

## Hear Me Talkin' to Ya

By BILL GIBSON

YOUNG JACK THOMPSON is one fighter who has the fans guessing—you never can feel sure just what the fast stepping welter will do.

Those in the know were whispering around that Jack's championship days would be over as soon as he stepped into the ring recently with Lou Brouillard, the white champ of New England, in a title engagement.

Brouillard, you'll remember, is the young gent who got a decision over Thompson in a non-title fracas some months ago, and because of his showing in this bout was given the title shot. California, for some reason, went sour on Jack and despite the National Boxing Association's recognition of his championship, refused to recognize Thompson, placing the laurel instead on the brow of Young Corbett.

Thompson is being quoted as saying that he intended to hang up the gloves and quit the ring in the near future. Still a young man, and conceded by critics to have one of the hardest punches of any boxer in his division, Thompson has puzzled many of his followers by this alleged statement.

While it is true that he has made some money, I risk the belief that he has not earned nearly as much as some other fighters who are not as good as he, nor saved as much as some of the lesser known ringsters. Therefore, unless for physical safety, or to satisfy the whims of someone near and dear to him, Thompson has little to offer his followers as a reason or excuse to call it quits.

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CUM POSEY names an all-star baseball team and immediately the critics get out their hammers and tongs or else swell the chorus with "amens."

Mr. Posey has picked a fine aggregation—one that would stand up against most any opposing outfit you might muster, and that doesn't exclude the major leagues, either. Personally, the writer has never believed in "All-Star" teams, and has expressed this belief more than once in these columns, but since John Public likes them and he's the one who makes the payroll roll, he has to be satisfied.

For this reason, I am taking this space to make a comment or two on Dr. Posey's selections. Two Black Sox players are honored with places on the mythical team, Lundy, shortstop and Flournoy (whose name is mispronounced more than that of any other living player), pitcher. Six Homestead Gray players are named, while the Pittsburgh Crawfords get two (one an ex-Gray), the Kansas City Monarchs get three, St. Louis Stars, two, and Hilldale, one.

Oscar Charleston, of the Grays, gets the call at first base. After having seen Charleston with the Grays and also as he is now playing with the Black Sox, I am more than ever in favor of nominating Thomas, the versatile Black Sox first sacker as far superior to the aging Charleston.

With all respects to Oscar, it is not hard to see that he is getting wobbly, while Thomas, a youngster, is up and coming. No first baseman this season has attracted as much attention and publicity as has this youngster whose playing has been little short of sensational all through the season. Charleston certainly does not belong on the All-Star team, considering hitting, fielding and all-round qualifications. Give me Thomas every time and many fans of both races will support this contention.

Dihigo of Hilldale, Mothel of Kansas City and Bell of St. Louis get the outfield posts. Dr. Posey evidently did not see Pete Washington of the Black Sox and Rap Dixon of Hilldale during the season. A white baseball writer, in an article on these pages last week said that he would rather see these two boys roam the outer gardens than see the major league stars do their stunt in the outfield. The writer, because of no fault of his own, mentioned Workie Jackson, but found later that the player of whom he was speaking was Rap Dixon.



A FIFTY-FIFTY GO—Beryl Richmond (left), Baltimore, white International League pitcher and John (Neck) Stanley, of the Black Sox, shaking hands before a game which ended in a 1-1 tie. Both are left handers.

I am ruling out the opinion of this writer who only saw these two players in one game and who probably never saw Bell or Mothel. I am willing to grant that both are excellent ball players, but I'd rather have Rap Dixon than both of them. Possessed of the best throwing arm in colored baseball, a deer on the bases, a good hitter, and a man of fine temperament and demeanor, Dixon would add strength and dignity to the roster of any ball club, and to fail to mention him, in my estimation, is to hurl an insult into the face of one of the greatest ball players the diamond pastime has ever known.

With the other selections, I have no objection, but to leave off Dixon and Thomas shows that Dr. Posey is not as wide awake as he might be, or that he has let the personal element over-ride his judgment in his selections.

Posey claims the national baseball championship for the Grays. I throw my hat into the air at the selection for I believe the Pennsylvania team of 1931 to be undisputed claimant to these mythical honors.

Picking all-star teams is a dangerous business. I once pointed out in this pillar that the only persons who are really satisfied by such selections are the players who are named. I still hold this opinion. Yet, if the

public must be satisfied, give the public the best players, regardless of wilful personal bias. There is certain to be some bias for there is no such animal as an un-prejudiced person. Dr. Posey showed courage in selecting his team, but I think he would have shown greater courage and better judgment if he had substituted the names of Thomas and Dixon for those to whom he awarded the honor. So much for that.

### Woman Slave 31 Years Lives in Canada at 100

ST. CATHERINES, Ontario.—Mrs. Katherine Deveaux, for 31 years a slave in the United States, celebrated her 100th birthday here recently. When she was freed after the Civil War she came to Canada, and earned money enough to buy her home.



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