



SPORTS PAGE



Hunting License Fees For Bear Are Reduced In N.B.

Prices For Spring Cut To \$5 For Non-Resident Hunters.

Fredericton, N.B.—Good news for sportsmen who enjoy a bit of spring bear hunting comes from the Province of New Brunswick, Canada.

A reduction of existing license fees will henceforth enable non-resident sportsmen to hunt four black bears during the months of April, May and June at a cost of only five dollars. Considering that the former spring license was \$25, the reduction is an appreciable one. Announcement of the change was made by Hon. F. W. Pirie, Minister of Lands and Mines.

"In former years," said Hon. Mr. Pirie in making the announcement, "I believe we lost many parties who were attracted by our bear hunting but were discouraged by the high license fee then in effect. A charge of five dollars is, I am confident, an equitable one to make to sportsmen wishing to shoot black bears."

The reduced fee should also prove an additional incentive to early season salmon anglers contemplating a visit to New Brunswick. These sportsmen will in future be enabled to vary their angling program by the inclusion of several days bear hunting at only a small additional cost.

At the present time black bears are quite plentiful in New Brunswick. While not so fleet of foot as some other game animals, they are nevertheless wary and are by no means easy to approach in the forest. Bringing down a black bear puts one in the class of real hunters.

Boys' Clubs Will Stage Sports On Y. M. C. A. Floor

Revival of Sports Will Be Welcomed by the Fans.

Revival of the Boys' Club sports meet will take place on Saturday night in the Y. M. C. A. gym when South End and East End will be in competition. The various events will be divided into classes. There will be standing broad jumps, high jumps, potato races and short dashes. All boys of the Clubs will be given the opportunity to compete and a first class program is assured.

In other years there was keen competition among the boys of the different clubs and proved fine attractions.

PROUD OF IT

An American was telling an Irishman: "The fish are so numerous in one river in the States that the folks there just drop a pail into the water, and pull it out full of fish."

"Well, now," said Pat, "Do you know that in the River Liffey, in Ireland, if the people want a pail of water they have to push all the fish out of the way before they can get the pail in."

TOTAL FLOP

The annual Christmas party at the Ashley Street School was hell yesterday afternoon.—Daily Paper.

The Most Dramatic Title Bout In History Of The Ring

Jack Dempsey Battered Jess Willard into a Bruised and Tottering Husk of Humanity—Short Fight Was Packed With Thrills.

By RAY HANSEN

THE most dramatic heavyweight battle of all time was staged at Toledo, July 4, 1919, when Jack Dempsey became the champion of the world in one of the speediest and most one-sided contests ever recorded in the annals of the ring. His opponent was the great Jess Willard, who had withstood the onslaught of Jack Johnson for 20 rounds and then finally knocked him hors-de-combat in the 26th. To all intents and purposes this fight was actually over in the first round as the referee had counted ten as the gong sounded. Dempsey, certain that he had won, left the ring and had to be called back to continue the butchery for another couple of rounds.

Those who witnessed the encounter say they will never forget the thrills that were packed into that short fight. So badly battered was the champion that he was unable to lift himself up from the stool in his corner after the conclusion of the third round and the referee had to award the bout to Dempsey. The latter was breathing hard not from punishment, but from his vigorous onslaught. For nine minutes he kept his arms flaying like a windmill, and the terrific punching power behind each blow was so great that a veritable giant was nothing but a bruised and tottering husk of humanity without strength enough to stand on his feet. In the first round Willard went down like an ox hit with a sledge hammer. He continued to pick himself up and then down he went again under blows that would have killed an ordinary individual. Seven times he hit the canvas and was practically unconscious when the bell saved him.

When the bout started Willard had stood the picture of confidence and remarked: "Let's get this thing over." He little realized that he was "the thing" and that it would be over sooner than he dreamed of. As the champion sauntered across the ring he smiled at Dempsey as if to assure the young fellow. Jack's handshake was friendly, too, but friendship ceased when the bell sounded and those hands began to use Willard for a chopping block.

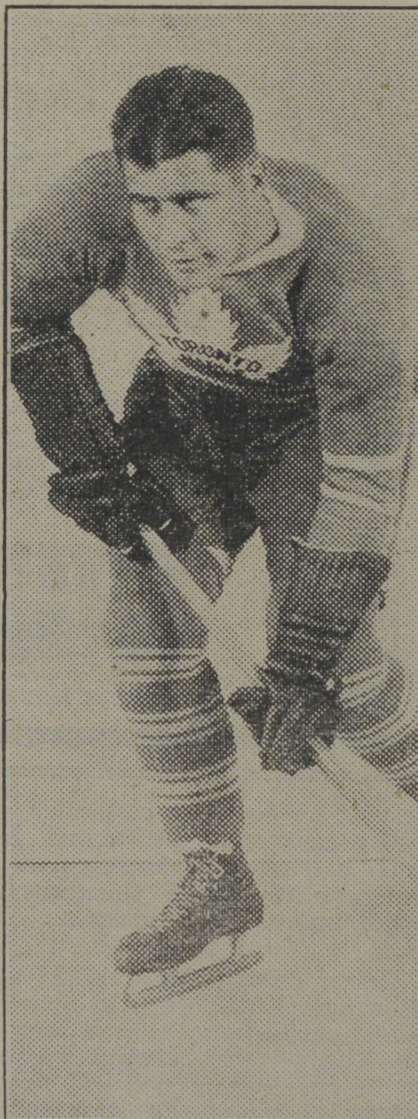
When the first round started, Willard, who towered five inches above his opponent, opened with a couple of lefts to the face. Dempsey began to lower his body and weave and soon found the range. He then resembled a twisting, weaving battering ram and quickly landed three terrific body blows. He then shot his left to the jaw and followed, like lightning, with a left and right to the body. There seemed to be superhuman power behind those blows for the champion rocked on his heels with a stupid expression on his face. His body began to quiver. He gamely attempted a counter with a couple of left jabs to the mouth and eye. Dempsey did not even shake his head, but once more bored in, ducking past that long left and whipped over a right and left and both landing flush on the jaw. For the first time in his life Willard went down with a crash. At the count of six he was struggling up again. No sooner had he regained his feet when crash went

Dempsey's right and down the champion went like a felled ox. Blood poured from his mouth as he slowly arose to his feet. Again that human battering ram was on him with two wicked rights, and down went Jess on his hands and knees. When he arose Dempsey drove him into a corner and with another right and left sent him crashing to the floor. As he pulled himself up another fusillade of body punches dropped him in a helpless heap and he was practically unconscious when the bell tentatively saved him.

It was at this time that Dempsey took for granted the bout was over and left the ring, only to be called back again. In his corner Willard was sprawling in his chair, blood streaming from a deep cut under one eye, his face puffed and his body covered with blotches where those terrific blows had landed. At the sound of the bell he dragged himself to his feet. As the fighters met, Willard shot his long left to Dempsey's face and tried a right uppercut to the chin. Dempsey started to weave and like a flash was on the champion with terrific body drives. Willard fell partly through the ropes. When he regained his feet he stumbled into a clinch, but Dempsey easily tore loose and battered him at will. He was staggering around like a mortally wounded steer when the bell saved

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He Scores!



The jinx which has stopped HAREY "BUSHY" JACKSON of the Toronto Maple Leafs from scoring a goal vanished in the recent Toronto-Chicago game and "Busher" put two shots in the net. Jackson went from December 28 until February 29 without getting a goal. Hockey fans conclude that "Busher" has shot the jinx.

SPOTS of Sport

By RAY HANSEN



HOCKEY IN SAINT JOHN IS OVER FOR this season as a result of the Beavers being eliminated in the New Brunswick finals by the Moncton Maroons. While congratulating the winners and wishing them all kinds of luck in their quest for more honors, the writer is not convinced that the better team won. Recriminations are not always in good taste, but sometimes constructive criticism is beneficial. The majority of fans and writers, who witnessed the final game in Moncton, openly acknowledged that the Maroons outskated and outsmarted the local boys. Close followers of hockey in this city, who were not fortunate enough to be in a position to witness the deciding game, fail to understand this. They are willing to give all kind of credit to Dud James and his youthful puck chasers, but they absolutely refuse to concede them an edge on the Beavers. After sizing up the situation it must be quite apparent that some one in charge of the Beavers erred in judgment and were directly responsible for our team being outsmarted and outskated. On the day prior to the final game the locals were given a stiff practice session. Far too stiff in the opinion of close followers of sport. They were called on to expand too much energy and left little reserve for that final and important struggle. Again, why was the team not sent to Moncton Tuesday morning, or at least on the noon train? Why were they kept here until the 5.15, which was not due to reach Moncton until the game was practically scheduled to start? Is it logical to suppose that a team, undoubtedly laboring under a severe nervous strain, travelling for three hours on a slow train, that stops at almost every farmhouse, would be in proper shape to rush to the rink and be able to play a brand of hockey they were capable of? Did they receive proper nourishment at the proper time? These points may seem insignificant to some who have not had actual experience in these matters, but they are of vital importance when championships are being sought. Take it from a financial standpoint what would it have meant to the owners of the team if they emerged a winner? Would it not have meant at least another game at The Forum and would it not have been a good bet that four or five thousand fans would have been in attendance? An additional couple of thousand dollars might mean ending the season on the right side of the ledger. However, the curtain has been rung down for the season and the players as well as fans must wait until next fall to enjoy their favorite pastime. The management of The Forum, who are responsible for the organization of the club, and the members of the team deserve the highest commendation for the wonderful showing they made this season. To win the Southern Section championship and work through to the finals was an achievement to be proud of. If they remain intact next season and continue studying the game Saint John fans have every reason to hope and expect they will have a team that will go far.

"WHAT ARE THE PROSPECTS FOR BASEBALL IN SAINT John this year?" is a question being asked daily. At the present time this question cannot be answered with any degree of certainty. An effort is being made to band together a strong local team to compete against other provincial clubs, during week nights, and strong organizations from across the border on Saturdays and holidays. Whether or not this plan will materialize is a matter of speculation. It is very doubtful if the Senior City Amateur League will again function. It takes considerable money to run a ball club and during the past few years it has been a losing venture. Clubs have ended the season hundreds of dollars in debt and have been forced to try all kinds of schemes to raise money to meet their obligations. As a result it is very doubtful if those heretofore in charge will risk any further losses. Aside from an odd game last season the attendance was exceptionally small and the teams did not receive enough money to pay for balls and bats. They kept operating hoping to win a place in the finals and make enough to clear expenses. The clubs failing to realize this ambition have been forced to seek other ways and means to pay their bills, and it is doubtful if they will make any attempt to continue this year in the face of so little interest displayed on the part of fans. A good strong local team, carefully chosen and well trained, might do much to reawaken interest, particularly if they were careful in their choice of outside attractions. There seems no reason why such a club would not pay substantial returns on a moderate outlay. Baseball patronage is picking up in other centres and there seems no reason why this should not hold good in Saint John.

REAL "DYED IN THE WOOL" BASEBALL FANS EAGERLY scan various periodicals these days looking over pictures from the major league training camps in the south. The game seems to have a fascination all its own. Every happening is read and discussed and speculation as to probable winners is ever rife. In Florida members of many of the major league teams are now down to real hard work. The majority of the managers favor a straight three hour practice period without intermission, while others have morning and afternoon sessions. From Pensacola, where the Giants are getting in shape, comes word that Bill Terry intends to play this year, and is now receiving special treatment for a left knee injury. It will be recalled that he announced last fall he would not play during the 1936 campaign. The fact that he has acquired Sam Leslie from the Brooklyn Dodgers will give him an opportunity to remain inactive whenever so inclined. Al Simmons has been "pasteing the old pill" all over the lot at the Lakeland training camp with the Detroit Tigers. He is said to be rapidly rounding into shape and the champions have visions of repeating with this able slugger now a member of their roster. Lou Gehrig seems eager to keep up near the top of the American League and is work-

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