

# COWBOY CLOUTER

*Ruben Shank, Colorful Colorado Battler Recently Discharged From Coast Guard, Aims High in Middleweight Division*

By HARVEY BRIGHT

**A** COLORFUL, two-fisted Colorado cowboy, recently discharged from the Coast Guard, has invaded the middleweight ranks, hoping to become the first world's boxing champion from his home state since Jack Dempsey held the heavyweight crown.

Cowboy Ruben Shank of Denver boasts of a fistic career almost as fabulous as that of the great Manassa Mauler. Born in Keensburg, Colorado, on August 8, 1921, Ruben, one of a brood of eight, pitched in with the "thinnin', toppin', weedin', and hoein'" on his father's sugar beet farm when he was only seven years old. Adjoining his father's farm was a cattle ranch where Shank learned to bust broncos, rope and bulldog steers and herd cattle.

The Shank family had to move from the farm when a five-year drought made it impossible to raise crops. Young Ruben liked to box. He idolized a couple of older brothers who boxed, but never got very far because they had to devote too much time to the farm. However, Rube and his brother Adam teamed up in a brother act and fought each other all over their home state on charity shows and smokers. At the age of 14, weighing only 118 pounds, Ruben began to appear on numerous amateur cards. As a simon-pure he competed in 13 amateur tourneys and won 11. Shank reached the finals in the A.A.U. Nationals at Boston in 1939.

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**R**EMINISCING about his career in the amateur ranks when he was still a kid in knee pants, Rube recalled how most of the fellows he fought were at least eight years older, heavier and much more experienced.

"I used to give them guys plenty of what for," Shank grinningly remembered. "They were really OLD fellers, 'round 20 or 21 years, and me, I was only a kid, 14 or 15, and I could step rings around them. Yessir, I was a good fighter when I was young."

Shank is now a doddering old codger of 24!

Cowboy Rube turned pro late in 1939, engaged in a few fights around Denver and then left for California. He remained on the Coast for one year, engaging in 21 bouts and dropped only one decision. In Hollywood, the Stadium promoter awards a bonus to the fighter making the best showing on the card. Rube walked off with the bonus five times in seven appearances.

Returning to Denver, he boxed Jack Chase, then using the ring name of Young Joe Louis, in his first star bout. Shank was only 19 years old then, while Chase was a nationally ranking fighter, a distinction he still holds. Rube fought the seasoned, clever Chase to a standstill, dropping a close eight-round decision. For this mighty effort, Shank was rewarded with the munificent sum of approximately \$30! The gross gate was only \$400.

Shank then was offered a main go against Cosby Linson in New Orleans, and took a ten-round decision from the Southerner, who is now his stablemate. This was the first time Rube had boxed over that route. The Cowboy next decided to try his luck around Minneapolis and after he had whipped Johnny Roszina and Warren Corbett in 1942, he was established as a local card.

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**F**RITZIE ZIVIC, barnstorming around the country after losing his welterweight title to Red Cochrane, decided to accept the offer of the Minneapolis promoter and box Shank there. After all, a couple of grand is a couple of grand, and how good could this Cowboy yokel be?

Shank was only 20 years old then, and this marked the second time he was to travel ten rounds. The local boxing gentry gave Shank little or no chance to win, but a capacity crowd turned out

to see the former welterweight champion in action against the best Minneapolis had to offer.

While the fans soberly waited for Zivic to belt their man out, Shank kept punching, staying with the cute Pittsburgher, matching him blow for blow. At the halfway mark, it became increasingly apparent that Shank might not only go the limit, but had an excellent chance to win!

Round after round they cheered as Ruben lashed out with telling blows and groaned audibly whenever the former champion retaliated with well-placed wallops. However, when the battle ended, Shank was awarded the decision and was now established nationally!

A week after he defeated Zivic, Shank faced Bobby Berger, a pretty good welterweight, and flattened him in five frames.

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**S**HANK then returned triumphantly to Denver, where once he had boxed main goes for paltry pittances, to await offers from promoters. Henry Armstrong, another great ex-welter king, making a comeback, was on his way East and decided to stop off at Denver to face Shank when he was offered a match. This time there was considerably much more money in the house than on the night Shank faced Jack Chase, and it was a victorious Shank who took Armstrong's seat on the train heading East.

He boxed in Newark and later faced Ray Robinson in the Garden for his New York debut. Sugar Ray had little trouble stopping the Cowboy, who gamely rose from four knockdowns in two rounds before the referee intervened.

"I don't want to take anything away from Ray Robinson," Shank drawlingly emphasizes, "but that great big old Garden shore did scare me. I couldn't seem to get going and then I got careless too. Robinson is a great fighter and I'd like to meet him again soon."

Shank enlisted in the Coast Guard and served for more than three years before being honorably discharged. While in the service he defeated Izzy Jannazzo, kayoed Vinnie Vines and whipped Artie Levine. He grew into a middleweight. This year he has defeated Ossie Harris, the crack Negro middleweight, and won his rubber fight with Zivic, who had defeated him in their second meeting. In his most recent fight at this writing, he lost a close decision to Chuck Hunter in Cleveland, despite the fact that he was down twice. Though the verdict was against him, many among the fans thought that he had won.

While in the service Shank received the disheartening news that his beloved brother Adam, with whom he used to box, was killed in action while serving with the Army at Le Haye, France. "Adam was doing very well in service bouts, fighting as a light-weight," Shank sadly said. "He was undefeated, and I honestly thought he might have become a world's champion."

Like his Colorado countryman, Dempsey, Cowboy Shank believes in giving his all once inside the ropes, be it in the gym or a regular fight. His sparring sessions at Stillman's are regular ring wars, and his manager, Chris Dundee, kiddingly chides him, telling him the "fans will be up here to see you fight for two bits instead of paying real money at the arenas."

When not boxing, he is affable, and spends his spare time visiting wounded servicemen in the hospitals. Shank is always flashily attired in gaudy shirts and mackinaws, high-heeled boots, ten gallon sombrero and kerchief.

"I ain't-a-posin'," the Cowboy Clouter solemnly informs us. "I always dress that way out in my part of the country."

# England's Mike Jacobs is Fishmonger Jack Solomons

*Man Who Promoted Bruce Woodcock's Achievement of Empire Heavyweight Championship Is Tremendous Force in Britain's Post War Boxing Boom*

By JACK MACADAM

(In the London "News-Chronicle")

THE vast commonwealth of cauliflower communities might search the London telephone book in vain for indication of a renaissance in British boxing. The really sharp-eyed hunter, however, might stumble on the line: "Solomons, Jack, fishmonger, 47a Ridley Road, E8. CLIssold 4334" with no more than a suspicion that it concealed the newest force in the fight business, the man who is most likely to produce the British Isles "Hope," who has been sought since Bombardier Billy Wells.

As to the importance of this production, there are two schools of thought. This reporter holds that high-class athletes can do as much good to the national status abroad as seven-horse-power motor cars and one-year fountain pens.

There are many in the United States who hold Britain in high regard for the Mile-of-the-Century of Jack Lovelock and the magnificent performance of Tommy Farr against Joe Louis.

That being so, the importance of Jack Solomons follows automatically. His promotion of the London-Woodcock heavyweight title fight at Tottenham was the first big professional venture since the war started, and it was a success. Solomons, in his wisdom, means to follow that success. He is leasing one of London's big stadiums for monthly indoor fights throughout the winter.

He plans to bring American fighters to Britain. He plans to scour the country for new talent which he will try out in his gym in London. In fact, he plans to put British boxing back on the map.

So, who is Solomons? What is he?

His parents were fishmongers in the East End. He started pushing the barrow-loads of fish from Billingsgate at six in the morning when he was twelve. Now he is 45 and he is still in Billingsgate every morning at six, not to push the barrow, but to make sure that he gets his proper fish allocation.

He was there in his place at six on the morning of July 17. In the evening he took £25,000 through the gates at Tottenham. He was back in his place at six on the morning of the 18th.

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SOLOMONS has a curious claim to prominence in the fish business. "I was the first man to import live carp into England," he says. "I bought them before the war from a Hungarian called Count Yancovitch."

The fish were King Carp, and the Count dispatched them from Hungary in truck-long tanks that held 16,000 pounds of kicking carp attended by a servitor who operated bottles of oxygen in order to keep them kicking. Sevenpence a pound they cost between Solomons and Yancovitch, and they sold at eightpence a pound.

"Penny a pound profit doesn't seem much considering the trouble," says the buyer, "but 16,000 is a lot of poundage."

He ran charity boxing during the war and says proudly that he made not a penny out of it. Just one little squawk he has—that the Government wouldn't let him replace his imported carp with freshwater fish netted in the English rivers.

"They took over golf courses and race courses," he says. "Why not a few rivers?"

As a promoter Solomons applies strict business principles, tempered with a nice sense of what the cash customer deserves.

He could have filled the playing pitch at Tottenham with two-guinea seats. He preferred to cut them off half-way to the stands.

"What's the percentage," he says, "for the two-guinea fellow who finds himself backing up against the five-bobs? It cost me a bit, but why take a liberty?"

He will not tolerate the loud-mouth betting boys around the ringside. He demands punctilio for patrons. He will stop a steward in the middle of a fight and tell him: "You talked a bit loud there."

"Who, me?" protests the steward.

"I heard you. You talked a bit loud. There's no need to talk loud. Do it quietly."

"I did it quiet. All I said was . . ."

"There you are—you're talking loud now . . ."

Essentially, he is the same quiet-smiling man who came into boxing with a small promotion in 1931. He lost £275, as he can tell you without recourse to notes.

"But," he says, "it's a good thing to lose money on your first promotion—no matter what the business is. It's a kind of premium."

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THE following year he took over a derelict church in Penthouse Road. He enraged an exclusive West End club clientele by calling the place The Devonshire Club, but he restored boxing to the East End of London.

His aim was the modest acquisition of knowledge and his prices were scaled to fit. He charged blood-lusty East-enders 3s. 6d. ringside and 2s. 6d. and 1s. 3d. gallery on Sundays; and 1s. ringside and 7d. gallery on Fridays for "well, really, a slightly inferior show."

Solomons promoted fights among such fistic characters as Jim Brady, Dave Finn, Eric Boon, Tommy Hyams, Kid Berg, Pedro Montanez (who earned £12. 10s. for fighting Tommy Dowlais, of Wales, and went on in the same year to Madison Square Garden to fight for the world title), Harry Lazar, Kid Silver and Tiny Bostock.

His record crowd in this hot, tight, raucous emporium, where rival factions could punch each other's noses from either side of the gallery, was 1,800. It was enough.

There wasn't much money in it, but the fishmonger was learning, a thing he is never tired of doing. When he took 40,000 at Tottenham he learned that with even better fights he could take 60,000, or 80,000.

"Where did I get my interest in the first place? In the old Castle Street School in the East End. Mr. Finn, the headmaster, once gave me a shilling for scoring a goal against Buxton Street, Stoke Newington. They made me captain of football and cricket," Solomons recounts.

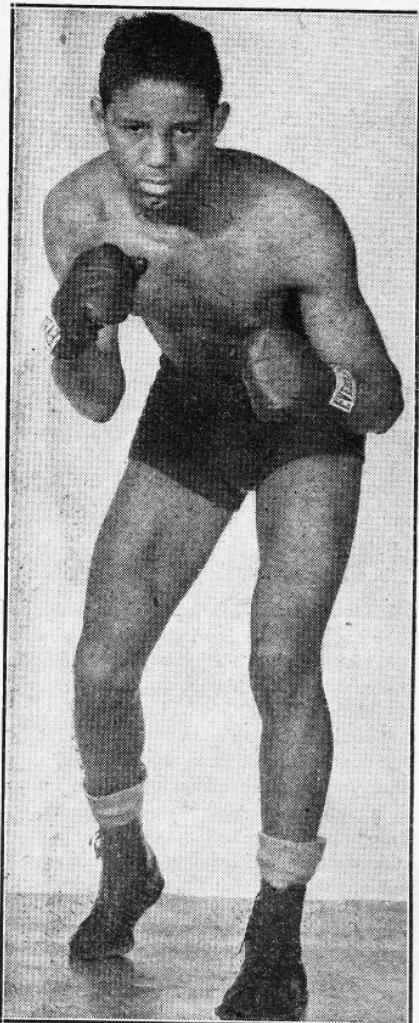
"When I was 15 I had my first professional fight against a boy named Ted Green. I stopped him in two rounds, and my father stopped me in about half a second for getting into a fight. Just the same I went on and beat Harry Berry, of Hackney, in four rounds at The Ring, Blackfriars, and when I was 17 I got ambitious and fought Joe Brooks—they called him Bayardo Brooks because he had as much class as the horse—at Southampton. I got £7. 10s. and he stopped me in five rounds.

"I bought my girl a present with the £7. 10s. and promised her I'd never get myself

(Continued on page 11)

# Hitting the Spotlight

By FRED EISENSTADT



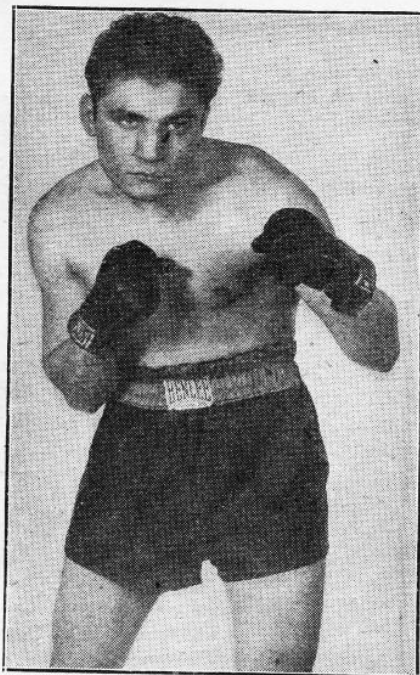
*Charley Smith, a New York fighter with a hefty wallop.*

## JOE LAMOTTA

INSTEAD of being an advantage, the fact that he's the young brother of Jake LaMotta has been a drawback to Joe LaMotta. The reason: fans expected wonders from him. Fortunately, Joe possesses sufficient ring ability, strength and punching power to satisfy the fight-hungry fans who come to watch him perform, and as a result Joe has made good on his own.

So dynamic is his fighting style, that Joe was engaging in main events after participating in only a half dozen preliminary contests around the small club circuit. His aggressiveness, speed and vicious body punching have caught on with the fans and captured the attention of promoters. Joe has become a solid attraction in the boxing field.

In less than a year of fighting—he started his pro career in February 1945—Joe has kayoed twenty of his 27 opponents. He lost one decision to Jimmy Mills, then boxed him to a draw, and later avenged the loss by stopping him. Among his latest



*Joe LaMotta, brother of Jake, an excellent middleweight prospect.*

kayo victims are: Danny Aldridge, Bally Carubia, Larney Moore and Indian Gomez.

Joe LaMotta was born on April 27, 1925. He graduated from the Bronx Vocational School at the age of sixteen, where he had taken up mechanics and drafting. Joe took part in only a few amateur contests.

Joe was in the Army one year. He was honorably discharged in September, 1944. Then he settled down to serious training



*Sgt. Lou Woods, Detroit's hard-hitting middleweight.*



*Sidney Miller, stablemate of Joe Baksi, a Detroit middleweight.*

in Bobby Gleason's gym under the direction of his trainer, Charley Gulota, and kept at it until February of the following year.

Joe LaMotta is a prototype of his brother Jake, whom he idolizes. Built along the same lines, stocky and muscular, Joe is, however, faster and more aggressive than the older LaMotta. Practically every one of his fights has been on the sensational side.

Married on July 1, 1945, Joe expects to be a father in about 5 months.

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## SIDNEY MILLER

WITH Natie Wolfson, manager of Joe Baksi, now handling his affairs, Sidney Miller, Detroit Negro middleweight, feels he has a fine fistic future. Although Miller's record is studded with numerous losses, Wolfson is confident he can make a top-notch pugilist out of Sidney. "Miller was not properly handled," chimes in copilot Jesse L. Stern. "He was repeatedly

over-matched. With Nat running things, this won't happen anymore. Evenly matched, Sidney should go places."

Miller is a tireless scrapper. He was born in Uniontown, Alabama, on June 12, 1923, and moved to Detroit at the age of fourteen. He quit grammar school to become a millhand. At 17, he joined the C.C.C. Camp, where he chopped trees for 18 months. Then he returned home and went to work on a milk truck.

Later, he entered an amateur Golden Gloves tournament being held in Gary, Ind., where his brother lived. He kayoed all his five opponents, winning the welterweight title in 1942. Returning to Detroit, he boxed there and also fought in Canada—finishing his simon-pure career of 30 contests without a loss. Sidney kept working right along while boxing. Then, unable to find opponents willing to fight him, he came to New York. That was a year ago.

Sidney Miller has opposed the best welters and middleweights, losing fierce battles to Johnny Green, Freddie Archer and Vinnie Jones—in the Garden. He boxed a thrilling draw with Jerry Fiorello, beat Milton Kessler, Bobby Maloney and others.

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#### CHARLEY SMITH

**I**N the fight game, one man's tragedy is another man's fortune.

At the Arena Gardens in Detroit, on the evening of October 6, Charley Smith, 19-year-old Newark, N. J., lightweight, startled fistiana by scoring a technical knockout over Chester Rico in the eighth round. The youthful Negro started proceedings by dropping Rico, whom THE RING had rated that month the sixth best lightweight in the world, with a terrific right to the jaw. When Chester got to his feet, Charley dropped him again. The bell saved Rico.

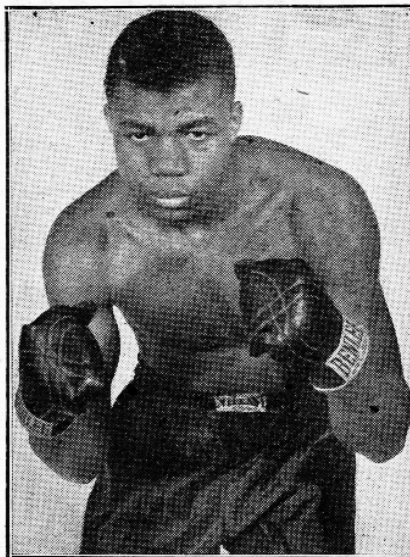
Floored by the Italian in the following round, Smith leaped to his feet and battered his adversary all over the ring. He opened a bad cut over Rico's eye. By the time the eighth round was reached, Rico was in such poor condition that the club doctor ordered the battle stopped.

Smith's TKO over Rico was no surprise to those who have seen the kid knock out other tough opponents. Among them are: Hubert Samuels, Alfonso Malacara, Mario Torres, Dom Amoroso, Mario Colon, Frankie Leta, Al Freda, Jean Barriere, Lefty LaChance, Leo Methot, Jimmy Rizzo and many others. He scored 32 kayoes in 52 of his pro contests.

Born in Morristown, N. J., Charley Smith moved to Newark where he graduated from the South Side high school. He began his boxing career while attending grammar school. He was instructed in the art of fisticuffs by Jimmy Jones, a former amateur boxer with over 200 battles to his credit. Jones, together with Angelo Pucci, manager of Tippy Larkin, is now handling the hard-hitting youngster.

As an amateur, Charley won 34 out of forty contests. He was no puncher then, but Jones keeps drilling him in the gym every day, instructing him in the art of hitting—with plenty of shoulder behind it. As a result, Charley Smith is now rated as one of the meanest clouters at his weight.

The Negro boy, a polite and level-headed young man, has gained verdicts from



*Mayhew Smith, an aggressive New York welterweight, a good club fighter.*

among such fighters as Zach Taylor, Georgie Cooper, Sammy Mammone, Jeff Holloway, Vince Dell 'Orto, Jackie Peters, Emmitt Crier and Leon Spencer. He has dropped ten decisions in his career; one was a hotly contested 10 round battle to Ike Williams, holder of the NBA lightweight title, and one was a knockout at the hands of Artie Levine.

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#### MAYHEW SMITH

**C**OURAGE, aggressiveness and steady punching are Mayhew Smith's greatest assets. Full of fight, Smith invariably wages an unrelenting attack on his rivals. He can absorb wicked blows and come back fighting. His weight is 145 pounds.

Born in Washington, N. C., on June 17, 1923, Mayhew Smith played baseball and football in high school.

"I was also pretty good at track and swimming," he added. "But my great ambition was to become a fighter. So, in 1940, at the age of seventeen, I quit school and came to New York."

While visiting the Harlem Boys Social Club and the Crescent Salem, where he played basketball, boxing trainer and handler Howard Reed became interested in him and taught him the fundamentals of fisticuffs. Mayhew supported himself with odd jobs, and in 1942 began boxing in the amateurs. A year later, after winning nine out of 12 contests, he turned pro. After taking part in ten bouts, he enlisted in the Army. He boxed several exhibitions while in the service.

Since being honorably discharged last March, Smith has fought ten bouts under the management of Frank Rivers, genial Harlem sportsman. He drew with Johnny Brown and Felix Morales, beat Benny Williams, Tony Rios, kayoed Billy Daniels in the Garden and halted Jack Tarzan's winning streak of fifteen straight victories. He lost to Danny Martin and was stopped by middleweight Bert Lytell, whom Mayhew dropped for a short count; also by a few other thoroughly experienced fighters. He lost a hotly contested battle to Phil Palmer.

"What I like most about Mayhew Smith,"

says his manager, "is his courage and ambition. I intend to do all I can to bring him to the top."

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#### SGT. LOU WOODS

**F**ROM Detroit which produced Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis, there recently arrived another fighter of merit: Sgt. Lou Woods, conqueror of Tommy Bell and other top-ranking fighters. A short time ago, Lou lost a split decision to the foremost middleweight challenger, Jake LaMotta, in a sizzling ten-rounder. Gene Kessler, of the *Chicago Times*, thought Woods had won eight rounds.

Rugged and courageous, the Detroit 155-pounder gave the great Ray Robinson a terrific battle for nine rounds—the bout being stopped because Lou had sustained a badly cut eye. The same result occurred in his scrap with George Costner. "I was not knocked out by the pair, as the records state," Woods modestly defends himself, "though I realize that when one is stopped, regardless of the reason it goes down in the record books as a kayo."

Before his meeting with Robinson and Costner, Lou had beaten Eddie Morgan, Gib Jones, Jack Carpenter, Johnny Lawer, Mike Sopko, Bill Parsons, Lou Angelucci. He scored kayoes over Bob Maloney, Charles Wells, Tommy James, Arnold Deer and a few lesser known scrappers.

Born in Harlan, Ky., on August 10, 1921, Lou comes from a family of eight children. They moved to Detroit about twenty years ago. Lou graduated from Dearborn high school where he starred at football and baseball. "In fact," stated the former army sergeant, "I had a tryout for the St. Louis Browns Farm Club—and becoming a ball player was my original ambition, but I somehow drifted into the boxing game—and I can't say that I'm sorry."

At the age of 18, Lou Woods entered a Golden Gloves tournament. As an amateur he won 19 out of 22 contests, but admits he didn't have much of a punch; didn't score a single knockout. But when he turned pro, in May, 1941, he says he kayoed nine of his first 12 opponents—winning nineteen straight, losing his twentieth bout to Charley Hayes.

Lou joined the Army in January 1943, and was stationed at Camp Grant, in Illinois. After basic training, he was retained there as head boxing instructor. He married his childhood sweetheart, Joyce Thorpe, on January 27, 1943. They have a 6-months'-old son, Robert Louis.

After being honorably discharged on May 28, 1945, he took a good rest. Four months later, he beat Sparky Reynolds. A short time afterward he became acquainted with Adam Pianga, who boxed under the name of Young Kid McCoy. They became good friends. Pianga advised Lou to come to New York and box under the direction of Tex Sullivan, Adam's old manager.

Lou Woods, at this writing, has had one fight under Sullivan's guardianship. He whipped the rough and aggressive Coolidge Miller, spotting him ten pounds. A gentle, soft-spoken young man, Lou is serious about his boxing career. The two things he wants most is: first to earn plenty of money for the sake of his little family. Second: to avenge himself over Ray Robinson and George Costner.

(Continued on page 45)

# KING *of the* CONGO

*The Story of Beezy 'Keewani' Thomas, the Court Jester of Stillman's  
Gymnasium and Jacobs' Beach*

By IRVING RUDD

**H**E was short and ugly, his face a mass of scars, and he was the proud possessor of two cauliflower ears which proved that when he was a fighter, he did not block all the punches thrown at him with his elbows.

Self-styled "Champ of the Congo" Beezy Keewani was one of the strangest characters ever to drift into the fight game—

a racket which has housed the finest specimens of queer people ever assembled. Thomas was a full-blooded African, born in the French Congo, the son of a native chief. Beezy's father had 50 wives and 30 children, so says Beezy. For the first 14 years of his life Beezy led the normal, romantic existence of the jungle boy. It was a carefree, indolent life with plenty of naps in the hot sun, fishing, joining the tribe (Continued on page 11)



Beezy, the "Lucky Man" for Tony Canzoneri, amusing spectators at Stillman's with an imitation of "my Mah-ster Tony," in training. In the above are, left to right, Al Ramo, trainer; Harry Levy, Lou Stillman, owner of the gym; Jack Curley, his chief of staff; Red Kelly, trainer; Benny Valgar and Lou Brix, manager of Sixto Escobar. Brix died three years ago.

## King of the Congo

(Continued from page 17)

in the hunts, and reluctantly sharing in the work in the tribal gardens.

After his father died, Thomas no longer felt any home ties binding him, so he shipped on a freighter to Marseilles.

Then came cruises to most of the Mediterranean ports, a trip to South America, back to France again, across the Atlantic once more to New York and Keewani settled in America. He was a kitchen boy for a wealthy Red Bank, N. J., family, and it was there that he made the acquaintance of Mickey Walker who took a great liking to the little Negro boy. The former middleweight king fastened the ring name of Beezy Thomas to the colorful little lad and carried him around the training camps for laughs. Mickey even taught Beezy to box.

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IN due time Beezy drifted to the natural habitat of all characters of clout—Stillman's Gym—where he became as much a fixture as the punching bags suspended from the ceiling. He shined shoes, provided plenty of chuckles, and earned quite a bit of money by boxing on the side. You won't find his record in Nat Fleischer's great all-time book, because his fistic career revolved around one Long Sing Que. Long Sing was a Chinese flyweight boxer and had really mingled with a lot of good up and coming kids, but Beezy had his number. They boxed each other at smokers and charity affairs in what has been unofficially reckoned to be 125 bouts! Beezy knocked Long Sing Que out only once in these furious settos which never failed to bring down the house.

It was while shining shoes at Stillman's that Tony Canzoneri took a fancy to the Congo boy and engaged him as training camp jester. When Canzoneri was training for his second fight with Jackie "Kid" Berg, Beezy called him aside and seriously confided, "You goan win tree roun. Me pray in Congo language for you. No can lose when Beezy make voodoo."

Canzoneri laughed uproariously at Thomas' unusual earnestness. However, when he won in the exact round that Beezy predicted, Tony found himself almost believing in the "magic" of the little Negro. After that Tony and Beezy were inseparable. Resplendently attired in a silk topper, white tie and tails the little mascot would station himself near Canzoneri's corner and put the "hex" on the great champion's opponent.

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LATER, Thomas went back to shining shoes and entertaining the mob at Stillman's. If he liked you, the little Negro put the "good" sign upon you and success was assured. But, as many a citizen of bashed beak boulevard will grimly attest, if this Eighth Avenue witch doctor wreaked the vengeance of his unseen gods upon some hapless individual, misfortune was certain to dog the unfortunate one's footsteps forever.

It was a hilarious sight when Beezy faced his arch enemy, big lumbering "Bat". Norfolk. There would be Beezy, a flyweight at his heaviest, squaring off and flailing the air with threatening punches at big Bat



Beezy Thomas as he appeared in Stillman's Gymnasium holding up the round card.

who stood at least four inches over six feet. "Go way now liddle man," Norfolk would rumble.

Many have seen Thomas, an amazing linguist who spoke English, French, Italian and Yiddish fluently, face the giant-sized trainer and mutter imprecations in many tongues; and bashing his head against a wall ten, twenty, even thirty times with resounding thuds, he would invoke black magic. It was a strange sight to see his eyes roll as in a half-stupor he muttered imprecations.

\* \* \*

POOR little Beezy vanished one day. Someone had tipped off the immigration authorities that the pint-sized pug had entered the country illegally. The last heard from Beezy was that he was in France. When Hitler overran the Maginot Line and later visited Paris, the boys on Jacobs' Beach were assured that Adolf's goose was cooked if only Beezy could get close enough to put the evil sign on the Bavarian madman's head.

It never came off. The "hex," that is. Perhaps it worked only in the smoky confines of Stillman's. Maybe poor Beezy's heart wasn't in it any more after being shipped so far from the great country he loved. Whatever the reason, his memory is still highly respected by many a fighter who will earnestly claim that his subsequent success was due to Beezy's blessings.

The "Champ of the Congo"—a fistic character that long will be remembered on Jacobs' Beach.

## England's Mike Jacobs

(Continued from page 7)

knocked about like that again. The only way to do that was to stop fighting, so I did and married her. It's just on 26 years now. Fay was right about me as a fighter."

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AS he talks thus, the big square-shouldered heavy body shakes with quiet laughter and the pale eyes sparkle. He is interrupted by telephone callers, to whom he says: "I'll call you back," and writes down the name and number.

Solomons is proud of his accomplishment so far and of his organization. With him and his brother Maxie, in all their dealings, is Sammy Burns, son of ex-welter champion Sid Burns, who, in 1910, went the distance with Carpentier.

Burns, who bears an astonishing square-rigged resemblance to the promoter, is an old newspaperman who, as reporter, publicity man and organizer, has been in the middle of every big fight in this country for many years.

Solomons visualizes the program attractions. Burns works them out in terms of pounds, shillings and pence.

"It's all a matter of scaling the house," says Burns. "Any mug can throw in a pot of money and grab off the plums. Jack doesn't do that. He makes the plums."

It is a fact that Solomons is the first British promoter in years to go about the business on a purely professional basis. Our promoters have been too prone to cover up their match-making deficiencies with big-syndicate subsidies. Solomons aims to stop that. He takes a realist view of such people as Mike Jacobs.

"What's he got that we haven't got?" he says. "We have a beautiful organization. You saw the beautiful—and this has reference to paying-capacity, not physical attraction—people we had at the ringside at Tottenham. We sell out our ringside every time we run a show—before we announce a name on the bill.

"That's done on confidence. We don't take any liberties, and the fight fans know it."

This is Solomons. He has the stage and, in Bruce Woodcock, he has the best British heavyweight prospect for many years.

In order to obtain the best available American talent to compete against the British in International post-war matches, Jack has contracted to have Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, act as his club American representative. All business on the other side of the Big Pond will be transacted through THE RING Editor, one of America's foremost authorities on boxing.

# MECCA of MAYHEM

*Stillman's Gymnasium, Eighth Avenue's Emporium of Sock, New York's Fistic Landmark, the Training Place of World's Greatest Fighters*

By IRVING RUDD

**T**HE red-hot boxing fan or chance passerby who scurries up the long flight of stairs leading to Stillman's Gym on Eighth Avenue between 54th and 55th Streets in New York City, and plunks thirty-five cents into the outstretched palm of Jack Curley, who mans the turnstile, buys himself a grand afternoon's entertainment.

From 1 o'clock to 3 in the afternoon on any day including Sundays and holidays, the fan may sit back comfortably and watch a parade of pugs go through their training paces. Champions and near-champions, has-beens, and up-and-coming youngsters clamber in and out of the two large rings up front. A stairway at the rear of the gymnasium leads to the exercise floor where the fighters skip rope, punch the light or heavy bag, or go through loosening-up calisthenics.

It's an afternoon well-spent, but it's a pity that the customers can't be let in on the real entertainment supplied by many characters who play the leading roles in this scenario of sock. These include the boxers, managers, matchmakers, trainers, and publicity men. The belly laughs their authentic antics provoke, would put a top-flight Broadway musical to shame.

The lunch counter at the back of Stillman's is the center of the stage. You see a matchmaker of a boxing arena like Max Joss, Moe Fleischer (no relative of Nat's), or Joe McKenna, usually has an office for which he pays a fairly high rental but generally, when he wants to transact some very important business, he hies himself to the gym and haggles with the managers over terms for the use of a fighter. Many an important match has been closed over a cup of coffee and doughnuts, or in one of the numerous niches near the lunch counter.

\* \* \*

**S**UDDENLY a voice attracts your attention. "... so I'm fighting in the semi-windup at the Broadway Arena the other night and this guy is a cutie and a pretty fair banger to the bargain. He puts me on the deck twice but I come back to win. It's a helluva fight so they put us back on top the follerin' week. I'm swingin' on the gate for twenty pernts. This time I'm in great shape, weigh only about



Lou Stillman, proprietor of the gym that bears his name, enrolling a newcomer.

the manager usually refers to that "bum of mine, the blankety-blank stiff."

Translating the confusing jargon of the ring, fight manager Walker, one of America's outstanding figures in boxing, was simply explaining how his battler boxed in the semi-final at the Ridgewood Grove against a clever, hard puncher. His pug was on the floor twice but came back to win a sensational brawl.

The promoter at Ridgewood Grove put both men back in the main event the following week with Walker's charge drawing down twenty per cent of the net receipts. In the second encounter, our hero is in good condition, weighing 143 pounds, and wise to the tactics of his adversary. He jabs and moves cleverly throughout the fight, and smears his foe's face red with blood to win the decision.

\* \* \*

**S**PEAKING of fighters reminded the boys of "Bat" Norfolk, a huge rubber, who stood well over six feet and weighed about 260 pounds. A mild-mannered Bible student who believed in constantly "turning the other cheek," poor "Bat" was set afire enough times via the hotfoot method to warm half the population of New York City. Although he possessed a massive pair of maulies that could stave in a brick wall, Norfolk managed to keep cool



Johnny Dundee, who set a record for rope-skipping at Stillman's Gym.

43 pounds, and I'm hep to this gee. All I does is stick and move, stick and move. Soon, I'm givin' him a paint job and I cops the duke."

We know you're amazed because the speaker is a portly, pot-bellied gent of at least forty-five. We can't blame you if your jaw droops in dismay and you exclaim, "Ye gods! Is he a fighter?"

Well, the portly personality is Eddie Walker, a leading manager of fighters. The majority of fight managers always use the first person when describing a bout which any of their boxers have engaged in. It's never "my fighter" but more often "me" or "I." For example, when a match is offered, the average fight pilot will reply, "Sure, I'll fight your guy." Some of the more modest managers condescend to use "we" or "us."

However, when it comes to taking a punch on the chin,



This is the home of the famous Stillman's Gymnasium, where the world's greatest fistic stars prepare for their bouts.

under the constant torment to which he was subjected.

The story goes that "Bat" Norfolk did lose his temper one day when he was a pretty fair heavyweight fighter. Bat was piloted by an unscrupulous individual who continually paid him off in peanuts. One night when Norfolk was scheduled to box, he found out that he was supposed to be getting \$100 instead of the \$50 his manager said was due him.

He cornered his pilot and in no uncertain terms let him know that he'd practice his bag-punching exercises upon that worthy's chin if the pay-off was incorrect. Norfolk's handler, without a murmur of protest, instantly acquiesced. This seemed strange to "Bat." The payoff was set to take place after the bout in a garage adjacent to the arena.

It was pitch black when the fight mentor stepped inside the garage and called, "Bat! Oh Bat! Where are you?"

"Heah Ah is," rumbled the Negro heavyweight who was standing beside him all the time!

"O.K. Norfolk. Here's the dough." Holding ten ONE dollar bills in his mitt the manager began to count: "Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty dollars . . ." Norfolk interrupted the count.

"Jes' a moment, boss. Yo' is bein' too damn nice to ol' Bat. I'd like to see dis dough 'stead of feelin' it. Le's come outside heah where there is mo' light."

The manager sensed a murder and beat a hasty retreat. The scurrilous scoundrel is still among the missing.

\* \* \*

LITTLE CHARLIE GOLDMAN, an outstanding trainer, storms up the stairs and heads for the lunch counter. "What's this fight game comin' to?" he demands of no one in particular as he orders a "cuppa cawfee."

"Bunch of Johnny-Come-Latelys ruining this business. I'm up in Zunk's (Mike Jacobs' assistant matchmaker) office trying to

close for a match for this new preliminary kid of mine. Zunk says, 'Will yuh fight this McCormick kid? He's a beginner like your kid. Wait, I'll call his manager.'

"So he gets on the phone and dials a number," Goldman relates between sips and bites, "and the next thing he's asking 'is this Goldsmith's Department store? Well, I'd like to speak to Mr. Saunders of Ladies' Wear!'

"Ladies' Wear Department.

"A fine thing boxing comes to when a manager must be located in such a place!

"All we have today is cloak and suiters, buttonhole makers and ladies' underwear salesmen handling fighters. Ye Gods! What's boxing coming to! No wonder so many poor kids get socked around until they get punchy!"

\* \* \*

WHITEY BIMSTEIN, another greater trainer, joins the gab-fest. "Did I ever tell you about the time I managed a fighter with a floating rib?" he inquires.

"Well, it seems that this 'tiger' of mine had been hurt around the ribs in a previous fight, and before you knew it he was an honest to goodness hypochondriac about his rib. One night he was boxing in the Queensboro Arena and halfway through the third round he was clouted hard in the midsection. When he got back to the corner, he started complaining about his side and wanted to quit. I coaxed him to go out for the next round and he started out fine, but as soon as he was belted in the belly, he looked to quit again!

"He kept back-pedaling," Whitey related, "and when he reached my corner he hollered, 'Whitey throw in the towel!' I ignored him and he stayed on the bicycle, clinching and running. He came around to the corner again, and once more he shouted, 'Whitey, throw in the towel!' I acted as if I hadn't heard him. He was desperate and kept circling his man. Finally he came around to the corner for the third time in the round, and then he screamed, 'Whitey, you better throw in that towel, I ain't comin' around again!'"

\* \* \*

STILLMAN'S GYM is quiet and almost deserted now as the last sparring session comes to an end. The crowd of fight guys has thinned out to a mere handful.

Tex Sullivan, stellar publicity man for Jimmy Braddock when the latter was champ, and now a manager of several name fighters and a promoter, is discussing some publicity angles for his next show at the Ridgewood Grove. Someone asks him if he's heard from Braddock lately, and it isn't long before likeable Tex, manager of Lee Oma, George Kochan and Lee Q. Murray, is reminiscing about some experiences Braddock had on a barnstorming tour when he was at the peak of his popularity.

"You know," said Tex, "Jim once picked up an easy \$200 just for chewing the fat.

"The champ was on a tour," Sullivan revealed, "and he received a wire offering him \$200 to umpire the first inning of a baseball game in the backwoods of Kentucky. Braddock was in Louisville at the time and he wired back accepting the offer. Jim started out by car on a cold, gray morning with a threatening overcast sky above. As Mushky Jackson, the Malaprop King would have phrased it, 'Braddock and his gang arrived just in the knack of time 'cause it was grizzling furiously.'

"Although the ball game was probably called off because of the heavy rain," Sullivan went on, "the champ decided to drive down to the ball field. Braddock entered the deserted grandstand and was bemoaning his tough luck, when suddenly a tall stranger who looked as if he had just emerged from a Li'l Abner comic strip approached Jim.

"Yer the champ, ain'tcha?" he inquired. "Muh name is Ezra Hawkins and I'm the promoter of this hyar baseball game. Sorry about the rain."

"The hillbilly joined Braddock in his moody silence and then slapped his thigh as if struck with an inspiration. 'Say,' he beamed, 'my grandpappy is over to the house with a bunch of his pals. I wonder if yuh'd mind a-comin' down there and shake hands with the boys for the two hundred?'"

(Continued on page 45)

## Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 13)

to hit the spotlight. Who is the Kid? None other than Marcus Lockman who began his professional career in 1941 and quit the ring for the bigger fight against the Japs, after having engaged in twenty-six ring contests with only six defeats. When he was discharged recently, he started his comeback campaign in New Jersey, where during a hot mix-up, some galleryite called him "Kid Chicken" because of his quick action, and the name has stuck to him since. He has won eight of his nine recent fights, one being a draw. He is a clever boy, a most brilliant performer, one the fans are pleased to see.

Marcus had two fights in 1943 when he drew with Tommy Bell in Detroit and beat Chet Slider in California. During his three years in the army he carried off the middleweight and light-heavyweight crowns of the South Pacific. Shelton Bell was his victim in the heavier class and Chico Romo was defeated by Marcus for the middleweight honors.

Lockman served with the 93rd Division at Guadalcanal, New Guinea and Bougainville. A member of his division was Wildcat Henry, the welter sensation managed by Jack Barrett. It was Lockman's outfit that saved Henry's company from being wiped out in an ambush. The 93rd Division is proud of its two ranking ringmen, Lockman and Henry, and expects much from these Negro battlers before their retirement.

\* \* \*

THE latest contribution to boxing literature is a biography, "Joe Louis, American," written by Margery Miller, a Wellesley College graduate. The author has turned out a story on the life of the Brown Bomber, far different from the biographies that have hitherto been published. Her story is one of human interest that takes the reader through all the cycles in Joe's life, from his humble birth, through his early schooling and his work at the Ford Motor plant in Detroit, along his rise from an obscure amateur to the winning of the world heavyweight championship, a million dollar attraction.

Though there is nothing new in her book, the first she has written, Miss Miller's portraiture of the Brown Bomber is different from the usual treatment given the subject by sports scribes. She tells her story simply and clearly with a touch that retains the interest throughout. I highly recommend the book to those who seek a complete life story of the world heavyweight champ.

## Mecca of Mayhem

(Continued from page 9)

"After that," Tex concluded, "Jim used to kid us and pester about some more of 'them thar handshakin' assignments."

A pall of silence envelopes the now almost empty gymnasium. Only Lou Stillman and his efficient manager, Jack Curley, are present. Lou Stillman has been conducting a gymnasium in New York for over thirty years, or ever since Alpheus Geer and Hiram Mallinson induced him to run one for the Marshall Stillman Movement, an organization devoted to the rehabilitation

of convicted men. Marshall and Stillman were the names of Geer's grandparents.

Stillman's real name is Louis Ingber, but everybody called him Mr. Stillman at the old place, and when it became necessary for him to take it over as a private undertaking the name was too valuable to be changed.

\* \* \*

I ASKED Stillman whether he ever took a vacation, since every time I have visited his boxing landmark I have seen him on the job.

"I'm afraid it can't be done. You see I run this gym as a personal problem. I personally take charge of everything here. I leave nothing to others when my attention should be given to it, and I play no favorites. The ordinary novice and palooka get the same treatment that I give to the top lads. A preliminary boy some day may become the champ, is the way I look upon the fighter and therefore I treat him with the same respect as I do the ranking men of the game."

"For thirty odd years I have been doing this and nothing can change me now. I stay on the job day after day—Saturdays, holidays, Sunday, rain, shine or snow. That gym is just me and I couldn't desert it for a vacation."

"Did Jack Dempsey do much training here?" I inquired of the master of Eighth Avenue's Emporium of Sock.

"Yes, often. He was the greatest fellow in the history of the sport in my book. Often when I needed a friend badly, he was the one to come to the rescue. He would call up and ask: 'How are things, Lou?'"

"Not so good, I would tell him. And he'd reply: 'Don't worry pal. Pass the word around that I'll be up to do some training today.'"

"And before Jack got here, the place would be jammed with scribes and patrons who had learned of Dempsey's intention."

"How that fellow could draw 'em in! Only once in all my career did I see anyone who could pack 'em in here in greater numbers than did Jack and that was the day when Primo Carnera, led by Bill Duffy and Leon See, brought Primo Carnera here for his first workout. Italians came to the gym from all parts of the city. They flocked to Eighth Avenue in such numbers, I had to call upon the police to keep order. Even women with babes in their arms came to see Satchel Feet. The place was jammed as never before or since and I should judge that 2,000 persons were chased from the avenue by the bluecoats."

Stillman declares crowds attending workouts are the best barometer on attendance at a boxing show, and contends he can guess the size of the gate within a few hundred dollars after watching them for three or four days.

He never saw a fighter who enjoyed training as much as Dempsey, and names Johnny Dundee as the most extraordinary boxer he ever looked at in a gym. Several years back the renowned Scotch-Wop skipped rope an hour and ten minutes to beat Babe Herman in a contest. Lou timed the boys and did the counting.

There were many unique happenings in the old place, and one of the strangest was Soldier Bartfield and Frank Carbone winding up what started as a friendly workout kicking and biting each other on the floor. It was all half a dozen huskies could do to pull them apart.

"Boxing is a great sport," wound up Lou. "There is nothing wrong with it or the thousands who attend the shows all over the country wouldn't be spending millions per year to see the men in action."

## Hitting the Spotlight

(Continued from page 15)

ELLIS PHILLIPS

THE upsetting of the proverbial applecart was nothing in comparison with the one lightweight Ellis Phillips scored at the St. Nicholas Arena on October 19, when he knocked out Gus "Pell" Mell, highly favored Canadian lightweight, in three thrill-packed rounds. A hurriedly acquired substitute, Phillips was not given an outside chance to stand off the hard-punching and fast-boxing kid from Montreal, who had been battering his way to the top by beating the best in his division. Smart money, in fact, backed Mell to halt the Philadelphia Negro in five or six heats. The fight, while it lasted, was interesting from a scientific angle as well as full of excitement. By winning so decisively, Ellis, who has lost a number of close battles, got back into the fistic spotlight where he hopes to remain.

Born in Luisa, Va., on May 4, 1920, he was brought up in North Philadelphia, where he quit high school at 16 to work in Herman Diamond's grocery store.

Phillips, who is now a resident of Germantown, Pa., said his ambition was to be a fighter from the time he was in his early teens. "I had 21 amateur contests, but," admitted Ellis with a frank smile, "I wasn't so good. Fact is, I won only six fights. So Mr. Diamond and I decided that I might as well box as a pro—and get paid for losing. Well, in my first pro battle in September 1939, I was knocked out in one round."

Ellis was married the following day. He was 19 then. About six weeks later he returned to the ring and he knocked out six opponents before dropping a duke to Joe Amico. After losing another fight in 1940, he battled along for two years without a loss. He beat his two conquerors, Amico by decision and Johnny Buff by a kayo. He trounced Vince Dell'Orto 4 times, kayoed and drew with Frankie Donato, beat Johnny Marcelline; also Pete Scalzo, former featherweight champ, twice, in ten round bouts.

"Ellis didn't do so well in 1944," related manager Herman Diamond. "He lost ten-rounders to Lulu Costantino and Bobby Ruffin, in Philly, and was halted by Roman Alvarez in Madison Square Garden. Phillips lost seven out of eleven bouts that year. He beat Frankie Carto, Dorsey Lay, Cleo Shans and flattened Donnie Maes."

Lightweight champ Ike Williams kayoed him before the bout got well started. Then he lost to Julie Kogon, Al Guido, Cleo Shans, Eddie Giosa and Mike Delia.

"Mr. Diamond then decided I needed a good rest," explained Phillips. "So I took it easy until a few months ago, when I began to feel the itch to fight again. I kayoed Al Cella in 2 heats last September, lost an 8-rounder to Eddie Giosa the following month and knocked out Gus Mell. That was my 45th pro battle."

# A NIGHT at ALBERT HALL

*Boxing Returns to Pre-War Basis in London With Bruce Woodcock  
Enjoying Prestige as England's Future Heavyweight Hope*

By EDDIE BORDEN

SIX thousand fans crowded historic Albert Hall to its full capacity with thousands of rabid ring partisans left standing outside owing to lack of space and saw boxing return to its pre-war eminence with a mixed crowd which comprised nobility, celebrities in all walks of life, as well as the average fight fan. Seats that sold at box office prices of from four dollars to 42 dollars were at a premium and the house was completely sold out two weeks in advance.

The man primarily responsible for attracting such a turnout was Britain's young heavyweight of note, Bruce Woodcock, who still remains undefeated in his professional career. He disposed of Jock Porter, a game, determined Scot in the third round after the crowd was thrilled by the dynamic punching and the superlative gameness of his adversary.

But the fight that captivated the enthusiasm of the audience with a display of never-stop punching was the eight-rounder between Arthur Danahar, one of Britain's leading welterweights, and Omar Koudri, French welterweight champion. This fight alone was worth the price of admission, and I am also taking into consideration the high tariff paid for the tickets. For sheer, unadulterated thrilling excitement this bout had few equals.

\* \* \*

GETTING back to the Woodcock affair, this young Bruce is going to be a serious figure when the world's heavyweights are reckoned.

Bruce is a square shouldered determined looking individual who has authority in either hand. His best punch, a short overhand right, packed plenty of dynamite. Porter, a tall, lanky, crafty workman, moved around the ring loosely, finding his target with a sharp left jab. During the first two minutes, Porter was having the best of the going, and it seemed as if Woodcock was unable to reach him solidly with any degree of effectiveness.

Coming out of a clinch, the roof literally fell on Porter. A sharp, snappy right hander that looped slightly, caught Porter right on the chin and down he went. He arose at the sound of eight, and the knockdown seemed to inspire Jock with an idea for retaliation. He began tossing punches at Bruce, with Woodcock making little effort to defend himself. Again, like a thunderbolt from out of the blue, another right and down went Porter. This time it looked like he would remain on the floor for the completion of the count. At three the bell rang ending the round.

In the second round Woodcock began to get after his man in earnest and floored him again for a five count. Upon regaining his equilibrium, Porter fought back with renewed fury, but his punches lacked the force to seriously annoy Bruce or throw him out of stride. Once more that dynamic right landed and down went Porter for a nine count. Jock arose and renewed his vigorous, although futile efforts. A solid left hook followed by another trusty right and Porter was on the floor when the bell came to his aid again, this time at the count of five.

The third round spelled doom for Porter. He was floored four more times before Referee Jack Hart finally stopped the carnage. He was dropped for a count of nine and two sixes when the final knockdown occurred and prompted the arbiter to halt proceedings. Porter was dropped nine times in all.

\* \* \*

WEIGHING Woodcock as potential championship material, it is inevitable for him to make an American tour. Aside from Louis and Conn, Woodcock stands an equal chance with ANY

HEAVYWEIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES. There is no likely competition available for him on this side of the Atlantic, and it is essential that he get more experience before he can be pitted against Louis or Conn. He is 24 years of age and his victory over Porter is his twenty-third consecutive victory in the professional ranks. Woodcock scaled 187 against 184¼ for Porter.

When he and Gus Lesnevich meet here in February, it will be a severe test for Bruce. The bout also will enable the fans to get a real line on Bruce's talent as compared with America's leaders. I know Lesnevich's capabilities as well as anyone, and I hereby go on record as saying that this fight will result in a gruelling, exciting setto which will do more to promote good will between the Americans and the British than any Peace Conference could develop. It should be a clean, sportsmanship fight and it will be a tough task to select the winner.

\* \* \*

DANAHAR, who is a sergeant in the R.A.F., and Koudri provided the patrons with such excitement as is seldom seen here. The British discarded their customary reserve when they stood up and cheered round after round when these two valiant gladiators punched, slugged and threw blows with reckless abandon throughout their eight rounds. Danahar, ordinarily a good boxer, tossed caution to the winds to meet the sturdy attack of this plucky Frenchman, who resembled Pedro Montanez both physically and in fighting style.

Koudri, with kinky colored hair and copper colored features, fought from a crouch position, but always in the position for attack. His incessant forcing and aggressiveness compelled Danahar to do away with his boxing, and Arthur slugged away with reckless abandon, which may have lost him the decision, but it certainly did not detract from his crowd-pleasing tendencies nor did he lose any prestige with the fans.

\* \* \*

A MINOR upset was scored when Jose Ricol, accredited French heavyweight champion, was knocked out in the second round of his scheduled ten-rounder with George James, of Wales, who stepped into the breach as a last-minute substitute for Eddie Phillips, who pulled out the day before the fight.

James covered himself with glory as the last-minute entry because he had remained inactive five years during his service in the Army and he stepped in because of financial necessity. After an even first round, James connected with a solid right hander which dropped the Frenchman for the count. It was the first victory scored by an English boxer over a Frenchman in the last seven starts in Allied inter-boxing contests. Nicol scaled 191½ against 205 for James.

Harry Watson whipped Jimmy Hockley in a hard-fought six-rounder, while Jimmy Webster scored over Mickey Jones and Dave Sharkey outscrambled Dai Evans in other sixes on the bill.

\* \* \*

THOUGH the prices seem exorbitant for these particular contests, it is brought out in fairness to all concerned that the government extracts 48% tax on the receipts and there is also 5% which is turned over to the British Boxing Board of Control. Consequently it is impossible for main event boxers to participate on a percentage basis, and guarantees are given every boxer on the bill.

(Continued on page 42)

# A Night at Albert Hall

(Continued from page 29)

Promoter Jack Solomons, who has taken the lease on Albert Hall, has access to boxing promotions in Dublin, Paris and any outdoor venue which is open for boxing promotions. Solomons seems to qualify as the gambling type of boxing promoter, and his entire life has consisted of one gamble after another. He has been in various business enterprises, a boxing manager, a bookmaker, and has been in the boxing game for a good many years.

There is a difference between being a sucker and a good fellow. Solomons is a good fellow without being the proverbial sucker, and anyone who identifies him as such will be the loser in the long run. He does not believe in contracts and closes matches verbally or by a handshake.

Besides the dignitaries of the Army, Navy and Air Forces, there were the customary celebrities of the fight game.

Jimmy Wilde, reporting for *News of the World*, was in his customary ringside, while Elky Clarke, Flyweight champion of the early '20s, was there representing a Glasgow newspaper. Tom Webster, brilliant cartoonist, was back in his stride on the *Empire News*; Frank Butler, boxing critic for the *London Express*, and his dad, Jimmy Butler, one of the old school, represented the *London Herald*. Norman Hurst, well known in the States, is a syndicate writer for the *Kemsley Newspaper Syndicate*. Geoffrey Simpson covered *The Mail*, and Herald Walter was there as *News Chronicle* reporter.

Boxing will continue to flourish in England so long as the standard of boxing continues on the high level which it enjoys at present. Today Jack Solomons is riding the crest as England's premier boxing promoter. Sammy Burns, the Nat Rogers of London, is responsible for the matches and all the customary headaches which attend the life of a boxing matchmaker.

# SECTIONAL RATINGS

**I**N an effort to develop local interest in the boys who are fighting their way to national recognition, THE RING has had its correspondents list the boxers of their localities according to ability as exemplified in their 1945 contests. Here is THE RING's annual sectional ranking of boxers:

## BRITISH RATINGS

By John S. Sharpe

**Heavyweights**—Bruce Woodcock (British Champion), Ken Shaw, Jock Porter, Eddie Phillips, Alf Brown, Tom Reddington, George Preston, Reg Andrews.  
**Cruiserweights**—Freddie Mills (British Champion), Bert Gilroy, Glen Moody, Len Bennett, Al Marson, Mart Hart.  
**Middleweights**—Ernie Roderick (British Champion), Jock McAvoy (lost title by default), Vince Hawkins, Tommy Davies, Bert Hyland, Tommy Jones, Jim Laverick, Albert Finch, Jim Hockley, Paddy Lyons.  
**Welterweights**—Ernie Roderick (British Champion), Arthur Danahar, Lefty Flynn, Henry Hall, Gwyn Williams, Cyril Gallee, Jimmy Vaughan, Jimmy Malloy, Johnny "Ginger" Waters, Harry Davies.  
**Lightweights**—Ronnie James (British Champion), Tom Smith, Dave Finn, Claude Dennington, Dave Crowley, Jack Carrick, Jackie Rankin, Ben Duffy, Bob Ramsey, Warren Kendall.  
**Featherweights**—Nol Tarleton (British Champion), Al Phillips, Danny Webb, Jimmy Stubbs, Tommy McGlinchey, Syd Worgan, Bert Jackson, Tommy Davies, Cliff Curtis.  
**Bantamweights**—Johnny King (British Champion), Jackie Paterson (Empire Champion), Sammy Reynolds, Gus Foran, Jim Brady, Norman Lewis, Ronnie Clayton, Micky Colbert, Tim Mahoney, Cliff Anderson.  
**Flyweights**—Jackie Paterson (World's Champion), Joe Curran, Seaman Terry, Rinty Monahan (Irish Champion), Bunty Doran, Jimmy Gill, Alec Murphy, Hugh Cameron, George Parkes, Billy Clinton.

## CUBA'S BOXING COMMISSION

Ratings for 1945

**Heavyweights**—Title Vacant, Federico Malibrán, Giraldo Valdes, Kid Carvajal.  
**Light-heavyweights**—Title vacant, Mario R. Ochoa, Onelio Agramonte, Mario Griffin.  
**Middleweights**—Kid Tunero (Champion), Indian Gomez, Rene Sanchez, Roberto Aguilera, Juan Serrano, Mario Diaz, Remigio Lugo.  
**Welterweights**—Joe Lugo (Champion), Baby Coulmber, Jesus Vila, Julio Pedrosa, Rogelio Aldazabal, Jose Batista, Alberto Nunez.  
**Lightweights**—Kid Gavilan (Champion), Kid Bururu, Baby Leonard, Santiago Sosa, Bombon Oriental, Joey Calixto, Rene Cantero.  
**Featherweights**—Mike Acevedo (Champion), Diego Sosa, Mario Morales, Solito Gonzalez, Pedro Poy, Lino Garcia, Rolando Delgado.  
**Bantamweights**—Luis Galvani (Champion), Lorenzo Safora, Billy Lima, Ramon Yero, Pedro Medina, Jorge Cruz, Jesus Varona.  
**Flyweights**—Black Pico (Champion), Jorge Lazo, Ramon Castillo, Armando Puentes Pi, Jose A. Gonzalez, Kid Guarina, Orlando Fernandez.

## MIDWEST RATINGS

By Mickey McIntire

**Heavyweights**—Lee Oma, Odell Riley, Buddy Walker, Colin Chaney.  
**Light-heavyweights**—Archie Moore, Bob Satterfield, Max Pashay, Dave Clark, Gene Simmons.  
**Middleweights**—Tony Zale, Holman Williams, Jimmy Edgar, Lou Woods, Tony Martin, Bernie Droll.  
**Welterweights**—Tommy Bell, Jimmy Sherrer, Charley Parham, George Costner, O'Neill Bell, Major Jones.  
**Junior Welterweights**—Bobby McIntire, Freddy Dawson, Al Jordan, Billy Smith, Art Price, Del Cockayne.  
**Lightweights**—Willie Joyce, Willie Russell, Bill Eddy, Jimmy Joyce, LeRoy Willis, Juste Fontaine, Gene Spencer.  
**Junior Lightweights**—Jackie Graves, Leon Spencer, Al Gomez, Bobby McQuillar.  
**Featherweights**—Pete Bolos, Frank Gaudes, Pat Bradley, Mickey Quack, Ted Christie.  
**Bantamweights**—Kayo Morgan, Benny Goldberg, Cleve Holt, Frankie Rivera, Tommy Nelson.

## BUFFALO, N. Y., RATINGS

By Hugh Shannon

**Heavyweight**—Phil Muscato.  
**Light-heavyweight**—Prentiss Hall.  
**Middleweight**—Cliff Beckett.  
**Welterweight**—Johnny Green.  
**Lightweight**—Sonny Hampton.  
**Featherweight**—Mike Martyk.  
**Bantamweight**—Vic Eisen.

## RHODE ISLAND RATINGS

By Eddie Beck

**Heavyweight**—Frank Catola.  
**Light-heavyweights**—Jimmy Ruzzo, Alex Rabbark, Eddie Silva.  
**Middleweights**—Gene Boulden, Al Bojack, Bobby Lancelotti, Manny Cabral.  
**Welterweights**—Ralph Zannelli, Ernie Forte, Bobby Zollo, Eddie Soares.

**Lightweights**—Joey Angelo, Ernie Guisti, Joe Celetti, Del Gado, Lou Tavares.  
**Featherweights**—Larry Bolvin, Martin Tabor, Morris Kapp, Danny Martin.

## WASHINGTON, D. C., RATINGS

By Jim Echols

**Heavyweights**—Yancey Henry, Georgie Parks, Dixie Oliver, Jimmy Bell, Jackie Cranford, Bobby Parsons, Al Davis, Red Jeter, Otis Harris, Joe Green.  
**Middleweights**—Bee Bee Washington, Joe Gannon, Frankie Wills, Frank Sweeney, Don Ellis.  
**Light-heavyweights**—Paul Rodevick, "Powerhouse" Johnson, Taylor Miller, Ernie Pope.  
**Welterweights**—Aaron Perry, Nick Latsios, Smuggy Husey, Norville Gaddis, Flatop Cummings, Emmett Harris, Artie Brown, Bee Zee Washington, Bobby Suma, Arthur Bethea.  
**Lightweights**—Lew Hanbury, Billy Terry, Jimmy McGriff, Billy Banks, Oscar Wright, Eddie Lyles, Billy Morris, Sammy Thompson, Billy Lewis, Waddy Temple.  
**Featherweights**—Danny Petro, Herbie Jones, Ernest Park.  
**Bantamweight**—Jimmy Jeannette.  
**Flyweights**—None.

## WEST VIRGINIA RATINGS

By Mickey Davies

**Heavyweights**—Tiz Jones, John Rowsey, Bob Ramsey, Norman Tweel.  
**Light-heavyweights**—Ezra Gooderham, Russ Jones, Lonnie Bowden.  
**Middleweights**—Billy Jackson, Jack Rowsey, Charlie Moore, George Hairston.  
**Welterweights**—Sparky Reynolds, Paul Ogre, George Williams.  
**Lightweights**—Brown Lee, Harvey Mitchell, Eddie Barnes, Glenn Banfield, Eddie Adkins.  
**Featherweights**—Harry Rose, Buck Collins, Bobby Kinder.  
**Bantamweight**—None.  
**Flyweight**—Young Sparky.

## SOUTHERN OHIO RATINGS

By J. Jimmie Amann

**Heavyweights**—Buddy Walker, Jimmy Brown, Tommy Woodyard, Kenny Johnson, Billy Pappas.  
**Light-heavyweights**—Ira Hughes, Earl Mook, Ted Nichols.  
**Middleweights**—Tip Ramsey, Curley Denton, Dave Clark, Mutt Swartz, Harry Wright.  
**Welterweights**—Sugar Costner, Larry Cartwright, Herschel Joiner, Jimmy Ainscough, Gene Guggill.  
**Lightweights**—Candy McDaniels, Willie Russell, Rudy Zadel, Jimmy Woods, Al Williams.  
**Featherweights**—Johnny Goode, Tiger Wills, Pat Iacobucci, Joey Palmo.  
**Bantamweight**—None.  
**Flyweight**—None.

## VANCOUVER AND VICINITY RATINGS

By Jim Johnston

**Heavyweights**—Joe Kahut, Bob Zander, Moose Kennedy, Jack Huber, Ted Lowry.  
**Light-heavyweights**—Tiger Jack Fox, Jock McComber, Tony Kahut, Warner Holland, John L. Sullivan.  
**Middleweights**—Leo Turner, Frankie Gimble, Australian Jack Allen, Glenn Northcutt, Speedy Cannon, Hank Ekli.  
**Welterweights**—Phil Palmer, Spider McCallum, Booker Ellis, Pedro Montez, Chester Orr.  
**Lightweights**—Gene Johnson, Lloyd Rolph, Midget Wolgast, Frenchie Peters, Duke Harris.  
**Featherweights**—Joey Dolan, Kenny Lindsay, Snooks Lacey, Freddie Steele, Raphael Sanchez.  
**Bantamweights**—Jackie Turner, Harvey Wicker, Duane Hoag, Benny Jerome, Bobbie Parker.  
**Flyweights**—Wes Byrnell, Joe Clemo.

## BRITISH GUIANA RATINGS

By Compton Santos

**Heavyweight**—None.  
**Light-heavyweights**—Tiger Jack Johnson, Fighting Shadrack.  
**Middleweights**—Young Gibbs, Tiger Shark, Ken Thomas, Joe Bonomo.  
**Welterweights**—Len Houston, Al Prescod, Jonathan Kennedy, Dynamite Kid, Harry Payne.  
**Lightweights**—Young Tanner (outstanding), Young Fritzie Zivic, Anoop Singh, Al Reid, Young Agard.  
**Featherweights**—Hilton Denny, Joe Ralph, George Fraser, Chris Young, Kid Lawrence.  
**Bantamweights**—Young Montana, Young Jensen, Joseph Bradford, Nanth Sumare, Ned Gittens.  
**Flyweights**—Young Abrigo, Kid Vincent, Risco Kid. No other worthy of mention.

## TEXAS RATINGS

By Bill Davee

**Heavyweights**—Tiger Sheppard, Jack Marshall, Lotario Ramirez, J. D. Turner.  
**Light-heavyweights**—Ben Johnson, Amado Rodriguez, Douglas Rhone.  
**Middleweights**—Tony Elizondo, Paul Altman, Fritzie Zivic, Wild Bill McDowell.  
**Welterweights**—Artie Dorrell, Kid Azteca, Bob Evans, Billy Deeg.  
**Lightweights**—Tony Mar, Tony Rios, Eddie Bertolino, Fidel Rivera.  
**Featherweights**—Manny Ortega, Ramon Alva, Proctor Heintold.