REGRETTED FLYNN FRAME

JACK DEMPSEY WORRIED OVER HIS FLOP TO FIGHTING FIREMAN.

"Wouldn't Do It Again if He Had His Life to Live Over," Jack Told Al Auerbach—Pressing Need Forced Him to It.

Assigned "to get the truth on Dempsey," "Eye Witness," a Chicago Tribune reporter, is trailing over old ground in Salt Lake. In this article, the twelfth of the series, the writer brings into play Al Auerbach, the promoter who staged the Flynn-Dempsey frame-up, and tells how Dempsey made the Salt Lake beauty parlor proprietor happy at Toledo.

By Eye Witness.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 26.—Your Uncle Al Auerbach's work is prettifying the women and, by the law of contradictions, his play is being a promoter of prize fights and a patron of prize fighters.

Al is the premier beauty doctor between Denver and San Francisco. He has quarter of a floor up in Walker's department store in Salt Lake City and employs a large staff of girls who while away the hours keeping the ladies of the Mormon capital pleased with themselves.

The beauty parlor prospers. Al's fights not so invariably. Sometimes he makes a pretty penny. Sometimes he is painstakingly cleaned. In the latter case he does not moan. He is willing to pay for his sport. He was conspicuous at the ringside in Toledo, and when he heard the murmur run 'round, "There's Al Auerbach," he was caught himself in pure and childish joy for any losses which the luxury of promoting prize fights may have caused in times past.

JACK'S SISTER WORKS THERE.

Mrs. William Barrow, Jack Dempsey's oldest sister, works in the beauty parlor and is thoroughly respected by the proprietor.

Al—I find that in sportdom we run quickly to the first names of our acquaintances—was Jack's third manager. He was also the promoter and responsible bill payer for the Flynn-Dempsey fight out at Murray three years ago, but no more than a new angel in heaven did he know that it was going to be queer. He did know, however, that exceptional worry, mischance and aggression marked the preparations for that function and made him wishful to unload a part of the burden.

Inspired with that human desire to share his cares, his bright eye rested with hope on Hardy Downing, but Hardy dashed the cup from his lips, saying, "If you offered me half that proposition in a silver platter with a thousand dollar bill attached I wouldn't take it," and he went on to tell the beauty doctor the number, variety and kind of things that persons concerned in the entertainment—from the Murray fire department, which was to be the beneficiary, to the fighters themselves—would undoubtedly do to him in their chosen task of looking out for number one.

AL LEARNS HIS LESSON.

Al sighed and went ahead.

On the night of the ructions, when the sports had got back to Salt Lake City, Hardy saw Al in a saloon and looking across the glasses he said, "Well, Al, they come pretty near doing to you what I told you they would, didn't they?"

Al lifted his eloquent hands and answered:

"Not pretty near, Hardy—E, exactly!"

It was with this surprisingly pithiness of speech in mind that I said to Hardy, apropos of Al, "He's clever, isn't he?"—meaning repartee and manicuring.

"He's one of them half-smart Jews," said the sardonic Hardy—meaning prizefights and the promotion thereof.

"He was good for Jack Dempsey, though," continued Hardy. "He took good care of him for a year and a half—put him up at the Newhouse hotel and hired a secretary for him. Al said to me at the time, 'I want to get him to start a bank account, so he can draw a check once in a while. It makes a man feel more like himself.'

SAME PLACE KAISER CAME FROM.

So, pleased with what I heard about Al, I went to see him and found him an eager, bright-eyed, quick-speaking man willing to talk and talking friendly. When I tried to break it to him inoffensively that I knew he was a German by saying that his name was a familiar one in the Rhineland on both sides of the frontier, he didn't pull any of that stuff about being an Alsatian, but said cheerily: "Yes, I'm a German Jew from the same place the kaiser comes from."

"You mean Berlin?" I fumbled, missing the point.

"No, no—down in Bavaria—the town where the kaiser bunch got its start. But I myself happened to be born in Marseilles. I left there when I was 8."

"Yes, it was when I was his manager in 1916 and part of '17 that Jack Dempsey fought Young Hector, Dick Gilbert, Fireman Flynn, Joe Bonds, Terry Kellar—twice—and Stanley Ketchel. Jack was just a slugger when the fights started, but he was faithful. He worked hard, training, training, training. He'd be out on the road at 5 every morning."

JACK HIS OWN TRAINER.

"Well, he never had a real trainer. He was his own best trainer. Of course, he was a fighter from the time he could put his hands up. He's got everything and can do everything—one time shadow boxing as pretty as anything and another time slugging away like Tom Sharkey used to. You never can tell about Jack—what he'll do. I mean, he's got everything and does everything."

Al seems to have had pretty complete knowledge of Jack's personal as well as professional affairs, for he told me that when the marriage which has since turned out so disastrously began to look squeamish Jack was very wretched about the future and spoke about the disgrace all the sorry business would bring if ever he became a champion. He seemed fully conscious of what he had let himself in for.

"He cried," said Al.

TODAY MIXED IN FAMILY.

That was the second time I had heard of Jack's crying and it recalled to me that George Bernard Shaw says pugilists are much given to kissing and crying, they being, he adds, "a sentimental feminine species."

Another domestic detail that Al imparted was that there really is in the family a strain of Indian blood which they acquired three or four generations ago in the West Virginia mountains and that Jack's oldest sister's second husband, William Barrow, had never done very well in a business way and that he was in the army during the war.

"Mrs. Barrow works half days in my place—makes from $28 to $30 a week. Jack helps here," he added.

"How about the dependents, anyway, Mr. Auerbach? That's partly what I'm sent out here to look into."

DEPENDENTS A PLENTY.

"Jack had dependents a-plenty," said Al, "and he's been a good brother to them. He's been a good husband to his wife, and he's been a good son to his mother. He's been a good friend to me. He's been a good fighter. He's been a good sport. He's been a good loser. He's been a good winner. He's been a good everything