

THE BIG FIGHT.

LOUGHRAN

v.

STRICKLAND.

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Picture.:-

Tommy Loughran, America v. Maurice Strickland, New Zealand, at Wembley. (The American has a stripe down his shorts.) Strickland is New Zealand's heavyweight champion. The contest

looks like brawn against brain. Loughran boxes as if he was doing an exhibition show, and Strickland tries to land staggering

punches, for which the American seldom waits in the right place. The

end of the first round brings

not much encouragement

to look forward to the second. But it's a pleasure

to watch Loughran's style and speed. For those who like an honest-to-goodness fight, there's little to stir them. The American's reach

is well used, and his blows often get there. The clinches pass the time quite a lot, but don't

get any applause from the immense crowd. Strickland does well. He has sent in some fierce punches and got

out of some difficult jams,

but the clever American takes it all so easily that it looks almost dull. Some lefts reach home, but there's no real

kick in them. Loughran's style is so clean

and skilful, that, except for his size, one might think he was a light weight. As rounds

pass, one realises that Strickland is not by any means on top, and not likely to be. And despite a fine last effort by the New Zealander, the result is never in doubt. Strickland loses on points, but it's a defeat which carries its own honours. Loughran, with the experience of two-hundred fights behind him, emerges from his victory, with hardly a hair out of place!

And talking of boxers, have a look up at this one! Mitu, of Rumania, a foot

taller than Carnera. Two-and-a-half yards of man. The largest boxer ever seen. If he

lies down in the ring, his feet will probably be on some ring-sider's shirt-front. He is

training in Paris for his next. But his opponent has yet to be found.

Well, the only one I can suggest is King Kong!