



## Online Newsletter

*Issue 08*

*July 2012*

*The IBRO online newsletter is an extension of the quarterly IBRO Journal and contains material not included in the latest issue of the journal.*

### *Newsletter Features*

- ◆ RIP Jimmy Bivins by Grant Segall (Cleveland Plain Dealer)
- ◆ To Box, or Not to Box: Hamlet in the Ring by Gordon Marino
- ◆ Cincinnati's Billy Joiner: He went the Distance With Sonny by Jim Amato
- ◆ Why Joe Louis Will Not Be Champion Long by Jim Tully (Liberty Magazine, Nov. 6, 1937)
- ◆ Walcott's Method by Clem Boddington (Circa 1948)
- ◆ The Fighter That Can't Back Up by Barney Nagler (Look Magazine 1942)
- ◆ Up From Hell's Kitchen by Jack Guenther (Look Magazine 1942)
- ◆ Sport Classics: Long Count by Packey O'Gatty (Mans Life Magazine May 1953)
- ◆ Ray Arcel: A Boxing Biography by Donald Dewey. Book Review by Clay Moyle
- ◆ Joe Louis: Hard Times Man by Randy Roberts. Book Review by Roger Zotti
- ◆ Member inquiries, ring records, nostalgic articles, photos, illustrations, newspaper clippings and obituaries submitted by several members.

*Special thanks to Jim Amato, Bob Caico, Don Cogswell, Bob Collins, Jim Curl, Henry Hascup, J.J. Johnston, Ric Kilmer, Gordon Marino, Clay Moyle, Don Scott and Roger Zotti for their contributions to this issue of the newsletter.*

*Keep Punching!*

*Dan Cuoco*

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## MEMBER FORUM

### Matty Matthews

I am attaching, for what it is worth a typed version of Matty Matthews record through Dec/1898 as he hand wrote it at the time. The letter is quite nice and definitely in his hand. If you want a scan, I can do that. Matthews got the results of each of his fights spot on but the dates are usually off. I have asterisked the fights where there's no boxrec record or it significantly differs as to indicate further study. *Don Scott*

### Walcott's Method

Dan, enclosed is an article with illustration "Walcott's Method" by Clem Boddington written shortly after Jersey Joe Walcott's first title fight with Joe Louis. It describes in detail Jersey Joe's fight plan entering their first fight. *Bob Collins*

### Jersey Joe Walcott's Grandsons

Dan, here are some photos taken at Canastota in June. Jersey Joe Walcott's grandsons Bill and Vincent Cream accompanied me to the IBHOF weekend. The first photo on the right is left to right Bill Cream, me, Jimmy Williams and Vincent Cream. Jimmy Williams is 85 years old and sharp as a tack. He showed us how Jersey Joe did some of his moves. As you can imagine Walcott's grandsons got a big kick out of it. The guy was incredible. He was at a couple of Walcott fights and actually watched Elmer Violent Ray and Curtis the 'Hatchet Man' Sheppard fight. He was a relative of one of the fighters at the hall of fame. The second photo is the Creams with John the Beast Mugabi. *James Curl*

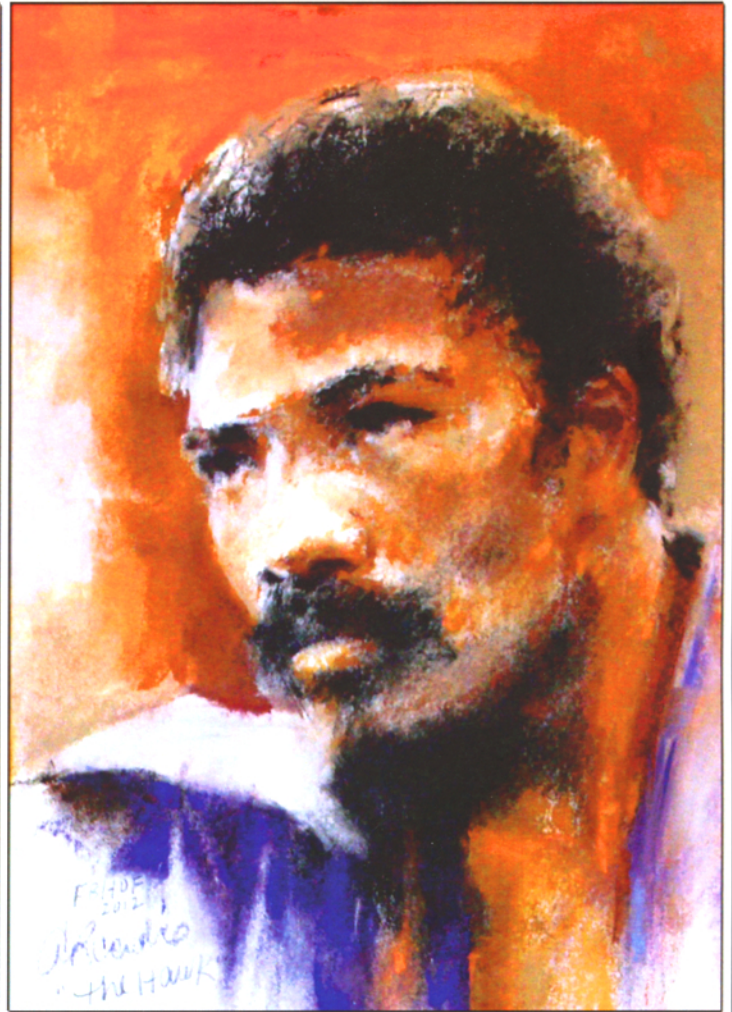
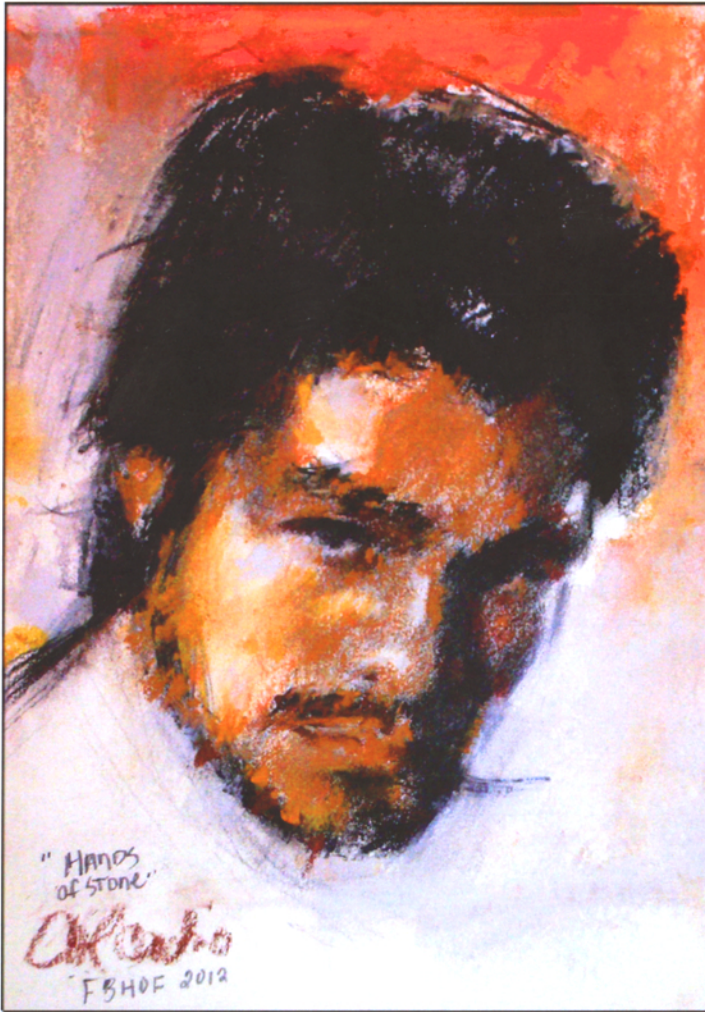


### Articles of Interest

Dan, enclosed are several articles our members may find of interest. The first one by Jim Tully, written in November, 1937, details Tully's insights into why Joe Louis will not have a long title reign after his title defense against Tommy Farr. It seems that Jack Dempsey concurred with him. What were they thinking? The second article is Grantland Rice's spotlight on Gunboat Smith written in December 1936. The third article by Gene Kessler is from *The Knockout* dated November 18, 1950 in which Gene declares that TV is dooming boxing gates. How prophetic! The fourth and fifth articles are on Tami Mauriello (*Look Magazine*, November 1942) and Johnny Colan (*Look Magazine*, June 1942). The sixth article is from Packey O'Gatty who was a good boxer and could write. The article entitled *Long Count* is funny. *J.J. Johnston*

OFFICIAL PROGRAM 2012

# FLORIDA BOXING



# HALL OF FAME

June 22, 23, 24 Wyndham Hotel

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# FLORIDA BOXING HALL OF FAME

## CLASS OF 2012

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Aaron Pryor

Chico Vejar

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## MEDIA

## RON ROSS



RON ROSS

**Ron Ross** was himself a professional boxer, a fight promoter, and a manager. He remains active in the boxing world as a member of the Boxing Writers Association of America and writes numerous boxing articles as well as covering major fights around the country. His first book, a novel called "The Tomato Can," received excellent reviews and was followed by his widely acclaimed *Bummy Davis vs. Murder, Inc.* Ron's latest work is a biography of Emile Griffith, the great middle and welterweight champion from the 1960s and early 1970s. He was also the consultant on the documentary film, *Ring of Fire; the Story of Emile Griffith*. Ron divides his time between Oceanside, New York and Boca Raton, Florida. He was inducted into the Long Island Jewish Hall of Fame on May 21, 2006.



Ron Ross (c) poses with Welterweight Great, Aaron Pryor (l) and FL Boxing Hall of Fame vice-president Sam Cohen after induction ceremony

## **RIP JIMMY BIVINS**

**By Grant Segall**

**Cleveland.com**

**JULY 4, 2012** - Jimmy Bivins, Cleveland's iron-tough boxer who whipped eight world champions in his youth and, decades later, survived after nearly starving in his family's filthy attic, died this morning, July 4, at McGregor Home. He was 92.



*Jimmy Bivins, the former boxer who beat eight world champions, was found dead July 4, 2012, at McGregor Home. The Cleveland legend was 92. (Lonnie Timmons III/Plain Dealer)*

During his boxing career -- which spanned the 1940s and 1950s -- Bivins' powerful left jab and equally mighty bravado made him a star whom boxing fans across the country loved to hate.

Yet in retirement, while driving a bakery truck around Cleveland and coaching local kids, many grew to love the grizzled fighter for his gentle and generous ways.

"He was one of the last of the blue-collar workers in boxing," Gene Glen, president of the Lake Erie Association of USA Boxing, said Wednesday. "He worked an eight-hour shift and came to the gym and worked out. He was an outstanding person, always fun to be around, always looking out to assist other people."

Gary Horvath, a local boxing champion and coach, said, "Jimmy pulled out all the stops for you."

Bivins was born in Dry Branch, Ga., in 1919, and his family moved north to Cleveland three years later.

It was clear from the start that Bivins was smart, cocky and confrontational.

When he was an honor student at Central High School, he taunted classmates, holding up his grade-A homework, asking if they could do better.

Angry kids chased him home every day until the afternoon Bivins grew weary. He stood and fought. Bivins beat a boy who turned out to be a Golden Gloves champ.

And Bivins never ran again.

He entered organized boxing in 1936 at 112 pounds. Four years later, he turned pro, stacking silver dollars in his shoes to make himself heavy enough to qualify.

His first fight was against a guy named Emory Morgan. Bivins knocked Morgan out in the first round, earning \$25. Later that year, after 20 more fights, Bivins clobbered future world champion Anton Christoforidis and earned \$2,500.

"The champs of today, they couldn't lick their own lips when I was fighting," Bivins said in recent years. "I'm not bragging. It's the truth."

Bivins knocked the biggest names in boxing onto the mats of the biggest venues in the world. When he came home to Cleveland for an occasional Friday-night match, the event shattered one attendance record after another.

Yet hardly anyone liked him. "They would stand crowded in the rain just to boo him. I never understood it," the late Maria Baskin, one of Bivins' sisters, told *The Plain Dealer* in 2003. "He was the fighter they loved to hate."

Bivins never let it bother him. Somehow he used their hatred to pump up his bravado. In 1943, when Bivins fought Tami Mauriello at New York's Madison Square Garden, it seemed like no one was in his corner.

Gambling was a no-no, but everyone there knew that the odds makers favored Mauriello.

Frank Sinatra, a friend of Mauriello's, sang the national anthem that night. And everyone also knew that Sinatra bet a bundle on Mauriello.

Bivins wasn't intimidated. When the bell rang, Bivins pummeled Mauriello. "I beat his butt so bad, I made Frank Sinatra cry," Bivins would say later.

It was a sweet victory. Some boxing insiders said afterward that Bivins was the guy who could finally knock Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis from his throne.

Louis, who was in the Madison Square Garden audience that night, might have thought the same thing. But he faced no immediate challenge. Boxing officials had frozen Louis' title while he served as a sergeant in the U.S. Army during World War II.

A couple months after Bivins beat Mauriello, Louis presented Bivins with a cardboard crown and bestowed him with the honorary title of "duration" heavyweight champion.

"You're the champ while I'm gone," Louis told Bivins.

It was a spectacular moment. Bivins, who later joined the Army himself, knew Louis respected him as the No. 1 contender. The two men would surely fight for the title when the war was over.

But it never happened. Louis refused, choosing to fight lesser-ranked boxers instead.

Bivins grew increasingly bitter and, as the years passed, obsessed with the idea of whomping Louis.



"All I wanted was a chance. I deserved a chance," Bivins told people.

In the late 1940s, Bivins finally sparred with Louis in a meaningless exhibition. A few days later, Bivins' wife told police her husband had beaten her unconscious.

Dollie Bivins said the violence erupted while Bivins was telling her how he could earn \$500,000 in a fight with Louis. When Bivins paused and asked his wife what she was cooking for dinner, she told him they had no money for food.

Bivins, she said, punched her in the head.

When a reporter called Bivins to get his side of the story, Bivins was watching a film of Louis battling another boxer. He denied hitting his wife. "Maybe our prosperity has gone to her head," Bivins said.

Bivins and Joe Louis wouldn't meet again until 1951, when Louis was trying to make a comeback. Louis bet his whole purse that he would knock out Bivins in four rounds.

Louis lost the bet.

After the fourth round, Bivins was undaunted. Showing off his 79-inch wingspan, he taunted the champ, "I'm still here, I'm still here." Outraged, Louis punched Bivins in the back so hard that he broke a rib.

It was the worst injury Bivins ever suffered. Bivins lost the fight in a split decision but took home his largest-ever purse -- \$40,000.

During his career, Bivins boxed in 112 professional fights, accumulating 86 wins, 31 knockouts, one draw and 25 losses. He remains the only boxer ever simultaneously ranked the No. 1 contender in both the light-heavyweight and the heavyweight divisions.

But he never got a shot at a championship belt.

"These guys today don't know what time it is, and they're giving them belts, diamonds," Bivins said through the years. "Somebody owes me a belt."

**A new leaf** When he was boxing, Bivins' personal life was rocky. His first marriage ended quickly. Dollie, his second wife, divorced him after claiming he beat her. Bivins even described himself as "nasty" during those years.

Things changed in the early 1950s. He married his third wife, Elizabeth, and she calmed him.

He joined the Teamsters, driving bakery and snack trucks, and spent most of his spare time trying to lure street-tough boys into local gyms. Bivins dazzled the kids with his colossal, leathery hands -- nearly the size of catcher's mitts. Each scar, each gnarled knuckle carried with it a different tale of knockouts, broken noses or busted lips.

At first, the boys wandered into the gym just to see Bivins or to hear his bloody stories. But many came back through the years to hear Bivins' blunt, fatherly advice.

Most of the kids were poor like Bivins had been as a boy, and Bivins tried to help them.

He showed them how to land and duck a punch. He warned them about the dangers of drinking and drugs. And he counseled them on women.

"I talked to this doctor at the Cleveland Clinic one time, and he told me if you have sex it takes 72 hours to get your energy back," Bivins told his aspiring boxers. "And that's only one time. Some of these guys go four, five, six times. Shoot, you're digging your own grave."

Once a week, Bivins made sure the boys ate, ate all they could. On Sundays, he cooked a simple but massive feast and carted it to the gym. What he served changed -- pot roast, chicken, noodles -- but the meal always ended with sweet, homemade cobbler and store-bought ice cream.

Boxers came and went. None achieved Bivins' success, but there were some highlights. Kids he coached won Cleveland's Golden Gloves. Young boxers won amateur matches. And in 1988, a Cleveland police officer, Jim Davidson, won the light heavyweight national championship at the Police Olympics in Las Vegas.

Bivins, dressed in white from head to toe, walked the strip with Davidson after the victory. In Cleveland, hardly anyone knew who the old boxer was. But in Las Vegas, a boxing Mecca, everyone seemed to recognize him.

For that night, Bivins was again a star.

**Slipping away** When Bivins' wife, Elizabeth, died in 1995, his life forever changed. He spent less and less time at the gym. He grew weak and depressed. And finally he quietly moved into the Collinwood home of his daughter and son-in-law, Josette and Daryl Banks.

As months passed, Bivins' boxing buddies worried. No one knew where Bivins was.

In April 1998, Cleveland police found him. They had gone to the Banks house to investigate a report of child neglect. They found no child, but in the attic, they found Bivins.

The former heavyweight had withered to 110 pounds, about 75 pounds below his fighting weight. He was wrapped in a urine-soaked and feces-caked blanket that covered his face. At first they thought he was dead.

But when the officers asked Bivins if he was OK, he politely responded that he wasn't doing so well. Then he asked the officers how they were doing.

Police initially charged Josette and Daryl Banks with felonious assault. Daryl Banks later pleaded guilty to a lesser charge and was sentenced to eight months in jail.

Charges against Josette Banks were dropped after investigators determined that her husband had made all decisions regarding Bivins' care.

Many 78-year-olds might not have survived, but Bivins proved to be as tough as his leathery hands.

He spent most of his remaining years in the Shaker Heights home of his sister, Maria Bivins Baskin. Slowly, he started showing off the road map of his scars again, carefully unfurling his boxing stories to the nurses and visitors who tended him.

When children stopped by, he taught them how to throw a perfect punch, still marveling at the reach of his own long arms.

And, if someone asked, Bivins would tell them about his nemesis, the champ Joe Louis. "Somebody still owes me a belt," Bivins said.

In 1999, a Sports Illustrated article said Bivins may have been the greatest modern heavyweight who never got a shot at the title crown.

The same year, Bivins traveled to New York, where he was inducted into the International Boxing Hall of Fame. Although Bivins was still a little wobbly on his feet, the tuxedo he wore couldn't hide his boxer's physique, thick again after months of good food and decent care.

In 2009, Baskin died, and Bivins moved into McGregor. The Ohio State Former Boxers and Associates threw birthday parties for him there.

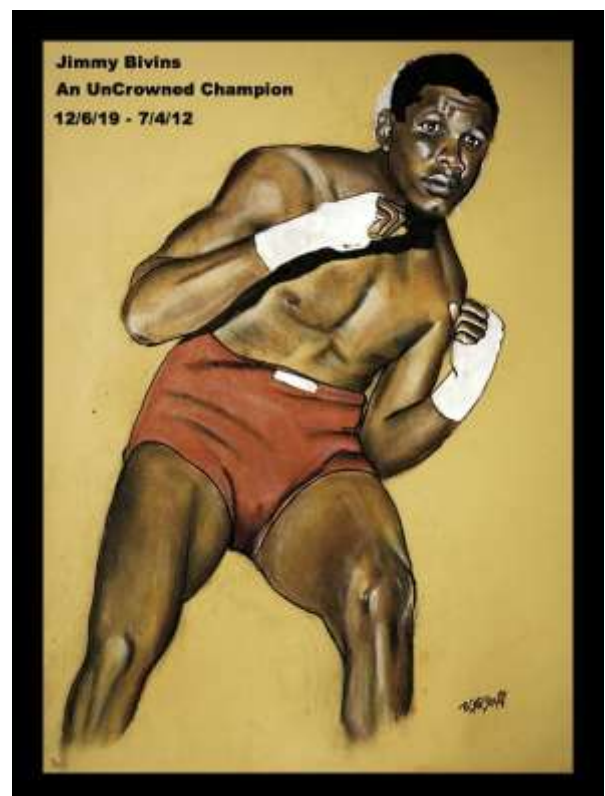
"It's been quite a life," Bivins told The Plain Dealer. "It's been quite a life."

According to his family, Bivins outlived his two sons, three sisters and a step-daughter. He left behind a daughter, Josette Banks; four grandchildren and many great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren.

## **Jimmy Bivins**

**1919-2012**

*Painting by the late Bob Carson from UnCrowned Champions by J.J. Johnston and Don Cogswell*



# To Box, or Not to Box: Hamlet in the Ring

*By Gordon Marino on July 7, 2012*



*"I think that within me," said Floyd, "within every human being, there is a certain weakness."*

Patterson was overjoyed at reclaiming the crown, but he also vowed "to never again inflict as much damage on another fighter..."

In the boxing ring, it helps to be smart and perceptive, but a tendency toward introspection does the fighter no favors. Floyd Patterson, the most Hamlet-like of boxers, habitually questioned his own ability and even his bravery. Those doubts were never more on display than in a profile by Gay Talese in *Esquire* magazine in 1964 called "The Loser," written after Patterson's unsuccessful bid to regain the heavyweight crown from Sonny Liston.

"I think that within me, within every human being, there is a certain weakness," Patterson told the writer. "It is a weakness that exposes itself more when you're alone. And I have figured out that part of the reason I do the things I do, and cannot seem to conquer that one word—myself—is because . . . is because . . . I am a coward."

It is a puzzle how this boxer ever managed to climb to the top of a brutal game. W.K. Stratton's first-rate Patterson biography ([Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 269 pages, \\$25](#)) attempts to solve the riddle of the most ambivalent of modern gladiators—one who would rush to lift his knockout victims off the canvas and who once even stopped in mid-round to help an opponent find his mouthpiece.

Patterson, one of 11 children, was born in 1935 in Waco, N.C. His family moved to Brooklyn, N.Y., soon after his birth. Growing up in the rough Bedford-Stuyvesant neighborhood, Patterson was a chronically truant student who soon became a petty thief, Mr. Stratton says. After repeated appearances in juvenile court, Patterson, at age 10, was sent upstate to the Wiltwyck School, a state-supported facility for troubled boys. There he attended small classes offered by patient and dedicated teachers who succeeded in drawing him out of his shell.

The school's director organized boxing matches for the boys in which Patterson demonstrated a talent for pummeling opponents. "It was the first time he had ever heard a crowd cheer for him," Mr. Stratton notes. After a two-year stint at Wiltwyck, Patterson returned to New York a more confident young man. He joined his brothers Frank and Billy at Brooklyn's Carleton Avenue YMCA. Frank Lavelle, the trainer at the Y, thought the Patterson boys showed potential, and he took them to the Gramercy Park Gym, where Patterson came under the guidance of Constantine "Cus" D'Amato, a trainer and manager who in time—he was then in his 40s—would gain fame for his work not only with Floyd Patterson but also with champions José Torres and Mike Tyson.

D'Amato taught Patterson (as well as Torres and Mr. Tyson) a distinctive approach to boxing, keeping his gloves high to protect his face and his elbows tucked in to protect against body blows. The peek-a-boo style, as it is called, has the boxer squared up to his opponent. It requires constant head movement and is ideal for launching the punch that all of D'Amato's charges specialized in—the left hook.

Patterson dropped three of his first five amateur contests, but then everything started to click. At the 1952 Helsinki Olympics, the Brooklynite—then just 17—won the middleweight gold medal. He immediately turned professional and, rising through the ranks, had a chance at the heavyweight title in 1956 after Rocky Marciano's retirement left the crown vacant. An elimination tournament eventually pitted the 21-year-old Patterson against the great Archie Moore. A fifth-round knockout of Moore made Patterson the youngest heavyweight champion ever. (Three decades later, 20-year-old Mike Tyson would break the record.)

After four nondescript title defenses, Patterson was separated from his crown by the powerful right hand of the Swede Ingemar Johansson in a match at Yankee Stadium in 1959. Afterward, Patterson fell into a seemingly bottomless funk, refusing to see anyone, keeping the blinds drawn at his house in Rockville Centre on New York's Long Island.

Howard Cosell, then best known as a radio sports broadcaster, had been a friend of Cus D'Amato's and Patterson's for much of the 1950s. He was also close to Jackie Robinson, a Patterson hero, and so when D'Amato, "fretting about Patterson's deepening depression," asked Cosell to try to cheer up the fighter with a visit, Cosell brought along Robinson. The two athletes hit it off and remained friends for years to come. Patterson was also buoyed by a letter from an unlikely source: former foe Archie Moore, who said, "I hope you don't continue to feel bad" and offered tips on how to beat Johansson in a rematch.

No heavyweight champion had ever lost the title and then regained it. Patterson got his shot in 1960 at New York's Polo Grounds. In the fourth round, he landed a devastating left hook, leaving Johansson twitching on the canvas and unconscious for four minutes. Patterson was overjoyed at reclaiming the crown, but he also vowed "to never again inflict as much damage on another fighter."

In the early 1960s Sonny Liston, aka "The Bear," began prowling the heavyweight ranks and easily dispatching opponents. Liston, a former convict, had deep ties to organized crime. D'Amato, mistrusting Liston's underworld connections, urged Patterson to avoid getting into the ring with him. But Patterson, who had once seemed fated for a criminal life, reasoned that Liston had paid his debt to society and deserved a shot.

In their 1962 encounter, Patterson inexplicably froze when confronted with Liston and was bombed out in less than three minutes. Almost a year later, they fought again, with the same one-round result. At age 27, Patterson, once one of the most recognizable athletes on the planet, was a has-been. He did not hang up the gloves until 1972, at age 37, after his second loss to Muhammad Ali.

As suggested by his book's subtitle, "The Fighting Life of Boxing's Invisible Champion," Mr. Stratton focuses on Patterson's years in the ring. Given that the author deftly portrays Patterson's boyhood, it is a pity that he doesn't take us into his subject's life after boxing. For years, Patterson trained boxers at his New Paltz home in New York's Hudson Valley. In 1979, he and his second wife, Janet (his first wife, Sandra, divorced him in the late '60s), adopted a 14-year-old boy who had been coming to Patterson's boxing gym since age 11. Under the former champ's guidance, Tracy Harris Patterson captured two world titles: WBC super bantamweight, in 1992, and IBF super featherweight, in 1995.

Patterson was appointed commissioner of the New York State Athletic Commission in 1995, but it soon became apparent that he wouldn't be able to fulfill his duties. The head rattling he had absorbed began to shake loose the neural connections. When Patterson died from prostate cancer in 2006, he was suffering from dementia.

Mr. Stratton's epigraph is a quote from Ralph Ellison's 1952 novel, "Invisible Man," exhorting a black man not to forget his people even if he goes out into the white world: "So take a friendly advice and go easy so that you can keep on helping colored people. They do not want you to go too fast and will cut you down if you do. Be smart."

Though Mr. Stratton does not say so explicitly, the implication is that the "invisible champion" Floyd Patterson went out into the white world, rising slowly while still helping his people. Although Muhammad Ali attracted more headlines during the civil-rights era and was regarded as a symbol of black pride, it was Patterson who went with Jackie Robinson to Mississippi in 1962 to campaign for blacks' civil rights and in 1963 to Birmingham, Ala., to protest police chief Eugene "Bull" Connor's violent tactics against protesters.

Mr. Stratton returns to "Invisible Man" toward the end of the book: "Like the narrator of Ellison's novel," he writes, Patterson "could have ended up at exactly the spot where he began—in Floyd's case, the mean streets of Bedford-Stuyvesant. But Floyd found a way out of the circle. His escape route involved leather gloves tied on his hands, a padded mat, and a roped-off square curiously called a ring."

With his career sandwiched between those of heavyweight icons Rocky Marciano and Muhammad Ali, it is easy to lose sight of Floyd Patterson's stirring, affecting story. Mr. Stratton's engrossing portrait helps restore this noble warrior to his rightful place in history's arena.

*A professor of philosophy at St. Olaf College, Gordon Marino writes on boxing for the Wall Street Journal. He is on the board and works with boxers at the Circle of Discipline in Minneapolis, as well as at the Basement Gym in Northfield, MN. You can follow him on Twitter [@GordonMarino](https://twitter.com/GordonMarino)*

*(Special thanks to The Wall Street Journal)*

## **CINCINNATI'S BILLY JOINER ; He Went The Distance With Sonny!**



In the early 1960's Cincinnati produced what looked to be a blue chip heavyweight prospect. Billy Joiner turned professional in 1962 after a stellar amateur career. He won 86 of 92 fights in the amateur ranks winning the National AAU and Golden Gloves light heavyweight titles in 1962. He twice crossed gloves with none other than Cassius Clay.

After turning pro Billy won his first seven fights. Marion Conner, Amos Johnson and Lou Bailey were among the men he defeated. In 1964 he lost his first fight, a ten round decision to Amos Johnson for the Ohio Heavyweight title. He was then stopped by Hubert Hilton and outscored by Jimmy "The King" Fletcher. He then fought three straight draws against Piero Tomasoni, Dante Cane and Chuck Leslie.



In 1968 Billy would go to Los Angeles to face the feared former heavyweight champion Sonny Liston. Sonny had embarked on a comeback and was slowly working his way back into the ratings. Joiner was halted in round seven. Ten months later Billy would meet Sonny again. This time in St.

Louis. The game and crafty Joiner extended Sonny the full ten rounds in losing a decision.

In his next bout Billy would score a major upset outpointing Canadian Robert Cleroux eliminating big Bob from a proposed title match with WBA champion Jimmy Ellis. The tide turned quickly though as Billy would lose his next seven fights. It was against some stiff competition like Zora Folley, Alvin "Blue" Lewis, Juergen Blin, Mac Foster, Bernd August, Larry Holmes and Oscar Bonavena. He did gain some measure of revenge halting Fletcher in a rematch. A one round KO loss to Alfredo Evangelista followed that. Billy didn't fight again for three and a half years but closed his career with a victory outscoring Young Louis in Detroit.

Joiner finished his career with a 12-13-3 record. It is a very deceiving record. Along the way he met two world champions and three others that challenged for the crown. Add in legitimate contenders like Mac Foster and "Blue" Lewis and you can see Billy boxed with some of the best.

***Jim Amato***

# WHY JOE LOUIS WILL NOT BE CHAMPION LONG

A prize-ring classic!—The inside story of a sensational fight and the rifts it found in the Bomber's armor

BY JIM TULLY

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



The author with Dempsey, who called the turn on Louis.

JOE LOUIS, when next he fights, will make his farewell bow as heavyweight champion of the world. He is definitely on the skids; he's on his way down—and out! The most sensational of modern bruisers since Jack Dempsey, he has failed as king of his tribe for the most significant of reasons. This I learned from Tommy Farr, the Welsh-Irish invader with the heart of oak and the jaw of iron who recently battled Louis to a standstill and won the championship, in the opinion of many thousands of spectators, although he missed the decision. Tommy came out of that fray with the answer to the Joe Louis enigma—an answer now revealed for the first time.

Farr learned many things in that fight, dynamited with drama. He was deemed a set-up for the Negro.

But Tommy has a thinking brain, and a heart that has always said *yes* to life. He knew himself, knew that he had never been hurt—that such as Walter Neusel, Max Baer, and Tommy Loughran had rattled blows against him in vain.

While nearly forty thousand people awaited the coming slaughter, this Tommy Farr sang Welsh songs in his dressing room. It was all right to be the underdog if one had a lion's heart and strength.

Like all great thinking fighters, he went down the aisle to the ring ready to meet what might develop—to let events take care of themselves. He knew that he was meeting the hardest hitter in the world. He had trained his brain, by constant reiteration, to function even if it might be stunned. In other words, his brain must cooperate with his heart. If his heart said, *Get up*, his brain must make him stand. What the world might learn of spirit and never say die from this twenty-three-year-old bruiser is a very great deal.

The setting was new to him. Three years with a carn-

My old pal has said it. A fighter himself when younger, his angles are those of an insider. Before the fight, at the ringside, during the day after the battle—which he spent with Tommy Farr, interviewing him on a coast-to-coast hook-up and so on—he saw and heard many things, and knew their meaning.

His Liberty article gives the clearest possible picture of the state of the heavyweight championship today. I heartily agree with its conclusions.

JACK DEMPSEY.

val, fighting all comers, little and big, at least six thousand fighting rounds in that time, and thirty-five hundred professional rounds after he had left the carnival, had brought him to the Yankee Stadium to face the heavyweight champion of the world.

To get the chance at Louis, he was entering the ring with cuts under his eyes. It was a new and mighty venture for him. And the audience was to learn as much as himself.

He looked across the ring at Louis. With face immobile as an ebony mask, his powerful steel muscles slid smooth as quicksilver and ominous as doom. In another minute he would tangle with those muscles—would know which was the master; and while the waiting thousands sat he kept saying to his brain, "Now remember!" He could not help but respect the hitting power of Joe Louis.

Compact as the earth and nonchalant as a breeze that





A bewildered champion reveals a flaw—fear of a right.

blows upon it, he faced his mighty chocolate-colored foe at the gong. He could hear the sighs in the audience. The Negro parried, feinted, his piston left ready. He found himself with a desire to sample those blows—just how bloom-in' hard were they?

Jack Dempsey, next to whom I sat, had told me that Farr would go the limit. Trained in a harder school, he sensed more than the experts.

Farr's wish was suddenly realized. The Negro's left, rapid as machine-gun fire, caught him three times. A right cross, whizzing furiously, caught him on the jaw. It was the call to battle. A transformation, never seen before in any ring, followed quickly. Brain and heart in unison, his blows everywhere, Farr was making the mightiest bruiser in the world retreat.

A man taking wings and rising from the electric chair could have startled the spectators no more than did Farr. As the gong sounded, he patted the champion patronizingly on the shoulder and went to his corner. It was a new experience for Louis. *That a man would dare to pat him on the shoulder.* Farr glanced at his stern expression and smiled.

He had noticed that every time Louis started a punch he blinked his eyes. Could that be possible? he asked himself while his seconds worked furiously. He would learn more in a second.

HE feinted and stepped back, his arms held upward. Louis saw the chance and shot a right uppercut. It missed. The champion of the world was caught in a trap. His right was in the air, his jaw exposed. Farr's right caught him. The shadow of Schmeling might have flashed before the Negro's eyes. He stepped back, bewildered. That was the great thing Farr wanted to know. Louis was gun-shy! Schmeling had written with a hot iron the fear of a right hand across his brain.

A crude psychologist, Farr knew that the thing you fear will get you in the end. He thought it over between rounds. And while Farr was

wondering there was a buzz of conversation as of billions of bees. Farr had lasted the two rounds the experts said he wouldn't. And—what was more—he had made the champion retreat.

His right hand, broken several months ago in England, now ached dully. That didn't matter. He'd keep throwing it against Louis' jaw anyhow. Louis was afraid of a right. *He knew that.* There are imponderables in the ring. Though Farr didn't know the word, he knew what they were.

THE finger of doom that had been put upon him in the second pointed to him in the third. You can't escape all the blows. The Negro swerved sideways with a bone-smashing right and bent his body to the shape of the letter U. "There he goes!" some one shouted. Farr went . . . after several seconds . . . but in the wrong direction—inside of Joe's guard. It is a terrible thing to hit a man with a blow that would bend a tiger, and have him step inside your guard and make you retreat. Blood bespattered, Farr planted his feet firmly and called Joe yellow and a name reflecting on his ancestry. A defensive fighter only, the Negro was now against a post.

He had to fight back. Farr saw Joe's eyes go wide and white as he threw rights at his jaw. That was the way to whip him.

Until the seventh Farr thought of nothing but carrying the fight to Louis, staggering him with courage. It was an ancient axiom in the ring—that you couldn't hurt a Negro by hitting him in the head. The champion was the exception. Without his punch he could never have gotten out of the preliminary ranks. Schmeling had knocked him out. In doing so he had made it harder for Farr. Every time he started a right the Negro "rolled with the punch" or scampered out of the way. He felt he could hit as hard as Schmeling, but he couldn't get Joe set. A right was an easy blow to land ordinarily. A drunken longshoreman might avoid it. But not the king of fistians. It was no more easy to explain than the fourth dimension. It was, for Farr, like going back to his first week at the carnival. He must fight like a greenhorn in order to beat a champion.

A CUT under one eye had been bleeding freely. He went into the seventh with the determination that he would either finish or be finished. He would throw his right even if the bones broke through the skin. He went to the center of the ring and began the encounter. It was one of the imponderables again. Louis got the break when Farr missed a right. For a terrible half minute the champion threw blows hard, swift, and vicious enough to drop an ox. Tiring from the fury of his own blows, he rested, and Farr began.

Jack Dempsey's grim jaws opened once again.

"That's Joe's finish," he said; "his end. If he couldn't do it then, he never can." His eyes narrowed as an ex-king's will who sees the abdication of another.

The cut under Farr's other eye had opened in the furious melee. The blood dripped as the gong rang. He did not forget, however, to pat the champion patronizingly on the shoulder and say, "You did your best, Joe."



Jibes with jabs. Farr's insults were courage breakers.

Cruel are the ways of men when they fight for a throne. For the first minute of the eighth Tommy could not see. The only way he could explain it was that the nerves connected with his eyes kept wrapping around his brain like hot wires. His brain had been schooled for everything but that. His vision cleared for him to see two Negroes before him. He began to swing wild rights and lefts with the feeling that his circling blows were bound to catch one of them. When the impact of his gloves, the color of Joe's body, told him that he was hitting the target, he moved in. Blind men are better at infighting. He could hear Joe grunt under the blows. "Come on, you!" and again he called him a vile name. "You can't break a plate." And this to the man who had battered Baer to the floor! For the next six rounds all were unaware that a blind man stood before a champion of the world. Fighting one Joe Louis was enough. But two was plenty. The same tactics were used in each round. Wild swings until he was within range of the target, then blast for dear life.

In the fourteenth Farr decided to wait. It was a tactic error. Even Napoleon made one or two. The thudding left of the champion, delivered five times with deadly effect and without a return, made him change the plan of battle. He began to swing wildly once again, and found himself in deadly and furious embrace with Louis.

Their heads cracked together. Farr's eyes ached with pain. By some magnificent miracle, his vision cleared. Now he only had one Negro to fight. Again he saw the eyes of Louis blink when he threw a blow. Again he saw the fear in his eyes when he started a right. The audience was numbed into silence when the fifteenth began. Now seeing clearly, like a top spun madly, Farr whirled into the center of the ring. Could he still batter Louis down with a bone-cracked right?

Unbowed and undefeated, the underdog who wasn't to last two rounds launched into the battle like an eagle borne on a red cloud of blood. Louis kept retreating. Farr couldn't make him mix. In a furious exchange he groaned to Joe, "I'll blast your heart out!"

Again Joe stepped back—Farr after him. Tommy thought he had the victory. It was a far way from a carnival booth. As the gong rang and he again patted Louis' shoulder, he could hear hundreds yelling, "He's got it—he's got it!" For an hour he had been in that

---

What does Joe Louis think of all this? Is he really slipping as much as these critics say he is? Joe counter-punches with his own story in next week's issue. Read it and decide for yourself.

---

ring. His eyes were pulling together as though iron weights hung upon the lids. But never mind . . . he was the champion.

It seemed an age passed before the decision came. Without preamble the announcer said quickly, "Joe Louis is still the champion!"

A roar as of angry waters went over the huge assembly. "Farr! Farr! FARR!" shouted thousands.

A man who could stand up under the blows of Louis could stand up under that decision. . . .

Give him another fight—give him another round or two—and he would knock Joe out. For he had learned that Louis most certainly was vulnerable.

He had learned that Louis was gun-shy of a right hand. The next time, Tommy's right would be healed, so he could lambaste it hard, as had Schmeling.

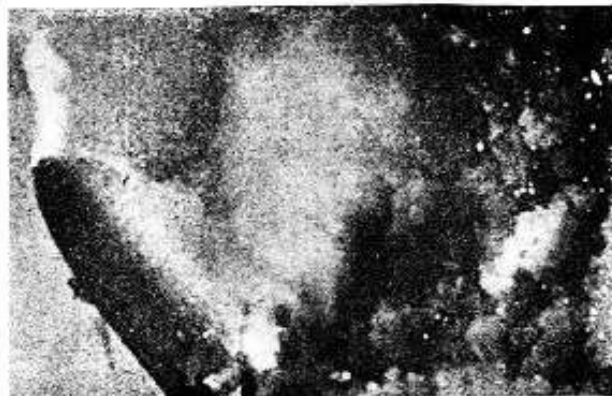
One more thing Farr had learned: *By blinking his eyes each time Louis telegraphed his punches.*

The great Brown Bomber was a flatulent popgun so far as he was concerned—now that Tommy knew. Incredible that these two flaws had been kept secret so long! Unlikely that they can longer remain hidden! Even if a return bout be dodged, the suns of several other men are too bright for the dark cloud of fistiana.

Louis' tragedy—that his jaw is not as stout as his heart. Give it, yes. Take it, no.

Tommy Farr lost the decision but found the rifts in the Bomber's armor. Next time . . . next time there will have to be a new champion.

THE END



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**M**ANY of the passengers and crew of the ill-fated "Hindenburg" whose faces were burned were shaved with Schick Shavers during their stay in the hospital.

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# WALCOTT'S METHOD

HOW JERSEY JOE'S PLAN ALMOST BROUGHT HIM A TITLE  
IN HIS 1947 BOUT WITH LOUIS

By Clem Boddington



The vast majority of newspaper boxing writers dismissed with a shrug and a "so what?" the news that Jersey Joe Walcott had signed to meet Joe Louis for the world's heavyweight title on December 8, 1947.

"Just a punching bag for the Bomber." "Walcott'll be lucky to last a round." These and more derogatory observations crystallized opinion that Jersey Joe was an old man who didn't belong in the same ring with a "20 per cent improved Louis" in the estimation of Manny Seamon, Louis' trainer.



The experts didn't consider that Walcott had been active in real ring tests and had defeated Baksi, Oma, Bivins and several other heavyweights while Louis had been engaged in exhibitions of no value to him to sharpen his fighting form. Jim Corbett, a heavyweight champion of another era, once remarked that: "The champion who dulls his reflexes by engaging in a series of exhibitions without doing any real fighting often winds up as a sorry exhibition himself."

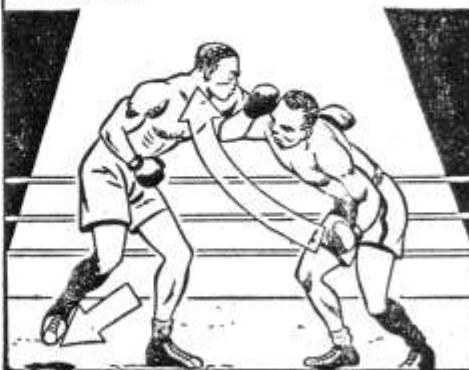
Walcott and his advisors went into secret training. Like Max Schmeling before his first Louis fight, Jersey Joe studied motion pictures of Louis' bouts, and, like Max Schmeling, Walcott saw "somezing." Jersey Joe also studied the motion pictures of the first Louis-Conn bout. He noted how Conn befuddled the slower and heavier Louis by faking feints to make Louis lead.



In these secret workouts, and after conferring with his manager and seconds on what he had seen in the motion pictures, Jersey Joe and they worked out a plan for the battle. Perfected a series of feints and side-steps to lure Louis into leading. He knew it was inviting trouble to lunge out with his own left in the expectation that Louis would back up. He knew that the Bomber would follow any opponent's lead with a counter punch that might spell curtains.



Walcott noticed, too, that sometimes when Joe led with his left he leaned forward so that his right foot was TWO inches off the floor. If Louis' lead was short or a ducking opponent let it slide over his shoulder, Louis, himself, would be off balance for a fast counter punch to the head.



Jersey Joe saw that Louis stalked an opponent, walking straight forward toward his foe. This had worked successfully against petrified opponents like Johnny Paycheck and "Kingfish" Levinsky but failed to impress brash Billy Conn, a fast-footed boxer, who piled up points in the first 12 rounds.

Walcott also observed that when Conn faced Louis toe to toe in the 13th round of their first fight that Billy played right into Joe's fists. Walcott, like Schmeling, also saw an opportunity to clout the Bomber on Louis' vulnerable jaw every time that Louis dropped his guard in close.

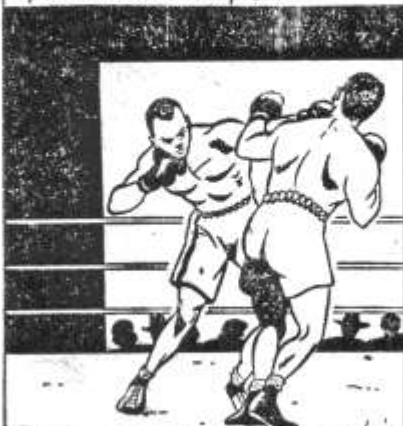
After he had completed his secret training, Jersey Joe did some sparring for the press. The newspapermen agreed that he boxed well but they couldn't see him lasting against the Louis they had seen.



On the night of the fight the Garden was jammed to the rafters. Louis was the magnet, but the cloakroom concession was virtually deserted because few thought the bout would last long enough to make checking hats and coats worth while.



At the opening bell, the crowd sympathized with "old man Walcott" who was expected to be frozen with fear and stiffened before the first round ended. They were surprised to see Jersey Joe tie the Bomber into knots with his feinting and the use of a shift which puzzled the Champion.

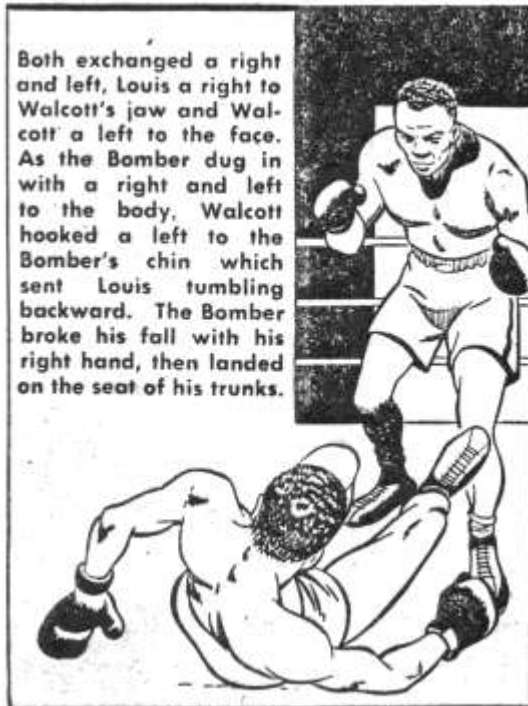


The first knockdown came late in the first round. Louis had managed to get in a good right to Walcott's jaw which made Jersey Joe back up fast. Louis tried it again, but Walcott stepped about six inches to the right, half smothered the Louis' right and crossed his own to the Bomber's jaw. Jersey Joe was backing into his own corner. Joe stalked forward and the crowd sensed fireworks.

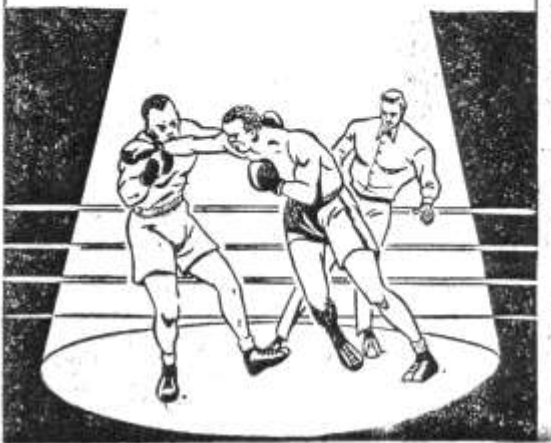
The Walcott Shift . . . . . Walcott, about four feet from the advancing Bomber, would step to the left, feint a movement toward Louis' body with his left, extending it in a fast, but short motion without following through. This drew down the Champion's guard, as Jersey Joe stepped back one short step to get full leverage for a right to the head, over Louis' left lead.



Both exchanged a right and left, Louis a right to Walcott's jaw and Walcott a left to the face. As the Bomber dug in with a right and left to the body, Walcott hooked a left to the Bomber's chin which sent Louis tumbling backward. The Bomber broke his fall with his right hand, then landed on the seat of his trunks.



Louis was up at the count of two and both men tried for a knockout. Walcott, realizing that Louis' pride had been hurt and that the Bomber was angry instead of his usual, cool, Sphinx-like self, smashed a right and left to Louis' jaw just before the bell. Jersey Joe reasoned he could take that chance with the heavy-hitting Bomber as less than 30 seconds of the round remained.



Walcott followed up his first round advantage in the second by employing the Walcott Shift three times to score with three hard rights to the Champion's jaw, making him look like a raw amateur. Walcott kept waving his arms in feinting the Champion into openings.



Walcott opened round four by bicycling a la Gene Tunney in his second bout with Dempsey at Chicago in 1927. As Walcott backed up he would drop his arms when he was at least four feet away from the champion TO RELAX the arms as he backtracked from left to right. Louis was able to land but one light left to Jersey Joe's nose.

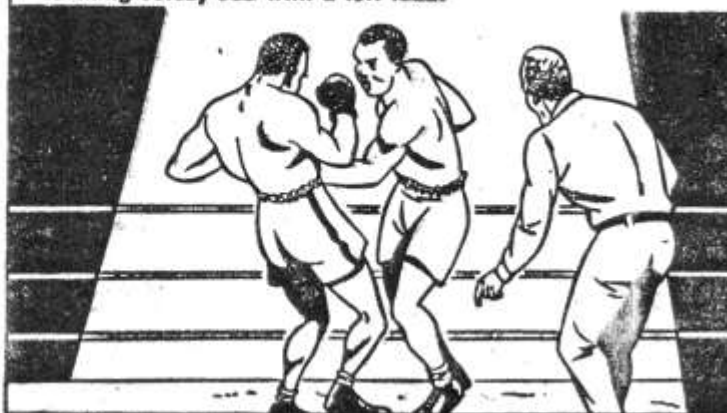


Walcott, backing up and moving from side to side, momentarily halted Louis' advance with two left jabs. This halt in Louis' forward shuffle also gave Jersey Joe time to execute his shift and smash a pile-driving right over Louis' guard to the Bomber's jaw. Louis, eyes glazed, went reeling backward half way across the ring and landed on his seat. He cleared his head at the count of four but rested on one knee until Referee Goldstein had tolled seven.

Louis got up and into a clinch. Then Walcott, stepping back, feinted with his left and this brought Joe Louis' guard down again. Walcott used his shift again and scored three times with rights over the Bomber's guard to his jaw. Louis' right eye was swollen.



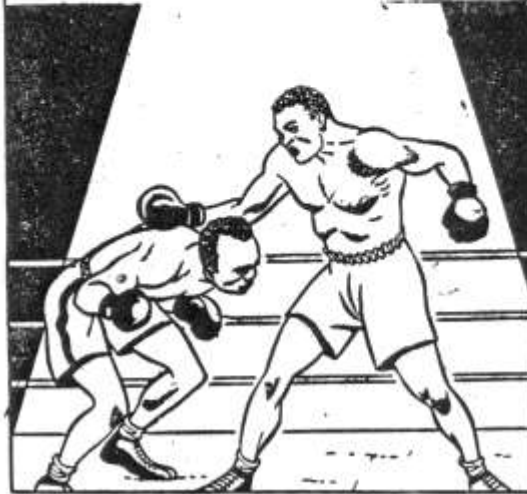
In the fifth round Louis, under orders from his corner, tried to make Walcott lead. Walcott circled Louis instead. Jersey Joe kept his right hand cocked in the event that the Bomber dropped his guard. Walcott tantalized Louis into getting set for a punch, then dance backward three steps and then move one or two feet to Louis right. Walcott, confident, got careless, or tired momentarily and let Louis get close enough to sink a savage left and right to the body after catching Jersey Joe with a left lead.



In the sixth and seventh rounds, Walcott, using Billy Conn's tactics in the first Conn-Louis bout, danced around the slower and heavier Bomber until Louis, impatient, dropped his guard after several of Walcott's harmless left leads and Jersey Joe was able to smash a right to Louis' jaw.



Following a pre-fight plan, Walcott further befuddled the slower Louis by ducking the Bomber's rights in the late rounds, then crossing his own right to Louis' head. Jersey Joe saw that the Champion was getting arm-weary and that he had neither the co-ordination or speed to throw a right hand punch which couldn't be ducked in the late stages of the bout.



In the thirteenth round Walcott alternated his ducking with side-stepping. Dan Morgan, former manager of Jack Britton, one-time welter-weight champion, said that Walcott's style and shift reminded him of Joe Jeannette, a great heavyweight of some 35 years ago.

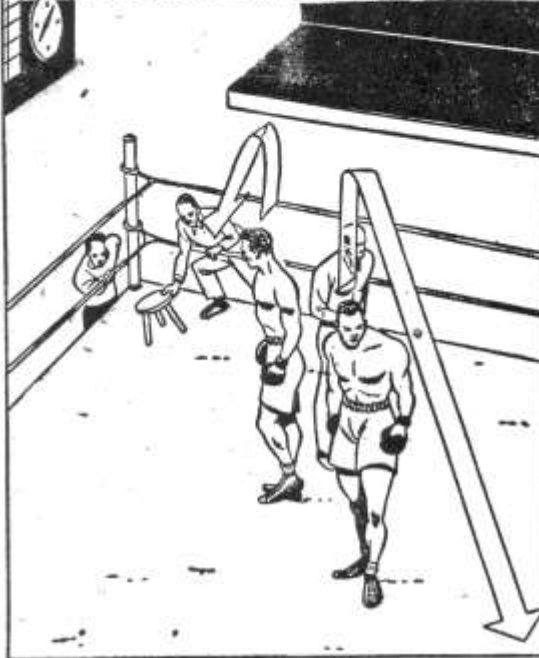


Misguided advice from his corner cost Joe Walcott a clean-cut win. He was advised in the last two rounds to stay away from Joe Louis and "protect" his lead of the early part of the bout. His handlers had not made a correct analysis of each round and the effect two rounds of "bicycling" might have on judges who since time immemorial always have given the Champion the benefit of any doubt.

In the first Dempsey-Tunney bout in Philadelphia the motion pictures showed Dempsey plodding forward in the rain, doing most of the forcing even though he was almost blinded by the Tunney left jabs. When the pictures were shown Tunney accused Tex Rickard of doctoring them to arouse interest in a return match! Walcott's handlers didn't realize the effect their instructions to retreat from Louis might have had on wholly unprejudiced judges.



Tommy Loughran, brainy former light-heavyweight champion, always was noted for putting on a spurt in the last half-minute of a round . . . early in the bout and, particularly, LATER in the bout. He would watch the clock and strive to be near his own corner when the bell ended a given round. Walcott's handlers could have followed Loughran to improve Walcott.

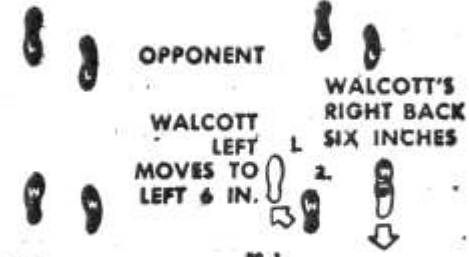


Walcott missed his greatest chance for a knockout in the fourth round when he spilled Louis. He came up unsteady and managed to clinch after Jersey Joe had thrown wild haymakers instead of using the Walcott Shift to measure Louis for a knockout.



In Walcott's favor was his working out the Walcott Shift which enabled him to hit Louis almost every time the shift was executed. No other heavyweight in the last few years was taught this shift. It "sucked in" Louis and enabled Walcott to fight his way out of trouble.

#### START OF WALCOTT SHIFT



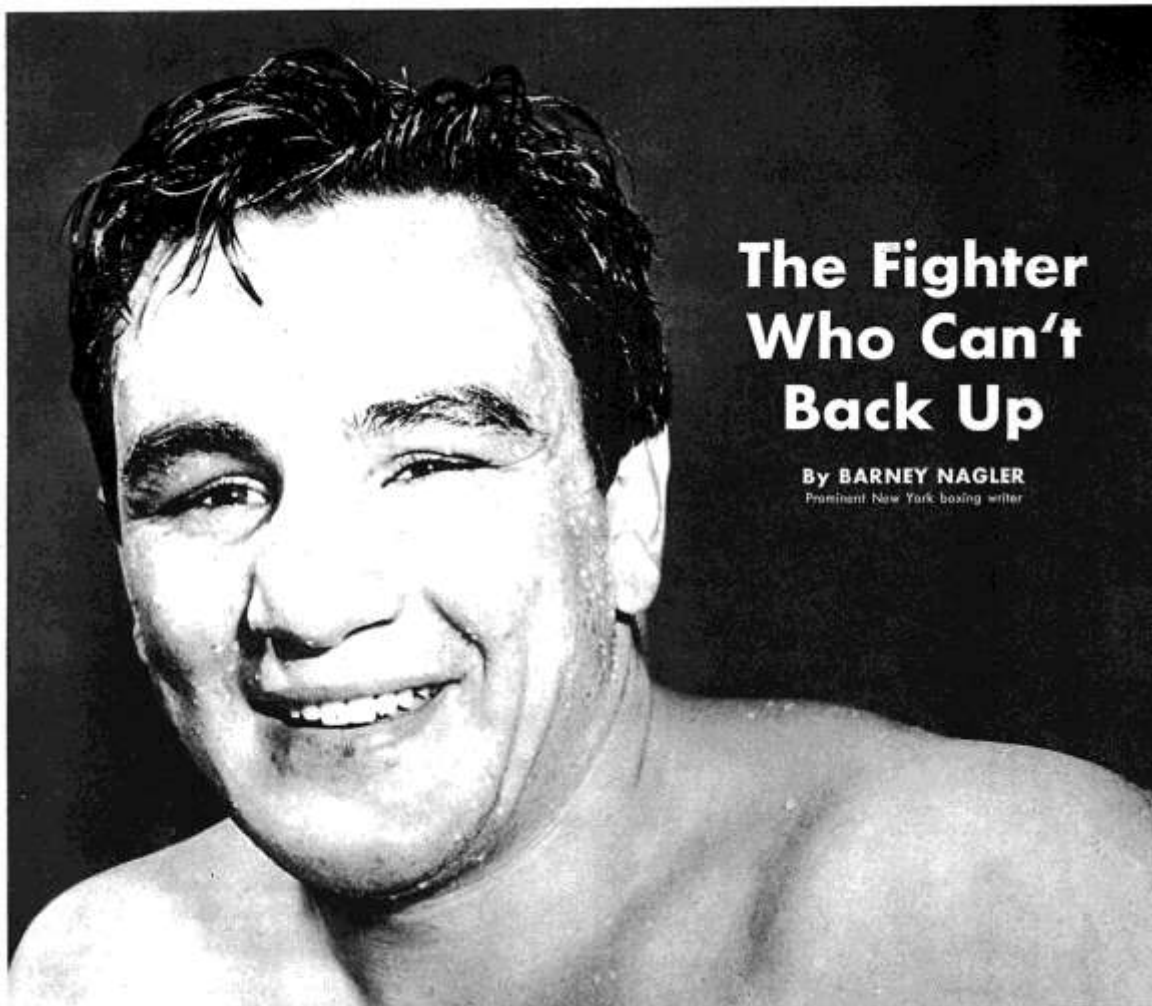
NO. 1  
 OPENING STANCE.  
 WALCOTT MOVES BOTH  
 ARMS FAST TO MAKE  
 INTENTION TO SHIFT.

NO. 2  
 LEFT FOOT AND BODY MOVES TOWARD  
 LEFT AS WALCOTT FAKES LEFT JAB TO  
 BODY. THEN RIGHT FOOT TAKES SLIGHT  
 STEP BACK WITH BACKWARD SWAY OF  
 BODY. THROWS RIGHT TO HEAD OVER  
 FOOT'S LEFT LEAD.



To make the Walcott Method "sure-fire" in future bouts, Jersey Joe must learn when not to overdo the "off to Buffalo" side steps when he should be executing the Walcott Shift. The side-stepping on retreat can prove almost as disastrous as being hit solidly when it is overdone, round after round.





## The Fighter Who Can't Back Up

By **BARNEY NAGLER**  
Prominent New York boxing writer

Tami Mauriello can't stand on his crippled foot longer than 30 minutes without rest, but he has won 42 of 46 prize fights and earned \$50,000 in three years.

**Six years ago, Tami Mauriello crushed this ankle. Despite the injury, he has become one of the world's five top heavyweights**

Tami Mauriello, a happy, sleepy Italian boy now ranked as one of the world's five leading heavyweight prize fighters, is the only top-flight boxer on record who owes most of his success in the ring to an accident in which he was partially crippled.

When he was 13, Tami toppled from a 35-foot embankment while playing with friends in New York's Bronx. His right ankle was crushed and, with it, most of his already formed plans of winning fame with his fists.

But Tami refused to give up. At first, boxing was difficult. The boy discovered that, when he attempted to back up, his injured foot upset his balance. To compensate for this deficiency, Tami concentrated solely on his offense. In the ring today, he moves forward from the first bell to the last, and few oppo-

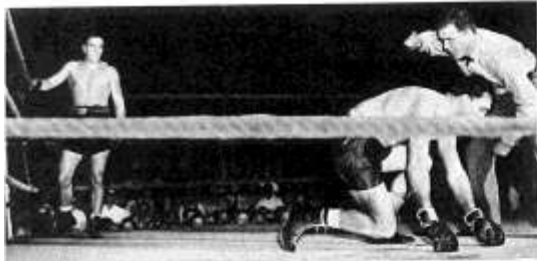
nents have weathered his powerful and persistent attack. Boxing men say his injured foot actually strengthens his right-hand punch by providing him with extra leverage.

Now 19, Tami earns \$5,500 for a major bout. He has moved his widowed mother and nine sisters and brothers out of a \$25-a-month flat into a six-room apartment, bought 22 suits and hired a saxophone teacher. Eventually, he hopes to lead his own orchestra. Meanwhile, enormous meals of antipasto, mbeestrons and spaghetti are pushing his weight from 190 to 200 pounds.

For relaxation, he plays bocce, an Italian bowling game. Stakes are bottles of chianti. Neighborhood oldsters unflinchingly choose Tami as their partner—he always has the money to pay for the wine.



The warped ankle (arrow) has twisted Tami's foot, forcing him to walk on his outer heel.



Tami can punch with either hand, usually knocks out rivals quickly. Here he has floored Italo Colonello after only one minute of boxing.

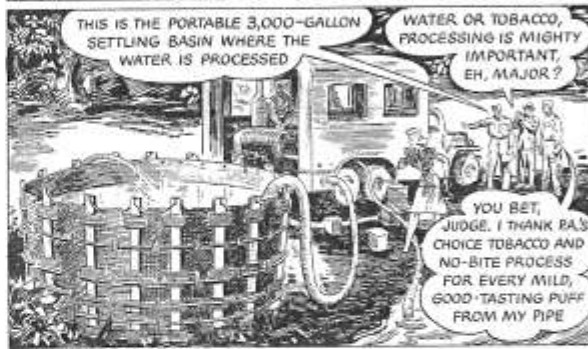


Grandfather Tomasso Lanzio, 82 and full of fight himself, is Tami's oldest booster. At ringside, he shouts instructions to Tami in Italian.



"The Gang Busters" are Mauriello fans who shoot cap pistols and play musical instruments during his bouts. P.S.—They also buy tickets.

## WONDERS OF AMERICA *Rolling Reservoir!*





The young heavyweight is sleepy-eyed, good-natured—out of the ring.

## Up From Hell's Kitchen

A tough New York kid is boxing's new "white hope"

By JACK GUENTHER

Sports expert of the United Press Association

Hell's Kitchen is a tough, shabby neighborhood on New York's West Side. From there to Madison Square Garden, center of the boxing world, is only a few blocks; but it's a long distance if you have to fight your way. Johnny Colan made it in three years.

### Out of the Slums

Colan, born John Joseph Colaianni, is just 20 years old—a hard, handsome boy of Italian parentage with thick, strong legs and a powerful wallop in either fist.

Johnny used to earn nickels shining shoes. The five Colaiannis lived in four tenement rooms with only two windows. The place was alive with rats. "There was never enough food for us, let alone the rats," Johnny remembers.

Today, Johnny has moved his family out of Hell's Kitchen forever. With the money he has made as a fighter, he has installed them in a new six-room house in suburban Queens. He has found jobs

for his two brothers, placed his ailing father in a sanitarium and relieved his mother of the need to take in washing. For the first time in their lives, the Colaiannis have food in the cupboard and money in the bank.

This dramatic change—climaxed this year when Johnny got \$5,000 for knocking out Jimmy Webb in just five minutes—was no accident but the product of a painstaking campaign. It involved rigid training, special exercises to develop an adequate physique and careful matchmaking.

### They Planned It All

Not even Gene Tunney, who squeezed rubber balls by the hour to develop his wrists, ever worked harder than Johnny Colan. And no handlers ever did better with unpromising ring material than Colan's tutors (opposite page)—Al Ramo, another Italian American, and Paul Damski, a Lithuanian-born refugee from Hitler.



## "Sorry Boys, It's Not for Sale"

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SAVE THE EMPTIES! Don't throw away your empty Schick Injector Blade Cartridges. Give them to the Boy Scouts who are collecting them.

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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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# Will your Scalp stand the FINGERNAIL TEST?

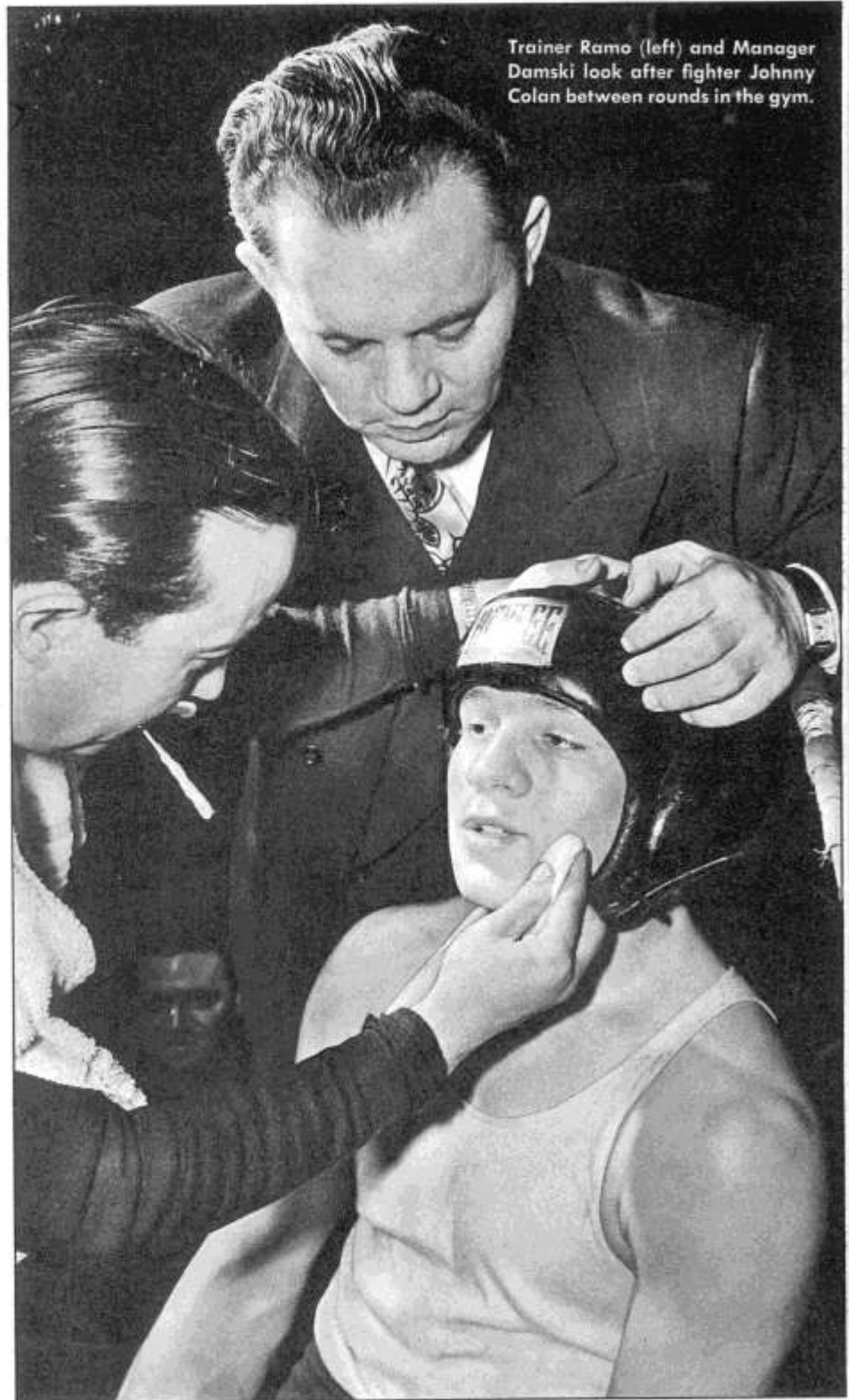


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**YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS** if you get a bottle of *Wildroot-with-Oil* today! Its safe, powerful 3-Action grooms the hair...relieves dryness...removes loose dandruff! Get a bottle today at your nearest drug counter. Available in four popular sizes. Also in Regular Formula (non-oily). Professional applications at your barber.

## WILDROOT



Trainer Ramo (left) and Manager Damski look after fighter Johnny Colan between rounds in the gym.

These Thin Gillettes are on the beam—  
Give shaves that make a gal's eyes gleam!  
They save you trouble, time and cash  
And glide through tough beard in a flash.

Save Extra Money!  
Get The Big New  
Economy Pack,  
12 For 27c

The Thin Gillette Blade is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

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- 44—Martin Thelen-LOOK
- 45—Earl Thelen-LOOK
- 46—Earl Thelen-LOOK; except top left, Bruce Studio

SPOTLIGHT OF FASHION INDEX (pages 62-63)

- "Dream" blue marquisette, \$25, by Frances Formals Inc.
- Tulle headpiece, \$3.95, by Bridal Creations, Inc.
- Rhinelux "Satinore" bracelet, \$3 each, by Jos. H. Meyer Bros.
- Printed rayon sheer suit, \$16.95, by Sam Davidson Inc.
- Flower-trimmed pompadour sailor, \$5.75, by Milton F. Stearns.
- "Rhythm Step" patent-and-gabar-dine pump, "Skippy," \$7.95, by Johnson, Stephens & Shinkle.
- Sterling-silver ring and earrings, \$1 each; bracelet, \$2; by Jeweler.
- Whipstitch leatherette fabric gauntlet, \$1.50, by Julius Kayser & Co.
- Wedding gown of plain and embroidered organdy, \$35, by Pauline Fracks.
- Matching bridal veil, \$6.95, by Pauline Fracks.
- Single strand of "La Tausca" pearls, \$2.95, by Heller-Dehnb Co. Inc.

UP FROM HELL'S KITCHEN ...continued



STILL MOTHER'S BOY, Johnny has bought his family almost everything it owns. Mrs. Colasanni is overwhelmed at her release from a life of drudgery. She has never seen her boy fight—when he's in the ring, she's in church, praying.



KIDS IN HELL'S KITCHEN call themselves "Colan's A. C." Johnny bought them the sweatshirts and jackets. He visits his old buddies on West 38th Street regularly, swaps jokes with them and shoots craps for nickels and dimes.

Johnny Colan's neck was thin as a stick, and they called Al Ramo crazy for saying Johnny could fight

In 1938, Johnny Colan was a scrawny 125-pounder with a neck you could put one hand around. He had left high school after two years to help support his family. Hell's Kitchen kids do plenty of scrapping, but Johnny had been whipped as often as not.

One day, Al Ramo asked Johnny, hanging around the gym, to spar with another fighter. In two months, Ramo was training Colan.

"The other trainers thought I was nuts," Ramo says. "Johnny was clumsy. He couldn't punch. You tapped him, and he fell down. But I liked his stubbornness."

In one year, Ramo added an inch and three quarters to John-

ny's neck measurement by drilling him in "bridging"—arching the back while lying supported on the heels and the back of the head. Johnny is left-handed; Ramo taught him to fight right-handed. In fact, Ramo had to teach him everything except determination.

Lightweight Into Heavyweight

Johnny's first fight was in 1939, as a lightweight. Damski, who had been Germany's leading fight promoter, became his manager shortly after. The boy was badly beaten only twice—once when he lied to Ramo and Damski about his condition and entered the ring running a fever, because his family

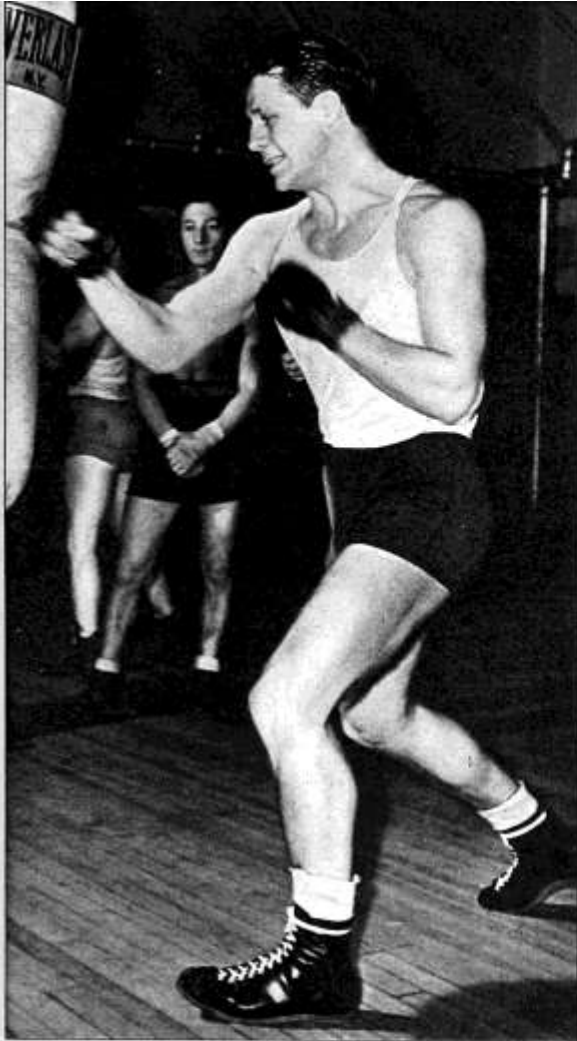
GREAT NEW  
**FLASHLIGHT IDEA**  
GIVES FREE USE OF BOTH HANDS!

Has Ristlite snaps on like a wristwatch! Throws 500 ft. beam. A boon to mechanics, car owners, sportsmen, housewives, Army, Navy men! G. E. preferred bulb. Light column full plastic. 50¢—wherever flashlights are sold. FLASHLIGHT COMPANY OF AMERICA, Dept. 4, Jersey City, N. J.

ALSO STANDS ALONE at any angle.

**Ristlite**

98¢ with Batteries



THE "KILLER INSTINCT" in Johnny Colan sets fight fans crazy. He knocked Jimmy Webb down five times; four times the referee had to drag the aroused Colan away from Webb and, as the rules direct, push him into a neutral corner.

desperately needed the \$65 he was to be paid that night.

Today, Johnny weighs 178 and has lost little of his old speed and foot. He has a neck like a bull. He is a rugged battler who glories in bodily contact and is noted for the fury with which he attacks.

#### Savagery in the Ring

Once, just before a bout, he heard his opponent, Ernie Vigh, call him a "punk kid." He goaded Vigh throughout that fight and gave Ernie a deliberately prolonged beating before knocking him out.

Johnny has a strict schedule laid down by Ramo and Damski. He gets up at 6, does an hour's road work, goes back to bed. About 10, he has breakfast and takes the subway to Stillman's Gym for a two-hour workout. After lunch (a

glass of orange juice), he visits his Hell's Kitchen pals, takes in a movie (he sees them all) or goes to a ball game. At 5 p. m., he dines at Carmen's Restaurant on 39th Street, on steaks, chops or (if he's not in training) spaghetti—his favorite dish.

Young Colan is a swing-music fan and has bought three radios and a phonograph. But he has no big interest outside of fighting. He doesn't smoke and drinks only a little ale. He occasionally takes a girl to a movie or dance palace—if those alert guardians, Ramo and Damski, say it's O.K.

Johnny is still unregistered in the draft. He'll fight Gus Lesnevich for the light-heavyweight championship this summer.

Joe Louis? "In a year or two," says Johnny. "I'll knock him out with lots of left hands."

END

*"My wife's given me a new job for the duration!"*



Keep it clean! That's the Little Woman's order. She's talking about our car. Says the dirt and grease and road scum that's accumulated will raise Ned with the finish. I sure thought I was in for it. And me a block captain, too!

Jumping Jupiter, was I surprised when I found how easy it is to clean and polish our bus with Johnson's Carnu. Carnu does both jobs at once in half the time—cleans and polishes with one application. It slicks up chromium trimmings, too. Rub Carnu on just hard enough to loosen dirt—let it dry—wipe it off. Just like that, your car is sparkling with its original showroom shine.



No sabotage in our garage! Johnson's Carnu removes every trace of road scum, grease, bug juice—which can damage the finish. Deterioration is retarded.

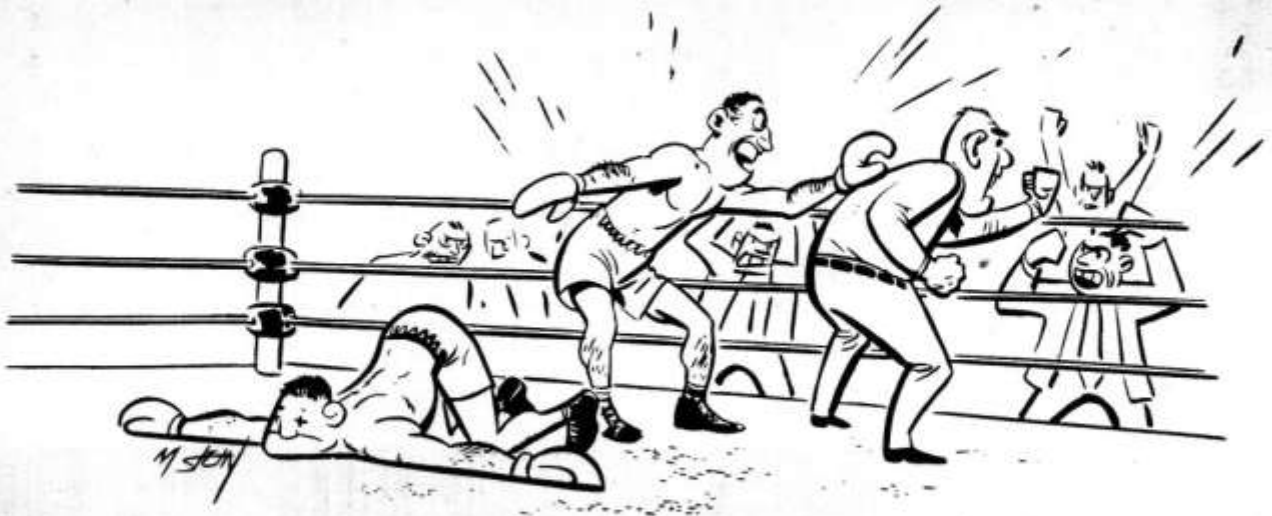
For lasting protection—to make a Carnu polish last longer—save car washings and make upkeep easier—apply Johnson's Auto Wax. At better auto supply stores, service stations, regular wax dealers. If you can't obtain Johnson's Auto Wax, use regular Johnson's Wax—which you probably have in your home. It's almost as easy to use as Auto Wax. All Johnson's Wax Polishes provide positive protection.

Tune in Fibber McGee and Molly  
—Tuesday nights—NBC

*Your car looks like new  
—when you use CARNU!*

Made by the makers of Johnson's Wax

# SPORT CLASSICS



*This hilarious fight topped the Dempsey-Tunney—*

## LONG COUNT

By **PACKEY O'GATTY**

*former leading bantamweight contender*

**B**OXING fans probably never will stop talking about that long count in the second Dempsey-Tunney fight, and I don't blame 'em. But something that happened to me tops it, I think.

On New Year's night, 1921, I fought Benny Coster, "The Chinatown Flash," in a scheduled 15-round bout. It took place at the Pioneer Sporting Club (the old Horse Market on East 24th Street), and the winner was promised a shot at Joe Lynch's world's bantamweight title.

Benny came from practically around the corner from my neighborhood, so it was more or less one of those neighborhood grudge fights. Plenty of dough was bet on the fight, and Benny's fans were all there. So was the Packey O'Gatty rooting section. When I opened the door of my dressing room, the noise of the crowd really was something.

It was a whirlwind bout. As I sat in my corner at the end of the 12th round, my brother Jimmy and Jack McAuliffe (who were seconding me along with

Jimmy Twyford) told me: "If you don't cut loose, Coster will steal the duke."

The fight had been so fast and furious that I didn't realize what round it was. I asked them, "What round is this?"

"The 13th coming up," Jimmy replied. "Go after him now."

I took his advice, all right. I started working hard, pumping hard left hooks to Coster's body. In the 14th round I floored him—and then the shenanigans started.

Battling Nelson, the ex-lightweight champ, was the referee and he was inexperienced in the art. He started counting with agonizing deliberation while my followers yelled all sorts of names at him. At the count of nine, Coster got up—and I sent him right down to the canvas again. Nelson started counting slowly again.

My fans yelled some more, and one of them really got Bat's goat. He stopped counting at eight, walked toward the ropes and

(Continued on page 8)

## LONG COUNT

(Continued from page 6)

shouted back at the raving crowd.

"I can lick any one of you bums," yelled Bat. "Come down here. I'll show you how I knocked out Joe Gans."

Nelson returned to finish the count, but he had forgotten where he had left off. So he started a new count. At the count of nine, Benny Coster got up again—and again I floored him.

Laboriously, Nelson began his counting routine, but this time when he reached nine someone pulled the master switch and every light in the place went out. It was almost five minutes before they went on again. By then Benny was soaking wet. One of his seconds had thrown a bucket of water over him to bring him around.

In the 15th round I was all set for the kill. I came out fighting mad. I'd already knocked this guy out a couple of times, and now I had to do it again. I was swinging hard and fast, trying to put my man on ice when, not more than a minute after the round had started, the bell sounded, ending the fight.

(I later learned that some gangster, who surely wasn't betting on me, reached over the timekeeper's shoulder and tapped the bell with the butt of his gun).

I went back to my corner to await the verdict. Referee Nelson pointed to Benny Coster's corner and announced: "Packey O'Gatty wins."

Someone near me yelled, "Hey, Nelson, this is O'Gatty's corner right over here."

Bat finally got it straight and pointed to my corner. But by that time the Coster and O'Gatty mobs were pasting each other all around the ringside and up in the gallery. What a brawl!

In the excitement, Joe Humphries, the old fight announcer, stepped into the ring and grabbed the referee. "Bat," Joe told him, "you can't give a decision unless the judges disagree."

Luckily, they did and Nelson awarded the decision to me. Joe Humphries then raised my hand up as he barked, "The Winnah—Packey O'Gatty."

I understand it was the longest count in the history of boxing in New York State. Believe me, it was my longest fight, too.

• • •

# SAYS



# YOU!

### How to cook your goose

Editor:

Yes sir, you have many enthusiastic readers up here. Articles like Mr. Botsford's will make our hunting a greater pleasure and the expense felt less when the game is spent to such mouth watering recipes as his. Though I would like to have seen a recipe on our big fellas—the wild geese.

KEN P. HATLEN

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA

• *Harry Botsford has sent Mr. Hatlen an elaborate recipe for roast wild goose. Space prevents reprinting it here, but readers may have a copy for the asking.—Editor.*

### Wants more about Canada

Editor:

All of your articles were great. I was wondering if it were not possible to have you write up something that is "all-Canadian." Living so close to us, the stories of our country would become of great interest to your readers.

ROLAND J. G. JONES

NORTH VANCOUVER, B. C., CANADA

• *We are indeed on the lookout for a good story worthy of our great Neighbor to the north. We have an article in the works now.—Editor.*

### Whodunit

Editor:

Just read "The White Panther" in March issue. Could the barber have been the driver of the car that killed his wife? It's been bothering me ever since.

J. B. JENNINGS

BATON ROUGE, LA.

• *You're so right—he could have been. Pretty neat, eh?—Editor.*

### What to do about spies?

Editor:

Your article, "Are You A Spy Fall Guy?" was excellent. It called attention to a real growing danger, but I think it did not go far enough. The author failed to suggest any-

thing as a real legal preventative.

He should make a study and write another article suggesting what new legislation is called for.

I think the statute of limitations which saved Hiss should be abolished. That treason should be punished by banishment. That parole should be denied unless the convicted one makes a full disclosure of all associates, and others,

What do you think?

LOUIS GUARACINO

NEW YORK, N. Y.

• *Our best judicial minds in Congress are, of course, wrestling with this problem. The nut is to devise laws that will combat the danger of espionage without jeopardizing the constitutional rights of all citizens.—Editor.*

### Salute to Sammy the Seahorse

Editor:

I especially liked "Father's Night In," by Rae Oetting. I've studied seahorses, and I liked his way of telling a true nature story in a humorous vein.

L. CARL DAVIS

MILFORD CENTER, OHIO

Editor:

Congratulations for a fine piece of fictional material by Rae Oetting. The title of his article was "Father's Night In" and it was a very good humorous story which I and several buddies of mine enjoyed immensely.

Here's hoping that more of his work can be printed in your magazine.

PFC. C. E. KUDAS

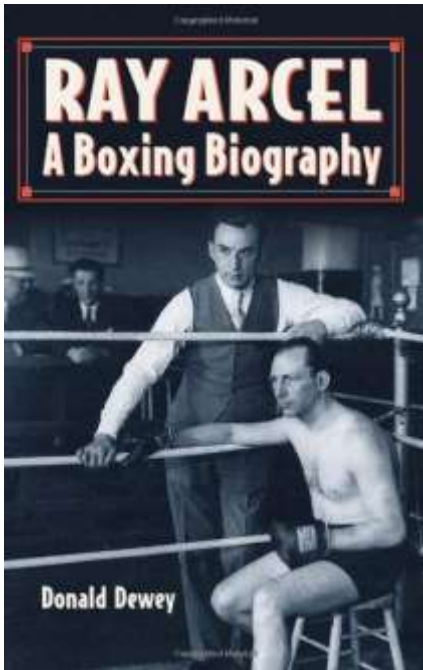
FT. RITCHIE, MD.

• *Coming up, sir. The response to Sammy the Seahorse was so big that we asked Rae to do an encore. It's scheduled for next issue, and we think you'll like it as well as the first one.—Editor.*

(Address letters to: Editor, Man's Life, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.)



**Ray Arcel**  
**A Boxing Biography**  
**by Donald Dewey**  
*Book Review by Clay Moyle*



Whenever I read a boxing book and am asked whether it was a good book or not I normally judge it on the basis of two things; did I learn anything from it and did I enjoy reading it. And, by the latter I mean was it the kind of book that I had a hard time putting down and knocked off in two or three days or was it one of those that I felt like I needed to finish reading but it took me weeks to get through because I could barely stand to read more than a chapter at a time.

Well, I'm happy to say that Donald Dewey's new book 'Ray Arcel. A Boxing Biography' is a darn good book. At 209 pages including the footnotes and index in the back it's a relatively quick but entertaining and well-written informative read. If you've ever had any interest in learning more about one of boxing's greatest trainers then I highly recommend this book to you. The author tells us how Arcel got his start in his chosen profession and how he came to learn his craft under the guidance of Frank "Doc" Bagley and Dai Dollings in the early 1900s. There are many great stories

concerning the experience he gained as a result of working with those two and the fighters they trained.

Of course, Arcel went on to work with many great fighters of his own and the insight into that work and the skills of men like Benny Valgar, Abe Goldstein, Charlie Phil Rosenberg, Benny Leonard, Tony Zale, Roberto Duran and many others he worked with as well as his views on scores of other great fighters that he had a chance to observe during his career make the book a very entertaining read.

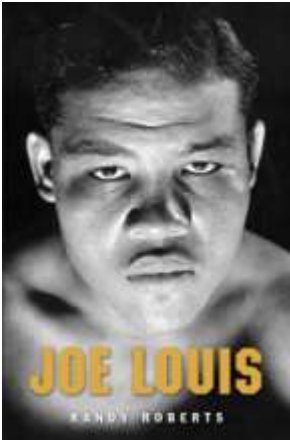
The author also provides a lot of detail concerning the influence of the mob and the events thought to leading up to Arcel being whacked over the head with a lead pipe in 1953. Those interested in Roberto Duran will find a lot of information concerning his career and of course the famous 'no mas' incident in the second fight with Sugar Ray Leonard. And, there are some interesting insight's on Arcel's part concerning Larry Holmes and his fight with Gerry Cooney.

In summary, I thought the book was well researched and a very good read and I highly recommend it.

**It's published by McFarland Publishing and is available via either their website [www.mcfarlandpub.com](http://www.mcfarlandpub.com) or their order line 800-253-2187.**

## ***JOE LOUIS: HARD TIMES MAN* by Randy Roberts**

***Reviewed by Roger Zotti***



Randy Roberts' biography is about Joe Louis, arguably the greatest heavyweight champion ever and the most famous African-American of his time. Titled *Joe Louis: Hard Times Man*, it's packed with historical information coupled with a well-researched, clear-eyed narrative.

The remarkable sixth chapter, "Red, White, Blue, and Black," deals with what Louis' second fight against Max Schmeling meant to black and white Americans. Roberts points out that millions of Americans were angry because after their first fight, which Schmeling won, the German "had become excessively cozy with the Nazi leadership. He never joined the Nazi party...But when in Germany he sure seemed to look, walk, and talk like a Nazi."

For sports journalist Barney Nagler, "What was just another prizefight had become a national cause." Therefore a Louis victory would be a symbolic one for America. Louis, of course, destroyed Schmeling in the first round. (Roberts quotes novelist Richard Wright as saying, "It was not really a fight, it was an act of revenge.")

Lewis Erenberg, author of *The Greatest Fight of Our Generation: Louis vs. Schmeling*, believes Louis' triumph "transformed him from a primarily African American hero into an all-American idol [and] killed the idea of Nazi supremacy."

The last chapter, "An Old Man's Dream," is the book's most heartrending. After retiring in 1949, Joe returns to the ring in 1950 and loses decisively to heavyweight champion Ezzard Charles, the man who succeeded him. And it's painfully evident that at 38 years of age Louis is, as Roberts says, "an aging, balding fighter, a ponderous, plodding boxer who lacked grace and punching power." He retires for good in 1951 after being knocked out by Rocky Marciano.

The IRS continues hounding Louis relentlessly for back taxes. His closest friends, Roberts says, "recalled that the constant tax headache took its toll" on him. Then, in the late 1960s, Louis starts using drugs. In the early 70s he begins suffering from paranoid delusions, believing the Mafia intends to kill him with poison gas. On May 7, 1970, his wife Martha Jefferson has him committed to a V.A. Hospital in Colorado. Released in 1971, he returns to Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, working as a greeter. (But don't feel sorry for Joe, Roberts advises, because "he did not feel sorry for himself.") In November, 1977, he has an operation on his aortic valve. A stroke follows, confining him to a wheelchair. In May, 1981, Joe Louis dies of a heart attack in Las Vegas.

Roberts concludes his masterfully observed biography with these extraordinary words: "...no black American living in the 1930s and 1940s could have missed the meaning of his victories. In celebrating his victories...they were rejoicing in his destruction of Jim Crow myths of racial superiority. Joe's quiet dignity, the hint of a smile that occasionally cracked his public face, said it all...as much as any man, Joe Louis was a hero and symbol of [the greatest generation], a man who had known the poverty of the Great Depression and had done his duty during World War II, a man who had come from nowhere Alabama and become the 'king of the world.' As much as Franklin D. Roosevelt, he gave hope to America during a troubled time."

**This book is available at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com) and Yale University Press**

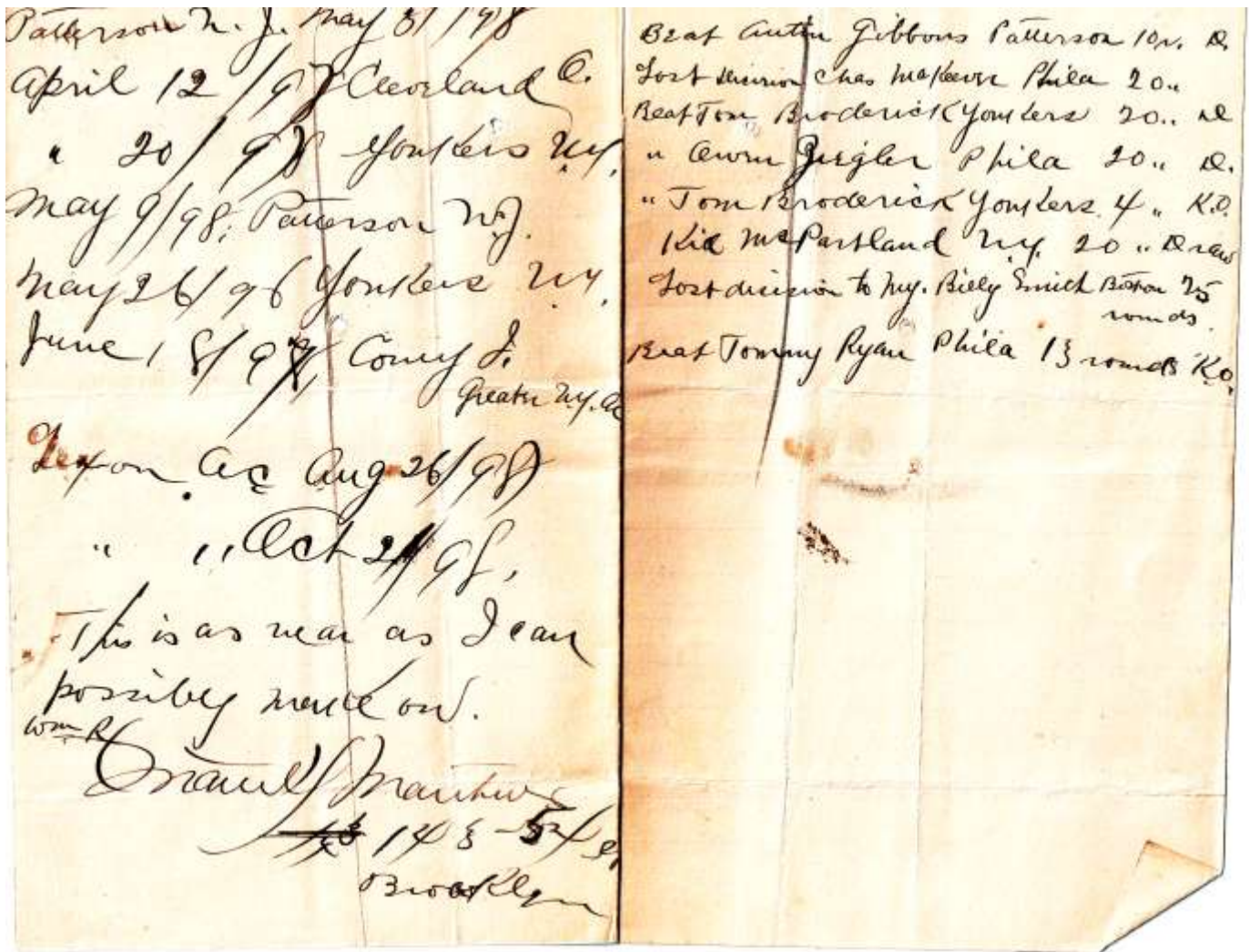
## Matty Matthews From his handwritten notes

I am attaching, for what it is worth a typed version of Matty Matthews record through Dec/1898 as he hand wrote it at the time. The letter is quite nice and definitely in his hand. Matthews got the results of each of his fights spot on but the dates are usually off. I have asterisked the fights where there's no boxrec record or it significantly differs as to indicate further study.

Don Scott

Mankattan A.C. Aug 28/94	Beat Jack Gibbons of Boston 4 rounds KO
" " Sep 10/94	" Tom Fragin " " 7 " KO
Battery B. N.Y. " Feb 28/95	" Billy Fer " N.Y. 3 " KO
Palm A.C. " March 12/95	Harry Stron " N.Y. 8 " draw
" " July 27/95	Nick Collins " N.Y. 7 " K.O.
Saranac A.C. Aug 28/95	Nick Leonard " N.Y. 8 " draw
Empire A.C. " Sep 9/95	Jack Bernier " N.Y. 9 " K.O.
" " Buffalo Sep 9/95	Jack Hanley " Phila 8 " decision
" " " " " " " "	Stanton Abbott " Aug. 7 " K.O.
" " " " " " " "	Jack Brennan " N.Y. 2 " K.O.
" " " " " " " "	Sam Tomkins of Astoria 10 " K.O.
" " " " " " " "	Johnny Langford " Buffalo 15 " decision
" " " " " " " "	Jack Leichardt " N.Y. 15 " draw
" " " " " " " "	John A. Sullivan Boston 4 " K.O.
" " " " " " " "	" Mike Farragher of Hampden 3 " KO
" " " " " " " "	Lost decision to Jack Lang of Wilmington, Del 20 rounds
" " " " " " " "	Frank Gerard
Janestown N.Y. July 28/96	Frank Gerard Chicago 20 round draw
Buffalo " Sep 27/96	Beat " " " " 20 " decision
Astoria Pa " Nov 22/96	Chas McKeever Phila 15 " draw
Rockster " Dec 9/96	Nick Leonard N.Y. 20 " decision
Phila " " " " " " " "	Sam Giegler Phila 6 " no decision
Phila " " " " " " " "	Chas Johnston N.Y. 6 " " "
Phila " " " " " " " "	Lost decision on foul to Sam McKeever of Camden N.Y.
Trenton N.Y. Feb 29/97	

**Matty Matthews**  
From his handwritten notes



**COPY OF TYPEWRITTEN DIARY**

8/28/94	JACK GIBBONS	4 RD DEC MANH AC	Boxrec 11/16/95
9/10/94	TOM FRAZIER	7 RD KO MANH AC	Boxrec 12/5/95
2/25/95	either BILLY LEE	3 RD KO MANH AC	Boxrec 3/12/96
	or HARRY PETERSON	8 RD DRAW	Boxrec 5/2/96
3/12/95	NICK COLLINS	7 RD KO BATTERY D NY	Boxrec 2/11/96
7/27/95	MIKE LEONARD	8 RD DRAW PALM AC	Boxrec 1897
8/28/95	JACK BENNIS	9 RD KO PALM AC	Boxrec has a Johnny
Bemis 1/5/95	a KO in 12 in NY		
9/9/95	JACK HANLEY	8 RD DEC SARANAC AC	"KNUCKLE FIGHT" Boxrec
10/5/96	Empire AC **		
9/19/95	STANTON ABBOT	7 RD KO EMPIRE AC	BUFFALO Boxrec 10/29/96
11/28/95	JACK BREMAN	2 RD KO EMPIRE AC **	
12/3/95	SAM TOMPKINS (TONKINS?)	10 RD DRAW SARANAC AC**	
DATE UNK	JOHNNY LAUGHLIN	15 RD DEC NYAC **	
DATE UNK	JACK EVERHARDT	15 RD DRAW CONNORS AC	BUFFALO Boxrec 1/25/97
DATE UNK	JOHN A SULLIVAN	4 RD KO UNION PARK AC	Boxrec "Jack Sullivan 2/6/97
3/27/96	MIKE FARRAGHER	3 RD KO NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB NY	Boxrec says
4/10/97	but says round 2**		
4/28/96	JACK DALY	20 RD LOST DEC SYRACUSE**	

## Matty Matthews From his handwritten notes

7/28/96 FRANK GIRRARD	20 RD DRAW JAMESTOWN, NY	Boxrec Garrard 8/4/97
9/27/96 FRANK GIRRARD	20 RD DEC BUFFALO	Boxrec Garrard 9/27/97
11/22/96 CHARLES MCKEEVER	15 RD DRAW ATHENS PA	
12/9/96 MIKE LEONARD	20 RD DEC ROCHESTER	Boxrec 12/21/97
12/17/96 OWEN ZEIGLER	6 RD ND PHILA ARENA CLUB	Boxrec 12/27/97 news dec for MM.
12/27/96 CHAS JOHNSTON	6 RD ND PHILA NONPRID CLUB(?)	Boxrec 1/22/98
Nonpareil AC		
2/29/97 DAN MCCONNELL	LOST ON FOUL TRENTON NJ	Boxrec 1/31/98
5/31/98 AUSTIN GIBBONS	10 RD DEC PATTERSON, NJ	Boxrec 3/31/98
4/12/97or 96 CHAS MCKEEVER	LOST 20 RD DEC CLEVELAND	Boxrec 4/12/98
4/20/97 or 96 TOM BORDERS	20 RD DEC YONKERS	Boxrec Tom Broderick
4/20/98		
5/9/98 OWEN ZEIGLER	20 RD DEC PATTERSON, NJ	
5/26/98 TOM BRODERICK	4 RD KO YONKERS	
6/18/97 Kid McPartland	20 rd draw CONEY IS GREATER NYAC.	Boxrec 6/18/98
8/26/98 BILLY SMITH	25 RD LOST DEC LEXON AC	Boxrec 8/25/98
10/21/98 TOMMY RYAN	13 RD KO LEXON AC.	

*THE RECORD CONTAINED BELOW IS AS ACCURATE AS I CAN DETERMINE.  
CORRECTIONS AND CLARIFICATIONS ARE MOST WELCOME.*

*Dan Cuoco*

### Matty Matthews

Alias William Matthews  
 Global Id 61840  
 Hometown New York, New York, USA  
 Birthplace New York, New York, USA  
 Division Welterweight  
 Born 1873-07-13  
 Died 1948-12-06  
 Height 5' 7 ½"



Record to Date: Won 56 (KOs 23) Lost 24 Drawn 18 Total 98

1894-12-29 Joe Burke	New York	L PTS 6
<b>DATE-UNK Johnny Bemis</b>	<b>New York</b>	<b>W KO 12</b>
1895-11-16 Jack Gibbons	Brooklyn	W PTS 4
1895-12-05 Tom Frazier	New York	W TKO 7
1896-02-11 Nick Collins	New York	W KO 7
1896-03-12 Billy Lee	New York	W KO 4
1896-05-02 Harry Peterson	New York	D PTS 8
1896-07-27 Mike Leonard	New York	D PTS 8
1896-10-05 Jack Hanley	Buffalo	W PTS 8
1896-10-29 Stanton Abbott	Buffalo	W KO 7
1896-11-07 Sam Tonkins	Brooklyn	W PTS 10
1897-01-25 Jack Everhardt	New York	D PTS 15
1897-02-06 Jack Sullivan	New York	W TKO 4
1897-04-10 Mike Farragher	New York	W KO 2
1897-05-05 Wilmington Jack Daly	Syracuse	L PTS 20
1897-08-04 Frank Garrard	Jamestown	D PTS 20

**Matty Matthews**  
**From his handwritten notes**

1897-09-27	Frank Garrard	Buffalo	W PTS	20
1897-12-13	Charlie McKeever	Athens	D PTS	15
1897-12-21	Mike Leonard	Rochester	W PTS	20
1897-12-27	Owen Ziegler	Philadelphia	W NWS	6
1898-01-22	Charley Johnson	Philadelphia	L NWS	4
1898-01-31	Dan McConnell	Trenton	L DQ	7
1898-03-31	Austin Gibbons	Paterson	W PTS	10
1898-04-12	Charlie McKeever	Cleveland	L PTS	20
1898-04-20	Tom Broderick	Yonkers	W PTS	20
1898-05-09	Owen Ziegler	Paterson	W PTS	20
1898-05-26	Tom Broderick	Yonkers	W TKO	4
1898-06-18	Kid McPartland	Brooklyn	D PTS	20
1898-08-25	Mysterious Billy Smith	New York	L PTS	25
1898-10-21	Tommy Ryan	New York	W TKO	13
1898-12-10	Owen Ziegler	Toronto, CA	D PTS	15
1898-12-24	George Kerwin	Toronto, CA	W PTS	20
1899-01-02	Owen Ziegler	Brooklyn	D PTS	20
1899-01-19	Paddy Fenton	Yonkers	W PTS	20
1899-03-27	Tommy Ryan	Youngstown	W PTS	20
1899-05-08	Frank Bartley	Denver	D PTS	20

(Reported in May 9, 1899 Reno Evening News as L PTS 20)

**Prizefight at Denver.**

**By Associated Press.**

**DENVER, May 9.**—In a twenty round go here, last Frank Bartley outpointed Matty Matthews of New York. His performance came as a revelation, as it was thought he had no chance to best the New Yorker.

1899-05-12	Owen Ziegler	Chicago	D PTS	6
1899-06-21	Charley Burns	Youngstown	W KO	6
1899-06-27	Jack Bennett	Wheeling	D PTS	20
1899-07-10	Otto Sieloff	Brooklyn	W TKO	9
1899-07-31	Eddie Connolly	Brooklyn	W PTS	25
1899-08-14	George Kerwin	Brooklyn	W TKO	16
1899-09-14	Bobby Dobbs	Brooklyn	W DQ	25
1899-10-27	Eddie Connolly	Brooklyn	D PTS	25
1899-11-17	Kid McPartland	Chicago	D PTS	6
1899-11-20	Charley Burns	Cincinnati	W PTS	15
1899-12-02	Hugh McWinters	Brooklyn	W PTS	20

## Matty Matthews

### From his handwritten notes

1899-12-16	Kid Carter	Brooklyn	W PTS	20
1900-01-08	Izzy Strauss	Brooklyn	W TKO	12
1900-01-15	Jack Bennett	Cincinnati	W KO	7
1900-01-29	Kid McPartland	Brooklyn	W KO	1
1900-02-16	Kid McPartland	New York	W TKO	17
1900-03-19	Eddie Connolly	Brooklyn	W TKO	14
1900-03-26	Owen Ziegler	Youngstown	W KO	2
1900-04-06	Charlie McKeever	Philadelphia	L NWS	6
1900-04-09	Billy Payne	Youngstown	W PTS	6
1900-04-09	Dan McConnell	Youngstown	W KO	3
1900-04-17	Mysterious Billy Smith	New York	W KO	19
1900-05-04	Kid Parker	Denver	D PTS	10
1900-06-05	Eddie Connolly	Brooklyn	L PTS	25
1900-08-30	Rube Ferns	Detroit	L PTS	15
1900-10-08	Jack Bennett	Philadelphia	L NWS	6
1900-10-16	Rube Ferns	Detroit	W PTS	15
1900-10-30	Charley Burns	Chicago	W PTS	6
1900-11-21	Owen Ziegler	Philadelphia	L NWS	6
1901-04-29	Tom Couhig	Louisville	W PTS	20
1901-05-24	Rube Ferns	Toronto, CA	L KO	10
1901-09-02	Patsy Sweeney	Hartford	W PTS	20
1901-09-28	Eddie Kennedy	Toronto, CA	W TKO	13
1901-10-28	Tom Couhig	Fort Erie, CA	W DQ	5
1902-03-06	Tom Couhig	Hot Springs	L PTS	20
1902-03-10	Martin Duffy	Chicago	L PTS	6
1902-09-11	Patsy Sweeney	New Britain	L TKO	5
1902-10-27	Kid Lincoln	Philadelphia	W DQ	5
1902-11-25	Eddie Kennedy	Allegheny	W PTS	10
1902-12-10	Owen Ziegler	Savannah	W DQ	6
1902-12-22	Rube Ferns	Allegheny	W PTS	10
1903-02-23	Tom Couhig	Allegheny	W PTS	10
1903-04-27	Rube Ferns	Fort Erie, CA	L TKO	19
1903-08-25	Martin Duffy	Port Huron	L PTS	10
1903-08-29	Izzy Strauss	Philadelphia	W KO	2
1904-01-01	Frank Tyson	Norfolk	W PTS	6
1904-01-13	Honey Melody	Boston	L PTS	12
1904-01-16	Billy Devine	Philadelphia	L NWS	6
1904-03-19	Billy Devine	Philadelphia	D NWS	6
1904-04-16	Joe Grim	Philadelphia	L NWS	6
1904-10-22	Eddie Kennedy	Carnegie	D PTS	10
1904-11-30	Willie Fay	New Orleans	W PTS	10
1904-12-15	Foster Walker	Grand Rapids	W PTS	6
1905-01-03	Johnny Gilsey	New Orleans	W TKO	4
1905-03-01	Willie Fay	New Orleans	W PTS	10
1905-04-08	Billy Burke	Philadelphia	D NWS	6
1905-04-14	Tommy Sullivan	Lawrence	L KO	2
1905-12-15	Johnny Carroll	Brooklyn	L KO	3
1906-01-05	Eugene Bezenah	Cincinnati	D PTS	15
1906-03-07	Charley Hitte	Albany	L DQ	12
1906-03-16	Rube Ferns	Buffalo	L KO	9
1908-08-19	Patsy Sweeney	Brooklyn	W NWS	6

Al Arenas  
 AKA Alex Arenas  
 Hometown Los Angeles, California  
 Division Lightweight  
 Born November 18, 1928  
 Manager Joey Barnum  
 Source 1953 RRB; 1958 RRB; 1961 RRB; 1962 RRB; 1963 RRB; BoxRec Editors



Record: Won 37 (KOs 21) Lost 22 Drawn 5 Total 64

1948

Jan 26	Ozzie Biggie	Santa Monica	L PTS	4
Feb 2	Tommy Vargas	Santa Monica	L PTS	4
Feb 6	Rudy Vasquez	Hollywood	D	4
Mar 2	Sammy Galvan	Los Angeles	W PTS	4
Jul 27	Bee Jimenez	Los Angeles	L PTS	4
Aug 03	Sammy Galvan	Los Angeles	W KO	2
Aug 10	Cadillac Clemmons	Los Angeles	W KO	3
Aug 16	Santos Salas	Santa Monica	W PTS	4
Aug 31	Ernie Lauterio	Los Angeles	W PTS	4
Sep 14	Bee Jimenez	Los Angeles	W PTS	4
Sep 27	George Mendoza	Santa Monica	W PTS	4
Oct 11	George Mendoza	Santa Monica	W TKO	2
Oct 19	Joe Robleto	Los Angeles	W TKO	2
Nov 2	Rolando Delgado	Los Angeles	L TKO	5
Nov 30	Ritchie Mendoza	Los Angeles	W TKO	6

1949

Jan 11	Chuck Wilkerson	Los Angeles	W PTS	6
Jan 31	Baby Nevarez	Santa Monica	D	10
May 17	Rudy Garcia	Los Angeles	L PTS	10
Jun 16	Billy Herrera	South Gate	W PTS	10
Jul 11	Joey Clemo	Santa Monica	D	10
Aug 29	Jimmy Savala	Santa Monica	W UD	10
Sep 12	Augie LaPara	New Orleans	L KO	4
Oct 17	Lawton DiSoso	Santa Monica	L PTS	10

1950

Jul 18	Chu Chu Jiminez	Los Angeles	L PTS	6
Aug 7	Chu Chu Jiminez	Santa Monica	W PTS	10

1951

Jan 30	Felix Ramirez	San Jose	L PTS	10
Apr 17	Joey Gurrola	Los Angeles	L KO	1

1952

Jun 28	Gaby Macias	Hollywood	L PTS	6
Jul 16	Casanova Pacheco	Fresno	W PTS	10
Nov 20	John Richards	Hollywood	D	6
Dec 2	Santiago Esteban	Los Angeles	L PTS	6

1953  
 (No activity)



## 1954

Apr 20	Babe Vance	Los Angeles	W PTS	6
May 24	Ruben Salazar	Los Angeles	W PTS	6

1955-1957  
(No activity)

## 1958

Sep 20	Kid Memo	Acapulco, MX	W KO	2
Oct 18	Gildardo Bacho	Acapulco, MX	W PTS	10
Nov 15	Alfonso Bonilla	Acapulco, MX	W KO	2
Dec 6	Chamaco Flores	Acapulco, MX	W KO	2

## 1959

Jan 17	Reyes Ramirez	Acapulco, MX	W KO	8
Feb 7	Arnulfo Palomares	Acapulco, MX	W PTS	10
Mar 7	Luis Conde	Acapulco, MX	W KO	3
Apr 8	Tobe Penaloza	Acapulco, MX	W KO	7
May 16	Chihuahua Kid	Acapulco, MX	W PTS	10
Jun 20	Chihuahua Kid	Acapulco, MX	L PTS	10
Aug 15	Rafael Camacho	Acapulco, MX	W KO	7
Sep 12	Beto Gonzalez	Acapulco, MX	W KO	8
Sep 26	Heliodoro Hernandez	Guadalajara, MX	W TKO	4
Oct 24	Jesus Mejia	Acapulco, MX	W KO	3
Nov 14	Carlos Arregui	Guadalajara, MX	L PTS	10
Dec 5	Cosme Maldonado	Acapulco, MX	W PTS	10

## 1960

Mar 26	Bobby Cervantes	Acapulco, MX	L KO	5
May 14	Pedro Vetarra Rodriguez	Acapulco, MX	W KO	10
Jun 25	Sergio Gomez	Guadalajara, MX	L KO	6
Jul 30	Adolfo Olguin	Acapulco, MX	L PTS	10
Aug 27	Adolfo Olguin	Acapulco, MX	L PTS	10
Nov 12	Tony Lopez	Monterrey, MX	W KO	3
Dec 10	Chico Rodriguez	Acapulco, MX	W KO	8

## 1961

Mar 18	Fidencio Ramirez	Acapulco, MX	D	10
May 6	Ramon Hurtado	Acapulco, MX	L KO	6
Oct 28	Ray Reyes	Acapulco, MX	W KO	7
Nov 21	Jorge Frikas	Cuernavaca, MX	W KO	8

## 1962

Feb 10	Ruben Rivera	Monterrey, MX	L KO	5
Apr 7	Arturo Astudillo	Acapulco, MX	W KO	3
May 30	Ino Colin	Cuernavaca, MX	L PTS	10
Jun 9	Arturo Astudillo	Acapulco, MX	L KO	9

## Charley Eagle

Hometown Waterbury, Connecticut  
 Birthplace New York, New York  
 Division Light-Heavyweight/Heavyweight  
 Born July 4, 1915



Charley Eagle's record (1940-1947) appeared in the 1948 RRB, page 539; and the 1952 RRB, page 346. Inactive (1949-1950). Record compiled by various BoxRec editors.

Record: Won 32 (KOs 7) Lost 26 Drawn 7 Total 65

Date	Opponent	Location	Result	Score
1934				
Feb 8	Tiger Jack Renault	New Haven	W PTS	6
Mar 5	Tiger Jack Renault	New Haven	L PTS	6
Mar 12	Romeo Ducharme	Holyoke	W PTS	6
Apr 2	Nick Fusaro	Holyoke	W PTS	6
May 10	Eddie Moore	New Haven	W KO	2
May 24	Steve Carr	New Haven	L PTS	7
Jun 25	Charley Weise	West Springfield	W PTS	8
Jul 12	Tony Travers	West Haven	W PTS	6
Aug 7	Frank Nichols	Hartford	L PTS	6
Sep 27	Eddie De Ciantis	New Haven	W KO	2
Oct 23	Frank Nichols	Hartford	L PTS	8
1935				
Jan 10	Connie Josenio	New Haven	D	6
Feb 14	Al Zappala	Hartford	W KO	3
Apr 1	Hookie Jackson	Albany	L TKO	7
Jul 11	Al McCoy	Waterville	L TKO	3
Jul 29	Tiger Jack Renault	West Haven	W PTS	6
Oct 23	Tiger Jack Renault	New Haven	D	6
Dec 20	Gordon Donahue	New York	L PTS	4
1936 (Inactive)				
1937				
Nov 6	Lou Poster	New York	W PTS	6
Nov 20	Jim Johnson	New York	D	8
Dec 6	Mickey Benson	Buffalo	W KO	1
1938				
Feb 7	Henry Palmeri	Buffalo	W KO	1
Feb 14	Wally Sears	Buffalo	W PTS	6
Mar 7	Milton Shivers	Buffalo	W TKO	2
Mar 21	Jimmy Clark	Buffalo	L PTS	6
Apr 11	Marty Simmons	Buffalo	L PTS	6
May 16	Ralph DeJohn	Buffalo	L PTS	6
Jul 30	Gene Stanley	Milford	W PTS	8
Aug 3	Tony Celli	Saratoga Springs	W KO	4
Oct 28	Harry English	New Haven	L PTS	5
Dec 6	Roy Kelley	New Haven	D	8
1939				
Feb 21	Jimmy Webb	Houston	L PTS	10
Oct 23	Battling Monroe	Buffalo	W PTS	6
Nov 13	Leroy Evans	Buffalo	W PTS	6
1940				
Mar 14	Art McAlpine	Waterbury	W PTS	8
Mar 29	Tommy Tucker	New York	D	6

Apr 11	Eldridge Eatman	Waterbury	W PTS	8
Jun 28	Bob Pastor	Buffalo	L PTS	10
Sep 5	Larry Lovett	Waterbury	L PTS	8
	1941			
Feb 13	Nathan Mann (New England Heavyweight Title)	New Haven	L PTS	12
	1942			
Feb 19	George Fitch	New Haven	W PTS	10
Jul 20	Altus Allen	Chicago	W PTS	10
Aug 3	Bill Petersen	Chicago	D	10
Aug 31	Yancey Henry	Millvale	L PTS	10
	1943			
Jan 4	Wallace Cross	Newark	W PTS	10
Jan 18	Lou Brooks	Baltimore	W PTS	10
Feb 8	Lou Brooks	Baltimore	W PTS	12
Apr 5	Billy Grant	Newark	W PTS	10
May 31	Buddy Walker	Baltimore	L MD	12
Aug 23	Buddy Walker	Baltimore	L PTS	15
Dec 6	Herman Badger	New Haven	W PTS	8
Dec 13	Billy Grant	Philadelphia	W PTS	8
	1944			
Jan 4	Georgie Fuller	Hartford	W PTS	10
Nov 27	Bob Jacobs	Philadelphia	L PTS	8
Dec 14	Jimmy O'Brien	Baltimore	L PTS	10
	1945			
May 3	Lou Nova	Boston	L PTS	10
Jul 16	Tami Mauriello	Waterbury	L KO	1
Dec 12	Johnny Denson	Houston	L PTS	10
	1946			
May 7	Joey Maxim	Buffalo	D	10
Jun 18	Eddie Powell	Seattle	W PTS	10
	1947			
Apr 14	Paulie Peters	San Francisco	L PTS	10
	1948			
Apr 30	Tiger Jack Fox	Spokane	L KO	5
	1949-1950 (Inactive)			
	1951			
Mar 31	Jimmy Rouse	Waterbury	W PTS	8
Apr 16	Claude Rolfe	Waterbury	W PTS	8
	1952			
Apr 14	Harry Matthews	Portland	L TKO	5

# THE SPORTLIGHT

by GRANTLAND RICE

(Copyright, 1936, by The North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.)  
**GUNBOAT SMITH**

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec. 19.—Gunboat Smith never was a great fighter, not by any system of reckoning. But he was a good one and he had a terrific punch. Over a stretch of a few years he mingled with the best heavyweights in the world and beat some of them. He knocked out a heavyweight champion of England and he had Georges Carpentier on the floor, and one night he hit Jack Dempsey on the chin so hard that Jack finished the fight in a fog, but he never got close enough to the heavyweight title to fight for it.

Smith was of the White Hope era, although he wasn't a white hope. He was just a big raw-boned bloke off a battle wagon who ruined a lot of hopes that optimistic managers had been grooming. Jack Johnson was champion when the Gunner got out of the Navy to find a lot of clumsy big fellows swarming and tumbling around, each headed in the general direction of the colored titleholder.

A native of Philadelphia, who had learned to fight in rings pitched on shipboard, he waded into the pack and flattened many of them. He checked Jess Willard's rise by beating him in twenty rounds. He beat Frank Moran. He even Beat Sam Langford once, although Langford also beat him.

## THE OCCIPITAL PUNCH

Gunboat's best punch was a long, looping overhand right that nailed the victim at the base of the skull and—very often—took all the fight out of him. Bob Edgren called it the Occipital Punch, but Gunboat improved on that description. He called it the 'Ospital Punch. Or maybe that was merely what he thought Edgren had said in the first place.

One of his hardest fights was with Jimmy Johnston's South African entry for the world's heavyweight title—Boer Rodel. The Boer had a good left hand and he was a dead game fellow. He had won a few fights around New York and Johnston tossed him in with Smith one night in the old National Sporting club on West Forty-fourth street. Gunboat smote him with the 'Ospital Punch in the first round, and when he went down the crowd got up and started out—but the Boer got up, too—and the crowd came back. It was a ten-round fight and the Boer was going up and down all evening, but he was on his feet at the finish.

This earned him a return match with Gunboat in the old Madison Square Garden, and, for that fight, Smith sharpened up his best punch and knocked him out in three rounds.

## HE K. O.'D THE BOMBARDIER

Smith was at his peak from 1913 through 1915. It was in 1913 that he had his two brushes with Rodel, and that same year he knocked out Bombardier Wells, heavyweight champion of England, in the old garden. Wells was the picture-book British heavyweight. He was broad-shouldered and narrow-waisted. He was a beautiful boxer, but he couldn't take it. On a previous expedition to this country, he had been knocked out by Al Palzer, and he came back to fight Smith and was knocked out again.

Smith went to London in 1915 to fight Carpentier, who also had knocked out Wells, and was a tremendous favorite not only in Paris but in London. Smith had the better of the fight. He had Carpentier on the floor in the sixth round, but, in his eagerness to finish him, Gunboat rushed at him and struck him a glancing blow on the head while he was on one knee. This cost Smith the fight—he immediately was disqualified for fouling.

He fought for several years after that, but he never could fight his way back to the place he held the night he climbed into the ring with Carpentier. He gave Dempsey a couple of rough trips through four-round fights in San Francisco when Jack was on his way to the heavyweight throne, and Jack frequently has said that nobody ever hit him as hard as Gunboat did in one of those brawls.

## IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

BY JOHN LARDNER



## McTIGUE'S SOUTHERN DRAW

The record book says that Young Stribling, a peerless clutcher, and Mike McTigue, a fearless slapper who was then light heavyweight champion of the world, fought a draw in Columbus, Georgia, on Oct. 4, 1923. The book reads that way because it is published in the North, and the decision was made in the North—that is, the last one. There was another decision in Georgia which says that Stribling won the fight, and is based on the proposition that the gun is mightier than the railroad ticket.

Michael Francis McTigue won his title by outpointing a French Sengalese named Battling Siki in a match staged in Ireland on St. Patrick's Day. How could he lose? With his new crown packed in his satchel Mike lit out for the States where his manager, Joe Jacobs, told him he had arranged a title bout with Stribling in Columbus.

"That's a somewhat southern town, ain't it?" asked McTigue. Jacobs said it was. "And Stribling lives in Georgia?" said Mike, who had learned a thing or two from the Siki fight. "A native son. They love him there," said Jacobs. "We gotta move very carefully."

Moving with them when they went—this was the key to Jacobs' strategy—was northern referee, Harry Ertle. The Georgia promoters had accepted Ertle in order to get the champion down there. But they and the crowd watched him like falcons as the fight progressed. It was a tough, tight and nervous battle, and when it was over the crowd turned its gaze on Ertle. A few civic leaders, in fact, got into the ring itself, patting the guns in their belts, to gaze more closely. McTigue looked at Ertle, too, and Jacobs looked at his watch.

After a slight pause, the referee spoke, but not loudly. "A draw," he murmured. "What was that again?" asked one of the citizens, coming closer. "Look, friends," said Ertle, "I have a train to catch. I can see that you boys know boxing. Why don't you call it for yourselves?" The boys were agreeable. They gave the fight to Stribling, and it remained Stribling's while the New York train puffed up through the South, with McTigue, Jacobs and Ertle aboard.

As it crossed the Mason-Dixon Line, however, Ertle delivered his official verdict to McTigue and Jacobs, possibly in the gents' washroom—the record is not clear on this. He called the fight a draw. He called it a draw again for the press in New York. And that is how it lives in history—except in Georgia.

"A referee helps, when you travel," Joe Jacobs used to say, in later years. "But what helps most is the train out of town."

(1) *New Orleans Picayune*, December 20, 1936

(2) *True Magazine*, December 1954

## Gene Kessler Says

Chicago Sun-Times

### TV DOOMS BOXING GATES

An announcement from the International Boxing Club read: "Although reeling from hard socks at the box office, we still are fighting back with artistically strong boxing cards."

The next two Chicago ring shows present two of the greatest fighters of all time—Sugar Ray Robinson fought on Nov. 8 and Joe Louis on Nov. 29. Will they succeed in luring fans away from television sets, something neither Rocky Graziano nor Charlie Fusari could do?

Judging by what has happened, it is difficult to see how promoters can hope to survive on fistic gate receipts. Fans like the fights they see on the TV screens. It is true television doesn't give an accurate picture. Some of the blows which appear to land in the telecast do not land. Some which land with damaging force appear to TV viewers as ordinary punches.

So far, also, the commentators have failed to make up for this discrepancy by describing the effectiveness of punches.

Still the fans like the fights they see on TV. They get it close up, as though they were sitting in the press row, and they prefer this to the live article from a balcony seat.

Thus the attendance at the Fusari-Tony Pellone bout—a thrilling battle in which Pellone took an early lead and Fusari came from behind to score a kayo—drew only 3,924, or approximately half the 8,532 paid admissions at the Graziano-Gene Burton match.

#### FIGHTS FOR TV AUDIENCE ONLY?

Figures at hand prove definitely how much TV hurts fight promotions. There is no guesswork in this case.

A match comparable to the Fusari-Pellone bout, staged in the same building under similar conditions but without television or radio, drew 8,861 paid admissions and a \$32,368 net gate.

This was the Johnny Bratton-Willie Joyce lightweight scrap, Oct. 31, 1946, and I doubt if those boxers commanded the attention from ring fans at that time that Fusari and Pellone did before their Stadium clash.

In 1945, Sugar Robinson and George Costner drew a \$98,000 house in the Stadium, showing what a name like Robinson did before TV. Then, of course, Graziano and Tony Zale attracted a \$422,918 gate into the Stadium in 1947 without TV.

Based on these figures, television cost the IBC promoters some 4,934 paid admissions, or about \$15,000, at the gate last Wednesday. Perhaps the revenue from the beer sponsor who telecasts Stadium fights more than made up this difference. But I doubt if it made up what TV cost the IBC in gate receipts for Graziano's knockout over Burton. That one surely was as attractive as the Robinson-Costner match of 1945. The more attractive the bout, apparently, the more TV hurts at the gate.

Main event boxers, who work on a percentage of the net gate, under present terms receive only \$1,000 each from the TV-radio kitty for Stadium bouts.

Under such arrangements, the promoters probably benefit more financially than they would without the TV take and with larger gate receipts. But how long will name fighters come to Chicago without an increase in their TV cut? Fusari and Pellone drew \$60,000 when they met in Madison Square Garden in 1947.



## ENRIQUE BOLANOS

The always popular George Parnassus lightweight is back in training for his next showing . . . Bolanos will meet Manny Madrid November 24 at Hollywood.

Eventually, I presume, fights will be held exclusively for TV audiences. That is, if financial arrangements can be worked out. Either that, or the sport will die out altogether. Perhaps the plan to have television fans pay, through phone bills, for seeing fights will save boxing. After all, since a great majority of the crowd sits in front of TV screens now, instead of at the ring-side, that is the only fair solution. A bill soon will be introduced in the state legislature to cut the state commission take on TV revenue.

#### Layne Gets Big Chance Against 'Jersey Joe'

Another heavyweight hopeful—the first since Jack Dempsey to come from Utah—will head next week for boxing's magic Mecca, "The Garden."

Rex Layne of Lewiston, Utah—a square-jawed young Irishman of 22—is scheduled to invade New York next Thursday to complete training for his eastern debut on November 24.

That's the night when he will face one of the ring's most dangerous fighters, Jersey Joe Walcott, in a 10-round bout. Walcott, though 36, is a cunning campaigner who was explosive enough to floor Joe Louis three times in their two title fights.

Layne's Utah admirers hope that his youth, aggressiveness, gameness and punch will be able to overcome Jersey Joe's superior ringcraft. Walcott has been fighting professionally 20 years.

# BILLY WALKER WINS PRO DEBUT

By JOHN S. SHARPE

**L**ONDON—There's nothing like starting at the top. The problem is to remain there.

With a fanfare of trumpets and the Empire Pool at Wembley darkened, so the searchlights could lead him the way, the most talked-of amateur heavyweight in recent British history, Billy Walker, entered the ring for his first professional appearance. For the auspicious occasion Walker received a guarantee of 3,000 pounds (about \$8,400 in American exchange) by Promoter Harry Levene. His opponent was the mediocre Belgian veteran, Jose Peyre, who had just been stopped in four rounds by a young German, Paul Kraus, in Dortmund.

Going into the fifth round, Peyre showed Walker up for what he was—a willing but crude amateur. In the fifth, Peyre sank to the canvas from a blow that landed in the region of the kidney. Holding his hand to his side, the Belgian complained to the referee, Harry Gibbs, but was ordered to "box on." Another blow to the same region sent Peyre staggering across the ring, at which point the referee stepped in and called a halt in Walker's favor.

The programme was full of action, and most of the cheers were given to Terry Spinks, West Ham, 126¾, and Billy "The Kid" Davis, Bow, 127½, who thrilled the fans for all of their eight rounds. . . . By my score card Spinks, who was given the decision by referee Harry Gibbs, had not made up the leeway that Davis obtained in the first six rounds. . . . The fans did not take kindly to the decision in Spinks favour and voiced their disapproval when Terry's hand was raised. . . .

In the other bout, Mick Leahy, Coventry & Cork, 159¼, and Wilf Greaves, Middleweight Champion of Canada, 161¾, battled through ten rounds what could be better described as a pier 6 brawl. . . . From the first to the last they threw leather at one another, and in the sixth, Leahy was the recipient of a butt on the nose which forced him to take "nine". The Irishman rose and went into



Billy Walker (left) highly touted British Amateur champion made his pro debut a success by stopping Jose Peyre of Belgium before a large crowd in Wembley Pool, London. The fight ended in the fifth round and although he won Walker showed mostly a punch. He is a big drawing card and should help perk up the British boxing beat.

the fray with more determination and the crowd cheering him on. . . . Although Leahy finished the stronger, it was a bout that neither deserved to lose, and when referee Tommy Little raised both their hands, denoting a draw, money was thrown into the ring. . . .

Whatever pretensions Johnny Kramer, West Ham, 146, had of challenging Brian Curvis for his titles was dispelled when he was outclassed by Wally Swift, Nottingham, former Welterweight Champion, 148½. Referee Tommy Little called a halt in the seventh. . . . Kramer tried hard to get at close quarters but Swift's educated left hand kept him at bay at every turn. . . .

Ken Potter, Battersea, 195¼, and Ron Gray, Leamington, 196, put up a thrilling scrap for six rounds with Potter receiving a narrow points victory. . . .

Dave Coventry, Liverpool, 138, was an easy winner over Victor Ducros, Belgium, 133¼, the latter retiring at the end of the second. . . .

Ken Field, Hoxton, 128, was lucky to keep his unbeaten certificate when referee Benny Caplan declared at the end of an entertaining eight, with Bobby Fisher, Glasgow, 127, that the scores on his card was even, and the decision was a draw.

## BRITISH EMPIRE RATINGS

TO APRIL 30, 1962

HEAVYWEIGHTS	CRUISERWEIGHTS	MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WELTERWEIGHTS
1. Henry Cooper (E)	Chic Calderwood (S)	Terry Downes (E)	Brian Curvis (W)
2. Robert Chiroux (C)	Johnny Halibit (To)	Dick Tarr (N)	Wally Swift (E)
3. Joe Eekins (W)	Alan Hanson (J)	Youse Bahamas (B)	Johnny Mollak (N)
4. George Charvillat (C)	Bob Nicholson (E)	John McCormack (S)	Tony Smith (E)
5. Dick Richardson (W)	Ron Cullis (E)	Mick Leahy (E)	Jimmy McGrath (E)
6. Brian London (E)	Ron Redrup (E)	Wilf Greaves (C)	Toto Mancini (E)
7. Joe Byrnes (J)	Johnny Ould (E)	Phil Edwards (W)	Johnny Kramer (E)
8. Ray Stiel (E)	Dave Hunt (E)	Gusman Brennan (B)	Albert Carroll (E)
9. Jim Gosper (E)	Bucke Emery (C)	Harry Scott (E)	Gary Gowburn (A)
10. Johnny Prescott (E)	Johnny Nomura (N.Z.)	George Aldridge (E)	Gale Kerwin (C)
LIGHTWEIGHTS	FEATHERWEIGHTS	BANTAMWEIGHTS	FLYWEIGHTS
1. Dave Churnley (E)	Baku King (S)	Johnny Caldwell (I)	Jackie Brown (S)
2. Boney Grant (J)	Howard Whitson (W)	Freddy Gilroy (I)	Brian Cartwright (E)
3. Maurice Cullen (E)	Derry Tivnan (S)	Dennis Adie (E)	Ricky Gattollet (A)
4. George Bracken (A)	Floyd Robertson (G)	George Bowes (E)	Jackie Brown (A)
5. Johnny Cooke (E)	Percy Lewis (E)	Terry Gramling (W)	Jack Trelohan (A)
6. Dave Coventry (E)	Love Allister (C)	Dan Waller (E)	Walker McGowan (S)
7. Johnny Kidd (S)	Terry Spinks (E)	Alex Ambrose (S)	Danny Lee (S)
8. Sammy McSpadden (S)	Billy Davis (E)	Lewis Mackay (S)	Alex O'Neill (I)
9. Eddie Beattie (C)	Wally Taylor (A)	Dai Corp (W)	Johnny Mallon (S)
10. Jimmy Gibson (S)	Johnny Morrissey (S)	Brian Bisontie (E)	Alan Gibbards (A)

LEGEND—(A) Australia; (B) Bahamas; (BG) British Guiana; (C) Canada; (E) England; (F) Fiji Islands; (G) Ghana; (IN) India; (I) Ireland; (J) Jamaica; (M) Malta; (N) Nigeria; (NZ) New Zealand; (S) Scotland; (SA) South Africa; (T) Trinidad; (To) Tonga; (W) Wales; (BH) British Honduras.

## FINAL BELL

### RALPH HOLLET

Ralph Hollet, a great Canadian championship boxer Ralph Hollett lost his lengthy battle with cancer and an inoperable brain tumour on June 14, 2012. He was 59. Longtime friend Mickey MacDonald described the Halifax fighter as “a champion in and outside the ring.” “He was a great champion and he fought hard for the fans of Nova Scotia,” MacDonald, a Halifax entrepreneur and chair of the Nova Scotia Boxing Authority, said Friday afternoon. “He’s one of those legends in the boxing community. “He represented Nova Scotia very professionally and he always came to fight. “Ralph had that tough guy image but he was an all-around good guy. There was a softer side to him. He openly talked about his love for his family. They were his greatest accomplishments. He will be missed.” Hollett, a black belt in Karate, Uechi Ryu and Jui Jitsu, started out as a kickboxer and won a Canadian kickboxing championship. But Hollett made a name for himself when he entered pro boxing at age 25. “Ralph and I started boxing around the same time in the early ’70s,” MacDonald recalled. “Ralph was a Fairview boy who started out in karate but found a calling in boxing. He trained very, very hard all the time. He didn’t take it lightly in his training. Ralph was always training.” In a boxing career that spanned from 1977 to 1983, he earned a 19-10-1 record under trainer Tom McCluskey, and the Canadian middleweight title, which he won in Jan. 1980 and June 1981. (McCluskey, husband to Halifax regional councillor Gloria McCluskey, passed away in February at age 87) “Ralph Hollett was a great champion and a positive influence on sport in Nova Scotia,” said Jamie Ferguson, CEO of Sport Nova Scotia, said. “I think his legacy was inspiring more Nova Scotians to take part in sport and we think that’s very important.” MacDonald believes Hollett’s success in the ring are worthy of a spot in the Nova Scotia Sport Hall of Fame. MacDonald submitted a nomination this year to have Hollett inducted. He expects Hollett to be enshrined soon. “I thought he was in the hall of fame and when I found out he wasn’t, we put in an application to see if we can get him in there,” MacDonald said. “They have (the application) so hopefully next year he will get in the hall of fame because he deserves to be.” After Hollett’s fighting career ended, he eventually went on to work for Nova Scotia’s Department of Justice and later worked for the department at the Central Nova Scotia Correctional Facility in Burnside. Friends and family rallied around the legendary sports figure after his diagnosis in 2010. MacDonald held a fundraiser at Palooka’s Boxing Club in Hollett’s honour later that same year. Hollett is survived by father Ralph, daughter Sara, sons Roger, Clinton and Angelo, common-law wife Lisa Novelli, three sisters, two brothers and a large circle of extended family and friends. (*Boxing Scene*).

### LEWIS PINTO

Fledging pro Lewis Pinto of Wallington, London committed suicide by hanging on June 3, 2012. Pinto – who once said he gained inspiration and insight from Mike Tyson’s boxing career and style – made his pro debut winning a four decision over Danny Dontchev on April 20, 2012. His friend and manager Mickey Helliet confirmed the news of his passing that afternoon when he tweeted: ‘I am very very sorry, something terrible has happened but the rumours are true my boxer and good friend Lewis Pinto, hung himself this morning.’ The 24-year-old showed potential both as an amateur and on Ross Minter’s Queensberry Boxing League unlicensed circuit. It had been hoped that Pinto would become one of the unlicensed scenes big crossover success stories after he gained his BBBoC licence and began his professional journey at London’s Corontet Theatre with a composed win over Dontchev. Tragically, Pinto’s apparent suicide is a sobering reminder of the fragility of life. (*Boxing Scene*)

**MAY THEY REST IN PEACE!**