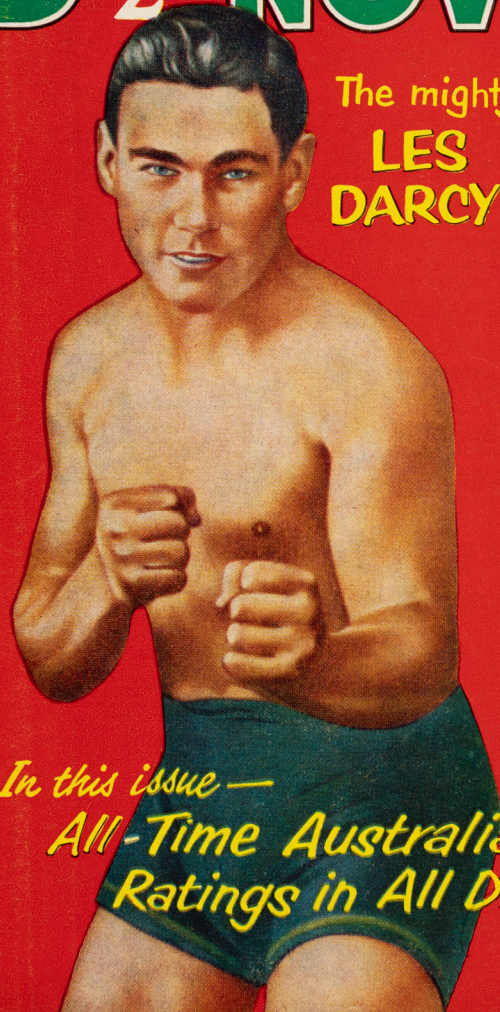


Free Inside-SUPER BETTING SERVICE

SPORTS 2/- NOVELS

For APRIL

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,
for transmission by post as a periodical.



The mighty
**LES
DARCY**

INSIDE

MANFRED

the brilliant,
erratic, amazing
dual-Derby winner

H.L. COLLINS

No.1 in a series on
Famous Cricketers

SPECIAL FOOTBALL FEATURES

(All Codes)

In this issue —

*All-Time Australian Boxing
Ratings in All Divisions!*

FRANK COMMENT

By "FRANK COMMENT"

Sports Novels' outspoken columnist takes you behind the scenes of Australian sport.

THE big cricket season finished up on a hullabaloo about Test cricket bowler Ray Lindwall. He was dropped from the NSW team in the last interstate match of the season.

This provided what they call a "controversy". People took sides in heated argument "for" and "against".

Those who opposed the selectors in dropping Lindwall called those who supported the selectors nasty names.

Those who supported the selectors called the opponents equally nasty names. In fact, each disputing party suggested the others should mentally institutionalise himself.

Many people asserted the dropping of Lindwall was "loaded"—that there was "something behind it".

I investigated the matter myself by inquiries from leading officials who should know, and I can give you briefly, but correctly, "the inside story".

The dropping of Lindwall was not loaded and there was nothing sinister behind it.

The story begins about last November when Lindwall moved to Brisbane to take up a position with a petrol service station.

At that time some official doubt was held whether Lindwall, who did not play club cricket in Brisbane, would be able to get fit to play in the interstate matches with New South Wales.

Under the residential rules he could play only with NSW in the season just ended.

Lindwall began the interstate season well and continued with the NSW team without practice other than what he got in the few interstate matches.

Eventually the interstate season moved to Sydney, where three matches were played.

Lindwall came under close scrutiny of the selectors, who observed that he was bowling only at half pace.

Indeed, save for one Saturday morning when he bowled really well for a few overs against Victoria, the former demon bowler fell from the grace of the selectors as a hostile fast bowler.

It became common knowledge that allegedly Lindwall, one of the mightiest bowlers Australia has produced, was not "pulling his weight".

His form was the subject of much murmur in official quarters. It was also given a blast in one of the daily papers.

Then the State captain, Keith Miller, "blew the gaff" that Lindwall was "resting" this season after three or four seasons of continuous cricket.

Miller added that Lindwall was surely entitled to his "rest".

I understand the selectors hit the roof at this unintentional disclosure and took the view that no player, whoever he was, had the "right" to "rest" when he was playing for his State.

The position was made more acute by the fact that four young players had justified themselves in the match against West Australia and the selectors felt they would be remiss in their duty to drop any one of them for a player whom the State captain confessed was "resting", which, in other words, means he was not "doing his best", allegedly.

Lindwall was dropped from the State team because the selectors felt, rightly or wrongly, that his form did not justify his inclusion.

That is the true story.

I am inclined to think the public was more "shocked" that an idol had temporarily disappeared from the state of big cricket than at the revelation his form did not justify his inclusion.

The public grows in idolatry of its popular sportsmen, who apparently can do no wrong.

But the fact that Lindwall has been one of Australia's greatest cricketers does not give him a mort-

gage on his position in ANY team if he has lost his form.

Lindwall DID lose his form. His captain even said he was "resting". The public outcry was therefore not justified, no matter how much we all may admire Lindwall as a cricketer.

The assertion that he was "bit below the belt", that the State owed something to this great player, is the argument of a juvenile.

Ray Lindwall, and in fact all Test cricketers, owe as much to the State that gave them the chance to have two tours to England, a tour to South Africa, and the many tours of Australia in international Test matches, as the State owes to them.

Admittedly Lindwall has done a good job for NSW, but so has NSW done a good job for Lindwall.

REVIEWING the past cricket season, I am not at all impressed with Australia's prospects for next season here against England.

I discount anything that happened in the West Indies which, whether the statement offends or not, is not far removed from "four-jauit" cricket.

Next season will be the real test. It always is in matches between Australia and England when the gloves are taken off and players get back to days of "the bare knuckles".

But I do not foresee as much calamity for Australia as some of the experts.

While it must be admitted that some of the regular Test players have been failures, I think if the new Test selectors comb Australia they will discover at least a few rather excellent replacements.

New players who came along well last season were: R. Briggs, R. Simpson, W. Watson, J. O'Reilly (NSW); R. Har-

vey, L. Maddocks and possibly J. Power (Vic.); Horsnell, Drennan and Favell (South Australia); Wally Grout (Queensland).

I even think young Bratchford, Queensland's all-rounder, is not far removed from the fringe of big things.

With all due respect to the admirers of Arthur Morris, I feel he will be in the balance next season, though of course he may not be found wanting. But I can assure you he is on the "official list" for review.

Lindwall's position is a matter entirely for himself to determine.

I think Bill Johnston (Victoria) may find left-hand swing bowler Horsnell of South Australia a keen rival.

Briggs (NSW) should displace Colin McDonald (Victoria) as opening batsman.

Ron Archer (Brisbane) and Richie Benaud (NSW) have only to "stand up" to be selected.

But go right down the list and you will not find any other player—except possibly Neil Harvey and perhaps Keith Miller—who can "write their ticket" for the Tests against England at this stage.

PROPRIETARY football is the "talk" beneath the surface in New South Wales.

But so long as there is a wealthy Rugby League organisation I can never see it surrendering to the policy where clubs are owned by companies controlled by a managing director and members of the board.

I believe Soccer, with its big influx of new Australians, could become not so much the "real threat" to Rugby League or Australian Rules in their respective headquarters but the dominant code of football in Australia.

Mismanagement could prevent Soccer from growing and I think the way to help overcome mismanagement is to make the control of Soccer much more democratic than it has been.

The most democratic football body in Australia is the Victorian Football League (Aussie Rules), which provides an excellent basis for any sport to follow.

The Aussie Rules, in my opinion, is by far the most powerful organised football in the Commonwealth despite the fact that there are no international Test matches.

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CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS POLL

This is how readers are voting. These entries were selected at random . . .

H. R. Fitzgerald, 114 Wingewarra St., Dubbo, NSW.	P. Collier, 9 E.D. ToPake, Bay of Plenty, NZ.	Miss P. Krienke, Norbell, Bell, via Dalby, Qld.
1. J. Henricks	1. J. Landy	1. H. Hogan
2. L. Hoad	2. Hoad	2. M. Rose
3. J. Landy	3. R. Lindwall	3. L. Hoad
4. M. Jackson	4. K. Rosewall	4. K. Miller
5. J. Carruthers	5. M. Jackson	5. K. Rosewall
6. K. Miller	6. L. Crapp	6. J. Henricks
7. N. Harvey	7. J. Carruthers	7. J. Carruthers
8. H. Hogan	8. F. Sedgman	8. N. Harvey
9. C. Churchill	9. R. Mockridge	9. Jan Munro
10. C. Barnes	10. R. Barnes	10. N. Selwood
Barry Cook, Turkey Lagoon, Bogabilla, NSW.	Cecil S. Gale, 391 Carrington St., Adelaide, S.A.	J. P. Smith, Bibby's Rd., St. John's Park, Adelaide, S.A.
1. M. Jackson	1. K. Miller	1. L. Hoad
2. N. Harvey	2. M. Jackson	2. N. Harvey
3. L. Hoad	3. N. Harvey	3. M. Jackson
4. J. Carruthers	4. F. Sedgman	4. J. Carruthers
5. J. Landy	5. K. Hole	5. K. Rosewall
6. K. Rosewall	6. G. Langley	6. J. Landy
7. K. Miller	7. L. Hoad	7. F. Sedgman
8. J. Coleman	8. J. Carruthers	8. R. Lindwall
9. J. Henricks	9. K. Rosewall	9. J. Henricks
10. C. Churchill	10. J. Landy	10. K. Miller

Turn to P. 59 for "Champion of Champions" voting coupon.

BRUCE COLE HAS SHOWN REAL BOXING COURAGE!

Eleven consecutive beatings seemingly put this boy on the scrap-heap. But he came back to draw with Bobby Sinn and become a contender for the Queensland featherweight title!



By PAT
FARRELL

TO start this story of Bruce Cole, I'm afraid I must pass a remark which has been said so many times about so many boxers that the chances are you are thoroughly sick and tired of hearing it.

I am going to say that Bruce is as game and determined a boxer, and as great a lover of boxing, as any man who ever heard a bell ring.

That is my claim, and by the time you get to the end of this story I think you will agree that I have gone a lot closer to proving it than most others who say high things about boxers.

Few people would know the Bruce Cole story better than I do, for I have known him and been his friend almost from the day he arrived in Brisbane and started out in boxing.

I saw him have his first fight, saw him hailed as a promising boy, saw him later suffer eleven straight losses, saw him repeatedly scrapped by the promoter—and I was on hand last January when Bruce won himself a shot at Queensland's featherweight title by decisively outpointing ex-amateur champion Jimmy Shackleton.

INTERWOVEN with those episodes in Bruce's career

is a story of matchless courage.

It started late in 1949 when Bruce came to Brisbane from Lismore. He arrived with a fiery desire to be a fighter just like Tommy Burns, whom he claimed to have met once back home.

An impressionable lad, Bruce got the fight-bug badly from Burns. All he wanted was boxing.

He won his first few preliminaries. By the end of 1949 he was established with the crowds as one of the favorite preliminary boys. The newspapermen were saying nice things about his future, and every time I looked at Bruce he had a big smile on his face.

In 1950 he reached the stage where something else besides enthusiasm is required to win fights—and Bruce soon found out the hard way that he didn't have that something else.

He campaigned that year among as strong a batch of young bantamweights as I've seen out at one time. Supermen would turn on his heels and bolt from the kind of trouble these boys dished out to Bruce Cole.

Bobby Sinn, Ronnie Petersen, Eddie Deen, Alan Landers, Nev Turner and others gave Bruce Cole some grand slammings during that year. They beat him in six-

teen of his twenty-odd fights in 1950 and did everything to him but break his heart.

Breaking Bruce Cole's heart is something nobody can do with anything short of a sledgehammer.

Eleven of his batterings were in succession. He took them one by one and kept backing up week after week, never losing one atom of determination to become a champion.

He never gave in to any of his conquerors. He was similarly defiant to the many well-wishers who persistently urged him to give boxing away and try something easier.

EVENTUALLY despaired of him and refused to give him a fight.

Bruce kept training, learning, and hoping for another chance. He had to sit out until midway through 1951 before it came.

They put him in an eight-rounder with Joe Scully, and Bruce surprised by stopping old Joe in five rounds.

Bruce then got his one and only lucky boxing break. He faked a match with Ian Killeen for Queensland's vacant fly-weight title and scored a keyo in the fourteenth round.

A few weeks later he staged a tremendous

effort to draw with brilliant Bobby Sinn.

He looked a good fighter that night and many times had Sinn in all kinds of bother. It appeared that he was going to make his way in boxing after all.

But then he crashed again. Vince Blake outpointed him and subsequent losses to Bobby Sinn, Ian Killeen (for his title) and Alan Landers caused him to be tossed once more onto the promoter's scrapheap, where he was forced to remain for more than two years.

When he was good and ready the promoter put Bruce on to test a young riser named Bud Spargo. This was late last year and Bruce had grown into a featherweight during his lay-off.

He knocked Spargo cold with a dandy left-rip. He followed that up with two excellent displays against Jimmy Shackleton, now stands out (with Col Douglas) as a contender for the State nine stone crown, which was vacated by Bobby Sinn on last February 10.

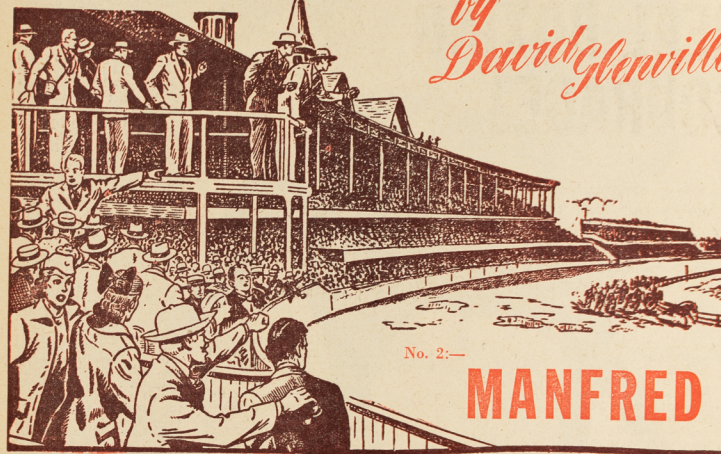
So there you have it. If there is nothing courageous or determined in winning State title standard in two divisions after losing eleven straight fights, then I must have called Bruce to you wrongly.

But I don't think I did. He really is one of the greatest of boxers.

Champions of the Turf

WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR SPORTS NOVELS

by
David Glenville



No. 2:—

MANFRED

BRILLIANT, but unpredictable. Another horse of the Heroic style . . . that was Manfred, winner of the two Derbies but one of the most erratic horses ever to disgrace himself in a classic event.

And was it any wonder that Manfred performed like Heroic, for they were both sired by the mighty Valais.

Manfred was bred at the Arrowfield Stud of W. and F. A. Moses. His dam was Offord.

There's an interesting story behind Manfred's purchase as a yearling by Mr. Ben Chaffey.

At the time Heroic was performing great deeds as a two-year-old (see last month's Champions of the Turf story) and great interest was being centred in the yearlings sired by Valais.

The late Mr. Bayly Payten, who was a very keen judge of horses, had inspected the yearlings on offer and had taken a fancy to the young Valais-Offord colt.

Mr. Payten recom-

mended the youngster, as a wise buy, to Sir John Garvan, who was one of his clients.

Payten spoke so highly of the colt that Sir John decided to pay a visit to the Newmarket Stables to see the animal for himself.

Call it fate if you like, but that was the unluckiest visit Sir John ever made.

When he got to the stables he noticed that the youngster had a swollen knee, with the result that the knight decided against buying him.

It was an unfortunate decision. There was nothing whatever wrong with Manfred. His swollen knee, far from showing him to be unsound in the legs, had been caused by knocking himself against the side of his stall.

With Sir John "turned cold" on him, the youngster went into the sale ring and was knocked down to Mr. Ben Chaffey for 1400 guineas.

Running in Mr. Chaffey's colors, Manfred went on to win 11 races

worth £28,830 in stakes. And Mr. Chaffey collected a further £6000 for a two-thirds share in Manfred when he went to the stud. In all, it was quite a nice return for only 1400 guineas!

THERE is no doubt that one of the most sensational of all races ever run in this country was the 1925 A.J.C. Derby.

The race has been discussed over and over again whenever racing men meet, and with it has grown the legend of Manfred.

For that was the day that Manfred gave a field containing Australia's best three-year-olds 110 yards start . . . and won easily.

There were only seven starters . . . Manfred, Vaals, Hampden, Amounis, Petunia, Tibbie and Avrom.

Manfred was a hot favorite at 2 to 1, with the books not too anxious for business, and nearest to him in the quotes was Amounis at 3 to 1.

Manfred was a bit toyed at the tapes. When the



MR. BEN CHAFFEY bought Manfred for 1400 guineas and the colt went on to win 11 races and £28,830 in stake money.

MANFRED

... continued



barrier rose a mighty roar went up. "They're off!" They were, too. All except Manfred. He just stood there, looking around him.

He walked a few steps, then sidled, half on, toward the outside fence. Quickly sizing up the position, the AJC Clerk of the Course (the late Mr. Tom Luckey) spurred his pony across the track and cracked his stockwhip right behind the loitering favorite.

That was enough for Manfred. He was off. But Avrom and Hampden were already more than half a furlong away. Fortunately for Manfred, the early pace was slow. Manfred broke into a gallop and jockey Billy Duncan let him have his head.

But it was a colossal

start he was giving for the field was turning out of the straight for the first time just as Manfred was passing the Members' Stand.

Few among the big crowd there that day even considered that Manfred would do anything but go around by himself in last place, but one shrewd punter, realising that the pace was slow and the other riders were unaware that the favorite had been left, quickly summed up the position and called out, "Go on, Duncan. Give it a go!"

An Duncan gave it a go. He soiled his mount after the field. Gradually the gallant horse and rider made up the ground they had lost.

None of the racegoers worried much about

Mighty MANFRED (left) gave Australia's best three-year-olds 110 yards start in the 1925 A.J.C. Derby — yet went on to win brilliantly. I was probably the most sensational win ever seen on the Australian turf.

SPORTS NOVELS, APRIL, 1954

and he raced up to challenge Amounis again. In half a furlong it was all over. Amounis was beaten and Manfred streaked away in a brilliant burst of devastating speed.

The crowd roared as the favorite put daylight between himself and the opposition. Petunia and Tibbie both threw out challenges. But it was useless. Neither could get within lengths of the flying Manfred.

BUT we are ahead of ourselves. Let us go back to the start of Manfred's career.

As a two-year-old he was the exact opposite to Heroic. Where Heroic was an amazingly brilliant two-year-old, Manfred failed dismally.

He appeared at both the spring and autumn carnivals in Victoria but failed to win a race.

It was not until he appeared at the 1925 Randwick autumn carnival that he succeeded in opening his account. He scored at 10 to 1, in the Fairfield Stakes, a Warwick Farm event.

A week later he was sent out a hot favorite for the AJC Sires' Produce Stakes . . . and repeated Heroic's performance of the previous year in the same race.

Manfred, like Heroic, just stood at the post. But punters seemingly have short memories, for two days later Manfred went out favorite for the Easter Stakes. This time he gave such a brilliant exhibition of galloping that he won as he pleased.

And on the third day of the meeting Manfred absolutely bolted away to win the Champagne Stakes by eight lengths.

His Sydney mission satisfactorily completed, Manfred returned to Melbourne for a well-earned spell.

WHEN Manfred returned to the tracks it was as a three-year-old. And at his second start he gave racegoers a preview of his AJC Derby performance.

The race was the Heatherlie Handicap at Caulfield. Once again he just stood and watched as the field raced away. It wasn't until they had gone forty yards that Manfred decided he'd like to be in it, too.

Off he galloped. A long way last at the six furlongs, he'd reached the middle of the field by the half-mile. But he was still a long way behind

the leaders in a strung-out field.

He was almost up with the leaders by the turn and seasoned racegoers were expecting him to drop right out as his early efforts told on him.

But they reckoned without the amazing Manfred's fighting heart. The thoroughbred thundered down the straight, passing horse after horse with a withering run that carried him victorious to the post.

It was a phenomenal run and Manfred was quickly backed down to favoritism for both Derbies. He was acclaimed as Australia's greatest galloping machine, but not even his most ardent admirers would have believed he could win the AJC Derby in the sensational manner in which he did.

Following his AJC Derby victory, Manfred returned to contest the Victoria Derby. But first he went out an odds-on favorite for the Caulfield Guineas.

Manfred was in a foul mood. Duncan, who had always ridden the horse, was once again in the saddle. And when the tapes went up, Manfred refused to budge. Duncan did everything, but the horse just would not move.

Eventually Duncan managed to get Manfred back to the birdcage. Exasperated, he went to Mr. Chaffey and told the owner that he would never ride Manfred again.

WITH Duncan quite definite that he was finished with Manfred, Frank Dempsey was invited to become the unpredictable flyer's regular rider.

Dempsey had a reputation for being able to handle barrier-brumbers like Manfred and he readily accepted.

His first ride on Manfred was in the W. S. Cox Plate at Moonee Valley. The race was one of the most thrilling ever staged on that course.

Dempsey got Manfred away well, only to find another horse challenging him for the lead, matching strides with Manfred as they raced neck and neck around the course.

Manfred's rival was The Night Patrol and for nine furlongs the pair staged a battle for supremacy. They were still neck and neck as they straightened up for the run home.

Down the final furlong of the short Moonee Valley straight they fought like demons, with Manfred just getting the

upper hand on the line to win by a short half-head. Pantheon, another good horse, was a length further back, third.

Although Dempsey had got Manfred away well, the horse had put on a brumby exhibition at the barrier, bucking and rearing as he waited for the tapes to go up.

All racegoers were anxious to see what would happen next time Manfred and Dempsey faced the starter . . . and the race was to be the all-important Victoria Derby.

"Can Manfred complete the Derby double?" and "Will Dempsey be able to get the brute to run?" were questions that were being asked on all sides.

Apparently the answer to both questions was "Yes", for racegoers piled their money on Manfred and sent him out a 5 to 2 on favorite for the classic.

In complete contrast to his previous performance, Manfred behaved perfectly at the barrier. When the tapes rose, Manfred was the first horse into stride.

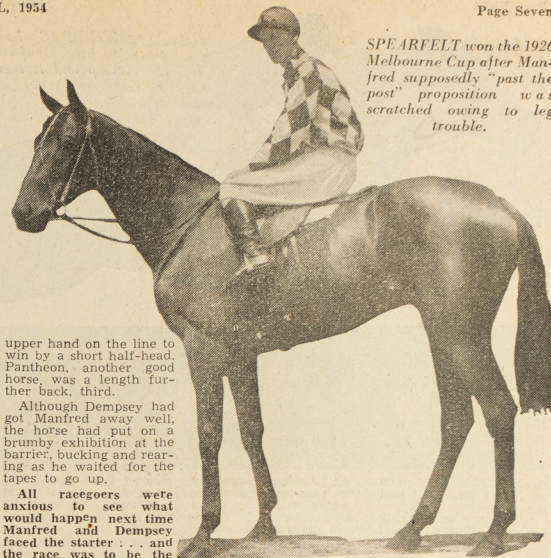
He bowled along nicely in front for the first few furlongs until Dempsey checked him slightly to allow the South Australian filly Ethelton to take the role of pacemaker.

Ethelton scooped along in front and the pace was such a cracker that the field was strung out like Brown's cows.

But at the half-mile Dempsey gave his mount a slight kick and Manfred shot into the lead to win running away by twelve lengths.

The horse and rider got a mighty reception. Not only had Manfred pulled off the Derby double, but he had set a new record of 2 min 31½ sec for the mile and a half.

SPEARFELT won the 1926 Melbourne Cup after Manfred supposedly "past the post" proposition was scratched owing to leg trouble.



Two days later Manfred went out favorite for the 1925 Melbourne Cup. At 7 to 4 he was one of the shortest-priced favorites on record.

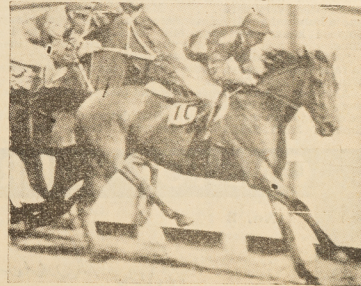
But he was beaten. Mighty stayer though he was, he was beaten by Windbag, an even mightier stayer. For Windbag lumped 9.2 as against 7.8 carried by Manfred.

There were 28 starters and much to the satisfac-

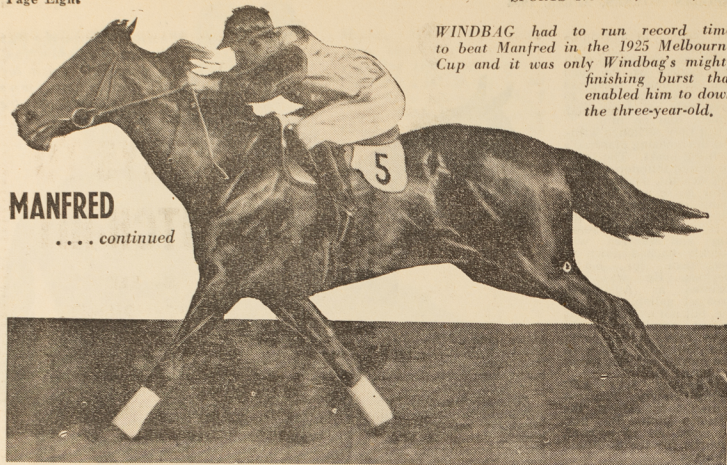
tion of the punters who had literally put their shirts on him, Manfred got away well at the barrier rise.

Dempsey had his mount in the box seat all the way and the race looked all over when Manfred dashed to the front in the straight.

BUT let Dempsey tell his own story of what happened. "Coming into the



THE TRUMP was one of Manfred's best sons. When he won the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups in 1937 he became only the second horse to score the "Cup Double" in the same year. Poseidon did it in 1906 and later Rivette scored in 1939.



MANFRED

.... continued

straight 91 had it all sewn up . . . I thought," said the jockey.

"Manfred was going brilliantly under me and I reckoned we were home and hosed.

"Manfred had been pulling a bit hard, but we had only a couple of furlongs to go now and the youngster seemed full of running. I had had the run of the race.

"Manfred got away perfectly that day and, apart from pulling a bit, he'd had a great run. He had bad luck meeting Windbag, though.

"At the distance I knew it was going to be tough. I could see Jimmy Munro on Windbag getting closer every yard . . . and a hundred yards from home I knew we were done.

"Manfred tried his best to raise another spurt, but Windbag simply flew in."

Although the honors were all with Windbag, he'd had to run the record time of 3min 22½sec to

beat Manfred. It was only the paralyzing finishing burst of the older horse that had forced the three-year-old to dip his colors.

Manfred was turned out for a spell following his Cup run and did not race again until the following February, when he was beaten in the Caulfield Futurity Stakes.

Then, on VRC St. Leger Day a few weeks later, Manfred turned on his biggest exhibition of roguishness.

Because his connections were fully aware of his unreliability at the barrier, they had entered him for both the St. Leger and the following race, the Essendon Stakes.

Manfred went out a screaming hot favorite for the St. Leger at 6 to 1 on, with Jack Toohey in the saddle.

When the barrier rose Manfred bucked Toohey off and took no part in the race.

Not deterred by this debacle, the punters

stacked their money on Manfred for the following race and once again he was favorite, this time at 6 to 4.

And once again the bookmakers got the lot, for Manfred wheeled away at the start and again took no part in the running.

THIS inglorious "double" caused his connections to miss the Sydney autumn carnival. They sent Manfred out for a spell and brought him back with the 1926 Caulfield Cup as his mission.

On his return he lost the Memmie Stakes by a neck to Heroic, after his new rider, Bobby Lewis, had had his work cut out getting him away on terms with his rivals.

At his next two starts Manfred won the October Stakes and the Caulfield Stakes. Then came the Caulfield Cup. It was this race that brought Man-

WINDBAG had to run record time to beat Manfred in the 1925 Melbourne Cup and it was only Windbag's mighty finishing burst that enabled him to down the three-year-old.

fred to the zenith of his career.

Burdened with 96, Manfred faced the possibility of a roughly-run race, with a field of 23 starters. They said he couldn't do it—but his admirers poured so much money on that he went out at 5 to 4 and favorite.

For once Manfred decided to be on his very best behavior. He jumped out smartly and was always well up.

But the punters screamed when Lewis raced him into the lead half a mile from home. Such a move seemed absolute madness considering the heavy weight the horse was carrying.

To win from the half-mile Lewis knew how well his mount was going. And the jeers turned to cheers as Manfred cantered past the post half a length clear of The Banker and Royal Charter.

With the Caulfield Cup run and won, all eyes turned to the Melbourne Cup, the second leg of a £100,000 double Manfred's owners had taken.

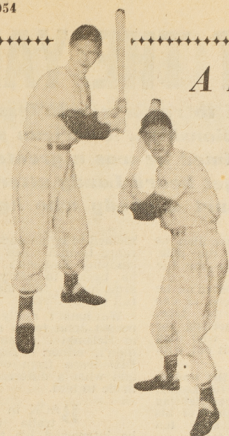
And when Manfred was untroubled to beat Pantheon, The Banker, Spearfelt, and Royal Charter in the Melbourne Cup, he seemed to be a past-the-post proposition.

But there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip. On the Sunday before the big two-miler Man-

A Baseball Special!

IT PAYS TO SWITCH-HIT

By RED SCHOENDIENST



I've been a switch-hitter since I first began playing ball and I've never had occasion to regret it. In fact, except for one week when I had a bad wrist at Rochester, I never tried to hit left-handed against left-handed pitching or right-handed against a right-handed pitcher. Nor should any switch-hitter, if he doesn't want to lose a definite advantage. But at one week in the International League I did hit right-handed against all pitching. I haven't tried it up here in the majors. So far, nobody's ever pinch-hit for me, and I'd say the fact that I'm a switch-hitter has had something to do with that.

If you start early enough, anybody can learn to switch-hit, and I think it tends to help young ballplayers, rather than hinder them. Switch-hitting won't bother their co-ordination or reflexes, but it will give them an edge over the pitchers. For one thing, a breaking ball almost always will break in to a switch-hitter, rather than away, no matter how he's batting. And you get into the ball better, too. A curve ball thrown by a right-hander will break in to a left-handed hitter and a lefty pitcher's curve will do the same thing to a right-handed batter. Of course, the opposite happens with a screw ball. But knowing a curve will always break in to you instead of away is the biggest single advantage to switch-hitting. What I try to do is to hit the ball where it is pitched rather than try to fool the opposition and hit to the opposite field.

I feel good hitting both ways and that's the important thing. A hitter should feel comfortable and relaxed when he's hitting, or he's not doing it properly. The big thing in hitting or in playing a position is being relaxed. Batters who are all tensed up are not doing themselves or their chances for improving any good.

It seems to me there are more switch-hitters in the game today than there were when I was growing up. I'm sure there must have been others, but the only one I can recall is Frank Frisch and he was a real good switch-hitter. But today more and more youngsters are picking it up so by the time they're playing high school or sandlot ball, they look natural either way.

A sportswriter once told me that my stances, right and left, are so alike that it looks like my own reflection. I've never given any particular thought to it nor has it ever occurred to me that I stand exactly the same way on both sides of the plate. It is true, though, that I stand at about the same approximate spot in both boxes and don't shift around much.

The reason I decided to switch-hit was that I figured I could beat out more bunts as a left-handed batter. That's another advantage young ballplayers ought to consider. I was always a natural right-handed hitter and could hit better against lefties than against right-handers, but I thought I'd be more difficult to pitch to as a switch-hitter. As things turned out, it has really helped me. When I had my best year at Rochester, hitting .337 in 1943, I found that I had hit better left-handed than right-handed by only two points. And I was at bat about the same number of times both ways, too. You might even say switch-hitters are more unpredictable than one-way hitters, and that's another thing in our favor.

There are many times when switch-hitting clearly helps you when you're playing percentages. Batting right-handed against left-handed Ted Gray in the 1950 All-Star game, I hit the home run into the left-field stands at Comiskey Park in the 14th innings that won the game for the National League, 4-3. Though I'm not considered a home-run hitter, as a switch-batter the advantage was with me. The most pressure is more likely to be on the pitcher whenever he faces a switch-hitter.

WHY WON'T THE YANKS GET

When John Landy failed to run a mile in less than four minutes at the Australian championships, American sportswriters (who weren't even there) claimed he was a greater alibi-artist than a miler. I have never yet heard Landy utter an excuse . . . nor have I met anybody who has.

WHEN American sports writers Oscar Fraley and "Red" Smith made their respective attacks on miler John Landy after the Australian lad's 4.5.6 run in appalling conditions during the Australian one-mile championship on February 11, they revealed their own ignorance.

They also maligned a lad who is as modest and natural as the day he first entered athletics.

As editor of Sports Novels, my task is similar to that of the gentleman of "Dragnet" fame. It is my job to get the facts.

I get the facts . . . I know the facts. And I think it is high time those facts were revealed to our readers.

The Landy story started several years ago when Landy first began to show prominence under coach Percy Cerutti as a miler. He had not been under Cerutti very long before he succeeded in reducing his mile time to below 4.30.

He gradually improved his times, but he was never a winner . . . (or he was up against Don Macmillan, a giant of a man standing six feet two inches high and built in proportion).

On top of this Macmillan had power to match his build. He also had long space-eating strides.

Always it was Macmillan first and Landy second. In fact nobody who watched the slim quiet-spoken Landy ever dreamed it would eventually be otherwise.

And so came the day in February, 1952, when the final Olympic trials were held. The runners were in the final lap of the mile and it was Macmillan leading Landy.

They ran that way around the final curve and the fans thought it was all over. But the crowd came to its feet as Landy, white-faced and straining, threw out a challenge as they straightened up for the run to the judge.

He came around the

outside of Macmillan as the giant, on the pole, made his drive for the line.

The crowd roared as the two milers raced as one man toward the tape. They were cheering for the underdog who had dared to fight it out with the champion.

And it was the underdog who won, for Landy, running on sheer fighting heart, pulled clear of his bigger rival only ten yards from the tape.

It was a terrific battle, for Landy was almost out on his feet as he refused to give in. And he won by inches in 4.13.6.

IT was Landy's first major mile win. However, the positions were reversed a week later when Macmillan downed Landy by inches in 4.13.4.

Naturally, Macmillan received the "blessing" of the Olympic selectors. After all, hadn't he once run a 4.9 mile, while Landy's best was his 4.13.6?

But Landy's name was added to the Olympic selections . . . though well down in the list. And he could go abroad only if his supporters could raise the money necessary to cover his expenses.

Fortunately for athletics the money was raised and Landy did go overseas.

The Australian Olympic contingent spent a month in England before crossing to Helsinki for the Games. And during that month Landy turned in times that made us all sit up and take notice.

First he ran a mile in 4.10, then clocked a sizzling 3.54 for two miles . . . and both times were run on accurately measured tracks.

Determined to improve himself, Landy devoted all his spare time at Helsinki to studying the methods of the European runners. In particular he watched Zatopek. And he changed his style accordingly.

In his Australian runs Landy's arms had always

seemed to be an encumbrance to him. But after studying Zatopek's style he began to carry his arms higher, thus making full use of them.

We hadn't really expected John to do much at Helsinki . . . and he didn't either. But he DID learn from others, and what a difference it made to him.

BACK in Australia again he intensified his training . . . put everything into his workouts that he had learned from the foreign stars.

His first run was in an interclub mile which he won in 4.17. But he ran so easily that we began to expect big things from him.

We didn't have to wait long. The very next Saturday, before a three-miler, he told us he thought he'd take about 14min 20sec.

But when they called "0.17" as his time at two miles he decided to go all out for the remaining mile. He crossed the line exactly 14 minutes after the start to set new national figures.

It was almost unbelievable how fresh he was at the finish. He pulled up right by us and could speak clearly. He wasn't even breathing heavily.

Landy wouldn't have blown a candle out as he said, "I had no intention of setting a record. However, I was running so freely that on learning my time at two miles I decided to push on and try to better 14 minutes."

Then came Landy's first SENSATIONAL mile run. For he shot over the distance in 4.2 to make world headlines.

That was in December, 1952, and his record for the year read: 880 yards, 1.54.2; 1500 metres, 3.53.4; one mile, 4.2.1; 2000 metres, 5.23.6; 3000 metres 8.14; two miles, 8.54; three miles, 14min.

His mile time was the fastest anywhere in the world during 1952. This run was all the more

meritorious because he took the lead right from the start, set his own pace, and ran all alone right out in front all the way.

There was no one to set a stiff pace for him . . . no challenger at his shoulder pushing him on to a faster clocking as he ran down the final straight.

And since then it has always been that way. Landy has been so supremely head and shoulders above everybody else that he's had to become a lone front-runner . . . a man who has had to study lap times and gauge his own ability to stick as closely as possible to a prearranged lap-time schedule.

All this doesn't make it any easier for him. LANDY continued on his record-breaking way during 1953. Seldom did he return slower than 4.4 over the mile, and he chalked up records at other distances, too.

During 1953 he chalked up the world's fastest mile for the year (for the second year in succession) by clocking a neat 4.2. He was the world's seventh fastest (with 9.1.2) over two miles, and was third fastest 1500-metre runner with 3.44.4, only 2-10ths of a second slower than America's best, Wes Santee.

And Santee's best mile of 4.2.4 was 4-10ths slower than Landy's effort at that distance.

Then one Thursday night in January this year, a big crowd turned out in Melbourne to watch Landy make an attempt on the magical four-minute mile.

Conditions were perfect for the run. There was no wind . . . and, despite what American critics many thousands of miles away might misguidedly say, THERE WERE NO EXCUSES BY LANDY WHEN HE FAILED by only 2.7sec to run four minutes for the distance.

Landy merely said, "I felt well. I had every chance. I don't think I'm the man to run a mile in

OFF JOHN LANDY'S BACK ?

asks ARTHUR THORN

four minutes!"

Could anybody find a word of excuse in that statement?

Then came Landy's run in the Australian Mile Championship at the Sydney Cricket Ground, on February 11, 1954. Finland's Denis Johansson was in the field and it was hoped he would push Landy to the four-minute mark.

Johansson had recently run 4.4 behind Wes Santee in America, but in Australia he was running out of season and had had insufficient time to acclimatise and train.

It is enough to say this fine Finnish sportsman came here to help Landy get the record. That Johansson at no stage offered any challenge to Landy is not a criticism . . . he just could not get the condition in time to run such a fast mile.

Now, as the "Dragnet" man would say, here are the FACTS.

It rained solidly for two days before the meet. Some experts said the rain-sodden track would cost Landy ten seconds. I prefer to disagree. I consider the track was "holding" and would have had little or no effect on the time.

BUT I do consider that the strong wind blowing down the final straight did cost Landy at least seven seconds and a chance of a 3.58 mile.

AMERICAN sports commentator "Red" Smith (who was in New York and didn't see the run) rushed into print and said that Landy was a better alibi-artist than a miler.

For Mr. Smith's benefit I say, "Boloney! I have never heard Landy offer an excuse or alibi in his life."

I talked to Landy behind the Members' Stand before the mile. Never once did he complain about the track or the wind . . . although it was obvious that the lad was worried by the conditions he was going to face.

And even after the race Landy never uttered a single excuse.

His 4.5.6 for the mile was the greatest run I have ever seen . . . and I have seen all the great runs in this country since

the Empire Games of 1938.

When the gun went for the start of the mile, Landy, who started second man in from the outside fence, soon settled into fifth place.

The first quarter passed in 55sec, with Landy doing 60. Early in the second circuit Landy moved up to the pacemaker and passed the half-mile in a shade over two minutes.

At the three-quarters of a mile Landy's call was 3.3 and he was almost the length of the straight ahead of his nearest rival. To run a four-minute



JOHN LANDY races to the tape in a characteristic finish.

LANDY, continued

mile he had to run a last quarter of 57... a feat that was simply impossible in view of the strong wind and lack of pacemaking to spur him on.

All through that final quarter the crowd screamed itself hoarse as Landy simply ate up the ground with those long strides of his.

Leaving the final curve for the run home, Landy sneaked a quick look over his left shoulder. He was obviously expecting the challenge of Denis Johansson.

But Johansson was not there. He was, in fact, 120 yards behind in second last place.

It was a frankly puzzled Landy who straightened up for the run, against the wind, to the tape. That he got there in 4.5.6 is now athletic history.

LET'S get back to the attacks by the Americans. Castigating Landy, Oscar Fraley said, "It is beginning to appear that the only way Landy will run a mile in four minutes is downhill and with a wind behind him."

"Red" Smith put in his condemnation. "Doesn't Landy know that if a wind is blowing against you in one straight it is helping to push you down the other side of the track?" he said.

It is quite obvious that neither of these two gentlemen knows much about running.

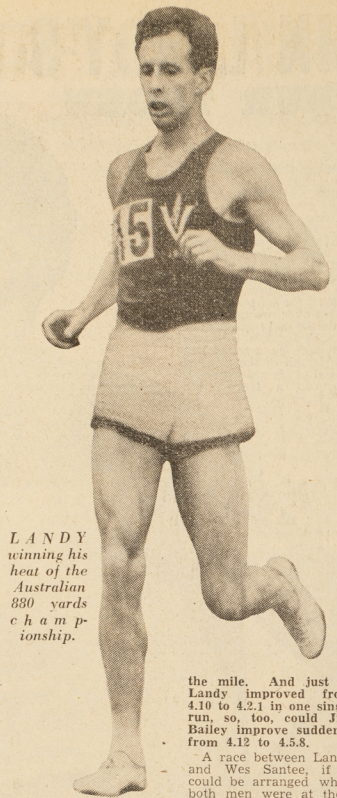
Ask any runner of experience and he'll tell you that whatever benefit you get from having the wind behind you on one straight is negligible compared with what it takes out of you to battle against it on the other side of the track.

With the wind you can run relaxed, but against it you feel there is an invisible enemy pushing you back, your legs feel like lead, and you gasp as you try to suck in air to feed your tortured lungs.

For the sake of our American friends I feel it should be revealed that the official wind gauge, manned by an expert operator, certified that the wind during Landy's run was blowing at 15 mph.

Experts said this 15 mph wind cost Landy seven seconds and a 3.5.6 mile. I believe them.

In England, distance runner Gordon Pirie said, "Landy is a fantastic runner who is sure to reach



LANDY winning his heat of the Australian 880 yards championship.

the mile. And just as Landy improved from 4.10 to 4.2.1 in one single run, so, too, could Jim Bailey improve suddenly from 4.12 to 4.5.8.

A race between Landy and Wes Santee, if it could be arranged when both men were at their peak, would be worth going miles to see.

BORN on April

dy will be 24 this year. Unless he prematurely retires to devote his time to his future career (he is an agricultural science student at Melbourne University), he will have many years of top-line competition ahead of him yet.

He is 5 feet 11 inches tall and normally weighs 10 stone 12 pounds. In his condition for the supreme effort he comes down to about 10.4.

At school (Malvern Grammar, in Melbourne) he was basically a sprinter and won all the sprint titles from under 11 to under 14.

In his final year at

school (1948) he won the Associated Public Schools' open mile title in 4.43.8 and was runner-up in the half-mile in 2.5.9.

Neither of these runs gave any pointer to his brilliant future.

Leaving school, he joined Geelong Guild Athletic Club, but his times were so poor (he couldn't do better than 4.35 for the mile then) that he gave up athletics for football.

It was not until he was introduced to famous athletic coach Percy Cerutti that his interest in athletics revived. He joined Cerutti's tough coaching class and began to improve at once.

In no time at all he began filling the runner-up's role to giant Don Macmillan. Early in 1952 he threw everything into an effort to gain Olympic selection.

At that, he was lucky to make the trip. The Olympic selectors had set a qualifying standard of 3.53 for 1500 metres and 4.10 for one mile. If a runner couldn't run those times, then he was not selected.

Cerutti set Landy a tough winter program to get him fit for a 4.10 qualifying standard mile, but the best the runner could do was 4.11, missing by a single second.

However, Landy did get within the 1500 metres standard, thus gaining selection in sixteen places for the Games, provided he could raise his own expenses.

Landy neither smokes nor drinks. Nor does he diet, his only rule being to avoid fatty foods.

Completely natural and unaffected by his success, he is rather "casual" to talk to. He talks about other runners, but not himself.

John won't comment on his future prospects. "I don't know just what my body can stand up to," he says.

He runs an average of from 40 to 50 miles each week in training. His training periods are followed by about three hours' studying each night for his agricultural exams. He seldom gets more than six hours' sleep any night.

He knows that a four-minute mile requires a first half of not more than two minutes. So far he's had to provide his own pace to do this. Let's hope that he'll soon get some top-class American or European rivals who can give him the incentive to push himself to a new world record even faster than that long-awaited four-minute mile.

YOUNG GARY CHAPMAN

A record breaker at 15!

By KEN HENDERSON

"When youthful Gary swam half a mile in less than 10 minutes he became the fourth fastest man of all time at the distance."

WHEN 15-year-old Gary Chapman set an Australian 880 yard swimming record of 9min 54.5sec he didn't surprise his coach, Frank Guthrie.

In half a dozen casual trials in the weeks before the NSW half-mile championship, Chapman had clocked just over 10min.

Those times were exceptional for a junior who holds the National 440 yards title and record and the junior 220 and 440 yards records.

When Chapman won in 9min 54.5sec, he clipped 12.8sec from the Australian record of 10min 7.3sec that Barry Darke had established in the fast Dee Why pool two years earlier.

Keen Sydney judges claimed Chapman's time—set in the slow Banks-town pool—would have been worth 9min 48sec if the swim had been staged at the North Sydney Olympic Pool.

During Chapman's great swim he also established a new 550 yards record of 6min 10.8sec, which is 7sec faster than Barry Darke's previous record.

The only men to swim the 880 yards faster than Chapman are John Marshall (9min 37.5sec), Ford Konno and Bill Smith.

Unlike John Marshall, he thrives on competitive swimming. He is the "Big Occasion" type.

Chapman, like all distance swimmers, is a colossal sleeper and eater.

Chapman will meet South African P. J. Duncan and British swimmer R. Wardrop at the British Empire Games in Vancouver.

The Empire Games will be held this year from July 30 to August 7.

Swimming times and

he came home over the final lap half a second better than he was supposed to do.

"Chapman is a freak swimmer, and I am certain that he is on his way to cracking quite a few world records.

"He's the greatest distance swimmer the world has seen."

Now the Australian swimming officials are thinking in terms of Olympic victories when Chapman's name is mentioned.

Very soon Chapman will have to make a decision concerning his Olympic objectives.

He has the choice of two events—the 400 or 1500 metres.

Chapman could compete in both events, although the double is very hard to land.

Gary Chapman will be 17 at the time of the Melbourne Olympic Games in 1956.

He is such a casual young man that there is very little chance of him becoming stale by excessive swimming.

Chapman, like all distance swimmers, is a colossal sleeper and eater.

Chapman will meet South African P. J. Duncan and British swimmer R. Wardrop at the British Empire Games in Vancouver.

The Empire Games will be held this year from July 30 to August 7.

Swimming times and



GARY CHAPMAN... will still only be 17 by the time of the 1956 Olympics.

conditions could materially change before the 1956 Melbourne Olympic Games.

The amazing improvement in standards at Helsinki was certainly not predicted, either in Australia or abroad. Coaches certainly expected new records, but to have the 1500 metre figure reduced by a margin of 43sec, the 400 metres by 11sec, and the 4 x 200 metres relay by 15sec was quite unexpected.

THE general opinion now is that the 1948 standards were a false level resulting from the interruption to sporting activities occasioned by the war—it will be recalled that only a slight improvement on the 1936 figures (12 years earlier) occurred.

Another outstanding feature was that, in the 1500 metres event, it was necessary to break the existing Olympic record to qualify for the final and the winning time for the 400 metres in 1948 (4min 41sec) became almost the qualifying time for the 1952 final insofar as four swimmers bettered or equalled the 1948 figures.

The real surprises were Boiteux (of France) and Konno, who, although he had some excellent performances in

America to his credit, was never expected to raise the 1500 metres standard to 18min 30sec.

Konno's sensational efforts at Helsinki in 1952 suggest other stars may arise before the 1956 Melbourne Games.

Since the 1952 Olympics no country has produced a better young swimmer than the current Sydney star.

In the New South Wales 880 yards title Murray Rose was second and Devitt third. Behind them came J. Donohoe (10min 22.8sec), Murray Garretty (10min 29.8sec) and Brian Elliott (10min 36.2sec).

Chapman and Parretty are each 15 and Rose and Elliott are 14.

Hawaiian Olympic swimming champion Ford Konno recently set a world record for the 220 yard freestyle of 2min 4.8sec.

Konno, who was swimming for Ohio University against Indiana University, also captured the National Collegiate Athletic Association record for the 440 yard freestyle from Marshall.

Konno's time was 4min 30sec.

Chapman has swum 43.93 in the quarter. Three years younger than Konno, he should eventually beat both the Hawaiian's records.



CRICKET IS DEAD

I would like to take Corporal Smith (of Laverton) to task over some rare statements he makes in the old Rules v. Rugby argument.

Firstly, Cpl. Smith claims that Rules is the major winter sport in five out of six States. All I can say is, prove it.

The facts are that Rules is played in a very small way in Sydney and has a good following in Brisbane metropolitan area only.

Also, Rules is played in southern NSW, which is not so strange. Cpl. Smith quotes Tocumwal and Albury as being followers of the Australian game.

Now, I ask you, Cpl. Smith, did you really expect Rugby to be strong that close to Melbourne? By the simple reason of their remoteness from Sydney and their nearness and consequent interest in Melbourne's activities, they naturally are influenced toward the southern game.

To emphasize, I will point out that Tocumwal is 159 miles from Melbourne and about 450 miles from Sydney. Albury is 190 miles from Melbourne and 400 miles from Sydney.

The very fact that Rugby is played in Albury is, in my opinion, a reflection on Australian Rules.

Another interesting point is that the combined population of the two Rugby States is some few thousand greater than the total population of the remaining Rules States (1951 census).

Again, the corporal quotes Rules as being the favorite game in World War II.

I served for some time

with the 2/48 Aust. Inf. Batt. (primarily a South Australian unit) and I say this sincerely that in the three and a half years with that and other units I never at any time saw a Rules game played. I do not even remember anyone mentioning the game.

But I played in and saw quite a few League games. However, so much for the southern game, which has no further place in this letter.

I think the Australian Cricket Board of Control must seriously consider making the Melbourne Cricket Ground the permanent venue for two Tests in the future.

Melbourne has always doubled Sydney's cricket crowds and is obviously the mainstay of cricket in this country.

Cricket has definitely died a natural death here. It has no club following whatever and drew a paltry 4000 to the NSW v. WA game and 13,000 on a perfect day to the NSW v. Victoria game.

My greatest sporting thrill was watching Clive Churchill, with a bad ankle, cut the St. George dragon-killers to ribbons in last year's grand final.

What a phenomenal player this Churchill is. He has a combination of brilliance, toughness, gameness, and killer instinct (the last quality never fails to make the crowd roar) that I have never seen equaled.

The wonder of it all to me is Churchill's small physique. He certainly seems to be a freak.

Finally, I hope that the League selectors this year rely on the experienced players to battle against the Englishmen.

Experience matters a lot — the big occasion

Palmer, Richards and Jack Carroll to have beaten Darcy.

Overseas, I'd name Harry Greb to swipe Les Darcy.

The following is my team:
JOHN T. CAHILL,
10 Buffalo Avenue,
Woodlands Park,
South Australia.

BLASTS BAUMGART

On behalf of myself and a lot more in the back country, I would like to offer appreciation of your fine magazine, Sports Novels.

We see little or no sport so Sports Novels is always a welcome addition in the old Rules v. Rugby argument (some-times packhorse mail). One of the most popular features is the Editor's Mailbag section.

One of the favorite topics concerns cricket teams and cricketers (Test teams that is) often spoiled for the players of the State to which the writers belong.

A classic example of this was a letter you published from A. Y. Baumgart, 32 Milton St., Maryborough, Qld.

In his side the only true spinner named was Brian Flynn (admitting Bill Johnston spins, but likes a wet wicket).

What has Flynn ever done? Until he masters speed and length and flight can he really gain selection?

Short-pitched balls and full-tosses won't win Test matches. Let Flynn have time to develop. At present, Roxby seems more likely as a leg-spinner.

Mr. Baumgart apparently doesn't consider an off-spinner is needed, the logical choice, of course, being Ian Johnson.

As a leg-spinner, Benaud is improving and on his batting alone should make the side.

Grout will have to wait for Langley's place for a while yet.

If Bill Johnston doesn't stand up to the heavy season next year his only true successors (if chosen on ability with the ball) would be H. Price, of WA, or H. Lambert, of Vic.

Alan Davidson seems lacking against good batsmen even though Hutton is one of his victims.

Sugar Ray may have been the greatest welter champ, but he certainly didn't rate as high as that in the middle division.

Also, Mr. Park, why do you think Les Darcy was so great?

The Mailtland fighter may have been as good as a bull, but I'd pick Dave Sands, Henneberry,

brings the best out in the good ones.

JACK MANNING,
70 Phillip St.,
Bondi, NSW.

DEMPSEY SCARED?

I write regarding the letter of K. Crowley in the February issue. This letter shows how remarkably naive is the view in which Mr. Crowley regards boxing.

So Dempsey was scared of Tunney? Well, now, if the Mauler has ever been afraid of any man that he has come against, whether in a bare knuckled brawl or in the ring, I'll offer myself as a target for the sharpshooters at the nearest rifle range to this city.

Jack was too stiff in the legs to get near Tunney most of the time in both their fights.

Gene will tell you himself that he back-pedaled at a furious pace after he'd gotten off the canvas after the famous long count.

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Sugar Ray may have been the greatest welter champ, but he certainly didn't rate as high as that in the middle division.

Also, Mr. Park, why do you think Les Darcy was so great?

The Mailtland fighter may have been as good as a bull, but I'd pick Dave Sands, Henneberry,

feared it will depend on the ability of our batsmen to get runs against the English attack before a place can be found for Bill.

The following is my team:

A. Morris, G. Hallebone, G. Hole, N. Harvey, K. Miller, R. Benaud, R. Archer, R. Lindwall, I. Johnson, G. Langley, W. Johnston and J. Hill, 12th man.

When I look at the batting in that side I think it looks brittle.

When you also consider young Ray Harvey, Les Favell, Ron Briggs and a likely sweet anchor like Ken McKay, what a job the Australian selectors have.

As regards Mr. Baumgart's choice of Ken Archer, it is strange, one-eyed choosing I think but, of course, there are many more who can't see past Archer as an opener.

It would be interesting to see what Mr. Baumgart's remarks would be — and many other Ken Archer, Brian Flynn fans, too.

GERRY ASH,
Victoria River Downs
Station, via Katherine,
Northern Territory.

THE ROBINSON VERSUS SANDS WRANGLE

In the February issue of Sports Novels, Mr. Park has ridiculed and criticised my remarks which appeared in a previous issue.

Mr. Park says it is a fact that Robinson had an off night in his second encounter with Olson.

Who told you, Mr. Park? I could just as easily say that it is a fact that Olson had an off night in their first battle.

Mr. Park, evidently, doesn't agree with me that Chub Keith and Ron Toohy were carried by Sands.

He says it is very stupid. Well, I think any person with commonsense who witnessed or even listened to these fights must agree he carried these fighters.

Even though he stopped both Toohy and Keith, Mr. Park says that these fights didn't go over too good in the States.

Supposing Sands had stopped Keith and Toohy in the first round, do you think those victories would have gone over good in the States?

Perhaps they would have become a little more scared, and that's about all. It still would not have got a world title shot for Sands.

Mr. Park says, "No one ever gave Ray Robinson a pounding." The again, Mr. Park, Ray Robinson

didn't fight the giants Dave Sands crossed gloves with, The poundage Dave Sands fought would probably double that of Sugar Ray.

Let me quote, Mr. Park: "Does Mr. Sutton honestly believe that a great fighter could be beaten by men like that at any part of his career?"

Does he think that, just because a boxer was beaten a few times in the early part of his career, he was not a great boxer—even when that same boxer has flattened men who were too tough for the supposedly mighty Robinson to remove from their perpendicular.

Mr. Park sure went back a long way to rake up those defeats of Dave Sands. If he had gone back much farther, he would have found where Dave lost a few fights when still in rompers.

When he lost to Myers he was 17. McNamee, Brown and Marr beat him just after he turned 18. He had only 20 days earlier celebrated his 21st birthday when Jackson beat him. Besides, he reversed all these decisions, except with McNamee, with whom he never fought a return.

So why should you say that because Dave Sands lost a few points decisions when he was 17 and 18, he was not a great fighter? Why, Mr. Park, why?

The men you name as all-time greats and they were all-time greats, were all beaten a few times early in their careers.

Toward the ends of 1916 Jack Downey outpointed Jack Dempsey. The following year the Manassa Mauler was knocked out in the first round by Jim Flynn at Salt Lake City.

Further still, at San Francisco the following year Willy Meehan got the pat against Dempsey in a bout which went the distance. Yes, Mr. Park, Jack Dempsey lost these bouts, but it didn't stop him becoming one of the greatest heavyweights of all time.

Jack Johnson, regarded as the greatest heavy-weight of all time, was stopped counted out in the early part of his career.

A chap who called himself Klondike was the first to do the trick. That was at Chicago in 1899. The following year, Joe Choynski administered the treatment, and he only needed three rounds to demolish Johnson.

And Mickey Walker, another one of the fighters you mention, also tasted defeat early in his

career. In 1919, he was knocked out in the first round against Phil Demont.

Louis Bogash and Jock Malone both outpointed him at Boston in 1922. Yet, on occasions, this same fighter has been referred to as the greatest middleweight ever.

Please note that I am not stating "so-and-so" was the greatest heavy-weight, or "so-and-so" was the greatest middle-weight. I'm only quoting what other people have said. Which brings to mind Mr. Park's final remarks, in which he says, "Now, if Mr. Sutton compares Dave Sands with Ray Robinson, he must rate him an all-time great—which means he must think he was a better fighter than Les Darcy."

Why bring Les Darcy into this argument? I thought this was Robinson v. Sands, not Sands v. Darcy.

I think it is impossible to compare two boxers of different boxing eras. As a result, I would refrain from giving my opinion regarding these boxers.

Evidently, from the way he writes, Mr. Park considers Ray Robinson a greater fighter than Les Darcy. I'm not entering that argument, but there are plenty of people who would accommodate Mr. Park.

Mr. Park says that great fighters are born, not made. Perhaps in that he is right, but, made or born, Dave Sands turned out to be a good enough fighter to trouble men who extended Ray Robinson.

In his letter, Mr. Park compares the two boxers in an utterly ridiculous statement, in which he says, "Dave Sands was reading comics and riding horses when Ray Robinson was fighting on street corners for pennies, etc."

What on earth has all this rubbish got to do with Sands' boxing ability pitted against Robinson's? Even if he did win the "Golden Gloves" twice, it doesn't prove Robinson could have beaten Sands.

—C. J. SUTTON,
Cassowary St.,
Longreach, Q'land.

MORRIS SHOULD BE DROPPED

I agree with Gordon Greerbank that Arthur Morris should be dropped from the Australian team. Morris, over the past two or three seasons, has been a complete flop.

Colin McDonald is too risky a player to keep in the Australian team, a good bowler knows his

weakness, the off stump.

The two new openers should be Ron Briggs and Les Favell. If one of these players is dismissed early, Neil Harvey would most likely be sent in.

But Harvey is too risky a player to send in against a fairly new ball — he plays far too many balls to the slips and is likely to lose his wicket.

The logical first replacement is Keith Miller, with Harvey coming in next. G. Hole would come in after Harvey to add batting strength.

Here are my selections on present-day form for the Australian team for the next series.

Briggs, Favell, Miller (captain), Harvey, Hole (vice-captain), Benaud, Davidson, R. Archer, Flynn, Langley, Hoosnell, Wilson, Dansie (12th man).

I include both Benaud and Flynn in the team. Flynn would be used as the leg-spinner, while Benaud would make the team as a batsman who could also bowl if needed.

I would drop B. Johnston and include Ken Hoosnell, the South Australian left-hand speed-bowler who in his third Shield match took 12 wickets for 182 runs. Johnston's bad knee is too risky to chance.

My dropping of Lindwall might raise a protest from some critics, but Ray is far past his prime.

The speed-bowler would fall on the shoulders of Archer, Davidson and Hoosnell.

Miller could bowl if needed, but should save himself for his batting. Langley is obvious choice as wicketkeeper, though some knowalls say Grout will get the position. But Grout is not in the same class as Langley, whatever our Queensland friends say.

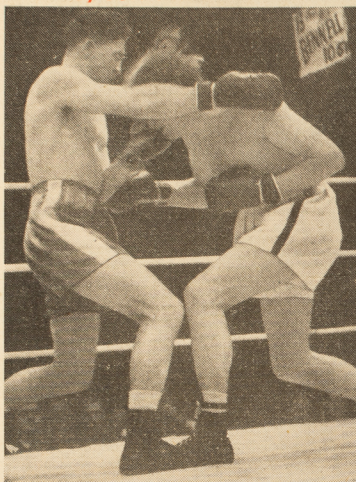
I would include off-spinner Wilson, who would be a much-needed bowler in the Australian team.

Johnston was never a great off-spinner, as his performance against England in the last Test showed.

Neil Dansie is my choice as 12th man. He is an excellent out-fielder, a useful leg-spinner, and most of all a lovely batsman with a great essential — guts. His 130 against Victoria this season was a truly great innings considering that he could hardly walk a step due to muscle he pulled in his thigh.

... BERNARD McRAE,
62 O.G. Rd.,
Kronmiller,
South Australia.

• PART FIVE OF OUR
BOXING CAVALCADE
"From Palmer to Patrick"
By JOHN MATTHEWS



THE ill-fated promotion of the fight between Australia's wizard of the ring in those days, Jack Carroll, and Barney Ross for the official world's welterweight title on Sydney Sports Ground in 1936 has been described, as "The Phantom Fight".

There was amazing ballyhoo. But the fight did not take place.

This was followed (on September 4, 1943) by what I may describe as still "Another Phantom Fight" — that between Vic Patrick and Hockey Bennell at Sydney Stadium for the Australian welterweight championship.

As in the Carroll-Ross fight, there was much ballyhoo. But the fight did take place!

The promotion of this fight will for ever remain one of the mysteries of the fight game — because those who were on the "inside" of the negotiations that led to it are never likely to spill the beans.

I believe there are quite a few beans to spill.

DURING a whole year

before Patrick and Bennell met in the ring there was waged a heated controversy as to who was the reigning champion.

Stadiums Ltd. persisted that Patrick was the official champion through his defeat of Ron McLaughlin in 1942.

Leichhardt Stadium was just as adamant that Bennell was the champion through his defeat of Jack McNamee back in 1938.

The tangle of the titleholder was really brought about when Hockey Bennell, who in 1941 was recognised by Stadiums Ltd. as the welter champion, was knocked out in the eighth round of a non-title fight in Melbourne by Terry Reilly.

Both boxers were within the welterweight limit and the Melbourne manager of Stadiums Ltd. officially declared Terry Reilly the champion under the rule that if the champion is knocked out in a fight where both opponents are under the weight limit he loses his title.

The rule seems fair enough, and it is applied universally.

However, Bennell refuted the claim and trans-

LIGHTWEIGHT TITLE
DISPUTE CAUSED FARCE
OF TWO "CHAMPIONS"
IN ONE DIVISION . . .

IT TOOK 18 MONTHS TO GET BENNEL AND PATRICK IN RING

HOCKEY BENNEL (right) drives in with a vicious right to the body only to find Patrick has cleverly blocked the blow with his elbow.

ferred all his fighting to Leichhardt Stadium, which announced him as still the champion.

In the meantime, Reilly was beaten by Ron McLaughlin for his title, and in April, 1942, Patrick beat McLaughlin for the same title.

Stadiums Ltd. duly announced Patrick as the official champion.

Then the dogs of the fight game began to bark. A wordy warfare was carried on in the Australian Press.

But one bright day somebody suggested the only way to settle the argument was to put the boxers in the same ring. But which ring? Sydney Stadium or Leichhardt Stadium?

Patrick would not fight at Leichhardt and Bennell would not fight at Sydney Stadium. Each mistrusted the other for a possible "double-cross" for some reason not defined.

In the meantime both boxers went merrily on their way, winning their respective fights and each acquiring a reputation for awesome ability neither deserved.

BENNEL defended his "title" so many times at Leichhardt that he must surely have lost count. At least it kept the fact potent before the public that he was still "the

reigning champion".

Stadiums Ltd. didn't seem to care two straws about Bennell's claims, nor did the management fall over itself to bring the boxers together.

Bennell had taken part in quite a few fights at Leichhardt which had caused the crowds to applaud and call "fisho" in turn—and it is possibly Stadiums Ltd. was not anxious to fumigate its building after a "Bennell fight".

This may have been ungenerous to Bennell, who, however, didn't seem to care what Stadiums Ltd. thought so long as he was acclaimed by at least one section of the public as the welterweight champion of Australia.

He was making plenty of money at Leichhardt. What mattered?

But the critics got close to the bone when, after a few fights at Leichhardt, Bennell was by almost unanimous acclaim accorded the distinction of being the best boxer in Australia, even if he was not the official champion.

This brought snarls from Patrick's manager, Ernie McQuillan, one of Australia's greatest fight managers of all time.

McQuillan started throwing challenges in the Press that Patrick would knock Bennell's block off inside five rounds.

The heat was on properly when one critic called the bluff!

It is understood he interviewed both boxers, who told him in turn they would fight.

Bennell said "yes". Patrick said "yes".

But the fight was as far off as ever.

Patrick said, "Yes, I will sign a contract to fight Bennell at Sydney Stadium."

Bennell said, "Yes, I will not sign a contract to fight Patrick but I will agree to fight him at Leichhardt Stadium."

BENNEL'S bluff, if such it could be termed, was in process of being called.

It was pointed out to him that a fight with Patrick would fill the Sydney Stadium to capacity, which in those times would be worth £1000 to each boxer.

It was pointed out that this was a lot of money and that under referee Joe Wallis he had nothing to fear in the nature of a "double cross".

Dozens of interviews followed. It was pointed out to the Leichhardt Stadium manager, Herb McHugh, that Sydney Stadium was the only possible stamping ground to settle the issue, that Leichhardt would not possibly hold the crowd.

It was also pointed out that the public of Australia was clamoring for the fight.

Eventually **McHugh** made his gesture to the public by announcing he was willing to release Bennell from Leichhardt Stadium to fight Patrick at Sydney Stadium.

The lure of gold was again dangled before the eyes of Bennell. "You will earn £1000, and the public wants you to prove you are Patrick's master!"

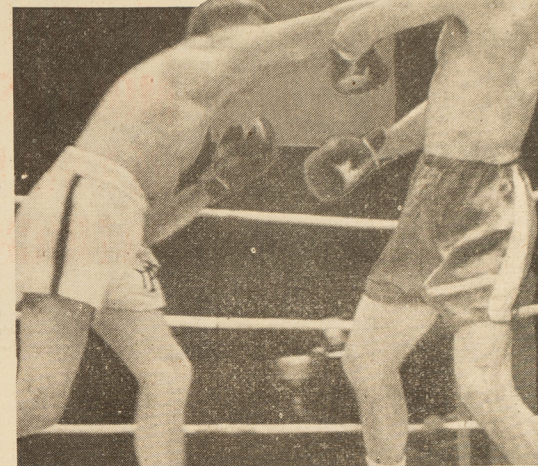
He was asked to swallow. Eventually, from out of the blue, came the announcement that Bennell had agreed to fight Vic Patrick at Sydney Stadium on September 4, 1943, for the Australian welterweight title!

The announcement was confirmed that night at Leichhardt Stadium when Bennell was in his corner of the ring waiting to fight Tommy Colteaux.

The announcement stunned the crowd of 5000 fans. "But what about the contract?" somebody roared out.

"Here is the contract,"

VIC PATRICK (right) sways backwards as he evades a right from Bennell. Patrick chased Bennell all round the ring. He was punching with venom against a fast copy-book boxer who lacked a punch.



a Pressman at the ringside said as he produced the official paper that Stadiums Ltd. had given him. The contract (which was already signed by Patrick) only required Bennell's signature.

The big bluff was on! "Come and sign this contract, Hockey," the Pressman called out.

Bennell immediately walked across the ring to the Press seat and, with dressing gown and gloves on, knelt on the canvas and duly signed the precious document!

The Leichhardt Stadium broke into pandemonium. The crowd had just received its greatest thrill in years.

It had witnessed a boxer, with his padded glove, signing an official contract inside the ring, on the canvas floor, to fight Patrick for the Australian welterweight title at Sydney Stadium on September 4, 1943.

THE contract was duly handed to Mr. Harry

Miller (manager of Stadiums Ltd.) who, after subsequent interviews and slight adjustments to the original contract, officially announced that the fight was on.

A large section of the public merely regarded the signing of the contract under such unusual circumstances as a "publicity stunt".

The Press laughed it to scorn—at least, that section of the Press that had missed out on the big scoop!

It was suggested the fight would never take place. But sure enough, despite all the scoffing and all the scolding, Hockey Bennell took his place in the Sydney Stadium ring to face up to Victor Patrick on the date agreed upon, September 4, 1943!

The house was at full capacity. Bleachers and ring-side buzzed with excitement.

A "needle fight", a "grudge fight", was about to be witnessed. Patrick bounced into

the ring looking quietly pale as though not knowing what fate had in store for him.

Bennell, on the other hand, eyed the 15,000 crowd from his corner seat with a look of feline suspicion. He was clearly upset. He did not know what was in store for him.

The referee, Joe Wallis commanded the boxers to come to the centre of the ring for the usual formalities.

Hockey Bennell advanced to the centre like a boy marching unwillingly to school. He looked sick around the ears. He couldn't raise a smile even under the feverish tickle of the huge purse that awaited him in the Stadium office.

The bell for the start of hostilities sounded.

Patrick moved in smartly. Bennell gracefully but fearfully danced around to avoid the first onslaught.

Patrick moved in still closer and, snapping off his left to the jaw,

A crowded stadium watched Bennell sign to fight Patrick!

THE BIG MOMENT

HOCKEY BENNELL is ordered across the ring by Joe Wallis and Dr. Ken Smith (pointing, asks Bennell to remove his right glove!

brought a look of startled fear upon Bennell's face. That first punch decided the fate of the fight. It hurt Bennell. It was the first full-blooded punch of this type he had taken in the years during which his brilliance was being acclaimed.

AND make no mistake about it, either. Hockey Bennell was a brilliant boxer, one of the most brilliant in point of style and technique the fight game has known.

But, as a fighter, his brilliance ended with a punch. Hockey Bennell was a superb artist with the gloves, but he was no Frankenstein.

Patrick, on the other hand, was not a superb artist with the gloves, but he was a Frankenstein with his punch.

Well, that first punch decided the issue. Like a startled hare, Bennell raced around the ring with the hunter after him. He positively refused to stand up and fight.

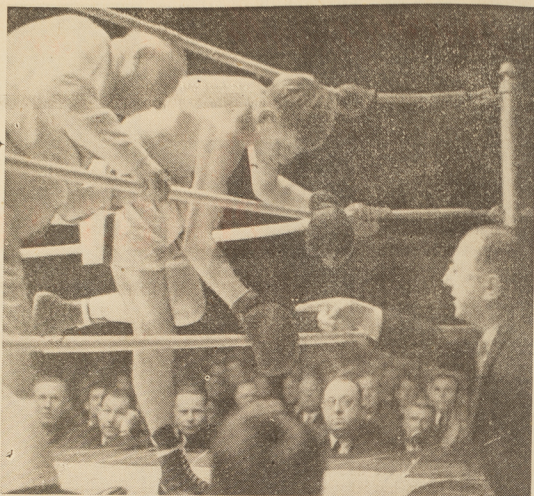
But he did flirt with his brilliant gloves, and in round three, as though he had been stung by a wasp, he treated the crowd to a rare feast of fast copybook punching which Patrick merely ate up, then came in for more to give more in return.

But it was merely "a Phantom Fight". Hockey Bennell was "the Ghost". He was never in the hunt.

Patrick pounded away with his bulldozing left jolts that nearly lifted Bennell's head from his shoulders. And did Patrick punch with venom, too.

Suspicious that he intended to fight "a stew" vanished like smoke in the air. Patrick was so superior that the fight was one-sided. It became a question of how soon it would end.

What an end it was, too! At the end of the sixth round there was a little ruffle of excitement in Bennell's corner. He was holding his gloved fist. He seemed to be in pain. Wallis was called across. "I've hurt my hand," Bennell said, "I cannot continue."



Wallis immediately stopped the fight and awarded the decision to Patrick by a technical knockout in the seventh round.

THE fight was over. The crowd was too bitterly disappointed to howl its head off. At least it was satisfied beyond all doubt that Patrick had himself proved in the ring, after months of bitter public controversy, that he was Bennell's master.

If the fight did nothing else, it put a stop to the absurdly nauseating wrangle over the rightful holder of the Australian welterweight title. But more was to follow!

It is understood that Bennell consulted his own doctor that night, an x-ray of the damaged hand was taken, and a day later a photograph of the x-ray revealing a fracture was published in the Press.

It was asserted by some malcontents that the x-ray photograph was a "phony", that it was the picture of an old fracture.

But the fact remains that for several weeks afterward Hockey Bennell did carry his hand in plaster in a sling, although the plaster did not prevent him from handling the nice sum of £1000 which was his end of the purse for the big fight.

It was a "Phantom

Fight" but it produced the goods for Hockey!

I would assert that from the first punch of the fight, no matter what subsequently happened to Bennell that night, he would never have beaten Patrick even if he had as many hands as a tarantula spider has legs. He was beaten on his merits from "go to whoa".

IT was presumed his defeat by Patrick would cause Bennell to hang up his gloves after a long and patchily-brilliant career.

Bennell began fighting away back in 1932 as an amateur, when he was runner-up in the NSW bantamweight championship.

He won the NSW amateur lightweight title in 1934, the NSW and Australian amateur lightweight championships in 1935, the NSW and Australian amateur welterweight championships in 1936.

He was regarded as a moral certainty to represent Australia at the Berlin Olympic Games, but was unexpectedly beaten by Rusty Cook.

Bennell turned professional in 1936. When he fought Patrick he had been "up" seven years.

But Hockey Bennell at 26 years of age was not "through". There was money still to be won in the ring.

And so, 10 months after his "Phantom Fight" with Victor Patrick, he was again in the ring... and on the road back, too!

He had a sequence of good wins at Leichhardt from July, 1944, and, believe it or not, he was again brought in line for a shot at the welterweight title.

It happened this way. Patrick defended his newly-acquired welterweight title by knocking out Tommy Burns in the ninth round of a classic fight at Sydney Stadium on February 2, 1946.

But, despairing of getting opponents, Patrick relinquished his welterweight title, which automatically became vacant.

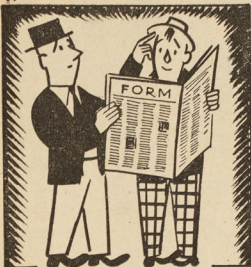
Bennell was the previous champion, and he immediately put in his stake. He was again the Australian welterweight champion!

But this time there was no shininess. Stadiums Ltd. immediately matched him with Tommy Burns on February 3, 1947. Sufficient to say that Burns knocked him out.

Hockey Bennell did very well out of the fight game. He subsequently got into the taxi business and now is a hotel licensee up country.

His fight with Vic Patrick, although one-sided, must be inscribed in the halls of fistic fame, if only for the circumstances herein noted.

David Glenville discovers



The PERFECT SYSTEM

£1552 won within 24 hours on £1 betting unit

DAVID GLENVILLE says:

"I have been checking and experimenting with Betting Systems for years. My famous Beaten Favorites System is well known to readers of Sports Novels.

"Now I have discovered what I consider to be THE PERFECT SYSTEM.

"I spent months of work checking, rechecking, and amending this System. When I was satisfied it was RIGHT, I decided to try it out with hard cash.

"On Friday, February 19th, I went to the Sydney night trotting meeting and operated this PERFECT SYSTEM. I bet on SEVEN RACES and got FIVE WINNERS. With a ONE POUND betting unit I WON £305 on the night.

"The following afternoon I went to Canterbury races and operated my PERFECT SYSTEM on both Canterbury and Caulfield races.

"I bet on FIVE RACES at Canterbury and got FIVE WINNERS.

"I invested on SIX RACES at Caulfield for FOUR WINNERS.

"I used a ONE POUND betting unit for both meetings. My Canterbury winnings came to £740 and the Caulfield 'collect' was £507.

"Just think of it. From one trotting meeting and two race meetings I had WON £1552 in less than 24 hours.

"THE PERFECT SYSTEM had got FOURTEEN WINNERS from only EIGHTEEN RACES.

STOP PRESS!
ANOTHER 35 MORE RACES—
27 MORE WINNERS

Saturday, February 27.
Rosehill postponed.
Flemington—7 races, 6 winners
Sydney Trots—7 races, 6 winners
Melbourne Trots—7 races, 4 winners
Wednesday, March 3.
Rosehill—7 races, 5 winners
Flemington—7 races, 6 winners

"And, although I did NOT bet on the Melbourne trotting meeting that same night, my PERFECT SYSTEM GOT SIX WINNERS ON A SEVEN EVENT PROGRAMME.

"I have examined many so-called Systems. Some have had logic behind them... but most have been duds. My PERFECT SYSTEM is far and away the BEST SYSTEM I HAVE EVER SEEN.

My PERFECT SYSTEM can be simply but effectively used at any horse, dog, or trotting meeting. It has won big money for me and will win BIG MONEY FOR YOU.

"I am prepared to reveal the complete details of my PERFECT SYSTEM for the small fee of £2/10/-. I will also include FREE OF CHARGE full details of how to operate an extremely successful alternative System, and also, STILL FREE OF ANY EXTRA CHARGE, a detailed simplified Staking Plan.

"Don't delay. While you procrastinate you are missing good winners and sure profits. There's no need to write a letter, just cut out the coupon on this page and post it to me, together with your cheque, money order, or postal notes to the value of two pounds ten shillings. Please also include a self-addressed stamped envelope for my reply.

"Send for my PERFECT SYSTEM today and I'll see that you get it back in plenty of time to start making big profits at the very next dog, trot, or horse race meeting.

CUT OUT AND POST

David Glenville, Room One,
49 Macquarie St.,
Parramatta, N.S.W.

Please send by return mail a complete report on your PERFECT SYSTEM and full details of how to operate the System. I enclose £2/10/- and a self-addressed stamped envelope for your reply.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

"quips and clips"

Items "WORTH MENTIONING" by the Editor

HERE'S one for the readers who have been having trouble naming the three placegetters in our Race From The Past.

The other day an 11-years-old girl came into Sports Novels' office with her father.

The child was standing by turf writer David Glenville's desk when she noticed a picture of a horse. "That's Manfred," she said.

Then she spied another picture. "That's Lime-ric," she said, and then added, pointing to another picture, "That's Peter Pan."

She was right all three times.

It turned out that the youngster, although only 11, is a fanatic about racehorses. She keeps a scrapbook that contains pictures of practically every good horse that ever raced.

Thinking to stump this juvenile wizard, Glenville showed her our Race From The Past picture. "I bet you don't know who won this," Dave said.

"Yes, I do," replied the child. "That horse is Bernborough and he won. But I don't know the other horses."

Not a bad effort. Although she didn't know the minor placegetters,

she was right in naming Bernborough and he was the winner.

NEXT month's Champions Of The Turf story will concern the great CARBINE.

What manner of horse was Carbine, that, even 64 years after he beat the largest of all Melbourne Cup fields, his memory has remained undimmed by the passing of time?

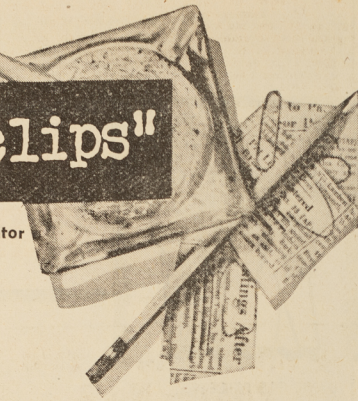
Every racing fan knows that Peter Pan and Archer are the only horses to ever win two Melbourne Cups. But how many know that a third name, that of Carbine, could morally be added?

For in the Cup of 1889 Carbine ran with a split heel, and, quite apart from the soreness of the painful injury, carried enough beeswax and binding (together with a special iron bar shoe) to anchor a ship.

Despite this handicap and lost on his back, Carbine still ran second, beaten only a length by Bravo.

The Carbine story will be told in all its graphic intensity by David Glenville in next month's Champions Of The Turf feature.

MANY people seem to look



upon jockeys as racing experts who know form backwards and have a second-to-none opinion of what will win.

They may be right—and they may be wrong. Champion American jockey Eddie Arcaro has very strong views on the matter. Recently he said: "I could make a fortune if the racing authorities would only let me 'make a book' among the jockeys in the room."

There you are, friends. That's what the champion thinks.

JUST a reminder! Next month veteran American boxing writer Oscar Doyle returns to our pages with his **ALL TIME WORLD HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXING RATINGS**.

There are few men in a better position than Mr. Doyle to write on this subject. Mr. Doyle has seen ALL the champions and his reasons for and

against the ranking of each man must be very interesting reading.

This fine feature article will be exclusive to Sports Novels NEXT MONTH.

IN case you missed last month's announcement, let's remind you about our new Super-Special Racing Service.

Our Service consists of a WEEKLY news release of horses to win. A coupon to obtain this service is published on this page each month.

The Super-Special Service is FREE, but each coupon covers only one week's release of the special information. Readers must also enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

The Super-Special Service, containing the names of horses ready to win at their next start in Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, is posted to readers every Wednesday morning.

Because this is a free weekly service, the racing information given cannot be published in Sports Novels.

To get the winners in four States, all you have to do is send us the coupon and your self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. We'll do the rest.

But don't forget... if you want to receive this Super-Special Service EVERY WEEK, you'll need four coupons. Each coupon covers only one week.

BACK in the summer of 1907 two 11-year-old kids fought a three-rounder in the backyard of the Silver Heel Club on Eighth St. on the lower East Side of New York.

The youngsters split a 50-cent purse... 30 cents to the winner, and 20 to the loser.

One of the kids was Benjamin Leiner... who said, "The other kid was called Shorty, I never knew his other name!"

You can read of the outcome of this fight, and many others, in the amazing story, "The Rise and Fall of Benny Leonard"

...to be published exclusively in Sports Novels next month.

Benny Leonard was one of the greatest of all the world's lightweight kings. His story should have ended when he retired as unconquered champion, but his fate was such that he had to go back into the ring again... to find death waiting there for him.

Don't miss this authentic story from the pen of Oscar Doyle, who will tell for the first time of many interesting highlights in the life of Benny Leonard, the only lightweight champion of the world to retire undefeated since Jack McAuliffe in 1896.

The Leonard story is just another exclusive Sports Novels' feature.

ALTHOUGH we never underestimate the amazing sporting knowledge of our readers, we really thought quite a few months would pass before anyone correctly named the three placegetters in our Race From The Past No. 1.

You can imagine our surprise when, only the day after Sports Novels' March issue was published, we received a correct entry from Mr. R. H. Lee, of Bradfield Park.

And in the very next mail we received two more correct entries.

from Mr. P. Powles, of 35 Parramatta Rd., Concord, and Mr. W. J. Clarke, of Rowena, a NSW country town.

The race was the Melbourne Stakes of 1946, won by the mighty Bernborough. In our picture, Attley was leading from Bernborough and Appos, while First In just managed to get its head in the picture.

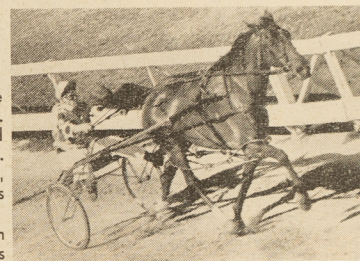
VICTORIAN athletes in Sydney for the championships stopped at Wesley College, at Sydney University. The day after the mile I phoned the Uni and asked to speak to John Landy.

Said the switchgirl, "Is he the constable or one of the students?" **LADY, DON'T YOU READ THE SPORTS PAGES?**

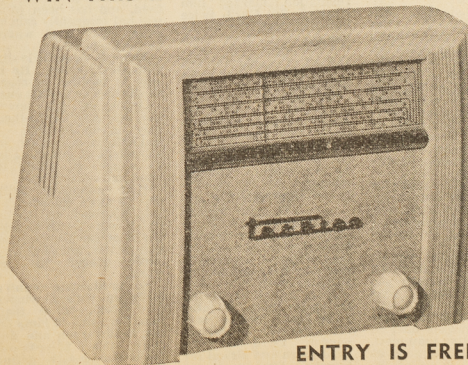
★ RACE FROM THE PAST — No. 2

★ First correct entry opened in Race From The Past No. 1 was sent in by Mr. R. H. Lee, 119b Hunter St., Bradfield Park, NSW, who wins the Tecnico radio. The race was won by Bernborough (1), from Attley (2) and Columnist, who was not in our picture.

★ This picture shows the winner of an important race. All you have to do is identify the winner and also name the horses who finished second and third. The first correct entry opened will receive the magnificent Tecnico 'All Round Sound' mantel radio pictured on this page. There is no entry fee, but every entry must be on the coupon published below.



YOUR SPORTING KNOWLEDGE COULD WIN THIS RADIO FOR YOU



ENTRY IS FREE

—COUPON—

"Race from the Past," c/o Sports Novels, 49 Macquarie Street, Parramatta, NSW.

In the race pictured in Sports Novels, I consider the runners finished in this order:

1st.....

2nd.....

3rd.....

My name and address is:—

Name

Address

CUT OUT AND POST TODAY

SPORTS NOVELS' SERVICE TO PUNTERS

The Racing Editor, Sports Novels, 49 Masquarie St., Parramatta, NSW.

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Garth Jones
races down
the line in the
Test at
Durban.



They call GARTH JONES the World's Greatest Winger!

By PAT FARRELL

"It took the South Africans to tell us that we had a winger to lead the world."

However, if you sit down and analyse the play of Jones and Levula, you can't help discovering that Garth has now got many qualities that big black Jo never even dreamed of.

Levula has a clear edge in speed (indeed he nearly won the Australian 100 yards with his 9.6 last February) but there his superiority over Jones comes to a full stop.

The Fijian has no idea of the importance of positional play. He wanders carelessly around the field, and has been (and will be) frequently caught yards away from where he ought to be.

There is no such laxity with Garth Jones. He is ever in position to repel an advance or to start one. Opponents get fewer tries on Garth's wing than they do on Levula's — and defence is as much an ingredient of greatness in a winger as ability to score hair-raising tries.

That defensive skill, plus a more knowledgeable approach to Rugby Union, puts Garth clearly ahead of Levula, and for that matter, ahead of any other winger in the world.

So, until some country turns up with a winger who works better than him, I'm going to jump on the bandwagon and declare this 22-year-old Queenslander to be definitely "the world's greatest winger".

When the colorful Fijians were here in 1952 I and many other enthusiasts thought we had seen the very ultimate in wingership in the person of Josefa Levula.

If at any time during the succeeding 12 months I had been asked to name the world's "greatest winger," I'd have gone head down and all out for Levula. That man was terrific.

see it will talk for years about Garth's wonderful last-minute try which gave the Wallabies victory in the second Test.

It must certainly have been a grand try. With Australia trailing by four points and the timekeeper reaching for the final bell, Garth gathered the ball near his own line and sped up the field like a racehorse.

He side-stepped, outran Springbok after Springbok, and raced clear to touch down beneath the goalposts, making conversion a certainty.

Every step of his long gallop, Garth was urged on by tumultuous cheering from thousands of spectators. Great sportsmen, the South Africans, even in moments of disappointment.

I saw Garth Jones play several times before the South African tour, and, to be frank, I could never see anything so special about him.

He was a good winger, sure, but if you look around hard enough you will find dozens of good wingers.

So, to my mind, Garth was just another one; a little bit better than most, and not quite as good as some.

But what a difference

"THE World's greatest Winger!" — that is about as nice a statement as any winger would care to have made about him, and it is the title conferred upon Queensland Rugby Union star, Garth Jones, at the end of the Wallabies' tour of South Africa last year.

Now, I always think it is one thing to have your own countrymen speak and write nice things about you, but it's altogether different, and infinitely more meritorious, when the praises come from the supporters of your international rivals.

Such is the case with Garth Jones. His title is the almost unanimous decision of experts both here and in South Africa, where they know their football perhaps even better than we do.

He played in a team which managed only to one win in four Tests, yet he turned in classy displays which sent South African writers into raptures of admiration for him.

Scarcely a report reached Australia during the tour that wasn't full of sky-high commendations of his ability as a winger. Those lucky enough to

Herbie Matthews, The Little Giant, Takes Over At South!

By DAMON MILLS

"When Herbie Matthews was at his peak he was five times winner of South Melbourne's best and fairest award. This year Matthews will try to coach South to premiership honors!"

I KNOW of no greater pleasure than to sit and listen to a man who speaks knowledgeably, intelligently and entertainingly.

And I spent one of the most pleasant hours of my life recently doing just that—listening while one of my all-time heroes of sport spoke to me in just that fashion.

The hero under immediate discussion was Herbie Matthews, five times winner of South Melbourne's best and fairest award and co-winner with Collingwood's Des Fothergill of the Brownlow Medal in 1940—at a time when that particular highly-coveted bauble was contested for by as brilliant a bunch of champions as football ever saw.

South's little giant hasn't changed much these days. His sloped-shouldered, thick-chested, slightly crouching build, so indicative of power and stamina, is just a few pounds lighter than when he was the king of League centre-men, and his mop of thick black curls still waves as riotously as ever above his square-cut jaw and keen wide-set eyes.

Listening to Matthews talk is sheer enchantment. This chunky athlete with the squat yet lithe body has a trenchant earthy way of expressing himself that has a gripping quality about it.

FOR instance, he believes that some good things in the game have been sacrificed for speed.

He says, "They're speed-happy today. They maintain speed's every-

thing. I don't agree.

"If you're a runner and you're running a hundred yards to win a race you've got to give it the barrel from the crack of the pistol, but in football it's different.

"For instance, if the ball's bouncing around you can't go charging up to it like Mel Patton trying to pass Herb McKen-

ley. "If you do that with a bouncing ball you'll over-run it, and that's what the crowd sees done an awful lot today.

"Players today also rarely steady themselves before they kick the ball up to their centre-forward. That's why centre-forwards aren't kicking so many goals today. They're not getting the ball right."

He shakes his head and says, "They could have taken a leaf out of the book of Alan Geddes, Richmond's great winger of the thirties. His delivery was perfect. When he kicked the ball it never came back."

Matthews, who was a great winger before he became a great centre-man, names Geddes and "Chicken" Smallhorn, of Fitzroy, as the best men he ever encountered on the wing.

Of the two, he places Smallhorn very slightly in advance of Geddes because of his speed and the fact that he was tallish and took a good mark.

Of all the centre-men he met Matthews names Alan La Fontaine, of Melbourne, as the best. He picks La Fontaine because of his powerful kicking, his brilliant back

moving, his sureness in the air, and his foxiness.

Marcus Whelan, of Collingwood, he names next because of his beautiful marking and good anticipation, and a lesser known player, Griggs, of Essendon, because of his determination.

"If," said Herb, "you could combine those three qualities in one centre-man — La Fontaine's kicking, Whelan's marking, and Griggs' determination—you'd have a player any club would practically swap their ground for!"

THIS year Herb takes over at South as coach. It will not be the first time he has handled the Southerners, as he also coached them for one season in 1939 — a year when South had lost all their mighty champions of the years just prior to that season, and Mat-



Herbie Matthews

thews was thus given an unenviable task.

Since he left South as a player in 1945, however, Herb has coached a top amateur side to two successive premierships and also handled South's seconds with great success last year.

South's little giant looks like having plenty of keen support at the lakeside ground this year.

He will also receive plenty right in his own home from his very attractive brunette wife, Rita, and his two budding centre-men in eleven-year-old Herb and eight-year-old Greg.

Matthews works as a low-tension linesman in the Victorian Railways, and I would venture a guess that some of last year's VFL finalists will be due for some high-tension shocks from the low-tension linesman and his men in red and white.

FAMOUS CRICKETERS... by John Matthews

No. 1: HERBIE COLLINS

No Test cricketer has ever had as many different nicknames as Herbert Collins. But "Lucky" is the one that stuck to him, even though, at times, he was really "Unlucky" Collins.

"LUCKY" Collins they used to call him in Test cricket. That was because Herbert Collins seemed to have a happy knack of heading the coin the right way when tossing for choice of innings. But the kids at the old "Sandhill" School, the nickname for the famous Albion St. Superior Public School, Paddington (Sydney), where Collins was a pupil about the years 1905-8, had another name for him.

They called him "Mauldy" Collins. The superior boys called him "Noll". It was always "Noll" until years later he qualified to play for the old Sydney District Club.

Collins had to wait until he won a place in the NSW interstate team after World War I before he acquired his personal nickname, "Herbie".

Later, in Test cricket, it was "Lucky" Collins.

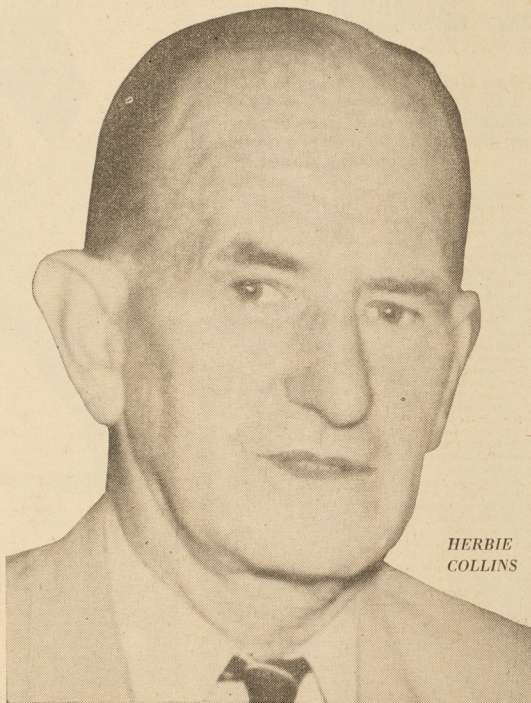
I do not suppose any Test cricketer has ever enjoyed so many different nicknames than Herbie Collins. He was always one of the boys, a popular personality with schoolmates, players and public.

As a youngster, Collins was a cricket fanatic. With the famous Bosward brothers (Rugby Union), "Mauldy" used to bowl his left-armers on the asphalt strip outside his classroom for an hour daily during luncheon.

After school, he and the Boswards hurried to a pitch in Moore Park, where they played until dark.

During the winter Collins was just as keen on Rugby Union football, and he became so proficient near the base of the scrum, with his nippy running and passing, that he qualified to play for Eastern Suburbs in the Rugby League.

A youngster who used to play "bung rules" with



HERBIE COLLINS

Collins in Moore Park was Harold Horder, who attended the same school.

The kids used to call him "Bailey" Horder. Later he became one of Australia's greatest Rugby League wingers of all time.

Still a couple of other schoolday mates of Collins were Les Coady and Reg Fusedale, who played for the rival school, Crown St., the Alma

Mater of the peerless batsman, Victor Trumper.

Les Coady was a good cricketer who later transferred to Melbourne, where he became a leading player for years with Fitzroy.

Reg Fusedale was a good school cricketer and footballer. Later he played cricket for St. George, was secretary of the St. George Rugby

League Club, and for years was a member of the NSW Rugby League.

I have mentioned these names to show that "Lucky" Collins blossomed at a school and in a period that produced schoolboy champions.

THE 1914-15 season, war came and Collins, who already had proved a very good left-hand bowler

HERBIE COLLINS

... Continued

and a very dour right-hand batsman, joined up. The war over, he was chosen in 1919 to lead the AIF cricket team that subsequently gave to Australia some of the best cricketers we have had.

On the AIF tour Collins completed "the double," he scored 1000 runs and took 100 wickets.

He was now ripe for the big stuff of cricket. Even in those days of 1919, Collins, who was then 30 years old, had the sober front of the opening batsman for which later he became famous.

He was never known to smile, and he acquired still another nickname, "Poker-face" Collins.

Well, in 1920 J.W.H.T. ("Johnny won't hit today") Douglas led the English team to Australia and Collins became an automatic choice for the Tests.

Collins confirmed his great ability and joined the small but illustrious band of batsmen who scored a century in their first Test match against England.

He made 70, run out, in the first innings and 104 in the second innings at Sydney in 1920-21. The unfortunate run out robbed him of the still greater distinction of a century in each innings of his third Test. Then it was "Unlucky" Collins!

Possibly the great South Australian left-hander Clem Hill had even greater misfortune. Hill made 98 and 97 at Adelaide in 1901-02. By a coincidence, both Collins and Hill later in life became stipendiary stewards!

HOWEVER, in his first series of Tests in Australia against England, Collins made another 162 in the third Test, and finished up with the highest aggregate of 557 runs at an average of 61.88 an innings.

He went to England with a great team of stalwarts led by the late Warwick Armstrong, right-hand batsman and right-hand spin bowler, one of the greatest all-rounders Australia has produced.

Armstrong's team, I believe, would have whipped the tail off any team that ever represented Australia.

Just glance at the names. W. W. Armstrong

(captain), W. Bardsley, H. L. Collins, C. G. Macartney, J. Ryder, E. R. Mayne, J. M. Gregory, T. J. E. Andrews, J. M. Taylor, H. L. Hendry, C. E. Pellew, W. A. Oldfield, H. Carter, A. A. Mailey, E. A. McDonald.

On that tour, Collins scored 1222 runs at an average of 33.94 an innings.

His most famous innings of the tour—and perhaps of all tours by any cricketers—was when he saved Australia from debacle on an atrociously wet pitch by battling with such stubborn resistance that he held the fort for seven hours to score a mere 40 runs!

Collins was now ripe for his highest honor, the captaincy of Australia, which he achieved in 1924 during the next visit of England to Australia.

He emulated his record of his first Test ever by scoring a century in the first Test of that series.

In the same match, a youngster from Victoria, Bill Ponsford, of the St. Kilda Club, was having his baptism.

Ponsford came into Test cricket as "a dasher".

But, under the restraining influence of Collins, he added the solidity of a cement wall to his defence to become one of the greatest batsmen Australia has had.

Collins "piloted" the youngster to join the small band of century-makers in his first Test with a splendid innings of 110 in the first innings of the first test at Sydney, 1924.

"Lucky" Collins led Australia on the next tour of England (1926), when, although he had a strong team, he became "Unlucky" Collins through his loss of the Ashes.

On his return to Australia, Collins retired from cricket to take up his position as a stipendiary steward for the A.J.C. He resigned to become a bookmaker. Nowadays, he is a commission agent.

Collins was an outstanding personality. As a batsman, he was solid rather than brilliant.

Like Lindsay Hassett later, his batsmanship was Australia's sheet anchor.

As a captain, he was a thoughtful tactician. He captained a team much as a shrewd man would play poker, always concealing his hand.

SPORTalk

JACK SCOTT, famous Test cricket umpire, is suffering ill-health in his home town, Glenelg (Adelaide).

Jack is one of the umpires against whom English captain Walter Hammond complained following the decision in the Test match in Melbourne when Bill Edrich was given out leg-before.

English critics with the team went off their morning and afternoon tea in wild chorus of disapproval at Scott, who, before play resumed one morning, walked across to the Press box which was on an angle of the ground.

With hands on hips, Jack gazed manfully across at the pitch. "Well, fancy the critics commenting on my decision from this angle!" he exclaimed as he walked off in silence.

JOHN O'REILLY, an outside Test cricketer hope for next season, now a taxation clerk at Canberra, did not have to worry about hotel accommodation when he came to Sydney for his two interstate matches.

He stayed with his parents in Cremorne.

Little birds are whispering that the stye on the eye of popular Test cricketer ARTHUR MORRIS, which caused his withdrawal from the last interstate match of the season, would cost him more than the medical treatment to make it better.

Arthur sat in the dressing-room watching with interest the fine opening partnership against South Australia of Ron Briggs and Billy Watson.

Arthur no doubt will make the first Test team against England next season, but not with a stye on his eye. Morris, by the way, has moved from St. George district to a cosy flat in King's Cross.

He could have played with St. George last season, but Arthur is slowly but surely becoming frightfully residentially-minded.

His friends say it will not be long now. Arthur is one of the good-looking of the Test team. He lives very quietly on tour.

FRANK CUSH, St. George Cricket Club president and member of the Australian Board of Control, confided to his intimates that he woke up at 2 o'clock one morning when he received a brainwave to present the club's "old school tie" to Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

The Duke replied, "Delighted to receive the present."

MR. ALAN HIRST, wealthy English electrical engineer visiting Australia, was the guest of the NSW Cricket Association at the interstate match against South Australia.

"My word, aren't those boys keen," he commented at afternoon tea.

It is expected he was referring to the young NSW players (who were giving a grand exhibition of fielding) and most certainly not to the afternoon tea scramble of delegates.

Nice social gesture of JACK RAYNER, South Sydney Rugby League captain.

Six years ago when Jack was in England with the Australian team he was befriended by a family. He invited one of the youngsters, an educated young lady, to stay with him and his wife if ever she visited Australia.

Young lady remembered the invitation and is now a welcome guest in Jack's home while she furthers her studies.

By the way, Jack has never been known to go anywhere to play football without having a photograph of his pretty wife Jean on his dressing-table.

MAL WILD is Our best Soccer Inside - Forward



By PAT
FARRELL

MAL WILD attempts to get the ball past a defender in the Queensland versus China match last year. Queensland won by five goals to three.

DURING the Soccer Tests last year against the brilliant Chinese team young Queenslanders Mal Wild performed as well as any of the Australians and established himself as the best inside-forward in the country.

Mal played inside-left for Australia in three of the five Tests against the Chinese, and there was a first-class stir when he was left out of the other two.

China, you will remember, was far too good for us in the series, winning three of the Tests and holding us to a draw in the one in Melbourne.

Mal Wild kicked Australia's only two goals in the Melbourne Test but didn't score in either of his other two.

In the Brisbane match between Queensland and China Mal set a goal-scoring speed record which may last for all time.

He booted one past the Chinese goalie just FIVE seconds after the kick-off!

The suddenness of it all must have demoralised the Chinese, because Queensland went on to an astoundingly win by five goals to three.

Mal played possibly the best Soccer of his life

in this game and finished with three goals out of Queensland's five.

Born in Brisbane twenty-two years ago, Mal became interested in Soccer at school. Soon after leaving, he joined up with the now defunct Shafton United club.

He broke into first-grade competition with Brisbane's Eastern Suburbs side in 1943.

One season later he became the youngest player to reach the intercity standard when he was picked for Brisbane in the Kruger Cup competition against Ipswich.

He also won representation against the Yugoslav side in the same year.

Ever since that season Mal has been on the field for Brisbane against Ipswich in every match of the Kruger Cup series.

In 1950, then eighteen years old, Mal won his State jersey and played well enough in the two games against NSW to win selection in the Australian team which toured to New Caledonia.

Under Harry Brophy's captaincy, this Australian team beat New Caledonia three matches to two and Mal Wild saw service in each of the five "Tests". He scored two goals.

The following year Bob Langton brought out a

team from England which, by our standards, was super-colossal.

They beat their Australian opposition by enormous margins, and few goals were netted against them during the whole tour.

Mal got into two Tests against them and was reserve for another. He also was in the unofficial Australian XI which played the Englishmen at Adelaide.

1952 saw the holding of the first All-Australian Soccer carnival. Mal, of course, represented Queensland against all other States, and our side was able to finish third in the competition behind Victoria and NSW.

The Chinese came last year and so there was no interstate carnival but it will be held this season at Adelaide.

MAL (and a number of other leading Australian Soccer stars) have as their big incentive the strong possibility of an Australian team going to China about next October.

As far as I can discover, there is nothing final on the proposal yet, but Soccer officials are quite confident that the trip will take place.

Also still in the talking

stages is the visit from Scotland of a strong amateur team. If these lads come, and turn out anything like Bob Langton's Englishmen of 1951, there will be some very high-class Soccer on show this season.

Australia probably will not hold them if they are in that class, but our standard is being rapidly improved by these matches with overseas stars. It won't be long before we are holding our own.

Certainly his games against China and England have made a fine player out of young Mal Wild.

He is the type that is always on the lookout for new tricks in Soccer and he has absorbed well the ones he has so far been shown.

Unless it was that fancy little bloke with the quaint name of Lee Chun Fat, I wouldn't think that any of the Chinese players last year outshone Mal on the score of individual ability.

In his position, Wild is undoubtedly Australia's best player.

More experience against international stars is bound to improve him to the point where the name of Mal Wild will mean plenty wherever Soccer is played.

ANDY TINDALL HAS BEEN A JOCKEY 15 YEARS — and never once suspended!

By PAT FARRELL

"Fifteen years is a long time for any man to be in the racing game without a suspension Andy Tindall is proud of his record."



I'M not telling you anything you don't already know when I say that the racing game is one where a lot of people are inclined to get up to a trick or two—and you have only to read the papers to know that most of these tricky people get found out and are rewarded with a stretch commensurate with the size of their particular trick.

It is an oasis, therefore, in this desert of dog-eat-dog, to find a man whose record stands as proof positive that he is head and shoulders above all this racecourse skulduggery.

Such a man is Andy Tindall, currently one of Queensland's best six jockeys and rider of close on 400 winners in a career that began 15 years ago.

About the only thing Andy hasn't learned about racing in those 15 years is what it feels like when a steward looks angrily at you and snaps, "Suspended!"

He has a 100 per cent record for ability, efficiency and downright honesty. Few, if any, jockeys active in Australia today have a slate as clean as Andy Tindall's.

The son of one of Brisbane's most competent horse-trainers (Andy Tindall sen.), young Andy had his first ride in public on his father's

horse Loloma on July 26, 1939.

Fifteen rides later he notched up his first winner. Another of his father's charges, Assurance, did the trick for him.

Andy still considers that win to be the greatest thrill of his life—although Assurance is getting quite a break when he is mentioned on the same page as some of the other horses Andy has been associated with.

THE best horse ridden is the one and only Bernborough. He rode the "Tornado" only once, but scored a win on him in a moderate class race at Toowoomba in 1943.

Another galloping "immortal", Murray Stream, carried Andy to victory at Eagle Farm in 1948.

Two years later Andy steered Murray Stream's son, Murray Tide, first past the judge in the QTC Hopeful Stakes.

Phobos, in the days when it took courage to back Carbon Copy or Comic Court against him, was a regular Tindall mount in Brisbane.

Andy rode the beautifully-marked Melbourne horse when he slipped over Doomben's seven furlongs less 93 yards course in 1971, equalling Hightstrung's record for the distance.

Southerners might not have heard much about a horse called Noble Hero, but Andy Tindall doesn't hesitate to mention him when he talks of the great horses he has ridden.

Noble Hero belongs to the ranks of the "might-have-been-anythings". He raced during the war when Brisbane racing was confined to unfashionable Albion Park, so he didn't get much chance to win any glamor.

Still, he didn't do badly the day he bolted in with 9.13 to win a two-year-old race at Albion Park in 1944.

Andy rode Noble Hero that day and was on board in nearly all of his favorite's many wins in Brisbane.

The most important wins of Andy's career are the Brisbane Handicaps of 1946 (Noble Hero) and 1950 (Highway).

BEING a jockey who has difficulty riding below eight stone, Andy's chances of landing any of Queensland's really big races are very slight.

This comes about because there is always an invasion of our major carnivals by the southern champions. They get the big weights and force the local horses down the list—down to where Andy Tindall

would have to chop a leg off to get a ride.

So, most of the time Andy sits in the stand and lets the big events go by. He contents himself with pickings of a less notable, but often just as lucrative nature.

Although he has had good offers of southern engagements, Andy is quite happy to remain in Brisbane. He lives with his wife and two children at Eagle Junction, and is assured of plenty of business from local owners and trainers.

When weight permits, Andy is number one choice when his father wants a jockey. Tindall sen. seldom has less than 16 horses in work. Most are regular winners, and usually are weighted high on the list.

Two excellent apprentices, Ron Palmer and Billy Duffy, capably handle the Tindall charges when Andy fails to make the weight. Both lads are learning fast and should soon be top-liners.

It is doubtful if they could find a better model in horsemanship than Andy Tindall.

He can show them as much as anyone can, and he can also pass on that hard-to-get quality that keeps you out of trouble for 15 years in a game that is notoriously full of trouble.

My Greatest Sports Moment!



MY greatest sports moment occurred during the fourth Test match in Adelaide during February, 1947.

Bedser had the strike and was facing up to Lindwall.

Lindwall ran up; then the crowd gave a cheer as the off stump was knocked right out of the ground and landed several yards away.

Evans came in to take Bedser's place. He played all over the next ball and turned around to see his stumps shattered.

The crowd tensed as the last batsman, Wright, took his stance.

He poked weakly at the first ball and his sight of relief could almost be heard by the crowd as the ball missed his off stump by a fraction of an inch.

However, Lindwall got his revenge with the next ball when he again shattered the stumps.

The crowd gave a tremendous cheer in appreciation of Lindwall's memorable bowling which will go down in my memory as one of the most sensational incidents in Test cricket.

—A. HALL.

MY greatest sports moment occurred a few years ago when La Verne Baxter made his first appearance in the Melbourne Stadium against Chief Little Wolf.

There were the usual instructions from the referee, and then the wrestle started.

Baxter immediately made known that he was going to rough it and started to punch, bite, gouge and kick.

As I went on till the

third round, when, after a series of forearm jolts and a few kicks added in for good measure, Baxter pinned Little Wolf for the first fall of the bout.

All went well until the sixth round, when Baxter had a throttle hold and a leg scissors on Little Wolf.

He suddenly found, after a flurry of arms and legs, that Chief Little Wolf had an Indian Deathlock on him. Baxter had to submit to such a punishing hold, leaving them one fall each.

In the next round there was a lot of running away on Baxter's part, and eventually the bell went.

But in the eighth and last round, Baxter got a little too rough and in due course was disqualified.

Of course, then, Baxter wanted to fight everyone, but calmed down after a hectic free-for-all with half a dozen ring attendants and left the ring.

Thus ended a terrific wrestle (pardon me, fight), which will live in my memory.

—MAX HEENAN.

MY greatest sports moment occurred as I sat among the crowd on the "hill" at the Sydney Cricket Ground and watched the semi-final of the Sydney Rugby League premiership of 1949 between Balmain and Western Suburbs.

Balmain opened the scoring early when de Belin crossed near the posts. Lulham converted, making the score 5-nil.

Balmain scored again later, but failed to convert, and this made the score 8-nil at half-time.

When play resumed, Westerns opened their ac-

count with a try which was converted by Keato. This reduced Balmain's lead to 8 points to 5.

The score remained unchanged for most of the second half, but late in the game Westerns scored two quick tries, converting one.

They now had taken the lead, and were in front by 13 points to 8.

Thousands of people had already left the ground, thinking that Westerns would win easily.

However, with only five minutes to go, Balmain received a penalty wide out. Lulham landed a beautiful goal, but this left Westerns in the lead by 13 points to 10.

With about one minute left, Balmain unwound one of those "tigerish" finishing bursts for which they are renowned.

Sneddon received the ball from a scrum on the half-way mark and passed to the five-eighth, Tommy Lawler. Lawler cut through and sent the ball to Harmeys, the inside-centre.

Harmeys passed the ball to Nosworthy, who drew the full-back Keato and sent a beautifully-timed pass to Bob Lulham.

The seven runners were on their marks, Bartram gaining the best of the draw in lane two and Currota in four.

Silence fell over the spectators as they received the commands, then the bark of the gun and they were racing.

Owing to the staggered start it was difficult to tell the leader for the first 150 yards, but as they moved around to the 220 yards mark, it was obvious that Currota, Bartram and Ramsay were taking the lead.

Bartram lengthened his stride and seemed to be running well within him-

self, while Currota was flying in front.

The crowd was going wild as the two champions vied for supremacy around the last turn, but it was Currota putting in a paralysing finish who hit the front and went on to break the worsted in the new Australian record time of 47.6sec. It was a sensational run by a "schoolboy".

—J. MOORE.

PERHAPS my greatest sports moment will recall to hundreds of fight lovers one of the best rounds ever fought at Sydney Stadium.

The incident happened on May 29, 1950, and I think I will remember the fight for the rest of my life.

Australian Alfie Clay was fighting Mexican "Baby" Ortiz, who had previously beaten Australia's lightweight champion Jack Hasson.

In my opinion, both fighters were even at the end of the 11th and each knew that he would have to score the major points of the last round to clinch a victory.

From start to finish Clay had Ortiz up against the ropes, battering him with every shot in the book, but could not put the Mexican down.

Ortiz, however, was giving Clay just as much punishment as he received, but neither crumbled under the rally.

After the final bell the crowd burst into loud applause when the referee gave the decision, a draw.

I HAD just returned from the Middle East in 1943 and was sent to Wagga (NSW) to join the AAMC Training Battalion as an instructor.

They had there a cricket team composed of men from the unit.

I joined them in practice one day and was asked by the captain (who was also a selector of the team) would I be able to play Saturday. (The captain of the team was Ken Gulliver, well known in NSW.)

I played on the Saturday and was sent in seventh wicket down. The one bowler had been getting all the wickets.

I went out with the determination that I would either get a duck or last the over out.

The first ball was pitched on the leg. I hooked it for a six. The second

self, while Currota was flying in front.

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PERHAPS my greatest sports moment will recall to hundreds of fight lovers one of the best rounds ever fought at Sydney Stadium.

The incident happened on May 29, 1950, and I think I will remember the fight for the rest of my life.

Australian Alfie Clay was fighting Mexican "Baby" Ortiz, who had previously beaten Australia's lightweight champion Jack Hasson.

In my opinion, both fighters were even at the end of the 11th and each knew that he would have to score the major points of the last round to clinch a victory.

From start to finish Clay had Ortiz up against the ropes, battering him with every shot in the book, but could not put the Mexican down.

Ortiz, however, was giving Clay just as much punishment as he received, but neither crumbled under the rally.

After the final bell the crowd burst into loud applause when the referee gave the decision, a draw.

I HAD just returned from the Middle East in 1943 and was sent to Wagga (NSW) to join the AAMC Training Battalion as an instructor.

They had there a cricket team composed of men from the unit.

I joined them in practice one day and was asked by the captain (who was also a selector of the team) would I be able to play Saturday. (The captain of the team was Ken Gulliver, well known in NSW.)

I played on the Saturday and was sent in seventh wicket down. The one bowler had been getting all the wickets.

I went out with the determination that I would either get a duck or last the over out.

The first ball was pitched on the leg. I hooked it for a six. The second

was about the same pitch and I hooked it for a six again.

The third was a full toss and I lifted it for another six. The next ball I turned for a four, but the fifth clean-bowled me.

When I went out a chap said to me, "Do you know who that was bowling?" I said, "No!"

He then said, "That was Cec Pepper."

My chest flew out, and I believe that day I was the proudest man in Australia.

—P. R. CADET.

AT the picturesque Randwick race track, the 90,000 people who had gathered to see the 1948 Sydney Cup were all quiet as the field went to the post.

The starters, who were 21 in number, included some of the best horses in Australia.

Fresh Boy (with Billy Cook on his back) was favorite for the race, opposed to horses like Columist, Hiraji and Faktong, whose followers overnight had backed them to win fortunes.

The starting signal had been given and barrier rise saw the field away to a good start with the lightweight Frescano leading in a bunch of five from Fresh Boy second, followed by Crusader, Silent and a host of other horses.

With Dark Marne in seventh or eighth place, and Columist 12th, with Lungi on his tail.

Going out of the straight, Hiraji (the "Cast Iron Grey") broke down and took no further part in the race.

Up to the entrance of the straight Cook, on Fresh Boy, was collaring all the horses that tried to pass him.

As they entered the straight, Crusader was the leader with Fresh Boy beginning to drop back.

All of a sudden a tumultuous cry was heard. The Caulfield Cup winner, Columist (ridden by H. Badger) wide out, was making a desperate run to try to take the race.

With less than a furlong to go he looked the winner, but Jackie Thompson, riding like a champion on Dark Marne, caught Columist and they flashed past the post locked together.

The photo was called for to decide the winner, and it gave the race to Dark Marne with Columist inches back in second place. It was a great race and will live long in my memory.

—JACK FELS.

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John Matthews rates . . .

AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST BOXERS OF ALL TIME IN ALL DIVISIONS

ALL-TIME RATINGS OF AUSTRALIAN BOXERS

In our all-time ratings we have included Dave Smith, who was born in New Zealand but lived his life and fought in Australia from 1908 to 1917. We have also included "Hop" Harry Stone, who became a naturalised Australian, lived 40 years in Australia, and fought here from 1911 to 1925. We have also included Young Griffo, who fought in a period unknown to the present generation, but, by universal consent, was recognised as one of the world's greatest fighters.

Ratings in all divisions have been made on the performances the boxers gave when at the peaks of their respective careers.

Here are our ratings:

HEAVYWEIGHT

1. Les Darcy
2. Dave Smith
3. Bill Lang
4. Ambrose Palmer
5. Colin Bell
6. George Cook
7. Bill Squires

LIGHT

HEAVYWEIGHT

1. Les Darcy
2. Dave Smith
3. Ambrose Palmer
4. Ron Richards

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

1. Les Darcy
2. Ambrose Palmer
3. Fred Henneberry
4. Jack Haines
5. Dave Sands
6. Arthur Cripps
7. Mick King

WELTERWEIGHTS

1. Tommy Uren
2. Jack Carroll
3. Fred Kay
4. Hughie Dwyer
5. Archie Bradley
6. Harry Collins

LIGHTWEIGHTS

1. "Hop" Harry Stone
2. Hughie Dwyer
3. Sid Godfrey
4. Herb McCoy
5. Hughie Mehegan
6. Hook Keys
7. Vic Patrick

FEATHERWEIGHTS

1. Young Griffo
2. Billy Grime
3. Bert Sparo
4. Jimmy Hill
5. Frank Thorn
6. Jackie Green

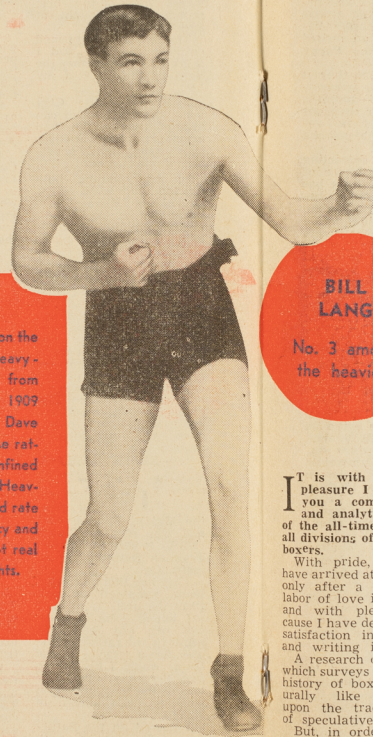
BANTAMWEIGHTS

1. Jimmy Carruthers
2. Vince Blackburn
3. Jackie Green
4. Billy McAlister
5. Stan Thurbon
6. Mickey Miller

FLYWEIGHTS

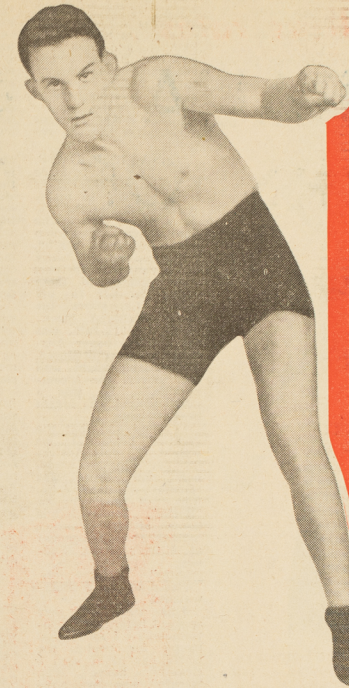
1. George Mendies
2. Vic White
3. Bobby Clements
4. Wally Walker

BILL LANG won the Australian heavy-weight title from Bill Squires in 1909 and lost it to Dave Smith. If these ratings were confined to legitimate Heavyweights, Lang would rate as No. 1. Darcy and Smith were not real Heavyweights.



BILL LANG

No. 3 among the heavies.



BILLY GRIME

Grime ranks second behind only Griffo among the feathers. His weight was 8.13, height 5ft 6in, and he had a reach of 69 inches . . . phenomenal for such a small man. Grime had a crouching, weaving style and was very hard to hit. He won in the vicinity of 175 fights. Billy Grime was born at Young (NSW) on 27th April, 1902.

It is with pride and pleasure I present to you a comprehensive and analytical survey of the all-time ratings in all divisions of Australian boxers.

With pride, because I have arrived at the ratings only after a tremendous labor of love in research; and with pleasure, because I have derived much satisfaction in compiling and writing it.

A research of this type which surveys the all-time history of boxing is naturally like embarking upon the trackless seas of speculative doubt.

But, in order to make my ratings authoritative, in addition to my own life-time knowledge of the sport, I have consulted the writings of such other authorities as "Boxer Major" (famous writer for Truth and Sportsman

in the misty past), "Solar Plexus" (Bill Lawless of the now defunct Referee newspaper) and Jim Mathers, who made the past live again in his story of The Golden Age of Boxing published in serial form for nearly 12 months in Truth.

I have also discussed boxers of the old days with leading fight managers in Australia who had an intimate knowledge of them.

JACK DUNLEAVY, Australia's leading teacher of boxing, had this to say:

"When rating a boxer I would include him among the heavyweights, if he merited it, even if he was a middleweight."

"Take Les Darcy, for example. Nobody ever knew what Darcy the middleweight could do, he was so great. It was never proved he could be

knocked down or hurt. He was the greatest Australian boxer I ever saw."

HUGHIE DWYER, former Australian triple champion, one of the most scientific boxers Australia has produced, also said:

"Take Tommy Uren, for example. He was in my opinion the best welterweight of all time, but he would have to be seriously reckoned among the middleweights, too."

IT may be opportune to state here a strong divergent opinion of a couple of ratings to illustrate the doubtful speculation of attempting to embark on ratings, no matter how sincere the effort may be.

Dunleavy and Dwyer both agree that Les Darcy is the greatest boxer they have seen, and that Darcy

must be rated both as middleweight and heavy-weight.

Dunleavy says he would give a high rating to Merv "Darkie" Blandon among the bantamweights. He points out Blandon won the bantam and featherweight titles.

But his defeat of a middle-rater like Pat Craig for the bantam title in 1934 and his defeat of Joe Hall for the feather title would not necessarily place him in a first-class category.

Merv Blandon was a tough, two-fisted, little puncher who probably would be named in the first 10 bantamweights, and, for that matter he might easily be placed among the first-class "also-rans", but it would seem to be Jack Dunleavy has allowed his affection for his gallant

little boxer to rule his opinion, although he would strenuously oppose this suggestion.

Hughie Dwyer would also rate Dave Sands high in the middleweight division, possibly with Fred Henneberry, and he would rate Jack Haines in a lowly position down the list.

He thinks Mick King,

who beat the great American Jeff Smith, would occupy a high rating. He would also place Billy Edwards high in the ratings.

It was Hughie Dwyer who "discovered" Dave Sands. It was Dwyer who, when he was promoter at Newcastle Stadium, gave Sands his break.

Undoubtedly Sands comes into the all-time ratings, but not as high as Dwyer suggests.

Like Dunleavy with Blandon and Haines, I feel that Hughie Dwyer (an excellent judge of a boxer) has allowed his heart to rule his head in the assessment.

Still, their opinions must be entitled to respect.

ALTOGETHER, I have made as thorough a research as it is possible to make, and, weighing up the evidence of the past in the light of my own opinion and knowledge of boxing, I now present my story of the ratings of all time.

My preface to these ratings is that in my opinion Les Darcy, the young Maitland blacksmith of 1911-1915, was the greatest boxer Australia has ever produced. His epitaph might well be "Darcy, the incomparable." He was a middleweight who fought heavyweights.

I would add that the greatest boxer at his weight, not only Australia, but also the world, has ever seen, was "Griffo"—Albert Griffiths, the famous "Rocks", the old-time home of the notorious "pushes" (hoodlum gangs) at Miller's Point, Sydney.

"Griffo" was the "Wizard of the Featherweights".

This statement may seem at first sight a contradiction. I mean that pound for pound, the world has never seen a cleverer boxer than "Griffo", who earned the title "Phantom of the Ring" without a lethal punch.

But, for sheer majesty of conquest against all-comers, for crowd-compelling neurosis, for a smashing-punching all-round ability, for the capacity to create fear in the opponent, for the chivalry of sportsmanship inside and outside the ring, the late Les Darcy is crowned "champion of champions".

Darcy was not only the greatest middleweight, but also the greatest heavyweight Australia has produced.

POSSIBLY at this point in my preface I should refer briefly to Jimmy Carruthers, the present reigning monarch in the world's bantamweight division.

Carruthers is the first and only Australian-born officially recognised world's champion.

But this high distinction does not automatically place him among the greatest boxers Australia has produced. I rate him very highly, certainly, but a champion's ability is not merely assessed by the title he holds, but by the opposition he defeats, and the inherent quality of his own ability as well.

I would not, for example, be daring enough to place any boxer among the all-time greatest simply because he beat a boxer of fraying ability like Vic Towel.

Nor would I give Carruthers his rating among the greatest merely because he beat an insipid tradesman like Pappy Gault.

At the present time it would seem the bantamweight division—and, it is suspected, other divisions as well—is not far removed from the palooka class of boxers.

This is not detracting from the high degree of skill that Carruthers has attained. He is the undisputed world's bantam champion, but that would not influence me to rate him as "the best ever". Australia has produced among the bantamweights.

But I have rated him No. 1, for reasons given, in the bantamweight division.

LEST my meaning be misunderstood, let me quote an example or two to illustrate.

On April 7, 1952, Ray Coleman had to make 8st 9lb for his fight with Carruthers at Sydney Stadium. The bantamweight limit is 8st 6lb. Coleman is admittedly a featherweight, and he boiled himself almost to a standstill to make the stipulated weight.

Despite this obvious disadvantage, Coleman for at least 10 rounds so much exposed Carruthers that those who know their boxing expressed the opinion that the champion, under pressure, was not quite the class he enjoyed.

"Carruthers can be busted, and when busted he is in danger," was the comment of that fight.

In view of the fact that boxers of the class of Tommy Uren, Billy Grime, Hughie Dwyer, Jackie Green, Bert Sparago, Frank Thorn and others fought miles out of their weight division and won titles, Carruthers, good as he undoubtedly is, cannot be rated among the all-time greatest—outside, of

course, the bantamweight division.

To put it succinctly, I would rate Carruthers the best Australian bantam of all time, but I would not rate him, in point of class, with the greatest all-weight boxers such as Les Darcy, Dave Smith, or even Tommy Uren, who would be among the first five greatest.

This is important, and it will bear repetition in all divisions I have rated.

Quite a few boxers—for example Darcy, Palmer, Richards, Uren, Dwyer—fought out of their weight divisions. Palmer outgrew his middleweight division.

If a boxer of the like I have mentioned fought out of his division and excelled against heavier opponents, he might, to be logical, be rated in those divisions.

For that reason (as you will see later) I have rated Darcy, Palmer, Richards and Uren in two divisions.

The test is: Who among the boxers in the heavier division would have been confidently backed to beat Darcy, for example?

Could you have backed legitimate heavyweights Ern Sheppard, Ern Waddy, Blackie Miller, Albert Lloyd and a host of others to have beaten Darcy?

The same argument applies in all other divisions. The prince of welterweights Tommy Uren, for example, also won the middleweight title. He must be reckoned also in the middleweight ratings.

HERE is another important factor. In an all-time rating it is impossible and illogical to start talking about a period of the dim past of which no authority has any knowledge other than "bookish" knowledge.

Heavy weights with great reputations like Joe Goddard, Peter Jackson, Larry Foley (of the dead past 1880-1890) must only be included in the ratings as men of great repute.

Ratings cannot be based on guesswork. They must be based on facts and logic.

In a broad sense, the ratings are arrived at,

under eye-witness authority mostly, on a boxer's status, based on the principle that the man who makes the fight, who throws a majority of clean, effective punches, who counters an attack with a clean punch, who by his defence makes an opponent miss, who does not lose points for fouling is the man who wins the fight.

A lot of poppycock is written about how points should be assessed.

It is generally understood, for example, that a number of points are allotted to boxers for each round on such things as: stamina, ability to take punishment, tenacity, power of punch, defence, ringcraft, &c.

This is just buncombe. No referee ever attempts to make clear-cut divisions. If he did, he would be a mathematician, not a referee.

The points that go down in "the little book" are for blows made and blows stopped, attack and defence.

I remember some years ago I asked the late Joe Wallis to let me have a glance at one of his "little books".

Joe obliged for the Criqui-Godfrey bout in 1921. The figures 5, 4, 3, 2 or 1 were placed against the name of each boxer for each round.

"I give the points for clean, effective punching, defence, and counter-punching," Wallis said.

"In fact, the man who makes the fight and scores with the punches wins the fight. I take points off for foul blows."

In my opinion that simple summation is the fight classic.

The final consideration is that it is wrong in principle to rate boxers from their records of victories and defeats without analysing the circumstances.

Many great champions long past their peak are beaten by opponents of lesser class.

Ron Richards, for example, with the shattering right hand counter-punch, became an easy target. He finished up a battered hulk.



DAVE SMITH (above) ranks second to Darcy in the heavyweight and light-heavyweight divisions. He was Darcy's tutor and taught the Maitland lad all he knew about boxing.

HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION

IT is a remarkable thing, but the heavyweights (with middleweights fighting as heavyweights, also), which was once the pride and glory of the fight game, has today almost sunk into oblivion.

In the early part of the

century until World War I, this division held pride of place for crowd-attracting fights. The little fellows in the lighter divisions drew crowds only intermittently.

The test of the fight game is what it attracts, and the test of the division is nearly always its financial attraction.

For example, at the

Fritz Holland said, "Darcy was the best fighter in the world. He would even have knocked out Jess Willard, the big mountain of flesh who was heavyweight champion of the world!"

LES DARCY was so great that nobody ever knew what he could really do. It was never proved he could be hurt.



FRED HANNEBERRY is fourth among the all-time middleweights and ranked behind Darcy, Palmer and Ron Richards.

present time, the welter-weight division is the "money division" because it is led by a fighter of the calibre of George Barnes, the best of a none - too - impressive bunch.

Vic Patrick supplies a classic example in the lightweight division between 1940 and 1943. This was then the "money division".

In the days of Les Darcy and Dave Smith, with the Americans Jimmy Clabby, Eddie McGorty, Jeff Smith, Fritz Holland and others, the 1911-1915 "money division" was the middle and heavyweight.

In the days of Ambrose Palmer, Fred Henneberry and Ron Richards (about 1930-1940) the middleweights were "the money division".

In the 1918-20 period Sid Godfrey supplied the "money division" for the lightweight.

THE power to draw money through the turnstiles, of course, is not always the true test.

Jack Carroll, for example, fought to impoverish houses at Sydney Stadium in the welter-weight division until the late Charles Lucas put the boom on him in the open air Sydney Sports Ground fights of 1935-38.

But, in assessing a boxer's rating, the "money element", which is his drawing power must come into consideration because it is the public that supplies the money and the public will not pay for something it does not want!

In this regard it is folly to quote modern financial earnings with those of the past for the simple reason

money values have become enormously inflated. Having regard to drawing capacity — because I regard the turnstiles as part of the test — the quality of the opposition, the all-round ability of the Australian boxer in the terms previously stated, clean effective punching, &c. I rate the heavyweights of all time as follows:

1. Les Darcy.
2. Dave Smith.
3. Bill Lang.
4. Ambrose Palmer.
5. Colin Bell.
6. George Cook.
7. Bill Squires.

Comparisons among the ancients are odiously misleading, but among ancients who must get honorable mention (but who could not be rated above those I have named for reasons already given) are Joe Goddard, born 1861, Peter Jackson, born 1861 in the West Indies but lived in Australia and won the title, left for America 1888; Paddy Slavin, Larry Foley (weight 10st 7lb), but fought heavy weights.

Godard fought a draw with Jackson in 1890.

HERE are my reasons for giving Les Darcy pride of place.

Although he frequently fought at 11st 6lb (which is the middleweight limit) he beat highly-rated boxers with consummate ease who were a stone heavier.

The weight of his opponent never troubled him. He was, beyond all doubt, from the point of stamina, the strongest fighter of any weight Australia has known.

When stripped, he looked like a statue in bronze — with his powerful shoulders, with a reach of 74 inches, his deep chest, powerful thick biceps, all in perfect balance and coordination.

Darcy had the eye of a hawk, the hands of a giant, the heart of a lion. He was indeed the majestic beast of the jungle, ready to take on all comers.

From 1915, when he was fast approaching his peak, nobody ever extended him. He was pugnacious and aggressive, and did not know the meaning of retreat.

With his arms carried a trifle low that sometimes offended the stylists, Darcy would keep moving in, moving in.

At in-fighting he was a thrashing machine with short, wicked left jolts, left hooks, and rights that rarely travelled more than inches to the target.

In this respect, his right-hand punching of-

fered a remarkable contrast with Ron Richards, the only other boxer who came within coo-ee of Darcy for the lethal power it contained.

Richards hit with his right from the distance. The blow travelled feet, not inches, and opponents like Fred Henneberry admit that once he connected, it was "good night" and "shutters up" for his opponent.

Darcy was the fighter by instinct. He threw his punches, whatever his position, and as he was rarely off balance he punched with the full weight of his powerful body.

It is said that Jeff Smith, rated at the time as American middleweight champion of the world, was the one boxer whom Darcy could not handle. On January 23, 1915, Jeff Smith won on a foul in the fifth, and on May 22 the same year Darcy won on a foul in the second round.

The true facts of these fights were sent to the American Ring magazine early in 1950 to correct a wrong impression, and Johnny Salak acknowledged the true facts by a reassessment of his ideas on Darcy's ratings.

Briefly, the American records previously showed Smith as winner on a knockout. But Dave Smith (who was in Darcy's corner) threw in the towel at the end of the fifth round.

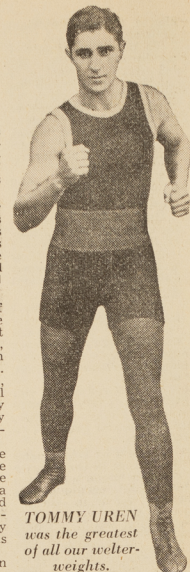
Later, in the dressing-room, Darcy's protecting cup was shown to have been badly dented. It was Darcy who had been fouled!

In the second fight Darcy was all over Jeff Smith, who in the second round ducked a lead and swung a left to Darcy's groin for which he was disqualified. Smith's cut of £500 was given to a patriotic fund.

The late R. L. ("Snowy") Baker, who was referee, said, "Smith was a beaten man before he entered the ring that night." He had the knowledge (as had all of Darcy's opponents) that if he "turned it on" Darcy would turn it on, flat out.

That is why boxers of the type of Jimmy Clabby and George Chip used to say, "If you don't want to get your head knocked off, don't attack Darcy. He will deal pleasantly with you only if you want it that way."

DARCY had 44 important contests, of which he won 40, and he subsequently



TOMMY UREN was the greatest of all our welter-weights.

beat the four who beat him in return contests.

Both George Chip and Jimmy Clabby agreed in 1915 that the world's champion Mike Gibbons would not go five rounds with Darcy!

Les Darcy was so far ahead of all Australian opponents that he has over the years always been rated in the light of his conquest of such mighty American fighters as Jimmy Clabby, George Chip, Jeff Smith and Eddie McGorty.

Apart from Dave Smith, who helped teach Darcy the finer art of boxing in his early days and who was subsequently knocked out by Darcy in 1916, no other Australian fighter could live with him.

He won the middleweight title from Mick King on June 12, 1915 — and did not forget Mick King had beaten Jeff Smith in 1914.

He won the Australian heavyweight title on June 24, 1916, when he knocked out Dave Smith.

All other Australian opponents were pygmies by comparison.

From time to time the boxing enthusiasts trot out moving pictures of the Darcy-Clabby fight (at Sydney Stadium on September 9, 1916) when

Darcy won on points over 20 rounds.

These moving pictures purport to show the style, type and standard of Les Darcy's fighting ability.

Recently ex-Australian middleweight champion Fred Henneberry was invited to express his opinion of Darcy from the film.

He said he was disappointed with Darcy. Fred said he regarded Darcy as "the last of the straight-backs, very open to a right-hand counter, to a left rip and a left hook."

Fred also reckons Ron Richards would have caught him with that terrific right-hand counter punch every time he threw it.

This is a very interesting observation from a thoughtful boxer such as Fred Henneberry was. But the fallacy of it is that the opinion is expressed from a view of a film made in the days when Charlie Chaplin used to walk on his heels as though he was on stilts.

By comparison with the magnificent technique of moving films in these modern days, even Charlie Chaplin would not be rated much more than a bum of the silent films.

But who would say Charlie Chaplin was not one of the greatest actors the films have ever produced?

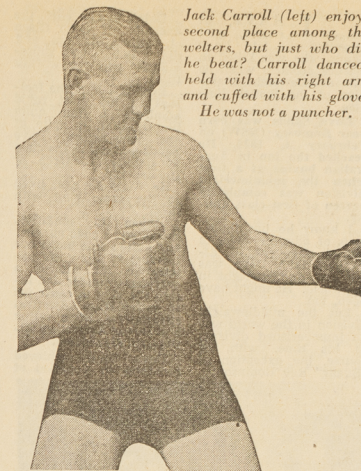
Under the development of scientific technique, even a palooka can be made to look a champion these days on the films!

The film evidence is totally misleading and will never outweigh the evidence of the eyes of boxing experts, boxing opponents and leading fight enthusiasts of the days when Les Darcy fought.

Fritz Holland, the American boxer who caused a furore at Sydney Stadium by outpointing Darcy in his first big fight at Sydney Stadium on July 18, 1914, and who was subsequently cut to pieces in a knock-out on May 1, 1915, gave me this opinion during a holiday visit to New Zealand, where Fritz was farming. Fritz said:

"Les Darcy was the best fighter in the world, at any weight. He would even have knocked out Jess Willard, the big mountain of flesh who was heavyweight champion of the world."

"Any man who could take McGorty's left and right swing on the jaw without budging an inch wouldn't be hurt by anybody. McGorty was



Jack Carroll (left) enjoys second place among the welters, but just who did he beat? Carroll danced, held with his right arm and cuffed with his glove. He was not a puncher.

never knocked off his feet until Les Darcy butchered him in two fights. Les Darcy would have beaten any man."

DAVE SMITH, although born in New Zealand in 1886, had his fighting career in Australia from 1908 to 1917. He fought at 11st 10lb.

He takes No. 2 position by his record and ability. Smith beat Bill Lang for the title, and then beat Jimmy Clabby in 1914. He was the perfect copybook fighter who taught Les Darcy.

Bill Lang is No. 3. He was born in Melbourne in 1883. Weight 13st 7lb, height 6ft 0 1/2 in, reach 73 inches. He won the title from Squires in 1909.

If I were to confine myself solely to legitimate heavyweights by weight division, Lang would be No. 1.

Ambrose Palmer merits a rating in both middleweight and heavyweight divisions, both of which titles he won. He beat Jack Haines for the middle title in 1930, and Jack O'Malley for the heavyweight title in 1932.

It was in 1936 that Palmer (at 12st 6lb) touched the peak of his career when he knocked out Fred Henneberry (11st 5 1/2 lb) in the sixth round.

Like Dave Smith, Palmer was the copybook boxer, brilliant, polished.

Colin Bell (at 13st 7lb) was fast and clever. George Cook, weight

though he fought heavyweights he was a true middleweight at 11st 6lb. True, he went up to as much as 11st 10lb to fight out of his division, but many other boxers have also done that.

Ambrose Palmer, for example, became Australian heavyweight champion after he had won the middleweight title, so, too, did Ron Richards and Dave Sands.

This factor may possibly cause an apparent contradiction when it comes to rating boxers, but I have weighed all the facts carefully and have tried to assess the real ability of the boxers in their respective divisions.

I can dispose of any argument, however, by stating that in my opinion Ambrose Palmer, Ron Richards and Dave Sands would not have lived with Darcy in the heavyweight or middleweight divisions.

I have already given a brief historical survey of Darcy in the heavyweight division, and there is no reason to repeat my opinions.

Therefore I shall deal with other boxers of the middleweight division.

Ambrose Palmer is my No. 2 selection after Darcy. Twice he beat Jack Haines whom Jack Dunleavy, a prince among boxing experts, rated "best since Darcy" until Palmer beat him.

Ambrose Palmer, who was born at Footscray Melbourne, on September 19, 1911, was a brilliant two-fisted boxer. He was the copybook of style, without a lethal punch. The word "brilliant" adequately and fully describes his style.

Palmer, a mere stripling, caused a sensation when he toppled Jack Haines by a knockout in round 12 at Sydney Stadium on December 27, 1930. Haines was in hospital for six weeks with critical haemorrhage.

Haines was less brilliant than Palmer, but he could punch harder, especially with his magnificent left hook.

Until that defeat Haines had enjoyed the prestige of all fight critics in Australia. It was in addition to Jack Dunleavy, as "the best since Darcy".

It follows automatically that Palmer replaced Haines in that rating.

Palmer as a middleweight was master of Ron Richards and Fred Henneberry, and I do not think any of the earlier fighters, such as Fred Kay and Tommy Uren

13st, was also fast and clever, with an international reputation. Bill Squires, at 12st 2lb, had a punch which he lost when he went abroad to fight Tommy Burns in 1907.

LT. HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION

THIS division can only be rated "by courtesy". It is at most a "division of half-breeds in weight" and, theoretically, is a fictitious adjustment of more modern times to meet the disparity of 11st 6 or under, for the middleweights, and 12st 6, or any weight over, for the heavyweights!

In less modern times a boxer was either a middleweight or a heavyweight.

Promoters, however, have found it convenient to match boxers too heavy for the middleweight and not heavy enough for the heavyweight divisions.

It would therefore be useless to go into details. Without argument, however, I place the rating in this order:

Darcy, Dave Smith, Palmer, Richards, for reasons given in my analysis of the heavy and middleweight divisions.

MIDDLEWEIGHT DIVISION

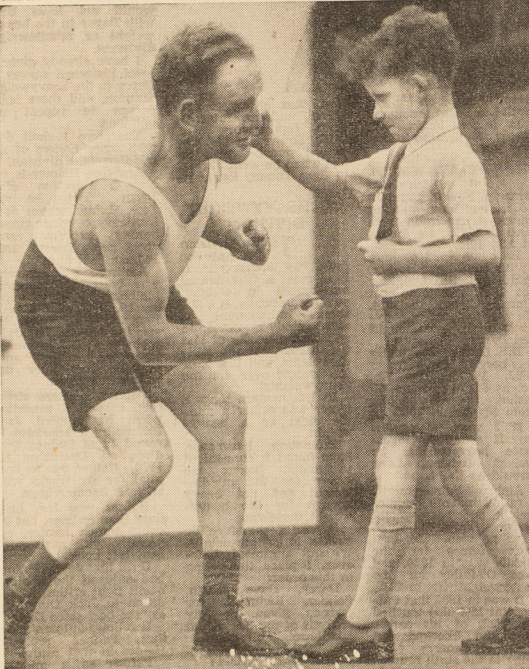
LES DARCY also holds pride of No. 1 rating in this division because al-

(who both fought as welterweights), Arthur Cripps, Dan Creedon, Mick King or Jerry Jerome could have beaten either Richards or Henneberry.

Quite definitely there has not been a middleweight in Australia since the days of Richards and Henneberry who would have gone the distance with either of them.

By his record, Richards was always Henneberry's master, and therefore Richards gets my selection for No. 3 and Henneberry No. 4 middleweight of all time.

Jack Haines, whom I think Jack Dunleavy might have over-rated somewhat, gets my No. 5 selection. Haines was a boxing machine who triumphed over mediocrity, but twice lost to Palmer.



"Hop" Harry Stone shows a protegee how to punch. Stone fought in Australia for 15 years and, although born in America, is rated as Australia's greatest lightweight. He even fought heavyweights — he had to, the men of his own weight wouldn't put him.

I HAVE, of course, not forgotten the late Dave Sands, who was killed in a truck accident when he was middleweight champion of the British Empire.

Dave Sands was born near Kempsey (NSW) on February 4, 1926. He reached the top in Australian boxing at a time when the middleweight division was completely barren of first-class ability.

I know he has thousands of admirers who in almost ungovernable affection claim Dave was the best middleweight in the world. He might have been, too.

But the middleweight division in the world was an impoverished division in his time, with, of course, the exception of "Sugar" Ray Robinson.

Didn't Sands cuff the eyeballs off Bobo Olsen at Sydney Stadium, and didn't Bobo Olsen subsequently win the world's title?

Even if I hurt the feelings of his most rabid admirers, I state quite bluntly that, in spite of any ring record, Dave Sands was not in the class of Palmer, Richards or Henneberry.

He would not have lived in the same ring with them.

When in condition, Sands was a good puncher and quite a fine boxer but I refuse to allow my admiration for him as a sportsman outside and inside the ring to cause me to suffer from adjectival superlatives when rating him among Australia's all-time middleweights.

Dave Sands achieved greatness in a period of

mediocrity, and to assert otherwise would connote a total and complete lack of knowledge of the past.

SANDS had a punch. So, too, did Ron Richards. His right-hand counter was the best punch I ever saw.

Henneberry punched with the rip of a knife, rather than with the weight of his body. His tigerish aggression was his supreme moment when, baring his teeth, he would continue to move in on his opponent. He was a cruel, relentless fighter-boxer.

Arthur Cripps was the best among the middleweights in Australia of the pre-Darcy days, 1903-10.

He won the title in 1903 when he beat Jack Thompson and, although he was checked by Tim Murphy (whom he subsequently beat), and by Ed Williams, he remained virtually supreme until 1910 when, at the age of 30 years, he was beaten by the wild, woolly and cagey Queensland abo, Jerry Jerome, who would not hold a high place in all-time ratings.

Among other middleweights who should get honorable mention were Hughie Dwyer (lightweight champion) who also won welter and middle division titles, Harry Collins, Tommy Uren, Fred Kay (also welterweights) and Mick King.

I have refrained from rating Bob Fitzsimmons either in the middle or heavyweight division because he was not an Australian.

He was born in Cornwall, 1862, first acquired his reputation in New Zealand, then Australia, and went to America in 1891 where he won the world's heavyweight title to defeat James J. Corbett in 14 rounds on March 17, 1897.

Fitzsimmons was not long enough in Australia, in any case, to be included in Australian ratings.

WELTERWEIGHT DIVISION

RATINGS in the welterweight division will probably cause the most heated controversy.

Possibly this division produced a greater number of first-class fighters than any other, although the lightweight must give it a run for the money.

Australia has nearly always been rich in class welterweights, who, be-

tween 1914-30, notoriously fought out of their division because of their ability as welterweights.

Strangely enough, the present Australian welterweight division has the poorest lot of class fighters in the history of the game.

The champion, George Barnes, is outstanding, but he still falls far short in all-time ratings.

Just look at the imposing all-timers, Otto Cribb 1900, George Johns, Herb McCoy, Mick Dunn, Frank Thorn, Hughie Mehegan, Fred Kay, Tommy Uren, Archie Bradley, Harry Collins, Eddie Butcher, Billy Grime, Hughie Dwyer, Jack Carroll, some of whom fought out of their divisions.

And, in my opinion, nobody was cleverer than Tommy Uren, the famous rope-skipping boy from Leichhardt.

I think a vast majority of present-day boxing enthusiasts will plunge for Jack Carroll as No. 1 welterweight.

But anybody who saw Tommy Uren thrash Herb McCoy to win the Australian lightweight title in 1915, and beat Fred Kay for the welter and middleweight titles in 1917, and saw him beat world-rated Jimmy Clay four times, will, I think, agree with me that Uren gets the award.

Tommy Uren outpointed world-rated Eddie McGoorty (weight advantage 1½ stone), he beat the most difficult boxer to punch, Fred Kay, the elongated will-o'-the-wisp southpaw, in five out of eight fights.

In his early days Tommy was one of the best-looking boxers in the fight game. His present looks belie his former beauty, but he has retained all his good nature.

The secret of his ability was an eerie, uncanny knowledge of sensing what his opponent was going to do next.

Tommy Uren boxed, as he danced later in exhibitions, with beautiful rhythm.

His finest fight was the night he cut to ribbons the American welterweight Wesley Ramey in 1934 at Sydney Stadium.

Ramey was a brilliant boxer in the coming-up stage. But he was only a kid when he fought Carroll and he subsequently achieved high distinction in America. But to Carroll go the honors.

I think the best fighter who ever opposed Carroll at the welterweight limit was Jack Portney, an American southpaw who actually made a monkey out of him in his two fights.

Carroll got the decision in the first fight, which, I think, should have gone to Portney beyond a shadow of a doubt, and the second fight was a

draw, which I think Portney again won.

It is not being ungenerous to say that those of you in these times who did not see Carroll fight did not miss much in the way of fighting!

He danced, held with his right arm, and cuffed with his left glove.

Carroll was not a "puncher"—he was a "cuffer"—but he was a very brilliant and speedy "cuffer."

He scratched rather than punched and rarely an opponent left the ring without the ooze of blood from the long tracings on his face.

There was never much color about his fights, and that is the reason he fought to small houses at Sydney Stadium, although he drew crowds of 10,000, 15,000 and 18,000 in the open air fights at the Sydney Sports Ground.

By the way, it has often been quite erroneously stated that his first fight with Van Klaveren in 1935, on Sydney Sports Ground, drew a crowd of 40,000. That is a wild overstatement of the facts.

The official figures were 18,000, and on a re-check this number was raised to 22,000. The total 18,000 was nearer the mark.

Perhaps to give a more correct picture of Jack Carroll, I would say he would have the present champion, George Barnes, tumbling over himself to hit him. Carroll would cuff his lug off.

His fight with Ron Richards can be forgotten. The Queensland abo was so bloated that night from want of fresh air and exercise that he was merely a flat-footed hollow mockery of the fighter he truly was.

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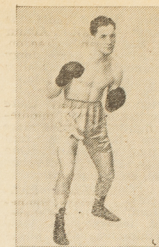
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VIC PATRICK rode high on wave of publicity with a string of kayoes against preliminary boys.

The most classical boxer I ever saw in any division was the welterweight **Hockey Bennell** of the 1939-46 period.

Bennell had every punch in the copybook, but a decidedly glass jaw must relegate him, despite his "friendly fights" at Leichhardt, to an unrateable position.

Bennell was just a "push-over" for Vic Patrick, who knocked him out in the historic fight at Sydney Stadium in 1943. Bennell skied the towel, through, was it, a fractured hand?

LIGHTWEIGHT DIVISION

LIKE the welterweight, this division will also provide much controversy. It has given to Australia some of our best boxers.

The present generation popularly sponsors Vic Patrick, who gave big crowds all the drama of the war years from 1940 onwards.

But in my ratings Victor Patrick is a long, long way down!

"The Pride of the Fancy", by conquest in the ring, by infectious enthusiasm of the big crowds that always attended his fights, by the pugnacity of his fighting, by the power of his punch, was unquestionably Sid Godfrey! Yet I rate Hughie Dwyer, the classicist, above him.

And what a division for talent it was! Here as in other divisions there was hybrid mix-up of weights from feathers to middles.

Here are some of them: George Dawson back in 1885, Jim Barron, Jack McGowan, Cocker Tweedie, Bob Turner, Frank Thorn, Hock Keys, Lyn Truscott, Paddy King, Hughie Mehegan, Jack

Read, Herb McCoy, Tommy Uren, Sid Godfrey, Hughie Dwyer, Billy Grime — all reigning champions of the period. I have included "Hop" Harry Stone because although he was born in America, he did most of his fighting in Australia, where he fought for nearly 15 years. On ability, Stone would be rated among the world's ten best-ever lightweights.

"Hop" Harry used to fight heavyweights, too! Anything for money, anything for publicity, was his motto. He became a naturalised Australian.

"Hop" Harry was dodged by the world's best fighters, and had to go out of his division to get opponents.

I give "Hop" Harry Stone No. 1 rating with the reservation already stated, but for a truly-born Australian fighter it



"Uncrowned featherweight champion of the world."

is a toss-up between Sid Godfrey and Hughie Dwyer.

I think Dwyer might have the better record. He outpointed Harry Stone, knocked out Herb McCoy, outpointed Archie Bradley.

He outpointed Sid Godfrey before a crowd of 12,000 at Sydney Stadium, October 14, 1922. Weights were Godfrey 9st 8½lb, Dwyer 9st 8½lb.

Dwyer beat Al Burke for the welter title and Billy Edwards for the middleweight title.

Yet Billy Grime, a featherweight beat Dwyer! So we start arguing in a circle when we talk records!

YOU may join issue with me by the inclusion of Harry Stone among Australians. The fact that he was naturalised somewhat disposes of the argument. But I admit it does not wholly dispose of it.

For that reason, Stone's

rating among Australian boxers may be accepted with reservation only.

Harry Stone lived 40 years in Australia. He married an Australian. He died in Australia a few years ago. He defeated Australia's greatest fighters of all weights from light to even heavyweights!

Among some of the great ones, Australian and otherwise, between 1910 and 1922 were Hock Keys, Frank Thorn, Alf Morey, Jack Read, Joe Russell, Bob Turner, Matt Wells, Milburn Saylor, Hughie Mehegan, Eugene Volaire, Fred Kay, Jimmy Hill, Tommy Uren, Llew Edwards, Hughie Dwyer and Herb McCoy.

But I must declare myself for somebody. Stone is "naturalised Australian No. 1." Hughie Dwyer is Australian-born No. 1 for boxing clubism, copy-book punching based on the brilliance of defence. Sid Godfrey is Australian-born No. 1 for a great fighter, boxing aggression and crowd-pleasing punching.

Stone, Dwyer and Godfrey definitely stand out in a division rich in talent.

But if you quarrel with my rating of Stone "the naturalised Australian," I now place Hughie Dwyer No. 1 and Sid Godfrey No. 2 among the lightweights of all time.

GODFREY was born at Raglan near Bathurst on August 20, 1897. He came to Auburn (Sydney suburb) when he was 14, earned 30/- a week in a blacksmith shop, received £7 for his first fight, and subsequently in his 124 fights earned £20,000 which today would be worth at least £50,000 from ring earnings.

The most thrilling fight of his career in a career of thrilling fights was the night the brilliant Frenchman Eugene Criqui knocked him out in round 10 at Sydney Stadium, February 5, 1921. Godfrey boiled himself dry to make weight.

Godfrey himself says his most thrilling fight was when he knocked out Archie Bradley "The Gympie Tiger", in the last and 20th round in 1923.

Probably it may eliminate much argument by stating Godfrey thought the best fighter he ever met was the Filipino Cabanella Dencio.

Godfrey's right-hand punch, which carried explosive powder, is the main factor in his high rating.

Other lightweights I

rate in their order were Herb McCoy, Hughie Mehegan and Hock Keys.

Vic Patrick blossomed in a period of decadence. The war was on. The crowd wanted "fight", "punch", and Victor Patrick was well qualified to give it both elements of fistfuls.

He rode high on a wave of fierce publicity with a string of knockout victories against preliminary boys.

His punch became almost legendary, and he drew the war crowds hungry for light amusement and with a lust for "blood".

Who did Patrick beat? His rating rose when he defeated Tod Morgan for the Australian lightweight title in 1941, but Tod was a "burnt-out" fighter, a veritable crowd-pleaser without.

Patrick beat such second-raters as Tommy Johns, Billy de Belin, Les Sloan (who could have been a great fighter), Jack Day, and the wash-out Vic Cateaux from New Zealand.

He also beat Ron McLaughlin, Hockey Bennell and Jimmy Dundee, all good "Leichhardt fighters".

But he surely could not be rated among the great by that opposition!

The first split in his armor came when an American soldier, Carl Dell, untrained, nearly knocked him out on March 18, 1944. But Patrick won by a knockout.

Then came Patrick's exposure when in 1948 Freddie Dawson completely exploded the myth of Patrick's high ratings in public opinion.

I think Vic Patrick was a great little fighter, but his technique was crude by comparison with other champions who preceded him.

The present champion, Pat Ford, who although he is variously acknowledged as the British Empire champion, would not on current form be rated among the first 20 boxers of all time. He is improving, of course.

Bobby Delaney takes a high rating. He was born at Charleville, Queensland, February 27, 1910, and was as tough as teak.

Possibly he was no more aggressive fighter in any division. He just kept throwing punches, and he had a mighty wallop in his right hand.

Another of "the moderns" Jimmy Kelso, could not be rated in the first 20 fighters. Jimmy was an honest tradesman who, like Patrick, fought in a

period of shallow ability in the early 1930's.

I mention Koleso and Patrick to create some sort of a word picture of boxing quality by comparisons.

FEATHERWEIGHT DIVISION

"GRIFFO" is by universal consent the greatest fighter of his weight the world has known. He belongs to an age, however, that has gone from human ken.

Stories of his speed and cleverness read like a page from the lore of the hobgoblins.

But the stories of his prowess have been perpetuated, passed down from one decade to the other, so that there can be no doubting his greatness as a boxer.

It has been said "Griffo" could stand on a three-penny piece in a bar-room, and he would win wagers enough to buy a barrel of beer with, that nobody would hit him while he was on the money.

"Griffo" would have beaten any featherweight in the history of Australian boxing.

On the authority of tradition, he is rated No. 1 in a special category all his own.

I place Billy Grime next behind "Griffo".

Grime was a freak. He beat Bert Spargo for the featherweight title in 1923. Hughie Dwyer for the lightweight title in 1924 and at 8st beat Eddie Butcher for the welterweight title.

Grime's defeat of Dwyer is one cogent reason why I could not rate Dwyer No. 1 lightweight.

"GRIFFO" was indeed the Phantom Fighter. "The Master." On May 15, 1893, "Griffo"—"The Feeder"—as he called himself—went to America on the steamer Alameda in search of fame and glory.

He won renown, and became the uncrowned featherweight of the world.

But in his title fights a clause was inserted that if both boxers were in their feet at the final bell, the result was to be a draw!

"Griffo" finished up on the backwash of life in New York, where his emaciated body was found on a doorstep.

As Albert Griffith, he was born at Sofala, NSW, on March 31, 1871. His weight was 8st, height 5ft 4in and reach 68in.

Billy Grime was born at Young on April 27,

1902. His weight was 8st 13lb, height 5ft 6in, reach 69in (phenomenal for a featherweight). He had a weaving, crouching style, very hard to hit. He won something like 175 fights out of 200!

Following Grime came Bert Spargo. Jimmy Hill was a good fourth behind Spargo, and in points of cleverness and speed was perhaps better, but he had nothing like Grime's record. He was simply and purely a boxer without a punch.

Some of his best feats were to defeat Teddy Green, Bert Spargo, Sid Godfrey, Frank Thorn. Hill was born in 1892 at Sydney, NSW.

Frank Thorn comes No. 5 among the featherweights.

I think Frank Thorn, who won the feather, light and welterweight Australian titles between 1906-1909, would at least take high ranking among the welterweights, and he would be among the first 20 boxers in all divisions for all-time in Australia.

But I will rate him among the featherweights. His record, pound for pound, compares with the greatest.

Frank Thorn was born at Gawler, South Australia, on July 26, 1883. He built his reputation in Brisbane and in Sydney.

Among some of his most impressive victories were his fights against such grand opponents as Sid Sullivan, Hughie Mehegan, Charlie Frost, Tim Hegarty, Paddy King, Arthur Douglas, Rudie Unholz, Dick Cullen, Herb McCoy, Frank O'Grady, Hock Keys, Joe Russell, Alf Morey, Wave Geike, Patsy Brannigan, Jerry Sullivan, Andre Dupre, between the years 1907 and 1929!

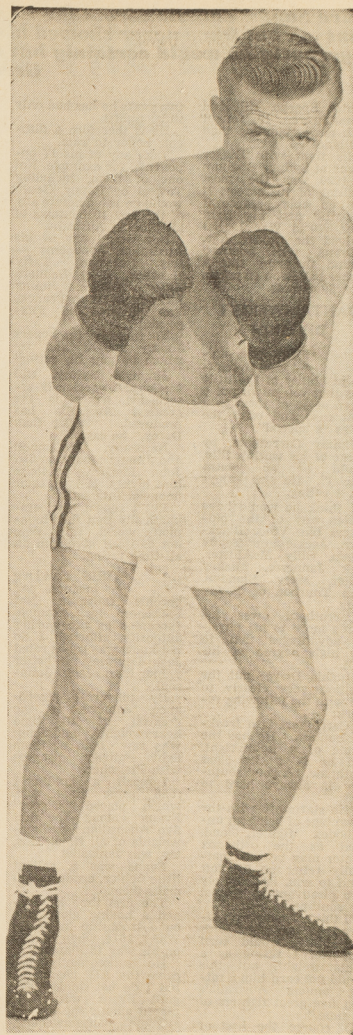
As a featherweight he met his master in Sid Godfrey, "Pride of the Fancy of the Golden Age" and he was knocked out by Hughie Mehegan, whom he had beaten, and by Silvino Jamito the "Devil-may-date" Filipino.

But his all-over record (feather, light and welter weight) constitutes a remarkable feat.

Jackie Green, nephew of the brilliant "Teddy", bantam champion of Australia in 1904, occupies a high rating.

He was born at Wellington, NSW, in 1903, and won the featherweight title when he beat Sid Godfrey on April 5, 1920. He lost the title to Bert Spargo in 1921.

Green, however, was not the accomplished



JIMMY CARRUTHERS owns the world bantam title and is naturally No. 1 among the All-time Bantams. But he owes his rating to physical advantages rather than any high degree of skill.

Dave Sands' omission from the Best 25 of All Time will surprise many fans . . . but Dave never showed his true ability. If Dave had trained rigorously he would certainly have rated highly among the All Time Greats!

fighter Spargo, Hill and Grime were. He fought with more "cunning than brilliance". His fight with Digger Evans at Sydney Stadium in 1920 was the most thrilling of his career. It was an epic because it was the first big fight after World War I that revived the Golden Age. Evans, who bounced around the ring like a rubber ball, won on points over 20 rounds.

BANTAMWEIGHT DIVISION

THIS is a division so fruitful in ability of the little 'uns that you might put a dozen or so of them in a fruit case and offer the lot as "a special".

Jimmy Carruthers, by virtue of his world's title, would be an "extra special". He also enjoys No. 1 rating.

I think he would have beaten any of the old-timers like Vince Blackburn, Jackie and Teddy Green, Billy McAllister, Jack Jannesse, Mickey Miller, Merv Blandon, Stan Thurbon or Paddy King.

Carruthers owes his rating more to his physical advantages than to the high degree of his skill.

Hughie Dwyer put the position very clearly to me with the following remark:

"Carruthers is a freakish bantam. He has the frame of a lightweight, and he is a first-class southpaw. A good southpaw is always hard to beat."

"He starts off with the advantage of being an orthodox fighter," and, good as the orthodox fighter may be who naturally relies on his left hand to win, is definitely at a disadvantage against the southpaw."

"I think Jimmy's physical advantages, allied with his ability, would earn him No. 1 rating as a bantamweight, but this would not earn him a rating among Australia's first five great fighters of all time."

Of course, the best of Carruthers may not yet have been seen.

Although he is world's champion, he is merely in the novitiate stage of his career. He has had only 17 fights! And in the last

two years he has had only three fights! He is therefore a difficult boxer to rate.

Take any of his 17 opponents, for example. Not one of them, including Towel or Pappy Gault, would be rated before any of the first 10 bantams of all time in Australia. Nor would any of his Australian opponents — Ray Coleman, Taffy Hancock, Elley Bennett, Blucy Wilkins, Jimmy McFadden, Keith Francis, Ron Wilson, Ted Fitzgeald.

Yet those are the boxers Jimmy fought and by whom he gets his rating!

Jimmy's trainer, Bill McConnell, speciously asserts his boxer is the greatest Australia has produced. "Better than Darcy," he says.

Naturally, McConnell and Jimmy's manager Dr. John McGirr, publicise him highly. It is to their financial interest.

But I repeat most emphatically that the champion's world title does not of itself give him an all-time rating.

THIS rating becomes fantastic. Nat Fleischer, for example (accepted as the world's authority, although I do not know why), has rated Jack Dempsey a better fighter than Jack Johnson!

By universal acceptance, Johnson is the greatest of all time heavyweights, and those who saw both of them fight entirely disagree with Fleischer.

I recall a grading I read some time ago, which placed "Digger" Evans among the first five Australian bantamweights of all time! This, too, was fantastic!

Evans was a gallant little fighter, crude as you make them.

The first time he donned a boxing glove was on a troupe in World War I, 1914, when he was on his way to Flanders.

He subsequently became the AIF champion, but I do not think "Digger" Evans would be placed among the first 20 all-time bantamweights.

However, that is a matter of opinion, but I base my opinion on first-hand knowledge.

Hughie Dwyer thinks that probably Jackie Green would get second

honors in the bantamweight division, but my vote goes to Vince Blackburn.

This stumpy little fellow, the famous "postman's knock," rat-tat-tat punch, was the "daddy of them all." Born at Balmuir, on August 4, 1895, Blackburn's weight was 8st 3lb, height 5ft 5in, reach 67in.

Blackburn had some great tussles with Jack Jannesse. He took the bantam title from him on December 11, 1916, lost it to Jannesse on February 3, 1917, regained it from him on April 21, 1917, and held it until he was beaten by Jackie Green on January 17, 1920.

I think at that time Vince was on the bobogun. As previously stated, this comment must be borne in mind when relating victories and defeats to the all-time ratings.

Possibly Jackie Green (before he outgrew the division) and Teddy Green may follow in the ratings, but I have a particular regard for a little dandy of a boxer named Billy McAllister, whom Jack Dunleavy agrees was one of the finest bantams of all time.

Billy McAllister won the title from Archie Cowan in 1927. Cowan won the title from that excellent performer Stan Thurbon. He was a clever, speedy, two-handed boxer, better by far as a boxer than Jimmy Carruthers, but not nearly the puncher Carruthers is. Jimmy would beat him each time up.

FLYWEIGHT DIVISION

THERE has been, and probably never will be, wide public interest in this division. One boxer, and only one boxer stands out like a meteor among the constellations.

That boxer is George Mendies. He gets No. 1 rating by common consent of all the authorities.

Mendies was born at Pyrmont on June 14, 1889. His weight was 7st 10lb, height 5ft 3in, reach 68in. He won 56 out of 76 fights.

Mendies beat Jackie Green for the title in 1917, was subsequently beaten by Green, who was a bantamweight. He was still Australian

MY FINAL SUMMING UP

Of all the boxers who are eligible to be rated as Australians, of all weights, and (I emphasise this) at the peak of their form, I rated the best twenty-five . . . in the following order:

1. Les Darcy.
2. Young Griffio.
3. Harry Stone.
4. Tommy Uten.
5. Dave Smith.
6. Bill Lang.
7. Ambrose Palmer.
8. Ron Richards.
9. Hughie Dwyer.
10. Sid Godfrey.
11. Billy Grime.
12. Jack Carroll.
13. Jimmy Carruthers.
14. Bert Spargo.
15. Jimmy Hill.
16. Frank Thorn.
17. Vince Blackburn.
18. Herb McCoy.
19. Hughie Mehegan.
20. Fred Kay.
21. George Mendies.
22. Hook Keys.
23. Jackie Green.
24. Fred Henneberry.
25. Vic Patrick.

Fight fans who no doubt will be amazed at the omission of Dave Sands from the best twenty-five are reminded that Dave rarely, if ever, showed us his true ability. This was due to his dislike of fighting in condition. If he had had the desire to train rigorously, and had done so, his name would have appeared very highly in this list of the best twenty-five.

He was a member of the State second XVIII which played Broken Hill and Geelong during 1951, and his effort against Geelong, in which he kicked seven goals, is regarded as the best of his career. In this match players in front of him must have been appearing very highly in this list of the best twenty-five.

JOHN WILLIS IS THE ENIGMA OF SOUTH AUSTRALIAN FOOTBALL!

By GORDON SCHWARTZ

HIGH-FLYING STAR FOUND HOME BUILDING MORE IMPORTANT THAN LUCRATIVE VICTORIAN OFFER

THE tall, well-built West Torrens full-forward ran in, dropped the ball on to his back, and shot for goal from about 15 yards out — but the agonised groan from supporters signified that he had missed yet another easy goal.

This was country footballer John Willis, 6ft 4in tall, and weighing 14st, a fast and active big man who had been the talk of the 1950 pre-season trials in Adelaide.

After seeing him in one of these trials, Haydn Bunton had written that he appeared a logical State player that season — and Willis had yet to play his first League game.

West Adelaide, Port Adelaide and West Torrens all sought his services, with the latter club being successful.

John played some impressive football that season, but his inaccuracy in front of goal spoiled any chance he had of making the State side.

He was a member of the State second XVIII which played Broken Hill and Geelong during 1951, and his effort against Geelong, in which he kicked seven goals, is regarded as the best of his career.

In this match players in front of him must have been appearing very highly in this list of the best twenty-five.

faith in their quiet-natured Port Pirie player, and in 1952 they were rewarded.

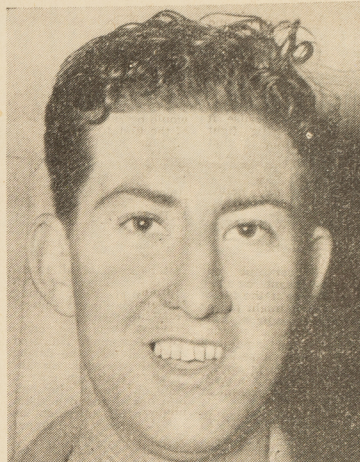
Joe Kinlough, newly-appointed coach, made certain alterations in his style and this previously-inaccurate goalsneak was transformed into a first-class player who now kicked goals from all angles and seldom missed an easy one. This was the Willis whom Bunton had visualised, the one whom newspaper critics and radio commentators hoped, but did not expect, to see.

He was logical choice as full-forward for the State team to play Western Australia in Adelaide. In his first interstate match he kicked three goals and scored the same number against Victoria.

This was one of the few occasions on which South Australia defeated their rivals. Willis did not score in the first South Australia-Western Australia match in Perth, but bagged three in the second match.

His 85 goals in club games that season topped the League list, and brought him a 25gn trophy from an Adelaide motor firm. He was included in a "Team of the Year" selected by an Adelaide newspaper.

SPORTSWRITERS lauded his efforts, which resulted in West Torrens being



JOHN WILLIS makes a round trip of 300 miles every weekend just to play two hours of football

the most accurate scoring team in League football.

John's form last year was patchy and he was not included in the carnival side. He finished equal third on the goalkicking list and had the satisfaction of being in the premiership team, only the fourth occasion that West Torrens have attained this honor.

Willis has played in 71 League games and scored 251 goals, his best individual effort being 10 against South Adelaide on the Odeleide Oval.

Without hesitation, Ian McKay, North Adelaide and State full-back, is named as the most difficult opponent he has encountered.

A few months before the start of this season Willis received an offer from Footscray football club, but this did not interest him.

The foundations for his new house — he will be married at the end of the year — were considered more important.

Now 24 years of age, Willis feels that whatever Australian Rules has to offer he has received — that is, from a South Australian viewpoint.

State's leading goalgetter, an interstate representative, a member of a premiership team and visits to various centres from Perth to Sydney, have all resulted since he joined league ranks.

He has been free from serious injury, his only real setback having resulted from an accident at practice.

In his quiet unassuming manner, John sounds keen for the forthcoming season—in fact, he even has his holidays to coincide with pre-season training.

Perhaps in the back of his mind is the thought of playing on the famous MCG, and a challenge to make a comeback into the State side—but he will not admit this.

Surely anyone keen enough to make a round trip of 300 miles each weekend to play just over two hours football — and remember this will be his fifth successive year at it — deserves a few breaks.

If these breaks should come his way Melbourne fans could see high flying and goalkicking to compare with their champion John Coleman.

WHERE are the champions of the past



**JOHN MATTHEWS
TURNS BACK THE
PAGES OF TIME.**

WE continue our pleasant tramp along the trail of memory in search of "The Champs of Yesterday."

This is the same trail we set out to blaze a few months ago. It is always good to be near the great whether of the present or the past.

A few months ago in the newspaper there appeared a picture of some old-time champions who attended a dinner given in honor of England's "Bad Man" of cricket, Douglas Jardine.

You will remember "The Jardine" of the historic bodyline cricket Tests in Australia back in 1932, when he soiled the demon bowler, Harold Larwood, on with an attack at the batsman rather than at the stumps. This bodyline series nearly wrecked relations between Australia and England.

Eventually, however, official peace was restored when a committee, consisting of two players, W. M. Woodfull and Vic Richardson, and other experts, drew up a rule that eliminated "bodyline" bowling.

Jardine came to Australia a few months ago on a flying visit to inspect some big outback holdings, in which his English clients were interested.

It was his first visit to Australia since the 1932-33 bodyline Test matches. Today, Douglas Jardine is a solicitor in a big way in London.

One of the players present at the dinner given to him in the Pickwick Club was C. G. Macartney.

Charlie Macartney, the Governor-General, as he is called, was one of Australia's great-

est batsmen of all times. He blossomed between 1909 and 1926, during which he made several tours to England.

"C.G." was the complete batsman. He used to thrill with the daring of his powerful stroke-play. Although only a midget, he hit the ball with the force of a giant. Upon his retirement he was given a bumper benefit of £2500.

Today, "C.G." is an amenity officer attached to the staff of Prince Henry Hospital, Sydney. And Victor Richardson, of the bodyline series. Where is he? Victor was perhaps the most brilliant in-fieldman Australia has known.

He was a show unto himself on a Saturday afternoon during a match before a big crowd, with the band playing hit-tunes of the hour.

Victor would stand at "rugged point," mis-called silly mid-off, and keep time with his feet to the tune of the band while he effected miraculous saves and took brilliant catches.

He will be remembered for that, even more than for his dashing batting.

Vic, too, was a pretty good footballer (Aussie Rules). He was captain of South Australia, let me see—that was in 1923. Where is he?

In 1946 he reappeared before the public as a cricket commentator of the Test matches against England in Australia for the ABC.

Today Vic is the sporting editor of a radio station in Adelaide.

The other "bodyliner," Billy Woodfull. Where is he?

Woodfull was one of Australia's famous opening Test cricket batsmen. He first came to light with

big scores he made in the Maryborough district (Victoria).

Chosen for a country team in 1921 to play the Englishmen at Ballarat, he made a big score, and that was the cause of his being taken to Melbourne.

Woodfull had three visits to England with the Australian team—1926, 1930 and 1934. He was captain of the last two touring teams.

His great partner was Billy Ponsford, now a senior clerk in the office of the Melbourne Cricket Club.

Woodfull is headmaster of the Melbourne High School.

E. L. Waddy. Now there's a memory!

Known to everybody as "Gar," he was one of the hardest-driving batsmen Australian cricket has known.

Gar used to crack the ball like the buck of a horse.

He started playing cricket with Cumberland in the days of Noah's Ark and at one time looked as if he might go on to the Millennium.

His best years, however, were between 1910-20. He represented New South Wales and played in 22 matches, scoring 884 runs at an average of 26 runs an innings.

Gar Waddy has been one of the outstanding personalities in our cricket, both on the field and off the field. He has years of service on the NSW Cricket Association, of which he is a life member.

Where is he today? Gar can be seen at Sydney Cricket Ground on any day when an interstate or Test match is being played. He never misses. His name is perpetuated

in the firm of estate agents in the city of Sydney, E. L. Waddy and Co. Pty. Ltd.

By the way, Gar Waddy can still argue the policy of cricket as vigorously as ever. Cricket has been in his blood all his life.

Do you remember Harold Horder? As a youngster he shot into the Rugby League football firmament during World War I.

He went straight from football on Moore Park to the South Sydney district team and won world renown as one of the fastest, trickiest wingers of all time.

About 1920 Horder switched to Queensland. He is still there, but he is never seen at a football match.

Bowls is his pastime in Brisbane, where he has attained a high ranking. Talking of Harold Horder reminds me of another very classy Rugby League footballer, Duncan Thompson, of the 1920's.

He was a wonderful half-back, and played in Tests for Australia both here and in England.

Thompson also migrated to Queensland where he set up in business with sports goods at Toowoomba.

Today he has one of the most progressive shops of this type in Australia. Duncan is also the life of Queensland football. Last year he coached the team to great success.

Duncan Thompson is regarded as a hot tip as coach of the Australian team for the Tests against England this winter. But, of course, that depends entirely on the Board of Control.

Can you recall the excitement in Australia when Fanny Durack became the first Australian woman to win at the Olympic Games?

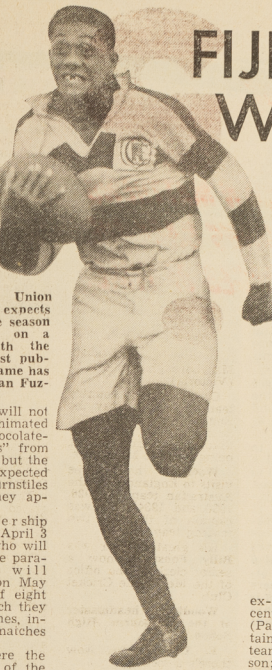
That success was achieved at Stockholm in 1912. Fanny won the women's 100 metres freestyle.

Despite the passing of the years, Fanny Durack is still one of the big shots in women's swimming. She has devoted a lifetime to coaching in the sport.

Fanny used to run a hotel in the city about, was it 1925? That was the time when the JCW theatricals used to pop in for a social "quickie".

She is now living privately out in the West. Suburban and Fanny can still show a "wicked leg" when she kicks in the swimming pool.

Giant winger JO LEVULA (right) was the star attraction of the previous Fijian tour. Recently he ran a place in the Australian 100 yards championship.



FIJIAN VISIT WILL BE THE HIGHLIGHT OF RUGBY UNION SEASON!

By STAN MOORE

"The Union code was in dire straits until the Fijians toured in 1952—but a tour profit of £11,000 ended all that."

THE Rugby Union confidently expects to begin the season this month on a "high note" with the arrival of the best publicity agents the game has ever had, the Fijian Fuzzies.

The high note will not merely be the animated enthusiasm the chocolate-skinned "Bombers" from Fiji may provoke, but the money they are expected to tickle the turnstiles with wherever they appear.

Club premiership matches begin on April 3 and the Fijians, who will undoubtedly be the paramount interest, will arrive by plane on May 5 for a season of eight weeks during which they will play 17 matches, including two Test matches against Australia.

The Fijians were the financial saviours of the Rugby Union two seasons ago when Mr. Justice Herron (who was then president of the NSWRU) drew public attention to the dire straits in which the code found itself.

The Rugby Union appears to have gone in "head down" on the Fijians in the belief they will draw big crowds wherever they appear.

But we may probably find the expenses involved in the matches in Melbourne and Adelaide may eat a large lump from the financial treasury!

It is expected that the NSW and Australian Test teams will be composed largely of the Australian Wallabies who toured South Africa last season.

But, at the same time, the selectors will be required to choose players on form, not reputation.

Four new young players upon whom the eyes of the selectors may be focused are: Vince Heinrich (Randwick), ex-St. Joseph's College; Barry Roberts (Manly),

Manly, Hay 12; Sydney Cricket Ground on May 22, June 19 and June 26.

One of the attractions will be against Combined Services, at Parramatta, June 23.

The visit of the Fijians this season is only the forerunner of bigger things to come for the more promising players.

The Wallabies cannot last for ever, and the season for "shooting" will not remain closed for ever!

Here are the Rugby Union plans:—Next year an Australian team will be sent to New Zealand.

This will be followed in 1956 by a tour to South Africa.

Then in 1957 is the Big Thrill—the tour to England.

There is little doubt that the tour to England will be the target for dozens of young players who at the present time have not even been given a thought.

But that tour must surely be within the compass of any outstanding young player today. For that reason, young players of ability should be-

gin making every post a winner. The Rugby Union has not yet made any plans for interstate matches with Queensland this season on the ground that the Fijian tour will occupy full attention and interstate matches would make the season unwieldy.

The administration, of course, knows its own business best, but it may be pertinently asked on what basis are the selectors going to choose an Australian Test team to play Fiji if there are no interstate matches?

The Rugby Union could of course change its mind, but at the time of writing no proposals for interstate matches had been made.

As an added plum for players there is also a proposal to send an Australian team to Japan!

This will be decided later, but it is on the cards. The idea would be to send the team at the end of the year to catch the Japanese winter.

This tour seems to hinge on the success of the Fijians, who, without their Big Shot, Jo Levula, probably could not hope to attain the success of two seasons ago.

FRANK COMMENT PRESENTS HIS

Personality PARADE

BILLY WATSON COULD BECOME AN AUSTRALIAN TEST OPENER

BILLY WATSON, the young NSW interstate cricketer who came to light in the fierce heat of the Ray Lindwall controversy in the last Sheffield Shield match of the season against South Australia in Sydney, might even affectionately be called "Bluey".

His dad, who is one of the big produce agents at the Sydney Municipal Markets, has set the fashion with an imposing crop of "jersey", and young Bill, while not exactly "ginger", sails pretty close to the wind.

Bill's hair is very fair, with a "jersey" tinge. He wears a smile of ambitious youth. His build is slight, but his personality is warm.

Briefly, that is a description of the young fellow whose breezy and aggressive batting earned public applause when he made 82 out of 161, in the highest first-wicket partnership of the season.

Ron Briggs, another up-and-coming young player, from Canterbury-Bankstown, was his partner.

It was Billy's first interstate match and the effort was good enough to place him among those players whom the selectors will watch next season for the Test matches against England.

Billy Watson may miss out, but if he does, he will not miss by much.

His batting is much more entertaining to watch than any Australian Test batsman, with the exception of Neil Harvey and Keith Miller (at his best).

His cover-driving is superb, timing faultless, and his late-cut recalls the artistry of Alan Kippax.

Watson was born at Waverley (Sydney) 23 years ago.

He learnt his cricket "the Bradman way"—up a side lane near the house where he resided with his parents.

Billy and his younger brother John used the side lane as a pitch and the wall of the house as "fieldsmen".

Don Bradman used to bang a ball up against a concrete wall. He used to make imaginary strokes. He also used to shy gibbers at the trees up at Bowral—a dubious practice which helped to coordinate eye with muscle.

Billy Watson attended Christian Brothers' College (Waverley), where his young brother John is still at school and plays with Waverley third grade team.

IN 1948 Billy joined up with Waverley. He began in the "fifth grade".

Next year, at the age of 18 years, he was in Waverley's first grade team. Even then his batting received very favorable mention.

That same year, 1949, he was chosen in the NSW Colts team to play Queensland Colts in Sydney.

Captain of the NSW team was Graeme Hole, who, when he left Mosman for Adelaide, was chosen in Australia's Test team.

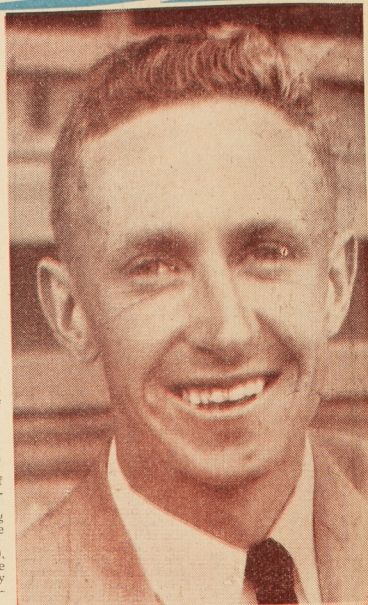
Bill made only nine in that match.

Last season he transferred to St. George and batted so well that he was again chosen for the NSW Colts against Queensland in Brisbane.

This time he made a brilliant 85.

Watson says he owes a lot to the influence of George Lowe, the Manly Club secretary whose interest in the development of young players is unbounded.

George Lowe is "god-



BILLY WATSON is an entertaining batsman. His cover-driving is superb, his timing faultless.

father" to hundreds of young players scattered all over the country.

But — and this may surprise — Billy says his cricket idol was Syd Carroll, the NSW player who made a bold bid last season, but just failed for selection in the Australian team that toured England.

Carroll's aggression as an opening batsman made him a strong candidate. His batting also set a good example for any young fellow to emulate.

Billy says he was also inspired by the batting of

Bradman, whom he saw in an innings in Sydney a few years ago. He thinks Bradman at his worst would still be a great batsman.

In June last year Billy was married—and he is now living at Bexley.

He is following his father's footsteps in the produce business.

His selection and success in his first interstate match was the realisation of one dream.

His next dream? Well, we must wait until summer when the Englishmen will be here.

PERSONALITY PARADE

... continued

POACHING BAN HAS COST CLIVE CHURCHILL A FORTUNE

THE young man who is expected to lead Australia in the Rugby League Tests this season against England is Clive Churchill, of South Sydney club.

Since 1948 Churchill has been "the personality player" of the Rugby League code—not only in Australia, but also in England, France and New Zealand as well.

The brilliance of his aggressive play at full-back has persistently made him the subject of the argument, "Who is the best full-back Australia has ever produced?"

Many old-timers give the honor to Howard Hallett, who also played for South Sydney and toured with the Australian team to England in 1911 and 1914.

Modern followers of the Rugby League code give the disputed honor to Churchill.

The argument, of course, will never be settled. But it is certain the names of both Hallett and Churchill will be inscribed in the honor list of great Rugby League players of all time.

Like Churchill, Hallett was a magnificent positional player whose grubber kick for the touchline has never been excelled.

But Churchill appears to be a more punishing player than Hallett, whose positional running with the ball has never been excelled.

Upon that consideration the supporters may continue to argue until the crack of doom.

CCLIVE CHURCHILL is a Newcastle boy. He is 28 years of age.

As a schoolboy he played with Marist Brothers, Hamilton (Newcastle) in the position of five-eighth. In one season Clive scored 200 points.

He quickly asserted himself and in 1947 Churchill, who played for the strong Central Newcastle team, was chosen to represent Combined Country Seconds in the annual match against City in Sydney.

His display in that match sealed his future.

South Sydney officials swooped down upon him

and he joined the famous colors of Red and Green. Churchill was an instant success and in 1948 he represented the City II team against Combined Country II.

He was promoted to City I in a return match at Wollongong, and from there he raced into Australia's team for the second Test against the New Zealand Kiwis in Brisbane.

It is worthy of special mention that Clive Churchill represented Australia in a Test match before even he had represented his State!

That further distinction, however, followed the week after the Test match when he played his first interstate match for NSW against Queensland.

From that time, Churchill has continued his march of progress onward and upward to reach the pinnacle as Australia's Test captain.

By the time he was only 22 years old and after being in Sydney only 18 months, Churchill had played in no fewer than eight successive Test matches.

HE made his first tour to England with the 1948 Australian team of which Colin Maxwell was the captain.

On that tour Churchill's class was compared with that of England's great full-back of the 1920's, Jim Sullivan.

Upon his return he toured New Zealand with the Australian team—and the year 1950 saw him crowned as Australia's Test captain to win the Ashes from England at the age of 23.

Australia's thrilling victory in the third Test match on a swamp on Sydney Cricket Ground is recorded among the Rugby League's greatest memories of all time.

That was the match when big, powerful-running Ron Roberts raced to the corner on the only dry patch of grass on the ground to score the try that gave Australia the Ashes.

The big crowd rose and cheered to a man.

Churchill led Australia against the brilliant Frenchmen here in 1951.

Against the New Zealand Kiwis of 1952, and was



CLIVE CHURCHILL . . . he hopes to lead Australia to victory in the Battle of the Ashes.

captain of the Australian touring team to England, 1952.

He also led Australia on his second tour of New Zealand at the conclusion of the 1952 English tour.

SINCE 1948, Churchill's mastery in the full-back position has earned his selection in every representative match.

It is an amazing career in which recognition of his outstanding ability has been the dominant note.

Churchill could have been a wealthy young man today but for the poaching ban on players that was enforced in 1950. He was offered £10,000 to sign up with an English club, but the ban prevented him accepting.

Last year he was the centre of a burning controversy when he accepted an offer of £2500 from the Illawarra Social Club at Wollongong to play with a nominated club.

Although he had completed all his arrangements for the transfer to Wollongong and had even placed his house at Mascot in the hands of an agent for sale, he was

again thwarted by the action of the NSW Rugby League, which declared his contract void.

The argument raised was that the Illawarra Social Club was not affiliated with the NSWRL, and that Churchill would disqualify himself by the acceptance of the offer, for which he had signed a contract.

However, South Sydney Club and supporters found a way out of the financial loss. The South Sydney Club guaranteed to pay Churchill £500 a season for five years.

He left his job in the Sports Goods Department of Anthony Hordern's to learn the hotel trade in a business at Gladesville, where he is today.

Clive is very happy with his new conditions, although there is much ranking in the Wollongong district at a trick of fate that robbed it of having Australia's best player with it this season.

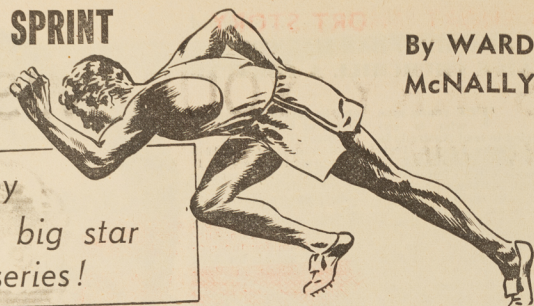
Churchill's dual objective is the managership of a hotel and to lead Australia once again to victory this season in the Battle of the Ashes against England.

Churchill had played in 8 Tests by the time he was 22!

WORLD PRO SPRINT TITLES

By **WARD
McNALLY**

*McKenley
was the big star
of the series!*



HIGHLIGHT of the Victorian Athletic League's "World Championships" held at Geelong last month was the performance of Herb McKenley, who turned in three magnificent runs.

McKenley came out of the carnival as "world pro sprint champion", Herb had been in Australia for several months and his victory was made easier by the lack of training and acclimatization of overseas champions Lloyd LaBeach and Mel Patton.

Best Australian performer was Keith Aiston, although the brilliant Frank Banner would certainly have had to be considered if he had started at the carnival.

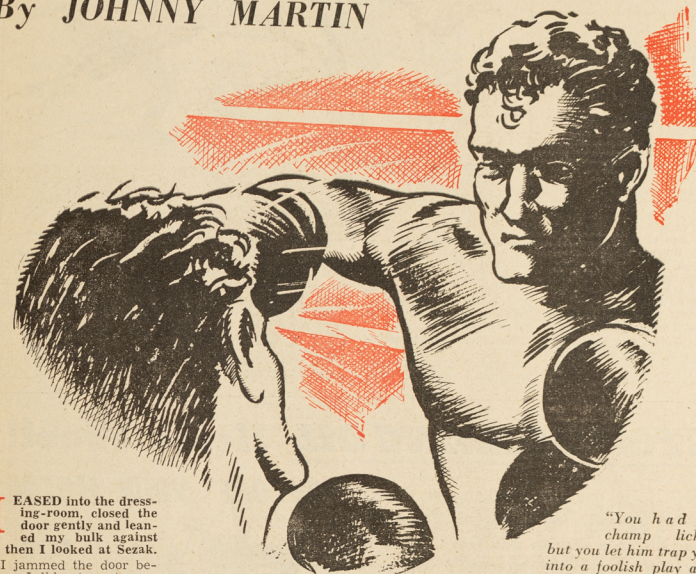


KEITH AISTON (above), is minus a shoe after his win in the 75 yards event. MCKENLEY and MEL PATTON (at left) warm up before the carnival commences.

• SHORT, SHORT STORY

SORRY, YOUR MISTAKE!

By **JOHNNY MARTIN**



*"You had the
champ licked
but you let him trap you
into a foolish play and
you got knocked out!"*

I EASED into the dressing-room, closed the door gently and leaned my bulk against it, then I looked at Sezak.

I jammed the door because I did not want company while I talked with the kid who had just finished his usual light workout.

He sat up slowly, his dressing-gown cloaking his sweating, brown body and I could see the ugly bruises discolored his ribs.

He never even blinked an eyelid but started to unwind his bandages. Very slow and very deliberately!

He said, "Lo, Frankie," and started work on his right hand.

There was no fright or panic on his face, but I figured maybe his brain had not delivered any warning.

Maybe he did not realize I was going to kill him. He would, directly!

"Congratulations," I told him, even though I was far from pleased. "You looked good out there, last night. Very, very good. You were tremendous!"

That country bumpkin grin spread over his face and he opened his mouth to speak. But I am a very fast talker and I beat him to it.

"But you were too good, Kid." I did not even raise my voice, although I was very annoyed. "So good you cost me 10,000 dollars."

That is dough in any language," Sezak whistled softly and shed his robe. He stepped into the shower cubicle and I heard the fierce hiss of hot water.

Above the splashing his voice mocked me. "10 gees sure ain't pocket money, Frankie. How'd you lose it?"

The big lug sounded serious enough, but I had the idea he was having a private laugh at my expense. That made me very angry. Very angry, indeed.

When Sezak stepped from under the shower,

his big, nude body glowing from the vigorous rubbing with a rough towel, I was sitting on the rub-down table, a cigarette dangling from my bottom lip.

A .32 automatic dangled from my right hand! "Hey," he pretended alarm, "you playin' cops and robbers, Frankie? Bit old for kid-takes, ain't you?"

"Shut up and sit down," I ordered. Now I was really getting sore. How stupid could this hick be?

I menaced him with the gun and at last his brain started to function.

He paled and flopped

When Sezak stepped from under the shower he found me waiting for him . . . a .32 automatic dangling from my right hand. There was no fright or panic on his face . . . maybe he did not realise I was going to kill him. "I'm going to kill you," I said. He was frightened now . . . scared stiff.

SORRY, YOUR MISTAKE

...continued

on to the wall bench, his eyes wide and glassy, and his mouth partly open, just like he had received the knock-out he should have taken in the fight.

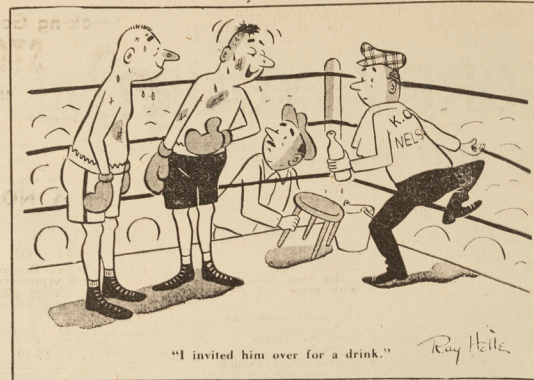
Automatically he slowly towelled his broad back, one end of the towel over his right shoulder, the other under his left.

He said, stupidly, "Frankie, what gives?" "You moron," I stormed, "you bone-headed lunk of muscle, I am going to kill you."

"Here and now in this room I am going to shoot two, maybe three, bullets into your belly. I am going to enjoy doing it. Very much!"

That is when the sweat began to pour from his forehead. He was frightened now, scared stiff for the first time in the three years I had known him.

He licked his lips and his voice was hardly more than a whisper. "You're crazy, Frankie. They'd



nail you for it. You'd go to the chair for murder. "Why..." he looked at me with astonishment. "Why're you going to kill me, Frankie?" I laughed, and he shivered. I said, "Why did I take you from a twenty a week

farm job, why did I feed and clothe you for a whole Goddamned year while I taught you everything I knew? Why did I beat my brains out trying to get the right fights for you?" His brow furrowed like it always did when he was

trying to think. He shook his head. "I dunno," he admitted, "unless it was because you thought I could take the title." "Go to the top of the class," I rasped, and my fingers caressed the automatic.

STOP BURNING OIL Here's Proof!

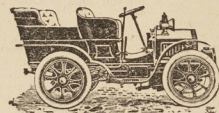
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A doctor was shaking his head while Sezak told him what had happened. He made a significant gesture and Sezak agreed.

"Yeah, plain nuts, I guess." He saw I was conscious and he said, "You were dead right about me bein' dumb. I sure am a slow thinker. You shouldn't have given me time to figure what to do."

That hick-town grin spread all over his ugly face and he confided, "I guess that was a real bad mistake, Frankie."

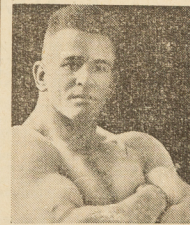
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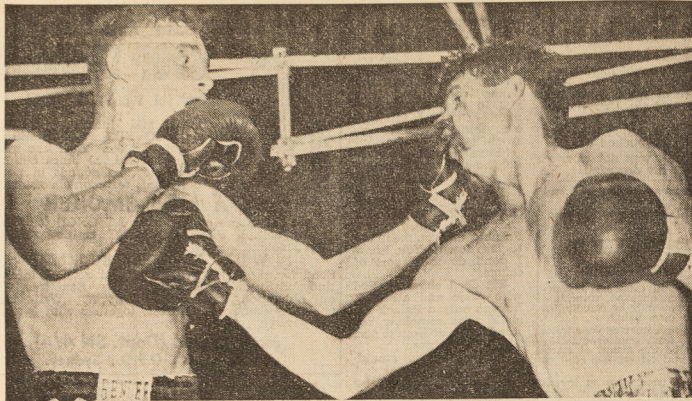
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A solid left by Gerald Dreyer catches Barry Brown flush on the face and draws blood. However, Brown's power-packed punches soon had the South African stumbling glaze-eyed around the ring.

"IS NEW ZEALAND BOXER BARRY BROWN AN INVINCIBLE FIGHTING MACHINE — OR WILL HE TASTE DEFEAT IN AUSTRALIAN RINGS?"

By ALEX VEYSEY

A COUPLE of years ago a slip of a lad industriously wound the handle of an old hand-grinder on a farmlet at Matamau, near Dannevirke, in the North Island of New Zealand.

The grinder served a double purpose. It ground oyster shells into grit for the fowls and it developed a sinewy, whipcord right arm on the boy who turned the handle.

Came the time when a boxing glove was laced to the fist on the end of that arm and that started something.

Adopting a southpaw stance, the youngster cut a swathe through the best New Zealand amateurs in his class and in 1947 the amateur flyweight champion of the country was one Barry Brown.

Just over five years later, on a cool, overcast

night in Wellington, this boy named Brown became welterweight champion of the British Empire.

For on January 15, 1954, a glaze-eyed, stumbling former champion, Springbok Gerald Dreyer, tasted the bitterness of Brown's grinder-developed right, by now supported by a crashing left.

Let us study the make-up of this new champion, this tall, likeable 22-year-old who looks more like a refined university student than the greatest adornment to New Zealand boxing since the palmy days of "Torpedo" Billy Murphy and the like.

Brown is essentially a quietly-spoken, modest

fellow—no mock-modesty, but simply a boyish embarrassment about discussing himself or his deeds.

He doesn't think boxing is much of a sport. That from a champion, perhaps, surprises you. He wants to get out of the game within the next year after pocketing the thick end of some pretty bulky purses.

Who would say that he hasn't the right idea?

BUT let's about-face for a moment. If Brown had received his dues and been selected for the 1952 New Zealand Olympic Games team, the little Dominion would not now have an Empire champion.

Brown's selection was

anticipated as one of the greatest certainties, but when the numbers came up, not one boxer had been considered.

A few months later (February 3, 1953) Brown stepped into the ring to make his professional debut and was an easy winner against a local boy.

Less than 12 months later he was Empire champion. Doesn't that warrant use of the hackneyed old phrase "meteoric rise"? But let's not get too far ahead of ourselves.

He won a couple more fights, then lifted the New Zealand welterweight title. We knew he was a pretty good boy, with a sharp, right lead.

Then he made a cake-walk of it with Australian Joey Clarke and stopped yet another Aussie, Aline Emerson.

BARRY BROWN *continued*

New Zealand, at least, was beginning to sit up and take more than a little notice and the powerful Wellington Boxing Association, working through its livewire chairman Tas Taylor, took a hand in the brilliant Brown's career.

Across the Tasman came Basuto Ace Chocolate. Brown was quite unextended by the plodding, cumbersome Negro, who had received quite good publicity in Australia.

Then excitable, likeable old Jack Warner brought his English charge Al Wilburn over to us and the Englishman did something to Brown that none of his previous adversaries had been able to do effectively.

He hit him. Not only that. He sat him down very hard on the dusty Wellington Town Hall canvas.

But there ended Wilburn's moment of glory. Brown, brilliantly fast, proceeded to make a punch bag of Al's head and won the fight by the length of Pitt St.

Brown was now a big drawcard. His appearance in the ring attracted Ministers of the Crown, Supreme Court judges, diplomatic representatives — including members of the Russian Legation.

Needless to say that on these occasions the Russians did not walk out.

Then in July of last year Ivor Germaine yawned prodigiously one night as he clambered into the Wellington Town Hall ring. He yawned just as wholeheartedly twice more before the gong went. But he yawned no more that night.

Barry Brown, as busy as a buzzsaw, saw to that. He made it eight professional wins in a row and Germaine in doing it. He was just too fast for the tough little West Indian, known so well to Australian fans.

Brown shocked his opponents. Going in against a southpaw, I suppose they could reasonably expect a comparatively innocuous right lead.

But Brown's "lead" was a vicious sniping weapon that stung, then dazed, his bewildered adversaries. It seemed never to be out of their faces.

So victory followed victory. Bernie Hall was out of his class against Brown. The Hall New Zealanders saw would do well to leave the fight game alone.

Other opponents went the way of the rest, and Brown had chalked up 13 wins in as many fights. And so we approach, 1954 and the Empire title contest.

Brown went down to New Zealand's South Island to prepare. He worked in timber camps to strengthen his shoulders and had some of the best sparring to be had in the country.

It will seem ludicrous to Australian readers that all Brown's ringwork for previous fights was with High School boys from his little home town, Dannevirke. On that preparation he had become leading challenger for the Empire title!

And down in the rugged West Coast of the South Island Brown and his astute father-trainer (Sergeant Reg. Brown) prepared a secret potion for the champion.

They did their work well, for when Brown stepped in the ring against Dreyer it was with a left hand packed with fistic TNT.

His most damaging weapon previously had been his devastating right. Now he had a left to match it.

That punch was a surprise to his thousands of supporters. It was a surprise, too, for Dreyer, though not, perhaps, as pleasant.

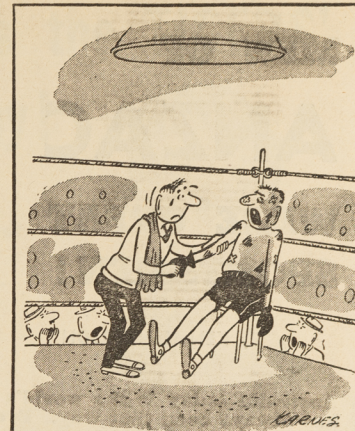
DREYER came with a reputation, 27 fights, 33 wins.

Yet Brown made him look the veriest hack. He dropped the South African three times, staccato right-left-rights.

The one-sided affair was stopped in the seventh with Dreyer sprawled on the canvas.

Teddy Bentham, Dreyer's American trainer,

"HOW WILL BROWN FARE WITH DAWSON AND BARNES"—OR SHOULD WE ASK "HOW WILL THEY FARE WITH HIM?"



"Just let it ring!"

protested that the fight was stopped prematurely. He must have closed his eyes as his beaten champion, weaving drunkenly, was half-carried to his dressing-room after the fight by an ambulance-man.

Dreyer would have been badly injured had the fight continued. And still we don't know just how good Barry Brown is. He has never been extended. He counted the Germaine fight as his hardest, yet he won that comfortably.

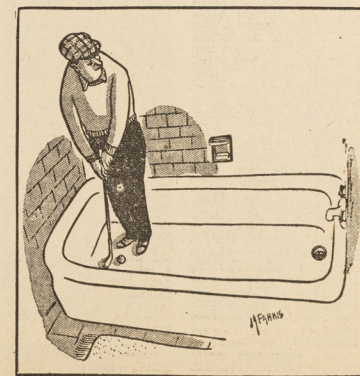
Australians are seeing Brown in action this year.

Take a tip. Go and see this boy at work.

His speed will amaze you, his evasive technique will have you delirious with delight. His power of punch will stagger you.

It will take a mighty good man to beat him, but if he does taste defeat for the first time—and try to press that possibility on a New Zealander—he will take it with the same quiet equanimity with which he has taken his unbroken string of victories.

Australians will like this boy named Brown.



MEN OF ANZAC WERE GREAT SPORTSMEN!

By KEN HENDERSON

Australia today is the world's greatest sporting nation. But it has always been that way. Even World War I produced its full quota of champions in all sports.

WHEN the First War Diggers assembled on Anzac Day the topic generally will be sport and sportsmen of the first A.I.F.

Recently first A.I.F. fast bowler Cyril Docker held an "unofficial reception" at the Sydney Cricket Ground Members' Stand.

Docker had just returned from a three years' visit to England. In his stay in England he had renewed acquaintance with a number of English officials he had met during the A.I.F.'s 1919 cricket tour.

Members of that famous team are still interested in cricket. Docker is president of the Paddington club, Jack Gregory is a member of the Sydney Cricket Ground Trust, and Bert Oldfield broadcasts an occasional match in the best A.B.C. fashion.

A.I.F. captain Herb Collins is seldom seen at Cricket Headquarters.

RECENTLY Cyril Docker entertained A. W. Lam-

pard at the S.C.G. Lampard was the A.I.F. bosie bowler. The old friendship born on the tour still remains.

It was Docker who knocked the three stumps of C. E. Fry out of the ground in a 1918 charity game at Lord's.

The Australian XI included: Kelleway, Macartney, Munday (SA), the late Eric Barbour, Stirling (SA), the late T. J. Matthews (Vic.), Docker, Dean (Vic.), Inkster (SA) and McAndrews (Queensland).

English bowler Colin Bythe played in his last game. Three months later he was killed in France.

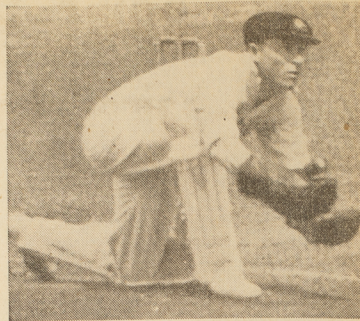
I recall discussing with Herb Collins the AIF team's prospects as we drank ink-black coffee one night on Waterloo Bridge.

Several weeks ago Dr. Wally Matthews died at Orange at the age of 69. The late Dr. Matthews managed the AIF Rugby Union team.

He was also the manager of the Wallaby team that visited England in 1939, but returned without having played a game.

Dr. Matthews also managed the Australian team to South Africa in 1939. His AIF team included two Rugby League stars the late "Dab" Hickey and Jack Watkins.

FAMOUS players in many sports paid the supreme sacrifice.



BERT OLDFIELD came to big cricket by way of the 1919 A.I.F. team.

Test fast bowler Tibby Cotter was killed in Palestine. Norman Callaway (famous cricket colt) was 20 when he fell. He could have been as prolific as Bradman. Callaway made 201 in his opening Shield game against Queensland.

Blair I. Swannell (Rugby Union International) and Ted Larkin (formerly Rugby League secretary) were killed on the beach at Anzac.

Rugby League Test centre Bob Tidyman and champion swimmer Cec Healey were just a few famous sportsmen who didn't come back.

Healey was killed in the assault on Pronne. Albert Barry (father of the backstroke champion) lost a leg.

Duncan Thompson, President of the Queensland Rugby League, often played half-back to cricketer Collins in inter-divisional fixtures.

League internationals Bert Grav and Bill Kelly were AIF men.

Clive Pearce (Australian open golf champion) and Arthur O'Hara Wood (one of our outstanding tennis hopes) were among the fallen. Arthur was an older brother of Pat O'Hara Wood.

Gerald Patterson (world's singles champion) and Ivor Whitton (Australian open amateur golf champion) are other Australians who fought as well as played for their country.

Boxer Herb Sullivan

(who fought Red Mitchell in Cairo early in 1916 before 15,000 troops) is still in circulation.

Herb is a member of the St. George Rugby League Club. He is the attendant at the southern dressing-room in the Sydney Cricket Ground Members' stand.

STADIUM Warner was a well-known AIF scrapper. The late Hughie McEgan and George Mendies were AIF boxers.

"Reggie" Harry Ireland, amateur Roger Douglas, Harold Corbett, the Rev. Hulton Sams, Rod Standon, Harry Hawke, Steve Lever and Bill Rudd are just a few of the leather-pushers who died for their country.

Occasionally I run across members of the old platoon. Melbourne AIF pals are lavish in their entertainment when I make occasional visits to the Southern City.

A fellow passenger on a flight to Perth hailed me in a fashion that stamped him as an AIF sportsman.

He was a buddy in a famous battalion. I hadn't seen him for 30 years. We talked AIF sport for five hours.

The old AIF sportsmen are all over 60. They wear well even though the ranks are thinning.

When the Old Diggers talk at their reunions on Anzac Day the topic of general consent will be sport.

HAVEL ROWE is the TIGERS' White-haired boy!

By DAMON MILLS

At Richmond the name of "Rowe" stands for courage and brilliance. One Rowe is Des, the captain, while the other is Havel—centreman de-luxe.

ROWE is a significant name at Richmond Football Club.

At Richmond, the name Rowe stands for courage, brilliance and football ability plus.

The name is borne by the Tigers' captain, brilliant half-back Des Rowe, and also by the handsome young man whose picture appears on this page—Havel Rowe, centreman de-luxe.

The remarkable thing about these two players is that, despite the fact that they bear a strong physical resemblance to one another and are also very intimate friends, they are no relation to one another whatsoever—and this is in Victorian League football that is rife with brother and cousin combinations.

Both young men are apples of the club's eyes at Tigerland, but young Havel is literally the white-haired boy at Punt Rd. as his hair is a kind of thick Superman-blond, while Des will soon have to split one hair down the centre to create a part in his!

Havel Rowe is a lion on the field and an oyster off it. He is an athlete who believes in letting his deeds speak for themselves.

Getting Havel to talk about himself is like trying to get a chorus-girl to tell her right age.

Fortunately, the blond young Hercules of the centre has done enough for me to have been pretty much aware of his talent and accomplishments without requiring

to needle him too much concerning them.

HAVEL ROWE who at last seems to have found his real niche in the Tiger side by brilliantly filling the hole left in the side by Ray Stokes' retirement from the centre, is a superbly-proportioned young athlete of 5ft 10in. He weighs 12st.

He can throw a shoulder that would drop a bullock and yet is fast enough to keep up with the flashing Bill Twomey, the Herb McKenley of League centreman.

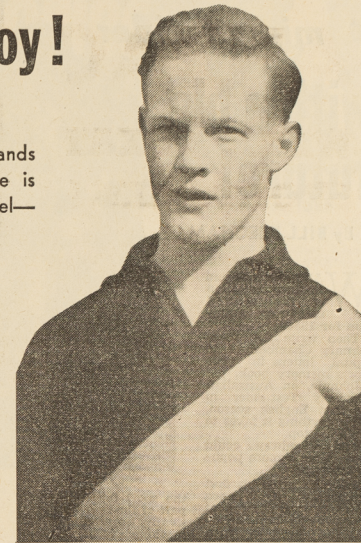
Havel was a ready-made player for front-rank football, as he had already been a collegiate and amateur champion before going to Richmond.

As Geelong College's crack centre he had represented a public schools' eighteen versus Duntroon Military College and had also played interstate football for a team representing Victoria's top amateur league.

As with Des his namesake, however, Havel was not an instantaneous success at Richmond. His progress has been a gradual one, marred by setbacks that may have caused a less stouthearted player to wryly quit.

Getting Havel to talk about himself is like trying to get a chorus-girl to tell her right age.

Fortunately, the blond young Hercules of the centre has done enough for me to have been pretty much aware of his talent and accomplishments without requiring



enough effort, but his play was not achieving the razor-edge of brilliance that League players have to manifest to make themselves a must to their selection committee.

This was understandable, however, as through these seasons Ray Stokes was holding down the centre position for the Tigers with unwavering brilliance and Havel was forced to become something of a square peg in the round hole of the half-forward flank.

CAME 1952 and Havel decided to go for a coaching job.

The Tiger bosses gave him their okay, but Havel was narrowly beaten in the job he had gone for—that of handling Coburg in the VFA—by Chris Lambert, Essendon star.

That year, however, marked the turning point in Havel's game. He was

switched to the wing and played brilliant enough football there to place him fourth in the club's voting.

Then last season when John Nix broke down Havel Rowe took over the centre for the Tigers. Playing fourteen brilliant games there, he snatched the Tigers' best and fairest award from under the very nose of his namesake, Des.

To cap off the season, Havel took unto himself a very lovely bride, and Lynda Rowe is certainly one of the most personable Tiger supporters.

Regarding Havel's off-field personality, I can do no better than to quote to his next-door neighbor, Mrs. Payne, of the famous big store in Melbourne.

Although a stalwart Collingwood supporter, she said very feelingly of Havel, "He is a gentleman to his fingertips."

Now that I have met him I heartily agree.

Havel Rowe had to overcome many setbacks to reach the top!

JOHNNY CHAMBERLAIN

A midget rider

with a big future!

By BILL BEECHAM

WANT to make an advance selection of the world speedway champion for 1956?

Then write the name Johnnie Chamberlain in capital letters in your sports memory book.

Johnnie, an Australian speedway Test rider in his first English season, has everything it takes to reach the top.

And speedway could never have a more popular champion.

Since he made his first appearance at Western Australia's Claremont Speedway in 1951, Johnnie has been a firm favorite with the fans.

There are two main reasons for Johnnie's popularity.

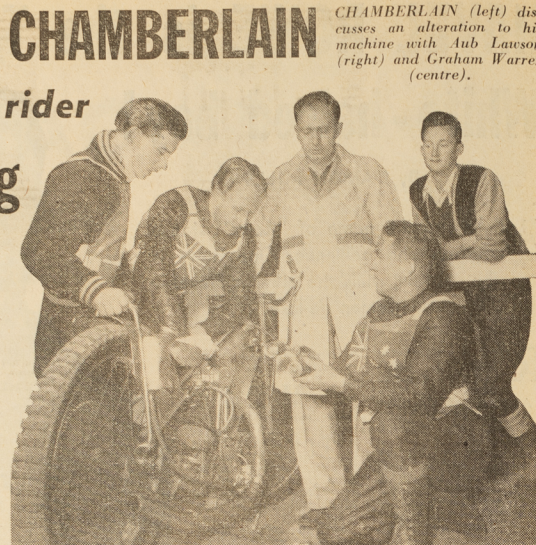
First and foremost is the fact that he is the daring, crowd-thrilling type of rider who excites all ages.

And secondly, Johnnie's tiny build—he stands a mere 4ft 9in in his thick-soled riding boots, and weighs only 8st 6lb—makes him resemble a very small boy as he burns up the track on an undersized bike.

JOHNNIE first started following speedway as a 14-year-old schoolboy. From the moment he saw his first race, Chamberlain was determined to become a rider himself.

His chance came early in the 1950-51 season. Riding "Blondie", a 1927 AJS that was five years old when Johnnie was born, he made an immediate impression with fans and officials alike.

However, "Blondie" gave up the ghost after a few weeks and Chamberlain was forced out of



CHAMBERLAIN (left) discusses an alteration to his machine with Aub Lawson (right) and Graham Warren (centre).

the sport for the greater part of the season until he finally acquired a JAP machine from another rider.

Johnnie then proceeded to show that everything that had been said about his riding was true.

He improved so rapidly that at the end of his second year at Claremont he was offered a position with the Yarmouth Bloater.

Having a job waiting for him in England and getting there to fill it were two different things, however.

Johnnie even had to scrape up sufficient money to pay for his boat ticket.

Once he arrived in England it was a different story. As soon as he got the feel of the English tracks he was on his way.

In a match against Cradley Heath he topped scored with 12 points. Or that match it was stated: "Johnnie Chamberlain, Yarmouth's 4ft 9in Australian, certainly strapping on his seven-league boots. He went faster than any rider has gone for a long time on this testing track. As a result, he (1) scored his first maximum; (2) was top-scorer with one point more than either of

the home giants, Bob Baker and Fred Brand; and (3) he returned the fastest heat time, 71sec—which is only 1/5th of a second outside the cinder record at Yarmouth. Chamberlain achieved these feats in spite of a rain-soaked track."

JOHNNIE then top-scored for in a match against Great Britain.

This caused Speedway World to say of him: "After a disappointing start in English speedway, 'Tom Thumb', Yarmouth's Aussie, is now doing so well that he will be able to achieve an ambition he has had ever since leaving his native Claremont."

"He wants to travel to America to visit relatives. For a time it looked as if Johnnie would have to hitch-hike it. In the past month, however, he has been a Yarmouth top-scorer five times, including a paid maximum, two straight maximums, and an eleven."

"His latest feat was finishing top-scorer again—overseas. Not bad going for the lad who sold even his overcoat to get his passage to England. Modest into the bargain."

After visiting America in the off-season, Chamberlain returned to Yarmouth and picked up where he had left off.

His form was so brilliant that "Tom Thumb" was named to the Australian Speedway Test team.

Unfortunately, both for Chamberlain and Australia, a broken leg prevented his making his first Test selection a winner.

The injury has not affected Johnnie's skill on the track, however.

In his first appearance after recovering from the fracture he appeared in a match race against Australian Test stars Aub Lawson and Graham Warren, and it took "old master" Lawson all his time and skill to snatch a narrow, exciting victory right on the finishing-line.

Chamberlain's riding style may be his greatest handicap. If he is to reach the top, and perhaps win the World's Speedway Championship, he must avoid serious injury.

For West Australian speedway fans and officials agree with overseas riders that injury will be the only thing to prevent Johnnie "Tom Thumb" Chamberlain from becoming the best rider in speedway.

Ring Memories

by Harry Clements

APRIL 20, 1900

In the first official battle for the welter-weight championship of Australia, Otto Cribb (of New Zealand) and Snowy Sturgeon figured in the most sensational fight ever staged in Australia.

The venue of this historic fight was the Metropolitan Athletic Club situated in Pyrmont, Sydney.

Both fighters had built up their records with an impressive array of knockout wins and the capacity house of 2000 expected fireworks—they were not disappointed.

From the outset they belted into each other, neither man asking for or giving any quarter. By the eighth round both men had fought themselves to the point of exhaustion.

Cribb was perhaps the stronger of the two. He opened proceedings with a succession of straight lefts and followed up with a right to the jaw. Sturgeon rocked on his heels but he came back into the attack and forced Cribb to the ropes.

Cribb retaliated with a devastating left as Sturgeon threw a powerful punch at the heart.

The blows landed simultaneously and the crowd roared as Sturgeon crashed to the floor and Cribb was draped over the ropes.

Sturgeon was counted out while Cribb, also out "cold", was held up by the top strand of the ropes.

It was later claimed that Cribb's seconds had prevented him falling by holding him up by the seat of the pants.

APRIL 7, 1934

Mr. Will Miller opened a new suburban stadium at Manly and featured the popular bantamweight Billy McAllister, George Unwin, and the colored

Alby Roberts on the program.

The stadium was a splendidly appointed arena and every usher and attendant was dressed in a dinner suit.

Hop Harry Stone, former holder of the lightweight title, officiated in good style as referee and his decisions met with the approval of the packed house.

APRIL 21, 1923

Billy Grime defended his newly won National featherweight title against the Victorian challenger, Jimmy Semmons.

This was the third meeting between the two but the first fought at a nine-stone limit. In their other meetings Grime weighed first 8st 8lb and then 8st 5½lb, and he lost on both occasions.

However, in the feather title fight Grime's weight had increased to 8st 13½lb and on top of that he was a more experienced fighter.

He had lost his old swinging style and had adopted that low crouch that made him famous and transformed him into the glove throwing freak that the boxing world came to know.

Semmons soon realised how greatly Grime had improved and he was flat out to avoid the lightning punches of his opponent.

"If one had landed on my chin it would have knocked me into the railway yards," Semmons said later.

The Victorian put up a great fight and lost the narrowest of decisions.

When the boxers collected their share of the gate, Grime said, "That's a nice dividend, Jim. You certainly gave me a hard go. How about fighting me again?"

They did eventually contest a return and Billy

Grime won by a knockout in the opening round.

APRIL 23, 1907

Bob Turner, a former lightweight champion, put up a plucky performance at the old Gaiety when he was opposed to Fred Buckland.

For a week prior to the bout Turner was in bed suffering from a bad attack of rheumatism. His legs were particularly affected and it took him all his time to crawl under the ropes.

Buckland was no mean opponent—hard-hitting and clever—but under ordinary circumstances he would not have been able to cope with the brilliance of Turner.

At it was, Turner, handicapped by the movements of his lower limbs, outfought and outboxed Buckland for fourteen rounds, but in the fifteenth he was compelled to "skey" the towel when his condition deserted him.

APRIL 24, 1924

Ern Waddy and the reigning heavy weight champion, Blackie Miller, fought for the championship at Brisbane.

Waddy had held the title previously and on this occasion he left no doubts that he was the "boss cocky".

In the fourth round he spreadeagled Miller with a right-hand swing. On his feet at eight, Miller was a sitting shot.

He was dropped for a count of six when the challenger hit him with a right to the ear. The champion reeled into his own corner to face the next onslaught.

Waddy rushed in and delivered a powerful right which knocked Miller to the canvas.

He did not rise—he was out cold.

APRIL 3, 1895

Mick Dunn, Australian welterweight, fought Joe Walcott at Coney Island, U.S., and was knocked out in eight rounds.

Dunn was subjected to a bad beating and the fight was stopped when Walcott asked the police to interfere.

In all, Dunn had ten fights in the States and the loss to Walcott was the only one he experienced.

On his return to Australia the same year Dunn defeated Mick McInerney, Jack Conlon and Fred Preston before losing to Otto Cribb.

In 1901 Dunn fought a return with Cribb and won the National title by an eight-round knockout. He went into retirement when Cribb died the next day.

APRIL 4, 1914

Bill Lang faced up to the massive young giant from Canada, Arthur Pelkey, in a twenty-round contest. Lang had lost his heavy title a few months earlier.

Pelkey, one of Tommy Burns' White Hopes, was a former "White Heavyweight Champion of the World" and he was certainly built for the part.

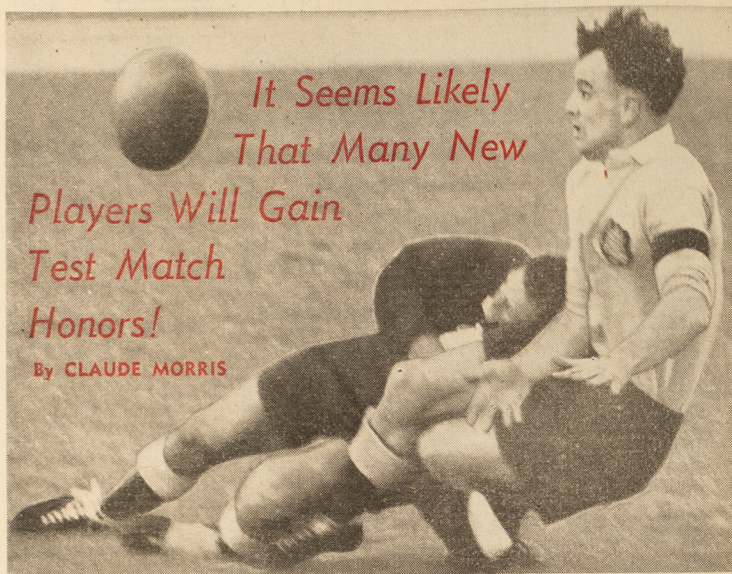
Standing well over six feet tall, he possessed a powerful body, with a 50-inch chest and long, smashing arms.

Lang had a solid preparation for the contest, and for two months had boxed with the visiting colored fighter, Sam McVae.

The Australian weighed 13 stone 13 pounds for the bout, while Pelkey tipped the scales at 14 stone eight pounds.

The difference in the weights did not worry Lang unduly, because he scored a knockout in the nineteenth round.

CAN WE BEAT ENGLAND?



*It Seems Likely
That Many New
Players Will Gain
Test Match
Honors!*

By CLAUDE MORRIS

RUGBY League in NSW is already on the way. The season officially opened on Saturday, March 27 and Sunday, March 28.

The early "kick-off", the earliest ever, arises from the fact that the Englishmen will be here by plane on Monday, May 17, for the big tour which will begin two days later (May 19), with a match against Western Districts at Bathurst.

The visit of the Englishmen will be the paramount interest, although the Rugby League is endeavoring to overcome a lapse in public attendance which was noted last season, by giving extra attention to club premier-ship matches.

Last season smaller crowds attended club matches on Sydney Cricket Ground, but suburban ovals were better patronised.

This was due not so much to increased district

club interest as to the failure of the NSWRL to put its "show - window" matches on the SCG.

The "match of the day" committee came under the sting of much adverse criticism and it will be interesting to see what happens this season.

Unquestionably the Test matches between Australia and England will draw crowds of between 60,000 and 70,000.

The first big match between NSW and England on SCG may even exceed this anticipation if police restrictions do not become too rigid.

ENGLAND holds the Ashes, and, judged by the poor displays of Australia in the past two years, the tourists will no doubt be favorites to retain them.

But, of course, Rugby League is a game of flux. Four years ago nobody gave Australia the Bol-

ler's chance to beat England. But the selectors welded together a team of youthful enthusiasts of ability and Australia won the third and deciding Test match on SCG.

But Australian standards receded at an alarming rate of decline. The Frenchmen came out the following season of 1951, and completely thrashed Australia almost to a panic.

The NZ Kiwis repeated the dosage the next season of 1952 and Australia failed in the quest for the Ashes later in the year in England.

Australia's team manager, "Latches" Robinson, however, brought back a message of hope in a report that the team had many players who had greatly benefited by the tour.

However, it seems logical to suggest that Australia's team to play England this season will

contain a large influx of new blood.

And since Australia abounds in youthful talent, a strong team can be chosen provided the prejudicial feud that exists between NSW and Queensland officials is eliminated when the committee meets to select it.

Over the years, both NSW and Queensland have looked with suspicion on every Australian team — alleging interstate jealousies and interests.

NSW officials allege that when Australian teams are chosen in Brisbane, they include an unfair proportion of Queenslanders, and vice-versa.

There can be little doubt that selectors do become "State-minded", and this is a pernicious element that must be eradicated.

However, it is still too early to discuss Test prospects and team selec-

tions. That will come later.

In the meantime, this is going to be a bumper season, not simply with the Englishmen here, but also from the fact that Australia will fly a team to France for the World Cup series, to be played there in October-November.

England, France, Australia and New Zealand will all be represented at the virtual world's Rugby League championship.

FORM in the tests against England this season will determine Australia's team. For that reason the Battle of the Ashes has a double interest and the plums ahead should inspire every player to produce his best.

The Englishmen will play at Bathurst, Newcastle, Wagga, Sydney, Wollongong before the first Test in Sydney on June 12.

They will then play in Brisbane (night match), June 14 and day match June 19.

Then they make a tour of Northern Queensland to Maryborough, Mackay, Townsville, Rockhampton, Brisbane (for the second Test on July 3), Toowoomba, Grafton, Sydney and the third Test at Sydney, July 17.

After the third Test, the Australian team for the World Cup series in France will be chosen.

Following this the Frenchmen will be here next year, 1955. The season now under way will therefore be ripe for budding new talent.

THE position of full-back seems assured for Clive Churchill. But the way looks wide open for nearly every position to be filled.

No doubt Harry Wells (centre) of Wollongong and Brian Carlson (the former Newcastle speedster), also McGovern (winger) and McCaffery (centre) (both Queensland) will be strong candidates for the three-quarters.

Barry Stenhouse (Canterbury-Bankstown) and Ian Moir (South Sydney) will also be fancied for the wing.

A second centre will most assuredly have to be found to support Wells. The position of five-eighth could go to Col Geelan (Newtown) if fit.

But the half-back position is open. Keith Holman (Western Suburbs) has until last season always been a first-post, the-post proposition, but



KEITH HOLMAN until last season was always a 'past the post' proposition for half-back, but he'll need to regain his lost form to retain the position this year.

he lost form, which of course he could regain.

The forwards are very open. We will have to find a rugged hooker if Ken Kearney (St. George) shows any lapse. Prop forwards like Charlie Gill (Parramatta) and Roy Bull (Manly-Warringah) cannot consider themselves certainties.

Brian Davies (Queensland) can of course write his own ticket for the second row, and if Mick Crocker (who has transferred from Queensland to Parramatta) can retain last season's brilliant form he, too, seems certain for the lock forward position.

But no player can regard himself as a certainty in view of last year's bad form all round, and no young players will have to be champions to displace a majority of players who represented Australia in the last Tests in England.

Team-building will begin very early this season, but more definite prospects will be known after the first big clash of the season between Combined Country and City in Sydney.

In the meantime it would be merely an attempt at humor to anticipate how clubs may fare in the Rugby League premiership.

A happy note at least has been sounded by all clubs that their first grade teams have been strengthened. The next few months will tell the real tale.



HARRY WELLS has fine chances of gaining selection, with Carlson, McGovern and McCaffery, as a threequarter.

JOHN MUNRO

The West's hope for
TEST CRICKET
HONORS!

JOHN MUNRO is Western Australia's hope for Test match honors next season. However, he will probably remain only a "hope" despite the high opinions that are held of his wicket-keeping by cricket officials and public in WA.

To break through a strong barrier of candidates Munro will first have to displace the regular Test "keeper, Gil Langley (SA).

He will also have to compete against such polished "keepers as Grout (Qld.) and Maddocks (Vic.).

Munro's host of followers don't believe that his batting failures in 1954 Shield matches were a true indication of his real form.

A first-grade cricketer at 15, Munro has always been a natural athlete.

At Hale school he first distinguished himself as a batsman and fast bowler.

Then, when the regular wicketkeeper graduated, John tried on the pads and gloves and went behind the stumps.

Since that day no other position on the field has appealed to him.

John's actions behind the stumps closely resemble those of the great Don Tallon — and it's small wonder.

For John will readily tell you that he has closely modelled his style on that of the former Test "keeper.

Both have the same slow grace of movement and panther-like flash of action that have caused many batsmen to stand and stare open-mouthed as a seemingly-safe stroke has been turned into an amazing one-handed sprawling catch.

FOUR English Test batsmen — Compton, Bailey, Simpson and Sheppard — can testify to Munro's ability to make the almost-impossible catch.

At the WACA ground in October, 1950, the West Australian Test hopeful retired the four MCC players with diving catches that would have done credit to any "keeper.

But perhaps Munro's greatest wicketkeeping feats have been recorded in Shield cricket.

For example, the 1953 match against Victoria when he allowed only one bye while "keeping through more than 400 runs.

Or the afternoon against South Australia when he brilliantly retired five batsmen, including top-scorer Gil Langley.

The critics of the popular John point out that his lack of concentration as a batsman could preclude him from Test selection.

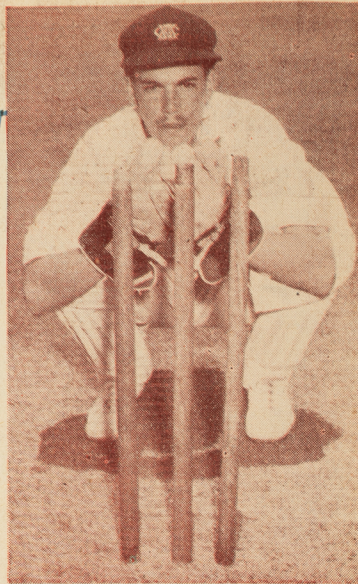
Technically, Munro is as sound a batsman as any of the aspiring Test "keepers.

However, it must be admitted that he has often been dismissed by making foolish strokes against poor-quality bowling.

Yet all that Munro has to do, most cricket experts state, is apply his football outlook to his batting to stand unchallenged as Western Australia's best bet for Test honors.

As a footballer for Claremont, John showed great ability but little reliability in his first season.

Then, after a disappointing display against Victoria in Perth, he determined to prove wrong the many critics who said he was "washed up".



With a brilliant season-long display, Munro was named to the State team for the Adelaide Australian Rules carnival and finished fourth in the voting for the Sandover Medal — awarded to the West Australian Football League's fairest and best player.

John then topped off a great season by winning the Claremont club's fairest and best award.

DESPITE his batting weakness, Munro was considered, by his fans, to have a chance of being selected for the last tour of England.

John probably ruined his own chances when, after a grand display of "keeping against the South Africans in Perth, he muffed two stumping chances late in the innings.

Test selector Jack Ryder was watching at the time and the missed chances are said to have eliminated Munro as a possible Test player.

Yet John Munro is not downhearted.

A typical Australian in the best of sporting traditions he carries on despite disappointments.

Possibly the greatest obstacle Munro has to overcome to gain Test match honors is the entire absence of experience in keeping wickets to first class bowlers other than those who represent the State of Western Australia.

For example, he has never been seen in action against a bowler of anything like the speed of Lindwall or a left-arm swinger-spinner like Bill Johnston.

It is this lack of experience that could weigh the scales against John Munro when selectors next discuss our Test team.

WHO WILL BE CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS?

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a chance to win valuable prizes

THIS year our CHAMPION of CHAMPIONS Poll has taken a new form.

Under the new system it will be obvious that there can be little doubt that the winner at the end of the year really will be Champion of Champions for 1954.

The "Champion of Champions for 1954" will be presented with a magnificent trophy by Sports Novels.

And, to give added interest to our readers, Sports Novels is arranging for a magnificent range of prizes which will be presented to the readers who show most success in naming the Champion of Champions and the runners-up.

THIS is what you do. A Voting Coupon appears on this page and will appear in every issue this year. The Voting Coupon is numbered from one to ten.

Readers are invited to select the ten sportsmen or women they consider to be the most outstanding and fill in their names from one to ten, in the order in which the reader rates them, on the coupon.

The sportsman or woman whose name is first on each coupon will have ONE vote recorded in his favor. No votes will be recorded for any of the other nine, their names being included merely as a forecast of how the reader thinks they will finish at the end of the year.

At the end of 1954 all votes will be counted and the sportsman or woman with the greatest number of number one votes will be declared the Champion of Champions for 1954.

The sportsman or woman with the next highest total of votes will be placed second and so on.

As each voting coupon is received by Sports Novels the date it is received will be stamped on it. Every voting coupon will be kept by us until the end of the year.

When the results are known the reader who has succeeded in correctly placing the greatest number of sportsmen or women will receive first prize, second prize, and so on.

In the event of a tie for any prize that prize will go to the reader whose entry was received first (as shown by our date stamp).

A number of voting coupons sent in by readers will be published each month. (See page 3).

There is no limit to the number of entries any reader may send, but every entry must be on the printed form which is published on this page. An entry form will be published each month.

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to the Champion of Champions Poll. There is no entry fee.

* This KRIESLER 'New Look' Duplex radio is one of many valuable prizes to be won by readers.



VOTING FORM

To "Champion of Champions,"

c/o Sports Novels,

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Parramatta, N.S.W.

I consider that the Champion of Champions for 1954 will be

I also consider that the next best sportsmen and women, in order, will be . . .

- 1
- 2
- 3
- 4
- 5
- 6
- 7
- 8
- 9
- 10

I agree to accept the editor's decision as final

(Signed)

Address

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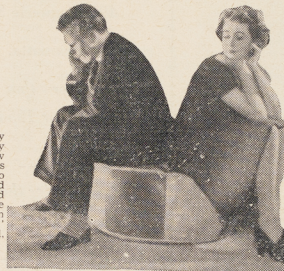
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