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SPORT

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On the Sidelines

Ed Hurley in the Boston Record says about Strangler Lewis' coming bout Friday night with Danno O'Mahoney:

Although Ed Strangler Lewis, the big headlock merchant, has been popping off with little fear of the consequences and discounting the wrestling ability of Danno O'Mahoney, the Irish toast of the grappling industry, I'm surprised to learn that the former champion who has travelled all around the world displaying his mat samples, expects anything but a cream puff evening when he straddles the ropes at the Garden Friday night.

Lewis smiles guiltily when you discuss Friday night's bout with him.

The usual sparkle is missing from his eye and he acts like a little boy treading on thin ice, who expects his feet to go out from under him the next moment. And while Lewis continues to ridicule the wrestling ability of the Irishman, at the same time denying the fact that Danno tossed him on his ear when they met in that highly discussed match. In London, I'm thinking that the "Strangler" is a trifle disturbed concerning his chances of beating the young Free Stater.

Not that Lewis is the least bit fearful of the consequences or the result, but because of the mere fact that he has broken a rule of many years' standing and predicted freely exactly what he expects to do to his more youthful opponent. It seems to have Lewis worried, even though he refuses to admit it.

Hans Wagner, coach for the Pittsburgh Pirates, is a colonel, and it was not Governor Ruby Lafoon of Kentucky who made him that way. It was Governor E. W. Marland of Oklahoma, and quite a little sentiment is connected with the honor. When Wagner was the greatest shortstop of his time with the Pirates, Governor Marland was a young man in Pittsburgh. Hans was his idol. So, when the Pittsburgh team was in Oklahoma City recently, Governor Marland conferred the colonelship on his old hero.

Dallas, Texas—The El Dorado park in the East Dixie League has lighting equipment aggregating 180,000 wattage for night games. Through an error in figuring the number of lights carried by the 40 standards, it recently was made to appear that El Dorado offered only 60,000 watts, which would have made its wattage the smallest among Class C. leagues, but the 180,000 figure places the park well up among the best lighted in the country.

Lester Patrick is still combing the wilds of Canada for young men who can skate fast and wield the hockey stick in a manner to satisfy the New York customers who follow the Rangers.

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PERRY MORE PATRIOTIC THAN PROFESSIONAL

Wants To Help England Defend Cup in Jubilee Year--Expects to Patch Up Trouble With Mary Lawson--Passes up Big Money Chance.

NEW YORK, April 23—Patriotism has ruled Frederick John Perry off the gold standard, and so the world's amateur tennis champion sailed home to Great Britain last week to play for King and country for one more season at least.

"Of course," he admitted frankly as he packed his trunks for the liner, "they may say to me 'you've been mucking around a lot and we don't want you,' but until they do I'm going to remain an amateur."

"I'm entirely at the disposal of the British Lawn Tennis Association," he said again, as he has said it all the way across the country from Hollywood, where he finally tore himself away from motion picture and professional temptation after an exciting visit that included a "did and didn't" sparring match with Joe Benjamin, former prize fighter, and a long distance cancellation of his engagement to Mary Lawson, London actress.

"As to the engagement," he said, "that's off, but I'm going to give Miss Lawson a sales talk as soon as I get home."

Of the movie offer and professionalism, which might have meant \$100,000 to him, Perry had much to say.

"Actually, I almost signed a picture contract. It was in front of me. All I had to do was put my name on the dotted line and collect the dore-mi. But I couldn't do it."

"I went to bed some nights determined to get up first thing in the morning and sign, but as much as I need the money I never could quite put myself to it. I don't want to be a professional. I knew that if I turned pro, there was no question but that the Davis Cup was gone from England."

"We waited too long to get it to give it up so soon. I think it's my duty as an Englishman to help defend it again. The Tennis Association has been very good to me. Five years ago when I couldn't hit anything they started sending me over here. The least I can give them is loyalty. And besides, this is the King's Jubilee year."

"I suppose I'm crazy. I don't know. I suppose I'll go on playing until somebody knocks me off and then I won't be worth a dime in pictures. They want me for my tennis, not my face."

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Young Maritime Welterweight Drops Montrealer in Fourth Round of Scheduled 10-Round Fixture.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S., April 22—Young Bobby Allen, slugging king of the Maritime welterweights, knocked out Joe Gollob of Montreal tonight in the fourth round of a scheduled 10-round fight here.

From the first gong it was apparent Gollob was no match for the Maritime champion. Outslugging his opponent, Allen scored heavily in all the in-fighting. Gollob had speed, but he failed to land many blows effectively.

After absorbing smashing lefts and rights to the head and body, Gollob was knocked through the ropes with only a couple of seconds to go in the second round.

In the third Allen knocked the Montrealer down for a count of five with a left to the body and right to the jaw.

Gollob seemed to have recovered as the fourth opened and rushed to the attack. He stepped into a terrific swing and was counted out at the 2.45 minute mark by Referee E. Langille. Allen weighed 133 3-4, Gollob 137 3-4.

FAVOR LITTLE TO WIN BRITISH GOLF TITLES

CHICAGO, April 23—A cinch. Tommy Armour, the Black Scot of the fairways, thinks that much of Lawson Little's chances to score a slam in the British Amateur and Open Golf championships this year.

"Anything can happen in a golf championship, but I think Little is a cinch to sweep both British championships," Tommy said today, "and, incidentally, Bobby Jones thinks the same way about it. You know what he's got—everything. There isn't a weakness in his game, every shot in his bag is equally fine, although his tremendous tee shots are the blows that usually break his opponents' hearts."

"He has great strength in those shoulders and legs, an asset that counts so much in such hard grinds as those in England. He is a tireless worker and a thorough student who can correct a fault quickly and completely when one does arise."

"Naturally, I know Lawson's game pretty well as I have put in many an hour teaching him what I know, but I was surprised by his showing in the Augusta National. He hadn't played for five or six months, but he picked up his clubs and was right up there."

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NEW PITCHERS TO INTRODUCE ODD WIND-UPS

Some Trick Wind-ups Being Shown in Major Leagues—Old Masters Didn't Need It, They Had Stuff on the Ball.

Styles in pitching vary a great deal in the major leagues. George Caster, the Athletics' young pitcher from the Pacific Coast, stirred up considerable interest among baseball players because he had no wind-up. Caster has yet to reach the first flight of pitchers, and there are sharps who doubt that a twirler who shoots from his hip pocket ever will fool batters.

Deceiving wind-ups have added much to the effectiveness of some pitchers. The leg hitching of Fred Marberry of the Tigers, who tosses his left foot almost in the batter's face, used to be annoying. Johnny Allen is another leg twirler who bothers hitters by employing his foot as well as his arm and head.

Some years ago Pat Caraway of the White Sox used to tie himself into knots before he delivered the ball, but the batters were not worried by the contortionist, for they set Pat down to more defeats than were placed to the discredit of any other pitcher in the junior league in recent years.

Old Masters Plain

The master mechanics of the mound had no trick contortions although they masked their deliveries in a deceptive manner. Old Grover Alexander spent little time winding-up, Christy Mathewson needed nothing but his glove on the mound to turn back the enemy. Dazzy Vance used a torn shirt-sleeve to annoy the batter while he tossed fire balls.

That other great fireballer, Lefty Grove, just kept shooting at the plate as fast as he could. As far as motion goes the leaders of today have no bewildering wind-ups. Vernon Gomez is a business-like southpaw. So, too, is Carl Hubbell outside of a hitch or two at his trousers.

The Dean boys are old-fashioned hurlers who dare to tell a batter what is coming and then throw the ball they promised. Wesley Ferrell of the Red Sox, rated among the big winners, has less effort to his pitching than he did in his first years in the circuit. Ferrell throws with such marked ease the fans howl at him for loafing, but it is all part of his new pitching, just mixing up his pace, letting the outfielders get the high flies and putting on steam only when he is in a bad spot. Ferrell shows no evidence of bearing down. He explains that he has learned to save his arm.

Pezzullo's Trick Windup

Of the group of young pitchers who are being tested this spring the most interesting from the point of view of a freak wind-up is John Pezzullo, a left hander the Phillies got from the New York Giants in the Bartell trade.

No duplicate of this young southpaw's delivery has been seen around the box in years. It is said that Pezzullo first throws out a shoe, then a glove appears, a hip swings into action, then an arm. Next comes the ball to a batter who is often so mystified by the various gyrations on the mound before the ball starts toward the plate that he forgets to swing.

Batters swear there is something more than motion on that ball. Some say it jumps, slides and occasionally collapses, but even if the ball does not do all of those freak things Pezzullo has shown such form as a relief hurler that Manager Jimmy Wilson plans to keep the Bridgeport boy for a long try-out.

MAX BAER AND DIZZY

DEAN TYPIFY TIMES

Sport's Leading Figures Are Loud Speakers, But They Make Good Their Boasts

It is in harmony with the spirit of times that Max Baer and Dizzy Dean, the two loudest speakers in sport, stand at the head of their respective professions. But whereas the men who gain the political spotlight by their loud roarings have yet to prove their merit, the two loud speakers of sport at least have the justification of pre-eminent past performances.

For those who like their verbal entertainment loud and long and without any hampering false modesty, a debate between Baer and Dean on any subject you care to mention might be more entertaining than a heavyweight championship brawl or a world series ball game.

It also is significant of the spirit of the times that Max and Dizzy can continue their interminable mouthings without incurring the displeasure of the public. In other days a champion was expected to display a becoming modesty and even blush when showered with compliments. Now the public applauds when Max and Dizzy do not wait for others to lavish them with praise, but bestow it upon themselves unblushingly and without end.

Perhaps Baer and Dean get away with it because it is not too difficult to perceive that each has his tongue in his cheek when he turns loose his blarbs. Neither takes himself any too seriously, wherein they differ from the loud speakers in the political arena.

Just Two Big Boys

A psychologist no doubt would conclude, after studying these paragons of sport, that they haven't grown up and never will. The showoff spirit that moves a 12-year-old to the most ridiculous remarks and antics to attract attention from company still lives in Max and Dizzy.

From personal experience, the writer would say that Dean is the better entertainer and also the better performer in his line of sport. Dizzy's patter is always bright and he never repeats. His stuff is spontaneous, whereas when Max comes across a wise crack he uses it over and over. Dizzy is amusing for hours on end. Ten minutes of Baer usually are enough.

Both are natural entertainers, quick-witted on their feet and happiest when they have an audience. Each has the rare knack of combining clowning with serious work in the ring or on the mound without loss of effectiveness. In fact, their clowning usually

makes them all the more effective. They differ in that Dean never cared much for the company of women and, now that he is married, presumably devotes himself exclusively to Mrs. Dean. Max is still heart free, and he scatters his attentions on the fair sex even more widely than he sprays his punches in the ring.

They also differ in their ideas as to what they want in the future. Baer has no thought of the morrow. Dizzy of late has begun to think of a financially secure future, in which he can devote himself to hunting, fishing, golf, etc. Max's taste runs to night clubs and drawing rooms. Only a couple of days ago Dizzy remarked that he would like to retire after two more seasons. Max hasn't yet got around to thinking of retirement.

Baer's Predecessors Different

Baer is a distinct and at times highly refreshing departure from his predecessors on the heavyweight throne, who usually tried only to convince their public that they were good to their mothers, loved little children, went to bed early and did not smoke or drink.

Of the Queensbury heavyweight kings preceding Baer only Sullivan, Fitzsimmons and Johnson had any rank as roisterers. John L. was noted for his boisterous behavior and Fitz was not above creating some excitement, while Johnson was always of the playboy type.

Corbett was "Gentleman Jim." Jim Jeffries was taciturn and liked nothing more than to be let alone. Burns created no furor. Willard was gruff and aloof, with no taste for mingling with the public. Dempsey was always the good fellow, every one's friend. Tunney was a highbrow champion, who professed to dislike the attentions of the mob. Schmeling played the role of a Continental gentleman, modest and temperate in all things. Sharkey was the family man, rushing home to his wife and kiddies immediately after a fight. Carnera was just a good-natured giant, who apparently never knew what it was all about.

One wonders if the example of Baer and Dean is to be followed by the champions in other sports. If so it will be a noisier world, if not a better one.

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