

Frankly Speaking
By FRANK HYDE
Jamestown Post-Journal
February 13, 1952

Little Joey Dolce, who laid leather against a lot of phisogs during his ring days, was telling about the time Jimmy Clark returned from the Olympics, a boxer instead of a fighter. "We've got Jimmy signed to fight a feller named Red Barry out of Kittanning, Pa., one of those guys who could lift your noggin right off your shoulders with one punch. Well, Jimmy had been telling me about his new style—how Georges Carpentier had took him in tow over there in Europe and taught him how to box. I used to tell him to forget that stuff—just keep right on knocking 'em kickin' sweet and pretty like. But Jimmy assured me his new style would dazzle this Barry. Seems he had forgotten Carpentier's attempt to dazzle Dempsey, so we were still talking it over when the boys climbed in the ring at Celoron Park. Well, sir, they don't no more than come to scratch until Barry uncorks one and Jimmy is on the deck. He gets up and sticks around until the bell rings, but he's unseeing as all get out when we get him to his corner—just staring out of stony eyes. I'd ask him if he was all right, and he'd say, "Yah, yah, sure" . . . Then as if an afterthought, "what'd ya say?"...That was the tipoff, so we sent him out to get in close, punch as long as possible then hang on. He cleared up and what a finish that was! Barry had to feel his way out of the ring. Both eyes nearly closed. But the knockdown and the first two rounds won him the decision. Jim remained a fighter after that—no more fancy boxing."