

Baer Knocks Out Carnera To Win Heavyweight Title

*Referee Stops Fight in Eleventh Round After
Italian Is Floored for Twelfth Time in
Bout—56,000 Pay \$428,000 Gate.*

By JAMES P. DAWSON.

The world's heavyweight championship came back to the United States last night after an absence of a year.

Max Baer, the new Jack Dempsey in every respect save seriousness, knocked out Primo Carnera, Venetian ring giant, in the eleventh round of their scheduled fifteen-round battle in Madison Square Garden's Long Island City Bowl. He triumphed in one of the most sensational encounters ever waged for the ring's richest prize.

The finish came after 2 minutes 16 seconds of the eleventh round when Carnera could not possibly go any further. He had been floored twelve times through the fight, three times in the first round, as many times in the second, once in the third, three times in the tenth and twice in the eleventh.

He fell once under his own weakness and the drive of a languid right he pushed to Baer's face.

Carnera could go no further and he looked appealingly at Referee Arthur Donovan, murmuring a request to the arbiter that the bout be stopped for his own safety. Referee Donovan acted promptly.

"Carnera asked me to stop the fight, just at the second when I was going to stop it anyway," said

Donovan after the fight. "He didn't know where he was. He could not have continued, and there was no use letting it go on when he was so helpless."

There was some confusion at the close of the tenth round. Just as the bell rang to terminate the session, Donovan leaped between the men and separated them. Many at the time thought the bout had been stopped.

"I didn't stop the bout in the tenth round," said Donovan. "The bell ended the round just as I stepped between them, and I heard it distinctly."

Notwithstanding, Donovan's action in the closing seconds in the tenth round was interpreted by many at the ringside as an official ending to the fray and surprise was expressed when he announced through the ropes that the bout would proceed.

This surprise was particularly manifest in Baer's corner, where the Californian's seconds had clambered through the ropes before the bell ended the round, in the mistaken belief that Baer had won the fight.

Some 56,000 persons turned out

Continued on Page Twenty-seven.

Continued From Page One.

for this combat between two of the biggest men ever to fight for the crown. The gross receipts were \$428,000, that sum being paid by a gathering that came from near and far, and represented all walks of life.

One member of the President's Cabinet was in attendance—Postmaster General James A. Farley, who was there with Mrs. Farley. Governors and Mayors from nearby States and cities, including Mayors LaGuardia of New York and Frank Hague of Jersey City, and members of Congress were at the ringside.

The stage and screen were represented, as was the business world, all drawn thither by the promise of an exciting combat that was fulfilled, and the chance to do something for charity. For 10 per cent of the receipts from the show to the Free Milk Fund for Babies, Inc., of which Mrs. William Randolph Hearst is chairman.

Ex-Champions in Crowd.

Five former wearers of the crown that Baer brought back to America were conspicuous in the gathering. Tommy Burns, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney and Jack Sharkey thrilled to the spectacle. Undoubtedly they were proud of Baer's achievement.

Certainly Dempsey was. He saw in the ring, triumphant, a man that is nearer to himself than any other heavyweight in existence. It had to be a reminder of the old Manassa Mauler—that was the title of Dempsey at his best—who crushed Carnera in defeat in a battle that rivaled Dempsey's well-remembered duel with Luis Angel Firpo in 1923.

Dempsey, incidentally, has a financial interest in the new champion. He was the first to leap through the ropes and greet this devastating champion, whose padded gloves are mailed fists, piston-like in action and loaded with punching TNT.

He fights in flurries, does this new titleholder, with a style that has made him heretofore unreliable. Outside the ring he is of an easy-going disposition that belies his primitive, fighting fury.

Inside the ring he is tolerant and, to an extent, indulgent. That is why many thought he could not become serious enough to crush the 6-foot, 6½-inch, 263¼ pound giant who held the title until last night.

But when aroused he glories in fighting punch for punch. With him it is a question solely of the survival of the fittest. He demonstrated this amply when he battered Carnera into a figure of abject helplessness with a pitiless, furious assault.

In defeat Carnera crowned himself with the glory of the vanquished fighter who sticks to his guns until he is helpless. Those who said the mammoth Italian could not withstand punishment—could not "take it," in the parlance of the ring—were confounded as the oak-like figure stood up under a battering that would have felled a less determined man.

A Record in Knockdowns.

No heavyweight title defender in the modern history of boxing has been a victim of so many knockdowns in a championship struggle. Even the beating that Jess Willard took at the hands of Dempsey in Toledo back in 1919 paled against that absorbed by Carnera in his desperate but futile attempt to retain the title he won a year ago.

He proved to everybody who saw his losing fight, a battle that was an uphill struggle for him from the outset, that he is thoroughly game and fearless.

Baer, of course, is not the one-punch finisher that Dempsey was. And he does not fight as intently as Dempsey did when he had a foe on the downward path. But he is a terrific hitter, and every serious punch he let fly at Carnera was loaded with dynamite.

The Italian took every blow until he could take no more. Going down twelve times. He also fell once while delivering a punch. And twice in the first round he stumbled drunkenly against and almost through the ropes, helpless and on the brink of defeat.

But he rallied from this harrowing experience and outboxed Baer when the latter became playful in the fourth, seventh, eight and ninth rounds. And he was doing all right until Baer suddenly turned in the tenth round, as he did a year ago against Max Schmeling, and became vicious in the wink of an eye.

Then came what many thought was the end as the bell finished the tenth. At any event, it was unmistakably the finish of Carnera in the eleventh.

• A Denial From Carnera.

Carnera denied after the bout that he had appealed to Referee Donovan to stop the fight, but he could have made his appeal without discredit to himself. He had gone further than anybody expected he would after those three knockdowns in the first.

More, on none of the knockdowns did Carnera take advantage of the nine-second count to which he was entitled and which an experienced fighter would use. Maybe this hastened his downfall, but it is doubtful.

Greater even than his survival of the early knockdowns was Carnera's self-confident rally through the fourth, seventh, eighth and ninth rounds. Cumbersome he was, but he fought on gloriously in his own awkward way, waging what he must have felt was a losing battle, but sticking to his guns until he could not go on.

It matters not whether he asked Referee Donovan to stop the fight—the intervention was imminent anyway—but none can dispute that Carnera went down to defeat gloriously, a Spartan to the last.

Baer fought an admirably clean fight, a fact which should be mentioned in view of the widespread suspicion in advance of the battle that he would wage the battle differently. Only one offense was charged against him in the State Athletic Commission's book of fouls, and this was accidental. In the eighth round the Californian was erratic with a sweeping left for the body.

Baer didn't have to resort to objectionable boxing. He tagged Carnera vitally three times in the first three minutes of fighting and from there on knew in his heart that Carnera was his victim whenever he elected to go after him.

Instead of rushing in and finishing the giant, the tolerant husky from California fought and coasted, charged and rested, was furious and easy in changing moods as the fight progressed. But he never withdrew the power from his punch, though at times he withheld the blow.

It followed as a consequence that Carnera was a pitiable sight at the finish. Baer was smiling and unmarked. He leaped over the ropes when his hand had been raised in victory, lithe as a panther and with a broad grin on his face,

"I'm not in condition," he said good-naturedly as he pounded his perfectly formed body on the ring platform.

The fight opened cautiously enough, a surprise for those who had expected Baer to tear out of his corner like a tiger. Carnera was cagey and Baer backed away, sizing up the giant. Short left leads were but feeble forerunners of what was to follow, and a harmless clinch was merely a disguise.

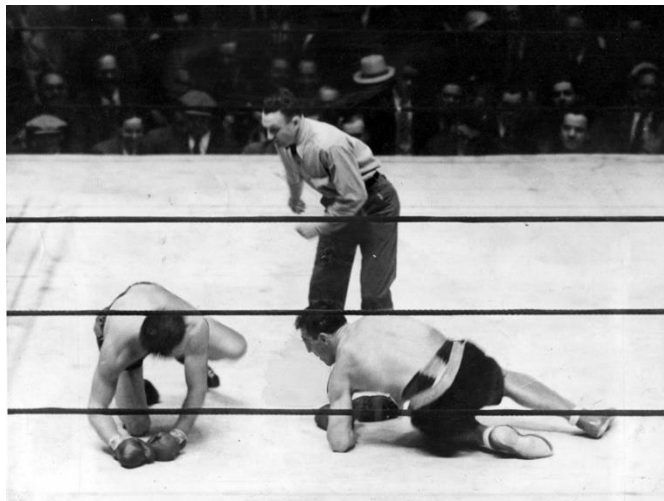
Suddenly, however, Baer leaped in on the attack, transformed in the wink of an eye from the cool strategist to a fighting fury. He led with a left for the body that was merely a feint, and then drove a right to Carnera's huge girth. The Italian winced under the blow and looked startled.

Baer Maintains Attack.

But he had no chance for counter or defense, for like a jiffy, Baer was upon him, lashing out wickedly with a roundhouse right which landed on the jaw, and toppled the giant in his tracks.

Carnera was only slightly more dazed than the crowd that witnessed the fall and the punch that precipitated it. Excitement ran high. Deep-throated words of advice and counsel came from the corner of Baer, clashing with words of encouragement and entreaty from the corner of Carnera.

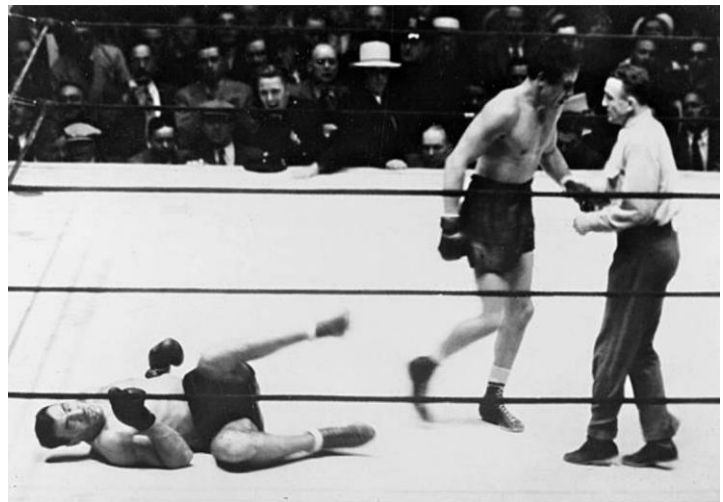
In the general excitement the giant drew erect before a count could be started or heard above the din. Then Baer leaped after him and the downfall of the giant was under full headway.



In the six-round semi-final Charley Massera of Pittsburgh, 183½, pounded out a decision over Al Ettore, 184, Philadelphia.

James J. Braddock, 180, Jersey City, stopped Corn Griffin, Fort Benning, Ga., in 2:37 of the third round of a scheduled six-rounder.

In a five-rounder, Lou Poster, Pottsville, Pa., defeated Al White, 177½, Greenpoint. Dynamtie Jackson, 208 Los Angeles, defeated Willie McGee, 198, Tampa, Fla., and Eddie Hogan, 216½, Waterbury, outpointed Chester Matan, 208½, Brooklyn, in the other five rounders. The opening four was won by Don Petrin, 177¾, Newark, who turned back Ed Karolak, 188, Peekskill.



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