



A previously unpublished photo of Gus Lesnevich's eye injury, skilfully treated by his cornermen, enabled the Jersey Russian to retain the world light-heavy title against Freddie Mills at Harringay Arena. All four in the picture, the champ, Benny Huntman, Joe Vella, and Dick Gutteridge are dead.



THE irrepressible bhoyo, Jack Doyle, a winner with the Twins in his corner.

SECONDS TO ALL



"OLD ARTHUR" GUTTERIDGE - first pro in the ring when the N.S.C. opened.

THERE are many stories of the men who also suffer - the seconds. Those who administer with adrenalin swabs or words of wisdom in the vital 60 seconds between rounds have been known to "win" a fight. Certainly many have been lost by inexperienced, inadequate seconding.

There was a time when the cornermen went about their work comparatively unrecognised. Nowadays, the seconds have become, like many football club managers, better-known than the participants.

The Gutteridge family once held sway as the principal seconds. They were as big a part of the London fight-scene as the Lonsdale Belt, Solomons cigar or the booing when referee Moss DeYong entered the ring.

When Arthur Gutteridge welcomed a boxer to his corner, he nodded with respect. The silver-haired Arthur was an Xmas edition colour-cover of 'Boxing' in the thirties headlined "Father to all Boxers". He was unique.

Arthur was the first professional in the ring at the opening of the National Sporting Club. "The first pair were three-round amateurs" he recalled.

Arthur, (said to have fought Henry Cooper's grandfather), outpointed Cock Robinson, of Hackney, over eight rounds.

When broken thumbs ended his career Arthur be-

came the club's chief second. When the premises closed at Covent Garden he insisted on being last to leave.

Members had requested that Arthur, who also taught the skills to nobility, box a one-round exhibition with Bill Baxter who seconded the opposing corner.

Both were in their fifties. Arthur was also presented to the boxing-keen Prince of Wales when commended for bravery rescuing people from a house fire.

"Arthur Gutteridge" says Harry Levene, unquestionably the longest-serving boxing figure in the world, "was kind to me. When I first took Danny Frush to the old club I was just a kid.

He told me to listen and learn in the corner. 'Don't say a word, just leave it to me' he said. I did as I was told. They don't make 'em like that any more."

In those days the chief second ruled the corner, rather than merely being responsible for water changing, resin tray, etc. The Gutteridges' frequently cut a boxer's unruly hair! An etching of Arthur hangs in the Lonsdale room of the present NSC at the Cafe Royal.

They staged a testimonial at the Blackfriars Ring for Arthur when his twin sons, Dick and Jack, carried on the family tradition.

The identical twins, who trained and were amateur club and public school coaches, were often a source of crowd

amusement.

A bemused boxer would often head for the wrong corner - seeing double. They were reluctant to wear distinguishing initials on their shirts.

Wembley, Harringay, Crystal Palace, Olympia, Albert Hall, numerous baths halls - the Twins were there.

Often five nights a week. Sometimes they worked as a team. Often they seconded in opposing corners and were keen rivals, despite the incredible affinity.

Champions frequently spun a coin to settle for a corner. Sometimes they also trained rivals - like George Odwell and Norman Snow - and family relationships were strained before the fight. Between them they seconded more champions than anyone else.

When Primo Carnera first came to Britain in the thirties the Twins were his trainers and guardians at St Brides Institute, in the heart of ink, Fleet Street, and because the Amiable Alp - we prefer the tag to Ambling - was then unable to speak English they blew a whistle for stop and start.

Carnera, the Twins always claimed, was more skilful than credited and did not deserve the ridicule of the American press. By today's standards the giant would not be considered a freak - though he weighed more than the modern skyscraper heavies.

Jack trained Albert Finch,

LAST RESPECTS TO DICK GUTTERIDGE

Dick Gutteridge Laid To Rest *Aug 1946*

A LARGE gathering representative of the boxing world were among the 200 people present to pay their last tribute to Dick Gutteridge, famous brother of the "inseparable" boxing second twins, when he was laid to rest at Highgate Cemetery last Monday afternoon.

Assembled with the chief mourners, his widow, son Reg, four brothers and two sisters, were leading lights of the boxing fraternity whose welfare he had in the past looked to during fights—in and out of the ring.

Among them were British light-heavyweight champion Freddie Mills, and his manager Ted Broadribb; Dave Crowley, former light-weight champion; Billy Thompson, of Hickleton Main; Peter Broadridge, Dick's own heavyweight discovery; Jack ("Kid Froggy") Hyams; Bob Ramsey, of Stepney; Danny Sewell, young Tottenham heavyweight; Billy Sinclair, whose Brighton gymnasium Dick was part and parcel of; and Joe Palmer, famed timekeeper of the Stadium Club, Holborn.

Sadly conspicuous by his absence was his twin brother Jack. Ill, he was strictly forbidden by his medical adviser to attend. Son Jack, Jun., was there in his stead.

Tributes to the man whose name will ever live in the annals of British boxing, from sportsmen throughout the world who were unable to attend, were expressed by the hundreds of wreaths that accompanied the cortege.

Three wreaths among the many stood out—those shaped to form a ring, stool, and boxing glove.

The funeral service at St. Mary Magdalene, Islington, was conducted by the Rev. Barton. With striking simplicity and sincerity, he spoke of Dick Gutteridge—the man and his deeds.

And so one of the world's most colourful boxing personalities was laid to rest. At his express request in the grave of his father, and in the same grounds where Tom Sayers, "Peggy" Bettinson, and celebrated boxing journalist John Murray—all "unforgettables" of the boxing world—are buried.

C.R.



Crowds of sympathisers look on as the hearse carrying Dick Gutteridge, famous "inseparable" second twin of the boxing world, leaves his Islington, London, home. Three wreaths were prominent among hundreds sent by sportsmen throughout the world—those shaped to form a boxing ring, glove and stool.

Photograph by courtesy of Lewis Gale

A TRAGIC LOSS 1952

BRITISH BOXING sustained a tragic loss by the death of Jack Gutteridge, who died in hospital last Monday night after a severe heart attack. Jack and his twin brother Dick who died in 1946, were the regular seconds at all the leading boxing promotions.

Jack was the trainer of many of the present day champions including Billy Thompson and Albert Finch. He also handled Primo Garnera when the latter campaigned in this country. Jack was a former professional boxer and he sparred every day with the lads he trained until the day his twin died.

Jack was in Bruce Woodcock's corner on the night that the latter was forced to retire against Lee Savold. Well-known and respected throughout the fight game, he will be really missed by all those fortunate enough to have known him. Not only will his death leave a gap that will never be filled in the boxing game, but a man of his calibre and honesty will be missed by the world.



Jack Gutteridge. We are proud to have been included amongst his friends

Jack Tree's letter stated that . "The only way you could tell them apart was by the scar Jack carried on his cheek he received when trying to stop a Pub scrap. Both died of a heart attack, Dick in 1946 and Jack in 1952.

Thank You Jack Tree, from Ralph and the entire membership.

BOXING WORLD MOURNS LOSS

OF DICK GUTTERIDGE

END OF A GREAT PARTNERSHIP



BOXING LOVERS the world over were shocked to learn of the death last Sunday evening of Dick Gutteridge, one of the famous, "inseparable" twin seconds.

I say the "world-over" because there was no part of the globe in which boxing was one of its sports that had not heard of the Gutteridge Brothers.

It was not only their uncanny resemblance to each other—in facial appearance, height, stature and mannerisms—which made them such publicised sporting personalities; chiefly it was their complete understanding of the Fistic Art, their advice to the struggling fighter and the method in which they respectively looked after the man in their corner. It earned them the esteem and admiration of all who know anything at all about the game. Whether it was a mere "four rounder" or a fully-fledged champion they were seconding, all would receive the same ardent, individual attention.

A Cheerful Character

Dick was a jovial, hearty fellow, a man who took pride in his profession, and proved a real credit to it.

The last time I saw him was at the Dome, Brighton, on Friday, August 2, when he seconded Bob Ramsey, Mark Hart, Peter Broadbridge (his own heavyweight "discovery") Jack Phillips and Bob Pullen. He was his usual cheery self and looked in the best of health, and when I had a chat with him after the show he enthusiastically commented on the forthcoming season's boxing boom

which, he said, would give him the busiest time he'd had in years. He was full of the revival of the sport, and particularly looked forward to the return of Gus Lesnevich, whom he helped to train when the American prepared for his fight with Freddie Mills and whom he seconded in that fight. I never suspected anything amiss with him. He was the same, energetic Dick, obsessed with the sport of boxing and, as usual, with typical Gutteridge humour, manufacturing excuses for the man in his corner who had lost or telling us what a "marvel" his man was when he'd won.

Fighting Father

Dick was a permanent fixture in the fight game; no Big Fight was complete without his and brother Jack's presence in the corners. Famous father of the Gutteridge Twins was Arthur, a popular figure in the early National Sporting Club days at Covent Garden. He was chief second there and himself no mean performer with his fists. He fought many gruelling fights with the gloves on—and without, for he was a hardy member of the "knuckle-fighting" brigade; among his celebrated rivals was the great Tom Sayers whom he met at Farnborough.

Brothers Dick and Jack were in the 1914-18 war, served together in the same regiment, each winning titles in the 57th Division boxing championship. In the grim battle of the Somme, both were wounded in one action on the same day.

Dick was only 48 years of age—"the prime of me life" as he happily chanted to me the other week—and there certainly was nothing wrong with his physical condition; at least that was the immediate impression he gave, but now it has leaked out that, this past year or so, he had been suffering from a weak heart.

He had a seizure in the No. 31 bus in which he was travelling in London on Sunday night, collapsed, was taken to hospital, but died almost immediately on arrival.

Boxing could not afford to lose such a fine friend and helper as Dick Gutteridge.

I deeply mourn his loss.

ISIDORE GREEN

The funeral of Dick Gutteridge will take place at Highgate Cemetery, London, on Monday next August 19) at 1.30 p.m. Dick will be buried with his father. In the same grounds loveable "Peggy" Bettinson, of the old N.S.C. and John Murray, famous boxing author, are also buried.

The cortege will leave Gutteridge's home in Arundel Square, Islington, N., at 12.30 p.m., on Monday.