

# "Iloilo Typhoon" To Meet Cavite Port Sider



*Kid Johnson*

Two shadows of their former selves, two memories of a glorious past, meet at the Stadium this month. The law that Young Fernandez cracked one eventful night will face the iron knuckles of one Johnny Hill, a great battler who once dreamed of a world's championship; the battered body of one who sacrificed Fortune and Fame that he might have Wine, Women, and Song, will face the sledge hammer blows of one Kid Johnson, the favorite boy of Manila's Fistianas. But Manila's fans care not if their jaws are crystal, if their energies fail to respond to their fighting instinct, for they know that their hearts are made of steel.

Two great fighters are to meet, two great little men who know not Fear. And because the world loves a fighter, it loves Johnny Hill and Kid Johnson.

Johnny Hill's example stands as the most pitiful one of a fighter foxy, clever, and endowed with one of the greatest fighting hearts it has been our privilege to see, he possessed all the great qualities that make up a world's

champion, a fighter of the first degree. Cleaning up all opposition in the Philippines, three or four years ago, he decided to try his luck against the best men of his weight in the world. Fighting under the banner of Frank Churchill, famed promoter, he confirmed all the nice things that were said about him. In no time, he fought the best, one by one, and within the first year of his stay in the United States, he was unanimously picked as being among the best ten featherweights in the world. And just as he was knocking at the door of a world's championship, he slipped. A believer in the old pagan maxim of "Drink and be merry, for tomorrow we will die", he fell a victim to the fast life he led in Chicago. He had to hang up the gloves. Will we see the same John-

ny Hill we saw several years ago, confident, full of life, a truly colorful fighter? the fan shakes his head and says: "Impossible. The Hill of yesterday is dead. He fought his great fights long ago. We will merely see his shadow." Kid Johnson is the boy whom cruel fate placed in the lap of men who know not what Boxing is, and today, still a very young man, he nurses a cracked jaw, and energies burned out prematurely. When Hill and Fernandez left for the United States looking for bigger worlds to conquer, Johnson stepped on the pedestal of popularity and for two years was a monarch of all he surveyed. Johnson never had the privilege of learning the fine points of the game under capable instructors. He fought his way to the top through sheer



*Johnny Hill*

natural ability, a terrific punch and a great fighting heart. Then his jaw cracked. After a disastrous invasion of Australia, where after making a clean sweep of the featherweight division, incompetent handlers urged him match his skill with men outweighing him by as much as 15 pounds, he came back to the Islands completely burned out. He had shot his bolt.

The Sports Review picks Johnson to beat Hill. In their prime, Hill would have slaughtered the Kid. By no stretch of the imagination can we place, side by side, their respective abilities. Hill was a truly great fighter who could aspire to a world's championship; Johnson, a great crowd pleaser, would never have been allowed to step in the same ring together with the men Hill fought and defeated. Today, however, Johnson is in a much better physical condition than his adversary. Only a year ago, Hill could not move one of his arms. He was suffering from a partial paralysis.

However, whichever way the bout ends—and it's bound to be a great fight, here's a toast to the two game fighters, the bravest of the brave.

## A BIG FIGHT IN THE OFFING

Johnny Hill - Kid JOHNSON

130 LBS.

The Greatest K.O. ARTISTS of the Local Ring

WATCH FOR  
Ignacio Young Fernandez

to Fight soon at the

# OLYMPIC STADIUM