

# Realm of Sports---

## Joe Louis Thrills Boxing Enthusiast With Recent Victory

By Al. White for ANP.  
New York, July 4—Ere these lines reach your eyes, the news of Joe Louis' sensational victory over Primo Carnera at the Yankee Stadium, sometimes called Colonel Ruppert's Ball Orchard, will have been told and retold. But just like another story which is so often retold under far different circumstances, there is a freshness and a glory in this thing which just doesn't diminish.

How Louis smashed his way to victory over his huge opponent is history now, how Carnera, presumably an improved man, a better boxer and a veteran of seven years in the ring, went down before smashes which no man could have withstood, has been sung over the wires until every hamlet in the universe has been acquainted with the yarn.

But there are still a few figures concerning this fight which are interesting for instance, Joe Louis drew down \$44,000 as his share of the boodle, part of which it is stated, he will share with the Harlem's Children Fresh Air Fund for the poor kids who know only Joe Louis through what they hear and read; second that Carnera took a nice fat purse of \$81,000

and the most awful licking he had ever had.  
Some seventy-thousand eager faces turned to the 24 foot ring in the center of Colonel Ruppert's million dollar diamond, midway between the pitchers box and the second base bag, while around the ring, spread out in fan fashion, hard seats with no backs retailed to the gentry following pugilism at the nifty price of \$16.50 per. All of the bleachers were crowded with fans, the upper tiers were solid with human forms, the lower stand and the mezzanine afforded comfortable resting places for those who had the filthy lucre to purchase comfort-even standing back of the grand stand seats enjoyed the privilege of paying for satnding through the preliminaries to witness the battle of the year.

In this bout, Mike Jacobs, one of the most astute promoters in the business drew the biggest crowd and gate of years to a non-title bout. Aided by the great publicity of Walter St. Denis, one of the game's best, he had material to offer the hungry public and as a result of the fight, Harlem had its first chance in ten years to let off a loud yell.

And Harlem did. Hours before the fight, eager fans minus the price, lined Seventh Avenue and stayed on the corners and the streets until the gray morning dawned. Tex Rickard aptly expressed it in his famous Dixie drawl. "I ain't never seed nothing like it before." Police were helpless in the good natured mob which milled about the corner of 138th, Street and 7th Avenue; while over on Lenox Avenue in front of the Savoy Ballroom, where Louis was scheduled to make a personal appearance, cops begged folk to get out of the way of street cars. It took the huge buses which navigate the Seventh Avenue thoroughfare, one hour to go from 125th, street to 155 street, and ordinary run of fifteen minutes. That was some crowd.

They didn't see Louis, for he was too busy at the home of his friends resting after popping the ring's biggest man on the whiskers. In ten years of watching fights your correspondent who was at the ring side with eyes glued on both men, has never seen such a gruesome, pitiful sight as that presented by the Italian in the sixth round. Helpless on his knees, he looked pleadingly at the referee, Arthur Donovan, who with humanism in his heart, stopped the bout. Louis' Oh, yes, he was as fresh as a daisy and rairin' to go. He had no compassion in his heart for the fallen foe—not one bit—he wanted another crack and the huge jaw of his opponent. And what a target Carnera was. Joe missed three swings during the entire performance and each made the brown boy mad, for he threw lustier and lustier punches into his target as the fistic soiree progressed.

Before the fight, the darkness made all attendants look alike, but prior to the main bout, the full flood lights of the stadium were thrown on and the magnificent spectacle has never been rivalled in this town. Crowds of folks, men and women, all races, sitting side by side to witness the event of the evening.

Into the center of the ring, stepped the announcer togged in his tuxedo. A fine plea for sportsmanship on the part of spectators followed his initial remarks, ending with the words, "May the best man win."

Lussy cheers greeted his remarks. Then the introduction of the former champions, Mickey Walker, the "Toy Bulldog" of Rumson, N. J., Jim Braddock, present champion, Maxie Baer, former champion; Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey and Arthur "Jack" Johnson, all followed and were given the royal welcome a heavy weight champion, whether present or past, demands. With Carnera, there were five ex-champs of the heavyweight division in the ring at the same time, probably a world's record.

Then followed the introduction of the fighters. Carnera towered over his opponent much in the manner Goliath must have compared with David. And with the seconds in the ring the lights dimmed and the murder was on.

Louis' handlers conducted themselves much as did the champion. Only one man talked to Louis and that was Wily Blackburn. Roxborough and Black were present, but they had nothing to say to Louis. That was all left to Blackburn and he did plenty. Those four J's spelled disaster. Joe Louis, John Blackburn, Julian Black and John Roxborough. A winning combination if ever.

Brother Westbrook 'Florian Slappay' Pegler, borrowing a title from Octavious Roy Cohen's famous stories of the Southland, who

wrote much but said nothin' concerning the fight, will be mortified to know that there was less trouble in this vest crowd of mixed people than your correspondent has seen at a church picnic—and he has seen some church picnics that are lulu.

Likewise, Brother Arthur Brisbane, whom "And a gorilla can lick them all" has made him famous should come down out of his Fifth Avenue penthouse and get some of the lesson the common herd can give him on how human being behave. Not to be outdone, an editorial in the Mirror, accredited, it is believed to Brother Brisbane decried the winning of the fight by Louis, saying how much more good he could have done in other things—well, some of the boys just won't stay in step even after they get a lesson, you know how it is.

**Joe Signs for Two Fights**  
Eager to please, and anxious to fight 'maybe because he is in a hurry to get married, for Joe swears he will never marry until he wins the heavyweight championship' Joe has signed to fight the two Maxes, Bear and Schmeling—in the fall, one in September and the other in October. But this all depends upon how Max Baer's injured hands hold up.

Both fights will be for Jacobs and the Twentieth Century Club of which Bill Carey former Garden head is co-sponsor with Jacobs. In other words, the Twentieth Century Club has the Detroit menace hitched to a two year contract.

It is believed that the Kingfish Levinsky will be Joe's opponent in August in either Detroit or Chicago. And Joe believes in fighting to keep in trim, therefore, he wants a fight a month. Something unheard of in the sissy like heavyweight division these recent years. However, the Moses has come to lead the game out of the bullruches now and the boys are glad to follow the leader.

**Can Lick All Present Heavyweights**

When Mickey Walker saw Joe uncork so many samples of punches to defeat Garnera, he predicted nothing but woe and gobs of it for the present crop of heavies. Mickey said Joe can lick any of them including the Baers, the Braddockes, the Schmeling, one right after another on successive nights and then take on the other crop of heavies for amusement. Well, that may be so, but one at a time is sufficient.

Sports writers are going into raptures over the new fighter, for he is no thing else but a fighter. Fighting is his game and he's stuck with and on it. And under the present management, he will go far for it seems that the J's have made the winning combination.

**Title Bout Questioned**  
But with the Madison Square Garden holding the bag with a synthetic champion, how can Joe get to a crack at the title unless "business" is done between the Garden and Carey-Jacobs. This is the question yet to be solved, for these two groups love each other like a couple of stray dog.

It is useless to deny that the Garden would like to get hold of Joe, for he is right now, the biggest drawing card in the game, but how is another question. The Twentieth Century Club is not going to surrender its contract to the Garden, that's certain.

**Crowds Name Articles**  
After Joe Louis Along the streets after the fight, vendors of ice cream and peanuts were shouting "Get your Joe Louis ice cream, pops here." "Eat Joe Louis peanuts and get strong." And up on St. Nicholas Avenue and 150th Street, a drunk loudly and proudly proclaimed to

all and sundry, "Look-a-here folks, you is now on Joe Louis Avenue."

Down at the 135th Street Y, pandemonium broke loose when the announcement came over the radio that Louis had won.

Visitors from out of town crowded every available space. In the Y, the banquet room made by throwing together five smaller rooms, was converted into regular dormitory to accomodate the guests.

Every hotel in town was filled to capacity and people begging for places to sleep. Cars from twenty-five states were seen parked around the Stadium, while inside, the biggest crowd ever to witness a prize fight, ranging from preachers and teachers down to thugs and bootleggers and what have you.

And on the tongue of every man and woman in Harlem was the magic name of Joe Louis. Yea, verily, Harlem had its first chance to stand up and stretch and cheer since the depression set in and destroyed everything. And how lustily Harlem cheered. They want more Joe Louis and should he fight anybody else here in New York, an addition will have to be built to the stadium to accommodate all who want to see Louis fight. As one well known minister said, "I couldn't get to the fight, but God knows I prayed hard enough for Joe to win." And that expressed the sentiment of whites and blacks, whether they had a dime on the fight or not. As a fight, it was all Louis as a spectacle, it has been unparalleled in sports history.

## The Sports Roundup

By Dan Burley (For ANP)

**"THE BROWN MOSES OF THE PRIZE RING"**  
Chicago, July 3.—Sometime ago I pinned the cognomen of "Brown Moses of the Prize Ring" on Joseph Louis Barrow of the Lexington, Alabama Barrows and today I reiterate the nickname. If I were to draw a far-fetched comparison, I would remark that each victory of Louis after the Carnera hurdle, will be in effect, as good as letting a congress man to represent us in Washington and if he, by some manner, is given a shot at a title which he would win, he'd do a much good in that capacity as a Negro vice president of the country would.

Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt, symbolized in Biblical lore as a depth of despair, hell-hole of thwarted ambition, land of oppression, etc. No man attains the idolatry status of a heavyweight champion in this country-providing he's a coker, a knacker-outer about whose prowess some halo of celestial glory can be attached. The right man on the heavyweight throne can do marvels in breaking through barrier of color, creed and caste.

We read, but not in surprise, of recent statement made by old Tommy Burns, former World's heavy weight titleholder, whose crown, if I remember correctly, was lifted by John Arthur Johnson Burns is now an insurance salesman down in Texas and is making plenty of money. He makes it known that the State of Texas wants the next world's heavyweight bout. He makes no reservations. If Louis is the challenger Braddock the champion, than Texas wants that bout. The white south is impressed with the ability of the Negro to wear the honor without blemishing the surface. Joe Louis, "Brown Moses of the Prize Ring," is responsible for this. Joe Louis is the cause of the State of Missouri, by legislative action, removing ancient and revered laws which prohibited mixed bouts in that state.

Incidentally at the door of Louis can be laid the fact that the State of Texas is holding its greatest fair, which may eclipse the exposition held in California and may approach the

one to be held here. For the first time in the history of the Lone Star state, the Negro will be honored on a par with his white brother, will have a "Negro Building" in which he can be shown and discussed at the very best advantage. On that occasion, we believe a Louis versus Somebody championship match would probably be staged. We don't believe there would be any lynchings either. Louis has been made into a sort of deity by, fundamentally "Good Sport" America. Not even the most prejudiced Southerner would raise up against a majority opinion.

Yes, Joe Louis the "Brown Moses of the Prize Ring" is leading this race on up the road.

## We Culdn't Leave Out Owens and Simmons

But what about the Jesse Owens, the Metcalfe, the Cornelius Johnsons, the Eulace Peacock, the Oze Simmons, and others? You no doubt ask. They go to make up the valvade of Brown Crusaders who are leading the onslaught on discrimination, segregation and all the evils, we as Negroes, so intensely abhor. Think of the Unversity of Texas officially inviting Metcalfe to run in its annual relays as it did last spring! Think of 35,000 spectators singing a black boy out of 22 player on a football field and making him the object of ten minutes sustained applause at the Northwestern University of Iowa game last year, when the hero, Oze Simmons, pounded a new path for Negroes in every line into the green coated sod of Dyche Stadium.

These things get us somewhere. Soap-box oratory! classroom analysis, learned discourses by ancient reverends and other rustics may solve the problem, but for me I'd rather see it come through a solid punch on the jaw, the flicking of dust from a cleated shoe in the face of the fellow being left behind, or the smashing through a tiny hole on the left side of the line, a second's tussle with the obstacle of ten or eleven players and then the victorious dash to the goal line by the brown-headed gridman.

## 60,000 Fight Fans See Classic

BY LEWIS E. DIAL

The Yankee Stadium, filled with 60,000 howling fight fans, is the scene of the most colorful event staged on Ruppert Row since the Yankees and Athletics met in a double-header back in 1927 when both teams were battling for first place in the American League with only a half a game difference in their standing. This roaring throng has gathered to witness a battle just as bitter or more so, a fight between Joe Louis, ambitious and sensational Detroit Bomber, and the gargantuan Primo Carnera, Italy's mammoth bid for boxing honors, who are pitting them elves against each other in a struggle for the position of runner-up in the heavyweight race.

Responding to that irresistible lure of battle, countless pugilistic heroes of the past, present and future, have crowded around and into the squared circle, awaiting the appearance of the gladiators of the evening. Among them may be seen the ex-heavyweight champions, Jack Johnson, Gene Tunney, Jack Sharkey, Tommy Burns, Jack Dempsey, the latter still the idol of sportdom, Max Baer, whose brow has not yet lost the mark of the heavyweight crown it so proudly bore until less than two weeks ago, and James J. Braddock, the "Cinderella Man" who paraded the sporting world by rising from the relief rolls to wrest the crown from the Californian. All are to be seen and greeted. A wave of welcome is accorded Harry Wills, still in that superb, lithe, physical condition which won for him the name of the "Brown Panther." There is Johnny Dundee who held two titles at one



BYRD CRUDUP

Shades of Ye terday! That was when Byrd Crudup made, with Ted Lancaster, the dazzling wing-man combination that paved the way for Jazz Byrd's classic runs.  
Now Crudup, Director of Physical Education at New Orleans' new Dillard university, which will open in September, is planning for a varied program of intra-collegiate and inter-collegiate athletics at the new school. Crudup has coached at North Carolina State College and at Straight college, the latter a parent school to the new university. (ANP Photo)

Chester Washington of the Pittsburgh Courier.

Preceded by a roar of welcome like the thunder of the tide rolling back everything before it, Joe Louis entered the ring at about 9:55 p. m. and the vast crowd rose like one in a mighty ovation to the brownskin dynamite-dealing fighter. The volume of sound is now pierced by higher pitched shouts and a few foreign phrases of encouragement are heard as the huge Carnera makes his appearance.

Louis casts never a glance at his massive opponent but, like a powerful thoroughbred, moves about impatiently in his corner, his muscular body tense and poised in readiness for the opening gong.

The white clad referee enters the ring and summoning the two men to the center of the roped enclosure, examines their gloves and utters the customary precautionary advice.

At 10:01 the bell for the beginning of the first round sounds and THE FIGHT IS ON.

**TRY THIS**  
WORLD'S FINEST HAIR GROWER  
GUARANTEED TO GROW HAIR  
Also Booklet of "BEAUTY SECRETS"  
Send 5 Cents for Mailing  
Mrs. VIVIAN  
AGENTS WANTED  
Detroit, Mich.  
615 E. Forest Ave., Dept. O. G.

**FREE LUCK BAG**  
Regular 50c Golden  
Draws Algerian Major  
Luck Bag, also samples  
Hair Dressing, Cosmetics,  
Face Powder and  
Beauty  
All FREE!  
Just send 10c coin or  
stamp to cover shipping  
cost. No obligation. At-  
tractive Agents offer is  
also included. Write  
Golden Brown Chem. Co.

## COULD NOT DO HER HOUSEWORK

WHEN everything you attempt is a burden—when you are nervous and irritable—at your wit's end—try this medicine. It may be just what you need for extra energy. Mrs. Charles L. Cadmus of Trenton, New Jersey, says, "After doing just a little work I had to lie down. My mother-in-law recommended the Vegetable Compound. I can see a wonderful change now."

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

## GET MONEY—LOVE SUCCESS

I guarantee to help you get a new start in life. No case beyond hope. Stop worrying! Write me today. Information FREE! W. WILLIAMS, 901 Bergen Ave. JERSEY CITY, N. J. Dept. O. G.

# Damp Wash

3 1/2c Per Pound

Minimum bundle 48c

## Edholm & Sherman

LAUNDERER AND DRY CLEANERS

2401 North 24th St. We 6055

## YOUR CHILD AND THE SCHOOL

By Dr. ALLEN G. IRELAND

Director, Physical and Health Education  
New Jersey State Department of Public Instruction

**Touring**  
The summer auto trip with children along takes a little planning. Wherever you go, conditions are not exactly the same as at home. Some families carry water from home in glass bottles. Others boil water and some use the chlorine treatment, which your physician or druggist will explain. Pasteurized milk is your one safeguard when traveling.

Always wash thoroughly all fruit and vegetables purchased along the route. Do this even when you buy direct from the farmer. Just remember he may have used poisonous sprays to kill insects. Take along a supply of paper cups. The glasses at roadside stands are not always as clean as yours at home.

It is wise to consult your family physician about first aid needs and laxatives. A little kit is often a blessing when least expected. Be sure to put in the soothing lotions you use for poison ivy and the cold cream for sunburn.

A word about eating. The danger is in eating too much and at irregular times. Avoid particularly the temptation to drink sodas and bottled drinks. And conquer the desire to overload the stomach with ice water. No vacation can be had while riding on a sea-sick stomach.

Adults' games are entertainment; boys' games are serious business. Dr. Ireland will discuss them in his next article.

## How to Get Rid of GRAY HAIR

Look Years Younger

When you can change your gray, faded, or streaked hair to its natural youthful soft color in less than half an hour—

And do it at home without fear of harm to the hair—why go on looking years older than you should look.

Rap—Dol is the real, original hair colorer—18 shades to choose from it is so supremely good that the best beauty shops in all the large cities in the world feature it. Rap—Dol will not wash off or fade nor affect marcell or permanent waves.

Go to any Beaton Drug Store today and choose the shade you need—you'll be a happy woman if you do—for a long time to come.

## TIRED, ACHING, SWOLLEN FEET

Moone's Emerald Oil Guaranteed to Stop All Pain and Soreness and Banish Offensive Odors

In just one minute after an application of Emerald Oil you'll get the surprise of your life. Your tired, tender, smarting, burning feet will literally jump for joy. No fuss, no trouble; you just apply a few drops of the oil over the surface of the foot night and morning, or when occasion requires. Just a little and rub it in. It's simply wonderful the way it ends all foot misery, while for feet that sweat and give off an offensive odor, there's nothing better in the world. Moone's Emerald Oil is guaranteed to end your foot troubles or money back.

## DO YOU KNOW WHY --- An Old Love Letter Is Such A Tearful Affair?

Drawn for this paper By Fisher

NOW NIX ON THAT STUFF! IT'S AS RUSSIAN HERE AS IT IS IN MEXICO.  
SHE SAID YOU NEVER TREATED ME THIS WAY BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED.  
LOVE! BOSH! STOP! I'VE BEEN MARRIED TO YOU SINCE I WAS IN COLLEGE.  
JUST LISTEN TO THE LETTERS YOU SENT ME WHILE WE WERE ENGAGED! DEMONSTRATED DEAREST! LOVEKINGS!  
YOU THINKING ONE IS LOUDER BUT SAZE INTO THOSE LUMINOUS ORBS OF THINE!  
AND BEHOLD! FIN! WILL YOU FORM AN L WITH THE LIPS AND OSE! THEE UNTIL THE STABLE FALL FROM THE HEAVENS!  
JUST A MINUTE! DID I SAY THAT? HUH! THAT DUNK P.  
DR. JONES'S WISDOM!  
WE GOTTA MOVE BY! HOOKER (CLAMORED)

## Raising the Family - Does Gideon not feel more cheerful? - Oh yes!

Fisher

I'LL GET SOPHIE TO COME IN AND KEEP MY COMPANY AND CHEER YOU UP, PA!  
I FEEL SO SORRY, GIDEON. I THOUGHT I'D COME IN AND BRIGHTEN YOU UP. I HAD A FRIEND ONCE WHAT WASN'T NO SICKER THAN YOU ARE!  
IN FACT HE TOOK SICK OF A WEDNESDAY AND DIED OF A FRIDAY. AND HE NEVER WAS SICK A DAY IN HIS LIFE BEFORE SO YOU NEVER CAN TELL.  
WELL, CHEER UP, GIDEON. DON'T WORRY ABOUT NOTHIN'!