



Name: Dan Creedon
Born: 1868-06-09
Birthplace: Invercargill, New Zealand
Died: 1942-07-10 (Age:74)
Nationality: New Zealander
Hometown: Melbourne, Victoria, Australia
Boxing Record: [click](#)
Height: 5' 8" / 173cm
Reach: 69" / 175cm

GLADIATORS M'COY AND CREEDON READY FOR TO-NIGHTS COMBAT

KID" M'COY FEELS LIKE A WINNER. DAN CREEDON IS CONFIDENT OF SUCCESS.

To the Editor of The World:

On the eve of the battle I feel like a winner. My condition is perfect and I have no complaint whatever to make. I moved in from my training quarters on Staten Island to the Hotel Yendome on Wednesday evening, and have been taking things easy. I took a long walk with my trainer, Doc Payne, this morning and another this afternoon. This is really the only exercise I have had since leaving off training yesterday. I may work a little with the gloves to-morrow morning, but the chances are that I have put them on for the last time until the fight to-morrow evening.

I am well satisfied with all the arrangements that have been made and feel sure that the contest will be brought off without trouble. I am told that Mr. Creedon is in excellent condition, but this does not cause me the least apprehension. I know his ability and respect it, but I think I can whip him, and if i don't accomplish that feat to-night I will give an excellent imitation of a man who is trying hard. I expect the fight to last from eight to ten rounds. CHARLES (KID) M'COY

To the Editor of The World

My trip from Chicago did not hurt me in the least, and the bad weather which greeted me on my arrival in Now York has yet to have any bad effects. I am in the condition of my life and ready to put up the fight of my life. I have trained hard and have no complaint to make on the score of preparation. Down here on the Boulevard I breathe the fresh salt air every morning and I feel as if I could got out and run at top speed for ten miles at least. It is great, and, after such a stay at Palos Springs, I do not believe I could have made a better move.

Any number of my friends have asked me if I thought I would win. Of course I think so. I believed I had the best chance when I signed the articles, and now I am in shape to make that belief good. McCoy has a great reach, there is no denying that, and is very clever, but he will have the task of his life in keeping me away from him. Both of us know our business and the public will see a good contest. **DAN CREEDON**

OPINIONS ON THE FIGHT.

What Prominent Sporting Men Had to Say of To-Night's Contest.

"Wherever sporting men congregate the fight was talked about. The topic overshadowed even the mystery of Hamburg's ownership. The good points of each man were discussed, and partisans engaged in warm argument at even the suggestion of a defect in the ring style or make-up of the men.

It was generally agreed that the contest was the biggest thing of its kind that the boxers have attempted to pull off in the vicinity of New York in several years. Aside from the class of the pugilists who are matched, the very fact that there has been such a scarcity of boxing of any kind added interest to the bout and engaged the attention of the general public.

In the cafes and hotel corridors uptown the relative merits of McCoy and Creedon were talked over with an eagerness that was nearly, if not quite, equal to the feeling aroused by the Corbett Sullivan, the Corbett-Mitchell and the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fights.

In the Broadway Hotels.

Around the Broadway hotels frequented by promoters of pugilism groups of sporting men reviewed the performances of the boxers, criticised their methods of fighting and training, and then disagreed, to the betting point, about their merits. The hotels frequented by the promoters of pugilism enjoyed the patronage of some unusual guests. These included the mixed ale scrapping element, anxious to renew acquaintance with the men who make the sport pay, and it goodly number of anxious amateurs, who hung around the thorough-going sports, each hoping to hear something in the nature of a tip that would steady him to back the man of his choice.

There were tips in plenty, but they came from both sides, and the confidence with which they were given simply put the searcher for information in the position that he must guess again.

Betting on the Fight.

The betting on the result was of a very undecided kind. Backers of each man wanted odds, and as a matter of fact odds were laid both ways. Parson Davies with a fancy for Creedon's chances, insisted on getting better than even money for his bet, and was finally accommodated by Billy Edwards, who bet him \$300 to \$240. The bets made downtown were at 10 to 8 and 10 to 9 on McCoy, and the price was accepted as established when the news that there was plenty of Creedon money further uptown sent the McCoy men on the search for more against their money.

They got some small bets, in which Creedon figured as favorite. So far as the speculation and opinion indicated, the fight is one of the most even things in the history of boxing, and the sports look forward to a splendid exhibition when the boxers enter the ring to-night.

Here are some opinions of prominent sporting men.

Parson Davies – I like Creedon's chances, but I don't regard the contest as a sure thing. It promises to be as fine a contest as anyone ever saw, for both men are dead in earnest and keen to go. Basing my opinion on what I have seen the men do I look for Creedon to win.

I watched McCoy closely in his fight with Ryan and while I must admit he is clever, I cannot see that he has a right to beat Creedon. That the fight will take place there seems to be no doubt. Everything has been properly arranged and the one sure thing That I can see in the match is that it will come off as announced.

Joe Choynski – It looks to me as if Creedon is the better man, and I feel satisfied he will win. McCoy is a clever boxer, but he would have to be something more to have a chance.

George Siler – Two good men are matched and it is so even a thing that I see nothing on which to base a selection. McCoy and Creedon represent two entirely different styles of fighting, and much will depend on circumstances and the course the contest takes.

Frank Kenney – It seems to me nearly a sure thing for McCoy. He is the younger man and has improved steadily. In addition to that he has much the advantage in height and reach.

The Boston Daily Globe 18 December 1897

McCoy's Bout

Creedon Gives Up After 15 Fast Rounds

Best Contest New York Has Seen

Roars Of Applause at Outcome

Clean and Scientific All The Time

McCoy's Quickness Proves Too Much for the Australian

Winner Is Champion Now

NEW YORK, Dec: 17— In a fight for the middleweight championship of the world, at the Long Island City A. C. tonight, Dan Creedon of Australia was whipped in 15 rounds by "Kid" McCoy of Indiana. The fight was fast and scientific from start to finish and was witnessed by 3500 spectators.

McCoy was a phantom. For 15 rounds he had danced around his antagonist like a will of the wisp. Creedon, burly and heavy chested, had ever shuffled forward hoping to drive in with his shorter arms and settle the fight. He was bleeding from a cut on the right temple. His right eye was bruised and around the ringside the spectators were hollowing hoarsely like a drove of bulls. McCoy's white trunks were red and splashed with blood. His eyes stared fixedly at his opponent and his thin lips were curled in a sneering smile.

Suddenly he darted forward, and his left fist described a swift downward and upward whirl. It caught Creedon flush under the chin. Up went his bullet like head with a snap. It seemed as

If nothing but the tip of his toes were touching the floor. Then he fell with a beefy crash and rolled over on his back. He reached vaguely up and grasped at the ropes. He rolled over on his face and lurched to one knee.

The bald-headed referee stood over him with his arms swinging out the fatal seconds. Nine and Creedon was on his feet, looking blindly for his foe. He located him, went for him and rushed into a clinch, and hung there blindly. A moment later the round ended.

The burly Australian staggered to his corner, still dazed from the effects of that drastic punch. A minister sitting close to the ring side shuddered, and put his hands over his face and moved his lips in prayer.

The seconds brushed and fanned and molded the stricken man into comparative strength and cleanliness. Then suddenly from Creedon's corner up went a sponge. It was from the hands of the Australian seconds. Creedon saw it, as in a dream. His seconds bending over him spoke encouragingly. His brother, weeping, kissed him on the bloody cheek. Creedon struck at him savagely.

The referee decided the fight in favour of McCoy. The slender boy walked across the ring with buoyant step and grasped Creedon's limp hand. The spectators cheered and swarmed for the doors. It was a helter-skelter exit and on the lip of every man was the name of McCoy, the middleweight champion of the world.

Place of the Contest.

Seen from the outside, the old building where the battle was fought was a compromise between a barn and a brewery. Inside it was as bare of adornment as the midriff of Jonah's whale. There was a wilderness of bare seats and of skeleton like rafters as gaunt as the scaffolds upon which men are hanged. Sports haunted the outside in groups. They were low eyed and low voiced. They talked of interference and of the purification league and . Then the lights of the battlefield suddenly blazed up and they went inside.

Others followed and as the night deepened a steady stream of pedestrians coiled out of the darkness and into the light of the ringside. The place filled rapidly. The noise increased threefold. There was a constant rasp and rip tickets, a constant influx of square jawed sports, clubmen, curiosity hunters, bankers, brokers and ministers of the gospel. For it is but a step from Christianity to paganism, from civilization to barbarism, from a minister to a sport, from a prizefighter to the man who sees him fight with every evidence of enjoyment, and then goes home and preaches against It.

At an early hour the seats were filled and the aisles were choked with-a struggling human tide. Around the steep slopes of seats facing the ring were the great city's prize fighting faces in a humming, buzzing horde. They rose rank on rank from the lurid glare of the ring lights until the "pale blur of them hung through the blue mists of tobacco smoke like a host of Raphael's cherubs over a deathbed. ...

You could see fight in every inch of them. There was pugnacity in eye, forehead and jowl, in the hard set of mouth, the aggressive flare of nostrils, in the brute like tilt of the ears. You had to look between the interstices, so to speak, to find the ministers, the bankers and the men of affairs. But for the cut of their dark chokers and the blaze of diamonds, they would have been lost, swallowed up and forgotten. Above the deep roll and cackle of voices one could catch such sentences as these:

"Hy, Chimmie. who do you pick? McCoy? That's right."

"There sits Jimmy Wakeley talking with Al Smith; I wonder who he is betting on."

"Holy smoke, "there's Weldon of Cincinnati.

He's one of the old guard.

Silier, too. But they're dropping off fast. There ought to be vacant seats here somewhere, for poor Hackett and Billy Norr and others of the boys we have loved and lost. Death is the champion knocker out, after all, Chimmie."

How the Crowd Looked.

Through the veil of smoke one could occasionally catch the quick flash of an uplifted bottle and the customary gurgle and smack that goes with extreme felicity and three fingers. These were not wines of Crete or of Falernia, but plain red-eye from the Bowery, too hot and strong for bubbles to live upon. Through the long row of windows above the tiers of seats a hundred faces were peering, white and curious and still, watching the shifting crowd, the flaring lights and the white square of the arena with mute intensity.

As the time approached for the opening of the entertainment it really seemed that not another person could find room inside. The interior was a murmuring mass of sentimental humanity.

A sudden roar, loud sounds of voices at the outer doors. A tall form pushing toward the boxes. "Corbett ! Corbett ! " is the cry. It was the man whose solar plexus has been woven into song and story, the man to which all other solar plexus are as naught. This modern exponent of the modern arena smiled and bowed and sat down.

"Hello. Jim!" shouted a sport with a piratical moustache. "**Do you want to fight Fitzsimmons again?**" "I wish he and I were in the ring instead of McCoy and Creedon," replied the pompadour one.

Notables in the boxes were as thick as peas in a pod. There is caste in prize fighting circles, as well as in society. Big managers will not crony with little managers, and between big fighters and little fighters there is a yawning gulf, and there was little doing between the side seats and the boxes.

Some of the Notables.

The odds in favor of McCoy swelled somewhat as the time approached for the battle. Those who had laid 10 to 8 on the American were willing to give 10 to 7. Nobody appeared to know just why this was the case. There were no rumors to justify it. Outside the doors a tremendous mob was clamouring for admittance. Seven dollar seats were going for \$10 as fast as they could be sold, although there was not a vacant seat visible inside. A boutonniere of carnations strayed through the door. It was on the lapel of a young man of the 400. It was resented from the first. "Take it off, Charlie boy!" somebody shouted. Then the young man was hustled about until the posy was in ruins. He was even forced to carry his cane handle uppermost before he reached his seat.

Close behind chappie came Fred Taral, the jockey, with bets to burn. In front of him was a lightweight prize fighter. Both jockey and fighter were greeted with handshakes and howdy. The scion of gentility met with nothing but scoffs' and contumely. Thus was plainly shown that everlasting something in the human mind which makes a fine sarcasm of civilization. This was the temple of sport, pure and simple. Its devotees bowed as blindly to the fistic god as did the Egyptians of old to their bull-headed idols.

This fight was to be for the middleweight championship of the world, and as such it was by all odds the greatest contest that was ever brought off in public in New York.

That quiet man of craft, ex Inspector Byrnes sat next the ring side with his hat tilted over his left eye and; a cigar in the starboard corner of his mouth. It is curious how a man's ideas will change, with the position he occupies. Mr Byrnes is now a plain American citizen and a friend of scientific boxing.

John Phillip Sousa sat on the opposite side with his elbow on the ring floor; Charley Klein was with him. Close by was Abe Erlanger. William Muldoon talked quietly with some friends- at one corner of the ring. Wlnthrop Rutherford looked strangely out of place as he clambered up the steep aisle to his seat with a companion. Gen Collis of street upheaval fame, followed by his son

Lloyd, came in late, but managed to get seats without going into the limbo of the unoccupied corners.

It was 8.30 when Charley Harvey climbed through the ropes and announced the first pair. These were simply two small pugilistic oysters preceding the roast of the evening. Just after the last preliminary bout Jake Worth came in with a friend and found' a seat in a box near the ring. He seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly throughout the combat.

As the last of the smaller contestants stepped from the arena, a tall, bushy headed man, with a buzzing moustache, made his way through the crowd toward the ring.

"Patrick Jerome Gleason ! yelled somebody with stentorian lungs. The crowd took up the cry and the din was terrible.

Next is Mayor Gleason's Speech and the fight by rounds

Mayor Gleason clambered into the ring and made a speech, punctuated with the clanging bell and the clamours of the crowd. Mayor Gleason said in part: "Gentlemen, I am not John L. Sullvaan or Mr McCoy or Mr Creedon, I am mayor of this city. This hall was not built for athletic sports. It was built for the purposes of accommodating the citizens of this city. I built it, I own it and I believe that I get the credit of owning this town. I have had a little piece of It politically for 25 years, and this is the first time I have ever entered the scientific ring, although I have chopped my way for seven miles around. "I. would give \$1000 if I was in as good physical condition as the young men who have appeared here tonight. If there is any one within the hearing of my voice who came here to see a prize fight let him go to my office and get his money.

Gleason clung to the ropes and said much more in the same strain. He was followed by Jim Corbett, who said that he wished there were more mayors like Mr Gleason. Then the crowd settled down into a steady growing buzz.

Out in the dressing rooms the two gladiators were getting ready. At 10 they were all ready and started for the ring.

They Enter the Ring.

Suddenly a yell arose, wild and strident and high. "Creedon! Creedon!" was the cry. A short, broad man swung himself through the ropes with the muscular ease of an orang-utan. The lights crowning the roped ring shot their arrows perpendicularly from above like the calcium rays on a stage set for tragedy. Beneath the floor was reflected in a pallid square. It was into thin square that the short, broad man swung with shuffling feet.

Over in the opposite corner another man, tall, sharp-featured and pale, jumped catlike on the platform, threw a large white bath robe from his shoulders, looked across the ring and smiled. It was McCoy. He advanced across the canvas with a light, springy step and shook Creedon's

hand. Creedon grasped it with a smile. As the men stood side by side the contrast between them was marked. Creedon was short and stocky and hairy, gnarled with sinew. He was a human black oak. His face was as hard as the stone tigers of Baalbek. His jaws were immense and heavy; his chest as huge as that of a buffalo. Looking vaguely about the ringside he saw Jim Corbett and smiled; his mouth became square in an unemotional convention.

In comparison, McCoy was a slim and hungry kestrel. His skin shone with the brilliancy of marble. He was as pallid and impassive as a stone image.

The men were introduced in a harsh, rancorous voice. The red gloves were fastened in place. The muscular arms of the fighters lay supine along the ropes. The seconds wielded their fans languidly over the men, who heeded them not, but stared across at each other with a steady glare of undaunted courage.

The crowd was nervous and expectant. Bang!" went the loud bell. The fighters sprung to the center of the ring, each whipping the blue air nervously with their white arms. A rush and a clash, and both men clinched and coiled and strained in an agony of effort, In this clinch Creedon's big arms swung twice on McCoy's face. There were loud cries of foul, Both men breathed hard,, but neither uttered a sound. It seemed as though bone and muscle must be torn asunder. It was tremendous, unspeakable. So far there was not a speck of blood. In the next clinch McCoy came away with a blur of blood on his white trunks. It was Creedon's.

All around the ring the spectators were seething shoulder to shoulder, cheek by jowl with every blow ; Gen Collis' teeth were clenched. Musician Sousa smiled, with his cigar, wiggling in his teeth. Rush followed rush. There were loud howl and jeers from rival adherents.

McCoy Far Superior.

Both men were sweating heavily. So the rounds passed up to the third. In the next round both men settled down to business. They had got over their nervousness. McCoy rushed forward with his long arms flying like flails. Rip, smash, bang and three times his left glove was thrown into Creedon's ribs and face. The hairy-breasted man fought back, and rushing like a bull, held his own to the end of the round.

"It's an even thing, so far," said Charley White, but McCoy was fighting the heaviest fight. Creedon had tried all arts up to the fifth round, but had failed to land on McCoy with any effect. Both fighters were cheered as they returned, to their corners at the end of the round.

Mayor Gleason sat glaring at the ring through his huge round glasses, with a battle light in his eyes. McCoy was fighting a cool, nervy battle, steadily driving in on Creedon's stomach until the broad-chested man became wild and drove in for general results. In the fierce battle he jolted McCoy on the jaw, and in an instant the great crowd sprang to its feet and the boards resounded hollowly like thunder.

When the fighters retired to their corners after the seventh round there was a tornado of applause. Never had such fast, clean and scientific fighting been seen.

"It is a pink tea. Never such fight was seen in a society drawing room", said Charley White. McCoy had not lost his pale smile for an instant. He drifted around like a shifting shadow before the steady advance of his opponent. Creedon's right eye was blue and swollen, and was opened at the temple. As he lay back in his chair between the rounds his breath came gasping and thick.

At the opening of the 11th red fist of McCoy found Creedon's right eye with a horrible jab. Out came the blood in a crimson tide. Creedon's face was as red as that of an Indian. The crowd howled loud and long. It sounded like a baying pack of wolves around a quarry.

Another rush by McCoy, a swift swing on the eye and down went Creedon with one leg through the ropes. He took eight seconds to rise. His seconds were praying for him to get up. Creedon got up just as the bell sounded, although he could have risen earlier. And so the fight went to the end, minute-by-minute and round by round, with Creedon ever getting weaker.

How It Went by Rounds.

Round 1

After some light sparring Creedon jabbed a light left on the chest. Both swung rights, but missed and clinched. McCoy led a left on the mouth and Creedon tried a return, but fell short. They clinched near the ropes, after which Creedon put his right on the head. McCoy looked to the referee for a claim of foul and Creedon took advantage of his adversary and put a left swing on Mac's face. They resumed sparring and Mac jabbed right and left on the body, while Creedon landed a hard left uppercut on the face.

Round 2

McCoy opened with a left on the face and skipped back from a left swing of Creedon's left. In two clinches Creedon smothered McCoy's face with his left hand glove. Mac jabbed a stiff right on the ribs without a return, and missed a left swing for the jaw. They were sparring when the gong rang.

Round 3

McCoy led a light left on the face and then swung left on the face and three rights and one left on the ribs in quick succession at close quarters. Creedon was very slow in his movements and ran into a clinch on the ropes. Mac cut loose and sent his left on the stomach and his right on the head. Then they clinched. In the clinch Creedon swung a short right on the head and was hissed for doing so. But as they were fighting with one arm free Creedon was perfectly right. Mac wound up the round with a left jab on the wind and a right on the ribs, while Creedon swung a light left on the head.

Round 4

McCoy landed a Dixon double blow on the ribs and head with his left very cleverly, and stepped away without a return. Creedon landed right and left on body. After some sparring, during which McCoy was far the quicker, the Indiana boxer sent in a hard left jab on the mouth. Creedon became very cautious and waited for an opening. When it came he landed a right on the ribs and brought it up to the head forcing Mac to the ropes at the call of time

Warm to Their Work.

Round 5

They got into a clinch early and Creedon shoved his right hand over Mac's heart. In close quarters Mac jabbed two hard rights on the ribs and another on the head. Creedon tried very hard to reach Mac's body, but was unsuccessful, while Mac frequently jabbed lefts on the stomach.

Round 6

Both men came up very fresh, Creedon landing a left on the head and Mac countering. Mac then sent his left hand on the wind and Creedon sent his left lightly on the face. Creedon landed a nice left on the neck after Mac made two ineffectual attempts to the wind. Mac then feinted with his left for the face and brought the back of his glove smartly on Creedon's jaw. Creedon rushed and missed two left swings as Mac jumped out of harm's way cleverly.

Round 7

Both led lefts and missed after a long spell of sparring. Creedon sent his left to the head, and Mac in a half clinch put in two lefts on the ribs. two lefts on the jaw and a swing on the head were Mac's next contributions, to which Creedon failed to make any return. Mac landed right and left hooks on the head and stepped back quickly. Creedon rushed, and Mac side-stepped. He uppercut Creedon with his left and swung right to the head. Mac then rushed and swung right and left on the head, and Creedon jabbed a light right on the head.

Round 8

Sparring for an opening, Mac succeeded in getting his left lightly to Creedon's head. Creedon did likewise, but was immediately sent to the ropes from the effects of a stiff left swing on the face. Mac followed up his advantage with a light left on the stomach and a hard right swing on the head. Mac's long reach seemed too much for Creedon, and the youngster always wore a self satisfied smile on his face.

McCoy Draws Blood.

Round 9

Creedon led the left for the head, but was nicely stopped. He then tried to force fighting, but McCoy clinched, and they landed in a neutral corner. When they broke away Mac sent two left jabs on the face and crossed his right on the head. Mac then side-stepped and landed three left swings on the head. The last of these opened Creedon's right eyebrow, which bled freely, and Mac kept jabbing his left continually on the wind until the gong sent them to their corners.

Round 10

Creedon led left on the mouth and Mac missed a right lead for the head. Creedon forced matters, but Mc was too foxy and waited for an opening. Creedon gave him one, and Mac swung his left on the wind and brought his right up smartly from the short rib to the head twice.

Round 11

Mac opened with three lefts on the damaged eye, and started the blood again. Creedon swung a left on the stomach, and Mac swung lefts and rights on head, stomach and ribs, forcing Creedon to the ropes. After this rally Creedon was bleeding freely, and a right jab from Mac on the head sent Creedon to the floor, but it was more of a slip than a knockdown. Creedon took his time in getting up, and as he arose the gong sounded.

Round 12

Creedon adopted rushing for a change and landed a left hook on Mac's head. In clinch he repeated this blow. Mac countered a hook on the back of the head. Just then Mac rubbed his gloves on his white trunks and covered them with Creedon's blood. Mac jabbed left on the face and they clinched. Creedon hooked a right on the head and after the breakaway Dan swung a left on the face.

Round 13

Creedon opened with a rush and forced Mac to the ropes without doing any damage. Mac came back very fast and sent in three lefts on the face and three rights on the ribs without a return. A hard left on the wind from Mac made Creedon grunt. He rushed and jabbed the right on the head. Mac then swung a heavy left on the head which turned Dan's cranium half around. After light sparring Creedon put in a left on the head and Mac clinched as the bell rang.

Beginning of the End.

Round 14

Creedon rushed, but Mac threw him off and forced Dan to the ropes. Mac jabbed a beautiful left

on the mouth and stopped a lead for his stomach. They exchanged left jabs on the face twice, and Mac landed a heavy left flush on Creedon's nose, which sent, Dan's head buck and started his eye bleeding again.

Round 15

Creedon's eye was fixed up with a plaster and he looked anything but handsome, when he came from his corner. Mac kept jabbing his left on the stomach, occasionally varying his tactics with jabs on the face. His advantage of reach was too great a handicap for Dan. Mac got in a rush uppercut with his left on the face and hooked his right on the jaw, flooring Creedon in his own corner. Dan took the full limit of 10 seconds to get up and then clinched. Creedon was very weak when he went to his corner, and was unable to respond to the clang of the gong When it rang for the beginning of the 16th round.

Choynski, seeing that his man was beaten, threw up the sponge, and as he did so the spectators broke into cheers and tried to jump into the ring to hug McCoy. The latter's brother threw his arms around the kid.'s neck and kissed him. McCoy playfully resented this salutation with a slap on the back. McCoy, as soon as the announcer cried out "McCoy wins," jumped across the ring and shook hands with Creedon, who acknowledged his defeat good naturedly. When Creedon left the ring he was greeted with many good wishes, but Mac held a reception for fully 10 minute's before he retired to his dressing room.

.Arrested Before the Fight.

"Kid" McCoy and Dan Creedon were arrested this afternoon upon warrants issued by Justice Duffy of Long Island City. The warrants were based upon a complaint, made to the court by Peter E. Leininger, a real estate dealer of Long Island City, who alleged that he had information that the two men were about to engage in a prize fight at the Puritan house, that city.

In his complaint Leininger set forth that his information was in the form of an affidavit made by Joel S. Harris a private detective, residing at 106 West 47th st, New York. Harris's affidavit was attached to the complaint. It told of a visit to Creedon's headquarters at Coney Island on Dec 15, and to conversations held with the fighter and his trainers. It stated that Creedon told Harris that He was going to do his best to knock McCoy out.

H. Van Vechten, Mayor Gleason's lawyer, appeared for the pugilists, while Asst Dist Atty Davidson represented the people. After the warrants had been granted it was agreed that the pugilists should appear in the court in the afternoon and give bonds in the sum of \$1000 each not to violate the Horton law in Queens county for one year.

The fighters appeared in court at the agreed time and were accompanied by a crowd of friends. Lawyer Van Vechten announced to the court that his clients waived examination and would give bonds as agreed. The bonds were drawn, and Councilman-elect Joseph Cassidy and Magnus Larson, who was the juror taken ill at the first trial of Martin Thorn, signed Creedon's bond, and James A. Stevenson and Diedrich Schultz became surety for McCoy.

The **Horton Law** legalized boxing in the state of New York from 1896-1900. It had been signed into law by the governor April 17, 1896, and became effective September 1, 1896. It was repealed by the [Lewis Law](#), and officially expired August 31, 1900. (Others say September 1.)

New York had legislatively criminalized "prizefighting" in 1859, and made it a misdemeanor to engage in a "prizefight," to arrange a "prizefight," or help a fighter train for a "prizefight." The Horton law expanded the definition of this misdemeanor to include "public or private sparring exhibition[s], with or without gloves, within the state, at which an admission fee is charged or received... provided, however, that sparring exhibitions with gloves of not less than five ounces each in weight may be held by a domestic incorporated athletic association in a building leased by it for athletic purposes only for at least one year, or in a building owned and occupied by such association." NY Laws, 1896, Ch. 301, Sec. 458. That latter language gave rise to many "athletic associations" like the Coney Island Athletic Club and Lennox Athletic Club, which promoted "sparring exhibitions for points."

It has been said that the [Kid McCoy vs. James J. Corbett](#) bout at [Madison Square Garden](#) was the final bout conducted under the Horton Law.

Some editions of the [Ring Record Book](#) incorrectly stated that the Horton Law permitted fights to be conducted in New York State without any limit to the number of rounds to be fought and permitted decisions by referees and the posting of forfeits and side bets.