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STARS DISCUSS CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY GAMES

Red Wing Players Talk On Recent Stanley Cup Matches

The Detroit Red Wings, winners of hockey's greatest trophy, the Stanley Cup, were guests of H. J. Maclean at the Oakland Hills Riding Club, Fourteen Mile and Redford Roads, yesterday afternoon, April 15. The Birmingham Eccentric sent a representative to interview the champions and get the players' views and reactions to the recent Stanley Cup playoffs.

Captain Doug Young, stellar defenseman, was the leading spokesman for the group. "It was a great thrill being in the playoff finals," he said. "Montreal was a better team than Toronto, and when we took the ice against the Leafs for the final game, we were confident. We wanted to win, and the team played great hockey."

"Normie Smith was the big factor in our victories. He was 'hot,' and he gave us confidence to go out and open up. The first game at Montreal (the game which lasted 176 minutes) was the highlight of the series. We were pretty tired after that one, but not too tired to celebrate."

"It sure gave me a kick to be in a playoff my first full year in the big leagues," stated Bucko McDonald, the youthful co-defenseman with Captain Young. And one more thing—I don't think it's true that I eat as much as the papers say. I eat more than that!"

"Boy, I sure got a thrill playing in a finals too!" exclaimed red-haired Pete Kelley, whose goal scored the winning point for the Red Wings in the final game. "This was my first year in the big game, too. As for that winning goal, I was lucky. Herbie Lewis gave me a perfect pass, and anybody could have scored after that."

Johnny Sorrell, the high point scorer for the playoff series, was rather bashful. "I was in a slump most of the season," he said, "but I guess I snapped out of it in the playoffs and finals. This summer I'm going up in Wisconsin and fish. Boy, I like to fish!"

Herbie Lewis, the man who kept Charlie Conacher so well covered, puffed on a long black cigar as he talked. "You know, we rate Conacher the best player in the league. When Adams assigned me to cover Conacher, well, it was nothing new. I've been covering him for about six years." Lewis is one of the best back checkers in the business.

Normie Smith, Red Wing goalie, refused to talk about his stellar play in the playoffs, but instead discussed the heavy pads he wears in each game. "Breaking the pads in is the hardest thing. Once they're broken in, you hardly know you have them on."

SPEAKS SUNDAY

Dr. D. D. Henry

Present educational problems will be discussed by Dr. Henry when he addresses the Men's Forum this Sunday morning at 10 o'clock in the Community House.

(Concluded 1 from Page 1)

porter who caused unfair emphasis to be placed on a portion of the Professor's speech. Such newspapers, unfortunately, do present difficulties to speakers who, themselves, are not trying to make themselves sensational. Can the University, or the college, in training many of the future newspaper men and women of the country, impress upon them the decency of being fair and impartial in quoting public figures? For, it seems to me, a man who has a message to give to a public audience should feel able to have it presented to a larger one, through the medium of the press.

(Concluded 2 from Page 1)

too little attention to a child's training, and small faults may blossom out into big mistakes. But whether it's taking care of a garden or rearing a child, it means work, vigilance and self-sacrifice. That's what some parents don't seem to understand."

"I know," admitted the First Voice, "But I'm sure we can trust the Jones. Nothing to worry about there. They'll make good parents."

"Good parents'" Well, that's a lucky break to start with, thought I. Not much a fellow can do, when he wakes up to find himself in a home where things aren't as they should be, or where no one gives much thought to the kind of man he's going to make. But if the Voices can trust the Jones, I guess I needn't worry, I decided.

All I hope is that they don't call me Harrington Weatherby, III! As I lay wondering about the Jones and the world they lived in, I heard a whir of wings, and old Doctor Stork swooped down beside my crib.

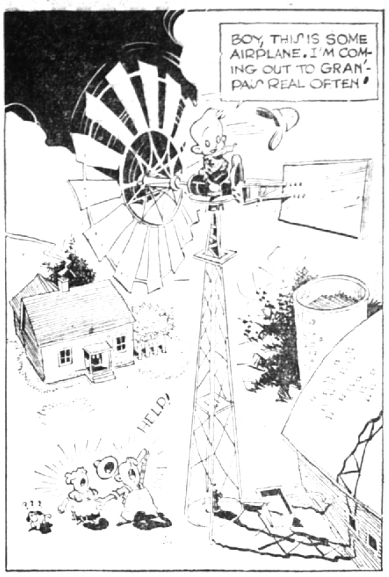
"Here he is, Doctor," said the First Voice. "Jones is the name. Second house from the east corner on the north side of West Street."

(To Be Continued)

Crooning Cub Gets the Gong

Having heard about the home town boys who made good after competing in amateur radio contests, "Peanuts," 10-week-old lion cub, himself decided to murmur a few tunes into the microphone. But when he roared, the crowd didn't, and "Peanuts" was given the gong.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME



Tall Tales

As told to: FRANK E. HAGAN and ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Blondy by a Tongue!

'WAY back in 1892, said the old turfman—I owned a beautiful racing mare whose name was Blondy because of her color.

My other possession was a farm, but it had a "plaster" of $35,000.

Bad luck cut between me and the purses although Nigger Jim, my trainer, would get her creating colored body in the pink before every race.

We taught Blondy a lot of tricks, between losing races. One was to make a face. Nigger Jim or I would hold an apple or carrot so she had to stretch her neck and put out her tongue for it. And she got so she would do this whenever we told her "make a face."

We entered the mare in a claiming race at Churchill Downs the spring of '92. It was May 15, to be exact. The mortgage on the farm was due May 16. Nigger Jim had Blondy in great form for the 1¼ mile race. But the bookies were laying 20 to 1 against our nag. I scared up a thousand berries and placed the whole roll at 20 to 1. It was win the race or lose the farm.

The horses were away evenly but 100 yards from the start Blondy stumbled and lost stride. Then she winged away, regaining lost ground at every jump. Then a horse cut in front of her. It was Dixie Dude and she had to be pulled.

Down the back stretch and around the turn they came. Blondy was moving up on the outside. When they hit the stretch she and Dixie Dude were running head and head.

It looked like a certain dead heat but at the last jump or two Nigger Jim, hanging on the rail, yelled "Make a face, Yo' Blondy! Make a face!" Thank God! Blondy heard, straightened her neck, shot out her tongue across the finish line and won the race.

© Western Newspaper Union

Gaiety in Tweed Topcoat

This bright tweed topcoat is attractive enough to be worn by even such a charming person as Joan Bennett. The wrap is of gay red, gray, and beige tweed, with a background of eggshell color. Cut very full in back, it can be worn over a heavy woolen dress or a tailored suit.

Not Will Rogers!

This is not a picture of the man who once was America's most beloved humorist, but that of A. A. Trimble, Cleveland, O., map salesman who portrays the late Will Rogers in a new motion picture. Trimble often was mistaken for Rogers when the cowboy-philosopher was alive.

Relic of Indian Kidnaping

The papoose case worn by Georgia Carroll in the above picture is said to have been used by an Indian-squaw in kidnaping Cynthia Ann Parker, 6, from Fort Parker, Tex., in 1830. Cynthia was held captive 30 years before being rescued by Texas Rangers. The case will be exhibited at the Texas Centennial Exposition.

Obituary

EARL DIEMER

Earl Diemer, 42 years old, 809 Ruffner St. est, died at 3:30 o'clock last Tuesday morning at St. Joseph Mercy Hospital following an appendicitis attack. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Diemer of Chatham, Ont.

The deceased was born in Chatham, Ont., coming to Detroit at the age of 14 years. He moved here 18 years ago. He was employed by the Woodall Industries of Detroit as Chief Inspector.

Surviving are his widow, Helen M.; sons, Bert, and Earl, brothers, Mrs. Eleanor Dunlop of Sandwich, Ont., and Mrs. Clara Chandler of Pasadena, Calif. Funeral services will be held at 9:30 o'clock tomorrow morning at Holy Name Church, Birmingham. Burial will be in the Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

MRS. BATEMAN WOOD

Mrs. Josephine Wallace Wood, 71 years old, of Franklin, died at 9 o'clock, Tuesday morning at her residence. She was born Oct. 7, 1864, in St. Louis, Mo., and when three years old moved with her parents to Farmington. She taught school for twenty years in Franklin and married Bateman Wood in 1910. They celebrated their twenty-sixth wedding anniversary last January.

Mrs. Wood leaves, besides her husband, a daughter, Mrs. William Pfeiffer, and a granddaughter, Patricia, of Franklin; a brother, Marion Wallace Jeffries, of Mt. Vernon, Ill.; Stahl, of St. Louis, Mo., Mrs. Jane Mulder, of Ovid, and Mrs. Floyd Facey, of Franklin.

Funeral services will be held this afternoon at 2 o'clock from the S. O. Wylie Bell Funeral Home with Rev. R. D. Richards, of Avoca, officiating.

Mrs. Wood belonged to the Ladies' Aid society and the Franklin Cemetery Auxiliary.

JOHN F. BLIESATH

John F. Bliesath, 74 years old, died at his home in Waterford, Michigan early yesterday morning. He was born in Ohio, March 2, 1862, living the last eight years in the town where he succumbed.

The deceased leaves his widow, Adelaide, two brothers, Fred, of Napoleon, Ohio, and D. C. Bliesath of this city, and three sisters, Mrs. Dora Bush of Pontiac, Mrs. Susan Weiler, Hubbard Lake, and Mrs. Laura Drake, all of Napoleon, Ohio. It was announced that funeral services will be held Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the deceased's residence in Waterford.

Before and After

Turkish girls, who marry into it, discover that their husbands before marriage strike a sympathetic note in the hearts of American women who want to see more of their husbands after marriage.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Independent.

We Do

During the campaign we call for men of vision; afterward we call them visionaries.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Nothing But—

The Indians ain't wives are tame, thank goodness, and now there is nothing to kill us but care.—Minneapolis Star.

Ba-a-ah!

News that Italy has developed a process of making wool out of milk must make the ewes feel rather sheepish.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Traffic Officer Needed

America at the crossroads—Headline. If it isn't America it is Great Britain, or France, or Italy, or Ethiopia, or Hitler, or Stalin. The crossroads is the only unpolluted one; they cross roads should ought to be the world's best meeting place.—Lynchburg (Va.) News.

Worse

The only thing worse than being old and broke is being young and broke.—S. J. Perelman in Keystone.

Game Called

"Is it true the game warden's in love with the sweet voice?"

"I'm afraid so. I found you out when I overheard the voice 'I'm having a party for my birthday and I'd like it if you'd start you to suggest some good games to play!'"

The Bald Facts

"My hair's giving me a lot of trouble lately," confided the worried young man to a friend.

"Don't worry about it, old man," consoled the friend. "It'll come out all right!"

Especially

Jean Harlow has gone from platinum to brown hair, and we can't say that we blame her especially if she burns coal.—Ohio State Journal.

Mrs. W. R. Tracy of Lone Pine road was hostess to eight guests Tuesday at luncheon and bridge in honor of Mrs. Arnold Tresselt of Fort Wayne, Ind., who is the guest of Mrs. J. S. O'Rourke of Pilgrim road.

Or A Bus!

"Can you tell me the quickest way to Main street, my boy?" asked the driver of the ramshackle old car.

The boy looked the car over carefully. "Sure," he replied. "Take a street car."

Sounding Off

Father—Of course you have to go to school, son. If I don't give you a good education how can I make sure you'll be heard in life?

Son—Buy me a horn.

Gobi. I don't know what I'd do if some one called me now.

Girl—Well, you could say "Good evening," couldn't you?

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RINSO Large 19c
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- 356 Lakepark Dr.
- 971 Waddington Rd.
- 755 Ridgedale Ave.
- 361 Shirley Drive
- 225 Hawthorne Road
- Williamsbury Road at Bradway Blvd.
- Suffield at Pine
- Lone Pine Court
- Avondale near Charing Cross Rd.
- Woodale at Bradway Blvd.

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