

It Seems to Me

by
HEYWOOD BROUN

NEW YORK, June 16.—They say Carnera's mind was numb when he wilted like a towel in the ring and offered full surrender. He said nothing in that final episode of the eleventh round, but he turned an eloquent countenance toward Mr. Arthur Donovan, the referee. To me it seemed as if he wished to ask a question. It would have run, "What are we doing here?"

And in numbness and befuddlement Primo found wisdom. In other words, he had to have his head knocked off before he learned to think. Visually the world was a blur. At a distance of eleven feet Carnera could not tell whether a certain quizzical face at the ringside was that of Arthur Briscoe or the gorilla who could like them both. In fact he may quite well have imagined that through the power of the press that interesting experiment of man against the hairy ape was being tried for the first time with himself as victim. He looked at Maxie Baer again and still he wasn't sure.

But though the stars and all the ropes danced in their courses Primo Carnera, for the first time in several years, grasped the essence of philosophy from Thomas Jefferson's saying, "The true objective of every man is the pursuit of happiness."

"I have no joy in this contest," said Carnera to himself and fluttered like a flag of truce. Mr. Donovan read the signal and stopped the bout. Baer with a contemptuous condescension slapped the big man on the back. Time alone will tell whether the crown which came to the conqueror entitles him to Olympian complacence. Certainly Carnera had very little fun in being champion. With Baer it may be different. Max is a man quite easily amused. He likes his own company. Even on a desert island he could live happily if only a mirror drifted ashore from the wreck.

He's Not So Dumb

PASSENGERS who were shipmates with him on his subsequent crossings to and from Europe discovered in Primo an agreeable companion, as intellectual as a man need be to get along in the smoking-room society of an ocean liner, considerate and respectable in his conduct. He spoke three languages.

The letters which he wrote to a young London waitress of Italian parentage, published in the course of her suit against him for breach of promise, were written in pretty language which was close to poetic in spots.

Prize fighters ordinarily employ ghosts for their literary labors, but there was that about Primo's love-letters to the girl who had brought him his kidney pie in Soho which strongly suggested that they were strictly home-made out of his own materials.

His manager adopted for Primo's house-flag a figure of a wild boar with curly tusks and sewed a felt reproduction on the left leg of his fighting trunks. But Primo, himself, was not in sympathy with that idea. He called it "De Leet's Peep" and innocently explained that it was just an idea somebody had. He did not consider himself a wild animal or a fearsome creature, but only dressed as he was told to, even adopting oversize shoes which were stiff with wadded paper where his feet weren't to co-operate with his propitators.

He never really knew how much money he had earned. He had more vice-presidents than a trust company and himself was merely the stock, good will and fixtures. They campaigned him as a horseman campaigns a steed and if an opponent whom he had never seen before nor even heard of suddenly collapsed from a push in the face that was no reason for Primo to inquire whether any one had tickled the opponent's nude ribs with the cold muzzle of a pistol in the dressing room beforehand.

He did the fighting, to give those activities a name and after he had fought many such persons unknown discovered that he was not a rich man after all, but just a property, owned and operated by a firm which included some characters well known to the police.

But It's Already Gone

LUIGI SORESI, a young Italian, undertook a salaried job with Primo's affairs, but the bankruptcy action came during Soresi's administration so the New Deal has still to prove itself. Mr. Soresi knew finance, but he did not know the racket of prizefighting.

Primo's pay for his big fight was to have been \$135,000. But the money was attached and by the time he has paid his way out of debt he may find himself not much better off than he was when Leon Sorel found him wearing burlap wrappings on his feet because he couldn't wear the outside shoes which he required.

But he was a gallant fighter and a sportsman when his battle came. Maybe he can take that around to the grocery store in his home town of Segula when he is old and trade it in for a length of sausage.

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Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

WHEN you stop to consider the fact that a child born today may expect to live sixty years, in steady to the thirty-five years a new-born child could expect in 1833, you might realize how much has been accomplished by medical science in the last century.

In fact, more progress has been made in the last fifty years than has been recorded over the previous fifty centuries!

Yet there remain many diseases to strike into the hearts of men the fear of pain, disease, and death.

It is but sixteen years since influenza swept the world and desolated many communities. It is only a year since epidemic encephalitis struck terror to the people of a great city. Diseases like amebic dysentery, once limited to the tropics, are now seen in the temperate zone.

THE advances of civilization bring with them new disease hazards, from poisons and accidents. Cancer, the most dread disease, has come to be considered the natural end of life for the aged—it's cause and specific methods of treatment not yet determined.

The prediction that many of these diseases will be eliminated is more than justified by the speed of modern research.

Physics, chemistry, engineering, and other sciences are as much responsible for some of the tremendous achievements of medicine as are laboratory investigators and physicians at the bedside.

The microscope and the X-ray have vastly extended the power of vision. Electrical apparatus has made it possible to test accurately the functions of the heart and the nervous system.

THE purpose of medicine is to make healthier and more efficient human beings.

The average boys and girls entering universities today are two inches taller and weigh seven to ten pounds more than did their parents and grandparents who entered these same universities in previous generations.

With the vitamins and with the newer knowledge of nutrition, even better bodies will be available in few generations.

Moreover, it is reasonable to predict that the knowledge now available for controlling the birth of the unfit and the degenerate, eliminating hereditary strains that lead invariably to weak bodies and to disease, will be widely applied in the future.

Diseases like pernicious anemia and diabetes, formerly considered invariably fatal, are now under control. By our knowledge of the glands, we may regulate the size of the human being, the shape of his body, the speed of his living, and many of his functions.

Yet only a beginning has been made in the available knowledge.

ONE YEAR UNDER BLUE EAGLE

A Little Tired, But Still Forceful, Johnson Will Carry On

BY RODNEY DUTCHER

Times Special Writer

WASHINGTON, June 18.—For a full year, General Hugh S. Johnson has fought, wheedled, roared, compromised and worked fourteen to eighteen-hour days in the hottest spot of the whole New Deal.

Johnson is NRA.

His job, which he formally took over June 16 last year, was one for a super-man. It doesn't get any easier, but Johnson still loves it.

"Taking the job was exactly like a man mounting the guillotine on a bet that the ax wouldn't work," he has said.

Today, after the most spectacular and revolutionary year in American industrial history, the task of assaying Mr. Johnson and NRA still is confusing. Amid the bellowings of industry, the complaints from labor, the shrill shrieks of consumers and some small business men—plus Mr. Johnson's lusty efforts to outshout all concerned, it becomes rather difficult to separate the wheat from the chaff and the poison ivy.

General Johnson, that hard-boiled, but quite human roaring evangelist of recovery, has made plenty of mistakes. (Perhaps no man ever had the chance to make as many.) But realistic critics of Mr. Johnson come surprisingly near agreement that no other man could have done that NRA job better—or as well. Nor, when they say another man should take it over now, can they select the fellow who would be an obvious improvement.

General Johnson long ago described NRA as a field of controversy and compromise. It is, and that's why hardly any one is completely satisfied with it.

FIFTY-TWO years old now, he is square-jawed, broad-mouthed, red-faced and stocky. His features give the impression of being scrambled, but many women think he is handsome. He dresses carefully, wears clothes negligently. Tireder than he once was—for he really does work until after midnight oftener than not—he remains direct, forceful, usually friendly, racy, salty and hard-voiced.

Granted that he would rather run around Robin Hood's barn than really crack down on any industry and precipitate an NRA court test and that codification of 500 industries has shown him to be such a master compromiser that many folks have been exasperated. Mr. Johnson's chief weakness—according to associates—arises from the same quality as his greatest strength.

He think best in enormous terms. He can go strong on a national scale, operate the World War draft and dynamize the war industries toward as he did—and put over the industrial organization of a nation of 125,000,000.

But Johnson's heart is not in an administrative job. Faced with writing and administering hundreds of codes, faced by a forest of details on which decisions must be based, he is impatent of details and often dares among them.

He is a tremendous success as a promoter, possessed of unconquerable zeal, drive and enthusiasm. His mind is fast and facile.

Again, General Johnson trans-

lates intellectual disagreements with him into personal terms. He often assumes those who don't agree with him are simply so-and-so's. His conception of industrial organization would bring employers into one vast group, workers into another composed of industrial unions. His success in getting the two groups to agree among themselves and then with each other has been spectacular, and the fruition of his hopes would take years. In fact, by rushing through codes as rapidly as possible, General Johnson has tried to do in a year—without any factual, scientific, pertinent information at hand—a job which

properly required five times as long.

UNDER General Johnson and President Roosevelt—they're locally devoted to each other—the country has jumped from cut-throat competition, sweatshops and starvation wages, child labor, laissez faire and relative chaos into—something else.

No one can tell to what extent NRA aided business improvement in its first year. But nearly 3,000,000 persons were put to work again, total industrial pay rolls have increased and latest charts indicate that increase in the average worker's income is beginning

to approach that in the cost of living.

Meanwhile, General Johnson, whom few had even heard of a year ago, has become one of the big figures in American history. He won't stay out the second year, but he charges into it as if he had no thought of quitting. He thinks when heavy industries and construction pick up there'll be a new burst of added employment, thanks to NRA.

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