

MAURIELLO WINS IN FIFTH ROUND

BRUCE WOODCOCK, of Doncaster, the British heavy-weight champion, was knocked out by Tami Mauriello, of America, at Madison Square Garden, New York, in the fifth round of their 10-round fight. It was Woodcock's first defeat as a professional, and only the third time he had been knocked off his feet.

Most of the spectators put Woodcock ahead on points before Mauriello sent over a crushing right to the chin that floored him for the count, says Reuter.

When Woodcock got back to his room at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, he was examined by a doctor attached to the Boxing Commission. He found a deep cut on the British champion's head, which required four stitches.

The cut was caused when the boxers collided in the fifth round, just before the knock-out punch landed.

The doctor said it was very likely that the butt dazed Woodcock so much that he "fell into" Mauriello's right-hand punch that laid him low.

From **FREDERICK COOK**,
"Evening Post" Special Correspondent

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Bruce Woodcock is the gamest, hardest hitting heavyweight Britain has sent to America in 20 years.

What a fight it was. Woodcock had taken the first four rounds beyond a shadow of a doubt. He had shaken Mauriello to his foundations. Twice he almost floored him. He had him backed to the ropes half a dozen times, pounded him mercilessly until Mauriello was looking round desperately for a way of escape from Woodcock's pile-driver left.

Again and again Bruce connected with that left. He knocked the wind out of Mauriello so badly that at the end of the third round it was only the bell that saved him.

When he came back for the fifth round Mauriello was bleeding from a bad gash over the left eye. He looked worried, but his superior weight told. After missing repeatedly he connected thrice in rapid succession. Woodcock staggered, and made a gallant attempt at recovery. Then he slipped. Mauriello saw his chance. With a mighty right, which had not far to travel, he floored Bruce.

Shook the Ring

The British champion went down so heavily that he shook the ring. Twice he tried to regain his feet, shaking his head. It was no good. But Woodcock got an ovation that has not been the lot of many Britons at Madison Square's packed arena.

He brought the crowd to their feet again and again, and when the

"A Mug Punch"

Bruce Woodcock had no excuses to offer. Showing no ill-effects from his knock down, after taking a shower, he said "I ran into a sucker punch—it was a mug punch."

Mauriello admitted he was badly hurt in the third round, but said that his greater experience enabled him to keep this fact from Woodcock.

"He hurt me early in the third with his right. It was the hardest blow I have ever had since I began boxing."

Mauriello added that Woodcock surprised him with boxing and punching ability.—Reuter.

referee held up his hands there were yells of, "Good boy. Good boy."

Woodcock's dressing room, in the bowels of Madison Square Garden, was far more crowded after the fight than Mauriello's. American top fight boxing specialists all wanted to have a look at the game young invader.

They were in earnest as they spoke customary words of comfort. "You've nothing to be ashamed of, Bruce," they told him. "You put up a grand fight."

"I want to redeem myself. I'd like another crack at him," said Bruce.

"It Was That Right"

Manager Tom Hurst said frankly, when I asked him how he explained Bruce's defeat, "It was that right. We just didn't expect that right. It was the left we were worrying about."

Promoter Mike Jacobs indicated Bruce might get his second chance at Tami. He can have a fight here

any time he wants one," he told me. "That is the kind of fellow we need over here."

The biggest crowd the Garden has seen since before the war days turned out to see Bruce's bid to break the tradition that a visiting Briton never wins his first fight here.

The contest was watched by 13,749 spectators, who paid 98,598 dollars (about £25,000), with the top ringside seats priced at 20 dollars.

Many notable celebrities and boxers were present, including the Marquis of Queensberry, and Joe Louis, the world heavyweight champion.

HOW IT WENT

Round By Round Story of Fight

Here is a round-by-round story of the fight—

ROUND ONE.—Bruce, with his left shoulder well up, came out of his corner confidently and immediately threw into action his celebrated straight left. With his first blow he shook Mauriello, and brought yells from the galleries. Three powerful lefts followed. Mauriello was dancing round looking for an opening. Bunching his powerful shoulders he loosed three mighty hooks, but they hit the air and loud boos rang out from all over the hall. Woodcock jolted him again with that left.

Mauriello, flushed and angry, missed again. As the round neared the end Woodcock's left shot out again and again. He never missed. But Mauriello closed in and landed some telling body punches at close range. Woodcock pushed him away, and followed up with a hail of blows which drove his adversary towards the ropes and made his knees sag.

As the round closed the crowd were going wild, and the yells were all for Bruce. Woodcock's round on all counts.

Fast In-Fighting

ROUND TWO.—Mauriello, keeping an eye open for that left, opened the second round aggressively. He came out crouching, and for the first time shook Bruce with a hard right on the point of his jaw. Bruce danced back, recovered quickly, and was on his opponent like lightning. A spell of fast in-fighting drove Mauriello slowly back to the ropes.

He tried to fight his way clear, but Woodcock, while the crowd roared, rained right and left jabs on him, and forced him into a corner. The referee intervened. Mauriello began to take on a puzzled look. Again and again he failed to connect with punches that apparently carried real weight. Then he rallied and landed two powerful lefts. He was taking a leaf from Bruce's book now, and beginning to throw that left in again and again and with much more accuracy.

Bruce was still cool but beginning to take punishment. He replied with his own left, and drew blood from Mauriello's nose. As the round closed Mauriello's blows seemed to have lost weight, and Bruce was ducking them without difficulty. As he walked to his corner Mauriello looked distinctly rattled.

Missing Wildly

ROUND THREE.—Mauriello forced the pace at the start of the third round, but he was still missing wildly and did not seem able to keep out of the way of Bruce's steady pounding lefts. He walked into them repeatedly, and again Bruce drew blood. But he was beginning to show signs of wear and tear, and when

Mauriello connected, the blows had all his superior weight behind them. Mauriello was cagey, and still very fast on his feet.

Bruce had to work hard to hit him. Mauriello used his left to good effect three times in rapid succession, and seemed to shake Bruce, whose face reddened. Suddenly Woodcock lashed out again with that left, and followed up with four or five rapid-fire uppercuts that made Mauriello gasp and retreat once again to the ropes. The crowd went frantic, but Mauriello was bringing his own left into action here, and finding his target on the side of Bruce's head, on his chin, and on his eye.

Woodcock weaved away, and the round closed almost even, though on balance critics gave it to Woodcock.

Full of Fight

ROUND FOUR.—It was a brand new Tami when this round opened. He came out of his corner full of fight. They clinched, and Mauriello hammered Bruce hard with a succession of right and left jabs. Bruce began to breathe hard, but he danced back out of the way just in time to avoid a low swinging jab towards the stomach which caused the referee to raise a cautionary finger at Mauriello.

Tami took some punishment from Woodcock's still weighty left, and, beginning to look anxious midway through the round, started throwing them wild again. Twice the referee had to break it up. Twenty seconds before the round closed Bruce landed a powerful right on Mauriello's left eye, opening the jagged cut just above the eyebrow which bled profusely and seemed to bother him as if interfering with his vision.

As the round closed Tami looked bewildered and was gasping for breath. He seemed to be stalling for time in the hope the bell would come to his rescue again. It did. The crowd were frantic with excitement. It would have been hard to get a bet on Mauriello at this stage. Woodcock's round.

Woodcock Worried

ROUND FIVE.—There was not a sign when the fifth round opened that it was to be the last. Mauriello had demonstrated once again his powers of recovery, and he opened fresh and fast. Right away he connected with a stinging left. Woodcock, shaken, staggered back and began to bleed from the nose. Mauriello followed up his advantage, and for the first time Woodcock looked really worried.

Mauriello's eye glinted. Craftily he came in crouching. Woodcock danced away. He feinted with his left but by now he had learned to keep his eye on Mauriello's left too. Circling slowly they traded heavy body blows. Mauriello shivered Bruce with a powerful left. Then it happened. Rocky from the weight of that mighty blow Bruce weaved and ducked, and threw back his head in the hope of making Mauriello miss again.

Mauriello was waiting for that. As Bruce side-stepped to dodge his foe's left, Tami brought his right into play. A clean sharp jab, with a smack that could be heard all over the hall, caught Bruce on the side of the face. He dropped like a log. Twice he tried to stagger to his feet, but it was all over. But it was a great fight. They were all agreed on that.

Nobody at home need be ashamed of Bruce Woodcock.