

It Seems to Me HEYWOOD BROWN

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-
ever am I 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 Brisbane 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 complacency. 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 on 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 the idea. He called it "De Leetia Peeg" and innocently explained that it was just an idea somebody had 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 stuffed with wadded paper where his feet weren't to co-operate with the promoters.

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 salvage job with Primo's affairs, but the bankruptcy action came during Sore's administration so the New Deal has still to prove itself. Mr. Sore's 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 See found him wearing burlap wrappings on his feet because he couldn't buy the outsize 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 Seguala when he is old and trade it in for a length of sausage.

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Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEN

WHEN you stop to consider the fact that a child born today may expect to live sixty years, instead 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—its 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 boy and girl 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 a 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 loving, 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 16.—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 howlings of industry, the complaints from labor, the shrill shrieks of consumers and some small business men—plus Mr. Johnson's lustrous efforts to outshoot 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.

All the intensified pressures of the world's most firmly entrenched industrial system have been brought to bear on the doctored general. Pressure from the most powerful industries, from a revived and more militant labor movement, from hundreds of small and often greedy businesses.

AFTER a year in which Mr. Johnson has got down to brass tacks with the nation's industrial leaders one after another, it is plain enough that industry dominates the NRA show.

General Johnson has made industry, which must always powerfully influence government in any such system as ours, concede certain increases in employment and purchasing power in exchange for manifest and manifold rewards.

Industry is pretty well satisfied. Outstanding labor leaders say that labor has gained at least as much through General Johnson and NRA as any weak labor movement could reasonably expect.

Now take a look at Johnson. His most important enemies concede him a rugged honesty and devotion to NRA aims despite all false starts, over-ambitious hopes and retreats.

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

Immediately he developed a remarkable gift for spectacular speech and exalted invective.

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. Tired, he once was—for he really does work until after midnight often than not—usually he remains direct, forceful, unselfishly friendly, racy, salty and hard-boiled.

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 can go strong on an enormous scale, operate the World War draft and dynamize the war industries board—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 impatient of details and often flounders among them.

Again, General Johnson trans-



Johnson IS The NRA

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.

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 properly required five times as long.

UNDER General Johnson and President Roosevelt—they're loyal 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.

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to approach that in the cost of living.

Meanwhile, General Johnson, whom few had ever 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.

Codification is virtually over and General Johnson wants to clean up remaining codes in short order. He feels he can now turn his whole organization loose on administration and compliance.

SUMMER SCHOOL TO START AT CATHEDRAL

Brother Bonaventure to Direct High School Session.

Summer school will begin at Cathedral High school on Monday and will end Aug. 2. Brother Bonaventure, C. S. C., a member of the faculty during the last six years, will direct the summer work.

English 2, 4 and 6, and a course in business English will be offered. In mathematics, algebra and geometry will be taught, and in history, general history and advanced social science. Courses in Latin, 2, 3, 4, and in chemistry also are offered.

For eighth grade boys, classes in general mathematics and in general English are offered. Classes in other subjects will be taught upon request.

MASONS' CARILLON SET

Bell Concert at Scottish Rite Cathedral Tomorrow.

A bell concert will be presented on the Arthur Baxter carillon at the Scottish Rite cathedral, North and Meridian streets, at 7 p. m. tomorrow.

Old favorites and hymns will feature the program which will include such well known songs as "The Song of the Volga Boatman," "Mighty Lak a Rose," and "Love's Old Sweet Song."

AIR SERMONS BOOKED

The Rev. Pfeider to Conduct Federation-Radio Services.

The Rev. F. A. Pfeider, pastor of Sutherland Presbyterian church, will conduct the church federation's morning devotional period over WKBF at 7 each morning next week.

His general topic will be "Our Modern Living." The junior choir of his church will appear with Mr. Pfeider Tuesday.

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



"Now are you going to be a good girl and eat your carrots, or shall grandma leave you out of her will?"

ROUNDING ROUND THEATERS

WITH WALTER D. HICKMAN

INDIANAPOLIS will have the opportunity next season to see the pageant, "Romance of a People," which has played to nearly a million people in Chicago, New York, Detroit, Cleveland and Philadelphia.

Word has been received by this department from New York that Indianapolis will be included in a nation-wide tour of this great Jewish pageant.

The pageant first was produced outdoors in Chicago last year and drew thousands of people.

A group of noted dramatists, writers, composers and stage technicians have been working for two months on a revised version which eliminates the need of carrying a staff of several hundred people and twelve carloads of scenery and equipment.

This will enable the pageant to be presented in any normal sized theater.

Meyer W. Weisgal, general manager of the pageant, states that the decision to present "The Romance of a People" in a stage version was reached after a thorough-going survey of the field. "Since the pageant was started last fall," Mr. Weisgal states, "we have received virtually hundreds of requests to stage it in various cities."

In order to meet these demands we have prepared an entirely new version of the monster pageant that thrilled hundreds of thousands and broke all theatrical records by grossing \$900,000 in fifty performances in five cities.

"This new version cuts the cost of production by one-fourth, makes unnecessary the carrying of a staff of several hundred actors, stage directors, musicians, artists, property managers and other people."

"Yet the revised version now nearing completion sacrifices none of the inspiring and impressive effects which made the pageant the sensation of the year."

All of the mass effects are retained, new music has been written and original acting is emphasized."

BETTY JUNE MILLER, 11

year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Miller of 1415 West Thirty-second street, will appear tomorrow at the Kimball theater in Chicago. She will dance the national Mexican heel and toe dance. She has made many appearances in Indianapolis.

JANE JOHNSON BURROUGHS

will present her voice pupils in two recitals at Roberts Park church. The first will be given Friday, June 22, and the second on Wednesday, June 27.

The following students will sing June 22:

Dorothy Jones, Olive Montel, Freda Brooks, Joe Ragains, Hubert Marshall, Shelbyville; Lorene Mitchell Trison of Winfall, Grace Yates, James Gilbreath, Florence McDowell, Fred Martin, Maxine Moore, Helen Louise Tins, William Kendall, Ruth Wagener, Mrs. Joseph Sahakian, Marjorie Purvis, Betty Keske, Mrs. Eugene Van Sickle, Helen Shepherd Sedwick of Martinsville, Dolly Buchanan, Esta Buchanan, Jo Ellen Burroughs, Betty Sanders.

Also on Wednesday, June 27, the following will sing:

Thelma Harris Thompson, Mrs. W. H. Day, Minnie Alice Kelly of Greenwood, Virginia Van Arman, Marjorie Payne Breden, Imogene Gochel of Shelbyville, Merleann Kuriz, Marjorie Byrum, Helen Dirks, Mrs. L. M. Holtz of Shelbyville, Lena Carson, Mrs. Claude Breeden, Edythe Hatch of Shelbyville, Mrs. George Hoagland, Ina Cornell Kahlie, Beulah Bailey, Charles Carson, Margaret Cornell, Delmer Tupper, Margaret Ellen Ehlers, Alma Jean Ehlers, Betty Hocker, Mary Susan Siger, Betty Starr.

The Methodist Hospital Music Guild chorus will sing two numbers. Mrs. Burroughs is the director and Fanetta Hitz Brady, accompanist.

24 INDIANAPOLIS BOYS

ATTEND CAMP GRIDLEY

Public Invited to Witness Bi-Weekly Dress Parade.

Twenty-four Indianapolis boys are attending Camp Gridley, Bass lake, only naval camp in Indiana, it was announced today by C. L. White, camp commander, in inviting the public to witness the camp's bi-weekly dress parades Wednesday nights and Sunday afternoons.

The twenty-four are John and Alan Traugott, Marvin and Irving Sablosky, John Weatherhead, Charles Franek, Fred Wales, Lewis Cohen, William Henry Harrison, Robert Boaz, Edwin and Robert Hendrickson, Richard Weiss, Norman Weinstein, William Lurvey, Howard Sharf, Milton Elleden, Dick and Buddy Corriden, Marvin Farber, Ed and George Cornelius, Robert Serogin, James and George Jeffrey.

Fair Enough

WESTBROOK PEGLER

NEW YORK, N. Y., June 16.—The public will not see much more of Primo Carnera, not only because he was too badly damaged in his fight with Baer ever to be of much use in the ring again, but also because Baer confirmed an old suspicion that Primo never could fight. But, in giving the gross exaggeration from Italy his discharge papers it is only fair to write in his service record that he was guilty of conspicuous bravery and grand pride in the battle in which he finally got his. He comes to the end of his career a bankrupt, fleeced by thieves of the American underworld and picked clean by litigants and lawyers, an unfortunate stranger in a puzzling country with only his hurts to show for his years of striving at that which another master once described as the dirtiest game.



Westbrook Pegler

It seems odd to praise Primo's honor in view of his early record in the American prizefight business, which is made up almost exclusively of sham victories over decrepit old lumps and acquiescent stooges. But in his big fight he was an Italian patriot, and though the American slugged him down he was greater than he ever had been before, including the hour when he won the heavyweight championship from the American, Jack Sharkey. They take Primo seriously in Italy and he accepted a patriotic responsibility in his role of heavyweight champion, so he struggled on through torture in contrast to the American who laid down and surrendered to him on the excuse of a trivial push on the mouth. Sharkey fought for Sharkey in the ring, not for the U. S. A.

In half a dozen years Primo has come and been and gone and things have been said of him which ought to be unsaid in justice to a man who seldom got much better than the worst of it.

His original manager, Leon See, a crafty little Frenchman, brought him to the United States a big, bewildered, innocent greenhorn and had not been ashore twenty-four hours before he established business relations with a gang of Broadway racketeers engaged in the beer and speakeasy trade.

He was dramatized as an ogre and led around the country, as though by a nose-ring, to snort and stomp the boards of the ring in many cities to the terror of nominal opponents and the awe of the customers. He had jagged tusks and enormous varicose veins, as big as garden hoses, which twined about his lumpy calves and heightened the monstrous appearance of a polite and not at all stupid young man.

'Woodman, Spare That Tree'

I THINK it was the solitude almost as much as the right hand punches which cut Carnera down. Max, the magnificent, assumed the rights of a champion even before the bout began. He lolled about his dressing room a wretched, a few phone calls and let Primo wait in the ring for several minutes before he put in an appearance.

Some fifty thousand folk had been poured into the bowl, but Primo sat upon his high stool like a school boy set in a corner for failure at long division. To be sure there buzzed behind him the voices of a few bearing water and sponges, but there never was the voice of a friend.

And when the bout began the gaint of Venice grew more lonely as the agony increased. He might have been the tall pine in the trackless forest which falls unseen, unheard and unheeded. Out of the babel there came no single voice crying out, "Woodman spare that tree." It is a commonplace to observe that one of the loneliest spots in all the world may be the center of a busy mart and Carnera was a solitary stranger in the city of dreadful night.

The blows rained down upon his head. Bloody it was and bowed. But never a drop from the mercy seat came to ease the eyes of the poor grogged ox.

Up rose the floor, once, twice and eleven times. The walls of the universe came tumbling down as Carnera tasted the slow death of the evening. He could if he would write a more vivid book than Hemingway for Carnera ought to know by now the point of view of the animal marked for slaughter. Most distinctly Max was a madman. The challenger was every inch the actor. He fought good fight and gave the worst imitation of John Barrymore ever seen on any stage.

Just Like Joe E. Brown

THE assertion that Baer was less than fit proved true. Big Brown was right in urging a postponement. Max needs at least a couple of seasons with a good stock company. In particular, he requires an enormous amount of coaching in facial expression. I rather think Baer must have seen Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

I have a notion that Max' intention was something Mephistophelean and in repose he looks like the devil. But, like all amateurs, Baer insists on doing too much with his face. He mugged continuously.

After delivering a particularly crushing blow he would endeavor to taunt his victim with what I think was meant to be a sly and sardonic smile. But the result was merely the likeness of Joe E. Brown.

Max will never be a finished champion until he learns that contempt is something which you do with the upper lip and not the lower jaw. And so with the upper lip he will have to be a Broadway failure. He essayed Mephistopheles and merely succeeded in portraying deviled ham.

And what of poor Primo. Quite obviously he was cast as Faust. He could not do it justice. He had no Marguerite.

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Today's Science

BY DAVID DIETZ

SHALLOW arms of the Arctic ocean once extended far southward into both North America and Asia. That was 500,000,000 years ago, according to experts of the Smithsonian Institution, who have reconstructed the map of that ancient world from the distribution of fossils found in the rock layers.

The Smithsonian scientists have found fossils of Arctic ocean animals in North America and Asia. They conclude that where the fossils are now, the ocean must have once been. And so they conclude that narrow bays of the Arctic must have extended once as far south as New Mexico, Mexico, Georgia, in the east. In Asia, they believe that the Arctic extended down into central Siberia, Korea and central China.

In America, they believe that mountains or high plateaus prevented these arms of the Arctic ocean from flowing into either the Atlantic or the Pacific.

The dominant creature of the oceans 500,000,000 years ago was the nautilus or cephalopod, a mollusk whose nearest living relative is the chambered nautilus. The cephalopod was a creature with tentacles like the octopus. It lived in a shell. As it grew larger, it secreted a new chamber on to the end of its old shell and moved out into it.

The present-day chambered nautilus is small, but ancient nautilus sometimes reached lengths of ten feet.

THE appearance of the ancient cephalopod seems to have been closer to that of the squid or octopus than to any other living animal, the Smithsonian scientists say.

They believe that it was a free swimmer and dominated the shallow seas in which it lived. The row of chambers composing the shell were of course hollow and helped the animal keep afloat.

Throughout the entire row of chambers, scientists have discovered a small chamber tube. Some scientists think that this made a sort of natural submarine of the cephalopod and that it could rise or sink by permitting water to enter this tube.

A monograph on the cephalopods of Manchuria has been prepared for the Smithsonian Institution by Dr. Riji Endo, a professor of Mukden college.

The largest of the Manchurian creatures was perhaps a little more than a foot long. It was a few extended their chambers in the form of coils, approaching the practice of the present nautilus.