

April 16, 1937

Tom Chester Defeats O'Boyne In Expo Fight

By Bud Cornish
(Sports Editor)

A colored boy named Tom Chester, of Brooklyn, N. Y. with the reach of an orang-outang, spoiled the Portland debut of Irish Jimmy O'Boyne, of Bangor, at the Exposition Building Thursday night when he scored a decision in a twin-five main bout. And oddly, despite this reach, it was a furious body pounding inside, when O'Boyne would release his clutch long enough to let the Negro swing, that did the damage.

Twice in ten rough-house rounds that had Referee Jim Feeney perspiring as much as the battlers, trying to separate them at the right moments, O'Boyne threatened to end it all for the Brown Buzzard from Brooklyn. But, caught flush with a long range fusillade, staying up in the first only because he had a Japanese leglock—with his hand—on the top rope, Chester never did hit the deck from Jamesy's honest efforts, although he was down in the fourth, mainly because of three low punches that did him no good whatsoever.

But in between the first and the ninth, when O'Boyne made his major bids, Jimmy, though carrying enough rounds to keep it fairly close, gave away the rest of them, and enough for Chester to win, by clinging like Oliver W. Octopus, our old pal of the seashore, on occasion after occasion. Yet Chester found the route to his ribs as wide open as the National League race, and beat a steady tattoo most of the way, interspersing it with some long left hand shots at the chin that landed enough to drive Jimmy back into hanging on again.

It was a mauling, bruising battle in which O'Boyne came out reddened from belt to brow, and Chester carried home an egg over his left eye—a chocolate one—that looked as though it had been rolled on the White House lawn.

Chester weighed 162; O'Boyne, 161. Lou Brouillard, New England middleweight champion, seconded O'Boyne.

Abe Nathan, Portland middleweight with the heavy body punch, hit Joe Monte, Somerville, a clout on the right eye in the second round that split it, below the brow, so badly that the scrap had to be called off at the end of the second. It had started like the classic of the evening.

Monte, hooking with a vicious left, set Abe up in the first and crossed an authoritative right that draped him over the ropes, but didn't put him down. Abe, belting at the body, was smacked several more times with this south shot, but he stood up under fire like a leaguer. In the second, Abe rocked again from a pot-shotted right, and then suddenly roared in with an attack of his own that had Monte doubling up from body punches and reeling from short shots at the head. One of these clipped Joe across the eye, and he came out of the melee bleeding badly. There was nothing to do but stop a promising punchfest upon examination of the wounded

Henry Lynch, Portland, had trouble finding Young Chellis, the Lewiston Snakedancer, but managed to get in enough telling punches, one of which spilled him in the second for no count, to gain the edge. Chellis entertained with his footwork, but only one real wallop, an uppercut that caught Lynch coming in in the third.

Elmer Ferguson, brother of Bill, made a sensational debut in whacking Eddie Kopacz, game and hard-hitting Westbrook youngster, into the resin just before the bell ended the second. Kopacz staggered up from a nine count knockdown, to go sailing down again, and a towel saved him further punishment. Both swapped willingly, but Fergy was the smarter and straighter puncher.

Rene St. Hilaire, of Lewiston, leading most of the way, unwound a right from the banks of the Androscoggin and planted it on Hugh Bowley's chin in round number four of the opener. Bowley, of Portland, went over and cracked his head, but though dazed and virtually out, he came up squarely into another St. Hilaire shot. This time the bout was stopped as he fell.

Nine Bouts Carded; Nathan On Hot-Spot

Both Fergusons Work On Slate—Blaisdell
Also Goes Against Kayo Conqueror—Colie
Welsh Fights—Show Underway At 8.30

Tonight's Fight Card

- Bill Ferguson, Portland, vs. Babe Beatty, Sherbrooke, P. Q., (6)
Abe Nathan, Portland, vs. Frankie Campbell, Boston, (6)
Flash Dutil, Lewiston, vs. Wild Cat Pettie, Newport, Vt. (6)
George Blaisdell, Portland, vs. Young Dempsey, Dover, (4)
Jim McDougal, Augusta, vs. Colie Welsh, Portland, (4)
Ray Vachone, Dover, vs. Buck Potvin, Lewiston, (4)
Elmer Ferguson, Portland, vs. Young Rudy, Westbrook, (4)
Joe Sullivan, Boston, vs. Bobby Hudson, Dover, (4)
Lee Anderson, Portland, vs. K. O. Moulton, Newport, Vt. (4)

Revenge duels for two local mitt swingers who were kayoed in bouts away from home, and the stiffest test yet for another in a comeback campaign that has reached nearly to double figures in wins feature a nine-bout all-star boxing show at the Exposition Building that gives promise of drawing out the customers in droves. Bill Ferguson, heavyweight from South Portland, and George Blaisdell, lightweight from Portland, are seeking to avenge the kayos; Abe Nathan, Portland, is looking for win number nine, without defeat, since he began his climb back to the welterweight heights.

Ferguson's opponent is one Babe Beatty of Sherbrooke, P. Q., and the latter not only packs a wallop, he has stamina. Ferguson was leading him at Berlin, N. H., in their first duel, and put him on the floor in the fourth round. But the test of a real fighter is whether he can get up to go on and win. Beatty not only got up, he started a punch from his shoetops and he landed it on Bill's jaw perfectly. Bill, who had never lost a professional fight, and had never been knocked out, went down for the full toll.

Ferguson has fought but once since, but he has trained fervidly to reach shape for tonight's duel. He feels he can even up and wipe the smirch off his record. With this in mind, the South Portlander is shooting for a knockout from the first bell tonight.

Nathan draws tough assignment Number Two, Frankie Campbell of Boston. The Hub swatter has been appearing on big shows in Boston, and gave Tony Bent, of Cambridge, a licking by knocking him down two times in the final round of their preliminary to the Fuller-Callahan feature at Mechanics Building recently.

But Nathan has proved one of the hardest body punchers developed here in years. He whittles them down to his size by slugs in the slats. Last week, Joe Monte gave him trouble in the first, but he was coming strong and battering Monte in the second, when the latter sprang a leak from a cut over his eye and had to retire.

Portland Press Herald
April 22, 1937

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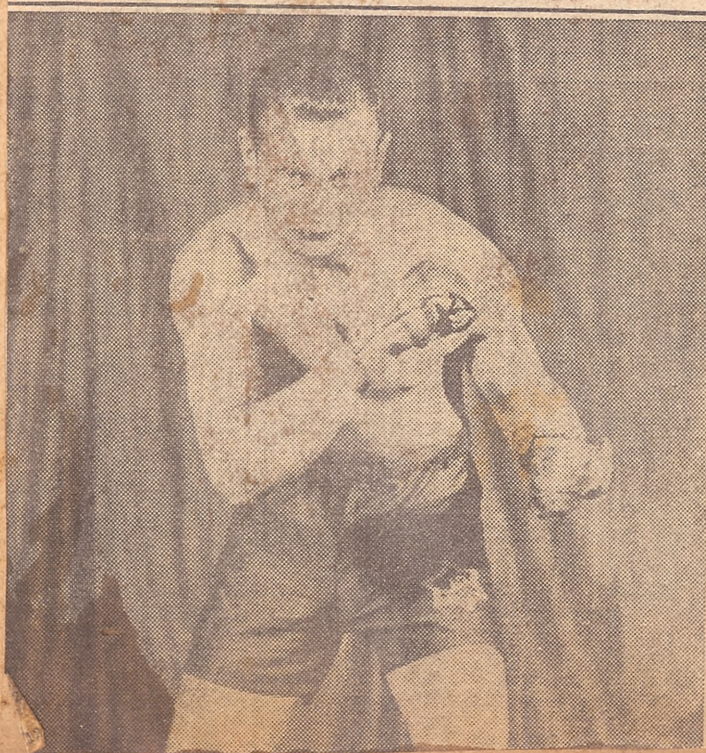
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1937

There are some promoters, you know, who, when they've been fortunate enough to sign a really good star bout, feel that their task is over. Beneath it they toss in a flock of stumble-bums whose services can be bought for next to nothing. The good star bout, they figure, will more than make up for any shortcomings in the preliminary card. "Chick" Hayes isn't that sort of a promoter. The gentleman from Park Avenue realizes the necessity of carding a good star bout. But he also realizes the wisdom of supporting it with real fights that will have the crowd in good humor and primed for action when the principals step in there. Personally I think that no little part of his success as a promoter is due to that very sensible desire to give his customers a run for their money right down the line from the first bout on.

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HE FOLLOWED THAT POLICY last week with fine results and his card tomorrow night is built along the same line. O'Boyne and Chester may have to do some very tall stepping to surpass the semi-final in which Abe Nathan—the rejuvenated Jimmy Pearl—shows against Joe Monte, of Boston. That semi-final, indeed, is a scrap that I shall watch with considerable interest. Nathan, since he returned to these parts and placed himself under the direction of "Hawkeye" Dave Silverman, has won seven straight starts—four of them by knockouts. To date he has shown himself a smart and vicious body puncher of exceptional coolness. Monte, a game and rugged club-fighter who has been going good in and around Boston, should be ideally fitted to give Abe a testing that won't be easy. If Abe can click with another classy win he'll be taking a real step forward and you can expect Mr. Hayes to oblige Mr. Silverman by again boosting the calibre of the opposition. Personally I hope Abe makes the grade. There's always room for another good fighter in town and I hope Silverman's protege is due to join the Big Parade of Maine fistic talent that really seems to be going places.

Out To Continue Streak



April 23, 1937

Nathan Goes In 5th; Ferguson Out In 3rd

By Bud Cornish
(Sports Editor)

Under battering fists of out-of-state fighters, two idols of local fistiana, as Joe Humphries would have put it, had the curtains pulled over them Thursday night at the Exposition Building. One, Abe Nathan, after a long string of comeback wins, lost by a technical kayo with only two seconds to go of the fifth round. The other, Bill Ferguson, was beaten to the carpet in 1.25 of the third session. Frankie Campbell, a neat mitt machine from Boston, scored over Nathan; Babe Beatty, a Canadian fighting out of Newport, Vt., hung the tag on Ferguson.

Though a smoother workman, a sweet fighter and a leathering left hooker, Campbell didn't coast to any victory in the main excursion. He set Nathan up several times with his startling left that flashed in comet fashion to Abe's chin, but in and around this cuffing, the Portlander fought gamely onward and rattled and banged the Bostonian with a hard body attack. A rousing uppercut, that ripped to heart and ribs and occasionally skinned Campbell's jaw, kept Abe in the milling, though his right eye was cut as early as the third round and he wobbled as though on stilts two or three times.

It was in the fifth, however, that Abe made a startling bid that turned into the losing boomerang. Suddenly rushing Campbell, Nathan slammed home two hard right hands to the side of Frankie's face and Campbell sagged slightly. But almost immediately he recovered, and as Abe sought to follow the advantage, Campbell met him with that curling left, ripped him to the ropes, and shot a right twisting over Nathan's left to Abe's jaw. Abe's legs shook. He staggered back. And Campbell moved in, raining gloves like hailstones.

Campbell's barrage was kayo dealing but Nathan wouldn't go down. He pawed forward and into range, but he was groggy. Then the club doctor, Dan Mannix, interfered, just before the bell rang to end the frame, and Nathan was spotted with a kayo. The crowd hooted the decision to stop the bout.

Ferguson, giving away reach, height and weight, could not get away from long swings by Babe Beatty, the tall heavy from Quebec. Bill was stumble-footed from one right in the opening frame, but he came back strongly in the second, moving in underneath and pumping right after right into Beatty's side until it took on the red of mercurochrome.

But Fergy's second was the lull in the storm. In the third, in an attempt to retreat, Fergy got his chin up in the air and Beatty hung a right on it. Ferguson went down to his knees and came up at nine. Again Beatty moved forward and let fly. Ferguson went down for another nine and came up even more wobbly. Referee McDowell then held Bill's hands, wiping rosin from his gloves, and thus handicapped. Fergy got socked with another

right. Patently defenseless, Ferguson was stopped from walking in for further punishment by McDowell.

Elmer Ferguson, Bill's brother, and Young Rudy, Westbrook, stole the show in a rousing four rounder. Both slugged savagely, and Rudy used his left to advantage. But Ferguson, stronger, finally banged his way into the lead in the last session with a rib-breaking body pounding that slowed Rudy to a walk. This gave him the edge, a minute one. Rudy showed more improvement than any of the prelim boys who have fought recently.

Wildcat Pettie, a comedian from Newport, Vt., though short and roly-poly, had a tigerish spring, with a left hand leading it, that cut the face of Joe Sullivan of Boston and kept setting him back. Once, in the second, the two staged a wild swinging rally, but the speed of Pettie wouldn't let Joe in after that, and the Wildcat grabbed the decision.

George Blaisdell, Portland, landed three punches in the first round and knocked Young Dempsey, Dover, N. H., down with each one. But from then on, except for a brief spray of socks by Dempsey in the third, neither ventured close enough to score another spill-over. Blaisdell won on the early knock-downs, but it was a dismal fight.

Colie Welsh, Portland, dropped Jim McDougal, Augusta, for nine in the first with a fine right hand to the jaw, and then the two fought savagely and well on an even basis the rest of the way. McDougal showed a great left hook, Welsh a hard right. Welsh gained the edge.

Buck Potvin, Lewiston, sat down on the canvas in the first round and watched the blood drip from his nose while he took the ten count. The nose had been banged altogether too hard for Buck by Ray Vachon, Dover, and it was actually a resignation, though it went as a knockout.

Lee Anderson, Portland, edged out K. O. Moulton, Newport Vt., south-paw, who swung and swung but didn't land very often, in another four, while Goldie Hess, a Chinese fighter from Dover, after being outpointed for two rounds by frisky Young Chellis of Lewiston, hauled up a right into the pit of Chellis' stomach, a clean shot, that folded the Spindie City entrant up like an accordion.

April 23, 1937

Bill Ferguson Is Victim Of Kayo At Expo

Big Bill Ferguson, Portland heavyweight, found that he had found his Nemesis last night, when for the second time this season, he went down under the hammering blows of Babe Beatty of Sherbrooke, the only fighter who has defeated Fergy since he started his pro career more than a year ago. Ferguson, seeking revenge for a four-round beating of some weeks ago, went out even quicker, in his scheduled six-rounder at the Expo with Beatty last night, succumbing in the third canto.

A few pounds lighter than Ferguson, but much taller, and with a tremendous reach, Beatty had a distinct advantage. He showed a hard right hand punch in staggering Bill in the opener, took a body beating himself in the second when the stocky local lad kept in close, but floored Ferguson three times in the third. Referee Ken McDowell didn't even count as Ferguson lay face down after the third knock down but called it off.

Another Portland ace, Abe Nathan, met his first defeat in eight fights, losing on a technical knockout to Frankie Campbell, Boston welterweight, in the fifth round of their scheduled six spot. McDowell stopped this bout five seconds before bell time, upon a signal from Dr. Daniel M. Mannix, club physician, and the crowd booed vociferously, since it was apparent that Nathan might have weathered the storm, although groggy. A cut over the right eye bothered Nathan, and a hanging bandage made things look worse than they were.

George Blaisdell took revenge on his former kayo conqueror Young Dempsey of Dover, N. H., but only by the margin of two knockdowns in the first round. For the next three rounds they "fiddled" like Nero, but while the crowd, rather

By MILAN G. WELCH
(Sports Editor)

It was a stormy night last night—and the going was almost as rough inside the Expo Building as on the outside. It was unseasonable weather for the loyal fans who braved a cold and winterish mid-April rainstorm in order that they might view their weekly boxing show. And it was unseasonable for Abe Nathan and Bill Ferguson, two local favorites who wound up last evening very definitely behind the eight ball.

The angular, loose-jointed Nathan, who returned to the local wars only a couple of months back, had been going good until last night. Under the management of "Locquacious Dave" Silverman he had won eight or nine in a row, belting out a majority of his antagonists with a vicious body attack at close quarters. A week ago, to be sure, he did have a "close shave" when he was badly ruffled before damaging Boston Joe Monte to win by a technical knockout.

Last night his luck definitely "ran out." Almost from the start Abe was in trouble with Frankie Campbell, a fast, hard punching Boston club fighter. In the opening round Campbell had him shaken and wobbly with snappy left hooks thrown from close range. At the bell Boston Frankie nailed him with a straight right to the chin, and Nathan went to his corner plenty woozy.

Abe did better in the second stanza, getting in close and ripping a few good rights to the body, but Campbell, still scoring with those snappy lefts, had the edge again. Not until the third did Nathan really begin to "click." Then, in a mauling round his body punching at close quarters gave him the edge. At that it was a costly round, for he came out of the session with his right eye damaged, and Dr. Manix looked it over between rounds before okaying him for further action.

Bad eye or no bad eye, Abe held the Bostonian even in the fourth. Both lads were scoring but Nathan was making the fight and doing all the leading. Came the fatal fifth. Nathan, coming out fast, clipped Frankie with a sharp left hook to the chin and followed with a hard right that set the Bostonian back on his heels. Then, as the Portland boy came forward to press his advantage, Campbell crossed the right that won the fight.

It caught Abe flush on the chin. It didn't knock him down, but it did send him reeling back to the ropes and Campbell, taking the lead, battered away with both hands to head and body. Abe was still on his feet, catching plenty, and the round had less than five seconds to go when, presumably on signaled orders from the club

Abe Nathan Scores a Technical Knockout Over Gaby Poulin in Fifth Round

They served up an "Old Fashioned" for a main bout at the Arcade arena, Friday evening, with Abe Nathan, Portland's greyhound of the ring, scoring a technical kayo over Gaby Poulin, local boxer, as the latter was retired with a badly split left eye after 42 seconds of the fifth round.

While Abe's flying fists had him out front by a comfortable margin, at the time, it was the top of the Portland boy's cranium that opened the gash above Poulin's left optic when they came out of a brief clinch in that fifth heat. Otherwise, there's little question but that the "bad man" of the Shipping City stable would have been very much around at the final gong.

To a large extent, it was "open season" on the Bath scrappers and the Portland pugilists came loaded for bear. Lec Anderson, elongated colored boy from the Forest City hammered out a six round semi-final decision over Jackie Davis, dropping Jack in the fourth. And Kid Arnold put on a wild finish to beat Percy King, Morse high senior, who a week ago whipped Arnold rather handily.

Cooper And Brown Win

Lou Cooper and "Farmer" Brown, Bath Iron Workers, kept the Mihaios' house flag at the masthead. "Larruping Lou" said "howdy do" to Kid Williams of the Alfred CCC camp, jabbed him with a couple lefts and proceeded to explode that right cross on Williams' chin. He used 10 seconds for the knockout, which added to the 23 he employed in stopping Young Nelson of Westbrook, last week, sets his kayo average at 16½ seconds. The "Farmer" had Hugh Bouley of Portland out at the bell in the first round but they revived the visitors and it took Mr. Brown 50 seconds of the second to finish the job.

Maine bouts don't come any more rugged around the Maine circuit, than that at the Arcade last evening. Quite aware his only hope of winning laid in a knockout, the veteran Poulin was tearing in from the initial gong and as Mr. Nathan doesn't go in for bicycling, 'twas a battle all the way. Twice Gaby counted to the head with hard rights in that first stanza and followed with lefts to the body while Nathan retaliated with that rapier left of his. The writer caught Poulin out front by a shade that opening stanza.

The second chapter found Nathan warming up and his counter-punching was a thing of beauty. Not only was he catching the Bath fighter with devastating rights to the body, but that left hand was working with machine like precision and he copped the round beyond a question.

The third was a vicious canto and while many of Nathan's blasting punches were taken on Poulin's gloves, many of them went home. Only Gaby's ability to take it kept him on his feet a number of times in this heat for this lad Nathan is no infant in arms when it comes to hitting. And yet, it was in this round that Poulin threw two terrific rights to Nathan's head on the south rope and neither did the visitor any good. However, it went with the second, to Abe.

Nathan's left was really working in the fourth which turned out to be virtually the last round. He tattooed Poulin's countenance with a straight left

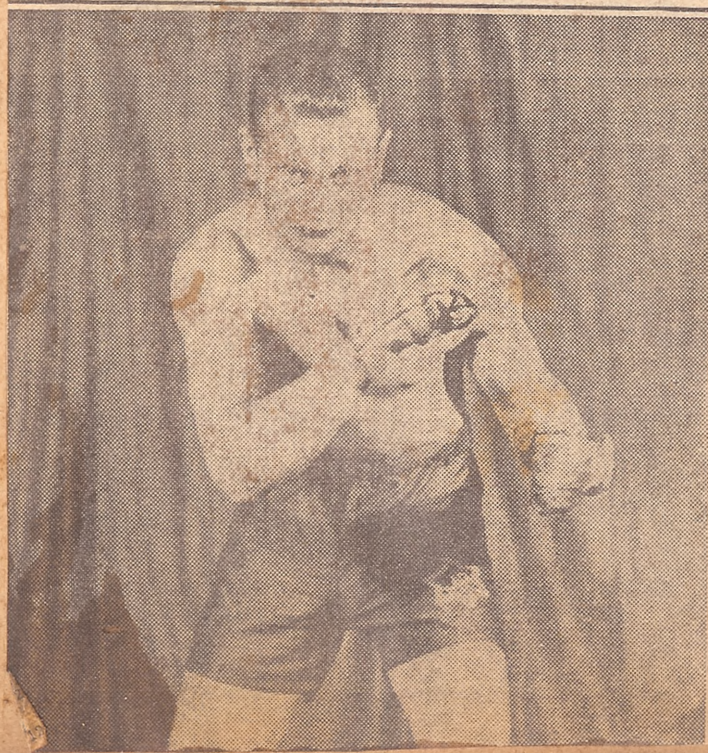
THE BATH DAILY TIMES, SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 10, 1937

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1937

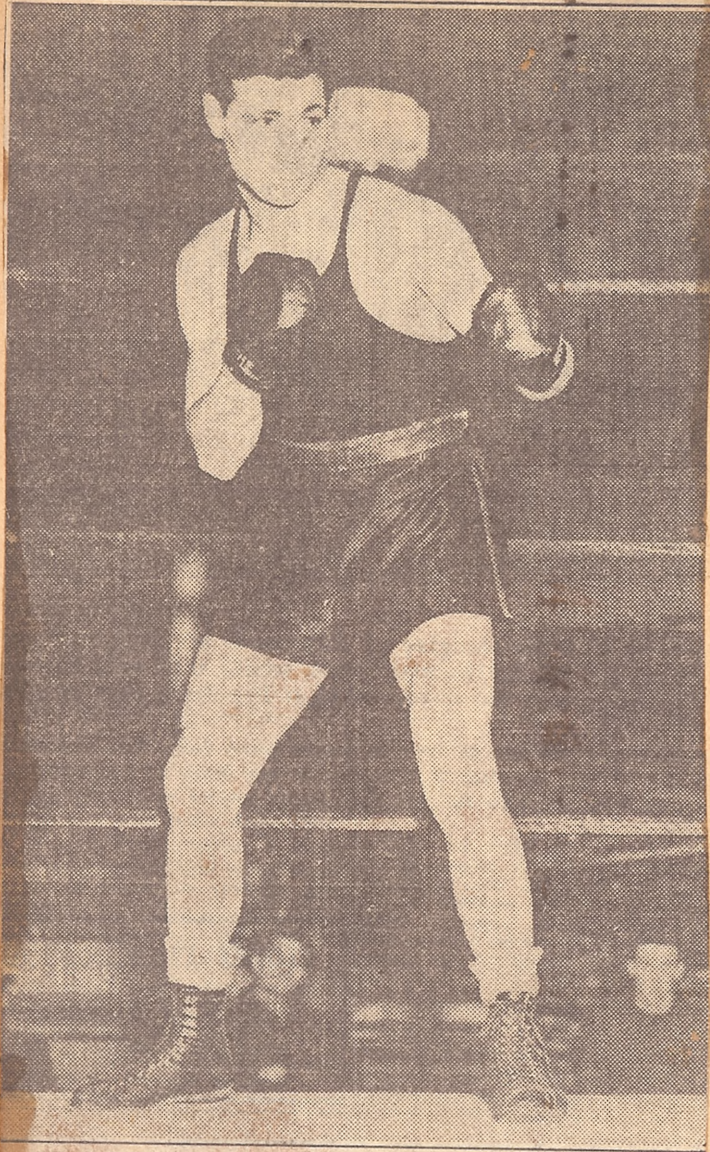
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Out To Continue Streak



Can He Handle Nathan?



Frankie Campbell

Abe Nathan Is Kayo Winner In Bath Tilt

Special Despatch to The Press Herald
Bath, April 9—Abe Nathan of Portland won over Gabby Poulin of Bath in the main bout here tonight at the Arcade Arena by a technical knockout. The fight was halted in the fourth by Referee Mihalos when Poulin came up with a cut eye. Nathan was far ahead at the time. In the semi-final, Lee Anderson, rallying in the late rounds, won the decision over Jackie Davis of Bath. In the top prelim, Farmer Brown of Bath knocked out Young Boulay of Portland in the second round. In the other bouts, Kid Williams of the Alfred C.C.C. was kayoed by Lee Cooper of Bath in 35 seconds of the first round and Percy King of Bath drew with Kid Arnold of Portland.

NATHAN COMES TO SWAP PUNCHES WITH POULIN AT THE ARCADE TONIGHT

Five Local Fighters Are Appearing on the Card at Mihalos' Boxing Show

AT ARCADE ARENA TONIGHT

8.30 O'Clock
Main Bout
 (Six Rounds)
 Abe Nathan, Portland
 vs.
 Gaby Poulin, Bath
Semi-Final
 (Six Rounds)
 Eddie Burke, Fort Williams
 vs.
 Jackie Davis, Bath
Prelims
 (Four Rounds)
 Young Gorham, Alfred CCC
 vs.
 "Farmer" Brown, Bath

 Kid Williams, Alfred CCC
 vs.
 Lou Cooper, Woolwich

 Kid Arnold, Portland
 vs.
 Percy King, Bath

Abe Nathan, speedy two-fisted Portland welterweight, will be shooting for his seventh successive victory at the Arcade arena, this evening, when he faces Gaby Poulin, local boxer, in the six round feature event of a fistic program that finds a Shipping City fighter in each of the five bouts.

Since returning to Maine rings from a successful campaign in Vermont and New York, Nathan has won six straight fights, his sixth being scored last evening at the Forest City when he shel-laced Steve Atkinson of Lowell, Mass., in the semi-final to the Paul Junior-Honey Melody battle. Though Atkinson went the limit of six stanzas, he was literally cut to ribbons by the classy, hard hitting Nathan.

Poulin Plenty Tough

Mr. Poulin, brought to Bath several weeks ago by way of Lynn, Mass., as a sparring partner for Glafiro "K. O." Castillo, is about as tough a scrapper as this state ever produced—he's a native of Augusta. It has been said, by those who should know, there isn't a boxer in the game, his weight, that is capable of keeping Gaby on the canvas for a full 10 count. Whether this statement is truth or theory, the fact remains that Poulin has never been knocked out.

With Nathan conceded to be somewhat the cleverer of the two, Poulin will pin his hopes on wearing down the speedy Portlander and perhaps connecting with his "Sunday" punch at some time or other during the six heats.

May 21, 1937

OUTSIDE THE ROPES

Abe Nathan, Portland's upstanding young welterweight, tackles another tough assignment tonight, when he meets Young Byron, of Roxbury, Mass., in the feature bout at South Berwick. Byron is the tough "brown bomber" who has been making life miserable for a lot of youthful Maine boxers at the Pastime A. C., in Biddeford, where he is a regular performer. The colored boy is under the management of Baby Tiger, the tough little tar baby, who fought here many times in the past.

Manager Dave Silverman has four performers in his Portland stable on the South Berwick card tonight. Others in addition to Nathan are Bee Anderson, who faces Jake De-sautels of Dover, N. H., southpaw; Eddie Burke who meets Jim Johnson of Roxbury, and Duke Doucette, who clashes with Young Nelson of San-ford.

heights of wrestliana at top speed in the last few months has not lost a bout in a long time. He is so fast that undoubtedly he will make "Doc" Murphy lose a lot of his drop kick attempts. Murphy and Iovanna will have to work at top speed to keep "bad man" Curly Donchin, and strong man Mike Rogoski from stealing the show.

While Nathan is fighting in Berwick, his Portland opponent of next Thursday night, Gabby Poulin, will keep his hand in by battling Frisco Dick of Lewiston in the six round feature at the Arcade Arena in Bath. Poulin and Nathan clash in a six rounder next Thursday on the Junior-Castilloux card. Jackie Davis and Johnny Lawless meet in the Bath semi-final.

Alvah "Skow" Coron, former Cheverus High football star, who has been sparkling in amateur boxing ranks since he joined Jimmy "Kid" Rice's N. Y. A. classes last Fall, will make his professional debut next week at Rock-land. His opponent has not yet been named. Coron is a hard hitting lightweight, and has developed rapidly. He appears rugged enough to stand the gaff.

MAY 14, 1937.

GRANITE STATE BAD MAN TO FIGHT ABE NATHAN IN MAIN BOUT TONIGHT

Four Local Lads Among the Box-
ers Who Will Appear in the
Arcade Arena Ring

AT ARCADE ARENA TONIGHT

8.30 O'clock

Main Bout

(Six Rounds)

Abe Nathan, Portland

vs.

Young Vachon, Dover, N. H.

Semi-Final

(Six Rounds)

Farmer Brown, Bath

vs.

Young Dempsey, Dover, N. H.

Prelims

(Four Rounds)

Lou Cooper, Woolwich

vs.

Jake Burgess, Berwick

Jackie Davis, Bath

vs.

Young Bartell, Dover, N. H.

Percy King, Bath

vs.

Young Adams, Portland

Abe Nathan of Portland, erstwhile Jimmy Pearl, who rates so high with many Bath fistic followers that they would like to see him matched with "K. O." Castillo, comes back this evening for his third Arcade appearance in a matter of seven weeks. And, he's courting trouble with a capital T for the opposition tonight is none other than Young Vachon of Dover, N. H., the Granite State's "bad man" of the welterweight division.

Vachon, a terrific puncher, recently returned from a season in Florida and in his first Maine fight at Portland he kayoed Buck Potvin of Lewiston in a single session. He jumped at the chance to meet Nathan in the local ring for, any boy that stops, or beats Abe, is going to find himself much in demand.

In his two Bath fights this Spring, Nathan chalked up knockouts on both occasions, one a technical. His first scrap saw him stopping Benny Lizotte, Waterville, in the second. He then scored a fifth round technical over Gaby Poulin. He may not be quite the hitter this lad Vachon is but, it doesn't do for any of 'em to be sticking out their chins when brother Abe is tossing leather.

MAY 15, 1937.

ABE NATHAN WINNER IN GRUELLING BATTLE WITH DOVER FIGHTER

Although Practically Out on His
Feet Nathan Sends Vachon to
the Canvas for the Count

In a story-book finish, Abe Nathan, classy, two-fisted Portland welterweight, out on his feet, knocked out Ray Vachon, Dover, N. H., mid-way the fifth round of Friday evening's Arcade arena boxing show, a show that ticked well with Mr. and Mrs. Fan.

"Farmer" Brown, local slugger, scored a technical kayo over Young Dempsey, Dover, when the latter was unable to continue after the fourth session of the semi-final, due to an injured left hand. The setto was pretty even up to that point.

Lou Cooper, Woolwich, heavyweight, required 90 seconds of the first round to stop Kid Burke, Portland, substituting for Jake Burgess of Berwick. A stiff left hook spelled curtains for Burke.

In an opening bout that was all action and liberally sprinkled with knockdowns, Percy King, Morse high senior, earned a draw with Young Hogan, Portland, despite the fact King was down twice in the fourth and last chapter.

Jackie Davis, this city, stopped Ben Turpin, Dover, in the first round of the other prelim event.

Main Bout Rugged

Nathan and Vachon were both all business last evening and the main scrap proved the gruelling affair anticipated. The Dover battler was forcing the bout in the early moments but a smart left hook had him down for a four count as the gong sounded in that first session.

The second and third beats went to Vachon who piled through Nathan's defense with looping right hands that seemed to bother the Portlander plenty. Vachon fought a hard, rough, rugged fight and it was not until the fourth that Nathan could get underway again. Shortly after this round opened, a Nathan right sent Vachon down for a nine count and it was repeated a few seconds later. A third time Vachon went down in this fourth and the gong sounded at nine on the latter occasion.

Coming out for the fifth, Vachon nailed Nathan with a terrific right before the echo of the bell had died out and the Portland boy wavered. Two more hard rights to Nathan's chin and it appeared he was due to go. But, as Vachon drove the Portland lad back to the ropes and rushed in wildly for "the kill," he came in with his hands too low and Nathan grabbed the opening, mustered everything he had left and cracked home a handsome right that bounced off Vachon's chin. The Doverite was out for 10 and a bit more.

When Dave Castelloux, pride of the Kennebec valley, Paul Junior, idol of the Androscoggin in the double five round battle for the Maine lightweight title, a week from next Thursday, the house certainly will be divided against itself. Every day brings new evidences of the unbounded faith, which the fans of Central and Eastern Maine have in Castelloux, the slender, soft spoken, black-eyed youngster from Winslow. In fact one rabid enthusiast from up Waterville way walked into the office the other day, and pulling a young roll of bills from his pocket offered to bet 3 to 2 that Castelloux would beat Junior. I don't know whether he placed his money or not, but if he had gone into Lewiston with his roll, he would have been accommodated in less time than it takes to ejaculate the well known "Jack Robinson". For, in Junior's home city the boys figure that he can not only lick Castelloux in a romp, but even Champion Lou Ambers for that matter. Up state sport writers seem to think that even if Castelloux and Junior were 50-50 in fighting ability, youth, and consequently more vitality and endurance, would carry the day for the Winslow walloper. But Junior's 28 years have taken little toll of his energies, because he has lived such an abstemious life. The Lewiston veteran neither drinks nor smokes, is "early to bed and early to rise", and his training is so systematic and well regulated, that it is a natural part of his daily regime.

Castelloux must be a great young fighter. Not so much because the fans of the homeland swear by him, for that is natural loyalty, but because he has defeated several of the best lightweights in captivity, and he is not yet 20 years old. He is very likely the greatest lightweight of his age in the country today. His victories over Frankie Martin, Canadian champion, Tommy Rawson, Jr., former New England champion, Maxey Berger of New York and Orville Drouillard, the Windsor, Ont., boxers, all older and more experienced, attest to the Maine youngster's prowess.—Castelloux has been in camp, training for more than a week, but Junior only started his intensive work yesterday. According to Lewiston writers, Paul has mapped out a conditioning program, which calls for six days in the woods this week, three sessions in the gym, and daily road work. "I only hope Castelloux is willing to mix it up," Junior is quoted as saying. "He is a great fighter. He hits you with his fists, elbows, knees, feet and everything, so you can readily see he is a great fighter all right, but I can take care of him. At least, I'll be ready for him."

According to "Beany" Stover, sporting editor of the Bath Times, the duel between Abe Nathan, Portland welterweight and Ray Vachon of Dover, N. H., in the Ship City, last Friday night was the season's classic. "In a story book finish, Abe Nathan, classy, two fisted Portland welterweight knocked Ray Vachon, midway the fifth round," writes Stover. "The Dover battler was forcing the bout in the early moments, but a smart left hook had him down for a four count as the gong sounded in that first session. The second and third heats went to Vachon, who piled through Nathan's defense with looping right hands, that seemed to bother the Portlander plenty. Shortly after the fourth round opened, a Nathan right sent Vachon down for a nine count, and it was repeated a few seconds later. A third time Vachon went down in this round, and the gong sounded at the count of nine.—Coming out for the fifth, Vachon nailed Nathan with a terrific right before the echo of the bell had died out, and the Portland boy wavered. Two more hard rights to Nathan's chin, and it appeared he was due to go. But, as Vachon drove the Portland lad back to the ropes and rushed in wildly for 'the kill', he came in with his hands too low and Nathan grabbed the opening, mustered everything he had left, and cracked home a handsome right that bounced off Vachon's chin. The Doverite was out for 10 and a bit more."

TOP SERGEANT DAVE LOOKS OVER HIS



HIS HOPEFULS



"IT MAY NOT be the greatest stable in New England—but it is positively the largest." So says Dave Silverman, as he views a few of the twenty-six boxers now working under his banner. Nineteen of Silverman's "finest" are shown above, photographed by Russ Hayes, Evening News cameraman, while the impresario himself looks on from the left. The boxers, read left to right, are Bob Thompson, Ernie Zachow, Eddie B... Bill Hogan, Abe Nathan, Lee Anderson, Bill O'Connell, George Blaisdell, Rudy Vastano, Hugh Bowley, Bill Sands, Charlie... gan, Babe Gaudette, Eddie Lee, Roland Palmer, Heenry L... Tony Brunette, Mac Kenny, and Jimmy O'Donnell. The... on the extreme left is Casper Teranian, trainer-extraordi...