



SPORT

WHYS AND OTHERWISE

AS SEEN BY
H. L. G.

Lo, you skeet shooters. Here's a buy by name of Ad Topperwein. And how he can shoot! For rifle shooting he has few equals if any. Perhaps his most remarkable record was made at San Antonio, Texas, in July, 1907, when he shot eight hours a day for ten days and missed only nine out of 72,500 of wooden blocks tossed in the air by an assistant. Out of the first 50,000 targets Topperwein missed but four. In this shooting he both shot at the targets and did all the loading of the rifle also. He had straight runs of 14,500, 13,597, 13,292, and 10,383. It is unlikely that this record ever will be beaten. It requires tremendous nervous and physical stamina. At one time he broke 85 out of 100 wood blocks, two and a half inch cubes, which he threw himself and then shot at from an automobile going at 30 miles an hour. Here's an instance of his versatility. He will set two targets about 40 feet apart. Then he will take his place half way between them and facing one of the targets with his back on the other, he will break both targets at the same time. He fires at the target behind him by shooting over his shoulder with the aid of a mirror. One of his most famous tricks is shooting cartoon characters on tin with a rifle and they are striking likenesses, done as the artists would say, freehand, in rapid fire shooting. Are you listening, you skeet shooters?

Report here is that there will be ice at the Arctic rink within a few weeks. Usually there is no ice at the rink for skating or hockey until the day following Christmas. But this year more haste is being made and if cold weather arrives this old habit will be upset. Hockey is likely to receive a considerable boost here this season.

"DUD" JAMES CREW PUT K.O. ON SEAGULLS

SAINT JOHN, Nov. 14—Friday the thirteenth held no terror for "Dud" James and his youthful crew of Moncton Maroons as they hammered home a 3-0 victory behind "Daddy" Bubar at The Forum last night to score their second successive victory over the Saint John Seagulls in the pre-season hockey series.

Bubar was great in defeat. The staunch little goalie turned in a spectacular performance with all the cunning and experience that he had when he was one of the main cogs in the Halifax Wolverines' machine the season they won the Allan Cup.

The three shots that beat Bubar were fired from close range and he had no chance to save as the Maroons split the defence and rode in on him.

A third period crammed with action rounded out a game that was ragged for two periods with both teams only showing signs of form for brief sessions.

Feeling ran high in the third and the climax came when Price and Bell started throwing punches at each other and players on both teams joined in the melee.

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"GO HOLLYWOOD"—NOV. 16-17

Anticipate Some Torrid N. H. L. Battles Over Week-end

DON'T PLAY FAVORITES IF YOU WANT TO WIN

TORONTO, Nov. 15—This has been a topsy-turvy year in sport, a year in which we form players have been taken for a ride so often that walking has become a lost art. Upsets have been as numerous as claimants to the Millar legacy, and we've been "singled" on so many occasions as a result of our selections that we now find it unnecessary to tell our barber to add this item of hair-treatment to the 40-cent job he now gives us.

Of course, we aren't greatly surprised . . . much. Ever since New Year's day when a fellow on Yonge Street mistook us for his insurance salesman and offered to send us a cheque for his policy arrears of something, we've sort of expected anything to happen. Being mistaken for an insurance salesman was our idea of the worst. Maybe the insurance salesman feel the same way about the incident.

Perhaps we could go back further and say that this cycle of misfortune commenced operations on the night James J. Braddock plucked the heavyweight crown from the perspiring brow of Maximilian A. Baer. Surely enough some strange interludes occurred after that one.

One night, last fall, an earthquake disturbed the peaceful slumbers of Toronto citizens. Now it didn't seem like a big earthquake to us, but it apparently carried enough power to knock Argos from the top rung of the big four into the discard. Of course, Hamilton Tigers had a share in the toppling.

The Tigers took up the torch from there, swept Sarnia aside and then did things to Queen's that we imagine Coach Ted Reeve would rather we wouldn't mention. So we decided to string along with the Jungle Kings because they have a happy habit up in Hamilton of producing championship teams. We picked 'em to out-star and out-stripe the all-Americans from Winnipeg.

You know what happened, even though Hamiltonians still can't figure it out. For the first time in history, the Dominion championship went West. We almost did, too.

The hockey season, which has a habit of starting one year and ending sometime during the next, resulted in another chunk being sliced off our income. We figured it was about time the Maple Leafs regained the Stanley Cup. We figured wrong, as usual. Detroit Red Wings flew away with it before Conn Smythe had a chance to even put in a claim.

Baseball brought more grief. The Boston Red Sox looked good to us in the American League, so good, in fact, the Yankees breezed away with the pennant. We had the Cards in the National League, but the Giants had the aces and trumped us. We did, however, win the World Series with a little help from the Yanks.

Joe Louis and I are still bruised and broken over that Schmeling nightmare. If Joe ducks every time he sees a German we wouldn't be surprised. We duck every time someone dusky approaches us. We're afraid we might lead with a right and then be picked up as another white hope prospect gone wrong.

The bangtails have been acting up, too. After every important race, a sustained moaning sound emanates from the composing room.

These are only a few examples. There are many more—so many, in fact, we look twice before crossing a street or picking a winner. We've taken the football season in stride and have managed to pick up a few pesos as a start on our refinancing drive.

(If you want a moral to this, we suggest: Don't play the favorites. Play the piano. It's more entertaining.)

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New Haven at Cleveland.
Syracuse at Pittsburgh.
Philadelphia at Springfield.

SCHEDULED SUNDAY
National Hockey League
Montreal at Detroit.
Canadiens at Boston.
Toronto at Chicago.
Americans at Rangers.

HITCHMAN SAYS BRUINS BEST TEAM IN YEARS

Boston Opens at Garden on Sunday Night

BOSTON, Nov. 15—"Hooley" Smith almost as classy as in his best days or "Bun" Cook smart and in fine condition and LeRoy Goldworthy, a first rate right wing, will make the Bruins contenders all through the hockey season. The opening Boston game will be played at the Garden on Sunday night.

Eddie Shore is not primed but he will be. But almost everybody else, except, of course, Peggy O'Neill with a bruised shoulder, and Nels Stewart late to report, is in good condition. The Bruins must polish up their attack. The defense, when it clicks, will take care of itself.

But Sunday night's game will give us a fine line on the team's strength. If the Bruins can take Les Canadiens they are on their way to the Stanley Cup. If they don't they will need to be strengthened. The Frenchmen defeated the Bruins 2 to 0 on Nov. 7. The Bruins have no alibi, for they scored no goals.

Assistant Manager Lionel Hitchman thinks that it is one of the best teams the Bruins have had in their many seasons in Boston. Of course he doesn't class them with the famous team which lost only five games in a season.

Les Canadiens will look natural with Howie Morenz at centre. They also will seem intimate for Babe Siebert and Broadway Jenkins are with them. Then Pit Lepine, Johnny Gagnon and other players are ready to work off their heads for Cecil Hart.

Several Boston fans saw the Bruins in their exhibition game with the Rhode Island Reds at Providence. Alex. Motter, Lorne Duguid, who played on defense, Bob McCully, Bob Bauer, Porky Dumart, Sammy McManus, Bert McInenly and Jerry Shannon have made the Reds a strong team.

McManus gave a fine exhibition and it was regretted by everybody that he was hurt when crashed to the boards by big Jack Portland.

The Bruins will carry 15 players all season. Just now it seems to be between Peggy O'Neill and Nels Stewart who will be the 15th player. It is likely that Ted Graham will be sent to Providence.

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THERE'S NO DEPRESSION IN SPORT THINKS THIS WRITER

Takes a Stiff Economic Wallop For Champ Sport to Take K.O. --- Some Statistics

(By Ed Fitkin)

There's no depression in sport. There never has been. Judging by the fabulous sums which change hands after a sports event these days, we doubt if there ever will be. Even in '29, when the ground sank under Wall Street, sport staggered along, blissfully unaware of the chaotic conditions which ensued. True, it took a stiff wallop. But it didn't have a glass jaw, and we can truthfully say it was one of the first big industries to restore its salary cuts.

It's a pretty stiff problem you parents have to contend with these days. You can put junior through college with some chosen vocation aimed at, and what have you? We've noticed a lot of college boys just ahead of us in the headlines lately. So perhaps something new, something different should be tried. You could do worse than shove a hockey stick, or a baseball and bat, or any other implement used in athletics into his hands and say: "Go to it, son!"

It seems to us that sport pays big dividends to the individual who rises above par and becomes master of the game he plays. And we've also noticed that athletes, even the average ones, usually manage to eat regularly—which is a great accomplishment these days.

You may laugh at our suggestion. Go ahead—it's a free country. But, my chickabiddies, before you do, take a squirt at your morning paper. You'll discover that the shekels roll in unstintingly to the athlete who is an ace in the sports deck. You'll read, perhaps, that Dizzy Dean is holding out for \$40,000. "Ole Diz" may not get his "40 G's," but you can rest assured he'll get half that amount. And you and me, both, could do plenty with that kind of "sugar."

Sport has sent countless athletes zooming upward from the proletariat to the plutocratic class. Babe Ruth has a "sock" which is fairly bulging with "filthy lucre." He served baseball long and well and his career as calamity creator to the rest of the clubs was capped with a magnificent three-year contract at \$80,000 per . . .

There are other notable examples of "big money earners" in the major leagues, fellows like Lou (Tarzan) Gehrig, King Carl Hubbell, Jerome (Dizzy) Dean, Jimmy Foxx, and so on. It's a good sport to get into—from a financial viewpoint. The sky seems to be the limit as far as salaries are concerned and if you can make them want you badly enough, they'll usually go the limit.

The young fellow has just as much chance to edge into the big-money class as the star of many seasons. Look at Joe DiMaggio. As a result of his first year efforts in the Big Time, he'll probably have to figure his income tax on \$30,000, to make a rough estimate based on his salary, "World Series" cut and sidelines such as his vaudeville tour.

Shifting to boxing, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Joe Louis and Max Schmeling are outstanding examples of poor boys who accomplished a Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford. Dempsey and Tunney only needed two fights

to set them down on plush-covered cushions for the rest of their lives. They met each other twice and each time the heavyweight championship of fistiana was at stake.

The Manassa Mauler was paid \$711,868 as consolation for losing his title when he first met with Tunney in the ring. Gentleman Gene received \$204,000. The pay-off was reversed on the next occasion. Tunney, who successfully defended his recently acquired laurels, drew down \$990,445 for his efforts, a record for earnings in a single fight. Dempsey had to be content with \$425,000—which was "small change" in those riotous days.

Joe Louis is one "cul'd gen'm'n" who doesn't have to worry about the future. In reviving the million-dollar gates, the swing-time socker from Detroit (which is on the River St. Clair and not Lake Michigan) found it a very profitable and pleasurable business. So did his victims. They were given plenty—both in and out of the ring—for "daring" to oppose the Tan Tornado. Jimmy Braddock, the present "chumpeen," went from relief to Rich Man's Row by the simple expedient of pawing a dissipated Max Baer into submission, while Max Schmeling, who burst the Joe Louis bubble, is one of sport's richest athletes. We hear he is dangerously near the millionaire class.

These examples, as you can see, are confined to baseball and boxing. Hockey has a top salary of roughly \$8,000, but you can increase your earnings by gunning for bonuses. Even the simon-pures—the "shameless" who clutter up the sports highway—earn as high as \$60 a week. And some get more than that.

Professional football in the United States treats its progeny fairly liberally. Good, in fact, for a sport that is just emerging from the infancy stage. It has a bright future, too, because the college stars, instead of selling bonds on Wall Street, are now turning to the monied ranks of their favorite sport.

Golfers who can swing and putt in par rhythm have discovered some profitable pots of gold waiting for them at the 19th hole. Even tennis is starting to focus financially. Tilden and Vines have done quite well for themselves since leaping to the pro class—and now Fred Perry, the world's best, has succumbed to that \$50,000 figure they've been dangling before his eyes for the last couple of years.

Other sports have contributed at least one distinguished gentleman apiece to the ranks of the plutocrats. So, you see, no matter what line of athletics you aim at, you have a pretty fair chance of hitting the high spots of finance, or at least of making a living.

Johnny, ten years old, applied for a job as grocer's boy for the summer. The grocer wanted a serious-minded youth, so he put Johnny to a little test.

"Well, my boy, what would you do with a million dollars?" he asked. "Oh, gee, I don't know—I wasn't expecting so much at the start."

BRITAIN IS STILL THREAT IN TENNIS

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 14—Fred Perry of England looks back on a brilliant amateur tennis career with fondness—but no regret.

Last week the outstanding amateur net star in the world, today a newly christened professional, the slim lanky Englishman made his shift to the money ranks with one significant gesture. He didn't knock the amateur sport or the men behind it.

"I realize that all I am and all that I hope to be in the future I owe to the amateur game," he explained.

Perry said he and Ellsworth Vines of Pasadena, another ex-amateur star, now considered the best professional in the business, had been negotiating for a professional tie-up for some time.

He and Vines are to meet in singles matches, and two others are to be added to the troupe for doubles.

"We are all to work on a percentage of the gate receipts," Perry said. "I'm not interested in guarantees. All this talk of what I will realize is just so much guesswork, but naturally I'm out to make all I can."

Perry disclosed he and his wife, pretty Helen Vines of the films, have bought a home in Hollywood, and that he may try a movie tennis picture shortly.

Meanwhile he warned net fans not to sell England short on Davis Cup play next year merely because of his withdrawal.

"Don't think that England is prepared to give up the Davis Cup next year without a struggle simply be-

ESCOBAR PUT QUINTANA OUT IN THE FIRST

NEW YORK, Nov. 13—Sixto Escobar, world's bantamweight champion, stopped Indian Quintana of Panama in the first round of their 15-round title battle in Madison Square Garden tonight.

Escobar weighed 118 and Quintana 117 1-2.

A hard right hand smash to the jaw finished Quintana in exactly one minute and 39 seconds of the opening round, almost before the disappointing crowd of 7,000 fans had settled in their seats.

Escobar was generally picked to win and went into the ring a 7 to 5 favorite. But the speed with which he dispatched Quintana took the fans by surprise, inasmuch as the Panama battler decisively defeated Escobar in an over-the-weight encounter last summer.

cause I'm out of it," he said. "With me out of the way, there are several others who will have a chance to move into the tennis picture there. They might surprise the world!"

"Germany, with von Cramm, and Australia, will both be up there, particularly if Jack Crawford of Australia thinks better of his plan to quit international tennis."

Of Vines, Perry said: "I'm inclined to believe that Ellsworth will be very hard to beat."

Teacher—Johnny! Can you tell me what a waffle is?

Johnny—Yes'm, it's a pancake with year without a struggle simply be-



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