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moves. You had to be in shape all the time if you were going to fight. You had always to be training on the heavy bag. There was lots of room on the ship to train every day. I still wanted to be a fighter more than anything else. I first met Benny Woods in Saint John after I had joined the navy. He had been lightweight champion of the Maritimes and had won the Golden Glove Championship in Montreal in 1938. I knocked on his door and we got to talking back and forth. I said, "You were a good fighter." He said, "Yeah, I'd like to take you up to fight." They had a gym at Haymarket Square in the 'forties. It was called the Alison Grounds. Johnny Lifford, the best fighter to ever come out of Saint John, was there. So too was his trainer, Connie Rogan, who lived on Simonds Street in Saint John. Rogan smoked a clay pipe and he always had a big pair of boots on him. He had liniment which he made himself. If you had any hair on your body, on your chest, and you rubbed it with that, the next day you had no hair! I laid in the dressing room one time with that on and I thought I was doing to die. My pores had been open from sweating. That liniment would knock a horse down. And the smell of it!... They put me on the card as a welterweight. That was my first fight as an amateur. Right down in the old Saint John Fomm. I fought a fellow by the name of Al Red Chamberlain. He's dying with cancer down in Ontario now. Johnny Lifford was the referee and Rogan was my trainer. I was about the second or the third fight that night. There were only three two-minute rounds in each fight. There were 1200 or 1300 people in the crowd. I was a little bit nervous in the dressing room. When I came out onto the ring, I was thinking, Oh my God, the crowd, look at the crowd out there. How am I going to give this crowd a good fight? Were they going to boo me? Were they going to call me a bum? Then I heard the announcer: "In this corner we have Sailor Don McKinnon, weighing 145 from Saint John, New Brunswick. In this corner to our left Al Red Chamberlain wearing box stripes." I wore green trunks. Later when I was fighting in Montreal, I had green trunks with a shamrock on them. They called me "Sailor Don." I was in navy uniform. When they put my name down at the boxing club, they said, "Well, you're a sailor; we'll put you down as Sailor Don McKinnon" 'cause there was another navy guy fighting there too. His name was Pat Davis from Halifax; he was in the shore patrol. That kind of name stuck to me, although later I did also use other names. I was a brawler, a puncher, a fighter. I could take it and I could give it. I could punch with both hands. I was in there punching from bell to bell, never stopped. I was after my opponent all the time. When I went in to fight, I went in to fight. I did not go in to fool around. I was thinking about the crowd. You've got to please the crowd too. You have to have the crowd on your side. That's the type of fighter I was. When you stepped in the ring with me, you fought or you got out. I'm not saying that I was a great fighter, but I was on top of you all the time. Whether I won or lost I stayed to the last minute. Everyone I ever fought I made a fight out of. That's why I was well liked. If you were an aggressive fighter, you would give the crowd their money's worth. They would always say, "Bring him back. We want him back here again." That's why I was quite popular with the people. I was in there to



win, not to lose. I was in there to get up to the top. A boxer has a different style than mine. A boxer goes out there and he is always on the move. He bobs and weaves and jabs. He gets away from a fighter. There is a hell of a difference between a boxer and a slugger. A boxer gets away from punches, ducking and dodging. He is too fast to be a heavy puncher. New Waterford's Johnny Nemis, a middleweight champion and as a guy who shuffled in to get a good shot. one of Cape Breton's noted trainers threw short punches better than jabs. A boxer stands up and jabs you. He keeps moving all the time. But a fighter is in there to get that shot with his left hook or right hand. You put your weight into it. The power comes from your legs.

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 Transportation and Public Works Honourable Don R. Downe, Minister 49