

BOXING NOTES

Sidelights To The Big Fight + Richards And Strickland To Meet?



THE big bout at Palmerston North on Boxing Day was without doubt an outstanding affair in New Zealand boxing history, but while the £800 purse topped the poll and made a fresh record for this country, the attendance did not come up to that for the Donovan-Sarron affair at the Speedway, Wellington.

It is generally conceded that 8,000 witnessed the Strickland-Alabama Kid contest, while Donovan and Sarron drew in the vicinity of 17,000.

When Tommy Donovan stepped through the ropes to referee the amateur bouts, he was given a great reception, and he later mentioned that he wished that he was a few years younger and able to engage in further contests.

While Strickland won every round with the exception of two, which were drawn, he came very near to being stopped in the seventh when that short jab to the solar plexus dropped him to the canvas. On hands and knees, with his mouth wide open, Maurice caused his backers momentary anxiety, but he had luck with him, as the gong sounded about fifteen seconds after he rose.

The Manawatu Boxing Association made a good profit over the big show and richly deserved it for taking the risk of promoting such a fixture, which, had it been a flop would have involved the association in a big loss. As it happened,

the weather was good, and there was no hitch in the proceedings.

The decision of the executive to keep the names of the referees secret until they actually entered the ring to officiate had the spectators guessing, although it was generally considered that the association could not overlook its own referee, Geoff Watchorn, as third man for the main bout. He did the job well, and is to be complimented.

A movement is afoot to stage another big open-air tournament in the near future, but if it eventuates it will be under the banner of another association. The proposition is to bring Ron Richards over from Sydney to meet Strickland, but the writer is of the opinion that the fight would not be a good one.

Richards scales round 11.6 and Strickland is unable to weigh under 13 stone. In addition, Strickland is 6ft. 1½ ins.

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LETTERS FROM LISTENERS

(Continued from page 4)

PRAISE FOR DOUG.

Sir,—Through following *The Listener* programmes too closely and not paying enough attention to the station announcements I nearly missed a rebroadcast on Sunday morning, December 22, of personal messages from the boys overseas through our radio unit. What a difference from the last war, when we never heard another word from the boys after they left.

This letter is to pay personal tribute to announcer Doug. Laurensen for his good sense in either not "handpicking" the boys at all, or else for his great skill in the "art that conceals art" in picking them so carefully—I don't know which. At any rate those who spoke certainly gave the impression of being a good clear cross-section of New Zealand lads—nearly all "the ranks" (thank Heaven), with some nice speaking voices and some Honest-to-God cow-cocky voices. When the show started I feared a succession of "educated" voices, saying "Greetings to the pater." When I heard "Hullo Mum and Dad," I was so delighted that if I could I would have rung Doug. up there and then.

Incidentally the standard of diction was really remarkably high and a credit to our education system. I wonder if that high standard could be equalled by any other army engaged in this war? I'm positive it couldn't.

—R.B.M. (Wellington).

feat of scanning a Latin or Greek verse (or for that matter of being able to bandy quotations from the classics in conversation or debate) has very little to do with the matter. In itself it is a poor enough accomplishment, Heaven alone knows. What is important is that it indicates a background (not only educational) which is conducive to appreciation of the finer things of life. "Neutral" must not think for a moment that I look down on people who are incapable of this appreciation. I merely feel sorry for them.

If "Neutral" is a genuine seeker after the truth, as I trust he is, I shall be glad to lend him a couple of books which will not only improve his mind but give him valuable information about some of these ancient writers he affects to despise.—"WINCHESTER" (Auckland).

PICTURE POSTCARDS

Sir,—When reading the serial story "All This and Heaven Too," in your issue of December 27 I noticed that a French woman, speaking in New York in the year 1848 referred to "the pretty picture postcard." Were there postcards—and picture postcards—in 1848? I had thought both came much later, and picture postcards not until the late 'eighties. Can you or any reader inform me whether this reference to picture postcards by Rachel Field is an anachronism?

JOHN DOE (Auckland).

INSPECTOR HORNLEIGH

Sir,—I feel I have every right to protest about the new "Inspector Hornleigh" serial you advertised so well in an earlier issue. Why mix it up with those fools "The Melody Makers," and worst of all why did you not give us the approximate time so that interested listeners could switch over without being compelled to switch on and off to the above-mentioned clowns? Finally I do not like that great artist Boy'a to be recorded in the silly "Melody Makers" session as it was to-night; it is an insult to her.

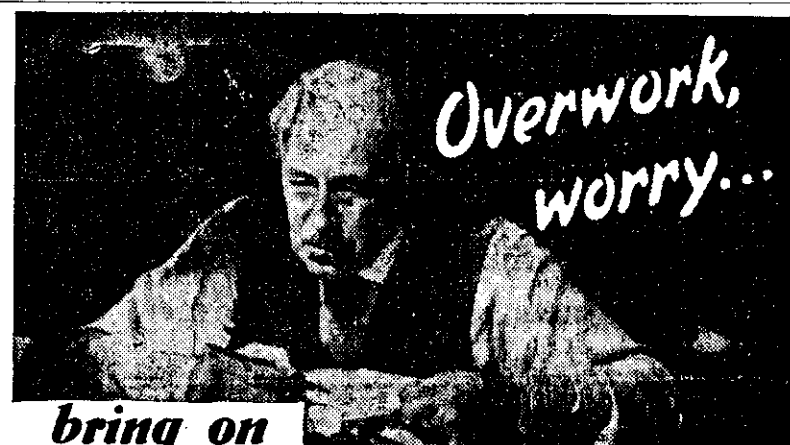
—STANLEY DEVERELL (Kati Kati).

(Now that he has exercised his right we are sure that our correspondent feels better.—Ed.).

VERBAL FLY-FISHING

Sir,—I was amused to find that my few remarks on the subject of the scanning of Latin and Greek verse got so thoroughly under the skin of "Neutral" of Petone. I imagine that half the trouble is that "Neutral" is a good honest son of the proletariat, and that he suspects me of being several other kinds of snob besides literary. In fact I'm all for the proletariat, and I sympathise entirely with his sensibilities.

But culture is a somewhat intangible quality and I am afraid that I would be put to some difficulty to explain it in terminology which "Neutral" would understand. Suffice it to say that the mere



INDIGESTION

Most of us are working long hours—and who is free from worry just now? Overwork and worry play havoc with the delicate digestive organs. Appetite goes. Even a well-cooked meal may give you heartburn, flatulence or pain, instead of building up strength and energy.

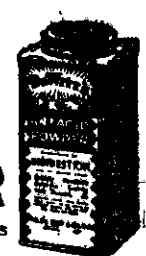
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