

SPORT NEWS

GIANT ITALIAN GIVES NEW YORK SPORT CRITIC WILLIES, HE AVERS

Primo Carnera Newest Ring Mastodon, Is Jack the Giant Killer Character in Real Life—Gallico Says He is His Favorite Nightmare—Describes Carnera as Hideous, Unshapely, Slob.

(By Paul Gallico in New York News)

One could, if one wanted, wander back into one's childhood for an understanding of some of the awe and excitement occasioned by Primo Carnera. He steps practically unchanged out of the limbo of things that used to excite or frighten us. Had he but one in the center of his forehead he might pass for cyclops. Indeed, as he climbed into the ring in Madison Square Garden recently he might have stepped down from some nursery frieze or from between the covers of an imaginatively illustrated copy of Jack the Giant Killer.

Scared To Death

I suppose we see in a giant a projection of ourselves and what we would do if we were big and strong and didn't have to be afraid of anybody. If you were Carnera, for instance, you could terrify taxi and truck drivers, subway guards and policemen. You could walk confidently through the darkest alleys and you might reasonably defy even the ordinary lethal weapons, since I imagine it would take more than a .38 or .45 calibre slug to stop him should he work himself into a tantrum. You would, in time, be rid of many of the petty little fears and scares and humiliations that beset one in a day.

Big Slob

Giants never got much the best of it in history or in a story books. We enter manhood remembering them only as surly, ill-tempered, dangerous brutes with a taste for human flesh and none of the happier graces of instincts. Big as they were they did it with war-clubs and iron-studded maces. Their appetites were carnal and they were in eternal conflict with beauty. Foul, murderous fellows, they lived, apparently, shut away in hilltop castles, living by violence, menacing innocent females (of royal families, preferably), and snatching the defenceless babe from the crib to sweeten the Sunday stew. And I feel I am giving them all the best of it, because it is many years since I have had traffic with them, and I am not one to exaggerate. Well, anyway, it is from this tribe that Carnera springs. The only dif-

ference is he's tame. I suppose that is why people follow him in the streets and want to go up to him and touch him.

Silly Thrill

The ringsiders laughed like children when Carnera trotted down the aisles of the Garden to the ring. A ripple of thrill and excitement ran over the audience. It made them feel brave, no doubt, and a little superior to have this monster entertained them and so tamed by civilization that he could be allowed out without chains and ankle gyves. In the zoo in Berlin there is an ancient and toothless leopard and if you have enough marks in your pocket you can have your picture taken with it. It is a sad, lazy and disillusioned cat, and you can stroke his fur. The sensation is somewhat similar to shaking hands or breaking bread with Carnera. You feel that you are surviving or suffering only.

It is not so much Carnera's size that helps build up the giant legend (some materialist's tape measure set his height at six feet six inches, when the imagination would prefer six feet nine) as his supreme ugliness and the terrible slope of his shoulders that drop slanting away from neck that really is no neck, but just the place where the head joins the body. He is from the rear a much more menacing figure, though the head-on view is no bargain, either. If nature was counterfeiting the legendary big-fellows it was clever about it because he exposes a half inch of red gums when he opens his mouth, and it creates the illusion of fangs of yellow ivory.

No Beauty In Him

True, he is well proportioned, but there is no beauty in his body. It is flesh of incredible grossness. His legs are knobby, hairy things on which stand out large varicose veins. His skin is un-pretty and he can leer with the best of them. He employs only little people in his retinue to further the legend of his size. He is, as has been noted, a good-natured slob but his exhibitors are not any too anxious to disseminate this fact. For most of the beast's charm to the public lies in the constant implic-

HERE AND THERE IN SPORTLAND

Babe Ruth celebrated his thirty-sixth birthday by setting a new record in baseball. He turned down a contract calling for \$75,000 a season, more than same clubs make.

If the Cincinnati team wins the National League pennant, it will be the first time in history that two American League teams will battle in a World's Series.

Connie Mack is thinking of sending a bill of \$1,000,000 to the Chamber of Commerce at Hot Springs, Ark. Eight members of the Athletics taking the baths there have been worth that much to the spa.

Among the American League players who will not be in the Cincinnati lineup next season are Babe Ruth, Al Simmons, Jimmy Foxx, Lew Fonseca, Ted Lyons, Ed Morris and Henry Mahan.

Few persons know that Bill Evans, the famous baseball writer, also runs a major league ball club.

One of Connie Mack's rookies living in Southern Alabama wrote North to find out when he should report to Philadelphia to get on the train for Florida. Connie immediately released him to the Three-I League.

Symbol S. Forrest, 2.10 1-4, is sure a sire of extreme pacing speed. But 6 of his get have been raced, 5 have records of better than 2.10, Symbol Direct raving 2.10 3-4. He is a two-year-old, so is Betty Symbol (2) 2.09 1-2.

The fifth trotter and pacer stake for foals of 1927 will be raced this year at the Reading Fair track during the week of the fair, September 8, the bid of \$4000 by the fair association having secured the stake for the fifth consecutive year. The contest last year was somewhat marred by the action of a driver.

The family of Gambetta Wikes, like that of Baron Wikes, Onward, Wikes Boy, Wilton and some of the others of the best sons of George Wikes, has almost disappeared in the male line. But it shows up sometimes in the breeding of present day champions, especially pacers. The champion of all champion trotters, Peter Manning, 1.56 3-4, carries a dash of his blood through a daughter Wallie Moore, his second dam.

Jury finds weather guilty of causing California plane disaster in which sixteen persons were killed. There being no way to punish the weather, the verdict would seem to end the matter.

It was resolved that the Provincial Department of Agriculture be asked to co-operate with the Dominion Experimental Station at Fredericton toward securing more extended data on the pollination of fruit trees.

The Great Orator has had trouble adapting some of his older gags to radio. The other night he interrupted his impressive discourse before the microphone to remark, "I pause for a reply."

tion of danger in his presence, a sort of "gee, what he could do to me if he ever got mad" feeling.

But both of his keepers appear to appreciate the value of being hideous. The night of his unveiling in the Garden they fitted him out with a huge green cap with a visor as big as an awning. It gave him a most horrible, thuggish aspect and helped no little in the undoing of his opponent. They tell me that Peterson was fairly calm at the weighing in, but the implications that appeared to be contained in the set of that dreadful cap on the gross, gargantuan head rather unnerved him. Primo has become my favorite nightmare.

GOOD RADIO PROGRAM FOR SATURDAY

The following are the best features of Saturday night's radio program and the programs for the most important stations in Atlantic Standard time: General Electric Hour—WBAF network.

Mr. and Mrs.—WABC.
Nit Wk Hour—WABC.
Lucky Strike Hour—WEAF network.
Dutch Masters, Minstrels.
WPG, ATLANTIC CITY.
9.00—News and music.
10.15—Popular music.
11.00—Popular program.
WEEB, BOSTON.
7.00—Dinner music.
9.00—Programs from WEAF.
12.00—News; Talk; Weather.
WLW, CINCINNATI.
7.00—Dinner programs.
8.00—Music, Scrap Book.
9.15—Crosley Saturday Night.
10.00—Variety Features.
12.00—Dance orchestra.
WOR, NEWARK.
7.00—News; Dinner music.
8.45—Program; Talk.
9.00—Hofbreau Orchestra.
10.00—Washington.
11.30—Dance music.
WEAF, NEW YORK.
8.00—Opera Premier.
7.45—War on Narcotics.
8.30—Lauderland Lyrics.
9.00—Business World.
10.00—General Electric Hour.
11.00—Lucky Strike Orchestra.
12.00—Dance orchestra.

WJZ, NEW YORK.
7.00—Pianist; Quartette.
7.15—The Guardsmen.
8.00—Amos 'n' Andy.
8.15—Either Wave Music.
9.00—Pickard Family.
8.30—Fuller Man.
9.00—Dixies' Circus.
10.15—Solos, Cub Reporter.
10.00—Broadway Lights.
10.30—Dutch Masters Minstrels.
11.00—Ships of Memory.

KDKA, PITTSBURGH.
6.30—Dinner concert.
8.45—WJZ programs.
11.30—Wm. Penn Orchestra.
12.00—Polar Messages.
WABC, NEW YORK.
8.00—Leviton's Assemblé.
8.30—Littman Orchestra.
9.00—Dr. Torrance, explorer.
9.30—Dixie Echoes.
10.00—Washington Pageant.
10.30—Hadley Symphony.
11.00—Dance Program, Organ.
WGY, SCHENECTADY.
8.00—Dinner program.

10.00—NBC Network (WEAF).
12.00—Messages to Byrd.
WBZ, SPRINGFIELD.
7.00—Dinner Program.
9.00—Sallertown; Morris Hour.
10.00—Dixie Gillette.
12.00—Staller Orchestra.
STATION CKAC, MONTREAL.
7.00—Stocks, news, weather.
8.00—Julien Masse, elocutionist.
8.15—Rik-Carlson Concert Orchestra.
9.00—Studio Entertainment.
9.30—Cam. Chewing Gum program.
9.00—La Presse Ensemble.
10.00—Hockey Game in Forum.
12.15—Final Hockey Results.
11.30—Dow's Old Stock Hour.

The chief feature of the new front drive in automobiles of that type is that it "pulls instead of pushes." Is someone trying to start that old argument all over again?

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