

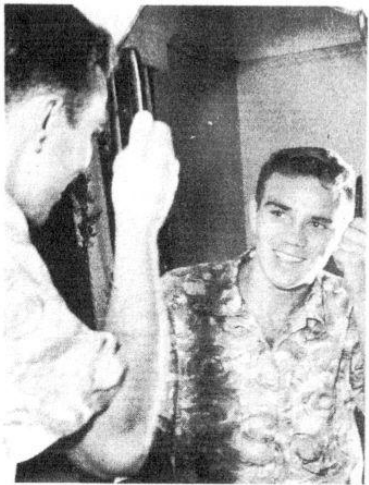
GLEN FLANAGAN

A FRANK DISCOURSE ON BOXING AND ITS TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS BY AN ASTUTE STUDENT OF THE GAME. ENVIRONMENT AIDS CONSIDERABLY IN DEVELOPING TALENT.

by Arthur Goldwyn



Glen Flanagan reclining and resting after a previous hectic encounter.



No marks, no bruises and a pleased expression on Glen's Irish features.

WHEN Mrs. Flanagan's boys, Glen and Del, were having the usual brotherly scraps around the house, little did she dream that one day they would be fighting in the prize ring. To her, they were just her two boys, no worse and probably just a wee bit better than her neighbors' kids.

As far as Glen Flanagan, the older of the two brothers, was concerned, he had no thoughts of turning to the squared circle for a living, either. With four brothers and three sisters around the house to take away any notions he might have had of becoming obstreperous, its no wonder that Glenn is the forthright, honest young man he is today.

When Glen was discharged from the Seabees, he had no more thought of becoming a professional boxer than the average fan has. Sure, he liked the sport, but do it for a living—not him. However, he did like to go down to the gym and spar with the boys every so often.

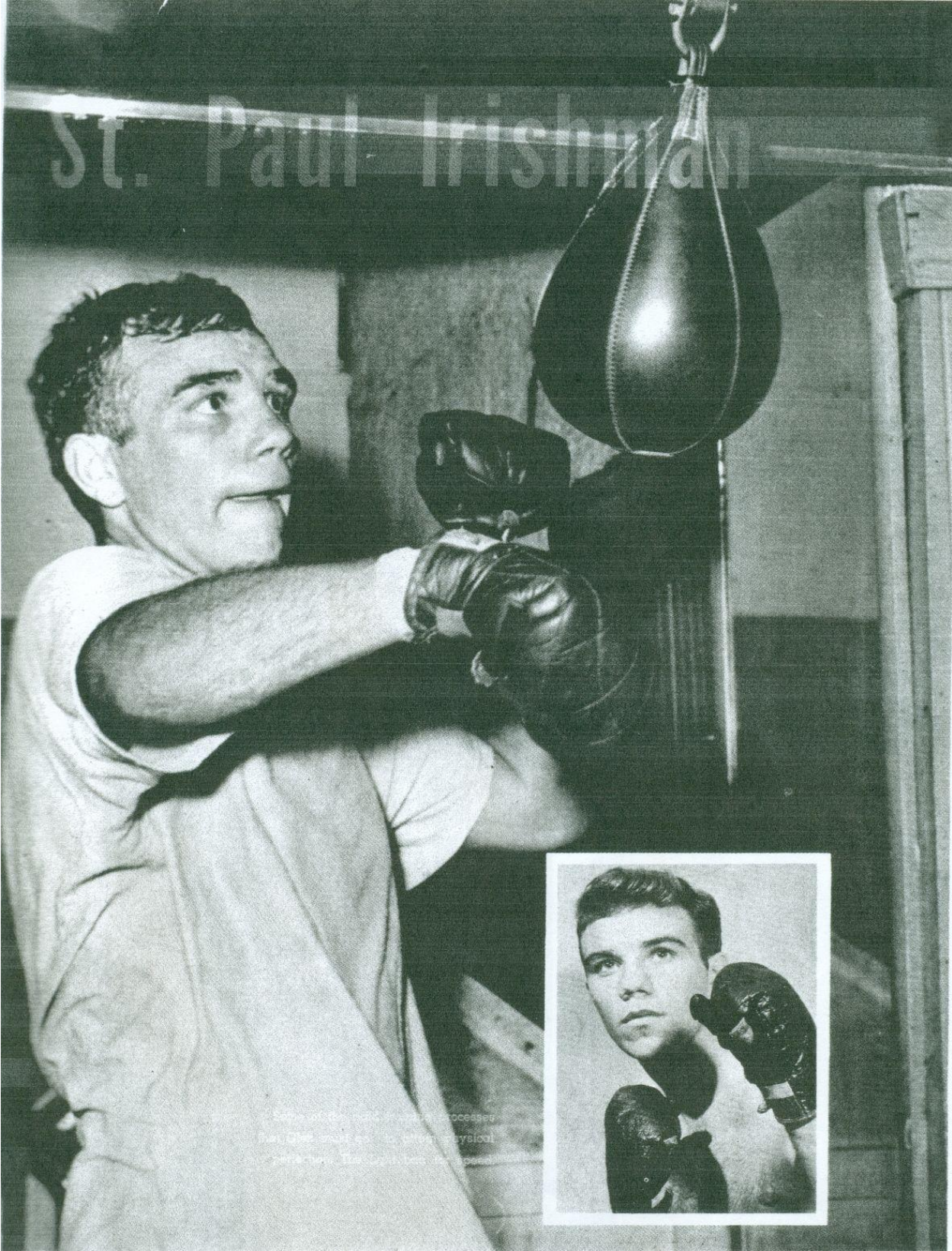
Now Saint Paul, Minnesota, has a very big Irish colony, despite the belief held by many people that Minnesota is ninety nine per cent populated by Swedes. It is a well known fact that any large section of Erin is going to produce it's share of fighters, and Saint Paul is no exception to the rule.

Such outstanding men as Tommy and Mike Gibbons, Jock Malone, Mike O'Dowd, and Johnny Ertle have hailed from Saint Paul, and most of them have returned to their home town when their fighting days were over. The Gibbons brothers, in particular, live in Glen's neighborhood and it was they who turned Flanagan's eyes in the direction of the (Continued on page 62)



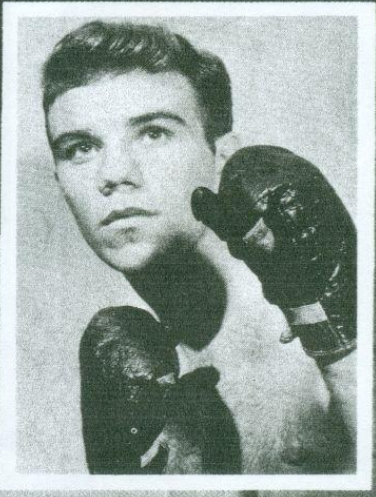
Glen Flanagan (left) and Tommy Collins as they squared off for their interim Featherweight Title while Saddler is in the Army.

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St. Paul Irishman

Some of the most famous boxers
have been Irishmen. It is often physical
culture men. The Irishman has passed



Harry and Frankie Carlton, Joey Costa, Pat Comiskey, Paul Cavalier, Jimmy Cerello, Jack De Mava, Al Diamond, Pip Damis, Archie Devino, Steve Dudas, Red De Fazio, Joey Dorando, Ernie Durando.

Tommy Elm, Joey Eulo.
Young Bob Fitzsimmons, Sailor Fritz, Jimmy Francis, Maxie Fisher, Philly Griffin. Claude Hammond, Joey Harrison, Johnny Howard, Freddy Huber, George Johnson, Patsy Johnson.

Patsy Kline, Johnny Kochansky, Phil Krug, Ralph Lenny, Joey Lupo, Lou Lombardi, Teddy Loder, George Levy, Sonny Luciano, Petey and Georgie Mack, Tommy Murphy, Vince Martinez, Harry Martone, Bobby Mann, Harold Mays, Mickey Maker, Archie McBride, Charley McGarrity.

Ray Neuman, Stanley Poreda, Freddy Polo, Buddy Ryan, Al Ridgeway, Doug Ratford, Johnny Rohrig, Joe Reno, Joey Ross, Charley Roden, Mickey Russell, Jack Rappaport.

Jackie Shupack, Keene Simmons, Ad Stone, Sgt. Ray Smith, Charley Sieger, Billy Vida-beck, Allie Todesso, Gene Takach, Tommy Tuohy, Young Terry, Jimmy Walker, Charley Williams, Billy White, Paulie Walker, Doc Williams, Young Zazerino, Frank Zam-oris.

Now, let's hear from those who were left out.



Glen Flanagan

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boxing game.

Most of the onlookers at the gym where Glen went to have a little fun felt that he had a natural flair for boxing, and many of them told the youngster that he should turn professional. When such experts as the Gibbons boys and Mike O'Dowd told him the same thing, he decided to give it a try.

Being a pretty level headed kid, he didn't burn his bridges behind him, but kept his job of running a safe while he was learning the new business. Glen is an excellent chef and likes to cook as well as he likes to fight. When his fighting days are over, he intends to open up a restaurant, not as a front man, but as a combination cook and host.

Glen turned pro in 1946, and it didn't take him too long to get a pretty good local reputation. When Pinky George, one of the old school of managers took him under his wing, the kid from Saint Paul really started to roll. Pinky knows the boxing business as few managers know it today. He has piloted such men as Johnny Paycheck and the perennial Lee Savold. He gave up their management long ago, however.

When Flanagan started to appear on nationally televised fights, people all over the country began to hear of him for the first time. They liked what they saw. Glen is as flashy a boxer as the feather weight class has had since the star of Willie Pep began to dim. His educated left hand has kept many a slugger at bay while racking up the points.

Flanagan is the first one to admit that his punch is not a lethal weapon by any matter of means, but he won't go along with the idea that he is strictly a fancy Dan. "I try to fight the kind of fight that I figure my opponent will fight. If he is a slugger, then I'll box him, if he's a boxer, I try to mix it

more than I usually do. I never fight the same way twice."

That this method of conducting his fistic affairs has paid off is shown by his record. Glen has had eighty one fights, has lost nine and drawn eight. He has beaten such formidable opposition as Lauro Salas, Gene Smith, and Charley Riley. Tommy Collins beat him in a heart breaker at Boston for the duration feather weight championship.

Flanagan lists his fight with Tommy Campbell as his toughest trial. He lost the decision, but has this to say about Campbell. "That boy is the best fighter I've ever fought. With any kind of a break he should have been light weight champ. He beat me fair and square."

Keeping in trim represents no problem to Flanagan. When he is on the road, he is under his trainer's constant supervision. At home, his hobby of hiking keeps him physically fit. Long hikes, with his Boxer dog for company, give him the strong legs that he is noted for by men in the boxing field.

Flanagan is married and has two children, a boy and a girl. His wife, Betty, has a full time job managing their home and taking care of the kids. Glen is never happier than when he is home from the wars and can spend some time with his family. As far as his son's chances of becoming a fighter go, if Glen has anything to say about it, Junior will have a hard time lacing on a pair of gloves.

Brother Del Flanagan comes in for a lot of praise from Glen. As he reminisces, "When we were younger I used to be able to win the arguments that kid brothers get into. Now, I wouldn't want to mix with him. Del's manager is Lou Viscusi, Willie Pep's manager and with his help, the younger Flanagan brother is beginning to carve out a chunk of the bigtime, himself."

Glen has had one chance for the title and he lost. There were tears in his eyes when the decision for Collins was announced. He's still young, though, and most observers believe he'll rate another chance before long. If this ever comes about, reserve your tickets in advance. This boy is ambitious and won't make the same mistakes twice. He wants that restaurant to be the best that money can buy. The title means a lot of the long green and he isn't going to rest until the crown is on his head.

The earnest young workman that the fans see in the ring carries this same earnestness into his every day life. He has a sincere, intelligent manner about him that few of his fellow fighters can surpass. His views on his career give a pretty good indication as to his sincerity. He says, "Boxing is my business. I'm always trying to improve my ability as a fighter, just as I would try to improve my business if I owned a cafe. When I win a fight I want to get the decision. If there's anything that gets my goat, it's seeing some of the things that happen in this game. Boxing is a clean sport fundamentally, and should be kept that way."

Glen makes no bones about the fact that he is in boxing for the money that he can make. His ultimate aim is to be able to settle down and own that cherished restaurant of his dreams. To attain this end result he works long and hard to improve himself. He looks on the gym as his school room. As he says, "When I get into that practice ring for some sparring, I don't worry about what the boys will say. I'm in there to learn. If I do something wrong its better for Pinky or Lou Gross, my trainer to correct it there than to make the mistake in an actual fight. Brother, it's too late then!" At twenty four, the kid seems to have learned something that less successful men in his craft never get through their noggins.



The Saga of Joe Louis

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detect a touch of greatness in the serious faced boy. He saw Joe Barrow for the first time in 1933, when Joe worked for the Ford Co. in Detroit and boxed as an amateur on the side.

Roxborough offered the boy a room, good food and clothes. All he asked in return was for Joe to live by the rules and do what he was told.

Roxy employed the old time fighter Jack Blackburn to teach the kid what it was all about. Blackburn started for a modest \$35 per week but within a year was hauling down a flat ten per cent of Joe's fantastic earnings. Roxborough shortened the boy's name from Joe Louis Barrow to Joe Louis.

Louis and Blackburn worked together perfectly. The veteran fighter was quick to realize that this was no ordinary fighter. The way he moved, the way he threw his blows, even the way he looked was unusual.

They called each other "Chappie" and formed a combination which remained intact until Blackburn died in 1942.

The close relationship between Blackburn and Louis led to stories that Joe would be lost without Blackburn. It was claimed that Joe supplied the might and brawn while Jack did all the thinking. Some said that Louis was nothing more than a "robot," and a "mechanical monster" who would be helpless if Jack wasn't there pulling the strings.

Added weight was given to that theory after the first Louis-Schmeling fight. It was the first incident of a Louis pre-fight plan being disrupted. Schmeling clobbered him with a right in the fourth round which made Joe forget what Blackburn told him at the training camp. A stricken Brown Bomber turned to his corner for new advice, but Schmeling continued his assault and Blackburn stood helpless in the corner.

But that's getting ahead of our story. Let's go back to 1933, the year Louis was first brought to the attention of the public. Roxborough was in no particular hurry to enter Louis in professional competition, Joe was doing well in amateur circles and gaining valuable experience. Roxy figured he had plenty of time.

Roxborough looked up his old friend Julian Black, a well known figure in Detroit boxing circles. Black knew the fight business and John cut him a piece of the Louis pie. Julian took an active part in Joe's management and played a major role in guiding him to the top.

In the summer of 1934, after Blackburn confided to Roxborough that Louis was the equal of any heavyweight in the world, the stage was set for his professional debut.

Oddly enough that debut was a main event against Jack Kracken in Chicago. Joe won by a knockout in the first round. Roxborough gave him the entire purse of \$52.00 to keep for himself but Joe sent \$40 to his mother.

Knockout followed knockout in 1934. Joe's earnings continued to climb and word of his superhuman powers spread out of Chicago and Detroit and into other big cities like Los Angeles, Pittsburgh and New York.

Five short months after his professional debut, in December 1934, Joe knocked out clever Lee Ramage in a purse of \$2,230.00.