

Champion Joe Louis Is All Set For First Title Defense Tonight

THE BOMBER'S AMAZING RECORD OF 50 WINS IN 54 STARTS, 43 OF THEM KAYOES, MAKES HIM THE BIG FAVORITE TONIGHT

Any fight dopestier contemplating what way to jump in the championship bout between Messrs. Joe Louis and Tommy Farr, must give due consideration to the amazing record behind the dusky wearer of ringdom's highest crown.

Although experts have made many pathetic mistakes in "picking 'em" during recent years (remembering the Louis-Schmeling business?) Louis' record continues to place him as a tremendous favorite to whom the much abused experts practically concede the battle right now.

The champion first saw the light of day in poor surroundings at Montgomery, Ala., on May 13, 1914. His full name is Joseph Louis Barrow. He comes from rugged Negro and Cherokee Indian stock.

In 1934 Joe suddenly became prominent when he followed his winning of the Golden Gloves championship with the A. A. U. light-heavyweight title.

On July 4 of the same year, Louis made his professional debut and won considerable attention by blasting Jack Kracken to slumberland in the first round.

Fight writers began stressing the fact that as an amateur Joe had been in 54 bouts and only lost four of them. But more interesting still was the information that 43 of his 50 wins had been via the K. O. route.

On his way up the professional ladder to the title, Louis met 30 men, knocked out 24 of them and won five others, losing only one and that by a K. O.

Tonight's fight will be broadcast over the CBC, beginning at 9:50 p.m. See Page Seven for further information

The first negro fighter since Jack Johnson to win the heavyweight crown, the Brown Bomber belted King Levinsky to the canvas for the count in one round, Primo Carnera in six rounds, Max Baer in four rounds, Charley Retzlaff in one round, Paulino Uzcudun in four rounds, before striking off the last "big name" on his calling list, that of Champion Jim Braddock, in the eighth round of that hectic bout last June.

Many dubious fight veterans turned 100 per cent Louis supporters during that championship bout when they saw the dusky contender get up from the canvas to smash out a grueling victory.

Possibly no fighter in history got the terrific build-up Louis got. On the wave of hysteria surrounding his sensational climb, he attracted a \$948,852.17 gate in the Baer fight.

The "invincible myth" was exploded in typically amazing fashion when Max Schmeling's blasting right created ringdom's all-time major upset, wrecking the Louis machine in 11 rounds.

Fight fans sighed, muttered: "Well, that's that!" and prepared to forget the Bomber.

But Joe had other ideas—he took his licking as a lesson, and went right on to measure Jack Sharkey in three rounds, Al Ettore in five, Jorge Brescia in three, Eddie Simms in one, Stanley Ketchell in two and won a 10-round decision over Bob Pastor.

Then came Braddock's offer for a bout and although Schmeling deserved the first crack at the champion one cannot blame Joe for taking the golden opportunity—and he made the most of it.

Bob Edgren Says

With regard to Mr. Farr, the situation has been delightfully outlined by the dean of America's fight commen-

tators, Robert Edgren, who classes the bout as "another of those jokes the canny promoters pull off at the expense of poor old New York City" and states that "side from the international headline this bout presents no point of interest.

Edgren continues:

On his record Farr should have about as much as chance with Louis as Alf Blatch, of Australia had with Henry Armstrong in Madison Square Garden last month.

There's nothing in this record of Farr's to even hint that he belongs in the same ring occupied by Louis.

Farr outpointed Eddie Wenstob of Canada in 10 rounds, kayoed Wilde, of Wales, decisioned Ben Foord, of South Africa. So he became champion of the British Empire. Whoops my dear! Big as it sounds, that's all there is to it.

No other Farr performance classes him with Louis. He outboxed Peter Van Gool, champion of Holland, in 12 rounds. Last year he took a 10-round decision over Bob Olin, who had just lost four out of his six previous fights in this country. He outpointed Tommy Loughran too—which might have meant something in 1926 instead of 1936. He beat Neusel, the battered German heavyweight, who resigned in the third round; and outpointed another derelict in Maxie Baer, who had sidestepped a match with Pastor to go abroad on a search for softer picking.

That is all. There isn't any more. And they want to put this nice innocent English lad in a ring with the bird who knocked out Poreda, Carnera, Levinsky, Baer, Uzcudun, Retzlaff, Sharkey, Simms and Braddock in an average time of less than three full rounds each—the total being 20 rounds and 9 unfinished rounds.

Good Little Men But No Heavies

It's queer, but England produces a lot of very fine little fighters, and never had a heavyweight who could stand on his feet in real competition. Among little men two of England's were on the top of the world's class. One was Jimmy Wilde, flyweight, who weighed only 105 pounds and was a most amazing knockout artist. The other was Jean Driscoll, featherweight, who came to this country and easily whipped several of our roughest lightweights, and then took on Abe Attell, our featherweight world's champion and undoubtedly one of the cleverest fighters we ever had, and made Able flounder like an amateur through 10 rounds in Johnny White's National Club in the old Floss Doré Carrol Horse Pavilion on 24th street New York City.

Others of note were Owen Moran, who knocked out Battling Nelson, and the very clever world's lightweight champion, Freddy Welsh. Although the romantic old ring histories say a lot about Figg, Broughton, Mendoza, the Tipton Slasher, and all those ancients of the London Prize Ring days, it seems these heroes were notable chiefly for the amount of beating they could sop up without learning that they were licked.

As a rule they were butchers or watermen or coal heavers who just did a little prize-fighting now and then for whatever might be tossed into a hat, or for a dole from the side stakes wagered by "the fancy". A prize-fighter's ambition was to become proprietor of a pub, a roadhouse, and fight occasionally to draw trade. It was a long jump from their rough day to the time of English champion Phil Scott, who shocked all England practically speechless by retiring from the ring to open a shop as a ladies' hair dresser;

REMEMBER...

When the Cubs of another era were great, and had in the line-up Chance, Evers, Tinker, Brown, Kling, Pfeffer, Schulte and Hoffman . . . and ten cents bought a fairly good sized home-grown watermelon?

When most of the football stars were employed through the summer on their fathers' farms—and a famous picture, September Morn, shocked the nation more than all the present nudist camps?

When the world's fair was held in St. Louis . . . and Connie Mack was just getting started as manager of the Athletics . . . and kids wore campaign caps, gold for McKinley, and silver for Bryan?

Way back when boys played college football even though they paid their own tuition . . . and John L. Sullivan and the big league baseball stars wore moustaches . . . and the catcher worked bare-handed?

Way back when horseshoers had unions and every young sport had a rubber-tired buggy . . . and Fielder Jones, Jimmy Collins, Lap Lajoie and Clark Griffith were managers in the American league?

Way back when pappy chewed tobacco and you saved the stars and horseshoers to get a pocket knife . . . and 10,000,000 more persons could talk intelligently about something other than their golf?

Mitchell One of Britain's Best
The best English fighting heavyweight in the past century wasn't a heavyweight, but a middleweight. He was Charlie Mitchell, who fought the drink-sodden John L. Sullivan 39 rounds (Prize Ring) in the mud and rain at Chantilly, France, away back in 1888—the "finish fight" ending in a draw when both were so exhausted that neither could swing a fist to finish it. Mitchell was knocked out in three rounds by Jim Corbett, after Corbett had licked Sullivan. But he was a game little fellow, and a smart fighter.

There have been scores of champions of England since Mitchell's time, but not one who could step out of his own country without being licked.

There was Jack Scales, a fat mauler who "fought" Jeffries in Paris. In the first round Jeff poked Scales in the stomach, twice. Whereat Scales indignantly squalled: "If you do that again I shall bally well resign," and did it when Jeff poked him again.

The best prospect was Ian Hague, known as "Iron" Hague. He was a huge brewery driver, and he could fight. He flattered rivals with such ease that the British Fancy had delusions of grandeur and decided to make him world's champion at once. So they sent over to America for Sam Langford to start with.

What a bright idea that was! In the first round Sam stepped in and Hague knocked him flat on his back. Sam got up, eyes popped out in amazement, and jiggered around to think it over. Hague went after him, very confident. England went mad with joy. But Sam set to work with those wicked swings and soon had the big man reeling. Iron Hague had the heart of a champion anyway. He walked into everything and slugged his best until Sam knocked him out in the fourth round.

Wells and Moir Just Not Good Enough

Bombardier Wells was a Jim Corbett for cleverness, a tall clean-cut fellow who could box like a streak and hit like blazes. He came to America to challenge Jack Johnson, but was told to show his class first. He nearly murdered big Al Palzer, but Al, groggy and swinging blind, sunk a fist into Wells' stomach for a knockdown, and finished him in the third. The Bombardier couldn't take it in the belly. Later Carpenter knocked him out a couple of times, and then he couldn't take it on the jaw—so he became a golfer.

Gunner Moir was a tough wrestler and fighter, and they talked of sending him over to massacre Jeffries for the glory of old England. But Tommy Burns visited England and knocked Moir kicking with very little trouble.

Some years later came the last English champ to get a spread in the papers. He was Joe Beckett. Knocked out old Bomby Wells a couple of times and roused a flicker of hope in England—but was knocked out by Carpenter in a punch, and by old Gunner Moir, and so on so forth until he became famous as the "Horizontal Champion of England." Since then most of the English champs have been of the horizontal variety—save Fainting Phil Scott, who usually finished on his knees, claiming foul, and became a ladies' hairdresser.

It's a sordid background, and this lad Tommy Farr stands out clearly

Miners Lose; Pontiacs Blank Giants

The Champion



JOE LOUIS

The Challenger



TOMMY FARR

By "TIMMY" GREEN

Joe Louis again pulls on the gloves of slaughter, and prepares to make some of the easiest money of his none too flashy career. Tommy Farr, in our eye hasn't a chance against the ballyhooed "Brown Bomber" and we are not saying it because we have anything against Farr. Our choice of the "favourite" depends on the way that you construe the word. If it means our hope to win, Farr is the man, but if it means the man who is apt to get the draw—well that's another question and Louis is "it." He is undoubtedly a fine fighter, but Max Schmeling is finer. Max trimmed Louis to give him the first set-back of his ring career and Louis remembers it all to well. Louis wears a crown, a crown that he justly won from the champion, but as long as there is a man who is better than Louis, and if we can follow reason instead of red tape, Louis is not the champ.

We admire the man of Jimmy Bradocks type, a man who knew no fear of a beating, who did not try to duck Louis, and although he did dodge Schmeling, did it for the sake of extra cash rather than for fear of a licking. On the other hand, all must admit that Louis is dodging Schmeling and cannot say that it is because the Farr fight will draw a bigger gate, because one of the biggest gates in the history of the game will be the time that Louis starts to play out from running away, and decides that he has to turn and fight.

Unfortunately he is writing his own death warrant in the boxing game. He is running away from Maxie, running out on him so as to speak, and at the same time is running out of the fans' estimation. The mob loves a brave man, a true hero, and will not long follow the man who shows the least sign of fear, despite his good showing against mediocre boxers.

Getting away from Schmeling and Louis and getting back to Farr and Louis, we expect Louis to take Farr in at least the fourth round. We expect Farr to do his fighting with that long left. We expect Louis to shine on the in-fighting because, with that left in the face he will find it hard to stand back and stab and jab the way he usually does. In short, Farr will leave a little opening—Louis stabs with a left—Farr is jarred—a hard right to the body—the guard comes down—a shot right zips in over Farr's guard—8-9-10—THE WINNAH!

FARR AND LOUIS END TRAINING

Farr Confident of Winning—No Statement From Louis

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Aug. 25—Tommy Farr, the rough tough customer from Tonypandy, took a few deep breathing exercises tonight and then scurried off to bed early, confident he'll be sporting Joe Louis' heavyweight crown when next he climbs between the covers.

"I feel confident I will beat Louis easier than I defeated Max Baer," said the British Empire heavyweight king as he concluded five weeks of training for his title bout against the Detroit Negro in Yankee Stadium tomorrow night.

"I feel better and stronger now than when I fought Baer in London," Farr declared, "and I will hit Louis harder than he has been hit before."

"I'll box cautiously for the first round, size Louis up and conduct my campaign accordingly," he said.

Louis Weighs 198

POMPTON LAKES, N.J., Aug. 25—A six-mile session of road work in the morning and a half-hour session in the gymnasium in the afternoon today ended Joe Louis' training camp preparations for defence of his world

MARITIME CHAMPS HUB TEAM LOSE TO PONTIACS 3-0

A Tight Game All Way Through — Play At Minto Tomorrow

ST. STEPHEN, Aug. 25—In a heavy-clubbing battle here tonight the St. Stephen St. Croix, Maritime champions, just managed to shade the Minto Miners in the first game of the New Brunswick senior baseball semi-finals 6-4.

"Lefty" Brownell, on the mound for the champions, yielded 13 hits and his mates collected 11 off the offerings of "Scotch" McGovern, who made his return to the mound tonight after a long layoff. Brownell fanned five Miners and McGovern was credited with three strikeouts.

Minto took the lead in the first inning but it was short-lived as St. Croix counted in the last half. Minto got another in the second, fourth and seventh to two for St. Croix in the third and had a deadlock until the champions came though in the last of the sixth with two and collected another in the eighth for their victory.

Both teams were keyed up in the opening battle, with Minto having three misuses chalked up against them to two for St. Croix.

The second game will be played in Minto on Friday night.

Moore came home for Minto's first run in the opening frame, after he had singled and was sacrificed to second by Arnold, when Nightingale tripled.

In St. Croix half Ross was hit by a pitched ball. McCarroll sacrificed him to second. Coffey brought him in with a hit to right field, tying the score.

The Miners came through in the second when Moore's grounder to centre scored Jardine. Three singles were collected by the Miners, off Brownell in the session.

Rainnie Moffat's hit in the third brought Brownell and McCarroll home to give the champions the lead.

Minto tied it up in the fourth but St. Croix came through in their half of the sixth with two runs, giving them a one-run margin for the game but they topped this off with another in the eighth.

Score by innings— R.H.E.
Minto 110 100 100—4 13 3
St. Croix 102 002 01x—6 11 2
Batteries—McGovern and Kiley; Brownell and McLain.

Nova Scotians Erase N. B. Ladies From Maritime Meet

New Brunswick bowed out of the Maritime women's golf title quest for 1937 in a series of reverses before a formidable Nova Scotian onslaught yesterday. When the four semi-finalists tramp Riverside Golf and Country Club's rolling course this afternoon it will be Bidgewave vs. Halifax and Truro vs. Yarmouth.

Miss Barbara Trites lived up to expectations that arose from the South Shore girl's qualifying round card of 90 by winning twice yesterday. In Miss Elizabeth C. Sanderson of Ashburn she will meet a worthy opponent.

heavyweight championship tomorrow night at Yankee Stadium against Tommy Farr, British Empire titleholder.

Louis, weighing 199½ after the workout in the gym, is expected to scale 198 when he and Farr step on the scales in the New York State Athletic Commission offices at noon tomorrow.

Damery Winning Hurler, Starred—Another Game Tonight

SAINT JOHN, Aug. 26—Behind the five-hit pitching of Big Bill Damery the Saint John Pontiacs got the jump on the Moncton C.C. Giants at Shamrock Park last night by shutting out the Hub nine 3-0 in the first of the five-game series in the N. B. semi-final senior playdowns.

Tonight the Pontiacs move into Moncton for their second joust with the C.C. Giants and, in all probability, the veteran Saint John hurler, Ira Hannah, will match pitches with the Hub outfit's ace, Bourque.

The breaks of last night's game came in the third inning with the locals pushing over a pair of runs on errors by Fred Dunphy, first baseman of the C.C.'s Giants and Bellevue their hurler.

Art Morris' long triple to right centre field in the sixth brought home Bill Damery with the other Pontiac tally.

GIANTS TRIM CUBS TWICE

Cards, Pirates, Indians, Yanks, Tigers, Senators Also Win.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25—The crippled New York Giants beat the pace-making Chicago Cubs twice here today and cut the Cubs' National League lead from four to two games, winning 8-7 and 4-2.

In Brooklyn, the Cardinals breezed in with a doubleheader victory over the Dodgers behind a pair of effective pitching performances by Lou Warneke and St. Johnson.

Scoring six runs in the first two innings, Pittsburgh Pirates whipped the Bees 6-0 in Boston.

Feller Fans 16
NEW YORK, Aug. 25—Bob Feller today struck out 16 men—one less than the major league record; he shares with "Dizzy" Dean—and carried Indians to an 8-1 victory over Boston Red Sox in the first game of their doubleheader for a 7-2 triumph over Willis Hudlin, clinched with three-run outbursts in the seventh and eighth innings.

Yankies had a cinch with their one-time jinx, Thornton Lee, and coasted in with a 10-5 victory over the White Sox in Chicago. Effective hitting by Buddy Myer, Washington second baseman, helped the Senators nose out the Browns 7-6 in St. Louis.

Folks are talking about an early fall, and we might as well have it, what with the Cubs and Yanks so far out in front.

Tommy Farr's home town is described as the toughest spot on the map. Looks like the St. Louis Cards have lost everything this year.

Maryland, long in the forefront of running races, will be invaded by trotters and pacers as soon as the Bel Air track is enlarged from a half mile to a mile course. Bel Air may be on the Grand Circuit.

The lower bracket brings Miss Dorothy Holmes, twice champion, against the defender of the title, Miss Elizabeth (Babs) Creighton, who hails from the fairways of Shelburne County.



"The weather-man said fine and cool—"
"He must have been thinking about Sweet Caps!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

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