



Hugh Bradley Says:

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Uhlman's Chances Dim but Serious Effort Deserves Attention

NAPANOCH, N. Y.—Once the reporter put the proposition up to a fellow named Baer.

"That's easy," said the fellow named Baer. "I'll smash him to pieces." Again the reporter sought information from a man called Paulino. "I take. Okay. He no hurt me," said the man called Paulino.

Since subsequent events had proved that both gentlemen were more than a trifle mistaken the reporter had no confidence in the question now. Nevertheless, he decided to give it another workout.

"Max," he asked Schmeling, "how do you expect to beat Joe Louis?"

The tanned giant blinked those narrow eyes which peep out from under bushy eyebrows at the edge of a slanting forehead. Ordinarily he is quick on the pickup and fences with interviewers in English as easily as in German.

"We'll stay away from him. We won't let him hit us. We'll—" Max Machon, the former heavyweight champion's trainer, had rushed to the rescue.

"Sure, I know that," interrupted the reporter, "but you'll be on the other side of the ropes and a well-behaved beautifully tutored boy like Louis is not going to forget his manners to reach over and take a sock at you. Let's get down to cases. Max's going to be the lamb being led to—I mean he's going to be the guy in there on June 18. How's he going to be that?"

Thinks Movies Show Louis Can Be Hit

The narrow eyes no longer were blinking. The tanned giant was leaning forward eagerly. Ordinarily he

YANKEES GOT HIM



This is the first picture to be made of Francis Kelleher, nineteen, after he had joined the New York Yankees. When Kelleher, a sophomore at St. Mary's college, California, was signed by the Yankees, Coach Slip Madigan of the Gaels protested to Judge Kenesaw Landis, czar of baseball, claiming the Yanks had violated professional baseball's unwritten law. Landis, however, upheld the Yanks' acquisition of Kelleher.

is one of the coldest of men but he has a warming smile and now he turned it on. "That's right," he said. "I've seen the movies and I've seen him close up." He did not refer to Louis by name, indeed the Brown Bomber seldom is spoken of up here in Max Schmeling's training camp. "Certainly he can hit but he has to have something to hit, doesn't he? Well."

There was a moment overflowing with embarrassing silence.

"Well," admitted the reporter then, "it's a good gag if you can get away with it."

Having watched the German giant in several workouts since then, though, the reporter is not yet ready to agree that Schmeling can get away with it. Plainly he needs far more work before he will be ready for such an ambitious undertaking.

Judged solely on training exhibitions the Uhlman would by no means be a good bet to gain a decision over his Yankee stadium opponent. Working against Han Kohlhaas, Andy Wallace and such heavyweights of very minor importance, he seemed slow and easily hit. More over the punches that were conveyed by his own 14-ounce gloves lacked that authority they displayed several years ago.

Max Schmeling

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Sparring Mates Are Guinea Pigs for Max

Nevertheless, it would be unfair to judge him solely from such a showing against partners. Such men usually are selected in the same manner that a surgeon picks out the best specimens in the guinea pig market. They are in camp for experimental, if not entirely scientific, purposes. If Max belted them out in one-two-three order each afternoon he would be achieving no more than has been done as well by numerous pugilists.

All that actually would be accomplished would be the ruination of three more guinea pigs. Similarly, it would get him nothing, save perhaps a few extra cheers from his loyal landsmen, who flock up here, if he devoted his time to the soft snap of outboxing his laboratory specimens. So he seems to be concentrating upon special assignments.

There is, for instance, the experiment being conducted in uppercuts. This blow is a new one for him, but in view of his short, thick-muscled forearms and the fact that Louis fights in a half crouch with his arms extended in front of him, might become a very effective one.

FOUR members of Fordham's all-conquering baseball team are said to be pledged to big-time clubs. It is whispered that First Sacker Babe Young loves the Yankees, that Catcher Andy Palau has a case on the Giants, that Catcher Tony DePhillips goes for the A's and that Outfielder Gene Coyle sees eye to eye with the Dodgers. All of them save Palou, who is a junior, will be graduated in June. . . . Incidentally, the Tigers are reported to be making sheep's eyes at Jimmy Sheehan, the Rams' sensational frosh receiver. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 195 pounds and belted the ball all over a New Haven high school lot before becoming Fordham's best prospect since the days of Frankie Frisch.

Francis Albertant, the fight publicist who has taken to the Napanocho hills while building up the Louis-Schmeling affair, is a diplomat even when dealing with the weather. Although he retains his long underwear he gives spring a break by wearing white shoes. . . . Modern horse fanciers may never see another steeplechase dead heat such as occurred recently between Rock Lad and Roter. They are so rare that even Louie Strube, the eminent Long Island horseman, had to go back to 1894 before recollecting another timber-topping deadlock.

Terry Likes Fans' Boos but Only on the Road

Bill Terry likes to hear the fans boo when the Giants are on the road. Says it means that everybody is taking the club seriously. . . . Eddie Meade, the fight manager, will desert California for New York soon. . . . Nat Fleischer, the Boxing Magazine editor, and Eddie Borden, his assistant, race to get to the office first each day. The two



Terry

citizens are philatelists (who'd have ever thought that about them?) and the gent who gets there first gets the best stamps off the morning's mail.

Even the most eminent master thinkers occasionally miff one. Last winter J. E. Widener decided that Brevity was his ace three-year-old. So he took the 10 G's the Texas horseman, A. G. Tarn, offered him for Rushaway. Since then Rushaway has won the Louisiana, Illinois and Latonia Derbies. Brevity has—but why revive sad memories?

When Johnny Farrell was pro at Quaker Ridge he was a member of the National Democratic club. Now that he has moved to Baltusrol, he has given up such evil associations. The reason? The boys at Baltusrol are ardent Republicans. . . . Although Ethan Allen is one of the most mannerly athletes off the field, ballplayers say that he is the most competent of all jockeys (goat getters) when the game is under way and an opponent needs to be riled. . . . Robert Hutchison, who won so many medals when he raced for the celebrated Loughlin Lyceum A. C. now is one of the best known soccer referees. Incidentally, he is the son of John Hutchison, who manages the Greenpoint F. C. Sheriff Pete McGuinness' favorite team.

One of the better jobs of spring cleaning (up) is being done by a firm in the Wall street neighborhood. The gents bet you 5 to 1 that you cannot name three major league players who will achieve a total of six hits on any given baseball day. . . . Joe Jacobs, Max Schmeling's manager, started piloting prize fighters when he was in high school. . . . Frank Abrahams, Eddie Tehel and Eddie Singer, who now star for the New York (soccer) Hakoahs, were members of the celebrated Hakoah team of Vienna.

Carnera's Latest Flop Was on the Up and Up

Probably it is just as well that Le Roy Haines' latest triumph over Primo Carnera was recorded in Brooklyn rather than in the Desert of Sahara. No matter how hard they tried to appreciate the thing, their arid environment would have licked the simple Arabs. Only a citizen who has taken his own share of bellywhoppers among the ships and microbes of a waterfront town could really understand that the whole business was not the old gag.

Primo must have been sorely distressed by this sudden seizure. In spite of some youthful practice as a thespian, he is more ham than Hamlet, and this display was worthy of Shirley Temple at her best. Furthermore, if it had been the phony bolonius, as they whisper in the Sahara Desert, there would have been far more surprise, pain, indignation and agonized lamentations.

So I definitely believe that the thing was on the up and up; that Haynes probably couldn't even lick Max Baer.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

A Philadelphia has forwarded a newspaper clipping which reads: "Give us the breaks and we'll finish in the first division," says Connie Mack. . . . Across this the fan has written "Yeah, and then you'd peddle them to Tom Yawkey in October."

G-MEN CONTINUE THEIR FIGHT ON PUBLIC ENEMIES

Robinson, Stoll Kidnaper, Is Given Life Sentence in Atlanta Prison.

Louisville, Ky.—Thomas H. Robinson, Jr., latest of the nation's major criminals to be captured, pleaded guilty of the Stoll kidnaping and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

The twenty-nine-year-old former inmate of a Tennessee insane asylum stolidly heard Federal Judge Elwood Hamilton pronounce sentence.

Robinson slugged Mrs. Alice Speed Stoll, young Louisville society matron, with a lead pipe and kidnaped her from her home here October 10, 1934. For more than 19 months he eluded federal agents. He spent most of his time traveling between New York and California, and federal agents said he spent freely the \$50,000 paid him as ransom for Mrs. Stoll. He had held her for a week in an apartment in Indianapolis.

He was caught in Glendale, Calif., and whisked here in a government chartered airplane. His sentence came within less than 48 hours after his capture. Judge Hamilton directed that Robinson be sent to Atlanta federal penitentiary with the usual specification that he be subject to transfer to any other federal prison on order of the United States attorney general.

No Longer Public Enemies.

Dead are John Dillinger, Baby Face Nelson, Pretty Boy Floyd, Verne Miller, Clyde Barrow, John Hamilton, Mad Dog Vincent Coll, Dutch Schultz, Legs Diamond, Frank Nash, Ma Barker, and her son Fred. Behind the bars are Al Capone, Machine Gun Kelley, Roger Touhy, Waxey Gordon, Joe Montana, Doc Barker, Lucky Luciano, John Torrio, and Alvin Karpis.

J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the G-men who caught "Old Creepy" Karpis in New Orleans, intends that he shall neither run wild nor creep any more. In St. Paul Karpis awaits trial for the kidnaping of William Hamm and Edward G. Bremer. Hamm paid \$100,000 ransom and Bremer \$200,000. The Lindbergh kidnaping law provides a death penalty.

But Karpis also has committed a few other crimes for which he could be executed. For instance, there was the murder of a Missouri sheriff who attempted to question Karpis and Barker in 1931, the murder of a South St. Paul policeman in a \$30,000 bank hold-up in Minneapolis in 1933, or, perhaps, the "ride" slaying of Arthur W. Dunlap, Ma Barker's second husband, in 1931.

Many Karpis Crimes.

There is no end of crimes committed, or allegedly so, by Karpis from the time he was the best marble player in Topeka, Kan., until he became Public Enemy No. 1—and until the night 20 federal agents closed in on him, his woman, and a gangster pal as they climbed into an automobile in front of their pretentious Canal street apartment in New Orleans. Karpis had a narrow escape from death on January 20, 1935, when he was surrounded in a hotel at Atlantic City, N. J. He and his companion, Harry Campbell, shot their way through a cordon of police and fled in a stolen automobile. Behind them they left their women. Karpis' girl was expecting a child. In Pennsylvania they kidnaped a physician and stole his car, which they abandoned in Monroe, Mich.

Karpis eluded the G-men from then until his capture in New Orleans.

Couple Wed in Vault

Joplin, Mo.—Charles Homan, of Tulsa, Okla., and Miss Lorraine Thompson, of Joplin, wanted their marriage kept secret, so they persuaded Frank Armstrong, justice of the peace, to perform the ceremony in his office vault.

Plow Enthused Webster More Than Public Life

Daniel Webster was a firm believer in deep tillage. A century ago, convinced that plowing was too shallow, Webster developed a plow 12 feet long from the tips of the handles to the tip of the beam, with a share 13 inches wide. It turned a furrow 14 inches deep. Eight oxen pulled it.

Webster was delighted with his plow, and wrote: "When I have hold of my big plow . . . in a brush-covered pasture and hear the roots crack, see the stumps go under the furrow out of sight, and observe the clean, mellow surface of the land, I feel more enthusiasm than comes from my encounters in public life in Washington."

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