

Farr's Rise Stirs Empire

By TED CARROLL

FOR the first time since the immortal Charley Mitchell engaged mighty John L. Sullivan in that memorable drawn contest at Chantilly, France, way back in 1888, Merrie England has something to be merry about as far as heavyweight boxing is concerned. Despatches describe frenzied Britons casting aside all traditional restraint and dancing in the aisles following Tommy Farr's great victory over the former heavyweight champion of the world, Max Baer, thereby scoring the outstanding British boxing triumph in a decade.

The Tight Little Isle has had more than its share of great little men, but the English have long since become reconciled to the spectacle of their larger representatives assuming horizontal positions at the slightest provocation. Down through the years, a veritable cavalcade of collapsible heavies have decorated the canvases of innumerable British rings.

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THE sad parade had its inception with the brilliant boxing and terrific hitting Bombardier Billy Wells, whom Nature, alas, equipped with a papier mache chin along with his outstanding natural abilities. Then followed a long line of sometimes promising but always weak-jawed aspirants, slugging Joe Beckett, a puncher who couldn't take any kind of a punch; Phainting Phil Scott, the Phlopping Phireman, a fair boxer, who swooned at the lightest tap about the midsection; and more recently the promising Jack Petersen, who made a fortune in British rings, but could never get by mauling Walter Neusel.

Preceding these contemporary collapsibles there were Ian Hague, who had the misfortune to become embroiled with Sam Langford when that worthy was in his prime; Gunner Moir, Bandsman Rice, Arthur Townley and others of equal or less resistance. A sad lot, indeed, and English exultation over the vertical tendencies shown by Farr can be well understood.

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BUT if the British big boys have been something less than sensational, the smaller Britishers have more than made up for the shortcomings on the part of their larger brethren. England need offer no apologies for the quality of British boxing since the days of Mace for there have always been marvelous Englishmen in the lighter divisions.

For all around ability, there have been few boxers to equal England's Mighty Atom, the tiny Welsh wizard, Jimmy Wilde, uncanny boxer, with the wallop of a man pounds heavier encased in his 105-pound frame. The wonderful Wilde was a fighter of whom any nation might well be proud. English style boxing at its best was embodied in peerless Jem Driscoll, one of the cleverest boxers of all time, whose masterful exhibition with Abe Attell, himself a phenomenal boxer, is still regarded as one of the classics of the ring in America.

Almost equal in ability to Driscoll, Owen Moran displayed great skill and heart in his American campaigns just before the war. A 128-pounder, the swashbuckling Moran disregarded weight differences and usually fought men much heavier than himself.

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TED KID LEWIS was a familiar figure in American rings for years, where he engaged the cream of Uncle Sam's boxers with conspicuous success. The English Hebrew, born Gershen Mendeloff, is best remembered over here for his twenty-five or so battles with clever Jack Britton, and won the welterweight title from Britton in Boston, August 31, 1915.

Matt Wells, also Jewish, was a highly capable lightweight of his day and did very well with the best Americans. Back in the old days, Fred Dwyer, Billy Plimmer, Ben Jordan, Pedlar Palmer and Dick Burge were topnotchers around the turn of the century.

Clever Freddy Welsh is still fresh in the minds of American fight followers as one of the greatest defensive lightweights and former world's champion.

In more recent years, Jack Kid Berg, the Whitechapel Whirlwind, former junior welterweight champion, who defeated Cannoneri, Petrolle, Chocolate, Callahan and other leading Yankees, was one of the most popular figures in America.

The capable featherweights, Nel Tarleton and Teddy Baldock, hard-hitting Jock McAvoy, light-heavy and middleweight contender; Jack Hood and Tommy Milligan, high class 160-pounders, and Harry Mason, Jewish former British lightweight champion, have been outstanding in boxing circles for some years. Len Harvey, although past his peak, is still a competent performer. England has had more than its share of great little men.

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FARR, the new pride of British boxing, is, like Welsh, Wilde and Driscoll, a Welshman, and a native of Tony-pandy, Wales. Like most of his famed predecessors, his ring career had its beginning in the boxing booths of his homeland, from whence most of the great British boxers have sprung.

Young Thomas was only a flyweight when he started out, and most of his twenty-three years have been spent in a pugilistic atmosphere, so he is a well-seasoned fighter who knows most of the answers, as Mr. Baer found out. He can now boast the enviable distinction of having beaten three former American champions of the world, as he had previously defeated Bob Olin and Tommy Loughran, former light-heavyweight title-holders. Obviously the young man must have considerable; the Britishers certainly think so, for he is at the moment the greatest figure in British boxing in fifty years.

Farr's sudden surge to pre-eminence adds a further international tinge to the heavyweight situation. For the first time in years, Max Schmeling finds his long time position as the outstanding heavy in the Old World threatened. The British Empire champion is young, strong and ambitious, and a contest between himself and the German veteran would be a magnetic one.

But first, there remains the little difficulty of disposing of Walter Neusel, bane of British champions, who, in some magical manner, takes on a mantle of invincibility when he steps on English soil. And then, if successful against the Blond Teuton, Farr may find his way blocked by, of all people, Jack Doyle, much ridiculed in America, whose easy win over rough King Levinsky has confounded his many critics over here.

These two amazing setbacks of two of the best known American boxers by British subjects—Doyle, although Irish, has done practically all of his boxing in England—has given more impetus to the sport in its birthplace than any happening in the twentieth century, and our English cousins are even looking to the possible coronation of a British heavyweight boxing champion of the world in the not so distant future.

In a message to THE RING Editor, Ted Broadribb, competent manager of Farr, writes:

"Farr has class. Make no mistake about that. He is as good right now as Tunney, although he has not matured as yet. I expect much of this boy, and might surprise you and my other American friends by having the next world heavyweight king."

As Broadribb has managed many British stars, including Baldock, Len Harvey, Alf Mancini and Jack Hood, among others, he should be a good judge of a fighter. In an interview in the *Sunday Graphic* of London, Broadribb declared that for three years he has been drilling into Farr that he had in him the makings of a champion—until the boy believed him.

"I didn't teach Tommy his boxing," Ted explained. "I haven't taught him ringcraft, or given him his clever defense. But I have made him believe in himself, and that's just as important. I've ironed out the faults in his boxing character."



"Three years ago Tommy came to me in a little hotel in Aberdare. He said: 'Mr. Broadribb, you know a little about me. I want you to manage me. Unless you do I shan't get anywhere.'

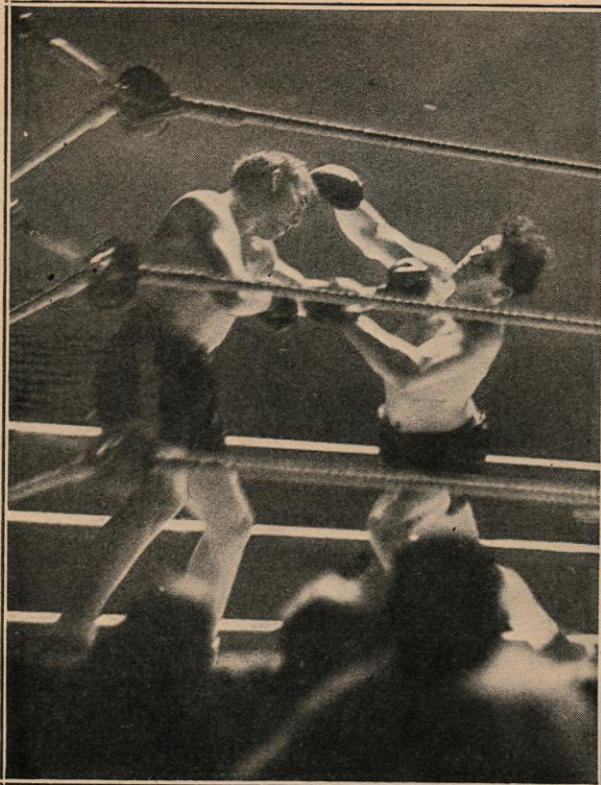
"Tommy was then a nervous, lanky youth. His hands were broken. He was lonely. Both his parents were dead. He hadn't the confidence of a kitten.

"Mind you, we've had rows. Tommy, at twenty-three, wouldn't

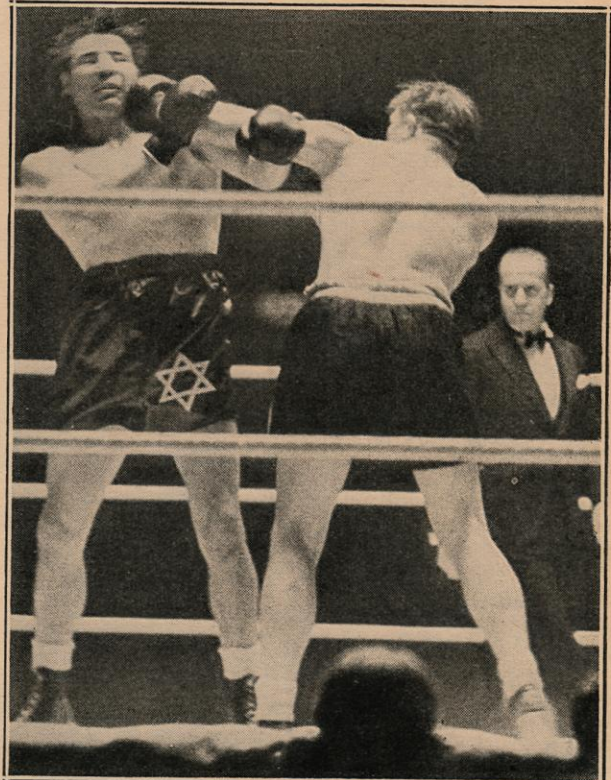
be human if he hadn't kicked at times. But I've always come back at him like this: 'Tommy, you're always wanting your own way. You've got no common sense. You're just a young fool But you're just the greatest boxer in the world!'

"I've never yet made a statement to deceive him," added Ted Broadribb. "If I were to tell him now that he could thrash Joe Louis, he would believe me, because I've never let him down."

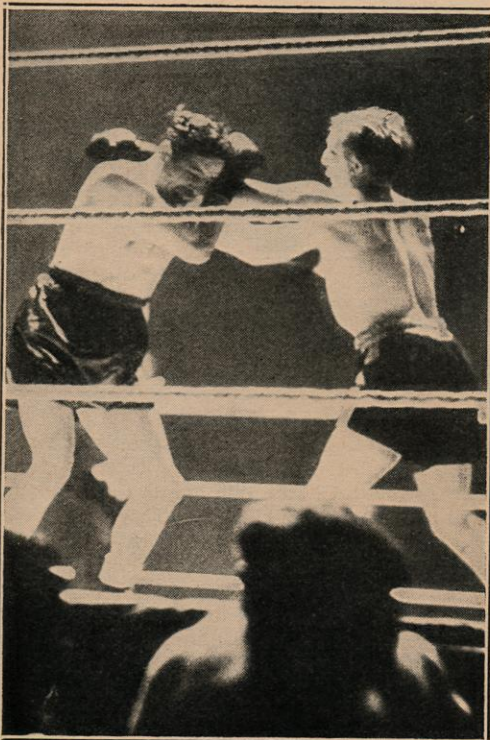
BRITISH CHAMPION IN ACTION



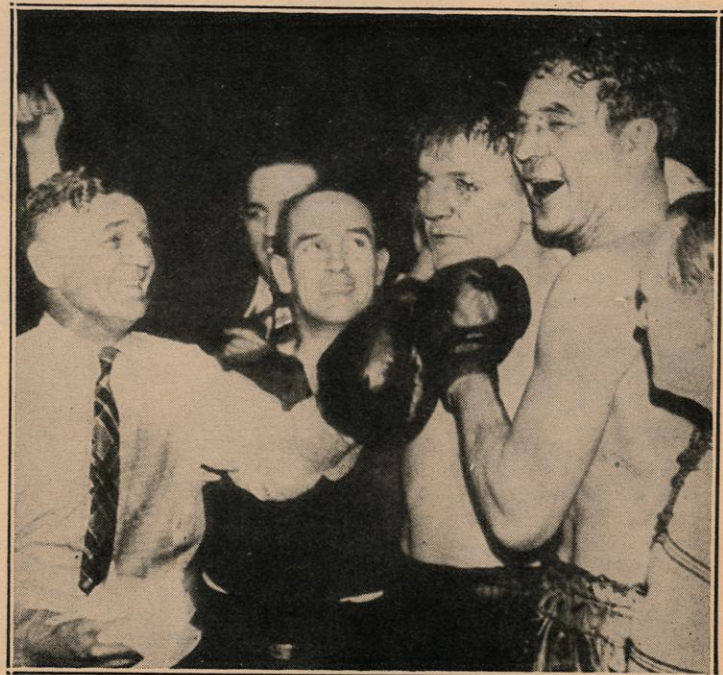
A scene in the fight between Tommy Farr and Ben Foord at the Harringay Arena in London. Foord (left) lost his British crown to Tommy, who followed that with a decisive victory over Max Baer.



Tommy Farr lands a stinging left to Baer's jaw in the seventh round and shakes the American badly. Note that Baer wears the emblem designating his Jewish faith.



Baer (left), is covering up to avoid the onrush of the British Empire champion.



The end of a perfect day for Farr. Here we see Baer, left eye closed and lip cut, with arm around his conqueror, Tommy Farr, while Ted Broadribb (extreme left), manager of the English champion, is all smiles. Ted, who as Young Snoball, fought many stirring battles in his youth, is now reaping a harvest as a result of his charge's victory over the former title-holder,