

With Everyone Betting on Louis Here's a Max Supporter

(By WILBUR WOOD)

NAPANOOCH, N. Y., June 15—Not having peered at Max Schmeling with boxing gloves on his hands since that bitter cold night in Philadelphia, February 13, 1934, when the Black Uhlan looked like the veriest tyro as he absorbed a beating at the hands of Steve Hamas, this writer was curious to see just how Schmeling of today compares with the Schmeling of that date.

It seems safe enough to say, after watching Max in his six-round drill and chatting with him at his cottage in the hills that the Schmeling of today is an immeasurably better fighter, both as to physical skill and mental poise, than that Schmeling of 1934.

Though it is physically impossible to turn back the clock several years, or even several minutes, Schmeling seems to have come as close to doing that trick as humanly possible. The Schmeling of today appears to be very much like the blasting young fighter who came up the Queensbury slope so convincingly in his early days in this country, when he was fired by a burning zeal to make his mark, the days when he looked like hell on wheels in blasting such rugged specimens as Johnny Risko and Paulino Uzcundun.

Like Schmeling of Old

In short, if Joe Louis wins on the night of June 18 he will have humbled the real Schmeling and not

merely the outward semblance of the once dangerous Black Uhlan. It is this writer's opinion that Louis will face a much better Schmeling than the Schmeling who lost the title to Sharkey, who was stopped by Baer and outpointed by Hamas.

It is not intended to make any predictions on the outcome at this time, but if you ponder the question you are advised to consider that Louis will be meeting Schmeling at his best.

The Uhlan was asked if it was true that he felt he was again at his peak and, if so, why. He shrugged his shoulders.

"It is true that I feel that way, but I can't tell you why it is," he said in discussing his case last night. "That was a strange thing that happened this afternoon. I mean when that new sparring partner, Jerry Pavelik, came in to box with me.

"When I saw him I said to myself, 'There's that fellow again.' What I meant was that this Pavelik was the same fellow who gave me so much trouble four years ago, when I was training to box Sharkey the second time. At that time he was poison to me. I could not get away from his punches, and I couldn't hit him with mine. It was so bad that Joe Jacobs finally chased him out of camp.

"When I saw him again this afternoon, I got a queer feeling. 'So,' I said to myself, 'now we shall see what will happen.' You saw what

happened. I could hit him almost as I pleased, and he did not hit me, even once, in two rounds. So, I knew that I really was different now, as I had thought, because the same fellow who was poison to me four years ago was easy for me today. You understand."

(Back to 'His Old Style')

We understood, maybe Louis will demolish Schmeling just as he has destroyed Baer, Carnera and all the rest. The point is that if he does he will have blasted the real Schmeling.

There is a limit to what one may see with the naked eye at a training camp. But, on what Schmeling showed yesterday, his style again is much the same as when he was coming up the hill. He again relying on his natural right-handed punching, and not trying to be cute with his left. He is throwing his right short, firing it from his chest, instead of cocking it. He is doing a bit of weaving, though not as much as we had been led to believe. He keeps his left well extended, and he himself believes that is why, as Jim Bradlock pointed out, he is not as easy to hit as he was when Baer and Hamas defeated him.

Certainly, the Uhlan is in fine physical and mental trim to put up the battle of his life, having recaptured his youthful zest, which is most unusual in the case of a fighter who has been up the hill and down again.

TORONTO, June 16—Mr. Justice Charles McTague yesterday reserved judgment on a motion by counsel for I. W. C. Solloway, asking for a writ of attachment against Floyd S. Chalmers, editor of the Financial Post, for alleged contempt of court.

OTTAWA, June 15—En route to England and France to make arrangements for the national pilgrimage to Vimy Ridge, Col. W. W. Foster, Chief Constable of Vancouver and Dominion vice-president of the Canadian Legion, and Lieut.-Col. D. E. Macintyre, Chief Transport Officer of the pilgrimage, are scheduled to leave Quebec today on the Empress of Britain.

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DEVON TRYING TO RETAIN SERVICES LEFTY KERRIGAN

The Devon Baseball Club will be represented by Manager Harold Keene at Saint John this evening at a special meeting of the executive of the New Brunswick Baseball Association. Keene will be accompanied by Kerrigan, about whom the meeting is held.

In view of this belief, members of the Devon Club hold the opinion that they should break away from the provincial association if a reiterated ruling of Sheriff C. D. Shipley, Amherst, N.S., secretary-treasurer of the Maritime Provinces Branch of the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada, that Kerrigan must play with the Saint John Pontiacs or not at all, is held.

Tonight's special meeting has been called to deal with the matter.

Around the Big League Circuit

American League	Won	Lost	P.C.
New York	36	17	.679
Boston	34	21	.618
Detroit	29	27	.518
Cleveland	27	26	.509
Washington	28	28	.500
Chicago	25	27	.481
Philadelphia	19	33	.365
St. Louis	16	35	.314
National League	Won	Lost	P.C.
St. Louis	35	18	.660
Chicago	31	21	.596
Pittsburg	31	28	.524
New York	29	24	.547
Cincinnati	27	27	.500
Boston	24	31	.436
Philadelphia	20	26	.357
Brooklyn	20	37	.351

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PROBLEM OF THIRD SACKER ALL-STAR GAME

Several Candidates For Post in Coming All-Star Contest

NEW YORK, June 15—One of the many problems in the selecting of all-star teams in the big leagues is to find the third basemen who most deserve the honor of representing their circuits. In the American League all of them have scintillated at the far corner, and in the National none has yet proved outstanding.

Where a year ago third base was one of the weakest positions in the American League it now has attracted players with driving power and superior defensive ability. Five of them have batting marks over .300 and the three others have advanced so swiftly that they soon may enter the charmed .300 circle.

Buddy Lewis, the lone recruit in the field, is setting the pace by slugging at a .350 clip. It has been emphatically announced that past performances will count for naught, so Buddy of the Senators rates a fine chance for a berth on the strength of his batting. He is still a trifle erratic in the field.

Bad News Hale of the Indians more than ever before is bad news to opposing pitchers. Hale is a solid right-handed batter, whose steady improvement has not been greeted with the flow of chatter that supplemented the play of some of his more colorful mates but he is one of Steve O'Neill's most valuable players.

The nominal third basemen of the Red Sox is Bill Werber, but he was shifted into left field the other day, and Eric McNair, Joe Cronin and Johnny Kroner have filled the position in his absence. Besides these players it must be remembered that First Baseman Jimmy Foxx covered the far corner in the 1935 all-star games and drove in three of the junior loop's four runs.

Jimmy Dykes, thirty-nine-year-old manager of the White Sox and the oldest player in point of service in the American League, still must be reckoned with. He is batting over .300, and his bottle legs keep him going with amazing agility for a man of his age and responsibility.

For the outstanding recovery among the guardians of the far corner, Marvin Owen of the Tigers gets the nod. Last year Owen was the weak sister of the Detroit offense. Now he is two points under the .300 mark and has sent more runs over the plate than all of his mates with the exceptions of Goose Goslin and Al Simmons.

The ball player's ball player among the Browns is Hartland Clift, silent, hustling third basemen who was fortunate enough to catch the eye of his manager in spring training three years ago, and by careful nursing has risen to a conspicuous place among the top-flighters.

Red Rolfe is another player whose work has been lost in the shuffle of more colorful athletes. Rolfe hit an even .300 last year, and this season he is hovering around .290. He is a dependable fielder and one of the best base runners in the circuit.

Frank Higgins of the A's was ranked as the best third basemen in the Harridge loop last season. In the winter, Connie Mack could have sold him for \$100,000, but his price was steeper. Today there no longer is a clamoring demand for Higgins' services. He trails all of the rival third basemen in the batting column and up until yesterday, when he got four for four, it appeared that he would never snap out of a slump.

U. S. TOURISTS THROUGH STEAMSHIPS TO EUROPE

NEW YORK, June 16—The piers of transatlantic steamship lines are swarming again with European-bound passengers, in an atmosphere reminiscent of the days before those feverish doings in Wall Street in '29.

A survey indicated today that every major sailing from New York until mid-July is a sell-out already; two big lines said they were turning away people—vainly hoping for last-minute cancellations—at current sailings. An official of a world-wide travel agency remarked: "I couldn't get a berth for myself on any ship going out before July 15."

The lines had different explanations for this revived interest in travel. One said it was because business was better; another remarked that people with money were going abroad now because they expected higher United States taxes.

Nearly all mentioned the Queen Mary and Normandie as factors.

While business was reported by individual lines to be up as high as 45 per cent., a statistician who keeps tab on traffic for a big express agency said the broad average gain in all Atlantic trade was 15 to 20 per cent.

BEN CHAPMAN'S REVERSAL OF FORM IS NEW YORK'S GLEE

NEW YORK.—The excitement engendered by the Yanks' rush to the top of the American League, their spectacular hitting as a team and the personal triumph of Joe DiMaggio, have somewhat obscured a young man who was the center of a lot of tempestuous news interest before the season opened—Ben Chapman. He hasn't been making the headlines as often this season as in the past.

Yet, he is the hero of one of those little behind-the-scenes dramas which is figuring prominently in the current success of the McCarthymen. Instead of handspringing to the top one day with a sensational afternoon, at the plate or in the field, and then sulking or loafing the next, he is playing consistently and effectively every day, and thus proving to be a better team player than he ever was before.

This personal metamorphosis has been no easy transition for Chappie. Changing from a high-spirited bloke, who was an individual first and a member of the Yanks next, into one who has now submerged his own flashing personality into that of the Yanks is as good a job as he has ever done. He promised to hustle for the team, no matter what the score or the state of his own batting average when the Yanks signed him after a long holdout seige this spring. They promised him \$2,500 extra this year if he did it. Chappie is doing it, and so well and so earnestly, that one feels he would do it anyway, even if the \$2,500 wasn't there to urge him on.

Refused to Trade Chapman

By leveling off his heretofore uneven temperament he at least is beginning to win general acclaim as the best centerfielder in his league. It has been Joe McCarthy's contention right along that Chapman has been the best centerfielder in the league for a couple of years past, but never has given himself a chance to show it. Many offers were made for Chapman during the winter and pressure was brought from several sources upon the Yankee manager to trade him, but McCarthy wouldn't.

Watching Chapman in action now, Joe says: "I would have been a fine goof to have traded Chapman to Boston, wouldn't I?"

Chapman has been a good ball player every day this year, and that is the highest praise that can be given him. No parts of his record can be isolated and held up as unique or sensational. Many of his teammates have heavier batting averages, more extra base hits and more stolen bases. But there is no one who has played harder or steadier.

Ben has a .305 batting average at the moment. Despite some notions he held in the past that he was a real slugger, this is about Chappie's gate as a hitter. In six years with the Yanks he has turned up a lifetime batting average of .306. This year he may go a bit higher, because he is bearing down, and the whole team is hopped up at the plate.

But above his batting is his value as a fielder. His brilliant patrolling of centerfield adds a defensive strength to the Yankee outfield that it would not have otherwise. At the time DiMaggio was inserted into the line-up, Marse Joe said he would try Rookie Joe in left, but if he proved to be that good he would move him over into center. Rookie Joe has been good, but not good enough to nudge Chappie out of the big ground covering sector in center.

Pitchers Praise Ben

Chappie is beginning to hear those pleasant little things in his ears now from pitchers on the Yankee staff that used to bounce off the ear drums of old Col. Earle Combs. The Stadium is a pitchers' paradise because of its wide outfield expanse, which offers a hurler the opportunity to let a rival batsman hit one without fear of its going over a short fence. But it also requires fleet and sure fielders to pull these drives down, and they have a good one and a dependable one now in Chapman.

In the fifteen-hit assault on Babe Phelps and young Russ Evans recently, which ended up for the horrible showing of Tuesday, Chapman came up with a single and a double in the only two times he was officially at bat. He walked twice and sacrificed another time. His hitting helped, but he played a stunning game in the outfield. It merits a cheer now because he is doing it every day.

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