

GABBITING WITH JIM BRADDOCK:
RED his man in the brown coat. Tired sport shirt and striped flannel trousers was on his way to get a much needed shave, but a freerider fellow has found out to their own scurry advantage, he is one of the world's most kindly citizens. While the Florida sun beat down he stood and talked.

There were questions, naive and wondering, as to why a supposedly vacationing reporter should fly over from Havana just for the day. There were other questions, reflecting all the good grown up who had not forgotten New Jersey sandlot days. They concerned the Giants' pitching problem and what Travis Jackson might do with the new farm across the river this season.

Then there were answers. "Yeah, Mac was along. She liked this place pretty much and she deserved a vacation. No, the kids hadn't come. One of them was in school and there wasn't much sense in breaking up the routine of the others just for a couple of weeks down here. He'd bring them back some sweet presents though and he'd bet they liked that." Would, asked the reporter, any of them be as well as the "partie" he brought home two Junes ago?

Jim Braddock grinned. When he was preparing to fight Max Baer for that mystic thing called the heavyweight title, the three little Braddock could not quite understand all those big new words so suddenly come into the family vocabulary. They insisted that their daddy was going out to get them a "rustic."

When he finally arrived home with the title, they were disappointed perhaps, foreseeing far better than others how empty a thing a championship is unless properly administered. So, being a wise and fond father, he had to go out and buy them a real live turtle as actual evidence of good faith. The turtle is going well.

The title—Jim Braddock's grin slowly faded when the reporter mentioned it. He was not exactly embarrassed. The champion is too honest and well meaning to be swayed from his pose of simple dignity when alone. But new years make new friends and divide the best of loyalties. Perhaps while he thought Jim was thinking of those two Junes ago when only one New York reporter felt faith enough to remain in his camp, about his losses and bet on him while later ere yelling about 1,000 to 1 shots.

Yeah, he felt swell. Later he would go up in the Wisconsin and rough it for a few weeks. Then he'd be ready. What? Sure, he had trouble with his hand last year. Arthritis, right here, look.

Super Fighter of 1936 Looks Like Sucker Now

There was no comment while the reporter mentioned last suit, broken contracts, the chances of the public paying any share of those two drab heavyweight championship affairs in one season and such things.

This another question brought a grin and amiable response. "Yeah, the super fighter of last year did get hit by the sucker fighter now a harder guy to look. He didn't lead you and he was cute. Hard to hit and hit pretty hard. Had the old experience that was what it was."

"Yeah, Louis was a counter fighter. But you could hit him into making leads and going haywire. Look at him against Schmeling that Louis. When you get him off the track, well he—handages? Let him have all he wanted. It was the tape that really counted. Besides a guy with big hands really needed more bandages than—"

There was a polite excuse while the reporter mentioned that Louis' hands were woefully small and soft thirds as large as those of Braddock and by no means as calloused. This was a point that the champion evidently never had previously considered.

Just as evidently, though, it was a point that did not interest him. That could mean he really does not expect to fight the much feared "Brown Bomber" or does not expect to get hit by it. Perhaps he is right about the net getting hit part. When he said it just after the Louisiana spectacle I believed him, he wrote it and got a few thousand re-buking letters in return.

Now—well, this correspondent still thinks Louis is the most overrated fighter of the era. He also likes to spoil the memory of a pleasant morning's conversation with one of the world's most genuine guys.

But no matter what has happened mentally, the Braddock who fights this summer will not be physically the same Braddock who wrestled that "rustic" from Baer.

At the Zoo
 "There's a mouse loose!"
 "Are you English or Scots?"

Giants Worry Less Over Flag Rivals Than Own Future

After long hours of watching practice and conversing with the Giants, I am forced to report that even though the Southern heat has taken the aches away from the winter-settled inmates, the athletes are far from happy. Indeed, they are devoting much of their time to worrying about what is going to happen to them this season.

The National League champions—the Haslins, Meltons and Chiozzos who recently have come into our midst, as well as the old reliable pennant-winning Ott, Hubble and Moore—know they have a pretty fair ball club. Many of them feel that Pittsburgh probably is the best club in the league, but they are not unduly perturbed by thoughts of the Pirates. Accidents and a long-continued inability to maintain a championship pace again will eliminate Pie Traynor's hopes, they believe.

Similarly, the Cards are not such huge winners as newspaper reports would have you understand. Any Giant will admit that Dizzy Dean is one of the greatest pitchers of all time, that Durocher is a superb shortstop, and that Melvin is tops among outfielders. But—just as they feel that the Cubs have not strengthened sufficiently and that the Reds will have a nuisance rather than a pennant-winning value—the Giants are not fretting about their St. Louis brethren.

What really concerns them is their own estate. Guy D'Armas such as the receiver.

1936, Bill Terry and the boys are sure they can triumph again. Their worry is that such breaks may not be repeated, and that Melvin they might wonder if a little added strength here and there might ease them of their Bill Terry burdens. Let us consider the case of the five catchers warrant little immediate consideration. Jim Sheehan, who gives promise of reaching the process some day, is far too inexperienced even for third string duty and Spencer merely are third stringers. That leaves Mancuso and Danning.

Probably—although Mancuso never was fast and his strike zone—have not improved his sliding degree—that is enough. Danning, a shrewd young man who can hit, has been with the Giants most of the time since 1931. This is his make-or-buy season.

Johnny McCarthy, tossed around for several seasons by the Dodgers and Yankees, has had most of the first base call. It is unlikely that he will continue there. LeBlanc does not field like a Terry or even a McCarthy. But Sam is a steady workman and an abdominal operation has restored his health. He can hit, and the Giants need power too much to pass him by. That means first base will be conducted in good, reliable fashion.

So also will be second base and shortstop. Whitehead is a very good leader and team player. Probably he is not quite as good a hitter as his 27% average last year indicates. But, placed properly in the batting order, he will not weaken the attack. Bartell—even though occasionally gives to making plays the hard way—is a good shortstop.

Third base is a problem. Lou Chiozza, Mickey Haslin and Tommy Theonow have been working out there, but it is unlikely that Mickey and Tommy are being considered for any thing save utility roles. That means Chiozza, placed in Joe Moore's old leadoff spot in the first game lineup, is considered the regular at the moment.

Possibly Lou—a fair fielder and hitter with the Phillies—will continue there. A slender, alert, prematurely gray, twenty-five-year-old man who lives in a town of Memphis, he is in somewhat of a spot now, though. As in all the years of Terry's management, the Giants must depend this season on superb pitching, a tight defense and the best possible use of their bats.

Moore is as good a leadoff man as there is in baseball. He is on base frequently. Possibly his sharp hits will do the Giants as much good if he bats in the fourth or fifth position. Possibly—because this season likely to be his last season at the Polo Grounds—it is time to develop a new leadoff man. There remains the question whether there will be anybody on base when he comes to bat along with Ott, Leiber and Leslie, the only power boys.

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BERNDT DIRECTS BARNUM CONCERT

Special Musical Numbers Are Offered at Assembly Past Tuesday

Tuesday, March 23rd, at 8 a. m. Mr. Arnold Berndt directed the Barnum Orchestra in a concert, among the selections played was a violin duet by Jean Forest and Richard Andrade, a clarinet solo by Howard Crall, a trumpet solo by Harold Jones, and a clarinet quartet by John Russo, Spencer Peck, Howard Crall and Harold Wangenars.

The 9th grade Biology class accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Forsyth spent last Tuesday morning in Detroit at the flower show.

Vacation Plans Given

Teachers at Barnum were asked their plans for spring vacation. "I think I am just staying home," said Miss Borg. Miss Foreman, Miss Lonsbury, Miss Pureshake, Mr. Robinson, and Mrs. Wilson. Miss Herrick is going to New Orleans while Mrs. Forsyth is going to Chicago. Miss Boyce is going home to Detroit.

These teachers are also going home. Miss Sundell to New Era, Miss Bristol to Almont, Miss Cress to Cass, Miss Gorman to Fenton, and Miss Maudsall to Traverse City. Mr. Jenkin is going to Detroit while Mr. Engel is taking a trip through Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan. Miss Stewart is going to Detroit to see her patients before they embark for Scotland. Miss Terrill and Miss McConah are undecided as to their destination. Miss Hendrick is going to Norwich, Ontario.

Millions of Americans, as this is written, have just completed their annual struggle with the income tax form and its exigencies from their earnings.

Other millions who were not required to mail a check to the Bureau of Internal Revenue believe, perhaps, that they have escaped the tax collector.

But they are wrong.

No one who works and earns its income pays taxes. He pays them whether he fills out a complicated paper form or not.

For all his earnings rely multitude of unseen "dependents"—policemen, bureaucrats, officials, politicians—and their various plans for spending the worker's money after it has received the alluring label of "public funds."

The sums collected through income tax returns are not large enough, and cannot be made large enough to meet more than a part of that huge and continuous expenditure.

So the difference is made up from indirect taxes, levied on the cost of virtually everything that the worker buys and passed on to him in higher prices. Collectively they act as wages cuts, by reducing the purchasing power of his pay.

In the words of one student of the subject: "The difference between the value of a thing and the price you pay for it is taxation."

As everyone realizes, taxes are necessary for the conduct of successful government. But excessive taxation, a program of reasonable economy, comparable, let's say, to that practiced by the average manufacturer or merchant, can reduce them greatly.

And if the average citizen wants to cut this steadily toll on his net earnings, his most effective method is to insist upon such economy.

For neither he, nor any other worker, is exempt from taxes—regardless of how they are levied.

Thoughtful Friends: "My good man, why don't you leave the street car home?"

Illuminated One: "Well, no who. Who wouldn't let me keep it in the house?"

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