



On the Sidelines

The old war lion of the wrestling industry has come out of his lair and has let forth a loud growl. "Strangler" Lewis, the mighty, has issued a challenge to the prowess of one Danno O'Mahoney, who has been bowling the North American wrestlers right and left since he arrived on U. S. shores some months ago. The first sour note to be inserted was trumpeted from St. Louis the other day by the "Strangler." It seems that Lewis is trying to discount O'Mahoney's wrestling ability, going so far as to point out that the big Irishman has no claim to a victory over him. "Strangler" Ed met O'Mahoney in a bout in London and the former charges that Jack McGrath, manager of record of the Irishman, was responsible for cables to the U. S. reporting the defeat of Lewis. Now Lewis claims that the referee called the bout a draw. Lewis, so it seems, has been following the Irishman around the circuit trumpeting the fact that the Celt's handlers are representing things in a strange and dishonest light. Thus far Jack McGrath and Col. Paul Bowser have wisely sidestepped every attempt being made to draw them into the argument. How long they will be able to remain silent is a different matter. They're apt to break out any moment now and Lewis probably will hear the echo of their remarks, no matter where he is hiding.

Imagine an Englishman without his cup of tea! Yet only this year have the crew in training for the Oxford-Cambridge boat race been permitted their favorite beverage during training. This year the race will be rowed on April 6th (today). All roads will lead to that famous stretch of the river Thames where the 87th race of the Dark Blues vs. Light Blues will be rowed. Eleven successive defeats have been scored against Oxford (dark blue). Peter Haig-Thomas, who was so successful as coach to the Cambridge crew, has this year fashioned an extremely strong crew for Oxford and the hopes of the dark blue fans run high. Both crews will no doubt be glad of a hot cup of tea before and after the race—for the Thames in April can be very bleak.

Phil Baker looked up from the breakfast, "Bottle," he exclaimed, "you're a sight. You can't go to the studio with that eye. Didn't I tell you an oyster was just the thing for a black eye?" "Oh, yes sir, Mr. Baker. But it's no use. I swallowed a dozen and they haven't done me a bit of good."

For other Sport News see page seven.

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IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING...

Most humorously tragic of all training camp stories are those concerning the young kids who hit the Southern trail every spring in the vain hope of making good under baseball's big top. They come in big cars driven by chauffeurs, in cars driven by themselves or friends, in box-cars on slow freights, riding Pullmans or hitch-hiking—they come by all the known modern methods of transportation, but come they do. The appearance of about twenty-five a year at each of baseball's training bases is inevitable. Some come highly recommended by men who know their baseball and by men who only think they do. Others have introductions from their high school or college coaches. Others just blow into town sublimely confident of their own ability to make good as major league ball players.

There's not a day at Winter Haven, Florida, that Manager Jimmy Wilson of the Phillies isn't forced to lend a patient ear to some youngster's plea for a chance. Always the kid is out-fitted and allowed to work out with the team. Some of the boys last two days. Usually one session is enough. Then they depart whence they came, often hungry and heartbroken and facing nothing more promising than a hitch-hike back home.

This year the Phils have had two stirring examples of ambitious youth. One is a kid named Gogates, who played in the Brooklyn beer league. Gogates said he was a shortstop but he looked like a sieve trying to field balls hit to him by Hans Lobert. Then he asked for a chance in the outfield. It was the same old story. Gogates, deprived of his uniform remained around Dennison Field until he acquired a nice coat of tan and then blew town.

His Name Was Baker

The other lad was named Baker. He came fully equipped, with everything including a uniform that proclaimed he had once played for a team named Parkland. Baker said he was a pitcher. They knocked him out of the box. Then he announced he was only fooling and really was a second baseman. He couldn't get off a dime. So he got his chance in the outfield, with Bucky Walter handling the fungo stick.

Bucky gave the boy a real workout. By degrees he fungoed the ball deeper and deeper into the outfield. Finally he had Baker leaning against the centerfield fence and then Bucky drove one right over the hedge. Next he started hitting them shorter and shorter. Gradually he worked Baker in close to second base. Finally the boy was trying to catch one at the plate. When Walters stopped batting young Baker had yet to catch his first fly. Another small town wonder had gone through the acid test and been sent home in humiliation.

Some boys don't even get the opportunity to put on a uniform. For instance, the lad who dropped in at Dennison Field last year. It's an old story but worth repeating. This boy had a scrapbook full of home town clippings proclaiming his athletic prowess. In the bargain he was a bit chesty.

"What made you pick on the Phils?" Wilson demanded.

"Well, I gave Detroit the first crack

over at Lakeland," the boy said.

"I pitched some to Cochrane but I guess he took a dislike to me because he couldn't hold me."

"No use of your hanging around here then," Jimmy announced. "If a great catcher like Cochrane can't hold you I guess there ain't much chance for a bum like me."

Mike Feels Sorry For 'Em

The story was told to Cochrane and it gave him a laugh.

"That's one baby I don't remember," Mike said. "We do get a lot of them, though, and to tell the truth I feel sorry for those kids. In all the years I've been in baseball I've never seen or heard of a kid coming to camp uninvited and making good, why they keep coming is beyond me, maybe it's just the idea of having been south with a big league team so they can impress the folks back home."

"There's such a thing as a baseball bug and when it bites a fellow it does things that are hard to explain. Last winter I was driving through McKeesport, Pa., and stopped at a filling station for gas. A man named Harris runs the place and he recognized me from the pictures he'd seen in the papers. Right off the bat he started telling me about a youngster in McKeesport who could play baseball like nobody's business. I knew what was coming so I decided to use diplomacy. "Sorry I can't get a look at the boy, Mr. Harris," I told him, "but we're all lined up for the southern trip. Front office won't let me spend another cent to take anybody south. If the boy is really as good as you say I guess it's just a tough break for me."

"Mr. Harris is what you might call the typical baseball bug. Not only did he get around that argument but he arranged for the local whirlwind, an 18-year-old lad named Shouse, to train at Lakeland at no cost to the Detroit team. Furthermore, young Shouse is here right now, sent bag and baggage all the way from McKeesport."

Don't get yourself excited, ladies and gentlemen. It would be nice to say Mr. Harris sent another Ty Cobb to Florida to fill Mickey Cochrane's heart with bubbles of joy. Unfortunately just the reverse is the case. Shouse was shipped home the day after your correspondent talked with Mickey.

"He'll never make it," Mickey said. "I'm chasing him home tomorrow to save Mr. Harris or whoever else paid his way down here needless expense."

From the Army, Too

Even Uncle Sam's fighting men are not immune from baseball fever. Right here in Lakeland there are two artillerymen from Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

One is Corporal James Christopher Owen, a native of Amhurst, Fla., and the other is Private Carl G. Bullard, of Irvin, N. C. Both are here on furlough from the Army. Corporal Owens is something of a ball player. Private Bullard is just along so the corporal won't get homesick.

"I signed a request for another 30-day furlough, for Corporal Owens really looks like a ball player. He is shifty around first base and plays a fair game in the outfield. He is fast and he batted .367 and .382 playing for Okeechobee and Deland in Florida's Citrus League during the past two seasons."

Furthermore, he came to Lakeland recommended by Lieut. Thomas E. Deshago. Lieut. Deshago is the athletic officer at Fort Bragg and, for your information, is the fellow who found Dizzy Dean at San Antonio and chased him out of the army to win pitching fame and fortune with the St. Louis Cardinals.

Schmeling Picked To Be First To Win Back Title

NEW YORK, April 6—It is possible, if not exactly probable, that Max Schmeling will go down in fistic history as not only the sole world heavyweight champion to regain the title but the first to win that honor in a European ring. The odds, in the light of past events, would seem to be as much against that double consummation as they were against that Jersey City truckman who picked the daily double at Tropical Park the other day and got back more than \$7,200 for his \$2. Walter Rothenburg, German promoter who staged the Schmeling-Hamas fight in Hamburg, is to tour Europe in search of a good site for a Baer-Schmeling brawl late in the summer. Rothenburg evidently believes the Black Uhlan will not come to the United States to fight the champion.

GAR WOOD IN 111 M.P.H. SPRINT IN FLORIDA

Speedboat King To Try For New Record In Biscayne Bay — Says Salt Water Faster.

MIAMI, Fla., April 5—Gar Wood, America's marine speed king, put his Miss America X. in salt water today and shot her across Biscayne Bay for an unlocked speed of 111 miles an hour.

"It was the fastest time I've ever made in salt water," Wood said after his run, a test for a new attempt on his world mark of 124.86 miles an hour, established in fresh water.

Under Wood's deft handling the Miss America X. roared up the bay for a mile, turned on a dime, and came screaming back. No attempt was made for a record.

Wood declined to say whether he opened the throttle wide. One engine was throwing oil at the end of the run.

Wood said he expected to try for a new world mark in Indian Creek within a few days. He expects the added buoyancy of salt water to enable his craft to go considerably faster.

The corporal just blew in.

"I always admired Mickey Cochrane," the corporal said, "and I decided to ask him for a chance when I came down here on furlough. My enlistment still has nine months to go but if I make good maybe something can be done about that. I'm only 23 now, sir, and Lieut. Deshago says maybe I can make good in baseball."

"He looks okay," Cochrane said as he watched the corporal make a couple of nice plays shagging balls. "He's got another month's furlough due and I wrote a letter to Fort Bragg asking if he could have that furlough now so he can stay with us a while."

"What! An uninvited rookie making good in the majors? Why I thought—"

"Heck, no!" Mickey interrupted. "I didn't say he was good enough for us. Just said he was a good ball player. Good enough for class D or C. After a little schooling maybe he'll be up again but a lot of water will have to flow under the bridge between now and then."

"I told you before no unknown ever drops into camp and makes good right off the bat. I mean exactly that. No one ever does. It's just not in the cards."

Montreal Royals at Halifax, while Maple Leafs Meet Maroons in Second Game of Stanley Cup Finals.

HALIFAX, April 5—This seaport city became the amateur hockey capital of Canada tonight as Montreal Royals swept in to attack Halifax Wolverines in the semi-finals of the Allan Cup playdowns and governing officials arrived to watch the battles and legislature for another year.

They were followed by a pack of professional scouts hoping to find some likely prospects for the big leagues.

Royals, champions of Quebec and conquerors of Toronto's hand-picked All-Stars, go into action tomorrow night against Wolverines, Maritime title-holders for the right to meet Port Arthur Bearcats in the Canadian championship series.

Coach Don Penniston reported all his men "in good shape" as he brought the invaders into the city. He was as proud as a schoolboy about his forward line of Ralph St. Germain, Dave Neville and Hughie Farquharson but thought he had a good all-around team of championship calibre.

STANLEY CUP BATTLE

TORONTO, April 5—The big whip that Toronto Maple Leafs have been curling about the legs of all National League foes this season was brought out tonight for inspection. The Leafs hope to sting Montreal Maroons with it here tomorrow night and even the five-game Stanley Cup hockey series at one win each.

Maroons got to close quarters last night with what Tommy Gorman likes to call forechecking and in the hand-to-hand duelling the Montreal team was superior. They won 3-2 in overtime with Dave Trotter and Earl Robinson engineering a brilliant winning goal.

Hockey Officials En Route to Halifax

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, April 5—On their way to Halifax, N. S., where they will attend the annual meeting of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association and also take in the final series for the Allan Cup a party of hockey officials left over Canadian National lines on Thursday. They will remain over in Toronto on Saturday where they will meet some of the eastern officials.

Included in the western party are: E. A. Gilroy, Portage-La Prairie, president of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association; Fred P. Marlies, Secretary, C. A. H. A.; Claude Robinson, Chairman, Finance Committee of the C. A. H. A.; and A. E. H. Coe, president of the Manitoba Amateur Hockey Association.

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EDDIE SHORE, BABE SIEBERT GIVEN CUPS

Bruins' Owner Presents Players With Cups For Outstanding Work In 'World's Fastest Sport.'

BOSTON, April 6—President Chas. F. Adams of the Boston Bruins, starting this year and continuing as long as there is a Bruins team in Boston, will give a player trophy to be known as the "President's Cup" to any Boston Bruins player who in any season may have been outstanding in some respect.

The first series of these cups will be presented this year, and Mr. Adams has selected four players for the trophy awards. They are: Tiny Thompson, Eddie Shore, Dit Clapper and Babe Siebert. Two of the cups were presented by Mr. Adams to Shore and Siebert before the opening face-off of the championship game between the Bruin Cubs and Providence Reds at the Boston Garden Thursday night and the other two will be shipped to Clapper and Thompson, who returned to their homes.

The engraving on the cup given to Shore reads: President's Cup. Presented to Eddie Shore, "the Greatest of the Great." Boston Bruins Hockey Club. Chas. F. Adams, 1935.

The inscription on Thompson's cup reads: "Our sturdy last line of defence. Clever, Colorful, Courageous."

The inscription on Clapper's cup reads: "In any sport or any place, a sterling hockey player."

The inscription on Siebert's cup reads: "A boy who came back 100 per cent."

The players' names engraved on the cups are those by which Mr. Adams and hockey fans know them best.

Nicknames are used so that the cups are engraved with the names of "Eddie Shore," "Tiny" Thompson, "Dit" Clapper and "Babe" Siebert.

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