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# SPORT

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## PAUL GALICO WRITES OF ED WYNN AND MAX BAER

SPECULATOR, Sept. 22—Mr. Ed Wynn, the comedian, once went wandering through a couple of hours of musical comedy, murmuring ecstatically—"I love the woods—I love the woods..." Mr. Max Adelbert Baer, the prize fighter who has ambitions, however, to be a comic, at present sequestered in a mountain shack at Speculator, N.Y., spends every waking moment that he is not stewing and worrying over his coming fight with Joe Louis, hating the woods. He hates the trees, the branches and the leaves. He hates the roots, and the moss that grows over the fine fragrant, piney, springy ground. He hates the blue lake in which the fish jump at dawn and at twilight, and he hates the fish that jump in the blue lake. He hates the lovely, throaty birds that carol in the trees, and the little red chipmunks that scamper up and down the trees he hates.

'All Tightened Up'  
He occupies a lovely pinelogs mountain camp on the lakeside, with deer heads stuck on the walls, and skins, and big open fireplaces, and he hates that, too. He wishes to God he was back in New York, sitting in a stuffy hotel suite, listening to the roar of the traffic climbing up from the macadam, where birds are kept in the zoo where they belong, where trees grow in tubs and fish are displayed in ice in restaurant windows. Max is strictly a town guy, and maybe they haven't been so smart in keeping him too long away from pavement and clatter. He does not love the long, silent, cool nights of crisp mountain air, the darkness, and the little prehistoric bats that fly around in the darkness. He not only hates the bats, but is scared to death of them. He woke up at four o'clock in the morning the other day with a bat in his room, and something moaning dolefully out in the woods. He said he thought it was a coyote, but they don't have coyotes in the Adirondacks, and

I said I thought it was an owl. Well he said he hated that, too. He can't wait to get away from nature, back to the well-beloved artificialities.

Was ever a man in such a parlous mental state for an important fight? Only a dope would pick him to win. The name of that dope is Paul William Gallico. Don't ask me why. If I were not a dope I would know. Baer is jumpy, nervous and brooding. He shrills a perpetual whistle past an everlasting graveyard. He is conscious of his father and mother, who are in camp with him, big homey folks, who you have met before. He is conscious of Mary Ellen, his bride, and his brother, and all the boxing friends he once attracted as champion, of the money he can make by winning, and the prestige that will come to him. Last night over the bridge table, he shook his black head and over his broad shoulders and long arms under his yellow sweater, and said—"I'm all tightened up." At nine o'clock, with the bridge game hot and funny, what with Pete Reilly playing against him, they took the cards out of his hands and sent him up to bed. Mary Ellen left, too; and he was left alone, this big screw-ball, who loves the town and the music and the electric signs, probably to lie in bed awake, listening to the dreadful bats blunder against the screens and the fish splash in the lake, and the owls hoot, and wonder in the darkness whether he actually CAN hit Joe Louis, whether he will be able to take Louis' punch and trying to see himself sitting in the steamy, sweaty, dressing room after the fight, with the photographers popping their flashlights on him, mugs crowding round in back, trying to get their faces in the picture with—the victor.

Baer is in the most curious dilemma in which ever a young man found himself. He wants terribly to win this fight for Mary Ellen. And yet, if he wins the fight, he will lose Mary Ellen.

## SAYS HE'LL BEAT BAER IN FIFTH, THEN 'GO TO TOWN'

### 21-Year-Old Joe Louis Unruffled by Stories About Maxie's Conditioning.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21—Not only the most sensational heavyweight "rookie" in the history of pugilism, but a fighter who can do what few others can—name the round in which he is going to stop his opponent. That's Joe Louis, the battling beauty of Detroit, who is to climb through the ropes with Max Baer on Tuesday night at the Yankee Stadium in a scheduled fifteen-round engagement.

Years ago, it was nothing for a fighter to name the punch he would use to flatten his foe. Nowadays the majority aren't ever sure of scoring as much as a decision.

To this boy Louis goes a world of credit for what he has accomplished in the short time he has been boxing as a professional. It really is remarkable, when one looks back to the fact that he turned pro on July 4, 1934, to find him today only a step away from fighting for the highest honor in pugilism—the world's heavyweight championship.

#### Has Real Confidence

The ring has never known a youngster more sure of his capabilities. He isn't overconfident, but he is smart enough to know just what the other fighter can do and just how to combat the style.

Weeks before his big fights, Joe has forecast victories and named a round. It so happens that he missed by one round in each fight. He said he would knock out Primo Carnera in five rounds, and did it in six. He said he would stop Levinsky, who was actually petrified when he stepped into the ring, in two frames. Joe underestimated himself this time. He halted the King in the initial stanza.

#### Fifth Frame for Max

One would believe that a 21-year-old youngster would be somewhat nervous, facing a clash with the former heavyweight champion, the only man in his path to the title. Yet Joe gets along as if he were to fight a third-rater. He hasn't a worry nor a care. Or, if he has, he never shows it on that "frozen face" of his. He disposed of Carnera with little trouble and beat Levinsky under wraps. And he comes along with the prediction that he will treat Baer the same way. Furthermore, Joe says it won't go more than five rounds.

Louis told his trainer, Jack Blackburn: "You can start packing our things in the fifth round, no later, because if he is still in there then, Ah'm really going to go to town in the fifth round."

len. If he loses it he has a chance to keep her. The two people are opposites. Mary Ellen should be married to Buddy Baer. She loves all the things that Max hates, and hates all the things that attract Max's ear and eye, the glitter of diamonds, the sheen of soft light on ermine, the Wah-wah-wah of the hot cornet and the anti-beat of the snare drum. If Max wins, next Tuesday night. It will be money, and town, and night clubs, hotels and sycophants, shows, and radio contracts, Hollywood and the movies, and hippy platinum blondes out to take the big sucker for his dough, lithe chorines and fuzzy-haired headline hunters, champagne, noise, and the thud of the palm-clap on the back—and good-by to Mary Ellen.

#### Ruin or Happiness?

On the long road to the grave, men sometimes encounter, deep, quiet women who walk by their side a little of the way and the going seems smoother therefor. Such a one is Mary Ellen, who walks quietly in the shade with her man, but who will shrink and wither in the calcium lights. Max probably doesn't know this. Few men do. He wants to bring her victory, and money, to string her neck with diamonds, sheath her shoulders with skins when all she wants is just her man, simple and unaffected, the still peace of understanding, and the quiet of simple life. Perhaps that is why I know that Max will win this fight, because Fate is a player of dirty tricks, and a dealer of cards from the bottom. Louis has time. He can lose, and still be champion. There is still time to destroy HIM. It is Baer who is at the brink—with ruin ahead if he wins, a chance for happiness if he loses.

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## "BIG THREE" LEAGUE WILL OPEN OCT. 5

### League Meeting Here Saturday Drew Up Schedule

The "Big Three" New Brunswick Interscholastic Rugby League will get under way on Saturday, October 5th, with Rothesay Collegiate School Fifteen playing Fredericton High School at Fredericton, it was announced Saturday by Coach Egbert Cass of the Fredericton High squad, following a meeting here of the league representatives. Representatives of the three schools, Fredericton High, St. John High and Rothesay Collegiate met in the Fredericton High School Saturday afternoon for the purpose of drawing up the league schedule. The complete schedule is as follows:

Oct. 5—Rothesay at Fredericton.  
Oct. 12—St. John at Rothesay.  
Oct. 18—Fredericton at St. John.  
Oct. 19—Fredericton at Rothesay.  
Oct. 26—Rothesay at St. John.  
Nov. 2—St. John at Fredericton.

The Fredericton High Squad has been out to practice since the opening of school on Labor Day and is now rounding into fine shape, Coach Cass reported. Although there are only two of last year's team left in the squad, Captain Ted Clark and Heron, Mr. Cass spoke as though he would, on the 5th of October, have a team on the field that will equal last year's "Big Three" champions.

## LEBLANC LEAVES FOR EUROPE ON OCTOBER 1

MONCTON, Sept. 21—Frankie LeBlanc will leave his home town of Dalhousie on October 1 for Europe, where he will play hockey during the coming winter.

During 1931 and 1932 LeBlanc was pivot ace of the Dalhousie Rangers, Maritime champions of that year, and the following season he was a member of the Allan Cup champions, the Moncton Hawks. In the winter of 1933 and '34 he campaigned with Queens Club of London, England, and was one of Canada's brightest stars, playing not only in England but in most of the European countries.

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