

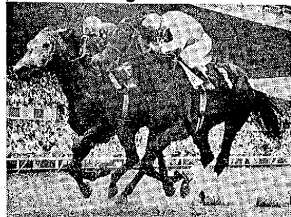


Where's the action?

Tonight
Baseball — Oakland at Boston (7:30, Radio, WHDH).
Harness Racing—Foxboro, (8:00).
Dog Racing — Taunton. (8:00). Topsfield Fair. (8:30).
Swimming—Topsfield Fair. (8:00). World High Diving Championship.

Tomorrow
Baseball — Oakland at Boston. (1:30, Radio, WHDH).
Harness Racing—Foxboro, (8:00).
Dog Racing — Taunton. (8:00). Topsfield Fair. (8:30).

Horse racing



CLOVER LANE
... by a nose

CHICAGO, Ill. — It's doubtful if Seymour Rose ever invested \$25,000 more wisely than he did this past week-end at Arlington Park.

Rose had paid that sum to enter his horse, Clover Lane, as a supplementary nomination in Monday's \$175,000 Arlington-Washington Lassie Stakes, and the gray filly returned the investment in triplicate by winning the 6½ furlong race in a photo finish with Bell Noire.

Clover Lane earned \$30,000 for her owner by winning the race and the true season's earnings to \$113,250 with four firsts and one second in six starts as a 2-year-old.

RUIDOSO DOWNS, N.M. — For 20.43 seconds Monday a big sorrel colt named Easy Jet was perfection.

That's how long it took the colt to win the \$600,000 All American Futurity, the world's richest horse race at Ruidoso Downs, N.M.

On a track made muddy and slick by three days of steady rain, Easy Jet led the 400 yard All American from start to finish.

He defeated the pre-race favorite Miss Three Wars by a neck.

Baseball

BOSTON — The Red Sox, whose home attendance is already the fourth highest in the club's long history, will likely pass the 1.6 million mark tonight against the Oakland Athletics.

The Sox, averaging better than 25,000 at home this season and likely to come very close to 2 million, drew 22,630 to a "family day" program on Labor Day to boost a 1,562,451 total or 32,000 ahead of last season's record pace.

Auto racing

DARLINGTON, S.C. — The success which eluded Lee Roy Yarborough for most of his nine years on NASCAR's blue ribbon Grand National stock car racing circuit finally has come to the 50-year-old driver.

He won his sixth major speedway race of 1969 Monday, bolting past David Pearson on the final lap of the prestigious Southern 500 before a limp crowd of 65,000.

Yarborough now has won stock car racing's so-called triple crown, the Daytona 500, the Charlotte World 600, and the Southern 500 — becoming the first driver to do it in one season.

In winning the rain-shortened Southern 500 by less than a car length, the Ford driver earned \$21,850 to bring his season's total to a record \$164,915.

Bowling

MONTREAL — Dave Davis of Phoenix, Ariz., defeated Dave Soutar of Ghro, Calif., 202-183 Monday night to win the \$3,000 first prize in the Professional Bowlers Association \$30,000 Canadian Open.

It was Davis' first victory this year and his 11th in seven years on the PBA tour.

Soutar got \$1,600 for finishing second. Skee Foremsky of Houston collected \$1,500 for third, Dick Ritger, of Hartford, Wis., \$1,200 for fourth and Butch Gerhart of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., \$1,100 for finishing fifth.

The five-man finals started with Ritler scoring a 223-194 win over Forhart. Ritger was then defeated by Foremsky 199-185, and Soutar eliminated Foremsky 203-175 to set up the championship match.

Soccer

LONDON — Peter Knowles, 23-year-old English soccer star with fame and fortune at his feet, today decided to give up the game for religion.

"I cannot be a Jehovah's Witness and then clog away on a soccer field on Saturdays," he said. Knowles estimated that in 15 years as a football player he could bank around 30,000 pounds (\$72,000) as a professional player for English First Division team Wolverhampton.

But instead he decided — and his 22-year-old wife Jean agreed — that material things did not matter.

Proud of start here

Rocky loved Lowell

By GEORGE McGUANE

LOWELL—"Brooklyn was my home town but I've always thought of Lowell, Mass., as the city that launched me on my way to boxing fame and fortune because of the Golden Gloves." Rocky Marciano told friends as he sat at ringside last March in Kansas City, Mo., and watched the National Golden Gloves.

This writer was with the "Rock" at the time and it made us feel quite proud of this so suddenly departed immortal of boxing when they asked to introduce him in the ring, he turned to the announcer and said, "Don't forget to say I represented Lowell, Mass., when I fought in the Golden Gloves."

And it was the Gloves, here in the Lowell Memorial Auditorium that paved the way for this awkward lad of Italian background to eventually reach the heights of professional boxing—the undefeated champion of the world.

For in 1948, after losing a couple of amateur bouts in the Army, this lad, then known as Rocco Marchegiano, came to Lowell with his buddy and boyhood friend, Allie Colombo. Together they dreamed of conquering the boxing world, but never fully realized just how far Rocky would go. He knocked both Rocky and Allie out in sudden accidental deaths. Rocky, 24, died in Newton, Iowa, just prior to his 45th birthday, while Allie, was crushed to death last year by truck while working at his job in Boston.

IN THE BEGINNING, Marciano was not a flashy type of boxer. He wouldn't catch your eye for his fancy footwork or exceptional boxing style. He did have a good right uppercut. It was sneaky punch. He'd work his way in close to an opponent and then throw the bomb. In the 1948 Gloves he wasn't thought great because he did away with his opponents too easily. For example, he knocked out Charley Mortimer of Lowell in one minute, 20 seconds of the third round, in Greater-Lowell finals. In the first round of the N.E. Tournament of Champions he won by default over Ralph Picerno of Maine. And in the finals defeated George Molins of New Hampshire by a TKO in 2 minutes, 10 seconds of the first round.

Then it was on to New York — the city with the big lights and the big chance. Rocky and his buddy, Allie, figured they were going to get their boxing chance through the medium of The Lowell Sun Charities Golden Gloves. On the 1948 team along with Rocky as heavy-weight were Frankie Collins, Boston, 112; Billy O'Neil, Haverhill, 118; Mario Zuello, Chelsea, 126; Joe McDonald, Charlestown, 135; Al Lemire, Manchester, 147; Dick Gailivan, Jamaica Plain, 160 and Phil Dube, Brunswick, Me, 175.

BUT IN NEW YORK, the bubble of greatness almost burst into nothingness before Rocky's dream ever got started. In preliminaries in Brooklyn's Ridgewood Grove arena, he was pitted against the great Coley Wallace. This big colored lad was the pride of metropolitan New York. They had even hired him to play the part of Joe Louis in a motion picture that was planned for the great Brown Bomber.

Well, on a cold night in Brooklyn, Rocky, short but aggressive, knocked the great Wallace all over the ring. And in and behold, when the bout was over, they gave the decision to Wallace. The crowd stood and booed for 15 minutes. They threw three cups into the ring and refused to let ensuing bouts enter the ring.

After the fight, Marciano was ready to call it quits. He was discouraged and disgusted. And Rocky might have gone back to Brooklyn to continue dishwashing and washing dishes if it weren't for the great Brown Bomber. The newspaper stand in Times Square the following day and read an account of Rocky's defeat written in The Lowell Sun by John F. Kenney, the late sports editor and director of the Gloves. It was a stirring story and written from the heart as only Jack Kenney could write.

WE HAVEN'T GONE BACK in the files and we resurrected last paragraphs of Kenney's story. After reading them, you'll know why Marciano decided maybe life was worth living and there was a chance for him in boxing.

When Kenney was 13 many years later, and when Rocky was heavyweight champion of the world, Marciano came all the way to Lowell to visit Jack. He had in his hands a clipping of the story Kenney wrote after the Wallace fight. He showed it to Kenney and said, "Jack . . . this was the story that kept me in boxing. If it hadn't been for you, for the wonderful things you said . . . I would have left New York and hitchhiked home and never made it to where I am today."

Here is the lead of Kenney's story that Rocky carried with him to Lowell and which has always had a big place in his scrapbook.

By John F. Kenney, sports editor
 NEW YORK CITY, March 2-A tree grows

in the hearts of 3000 fans by administering Coley Wallace, New York champion, the pasting of that colorful golliath's career. In a word, it was a shinkeroo.

THE BOUT was one of the most stormy show wind-ups in the history of Ridgewood Grove. Fans from Brooklyn, Manhattan, Bronx and Queens, who didn't know Marchegiano from a hole-in-the-wall prior to the bout, milled their way from the back of the arena to the very ropes of ringside after the terrible decision was rendered. They roared for a full 15 minutes in protest, hooting anyone who looked like an official and at times, even threatening violence. Fans picked Marchegiano up in their arms like a baby and smothered him with pets on the back and handkisses. All the way to the dressing room, Rocky was pummeled enthusiastically . . . his way impeded by fans who wanted to shake his hand. Hundreds of throats gave volume to the one yell "You won that fight, son." The decision is only two blind men's—not ours buy!

The above is only part of the Kenney story. It may be brought out that Rocky only stood about 5.11 and weighed about 160 pounds at the time. This was not big as far as heavyweights go. Coley Wallace was 6.3 and tipped the scales that day in Brooklyn at 231.

AFTER ALL THE YEARS in between, Rocky has never forgotten the Wallace bout. It was the last time he had lost in the ring. In Kansas City this spring when the crowd stood and booed a day in Brooklyn and a bout with Coley Wallace. The big guy beamed and hit me on the back and said, "Right—the first time."

But speaking of Rocky remembering fights—he once told us while we watched him train for a big bout up at Grossinger's, that he never forgot anyone he fought. It seemed like an incredulous statement. So we asked, "Do you mean you remember all the guys you fought as far back as the Golden Gloves in Lowell?" Rocky said, "I can remember kids I fought on the street in Brooklyn."

A FEW MONTHS LATER we got a chance to put Rocky's retention to the test. We invited him to Lowell to referee some Golden Glove finals and to also present the heavyweight championship trophy we had named after him. During the intermission and before Rocky went into the ring, we came across Lowell's Charley Mortimer whom Rocky had ticked in 1948. It was now 1964 with Rocky well established as the champion of

the world. We sneaked Mortimer up to Rocky and said, "Do you remember this guy?" Rocky smiled and then completely amazed us as well as Mortimer, said, "Do I remember him . . . are you kidding. His name is Mortimer and I knocked him out in the third round here in this very hall."

Having covered all of Rocky's fights on his way to the kingship of pugilism, we could write for hours about his fistful glories. However, time and space won't allow. But as we told Rocky, personally last spring in Kansas City, the thing we admired most about him was not the fact he was champion of the world—but the majestic way he improved his station life, the way he handled his honors and his transition from a low-brow in life to a man of learning and gentleness. When we first met Rocky, he was a "thees and them guys" talker. But on TV in K.C. he departed himself like a college professor. We told him how proud we were of this transformation. He shook my hand and said, "George, you're right. In the beginning I just knew enough words to ask for expense money. It's been a long road since Lowell. I'm glad you think I'm walking it the right way." That was a bit of the Rocky I know. He was a champion who made the hard way. He and his buddy, Allie Colombo, are no doubt back together again—somewhere beyond the blue—where no one throws in the towel and all the decisions—we hope—are fair ones.



Rocky presents "Marciano Trophy" at Gloves

Each year Lowell Sun Charities presents the "Rocky Marciano" trophy to the New England Golden Gloves heavyweight

champion. Oddly enough, in 1954, Marciano, then champion of the world, had the pleasure of presenting the trophy to Ray

Lesard, left, also of Brockton, hometown of the "Champ."

Rocky returns home; occasion sad one

BROCKTON (UPI) — Rocky Marciano returned home today but, unlike the past years, the occasion was a sad one.

The body of the former undefeated world heavyweight champion, who died Sunday night in a plane crash near Newton, Iowa, arrived at Brockton's Logan International Airport at 1 a.m. From there it was transported to the Hickey Funeral home here.

It was Marciano, the "Brockton Blockbuster," who put this city on the map. And he never lost his ties to it even after he had become a world celebrity.

In the past, his homecoming was a time for happy reunions with old friends and parents, who still live on Dover Street.

Now it is a time for sadness and final farewells.

His tearful wife, Mrs. Barbara Marciano, who came from their Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., home with the couple's 16-year-old daughter Mary Ann for the funeral, could only say, "It was so sudden, so sudden."

"Sure everybody in town knows Rocky," said Frank DiBarri. "He lived up the street. I used to play baseball down at Edgars Playground, and he would be there too. You couldn't find a better guy."

Marciano, born Rocco Marchegiano, the son of a shoe factory worker, captured the world heavyweight championship by knocking out Jersey Joe Walcott in 13 rounds at Philadelphia on Sept. 28, 1952.

HE reigned supreme until April 27, 1955, when he retired as undefeated heavyweight king. He had compiled a perfect record of 49 victories—42 of them by knockout—in his professional bouts.

He also was one of the most popular boxers since Jack Dempsey ruled as heavyweight king. Marciano, who would have been 46 Monday, was killed along with a family friend and a

pilot when their single-engine Cessna 172 lost power, struck a tree and rolled into a small ravine in a weedy pasture. He was flying from Chicago to Des Moines for a birthday celebration.

Federal investigators went through the wreckage of the green and white Cessna but one of them said it might be two months before officials have a solid indication of what caused the plane to plummet into the pasture.

A funeral mass will be celebrated Thursday at St. Colman's Roman Catholic Church here where the Marcianos were married.

Another Mass will be sung at St. John's Church in Ft. Lauderdale Friday with burial in the Queen of Heaven Cemetery.

Marciano's last bout occurred Sept. 21, 1955 when he knocked out Archie Moore in nine rounds.

HE defended his title six times and his victims include ex-champ Joe Louis.

Boxers whom he defeated joined in tribute to the former champ.

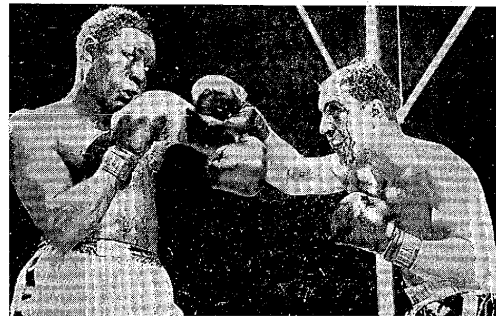
"The Rock and I were great friends," said Walcott. "We had a friendship unique among fighters. He was one of the toughest I ever fought and he was a great puncher. He was pleasant, happy go lucky out of the ring but in the ring he was a lion."

"I am very sorry to hear about his death," said Ezzard Charles, who is afflicted with a progressive crippling disease, amyotrophic multiple sclerosis. "I always liked Rocky."

"He was so great and so popular, and yet he never showed conceit," he said. Cassius Clay.

"One of the greatest champions," said Sonny Liston.

Chairman Edwin Dole of the New York State Athletic Commission praised Marciano as a great champion and a credit to the entire boxing fraternity. "We send our condolences and prayers to the Marciano family with the knowledge Rocky will always be remembered as an immortal in boxing," Dole said.



Always a champion

Blood flows from severe cut over Marciano's left eye during fight with Ezzard Charles in 1954. Marciano went on to win

the fight. He was killed Sunday in a plane crash near Des Moines, Iowa.