

THRILLING ACTION PHOTOS OF THE BIG FIGHTS

A RINGSIDE SEAT AT EVERY FIGHT



BOXING

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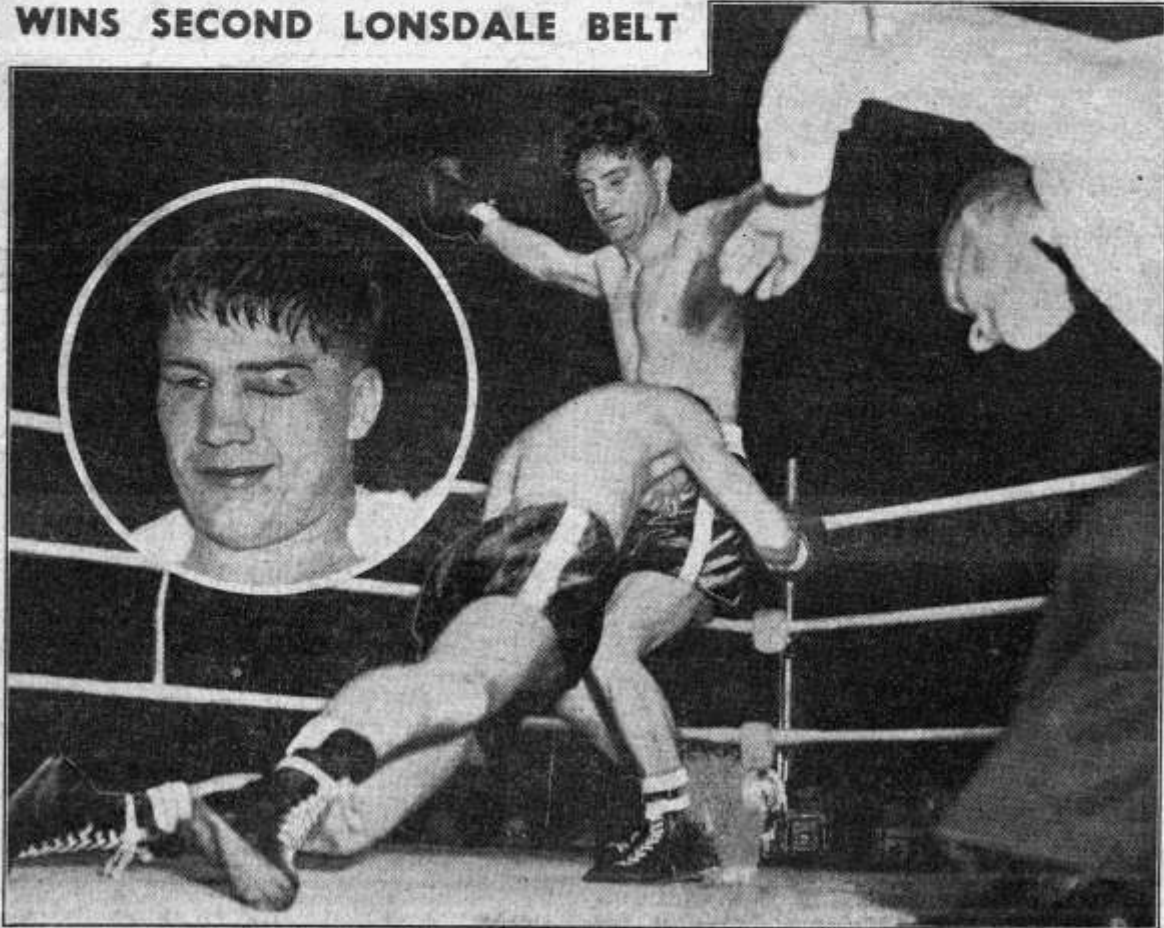
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CLAYTON'S K.O. VICTORY

WINS SECOND LONSDALE BELT



Freddie King pitching to the boards from a short right to the chin that ended the featherweight title bout at Harringay.
Inset: Don Cockell, battered but happy at winning the British and Empire heavyweight crowns from Johnny Williams.

COCKELL SHAKES THE CRITICS

OUTPOINTS TIMID CHAMPION TO GAIN HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE

HARRINGAY ARENA
MAY 12, 1953



Williams in strict defensive mood against an attacking challenger, who lands a hard right to the ribs. The champion frequently allowed himself to be cornered like this and took punishment before being able to get clear. Cockell made great play on the body throughout the contest.

THREE cheers for Don Cockell! No one—not even ourselves—gave him a hope of beating Johnny Williams, but he did it and in a manner that left no room for argument. He was a 4-1 outsider at the start, the majority wondering how many rounds he would last. Yet, he went in to prove all the critics were wrong, fighting in resolute determination that proved the undoing of a strangely apprehensive champion.

It was thought that the cumbersome Cockell would not get close enough to land on Williams; that Don would blow up after a few rounds; that the champion would cut him to ribbons with a rapier-like left and then put him away with a right-hander.

The reverse was the case. Don, in spite of his 14st. 9lb., was fast enough on his feet to chase after the titleholder and sink in left swings to the body and rights to the ribs. In spite of a disadvantage in reach he beat Williams to the punch with a straight left.

True, Cockell tired in the last three rounds, but for twelve of them he showed no signs of "blowing up," in fact it was Williams who bore the more fatigued look.

But the most astonishing feature of all was Johnny's reluctance to have a go. He fiddled and feinted with his left hand, rarely used his right and spent the best part of the contest back-peddalling at a pace that earned the mockery of the spectators.

Only when stung into action did Williams show any fighting spirit and then he looked particularly dangerous and really hurt his man with a jarring left and right cross. But these interludes were most infrequent; moreover, when he had thrown a few punches, the champion went on the defensive again, though no one in the arena could see why.

Perhaps Cockell won the fight and the British and Empire titles with the first three punches he

threw at the start of the battle. Rushing in, he caught unsuspecting Williams with a hefty left hook to the ear, followed by two more clumps that had Johnny's mouth agape and his legs moving in fast reverse.

Whatever his plans may have been, those punches probably sent them skywise, for Williams never showed any aggression, nor was his countering of any concern to Cockell.

Don went merrily along, duck-

ing and weaving in front of the hesitating champion, then popping in a left to the face to make his man backstep. Or, Cockell would take short cuts across the ring to corner the champion and then let fly to the body with either hand.

Williams stopped a number of these on his arms and elbows, but far too many got through and he then proceeded to tie up the challenger until the referee forced them to break. Williams paid great respect to Don at close-quarters and never allowed the former Battersea blacksmith to indulge in infighting.

The most pathetic part about Williams was the novice-way in which he allowed himself to be trapped and punished on the ropes. Johnny stood there, his defence all over the place, while Cockell pounded and clipped to his heart's content, alternating from the body to the head.

When the crowd sensed the

way the fight was going they were all for the underdog in the betting. Cockell's continuous advance, even when he was half-blinded, earned their appreciation, while Williams' abortive battling only irritated them. Never before have we heard a champion booed for heaving a frantic retreat as Johnny did when Don was looking in menacing mood.

There is no need to give a round-by-round description of the bout, which we usually endeavour to do in a championship contest. There was too much repetition and too few incidents.

Cockell missed with a fair proportion of his punches, mainly because Williams was always moving out of range.

Cuts and bruises

The champ had a bruise under his left eye by the fifth; Cockell bled from the nose and mouth in the ninth. A savage left opened a cut by the side of Johnny's right eye in the following session, but it was Don who suffered most when his left eyelid was split open in the eleventh.

The twelfth saw Williams apparently concerned at the way things were going. He opened out with lefts to the face and switched over a right or two, but was caught on the ropes and took right and left smashes to the chin.

He backed into his own corner and crossed Don with a sharp right as he came in, dropping the challenger to his knees. Jumping up, Don started slugging and Johnny joined in, but not for long. He was soon glad to get away and circle the ring.

Cockell on the canvas

Right on top in the thirteenth, Cockell swung left after left at the retreating champion, finally missing with a huge swipe, the impetus of which laid him flat on the canvas. Even then, Williams would not take advantage of the situation, but allowed Don to get up and chase him.

A smashing right to the face closed Cockell's left eye almost completely in the next round and some stinging lefts opened a cut by the side of his right optic. It was Williams' big chance now to snatch the fight out of the fire, for Don went weary and was half-blinded.

But no. Johnny eased up as soon as he had Don in trouble and the last round saw the challenger pile on the pressure, certain in the knowledge that he had only to chase his man to get the verdict.

This he did and the house rose to the new champion, who received the Lonsdale Belt for his enterprise and pains. Let us hope he has better luck with this one than he did the light-heavyweight trophy which was stolen from his home last year.

Clayton Wins Second Belt Outright

NEAT KNOCKOUT VICTORY OVER FREDDIE KING IN FOURTH

WELL, Ronnie Clayton has done what he always said he could do and has won a second Lord Lonsdale Belt outright, thus equalling the great record set up by Nel Tarleton in 1945. And he had the easiest task imaginable disposing of his challenger, Freddie King, two-thirds way through the fourth round by the neatest of kayo punches.

Veteran scrapper that he is, Clayton fought with all the confidence in the world and adopted the role of attacker from the start. Once or twice he was stung by some snappy shots from the challenger, but was never hurt or in trouble.

King was perky enough and was unaffected by the occasion, big as it was in his brief boxing life. He faced up to the champion with all the resolution in the world, and was punching hard and accurately from the first bell.

But sad to relate Freddie must carry a glass chin. The punch that put him away was no love pat, it travelled only a few inches and connected with back knuckles dead in the centre of the nerve territory on the left side of his somewhat pointed jaw. All the same it was surprising to find the London lad slithering to the canvas on his face and being so dazed when he beat the count that he stumbled across the ring to his corner, there to collapse again.

If there is one thing that Clayton can do it is to put over a right-hander that is academically perfect. Many times he has dropped rivals with this shot in the early stages of a contest, but rarely do they stay on the boards. King did and that makes us suspect that Freddie is too receptive about the chin.

While it lasted it was a brilliant little battle. Inside the first twenty seconds Freddie put over a right to the head, which Ronnie just avoided, then they exchanged lefts until Clayton could get to the body, where he beat a two-fisted tattoo.

Freddie starts well

King covered himself well during the infighting, but it was not his cup of tea and as soon as he could he was away to plant some stiff left-handers into Clayton's face. The champion persisted in coming in, but was made to take some hefty left-hooks to the head from either hand, although he rode them well. We gave the first round to King by a slight margin.

Straight from his corner the champion banged over a right, then whipped in a left-hook to the body. He was concentrating his attack downstairs and Freddie was countering with looks as he came in.

Clayton hit

A right-hook to the chin shook King, and Clayton followed up with a fierce assault to the body. Ronnie caught a right flush on the jaw as he made a rush, then two further good short rights that steadied him.

He weaved about out of range, but had to take a stiff left jab to the face before bounding in and punching away hard to the body. An even second round.

A low left brought an apology from the champion, but King was unhurt. Ronnie made a rush but was neatly timed with a right and left to the head. He paid no attention, however, and jabbed in a short left and banged the right to the ribs.

King put over another good right to the head, but Clayton quickly responded with a left and right to the jaw that clearly rattled the challenger. Freddie's knees sagged and he hung on, but Clayton pounded the body until King was glad to back off and use his left in retreat, until the bell. Definitely Clayton's round.

The challenger seemed to have made a good recovery when they came up for the fourth. He stabbed a left into Clayton's face

and whipped right and left-hooks to the head. Ronnie got close but was fought off inside.

He jumped in again, but this time attacked the jaw. A left-hook was followed by a crisp right clip to the chin and King began to drop. Ronnie raised both arms above his head and the London lad slid face forwards to the canvas.

Far too dazed

Freddie rolled over on to his back and threshed around until the timekeeper reached "eight." King then got wise to the fact that he was on the boards, raised his head—fortunately in the direction of his corner—and obeying the urgings of his handlers, started to get to his feet.

He was up as soon as "nine" had been called, but was too dazed to keep his balance and went blundering forward to collapse in his corner. Meanwhile, the "out" had been called and it was all over.

It was some

A tense scene in the feather-weight title bout at Harringay, as Freddie King prepares to throw a right-hander at champion Ronnie Clayton.



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minutes before the challenger was in a fit state to leave the ring, meanwhile, Clayton was presented with the Lonsdale Belt by the President of the B.B.B. of C., to the applause of the fans. Clayton weight 8st. 13½lb. and King 8st. 13½lb.

McCARTHY THE FIGHTER

NEXT stop the British feather-weight title. That is the only conclusion one can draw after watching Sammy McCarthy, Stegney (9-1½), out-punch Jacques Legendre, France (8-13½), over ten rounds.

This was Sammy's nineteenth consecutive win, his fifth over a Continental and, with champion Ronnie Clayton's scalp already in his bag, it can only be a matter of weeks before McCarthy will have his chance, a chance that almost everyone expects him to take, of becoming the first London holder of the title since Harry Corbett, way back in 1928.

Not that McCarthy had an easy passage against this latest French invader. Far from it. Legendre proved himself a dangerous puncher with both hands, a difficult target to hit and he showed a will to swap punches at all times, no matter the cost.

Furious exchanges

And that really was the chief difference between the English boy and Legendre. The Frenchman threw punches from all angles. Sammy picked his punches. Both landed a considerable number of shots bang on the chin, yet neither man took a count, although Legendre was caught off balance in the fifth and went down momentarily.

But throughout this extremely lively bout, McCarthy never, even for so much as a second, lost one bit of his supreme confidence. When he could "nail" Legendre with his left hand, he did so, but far too often the Frenchman was a little bit too spry for Sammy, forcing him to stand fast and exchange punches with both hands as they pinned each other in a corner.

Yet even this trend in the fight showed Sammy as a great glove artist. Shaken quite often by rapier-like rights to the chin from Legendre, Sammy did not budge an inch. Instead he flashed over his own right-crosses and

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the Frenchman had to bob and weave his way out of situations he himself had engineered.

At times Legendre flashed over the left-jabs that we expected to see coming from the Londoner. But McCarthy would slip many of them, literally invite Legendre to throw a right-hand punch and then Sammy flashed home his own two-handed counters with lightning effect.

McCarthy takes chances

Despite the quick victory record of the Frenchman, McCarthy never appeared hurt by Legendre's rights to the head. In fact, it became evident early on that Sammy had made up his mind that Jacques could not hurt him. McCarthy took more chances than we have seen him take in over a score of his fights, yet he never ceased to hold command and the crowd "lapped up" every second of this contest with unabated enthusiasm.

At the close, McCarthy looked as fresh as when he started and there was no need for the referee to check the scores. But the Frenchman received a terrific roar of applause at the finish, not because he proved himself a great boxer, but because he brought out the very best in McCarthy, and to see Sammy at his best is a treat that boxing fans will thrill to seven days a week.

Quick win for Hobbs

One of the most heartening moments of the evening was to see Jack Hobbs, Shepherds Bush (14-10), achieve a quick win in less than one round. If any man deserves a break it is Jack.

Matched with Joe Crickman, Stepney (13-2), Hobbs had the East Londoner down and counted out in just 1min. 23sec. Two short rights to the jaw and a left-hook to the stomach did the damage and Crickman, almost up at "nine" was in no condition to continue.

New starting Brian Anders, Brighton (12-4), had many anxious moments in the early rounds against Wilf Glynn, St. Helens (12-0), but a strong late rally earned Anders the points verdict over eight rounds.

Glynn was handicapped from the second round onwards by a cut and discoloured left eye injury, and he tired a lot from the fifth. But what we saw of him we liked, and he put up an amazingly game display, and showed not a little skill.

Glynn has a good left hand. In the first three rounds he gave Anders plenty to think about, whether he used the hand to jab, hook or swing, the Northerner certainly upset Brian, and the Brighton boxer had an uncomfortable first half.

Anders went down for "one" in the third, after Glynn had softened him with several left-hooks to the body and then crossed him with a right, but Brian, tough as teak, bounced up to continue the exchanges.

At close-quarters, Anders' shorter punching gave him the edge. He outsmarted Glynn in the clinches and considerably agitated

the eye injury with almost every jab to the face.

But Glynn never gave up trying. His long overarm rights were badly timed, but his left hand work was always dangerous, and Anders ran the risk of a serious setback whenever he tried to swap punches from a distance.

There could not have been much in it at the finish, but Anders just about earned the verdict.

Hurley beaten

Gerry Hassett, Belfast (9-13), inflicted the first defeat this year on Danny Hurley, Maida (9-11), whom he outpointed over eight rounds.

There was little between them from the start to finish, but the Irishman usually beat his rival to the punch, and his counter-hitting stopped Hurley from ever getting set to use his right hand.

Neither man showed much variety, but nevertheless the bout went on at a merry pace, although left lead and counter seemed to be the trend in almost every round.

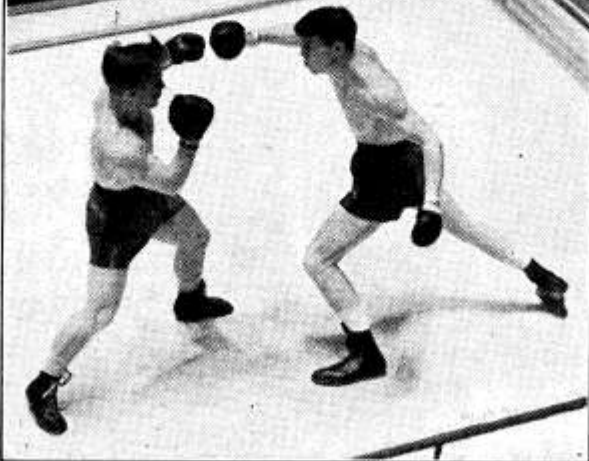
Hurley was the more industrious at close range, but Hassett was never in one place too long and fully deserved the verdict at the end of this, his first London fight.

Although a winner on this occasion, Ron Harman, Brighton (14-5), seems to have a "jinx"—it is red hair, Fred "Nosh" Powell knocked-out Harman at Streatham earlier in the year and almost knocked the "H" out Harman's forward progress, and Hugh Ferns, Greenock (14-13), another red-head, showed Harman's limitations in the final bout of the evening, which the Brighton man won on points over six rounds.

Ferns played to the gallery and went in for laughs, but even so still had an eye open for Harman's best moves.

The Brighton heavy has much to learn yet and one of the chief things he wants to digest is the fact that you can't put a man on the floor, or even win points over him, if you stand still and keep shuffling your feet. The hands win fights, but only when they come in contact with your opponent's head or body.

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This fine action picture shows Gordon Hazell (Bristol) blocking a right swing from Johnny Sullivan (Preston) during their stirring ten rounds bout at Belle Vue. Sullivan is ready to let fly with his left but Hazell appears to be ready for that punch too. Hazell won on points at the finish.

ANDERSON HARD PRESSED

Longo outpunches Taylor

GT. YARMOUTH—May 11

THE top-line encounter on Cliff Butler's final promotion of the indoor season at the Hippodrome, resulted in Ricky McCullough, Belfast (9-9), holding Cliff Anderson, British Guiana (9-12), to a draw after eight action-packed rounds.

In what proved to be an interesting clash of contrasting styles, Anderson was always strong and aggressive. For long periods in the early rounds he dominated the exchanges with swinging rights and lefts. As the bout progressed, however, McCullough scored frequently with short, sharp jabs to the head, and by using the ropes well he was able to avoid serious trouble.

In the first round Anderson reached McCullough's left ear with three good rights. The power of Anderson's punching demanded a great deal of caution from McCullough, who boxed mainly on the retreat in the following two rounds. He was, however, able to snook a few points with a snappy left.

Left and right smashes in round four sent McCullough spinning across the ring, but he recovered to land crisply to the body. McCullough was again rocked on the ropes in the following session.

Anderson, stalking his man relentlessly, was able to make the Irishman miss by clever head movement. McCullough often slipped inside the coloured man's roundhouse-hooks, but he could rarely afford to indulge in bouts of two-fisted punching.

McCullough surprised by taking complete control in the last round and a nonplussed Anderson was stung often by his busy fists. Ricky threw in everything he had, but could not hurt the tough-as-teak British Guiana fighter, and the fight ended with both boys exchanging blows on the ropes.

Peter Longo, Covent Garden (11-4), gained an impressive win on points over Denny Taylor, High Wycombe (10-11), after six rounds of fast, direct punching.

By crowding-in Longo did not

allow Taylor to make full use of his advantages in height and reach. Taylor, snatching points, then hanging on to keep out of trouble, could never match his aggressive, hard-hitting opponent punch for punch. The defence he put up was courageous and clever, but when Longo, the shorter by several inches, did pierce his guard he was hard put to keep his feet.

The fourth was Longo's best round. In this he freely hammered Taylor with left-hooks and right-uppercuts. Longo failed to follow-up, however, and Taylor stayed the course in gallant fashion.

Jimmy Lynas, Coventry (10-12), handed George Adams, Beccles (11-0), his first-ever defeat as a professional by winning on points over six rounds.

Lynas much the sharper and more workmanlike, dictated the exchanges for the first four rounds. Adams then tried desperately to land his fight-winning right, but he was thwarted in his every attempt and Lynas gained a popular points win.

Reg Fisher, Leyton (10-3), beat Tony Haines, Slough (10-4), who was disqualified in the third round for an alleged low blow.

After being clearly mastered in the first two rounds, Haines went wild in the third. He tossed blows from ridiculous angles and it came as no surprise when he was ruled out.

Jimmy Carter, Gt. Yarmouth (10-6), made his professional start a winning one by knocking-out Tommy Finlay, Boyton (10-3), in round three.

Finlay put up stout resistance for two rounds, but in the third he fell victim to solid lefts and rights to the body and he was counted out.

Ron Neal, Fakenham (9-1), knocked-out Tony Moran, Martham (9-6), in the second round.

Moran, also having his first pro fight, was down twice before the finish. It was some minutes before he could leave the ring.

Tommy Purcell, Newmarket (8-6), repeated a previous points victory over George Connors, Islington (8-6), after six lively rounds.

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