



SPORT



On the Sidelines

The appearance here of the team of colored ball players on the evening preceding the holiday, inaugurated the baseball season in these parts. The weather was hardly favorable, was in fact more suitable to rugby football. Despite this however, a fair-sized crowd of fans watched the contests. Of course the brand of baseball could not be very good, considering that the Devon team has had only a few practices and the weather had been definitely against any sort of conditioning. It is noteworthy that the chief obstacle to growing baseball players in these provinces is the indifferent weather conditions. The colored boys did not appear to be stressed by the climatic conditions, and by the physical condition which they displayed, looked to have had plenty of practice.

Devon and Fredericton are busily engaged in their early workouts, with both clubs shaping up pretty well. Earle Gorman has his untied team working out at the Trotting Park, and while the field isn't in the best possible condition, it promises to be far more satisfactory than Queen's Square where the patrons—a good many of them—watched the game without paying a cent. The Trotting Park has a great big gate in front, through which the fans will have to travel for future sightseeing. So much for the park.

There was some comment from a goodly crowd of fence rail boys on Gorman's new "Kid" infield. Composed of Ken Jewett at the first bag, Cec. Coveney at the keystone sack, Mel Close at shortstop, and Owen Sleep, the collegian at third base, the new Fredericton outfit should have plenty of pep afield. At bat this quartet are comparatively untied, though Sleep and Close loom up as prospective sluggers. "Duff" King who can play either the infield or outfield stands at the plate like a hitter too. Manager Gorman believes he has a hitter or two among this group.

Among the veterans Gorman is counting on Bud Miles, who will likely do most of the catching; Dr. Percy Thompson, who is busting them in practice and who will probably be in the outfield and in the box; Garvie, on the pitching staff; and Jerry Myshraill, a hard hitting outfielder. This group is likely to be swelled by other veterans when the weather becomes more suitable for baseball practice.

Devon, under Manager Kenneth Staples will have much the same lineup as last year. It seems that "Hap" Watson the reliable left fielder, has forsaken the ranks and will not be able to play this summer. His brother Jack will again be in centrefield. Gene Lawrence and Eddie Dinsmore are slated to do the bulk of the hurling, though some youngsters are being brought on. The remainder of the team will be identical with last year, with the exception of Garvie, who is back in Fredericton again.

Marysville and Minto, the two other entries in the York County Loop, are unknown quantities so far, though both teams are now getting down to practice.

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Lawson Little On Verge Of Title

HELEN WILLS MOODY TO TRY A COMEBACK

To Sail For England To Regain Lost Laurels—Has Been Practicing Hard for Past 6 Weeks.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 23—Helen Wills Moody was headed back to the scene of former triumphs apparently bent on again ascending the heights she once ruled as queen of the tennis world.

England was her destination. Her object—an expected comeback on the courts at Wimbledon.

"I cannot say definitely I will play, but if I feel as well as I do now, I will," said the former tennis champion, who was forced from the courts two years ago by a back injury.

A trunk full of tennis clothes and new rackets bespoke the confidence Mrs. Moody did not herself express that she would find it not at all impossible to resume her place in international competition.

Complete secrecy surrounded Mrs. Moody's intentions until a few hours before her departure last night on the Overland Limited when she disclosed to the Associated Press plans for her intended comeback.

"I just made up my mind this afternoon," she said. But back of that statement lies the story of six weeks of hard practice which apparently convinced her that she had indeed recovered from the injury that forced her to default to Helen Jacobs in the finals of the national championships two years ago.

AGA KHAN'S HORSE WON THE YORKSHIRE CUP

YORK, England, May 24—The Aga Khan's crack long-distance horse, Felicitation, carrying top weight, today, won the Yorkshire Cup over the two-mile route, finishing two lengths in front of Lady Fitzwilliam's Jesmond Dene. Sir Walter Butt's Lucky Patch was third in the field of eight, another two lengths back.

Felicitation started at odds of ten to 3 and carried 133 pounds. Jesmond Dene, 6 to 1, packed 110 pounds and Lucky Patch, starting at 10 to 1, carried 112 pounds.

MAJOR LEAGUES

National League
Pittsburgh 7, Boston 6.
New York 13, Chicago 0.
Brooklyn 5, St. Louis 3.
Cincinnati 2, Philadelphia 1.

American League
Boston 8, Detroit 4.
St. Louis 6, New York 3.
Cleveland 12, Philadelphia 2.
Washington 10, Chicago 0.

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Meets Dr. Tweddell for the British Amateur Crown Today—Great Showing.

ST. ANNES-ON-SEA, England, May 24—Lawson Little, Jr., of the United States, tonight stood just one step away from being the first foreign invader to capture the British amateur golf championship for two years in succession.

Little, who won the title at Prestwick, a year ago, confronts Dr. William Tweddell of Stourbridge in the final tomorrow—10 other United States challengers having followed 10 Canadians and a host of domestic threats into the galleries.

Dr. Tweddell, stocky and pleasant-mannered 38 year old Englishman, remains the last home defence against the husky Californian, who showed today that he was at least as good as when he took both the British and United States amateur crowns last year.

Dr. Tweddell, who captained the Walker Cup team which made an unsuccessful invasion of the U. S. in 1928 won the championship eight years ago at Holyoke. Speculators are offering 3 to 1 against his chances in tomorrow's 36 hole championship round.

Perhaps the most impressive tribute to Little's ability was voiced by a pair of shotmakers who felt his thunderbolts today, George L. Q. Henriques, the 42 year old London stock broker, and Robert Sweeney jr., the former New Yorker who has lived in England many years. Neither felt particularly bad about losing to the champion.

MT. ALLISON WINS MARITIME ATHLETIC TITLE

WOLFVILLE, N. B., May 24—The second time in as many years, the Maritime Interscholastic athletic championship returns to New Brunswick, with Mount Allison Academy finishing first in a closely-contested Acadia relays meet here today. Mount Allison's total was 23.3 points; Kentville placed second with 23, Lunenburg third with 22, Bridgewater fourth with 19. Ideal weather conditions prevailed and three records were broken—in the mile run, high jump and shot put.

Tunis, of Mount Allison Academy, running the mile in 4:57.1-5 broke the record that Chipman of Lunenburg established in 1930 by 1.5 seconds. Thompson of Pictou jumped 5 feet 6 1-4 inches to better the mark established last year by Skinner of Saint John by 1 1-8 inches and Hebb of Bridgewater broke the shot-put record established last year by McLean of Saint John with a heave of 42 ft. ten inches—a foot farther than the record.

The most noteworthy feature of to-

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• Apply any Canadian National Railways Company Ticket Office, or at Reed's Point Wharf, Saint John.

AT AGE OF 40

(By Cy Peterkin)

At the age of 40 most insurance companies charge twice the annual premium that they ask at 20. This is predicted on the plain percentages of general health and mortality. While still a mighty fine prospect at 40, the average able-bodied citizen is, in the eyes of the insurer only 50 per cent as good a risk as at 20.

I was thinking about this intervening span of 20 years: the other day when the boys were writing the requiem for Babe Ruth. The Bambino is 40 this season. And at 40 he seems to have lost not only more than 50 per cent of that "risk" at the plate, but almost 100 per cent of his relish for base ball. The fact makes one wonder.

It makes one wonder if, disregarding inevitable exceptions to any rule, something doesn't happen around 40. I mean something that levels us all off, reduces the handicaps as it were, and great or small, realigns the whole physical race.

No—speaking purely of the physical side of our athletes—at age 40 the curtain is descending. It descends over that brightness of eye, quickness of limb, keenness of judgment and instinct. In a word, the case of George Herman Ruth seems to suggest very strongly that for the majority of men who play the game on the field, the last chapter has to do with age 40.

day's contest was the performance of Gordon Troke of Kentville. He scored 20 of his team's 23 points. Not once was he headed in the two preliminaries in the 60-yard, 100-yard and 220-yard dashes. In the finals of all events he took first place. His time in the 100-yard dash equalled the record. Then he turned to the broad jump and won the event.

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SILENT JOHN WHITEHEAD AS A CATCHER THREW BALL SO HARD HIS COACH MADE HIM PITCHER

Story of Silent John and How He Jumped From High School To Texas League—Has Kept the White Sox on Top.

Silent John became a pitcher when he was a catcher.

He just naturally threw the ball so much faster than the pitcher, his coach made him the pitcher.

In a great many ways, John Whitehead, sensational young right-hander of the White Sox, whose "sinker" has sunk five American League clubs this season, reminds one of Urban "Red" Faber. Both belong to the strong, silent classification. Faber is the White Sox pitcher who retired last year after 20 years of long and faithful service, following a slight argument with the ownership. Both are sandy-haired and boast good, strong right arms.

Getting information out of Whitehead would test the cross-examining ability of a Philadelphia lawyer. He's a man of two words, except under duress—"yes" and "no." While laconic as a clam off the baseball field, he's positively eloquent on the rubber.

Putting him on the witness stand your correspondent gleaned the following information:

Your name:

"John Whitehead."

Any middle name?

"Yes, Henderson."

Where were you born?

"Coleman."

Where is that?

"Texas."

Words Now Fly

When were you born? The words now were flying thick and fast.

"April 27, 1910."

Then you're 25 years old?

"Yes."

Are you married, Mr. Whitehead?

"Yes. Have been since I was 17 years old." (They take chances young in Texas).

Any children. (A delicate subject with some ballplayers who never have known the joy of fatherhood).

"Yes. Two boys."

Their names? (We were catching the spirit of the laconic Texan).

"Charles Wayne and John Kenneth."

FOR OTHER SPORT
NEWS SEE PAGE 2

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How old might they be? It should be all right with them; they weren't being interviewed.

"Charles is five and John is three." No words wasted here.

Have they shown any inclinations of being pitchers?

"Well, both are right-handed when eating." Which is a good start for a couple of young fellows.

Opens Up

The witness was actually beginning to open up. Under severe grilling, he broke down and confessed Coleman was in the western part of the State. Was it near any big town? No, it was a big town in itself. Was it near El Paso? Well, as distances go in Texas, it was, being about 300 miles from the International bridge. Where and how did he get his start? He was weakening visibly. Well, he really got started at Ector high school. That's when he was the hard-throwing catcher on the school team.

Even the coach could see he had more on the ball than the pitcher. So he made the pitcher the catcher and Silent John the pitcher. Like most school teachers, the coach's motto was "Turn about is fair play." It was nothing short of criminal the way he burned his way through the high school opposition.

When school was out he started pitching for the town team. There wasn't much else to do in Ector, and he had to be up and doing, being a young fellow full of ambition and with a recently acquired bride on his hands. His first ball game for the Ector Town team was more or less of a breeze, or maybe a Texas hurricane would be a better description. He beat the opposition 15 to 0.

If the other club got any base-hits off the Whitehead service, the owner failed to notice it. He was too busy blowing them down. And they like their base-hits in Texas, just as much as they do in Norwood. However, that didn't mean a thing to Silent John.

Invited to Dallas

But you can't pitch that sort of baseball, even in Ector without somebody hearing about it. Roy Leslie, who had played in the Texas League and who lived nearby, asked him to come down to Dallas. He even guaranteed his carfare. It was a simple case of nothing ventured, nothing gained.

In order to make certain the carfare wasn't wasted, Hap Morris, Dallas manager, put him in the moment he landed. San Antonio was the visiting club. And John beat San Antonio, 3 to 2, in 14 innings.

That established him with Morris, the routin', tootin', shootin' manager of the Dallas Steers. He even signed a contract with Hay's fountain pen. He reported next spring and started winning where he left off, winning 12 and losing four. Quite a record for a fellow who hadn't been around much.

No mustang that ever roamed the plain was tougher than Silent John. In 1933 he won 16 and lost 12 games. He hadn't quite perfected his "sinker," but he was doing pretty good. Last year was his post-graduate course in the Texas League. All he did was to win 20 and lose 9. Jimmy Dykes, manager of the White Sox thought he was ready. Silent John has convinced him he is. The defense rests.

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