

Two Knockouts Mark Armory Wrestling Bill

ESTES TAKES RUBBER BOUT

Dropkick Puts Savich On Skids; Sailor Trout Injured in Fall

There were two clean kayos on the armory wrestling program last night, one greeted by loud, prolonged and heartless cheering, the other by a dismayed and worried silence. Each, however, led directly—or nearly directly—to the end of a match.

The first, or rather the second, of the two visits into the twilight realm was experienced by Damaging Danny Savich, son of old Utah.

It was along about the nine minute mark in the second session of the main event—Denny had previously captured the opening fall by bending Toots Estes across his knee until Toots could stand it no more—that Savich fell victim to his sad fate.

Flying Headlock
After headlocking and face-roughing Estes around the ring for a couple of minutes or so, Savich suddenly discovered himself face to face with retaliation in the form of Toots' flying fists.

To escape further retribution of this nature, Savich skidded for flipped back in across the top flipped back in across the top and in the grip of Estes' flying headlocks.

When he made his fourth excursion to the safety zone, however, Savich found himself greeted with a different sort of treatment. Instead of again lifting his opponent back onto the wrestling property with another flying headlock, Toots let go with a beautiful dropkick to Savich's chin that sent the Utah lad arching through a perfect parabola and into the third row seats.

Crawls Back In
The third row seats, it turned out, didn't want any more of Savich than Estes did, and they promptly tossed him back to the floor beside the announcer's chair, where he reposed quietly until he was counted out, and for a long time afterward.

The warning whistle just before the start of the third inning roused Savich enough so that he crawled into the ring and eventually to his feet, but he was obviously still groggy and every spectator in the packed house knew it would be only a matter of time—and not a very long time, either—before he would be through for the evening.

The crowd's opinion in the matter was realized in a brief three and a half minutes. By ducking under the ropes at judicial intervals, Savich was able to muster enough strength to lash out with a few punches, but Estes, scenting the kill, kept firing away ruthlessly at every opportunity and finally tumbled the staggering Savich for the third and deciding fall simply by bumping into him and falling on top.

Savage Battle
It was that way from start to finish, as savage a battle as even the most inveterate fan had ever seen. From the very beginning both boys trod the crimson path, but Savich had first gone wrong several weeks ago, so that his deprecations were met with ardent booing and a restraining hand from Referee Earl Yokley, while Estes' injustices were countenanced as the rightful measures of an outraged hero.

The bout pretty definitely settled the months-old feud between the two antagonists, and settled it in Estes' favor. It also served to make fairly concrete Toots' claims to the current armory wrestling title.

The second knockout, or rather the first, was suffered by Sailor Trout toward the end of the third round of his semi-windup battle with Marshall Carter. It put a sudden and unfortunate end to what had been a clean, fast, spectacular struggle.

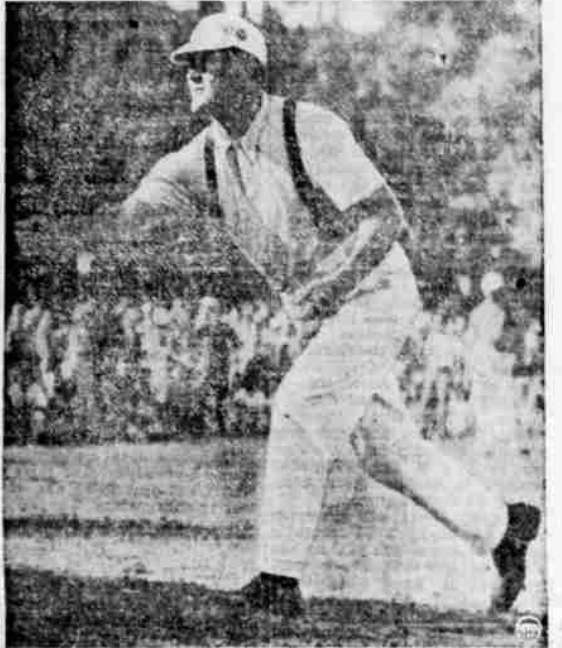
Neither Wind Advantage
From the moment Trout set the ring lamp swinging with a futile dropkick at the opening bell until another error of commission removed him from the wrestling scene for the balance of the evening, there was not a moment when one wrestler could have been seen to hold the advantage over the other or when the spellbound crowd could have found cause for criticism of any kind.

And Another American Net Team Sweeps the Course



America's women tennis stars scored their seventh straight victory in Wightman Cup competition by defeating the British team at Forest Hills, N. Y. To the victors belong the cup—and, left to right, we have Dorothy Bundy, Carolyn Babcock, Helen Jacobs, Mrs. George W. Wightman—donor of trophy—Alice Marble, Mrs. John Van Ryn and Mrs. Sarah Palfrey Payton.

Throwing Balls Instead of Punches



That good right arm of Gene Tunney's now serves him for something besides throwing punches at ring foes. The retired undefeated heavyweight champion is seen above in the pitcher's box, serving up balls to opposing batters in the game between Lowell Thomas's Nine Old Men and George Eyer's Pre-historic Sluggers at Poundridge, N. Y.

Dove Hunting Season Opens In California

The dove hunting season opens Wednesday, September 1, in California, and Fred R. Starr, game warden at Dorris, has released the following information regarding hunting regulations:

1. Season—September 1 to October 15, both dates inclusive.
2. Shooting hours—7 a. m. to sundown.
3. Limits—15 a day or in possession at any one time; 30 a week.
4. Shotguns—Magazine shotguns holding more than two shells in the magazine are illegal. This regulation calls for plugs in old style pump guns and automatics.
5. A federal duck stamp is not necessary for dove hunting. Oregon has no open season on doves.

Schmeling Says Louis Not Same Bomber of Old

NEW YORK, Aug. 31 (AP)—Max Schmeling said it as early as the second round.

He is not more the same Louis. At the time, even though Tommy Farr, the tough tomato from Tonypandy, was cuffing the fast, less brown bomber up against the ropes, it seemed a rash statement. Louis hadn't warmed up, hadn't had time to size up his man.

But as the fight progressed, and Tommy, blood dripping from his nose and from gashes under both eyes, stubbornly refused to buckle under the weight of heavy-champion's best licks, it looked better and better.

At no point in the surprising 15 rounds did Max appear impressed by the man he belted out in 12 rounds a year ago last June. At the end, when Louis' hand was raised in victory, Max was impressed rather by the durability of the Welsh miner who had gone into the ring an even-money shot to go out in less than six rounds.

"That Farr," said Schmeling, whose rugged good looks are marred only slightly by his battle scars—two puffed eyebrows and a dented nose—"he is a good, tough fighter. He fought a brave fight. But you cannot win on a brave fight. If he only could punch . . ."

The British empire champion's eye, patched when he went into the ring, was cut in the third round. But not by any right hands. By left jabs. "I hit him (Farr) easy with two right hands," said Schmeling.

As the final bell sounded, the decision was announced and greeted, by loud boos, Max grinned, as if in satisfaction at what he had seen—that inevitable "summing"—and said: "Rummy, nice fight for 15 rounds, huh?"

NEGRO UNABLE TO KAYO BRITON

Challenger Wins Wild Applause for Courageous Battle.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31 (AP)—Joe Louis still has his heavy-weight championship, and he also has a new and round-eyed respect for Tommy Farr.

So have 37,000 fans who sat in the lights and shadows of Yankee stadium last night and watched the old carnival fighter, half blinded at the finish, jab and jimmy it out with the alleged negro thunderbolt for 15 rounds.

Although they are without doubt hollering "robbery" around Fleet street today, and the hot-heads in the Mall are assuring each other over the matutinal Scotch and splash that a Britisher hasn't a chance of winning anything in America, there was not much doubt that the brown ex-bomber deserved the decision.

Farr Becomes Big Man
He did, as badly scared as he looked in spots. In fact, he looked as dumb as a dime detective most of the evening, and he took a lot of fancy punches, first and last. He never learned how to fight Farr. Yet he was the better man, and Tonypandy Tommy will be the last to deny it. Tommy didn't deny it last night even as he sat and tried to look out between battered eyes and listened to the "raspberries" that echoed and re-echoed across Yankee stadium after Louis had been declared the winner.

Farr is a big man in the boxing game today, even though a loser. He can stay around—as he plans to do—and make himself a lot of money. He put up a great fight against a foe man who was expected to knock him spraddle-legged, and when his best wasn't good enough he accepted defeat like a soldier.

Must Have Felt Good
At that, it must have been a thrill for the hard-boiled battler from the desolate mining district of Wales. No fighter who ever came to these shores received a surrier reception. He was tabbed strictly a second-rater, a fighter who didn't belong in the same ring with Ebon Assassin Louis. He must have felt good last night when, after he had given his stout-hearted foe for 15 rounds, he groped his way toward the dressing room through a throng of thousands of Americans demanding the blood of referee, judges and anybody else who thought Louis had won.

But it didn't fool Tommy. He knew he had tried and failed, and he wasn't sore at anybody. The fight writers expected him to fall at the decision and to castigate them for the things they had written about him. Tommy didn't do either. He looked out between eyes that were almost swollen shut and said simply: "I gave them a good go, didn't I?" Tommy, then and there, made himself a lot of friends.

Farr Given Two Rounds
Referee Arthur Donovan credited the Welshman with only two rounds, just to show you how differently they can see things. This observer thought Farr won five rounds, that Louis won five in the other two. The spectators from 10 rows on back thought Farr won the championship by a country mile. It just goes to show.

This much is certain: the old carnival scrapper put up a whole of a fight; he carried the carnage to Louis most of the way and he undoubtedly would have won by a knockout if he had possessed a right hand halloo to compare with Schmeling's.

It's also true that Louis, though he was puzzled at Tommy's style all the way and was hurt and badly frightened a couple of times when Farr clouted him, had what it took to collect himself and jab out a victory with his left.

No Knockdown
There wasn't a knockdown. In the fifth round, after the crowd had done some booing, Louis whipped over a quick right to the jaw and followed with a left that staggered Farr, but the bell saved the Welshman from serious trouble. Those were perhaps the most damaging blows of the fight. Farr hurt Louis with several rights, but the negro never looked like he was going down.

In the last two or three rounds, long, jagged cuts under Farr's eyes were spouting blood and he couldn't properly line up his sights. He couldn't locate Louis with the stabbing left that had piled up so many points in the early rounds, and he was trying desperately to land a telling right. That was when Joe piled up his decisive margin.

Louis Disappointed
"I couldn't see him," said Farr, plaintively, in the dressing room. His face looked like a thresher. The middle finger of his right hand was broken and swollen, but he wouldn't alibi even a nickel's worth.

wishing right whenever he wanted to and to miss and suffer no ill effects. He has been at the game a lot longer than Louis.

Farr was back at Long Branch today, trying not to catch a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He looks pretty bad. Louis and his entourage still plan to visit London and Paris right away. What Joe needs, they figure, is a good long rest.

Jacobs Sees Big Gate for Return Bout

NEW YORK, Aug. 31 (AP)—Pleased by the outcome of last night's title match between Joe Louis and Tony Pandey Tommy Farr, Promoter Mike Jacobs talked gleefully today of a return bout next June that will "do better than a million."

There hasn't been time for Mike to make any definite decision as to what his next heavyweight move will be but, for the time being at least, he seemed to think that Farr's brilliant and unexpected feat in staying the limit of 15 rounds with the brown bomber entitled the raised Welshman to another shot at the crown without further argument or discussion.

Although the fight failed to draw as well as he had expected, partly because of bad weather, Jacobs said he was fairly well satisfied with the gate and pointed out that he now controls not only the heavyweight champion but three of the leading contenders—Max Schmeling, who knocked out the Negro in 12 rounds; Bob Pastor, who stayed 10 rounds with him, and Farr.

He may attempt to match Schmeling either against Farr or Pastor in a Madison Square Garden feature this winter or he may forget all about that and concentrate on a second Louis-Farr engagement next June. Mike takes over the garden's boxing division October 1.

Jacobs said Farr had declared he would bet \$5,000 at even money that he whips Louis the next time they meet.

Medford Grapple Drenched by Rain

MEDFORD, Aug. 31 (AP)—The wrestling match must go on. At an open air exhibition here last night a rain started with the opening number and continued through the main event. The ring-side customers retreated to the grandstand, but the grapplers tugged and tossed, drenching and steaming with perspiration and the elements, until the program was completed.

The promoter announced that hereafter the show would be held under the shingles, instead of the stars.

Dick Trout threw Wild Man Zim; Bob Wagner flopped Danny Savich, and Marshall Carter won from Toots Estes.

Baseball (Tuesday's Games) PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE

	R	H	E
San Francisco	2	6	0
San Diego	2	8	1
Lamar and Woodall; Chaplin and Detore.			
Night Games			
	R	H	E
Oakland	2	5	1
Sacramento	3	8	1
Douglas and Baker; Freitas and Cooper.			
	R	H	E
Los Angeles	5	10	1
Mission	3	9	1
Thomas and Collins; Tost, Osborne, Ardizzone and Sprinz.			
Seattle - Portland, postponed.			

	R	H	E
Cincinnati	2	3	1
Boston	2	10	1
Moody, Hallahan and Lombardi; MacFayden and Mueller.			
	R	H	E
Pittsburgh	0	5	0
Philadelphia	3	5	0
Brandt, Brown and Todd; Walters and Wilson.			
	R	H	E
Chicago	2	8	2
Brooklyn	2	8	2
Carleton and Hartnett; Frankhouse and Phelps.			
	R	H	E
St. Louis	8	16	0
New York	1	9	1
Welland and Owen; Castleman, Brennan, Baker and Danning.			

	R	H	E
Philadelphia	1	8	1
St. Louis	2	7	2
Thomas, Fink and Hayes; Hosssett and Hensley.			
	R	H	E
Philadelphia	7	11	0
St. Louis	3	7	2
Smith and Becker; Koupaal, Vanatta and Heath.			
	R	H	E
Washington	2	11	1
Detroit	12	14	1
Appleton, Jacobs and R. Ferrell, Millies; Lawson and York.			
	R	H	E
Boston	6	11	3
Chicago	7	17	0
Wilson, McKinn, Nowson, Marcum and Berg; Kennedy and Sewell.			
	R	H	E
New York	7	13	1
Cleveland	3	8	2
Hadley and Dickey; Harder, Brown, Wyatt and Sullivan.			

The governor from Alabama appoints his wife to the senate. Southern gallantry, no doubt.

The Standings GIANTS GRAB LEAGUE LEAD

Victory Over Cincinnati Puts Terrymen Barely Ahead of Cubs.

By The Associated Press NATIONAL LEAGUE			
	W	L	Pct.
New York	71	46	.607
Chicago	72	47	.605
St. Louis	64	54	.543
Pittsburgh	62	57	.521
Boston	57	62	.479
Philadelphia	50	68	.424
Brooklyn	48	68	.414
Cincinnati	46	68	.404

By The Associated Press AMERICAN LEAGUE			
	W	L	Pct.
New York	80	37	.684
Detroit	69	49	.585
Chicago	68	53	.562
Boston	64	51	.557
Cleveland	59	57	.509
Washington	54	61	.470
St. Louis	37	80	.316
Philadelphia	26	79	.243

MONDAY'S RESULTS
National League
New York, 4, Cincinnati 2.
Only game scheduled.

American League
Detroit 5, New York 4.
Cleveland 7, Washington 4.
Only games scheduled.

Coast league idle.

By The Associated Press
Old John McGraw, who's probably managing a pennant winner in whatever valhalla baseball men go to, looked down on his New York Giants Tuesday and found the view well nigh perfect.

They were leading the National league—by a margin thin as a dime, but leading nevertheless—and a trio of McGraw men showed the way.

First, there was Bill Terry, who can take a bow himself for the way he's handled the reins since Old Jawa gave them up in '32. Then there was Master Melvin Ott, the veteran youngster of the National league, the little fellow who lifts up his front foot, swings at those high hard ones and deposits them where they do the most good—for his side.

And last, but far from least, there was King Carl Hubbell, master of the screwball.

These three, and the fight that was McGraw's heritage to the Giants, made it appear Tuesday that the Giants are on the way to their second straight pennant, their third under Terry. At the moment, here were the statistics on the two clubs still in the red-hot pennant parade:

	W	L	Pct.
Giants	71	46	.607
Cubs	72	47	.605

They're a remarkable collection, these Giants. They don't play great ball; sometimes they don't even play good ball. But they're a money team, and they play those breaks for all they're worth.

Right now, such other powers as the Cubs, Cardinals and Pirates appear to be quietly falling apart. So, the Giants, putting together timely hitting and good pitching, are making the most of it.

Monday, with the Cubs idle, the Giants had a chance to go into the lead. They turned the trick with a 4-3 decision over the Cincinnati Reds, and that's what McGraw's boys came in.

The Giants' game was the only one in the National league. In the American league, the Detroit Tigers tripped the Yankees 5-4, with Hank Greenberg hitting No. 30 and roundhouse Rudy York, and the Cleveland Indians pushed over a ninth inning run for a 7-6 win over the Senators.

Western Amateur Golf Tournament Opens on Tuesday
LOS ANGELES, Aug. 31 (AP)—A group of the country's top flight amateurs tee off today in the 25th annual playing of the western amateur golf tournament.

More than 250 entrants, many of them competitors in the national amateur championship last week in Portland, Ore., will play 18 holes over the north course of the Los Angeles Country club tomorrow and Wednesday to complete the 36-hole qualifying round.

A ranking favorite is Ray Billings of New York, runner-up to John Goodman at Portland. Goodman is not entered.

Roger Kelly, California amateur titleholder, is another contestant the fans will be watching. The Los Angeles Country club course is home to him, and he has turned in cards of 66 and 67 here within the past month.

Other favorites include Chick Evans, Fresno, Outmet, Paul Leake, defending champion from Louisiana State university. Fred Haas, national intercollegiate champion, and Bruce McCormick, national links champion.

Bill Morgan to Quit Grid Wars
MEDFORD, Aug. 31 (AP)—Bill Morgan, former University of Oregon and Medford high school football star, the past four years a member of the New York Giants' professional squad, announced today he would not return to the gridiron wars this season and was retired.

Morgan played football every season for 13 years, starting with a junior high school squad. He is now a traveling salesman.

The motion picture industry ranks seventh among the leading industries of the United States.

At the start of the third round, with the fighting still on an even basis and no falls on the record, Trout and Carter traded toeholds. Suddenly they broke, Carter twice whipped Trout through the air with somefalls off the ropes, and Trout replied with a series of three dropkicks.