

CARNERA OUTPOINTS LOUGHRAN IN MIAMI

Retains World's Heavyweight
Title in 15-Round Bout
Before Crowd of 10,000.

GAME BID BY CHALLENGER

Philadelphian, Weighing 184,
Finds 270 Pounds of Rival
Too Great to Overcome.

By JAMES P. DAWSON.
Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

MIAMI, Fla., March 1.—Sheer power brought the mountainous Primo Carnera, Italian who holds the world's heavyweight championship, victory over Tommy Loughran of Philadelphia tonight in their fifteen-round battle for the title in the Madison Square Garden Stadium.

Before some 10,000 who paid receipts of about \$40,000 to view the spectacle, the gigantic Italian won a merited decision.

Loughran gave one of the greatest exhibitions of his entire career, which stretches over fifteen years, in a desperate bid for the title. That bid failed only because, despite his remarkable fighting head and his wonderful boxing skill, he could not overcome the terrific physical handicaps with which he had to cope.

None Disputes Decision.

None disputed the decision, a unanimous award, when it was announced at the final bell, although a few made their jeers heard above the post-battle din.

These, however, were regarded as the derisive complaints of disgruntled fight fans against a champion who, with eighty-six pounds to his favor in weight, seven inches in height and ten inches in reach, not only failed to knock out Loughran but failed to knock down the smaller man.

In the throng that viewed the struggle, a disappointing gathering that set a new low for heavyweight championship attendance and receipts, were prominent figures in great numbers. Gene Tunney, former holder of the title, viewed the battle.

In the crowd, too, was Tom Heeney of New Zealand, the last man to fight Tunney for the title. He could sympathize with Loughran tonight, for the treatment the Philadelphian received was similar to that experienced by Heeney before he collapsed under the blows of the retired champion.

The fans thrilled early in the fray as Loughran, with amazing speed and agility of foot, endurance that belied his long service in the ring, and determination and confidence, caused his giant foe no end of annoyance.

Sympathy for Veteran.

They sympathized with the Philadelphia veteran as he wearied and weakened under the thudding, boulder-like fists of the mammoth champion, cringing and breaking before the desperate bid of Carnera for a knockout as the fight progressed.

The finish saw Loughran on the brink of a knockout, swaying like one of the native palms in the breeze. He had given his all and failed.

Conserving his strength as only he knows how, calling on every trick of the trade at his command, hugging Carnera frenziedly in clinches to tie up the knotty arms of the champion, Loughran ran the fistic gamut in his attempt to avert defeat and upset the forecast that said he couldn't win.

But Loughran was not big enough in any respect, except boxing brains, to overcome the human mountain against which his chance at the title came so late in life. It was no surprise, therefore, when the referee, Leo Shea, and the judges, C. S. (Red) McLaglan and Roy Latham, voted unanimously in favor of Carnera at the final bell.

Saved From a Knockout.

Loughran's fighting head brought him one thing—it saved him from a knockout. Several times he was on the verge. He was stung and hurt when he was overcome by the huge champion early in the fray. He was wearied and punished to such an extent that the frantic shrieks of women at the ringside, and one in particular, were heard.

At the final bell it was only by instinct coupled with the awkward, cumbersome fighting of Carnera that the challenger held his feet.

Carnera was fresher at the finish. He appeared able to travel fifteen more rounds. Loughran was helpless.

Loughran won one round clearly and above question. He speared Carnera beautifully in a superb exhibition of the finest in boxing in the fourth session. He did good work, too, in the tenth.

But in every other round Loughran beat a disorderly retreat for his own safety and seldom got past the massive arms of Carnera with his sweeping, desperate left hooks, his well-planned straight left jabs, or his vicious right swings for the jaw.

Loughran Draws Applause.

It was a Herculean task for the challenger to get a blow past the arms of the huge champion. Whenever Loughran did the crowd roared its approval and its impatience with Carnera.

Carnera, handicapped by his own immense size, found a drawback, too, in the objection of the crowd to his twisting and tossing Loughran around helplessly in close quarters, as he could have done consistently, had he so wished. As it was, the champion, awed by the condemnation of the fans, did this infrequently and his effectiveness suffered.

At times Carnera was annoyed by Loughran's timid pokes. He was made to look ludicrous on other occasions, when the little challenger cracked a right to his head or jaw or whipped a straight left or a left hook home.

But in the main Carnera just lumbered after his smaller foe and clubbed his right to the head or body at long range and at close quarters until it seemed impossible that Loughran could survive fifteen rounds.

Loughran feinted to bring Carnera's guard down, and did, but his arms weren't long enough for him consistently to take advantage of this ring science. He parried blows and side-slipped others, until he tired under the pace and Carnera's thudding punches.

Then, when he could call on nothing else, Loughran summoned his unsurpassed courage and his nerve alone, and lasted the distance.

Outrushed and outfought in the first three rounds, Loughran came back smartly in the fourth and thrilled the crowd with his boxing brilliance. He stumbled badly under Carnera's hard rights to the head in the third.

But he was unaffected by these blows and showed it in the fourth, when he poked at Carnera's massive body with a snaky left and, bringing the champion's guard down, banged a stinging right to Primo's jaw.

Carnera Becomes Wild.

Carnera became furious, but also became ineffective because he was wild, and in desperation he almost wrestled Loughran through the ropes, amid the derisive cries of the crowd.

In the fifth Loughran faced a wild rival. Carnera clubbed him all over the ring and almost battered him down as he rushed him to the ropes and pounded ponderous lefts and rights to the challenger's head and face and body. Loughran survived the storm, and before the end sent the champion off balance with a right to the head.

Loughran opened the sixth with two lefts and two rights to the face and jaw, but was clouted merrily thereafter, and almost driven through the ropes.

Through the succeeding rounds, with the exception of a slow tenth, Carnera thundered after his foe, pounding and hammering and clubbing his blows whenever he could, and gradually battering down Loughran's defenses and resistance.

At the end of the fourteenth Loughran was so wearied and stung that he walked in the tracks of Carnera to the champion's corner and had to be pointed, with a generous splash of water from Carnera's sponge, toward his own corner.

The fight was conducted at a loss, a count is expected to reveal. The disparity in the sizes of them—Carnera at 270 pounds and Loughran at 184—gave the affair little appeal from the spectators' point of view.

Part of the receipts went for charity, 10 per cent being divided between the militia units of Dade County and the Harvey W. Seeds Post, No. 29, American Legion.



A Lively Preliminary.

In the liveliest of the preliminaries Eddie Hogan, New York heavyweight, won a four-round decision from Jack Pettifer, towering Englishman. Hogan floored his foe three times in the first round and staggered him in the second and third. Hogan weighed 212 pounds and Pettifer 224½.

Tony Cancela, Tampa, 189½, scored a technical knockout over Red Tonn, Wisconsin, 191, in the fourth and last round of their fray. Johnny Miller, Detroit, 180, won a four-round decision from Al White, New York, 178½.

Buck Everett, Gary, Ind., 188½, took a four-round decision from Eddie Houghton of Philadelphia, 188. Chester Matan, 213, won the award from George Neron, 225, in a four-round battle of New York heavyweights and Jackie Reid, Newburgh, N. Y., took the decision from Joe King, Lakeland, Fla., in four rounds. Both weighed 177 pounds.

Levinsky-Massera, NYT

February 10, 1934

Carnera-Loughran,

NYT March 2, 1934

LEVINSKY DEFEATS MASSERA ON POINTS

Chicagoan Gets the Decision, Which Draws Stormy Protest From Fans in Garden.

REFEREE'S VOTE DECIDES

Winner Credited With 6 Rounds of 10-Round Bout to 4 for Pittsburgh Rival.

By JAMES P. DAWSON.

Reports of a vast improvement in the fighting ability of King Levinsky, like those premature announcements of Mark Twain's death, are slightly exaggerated.

Last night in Madison Square Garden before a sparse 4,500 persons, who paid \$8,800 to see the spectacle, the Chicago heavyweight gained a decision in ten rounds over Charley Massera, Pittsburgh's comparative newcomer among the heavyweights.

But the few who saw the bout disagreed so violently with the award to Levinsky that their noisy disapproval sounded like the strenuous objections of a packed house.

On the vote of Referee Gunboat Smith, Levinsky won after the judges had disagreed. Jim Buckley, who should know fights and fighters, since he managed the Gunner in the latter's palmiest days, voted for Levinsky. Joe Agnello, who was Joe Coster, the fighter, in the old days, on the other hand, voted for Massera. This left the decision up to Smith and his ballot read "Levinsky."

Fans Advance on Ring.

The crowd did everything but storm the ring when it was announced. As a matter of fact some few of the more excited did arise and advance on the ring muttering imprecations, or whatever it is excited fight fans mutter when they want to protest noisily.

Levinsky won, in the opinion of the writer, six rounds to four. But, he fell far short of exhibiting potential championship timber in a bout that was announced as expressly a build-up for Levinsky as a possible opponent for Primo Carnera next Summer.

Indeed, the Kingfish from Chicago is still as erratic as ever. His most ambitious punch is a round-house right for the jaw, which never lands. His surest shot is a right to the ribs at close quarters, but any fighter can deliver a punch like that.

Of boxing, Levinsky knows little, advance reports to the contrary notwithstanding. He is one of the ring's poorest marksmen.