**BROOKLYN GOES DAFFY AS BOMBER WINS: Celebration Carries Long Into the ...** 

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## BROOKLYN GOES DAFFY AS BOMBER WINS

## Celebration Carries Long Into the Night

Man Hits Own Head With Milk Bottle Just to Show Appreciation to Joe

Brooklyn went literally wild when the news of Joe Louis annexing the heavyweight crown of the world to his many already garnered laurels boomed over the air. Screaming, celebrating and what-have-you, that definitely rivaled the pandemonium that graced Harlem, broke out in New York's most populous borough.

Children with horns blaring the praise of the sepia fistic whirlwind, scampered up and down the streets. Beer sardens and the many Brooklyn bright night spots filled their every nook and center with the many who had always claimed "that Joe Louis is the best fighter the world has ever seen."

## Beans Head,

Down on Myrtle avenue, one man took a milk bottle and bounced himself over the head by way of mildiy showing his approval of the manner in which the Brown Bomber trucked to port. The beaned gent said that he had promised to pop his beezer if Louis lived up to expectations, and if the way in which he bowled over Jimmy Braddock can be taken as a criterion, he more than lived up to expectations.

One white chap was carting a delighted sepian on his shoulder up and down Fullon street, the reason being, of course, that the former had made such a bet with the latter. The smile on the face of the youth that was riding was a mile and a half wide...and you shoulda' seen the teeth.

## Had Optimism.

Talking about optimism, one chap, Harry Carter by name, had purchased a suit of clothes without a cent to his name. "I knew that Joe wouldn't let me down, especially since I had placed all on him." This morning, an Amsterdam News reporter spotted him displaying his new togs on the corner of Pulton street and Troy avenue.

So far into the night and on into the dawn of Wednesday morning, Brooklyn's bronzed citizens ripped and roared, and if anyone had been rooting for the ex-champion and still wanted to breath in the good old atmosphere, he made certain that he told the world that "Joe Louis is the best fighter in the world and that he will enter the padded arena and lick the daylights out of Derr Max Schmeling if they ever square off against each other again."

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