# Online Newsletter

*Issue 13* *October 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*

- ***50 Years After Death, Ohio Honors Boxer Davey Moore by Mike Foley***
- ***California Calling for Joey Giambra by Mike Casey***
- ***Remembering A Forgotten Contender: Ibar Arrington by Steve Canton***
- ***The Boxing Biographies Volume # 9: George "Kid" Lavigne by Rob Snell***
- ***Book Recommendation: Muscle and Mayhem: The Saginaw Kid (Kid Lavigne) and The Fistic World of the 1890s by Lauren D. Chouinard. Book Review Tale of The "Kid" by Randi Bjornstad, The Register Guard***
- ***Member inquiries, nostalgic articles, and obituaries submitted by several members.***

***Special thanks to Mike Casey, Steve Canton, Henry Hascup, J.J. Johnston, Rick Kilmer, Harry Otty and Rob Snell, for their contributions to this issue of the newsletter.***

***Keep Punching!***

***Dan Cuoco***

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**International Boxing Research Organization**
**Dan Cuoco**
**Director, Editor and Publisher**
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## MEMBER FORUM

**Lennart Risberg**

Dan, Lennart Risberg passed away on September 4, 2013. Here is an action photo of Risberg vs. Ron Redrup. Wish I could tell you who was who. – ***Dave Bergin***

*Dear friends, the fighter whose face can be seen is most probably Risberg. Unfortunately, other photos from that time are difficult to judge compared to the photo you sent. I asked a journalist colleague who covered some Risberg fights in the early 1960s. He wasn't sure and took your photo to a son of Risberg. Neither he was certain … Shortly after his boxing career, Risberg gained weight considerably. I met him in the 1980s, and later, and at that time his appearance was changed a lot compared to photos from his time in the ring. Sorry not to be able to give an exact answer. Best wishes,* ***Ove Karlsson (SWE)***

**Pittsburgh Boxing History**

Dear IBRO members. I need the following pictures for my upcoming book on Pittsburgh boxing history. Anything anyone can come up with would be greatly appreciated. Also, does anyone happen to have an archive of boxing cartoons drawn by the great Jack Burnley that appeared in the Pittsburgh newspapers (Sun-Telegraph, if memory serves)? Thanks! ***Douglas Cavanaugh @ Nero3000@hotmail.com***

**John J. Cavanaugh**
**Paul Moore (early opponent of Frank Klaus)**
**Charles "Toughy" Murray**
**Eddie "Young" Pinchot**
**Young Saylor**
**Young Carmen**
**Jack Katkish**
**Al Quaill**
**Emil Joseph**
**Sammy Parotta,**
**Lee Sala, Sr.(fought in the 1930s)**
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**Dominick "Mimmie" Adragna**
**Floyd Morris**
**Johnny Morris**

I have, but need better pictures of:

**John "Jack" Finnegan**
**Billy McIsaacs**
**Yock Henniger (Jack Henigan/Hannigan)**
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**Jock Phenicie**
**Fred "Young" Ziringer**
**Johnny Kirk**
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**Eddie Carver**
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**Anson Green**
**Tony Ross (1920s lightweight)**
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**Jimmy Thomas**
**Leo "Red" Bruce**
**Joey Spiegal**
**Tommy Spiegal**

**Fight Information**
Hi Dan, if anyone wants to help. Basically, I just need to know if the decision was given only by a referee, or if it was unanimous, majority, or split in favor of the winner by the judges/referee. Any help is greatly appreciated and will help complete a big list. Thanks again. ***Jim Curl @ curl88@hotmail.com***

**Light Heavy -- 12/29/32 Rosenbloom-Billy Jones, Chicago (checked next-day Chicago Tribune)**

**Middle -- 07/13/35 Thil-Tunero, Marseilles, France (This was a championship fight actually)**

**Light -- 05/02/41 Angott-Castilloux, Louisville (checked next day Louisville Journal-Courier)**

**Feather -- 9/1/33 Miller-Feldman, Cincinnati (couldn't find from next day Cincinnati Newspaper)**

**Feather -- 2/7/34 Miller-Sarron, Cincinnati (couldn't find from next day Cincinnati newspaper)**

**Feather -- 3/6/39 Rodak-Reid, NYC/Manhattan (couldn't find in NY Times or fulton history archive)**

**Feather -- 7/9/39 Archibald-Simon Chavez, Caracas, Venezuela**

**Bantam -- 3/31/35 Escobar-Zurita, Mexico City**

**Bantam -- 1/1/38 Escobar-Panchito Villa, Mexico City**

**Bantam -- 11/2/45 Manuel Ortiz-Leftwich, San Diego (checked next day San Diego Union)**

**Fly -- 10/22/55 Pascual Perez-Danny Kid, Buenos Aires (10 rounder but both fighters were under 112 lbs. so championship at stake)**

**Dick Tiger – Roger Rouse**
Hi Dan ---- Small change needed. Roger Rouse was stopped at 36 seconds of the 12 round, not 12 seconds as stated on the BoxRec fight recap. The announcer, at the end of the fight, states 12 seconds but he is clearly wrong. Regards, ***John A. Bardelli***

***Note: Correction made on October 9, 2013.***

**1967-11-17: Dick Tiger 168¾ lbs beat Roger Rouse 174½ lbs by TKO at 0:36 in round 12 of 15**

# IBRO APPAREL

- **The Baseball Cap is dark gray: 100% certified cotton twill; 6 panel, unstructured; Matching sewn eyelets and underbill; Self-fabric-closure with brass slider and hidden tuck-in-strap.**

- **The Solid Mesh Polo Shirts come in white and blue: 100% polyester micro mesh with Dri-Fast™ moisture management for dry comfort; UV protection; Three-button placket with dyed-to-match buttons; Rib coller and cuffs; Sweat catch and inside signature stripe neck tape; Set-in-sleeves. (Sizes: S, M, L, XL, 2XL, 3XL, 4XL).**

- **The Solid Prime Interlock Polo Shirts come in white and blue: 100% long-staple Peruvian Prima Cotton interlock; Three-button placket with Dual Pearl™ buttons; Split-tail with side vents; Stretch tape shoulders for extra strength. (Sizes: S, M, L, XL, 2XL, 3XL, 4XL, 5XL).**

- **The Ultra Cotton™ T-Shirt comes in light grey and charcoal: 100% preshrunk cotton; Double-needle stitching throughout; Seamless, 7/8" coller; Taped shoulder-to-shoulder. (Sizes: S, M, L, XL, 2XL, 3XL, 4XL).**

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**Contact Information: ibro.dir@comcast.net**

# 50 Years After Death, Ohio Town Honors Boxer Davey Moore

**By Mike Foley**

The town of Springfield, Ohio recently celebrated the life of one of its sports heroes. An 8-foot bronze statue of boxer Davey Moore now stands in the middle of his hometown. It's been over 50 years since Moore's death, and the man he fought in his final bought traveled thousands of miles to attend the unveiling ceremony.

*Geraldine Moore and Sugar Ramos share a moment at the unveiling of the Davey Moore statue. Moore died after a championship boxing match with Ramos in 1963. (Mike Foley/Only A Game)*

"He'd be proud of this," Moore's widow Geraldine said. "It's really been an experience. We're just glad that it's here and there he stands there."

Geraldine and most of her family were among the more than 200 people on hand for the unveiling of her husband's statue on a sunny day in Springfield, Ohio. Moore grew up in this town, but his place in history was sealed 50 years ago during a boxing match at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles.

"This is one they're gonna remember for a long time whether it's in Tokyo, Japan or Mexico City, Mexico or what have you, they're gonna remember this one," said announcer Steve Ellis in the 10th round of the match between Moore, the featherweight champion, and challenger Ultiminio "Sugar" Ramos. He was right.

*The bronze statue of Davey Moore, sculpted by Mike Major. (Mike Foley/Only A*

People would remember the fight – because it would cost Moore his life.

As a teenager, Moore earned a spot on the 1952 U.S. Olympic team. In 1959, he won the professional featherweight title and defended his belt 23 times over the next four years.

"He wasn't flashy; he wasn't loud and brash; he was the consummate professional," said sports historian David Davis, who documented the 50th anniversary of the fight in a recent piece for *Columbus Monthly*. "He was considered among the top contenders for that mythical, 'the best pound for pound boxer.'"

In 1963, Moore, 29, and Ramos, 21, fought as part of a card billed as the first nationally televised set of boxing matches.

Ramos eventually took control in the 10th round. When he knocked Moore down, the champ's neck hit the bottom rope.

"He was amazingly able to finish the round but then his cornermen stopped the fight," Davis said. "Davey actually gave an interview in the ring."

"It just wasn't my night," Moore told Ellis.

In his dressing room, Moore soon began complaining that his head hurt. He was rushed to the hospital, fell into a coma, and died three days later. Moore's death led to calls for boxing to be banned and songs of protest including one from Bob Dylan, which included the line, "Who killed Davey Moore, why and what's the reason for?"

"No one killed Davey Moore," Moore's widow Geraldine said. "You know, nobody killed him. It was a very tragic accident and nobody was to blame."

Although the fight left Geraldine a widow with five children, she never blamed her husband's opponent.

"I have people ask me, 'What do you think about that song?' And I say I don't really know but I feel today the way I felt that day," she said. "It was not his fault. He could not help it. It was a tragic accident, and I'll stick with that because that's exactly what it was."

During the Moore statue unveiling in Springfield last weekend, Moore's son Ricky admitted that he often wondered why his family showed no animosity toward Ramos. He eventually found the reason.

"So one day I'm rustling through dad's photo albums and came across a picture of Sugar Ramos outside my dad's hospital room," Ricky said. "He was sitting in a chair and had his hands in his face weeping heavily. I looked a few more seconds and I closed the book. Right then and there I knew he didn't mean it."

Ramos traveled all the way from Mexico City to attend the ceremony and spoke through his friend and interpreter Joe Flores.

"It's hard because it was always in my mind," he said. "I'm always thinking about what happened and what I did, and it hurts, but that's the law of life, so you have to do it."

The love the Moore family gave Ramos at the unveiling provided him with a way to heal emotional wounds that he's held onto for the past 50 years.

"It was beautiful for me because I saw what I needed to see," Ramos said. "I was at ease, and I wasn't afraid. It was totally different. There was peace and tranquility."

*Ramos and Moore visit Davey Moore's grave. (Mike Foley/Only A Game)*

Today, Geraldine Moore has grandchildren, great-grandchildren and even one great-great grandchild. She hopes the statue keeps the story of Davey Moore in the conversation for future generations.

"At least people know this man did exist," she said. "He was a great man. He never met a stranger. He was friendly, very kind and tried to help people when he could. Davey Moore was somebody. He was really somebody."

***Published by Only A Game.Org/2013/09/28***

# California Calling for Joey Giambra

**By Mike Casey**


***Joey Giambra's slick skills saw him defeat some of the world's best middleweights.***

***Joey Giambra, for all his talent, for all his lovely and artful boxing, never even got a shot at the middleweight championship…***

One steady and reassuring fact of our troubled times is that good fathers still produce good sons. There are exceptions to every rule, of course, but a father who cares will generally produce a good 'un who makes him proud.

As a member of various fight groups and boxing associations, I regularly encounter the sons of former boxers, trainers and managers who speak glowingly of their fathers' achievements in both soft and tough language. In a nice kind of way, it's a bit like going back to school. You don't dare tell them that your daddy could whip their daddy.

On Facebook, where the trite and the narcissistic compete for attention, a welcome breath of fresh air is my possibly mad pal, Jesse Reid Jr., who loves the LA Dodgers, celebrates every Yankee loss and refreshes my sleepy eyes each morning by posting a quite deliciously graphic picture of his girl of the day. A proud smoker, drinker, curser and rock 'n' roll dude, Jesse doesn't do political correctness and would very quickly tell you where to go if you ever said a bad word about his dad.

No wonder, since father Jesse Reid has been one of our most prolific trainers over the years, handling such star names as Rodolfo Gonzales, Roger Mayweather, Bruce Curry, Gaby and Orlando Canizales, Frank Tate, Calvin Grove, Darrin Van Horn and Dingaan Thobela.

It was equally gratifying to me when my editor Robert Ecksel recently shared a message received from Joey Giambra Jr. Now there is a name that will ring a loud and welcome bell for those who know their history.

Joey is the son of former contender, Joey Giambra, whose slick skills saw him defeat some of the world's best middleweights in a 77-fight career at the tail end of boxing's celebrated golden age.

Here is the gist of what Joey Jr. wrote: "My dad is being inducted into the California Boxing Hall of Fame in October with George Foreman, Carmen Basilio, Harold Lederman, etc.

"This will be my dad's seventh different hall of fame induction. He is already in the World Boxing Hall of Fame. He is called and recognized as the uncrowned middleweight champion.

"I'm so very much proud of him. He is a great ambassador of our great sport. Always clean living and never in trouble, dad raised me and my kid sister all by himself. He suffered a major stroke, pneumonia and a pulmonary embolism at the age of 78. He 'died' twice at the hospital while in the intensive care unit for over four months. His recovery has taken everything from us including our home and money due to medical bills, but this great champion beat all this.

"His life story is incredible and a TV series or a movie should be done on this great man and his life in boxing when it was controlled by the Mafia. He was told that if he fought for the Mob, he would get a title shot in the way of Jake LaMotta. But my father's honesty and integrity and his belief in doing the right thing made him decline the offer." Joey Jr. claims that his father was close to being 'hit' by the mob for refusing to throw a fight against Joey Giardello, but says that his father's honesty won him a cancellation and the grudging respect of Mafia dons Vito Genovese and Carlo Gambino.

Giambra's great rivalry with Giardello always stirs the interest of older fans and younger historians who enjoy revisiting the "fabulous fifties," when boxing and baseball teemed with Italian-American talent. In the fight game's rich and bountiful middleweight division, the 'G Men' of New York became a permanent fixture and were known and admired by the boxing fraternity for their slick and worldly skills.

Giambra from Buffalo and Giardello from Philadelphia by way of Brooklyn, became leading and perennial contenders for the middleweight championship. In 1952 they battled each other twice within a month, trading unanimous decisions as Giardello triumphed in Brooklyn and Giambra got even in Buffalo.

Six years later the two Joeys met up again for their third and final contest at the old and wonderful Cow Palace in San Francisco, with Giambra winning a split verdict. But it was Giardello who had the last laugh when he finally landed the world championship after sixteen years of hard campaigning with a points victory over Dick Tiger in 1963.

Joey Giambra, for all his talent, for all his lovely and artful boxing, never even got a shot at the middleweight championship. He lost just ten of his 77 fights against consistently stellar opposition. Five of those losses came in his last eight fights when he was fading but still artful enough to mess the best men around. Giambra was never knocked out.

As well as his 2-1 series win over Giardello, Giambra defeated Danny Womber, Bernard Docusen, Al Andrews, Rocky Castellani, Gil Turner, Chico Vejar, Ralph (Tiger) Jones, Rory Calhoun and that most fearsome hitter, Florentino Fernandez.

Joey Giambra Jr. has every good reason to puff out his chest when the conversation turns to his clever old man, who is now a defiant 82. Long may father and son keep punching.

*Castellani (left) vs. Giambra*

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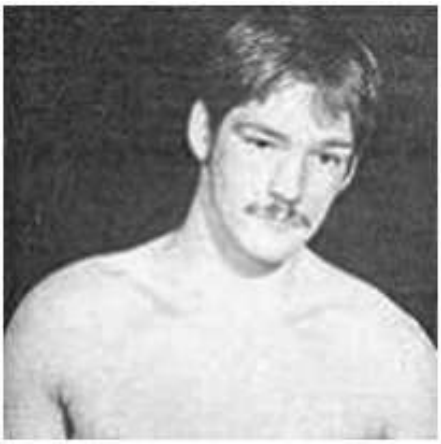
***Courtesy Boxing.Com dated September 15, 2013***

***Mike Casey is a Boxing.com writer and Founder & Editor of ALL TIME BOXING athttps://sites.google.com/site/alltimeboxingrankings. He is a freelance journalist and boxing historian and a member of the International Boxing Research Organization (IBRO).***

# REMEMBERING A FORGOTTEN CONTENDER: IBAR ARRINGTON
## By Steven J. Canton



Dale "Ibar" Arrington was born on November 30, 1951 and grew up in Monroe, Washington. He had two older brothers, Hilliard (Tiny), and Marcus and sisters, Judy, Margaret, and Pat in the household with their parents Lloyd and Gladys. An older brother had died at birth.

Marcus was born with mild mental retardation and epilepsy and attended only a few years of school in the days before special education classes. After Gladys died, Marcus lived in an institution and then several group homes, where he worked hard to learn to cook, clean and develop the skills needed to be on his own. He was a caring, outgoing person who wanted to be like everyone else and in many ways he succeeded. He had lived in his own apartment for 15 years with some help from his family and social service agencies. Everybody was a friend to him. Frequently, he brought home transients, who were hungry or needed a place to stay even though they often stole his money or ate all is food. One day he was collecting aluminum cans to earn a few more cents of independence. He started to cross the train tracks just as a train was coming, was startled, and dropped his bag of aluminum cans. He reached down to get it as the train whistle blew, but missed. He tried three more times to get his bag but each time he tried he missed. His sister Margaret said, "knowing Marc, he wasn't going to give up those cans without realizing the consequences of not giving them up." He was 48.

Tiny worked in the shake mills in Everett, Washington most of his life, until going blind because of diabetes. He was heavily involved in Little League and other youth sports programs and enjoyed country and bluegrass music and was a member of the Old Time Country Music Association. He died at the age of 71.

As a young boy, Dale (Ibar) loved baseball and dreamed of being a major league baseball player. He was a power hitter right from the start and by the time he was a senior at Monroe High School major league scouts were regularly showing up to see him play. One of his high school teammates, Bill Burch said, "We were all in awe of Dale, he had athletic skills that any one of average ability could only dream of, he was a phenom at baseball…pitching and center field." "No one could hit his fastball and it seemed as if he hit a homerun in every game."

After graduation he decided to enlist in the Navy for four years, believing that it was his duty to serve his country and his baseball career stalled. He ended up

boxing, which is another sport he enjoyed as a youngster. Now, he was a power hitter of a different sort, with the remarkable ability to give and take punches. In the ring, he displayed an excellent left jab, great right hand, and remarkable chin. "Opposing boxers couldn't knock me out," Arrington said, "It just couldn't be done."

"The Sailor Man" Ibar Arrington, turned pro in September 1974 with a draw against Ed Blytheway. He won his next nine bouts before losing a ten round decision in a rematch with Blytheway. He fought Blytheway a third time, stopping him in the fifth round and followed with eight consecutive wins including defeating fringe contenders Pat Duncan and Jose "King" Roman.

He received $10,000 to travel to London and fight the undefeated European heavyweight champ, John L. Gardner and stopped him with a vicious right hand in the first round.

Arrington found himself on the threshold of stardom on November 5, 1977 when he fought Larry Holmes in the ten round main event at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas before a star studded celebrity crowd that included Muhammad Ali, Bill Cosby, Cher, Redd Foxx and several others. "Thousands of fans crowded into the venue and at the end," he remembers, "they were all on their feet."

Arrington lasted into the 10th and final round, taking the best that Holmes could dish out while landing plenty of heavy leather of his own. The bout was stopped in the final 30 seconds because of severe cuts over both of Arrington's eyes. "It was a good fight, a close fight, a real tough fight," Arrington said, "Holmes was in his prime, he was hitting me as hard as he could, and I was just smiling at him…he didn't like that…I was arrogant."

Between rounds, Arrington looked over at Ali, and saw him slowly shaking his head with amazement. "I don't know if he had disbelief that I could take that punishment or disbelief that I wanted to," Arrington said. His $20,000 purse was, by far, the largest of his career. Seven months later, Holmes defeated Ken Norton to win the WBC world heavyweight title, in a classic encounter.

Arrington fought on, winning some and losing some and retired after losing a ten round decision to Gerrie Coetzee in 1978, in South Africa. He made a comeback in 1982, picking up a draw and two more victories before finally retiring for good. His ring record was 28-7-2, with 21 K.O.'s.

After boxing, Arrington worked as a car salesman, then at a shingle mill, and later as a deputy sheriff in Island County. He proceeded to take additional law enforcement training and became a federal police officer which lasted for almost 17 years.

Arrington became a Christian, after much prodding by his wife Karen and now works in the maintenance department of the Horizon Broadcast Network in Minot, North Dakota. It is a Christian company, and Arrington participates in daily prayer sessions and weekly Bible studies and Sunday services at his church. "Becoming a Christian," he said "was the greatest thing I ever did in my life."

"The violent part of life is over for me," "there's not even a desire anymore, I do work out; I punch a heavy bag, but only to stay in shape."

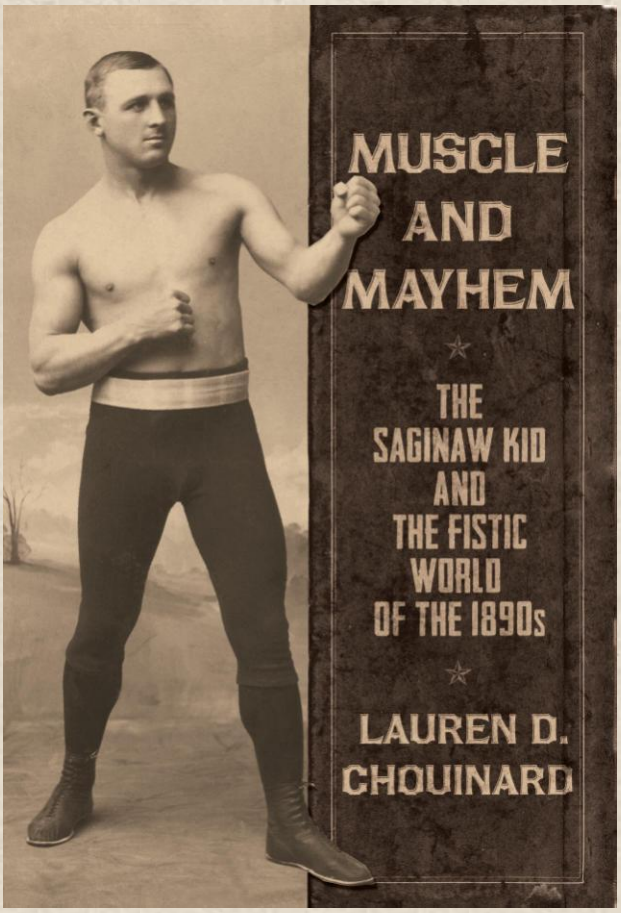
Many boxers leave the sport with far more than just the memories. Many times there are permanent reminders of the physical punishment they absorbed. Ibar Arrington, however, left on his own terms, with everything intact, and the memories that can never be taken away. For that, he is grateful.

***Steve Canton***

# The Boxing Biographies Newsletter

**Volume 9 – No 5 - 6 September , 2013**
www.boxingbiographies.com

If you wish to sign up for the newsletters ( which includes the images ) please email the message “NEWS LETTER” robert.snell1@ntlworld.com




**Lauren Chouinard Sheds Light on Infamous Lightweight Boxer in New Book**

Summary: Learn about the life of George Henry Lavigne, known as the “Saginaw Kid,” who was lightweight world champion from 1896 to 1899. This new book released by Dog Ear Publishing also features the early days of boxing when the Queensberry Rules – featuring gloved fists and timed rounds – began to transform boxing into a legitimate sport.

EUGENE, Ore. – The story of “Saginaw Kid” George Henry Lavigne is as much about the sport of boxing as it is about the colorful lightweight world champion. This new book details his birth in 1869 to his defeat of “Iron Man” Dick Burge of England for the world lightweight title in 1896 and everything in between. Just as Lavigne was making his professional debut in 1886, along came the Queensberry Rules, which brought new rules (boxers wore gloves and fought timed rounds), changing boxing from its rough-and-tumble roots to a legitimate – and legal – sport.

“Muscle and Mayhem: The Saginaw Kid and the Fistic World of the 1890s” provides an honest account of the sometimes-troubled Kid, including his dozen arrests, bouts with alcohol, trips to the insane asylum and his sudden death at age 58 of a heart attack. Kid had an impressive record as a professional fighter: 34 wins (21 by knockout), 10 no decisions, six losses (four by KO) one no contest, 11 draws and 21 exhibitions. Lavigne was inducted into the Ring Hall of Fame in 1959, the Michigan Boxing Hall of Fame in 1965, the International Boxing Hall of Fame in 1998

and the Saginaw County Sports Hall of Fame in 2002. Known for his toughness and indomitable will as a fighter, Kid fought some extraordinary matches against the best pugilists of the time. Dozens of photos as well as quotes from early correspondence and a glossary for words and phrases from the 1890s showcase Chouinard's painstaking research into the life of this extraordinary boxing legend.

Life circumstances influenced author Lauren Chouinard's love of sport. He grew up on Chicago's south side, just a few blocks from the first home of Muhammad Ali, then known as Cassius Clay, and his mother is Kid Lavigne's second cousin a few times removed. Chouinard, who worked in municipal government for 27 years, retiring as human resources director, belongs to the International Boxing Research Organization. The Illinois State University graduate opened Pacific Nautilus, a health and fitness club, in 1978 in Eugene and wrote "Get Off Your But," a guide to getting in shape while overcoming excuses.

For additional information, please visit **www.KidLavigne.com**.

**Muscle and Mayhem: The Saginaw Kid and the Fistic World of the 1890s**
Lauren Chouinard
Dog Ear Publishing
ISBN: 978-1-4575-1840-9
436 pages
$29.95 US

Available at Ingram, Baker & Taylor, Amazon.com, Barnes & Noble,
Borders and fine bookstores everywhere.

One of the things I am now doing is trying to correct information that I have found on various websites about him and his career. I noticed a few things on the Boxing Biographies website that I wanted to bring to your attention in hopes that you are the right person to make the corrections. Here is my short list:

1. He was 5 feet 3 and 1/2 inches tall

2. His reach was 4 inches greater than his height making it 67 and 1/2 inches

3. He was boxing's first world lightweight champion (not second) under Marquess of Queensberry rules. I spend a whole chapter proving that he was the first and not Jack McAuliffe as some sources indicate.

4. His bout with Tom Tracey was not a title defense as Tracey weighed in at 142 lbs.

**The following is not taken from the book**

**GEORGE "KID" LAVIGNE**

**Name:** Kid Lavigne
**Career Record:** click
**Alias:** The Saginaw Kid
**Birth Name:** George Henry Lavigne
**Nationality:** US American
**Birthplace:** Bay City, MI
**Born:** 1869-12-06
**Died:** 1928-03-09
**Age at Death:** 58
**Height:** 5' 3 1/2
**Reach:** 67 ½
**Manager:** Sam Fitzpatrick

Lavigne turned pro in 1886 at the age of 16 in Saginaw, Michigan. Because of his age and that many of his early fights were in Saginaw, he earned the nickname, "The Saginaw Kid." And while he began boxing early, he went unbeaten in 46 fights and did not suffer his first loss until 1899. While there were quite a few draws on his record, many of those took place when boxing was illegal and were the result of police intervention. After McAuliffe retired, Lavigne claimed the American version of the lightweight title by virtue of wins over Andy Bowen, Joe Walcott and a 20-round draw with Young Griffo.

A match was set up in London for Lavigne to meet British champion Dick Burge in 1896. Burge was described as a "scientific boxer" while Lavigne was portrayed as an "aggressive, savage fighter." The action was constant as Burge managed to draw blood from Lavigne's nose and mouth. But the American never faltered and eventually scored a 17th-round knockout and claimed the world title.

A terrific puncher, Lavigne retained the title with knockouts against Jack Everhart, Eddie Connolly and Walcott. The title challengers who lasted the distance were Kid McPartland, Jack Daly, Frank Erne and Tom Tracy.

In 1899, Lavigne moved up in weight in a bid to capture the welterweight title and was knocked out by champion "Mysterious" Billy Smith. Later that year, he lost the lightweight crown as well when Erne decisioned him over 20 rounds in a rematch.

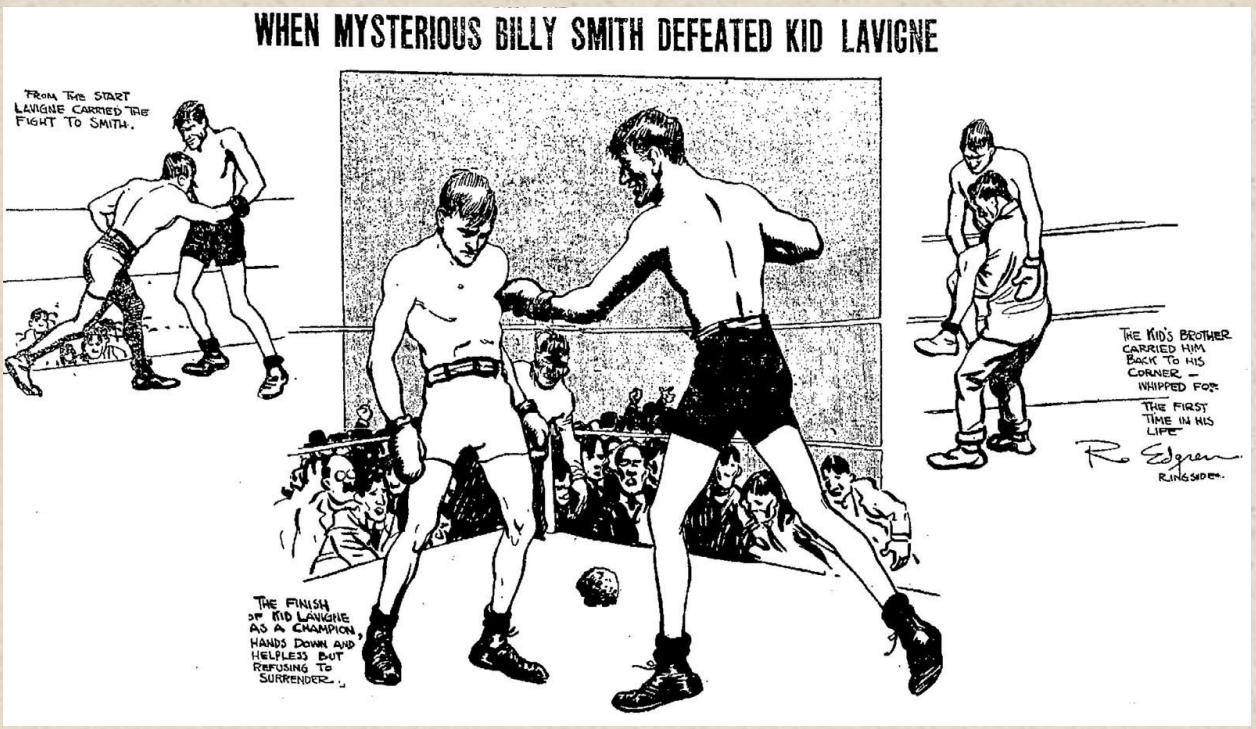
Lavigne fought just six times over the next 10 years and retired in 1909.

**Fort Wayne Journal**

**In The Days Of Real Fighting**

**By Robert Edgren**

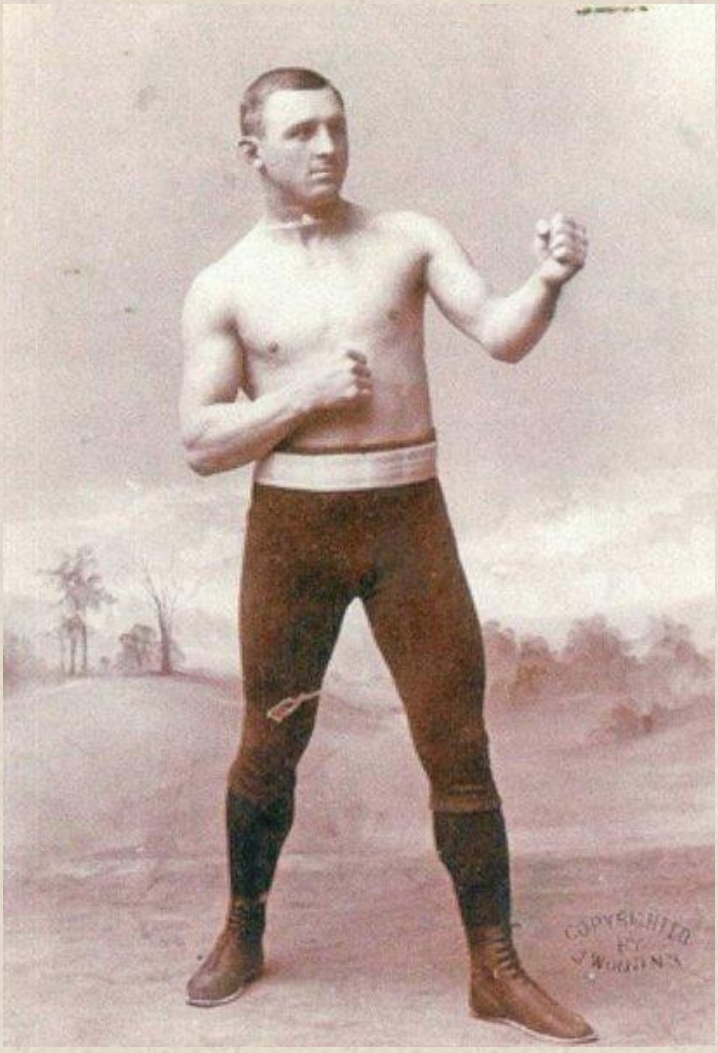
**21 October 1915**




They used to call Kid Lavigne "The Cherub". He was broad and stocky and strong, and he fought like a fury whenever he entered the ring. But he looked as mild and innocent as a choir boy. Lavigne was noted for his desperate fighting. His battle with Joe Walcott, afterward known as the "Giant Killer" is one of the heroic memories of the ring. He whipped the "Black Demon" by sheer courage that could not recognize the possibility of defeat.

I saw the same quality shown by Lavigne the first time he ever met a master in the ring. It was the battle with Mysterious Billy Smith, then welterweight champion of the world and one of the most vicious fighters that ever swung a fist.

Lavigne wanted the welter title. He was repeat ably urged to take on a match with Smith. He believed he could whip any man from lightweight to middleweight. To date his own splendid strength and stamina had pulled him through many desperate mills. He had never felt defeat was possible.



**Success Brought a Liking For The bright Lights**

Lavigne made a mistake in going out of his class, for one reason. Dissipation had pulled him down and taken away some of the stamina that made him king of all the little men. Victories and money had come too easily. He was immensely popular, was always surrounded by friends anxious to entertain him. Even while he was training to fight he would slip away now and then at night and spend a few hours in that part of San Francisco where the rustling of silk and smell of stale liquors lingered until the dawn. He liked the lights, the music, the drinks, the flattery. And he didn't believe it possible that he could be whipped.

The great pavilion was packed to the sidewalls when the fight began. Lavigne , sitting in his corner, looked over at Smith with a cherubic smile. He was at home in the ring. He was pleasantly confident. He was ready. He had done a bit of boxing and running on the road and felt good enough to beat anybody.

Mysterious Billy Smith watched Lavigne with a sneering smile. There was nothing cherubic about Smith. He was as rough and tough as they make em. He was just as anxious to get at it as Lavigne , for he knew of the Kids little excursions into town when he should have been training, and he would have been quite confident of his ability to beat the little fellow anyway. He was much taller, longer in reach and heavier than Lavigne. Also he was a better and more skilful boxer. The odds were much in his favour.

When the fight began Lavigne whirled from his corner and sailed into Smith as if he wanted to solve the mystery in the first round. But Smith boxed carefully, blocked, side stepped, jabbed and stopped away. He watched Lavigne's swinging punches narrowly. Few of them reached him. And every know and then he shot a punch out to Lavigne's jaw, grinning wickedly as it landed. He could hit Lavigne, and the Kid was having a lot of trouble in hitting him.

Still round after round Lavigne pressed hard. He plunged into the fight like an agile bull rushing at the matador. Sneering, Smith landed heavily almost whenever he pleased, but there was no sign of a let up in Lavigne's attack. He stuck to it persistently and occasionally he ripped in a punch that made Smith stop grinning and hastily retire a yard or two.

**Beginning Of The End In The Fourteenth Round**

I remember when the tide of the battle began to turn. It looked as if Lavigne would surely wear Mysterious Billy down. Smith was retreating and Lavigne going after him with the tenacity of a bulldog.

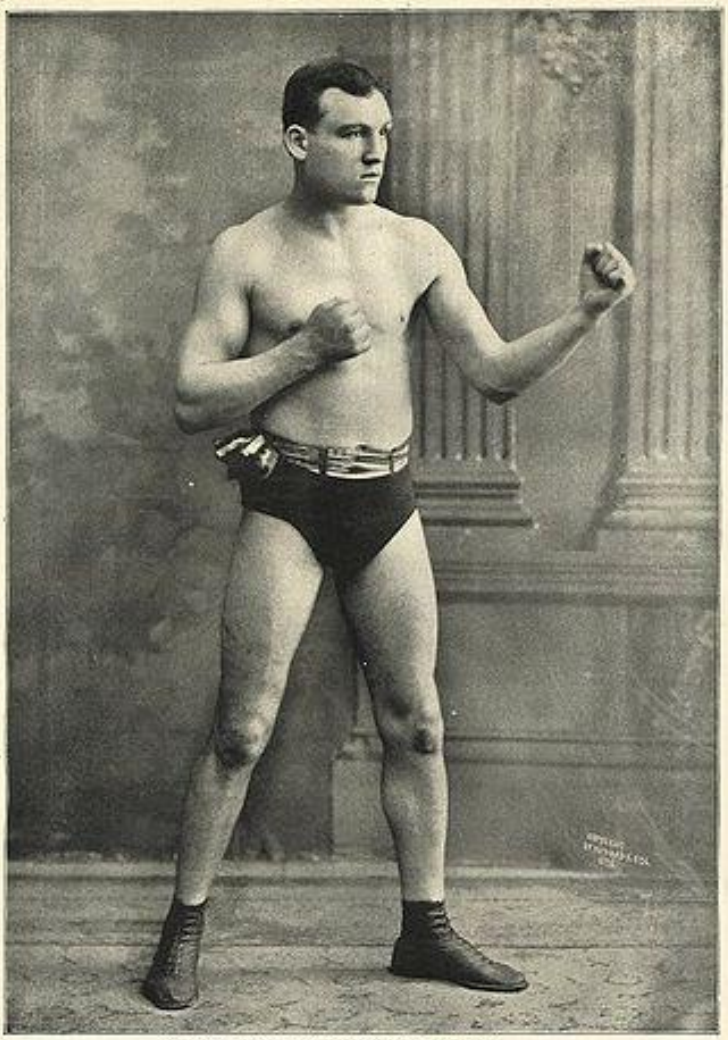
Lavigne rushed Smith stepped back. Suddenly Smith stopped. He swung a terrific uppercut which barely grazed Lavigne's jaw, and shot past so hard that Smith's arm was left momentarily sticking up in the air above his head. Ah ! exclaimed the crowd. Lavigne's rush stopped suddenly. Smith, sneering, pulled down his hand and moved in toward the lightweight champion. Lavigne, Smith and everyone else around the ring knew that if it had landed that blow would have lifted Lavigne from his feet and flipped him over in the air like an acrobat. It was a revelation of the power Smith held in reserve.

The beginning of the end didn't come until the fourteenth round. At that time Lavigne was still rushing doggedly, but was losing some of his speed. Smith, watchful, sneering, savage, was waiting his chance.It came. The Mysterious One suddenly drove a straight right hand smash over to Lavigne's jaw. Lavigne staggered stopped and went reeling back across the ring. Smith, following, turned his head to toss a few remarks to his friends at the ringside. He was sure of the fight.

But Lavigne wasn't whipped yet. He tottered about the ring. His legs were quivering under him. But he would not go down. Lavigne rallied again and swung and fought furiously. The courage of a man who had never known defeat kept him going. There wasn't much sting in his punches now. Smith, grinning, tossed them off and deliberately tried to beat the Kid to the floor.

**Brother Wouldn't Allow Smith to Land Finishing Blow.**

Near the end of the fourteenth round Lavigne was practically through. He couldn't see, for Smith's heavy smashes were fast closing his eyes. He was still plunging in, but he was swinging wildly at a man he couldn't see, sometimes missing by a yard. Billy, grinning an evil grin, was



"MYSTERIOUS" BILLY SMITH.
The Famous Welterweight Who is Always Ready to Fight For Honors.

enjoying his own sensations, the feeling of victory, the applause of the crowd.

Smith began planting blow after blow, deliberately. A dozen times Lavigne went down only to leap up without waiting for the count. It wasn't in him to believe he could be knocked down, much less kept down. At last Lavigne's endurance reached its limit, He stood with arms hanging at his sides, head down, knees bent. A push would have sent him down. Smith, grinning still, moved in close and deliberately set himself for the finishing blow. He drew his fist back slowly, he was enjoying every second of it. He was in no hurry.

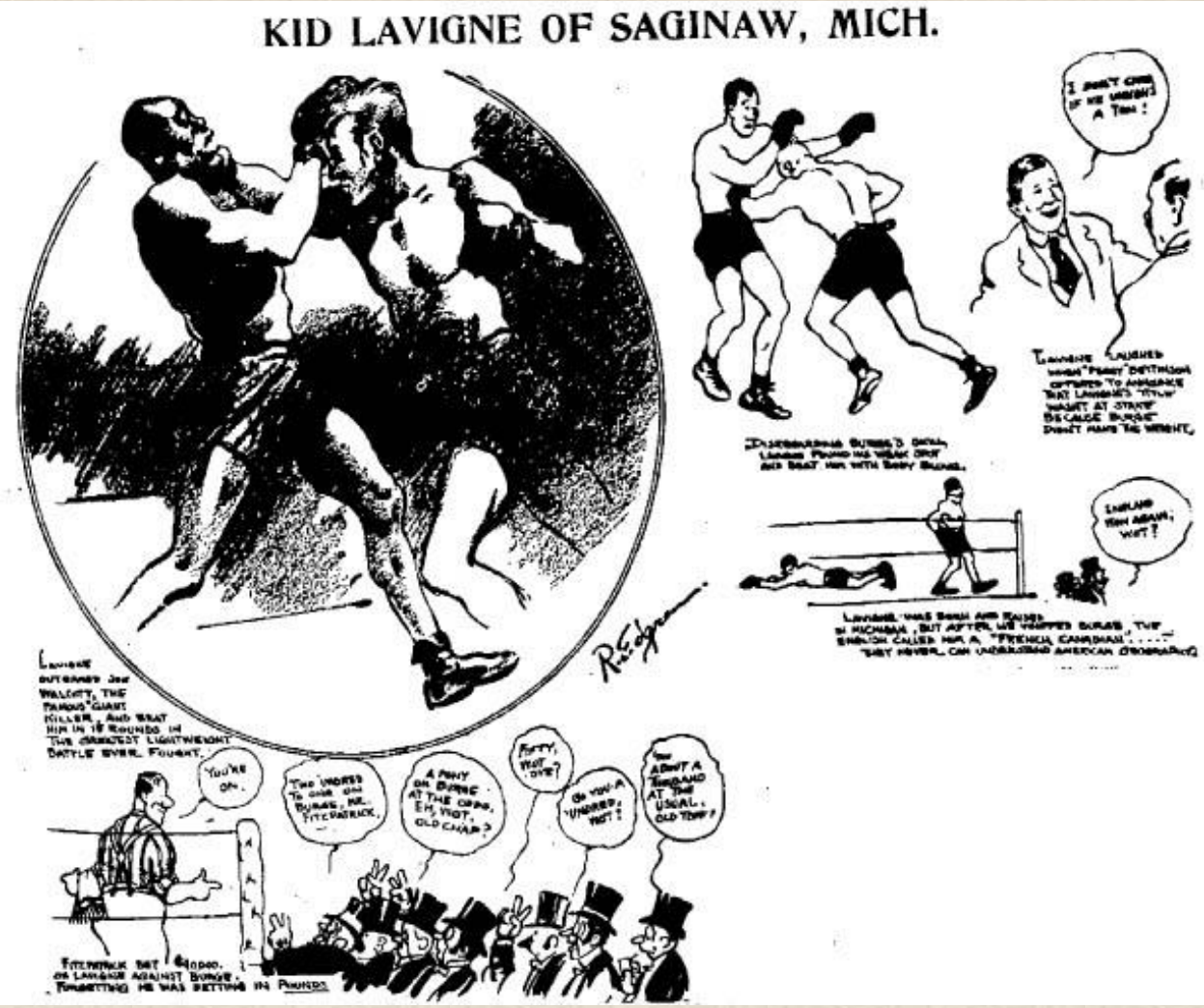
Right here the suspense overcame Kid Lavigne's brother, who was his chief second. He couldn't stand back and let the Kid be knocked out. Tossing the sponge in ahead of him he leaped into the ring and with a rush caught Mysterious Billy and shoved him away before he could deliver his finishing blow. Turning, he seized the tottering and all but senseless Kid and carried him to his corner, protesting and struggling.

Lavigne never believed that he was whipped in that fight He thought he could have come back. For years he didn't speak to the brother who had saved him from a knockout. But the fight was the beginning of the end for the great Lavigne. Once beaten, he began to fall rapidly. In his next fight he lost his lightweight title to Frank Erne.

## Fort Wayne News and Sentinel

## 10 May 1919

## by Robert Edgren




The last time I saw kid Lavigne was two or three years ago, on the Occasion of a "Benefit" arranged in New York for the once famous Champion and most popular of ring heroes. Lavigne had fallen upon Hard days a and of all the money won with his fists not a nickel remained. He came to my office to get a couple of hundred dollars that had been sent in as subscriptions, and asked me to express his gratitude to the few trends who had remembered him even .to that

extent. But I could see that the practical failure of the benefit— which hardly paid expenses— was a sad blow to the Kid. He couldn't realize that a new generation had grown up, and that an old one had forgotten him.

I'm glad to say, however, that Kid Lavigne didn't stay in a state of gloom long. I had-a letter from him shortly afterward. He was hard at work in a famous automobile plant, drawing his "five dollars a day or more." He had broken the last link that connected him with the ring, and was quite cheerful over it. Funny how soon the world forgets But there are certain old-timers who never get together and talk of old days in the ring without mentioning the great Kid Lavinge. I know of one New Yorker, A. Brand by name whose greatest pride is in the fact that he saw Kid Lavinge's first professional fight—and picked him for a coming champion right on the spot.

I don't know whether Lavigne should be most famous for the fight that made him world lightweight champion or for his battle with Joe Walcott the "**Giant Killer".** Both are classics in the ring.

Lavigne began fighting as a youngster in Saginaw Michigan, the called him the "Saginaw Kid" in surrounding towns, when he began fighting around the lumber camps and making something of a local reputation. Up in Michigan last summer I met a gentlemen who claimed to have been his first manager.

"Fight" was the "Kids" middle name" he said. "He'd fight anyone I matched him with and he never even asked me who he was going to fight next. I had to keep him busy fighting all the time to keep him contented. Fighting was his amusement. He loved any kind of a roughhouse. Why the only way I could get along with him was by being ready to scrap at any moment. If we were walking down the street in the winter he'd jump on me the instant he saw I wasn't watching and roll me in a snowdrift. If I got him down it tickled him just as long as there was scrap.

**They Didn't Have To Make Him Like It**

Lavigne loved fighting for the sake of fighting. He was one of the very few fighters I can name who really liked the game, all the way through, and who didn't care how tough he found it. He had the round. smooth, smiling face of a cherub—a perfect oval of a face with light yellow hair and. light blue eyes.

He looked like a choir singer, or model for one of Raphael's youthful angels, or a Sunday school book hero of the style of literature slipped over on Sunday school children twenty years ago. But from the ears down he was all fighter.- He had strong neck, very wide and powerful shoulders, thick arms and fists like a longshoreman's. He always smiled like an angel, and smiling like an angel he could fight as if he had horns, hoofs and a tail.

Lavigne was of French descent, born and brought up in the Michigan lumber districts where fighting is as natural as wearing a blue shirt. His first ring affair (not counting a certain number ,of rough and tumble engagements more or less unofficial in character ) was a seventy-seven round battle with George Siddons, a top-notch lightweight in those days. Seventy-seven rounds

to a "draw," neither man being able to floor the other for a ten-second count, or at the finish to strike another blow. This was 1 march 1889. April 26 they fought a fifty five round draw. Lavigne learned how to fight in those two long battles for in 1891-82 he went to San Francisco and beat Joe Soto in thirty rounds and Charles Rochello in ten. His fight with Rochello was one of the first I ever saw in a ring, and I'll ever forget the impression of Kid Lavigne as he was in those days, cherubic oval face, cherubic smile and his wedge like body, smoothly muscled, gleaming; white under the glare of the single arc light. I saw It from the gallery. with another youngster I got into that gallery by shinning up—but that's another story. Enough that I saw Lavigne. Like my friend, Brand, boasted of it later, feeling quite sure that my youthful and inexperienced eye had detected signs, too, that Lavigne was a "coming champion!.

As for the "Saginaw Kid," he went right along toward the championship. He knocked out Eddie Myer in a classic twenty-two rounds fought a draw with the incomparable Griffo, beat Johnny Griffin and knocked out Andy Bowen ( famous for having fought the longest fight on record—110 rounds with Jack Burke at New Orleans) in fourteen rounds. He beat Jack Everhardt and knocked out **Jimmy Handlier** and fought a twenty round draw with Grifto at Maspeth.

**Here Was a Battle.**

Then came the great fight with Walcott, a fight that always will be one of the most famous in the annals of the roped ring. Walcott was considered peer of a welterweights, although at that time able to fight several pounds under the 142-pound limit of his class. Lavigne was recognized as light weight champion of America, succeeding Jack McAuliffe, who had retired.

Tom O'Rourke, Walcott's manager, was ambitious to have his "Demon" annex the lightweight title. He made a match for Walcott with Lavigne, Walcott to weigh in at 133 pounds and to lose the decision if he failed to stop Lavigne in fifteen rounds.

Walcott was a terrific hitter, only feet 1 Inch tall (while Lavigne was 5 feet 3 ½ ). He had the arms and chest of a. heavyweight. Blows bounced from his rounded turret of a head as if he were armor-clad. O'Rourke was willing to match him against Tom Sharkey—that's what he thought of Walcott! In the first round the "Black Demon" tried to knock white skinned Lavigne out with a terrific flurry of blows. But Lavigne hurled himself in against them. Lavigne wasn't there to "stay fifteen rounds." He was there to whip the negro. Nothing could stop him. Rush after rush, wild mix up after mix up, crashing, thudding fists, reeling impact of steaming bodies, the fight went on round after round. Lavigne's white skin was soon criss crossed with streaming rivulets of red. His face was a blotch. One ear was torn. His eyes were closed. To some extent Walcott was damaged too, but on the coal-black background of his skin the punishment hardly showed.

**No Sponge for Lavigne**

The spectators began to call for the sponge. They wanted to see Lavigne give in. Many left the arena but Lavigne fought on with growing fury. And Wolcott, having delivered every fighting ounce that was in him. lost heart at last and covered Is bent head with crossed arms and backed away. Going to his corner with five rounds still to fight, he cried to O'Rourke: "I kain't whip that

white boy,-I kain't whip him." O'Rourke., furious over the prospect of losing fight and side bet, bent over Walcott and threatened him—told him what would happen if he quit. With fear behind and lavigne raging in front, a crimson fury who never stopped, fighting for a second and who would'nt be driven back or held in Walcott's desperate grip. The "Black Demon" stalled through to the finish taking a bad beating before the fifteen rounds were over and losing a decision on the merits of the fight.

That battle made Lavigne famous the world over. He boxed no-decision bouts with Jack McAuliffe and Tommy Ryan in New York, and then sailed for England to fight Dick Burge for the world's lightweight title, Burge being champion of England.

Excusing the result of that fight the English chronicler of events for the National Sporting club wrote: "Lavigne stripped for the ring a perfect pocket Hercules. Though his height was only 5 feet 3 1/2, inches his neck was only half an inch smaller than Bob Fitzsimmons.

Burge, in truth, was a much larger man. The English writers made small mention of that fact. But the fight was to have been at 135 pounds on the ,afternoon of the fight. Lavigne weighed no more than 130. Burge, shortly before the date, refused to make the weight, and insisted upon being allowed to weigh in at 145 pound:. And when weighing in time came he wouldn't weigh at all. He undoubtedly scaled 150 pounds or more according to Sam Fitzpatrick who managed the American.

Mr. Bettinson of the National Sporting Club offered to call the fight off if Lavigne wished because Burge wouldn't make weight or at least to advertise that the American's championship title was not at stake.But Lavigne laughing told him he didn't care what Burge weighed, and the title could go with the fight if Burge weighed a ton. Burge was a very clever boxer and a tremendous favorite in the betting. England considered him invincible Especially when the two men came together.

**Backed Himself To The limit Against Burge**

Between them Fitzpatrick and Lavigne had $7000 and they decided to bet it all on Lavigne's chances and the losers end of the purse with it.In the National Sporting Club it is customary to make bets around the ring by holding up fingers to indicate the amount and noting the wagers in a small book, settling the bets afterwards. Fitzpatrick had come from Australia, but had lived in America for some time, and in the excitement of the moment when in Lavigne's corner just before the fight he forgot the Englishmen didn't bet in dollars. He accepted a score or so of wagers made his notes and stopped taking bets offered when he figured that he had placed all the money he and Lavigne could raise if lavigne lost the fight.

Lavigne fought Burge just as he had fought Wolcott, tearing in and fighting at top speed without paying any attention at all to his opponents blows or being worried by his skill. He knocked Burge out in seventeen rounds. As Fitzpatrick, was leaving the ring with Lavigne after the fight a

gentleman at the ringside who had "bet him a hundred," reached up and passed him a banknote. Fitzpatrick glanced at it and saw that it was for £100 or $500. He was just about to turn the note back and explain that there was a mistake of some sort when it suddenly struck him that he had been **BETTING IN POUNDS'** instead of dollars all through the evening.

If Lavigne had lost he and his manager would have been liable for about $40,000 in wagers! Fitzpatrick, telling the story, declared that he went up to the dressing room with Lavigne without saying a. word and sat down and wiped the cold sweat from his brow for fifteen minutes while he thought over all the horrible things that might have happened to him if Lavigne had lost. After which, of course, he went down andlet everybody pay him of in pounds as if it were all a matter of course.

The English in the printed record of the NSC took to themselves a slight consolation for the defeat of their champion, Lavigne was born and bred in Michigan, but after he whipped Burge the French writers called him "The French Canadian".

## THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE
## 4 MARCH 1922

CHAPTER LXXXII.
YOUNG GRIFFO

One the freaks of the prize ring, a scientific marvel, whose personal habits brought merited reproach, but whose skill with the gloves was amazing.

IN these days of nation-wide prohibition it is seldom one hears of a man going on a three-day jag. Few are wealthy enough to pay bootlegger's toll for such a spree; certainly aspiring boxers are not prone to such habits. Nevertheless, a jamboree of seventy two hours' duration was one of the favorite stunts of Young Griffo (right name, Albert Griffiths) in the course of his training (?) for important bouts.

The archives of fistiana record that Young Griffo mixed strong drink with his strong-arm work when he was preparing to fight Jack Everhardt, Horace Leeds, Jimmy Dime and even the one-time featherweight champion, George Dixon, among others. And, astonishing as it may seem, Griffo, who was his best at the lightweight poundage, held all of them to draws.

This phenomenal pugilist's birth is registered at Sydney; N. S. W., in the year 1871. He passed his boyhood around the Australian docks and eventually drifted into the prizering. He came to America in 1893, after having decisively beaten all the Antipodean aspirants of his weight. Upon his arrival here, he astounded our world of ring followers with his cleverness.

**His Education Neglected**

It was said that he could neither read or write, having had absolutely no scholastic education. It was said also that he had never taken a boxing lesson in his life and was never known to train seriously for a fight. Such statements sound incredible, but the truth of them was generally accepted. What Griffo could have done and might have been will never be determined, but it is safe to say that if he had applied even a moderate amount of interest to his decidedly superior ability, he would probably have been the greatest little lightweight of all time.

His first big match here was with a fellow countryman,"Australian Billy"" Murphy. and was one of his best performances in the ring. The fight was held at Boston. May 7, 1894. Murphy was noted in this country as one of the hardest-hitting lightweights that ever lived. His clean-cut victory over Ike Weir and Johnny Griffin had proved that the ex tailor was there with the wallop good and hard.

After Griffo's victory over Murphy, the former, although a lightweight tipping the beam at 138, was matched to box George Dixon, the featherweight champion, twenty rounds.

The Griffo-Dixon fight took place at the Casino at Boston, June 29, 1894. The building was crowded to the doors and hundreds were turned away. It had been a long time since the historic city had been so worked up over a boxing match.

Dixon was in the best of condition, while Griffo had been roaming about town on a spree. His manager rather doubted if he would be able to find him, much less that he would be in a condition to fight. A search was made and he was found at noon in a saloon very much under the weather. He was hustled into a hack and hurried to a Turkish bath, where he was boiled out. At eight that evening 'he was almost normal mentally, but physically he was far from being perfect.

Griffo "kidded" the ringsiders while the gloves were being adjusted and was as unconcerned as though he were in a barber shop waiting for a shave. Nearly everyone had heard of the erratic actions of this fighter and most of those present knew he had paid little attention to preparations for the encounter, so they rather expected Dixon to tear him to pieces. They got the surprise of their lives.

**Fights in One Position**

The young Australian entered the ring and took a bracing position from which he did not move more than two feet all during the battle. He evidently held the champion at a cheap figure, for he sneered at him when Dixon rushed in and missed a left lead for the face. A right drive for a spot below the heart was neatly stopped. Dixon led off in the second with a stiff left on the ribs and an attempt with a right for heart. Both blows were misdirected. He tried again for the stomach, but was stopped by a stiff bracer. Infighting ended the round. The third and fourth were nip and tuck affairs.

In the fifth Griffo went at Dixon with cyclonic fury, which held full way till the sound of the gong. The negro worked hard and took a terrible beating. He showed the effects of it. The seventh was ruled pretty well by George, but at the end of the round the Australian came back with a hard smash on the neck and another on the mouth. From then on until the twelfth, the honors were even, and the fighting hard and fast. If one broke ground the other was right after him, feinting and keeping him at work. The twelfth was marked by a hard left swing on the jaw from Griffo. Dixon's attempts at countering passed over the shoulder, but he had buried his left in the Australian's ribs so often that they were a bright crimson.

In the thirteenth Dixon caught Griffo with a left on the face. The round was then fought in a go as you please style. Dixon made three dangerous jabs for the jaw, but all three missed and went around Griffo's neck. In spite of this Dixon had the better of the round. In the fourteenth the able little champion got in a left uppercut again, and from that time on seemed to be fairly able to cope with the peculiar side-ducking of Griffo. A story of the remaining cantos would merely be a repetition of the previous ones; all fast and furious.

**Referee Calls It a Draw**

At the end of the twentieth Referee Eckhardt announced the decision as a draw. Griffo was the more clever of the two, but in his condition at that time he could not be called the superior. But his performance marked the Australian as probably the shiftiest man in the ring. Griffo was matched with Dixon twice during 1895. Both matches ended in draws, one after twenty-five and the other after ten rounds.

At Coney Island, N. Y., on March 4, 1895, Griffo won a very lively match from Horace Leeds in twelve ronnds. It was his eighteenth fight in America and he had lost only to Jack McAuliffe. Griffo's next big bout was staged at the old Music Hall in Boston with Jimmy Dime. The date was March 8, 1895. At that time Jimmy was regarded as one of the best lightweights in the country. Many were of the belief that in the man from Amsterdam the Australian had met his equal The bout created no end of mirth among the crowd that gathered in the old amusement place that night, as Griffo was quite a bit better than the ordinary circus.

Dime was in perfect condition for the fight, while Griffo, at ten that morning, was so inebriated that a single tree looked to him like an impenetrable forest. Once again he was hustled to a Turkish bath and steamed out. Dime had plenty of good cash to back him, and when his friends learned that Griffo was "at it again" they unloosened their money belts and put up more. In spite of this every cent was being covered by the wise men from Borneo as fast as they saw its color.

When the fight started Griffo had a head on him as big as a wash-tub, but that made no difference to him. He was anxious to get in action. The first round opened with Griffo as the aggressor. He looked rather worried in spite of the fact that he kept up a continual chatter with his promoter, Hughey Behan, regarding a good stiff bracer, which was to be ready for him at the close of the round.

**Griffo's Cleverness Counts.**

As to the contest, Dime did the best that he could, but it wasn't enough. and after eight rounds the bout was decided a draw. Griffo would jab, duck side-step and double-punch Jimmy at every stage of the game, He made him look like the rankest amateur. He had Jimmy cutting side-swaths out of the atmosphere and hardly ever scoring. Once during the battle, when Dime landed a hard right on the Australian's ear, it angered him.

“Blime you, ol' chap," he said, "fer that I'll smash you on the bloomin' nose." Then bang! went his left hand as true as a die. He kept peppering Dime so fast that he was bewildered. He was pretty well beaten up by a marvel of cleverness.

Griffo's last performance of any merit was with Jack Everhardt at Buffalo, July 10, 1896. It was a twenty-round battle to a draw. The first five rounds were more or less of an exhibition, both men trying to feel out each other's methods. From the sixth to the sixteenth, the bout was one which showed off all kinds of sparring, and proved the Australian to be a master of his vocation. Everhardt tried his best, time and again, to land an effective punch and end the bout. But he was fighting with Griffo, the cleverest little fighter in the ring. The men began to mix up as the bout drew near to a close. Everhardt chased his man around the ring at the beginning of the nineteenth, with swings and an occasional cross, but Griffo was not in the way.

**"Now For a Drink," Says Griffo**

In round twenty Everhardt got a blow in the eye that swelled that already injured member. Griffo had the better of a warm exchange, but there was a rattling flurry towards the close that left the Australian rather weak. The gong sounded and Griffo stopped dead short in the middle of a punch that promised to be a mean one, and extending his hand for the farewell shake, smiled and said, "Now for a drink."

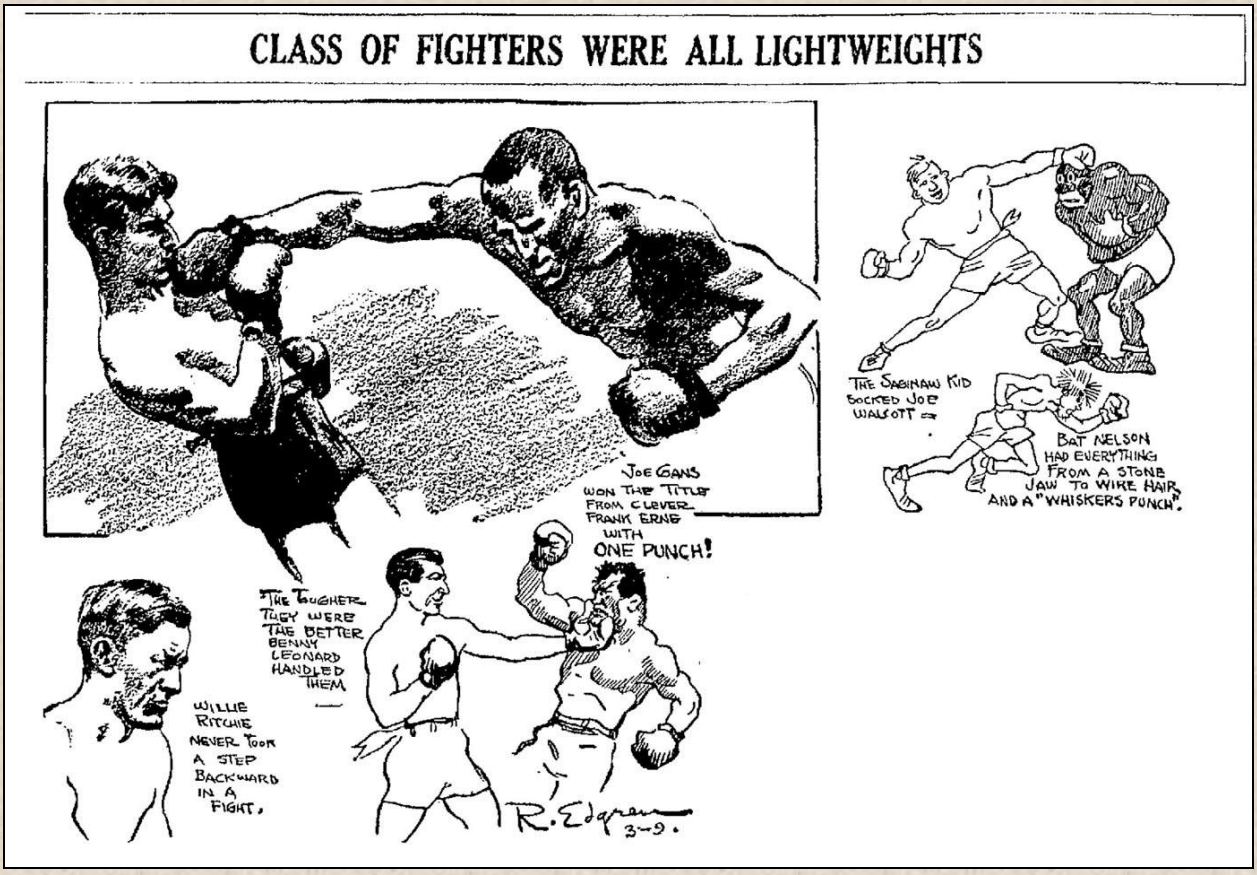
He got his drink-and many more. But before he sobered up he was jailed and given an eight months sentence for disturbing the peace. From June until December of 97 he fought seven times, None of the encounters registered a credit for Griffo. He was scheduled to fight Tom Tracy on Nov. 18 of that year. Three thousand fans were gathered at the St. Louis A. C., anticipating the return of Griffo to his able form.

The Australian entered the ring intoxicated. The fight started but before the end of the first round, Griffo rolled under the ropes and made for the dressing room. Before the spectators could realize exactly what had happened he had made his get-a-way. Such a man was Griffo.

His last fight was with Battling Nelson at Chicago on March 4, 1901, when he was knocked out in two rounds. It was an inglorious end for a boxer of unparalleled promise.

## The Montana Standard - 10 March 1929

## Champions I Have Known.




We've had the world's best fighters in the lightweight class. It's only since Benny Leonard retired that a lightweight "champion" has been known to make an opponent fatten up over the class weight limit so that his title "will not be at stake." Men like Jack McAuliffe, Kid Lavigne, Frank Erne, Joe Gans, Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast, Willie Ritchie and Benny Leonard had no commercial yellow streak. And there were many others just as much fighting class who never quite reached championship and who were as reckless and determined fighting men as the champions.

Joe Gans is generally spoken of as the greatest lightweight. Joe was a wonder, but any of the men named above, taken at top form, would have given him a whale of a fight.

Jack McAullffe flourished and retired before I began to look 'em over, but knowing Jack, with his fighting build even today and his lightning quick Irish wit, it's easy to picture him the champion he was. McAuliffe, born in Cork, Ireland, but "raised" in this country, was

developed in the same cooper shop in Brooklyn that produced Dempsey the Nonpareil. In the old days most of the fighters were coopers, calkers, and working with mallet or sledge gives a man blacksmiths or Ironworkers a punch, and they used to win fights with punches. Jack began fighting as an amateur. That is, he worked at a trade and fought for the fun of it, with a side-stake thrown in. Later he gave all his time to fighting.

All London prize ring, bare knuckles or skin tight gloves in those days. In 12 years of constant action Jack didn't lose a fight. He retired literally "undefeated champion." The only time he came near losing was in his fight with Jim Carney of England, when the crowd tore the ring down in the seventy-fourth round, when Carney was having a bit the best of it. The referee decided "draw." Jack knocked out plenty of men in a round or two, but in his greatest fights he licked Billy Myer in 64 rounds, Jimmy Carroll in 47 and Harry Gilmore in 20. Under the old rules the men fought until one man was down, which ended the round.

**"Saginaw Kid" licked 'Em All.**

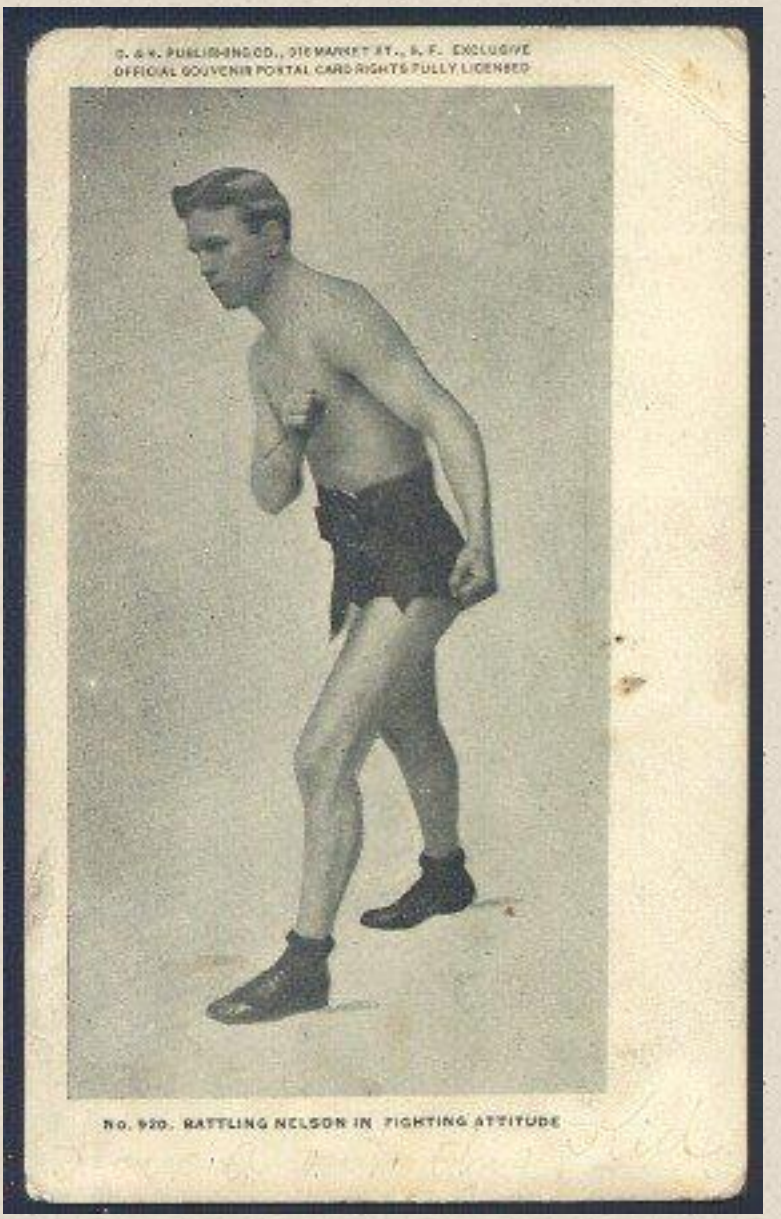
Kid Lavigne claimed the title after McAuliffe's time, when he had whipped all American rivals and Dick Burge, the English champion. The Kid looked like a curly-haired blond and smiling cherub, but how he could fight! Brought up in the Michigan lumber camps and fighting every day. He was a world beater when he went outside and began as a professional. Rushing constantly, hitting hard and fast, able to take any punch and sock back a harder one, he was a terror. Starting with a long string of quick knockouts. Lavigne became a clever boxer with a punch. He fought bare knucks for a long time, his longest fight being a 77-round draw with George Siddons early in his career.

**Gans Caught Frank Erne.**

Frank Erne, who won the title from Lavigne, was one of the cleverest of all the champions, and astonishingly strong. First time I saw Frank fight was with Dal Hawkins,. Dal had a mysterious knack of landing a clean knockout with a sharp twist of his left wrist. Erne knew all about that blow, which had nearly knocked out Joe Gans in a round in two fights. He watched for it as they met after the first bell, saw Dal reach over slowly and lazily with his open hand as if to pull down Frank's high guard - and then Frank hoard the referee shout "seven" and found himself sitting on the floor. Hawkins had dropped that reaching hand over a few inches with his "twist punch." Erne got up and knocked Dal cold in the seventh. Erne beat many of the best fighters of his day, and then made the mistake of fooling with weights. He made 126 pounds for Terry McGovern, took of weight too fast in a burning new York July and couldn’t stop until he reached 122.

**Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane** .

Battling Nelson— well, Bat thought he "wasn't human." He had a slow heart beat and he never felt tired and he didn't feel punches. He started against such walloping experts as Martin Canole, Eddie Hanlon, Young Corbett, Jimmy Britt, Aurello Herrera — and he knocked them endwise.




Only Britt gave him trouble, and their score in several fights was fairly even. Nelson was the most unconsciously conceited fighter I ever met. He didn't dream that he was conceited. He just figured that Bat Nelson could lick any lightweight in the world by fighting more persistently and tirelessly than any other —and he did until he met Ad Wolgast, the "Little Fighting Fool." In the fortieth round at Point Richmond, California, Nelson was staggering, blinded, arms dangling at his sides— and he hadn't been dropped even once. Wolgast, who had been nearly finished in the thirty-second round, was back strong and hammering the helpless champion mercilessly.

Referee Eddie Smith used to say he stopped the fight and give it to Wolgast on a K. O. because Nelson was out on his feet, and he felt sure if Bat dropped after being held up so long by his indomitable heart, he'd die when he struck the floor.

Wolgast was a savage fighter and he won many fights. He had no intelligence for anything but fighting, but that one thing he could do. He had an operation for appendicitis and a few months later was whipped by Willie Ritchie. Wolgast was a fighter who couldn't "fight fair" when he was in danger of losing, and he lost this one on a foul.

Ritchie made a great champion while he lasted. His mistake was going to England to fight Freddy Welsh, the English lightweight champion. Twenty rounds, 10 possible points for each man. Welsh was given the decision and world's championship by half a point marked on the referee's card.

**Leonard Last of the Giants**.

As a champion Freddy invented all the tricks of evasion. He handled Benny Leonard rather easily a couple of times in no-decision bouts and thought he could pick up easy money with a third fight. He ran and dodged and blocked with his usual speed and skill, but Benny had improved enough to out-box him and get blows through, and it was over in nine rounds, with Welsh hung unconscious over the top rope and Benny cannily punching away at his head with the right hand to keep him from sliding to the floor until Benny felt absolutely sure he couldn't wake up again. Referee Kid McPartland, a great lightweight in the time of Joe Gans, pulled Benny away and let Welsh drop and gave Benny the fight and title on a knockout, which was entirely proper.

Benny Leonard was a great champion.He had a fine knockout punch, plenty of confidence and aggressiveness, willingness to fight at any time, was very fast and clever, and might have compared well with any of the old timers like Lavigne and Gans. Benny had more intelligence than most fighters. He was a student. When he was knocked down in an early round he invariably got up and knocked his man out later, and nobody had any chance with him in a second fight. Benny at last retired, wealthy and healthy, and stayed retired. Which proves what I said about his intelligence.

As for the commission made "champions" who have followed, one is worth brief mention in this story. Sammy Mandell, while purely a business man and much more inclined to "play safe" than to fight, is a fine boxer. Under earlier conditions he might have been a real fighter. As it is he'll probably hold the title for some time yet without "risking" it,

registerguard.com/lifestyles SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 2013 SECTION E

OREGON Life

LIFESTYLE • BOOKS • TRAVEL

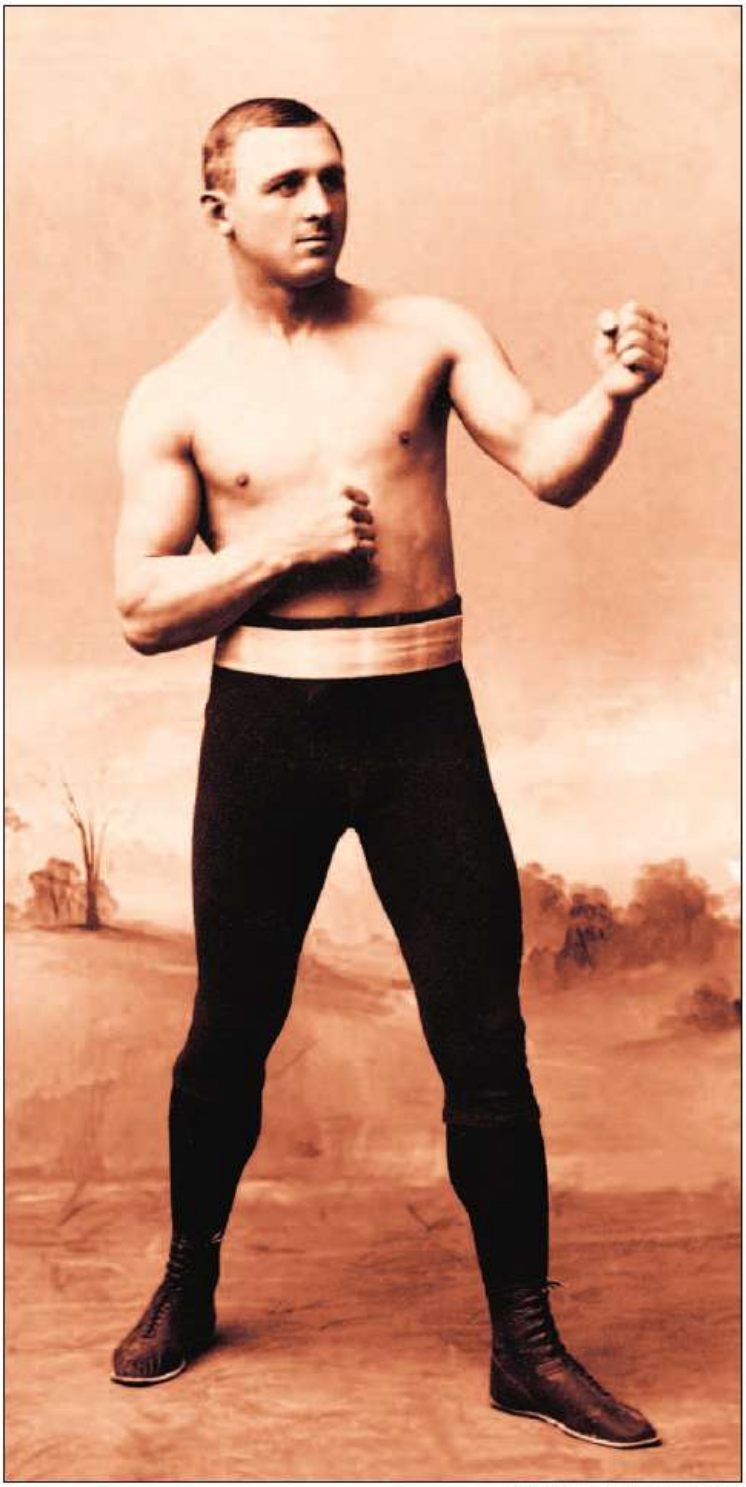
Making us laugh

Billy Crystal seems to have lived out every childhood fantasy/E3

Buzzworthy



LOCAL AUTHORS



Courtesy of Lauren Chouinard

**"Kid"** *Lavigne was lightweight champion of the world in the late 1890s.*

*"He was a front door pressure pugilist like Joe Frazier. He would come at you bent on destroying you."* — **LAUREN CHOUINARD,** AUTHOR

# TALE OF THE 'KID'

## A Eugene writer takes readers beyond the simple story of a boxer in the 1890s

By Randi Bjornstad
*The Register-Guard*

If you like boxing — especially its early rough-and-tumble days — you'll relish Eugene author Lauren Chouinard's just-released book, "Muscle and Mayhem: The Saginaw Kid and the Fistic World of the 1890s."

If you can't stand boxing, you can still like the book, because it's much more than a boxing story. It's a classic American tale of success from humble beginnings, triumph and tribulation, downfall and redemption.

It probably never would have been written if Chouinard hadn't become overwhelmingly curious about his sports fanatic mother's frequent assertion during his childhood that she, Eleanor Lavigne, was a distant cousin of boxer George "Kid" Lavigne, the lightweight champion of the world from 1896 to 1899.

He began to believe her after another of her fabulous boxing stories — that she had been patted on the head and given a penny by then-world heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey in Benton Harbor, Mich., when she was 7 years old — turned out to be true.

"I sort of brushed it off as the fantasy of a young girl and didn't think much about it until one day in 1999," Chouinard writes in Chapter One, "Mom's Story," of his book.

That was when he read

*Turn to* **BOXING,** *Page E2*

### "MUSCLE AND MAYHEM" BY LAUREN CHOUINARD

**Reading and signing event:** Florence Festival of Books, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday, Florence Events Center, 715 Quince St.

**Buy locally:** Black Sun, Tsunami and J Michaels bookstores in Eugene

**Buy online:** amazon.com

# Boxing: Side stories weaved into book

*Continued from Page E1*

a new book about Dempsey that described a fight he had in September 1920, in which he defeated heavyweight Billy Miske in Benton Harbor.

He called his mother excitedly to tell her it all "added up."

"It was 1920," he said. "You were born in 1913 and you told me you were 7 at the time ... It really happened, didn't it?"

His mother, who died a few months later, "finally succumbing to the estimated 750,000 cigarettes smoked in her lifetime," he writes, was a bit indignant.

"Well, of course it did," she said. "I'm your mother. I wouldn't make that up."

In his turn, Chouinard hasn't made up anything either about George "Kid" Lavigne.

He has compiled 400 pages of information not only about this plucky pugilist, but also about dozens of his peers, including descriptions — sometimes round by round — of many of the most amazing fights of the day as Kid Lavigne fought his way to the top, defended his title and eventually fell into obscurity.

Along the way, Chouinard weaves side stories into the book, such as one about the logging industry, which gave both him and Kid Lavigne their first jobs and another family tie.

### A difficult life

Chouinard grew up on the south side of Chicago and after high school attended Illinois State University. Having trouble lining up a summer job after his freshman year, he contacted his older brother, Gene Chouinard, a forester with the Bureau of Land Management in Roseburg, and asked if he could help.

"He said, 'Sure, I can get you a job working in the woods,'" Lauren Chouinard writes. "Great. What kind of job?"

To his brother's answer, "Settin' chokers," he asked, "What's a choker?" Never mind, his brother said, just get on out here.

After 2,000 miles on the road, Chouinard stopped near Crater Lake for gas, and the elderly gas station attendant, noticing the Illinois license plate, asked him what brought him west. Working in the words, he said. Doing what, the attendant asked. "Settin' chokers," Chouinard said. "My brother works for the BLM, and he got (the job) for me."

The old man, he writes, "got just a bit closer and in a very respectful but concerned tone he said, 'Son, does your brother like you?'"

Back in Michigan, Kid Lavigne's experience was different but also difficult. In search of a better life, his parents, Jean Baptiste and Agnes Lavigne, left Quebec in 1868 and moved to Bay City, Mich., formerly known as Lower Saginaw, where George Lavigne was born the following year.

Jean Baptiste Lavigne took a job in a sawmill. In 1880, when George was almost 11, the family moved to Melbourne, Mich., where the father started a better job as a machinist. But he died two years later, and George went to work in the mill to help his mother support the family.

His older brother, Billy, had moved to East Saginaw to work as a bellhop in a swanky hotel. He began learning to box at a nearby ring run by a local barber and eventually became a successful heavyweight boxer.

Billy got George — who was only 5-foot-4-inches tall but tremendously strong because of his work at the mill — involved in boxing and was his manager to the end of Kid Lavigne's career.

### A death in the ring

Boxing in the 1890s was a savage business even as the sport made its transition between bare-knuckle fighting and use of gloves, as well as limiting the length and number of rounds in a match.

The Marquess of Queensberry rules, first published in England in 1867, required the use of gloves, limited rounds to three minutes with one minute's rest between and instituted the count-of-10 to determine whether a boxer could continue after a knockdown.

There still was no set number of rounds. The longest fight under Queensberry Rules was an incredible 110 rounds, fought between Andy Bowen and "Texas Jack" Burke in 1893, which lasted seven hours 19 minutes, Chouinard reports. By the 1890s, however, most fights were limited to 20 to 25 rounds.

The longest bout of Lavigne's career was 77 rounds, lasting five hours and eight minutes, he says.

The lack of limits on rounds favored people like Lavigne, whom Chouinard characterizes as "a fighter more than a boxer."

"Kid Lavigne was not so skilled as a boxer — what he had was talent and will," Chouinard says. "Somebody back then said about him that he could just suck the will out of his opponents.

"He was a front door pressure pugilist like Joe Frazier — he would come at you bent on destroying you."

The low point of Lavigne's career was the death of an adversary, New Orleans native Andy Bowen, during a fight in 1892.

The fight took place on Bowen's home turf, where some say he demanded that the padding between the canvas and the boards under the ring should be removed because of Lavigne's fabled quickness.

Sometime during the fight the canvas came loose in one of the corners, leaving the cypress boards underneath bare, but neither the fighters nor the officials delayed the fight to fix it.

During the 18th round, Lavigne landed a terrific blow to Bowen's jaw; he fell back and struck his head hard on the bare wood. He never regained consciousness and died early the next morning.

Lavigne was charged with murder, but the jury at the coroner's inquest agreed that he died from hitting the bare wood floor rather than from a punch from Lavigne.

Kid Lavigne attended the funeral, and according to a report in the Times-Picayune newspaper at the time, Mathilde Bowen, the boxer's widow, shook his hand.

"Mr. Lavigne, I do not blame you for this unfortunate ending of the contest, but it has broken my heart," she sobbed. "I feel that none regret it more than you."

Lavigne reportedly "wept bitterly" during the service.

Chouinard questions the rendition, which he writes really was "not consistent with the medical science of the day."

"While they clearly did not know what we know today of concussive head trauma, the symptoms of brain hemorrhage were well known at the time," he writes.

"They had to assume that repeated blows to the head and hitting one's head once on an unpadded wooden surface could be of equal gravity in causing the brain to swell."

Given that the newspaper had noted a "wild, frightened look" in Bowen's eyes before the final round, "It's quite possible that he was beginning to exhibit signs of brain trauma before he was knocked out," Chouinard says.

### More stories to tell

Kid Lavigne had many of his own problems, including uncontrolled use of alcohol, domestic violence against his first wife, Julia, and frequent encounters with police.

He was arrested a dozen times, mostly for fighting while drunk. He was committed to sanatoriums four times to rid his system of alcohol or drugs used to control pain from boxing injuries or for erratic behavior possibly related to his own concussive episodes as a fighter.

In his final years, George "Kid" Lavigne quit the ring, went to work as a night watchman at the Ford Motor Company factory and lived quietly until dying of a heart attack in 1928, at age 58.

After more than three years of research and writing, helped immensely by materials collected by members of the International Boxing Research Organization, Chouinard says he finds much to like in his illustrious, if troubled, relative.

"Having played 12 years of rugby myself, knowing the importance of endurance in sport, I like him for that," he says. "I like his humility — he was never a boaster. People said he never swore."

On the other hand, he doesn't admire Lavigne's Jekyll-and-Hyde personality, Chouinard acknowledges.

"From what I learned, when he was drinking, he was a jerk. He was abusive to his wife and nasty to people in hotels, yelling and throwing things. I don't admire that.

"His wife once said, 'When he's sober, he's a perfect husband. When he's drunk, he's not, and these days more often it's not.'"

Lavigne had no children.

Writing and self-publishing his book has left 60-year-old Chouinard, who retired as the city of Eugene's risk manager and human resources director in 2008, eager for more.

"While I was doing this book, I found I had another relative, George La Blanche — the name originally was Blais — who also boxed about the same time," he says. "Maybe I could write about him."

Or, maybe it's the turn of his peg leg grandfather, who lost a leg crashing a 1917 Harley Davidson motorcycle.

"He worked on a lot of the buildings for the Chicago (Columbian) Exposition (of 1893) — some of them are still there, in the same area where I grew up," Chouinard muses. "Maybe there's a book there."

JET MAGAZINE SEPT 2 1954

## EZZARD CHARLES: THE MAN WHO CAN'T STOP FIGHTING

*Charles happily displays champion's belt won from Jersey Joe Walcott in 1949.*

By MARC CRAWFORD

None of the six young heavyweights, their dreams bigger than their meager talents, could have punched his way out of a paper bag. Still, in the past year, each had his day in the press across the nation, but only because they had tried—four with success—to pound the daylights out of all that remains of a former heavyweight champion. Their victim: Ezzard Charles, conquerer of Joe Louis and three-time winner over the current light heavyweight champion, Archie Moore. At 38 he is a man who can not stop fighting—even though he admits his reflexes and skills have long since forsaken him.

"Charles is broke and has to fight," some speculated, not knowing how far away from the truth they really were. "Just like all other ex-champs they think they can come back," others derided. Amateur psychiatrists advanced the theory that he suffers from guilt complexes and fights as a means of punishing himself.

But last week, in a Cincinnati coffee shop, Charles sat down and told for the first time of the strange magic that makes him, a has-been, continue his inglorious stands against the never-will-bes in musty high school gyms and antique small-town armories.

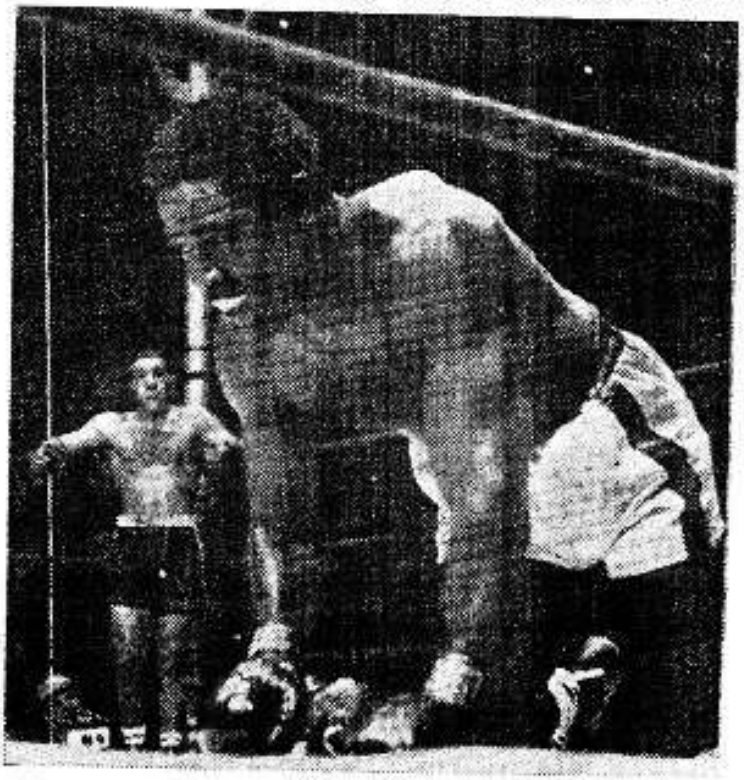
His unmarked face shone like burnished ebony and the six-foot, 203-pounder was smiling because he was moved by the music. It was Nina Simone singing *I Love You*

Porgy. "That's a real soulful line she's singing," Charles said. "*Honey don't let him handle me with his hot hands,*" the record sang.

Charles returned to the business at hand and the smile was replaced by a frown. "When I retired from the ring in 1956," he was saying, "I stopped doing anything connected with fighting. I didn't watch TV fights and I only attended the Patterson-Hurricane Jackson fight because I was especially invited. I got a job working with kids, lecturing them on juvenile delinquency. You know the bit. I began getting fat and my weight went all the way up to 250 pounds. My wife was ashamed of me, urged me to take it off.

"I went back to the gym, just to take the weight off I told myself. I did, too, and I was punching bags again and that felt good. It was like coming back home after wandering aimlessly in some foreign land and that old desire stirred in me and came rushing back like a song. I asked friends if I should fight again. Some said no, others said yes, the yes I wanted to hear.

"You see it wasn't for money or hopes of being a champ. I know my reflexes are gone. I have to tell myself I'm going to throw a right hand now



*Charles ended two-year reign sprawled at feet of Rocky Marciano in 1951.*

and have to concentrate real hard. Ten years ago these things were automatically done. But I missed the promoters, the dressing rooms, the newspaper men, the crowds and kleig lights.

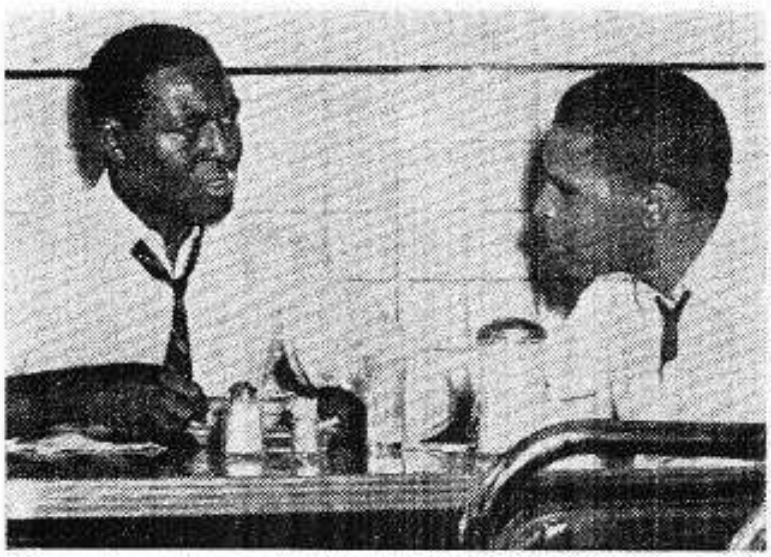
"I missed the contact with the people—the roar of tens of thousands ringing in my ears. It made me feel like I belonged to something. I had identity and definition. It's a music, and when you're not fighting it is only the haunting echo of a memory. The thrill in the fight game is all gone for me. The competitive fires burned out in me before the second Marciano fight. I knew I was going to lose it. I was sick, asked for a postponement. They wouldn't give it to me.

"In me now there is neither killer nor tiger nor anything. I guess instinctively I still fight to win. But really I don't care. It's not important to me. I fight because I have to hear the music of the crowds. Sometimes it doesn't last long, and it doesn't make any difference whether the cheers are for me or the guy across the ring, I got to hear the music. The crowd—the symphony, yes, that's what it is—is not as large or as loud as it used to be. But it's still there and I can hear it. It is a feeling like all nature singing, it's a synonym for God.

*Charles rallied to defeat cop Dave Ashley in high school gym.*

Across the way a tall, shapely brown girl was popping her fingers and swinging her body to a gutty blues. *I Got To Walk About It, Talk*

*About It,* the juke box said. "That Ray Charles sure is a funky child," the big brown girl declared and appeared hurt because she did not get the ex-champ's attention.



*Charles tells JET's Marc Crawford of real business investments, is sharp daily.*

"I have looked for that feeling in other places," Charles said, seeking only understanding, "but for me it's only in the ring. They say 'Snook (Charles' nickname) stop fighting. You'll get hurt, punchy, maybe even killed.' But they don't understand about the music. And so I don't try to explain it to them. They have never heard it and can not understand that if these things are the price I have to pay to hear it, I am willing to pay. A man has to do what he must. He has no other choice."

A waitress tapped him on the arm and he rose to say hello to a couple from Iowa who wanted the honor of meeting Ezzard Charles. He was smiling and he greeted them with an infectious warmth, talked to them in articulate voice, then returned to the table. "This is the only thing I know in life. They can't ask me to give it up. Besides I can make more in a couple of fights than I made in a year on that state job ($3,100)."

Now Charles was talking about Sam Baroudi, who died following their Feb. 20, 1948 fight. "I'd be lying if I said I never thought about him. The memory followed me into every fight and there were times at the kill when I had to back away. I never accused myself of his death, but in my very next fight with Elmer (Violent) Ray I remember standing in the shadows of the stairs at Chicago Stadium, 10, 15 maybe 20 minutes trying to make up my mind to

*Charles jokes with son Boyd, has two daughters, two homes.*

get in the ring. I did, won too," Charles mused, remembering his ninth round Kayo. "But it was never the same again—no, not like before.

"As the champion, I knew I could never be popular. The crowd never forgave me for whipping Joe Louis. I destroyed their idol and, with them, I destroyed myself as well. There were those who called me champ and meant it. Others would say in my presence: 'there'll never be another Joe Louis.'"

Crashing through the doors came four-year-old paperweight Boyd Charles, demanding that his father keep his promise to take him for a ride in the family Thunderbird. The champion father kept his word, took the boy by the hand and led him from the coffee shop.

*I Got To Walk About It Talk About It*, the juke box was singing again. The big brown girl popped her fingers again and declared with finality: "That Ray Charles sure is a funky child."

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1959-07-03 Dave Ashley | Cincinnati, US | W TKO | 9 |
| 1959-07-30 George Logan | Boise, US | L KO | 8 |
| 1959-09-01 Alvin Green | Oklahoma City, US | L UD | 10 |

# The Twins With The "Socks" Appeal

*HENRY AND HERMAN, HERMAN OR HENRY, YOU CAN'T TELL THEM APART—BUT, HOW THEY CAN SOCK*

BY SIDNEY GERARD

HENRY and Herman were the nice names the proud parents of the Perlick twins tagged on the cherubic, smiling faces, looking up from their crib.

"Nize baybees ven they shleep," cooed Mama Perlick lovingly as he gazed fondly on the sleeping cherubs.

But oh what the boys who have fought Henry and Hermie have dubbed them. Hitters both, they rip and tear from gong to gong. It is, therefore, little wonder that the Perlick twins are constantly busy, fighting as often as twice a week.

Now get this, friend fan. Henry and Herman, look alike, dress alike, and better yet, fight alike, to some extent. Now what is going to happen if Henry has to fight Herman for the title? Just supposing the referee had to give a decision at the end of the contest? How would he know who is who and which is which? How would the judges score the fight?

Central, please, put in an urgent call for King Solomon. His wisdom is sadly needed in a case of this kind.

But to get down to real facts — the Perlick twins can fight, and experts who have watched them in action are predicting a bright future for the Kalamazoo pair.

There is a difference, however, in the pair. There always is in such a case. Twins, though they may be alike in every respect, and the Perlicks are no exception, differ somewhat when it comes to boxing or fighting, take your choice. The funny thing in fighting twins is that one is always better, perhaps just a wee bit better, than the other.

It's been that way since the days of Old Mike and Jack "Twin" Sullivan, the Boston pair of other days. Those two baldheads could fight, and they could box, too; but then again, the Sullivan twins flourished in the days when a fellow who essayed to earn his livelihood by means of his fists encased in a padded glove had to be quite an artisan, and had to work at it and not merely regard it as a pastime. Those were the days before fouls were made much of and everything went. It's hard to think what the present day powder puff boy fighters would have done in those days, but that is drifting from our main field under discussion.

Even at that, Jack outgrew Mike, and consequently because of his advantage in weight, was the better fighter, but not proportionately better, let it be here understood, for we don't want to start a controversy with a bunch of old time fight fans, but better by right of might and weight.

The nearest comparison to the Sullivan twins are the two Perlick boys. They, however, are almost at par in weight, both tipping the scale at about 135 pounds. Yet it's hard to tell which one is which. But—anyway — it's the one they have labelled Herman who is the better fighter of the two.

*Both Henry and Herman Perlich have met with unusual success in the ring.*

As we have said, the Kalamazoo pair are quite busy. In this past spring and current summer they have in fact been frequent performers in rings in and near New York City, where they have built up quite a following. The two always appear on the same card. They don't fight each other, but always on the same card. One never appears without the other. It is this fact that has helped build up their popularity. Whatever the two boys may be lacking in fighting ability they make up in showmanship, at which they are experts.

But how come they are always on the same card? Well, the answer is simple. It's Herman who carries Henry along. Herman can always get a fight. He is a consistent winner, a good boxer, heavy puncher, and gives the fans a run for their money. It is Herman's ability that also keeps Henry busy. Henry does not meet such powerful opponents as Herman and does not win so consistently, but he doesn't have to as long as Herman keeps on doing the good work for the pair.

In business arrangements the pair work independently although under the same management. Because Herman is the better of the two he has made more money than the other brother.

Of late there has been a decided improvement in the work of both boys. This can be ascribed to the fact that they have gone under the wing of a new and capable manager, Johnny Kilbane, the former champion. Their work since going under the Kilbane banner has shown a marked improvement. Herman has learned a lot of the old master's trciks and is speedily putting them to use in the ring. Even Henry, the weaker member of the combination, is showing how much he benefited under the tutelage of Johnny.

*The Perlich twins, Henry and Herman are hard to tell apart.*

The rejuvenation of the Perlicks was especially shown by Herman the night he met Jack Kid Berg, the English Hebrew windmill. Berg is probably one of the best in the ring today. This was the second meeting of the pair. The Britisher has improved considerably since their last meeting and was an overwhelming choice over the American lad. It is true Perlick blew the decision to Berg, but he covered himself with glory in that fight. Jackie admitted after the contest that it was the hardest fight he had ever engaged in. Perlick tired toward the end of the fight. Had he been able to retain his stamina just a little longer he would have romped off with the decision that night and the junior welter crown now held by Berg.

And don't forget that this same boy, Herman, not so long ago put a wonderful scrap against Sammy Mandell, the champion. It is true he lost, but it takes a bushelfull of good fighting to beat Sammy. The champion is not taken in camp so easily. Perlick is good but at this time not good enough to lift the lightweight crown.

The lightweight division is beginning to regain its old popularity and favor and no little credit can be placed on the heads and fists of the Perlicks. They have put new life into the division. It is refreshing to note that they are tireless and busy fighters. Furthermore, they are not foul artists and put up a fair scrap either way you look at it. They give and take and let it go at that. In fact this writer has seen both boys hit low on several occasions, accidentally perhaps, but others have taken the easy way out and claimed the fight while the Perlicks after such blows went harder at their tasks. For that and that alone they deserve the unbounded support of fight fans.

The twins are a rugged pair and can stand a lot of rough work. Henry prefers to stay in close and mix at close quarters. He hardly jabs at all while the other brother, Herman, uses a beautiful left jab and is at the same time a clever infighter. Both boys are especially effective against the speed demons, such as Berg, and it was for that reason that Herman put up such a splendid battle against the English lad.

Aside from their fighting ability the Perlick twins are exactly similar in everything. They accentuate the striking resemblance between them by wearing the identical style of clothes, down to the minutest details, hats, shoes, ties, shirts, socks, collars, canes and cuffs match in every respect. They are superb showmen. They dress in loud, oh, so loud, raiment, and are well known along the Rialto of New York. They are popular with show folks and attract a large part of the show world public to their fights.

Herman told us that they have been offered big sums to tour in vaudeville. They were tempted for a while to take up the offer, but Kilbane, their mentor, objected to this move, saying that vaudeville, the stage, and boxing do not mix well. So for the time being the twins have to forget the stage and devote their undivided attention to the boxing gloves and the roped arena.

*(Continued on Page 36)*

# *The Twins with the "Socks" Appeal*

*(Continued from Page 13)*

To point out the kind of showmen these boys are it bears mentioning that when they are introduced together from the ring to crowds at other fights, as frequently as is the case, they usually pull some little stunt or other that comes under the head of "showmanship" with the boxing fans.

The two fighting brothers have popularized Kalamazoo, Michigan, and make no mistake about it. Kazoo is just as proud of its pair of speedy mitt merchants as it is of the fact that it is on the main line railroad and only but three short hours from the Windy City.

Just to give you an idea that the Perlicks don't pick their opponents we'll list some of the better fighters they have met and beat in most cases.

Herman has fought Armando Santiago, Solly Seeman, Harry Kid Brown, Jackie Kid Berg, twice; Sammy Price, Joe Goodman, Ray Kiser, Sammy Mandell, lightweight champion; Bruce Flowers and many others of note.

Henry has fought Clicky Clark, Armando Santiago, Fay Kosky, Tony Herrera, Sammy Price, Joey Medill, Marty Silvers, Benny Duke, Vic Walters, Herry Lenny and many others.

There are no set-ups in the list of any of the fighters the two have met.

The pair were born on April 20, 1908, at Baird, Nebraska. They both scale alike for fights, their height is identical, five feet, five and one half inches for each. All told the two boys have engaged in about 125 fights, split about evenly between them. Only on very few occasions has one appeared on a card without the other.

If you enter the arena when either one of them is fighting it is almost impossible to find out which is which. If you inquire which one of the Perlicks is on they will answer "H. Perlick." The "H" stands both for Henry and Herman.

There is only one person who can tell them apart at all times and that is Mama Perlick. Most of their friends have learned a safe way of knowing which one of the two is which. One is wealthier than the other by a gold tooth—Henry. That is the best way of identifying him and telling him apart from his twin brother. Look for the gold tooth to know which is which.

## FINAL BELL

**EARL MORTON** - who refereed more than a dozen world title fights during his 24-year career but is best known for serving as the third man in the ring for the second and third fights of the famed Arturo Gatti-Micky Ward trilogy, died September 20, 2013 after a battle with cancer. He was 58. Morton, who was born in New York and raised in Newark, N.J., was an amateur boxer, going 38-7 and winning the 1976 New Jersey Golden Gloves title at 119 pounds. After his amateur boxing career, Morton began to referee amateur fights in the late 1970s before beginning to work professional fights in 1989, mainly in the boxing hotbed of Atlantic City, N.J. Morton was a mainstay of big cards in New Jersey for years and served as the referee for the 1998 fight of the year, the first epic lightweight battle between Gatti and Ivan Robinson. In 2002, Morton was assigned to the Gatti-Ward junior welterweight rematch and then the 2003 rubber match, which was the fight of the year and ended their famed series. Among the world title bouts that Morton worked were when Bernard Hopkins retained the middleweight championship against William Joppy in 2003, Floyd Mayweather Jr.'s junior welterweight title victory against Gatti in 2005 and middleweight champion Sergio Martinez's memorable second-round knockout of Paul Williams in 2010. ***(Dan Rafael, ESPN)***

**BOBBY STININATO** – Former 1950s-1970s light-heavyweight Bobby (Bulldog Drummond) Stininato passed away peacefully on September 15, 2013 at Everil Orr Village, Auckland, New Zealand, aged 79. Stininato was born on April 13, 1934 in Roseville, California. He fought professionally out of Youngstown, OH, before moving to New Zealand in the late 1960s. In a career that lasted 20 years, 1954-1974, he compiled a record of 42-21-2 (KO 17) and was only stopped twice. He defeated Jesse Bowdry, Dean Bogany, Gene Bryant, Chuck Leslie, Fred Roots, and Bobby Hughes. He also faced Mauro Mina, Eddie Cotton, Bob Dunlop, Jose Menno, Johnny Morris, Allen Thomas, Fred Lewis, and Steve Halalilo. He fought a draw with heavyweight Henry Clark. ***(Harry Otty)***

**KEN NORTON** - He was the second man to beat Muhammad Ali, breaking Ali's jaw and sending him to the hospital in their 1973 heavyweight fight. Ken Norton frustrated Ali three times in all, including their final bout at Yankee Stadium where he was sure he had beaten him once again. Norton, who died September 18, 2013 at the age of 70, lost that fight for the heavyweight title. But he was forever linked to Ali for the 39 rounds they fought over three fights, with very little separating one man from the other in the ring. "Kenny was a good, good fighter. He beat a lot of guys," said Ed Schuyler Jr., who covered many of Norton's fights for The Associated Press. "He gave Ali fits because Ali let him fight coming forward instead of making him back up." Norton is the only heavyweight champion never to win the title in the ring, and boxing fans still talk about the bruising battle he waged with Larry Holmes for the title in 1978. But it was his first fight with Ali that made the former Marine a big name and the two fights that followed that were his real legacy. Few gave Norton, who possessed a muscular, sculpted body, much of a chance against Ali in their first meeting, held at the Sports Arena in San Diego, where Norton lived. But his awkward style and close-in pressing tactics confused Ali, who fought in pain after his jaw was broken. "Ali tore up his ankle while training and we were going to call the fight off but didn't," former Ali business manager Gene Kilroy said. "Ali said it's not going to be that tough." It was, with Norton breaking Ali's jaw in the early rounds and having his way with the former champion for much of the night.

The loss was even more shocking because Ali had only lost to Joe Frazier in their 1971 showdown and was campaigning for the title he would win again the next year against George Foreman in Zaire. "Norton was unorthodox," Kilroy said. "Instead of jabbing from above like most fighters he would put his hand down and jab up at Ali." Kilroy said after the fight Norton visited Ali at the hospital where he was getting his broken jaw wired. Ali, he said, told him he was a great fighter and he never wanted to fight him again. Ken Norton Jr., a coach with the Seattle Seahawks, confirmed his father's death to The Associated Press before handing the phone to his wife, too distraught to talk. Norton had been in poor health for the last several years after suffering a series of strokes, Kilroy said. "He's been fighting the battle for two years," he said. "I'm sure he's in heaven now with all the great fighters. I'd like to hear that conversation." Norton didn't have long to celebrate his big win over Ali. They fought six months later, and Ali won a split decision. They met for a third time on Sept. 28, 1976, at Yankee Stadium and Ali narrowly won to keep his heavyweight title. Norton would come back the next year to win a heavyweight title eliminator and was declared champion by the World Boxing Council when Leon Spinks decided to fight Ali in a rematch instead of facing his mandatory challenger. But on June 9, 1978, he lost a brutal 15-round fight to Holmes in what many regard as one of boxing's epic heavyweight bouts and would never be champion again. Norton finished with a record of 42-7-1 and 33 knockouts. He would later embark on an acting career, appearing in several movies, and was a commentator at fights. ***(ESPN)***

**MAY THEY ALL REST IN PEACE!**