closed. A crashing right hook to the jaw followed by a left swing to the other side of his head made Palzer hang on

again. McCarty flirted with Palzer's manager as the Iowan clung to him apparently hopelessly defeated. Palzer could hardly find his corner at the bell.

### **ROUND 18.**

Palzer stumbled into a terrific left hook and hung onto McCarty's shoulders. McCarty shot a hard left to the jaw and placed a terrific tattoo on Palzer's body. The blood flowed from Palzer's eyes and mouth as McCarty shot two terrific straight lefts to his head. As Palzer staggered about blindly the referee went to McCarty and held up his right glove in token of victory.

# The Syracuse Herald

By Robert Edgren  
30 December 1912



Al Palzer and Luther McCarty are to meet Wednesday In Los Angeles, where promoter McCarey is holding a series of heavyweight bouts for the double purpose of getting the coin and bringing out a new heavyweight champion When his series is over the final winner will have as good a claim to the championship as any one He will be the best of the present heavyweight crop.

The heavyweight situation is peculiar It is a situation never before seen in connection with any sport. Jack Johnson, once heavyweight champion, is barred from competition in any boxing club situated in America, France, Australia or England.

So far as boxing is concerned he might as well be dead Pugilistically he does not exist .So he is no longer recognized as champion. This leaves the title, without a claimant who can establish his right to it without further fighting . Al Palzer has about as good a claim as any one, as he knocked out Wells, champion of England. However, Palmer's claim amounts to little as yet as he has not met a number of other good heavyweights right here in America. He has not fought Luther McCarty, Jess Willard or Carl Morris or Gunboat Smith.

Any one of these men might have a chance to trim him. McCarty has a decision over Morris and a few days ago he knocked out Jim Flynn .But he has a number of good men to meet. The same can be said of each aspirant to the crown. One of the most promising heavyweights in the whole lot is Jess Willard, a former cow puncher who came here several months ago to take up fighting Willard had two or three bouts in the West. He came here without a record. When he was introduced at two or three fights in New York even body laughed. Willard certainly looked like a good joke. He wore a wide, pleasant smile and stood six feet six in his socks. When he was at last given a chance however he showed himself to be anything but a joke His last fight in New York , a few months ago, was with Luther McCarty and to the utter

amazement of the spectators the smiling giant outboxed outfought outpunched and outgamed McCarty, winning the bout with ease

His tremendous reach gave him one advantage McCarty is a rushing close range fighter Willard jabbed his head off before McCarty could push into range But it was the big fellows infighting that made the real hit He uncorked an uppercut that nearly lifted McCarty from his feet every time it landed. That uppercut was delivered with a speed and force that made it a very dangerous punch. Unless I'm much mistaken Willard will have something to say about that championship. After fighting McCarty he retired to some quiet corner for a while and went on studying the game. When he came out again a week or two ago he knocked out tough Sailor White In a couple of rounds. That's better than Palzers best with White. Willard's ability as a punisher was shown in the fight with McCarty. At the end of the ten rounds Willard had a puffed eye from a swig that had landed on his left cheekbone Aside from that he didn't show even a bruise. But McCarty, in the picturesque vernacular of the ring was beaten to a pulp

### **All Are Youngsters.**

All of these new heavyweights are youngsters with comparatively little ring experience. McCarty was a globe trotter before he ever thought of fighting He was a cow puncher a sailor, a bridge builder—a lot of other things between jobs he "**hoboed**". That is to say he satisfied his longing for a change of scene by roaming around the world and not being possessed of a bank account, he didn't pay out much money in railroad fares. When he began fighting he had his full growth, his matured strength. He started well, and after half a dozen Western engagements leaped suddenly into fame by knocking out Carl Morris. There is a story, seemingly well authenticated that Morris was robbed in the count in that fight, that he got a 1, 2, 3 5, 10' count, and that he was waiting to get up at "nine" when the official unexpectedly yelled "ten. However that may be McCarty knocked Morris down and that indicates the possession of a genuine championship punch Before that nobody had succeeded in even jarring the Oklahoma giant .

### **Palzer Has Experience**

Al Palzer the town farmer who fights McCarty next, has done more work in the ring He has defeated a number of good men. Tom O'Rourke knows fighters, and Tom O' Rourke obstinately refused to match Palzer against Call Morris when Morris was fighting well here In New York. However, Palzer has been coming along. He defeated "**Bombardier**" Wells of England in three rounds , Palzer got no glory with that victory it must be admitted. Wells gave him the most terrific beating in a round and a half that any heavyweight ever took in that short time. He knocked Palzer down and all but out. He had "**Big Al**" reeling and staggering about the ring. Still, that fight brought out the qualities in Palzer that may make him a champion. He showed a bulldog gameness in getting up after taking an amazing amount of punishment. He never will be a clever boxer. He hasn't either craft or quickness of thought but as a slugger he has few equals, if any.

As for Carl Morris, I think that affair with McCarty can be thrown out of the calculations. Morris is part Indian, and he doesn't talk. He makes no excuses. Others have said he was unhurt, was taking the count deliberately ready to get up. There can be no question of his gameness. He's wonderfully game. He is a giant in height, weight and strength, and he has

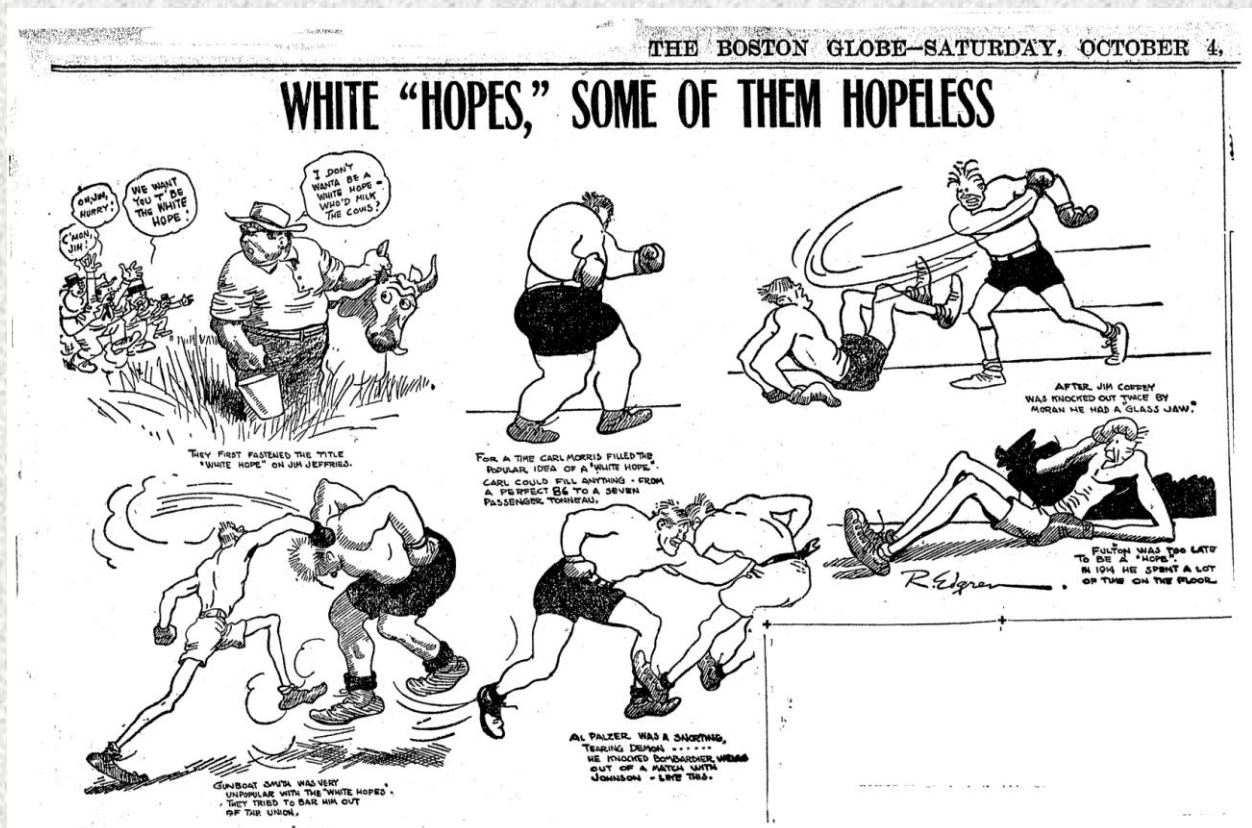
become a fairly good boxer. Since losing to McCarty he has knocked out a number of other heavies, and he'll have to be given a chance.

### Smith Has A Chance

Gunboat Smith is a good boxer and hard hitter. Lately the men put against him have been afraid of his punch. He has a knack of dropping the left over in a long range hook that has a terrific! jarring effect, and he can hit like a kicking mule with his right. The way he polished off Jim Stewart and Jim Savage showed that. Smith is cool too, deliberate and calculating. The only things against him as a championship candidate are his weight 135 pounds and some doubt as to his gameness. In his California fights he earned a poor reputation by showing the white feather. And although he has never quit here he has been over ready to take advantage of opportunities to foul. I doubt the gameness of any fighter who is anxious to "get away with" a foul blow.

This is about the pick of the heavyweight crop of to-day. Of the black aspirants there are Joe Jeanette who seems to be going back in form of late and Sam Langford. The latter is in Australia, where he has been fighting Sam McVey every now and then, for the championship of the world. In Australia Sam is champion. That doesn't go however, when he gets on the steamer. He'll have to clean up pretty well before he can take the title here, and he won't find the new heavyweight giants as easy as Jim Flynn, whom he used to knock out every now and then when he needed pocket money.

Edgren 1919-10-04



When Jess Willard knocked out Jack Johnson in Havana the term. "**White Hope**" naturally dropped out of the English language. No matter how Willard went to pieces in a round under the furious attack of Jack Dempsey, the Nation can remember him for two things: He whipped Johnson — that can't be taken away from him — and he ended the "White Hope" craze.

Funny, Jim Jeffries was the first "**White Hope**" They fastened that title on James when Johnson was strutting around the country after beating Tommy Burns in Australia. The Johnson atmosphere was so obnoxious that all white men in America hoped some white man would come along and wipe him off the map.

Jeffries, who had retired six years before undefeated and unbeatable, was urged by his insistent friends and the whole population of the country to come out and put the blatant black champion "**back where he belonged.**" Everybody told Jeffries that no one else was equal to the task and that Jeffries was "**the hope of the white race.**" A foolish Saying — but destined to decorate more sporting headlines than any other line ever set in type.

After Reno the "**White Hope**" thing was fastened on every white heavyweight who weighed over 200 pounds. There was just one heavyweight of some prominence who weighed less, and he spoiled many a "**hope**" by landing a knockout punch back of the recipient's left ear. This gent was Gunboat Smith — the Hope Destroyer. Smith was supposed not to qualify because he scaled about 180 — but he caused a lot of trouble by cleaning up all the "White Hopes" he met, from the smallest to the biggest. He knocked out Jim Flynn, a stubby but stubborn fighter of his own weight and trimmed 245-pound Jess Willard in 20 rounds.

He licked Frank Moran, and Frank went to France and was matched with Johnson — only to lose the battle. When Smith was good he never had a chance to get on with the black champion. I think it is quite possible that he might have treated Johnson the way Dempsey treated Willard at Toledo. He surely had a mule's kick in either hand in those days.

### **First "Hope" Hopeless**

The first publicity accepted "**White Hope**" was Carl Morris, the huge Oklahoman who like Dempsey had Indian blood in his veins. Morris flattened a few sub hopes and then came to New York where he received a terrific ten round beating by Jim Flynn. There has been a persistent rumor that Flynn's left hand was wrapped in strips of lead under the soft bandages, but no one ever offered proof.

After the fight the country laughed at the Oklahoma giant, but Morris showed his real gameness by sticking in the town where he had been trimmed, training hard for months and making a fresh start. He was powerful, tough, game and determined and might have worn Johnson out if ever given the chance. But the public never forgot that little Flynn whipped him.

And Morris never showed any improvement as a boxer. He was beaten at last by Fred Fulton and knocked out twice by Jack Dempsey — the second time in a round. That apparently discouraged him. But a few weeks ago, when one "**Fat**" Larue whipped "**Phat**" Willie Meehan (who held a joke four-round decision over Dempsey), Larue's backers looked all over the country for some big fellow who could be used as a stepping stone for Larue, in

boosting Larue into a match with Dempsey. The idea of a Larue-Dempsey match, of course, didn't include any hope that Larue could beat the champion.

It was just a matter of getting one fight with one luscious bunch of coin attached, and then back to oblivion. Larue's backers unearthed old Carl Morris on his orange ranch at Monrovia, and Morris was brought up for Larue to massacre. *Funny how history runs in cycles.*

Years back one Al Reich in New York was considered a model of a "**White Hope**." His manager selected Carl Morris – big lumbering clumsy Carl for Reich to make a reputation on. Morris knocked Reich flatter than a ripe tomato that had flirted with a steam roller in two rounds. He did the same thing to Larue.

But to get back to the "**White Hopes**" in their heyday— one of the best advertised was Al Kaufman. Al and Sam Berger were rivals when young, and they fought. Billy Delaney, the famous old-time handler and maker of champions, was grooming Kaufman to step into Jeffries' place, Jeff having retired. Sam gave Al such a beating in a few rounds that the crowd went home.

Going out the door a few turned back just in time to see Al wobbling around with both eyes closed tight, swing one on Berger's jaw and knock him for a goal. It was a trick Kaufman developed this thing of knocking his men cold in a punch. He beat a lot of good ones, and was matched with Al Palzer, Tom O'Rourke's pet, and considered a real "White Hope" from the day of his first fight. Palzer knocked Kaufman out, and Kaufman never reached the "**Hope**" class again. He is now a moving picture hero in Los Angeles, and so is Tom Kennedy— of whom we speak later.

Palzer was a snorting, tearing demon. He weighed 230 pounds and was the ideal fighter in appearance, with a chin like a battleship's ram. Over in England they had a "**White Hope**," too—Bombardier Wells. This Wells was a remarkable boxer and a hart hitter. In the first two rounds with Palzer, in Madison Square Garden, New York, he looked like 40 chance to try again—the Palzer ending kinds of a champion. He had come to America to go after Johnson, and took Palzer on to show his speed.

In the third session Palzer, blinded, snorting a red spray from his nostrils as he rose time and again, after being scientifically knocked down, swung a beam-like left arm and hit Bomby in the stomach, ending things very suddenly and unexpectedly. They gave Wells a chance to try again—the Palzer ending looked so much like an accident.

He knocked out Boer Rodel in three rounds, and flattened Tom Kennedy, New York's local "Hope," in two. Then he met the Gunner—that old hope destroyer—and was knocked cold in the second round with a right-hander back of the ear as he bent to cover up.

Al Palzer later met Frank Moran and was knocked out in seven rounds. Not long afterward - at home in Minnesota, he was shot and killed while defending his mother from attack. There was another "**White Hope**" New York thought very well of — Jim Stewart—a 'big, splendid fellow, built like a Greek statue, a keenly intelligent man and a fine boxer. Stewart's only trouble was that long hours over a drafting board, as an architect had ruined his eyes. He was too nearly blind to go far as a fighter.

When he had beaten Carl Morris and some other good men he met the old Hope Destroyer, the Gunner, and was knocked out by the Gunner's favorite crack back of the ear, scientifically described as the "occipital punch," which term was changed by heedless ringsiders to "hospital punch."

A strange fatality has pursued the "White Hopes." Jim Stewart, unable to get into the army during the war because of his poor eyesight, became boxing instructor in an army camp and died there of the "flu," after a few hours' illness.

### **Followed by Strange Fate**

Another prominent "White Hope" who died suddenly was Luther McCarthy, one of the best of the bunch. Luther was close on Johnson's trail. He had whipped Palzer, in California and had shown much class, McCarney His manager, claimed the title of "White Champion" for him. McCarthy boxed Arthur Pelky—a second rate heavyweight—in Calgary, Ont. There is a story that Luther was thrown from a horse shortly before that fight and injured his neck. There is another that he struck the bottom of the tank while diving in Philadelphia. McCarney told me at Toledo it was neither that caused the fatal accident—McCarthy's neck was broken by the first blow Pelky struck and he died as they carried him from the ring.

It was a curious sort of an accident. McCarthy found Pelky easy to hit, and Pelky's clumsy blows easy to avoid. He turned his head and winked at his manager, and just then Pelky's heavy fist reached his jaw. Because his head was turned far to one side and the blow entirely unexpected—because of some looseness or slackness in his position—some queer kink or other—the jar of the blow, which wasn't heavy enough to produce any damage under ordinary circumstances, dislocated the vertebrae and caused a pressure on the spinal nerve.

Another "**White Hope**," for a time was Jim Barry, who fought Sam Langford many times and usually put Sam down in the first round. The fatality I mentioned pursued Barry. He was shot and killed in Panama in a quarrel over money, by a man he had beaten in a bout. Both Barry and McCarthy like Carl Morris and Jack Dempsey had Indian blood in their veins.

There were a few other "**Hopes**" worth a little mention. Jim Savage looked good for a time and once whipped Al Reich. Jim, however, wasn't ambitious until rather late in the game. Jim Coffey, Billy Gibson's own private "**Hope**" was a strapping young Irishman and knocked out a few other "contenders," only to be knocked out twice by Frank Moran, after which he had a glass jaw.

Moran was beaten by Johnson in France before he disposed of Coffey. His end as a "**Hope**" came when Willard won at Havana. Willard a year later easily beat Moran in New York. After that he was beaten by Jack Dillon in ten rounds, fought a few ordinary ten round bouts and was knocked out with ease by Fred Fulton in three rounds in New Orleans. He is still challenging Dempsey, but Moran has lived softly and is only a rather pasty relic of the gentleman who packed around a punch that they called "Mary Ann."

Fred Fulton came on the scene a little too late to be regarded as a "**White Hope**" outside of the Michigan woods. In 1913-14 he won a lot of fights in a round or two, but the first known boxers he met in 1914 were Al Palzer, and Carl Morris. Palzer knocked him out and he lost

on a foul to Carl. Next year he won eight out of nine bouts with knockouts— but the "White Hope" division was already extinct.

## Salt Lake Tribune 19 Jan 1913

### Son Of Indian Woman Is Idol of Fight Fans

*Cowboy Pugilist, Whose Meteoric Rise Through  
a. Rapid Succession of Knockouts Has Woke  
Up Prize Ring Circles, Likely to Soon Be  
Equal of Old Time Champs and Rescue.  
the Game From the Depths to Which It Has  
Fallen*

For the first time once December 26, 1908, when Jack Johnson smeared a black smudge across the escutcheon of the prize ring by stopping Tommy Burns in fourteen rounds over in Australia, the white race now boasts of something that approximates a heavyweight champion. That something is over two hundred pounds of bone, sinew muscle, hitting power, fighting ability — not the flabby mass of awkward flesh that has been found around the squared circle for the past four years under the misnomer of "**white hope**" — answering to the name of Luther McCarty.

It isn't so much the fact that this McCarty person has been whacking a huge, irregular gash through the present crop of "**white hopes**" — for they are too punk a lot to form ranch, of a criterion — as it is the cool, business-like ability and admirable combination of fighting skills that he has exhibited while doing so, that marks him as a regular, sure-enough champion, who, at his present rate of progress, will in a few years be able to accomplish that which has been declared to, be a lost hope for the white race and wipe forever from the realm of fistiana the smirch of black mastery.

The new "**White Champion**" has declared that he will never fight a negro, but so long as the black notoriety seeker who has dragged the noble game of hit and get away to the very brink of the abyss that leads to oblivion, through his repulsive actions, is permitted to retain untarnished the laurels he should never have been permitted to win just so long will that smirch and consequent period of depression remain to throttle a once popular sport.

Luther McCarty may, therefore, be said as the saviour of the fighting game — the one man in the world who may ultimately rescue the sport from the depths to which it has fallen and restore it to its former popularity.

There is now not a lingering doubt that this fighting cowboy, at the tender age of twenty-one, is the best white man in the world, and he is still improving at a truly remarkable rate of progress. And although he is right now the best white fighting machine in the entire universe, it will be a matter of three or four years yet before he can reasonably be expected to have achieved his maximum of fighting efficiency. More than that he is the ambitious, studious sort, who will not loaf on the job and who will keep right on improving till he has reached the point which Nature has decreed as his highest possible pinnacle of attainment.

And Nature was there with a masterpiece of fighting machinery when she turned out Luther McCarty. On the other hand, Johnson now thirty-five, "fat, almost forty, but not fair," and not only "**going back**" as the natural ravages of time, but accelerating his rate of retrogression through his riotous living, will in a few years have "**whipped himself**" to the point where the coming McCarty should have a chance in wiping this blot off the escutcheon of the squared circle forever.

This "**fighting cowboy**" therefore, looms up on the pugilistic horizon as something more than a "white heavy-weight champion" — something more potent to the future of fistiana — the savior of the fighting game. And it is almost a certainty that after he has waded through the available crop of white men — which he is sure to do, as the present "white champion" is no loafer — and stowed that experience under his belt, that is all he now requires, there will be a reconsideration of that determination to drop the "**black champion**" by general consent, and as sure as this comes to pass fight fans will see this black smudge wiped of the pugilistic map for good and all.

Jack Johnson has yet to face a good "**big**" white man in the ring. Everybody knows what a travesty of his former self Jim Jeffries was at the time of that Reno fiasco, and all Johnson's other white opponents in the ring have merely been "good-little men," like Ketchel and Tommy Burns, who were outclassed physically, or big second-raters, like Al Kaufman and Tony Rosa. In Luther McCarty, six feet four in his fighting shoes, and 205 pounds of scrapping tissue, the prize ring not only has a man who is big enough for the job in hand, but one who shows the class and ability in the art of hit and get away, and the first "**good big man**" the ring has known since Jeffries was in his prime.

In build and general qualification McCarty has much in common with what Jeffries was when he came out, but in general deportment while in action — a very important feature by the way — the "**Fighting Cowboy**" has something on anything the boilermaker ever had. Sour and surly and averse to training Jeffries was the plodding laborer and "**dead on his feet**" in the ring. McCarty enjoys the arduous labors of the training camp and doesn't have to sacrifice his pleasant frame of mind and "pepper" to attain physical perfection.

And this condition of the mind is scarcely less important to the man in the ring than the condition of his physical being itself. To this latter quality Luther McCarty probably owes a lot to his open air life on the plains of the West, where he spent the constructive period of his young physical manhood in "chaps" and astride a "**bronc**," roping refractory steers on a cattle ranch. He fairly exudes the vim and open air exuberance of the Western plains, the quality that prompts the cow puncher to bust the blue vault of heaven wide open with yells and shoot away his ammunition from sheer exuberance of animal spirits.

McCarty's short record in the ring has been a remarkable one, and ample evidence not only to his class as a fighter, but also to the power of his punch, not leaving it tip to the referee or to quibbling newspaper men to pick the winner.

The winner was usually standing there leaning against the ropes and smiling, while the loser was being dragged to his corner for resuscitation. He fought his first fight on January 11,

1911, just two years ago, at Culbertson, Montana, taking the place of another fighter , who had run out of a match with Watt Adams, billed as the "**champion heavyweight of Canada**", and although he had never crawled through the ropes of a prize ring before and had never even donned the padded mitts, except for a brief period in his capacity as sparring partner for another man, he knocked his opponent cold in the second round. Since that initial encounter the former cow puncher has appeared in twenty-one fights, in fifteen of which he has knocked out his opponent , while the remaining six were all no-decision affairs; and he has been pitted against the best white men in the country as fast as they could dig 'em up. You can't beat that for cleaning up in a decisive manner?

His longest fights were his last two against the two best heavies in the "**white hope**" division, when he won the "white heavyweight championship" by stopping Al Palzer in the eighteenth round on New Year's Day after three weeks previously having removed Jim Flynn from further consideration in the sixteenth round. The length of these contests resulted merely from the capacity of Flynn and Palzer to absorb punishment, McCarty outclassing both men all the way and the result never being in doubt at any stage of the game.

McCarty first received really prominent mention in connection with the affairs of the ring on the third of last May, when, at Springfield, Mo., he knocked out Carl Morris, whom no other fighter had ever been able to make take the count., in six rounds. This was McCarty's thirteenth battle, which, when it is considered that he also won the white heavy-weight championship by stopping Palzer on the first day of the thirteenth year of the present century, shows that thirteen is by no means an unlucky number for this cow boy scrapper.