

FUN AND FROLIC

By TED CARROLL



the biblical allotment of three-score-years-and-ten, Rose suggests an elderly kewpie doll in appearance, with his impish grin, roundish contour, ruddy complexion, bright blue eyes and a bald pate that glistens like a brand-new bowling ball.

"I think the laughs I got on my first trip to Europe, back in 1914, were enough to keep me feeling young forever," chortles Charley. "With me were Jim Buckley, Gunboat Smith, who had a dry wit, and Bob Armstrong, the funniest guy I ever met in the fight game, bar none.

"It wasn't so much what Armstrong said, but how he said it," Rose continued. "One night, out in the middle of the Atlantic, the fog-horn kept blowing so long no one could get any sleep. Suddenly, there was a knock on my door. I opened it and there stood Armstrong.

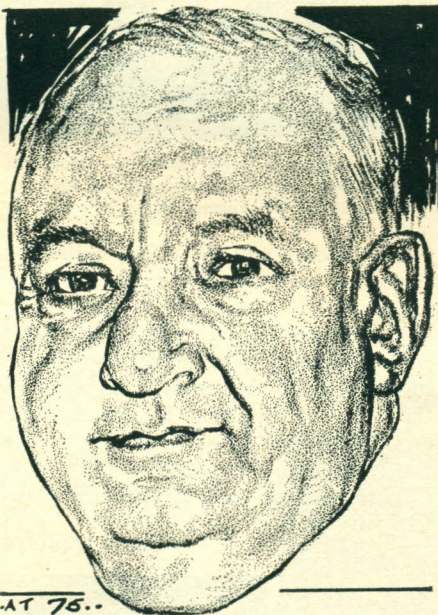


Laughs come easily to chuckling, chubby, cherubic Charley Rose, who, in a lengthy lifetime spent in boxing, recommends a sense of humor as the recipe for longevity.

"I don't know," I offered, "I've known many a grouch who hung around a long time."

"That's because they did their laughing inside of them," Charley explained. "Some of the funniest men and the greatest comedians were sour pussies. Look at sad-faced Buster Keaton, for one. He's still alive—and there are plenty of others like him."

Be this as it may, Charley certainly is a great specimen of his own fun-loving formula. Now five years or more beyond



AT 76...
Charley ROSE... PRESCRIBES
...A SENSE OF HUMOR...
FOR A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE

"Mr. Rose," he said, "what's all this horn-blowin' about? I'm gittin' kinda nervous."

"I don't know, Bob," I said, "but don't worry about it."

"Where's the Captain, Mr. Rose?" he asked.

"The Captain is up on the bridge, I guess," I told him.

"Bob looked at me with a puzzled expression on his face. 'You mean, HE'S up there and WE'RE down here?' he wanted to know.

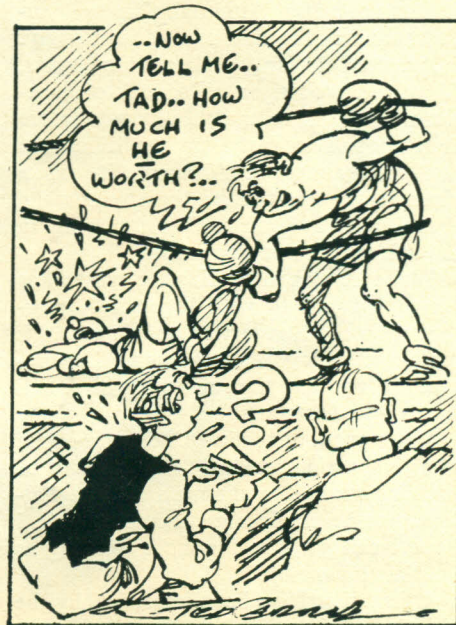
"Yes, I guess that's it," I said.

Armstrong started for the door. 'well, Mr. Rose,' he said, 'if that's where the

Captain is, that's where I'm goin', on account of at a time like this, with all this whistle-blowin', which sounds like trouble, wherever the Captain is, that's where Bob Armstrong wants to be."

"On that same trip," Charley went on, "we took in Paris and who do I run into over there but "Dapper Dan" M'Ketrick who had Frank Moran with him. Frank was to fight Jack Johnson. M'Ketrick was really something. He was dressed in a cutaway coat, top hat, and striped pants, carried a cane and had a flower in his lapel. He was living it up on the boulevards."

"How about the dough for this fight, Dan?" I asked.



"Broadway" Charley Rose has spent over half a century in boxing, living according to a fun-loving formula.

"You're far from home you know. I advise you to get an advance from these people."

"'Are you crazy!' he yelled at me, 'You want me to insult the millionaire who's running this thing by asking him for dough in advance? You must think you're back on the Bowery with those bums who never had anything! That's the trouble with you guys from the East Side. You never get it out of you. You're suspicious of everybody!'" he ranted.

"I was always friendly with Johnson, so I told him the same thing. All Johnson did was wink at me and say: 'There's a ton of money behind this fight. Nothing to worry about.'"

"Well, all I can say is that Johnson and M'Ketrick have long gone from this earth and they never got a thin dime out of that contest. World War One broke out, the government froze the dough and nobody ever collected a cent."

Famous as a globetrotter in his younger days, many of the old time boxing people would come to Charley for a briefing before taking off on a trans-Atlantic journey. One of these was the old "Honest Brake-man", Lew Diamond, on the move to Europe with the bantam king, Johnny Buff, for a London bout. Charley advised Lew on monetary arrangements, foreign currency, and stopping places while over there.

Arriving in England, Rose relates, Diamond put up at London's Waldorf Hotel. A press meeting was set for the Savoy Hotel.

Leaving the hostelry, Diamond and Buff hailed a cab.

"They stood on the corner looking like a couple of real hicks," laughs Charley, "especially Buff, who had on a suit two sizes too big for him with the sleeves over his hands and the pants all baggy. When they told the driver where they wanted to go, he looked them over, told them to get in, and for the next hour they saw the whole town of London. This guy took them everywhere, they kept riding and riding. Finally they stopped and the guy said:"

"Well 'ere we are, gov'ner!"

"They went in, met the writers and as they were leaving, said they were taking a cab back to their hotel."

"'A cab! What for?' yelled a writer, 'Why old chap, your bloomin' hotel is

right on the next block.'"

"Diamond spent the rest of his time in London looking for that cab driver but he never caught up with him," chuckled Charley as his globular body quivered with glee.

"Uncle Mike" Jacobs was a man with whom few took liberties. But even the cranky promoter was not immune to Charley's pixie pranks.

"I found out when Mike was located in the old Brill building on Broadway, that he would grab a hair brush a couple of times a day, duck into the washroom, and run it over his head. He was as bald as could be, and that struck me real funny. I wasn't getting any work from him anyway, so I thought I might as well have a little fun."

"So I went into a "five and ten" and bought a batch of cheap hairbrushes. Then I started sending one to Mike every day. After a couple of weeks of this, Mike got hold of me one day,

"Some—keeps sending me brushes every day He's either a wise guy or a nut if I could lay my hands on him, you can bet he'd never send anybody else anything!"

"Mike looked at me kinda funny then, as though he might have an idea I was the culprit, but I was ready for him."

"That's some smart aleck trying to get your goat, Mike.

"Leave it to me, I'll scout around and find out who it is."

"Since I already knew who it was, that trickery was stopped. But then I started sending him little towels with the word 'crying' marked on them. From then on Mike just glared at me I think he became wise but couldn't be certain. Anyway, I had nothing to lose because I—still didn't get any fights."

Famous newspaper men figure frequently in Charley's humorous recollections.

"You know old Tad, outside of being a great cartoonist and boxing writer, invented many a saying. One of his pet expressions was "a dime a dozen." A long time ago Frank Klaus a good fighter, was facing a fellow named Kid Williams and Tad was covering the fight. This Williams was a cocky guy who could box a bit. For a couple of rounds he made a monkey out of Klaus with a stiff left jab. Finally he got so confident that every time he'd jab Klaus, he'd half turn his head towards

Tad, and say good and loud 'these kind are a dime a dozen. .'"

"He kept this up, but in the fourth round, as he stuck out his left and turned his head, Klaus looped a right over the jab and knocked him cold. Turning to Tad, Klaus yelled, 'Now tell me, how much is HE worth?'"

A lot of people have been credited with coining the cliché "I'll knock him in your lap" but according to Charley, Abe Attell, who was the object of a bitter dislike by writer Bob Edgren, is the guy responsible.

"Edgren hated Attell for some reason although they were both from California. Abe knew this and before he entered the ring to fight "Philadelphia Pal" Moore one night at the old Fairmount in New York, he walked over to Edgren at the ringside and said.

"You—I'm gonna knock this bum right in your LAP!"

"Well, believe it or not, sure enough, Attell worked Moore over towards Edgren's spot, hit him a shot and he fell through the ropes almost on top of Edgren but the bell rang then and the fight went the limit."

One of Charley Rose's most lasting friendships was with Jack Johnson.

"We both loved funny stories. Johnson had a million of them and I knew my share. I put old Jack to work in the corner for me one night in Newark when I had Al Walker fighting Big Bill Hartwell. This turned out to be the greatest fight I've ever seen; ask anybody from Jersey who saw it." Charley insists.

"Well, anyway, things weren't going so good for Jack then I'd promised him twenty-five bucks for the night.

"As he climbed up and down the ring steps and into the ring, you could see his pants were pretty thin. A couple of times it looked like they might stretch to the breaking point as he bent over to advise Walker. Some guys sitting up close, started kidding him about it, but Jack didn't get angry. He just shut them up by saying:

"Don't worry boys if these pants don't hold out, that's why Charlie Rose is here. He's a tailor on the side, and everything will be O.K."

"Poor Jack—what a great fighter—and good-natured, swell fellow, he was, when you knew him," sighed Charley.

(Continued on page 49)

Belgian, Carlos Van Neste, in four at Wembley.

Then followed his first jaunt away from London. He journeyed to Liverpool to halt an American visitor, Orlando DePietro of California, in four. Although he won easily enough, Terry suffered further damage to his already battered nose, and had to take time out for another repair job.

Two and a half months later Downes made his second trip away from London. This time it was to Manchester, where he disposed of Richard Bouchez of Belgium in two.

Phil Edwards, whom Downes had beaten a year before for the vacant British middleweight title, was clamoring for another chance at him and the laurels. He was accommodated at Wembley. Once again Downes outlasted the shifty Welshman, who was near exhaustion when he retired at the end of the twelfth.

Three months later the veteran Joey Giardello was imported from the United States to meet Downes at Wembley.

In this bout Downes demonstrated that he could box, and well, when he wanted to. Instead of the "dashing, crashing, bashing" tactics to which his public had become accustomed, Terry reverted to the "classic English" style, and actually out-boxed Giardello in ten.

It was this victory that led to Downes' invasion of Boston in January of this year for his ill-fated first meeting with Pender. Terry recovered from a first-round knock-down to wage a gallant battle against the world champion, but a mangled nose and an assortment of other facial damages resulted in the bout being stopped in the ninth.

While the return match with Pender in London was pending, Downes tuned up for it with a pair of easy wins over Americans. He stopped Willie Green of Providence in three and Tony Montano of Arizona in five. Both bouts were held at Wembley, and it was in the same ring that Terry finally reached his main goal, the world middleweight championship, when Pender "resigned" after nine rounds of gruelling action.

FUN AND FROLIC

(Continued from page 19)

Of the endless number of celebrities and famous figures whose paths have crossed his, Charley Rose has a special spot in his memories for the legendary multi-millionaire steel king and philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie.

"Carnegie was on the same boat with me on one of my trips abroad." He reveals, "He was a little guy with a beard. He would walk the deck in the afternoon but everybody was afraid to speak to him.

"Jim Buckley, who always said I had more nerve than anybody, kept daring me to talk to Andrew Carnegie. One day I

took Buckley up and spoke to Carnegie and do you know, he took a liking to me and we became friends, but I couldn't follow through with it, I wasn't ready for that kind of company."

Charley Rose' own entry into the boxing game more than sixty years ago had comic overtones.

One of a crowd of youngsters congregated outside the old Broadway A. C. in downtown New York, following a George Dixon fight, Little Charley trailed the champion to a nearby saloon where he was being hailed by a crowd of admirers. Making himself as small as possible and working his way through the milling group, Charley finally got close enough to Dixon to shake the hand of the famous fighter. Rejoining his pals on the sidewalk, he held the hand high while boastfully proclaiming his feat of meeting the great George Dixon.

The following week the equally renowned Joe Walcott appeared but when little Charley Rose tried the stunt again, he was nabbed just inside the swinging doors, grabbed by the patch of his pants and unceremoniously tossed into the street.

"I was thrown into the boxing game by being thrown out of a saloon," he laughs.

"I landed right in front of all my friends. They kidded me so much, there was nothing for me to do but to make up for it by becoming a fighter, which I did."

In the long years that have passed since that evening in 1899, Charley "Broadway" Rose Kid Glove fighter, World War I vet, trainer, manager, and promoter, has never lost the charm of good cheer to which he attributes the happy health which marks his seventh decade of life.

NAT FLEISCHER SAYS

(Continued from page 3)

Long Island Railroads will be modernized.

Admiral Bergen declared that in addition to the sports events now staged in the Garden, new projects will make their appearance and political and industrial conventions will be sponsored in the largest arena in the world.

RETURN BOUTS SHOULD BE BY DEMAND

More and more the public has become soured on the "return bout" clauses that are stifling competition. Under present conditions legitimate challengers must wait until old age creeps up on them before they can obtain a crack at the crown once a title match is arranged and the defending champion loses the championship. Then follows a return engagement with still another return bout clause to protect the newly crowned king should he lose his throne.

Boxing Commissions declare they cannot prevent such bouts from being arranged, since in states where this is banned

by regulations, individual contracts are signed. The time for a halt has arrived. Commissions have it within their power to prevent return matches.

The courts have ruled that no contract is legal unless the agreement has been accepted by the commission in whose jurisdiction the bout is to be staged. Unfortunately commissions shut their eyes to the illegal process in order to obtain the bout for their domain.

One more reason why boxing needs a National Commission to regulate the sport. The public should be the judge in return bouts. If a bout has produced sufficient interest either through a sensational ending or a thrilling affair, no pressure through a return clause is necessary for a repeat performance. But to make such a bout mandatory through a pre-fight agreement, arouses the ire of fight enthusiasts. It eliminates legitimate, qualified challengers.


The National Boxing Association has on its agenda for its annual meeting at Hershey, Pa., many items which it hopes if passed, will help bring boxing back to normal. One item should be the abolition of return bouts in all title matches until the winner has given one of the four outstanding challengers next in line, an opportunity to fight for the crown.

LARDNER BOOK GOOD READING

Boxing literature has been enhanced by the appearance of "The World of John Lardner" (Simon and Schuster, \$4.50), a book that contains many reprints of articles published over the years in magazines to which he was a steady contributor. The book is the work of a master essayist and reporter, put together by his friends, Walt Kelly and Roger Kahn, following the death of the famous author and war correspondent. Kelly wrote the preface and Kahn the epilogue.

Some of his war correspondence, his stories of people, incidents and anecdotes in his world of reporting, are gathered in the volume. A portion of the book contains new material. It pertains to the "Untaxed Whisky Age". It apparently was intended to be a full length work called "Drinking in America," but remained unfinished when he passed away a month before his 48th birthday.

"The World of John Lardner" is a book with the best of the writings of the famous reporter-author.



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By TED CARROLL

The Strange World of ...

Charley Rose

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This Installment:—“A Reminiscing Rose”

“**A** Rose by another name will always eat—” intoned a scholarly gentleman as paraphrasing Shakespeare—he watched 75 year old Charley Rose, after putting away a huge order of spaghetti and roast beef, go to work on a second platter supplied by a dieting table mate at a Boxing Writers’ luncheon.

Charley Rose—bouncy and vibrant after a three-quarter century existence, accounts his prodigious appetite a strong factor in his durability.

“Poor kids like me on the old East Side never had enough to eat, so I’ve spent the rest of my life getting even for the meals I missed when I was a little fellow,” explains the veteran boxing man. “I’ve been kidded about my appetite all my life, but I’m thankful it’s never let me down. It’s as good now as it was fifty years ago.

“And do you know,” he continued between mouthfuls, “I once managed a fellow who was the lightest eater for his size I ever saw—Harry Wills. Wills would look at me going to town at the table and his eyes would pop. ‘Charley Rose, where does a little shrimp like you put all that food? A little fellow like you wasn’t meant to carry around all that food inside you. You can’t last very long,’ he said as he shook his head sadly.

“Poor Harry—he passed away a couple of years ago. Once a year he’d go on a month long fast and have nothing but orange juice. Claimed that was the best way to reach a hundred.

“Even in training all he’d have would be a couple of eggs and a glass of milk for breakfast, then a small piece of steak, and a couple of little potatoes for dinner. But I must say he was always in great shape.”

I reminded Charley that Rocky Mar-

ciano had gained the reputation of being the biggest eater of all the heavyweight champions.

“That might have gone for the heavyweight champions, but I would have liked to have seen him matched with his own trainer, little Charley Goldman, in an eating contest. Look, let me show you something.”

Reaching into an inner pocket, Charley withdrew a postal card.

“Funny, that this subject should be brought up, I got this card just a few days ago. Here, read it.”

The card, mailed from Las Vegas, Nevada, dated October 21st, read; “Hello, Charley: You would love it out here. All you can eat for \$2.50. Your pal, Charley Goldman.

“Let me tell you about the time Abe Yager—the press agent—invited us over to his house for dinner. Abe knew about us, but he figured he could handle just one at a time. But he got his wires crossed somehow, and we both showed up at his home answering the invitation.

“His charming wife Sophie must have worn out a pair of shoes running back and forth to the kitchen. She’s a great cook, and we really went to town. Charley knocked off a whole chicken. That made Abe lose his own appetite as he started figuring grocery bills. His wife couldn’t get over it. All she could say, ‘—And—such a little man—!’

“Charley looked invincible until he reached for some cucumbers. The cucumbers kayoed Charley Goldman. On top of all the other stuff they started talking back, his arms fell to his sides, and he slumped on his chair. He was through. Yaeger and I picked him up and laid him on the couch. He was as flattened as any fighter you ever saw.” triumphantly chuckled Charley

Rose.

“But Charley Goldman is a great man with a knife and fork. I don’t know where he puts it. He’s no bigger now than when he was fighting as a bantamweight fifty years ago. He must have hollow legs.”

Charley’s face suddenly lit up. “When I was a youngster I met Diamond Jim Brady through Tim Sullivan, the politician who liked me, and an old time fight promoter, named George B. McDonald. ‘Diamond Jim’ was the biggest eater that ever lived. He’d start a meal with 2-dozen oysters as an appetizer—maybe that’s how I got the habit.

The luncheon over, we strolled across the street to Charley’s hotel, where after twenty years he reigns as a kind of “star boarder”.

Upstairs, after making ourselves comfortable in Charley’s interesting quarters, he pointed out the window at a building in process of construction on Forty-eighth street.

“Look, see those workmen. It’s not lunch time but they’re sitting down having coffee. A coffee-break, yet! That’s why we don’t have any more young fighters. Coffee-breaks and two hundred dollars a week for construction labor. Who needs to go into the ring?

“In the old days those kind of guys got ten dollars a week. Today, a Garden pre-elim will bring a kid a hundred and fifty, maybe two, and if he gets one a month, he’s lucky. Out of that, even if he isn’t cut, comes all kinds of expenses. He can make what’s left in any kind of a job—a week—why should he fight?

Finding no answer to this unassailable logic, I wanted to know what Charley, one of the last of his era left in the boxing business, thought of TV’s effects upon the sport.

By TED CARROLL

The Strange World of . . .

Charley Rose

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THE pixies who peopled the post World War One period in pugilism on which we dwell as we proceed with our perambulations with Charley Rose along the roadways of reminiscence were "out of this world" in more ways than one. They belonged in such legendary lands as Erewhon (spell it backwards), would have fitted neatly in with the citizens of Alice's Wonderland, Judy Garland could have encountered them in the Land of Oz, Snow-White's "Seven Dwarfs" would have found them fit companions, and they could have brightly adorned the pages of Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales.

Charley Rose himself is one of the last survivors of this fantastic collection of elfin individuals of which Lew Raymond, Paddy Mullins, Prof. Billy M'Carney, Leo P. Flynn, Senator Wild Bill Lyons, and "Peter the Fox" Reilly, were typical.

Chubby Charley quakes and quivers with merriment as he recounts the predicaments in which they became involved, the pranks they played and the pixillation which was so much a part of their personalities.

"What a gang!" he begins, "they'd do anything for a gag; they were all full of the devil no matter how old they got or how tough things might be."

"Take Lew Raymond for instance, Lew hated to pay a bill. He had a song he used to sing, 'Old bills I never pay—new bills can wait for another day.'

"But what about that twenty you got from me down in New Orleans Lew; I said to him one day, that's a new bill. 'Yes, but I'M waiting for it to get old.' was his answer."

Charley chuckled again, "But Lew was such a funny guy—he was an old burlesque comedian you know, with the double talk and all—that you couldn't get sore at him. The best you could do was get it back in laughs."

"Nobody had more nerve than Lew that way. We all had offices in the old Calvert Building years ago. A tailor upstairs made the mistake of letting Lew have a suit on credit. Would you believe that Lew gave the poor guy the double talk, and insisted that he had a twin brother who went around buying things on time in his name. 'He's been doing it for years, that loafer! It's cost me a fortune!' he yelled. He put on such a good act that the tailor finally went to his partner, old Paddy Mullins."

"Paddy who always got a great kick out of Lew's tricks just laughed. 'That Raymond!' he said, 'I really believe the bye's a Jewish leprechaun! an' how much does he owe ye, lad?' The tailor told him, and Paddy reached down in the pocket where he kept the big bills—he had another pocket for small stuff—and gave the guy his dough."

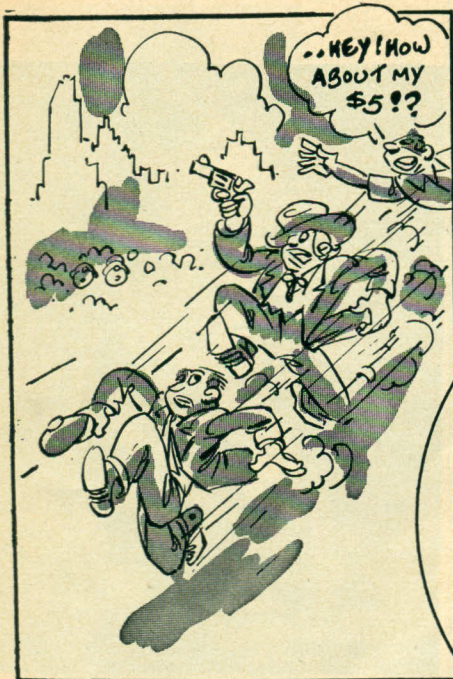
According to Charley, Mullins, long time manager of Harry Wills, liked nothing better than a good gag himself.

"When I came back from France back in 1919, every soldier was a hero and they made a big fuss about me. Around that time 'Senator Wild Bill' Lyons was making a lot of noise around town, telling people about all the guys he had shot out west and what a great guy he was with a gun. He had a pistol he called 'Old Betsy,' and he'd wave it around like there was no Sullivan Law but got away with it."

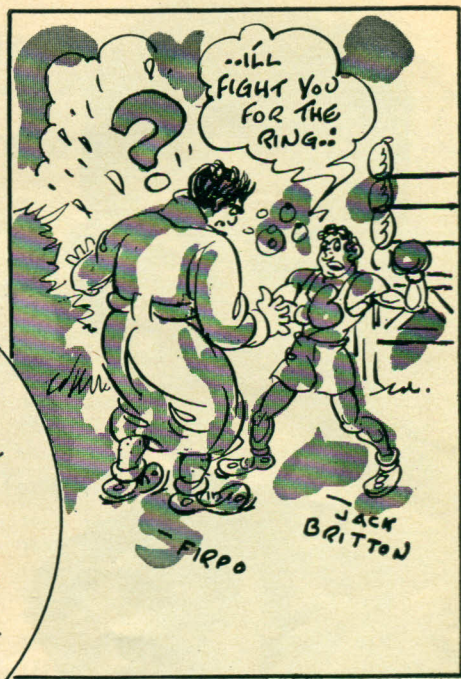
"This Senator Wild Bill was a real character. He was a Jewish boy who went west as a tie salesman and came back east dressed like Buffalo Bill, a real wild west guy. Paddy Mullins decided to kid him a bit. "Why Charley Rose shot more Germans in France than you've got hairs on your head! He can outshoot you blindfolded!"

"This steamed up Wild Bill. 'Get Charley Rose and we'll go across the street into the shooting gallery and I'll show you why they call me Wild Bill Lyons!'"

"Well, it was all right with me; but first we reached the guy working in the gallery, promised him a fiver to ring the gong every time I took a shot at it. The gallery was crowded with the fight mob there to watch it. Wild Bill shot first and made something like three out of five. I picked up the gun and made all five. 'Rose was lucky, let's go again!'"



Toledo for the big fight at my expense, and I'm getting you a job with Jess Willard! Sure enough he took me along, but when we got there Willard turned him down telling him he had a fellow named O'Neill and big Walter Monahan to train him. Bat blew his top! 'What, you refuse this boy who



shouted the Senator.

"This time he only made two as I recall it. Well, everybody was so busy laughing at and kidding him, that in the scramble I picked up the wrong gun to shoot again. When I pulled the trigger there was just a click, it was empty; but the gong rang just the same! 'Why you —,' hollered the Senator. He took off after me as I ran out the joint down Forty-second street with the Gallery guy running third and screaming 'Stop, Stop, where's my five bucks!'"

The World War One victory fever that swept the country back in 1919 had a lot to do with Charley—as the only returned fight manager veteran of the AEF—getting a free trip to the Dempsey-Willard fight that year.

"Old Bat Masterson—the same one

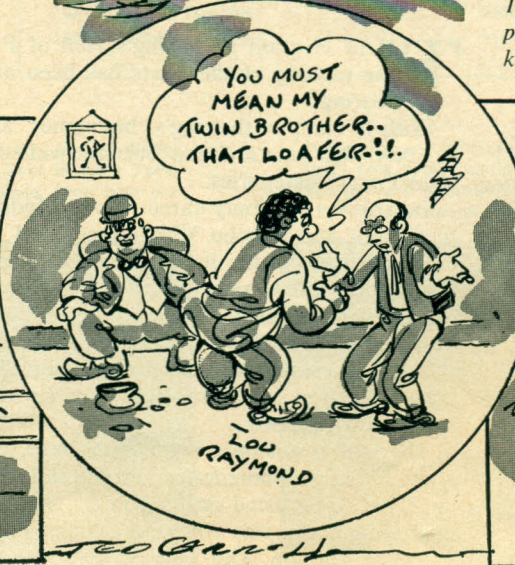
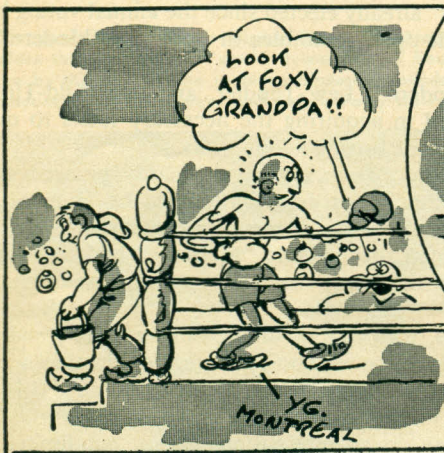


"And I don't believe he ever did either." declares Charley.

Raconteurs of this period never neglect Leo P. Flynn in their yarn spinning and Charley Rose is no exception.

"You could write a book about old Leo P.," he begins, "and do you know that Leo got the guy who was just about his best fighter out of pure luck."

"Billy Shade had made a great reputation on the coast and in Australia; back in New York Flynn had his eye on him. When Frank Tabor showed up in town from out west, with Billy Shade and his brother George, a middleweight, Flynn got in touch with him ready to do business for their contracts. It was O.K. with Tabor but they couldn't get together on price. Finally Tabor offered to bring the kid brother Dave in from out west and



they tell about on TV—was a real flag waver. He was too old to go himself and to him nothing was too good for a soldier. 'Young man, I'm taking you with me to

fought for his country! I'm picking you to win but I hope you get your brains knocked out and I'll never speak to you again!"

throw him into the package. Flynn said he wasn't interested in the kid, but he went for it anyway. The first thing Dave Shade said to (Continued on page 50)

CHARLEY ROSE

(Continued from page 25)

Flynn when they met, was this: 'My brother can punch—but that's all—I'm the only real fighter in this family!' Well he was so right, that he and Flynn must have grossed close to three hundred thousand dollars. He helped make Leo a rich man."

The paths of Flynn and Charley Rose were to cross consistently over the years but one particular incident remains uppermost in Charley's mind.

"And this is an incident which is well remembered by our good friend, Dan Parker who comes from the town in which it happened, Waterbury Conn.," he opens. "There were more Irishmen in Waterbury, back in those days than there are in Dublin. George Mulligan was the promoter there and it was a good boxing town; Flynn came up with a fighter named Tim Kelly from up that way and figured the name alone would make him a bargain for Mulligan. He wanted \$2000 for the fighter. In the meantime they matched Kelly with a guy of mine named Jack Stone, no great fighter but a real puncher."

"Flynn was no fool, and tried like anything to get his dough for the fighter before the fight. I couldn't see this because Mulligan was giving us all plenty of work. I talked him into waiting until the fight was over. 'My guy is going to knock this fellow cold,' he said. Sure enough that's the way it turned out. As they were counting Kelly out, Flynn didn't even wait. He made a beeline for the door; I looked around and all I could see was Irish faces, and they didn't look too happy; so I yelled up to Stone who was Jewish but had a busted nose and didn't look it, "All right Jack, lets get going! You know you've got to make early Mass tomorrow morning."

Dollar disagreements between fighter and manager are occupational hazards of the pugilistic profession and Charley waxes poetic as he recalls Leo P.'s tactics in dealing with this problem.

"Poor people weren't playing golf back in those days, but Leo was, and to show off he wore his golf knickers around town as well as on the course. Whenever an argument would come up with one of his fighters over dough, Leo would always strike a pose and say, 'Young man—let me remind you, "Fighters come and fighters go—but managers wind up with the dough. Leave everything to me and we'll both do all right.'"

Plagued by the parlous period which today claims boxing, present day fight people have neither the time nor the inclination for plotting and planning the kind of pranks so dear to the hearts of the grem-lins of long ago.

Cantankerous gym owner Lou Stillman

was a favorite target of Charley who in years past took great delight in harrying Stillman with incessant hollers of "Who—Who?" as the gym man attempted to announce the names of the training boxers; dispatching fake "workmen" up to the gym to dismantle the ring, after training periods; ordering wagon loads of ice sent up to the bewildered Lou and capers of such character.

The fake phone call from the out of town promoter made from a nearby phone booth was another gimmick often resorted to in whiling away dull moments. Charley chortles gleefully as he recalls far roaming Freddy Sommers as one of the last to be frequently victimized by this antic.

Charley Rose nominates Pete (Peter the Fox) Reilly as the all time champ among his set for playing tricks on the unsuspecting.

"But sometimes Pete's jokes were a little rough, and in the long run they didn't do him any good; like the time he got up early one morning in Schmeling's training camp and sawed half way through a plank which covered a little stream which crossed the road where Schmeling did his early morning running. Well, sure enough that morning when Schmeling stepped on the board it busted and he tumbled into the mud and water. Max wasn't a bad guy, but he was a serious minded fellow; he couldn't see the joke and do you know, he never spoke to Reilly again after he found out it was his work."

The reputations gained by Boxing's old time "Broadway Boys" for high jinks of a suspicious nature were countrywide, and out of town promoters had learned by excruciating experience to be most wary of them. This sometimes led to uncomfortable situations when the impish lads went on the road, admits Charley Rose.

"You know, some of those old pals of mine weren't above slipping in a ringer now and then for somebody else. Billy M'Carney, the "old professor," was a great one for this. Believe it or not, he once took "Kentucky Rosebud" a very good Negro fighter in those days up to Utica and passed him off as Frankie Bradley, who actually was an Irish kid from Philadelphia. The out of town promoters trusted nobody so when I showed up in Los Angeles with Young Montreal to fight Bud Taylor years ago, everything was all right until Montreal took off his cap and he was as bald as an egg. He was a little Jewish boy who looked like Leon Errol, the old comedian, and when the fans got their first look at him they started yelling 'Hey, there's foxy Grandpa.'" Charley recalls.

"Well, he was really a wonderful boxer who could lick anybody when right, but coming all the way from the cold weather

in Providence to Los Angeles he wasn't acclimated and Taylor who was a great bantamweight stopped him in two rounds. The crowd went crazy and I was lucky to get out of the joint with my life. 'You're not getting a dime for this robbery, we knew it all the time, who is that old bum you stuck us with anyway? Don't tell me that's Young Montreal!' screamed the promoters."

Charley then reveals that nothing he could do, not even the okay of other fighters and managers, could convince the promoters they had not been "rung in" and bilked by one of those Broadway "wiseguys."

"Well, I didn't get a dime, and Montreal had to take on Taylor again, this time in Providence; and win a decision over him before the California people were convinced that he wasn't a phoney." chuckles Charley.

Being exposed to them often made otherwise normal associates willing collaborators in the carryings-on of these old time cut-ups.

"Jack Britton, the old welterweight champ, was about as conservative and reserved a guy as you could find. He, Mike M'Tigue, my guy, Luis Firpo, and a gang of others were all working up at Luther's old place at Saratoga Springs. Britton had a big family and had them all up there with him. He did everything on a tight schedule, and insisted on working out at two o'clock sharp every afternoon. Well, Firpo wanted the two o'clock spot too, and an argument broke out." Charley reminisces.

"Now 'Dumb Dan' Morgan, Britton's manager, was sick and tired of Saratoga because he was losing too much dough at the race track, so he cooked up an idea for Britton to challenge Firpo, a giant heavyweight, to a camp fight for the two o'clock time. Britton, a quiet guy, was talked into going along with the gag. 'I'll fight Firpo for the time spot and if he refuses we're all moving out of camp!' he announced to the newspapermen. Of course Firpo just laughed and everybody including me and M'Tigue cleared out of the joint. Pictures were taken of us moving and it got a big play in the papers."

At this point Charley took time out to rifle through the pages of one of his voluminous scrapbooks. "See," he said, "here is the shot of us all breaking out of camp."

"Ah, those were the days, what a gang that was, there was never a dull moment when they were around," concluded Charley Rose.

Important Notice

Due to the rise of postage rates, no request for information will be answered by mail unless return postage is enclosed. Also be sure to include 10 cents for postage when ordering books, and if in New York City, add for book order 3 percent sales tax.

"Not good," was the terse reply. "Why should a man in his right mind leave the comfort of his own home in bad weather to go to a fight when he can turn on the television? The small clubs were finished the first time a fight came over the television." was his sober analysis.

Back on a happier tack, Rose resumed: "I had many a connection with a small club in my time, but one I'll never forget is the time I put in Ted Nelson, one of my ex-fighters, as matchmaker and promoter in a spot down in Richmond, Virginia. It was a good deal for me too, because I'd send down a package of fighters for a thousand dollars to fill out the card. And what do you think happened? One morning I got a wire from Nelson, the guy

Kearns' claims to Dempsey's contract, but Jack wouldn't listen to any offer. He was sure that the courts would sustain him, and

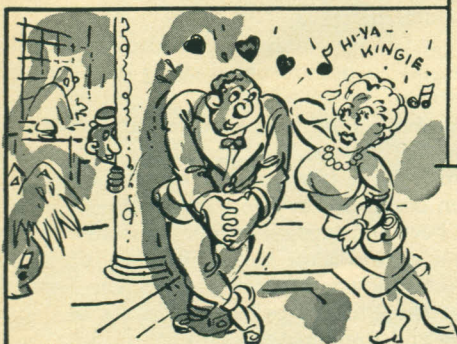
he would wind up with a bundle from the Dempsey-Tunney fights. He lost out and never got a dime from either of those fights."

"The old time managers were a lot livelier, and a lot more fun to be around. Those to-day are much more serious, more like lawyers or business men, but that doesn't mean that they don't know the fight game just as well as any of the old timers." concedes Charley.

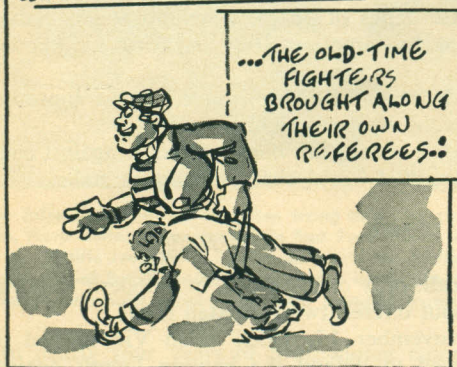
"Take Cus D'Amato. He turned in the best job of making a world's champion out of a kid and making him a rich man with soft fights than anybody ever did. From the first time Cus saw him, every time Floyd Patterson has stepped into the ring, everything has been in his favor.

"They're criticizing Cus for being so careful about referees. Only a sucker could blame him for being so suspicious.

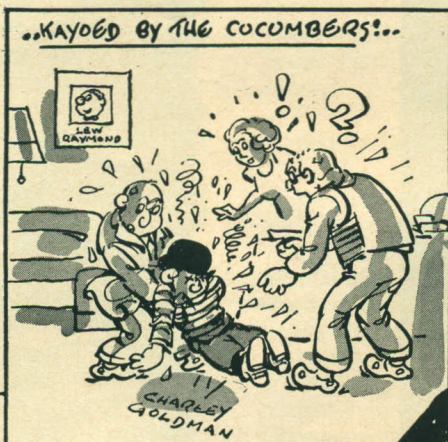
"The oldtimers carried their own referees around with them. I spent a lot of time with Freddie Welsh, and I know he liked to have Billy Roche working his



...THE LOVEBUG BIT THE KING!...



...THE OLD-TIME FIGHTERS BROUGHT ALONG THEIR OWN REFEREES!...



...KAYOED BY THE CUCUMBERS!...



Charley ROSE

RESUMES HIS REMINISCENCES OF FOOD..FUN.. AND FIGHTERS!..



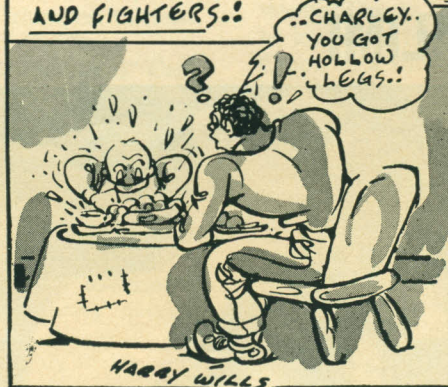
Ted Carroll

I'd given the job to, saying, 'Don't send me any more fighters. They're costing me too much money.'

"Charley, you must feel like a stranger in a strange land. All your Broadway pals have gone. You don't see many familiar faces any more," was my observation.

"Very true — well, there's Joe Woodman, and every now and then Kearns drops into town. That Kearns—what a man he is," continued Charley, shaking his head in wonderment. "He's made fortunes, but he's missed the boat on a couple, too.

"I remember when he was having that trouble with Dempsey. A lot of people were interested in taking his interest in Dempsey off his hands and taking their chances in court. A combination came to me with an offer to go as high as a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for



HARRY WILLS

fights. When he hit the road, Benny Leonard usually took along Slim Brennan, just in case.

"Even old Mike Jacobs usually wanted Arthur Donovan in there, even with a great fighter like Louis. There's nothing wrong with that. With a million dollars worth of title on the line, Cus isn't dumb enough to risk it in the hands of some guy nobody knows anything about except maybe the other guy."

Along with his compliments to certain of today's managers, Charley Rose, in

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"I SURRENDER"

(Continued from page 21)

Robinson was not the only victim of the intense heat and the heavy, sticky humidity. Ruby Goldstein, the referee, had collapsed in the 10th round. Ray Miller had been rushed in to substitute. The fight ended in the 14th with Maxim the winner and still champion.

The scorecard Miller had taken from Goldstein could not be read after it was turned into the boxing commission deputy. Soaked with sweat the ink had run, making it illegible.

Willie Pep, one of the featherweight greats, is another champion who relinquished a title sitting in his corner. It was his third meeting with Sandy Saddler. In their first fight, Sandy had upset Willie in four rounds. The return bout was one of the most exciting ever fought in the Garden. Pep had gone all out in outscoring the rough, hard-hitting Saddler in 15 rounds. There had to be a third fight.

Over a year elapsed from their second clash to their meeting at Yankee Stadium. Time had taken its toll of Pep's skills, and the harder hitting Saddler was in command all the way. When the gong sounded for the eighth round Willie failed to answer.

PEP'S SHOULDER BEAT HIM, AGAINST SADDLER

Dr. Vincent Nardiello, a physician on the Commission's staff, jumped into the ring, and discovered Pep had dislocated his shoulder. The doctor snapped it back in place, but of course the fight was over. Sandy gave Willie another chance later on, and repeated by knocking him out in nine rounds.

When he retired an undefeated champion Saddler had scored 102 knockouts, and was one of only four fighters to stop 100 or more opponents.

Hogan (Kid) Basse, the Nigerian, is another featherweight champion to lose the crown in his corner. Cuts dictated his decision to retire in his first bout with Davey Moore, the present champion. The end came after the 13th round. The cuts reopened in the return bout, and again Basse retired.

George Biddles, the Nigerian's British manager, felt this was the thing to do, as it was obvious in both fights that Basse could not win if they continued through the 15th rounds.

Injuries play their part in boxers' failures to come out of their corners. Marcel Cerdan's left arm dangled at his side, and he was unable to defend himself, when he surrendered the middleweight title to Jake LaMotta at the end of the 10th round. The doctors reported afterward that Cerdan had injured the "ele-

vator" muscle in his left shoulder.

Cerdan never got a chance to regain the crown. The plane in which he was flying from France to a return engagement with LaMotta crashed in the Azores.

The tossing in of a towel has long been outlawed. In the early '20s they were being thrown in too often, and there were times when the fighter was surprised that his seconds had surrendered. The no-foul rule is a twin to the anti-towel tossing edict.

GREAT FIGHTERS GO DOWN STILL FIGHTING

The great champions feel they owe it to themselves, as well as the public, to go down fighting. Barney Ross was badly beaten by Henry Armstrong from the sixth round on, but he was still on his feet vainly trying to defend the welterweight title when the bell ended the 15th and final round.

A friendly reporter suggested in the dressing room that in his prime Ross would have beaten Armstrong.

"All I know is I couldn't beat him tonight," Ross replied.

When Armstrong lost the last of his three titles, the one he won from Ross, to Fritzie Zivic, he was still erect at the final bell. When it rang he pitched forward on his face. Henry had given all he had.

James J. Braddock, ever courageous, went down fighting in defense of the heavyweight championship. Seeing Jim badly battered by Joe Louis, Joe Gould, his manager, told him: "I'm going to stop it."

"If you do I'll never speak to you again," Jersey Jim threatened. He went out and was knocked out in the next round, the eighth.

Tony Galento, his face cut, chucked it to Max Baer, but there was no title at stake.

The American fan expects his champions to go out like champions. That is why he finds it difficult to understand why Pender "retired" in his corner.

No doubt Paul justifies his decision, knowing he was not himself, due to the virus. But it was made in violation of a tradition going back to Sullivan's time.

The great champions, and there have been many, stand and fight until they fall. Pender is not a member of their gallant company.

THE STRANGE WORLD OF CHARLEY ROSE

(Continued from page 25)

contrast to many other oldtimers, has bouquets for today's boxing champions.

"Joe Brown is getting old, but he still knows how to fight," he begins. "This

Davey Moore would have given any of the old timers plenty of trouble, and that goes for Archie Moore, as old as he is. Harold Johnson is another one who knows his business. Fullmer don't look good in there but he's a real tough fellow. Of all the middleweights I've ever seen, Stanley Ketchel and Harry Greb are the only two I'd rate up there with Sugar Ray. I don't think he looked as bad as people say against that kid Moyer. I counted every clean punch Moyer landed and do you know how many there were? I counted just five—that's all—five! Ray had to make the fight against a kid who never leads, and is hard to hit, and hard to hurt."

Charley Rose also finds some sentiment along the often rocky road traveled by pugilism's pilgrims.

"Poor Leaping Lena Levy, she's been gone for some time now. They called her eccentric, but I liked her and she was always smart enough to get her hands on all Kingfish Levinsky's dough, before anything could happen to it. The king had a manager, Harold Steinman, but Lena always did the paying off. After the Louis fight, with everybody lined up and waiting, she yelled, 'Charley Rose gets paid first, he did me a big favor in Denver once.'

"And what was that?" I wanted to know.

"Believe it or not, but while I was in Denver with Hans Birkie matched to fight the Kingfish, Levinsky had a crush on Peaches Browning. Remember her, she's passed too, but in those days she was known all over. I think she kinda took to the King, too, although I admit I'll never know why." narrated Rose. "Lena didn't go for that at all."

"Peaches was staying in my hotel and Lena got hold of me. 'Look, Rose, if that dumb brother of mine shows up in the lobby of that hotel, get me on the phone. I'll have him paged in the lobby and give him a bawling out.'

"For the rest of the time I was there, I kept on the King's trail like a house detective. When we got ready to leave after the fight, Lena thanked me and said she wouldn't forget me. To this day I'll never know why she beefed so. Nobody ever called the King a bargain and Peaches Browning was loaded with a big settlement from the millionaire she married. She didn't need the Kingfish!

"But Leaping Lena was a great girl. She would speak her mind but never did anyone any harm and I felt pretty bad when she passed on."

And Charley "Broadway" Rose, one time kid-glove fighter, soldier and pugilism perennial, as I arose to leave, like his namesake of the famous song, had a tear in his eye.

But Charley Rose has no time for tears over a life as well spent as the many silver dollars he hands out to old friends during the holiday season.