

**KINGPINS IN THE BOXING WORLD**



**WATCH  
FOR  
Our Next  
ISSUE  
OUT ON  
MAY 2**

The world's boxing champions from left to right top, Tony Canzoneri, lightweight Jack Kid Berg, junior-welter, Battling Battalino, featherweight.

Below Berg is Mickey Walker middleweight champion and the colored fighter is Panama Al Brown.

Below left to right. Maxie Schmeling, heavyweight, Tommy Freeman welterweight, Benny Bass junior-lightweight, Maxie Rosenbloom, light-heavy weight and Midget Wolgast, flyweight.

NOTE: Only a few days ago Freeman was relieved of his welter crown by Jack Thompson California colored fighter.

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Address to the  
Editor

**THE SPORTS REVIEW**

fact that the cash customers must be considered, for to grossly offend them means a loss at future shows to the promoter and the possibility that he shall not be asked again to officiate.

Of course, where judges assist in the rendering of a verdict, and they decide to the satisfaction of the crowd, that lets the referee out; but there is always a chance that the assisting arbiters may disagree and then the referee takes a chance of putting himself on the spot. Sometimes, in the case of a big attraction the third man in the ring takes a chance as well of offending millions of radio and newspaper fans and having thus incurred a general unpopularity his income may be curtailed through loss of assignments in various off places.

You can't always depend on the opinions of the fans, as no two persons see things exactly alike, especially when the fight is close, and moreover if a man goes to the bouts hoping to see one boxer get his head "knocked off" the contest will have to be pretty one-sided in order to convince him that his favorite has lost. We wonder if we aren't fair in saying that nine-tenths of the fans attend in a biased frame of mind. That is why two men sit side by-side, each convinced that his man is winning and the other fellow is getting all the breaks.

It's tough on the third man in the ring if he has to be partial to the whims of the guys who shout loudest and view the fight from the greatest distance.

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**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 Shoppevorn 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."