

# Fred Fulton

Contributed by Rob Snell  
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Name: Fred Fulton  
 Career Record: [click](#)  
 Alias: The Rochester Plasterer  
 Nationality: US American  
 Hometown: Park Rapids, Minnesota, USA  
 Born: 1891-04-18  
 Died: 1973-07-07  
 Age at Death: 82  
 Stance: Southpaw  
 Height: 6'6"; Prime;  
 Reach: 213  
 Managers: Mike Collins, Jack Reddy, Frank Force, Tommy Russell (of Minneapolis)  
 Fulton was known as a Rochester plasterer by trade.

Trivia: In early 1924, according to newspaper wire reports, Fulton vowed to never again fight during the months of June, July and August, because he had realized that the few losses of his career had occurred during summer. He then racked up a string of losses in the following non-summer months. Knocked down Heavyweight Champ Jess Willard in an exhibition match on May 14, 1915 in Rochester, MN. Fulton was rejected as a challenger by Champion Jess Willard throughout 1917 despite a string of victories, but was generally regarded as the Number One contender by most experts of the day. In March of 1918 it was widely reported that Fulton's manager had got Willard to agree to defend his title against his man, so a proposed bout with Jack Dempsey had been called off. Confirmations and denials flew back and forth for weeks. Then, on March 25 a report out of Chicago announced that Willard and Fulton had indeed come to terms thanks to Colonel J. C. Miller. Willard was to receive 75 percent of the net profits and Fulton was to be paid a flat fee of \$20,000, with the bout to be staged on July 4th at "...an as yet to be determined site." In April it was said the match would take place in the Twin Cities. However, on May 14th it was announced by Col. Miller that the bout was called off due to growing political pressure against boxing in that state. January of 1918 he was sued for assault by his own brother after punching him in the face during an argument over money. The year before Fulton had been charged with assault for throwing a young woman into the water after a heated argument. Died in Park Rapids, Minnesota. 2003: The Ring Magazine's 100 Greatest Punchers See also, Cyber Boxing Zone's Fulton page. Was naturally left-handed and fought from both orthodox and southpaw stances avidly throughout his career. Oakland Tribune 18 November 1918

Another kind of an "eternal triangle" has developed as a result of Fred Fulton's victory over Willie Meehan in San Francisco Saturday night. Meehan whipped Jack Dempsey; Dempsey put Fulton to sleep in half a minute and now lanky Fred has a decision over Meehan to his credit. Which again goes to prove that "you never can tell." Some folks will attempt to make a quadrangle out of the mess by including Jess Willard, but his Jesslets is through and has been for many a year. His refusal to meet a worthy opponent in a benefit bout has dropped the curtain on the Willard party. Future developments in the heavyweight division will be awaited with interest. Meehan left for London yesterday morning to take part in the allied tournament and Fulton blew out for Los Angeles this forenoon. Dempsey is sticking around Chicago waiting for something to show up. Kearn's fighter was just out of opponents when, Fulton pried the lid off his pugilistic coffin and there is going to be a wild scramble among the promoters for the privilege of staging Jack and Fred in a return bout. California promoters are already bidding for the attraction, but the match will probably be decided in the east. Fulton is a much smarter fellow than Californians were willing to give him credit for being. Meehan tried everything he knew Saturday night to get the plasterer's goat, but Fred's nanny refuses to stray and remained with him throughout the fight. Meehan was all primed with a line of comedy chatter to spring on Fulton when the eastern heavyweight entered the ring but Fulton never let his eyes rest on the sailor and Willie's stunt fell flat. When they lined up for the photographers Meehan again tried to act smart but Fulton had apparently been warned to guard against the goat-getting stuff and he never gave Willie a tumble. In a final effort to rattle his man. Meehan refused to shake hands when the gong sounded. Referee Jim Griffin ordered the boys to touch gloves and Fulton extended his hand and requested. Meehan paid no attention to the outstretched paw, but made some remark not audible outside the ring.

During the fight Fulton surprised by keeping his head. When Willie tried the roundhouse and loop the loop punch the big fellow simply smiled, shoved his man off with his long left hand and then jabbed him half a dozen times. In the opening fighting poor Meehan looked like a novice. That tremendous reach of Fulton's kept the sailor at his distance and Meehan had an awful time getting in close. There is no denying that Meehan landed several blows on the tall Minnesotan, but it was the same old story, there was nothing behind them. Had Jack Dempsey hit Fulton as often as Meehan did Saturday night the jail and the morgue would both have an additional roomer today, even his famous left rip to the body failed to faze the plasterer and Willie was plainly discouraged as the battle progressed. He tried the well known and often successful last-minute rally, but Fulton was wise to that trick and came right back at the sailor and stacked up enough of a lead to take that round and also the fight. Fulton whipped Meehan handily enough, but he is never going to be the heavyweight champion with only the defense he showed Saturday night. Fred was wide open as a barn door at times and a more crafty and harder hitting opponent than Meehan would probably have slipped him a ten-second

sleeping potion. Time and again his jaw was exposed and it was easy to see how Dempsey dropped him so quickly. Of course Fulton may have been without respect for the Meehan punch, but he was taking an awful chance of slipping into oblivion by inviting swingsto his talking apparatus. Fulton's greatest .assets are his height and reach. He has about the beat left hand in the game, today and there is a lot of force behind his southpaw jabs. In the first round Meehan was either disconcerted or he tried to act smart. He let Fulton shoot half a dozen lefts to his face without attempting to block them and his many friends in the audience were on the anxious seat. Fulton was in a fair way to knock the sailor for a goal in the first two minutes o£ the opening round and the crowd stood in order to get a better view of the finish. But Meehan fooled them by coming back with some wicked body blows and he took the last minute of the round. Summing up the fight by rounds Fulton took three and Meehan had a slight, very slight, shade in the other, the second. It is now up to everybody to pick their own particular fighting heavyweight champion of the world.

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