



Journal

IN MEMORIAM

Ron Ross

Ron Ross succumbed to the coronavirus on March 23, 2020, at a hospital in Boca Raton, Florida. His obituary appears on page 4.

William Miley

William Miley passed away peacefully, surrounded by his loved ones, on February 7, 2020, at his residence. His obituary appears on page 5.

May They Rest in Peace!

New Members

We are pleased to welcome new member Cliff Rold of Nokesville, Virginia, and former members Murray Greig of Alberta, Canada, and Andrew Fruman of Toronto, Canada.

Contents

- ◆ Featured Articles
- ◆ Classic Featured Articles
- ◆ Book Announcements
- ◆ Updated Career Boxing Records
- ◆ Newspaper Archives
- ◆ Final Bell

Special thanks to Bob Caico, Steve Canton, Don Cogswell, Bobby Franklin, Buddy Gibbs, Henry Hascup, Bruce Kielty, Ric Kilmer, Gary Luscombe, Carole Myer, Patrick Myler, Kelly Nicholson, Ramiro Ortiz, Rich Pagano, John Sheppard, Mike Silver, Eric Thompson, Matt Ward, Bob Yalen, and Roger Zotti for their contributions to this issue of the journal.

***Keep Punching!
Dan Cuoco***

Issue 146

June 2020

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CONTENTS

MEMBER FORUM

- 3 Ron Ross Obituary
- 4 William Miley Obituary
- 5 Tommy Campbell Inquiry
- 5 Madison Square Garden Research Inquiry
- 5 New Jersey Boxing Hall of Fame Announcement
- 6 Florida Boxing Hall of Fame Announcement
- 6 Ring 4 Boxing Hall of Fame Announcement
- 6 New York State Hall of Fame Announcement
- 5 IBHOF Boxing Hall of Fame Announcement
- 6 Nevada Boxing Hall of Fame Announcement
- 6 Member Profiles
- 115 Final Bell

FEATURES

- 7 *Joe Calzaghe: The Fighting Pride of Newbridge by Kelly Nicholson*
- 25 *Remembering Dick DiVeronica by Dan Cuoco*
- 33 *100 Years ago: The Law That Gave Birth to the Modern Era of Boxing by Mike Silver*
- 35 *Remarkable Turnarounds by Roger Zotti*
- 39 *The Pottawatomie Giant Deserves Respect by Bobby Franklin*
- 42 *A Much Needed Distraction from the Horrors of War: Boxing at the Lyceum Theatre by Matthew Ward*
- 45 *A knockout tale of Spanish flu, Jack Dempsey & the Baron of Leiperville by Rich Pagano*
- 48 *The Top 20 Uncrowned Champions in Boxing History by Buddy Gibbs*
- 58 *Historical Fiction: Sonny Liston vs Jack Johnson by Ramiro Ortiz*

FLASHBACK FEATURES

- 63 *Journalistic Pioneer Pierce Egan: More Than Just The First Famous Boxing Writer by Patrick Myler (The Ring, January 2000)*
- 68 *Billy Petrolle: Why The Fargo Express Never Made A Championship Stop by Pete Ehrmann (The Ring, July 2008)*

BOOK ANNOUNCEMENTS

- 76 *The Night the Referee Hit Back: Memorable Moments from the World of Boxing by Mike Silver*
- 78 *Tough Man: The Greg Haugen Story by Anthony Zute George*
- 79 *Sporting Blood: Tales from the Dark Side of Boxing by Carlos Acevedo*
- 80 *Pittsburgh Boxing: A Pictorial History Paperback by Douglas Cavanaugh*

UPDATED CAREER RECORDS

- 81 Mateo de la Osa
- 82 Al Kale
- 85 Matt Wells
- 87 Jackie Fields Partial Amateur Record

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVES

- 88 Matt Wells-Abe Attell (NYT 9-21-1911)
- 88 Joe Stein-Eddie Rector (NYT 9-21-1911)
- 89 Gene Tunney-Al Roberts (NYT 4-6-1920)
- 90 Johnny Wison-Mike O'Dowd (NYT 5-7-1920)
- 91 Lew Tendler-Georges Papin (NYT 5-13-1920)
- 92 Walker Boxing Bill Signed by Governor (NYT 5-25-1920)
- 93 Jackie Kid Berg-Joe Glick (NYT 4-5-1930)
- 94 Muldoon, the Czar of Boxing (NYT 5--4-1930)
- 95 Tony Canzoneri-Harold Carlton (NYT 5-6-1930)
- 96 Young Jack Thompson-Jackie Fields (NYT 5-10-1930)
- 97 Midget Wolgast-Willie LaMorte (NYT 5-17-1930)
- 98 Al Singer-Ignancio Fernandez (NYT 5-24-1930)
- 98 Sharkey's Sturdy Legs Great Asset by Benny Leonard (BG 5-26-1930)
- 99 Fidel LaBarba-Bushy Graham (NYT 5-29-1930)
- 99 Maxie Rosenbloom-George Hoffman (NYT 6-4-1930)
- 100 Max Schmeling-Jack Sharkey (NYT 6-13-1930)
- 103 Primo Carnera-George Godfrey (BG 6-24-1930)
- 104 Maxie Rosenbloom-Jimmy Slattery (NYT 6-26-1930)
- 105 Lew Jenkins-Lou Ambers I (NYT 5-11-1940)
- 106 Henry Armstrong-Paul Junior (NYT 4-27-1940)
- 106 Harry Jeffra-Joey Archibald (NYT 5-21-1940)
- 107 Ken Overlin-Ceferino Garcia (NYT 5-24-1940)
- 108 Billy Conn-Gus Lesnevich II (NYT 6-6-1940)
- 109 Joe Louis-Arturo Godoy II (NYT 6-21-1940)
- 111 Rocky Graziano-Tony Janiro (NYT 4-1-1950)
- 112 Kid Gavilan-Georgie Small (NYT 5-27-1950)
- 112 Jersey Joe Walcott-Ten Hoff (NYT 5-29-1950)
- 113 Pennsylvanis Hits N.B.A. on LaMotta (NYT 5-30-1950)
- 113 Vic Toweel-Manuel Ortiz (NYT 6-1-1950)
- 114 Sugar Ray Robinson-Robert Villemain (NYT 6-6-1950)

RON ROSS

1932-2020



An ex-athlete and a writer who left a lasting impact on the boxing community, Ron Ross died March 23 after contracting coronavirus. He was 87.

A member of the Florida Boxing Hall of Fame, Ross and his wife, Susan, spent the past 20 years splitting time between Boca Raton and Oceanside, New York.

Growing up in Brooklyn, Ross quickly immersed himself in the world of boxing and eventually worked as fighter, manager, promoter and author. Although he had real estate career that spanned 40 years, his passion was writing colorful stories centered around boxing and the Jewish immigrant community.

He published his first novel in 1993, "Tomato Can," a slang term for a fighter who's considered an easy opponent for established boxers. Ross continued delving into the boxing world, later penning the biographical "Bummy Davis vs. Murder, Inc.: The Rise and Fall of the Jewish Mafia and an Ill-Fated Prizefighter" and "Nine...Ten...and Out! The Two Worlds of Emile Griffith." The film rights for both stories have been purchased by studios.



"Ron was an inspiring individual who impacted many people with his magnificent writings or his fascinating stories," Florida Boxing Hall of Fame vice president Steve Canton said. "He was involved in the sport of boxing most of his life and was a terrific role model. "Ron will be sorely missed and his memory and legacy never forgotten. I was fortunate to have called him a friend for many years. He was truly special."

A member of the Boxing Writers Association of America, Ross authored seven books, including a pair of children's stories.

Over the past two decades, Ross and his wife were snowbirds, enjoying the South Florida climate from October to May. Married for 58 years, Ron and Susan would relax at The Polo Club of Boca Raton, "eating all their meals together," said his daughter, Lisa Ross. The couple stayed physically active, frequently exercising together.

"Up until a few months ago, he was doing like 50 sit-ups and 50 push-ups each day," Lisa said, adding he would also use the speed bag at the club.

"He was one of the most honest, loyal, generous — very family-oriented," Lisa said. "[He] worshiped his wife and she worshiped him. Very funny. He had a great sense of humor. He was quiet, but when he did talk, he had something very funny to say."

Ron, who battled Parkinson's Disease, developed a fever on March 20 and was transported by paramedics to Delray Medical Center. Suffering from fatigue, his condition deteriorated and he was later moved to the ICU before passing away on March 23. Lisa Ross believed her father may have had another infection at the time as well.

Ron is survived by his wife Susan, and his two daughters, Lisa and Wendy.

By Wells Dusenbury, South Florida Sun Sentinel April 15, 2020

(PHOTOS: Ron and Susan Ross/D.S. Cogswell - Ron and Emile Griffith/Lisa Ross)

William “Bill” Miley 1934 - 2020

William “Bill” Miley of Burton, MI, age 85, passed away peacefully, surrounded by his loved ones, on Friday, February 7, 2020, at his residence. Bill was born William Martin Miley on August 21, 1934, to the late Elbert Edward and Neta Alice (Burgess) Miley in Gibson, Missouri. Bill attended Flint area schools and graduated from Flint Northern High School in 1952 and shortly after enlisted in the United States Air Force, where he served his country during the Korean War era from 1953 to 1957. After leaving active military service, he was employed by the United States Postal Service and was very happily employed as a mail carrier until his retirement. A large part of Bill’s life was his great love for the sport of Boxing. Bill was very active in amateur boxing in his teens and won the Flint Golden Gloves championship in the middleweight division. After leaving the Air Force, Bill began what became his lifelong hobby, boxing record keeping. He amassed a very large collection of records, both historical and current, and eventually published a monthly publication called the Midwest Boxing News which had subscribers throughout the world. He also published an annual book of boxing records called the American Boxing Record Book that was called in national boxing magazines the best amateur boxing record publication to date. Hundreds of copies of the book were sold throughout the world each year and are still widely collected by boxing enthusiasts. Bill was active in many other areas of boxing as well. For many years he worked as a fight judge throughout the United States, including serving as one of the judges of an international championship fight in Thailand. He arranged boxing matches and frequently assisted other boxing matchmakers and boxing managers in finding appropriate fighters to set up matches with. Bill was employed as a State of Michigan Athletic Inspector for a number of years, working both boxing and professional wrestling matches. For a number of years, he arranged boxing matches at Soaring Eagle Casino and Resort in Mt. Pleasant. Until recently, Bill was working on creating a database of boxing matches in the state of Michigan going back over a hundred and fifty years. Bill was an active member of St. John Catholic Church in Davison for many years, serving on the church council and the annual festival for some time. He was a proud member of the Knights of Columbus (3rd and 4th degrees) and served as Faithful Navigator, among other offices. His greatest source of happiness was his family, which was truly the light of his life. He loved his children and grandchildren deeply and was a source of strength and inspiration to all of them. He enjoyed traveling throughout the United States and Canada. Bill was a self-educated man and an avid reader of mystery novels as well as historical and biographical nonfiction. Bill is survived by his loving wife of 14 years, Marjean Dolan Miley; loving children and stepchildren; Marie (Kevin) Russell, Karen (Tom) West, Deborah (Jim) Perez, Howard (Carolyn) Field, Gary Field, Steven (Carrie) Field, Michele Dolan, Julie French, Lora (Tom) Birge, and William (Sheryl) Dolan; daughter-in-law, Kathy Dolan; son-in-law, Rick Munoz; 27 grandchildren; 41 great-grandchildren; siblings, Joyce Knuth, David “Doug” Miley, and Shirley Stoneman. He was preceded in death by his parents; his wife of 31 years, Barbara Jean Gonyea Field Miley; two daughters, Beth Ann Saviano and Susan Kay Munoz; two stepsons, Michael Dolan and Daniel Dolan; granddaughter; Alison Saviano; siblings, Arletta Burgess, Loretta Gillam, Betty Morrissey, and Elbert “Bud” Miley.



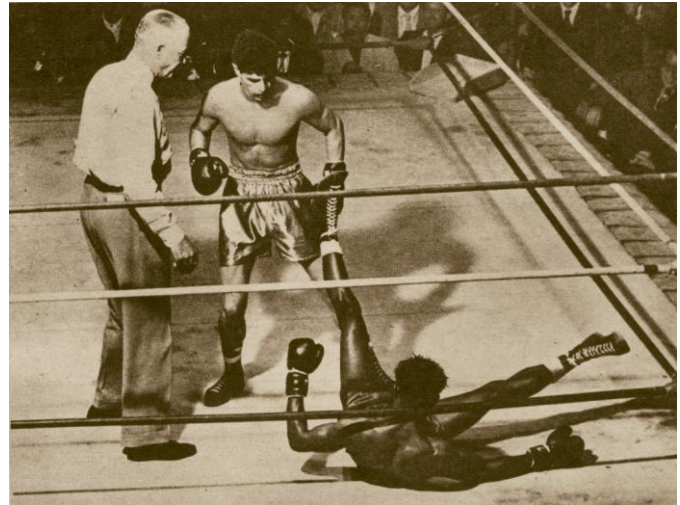
MEMBER FORUM

Tommy Campbell

Hello, My friend, Phil S. Dixon, co-founder of the Negro Leagues Baseball Museum in Kansas City, MO, and award-winning baseball author, is endeavoring to complete his book on Kansas City, Kansas top-ranked lightweight Tommy Campbell, "The Chocolate Ice Cube", by year's end. Tommy's heyday was in the '40s and '50s. He agreed to throw a couple of fights for the mob yet at the sound of the opening bell he proceeded to trounce his opponent on each occasion. With his career over and his life in danger, Campbell became one of the first fighters to out the mob when he confessed to throwing a fight with Art Aragon. Phil would like to hear from anyone who might have any info to share on Campbell, be it articles, photos, oral stories. And for anyone connected with BoxRec: Phil has corrections and additions for Tommy Campbell's amateur and pro records which he'd like to have verified and posted. Additionally, Phil has corrections and additions to share for his brother and cousin who were pro fighters. Also, Phil is interested in obtaining a quality photo from the Tommy Campbell - Art Aragon fight. Enclosed herein is a second-generation copy of the photo, courtesy of Dan Cuoco. You can respond directly to Phil at: philsdixon@aol.com or at cell 816-922-0680. if you reach out to Phil directly, please copy me.

Thanks!

Eric Thompson
IBRO Member
Kansas City, MO
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Madison Square Garden Research

I'm Steve Farhood, boxing broadcaster for Showtime and former editor of "The Ring." I have the utmost respect for your organization. Is there anyone with IBRO who would be interested in helping me with some research regarding boxing at Madison Square Garden? If so, please have him or her email me.

Much appreciated.

Seve Farhood @ ringeditor@aol.com

New Jersey Boxing Hall of Fame Announcement

As the President of the New Jersey Boxing Hall of Fame I am proud to announce that on Thursday, November 12, 2020, the New Jersey Boxing Hall of Fame will hold its 51th Annual Induction & Award at the beautiful Venetian, located at 546 River Drive, Garfield, New Jersey starting at 6:45 P.M. Tickets are priced at ONLY \$90 (\$95 for the use of a Credit Card) \$100 at the door per person. Fourteen (14) of Boxing's finest will be inducted in the New Jersey Boxing Hall of Fame, and they are as follows: **Freddy Curiel – David Franciosi – Kevin Howard - Allen Huggins – Patricia Morse Jarman - Ed Keenan - John McKaie – Wali Moses - Wali Muhammad - Ed Mulholland – Bob Rooney Jr. - David Toledo. POSTHUMOUSLY: Madame Bey - Johnny Bos.** Also, the NEW JERSEY BOXING HALL OF FAME will be honoring our Senior Amateur, Junior Olympic Amateur & Pro Boxer of the Year as well as the Amateur Official & Coach of the Year Plus our "2020 Man of the Year." We are scheduled to have our Induction and award ceremonies on Thursday, November 12, 2020, but with the virus we will just have to hope and Pray we do!

Henry Hascup.
President, NJBHOF

The Florida Boxing Hall of Fame Announcement

Due to the Covid-19 virus, we have rescheduled our induction weekend to Friday, Saturday, Sunday, August 21-23, 2020. Everything else will be the same, we were fortunate that the hotel was able to accommodate us.

The Ring 4 Boxing Hall of Fame Announcement

The Ring 4 Boxing Hall of Fame announced that due to the coronavirus pandemic its 73rd annual induction dinner has been rescheduled to August 2, 2020. All other information will remain as stated on the banquet ticket. If there should be further orders to postpone this event, immediate notification will be announced.

The New York State Boxing Hall of Fame Announcement

The New York State Boxing Hall of Fame (NYSBHOF) announced that its ninth annual induction dinner has been rescheduled due to the coronavirus pandemic to September 20, 2020, at Russo's On The Bay in Howard Beach, New York. Money already collected for tickets and journal ads may be used for the Sept. 20th event or returned in full upon request at point of purchase.

The International Boxing Hall of Fame Announcement

The International Boxing Hall of Fame and Museum has announced that due to the coronavirus, the 2020 Hall of Fame Weekend is canceled and both the 2020 and 2021 classes will be enshrined together on June 10-13, 2021.

The Nevada Boxing Hall of Fame Announcement

The Nevada Boxing Hall of Fame has announced the postponement of its 2020 induction weekend until the summer of 2021. The severity of the health crisis due to the Covid-19 pandemic caused the President and CEO of Nevada Boxing Hall of Fame (NVBHOF) Michelle Corrales-Lewis to make the official announcement. The 2020 Class of Inductees will be augmented by additional names comprising the 2021 Class, and both will be celebrated in the most spectacular event in NVBHOF's history next summer.

MEMBER PROFILES

Cliff Rold

Cliff Rold is a managing editor at Boxing Scene and a contributor since 2007 with a deep appreciation for, and ever evolving understanding of, the history of the sweet science. His work has also appeared in Ring Magazine and online at Fox Sports. He is a member of the the Boxing Writers Association of America and a founding member of the Transnational Boxing Rankings Board.

James Kinney

I have been a long-time avid boxing fan of the sweet science since the golden era of the late 1960s. Since the 1980's I have been involved in the sport first at a short attempt at boxing at the Yonkers, NY PAL, then, becoming a ring man by setting up the boxing ring for professional and amateur events; amateur official, amateur boxing reporter for TruFanBoxing.com and now Professional Boxing Judge since 2014. Through it all; the history, the boxing community and the insider's perspective holds a special place in my heart and spirit. I hope to carry on the great work of my predecessors who have kept the history of boxing alive for all to know and learn. (James joined the IBRO January 9, 2019).

Joe Calzaghe: The Pride of Newbridge

“Come on, Joe, let’s go for a run.”

Enzo Calzaghe had no quit in him, and he wanted none in his son. By the estimate of the younger half, though, it was cold and “pissing down rain.” Joe was 15, and if he was going to brave that slop, it would take more than this.

“All right, if you don’t want, but I’m going myself, anyway.”

Minutes later, they were both on the road. When they got back, they were drenched. And each man was made of slightly sterner stuff for the effort.

Enzo

From the start, the friend, mentor, quarrelsome foe, and guiding paternal star of Joe Calzaghe’s life was Enzo – Pietro Vincenzo Calzaghe - a 5’6 fount of life and song who gave Joe his first gloves when he was eight and steered him right, in the ring and out, for as long as he lived.



Born on New Year’s Day, 1949, in the rural village of Bancali on the island of Sardinia, Enzo spent much of his childhood in the unwelcoming post-war environs of the UK. (Not many kids, he said, know what it is to be called *a filthy Italian bastard* at the age of five.) Caught up there in an abusive public school system, he found his first real passion in European football; soon after the family returned to Sardinia, he left school for good at age twelve. During the mid-60s flourish of popular rock, Enzo took strongly to the bass guitar. One night, pushed literally into a spotlight solo by his uncle when they were on stage together in Italy, he got a taste of stardom that would never leave him.

A few years later, his Italian draft service ended, he was roaming Europe, hustling, bartering, “busking” with his six-string to get whatever eats and mood-lifts were available. In time, he headed to Bournemouth on the English South Coast. While Enzo had kin there, the reunion was not all he had hoped. Soon after he was traveling with his friend Phil, a rough-hewn sort who had taken his side in a parking lot dust-up where Enzo had been outnumbered.

With time running on his travel visa, Enzo went back to the Bournemouth Double-O-Egg where he had worked awhile, and got back his shift (“They obviously didn’t work out I’d been sticking my fingers in the till”), putting aside a few quid to see a little more of England. When the time came, Phil took him to the Southampton train station, telling him on the way about his own good times in Cardiff. When they arrived they heard the call for a train headed there, and impulse – destiny, it seems now – pulled in that direction.

This Welsh town, at first, was none too welcoming – Phil scored lodging at the Salvation Army outlet, but Enzo had to settle for a few nights in a kiosk “phone box.” Roused by local constables, he took refuge under a bridge at Tiger Bay. Cold and tired, he just wanted now to get money for a return to Italy.

He and Phil sat one day at an eatery looking at local job ads and took out after one, only to be pointed toward a Wimpy’s outlet that might do them better. They walked through the café door and in seconds, the rest of Enzo’s life began.

“It was like a thunderbolt. From the second I saw this amazing-looking girl pouring coffee, I knew I had found everything I was looking for. I had found my soulmate. If that sounds mad, so be it.”

The revelation was not shared, just yet. Jackie, with “long hair right down to her backside, stunning features, and penciled-on eyebrows,” saw at first, in this forward redhead, a scruffy foreign type she had been warned about. But soon the young strummer and Jackie – “bright, funny, sarcastic, full of gumption” – were in love. While this union of young spirits would meet with some trials, and stretch to the breaking point a time or two, it would endure. And now, during a nine-month stint in Sardinia, Jackie got pregnant with Joseph William, who would be the first of their three. Soon after they returned to Jackie’s native UK, and Joe entered the world in London on March 23, 1972.

Joe Calzaghe

“I had done some boxing training as a kid,” Enzo would say, when Joe’s career was done, “but there was nothing to suggest from my genes that we would have a fighting prodigy on our hands.” Then again, while Enzo might not look like anybody’s heavyweight champion, he was sired by Giuseppe Calzaghe, a laborer with hands big as shovels who carted sacks of cement like they were tote bags at sites where he inspired awe in the men around him.

If there were a single word, said Enzo, to describe his son in action, it was *magic*. At around eight Joe caught fire with the sport, thrilling to fight action and the **Rocky** films and shadow-boxing at times like he was obsessed. Soon Enzo was getting him gloves, and rolling up a carpet for a punching bag. He would wrap tea-towels around his own hands and use them to spar. In time, the living room scrapes got heated, and the older one would say, “All right, maybe we should go outside and make it a *street fight!*” But quickly they were at it again. Enzo could see something in his son that made the bruises worth it. Meanwhile, the kid who got pushed around at school was learning how to make bullying more expensive for those wanting to try it.



By now Enzo and Jackie had set up house in Wales. Enzo had never been a trainer, but he had a great eye for fighters and their moves, and he and his son had a chemistry – not entirely friendly, yet in

the end a perfect working combination. Two missiles of haphazard energy, they would drive each other, in coming years, to the limit, and to the heights. Enzo taught him the basics, and got Joe working early from odd and difficult angles, giving him nuances that would be useful down the line. When he took Joe to the Newbridge gym one day, coach Paul Williams thought he was already a veteran of open class competition.

The gym was a narrow tin-sheet strip of a place with dank corners and no showers that could broil or freeze its inhabitants depending on the time of year. But in this teeming little shack champions would be forged, Joe being the one everybody would remember.

You wouldn't have picked out Joe Calzaghe in his school yearbook as the toughest kid in his class, but soon it would be. He was tireless, his lung capacity seemingly without limit. When he began to compete, he could not bear to lose. Limit, in fact, was something he refused to accept in any form. After winning a Welsh schoolboys' title in 1985 at the age of 13, he was entered into an Amateur Boxing Association championship at 36kg. It was hard for a Welsh lad to win a competition of this kind, and after eking out a win in the semi-finals, Joe was warned not to get his hopes up by the more experienced kids.

"You'll never win a British ABA title," they said, "you can't win in England. They're brilliant." Such words might have folded another young athlete, but they triggered instead Joe's audacity. Breaking from his corner in the championship round, he overwhelmed his favored opponent, stopping him in 35 seconds, the fastest bout of the evening. ("Apart from winning the world title," Joe would say, "I still regard it as my most satisfying moment in the ring.")

Lose he seldom did – he rang another ABA title in the junior division and qualified for a berth to the Gaelic Games in Nova Scotia that drew fighters from Canada, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. In with a prodigious young hitter during the qualifiers, he took one to the side of the head that nearly stopped him yet roared back to win it inside the first round. Trailing on points after taking an eight-count in the final, he stopped the other kid late in the third.

But when working out at a local boxing club in Cwmbran early for the 1989 season Joe suffered an injury that would never entirely leave him. After tossing a right hand one afternoon in a sparring session, he felt pain in his wrist "as if a knife had been put through it". After getting the joint X-rayed at Royal Gwent Hospital in Newport, he was told by the doctor that damage to key membrane tissue had brought his fighting career to an end. Yet time, willpower, and makeshift cushioning kept that career intact.

* * * * *

By 1990 Joe was getting his full growth, going upward of six feet though he could still boil off enough juice to make the "10 stone, seven" (147 pound) welterweight limit. Entered into international competition, he met with mixed results, losing at age 17 to the eventual gold medal winner in the European championships. He vowed that he would never lose again.

Boxing became Enzo's consuming purpose, and he was learning as he went, working with Joe and poring through every musty treatise on the fight game he could find. By the time Joe was done, he would have ABA championships in the junior division, and three more, at 147, 156, and 165, in the open class. But he would stay close to that last figure, retaining a fighting weight in the upper 160s

until the final year of his professional career. Flat-muscled, he would look at times slat-thin alongside shorter mesomorph types, yet in that frame was an undying resilience.

Joe's greatest setback as an amateur occurred not in the ring, but in losing out on the chance to represent Wales in the 1992 Barcelona Olympics. While he was, by all counts, the outstanding amateur at his weight in the UK, he displeased the decision-makers when the time came for a selection. Nagged continually with fragile hands, he missed a key competition and with it the berth to Spain. ("It was," Joe would say years later, "the first time I saw my dad cry" over boxing.)

A Fast Rise in the Pro Ranks

Joe won his third ABA title 1993 and turned pro at 21 that autumn on the first of October. Winning it in a hurry, he sawed through everything else in his path for more than a year in the small arenas of Cardiff, Newport and Walford. In February of 1995, when he cut down visiting Indianapolis journeyman Frank Minton, a veteran of nearly 50 fights, he stood 9 – 0, all knockouts, seven coming in the first round.

Joe got a stiffer challenge five months later in Tyrone Jackson, a rugged number out of Atlanta whose 7 – 9 – 1 record belied the fact that he could bang hard and could walk through artillery fire. It was a contrast of styles and attitudes, Tyrone shaking his head now and again when Joe caught him with a good one. He flexed a grin, taunting the Welshman at the end of Round 1, and again in 2 and 3. In the fourth, Joe blistered him right and left, the referee stopping it with Jackson knocked loopy and still defiant.

Onto the World Stage

That made it 12 – 0. Two fights later Joe was vying for the vacant 168-pound British title at Royal Albert Hall in Kensington against former Olympian Stephen Wilson. A bronze medalist in Barcelona, the Scotsman was a much decorated amateur and 11 – 1 as a pro.

It was an impressive performance from Calzaghe, edging Wilson in the early going and upping the rate until it was a pure drubbing that was called in the eighth round. In April of 1995 he faced highly touted Mark Delaney, 21 – 0, in a contest of two unbeaten. Despite the numbers, it was a mismatch from the opening minute, Joe cat-quick and agile and bidding *good night* to the challenger with a hail of leather in the fifth.



In May of 1996, Joe met up with Irish Pat Lawlor, a colorful figure who six years earlier had pulled off a split decision win over the great Wilfred Benitez. The year following, moving nimbly against a thick-waisted Roberto Duran, Patrick hit another fistic lottery when he caught the 40-ish Panamanian with a right hand near the end of Round 6. The blow landed on what seemed like an already gammy left shoulder, Roberto stooping and wincing. The fight was stopped.

This one, however, gave Lawlor scarcely a moment of good fortune. Himself now a mite thick and moving in low gear, he had no answer to the Welshman, who cut through him like a hot razor.

Late in the second, with Lawlor wandering corner to corner amid a two-handed shellacking, the ref called it.

Joe was now 19 for 19, all but one inside the distance. His entrance into higher profile fights and bigger money was coming none too soon, since he and girlfriend Mandy had now been married about a year, with son Joe, Jr., a recent addition. Three wins later he was matched with Chris Eubank, a former world belt holder with impressive reigns in the past seven years.

Chris had won the WBO middleweight title by stopping the formidable Nigel Benn in 1990, taking the honors at super-middleweight a year later. He defended the 168-pound title repeatedly until losing it in 1995 to Steve Collins, nearly regaining that belt in a rematch with Collins six months later. Now, coming off two knockout wins, savvy and bull-strong, he was 45 – 2 – 2, a veteran of wars with the best in the game. The vacant WBO title was on the line.

Chris Eubank

“And you are ... ?”

The question from this grandly attired fellow at a London hotel, shortly before their fight, was a wry one. It marked Joe’s introduction to the man he would be facing on October 11, 1997, in Sheffield.

Taking it in stride, Joe had a laugh. But the handshake of Chris Eubank left no doubt as to the seriousness of the task ahead. At the press conference the former champion made no bones about it. This would be a battle.



“You have a good record,” he said to Joe when his turn came with the mic, “but you’ve never been into the trenches. I’ve been there and that’s where I’m going to take you.” The words were prophetic.

This fight taught Enzo, learning on the fly, that there was such a thing as over-analysis. Worried about the disparity between the two fighters at world level, he explained, “I got a huge pile of VHS videos and watched [Eubank] religiously morning, noon, and night and even if I didn’t convey it to Joe, I was panicking a bit.” The upshot of this crash course was that everything he and Joe did on fight day was out of rhythm. They went to the ring with Joe underfed, out of sorts, and overworked on the warm-up pads, and his father beside himself.

At the opening bell, Eubank tried a surprise move, a right hand haymaker carrying disaster with it that missed by a whisker. A minute later he did the same with a left, and Calzaghe electrified the crowd with a left of his own that caught Chris flat, sending him plummeting into the ropes.

Picking himself up, the former champion smiled his acknowledgment, and they settled down until Joe caught fire late in the round, rallying again with both hands. Eubank gave him a nod at the bell, realizing that the kid from Newbridge had come to fight.

As rounds passed, it was clear that Eubank wasn't going anywhere, either. He and Joe were headed onto new ground. Joe, prior to this, had not been more than eight; now, at the pace he and Chris were setting, he was wearing down at the end of six. Here and there Eubank shook him with right hands, Enzo giving his offspring a mad earful when he came back to his corner.

Going into the ninth, Joe suffered cramps and dehydration. Now, in these raw trenches, he saw the wisdom of all those extra hours of work in the gym, all the miles logged in freezing cold and sopping rain when Enzo would push the skinny kid, whom he loved beyond words, further than he thought he could go. On he went, hitting the "wall" like an agonized runner, keeping his mitts in motion.

In that round he shook Eubank with each hand. A neat left in the tenth caught the Ghanan coming in, his gloves brushing the canvas, meriting an eight-count from ref Joe Cortez. At the end of twelve, Chris had done what he'd promised. Exhausted, his right eye a discolored shiner, Joe heard the sweet music of the scorecards – all three by a good margin in his favor.

Reid, Sheika, and Mario Veit

After two homecoming title defenses in Cardiff, he faced his old nemesis Robin Reid, now 26 – 1 – 1, in February of 1999 in Newcastle. The two men bore each other a basic dislike, one that went back maybe to their gym skirmishes, and to Reid representing the UK in the '92 Olympics. Mainly, said Joe, it was about Reid's refusal to give him a shot at the WBO title when Robin had it. Add to which, the British slam-sheets had Reid running him down hard in their columns of late. The press conferences got heated.

Joe, by his own estimate, was subpar on this night, hampered by a weight loss of six pounds shortly before the fight and suffering a broken bone in his left hand mid-way through the action. At the end of twelve, his trademark flurries had won him the fight despite right hands from Robin, now and again, that rocked him to his soles. The final point spread was curious, two judges giving it to Joe 116 – 112, and the third going with Robin by the same margin.

In June, plagued again with hand trouble, Joe went twelve again in lackluster fashion with personal mate Rick Thornberry. He now faced a point of crisis when promoter Frank Warren insisted that it was time to end the partnership of father and son that had lasted some 20 years. Enzo, thought Rick, had taken his son as far as his own limits allowed. It was time to hand off the reins.

The partnership, in fact, was chaffing each man to the point where they no longer wanted to share the same gymnasium. Enzo, on balance, with happy with life day to day. He and Jackie were in a good place, and his younger fighters – by now Team Calzaghe sported young talents like Gavin Rees and Bradley Price – were thriving. But he could not continue with Joe as things stood.

Still, he was not prepared for a story by Colin Hart that ran in the UK *Sun* the morning of August 4th: "Joe Calzaghe," announced Hart, "has sacked his father as trainer, just as he enters the most important phase of his career." He went on to describe the long-time association of Joe and Enzo from the day that the fighter had laced on his first gloves. He noted Warren's difficulty in facing the inevitable where father and son were concerned.

Enzo was not upset with the scribe or the promoter, but with the way he was now getting the news, without his son telling him what was up, face to face. He also did not appreciate taking the rap for Joe's recent so-so outings. The problem, he believed, was not that Joe needed new surroundings or new direction – rather the problem was Joe himself.

Days later Enzo was sweeping the gym floor when he heard the door creak and in came his son.

“Hi, Dad,” he said. “Listen, don’t worry about all that stuff in the papers. I don’t want to leave you as my coach, I just think it’s best if I bring in another trainer to work with as well.” Enzo had his answer ready: He was a father first and a trainer second, and whatever Joe wanted was OK.

No more got said then, but a couple of days later, it all poured out, with Enzo doing most of the pouring. The real trouble, said Enzo, aside from ongoing lack of communication, was not that their partnership had gone stale, or that his son needed someone to take him to a new level. It was rather that Joe was fighting essentially like a *champion*, and not a *challenger* – fighting like a man who had everything he wanted and did not need more.

While Joe didn’t like hearing it, soon things were on track. But there was work to do. By now, his hands aching, he had not sparred in the better part of a year. Warren wanted to pair him with American Omar Sheika, a Palestinian kid out of New Jersey, 20 – 1 with bad news in each hand.

Warren’s idea was to stage the fight on the 4th of July, which would add to its appeal on the US side. Joe, at this point, had faced several opponents when he was sub-par, but Sheika was another story. Though he wanted the fight, a nagging elbow problem, stemming from the chronic injury to his right wrist, persuaded him that the risk was too great.

It was not the first time they’d had this conversation, and Frank was done accommodating. He reminded the fighter of Brits who got through their careers with similar problems and made do with what they had. It was time, he said, for Calzaghe to decide whether he still belonged in the business.

Then came a welcome discovery: Joe found soon afterward that quitting his rounds of golf near his home took away the pain. He told Frank that he would fight, if it could be pushed back a month. So for the third time, the fight was reset, a deal being struck for August 12th at Wembley Conference Center.

Ill will had been brewing between the two for some time. Sheika, by now taking the Welshman for a coward, was swearing that he would *kill* Calzaghe when they met. He had a bunch around him who rejoiced when he would put his fist, during a public workout, through a poster of Joe and repeat his vow. At the weigh-in, the two fighters eyeball to eyeball, Omar’s boys were calling out like toughs on a Bowery street-corner that the Welshman was scared. When Joe was making his walk, the challenger yelled down at him on the way. He jawed at him at ring center and again as they traded last words while backing away to their corners.

Up to now, Joe for the most part had held his piece. But when the bell released him, he made his statement, burning through the New Jersey challenger with shots that created a whole new dialogue. In the fourth, upping the *ante* after a clash of heads stung each fighter, he jolted Sheika with a hellacious uppercut, the bell sending Omar to his corner with a cut above the left eye.

Now it was on, full bore – the American waded into Joe in the fifth, throwing shots, true to his word, that had homicide on them. But the round turned into a showcase of Joe’s ability to one-up his opponents at times like this. He rammed Sheika with his jab, adding a left hand from underneath and coming back with the hook, payback in every strike. Omar was now cut over the right eye, his face a crimson catastrophe as Joe landed again with both hands, ref Gino Rodriguez calling it over his protest late in the round.

* * * * *

Joe dropped to the canvas in ecstasy, the weight of three unhappy outings lifted. In April of 2001, he defended against Mario Veit, a rangy 6’4 German with a record of 30 – 0. On the face of it, Mario figured to be a handful. But Joe had sensed that he was unsure of himself when he saw Mario sitting at ringside for the Sheika fight. By the time they stepped into the ring at Cardiff’s International Arena, he could see he was right – the German fighter’s worry had turned to “pure, naked fear.”

Sensing that Veit would be unsure of himself when the bell rang, Joe came out winging. Shots to the body had the challenger on the defensive. A left hand clout on the face dropped him. A duplicate left did the same, and one more sally, right and left, drove him into the ropes where referee Mark Nelson stopped it.

Two fights later, in April of 2002, Joe faced a tough Yank in Charles Brewer, a savvy 6’1 veteran, 37 – 8, who had been on the short end of a split decision with German IBF champion Sven Ottke in Magdeburg a couple of years earlier. Like Joe, he was a southpaw, though converted to an orthodox stance. At the end of twelve clean and hard-fought rounds, it was Calzaghe by a unanimous decision in what was arguably his best performance to date.

The Hard Taste of Canvas

The coming months brought three more challenges from the US, the most serious being Byron Mitchell, 25 – 2 – 1, a heavy-handed number out of Alabama. A two-time WBA champion at 168, he numbered Frankie Liles and Julio Caesar Green among his knockout victims. Like Brewer, he had suffered a split decision loss to Ottke, also on Sven’s home turf at Max Schmeling Halle in Nuremberg.

Joe and Byron met on June 28th in Cardiff, the only fight that Calzaghe would have in 2003. It represented, in the minds of some, the most dangerous task he had faced to date. As it approached, said Enzo, “I was keen [that] Joe box, not fight or brawl on the inside and stand toe-to-toe,” but once the crowd got into his son, it was another story.

The two men skirmished in the opening minute, inside and out, Mitchell getting home with a couple of bruising right hands to the body. At about mid-way, Joe stung him with right and left, and two left hand wallops to the head had the American in a fog. With a packed house at the International Arena in a frenzy, he went all out until the bell.

Joe rose for the second round sensing a quick finish. Hell broke loose when he reached the American with hefty shots to head and chin: Mitchell responded with a wicked volley downstairs, and then – they didn’t call this dude *The Slamma from ‘bama* for nothing – he brought up a right hand on the chops that twisted Joe sideways, sending him to the floor for the first time in his life.

Up quickly, trying to digest it, Joe looked frantically to his dad and got back the same look. Suddenly it was Mitchell wanting to end it. If anyone doubted that Calzaghe had the right stuff, now came a surefire answer. Rising from his knee, he went back into the fire.

There came a blasting exchange, Byron ripping him right and left to the body, and Joe firing back. A blockbuster left caught Mitchell as he came forward, dropping him face-first into the ropes, the Welsh crowd shaking the rafters. He was up and ready for more, but Joe beat him to it. A left hand had the American on his heels and wavering. Another volley drove him into the ropes and referee Dave Parris called a halt just before the three-minute mark.

Three fights later Joe stopped Veit again – a better go than last, this one in front of a German audience. But the result was similar. He dropped Mario with a left hand in the fifth, stopping him with a shotgun assault in the opening minute of Round 6. In September, after a twelve round decision win over Evans Ashira in Cardiff, he was 40 – 0 with a new challenge looming from across the water.

Moment of Truth: Jeff Lacy

“A short mound of cannonballs,” someone once said when describing George Benton, a renowned trainer and one-time middleweight contender. The biggest star emerging from the Sydney, Australia Olympic games of 2000 was a 165-pound fighter built along that same line.

Jeff Lacy scored a knockout over his first opponent in the competition. He decisioned the second before being outslicked by a veteran Russian in the quarter-finals. But in that span of time he had made an impression. Designed by nature for the paid ranks, he figured to go a long way.

The US media went into gear: Jeff, it was said, had registered on impact-sensitive machinery a punching power exceeding that of his teammates, including the ones at 178 and 200 and in the super-heavyweight open. He made his debut on April 2, 2001, in a televised bout in Columbus, Ohio, wrecking a fighter named Jerald Lowe with a left hand whack to the body in the first round. A month later he blasted out 8 – 5 – 1 journeyman Tommy Attardo, dropping him in the second with a right hand and flattening him in scary fashion with a left.

By November of 2003, “Left Hook” Lacy was making mincemeat of contenders. He picked up several title straps, receiving his first world honors when he won a vacant IBF championship by knocking out Syd Vanderpool in Las Vegas.

Two months later, Jeff scored a win in a bruising 12-rounder against Omar Sheika in Las Vegas. In August of 2005, he did what Joe had not done, putting away Robin Reid inside the distance. Reid, hard as iron, had never been dropped until this night, when he went down four times. Uppercuts from Lacy, left and right, floored him near the end of the seventh round, and a halt was declared in Robin’s corner where he sat dazed yet game, awaiting the bell for the eighth.

In November of 2005, the American demolished tough veteran Scott Pemberton, 29 – 3 – 1, putting on a show that made him the # 1 super-middleweight in the eyes of nearly every scribe in the business. A right hand dropped Pemberton late in the second round, and another right felled him like a busted mast on the high seas, the ref calling it just inside the bell.

* * * * *

Jeff vs. Joe was a matchup that abounded in accusation from the time each man signed. Lacy, said conservatives in the UK, was an over-amped Olympian yet to prove his worth. “Stay at Home” Joe, said the other, was an overprotected Brit who had not seen what America really had to offer. The Welshman, Jeff maintained, was a “slapper” whose comeuppance was due.

This much-wanted collision had already been delayed, adding fuel to the Lacy side, when Joe suffered a broken hand against Evans Ashira in their Cardiff bout. Sour words had followed.

“Joe Calzaghe,” said Jeff’s promoter Gary Shaw, “is a disgrace. I don’t believe this injury is legit.” Joe, he insisted, had never wanted any part of his fighter. “There are some fighters,” he added, “who are willing to fight anyone, any time, and there are fighters who just don’t fit in that warrior category. Joe Calzaghe is one of the latter.”

Now came a point of crisis. When Joe re-injured his left wrist late in training, he was certain that the fight would be a mistake. He told his dad he was backing out.

There followed a frantic exchange, Joe insisting that he had no chance with Lacy, and Enzo saying that he had it all wrong. And besides that, if Joe pulled out now, there would be no more chances.

Even if it were true, Joe pleaded, he was not fit to go through with the fight. “I can’t physically fight with one hand. He’s too good.”

“No, Joe, he isn’t. Don’t think that. He is made for you. If you box the way you [can], he won’t be able to touch you. You will out-box him and out-think him from the first round. You will destroy him. It will be the easiest fight you ever had.”

“Are you serious? Have you seen how hard he hits? Did you see the Robin Reid fight?”

“Are *you* serious?”, replied a dead certain father. “Get your head out of your arse and wake up ... He can’t touch you. Jeff lacy is not even in your league.”

* * * * *

Since Lacy figures in each man’s *memoir* from the opening chapter, it is clear that this fight had special significance for father and son. Jeff, at the time, was by far the most formidable of Joe’s American opponents, and this fight would be decisive in gauging what Joe was worth as a fighter.

Watching Jeff manhandle Reid, Joe himself had gotten caught up in the frenzy. Yet he put his faith now in Enzo’s judgment and went ahead with the final weeks in the camp. Both father and son began to feel the rightness of what they were doing, win or lose and going for broke. Through it all, Enzo never doubted the rightness of his course. Having seen Jeff in action, he would say later, “I thought he was extremely limited, nothing more than a bully.”

Joe had reservations, but by fight night he shared his father’s conviction. “Lacy,” he said, “could hit and he had a body on him ... that made me get up in the morning.” Wound tight in the late

stages of camp, he barely slept. Yet at fight time, stepping out of his dressing room after a cold shower, he would recall, "I just felt invincible ... it's the only time I've ever felt this way."

They met in the wee hours, accommodating US television, at MEN Arena in Manchester. While the venue might favor Joe, American media were spring-loaded for a Lacy win. Jeff himself, while not a menacing type outside the ring, was in warrior mode, promising to wreak havoc. He entered the ring with a street edge, black ballcap set backwards, a dark jaguar ready to leap.

A moment of truth was fast coming. Up to now, there had lingered the notion that Joe was a flashy fighter, but one who packed little power. This tendency to tap and peck, in fact, had evolved in large part to save his hands the trauma. But it was also something of a lure: Essentially he was not a light-fisted fighter, but a cunningly *erratic* one, hard to figure yet able to deliver the goods when needed. "I pick a point," he would say late in his career, "at which to fire three or four rapid-fire shots, *bah-bah-bah-bah*, and these baffle opponents, and then *boom*, hit the guy with a harder punch, a big one." This time, he would get his weight on his shots, making every punch count.

At the bell, they studied each other at a distance, Calzaghe finding the range a few times before they tussled in close. What became obvious very quickly was that Joe was good at reading Jeff's intentions, rocking and rolling with his every move. In the opening minute, Lacy got home with a right hand to the body as Joe retreated. Joe broke out of a clinch with a smart hook to body and head.

At about the half-way point, there came a revelation. Lacy drove him into the ropes with another right, and Calzaghe met it with a left uppercut that stunned Jeff, turning him all at once, like a lanced bull, into a sad piece of confusion. Joe continued to score from angles Lacy did not expect with a speed he could not fathom. What was more, he could manage on the inside, riveting the American downstairs, then stinging him again from the outside with each hand.



In the final minute Lacy got home a right to the head and got back that same jarring left from underneath. At the bell, Calzaghe paused, eyeing the American for a second, then raised his hands as a punctuation mark on a round that had just shaken Jeff Lacy and the boxing world.



From that point there was no letup. A sullen Lacy came trudging each round, looking for a chance to unload, yet beaten to the punch and confounded by every gesture that Joe gave him.

By the end of five, Jeff was leaking like a bad faucet, blood seeping from his nose, hacked over each eye, flecks of red now hitting ringsiders when he took a shot upstairs. (Gary Shaw sat shell-shocked, in the words of one British commentator, as it continued, the sixth round ending with audible cracks on the challenger's head.)

Near the end of the seventh, Joe rifled him with left hands that had third man Raul Caiz taking careful note. Though Raul let it continue, the rest of the fight was a spreading landslide, a two-handed banging with Jeff taking it like an anvil. The icing came in the twelfth, a hard left catching him as the fighters collided, the impact sending Lacy down for the first time in his career.

At the end of that round, the scores (with Joe getting docked a point late in the fight for an infraction) read 119 – 108 twice and 119 – 105. Joe still hadn't fought in America, but he was now for real on each side of the Atlantic.

* * * * *

In October Joe went twelve rounds, again at the MEN arena, with Sakio Bika, a granite-hard Cameroon fighter out of Australia. Bika had lost a chance to win the WBC title in a fight with Marcus Beyer in Germany when a head-butt opened a severe cut on Marcus that resulted in a technical draw.

Grueling, now and again unseemly, it was a wrenching, bludgeoning event much of the way, a soiled anticlimax, at times, to the one at this venue seven months earlier. The champion fared well in the early going with his pinpoint jab and straight left hand, but soon the tactics veered outside usual bounds. A skull-ringing butt in the fourth round opened up Joe over the left eye. Though Sakio missed some, a winging right hand counter, now and again, would make the champion wince when he recalled it. Joe visited the canvas from a low blow in the twelfth, yet finished smartly and left no doubt as to the winner.

While the fight is mentioned usually in passing in discussions of Calzaghe's career, it was a tough go, in which the African showed that he was one of the most durable in the division. He would fight on, his career spanning another eleven years, winning North American and Australasian titles, and managing victories in his last two fights at the age of 38. In 44 bouts he was never stopped.

Mikkel Kessler

A bigger challenge now loomed for Joe, a neo-Viking named Mikkel Kessler, currently the WBA and WBO champion at 168. A slick number out of Copenhagen, he had dynamite in each hand and stood now 39 – 0 with 29 wins inside the distance.

Offering fans a combined mark of 82 – 0, this was the greatest piece of matchmaking that Europe and all of boxing, maybe all of sport, had to offer. Each man lived up to it. As Joe made his entrance before 50,000 fans, Enzo thought back upon his days of busking and scavenging, saying to himself, "I used to sleep right outside this stadium in a phone box." Small wonder that he would recall this night as the pinnacle of all his time in the Sweet Science.

From the opening gong, this one was fare for the sporting *connoisseur*. Joe nicked the first round, seizing a bit more of the initiative. Mikkel began to find his rhythm in the second, jolting the Welshman with a right hand. He nailed him again, but good, in the third, and the Calzaghe drive kicked in, though the Dane was not giving an inch. In the fourth, Kessler shook Joe again with right hands, uppercut and overhand, shots that might have felled another fighter.

On it went, close in the exchanges, Kessler's power compensating for what he lacked in quantity. By the ninth round, Joe's output was unrelenting, and the scorecards were showing it. Mikkel, nearly out of gas, managed to land with a few good swipes in Round 12. The scorecards favored the native, 117 – 111 and 116 – 112 twice.



When it was done, the fighters exchanged congratulations on a fight that had been contested hard and clean from the opening bell. There had been no vulgarity beforehand in the press conferences, and there was none after. While the two would not meet again in the ring, each man went on to further success, Kessler ending his career a few years later with 46 wins in 49 contests.

The year 2007 would mark a high point in the careers of both Joe and his father, with Enzo receiving, in recognition of his winning record with Joe, Gavin Rees, Nathan Cleverly, Bradley Pryce, Gary Lockett, and Enzo MacCarinelli, the BBC Sports Personality Coach of the Year Award. He took home, in addition, the *Ring* magazine Trainer of the Year and the related Futch-Condon award, given out each year by the Boxing Writers Association of America.

Meanwhile, weight was becoming an issue with Joe, who had lost by his own estimate some 36 pounds in the 32 weeks preceding the bout with Mikkel. He decided to fight at 175.

America at Long Last – and Bernard Hopkins

Not every great fighter arrives with fanfare on a media fast-track – no one imagined, when Bernard Humphrey Hopkins, Jr., was coming of age, that he was destined for anything but trouble.

He grew up on the hard streets of Philadelphia in the Raymond Rosen housing projects, an area not long on Brotherly Love where he swam early in the city's violent stream, committing muggings by the age of 13. Before long he would bear the marks of three stab wounds, one nearly fatal. At 17, with perhaps 30 arrests on his record, he was convicted of multiple felonies and sentenced to 18 years at Pennsylvania's Graterford Prison. While behind bars he rediscovered boxing, and one day, seeing a fellow inmate lose his life over a pack of cigarettes, he made up his mind to seek a way out of the system. In later years he would attribute his remarkable self-discipline to the time at Graterford.

Bernard entered into the pro scene with little notice, dropping a decision in a prelim fight his first time out. He persevered, winning an array of titles at 160 and 168 pounds before moving to the light-heavyweight division. In his later years he would continue to do amazing things, scoring wins over men like Oscar De la Hoya, Antonio Tarver, and Kelly Pavlik, finally calling it a day when he was stopped by young light-heavyweight Joe Smith, Jr., at nearly 52 years of age. Known in his heyday as The Executioner, he would contribute a regular instructional column to *The Ring* on "Perfect Execution" as he took on the role of *Professor Emeritus* in the fight world.

Right now, in April of 2008, he was coming off an impressive win over Ronald “Winky” Wright, a left-handed trickster who had schooled some of the best in the business. He and Joe signed to meet in Las Vegas, in Joe’s first fight in America. The deal for the fight essentially had been sealed four months earlier, when Hopkins saw Joe and made a bee-line for him in the Media Room of the MGM Grand Hotel in that glittering desert oasis.

While Bernard had come a long way in the world, he would always carry some of North Philly and Graterford inside him. It came to the fore now as the two engaged face to face in a war of words. A sensational chord was struck when Hopkins, after starting away, wheeled and added, “I will *never* let a white boy beat me.” Repeating it like a *mantra*, he added, as he headed off, “I will *never* lose to a white person.”

* * * * *

As Joe would say, when interviewed years later, this was the moment he knew he was going to fight in America, taking his career and his personal fortune to another level. Bernard Hopkins had just done a savvy job of selling this scrap to the world.



The drama continued in the same vein when they two men met during a press kickoff and Hopkins declared, to loud approval, that on fight night, “every red-blooded American is gonna be happy with the outcome ... I’m gonna be kickin’ this British ass.”

Joe, by and large, was braced for what he got, and found Bernard amusing. His dad, too, kept up a friendly appearance most of the way. But shortly before the fight, he came unglued when Hopkins suggested that Enzo would be the source of his son’s downfall. He would leave Joe in to take a beating, said Bernard, much as Felix Trinidad’s father had done seven years earlier against him when “Tito” was in trouble.

As Enzo would admit, years later, this one hit a nerve. “I never wanted Joe,” he said, “to feel I depended on him and people perceiving me that way was ... one of my main insecurities.” Years earlier, when Joe was on the way up, he had endured the slights of the press, which had him riding the wave of his son’s success when he did not merit the position he held in that camp.

Right now, to make it worse, he was coming off losses for two of his men, Gavin Rees and Enzo Maccarinelli, whom he had taken to world titles. Suddenly he flared, jabbing at Hopkins, telling him what he was in for, when he met Joe. “I know how to beat you. I’ve watched you, only once ... on video. That is all I needed to realize how to beat you.” (After Enzo had let go of all that was in him, Bernard made the scene dissolve into laughter when he said, “I am more scared of *him* – I’m more afraid of him than Joe!”)

So now, April 19, 2008, it was Show Time, American Style – and quite a show it was. While Enzo thought Bernard would be easy to solve, father and son got an awakening in the first minute, when a

Hopkins right hand flush on the nose sent Calzaghe to the deck. Joe recovered, and set himself to getting back the two-point deficit he would likely suffer for that spill.

By the fourth round he was finding his rhythm and beating Hopkins to the punch, winning the contest of output, at least, even if he was getting tagged hard on occasion. Repeatedly he scored with quick flurries, now and again landing a jarring left to the head, in and out before Bernard could even it up. In large part it was Joe's rallies, a tossed salad of *pitter-pat* with an occasional straight left or a right hook downstairs, offset by Hopkins' right hand counters, one of which had Joe tottering and nearly on his tail late in Round 7.

In the concluding rounds Joe came on strong, again with the busy fists, clawing his way into the lead, it seemed, even if not by a wide margin. By the end he had registered 232 punches, more than anyone else had landed on Bernard during his long career.

But Punch Stat, as any veteran observer knows, is an imperfect gauge of which man has fared better at the last knell. While Enzo thought they had won, he knew it was close. There was that knockdown in Round 1, and almost a repeat of it six rounds later. And this was Las Vegas, not Cardiff. By the time Michael Buffer took the microphone, said the older Calzaghe, "I was bouncing around, a bundle of nervous energy. It was a split decision, and heart in mouth time." Never had he felt this way at the end of one of Joe's fights, lacking a gut sense of who would get the nod.

Judge Adalaide Byrd, not always known for objectivity, and a fellow Philadelphian, saw it for Bernard 114 – 113. The next card was 115 – 112 for Joe. And the last one was 116 – 111 ... "for your winner ... by split decision ... from Newbridge, Wales ..."

Hearing those words, Enzo lifted his son into the air. Joe was now 45 – 0, and he had conquered the world stage. There were few hills left to climb.

Finale at the Garden: Roy Jones, Jr.

Maybe there was one. Twelve years before Sydney, the Seoul Olympics in South Korea had shown the world a phenomenon – the kind that comes along, if fans are lucky, once in a decade.

Touched, it seemed, by the gods, Roy Jones, Jr., would fly through that competition, then dominate a Korean opponent for three rounds only to find that he had won silver, not gold – a double-take moment, even in a sport known for judging errors and occasional bald-faced robbery. But Roy turned pro and hit the ground running in May of 1989, winning the 160-pound title four years later with a decision over Bernard Hopkins. In November of 1994, he out-slicked fellow *savant* James Tony, unbeaten in 46 fights, to establish himself as the best man *pound for pound* in the business.

Some began to think he was the best in any era. While time, and late career losses, would fade his image in some quarters, he dominated the competition during his best years, turning bouts with ranking fighters from 160 to 175 pounds into lightning-fisted, comically one-sided displays.

On March 1, 2003, he climbed way over his going weight to pull off a win over WBA heavyweight champion John Ruiz. But spiking back down to 175, he had met with mixed results since – after a tougher than expected fight with Antonio Tarver, he was flattened by Antonio in two rounds six

months later. In his last six fights, he was 3 – 3, suffering a knockout loss to Glen Johnson before losing on points to Tarver in their third fight. Now, in the autumn of 2008, he was coming off three wins, most recently in a twelve round bout with Felix Trinidad.

On November 8, 2008, Madison Square Garden brought together two immortal talents. Roy insisted that he was back to his old form, and that Joe was not in his class. He was now 39, and Calzaghe, though the press made less note of it, was himself 36. Yet each man, on any given night, could work wonders, and the motivation factor made this something to see.

In the first round, it looked like the older man was right, when Roy unleashed a right hand and Joe toppled. In fact, though hidden from the view of referee Hubert Earle, this was a right hand coupled with a forearm that had Joe stunned and bleeding from the bridge of his nose. But it got Roy off to a hot start.

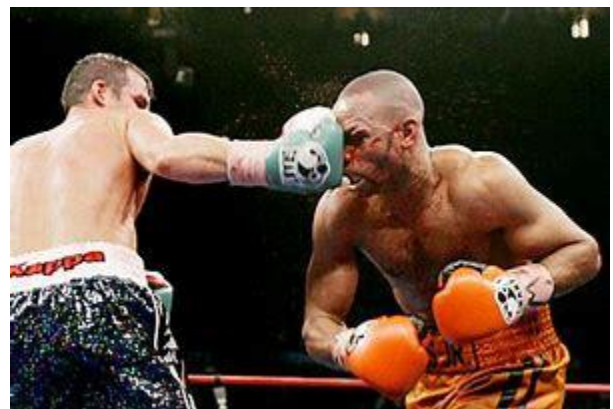
And it was the last time he would look like a winner this evening.

In the second, Joe started to get the better of it, but for one counter right that caught him square. At one point, he leaned into Roy, hands down, as if able all at once to anticipate anything Jones could do.

What came next were possibly the best three minutes of Joe Calzaghe's career. He jabbed Roy, came back with the left and the hook, inside and out, head and body, suddenly owning the ring and everything in it – *swamping* Jones, as one commentator put it, from every angle.



On this night Joe was a little of everything – a mix hectic and deliberate, prodding and pulling the old master into his signature dance. Hands up, hands down, tap, tap, and then *bang*, he would sneak a left lead or knife into Roy's flank with a right hand that seemed to shut down Jones' own left as the fight continued. In the last seconds of the third Roy tried a right hand and missed, then right again, and left, hitting nothing but air – the sheer reversal of a play in which he had long starred, casting him now as straight man for a savvier opponent.



The next few rounds were craftily waged, but with Calzaghe edging it with his unflagging output. It was always hard to hurt Joe as he got loose, starting to see and give a little with punches even when they caught him. Late in Round 6, between Calzaghe flurries, Jones nailed him flush on the mouth with a right uppercut that might have been the hardest punch of the fight. Joe was unfazed.

On a good night, the Welshman never tired. As this one wore on, it was Joe in bigger doses, a left hand in the seventh round slicing Roy, as he turned into it, over his left eye, and another left sending him into the ropes, blood showering half his face at the bell.

When the fight neared its close, Calzaghe pumped his legs like a high school yell leader, euphoric beyond containment as seconds ticked on the final minute of his career. Jones, glad to be still on his feet, was ready for the clang that would send him to the dressing room.

The point spread was enormous, a triumphal note on which to end a career that now tallied 46 – 0. Joe retired from the ring and remained victorious in that further contest facing all fighters who leave at the top. He entered into life’s wider domain and never looked back.

In 2010, seven years after his son had been made a Member of the British Empire, Enzo joined him in the honor. Now done with boxing, he returned to family life full time, with music still in his soul.



“He Kicked My Arse 24/7”

Music, in fact, had been the old man’s love prior to boxing, and it had taught him something about life in wider terms. While he was never, by his own estimate, more than a down-home twanger, Enzo came to see that it was crucial, no matter the level of proficiency, what an artist carried inside him. The Calzaghe boys had magnetism when they played to a live audience because they believed in what they were doing. If you had that, said Enzo, you could hop onstage after the Beatles (par for the course in his formative years) and rock the crowd all over again.

You needed something of this conviction, too, he maintained, in boxing, another avenue wherein faith, as the great Harvard sage William James always insisted, can be the wellspring of fact. Joe’s own style he saw as a kind of rhythmic composition. “I could never understand,” Enzo remarked, “why kids were taught to throw one-two ... on the bag. I would get Joe to throw four, five, six ... at a time ... I always looked at boxing like music, the combinations were the verses and two punches were for the chorus, *bang, bang* ... fight over.”

On September 17, 2018, Joe suffered the deepest loss of his life when Enzo departed this world at the age of 69. Life would never be the same. But the old man had left behind quite a legacy.

“He kicked my arse 24/7,” said Joe recently to Paul Zanon in a piece for the British **Boxing Monthly**, driving his son to be more than Joe ever imagined. It was Enzo who started him on his voyage when he was nine, and Enzo who moved him to face the challenge of the dreaded Jeff Lacy, when Joe was at a low point, with words that still resonate in his heart:

“This fight is going to put you to the next level. This is what you’ve been waiting for all these years. You can beat this guy [one-handed]. Don’t waste this opportunity ... you have to fight and show the world how good you are.”

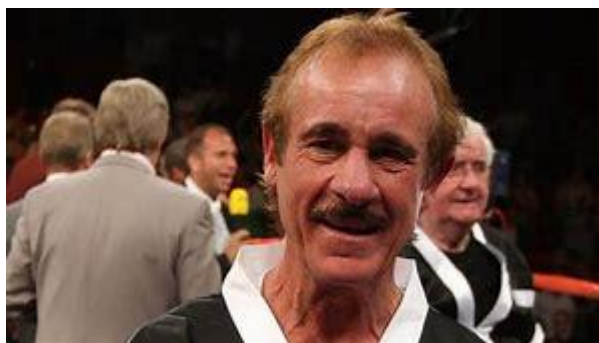
* * * * *

More than a decade later, Joe continues to make a graceful transition. While he has interests outside boxing, his aptitude and skill set have him in demand within it as well. “I’ve had a lot of world class fighters coming to me asking to manage and train them,” he told Zanon, “but I wasn’t in the right place a couple of years ago.”

More recently Joe has lent his support to efforts to curb bullying in the schools. He has also spoken out about the problems that fighters, and athletes in general, often face with the letdown that comes with retirement from a starring role. Meanwhile, the old Newbridge gymnasium has been upgraded to accommodate new business. His sons Connor and Joe, Jr., are on board and entering into the game at a modest level.

When it came time in 2014 for Joe to receive, on his first ballot, the ultimate honor of induction into the International Boxing Hall of Fame in Canastota, he and Enzo were overjoyed to make the trip.

Yet Canastota, Joe says looking back now, was more for his father than for himself. It has been hard since his father's passing, he admits, yet Enzo's undying love remains with the family – "Dad's looking down ... and making sure I keep the gym going in his memory."



Enzo Calzaghe 1949 – 2018

Note: Most of the quotes in this story have been taken from the autobiographical books *Joe Calzaghe: No Ordinary Joe* (Century Books, 2007, with Brian Doogan) and *Enzo Calzaghe: A Fighting Life* (Great Northern, 2012, with Michael Pearlman).

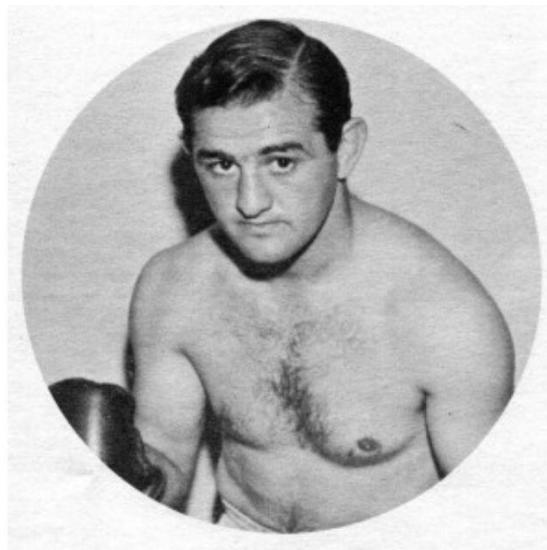
Kelly Nicholson teaches philosophy and religious studies through the Center for Global Studies at Shantou University in southeast mainland China. A former firefighter and amateur boxer as well as a Ring magazine correspondent, he has written four books on philosophy and two on boxing at the turn of the century. In recent years the IBRO Journal has published his stories on Mickey Walker, Kid McCoy, Gene Tunney, Rocky Marciano, Carmen Basilio, Boone Kirkman, Roberto Duran, and Vasyl Lomachenko.

Remembering Dick DiVeronica

(June 15, 2002, Updated April 17, 2020)
By Dan Cuoco

Former world-rated welterweight contender and 2019 New York State Boxing Hall of Fame Inductee Dick DiVeronica died on April 16, 2020, at the age of 82.

He was born Ricardo DiVeronica on January 26, 1938, in Kirkville, New York, and was a popular fighter who campaigned from 1958 until 1972, starting as a lightweight and ending his career as a middleweight.



Dick was an outstanding student-athlete at Canastota Central High School where he excelled in football and wrestling. He earned a wrestling scholarship to Cornell University when he graduated from high school in 1955. But after a year at Cornell, he left school after being inspired watching hometown hero Carmen Basilio prepare for his first title fight with Sugar Ray Robinson, and decided on a boxing career.

Dick's amateur career was brief. It started and ended with the 1958 Adirondack A.A.U. tournament. He captured the novice lightweight title.

Dick made his pro debut as a lightweight on April 23, 1958, in Syracuse, New York winning a four-round decision over Carl Schroeder.

In the December 1958 issue of "The Ring" magazine, he was named lightweight prospect of the month. That same month Emile Griffith was named welterweight prospect of the month.

DiVeronica went undefeated in his first eighteen bouts, capping off the string with an impressive ten-round decision over 25-year-old Tommy Tibbs on October 23, 1959. Tibbs was a veteran of over 100 professional fights including victories over Willie Pep, Lauro Salas and Lulu Perez while splitting with Larry Boardman, Paul Armstead, Harold

Gomes, and Ike Chestnut. Tibbs also went the distance in losing efforts to Carlos Ortiz, Len Matthews, and Frankie Ryff.

On January 12, 1960, Dick lost his first professional fight in Buffalo, NY to Buffalo's undefeated Jackie Donnelly. Donnelly, like DiVeronica, had turned professional in 1958 and was also undefeated in eighteen fights. Dick rebounded from his first defeat by winning decisions over Tommy Pacheco and then highly rated Jay Fullmer (younger brother of hall-of-famer Gene Fullmer) in his only nationally televised bout. However, he ended 1960 on a down note by losing his return match with Jackie Donnelly in New York.

Dick started 1961 off by winning decisions over Tony Christie and Marcel Bizien and stopping Henry Hickman before back-to-back decision losses to Johnny Bizzarro and Fred Martinovich slowed his progress.

However, less than three months after his loss to Martinovich Dick dramatically turned his career around with an upset seventh-round stoppage of highly regarded undefeated power-puncher Don Adamson, 14-0-1 (11), in Ogden, Utah.

With a record of 24-4-0 (7) and victories over Tommy Tibbs, Jay Fullmer, Tony Christie, Marcel Bizien and Don Adamson, Dick was just beginning to make good progress in boxing when he was drafted into the U.S. Army on August 6, 1961.

After basic training, Dick was assigned to the Seventh Army in West Germany where he was a boxing coach. He had no fights while stationed in Germany although he did contact several European promoters, but nothing materialized. He was honorably discharged on August 15, 1963.

After his discharge, he resumed his professional boxing career on February 11, 1964, by winning a majority decision over former national amateur champion, and fellow prospect, Pete Toro in an eight-round main event at New York's Sunnyside Garden. He followed with decisions over Jimmy Meilleur, and Les Bagi in Syracuse, Tommy Garrison in New York at Madison Square Garden, stopped Al Sewell in five in Syracuse and outpointed Larry Wright



DiVeronica vs. Al Sewell

in Utica.

Dick was inactive for 21 months after his victory over Larry Wright. His reputation as an aggressive, yet cagey warrior frightened off potential rivals. To support himself, he joined a construction crew on a full-time basis.

When Dick was ready to return to the ring his managers Joe Netro and Johnny DeJohn sent him to Miami to regain his timing and refine his skills under the watchful eyes of trainers Angelo Dundee, and Izzy Klein. Dick trained almost daily with future hall-of-famer Luis Rodriguez and perennial middleweight and light-heavyweight contender Gomeo Brennan at Miami Beach's famous 5th Street Gym.

In his first ring action in 21 months, the extremely rusty DiVeronica gave away 10 pounds to hard-hitting middleweight Herman (Scatterhawk) Dixon and suffered a shocking fourth-round knockout loss. This was the only clean knockout defeat he was to suffer in 56 professional fights.

The stunning knockout loss to Dixon didn't destroy DiVeronica's confidence. Although he never thought he would see the day he couldn't finish a fight on his feet, he was determined to prove to everyone that the kayo defeat was an aberration.

Three weeks to the day after his stunning defeat, DiVeronica avenged his loss to Dixon with a convincing seventh-round TKO. Showing no ill effects, Dick again gave away 10 pounds and slashed his way to victory with hard overhand rights and thunderous body punches. DiVeronica took everything his heavier and taller opponent tossed at him without apparent effect while digging vicious left hooks to the body that eventually doubled up and retired the game Dixon in the seventh round.

DiVeronica won four of his next five fights in Miami, avenging his only defeat to then-unbeaten junior middleweight Gordon Lott. His return victory over Lott snapped Lott's unbeaten record at 20. His other victories were over well-respected veteran Peter Schmidt and prospects Grady Ponder (23-1-0) and Severo Balboa (21-1-0). After the August 30th Balboa fight, Dick headed back home to Canastota.

When 1967 got underway his record stood at an impressive 35-6-0 (9) and Boxing Illustrated Magazine had him ranked in their welterweight ratings. But Dick was having a

hard time finding opponents and stayed idle for eight months before receiving an offer to meet Washington, D.C.'s highly regarded junior welterweight contender Sweet Herbie Lee (17-1-0 (7) in Baltimore, MD.

On April 3rd he entered the ring a big underdog against Lee who was being touted as a coming champion. Only 1,885 fans showed up, probably feeling it would be just another win for Lee. The fans missed the biggest upset in a Baltimore ring in many years.

DiVeronica confused the shifty Lee with his crouching style. He frequently landed straight rights and looping left hooks against the agile Lee. The officials had Lee in front by a slight margin entering the sixth round when DiVeronica finished the fight with a crushing right hand that spun Lee around before he dropped to the canvas. At the count of five, Lee tried to get up, only to fall over backward where he was counted out by referee Benny Goldstein. Underdog DiVeronica left the ring with cheers ringing in his ears.

Always the gracious winner, Dick agreed to a rematch in Baltimore. On May 25th Dick lost a hotly disputed split decision to Lee that didn't sit well with the 3,018 pro-Lee fans. The fight was so exciting that the promoters brought Dick back for a rubber match on July 10.

Lee at 141 pounds fought a tentative fight against the aggressive 146-pound DiVeronica. Lee seldom threw a meaningful punch and seemed content to go through the paces without being hurt. DiVeronica fought his typical high-energy aggressive fight by constantly working his way inside and working the body to perfection while desperately trying to land a haymaker. At the end of ten rounds, DiVeronica walked away with a lopsided unanimous decision. He also saw his stock rise nationally, as he was elevated to number three in the world ratings.

After the third Lee fight, Dick didn't step in the ring again for another five months, a pattern that haunted him his whole career. This time his inactivity cost him his number three rating and by years' end he saw his world rating drop to number six.

In his first fight in five months, Dick again hit the road and traveled to New Orleans where he dropped a close decision to local power-puncher Jerry Pellegrini.

Two months later DiVeronica met Philadelphia's undefeated Gypsy Joe Harris, the number one ranked welterweight contender. Harris was considered by many the uncrowned welterweight champion for his non-title trouncing of champion Curtis Cokes eleven months earlier.

Harris and DiVeronica thrilled a full house at the Philadelphia Arena with ten exciting rounds of all-out action. Both fighters went at each other from the opening bell. Harris, who had a clowning style that often confused his opponents, found that DiVeronica wasn't bothered by it and he had to fight hard all the way to win a narrow decision.

DiVeronica forced the action to win the first two rounds, and in the second came close to dropping Harris when he nailed him with a right cross that sent him stumbling across the ring. Harris clowning his way out of trouble and edged the next four rounds behind a sharp left hook and some good body punches.



Harris hurt DiVeronica in the seventh with a hard right uppercut under the heart, but DiVeronica came back strongly in the eighth and outfought Harris by bullying him around the ring. Harris used his speed to edge out the ninth round, but DiVeronica again out-fought Harris in the final round. After ten hotly contested rounds, Harris walked away with a close decision.

Immediately after the decision was announced, Johnny DeJohn, Dick's advisor petitioned for an immediate rematch, but Gypsy Joe's management declined. They wanted no further part of DeVeronica.

The losses to Pellegrini and Harris placed Dick in serious danger of losing his place among the top ten welterweight contenders, but he bounced back, as he had done time and time again, with back-to-back victories over Johnny Knight and Leroy Roberts in Baltimore.

Against Knight, DiVeronica, once again delighted Baltimore fight fans with his exciting aggressiveness. Knight tried to pull off an upset, but Diveronica met every one of Knights' assaults with one of his own and had Knight hanging on at the final bell. DiVeronica swept all three of the official's scores comfortably.

A month later Dick was back in Baltimore to face former top-ranking contender Leroy Roberts of Philadelphia. A crowd of 2,506 saw DiVeronica score a one-round kayo over Roberts. The action started out fast with Roberts landing some sharp authoritative punches that had the fans sensing an upset. The ease with which Roberts landed gave him a false sense of confidence because he walked in wide open, only to be nailed by a short right hand that dropped him flat on his face. Roberts barely made it to his feet at the count of nine and stumbled into the referee's arms and he immediately and wisely called a halt to the fight.

DiVeronica hit another bump in the road when he lost a controversial split decision to shifty welterweight contender Percy Pugh in Baltimore. The decision did not sit well with the fans and they voiced their opinion vociferously.

Dick started 1969 off by trouncing Al Massey in Philadelphia bringing his record to 40-10-0 (11).

Bouts with Willie Munoz, David Melendez (scheduled for New York), Jean Josselin (scheduled for Paris) never came off, as well as a card scheduled for Syracuse. Instead, DiVeronica flew to San Juan, Puerto Rico and lost a close decision to old foe Pete Toro.

A month later Dick finally got a chance to fight before his hometown fans in Syracuse when he met former multiple welterweight and middleweight champion and future hall-of-famer Emile Griffith. The fight was competitive through the first five rounds. Griffith picked up the pace in the sixth and sliced open a cut over Dick's right eye with his steady jabbing. In the seventh Griffith hurt Dick with a left hook to the head, and quickly followed up with a right cross and another left-right combination to the head causing



referee Jack Millicich to stop the fight. Dick protested that although he was hurt he knew where he was and could have continued.

Three months later, Dick bounced back to easily defeat tough Marcel Bizien in Jersey City. NJ.

During this period, Dick wasn't the only Canastota, NY welterweight making headlines. Another fighter with a Basilio connection, Carmen's nephew Billy Backus, had been racing Dick step for step up the welterweight ladder. Billy hit paydirt on December 3, 1970 in Syracuse, NY when he stopped welterweight champion Jose Napoles on cuts to capture the world welterweight title. Many local fans clamored to see what could be done to match the two in what would have been a natural. But unfortunately for Dick and the fans, the match never happened.

Backus' manager Tony Graziano said "Well, we don't want to fight DiVeronica because we're from the same town. We like him too much." Dick wanted the match and said: "I don't care if it was a title or non-title fight. We could have made a pretty good buck here in Syracuse. A promoter dreams of having two local fighters."

Ironically, earlier in the year George Parnassus approached DiVeronica's management about fighting Jose Napoles in California. "It was all signed." Stated DiVeronica. "I had the airplane tickets and everything, and shortly before I was ready to leave for California they called Johnny DeJohn and apparently didn't want the fight. They announced in the paper that I got sick and couldn't make the fight."

Dick only laced up the gloves three more times over the next two and a half years, outpointing previously undefeated Tony Berrios in Scranton, PA, losing a close decision to Buddy Boggs in Baltimore and fighting a draw with Alvin Anderson in Baltimore.

After the Anderson fight, which took place on April 30, 1972, Dick decided to hang up the gloves for good. He could have stayed on for a few more years and become a trial horse for the younger fighters building a reputation, but Dick was too smart for that. Instead, he went back to the Canastota Contracting Company that he ran with his three brothers until his retirement two years ago.

Dick and his wife Janine, who will celebrate their 36th wedding anniversary on November 26th of this year, still make their home in Canastota. They have four children, Christina, Theresa, Ann Marie, and Nicholas.

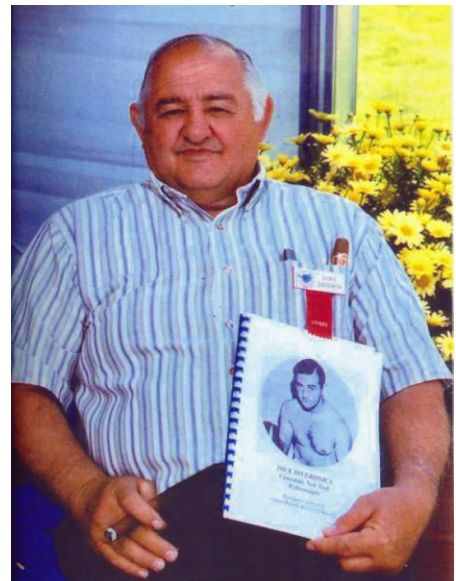
Dick is a fixture at the annual International Boxing Hall of Fame weekend held in Canastota, NY. As a regular attendee, I can attest that Dick is one of the most accessible and nicest ex-fighters you will meet at the induction weekend. It's good to see a great guy like Dick DiVeronica finish on his feet a winner in life, as well as in the ring.

Postscript

During our conversation in June 2002, I asked Dick if I could look at his scrapbook. He told me he had lent it to his manager Joe Netro and after Joe passed away the Netro family couldn't locate it when they went through his boxing memorabilia. So Dick had nothing to pass on to his family regarding his professional boxing career.

Don Cogswell and I decided to reconstruct a scrapbook for Dick and his family, and we presented him with six copies in June 2003. The look on his face when he went through the scrapbook will remain with us forever.

Don and I spent many pleasant times with Dick during our annual visits to Canastota and will miss him. We lost one of the really good ones! May he Rest in Peace!



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100 years ago: The Law That Gave Birth to the Modern Era of Boxing

by

Mike Silver

From 1895 to 1919 professional boxing was either tolerated or outlawed in various cities and states, including New York. The Frawley law, passed in 1911, had created the New York State Athletic Commission to oversee the sport. Some 40 boxing clubs operated under its purview. In 1917, after a boxer was fatally injured in a bout, reformers convinced the legislature to repeal the Frawley law and abolish boxing in the state. The ban lasted for three years. In 1920, after much political maneuvering, professional boxing returned to New York with the passage of The Walker Law.

Boxing, despite its ups and downs, had always been popular with the general public. Now, on the cusp of the Roaring Twenties, what it needed to realize its full potential was a powerful and stabilizing organizational structure with tighter controls over the sport and greater safety measures. The Walker Law was the answer. Most importantly, it allowed New York City to quickly regain its position as the boxing capital of the world.

Named after its sponsor, state senator and future New York City mayor (1926-31), James J. (Jimmy) Walker, the law brought back the State Athletic Commission but with enhanced rules and guidelines. One hundred years ago, on May 24, 1920, it was signed into law by Governor Al Smith and took effect on the first day of September.

Three commissioners appointed by Governor Smith supervised the sport. The new law mandated the licensing of all persons officially connected with boxing bouts—boxers, managers, promoters, matchmakers, corner men, referees and judges. All shows required a physician in attendance. Matches could not exceed 15 rounds. Within a short time dozens of armories, arenas and stadiums began presenting boxing cards on a regular basis. There certainly was no shortage of boxers. By March of 1924 New York State had licensed 6,123 professional boxers.



Any person who violated the rules of the commission or engaged in behavior considered detrimental to boxing would risk losing his license. It was the intention of the commission to improve the public's perception of boxing by attempting (albeit with mixed results) to curtail the influence of gamblers, criminals and other undesirables.

Of course a prime reason for legalizing professional boxing was the tax revenues that would be realized via licensing fees and a 5 percent tax on the gross receipts of every boxing card. Three months after the first professional bouts were staged under the new law, the sport had already paid \$75,000 into the New York state treasury.

Politicians in other states saw opportunity for increased tax revenues, jobs, and political patronage if they followed New York's example and legalized boxing under government auspices. Hugely motivating was the 1921 heavyweight title bout between champion Jack Dempsey and the dashing French challenger Georges Carpentier. The bout drew 90,000 fans and nearly 2 million dollars in paid admissions, breaking all previous records in both attendance and gate receipts. Whereas in 1917 only 23 states had officially legalized the sport, by 1925 the number was up to 43. They all used the template of the New York Commission as a guide.

During the 1920s boxing reached unprecedented levels of popularity, even eclipsing baseball in terms of live attendance figures and newspaper coverage. Heavyweight title fights became the most lavish and anticipated spectacle in sports. In 1926 and 1927 Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney drew over 100,000 people for each of their two title fights in Philadelphia and Chicago.

The social, artistic, and cultural dynamism of the Roaring Twenties, in concert with the media's focus on celebrities (especially sports heroes and movie stars), glamorized boxing and made Jack Dempsey the first boxing superstar of the twentieth century. But due credit must be given to Tex Rickard whose promotional genius and reputation for integrity was instrumental in revitalizing the sport. Rickard made his headquarters in New York City and his success was responsible for the building of a new and much larger Madison Square Garden in 1925. Under his watch boxing gained a respectability it had never known before. It was Rickard who transformed boxing into popular entertainment for a mass audience. The business of sports entertainment would never be the same.

The Walker law also was a catalyst for others to hitch their star to boxing. In 1922 Nat Fleischer, a 33 year old sports editor for several New York papers, launched *The Ring* magazine with Tex Rickard serving as silent partner (Fleischer acquired full ownership in 1929). For the next 50 years "The Bible of Boxing" was the sport's most important and authoritative trade publication. Fleischer often spoke out against corruption within the sport and advocated for standard physical exams and rules. *The Ring* "top ten" ratings of contenders for every weight class became a monthly feature of the magazine and under Fleischer's stewardship was a trusted resource for everyone interested in the sport.

Dempsey, Tunney, Rickard, Walker, Fleischer, *The Ring* magazine, Madison Square Garden, New York City—the timing couldn't have been more perfect. They all came together in the 1920s to create boxing's greatest decade. But none of it would have been possible without the passage of the law that allowed it to happen.

END

REMARKABLE TURNAROUNDS

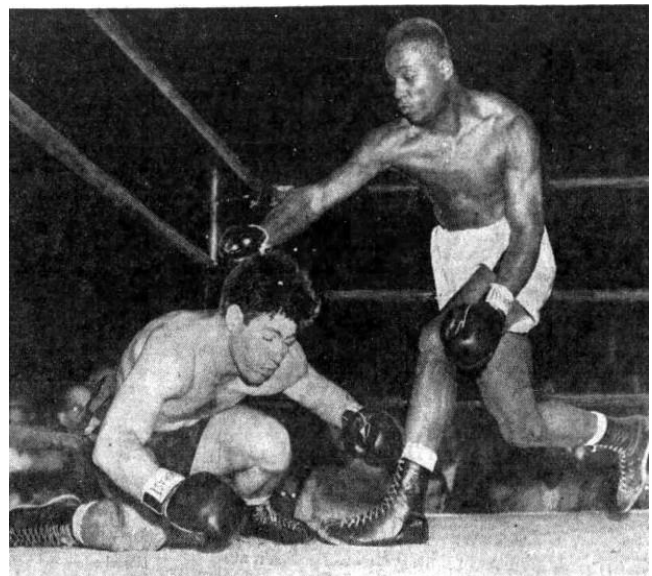
By Roger Zotti

I'm not exaggerating when I say hard-punching Syracuse middleweight Joey De John, who began fighting professionally in 1944, either knocked out or was knocked out by his opponent. And if you want proof consider this: When he retired in 1952, he had compiled a record of 73-14-2. Fifty-one of his victories were by knockout, and he was knocked out ten times.

Some of his quality opponents were Bobby Dykes, Joe Rindone, Dick Wagner, Irish Bob Murphy, Ernie Durando, Norman Hayes, Robert Villemain, Lee Sala, and Jake LaMotta, all of whom, with the exception of Murphy, stopped him. (In 1952 he TKO'd Murphy.)

I saw De John fight one time. It was against Norman Hayes, a tough middleweight from Roxbury, Massachusetts. The year was 1952, and the fight was nationally televised from the Detroit Olympia. One of those Wednesday Night fights, sponsored by Pabst Blue Ribbon beer.

Early in round two De John hurt the twenty-one year old Hayes, but in the third round the accurate punching Roxbury, MA pugilist, who had lost rounds one and two, landed a left hook to De John's body, followed by a right cross to his jaw. Down went the Syracuse fighter. Seconds after he was back on his feet, he was hit by another left hook to the body, flooring him for



the second time. When Hayes sent De John to the canvas for the third time, referee Johnny Weber stopped the tangle.

The *New York Times* writer covering the bout called the fight an “amazing reversal” for Hayes; the *Boston Daily Globe’s* scribe said the win “was a great heart-warming victory” for the Roxbury middleweight.

In his dressing room after the bout Hayes told reporters he was hit so hard in the first round he had no idea where he was until round three began.

Hayes, who began fighting professionally in 1949 and retired in 1953, compiled a 25-17-1 (8 KOs/1 KO’d by) record. His best known opponents were De John, Carl “Bobo” Olson (twice), Lee Sala, Ernie Durando, Jake LaMotta (twice), Laurent Dauthuille, Charles Humez, Paul Pender, and Robert Villemain.

One of his best efforts was his outing against future middleweight champion Olson, in 1952, at the Civic Center, San Francisco. With the winner to face Sugar Ray Robinson, Hayes, in defeat, won the hearts of reporters and fans for, as one San Francisco sports journalist wrote, “[He] had reached deep inside himself . . . to arouse the admiration of the gallery. He had stuck in there when others of lesser mettle would have stepped out.”

Another surprising turnaround occurred on December 12, 1951, when Kid Gavilan, fighting as a middleweight, fought Walter Cartier, in a nationally televised bout from Madison Square Garden.

Cartier had been slightly ahead for nine rounds, using a sustained body attack to wear down the great Cuban. But in the tenth session Gavilan caught the Greenwich Village middleweight with a right cross to the jaw. Walter staggered. A barrage of



punches followed. He collapsed to the canvas. Referee Ruby Goldstein, without counting, signaled an end to the bout.

For me, it was one of the most memorable fights I ever watched and its outcome almost broke my teenage heart. If you were a Gavilan fan, you were delighted he turned the fight around and won, but if, like me, you rooted for Cartier you were shocked at the contest's sudden turnabout.



Several years later sports journalist W.C. Heinz interviewed the retired Cartier for his classic book on athletes titled *Once They Heard the Cheers*.

In the chapter titled "The Same Person Twice," Heinz tells us that four months before Walter's fight against Gavilan, popular Irish Billy Graham had out-boxed Gavilan in their welterweight title bout at the Garden. But the officials must've been watching a different fight and awarded the decision to Gavilan. After the lustily booed decision, sportswriters referred to Graham as "the uncrowned world welterweight champion."

Before round ten began of Cartier's fight against Gavilan, Heinz said he told Cartier's manager, Irving Cohen, who was also Graham's manager, "If [Walter] were my fighter, I'd tell him to go out and win the last round," which apparently Cohen and Charley Goldman, Cartier's trainer, did.

We know what happened.

"I think he had it won, and I'm sorry I gave you bad advice," Heinz later said to Cohen, who replied, "'That's all right. It's just one of those things that happens now and then.'"

Heinz also tells us that for years he held himself responsible for Walter's loss and had never apologized to him. His interview with Walter was when he'd make amends.

What follows is the book's most memorable interview.

Heinz: I'll tell you one fight Walter didn't win and because of me.

Mrs. Cartier: What one was that?

Heinz: The Gavilan fight.

Walter: You didn't lose that fight. Walter Cartier lost it.

Mrs. Cartier: How much time was left in the round?

Walter: A minute, or a minute-and-a-half.

Mrs. Cartier: I thought it was just seconds.

Walter: No, I've seen the pictures, and I was a little groggy, and I said to Ruby Goldstein, 'Why don't you give me another knockdown?'

Heinz: And if it hadn't been for me, you'd have boxed that whole last round differently.

Walter: Only Walter Cartier lost that fight.

A regular contributor to the *IBRO Journal*, Roger Zotti is the author of two boxing books, *Friday Night World* and *The Proper Pugilist*. For more information about his books contact him at rogerzotti@aol.com.

The Pottawatomie Giant Deserves Respect

By Bobby Franklin



Jess Willard

In the recent heavyweight title fight between Tyson Fury and Deontay Wilder, both men were, to put it mildly, quite large. Fury at 6'9" weighed in at 273 pounds while Wilder at 6'7" tipped the scales at 254 pounds. Wilder usually comes in lighter but was bulked up for this fight.

While both men are among the largest to ever hold the crown, there have been heavyweights in the past who would not be out of place in the ring with either one of them. Jess Willard at 6'6 1/2" and weighing in the vicinity of 245 pounds would be able to match eyeballs with Fury and Wilder, though Fury would have a couple of inches on him.

Willard is best known for two fights, his win over Jack Johnson when he took possession of the Heavyweight Title, and his defeat at the hands of Jack Dempsey when he lost the crown. Both fights have the shadow of controversy hanging over them that obscure Willard's performances in them.

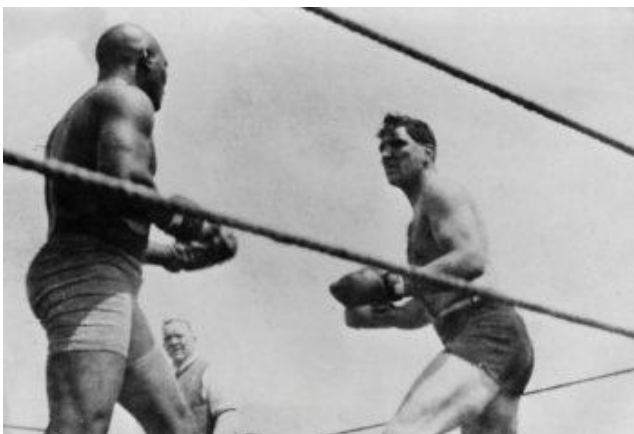
When Jess met Jack Johnson for the title on April 5, 1915 at Oriental Park in Havana, Cuba he was the latest in a string of White Hopes who were sought out to take the title from Johnson. The fight was held in Cuba because at the time Johnson was a fugitive from justice and would have been arrested had he returned to the United States.

Jack Johnson On The Attack Against Willard

The fight was scheduled for 45 rounds and took place in the afternoon. One of the myths surrounding the fight was that the temperature was scorching by the time the combatants had entered the ring. Arly Allen, who wrote the definitive biography of Willard stated after exhaustive research that the hottest it had gotten that day was 70 degrees. Looking at footage of



the fight you can see the fighters were dressed warm when they entered the ring; Willard had a heavy sweater on. The fans also looked quite comfortable.



Johnson Vs Willard

The other myth that has been used to discredit Willard was started by Johnson years later when he

claimed he threw the fight. Every boxing historian I know does not buy into that. In fact, all you need to do is watch the video of the fight and you will see in the early rounds Johnson going all out to knock out Willard. Jess survived these assaults from the champion and came on to knock out Johnson in the 26th round. While Johnson was not in the best of shape, weighing 225 pounds as compared to the 208 he weighed against Jim Jeffries five years earlier, Willard fought a very good fight showing excellent footwork for a man his size. Jess also had a powerful right hand which he used to finish off Johnson.

Much of the blame for Johnson not being in great fighting shape falls on Jack as he refused to face serious opposition after he won the title. His toughest opponent was Jeffries who had been out the ring for six years when they fought. Johnson also had been leading a wild lifestyle. Would things have been different if Jess was facing an in shape Johnson? Possibly, but the fact is Willard won the fight fair and square after standing up to the best Johnson had to offer.

Willard vs Dempsey



In the Dempsey fight, things turned out differently for Jess. The controversy in this fight centered on Jack, who many believe fought with loaded gloves. This story was started by his manager Jack Kearns years later after the two had a falling out. It has never been proven or disproven and, while most historians don't believe Kearns' story that he put Plaster of Paris on Dempsey's hands before the fight, there is reason to believe Jack had his hands wrapped in bicycle tape. The bicycle tape was legal at the time. There is also a theory that Jack had a metal bar in his hand when the fight began. I have written about this in more detail before as have many other boxing experts. It is something that will never be fully resolved.

In the first round of the fight, which took place in Toledo, Ohio on July 4, 1919, Jess took a terrible beating being floored seven times and being saved from a knockout by the sound of the bell. (Actually, a whistle as the bell had broken before the fight.)

That is what most people remember about the fight. What happened in the next two rounds is interesting as Jess was not floored again. He put up a courageous stand before his corner called an end to the fight after the third round.



Jess Willard vs Floyd Johnson Drew A Huge Crowd

It has been written that Willard wanted a rematch with Dempsey but he didn't help his chances at getting another go against the Manassa Mauler by staying inactive for the next four years. In 1923 he stepped into the ring against Floyd Johnson, and while having some rough moments early in the fight came on to kayo Johnson in the 11th round. Willard looked fit and on the way back at the age of 42. He was then signed to fight Luis Firpo with the winner being promised a shot at Dempsey.

The fight took place at Boyes Thirty Acres in Jersey City, New Jersey on July 12, 1923. Firpo kayoed Jess in the 8th round putting an end to any hope of the Pottawatomie getting his return bout against Jack Dempsey.

It should also be noted that both of Willard's comeback fights drew huge crowds and the former champ remained extremely popular. A rematch with Dempsey certainly would have been a major attraction.

So, what would have happened if Willard and Dempsey had fought again? I think it would have been a bit different than the first fight. Jess wasn't imbued with the killer instinct. When younger, he killed a man in the ring, and that had always haunted him. He believed, with good reason, that he was much more powerful than his opponents and had a certain fear of fatally hurting another. Because of this he often lacked aggression when fighting.

Before the Dempsey fight, Jess was asked if he thought he might kill Dempsey. In fact, many thought that was highly possible. When the bell rang for the first round you can see how Jess came out of his corner in a very calm manner. When the two went into a clinch Jess stepped back with his arms spread as if to say he wasn't going to hurt the little guy. Willard was completely unprepared for the assault that was soon to take place. However, after taking that beating in the first round, he fought back hard and gave Dempsey a bit of a go of it.

In a rematch, Jess would have come out ready for battle. He most likely would have used his weight against Dempsey, not stepping back in a clinch but instead, he would have roughed the champion up. Dempsey still would have won, but the fight would have gone longer and would have had more grappling.

Willard only had 28 fights in his entire career. He was a reluctant yet courageous warrior. In his two most notable fights he has not received the credit he deserved. Nobody thought he would beat Johnson, yet he proved them wrong. Against Dempsey, he showed the heart of a champion and a strong fighting spirit.



Jess really didn't have the killer instinct that is needed in such a cruel sport. He did have great athletic ability, was always in great shape, and had tremendous courage. You might want to take a look at the fights I have discussed and reconsider your opinion of Willard.

Bobby Franklin's Boxing over Broadway
May 6, 2020

A Much Needed Distraction from the Horrors of War: Boxing at the Lyceum Theatre

By Matthew H. Ward

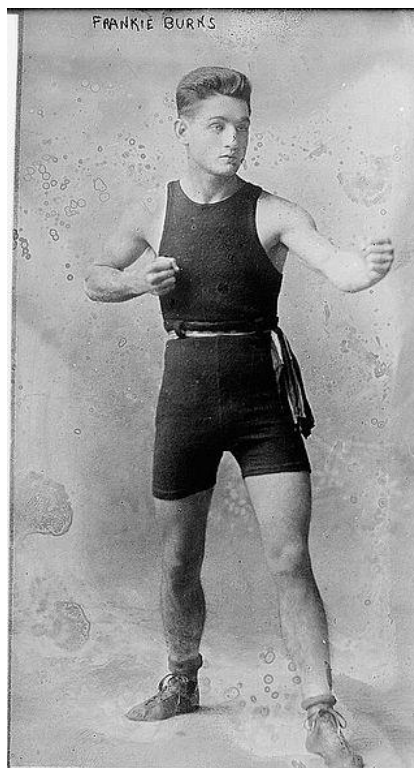
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1918 was a big year for boxing at the Lyceum Theatre in Red Bank. With World War I raging on in Europe, Jersey Shore residents looked for distraction from reports of the horrors of war. Boxing helped people on the Jersey Shore, and around the country, find that much needed distraction.

A series of five boxing cards were hosted at the Lyceum Theatre that summer. These fights were organized by the Monmouth County Athletic Club, and were the earliest professional bouts recorded in the borough's history. The opening card of the season was held on June 7th, and featured two principal bouts, three preliminaries, and a wrestling match. The main event pitted Bantamweight contender, Frankie Burns against Joey Leonard. Burns, a popular fighter from Jersey City, entered the bout as the favorite against his Brooklyn native opponent. Renowned sportswriter, Red Smith later described Burns as "strictly a Jersey product. In the years before World War I you couldn't glance up without seeing him fighting somebody for the bantamweight championship of the world."

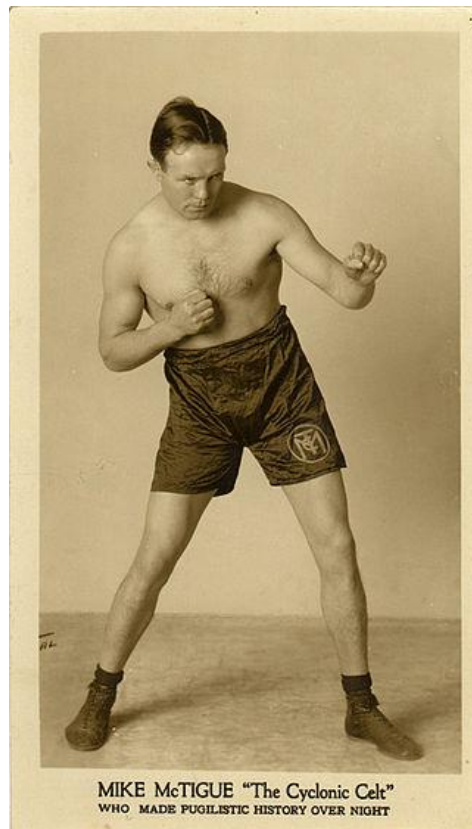


Frankie Burns



Joseph Humphreys

Burns' presence in Red Bank that evening meant that boxing fans were in for a treat. Announcer, Joseph Humphreys, of Madison Square Garden fame, made his way down the shore to offer his talents to the evening of boxing. The bantamweights battled through eight action packed rounds, with the newspaper decision going to the veteran, Burns. Burns went on to box professionally until 1921, when he hung up his boxing gloves and retired. Leonard retired in 1923 with a losing record.



Mike McTigue

The second card of the summer was on June 14th and featured Irish-born, New York fighter, Mike McTigue and hard-hitting New Yorker, Frank Carbone. McTigue is well-

known in boxing circles for holding the World Light Heavyweight title between 1923 and 1925, and competing against other division greats such as Paul Berlenbach, Jeff Smith, Harry Greb, Mickey Walker, and Tommy Loughran. This was the third encounter between the two men, with McTigue taking the first two bouts. That night at the Lyceum, the newspaper decision went to McTigue. *The Red Bank Register* described the bout as being a “slow affair,” in which McTigue utilized his greater reach to hold off and jab his opponent at will. Newspapermen also noted that the two middleweights clinched throughout the bout to the displeasure of fans and ringside reporters.

The June 21st show featured Kid Henry and Johnny Hayes headlining a card loaded with New Jersey based fighters making their professional debuts. *The Red Bank Register* described the main event as being of “high class.” Henry was the far more experienced fighter of the two men. He came into the bout having fought tough fighters including Abe Attell, Mel Coogan, and Tommy Helm. Despite both boxers fighting well over the course of eight rounds, “their scrap was marred by repeated holding and clinching.” Neither fighter was badly hurt, despite some stiff jolts landed over the course of the competition. The fight was ruled a draw by *The Red Bank Register*.

The June 28th card at the Lyceum Theatre featured a semi-final bout between two up and coming fighters, and a main event featuring two fighters with “.500 records.” *The Red Bank Register* reported that the card was viewed by a large crowd of fans. The semi-final bout was between New York fighters, Bobby Michaels and Joe Garry. Michaels, who went on to fight just under 70 career fights, defeated the less experienced Garry via *The Red Bank Register* newspaper decision. In the main event, Young Willie Gradwell of Newark faced Joe Mooney of New York in a lightweight contest. Gradwell controlled the bout through eight rounds of action, and was rewarded for his efforts throughout the contest with *The Red Bank Register* newspaper decision.

The summer boxing schedule ended on July 20th, with arguably the weakest card of the series. The card was highlighted by two Red Bank fighters, Frank Moran and Billy Valleau, winning their professional debuts. The main event featured two fighters also making their professional debuts, Billy Dasso and Joe Forgione, and ended in a second round knockout victory for Fort Hancock’s Dasso. *The Red Bank Register* reported that the knockout came after, “Dasso’s second told him after the first round that they had only twenty minutes to catch their car going back to Sandy Hook.” The knockout ensured that Dasso and his corner man had adequate time to catch their ride back to the base! It appears that Dasso’s professional boxing career ended that evening; while Forgione went on to fight a few more bouts. The highlight of Forgione’s unimpressive boxing career was a 1921 bout against veteran Illinois’ boxer, Young Tony Caponi, in which Caponi decisively defeated the Newark fighter via a twelve round newspaper decision.

A knockout tale of Spanish flu, Jack Dempsey & the Baron of Leiperville

by Rich Pagano

In the middle of this coronavirus crisis, I couldn't help but do some research on a lethal strain of flu that swept across the globe in 1918. They called it the Spanish Flu, but no one believes it originated in Spain. In fact, the geographic origin of that flu is still debated to this day.

That so-called Spanish Flu eventually infected up to a half a billion people and claimed the lives of anywhere between 50 and 100 million worldwide, and had a 20 percent death rate, exceeding the typical flu, which kills less than one percent of those infected.

Like today, the sporting calendar was quickly redrawn all over the world as governments tackled the pandemic by stopping events that would potentially draw large crowds of people into enclosed spaces.

In the United States, college football games were canceled in several major cities, while in Major League Baseball, quite a few high-profile players died after contracting the so-called Spanish Flu.

Babe Ruth reportedly caught the disease, but recovered, and helped the Boston Red Sox defeat the Chicago Cubs in the 1918 World Series by winning two games as a pitcher.

In ice hockey, the 1919 Stanley Cup, for the first and only time to date, had no declared champion. The playoff series was stopped after five games. The



CAPTION: Jack Dempsey plays the piano at Baron Dougherty's Colonial Hotel in Leiperville during a break in training for his fight with Battling Levinsky in 1918.

Seattle Metropolitans were due to face the Montreal Canadiens in the deciding game of the series, but when several of the Canadiens players and their manager George Kennedy came down with the flu, the game was canceled.

One player, Joe Hall, later died, while Kennedy suffered complications which ultimately led to his passing in 1921.

In the world of boxing, a much-anticipated fight between Jack Dempsey and Battling Levinsky (real name Barney Lebowitz) was being planned for September of 1918. The fight was going to be held at the Olympia A.C. in Philadelphia, and a well-known Delaware County sportsman was co-promoting the event.

That Delco sportsman, who was not only involved in the promotion, but was also going to referee the bout, was Jimmy Dougherty. Dougherty, also known as the “Baron of Leiperville”, was a larger than life sportsman whose hotel, bar and fight arena in Leiperville (now known as Crum Lynne), was a mecca for boxing from 1916 to 1947.

During that time, he was the owner of one of the busiest fight camps in the country. It was at this arena, one of the first open air arenas in the country, that some of the greatest fighters in the sport trained or fought. It was also a popular hangout for sports writers too, especially Damon Runyon who made Leiperville and the Baron famous nationwide.

In 1918, before his fight with Levinsky, Dempsey, under new manager Doc Kearns, had been victorious in twenty-one of twenty-two fights all over the country. In eleven of those fights, he had knocked out his opponent in the first round.

After Dempsey knocked out Fred Fulton in one round in Harrison, New Jersey, Dougherty, who had been at the fight, rekindled his friendship with Dempsey and befriended Kearns.

At that point, he set up the Dempsey bout with Levinsky and had Dempsey train in Leiperville. While training at the Baron’s boxing establishment, Dempsey picked up a few dollars waiting on tables at the hotel. “Dempsey used to serve Sam Vauclain, president of Baldwin Locomotive, his meals every day,” remembered Ed Conner, a local boxer who had many bouts at the Leiperville ring as a professional.

Unfortunately for Dougherty, the scheduled September fight was postponed because of the flu, and had to be rescheduled for two months later in November. A “flu ban” was put in place, which meant business slowed down everywhere and the public was encouraged not to gather anywhere in large numbers. Philadelphia had gotten hit hard by the flu, and over 12,000 people had died in a four-week period. More than 700 Philadelphia residents had passed in one day alone.

Cities across the United States began lifting the ban in early November, and at long last, the fight could take place. On the night of November 6, 1918, five days before the end of World War I, 8,000 fight fans poured into the Olympia A.C. to see Levinsky, the light heavyweight champion, get a crack at Dempsey.

It was a right hand to the jaw by Dempsey that knocked out Levinsky in the third round. The Philadelphia Public Ledger reported, “Jack Dempsey conclusively proved last night at the Olympia that he is one of the best heavyweights in the country by stopping Battling Levinsky of New York in the third round.”

As the Spanish flu began to come to an end in the early part of 1919, Dempsey was on his way to capturing the world heavyweight championship in July of that year when he knocked out Jess Willard in Toledo, Ohio.

“Sam Vauclain had chartered a Pullman train car pull in a siding near Baldwin’s and loaded it with 100 of his friends which included the Baron,” recalled Ed Conner, “then shoved off for the fight site in Toledo, to root for Dempsey.”

The Top 20 Uncrowned Champions in Boxing History

By Buddy Gibbs
The Grueling Truth - March 20, 2020



Picture of Cocoa Kid. Source: OnMilwaukee

After Rocky Marciano knocked out Jersey Joe Walcott to become the heavyweight champion of the world he was quoted saying, “What could be better than walking down any street in any city and knowing you’re the heavyweight champion of the world?”; a rhetorical question that expressed very simply what a world title meant to Marciano, and ultimately, to any professional boxer. But, some of boxing’s greatest fighters never got the same satisfaction for one

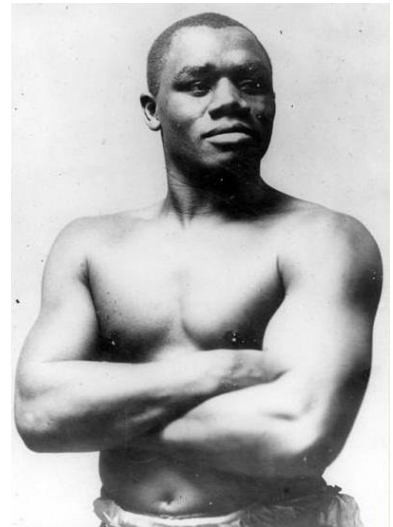
reason or another. I have decided to compile a list of my top 20 greatest fighters to never win a world title.

Many of the men on the list were avoided by some of the contenders and champions of their eras, others were chained down by the business side of boxing, while the rest fall under a long list of complications that prevented them from being champions – but an endless amount of skill and ability is something they all had.

Here is my personal top 20 in order:

1. Sam Langford

Langford was the bogeyman of boxing. Probably the most feared and avoided fighter in any era because of his skills and knockout power. He often fought men much larger than himself and was successful doing so. Langford fought all-time greats from lightweight to heavyweight and won bouts against 10 different Hall-of-Famers. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Sam McVey, Harry Wills, Joe Jeanette, Joe Gans, and Stanley Ketchel.



2. Charley Burley

Burley had issues with the business side of boxing, but it was about the only thing he didn't master regarding the sport. He fought men much larger than himself, including light heavyweights and heavyweights, despite being a welterweight and middleweight during his career. He beat multiple fighters



who would go on to be champions while never getting a title shot himself. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Holman Williams, Archie Moore, Jack Chase, Aaron Wade, and Cocoa Kid.

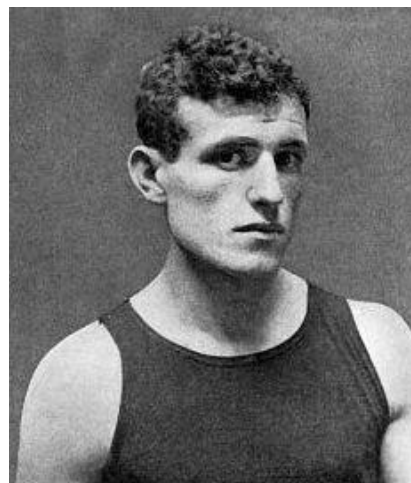
3. Mike Gibbons

Gibbon's masterful boxing and defensive craftsmanship along with a solid punch made him hard to beat for any all-time great, and very few turned the trick in his own era. Gibbons set the bar for all middleweights that followed him and very few have come close to the St. Paul Phantom's greatness even a hundred years later. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Harry Greb, Jack Dillon, George Chip, Chuck Wiggins, and Jeff Smith.



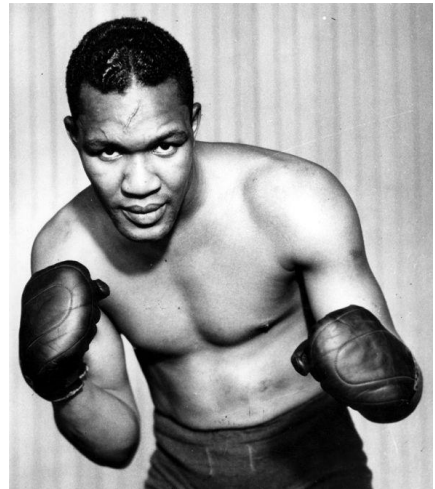
4. Packey McFarland

McFarland tackled any foe in sight. Great footwork, a nasty punch, and great ring generalship kept McFarland winning with consistency from the start of his career until the end. He felt best at a weight just above the lightweight limit (which was 133 lbs. at the time) and not many of the lightweights in his era were eager to swap wits or punches with him. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Owen Moran, Jack Britton, Mike Gibbons, Freddie Welsh, and Cyclone Johnny Thompson.



5. Holman Williams

Williams was such a brilliant boxer that heavyweight champion Joe Louis acquired advice from him. Even legendary trainer Eddie Futch couldn't help but notice and brag on Williams' unbelievable skills and talent, saying he had the finesse of Ray Robinson. Williams met a plethora of killers through his 16-year career and after bad hand injuries at the beginning of his career, still managed to find success when he changed his style by fighting more defensively. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Charley Burley, Archie Moore, Lloyd Marshall, Bert Lytell, and Eddie Booker.



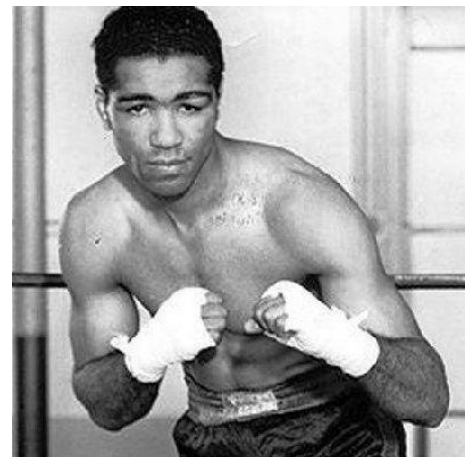
6. Tommy Gibbons

Gibbons was a well-rounded boxer who stayed consistent throughout his career and never lost to a fighter that is not in the International Boxing Hall of Fame. With great footwork, high ring IQ, a hard punch, and an iron chin, there were very few fighters who beat him. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Harry Greb, George Chip, Kid Norfolk, Battling Levinsky, and Georges Carpentier.



7. Cocoa Kid

Kid possessed a lightning-quick left jab paired with a brain rattling right hand that kept some champions/contenders far away from any ring Cocoa Kid stepped in. Cocoa Kid's dazzling



footwork allowed him to glide across the ring as he ripped win after win. He was thrown in with stiff competition all through his career and several of his losses were by split decisions. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Jimmy Leto, Eddie Booker, Jack Chase, Holman Williams, and Louis 'Kid' Kaplan.

8. Joe Jeanette

Jeannette was a real-life ironman who seemed to fight harder as the fight got rougher. With a great jab and well-rounded skills, he was a tough match for anyone. If you add in his cast iron chin he became a nightmare. Heavyweight champion Jack Johnson



refused to face Jeanette in a long route fight, while the champion admitted his style was too hard for him to solve. Jeanette knew his trade so well that many in his and later eras asked for Jeanette's advice and help in training. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Sam Langford, Sam McVey, Sandy Ferguson, Georges Carpentier, and Jeff Clark.

9. Lew Tendler

Tendler was a savvy and rugged left-handed lightweight that fought in what many think is the toughest era for lightweights in boxing history. Tendler came close to dethroning lightweight champion Benny Leonard, who I consider to be the best lightweight of all-time, but just fell short.

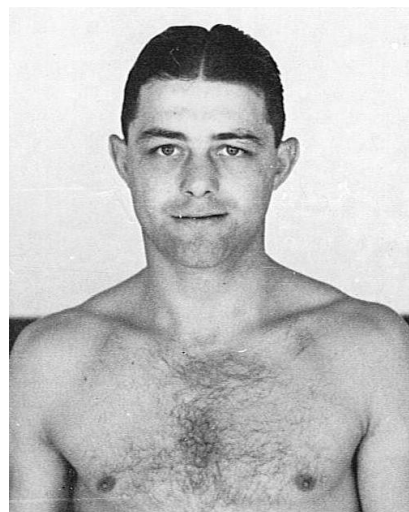


'Lefty' Lew was not afraid of bigger competition either and went after those in the welterweight division as well. Some of his wins were against but not limited

to: Ever Hammer, Johnny Dundee, George 'KO' Chaney, Richie Mitchell, and Rocky Kansas.

10. Wesley Ramey

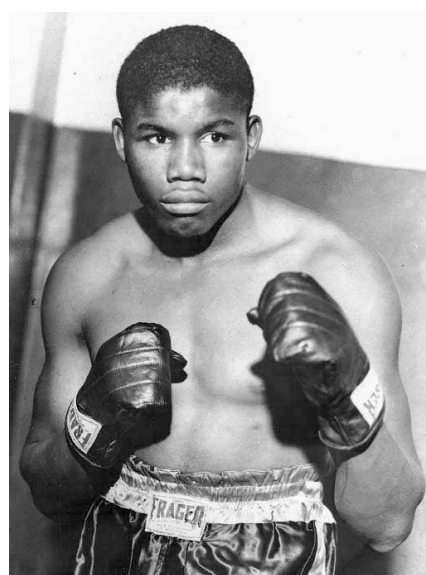
Ramey tore into the professional boxing scene from the very beginning of his career and didn't slow down until his retirement nearly 12 years later. During his career he was ranked in the top 10 of the lightweight division in nearly every year he fought but never got a shot at the lightweight title. He beat numerous champions in his career and was a clear threat to anyone in the division. Some of



his wins were against but not limited to: Lew Jenkins, Cocoa Kid, Tony Canzoneri, Benny Bass, and Chino Alvarez.

11. Jimmy Bivins

Bivins wreaked havoc in every weight class he fought in, which started at middleweight and ended at heavyweight. In his 15-year career he conquered many of his era's world champions and many more Hall of Famers. He didn't shy away from many of his era's deadliest punchers either, some of which weren't world champions or hall of famers but certainly could make it on a longer version of this list of uncrowned fighters.



Some of his wins were against but not limited to; Archie Moore, Charley Burley, Lloyd Marshall, Gus Lesnevich, and Ezzard Charles.

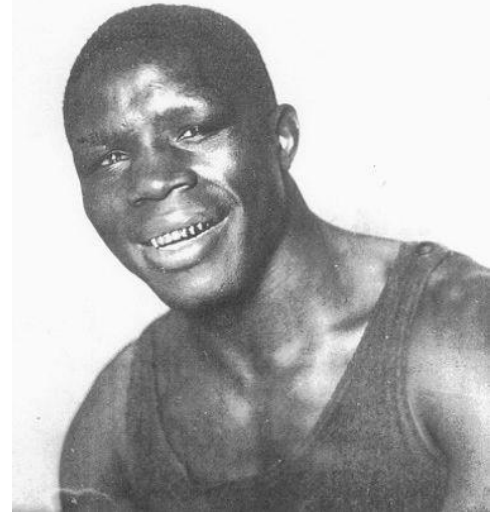
12. Willie Joyce

Joyce, by many accounts, had one of the best left jabs in his division's history. He veered into wars with larger men as well and was never stopped. An educated left jab and an almost endless bag of tricks made Joyce one of the best fighters in his era. Unfortunately, like Lew Tendler, he was a victim in a stacked class and had to deal with some of the toughest competition in the division's history. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Henry Armstrong, Chalky Wright, Allie Stolz, Ike Williams, and Leo Rodak.



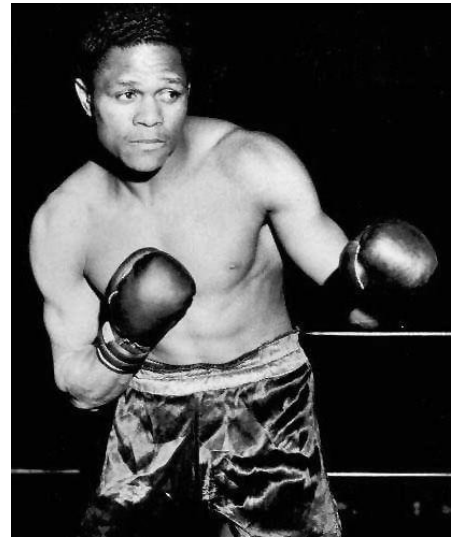
13. Kid Norfolk

Norfolk was a vicious two-fisted attacker with speed and agility that tackled light heavyweights and heavyweights alike. Norfolk battled men larger than himself but with his short but powerful build he was a menace to anyone that stepped into the ring with him. He was able to collect wins over some of the champions and Hall of Famers that he did manage to get in the ring with him. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Joe Jeanette, Billy Miske, Tiger Flowers, Battling Siki, and Jack Blackburn.



14. Lloyd Marshall

Marshall was a strong and heavy-handed terror in the ring. Some of the avoided men in Marshall's era were happy to steer clear of him and for good reason. Marshall's skills and merciless assault made him a fan favorite and an obvious choice for champions to ignore. To add to his troubles, Marshall had the misfortune of fighting at a time when shady characters (like the mob) had their hands in boxing, which effected many boxers, including him early in his career. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Ezzard Charles, Charley Burley, Freddie Mills, Jake LaMotta, and Joey Maxim.



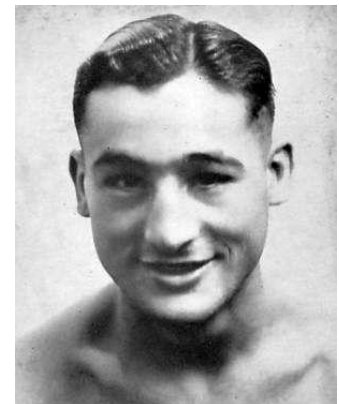
15. Jack Blackburn

Blackburn carried a stinging shot in either hand that was setup with his crafty boxing and agility in the ring. Like many others on this list, Blackburn was willing to tackle men much larger than himself throughout his career. Blackburn showed a mean streak inside and outside of the ring that made many of his contemporaries skittish. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Joe Gans, Dave Holly, Mike Donovan, Harry Lewis, and George Cole.



16. Billy Petrolle

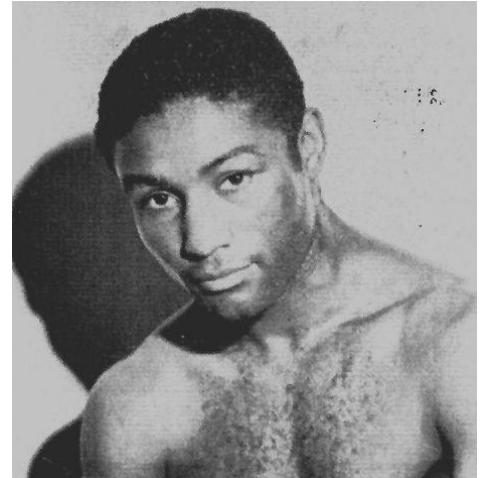
Petrolle was as tough as old boots and nobody had a more savage assault than the 'Fargo Express'. Petrolle is one of boxing's



best body punchers who displayed bone-breaking power whenever he landed on an unlucky foe. Petrolle was feared by some of boxing's all-time greats because of his bloodthirsty battle tactics. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Jimmy McLarnin, Jack 'Kid' Berg, Tony Canzoneri, Battling Battalino, and Cuddy DeMarco.

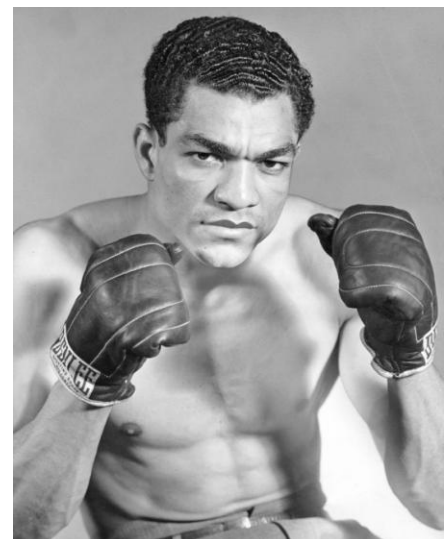
17. Eddie Booker

Booker was a crafty and cerebral fighter with decent power. Booker's calculated counter-punching and defensive skills made him a hard night's work for any pugilist. Along with Charley Burley, Archie Moore called Booker the best fighter he ever fought. With better backing and the right opportunities Booker might have been a champion. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Lloyd Marshall, Archie Moore, Holman Williams, Harry 'Kid' Matthews, and Johnny 'Bandit' Romero.



18. Jose Basora

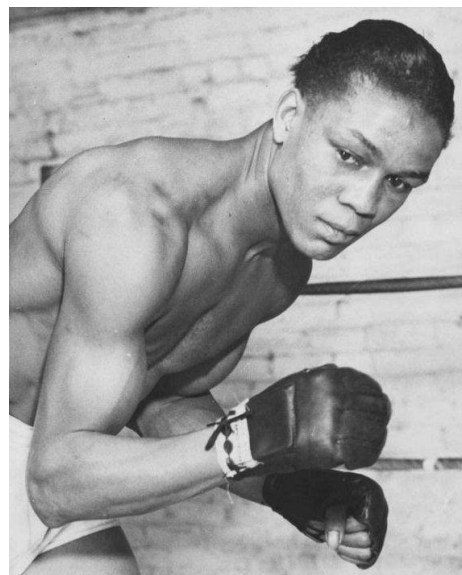
Basora was a tall, hard-punching middleweight with a ferocious body attack. Basora was another fighter that didn't have many knocking down the door to fight him. But even so he was matched hard by his manager that seemed to have no concern of his fighter's well-being. Although he didn't win, Basora managed to hold a prime 'Sugar' Ray Robinson to a draw in a



grueling fight. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Jake LaMotta, Fritzie Zivic, Holman Williams, Henry Brimm, and Young Gene Buffalo.

19. Jack Chase

Chase never won a world title, but his talent and skills showed results by winning many regional titles. Some of his out of the ring issues (prison) put a pause on his boxing career for a few years and even though he had success when he returned to the ring, he just never could catch a break, or a title shot. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Aaron Wade, Lloyd Marshall, Eddie Booker, Harry 'Kid' Matthews, and Archie Moore.

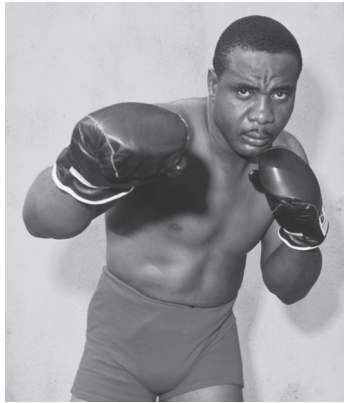


20. Billy Graham

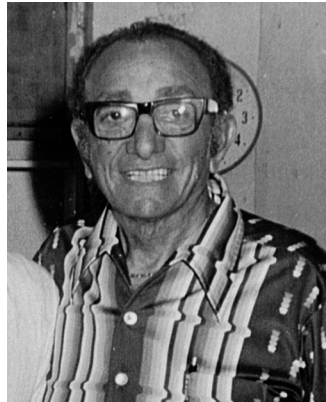
Graham had one of the best chins in boxing history, a brilliant left jab and was a master of range and timing. Graham kept a busy schedule in his 14-year career and made a habit out of winning consistently throughout his time in the ring. More than half of his losses (mostly against all-time greats), were by very close decisions. Some of his wins were against but not limited to: Kid Gavilan, Carmen Basilio, Art Aragon, Joey Giardello, and Paddy Young.



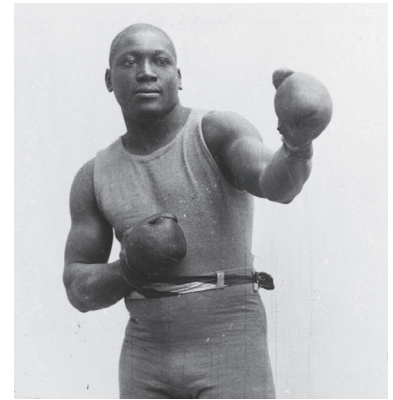
Boxing impresario and longtime IBRO member Ramiro Ortiz presents an historical fiction peppered with his observations and remembrances from the years he spent in the Chris Dundee heyday of South Florida and the 5th Street Gym. Having spent his promotional apprenticeship under the great Hank Kaplan, Ramiro could only cherish the sweet science denizens of South Beach. Enjoy. I did. (dsc p-ibro)



Sonny Liston



Chris Dundee



Jack Johnson

SONNY LISTON VS JACK JOHNSON

Miami Beach, September 1963

ramiroaortiz@aol.com

It's a hot, humid Miami September morning. The heat seems to evaporate out of the windows of the famed Fifth Street Gym in Miami Beach. The gym is packed with spectators. Chris Dundee likes it. He knows they're all talking boxing, and this is good for business. The Miami Beach Auditorium will be packed on Tuesday night. The headliners are a couple of local prospects. This is the perfect formula, an inexpensive show that will sell out next week. Two and a half weeks later, he is promoting the most anticipated heavyweight match-up since Joe Louis and Max Schmeling at Yankee Stadium; we are talking about Jack Johnson vs Sonny Liston at the Miami Beach Convention Center.

The buzz amongst the spectators quiets down as an impressive figure is seen approaching the door from the rickety wooden stairway steps that lead to the entrance of the Fifth Street Gym. Jack Johnson looks impressive, but the two showgirls from the Fontainebleau Hotel on his arms are quite a contrast. Johnson, big, strong, and black. The show girls, small, blonde, and very white. Johnson is all smiles as he walks in, the crowd ---- isn't so much. Remember this is Miami, deep south, and it is 1963.

Johnson has plenty to smile about, actually, it's not the show girls who quickly disappear once he has made his point. The smile is knowing that in two and a half weeks, his chase is over! He has been chasing Floyd Patterson and Ingmar Johansson for five years for a title fight to no avail. The new champion, Sonny Liston, has just dethroned Floyd Patterson in September of last year and quickly accepted the challenge of the Galveston Giant. Liston has accepted the fight for two reasons: first, he knows first-hand what it's like to be ducked as he himself had been avoided for six years. Second, and more important, the money will be big, and after all, other than the young loud-mouth Cassius Clay, there isn't anybody worthwhile left for him to fight! He has already cleared up the division. This kid Clay can wait. He is still young, and the fight will draw better a year from now anyway, since no one is taking young Cassius Clay seriously. A rematch with Patterson will likewise draw a poor gate; after all, he has just knocked him out in the first round to win the title. Yes, it makes perfect financial sense to give Jack Johnson the first crack at the title; besides Sonny is confident there isn't a man alive who can beat him.

It is a curious thing to watch Johnson. He is listed as 6 feet ½ inch but looks larger. Perhaps, it is his perfectly proportioned physique. By the time he opens the wooden door that leads to what could be generously called a locker room, the smile has completely vanished from his face. Ten minutes later, he walks out of the locker room, all business.

As Johnson starts his warm-ups, the crowd grudgingly accepts the fact, that though the fight is still two and a half weeks away, Jack Johnson, appears to be in terrific shape. His warm-up routine is different than what we're used to seeing today. He shadow boxes but mixing in calisthenics with his moves. Moe Fleischer (an old-school trainer) smiles and says, "that is how we use to do it in the old days." After he has warmed up, he enters the ring to spar. This is what everybody is waiting for. The first thing you notice is that he does not wear headgear! To him, it makes all the sense in the world. How could you wear head gear, and work on your defense? Of course, this practice drives the promoter, Chris Dundee, crazy. Chris is walking around saying to everybody and to nobody at the same time: "This is insane! This guy gets cut and there goes the promotion." The sparring session itself is disappointing to the crowd. Johnson seems to be more focused on clinching and holding, rather than throwing punches! Is he preparing for a wrestling match or a boxing match? Fans are puzzled. The only one who isn't, is his sparring partner, who after five rounds, realizes he has been tied into knots, has not been able to land a single clean punch, yet he hurts all over! What has just happened?

Johnson steps down from the ring and goes straight to the heavy bag where he throws beautiful and precise combinations for four rounds. Then another surprise! He walks to the back wall and starts working out on a pulley machine! He throws straight punches, he extends his arm upwards, sideways in circular fashion, and every other which way. No one had seen a pulley machine in the Fifth Street Gym before. What they don't know, is that Johnson had insisted on one. He convinced Chris Dundee to put one in, when he said, "damn it Chris, deduct it from my purse, I will pay for it!" Chris obliges of course, but he will make sure there is a 25% mark-up. After the pulleys, he slowly walks to the center of the gym and starts jumping rope.

Everybody in the gym is mesmerized as he goes through his routine, except for a short squatty man named Chappie Roberts. Chappie, a former flyweight from the 30's, has been hired by the Liston camp to help out. His assignment today is to "spy" on Johnson, but Chappie is more concerned with something else. He approaches Chris, "Chris, Sonny is not going to be happy. Johnson is supposed to be done by 1:00 p.m. That is when Sonny comes in. You know how he gets". Chappie continues to nervously shuffle around the gym. He glances at a massage table where Johnson is now doing stomach exercises, and Chappie continues to look at his watch, as he nervously keeps looking at the entrance to the gym. Finally, Jack Johnson is done. He walks into the locker room and five minutes later he is out. He is now flashing a big smile as he gracefully struts towards the exit. As he is exiting, he almost bumps into a big black bear of a man, sporting a thin mustache and wearing a French beret. He is Willie Reddish, Sonny Liston's trainer. He and Johnson acknowledge each other. Behind Willie, is Sonny Liston himself. Johnson breaks into a big smile, "Well, it's Mr. Liston. How are you this afternoon? It's a pleasure to see you on a hot Miami day. Please have a good workout". He then laughs aloud. "You will need it Mr. Liston". Liston barely acknowledges Johnson and walks straight into the locker room, with a somber stare. He must have been thinking, "Who the hell does this clown think he is? I'm the one that does the intimidation".

Liston goes thru a carefully planned routine. He warms up shadow boxing for a couple of rounds. Every step is precise and meticulous. Next he wraps his hands. Liston will not allow anyone to wrap his hands. Sonny always wraps his hands, Willie Reddish explains. Today he is sparring 3 rounds with his usual sparring partner, Fonedra Fox and 2 rounds and with a local heavyweight Solomon McTier.

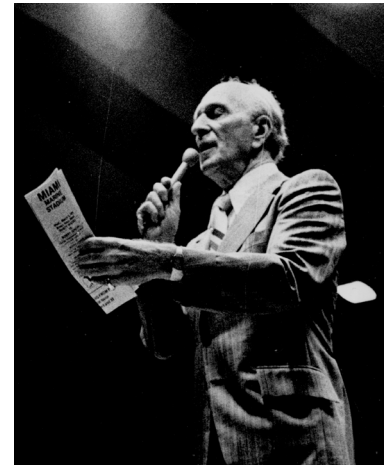
Sonny works lightly with Fox and though bloodying his nose, Sonny has just been going thru the motions with him. Fox steps out and McTier steps in. A different Sonny comes out of the corner. His jab is now pumping furiously and piston-like, he is following up with hard straight right hands that seem to rock McTier from toes to nose! After the round is over, McTier's second goes to Sonny's corner. The message is clear, if Sonny doesn't let up, there is no next

round. Sonny comes out working lightly. With about 30 seconds left in the round, he opens up hard. McTier goes down and rolls out of the ring, with the help of his handlers. Chappie Roberts helping out in the corner, asks Sonny, “Sonny what did you do that for”? Sonny glares and says “why not, I was done with him anyway”. Chris Dundee is not happy. It will be expensive to find another sparring partner!

The weigh-in was uneventful. Johnson showed up with his entourage, smiling the whole time. He stepped on the scales at 216 pounds. Sonny was next. He stared at Johnson, who was laughing. Jack ignored the growling. Liston weighed in at 218. Both fighters appeared to be in great shape. After the usual medicals and paper-work, they posed for the photographers and went their separate way.

It was finally the night of the fight! The Miami Beach Convention Center was packed. Chris Dundee ran the smaller shows at the Miami Beach Auditorium and the big championship fights at the Convention Center. Chris was his usual self as he nervously walked up and down the aisles, greeting his regulars, acknowledging the new fans and as usual, on top of every detail. Ringside was filled with Miami’s who’s who.

Jack Johnson was the first to enter the ring. He looked big in his purple robe and entered as though he was attending a party in his honor! He acknowledged the crowd with a big, broad grin on his face. Next was Sonny Liston, who was wearing a white terry cloth robe with a towel tucked inside his robe. He looked huge. He was all business with a scowl on his face. The usual ring introductions took place by the eloquent, long time, Miami Beach announcer, Frank Freeman. Former Heavyweight Champions, Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis and Rocky Marciano were introduced to the crowd. The loudest ovations were reserved for Joe Louis. Freeman then announced the “principals” with his usual flair. The referee was Cy Gottfried, an experienced official, with a strong reputation. He called both fighters into the middle of the ring for his pre-fight instructions. Liston stared at Johnson. Jack smiled at Liston as though he was enjoying the ritual!



Frank Freeman

The bell sounded for round 1. Liston came out like a locomotive, pumping out a series of powerful jabs. It was clear, Sonny had no interest in a feeling out round. It was truly something to watch. Liston shooting straight, powerful jabs while Johnson was parrying the jabs with his open right glove. At times, Johnson’s right hand looked like a windshield wiper as he stopped jab after jab. On occasion, Liston would throw a powerful right hand, but Johnson would slip it and tie Liston into knots. It seemed the harder Liston tried to break out of the clinch, the more tied up he was! At the end of the round, Liston walked back to his corner with a serious and determined look. He knew he was in for a fight. Johnson casually smiled and walked back to his corner. Both judges and the referee gave the round to Liston on “aggression”.

The second round was more of the same, Liston jabbing, while Johnson was blocking the punches with his right open glove, but this time, while Johnson was tying up Liston, Sonny felt some hard hooks, digging deep into his mid-section, followed by a powerful right uppercut. Sonny had not experienced anything like that before. He now kept his distance with his powerful jab. All three officials gave the round to Sonny, as he was “dictating the pace” of the fight.

The third and fourth rounds followed the pattern of the second, except Johnson was now talking to Liston. Johnson kept saying: “slow down Sonny, how you gonna go the distance”? Then he would simply laugh at the angered Liston. Johnson laughed and said in a clinch, “Sonny, you can hit alright, you just can’t hit me”. The more Johnson talked, the more furious, Sonny got. The crowd; however was getting restless, as there wasn’t a lot of action. Mostly Liston throwing jabs, followed by powerful right hands, that Johnson seemed to know they were coming, before Liston knew he was throwing them! This was followed by constant clinching on the part of Johnson. At the end of the fourth round, the referee Cy Gottfried went to Johnson’s corner and told him to “pick it up”.

The fifth round was an interesting round. Liston continued to dictate, the pace, with his powerful jabs, followed by straight right hands, which Johnson craftily slipped, but Sonny was now following up the right hand with his powerful left hook. The first one he landed and hurt Johnson. Johnson was holding on. The referee broke them up and Sonny threw the same combination. This time Johnson partially blocked the left hook, took a step inside and hit Sonny with a short, straight, right hand just underneath the heart. Sonny's legs buckled, Johnson inexplicably once again clinched Liston, throwing some meaningless punches to Sonny's side.

The sixth round, a visibly tired Liston came out, but Johnson looked like he was taking the round off too! Most ringsiders thought that both fighters were taking the round off and reacted appropriately with sporadic boos.

The seventh round was interesting, Sonny came out swinging. He visibly picked up the pace. Throwing repeated jabs, followed by powerful combinations, but it seemed that now, it was Liston clinching after furious exchanges. Johnson was in some sort of trouble, he kept avoiding clinches, while blocking Sonny's destructive combinations, all the time rubbing his eyes. As the round was ending, Johnson fired what looked like a very powerful jab, that landed squarely on the right side of Liston's face. Liston took two steps back and covered up his right eye with his glove. He was clearly in pain. Johnson quickly grabbed him and clinched before the referee intervened. He got close to Sonny's ear and said: "Sonny, next time you try that liniment shit with me, I will thumb your other eye, so bad, it will fall off"! Sonny went back to his corner rubbing his right eye.

The eighth and ninth rounds were uneventful. Sonny's right eye was swelling. Sonny was slowing down the pace, but so was Johnson! It was clear they were both tiring and the rounds were marred with constant clinching and holding. The referee Cy Gottfried was drenched in sweat from breaking up the fighters.

The tenth round found Sonny catching his second wind. His punches were starting to land despite the fact that his right eye was rapidly swelling. Johnson was unmarked, suddenly Liston caught Johnson with a grazing right hand and Johnson went down. He got up at the count of 6, shaking his head. Sonny charged like an enraged bull, but Johnson expertly tied up Liston. Johnson's left hand cupped the back of Liston's head, while holding Sonny's left arm firmly tucked under his right arm pit. Liston furiously tried to break the clinch. Johnson whispered in Liston's ear: "slow down you fool, you need to go the distance". This only enraged Sonny more and was fighting the vise-like grip of Johnson's clinch.

The eleventh and twelfth rounds were once again marred by clinching and holding. It seemed that the referee was working harder than the fighters! Towards the end of the twelfth round once again, Liston caught Johnson with what looked like a grazing right hand. Johnson's legs buckled, but the bell sounded to end the round. A clearly frustrated Liston went back to his corner. Sonny's cut man, Joe Polino was working feverishly on the right eye, which by now was almost swollen shut.

A determined Sonny came out for the thirteenth round invigorated by his success in the prior round. Though well ahead on points, his eye was practically swollen shut, halfway thru the round, he looked spent. Johnson on the other hand was unmarked and looked like he could go another 10 rounds. Johnson, knowing he was well behind on points, started pressing the fight. The crowd was really into it now expecting that Johnson would finish Liston, but it seemed Jack just couldn't get the punches together to finish off Liston!

The fourteenth round saw Liston come out with his eye completely shut. His once powerful jabs were pawing jabs, trying to keep Johnson away. Johnson kept his distance with his hands held low. He would brush away the jabs and tie up an exhausted Liston. As the round was ending, a body blow doubled up Liston, but Johnson quickly tied him up as the bell ended the round.

The bell sounded for the fifteenth and final round. Both fighters got up. Liston, though clearly ahead on

points, looked like a beaten fighter. He got an ovation from the crowd as he came to the middle of the ring. He had displayed great courage, throughout the second half of the fight, fighting with one eye closed against a great fighter like Johnson. The cheers invigorated Sonny. He was coming on strong. Johnson appeared to be holding on for dear life, continuously tying up Liston in clinches. The round was now coming to a close. Johnson, his head close to Sonny's ear whispered: "Listen to them Sonny, they're cheering for you. They want you to knock me out! Now don't do anything stupid like fighting this Clay kid. We're going to make a lot of money in the next one! And one more thing Sonny, get in great shape, cause the next fight is for real"! Sonny, smiled and slowly shuffled back to his corner.

The decision was a formality. Liston, the winner by unanimous decision. Johnson went over to congratulate the smiling winner. He simply said: "we are gonna make a lot of money you and I. Just remember what I told you".

The next day, Edwin Pope, the sports editor for the Miami Herald's lead story on the fight, started his column as follows: "I have known Sonny Liston, since 1958. Last night was the first time, I have ever seen him smile".



Chris Dundee in his environment, the Miami Beach Auditorium, with Doc Kearns and Joey Maxim

JOURNALISTIC PIONEER PIERCE EGAN

MORE THAN JUST THE FIRST FAMOUS BOXING WRITER

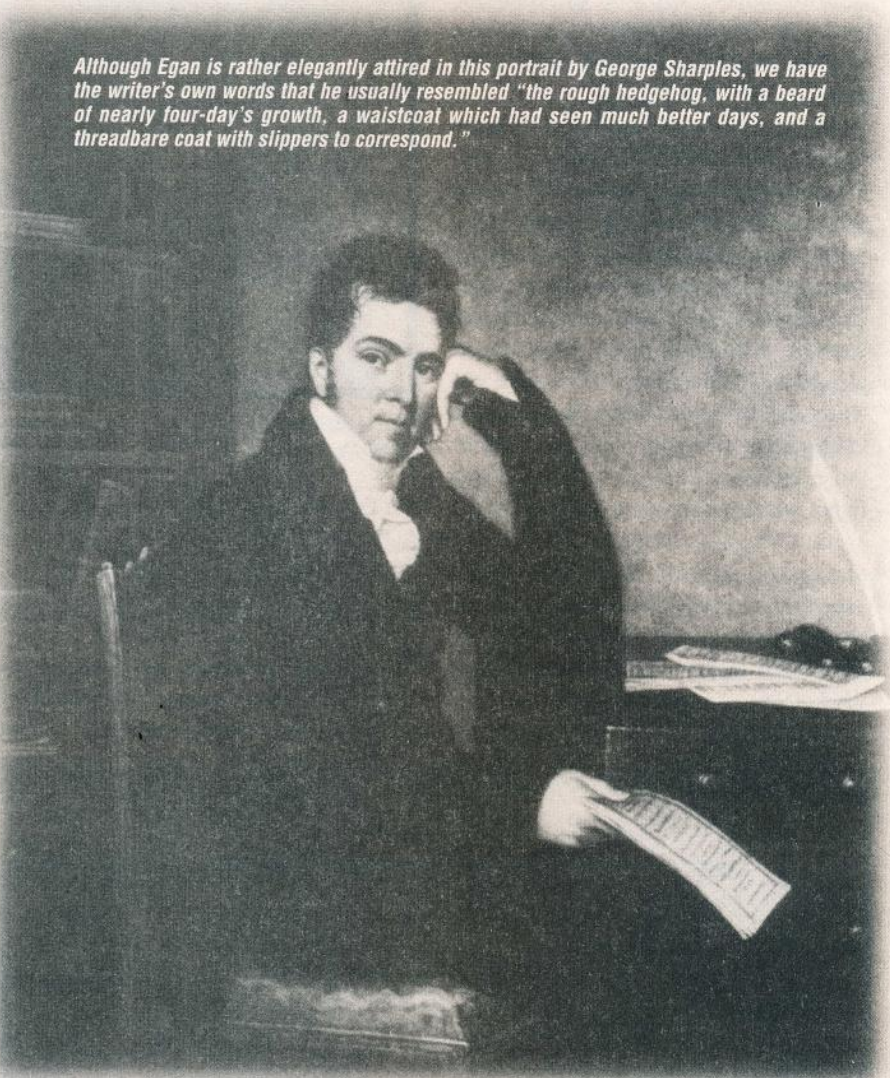
By Patrick Myler

*"The man who has not read
Boxiana is ignorant of the power of
the English language."*

—BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, 1820

Today's boxing journalists truly are a pampered lot. Not only have they every modern convenience at their fingertips to make their jobs easier, such as facts-filled press kits, mobile telephones, and laptop computers, but usually there's free booze and snacks laid on by a grateful promoter.

So they're one big happy bunch, get-



Although Egan is rather elegantly attired in this portrait by George Sharples, we have the writer's own words that he usually resembled "the rough hedgehog, with a beard of nearly four-day's growth, a waistcoat which had seen much better days, and a threadbare coat with slippers to correspond."

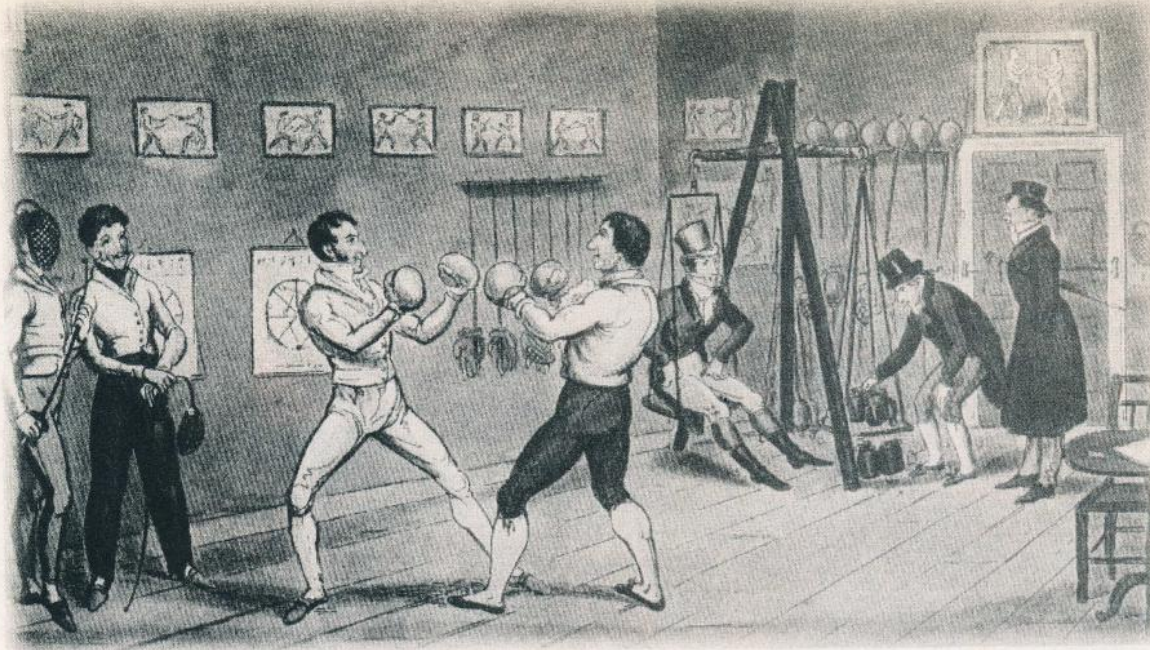
ting paid well for what most fight fans would do for nothing. Right? No way.

You'll hear more moans from the average ringside scribe than you will if your hotel room is next to the bridal suite. His equipment isn't working properly (the writer's, not the groom's). The big fight is on too late to catch his paper's deadline. His view is obscured by a ringpost or a phalanx of photographers, or he's stuck in the last row of the press section, where his ears get mangled by an audience drunk

who loudly insists he knows more about the game than any overpaid hack. There might be trouble getting a cab back to his hotel, or the editor wants an updated color piece for the late edition.

Knock it off, guys. Count yourself lucky you weren't around in Pierce Egan's time.

Egan, whose jottings on the English bare knuckles prize ring inspired generations of boxing writers over the last 200 years, had to do his job the hard way.



*Corinthian Tom takes a boxing lesson at John Jackson's boxing academy, while Jerry Hawthorn has his weight checked in a scene from Egan's *Life In London*. The best-selling book, illustrated by the Cruikshank brothers, later became a play.*

The chaotic conclusion of the second Tom Cribb-Tom Molineaux fight by 19th-century artist Thomas Rowlandson was typical of the bare knuckle battles that Egan covered for various publications during his career as the era's leading boxing writer.



Having been tipped off about a coming fight—as the sport was illegal, advertising was risky—he would have to check out the date, time, and venue and make his own arrangements to get there. Horse-drawn vehicles, the only means of transportation, would be in big demand, so he would probably have to pay over the odds for his journey.

More often than not, he would then have to tramp across muddy fields and clamber over high fences to reach the

scene of battle. If the law enforcers had gotten wind of the proposed encounter and prepared to swoop, Egan would join his fellow enthusiasts in a frantic escape bid. Attendance at a prize fight was as likely as participation to land you in jail or facing a hefty fine.

Once a safe site had been established, Egan would take his place amidst the noisy, sweaty, suffocating throng, trying his best to take notes of the fight while keeping a watchful eye for pickpockets, or

dodging the whips wielded by burly crowd controllers. If it rained or snowed, he would have to abandon his jottings and rely on his memory when he sat down later to record his observations of the event.

But when Egan put pen to paper, what emerged was some of the most exciting, colorful, evocative prose ever written about boxing and its environment. Though he had his share of critics who ridiculed his unsophisticated style, he was one of the

(Continued on page 62)



Pierce Egan

(Continued from page 33)

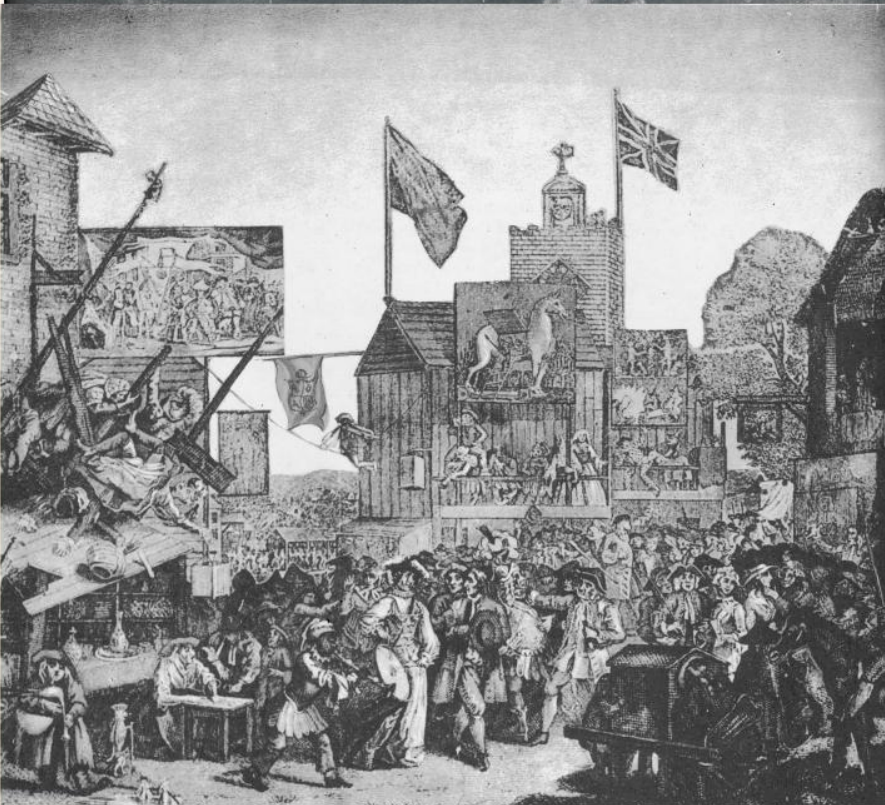
most widely read and admired sporting journalists of his day, and a great inspiration to others who took up the profession.

It was Egan's graphic firsthand reports, originally in the *London Weekly Dispatch* and later in the volumes of *Boxiana*, that gave his readers fresh insights into matters of the prize ring. They trusted the accuracy of his accounts and relished his vivacity.

In pre-Victorian England, noblemen and dustmen alike shared a passion for sport, especially pugilism, and eagerly scanned the columns of the newspapers for blow-by-blow accounts of battles between the giants of the ring. How better to exemplify the spirit, strength, and courage that had enabled the nation to emerge victorious from the long and bitter Napoleonic wars than through boxing?

Pugilism was not Egan's sole interest. He wrote plays, songs, novels, and epigrams, and appeared on stage as an actor. In his numerous writings, no one better depicted London's low life, with its gin palaces, flea-infested theaters, and popular "sports" such as cudgeling, cock fights, dog fights, and bull and bear baiting.

What Egan termed the "romance" of the great city would have big influence on famous writers such as Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, and George Bernard Shaw. Dickens acknowledged that much of his insight into life in London's dark alleyways was due to the



light shone into those places by Egan's works.

There is ample evidence that Egan enjoyed every aspect of pre-Victorian sporting life. After a fight, he could usually be found in some smoke-filled tavern with the boxers and their supporters, sharing their joy of victory or dejection of defeat. Frank debate would frequently degenerate to flying oaths and fists.

Once, either suffering from physical damage or in a state of intoxication, he was bundled into a cab and taken home. On arrival, wrote a contemporary, he was extracted from his recumbent position at the bottom of the vehicle "rolled up after the manner of a hedgehog at the approach of winter" and was put in bed by a kindly neighbor. The next morning, none the worse for his nocturnal indulgence, he was back at the inn, ready to take up where he had left off.

A gregarious character with a penchant for exhibitionism, he vastly enjoyed singing his own songs at gatherings of the Fancy. He valued his standing with the sporting world, especially with the pugilistic fraternity, and was proud to chair meetings called to debate the development of the sport.

An indefatigable worker, Egan traveled all over Britain for reporting purposes and produced an astonishingly large number of books and pamphlets, as well as numerous columns of journalism. Though disappointed that he never made his mark as a serious dramatist, he rarely let anything dampen his spirits. "He always bounced back, full of new enthusiasm, bad puns, and happy facetiousness," wrote his biographer, J.C. Reid.

As a boxing writer, Egan is best known for his authorship of *Boxiana*, issued in five volumes between 1812 and 1829 (an additional volume was the work of John Badcock). Though widely acknowledged as a masterpiece, *Boxiana* needs to be approached with caution by the unwary reader, who may find it difficult to get in tune with Egan's eccentric style, his fondness for using capital letters and italics for emphasis, his proliferation of slang (much of it coined by himself), his picturesque metaphors, doggerel verse, and outrageous puns.

But the effort is hugely rewarding for those who stay the distance. Even a street-brawl between Dutch Sam, recognized as champion of the lightweights, and a man

named Jones, who accosted a drunken Sam and challenged him to fight then and there, gives an insight into Egan's powers of observation and description:

"Sam, notwithstanding his intoxicated state, appeared to have the advantage, when Jones seized him by the hair of his head, threw him down, and beat him violently upon the stones. This act of cruelty operated contrary in its effect to what was expected by the perpetrator, by awakening Sam to a better recollection of what he was about. Sam started up, exclaiming, 'Take care, take care, for now I'm coming,' and put in such a stomacher as nearly deprived Jones of his breath, and followed it up by a tremendous hit over the eye, leveled this brute with the mud."

Of the second of former American slave Tom Molineaux's brave but futile bids to take the English heavyweight championship from Tom Cribb, Egan wrote: "The hardest frame could not resist the blows of the champion, and it is astonishing the Moor stood up to them so long. He was taken out of the ring senseless and could not articulate, and it was thought on the first examination that his jawbone and two of his ribs were fractured, while, on the contrary, Crib [Egan spelt it with one "b"] scarcely received a body blow, but his head was terribly out of shape."

Far from being repulsed by such savagery, the English looked upon boxing as an affirmation of masculine values such as prowess, vigor, and physical courage. Strength and "bottom" were the most admirable qualities in a prize fighter. The shedding of blood, or "claret," as Egan liked to call it, was part of its admirable picture.

"The English claret had flowed so freely," wrote Egan of one fight, "that never before or since did I see two men so thoroughly and handsomely painted with true red blood, from the crown of the head to the wristband. They would have made a rare subject for a painter."

Though his writings have been widely dissected and debated over the past two centuries, little is known about Pierce Egan the man. No record of his birth is known to exist, though Reid, in *Buck And Bruisers: Pierce Egan And Regency England* (published in 1971) thought he was probably born in 1774. What is known is that his father left Ireland to work as a road-making laborer in London, but whether that was

before or after Egan was born is unclear. Around the age of 12, Egan got his first smell of ink when he was apprenticed to a printer. He later worked as a compositor with the firm of Smeeton's, while supplementing his earnings as a freelance writer.

It was George Smeeton who first published *Boxiana* in book form (it originally appeared in monthly paperbound sections, sold by subscription), although Egan wasn't named as the author. This was simply given as "One Of The Fancy." But by the time the second volume of *Boxiana* appeared, Egan got full credit on the title page. By then, he had gained his first job as a newspaper reporter on the *Weekly Dispatch*.

In 1819, in collaboration with the artist Robert Cruikshank, he produced an extraordinary work called *Picture Of The Fancy On The Road To Moulsey Hurst*. The panorama, 156 inches long by 2½ inches wide, with Cruikshank's painting accompanied by Egan's text, was issued in a carved wooden box. Beginning with the Fancy meeting in the Castle Tavern, it followed in brilliant detail their journey to the prize fight and, afterward, attendance at a bull-bait, concluding with a meeting the following day for settlement of bets.

In between his other volumes of *Boxiana*, the industrious Egan wrote a dictionary of slang and two widely acclaimed pamphlets on the trial and hanging of fight promoter John Thurell, convicted of murdering a money lender.

Life In London, written by Egan and illustrated by Cruikshank and his brother, George, was a huge success. Wittily telling the story of Corinthian Tom and his country cousin, the warmhearted Jerry Hawthorn, as they experienced London's high life and low life, including visits to Gentleman John Jackson's boxing academy and Tom Cribb's tavern, it became a best-seller.

"The Cruikshank brothers had accompanied Egan in his own 'rambles and speers' gathering firsthand information for their joint production," wrote Tom Sawyer in *Noble Art*. "In fact, the unlikely trio were widely believed, at the time, to have been the originals of the resulting book's main characters. While the brothers can hardly be said to correspond to a pair of fashionable bucks, Egan, with his fondness for a 'bit of life' and an unending fund of excruciating puns, did bear a strong resemblance

to the Oxonian Bob Logic [another of the book's characters]."

The manners, dress, and behavior of Egan's heroes, Tom and Jerry (namesakes of the 20th century cartoon characters), were much imitated by "disorderly gentlemen" of the period who, when drunk, got their kicks out of knocking off policemen's helmets, or stealing and driving away handsome cabs, with the terrified passengers inside. *Life In London* even made it to the London stage, with the role of Corinthian Tom being played by Irish actor Tyrone Power, a great grandfather of the swash-buckling movie star of the same name.

By the mid-1820s, Egan was channeling his energies into other interests. He produced his own newspaper, *Pierce Egan's Weekly Courier To The Sporting, Theatrical, Literary And Fashionable World* (try shouting that on a street corner), became an actor, wrote a number of plays, and authored, among other works, *Pierce Egan's Book Of Sports*.

Though by then somewhat disillusioned with prize fighting, which was in

decline, it was vintage Egan who commented on the meeting between the hitherto unbeaten Dick Curtis, "The Pet Of The Fancy," and Jack Perkins. Five minutes of the round had passed (at the time, rounds ended when either man fell to the ground) without either attempting a blow.

Egan wrote: "This most certainly was a new feature in the battles of Curtis, and extorted from the backers of the Pet that Perkins was a troublesome character. 'Go to work,' was the cry. Dick at length placed a slight facer and, in the exchange of hits, in a rally, he napped a rum one between the chaffer and the sneezer, which Spring [Perkins' second] called out, 'First blood, and we shall win.' This was another new feature. The Pet was on the alert, and planted a heavy blow on Perkins' domino box."

However, Curtis, the much lighter man, had the worst of things and was finally carried unconscious from the ring, while the victor acknowledged the cheers of the crowd. Egan noted that Perkins didn't escape entirely unscathed: "His nob was not much damaged, excepting a cut over the left eye. His mug was puffed a little, but his grub warehouse, we think, must have felt very tender from the numerous podgers Dick planted upon it."

After failing to persuade British Prime Minister Sir Robert Peel, to whom he wrote a letter, that he was entitled to state pension, Egan was sadly reduced, toward the end of his life, to lecturing on the art of self-defense in Dublin, Edinburgh, and Liverpool. He wrote his last book at the age of 71, a delightful effort entitled *Every Gentleman's Manual, Or A Lecture In The Art Of Self-Defense*, in which he looked back fondly on the sport he helped shape.

Egan was 74 when he died after suffering a stroke at his home in Regent's Park, London, on August 3, 1849. He left a widow, Mary, and several children. One of his sons, known as Pierce Egan the Younger, was a prolific author of popular novels, and third generation Pierce Egan, a teacher, published several works in an *Aid To The Classics* series.

Though he was, in his own words, "nothing else but a plain unlettered man," Egan made his literary mark. "Apart from his writings on pugilism," wrote John Ford in *Prizefighting: The Age Of Regency Boximania*, "Egan was to make major con-

tributions to crime reporting, the cult of the picaresque, to the development of the popular newspaper, and to English usage, but he was first and last the chronicler of pugilism." ■

Patrick Myler, a freelance writer based in Dublin, Ireland, is the author of several boxing books, including Gentleman Jim Corbett: The Truth Behind A Boxing Legend.

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January 2000



THE RING
"The Bible Of Boxing"

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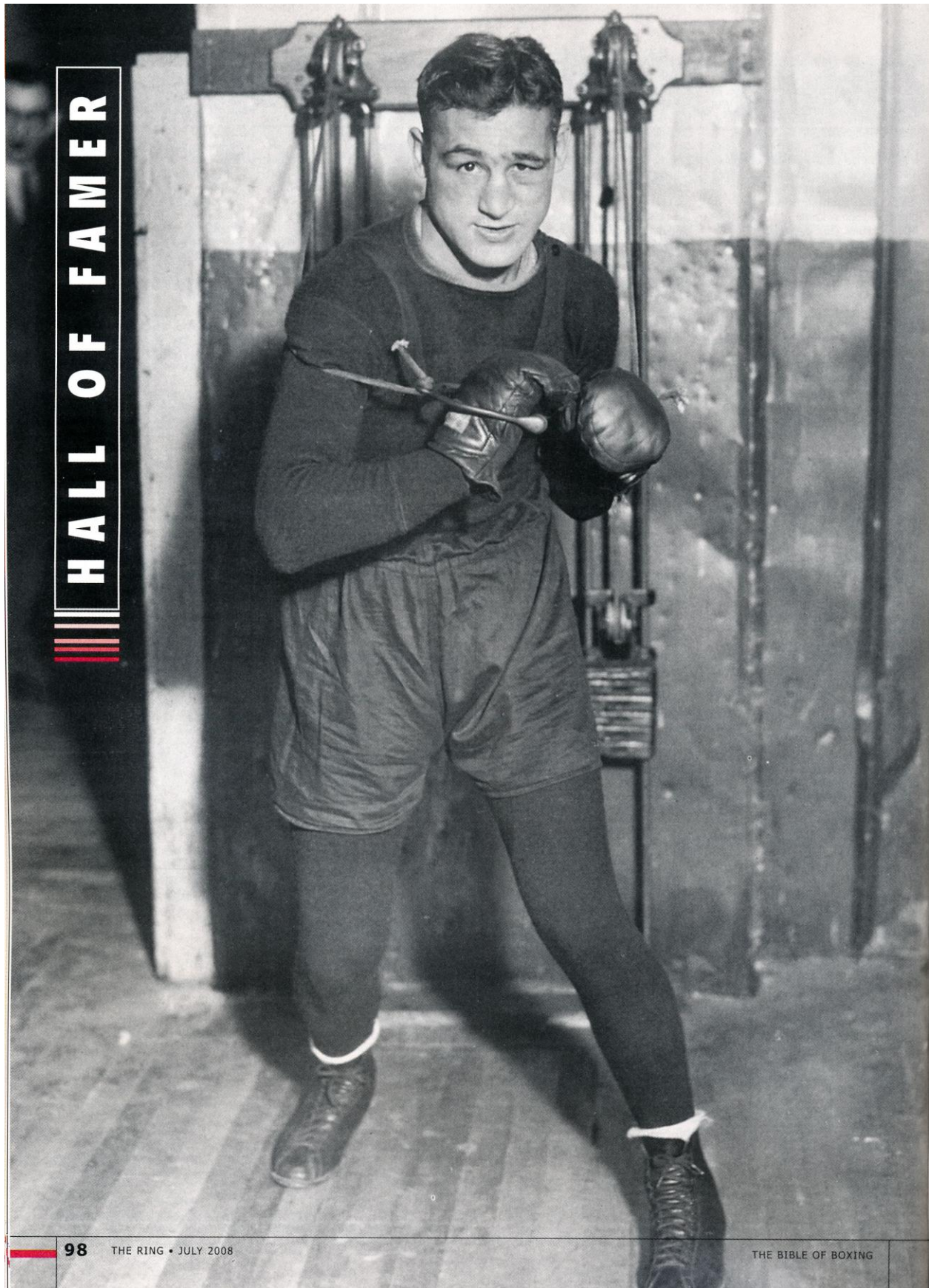
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HALL OF FAMER

Why The Fargo Express Never Made A Championship Stop

By Pete Ehrmann

"Greed for gold may bring an abrupt ending to the fighting career of Billy Petrolle, who, instead of living up to his famous nickname, 'The Fargo Express,' is beginning to resemble a slow local."

—The Milwaukee Journal, May 4, 1928

"Billy Petrolle, The Fargo Express, has proved beyond a shadow of doubt that he is the outstanding contender in the lightweight, junior welter, and welterweight divisions, and he could rightly be heralded the miracle man of the age."

—THE RING, March 1932

Whether sportswriters were shaking their heads in disapproval or wonderment made little difference to Billy Petrolle. The only person he paid attention to where his ring career was concerned was his manager, Jack Hurley.

"I don't listen to these outside advisors anymore," Petrolle said in explaining the difference in him between 1928 and 1932. "They had me believing one time that I was all through, but Hurley convinced me that all I needed was a good, long rest.

"His word is law with me. When he says 'train,' I

train. When he says 'fight,' I fight."

It was how Jack Hurley taught Petrolle to fight, and Petrolle's unwavering belief and trust in Hurley that made them one of the most unique and successful duos in boxing history, and landed Petrolle in the International Boxing Hall of Fame even though he never won a world title.

Their partnership started in Fargo, North Dakota, Hurley's hometown. Petrolle moved there when he was a boy. His parents came from Italy, and Petrolle's dad worked for the railroad in Berwick, Pennsylvania, when Billy was born there on January 10, 1905. That's what Billy did in Fargo after dropping out of school in the seventh grade. He also started fighting.

Hurley had tried boxing too, but was too spindly for it. "Then I got the idea of using the talents of others," he later recalled to sportswriter W.C. Heinz. "I



The fighter and the talker: Petrolle and manager Jack Hurley check the newspapers for fight news. Even though their relationship got off to a rocky start, the pair stayed together throughout Petrolle's 11-year pro career and split every purse 50-50.

Petrolle has a three-fight series (1-1-1) with Jackie "Kid" Berg, the popular Englishman known as "The Whitechapel Whirlwind." Petrolle became the first to kayo Berg when he stopped him in the fifth round of a 1928 bout in Chicago.



Petrolle watches King Tut hit the floor during their February 27, 1931, bout in New York. Just 25 days earlier, Tut had kayoed "The Fargo Express" in one round, but Petrolle avenged the defeat by scoring a fourth-round kayo in the rematch.

figured that if I could get half a dozen kids and get them each a fight a month, I could make more money than if I was fighting myself."

He was promoting in Fargo in the early-1920s when Hurley saw Petrolle and offered him \$80 to fight on one of his cards. Petrolle accepted, but his opponent didn't show, and Hurley would only fork over \$10. They didn't speak for a year, until Hurley approached Petrolle and said he wanted to manage him. First Petrolle made him pony up the \$70 he owed him, and then handed half of it back to Hurley. Everything they did from then on was strictly 50-50.

The way Petrolle saw it, there was an equal division of labor. "I do the fighting for this combination and Hurley does the talking," he would say.

Hurley more than held up his end. Never above pure gimmickry, Hurley toned it down with Petrolle (though he did dig up an Indian blanket for the fighter to wear into the ring instead of a robe, and told reporters it was

presented to Petrolle by a famous Indian chief) and concentrated on developing what writer Jack Olsen called the "brink-of-disaster style" that made Petrolle so popular with fight fans.

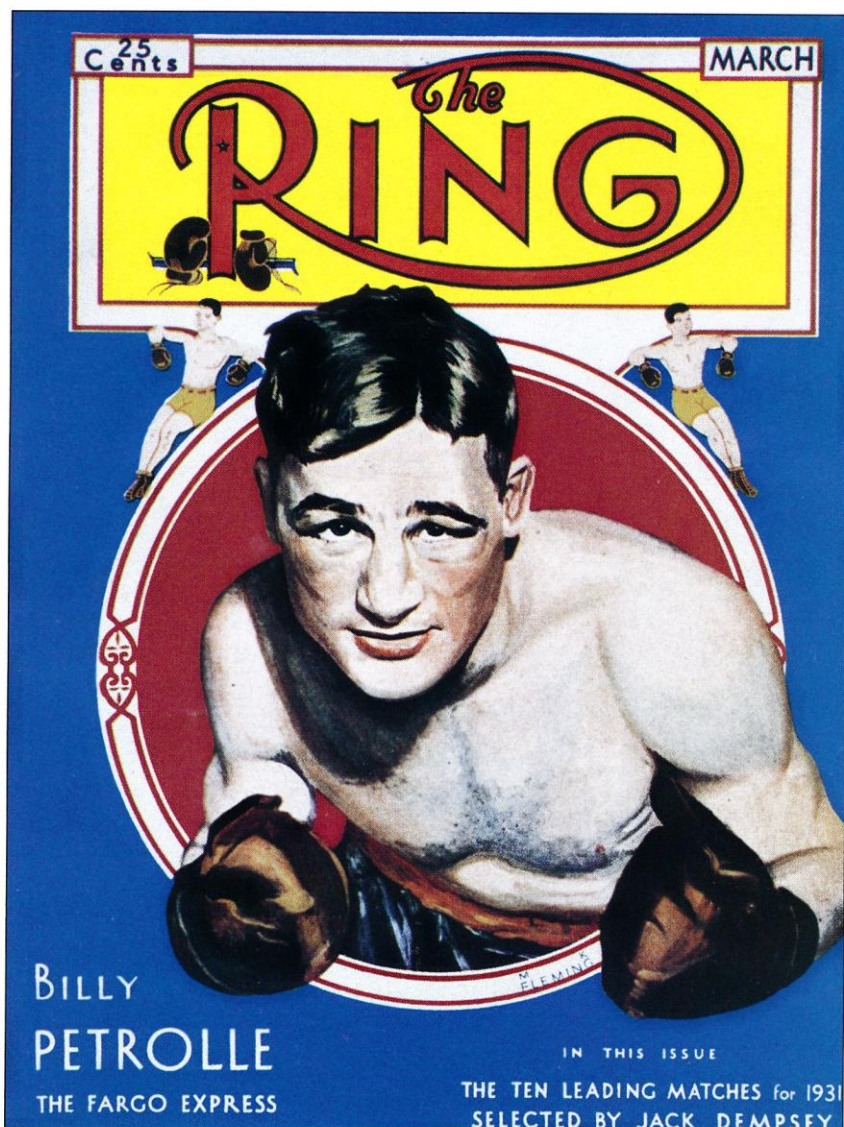
Hurley later explained the strategy to Heinz:

"Petrolle wasn't easy to hit. He gave the impression that he was easy to hit. Sure he did. He invited you to hit him. Do you know why? Because then he could hit you back. Petrolle would go in there and put it up there where you could hit it. He'd take two or three jabs, then slip under and let go with the heavy artillery. That's a good trade anytime you can take three light punches and let go with the heavy stuff. What gave people the impression that Petrolle was easy to hit was that he was always on the edge of danger. That's the place to be. Be in there close where you can work, where you take advantage of it when the other guy makes a mistake. You're safest when you're closest to danger."

By 1925, THE RING noted that Petrolle "looks like the best boy" in Hurley's stable of fighters, and when Petrolle knocked out top-ranked lightweight Eddie "Kid" Wagner the next year in a big upset ("Petrolle, practically unknown, was no doubt taken for a dub by Wagner," said THE RING), "The Fargo Express" roared into the lightweight Top 10.

Hurley took credit for the nickname too, but Petrolle and others said it was coined by Bob Green, sports editor of the *Hartford Courant*, after Petrolle soundly beat a fighter called Steven Smith in the Connecticut capital city in 1924. The night of the fight the Wells Fargo Express Co. reported a train robbery, and in the newspaper the next morning Green's story about the fight began, "The Fargo Express arrived on time last night, despite the robbery, when Billy Petrolle ..."

On January 13, 1928, Petrolle and 135-pound champion Sammy Mandell went 10 no-decision rounds in Minneapolis. Petrolle staggered



Mandell in the eighth round, and Hurley hollered that the timekeeper rang the bell early to prevent a kayo. In Petrolle's Madison Square Garden debut a few fights later, another one got away when Bruce Flowers recovered from a close encounter with Petrolle's trademark left hook and won the decision. A month after that, Petrolle lost on a cut eye TKO to journeyman Tommy Grogan, prompting the "greed for gold" harrumph from *The Milwaukee Journal*.

"He figured in 18 battles in 1927, an unusual amount for a chap of Billy's build," wrote the *Journal's* Sam Levy. "Overworked, he showed further signs of slipping (against Flowers)." When

his cut healed, Levy predicted, "he'll not be the same effective fighter he was a year ago. He jeopardized his standing in the division by placing the dollar ahead of his condition."

For a while, though, *The Fargo Express* was back on track. Later in '28, Petrolle became the first one to knock out future junior lightweight champ Jackie "Kid" Berg. He beat Flowers in a rematch, and also stopped Stanislaus Loayza. Promoter Tex Rickard ranked Petrolle fourth in his end-of-the-year ratings for *THE RING*.

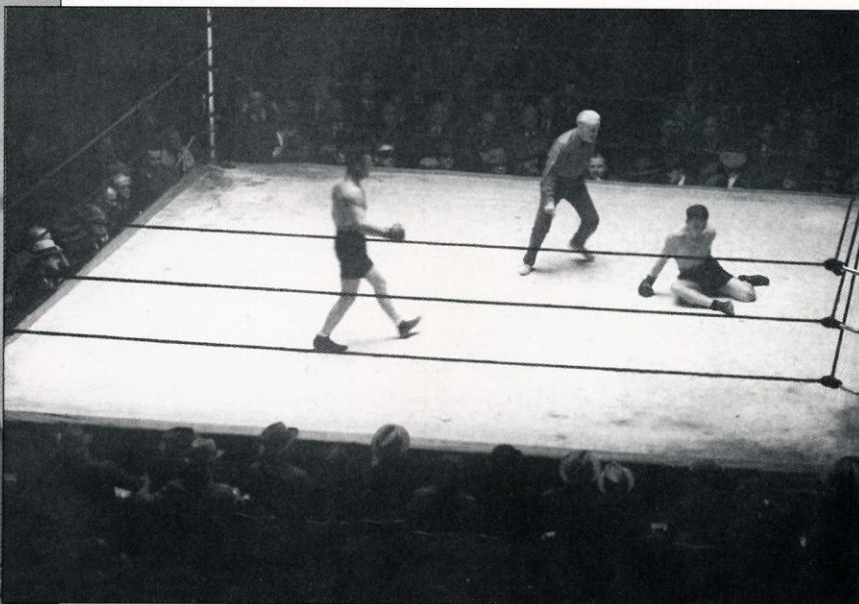
But on September 9, 1929, Petrolle lost a decision to ferocious King Tut, incurring more bad cuts above his eyes. Figuring the sportswriters who said he



was washed-up at 25 had it pegged, Petrolle announced his retirement from boxing and even bought a pair of eyeglasses to correct the vision problems some experts blamed for his deterioration in the ring.

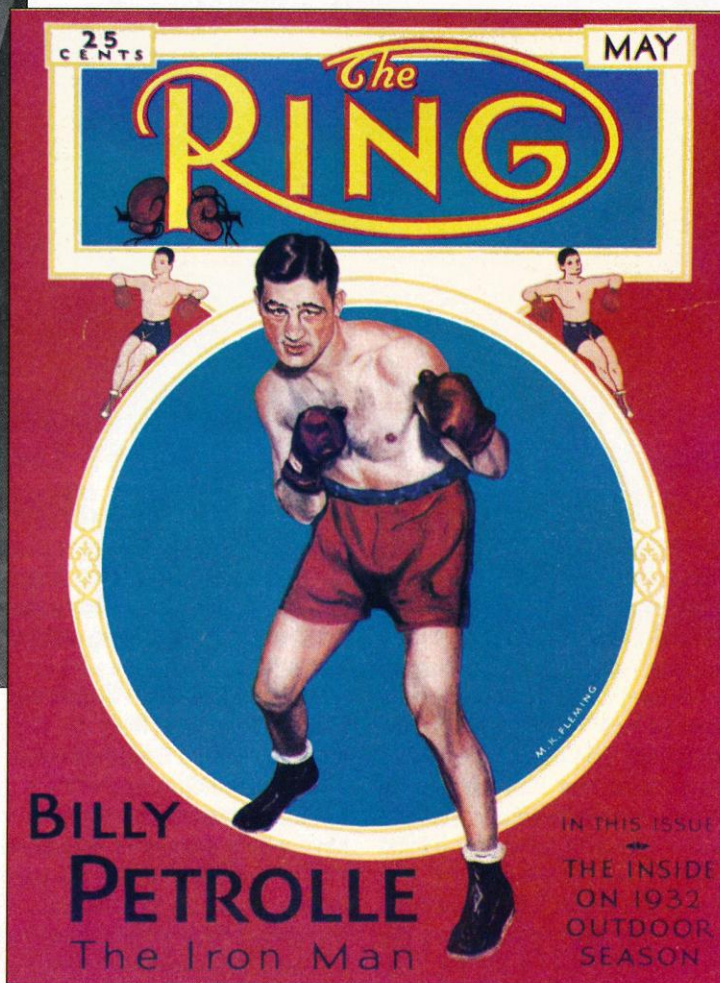
He only wore them once. When Hurley saw the specs, the livid manager ordered Petrolle to get rid of

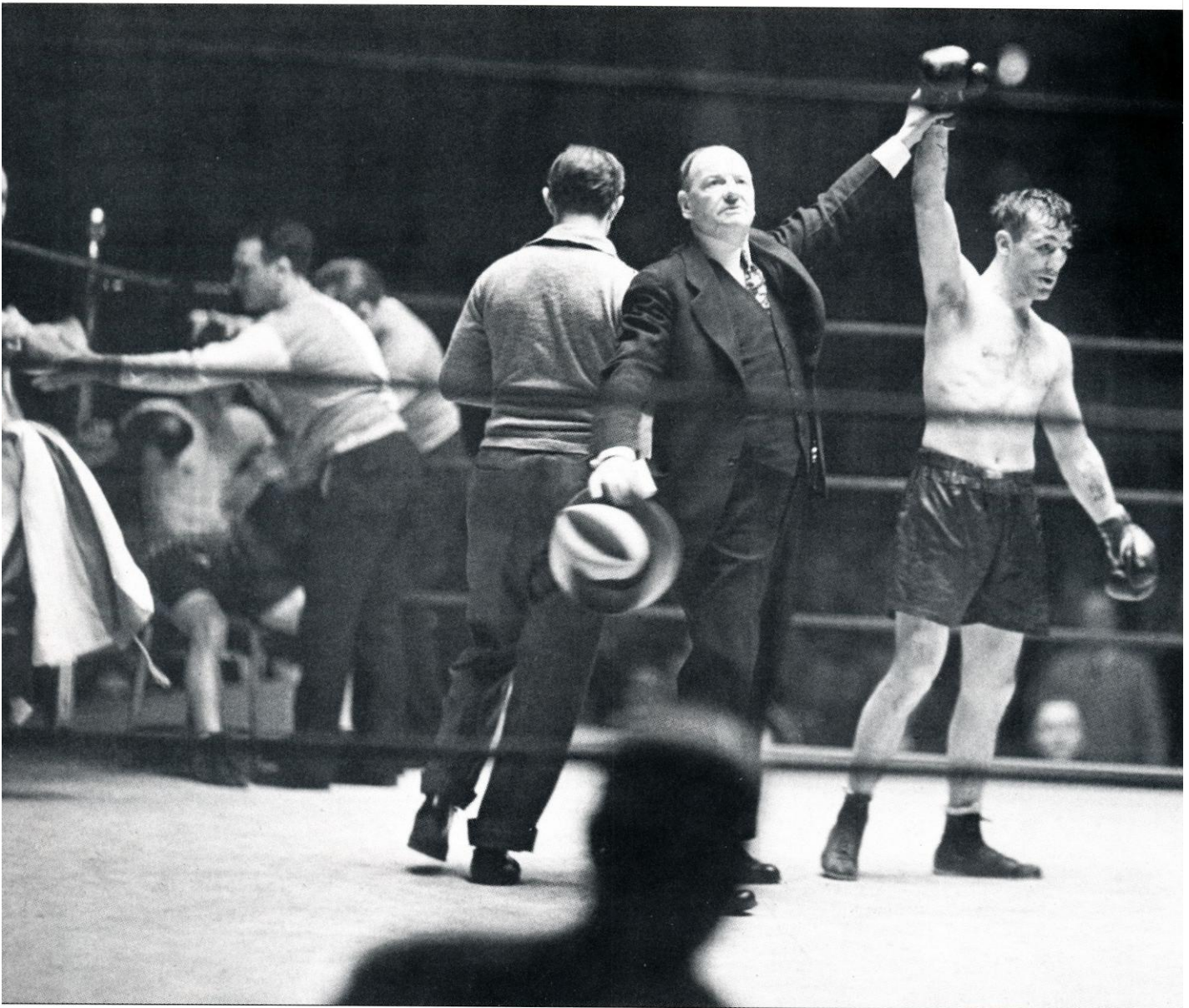
The hot-and-cold Petrolle also fought a three-bout series with the great Jimmy McLarnin, pictured weighing in for one of their bouts (left). Petrolle did his best work in their first fight, decking McLarnin en route to a 10-round decision victory.



them and said he'd mop the floor with the fighter himself if Petrolle ever wore them again. Then Hurley said nuts to retirement too, and after a four-month rest, The Fargo Express was back. He was really back when Petrolle beat future lightweight champion Tony Canzoneri on September 11, 1930.

Two months later, Petrolle knocked





Ring announcer Joe Humphries raises Petrolle's arm as kayo victim Battling Battalino is attended to by his handlers. Petrolle beat Battalino twice in 1932, which earned him a shot a lightweight champion Tony Canzoneri.

down 6-1 favorite Jimmy McLarnin twice and won a unanimous decision over the future welterweight titlist at the Garden, and onlookers who'd pronounced him dead were wiping off their own eyeglasses in astonishment.

When he was 81, McLarnin, an all-time great, told Earl Gustkey of the *Los Angeles Times* that Petrolle had hit him "so hard in the second round that afterwards I couldn't remember a thing from rounds two through seven."

After providing the "greatest fistic upheaval of 1930," Petrolle was the victim of one himself early the next

year when King Tut knocked him out in 24 seconds of the first round in Minneapolis. They fought again in the Garden 25 days later, and Petrolle won in four.

McLarnin beat him by decision in a savage rematch on May 28, 1931, but a month later the Express wowed them again by handing Argentina's Justo Suarez his first defeat via ninth-round kayo with a display of body-punching that moved Nat Fleischer to proclaim in *THE RING*: "If Petrolle can throw punches at Tony Canzoneri (who'd become 135-pound champion) as

he hurled them with effectiveness at Suarez, a new lightweight king will be crowned."

McLarnin won their rubber match with a decision win on August 20, but then Petrolle stopped Billy Townsend and Eddie Ran successively at the Garden and was hailed anew for, as the Associated Press stated, "one of the most remarkable comeback campaigns in modern ring history."

On March 25, 1932, the wild cheers of 18,000 fans threatened the stability of the Garden's walls when Petrolle beat Batt Battalino,

who'd surrendered the featherweight title to move up in weight, in what Westbrook Pegler called "the greatest cleaver and blackjack prizefight ever fought" there.

Battalino won the early rounds, but the fighter *THE RING* called "the old man of pugilism" came roaring back to have his hand raised with half-a-minute left in the 12th and last round with Battalino out on his feet.

The fight was so thrilling that in the June 1932 issue of *THE RING* was another feature entitled, "They're STILL Talking About It," which predicted that "when the years have passed and both the contestants in that hectic mill have passed from the picture, the story of their contest will be told and retold."

Another story in that issue ranked Petrolle as the third greatest puncher in lightweight history, behind Joe Gans and Benny Leonard. But even better than that was his unprecedented number-one ranking in the lightweight, junior welterweight, and welterweight divisions."

Knocked down in the first round by Battalino in a rematch on May 20, Petrolle got up and won a resounding decision. But he suffered an injury to his left elbow that was aggravated in his 10-round victory over Tommy Grogan the following November. An operation was necessary, and then there were weight issues leading up to Petrolle's fight with Canzoneri for the lightweight title on March 22, 1933.

Petrolle won maybe four rounds, and in the final seconds of the 15th round, the champion let up when Petrolle was in a bad way so he could finish on his feet.

Years later, Heinz wrote: "Petrolle never won the lightweight title because (Hurley) steered him away from it for years. Jack felt that once you win the title, the boxing commissions run your fighter, and he figured Petrolle could make better fights and more money without it."

Hurley was probably blowing more self-aggrandizing smoke. Before Petrolle fought Barney Ross at age 28 on March 22, 1933, the *Chicago American* newspaper quoted him as saying, "I've



Hurley peers over Petrolle's shoulder as the challenger signs the contract to fight Canzoneri. That's promoter James J. Johnson in the middle, Canzoneri on the far left, and manager Sammy Goodman looking over the champ's shoulder. The Fargo Express lost a 15-round decision in what turned out to be the only title shot of his Hall of Fame career.

got a little money, a little fame, and a little following. I'm getting old, and now I want a title before I die!"

Ross won handily in 10 rounds, and repeated the feat at the Garden on January 24, 1934. Petrolle retired from boxing then, and this time proved he was serious by announcing that he was going to send his famous Indian blanket to the cleaners. In over 200 bouts (his official record is 121-25-14, with 65 KOs), Petrolle never had the filthy thing laundered, figuring that his good luck would be washed out with all the sweat and blood. "When they send me to the cleaners," he said, "they can send the blanket too, but not until then."

Maybe Hurley wasn't interested in the title, but Petrolle worried that without one he would be forgotten. "They don't forget champions, but the memory of fellows like myself who never won a title soon fades, and I hate to think that in a year or so I will be only a name, and maybe not even that," he fretted.

Fleischer hit that one out of the park when he wrote in April 1934:

"The mighty roar of the old Fargo Express will ring in the ears of fight fans as long as you live. You wrote your name in the hearts of the fans." Longer than that, actually. In 2000, Petrolle's name was written on the roster of International Boxing Hall of Fame inductees.

Petrolle had saved a couple hundred Gs, and was in good shape financially up to his death on May 14, 1983. To the end, he said he owed it all to Hurley. "I have him to thank for every good thing that's ever happened to me," Petrolle told boxing writer Robert J. Thornton.

Hurley came close with a couple other fighters, but never like with Petrolle. The effort and disappointment turned him even grumpier and cynical, except where the man he called his "idol" was concerned. "People have great respect for fighters," he told Jack Olsen in 1961. "I don't, except for certain fighters, like Billy Petrolle, who were men in and out of the ring." ■

Pete Ehrmann is a Wisconsin-based writer and historian, and a frequent contributor to THE RING.

The Night the Referee Hit Back: Memorable Moments from the World of Boxing

by Mike Silver
Foreword by Teddy Atlas

What do Sugar Ray Robinson, Muhammad Ali, Marlon Brando, Sonny Liston, Woody Allen, Floyd Mayweather Jr., and Teddy Roosevelt all have in common? They are among the dozens of fascinating personalities who appear in Mike Silver's newest book.

The boxing world has witnessed some spectacular and iconic moments, from the "Thrilla in Manila" to the last encounter between Sugar Ray Robinson and Jake LaMotta. In *The Night the Referee Hit Back: Memorable Moments from the World of Boxing*, award-winning boxing journalist Mike Silver looks back at some of boxing's most legendary fights, talks with Hall of Famers Archie Moore, Carlos Ortiz, Emile Griffith and Curtis Cokes, and analyzes the changes that have taken place in boxing since the Golden Age. This collection, drawn from the author's best articles from the past 40 years, are a colorful mix of hard-hitting exposes, interviews, and light-hearted stories.

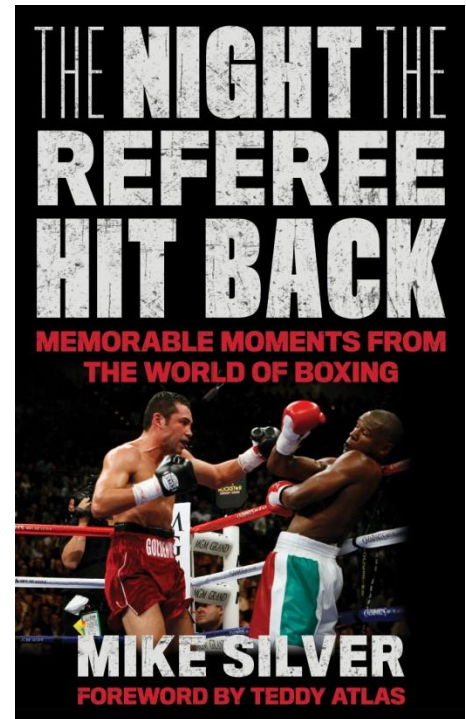
In this fast-paced, enjoyable collection of essays, boxing historian Silver (*The Arc of Boxing*) gathers the best of his articles covering four decades of professional boxing . . . Along the way, Silver covers President Teddy Roosevelt's early boxing days, as well as the championship bouts of Floyd Mayweather, and includes interviews with such greats as Archie Moore, Emile Griffith, and Carlos Ortiz. Loaded with information and anecdotes, this will be a welcome addition to the libraries of boxing fans and sports pundits., **Publishers Weekly**

Mike Silver's knowledge of boxing history is unparalleled, but what makes him so valuable to read is the insight he brings to the subject—whether he's demythologizing the Thrilla in Manila, putting Floyd Mayweather's achievements into critical perspective, or chronicling boxing's bygone golden age. Collecting some of his finest work over the years, *The Night the Referee Hit Back* is a Silver primer for the uninitiated and a treasure trove for the connoisseur. Opinionated but fair, unsentimental but compassionate, and restless in its desire to improve understanding of a misunderstood sport, Silver's work is essential for serious students of the fight game. -- **Paul Beston, author of The Boxing Kings: When American Heavyweights Ruled The Ring**

Mike Silver, perhaps boxing's most revered historian, carries cotton swabs and smelling salts. *The Night the Referee Hit Back*, a survey of his best writing, is a head-clearing reminder that boxing wasn't always such a mess; that it has the capability to be more than it is, that it should aspire to be more like it was. In this era of franchise champions and fading skill-sets, Silver is here to stop the bleeding. -- **Springs Toledo, author and essayist**

Mike Silver is the Sugar Ray Robinson of boxing writers—smooth, smart, powerful, and tough to beat. The good news is that you can step in the ring with him and not get hurt. Read this book. It's a gem. -- **Jonathan Eig, Ali: A Life**

Mike Silver is among the most knowledgeable boxing historians in the world. His interviews and observations in *The Night the Referee Hit Back* are both compelling and stimulating. Boxing has always given us plenty to write about, and Silver is right on it. -- **Steve Farhood, boxing analyst for Showtime and member of the International Boxing Hall of Fame**



Brilliant! Mike Silver's collection of essays and interviews in *The Night the Referee Hit Back* is informative and ceaselessly entertaining. He has the ear of a masterful writer, the keen eye of a critic, and the heart of an avid boxing fan. Mike Silver might be the most perceptive and skillful sportswriter of our generation. -- **Colleen Aycock, author, *The Magnificent Max Baer: The Life of the Heavyweight Champion and Film Star***

Anyone who comes to me with a boxing question I reflexively redirect to Mike Silver, who to my mind is, pound for pound, the greatest authority on the subject. (And no one who's taken my advice has ever asked for a second suggestion!) This book is only further evidence of his expertise. -- **David Margolick, author of *Beyond Glory: Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling, and a World on the Brink***

For decades boxing was an art. It was filled with great practitioners and an array of rogues. In this collection of essays by Mike Silver, the reader is given a rare insight to what made boxing such a popular sport while at the same time pointing out its many flaws. Like the great art critics throughout the ages, Mr. Silver has that rare ability to look at something he loves while remaining honest about its flaws. If you want to truly understand what made boxing great and why it no longer is, you can have no better guide than Mike Silver. -- **Bobby Franklin, editor, BoxingOverBroadway.com**

Mike Silver has taken us on a journey through the history of boxing. He brings us inside places that no longer exist and through his writing, they suddenly come back to life. You can hear the rhythm of the speed bag and the thud, thud, thud of a heavybag. He gives a voice to the great fighters of yesteryear and compares them with the stars of today. Mike is unparalleled as a boxing historian and his work on these pages illustrates exactly why. -- **Bobby Cassidy, *Newsday***

This new book by Mike Silver does an amazing thing—at least it did to me. It brought a tear to my eye, a lump in the pit of my stomach, and a smile in my heart. This book has so much going for it: insight, knowledge, and wit are found on every page. Silver explores fighters and the colorful lives they lead. No one writes so thoroughly and accurately about boxing than Mike Silver. -- **Peter Wood, member of the New Jersey Boxing Hall of Fame and author of *A Clenched Fist: The Making of a Golden Gloves Champion***

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Mike Silver is an internationally respected historian and author. He is the author of two critically acclaimed books: *The Arc of Boxing: The Rise and Decline of the Sweet Science (2008)* and *Stars in the Ring, Jewish Champions in the Golden Age of Boxing: A Photographic History (2016)*. Mike's articles have also appeared in *The New York Times*, *The Ring* magazine, *Boxing Monthly*, and various boxing websites. He has been an Inspector with the New York State Athletic Commission; a boxing promoter; a historical consultant and on-air commentator for 19 televised boxing documentaries; a curator of the "Sting Like a Maccabee: The Golden Age of the American Jewish Boxer" exhibit at the National Museum of American Jewish History in Philadelphia (2004); and a co-curator of the San Francisco Jewish Film festival's centerpiece program, "Jews, Boxing, and Hollywood" (2007). He continues to research and write about the sport as a member of the International Boxing Research Organization (IBRO). His website is mikesilverboxing.com.

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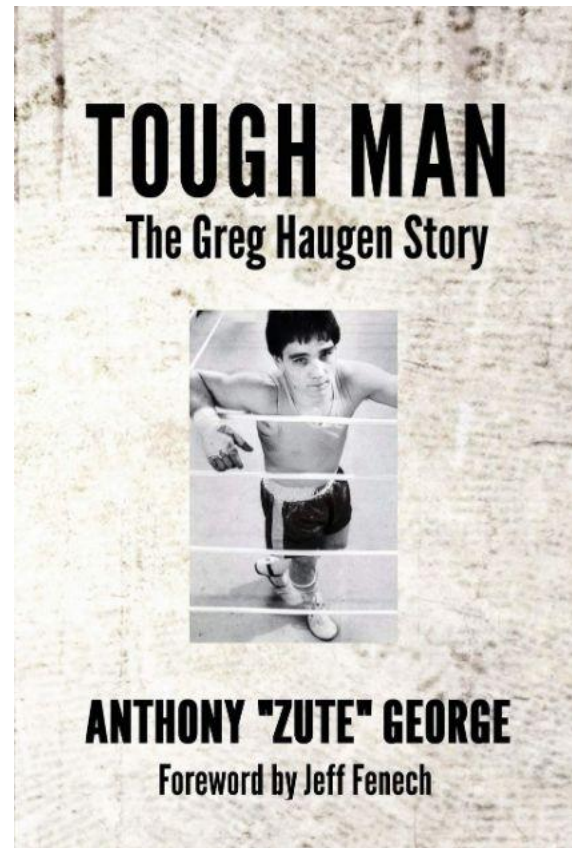
This book is available on [Amazon.Com](https://www.amazon.com) in two formats: Hardcover \$34.00 and Kindle \$32.

Tough Man: The Greg Haugen Story

by Anthony Zute George

Foreward by Jeff Fenech

Description: From the rough streets of Auburn, Washington, to the amateur circuit, the bars of Alaska, to the professional ranks, and the championship level, Greg Haugen has excelled in pugilism. For the first time, hear his own words about his boxing career. Anyone who has ever known Greg has respected him immensely as a boxer, even those who hate him. Read the testimonies of Hall of Famers Jeff Fenech, Al Bernstein, Kathy Duva, Don King, and Pernell Whitaker. Opponents Jeff Bumpus, Freddie Roach, Chris Calvin, Edwin Curet, Tony The Tiger Lopez, and Jimmy Paul, all give their stories of what it was like to fight against Greg. Tough Man: The Greg Haugen Story, peel the intriguing onion of the man they called, 'Mutt,' boxings career.



This book is available at [Amazon](#) and [Barnes & Noble](#)

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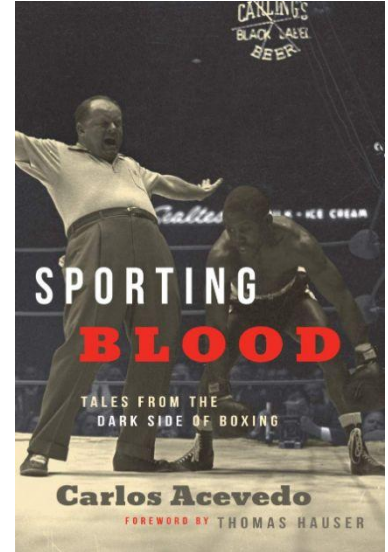
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BOOK ANNOUNCEMENT

Sporting Blood: Tales from the Dark Side of Boxing

by Carlos Acevedo

BOOK DETAILS: The essays that make up Sporting Blood include Acevedo's moving meditation on Muhammad Ali; his penetrating look at Ali's fearsome rival, the enigmatic Charles "Sonny" Liston; and his profile of Mike Tyson, which brilliantly conjures the Boy King's late 1980s reign of terror. Acevedo offers many other unforgettable tales from boxing's dark side, featuring Jack Johnson, Joe Frazier, Roberto Duran, Don Jordan, Aaron Pryor, Johnny Tapia, Eddie Machen, Jake LaMotta, and more. Forward by Pulitzer Prize nominee Thomas Hauser. "Carlos Acevedo is the most original, perceptive, and best new writer in boxing. Sporting Blood is a vivid and gripping collection."—Donald McRae, writer for The Guardian and author of Dark Trade: Lost in Boxing



ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Carlos Acevedo is a member of the Boxing Writers Association of America and was the founder of The Cruellest Sport. His work has appeared in Inside HBO Boxing, The Ring, Boxing News, Remezcla, Boxing Digest, Undisputed Champion Network, and Esquina Boxeo. His stories "A Darkness Made to Order" and "A Ghost Orbiting Forever" both won first place awards from the BWAA. He is currently editor of Hannibal Boxing. He lives in Brooklyn, New York.

Carlos Acevedo

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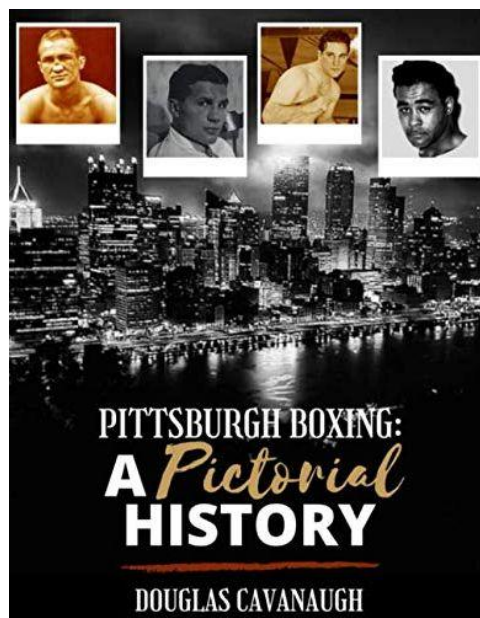
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Pittsburgh Boxing: A Pictorial History Paperback – May 4, 2020

by Douglas Cavanaugh (Author)



PITTSBURGH'S GREATEST SPORTS LEGACY, RECLAIMED. Pittsburgh is a city that has always been acutely aware of its sports heritage, from the Steelers to the Pirates to the Penguins. Yet over the passage of time it has somehow managed to forget perhaps its most successful sporting tradition of all – its professional boxing legacy. In an attempt to exhume what sportswriter Roy McHugh dubbed “a lost civilization,” this book recalls many of the Steel City’s forgotten prizefighting heroes of yesteryear and brings them back to life in pictures and words. Pioneers such as Dominick McCaffrey and Jack McClelland. Hungry clubfighters like Whitey Wenzel and Eddie Wimler, along with early African_American standouts like Eddie Carver and Young Bijou. There are top contenders like Bob Baker, Johnny Ray and Patsy Brannigan and uncrowned champs like Charley Burley, Tommy Yarosz and Wee Willie Davis. Then of course,

there are the world champions themselves: Billy Conn, Fritzie Zivic, Sammy Angott, Frank Klaus, Jackie Wilson, the incomparable Harry Greb (considered by many experts to be the greatest pound for pound fighter of all-time), and many others. These and many more featured inside in all their fistic glory, hopefully to reassert their rightful place among Pittsburgh’s greatest sports heroes.

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Mateo de la Osa

BoxRec ID# 034602

Born 1908

Nationality Spain

Division Heavyweight

Residence Motrico, País Vasco, Spain

Birth place Motrico, País Vasco, Spain

Record to date: won 24 (KOs 22) lost 10 (KOs 8) drawn 1 bouts 35

1927			
Aug 16	Jose Navals	Plaza de Toros, Tafalla, Comunidad Foral de Navarra, Spain	W TKO
Oct 22	Johnston	Frontón Urumea, San Sebastian, País Vasco, Spain	W KO 1
Dec 14	Jesus Lopez	Teatro Circo Price, Madrid, Comunidad de Madrid, Spain	W TKO 3
1928			
Feb 4	Rene Compere	Frontón Urumea, San Sebastian, País Vasco, Spain	W TKO 4
Mar 17	Gaston Marmouget	Frontón Urumea, San Sebastian, País Vasco, Spain	W TKO 5
Apr 7	Isidoro Gastanaga	Frontón Urumea, San Sebastian, País Vasco, Spain	L KO 2
Jun 2	Pierre Boscq	Frontón Urumea, San Sebastian, País Vasco, Spain	W KO 2
Jul 29	Agustin Santana	Frontón Municipal, Munguía, País Vasco, Spain	W KO 2
Aug 4	Rene Compere	Frontón Urumea, San Sebastian, País Vasco, Spain	W KO 1
Aug 25	Isidoro Gastanaga	Frontón Jai-Alai, San Sebastian, País Vasco, Spain	W TKO 2
Sep 15	Jesus Rodriguez	Frontón Urumea, San Sebastian, País Vasco, Spain	W TKO 1
Nov 10	Antonio Gabiola	Frontón Euskalduna, Bilbao, País Vasco, Spain	W TKO 6
1929			
Mar 6	Arthur Vermaut	Frontón Jai-Alai, Madrid, Comunidad de Madrid, Spain	W KO 4
Apr 13	Jimmy Mendes	Frontón Euskalduna, Bilbao, País Vasco, Spain	L RTD 5
May 26	Marcel Moret	Frontón Jai-Alai, San Sebastian, País Vasco, Spain	W TKO 6
1930			
Mar 22	Federico Malibrán	Havana, Cuba	L DQ 2
Apr 12	Ray Townsend	Olympia Boxing Club, New York, New York	W KO 1
Apr 19	Tom Colbert	Olympia Boxing Club, New York, New York	W KO 1
Apr 26	Jack Middleton	Olympia Boxing Club, New York, New York	W KO 2
May 10	Ludwig Haymann	Olympia Boxing Club, New York, New York	W KO 2
Jun 12	Henry Lamar	Yankee Stadium, Bronx, New York, USA	L PTS 8
Dec 12	Ralph Ficucello	Madison Square Garden, New York, New York	W TKO 3
1931			
May 2	Soren Petersen	Frontón Euskalduna, Bilbao, País Vasco, Spain	L RTD 8
Jul 28	Charley Retzlaff	Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City, Queens, New York	L KO 3
Oct 6	Steve Hayden	Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City, Queens, New York	W KO 1
Oct 19	Ted Sandwina	St. Nicholas Arena, New York, New York, USA	D 10
Nov 13	Ted Sandwina	Madison Square Garden, New York, New York	L KO 6
1932			
Mar 18	Paul Cavalier	Boston Garden, Boston, Massachusetts, USA	L TKO 6
Jun 3	Epifanio Islas	Teatro Circo Price, Madrid, Comunidad de Madrid, Spain	W KO 3
Jul 8	Joe La Roe	Teatro Circo Price, Madrid, Comunidad de Madrid, Spain	L KO 7
1933			
Feb 19	Presidio Pavesi	Frontón del Club Deportivo, Bilbao, País Vasco, Spain	W PTS 10
Mar 18	Hans Baumann	Frontón Central, Madrid, Comunidad de Madrid, Spain	W DQ 10
May 16	Ernesto Baggiani	Teatro Circo Olympia, Barcelona, Cataluña, Spain	W KO 10
Jun 22	Stefan Beneck	Salón Nuevo Mundo, Barcelona, Cataluña, Spain	W KO 1
Jul 26	Arturo Godoy	Teatro Circo Olympia, Barcelona, Cataluña, Spain	L TKO 7

Name: Al Kale
 Alias: Paul Marconi/Young Al Kale
 Birth Name: Paolo Mercurio
 Born: 1896
 BoxRec ID# 050226
 Division Featherweight
 Residence Buffalo, New York
 Birth place Brooklyn, New York

Photo from the *Daily Standard Union* newspaper of Brooklyn, NY (5 Jan. 1914, p. 10)
 Al Kale (Young Al Kale) was a featherweight out of Buffalo, NY. He is not to be confused with Brooklyn Middleweight Al Kale. Updated record compiled by Bob Yalen.



	Won	Lost	Drawn	ND	NC	Total	Won/KO	Lost/KO
ND	14	22	8	0	3	47	11	4
	<u>30</u>	<u>44</u>	<u>23</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>98</u>		
Total	44	66	31	1	3	145	11	4

1913

May 9	Harry Rodden	East New York A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L	3
Jun 6	Battling Burke	East New York A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-D	3
Jun 27	Battling Burke	East New York A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-D	6
Jul 21	Jimmy O'Neil	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-D	4
Jul 28	Young Stacker	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L	4
Aug 4	Eddie Jess	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W	4
Aug 18	Eddie Jess	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W	4
Sep 4	Young Zulu Kid	National A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L	4
Sep 19	Willie Andrews	East New York A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-D	6
Oct 3	Willie Andrews	East New York A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-D	3
Oct 22	Eddie Jones	Vanderbilt A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W	6
Nov 21	Marty 'Kid' Taylor	East New York A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L	6
Dec 10	Kid Lightcap	Dexter Park Arena, Brooklyn, New York	ND-D	6
Dec 30	Charlie McDonald	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-D	6

1914

Jan 5	Young Lundy	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	W KO	7
Jan 10	Johnny Ring	Crescent A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-D	4
Feb 20	Jake Brandt	East New York A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L	6
Mar 2	Jimmy Taylor	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L	10
Mar 5	Billy West	Dexter Park Arena, Brooklyn, New York	W TKO	2
Mar 30	Eddie Harris	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W	10
May 18	Harry Johnson	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	NC	4
Jun 1	Jem Mace	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W	10
Jun 15	Charlie McDonald	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W	10
Jul 6	Tommy Flanagan	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L	10
Aug 3	Larry Wells	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L	10
Aug 24	Larry Wells	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L	10
Sep 7	Jimmy Delmont	Bergens Beach S.C., Brooklyn, New York	W KO	2
Sep 14	Mickey Donnelly	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L	10
Oct 26	Harry Johnson	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W	10
Nov 9	Johnny Hart	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-D	10
Nov 20	Frankie Daly	Dexter Park Arena, Brooklyn, New York	ND-D	10
Dec 28	Harry Johnson	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L	10

1915

Jan 2	Sailor Hubon	Queensboro A.C., Long Island, New York	ND-L	10
Jan 25	Joe Daly	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-D	10
Feb 2	Jem Mace	Broadway A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W	10
Mar 8	Pat Daley	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-D	10
May 29	Stump Hoffman	Queensboro A.C., Long Island, New York	ND-W	
Jun 8	Jack Brandt	Broadway A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-D	6
Aug 8	Young Finnegan	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W	10
Sep 27	Harry Leroy	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W	10
Nov 8	Johnny Hayes	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W	10
Nov 19	Young Benny	Vanderbilt A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L	10
Nov 22	Frankie Mahon	Broadway A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W	6

1916			
Jan 15	Young Alberts	Queensboro A.C., Long Island, New York	ND-W 10
Jan 29	Johnny Krauss	Queensboro A.C., Long Island, New York	ND-L 10
Feb 22	Willie Kohler	Queensboro A.C., Long Island, New York	ND-L 10
Apr 4	Jimmy Burns	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W 10
May 12	Jake Brandt	Freeport S.C., Freeport, New York	W TKO 5
Jun 3	Twin Nadle	Broadway Arena, Brooklyn, New York	ND-L 6
Jun 13	Twin Nadle	Broadway Arena, Brooklyn, New York	ND-D 6
Jul 10	Mickey Delmont	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-D 10
Jul 24	Jimmy Murray	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-D 10
Aug 28	Jimmy Murray	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-D 10
Sep 11	Frankie Wilson	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L 10
Oct 9	Abe Friedman	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L 10
Oct 19	Johnny Williams	Clermont A.C., Brooklyn, New York	W KO 2
Oct 23	Darkey Griffith	Vanderbilt A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L 10
Nov 13	Jimmy Murray	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W 10
Nov 20	Kid Taylor	Vanderbilt A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L 10
Dec 26	Young George Erne	Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, New York	ND-W 4

1917			
Jan 1	Harry Coulin	Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, New York	ND-L 4
Jan 9	Harry Coulin	Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, New York	ND-W 6
Jan 15	Joe Leopold	Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, New York	ND-L 6
Feb 26	Willie Burke	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L 10
Mar 5	George Brown	Flower City A.C., Rochester, New York	ND-W 10
Mar 19	Jimmy Murray	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W 10
Apr 2	Benny Valger	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L 10
Apr 9	George Brown	Flower City A.C., Rochester, New York	ND-W 10
Apr 10	Jesse Morey	Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, New York	ND-L 6
Apr 27	Young George Erne	Buffalo, New York	ND-W 6
May 14	Charley Goodman	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-D 10
May 18	Steve Kid Sullivan	Vanderbilt A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L 10
Jun 4	Tommy Elm	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L 10
Jun 8	Frankie Wilson	Freeport S.C., Freeport, New York	ND-L 10
Jul 16	Happy Mahoney	Vanderbilt A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-L 10
Aug 27	Willie Thompson	Military A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W 10
Sep 27	Jackie Moore	Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, New York	ND-D 6
Oct 5	Patsy Johnson	Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, New York	ND-W 6
Oct 23	Frankie Farina	Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, New York	ND-W 6

1918			
May 9	Harry Coulin	Eagles Hall, Buffalo, New York	ND-L 6
May 11	Jake Schiffer	Hamilton, Ontario, Canada	L PTS 10
May 13	Ralph Brady	Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, New York	ND-L 6
Nov 5	Packey O'Gatty	Grand View Auditorium, Jersey City, New Jersey	ND-L 6

1919			
Jan 1	Young Patty	Elm A.A., Paterson, New Jersey	W DSQ 6
Jan 13	Harry Anthony	Elm A.A., Paterson, New Jersey	ND-L 8
Mar 3	Freddie Smith	Elm A.A., Paterson, New Jersey	W TKO 1
Mar 24	Teddy Meyers	Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, New York	ND-D 6
Mar 31	Bud Christiano	Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, New York	ND-D 10
Apr 5	Johnny Burns	Arena, Syracuse, New York	ND-W 8
May 8	Cy Martin	Queen St. Arena, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada	D 6
May 21	Bobby Eber	Bradford, Pennsylvania	L PTS 6
May 29	Harry Coulin	Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, New York	L DSQ 4
May 30	Chip Davis	Recreation Hall, Elmira, New York	ND-D 10
Sep 26	Cy Martin	Miller's Hall, Buffalo, New York	ND-L 10
Oct 23	Happy Smith	Arena, Syracuse, New York	ND-L
Oct 30	Phil Logan	Lyric Theatre, Jamestown, New York	ND-L 10
Nov 11	Phil Logan	Olean, New York	ND-L 10
Nov 18	Eddie Harlow	Sayre, Pennsylvania	ND-W
Dec 5	Dick Loadman	Thurston Auditorium, Lockport, New York	ND-L 10
Dec 12	Jimmy Goodrich	Maltosia Hall, Buffalo, New York	ND-W 6
Dec 16	Eddie Ketchell	Arena, Syracuse, New York	ND-L 10

1920

Jan 16	Johnny Murray	Maltosia Hall, Buffalo, New York	ND-L	10
Feb 06	Johnny McCoy	Miller's Hall, Buffalo, New York	ND-L	6
Feb 20	Phil Logan	New Sayre Theatre, Sayre, Pennsylvania	ND-L	10
Feb 25	Joe Leonard	Falls Club Rooms, Niagara Falls, New York	W TKO	4
Mar 29	Sammy Sieger	Grand Theatre, Trenton A.C., Trenton, New Jersey	ND-L	8
Mar 31	Johnny Davey	Eagles Hall, Niagara Falls, New York	ND-L	8
May 17	Joe Baker	Olympic A.C., Jamestown, New York	ND-D	10
Jul 13	Eddie Summers	Athletic Park, Scranton, Pennsylvania	ND-W	10
Jul 30	Joe Baker	Binghamton, New York	ND-W	6
Aug 19	Harvey Bright	Athletic Park, Scranton, Pennsylvania	ND-L	10
Nov 25	Luke Tenner	Tatum Park, Miami, Florida	ND-W	10

1921

Jan 01	Eddie Wallace	East New York A.C., Brooklyn, New York	L PTS	15
Mar 31	Silent Regan	Columbus Hall, Yonkers, New York	L KO	12
Apr 30	Solly Seeman	Hunts Point Palace, Bronx, New York	L PTS	15
Jun 03	Carl Duane	Ocean Park Casino, Long Branch, New Jersey	NC	6
Aug 04	Eddie Brady	Jamaica A.C., Brooklyn, New York	L PTS	12
Sep 02	Jackie Moore	5th Regiment Armory, New York, New York	L PTS	12
Sep 17	Barney Williams	47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	W PTS	12
Oct 01	Johnny Hayes	47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	W PTS	10
Oct 15	Jackie Moore	47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York (Both fighters were thrown out)	ND	5
Dec	Eddie Mirman	Hupts Palace Club, Bronx, New York (not confirmed)	L KO	3

Nov 19	Jimmy Mars	Walker AC, Astoria, New York	L PTS	12
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1922

Mar 02	Jimmy Welling	Polish Club, Paterson, New Jersey	NC	3
May 06	Joe Smith	Clermont Avenue Rink, Brooklyn, New York	L PTS	6
Jun 29	Al Delmont	Broad A.C., Newark, New Jersey	L KO	5
Nov 21	Joe Glick	47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	L PTS	12
Dec 12	Joe Eppy	47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	D	10

1923

Jan 09	Young Diamond	47th Regiment Armory, New York, New York	L PTS	8
Feb 02	Joe Glick	2nd Naval Militia Armory, Brooklyn, New York	L PTS	12
Aug 14	Tommy Thomas	47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	L PTS	6
Oct 27	Wes Williams	14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	D	10

1924

May 17	Lew Williams	14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	L PTS	6
Jun 14	Wes Williams	14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	D	8
Oct 11	Jack Smith	14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	W PTS	6
Oct 28	Jimmy Werner	27th Division Train Armory, Brooklyn, New York	L PTS	6
Dec 06	Billy Tosk	14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	L PTS	6
Dec 27	Jack Smith	14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	W KO	3

1925

Jan 10	Fred Nieman	14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	L PTS	6
Feb 07	Larry Hansen	14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	D	6
Feb 21	Jack Smith	14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	W KO	2
Mar 07	Larry Hansen	14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	D	6
Apr 09	Red Magee	102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York, New York	L KO	7
Jun 13	Larry Hansen	14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	D	6
Nov 28	George Keyes	14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	L PTS	6
Dec 12	Larry Hansen	14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, New York	D	6

NOTES: Early in his career (1913) he claimed fights against Young Brooks, Eddie King, Young Brownie, and others...
There are a number of other fights which were scheduled that I have not been able to come up with the results for, including:

- 07/18/14 - Young O'Leary in Brooklyn (Bergen Beach S.C.)
- 08/28/14 - Johnny Murray in Brooklyn (Bergen Beach S.C.)
- 10/03/14 - Tony Peters in Long Island City (Queensboro A.C.)
- 04/19/15 - Terry Miller in Brooklyn (Long Acre A.A.)
- 12/31/15 - Harry Bloom in Brooklyn (East New York A.C.)
- 07/31/16 - Phil Franchini in Brooklyn (Military A.C.)

Matt Wells
 BoxRec ID# 051681
 Born December 14, 1886
 Birth place Walworth, London, UK
 Death date June 27, 1953 (age 66)
 Residence Walworth, London, UK
 Division lightweight/Welterweight
 Stance orthodox
 Height 5' 4" / 163cm
 Weight 126-150 lbs.



Matt Wells defeated Hall of Fame fighters Owen Moran, Abe Attell, and Freddie Welsh in his career. During his amateur career, he won four consecutive ABA Lightweight titles (1904-07). Wells also competed at the 1908 London Olympic Games in the lightweight division.

Record	won	31 (KOs 7)	lost	19 (KOs 2)	drawn	2	ND	NC	bouts	52
No Decision	won	<u>19</u>	Lost	<u>11</u>	drawn	<u>1</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>	bouts	<u>34</u>
Total		<u>50</u>		<u>30</u>		<u>3</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>	bouts	<u>86</u>

1909

Nov 1	Battling Lacroix	King's Hall, London Road, London, UK	W PTS	10
Dec 20	Bob Russell	The King's Hall, London Road, Walworth, London, UK	W PTS	10

1910

Jan 1	Gunner Hart	Surrey Music Hall, Southwark, London, UK	W PTS	6
Jan 10	Dick Lee	The Empire, Holborn, London, UK	D	6
Feb 19	Sid Stagg	Wonderland, Whitechapel Road, Mile End, London, UK	W PTS	10
Mar 14	Jack Turner	Wonderland, Whitechapel Road, Mile End, London, UK	W PTS	20
Apr 14	Young Nipper	King's Hall, London Road, Southwark, London, UK	D	6
May 5	Smiling Eddie Kelly	Combine A.C., Yonkers, New York	ND-W	8
May 25	Eddie McMahon	Yonkers, New York	ND	10
Jun 1	Mark Anderson	Combine A.C., Yonkers, New York	ND-W	8
Jun 25	Dick Miller	Yonkers, New York	ND	10
Jun 28	Charley Lawrence	Fairmont A.C., Bronx, New York	ND-W	10
Jul 5	Billy Leary	New York, New York	ND-W	10
Jul 19	Johnny Dohan	Fairmont A.C., Bronx, New York	ND-W	10
Aug 8	Paddy Sullivan	Olympia Boxing Club, New York, New York	ND-L	10
Sep 13	Jimmy Howard	Fairmont A.C., Bronx, New York	W DQ	9

1911

Feb 27	Freddie Welsh	National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, London, UK	W PTS	20
		- European Lightweight Title		
Jun 2	Leach Cross	Harlem River Casino, New York, New York	ND-W	10
Jun 24	Phil. Pal Moore	Armory A.A., Boston, Massachusetts	W PTS	12
Jul 19	Dick Hyland	Albany, New York	ND-W	10
Jul 28	Willie Moody	Fairhill S.C., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	ND-W	6
Aug 30	Knockout Brown	Madison Square Garden, New York, New York	ND-W	10
Sep 20	Abe Attell	Madison A.C., New York, New York	ND-W	10
Oct 5	Billy Donovan	Olympic B.C., Toronto, Ontario, Canada	W KO	5

1912

Apr 26	Packey McFarland	Madison Square Garden, New York, New York	ND-L	10
Jun 5	Young Abe Brown	Royale A.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W	10
Jun 7	Bobby Wilson	Oneida County A.A., Utica, New York	ND-L	10
Sep 16	Hughie Mehegan	National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, London, UK	L DQ	14
Nov 11	Freddie Welsh	National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, London, UK	L PTS	20
		- European Lightweight Title		
Dec 26	Johnny Basham	Theatre, Swansea, Wales, UK	W KO	7

1913

Feb 24	Hughie Mehegan	National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, London, UK	W PTS	20
Aug 9	Hughie Mehegan	Sydney Stadium, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia	W PTS	20
Sep 27	Owen Moran	Sydney Stadium, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia	W PTS	20
Nov 3	Hughie Mehegan	W.Melbourne Stadium, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia	L PTS	20
Nov 29	Harry Stone	Sydney Stadium, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia	L PTS	20

1914

Jan 17	Herb (Kid) McCoy	Sydney Stadium, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia	L PTS	20
Feb 28	Ray Bronson	Sydney Stadium, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia	W TKO	7
Mar 21	Tom McCormick	Sydney Stadium, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia	W PTS	20
		- British Empire Welterweight Title		
Oct 12	Young Nipper	The Ring, Blackfriars Road, Southwark, London, UK	W PTS	15

1915

Jan 21	Gus Platts	Liverpool Stadium, Pudsey Street, Liverpool, UK	W PTS	15
Mar 22	Johnny Basham	London Opera House, Kingsway, London, UK	L PTS	15
Jun 1	Mike Glover	Arena (Atlas A.A.), Boston, Massachusetts	L PTS	12
		- World Welterweight Title		
Jul 13	Young Neil	Allentown, Pennsylvania	ND-D	10
Aug 7	Willie Schaefer	Fairmont A.C., Bronx, New York	ND-W	10
Oct 29	Charley White	Auditorium, Milwaukee, Wisconsin	ND-W	10
Nov 19	Young Abe Brown	Harlem S.C., New York, New York	ND-W	10
Nov 25	Steve Latzo	Olympia A.C., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	ND-L	6
Nov 29	Johnny Griffiths	Akron, Ohio	ND-L	12
Dec 10	Johnny Dundee	Italian Riverside Club, New Haven, Connecticut	L PTS	12

1916

Jan 4	Charley White	Hippodrome, Boston, Massachusetts	W PTS	12
Feb 29	Johnny Griffiths	Columbus, Ohio	ND-L	12
Mar 20	Charley White	Broadway A.C., Cincinnati, Ohio	ND-L	10
Apr 6	Charley White	Kansas City, Missouri	L PTS	15
Apr 18	Eddie Murphy	Armory, Boston, Massachusetts	W PTS	12
May 16	Johnny Dundee	Arena, Boston, Massachusetts	L PTS	12
Jun 9	Frankie Mack	Genesee Arena, Rochester, New York	ND-L	10
Jul 11	Charley White	Boston, Massachusetts	L TKO	5

1917

Apr 10	Lockport Jimmy Duffy	Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, New York	ND-L	10
May 1	Walter Mohr	National S.C., Albany, New York	ND-W	10
May 25	Lockport Jimmy Duffy	Hamilton, Ontario, Canada	L PTS	10
Jun 11	Walter Mohr	Airdome A.C., Rochester, New York	ND-W	10
Jun 16	Phil Bloom	Broadway S.C., Brooklyn, New York	ND-W	10
Jun 19	Kid Curley	Urban Liberty Park, Buffalo, New York	ND-W	10
Aug 27	Bryan Downey	Airdome A.C., Rochester, New York	ND-L	10
Sep 17	Bryan Downey	Coliseum, Columbus, Ohio	ND-L	12
Sep 28	Frankie Nelson	Arena, Syracuse, New York	ND-W	10
Oct 5	Charley White	Arena, Syracuse, New York	NC	9
Oct 9	Young Maxwell	Albany, New York	W DQ	4
Oct 29	Harlem Eddie Kelly	20th Century A.C., Pittsfield, Massachusetts	W PTS	12

1918

(No Activity)

1919

Oct 20	Kid Carter	National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, London, UK	W PTS	20
Nov 13	Johnny Basham	Holborn Stadium, Holborn, London, UK	L PTS	20
		- British Empire Welterweight Title		
Dec 26	Ted Kid Lewis	Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, London, UK	L RTD	12

1920

Mar 18	Phil Bloom	Holborn Stadium, Holborn, London, UK	L PTS	15
Apr 24	Ted Moore	Palace Theatre, Plymouth, Devon, UK	L PTS	20
May 8	Bermondsey Billy Wells	The Ring, Blackfriars Road, Southwark, London, UK	W DQ	15
Jun 4	Fred Newberry	The Peoples' Palace, Mile End, London, UK	W PTS	20
Jun 12	Gus Platts	Pheasant Inn Grounds, Carbrook, Yorkshire, UK	W PTS	20
Jun 26	Joe Attwood	The Ring, Blackfriars Road, Southwark, London, UK	W TKO	5
Aug 7	Ted Moore	The Ring, Blackfriars Road, Southwark, London, UK	L DQ	13
Nov 27	Kid Plested	Tyneside Stadium, Wallsend, Tyne and Wear, UK	W KO	6
Dec 11	Joe Davis	The Dome, Brighton, Sussex, UK	W TKO	10

1921

Aug 31	Seaman Nobby Hall	Cosmopolitan Gymnasium, Plymouth, Devon, UK	L PTS	15
Oct 31	Carlos	National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, London, UK	W TKO	13
Dec 29	Ted Moore	Premierland, Whitechapel, London, UK	L PTS	15

1922

Apr 17	Stanley Glen	Tredegar Road Drill Hall, Bow, London, UK	W PTS	15
May 12	Jack Hart	Premierland, Whitechapel, London, UK	W PTS	15

Jackie Fields Amateur Record
Researched by Bob Yalen

1922

May 25	Charlie Shirley	L 4	Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club
Jun 22	Eudei Reco	W 3	Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club
Jul 4	Eudei Reco		Santa Barbara	
Jul 19			Los Angeles	

1923

Jan 11	Johnny Conroy	L 3	Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club
Apr 19	Sailor Reyes		Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club
Jun 21	Arthur Arsenault		Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club
Aug 9	Murray Wood	TKO 1	Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club
Sep 6	Ted Henry	TKO 2	Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club
Oct 25	Dan Conley	W 3	Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club
Nov 8	Jimmy Piela	W 4	Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club
Nov 21	Eddie Gleason		Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club
Dec 6	Henry Garcia	W 3	Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club
Dec 20	Jimmy Piela	W 3	Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club

1924

Feb 7	August Gotto	W 3	Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club
Mar 6	Archie Wollman	KO 2	Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club
May 19	Thomas Jarrett	W 3	Boston National AAU	prelims
May 20	Phil Woods	W 3	Boston National AAU	quarters
May 21	Harry Wallach	L 3	Boston National AAU	semis
Jul 15	Mossy Doyle	W 3	Paris Olympic Games	1st round
Jul 16	Olaf Hansen	W 3	Paris Olympic Games	2nd round
Jul 18	Carlos Abarca	W 3	Paris Olympic Games	quarters
Jul 19	Pedro Quartucci	W 3	Paris Olympic Games	semis
Jul 20	Joe Salas	W 3	Paris Olympic Games	finals
Sep 18	Joe Salas	W 4	Vernon Vernon Arena	
Sep 25			Los Angeles	Newsboys Club
Oct 16	Dan Woods	W 4	Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club
Nov 6	Al Leonard	W 3	Los Angeles	L.A. Athletic Club
Dec 10	Dan Woods	W 4	Alhambra	

Notes: 1. Final record was supposedly 51-3

MATT WELLS DEFEATS ABE ATTELL IN RING

British Lightweight Champion
Outpoints American Feather-
weight Title-Holder.

September 21, 1911 New York Times

Abe Attell found his master at the finer points of the Queensberry art last night in his ten-round bout with Matt Wells, the English lightweight champion, at Madison Square Garden. Wells out-weighted Attell by eight or ten pounds and combined to this extra weight was cleverness that in every way compared favorably with that of the featherweight champion. In the past Attell has found lightweights almost as easy to outpoint as boys of his own class, but he picked out too difficult a proposition for himself when he agreed to box with Wells.

It was a battle of left hands, and the sturdy left of the English champion basked in the spotlight practically all the way. Wells had a way of getting that left through Attell's guard, and Abe seemed powerless to protect his face from colliding with it. The last round found Abe still engaged in the task of trying to block that left. Most of the time it was a short straight jab that Wells pushed through Abe's guard, but he varied it considerably and often landed by means of a short hook. A few left swings also found their mark, but long blows last night were the exception and not the rule. At the close of the bout Abe's right eye bore mute testimony to Wells's hard punches, and during the last three rounds Abe's nose bled quite a little.

Attell did not show anything like the confidence that has marked most of his bouts. The uncertainty of his injured arm, and his full realization of Wells's cleverness, undoubtedly led Abe to follow the plan he pursued during the whole ten rounds. Wells did practically all the forcing, and he showed himself superior to his smaller opponent in the parts of the game that were expected to pull Attell through safely.

In footwork Wells showed up just as cleverly as the usually elusive Attell. In jumping away from swings or ducking under them the English champion often brought down the plaudits of the crowd, and in blocking, jabbing, and generalship Wells did not have to run second to the little featherweight. It had been expected that Wells might wear Attell down by his superior weight and ruggedness, but it had not been expected that the Englishman would excel Abe at his own game—clever boxing.

Although Wells had the honors by sufficient margin to almost call it an easy victory, Attell put up a good battle under the circumstances. He was repeatedly colliding with stiff punches from the Englishman's left, but he weathered the gale strongly, and only once—in the sixth round—did he show any signs of staggering.

It was in the sixth round that the best work of the bout was shown. For a minute there was nothing of an exciting nature and then the two broke loose with a storm of rapid-fire punches that car-

ried both around the ring, each working as fast as hands can be propelled. For the time defensive work was forgotten, and most every blow that started found its mark. In number of blows Attell had a shade on Wells, but for effectiveness the honors of the round belonged to Wells. His blows carried far more steam and twice he landed on Abe's head with sufficient force to rock the little champion.

Abe's best work was done in the infighting. In the open he met with little success in his efforts to jab Wells, and he had to resort to body punches and short uppercuts in the clinches to get at Wells. In doing this infighting Abe often paid the penalty in the shape of stiff left jabs from Wells at the break.

There were no knock-downs, and at no time was Attell in distress. He took many hard lefts and an occasional right—so occasional that right-hand punches appeared strange—but never was he in real distress. Abe's head was tilted back at times as if on springs, but that was the extent of the punches.

Wells had the better of seven of the ten rounds, and in the other three he got no better than an even break. The first was even, being devoted to feeling out tactics by both boxers. Wells began to shoot in that left jab in the second, and gained the honors of the round, following up by taking the third easily, the fourth by a shade, and the fifth easily. In the sixth Attell showed up more strongly than in any other round, but his blows lacked the steam of Wells's punches, which came almost as frequently. In the seventh and ninth Attell got an even break, but Wells led in the other rounds.

RECTOR BADLY BEATEN.

Joe Stein Makes Chopping Block of
Jerseyite at Long Acre A. C.

Eddie Rector, the Jersey City welter-weight, suffered a hard beating last night from Joe Stein of this city in their ten-round bout at the Long Acre A. C., and only sheer gameness enabled the Jerseyite to stand up under the terrific fusillade of left-hand jabs which Stein handed out.

At the start the contest gave promise of being a good bout, but after the third round it dwindled into a one-sided affair, with Rector doing little more than taking punishment. He occasionally showed a flash of speed and tried to get to Stein, but the latter was too clever for him and managed to get out of many tight places.

The Jersey boxer wore red trunks, and after his mouth was cut in the third round, and later having his left eye cut also, the blood flowed so fast that he was covered from the waist line upward, and stood out like one in a raiment of scarlet.

Weights from Milwaukee Free Press, September 21, 1911. Wells, 137 pounds; Attell, 121 1/2 pounds.

TURNER OUTPOINTS ANDERSON IN BOUT

Indian Wins at Newark—
Meehan and Tunney Victors
as Carpentier Looks On.

Georges Carpentier, Europe's fighting heavyweight champion, sat through the boxing bouts at the Newark Sportsmen's Club, held in the First Regiment Armory, Newark, N. J., last night, and enjoyed himself immensely. The visiting French idol attended, accompanied by his manager, Francois Descamps, and several friends, for the purpose of viewing the efforts of a collection of American heavyweights. The competition gave Carpentier considerable amusement, for he laughed almost continually. So did Manager Descamps. They saw no boxing ability which would cause any worry for the French heavyweight and, as reflecting the thoughts of himself and Carpentier, Manager Descamps was seen, with a broad smile lighting his countenance, to significantly tap his chin with clenched fist three times, evidently to indicate to one of the party how extensive an effort would be required for Carpentier to dispose of the contending array of heavyweights.

Carpentier saw one real American fighter in the three eight-round matches, a boxer of ability and a cool ring general. This was Clay Turner, Indian light-heavyweight, who substituted for Charlie Weinert of Newark, against Ole Anderson of Seattle, Wash. Weinert was unable to engage in the bout because of an injured left eye. Turner gave Anderson a weight advantage of 13 pounds and a severe drubbing in eight rounds. During this match Carpentier kept his eyes glued steadily on the combatants for, in the manner in which Turner outpointed his heavier rival, there was much of interest.

The Indian boxer, with clever use of a stiff left hand jab, carried off the laurels in every round. Occasionally Turner would cross or hook or uppercut with his right with jarring effect on Anderson, but the latter, showing great courage, assimilated the punishment and instead of retreating came boring in for more. One round was a repetition of another in this match. Anderson, making his first local appearance, sought courageously to polish off the Indian. The Seattle heavyweight got home with some telling blows to the face and body, but the force of the majority of Anderson's punches was spent before they reached the elusive Turner.

Indian Shows Speed.

Of the two, Anderson was the heavier hitter, but against the agile Indian the Westerner was at a disadvantage. Light of foot and remarkably quick with his hands, Turner evaded many of his rival's aggressive rushes, countering meanwhile with snappy left or jolting right which brought Anderson up short. A heavy right drew the blood from Turner's lips early in the bout, and as the match progressed the Indian's eyes were puffing, but Turner retaliated for this damaging evidence and had Anderson bleeding profusely from the mouth and nose at the final bell.

Willie Meehan, San Francisco heavyweight, fat and flabby, engaged Al Roberts, the Staten Island shock absorber, in the closing eight-round number. Meehan won with plenty to spare, but there was nothing impressive in the Californian's success. Meehan, built along the lines of a barrel, knew but one thing, it seemed. That was to flail away with both hands in indifferent fashion while he had the strength. Despite his avoirdupois Meehan showed the nimbleness of a dancer compared to the slow, heavy-footed Roberts, and the result was that Meehan carried off the laurels in seven of the eight rounds.

Meehan's roundhouse swings had Roberts completely baffled. The California sailor, his arms swinging, resembling nothing so much as a windmill, hammered away industriously at Roberts's body in the early rounds, and in this way weakened the Staten Islander considerably. Meehan, at times, would wind up like a baseball pitcher, or swing his arms after the fashion of a ciao swinger before starting his attack. Then the sailor would crash into Roberts with steady rights and lefts to the stomach which had the Staten Islander covering and at a loss as to how to defend himself.

Meehan Is Aggressive.

In the second session Roberts accomplished his best work. The Staten Island heavyweight was entitled to this round, his only round of the match. Roberts jabbed effectively with his left and several times crossed his right, jarring Meehan. When the latter came boring in Roberts brought up a short, stiff, right uppercut which sent Meehan back on his heels. Several times in this session Meehan was warned for fouling, and the warning lessened his attack. In the third round, however, Meehan resumed his peculiar style and thereafter hammered Roberts about the ring with a vim. In the seventh and eighth sessions Roberts essayed to stand flat-footed and fight off his rotund rival, but Meehan was more effective and with heavy stomach blows easily carried off the honors.

Though he gained the popular verdict Meehan's showing failed to impress the crowd of 4,000 which witnessed the bouts, particularly in view of the fact that the Californian has a four-round decision to his credit over Champion Jack Dempsey.

Dan O'Dowd of Boston, was scheduled to oppose Gene Tunney, Greenwich Village light-heavyweight in the other eight-rounder, but it developed that he had notified the management of his inability to box, and a substitute was sent against Tunney. Knockout Sullivan of Shenandoah, Pa., was selected to take O'Dowd's place and was knocked out by Tunney in the first round. The bout had gone 2 minutes 15 seconds when Tunney crashed over a right to the jaw which laid Sullivan low.

In another bout Leo Badgley of Orange knocked out K. O. Mike Nestor, a New York boxer, in the third round.

April 6, 1920, New York Times

O'DOWD LOSES MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP TO WILSON

WORLD'S TITLE IS TAKEN FROM O'DOWD

Middleweight Crown Wrested
from St. Paul Boxer by
Johnny Wilson of Boston.

BOSTON, May 6.—Johnny Wilson is the new middleweight champion of the world. Outpointing Mike O'Dowd of St. Paul in eight of the twelve rounds of their bout here tonight Wilson was awarded the decision by Referee MacInnes and won the title. It was a slashing fight from the start. All question as to Wilson's right to claim the title was forestalled by the fact that he weighed 156 pounds at ringside.

After the bout Paddy Mullins, manager of Mike O'Dowd, stated: "We lost the bout. It is up to Wilson to give us a return fight."

When the men entered the ring it was announced that the bout would be for the world's middleweight championship. Wilson is a southpaw fighter who leads with his right hand. It was this style of attack that seemed to bewilder O'Dowd. He was at a loss how to avoid Wilson's stinging right-hand jabs and his sharp left-hand crosses to the jaw and head.

O'Dowd the Aggressor.

O'Dowd was the aggressor in a majority of the rounds, but he was continually met by Wilson's straight right and his snappy left cross. This jarred O'Dowd, but failed to keep him from boring in and forcing the fighting. Wilson had the better of eight of the rounds, two were even and two went to O'Dowd.

O'Dowd was the aggressor throughout the contest, but Wilson, a left-handed boxer, scored repeatedly with his right. O'Dowd excelled in fighting, but seemed unable to fathom Wilson's style of boxing. Eight of the rounds went to Wilson, two to O'Dowd and two were even.

The only knockdown in the bout came in the second round, when Wilson caught O'Dowd with a straight right to the jaw, O'Dowd going down for the count of four. Wilson surprised the followers of the game by scoring so many times with his right, breaking through O'Dowd's defence often. Wilson scored continually with jabs to O'Dowd's face.

The pace set by the men was fast and at the end of the twelfth round both were unsteady on their feet. A capacity crowd witnessed the bout. The St. Paul boy was a big favorite before the bout, the general betting being 10 to 3. Hector MacInnes of Boston was referee.

Wilson has participated in many bouts against second-rate boxers in the last year and has appeared in many cities, principally in New England. Tonight's bout was his first against a leading boxer.

Won Title from McCoy.

Mike O'Dowd won the middleweight championship from Al McCoy in the Clermont Rink in Brooklyn in 1917. He won the title by a knockout and there after returned to the Middle West, where he fought a majority of the leading contenders for the title. He was in the midst of this work, engaging principally in no-decision bouts, when he entered the American army and was sent overseas. He engaged in several exhibitions while on the other side and upon his return to this country he immediately began preparation for an active ring career.

Since his return he has fought several bouts and was uniformly successful until last night. One of his more prominent fights since returning to this country was that against Mike Gibbons at St. Paul. In a ten-round bout there O'Dowd succeeded in gaining the popular verdict over the former St. Paul Phantom.

His defeat last night came as a great surprise, for little had been heard of Wilson outside of Boston. That he must be a good fighter is proved by his victory over the champion. It is just another incident to be recorded in a history replete with such events where a champion has tackled an unknown, commonly referred to as a "set-up," and has been bested, except that this is one of the comparatively few instances where the champion has lost his title.

It was in much the same way that O'Dowd stripped McCoy of the championship. O'Dowd was known in and around St. Paul as a likely middleweight, but his fame had not drifted very far Eastward when he was matched to meet McCoy. The majority thought the bout would be one of those ten-round affairs in which McCoy might be outpointed, but would emerge with the title still draped over his shoulders. Great was the surprise when O'Dowd knocked McCoy out and won the title.

O'Dowd Protests Decision.

When the gong sounded for the end of the twelfth round and referee MacInnes pointed to Wilson's corner in token of the local boy's victory, O'Dowd protested the decision, claiming he was entitled to a draw at least.

While MacInnes, who was the choice of O'Dowd's manager as referee, was explaining why he had awarded the title to Wilson, the backers of the local boy rushed to the ring and carried the new champion away on their shoulders.

Spectators said after the fight that O'Dowd's chance to retain his title went glimmering when Wilson sent him to the mat in the second round for the count of four. The knockdown was as complete a surprise to Wilson's backers as it was to the adherents of the champion. Thereafter Wilson never was headed in his dash for the title.

PAPIN KNOCKED OUT BY TENDLER IN SIXTH

French Lightweight Champion in His American Debut, Is No Match for Philadelphian.

May 13, 1920 *New York Times*

Lew Tendler, Philadelphia's crack lightweight championship contender, sent Georges Papin, French champion, crashing down in defeat last night in the sixth round of their scheduled twelve-round bout before a capacity crowd in The Arena, the 4th Regiment Armory, Jersey City.

A jarring left hook, which was half uppercut, sent the French boxer toppling on all fours to the canvas for the fourth time during the bout. Before Papin could regain an upright position Referee Harry Ertle's right arm had completed the droll count of ten seconds which sent Papin's hopes for American prestige into eclipse.

The result caused confusion in Papin's corner. The defeated boxer and his manager, Francois Descamps, did not realize that it was a knockout. They acted as though under the impression that the round had ended, instead of the bout.

When Referee Ertle's arm, swinging pendulum-like in fistiana's death knell, had completed the tenth-second swing Papin, following instructions from his frantic manager, was just beginning to rise from his knee. The count was completed however, before Papin could gain a thoroughly erect position. Papin was dazed, his eyes were glazed, and, while he was not distressed to the point of helpless grogginess, he was nevertheless a thoroughly beaten boxer. He had been subjected to a terrific battering through four preceding rounds and when the knockout came was in a perceptibly weakened condition.

The finishing blow came just two minutes and thirty seconds after the start of the sixth round.

From the very start Papin was outclassed. He was boxing in a new world, amid strange surroundings and under conditions to which he had not had time to become completely familiar. These conditions might be considered if there were any necessity for finding an alibi for the Frenchman's downfall. But the bout determined that Papin does not measure up to the standard of America's first-rank lightweights.

For the greater part of the battle Papin appeared like a novice against the battering, persistently aggressive Tendler. In the vernacular of the ring Papin was a "good catcher." He stopped an avalanche of blows rained on him by the Quaker City boxer, but in his efforts at retaliation he was feeble, and absolutely ineffective. Papin, in selecting Tendler for his first American opponent, bit off more than

he could chew. The Frenchman engaged one of the most dangerous contenders for the title now worn by Benny Leonard, and the bout showed a commensurate disparity in the respective abilities of the boxers.

Only one redeeming feature shone forth in Papin. He was game, with a wantonness seldom shown by visiting European boxers. Before being counted out the French lightweight received a terrific bombardment of vicious rights and lefts to the face and stomach. The blows to the stomach in the final analysis brought about Papin's downfall.

A wicked drive to the mid-section in the fifth round sent Papin to the canvas in a neutral corner for the first time. The blow separated him from his breath, and Papin, his face distorted with pain, looked appealingly at his corner for advice. He regained his feet after a count of nine, but was sent toppling down again, twice with terrific smashes to the jaw before the bell ended the round. Only the Frenchman's effective covering against the hurricane blows propelled by Tendler prevented a knockout in this session. Papin still felt the effects of the battering when he came to scratch for the sixth, and Tendler, working with tireless energy, crashed home the punch which spelled defeat for Papin.

Early in the first round Papin showed well. He led with a left jab to the face and at close quarters worked fast for half the round. He found Tendler's southpaw style an unfathomable mystery at effective long range work. A swishing left to the jaw suddenly sent Papin back on his heels, and for the remainder of the round Tendler pursued the action to close quarters, where he pounded the Frenchman hard under the heart with a wicked right. Tendler did not appear eager to extend himself at long range so confined his efforts principally to close quarters.

In the second round, however, the Philadelphian let himself out to the limit. He bewildered Papin with a variety of blows which came from every angle to land on face and stomach. Papin sought to return the attack but was forestalled. Tendler, like a tiger following its prey, pursued his rival without let-up, forcing Papin all about the ring, raining right and left swings, hooks, jabs and uppercuts on the worried Frenchman. Papin was too busy, striving to defend himself to land a single solid blow during the round. Tendler's extended right was like a rapier, pecking at Papin's face, and his left was destructive in its onslaught. Near the bell Papin slipped through the ropes, retreating before Tendler's rushing attack. A left to the face brought blood from the Frenchman's nose.

Tendler started the sixth round eager to complete the task and, with snappy jabs, hooks and swings, quickly worked Papin into position for the finishing blow.

Tendler weighed 131 pounds and Papin 135.

Three other international bouts were conducted. Tommy Noble, English featherweight, outpointed Tony De Oro of this city in an interesting eight-round bout; Jack Bloomenfeld of Rumania administered such a drubbing to Jack Hanlon of Maspeth, L. I., that the bout was stopped in the fourth round, and Bert Spencer of Brooklyn outpointed Danny Humphries of England in a six-round bout.

WALKER BOXING BILL SIGNED BY GOVERNOR

Provisions Include 15 Rounds to
Decision and Supervision
by Commission.

EVERY ONE TO BE LICENSED

Even Seconds in the Ring Will Be
Listed—State to Receive 5 Per
Cent. of Gross Receipts.

Special to The New York Times.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 24.—Boxing came back into its own in New York State today when Governor Smith approved the Walker bill which will permit fifteen-round decision bouts supervised by a commission to be named by the Executive and with everybody connected with the game licensed.

In signing the bill Governor Smith said:

"The stress of the times demands healthy and wholesome amusement for the men of the State, and when an amusement can be afforded under such rigid restrictions and control by the State itself as this bill provides, no possible harm can, and, on the other hand, a great amount of good will, result from its enactment."

The new law, taking effect immediately, creates a commission of three at \$5,000 a year. Decisions are to be rendered by two judges who will act with the referee, and in case they cannot make a decision the referee will name the winner. Even seconds must be licensed. Bouts are to be held only in buildings or places for which licenses have been issued by the commission and on which incorporated clubs have leases for at least one year. Bouts may also be held in armories, and in that event the military law must be complied with.

Weight of Gloves Fixed.

The new law further provides that no club holding bouts shall have any financial interest in a boxer; that no one under 18 years may participate in a bout; that no one under 16 can be a spectator; that five-ounce gloves must be used in the lighter classes, up to and including lightweights, and six-ounce gloves for all heavier classes of boxers; that clubs pay to the State 5 per cent. of the gross receipts.

The sum of \$40,000 is appropriated to put the law in operation.

"In some quarters of the State," said the Governor, "there appears to be a pretty general misunderstanding of all the circumstances surrounding a boxing or a sparring match. There is nothing in the law of the State of New York to prevent boxing or sparring matches. But the law does provide that no admission can be charged, nor can they be open to the general public, but are supposed to be conducted under the auspices of private membership organizations. The real truth about the matter is, that the purpose and intent of that law is being evaded by permitting any person, upon becoming a member of such organization, to witness the match, the dues paid for membership taking the place of the admission fees, and this going on absolutely without regulation of any kind by the State.

Governor Points Out Safeguards.

"It is urged by those opposed to the bill that it may give rise to abuses which they felt came into being under previous legislative enactments for the control of this sport.

No bill could be more carefully drawn to safeguard the sport from those who would use it for profit only than the one before me. The proposed bill provides for licensing every one identified with the sport of boxing and sparring, no matter how far removed from the actual participation, and leaves to the State the power to deal with them by withdrawal of the license when their conduct is such as not to promote the welfare of this form of amusement. The old law, repealed several years ago, contained no such safeguards.

"No license can be issued under the proposed bill to any but a bona fide corporation, which shall have given a bond and which must either own a building or have a lease thereon for a term of not less than one year. In this respect the proposed bill differs from the old law, and will have for its purpose the discouragement of fly-by-night organizations whose control would be in the hands of irresponsible promoters.

"The bill contains a provision for an unpaid Board of License, thereby lifting that important feature from the sole control of the Board of Commissioners, whose duties it will be to administer the law.

"Under this bill, the sport is further safeguarded by preventing, directly or indirectly, any corporation from having any interest in a competitor on the premises of that corporation.

State Official Must Be Present

"Ampie provision is made for a physical examination of the contestants by licensed physicians, who must be present at the ring side. There is an age limit for both contestants and patrons. Unfair matches will be prevented by its provisions, and ticket-scalping will be impossible in that all tickets of admission must bear clearly on their face the purchase price of the same. The bill requires the presence of a state official at the ringside of each contest.

"The bill was opposed by a very small group, while, on the other hand, it has the almost unanimous approval of the Legislature and of the American Legion, and over a thousand clergymen of all denominations, who might be expected, if this bill did not deal clearly with a legitimate sport, to oppose it, have written urging my signature."

May 25, 1920 New York Times

BERG DEFEATS GLICK IN TEN-ROUND BOUT

Keeps Junior Welterweight
Title, Not Recognized Here,
in Contest in Garden.

JEBY LOSES TO V. DUNDEE

East Sider Finds Rival Too Skill-
ful—Medilla Gains Victory
Over Le Cadre.

By JAMES P. DAWSON.

Jack Berg still is the world's junior welterweight champion of the National Boxing Association and a dangerous lightweight title contender in the Empire State of New York where the N. B. A. title no longer is recognized. He had a narrow escape, however, last night from toppling from the high and lofty throne on which he is perched, when he battled Joe Glick, rugged, hard-punching Williamsburg lightweight, in the feature bout at Madison Square Garden before about 10,000 excited fight fans.

Through ten rounds of punching which was tireless and ceaseless Berg and Glick fought all over the ring in as bitterly waged and desperately fought a fistic duel as the Garden has held in recent times. And at the finish Referee Jack Dorman and Judges Charles F. Mathison and Harold Barnes collaborated in an unanimous decision for Berg.

The decision was justified and not unexpected. Its unanimity was reflected in the disclosure by Chairman James A. Farley of the State Athletic Commission that no one of the three bout officials gave Glick more than two rounds, giving Berg the victory by a margin of eight rounds to two.

Berg had a narrow escape from a knockout when Glick, annoyed no end by the never-ending fire of his foe, cast discretion and caution to the winds and went out boldly to hammer Berg's body with smashes which hit home ruthlessly.

That the courageous English fighter stood up under the body fire was a testimonial to his admirable game-ness. That he came out from under the blows to hammer Glick in an almost uninterrupted onslaught bespeaks his original style among lightweights.

Berg Protests a Foul.

Berg faced a crisis in the eighth round and came through it admirably. He was hit with what he protested feebly was a foul blow when Glick directed a vicious left for the body in the heat of a rapid-fire exchange. Under the impact of the punch Berg fell helplessly against the ropes and seemed near a collapse.

Referee Dorman was in a quandary for a moment and looked to Judge Mathison, who was in a position to see the blow, for corroboration. Mathison's head nodded affirmatively. The roar of the crowd was aimed at Glick in condemnation. But by that time Berg had regained his feet and hobbled forward to resume the battle.

They went together and Berg went down under a left which landed solidly to the body, only to bob right up and chase Glick all over the ring in a furious onslaught which took the Williamsburg lad by surprise.

Berg had survived his most dangerous moment to come on fighting with increased fury through the remainder of the bout, and, though jarred at times by Glick's smashes, to forge steadily in.

In defeat Glick was far from disgraced. In this bout that was a last-minute substitute for the postponed Al Singer and Ignacio Fernandez match, the Williamsburg lad did himself proud and gave Berg perhaps the hardest ten rounds the little Englishman has ever experienced here in a year of fighting. Outhit three and sometimes four to one, Glick nevertheless fought back savagely and landed the heavier blows.

Gate Receipts Are \$39,210.

The fight fans who remained away from the battle in droves in a mistaken apathy toward the encounter, missed one of the finest fights of the season. The throng present paid gross receipts of \$39,210 for the spectacle, a disappointing turn out, judging from the brand of competition provided.

Glick was the harder hitter of the two, but he was at a disadvantage in the fact that the rapidity of Berg's blows completely overwhelmed him, as it has done others who faced the Englishman. In the first two rounds Berg swarmed all over his foe, lashing out tirelessly.

Berg was proceeding to duplicate his earlier performance in the third round when Glick aroused the crowd and angered the English lad by upsetting Berg with a straight stiff left to the face.

In the fourth session Berg opened an old cut over Glick's left eye, which put Glick under a considerable handicap. Through this round and the succeeding three sessions Berg carried the attack until it did not seem he could maintain such a pace. He did, however, until the eighth, when Glick's disputed left to the body laid him low temporarily.

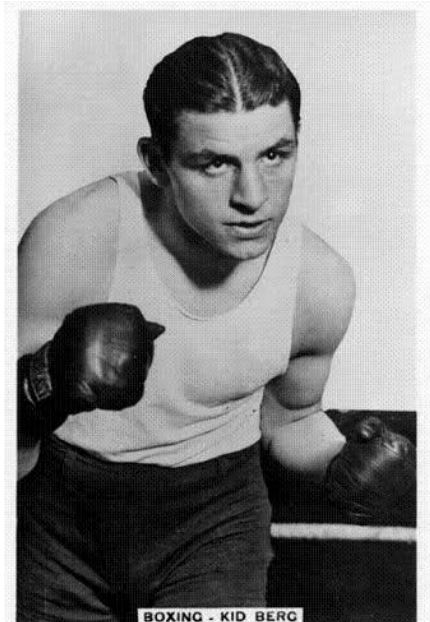
Berg weighed 139½ pounds, and Glick 137½.

V. Dundee Gets Decision.

Vince Dundee, Baltimore middleweight, won the decision over Ben Jeby, east side youngster, in the ten-round semi-final. Dundee was too much for the eager youngster Jeby, and out-boxed and out-fought the east sider despite the latter's game effort to avert defeat. Dundee weighed 156 pounds, and Jeby 157½.

In the first ten-round bout Joey Medill, Chicago welterweight, won the decision over Gaston Le Cadre, French lad, after ten hotly contested rounds. Medill weighed 140½ pounds and Le Cadre 140.

Al Rowe, Philadelphia lightweight, won the decision over Freddy Anderson, Norwegian, in their six-round struggle, while in the opening bout of four rounds Rocco Vigna, west side Italian, carried off the award over Benny Kunkas, Greek lightweight.



BOXING - KID BERG

Muldoon, the Czar of Boxing

MULDOON: THE SOLID MAN OF SPORT. By Edward Van Every. Illustrated. 364 pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$3.

THE full title of this book is "Muldoon, the Solid Man of Sport—His Amazing Story as Related for the First Time by Him to His Friend, Edward Van Every." But it is not in any sense an autobiography. It is a well-told narrative of the career of an amazing man, in which there is very little direct quotation of words uttered by William Muldoon—except that the chapter headings consist of original aphorisms by him. These pungent maxims expressing his manly and vigorous philosophy and stamped with a wisdom gleaned from a long life crowded with a diversity of experiences, show him to have been a keen student of his fellow-men and not of their bodies only; and to those who have heard of him simply as "The Czar of Boxing," or, perhaps, as the tyrannical director of a hygienic institute, they will appear of surprising worth and pith.

This philosopher, William Muldoon, was born on May 25, 1845, in what is now the village of Belfast, in Allegany County, N. Y., but what was then a little farm settlement in the Genesee Valley woods, where his father had acquired twenty acres of land. The father, who was an educated man and a surveyor, had come from Ireland by way of Canada, whither he had been sent in the employ of the British Government. That particu-

lar farm was an ideal spot for the building of a hardy constitution, and Muldoon's boyhood was hard-working and uneventful. At 14 he had the strength of a grown man, and at 18 he volunteered for service in the Civil War, joining the Sixth Regiment, New York, which saw plenty of action under General Sheridan through the Shenandoah Valley campaign, and on to Appomattox.

After the war Muldoon found himself in New York City and speedily found something to do. This was driving a horse and cart for twelve hours a day at \$12 a week. Soon he became interested in wrestling, and was able to augment his earnings by winning many matches. A few years later he became a policeman, and while on the force he founded the New York City Police Athletic Association. Also he won the Greco-Roman heavyweight wrestling championship—which no contender was ever able to wrest from him.

For more than a dozen years he toured the country as wrestling champion, finally passing the title on to Ernest Roeber. He went on the stage, and besides appearing with Robert Downing in "Spartacus," played the part of Charles, the Wrestler, in "As You Like It," in the company of Maurice Barrymore and Mme. Modjeska. Meanwhile, he had become more and more interested in pugilism, and in 1889 he undertook to rehabilitate John L. Sullivan, then a rum-soaked wreck. He took Sullivan to his old home at Belfast, N. Y., and

trained him in six weeks for his terrific battle of seventy-five rounds with Kilrain.

John L. Sullivan's triumph in the matter of brawn and condition over Jake Kilrain [says Mr. Van Every] was the turning point in the career of William Muldoon, an event that aroused the concern of the country during the year 1889. What is more important, an affair which was described as a brutal prize fight and a business that was outlawed in practically every State of the Union, was the means, nevertheless, whereby ideas on physical culture were revolutionized and the importance of physical hygiene emphasized. A long editorial in *The New York Sun* of July 1, 1889, said:

"If severe physical discipline can work such wonders with the wreck that Sullivan was when Muldoon took him in hand, what may not be done with hundreds of less aggravated cases of men who are worth infinitely more to their friends, society and the world in general than an army of Sullivans?"

Muldoon has known practically every boxer of his time, including every heavyweight champion from Sullivan to Tunney. He counted out Jim Corbett when Fitzsimmons became champion. He compelled Kid McCoy to fight on the level. He invented the shower bath and the medicine ball. He has served for many years as a member of the New York State Athletic Commission. Yet it was not until he was 50 years old that he started his real life work as director of the famous physical training institute the benefits of which have been enjoyed by some 20,000 men.

Canzoneri Shows Skill.

Canzoneri weighed 131½ pounds and Carlton 135 pounds. Canzoneri demonstrated tremendous superiority over his rival as a boxer from the opening gong. The Brooklyn Italian outboxed and outfought Carlton with a furious assault in the opening round and through the second round as well. Carlton, however, fought back desperately in the second round and in exciting exchanges returned Canzoneri's blows to the jaw while the crowd cheered.

Canzoneri devoted most of the third round to outboxing his rival, snapping Carlton's head back with a variety of accurate jabs. Late in the round Canzoneri rocked his rival with a solid right to the jaw, closing the round with a furious rally in an attempt to dispose of Carlton.

Solid rights to the heart at close quarters hurt Carlton in the fourth round and at long range Canzoneri kept his rival's head bobbing on the end of left jabs. Carlton, however, fought back grimly and with lefts and rights to the head and body made Canzoneri miss repeatedly.

Late in the round Canzoneri missed a left hook for the jaw and, tripping over Carlton's foot, almost fell headlong out of the ring. Canzoneri also took the fifth round, but found Carlton a difficult problem at close quarters, where the Jersey City youngster frequently reached the body with lefts and rights.

Carlton Is Jarred.

Canzoneri handled his rival as he pleased in the sixth round and on three occasions rocked Carlton with solid rights to the jaw. Carlton was criticized by the crowd in this round for holding.

Through most of the seventh round Canzoneri hammered his rival all over the ring in a spectacular bid for a knockout. Carlton, however, rallied from the punching and near the close of the round reached Canzoneri with a left hook to the jaw and a right to the heart.

Throughout the eighth round Canzoneri continued to batter his rival, driving home solidly with lefts and rights to the face and body and parrying most of Carlton's return.

Carlton pounded Canzoneri's body rather freely to start the ninth round, when Canzoneri acted as if he were weakening. But the Brooklyn Italian snapped out of his lethargy and through most of the round punched Carlton at will. Near the end of the round the heads of the boxers accidentally collided and Canzoneri suffered a cut over the left eye.

The battle closed with exciting action. Carlton fought desperately in a rally, but found Canzoneri ready for him. The Brooklyn Italian out-punched his rival in torrid exchanges and late in the round almost floored Carlton with a succession of rights to the jaw.

Wolff Wins in Third Round.

In the semi-final, Allie Wolff, former Penn State College student and intercollegiate boxing champion, scored his third straight professional ring victory. His latest victim was Jimmy Roberts, Greenwich Village light heavyweight.

Wolff scored his victory in the third round of what was scheduled to be a six-round bout, when Referee Eddie Forbes stepped between the rivals and waved Wolff to his corner the victor. Referee Forbes later authorized the announcement that he had disqualified Roberts for not putting forth his best efforts. Wolff weighed 167 pounds and Roberts 168.

Sammy Delson, east side lightweight, added Frankie Grecco, another east side youngster, to his list of vanquished rivals in their six-round bout. Delson's superior ability as a boxer earned him the decision in an interesting battle. Delson weighed 133½ pounds and Grecco 132½.

Freddie Anderson, Brooklyn lightweight, hammered his way to the decision over Lou Lambert of the east side in their six-round bout. Floored in the first round for the count of eight and again for the count of nine, Lambert rallied and made a desperate bid for victory, but Anderson was too much for him at every stage. Anderson weighed 134 pounds and Lambert 129½ pounds.

Sammy Fertel, east side featherweight, knocked out Sammy Fisher of the Bronx in the fifth round of their bout scheduled for six rounds. The finish came when Fisher, arising from a knockdown at a count of nine, was sent down and out under a left hook to the body. Fertel weighed 124½ pounds and Fisher 125¼.

Al Stampler, east side lightweight, knocked out Billy Tisdale of Brooklyn in the second round of the opening bout scheduled for four rounds. Referee Forbes stopped this bout after Tisdale had been floored three times. Stampler weighed 131 pounds and Tisdale 131½.

CANZONERI DEFEATS CARLTON ON POINTS

Batters Rival Steadily With a
Varied Attack in Bout at St.
Nicholas Arena.

WOLFF AGAIN IS VICTOR

Scores Third Straight Triumph as
Professional When, Referee
Disqualifies Roberts.

By JAMES P. DAWSON.

Tony Canzoneri of Brooklyn, who formerly held the world's featherweight title, carried off the decision over rugged little Harry Carlton of Jersey City last night in the ten-round feature bout at the St. Nicholas Arena and negotiated another step in the ring campaign outlined for him in a drive on another chance at the world's lightweight title.

In a battle that was crowded with action and that thrilled a crowd of about 2,500 fans, Canzoneri outboxed and outfought Carlton. That Canzoneri did not score a knockout victory is a testimonial to the endurance of Carlton and the Jersey City lad's resistance to punishment. Times without number Canzoneri crashed his right off Carlton's jaw at long range and at close quarters he drilled home savagely with a steady fire to the Jersey City boxer's body.

Carlton not only withstood this attack but fought back willingly. Throughout, however, Canzoneri's superiority was manifest and it was this advantage which enabled him to carry off every round.

FIELDS LOSES TITLE IN BOUT AT DETROIT

Welterweight Crown Passes to
Thompson, Coast Boxer, as
14,000 Fans Look On.

RESULT IS A RING UPSET

New Champion Convincingly
Shows He Is the Master in
Fifteen Torrid Rounds.

FIELDS BADLY PUNISHED

His Reign at an End After One Year
—Gate of \$70,000 Drawn by
the Show.

By JAMES P. DAWSON.

Special to The New York Times.

DETROIT, Mich., May 9.—Jackie Fields, stout-hearted Chicago fighter, reigned less than a year as world's welterweight champion. The lad who won the ring's 147-pound title from Joe Dundee last July 25, tonight went down to a crushing defeat before young Jack Thompson, Oakland, Cal., Negro welterweight, and lost the championship in fifteen rounds at the Olympia Arena.

Thompson battered Fields so convincingly that Referee Elmer (Slim) McClelland, one of the country's foremost ring arbiters, had no other course than to raise aloft the right hand of Thompson in token of victory.

When McClelland pushed Thompson's weary arm into the air, creating a new champion, boxing had its first Negro welterweight champion in the past decade and a half or since the days when Joe Walcott was in his prime.

Fields's Passing Spectacular.

The passing of Fields was spectacular. In his first defense of the welterweight crown he was thrashed as soundly as ever a ring champion has been beaten, hammered veritably from pillow to post in a pitiless bombardment of punches which left him almost helpless. He had nothing but courage and a true fighter's heart to carry him. But he did carry on, and under circumstances which would have discouraged a less hardy, determined ring warrior.

In defeat Fields gave an exhibition of gameness under adversity which commanded the admiration of the crowd of about 14,000 which paid \$70,000 in gross receipts. He left the ring with the plaudits of the fans ringing in his ears.

The verdict furnished a great upset. Few, if any, expected that Thompson, having twice bowed to the superior fighting of Fields, could conquer the Chicagoan in this, their third meeting. In California, two years ago, Fields gave Thompson a severe beating. Last year in Chicago Fields pounded out a victory over Thompson in a fight which had a riotous climax. It was small wonder, therefore, that Fields was held the favorite in the betting on tonights' battle with odds as high as 3½ to 1, and generally maintained at 3 to 1.

But the Fields who fought Thompson tonight had no chance whatsoever against the Oakland boxer. In ten of the fifteen rounds Thompson pounded his way past the best that Fields had to offer. The new champion, his efforts brushed aside in the first round and staggered under Fields's slashing, driving fire in the second, waged a hurricane battle which enabled him completely to turn the tables thereafter, and carry the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth rounds.

Weary and heavy footed Thompson stumbled through the ninth on even terms with the defending champion, but he recovered savagely in the tenth and eleventh and carried these sessions as well as the thirteenth and fourteenth.

Fields Electrifies Crowd.

The twelfth was about even and in the fifteenth Fields electrified the crowd with a closing rally which was more surprising than painful to Thompson at a time when each boxer had difficulty in raising his hands, they were so weary.

Fields won the round, but it was just so much wasted effort in a hopeless cause. He started the bout like a champion bent on a quick finish if possible. He finished the bout with a dramatic reflection of fury in the extent to which his ebbing strength permitted.

Thompson looked the champion tonight and not Fields. In the first round Fields, with his typical fiery attack, rushed pell-mell at Thompson, blinding him with left jabs, snapping left hooks to the jaw and head.

The second seemed to forecast an early end to the struggle, with Thompson the victim, for Fields staggered his opponent with a right to the jaw and drove him about the ring under an attack that had the Oakland boy groggy.

The third round saw the battle go to the other extreme. Thompson, temporarily unbalanced under a grazing left hook to the jaw early in the session, tore after Fields and from the pursued became the pursuer. From then on there was no doubt about the outcome. Fields weighed 145¾ pounds and Thompson 142¾.

Johnny Indrisano, Boston welterweight, hammered out a victory over Rudy Thomas, local fighter, in the eight-round semi-final. Indrisano weighed 147 pounds and Thomas 145¾.

Pee Wee Wilson conquered Carlo Mazzalo in a six-round battle of rival local featherweights tonight which aroused the excitement of the gathering as few preliminaries ordinarily would.

Referee Clarence Rosen awarded to Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids lightweight, the decision over Tony Pacelli of New Castle, Pa., in the opening bout of four rounds.

WOLGAST IS WINNER AND RETAINS TITLE

La Morte Collapses After the Fifth Round in Garden Fly- weight Contest.

LOSER HAS HEART ATTACK

Referee Scores Decision as Knock- out in Sixth—Dorfman Defeats Guida in Semi-Final.

By JAMES P. DAWSON.

Willie La Morte's flyweight championship aspirations ended abruptly last night in Madison Square Garden, where the little Newark Italian went down in defeat before Midget Wolgast, defending champion from Philadelphia, in their scheduled fifteen-round bout. The contest was halted following the close of the fifth round when La Morte, walking falteringly to his corner, suddenly collapsed, falling head foremost to the ring canvas.

A crowd of 5,096 fight fans, which paid \$15,127 to view the spectacle, was thrown into an uproar when La Morte collapsed. The going had been lively and Wolgast had subjected his rival to a rather severe body battering at close quarters and had annoyed La Morte no little with left hooks to the head at long range.

Left hooks to the body had a noticeable effect on La Morte during the fifth round, but he gave no indication of collapsing.

Dr. William H. Walker, State Athletic Commission physician, leaped into the ring as soon as the Newark lad collapsed. Dr. Walker, after a preliminary examination, ordered La Morte to his dressing room and after a thorough examination announced La Morte had collapsed from a spasm of the heart.

Boxer Goes to Hospital.

Although he said La Morte appeared in satisfactory condition and the boxer himself said he felt all right, Dr. Walker recommended La Morte's removal to the Polyclinic Hospital as a measure of caution. At the hospital La Morte received emergency treatment and was sent home.

The dramatic finish caused a knockout defeat to be chalked against the record of La Morte, but provoked the time-worn argument as to whether the knockout should be scored in the fifth round or the sixth. Referee Jim Crowley, before leaving the ring, said the knockout was scored in the sixth session, since the fifth round had been completed.

Judge Charles F. Mathison, whose counsel was engaged in writing the New York State Athletic Commission's boxing rules, insisted the knockout was scored in the fifth round under an understanding which makes the one-minute rest between rounds part of the preceding session. Mathison said that since the bell had not rung for the start of the sixth session, the fifth round was the concluding chapter of the fight.

Halts Wolgast Temporarily.

Wolgast was on the easy road to victory when the dramatic climax came. He had outpunched and outfought and outboxed La Morte through five solid rounds and appeared to be warming to his task when the finish came. Wolgast's

double-action left hook to the face was the first development of the battle and proved the champion's chief weapon of attack. It kept La Morte backing away in retreat.

In the first round La Morte twice drove solid right-hand smashes to the jaw and temporarily halted Wolgast. But the punches could not stop the champion and the Philadelphian quickly resumed the offensive in each instance and continued to pound and batter his foe.

Near the end of the fifth session Wolgast ripped home with two solid right-hand blows to the heart which, coupled with the fact that La Morte had difficulty making the weight, are believed to have induced the Newark challenger's collapse.

The outcome paves the way for a battle between Wolgast and Frankie Genaro, National Boxing Association flyweight champion, which is calculated to end the confusion surrounding the 112-pound title. Wolgast is the recognized champion here, and until last night La Morte held an interest in the crown by grace of a victory over Corporal Izzy Schwartz at a time when Schwartz was the titleholder.

Wolgast weighed 110½ pounds and La Morte 112.

Sammy Dorfman, east side lightweight, carried off the decision over rugged Eddie Guida of Harlem in their ten-round bout which served as the semi-final. Dorfman won the decision of Referee Jim Crowley and Judges Ray Farrell and Charles F. Mathison, after a battle that was lively and interesting throughout. The east sider had to survive a volcanic three-round closing rally, however, to insure his victory.

The small crowd did not like it when Judges George Kelly and Ray Farrell and Referee Danny Ridge gave Archie Bell, Brooklyn featherweight, the decision over Domenico Bernasconi, pugnacious Italian, in the first ten-round bout. Judged by the outburst of condemnation, not an observer in the paid assemblage agreed with the verdict. So noisy and sustained was the demonstration, in fact, that announcer Joe Humphries found it impossible to introduce the principals in the semi-final.

Martin Zuniga, California weatherweight, won the award over Sammy Fertel, east side lad, in the opening bout of four rounds.



Midget Wolgast

SINGER TRIUMPHS OVER FERNANDEZ

**Avenges Knockout Defeat by
an Impressive Victory in 10
Rounds at Garden.**

13,000 WITNESS THE BOUT

**Jack Sharkey Among the Spectators
—Scalfaro Is Winner in Semi-
Final Match.**

By JAMES P. DAWSON.

Al Singer evened scores with Ignacio Fernandez last night. The Bronx lad who will attempt to lift the world's lightweight crown from the brow of Sammy Mandell here on July 17 battered the Filipino through ten lightning-fast rounds last night at Madison Square Garden before about 13,000 fight fans who paid gross receipts of \$42,300, and at the end received the decision.

Singer failed to knock out Fernandez, and in this there may have been a measure of disappointment for the Bronx youngster, who entered the ring determined to avenge the three-round knockout he experienced at the hands of Fernandez a year ago. But from the first bell to the last, with the exception of one round, Singer did about everything else to the Filipino in one of his most convincing victories.

Through nine rounds Singer unleashed a storm of blows which baffled his opponent. He floored Fernandez for what is believed to be the first knockdown the Filipino has experienced in the first round and in the second he sent his rival to his finger tips.

Fernandez Electrifies Crowd.

Fernandez electrified the crowd and startled Singer with a desperate attack in the fifth round after some early brilliant boxing by Singer, and this outburst of furious, savage fighting made the Bronx fighter appear awkward.

Once out of this danger, Singer returned to his boxing and from the sixth session to the final bell, his exhibition was a characteristic demonstration of his ability as a boxer, one of the most superb of this generation. He had Fernandez rocky and dizzy. Fernandez summoned enough reserve strength for a savage closing round rally, which was short-lived, however, for Singer anticipated the move. Singer weighed 135 pounds and Fernandez 131.

Conspicuous in the gathering was Jack Sharkey, who was roundly applauded when he was introduced from the ring.

Scalfaro Outpoints Tarleton.

Joe Scalfaro, Harlem bantamweight, proved too aggressive for Nel Tarleton, English featherweight, in the ten-round semi-final. Scalfaro received the decision after punishing Tarleton through most of the ten rounds. He floored the English lad in the sixth for a count of eight. Scalfaro weighed 119½ pounds and Tarleton 125.

Lew Massey, Philadelphia featherweight, won the decision over Johnny McMillan, Scot fighter, in the first ten-round bout. Massey proved too strong and rugged for McMillan. Massey weighed 126 pounds and McMillan 126½.

Sammy Binder, east side featherweight, won the decision over Mickey Greb of Newark in their six-round bout. In the opening contest of four rounds Petey Hayes, east side bantamweight, won the decision over Al Peters, another east-sider.

SHARKEY'S STURDY LEGS GREAT ASSET

**Leonard Says He Looks
Part of a Boxer of Class
Amazed by His Speed Afoot, With
His Weight Above 200**

By BENNY LEONARD

(Retired Undefeated Lightweight Champion of the World)

ORANGETOWN, N. J., May 25 (N. A. N. A.)—I think it is pretty generally known by now that Jack Sharkey is conceded to have all the physical attributes of a great boxer.

Not the least important thing for a boxer to have is a pair of good legs. And Sharkey has fine legs. I studied Jack on the road the other morning. He runs more than any other heavyweight I ever have seen on the road. The fellow takes a great pride in his running ability, and it is because of his fondness for this form of exercise that he has developed such an excellent pair of legs.

Not only are the legs most essential in carrying the fighter in and out swiftly, but they are important in hitting. A fighter may have the most powerful arms, and yet not be much of a hitter if he has weak legs. You can't strike a very hard blow while sitting in a chair. The hardest punchers, you'll find, always have good, sturdy legs.

Big, but Shows Speed Afoot

Sharkey is a big fellow. He weighs over 200 pounds as he stands today, and yet he has no difficulty in moving about like a lightweight on his feet. In boxing with Sharkey I was amazed at the speed he shows afoot. I can travel pretty fast for a couple of rounds, and yet I found that Sharkey was stepping right along with me. He was on his toes and skipping along at a great rate, and this after having boxed with Johnny Grosso, Paul Cavalier and King Solomon.

The Sharkey leg is big, and yet it is so symmetrically formed that it doesn't look big. We put the tape on Jack's "pins" and found that his thigh measures 24 inches round, his knee is 17 inches, calf 15½ inches and his ankle 10 inches.

That's a pretty husky leg, and it is surprising that Sharkey is so fast. That is, it is surprising until you make a close examination of the limb. Here we find long, flat muscles, the kind that you find in track athletes. There is nothing knobby or corded in the musculature of the Sharkey leg. Nothing like the legs of wrestlers or professional strong men.

LA BARBA DEFEATS GRAHAM IN GARDEN

Ex-Flyweight Champion Scores in Easy Fashion in Main Bout of 10 Rounds.

CLOSING SHOW IN ARENA

Joe Dundee, Former Welterweight Champion, Gains Verdict Over Mason in Semi-Final.

By JAMES P. DAWSON.

Boxing in Madison Square Garden for the season of 1929-30 came to a close last night before a disappointing crowd of about 6,000 and with a feature bout that was far below standard from the standpoint of competition.

Fidel LaBarba, former flyweight champion, scampered off with a decision over Bushey Graham of Utica in ten rounds of what was advertised as fighting, but deteriorated into a pursuit race with LaBarba filling the rôle of pursuer. Hardly more than one round of good, solid fighting was crowded into the time occupied by the ten sessions. No fault could be found with the award.

LaBarba spent the night trying to catch his fleet-footed rival, and only occasionally succeeded. When he did he harried Graham with solid left hooks to the body and to the head.

Not a round did Graham win. His work was of an exclusively defensive nature. LaBarba, after being wild for three rounds, won seven rounds without being extended. LaBarba weighed 124 and his opponent 125½.

The paid attendance was 5,481 and the gross receipts amounted to \$17,119.

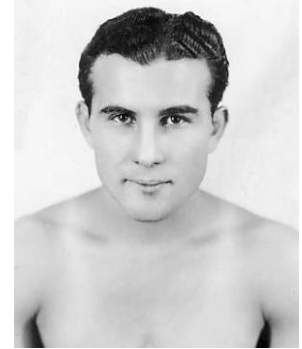
Joe Dundee, former world's welter-

weight champion, shattered the illusion that he is through as a fighter when he won the decision over Harry Mason, English welterweight, in the ten-round semi-final. On the verge of a knockout in the first round under Mason's powerful rights and lefts to the jaw, Dundee rallied like the Dundee of old and carried on to win. Dundee weighed 151 pounds and Mason 150.

Willie Siegal, east side lightweight, scored a victory over Phil Rafferty, west side, in their ten-round clash. Siegal came from behind to win for he was outboxed in the first round and floored in the second. But he rallied quickly and fought admirably, outscoring Rafferty six rounds to four. Siegal weighed 136 pounds and Rafferty 138.

Joe Barbara, east side lightweight,

won the decision over Rocco Vigna, west side, in the six-round preliminary. Barbara weighed 133 pounds and Vigna 131½. Sammy Farber, east side featherweight, and Martin Zuniga, Los Angeles, fought a draw in the opening battle of four rounds. Each boxer weighed 124 pounds.



ROSENBLOOM WINS; DEFEATS HOFFMAN

Harlem Boxer Takes Each of the 10 Rounds in Main Bout at the Queensboro.

GALLAGHER STOPS RIVAL

Knocks Out Ruggierello in Eighth—Olin and Garvey Also Win Their Matches.

By JAMES P. DAWSON

Maxie Rosenbloom, light heavyweight, who holds the National Boxing Association world's title, built himself up to an immature heavyweight last night at the opening of the Queensboro Stadium in Long Island City. Overcoming a weight handicap of 20½ pounds, he gave George Hoffman, young Yorkville heavyweight, an artistic boxing lesson.

These two ring rivals clashed in the feature ten-round bout on a card which attracted about 7,000 fans. From the opening bell until a finish that must have been welcome to Hoffman, Rosenbloom, slapped, cuffed, punched and hammered his rival in a tireless barrage.

Vote Unanimous Decision.

Referee Tommy Sheridan and Judges Charles F. Mathieson and Bob Cunningham voted a unanimous decision for Rosenbloom, and no fault could be found with the award. Rosenbloom won every one of the

ten rounds from a rival who was bewildered and, figuratively, blinded by the Harlem lad's variety of blows. Despite the fact that he was outclassed at every turn, Hoffman fought pluckily and courageously throughout, but found Rosenbloom and his peculiar style too great an obstacle to hurdle. Rosenbloom weighed 175½ pounds, just one-half pound in excess of the maximum for his class. Hoffman weighed 196.

Ruggierello Knocked Out.

Marty Gallagher, Washington heavyweight, knocked out Salvatore Ruggierello in the eighth round of their scheduled ten-round clash, which served as the semi-final. Ruggierello was so badly battered that Referee Sheridan interrupted hostilities in the eighth session. Gallagher weighed 200 and Ruggierello 206.

Ed Garvey, Yonkers heavyweight, knocked out Jack Marshling, east side, in the second round of their scheduled six-round battle, a left hook to the body finishing Marshling. Garvey weighed 222½ pounds and Marshling 185.

Bob Olin, east side heavyweight, won the decision over Ralph Ficucello, Brooklyn Italian, in their eight-round battle, but the decision proved decidedly unpopular with the crowd. Olin weighed 176 pounds and Ficucello 188.

In the opening bout of four rounds Secondo Gandini, Jersey City light-heavyweight, won the decision over Gene McCue, Yonkers.

Thames in English Football League.

LONDON, June 3 (Canadian Press Cable).—Merthyr Town will be missing when the English Football League, third division, southern section, begins its 1930-31 schedule in August. The Welsh team, which finished last in the section this Spring, was not re-elected. Gillingham secured re-election, and the place of Merthyr Town will be taken by the Thames Club. In the northern section of the same division Halifax Town and Barrow were re-elected.

SCHMELING WINNER ON SHARKEY'S FOUL; 80,000 AT TITLE BOUT

**Crown Goes to Europe for First
Time as Stadium Match
Ends in Fourth Round.**

RECEIPTS ARE \$700,000

**Crowd Cheers the Decision of
the Officials at Dramatic
Closing of Fight.**

AMERICAN AHEAD AT TIME

**Boston Boxer's Shower of Lefts and
Rights Kept German Rival on
the Defensive.**

By JAMES P. DAWSON.

One powerfully driven but erratic blow for the body, a conspicuously low, desperately powered left in a myriad of otherwise fair punches, cost Jack Sharkey, America's premier heavyweight, the world's heavyweight title last night.

Max Schmeling, Germany's likeness of Jack Dempsey, succeeded to the mythical throne abdicated by Gene Tunney and will carry the title to Europe for the first time in modern ring history. It is, however, the second instance of an alien holding the championship since such title was established, in John L. Sullivan's time, as one must recognize the reign of Tommy Burns, a Canadian.

In the fourth round of what was to have been a fifteen-round battle at the Yankee Stadium, staged in the interests of the Milk Fund, Sharkey was disqualified on a foul.

It was estimated by Madison Square Garden officials that the crowd was 80,000 and that the gross receipts would be at least \$700,000. Of this amount, each fighter, working on a percentage basis, would receive about \$175,000.

Finish Is Dramatic.

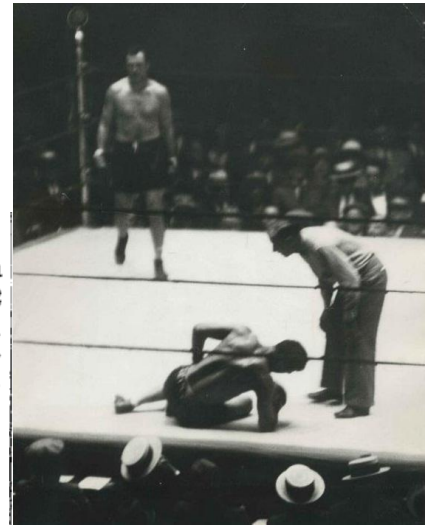
The finish came dramatically, in a pulse-quickenning contest, after 2 minutes 55 seconds of the fourth round, and at a time when Sharkey appeared well on the road to victory over the gallant lad from across the seas who disputed his right to the crown.

A low left hook, aimed for the body, but palpably a violation of ring ethics and code in the desperation with which it was driven, sent the German boxer groveling on the ring floor in pain.

Pandemonium broke loose in the ring among the officials and in the vast throng which crowded the three concrete tiers of the Stadium, the 17,000 ringside seats placed on the field and the serried rows of the bleachers in the far outfield of a ball yard converted for the occasion into a vast fight arena.

Referee Jim Crowley was in a quandary and hesitated in his action. He sought information from Judge Harold Barnes, who was in an excellent position to see the punch, since the action took place directly above him and the writer. Referee Crowley got the information he sought, for Judge Barnes vigorously shook his head in an affirmative indication of foul.

Still Referee Crowley hesitated, and the excitement of the crowd became intense. Crowley walked across the ring to Judge Charles F. Mathison on the opposite side of the square battle platform and was unrewarded, since Mathison was in no position to see the blow landing, because Schmeling's back was to him. A second time Crowley came over to Judge Barnes, and a third time. And then a fourth time. Always he received the same answer, an affirmative shake of the head, telling him that Sharkey had fouled Schmeling.



A low left hook sent Schmeling to the canvas in pain.

Confusion in Ring.

The bell ending the fourth round clanged and Schmeling's handlers, Joe Jacobs, Max Machon and Doc Casey, leaped through the ropes at a time when Referee Crowley seemed on the verge of starting a count. Timekeeper Arthur Donovan's arm was upraised outside the ring for an imminent count which never started because of the confusion.

Schmeling was writhing in pain, helpless, incapacitated by an illegal punch, and had to be carried to his corner. Sharkey was signaled quickly to his corner in the uproar, and for the minute's rest between rounds the confusion held sway. Manager Jacobs, strengthened by the decision of Judge Barnes on a foul, ranted all over the ring, and so did Manager Johnny Buckley for Sharkey, trying hard to convince Referee Crowley that no foul had been committed.

The bell rang to start the fifth round, and Sharkey leaped out of his corner and raced over to the corner in which the helpless Schmeling was writhing and groaning in agony. But he was restrained, and

Continued on Page Eighteen.

then Referee Crowley finally declared himself, advising Announcer Joe Humphries that he had disqualified Sharkey and given the victory to Schmeling on a foul.

The award stunned Sharkey. He was too overcome in the ring to say a word. But it was satisfactory to one of the greatest crowds ever to witness an outdoor fight, although it involved the winning of a heavy-weight title on a foul for the first time in modern history.

The nearest approach to this result is furnished in the memorable Sharkey-Jack Dempsey battle, in which Sharkey's claim of foul was disregarded and Dempsey was declared winner by a knockout.

Last night I was advantageously seated to the left of Judge Barnes and the action was directly above me. And I can say that the left hook which Sharkey directed for the body landed foul and merited disqualification because of its obvious disabling effect.

Medical science supported the disqualification of Sharkey for Dr. William H. Walker, State Athletic Commission physician, examined Schmeling immediately after the bout and announced he found unmistakable evidence that a foul punch had been struck.

Decision Meets With Approval.

The opinion of the crowd, too, supported the disqualification, for it welcomed the delayed announcement with cheers.

Outstanding in this momentous situation was Judge Barnes, a medium sized, slim, quiet man who faced perhaps the most trying situation a modern ring has produced, and gave the decision as he saw it.

With 80,000 persons looking on, with the ring's richest prize, the heavyweight championship of the world, the stake, and an American the loser by an honest decision, Judge Barnes had the courage of his convictions, remaining adamant against the repeated interrogations of a confused referee in an international battle that has no parallel for result.

Sharkey was a pitiful figure in defeat. He was utterly crushed. He did not become emotional or excited. He was the other extreme, melancholy, morose, shocked to speechlessness and incapable of action. His handlers raved and ranted, and all Sharkey did was stand motionless in his corner permitting his handlers to drape him with his navy blue bathrobe with the navy insignia on its back. Then he walked dejectedly from the ring, a crushed, disappointed figure if ever there was one.

Low Punch Is Costly.

And he had reason to be overcome with his sorrow. He had flipped away a promising chance to win the heavyweight title which Tunney laid aside through one single, solitary punch whose course he could not guide truly in his desperation before a charging foe who backed him to the ropes with a gallant rush.

That the low blow was unintentional was patent. It could not have been otherwise, because Sharkey was in front on the action of the bout, as far as it went, by three rounds.

The first session was about even, but the second and third and the fourth, up to within the fateful five seconds of its conclusion, went to the Boston ex-gob, who was boxing coolly, calculatingly, methodically, unemotionally, a battle such as he had furnished three years ago against Dempsey, and was on the high road to success.

Sharkey was the boxer and the sharp, true hitter last night against a foe whose courage was established, as was his resistance to punishment and his ability to survive in an emergency and be dangerous.

I am not prepared to say that Sharkey would have gone on to win the battle. He subjected Schmeling to every gun he had in those first three rounds and through part of the fourth. He had Schmeling in a precarious way in the third session when a barrage of rights shook and staggered the German boxer and sent him wobbling to the ropes.

Schmeling Equal to Emergency.

But in this emergency Schmeling was glorious, the true fighting man, pressing on and in, eternally on the attack, despite the buffeting to which he was subjected. And I have a well-grounded conviction that Schmeling would have taken everything that Sharkey had for perhaps half the battle and then came on to win against a discouraged Sharkey.

Schmeling gave early indications of the danger lurking in his powerful fists. He fought the fight of the challenger from the beginning, crowding, jamming, pushing in against the man he had to beat to win the title, in a manner which commanded the admiration of the crowd and the utmost respect from Sharkey.

He took Sharkey's jabs with indifference. He absorbed Sharkey's most powerful counters without weakening or cringing. His plan, quite obviously, was to crowd Sharkey until he had crowded him out of the title, and, though he was being subjected to a withering fire in his campaign, I believe he would have succeeded.

Schmeling had taken about the best Sharkey had to offer in the short time the bout lasted and he had given considerably of his own stock in trade. I doubt if Sharkey could have improved as the fight progressed, and I don't think Schmeling, who had weathered Sharkey's severe attack and continued to tear headlong, would have weakened.

Until last night there was a veil of doubt over Schmeling's ability to withstand punishment. He had never been forced to take punishment in his American ring appearances. But this doubt no longer has any justification. Schmeling cannot only take a punch but he can give one.

Schmeling Lands Right to Jaw.

He had Sharkey's lips dripping crimson from left hooks in the first round, and, pressing in against Sharkey's repeated left jabs, the German lad closed the first session with a smashing right to the jaw which stung Sharkey.

Sharkey's boxing carried the second session, and late in the round Sharkey drove a powerful right to the jaw which made Schmeling wince. Never, however, did Schmeling take a backward step. Always he plunged in, unmindful of the jabs which met him invariably, hooking short lefts to the head or pushing short rights for the jaw, and working both hands to the body in the clinches.

After outboxing Schmeling early in the third round, Sharkey suddenly brought a roar from the crowd when he shook the German lad with a

powerful right to the jaw which sent Schmeling backward to the ropes.

Another right followed, and another and another as Sharkey fought to batter down his foe. But Schmeling came out of the danger in splendid fashion. Before the bell Sharkey smashed home a wicked left hook to the body.

German Fresh Starting Fourth.

Schmeling came up apparently fresh for the fourth, and his rushes, as had been customary, were met with Sharkey's well-placed lefts and a series of rights to the head. Schmeling broke through with a sharp right to the jaw and Sharkey countered with a similar blow.

Sharkey undertook to follow this advantage, but rained his blows on the head of a rival whose vulnerable point was protected with crossed arms and blocking gloves. The action was exciting and pulse-quicken- ing, and the crowd was enjoying it. Schmeling was boring in repeatedly and backed Sharkey to the ropes with the attack. Then a left hook for the jaw drew a desperate left for the body which landed foul and ended the bout, giving Schmeling the title with the distinction of hav- ing his name inscribed on the Tun- ney-Muldoon championship trophy.

The result provided the climax to a series of eliminations which now end with Schemling the champion. In these eliminations foreign and na- tive born challengers, Victorio Cam- polo, Paulino, Phil Scott and Tom- my Loughran, were eliminated, leav- ing Sharkey and Schmeling the sur- vivors.

Fay Outpoints Hoffman.

Al Fay of Charleroi, Pa., won the decision over George Hoffman of Yorkville in a bruising ten-round bat- tle that served as the semi-final to the Schmeling-Sharkey bout. Hoff- man made a strong start but wearied under the strong pace set by his opponent as the bout wore on. In the closing sessions Fay had little difficulty reaching Hoffman with rights to the head but could not floor the local heavyweight. Fay scaled 192½ and Hoffman 192.

Henry Lamar of Washington out- pointed Mateo Osa, Spanish heavy- weight, in an eight-round prelimi- nary. The struggle, originally sched- uled for ten rounds, was abbreviated when rain threatened.

Lamar weighed 186 pounds, Osa 185.

Stanley Perada, Jersey City heavy- weight, carried off the decision over Paul Bianchi, South American, in six rounds. Referee Haley and Judges Kelly and Farley gave the award to Perada and the verdict was justified, for the Jersey City boxer won four of the six rounds, surviv- ing a dangerous two-round closing rally by Bianchi to retain his early lead.

Perada floored his rival in the first round and again in the third, but on neither occasion did Bianchi take a count. In the fourth session and again in the sixth both fell in scrim- mages.

Perada weighed 196 pounds, Bianchi 212½.

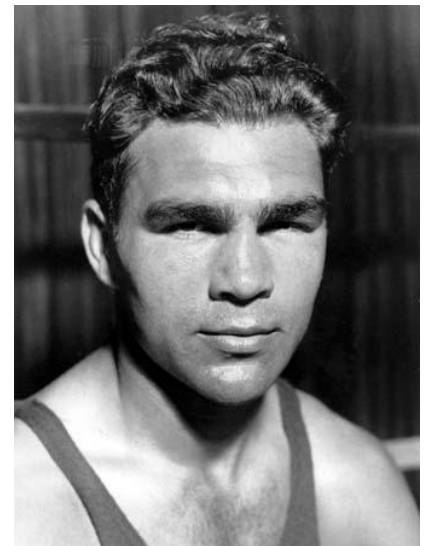
Ralph Ficucello, Brooklyn's young Italian heavyweight, knocked out Piet Brand, Hollander, in the third round of the scheduled six-round bout which opened the program.

After hammering his rival freely in the first two rounds Ficucello dropped Brand with rights to the jaw for counts of nine and eight in the third chapter, and as the Brook- lynite was about to finish his oppon- ent Referee Denning jumped be- tween the pair and waver Ficucello to his corner, the victor by a knock- out.

Ficucello weighed 186 pounds and Brand 169 pounds.

Holders of the World's Title Since Sullivan Won It in 1882

John L. Sullivan.....	1882-92
James J. Corbett.....	1892-97
Robert Fitzsimmons	1897-99
James J. Jeffries.....	1899-1906
Tommy Burns	1906-08
Jack Johnson	1908-15
Jess Willard	1915-18
Jack Dempsey	1919-26
Gene Tunney	1926-28
(Retired July 31, 1928.)	
Max Schmeling	1930-



Primo Carnera vs George Godfrey

By GRANTLAND RICE

BAKER BOWL, Philadelphia, June 23—True in every detail to the magnificent traditions of the modern American prize ring, George Godfrey waited until the middle of the fifth round before he threw a low punch deep into Primo Carnera's groin and thereby lost the battle.

As incredible as the statement may seem to thousands of fight fans, this battle of the behemoths ended in a foul while 40,000 customers sat back and howled in derision.

The two human mountains in pale flesh and ebony had been whaling away at one another's head and body with blows that sounded like thunder on the western front. Godfrey was ahead on points, but he was tiring fast.

Left Hits Far Below Line

A minute and 13 seconds of the fifth round had passed by with Carnera over near the ropes. He had just landed a hard right to Godfrey's head when the sable mammoth of Lelperville picked out a spot some eight or 10 inches below Carnera's belt line and then sunk his left far below the line.

Carnera fell like a grove of California redwoods. He whirled over and crashed to the floor, writhing along the floor of the ring like a cage full of pythons. The blow was either deliberate or Godfrey is the wildest swinger the ring has ever known.

Godfrey took his time, measured his man, started the punch almost from the floor and let it travel somewhere between Carnera's knee and the top of his belt.

Up to this point Carnera had put up a remarkable showing for a human mountain. Weighing 262 pounds, he had amazed the crowd of 40,000 packed around the park with his speed and agility and his ability to take and give. He lost the first two rounds by a shade to Godfrey's greater experience, but he won the third, came along nicely in the fourth and was much the fresher of the two when the negro giant lowered his sights by about two feet and broke up the show.

Carnera Surprises Tunney

These first four rounds were full of action. The two mammoths charged and slugged, throwing rights and lefts after the manner of 10-inch guns. Godfrey apparently was giving everything he had. On at least five occasions he measured Carnera for a whistling right and let him have it on the chin. On one occasion Carnera's head snapped back about two

feet. But the big Italian kept crowding in, and if he was hurt he failed to show it.

Godfrey, weighing 250 pounds, looked like a mountain of coal when he finally stretched the ropes far enough apart to crawl through. He was fat from head to ankles. Carnera, weighing 262, was almost perfectly proportioned, except for the fact that his varicose veins were larger than the two-inch ropes around the ring. They might have been used for giant cables.

Yet the Italian mastodon was surprisingly fast. He stepped around lightly and swiftly, even for a 200-pounder. He lacked experience, but he showed more than usual promise.

Gene Tunney and Jim Corbett, two ex-heavyweight champions, who know what boxing is, both admitted that Carnera was far above their expectations. They had expected to see a mass of human flesh floundering around the ring and they saw a much faster man than Godfrey ever was.

Foul Costs Godfrey \$5000

Strangely enough Carnera had the better of the infighting with something to spare. Starting the fourth round Godfrey with a discouraged look, threw in one or two low punches as if to test the range. Carnera complained of one, but the referee told the Italian to go ahead, after warning his opponent.

Godfrey still had a slight edge through the fourth round, where he again seemed to throw all he had in the way of rights and lefts to the head and body. Some of these carried enough to dismantle a battleship.

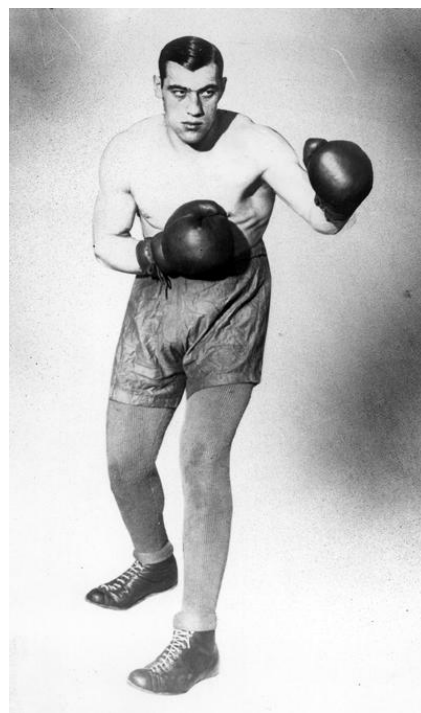
But Carnera not only took them all, but he took them without blinking an eye. He merely kept on crowding in, whaling away with both hands. It was at the end of the fourth round that Godfrey looked as if he were ready to call it an evening and go back to his porkchops.

He did no great damage in the fifth and after slightly more than a minute of fighting he threw in the low punch that broke up the show. This punch ended Godfrey's career in the American ring. It also cost Godfrey \$5000 as they enforce the law here in Philadelphia and he will be paid only as far as he fought, \$1000 a round.

What about Carnera? He looks to be a championship prospect.

He is extremely fast for a big man, a fair boxer, a hard hitter and a glutton for punishment. He had Godfrey's lips bleeding from short punches and one of the Negro's eyes had a queer look, as if it intended to close shop in a few minutes.

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ROSENBLOOM WINS; DEFEATS SLATTERY

Gains Light-Heavyweight Title
by Decisive Victory in 15
Rounds at Buffalo.

By JAMES P. DAWSON.

Special to The New York Times.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 25.—Maxie Rosenbloom tonight won undisputed possession of the world's light-heavyweight championship which Tommy Loughran discarded when he entered the heavyweight ranks. The eccentric ringman from New York overcame the only obstacle to the 175-pound throne tonight when he battered his way to the decision over Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo in fifteen rounds.

The decision which made Rosenbloom champion was a divided one and it was altogether unpopular, as could be expected, since the New Yorker figuratively came into Slattery's own backyard to battle the home-town pride. But no other decision was possible.

Haley Votes for Slattery.

Referee Patsy Haley constituted the minority in the vote. He gave his decision to Slattery. Judges George Partrick and George Kelly cast their ballots for Rosenbloom.

The decision was greeted with a round of hisses and jeers by an excited crowd of close to 15,000 which paid about \$60,000 to view the spectacle, but there was no justification for the outburst, beyond local sentiment. Rosenbloom won eight of the fifteen rounds after a valiant effort.

Rosenbloom had to fight one of the best battles of his career to win the crown. The Slattery of tonight was not the Slattery of old, it is true, but he had trained steadily and conscientiously for this battle and entered the ring as near physical perfection as it is possible for him to be now, and prepared to make a gallant stand. He did and went down with colors flying, simply because Rosenbloom was not to be denied in the realization of his life's ambition.

Rosenbloom, getting off to a poor start in the sixth battle against a lad who had conquered him four times previously, started to make his efforts effective with the fourth session. He won this round and the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth.

He annexed the eleventh, and then in a determined offensive to overcome the desperate, last-minute rally of Slattery to stave off defeat, overcame the local lad in the fourteenth and fifteenth rounds.

Slattery won the second and third rounds, and rallied to win the ninth, tenth and thirteenth. In the first and the twelfth sessions the action, always bitter with neither asking or giving quarter, found honors about even. Rosenbloom entered the ring the recognized champion of the National Boxing Association. Slattery was the recognized champion in this State, having won the title here last February in a battle with Lou Scozza.

When they weighed in in the afternoon Rosenbloom tipped the scales at 170½ pounds and Slattery at 166½.

J. Spagnola Scores Knockout.

Johnny Spagnola knocked out Eddie Moore in a scheduled six-round battle of local welterweights, crushing Moore under a solid right to the jaw after 24 seconds of the fifth session. Spagnola floored his rival three times.

In a scheduled six-round battle, Gene McCue, New York City light-heavyweight, was knocked out in the third round by George Nichols, a local southpaw. The bout served as the semi-final.

Charley Spagnola, local lad, and Eddie Sears of Lackawanna opened the card in a four-round bout which ended with Spagnola getting the decision of referee Jack Michaels of Syracuse and Judges George Kelly, Yonkers, and Billy Gray, Syracuse. The boxers are welterweights.

Ray Keller and Nelson Decharles, rival Buffalo heavyweights, were next in the ring, scheduled for a four-round encounter. This ended abruptly in the second round, however, when Decharles sank under a powerful left and right to the jaw, to be counted out.



Notes

The title had been vacated by Tommy Loughran when he entered the heavyweight ranks. Rosenbloom was recognized by the NBA as World Champion; Slattery was recognized by the NYSAC. The verdict was "highly unpopular" with the 15,000 fans. The United Press score sheet gave Rosenbloom 8 rounds and Slattery 4, with 3 even. Referee Patsy Haley, after being almost knocked out by one of Rosenbloom's wild swings, gave his decision to Slattery. He was overruled by two judges,

TEXAN WINS CROWN, DROPS FOE 4 TIMES

Referee Stops Garden Fight After Jenkins Knocks Down Ambers Twice in Third

15,000 SEE FAST BATTLE

By JOSEPH C. NICHOLS

Lew Jenkins, the skinny kid from Sweetwater, Texas, bombed his way to the lightweight championship of the world at Madison Square Garden last night.

Given hardly a chance in the pre-battle calculations, the hard-hitting warrior knocked out the Herkimer Hurricane, Lou Ambers, in 1 minute and 29 seconds of the third round of what was to have been a fifteen-round bout.

His slight frame giving little evidence of the punching power in his sturdy fists, Jenkins thrilled a gathering of 15,000 fans by flooring the defending champion four times before Referee Billy Cavanagh intervened to save Ambers from further punishment.

In stopping Ambers, the Texan succeeded where such hard-hitting fighters as Tony Canzoneri, Jimmy McLarnin, Henry Armstrong and Pedro Montanez had failed. The Herkimer warrior had been floored several times in his long career, but never before had he suffered the bitter pangs of a knockout.

Ambers Held at 1-4

So durable was Ambers and so much confidence was placed in his experience and ring generalship that he was the prohibitive choice at odds of 1 to 4 to defend his laurels successfully against the former cavalry soldier.

Jenkins, however, gave not a thought to the odds and set after the champion with the opening bell. Before the fight was a minute old he had the champion on the floor.



Shortly after the bell called the warriors into action Jenkins tested Ambers with a long right to the chin. The blow landed squarely and the champion shook under its force. The Texan, taking advantage of this sudden turn in his favor, lost no time. He feinted Ambers into position and shot another right to the jaw. This punch sent Ambers to the floor. He took a count of five in a kneeling position.

On arising, Ambers took command of the situation and he flecked his left into Jenkins's face steadily, bothering the Texan and forcing him to miss with his long right returns.

Rally by Up-Stater

In the second round his earlier success threatened to become only a fond memory to Jenkins as he was repeatedly beaten to the punch by Ambers in the long exchanges. But the Texan, refusing to lose his head, boxed cautiously and awaited his opportunity. When it presented itself, he punched quickly, unleashing a surprisingly hard left hook that once more spilled Ambers for a count of five.

The latter seemed in good shape on arising and traded lefts with his foe. Then Jenkins struck with a lightning right to the jaw simultaneously with the sound of the bell. Neither fighter heard the gong and Jenkins drove home two more rights to the chin before the referee intervened.

Sensing that his rival was in a weakened condition by this time, Jenkins carried a reckless attack to Ambers in the third. He sailed into the champion with both hands flying to the head and succeeded in beating Ambers to the canvas for a count of seven.

It was evident that the end was near for Ambers, for he was groggy on arising. He gamely turned to face his foe and even engaged in a punch exchange with him. His efforts were feeble, however, while Jenkins's carried so much force that they sent the champion to the canvas a fourth time.

The Herkimer athlete took a count of nine with his eyes fixed on his corner. When he got to his feet, he sought to hold but Jenkins shook himself loose and proceeded to send a steady, two-fisted attack to the head until Cavanagh brought a halt to the one-sided affair.

Jenkins weighed 132 pounds, while Ambers scaled 134½.

Weakened Making Weight

Ambers attributed his defeat to the difficulty he had getting down to weight. He admitted Jenkins carried too many guns for him and that in the future he would fight only welterweights.

The official paid attendance last night was 13,186 and the receipts were \$57,992.

Marty Servo of Utica defeated Maurice Arnault, French lightweight, in the six-round semi-final after the main bout. Servo was in command through the battle and several times came close to dropping his foe. The winner weighed 138½ and Arnault 138.

The last three rounds of the bout were fought while President Roosevelt's speech was broadcast through the amplifiers, and cheers for the warriors were lacking.

In a six-rounder, also held after the main bout, Paco Villa of Mexico fought a draw with Charley Varre, Brooklyn lightweight. Both fighters showed less inclination for science than for slugging, and their efforts were well received by the onlookers. The weights were 127 for Villa and 130¼ for Varre.

Charley (Lulu) Constantino, East Side featherweight, outpointed Norman (Hi Ho) Silver of Brownsville in a well-fought six-round bout. The pair traded punches eagerly all the way, with Constantino landing the sharper and heavier blows. He weighed 124 pounds, as against 125½ for Silver.

Artie Dorrell, shifty welterweight from Dallas, Texas, appeared to good advantage in stopping Sean Hynes of Ireland in the final round of a scheduled four-round fray.

The winner weighed 145½ and the loser 144½.

In the opening bout on the card Aaron Seltzer of the Bronx carried off the decision over Danny Sinnott, a sectional rival. Seltzer weighed 125¾ pounds, Sinnott 122½.

ARMSTRONG STOPS JUNIOR IN SEVENTH

Retains World Welterweight
Title When Referee Calls
Halt in Boston Fight

16,469 SEE FAST MATCH

Loser Is Floored Five Times
Before End—Bell Saves
Him in First Round

By The Associated Press.

BOSTON, April 26—Hammering Henry Armstrong defended the last of the three world championships he has held, the welterweight title, by scoring a seven-round technical knockout over Paul Junior, courageous Lewiston, Me., veteran, tonight at the Boston Garden.

During the scheduled fifteen-rounder, Junior, whose battered face has stopped 1,000 fists during his long career, was dropped five times by the Negro.

Armstrong, who appeared to have no fear of his canny opponent, opened the battle with a wild attack, battering Junior to the canvas twice with rapid-fire hooks to the head. The bell came to Junior's rescue after he sank the second time.

Junior in a Rally

Both fought out of a crouch and their heads were together most of the time, a style that enabled Junior to score effectively with uppercuts. After Junior took the second and third rounds by slight margins the champion became serious and they divided the honors during the fourth frame.

Armstrong came out fighting to start the fifth, and from long range punished Junior about the body.

This session took much out of the Maine veteran and he was hopelessly outclassed during the sixth, when he fell for another nine count as Armstrong punched his head with short hooks.

The first hard blow of the seventh, a zipping right to the jaw, dropped Junior again, and after he took another nine count, Armstrong set himself for the finishing blow. As Junior struggled to his feet, Armstrong leaped at him and was battering him down when the referee intervened after a minute and five seconds.

The setback was only the eleventh that Junior has suffered during his ten-year campaign.

BALTIMORE BOXER WINS DECISIVELY

Jeffra Takes Featherweight
Crown Recognized Here
and in Maryland

ARCHIBALD DOWN THRICE

Is Floored in Second Round,
Twice for Nine Count—
4,500 Cheer Verdict

By The Associated Press.

BALTIMORE, May 20—Harry Jeffra of Baltimore settled his grudge with Joey Archibald tonight by gaining a fifteen-round decision over the Providence (R. I.) fighter in a bout billed as a battle for the world featherweight championship.

Jeffra scored by a wide margin. The unanimous decision was cheered by a capacity crowd of 4,500 in the Coliseum. Jeffra weighed 123½ and Archibald 122.

The Maryland and New York boxing Commissions recognized Jeffra, former bantamweight champion, as the new king of the division.

Sixto Escobar, Puerto Rican, who took the bantamweight crown from Jeffra, challenged the winner. Escobar is now campaigning as a featherweight.

Going out determined to avenge his much-disputed loss to Archibald in Washington last Fall, Jeffra hammered away at Joey throughout the fifteen rounds and never was in serious trouble.

Barely Averts Knockout

He came within an ace of knocking out Archibald in the second round when he floored the Providence fighter three times, twice for counts of nine, with booming rights. Archibald barely weathered that flurry.

This bombardment followed a listless first round. Jeffra connected with an overhand right that sent Archibald against the ropes, and while his opponent was still dazed, pumped a vicious right to his jaw.

Archibald hit the canvas with a resounding thump and the resin dust welled up about him as he crouched on his hands and knees with a hurt, bewildered look. He took a count of nine and came back, only to have Jeffra bounce him to the floor again for the same count. Archibald went down once more just before the round ended.

Archibald Comes Back

The Rhode Islander was not able to do any harm to Jeffra in the next few rounds, but toward the middle of the fight he was coming back strong, pumping lefts and rights to Jeffra's body.

The Associated Press score sheet gave Jeffra seven rounds and Archibald three, with five even.

Archibald's most serious attack came in the eighth and ninth, when he made Jeffra wince with solid lefts to the body. Archibald's eyes were cut, but that appeared to bother him little.

Three Claimants of Title

Jeffra's triumph over Archibald reduces the number of featherweight championship claimants to three. The New York State Athletic Commission and Maryland recognize Jeffra as titleholder by virtue of his success last night. The National Boxing Association regards Petey Scalzo of New York as the 126-pound king while the Louisiana State Commission looks upon Jimmy Perrin of New Orleans as champion. The Louisiana Commission, incidentally, is a member of the N. B. A.

WASHINGTON BOXER UPSETS CHAMPION

Overlin Dethrones Favored
Garcia, Taking Unanimous
Decision Before 7,587

STRATEGY BAFFLES LOSER

Right Shakes Coast Fighter
Early—Steve Belloise Wins
Garden Bout in First

By JOSEPH C. NICHOLS

Ken Overlin, Washington middleweight, ascended to the championship of his division last night by trouncing Ceferino Garcia of Los Angeles in a fifteen-round struggle at Madison Square Garden. Waging a skillful, bewildering battle, the District of Columbia warrior surprised a gathering of 7,587 fans by decisively outpointing the harder-hitting but inaccurate Filipino.

Garcia, favored at odds of 5 to 8 to dispose of his veteran challenger, was a disappointment to his followers. Expected to blast his foe to the ground with his famed right-hand punch, the defending champion instead allowed the challenger to dictate the procedure of warfare, then his foe proceeded to outpoint him at every turn.

There was no question whatever of Overlin's triumph, Referee Arthur Donovan and Judges Steve Hamas and George Le Cron all casting their ballots in favor of the challenger.

Baffled by a Left

Whatever shortcomings Garcia may have evinced in the battle, there was no denying that Overlin turned in a classic performance indeed. His ring generalship amazed the onlookers. His left hand baffled Garcia as the Filipino tried over and over again to get close enough to land his vaunted "bolo" punch, a right-hand uppercut that in the past had served Garcia well.

On the few occasions that Garcia did connect with the right Overlin added to his opponent's bewilderment by refusing to fall. As a matter of fact, instead of falling, he confounded the Filipino by abandoning his boxing tactics and electing to swing into close quarters and trade punch for punch with the titleholder.

There were no knockdowns, although Garcia was on the floor in the first round. Overlin, contrary to everything expected of him, walked into his foe with the starting bell and sent a right-hand smash to the jaw, shaking the Filipino.

Garcia fell into a clinch, but Overlin shook free and Garcia slipped to the floor. He was up without a count and walked into left-hand fire through the rest of the chapter.

Off To Wide Lead

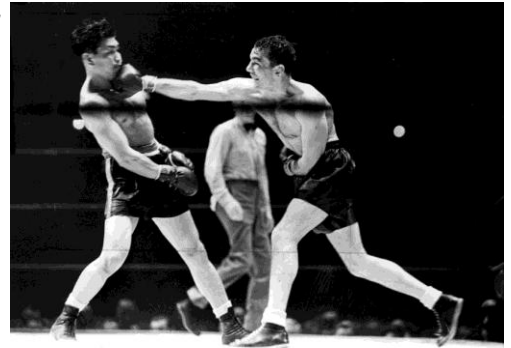
For the first six rounds Overlin had things practically all his own way as he blinded the Filipino with series of lefts to the face, interspersed, whenever he was stung, by sharp rights to the jaw.

In the seventh round Garcia managed to reach the challenger with two rights to the jaw, but all his success brought him was a determined counter-attack. Garcia tagged Overlin with his right again in the eighth, but once more the Washington warrior fought back gamely.

It seemed that Garcia's achievements in these two rounds were strong enough to take all the fight out of Overlin, for he appeared unsteady in the eighth. But the champion, hesitating for some reason to continue firing his right, gave Overlin time to recover, and the Washington boxer took the round.

The challenger had a distinct advantage in the tenth, but his fire was wild and a low blow cost him the session officially. He was careful after that, made the Filipino fight exactly as he wanted him to, and easily took three of the following five rounds.

Realizing that Garcia was ever dangerous because of his punch, Overlin held through most of the final round. With about fifteen seconds to go, however, he elected to trade with the champion and thrilled the crowd with his reckless stand.



The winner weighed 159, as against 154½ for Garcia. The receipts were \$15,710.

Overlin's title as middleweight ruler is recognized in New York State. The National Boxing Association champion is Al Hostak of Seattle.

Referee Ends Bout

Steve Belloise, Bronx battler who has run up an impressive string of victories this year, upset Vic Dellicurti of Harlem in the semi-final, listed for eight rounds. Belloise stopped his foe in 1:24 of the first round after having floored him twice.

Dellicurti, who was the favorite at odds of 5 to 9, weighed 147 pounds and Belloise 148.

Ernie Vigh, 160½, of Newburgh, scored a first-round knockout over Henry Chmielewski, 160, of Old Orchard, Me., in the first scheduled six-rounder.

In another six, José Basora, 153½, of Puerto Rico, defeated Milo Theodorescu, 149½, of Rumania. Before the decision was announced, Theodorescu tore a page out of Arturo Godoy's book, kissing his opponent. Not satisfied with that, the Rumanian kissed his rival's seconds, the referee and Announcer Harry Balogh.

Pete Asero, 148, of the East Side gained a decision over Norman Hurdman, 147½, of Toronto in a four-round battle. The opening four was won by Mutt Womer, 159½, former boxing star at the University of Virginia, who outpointed George Costulis, 161, of Pittsburgh.

Conn Beats Lesnevich at Detroit To Keep Light-Heavyweight Title

Champion Rallies to Win Close 15-Rounder and Now Plans Campaign for Heavyweight Laurels—Only 6,075 Watch Fight

By The Associated Press.

DETROIT, June 5—Billy Conn, smiling, dancing Irishman from Pittsburgh, successfully defended his world light-heavyweight boxing championship tonight by earning a close fifteen-round decision over Gus Lesnevich, plodding challenger from Cliffside Park, N. J. Each man weighed 173½ pounds.

The second bout between the two was almost an exact repetition of their first engagement in New York last November, with Conn behind going into the sixth round and then coming on to win.

There was only one knockdown—scored by Conn in the final round—and it was questionable. Lesnevich went to the floor momentarily after taking a left hook on the chin in a corner that was slippery from water spilled from a bucket.

Lesnevich, at a disadvantage in reach, gave Conn considerable trouble in the early stages with a body attack at close quarters, but the darting, jabbing Conn won all except one of last six rounds, losing the tenth on a low blow.

Lesnevich's best chance came in the fifth. Just before the bell he dazed Billy with a right cross and followed up with a left hook that sent the champion against the ropes.

The decision of Referee Sam Hennessey and Judges Michael (Dad) Butler and Harry Hall was unanimous. Hennessey gave seven rounds, Hall eight and Butler six to Conn. The officials called several rounds even.

The bout was fought in sultry heat before 6,075 persons who contributed a net gate of only \$17,048.40, a disappointing house for the co-promoters, Mike Jacobs of New York and John Nelson of Detroit.

It was Conn's third successful defense of the championship that he won last July from Melio Bettina. Before the fight Conn said that if he won he would quit the 175-pound class to campaign among the heavyweights, aiming for a shot at Champion Joe Louis.

The results of the preliminaries follow:

James Edgar, 143½, Detroit, scored a technical knockout over Billy Starkell, 141, Flint, Mich., in the first round.

Don Siegel, 206½, Detroit, knocked out Sandy McDonald, 214½, Dallas, in the second round.

Jimmy Webb, 171½, St. Louis, defeated Willie Pavlovich, 172, Cliffside Park, N. J., in six rounds.

Bob Smith, 171, Pittsburgh, outpointed Willie Williams, 178, Detroit, in a six-rounder.

BOMBER IS WINNER ON 3D KNOCKDOWN

Referee Steps In After Louis
Right to Jaw Drives Godoy
to Canvas for Last Time

FINAL COUNT IS WAIVED

Chilean, Previously Down for
6 and 8, Seeks to Continue,
but Is Restrained

By JAMES P. DAWSON

In a battle that went back to the Dark Ages, Joe Louis last night knocked out Arturo Godoy, Chilean challenger for the world heavyweight championship, to retain his title and maintain a record that says he will knock out any man who goes the distance with him and consents to a return match.

Before 27,786 men and women who had paid \$149,505, Louis knocked out Godoy in the eighth round of what was to have been a fifteen-round battle at the Yankee Stadium. He battered the stout-hearted, rock-ribbed, iron-jawed Chilean into such a helpless state that Referee Billy Cavanagh wisely and mercifully stopped the battle when the eighth round had gone 1 minute 24 seconds.

In the record books this will go down as a technical knockout for Louis. But it loses none of its finality or its decisiveness for all that. Referee Cavanagh elected to dispense with a count that would have been a routine gesture.



Thoroughly Beaten Fighter

At the time of the referee's intervention Godoy was as thoroughly beaten as any fighter possibly could be—and live. He had been knocked down three times, once in the seventh for a count of six, when the bell came to his rescue, and twice in the eighth session.

When the challenger went down early in the eighth round, knock-down time-keeper Jim Crowley, working in unison with Referee Cavanagh, tolled "eight." When Godoy went down again under the Brown Bomber's pulverizing right-hand drive to the jaw in a punching volley, Cavanagh didn't even bother to start a count. He didn't have to. To have permitted the battle to proceed would have been butchery, and there had been enough of that.

With the ending, the thousands in the stands and in the ringside seats, a gathering that was small but representative, witnessed one of the wildest scenes a heavyweight championship bout has ever provoked. Pandemonium broke loose when Referee Cavanagh assisted Godoy to his feet for the Chilean, though battered within an inch of his life, still was full of fight and resented with a demonstration of physical force the intervention that probably saved him a siege in a hospital.

Bull in China Shop

With half a dozen handlers and friends hanging grimly to his broad shoulders and tugging frantically at his arms, Godoy slugged his way around the ring from his own corner, near which he went down, to the corner of Louis. He wanted to continue fighting and was like a bull in a china shop, impressing this on Referee Cavanagh and his handlers and friends.

Louis, who had climbed partly through the ropes as a cordon of policemen took possession of the ring, quickly clambered back and squared off to defend himself against an expected rush. But none came. Wiser heads prevailed and finally calmed Godoy, bellowing into his ear that his fighting for the night was over, fortunately for him.

In winning this bout Louis once again proved himself one of the greatest fighters in the long history of heavyweight champions. He fought one of his greatest battles to achieve the downfall of his foe, although it was by no means as attractive or appealing from a boxing standpoint as some of his others to which boxing followers have become accustomed.

This was no square-off, stand-up fight. It was an abysmal thing, a primitive clash of the survival of the fittest in which styles were tossed to the winds. Like two beasts of the jungle in a death grip, champion and challenger fought locked from the first bell to the finish, neither asking nor giving quarter, swinging and swaying, tugging and mauling, wrestling and clinching, hammering, hammering, hammering all the time.

No Chance to Show Finesse

One of the craftiest and coolest boxers of the day, a sharp-shooting marksman with a bomb-like blow that has earned him his nom de ring, Louis had absolutely no chance to show any of his ring finesse.

Instead, the Bomber had to fight Godoy's way, punching and jolting, flailing and stinging, as the fearless Chilean charged bullishly at him from the time the first bell sent the combatants on their way.

Obviously Godoy's plan was to attempt to wear Louis down, banking on his own tremendous strength to withstand whatever blows the champion would drill home in the hope Louis would weaken so that the Chilean would become the first South American ever to win the heavyweight title.

There was something in this plan from the Godoy standpoint. He had survived fifteen rounds against Louis last Feb. 9 in Madison Square Garden. He had never been knocked off his feet before last night. He was supremely confident; trained as he had seldom before been trained.

But Godoy reckoned without Louis and therein lay his mistake. The very way in which the champion, notoriously weak against a fighter who works out of a crouch, adjusted himself to fight his rival's style made the battle one of the greatest in the brilliant career of Louis, certainly an outstanding one among

the eleven in which he has defended his crown since winning the title from James J. Braddock in Chicago three years ago tomorrow.

Louis wanted to beat Godoy just exactly as he did. He wanted to punish and knock out the Chilean because Louis resented the fact that Godoy made him appear at a disadvantage last February with a style that confounded the champion.

Godoy revealed his plan with the opening bell. It was to stay close to Louis for the double purpose of preventing the Bomber from getting a long-range shot at a vital spot and to harry and punish Louis about the body with round-house swings to the ribs and mid-section. As far as it went, this plan was perfect. The trouble with it was that it didn't go far enough.

Bouncing out of his corner springily with the clang of the first gong, Godoy ran smack into a fusillade of short-arm jolts to the head, face and jaw immediately he got close enough to Louis. There was no open fighting thereafter.

Loser's Left Eye Cut

One right-hand drive cut Godoy over the left eye before the first round ended. That gave Louis a target at which to shoot, and he shot at it all night.

Through six rounds and part of the seventh the action was the same. Godoy charged courageously and Louis met each rush with short-arm jolts.

The challenger dug into the champion's ribs repeatedly with solid lefts, but was frustrated whenever he tried to get past Louis's protecting arms with a vital blow to the mid-section. Joe kept hammering away at Godoy with those punishing short lefts and rights. These blows had both fighters blood-spattered from the second round. The blood came from Godoy's bad left eye.

They were proceeding along the established battle plan in the seventh when Godoy, after missing a swishing right for the jaw, suddenly rocked under a left hook followed by a right to the jaw. Louis was on him in a flash, belaboring the Chilean with a savage volley of lefts and rights to the head and jaw that finally crumpled Godoy for a count of six. The bell rang the end of the round before Louis could follow his advantage after Godoy sprang erect with surprising agility.

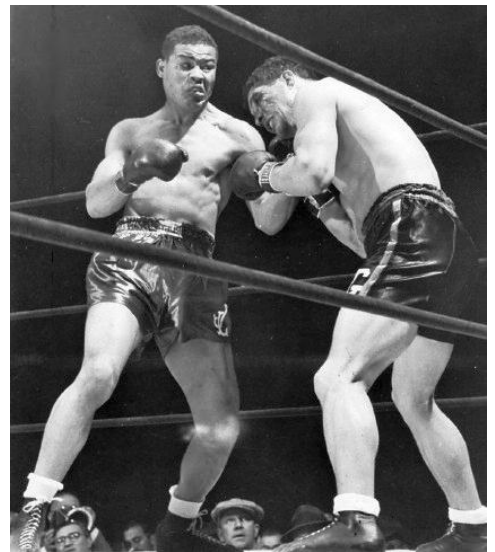
Then came the eighth. Louis knew the condition of his foe, as did every one at the ringside, and he wasted no motion. Godoy appeared in such poor condition that Dr. William H. Walker, State Athletic Commission physician, hopped through the ropes after the seventh to examine his injured left eye. The physician ruled it was all right for the challenger to continue.

To his everlasting credit it can be said that Godoy leaped savagely after Louis with the start of the eighth. But it was a reckless move that invited disaster.

Barrage Drops Godoy

Lefts and rights caromed off Arturo's jaw and head. His senses were numbed under the terrific bombardment. But he plunged after Louis, swaying crazily, bleeding, fighting hopelessly, until a right to the jaw dropped him face forward on all fours.

At the count of eight Godoy arose and plunged again, but Louis pounded and hammered at a free target with a volley of punishing lefts and rights until Godoy collapsed near his own corner, and Referee Cavanagh stopped the battle.



The cleanest, most spectacular victory of the preliminaries, as well as the most impressive, came in the second scheduled eight-round bout when Steve Belloise, Bronx middleweight, knocked out Wicky Harkins, Philadelphia, in 2 minutes 46 seconds of the first. A terrific right to the jaw, shot through an opening made by stabbing left jabs, dropped Harkins for the count. Belloise weighed 151 pounds and Harkins 148½.

Bill Poland, Bronx heavyweight, scored a spectacular knockout victory over Jack Marshall, Dallas, Texas, in the fifth round of the first of the bouts scheduled for eight rounds. Referee Jim Crowley halted this encounter after 23 seconds of the fifth, when Poland had his foe helpless and hanging on. Poland weighed 187, Marshall 192½.

In other bouts Holman Williams, 147½, Chicago, outpointed Joe Legon, 145, Cuba, in six rounds; Johnny Shkor, 203, Baltimore, stopped Don Morrow, 192½, Buffalo, in 2:26 of the first of a scheduled four, and Neville Beech, 188, Picayune, Miss., defeated Max Minnich, 181, West Side, in four rounds.

OHIO STAR'S SKILL KEEPS FIGHT EVEN

Brilliant Boxing by Janiro
Offsets Graziano's Heavy
Punching Before 16,983

JUDGES' VIEWS OPPOSITE

One Votes for Rocky, Other
for Tony—Referee Gives
Each 5 Rounds, 10 Points

By LOUIS EFFRAT

In a savage battle that thrilled 16,983 boxing fans at Madison Square Garden last night, Rocky Graziano, the former middle-weight champion, and Tony Janiro of Youngstown, Ohio, fought to a standstill. After ten rounds of some of the most rugged fisticuffs witnessed in the Eighth Avenue ring, the decision was a draw.

Col. Eddie Eagan, the chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, was not on hand to see the fight. He is on vacation. However, it was his brainchild, the point-system that determined the verdict. For, after the two judges, Arthur Aidala and Arthur Susskind, had rendered opposite decisions and Referee George Walsh had called it 5-to-5 in rounds, it hinged on the points credited to each on the referee's card.

Even there, Referee Walsh was unable to split the gladiators, awarding 10 points to each. Hence the draw, an infrequent result since Eagan's system was put into effect some five years ago. Aidala had voted for Graziano, 6-3-1, and Susskind for Janiro, 5-4-1.

The largest turnout since the International Boxing Club took over the Garden paid \$81,049, another I. B. C. high, for the privilege of watching Graziano in his first Garden effort in four years and his first local outing since he knocked out Charley Fusari at the Polo Grounds last September. He was a strong 5-to-11 favorite to conquer the Youngstown youngster.



Slips to Floor Twice

There were times when it appeared that Graziano was a false favorite. He started slowly and was often wild against the clever Ohioan, twice during the bout slipping to the floor after missing with righthand punches. A beautiful boxer, Janiro made the ex-champion look bad, particularly in the first two and the last rounds.

For all his cunning, however, Janiro, who spotted the Flatbush terror seven pounds—Graziano weighed 159½, and Janiro 152½—faded under the dynamic rights thrown by Rocky. Tony, five years younger than the 28-year-old Graziano, was in real trouble in the sixth and eighth, just as Rocky was in the first. But he survived, and, tired though he was, Janiro was outfighting his rival at the end.

It was this last-gasp revival on the part of Janiro that enabled him to draw even, paving the way for a probable re-match between the slugger and the boxer, one hard as nails, the other a baby-faced "cutie" who gave an excellent account of himself.

There was not a knockdown in the ten rounds, but the bout never lacked for action. Graziano, comparatively slow afoot, was on the receiving end of Janiro's left hooks and jabs in the first two stanzas, although a Graziano punch drew blood from Tony's nose in the second. More-effective blows by Graziano earned for him the third, but Janiro rebounded handsomely in the next.

Switches Attack to Body

Then Graziano started to find the range and he began to punish the good-looking youngster with a relentless attack to the head. Rocky switched his offensive to the body, starting the sixth, and proceeded to slow down his rival with a heavy bombardment to the stomach and kidneys. From the sixth through the ninth, Graziano was at his best, staggering Janiro three times with terrific rights to the jaw in the eighth.

The sting had gone out of Janiro's punches, but he managed to hurt Rocky in the tenth, when a right uppercut shook the Brooklynite. Tony's last efforts saw him outbox and outpunch the former titleholder and gain the draw, although this observer credited Graziano with six rounds and Janiro with four.

It was a whale of a fight and the draw decision hurt neither. Despite his wildness, Graziano succeeded in hurting Janiro from time to time and the same could be said for Tony, who appeared headed for an upset victory after the second round.

The eight-round semi-final, hard fought all the way, resulted in a victory for Al Mobley, 148½, of Newark, N. J., against energetic Bert Linam, 152½, of Austin, Tex. The loser made his Garden debut in this contest.

Frankie Lentine, 148½, Janiro's handsome stablemate from Youngstown, pounded out a decisive six-round victory over Tommy Warnock, 148½, of Brooklyn, the winner impressing the crowd with his punching ability.

Tony Allegro, 134½, of the Bronx gained a technical knockout victory over Pete Tropa, 139, also the Bronx, in the curtain-raiser, listed for four rounds, but lasting only thirty-seven seconds of the third. Tropa was outclassed.

The next encounter, scheduled for six rounds, was stopped at the end of the first by Dr. Vincent Nardiello. In this abbreviated affair, Angelo Luongo, 155½, Greenwich Village, was declared the winner over Bobby Morgan, 157½, of Elmhurst, L. I.

Arthur Persley, 139, Red Cross, La., and Jay Parlin, 137½, engaged in a lively four-rounder, with Persley receiving the decision. Parlin was floored for seven in the first.

GAVILAN OUTPOINTS SMALL AT GARDEN

**Captures Unanimous Decision
in Ten-Round Bout—Loser
Suffers Broken Jaw**

By JOSEPH C. NICHOLS

Kid Gavilan, Cuban contender for the welterweight championship, made a routine excursion into the middleweight division last night at Madison Square Garden, opposing Georgie Small of Brownsville in the star bout of ten rounds. The Cuban hawk experienced no trouble with his heavier foe, gaining the unanimous decision of the officials.

Referee Mark Conn and Judge Bert Grant turned in identical ballots, crediting Gavilan with eight rounds and Small with two. Judge Arthur Susskind had it seven and three in favor of the Cuban.

Small, a relatively inexperienced performer, could not keep up with the fast pace set by Gavilan after the first two rounds. The latter, careful at the start against a rival who was an unknown quantity in his book, took over in the third and from there on gave a dazzling display of all-around punching.

Small Absorbs Punishment

Small absorbed all of this punishment without flinching, gamely seeking to get across a right hand punch that might end matters at once. But Gavilan, elusive as a dragon-fly, never permitted his chin to get in the way of one of Georgie's would-be haymakers.

Small, on the other hand, had no such good fortune. He was hit often and hard about the head and body, and there were times when it appeared as if he would sag under the force of the Cuban's ceaseless attack. But Georgie had stamina and managed to keep his feet, even in the face of a desperate attempt on Gavilan's part to bring him down in the tenth round.

Small mixed eagerly with the Kid in the first two rounds and beat him to the punch with left hooks. In the third Gavilan took over after an exceptionally bitter exchange, and from there on the Brownsville boxer was outclassed clearly.

In the dressing room after the fight, Dr. Vincent Nardiello reported that Small had suffered a broken jaw, and he sent the fighter to St. Claire's Hospital to have it wired. Gavilan scaled 151 $\frac{3}{4}$, and Small 158 $\frac{3}{4}$. A crowd of 5,018 paid a total of \$15,109 to watch the bout.

Durando Scores Knockout

In the semi-final of eight rounds, Ernie Durando, 156 $\frac{1}{2}$, Paterson, N. J., registered a knockout over Sal Belloise, 158 $\frac{3}{4}$, of the Bronx. The end came at 1:09 of the fifth when Referee George Walsh intervened to save Belloise from further punishment. The Bronx fighter was knocked down for a count of eight in the fourth and nine in the fifth.

Johnny Cesario of Hartford survived an eight-count knockdown in the third to outpoint Gus Mell of Montreal in another eight. Cesario scaled 145 $\frac{3}{4}$, and Mell 148.

Two four-rounders completed the card. Irving Wallach, 145 $\frac{1}{2}$, East Side, defeated Joe Giacobbe, 145 $\frac{3}{4}$, Brooklyn, and Emmy Tucci, 140, Philadelphia, stopped Chic Boucher, 135, Bronx in 2:51 of the second.

WALCOTT DEFEATS GERMAN CHAMPION

**Jersey Heavyweight Outpoints
Ten Hoff Before 25,000 in
the Rain at Mannheim**

MANNHEIM, Germany, May 28 (AP)—Thirty-six-year-old Jersey Joe Walcott outpointed the German heavyweight champion, Hein Ten Hoff, in ten rounds before a rain-spattered crowd of 25,000 today.

Ten Hoff, made a closer fight than expected against the Camden N. J., Negro. Walcott entered the ring a 1-to-2 betting favorite, with a knockout freely predicted.

The previously-undefeated German used his tremendous reach to hold off Walcott with left jabs but hardly ever connected with rights.

Jersey Joe broke Ten Hoff's nose in the first round and had him bleeding throughout the fight. He kept Ten Hoff on the run with hard rights and looping lefts.

The promoters, who had expected as many as 60,000 spectators, blamed the persistent rain for cutting the crowd.

Neither man hit hard enough for a knockdown, but the slippery footing sent both to the canvas several times.

Walcott weighed 201 pounds, against his 30-year-old opponent's 219.

The American claimed afterward the wet canvas "was so slick I couldn't get set for a knockout punch."

Ten Hoff had Walcott on the defensive in two rounds. In the fifth he drove Walcott to the ropes with long left jabs, then clubbed him with both fists at short range.

The judges were Major Wilbur K. Anderson, United States Army chaplain from Yancyville, N. C., and Gerd Seewald, a German. One judge gave Walcott seven rounds, Ten Hoff two and called one even. The other gave eight rounds to Walcott and two for Ten Hoff. Since their verdicts agreed, the referee, Arthus Koch of Stockholm, did not cast an official vote.

PENNSYLVANIA HITS N. B. A. ON LA MOTTA

State to Recognize Winner of
Robinson-Villemain Contest
as Middleweight Champion

PHILADELPHIA, May 29 (AP)—The Pennsylvania Athletic Commission said again today it no longer recognizes Jake La Motta as middleweight champion and the winner of the June 5 Ray (Sugar) Robinson-Robert Villemain bout would take over the title.

The State Commission had asked the National Boxing Commission to strip La Motta of his crown. The N. B. A. rejected the idea.

Instead, the N. B. A. announced yesterday that it would recognize La Motta's June 28 fight against Rocky Graziano as a title match but insisted the winner defend the championship again—within ninety days—against the victor of the Robinson-Villemain bout. Robinson currently is welterweight champion.

Pennsylvania is a member of the N. B. A. but it has refused to go along with the parent association on the La Motta issue.

George J. Jones Jr., state chairman, said the commission is sticking to its May 9 decision, when it stripped La Motta of his title.

Jones said, "it is plain that the so-called championship match sanctioned by the New York State Athletic Commission between Jake La Motta and Rocky Graziano does not serve the interests of boxing in general or the middleweight class in particular.

"The very terms of the contract for this match close the door to all other contenders in the 160-pound class.

"Not only do they strain public credulity by granting Graziano, the so-called challenger, an equal percentage with La Motta, but they help to perpetuate a monopoly which this commission considers odious, by insuring La Motta a return match in 90 days in the event of defeat."

New York is not a member of the N. B. A., only state outside the organization.

The N. B. A. admitted that Graziano wasn't a logical contender—and that La Motta had failed to defend his title within the required six-month time limit—but it leaned over backwards to keep peace in the division.

Toweel, South African, Lifts Ortiz' Crown

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa, May 31 (UP)—With only 16 months of professional experience behind him, young Vic Toweel of Johannesburg tonight wrested the world bantamweight crown from veteran Manuel Ortiz of El Centro, Calif., on a 15-round decision before a record South African crowd of 26,000.

Toweel, 23, became the first South African in ring history to win a world boxing title as he succeeded to the championship formerly held by such great warriors as George Dixon, Terry McGovern, Kid Williams and Pete Herman.

Toweel's speed and skill brought about the defeat of his harder-hitting opponent from the United States. Toweel won at least 10 of the 15 rounds.

Superior Boxing

Toweel, champion of the British Empire, gave his 33-year-old opponent boxing lessons in most of the rounds. Ortiz did not fight up to expectations — perhaps because of the high altitude of more than 6,000 feet, or perhaps because of a rib injury that had caused the bout to be postponed more than two weeks.

As Ortiz lost the 118-pound crown for the second time, he weighed 117 pounds and once ounce. Toweel scaled 116 pounds and three-fourths of an ounce.

Ortiz, the California-Mexican celery grower, first won the title from Lou Salica in 1942, but lost it to Harold Dade on Jan. 8, 1947. He recaptured it from Dade two months later.

After the fight tonight, Ortiz said, "This Vic's so good I guess he'll keep the title for a long time."

Toweel, known as the "Mighty Mouse," won the British Empire title last November by outpointing Stan Rowan of England at Johannesburg.

Toweel—whose father, Mike, was



once a bantam scrapper, and whose brother Jimmy is now lightweight champion of South Africa — turned professional on Jan. 29, 1949, after an amateur career that comprised 190 bouts.

Age and the altitude caught up with Ortiz tonight. He was unable to stand the pace set by the young South African after the fifth round.

Both were cautious in the early rounds as they "felt out" each other. Then Toweel began "turning on the heat." Ortiz fought back desperately but lacked Vic's speed and endurance.

Ortiz threatened in the ninth round when a barrage of hooks to the head had his young opponent groggy. But the combination of Toweel's quick and desperate defense plus the welcome bell saved him a possible knockout.

Thereafter Toweel again took command but Ortiz staged surprise rallies in the 12th and 15th rounds.

It was a remarkably clean, open fight. The referee had to break them from a clinch but once during the entire 15 rounds.

HARLEM BOXER WINS UNANIMOUS VERDICT

Robinson Gains Recognition as
Middleweight Champion in
Pennsylvania by Victory

VILLEMMAIN DOWN IN 12TH

Takes Count of Two After Two
Rights to the Head—22,024
Fans Witness Contest

By JOSEPH C. NICHOLS

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA, June 5—Ray Robinson of Harlem earned himself a piece of the world middleweight championship tonight. The speedy New Yorker, who also holds the welterweight championship of the world, gained the recognition of the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission as the ruler of the 160-pound division by registering an easy triumph over Robert Villemain of France in a fifteen-round bout at the Municipal Stadium.

In scoring over his French foe, Robinson had a fairly easy time of it, earning the unanimous decision of the officials. Two of them, Judges Frank Knarsborough and Harry Lasky, turned in cards of twelve to three for the New Yorker, while Referee Charley Daggert scored it ten rounds to five in favor of Robinson. This observer's card had Robinson in front by twelve and three.

Scaling 155 pounds to 159½ for his opponent, Robinson gave his usually brilliant boxing exhibition. Keeping the fight at long range as much as he could, Ray dealt out considerable left-hand punishment in the early rounds, and toward the end of the fray brought both hands into formidable action in an attempt to knockout the Frenchman.



Robinson Scores Knockdown

He failed, of course, to do that, but he did manage to score a knockdown. In the twelfth round, after a bitter close range exchange, Robinson shot two speedy rights to the head and Villemain went to the canvas. He arose as soon as he could, at the count 2, and courageously traded punches for the rest of the session.

Villemain's trip to the floor was the only legitimate knock-down of the fight, but he was down one other time. In the ninth round he tripped to the canvas avoiding a punch, but got right up. Robinson, too, experienced the sensation of being down, but this fall also was the result of a slip, occurring in the thirteenth as Ray sought to slip away from a left hook.

Although he was clearly out-pointed, the Frenchman drew cheers from the majority of the crowd for the way in which he gamely sought to exchange punches with the heavily favored Robinson—the 1 to 5 choice—all the way. To fight at close quarters was the only way Villemain's cabinet figured he could win and he tried repeatedly to close with Ray.

But Robinson would have none of that type of going. The Harlem fighter preferred to wallop away at long range, and he did that with skill and effectiveness. On the few occasions that Villemain succeeded in getting inside, Robinson held, to the dissatisfaction of the onlookers.

The greatest thing in Villemain's favor was his durability. He was hit countless times about the head with solid lefts and rights, but, save for the spill in the twelfth, he showed little effects of the punches. As far as hitting was concerned, the Frenchman had little power.

Villemain Takes Fifth

Ray swept through the first four rounds as if he were sparring with an animated punching bag. He raked Villemain with both hands through these sessions with little return. In the fifth Villemain, who rarely took a backward step all night, threw punches from a distance and several of these, particularly the left hand ones, reached Robinson often enough to earn the Frenchman the round.

After handily taking the sixth and seventh with his long-range boxing, Robinson ran into a left-hand fire in the eighth and ninth and was outpunched in these chapters. He managed to beat Villemain to the punch in the next two rounds, and in the twelfth seemed determined to end matters, fighting the Frenchman's way in close before ripping two rights to the head that put Villemain down.

The Frenchman seemed rocky when he arose at two, but he closed with Ray and thrilled the crowd by his willingness to swap punches.

The crowd of 22,024 paid \$119,007 to witness the battle.

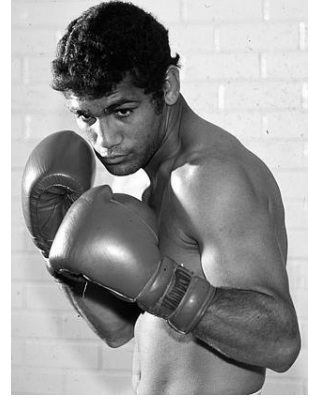
The "title" that Robinson won tonight does not command any attention outside this state. The New York State Athletic Commission and the National Boxing Association regard Jake La Motta of the Bronx as the 160-pound ruler. Robinson has beaten La Motta in four out of five meetings, while Villemain has split two bouts with the 160-pound king.

In the six-round semi-final Johnny Saxton, 146, New York, outpointed Loisel Isidore, 148, New Orleans. Calvin Smith, 137, Philadelphia, defeated Eduardo Carasco, 137, Peru, Joe Bodanics, 156½, Philadelphia, conquered Adrian Morgart, 146½, Paris, and Al Mobley, 153½, Newark, outpointed George Benton, 152, Philadelphia, in other sixes.

Eddie Holtz, 142½, Philadelphia, beat Santa Bucca, 140, Philadelphia, and Billy Robb, 123, Philadelphia, fought a draw with Marvin Green, 114, Philadelphia, in the four-rounders.

FINAL BELL

Hector Thompson - Australian boxing is in mourning after the passing of the legendary Hector Thompson in Brisbane early on Wednesday morning, May 20, 2020. A former Australian and Commonwealth light-welterweight champion, Thompson fought 87 times in a 10-year professional career. He was 70 years old. A slick ring practitioner and a powerful body puncher, Thompson fought for world titles on two separate occasions, including a bruising 1973 encounter with Roberto Duran. Thompson's battle with Duran came on the back of a 26-fight unbeaten run in which he won the Australian super-lightweight title, the Australasian lightweight title and the Commonwealth super-lightweight belt. It was during this run that Thompson became an Australian fan favourite, with a pair of wars opposite New Zealand's world-ranked Manny Santos propelling him towards the top of the lightweight ranks. Fighting in front of a raucous home crowd in Panama City, Duran had recorded 30 knockout victories in his 35 wins to that point and expected an easy night. It was anything but. Although Duran claimed an eighth round TKO victory, he was left with a badly swollen left eye and was reportedly taken to hospital with a broken rib. Thompson was back in the ring just five weeks later, defending his Commonwealth super lightweight title against Joe Tetteh, who he'd taken the belt from earlier in the year. After winning 16 of his next 17 fights, Thompson returned to Panama for another world title shot, this time against Colombia's longtime super lightweight world champion Antonio Cervantes. It was another brutal affair, but Thompson came away empty handed again after the doctor stopped the bout ahead of the eighth round due to a cut. Thompson retired in 1980 with a 73-12-2 (KO 27/KO by 7) record. Born in Kempsey on June 24, 1949, Thompson was raised in a boys' home after the death of his mother at a young age. He turned pro at the age of 19, saying boxing offered him the best chance to make a living and help his family. He was inducted into the Australian National Boxing Hall of Fame in 2005. **By Brendan Bradford, Sporting News**



Freddie Stewart - The Thorburn, Nova Scotia, Canada middleweight died May 20, 2020, at the age of 94. He was born Frederick Roy Stewart on January 20, 1926, and was active from 1946-1955, compiling a record of 4-5-1 (KO 2/KO by 1). **BoxRec**

Franco Nenci - The Livorno, Toscana, Italy welterweight died May 15, 2020, at the age of 85. He was born in the same city on January 25, 1935, and was active from 1957-1967, compiling a record of 36-13-8 (KO 2/KO by 8). Nenci had an outstanding amateur career and represented Italy at the 1956 Melbourne Olympic Games, winning a silver medal as a Light Welterweight. During his professional career, he defeated such fighters as Annibale Omodei, Charley Douglas, Jesse Jones, Manuel Sosa, Francesco Caruso, Bruno Ravaglia, Jacques Chauveau, Luigi Furio, Franco Bianchini, Sadok Omrane, Marcello Santucci, and Elio Nero. He also fought such fighters as Mario Vecchiato, Fortunato Manca, Domenico Tiberia, Giacomo Putti, Claude Saluden, Alfredo Parmeggiani, Cesareo Barrera, and Garbis Zakaryan. **BoxRec**

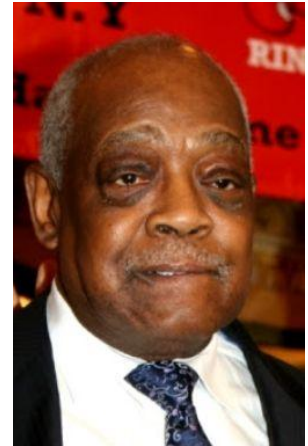
Vince "Thunder" Hopper - The former Detroit light-heavyweight died May 11, 2020, due to a work accident in the Detroit area. He was 58 at the time of his death. He was born Vincent Scott Hopper on November 15, 1961, and compiled a professional record of 16-3-2 (KO 8/KO by 1) between 1984-1992. His most notable opponents included Chris Reid (Draw-10) and Seamus McDonagh (LD-10), both held in Madison Square Garden. His only stoppage loss was by a cut eye. He is survived by three children. **Bob Ryder and Bruce Keilty**



Tom Jancsy - The former Everett, Massachusetts welterweight died in Medford, Massachusetts at the age of 65, on May 9, 2020. He was born Thomas P. Jancsy on September 26, 1954, and was a graduate of Everett High School, Class of '72, and attended Bunker Hill Community College. Tom loved the sport of boxing as a former amateur and professional fighter; his real joy was teaching others the sweet science as a trainer. He fought professionally from 1979-1982 and compiled a record

of 5-5-0 (KO 1/KO by1). Tom was a former Teamster at August A. Busch in Medford and a retired Ironworker of Local 7. **BoxRec and legacy.com**

Jimmy Glenn - Jimmy Glenn, the beloved owner of a popular bar in Times Square who was a trainer, cut man, and manager for many years, died May 7, 2020, from complications caused by COVID-19. Glenn, 89, was hospitalized in mid-April and never recovered, according to his son Adam Glenn. A gentleman revered throughout the boxing world, the soft-spoken Glenn spent more than 70 years in boxing in various capacities. Glenn began working as a trainer early in the 1950s, not long after a brief amateur career in which he lost to eventual heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson. A native of South Carolina who moved to New York City in 1944, Glenn worked with Patterson, Terrence Alli, Bobby Cassidy, Ralph Correa, Howard Davis Jr., Jameel McCline, Mark McPherson, and John Meekins, among others, during his lengthy career as a cornerman. Promoter Lou DiBella, a longtime friend whose company is based in Manhattan, reflected Thursday on Glenn's genuine kindness. "I loved him," DiBella told BoxingScene.com. "He was a



family member to me. He's as good a man as I've ever known. Other than my own father, I've never known anybody like Jimmy. I really feel the same way I felt the day my dad died. That's how I feel right now, similarly. That's how much the guy meant to me. There was nobody better than Jimmy Glenn, man. He was one of the best human beings I've ever known in every way. He was strong, but he had a heart of gold. "You talk about people who walk this Earth who are just better basically than most of us, and he was one of those people. He's been a big part of my life for like 30 years. Literally, from when I first met him, when I first started at HBO and Artie Curry first introduced me to Jimmy and I started hanging out at his bar, he became a confidante. Every time I ever saw him, he told me that he loved me. Every, single time in 30 years." Glenn first trained amateur boxers at the Third Moravian Church in East Harlem, where he helped keep countless kids off the streets. In the late 1970s, Glenn opened the Times Square Boxing Club in Manhattan. By then, Glenn's bar, Jimmy's Corner, had become a Manhattan landmark frequented by boxing fans and non-boxing fans alike, all of whom loved its festive, nostalgic feel. The iconic Jimmy's Corner, which opened in 1971, is known for its walls adorned with boxing memorabilia and often is a hot spot for fans, journalists, boxers, and others involved in the sport, especially when there are boxing cards in New York. Sammy Davis Jr., Robert DeNiro, Michael Jordan, and Frank Sinatra were among the celebrities Glenn recalled coming to Jimmy's Corner in a WPIX segment that aired four years ago. Numerous pros and amateurs trained regularly for nearly two decades at the Times Square Boxing Club, which was also known for its old-school atmosphere before it closed due to the renovation of Times Square. Jimmy's Corner remains a thriving business as it approaches the 50th anniversary of its opening. Glenn was inducted into the New Jersey Boxing Hall of Fame in 2002. He also was part of the New York Boxing Hall of Fame's inaugural class in 2012. Glenn is survived by his son, Adam, a Harvard Law graduate and former corporate attorney who now runs Jimmy's Corner. **Keith Idec, senior writer/columnist for BoxingScene.com**

Steve Woods - The Cincinnati, Ohio middleweight died on May 7, 2020, at the age of 67. He was born Steven Michael Woods on December 1, 1952, and was active from 1978-1981, compiling a record of 6-6-0 (KO 3/KO 3). **BoxRec**

Pedro Alvarez - The Ciudad Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico welterweight died on May 5, 2020, at the age of 89. He was born Pedro Salomon Alvarez in Monterrey, Nuevo León, Mexico on July 7, 1930, and was active from 1947-1955, compiling a record of 10-17-4 (KO 5/KO by 13). During his career, he fought such fighters as Hank Davis, Felipe Aguilar, and Eusebio Hernandez, **BoxRec**

Robert "Ducky" Dietz - He was born Robert William Dietz in Detroit on February 4, 1934, the sixth out of seven siblings. He died on May 3, 2020, at age 86 after contracting the coronavirus but was suffering from bone cancer and Alzheimer's at the time of his death—not that he ever lost his quick wit or the twinkle in his eye. Ducky attended Denby High School in Detroit, fought professionally in the

light heavyweight division from 1957-1976, and compiled a record of 26-5-0 (KO 22 /KO by 3), and worked as a millwright at Ford Motor Company at the Sterling plant for 38 years until he retired in 2003. While Ducky was proud of his boxing career, he was even prouder of the decades he spent coaching boxers at the Cannon Recreation Center. Ducky was quick with his fists in the ring, especially a powerful left hook, but he was even quicker with a smile or a joke or a helping hand. Ducky was gregarious, loud, loving, and generous. He would beat you at pool but then buy you a drink. If you grew up on the east side of Detroit in 1950 or later, you probably have a Ducky Dietz story, or wish you did. Ducky could not walk down the street or through Eastland Mall or in most bars without someone greeting him and he would always have a smile, a handshake, a good wish for them. Ducky will be missed by his family and many friends. **Submitted by Bruce Kielty and Bob Ryder**

Dana McCarthy - The Bristol, Connecticut middleweight died on May 1, 2020, at the age of 67. He was born in Fort Fairfield, Maine on May 28, 1952, and was active from 1974-1980, compiling a record of 11-5-2 (KO 9/KO by 3). **BoxRec**

Renaldo Victoria - The Pittsfield, MA lightweight/welterweight died on April 29, 2020, at the age of 75. He was born Renaldo "Punkles" Victoria, Jr., on June 20, 1944, in Hartford, CT. Renaldo graduated from Bulkeley High School and received his Bachelors in Art from UCLA. Renaldo later served in the U. S. Army and honorably discharged in July 1966. After returning from the Army, Renaldo began his professional Boxing Career out of Pittsfield, MA; achieving the New England lightweight and welterweight titles. Renaldo had 24 bouts from 1966 to 1974 ending with a career record of 18-5-1 (KO 9/KO by 4). During his career he defeated such fighters as Tommy Tibbs, Dick DiVola, Gabe LaMarca, Jerry Graci, Gene Herrick, and Roosevelt Ware. He also fought such fighters as Chango Carmona, Hector Thompson, Andy Price, Miguel Mayan, and Javier Muniz. Renaldo was a life-long member of Shiloh Baptist Church in Hartford, CT. Whenever Renaldo returned to Hartford, he returned to Shiloh. Through the Army, Boxing, Family, Church, and other endeavors in life, Renaldo was fortunate to travel the Globe. Renaldo was able to further explore his inner talents and allow the world to see his creative mind through various paintings, drawings, and written expression. Renaldo won several awards in the category of Graphic Arts in 2007-2010. Renaldo also enjoyed R&B, Jazz and Motown Music, as well as African Rhythms; learning to play the African Drums. **Hartford Courant/BoxRec**



Chuck Wissmiller - Chuck Wissmiller, age 79, passed away April 24, 2020, in San Diego, CA from heart failure. He had been in a nursing home for approximately two years, dealing with varied ailments. Originally from Detroit, Wissmiller was the 1960 175-lb Detroit Golden Gloves Novice Champion. He also competed in the 1960 Eastern Regional Olympic Trials at 160 lbs, which included competitor Cassius Clay. Turning professional in 1962, he had 7 pro bouts, the most notable being vs Detroit's Ducky Dietz who was 23-5. Wissmiller was 0-1 at the time! After retiring from the ring, he trained Grand Rapids-area boxers for 30 years, becoming a mentor and father-figure to many inner-city youth. He also promoted professional boxing and served as a local cable television amateur boxing commentator. He relocated to California in 2000 and gained a national following when he starred on the A&E Network's reality show "Family Plots," based on the funeral home where he and his three daughters worked. The series ran for two full seasons, 2004 & 2005. **By Bruce Kielty**

Ali Salaam - The father and trainer of former WBC junior middleweight champion Tony Harrison died on April 19, 2020, from the coronavirus. He was 59. Salaam, was a professional welterweight from 1984 to 1989 and compiled a record of 11-7-0 (KO 5/KO by 3). The native of Detroit was the son of former middleweight and light heavyweight contender Henry Hank who boxed from 1953 to 1972. Outside of training his son, Salaam also ran a boxing gym that served underprivileged youth in the area, by the name of SuperBad Boxing Gym. **BoxRec and multiple sources**

Eddie Cotton - **Fightnews.com**® is sad to report the passing of one of boxing's most esteemed referees: Eddie Cotton of New Jersey. Cotton died on the morning of April 17th of COVID-19 after having been hospitalized for over a week. Cotton was highly regarded in the boxing community having refereed hundreds of high profile fights since the early 1990s. He is remembered as the third man in the ring for the infamous Riddick Bowe-Andrew Golata rematch in December of 1996, the final fight of George Foreman in November of 1997 (when Foreman lost a controversial decision to Shannon Briggs), the Lennox Lewis vs. Mike Tyson fight in June of 2002, as well as world title fights involving Wladimir Klitschko, Gennady Golovkin, and Bernard Hopkins among others. "Boxing has lost another good man to #COVID_19." Lou Dibella tweeted about the passing of Eddie Cotton. "One of the most well known and respected referees in the world, Eddie Cotton was also one of the nicest people in our sport." It was a sentiment shared amongst many in the sport of boxing. "He was a great guy," WBO President Francisco "Paco" Valcarcel said of Cotton, a regular attendee of the WBO Annual Convention and a frequent golf partner of Valcarcel during the annual convention. "He was a good referee and a great guy. He was my golf partner for a long time. We had a special relationship and a great friendship." Cotton was also a highly regarded community leader in Paterson, New Jersey. Cotton had served as the first black president of the Paterson City Council and also was the first black public works director in Paterson. "Paterson has lost a legend," Mayor Andre Sayegh was quoted as saying to the Paterson Times. "Ed Cotton was an accomplished boxing referee, a respected community leader, and a cherished friend." **By David Finger, Fightnews**

Nate Brooks - The 1952 Olympic Flyweight Gold Medalist and former world bantamweight contender died on April 14, 2020, at the age of 86. He was born Nathan Eugene Brooks in Cleveland, Ohio on August 4, 1933, and was active from 1953-1958, compiling a record of 10-9-0 (KO 3/KO by 4). Between April 1954 and March 1955, he was ranked as high as the # 3 world bantamweight contender by *The Ring* magazine. As an amateur in 1950, Nate won the Chicago Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions at flyweight by kayo in the third vs. Jimmy Quinn of Los Angeles, CA, and the Intercity Golden Gloves' championship at flyweight vs. Sharkey Lewis. In 1951 he won the Chicago Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions at bantamweight by decision vs. Davey Moore, the Intercity Golden Gloves' championship at bantamweight vs. Lulu Perez and as a member of the Chicago Golden Gloves Team representing the United States vs. Europe was awarded the verdict vs. Jacques Dumesnil of France at bantamweight. Brooks was the 1952 Olympic Flyweight Champion, defeating Edgar Basel of West Germany in the final on a 3-0 decision. Around 1956, during a time when his professional career, had soured, he was attending law school at The Ohio State University. During his professional career, he defeated such fighters as Billy Peacock (split 2 fights), Pappy Gault, Eddie Crawford (split 2 fights), Don Webber, and Dick Cassidy. He also fought such fighters as Raul (Raton) Macias, Ciro Morasen, Hilaire Pratesi, and Mickey Mars. **BoxRec**



Gerry Tessier - The 1950s Springfield, Massachusetts light-heavyweight died on April 12, 2020, at the age of 84. He was born Gerard R. Tessier on February 15, 1936, in Springfield, Massachusetts, and fought professionally from 1953-1959, compiling a record of 25-10-4 (KO 9/KO by 2). He was the younger brother of 1950s light-heavyweight Andre Tessier. During his career, he defeated such fighters as Ted Doncaster (split 2 fights), Stanford Bulla, and Gary Garafola. He also fought such fighters as Jerry Luedee, Johnny O'Brien, and Bob Young. **BoxRec**

Rudolph Vaughan - The Oxford, Oxfordshire, United Kingdom heavyweight died on April 12, 2020, at the age of 80. He was born Rudolph Ebenezer Vaughan in Saint Kitts And Nevis on October 13, 1939, and was active from 1963-1970, compiling a record of 12-12-0 (KO 10/KO by 10). During his career, he defeated such fighters as Hans Jorgen Jacobsen (split 2 fights), Gerry Hassett, Dave Ould, and Ray Shiel. He also fought such fighters as Joe Bugner, Jack Bodell, Roger Tighe, Peter Boddington, and Terry Daly. **BoxRec**

Alexis “Payasito” Navidad - We're sad to report the passing of 22-year-old prospect Alexis “Payasito” Navidad on Sunday, April 5th in San Salvador, El Salvador. Navidad was tragically gunned down in the Santa Anita Barrio of the Salvadoran capital. Navidad, who was walking near the intersection of Venezuela Boulevard and 13 South Avenue when two men on motorcycles approached him and opened fire. Two other men were injured. The National Civil Police searched the area before arresting and charging two men, Brandon Lemus and Oswaldo Ortiz, with Navidad's murder. The National Civil Police stated that Navidad's killers were alleged gang members, however, there is no evidence that “Payasito” had any ties to organized crime. The President of the National Sports Institute, Yamil Bukele, and the Salvadoran Professional Boxing Association (ASABOX) both made public statements to clarify that Navidad was not involved in any gang activity. “We want to clarify that Alexis, as confirmed by the Salvadoran Boxing Federation, had no ties to gangs or any criminal structure,” Bukele said in a Facebook post. “He was...an athlete dedicated to his passion: boxing.” Navidad turned pro as a teenager, winning a unanimous decision over Antonio Galeano in November of 2017. Although his career did suffer from inactivity, he was nonetheless regarded as one of the brightest prospects in Central America. He leaves behind a four-month-old son and a young fiancé. **David Finger, Fightnews**

Pat Kelly - The Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada welterweight died on April 5, 2020, at the age of 85. He was born in Delhi, Ontario, Canada, and competed from 1945-1947, compiling a record of 8-15-2 (KO 2/KO by 8). **BoxRec**

Nelson de Oliveira - The Sao Paulo, Brazil lightweight died on April 5, 2020, at the age of 90. He was born in Itatiba, Sao Paulo, Brazil on October 1, 1929, and was active 1953-1960, compiling a record of 19-21-10 (KO 2/KO by 3). **BoxRec**

Hedgemon Lewis - Former world title challenger Hedgemon Lewis passed away on March 31, 2020, at the age of 74. Lewis was a 2-time amateur national champion and a world-ranked professional boxer. He later became an accomplished trainer. His sister Georgia posted his passing on Facebook. Hedgemon was born in Greensboro, Alabama, and last year was inducted into the Alabama Boxing Hall of Fame in the Amateur Boxer category. He was unable to attend due to health problems, which he had for several years. He compiled a pro record of 53-7-2 (KO 26/KO by 4) and fought for the world welterweight title three times, losing twice to WBA/WBC champion Jose Napoles, and WBC champion John Stracey in his final fight. Lewis was initially taken under the wing of Detroit-based coach Luther Burgess, who presided over his formative boxing years and was later trained by Eddie Futch. Due to Lewis's exciting style, he soon attracted the attention of Hollywood. His management company consisted of actors and entertainment stars such as Ryan O'Neal, Bill Cosby, and Robert Goulet. Racing through the early part of his career, Lewis was victorious in his first 22 fights. Fighting out of Detroit initially, before basing himself in Los Angeles. Establishing himself as one of boxing's top prospects, Lewis was poised to take on his biggest fight to date, against Ernie 'Indian Red' Lopez. In the first 4 rounds, Lewis outclassed his opponent, before Lopez came from behind to win. Lewis bounced back to win his next 5 fights, including defeating highly rated contender Oscar "Shotgun" Albarado over ten rounds. This set the stage for a rematch against former foe Ernie Lopez. In a closely fought and exciting contest, Lewis picked up the decision, flooring his opponent in round 4. Embarking on a succession of impressive wins, Lewis improved his record to 40-3. In December 1971, Lewis took on Cuban fighter Jose Napoles for the WBC and WBA World Welterweight titles. The bout was tightly contested, with Lewis pushing the world champion for the full 15 rounds. The decision went to Napoles, but all 3 judges scorecards registered a very close fight. Still, at a relatively young age of 25, Lewis returned to winning ways, racking up 11 straight wins. This included a doubleheader against former world champion Billy Backus. Lewis traveled to Syracuse, New York, the home town of Backus, for the first bout in June 1972. In what turned out to be one of the fights of the year, Lewis dropped his rival in round 4 on his way to a decision victory. In the rematch, later on, that year, Lewis would once again claim victory. In defeating Backus, Lewis picked up the New York version of the



World Welterweight title. He also gained the admiration of the New York boxing scene. Continuing with varying degrees of success, Lewis would fight twice more for the world title, including a rematch against Jose Napoles, without success. Hedgemon Lewis retired in 1976 at the age of 30. Lewis was inducted into the California Boxing Hall of Fame in 2006. Not yet finished with the sport, Lewis became a noted coach and cornerman in the world of boxing. He worked the corners with legendary figures such as Eddie Futch, Thell Torrence, and Freddy Roach. He would play a key role as part of Futch's camp in the epic 'Thriller in Manila' fight. Lewis trained fighters until his death. Outside of boxing, he also achieved success in the Los Angeles real estate market. **(Multiple media sources)**

Angelo Rottoli - The former European Cruiserweight Champion, Italian Heavyweight Champion, and WBC Cruiserweight title challenger died of the COVID-19 virus on March 28, 2020, at the age of 61. He was born in Presezzo, Lombardia, Italy on December 14, 1958, and competed from 1981-1990, compiling a record of 29-3-2 (KO 15/KO by 1). He won the Italian Heavyweight title in 1983 and the European Cruiserweight title in 1989. On February 21, 1987, he made an unsuccessful bid for the WBC Cruiserweight title, losing by fifth-round technical knockout to champion Carlos DeLeon. During his career, he defeated such fighters as Avenamar Peralta, Bash Ali, Guido Trane, Daniele Laghi, and Magne Havnaa. Besides DeLeon, he also fought such fighters as Anaclet Wamba and Daniel Eduardo Neto. **BoxRec**



Jesus Quezada - The Victoria de Durango, Durango, Mexico featherweight died March 26, 2020, at the age of 29. He was born Manuel de Jesús Quezada Olvera in Mexico in 1991, and competed from 2010-2014, compiling a record of 5-1-0 (KO 3/KO by1). **BoxRec**

Barry Sponagle - The former Canadian lightweight champion died on March 25, 2020, at the age of 73. He was born in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, Canada on January 19, 1947, and was active from 1968-1977, compiling a record of 29-23-1 (KO 11/KO by 5). During his career, he defeated such fighters as Johnny Summerhays (1-1-1), Phil Hudson (1-1), Paul Collette, Jackie Burke, Cornell Hall (1-2), Jose Resto, Willie Williams, Don Sennett (1-1), and Gaetan Hart (1-1). He also fought such fighters as Art Hafey, Antonio Paddu, Johnny Sham, Paddy McGuire, Paul Tope, Jean Lapointe, and Davey Vasquez. **BoxRec**

Bud Bell - The 1940s-1950s Flint, Michigan middleweight died on March 24, 2010, at the age of 89. He was born William Wiley Bell in Gastonia, North Carolina on August 20, 1930, and compiled a record of 2-9-0 (KO 2/KO by 2). **BoxRec**

Cornelius Harris - The 1950s New Orleans, Louisiana light-heavyweight known as "Sonny Boy" died on March 20, 2010, at the age of 90. Harris was born on December 14, 1929, and was active from 1950-1955, compiling a record of 4-6-1 (KO 1/KO by 6). During his career, he fought such fighters as Tommy Harrison and Stanley Jones. **BoxRec**

Jacques Schepens - The 1960-1962 Nord, France flyweight died March 20, 2020, at age 86. He retired with a record of 2-2-0 (KO 0/KO by 1). **BoxRec**

Frank Reiche - The former 1970s German middleweight champion died of cancer in March 2020, at the age of 70. He was born in Berlin, Germany on December 12, 1949, and competed from 1969-1978, compiling a record of 29-11-3 (KO 21/KO by 6). During his career he defeated such fighters as Hans Dieter Schwartz, Jose Madrazo, Jean-Claude Warusfel, Clement Tshinza, Randolph Hombach (split 2 fights), Carlos Marks, Damiano Lassandro, Jean-Andre Emmerich, Wolfgang Gans, and Georg Steinherr. He also fought such fighters as Emile Griffith, Alan Minter, Bunny Starling, Kevin Finnegan, Ronnie Harris, and Frank Wissenbach. **BoxRec**

Roger Mayweather - Floyd Mayweather Jr.'s former trainer and uncle, died on March 17, 2020, aged 58. He had long struggled with diabetes, according to a statement on Floyd Mayweather's website. He began working with Floyd in 1996 and, with the assistance of his brothers Floyd Mayweather Sr. and Jeff, helped Floyd to go unbeaten in 50 fights, as he earned a reputation as one of the best pound-for-pound fighters of all time. "My uncle was one of the most important people in my life inside and outside of the ring," said Mayweather Jr. in a statement. "Roger was a great champion and one of the best trainers in boxing. Unfortunately, his health was failing him for several years and now he can finally rest in peace," added Mayweather Jr, who stopped working with his uncle in 2012. "Roger meant the world to me, my father Floyd Sr., my uncle Jeff, our whole family, everyone in and around the Mayweather Boxing Gym and the entire boxing world. It is a terrible loss for all of us." Before becoming a trainer, Roger -- who earned the nickname "Black Mamba" -- was a two-division world champion boxer in his own right, winning world titles at super featherweight and super lightweight. Following his professional debut in 1981, Mayweather earned 59 wins out of his 72 fights, including notable fights against multiple-time world champions Julio Cesar Chavez and Pernell Whitaker. Over his 20-year career, he held the WBA and lineal super-featherweight titles from 1983 to 1984 and the WBC light welterweight title from 1987 to 1989. "On top of being a phenomenal fighter in his own career, Roger was one of the most essential parts of guiding Floyd to the incredible career he had. **(CNN)**



DeAndrey Abron - Fightnews.com® is sad to report the passing of former light heavyweight world title challenger DeAndrey Abron, who tragically was killed in a car accident on March 8, 2020. Abron was one of most accomplished boxers to come out of the Army since Ray Mercer, winning a national Golden Gloves gold medal in 2003. He also won gold in the All Army/Armed Forces Championship from 1998-2003. Abron was team captain for the World Championships in 2001 and was an Olympic Team alternate in 2000. After turning pro, Abron won his first six fights and on September 1, 2007 he captured the NABO light heavyweight title when he upset undefeated contender Shane Benfield by way of twelve round decision. On April 26, 2008 he took on undefeated Hungarian Zsolt Erdei in a fight for the WBO light heavyweight title, dropping a decision to Erdei. Abron would fight some of boxing's most noteworthy contenders over the next three years, including a heavyweight fight against then up and coming Deontay Wilder on February 19, 2011. Abron retired later that year with a record of 15-10 -0 (KO 10/KO by 5). "DeAndrey Abron was the SOLE reason I enlisted in the US Army to join the World Class Athlete Program to compete as a boxer," former professional boxer Torrence Daniels said of the loss of his friend on a Facebook post. "He was like a brother to me and is gonna be missed tremendously!" **By David Finger**

Art Oubre - The Bunkie, Louisiana lightweight died February 19, 2020, at the age of 88. He was born on October 19, 1931, and was active 1950-1956, compiling a record of 8-11-1 (KO 3/KO by 2). During his career, he fought such fighters as Arthur Persley, Bobby Scanlon, and Nolan Duplessis. **BoxRec**

Don Ward - The 1950-1959 Chicago, Illinois lightweight died on February 4, 2010, at the age of 87. He was born Donald Kenneth Ward in Gary, Indiana on April 22, 1932, and compiled a record of 14-10-1 (KO 0/KO by 1). During his career, he defeated such fighters as Tommy Salem, Chuck Adkins, Bobby Rodgers (split 2 fights), Sammy Rodgers, Benny Artist, Al Johnson, and Jerry Mortell. He also fought such fighters as world champion Eddie Perkins, Solomon Boysaw, Gene Gresham, Joe Reynolds, Brian Kelly, and Russell Tague. **BoxRec**

Joe Diss - The 1950s Honfleur, Calvados, France welterweight died on January 10, 2010, at the age of 85. Diss was born on July 8, 1934, and was active from 1957-1958, compiling a record of 7-0-0 (KO 2). **BoxRec**

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE!