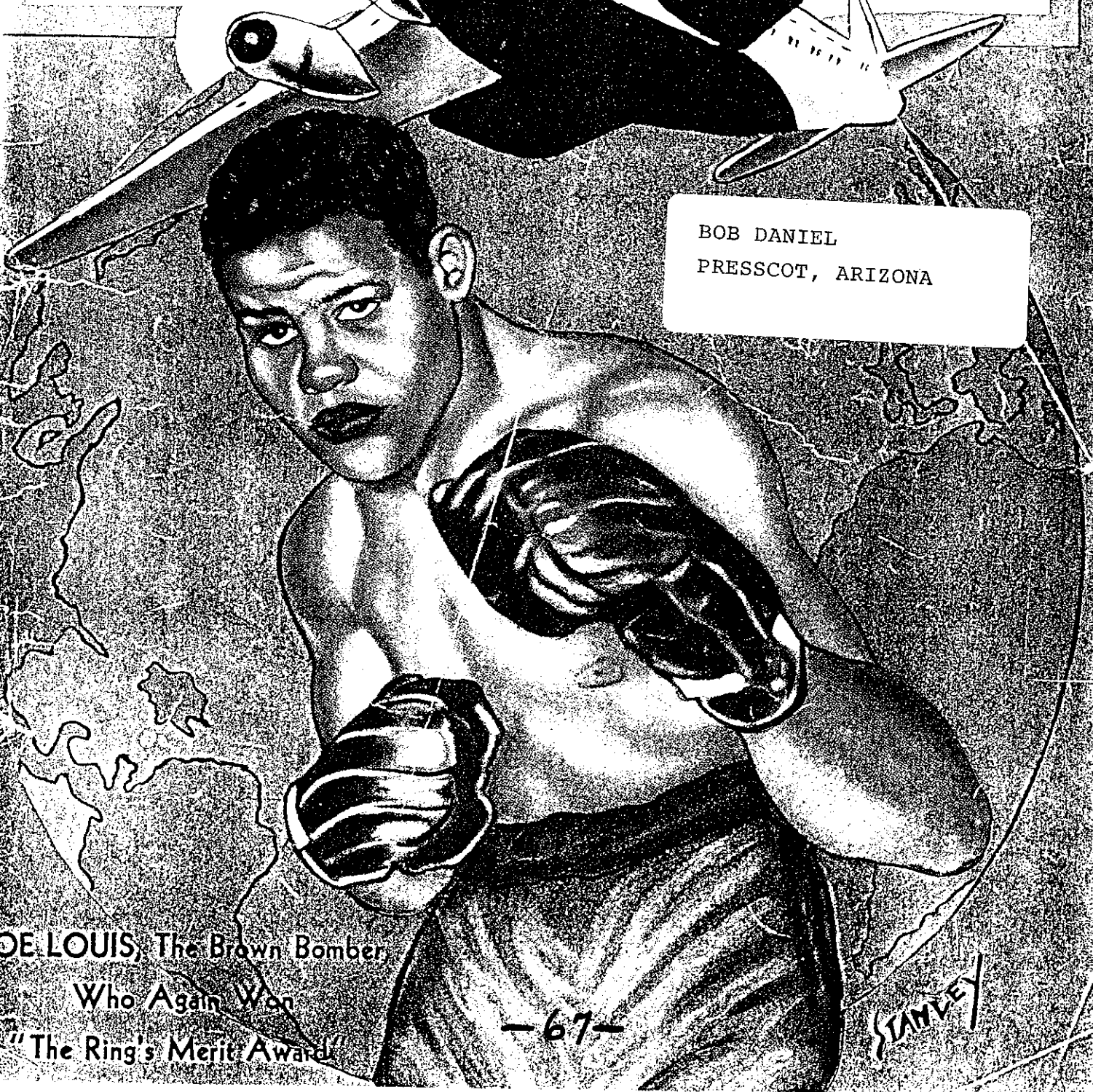


# ACE BOXING CARDS for 1940

25  
CENTS

MARCH

# The RING



BOB DANIEL  
PRESSCOT, ARIZONA

JOE LOUIS, The Brown Bomber  
Who Again Won  
"The Ring's Merit Award"

-67-

STANLEY

# FEATURE FIGHTS FOR 1940

*Hostak-Garcia Voted Outstanding Match for New Year,  
With Louis and Galento Running Second*

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

AS each new year opens, it is customary for those close to boxing to get up a list of what they call Dream Matches for that twelvemonth. Usually this list turns out only what it is labeled—a dream. The way things stand in boxing it is not necessary to play with mere figments of the imagination. It is possible to draw up a big series of matches which would draw tremendous crowds, and which would inject a vital interest into a game which certainly is not as moribund as some publicity-seekers would make it out to be.

To put it frankly, the writer is referring to repeated blasts from the National Boxing Association. The secretary of that body, in a statement which was supposed to usher in the new year, voiced the opinion that boxing was suffering from a monopoly which was strangling it, and that the time had come to put the game back on a pedestal.

When was boxing last on a pedestal? And who'll want boxing on a pedestal?

In the wake of this erudite pronouncement came a statement from another official of the N.B.A. attacking the boxing writers, especially those of New York—a blast against "critics who are ignorant, and who tear the game down!"

Boxing does not need any apologists. It needs no blasters, who with the violence of their own windy arguments tend to blow the game to hell. Boxing is okeh. Boxers of 1940 are okeh. Boxing writers of the United States are doing a fine job. What we need is a national body that will cement all factions,



*Ceferino Garcia, who should meet Al Hostak for middleweight title.*

and will stop booming someone for a Landis-Hays job. Talk of having Congress investigate boxing is one of the biggest laughs the writer has had in some time.

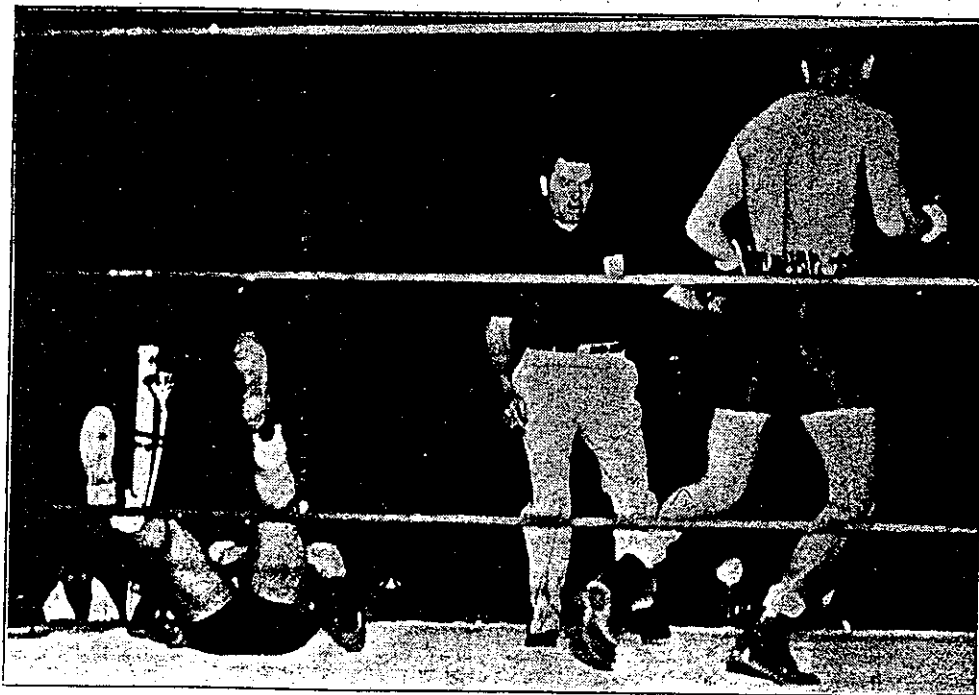
International matters are pressing. Internal affairs are far from ideal. There is a war embroiling the world again. But we find some folks trying to egg on a Congressional investigation of boxing! Let's stop all that hooey and devote our energies to bringing about big contests, which, after all, furnish the life blood of the game. These do. Bull-sessions do not.

And with that off our chest, we will get to the job of outlining the big matches. Before we detail these, let us emphasize the fact that they are not merely our personal impressions. We have discussed this with matchmakers, promoters and managers, as well as writers, and there is a strange unanimity of opinion regarding the outstanding contest for 1940.

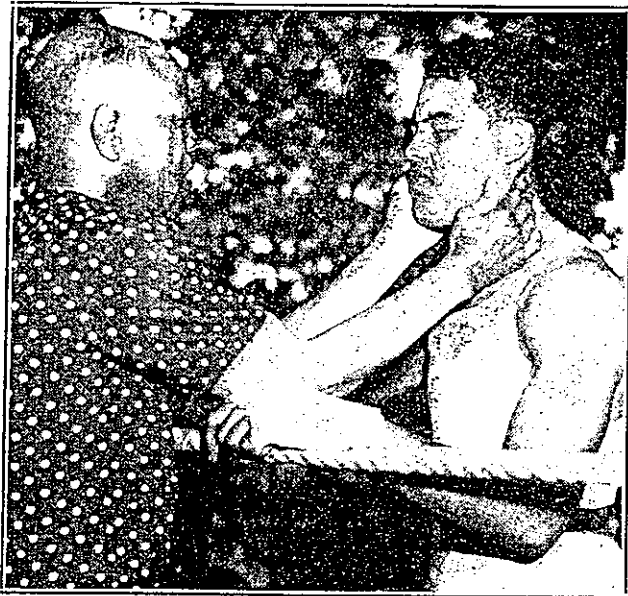
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THE fight game rates a match between Al Hostak of Seattle and Ceferino Garcia of Manila for the middleweight championship of the world.

Now, that's strange. When we went around quizzing folks about the big matches, we figured they would name Joe Louis for the No. 1 fight of 1940. But, without a single exception, some thirty-odd men said that the most vital fight for the new year was a Garcia-Hostak scrap to settle the question of supremacy



*Al Hostak stopping Freddy Steele in fight that started middleweight squabble.*



Joe Louis, being wised up by his crafty mentor, Jack Blackburn.

between them—and to give us a recognized middleweight title-holder.

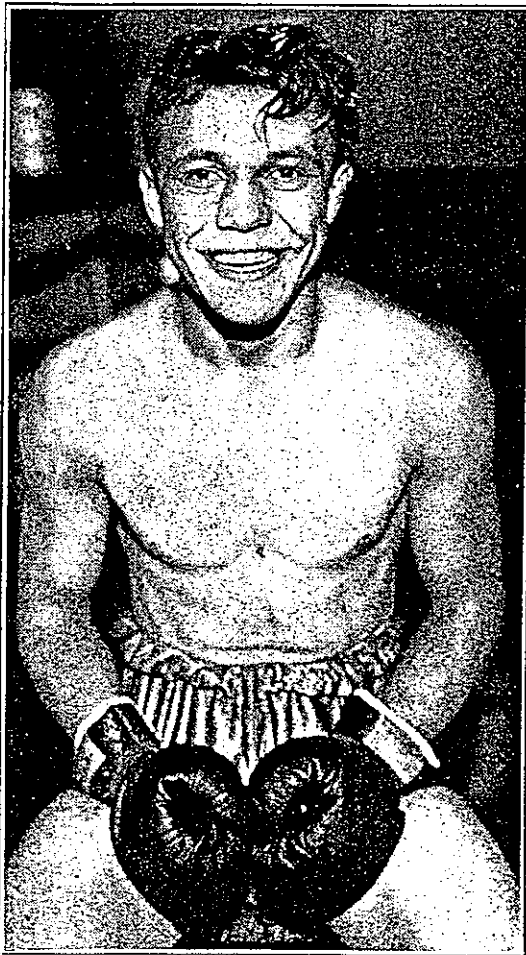
There are loads of good middleweights. But the division, which two years ago promised to be the most dramatic of them all, is handicapped by the failure to develop a champion.

In New York, Garcia is rated the title-holder. The N.B.A., which really has no administrative jurisdiction, thinks Hostak is the champion.

New York's line of reasoning traces to Freddy Steele. The Tacoman was recognized as the middleweight champion in New York. Then he was beaten by Fred Apostoli in an overweight match. Steele promised to meet Apostoli for the title, but he never did. That made the Californian the New York champion. Garcia scored a knockout over Apostoli in the seventh round.

The N.B.A. line of reasoning on Hostak goes back to Steele, also. Freddy refused to fight Apostoli, who was the No. 1 contender, in a title match but was kayed in a non-title contest in which he forced Apostoli to come in half a pound overweight. Hostak stopped Steele. Solly Krieger beat Hostak. Then Al stopped Krieger in four rounds.

The two lines of reasoning, going back to Steele, run up against a snag. Steele gained recognition in some quarters because of an



Lou Ambers, whose defense of lightweight title is called for in 1940.

### 10 Outstanding Matches for the 1940 Season

1. Al Hostak vs. Ceferino Garcia, for the middleweight championship.
2. Joe Louis vs. Tony Galento, for heavyweight title.
3. Joe Louis vs. Bob Pastor, for heavyweight title.
4. Tony Galento vs. Max Baer.
5. Henry Armstrong vs. Lou Ambers, for welterweight title.
6. Bob Pastor vs. Billy Conn.
7. Henry Armstrong vs. Al Davis, for welterweight title.
8. Lou Ambers vs. Sammy Angott, for lightweight title.
9. Bob Pastor vs. Lou Nova.
10. Tony Galento vs. Bob Pastor.

erroneous announcement from Paris that Marcel Thil, the world champion, had retired.

The matter is much too involved for discussion in detail here. Suffice it to say that THE RING has seen fit to regard the middleweight title as vacant, and it now calls on Hostak and Garcia to furnish a holder for that championship.

Both Hostak and Garcia are terrific hitters, reviving the glories of the class when it was ruled by Stanley Ketchel. Lately, Garcia stopped Glen Lee and Hostak took over Erich Seelig.

Why haven't Hostak and Garcia met? Well, that is a rather involved yarn, too. Hostak is tied up with Nate Druxman, the Seattle promoter. Jacobs seems to have tied up Garcia. Thus we run into counter interests of two promoters.

Druxman holds that nowhere else in the world could Garcia and Hostak draw the money they could in Seattle, where Druxman holds forth and Hostak was developed. Jacobs, of course, sings for New York. They have talked and talked, and nothing has come of all the conversation but a lot of big telephone bills.

THE RING is not interested in the identity of the man who promotes the Hostak-Garcia fight. THE RING is not interested whether the match is staged in New York, Seattle, New Orleans, San Francisco or Tierra



Bob Pastor, boosted for either another go with Joe or a scrap with Two-Ton.

Del Fuego. But THE RING does insist that Hostak and Garcia must meet. It insists that neither boxer has the right to stall competition.

Hostak's stand is not helped any by the statement of his connections that they would like to match Al with Billy Conn. There is work to be done among the middleweights by Mr. Hostak, and until that work is done, he has no right to talk of meeting men out of his class.

Boxing is getting impatient with Hostak and Garcia. The game says their match is No. 1 on the 1940 list. So—let's have it.

\* \* \* \*

THE second most attractive match on the list is one between Joe Louis and Tony Galento. There is no doubt in the writer's mind that when and if they meet again, Louis will do a quicker job on Two-Ton than he did in their first engagement.

However, the fact is that Galento intrigued the fight world by putting Louis to the floor in the New York ring in which Joe finally got sore and hung the haymaker (excuse us, Heinie) on the burly Italian in the fourth round.

From the Galento triumph, Louis went to his victory over Bob Pastor. From his fight with Joe, Tony went to a knockout triumph over Lou Nova.

The writer would like to see Galento and Pastor have it out, with the winner engaging Louis again. However, the Galento and Pastor connections are cagy. They seem to think they have too much at stake to let Tony meet Bob. They see more money in a return with the champion.

Galento's stand is backed by the fact that if the fight fans took a vote, they would ask for a Louis-Galento scrap in preference to a Galento-Pastor engagement.

Behind the Louis-Galento match, we place a third meeting of the Brown Bomber and Pastor. In their first fight, in New York's Garden, Pastor lasted ten rounds by leading the champion a merry chase. Louis was not sufficiently hep to the tricks of the game to bring Pastor up short and got a lot of bad publicity from that match.



Tony Galento, whose return fight with Louis stands out in 1940 list of matches.

impression that in a return fight Pastor would have a chance. He does not hit hard enough. But a Louis-Pastor match stands No. 3, just the same.

\* \* \*

IN the fourth spot, we discover still another heavyweight fight. It would involve Galento and Max Baer. Personally, the writer



HENRY ARMSTRONG

Henry Armstrong, welter champion, down for engagement with Ambers, Davis or Aron.

However, in their Detroit fight last Summer, Louis stopped Pastor. But he could not do it inside ten rounds. Bob carried the Bomber into the eleventh. Pastor got an unmerciful drubbing, which he unquestionably never will forget.

no longer is intrigued by Max. He had his chance, and he flew it. But those with whom we talked, felt that a Tony-Max fight would be a big draw, and would help boxing. Well, then—let's have it.

Fighters outside of the heavyweight



Joey Archibald, whom promoters want for fights with Scalzo, Chavez und Perrin.



Sammy ANGOTT

Sammy Angott, contender for lightweight laurels, who should get a shot this year.

It is not out

(Continued on page 41)

# DREAM FIGHTS

By  
HYPE  
IGOE

SOME TIMES I WONDER WHY I SPEND THE LONELY NIGHTS—to use the title of a beautiful song—wondering if ever I'll see more of the dream fights which somehow, come crashing into vision, a sub-conscious vision no doubt, yet strange moving dramas like the ones in which Jack Dempsey won the title from Jess Willard and then defended it against the Wild Bull of the Pampas, Luis Angel Firpo.

The other day, the editor of this magazine afforded New York newspapermen, the younger generation, the opportunity of seeing Jack Dempsey stop Willard, twenty years after he actually had accomplished the feat. It seems that Nat Fleischer had run across a friend of a friend who was a friend of the man who had stumbled over the moving picture film of that great battle and it was such a treat to again see the action, the ruthless, savage, merciless attack of the boyish Dempsey, the crumpling of the giant Willard, the seven knockdowns, all seven of them in the first round. I was in the press row at that fight in Toledo, Ohio, twenty years ago and in the pictures I again saw Tad, Damon Runyon, "Tiny" Maxwell, the fat Philadelphia reporter, who was given an end seat so he could lop over; Sam Hall, the crack Chicago fistic writer, and so many others moving about, just as they did twenty years ago.

DEMPSEY was unbelievably vicious! In those days there was no rule about repairing to the "far" corner of the ring after a man had scored a knockdown. Dempsey stood over Willard and banged him on the jaw each time Willard, from a stooping position, lifted his gloves from the floor of the ring in an effort to stand erect. You couldn't do those things in this spruced-up, lady-like era of boxing. As Dempsey said the other day:

"They've taken all the fight out of fights. In my day it was just what the people paid to see—A FIGHT!"

Sometimes I think Dempsey is right. They've got too darned polite about it all. Boxing never was meant to carry a lily in either hand!

I don't ever expect to see those two fights in replica, the Dempsey-Willard and the Dempsey-Firpo encounters. They are my two all-time classics and they'll not be repeated in my life. Just couldn't be done!

When I lean back in an old easy chair, thinking of the fights I've seen in over forty-five years of illustrating and reporting them, I find myself wondering why they attracted the thousands who came to see them. What was the lure? Was it, for one, Dempsey's man-killing propensities, though in truth, Jawn never did kill a blighter in the ring? Somehow, Dempsey made you think that he was going to wipe the other fellow off the face of the earth. That was the secret. That's what drew them likes flies around a honey pot. He didn't do it, actually.

When they clip the wings of fellows like Dempsey, they rob the game of much of its high-tension drama. David Belasco, the noted American dramatist and producer, used to sit in the front row at every fight and the drama side of a fight gripped him as nothing he had ever put behind footlights ever could. It was impossible to play-act the showmanship Dempsey put into his ring battles. Once Belasco said to me:

"I wish I could reproduce that kind of fury on the

stage. I have spent many waking hours trying to put it into a play, but I always needed Dempsey for my leading man."

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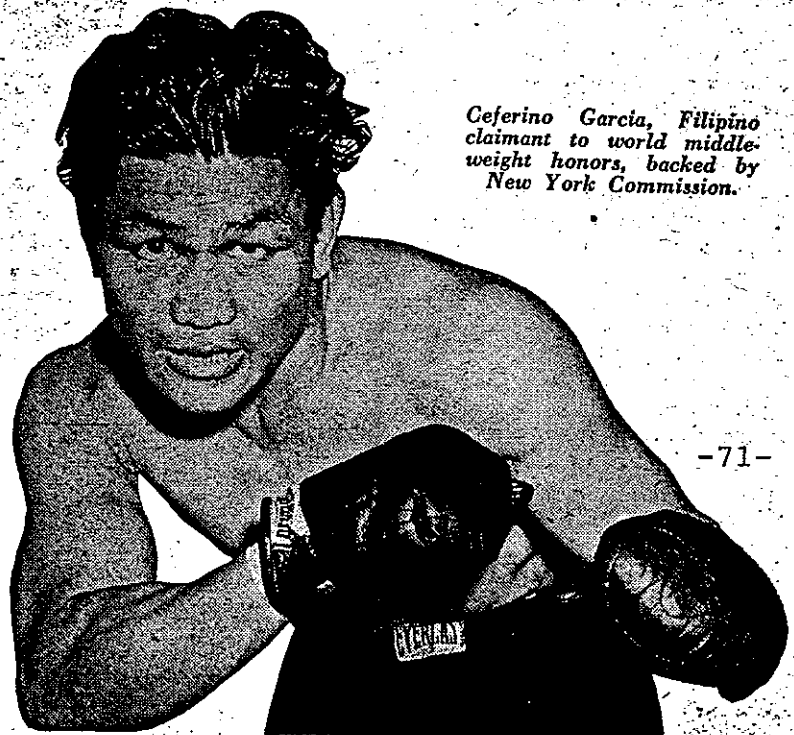
DREAM fights! I look back with a thrill which never has subsided within me when I think of the fight between Stanley Ketchel and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in the old National Sporting Club in New York. It had been an old horse market, built like a social hall, with balconies where sat lovers of horses who came to buy and admire. They turned this old place over to some boxing big bugs and they tried to make it the counterpart of the National Sporting Club of London. Those were the days of membership clients and they made money.

The fight between the Quaker will o' the wisp and the Michigan Assassin—a name I hung on Ketchel, by the way—was a never-to-be-forgotten fistic play. Ketchel was badly outpointed by O'Brien for seven of the ten no-decision rounds which were to be fought. O'Brien had blinding speed and a left which rattled into Ketchel's handsome face like a cruel machine-gun.

Little Willus Britt, Ketchel's manager, was as cool as could be when Tad and myself yelled up to him that Ketchel was trailing by a wide margin when the bell was about to ring for the tenth and last round.

Ketchel's torso was a crimson smear from the effects of O'Brien's darting left hand landing on "Steve's nose. Ketchel had started to come on in the seventh and eighth, yet O'Brien's lead seemed secure. Then, just before the bell for the tenth, Britt leaned through the ropes in Ketchel's corner, a big cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth and called down, "Don't worry about Ketchel. There's three whole minutes to go! It will seem like a million years to O'Brien. He's all in."

Then Ketchel went to town on O'Brien. With only eight



*Ceferino Garcia, Filipino claimant to world middle-weight honors, backed by New York Commission.*

seconds of the round remaining, Ketchel brought O'Brien down in O'Brien's corner, O'Brien's head falling and resting in his own resin box. There he lay, as though dead. They had counted up to eight when the bell rang, saving O'Brien. He still was stiffened out on the floor ten minutes later.

\* \* \*

HERE was a great argument between sports scribes afterward as to which of the two deserved the "no-decision" verdict. Some held that inasmuch as O'Brien had led for six or seven of the ten rounds fought, he deserved the decision, despite the fact that he was stiffened out on the floor at the end of the fight! Others said that O'Brien couldn't possibly be the winner if he was flattened on the deck at the finish. Well, they finally agreed that this was right, though technically, O'Brien had triumphed.

That one was a honey. It is one of the great thrillers of all time. It had everything and when the bewildering finale came, the crowd was left open-mouthed.

So, you see, when I ponder over the possibility of again seeing such heart-gripping fights, in the days to come, I am a bit doubtful. These three great dramas I've mentioned came before my eyes over a period stretching through some forty-five years. You wouldn't think that so few of them would come along in all that time, would you? Oh, there have been others, but somehow they did not seem to register as these three fights did. I suppose there was as much drama packed into that seventh round between Dempsey and Tunney as there was in all three of my great fights put together, yet somehow it did not grip my imagination as did the other three.

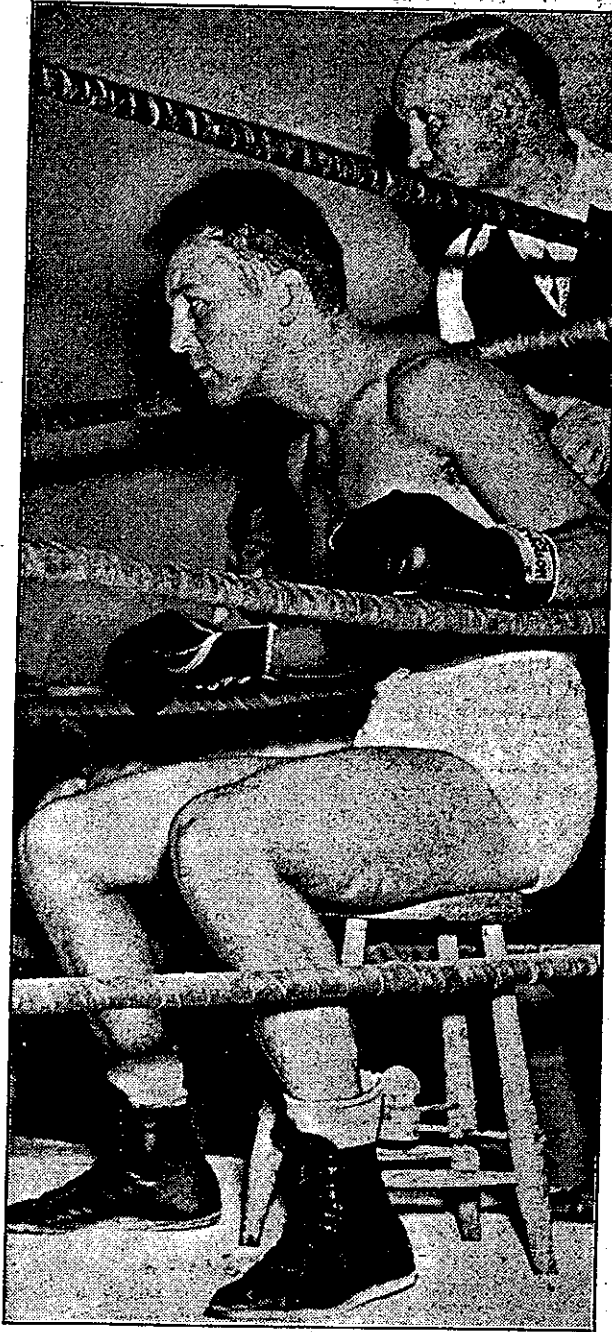
I knew at Chicago that this was a has-been Dempsey, getting lucky all of a sudden when he was trailing and then going so tired that Tunney escaped him after he got to his feet again. I'll always maintain that Dempsey regained his title in that round because the official time-keeper, whose chant should not have been broken up, counted SEVENTEEN seconds on his stop watch and has confessed as much in a printed story of his side of the "long count."

This incident probably will be talked of long after the three fights I've mentioned have been forgotten entirely. You had to see them to appreciate them.

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DREAM! I dream of some day seeing big and boyish Patrick Edward Comiskey fighting Joe Louis for the world's heavyweight championship! I can picture the great crowd, perhaps the record gathering of all time crowding into Soldier's Field, Chicago, to see the young Irishman gamble right-handers with the panther-like champion!

"Louis is down!" "He's up!" "Comiskey is down!" "There he is, getting up again!" "Louis gets a straight right-hander to the jaw and lands on top of his head!" "He is game!" "He crawls on hands and knees to the ropes and gets up again!"



Al Hostak of Seattle, the N.B.A. middleweight titleholder. A contest between Hostak and Garcia would be the "fight of the year."

"Comiskey pitches forward on his face from a left hook!" "Slowly he gets up and staggers Louis with another right to the jaw."

Well, it might go something like that as a pop-eyed Graham McNamee, a Sam Taub or a Clem McCarthy roared the story of the fray out over the air to the far corners of the earth. Could come to that, if you're up on your dreaming!

"Handsome and sneering Billy Conn walks quickly to the center and busts Joe Louis on the nose with a left hook! Joe is dazed and the dapper Pittsburgher shoots across a right which turns Joe around in his tracks! They are standing up on their chairs. The daring of that unhappy boy! He'll get his block knocked off! Louis, his eyes blinking like those of an owl, recovers his poise and like a cat of the jungle, stalks his skittering prey. Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! come those Conn lefts again.

"Say, what IS this? Billy Conn outboxing the great Joe Louis? Joe staggers, and they said Conn was not a hitter. Look at that Jack Blackburn in Joe's corner. He's turned white! The champion has lost his punch and Conn is burning up the ring with speed! Conn, the creampuff hitter, isn't licking the great Brown Bomber, is he? Don't tell me that THAT. Oh, OH! There goes Conn down on the back of his head! Louis was blinded but he could see good enough to land that one! Conn won't get up!" "He won't, hey? You watch that baby. He got up when Ray Actis, the hardest puncher in California, put him on the deck, didn't he? You watch Conn, mister!"

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SURE enough, the brave boy, however he did it, gets up! There's one thing about Conn

you must not do. You must not rile him. Well, darn my eyes! Look at him now. He's making Louis break ground and Joe's running away from a flock of left jabs. Wonder boy, that kid! Hey, hey, what's this? Louis is on the carpet!

"He gets up weary, at five. Wouldn't give the kid the satisfaction of keeping him down. Well, of all things, Conn spilling the big brown boy! Joe is on his feet again and the crowd has gone stark, raving mad. Billy Conn is going to win that title as sure as you're sitting there!

"Bang—Billy's on the floor again! Joe is crowding him all over the ring and Conn clips the champion on the button with a left hook.

"They work to the center and it's any man's fight. Speed is the factor here and Conn has got it! If only he keeps out of the path of that left hook—"

And so it might go. Never can tell. Great hitting champions must go when their time comes. The light-hitting Tunney took Dempsey, didn't he? Why not Conn, Louis? Of course, we realize that talking about a Conn-Louis fight is premature, but remember that, with the exception of Tex Rickard, everyone thought that Tunney was no match for Dempsey. (Continued on page 42)

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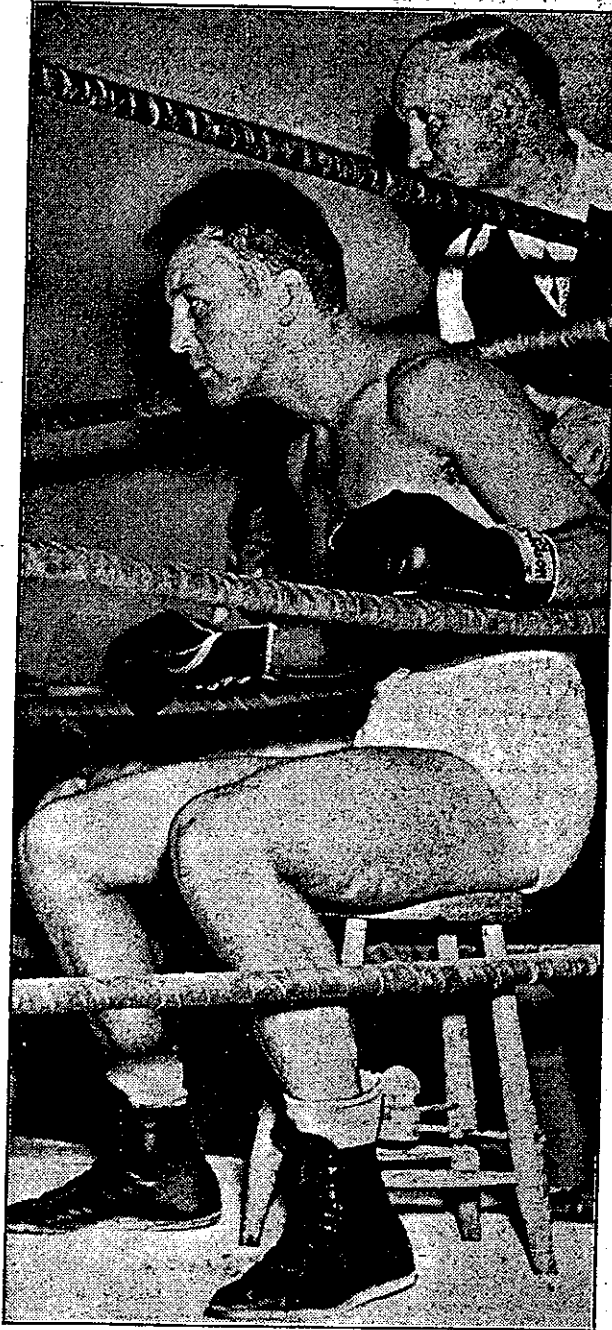
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# Nat FLEISCHER says:

*1940 Boxing in America Away to Fine Start  
Louis, "Fighter of Year", Awarded Ring Plaque  
Boxing Needs No National Commissioner*

**T**HE fight in which Fred Apostoli beat Melio Bettina to usher in 1940 boxing in New York's Garden was one of the most aggressive contests yet seen in that arena. In his comeback campaign as a light-heavy, Apostoli won on a split verdict. In so far as punishment was concerned, Bettina won. But there is no doubt that Melio was guilty of enough infractions of the rules to "blow the duke," as they say in the argot of the ring.

The decision brought forth a howl of discontent. Referee Johnny McAvoy and Judge Artie McGovern gave their vote to Apostoli and Judge Charley Draycott called it a draw. My tabulation had Bettina the winner by a margin of seven rounds to five.

So terrific was the encounter that the question of superiority must be held in abeyance pending the outcome of a second battle. As for the verdict, I think it was fair despite my score card. The uphill battle of the winner, who came through with a four-round rally after having been floored three times in the early sessions, and the holding tactics employed by Bettina in the last five rounds, cut down Bettina's lead considerably. Regardless of the number of rounds won, the rules of the New York commission state that the officials have the right to determine the winner on the great amount of damage done and the manner in which a fighter finishes, and based on that, Referee McAvoy and Judge McGovern favored the Californian, something they had a perfect right to do. A draw, however, would have been a very fair decision.

There could be no doubt that Apostoli finished stronger, did the greater amount of execution toward the end and obeyed the rules, something Bettina did not do when he held on for dear life. He gave McAvoy a tough assignment. Bettina fought a game battle but his holding tactics marred the affair and brought severe penalties from both McAvoy and McGovern.

\* \* \*

**A**POSTOLI made as gallant a stand in his comeback as ever has been seen, but he appeared to have lost much of the fighting qualities he showed at the height of

his career as a middleweight. For unadulterated action, it was the kind of a contest that keeps the fans on edge, and as such, that fight again proved that it isn't necessary to stage championship bouts to arouse public interest.

It is safe to predict that when Fred and Melio clash again, the Garden will be filled. There won't be many fight enthusiasts around New York who will want to miss that return engagement after the type of milling that tickled those who saw the first encounter.

The fighters were exceedingly rough in the clinches. They used every means to gain an advantage, even to taking cracks at each other when they broke from a clinch, and taking pot shots at the referee when his body was in the way.

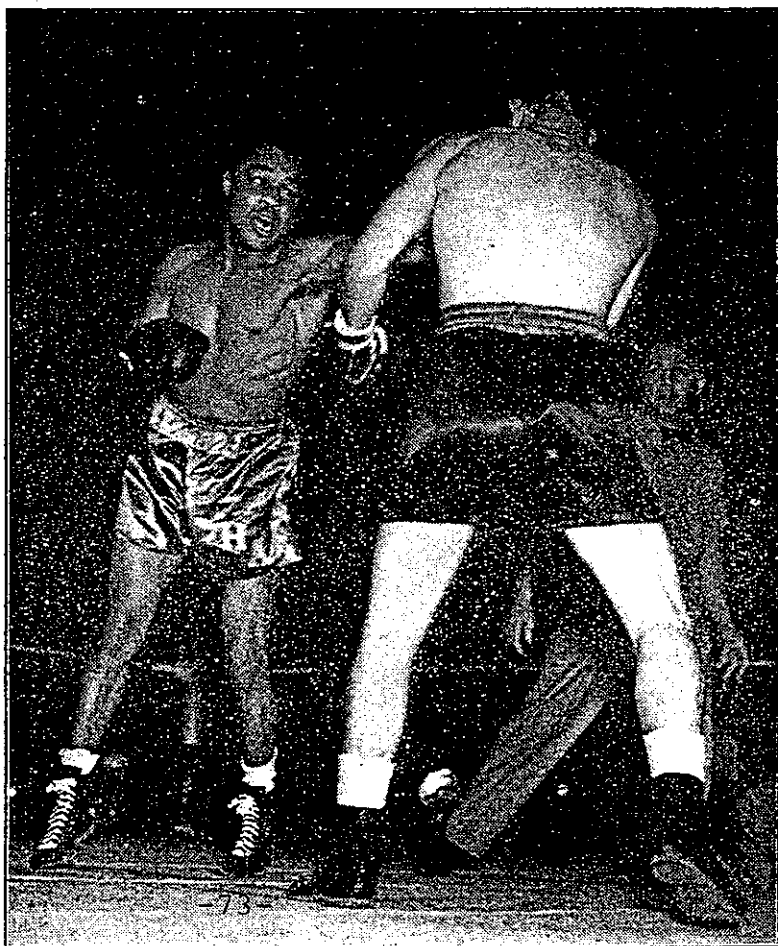
Poor McAvoy, no chicken any longer, suffered as much damage as did either of the fighters. He was puffing like an old war horse when the final gong rang and was on the verge of collapse as he walked out of the ring.

According to McAvoy and McGovern, they awarded the palm to Fred because Melio refused to heed warnings to break. Those safety-first tactics cost him the fight, although it developed later,

that because of the excitement and the pushing, shoving and mauling he received, McAvoy had penalized the offender but had forgotten to tell the judges to do likewise. McGovern acted on his own as was his privilege.

It looked like a cinch for Bettina in the first six rounds, of which he won four. But, as in the fight in Pittsburgh with Conn, Melio couldn't continue that pace and let the advantage slip from his hands as the fight progressed. He gave Fred a severe drubbing in those six rounds, dropping him in each, once for no count, and twice for eight each.

A short right to the jaw put Fred on the canvas in the opening session. He was off balance at the time and quickly jumped to his feet. A right to the chin dropped him in the second and three left hooks and a right cross sent him to the mat for the third time in the third. In the second, it looked like curtains for Apostoli.



*A scene in the seventh round of the world welter title fight between Henry Armstrong and Jimmy Garrison. Jimmy was knocked out in that round.*

*The knockout of Glen Lee by Ceferino Garcia in the thirteenth round of their contest in Manila. Jack Dempsey refereed and counted Lee out shortly after the blow landed, shown in the picture.*

FROM the sixth on, Bettina showed the effects of the terrific milling and the heavy bombardment each had fired, most of the punches connecting with thuds. Bettina kept heaving blows from all angles but just couldn't get set for a haymaker, while his adversary landed with effectiveness to jaw, chin and body, repeatedly.

Fred handed Melio a severe drubbing in the seventh and eighth rounds, in which Bettina started his holding tactics. He rocked Melio several times and then the tide had turned. Melio was winded. He held at every opportunity, but when they broke, he fired away and traded punch for punch until he was staggered again and leaped into a clutch hold.

Bettina stood up well under the barrage and at times set back his opponent with powerful punches, but the action was mostly in favor of Apostoli and the greater damage was being inflicted by Fred. Bettina outfought Fred in the ninth but a terrific right to the jaw sat Melio down on the canvas in the tenth. He rolled over, then got to his knees and managed to come up at the count of nine, still badly dazed. Fred was unable to finish the job, though he tried desperately.

A wild right split Fred's ear in the eleventh but Apostoli fought back viciously despite the damage. In the eleventh they again put up a slugging bee with Bettina having the better of the milling and finishing stronger.

The last round found them toe-to-toe, battling away at close range, but after a minute had passed, Bettina tired perceptibly and held on for dear life. Efforts of Referee McAvoy to break the clinch proved futile for a time, but when he did the crowd found two gamecocks fighting nip and tuck in the final splurge.

\* \* \*

THE case of Joe Louis is a strange one. Never before in the history of boxing has a champion kept himself out of the public headlines as has Louis.

Modest and retiring, little is heard of the champion except when he is training for defense of his title. Unlike stars of other days, the Brown Bomber seeks no publicity. He disappears completely following a contest. Then when the time arrives when he must resume training for a title defense, he comes back for another bout, mows down the opposition, remains on the scene for a few days to give the scribes an opportunity to interview him, goes back home and there quietly passes his time until called upon for another bout.



He has been a model for the youth who follow boxing as a profession. He has been the ideal fighter and the sportsman.

He has defended his crown more often than any of his predecessors, is willing at all times to give any deserving opponent an opportunity to challenge for the title and is always in perfect condition. He is a model athlete and as such he has earned public respect.

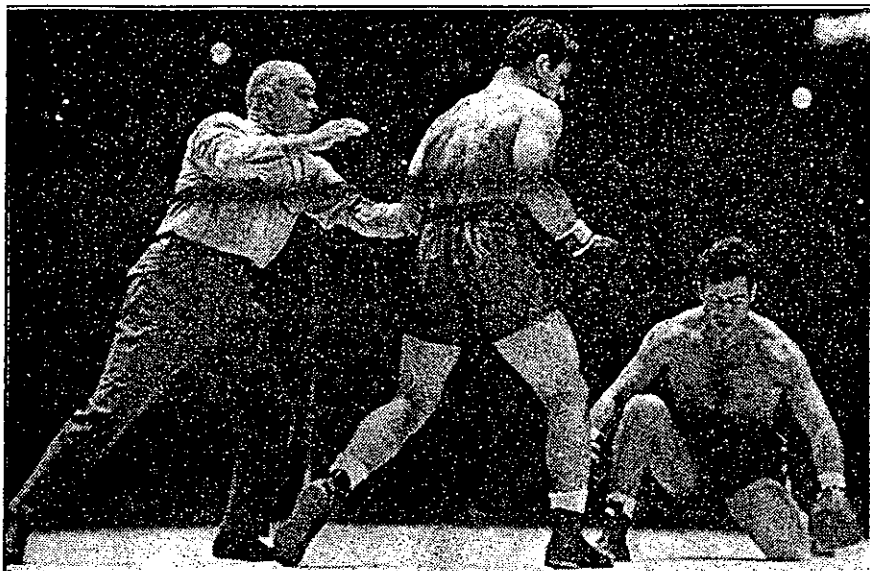
These are the reasons why the boxing scribes of the world, in THE RING Magazine's vote on the fighter who from every point of view did most for boxing in 1939, voted Joe Louis that man.

THE RING's award to the Brown Bomber was a Gold Plaque. Boxing owes a debt to Louis and Joe in turn, owes one to the sport that has enabled him to leap into world fame and make him financially independent. Boxing is grateful for having its Joe Louis and the Bomber is equally grateful to the sport that has given him the chance to make of himself a world famous fistic character.

\* \* \*

NO matter what might be said about the picked opponents of Henry Armstrong, it cannot be denied that Henry has been doing his share to aid boxing in localities where it needed the help of some outstanding fighter. Henry's defense of the welter crown against Joe Ghouly in St. Louis, which ended in another kayo added to the champion's record, was the first title fight of 1940. It started the ball rolling on what is certain to be the banner year for championship matches.

According to Mike Jacobs, the man at the helm in championship promotion, he has eleven tentative world title bouts arranged. Uncle Mike is planning on two for the New York World's Fair -74-



*A right to the jaw put Fred Apostoli down for a count of nine in the second round of his fight with Melio Bettina. He was down in the first, second and third sessions.*

will, then the Garden and the ball clubs will share with the 20th Century Club in such promotion.

\* \* \*

**J**N-re Mike Jacobs, who has been accused by the N.B.A. of having ruined boxing in America and whose acts as a promoter, the N.B.A., through its executive spokesmen, is eager to curb through the aid of a National Commissioner of Boxing to be appointed by Congress.

It would be well to look into the motives of those who have been clamoring for a Judge Landis. Is it because those who have been shooting articles to the press on the need for such a commission, feel that they would be the first choice for such a job?

Is it because the executive heads of N.B.A. seek the post of National Commissioner and National Secretary to which they might fall heir, or at least would be the men to receive first consideration because of their present position in the N.B.A.? I wonder!

\* \* \*

**A**S I have so often said, there is no need for a National Commission of boxing. Such a Commission would do more harm than good. If those who are clamoring for a Federal board would make a close study of legalized boxing, they would soon see how impossible it would be to have a National Commissioner take control of the sport in states where the legislature has a state appointed board functioning. The conflict in dual operation would be ruinous to boxing.

Boxing, as conducted in New York, is a model. I have attended boxing in many states and have been amazed at poor boxing in many other states that are members of the National Boxing Association.

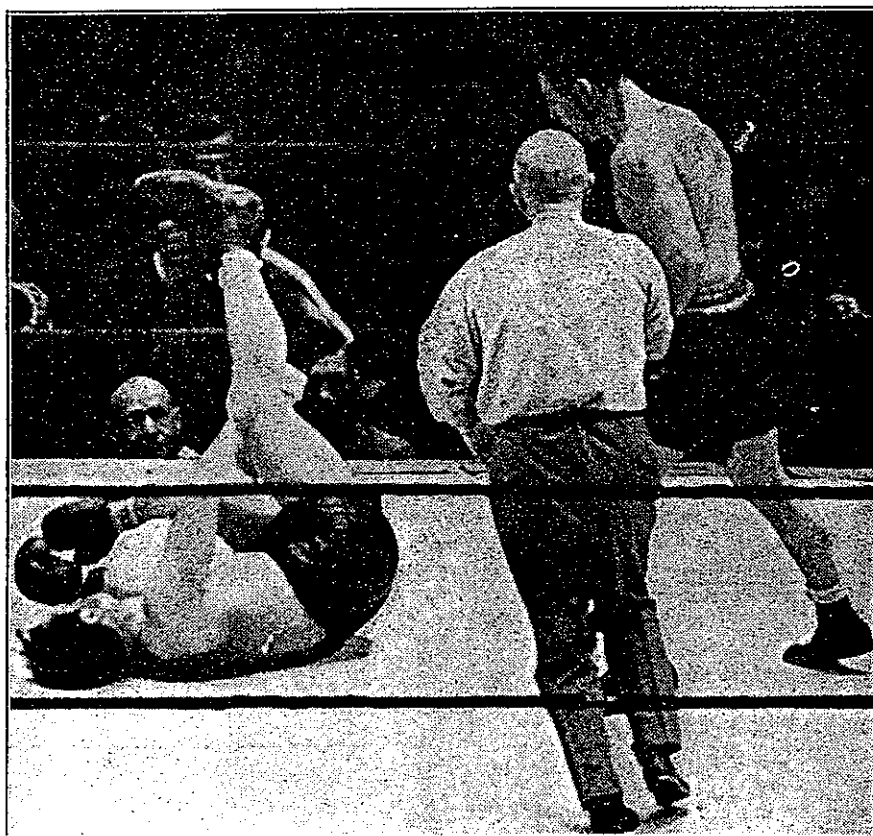
I have been a steady critic of monopoly in boxing which Mike Jacobs practices. Yet aside from this, I doff my hat to him for his efficiency in the conduct of his boxing enterprises. There is no boxing center in the world where the sport is in more capable hands than in those of the New York State board and the many promoters who operate in New York City at the present time.

No, boxing is in no need for a house cleaning by a congression-

ally appointed Federal Commission. Let's keep away from such folly. Politics would permeate the sport more so than ever before.

\* \* \*

**A** RECEPTION fit for a king was accorded to both Ceferino Garcia, joint holder of the middleweight crown with Al Hostak, and to Jack Dempsey, when Ceferino defended his portion of the world title against Glen Lee in a fifteen-round battle in his native Manila. That the Filipinos are proud of the boy, who like Pancho Villa, has brought fistic honors to the Islands, was evident by the manner in which they took him to their bosom from the time that he again set foot in the land of his birth until he started back to the States in quest of a bout with Hostak to settle the matter of world supremacy.



*Here Apostoli got even with Melio when he hit Bettina so hard in the tenth round that Melio bounced off the canvas and turned a complete somersault. He took the count of nine then got to his feet to go the route.*

But the reception Ceferino received was no greater than that given to Jack Dempsey, who flew to referee the fight. By flying to Manila, the former champion relieved THE RING Editor of the world record which he set when he flew to Venezuela to referee the Archibald-Chavez bout. If ever there was any doubt of Dempsey's popularity as "The Idol of Millions," it was shattered by the wild ovation Jack received both upon his arrival by Clipper from California and his entrance into the ring to officiate.

A Nation's gift to world boxing—that's what can truly be said of Jack Dempsey.

The fight showed Glen Lee to be a member of the "Iron Man" school, and Garcia a clouter extraordinary. Lee almost completed the thirteenth round when Dempsey counted him out with only a few more seconds to go for the round to end. Garcia flogged his man seven times.

In the fourth, Glen was dropped

(Continued on page 43)

# MAKING THE GRADE

By EDDIE BORDEN



Bep Van Klaveren, back from Holland for a U. S. campaign.

**F**RANK BATTAGLIA peeled the soggy gloves from his hands and applied the turkish towel in a vigorous rub over features that were drenched with perspiration.

"Ernie," he said, "the kid will do. Watch him and he may do for you what I failed—win a title."

In the shower room the water was splashing over youthful Tony Martin. Exuberance sparkled between the drops. In a voice pitched to the high heavens, the youngster was taxing his vocal chords to capacity to the tune of "Beer Barrel Polka."

"Get out of there and get your rub."

Tony Martin obeyed the shout of Ernie Fliegel. The Milwaukee manager

of mitt maulers stood beside the frame of his youthful charge as a trainer applied brisk hands in a musical massaging of the muscles.

"Obey me as fast in everything else as you do in running for your rubdown," muttered Ernie, "and you will some day win the middleweight championship of the world."

Born Tony Martin Cianciola twenty-one years ago in Milwaukee, the city of malt, hops and brew, Tony became naturally adapted to all forms of sports. As a youngster on the Lincoln High School basketball team, he was selected as the all-city forward in a consensus of scholastic sports scribes, and in later years he played football on a city league team. He was a fine prospect on the diamond and showed great speed in breaking away from the plate towards first base.

"Funny thing," smiles Martin, "I guess I could play most any sport, perhaps even including potsie. I just like it. Keeps me young."

\* \* \*

**A**FTER several seasons of kicking a pigskin, Tony decided to try his hands for a livelihood, and turned to his brother for support in a career among the amateur boxers. Brothers Sam and Mike had engaged in professional boxing contests and young Martin handed himself over to brother Mike, the older of the two, for fistic instruction.

As an amateur, Tony favored the southpaw stance. He went unbeaten in twenty-four contests before he lost a verdict that called for an extra round of action. It was following that defeat that Martin turned to the orthodox stance and punched his way to three amateur titles.

He trained at the Milwaukee Athletic Club where brother Sam

is the assistant athletic director, and pounded through to the Mid-Western, State, and Golden Gloves welterweight titles. In all he had forty battles as a simon-pure and lost but two decisions, both of which he reversed in subsequent bouts.

He turned towards the professional circle in 1936 and engaged in thirty fights in Milwaukee before Fliegel sent him East under the care of Ray Arcel, veteran fistic handler who is conceded today with being the best second in the world. Of the fights in his home town, Tony lost only one. Upon his arrival in New York, he dropped the last part of his name and decided to do all his fighting under the Tony Martin sobriquet.

His first fight in the Metropolitan city was in the push-lined Hippodrome ring against aggressive and durable Gene Molnar. The fight was a humdinger and after the battle, amid a bedlam of thunderous acclaim, Tony Martin was proclaimed the winner. Established in New York, Tony has come on to make himself a decided favorite among the local fight clientele.

\* \* \*

**S**INCE his arrival in the East, the Milwaukee scrapper has had thirteen fights up to this writing, and has had only two decisions rendered against him in fights that could have gone either way. In a losing battle with Freddie Red Cochrane last summer in New Jersey, he fractured his right hand in the first round and more than held his own the rest of the way only to find himself the victim of a home town decision.

He has whipped among others, Gene Molnar, Johnny Barbara, Cocoa Kid and Remo Fernandez, and two months ago knocked out Enzo Ianozzi in four rounds in the White Plains ring. In his last two fights in New Jersey, he battled to draws with unbeaten Billy White, the young Negro scrapper.

And as Ray Arcel sends letters to Ernie Fliegel out in Milwaukee after every fight explaining just how things are going, the writer wonders whether the mind of Fliegel turns back to that day several years ago when his former fighter, Frank Battaglia, peeled the soggy gloves from his hands, and applying a turkish towel in a vigorous rub over features that were drenched with perspiration, said:

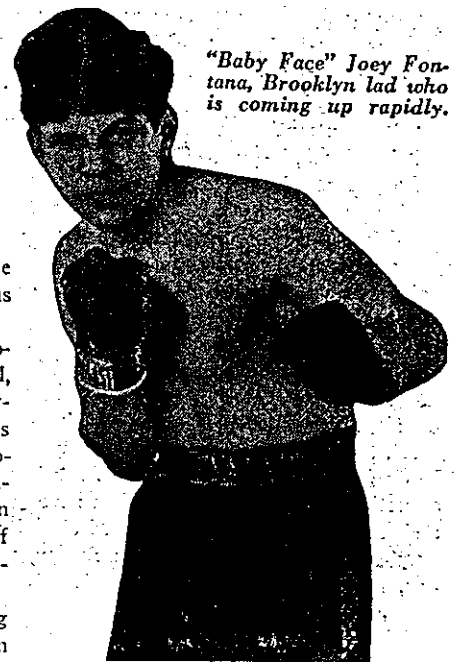
"Ernie, the kid will do. Watch him and he may do for you what I failed—win a title."

\* \* \*

**"B**ABY-FACE," is the nickname of Joey Fontana, Brooklyn (N. Y.) junior lightweight. While the nickname is highly descriptive of Fontana's facial countenance, it serves as a smoke-screen in the ring to his ferocious fighting.

Seated in the opposite corner of a rival, Fontana with his baby-face appearance is hardly expected to provide instinctive battling. Opponents often wonder the source of Joey's tireless fistic assault and speed.

Fontana not so long ago moved up in



"Baby Face" Joey Fontana, Brooklyn lad who is coming up rapidly.

weight from the 126-pound division. Joey's best fighting weight is 132 but it seems only a question of time before Fontana becomes heavy enough to make him a full-fledged lightweight.

Until that time, Joey will make no claim to a title bout. His managers, Tony Canzoneri and Irving (Whitey) Cohen, are sensible that way.

Canzoneri bought into Fontana's contract two years ago when he first saw the young lad in action. Joey's style pleased Tony.

Like so many other products of the East Side in New York City, Fontana owes his start in boxing to the fact that as a youngster he "had to fight to live." The East Side from where Fontana hailed is just such a district.

One of 15 children, Joey was forced to quit high school in the first term, when his father died. A bootblack was one of his many means to earn a few dollars for the poverty-stricken Fontana family.

Street fights being so frequent, Fontana soon learned to handle his fists to advantage and soon the lad visioned a career in amateur boxing. Before he turned pro in June 1936, Fontana captured the Kings County 126-pound A.A.U. crown.

Under the careful guidance of Manager Cohen, Joey became a proficient mitt wielder. His pro record includes victories over Allie Stolz, Al Reid, Jack Sharkey, Poison Ivy, Hank Nakamura and Ginger Foran.

Joey has gone to post professionally 77 times, and has dropped ten decisions. He reversed the score against all but one of his rivals, Lew Jenkins of Sweetwater, Texas.

The fight with Stolz was staged in Madison Square Garden and made many new admirers for Fontana, a two-fisted, rip-tearing performer. The last three and a half years have seen Joey blossom forth into a neat-dresser and fast thinker. He has moved the entire family from squalid circumstances in the East Side to a big house in Bensonhurst part of Brooklyn. He is well liked and his mentors expect to take him on a Western tour this winter.

\* \* \*

**B**EP VAN KLAVEREN, European middleweight champion claimant, is back in America. Van Klaveren, well known in America where he made a hit with his stirring fighting on his previous visit, is here to press his claim for recognition as a contender for the crown held jointly by Al Hostak, the N.B.A. title holder and Ceferino Garcia, the New York champion. He has out a challenge for each and, according to Mike Jacobs, he will be given an opportunity to show his wares in an elimination in which Fred Henneberry of Australia, Georgie Abrams, Billy Soose, Antoine Christoforidis and several other good middleweights will mingle. Van Klaveren beat Garcia when Bep was last here. Van Klaveren has a fine record. In Europe, since he left this

country, his record shows twelve battles with only one loss, a defeat suffered at the hands of Antoine Christoforidis last year in Rotterdam in ten rounds. This year he had a draw in twelve rounds with Joe Besselman in Berlin; and ten round triumphs over Kid Janas, Al Baker, Assane Diouf and Cleto Locatelli, all in Rotterdam. Among his victims last year were Roger Stepanci, Kid Tunero, Jean Simon, Antoine Christoforidis, and Harry Rothier.

He beat the French title holder, Edouard Tenet, in 15 rounds for the I. B. U. European title on July 17, then lost the crown back to Tenet in a return bout of 15 rounds on November 14. In 1937 he won six bouts, one by a knockout.

\* \* \*  
**H**OW often does a miner find a pearl in an oyster? Hardly ever. When does a miner find a nugget in a coal mine? Practically never. And how often does a fight manager run across a natural scrapper? Well, certainly not very often. In fact, on exceptionally rare occasions.

For some unexplainable reason that species — A Natural Scrapper — seems to have become more or less extinct. Only once in a while does one of these priceless "naturals" appear, and right away he proceeds to win the plaudits of the fight fans with his "natural" style and two-handed punching.

Which is exactly what a lad named Lenny Mancini did on his very first appearance in a new York fight club. His speed, aggressiveness and hard punching not only won him the battle, but a great number of admirers as well. After several four-rounders, Mancini had about five six-round bouts. Then he tackled the experienced Young Chappie in an eight-round semi final. Lenny polished him off in something like two minutes. And now Mancini is the topic of fistic conversation around the East.

The rugged young Italian-American was discovered by a man who knows the difference between a Fistic Nugget and a Lemon. When he saw this kid do battle in Youngstown, Ohio, he immediately realized that he was looking at a Pugilistic Pearl. Being a good friend of Frankie Jacobs, this fistic expert lost no time in communicating with "Jay"—as Mr. Jacobs is called by his intimate friends—and revealed to him his great find, adding his sage advice that Frankie had better hurry over to Youngstown and sign the youngster to a contract. Needless to say, Jacobs followed the advice and acquired for himself one of the most promising lightweights seen anywhere in a long time.

The boy was born Leonardo Mancino in Youngstown twenty years ago of Italian parents. He left Junior High School to work as a cook in a CCC camp, where he remained for some 27 months. While there he became interested in boxing, taking part in several "exhibition" tournaments—all of which he won. Later, as a simon-pure, Lenny boxed in his home-town; also in Akron and Wooster—annexing the featherweight championship of Ohio.

Under the capable management of the astute Frankie Jacobs who—it will be remembered—

(Continued on page 44)



Lenny Mancini, rugged Italian featherweight.

# In the NEWS of the MONTH



Tommy Kiene, bantam king of the South, who is anxious to enter bantamweight elimination tourney.



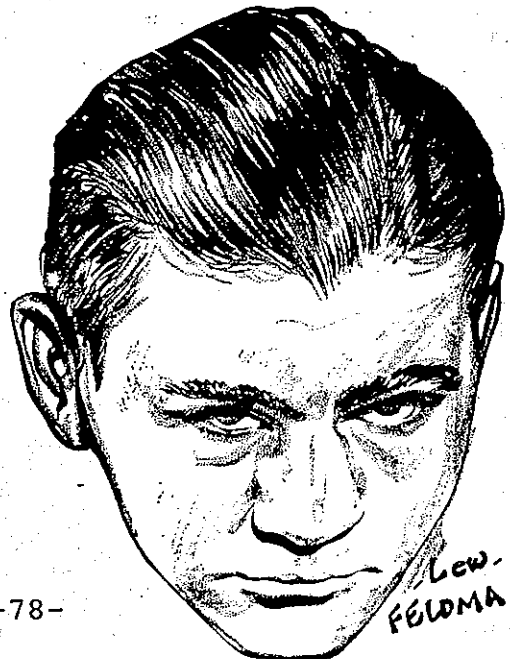
Milt Aron, Chicago welter, who knocked out Fritzie Zivic in eighth round.



Joey Iannotti of New Haven, a featherweight, now campaigning with success in New York.



Ben Brown, Dixie's pride, who is again menacing the middleweight leaders.



Lew Feldman, veteran lightweight, who is coming up with a bang.

Lew  
FELDMAN

# NEW FACES

**T**HE Bronx section of New York City has turned out many young boxers of note during the past 20 years, but it is doubtful if two better prospects have been found in that sector in that time than Mickey La Marr and Chester Rico who are making rapid strides. They may never reach the top rung of the ladder, but they'll surely keep the Bronx in the spotlight. Many critics regard them as the outstanding lightweights across the Harlem River.

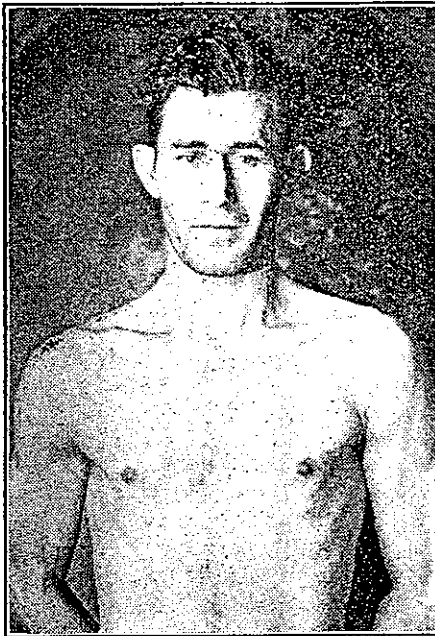
Both are members of Italian-American families composed of nine children and both are piloted by the team of Jimmy White and Eddie Reilly, a young brain-plus-brawn combination. Rico, 19 years old, is tall and long-muscled; La Marr, 22, is short, knotty-muscled. Chester is a clever boxer; Mickey a slugger, a knockout puncher.

Rico, swarthy, dark-haired like La Marr, has engaged in 25 fights, winning 24, a record slightly better than La Marr's. His only defeat came at the hands of Carmine Fatta, one of the most brilliant 135-pound prospects in New York today.

A pleasing fighter, Rico got his first top spot and big chance when he went into the Coliseum ring January 9th in an effort to out-step and out-punch the bombarding Puerto Rican, Primo Flores, and he came through.

La Marr, a painter by trade, has fought in the professional ring 24 times, winning all but three bouts. Showing ability in his early contests, he was moved along into losing encounters with Maxie Shapiro, East Side boy, and Frankie Conn and Nunzio Bisogno, Jersey belters.

Handicapped in these losing contests by brittle hands and eye injuries, a lay-off corrected the condition. In his last start,



Jack Baggett, Chattanooga middleweight.

at the Bronx Coliseum, he knocked out Joe Memoli with a right cross to the chin. He thinks the tide has turned and there'll be no stopping him now!

\* \* \*

**I**N Fall River, Mass., there is a young featherweight by the name of Billy Buckley, whom the fistic followers think will develop into a good drawing card. He is called the Blond Buzz Saw and has been doing most of his scrapping around southern New England. Johnny Jorden,



Dynamite Joe Horvath, heavyweight prospect from Akron, Ohio.



Billy Buckley, the Blond Buzz Saw from New England.

former pro battler, is his mentor.

Billy is a graduate from the amateur ranks where he won 27 out of 30 contests. He then turned pro and at this writing he won 17 fights and drew in one. He is 22 years old.

Buckley is a combination fighter and boxer. He is a clever lad and a good puncher, as has been demonstrated by his seven knockout victories. He has defeated among others, Martin Taber of Providence, Jimmy Ritchie of Hartford, Conn., Bobby Martinez of Boston, Malditeo of New York and Francis Walsh of Worcester, Mass. His latest victory was over Tony Dupre.

\* \* \*

**H**E was christened Joseph Nicholas Stephen but his ring name is Dynamite Joe Horvath. He was born at Akron, Ohio, on October 13, 1918, and started his boxing career in the Golden Gloves tournament at the Jewish Center of Akron where he scored three knockdowns but lost the bout on a foul because he hit

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

By RIGHT CROSS



Luther Beatie, middleweight prospect from upper New York state.

Flowers and Young Stribling, among others. Si should know a good fighter by this time, and he thinks he has found a heavy-weight of promise in young Horvath.

Most of Horvath's victories have been via the knockout route. He has scored many knockdowns, which testifies to his hitting powers. He scored six knockdowns against Young Wilcox, five against George Ceorsky, six against Chick Freeman, dropped K. O. Kid Huff five times and put Bernie Jones down twice before scoring a K.O. in 20 seconds of the first round.

Watch Horvath is the signal from Akron, Ohio. He is 21 years old, weighs 205 pounds, is 5 feet 11 inches, and has a reach of 74½ inches, a neck of 18 inches and can sock and take it. He is an American born lad of German-Hungarian parentage.

\* \* \*

IN Jack Baggett, sunny Dixie shines forth with a good prospect. The boy hails from Chattanooga, Tenn., and it is his ambition to place his native state on the fistic map. This professional fisticuffer is 28 fights old. Jack boasts of a 10-round draw with Ben Brown, Southern middleweight star. His kayo wins include Ray McNatt, Frankie Allen, Harold Glymph, Buster Isenburg and Chet Gideon.

Jack garnered decisions over Texas Joe Dundec, Danny Murphy and Smiley Wallace but the major fact that is giving him

his man while his opponent was on one knee. Since then, however, Horvath has been giving a good account of himself and today he is being touted by the scribes of his locality as a fine heavyweight prospect.

The place that gave to the heavyweight ranks K. O. Christner seems to be over-enthusiastic over the prospects of its new and latest "find," and if the record of Horvath can be kept up, he's sure to live up to their expectations.

Horvath is managed by Clarence Si Marsh, who in the past trained or handled such stars as Christner, Gorilla Jones, Frankie Erne, Chuck Burns, and worked with Petey Sarron, Johnny Risko, Harry Greb, Tiger

of Johnny Basham. elts. It was a massive two carat gold. Its

and a few pennies sport, often felt the had little to eat. But

that belt recalled to class in the British

rival middleweights lostak had preserved The howl was raised ntry couldn't win in ger did it. There is

es to fight in Seattle, or fancied advantage

considerable notice along Dixie's Cauliflower Row, is the sensational consecutive knockout victories he has developed in the past several months. The number is 13. His latest victim was Chet Gideon and the place, Atlanta.

Jack's only loss was to Young Allen, another Southern heavyweight hope who is under the tutelage of Pa Stribling. With the winter annual boxing season in Florida in full bloom, Baggett hopes to reap a bigger name for himself in the sunshine state. He is capably managed by Stiffie Williams, also of Chattanooga. Baggett fights as a light-heavy and heavyweight.

\* \* \*

LUTHER BEETIE, who is managed by Amos Dorsey, is a colored middleweight from upper New York state who has a bright future. Last year Beetie engaged in 38 fights, a number with pretty good talent, and scored 22 knockouts. He often has found it necessary to fight boys 10 to 15 pounds over his weight because of lack of competitors of his own weight.

New York scribes who have seen Luther work, declare that he is a fast, aggressive type battler, who can give and take it. He tosses many punches and carries a good wallop. He is 23 years old and his manager, Dorsey, who knows a good fighter when he sees one, has hopes that his charge will make the grade this year. Dorsey expects to have Beetie campaign around New York City this spring. Dorsey can be reached at P. O. Box 352, Glens Falls, N. Y.

\* \* \*

ALEX BAGINSKI, the Blond Flash, started his career as a boxer by winning the New England Amateur bantam title in 1938 from a large field. Chief among his victories since that time are those over Larry Bolvein of Providence, Max Perfetti of N. Y., Allie Stoltz, N. Y., Young Richards of N. Y., George Pepe of Meriden, Conn., Bobby (Poison) Ivy of Hartford, Conn., and many others.

ROPER was a To hear hi landed on 1 years ago.

"I heard a big be his hands to help de "I woke up in th Captain Bob Roper I supposed to fight

"Bob said, 'You "That so?' I car "You weren't ki talking and looked roared, 'you mean t "Guess so,' I sai "Why, I gotta r Bob screeched. 'Do to dinner, an' you s ber taking the whee and across the dam were OUT all that



Mickey La Marr, New York lightweight.

Alex's ambition is to be a champion in his class. He is only 19 years old. He is a classy boxer and one of the stiffest hitters ever turned out in Massachusetts. He is trained and handled by Joe O'Brien of Springfield, Mass., who developed Deby Debryant, light-heavyweight of the Pacific fleet, Young Ace Clark, heavyweight champ of Vermont, Jerry Maloni and Dave Deshler of Cambridge.

## Dream Fights

(Continued from page 7)

LOUIS again, with Pastor and Galento in New York. There are two thrillers which must come though, and at this writing I'd say that the pair of them would go the way of all Joe Louis victims. Pastor, if he is a little more cautious than he was at Detroit, might skim through to win the decision. He has the speed and speed is the one thing which is going to overtake Louis, sooner or later!

The speed of a non-hitter. That's why Pastor and Conn would always have a chance with Louis, Conn of course to fight him only after Billy had gained ten or fifteen pounds.

Galento and Pastor in New York. There is a good dream fight, one which might be signed for any day. They are the two leading contenders right now, though Jack Dempsey tells me that Red Burman should get his chance. Pastor has lost twice and in all fairness to the others, he should step aside for the time being.

A whale of an attraction for Chicago would be a fight between Galento and Max Baer. If the big Californian would only keep fighting himself into trim, he would go places. He never has learned the lesson of fighting himself into shape.

\* \* \*

DREAM fights! Why not Gus Lesnevich and Melio Bettina, both of whom had to bow to Billy Conn's masterful boxing? These two are punchers. They give no quarter and I'm certain that it would be a hair-raiser.

If the hateful, cat-and-dog war in Europe would only run itself ragged, Billy Conn could go to England and fight Len Harvey for the undisputed light-heavyweight championship of the world. Len thinks he is the champion and we say Billy is. Let them have it out.

If Billy can't go there, let Harvey come here and arrange to turn over a goodly part of his purse to the British war charities.

Tommy Farr and Louis, again, perhaps. A game showing. Farr would be an ideal attraction against either Baer, Galento or Louis.

They've talked a lot about the hard hitting of Al Hostak. Why not put on the dream fight between Hostak and Ceferino Garcia, who knocked out the great Fred Apostoli? This is one of the hottest matches on the horizon. They'll make the pact some day though not until Hostak breaks away from the Oregon boot with which he is shackled.

An Oregon boot, you know, is the heavy steel anklet they clamp around prisoners up in the Northwest. Hostak deserves a better break because he can hit.

Then bring Ron Richards over here to meet the winner, or send the winner to Australia to meet Richards before the largest crowd to gather at a fight in the Land Down Under, since the day little Tommy Burns tried to defend his title against big Jack Johnson. Richards holds the middle, light-heavy and heavyweight titles of Kangarooland. He must be pretty good.

A dream of some pumpkins would be a welterweight battle between Fritzie Zivic and Henry Armstrong in St. Louis or Pittsburgh. Armstrong and Garcia are going to fight out in Los An-

## The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters? If you can come through with five out of ten you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—True or false? Tom Sharkey won the heavyweight championship when he knocked out Kid McCoy in New York on January 10, 1899, in ten rounds.

2—Give the fighting names of the following famous boxers: Benjamin Leiner; Louis D'Ambrosio; Joseph Carrora; Al Rudolph; Stanislaus Klecal; Dr. Louis Wallach; Andrew Haymes; Bernard Rosofsky.

3—True or false? Charley Mitchell knocked out Jim Corbett in three rounds at Jacksonville, Florida, January 25, 1894, and won the world heavyweight championship.

4—Where were the following fighters born? James J. Jeffries; Jack Dempsey; Bob Fitzsimmons; Joe Louis; Henry Armstrong; Barney Ross; Billy Conn; James J. Corbett; Tommy Burns; Jack Johnson.

5—What fighter was nicknamed:—Gentleman Jim; the Manassa Mauler; the Benecia Boy; the Hard Rock from Down Under; the Will o' the Wisp of the Ring; the Black Uhlan; the Toy Bulldog; the Nebraska Wildcat; the Cleveland Rubber Man; Dead Pan Louie?

6—If you are the referee and a fighter is knocked down, takes a count of seven, starts to rise and falls to the canvas again, how would you count over the fallen man?

7—How tall must a flyweight be? How tall must a heavyweight be?

8—What is the meaning of the following: the schnozzle; the kisser; on the fritz; suckers; moocher; Chinaman; pan-faced?

9—If a fighter is in a helpless condition with his body draped over the ropes, and you are the referee, what procedure would you follow?

10—True or false? Benny Leonard won the lightweight title from Johnny Dundee. Jeffries won the heavyweight title from Jim Corbett. Tom Sharkey fought 25 rounds with Jim Jeffries. Mickey Walker held two world titles. Harry Greb held championships in three divisions.

gels for the middleweight title. Henry would be spotting Garcia a lot of weight. He did it before and whipped Garcia. He might do it again though at his new middleweight poundage, Garcia is a dangerous customer.

Ambers and Marquart, Jenkins or Sammy Angott. Let's have Joey Archibald against Simon Chavez, Pete Scalzo or Sixto Escobar, either here or in Venezuela. Team up Lou Salica and Georgie Pace for Cleveland, the only place where it would draw a packed house. Then have the win-

ner fight Peter Kane, the British Empire champion, here or in London.

A honey would be an international battle between Little Dado, the American flyweight champion, and Enrico Urbinati, the European champion. Then, if he is successful, a fight between Dado and Jackie Paterson, the British flyweight champion. Then they could bring K.O. Morgan, and the winner of a bantamweight elimination series together to settle the ownership of the title vacated by Sixto Escobar.

Joey Archibald and Jimmy Perrin, in New Orleans, for the featherweight title. Perrin is an idol there and they will draw tremendously on February 26. They are now matched.

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I GUESS I've trotted out the best of the dream matches. I'd like to see them hook up. There may not be a Berlenbach and Delaney thriller among them. The fight fan is a fickle bird at best. He has his hero one day and hisses him the next.

The other night they hissed Pat Comiskey in Madison Square Garden when he was introduced before one of his fights. Why? In heaven's name, WHY? Here is a young giant who has made good from the start and because he is successful, because he has knocked out twenty-four in some twenty-seven fights, he is booed! The day will come when they'll be going into raves over him as I've indicated, should he ever meet Joe Louis for the title. A fellow like Comiskey must be considered dangerous.

I went to Baltimore, Md., to see him stop hard-hitting Maynard Daniels, a fellow never before defeated. Maynard came out of that fight with one of his eyes closed tight behind a badly swollen temple. Both of Comiskey's hands were puffed as though they had been nipped by a rattler.

It was a savage fight and deserved a better setting than the small crowd which viewed it. It was a big time fight squandered on the low time!

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THERE may not be a Mickey Walker and Paul Swiderski battle on tap. There may not be a Fitzsimmons or a Jeffries classic. There may not be a Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher hitting duel among the lot but who can tell to what heights Pat Comiskey may go? Will Billy Conn supplant Jim Corbett in the eyes of lovers of purely scientific boxing?

A great parade of matches is on the way and I don't think that the fans are going to go boxing hungry. Never have there been great champions like Joe Louis, Henry Armstrong, Lou Ambers, Sixto Escobar, Ron Richards or Ceferino Garcia, but there comes along someone just as great to flatten him. We never thought the day would come when Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson or Dempsey would become only memories. That day came to each and every one of them.

The thing which makes boxing fascinating as a sport is that there is always a new wonder off in the woods who hasn't come out of his deep wilderness. He comes and is electrifying. That is the true charm back of our beloved sport, the sport which sends a game man into the ring, on his own, where his enemy is always—in front of him! Boxing will hold up its head all down through the ages. I dream of newer and greater thrills!