



By **Eddie Ash**

Sport Fans Will Pay to See Real Show

Babe Ruth's Star Team Due on Saturday

THE advance New York ticket sale for the Tony Canzoneri-Barney Ross lightweight championship bout, the big crowds at important major league baseball games and improved attendances in minor league cities that still are in the running of their respective races changed the opinion of many experts on the outlook for a financial comeback in sports. The public has succeeded in convincing promoters and baseball club owners that it will turn out with the cash if an entertaining "show" is offered with something at stake.

Fistic fans know that Canzoneri and Ross are willing mixers and aggressive battlers. The title will be in the balance. The boys have trained hard and there is confidence in both camps. Canzoneri dropped the crown to Ross in Ross' home town in a match that produced lively action.

AS for baseball, the weather of September has been perfect for pasting and the clubs that declined to strengthen, or were unable to, have lost out on a lot of money that would have come through the gate during the waning days. Giants, Pirates, Braves, Cubs and Senators in the major loops cut in on the benefits of late-season winning baseball and in the American Association Columbus and Minneapolis reaped the profits. American Association baseball scribes guesstimated their league about right last spring, picking Columbus to finish first and Minneapolis second. Indianapolis was selected third or fourth. St. Paul was the only surprise, having been placed in the second division by the consensus. Toledo was a threat at one time, but had the bad luck to lose star performers by recall to the majors. The Hens, being financially embarrassed, tried to get by with too many optioned players.

ONE American Association graduate enjoyed a grand big league debut Thursday when Johnny Neuzum, just up from Louisville, hurled for the Athletics and blanked Cleveland with five hits. Garland Braxton, taken back up by the Browns from Milwaukee, was knocked out of the box in the first inning by the Yankees.

ON Saturday Babe Ruth's all-big league team for 1933, with batting order, will be published in The Times. He will select ten players, including two pitchers, picking the stars out of each major loop. He has been making these selections for several years and the fans over the country usually agree with him. However, the Bambino sometimes names one or two players the fans are ready to give him an argument over, but in the main his teams meet with approval. The guess is that he bucked up against a difficult task in naming one of his pitchers this year and doubtless was a little puzzled over third base, left field and the catcher. Watch for the Babe's mythical all-America team. It will be in all editions of The Times Saturday.

THE late issue of Sporting News carries a new Rabbit Maranville story that is a pip. The veteran always has been a spark plug and an individual of the type to keep his name in the headlines. He played on the champion Boston National in 1914 and is with them now, nineteen years and still going. He was the star shortstop of the team in '14, later moved around with other clubs and then returned to Beantown. Well, here's the new Maranville yarn. His daughter, about 20, was attending a Boston game one day and the Rabbit stopped to chat with her. To Papa Rabbit's surprise she asked: "Daddy, do you know what I wish? I wish I had a baby." Maranville was knocked back on his heels by the "wish," then asked his daughter the reason for that "wish." And she replied: "Well, I'd like to take him out to the game some day and say, 'Look, sonny, there's grandpa out there playing second base.'"

MANAGER RED KILLEFER of the Indians reached the stadium Thursday night after the game started and did not appear on the coaching lines. Bill Burwell handled the team. The Cincinnati Enquirer said this morning: "Manager Wade Killefer, of the Indianapolis team, came over Thursday to try to make a deal for his star outfielder, Chapman, who has been having a big year in the right garden for the Indians. Wade said the lad is a real comer and fully up to big league standard, but he did not come to a definite agreement for his sale. Manager Donie Bush of the Reds said there may be something doing on this good prospect within the next few days, but nothing at all certain at the present time."

'I'll Be Back Next Year,' Vines Warns; Plans Rest

BY HENRY M'LEMORE
United Press Staff Correspondent

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Fortified by the knowledge that at least a year must elapse before he can be proved in error, this writer wishes to give off the prediction that one year from today, Henry Ellsworth Vines of Pasadena, Cal., again will be the champion of tennis.

In other words, that defeat Bryan Grant handed him Thursday, and all the other lickings he has taken since the turn of the year, have not caused us to lose faith in the man his friends call "Slim."

To tell you the truth, we never liked him better than during his match with Grant. Those of you who admire a champion who goes down fighting, a champion who can take it, should have been him against the little Atlanta. Not once during the entire three sets did he have his shots under control, but did he play safe? Did he baby the ball? He did not. From the first ball to the last he slugged out with all his power, shooting not for the middle of the court, but for the side and baselines. His was the hard way, always.

WE don't care who you are, you'd have gained a kick out of the way he ended the match. At match point, Grant drove a deep one into Vines' court and came in behind the ball. The safe thing to do—the thing nine players of ten would have done—incidentally—was to lift a lob. Not Slim. He took it on his backhand and let fly, setting his sights for a distant corner. The ball caught the top of the net, hung there for a second—and then dropped back.

IF he had any regrets, any excuses, he kept them to himself. As he left the clubhouse, shorn of all the glory that was his a year ago, his parting words were: "Tell the boys they'd better look out next year, because I'm coming back."

He will, too. All he needs is a rest. Twelve months of almost continual play has robbed him of his touch, but he'll find it as quickly as he lost it.

Barney Ross, Lightweight King, Won't Be Outgamed by Ex-Champ

BY JOE WILLIAMS
Sports Editor, N. Y. World Telegram

LAKE SWANNANO, N. J., Sept. 8.—Barney Ross is out here at the old Ringling estate, doing bull-pen work for his fifteen-round championship fight next Tuesday night with Tony Canzoneri at the Polo Grounds. It was from the Italian that he won the lightweight title a few months ago. This is to be his first defense.

Ross is a New York Jew. He was born in the Ghetto, that raucous, aromatic section of the metropolis which is peculiarly fertile ground for lightweights. Out of the fetid tenements have come such men as Bernstein, Leonard, the Beecher brothers, Cross, Terris, Goldstein and Singer to swing the militant mitt.

Ross, whose tabernacle name is Rosofsky, was moved to Chicago as a babe and it was in the lake city that he developed, first as a street fighter with roving gangs, then as an amateur in the Golden Gloves, and ultimately as a professional under practiced eyes—an adventure not uncommon to fistic standouts.

THERE may be some who will question the social importance of a professional fighter—even a champion, but Ross might have done a great deal worse. The particular neighborhood in which he spent his formative days was scarcely conducive to high ambitions and lofty resolves. It was a neighborhood where poverty, ignorance and desperation ran as an entry.

In this human jungle where the refinements and niceties of civilization were a hideous jest, growing boys formed their own armies to fight for the simple right to exist. The Jews against the Italians, the Poles against the Negroes, and, I suppose, the Irish against everybody. Their weapons were fists, rocks, knives.

Ross managed to survive these vicious influences; he did his share of street brawling, but in between times he went to school, and he stayed there until he finished all the classes the department of public education had to offer. In the end he graduated, an honor student. A triumph for innate character, decency and faith in the future.

ONE night, young Ross came home to find his father lying in a pool of blood on the floor of the smelly little store which for years had provided the few dollars the Rosofsky family had to live on. It was murder, a stickup. The young gangsters were growing up. Some of them grew up to join notorious bawdy mobs. In recent years, Ross had read with pity of the deaths of four men who had been boys with him in that grisly neighborhood. Ride victims.

This, then, I mention it in scattered detail because it seems to me to answer the most vital question involved in the forthcoming fight, namely "Is the guy game?" How could he help but be? Character breeds game-ness, and Ross must be loaded with it.

For my part, Canzoneri may outfight him but he will never outgame him—and I question that he will be outfought. I watched him against his salaried fungo hitters Thursday, and he wasn't impressive. There was a distinct note of sluggishness in his work. He may be stale. They are laying him off today. That will help.

Indianapolis Times Sports

INDIANAPOLIS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1933 PAGE 24

Tribe and Hens Fight Hard in Closing Tilts

Important Money Is at Stake as Race Nears End; Logan Shines in Relief Role Thursday as Indians Win Slugging Match, 8-6.

BY EDDIE ASH

Two big innings, the first and sixth, put the Indians over the hump in the series opener with the Toledo Mud Hens at Perry stadium Thursday night and the Killiferites finished on the long end of a slugging match, 8 to 6. Fourteen blows were collected by the home nine and thirteen by the visitors. Fred Bedore, with a triple and three singles, and Frank Sigafos, with a double and two singles, led the Tribe attack against Ralph Winegarner.

Pete Daglia was sent to the showers by the Hens in the sixth and Lefty Bob Logan went to the rescue and played the part of a gallant relief man. He walked Reis to fill the bases with one out and then turned loose all of his juice and struck out both Powers and Trosky. The Tribesmen scored four markers in the first round, three in the sixth and one in the eighth.

Toledo tallied in the first, third, fourth, sixth and eighth, and had twelve runners left stranded, further proof that it was a hard battle to store away in the home bat bag. Only five Hoosiers were left on base, a situation that proved the Indians slapped the sphere in timely fashion.

Women Free Tonight

The Hens will make their last stadium appearance of the season tonight, with action starting at 8:15. It will be another special "ladies' night" at the Tribe park, and women will be admitted free to the grandstand, the only charge being the federal tax of one dime.

The Louisville Colonels will open a three-game series with the Indians Saturday night with a single tilt under the lights to be followed by a double-header Sunday afternoon, which will be "curtains" for 1933. By winning Thursday, the three-place Indians stayed three games ahead of St. Paul and have four more to play. It is believed St. Paul has only three more to go, although the standing gives the Apostles only 150 games played. However, it is thought the game that St. Paul is short on the required 154-game schedule is not with Kansas City or Milwaukee, the teams left on the Apostle program.

The Thursday Toledo-Indian contest sparked with sharp fielding achievements. A lot of money is in the balance during the closing days of the race and the players are extending themselves right up to the hilt. Toledo is striving to defend fifth place, pressed by Louisville, and Indianapolis is determined to cling to the third spot.

There is no league bonus pay-off below fifth place, which pays \$100 per player. Fourth position pays \$200 and third \$400.

Judge Frank Sigafos

Frank Sigafos was appointed "judge" by a group of local attorneys Thursday night just before game action started and on his first time at bat walloped a double that batted in two mates. Siggie was presented with a set of law books to peruse during the off-season, so he is sure of having a lot of home work this winter.

Infielders and outfielders shared the fielding spotlight. Montague, Detore and Powers of the Hens turned in brilliant plays and Lee and Wingard of the Indians also knocked down some hot shots. Callaghan, playing left for the Tribe, was alert and on two occasions held potential doubles to singles.

Johnny Cooney of the Indians batted in two runs with two doubles and scored twice. Extra base blows to the credit of the Hens were a triple by Powers and a double by Reis.

Les Fishbaugh Tackles Burns

The four bouts on tonight's card at South Meridian arena, 500 South Meridian street, will feature two main events showing Cyclone Burns against Les Fishbaugh, the wrestling shoe cobbler from Newark, O., and Harry Burrus, Anderson, against Bunny Clifford for two falls out of three with a one-hour time limit.

The semi-final will show Walter Hickman against Jack Scott, and Morris Webb meets Ed Slaughter in the opener. These bouts are over the one fall, thirty-minute time limit round. First bout at 8:30 p. m., with Ed Westfall as referee.

Indians Take Opener										
TOLEDO										
	AB	R	H	O	A	E				
Montague, ss	5	0	0	2	3	5	0	0	0	0
Reis, 2b	4	1	1	2	2	4	0	0	0	0
Powers, rf	3	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	0	0
Trosky, lb	3	0	0	0	10	0	0	0	0	0
Detore, 2b	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Reiber, cf	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0
Healey, c	4	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	0
Daglia, p	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Winegarner, p	5	1	1	1	3	0	4	1		
Totals	40	6	13	24	12	22				
INDIANAPOLIS										
	AB	R	H	O	A	E				
Callaghan, lf	5	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	0
Lee, ss	4	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	0
Chapman, rf	4	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
Sigafos, 2b	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Wingard, lb	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Cooney, cf	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Bedore, 3b	4	0	0	0	4	1	3	0	0	0
Diddle, c	4	0	0	0	1	10	0	0	0	0
Logan, p	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	37	8	14	27	8	2				
Toledo							101	102	010	-6
Indianapolis							400	003	01X	-8
Runs batted in—Powers (2), Sigafos (2), Cooney (2), Winegarner (2), Montague (2), Trosky (2), base hits—Reis, Sigafos, Cooney (2), three-base hits—Bedore, Powers, Stolen bases—Bedore, Trosky, Sacrifice—Healey, Double plays—Winegarner to Montague to Trosky; Detore to Montague to Trosky. Left on bases—Indianapolis, 8; Toledo, 5. Base on balls—Off Daglia, 1; off Logan, 2. Struck out—By Daglia, 4; by Logan, 4; by Winegarner, 2. Hits—Off Daglia, 9 in 5-1-3 innings; off Logan, 4 in 3-2-3 innings. Hit by pitcher—By Daglia, 1; by Healey, 1. Wild pitches—Winegarner (2). Winning pitcher Logan. Umpires—Pfeiffer and Johnston. Time, 1:56.										

KAUTSKYS INVADE OHIO

Indianapolis Kautsky A. C., with a record of two victories against one defeat in the Indiana-Ohio League elimination series, will resume action at Middletown, O., Sunday. Last week Middletown upset the Dayton Marcos.

Players will meet Sunday morning at L. Strauss' store at 9 a. m.

Other Sports on Pages 23 and 25

Dope Probe Is Made at Coney

By Times Special

CINCINNATI, Sept. 8.—Five operatives of the United States narcotic enforcement department swooped down on the owners and trainers at Coney Island race track here Thursday afternoon and caught the horsemen quite unaware.

Several of the trainers and stable boys of the larger stables were taken into custody as they led their horses from the track after each race and were taken to the main offices of the Cincinnati Jockey Club for questioning.

As the last race was finished no arrests had been made and no charges filed, but it was thought today would bring indictments against several of the owners and trainers.

Grant Conquers Vines in Tennis Event; Allison, Satoh Also Bow

By United Press

FOREST HILLS, N. Y., Sept. 8.—Clifford Sutter, New Orleans, today defeated Vivian McGrath, Australia, 3-5, 6-4, 6-3, 3-6, 8-6.

McGrath was leading Sutter, 3 to 1, in the final set when play was interrupted by darkness Thursday night.

By United Press

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—The quarter final match in the men's national tennis championship today between Bryan Grant of Atlanta and Lester Stoen of California will prove one of two things:

1. That Grant's victory over Ellsworth Vines Thursday was a signal that the diminutive southerner is headed to national supremacy.

2. That Vines had slipped so badly that he was ready to be taken by anybody who could keep the ball in play.

If Grant conquers the giant Stoen, the man many experts consider the finest prospect this country has seen in years, there will be nothing to do but admit that the little five-foot, 120-pound chap from Georgia is of championship caliber.

Grant beat Vines Thursday, 6-3, 6-3, 6-3.

America can not possibly place more than two men in the semifinals, for its other two representatives, Frank Shields and Gregory Mangin, are pitted against each other today. Picking the winner is almost impossible, so brilliant did

both perform Thursday. Mangin played the best tennis of his life in eliminating Jiro Satoh of Japan, and Shields looked unbeatable in trouncing Satoh's countryman, Ryosula Ueno, in straight sets.

Fred Perry, Britain's No. 1 performer and Davis cup hero, should defeat Adrian Quist of Australia. Quist played magnificently in defeating Wilmer Allison Thursday, but Perry, right now on top of his game, is no Allison.

Jack Crawford's quarter-final opponent is not yet known, for the match between Vivian McGrath and Cliff Sutter was called on account of darkness with the Australian leading, 6-4, 3-6, 3-6, 3-1.

King's Big Chance
KING LEVINSKY, ex-fish peddler of Chicago, continues his campaign for a crack at the world's heavyweight championship when he battles Jack Sharkey next Friday night at White Sox park. Levinsky is a wild swinger with plenty of power in his right hand.



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—Downstairs at Ayres.

New Fall "Yorktown" Shoes for Men

Men's "Yorktown" shoes are sold only in Ayres Downstairs Store in Indianapolis—and we're glad of it—because they offer real smartness in style, along with good substantial QUALITY! In genuine calf, Scotch grain—in brown or black. Every pair has solid oak-bend Goodyear welt soles. Also genuine kangaroo high shoes. Sizes 6 to 11-A to D.

\$3.95

—Downstairs at Ayres.