

The Abysmal Brute

[Continued from page 6, Col. 2.]
 bay, under the watchful eye of Spider Walsh.

At the end of a week Spider whispered that the job was a cinch. His charge was away and over the hills from dawn till dark, whipping the streams for trout, shooting quail and rabbits and pursuing the one lone and crafty buck famous for having survived a decade of hunters. It was the Spider, who waxed lazy and fat, while his charge kept himself in condition.

As Stubener expected, his unknown was laughed at by the fight club managers. Were not the woods full of unknowns who were always breaking out with championship rashes?

A preliminary, say of four rounds—yes, they would grant him that. But the main event—never. Stubener was resolved that young Pat should make his debut in nothing less than a main event, and, by the prestige of his own name he at last managed it.

With much misgiving the Mission club agreed that Pat Glendon could go fifteen rounds with Rough House Kelly for a purse of \$100. It was the custom of young fighters to assume the names of old ring heroes, so no one suspected that he was the son of the great Pat Glendon, while Stubener held his peace. It was a good press surprise package to spring later.

Came the night of the fight after a month of waiting. Stubener's anxiety was keen. His professional reputation was staked that his man would make a showing, and he was astounded to see Pat seated in his corner a bare five minutes lose the healthy color from his cheeks, which turned a sickly yellow.

"Cheer up, boy," Stubener said, slapping him on the shoulder. "The first time in the ring is always strange, and Kelly has a way of letting his opponent wait for him on the chance of getting stage fright."

"It isn't that," Pat answered. "It's the tobacco smoke. I'm not used to it, and it's making me fair sick."

His manager experienced the quick shock of relief. A man who turned sick from mental causes, even if he were a Samson, could never win a place in the prize ring. As for tobacco smoke, the youngster would have to get used to it, that was all.

Young Pat's entrance into the ring had been met with silence, but when Rough House Kelly crawled through the ropes his greeting was uproarious. He did not belie his name. He was a ferocious looking man, black and hairy, with huge, knotty muscles, weighing a full 200 pounds.

Pat looked across at him curiously and received a savage scowl. After both had been introduced to the audience they shook hands.

And even as their gloves gripped Kelly ground his teeth, convulsed his face with an expression of rage and muttered:

"You've got yer nerve wid yeh." He stung Pat's hand roughly from his and hissed, "I'll eat yeh up, ye pup!"

The audience laughed at the action, and it guessed hilariously at what Kelly must have said.

Back in his corner and waiting the gong, Pat turned to Stubener.

"Why is he angry with me?" he asked.

"He ain't," Stubener answered. "That's his way, trying to scare you. It's just mouth fighting."

"It isn't boxing," was Pat's comment. And Stubener, with a quick glance, noted that his eyes were as mildly blue as ever.

"Be careful," the manager warned as the gong for the first round sounded and Pat stood up. "He's liable to come at you like a man eater."

And like a man eater Kelly did come at him, rushing across the ring in wild fury. Pat, who in his easy way had advanced only a couple of paces, gauged the other's momentum, sidestepped and brought his stiff arched right arm across to the jaw.

Then he stood and looked on with a great curiosity.

The fight was over.

Kelly had fallen like a stricken bullock to the floor, and there he lay without movement while the referee, bending over him, shouted the ten seconds in his unheeding ear.

When Kelly's seconds came to lift him Pat was before them. Gathering the huge, inert bulk of the man in his arms, he carried him to his corner and deposited him on the stool and in the arms of his seconds.

Half a minute later Kelly's head lifted and his eyes wavered open. He looked about him stupidly and then to one of his seconds.

"What happened?" he queried hoarsely. "Did the roof fall on me?"

As a result of his fight with Kelly, though the general opinion was that he had won by a fluke, Pat was matched with Rufe Mason. This took place three weeks later, and the Sierra club audience at Dreamland rink failed to see what happened.

Rufe Mason was a heavyweight, noted locally for his cleverness. When the gong for the first round sounded both men met in the center of the ring. Neither rushed. Nor did they strike a blow.

They felt around each other, their arms bent, their gloves so close together that they almost touched. This lasted for perhaps five seconds.

Then it happened, and so quickly that not one in a hundred of the audience saw. Rufe Mason made a feint with his right. It was obviously not a real feint, but a feeler, a mere tentative threatening of a possible blow.

It was at this instant that Pat loosed

his punch. So close together were they that the distance the blow traveled was a scant eight inches. It was a short arm left jolt, and it was accomplished by a twist of the left forearm and a thrust of the shoulder.

It landed flush on the point of the chin, and the astounded audience saw Rufe Mason's legs crumple under him as his body sank to the floor. But the referee had seen, and he promptly proceeded to count him out.

Again Pat carried his opponent to his corner, and it was ten minutes before Rufe Mason could get up.



"What happened?" he queried hoarsely.

fore Rufe Mason, supported by his seconds, with sagging knees and rolling, glassy eyes, was able to move down the aisle through the stupefied and incredulous audience on the way to his dressing room.

"No wonder," he told a reporter, "that Rough House Kelly thought the roof hit him."

After Chub Collins had been put out in the twelfth second of the first round of a fifteen round contest Stubener felt compelled to speak to Pat.

"Do you know what they're calling you now?" he asked.

Pat shook his head.

"One Punch Glendon."

Pat smiled politely. He was little interested in what he was called. He had certain work cut out which he must do ere he could win back to his mountains, and he was phlegmatically doing it, that was all.

"It won't do," his manager continued, with an ominous shake of the head. "You can't go on putting your men out so quickly. You must give them more time."

"I'm here to fight, ain't I?" Pat demanded in surprise.

Again Stubener shook his head.

"It's this way, Pat. You've got to be big and generous in the fighting game. Don't get all the other fighters sore. And it's not fair to the audience. They want a ruff for their money."

"Besides, no one will fight you. They'll all be scared out. And you can't draw crowds with ten second fights. I leave it to you. Would you pay \$1 or \$5 to see a ten second fight?"

Pat was convinced, and he promised to give future audiences the requisite run for their money, though he stated that, personally, he preferred going fishing to witnessing a hundred rounds of fighting.

CHAPTER IV.

PAT had got practically nowhere in the game. The local sports laughed when his name was mentioned. It called to mind funny fights and Rough House Kelly's remark about the roof.

Nobody knew how Pat could fight. They had never seen him. Where was his wind, his stamina, his ability to mix it with rough customers through long grueling contests?

He had demonstrated nothing but the possession of a lucky punch and a depressing proclivity for fukes.

So it was that his fourth match was arranged with Pete Sosso, a Portuguese fighter from Butchertown, known only for the amazing tricks he played in the ring.

Pat did not train for the fight. Instead he made a flying and sorrowful trip to the mountains to bury his father. Old Pat had known well the condition of his heart, and it had stopped suddenly on him.

Young Pat arrived back in San Francisco with so close a margin of time that he changed into his fighting togs directly from his traveling suit, and even then the audience was kept waiting ten minutes.

"Remember, give him a chance," Stubener cautioned him as he climbed through the ropes. "Play with him, but do it seriously. Let him go ten or twelve rounds, then get him."

Pat obeyed instructions, and, though it would have been easy enough to put Sosso out, so tricky was he that to stand up to him and not put him out kept his hands full.

It was a pretty exhibition, and the audience was delighted. Sosso's whirlwind attacks, wild feints, retreats and rushes required all Pat's science to protect himself, and even then he did not escape unscathed.

Stubener praised him in the minute rests, and all would have been well had not Sosso in the fourth round played one of his most spectacular tricks.

Pat, in a mixup, had landed a hook to Sosso's jaw, when to his amazement the latter dropped his hands and reeled backward, eyes rolling, legs

bending and giving, in a high state of grogginess.

Pat could not understand. It had not been a knockout blow, and yet there was his man all ready to fall to the mat. Pat dropped his own hands and wonderingly watched his reeling opponent. Sosso staggered away, almost fell, recovered, and staggered obliquely and blindly forward again.

For the first and the last time in his fighting career Pat was caught off his guard. He actually stepped aside to let the reeling man go by. Still reeling, Sosso suddenly loosed his right. Pat received it full on his jaw with an impact that rattled all his teeth.

A great roar of delight went up from the audience. But Pat did not hear. He saw only Sosso before him, grinning and defiant, and not the least bit groggy. Pat was hurt by the blow, but vastly more outraged by the trick.

All the wrath that his father ever had surged up in him. He shook his head as if to get rid of the shock of the blow and steadied himself before his man. It all occurred in the next second. With a feint that drew his opponent, Pat fetched his left to the solar plexus, almost at the same instant whipping his right across to the jaw.

The latter blow landed on Sosso's mouth ere his falling body struck the floor. The club doctors worked half an hour to bring him to. After that they put eleven stitches in his mouth and packed him off in an ambulance.

"I'm sorry," Pat told his manager. "I'm afraid I lost my temper. I'll never do it again in the ring. Dad always cautioned me about it. He said it had made him lose more than one battle. I didn't know I could lose my temper that way. But now that I know I'll keep it in control."

[Continued next week.]

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[Continued next week.]

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