



**Smithsonian Institution**

*National Museum of African American History and Culture*

## **Abbott's Monthly Vol. II No. 5**

Extracted on Mar-29-2024 07:08:28

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street and getting his bearings. Then a cab, and finally the looming up ahead of the arena.

When Fred got to the dressing-room Grand was hopping and excitedly. He was laying out Fred's gloves and trunks-and giving meaningless directions to the seconds. He caught sight of Fred.

"Hello, Freddie. C'mon strip and we'll give you a rub-down."

Fred wearily sat down. He placed his head in his hands.

"What's the matter?" Grant asked quickly, noting the act. "Don't you feel good?"

Fred raised a haggard face to his manager. "Tom, tonight's fight is lost as far as I'm concerned."

What are you talking about?" Tom began to babble.

Fred silenced him. Then he told his story.

"Nobody saw me go or come," Fred finished in a tired voice. "I haven't got the strength of a baby. I'll be lucky to stand up five rounds."

Grant snapped his fingers lightly and quickly-a sure sign he was thinking.

"Isn't there some way we can call off the fight? Or..."

"No," Fred replied. "It's too late. I'll fight now and do the best I can."

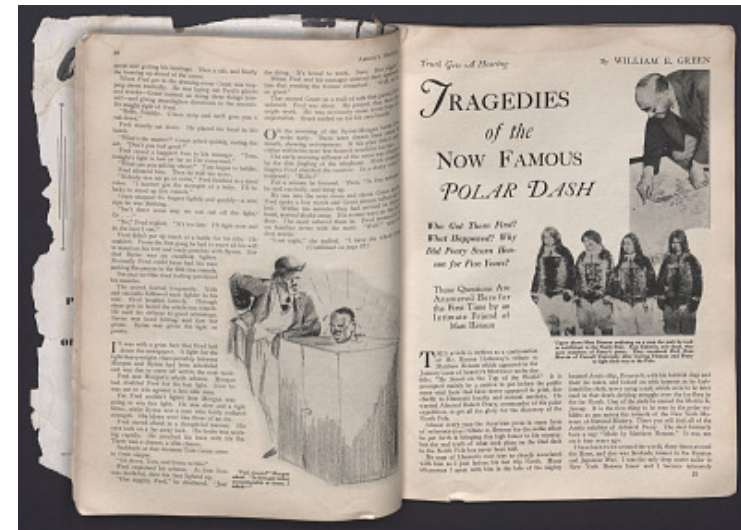
Fred didn't put up much of a battle for his title. He couldn't. From the first gong he had to exert all his will to stand on his feet and trade punches with Byrne. Not that Byrne was an excellent fighter. Normally Fred could have had his man seeking the canvas in the first few rounds.

But that terrible tired feeling paralyzed his muscles.

The crowd hooted frequently. Yells and cat-calls followed each fighter to his seat. Fred laughed bitterly. Through sheer grit he lasted the whole ten rounds. He used his defense to good advantage. Byrne was hard hitting and fast but green. Byrne was given the fight on points.

It was with a grim face that Fred laid down the newspaper. A fight for the light-heavyweight championship between Morgan and Byrne had been scheduled and was due to come off within the next week.

Fred saw Morgan's whole scheme. Morgan had disabled Fred for his last fight. Now he was out to win against a less able man.



Yet Fred couldn't figure how Morgan was going to win this fight. He was slow and a light hitter, while Byrne was a man who fairly radiated strength. His blows were like those of an ox.

Fred stared ahead in a thoughtful manner. His eyes took on a far away look. His brain was working rapidly. He punched his knee with his fist. There was a chance, a slim chance.

Suddenly at that moment Tom Grant came in from supper.

"Sit down, Tom, and listen to this."

Fred explained his scheme. At first Tom was doubtful, then his face lighted up.

"Hot ziggity, Fred," he chattered. "Just the thing. It's bound to work. Sure. Hot ziggity!"

When Fred and his manager entered their apartment late that evening the former remarked: "Well, so far so good."

That started Grant on a trail of talk that passed Fred unheard. Fred was silent. He prayed that their plan might work. He was nervously tense from hope and expectation. Grant rattled on for his own benefit.

On the morning of the Byrne-Morgan battle Fred woke early. There were drawn lines about his mouth, showing nervousness. If his plan didn't materialize within the next few hours it would be too late.

The early morning stillness of the room was shattered by the thin jingling of the telephone. With trembling fingers Fred clutched the receiver. In a shaky voice he tendered: "Hello!"

For a minute he listened. Then, "In five minutes," he said excitedly, and hung up.

He ran into the next room and shook Grant awake. Fred spoke a few words and Grant almost rolled out of bed. Within ten minutes they had arrived at Byrne's hotel, several blocks away. His rooms were on the sixth floor. The maid ushered them in. Fred seemed to be on familiar terms with the maid. "Well?" were his first words.

"Last night," she replied. I have the whole thing  
(Continued on page 87)

[[image]]  
[[caption]] "Feel sweaty?" Morgan asked. "It does get rather uncomfortable at times, I admit-" [[/caption]]

Truth Gets A Hearing  
By WILLIAM E. GREEN

## TRAGEDIES of the NOW FAMOUS POLAR DASH

[[image]]

[[caption]] Upper shows Matt Henson outlining on a map the path he took as trail-blazer to the North Pole. [[/caption]]

[[image]]

[[caption]] Four Eskimos, now dead, who were members of Peary's party. They murdered Prof. Ross Marvin of Cornell University after leaving Henson and Peary to fight their way to the Pole. [[/caption]]

Who Got There First?

What Happened?

Why Did Peary Scorn Henson for Five Years?

These Questions Are Answered Here for the First Time by an Intimate Friend of Matt Henson

THIS article is written as a continuation of Mr. Roscoe Holloway's tribute to Matthew Henson which appeared in the January issue of ABBOTT'S MONTHLY under the title: "He stood on the Top of the World." It is prompted mainly by a motive to put before the public some vital facts that have never appeared in print, due chiefly to Henson's loyalty and natural modesty. He wanted Admiral Robert Peary, commander of the polar expedition, to get all the glory for the discovery of the North Pole.

Almost every year the American press in some form of reference pays tribute to Henson for the noble effort he put forth in bringing this high honor to his country, but the real truth of what took place on the final dash to the North Pole has never been told.

No man of Henson's race was as closely associated with him as I just before his last trip North. Many afternoons I spent with him in the hole of the mighty beamed Arctic ship, Roosevelt, with his faithful dogs and their ice cakes, and looked on with interest as he fashioned the sleds, never using a nail, which were to be later used in that death-defying struggle over the ice-floes in the far North. One of the sleds he named the Morris K. Jessup. It is the first thing to be seen in the polar exhibits as one enters the rotunda of the New York Museum of Natural History. There you will find all of the Arctic exhibits of Admiral Peary. The sled formerly bore a tag: "Made by Matthew Henson." It was not on it four years ago.

I have been twice around the world, three times around the Horn, and also was blockade runner in the Russian and Japanese War. I was the only deep water sailor in New York Henson knew and I became intimately



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