

Drinks Pint of Lysol in Attempt to Commit Suicide



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JOE LOUIS IN LINE FOR CHAMPIONSHIP

South Omaha Boy Drowned In Missouri River

JOE LOUIS IN ACTION



LEFT RING UNMARKED CARNERA BLOODY MASS

Satisfies Hardest Critics

ACCLAIMED "FIRST" IN BOXING WORLD

New York, June 26—The bell rang and they walked out.

Louis feinted a right to the belly and then threw a left hook that slit Carnera's mouth so badly it bled from both corners.

You knew it was all over.

That one punch told you—told you better than all the thousands of words spewed from the press agent's typewriter—that the dice were coming up for Joe Louis, and that Primo Carnera's number was going up—maybe with the next punch, maybe in the next round, but surely going up.

Primo's number went up in the sixth. Coming out of a clinch, Louis tossed a full right that caught Primo flush on the chin. Like a puppet whose strings had been cut, the giant Italian buckled at the knees, swayed for a moment, and then sort of poured to the canvas.

Bill Duffy yelled from Primo's corner:

"Take nine!"

But Primo was past hearing, past thinking. All experience was knocked out of him, and he rose without a count.

I switched my eyes to Louis. As Carnera rose, slowly, Louis, the same inscrutable mask on his face, shuffled in for the kill.

He threw a punch. Was it a right or a left? I don't know. It started to swifly. It landed high on Carnera's cheekbone and the Italian sank to the floor like a shot-through elephant. Out of his head, he was up as the time-keeper tolled, "Two-uh!" Watching him, bleeding, glassy and rubber-kneed, you wished he'd stay down for good, for you knew what awaited him.

Louis, as cold as ice, met him coming up and nailed him with a left. You saw the blow this time, for he started it from left seld. Carnera hit the deck again. As he crumpled on the canvas, his corner called again:

"Take it all!"

But he didn't hear them. Gately he clambered up, this time to run into another left hook so vicious it actually bounced him off the floor and into a standing position. Louis was drawing a bead on his chin when Referee Donovan wisely stepped in and waved him to his corner.

As Louis walked back to his corner—his face still set in that cold, cruel cast—you knew that all that separat-

ed him from the championship of the world were signatures on a contract—his signature and Jimmy Braddock's signature.

Against Louis, Braddock wouldn't have a chance. Neither would Baer nor Schmeling. He'd chill them all.

Joe Louis was unmarked as he left the ring at Cankee Stadium after his spectacular six-round kayo victory over Carnera.

The giant Italian's lips were badly cut and swollen and one eye was completely closed.

Fight critics and sports writers were unanimous in hailing Joe Louis as a coming heavyweight champion. Their comment follows:

Ed Frayne, New York American—"Louis is possibly the greatest heavyweight boxing has produced. He hits as hard as Dempsey and boxes as well as Corbett and is as fine a ring general as Tunney."

James Dawson, New York Times—"Louis is the next man to fight for the title."

Trevor Wignall, London Express—"Louis is the top man."

Warren Brown, Chicago Herald-Examiner—"He is the only active heavyweight today."

Frank Graham, New York Sun—"The best since Dempsey."

Bill Cunningham, Boston Post—"Louis can whip 'em all in one ring."

Jimmy Powers, New York News—"Louis is the hardest hitter since Dempsey and the best heavyweight I have ever seen."

Grantland Rice, New York Sun—"Right at the top. A great fighter."

Bill Corum, New York Journal—"I rank Joe Louis first and Max Baer second."

Dan Parker, New York Mirror—"Louis is the tops."

Caswell Adams, New York Herald-Tribune—"He's so far ahead of the other heavyweights there's no comparison."

After that hectic first round, when Louis proved to all those present, that he really had two hands full of dynamite, boxing experts and connoisseurs of fighting men realized that here was a man among men. With two sharpshooting fists he blasted all doubts in the minds of his critics about his ability to hit and further proved that he could take all Carnera had to offer without even flinching.

Harlem had its biggest moment since it became the capital of the Negro world when Joe Louis whipped Primo Carnera Tuesday. The huge and colorful crowds caused old-timers to scratch their heads and marvel at the interest aroused through the upward climb and victory of this stolid but handsome youth from the West.

LOCATE BODY AFTER TWO DAYS IN WATER

Used Suction Machine in Search

ATTEMPTS TO DIVE FOR BODY IN VAIN

Titus Alston, 20, 2717 Jefferson Street, South Omaha, was drowned Sunday when he went to the river to make the 'last dive' before leaving for home with his brother and another friend. When he failed to come up, his brother dived in and started swimming back to shore with him, he thought. However, Titus lost his hold or was drawn under by the current before his brother could save him.

Divers tried to locate the body, but were not able to. The body was in the water two days before river navigators located it with a suction machine.

The body was taken to the J. D. Lewis Mortuary, and the funeral was held Thursday at 11 o'clock in the morning from Bethel Baptist church, with about fifteen hundred friends attending. Interment was in Graceland cemetery, South Omaha.

Herrifords Heads Academic Department

Tuskegee Institute, Ala., June 29, (ANP)—Neal F. Herriford, who for eight years has been a teacher in the English department at Tuskegee Institute, has been appointed director of the Academia department, effective June 1.

Two years ago Mr. Herriford filled the position of "acting director" during the absence of Mr. Alphonse Henningburg, director, who was on leave, studying at Columbia university.

Mr. Henningburg has been named Director of Vocational Guidance and Placement, and entered upon his new duties June 1.

Mr. Herriford is a graduate of the University of Kansas and received his Master of Arts degree from Harvard university.

Attempts Suicide

Mr. McGoy, 2518 Patrick Ave. proprietor of the New Ice Cream parlor, 2122 N. 24th Street, drank a pint of Lysol Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock in an attempt to commit suicide. It is rumored domestic troubles caused the ide attempt.

He was taken to Lord Lister hospital. His condition is very serious, but it is believed that is a chance for his recovery.

Kentucky Hospital Makes Good Record

Hopkinsville, Ky., June 23—(ANP)—Four years of successful as well as beneficial service has been completed by the Moore's Hospital, here according to a report made public Tuesday. This report shows that during the four years of existence, more than 300 operations have been performed by members of the staff, and several hundred other patients treated at the institution with the remarkable record of one death.

Dr. B. O. Moore, is surgeon in chief and the staff is composed of Drs. F. T. Frazier and J. C. Hopkins, with Mrs. Mayme B. Moore and Miss Georgia Buckner as the nurses.

Death Comes to Builder of Beauty At Hampton

Hampton Institute, Vt., June 27.—Leigh Richmond Miner, builder of beauty in grounds and total landscape at Hampton Institute, died in Dixie Hospital here, Sunday morning, June 9, 1935.

Most simple, but beautiful and impressive funeral services were held in the Hayden Funeral Home in Hampton, and were conducted by Rev. Camille A. Cazeaud, Scholarship Secretary of Hampton Institute, whose tribute to the character and usefulness of the late teacher were tender and appreciative.

The body was taken to the schools cemetery for burial, the pallbearers being, Messrs. Robert Ogden Purves, Wilfred E. Carter, E. F. Wewins, C. E. Cheyene, E. H. Bentzel, and J. S. Darling.

He came to Hampton in 1898 as art teacher, being in continuous service in that capacity until 1921 when he became director of applied art, with general oversight of landscape architecture at the Institute. The hosts of persons who have often and in so many places expressed appreciation of the beauty of Hampton's grounds, have been paying unconscious tribute to the artistry and sense of perfection of this quiet, efficient worker who not only wrote poetry but transmuted it into lovely arrangements of walks, buildings, bowers and stately trees.

He was retired in 1933; but Hampton's campus will be a perpetual memorial of the work he did here.

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L. R. Miner, Beauty Builder of Hampton Institute, Dies