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# SPORT

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## On the Sidelines

Says the New York Sun: "The cable from Caracas, in Venezuela, carries the information that Kid Chocolate was terribly beaten in ten rounds by a native boxer, one Simon Chavez. This may indicate that Chavez is a great fighter, even as Chocolate was once upon a time. More likely it indicates that Chocolate is rolling down hill at a terrific rate, and it calls up a picture of a forlorn little negro, broke and hopeless, picking up a meager living along the fistic outposts.

"It is more than a little sad, remembering the gaudy Kid as he strutted the streets of Harlem—but it was almost inevitable. Plucked from the dusty back streets of Havana and catapulted into fame when he was just an ignorant boy, with nothing but a pair of flashing fists with which to cope with life, he never had a chance once those fists began to fail him."

That University of New Brunswick swimming meet had its record-breaking performances. For those interested in the date of the event listen to these statistics on the boys and girls of the Red and Black:

40 Yards Free Style—1st, McInnis (U.N.B.); 2nd, Wright (U.N.B.); 3rd, Reid (M). Time 20 4-5 seconds.

40 Yards Back Stroke—1st, McLeod (U.N.B.); 2nd, McElman (U.N.B.); 3rd, Reid (M). Time, 27 4-5 seconds. Old record, 28 3-5 seconds.

100 Yards Free Style—1st, Sadovsky (U.N.B.); 2nd, McInnis (U.N.B.); 3rd, Dawson (M). Time, 60 4-5 secs.

120 Yard Medley—1st, Wright (U.N.B.); 2nd, McElman (U.N.B.); 3rd, Oke (M). Time, 1 min., 35 3-5 secs.

40 Yard Breast Stroke—1st, Sadovsky (U.N.B.); 2nd, Scotcher (U.N.B.); 3rd, Dawson (M). Time, 27 4-5 secs.

Diving—1st, Reid (M); 2nd, Geary (M); 3rd, Glennie (U.N.B.).

120 Yard Medley Relay—1st, U. N. B.; 2nd, Moncton. Time, 1 min., 21 1-5 secs.

Plunge—1st, McElman (U.N.B.); 2nd, Sadovsky (U.N.B.); 3rd, Dawson (M). Distance, 58 feet, 7 1/2 inches.

100 Yards Breast Stroke—1st, Scotcher (U.N.B.); 2nd, Dawson (M); 3rd, McElman (U.N.B.). Time, 1 min., 29 3-5 secs.

160 Yard Relay—1st, U.N.B.; 2nd, Moncton. Time, 1 min., 27 1-5 secs. Old record, 1 min., 32 2-5 secs.

220 Yards Free Style—1st, Sadovsky (U.N.B.); 2nd, Lunan (U.N.B.); 3rd, Dawson (M). Time, 2 min., 50 3-5 secs.

Total Points: U.N.B., 83, Moncton 28.

The Moncton team was composed of Lee Reid (captain); Denzil Dawson, Jack McFarlane, George Geary and Bob Oke. U.N.B. was represented by Bruce Wright, captain; Jack McInnis, Norm MacLead, Pud McElman, Vince Sadovsky, Chas. Scotcher, Al Glennie, Dave Sullivan and James Lunan.

The officials were Murray Ross, starter; Doctors R. H. Wright and Priestman and Professors Turner and Jones, timers; Murray Ross, Denzil Dawson and Ralph Freeze, diving judges; Gordon Rawland, Jack Ralph and Hector King, turn judges; Ralph Freeze, clerk; and G. H. Waring, announcer.

FOR OTHER SPORT NEWS SEE PAGE 3

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## Royals Need Only Another Win

Won Over Wolverines At Halifax Last Night, 4 to 3—Halifax Made a Great Comeback in the Final Stages of Game.

HALIFAX, April 8—A first period scoring rampage led by sharp-shooting Dave Neville, gave Montreal Royals a 4-3 victory over the Halifax Wolverines tonight in the second game of their series for the Eastern Canadian amateur hockey championship. They battled to a 3-3 over-time tie in the first clash Saturday.

Another win Wednesday night would put Royals into the Allan Cup finals against Port Arthur Bearcats, Western champions, who watched the last period of tonight's wide open exhibition from the side lines.

Back in the form that repulsed Toronto's hand-picked Al-Stars, the youthful Montreals played rings around the Maritime champions in the first period.

Three smart goals from the sticks of Ralph St. Germain, Neville and Herman Murray made Halifax look sick.

Neville, one of the leading scorers in the Quebec Senior League this year, sniped at the veteran "Daddy" Bubbar from all angles.

The Wolves came back to life in the second session and near the four minute mark blonde Mickey McGlashen beat Patsy Sequin on a pass from Ron Hudson, his right winger. But the very aggressive Neville took the cream off that less than a minute later, boring in on Bubbar after trapping Wolverines in Royal territory and scoring just before Frankie Lavigne checked him from behind.

Hudson became the hero of the Wolverines when he added two more goals for Halifax, one on a pass from Lavigne before the second period was half over, and another after a face-off in the third.

### Royals Great Defence

The brightest spot in the rugged battle was the performance of two Montreal defencemen in holding off the whole pack of Wolverines after being crippled by penalties. Farguharson had gone to the cooler for tripping, St. Germain and MacQuist following in rapid succession.

For a minute Herman Murray and Johnny Taugher engaged four Halifax forwards and one defenceman in a terrific battle, and the Montreal goalie wasn't greatly worried.

Royals were still two men short when Seguin went down under a pile of squirming players. A blow on the head from a stick left him lying on the ice. After a brief delay he returned and handled everything the Wolves sent at him.

Captain Ernie Mosher kept on the bench by an injured knee in the (Continued on Page Seven)

## ENGLISH SOCCER IS A RIOT COLOR WHEN THE KING ATTENDS; STORY OF THE BIG STAMPEDE

"E Don't 'Arf Enjoy 'Isself" Rings Out as Teams Battle in Colossal Wembley Stadium—An All-Ticket Affair and Why—The Greatest Crowd Scene of All

LONDON, Eng., April 9—The eagerly awaited soccer match between West Bromwich Albion and Sheffield Wednesday at the Wembley Stadium here, April 27, will be the 59th final for the Football Association Challenge Cup. Can't you imagine the scene? — the vast arena crammed to capacity with leather-throated "fans" from all parts of the country, the massed bands marching back and forth, the white goalposts picked out stark and clear on the field of brilliant green, and the thunderous roar of welcome as the teams run out from the dressing-rooms. The referee spins the coin, the captain who wins the toss points to the end that he chooses to defend, the elevens line up—and "the" game of the season is on.

### "E Don't 'Arf Enjoy 'Isself"

The pleasure of the 93,000 fans is made complete when their King, who celebrates the silver jubilee of his reign this year, is present in the Royal Box. The wrier will not forget a remarkable spontaneous illustration of loyalty and affection that occurred at the Final a few seasons ago. His Majesty was expected on that occasion to make his first appearance at any national sporting event since an enforced withdrawal from public life, and disappointment was created by the news that he would not, after all, be able to spend this afternoon with his people, sharing one of their chief amusements. The genuineness of the crowds regret could be gauged from the scene occasioned by the later announcement, made in the middle of a particularly whole-hearted burst of community singing, prior to the kick-off, that he was then on his way to the Stadium from Windsor Castle. Before resuming the song at the point where it was broken off, each member of this vast open-air choir—or so it seemed—raised his or her program at arm's length as if in greeting to the approaching sovereign, and the sea of faces was lost to view in a snow-white flutter of paper.

Yes, it is a big moment in the British sporting year when the King shakes hands with the players, the referee and the linesmen, lined up before the start, and a bigger one perhaps when, at the conclusion, he presents the gleaming cup to the captain of the winning side and smiles away the scruples of the twenty-two tired athletes who feel that they ought to keep their muddy hands from his grasp. The King congratulates the victors and has a few words of consolation for the losing side. And all the time he smiles. As one perky little Cockney was heard to observe, "E don't 'arf enjoy isself."

An "All-Ticket" Affair and Why  
The identity of the clubs concerned in the final adds or subtracts nothing from the size of the crowd, for the tickets are disposed of long before the participants are known. All the seats and standing room are over-applied for by January, and it is no use strolling along to the Stadium on the great day—hoping to get in—unless, of course, you are prepared to pay many times the face value of a ticket to some speculator who has cornered a few on the quiet.

The football authorities made the final an all-ticket affair because, when the Wembley Stadium was first opened, they had the shock of their lives. That was in 1923. So persuasive had been the British Empire Exhibition

publicity service, so effective were the transport organizers, and so sunny was the day that, instead of the estimated 125,000 enthusiasts, a crowd of exceeding a quarter of a million made its way to the lofty suburban hilltop where the Empire Stadium rears its bulk against the sky. Basing their remarks upon the experience of previous cup-ties, the football authorities had said, "No need to stay away for fear of lack of room,—chance for all to see the game." And the public took them at their word.

### The Greatest "Crowd Scene" of All

One's experience of post-war sport in many countries furnishes the recollection of no "crowd scene" to compare with the spectacle that day at Wembley. All went merrily until about an hour before the scheduled time for the kick-off. The lady who had walked from Beccles, the two Scotsmen who had been three weeks walking from Aberdeen, and other sports lovers were on the scene unconsciously early. For many hours—the tedium relieved by itinerant musicians, vendors of mascots, refreshment dispensers and merchants selling "real gold watches at h'awful loss for one shilling each—they waited patiently. At 11:14 a.m. they were admitted. Still the railway, issuing tickets at the rate of one thousand per minute, poured load after load into Wembley, still the stream of road conveyances, now swollen to a flood, rolled onward, along the wide unpaved roads that had been built for the British Empire Exhibition, on the site of pretty but incommensurable country lanes.

Finally, at 2 p.m., the authorities closed the gates. And that made trouble. The crowd, augmented every instant, swelled and swelled. Something had to be, and that something was the barriers. The multitude was now inside the exhibition grounds, climbing up the hill to the arena. Once in the wide corridor, out of which lead gangways to the stands, further progress became impossible. Then the wrought-iron gates gave. There was an involuntary surge through each opening as it was made, and before the situation could be realized, those early stoics who had been waiting patiently for the game to start were thrown forward onto the pitch. Reinforcements for the small body of police were sent for, and there appeared no chance whatever of the match taking place.

### Then The King Came

Just when the turmoil was at its height King George arrived, and that immense carpet of humanity, forgetting its want of space in a spontaneous wave of loyalty, stood bareheaded cheering and cheering again. The King showed not the slightest discomposure at the surprising scene. Quietly and unobtrusively the mounted police, assisted by their confreres on foot, got seriously to work in augmented numbers. Not for nothing has the London "Bobby" a reputation second to none. By the judicious insertion of a horse's head here, and a gentle, firm sideways walk there, the playing field was cleared until the process of condensation complete, the rival captains tossed for choice of ends, with mounted police cantering around as they did so. And then the King and all the other fans settled down to a pleasant afternoon.

## Another Method For Big Money

The Amateur Athletic Union in the United States is planning to stick its already sticky fingers into another pie and one which may prove to be very hot indeed. Brethren of the A. A. U. enthused by the enormous gate receipts of college football, have made a move to co-operate in a recently launched project to organize amateur football on a national scope.

The difficulties which have been encountered since hockey was taken under the Union's wing and the fine muddle which exists in amateur disc chasing ranks at present has failed to balk the intrepid officials of the A. A. A. from seeking further conquests.—New York News.

## BEAN BALL IS COMING BACK IN MAJOR LOOP

Dizzy Dean Starts It By Dusting Off Bill Terry And Weintraub of the New York Giants.

Dizzy Dean, angered because the Giants hit him solidly at Miami Beach, dusts off Phil Weintraub and Bill Terry, and that the incident attracts so much attention is due only in part to the circumstance that anything the Dizzy one does is news. The swing of the modern pitcher away from the bean ball really serves to high-spot this display of temper on the part of the best pitcher of his time.

Casey Stengel, discussing not so long ago the changes that have come over baseball since the day when he entered the big leagues, put his finger on this aspect of the game.

"Nowadays when a pitcher gets a ball anywhere near a hitters head, the hitter comes back to the dugout and says he thinks the pitcher was throwing at him," Casey said. "When I broke in you didn't have to think about it. You knew darned well they were throwing at you. The first month I was in the league I spent three weeks on my back, getting way from bean balls."

Dizzy, it seems, is an old-fashioned pitcher in more than one respect. As such he would applaud the sentiments of Fred Toney who once when a bush-leaguer ran up on him to try to beat the break of a curve ball, wagged a warning finger in the bushers face and said very solemnly:

"If you do that again, young man, I'll knock your brains out. This here is my bread and butter and I ain't going to let you take it out of my mouth like that."

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## POPULARITY OF BABE RUTH SHOWN ON TRAINING TRIP

Babe Has Shown 'Self To Be a Regular Fellow With Rookies — Police Had to Keep Mob from Crowding Big Slugger.

SAVANNAH, Ga., April 9—You need to get out of the beaten big league paths to realize fully just what a national institution Babe Ruth has become. This old southern city is a startling example of the reputation and popularity which the Bambino has built for himself by his mighty slugging over a period of years.

When the Braves arrived here just before noon yesterday, the station was crowded. As the Babe appeared in his inevitable brown suit and wearing the brown cap, a spontaneous cheer erupted. He waved his hand airily to the gang and smiled that wide one for this portion of his southern public. Men and boys pressed forward to get as near the police would permit, hoping to shake his hand.

So far as we have been able to perceive the Babe never turns down his worshippers. He has the happy faculty of making each one of them believe he's a special pal, after the Jack Dempsey manner. He cannot remember names, of course, but he more than overcomes that deficiency by natural good nature. We stood at his elbow to the Desota Hotel here and heard him meet a lot of men, many of whom had claimed the privilege of having met him before. He acted as if he remembered each and every one of them personally, so that each and every one was prepared to go out and fight for George Herman Ruth.

With the Braves on this trip the Babe has been just a regular fellow. It is the first time he has been thrown in with them intimately, outside of the contacts in the clubhouse at St. Petersburg and on the playing field.

He lived in an apartment with his wife in St. Pete and only rarely appeared at the West Coast Inn where the rest of the team was quartered. Now his wife is motoring and sailing home to New York and the Babe is just one of the boys again.

He stripped to his shorts the night the boys pulled out of St. Pete, and gladly entered a small limit poker game in which there were several of the rookies, as well as a few regulars. He loves to play cards but his genius is not apparent in a small limit poker game. However, he was roughly pleasant even when losing and insisted on having many little side bets and a "high spade" competition with one of the players.

"He thinks he's too good for ordinary ball players and won't associate with them," never will be a charge justly tossed at the Babe. He's democratic, or possibly a better way to express it, extremely natural, whether he is with big shots of sports or the business world or only with average people.

Bright and early the morning after the departure from St. Pete the Babe was up and around, his big voice booming out and possibly disturbing the slumber of younger players, who had retired earlier than he but, after the traditional baseball player manner, doze on long sleeps while on Pullman rides.

Hours before the train was due in Savannah he was in a fan-tan game with Frank Hogan and Duffy Lewis. Here, too, the Babe was not lucky, since both Duffy and the Shantymen are good natural card players. But the boys had a large gallery and the good-natured comment by the Babe was well worth the price of standing to watch.

The Daily Mail is the only "daily" in New Brunswick with a full radio page and programme.