

Name: George Dixon
Alias: Little Chocolate
Born: 1870-07-29
Birthplace: Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada
Died: 1908-01-06 (Age:37)
Nationality: Canadian
Hometown: Boston, Massachusetts, USA
Stance: Orthodox
Height: 5' 3½" / 161cm
Reach: 66" / 168cm
Boxing Record: [click](#)

Manager: [Tom O'Rourke](#)

World Bantamweight Champion: 1890

- World Featherweight Champion: 1891-1897, 1898-1900

George Dixon was one of the all time greats. He had fast hands and was quick on his feet like a cat. On offense, he hit with both hands but mostly utilized a long, straight left accompanied by a stiff right. On defense, he guarded himself well. His quickness and ducking ability made him a difficult target to strike. He was the first black fighter to capture a world title, defeating [Nunc Wallace](#) for the vacant bantamweight title on June 27, 1890 in London, England. It is quite possible Dixon fought as many as 800 fights, with hundreds of unrecorded exhibitions in vaudeville halls. He would die penniless three years after his retirement. He is interred at the Mount Hope Cemetery in Boston, Massachusetts.

- [Nat Fleischer](#) ranked Dixon as the #1 All-Time Bantamweight
- [Charley Rose](#) ranked him as the #2 All-Time Bantamweight
- Elected to the [Ring Boxing Hall of Fame](#) in 1956
- Inducted into the [International Boxing Hall of Fame](#) in 1990

George Dixon 1870 - 1908

What: The first Black Canadian to hold a professional sports championship. Where: Born in Nova Scotia, career established in Boston. When: First title achieved in 1890. Why: First Black man to win a world boxing title; held three world boxing titles: paperweight, bantamweight and featherweight; invented shadow boxing and the suspended punching bag; fought in the world's longest fight

“Little Chocolate”- An enormous boxing figure

George Dixon was born on July 29, 1870 in Africville, Nova Scotia. While he was working as a photographer's apprentice, he became interested in boxing through contact with local prizefighters who were getting publicity photo shots. Dixon was a photographer's apprentice at the time. George Dixon was 5'3 and 115 pounds; he was one of the smallest of early Queensburg fighters, and for this he was nicknamed “little chocolate”. Dixon's achievements in the world of

boxing were enormous. The name George Dixon is associated with many “firsts”; Dixon was the first Black man to win a world boxing title, the first fighter to win titles in more than one weight class, and the first champion to regain a title lost in the ring. Dixon fought 158 career professional fights and won 86, of which 30 were knockouts. He drew 38, lost 21, and 13 had no decisions. Dixon held the world paperweight, bantamweight, and featherweight titles. Dixon fought in the world’s longest fight: a 70-round bout that took four hours and 40 minutes to complete, which ended in a draw. He was also the winner of the world’s longest bantam weight fight: 40 rounds against Boston’s Johnny Murphy. Dixon received support not normally given to Black athletes in those times, although experienced racism at the same time.

Helped lay the foundations of modern boxing

At sixteen years of age, Dixon had his first professional fight, knocking out “Young” Johnson in three rounds. At eighteen he won the bantamweight crown. He needed to expand from the Halifax sporting cycles, and decided to make his boxing career in Boston. George Dixon contributed to the world of boxing with the invention of shadowboxing and the suspended punching bag. He took a “scientific” approach to boxing, and although he empowered his opponents, he used his defensive skills to be an artist in the ring. Overall, he helped lay the foundations of modern boxing.

“The most Famous Black man in the world...”

Dixon’s first title match was on June 27, 1890. He was the only Black man at the high-end Pelican Club. His opponent, Nunc Wallace, came out gunning in the first few rounds. Dixon was on the defensive until he opened up in the fifth round, and claimed the title in the eighteenth round by a technical knockout. Dixon had now become a champion of a fully recognized weight division. Dixon’s second title was claimed in a bout with an Australian, Abe Willis. Dixon beat him in five rounds to become the world featherweight champion. At 21 years of age he was a dual champion, and the leading Black boxer of the 1890’s. He was the most famous Black man in the world, earning thousands of dollars for his ring appearances.

Dixon’s reign came to an end in 1906, paving the way for future Black boxers to rise and take the crown. George Dixon died in 1909 at the terribly young age of 39 years old. In 1955, he was inducted into the Canadian Sports Hall of Fame, and in 1956 was inducted into the Ring Hall of Fame.

Dixon’s accomplishments in the ring seem to be forgotten outside of boxing fans and Nova Scotians. But those who cheer on Mike Tyson and Sugar Ray Leonard and the Black boxers of today should be reminded that these boxers are standing on the shoulders of a Maritimer who was “small in size, but a giant in spirit”.

References: Saunders, C. *Sweat and Soul*. Lancelot Press and the Black Cultural Centre for Nova Scotia, 1990. 20-29

18 September 1893

Great Fighters

Dixon and Plimmer Review Their Recent Battle

There are losers and winners. If a man is squarely beaten in an athletic contest of any kind he has no right to complain. If however he thinks an injustice has been done to him he has the privilege which Americans as well as Britons usually assume – To growl. I do not wish to be considered as entering the baby plea, but I think the action of Referee O'Donnell in awarding- the decision to Billy Plimmer, of England, over me, on the occasion of our recent four round contest at Madison Square garden, was not exactly in accordance with the strict rules of fair play.

It is not fair to take away the reputation a man has spent years In building up upon the result of a four round bout, unless one of the contestants is either completely knocked out or is worsted at every point in the encounter. This principle has ever obtained in this country, now the home of manly art. The same rule holds good in England and Australia, the two next best fighting countries on earth.

Had not that rule prevailed John L. Sullivan; Peter Jackson, Jack Dempsey and Jack McAuliffe would have had their reputations seriously endangered if not irretrievably lost on more than one occasion. When John L. Sullivan broke his arm on Patsey Cardiff's hard head some years ago, it was all he could do to stay the four rounds and Cardiff more than held his own. ,yet the referee called it a draw. so to with Peter Jackson , when ill prepared for a bruising contest, he went up against Joe Goddard in Australia for four rounds. Peter, so printed reports say, had the better of the battle for four rounds. In the next four big Joe, these same reports maintain, reversed the tables and had slightly the call on Peter. Yet the referee decided the affair a draw.

Jack Dempsey had twice or thrice the same experience in his career and not many weeks ago bold Jack McAnliffe had a shade the worst of it in a four round bout at Philadelphia with Horace Leeds, a comparative novice, yet the referee in Dempsey's case and the referee in that of McAuliffe did not take away their reputations by deciding against them.

No finish fights alone should either make or mar a man. A champions reputation should only be won or lost in a battle to the end. Four, six, eight or ten round bouts should not count, many a champion has had far and away the worst of it in the first part of a battle and yet won handily at the termination of the engagement.

Witness the famous battles between John Morrissey and John C. Heenan, Tom Sayers and Bill Perry , the “Tipton Slasher”, and Tom King and jem Mace. In all of these contests Morrissey,

Sayers and King had way the worst of the encounter in the beginning, yet they won the good fight.

How unjust in these cases it would have been in the event of magisterial interference at the first part of the fray to have given the stakes and the title of champion to the man apparently having the better of it.

So with limited round contests it is unjust to take away a champions good name even though he should have a bit the worst of it. In these affairs the widest possible latitude should be permitted and the greatest generosity exercised by the referee.

I am not only willing but anxious to fight Billy Plimmer to a finish. If I am as fortunate in my coming battle with Solly Smith, of California, for the featherweight Championship of the world as I was in my contests with the Champion of America, England and Australia I will lose no time in making overtures to the little Englishman. I am willing to meet him half way in any plan looking to a meeting.as a champion in my class I cannot be expected to make all the concessions , as Billy, or some indiscreet friend for him, says I must. It takes two to make a contract and he must make some concessions as well as I.

And here let me correct a false impression which prevails in some quarters many people believe that because Billy Plimmer got the decision over me at our recent contest that he is now the champion featherweight of the world. This is not so .I still retain that title and will for some time yet, unless Solly Smith lowers my colours on 25th September.

Here to, let me correct another impression which fortunately only a few people entertain, viz., that my contest with Plimmer was a fake and that I was laying low for favorable odds in my match with Smith and a finish battle with Plimmer. There is not the slightest ground for any such belief. I would not throw a fight for all the money there is in the national treasury. I have been on the level all my life, and will remain so whether I am victor or vanquished.

GEORGE E. DIXON

Sportsmen throughout the country appear to be astonished at the victory I recently achieved over George Dixon, The featherweight champion of the world.

I can honestly say that the result, Gratifying as it was did not astonish your humble servant a little bit. Not that I am in any way afflicted with that disease known as the swelled head or have an undue appreciation of my own powers, but I had made a study of Dixon and knew to a nicety just about what he could do. As the boys say I was on to all his curves and had a very fair idea how to meet them.

Indeed I have been studying Dixon ever since I came to this country two years ago, and had taken his measure Just as accurately as Jim Corbett had that of the great John L.. Sullivan before their memorable battle in New Orleans .

I had tried several times before my late meeting with Dixon to get on a match with him but he

could never agree on the question of weight. He is a featherweight and I am a bantam. He usually fights at one hundred and eighteen pounds and I at one hundred and ten. To insure the recent contest: I was compelled to give away weight and agree to box the colored prodigy at one hundred and eighteen pounds.

Of course I did not reduce myself to my regular fighting weight for this engagement. I wished to come as close to Dixon's as I could and yet be neither fat nor slow I simply hardened my flesh by exercise judiciously taken and cultivated quick action both as to hands and feet by punching a rubber bag jumping the rope. The reason for this is obvious. The bout was limited to four rounds and fast fighting was sure to come the moment we crossed arms. naturally, other things being equal, strength, quickness, cleverness, height and reach, the heavier man is sure to get the better of the rushes, and that always counts with the referee.

Dixon had every advantage over me except those of skill, strength and quickness. he was taller, longer in the reach and a bit heavier. Knowing that Dixon' would come at me I had studied out a plan of action. It was not to retreat but simply duck, parry and step out of harm's way when he shot out his "wonderful left" and followed it with one of his circular right hand swings. That method of procedure I only intended to follow the first round so as to size up my adversary's reach and ability to "get there."

After that I meant to meet him every time and I think the public will admit I succeeded in doing so. When Dixon would lead with that long- left of his instead of stepping-back I would step forward quickly and counter him. The colored boy is a round-handed hitter, the same as John L. Sullivan and disciples of his school. I on the contrary hit out as straight as it is possible for a man to do, and the result was that my blow would reach its destination first. That stands to reason, as it is a simple geometric proposition that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points and to describe a curve certainly takes longer than it does to draw a straight line.

Some smart people affect to believe that Dixon did not try his best to do me. These doubting-Thomases say: "Oh-it was a game of O'Rourke's to affect the betting in Dixon's coming match with Solly Smith, of California, and to draw Plimmer into a finish contest. If this were so, O'Rourke, Dixon and myself would be better actors than Booth, Forrest and Irving. O'Rourke became as pale as a corpse when he saw me besting his boy, and Dixon and your humble servant hit,countered and cross countered with an earnestness, force and precision that no "Fakirs" no matter how much they boxed together ever were known to do, and Dixon and myself best know we never met each other before in the squared circle.

No, the idea is absurd.Dixon was always on the level, and Tom O'Rourke would not Have his boy whipped for \$20,000. defeat to Dixon meant a disarrangement of their plans for the future and a tremendous falling off in their yearly revenues. The public Has no use for a loser John L Sullivan is the only beaten champion who retains A warm spot in the popular heart, and that is due wholly to his many good qualities as a man.

BILLY PLIMMER

The Boston Daily Globe

21 August 1895

Dixon In Court

Leonard, He Said, Was a Little Excited.

Both Men Treated The Whole Affair as a Huge Joke.

They and Their Backers Each Held in \$500.

Last Night's Tournament Declared Off.

Acting Chief of Police Said He Would Allow No Fighting.

NEW YORK, Aug 20— George Dixon, the featherweight champion boxer, and his handler, Joe Jordan of Boston, Mike Leonard, Dixon's antagonist, Tom O'Rourke and Parson Davies, the two pugilistic managers, who were arrested last night for participating in and aiding and abetting an alleged prize fight at the academy of Music, were arraigned before Magistrate Kudlich this morning in the Yorkville police court.

The magistrate adjourned the hearing in the case until tomorrow at 2 o'clock in the afternoon in order that more evidence may be obtained as to the real character of the proceedings when the arrests were made. The alleged prize fighters and their managers were released and their ball continued.

The appearance of an array of prisoners so distinguished in the fistic arena attracted a large crowd of spectators to the court room, which was packed to suffocation. The sidewalk in front of the building was blocked with people anxious to catch a glimpse of the pugilistic stars. Dixon appeared on the scene decorated by a beautiful black eye, but apart from this neither man showed any effects of the alleged fight.

Inspector Cartright made the charge against the fighters. He produced in court the gloves, which had been captured last night. According to his account, the exhibition last night had proceeded in as orderly fashion as could be expected for one of its kind until the stars appeared. The bout between Dixon and Leonard, however, had hardly been started, he said, before it was evident that there was going to be trouble.

The two men rushed at each other, exchanged several hard blows and then clinched. Dixon's manager, O'Rourke, at this point sprang into the ring and tried to separate the fighters, but was unequal to the task. By this time the spectators were on their feet shouting encouragement to the boxers,

"**Kill the ni..er**" was the cry, and the crowd showed its appreciation of the scene in various ways. The police decided to take a hand at this stage, and took possession of the ring. Even then they had trouble in separating the boxers.

As soon as the boxers were arrested the spectators were dismissed, and Dixon and Leonard, with their managers and the men who were in the ring at the time, were placed under arrest. Lawyer Dinnean, who appeared for Dixon, was then given a chance to explain. He said that the contest was a purely scientific one, and should not be considered a prize fight. The men wore gloves weighing six ounces, and there was no intention of a knockout on either side.

The lawyer asked that the case be dismissed on those grounds, and called attention to the decision of Judge Clarence In 1889 in the case of the Sullivan- Greenfield fight in Madison sq garden. Magistrate Kudlick suggested that the case be adjourned till tomorrow afternoon, and the men were released on \$500 ball.

Dixon's manager, O'Rourke, when asked about the matter said: "I have given exhibitions of this kind in all parts of the country, and this is the first time that there has been any interference by the police. There is something behind this. I guess somebody wants a handshake". Dixon and Leonard seemed to treat the affair as a huge joke.

"O, this amounts to nothing," said Dixon; "Leonard simply got a little excited, that's all. O, yes, we are on perfectly friendly terms. The boy got a little bit rattled, that's all."

Parson Davies and Tom O'Rourke, managers of last night's exhibition which was to have been continued tonight, had a talk today with acting chief of police Conlin. , They deprecated last night's affair, and wanted to know what the acting chief intended to do regarding tonight's proposed exhibition.

Mr Conlin told them so long as there was no slugging, and the boxers confined themselves to giving a scientific exhibition, the police would not interfere, but he assured them that if the boxers resorted to fighting they would be arrested again. O'Rourke and Davies had a consultation, after which they informed acting chief Conlin that they had decided not to continue the tournament tonight.

WATERLOO DAILY COURIER
8 January 1900
READY TO BOX DIXON
McGovern in Condition for Big Battle. Both Men
are Confident.

New York, Jan. 8.—What is expected to be one of the greatest glove fights on record will be decided in the ring of the Broadway Athletic club Tuesday night. George Dixon, the remarkable feather-weight champion, will meet Terry McGovern of Brooklyn, who has won the right to be called the best bantam weight pugilist in the world.

As these remarkable little pugilists will clash for twenty-five rounds at 118 pounds, their fight will not be strictly for the feather-weight championship, as the weight limit in that class is 122 pounds. But if McGovern wins he will be universally regarded as the champion, as Dixon is undoubtedly the best feather-weight in the country.

In case of victory McGovern will be the first little man who has ever held two championships at the same time. His ability to fight as low as 115 pounds still gives him a walkover in the bantam-weight class, and his entrance into the feather-weight class at 118 pounds makes him a veritable fighting phenomenon, as he is powerful at that weight as well as fast. McGovern is growing so rapidly that it is freely predicted that he will be in the light weight class inside of the next two years. If he can fight then as well as he has in the last two years, he will be after even more championship honors.

In Dixon the South Brooklyn pugilist will meet the best man at the weight that he has ever seen. McGovern has been beating bantams in jig time, knocking them out sometimes two in a night. Men like Austin Rice, Sammy Kelly, Patsy Haley, Johnny Ritchie, and "Pedlar" Palmer have been defeated as if they were made of paper.

Only the other night Terry had another victim in Harry Forbes, the crack Chicago bantam, who lasted into the second round, and was stopped with a swift right-hand hook on the breakaway. These original victories have convinced many persons that Dixon will prove almost as easy for McGovern, and, as evidence of this belief, the betting for the past two weeks has been 2 to 1 that Dixon would be defeated, and even money that he would not last two rounds.

MCGOVERN is BUILT FOR BOXING.

McGovern has shown that he is terrific hitter and a fast two-handed fighter. He is built for boxing, having sturdy legs and a strong, hardy constitution. He is naturally pugnacious in the ring, but outside of it is a credit to the fraternity. He has scored so many clean knockouts that he has come to be regarded as invincible by nearly every pugilist in the business. It is a fact that in training for various bouts McGovern has easily handled fighters in the light-weight class even so solid a pugilist as Tim Kearns declaring that Terry can make it interesting for him at any time.

McGovern is only 19 years old, and since his rise from the amateur ranks two years ago he never has failed to take care of himself. He has kept in good fighting trim, and is today a superb specimen of manhood. He is absolutely fearless, and is confident of victory. To McGovern no man seems to be powerful or skillful enough to beat him. He believes in himself, which is an admirable quality for a pugilist to possess. As regards Dixon, Terry is not overconfident, however. He realizes what he is going up against, and all he asks is a fair, square deal from everybody directly interested in the fight.

Those who are backing McGovern to win have been so thoroughly imbued with enthusiasm that they will not listen to reason. They say that it is a physical impossibility for Dixon to withstand the terrific rushes and heavy blows that McGovern is sure to use, and that Terry will win with a knockout beyond a doubt. His successes have carried many lovers of boxing away, it is thought, and there seems to be a sort of McGovern craze just now in pugilistic circles. The majority of sportsmen say that Dixon will suffer his Waterloo, and that there will be a new feather-weight champion of the world after the battle ends.

DIXON'S WONDERFUL CAREER.

Dixon's wonderful career in the ring has evidently been overlooked by McGovern's enthusiasts, but not my impartial followers of ring contests. The little colored man has held the championship for almost ten years, ever since he beat Cal McCarthy up in Troy. He has met every feather-weight of any account in the world and has held his own. Men like Tommy White, Eddie Santry, Solly Smith, Frank Erne, Ben Jordan, Will Curley, Joe Bernstein and Oscar Gardner have tackled Dixon at various weights and all of them have failed to knock him down or make him groggy.

The only one of the bunch who has clearly demonstrated superior skill in front of science is Ben Jordan, the Englishman, and he did not have much of an advantage at that. Later, Jordan was put to sleep by Santry. Gardner met Dixon last winter in a twenty-five round bout and the latter received the

decision on points. At that time Gardner was at his best, his hands being in good shape, but he failed to distress Dixon at any stage. This fight is used as an argument that McGovern will not have such a snap with Dixon as his friends look for. The champion's friends argue that McGovern is no harder hitter than Gardner and is not so clever as the Omaha Kid.

Another line brought into use is McGovern's "go" last year with the local feather-weight Joe Bernstein. For twenty-five rounds McGovern did the leading and the rushing but he never was near stopping his opponent. Bernstein was not floored, neither was he groggy at any period. It is pointed out that Bernstein met his match when he indulged in two drawn battles with Dave Sullivan, who was recently whipped by Kid Broad the sparring partner of Dixon. The latter can defeat Broad at any time, and has shown his superiority over Bernstein on more than one occasion. Therefore Dixon's friends argue, it is unreasonable to expect McGovern to score a clean knockout Tuesday night.

HAS FOUGHT 800 FIGHTS

Another point it is well to consider in Dixon's remarkable record. Since 1888 he has indulged in more than 800 contests, including four-round bouts; meeting all comers oil the road, and in all that time he has been knocked down only once. The only man to floor him was the "Kentucky Rosebud" a Philadelphia pugilist, who in an exhibition bout in that city "sneaked a punch" over on George's jaw, and put him to sleep. Not long after in a return match Dixon knocked the "Rosebud" out in quick fashion, just to even matters up.

Such a record as this is proof that Dixon has wonderful defensive tactics. He has never been extended or driven to the wall in any championship contest. It is admitted that he is not the puncher that he was five years ago. He has not been knocking anybody out of late, but he has been scoring points and winning decisions on his merits. Dixon will be 30 years old on July 9 next, and has not taken the best care of himself.

But in his training for all fights he has worked conscientiously and for the fight Tuesday he has prepared himself with especial care. He is a ring general, and a scientific marvel but if he is handicapped at all it will be by his weight. Dixon is lighter now than in some years. If he had been compelled to work down instead of building up his friends would be better pleased.

MEN DIFFER AS TO STYLE

The men widely differ as to style. McGovern is a rusher and a wide-open fighter. He cares nothing for an opponent's blows so long as he can get in a smash himself. He is lightning at infighting, and has shown cleverness enough to drop his man with blows landed on the proper spot. Dixon for years relied upon a strengthened plan of attack. As he rushed he always drove his left hand in to the body at the same time swinging his right over to the jaw. Lately he has abandoned this method for a more modern style. He does not rush in pell mell, but prefers to meet opponents with clearly delivered blows, just as Jeffries handled Sharkey in their memorable battle.

Dixon, once a terrific hitter, is still effective with his hands, which have never gone back on him. He does not have his former power, though, with which to propel his blows. His followers believe, however, that his knowledge of ring tactics, his experience, and his quickness in taking advantage of opportunities, will save him from defeat. He will receive the benefit of Tom

O'Rourke's competent handling. If Dixon is knocked out it will be proof that McGovern is the wonder of the pugilistic arena.

The Boston Globe 9 Jan 1900

**Mc'Govern and Dixon in Best Condition,
Dixon Down to 118 Pounds' Limit.
Terry Must Shake Some Weight.
Will Go on Scales at 3 O'Clock Today.
Odds Favor McGovern at 10-6,
but Are Getting Shaky,
Tonight's Bout Last for Colored Man.
He Cannot See how He Has Fallen Off In Any Way**

NEW YORK, Jan 8—George Dixon and Terry McGovern, two of the greatest featherweight boxers the world has ever produced are ready for their 25 round encounter at the Broadway A. C, tomorrow night, world's championship.

Both fighters have completed training and eagerly await the sound of the gong that will start them on their blow exchanging expedition. They will remain at their respective quarters until tomorrow morning, when they will come to the city to go through the weighing process, which takes place at the club house at 3 p m. The stipulated weight is 118, and the party failing to line up at this agreement will be required to forfeit \$500. There is little fear that Dixon will weigh in about the limit, but there is doubt as McGovern's ability to reach 118 pounds.

Dixon only weighed 117 today, while McGovern was still slightly above the required weight. McGovern explains his failure to reduce as owing to his desire-to keep on flesh until the last minute. He says that he can make the weight all right and there need be no fear on that point. McGovern is naturally the heavier, and should he escape any penalties by being overweight, he will enter the ring several pounds to the good, as he will have about seven hours to take on weight after his weight is recorded.

Aside from the weight question, the boys are in superb physical condition. No two participants in a ring battle ever trained more faithfully for a ring engagement than Dixon and McGovern. They have been in active training for weeks and are prepared to put up the battle of their lives.

It is the most important battle that either of the principals has ever taken part in. The result will decide the pugilistic supremacy of the featherweight division, and 'as McGovern is anxious to gain the title of champion, and Dixon is equally desirous of retaining the honor, it is only natural that a bruising contest will be witnessed. Seldom have two fighters entered the ring more evenly matched than Dixon and the young aspirant who will face him.

With the exception of maybe a few pounds in weight there will be little choice when the men enter the ring. In style of fighting they are on equal terms. Both are aggressive. Dixon probably possesses more general knowledge of ring- tactics, but what McGovern lacks in experience he believes he will make up in his hitting powers.

Dixon is a pretty good puncher himself. There was a time when he defeated his opponents with the same rapidity as McGovern has done during the past year. But the men McGovern has defeated could

not be classed with Dixon. The little colored champion is unquestionably the hardest proposition that McGovern has tackled since his entrance into the ring. McGovern still remains the favorite in the betting at 10 to 6. In many instances as good as 2 to 1 could be obtained on the Brooklyn lad, but as the time of the fight approaches Dixon money becomes stronger.

There was little money wagered today on the outcome of the bout, and it is the general opinion that the real betting will be done at the ringside. There are many thousand dollars in sight, but the heavy betters generally wait until the men enter the ring, so that they can see to their own satisfaction that their favorite is in proper condition.

Other backers of fighters have no particular choice when they enter the clubhouse, and invariably decide upon the winner simply from the appearance of the two men. Many bets have been recorded on the number of rounds the contest will last. Tom O'Rourke, who has piloted Dixon's affairs for many years, returned from Lakewood tonight, where he went to see his protégé. O'Rourke expressed himself as well pleased with Dixon's appearance and is ready to back him, for any amount.

O'Rourke believes Dixon will win sure. He said. "I have been with Dixon for a long time and to tell the truth he looks better now than he has in a long time. He has trained hard for this fight and is in great shape. George is confident that he will win. He feels strong and as fast as ever."

The Daily Northwestern, Oshkosh

10 Jan 1900

M'GOVERN WINS OUT.

**HE BEATS DIXON AND BECOMES THE FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMPION.
DONE IN EIGHT ROUNDS,**

New York. Jan. 10.— Hopelessly beaten, though not knocked out, George Dixon of Boston, who has been the featherweight champion pugilist for ten years, surrendered his title to the wonderful little Brooklyn fighter, Terry McGovern, in the eighth round of their glove contest at the Broadway Athletic club last night Tom O'Rourke, Dixon's mentor and chief second, performed an act of mercy when he threw up the sponge after the little colored man had been knocked down five times and there was no hope for him.

It would have been a cause for sorrow if Dixon had been permitted to continue the battle until one of McGovern's fearful blows knocked him unconscious to the floor, his career warranted a merciful ending, for no pugilist in the world today can show a cleaner or more sportsmanlike record than this same George Dixon.

Though he had indulged in more than 800 contests and had in that time suffered but one knockdown, Dixon probably never met a man before the equal of the new champion. It was truly a test of youth and strength against age and experience.

McGovern showed conclusively that he is the fighting marvel of the present time. Impervious to all blows, regardless of the best scientific methods employed by Dixon, this wonderful fighting machine simply triumphed because of his magnificent physique, his bulldog tenacity, and his wonderful punching ability.

The fight turned to be just what had been predicted. It was the fastest and most sensational encounter at the weight that as ever been seen in this country. There was not one moment of light sparring. McGovern followed out a plan of action that showed careful study. He went after the body just as he did in his fight with Palmer. With swift moving hands he ripped in the body blows every time he got a chance and especially in the clinches he used free hands upon the heart and kidneys.

That Dixon was unquestionably weakened by these smashes there is not a shadow of doubt, for gradually the former champion lost his steam, and when he began to hold on in the clinches veteran ring followers saw the beginning of the end. McGovern shifted his methods in the last two or three rounds by swinging heavily for the jaw and head.

One punch broke Dixon's nose in the seventh round. That was conclusive proof that in due time McGovern would surely put his man to sleep, for as the fight progressed McGovern seemed to become stronger and more vicious, with the idea of winning decisively. Contrary to the belief of Dixon's admirers, he was unable to stave off McGovern with scientific defense. Terry literally beat down his guard, and every time he put in a punch it was as heavy as that delivered by most welterweights.

Dixon accepted the punishment in the last three rounds as gamely as he delivered his old-time swings in the first three. At the end of the third round he was an odds-on favorite, where the betting had been \$1,000 to \$800 against him at the start.

A few wild McGovern rushes, the white boy's arms working like piston rods; a few resounding-smashes as the glove at the end of Dixon's left arm caught McGovern's face, and McGovern had measured off the stiffest hill he ever attempted to climb.

One wicked Dixon lunge in the fourth sounded the bugle call for Dixon's Waterloo. It was a fearful right, with all the steam left in the colored boy's chest. McGovern head flopped back between his shoulder blades. A stinging left caught him over the fifth rib as he came to. It was the best the colored lad could send. Dixon had shot his bolt. It was boots and saddles to McGovern, who rode a wild fearless charge to the finish.

The exchange of blows was like a Gatling gun duel for two more rounds. McGovern, as Dixon hugged him in clinch after clinch, blocked his opponent with his left and punched him in the side with his right until Dixon was both nauseated and breathless.

The shock of each jab jarred the colored man's kidneys. At the very last conscious of his defeat, brave as ever, but paralyzed from his hips down to such an extent that he could hardly have stood alone in the middle of the ring, Dixon fell an easy prey to the strong loined youth from Brooklyn. There were tears shed, but Dixon did not shed them.

Eight times in the final round the champion had been hurled to the floor by fierce jabs over the lungs and heart, wide swings on the jaw and wicked straight armed lunges, which McGovern rained on him with the wild fury of a bastinado.

Tom O'Rourke, his manager since the day when Dixon's sun rose, ten ago, when the unheralded colored lad put Eugene Hornbacher to sleep in Clarendon hall, threw up the sponge as Dixon lay conquered, but still struggling in McGovern's corner.

After the fight. Dixon said:

"It is all over and McGovern is champion. He defeated me fairly and squarely in the hardest battle of my career, and I have no excuse to offer. He is a better man than I and is entitled to all the credit due the winner of a championship battle. I did my best, but McGovern was too much for me. He is a wonderfully strong fighter and will have no difficulty in defeating any man of his weight in the world".

"I am through with the ring forever, and I am sure everybody will agree that I did my best to win. I am glad that an American won the honors, and all that I have to say is that I wish him the best of luck. If he will take care of himself he will be a hard man to beat for years to come."

Terry McGovern, the new featherweight champion, said: "It was a great battle, one of the hardest fights that I have had since I entered the ring. Dixon put up a game fight to protect his title, but was not equal to the task. I was confident all along that I could defeat the champion, and the result shows that I was correct. The fact that Dixon lost does not mean that he is disgraced. I am the champion now and ready to protect the title against all comers I will rest for awhile, and when I resume boxing I will meet them all — first come, first served".

"Never in my fight with Dixon did I fear defeat. I predicted that I would win before ten rounds, and the result shows that I was right. I do not bear a mark of the battle and could fight again tomorrow if necessary. Now that I have won the championship I hope that I will hold it as long as Dixon, I think Dixon was one of the best fighters the world has ever seen, and if I am half as good as the little colored lad I will be satisfied."

The World

10 Jan 1900

End Came in Eighth Round, When Terry Was Knocking Colored Fighter Down Almost as Fast as He Could Get Up.

Terry McGovern, the most wonderful little fighter ever seen in the ring, defeated George Dixon in eight rounds of fierce fighting at the Broadway Athletic Club last night. The small, cramped building was crowded to its last inch by 4,500 spectators, who thrust themselves into room calculated to hold 4,000 persons

For hours before the fight mobs of excited men clamored around the entrance of the building and offered from \$20 to \$40 for any kind of a seat. This was the first championship battle ever fought on Manhattan Island with the sanction of the law. If the men had met in Madison Square Garden they would have packed the house to overflowing. McGovern is now both bantam and feather weight champion of the world.

McGovern and Dixon were scheduled to box twenty-five rounds at 118 pounds, weighing in at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Both boys were under the stipulated weight. When they entered, the ring six hours later each appeared to weigh about 119 or 120 pounds. Dixon looked drawn a trifle fine, but not a word could be said in criticism of his condition. At the beginning of the fight he showed all of his marvelous old time speed. For four rounds he held his own and even showed himself superior to McGovern at long range fighting.

The little Brooklyn boy was by far the better at Infighting. From the very first clash until he landed the blow which brought him victory he devoted nine-tenths of his efforts to battering Dixon's abdomen and short ribs and smashing him over the kidneys during the clinches. After three rounds the frightful punishment undermined Dixon's strength and he began to fight slower and slower. His wonderful courage did not desert him, and he forced the lighting all the time to the very last instant. Dixon's courage stood out above everything else in the battle. He must have known after the fifth round that he had no chance on earth to win. Nevertheless he faced certain defeat with a gameness and persistence to which no amount of praise can do justice.

Throughout his championship career of more than a decade he has been noted, for his cleverness, strength and great punishing power. Hereafter he will be remembered as one of the earnest men that ever stood in the prize ring.

The Men Enter the Ring.

Dixon was the first to enter the ring. He came in at half-past nine wearing an old soft gray hat, a blue sweater and dark gray trousers over his fighting togs. Tom O'Rourke and half a dozen seconds were in his corner. The little champion was received with great applause. Not a minute later Terry McGovern climbed into his corner, the northwest angle of the ring, and advanced smiling to meet his antagonist. The boys shook hands and went back to their seats.

Announcer Joe Humphreys notified the spectators that the men were allowed to hit in clinches and that they had to protect themselves on the breakaway. This is in strict accordance with Marquis of Queensberry rules. Johnny White was introduced as the Referee and Joe Dunn as timekeeper for the club.

Round 1

Dixon led with his left straight and went over the shoulder. McGovern got close and smashed him with six right hand punches on the short ribs during the clinch. Dixon rushed again and McGovern landed at least ten rights on the short ribs. Dixon rushed again and put a left jab on the mouth. Terry clinched and again battered the ribs with his right. Dixon laughed. Again the colored boy rushed in, missing with his left and getting hammered in the body once more.

Next time he rushed he got in a left hook on McGovern's belly but it glanced upward and did no harm. In the clinch McGovern prodded the kidneys with short right jolts four times, while Dixon hung on hard and did not break away freely. Dixon rushed in with a left hook on the jaw that got home in good shape, but McGovern again attacked the body a dozen times. Dixon seemed to weaken under the fusillade but he soon rallied after the breakaway. He came in with a left hook on McGovern's jaw that shook him up a, great deal.

George showed that he was the Dixon of old. Terry rallied like a game cock and again in a clinch battered the body. He seemed -to have no other object in view. It should be recorded that McGovern early in the round rushed Dixon so fast that he pushed him all the way across the ring and half through the ropes.

Round 2

Dixon missed a left swing that Terry ducked under, but the next time he came in he got in a left hook on Dixon's short ribs. At the end of the clinch George pushed McGovern away. Terry rushed in and rammed in a dozen hot right jolts on the kidneys. At the next rally Dixon planted a left uppercut on McGovern's belly, but the Brooklyn boy only laughed. He laughed again when Dixon come in with a left uppercut on the cheek, which shook his head.

Once more Dixon came with a left hook on the jaw. McGovern smashed him in the body and laughed as Dixon hung on. After the breakaway Dixon rushed Terry into his own corner and roughed him half way through the ropes, quickly giving ground, however, in a very polite way, When they came to the centre Dixon rushed in with left and right hooks on the jaw. They did not clinch. Dixon came again with a left jab straight on the mouth, drawing a little blood. Once more Dixon rushed and Terry met him with a straight left counter in the mouth. ,In the clinch McGovern hung on. This was the fiercest fighting seen in New York for years. Next time Dixon came in he swung for the head, but Terry stepped in and let the blow go around his neck. He did this again as Dixon came with a rush once more, but he hung on and clinched as if he was tired.

Rounds 3

As the men came out of their corners it could be seen Dixon had a big lump under the left eye where one of Terry's right swinging counters caught him. Terry backed Dixon away, clinched when he came in and banged him in the short ribs. Dixon made a wild left chop which caught McGovern on top of the head. Terry protected himself beautifully and Dixon rushed at him twice, Terry blocking his blows. Next time he came in he landed a hard left jolt on Terry's jaw.

The Brooklyn boy clinched and again prodded the body with his right. It was anybody's fight yet. Dixon rushed with a left jab straight on the chin that rocked Terry's head, but Terry got home with a left, counter on the cheek. Next time Dixon rushed Terry ducked his left and smashed him in the belly three times with hot rights in the clinch. Again Dixon rushed in swinging only to be met by perfect blocking and McGovern smashing him in the belly with short-arm blows with both hands. Dixon rushed with a left hook on the jaw that staggered McGovern and made him fall half way to the ground toward a sitting position while George followed with a right swing, but went over his head.

Terry came back like a gamecock, and at the next rush he was unable to avoid Dixon's left on the jaw. This, however, did not jar him. Twice more Dixon rushed with the fiercest speed he has shown in years, but McGovern each time ducked into safety and gave him a rap in the belly with the right during the clinch.

Round 4

Lots of bets were being offered at even money on Dixon now. Terry looked a little worried as he came out, Dixon missed a straight left which merely grazed the jaw, and Terry in the clinch banged him in the belly half a dozen times. Dixon swung right for the head but missed. While Terry hurled a lot of short jolts into him. Dixon made a wild swing which carried him away-past McGovern and caused him to clinch low.

While 'he was clinched and hanging on Terry ripped both hands on the belly three times. Twice in rapid succession Dixon swung his left for the body, but it was blocked. Next time he swung his left

for the body. It blocked, and Terry protected his jaw from a right swing following by throwing up his left shoulder,

Dixon had lost some of his speed 'now, and Terry twice ducked under: his swings and did good work in the clinch. Then Dixon rushed Terry to the ropes and in the clinch did some of the infighting himself, visiting Terry's short ribs twice with right upper-cuts. As Dixon rushed in again Terry met him with a left hook on the jaw that made the darky bend forward as if he were going to pitch headlong. Before Terry could do him any damage he had recovered, himself and rushed to a clinch. Twice Dixon rushed in with left leads for the head, which Terry stopped by swinging heavy right counters on the ribs at long range. It was perfect countering and the blows jarred Dixon each time.

Round 5

McGovern slipped under Dixon's lead for the head. He did this again. Dixon came with a swinging left for the body, but it was blocked. Once more this happened and once again Dixon missing his right following swing for the jaw. On his fourth attempt Dixon got in a left swing half on the ribs and half on the arm. He tried once more and landed a left swing far back on the Jaw. McGovern clinched and rammed him in the body with both hands. Dixon swung his left for the neck and McGovern rushed in, tripped over Dixon's foot and fell down on his knees. He was up in a flash, protected himself in the clinch and rammed Dixon in the belly with his right.

At the next rush McGovern ducked Dixon's left, hooked him in the jaw with his own left and then rammed Dixon's body three times with his right with short sharp upper cuts in the clinch. Dixon kept coming in and McGovern paid no attention to anything but clinching and banging him in the belly. Dixon's left side and his back over the kidneys began to show pink through his chocolate colored skin.

At the next clinch McGovern shoved Dixon's head back by putting his open glove against Dixon's face. The crowd hissed Terry. When George rushed again Terry clinched and banged him in the belly some more. Then came the bell and the boys broke away smiling at each other. Honors were even in this round.

Round 6

Dixon's left chopped Terry under the right eye. McGovern clinched and banged the body. Again this happened. Next time Dixon came in he changed his left swing in midair so that it ripped up into McGovern's belly, making him wince. Twice Dixon rushed in only to meet McGovern's fierce right counters on the ribs. As he came again McGovern gave him a left jolt straight on the jaw that staggered him and made him waver as if he was going to fall. Terry rushed in to finish him, but George smothered the blows by throwing up both arms, then clinched and laughed over McGovern's shoulder.

George recovered his strength in a moment and rushed McGovern with a left on the jaw, only to run into a left counter on the belly. They had a mix-up at short range, and Terry sent his right across on Dixon's jaw, staggering Dixon in his own corner and sending him up against the ropes. When they came out to the centre Dixon seemed very tired. Twice he rushed in and clinched and hung on for all he was worth, while Terry kept shooting both hands into the body.

The colored boy looked very weary, but he fought gamely. His only defense against body blows appeared to be to jam his body as close against McGovern's as possible. He, appeared to be completely at sea on the fine points of infighting for the ribs and belly.

The beginning of the End.

Round 7

McGovern began to make the pace now, but Dixon was the first to send a left for the body, which was blocked. He missed a left at the neck by reason of Terry's clever ducking, but next time he got the swing half way there. In the clinch McGovern roasted his ribs with the right. Twice more Dixon came with swings fit to knock a man out, but McGovern blocked them beautifully, never forgetting to bang the body with both hands.

George looked very tired now and hung on hard in the clinches. While he was holding on Terry swung up his left on the jaw, fighting himself free. Dixon rushed and clinched again, but as he tried to rest on Terry the Brooklyn boy drove him back with rights and lefts on the body. As George rushed again Terry met him with a terrible straight right jolt full on the mouth, which made-him bleed in streams and weakened him.

Poor George hung on for four seconds to rest himself and was hissed by the crowd. Terry laughed as he fought himself loose. George swung wildly for the head, missed, slid down and clinched around the body. Even then he was not safe.

He came again, but his only idea seemed to be to hug and hold on to save himself. While he hugged Terry around the neck Terry smashed him in the body with rights and lefts half a dozen times.

Dixon Sent Down Eight Time's.

Round 8

Good training and splendid condition brought Dixon out of his corner looking very much refreshed after one minute's rest. He had recovered a little of his jaunty air, but only a little. His legs were slow now, and he walked flat-footed. McGovern, with a studious, keen, anxious expression on his face, started after him like a hungry creditor.

Dixon jabbed for the mouth with his left, but Terry shifted his head a couple of inches and the blow lunged harmlessly over his shoulder. This brought Terry close, and he threw all his weight into a right jolt on the ribs. Game as ever George rushed again with a left hook for the jaw. Terry blocked it with his left and sent across a right jolt upon the jaw which dropped Dixon on his knees over against the ropes in McGovern's own corner.

Dixon looked up dazed and with a pleading expression on his honest, battered dark face. Terry took hold of him under the arms and helped him to his feet. They both walked to the centre of the ring, and within two seconds of time Dixon was rushing fiercely at McGovern. It was only a bluff though, to save his strength, for George clinched and hung on hard. Terry drew back his body and put all his strength in a right hand smash on the short ribs which knocked Dixon down on all fours.

Without a moment's hesitation the Brooklyn boy again grabbed Dixon under the arms and helped him to his feet. George rushed in once more, but Terry clinched and smashed him in the belly again with a right so that Dixon collapsed, falling upon his knees in an off corner and dropping flat on his belly when he attempted to get up. He looked over towards his own corner and O'Rourke motioned to him to stay down.

George remained on the floor six seconds. When he got up Terry chased him around the ring and once more dropped him with a right jolt on the jaw. This time Dixon looked up in a dazed way and McGovern, stepping back, smiled encouragingly at him. It was a ghastly sight. The champion on the verge of collapse and his rugged young rival smiling happy and only waiting for the chance to finish him.

Dixon did not get up until the referee had counted nine. The moment he was standing erect McGovern floored him again with a right jolt on the jaw. Once more Dixon stayed down the full nine seconds in obedience to O'Rourke's signals, and this time when he got up he ran away hoping to save himself and rally. But McGovern was after him like a panther, and his right fist full on the jaw sent the champion down once more.

Still courageous and calculating all his chances. Dixon took the full limit of nine seconds on the floor, but the moment he stood up McGovern rushed him into his own (McGovern's corner) and knocked him down again, with a right on the jaw. Dixon was dazed, but he seemed to calculate his chances as carefully as if the fight were only beginning.

When he got up his eyelids were drooping and his legs were shaking but he made a vicious rush at McGovern and swung his left fiercely for the jaw. Terry, laughing, ducked it and clinched.

For the last time he drew back his body so as to get distance, and rammed home his right on Dixon's sorely battered ribs. The blow knocked Dixon flat on his face. He remained on the floor four seconds, then got up on all fours and looked around for his enemy. He was weakly gathering his strength and striving to raise himself from the floor when a big white sponge came sailing through the air and rested in the middle of the ring.

Tom O'Rourke had mercifully thrown it there in token of surrender. He was too humane to let his champion be half killed when he saw that he no longer had a chance to win.

O'Rourke and the other seconds rushed into the ring, picked up Dixon and carried him to his corner. O'Rourke sponged the colored boy's bruised and bleeding face and patted him on the back, praising him for the game fight he had made against overwhelming odds. Terry McGovern, without a mark, his boyish face expanded in a smile of tremendous breadth, skipped lightly across the ring and shook hands with his defeated antagonist.

He had hardly reached his own corner when Dixon, polite as a game man always is, climbed up unsteadily on his legs and walked heavy footed after him so as to return the courtesy and shake hands with McGovern in his own corner.

A short, broad-shouldered, burly black fellow followed Dixon across the ring, his head down, both fists swinging and tears gushing in streams down his black cheeks. This was Joe Walcott, Dixon's chum and companion for years. He was in an agony of grief. Police Sgt. McCoy, fearing that Joe was going to do some harm, jumped into the ring and collared him. Two more policemen dashed in and seized Walcott. He gasped a hurried explanation and they released him still weeping, poor Joe went over and took the victor by the hand.

"I'd rather you had killed me Mr. McGovern," he said, "but you won fair; you won fair."

The Boston Globe - 8 Jan 1900



Then He Will Run a Saloon — Earned
\$100,000 in the Arena and, Like Sullivan, Spent It on His Friends
— One of the Best of the World's Boxers — He Obliterated the
Prejudice Against the Colored
Pugilist.

George Dixon, the little colored boxer of Boston, who has punched his way to to prize ring glory in many a hard fought battle, will quit the pugilistic profession after a passage-at-arms with Terry McGovern on Tuesday night next in New York.

He has earned \$100,000. But like the mighty Sullivan he has lent a ready ear to the hard luck stories of his army of acquaintances, and his cash balance on hand would never indicate a triumphant career in the arena. Many a man of this city has touched the generous heart and the pocket book of the scrappy lad, when finding himself stranded away from borne, and the colored boy has provided pantaloons, furnished food and paid the car fare back to the hub.

Maybe that is why he stops boxing to conduct a saloon in the metropolis of the empire state, hoping thereby to lay up treasure in the bank for the days to come when youth has fled, when the eye ceases to measure distances accurately and the good right has lost its power in a lead for the solar plexus.

Dixon owns a small wooden dwelling house out in Faulkner, saved from the wreck of a fortune, but since he is to bid farewell to Boston and do business under the Raines law and the general government of Teddy Roosevelt, the property will probably be disposed of in the near future.

A decade and a half ago there was a slip of a colored office boy by the name of George who was tending door and running errands for a popular local photographer. To the gallery, to have their pictures taken, went many of the pugilists of fame of that day. Naturally they fell to talking of fight as they waited for their turn to face the staring camera. George drank in the conversation.

The bit of a shaver was shifty on his feet and clever with his hands then, without any training. He grew interested as he heard the tales of the giant heroes of the, ring. He coaxed some of the old chaps in the fistic profession to give him a few scientific points.

George was Dixon.

He was chummy at that time with one Elias Hamilton, and their respective merits, gloved, were argued until it was necessary to settle the question of superiority in regular man fashion. That was his first bout in Boston. Then he boxed in clubrooms, ever a promising youngster, sometimes for a purse of \$1.90, often for less money, and occasionally for more.

It was in 1889 that Tom O'Rourke took him in hand and made a real professional pugilist out of him of the kind that later was able to win and defend American championships.

Dixon has virtues other than those born within the ropes under the splutter of the electric lights, where smash meets smash, and where the thousands in the amphitheater seats yell over the victory and curse defeat that costs the unlucky dearly. No sport can point a finger at him and say honestly that he ever did a mean act during 12 long years, either inside or outside the ring. Consequently he has a host of friends who swear by him, ready to crook an elbow over his metropolitan bar, or assist him financially should the saloon turn out to be a gold brick.

To him belongs the credit of obliterating the strong prejudices against colored pugilists. He did not score that point merely by his abilities as a boxer, but he demonstrated by his conduct away from the arena that his color should not bar him from gaining the respect and admiration of all.

No one better than himself knows how far reaching was that prejudice. He was compelled at the outset to accept defeat and lose victories on account of it even in the city of his home. Cheering words from the spectators gathered about the ring he did not receive in his early career. Rarely was it that a colored man was permitted to score a victory over a white man then, even though the latter was far inferior.

The last battle he had in Boston, before going under the management of Tom O'Rourke, illustrates the antagonism there was to him. He knocked out his opponent, a popular white boxer, and the referee, heeding the cries of the spectators, declared the contest a draw, saying it was not right to give a colored man an award over a white man. Those of that crowd of spectators who are now alive are Dixon's friends and would resent vigorously any attempt to rob him of a victory fairly won.

There is only one instance where Dixon entered the ring with any hard feelings against the man he was to meet. He had good reasons for having such feelings on that occasion. Go to those whom Dixon has defeated and ask them their opinion of him and their answer will be that he is a "good fellow," and "I wish him good luck."

Though the highest honors in his profession have been won by him no boxer ever carried such a pugilistic crown with less show or pomp. His modesty has always been a noticeable part of his life. Never has it been known that he sought by any act to make himself a conspicuous figure, as other champions have done. He preferred to walk a side street rather than the main thoroughfare. He did not seek to force people to become his admirer.

The world knows what a prejudice John L. Sullivan has against colored fighters, but Dixon has not a warmer friend than the big fellow. Dixon did not try to gain the friendship of Sullivan, but it was the big fellow who wanted to know Dixon. Though both began their lives as boxers in this city they never had exchanged a word until about six or seven years ago. Then the meeting took place many miles from here. Both were on the road with their companies and they happened to cross paths in the lunch room of a railroad station in Pennsylvania. Sullivan had heard of the abilities of the colored lad and asked O'Rourke to introduce him.

From the time they clasped hands Sullivan always had a great admiration for Dixon, and the many kind deeds that Dixon has since done for Sullivan has linked their friendship more firmly together.

Whenever the big fellow had a benefit he did not have to ask Dixon to appear. The latter was always the first to volunteer. While he could have gone to the hall and have been admitted free he never would. He bought tickets for himself and friends and generally had to travel from Boston to New York to appear, never taking a cent from Sullivan for his work.

Such acts Sullivan never forgot, and Dixon is the only colored hoaxter who can go to Sullivan's place and do about as he likes. He also can have half of anything the big fellow has and there is many a white boxer that could not receive the same favors from Sullivan.

When Dixon first traveled through the country with Tom O'Rourke their route often carried them to southern cities where the prejudice against colored people was very strong, but the boxer never was insulted, for he knew how to carry himself under all circumstances.

Tuesday night New York the host of backers of the Boston boy will yearn for the undoing of Terry McGovern that their favorite may close his pugilistic career in a blaze of glory. Even the thousands who will wager their money against the chances of his whipping Terry will not be much aggrieved if their calculations turn out wrong since the victory goes to George. Win or lose, everybody will note the passing of the stage of one of the greatest boxers that the world ever beheld, and he will bear with him the good will of the patrons of the sport.