

## KID MACLEAY

We have read of great two-fisted fighters  
In tales that were written before,  
Champs who were cheered by the fight fans  
And whose names will be known evermore.

But now let me tell you this story  
And I want you to heed what I say,  
For we now have a champ of the future,  
He's a lad I will call Kid Macleay.

Now the Kid has had many ring battles,  
Although still a babe at the game,  
So when he grows up into manhood,  
He could make his fortune and fame.

For the lad's age is only eleven,  
He is four and a half stone in weight,  
He is game and a pretty good puncher,  
And his name could go down with the great.

He was christened and named Martin Cochrane,  
He was taught all the tricks by his Dad,  
His footwork is good for a youngster,  
He's won most of the fights that he's had.

The kid plays pretty good football,  
His team have some cups they have won,  
He is Burnt Bridge's fast running winger,  
They are proud of the things he has done.

They are coached by their teacher Jim Sterling,  
Who treats all the boys as his own,  
On the field Jim's a hard man to stay with,  
Other teams like to leave him alone.

Now to get back to fighters and fighting,  
And to write a bit more on this page,  
The Kid is quite willing to travel,  
To meet fighters his own weight and age.

And the Kid also sends out this challenge,  
Through the pages of Dawn Magazine,  
To fight any young ringworthy fighter,  
In some city where he's never been.

So come on you young hard fighting Aussies,  
Send your answer to Burnt Bridge today,  
Get a fight on with young Martin Cochrane,  
The lad I have called Kid Macleay.

To you all goodbye and best wishes,  
May good luck be all yours through the years,  
But the fight game's a hard road to travel,  
A road lined with heartaches and tears

And that is the end of this story,  
I hope it helped pass the time by,  
I have just about used up my paper,  
And my ink bottle's very near dry.

By R. SHERRY of Burnt Bridge.

