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IN CITY 3 CENTS ELSEWHERE

HAMAS DEFEATS MAX

Story on Page 50



Second round . . . and the powerful young Hamas (look at those legs!) easily blocks Schmeling's jab with his arm. The German looked bad last night. He was outpunched and outboxed all the way by the former football star.—Story on page 50.



The tactics that beat Max. Crouching and weaving, as he did throughout the bout, Hamas closes in during the first round. Max tries to hold him off with a left.

THEY NEVER COME BACK!—Max Schmeling's bid to regain top seat in heavyweight ranks failed last night in Philadelphia when Steve Hamas gave him bad 12-round licking.—Story p. 50.



Tenth round. Schmeling (left) is in lough shape. Gash Steve opened over Max's eye round before covers face with blood.



What a man, Steve. Max, rising on right foot, throws everything he has into left to jaw. Wide open, Steve takes it.



Dr. Terry, Philadelphia Boxing Commission physician, who wanted to stop fight after tenth round, rushes into ring after final gong to patch Schmeling's bad eye.

Steve All But K.O.'s Max In 12-Rounder!

By PAUL GALLICO.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 13.—Steve Hamas, a young fellow who used to play football at Penn State, then turned to professional boxing, but was never any great shakes, suddenly presented himself as one of the rising American heavyweights to a cheering audience of 15,000 who contributed \$45,000 to see him whip **Max Schmeling** of Germany, ex-heavyweight champion of the world, in twelve fast rounds at Convention Hall this evening. ♦

The fight went the limit. Hamas won the unanimous decision of Judges Cassidy and Boyce and Referee Spud Murphy and did everything to Schmeling but knock him out. I could credit Schmeling with no more than one round, the fourth, out of the entire twelve.

At that, Hamas came close to duplicating the performance of Max Baer, who scored a technical knockout over Schmeling.

He's All Cut Up.

Twice the commission doctor climbed into the ring to look at a deep gash in Max's bushy left eyebrow, and once he wavered and seemed on the point of stopping the fight. This cut occurred during the ninth round, in a furious flurry on the ropes, when Hamas pounded Schmeling's head unmercifully.

For the last three rounds, the German fought dripping blood, and in the final round Hamas, too, was gushing from a badly bruised nose, and the two big men staged a red thriller as Max tried desperately to turn the tide with a single punch and Hamas coolly weaved away from him and hung his chin well out of reach with a curious slanting crouch from which he glared up at Schmeling with quizzical eyes.

The licking that Max took from the youngster finishes him as a top flight heavyweight in this country. The dark-haired German never looked worse, not even against Baer. He stood up straight, stood flat-footed, wouldn't lead, wouldn't punch when he got in close, stood grinning sheepishly half the time and let Hamas make the fight on his own terms most of the way, or until it was too late to do anything about it.

There was certainly a different Hamas in the ring tonight. Here was no wild swinging, hooking, two-handed socker, but a finely poised young boxer who had been taught that, if he leaned away to his right, his shoulder was between his chin and Schmeling's best punch.

Pounds and Pounds.

Then the left hook with which he knocked Loughran out in Madison Square Garden one evening was left behind and, instead, he presented a left jab that he kept in Schmeling's face ceaselessly for twelve rounds.

He pounded and pounded with that left to the mouth, the nose, the ear and the eye, piling up points and also weakening Schmeling. Schmeling had been badly coached and would not lean in and weave with Hamas. As the result, every left shot out by Hamas landed flush to the face.

It was left, left, left, and then a stinging right cross. Once in a while Schmeling would back Hamas to the ropes with his own rather timid pecking left, whereupon, having trapped him there,

Max would find himself fairly blasted back across the ring by the fury of Hamas' attack.

Once, in the seventh round, Hamas played the game to Schmeling's liking and opened up a slug-ging bee during which Schmeling landed two of his sharp rights of the type that lifted Risko off his feet. But even Schmeling's punch was gone. He landed another right flush to the chin and never budged his opponent.

Not until the eleventh round was nearly done did Schmeling really hurt Hamas. Then he crushed his nose with a right and staggered him with two shots to the chin. But Steve was so far in front by this time that Max's only hope was to chill him.

In the last round, Schmeling was still too cautious, and Hamas gave a pretty exhibition of ducking and weaving away from blows and wound up the fight with another brisk flurry that drove Max back and forever ended his hope of reconquest of the title in this country.

Hamas weighed 193 and Schmeling 189.