

FITZSIMMONS REPEATS HIS FIGHT FOR THE JOURNAL



FITZSIMMONS IN REPOSE.

Sketched by Cartoonist Davenport while the champion heavyweight pugilist was telling the story of his fight with Maher in the Journal office yesterday afternoon.

Fitz's Own Story.

It was not known to either Maher or myself that we were to fight on Mexican soil, and I had pledged my word with the Governor of Chihuahua and the Mayor of Juarez not to fight within the Mexican border. This I did on Stuart's assurance that we would fight in the United States. It was something of a surprise to me to cross the Rio Grande near Langtry, and still more disappointing to find that the ring, which had been pitched, measured just fifteen feet square.

This was evidently in favor of a rushing fighter like Maher, but I accepted the situation.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, it was evidently Maher's intention to fight me according to any tactics, whether covered by or contrary to the rules of the ring. This was proven early in the fight. Previous to the call of time, while we were in the centre of the ring, Referee Siler instructed us to break away at the word and avoid possibility of fouling. I answered that Peter and I had fought before, and intended to make this a square battle, on its merits. Maher expressed the same sentiment.

In the first clinch Maher threw his left hand around my neck and dealt me a heavy right hand swing that dazed me for a second. Recovering quickly, Julian appealed to the referee, who came over and cautioned Maher, saying: "If you do that again I will give the fight against you." Soon afterward, while Peter was swinging right and left at me, he repeated the same trick with his left, but I kept my head away.

MAHER'S THIRD FOUL.

In almost the next clinch, he shot his right into my shirt ribs twice in succession, again fouling me. While he was taking his left from its hold behind my neck, he prepared to swing his right for my jaw. I anticipated the move and was crouched close in. With my left I warled off his right and swung my body around to land my right, which was bent at the elbow, and which I did not straighten out, but brought up with a quick jolt, half swing, half uppercut.

So sure was I of landing the blow in the right spot that I do not remember following it with my eye to see if it had done its work.

During the fight there were only two blows landed which were worthy of the name. One was the foul blow Maher put on my jaw, and the other was that which finished him. The left which he was said to have secured first blood on was only a straight blow that landed lightly on the side of the chin, and which I countered in the same manner. There was no blood in the fight. Maher's only mark was an abraded spot that showed a trifle red where I hit him. I came out of the battle without a mark.

EXPECTED A SHORT FIGHT.

I knew it was going to be a short fight, and said I would surely win within two rounds. It was easy for me to watch for my opportunity and land the telling blow at any time that would present itself. I went right at him in his own game, and rushed matters myself, instead of letting him do the aggressive work.

When I went into Peter's corner he clearly acknowledged that he had been beaten and had not a word to say about poor condition. In fact, I think his condition was better than during our first fight, and I am certain he has improved wonderfully since that affair in New Orleans. Peter's talk of wanting another chance must be an after thought, for he evidently felt that he had been given chance enough.

I won the world's heavyweight championship and I won it without going out of the middleweight class, for my weight was just 157 pounds—one pound within the limit. Therefore I am justified in claiming both titles.

CORBETT MUST LEARN PATIENCE.

It is a mistake to suppose that I am not going to meet Corbett in the ring. On the contrary, I intend to fight him, but will take my own time about signing an agreement, just as he did when our positions were reversed.

I am now champion and he the challenger, so that he may expect me to do a little of the dictating which he has always contended belongs to the holder of the title. I have been in training for seven months, and believe I am entitled to a rest. I shall take one, at all events, and Mr. Corbett's talk of "forcing me to fight at once" will have no effect upon my present plans.

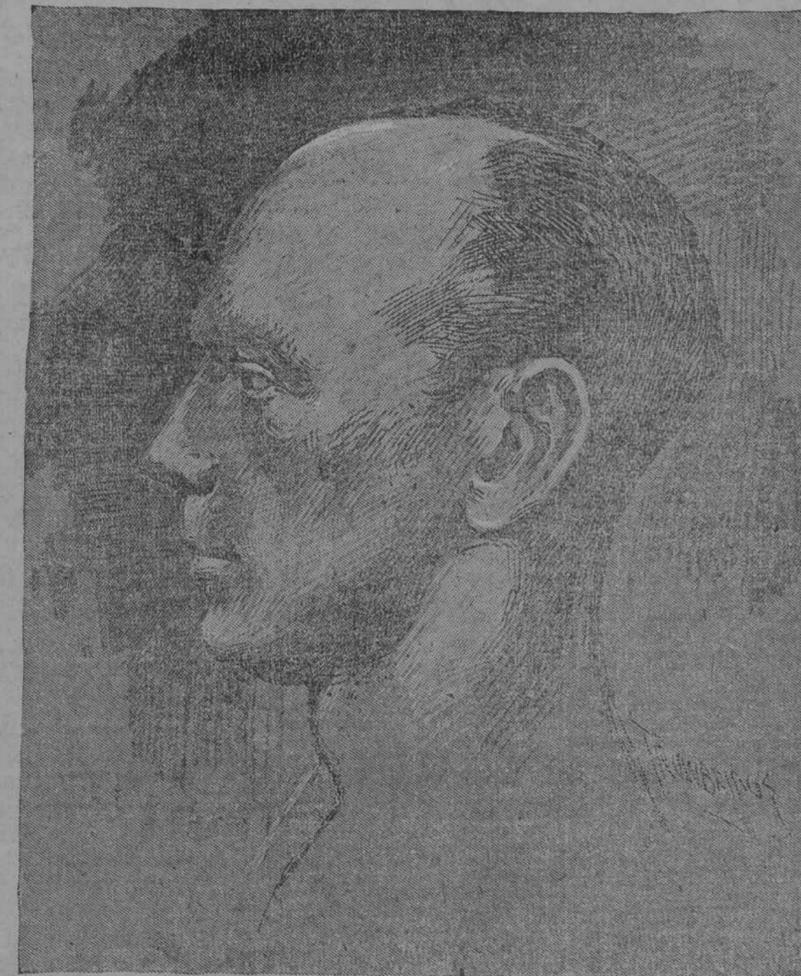
He has stated, I believe, that he intends to seek a personal interview with me. He will not seek in vain. If he wants to



KNOCK-OUT JOLT THAT MADE FITZ CHAMPION.

This is the blow that won the championship for Fitzsimmons, duplicated in pose by himself in the Journal office yesterday afternoon. Maher had just delivered two body blows in a clinch, and was attempting to swing his right for the jaw. Fitzsimmons warded off the swing, and, with his arm drawn back, swung his body as he pushed it half upward, half inward.

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A STUDY OF FITZSIMMONS'S HEAD.

Dr. O'Sullivan, the celebrated medico-legal expert, sitting in the Journal office while this sketch was made, found many features in the fighter's facial expression that indicate qualities seemingly at variance with the accepted idea of pugnacity. Shrewdness is typified, destructiveness and force are indicated, quickness of action is expressed, but an absence of combativeness is noticeable.



MAHER'S FIRST FOUL BLOW.

Fitzsimmons describes the blow as the only one landed by Maher during the fight which had any effect upon him. He admits that it dazed him for a brief period. It was delivered while the men were breaking away from a clinch. Fitzsimmons having both hands "out of action," Maher retained his hold on his adversary's neck with his left hand and swung his right on Fitzsimmons's jaw. The blow might have caused a knockout.

But if his announcement is intended as a threat of personal violence, he will be responsible for anything that may happen.

This much I will say about a meeting with Corbett: I will only fight him before a recognized and responsible club. I have gotten through with wild goose chases and forced marches to obscure battle grounds and fights from the local authorities. If it had not been for the friends I made in the South I should now be languishing in a Mexican jail.

My future plans I do not care to discuss until they have been completed. One thing is certain, though. Mr. Corbett must prove that he is worthy of my steel; that he is still a first-class pugilist, before he meets me. He cannot force me to a match on his terms, but must listen to mine.

I have fought my way to the championships by defeating the men who held them while they were at their best, not by waiting until they had become easy marks. I am prepared to hold the titles by fighting for them.

Another thing which I want to set straight is the idea given by Corbett's utterances that I am a foreigner. This is not true, for I am a citizen of the United States, having declared my intentions before my fight with Hall. I have always worn the Stars and Stripes as my colors since getting my first papers, and will always continue to do so. I am against seeking a battle ground in another country if it can be avoided. America is good enough for me, every time.

Robert Fitzsimmons

The Fight in Pose.

It was while Fitzsimmons was illustrating his fight with Maher before the artists that he became a study. His lithic, nervous movements were accentuated by the earnestness with which he took up poses with a member of the staff. In fact, so quickly did his attitudes change that he was a difficult subject for the camera or the pencil.

"When Maher first fouled me," said the lanky, bullet-headed champion, "he did it like this. We had been clinched and he threw his arm around my neck," placing his assistant in the attitude assumed by Maher, "and swung his right on my jaw. The blow dazed me, I'll admit, and I appealed to the referee."

"Then I broke ground, but kept half crouched, waiting for the opening. I led my left and he countered—like that. This is the blow they said made my nose," but it didn't. I have a habit, that you have noticed, of drawing my nose in my nose during a fight. My nose itches and I cannot break myself of it any more than Larry Foley could stop brushing back his hair while sparring. Rubbing made my upper lip red, but it was not blood.

"The next time Maher got he fouled me again. It was the left that came over this time. While we were sparring, I kept my arms a trifle wide apart, and he came in to a clinch after I had feinted with my left, like this. The second deliberate foul made me ugly, but I said nothing about it, going at him in close quarters."

"Then Peter came swinging right and left, and when I got in close, seized me again by the back of the neck—so—and sent his right into my ribs for two short-arm blows that had enough steam in them to deny any stories of lack of condition. While Maher was drawing his left arm from my neck—that's it—he prepared to swing his right on my jaw—a little wider, please—that's right. I threw up the blow with my forearm and swung my body in behind my right, brought back to a short reach—like that."

It was well for his assistant in the pose that Fitz judged his distance well, but even with the care used, the other model got a suggestion of the knock-out that jarred his teeth unpleasantly and set his thinking apparatus to work on a calculation of what might have happened if the big freckled fist that rested just on the left side of his jaw had been pushed with all the force of that burly shoulder.



EXCHANGE OF STRAIGHT LEFTS.

According to Fitzsimmons's explanation, while assuming this pose in the Journal office yesterday afternoon, these blows landed very lightly. In this exchange Maher was accorded first blood, but this is denied by Fitzsimmons. It has been stated that Maher's punch landed on Fitz's nose. No blood was drawn during the encounter.



FOUL ON THE WIND.

There were two of these, quickly following each other after a clinch, illustrated in pose by Fitzsimmons in the Journal office yesterday afternoon. As during the first foul Maher had not actually withdrawn or "broken away" when he sent his right twice into Fitz's short ribs, it was the third foul, and Maher followed it with the attempted right-hand swing the counter of which was the knockout blow.