

By Joe Williams

Nothing to Fight but Baer  
He May Become 'A Great'  
Primo Became Floor Pattern

NEW YORK, June 15.—A very large man who was very much bewildered and not a little bit frightened, stood on his feet near his own corner and asked the referee to give the heavyweight championship of the world to his opponent.

That was the closing chapter in a melodramatic brawl that saw the championship pass from the massive Primo Carnera to the gay and ebullient Max Baer last night, after eleven rounds of one-sided savagery in the Garden's open-faced bowl over in Long Island.

In many respects it was the most unusual prize fight in the history of the strange sport. No producer seeking to please all tastes at one and the same time could have purposely staged a more complete menu. There was high drama, low comedy, tense moments, listless stretches, official blunders.

And so it seemed quite fitting that the climax should take the form it did, with this giant of a man, weighing 263½ pounds, motioning feebly to the referee to make that bad, nasty boy from California quit throwing rocks at him.

THE setting and the characters oddly paralleled the finish of another fight between a slashing hitter and a ponderous Hercules that was held just fifteen years ago. On that occasion, too, the slashing hitter cut the giant to pieces—and after three rounds the giant sat in his corner, with his head in his hands, and mumbled, "I'm through."

I refer, of course, to Jack Dempsey's victory over the 255-pound Jess Willard at Toledo. Dempsey was at the ringside last night. So was the man who promoted the fight, Ad Thacker, now the mayor of the city. For a while it even looked as if that wild first round at Toledo, which Willard went down seven times, would be re-enacted. And to all practical purposes it was, because Carnera was on his way out before the battle had scarcely begun.

Willard had taken a fierce beating up to the time he decided to quit. And that goes double for Carnera. If ability to absorb punishment connotes gameness, the very large gentleman had it in quantities. A sprained ankle sustained early in the fight may have had something to do with the champion's desire to turn his back on the whole vulgar business at the time he did. I have no doubt that it had much to do with the collapsible tendencies he exhibited at intervals.

NOBODY should be too severe in criticizing the manner in which the Italian surrendered his title. He was most emphatically beaten, his case was hopeless, and it was just plain common sense to stop. As a matter of fact I thought the referee should have stopped it the round before. This was when Carnera stood against the ropes, thoroughly whipped, and insensible to everything around him.

Instead of stopping it the referee, Mr. Arthur Donovan—to my mind still the most capable referee in New York—stepped between Baer and Carnera and inquired at some length into the state of the champion's health, which at that moment was of such a nature as to have frightened off the most adventurous of insurance writers.

Possibly Mr. Donovan unconsciously did a very smart thing. If he hadn't stepped between the two men Baer would have taken another pot shot at the reeling giant and something approaching a fatality might have followed. I admit, of course, that Mr. Donovan might have done a smarter thing consciously by stopping the fight at that instant. Anyway, the incident carried no enduring importance. The only result it had was to give the large gathering of sedentary sadsists an extra round of blood-letting.

THERE was nothing to the fight but Baer, and I have a suspicion you will be reading many learned pieces in the near future describing the mauling madcap as one of the great heavyweights of all time. And against Carnera he looked all of that. How much this was due to Carnera's astonishing ineptness is, of course, another thing.

Carnera didn't look bad; he looked terrible. You will be told that he might have looked better if he hadn't been tagged in the first round, but don't you believe it. Carnera doesn't belong in the same ring with Baer. The Italian can't hit a lick, that crushing right uppercut of his is a myth, and wherever I got the idea he is hard to hit, I don't know. He is about as hard to hit as a third string Brooklyn pitcher.

For the most part, Baer gave us the impression he was merely working out against the big bag in a training camp. He couldn't miss Carnera with a right hand, and when he decided to play for the body the sound effects were reminiscent of a Wagnerian opera, both for violence and length.

Every time I looked up from my notes I saw Carnera's jaw bouncing back from one of Baer's hand punches. It soon got to look like an etching from the modern school of stark realism. Carnera was on the floor so much that he became what appeared to be a fixed pattern in the white canvas. The critics can't agree on how many times he was down—ten, eleven or twelve. I counted eleven, and I am not much on counting.

Overnight the man mountain became a mole hill. And the man who laughed—the clown of the prize ring—laughed himself right into the world championship. Haw, haw, haw!

## Mitchell, Gant Meet in Playoff for Golf Title

Two Tied for District Championship; Play Additional  
Eighteen Holes at Meridian Hills.

Dave Mitchell, young golfer from South Grove, and Dr. E. W. Gant of Highland, clashed today in an eighteen-hole playoff at Meridian Hills Country Club course for the championship of the Indianapolis District Golf Association.

### With Semi-Pros and Amateurs

Indianapolis Amateur Baseball Association teams will reduce their rosters to fifteen players including a playing manager, or sixteen players with a non-playing manager, it was announced today by F. Earl Geider, association secretary. Team managers are asked to file all releases with the secretary not later than Monday, June 18.

The Co-operative League has disbanded. The week-end schedule for I. A. B. A. teams is as follows:

**SATURDAY**  
**Industrial League**  
U. S. Tire vs. Sanitary, Riverside, 8.  
Beaumont vs. Kings, Riverside, 8.  
Holt & Sons vs. J. C. Carr, Brookside.  
E. C. Atkins vs. P. Harrison, P. Harrison.  
**Commercial League**  
Westside Chevrolet vs. Pavey A. C., Brookside.  
Alas Beer vs. Herf Jones, Riverside, 1.  
Henry vs. Union Printers, Ellenberger.  
**Circle City League**  
Klee & Coleman vs. U. S. Corrugated, Riverside, 4.  
Smithy All Stars vs. Winkley A. C., Rhodus, 2.  
Indianapolis Glove vs. I. A. M. A., Rhodus, 1.

**Sunday School League**  
Southside vs. C. F. Riverside, 7.  
Rose Tire vs. Broadway, Riverside, 6.  
Tuxedo vs. C. M. B., Garfield, 3.  
**Manufacturers League**  
Van Camp vs. Bixby, Garfield, 3.  
Indianapolis Bleaching vs. Eli Lilly, Riverside, 9.  
P. R. Mallory vs. Bridgeport, Garfield, 1.  
Polka vs. Real Silk, Riverside, 2.  
**Majestic League schedule not released.**

**SUNDAY**  
**Em-Roe Senior League**  
Question Marks vs. Christamore, Garfield, 2.  
Trinity vs. Highland A. C., Riverside, 1.  
Favara & Hoosier vs. Davis Coal, Riverside, 2.  
**Capital City League**  
Inland Box vs. Standard Hut, Riverside, 6.  
Van Camp vs. Avondale, Rhodus, 1.  
Fairmont vs. Ramblers, Riverside, 8.  
**Big Six League**  
Indianapolis Braves vs. Forrester Cubs, Ellenberger.  
Brinks vs. Irving Merchants, Riverside, 7.

Indianapolis Reserves downed Fountain-town 9 to 6, after 8 closely contested games. Rick Ferrell allowed only six hits, errors counting in the Riverside victory. Score: Reserves pounded the ball hard. Campbell and Becker collected four hits each. Campbell was credited with a circuit cut, a triple, and two singles. Next Sunday, Reserves tackle Nashville at Nashville.

Beach Grove Reds will be host to Kokomo Boosters Sunday and will meet Indianapolis Trumps, June 24. For games write Ed Terhune, Beach Grove, Ind.

Oak Hill Flashes were defeated by Tippecanoe Oilers. Oak Hill oppose the first Stillville game at Stillville Sunday. Following players report at manager's home: Zimmerman, Schenker, Runk, French, Horton, Rhodes, Finney, McClester, E. Horton, Harty, Coffman, Able, Kissinger and Icenbarger.

Bridgeport Blues will tackle Crescent A. Stars at Bridgeport Sunday. Christamore and Runk probably will form the battery for the Blues. Bridgeport has

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## BAER WINS WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CROWN

### Californian Stops Carnera in 11th Round by Technical Knockout; Laughs at Italian

Primo Goes Down in First Frame; Livermore Larruper  
Continues to Smash Big Man With Rights for Ten  
More; Becomes Joyful Demon.

BY JOE ALEX MORRIS  
United Press Staff Correspondent

NEW YORK, June 15.—Max Baer is heavyweight champion of the world today because he takes a satirical delight in fighting, but boxes only under compulsion.

The California fighter's slashing right hand blasted the heavyweight crown off the head of gargantuan Primo Carnera of Italy in the eleventh round of their bout at the Madison Square Garden bowl by a technical knockout last night.

### Champ Plans Future While Papa Groans

Carnera's Former Manager  
Hears Title Fight From  
Jail Cell.

By United Press

NEW YORK, June 15.—Max Baer may defend his title in September, he said today, but emphasized that at present he is more concerned with radio and motion picture contracts.

"I may fight Steve Hamas or some one else in September," Baer said, "but I have assurance that such a contest would draw well. But my ring plans are very indefinite right now."

#### Mother Is No. 1

The champion arose shortly before noon and went up to the roof of his hotel to pose for pictures. He expressed interest in a pretty woman who watched him from a door, but she darted away before he could learn her name.

"Who's the No. 1 woman now?" asked a friend.

"My mother," flipped Baer. "She won't sue me."

He processed pained surprise that sports writers should consider him a clown.

"People don't understand me," he explained with mock seriousness. "I'm a Jekyll-and-Hyde. Outwardly I laugh. Inwardly I am very serious. What I want to do now is end up with a trust fund and not be one of those guys who get the toy balloon concession in an insane asylum."

#### Others Are Jubilant

The Baer establishment still was jubilant today over the Primo Carnera knockout, although Papa Baer's enthusiasm was slightly tempered by that morning-after feeling.

"If I told you how I felt, you couldn't put it in the paper," Papa Baer groaned. "My head felt like it was nailed to the pillow when I woke up. Just celebrating with a little beer, that's all."

In contrast to the Baer suite was the jail cell of William (Big Will) Duffy, one of Carnera's managers. Duffy, who is serving a four-months term for income tax evasion, heard the fight over the radio and, according to other prisoners, took it as hard as the ex-champ himself.

One prisoner said Duffy was upset because Carnera failed to take the count of nine each time he was knocked down. This would have given him additional time to collect his faculties.

### Jacobs, Palfrey Win Net Matches

American Wightman Players  
Dumfoud British.

By United Press

WIMBLEDON, England, June 15.—Miss Helen Jacobs of Berkeley, Cal., American women's tennis champion, made short work of Peggy Scriven, English star, to annex the second match of the Wightman cup series today by the one-sided score of 6-1, 6-1.

Previously Miss Sarah Palfrey of Boston defeated Miss Dorothy Round of England in a thrilling, hard-fought match at 6-3, 3-6, 8-6. Miss Jacobs made it clear early in the match that she was out to revenge her defeat by Miss Scriven in the French women's finals recently. The match was hardly a contest.

The American champion smothered every shot her opponent offered. The crowd was so stunned and disappointed that it barely applauded her, even when she made the most difficult shots.

Helen drew on all branches of her game, mixing chops, fierce drives and punishing volleys. In each of the two sets she swept through the first four games before allowing Miss Scriven to take any.

### ON POST VICTORIOUS

By United Press

NEWBURY, England, June 15.—The Newbury Summer Cup Handicap of \$1,000 was won by Mrs. R. Ambrose Clark's On Post yesterday. On Post finished half a length ahead of James Y. Hanks' Fox Bridge over the mile and a half track.

Odds on Fox Bridge and Mrs. Clark's horse were 6 to 1.

### DIES DURING BROADCAST

By United Press

DETROIT, June 15.—The excitement of listening to a broadcast of the heavyweight championship fight last night caused the death of Digory Stevens Dawe, 48, who collapsed from heart disease during the sixth round.

BY JOE ALEX MORRIS  
United Press Staff Correspondent

NEW YORK, June 15.—Max Baer is heavyweight champion of the world today because he takes a satirical delight in fighting, but boxes only under compulsion.

The California fighter's slashing right hand blasted the heavyweight crown off the head of gargantuan Primo Carnera of Italy in the eleventh round of their bout at the Madison Square Garden bowl by a technical knockout last night.

As a fight it was unlike anything in championship history.

As a fighter, Baer slugged his way into the records as the most puzzling, exciting and demagogically joyful champion of modern times. It was sometimes agonizing to his backers, but it was fun to Baer.

Baer knocked the first corner off Primo's crown in the opening round. His snake-like right arm whipped under the champion's guard; his fist thudded with terrific force against the champion's heart.

#### Carnera's Grin Fades

The broad grin fled from Carnera's face. Momentarily, his huge torso seemed to heave upward and back. His eyes bulged. His head shook. When Maxie's glove came away, there was a faint red tinge against the nut-brown of the Italian's body.

Almost any other slugger—A. Dempsey, for example—would have ended it a few seconds later when Carnera tumbled, almost rolled, to the canvas under a sizzling right to the face. Or a boxer would have cut him to the bone.

For the next ten rounds he did almost everything not expected in a champion except that—with studied regularity—he popped his smashing right against Carnera's heart or jaw.

In those ten rounds: Baer appeared able to end the fight almost any time before the eleventh, but he didn't.

#### Seconds Are Frantic

He drove his seconds frantic by periodically taking the best that Primo—a stronger but much clumsier fighter—could send at his chin (and liking it).

Thrice he punched the giant half way off his feet and then wrestled with him to the canvas (usually falling on top of him).

He stood with guard down, laughing at Carnera (but unexpectedly it was Primo who tried to get Baer's goat by talking frequently. Baer didn't wince once).

Max danced a foolish little jig, pretending that he was getting more resin on his shoes, then belted Carnera on the chin, then put on a skit in which he (Baer) pretended to have a sudden attack of weak knees (the champion didn't have to pretend right then).

#### Shows Unique Spirit

He got stronger as he chopped away at Carnera's huge bulk for round after round (the experts favored Carnera's stamina barring an early knockout).

But above all, Baer showed a spirit that was unique in modern champions.

He fought with a devilish, incomparable joy. There were only flashes of the Dempsey savagery in his spirit, although no one but Dempsey at his best could hit harder. There was nothing of the cold, methodical boxing of a Tunney.

It was a mood peculiar to the specie Baer; a method that one moment found him crouching low—in response to urging of his seconds—tantalizing Carnera into unbalancing that long, swollen left cheek and the next found him laughing and wading foolishly into range of Primo's best punches.

#### Snarls and Swings

Again, there was Baer at top fighting speed, swinging savagely.

A striking example came in the third. Baer had been half-hearted, following instructions to box; to feint Carnera open. Suddenly he straightened up. His body became tense. His lips spread in a snarl. His eyes flashed. His teeth. His eyes narrowed. Snake-like, that lethal right hand shot out against Primo's jaw.

The champion staggered. His trick legs folded slowly, like a tree falling. Baer waded in. The tenseness left his face, which was contorted into a strained grin—a grin that showed he was putting everything into every blow, but still a grin. He swung at the bleeding champion's face with all the delight of a gamine hurling mud at a high hat.

He turned away laughing as Carnera fell.

An expert on how to keep from being bored in Hollywood—also takes his fun where he finds it.

#### The Gate

By United Press

NEW YORK, June 15.—The "gate" for the Carnera-Baer fight was announced today by Madison Square Garden as \$428,392.80 gross receipts, with 52,268 paid admission.

Net receipts, with federal and state taxes deducted, totaled \$361,357.29. It will be split as follows: Milk Fund—Ten per cent of the net, or \$39,135.72.

Carnera's Share—Thirty-seven and one-half per cent of the remainder, or \$122,057.08.

Baer's Share—Twenty per cent of the net, less milk fund deduction, or \$65,044.31.

Madison Square Garden—The rest.

### Early Knockdown and Maxie's Big Moment



It was action from the start in 1934's Battle of the Century when Max Baer, California titan, pounded his way to a thrill-packed eleven-round triumph over Primo Carnera in New York last night. A foretaste

of what was to come is afforded in this striking photo in the first round of the championship bout at Madison Square Garden bowl, as Baer, after knocking down Carnera, stands ready to follow up his advantage.

### Mynster and Wolf to Clash in Main Wrestling Match

Three Bouts Offered on  
McLemore Card.

Main Event  
Marion Mynster, Columbus, O., vs. Chief Little Wolf, Canadian Indian; two out of three falls.  
Semi-Final  
Harry Burrus, Anderson, vs. Freddy Kuper, Switzerland; two out of three falls; 45 minutes time limit.  
Preliminary  
Tommy Tasso, Memphis, vs. Young Jack Sherry, Jackson, Miss; one fall with thirty minutes time limit.  
Time—8:30 p. m.

Every grappler on Promoter Jimmy McLemore's card with the exception of Marion Mynster has wrestled in main events here and a lot of action is in store for fans who trek to the new arena in the 900 block, North Illinois street, tonight.

Little Wolf will need all the science and rugged ability he possesses when he meets Mynster in the feature fracas. Mynster has one of the best records in the light heavy division and will be out to make an impression on his initial visit here.

Freddy Kuper is one of the most aggressive of the "meanies" and the popular Anderson youth, Harry Burrus, will have to be at his best to win over the Swiss bone crusher. Tasso lost to "Lord" Finnegan in his last match here and is anxious to regain the high standing he formerly enjoyed with local fans. Jack Sherry has asked for a bout with the English star and if he disposes of Tasso may be matched with Finnegan.

### With Softball Teams

Prest-O-Lite Incorporated trounced J. D. Adams, 15 to 6, to break a three-way tie for third place in the Em-Roe Softball League, western division. The victory was credited to good fielding and straight pitching. K. Flanagan and H. Douglas formed the battery for Prest-O-Lite. Next Wednesday, Prest-O-Lite, Inc., will meet Chevrolet Body Squad in a battle for third place at Coleman park, at 5:30 p. m.

Belmont Merchants, prominent among local softball teams, desire games with strong city squads to be played Tuesday or Thursday at either Washington high school or Rhodus park. Call Belmont 4946-M after 5:15 p. m. and ask for Jim.

### TRACY COX WHIPS BRANDT

By Times Special  
CHICAGO, June 15.—Tracy Cox, 137, Indianapolis welterweight, knocked out Murray Brandt, 139, of New York, in the third round of a scheduled ten-round main go here last night.

### BICYCLES

\$23.95 Indiana's Leading Dealer for 30 Years  
HOFFMAN'S  
251 Mass.-205 E. Wash.-316 E. Wash.

We Specialize in 1910-1934 Steaks and Chops  
SUNDAY DINNERS  
CHARLEY'S RESTAURANT  
144 East Ohio Street

Auto Loans and Refinancing  
20 Months to Pay  
Wolf Sussman Inc.  
239 W. Wash. St.  
Established 34 Years.  
Opposite Statehouse, LI-2749

BROWNING PINS ITALIAN  
By Times Special  
CAMDEN, N. J., June 15.—Jim Browning, 235, of Verona, Mo., pinned Cino Garibaldi, 214, Italy, in forty-two minutes, with a reverse leg lock in the main event of a wrestling card here last night.

All We Lack Is Tradition  
Fred Corcoran, handicapper who will score the United States Amateur, declares American golf is superior to British in every department. He says our players are better, our courses fairer, our galleries more sportsmanlike and even our caddies more efficient.

### Tribesmen Rap Birds in Final Tilt of Series

Turner Defeats Columbus in  
Easy Style; V. Sherlock  
Cleans Sacks.

BY EDDIE ASH  
Times Sports Editor

Featured by a base-cleaning triple by Vincent Sherlock in the first round, the Indians knocked off the Columbus Red Birds at Perry stadium last night, 10 to 2, and earned an even break in the series. Jim Turner, ace right-hander of the Tribe, dished out too much poison for the visitors and their hits were few and far between.

The Birds got one run in the third frame and one in the last, but in the other innings Turner held the upper hand, and performed in big league style as Clarence Rowland, Chicago Cubs scout, watched the melee. Rowland is making frequent trips to Indianapolis and the guess is that he is figuring on buying a member of the looser mound staff.

The Indians collected only eight hits, but made them count, along with a mixture of walks and wild pitches by the Red Bird chucker, Spencer. Cross went to Spencer's aid in the eighth, but the contest was "long gone" by that time.

The Indians put the game in the old bat bag in the first stanza on three walks, a double, triple and a wild pitch. It was in that round that Vincent Sherlock blasted a triple with the bases loaded after his brother, Jack Sherlock, had struck out. It was an odd inning, three Indians going down on strikes as their mates tallied five markers.

Two Hits by Turner  
The Killifites didn't rest with the initial inning, however, and scored in the second, third and three times in the fifth. Turner took an active part in the Tribe attack by driving out a triple and single. He scored one run and batted in two.

There will be no game at the stadium this afternoon or tonight. Tomorrow night the Louisville Colonels will invade the Tribe park with hostilities starting at 8:15. It will be "ladies night." There will be a double-header on Sunday afternoon.

### IN FIGURES

COLUMBUS									
G.	AB	R	H	O	A	E			
G. Moore, if.....	4	0	2	2	2	0	0	0	0
Wilson, 2b.....	4	0	1	1	2	0	0	0	0
T. Moore, cf.....	4	0	0	5	5	1	1	1	1
Heath, 1b.....	4	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
Myers, ss.....	4	0	0	1	1	2	0	0	0
Spencer, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Goch, c.....	4	1	1	0	6	0	0	0	0
Spencer, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Cross, p.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	34	2	7	24	3	2			

INDIANAPOLIS									
G.	AB	R	H	O	A	E			
Lee, ss.....	5	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	0
Cotelle, cf.....	5	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	0
Washington, if.....	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Sigafoos, 3b.....	4	2	1	1	1	0	0	0	0
Sherrick, 1b.....	4	2	1	1	1	0	0	0	0
V. Sherrick, 2b.....	3	2	0	1	1	3	0	0	0
Spintz, c.....	4	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Turner, p.....	4	1	2	0	4	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	32	10	8	27	11	1			

Columbus..... 001 000 001—2  
Indianapolis..... 211 000 002—4  
Runs batted in—Washington, V. Sherrick (4); Wilson, Spintz, Turner (2); Myers, two-base hit—Cotelle. Three-base hits—V. Sherrick, Turner. Left on bases—Indianapolis, 4; Columbus, 6. Base on balls—Off Turner, 1; off Spencer, 5; off Cross, 1. Struck out—By Turner, 8; by Spencer, 4; by Cross, 1. Hits—Off Spencer, 8 in 7 innings; off Cross, 0 in 1 inning. Wild pitches—Spencer (2). Losing pitcher—Spencer. Umpires—Clayton and Dunn. Time, 1:48.

### Tribe Batting Averages

	AB	H	Pct.
Bedore .....	189	73	.386
Rosenberg .....	164	55	.335
Washington .....	155	49	.316
Cooney .....	230	66	.287
V. Sherlock .....	179	51	.285
Sprinz .....	102	28	.275
Cotelle .....	107	29	.271
Riddle .....	85	23	.271
Sigafoos .....	162	43	.265
Lee .....	224	53	.237
J. Sherlock .....	78	18	.231
Lawrie .....	4	0	.000