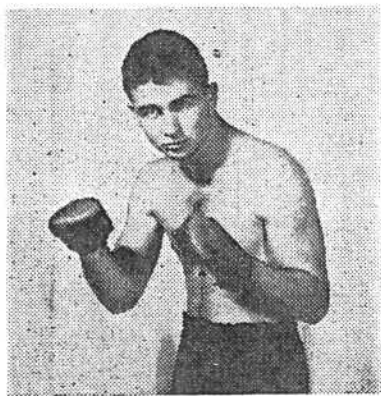


AMATEUR BOXING IN LIMELIGHT

Massachusetts State

Amateur Champs 1947

112 lbs. — Truman Marshall, Boston
 118 lbs. — George Cote, Lawrence
 126 lbs. — Howard Lord, Malden
 135 lbs. — Ralph Barbetta, East Boston
 147 lbs. — William Paul, Boston
 160 lbs. — Gene McIntyre, Boston
 175 lbs. — Howard Kane, Arlington
 Heavyweight — Bob Girard, Lynn



Kenny Isaacs

It looked like an old fashion night of amateur swinging when a good sized crowd came to see the the Mass. State Championships at Mechanics Building, Boston, on January 17th. The South End A. C. sponsored the show, the first of its kind since the war.

It was a bad night for the favorites, and dark horses like Cote, Lord, Barbetta, Paul and Girard came through.

George Cote, rugged Lawrence lad, a New England champ, surprised the gathering when he beat classy Dom Saia of the West End. Although kayoed by Saia in two previous bouts, young Cote tore into Saia with a burst of speed and punching power that he hasn't revealed in a long time. It was a fine victory for Cote - a 3-round decision.

Howard Lord arose from a knockdown, shaky but determined, and had Ed Bonetti, Boston, backing up as the bell ended the first frame. Bonetti hurt his hand in one of the exchanges and was forced to surrender at the end of the first.

Ralph Barbetta, southpaw of East Boston, proved a surprise package as he tore into clever Ken Isaacs of Lynn. Ken had trouble solving the southpaw's style and ran into some stiff jolts that wore him

down. Although "hep" to Ralph's style after the first canto, Ken was too tired to capitalize on the openings he found and lacked the strength to stop the rugged Bostonian.

William Paul, only colored champ, and Red Ryan never went at each other with such gusto as they did in trying for the State title. Paul kept the upper hand by fancy side-stepping, jabbing and a willingness to mix.

Gene McIntyre won another title when he turned back the efforts of game Armando Vivolo of the North End. Before he finally won, he knew he had a battle on his hands and once found himself on the canvas.

Howard Kane, Arlington socker, found a tartar in John Kline, Medford. The free for all was full of thrills, with Kane the stronger and harder puncher.

Bob Girard, Lynn, won the heavyweight title from dangerous Roco Marchegiano, Brockton, by sticking to boxing and punching at close range. The "Rock" had exploded his dynamite on giant Jim Connolly in the first round and had stood the fans on their chairs while in the process.

Lynn Amateurs

The Sgt. Arthur DeFranzo V. F. W. Post 2346 of Saugus, commencing Friday, January 31st, will stage weekly amateur shows at the Lynn Arena.

Johnny Dougwillo, former Lynn welterweight who has fought stars like Al "Bummy" Davis, and Max Baker of Beverly, North Shore fight manager, are working in conjunction with the Saugus veteran and in an effort to give Lynn and North Shore fight fans real fighting shows.

Amateur stars, such as Kenny Isaacs of Lynn, one of the best lightweights in the state, Bobby Isaacs, brother of Kenny, a fast stepping welterweight, Billy Rowe and Norman Brown, both 175 pounders, Bob Girard, State heavyweight champ, and Wee Willie Card, 126 pounder, all from Lynn, plus Kid Prideaux, the hard puncher from Saugus, are a few of the boys who will compete in the opening show.

Entry blanks mailed to Boston, Gloucester, Newburyport, Lowell, Salem, Peabody and Beverly, have struck a responsive chord, with a tremendous number of entries being filled and returned at this date.

If Gene McIntyre, State titleholder, can get away from his schooling at B.C., he will also box on this card.

Walter Wetmore, Post Commander, states that all surrounding Posts have gone on record to back up these weekly benefit Fund Tournaments. 132

Eight Champions to Be Crowned at Auditorium By Frank Sargent

LOWELL - February 10, 1948

Rocco Marcegiano, whose name sounds more like an opera star than a heavyweight pugilist, is the "villain" of the tourney. This Brockton battler has more motions than a hoola girl trying to get out of a new girdle and uses everything but his teeth on his foes. Yet he has appeared in two fights and both times his opponent has wound up on the horizontal end of a haymaker. The crowd boos his apparent use of elbows, thumbs and head, but Rocco claims you can't lose a decision when your foe is flat on his face. Although Rocco will carry the colors of this state into battle against Vermont, Maine, and New Hampshire battlers next week, there will be a lot of Lowell fans rooting for his opponent - any opponent.



Paul Cook, 175, Only Lowell Title Winner

By John F. Kenney

LOWELL - February 10, 1948

MARKEGIANO - MORTIMER

Marcegiano had difficulty with Mortimer's southpaw style. They had a fairly even two rounds. Marcegiano seemed to wilt as the third got started, but came to life with startling suddenness at 1:20 of the third, stepping inside Mortimer's guard while coming off the ropes to deliver a roof-raising right uppercut that put Mortimer face down until the seconds hustled in to roll him over.

LOWELL SUN, APRIL 30, 1995

Charles Mortimer's recollection of the fight.

"Marciano didn't impress me at the beginning of the fight." Laughs Mortimer. "But he sure impressed me at the end." "When I stepped in the ring with Marciano at Lowell Auditorium on Feb. 9, 1948, I had fought 30 to 35 amateur fights, and won them all. There was a big crowd and they were all rooting for me. At the time I was pretty popular in town. I was beating (Marciano) for two rounds, then I got careless. Everyone was screaming for me to knock him out. So I dove at him across the ring. He came off the ropes and he caught me with an uppercut. That was the end of that. He was a very hard puncher"

**New England Golden Gloves
Championships
By John F. Kenney
Sports Editor**

LOWELL - On the tousled, gloved creased heads of eight game and deserving princes of amateur pugilism today repost the hard won crowns of "Massachusetts and Rhode Island Golden Gloves Champions, 1948," following one of the most fiercely contested simon-pure boxing tournaments in the annals of Lowell ringdom last night in Memorial Auditorium under auspices of The Lowell Sun Charities, before a thrill-soaked crowd of 3885 paid-in customers.

Out of the veritable maelstrom of mauling mitts in the seven tournaments to date, emerged the triumphant following open class champions:

Markegiano - McInnis Final

George McInnis of New Hampshire, who scored the biggest upset of Tuesday night's semifinals by dropping the favored David Hinckley of Vermont, lost a heart-breaker to heavyweight Rocco Markegiano of the Mass., R.I., team when an opened cut over the eye forced him to stop action near the end of the first round. McInnis was pressing the hard-hitting Markegiano well when the splotch appeared over the glimmer. What intrigued the ringsiders was McInnis' ability to pull his head out of range of Markegiano's best weapon, an inside right uppercut. Rocco never did connect with it. Often as he tried, but

won the issue on a chance hook at close quarters. Referee Zapustas examined the peeper and sent McInnis back to the dressing room in 2:10 of the final bout of the evening.

**GOLDEN GLOVES OPEN
CHAMPIONSHIPS**

112 pounds - Frankie Collins, Boston defeated Roland Gagnon, NH, unanimous decision

118 pounds - William O'Neil, MA-RI, defeated Edward Grant, Maine, unanimous decision

126 pounds - Mario Zullo, MA-RI, won over Bertrand Champagne, Maine, TKO, 2:10 of rd 2

135 pounds - Joseph MacDonald, MA-RI, won over Richard Redmond, Maine, TKO, 1.59 of rd 2

147 pounds - Al Lemire, NH, defeated Norman Hayes, MA-RI, split decision

160 pounds - Richard Gallivan, MA-RI, defeated John Peverada, Maine, unanimous decision

175 pounds - Phil Dube, Maine, won over Charles Klug of VT, default

Heavyweight - Rocco Markegiano, MA-RI, won over George McInnis, NH, TKO, 2.10 of the first round



The Lookout

By JOHN F. KENNEY

Impressions of Golden Gloves
Championships in New York:
Loses on Judges' Slips
Markegiano Good Loser

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—SOME COLUMNS ARE WRITTEN between fights, but this one is churned out between rounds. Brooklyn, locale of the All-Eastern Golden Gloves trials, is always Brooklyn. Why? Hear ye the Brooklyn chant during the monster boxing show at Ridgewood Grove, part of which was held starting at 2 o'clock in the afternoon yesterday: "Hit 'im in the mug. His belly is brick." And another: "Turn the judges in there. Then they can score what they don't know." You'd love Flatbush. It's honest. Just look at the Dodgers. Never up there, but always the champs—in Brooklyn. Perfect humility; when an ordinary boxer is robbed, he rages. Rocco Markegiano, the Brockton heavyweight, who in the minds of 3000 fans yesterday outpunched Coley Wallace of New York but lost on the judge's slips, had only this to say in the dressing room: "Wallace is a good boy. He gave me the hardest fight of my experience."

Three Months Experience

The writer listened, then asked Rocco, "How long have you been fighting, Rocky?" His reply: "Outside of physical experience in the Army, three months." That, indeed, is a world of experience. Word of credit: The sponsoring N. Y. Daily News has exceeded even its splendid effort of last year in readying the All-Eastern Golden Gloves for a sold-out New York audience. Youthful Harry Forbes rates the palm. He even readied a small theater for boxers of 13 districts to seat themselves in the upholstered seats and relax for the monotonous weigh-ins. A word about your boys: Frannie Collins, 112, is one of 16 children. Coach Tommy Rawson, associated with the Harvard university boxing team, is a prosperous trucking contractor, with a big business in Greater Boston. Rawson's transportation foreman is Past Exalted Ruler Jim Howe of Lowell Lodge of Elks... Freddy Cabral, who handles the physical condition of the boys as Rawson directs them, is an outstanding chiropodist of Boston... Emille Jean, Manchester's 135-pounder on the N. E. team, won't even take orange juice at breakfast for fear he will put on weight as did his fellow Manchester boxer, Al Lemire, who was ruled out of the 147s as overweight... Yes, the kids are earnest.

New York Invasion

About the N. Y. invasion... up to this writing, the parents of Jackie O'Neill of Haverhill have made no calls, no approaches to their own darling son, although they are in New York to see him compete. It isn't lack of affection... just that they know Jackie is in good hands. Dick Gallivan, middleweight, wears crimson neckties at all times. He says he wants to go to Harvard and he's getting ready now... Lowellites seen here for the Golden Gloves championships include Leo Mower, Phil McGowan and another lad who may be con-

RETYPE FOR LEGIBILITY

Markegiano Cheered in N.Y. "Gloves"

Continued From Front Page

The fans from Brooklyn, Manhattan, Bronx and Queens who up to bell time didn't know Markegiano from a hole in the wall, milled their way from the back of the arena down to the very ropes after the final bouts decision was rendered. They raged for fully 15 minutes in fruitless protest, button holeing anybody who looked like an official, and at times threatened violence. Said a reporter from the Puerto Rican newspaper, El Mundo, "How can New York expect various zones of the United States here which have district tournaments to return here another year after a decision like that?"

FANS ALL FOR HIM

He was talking as fans picked up Markegiano, as a baby, and smothered him with pats on the back, handshakes, finally setting his feet on the Grove floor at Coach Tommy Rawson's insistence. All the way up to the far dressing room, the bewildered Rocco was pounded enthusiastically, his way impeded by fans who just wanted to shake hands with him. Hundreds of throats gave volume to the one yell "You won that fight son," or another, "The decision is only two blind men's - not ours, boy."

The extraordinary tribute paid to what is recorded on some kind of official script as a "loser" was due to a number of sensational developments - chief among which, as it stands, was the bad verdict. The other points

Sports

THE SUN, LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

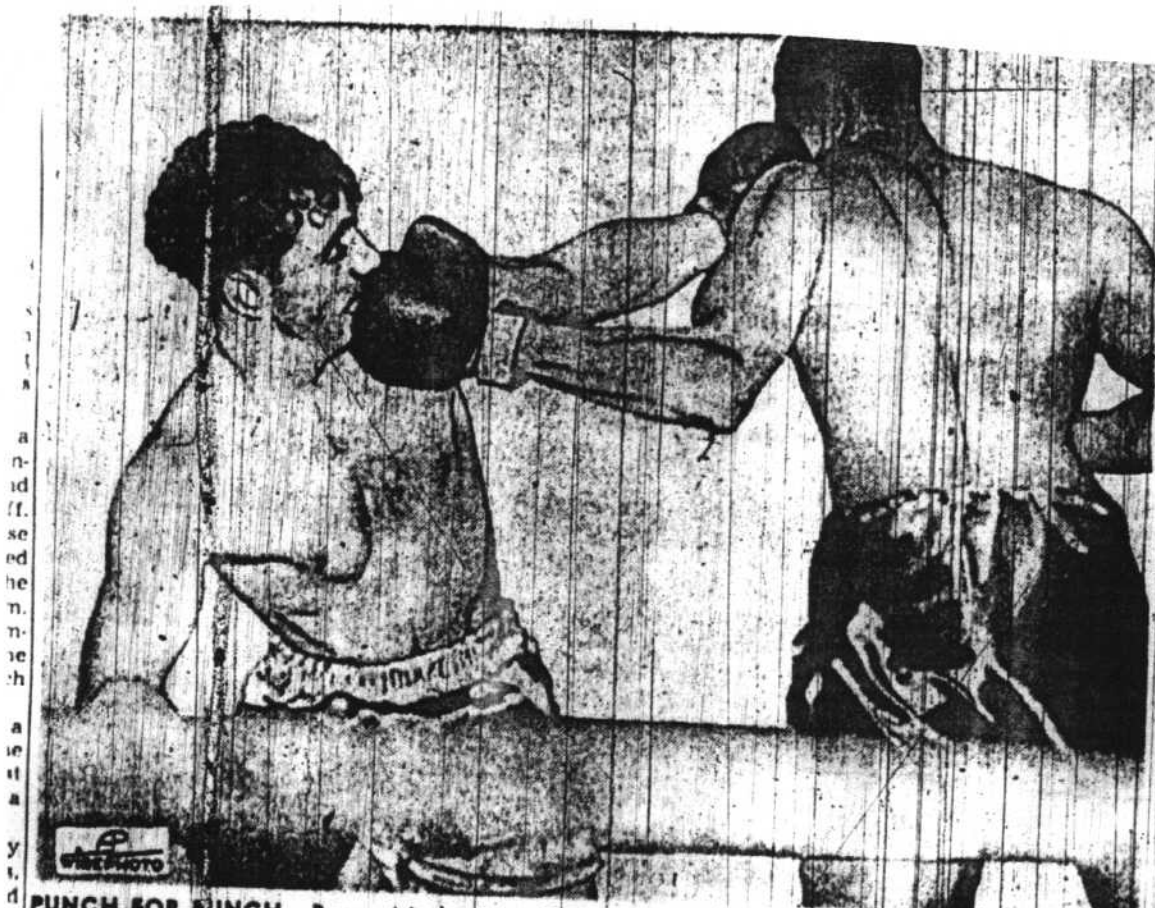
March 2, 1948

worth New York's metropolitan prices that Joe Louis rates in the pro game. Remarkably dramatic too, is the fact that Wallace is a dead ringer for the heavyweight champion, with a profile exactly like Joe's but with a body a little less trim and proportioned. His record before meeting the unknown Rocco Marcegiano must have been extraordinary, for when both boys entered the ring, the modest, personable and shy boy from Brockton got only perfunctory applause while the name of Wallace raised the roof.

WALLACE HEAVY FAVORITE

In short, the country boy Rocco, was apparently in there to last just as long as most of Wallace's earlier foes. Wallace towered some six feet, three inches and they said at the weighing-in that he scaled 221 pounds. A giant of a dusky, with a body beautiful that might be the dream of a sculptor, Wallace looked something out of a book by Edgar Allan Poe. At any other weight, in a manner of speaking, the match might not be allowed. They were at all odds that far apart. With all the stuff in the world, however, Rocco came out of his corner at the first bell and swished one of those uppercuts right at the giant's jowls. He missed. Wallace closed in to devour this presumptive New Englander, whereupon Marcegiano slammed one into Wallace's stomach and threw a right to the face that you could hear as far as Beaver brook in Dracut. Mister Wallace's expression changed. The fans began to take off their overcoats.

ROCCO COMES BACK



PUNCH FOR PUNCH—Rocco Marcegiano (left), representing The Lowell Sun Charities, Inc., and Coley Wallace (right) of The News Welfare Association of New York, are shown as they exchanged right hand punches in their sensational heavyweight bout in the Eastern Finals of the Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions in New York yesterday. Wallace won on an unpopular split decision. AP WIDEWORLD

Sports

THE SUN, LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

March 2, 1948

ROCCO COMES BACK (CONTINUED)

If there had been any thoughts in the minds of the Lowell fans that Rocco acquired his victories too easily, or that he went to New York actually untested by reason of the fact that he never had to take it - well, they should have been here. Wallace beat Rocco back to the ropes by sheer power in that first round, but Markegiano wheeled quickly and put Wallace into the same spot, trying desperately to connect with that uppercut. Momentarily, Wallace put both gloves to his face for self-protection. The fans loved it. Apparently they had not seen this before from Wallace. They adopted Rocco, heart, glove and trunks from that moment. Markegiano bore right in. Belting Wallace to a point where it was reckless. Having only attack in his instincts, he was wide open. But here's where Wallace lost the fight in this man's book. Wallace swung back too, again and again, but missed by the margin of home plate to outfield. They were tied in, at close quarters, at the first round's end.

Markegiano couldn't knock Wallace. That was evident in the first round. It was that kind of fight. As the second canto started, however, Rocco pitched everything he had into an aggressive, always moving offense. The bigger man backed up, circled, wheeled away and never counter-punched. Wallace always covered, then fought his way out with ungainly punches that only landed without arm. Wallace apparently had figured at this stage that if he swung often enough he might catch Rocco with something wild. Markegiano was driving rights and lefts to Wallace's head in a neutral corner when the bell rang. Markegiano didn't win the third and final round. Nor did he lose it. Wearied to a point where only self-gumption was carrying him through, the Brockton hope kept on whirling them in there, but his Sunday punch was ineffective. It wasn't because he wasn't connecting, but because Wallace was too tall for the smaller Rocco's whameroo. His big poke to the jaw connected often enough, but by the time it reached its objective, it had passed the radius of effectiveness.

To hit Wallace with that sleeper, Markegiano had to hoist it upwards as a hodcarrier carries up the bricks. The stronger Wallace kept on weathering a terrific attack, but when he threw a fresher set of punches at Rocco in the third round, he always found more gloves in his face. Late in the round these were mostly exhausted punches, but they were there. Just before the bell sounded, Markegiano rallied all he had left and was fighting only with his heart as Wallace awkwardly stumbled with what appeared to be puzzlement and panic. They were all in, at close quarters when the last bell sounded. By that time, the joint was going crazy. Gene Caggiano, who handles Rocco back in the Bay State, leaped into the ring in wild delirium. So did Rawson and Cabra. The fans were applauding Markegiano to a point where the announcer could hardly be heard. The loudspeaker finally got its request for quiet. The announcer looked over the slips in the traditional manner, then spoke: "The winner," he said, "Wallace." Ridgewood Grove became pandemonium, also bedlam. A roar went up first and it was one word: "No."

ROAR CONTINUES

It continued for a quarter-hour. Reporters demanded an explanation. These were from Jacksonville and Buffalo and other spots, unacquainted with Maregiano. All they knew was that they had seen a fight won and lost, and they wished to record it that way. But two officials apparently dictated the final finding otherwise. Wallace, the scoring sheets said had won the fight, but scoring sheets are not as articulate as thousands of fans. They continually screamed. The fight had not been finished more than 30 minutes, when talk was general that Markegiano would be named alternate on the all-eastern team to meet Chicago's standouts in a later tournament. In the dressing room, Rocco smiled. "Why can't I go in as a number one heavyweight?" he asked. "I think I could lick Wallace again."

Sports
THE SUN, LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS
March 2, 1948

A demand for the scoring sheets brought out the facts. Judge Rudy Keeler voted for Marcegiano, while judges Delaney and Referee Barney Smith voted for Wallace. Referee Smith is a former Golden Glove titilist from New York.

Rocky Marciano's Unconfirmed Amateur Record

Amateur Record: 8-4 (7 kayos)

1946

Apr 15	Harry Lester	---	LDQ 3
Aug	Opponent	Portland, OR	KO 1
Aug	Opponent	Portland, OR	KO 1
Aug 23	Joe D'Angelis	Portland, OR	L 3

(Final - National JuniorAAU Heavyweight Final)

1947

Jan 17	Jim Connolly	Boston	KO 1
Jan 17	Bob Girard	Boston	L 3

(Massachusetts State Amateur Heavyweight Championship)

1948

Jan 26	Joe Sidlaskis	Lowell, MA	KO 1 (still checking this out) *
Feb 9	Charles Mortimer	Lowell, MA	(1.20) KO 3

(Wins MA-RI Golden Glove Tournament)

Feb 17 Bye (Opponent didn't show)

Feb 18	George McInnis	Lowell, MA	(cuts) TKO 1
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(Wins New England Tournament of Champions)

Mar 1	Coley Wallace	Brooklyn, NY	L 3
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(First Round of All-Eastern Finals Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions)

Dates/Place Unknown

---	Fred Fischera	Boston, MA	KO
---	George McInnis	Boston, MA	W 3 ??????(See above)

(AAU Olympic tryouts in Boston?????)

* A Vic Sidlaskas of Fitchburg, MA fought in the novice tournament. He might be the younger brother of Joe Sidlaskis. There are some reports that the Joe Sidlaskis fight took place in Boston (possibly as part of the AAU Olympic tryouts). The Lowell Sun states that Rocky had two knockout wins before the New England Tournament of Champions - the Mortimer fight was one of them.