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WELCOME HOME!

He has returned; Ignacio Fernandez, like all of them after several years in the fight racket in the United States come back either home-sick, or all washed out. Fernandez returned because he wants a rest. He has been away for over four years, and no doubt he is entitled to it as he was traveling in fast company of first class mitt slingers. He tried to keep the pace, but had to drop out as the boys were too clever for him. Fernandez has nevertheless given the best that was in him. He fought the colorful Cuban champion Kid Chocolate and fared creditably against Battling Battallino before he was kayoed by the title holder in a bout which left a very sour taste in pugilistic circles. His K. O. of Al Singer, then the leading lightweight contender and later on champion of the 135 pound division was perhaps the most sensational bout of his career. Kid Francis, Vic Burrone, Dominic Petrone, Abe Attel Goldstein, Kid Lucas, Eddie Shea and other reknown fighters in American rings have been his opponents and none of them had an easy time against the brown boy. The featherweight division of the United States today is teeming with star leather pushers and the fact that Fernandez has not returned with the crown should not surprise any body. The former champion of the Orient was ranked for two seasons in the featherweight division among the five best in the world. This achievement alone is enough. Not all can be Canzonis or Kilbanes. Fernandez has done his best and for this Manila fans are grateful. His reappearance in the local ring will be awaited by Manila Stadium goers. He may not be good enough for a world championship, but he is a safe bet to regain the featherweight championship of the Orient and possibly the annexing of the lightweight crown.

AN ANOMALOUS RULING

Athletes who are degree men are not permitted to compete in Intercollegiate competition for an obvious reason. In a way, the ruling is justified as there is a tendency of some institutions to retain the services of their valuable athletes even after graduation. Precisely to curtail this anomaly, the NCAA officials have implanted the regulation, but in doing so, they have unwillingly made an injustice to the Liberal Arts graduates who are given either A. B. or B. S. degrees after their four years college course.

To give a concrete example, we shall mention the case of Ambrosio Padilla, star Olympic hoopster. Padilla finished his A. B. course in the Ateneo in 1929 and due to the NCAA ruling, he was literally "shelved" as far as Athletics were concerned. He was not allowed to represent the U. P. his new alma mater

either in basket-ball or base-ball. Simeon Toribio was another man barred from collegiate competition after he took his B. S. degree at Silliman last year. Today he is persuing a course in Architecture and although willing, is not allowed to "high jump" for Mapua Institute, his new Alma Mater.

The ruling has been traced undoubtedly to avoid institutions from the gross anomaly of retaining the athlete's services by making him enroll in another course as soon as he finishes one.

In the case of the A. B. and B. S. degree men, liberal arts graduates who have to pursue their studies in Law, Education, Medicine, or Engineering, the ruling is out of place and should be modified by the Collegiate Officials. The Eighth NCAA season will be in full swing four months from now. Give these boys a chance, make them exceptions to the rule.

THE REFEREE

"The Referee" is the heading of this Editorial of The Arena, an American Sports magazine which we are herewith reproducing for the benefit of our readers. It goes to show that in every place where prize fighting is a known sport the poor referee is always a much discussed personality.

"THE third man in the ring has a tough job. Not only must he keep the two participants playing the

game according to Hoyle but must keep an ear to the ground to determine which way the wind blows with the crowd and be wise as to whether there is a possibility of offending a manager who stands in well with the powers that be.

If the fight be close, he must listen to the hoots and howls of the gallery gods so as to be prepared for a tempering of his decision: there is no mistaking the

RED-HEAD

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at the Paramount studio when Ann Nichols saw her, and exclaimed, "There's my Irish Rose." At any rate Nancy was cast in the part, playing opposite Buddy Rogers. Nancy played in many pictures after that, but with small success until the advent of talking pictures. In silent films, Nancy looks like the typical ingenue, the "baby doll." It is only when she speaks that she reveals her dramatic talent. Heart-break and laughter are in the cadences of her rich voice.

Because she could dance and sing and because she photographs so vividly Nancy was in great demand for the musical screen romances so much in vogue recently. Her dramatic talent was not noted until she played in *The Shopworn Angel*, in the role of a chorus girl who loved a soldier and married him before he went to war. The critics began to write of her, "This little girl can act! Give

her a chance!"

Her next big role was in the film version of the successful stage play *Burlesque* re-named for the movies *The Dance of Life*. She played the part of a vaudeville actress who was true to the shiftless "hooper" who was her husband, standing by him loyally in spite of his neglect.

Nancy Carroll has risen in her profession until she is not only one of the most popular players on the screen but also one of the most admired emotional actresses. One of her biggest dramatic successes was in the *The Devils Holiday*. Her interpretation of the hard-boiled little gold-digger who found her heart when she fell in lovewith a simple country boy was so outstanding that her company outlined ambitious plans for her. Gone are her song-and-dance days and ingenue role. Hereafter she is to have emotional parts in dramatic stories

Hers is a fully rounded life; she has her career, her husband, and her baby. She is married to Jack Kirkland, a newspaper writer, and they have a little daughter. But Nancy's baby will not be subjected to the limelight of publicity.

A sensible, sturdy trouper is Nancy, bringing into the frequently artificial, highly publicized life of a movie star the common-sense she learned first as a child in a large family and later as a good trouper.

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The Referee

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Especially in the case of a scientific boxer versus a slugger, the bargain-priced customers never see the fight right anyway. From a distance it is practically impossible to tell whether every blow is landing or whether they are being slipped or closely evaded. The referee is really the only witness whose word be relied on in the case of a difference of opinion as to whether or not blows are landing effectively. Even those at the very ringside may be badly mistaken in judgment and blows that merely touch or graze may easily be seen as effective punches

Obviously, we have had reference all along to honest, fair minded referees. We cannot forget that the referee is, in the majority of instances, a hard working man doing his best to earn a respectable living. Too often, though, his job depends on keeping within the good graces of local promoters, gamblers, and just plain hangers-on, all of whom are in reality a band of brothers, or in plain jargon—gansters and racketeers

In some quarters there is likely to exist a close connection between big promoters and members of state athletic commissions: when this is true, there is not the slightest chance of fairness so far as the public is concerned.

Added to this, there is every evidence that newspaper sports writers are influenced to popularize and over-emphasize local products, until the average fan comes to believe that the local favorite is on a pinnacle by himself. As a result, he attends a highly steamed up bout entertaining no doubts as to the ability of "his favorite" to easily defeat the other boxer. All of which sometimes leads to a state of mob psychology wherein the majority of spectators yell lustily for the favorite. The under-dog would have to win by the proverbial mile in order to have a chance under such circumstances. If the battle is close, the referee is "on the spot" in more ways than one.

Alright, let us suppose he has the courage of his convictions, and gives his verdict as he saw it—against the local pride. Where does it get him? He might just as well change his occupation.

What cure do we suggest for an evil of this sort?

Take racketeering out of boxing, and keep boxing away from the racketeers. We need commissioners who have no connection with promoters or managers.

All of which is easier said than done. A truly powerful National Boxing Association could put the spot-light of nation-wide publicity on rotten conditions as they exist in some quarters.

Let us hope the present N. B. A. attains this much needed power."