

## **BILLY JONES STORY**

Courtesy of Chuck Hasson

The figure of Joe Gans, the Old Master, back in the shadows, is again the guiding spirit of another colored boy who sees in the emulation of the fame old-time, ebony tinted warrior's gentle-manliness and ring keenness a chance to become a ring great.

This time it is Billy Jones, a contender for the light-heavyweight championship of the world; a rugged, lithe, ebony boy who has surmounted the many obstacles tossed in his path to become one of the most dangerous ringmen of the day.

Every gesture and manifestation of politeness, poise and pose used by Gans is patterned by Billy as soon as he learns of a new Gans trait from an old-timer. He sits awed as stories are told of the Old Master and his cyclonic career during the days when he was becoming the greatest lightweight of all time.

Gans has been a model for many young men of the ring game who touched the top. Many of them bothered little about the out of the ring traits of the old champion but all tried hard to follow in the ring steps of the Master.

Kid Williams, former banty champ of the world, borrowed from Gans' talents to dock the title strata. His best punches were blows modeled after Gans' best. Tiger Flowers, that great and beloved Georgia fighter, was Gansesque in his poise and demeanor. George Chaney, following in the path of the Baltimore idol, shortened his punches and became one of the most deadly kayo sockers in the world.

And there are dozens of others who have clipped or extended something in their ring style to mold it after Gans.

Joe Gans' ability to quickly pullout of a clinch and shoot a devastating blow under the heart is a piece of ring business that is luring Billy Jones. As quick as a tiger, Billy naturally likes this bit of action and has worked hard to get it within control.

There will be few fouls called on Billy if he can get the Gans technique conquered. Gans knew his spot and hit it with a dead certainty.

But Billy is at the top despite race prejudice, mauve decade promoters, who were afraid their public did not want colored fighters, and the bitter battle of the good light-heavies to stop his flight.

**When the debating societies of the noble art get going on the subject of the ascension of Billy Jones to the top berth in the light-heavyweight rank, somebody arises to know how Billy ever toppled the wily Maxie Rosenbloom to the canvas at Pittsburgh two months ago.**

**And that starts an argument. Whether Billy clipped Maxie with a right cross, a right hook or a right uppercut, can never be agreed upon.**

**But the pictures of the fight favors those who contend that Billy slipped over a right cross during the hectic moments of the third round when Maxie was floundering around in bewilderment, slipping and sliding as he tried to reach the flashing warrior.**

**It was a costly topple to Rosenbloom for the word went out that there was an ebony boy around who has the boulevardier's number and who was likely to make it more widely known should the pair ever meet again.**

**It was only one of the many knockdowns credited to Billy Jones in recent months. Others besides Maxie have felt that right cross and that cruel left hook and many of them never got up again until it was too late.**

**Fred Lenhart and Williard Dix were two of those who failed to come back after getting one of Jones' rights. Although Billy had injured his right hand earlier in his fight with Lenhart he was still able to cross it over on Freddie, a tough and rough battler.**

**There are few fighters now who will contend that Jones cannot hit from any angle. They have tested him and know. A Jones opponent today is a wary boy. He is aware that Jones' kayo blow is likely to come from any direction.**

**Twenty five kayo's out of a total of forty-eight bouts. Some were put to sleep with a right cross; some with a right uppercut; some with left hooks while others went down, to stay down, from a combination of every punch known to the game. A finished and a finisher fighter is Billy Jones of today who asks nor gives quarter within the hempen rope.**

**Every now and then along comes a smart baby of pugilism who pockets the champion in his division - sews him up in a tight spot - and makes the passing of the crown just a matter of form.**

**That's where the Emperor Jones - Billy to you customers - has Maxie Rosenbloom, light-heavyweight champion of the world, this bright morning.**

To everyone but the partisans of the gay Lothario of the science of sock and slam. Billy Jones is the CHAMPION. Make no mistake about that. pals. They can rate Rosenbloom in Bradstreets and Dunn's but, in the cauliflower market, Jones rates BIGGER and BETTER.

Ring history is replete with stories of contenders plugging along for years begging for a crack at the champions they know, down in their hearts, they could conquer should a meeting for the title ever take place. But a champion is always protected. Managerial machinations, promotial phenangling and more sidetracking than an unruly thoroughbred produces takes place when the smart contender shoves into the scene.

But, gentlemen, they've cornered Rosenbloom on this count and there's no fences to jump, either.

And when you are herding Billy Duffy's man, Maxey, up against the wall he's no plaything of Broadway at that business. He loses that 3 A.M. dance step he has so admirably mastered to become as foxy a gentleman as you have ever seen since the days of Kid McCoy.

But he's there, just the same, and if you ask the man next door. Gentlemen, you will learn that when the night of June 29th. pops up in Philadelphia, so will Billy Jones to take over the crown to add to the royal ermine he has worn for some time. The ermine that was placed upon his ebony shoulders by the fans of fistiana.

The crown? Nope; the crown will not be at stake, theoretically, but Jones will do his best to prove to all and sundry that he, not Rosenbloom, is the REAL CHAMPION and rightfully deserving of both the crown and the ermine robe.

They come, like this sable battler, Billy Jones, blazing like comets across the fistic firmament to startle the boxing fans with the suddenness of their appearance in such finished form.

But somewhere along the trail of those mauling meteors is the old, old story of perseverance, patience, grit and grind handicaps and the surmounting of insurmountable barriers. It is always that way because there is only one way to the top. They never just pop to the tap in pugilism overnight.

Billy Jones today is the greatest light~heavyweight fighter in the world for the sole reason that he has reached that status by the orderly and thorough process of taking one rung at a time and never taking the next one up until he was sure he could make it.

**When they come battling their way to the fore in fistiana by that system they are bonifide leaders, etched deeply in personality, courage and ability. By no other way do they make leaders in any endeavor.**

**Out of Pittsburgh, Jones buffeted and plugged along the obstacle-strewn road that confronts all beginners in boxing. And with the natural barriers which confront every novice were added to his lot, color lines, race prejudice and the indifference of promoters to a black boy with ambition.**

**So Billy Jones did not flash upon the fistic skies overnight; did not storm the citadels of boxing interest in a flurry, as many have come to believe, but came up along the road to stove away many a lesser light before he began whipping the Maxie Rosenblooms, the Jimmy Braddocks, Latzo's, Sekyra's, Lenhart's, Fuente's, McGorgory's and a host of others.**

**There now stands upon the light-heavyweight boxing throne a lithe, grim, ebony-boy to dim the sun of ambition of every fighting man in his division. Only a stroke of the pen of the boxing fathers needed to make him the champion. He has won it by every other means. Means by which the man at the ringside understands to be by victory over all contenders for the coveted honors.**

**And with all of the barriers that have been confronting this personable black boy he has been adding others by polishing off his opponents rather than by playing for future contests and return bouts. But this action has endeared him to men who pay at the gate and many a promoter's hand has been forced by the paying clientele. His skin does not blind them to his worth. And they see in him another edition of the Old Master, Joe Gans, who loft neither fan nor promoter in the lurch when he stepped into the ring, but fought every fight at his best.**

**Under the guiding hand of the shrewd Native Son, Frank Fowles, a veteran of the fight game, a manager of several ring notables of yesterday, Jones' tutelage has been thorough and pointed. He has been piloted with all the care of royalty, always made to understand that each step was in a planned direction and that courage and patience would pay in the end.**

**And that time has now arrived where Billy Jones can don the regal robes of his division with glory and honor to his race, his sport and to the men who have always had faith in him. Billy Jones, gentleman and grand fighter, will make an old-time champion.**

# Rosenbloom Cuffs and Claws

6/24/31

## SOUTH PHILLY NEGRO BEWILDERED BY FOE

### Way to Victory

Maxie Starts Indifferently, Then Piles Up Points in Typical Fashion Before 6000; Ettore Beats Latzo; Morgano Finishes Steve Smith

By JOHN WEBSTER

Maxie Rosenbloom showed Billy Jones more leather than that colored boy had ever seen before in winning the ten-round decision by a good margin in the first windup of the summer at the Arena stadium last night.

Maxie, the champion of all light heavies, was in his best slapping mood to settle an old score with the black man from South street, who held a decision over him. Around a thousand of the faithful saw Broadway's playboy pay off that debt with usurer's interest.

Always against the idea of all work and no play, the New Yorker mixed plenty of slap-stick work in the trouncing of Philadelphia's contender for the 175-pound throne. Maxie carefully left his gown over in Manhattan, but would here run little risk had it been invaded last night.

A cuffing, clawing attack which utterly bewildered Jones, sent Rosenbloom out to victory before they reached the half-way notch. For three rounds Billy had appeared to be a most redoubtable foe, but he folded up once Rosenbloom began to spank him about the face with unrelenting gloves.

#### Maxie "Clowns" Billy

Jones never stopped his tearing-in tactics, but always Maxie was awaiting him with those unerring mittens. They call him the Harlem Harlequin, but he turned the tables and "clowned" the negro for seven rounds to win as he pleased.

It's possible Jones may get another crack at that titleholder, but you could never convince any of last night's spectators the boy would ever cause Rosenbloom much concern. He has a title engagement with Jimmy Slattery in Brooklyn, August 5, and last night's battle should put him in fettle for his title defense.

There was little damage done in the mill, although it was a busy affair in every moment. It was never dull, for Jones ever came in looking for trouble and Maxie never missed landing it out. Billy bled from the eye and was mused a little at the end.

In three rounds Jones looked like a mess. The rest of the time the champion made him look very bad indeed. In the second, third and fourth, the negro fought like a fury and boxed like a master, but that was wasn't maintained.

In the second and third, Jones chased the boss around the ring, whipped lefts and rights to face and body, while Maxie beat a steady retreat. Rosie is a honey at this business of back-peddaling, however, and Billy was never able to realize his advantage at any time.

Jones' best round was the second, in which he carved away at the champion's ribs, whistled left hands and right hands to the button and generally mauled Maxie all over the ring.

### Fight Results

Maxie Rosenbloom, 174, New York, received the decision in ten rounds over Billy Jones, 175½, this city.

Al Ettore, 172, this city, received the decision over Pete Latzo, 176, Atlantic City, in ten rounds.

Tony Morgano, 127½, won on a technical knockout from Steve Smith, 128½, in the seventh round.

Andy Martin, 127, Boston, received the decision in ten rounds over Natty White, 125½, this city.

#### Rosenbloom Goes to Work

Coming out of the third period in which he gave a hint of what was to follow, the New Yorker went to work. With the fourth, he was still going away from there, but Jones was catching a stream of cuffs from a windmill attack. Maxie spanked him a margin in that round, taking a little punishment and that to the boy.

Distress assailed the black charger as Rosenbloom spattered and splashed gloves off Billy in the fifth. Gloves came from everywhere and nowhere. Billy must have thought all the stars in Fried and Fishman's locker were out there flying at him.

And if the fifth was a sore period for Billy, the sixth was worse as the slap-stick clouter won away off by himself. Billy was still walking in, but Rosie clamped the handcuffs on him whenever the negro got troublesome. More windmills were after Jones.

So it went, Maxie slapping, stinging, clawing. Occasionally he put a leg on the fast one, and had Billy stepping short in his tracks. After the champion had annexed the seventh, eighth and ninth, Jones went on to win the tenth.

That was a round of riotous excitement, in which both got punched around without any casualties. Jones had some Joe-like to have any say upon the verdict, which was Rosenbloom's from here to there. Rosenbloom scaled 174; Jones went 175½ in ten rounds.

#### Too Clever for Old Pete

Al Ettore, West Philadelphia favorite of the amateurs, beat a veteran, Pete Latzo, of Margate City, N. J., in the ten-round semi. It was pretty close throughout, slight, mauling brawl, but Ettore furnished the cleaner, sharper artillery. Latzo, once welter champ, fought a big, clever battle, but youth and the camp the scales to the heavier and boy. Latzo fired many a barrage of looping blows to the mid-section, but Ettore shook them off and punched out a victory. Ettore scaled 172; Latzo 176.

### MASSEY BEATEN AS SINGER COMES BACK

Ex-lightweight Champ Defeats Philadelphia Rival in Ten Rounds at Garden

NEW YORK, June 24.—Al Singer, king of the lightweights for a few brief months last year, started out on the comeback road to-night by pouncing out a ten round decision over Lew Massey, of Philadelphia, at Madison Square Garden.

Singer, who won the lightweight crown in less than one round from Sammy Mendell last summer only to lose it in the same length of time a few months later to Tony Cassner, was easily the master of the chunky little fighter from the Quaker City. He pinched and jabbed almost at

will, winning eight of the ten rounds. According to the Associated Press score sheet Massey shaded the former champion in the seventh, while the third was even.

Unlike the Singer of a year ago, he stood up under Massey's hard rights, giving two for one as the Philadelphian ripped across an occasional punishing right or a left hook. Singer had a two-pound pull in the weights, entering the ring at 124½. Massey weighed 132.

A crowd of 6395 paid \$18,837 to see the two little fellows swap blows. Singer lost no time in going out in front, piling up a commanding lead in the early rounds.

Massey rallied in the seventh, shifting his slugging style to a boring-in type, and managed to gain a slight margin. Massey opened a cut over Singer's right eye in the final round, but Al finished strong, rocking his opponent consistently with hard rights. There were no knockdowns.

In the eight-round semi-end-up Jack Rosenberg, lanky middleweight from New York, won a close decision over Paulie Walker, from Trenton, N. J. Walker appeared to have the fight won, but Rosenberg was strong to take the decision. Rosen-