

# ST. CROIX DEFEATS CAPS. 6-5 LAST NIGHT

## ST. CROIX COMES FROM BEHIND TO COPP FIRST VICTORY OVER THE LOCAL SEXTET HERE LAST EVENING

Loss of Gill and Thompson Proves Heavy to Locals; Play Disorganized and Uninteresting; A Grist of Penalties in Third as Brawls Ensur

The St. Croix Maple Leafs took the Fredericton Capitals into camp for the first time this year and in seven games, when they handed a weakened Capital outfit a 6-5 beating in the Arctic Rink last night in a scramble that looked like anything but hockey. Weakened by the loss of Bill Gill through injuries received in the game in Moncton earlier this week and further by the loss of another defenceman, "Snap" Thompson, who left the ice with an injured shoulder after he had crashed into the boards early in the first period the Capitals fell far below their usual standard.

Play from the start to finish was disorganized, offered little combination work, and the style of the local outfit showed little semblance to the work of the team when Coach Gill is on the ice. Terms such as "river hockey," "shinny," and "baloney" were freely chattered around among the fair-sized crowd of uninterested fans who shivered in their seats as the visiting team was a half-hour late coming onto the ice. The management of the rink repeatedly tried to get the game started, otherwise little interest in time seemed to be felt by officials.

Lifford gave the Capitals the lead six minutes after beginning of play, with assists going to McLenahan and Goodine. Goodine came through with another tally a half minute later, assisted by Keenan and Mills. Lowe drew the first penalty for tripping Keenan and Shields took the second for tripping Thompson into the boards forcing the big defenceman to leave the ice. Both markers came while the Capitals were one man up.

The game went see-saw when Shields notched the first border tally, assisted by Desautel, and a little less than a minute later Innes notched another to even the score, with assists going to Lowe and Camyre. Capitals again climbed on top as Doucet scored on a pass from Keenan. The latter had kept the play sewed up in the corner for about a minute before he snaked a pass to Doucet who had Connick beat before the goalie knew he had the puck. Young made a beautiful save as Lowe broke away, leaving the Caps in Border territory. The stellar local

goalie came out to smother the shot as Lowe went sailing over his prostrate body. St. Croix tied the score again just one minute after the beginning of the second stanza when Ev Doucet tallied on a pass from Lowe. A second goal came five minutes later as Shields beat Young, assisted by Desautel. The same combination accounted for St. Stephen's fifth marker three seconds before the end of the period.

Although the third frame offered a little better hockey than the other two, play was raw and disorganized and dotted with rough-house tactics and penalties. Both teams were playing three men as McLenahan and Armstrong drew sentences in quick succession and were closely followed by Camyre and Mills and later Keenan and Innes. The first two drew rests for tripping, while Mills offered fight when Camyre hopped on his back and both teams milled around the two in separating them. Keenan waded into Innes for allegedly giving him the elbow and after each had swung a few rights and lefts they too were separated and chased to the "cooler."

With St. Croix playing a defensive brand of hockey and depending on the breaks to get away, Morehouse led a rush that went through the border defence. The best scoring play of the game followed as he got it out to Goodine, who relayed it to McLenahan, flashy Capital centreman, who beat Connick all the way. What looked like a sure tally for the Borderites failed as Goodine cleared from the front of the open net after Young had come out flat on the ice to stop a shot from Innes. Lowe made up for it when he got away alone, leaving the Capitals up the ice, and sagged the twines to stand the count at 6-4 after bringing Young out of the pipes.

Lifford gave the Caps their final count after a combination play with MacIntyre and Keenan had clicked just 55 seconds before the final whistle. For the last few minutes of the stanza Gill had five forwards on the ice and the Capitals were bussing inside the Border line, but the power-play failed to register.

## Managers Expensive To Old "Satchel - Feet"

### RISKO NOT SO DUMB WHEN HE QUITTS FIGHTING

Veteran Battler Has A Long and Splendid Record In Ring

CLEVELAND, Jan. 20—After three years, Johnny Risko grew tired of sitting around.

Fighting was the only thing he knew, so he returned to it, insisting that he "could lick all the bums who are around now."

And, although John Henry Lewis must have definitely convinced Risko that he couldn't, the 35-year-old Rubber Man threatens to carry on.

That's too bad, because honest Johnny Risko has too good a record to have it and himself marred in the sere and yellow of his career.

Risko, The Spoiler, was denied the crack at the heavyweight championship to which he was entitled, but easily earned another title. He was the greatest catcher in the history of the ring. Right now that's all he can do. He never was much of a hand for running, and he no longer can pitch with any degree of effectiveness.

Joe Grimm Holds Record Joe Grimm was the old-timers' idea of a grand backstop, but he always looked like Harry Thomas did in the eighth round against Max Schmeling. Within a period of six days, in 1903 Grimm was stretched 19 times by Joe Gans and on 11 occasions by Bob Fitzsimmons in a sound-round massacre in Philadelphia. Old Joe had a permanent resin rash.

While it is true that Risko never tackled a hitter who could be compared with either Fitz or Gans, it also is a fact that he seldom was shell-shocked or dropped, and that there were extenuating circumstances the night Schmeling, then hungry and at his peak, dealt him his only kayo. The more formidable heavyweights of his day, including the giant negro George Godfrey, belted Risko with everything but the ring posts, yet the Bohemian's only decoration is a slightly cauliflowered left ear.

Risko Had Sense Despite all his batterings—and he has been in the thick of things since 1924—there isn't the slightest indication that the one-time roly-poly baker boy is on his heels. He's vastly more intelligent today than he was at the outset.

He appears to be one fighter who had sense, knocked into his head rather than out of it.

Paulino Uzcudun was another rare exhibit. He wasn't guilty of a single passed glove.

But in boxing too, it is better to give than receive.

It's tragic to see tough fellows crack-up.

Ad Wolgast and Battling Nelson, for example, and Joe Grimm, in bad shape, peddling the tale of his tumbling at 10 cents a copy.

Johnny Risko, who is well off, should let well enough alone.

#### MAROONS TRIM BEAVERS 6-3

SAINT JOHN, Jan. 20—Capitalizing on superior reserve strength, Moncton Maroons came through to whip in two dazzling goals for a first period lead and topped off a smart exhibition of defensive blanketing with a three goal rally in the closing session to set back the Beavers 6-3 in a regular Southern League game at The Forum last night.

### Carnera Now Broke After Earning Million As Champ

What can Boxing Commissions do to protect a boxer?

What Commission ever did anything to protect Primo Carnera against his managers? Primo was well known to be a frugal soul all through his career up to and past the world's heavyweight championship. And a simple one. His idea of luxury was a couple of suits of clothes, an extra pair of No. 22 brogans and socks to match. He also liked an abundance of substantial fodder such as would gladden the heart of a hod carrier. If he had a glass of Italian red wine with his dinner, that was about his limit. He didn't drive around in luxury cars or cut a dash in the night clubs.

So why does the poor old "Ambling Alp" have to appear in bankruptcy court in England and show that he is not only flat broke but \$21,000 in the hole?

How much of the \$1,000,000 of his ring and other earnings did his horde of managers allow him to touch? He was "discovered" in France by one who had a "cut-in" on his earnings, was brought to America and handled through a long list of profitable build up affairs by another. A third manager held a slice of Carnera for allowing him to box in that part of America which he controlled as boss of the bootlegging and kindred activities. This third director of Carnera's fortunes was too busy to do more than stay in the background as a benevolent protector, so there had to be a fourth to attend directly to cashing in on Carnera, whose French manager had finished the build-up job and had been eased out of the picture.

Only One Worked Number Four took over care of training camps, matching and kindred activities, and was really useful to the combination. There being some talk here and there about the slim chances Carnera had to make any personal profits out of this situation, and of the possibility that he might hike back to Italy and do his future fighting under Mussolini's direction, thus keeping the title in Rome, a fifth gentleman appeared. This gentleman was announced as an Italian banker. Possibly one thought was to impress the public with the idea that Carnera was at last in the hands of a countryman who would look out for his interests. A banker at that! Who would be better?

Things were in a somewhat tangled shape when Carnera began to train for his title fight with Max Baer. At his training camp up in the northern woods Carnera was absolutely alone except for a rubber. His managers were apparently too busy to be bothered with mere training details. When Carnera came down and started his finishing work-outs across the Hudson a very peculiar condition appeared. He had no manager at all! He tried to run his own training camp, and the poor giant had no time to keep his mind on the fight.

One manager had been yanked back into seclusion on some parole complication. Another was in jail on an income tax fuss. The original discoverer had only a theoretical authority and no papers. The French build-up manager had been chased back to France, carrying a comfortable fortune with him.

Ex-Champs Well Fixed No gang of managers ever cut in on Jack Dempsey. Jack Kearns had his 50-50 split, but he earned it—and made investments with Dempsey, who has been quite capable of taking care of himself ever since the combination split up.

Of the other heavyweight champions every one got at least a good share of his ring earnings. Sullivan blew his to suit himself. Corbett was a keen financier and never took a trimming from anybody. Fitzsimmons got his fight money, but listened too much to his "friends" and lost a lot in the stock market afterward.

Jeffries retired with plenty and is still prosperous and busy. Burns got all his fight money and hasn't yelled for help since his fighting days. Johnson lost his bankroll himself, but keeps going. Jess Willard bought up his manager's contracts and has made and lost two or three fortunes since then in legitimate investments and can take care of himself.

Gene Tunney is the canniest and richest of all the fighters. Jack Sharkey is a good business man and well fixed. Schmeling has plenty and will get more. Like Tunney, he manages his managers. Baer has honey. And Joe Louis will keep his. He even does

## Sport Dust



By "Timmy" Green

Let's hope that Fredericton fans never again have to witness hockey (?) like they did last night. Let's also hope that Gill doesn't get laid up very often. The scramble last night was pretty good evidence of what Gill means to the team and what the team would be without him. We won't ride the boys too hard because they were trying, in one sense of the word—working hard—but whether they didn't have the confidence without the husky defenceman behind them or whether they couldn't get his orders as well from the bench as from the ice we don't know. They seemed to be a flock without a leader. Half the time neither team, excepting for one man, knew where the heel was and the rest of the time no one did anything about it.

We heard one party exclaim, "River hockey! the kind we used to play under the bridge with the injuns from over the river." St. Croix landed in Fredericton around seven p.m. and despite repeated efforts on behalf of the rink management they couldn't be gotten on the ice until 8:45—a half hour late.

A St. Croix wave swept down on the local defence. Two defencemen went after the puck carrier—the man on the far wing took the pass and went through on Young. This happened repeatedly. It was no dishonour to the goalie—the best of them needs help.

With the steady influence of Gill, last night's shinny should never be seen again. The boys are a lot better than that when they want to play heads-up hockey, their record this season has proved that.

They can be the team that battles Moncton for the top position in the league but they can't do it with anything that has the faintest odor of last night's nasal nightmare.

Possibly one excuse for the melee was the fact that the locals forgot Gill and his system and played the same kind of hockey that St. Croix does and the visitors were a little more adept at it.

A little profitable managing himself with his softball team—and gets fun out of it.

Poor Carnera!

## CHARLIE CONACHER, FORWARD MAIN-STAY OF LEAFS, RETIRES FROM PUCK GAME BECAUSE OF DECEMBER INJURIES

Can Never Play Hockey Again, Says Physician; Blow to Stanley Cup Hopes, Smythe; Game too Fast for Chuck After Crashing Into Goal

TORONTO, Jan. 20—Charlie Conacher, the game's hardest shooter and for years one of its most compelling figures, retired from hockey yesterday with a finality that dazed the owners of Toronto Maple Leafs, who might have estimated Conacher worth \$50,000 on the open market.

The great right-winger, in a scoring slump since he damaged his shoulder at Montreal in December, left the National League scene on the advice of a physician. If he continues to follow advice, the super-marksmen of the last decade won't be back.

"It's a terrific blow to us," said Managing Director Conny Smythe, who signed Conacher to a professional contract in 1929 and watched him become the greatest forward in the national winter game of Canada.

Smythe announced the verdict of Dr. J. W. Rush, club physician, and Conacher's decision to quit.

Had Been in Slump

"Chuck hadn't been able to shake himself loose and there was no doubt in my mind he was in a deep slump," Smythe said. "But he had struck these stretches before and I expected him to start belting in goals and night."

"What happened today is a blow to our Stanley Cup hopes. Tonight we'll use Bob Davidson in Conacher's place with Buzz Boll and Bill Thoms against the Americans at New York." "Charlie won't play next season or the season after and we don't expect a miracle," said Smythe.

This season, up to mid-December, he was one of the league's scoring leaders. Then he smashed into a goalpost at Montreal and injured his shoulder.

After a three-week rest he got into the line-up again, but there was no drive in his rushes. The pace was too much for him.

Innings.

"Detroit bought Hubbell after he had only one real year of experience," continues Mr. Cobb. "That was in the spring of 1926."

"As I say, he was young and wild and I sent him to Toronto. I never heard of Hubbell having a screwball when he came up and I dare say Dan Howley in Toronto will tell you he had no screwball then."

"The real truth of it, I believe, was that Hubbell developed his screwball after Detroit had released him a year or more after I left Detroit."

Learned From Cobb

"Now, about Gehring. He came to Detroit as a raw kid from a 400-inhabitant town in Michigan, with no experience."

"He worked out at second and after watching him for several minutes, I went up to the Detroit club offices in uniform and spiked shoes and asked Frank Navin to come down and see what I thought was the best prospect I had ever seen."

## TY COBB RESENTS REPORTS OF HIS FIRING HUBBELL

Never Doubted That Gehringer Had The Goods, Claims

Ty Cobb has hardly been near a ball park since his retirement night onto ten years ago, but the Georgia Peach is mighty proud, sub, of his record as player and manager and this talk about him not recognizing greatness in Carl Hubbell and Charley Gehringer is getting on his nerves.

You know the stories they tell—Cobb is supposed to have told Hubbell to stop throwing the screwball when Carl was a rookie with the Detroit Tigers in 1926, and he's also said to have expressed the opinion that Gehringer would never be a hitter.

The writer had occasion to recall these tales in a recent article about Gehringer and it was just once too often that Cobb read about his alleged managerial inability.

From the quiet of his Menlo, Cal., home, the Old Warrior thunders his indignation in a letter of protest. "These stories," says Cobb, "get under a man's skin when he strove to leave the best record he could in playing and managing."

Hubbell Too Wild

Cobb then swings into the business at hand. "First," writes he, "I did not release Hubbell. He was released by my successor. My last year of managing was in 1926. Hubbell was young and impossibly wild, even with Toronto under Dan Howley."

Records bear out Mr. Cobb here. Hubbell walked 44 men in 93 innings that season. Now he doesn't walk many more than that in 300

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