



## Online Newsletter

*Issue 12*

*July 2013*

*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*

- *Yankee Stadium 75 Years Ago Today (June 22, 1938) by Tony Triem.*
- *Rudell Stitch Honored in Louisville by Sheldon S. Shafer.*
- *Karl Mildenberger by Jim Amato.*
- *Middleweight Tough Guy Marvin Edelman Dies at 82 by John DiSanto.*
- *The Boxing Biographies Volume # 8 Jimmy McLarnin by Rob Snell.*
- *Book Recommendations: The Corners of The Ring To The Corners of The Earth. Book Review by Clay Moyle.*
- *Book Recommendations: Heavyweight Boxing in the 1970s by Joe Ryan. Book Review by Clay Moyle.*
- *Member inquiries, nostalgic articles, photos, illustrations, newspaper clippings and obituaries submitted by several members.*

*Special thanks to Jim Amato, Steve Canton, Don Cogswell, John DiSanto, Enrique Encinosa, Henry Hascup, J.J. Johnston, Rick Kilmer, Steve Lott, Clay Moyle, John Sheppard, Rob Snell, Tony Triem and Jake Wegner for their contributions to this issue of the newsletter.*

*Keep Punching!*

*Dan Cuoco*

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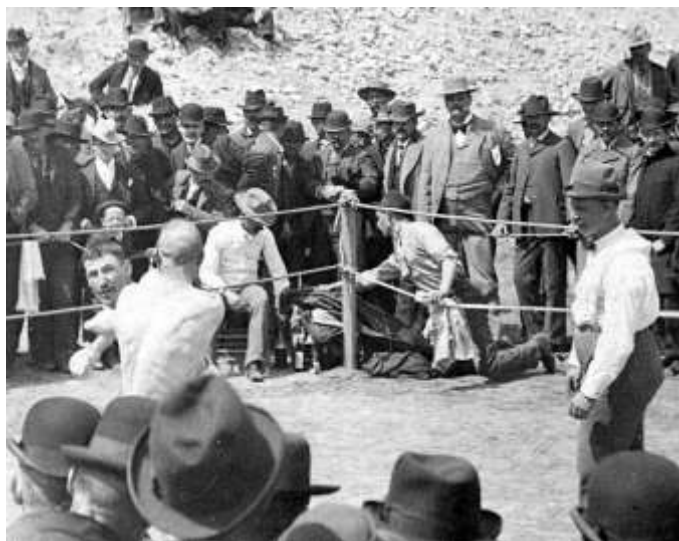
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## MEMBER FORUM

### **Billy Smith and Billy Lewis Photo, March 17, 1894**

Dan, I would like you to pass this down to Matt Donnellon who wrote that very good book on Peter Maher. At the end of the book he dwells on a photo of Fitz-Maher, wondering if it's really them as there are huge discrepancies with other photos. I am enclosing a blow up of the photo. It is my understanding that this was a 3/17/1894 fight in El Paso between Australian Billy Smith and Billy Lewis won by Smith KO-14. The confusion might have come from the hillside terrain and Lewis being shaven headed and with his back to the camera. Lewis' body frame seems too lean to be Fitz. Both fights being in Texas around the same era it is possible that it was confused and once printed in the Bible of Boxing it was repeated



over and over by them and others throughout decades. **Enrique Encinosa @ [enriquegencinosa@yahoo.com](mailto:enriquegencinosa@yahoo.com)**

### **Gene Tunney-Chuck Wiggins fight**

Does anyone have the next day report on the 2/3/1923 Gene Tunney-Chuck Wiggins fight from the NY Evening Telegram, Sun or Times? The other papers only seem to have single paragraph reports, which is strange considering it's NY and these two were high profile fighters. Thanks, **Doug Cavanaugh @ [Nero3000@hotmail.com](mailto:Nero3000@hotmail.com)**

### **Al Hart**

Just wondering if anyone has a photo of heavyweight Al Hart. The only one I've seen is one of him having just been KO'd by Abe Simon. **Larry "Cap" Roberts @ [roberl7@rogers.com](mailto:roberl7@rogers.com)**

### **Liberty Magazine Article – December 16, 1939**

Dan, I want to share one of the best articles I've ever read on what a referee goes through. The article is "Fights I Had to Stop – and why" by Arthur Donovan. **Pal, J.J. Johnston [pages 49,50 of this issue]**

**For immediate release**

**New Boxing Hall of Fame Las Vegas Announces Inaugural Inductees**



Boxing Exhibit Within SCORE! Sports Attraction at the Luxor Hotel Features \$73 Million Dollar ESPN Classic Fight Film Library

Las Vegas, June 28, 2013 - The new Boxing Hall of Fame Las Vegas has announced its inaugural class of 25 inductees.

The Boxing Hall of Fame Las Vegas is located at the Luxor Hotel within SCORE! - a multi-sports attraction featuring the Halls of Fame of Football, Basketball, Hockey, Soccer, Baseball, NASCAR and Boxing. SCORE! is located next to the Titanic Exhibit on the

mezzanine level of the pyramid-shaped hotel on the Las Vegas Strip.

The exhibit features the exclusive ESPN Classic/Cayton Sports Fight Film Library. The collection includes the fights of Muhammad Ali, Joe Frazier, Roberto Duran, Sugar Ray Leonard, Jack Dempsey, Rocky Marciano and many other legendary fighters from the first heavyweight championship fight ever filmed in 1897 through the fights of Mike Tyson and beyond. The video library also contains countless interviews as well as exclusive training footage.

The current displays include Muhammad Ali, Latin Legends, Mike Tyson, Kings of the Ring and Boxing in Movies. Hollywood screen-worn clothing on display includes Barbra Streisand's outfit from her 1980 movie "Main Event."

The inaugural class of 25 inductees are as follows in alphabetical order: Muhammad Ali, Henry Armstrong, Tony Canzoneri, Ezzard Charles, Julio Cesar Chavez, Jack Dempsey, Roberto Duran, Joe Gans, Harry Greb, Eder Jofre, Jack Johnson, Stanley Ketchel, Sam Langford, Benny Leonard, Sugar Ray Leonard, Joe Louis, Rocky Marciano, Archie Moore, Willie Pep, Sugar Ray Robinson, Barney Ross, Sandy Saddler, John L. Sullivan, Gene Tunney and Mickey Walker. While only boxers are inducted, other participants in the sweet science will receive awards and be acknowledged for their excellence at the Black Tie Induction Event on a date to be announced shortly.

The Board of Directors consists of Steve Lott, Tony Triem and Shelley Williams.

The Advisory Board is comprised of the following prominent boxing historians and journalists: Tracy Callis, Jim Carlin, Don Cogswell, Dan Cuoco, Bernard Fernandez, Jeff Flanagan, Phil Guarnieri, Henry Hascup, Jack Hirsch, JJ Johnston, Bruce Kielty, Gordon Marino, Carole Myer, Sal Rappa, Neil Terens and Jim Trunzo.

Honorary Board Members include Joe Louis Barrow Jr., the son of Joe Louis and the CEO of the First Tee, celebrities Ed O'Neill, Ryan O'Neal and Jerry Lewis, renowned attorney Cory A. Santos, Mel Dick of Southern Wine & Spirits and Nobel Peace Prize Nominee Yank Barry of Global Village Champions Foundation. The Hall has formed an alliance with Yank Barry and his non-profit foundation whose spokespersons include Muhammad Ali, Mike Tyson and Evander Holyfield. GVC strives to become the undisputed world leader in private humanitarian delivery of nutrition to needy persons everywhere,

sustaining human life in the wake of tragedy and helping to eradicate world hunger. They have provided an astounding 930 million meals to date. (See [www.gogvc.com](http://www.gogvc.com))

"It was the opportunity of a lifetime to place the Boxing Hall of Fame Las Vegas on the Las Vegas Strip with its 40 million visitors each year" said President Steve Lott. "It's an honor being located next to the legends of other great sports. Thousands of visitors each year will be afforded an opportunity to see boxing greats stand "toe-to-toe" with other sports legends."

#### About the Boxing Hall of Fame

The licensing division provides video and photos for news, documentaries and other productions. The photo library includes an exclusive collection of Mike Tyson images and graphics for commercial use. Boxing stories, photos, video and graphics are placed on Google +, Pinterest and Facebook which has generated in excess of 23,000 "likes."

#### Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/BOXING-HALL-OF-FAME-LAS-VEGAS/116640721687780?ref=hl>

#### Youtube

<http://www.youtube.com/user/BoxingHOF>

#### Photos for print media news

<https://www.yousendit.com/download/WFJXSkhYTmFGOFQ0WjhUQw>

#### Video for TV news

<https://www.yousendit.com/download/WFJYYUlxhEo5RmJOTzhUQw>

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**END**

**###**

## **Buffalo Boxing Association names 2013 Hall of Fame Inductees**

**By Bob Caico**

Ring 44 announced the 2013 class that will be inducted into the Buffalo Boxing Hall of Fame on August 2nd to be held at Salvatore's Italian Gardens. Ross "The Boss" Thompson, Ray Casal and Tony Sisti will take their place with the legends of Western New York.

Thompson was a multiple national amateur champion from 1984 to 1992 while training at the Austin St. PAL. He won four national PAL titles in four different weight classes from 1984-1991. He also traveled with the U.S. national team around the world. In 1992 Ross turned professional in Las Vegas and was undefeated in his first 14 fights in the welterweight and junior middleweight divisions. In 2000 Thompson was awarded for his 24-3-1 record with world title shot against IBF light middleweight champion Fernando Vargas on HBO. Ross would fight for 11 more years and finished with a 27-16-3 record.

Ramon Casal Jr. is the Owner/Operator/Coach and Trainer of *Casal's School of Fighting Arts*, located at 1767 Maryland Street in Niagara Falls, NY. Born and raised in Niagara Falls, Ray learned the fundamentals of boxing from his father, who boxed in the army and respected trainer Gene Tortorice. In 1996, Ray opened his own gym, then located on the second floor on Hyde Park Boulevard. Since that time he has run, partnered with prominent businessman "Smokin" Joe Anderson, numerous quality amateur events at the old *Wintergarden* and at his new, professional class gym. Since dedicating to the "Sweet Science" of boxing, Ray was appointed team coach in 2002 for the National Junior Olympic Team/New York and was awarded USA Boxing "Most Outstanding Coach" in 2003 at the Fran Jones Under 19 Championships. He also was a team coach for the 2004 Golden Gloves Nationals held in Little Rock, Arkansas. Ray's Gym has produced the following Champions: 72 Male Golden Gloves, 6 Female Golden Gloves, 28 Silver Gloves, 22 National Champs and 4 P.A.L. National Champs. He has worked the corners or participated in the training of professionals and top amateurs such as: Meldrick Taylor, Tony Tubbs, Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini, Bill Wallace, Billy Hackmer, Otis Grant, Kevin Rosier and, of course, Nick Casal. Ray has been in the corner and acted as cutman for many high profile shows, including: Gary Shaw Productions, Shelly Finkle Management, Showtime Boxing, HBO Boxing and ESPN.

Tony Sisti was best known for his oil paintings, drawings, and murals. From 1926-1931 Sisti studied at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, Italy. When he ran out of money, Sisti arranged a boxing match in Rome winning enough money to finance his return to Buffalo. Later, he used the winnings from another fight to underwrite the cost a personal art show in New York City. Sisti joined the Art Institute of Buffalo as a member of the faculty in 1932. He taught painting and anatomy at the institute until 1938 before opening his own gallery in Buffalo on Franklin Street. Over the years, he painted portraits of many important political and business leaders as President Franklin Roosevelt among others. In 1981, the City of Buffalo named a park in his honor at the corner of North and Linwood. Sisti's works have been exhibited in major museums including the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the Pennsylvania Academy of fine Arts, and the Burchfield-Penney Art Center in Buffalo. The Burchfield-Penney Art Center also displays a number of Sisti's paintings in its permanent collection. Sisti was an amateur bantamweight boxer before turning professional in 1919 and ended with a 6-3-3 record. His love for art and boxing had him painting murals of Primo Carnera, Joe Muscato, Lou Scozza, Jersey Joe Walcott and others. His portrait of heavy weight contender Phil Muscato, titled *The Boxer*, won the Gold Medal at the 1953 Buffalo Society of Artists exhibition.



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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

## The Minnesota Boxing Hall of Fame Announces Class of 2013

Mystic Lake chosen as venue to honor 9 Inductees

The Minnesota Boxing Hall of Fame has announced their official Class of 2013. The Induction Banquet will be held on **Friday, September 27<sup>th</sup> at Mystic Lake Casino in Prior Lake, MN.** Tickets are \$65.00 and include the meal and induction ceremonies. Social hour starts at 5:00 with the meal and festivities beginning at 6:30 pm. Tickets can be purchased by contacting the Hall of Fame through their website at [www.mnbhof.org](http://www.mnbhof.org)

9 people will be inducted this year, those being:

**Danny Needham ~ Jock Malone ~ Billy Petrolle ~ Pat O'Connor ~  
Doug Demmings ~ Gary Holmgren ~ Dan Schommer ~ Jack Raleigh ~  
Tony Stecher**


**Danny Needham** of St. Paul was once the Lightweight Champion of the Northwest in the 1880's and won the Welterweight Championship of America in 1894 and was one of the most feared Lightweights of his time. Also from St. Paul is **Jock Malone**, who is regarded by historians among the greatest Middleweights of all times. Malone fought World Champions such as: Mickey Walker, Johnny Wilson, Tiger Flowers, Mike O'Dowd, and Jack Britton, as well as several other leading contenders of his day. Duluth's first Minnesota Boxing Hall of Famer, is the legendary **Billy Petrolle**. Petrolle won over 100 battles, and possessed one of the greatest left hooks in boxing history. His 6 fight rivalry with Minneapolis' King Tut is the stuff of legends. Billy faced 6 world champions, beating 3 of them. Rochester's **Pat O'Connor**, once rated among the Top 5 in the world at Light-Heavyweight, was the 1967 National Golden Gloves Champion and went on to have a 41-6 career while posting wins over Top 10 rated fighters such as Larry Buck and Brian Kelly and having close battles with world-rated Denny Moyer, Rafael Rodriguez, and Andy Kendall. His 1969 bout with Chatfield's Duane Horsman set state records for a non-metro gate, a record Pat later broke again in 1972 in his match with Larry Buck. **Doug Demmings**, won back-to-back Upper Midwest Golden Gloves title in 1972 and 73' and ran off a 20 fight winning streak as a professional (the 2<sup>nd</sup> longest winning streak among Minnesota boxers in the 1970's behind only Duane Bobick). Demmings fought 3 World Champions in "Marvelous" Marvin Hagler, Alan Minter, and John Mugabi, as well as world-rated opposition in Olympic Gold Medalist, "Sugar" Ray Seales, Wayne Caplette, and Tony Chiaverini. St. Paul's **Gary "The Hammer" Holmgren** was a 3 time Upper Midwest Golden Gloves Champion, and a ferocious Welterweight contender during the 1970's. His career highlights include 2 big victories over Rory O'Shea as well as wins over Al Franklin, Bruce "The Mouse" Strauss, and

Rafael Rodriguez for the Minnesota Jr. Middleweight title. He also fought world-rated Davey Boy Green in London, England. “**Dangerous**” **Dan Schommer** was one of the most decorated amateurs in state history, winning the Upper Midwest Golden Gloves title an amazing 6 times before turning professional. He was the Minnesota Middleweight Champion and posted nationally televised wins over Alberto Gonzales, Ricky Stackhouse, and Nicky Walker. His official pro record is 30-1-1, with his only loss being in his world title fight in South Africa against champion Chis Eubanks. Every sports writer there had Schommer winning the fight and the result was one of the most controversial in modern boxing history. St. Paul’s **Jack Raleigh** was the most popular fight promoter of the 1950’s through the 1970’s, promoting all the big names like Glen & Del Flanagan, as well as cards featuring champions such as: Kid Gavilan, Virgil Akins, Joey Giardello, and Ralph Dupas; just to name a few. His 1957 card at the St. Paul Auditorium between Kid Gavilan and Del Flanagan drew 9,400 people and set a state record for a gate with \$43,796; a record that would stand until 1972. From his office on the 6<sup>th</sup> floor of the Dyckman Hotel in Minneapolis, **Tony Stecher** was the fight czar of the Mill city from 1944 to 1954, promoting 104 cards and featuring attractions such as the Flanagan brothers, and Jackie Graves, as well as world champions such as Willie Pep, Jimmy Carter, Sandy Saddler, Rocky Graziano, and Beau Jack.

# IBRO talk at 2013 FBHOF well attended

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**FLORIDA BOXING** **5TH ANNIVERSARY**



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Class of 2013 June 21,22 & 23



THANK YOU

Don Cogswell &  
Chief Warrant Officer Steve Badgley  
for the fabulous talk on  
"BROTHERS IN ARMS"  
& boxing in Iraq and Afghanistan

MC  
Mr. Bob Alexander  
National Anthem  
Ms. Renee Flansburg

Tampa Police  
Department  
Color Guard

Bagpiper: Emmet Boudurant

Music: Bay Area Productions

Please join us for cake and coffee  
after the ceremony  
donated by Alessi Bakery

Renee Flansburg has been a Tampa native now for 23 years, by way of Tampa, New York. She started singing in church, piano and guitar in high school. There she sang in church groups and local rock bands. She then moved north while working on her Bachelor's degree in Social Work at Syracuse University. She now works for Syracuse University's Health and Human Care. She also worked with Tampa Bay Opera company for 10 years in numerous full scale, opera productions including La Traviata, Die Fledermaus, Pagliacci, Aida, La Boheme, Madame Butterfly, Wagner and many others.  
Renee continues to practice her art of singing in local gigs throughout Tampa and has sung the National Anthem twice with Broadway, One Touch and Nashville Productions.

FLORIDA BOXING HALL OF FAME  
CLASS OF 2013

**FIGHTERS**  
Howard Davis Jr.  
Vince Phillips  
David Santos  
Pete Sarno  
Eira Sellers  
James Waring

**TRAINERS**  
Dave Clark  
Lino Davis  
Roberto Quesada  
Luis Serria

**PROMOTER**  
Henry Rivita

**MEDIA**  
Sharon Robb  
Mort Sharnik

**OFFICIALS/COMMISSION**  
Cy Gottfried  
Michael Perneck  
Frank Skibbred

**PARTICIPANT**  
Ben (Evil Eye) Finkle  
Brad Jacobs  
Bernie LaFatta  
Bruce Trampler



IBRO and FBHOF VP Steve Canton with inductee  
Dave Clark

## Yankee Stadium 75 Years ago Today

June 22, 1938

By Tony Triem

It's Wednesday evening, June 22, 1938, 75 years ago today one of the great dramas of ring history exploded. On this Wednesday evening the world stood still for 2 minutes and 42 seconds. On that night, Joe Louis knocked out Max Schmeling. This was no ordinary title defense; this was no mere confrontation of white hope and black champion. The world took sides. It was a morality play.

On June 19, 1936, Max Schmeling, an experienced craftsman with a power packed right hook on young Joe Louis, fast rising heavyweight who by all estimates was destined for greatness. Louis was thought to have everything, everything that is except the vital experience against a veteran master like Schmeling. In the pre-fight build-up, Schmeling, un-intimidated by the zealous publicity given Louis, said he saw something in Louis' style that could be exploited. And indeed he did. In 12 grueling rounds, Louis took a decisive beating and learned his lesson. A lesson he was never to forget in a brilliant career.



A year later, Louis knocked out James J. Braddock in 8 rounds to become heavyweight champion of the world. But doubt lingered, was he truly the champion, what about Schmeling? How could one be proclaimed champion when he was so convincingly beaten by a man who was denied his chance against Braddock? And if there were those who would dismiss this, one man carried that doubt deep within him. Was he an imposter wearing another man's crown, was Schmeling really the rightful champion.

These were years of despair, we were still struggling in a depression. Only a few years earlier, men had stood on street corners selling apples and the squalor of poverty spread everywhere. The Works Progress Administration (WPA) was a means of dignifying public welfare. We "lived" through the adventurous experiences of the rich and eccentrics. Boys everywhere dreamed the dreams of glory - 60 home runs, ride the Derby winner, become heavyweight champion of the world - fans and fortune were the instant rewards. At the lowest level, the quickest way out of the slum was through the ring. There were Italian, Jewish, Polish and Negro ghettos. Whoever made it to the top carried with him the aspirations of a whole people. For some strange reason, the ring became the path in which the repressed hopes and desires found victorious freedom on the muscular back of a gloved warrior.

Across the water in Europe, the rumblings of another war were being heard. Our isolation was both physical and spiritual. Why entangle ourselves in the affairs of other countries? And for the unemployed whose daily bread was uncertain, he was far removed from everything. A new kind of military was being instigated in Germany, this one guided by a megalomaniac who was making pronouncements about man and supermen, black and white, white and super white. The myth of Aryan invincibility was the building block upon which a new empire was being built.

A fighter named Max Schmeling came onto the scene at precisely the right moment. Gloating propagandists took his victory over Louis to signify the correctness of Hitler's warped racism. Only a year earlier at the Berlin Olympics, an exceptional athlete named Jesse Owens had put on one of the most stirring performances in track history. When his time of recognition came, the racists turned their backs scornfully to promote their philosophy.

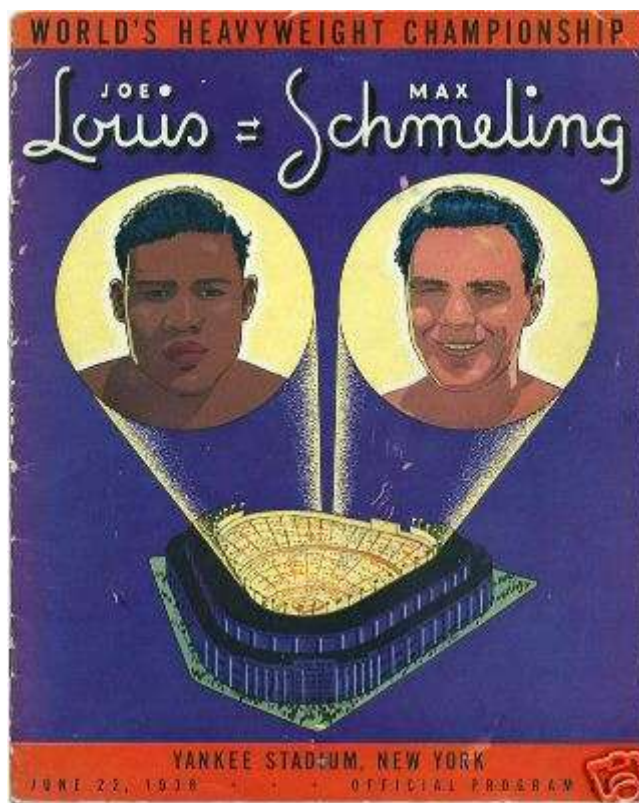
Following Schmeling's victory, the propagandists went to work twisting anthropology to find some rationale for their kind of superiority. Those who sat on stoops and stared out tenement windows waited the hour of redemption, and those who saw Europe about to be swallowed by goose-stepping monsters sought a liberator,

if only a symbolic one, in Joe Louis. He and he alone on a night in June would somehow put the world back in order. He and he alone would silence Hitler's propagandists.

No one was immune to the emotion. Frustration and anger were to be given their public quarter, truth was to be served. Schmeling was the devil's disciple and was to be taught a lesson – he was going to be delivered to his master. The normally reserved Louis was reported to have declared that this is the fight he most wanted to win – this was the one man he wanted to destroy.



For 2 minutes and 42 seconds 75 years ago, the heart beat faster. For 2 minutes and 42 seconds, the world stood still and listened. For 2 minutes and 42 seconds, a drama unfolded. For 2 minutes and 42 seconds 75 years ago, it was the most historic drama being performed on earth.



# Rudell Stitch Honored in Louisville

*Reported by Sheldon S. Shafer of the Courier-Journal.Com*

*June 5, 2013*



*Stitch, a welterweight, is shown in 1960. / C-J file photo*

Louisville welterweight Rudell Stitch — one of only a handful of people in the past century to be awarded two Carnegie Medals for heroism for risking his life to save another — was honored on June 5, 2013 with a giant “hometown hero” mural near 4th Street Live.

The Louisville Pride Foundation, which has unveiled 21 other murals around the community since its campaign started in 2002, put up the mural on the 4th Street Live parking garage along Fifth Street, next to the Cathedral of the Assumption.

Stitch, who worked at a meatpacking house and rose to No. 2 in the world rankings in early 1960, drowned that summer at age 27. He was assisting a friend along a ledge at the McAlpine Locks and Dam when the friend fell into the Ohio River, pulling Stitch with him. They became separated and Stitch reached

shallow water, but he returned to deep water to try to save his friend. Both died.



*Rudell Stitch, left, visits Joseph Shifcar, whom he rescued from the Ohio River in 1958. Shifcar suffered a shattered right knee. / Cort Best/1958 C-J file photo*

Two years earlier, Stitch, the father of five boys and one girl, had rescued a stranger, Army Corps of Engineers worker Joseph Shifcar of Elizabeth, Ind., after Shifcar was swept into the river near the same site.

Stitch won 45 of 57 amateur boxing bouts in his career. He won Kentucky state titles in 1951, 1952, 1953, 1955 and 1956. That last year he reached the semifinals of the Chicago Golden Gloves and the finals of the National AAU Tournament.

He started his professional boxing career as a welterweight in 1956.

In the past decade or so, the campaign to honor local achievers has sponsored murals honoring, among others, athletes Muhammad Ali, Pee Wee Reese, Mary T. Meagher, Pat Day, Paul Hornung, Darrell Griffith and Phil Simms, as well as Kentucky Fried Chicken founder Harland Sanders, artist Ed Hamilton, basketball coach Denny Crum, actor Victor Mature and broadcaster Diane Sawyer.

## **KARL MILDENBERGER**

**By Jim Amato**



Outside of former heavyweight champion Max Schmeling, Karl Mildenberger is the most popular heavyweight Germany has ever produced. Karl was born on November 23, 1937 and began his foray into professional boxing in 1958. He won his first eleven bouts but in 1959 he suffered his first setback to Helmut Ball. Karl then went on to win his next nineteen bouts. Among his victims were Jimmy Slade, Franco Cavicchi, Harold Carter, Young Jack Johnson, Wayne Bethea, Howard King and Pete Rademacher.

On February 24, 1962 Mildenberger challenged Dick Richardson for the European Boxing Union title. Richardson shocked Karl stopping him in the very first round. Karl would bounce back to go unbeaten in his next twenty two contests. He fought draws with Archie McBride, Zora Folley and Amos Johnson. Mildenberger would defeat Joe Bygraves, Von Clay, Bethea again and McBride in a rematch. He also defeated Joe Erskine and Billy Daniels. On October 17, 1964 Karl would knock out Santo Amonti in one round to capture the European crown. Mildenberger made three successful defenses against Piero Tomasoni, Gerhard Zech and Ivan Prebeg. Karl also won a decision over Eddie Machen.

Finally Karl received a shot at the world's heavyweight championship. On September 10, 1966 Mildenberger took a lofty 49-2-3 record into the ring to face Muhammad Ali. It turned out to be a tough fight for the champion. Early on it seemed like Ali was a bit confused by Karl's southpaw style. As the fight progressed though Ali's size, speed and superior skills took over. Muhammad finally halted his stubborn challenger in round twelve. Karl has the distinction of being the first southpaw to fight for the heavyweight title.



Mildenberger returned to action defending his European title twice against Tomasoni and Billy Walker. He also stopped Amos "Big Train" Lincoln. Ali had been stripped of the heavyweight championship for refusing induction into the United States Army. The World Boxing Association held a tournament to determine a new title holder. Eight boxers were chosen and Mildenberger was one of them. His first opponent would be strong but crude Oscar Bonavena of Argentina. After Karl's performance against Ali many felt he had a good chance to defeat Bonavena. Oscar though turned in a career best performance. He floored Karl in four different rounds but the game Mildenberger made it to the final bell. Bonavena won a clear cut twelve round decision.

Karl would again defend his European title successfully against Gerhard Zech. The came a seventh round knockout loss to Leotis Martin. On September 18, 1968, Mildenberger met Henry Cooper in London for the European crown. Karl lost the title to Cooper via a controversial disqualification for illegal use of the head. It would be Karl's last fight.

Mildenberger would retire with a fine 53-6-3 record. He recorded 19 knockouts while he was stopped on four occasions. He met five men who also challenged for the world title. Karl also held the European title nearly four years defending it six times.

## **MIDDLEWEIGHT TOUGH GUY MARVIN EDELMAN DIES AT 82** **by John DiSanto - PhillyBoxingHistory.com**

Marvin Edelman passed away on Tuesday, July 2nd, at age 82. In the 1950s he was a tough and popular middleweight who built an impressive professional record of 33-4-1 with 19 KOs. He started his career in 1950 by splitting his first two fights. However, beginning with his third bout, Edelman put together an extraordinary 30-bout unbeaten streak, going 29-0-1 (17 KO), and recording wins over Jimmy Flood, Herman McCray, Pat Byers, Harold Moore, Joe Aurillo, and Charley Williams along the way.

His unbeaten streak came to an end on February 9, 1953, when Ralph Tiger Jones stopped Edelman in the 9th round of their bout at Eastern Parkway Arena, in Brooklyn. Six months later, Marvin bounced back with an 8-round decision win over Bobby Brandt at Toppi Stadium.

With his bob-and-weave style and strong left hook, Edelman was not only a popular attraction around Philadelphia (Arena, Toppi Stadium, Cambria, Met), but also in New York, where he fought at Madison Square Garden and Eastern Parkway Arena several times.

Those who remember him said Marvin had unusually big hands, and a surly personality, both of which apparently served him well in the ring.

During the 1980s, Edelman helped train his son, Greg "The Zion Lion" Edelman, who was a professional junior middleweight with a 16-2-1 (12 KO) record.

Marvin was a father of six, grandfather of eight, and great grandfather of two. He was married to Delores Edelman for 60 years.

***July 2, 2013***



# The Boxing Biographies Newsletter

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**Name:** Jimmy McLarnin

**Alias:** Baby Face/Belfast Spider

**Birth Name:** James Mc Larnin

**Born:** 1907-12-19

**Birthplace:** Hillsborough, Northern Ireland, United Kingdom

**Died:** 2004-10-28 (Age:96)

**Nationality:** Canadian

**Hometown:** Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

**Stance:** Orthodox

**Height:** 5' 6" / 168cm

**Reach:** 67" / 170cm

**Boxing Record:** [click](#)

## The Montana Standard 27 October 1929

Baby Face Jimmy" McLarnin, no longer wearing the "baby face" smile but looking quite grim, knocked out Sammy Baker in one round. In that fight Baker, who used to be one of the most punishing wallopers among the welters landed only one light left jab on Jimmy, and Jimmy slaughtered him with five rapid smashes to the head that dropped Sammy for a nine-second count, and finished him with four more as soon as he got up.

This brings McLarnin into the limelight again – and this time as a welterweight. It also brings him into public notice as Jackie Fields Nemesis. When McLarnin fights Fields for the welter championship, as he surely will, It will be more than an ordinary fight. It will be a fight in which the champion meets a man who once knocked him out, almost spoiling a meteoric career.

### **Ladies Followed Jimmy.**

Little Jimmy McLarnin began fighting as a professional, after a year or so of amateur scraps, about a year before Fields became a professional. McLarnin, up to the end of 1924, had fought 17 professional fights. He had won 15, most of them without knockouts, and had fought two draws. He was still "Baby Face Jimmy" McLarnin, a smooth faced, smiling kid of 18, "going on 19." All the ladies — and thousands of them went to bouts in California in those days just to see "that cute little boy" adored Jimmy.

He looked 12 or 14, rather than 18, with that cherubic smile. He was a little fellow too, only a flyweight, and then a bantamweight, in his early fights. He smiled all through his fights, but in spite of the smile he had a terrific punch and a knack of putting it over. Probably that was part of his popularity — the surprising way he fought — looking anything but a fighter.

### **Mac Bout LaBarba.**

McLarnin won a decision over Fidel LaBarba, and fought LaBarba a draw. LaBarba had turned professional after winning the Olympic games flyweight championship. In the same Olympic meet Jackie Fields won the feather-weight championship.

Fields became a professional. He was a feather-weight still, but growing tall rapidly, and putting on weight. McLarnin had grown into a feather-weight. The two were matched. Every one knowing Jackie's astonishing cleverness in boxing, his willingness to mix and his ability to slip over a stunning punch, figured Jackie too good for McLarnin, even though he was barely out of the amateurs.

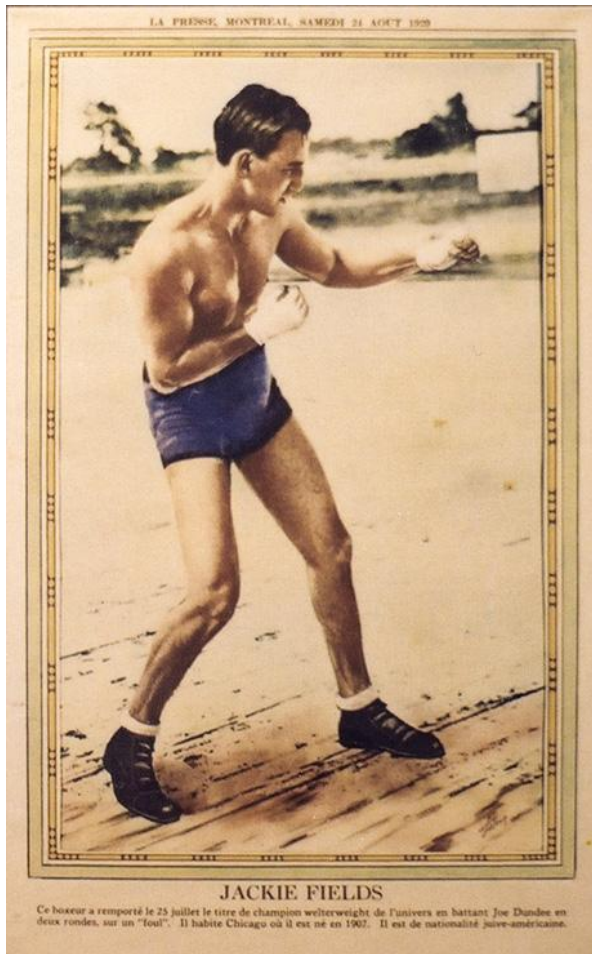
### **Fields Grew Too Fast.**

Fields was a proud, cocky fighter. Not conceited a bit, but he believed in himself thoroughly. There never has been a real champion yet who lacked that pride. It's what makes a man fight.

The fight was in Jack Doyle's pavilion at Venice, Calif. The place was packed that night Fields, hair brushed back tight, plastered down and as slick as if he had put shoe polish on it, smiled at McLarnin. And Baby Face Jimmy smiled broadly back. They were both perfectly confident, but, Fields' confidence stuck out all over him like the branches on a tree. He was a dandy boxer, and he knew it. He had fought all the walloping sailors of the Pacific fleet in his amateur days, and they couldn't touch him with wallops. McLarnin was a well known walloper. Fields figured to avoid what looked dangerous and beat Jimmy to the punch when he wanted to.

### **Jim Knocked Jack Cold**

The first round was just boxing, both fast, neither quite able to find the right opening. Speed, plenty of it. But in the second round as they moved swiftly McLarnin lunged headlong and



swung his chubby right arm. His glove gave out a chugging sound as it landed flush on Jackie's chin. Jackie, to the amazement of his followers from the athletic club, dropped as if he had been hurled to the floor.

And he was out! I'll say he was out. He didn't even know there was a count — didn't know the fight had begun when he woke up sitting in the chair in his corner. Jackie Fields left the ring with tears running down his face. But he didn't offer any alibi. He might have told the truth, that he had outgrown the feather-weight class and had to weaken himself making weight, but he didn't say a word. He just went on fighting, won a dozen fights in a row, and went after Sammy Mandell's light-weight title.

### **Only Fields Beat Mandell.**

He wasn't matched with McLarnin again because he was growing faster than McLarnin, and was a big lightweight when Jimmy was just growing out of the featherweights. Fields fought Mandell twelve rounds, no decision, because Mandell

wouldn't fight him to a decision, in Los Angeles, and he gave the champion a shellacking, had him wobbly and in some slight danger of a knockout.

Later Mandell fought Fields again 10 rounds in Chicago, and pulled out a close decision. Fields was finding trouble then making the lightweight title. McLarnin had grown into the class, had won a lot of fights in New York, and met Mandell there. Sammy was so fast and clever that he made McLarnin. for the first time in his life, look perfectly foolish.

### **Both Have Good Records,**

Fields was going ahead faster than McLarnin, but Jimmy still won fights with knockouts, socking himself into popularity, In spite of losing two or three fights.

Fields beat Jack Thompson, who had just knocked out Joe Dundee, welter champion. He knocked out Sammy Baker in sensational style, probably softening Baker for following defeats. And last July he completely outclassed Joe Dundee at Detroit, knocking him clown twice in two rounds and having him reeling for the knockout when Dundee took the easy way and hit low, losing on a foul.

Since then Fields polished off the rest of the Dundee family in brother Vince — a better fighter than the non-fighting champion brother.

### **Fields Too Good Now.**

Fields may be a middleweight in another year or two, but just at present he is easily able to make the welterweight, and he's a pretty good welter champion. Now comes Jimmy McLarnin, grown into the welterweight class, following grimly on Jackie's heels, confident that he can knock Fields out again as he did four years ago when they were little fellows.

My guess is that this time Fields will be too good for McLarnin. He has fought and beaten better men than McLarnin has met, and his upward career has suffered only one check — the knockout by McLarnin, while McLarnin has had at least two or three.

### **The following is taken from a series of articles published in 1934 by Andy Lytle.**

One morning in April 1923 the sports room of the old province building at Vancouver was brightened by the appearance of a brown eyed boy. He was followed by a man in his early fifties whose large frame filled the doorway and who pulled at his forelock in a curious Cockney fashion as he shuffled Sheepishly into the room.

Scanning the noon edition I was in no mood to be disturbed but the winning smile of the kid was disarming. "I'm Jimmy McLarnin Mr. little" he said " and this is my manager Mr. Charlie Foster". They had come this strangely assorted pair, they said, to thank the newspapers for having given Jimmy the best of it the night before when he had lost an Amateur bout to Mickey Gill, then and for some months later Jimmy's greatest rival. Thus an acquaintance that ripened into friendship began between myself and a boy who was destined to grow into one of the worlds greatest fistic figures.

The night before Jimmy had dropped the decision to Mickey Gill in a fight for the Amateur featherweight title of B.C. The referee George Paris, a colored man who was caught in Paris with Jack Johnson when war broke out in 1914, and who had been Trainer, boxer, handler of athletes all his life, had a sentimental interest in Gill. The fight took place in a ring pitched in a ball park on a rainy night and had been close and fierce .McLarnin and Gill were deadly rivals, both were products of East – End clubs , slugged it out toe to toe. I thought, and so did one of the judges, that McLarnin had won by superior boxing. The Judges divided. The kids went an extra two minute round and at the end of which Paris elevated Gill's hand.

I pulled some strings to get the kids rematched and because A.E. "Bert" Tennant, then a well known official in Canadian amateur athletics, felt that an injustice had Been done Gill and McLarnin met a week or two later and this time McLarnin's surpassing boxing skill made him an easy winner. From then on the guileless youth and the tight lipped suspicious man who became his manager trod the path of life together In the dual roles of doting son and protective father.



To understand Jimmy McLarnin and the somewhat narrow lane, judged by modern standards at least, down which he had pursued his way as steadfastly as a second Gene Tunney, a glimpse at his background is necessary. His parents, both Irish, migrated to the Canadian prairies. "We made a trip home" his father told me "and Jimmy was draped in Dublin". McLarnin fought as a professional in California before he was 16. he was a headliner in New York at least two years before he was 21.

Boxing leaders are seldom scrupulous .needs must when the dollar drives .McLarnin is not the first boy to have his age "lifted" to suit the rulers of the sport. But this leads to erroneous birth dates being accepted. The record books give Jimmy's birth date as 1906 but he was born at least two years before that. I doubt whether Jimmy or his parents really know the correct answer. His father told me Jimmy was born in August, jimmy says it was December, his mother is not sure but Jimmy knows.

Jimmy was a lad of two or three when the McLarnin family, large then and steadily growing, migrated from the Prairies to Vancouver. Sam McLarnin, the father, a typical Dublin Irishman, operated a second hand establishment in Vancouver's East End and into these precincts Charlie "Pop" Foster often ambled for a smoke, a chat or the odd pick-me-up. Jimmy was a prominent kid athlete in the Methodist mission flock of the Rev. A.E. Roberts. He was proficient in any

game at which he engaged. He loved them all and judged by the little mission standards he was a three letter man at football, baseball and boxing. He excelled in the gym and was considered a model of propriety by the tired little Pastor of such an unruly flock.

One day Pop foster saw the lithe youngster going around an opponent in a street fight between newspaper boys. Flashing, bobbing, ducking, hitting hard and then getting away. Foster asked the boy's name and immediately hot footed it In the direction of his crony Sam McLarnin.

### **Foster forecasts success**

On his way to see McLarnin it is assumed that Pop Foster paid a visit or two, but anyway, in a dingy barn like room cluttered with the countless odds and ends of the second hand dealer and possibly over the stimulus of a glass or two, these Cronies, the Irishman struggling to raise a boisterous family of thirteen and the Englishman whose proud boast is that he once handled the great "S e o son" of England fixed the future for the smiling boy who was to become a worlds champion, a young man of wealth, a highly respected man of society and the hardest puncher of his weight in his generation. " that boy Jimmy of yours " I expected Foster opened the conviviality's "I could somthin wid him if ed do as I tell im "...I could make him a champion. E's another Spike Robson Sam" Sam McLarnin laughed at the whimsies of his companion . Foster would have his little joke.

"Young Jimmy, that artful imp. ...a champion ? ..Charlie would be the death of him yet with his queer notions , Jimmy another Spike Robson ?.." Ooo the ell was Spike Robson, he'd like to know".

Ten years later Sam McLarnin was to sit in the sumptuous Ambassador hotel in Los Angeles, within a soft whisper of the celebrated Coconut Grove ball room where the youth and beauty of Hollywood and California gravitate nightly and listen with a twisted smile on his worn face while a world applauded and fawned over his son as it acclaimed him the worlds welterweight champion.

### **Took charge of career**

As they clinked their glasses together again this surely was a night to remember, I can hear Foster Saying "I told ye the boy would be a champion Sam, didn't I say he was another Spike Robson that afternoon in the old store at Vancouver".

And Sam McLarnin sitting amidst the luxury of surroundings, the beauty of which his eyes had never before seen, pressed his crony of the bygone poverty stricken days and told himself again and again, that he always knew Jimmy would do it. Wasn't he after all a McLarnin. Before the precious pair were through that afternoon in Vancouver however, the father had agreed that Charlie Foster, boxer, trainer, soldier in the world war and a roustabout longshoreman on the Vancouver docks, was to guide the fistic destinies of his son James Archibal McLarnin. They signed up right there.

I doubt if there are six people in the world who have glimpsed the document by which Jimmy was apprenticed to the rough, un cultured man who has since earned the respect of every big promoter of sports on this continent, the envy of many fight promoters, the dislike of chiseling sports writers and a comfortable fortune from the fighting fists of a boy whose respect and admiration he has held throughout the years of their joint friendship.

### **Turns Pro**

Shortly after Foster took Jimmy under his direction the boy turned professional. There was no hesitancy about it. Both were frankly in the game for what they could reap in monetary reward. “what good is a medal” Jimmy asked as a kid of thirteen. Scornfully Foster spat and agreed they were not edible.

im Tracey, a big Australian who had flopped in New York and was on his way home again, paused For a time in Vancouver and promoted shows in a dingy upstairs club on Hastings Street. There McLarnin and Mickey Gill re-fought their earlier six round routes and tops for the winner, as Foster and Jimmy have bitterly recalled, was \$25. “I fought this nonaimo “( no name oh) Jimmy said years later. Was hard a bout as I ever had and received \$2.50 for my end what did Vancouver or Canada for that matter ever do for us”. “We had to go to the United States to make our money. We owe Vancouver nothing”.

After his second campaign in California when he was barely sixteen Jimmy came home in the autumn And jack Allan matched him against Gill as the major ten round attraction on his fight card at the old Arena.

### **Poor Gate.**

It didn't draw more than \$3000 and it was a poor show although McLarnin won on points. A year later efforts were made by Allan and others to match Jimmy with Vic Foley. Foster did consider Promoting a match for McLarnin in Vancouver , he dickered for a site in New Westminster. Allan was assisted in his promotions by George Paris, whom Foster never forgave for that decision Against Jimmy in the rain swept ball park and ultimately Foster turned a negative ear to all opportunities to let Jimmy show again in Vancouver. McLarnin has not fought on British soil since. He has never appeared publicly in a Canadian city. Offers came to them from time to time but the size of the purse was never sizable to interest Foster for a moment.

Late in March 1924 the smiling kid and the sour old man decided the golden hills of California were calling. Back in 1924 it was a whole lot harder to convince promoters that the baby faced lad with the pink Cheeks and soft brown eyes packed a wallop in each fist like the kick of a mule. In those days “Pop” Foster had to wear himself out trying to land fights for his unknown protégé , know he lets the big fellows hunt him down and doesn't sign on the dotted line until the terms suit him.

Greener than the grass their crazy chariot groaned over on its way south they lived by their faith

and the few dollars in their possession .somehow they reached Oakland across the bay from San Francisco early In May which indeed seems Jimmy's month of destiny. A letter or two of introductions to sports Writers was the only entry they had to their goal and one morning they shuffled into the offices of Tommy Simpson who operated a fight club.

“What you doing, towing that kid around” Simpson barked “I'm not running a kindergarten , send the child back to school or better still go buy him a kiddie car and let him play”.

The next few weeks were the bitterest of their careers .everywhere the hard face boxing men laughed At the shuffling old figure with the cherubic youngster wonder eyed at his heels. Some grew angry At the persistence of the pair, others pitied them. One or two offered money which was proudly spurned.

“We'll fight and earn our money” Foster would say. ”All we need is a chance to show the boy is a real card. Just give him a fight, you'll be bidding for him after that”.

### **Jimmy Proved Sensation**

Promoters laughed and shook their heads. Foster's experience along the water fronts and of ports In many lands stood them in good stead. They lived in a shack on the bay shore. Foster got hold of a boat And while Jimmy rowed the boat up and down the old man fished for crabs and other sea foods with Which these waters abound.

Always they persisted in their efforts to get Jimmy started. Finally Simpson relented and matched Jimmy With a tough little slugger about his own insignificant weight. The speed and boxing skill of the kid they Had ignored for weeks stampeded the house. Next morning “Baby Face” McLarnin was blazoned in the newspapers and the last great obstacle in the fistic path of McLarnin and his manager had been successfully hurdled.

Jimmy was at last in great demand and although he boxed mostly in preliminaries his record of wins was impressive. Keen as a racing thoroughbred and knowing the need for money at home Jimmy Would have boxed on every card except for the canniness of his manager.

“there's plenty of time to make the money Jimmy” he would say in his drawling speech.”We're doing all right, we'll just go along easy”.

That fall when they came North the first of many changes had begun. .Jimmy wore flashy raiment , cheap and somewhat gaudy. Foster a suit of hand-me-downs and a new cap, his hair was neatly trimmed.



Early spring found them headed again for California. This time promoters were bidding for their services. Oakland had grown Too small for Jimmy, San Francisco wasn't too hot so they went to Los Angeles where Jimmy knocked out Jackie Fields in two rounds and the newspapermen hailed him as the "Californian Sensation" and the "Belfast Spider".

### **We Want Big Gate**

This irked Vancouver people who protested that Jimmy was theirs and a thorough Canadian. Embittered by his years of indifferent occupation there Foster scoffed at these overtures and was deliberate and calculative in heightening the Californian impression. "It makes Jimmy a

better drawing card" he said. "what did Vancouver ever do for the boy". in New York three years later when Jimmy was making his first bid for the title against Sammy Mandell Foster took me aside at Jimmy's camp out in the Jersey hills and asked me not to bring up Vancouver in conversation with sports writers regarding the challenge.

"It does the boy no good" he said "It helps if they think he's a Californian". We want the big gate". That is the alpha and the omega of the McLarnin-Foster creed .Jimmy soon saw that his flaming fists Were the quick road to the wealth he craved. Foster, starved and beaten by the wings of a cruel earlier fate, was equally determined to wring the last pound of his juicy flesh in all of their fight contracts.

Two highlights of Jimmy's meteoric career barely approaching its zenith in 1925 occurred that year. After knocking out Fields, a recent Olympiad sensation and the pride of California native sons, Jimmy beat Fidel La Barba another Californian ace in ten rounds and three or four other well rated boys.

Frank Churchill, then a big fistic figure who dealt mainly with Filipinos who he brought over from the islands through extensive connections he had there, had just completed a triumphal tour of the east with Little Pancho Villa. Matching Pancho with McLarnin was a natural, it packed the big stadium to capacity. Villa took the match at short notice and never a clean liver he was probably much nearer to burned out than even his handlers knew.

In that super heated arena before thousands of maddened fans McLarnin and the swarthy, broad shouldered little Pancho slugged it out for ten rounds. McLarnin took the decision handily .Two days later Villa was dead. Stories of the cause of his death conflicted. It was given out that the little brown man died from infected teeth but many Californians still hold it was the unmerciful punishment handed out to him that brought early death to one of the rings mightiest atoms.

**M'LARNIN REGAINS CROWN****JIMMY McLARNIN**

## The Lethbridge Herald

### 29 May 1934

**Barney Ross Wins Welterweight Title  
Decisively Outpoints Jimmy McLarnin  
Baby-Faced Irish-Canadian Proves No Match  
for  
Ferocity of American Jew Who Draws Blood  
Early in Fray and Continues Vicious Attack  
Both Scrappers Absorb Lots  
of Punishment and Tire Near Finish of Bout**

(By Sam Robertson, Canadian Press Staff Writer.)  
NEW YORK, May 29.

Barney Ross stood among the immortals of the ring today because of a tireless left-hand that might easily claim kinship to class one lightning. Directed by an agile, cool brain, that left drummed the welterweight crown off the brow of Jimmy McLarnin last night and made the lithe Chicago Hebrew the first fighting man ever to claim the lightweight and welter championships of the world as his own.

Some 65,000 sat under a starry sky in the Madison Square Garden Bowl on Long Island as the crafty and wrote the ring history other lightweight masters, Benny Leonard one of them, attempted and failed. They sat, almost silently, through slightly blood-spattered rounds as the Canadian's right with the cobra sting and Ross' left that crackles like a machine gun, turned the flow of battle this way and that

Then a tumultuous acclaim went up from that living sea of white faces for the boy who had dared and buried the banshee that so long accompanied the Vancouver Irishman in his personal war against Jewish ring men.

A sprinkling of hoots and Jeers greeted the announcement that McLarnin swelled to an unbroken line of nine the welterweight rulers deposed in their first title defence, but then the decision of the officials wasn't unanimous. One Judge voted McLarnin the victor; the other spoke just as strongly for Ross. Without hesitation Referee Eddie Forbes cast the decisive vote in favour of the product of Chicago's West Side.

Mainly Because he was out-spiced, McLarnin lost the title that took 10 years In the winning. He had held one, inactive year. The inactivity seemed to enter into it, too, for Jimmy saw more of his

punches miss their mark last night than he had in his last 10 fights rolled into one.

He was shooting however at a target with the legs of a Percy Williams. Feline-like, Ross would attack with a flurry of lefts and rights, then either force an entangling clinch or dance out of danger's way. Jimmy's historic smile of battle was replaced by a look of grim determination as he sought a dancing, elusive chin to crush with his lethal right. But less than a dozen times could he locate it, and all but the once glancing blows followed.

As against the triumphant smile Ross wore, there were tears in Jimmy's eyes as he hurried silently from the ring, shorn of his title. It was unlikely that he wept over the loss of his crown. It seemed more likely Jimmy's heart just overflowed with chagrin because he had been unable to use the heavy ammunition that blasted his earlier path to the pinnacle. In short he had been thwarted in a boxing match, and Jimmy is only at his best in a fight.

### **Lots of Tears**

While Barney accepted the congratulations of hundreds and said, "It was grand fighting McLarnin, but he didn't hurt me," a little old lady sat weeping on a bench near his room. That was Barney's mother. They were tears of joy as she heard words of praise heaped upon the son she didn't want to be prizefighter.

Fifty yards from there, in McLarnin's quarters, there were tears of the other sort. Many edged in to remind Jimmy of the fights ahead, but he hurried into street clothes, unmindful of the consolation, and soon was away alone to a destination none would reveal.

Old "Pop" Foster, who spied the little Celt in a kids street corner fight and has managed him ever since, gently handled the well wishers. "Jimmy boy is alright" he said "But leave him alone. He doesn't want to talk." Split decision or no, there was no word of dissent with the official verdict from Jimmy or Foster. In explanation, all the veteran manager would say was "he shoulda kept fighting"

### **FIGHT BY ROUNDS**

They met in the centre of the ring for instructions and went back to their corners, the bell rang and they came out fighting.

#### **ROUND ONE**

Ross felt for McLarnin's head carefully with a long left jab and Jimmy backed away. The Canadian ducked under Ross' left hand, missed with a left and right, and backed Barney ' slowly across the ring. McLarnin dropped a short left hook on Ross' chin and Barney threw caution aside. He ripped into Jimmy with a flurry of right and lefts to the body and then fell back to a cautious crouch.

Ross backed to the ropes, flicking McLarnin's head with lefts, and took two hard left hooks to the

head and body. They loosened up then, and started swinging punches to the head. Jimmy dropped a hard right on Ross' neck and they slugged each other about the head, each with a right hand free, until the bell broke them and sent them to their corners.

## **ROUND TWO**

Ross stabbed at Jimmy's head with his left and the Irishman bobbed underneath with a left hook to the body and a right cross to the chin that made the lightweight blink his eyes. McLarnin crowded the little fellow, roughing him with both hands, driving lefts and rights to the body. He drove Ross into a corner with a swift barrage of body blows, but Barney wheeled swiftly, pulled out, and stabbed Jimmy's head with lefts. McLarnin feinted and smashed hard right on Barney's Jaw. His ferocity slowly increasing, McLarnin smashed Ross to the ropes with a left and right to the body and nearly spilled him with a right high on the forehead. Desperately Ross fought back, catching McLarnin off guard with a swift two-fisted onslaught to the head, and he was driving McLarnin in before him at the bell.

## **ROUND THREE**

McLarnin bored into Ross with two left hooks to the body, took a half-dozen left jabs to the face, then backed Barney across the ring with two more short lefts to the head. Ross flicked Jimmy's head with a nice left jab and they wrestled a moment in a clinch. McLarnin belted Ross with a right to the chin and merely set him punching mad. Ross swarmed into Jimmy with both hands, hooking lefts to the body, rights to the head, and as McLarnin backed away, hard pressed, he missed a terrific right to the head. Ross whipped after him, shooting three left hooks to the body and a right to the head and got Jimmy, flustered, missed a long right hand aimed for the chin. Barney was up on his toes, boxing prettily, stabbing in deadly fashion with his left into McLarnin's face, as the bell rang.

## **ROUND FOUR**

McLarnin ducked, bobbed, wove under a stream of left hand jabs. A half-dozen caught his face, but he came up inside with a hard left and right, to the body. Jimmy hooked another left hard to the head before Ross standing up surprisingly well under McLarnin's heavy fire, tied up the welterweight champion in a Clinch. As they broke loose, Barney swiftly hanged two lefts to the body and he followed McLarnin into the ropes with -both hands pumping furiously to the Irishman's head and ribs. McLarnin caught him coming in with a hard right to the head, but he couldn't stop the flashy Ross. A right drummed into Ross' body, but he shot back McLarnin's head with a crashing left hook that wobbled the Irishman's legs. McLarnin thundered both hands into Ross' s body again but Barney ripped two more left hooks into McLarnin's head. The bell rang and McLarnin went to his corner with blood trickling from his nose.

## **ROUND FIVE**

Fighting more cautiously, McLarnin stood in mid ring and tried to match right hands with Ross. But Barney had the swifter jab, and Jimmy was forced to block and duck away. Jimmy came

back fast with a right that made Barney blink again, but Ross shook off the blow and flashed two rights into Jimmy's head. McLarnin threw a long right into Ross's side and Barney flashed back with both hands to the head, drawing fresh blood from McLarnin's nose. Ross chased McLarnin across the ring and rocked him with a crushing volley of rights and lefts to the head. Jimmy wobbled and the crowd roared. Jimmy got his guard up and was holding Ross off with a left at the bell.



## ROUND SIX

Blood was still seeping from McLarnin's nostrils as he came out jabbing carefully at the bell. He pecked his left into Ross' head, dropped two left hooks on the challenger's chin and promptly was tied in a clinch. As they sparred in mid-ring, Ross hooked his left fiercely to McLarnin's head, drove him into the ropes and then stepped back as McLarnin's head was caught under the upper strand. The crowd cheered as McLarnin freed himself and Ross came-right back with a straight right that started a lump under McLarnin's left eye. Floundering

uncertainly, his face blood smeared, McLarnin managed to throw two long rights into Ross' body. Barney danced around him, the head, until the bell rang.

### **ROUND SEVEN**

McLarnin fought desperately to make an opening for his right hand as it became more and more evident that he now had to put Ross down in order to win. He thumped two lefts on the challenger's chin and drove a hard right into Barney's head but Ross bounced back. Jimmy smashed a right into Barney's side and a spot on the side of his glove glowed red as McLarnin's glove came away. Jimmy drove his challenger across the ring with three lefts to the head but missed again with a left and left himself open for another of Ross's cutting, lightning fast left hooks. A right drove into Barney's body. Ross ripped into McLarnin with both hands, flayed him all the way across the ring, and drew fresh smears of blood from Jimmy's battered face. They slugged toe to toe on the ropes and were fighting so furiously as the bell sounded, they did not hear the gong and Referee Forbes had to pull them apart.

### **ROUND EIGHT**

Jimmy pounded at Ross' body with a long left, striving to get Ross's guard down. He succeeded, but the left hook he flashed at Ross' head landed high on the challenger's temple. Much steadier now, McLarnin pumped two left hooks into Barney's chin and they belted each other about the body in a clinch. Ross poured a stream of left jabs into McLarnin's head but Jimmy pulled back and drove a hard right to the jaw.

Ross hammered right back at McLarnin with two left hooks to the chin and both missed rights and lefts to the head as they started swinging from their sides. Ross hit McLarnin five times on the chin while McLarnin retorted twice. Jimmy's face spouted blood again and he fell into a clinch as the gong rang.

### **ROUND NINE**

Fresh apparently as though he were just starting out, Ross danced out behind his biting left hand and flicked McLarnin's soggy features. Jimmy tied him up and they pummeled each other's body in close. McLarnin drove in with a long right to the head but again the once stunning wallop in the Irishman's glove merely incited Barney to fury. Ross stormed back with both hands, into Jimmy's face, as the crowd howled as blood splattered all over his face. As they matched left hooks in mid-ring, McLarnin smashed a short belt to the jaw and Barney was bowled off his feet. He came up without a count, and as McLarnin tore in, swinging with both hands, Ross lifted a left hook to the Irishman's jaw and Jimmy flopped over on his haunches. He came right up grinning and they shook hands. They were belting each other furiously again as the gong rang.

### **ROUND TEN**

They came right out into a clinch, both quite weary, and with Ross freshened for the first time

with the aid of smelling salts in his corner. McLarnin pushed Ross across the ring, driving one good right to the body. Barney came off the ropes with two thudding left hooks to the chin. A long right and a high on the temple shook Ross, but he put down his head and tore into McLarnin savagely with both hands flinging a stream of leather to the Irishman's jaw.

McLarnin almost fell from weariness as he missed a left hook and a right cross to the head, and Ross ripped furiously with both hands to the Irishman's body. Jimmy danced in an effort to get the spring back in his legs, and they bounced into each other, winging long rights to the head that shook them both. They were both wavering slightly at the bell.

### **ROUND ELEVEN**

They seemed tired as they matched left jabs and Ross retreated all the way to the ropes. Into McLarnin's glancing right to the body. Jimmy drove three rights to the body as they came off the ropes but Barney started blood streaming again from McLarnin's nose with a short, stabbing right. There wasn't much on their punches now as they loafed a moment in mid-ring but it was just a lull before the storm. Each loosed both hands simultaneously in two-fisted volleys to the head. They stood and swapped punches, full smashes, both teetering a bit in the blast. The crowd roared but the storm blew itself out and they leaned on each other, swapping lefts and rights in half-hearted fashion, both very tired as the gong rang.

### **ROUND TWELVE**

McLarnin stabbed the challenger's face with a long left jab and Barney answered in kind, neither landing effectively. McLarnin glanced a right off Ross' chin and pounded him into the ropes with both hands digging deep in the body. They wrestled clear, fell back into another clinch, and Ross held as Jimmy sunk his heavy fists again into the challenger's ribs. Barney started to fight back but McLarnin caught him with another left hook and right cross to the head, and once more Ross held. Blood was seeping now from Ross' lips. Still concentrating on the body as Barney tired under the fusillade. McLarnin drove Ross into the ropes and kept up a drumming fire. Ross staggered from weariness as he missed a left hook to the head just as the gong clanged.

### **ROUND THIRTEEN**

Ross boxed slowly and McLarnin pumped his head with left jabs before he switched to the body with a hard left hook and short right. Ross tried to speed up, but McLarnin caught him with a left hook and right cross to the chin. Back came Ross courageously, shooting both hands in staccato fashion to McLarnin's head, but Ross savagely pounded his way out of three with a short two-fisted attack inside to McLarnin's head. McLarnin was warned for hitting Ross low with a left hook but Barney took matters into his own hands, and flailed Jimmy with a short two-fisted rally. Ross hooked his left into McLarnin's buttered face at the bell.

## **ROUND FOURTEEN**

Referee Forbes signaled to the Judges that McLarnin had lost the last round because of a low blow. Ross danced out smartly, poking lefts into Jimmy's face and they quickly fell into a slugging match in the centre of the ring. Ross beat McLarnin to the punch with three left hooks to the head but Jimmy landed one solid left smash on the challenger's chin. They leaned on each other in a clinch, banging each other on the back of the head with both hands. McLarnin speeded up and whipped two crunching left hooks into Barney's chin and Ross held on. He pulled loose quickly, buried both hands in McLarnin's body in a furious exchange, wobbled for a second under a full right smash to the head, and then came back with amazing stamina to pummel McLarnin along the ropes. He beat Jimmy consistently to punch with both hands from then until the bell rang.

## **ROUND FIFTEEN**

McLarnin tore into Ross, chugging both hands to the body, but Barney met him with a counter fire. They slipped into a clinch and Ross held tightly while McLarnin sought to cave him in with body smashes. Jimmy shifted suddenly to the head and shot in three short jarring left hooks but Barney stood toe to toe and slugged it out with him. Finally Barney had to hold, the challenger wavered under a crashing right to the side. It was just for a second though the challenger flew back furiously with both hands, belting madly at McLarnin's head and sides. McLarnin staggered slightly as he missed a right, and they stood head to head, with a huge crowd yelling deliriously, wobbling and punching up to the final bell. They were so tired they had to hang onto each other for support until help came from the corner.

# **The Register, Sandusky, Ohio**

## **18 September 1934**

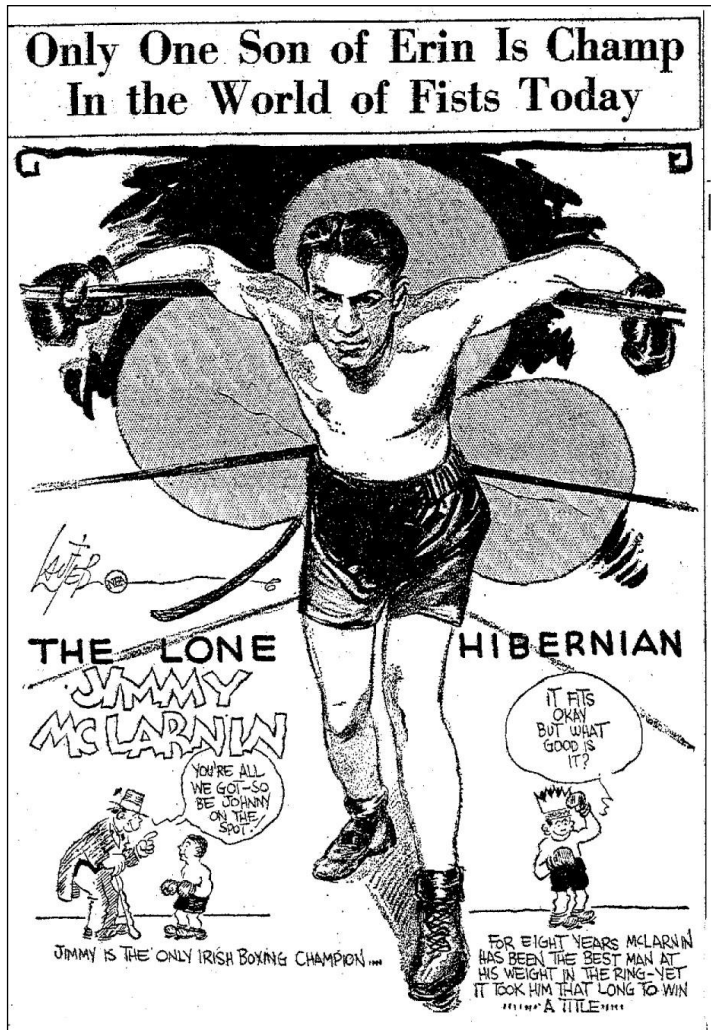
### **McLarnin Wins Back Welterweight Title In 15 Round Fight**

#### **Earns Split Decision Over Barney Ross As Crowd In Disapproval**

By EDWARD J. NEIL  
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN BOWL, NEW YORK,

Jimmy McLarnin, greatest Irish warrior of his day, climbed back on his welterweight throne tonight, battering back the savage gameness of little Barney Ross, his onetime conqueror in 15 fierce controversial rounds.

He came back as he left the throne room three months ago by a split decision of two judges and a referee, but amid a storm of boos of protest that flooded down on the ring like the rain that forced four postponements of the battle over the past 11 days.



### Experts Disagree

It seemed to a majority of the experts around the ringside, and certainly to the scant crowd of about 25,000 sitting under a dark and foreboding sky, that little Barney Ross, first man ever to hold both the lightweight and welterweight titles, at least earned a draw in the dazzling duel that shifted first in one direction and then in the other, then hack and forth again through the entire 15 blistering rounds.

There were no knockdowns, although McLarnin, his left eye completely closed, his nose trickling blood, his lips split, slipped twice in the 15th from sheer weariness. He never went all the way down either time. Ross, taking more of the Irishman's right hand smashes than any other warrior ever did and survived, was equally battered.

### Referee Gives Decision

At the close, as they hung on each other, punch sodden and all but helpless, Tommy Shortell, one of the judges, cast his vote for McLarnin. Charlie Lynch, the other judge balloted for Ross, leaving the issue up to Arthur Donovan, the referee. Three months ago at the close of their first match, two other Judges had forced a similar decision upon Eddie Forbes, another referee.

But as Forbes broke the deadlock in Ross' favor, so did Donovan tonight swing the issue the other way with a vote for the Irishman that continued the amazing string of failures of welterweight champions to win a first title defense, now standing at 11 straight. No welterweight champion from the time of Pete Latzo has been able to ward off his first challenger.

The crowd was about 25,000 and the gate receipts about \$150,000. Ross, who weighed 140  $\frac{1}{4}$ , entered the ring a 2 to 1 favorite, due to a last-minute shift of odds. McLarnin weighed 146  $\frac{1}{4}$ .

The battle was so close that Shortell gave McLarnin six rounds, Ross five and called four even; Lynch gave Ross seven, McLarnin six, and called two even. Donovan alone saw a really decisive margin either way. He gave McLarnin ten rounds and Ross five.

## **Most Critics Say Ross**

The associated press scorecard made it equally close but returned the same vote as Lynch for Ross – seven for the defending champion, six McLarnin and two even. Of 13 critics around the ringside, ten had Ross winning by margins of from one to four rounds, while only three agreed with Donavon that McLarnin won.

Rarely has a major battle been so desperately fought, yet so close, so shifting in the tides of favor, so even in the punishment that both took, wholesale and unflinching.

Absolutely disdainful of McLarnin's furious right hand smash, the punch that has been flattening the best fighters in every class from bantamweights through welters, over the past 14 years, Ross made it the slugging fight he had promised.

He was fighting, a different McLarnin tonight from the slow warrior he beat in May, a McLarnin with all his old speed and accuracy and beautiful, boxing skill. Yet round after round he stood with him and swapped right hand punches, swaying at times himself, then coming back with flashing smashes that buckled the Irishman's knees and made him hold.

### **Round One**

Ross danced out of his corner and landed a light left. Jimmy stabbed a hard left into Ross's jaw. Jimmy landed light left and Ross hooked him with a left to the face. Jimmy missed a sharp left to the head. He stabbed the champion with a stiff left to the body.

Jimmy smashed left to the face but Ross tied him up. The champion drove a left to the body but missed two lefts. Ross landed left to the chin and Jimmy covered up. McLarnin felt his opponent out with a left and took a left to the face for his efforts.

They clinched. Jimmy stabbed left to the face and Ross brought a spot of blood from over Jimmy's eye. McLarnin tore into Ross near the ropes. He drove a left to the face that staggered the champion. Jimmy was the aggressor. Jimmy missed a left to the face and Ross drove Jimmy back on his heels with hard rights at the bell.

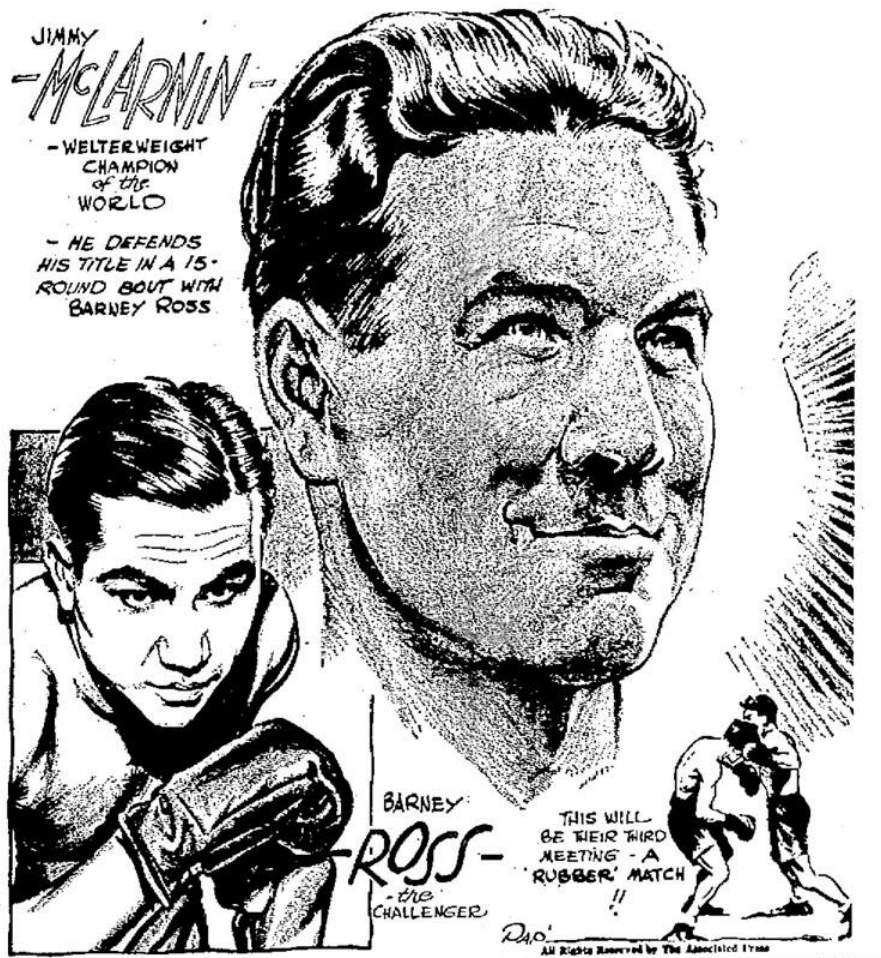
**Ross won this round by a slight margin.**

### **Round Two**

They came out cautiously, Ross leading with light left. McLarnin replied with the same weapon. They sparred in mid ring. McLarnin landed a jolting left to the jaw and followed with a right to the body.

The champion made McLarnin miss left. Ross staggered Jimmy with two hard rights to the jaw. Ross pounded Jimmy with right and left to the jaw. McLarnin countered with hard left. He followed it with a light left to the head.

# THE THIRD ACT . . . . . By Pap



Ross landed several right and left hand punches to McLarnin's jaw. Ross staggered Jimmy again with left and right hand punches. They were slugging away furiously in mid-ring with Ross getting the better of the exchange. Ross landed a looping right to the neck. Ross nearly tripped as the bell sounded.

## Ross' round.

Ross was bleeding from the mouth in his corner during the intermission period.

## ROUND THREE

Jimmy landed a light

left to the head as they came together. He drilled his right to the body but the champion did not appear bothered. Ross came in cautiously and landed two lefts to the body without return. McLarnin hit Ross near the foul line. They clinched in mid-ring with Ross fighting his way out of the tangle. Ross was bleeding from the mouth. Ross battered Jimmy about the head and face and they fell into a clinch.

McLarnin crossed a hard right to the head. McLarnin smashed Ross with a looping right and the champion took to cover. McLarnin trying for an opening smashed a right and Ross came in with two lefts and a hard right to the body. Jimmy appeared stronger at the end.

## McLarnin's round

## Round Four

Ross danced across the ring and Jimmy landed a left and right without return. McLarnin smashed a right to the jaw and followed with left and rights to the head. Jimmy staggered the champion

with a hard overhand right to the jaw. Jimmy made the champion cover up with his clever boxing. Jimmy caught Ross with hard overhand right and the champion retaliated with hard left to the head.

McLarnin feinted and missed left to the head. Jimmy drove his right over but missed. They slugged away, furiously in mid-ring with honors about even. McLarnin drove hard right to the jaw. Ross drove his left twice and caught Jimmy with hard right. They battled away in mid-ring, hammering each other with hard face and body attacks. Ross drove two lefts to Jimmy's chin, but the challenger countered with three lefts to the face at the end,

### **McLarnin's round.**

### **ROUND FIVE**

McLarnin came out slowly and they sparred in mid-ring with both fighters cautious. Ross landed light left to the challenger's jaw. Ross backed Jimmy to the ropes but had to take a hard right to the head.

The referee called McLarnin for a low blow. Jimmy pushed his glove into the champion's face. Jimmy caught Ross with an overhand right. The champion was covering. Jimmy hammered hard right and left hand smashes to the face. Ross was weaving but not landing any telling punches. McLarnin caught Ross with another left. They mauled away in the center of the ring. Jimmy drove sharp left to the head. Ross turned Jimmy partly around with hard left to the jaw. Ross hit McLarnin with hard left to jaw. They were sparring at the bell.

### **Ross's round.**

### **ROUND SIX**

Jimmy came out of his corner and immediately took the aggressive. Jimmy hammered lefts. and rights to the body and face. They clinched and the referee had to separate them. McLarnin blocked a left but Ross got in a looping left to the jaw. McLarnin slugged his man across the ring. McLarnin hit Ross with a short right that made the champion wince. Jimmy feinted with right and, Ross landed light lefts to the body.

Ross slugged the Irishman, as they came out of a clinch. Jimmy drove over sharp right to the head. He looped a right and left, and Ross caught him with hard right to the face. Ross backed Jimmy into a neutral corner and jabbed two lefts to head, Jimmy smashed Ross with a hard right to the jaw and the champion landed hard lefts to the jaw at the end.

### **McLarnin's round.**

## **ROUND SEVEN**

They danced around in the center of the ring, Jimmy landing three light lefts. Jimmy landed right to the body and backed away. Ross shot light left to the stomach. Jimmy smashed left to the jaw and missed a left. McLarnin punished the champion with stiff rights to the jaw.

Ross slammed away at the challenger and they clinched. Ross was wild with an overhand right to the face. The champion caught McLarnin with short left and then a hard left to the chin. McLarnin slammed a hard left to the jaw. He followed with lefts and rights to the body and Ross hooked him with a left to the jaw. Jimmy straightened the champion from a crouch with hard left.

**Ross' round.**

## **ROUND EIGHT**

Jimmy swung an overhand right that caught the champion on the jaw. Jimmy landed a stiff right to the chin. Ross drew blood from Jimmy's left eye with a stiff right hand smash. Barney worked in close, landing several left and right hand smashes to the body. McLarnin made the champion cover with a left and right to the head. Jimmy hit Ross with two lightning lefts and the champion replied with two hard rights to the head. McLarnin got over a hard right to the body. Ross hit Jimmy twice with overhand rights. McLarnin landed two lefts to the face. Jimmy's injured eye was bleeding and swollen. Ross crouched, and Jimmy hammered two light lefts to the head as the round ended.

**oss's round**

## **Round Nine**

Ross came out faster than he had in any previous round, but McLarnin forced a clinch. Jimmy hooked left to jaw. Ross landed a staggering right to the chin and Jimmy went back on the ropes. The champion duplicated his right hand smash and Jimmy was wild. McLarnin drove light left to jaw. Ross smashed Jimmy with another hard right and followed with a hard left to the face.

Jimmy missed with a right. McLarnin stabbed a left to the face. Ross ducked an overhand right and went into a clinch. Jimmy peppered his left to the face. Ross landed a hard overhand right to the jaw. Ross caught the Irishman with two staggering lefts to the face. Ross hit Jimmy with a hard right.

**Ross' s round.**

**ROUND TEN**

McLarnin led with two lefts to the head without return. Ross danced in and speared light left to the face. Jimmy slugged in the face with a hard right. McLarnin's left eye was becoming closed. Jimmy caught Ross with two lefts to the face and took a right to the jaw in return.

Ross was after Jimmy's injured eye. Jimmy caught Ross with an overhand right to the jaw. They sparred in the center of the ring. McLarnin slammed his right to the champion's head. McLarnin drove a sharp left to Ross's face and they clinched. Jimmy pawed Ross with light lefts and caught him with right to the chin. Ross swung left to the face. Jimmy ducked and landed lefts to the face. McLarnin caught a right to the head as the round ended.

**Round even.**

**ROUND ELEVEN**

Ross danced out lightly and took a left to the face. McLarnin drove his left twice to the head without a reply. Jimmy looped an overhand right and punished Ross with a series of lefts to the body. Jimmy hammered his left from in close. Jimmy landed left to the stomach. Ross hammered Jimmy with lefts and rights to the head. Jimmy knocked the champion's mouthpiece partly out with a right uppercut.

McLarnin was bleeding from the nose. Ross caught Jimmy flush with a right hand smash to the face. He smashed his left into Jimmy's mouth and drove his right at the bad eye. Ross caught Jimmy to the body with sharp right and left hand punches. McLarnin was short with lefts to the body. Both fainted and missed right hand swings as the round ended.

**Ross's round.**

Between rounds Jimmy's handlers worked rapidly on his closing left eye. It was all but shut.

**ROUND TWELVE**

Ross came out cautiously and took a light left to the head. Jimmy drilled him twice with left to the head and the champion came in close. McLarnin was short with left. McLarnin smashed Ross with a left hook. Ross caught the challenger with a staggering left. A furious exchange ensued. They hammered away at each other in mid-ring. They wrestled in a neutral corner.

Ross hooked a right to the jaw. Jimmy fainted with a right and lashed his left into the champion's jaw. He backed Ross to the ropes, but the champion fought back furiously.

Jimmy drove a left hook to the champion's face. Jimmy punished Ross with hard lefts to the mid-section. He looped an over-hand left to the face but took a hard right to his injured eye.

**Ross's round.**

## **ROUND THIRTEEN**

Jimmy hooked two lefts to the face. Jimmy was short with a lightning left. Ross made the challenger miss twice and slammed a hard overhand right to the left eye that closed that member. The challenger was bleeding from the nose. Jimmy drew blood from Ross's left eye with a hard left. They were both bleeding at the mouth after a hard exchange.

Ross hammered away at Jimmy's midsection and Jimmy smashed Ross with left and right hand smashes to the face. They stood toe to toe and fought furiously. Ross landed a hard right uppercut backing away. Jimmy drove a hard right to Ross's head but the champion slugged away furiously. They were fighting hard at the bell.

### **McLarnin's round.**

## **ROUND FOURTEEN**

Jimmy's left eye was closed shut as he danced out of his corner. Ross drove left to the face. Jimmy punished his man before a clinch. Both missed with right hand swings. Both men were off in their timing. Jimmy drove in two fast lefts to the face.

Jimmy brought his right to Ross's stomach and it appeared, low. The referee said nothing about the punch. They slugged away at each other in a clinch. McLarnin was forcing the fighting. McLarnin smashed a right to the jaw. Ross staggered Jimmy with a right to the chin. Jimmy stabbed Ross with two lefts to the face.

Jimmy punished Ross's face from inside. The champion came out of the clinch and whaled McLarnin in the flank with a looping right. Ross hammered Jimmy with left and rights to the body as the round ended.

### **Ross's round.**

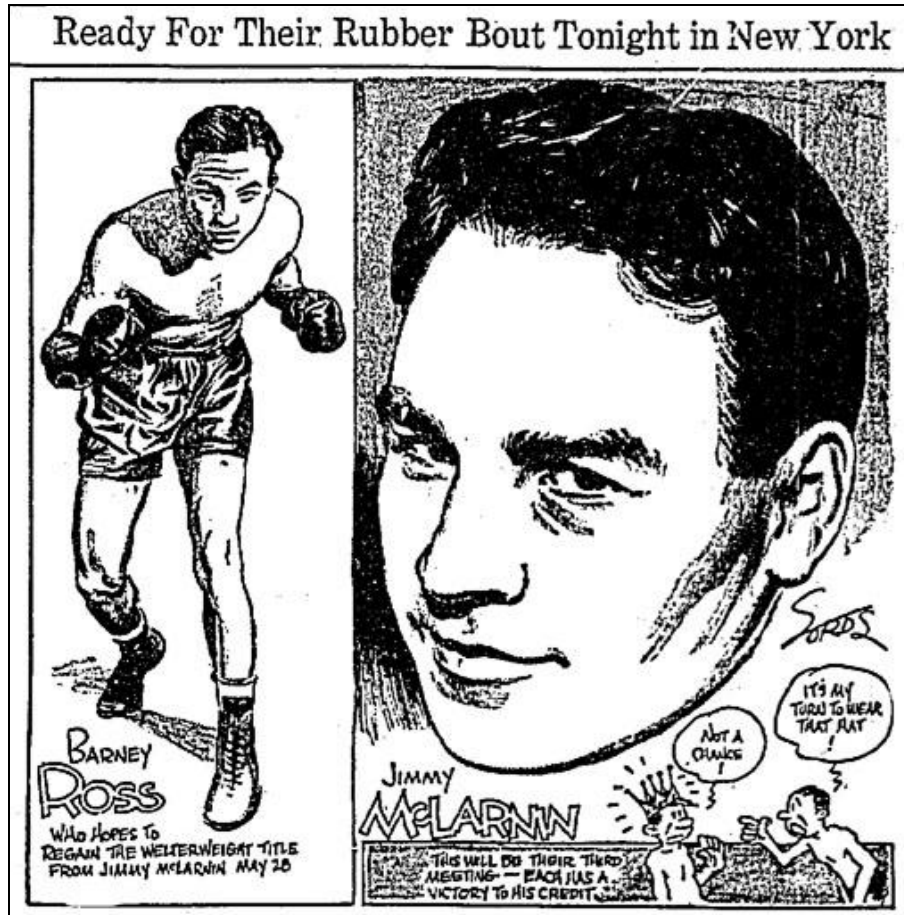
## **ROUND FIFTEEN**

They shook hands and Jimmy immediately drove two hard lefts to the face. He ducked a left and hammered away at the body. Ross caught McLarnin a terrific overhand right and Jimmy went partly to his knees. Jimmy tripped and Ross stood back to let Jimmy recover.

Ross tied up the challenger. Ross smashed hard right to face. Jimmy nearly tripped again as they came together. Jimmy backed Ross to the ropes but Ross slugged away with left and rights to the head. Ross punished Jimmy with rights and left to the face. McLarnin caught the champion with right to face. Ross lathered Jimmy with right hand punches to the chin.

Jimmy was visibly tired. Jimmy tried for a right and missed, but slugged the champion with a terrific left that staggered the champion.

### **Ross's' round.**



## Twin Falls Daily News, Idaho 29 May 1935

Barney Ross Punches Out 15 Round decision

Referee Dempsey And Judges  
Award World's Welterweight Title To battered Challenger  
He Won, But Just the Same It's

Jimmy Has Fought His Last Fight, McLarnin's Manager Declares

By EDWARD J. NEIL

POLO GROUNDS, New York, May 28 — As the boos of the malcontents rose high in the muggy air, a battered bleeding but doggedly game little Barney Ross's climbed back tonight onto the welterweight throne, conqueror for the second time in three tries of the hero of the Irish, gallant Jimmy McLarnin.

Barney came back the hard way, slugging out a decisive 15-round verdict over the bludgeoner who whipped him for the title last September, after Ross had won it in June the first time they tangled. He came back with blood trickling from his nose, his features snarled and lumpy, but he

came back, in the unanimous opinion of Jack Dempsey, the old champion, who was the referee, and the two judges, Abe Goldberg and George Lecron.

### **Takes Severe Body Beating**

McLarnin, fighting a better, smarter, more thrilling battle than either of the nights they tangled before, escaped some of the outward signs of the struggle that marked Ross but he took a severe body beating in the late rounds, his left eyebrow was cut in the eleventh and his right eye was swelling from the first half dozen rounds on.

There were no knockdowns but for sheer savagery and punching fury it was one for boxing's history book.

**Time and again McLarnin set Barney back on his heels with the left hooks and right hand smashes that once ruined an entire lightweight division, only to have the little Chicago bulldog absorb them, come back swinging and drive the Irishman to cover.**

Ross, the only man to ever hold both the lightweight and welterweight titles at one time, fought with the fury of a fanatic, and his black shoe-button eyes only burned the brighter as he took Jimmy's heaviest cannonading, and came shuffling in for more, stumbling sometimes, but never hurt enough to stop. He was punching blindly at times, gaffed like a marlin by the Irishman's terrific left hooks to the body, lefts and rights to the head but he was always punching, the last to stop.

**In the dressing room afterward, Pop" Foster, grizzled old manager of McLarnin from the day he found him, a 90-pound newsboy. on the streets of San Francisco, over a dozen years ago, declared that this was McLarnin's last fight.**

"He won," said "Pop" bitterly, "but just the same it's over. Jimmy has fought his last fight."

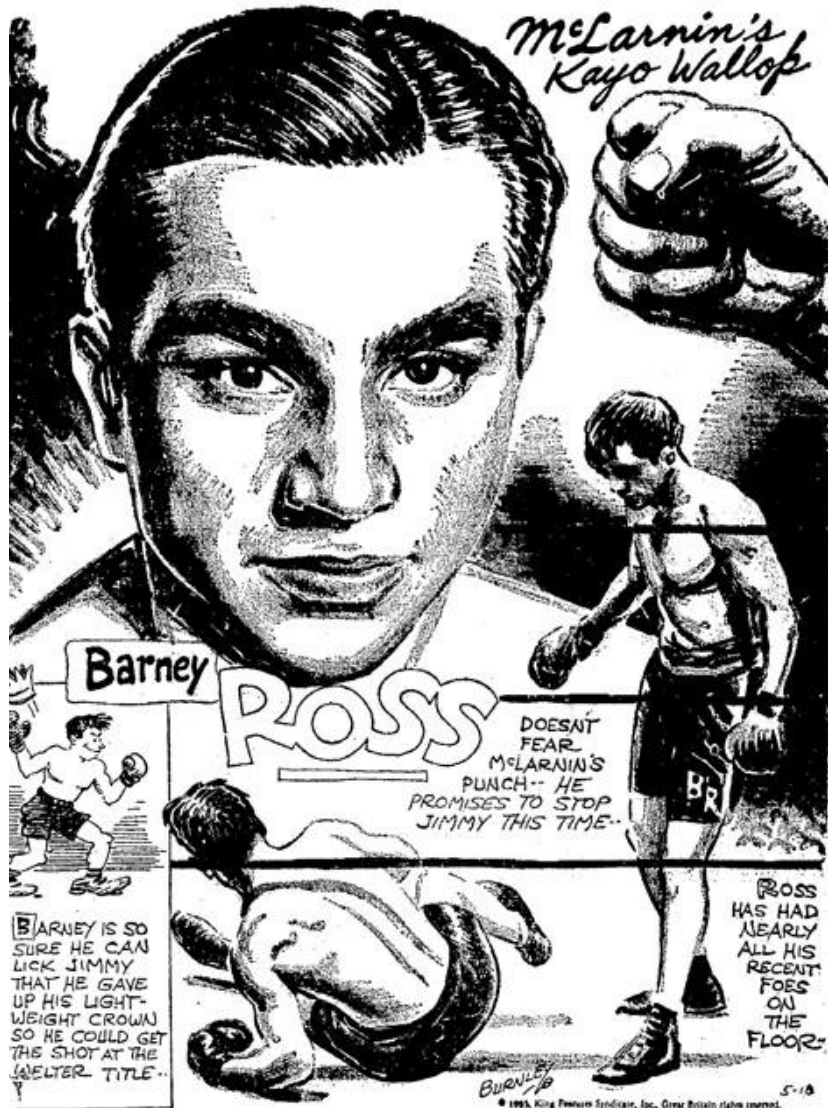
### **Ten Rounds for Ross**

The Associated Press score card gave Ross ten rounds. McLarnin four and called one even, but several of the rounds went to the challenger by the scantiest of margins. A crowd estimated at 31,000, paying \$144,080 in gross gate receipts saw Ross stagger McLarnin with three smashing rights to the jaw in the second round, muddle him again in the third and fifth with the same punches and nearly sink the champion with the finest right of all, straight to the button, in the fourteenth. McLarnin's left hook spattered Barney's nose, in the fourth, and it bled all the rest of the way.

After handling McLarnin with ease in the first three rounds, Barney ran into trouble in the fourth as Jimmy started swaying back, feinting, bobbing under Ross's leads, countering with both hands neatly and accurately. This was the round McLarnin took, and in addition to that he captured only the eighth, twelfth and fifteenth, with the ninth even.

## After His Old Title

By BURNLEY



Barney said he hurt his left hand in the seventh, and after the eighth, where Jimmy nailed him repeatedly with left hooks to the head, the new champion decided that the fancy stuff was over for the night. He waded into McLarnin, started firing furiously and at every opportunity to the body, and while it cost him plenty of punishment, he slowed Jimmy down and stowed away four of the last six to cinch the decision.

They were so battered and tired in the fifteenth that they did little more than lean on each other, punching instinctively.

The round-by-round report of the Barney Ross-Jimmy McLarnin welterweight championship fight follows:

### ROUND ONE:

They came out cautiously, Barney stabbing two light lefts 'to the head as McLarnin glanced a short

left off the challenger's skull. They slipped in close and tapped each other with short right jolts to the head. After feinting carefully, Ross whipped a hard left hook to McLarnin's jaw and the festivities really got under way.

McLarnin whanged Barney's head back with two left hooks and the challenger crowded right back on top of him, whipping a half dozen lefts to the head. They stuck exclusively to their left hand weapons, and as Barney loosed another barrage of left hooks, McLarnin ducked and dodged so skillfully that Ross missed so wide he almost fell. They slugged in mid-ring with both hands, am Ross slammed the first right to McLarnin's jaw as the bell sounded

**Ross' round.**

**ROUND TWO:**

They stepped gracefully around each other, two skillful craftsmen, looking for openings, conceding nothing. Ross snapped his left three times into McLarnin's face but he missed three more as Jimmy swayed and bobbed before him. McLarnin chased his challenger to the ropes, landed one good left hook to the head, but missed with both hands as they came away.

Ross drove the champion to the ropes, smashing his head with lefts and rights, In a furious out burst. McLarnin sagged as Ross smashed a half dozen lefts and rights full to his chin. Jimmy retreated across the ring and took another fair pasting about the head He boxed carefully back to mid ring, holding Barney off with his long left hand, but again the challenger swept in and rifled his head with a half dozen lefts and rights just as the bell sounded.

**Ross's round****ROUND THREE:**

Despite his advantage, Ross was still careful for there was a long way to go. He jabbed McLarnin's head back with a left, jumped back from a right to the body. They stabbed cautiously at long range, both feinting beautifully , slipping under leads, looking for openings for left hooks. McLarnin slipped one left hook to the head. They boxed nimbly, but Barney evened it with a hard left hook to the jaw and they fell into a clinch, pounding each others sides. Mclarnin fired a short left hook and a right to the chin but Barney thudded two crashing left hooks on the Irishman's jawbone that set the big crowd to howling. Ross stabbed carefully and McLarnin drove him to the ropes with two heavy rights to the body at the bell.

**Ross's round.****ROUND FOUR:**

Ross was dazzlingly fast and sharp as he danced around the champion, catching Jimmy's left Jabs and hooks on his glove, spiking the champion's head with lefts before they fell into a body-pounding clinch. They came out of that to fence again at long range and Jimmy hooked one good left to the head in return for Ross's left. Jimmy's left shot into Ross's face and brought blood from the challenger's nose. Ross, infuriated as the blood trickled down his face, drove the champion into a corner and belted him tastily about the head. Jimmy stalked him carefully landed two more rights to the head and they hammered each other furiously along the hemp. Steady as a rock, McLarnin whipped a nice left hook to the head and stabbed Ross's bad nose again as the bell sounded.

**It was McLarnin's round.**

**ROUND FIVE:**

Barney's nose still bled as he came out of his corner and McLarnin stabbed for it. Jimmy chased the challenger to the ropes but Barney ducked away from him and whipped a left hook to the head. McLarnin glanced a left hook off Barney's head and they fell into a long clinch, pounding each others head and body with one free hand. Barney was very careful now and McLarnin landed another left hook to the face before missing a hard right.

They went into another clinch, pounding to the body, and the blood from Ross's nose showed on both McLarnin's shoulders. As they came away Ross drove a terrific left and right to McLarnin, straightening him up, Then smashed the Irishman's jaw with another pair of lefts and rights that brought the crowd to its feet with a roar. McLarnin shook his head, backed away and they were stabbing carefully at the bell.

**It was Ross's round**

**ROUND SIX:**

The seconds seemed finally to have stopped Barney's nose bleed, so McLarnin went right at it with a volley of left jabs. He drove Barney to the ropes with a body barrage, but took a hard left hook on the chin. They danced in mid-ring and as McLarnin missed a left, Barney hooked him twice on the head.

McLarnin's left started the trickle again on Barney's nose, Ross, blocking carefully and boxing beautifully, chased McLarnin into the ropes with a left and right hand barrage to the head as Jimmy bobbed away from him. Barney forced the champion into a corner and thundered both hands to his body, then whipped them to the head before falling into a clinch where McLarnin drove a hard right under the heart. They were wrestling in mid-ring pounding with one hand free, at the bell.

**It was Ross's round.**

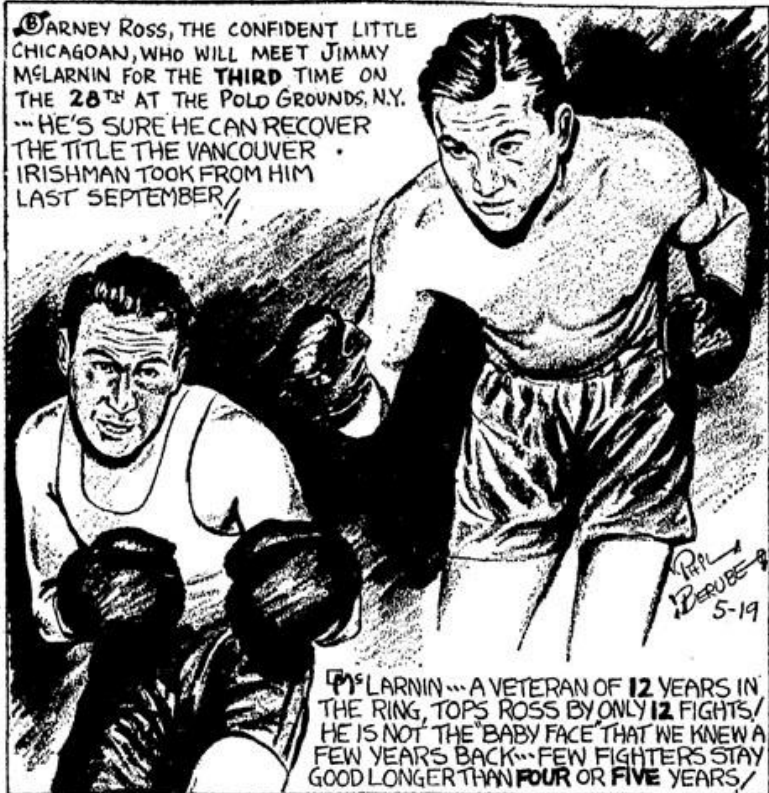
**ROUND 7:**

They dropped quickly into a clinch, rested a little without punching, then stepped out again to paw long lefts at each other's faces. McLarnin slid under Barney's left and whipped both fists to the body but Barney's elbows were in the way. They lanced at each other's heads with lefts again and the blood started once more from Barney's nose. McLarnin flung a beautiful left hook to the point of Ross's jaw, chasing him across the ring with left jabs, and nailed him again with a left hook to the head, as they came out of a vicious body punching spree.

Charging furiously Ross buried a left hook deep in the champion's body, then raked his chin with a left hook. McLarnin punched back furiously, landing two lefts to the head, but Ross nailed him with another right to the chin as the bell rang.

**It was Barney's round.**

## BOTH ROSS AND M'LARNIN CONFIDENT



### ROUND 8:

There was a slight swelling over McLarnin's left eye and Barney's nose still bled as they danced to mid-ring, swapping long left jabs. McLarnin's left hook scratched the skin under Ross' left eye and Jimmy jumped in with a quick flurry to the body.

Barney fought right back at him with a left hook to the head and a right to the body and they roughed about mid ring, dropping jolts into each other's sides.

Both hooked hard to the head together and McLarnin following fast, stabbed Barney's head with left jabs, driving him across the ring and into the

ropes. They fought their way out in a clinch to mid ring, swapping left hooks and right crosses in a jarring head exchange that set the crowd howling again. Punching swifter and cleaner, McLarnin rapped Barney heavily about the head with both hands as the bell rang.

### McLarnin's round.

### ROUND NINE:

McLarnin, boxing with the utmost care, shot a half dozen left jabs into Barney's head without a return, ripped both hands on the body, and got back to mid ring unscathed. Jimmy whipped a long left hook into Barney's head and the challenger stepped back.

The boxing master now, McLarnin shot Ross's head back with three more lefts before Barney ripped into him furiously on the ropes, smashing the champion's head back with three left hooks and a jarring right cross. They stood in mid-ring, toe to toe, and smashed left and right to each other's heads. In a furious exchange Ross drove both hands deep in the Irishman's body while McLarnin ripped a left hook to the jaw. They were in a clinch at the bell.

**It was fairly even round.**

**ROUND TEN:**

Jimmy stalked the challenger across the ring, stabbing with his left, making an opening for his famous hook. He found it as Barney backed to the ropes, and the challenger's head shot back under volley of three lefts and a short glancing right. Barney danced clear, stabbed at McLarnin's head, but took three more left jabs on the head. Getting nowhere at long range. Barney suddenly charged the champion to the ropes and drilled his body with a half dozen left and right smashes. Jimmy fought him off with a left hook to the head as they came to mid-ring, but again Ross smashed both hands into the champion's sides, forcing him to hold. Jimmy backed away again, and Ross was on him like a bleeding tiger, clawing his body again as the bell rang.

**Ross's round.****ROUND ELEVEN:**

McLarnin's left eye was beginning to close as he walked out and immediately clinched. They drew back and stabbed carefully at each other's heads, neither doing any damage. McLarnin jumped in with three short left hooks to the head and a right uppercut that blasted the challenger's head back.

Coldly and carefully McLarnin stabbed his way to another opening for his left hook, then banged Barney's head with two pretty hooks. Barney cut McLarnin's left eye brow with a left, hook and shook him to his heels with a beautiful right cross. They were both tired but they stood toe to toe along the ropes and slugged wildly to the body.

They leaned on each other in a clinch and Barney flicked a sharp left hook to the head just before the bell sounded.

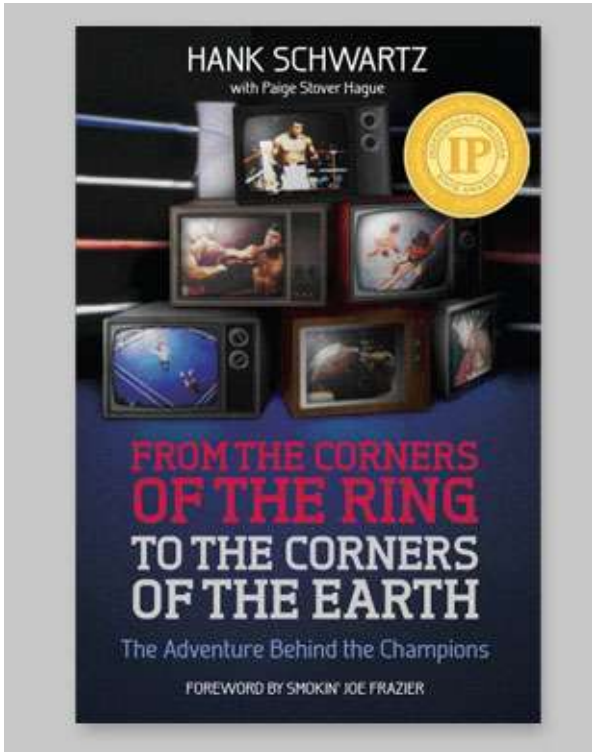
**It was Ross' round****Round 12**

McLarnin sparred for a moment, then rocked Barney's head back with a hard left hook. Barney blinked and McLarnin slipped another left hook through his guard, and three left jabs to his sore nose. Ross hooked a left to the body that was very low and the crowd roared, but Referee Dempsey did not warn him.

McLarnin bobbed inside Ross's guard and drilled both hands to the body, but Barney picked up speed with him, slashed to the body all the way across the ring and made, the Irishman hold. Jimmy dropped his left hook deep in Barney's body again, then chased him into the ropes with a terrific two fisted attack to the sides. Barney, dug in his toes and hammered back at McLarnin all the way across the ring, but he was getting the worst of the body exchange, as the bell rang.

**It was McLarnin's round.**

**From The Corners of The Ring  
To The Corners of The Earth**  
by **Hank Schwartz with Paige Stover Hague**  
**Foreward by Smokin' Joe Frazier**  
**Review by Clay Moyle**



I'm not sure why I hadn't heard anything about this book sooner, especially since it was a Gold Medal winner at the 2010 Independent Book Publishers Awards, but once I got my hands on it I read it in one sitting because I found it one of the more entertaining boxing books I've come across in quite a while.

I have always been under the mistaken impression that Don King promoted the heavyweight title fight between George Foreman and Muhammad Ali in Zaire, Africa, as well as a few others that in truth were promoted by Hank Schwartz and his company Video Techniques that Don King was a Vice President of at the time. I imagine my confusion over that matter may be in large part a result of King's expertise in the art of self-promotion over the years.

Hank became an early expert in video communications technology, and more specifically, in the use of microwave and satellite technologies in the late 1960s that were needed to broadcast television signals that would enable pay-per-view cable broadcasts of live events to take place throughout the world.

As a result of his expertise, Madison Square Garden hired Hank's company to broadcast the 1971 world championship contest between Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali. The results were so successful that the company was invited to Japan the next year to consult a production crew there on the broadcast of a fight between Ali and Mac Foster.

By 1973, his company was considered the leader in the new distribution technologies and he helped televise the title fight between Joe Frazier and George Foreman, which became HBO's first broadcasted sporting event.

A large portion of the book goes into the behind-the-scenes story that led to Hank becoming the promoter of the historic fight between Foreman and Ali in Zaire, Africa and how the relationship between he and Don King came about. The obstacles that the pair, and particularly Hank, encountered along the way of making the fight a reality are almost unbelievable and it was only as a result of Hank's creativity and determination that the fight in Zaire ended up taking place.

Then, once Hank and his team were in Zaire they were faced with a multitude of technological problems in a very short amount of time in order to make the broadcast a reality. During that time, Hank found Zaire's Minister of Communications difficult to deal with. Ultimately, he and another of his staff attended a meeting with Zaire's dictator, Mobuto, and that official and when Mobuto learned of that individuals lack of cooperation he immediately had one of his officers shoot and kill the official on the spot to the stunned disbelief of Hank and his companion. That's how Hank came to be Zaire's new Minister of Communication, a position he went on to hold for the next few years.

Hank and his company played a key role in the broadcasts of a number of other key world heavyweight title fights during that divisions golden era including The Thrilla in Manilla, Foreman-Norton in Venezuela, Ali-Bugner in Kuala Lumpur, Ali-Wepner in Cleveland and Ali-Holmes and there are numerous behind-the-scenes stories concerning each of these fights that I was previously unaware of and made the book such an interesting read.

Of course, the evolving relationship between he and King and the story of how the latter eventually moved himself to the forefront as the primary promoter was a fascinating piece of the story in itself.

It was just a terrific read and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

The book is presently available in the following E-book formats: Read it on the Nook, Sony Reader, Kobo Reader; apps available for iPad, Android, and Blackberry devices. Kindle version coming soon. Paige's next book on Cus D'Amato will also be available soon and I can't wait to read it if its anywhere near as good as this one.

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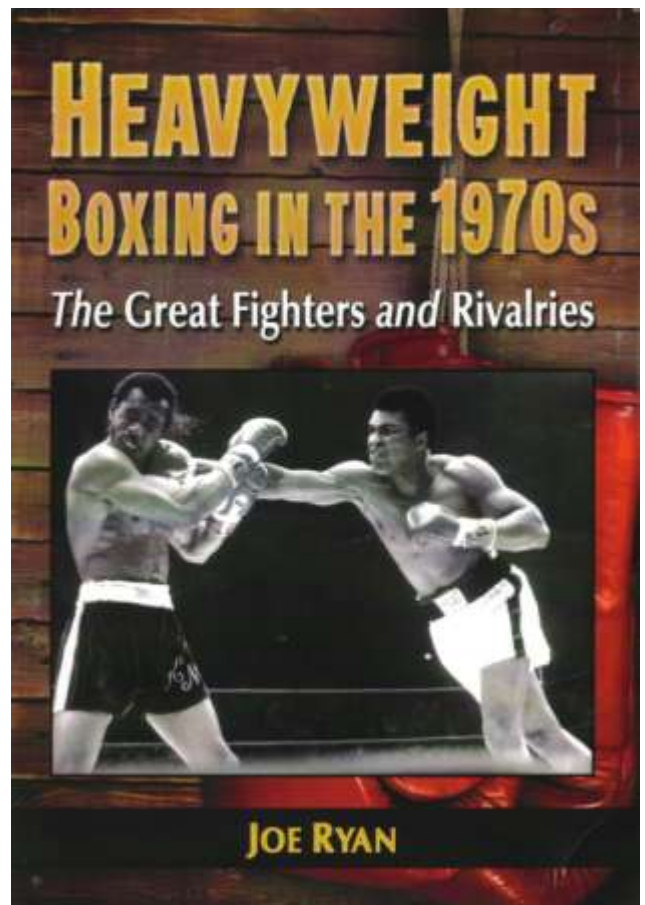
**[www.RumbleBook.com](http://www.RumbleBook.com)**

**Heavyweight Boxing In The 1970s**  
**The Great Fighters and Rivalries' by Joe Ryan**  
**Reviewed by Clay Moyle**

I just finished Joe Ryan's wonderful new book focusing on heavyweight boxing in the 1970s. I thought the book was very well researched, well-written and a thoroughly entertaining read. It was one of those kind that I get the opportunity to read every once in a while that I actually found myself looking forward to reading each night.

The author contends that the 1970s was the greatest decade in the history of heavyweight boxing and I have to say that I agree with him. Of course, if one is going to compare decades of heavyweight boxing against one another they must have a set of criteria on which to base their comparison. In the opening chapter, Mr. Ryan outlines the following criteria that he used to arrive at his own conclusion:

- First, a great era must possess more than one great fighter.
- Second, those great fighters must meet each other in the ring, preferably more than once.
- Third, the fights they produce must be memorable.
- Finally, the division must be steeped in talent, for truly great fighters prove themselves against a strong cast of contenders.



With these criteria in mind, Joe takes the reader through an analysis of each decade of heavyweight boxing in the opening chapter, beginning with Jack Johnson's era in the early 1900s, and explains why he believes they fall short in comparison to the 1970s.

Chapter two is devoted to heavyweight boxing in the 1960s and the author explains why he believes that particular decade laid the foundation for what ultimately became the divisions greatest decade.

The rest of the chapters provide a thorough description and analysis of each year of heavyweight boxing in the 1970s. And, if you use the criteria that the author has provided in the opening chapter I believe its next to impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that the 1970s were truly the greatest in heavyweight boxing history and that given the current state of boxing we may not ever see another one like it.

You had the three epic battles between Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier, Foreman vs. Frazier (twice), the shocking Ali vs. Foreman victory, three wars between Ali and Norton, Spinks upset of Ali, and so many other great fights involving the likes of Jerry Quarry, George Chuvalo, Larry Holmes, Floyd Patterson, Earnie Shavers, Ron Lyle, Oscar Bonavena and many others. The decade was just full of great fights between talented heavyweights. I still think the non-title knockdown affair between George Foreman and Ron Lyle was as entertaining a heavyweight brawl as you could hope to see.

If I have one criticism of the book, it would be that it contains no photographs. The sole photograph of any of the subjects is the cover shot of a Ken Norton – Muhammad Ali fight. I know what all of these great fighters looked like already but any reader who didn't would likely be frustrated that there are no photographs to accompany the description of Mike Weaver and his herculean build or any of the likes of Foreman, Frazier and all the other great fighters and fights that are prominently featured in the book.

That aside, I have no hesitation in highly recommending it as a cracking good read. It's an in-depth and fascinating look at what truly was an extraordinary period in heavyweight boxing history.

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***Clay Moyle and Boone Kirkman during their hike, May 2013***

# FIGHTS I HAD TO STOP— *and why*

A famous referee  
reveals the fears  
and grim hazards  
of a thankless job

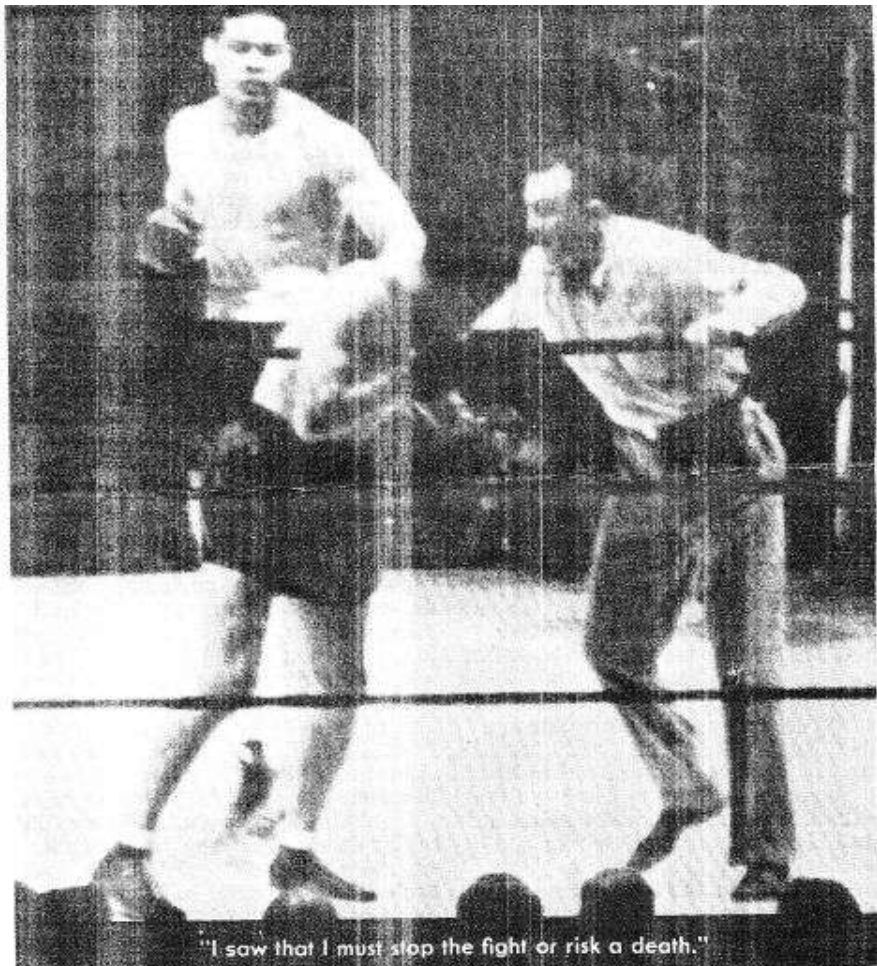
BY ARTHUR  
DONOVAN

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

IN the Bronx Coliseum some weeks ago Primo Flores, a rugged Puerto Rican, pounded clever Lew Jenkins of Texas all through the first four rounds. The long, lank Texan used a straight left to stop most of the punches, but Primo kept boring in, slamming away with both fists, and once in a while he connected with a wallop that shook the Texas boy down to the heels and brought the 11,000 spectators to their feet, roaring with delight. At the end of the third round Primo crossed his right to the chin and dropped Jenkins in a heap. Lew unscrambled himself and got up quickly, but his legs were quivery. The bell saved him.

Primo kept up the attack in the fifth round, and it looked like curtains for Lew, but the boy had his wits about him, and he studied the slugger as if he were merely a problem to solve instead of a smashing machine that was wearing him down. At last Lew saw what he was waiting for and, as Primo started to fight his way out of a corner, met him with a right cross to the chin that pasted him up against the ropes. There he stuck.

I noticed that there was a vacant stare in his eyes and his face was twisted into a silly grin. His arms were so dead that he couldn't put up his guard. He was out on his feet,



"I saw that I must stop the fight or risk a death."

and only the ropes prevented him from sprawling on the floor. The roaring fans saw nothing but the grin and thought he was all right, but I knew Primo was through for the evening. Before Jenkins could get set to throw another punch—which might have killed Primo—I stepped in, pushed him away, and gave him the decision.

The crowd burst into a roar that made the walls quiver, and the only distinct sound in it was the word "Robber!" that split its way through the noise. An infuriated big man jumped up from his ringside seat and threw his cigar at me. It landed, hot end first, on my neck. A hundred others would have thrown anything they could get hold of. But I knew I was right, and it's part of a referee's business not to let the crazy antics of the crowd disturb him.

When I say one more punch might have killed Primo Flores, I mean exactly that. The ring floor is padded with felt under the tightly stretched canvas, so there is no danger of a fall cracking a man's skull. But when a fighter, already unconscious, is knocked to the floor, he is liable to suffer a concussion; for his limp body whirls down like a flailing whip—and his head is the snapper at the end of the lash.

That is the way Ernie Schaaf died when Primo Carnera sent him down with what looked like a light left hook on the chin. But Schaaf that night

was only a week out of the Boston hospital where he had been laid up with influenza. He had kept it a secret, so as not to miss the fight, and he seemed to be in fine shape when the New York doctors examined him. Ernie was a likely contender for the championship of the world, and if he had entirely recovered from the grippe, he might have beaten Carnera without much trouble—but influenza had stolen away his resistance, and his courage led him to his death.

Men have died in the ring because referees have not seen how weak they were and made them fight on. A death that made Max Baer give up fighting for a long time happened early in his career. His terrific overhand right hit Frankie Campbell so hard that the boy lay helpless against a corner of the ropes, which held him on his feet—just as they held up Primo Flores.

Baer saw how far gone Campbell was and begged the referee to stop the fight. But the crowd was yelling for a knockout, and the referee refused to interfere. Baer unwillingly knocked out Campbell, who soon died of his injuries. You can't blame the referee for not knowing how badly Campbell was hurt. Any one might have made the same honest mistake.

The referee lives between the devil and the deep sea. He is the boss of the ring, responsible not only for a good fight but for the life of every man whose fight he controls. He must have

in mind a clear picture of the fighters' condition at every stage of the game. Often he must decide in a split second whether to let a beaten man keep on trying or to stop him when one more punch might put him out forever.

And no matter how he decides, he is wrong—in the hot minds of fans who have bets down.

At the same time, some fighters seem to have as many lives as a cat. There was Johnny Risko, the big roly-poly boy from Cleveland. They called Risko the Rubber Man, because no matter how hard he was hit he'd come bouncing back for more.

I refereed his fight with Schmeling that was to decide which should be the contender. In the sixth round Schmeling drove in a perfectly timed right cross to the chin—his best punch; remember what it did to Joe Louis—and sent Risko in a nose dive to the floor. It is well known that when they fall face down they don't get up; so as I began to count Johnny out I was thinking of what a fine game effort he had made; too bad he was out of luck. But when I called "Six!" the Rubber Man pushed himself up and propped himself on one knee. I couldn't believe it, and went on counting. At nine Risko stood up and began to throw punches when Schmeling came in to finish the job. Somehow he managed to stay till the bell, and he came out strong for the seventh. But Schmeling had the heavier artillery, and he got to Johnny so hard and so often that I had to stop it in the ninth and give Max the decision. Tough as Risko was, there was no sense in letting him take any more chances.

It was a very different story when I stopped the second Louis-Schmeling fight and, I believe, saved Schmeling's life. Most of the fans expected Louis to get even for the awful wallop the German had given him in their first battle, but no one had any idea that Joe would blast him off the face of the earth. At the first tap of the gong Louis started after Max as if he thought the man had lived too long. Max side-stepped, broke ground, smothered up, tried every trick he knew to escape the executioner. For a little more than two minutes Schmeling saved himself; then Louis shot both fists at him as a hunter would fire both barrels of a gun.

The left caught Max on the chin and toppled him over the ropes, while the right, almost at the same instant, landed over the kidneys and broke a rib off its socket on the spine. Not only that, but chipped off a jagged bit of the bone that stabbed the lungs like a dagger. I heard Schmeling's scream of agony above the bellowing of the crowd. I don't think he was conscious of it, for he hung there, collapsed. Only for a moment, though, and then he rallied what little strength he had, tried to free himself and fight on. I saw that Schmeling's eyes were set in a blank vacant stare; that he was helpless and seemed badly hurt internally; that I must stop the fight

or risk a death. I moved Louis back and raised his arm to signify victory. Schmeling's seconds carried him to his corner, limp and writhing every time he drew a breath. They soon had Max in an ambulance, on his way to the hospital, where he stayed for weeks before he recovered enough to be carried aboard ship for home. That night was once I was not cursed for stopping a fight.

ALL the fights I stop are not so close to tragedy, though the referee must always be on the watch for danger and interfere before it is too late. In a Brooklyn club not long ago a boy in a four-round preliminary bout caught a hot left hook on his chin and came down on the back of his head so hard that it caused a slight concussion. He lay flat on his back, arms spread out on the canvas, eyes wide open but seeing nothing.

As I stood over him counting the ten, his right leg was stuck up in the air at an angle of forty-five degrees, quivering like a banjo string. It was the queerest knockout I ever saw. After the count, his seconds carried him to his corner and worked over him.

Maybe a minute passed before the knocked-out boy came back to life. He jumped off the stool, put up his hands, and came out sparring. I got in front of him and took hold of his arm.

"What's the matter?" he asked me. "I ain't done anything wrong!"

"The fight's over," I told him. "You've been knocked out." He looked at me, and I could see he wasn't far from crying with rage and disappointment.

"Listen, son," I said, as I was leading him to his corner. "You've been knocked out—that's liable to happen to anybody. But you've got the right stuff in you, and if you keep on trying you'll make good."

I hope I helped him to cheer up; for a lad with a heart like that deserves all the encouragement you can give him.

If the athletic commissions of all the states would agree on the same rules, that would make it much easier for the referees. Better for the boxers, too. As it is, fighters from a distance sometimes are apt to do things that our rules forbid, and thereby to run the risk of getting into serious trouble.

Max Baer came to New York from the Pacific Coast, where he had earned a big reputation, and he was matched with Max Schmeling as a step toward the championship of the world. In the first round, Baer, coming out of a mix-up, grabbed Schmeling by the left elbow, spun him around and socked him with a left hook that didn't do him a bit of good. Baer did it so quickly and smoothly that probably not one tenth of the crowd saw it. I stepped in and waved Baer back.

"You can't do that," I told him. "The rules don't allow you to hold with one hand and hit with the other."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Baer replied. "I

didn't know." But in the second round he did it again, and I warned him once more. He promised it wouldn't happen again, but in the next round he gave Schmeling another whirl and cracked him with a hot one. I concluded that Baer had been allowed to fight that way in California, so that holding and hitting had become a habit. It gave him an unfair advantage over Schmeling, who, by the way, is one of the cleanest fighters I know. But I also had to consider the people who had paid their good money to see a first-class bout and would be disappointed if I stopped it. I got in between the men and took Baer to one side.

"This is the third time I've had to warn you for holding and hitting," I said to him, "and that's just about the limit. It's to your interest to obey the rules, and if you keep on violating a rule this way, out you go."

"Oh, I clean forgot all about it," said Baer. "I won't let it happen again."

"It'll be bad for you if you do," I said.

The fight had been stopped for fully fifteen seconds while this talk went on, and the crowd boomed me, of course; for what they wanted was to see one man or the other win the match, and to blaze with the rules. But Baer is an intelligent lad, and he appreciated the warning so well that he didn't offend again. He knocked Schmeling out in the eleventh, and he did it fairly and cleanly.

WHEN Lou Ambers fought Henry Armstrong last August and regained the lightweight title he had lost to him, I was referee, and I came in for some of the fiercest razzing and booing ever heard. Armstrong's friends thought I was letting Ambers hit him on the breaks, which was just the opposite to the fact. It happened this way: Armstrong, in his usual slam-bang style, rushed Ambers across the ring, pinned him against the ropes by jamming his head against Ambers' chest, and began to fire away with both fists. Then Lou showed how much he had profited by experience in their first fight, and gave Armstrong a surprise.

He clutched Henry's left elbow in his right hand, swung him around and skipped away down the line—without hitting or attempting to hit a blow. That was slick work, and fair-minded people would have applauded it. But when were partisans ever fair-minded, especially partisans with bets on their favorite? The more Henry bored in and started to pound Lou on the ropes, the more Lou whirled him around and went away from there in a hurry, and the more Henry's rooters yelled "Robber!" because they thought I was letting Lou get away with murder. It's funny to see how prejudice blinds people's eyes and paralyzes their judgment. But the referee must go on, like the baseball umpire, calling them as he sees them and ignoring the incidental abuse.

THE END

# THREE JUDGES FOR BOXING MATCHES

Hugh McIntosh Suggests Plan  
for Better Decisions, to be  
Given Outside Ring.

Hugh McIntosh, formerly the leading boxing promoter in Australia and recognized as the world's leading promoter of fistic contests by virtue of his operations in the antipodes as well as in England and France, is strongly opposed to the referee system which is in vogue in both America and Europe. According to Mr. McIntosh, one man cannot see more than half of the points scored in a boxing match because of the human limitations which prevent him from seeing from different angles what two men are doing. The custom of having three men give their decisions at the close of a match, each unknown to the other, and have a fourth person to act as a teller, is McIntosh's idea.

"I understand there is some such custom in America," said Mr. McIntosh the other day in discussing boxing. "in the case of boxing bouts between amateurs, but even this does not fill the bill. Instead of letting two judges have first chance to decide the verdict and putting the burden on the referee in case of a disagreement by the judges, I have found that the more satisfactory method is to figure the three together and let the majority rule. Often the referee may be swayed by the crowd or may lean in his decision toward one particular judge. Let the referee be in the ring, of course, to break the boxers, see that no foul has been committed, and do all the usual work when the bout is in progress. Once it is completed his judgment should count no more than that of either judge, and each shall write his decision on a piece of paper, to be given to a fourth person.

"One man, no matter how competent or experienced he is in the boxing game, cannot always judge a bout correctly. I remember a specific case when Jimmy Clabby of America fought Dave Smith of Australia at my stadium some time ago. The referee, "Snowy" Baker, whom I consider the best referee in the world, called the bout a draw. After the bout he asked me what I thought of his decision. I told him I thought he had made a mistake, as to my mind Smith had won by a comfortable margin. Dave Corbett, the oldest boxing writer in Australia and the leading authority on the game as a writer, overheard our conversation and declared that in his opinion there was no doubt of Clabby's victory. Here were three of us, all making our living in the boxing game, and all experienced enough to figure who won the bout. We had all witnessed every round of the twenty-round battle, and each had a different opinion on the outcome. We had seen the bout from different angles, and it appeared to us in a different way.

"Even the moving pictures of a boxing bout give but one side of the battle. In the famous battle between Jack Johnson and Tommy Burns at the stadium in London, when the negro won the championship, the most important blows of the bout were not shown in the pictures. It was the first time that Johnson had ever boxed before a moving picture machine and he was overanxious to face the camera. As a result he was continually backing Burns around so that his own face, with its smile of confidence, would be shown in the pictures. All who saw the pictures, which were shown throughout America, will recall that the big negro's smile was always in evidence. What was the result? Johnson's most effective punches were short right uppercuts and snappy left hooks, delivered at close range. The majority of them were delivered while Burns was backed toward the camera and Tommy's head and shoulders completely hid them from the picture machine. It was apparent from the pictures that Burns was soundly beaten, but they did not half tell how badly he was punished.

"As an experiment one time I had two picture machines rigged up to 'take' a bout at the stadium. One I placed at one side of the ring and the other directly opposite. It was surprising what a difference there was in the aspect of the bout as shown by the two films. It was simply a case of having a different view of the battle.

"The same holds true for the human eye as the focus of a camera. Only one side of the battle is apparent, and when one contestant's back is turned toward any one critic or judge that person naturally loses sight of blows that may be important, as well as the signs of pain which often show on a boxer's face when he is hurt. What is missed on one side is seen on the other, hence the advantage of having the decision rendered by persons who see the battle from different angles.

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"I am convinced that this method would prove more satisfactory in America than in Australia, for the reason that most of the bouts in that country are twenty-round affairs and in America bouts of this length are permitted only on the Coast. In a short bout it is generally more difficult to give a decision, because one man's superiority is not so clearly demonstrated in a short contest as in a long one. In the twenty-round bouts one or the other shows signs of weakening before the end is reached. The shorter bouts are naturally faster, as a boxer is not compelled to conserve his strength as is the case in a long battle; hence it is more difficult to keep a line on all the work done. This no doubt accounts for the varied opinions on boxing bouts wherever a number of persons write about the same contest. They get different ideas because they look on the battle from different angles. Since the system of getting decisions from two judges and a referee was introduced in Australia there has been no dissatisfaction to speak of. The decisions have met with popular approval in practically every instance. The referee realizes that he is under no such responsibility as when he is called upon to decide the issue alone, and often decide on his own opinions wagers amounting to thousands of dollars. Relieved of this responsibility, he can do his work with much better result."

Mr. McIntosh reiterated his recent statement that he is through with boxing for all time. He spent eighteen years in the game and declares he is satisfied to retire. His one disappointment was that he was unable to get Jack Johnson and Sam Langford together for a championship bout during the past year. The trouble which Johnson had with the courts put an end to his scheme, which was perhaps one of the most gigantic in the history of pugilism. He had arranged for an ocean steamship for three days and planned to have the bout fought while the ship was on the high seas. Langford had been signed for a bout with Johnson "in or near Australia," and the papers were on their way to Johnson for his signature when the big negro got into his latest trouble.

According to McIntosh's way of thinking, Langford is the kingpin of the pugilists now in the game, and he does not exclude Johnson in his reckoning. Johnson at his best could defeat Langford, but that day is past, in his opinion. "Sam is too strong, too tough, and too game for Johnson" is the way McIntosh sizes up the situation. He has not seen Gunboat Smith or Jess Willard in action and consequently does not care to pass judgment on them as contenders for the white championship, but he cannot figure either in a contest with Sam Langford. The Europeans who are striving for honors are no strangers to McIntosh, as he saw them either in England or Australia, and he cannot figure that any of them has championship qualities.

"And Johnson's ring career is not closed," added McIntosh. "I know the feeling is strong against him in this country and his recent outbreaks have caused American promoters to pass him up, but if he once gets free of the courts, wait and see if I am not right. They will stage a bout in France if Johnson is ever able to make the trip. The big fellow will have his troubles when he gets back into the ring after his long absence, but I have a feeling—and a strong one, too—that he will be back there defending his title."

New York Times, June 15, 1913

# DEMPSEY WILL MEET WILLS, SAYS KEARNS

**Bout With Negro Boxer to Be  
Held in New York or New  
Jersey on Labor Day.**

## MANAGER ARRIVES AT CAMP

**Takes Charge of Champion's  
Training Quarters at Great  
Falls, Mont.**

## TITLEHOLDER HAS WORKOUT

**Shadow Boxes and Takes Long Run  
in Preparation for Match With  
Gibbons on July 4.**

*Special to The New York Times.*

GREAT FALLS, Mont., May 19.—Jack Dempsey will battle Harry Wills, the negro heavyweight, after meeting Tom Gibbons at Shelby on July 4, according to Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager, who took charge at the champion's training quarters here today. The Dempsey-Wills contest will be staged on Labor Day, Kearns said, probably in New York or New Jersey. When asked regarding future purses for Dempsey, his manager said that he figured Jack and Wills would draw a bigger gate in this country than any two other fighters.

Dempsey's manager said he was impressed with the drawing powers of the Shelby bout and he expected a capacity crowd. Kearns complimented Dempsey on his selection of a training campsite and said that the quarters here were far superior to those used by the champion at Toledo and Atlantic City before his bouts with Willard and Carpentier respectively.

The champion himself declined to comment on his future bouts, declaring there was time enough to do that after he had beaten Gibbons.

Dempsey took a five-mile run this morning, and this afternoon he indulged in a session of shadow boxing and rope jumping. Tomorrow he will rest after taking a long walk, probably starting boxing on Monday or Tuesday.

George Godfrey, negro giant; Frank Powers, New York middleweight, and Jack Burke, Pittsburgh heavyweight, are at his camp and other sparring partners, including Joe Benjamin and Willie Meehan of California; Harry Drake and Billy Wells, British boxers, are on their way here.

Today hundreds of Great Falls school boys flocked to Dempsey's camp and swarmed over the training quarters. Many of them were in the way of the workmen engaged in the erection of an outdoor ring and spectators' stands.

## 3,000 SEE DEMPSEY BATTLE SCHMELING

Willingly Trades Punches for  
One Round to Keen Delight  
of the Onlookers.

### BOTH ARE HAILED AT FINISH

Erstwhile Manassa Mauler Dis-  
plays Old Weaving Style, Rem-  
iniscent of Championship Days.

By JOSEPH C. NICHOLS.

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

OAK RIDGE, N. J., May 27.—  
Max Schmeling, preparing for his  
fifteen-round bout with Max Baer  
at the Yankees Stadium on June 8,  
today swapped punches with Jack  
Dempsey in a three-minute round  
that proved a highly entertaining  
session to a crowd of 3,000.

The two former world's heavy-  
weight champions although pro-  
tected by the usual training camp  
paraphernalia and equipped with  
sixteen-ounce gloves, showed no in-  
clination to take things easy, and  
as a result the battle that took  
place met with the hearty approval  
of the spectators who filled the out-  
door arena at the Lake Swannanoa  
Country Club.

#### Exceeds Onlookers' Expectations.

The erstwhile Manassa mauler,  
weighing 200 pounds and quite slow  
afoot, exceeded the onlookers' fond-  
est expectations by the manner in  
which he sailed into the German  
boxer, and the chapter was a lively  
one in which punches were swung  
almost incessantly.

Schmeling, who scaled 189  
pounds, easily held the upper hand  
over Dempsey in the early part of  
the workout, evading the Ameri-  
can's rushes shifflingly and beating  
him to the punch with a snappy  
left hook.

But Dempsey, perceiving that he  
was unable to reach Schmeling at  
long range, reverted to his famous  
weaving style of boxing and man-  
aged to gain close quarters, where  
he battered the German consider-  
ably about the body.

#### Schmeling Lands a Left.

Schmeling retreated and whipped  
across a scorching left hook that  
brought a trickle of blood from  
Dempsey's nose. The latter, ad-  
vancing steadily, brought a heavy  
right-hand swing up to Max's face  
and the German plainly felt the  
punch. This exchange of blows  
livened the proceedings consider-  
ably and for the rest of the chap-  
ter the boxers slugged practically  
toe to toe, Dempsey giving a good  
account of himself.

The crowd tendered both Schmel-  
ing and Dempsey a rousing recep-  
tion at the conclusion of the work-  
out. Dempsey, who is promoting  
the battle between Schmeling and  
Baer will visit the latter's camp in  
Atlantic City tomorrow to engage  
in a one-round workout with the  
California heavyweight.

## DEMPSEY AND BAER IN FAST WORKOUT

Ex-Champion Engages in  
Brisk Bout a Day After Spar-  
ring With Schmeling.

### 2,000 CHEER EXHIBITION

Manassa Mauler Lands Numerous  
Lefts in Two-Minute Session  
at Atlantic City.

By JOSEPH C. NICHOLS.

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., May 28.

—Jack Dempsey sparred a round  
with Max Baer at the latter's train-  
ing camp at Bader Field today.  
Baer, preparing to meet Max  
Schmeling at the Yankee Stadium  
on June 8, under Dempsey's pro-  
motion, appeared in fine shape as  
he went through two minutes of ac-  
tion with the former world's heavy-  
weight champion.

Dempsey, who battled Schmeling  
for three exciting minutes at the  
German's camp yesterday, jumped  
into the ring against the California  
heavyweight after Baer had been  
warmed up by five rounds of boxing  
against sparring partners.

But, despite Baer's advantage, the  
ex-champion sailed quickly into his  
rival with a body bombardment that  
had the crowd of more than 2,000  
cheering enthusiastically.

#### Lands Lefts to Baer's Body.

Baer, it was quite evident, es-  
teemed Dempsey lightly in the open-  
ing moments of the workout, but a  
volley of sharp lefts to the body  
caused the Californian to change  
his mind early in the session.

Although the one-time Manassa  
mauler did not reach Baer with any  
particularly heavy punches, he kept  
crowding all the time, and midway  
in the round whipped over a speedy  
left hook to the face that caused  
Baer's nose to bleed.

After receiving this blow, Baer  
sent a sharp left hook to the ex-  
champion's body, making Dempsey  
gasp. Jack clinched and then, as-  
suming his characteristic weaving  
and bobbing style, shot a series of  
lefts high to Baer's face.

Baer essayed to meet these rushes  
with a long left to the head, and  
seemed disinclined to land one of  
his hard punches, until Dempsey's  
attack became too strong. Then  
the coast boxer sought to stem his  
rival's attack with a straight left  
and Dempsey caught the punch on  
the face.

The boxers used the customary  
sixteen-ounce gloves, and were pro-  
tected by headguards. Dempsey  
weighed 200 pounds and Baer scales  
210, twenty-one pounds more than  
Schmeling weighed yesterday. The  
Californian declared after the bout  
that he expected to weigh 208 for  
Schmeling.

# PEP STOPS MARCUNE IN 10TH AT GARDEN

Referee Halts Bout at 0:14  
of Last Round—Loser Is  
Floored for 8 in Fifth

By JOSEPH C. NICHOLS

Willie Pep did an "Old Master's" job on Pat Marcune of Coney Island in the main bout scheduled for ten rounds at Madison Square Garden last night.

Subjecting the loser to a methodical two-handed attack, the former featherweight champion brought matters to a dramatic climax by knocking out Pat in 14 seconds of the last round.

Marcune was not on the floor when the end came. Referee Petey Scalzo moved in to call an end to the proceedings when it was obvious that Marcune was all through, with no chance of winning.

Although the fight was a mismatch in that Marcune had no chance on his record, the Coney Island warrior gave a fine display of courage as he absorbed Willie's punches. One of these wallops, a right to the jaw, floored Pat for a count of eight in the fifth round, and several more of them, delivered in a flurry, certainly would have dropped Marcune in the ninth if the ring ropes had not held him up.

## Pep's Eye Is Target

Strangely, it was in this ninth session that Pat made his best showing. Willie came out for the round with his left eye cut, and Marcune made a target of the wound, causing Willie to hold. Things looked bad for Pep.

Waiting for his chance, Willie suddenly shot both hands to Marcune's jaw. The Coney Islander, who only a moment before had hopes of winning because of the cut, was rendered almost helpless by Willie's assault.

When the round ended Pat wobbled to his corner, and he was still shaky when he came out for the tenth. After the first exchange in this session, Scalzo stepped in to call a halt.

Pep, 30 years old to Marcune's 24, gave a splendid exhibition of boxing from the very first round, and he showed his rival tricks that Pat never could figure.

Moving in and out and from side to side, Willie threw everything at Pat from long range, while at close quarters he tied his foe up effectively.

## Big Margin for Victor

Willie had a big advantage in the round score. Scalzo gave Marcune the ninth and called the seventh even. Judge Jack Gordon called the ninth even and gave the seventh to Marcune, while Judge Arthur Susskind awarded the eighth to Marcune.

Pep weighed 127 $\frac{3}{4}$  pounds and Marcune 129 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The crowd was 3,571 and the receipts were \$9,681.

Moses Ward, 159 $\frac{3}{4}$ , Detroit, stopped Wilfredo Miro, 158 $\frac{3}{4}$ , Havana, in 1:36 of the second in the scheduled eight-round semi-final.

In the six-rounders, Henny Winchman, 141, East Side, defeated Phil Morizio, 140, Yorkville, and Ike Jenkins, 147 $\frac{1}{2}$ , Harlem, outpointed Eddy Antonetti, 144, Puerto Rico.

There were two four-rounders. Billy Lapido, 148, East Side, defeated Tommy Dixon, 147, Harlem, and Tommy Marciano, 139 $\frac{1}{2}$ , Philadelphia, beat Johnny Busso, 138 $\frac{1}{2}$ , East Side.

## RINDONE BEATS LANGLOIS

Gets Split Decision Over French  
Middleweight in Boston

BOSTON, Mass., May 9 (AP) — Joe Rindone of Boston registered an upset victory over Pierre Langlois, French middleweight, with a split verdict in their 10-round bout tonight at Boston Garden. Rindone weighted 161 $\frac{1}{2}$  and Langlois 160.

Langlois, who had won his four previous American starts had little defense for the Bostonian's accurate left jabs and stinging straight rights to the head.

Langlois' nose began to bleed in the third round and during the fifth he suffered a slight cut over his left eye.

Both of the judges voted in Rindone's favor by a single point and Referee Joe Zapustas credited each with 96. Under the Massachusetts Boxing Commission's scoring system, winners of rounds get 10 points and losers nine or less. Each gets 10 for even rounds.

## DAVEY BEATS MASTREAN

Captures Decision in 10-Round  
Contest at Fort Wayne

FORT WAYNE, Ind., June 2 (AP) —Southpaw Chuck Davey needed all his boxing skill tonight to outpoint Sammy Mastrean in his second comeback victory since his loss to Kid Gavillan.

Mastrean forced the fighting most of the way, but Davey stayed beyond reach and piled up points with his sharp counter punching. The first half of the ten-round bout was virtually even.

There were no knockdowns, although Mastrean slipped to the canvas twice. He opened a cut over Davey's right eye in the sixth round, but the Michigan State graduate was permitted to continue after examination.

## SPEISER STOPS FAVARO

Scores in Third Round as the  
Referee Halts Detroit Bout

DETROIT, April 23 (UP)—Chuck Spieser, 174 $\frac{1}{2}$  pounds, a Michigan State College boxing star, scored a third-round technical knockout over Frank Favaro, 173, of Akron tonight in their nationally televised scheduled eight-round bout. The former collegian boxed Favaro into the ropes, where a flurry of punches floored the Ohioan. Favaro got to his feet, but Referee Jackie Schwartz stopped the fight because Favaro was too groggy to continue.

NY Times, April 24, 1953

NY Times, May 6, 1953

NY Times, May 10, 1953

NY Times, June 3, 1953

# CHAMPION HALTS FAVORITE IN 13TH

**Carter Stops Araujo at 2:16  
of Round to Keep Crown  
Before 7,132 at Garden**

By JOSEPH C. NICHOLS

Jimmy Carter had little trouble keeping his lightweight championship of the world against the challenge of George Araujo of Providence at Madison Square Garden last night. While a gathering of 7,132 looked on the Bronx battler knocked out his foe in 2 minutes 16 seconds of the thirteenth round of the scheduled fifteen-round clash.

The end came when Jimmy floored his foe with a right smash to the face. Al Berl, the referee, did not bother to count over the fallen Araujo, who was a tired warrior indeed.

Although he was the betting favorite at odds of 8 to 5, Araujo showed little against the seasoned champion. As matters turned out, there was no reason for the match except to give Carter a chance at a good pay check.

Georgie went into the fray with a good record, but it was plain that he had failed to learn how to box on the road to the title clash. He ran continuously from the ever-advancing Carter and what effective punches he landed were mainly counterblows on openings presented by Carter's misses.

## Little Damage Inflicted

Carter himself did not resemble any of the ring greats who once held the 135-pound crown. True, he pursued the unschooled, Araujo persistently, but he didn't do much damage once he caught up with his rival. His success came more as the result of the cumulative effect of his blows rather than the crushing force in his final right-hand smash.

Before going down in the thirteenth, Araujo had made two previous trips to the canvas. In the ninth Carter smashed a left and a right to the head and then wrestled George to the canvas. The challenger was up before a count, but was tagged by a long right to the ear that put him down again.

He was up without a count this time, too, but had little to offer Carter, who bounced a right to the chin that shook the Providence boy at the bell.

The cards of all three officials had Carter ahead at the end of the twelfth. Judge Bert Grant favored the champion by eight rounds to four, while Berl and Judge Harold Barnes scored it seven to five. This observer gave the champion nine rounds and Araujo three.

The challenger's running tactics gave him an edge in the opening round as Carter missed often in an attempt to reach him with left hooks.

## Champion Finds Range

Carter found the range quickly, however, and easily tagged Araujo with lefts and rights through the second, third and fourth.

In the fifth Araujo showed an excellent jab, and drew blood from Carter's forehead. But after that it was one dreary round on top of another in which Jimmy chased and hit.

The challenger rallied slightly in the twelfth with a left to the head, but this flurry failed to slow down Carter.

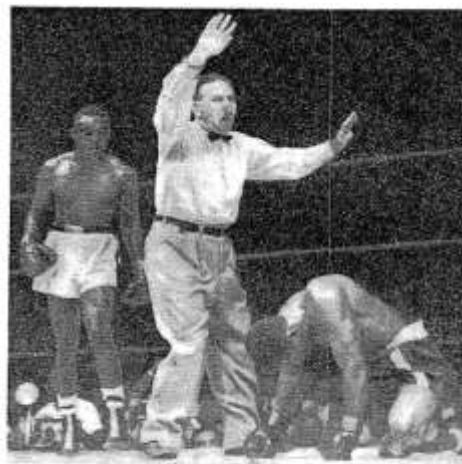
Carter came out strong for the thirteenth, and threw a right that, in missing, caused him to fall to his glove-tips. As he arose he met a two-fisted head barrage, but he ripped two hands back into Georgie's mid-section, then threw the right smash to the face that put Araujo down for the finish.

Jimmy weighed 135 pounds and Araujo 132½. The receipts were \$36,511.

In the eight-round semi-final, Miguel Berrios, 131, Puerto Rico, outpointed Tommy Reed, 131, Philadelphia.

Another eight saw Ludwig Lightburn, 132½, Cuba, defeat Ben Miloud, 135¾, Casablanca.

There were two four-rounders on the card. Harold Gomes, 121¼, Providence, defeated Art Mullen, 122½, Philadelphia, and Pat Flood, 143¼, Yorkville, beat Mike Estrada, 138¼, the Bronx.



FILE CHAMPION: Lightweight champion Jimmy Carter stands by as George Araujo starts to get up from a thirteenth-round knockdown in their scheduled fifteen-rounder at the Garden last night. Seconds later, referee Al Berl awarded the fight to Carter as a technical knockout.

# DAVIS KNOCKS OUT COLLINS IN TENTH

**Referee Stops Boston Bout in  
Last Round, With Carter's  
Recent Victim on Floor**

BOSTON, June 25 (AP)—Tommy Collins of Boston, obviously suffering from the after-effects of his recent ten-knockdown beating by the lightweight champion, Jimmy Carter, lost to Teddy (Redtop) Davis of Hartford, Conn., on a technical knockout in 1:29 of the tenth and last round, tonight at the Boston Garden. Each weighed 128¼ pounds.

Davis, a fast-swinging but light-punching boxer, put Collins down for a compulsory 9-count during the first minute of the fifth and then, again with a barrage of lefts and rights to the head, flattened him just before Referee Eddie Curley halted the bout.

A left, right and left in the fifth, all to the head, dropped the victim of Boston's modern massacre of two months ago. He rose, shaking his right hand as if it had been severely damaged.

Collins did not use his right again until the eighth, when he staged a toe-to-toe exchange with Davis.

But by that time Davis was merely awaiting an opening and he found one during the second minute of the stanza, when he forced Collins into his own corner, firing lefts and rights to the head.

Collins toppled over backwards and the referee, who had advised Collins to give up after both the fifth and sixth sessions, promptly indicated Davis as the winner.

## PASTRANO DEFEATS THORNTON ON POINTS

LAS VEGAS, Nev., May 5 (UPI) — Willie Pastrano built up a big early lead tonight, then survived the late-round rushes of Wayne Thornton to win a split decision in their nationally televised light-heavyweight fight.

The three-fight series between the two now stands at one victory each and one draw.

Pastrano, who weighed 177½ pounds, danced and jabbed his way to a wide point margin in the first six rounds, then took a beating from the 23-year-old Fresno (Calif.) fighter in the closing rounds.

The referee, Harry Krauss, had it 47-45 under the Nevada 5-point-must scoring system. Judge Ralph Mossa had it 47-44 for Pastrano, but Judge Pat Diskin had it even at 46-46. United Press International scored it 47-45 for Pastrano.

The crowd cheered the footwork and jabbing of Pastrano through the first part of the fight, then roared for Thornton when he came storming back in the late rounds to land solidly to the body and head with wild lefts and rights.

There were no knockdowns and neither fighter was marked, although Thornton bled from the nose after an exchange in the third round.

It wasn't until the sixth round that Thornton was able to land solidly, but from then on he connected repeatedly and in the eighth and ninth rounds staggered the Miami Beach fighter. Thornton weighed 175¼.

## Jose Stable Scores in Flurries To Outpoint Cokes at Sunnyside

By DEANE MCGOWEN

Curtis Cokes left Dallas bearing a reputation as a fearsome right-handed puncher. He also carried with him the No. 1 ranking in the welterweight division, according to the World Boxing Association.

But José Stable of the Bronx, unranked and the shortender in the 7-to-5 odds, produced the hustle and the savvy.

The result was a unanimous 10-round decision for Stable over Cokes in the feature welterweight bout at Sunnyside Garden last night. A crowd of 1,052, paying receipts of \$2,338.73, roundly cheered the decision at the Long Island City (Queens) arena.

Alfaro says Stable owes him money from their previous manager-fighter relationship. The attachment was served by the Queens sheriff's office. Manuel Gonzalez, a Cuban-born New Yorker, is now the manager of Stable.

The victory was the 19th against two defeats and one draw for Stable. Cokes, who said he had hurt his right hand in the second round, suffered his sixth defeat against 31 victories and two draws. Cokes said he would have his hand X-rayed today.

Both judges—Tony Rossi and Tony Castellani—scored five rounds for Stable, four for Cokes and called one even. The referee, Jimmy Devlin, gave Stable six rounds and scored four for the Texan. The New York Times score card favored Stable, five rounds to three, with two even.

Stable weighed 145¾ pounds and Cokes 145½ for the fight nationally televised by the American Broadcasting Company.

### Cokes Seldom Finds Target

Cokes, a 25-year-old boxer-sluggish, did demonstrate his right-hand hitting power. In the second round he staggered Stable with a solid shot to the chin, but José covered up and moved inside. Cokes never got another clear shot at him during the round.

In fact, it was not until the fifth that Cokes was able to find the target again. He landed several short, jolting rights to the chin but Stable absorbed the

blows. Again in the ninth and 10th the 5 foot 9 inch Texan staggered Stable, but the stocky Cuban closed and gave Cokes no punching room.

It was Stable, who stands 5-5, who forced Cokes to fight his way. The chunky Cuban stayed down in a crouch much of the time, but when he did come up it was to land a swarm of blows to the body and head. Throughout the bout, Cokes was unable to force Stable away so that he could punch at long range, his best tactic.

In the eighth, Stable left his crouch. As he came up punching, one of his hard hooks landed smack against the groin protective cup. Cokes dropped his hands and walked completely around the ring while Stable stood watching him. Devlin made no attempt to have the action resumed until Cokes turned back to the center of the ring, ready to resume.

There were no knockdowns in the bout. Only Stable bore any mark of the slamming battle. The Cuban had a lump alongside his right eye.

Cokes might have fared better had he been able to hold off the pressing, bobbing Stable. Cokes has a stiff left jab to go with his hard right, but Stable appeared the stronger and just would not allow his rangier foe to fight upright and at the longer range.

### Stable's Purse Attached

Stable's purse of about \$4,400 was attached by his former manager, Manny Alfaro, after the bout. The purse was the largest in Stable's career.

Rickey Nelsen, 131¼, of the Bronx, outpointed Barney Barnez, 131½, of Puerto Rico in the four-round opener. In other four-rounders, Bob Cassidy, 156, of Levittown, L. I., outpointed Joey Falu, 159¼, of Puerto Rico and Mike Cortez, 129½, of New York, defeated Charley Sgrillo, 134½, of Philadelphia. In a six-round bout, John Persol, 163, of New York, outpointed Charley Jordan, 166, of Paterson, N. J.

Jimmy Cherico, 166½, of Brooklyn and Johnny Lugo, 170, of Puerto Rico fought a draw in a four-rounder that followed the main event.

# PENDER RETIRES FROM RING AT 32

## Failure to Get Giardello Bout Televised Among Reasons

Paul Pender retired from boxing yesterday. The Brookline (Mass.) middleweight, recognized as world champion by the Massachusetts Boxing Commission and as co-champion by Ring Magazine, gave as his principal reasons for quitting:

The inability of promoters to secure television for the Pender-Joey Giardello title bout, which was scheduled for June 1 at the Boston Garden.

The apparent impossibility of enticing the co-champion, Dick Tiger of Nigeria, into a match for sole possession of the world title.

The 32-year-old Pender made his announcement here when it became apparent that the fight with Giardello would not be televised. His announcement was endorsed by John J. Cronin Jr., his lawyer and adviser, and Al Lacy, his trainer.

Pender emphasized that he was still in "excellent physical condition."

Lacy said in Paul's recent training, he appeared in "wonderful condition and able to beat Joey Giardello or Dick Tiger unquestionably."

# DUPAS TRIUMPHS AND KEEPS TITLE

## Denny Moyer Loses Verdict in Junior Middleweight Bout

BALTIMORE, June 17 (AP) — Ralph Dupas piled up an early lead tonight and retained the world junior middleweight championship by scoring a unanimous decision over Denny Moyer.

Dupas, who won the crown from Moyer last April 29 in his home town of New Orleans, weighed 150 pounds. Moyer of Portland, Ore., was a quarter of a pound under the limit of 154.

Referee Benny Goldstein voted for Dupas, 70—66, while the two judges—Eddie Leonard and Jimmy Jones—had identical cards of 69—68 for the defending champion.

### Moyer Suffers Cut

The 27-year-old Dupas ran up an advantage in the first 10 rounds of the 15-rounder when he opened a cut over Moyer's chin and bloodied his nose.

There were no knockdowns although Dupas was staggered three times in the late rounds and once stumbled to his knee when Moyer finally started a belated rally.

It was the 101st victory in 124 bouts for Dupas. Moyer lost for the 11th time in 48. Moyer won the junior middleweight title when it was established last October, by defeating Joey Giambria. He lost it on a split decision to Dupas.

The first championship boxing bout in Baltimore in 21 years drew a disappointing crowd of 2,544 and receipts of \$12,151. Each fighter received 25 per cent of the net gate with no guarantee.

# STABLE DEFEATS SCOTT AT GARDEN

## Gains Unanimous Verdict in Welterweight 10-Rounder

By DEANE MCGOWEN

The wisdom acquired by Charlie Scott in 10 years of professional prize fighting proved of no avail last night against the younger and more determined José Stable in the Madison Square Garden ring.

Stable, a 22-year-old Cuban from Oriente, was a 13-to-5 favorite to defeat the 27-year-old Philadelphian in their 10-round welterweight match.

The Cuban, who now makes his home in the Bronx, battled his way to a unanimous decision in a fight that was a head-to-head hooking duel from start to finish.

Judge Artie Aidala favored Stable by six rounds to four. The other judge, Bill Recht, had Stable the victor by 5-4, with one round even. But the referee, Petey Della, saw the bout wholly one-sided, favoring Stable, 8 to 1, with one round even. The New York Times score card had Stable in front, 6 to 3, with one round even.

### Stable's Eye Cut

Both fighters weighed 147 pounds. Neither scored a knock-down, but both were staggered.

The only visible damage was to Stable. Scott caught him coming in with a left hook in the seventh round, and the blow opened a small cut outside and above the Cuban's right eyebrow. But Stable's corner patched the wound quickly, and it did not bother him during the remainder of the bout.

There was a noticeable absence of left-handed jabbing throughout. The styles of both lend themselves to left hooks and short right hands at close range, and that is just how the two waged their combat. They often stood head to head in a semi-crouch, blazing away inside.

Scott, at times, was the more accurate in these exchanges. But Stable fired more punches and most were harder than those of his rival.

The second round was typical. Each man leaned his head on the other's shoulder and ripped away to the midsection and the head. Stable mixed his attack more often, shifting from the body to the head and back again, while Scott was aiming for Stable's chin most of the time.

### Both Stunned in Second

Both were caught and stunned by good, hard left hooks, but both absorbed the blows well and fought all out in a furious flurry.

That seemed to set the pattern. From then on, the pace slowed, but the style of battle seldom varied.

Stable's best combination was a left-right-left to the midsection, followed with a left-right to the head. Scott fired long, raking rights to the kidney, hoping to slow down the youngster. But Stable stayed in close and continued to punch the body, head and back down to the middle again.

Scott had his best chance in the eighth. He rocked Stable with a hard right to the head and the Cuban was on wobbly legs, holding on unsteadily. Scott, with a chance for a knockout, seemed to slow down on his punching instead of carrying through with a sustained attack. Had he done so, the bout might have ended right there.

But Stable shook the feathers out of his head and fired back at Scott in the final minute of the round.

Stable, fighting for five years, gained his 20th victory against two defeats and one draw. He is ranked No. 3 by the World Boxing Association and now is in line to challenge for Emile Griffith's title. This was his first main bout in the Garden.

For Scott, the defeat was his 22d. He has won 33 fights, 18 by knockouts.

Tony Tozzo, 129½, Bronx, N. Y., stopped Jimmy Gorman, 130½, Paterson, N. J., when Referee Johnny Colan halted the scheduled six-rounder at the end of the second round.

In other six-round bouts, Lloyd Marshall, 133¼, Newark, defeated Genaro Soto, 134½, Puerto Rico, and Tommy Williams, 148, Washington, and Dick Gilford, 145½, Cleveland, fought a draw.

In four-round bouts, Al Sewell, 151½, Staten Island, N. Y., stopped Dominico Ortiz, 153½, Hoboken, N. J., when referee Colan halted the bout after 1:16 of the first round, and Billy Lonergan, 147½, Rosedale, L. I., defeated Tony Curcio, 149, Philadelphia.

NY Times, June 23, 1963

## FINAL BELL

**EMILE GRIFFITH** - Emile Griffith who held the welterweight and middleweight championships in the 1960s, died on July 23, 2013 at the age of 75. He passed away at the Nassau Extended care facility in Hempstead, Long Island. Griffith was inducted into the International Boxing Hall of Fame in 1990. Griffith lived in Upper Harlem with his mom as a child, and also spent time living in Queens, New Jersey and Long Island. Griffith likely best be remembered for the tragic death of foe Benny Paret, who died from brain injuries after taking vicious punishment in their third clash in 1962. Also, Griffith drew attention for his sexual orientation, which the fighter danced around expertly for most of his life. He acknowledged he was bisexual in 2005. Author Ron Ross wrote a book, "Nine, Ten and Out! The Two Worlds of Emile Griffith" on Griffith, and knew the fighter since 1963. "He was a tremendous boxer and person," Ross said. "It is almost a blessing that he passed away because he has been in a vegetative state the last couple years. To know him was a privilege, he transcended being a boxer, or being gay or straight. He lived life with the fullest joy. He passed that on to everyone he knew and not many have that as a legacy. "Emile never felt like he was different, he lived his life openly. He'd go to a gay bar and he wouldn't go into a side entrance, he'd go in the front door. He never flaunted it but it was natural to him to lead his life the way he wanted to." Brophy said Griffith brought joy to the Hall in Canastota, N.Y., when he visited. "He was a wonderful boxer and a gentleman outside the ring," Brophy said. "He surely will be missed. He made many visits to the Hall since being inducted in 1990. He was a fun filled person and the flags here are being lowered now."  
**(Michael Woods, ESPN)**



**WILLY LASUT** - Indonesian iconic matchmaker, Willy Lasut (80), passed away at the Pertamina Hospital, Jakarta, on July 7, 2013 due to a stroke. Lasut was a former professional boxer in 1950's, and part of Indonesian boxing history as one of the founders of Indonesian Boxing Commission in 1960's and 30 years of experience as an international matchmaker widely known in Japan, Australia, Philippines and Thailand. **(BoxRec)**

**ENOCH 'SCHOOLBOY' NHLAPO** - was one of the boxers who did a lot to establish the sport in South Africa. He died on July 7, 2013 at age 80. When he finally decided to hang up his gloves, he was nearly 40 years old and was regarded as one of the elder statesmen of South African boxing, with a career of more than 20 years behind him. He was one of the most successful boxers of his era, winning South African titles in three weight divisions and defending these titles numerous times. As South African boxers were still divided into two different groups according to race, all Nhlapo's fights were for so-called 'non-white'titles. Enoch Nhlapo, nicknamed 'Schoolboy', was born in Orlando in Soweto in 1933. He began his career as a professional boxer in February 1953, against Ezekiel Mogotsi at the Bantu Men's Social Centre in Eloff Street Extension in Johannesburg.



Nhlapo won the fight by technical knockout in the third round. His final pro ledger is an excellent 100-15-3 (KO 32). **(BoxRec)**

**LENNY LaPAGLIA** - Former International Boxing Organization light heavyweight champion Lenny "The Rage" LaPaglia was found dead July 6, 2013 in his Illinois home. LaPaglia, who compiled a record of 36-9 with 33 KOs, was just 53. No further details are available. LaPaglia was the 1978 Chicago Golden Gloves Novice middleweight Champion at 165 lbs. In a professional career that started in 1980, Lenny LaPaglia, trained and managed by Pat La Cassa, won both the Illinois State and the IBO light heavyweight titles. LaPaglia was the first fighter, to be named IBO Light Heavyweight Champion. LaPaglia retired in 1995 after losing to Thomas Hearns by technical knockout. **(BoxRec)**



**DAWIE DU PREEZ** - Former South African light-heavyweight champion Dawie du Preez died on June 20, 2013 in a Johannesburg hospital. He was 67 years old. He was a professional from 1966 to 1975 and compiled a record of 15-9-2 (6). Many boxing enthusiasts will remember him for his sensational first-round knockout of Mike Schutte, who later became the SA heavyweight champion. The two met at what was then known as the Goodwood Showgrounds in Cape Town on January 28 1974. Schutte, who had lost only one of his 18 fights – on a disqualification to Johnny Britz – and had won 12 inside the distance, was the overwhelming favourite. Early in the opening round, Du Preez caught Schutte with a perfect right to the jaw that sent him down and out, flat on his face. In a return match, six months later at the same venue, the bigger and stronger Schutte beat Du Preez inside three rounds. Du Preez fought the best around during his time, including SA champions Jan "Happy" Pieterse, Kosie Smith, Sarel Aucamp and Jimmy Richards. Preez, who was born in Roodeport on the West Rand, made his professional debut on May 2 1966 when he drew over four rounds with Pat Breedt. He won the vacant SA light-heavyweight title at the Portuguese Hall in Johannesburg on September 14 1974 when Gerrie Bodenstien was disqualified in the second round. However, Du Preez lost the title in his first defence when he fought Kosie Smith at the City Hall in Durban on January 13 1975. What was expected to be an exciting contest, turned into a brawl. Du Preez went down twice in the seventh round, holding his arm and telling referee Jack Bryant that Smith had twisted his arm in a clinch. Bryant ignored his plea. Du Preez ran across the ring and accused Smith's cornerman, Alan Toweel, of instructing his fighter to break his arm. He then made his way back to the centre of the ring. But in the mean time, Bryant had continued counting and reached ten because Du Preez had refused to box on. Smith lost his temper and, from behind the referee, struck out at Du Preez. Suddenly all three men were on the canvas. Bryant eventually got up, signalled the fight was over and declared Smith the winner. Du Preez never fought again. Chris Greyvenstein wrote in his book *The Fighters* that Du Preez was a "deceptive-looking stringbean who was nearly in Kosie Smith's class as a one-punch destroyer." But as was the case with his elder brother Tommy, who fought during Mike Holt's era, he lacked the dedication to be a really good champion. **(Ron Jackson)**

**JACK MC KERNAN** – Jack McKernan, 80, passed away on June 20, 2013 at the Floridean Nursing Home. He was also known to many as Jack Kearns as he was the son of boxing promoter and famous fight manager Jack "Doc" Kearns. Jack Jr. was born in Hollywood, CA on March 31st, 1933 and grew up in Chicago watching his father manage Jack Dempsey, and several other world boxing title holders. His 'bigger than life' childhood molded the huge personality of a man we knew and loved. Moving to Miami as a teneager, he graduated from Miami-Jackson High School and became a fireman with the City of Miami.

He then went on to become a well respected landscape designer and contractor for much of the remainder of his life. Jack's other passion was being out on a boat. He was competitive spear fisherman and represented the U.S. in the world championships in the 1960's and remained an advocate of the sport to the very end. His big personality and charm was enjoyed by many over the years. He loved to dance, was a fast-draw artist, coach, storyteller and above all, father and grandfather. He was tough and he loved and defended his family to the end. **(Miami Herald)**

**GENARO "POBLANITO" GARCIA** - Three-time world title challenger Genaro "Poblanito" Garcia was murdered in San Lorenzo, Puebla, Mexico on June 21, 2013. Garcia's body was found near the side of a river with four gunshot wounds to the head. Just 35 years of age, Garcia compiled a career mark of 39-10 with 23 KOs with wins over Adonis Rivas, Mauricio Martinez, Rafael Marquez and Victor Rabanales among others.



**ZUKILE "TYSON" FILANA** - Filana who fought as a featherweight in the professional ranks from 1994 to 2000 died in the Booth Hospital in Cape Town on June 15, 2013. Filana who resided in Cape Town made his pro debut in August 1994 at the Peninsular Technikon in Bellville, Cape Town against Muzkisi Makolwa, scoring a third round technical knockout win. Zukile who had a good amateur career joined the professional ranks under the guidance of the late Alfred Okusemqoka Mange and won the vacant Western Cape junior featherweight title on December 16, 1995 when he stopped Mpumeleo Mabikela in the tenth round in Plettenberg Bay, Western Cape. On March 25, 1998 he challenged future WBU bantamweight and featherweight, and IBF junior featherweight champion Lehlohonolo Ledwaba for the South African junior featherweight title. However, it was one step too far against the talented Lebwaba and he was knocked out in the third round. After this setback he lost to Luyanda Mini (tko 3) and in his last fight in August 2000 he was stopped in the second round by Andile Mlandu. He finished with a reported record of 7-5-2 (2). After retiring from boxing he opened the Langa Boxing Club and trained and managed Dalisizwe Komani, Patrick Madzinga and others. **(Ron Jackson)**

**RUDY PEREZ** - Rudy Perez, who trained several top fighters and was revered as a great motivator, died June 13, 2013 in Mexico City after a lengthy battle with stomach cancer. Perez, who was 58, was best known for training former three-division champion Marco Antonio Barrera for most of his career, including for all three of Barrera's epic fights with Mexican rival Erik Morales. Perez also worked with fighters such as Israel Vazquez, Marcos Maidana, Pablo Cesar Cano, Hernan "Tyson" Marquez, Adrian Hernandez and Jorge Barrios. "Rudy was one of those trainers who wasn't as famous as many others, but he was a very patient trainer," said Robert Diaz, the Golden Boy Promotions matchmaker, who previously spent years working with Barrera and got to know Perez well. "I would consider him like a second father. He was so kindhearted. He called my kids his grandchildren. "As a trainer, he was the kind of trainer who went out to run with his fighters, he'd diet with his fighters. He would eat whatever Marco would eat. He wasn't a trainer who would sit there and eat a steak or a hamburger while the fighter was dieting and eating a salad. He didn't believe in too many rounds of sparring for his fighters because he wanted them fresh and not hurt going into the fight." Frank Espinoza, Vazquez's longtime manager, got to know Perez well when he came on board to train the now-retired Vazquez in 2007. "We had a great relationship. He was a great man, a great friend and he will be missed," Espinoza said. "He was a great trainer and a great motivator. He was the type of guy you wanted in your guy's corner. I'll really miss this guy. He was a team player." Perez was in Maidana's corner in 2011 when he won a majority decision against Morales in a brutal fight to claim an interim junior welterweight title. "Team Maidana is deeply sorry to hear about the passing of Rudy

Perez, a great trainer and person," Maidana tweeted. On Saturday night, Maidana stopped Josesito Lopez in the sixth round of a welterweight fight, and Maidana said Thursday that he was dedicating the victory to his former trainer. "I dedicate that win to him," Maidana said. "Our prayers to Rudy's family. We'll always remember him. Rest his soul in peace." Barrera, one of the great fighters in Mexican history and a surefire Hall of Famer, was just 6 when Perez began training him, Diaz said. Barrera turned pro in 1989, and Perez was by his side through all of his memorable fights, remaining with him until they split following Barrera's junior lightweight title loss to Juan Manuel Marquez in 2007. Barrera would fight six more times. In all, Perez was with him for 69 of his 75 pro bouts. Perez trained Vazquez only at the tail end of his career, but it was a memorable association. He was in Vazquez's corner for the second, third and fourth fights of his historic series with rival Rafael Marquez. The second (2007) and third (2008) fights, both junior featherweight world championship fights, were named fight of the year, and Perez is given credit for motivating Vazquez late in the third fight, in which he won the 12th round and escaped with a split decision and his 122-pound world title intact. Vazquez had lost the junior featherweight title to Marquez by seventh-round knockout in their first meeting in early 2007. It was a barn burner, and both fighters took a lot of punishment. Trainer Freddie Roach, believing Vazquez should retire, walked away. Perez took over as his trainer and was in the corner for the second and third bouts, the biggest wins of Vazquez's career, although he would be knocked out in the third round of the fourth fight in 2010, a nontitle bout at featherweight after which Vazquez did retire. "That third fight with Marquez was a very, very close fight, and after the 11th round, Rudy literally slapped Israel in the chest in the corner," Espinoza said. "At that particular time, it motivated Israel. It pissed him off, but that made Israel go forward in that 12th round with so much intensity. He got the [knockdown] against Marquez in that round, won the round and won the fight. I believe after the 11th round that without Rudy Perez's instruction and what he did by slapping Israel, we wouldn't have won the fight. I think it gave Israel that little something extra he needed to go out and win the round and the fight. It was a great victory." By that time, Diaz was working with Golden Boy, which promoted Vazquez-Marquez III. He also believes Perez's chest slap gave Vazquez the extra boost he needed to finish the brutal fight strong. "He knew Israel needed that last round, and he slapped him hard on the chest and said something like, 'Why don't you just give Marquez the title?' The bell rang, and Israel came out like it was the first round," Diaz said. "I think what Rudy did really made the difference in the fight." **(Dan Rafael)**

**LESLIE WHITEBOY** - One of South Africa's most successful trainers in the 1980's through to the 1990's Leslie Whiteboy died at his home in Cape Town recently. Leslie was a useful amateur before he began devoting his time to managing and training his sons. During his lifetime he possibly spent more time alongside and in the vicinity of boxing rings guiding his sons Bramley, Chris, Trevor, Derrick and Ashley, than some people spend at work in a lifetime. It was more than 30 years of his life as he watched and trained his sons through hundreds of bouts in the amateur and professional ring. His five sons boxed in 195 professional bouts and possibly a few hundred amateur fights. The Whiteboy family made an indelible mark on South African boxing winning five provincial and two South African titles. Derrick, second youngest, was the most successful. Born in Cape Town on June 4, 1964, he won the SA bantamweight title in August 1990. He made eight successful defences and challenged Orlando Canizales for the IBF bantamweight title. Chris, the second oldest of the Whiteboy brothers, was born in Cape Town in 1961 and was also an excellent fighter. In his professional debut, in Cape Town on May 21, 1979, he won on points against Oupa Williams. Then he won the Cape Province junior lightweight, lightweight and welterweight titles and added the SA junior lightweight title. Bramley, the eldest of the Whiteboy brothers, was born in Port Elizabeth on October 26, 1956 and began boxing at the age of eight. According to reports he had 118 amateur fights. He lost only four and won numerous amateur titles. At the time the family lived in Gelvandale outside

Port Elizabeth. Bramley made his professional debut on August 7, 1976 and fought as a professional until 1994, starting as a featherweight and ending up in the welterweight division, but never reached great heights. The other brothers were Trevor and Ashley. Trevor fought as a light-welterweight and Ashley was a welterweight who challenged for the WBC youth welterweight title in March 2002. The fight against the unbeaten Oleksandr Vetukh was held in Kiev, Ukraine, and Ashley was knocked out in the first round. Trevor, who fought from 1986 to 1995, had only 13 professional fights, winning 3, losing 8 and drawing twice. Ashley, the youngest of the brothers, compiled a record of 15 wins and 15 defeats in career that spanned 20 years. He won inside the distance only once after making his professional debut in February 1982 with a four round points win over Sondan Jokine.  
***(Ron Jackson)***

**MAY THEY ALL REST IN PEACE!**