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With the limelight squarely on him — this time as a promoter — Mayweather, sporting a red-and-white checkered shirt and faux-tux blazer that made him look more like a bellboy than a Big Kahuna, took up the media room pulpit and began to lecture — the first part of a night-long seminar — a throng of reporters on everything from growing up in a Michigan slum to buying car rims. In short, this was Mayweather in prime form, back in the eye of the promotional hurricane. Against our better judgment, we left our press seats and huddled into the press room, training our click-bait eyes on the bully pulpit, even though, out on the floor, a very good scrap between middleweights Ievgen Khytrov and Immanuwel Aleem was taking place. By the way, who schedules a press conference in the middle of a televised card? Hubris, as the Greeks were well aware, is a terribly progenitive force and Mayweather brandishes his version without exhaustion. Forget that Broner, as garrulous as anyone in the fight racket, was reduced to a mum puppet on the dais. Oscar De La Hoya? Marcos Maidana, boy, was he a tough puncher, etc. DeGale, a lean, athletic fighter, scored an early knockdown, courtesy of a straight left hand, and the first half was fought closer to his herky-jerky pace. In the 12th round, Jack landed an uppercut that sent DeGale tumbling backward onto the canvas. In fact, it was more than appropriate, considering many of the middle rounds were head-scratchers. Give it to DeGale for his activity even though many of his punches hit only gloves? Or to Jack for his cleaner but less frequent connects? Such questions are best left to be resolved in a rematch. When the draw was announced, the expectation of a rematch more than compensated for the disappointment in not seeing titles unified. Say what you will about the relative paltriness of the pound division; its Top 2 fighters entered a boxing ring and that feat alone is a cause for celebration. This was nowhere near the level of Tim Bradley-Manny Pacquiao I but it may as well have been for Mayweather, who pulled out all the stops of a fuming social crusader. Another black eye for boxing! He thought his fighter won and he is not alone in that opinion. But to cast the sick pallor of his ego on the rest of us seemed gratuitous, especially considering all his talk about cleaning up boxing and making it a less fractious industry — the usual platitudes. Here was a chance to strengthen boxing and Mayweather, as is his wont, pointed the finger at an age-old boxing scapegoat: In this case, completely abstract, imaginary corruption. The old observation stands: There is no sport like boxing that is so predisposed to shooting itself in the foot. He also writes about film for Slant Magazine and Mubi Notebook.

*Get this from a library! Oscar De La Hoya. [Rob Quinn] -- Discusses the life of the young Mexican American boxer who won a gold medal at the Olympic Games and went on to become a professional champion.*

Louis, Missouri, on September 7, As Chicago Cubs player Sammy Sosa jogged out to take his position in right field, he was aware—along with everyone else in the packed stadium—that this might be the biggest inning of the game. It might even be the biggest inning of the entire season. Louis to play the Cardinals in a two-game series. In fact, it was early September and the Cards were already out of the pennant race. The previous evening McGwire had tied the major league record for most home runs in a single season. Tonight everyone in Busch Stadium, along with millions of fans watching on television at home, was wondering if Mark McGwire was about Sammy Sosa shows that he is truly a great competitor as he congratulates Mark McGwire on his record-breaking 62nd home run. Sammy had been another hitting sensation, blasting a total of 58 home runs since April. For the past month, he and McGwire had been neck and neck in a thrilling home run race. Ironically, the Cubs were playing the Cardinals tonight. Louis crowd cheered when McGwire finally stepped up to the plate. Steve Trachsel, a right-hander, was pitching for the Cubs. McGwire waited for the right pitch, then smack! He drove the ball toward left field, where it just barely cleared the wall. McGwire had done it! The stadium rocked with noise. Confetti rained onto the field. McGwire joyfully ran the bases, hugging his teammates as well as Cubs players. What was Sammy—the man who had been competing with McGwire all season long—doing right now? Sammy, in fact, was beaming. Then, moments after McGwire touched home plate, Sammy ran in from right field to hug him. The two players touched their hearts and blew kisses with two fingers—a special gesture that Sammy did for his mother whenever he hit a home run. Mark is a truly great player. But more important than that, Mark is a good person. He grew up in the Dominican Republic in a poor family with eight children. As a boy, he spent more time shining shoes and washing cars than playing baseball. As a young professional player, he had to adjust to life in a new country with a new language, unfamiliar customs, and intense pressure to perform. He has never forgotten how far he has come since his days as a hungry shoeshine boy. His story began in in the Dominican Republic, the Caribbean country where he was born. The sun shines nearly everyday, with temperatures usually in the 80s. Many people vacation in the Dominican Republic, drawn to its warm climate and beautiful beaches. Poverty and unemployment are widespread, and most Dominicans live in shacks with dirt floors and thatched roofs. Fewer than two percent of the residents own a car, and there is approximately one television set for every 12 people. She stopped attending school at an early age so she could go to work. Whatever money she earned went right to her parents to pay for food and clothing. Mireya married young, and when the marriage ended in divorce, she moved to Consuelo with her son, Luis, to find work. In this small farming town 50 miles east of Santo Sammy was born in the Dominican Republic, a country known for its warm climate and beautiful beaches. However, many Dominican families, like the Sosa family, live in poverty. Playing professional baseball is an exciting way for athletes like Sammy to support their families. Soon she met Juan Bautista Montero. Juan and Mireya fell in love and were married in Samuel Peralta Sosa was a big, healthy baby. Sammy has many happy memories of his early years. He remembers playing with his siblings and other children and attending school. In the summer of , tragedy struck. Juan died of a massive cerebral hemorrhage—bleeding in the brain. Sammy was just six when his father passed away. It was a huge loss for the young boy. Not only did he miss his loving, affectionate father, but his mother was now burdened with raising eight children on her own, with very limited sources of income. I started going out with my brothers, shining shoes. Mireya also worked ceaselessly. She cooked for people and sold lottery tickets, along with doing her best to keep her family close and strong. According to Sammy, she did her best to maintain a cheerful front. We all depended on her and she never wavered. He woke early to shine shoes. Then he went to school until the late afternoon. At night he washed cars with his brothers. Sometimes the family only had enough food to be able to eat one meal a day. Often their meals consisted of just rice and beans and fried plantains, a tropical fruit. When Sammy had free time, which was rare, he played baseball in the park. He also fought a lot with neighborhood kids. Mireya

hoped that the larger city would provide her family with more opportunities for work. Unfortunately, the Sosas could only afford to live in a barrio where drugs and crime were rampant. They all slept together in one room. Garbage and raw sewage often filled the streets of their poor neighborhood. Many of their neighbors were too poor to buy clothing or diapers for their children. Sammy and his brothers continued working all the time. In Santo Domingo, they washed cars, sold fruit, and shined shoes again. Meanwhile Mireya worried that her children were unsafe in Santo Domingo because of the high crime rate. After spending only nine months in the city, she moved the family to Caciques, a country village. This move was followed by several more. Sammy remembers feeling very alone and insecure during this time. Mireya had family and friends living there. In recent years it has become known as the home of several other great baseball players, such as George Bell and Joaquin Andujar. Sammy was 12 years old when his family moved to San Pedro. He liked the city instantly—especially because he and his brothers quickly realized that there were more business opportunities there. They began shining the shoes of businessmen who worked in the sugar industry and in Zona Franca, an industrial park. They prided themselves on treating their clients fairly—a work ethic instilled by their scrupulously honest mother. Unlike many other shoeshine boys, they never tried to cheat customers or overcharge them. The Sosa boys impressed him with their constant hard work. But Sammy and his brother Jose stopped her. They asked if they could take the apples home to their mother, who was always hungry. She gave the boys the apples and urged her husband to help the family whenever he could. After that Bill Chase always brought the family gifts and clothing from his trips back to the United States. By the time Sammy reached ninth grade, he stopped going to school. He began working full-time to help support his family. Once in a while Sammy played sports with other kids. When they boxed, they used socks for gloves. When they played baseball, they used branches or scraps of wood for bats. Baseballs were made out of cloth wound with tape, and old milk cartons served as gloves. While Sammy joined in many pickup games of baseball, he was more interested in boxing. Like many Dominican boys, he dreamed of becoming a professional fighter. He began training hard everyday at a boxing school in San Pedro. He might have continued to pursue his dream of becoming a boxer if his mother had not intervened. She pleaded with him to stop and hoped that he would listen. Soon he announced his new plan for the future—he was going to become a baseball player! This time Mireya gave him her blessing. Baseball has always been enormously popular in the Dominican Republic. Children all over the country play in parks and in the streets.

**Chapter 3 : The Top Ten Best Latino Boxers of All Time**

*Latinos in the Limelight: Christina Aguilera, Antonio Banderas, Jeff Bezos, Oscar De LA Hoya, Cameron Diaz, Jennifer Lopez, Ricky Martin, and Selena on calendrierdelascience.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers.*

Every hand he shakes is a potential costumer, or in the case of Olympic gold medalist Clarissa Shields, a potential client. Golden Boy Promotions has about 80 fighters under contract, but Shields would be the first female and De La Hoya sees a potential future star in Shields, who became the first American boxer, male or female, to successfully defend an Olympic title. There is, of course, a bond that binds De La Hoya and Shields before any contract might. She died in , two years before "The Golden Boy" won the gold medal. She knew what I was thinking. No, it was winning the gold medal and having to do all the interviews there and preparing myself for being in front of the spotlight and doing the Spanish and English interviews. Not that long ago there were moments when De La Hoya thought he still could. When I reached the top, I loved staying at the top and fighting the best. It was like walking into a slaughter house and knowing that this is it. I had nothing left. I mean I need someone to babysit me. So I looked around and Bob Arum has been doing this for 40 years and Don King has been doing this forever, so I said let me look into promoting. But like De La Hoya, it has been forced to come back after being knocked down. Schaeffer was the only chief executive in company history and in the wake of his departure, the company lost about 20 fighters and 10 staff members. Many of us grew up together. Some have left and some have come in but everyone gets along now. Fight week is a great time for us all to get together. Devon lives in Vegas, and Atiana and Jacob live in L. De La Hoya orders something from the entire menu after trying the brisket, pulled pork, sausage and St. Look out for that jab. Vargas not only trains Devon but his own year-old son, Amado Vargas. The plan is to get there before the start of the pay-per-view, but De La Hoya has spent much of the day watching the undercard on his phone while getting updates on tickets sold. As Oscar watches Diego get his final instructions, he looks down at his iPhone. We have a lot of people watching tonight on their mobile devices. De La Hoya laughs. De La Hoya hugs Alvarez as soon as he walks in and puts his arm around him as they smile for a photographer. There are no last-second motivational speeches in boxing. All the work is done. If you need motivation from your promoter five minutes before you go out, then something is wrong. I was going to walk to Las Vegas or Los Angeles or wherever I needed to in order to make this fight happen. I think this is the beginning of a long relationship with Oscar. Everyone wants to know when Canelo will fight Golovkin. De La Hoya asks what time he needs to be in the lobby for his flight home.

## Chapter 4 : Latinos in the Limelight | Awards | LibraryThing

*LATINOS IN THE LIMELIGHT Christina Aguilera John Leguizamo Antonio Banderas Jennifer Lopez Jeff Bezos Ricky Martin Oscar De La Hoya Cameron Diaz Pedro Martinez Freddie Prinze Jr.*

May 03, Bill Dwyre Tonight, in a soccer stadium at the Home Depot Center in Carson, a boxing promotion will be interrupted by an actual boxing match. For an hour or so, the selling will rest while the product performs. It is more a statement on the current health of a sport that, had it chosen to ignore its competition and not make use of its best resource, could have slipped even deeper into the hinterlands of public consciousness. With credibility comes pay-per-view buys, the gold standard of the sport. Is 3 million impossible? It is interesting to be able to toss out numbers like this when, not long ago, boxing was mostly sitting around as the various mixed martial arts events scratched and pulled hair and kicked their way into great popularity. Boxing has stopped waiting and put on a full-court press. The hype was a screech before the ink was dry on the contract. We live in an age where style trumps substance and image is reality, making everything about brand. If this boxing match is competitive, has redeeming qualities, that will be a bonus. If not, no harm. Forbes is a nice young man who has a chance to take some money and run. He won an obscure title eight years ago, failed to make weight in a later fight, and lost in the final of a TV show called "The Contender. Somebody should have told him about jockeys. Give De La Hoya credit. He could have gotten his win at some hotel in Las Vegas, surrounded by the usual suspects and their fat wallets. But he, and his partner at Golden Boy, Richard Schaefer, took a different stance on this one. Presumably, people who never got a chance to see this kind of event in person are getting one now. The "free TV" part of the promotion was slightly less genuine. The "free" part meant no pay-per-view. De La Hoya is 35, his best jabs and hooks behind him. But business has trumped health for the moment. The Pollyanna view would say that De La Hoya, still the biggest name and attraction in the sport, has taken a bullet for boxing. He stops fighting and Joe Sixpack stops caring and becomes a convert to the kicking and hair pulling. Might even be Golden Boy has fighters, AEG has stadiums. De La Hoya, who never wears advertising on his boxing trunks, will wear a Houston Dynamo logo tonight. Wednesday, during a news conference at Cafe Pinot -- a white-tablecloth-and-rose-garden restaurant where boxing writers normally would have been turned away at the door for their general undesirability -- it was announced that Staples Center would add to its statues of Magic Johnson and Wayne Gretzky with one of Oscar De La Hoya. They need a title plaque: The promotions cross and the products mingle and pretty soon, you have no idea whose hand is in whose pocket and why. But you do know one thing: Boxing is now responding to its declining public numbers, and to a tough competitor, by coming out swinging. For previous columns, go to latimes. Steve Forbes at Home Depot Center, 7 p.

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