

SHARKEY WINS DECISION OVER STRIBLING

Ice Races Yesterday Afternoon

The ice races staged by the Victoria Speedway Driving Club drew a smaller attendance than usual yesterday afternoon, probably owing to the cold mist which prevailed. They were started promptly on time, that is shortly after two o'clock and were finished at four. The officials seem to have their work down to a fine point, thus showing the advantages of having the same "stand" all through the winter.

There were four races on the program but only one of them resulted in a real contest, the Class A Trot, and it was without question the best quarter mile dash race ever seen here. Captain Jackson, Bingen Aubrey and Briar Mac, each won a heat and then they went a fourth to decide the race winner. Captain Jackson, also piloted by Mr. Charles Chandler, his owner, winning by a head. In all four heats the three horses were never separated by more than six feet. Every heat was fast and the final heat in 39 3-4 chalks up a new trotting record for this season.

First Heat—The horses got away on the third score. At the eighth Bingen Aubrey was slightly in the lead, Captain Jackson second and Briar Mac half a length back. In the last fifty yards Captain Jackson got upon even terms and in a masterly drive nosed out Bingen Aubrey, Briar Mac right there. Time thirty seconds.

Second Heat—Briar Mac and Bingen Aubrey got off like a team with Captain Jackson just a shade back. At the eighth Bingen Aubrey had forged slightly ahead. In the final drive to the wire Briar Mac just nosed him out, Jackson very close.

Third Heat—All three horses got away well, but Bingen Aubrey seemed to be able to draw away from them slightly and at the eighth had half a length to the good. All the drivers were shouting and teaming strenuously and at the finish a blanket would have covered the three, Bingen Aubrey a neck to the good, Briar Mac second, Captain Jackson third.

Fourth Heat—This was another rip-roaring heat, all three horses being practically on even terms throughout. Captain Jackson won by a nose from Bingen Aubrey, who had half a neck on Briar Mac. As mentioned before, never in the history of ice racing here has such close finishes been seen between three horses. Mr. Chandler was warmly congratulated by the

other drivers on his splendid win.

CLASS A PACE
There were just two horses in this race, Prince Mac and Judson Lad. Prince Mac had the edge on the Lad and in two of the heats, paced nicely and finished comfortably. In the third heat Judson Lad looked like the winner until the last fifty yards when Prince Mac came very fast driving Judson Lad to a break and winning by half a length.

CLASS B TROT
This was Annie Rooney and no doubt about it. Scout who was 2, 2, 2, was out-trotted all the way, Annie winning eased up each heat.

CLASS B PACE
There were three starters and Louis Sett was expected to win, but something seemed to go wrong with her at critical times such as losing a toe weight or the odd shoe and after winning the first heat she had to be content with a third and a second. In the first heat Louis Sett won easily. Betty Mozart who was expected to give the opposition going to a tangled break, Miss Dongola finishing second. In the second and third heats Betty Mozart won very handily, Louis Sett losing shoes and toe weights being quite a distance to the rear.

SUMMARY
Class A Trot
Capt. Jackson (Chandler) ..1 3 3 1
Bingen Aubrey (MacKinnon) 2 2 1 2
Briar Mac (MacLeod)3 1 2 3
Time: 30; 30 1-2; 30; 29 3-4.

Class A Pace
Prince Mac (Wheatley)1 1 1
Judson Lad (Dennis)2 2 2
Time: 32 1-2; 35 1-2; 32.

Class B Trot
Annie Rooney (Arbing)1 1 1
Scout (Burke)2 2 2
Time: 45; 40, 41.

Class B Pace
Betty Mozart (Arbing)3 1 1
Louis Sett (McKenna)1 3 2
Miss Dongola (Mills)2 2 3
Time: 39, 35, 33 1-2.

The winners were owned as follows: Captain Jackson, C. H. Chandler; Prince Mac, M. Wheatley; Annie Rooney, A. McDougall; Betty Mozart, Len Arthur.

The officials were: Starter—R. Abbott. Announcer—John A. McDonald. Judges—H. V. Buntain, W. S. Brown, R. J. Steale. Timers—Ed Acorn, J. Garrick, R. McMillan.

A Second Dempsey?



SATURDAY'S RACES
The following are the entries for Saturday's races:
Class A Pace—Major Aubrey, York Oia.
Class A Trot—Bingen Aubrey, Captain Jackson, Peter Verde.
Class B Pace—Jessica the Great, Colorado Mack, Dorothy E.
Class B Trot—Grace Forbes, Mary Volo, Bonnie Brook.
Class C Trot—Eva Brook, Dapper Don, The Allie.

BY QUIN HALL
While Herr Max Schmeling is vacationing in Germany the boys over on this side of the briny are still trying to figure just how high he will get in his climb to the throne vacated by Gene Tunney.
He crashed down Johnny Risko, the Cleveland rubber man and baker boy, in the ninth frame of a scheduled ten-round scrap in New York just before he eased himself aboard a steamer headed East, and on that performance he apparently is riding on the crest of a wave. It was the second time in his long and colorful career that the bounding Cleveland had ever been put away. Chuck Wiggins is credited with a K. O. over Johnny, but it is rumored about that Chuck pulled one of the posts from the corner of the ring to turn the trick.
Following the bout Risko stated that he had been hit harder by both Godfrey and Tunney, but he didn't make it clear why neither Godfrey nor Tunney could upset him. That Godfrey bout was a tough spot for Risko. With little to gain by a victory over the big negro, John went in and took a terrific body pasting. There are those who contend that this softened up the baker boy to no small degree and that he was due to be bowled over when he went into the ring with the German. These rumors were allayed before the bout and not afterward, which eliminates the possibility of their having been allis.

While Schmeling's victory undoubtedly boosted his stock considerably, the fellows who rest their chins around the square circle would like to see him in action again before they demand that the Muldoon-Tunney Trophy be handed over to Max without further quibbling.
Max was heralded as a moneyed side of the Atlantic and Dempsey. In appearance he is not unlike the Manassa Mauler and in the ring he has the weaving tactics of Dempsey.

Beyond the shadow of a doubt, Herr Max has come a long way in a short time, but how much more progress he can make and how rapidly he can span the intervening distance remains to be seen. Right now he can be figured as one of the heavyweight championship contenders, but there is a pretty good crowd of these fellows if you care to listen to their various managers.
Schmeling is ranked fairly high by the experts in this list of possibilities. While the Hamburg hitter has to hook up his swatting more intimately with his weaving, and while he must learn to push an advantage and sustain an attack, he has a stout heart and a concrete chin in his favor, and he has a hefty right hand. Those things are always dangerous to the opposition.

Then, too, Max has youth in his favor. He's 23 years old, having been born at Klein-Lucknow, a small town near Berlin, Sept. 28, 1905. Later his family moved to Hamburg and when he was sixteen, to Berlin. He took up amateur boxing in 1924 and knocked out the middleweight champion of his club at Muehlheim. He remained an amateur for less than a year and before the end of 1924 he won his first professional start, knocking out a fellow named Czapp in four rounds. He went on to win the light-heavyweight title and the German heavyweight championship. In his record are only two knockout defeats. Larry Gains is credited with one in 1924 when the bout was stopped because Max was ill, and in 1923, Gypsy Daniels, English boxer, K. O'd him in one round at Frankfurt.
Schmeling has the Dempsey weave. Will he develop the other Dempsey qualities and become a second Manassa Mauler?

Sharkey Wins Decision Over Young Stribling

Southerner Puts Up Great Battle And Nearly Has Sailor Jack Out in Fourth— Both Boxers Incline To Hit Low, With Bostonian The Bigger Offender—Fight Rather Mediocre.

FLAMINGO PARK, Miami Beach, Feb. 27—Jack Sharkey, Boston Sailor, outpointed Young Stribling, Macon, Ga., heavyweight in a disappointing 10 round bout here tonight. The decision was rendered by Referee Lou Magnolia at the end of the 10 rounds, featured by little that was sensational.
There was no knockdown and the most danger to either one came to Sharkey in the fourth round. Stribling nailed the Southerner with rights and lefts to the chin that nearly put Sharkey to the floor. The match was a financial success as a social spectacle. The bout drew a gate of over \$400,000 with a paid attendance of about 35,000. The tiny pine saw was crammed with celebrities from all parts of the country.
Getting its first actual fight thrill, the crowd of some 35,000 saw a knockout victory scored in the first preliminary by Charles Pond of Fort Worth, Texas, known to the ring as the Texas Ranger. He floored a bigger rival, Chief Newberry of Ashbury, N. J., for the count of 10 in the third round of a four round match.

FIGHT BY ROUNDS

ROUND ONE
Stribling landed the first rap, a left to the head as they danced carefully about the centre of the ring watching for openings. Sharkey missed several left jabs in close quarters, where he ripped a solid right to Stribling's ribs before the Southerner tied him up. There was little action as the tall greyhound of the South danced with the New Englander and they measured blows. Stribling grinned as Sharkey's right bounced off his chin in an exchange at close quarters. In another clinch Stribling smashed his right hand four times on the side of Jack's head and Sharkey slipped to the floor but came up without a count. They were clinched with Stribling pounding on Jack's head with his right at the bell.

ROUND TWO

Sharkey bounced from his corner and came into a storm of Stribling's overhead rights. The tall, lanky Southerner handled Sharkey like a small boy, despite the Bostonian's efforts. There was a puzzled look about Sharkey's eyes as Stribling roughed him in a clinch, smashed a full right and left on his chin and then laughed when the Sailor's left hook found his own chin. Stribling rushed and nearly drove Sharkey from the ring as they smashed into the ropes. The battle grew rough as both clubbed at each other. The crowd was hissing at the bell apparently hooting Stribling's head down rush.

ROUND THREE

Sharkey danced after Stribling as the Southerner stepped around him menacingly. The burly Bostonian forced Stribling to lead but the best the Southerner could do was a long

tap to the ribs. Sharkey began to notice Stribling's style as he stepped in with a whipping right uppercut that raked lustily on the Macon boy's body. A full swinging left hook caught Stribling in the pit of the stomach and cut down his speed. Another left hook as Sharkey bruised his foe about the ring, cut Stribling's lips and the Southerner was spitting blood at the bell.

ROUND FOUR

Sharkey was full of confidence and began to weave and feint with his head, shooting lefts to Stribling's head. As they roamed about the ring Jack pulled his lighter foe to close quarters and buried both fists into the Georgian's body. Stribling rushed Sharkey and nearly threw him through the ropes. Referee Magnolia warned Stribling for his rough work and ordered him to keep his punches up. The Southerner caught Sharkey with a smashing right to the chin and nearly floored the Sailor. Sharkey, half dazed bounced back into a right that buried under his heart. Sharkey danced away fighting and was back to normal when the bell stopped Stribling's next rush.

ROUND FIVE

Sharkey recovered quickly in his corner from the right that dropped on his chin. He tore after Stribling with a line of lefts and slugged right and left to the body until the referee warned Sharkey as the left hook in close dropped below the danger line. They fought closely and the referee was kept busy calling them apart when they were not dancing about the ring, potting left jabs at each other. Sharkey blinked as the Georgian lifted a crackling left hook to his chin. Stribling fought in decisive fashion, leaping in suddenly with straight left jabs that kept the Sailor blinking. Another bruising exchange at close quarters brought more blood from Stribling's mouth, but he was flashing back furiously with both hands at the bell.

ROUND SIX

During the interval, Referee Magnolia warned Sharkey's handlers against coaching from his corner. Jack bounced out and missed half a dozen shots at Stribling's weaving body. As he missed another lash, the Georgian lifted a left to Jack's chin, but Sharkey danced in close and drew blood from the Southerner's nose with a short left. Again the referee warned Sharkey as he hit Stribling low. Stribling bounced his left to Jack's face, but ran into a two-listed storm as the furious Sailor retaliated with a charge that drove Stribling all around the ring. The bell ended the rally.

ROUND SEVEN

They measured each other carefully. Stribling threw another right

to Sharkey's chin but drew the referee's censure when he hit Sharkey low. They opened up for a moment with a brisk exchange, but Stribling missed and he blocked many of the Boston boy's best blows. As a sigh of boos began to drift around the ring from the five dollar seats Stribling bounced his right off Sharkey's chin, but his opponent cuffed him viciously with both hands in the return. Despite the brief exchange the boos were growing louder when the gong rang.

ROUND EIGHT

The Bounding Babies were jabbing at long range despite the "cat-calls." Both seemed to have tremendous professional respect for each other and any blows that might have caused damage were carefully fluffed or parried. There was a brief flurry along the ropes, but Sharkey missed a half dozen lefts. As they broke into the open again Jack tried to pummel the Georgian's body but Stribling bounced back. Another warning from referee. Very impressively, Magnolia tore them apart and waved for Stribling to stay about the belt. There was less and less action as the round dragged itself out.

ROUND NINE

Sharkey tried hard to get in close and when he stung Stribling with a solid right to the body, Stribling fell back with a volley that pitched Sharkey against the ropes. They wrestled and heaved around the ring in a tight embrace, but as they broke into the clear again Stribling smashed a beautiful left hook and sent a right to Sharkey's chin. Jack broke away but Stribling chased him and nearly put him on the floor with another left to the head. Sharkey fought back with a barrage of punches but never touched the elusive Southerner. As they came to close quarters Stribling buried a left into the Southerner's body and had him slowed and back-peddaling when the bell sounded.

ROUND TEN

There were more warnings from the fighters from the referee before the gong opened the last round. They came out jabbing carefully again, the "Sailor" peering from his lowered eyes while "Stribling" sneered about on his toes, hands low, and evaded almost every punch Sharkey threw at him. Jack finally caught the Southerner and planned him to the ropes with a left to the body and right to the head which smashed Stribling's face again with blood. The Georgian fought right back snuffing Sharkey with two cutting left hooks to the pit of the stomach. Again they came together and Sharkey hit lower a long right that bounced from Stribling's chin. That called for more boxing at close quarters and they were signing on the ropes in tight embrace when the final gong ended the rather featureless quarrel.

Great Program At The Arena This Evening

In connection with the Abbotsville hockey match tonight, citizens will have an opportunity to witness speed skating events superior to anything ever seen in this city, when Willie Logan of St. John, N. B. and Chester Cole of Sackville, N. B. will compete in three events, 1-4, 1-2 and 1 mile races. Logan is a Canadian and international champion and was the 1928 Olympic speed skating representative for Canada. Chester Cole won the 1 mile world championship for 18 years and under in Montreal two weeks ago. These two skaters have an international reputation and are classed with the speediest skaters in America today.
Our sporting public will remember we used to have in Charlottetown in former days. In fact, it is so long since we had speed skating here that the public almost forget what a speed skater looks like in action. Dressed in speed skating costume, with racing skates, a speed skater is considered the most graceful of all athletes.
Willie Logan is a son of the famous world speed skater, Fred Logan, who for years held that title. Years ago he competed in the Arena rink here against our local speed skating champion, and many remember how speedy he was at that time. He has been carefully trained by his father and promises to be the successor to his father's championship.
Chester Cole is also a young skater and just as fast as Logan in his events.
In this skating exhibition, the audience will see some very fast work by these boys, and the Arena rink management desires to be commended for bringing these skaters here and giving our people a chance to see what speed skaters look like in action. This evening promises to be the most pleasant and exciting one in the Arena this year.

CHALLENGE

We, the Western Union Live Wire do hereby challenge either MacLean & Co. or Clarke Bros. to a friendly game of hockey. Game to take place in the Arena Rink Saturday night, March 2nd. Reply through this page.

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WOLVES WIN NOVA SCOTIA CHAMPIONSHIPS AT THE L. O. C.

(Canadian Press)
DIGBY, N.S., Feb. 27.—The Halifax Wolverines defeated Digby Red Ravens champions of Western Nova Scotia 3-1 here tonight in the first game of the two-game series for the Nova Scotia hockey title.

LADIES BOWLING

RAINBOWS			
L. Davey	95	94	93
E. Mullen	48	83	135
A. Birch	117	122	147
B. Welsh	112	101	106
	97	66	59
Total	4175		
SUNSHINES			
A. Puroell	153	122	145
M. O'Neill	116	66	59
G. Flynn	107	103	93
H. Praught	113	170	159
F. Revell	97	119	105
Total	1717		