



WHYS AND OTHERWISE

AS SEEN BY
H. L. G.

The Garrulous Gob turned out to be pleasant and not the overbearing Jack Sharkey of the prize-fight ring. He was pleasant and talkative to the reporters. Bent on relaxation, Jack was possibly a bit careless in his opinions. For instance, he seemed none too exorbitant in his summing up of Joe Louis, the new colored sensation of the ring, although other fighters and experts rate Joe near the top for all time. Even though as Jack admits time might have been the "fourth man in the ring" he certainly looked bad against Louis, worse than he did against any other man he ever fought.

Short Short Stories

of Boston Baseball
The only satisfaction, if any, that Wes Ferrell could derive from his 15th defeat of the season instead of his 18th victory was the fact he stopped Luke Appling, who had his hit safely in 27 consecutive games. Wes, however, would have preferred the victory and allowed Luke to have four out of four if he wanted them.

Doc Cramer got two doubles and a single in four times at bat in the first game and scored both the Red Sox tallies. Old Doc is just about what the physician ordered these days, both at bat and afield.

The excellence of the Chicago pitching staff is attributed to Muddy Ruel, former Red Sox catcher, according to Manager Jimmy Dykes. The lawyer-coach has done a marvelous job with the young pitchers the Chisox have brought in during the past two seasons.

Though he's been forced to handle all sorts of young wild pitchers, Muddy still plays a nice piano. He had some nice company, too, in a box not far from the Red Sox bench, but where he could give them a surreptitious wave now and then.

Somebody asked Merritt Cain why they called him "Sugar." Merritt's reply, naturally enough, was "Because I'm such a sweet pitcher." Which shows Merritt doesn't think so poorly of himself.

Manager Jimmy Dykes even umpired from the bench, just as he always does when he's playing third. And there wasn't a squawk on one of his decisions.

Merv Shea, onetime Red Sox catcher, caught for the White Sox during the second game while Moe Berg, who formerly did the receiving for the White Sox caught for the crimson hose. It seems the boys merely changed their Sox. Which isn't a bad idea, after a couple of years.

There is no player in the American league who plays the ball off the left field fence more accurately than Bill Werber, Red Sox left-fielder. Bill knows his angles, being an expert billiardist.

Manager Jimmy Dykes is optimistic enough to believe his club will be a pennant contender within another year. Jim believes he will have the best pitching in the American league next season. Which is a pretty good start, anyway.

Umpire Bill McGowan is following in Billy Evans' footsteps as an umpire author. Bill writes pieces for a Washington daily, which are quite a bit of all right. He won't be happy, however, until he hits a national weekly.

"Tillie—"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

Tom—"Sure thing, but it's strange how every girl asks that same question."

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SPORT

Fredericton, Maritime Skeet Shoot Champs

Won Major Events in Labor Day Shoot Here—Ed. Hagerman Led Local Shooters, Scoring 71 — F'ton Two-Man Team Won.

Fredericton skeet shooters banged their way past the best shots in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to three Maritime championships at the annual Maritime skeet shooting championship held on Labor Day.

Shooting all day under ideal conditions the capital marksmen, led by Ed. Hagerman, who became Maritime skeet champion by virtue of his score of 71 in the 'A' class aggregate, also won the Maritime doubles championship and the Maritime five-man team championship. J. W. Anderson, Halifax, won the 'B' class Maritime championship with two 20's to give him an aggregate of 40. Jack Learment, Truro, won the bear trap com-

petition with a score of 15.

H. L. Richards and J. H. McMurray the Fredericton two-man team, scored 140 to win that event. Their closest competitors were two fellow-club men, R. V. Limerick and Ed. Hagerman, who knocked off 136. The Fredericton five-man team composed of H. L. Richards, J. H. McMurray, H. G. Chestnut, R. V. Limerick and Ed. Hagerman brought in a total of 340. Their nearest competitor was the St. Croix team with a 325. Following the shoot the visiting marksmen were entertained at dinner at D-Coy Inn by the Fredericton Club. Prizes were presented to the winners after the dinner.

SHORTAGE OF SOUTHPAWS IN MAJOR LEAGUES IS BEMOANED

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—It used to be said that you never could tell how a left-handed pitcher was going to fare. He was the unpredictable of baseball. Regardless of this belief, it can be said that the prospects of outstanding performances by southpaws in the near future are drab, indeed. This is particularly true in the American League.

For the last two seasons Lefty Grove has held up as the one portside to rank high among the mounds-men of his circuit. In 1935 he was the most effective pitcher, and while he may be surpassed by a handful of right-handers this year, he is still a big winner and one of the leading lefties in the history of the league.

The questions now at hand are: Will Grove continue to roll up a high number of victories next season? If he does not, will any left-hander succeed him as one of the topnotch hurlers of the junior circuit?

A few weeks ago there were rumors that the lean Red Sox southpaw intended to quit big league baseball and retire to his home in Lonaconing, Md. These rumors, no doubt, were prompted by a sudden spell of ineffectiveness which came at a time when Grove grew sulky and then openly berated his team mates for failure to support him with an adequate number of runs.

Whether or not Grove retires, it is generally believed he can no longer take a regular turn in the hot weather and still be effective. He will have passed his thirty-seventh birthday when the 1937 season opens, and at that age it might be too much to expect him to win regularly.

Whitehill Also Slipping

Earl Whitehill, the chunky veteran southpaw of the Senators, is slipping gradually after having enjoyed a glorious career in the American League. He is another portside of whom little can be expected in 1937, and Earl has been just a .500 pitcher this year.

Lefty Gomez, having his worst season since he broke in as a regular member of the Yankee curving corps is young enough to stage a comeback and restore himself to his former place as the ace southpaw in the loop. Lefty, more than any of the other portside, has been truly unpredictable, and one is not eager to hazard a guess on his 1937 showing.

Other left-handers who have been around for a long while do not offer

much hope. Rube Walberg, once Grove's powerful running mate, is nearing the end of his career. Fritz Ostermueller, Boston's costly left-hander, is still in the mediocre class. Lloyd Brown and Thornton Lee of the Indians have failed to approach the promise they held forth in the spring. Elton Hogsett has slumped the last few weeks, and Russ Van Atta has been a consistent loser for Hornsby's Browns.

The freshmen and sophomore lefties in the league have yet to prove their right to places among the chosen few. Little Joe Sullivan of the Tigers is fighting to escape the axe. Vito Tamulis and Vernon Wilshire, the leading southpaw rookies of 1935, are no longer under the big tent. Rookies Italo Chelini, Jake Wade, Syd Cohen and Kemp Wicker cannot be regarded as likely to set the league on fire next season or in the next few seasons.

Thus, the outlook for one or more top-flight southpaws in the American League is not bright, by any means. Grove may win twenty games this year and uphold a league record of having at least one left-hander win that many or more games every season since 1925. But which southpaw can be counted on to win twenty games in 1937?

Southpaws in National

A few portside still hold high places among the National League moundmen. Carl Hubbell shows no signs of slipping. Larry French has become the most dependable hurler on the Cubs' staff. Two younger southpaws, Al Smith of the Giants and Al Hollingsworth of the Reds, are bright prospects, but there the list seems to stop.

Ed Brandt of the Dodgers has been fairly effective but unlucky. Lefty Clark is not as strong as he used to be. The same can be said of Bill Hallahan of the Reds, Ralph Birketer of the Pirates is not getting by with his speed alone, and little Roy Henshaw of the Cubs is having second-year trouble.

One begins to wonder why there is such a scarcity of southpaw talent. The cry that has been heard about the lack of pitching talent becomes much louder when left-handers are mentioned. Few are around, and still fewer are causing much ado in the minors.

LONDON, Ont., Sept. 8.—G. A. P. Brickenden said today he would present to Hon. Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice, at the request of the newly-formed Western Ontario Greyhound Racing Association, a petition carrying 3,000 signatures and expressing interest in the promotion of greyhound racing in Canada on the same basis as horse racing with \$2.00 pari-mutuel betting. Experimental dog races held here attracted large followings.

HUBBELL CALLED "CLASSICIST OF THE DIAMOND"

Among Giants points of interest is Hubbell's gallop to pass Fitzsimmons in total victories over the life time career of each pitcher. Hubbell began this season fourteen victories be hand Fitz, but he is nearly abreast now. Yesterday's victory made 161 for Hubbell since he came up in the summer of 1928, to 162 won by Fitzsimmons since his advent, August 8 1925. In defeats, Hubbell has ninety-four to Fitz's 110. In other words, Hubbell has just about wiped out old Freddie's three year head start, and it may answer the question whether a good left-hander is better than a good right-hander.

Most baseball men agree that Hubbell is the steadiest piece of pitching mechanism of the year, and he has been that, or thereabouts, for at least four seasons past. Secretary Eddie Brannick who has seen Giants come and go for a generation, says that Hubbell is the greatest Giant pitcher since Mathewson, and probably the best left-hander the team has ever had.

Eddie gives Hub a slight nod over Art Nehl, and ranks him ahead of Rube Marquard and George Witse despite the fact that the Rube won nineteen straight for McGraw one year.

"Hub has been a steadier pitcher over a stretch of years than Marquard was," says Brannick. "The Rube would blow sky high at times. Hub gets beat, of course, too, but you very seldom see Hubbell beaten badly. Carl is one of the classicists of the mound, with as fine a baseball temperament as a pitcher ever had."

All of which is quite true. No team has given Hubbell a real going over this year, as sometimes happens to Dizzy Dean. Of Hubbell's six defeats four have been by one run.

Of Hubbell's eighteen victories, nine, or exactly half, have been by a one run margin. Carl is always running into an opponent who pitches his head off trying to beat him. Yesterday, young Max Butcher devastated himself of a seven-hit game to make it a tight squeak. Hub had to turn in a five-hitter to beat him, with the Ott and Ripple homers pulling him through. Hub fanned Bordagaray for the last out with the tying and winning runs aboard for the Dodgers.

It made Hubbell's eighth win in a row, and his second of the year over the Dodgers, who prior to 1935 were his worst jinx team. The Dodgers still show twenty-two wins over Hubbell, to fourteen defeats.

Grocer—Did that piece of boiled ham I sent along the other day do for the whole family?

Mrs. Brown—Almost, but they're getting better now.

Hoot Man!
smoke—
WHITE OWL
Cigars
5¢

ST. CROIX AND SAINT JOHN IN N. B. FINALS

SAINT JOHN, Sept. 8.—This afternoon at 5:30 o'clock the New Brunswick senior baseball finals got under way at Shamrock Park here. The finalists are St. Croix Club of St. Stephen, New Brunswick champions, and the Saint John Maroons, St. Croix reached the finals by disposing of the Minto Baseball Club in the semi-finals, three victories and a tie. The Maroons advanced by defeating of the Moncton Giants after six hard-fought tussels for the final berth, three games to two and a draw.

It was said here last night that there was every possibility that Big Bill Damery, who pitched Maroons to all three victories in the semi-finals against the Giants, would get the assignment for the locals and that Kallenberg would be the selection of the St. Croix Club, unless a last minute switch gives Cecil (Lefty) Brownell the call.

Kallenberg and Brownell are the mainstays of the border hurling corps and either one, the St. Croix players figure, can stop the Maroons.

Robinson—Was it successful—engaging that ex-burglar as your chauffeur?

Smithers—Rather, I've not found a fingermark on the car yet.

Drowning Man—Quick, throw me a lifebelt.

Rescuer (tailor)—Yes, sir. What size around the waist?

JACK SHARKEY WAS IN RING WHEN BIGGEST WAGER MADE

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—The largest individual wager on a prize fight of which we have any personal knowledge amounted to \$95,000.

It was made—and lost—by Col. Isidor Bieber, of Broadway, more familiarly known in those days as "Kid Bebe," now master of the famous B. B. Stables, trained by the turf magician, Hirsch Jacobs.

Bieber bet that sum of money on Jack Sharkey to beat Jack Dempsey in 1927, and Sharkey got flattened in seven rounds by the old Manassa Mauler. Bieber didn't bet the money with any one person, but scattered it around.

You know very well that when one man crawls into the ring quoted at 1 to 10 over his opponent, as happened in the Braddock-Baer fight, and in the Louis-Schmeling fight, there isn't any betting. No one in their right mind would lay those odds.

The Illusion of "Wise" Money
It used to be a favorite illusion of young sports writers that "the wise money" often figured in a pugilistic result, and while this may have been true about once every blue moon years ago, they couldn't muster enough fistic "wise money" in these times to swing a four-round preliminary.

They don't bet on fights any more. They bet on horse races, and hockey games, and even basketball, but they don't bet on the manly art. And they never did to the extent that popular rumor had it.

The year that Nicholas Dondolas called "Nick the Greek," and Mike Lyman, brother of Abe, the ork leader, and a gang of other Californians came east to see the first Tunney-Dempsey fight in Philadelphia, they brought a load of money

with them, and most of it was wagered on Dempsey.

Had Money In Those Days

We asked "The Greek" one day what he lost to that fight, and he answered, non-committally:

"I'd be ashamed to tell you."

It is said his individual losing was over \$100,000, and in the case of "The Greek" we can well believe it, for he had money in those days. None the less, we have no personal knowledge in the matter.

There was an oil operator in California in those days named Walter McGinley who would wager enormous sums on fights. He liked the short end. We saw him bet \$30,000 on Stribling against Schmeling in Cleveland.

A big bettor on fights that you never heard much about was Jimmy Kelly, the Duke of Sullivan Street. He bet \$30,000 on Rocky Kansas to beat Lew Tendler in the old Garden, and won it. That, incidentally, was one of the biggest bets in New York ring history.

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