International Circulation

OLIVER TWIST—in a hell of a tangle. Referee ROI ANESTI, EVAN TREHARNE and Chief Second DON THATCHER try to sort matters out.
'RINGSPORT
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Editorial Comment

'BULLDOG' BILL GARNON has written quite a feature on RINGSPORT in this issue, and I feel sure it will interest all our readers. One thing he doesn't mention, is the fact that he taught me a great deal about professional wrestling, long before the days of the formation of Joint Promotions in 1952. Without his help and instruction on the finer points of the sport and the inside business end of matters, I very much doubt if I could have made any progress in the wrestling field. Thanks Bill!

Each month we continue to receive larger orders from some of the top Independent wrestling promoters, for RINGSPORT to be sold throughout their organisations. With this step up in sales and circulation, we have every hope of RINGSPORT gaining a great deal of ground over the next few months.

Many of our overseas readers take a great deal of delight in writing in to us, and they are happy with the personal touch we put into our prompt replies to their queries and requests. Always happy to be of service, as after all this is just what RINGSPORT is all about.

We would really appreciate every reader letting their friends know all about RINGSPORT as the magazine thrives on more and more subscriptions. Please keep them coming.

COUNT BARTELLI shows his Commonwealth Belt to Miss Collete Mawdsley

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In order to speed up despatch of your copy each month, please watch this space.

Should wrestlers be overprinted here in red, it means your present subscription to RINGSPORT requires renewal.

THE EDITOR DOES NOT NECESSARILY AGREE WITH THE OPINIONS OF WRITERS IN THIS JOURNAL

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WRESTLING MONTHLY, P.O. BOX 396, PLEASANTVILLE, N.Y. 10570, USA
Despite a good bill advertised by Paul Lincoln Promotions for Sophia Gardens, Cardiff, only about half the number of wrestling fans expected turned up. However, we find this is now typical throughout the country both on Joint Promotions and also Independent Promotions. Even so, some wrestling events are very well supported, but others not very well attended. In some cases the very promoters are to blame by not giving value for money, then in turn fans get difficult when let down too many times by promoters billing well known wrestlers they could never hope to get on their promotions. This is by Independent Promotions billing Joint Promotions stars, and only those wrestling fans knowing this, cannot be fooled. In the case of Joint Promotions, they badly need new faces to interest their supporters. We want to see the old stars against new challengers who are good enough to give the old champions a hard time of things, and give wrestling a real boost.

'Catweazle'

At Cardiff, Dave Barrie won over Mick McMichael in a one fall contest. This was a fine bout with both men wrestling clean and each in turn displaying clever escaping moves to the delight of the fans.

'Iron Man' Steve Logan looked a little bewildered when his opponent 'Catweazle' got into the ring. Dressed in rags, then taking off what looked like a lovely sack which he claimed to be his dressing gown, he rolled it up into a heap. So much unlike Adrian Street neatly folding his gown. When 'Catweazle' had rolled up his sack, Logan gave it a good hard kick out of the ring.

Poor 'Catweazle' hurt his arm trying to elbow-slam the tough Evergreen Mike Marino, took on Johnny Kincaid in a heavyweight bout. Kincaid has put on tremendous weight of late, but this has slowed him down. Marino won by two falls to one. This bout wasn't up to the standard expected, as it was far too slow.

When Les Kellett and Kevin Conneely got in against each other, this was really first class entertainment. We knew what to expect from Kellett, but Conneely with his brand of fun, really made a good bout by two fully experienced men, plus their comic talents. It's too much to even try to report all that happened between them, but if they should appear in your area, it will be worth your while to go out of your way to see them.

Once Conneely complained referee Max Ward was counting far too slowly and counted out Kellett himself, but that was of course not allowed. It was a wonder Conneely didn't count, "1-2-3-4-5 and 5 is 10!" as he certainly was a fast counter. Kellett won the bout, and afterwards Conneely grabbed the microphone from Mike Judd and spoke a few thousand words in double quick time. Shades of Muhammed Ali.

In the tag match, Prince Kumali and Caswell Martin teamed up against Steve Vidor and Tibor Szakacs. The latter team won the match after a hard entertaining battle that pleased the fans.

KEVIN CONNEELY

Logan. Little wonder when 'Catweazle's' physique is like a matchstick with all the wood shaved off. Despite this, he gave Logan quite a hard fight for four rounds before going down by two falls to one against him.

SEAN O'SULLIVAN TAGS TO GET HIMSELF OUT OF THE HOLD APPLIED BY DAVE CARTER
Unlike the ferocious Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney was reserved in manner and a great ring scientist who had tremendous confidence in his ability and methods. Most stories on Tunney will tell you that he commenced boxing in 1919, after his discharge from the American Marines following World War I. However, Gene had built up a good boxing record while in the services and in fact had boxed from boyhood at youth clubs and took more than an ordinary interest in the finer side of the art.

The boxing public took Dempsey to heart because of his devastating punching and every contest he engaged in had more than its fair share of thrills. Tunney preferred to box carefully, and wear down his opponent with his stabbing left hand and later cross with his right as resistance became weaker. Despite the fact that Gene had forty-seven knockouts to his credit, he was never looked upon in the same light as Jack Dempsey who scored knockouts early in his contests. Gene was a self-made man, and while fighting his way through to a title contest with Dempsey, he never received the support or blessing of boxing writers. Later, when he had reached the top he had nothing to thank the boxing scribes for, and made sure he provided them with as little copy as possible when he reigned as world champion.

Courage

Early in the year of 1922, Tunney became the American cruiserweight champion by outpointing Battling Levinsky, but four months later lost his title to Harry Greb (the Human Windmill). This was to be the only contest he lost throughout the whole of his career. Greb knew too much for Gene at this stage, but it should be remembered that Greb during his career defeated no fewer than TEN world champions at various weights. Gene manfully lasted out the full course of fifteen rounds and with slashing and cutting Greb, but even when taking a licking his brain worked hard to solve the problem in front of him. Well beaten and his body a bruised, bloody mass, Gene staggered back to his dressing room after the fight where he passed out like a light, completely spent.

The following year Tunney again met Harry Greb, but this time he was handing out the punishment and regained his American cruiserweight title. Later in the year he once again licked Greb and in later years fought two no-decision bouts with Greb, each time getting the better of matters. Harry Greb feared no man at any weight, including Jack Dempsey who was then in his prime, but even Harry refused to meet Gene again when approached regarding yet another bout with Tunney.

During 1924 Tunney stopped Erminio Spalla, who had won the Allied heavyweight championship in 1916, the referee stopping the fight to save Spalla from further punishment on a bad eye injury. Then came Gene's fight with Georges Carpentier. The Frenchman was considered a good match for Tunney, but the American fighter fought Georges to a standstill. In the first round Carpentier crashed home several of his famous right hand smashes, but they did not trouble Tunney in the least. Gene steadily piled up a points lead and had Carpentier down four times during the tenth round. Nearing the end of the fourteenth round, Tunney drove a terrific punch to the solar plexus which doubled the Frenchman up in pain, Carpentier gamely came out to battle for the last round, but he was a well beaten man and the referee wisely stopped the contest in the favour of Tunney.

Special Training

In 1925 Gene defeated the aged Tom Gibbons, who had gone past his best and succumbed to a knockout in the twelfth, while Gibbons lasted the full distance with Dempsey. Gene bought films of Dempsey in action so that he could study every move of the champion. From this he decided to give his legs special attention by running backwards should Dempsey prove too strong in attack and perfected a right hand smash to meet Dempsey's rushes.

Fighting himself out of all opposition, Gene became Dempsey's outstanding challenger. Articles were signed for them to battle on 23rd September, 1926, but Tunney
was given little chance of lasting the distance with the champion let alone win. However, the boxing public forgot that the champion had not fought for three years and was ring-rusty. Furthermore, he was worried with many legal actions brought against him by his former manager, Doc Kearns. Jack was but a shell of his real self and created a sensation when he lost his world heavyweight crown to Tunney over ten rounds. Ten rounds was the stipulated distance for this contest, but despite Jack fighting furiously from bell to bell, he couldn’t really seem to get going and was well outpointed.

In a come-back campaign, Dempsey was pitted against a strong young battler in the person of Jack Sharkey. Following instructions from his corner, Sharkey boxed at long range and was clearly getting the better of Dempsey who was now the wrong side of thirty years of age, and had lost much of his former speed. Gamely, Dempsey never gave up trying, although he must have realised that he was fighting a losing battle. Then Sharkey became over confident and forgetting his instructions set about the former champion with intention of gaining a knockout. This played right into the hands of Dempsey who welcomed a rough house and quickly got about ripping punches to the body with deadly effect.

THE FAMOUS LONG COUNT

While mixing punches during the seventh round, Dempsey smashed home a body punch that certainly hurt Sharkey who promptly turned his head to appeal to the referee, claiming to have been punched low. (Fancy turning to look away from a puncher like Dempsey). It was too good an opening for the former champion to miss and a short but bone-crushing left hook caught Sharkey flush on the jaw. It was “curtains” for Sharkey who went down and out as if he had been shot. This victory paved the way for Dempsey to have a second clash with Tunney and another million dollar gate.

On the 22nd September, 1927, Tunney and Dempsey met in a return contest, one day short of a year between their bouts. Dempsey was three pounds the heavier man at 13st. 10½lbs. and after several months of roughing it in the mountains he was a much fitter man than in their previous meeting.

The referee called the two gladiators together for their last minute instructions. Referee Dave Barry said: “In the event of a knockdown, unless the man scoring it goes to the farthest neutral corner I will not begin to count until he does. Is that clear Jack?”

“Is that clear, champ?”

TOM HEENEY

“When I tell you to break, I want you to break clean and step back without hitting. Shake hands now and come out fighting.”

The men went to their respective corners and at the bell came out fighting. In his hurry to score with a telling punch, Tunney threw many more right-handers than usual, but Dempsey, boxing with his chin well in was no easy target. However, such a right caught Dempsey on the temple in the fourth round which dazed him and at the end of the round returned to his corner with an unsteady stride.

Gene noticed the effect of the punch and at the commencement of the fifth round went straight in to make the most of this advantage. But Jack had tremendous recuperative powers and came out as fresh as at the beginning of the first round. However, cuts over both his eyes were hampering Dempsey, and although fighting better than in his first meeting with Tunney, he felt the fight going steadily against him. Then, suddenly in the seventh round, Dempsey tore into Tunney and landed a battery of punches to the champion’s head. Seven punches crashed on Gene’s head, the last one landing almost a split second before the champion hit the canvas.

For the first time in his life Gene was taking a count. In fact, the first time ever to be put down. Then Dempsey made the big mistake that cost him the fight. He stood over his fallen opponent instead of retiring to the farthest neutral corner and the referee had counted “Four” before he noticed Dempsey’s position. Referee, Dave Barry, then ordered Dempsey to the farthest neutral corner, but Jack seeing his chance of victory danced on his toes with impatience. When he was finally made to go, the referee instead of taking up the count from the time-keeper began to count again from “ONE.” Undoubtedly the champion was in a bad way, but those extra seconds enabled him to regain his feet as “Nine” was called off.

DEMPESEY’S STRENGTH

Gene knowing full well that to stand and attempt to clinch with a man of Dempsey’s strength was fatal, decided to back-pedal faster than Jack could move forward. He successfully kept out of range of Dempsey’s powerful swings and hooks, then Gene cracked home a terrific straight right to the temple that made Jack’s legs buckle and wobble. But Gene continued to retreat faster than Jack could follow, then Dempsey stopped in the centre of the ring and made a gesture for Tunney to stand and fight. Gene smiled sweetly, but wasn’t silly enough to mix things with Jack which would have meant almost certain defeat. Then Dempsey again rushed in, but to his surprise he was caught with two heavy blows under the heart.

(cont. Back Page)
No one likes to be a failure, and Evan Treherne is no exception, thus he calls himself a successful failure. "At least I get some success this way, even if only being a failure."

You may wonder what is meant by this, as after all, Evan is today the editor and publisher of RINGSPORT, the only British combat magazine—and a very successful one at that. With new subscriptions coming in every day from all over the world, plus more and more sales at the various wrestling venues throughout the country, RINGSPORT is indeed a thriving business. To top this, Evan is now a wrestling promoter, and these promotions too meet with a great deal of success, as by giving the fans good wrestlers to entertain them, plus every fair play to all wrestlers by way of purses and expenses, Evan can get the best to appear on his bills.

Often some young man gets the idea of becoming a boxing writer, as such a position commands good pay, and ringside seats at all the important boxing tournaments. However, all these young men believe all they have to do to get such a position is to write to various newspapers offering them their services as a boxing correspondent. In brief, they want to start at the top. Of course, those of you who have written for such positions, have all received the same reply—don't ring us—we'll ring you. Just think—what chance of an untrained man ever attaining such a plum job?

Evan tackled this from a different angle and did the unusual, by writing to smaller weekly newspapers and monthly magazines, whom he guessed couldn't afford to pay him. By offering his services as a boxing correspondent in Wales to several publications FREE OF CHARGE, these publications were interested. Each editor welcomed such help, and although Evan carefully typed out an honest report, each editor had to re-write his material to present it correctly in their publications. Evan kept carbon copies of his work, so when his work appeared in the press under his name, his material presented in a professional manner, Evan duly noted the style of presentation, and afterwards developed the style required. With his being trained on the finer points of boxing by 'A' Star referee, Mr. I. K. Powell of Barry, plus the amateur boxing experience Evan had gained over many years, he soon became well known as a boxing journalist the world over. Today, Evan has a number of boxing books to his credit—the best known being British Heavyweight Champions, which is still available by post per RINGSPORT PUBLICATIONS.

A PHOTO OF EVAN TAKEN IN 1952 AT 12st. 7 lb. (175lb.)

Even as a lad, Evan was very interested in wrestling, and although no wrestling clubs existed in his area—he would interest other boys in going down to the Caerphilly Park, where he would wrestle them all in turn in the long grass to soften their falls. As he made progress, he would wrestle smaller lads two at a time, and even four and six at a time. Sheer weight of numbers would of course overpower him, but there was a method in his madness. Boys at school who had previously pushed Evan around as they had every physical advantage, were to find they could no longer do so, despite the fact they still outweighed Evan a great deal.

At 21 years of age, Evan won outright a welterweight wrestling belt which he still has to this day in a prominent position in his RINGSPORT offices. Later, Evan developed into a 14st. professional strong man and light-heavyweight wrestler. Little wonder his love of these sports, stands him in good stead today, publishing RINGSPORT magazine each month.

During 1949-1950 Evan used all his savings to launch a boxing monthly magazine. With no business nor publishing experience he was soon parted from all his savings, and the magazine ceased publication. After paying the
printers, blockmakers, etc. Evan didn’t have a penny nor any employment. If you remember, even the famous STRAND magazine ceased publication in 1950 despite the fact they had full order books for advertisements, and sound financial position. They just gave up the unequal struggle of publishing in such difficult times.

Since 1945 many wrestling magazines have gone to the wall, Just look at these titles, The Mat, Combat, Arena, Wrestling Whirl, Wrestling World, and only recently The Wrestler. Yet RINGSPORT is in a stronger position than ever, and to top matters, Evan is the British Editor for the world famous American magazine Wrestling Monthly.

RINGSPORT is now in its 14th year of regular publication, and even postal strike, dock strikes and many others have failed to put RINGSPORT out of its stride.

CAPITAL?

How did RINGSPORT commence in the first place and with what capital? As Evan stated, “The man who never made a mistake—never did anything!” All the mistakes I have made over the years became the stepping stones to success.

For many years Evan ran a service to many famous boxing promoters such as Jack Solomons, Stan Cottle, Theo Davies, and the late Syd Evans, Syd Wignall and Ben Davies. Evan would write the complete programme and prepare the layout for the printers. This made him well known in boxing circles as a businessman, and the key to the commencing of RINGSPORT in the year 1959.

Without a penny capital and unemployed after telling a time and motion expert what he could do—Evan armed only with experience and tenacity of purpose brought RINGSPORT into being. The first print order was for 1,000 copies, and Evan had gone out and had sold £60 of advertising space in a magazine that didn’t as yet exist. Just try this for yourself and find out the hard way just how much he had accomplished. His personality and honesty of purpose, plus experience over many years brought about the very success he deserved.

The No. 2 issue of RINGSPORT was for 2,000 copies, and the No. 6 issue jumped to 4,000 copies. What was the selling price? This was the master stroke, he gave them all away free. In earlier years when selling a magazine through wholesalers and the usual channels of newsagents, etc. his magazine failed owing to each and everyone extracting their percentage with nothing left but debt for Evan. These vast organisations could manage without the likes of Evan, but he in turn proved he could manage without their sales organisation, by giving RINGSPORT away free to build up a large and world wide circulation. As the years went by, production costs grew heavier, but by then Evan had placed a modest charge on RINGSPORT, and today the magazine commands a large and ever growing subscription list. Now that you all know Evan’s secrets and if you have twenty years to spare, you may even have ideas of starting your own monthly magazine. I warn you, it’s tough going.

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WRESTLING, the Sport of Kings! What about the King's subjects. One would think from attendances at most tournaments, including televised one's also, that interest is at its lowest. To pin down why this is so would be to open oneself up to a law suit, so the less said the better. The few tournaments in the Midlands do seem to be holding fair audiences. The recent re-importation to Britain of Billy Two Rivers has also revitalised a bit of new support.

If all wrestlers were of the calibre of say Killer Ken Davies, I am sure there would never be a decline. I have never seen anyone dare question Davies about 'fixed' contests. Indian wrestlers always seem to create new interest in our sport, and another new import (he will have shown his paces by the time this is in print) is Chief Sitting Bull. A distinctly different style altogether to Two Rivers, cast in the hard-nut mould of Davies, very few wrestlers can live with this straight Indian grappler.

YOUNG WRESTLER

Also creating vitality especially amongst the female fans is another new young wrestler, the Hon, Steve Byron who comes from a mining village just outside Mansfield. As he stands 6ft 2ins. and weighs almost 15 stones and has looks equal to any film star, you will understand what I mean.

New names don't always ensure full houses, as some promoters have sadly discovered. Still doing the rounds and still very popular is European lightweight champion Tony Cortez. Watch out for a story on this dynamic youngster in due course. Top of the current crowd pullers are Mick Collins, Rog Ladaire, Ploughboy, Bob Lincoln, Big Bill Verne, Chris Knight, little Chic Chiverton who last year annexed the English lightweight crown, Kurt Von Snyder, Mel Cameron, Davy Valentine, John Clark, Joe Burns, Dave Carter and Indians stars Sabu and Jagir Singh.

Incidently, John Clarke was involved in a nasty road accident last month on his way to Slough. And for the sake of a mention, we see that Giant Jumbo is back again regretfully only for a limited number of contests.

Time has run out... will give you the very latest reports and info next month.

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BERT ALLIDAY has a head hold on GENTLEMAN JOHN. Bert now holds the East Area light-heavyweight title.

BRIAN TREVORS depicted here when in the welterweight class just after defeating Jackie Pallo.

ROBIN HOODE, The Mighty Atom. A very fit and fiery welterweight grappler.

When the two world’s champions, Mickey Walker “The Toy Bulldog,” and Harry Greb, “The Human Windmill,” were fighting at the Polo Grounds in New York City in 1925, it turned out to be one of the dirtiest fights on record. Greb took the boxing rules one by one and broke them all. Mickey just had to retaliate.

For five rounds, Mickey gave Harry the worst thrashing of his career. He was being so mercilessly beaten that the crowd yelled for Referee Purdy to stop the fight, but in a fight between champions he didn’t want to do that. There was always the chance of the losing man coming back to win. So he allowed the fight to continue. It was a weakened, badly-battered Greb who went to his corner, and Mickey could almost feel the middleweight crown being placed on his head.

The bell sounded for the sixth round, and to the surprise of all, Harry came out of his corner like a hurricane. The time had come for him to turn cruel. He tore into Walker with a devastating fury, he bulled him around, he outboxed him, he punched him, he dodged his blows, he poked a thumb into Walker’s eye, jammed his knee to the groin, and used every dirty trick in his large repertoire of fouls. Before the round was over he had Walker’s eye all puffed up and swollen, and his ear torn. The tide of battle had turned completely. Mickey Walker must have thanked God the round was over, and the referee must have been glad he had not stopped the fight.

The seventh round was the same as the sixth. Mickey was still able to punch with power, for he staggered Greb with a walloping right to the jaw. Harry took it and let Mickey have a harder one in return. It shook Walker up a lot—made him dizzy. Walker pounced away at Greb’s stomach, and Harry gave back more than he got.

Greb was clinching rather much, and Referee Purdy, knowing that Greb was a dirty fighter, continued to warn him. This rattled Greb, who hated all referees, Purdy in particular. The next time Purdy tried to separate the fighters, something happened. Someone dropped to the boards and it wasn’t one of the fighters. It was the referee! Greb had jammed him where it hurts most, just as he had fouled Walker.

Now that the referee had been attended to, Greb continued to give Walker the works. In the eighth, ninth and tenth rounds, Harry fought like a veritable whirlwind, smashing away with both hands and getting precious little in return. By the eleventh round Referee Purdy was himself again, continuing to warn Greb about his dirty work in the clinches. And a second time Harry gave him the knee to the groin—a second time Purdy dropped to the boards!

Mickey managed to last through the closing session, and when the fight ended, “The Human Windmill” was still middleweight champion of the world.
The British Heavyweight Champions 1946-72

by ALAN BAMBER

T WENTY-SIX years ago, in the committee rooms of the Houses of Parliament, were drawn up the Admiral Lord Mountevans rules, and ever since a championship belt valued at over £500 has been presented to the champion at each weight. We now take a look at the past Admiral Lord Mountevans champions in the heavyweight division and later ask the question, who will be the next champion?

Anyone studying the complete list of British heavyweight champions since the formation of the rules in 1946 is confronted with a startling reality, that the heavyweight title has been dominated most of the time by the iron men of the North. The only Southern wrestler in the championship list is the famous Anglo-Italian, Bert Assirati. Bert was born in North London, but his parents were Italian. Bert made his professional debut in the late 1920's when he was 19 years old.

JOINT PROMOTIONS

Assirati was holder of the title until 1955 when the newly formed Joint Promotions (formed 1952) declared the title vacant due to the inactivity of the official champion. Bert had held the title for two years, having returned from the Far East in 1953 to defeat Ernie Baldwin at the Royal Albert Hall.

Baldwin has the distinction of being able to point out that he was the very first British heavyweight champion—Admiral Lord Mountevans style. Shortly after the new rules had been formulated in 1946 a championship tournament had taken place at the Empress Hall, London. The top wrestlers in Gt. Britain took part, and it was Tingley's Ernest Baldwin who emerged champion—the first Admiral Lord Mountevans champion. Baldwin has twice held the title: between 1946 and 1953, and for a second time during 1959.

Following the vacation of the title in 1955 another tournament was held in London. The tournament was open to all-comers and although Assirati was invited to take part he declined the offer. The new champion was Wigan's Billy Joyce, my own personal nomination as Britain's greatest heavyweight champion. Joyce, was, and is, no "Mr. Universe," he does not possess remarkable strength, he was never very heavy, he is simply a brilliant wrestler.

In 1959 Baldwin defeated Joyce in Glasgow and thereby started a quick succession of briefly reigning champions. Within a matter of weeks Joyce had regained the title from Baldwin and lost it to Bradford's "Golden Boy" Dennis Mitchell, who has since retired from wrestling. Mitchell's reign as champion was short lived and Billy Joyce quickly re-established himself as champion once again.

From 1955 until 1967 Billy Joyce usually had the honour of being billed as British heavyweight champion. He often lost the title for a short time, but quickly regained it to establish himself once again as supreme champion. Joyce kept a firm grasp upon the title from 1959 until 1964, making regular defences against the top challengers. In March, 1964 Shipley's Geoff Portz annexed the gold belt by beating Joyce at Bradford. Six months later, however, a sensational straight falls victory by Joyce over Portz at Middlesbrough returned the title to the wiry Wiganite.

Two years later, in January, 1966, Albert Wall defeated Joyce at Nottingham, but three weeks later Welshman Gwynn Davies took the title. Davies' first defence of the title was against the former champion, Joyce, and once again Joyce established himself as British heavyweight champion. There followed a short period of confusion during which time Scotland's Ian Campbell and Manchester's Bill Robinson both claimed the title. Joyce ended the confusion by beating both men in championship bouts, thereby establishing himself as the undisputed British heavyweight cham-

GEORGE GORDIENKO, and on right, BILL ROBINSON sign autographs before a tag-match in Winnipeg, Canada
pion—Admiral Lord Mountevans style.

This was to be Joyce's final reign as champion, because after losing the title to Bill Robinson in the early part of 1970 he retired from the professional ring. Joyce later came out of retirement and following a win over Tony Charles at Blackburn, became British light-heavyweight champion, a title he still holds to this day.

BIL ROBINSON

Robinson has never been defeated in a British title fight since winning the title in 1967. Bill regularly defended his title until leaving Britain on a World tour, which has taken him to Australia, America, Canada and Japan. After being absent from British rings for two years Joint Promotions vacated the title and nominated Steve Veidor and Albert Wall as the two top challengers who would battle it out at Nottingham Ice Rink on 13th April, 1970. Following a tremendous bout ending in the tenth of fifteen rounds Albert Wall was declared winner and new British heavyweight champion.

And so we reach the present day, twenty-six years of British heavyweight champions—Admiral Lord Mountevans style. Albert Wall is the man at the top, the man who everybody seeks to beat, can Albert Wall reign for over a decade like one of his great fore-runners, Billy Joyce? Can he reign until Christmas? Who will be the man to next hold the Admiral Lord Mountevans title? The questions are endless, and no doubt the possible answers are very near endless also.

During 1972 Steve Veidor has been wrestling exceptionally well, and probably better than ever before in his career. Nevertheless, even Steve Veidor when in top form, failed to take the title at the Royal Albert Hall this year. Gwynn Davies, the Welsh giant who has twice taken the title from Wall, has also been given a fair number of championship contests. Mid-heavyweight champion Mike Marino was recently suggested as the next challenger for the title, but great though Mike may be I personally would be very surprised to see Mike win the heavyweight title. Scottish champion Ian Campbell seems rather disinterested with the British title (although he did tell me he could take it anytime) and so who have we left?

Tibor Szakacs, Bruno Erlington, Andy Robin, Geoff Portz and Count Bartelli seem to be the most serious threats to Wall after removing Veidor, Davies and Campbell. There is also Kendo Nagasaki (who I believe to be the greatest heavyweight in Britain today) but I cannot take seriously the suggestion that Kendo will remove his mask simply to challenge Wall.

Andy Robin, a great idol in Scotland, rarely wrestles in the South and his last championship bout with Wall ended in a double disqualification. Count Bartelli is a stamina wrestler and says he can beat Wall over fifteen rounds, but British championship clashes now take place over ten rounds.

Personally, I believe Wall's most dangerous contenders are Bartelli and Bruno Erlington. Because Bartelli refuses to wrestle in the South I doubt if he will be offered a British championship bout. Remove Bartelli and we are left with Erlington, a powerful wrestler, 20 stones and wrestling better than ever before in his career, which was shown earlier this year by his annexation of the Southern England heavyweight title.

The other major Southern hope at the present time is Tibor Szakacs, as he has won the Royal Albert Hall Trophy on five occasions his name cannot be easily removed from any list of championship contenders. Nevertheless, my money still stays on Bruno.

Nine men have held the British heavyweight title in the past twenty-six years, who will be the tenth? Will it be Bruno or Bartelli, Portz or Campbell, Veidor or Davies? Will it be someone I have mentioned, or will it be someone unknown to us all? If anyone is to take Wall's title within the next two years then I favour Bruno Erlington, but whether or not Big Bruno is good enough to overcome Wall is an interesting question, and one I have no intention of answering.

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He grunted in pain but continued to attack harder than ever, but was relieved when the bell ended the round.

A second rubbed away the congestion from around Dempsey's heart, otherwise Jack would have never been able to come up for round eight. Much must be said of Jack's stickability, since during the last three rounds he took great punishment but always kept going forward. Almost blind Dempsey crossed the ring at the end of the contest and said, "Congratulations, Gene. It was a good fight, I did my best, but it wasn't good enough."

Gene had always said he would win the title, defend it twice, and then retire. His critics laughed, thinking he would never wear the world crown. But true to his word, Tunney fought once after his second bout with Dempsey when he stopped Tom Heeney in eleven rounds. Then at the height of his career, Gene tossed the crown back, as good as to say, "You can have it, I've made my money and I'm keeping it."

(Above): KAY NOBLE doubles up BRENDA STARR

(Right): BRENDA STARR about to throw JUDY GRABLE over her head

Our American photographer Jack Pokress is delighted that readers are so pleased with these appearing in RINGSPORT, and tells us he intends to send us another batch in the near future for publication.

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