

Cohen beats Tuli in fierce fight

ZULU IS DOWN FIVE TIMES

By GEOFFREY SIMPSON

LITTLE Jake Tuli, the fighting Zulu, unbeaten holder of the Empire fly-weight title, has met his match at last. At Belle Vue, Manchester, last night, trying to concede 3lb. to one of the world's best bantams, Robert Cohen, the French champion, he took a punishing beating on points. But what a courageous battler is this 5ft. 3in. African.

He was smashed off his feet five times, often for long counts, yet with some stirring fighting he made this one of the greatest contests Lancashire has seen for a long time.

He cut Cohen's right eye as early as the second round, dropped him with a perfect left hook in the fourth, and at one stage promised to take command. All this after as disastrous a start as any boxer could make.

He came bouncing out to begin the fight and almost at once ran slap into a right-hander.

It caught him full on the chin and sent him, a dazed and shaken man, to his knees to take a count of eight. Not many would have recovered from a punch like that. Tuli did more. He stayed the ten rounds to give Cohen, No. 1 contender for the world title, the battle of his life.

Big 'uns best

But this was the familiar story of a champion tackling a man in a higher weight division and finding he had shouldered too great a task. The good "little 'un" was mastered by the good "big 'un."

The trifling disparity on the scales was most misleading. In the ring Cohen, a dark, muscular fellow with terrific shoulders for a small man, looked half as big again as Tuli. The Frenchman had all his power "on top," and he proved much the harder puncher.

He gave Tuli fair warning to that effect when he dropped him in the first 30 seconds, yet the coloured boy took no heed of it. Instead of making the fullest use of his undoubted boxing skill, Tuli got up off the floor and, with two-fisted attacks, showed the Frenchman that he, too, could punch and fight.

It was a mistake, for Cohen is one of the most damaging body punchers at his weight in the world. He is also a great counter-puncher, with a left-hook "special" that can knock men over.

Cohen made few attempts to box. Tuli fought just the fight to suit the Frenchman. Though his right eye bled at times, Cohen, with his rat-tat body blows and weighty hooks to the head and jaw, slowly but surely took command.

Boxing paid

What possibilities the struggle held for Tuli was shown in the third round, when, using the ring and employing a steady left jab, he made openings to counter-punch Cohen as he moved in. He won that round well. He took the next by similar methods.

But Tuli cannot keep quiet for long. The little brown man who does nothing but smile out of the ring is quite tigerish inside it. Emboldened by success, he sailed into his rival in the fourth round, left-hooked him on the chin, and brought him to his knees for three.

It must have seemed to him like the turning point, but again he was under-estimating the power in Cohen's fists. Fighting again, in-

stead of boxing, Tuli fell victim to another right-hander swung by the hard-pressed Frenchman. It put him on his knees and he was still down when the round closed and the count was at six.

The fifth round really settled it. Cohen, punching like a machine, allowed no respite. A left hook knocked Tuli down and, though his head must have been dizzy and his legs shaky, his fiery spirit forced him to his feet at once.

Down again

Straightaway Cohen floored him again, and this time Tuli was in real trouble. He took a count of seven, though there was such a terrific din from the excited crowd that I doubt if he knew what the score was.

What followed was to Tuli's lasting credit. He boxed, he fought, often giving blow for blow against a more powerful man, knowing he was taking a beating, yet never ceasing to try to the limit of his powers.

By the ninth round there was not much strength in his thin brown legs, such a body hammering had he taken, and a right bowled him over once more. Yet he was as willing as ever in the last round.

If Tuli is wise he will forget his world bantam ambitions and concentrate on his real objective, the world fly-weight title. On last night's performance he can win it —if Japan's Yoshio Shirai will give him the chance.

Sullivan scores

Johnny Sullivan, Preston middle-weight, one of Randolph Turpin's official challengers, needed only four rounds to batter strongman Bruce Crawford (Thornaby) to defeat. The referee stopped the fight. It was a surprisingly quick victory, for Crawford's toughness and hitting power were expected to take him a long way.

It was a top-class performance and a workmanlike finish by Sullivan.

Peter Fallon (Birkenhead) drew with Peter King (Manchester); Dave Williams (Barr) bt Brian Anders (Brighton), pts. Jack Darlington (Matlock) bt George Cooper (Orpington), retired 1st.

MR. STAGG

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