



BOWLING  
HOCKEY  
WRESTLING

# NEWS OF THE SPORT WORLD

BOXING  
BASKETBALL  
OTHER SPORT



## Louis Kayoes Baer In Fourth Round

### Detroit Negro Shows No Mercy As He Pummels Baer Into Submission

Louis Rises To New Heights Of Fistic Greatness In Writing Finis To Ring Career Of Ex-Champion — Baer However Shows Magnificent Courage In Face Of The Devastating Fists Of The "Brown Bomber."

(By Edward J. Neil, Associated Press Sports Writer) (A. P. By Guardian's Special Wire)

YANKEE STADIUM, New York, Sept. 24—A brown tornado, merciless, savage Joe Louis, swept over the magnificent Max Baer tonight, picked him up in the most devastating whirlwind of punches the prize ring has seen since the heyday of Jack Dempsey, smashed him down three times, finally crushed him in four rounds before the first \$1,000,000 crowd of boxing's new era.

Baer was knocked out after two minutes and 50 seconds of the fourth round. In the less than 12 minutes he faced the chocolate cyclone, he took a beating so unmerciful, so complete that the crowd of 90,000, nearly filling the huge ball park, gasped at the cruelty of it.

#### HAMMERED TO FLOOR

Three times the giant, curly headed Californian, trying to grin to the last through the crimson mask of his torn features, was hammered to the floor under two-fisted blasts that hit him with all the suddenness and deadly accuracy of a tommy gun at point blank range. He was felled three times in all, twice in the third, for counts of nine and four, the last time saved by the bell, hauled to his corner by his chief second, Jack Dempsey.

When the blast tore into his head again in the fourth, he sank to one knee by the ropes, across the ring from his own corner. So badly had he been beaten, so complete was his thrashing that his eyes were opaque, his knee trembled, as he slowly shook his head from side to side. The blood from his face was pouring over his chest as he stayed on one knee until Referee Arthur Donovan finished the complete count of 10.

#### Completely Out

Across the ring, Dempsey in his high pitched voice, was screaming to him, pleading with him to get up, but the magnificently muscled playboy, who hadn't flinched once under his terrific castigation, couldn't hear him any more than he could the roars from 90,000 screaming, beating down on the ring in thunderous waves you could almost feel.

Over his head swung the final 10, and probably with it the end of his career, for he earned close to \$300,000 tonight and he said he was through if he lost. Dempsey rushed to the corner in his arms, in the brief, deadly second of silence that always follows the release of so much pent-up emotion.

#### A Dejected Baer

Then the crowd broke forth again, this time in a hail of boos, as Baer, only three months ago raised high champion of the world, raised his battered head, looked around him. Apparently the crowd thought he had choked it, had stayed there on one knee when he might have risen again for more butchering. He buried his head in a towel and staggered from the ring steps, out of a prize ring perhaps for the last time, down the aisle, the last trace of clowning and bravado for which he was famous, gone.

But he was Max the magnificent in there, for the short time he lasted in the face of the greatest challenge the chocolate soldier has made in his brief professional career. Twenty-one knockouts in 25 fights, Louis now has scored, and there seems no end to the amazing fighting possibilities of the sensation from Detroit.

Only 21, tawny as a mountain lion, this was just another day in Joe Louis' life, though it brought back the million dollar gate that everyone thought died with Rickard, though it came to a climax under the blazing ring lights before the biggest crowd since the Dempsey-Sharkey non-title fight in 1927.

#### Grants Request

Joe, never lifting his gaze from the funny papers, granted Baer's every request for special gloves at the boxing commission today, went to a friend's home and took a nap, married Marva Trotter, his 19-year-old fiancée from Chicago at seven p. m., and climbed into the ring very promptly at 10.

#### Can Take It!

Louis straightened, never a muscle of his face changing that set, even loathe. He walked springily to his corner, and right there he had answered, for a long time to come, the question his few critics have asked, could he take it. There wasn't even a bristle disturbed on his kinky head.

#### The Winner



Joe Louis

In his dressing room afterward Baer said he was through with the ring forever. His manager, Ancl Hoffman, and Dempsey tried to console him, agreeing that was best. They want to save him from any more of what he took tonight. They don't believe, and 90,000 people now agree with them, that any man could take more of that, and retain his reason.

#### PRELIMINARIES

The first of the five four-rounders, preliminary affairs, didn't leave the issue in doubt long. Nathan Mann, a brisk light heavyweight from New Haven, Conn., knocked down George Chip, Wilkesbarre blond, a minimum of once a round and won on a technical knockout after 2:19 of the third when Chip was rising, groggy from right hands, for the fourth time. Mann weighed 177, Chip, 175-1-2.

#### Steady Deadly Attack

His attack never changed. Like a cobra's head, his left snapped out, out, out, sometimes a half dozen times in a row, sometimes a dozen times in a row, always Baer's curly black head, derisively grinning face, was right in the middle of the other end of it. Once Baer's head was poked back far enough, once Baer was up out of his slight crouch, in flashed Joe's left hook, deadly accurate as the flick of a black snake whip.

#### Technical K. O.

Blood continued to run freely as Jorge B'esca, a husky Argentine with a first class belt in either hand, banged out a technical knockout over Paul Pross, big New Yorker, in the fourth round of the next preliminary.

#### Red Sox Win Doubleheader

Three wild Athletic pitching rookies, who dished out a total of 15 passes at Boston, enabled the Red Sox to sweep a doubleheader 8-2 and 6-5.

#### Football Practice

Practice for the Nomads at Victoria Park this evening at 5 o'clock sharp.

#### 24 HOUR TAXI SERVICE

1030 IAN MacKENZIE

Buddy Baer weighed 236 1-2 and Smith 209 1-2.

### Bill Hallahan Leads Cards In Comeback

(C. P. by Guardian's Special Wire) NEW YORK, Sept. 24—Wild Bill Hallahan gave only three hits as St. Louis Cardinals defeated Pittsburgh 11-2 at St. Louis today to give warning to the league leading Cubs that the 1934 world champions are not yet out of the National League title chase. The Cards added Hallahan with 11 hits, including home runs by Jim Collins and Leo Durocher.

It was the veteran southpaw's 14th victory of an erratic season. The win reduced the Chicago lead to three games and tomorrow the Cubs tangle here with the Cards in a five-game series that will determine the 1935 champions of the National League.

The Cards need five victories to win the championship but four out of five would bring them a both and require a playoff. The Deans are ready, Paul being slated to start against Lon Warneke. Dizzy probably will pitch Thursday.

St. Louis jumped into a three-run lead in the first inning at the expense of Red Lucas, Collins' 34th homer of the season scoring Medwick ahead of him after Lynn King recrit from Houston, led off on Medwick's safety after walling and stealing second. King played for Rothrock in centre field, handled five chances without error and made two hits.

#### Giants Win Twin Bill

With Al Smith pitching shutout ball in the first and the Phillies contributing seven errors in the second, New York Giants took both ends of a doubleheader with Philadelphia, winning 6-0 and 7-6 at New York.

The Giants made all their runs in the first game in the first three innings off Curt Davis. Despite the mistakes of the Phils in the nightcap, the game was a nip and tuck affair.

The Dodgers dropped Boston Braves a little deeper into the National League cellar when they took both ends of a doubleheader at Brooklyn 5-3 and 6-5, the nightcap going 11 innings.

Many Babich went the route for the Dodgers in the first, breezing along in front after his mates had put over three runs on as many hits and a base on balls in the first frame. Bobby Reis, former infielder and outfielder, pitched his first complete game.

#### Yanks Defeat Senators

NEW YORK, Sept. 24—(A.P.)—Pounding Bump Hadley and young Olin Rogers for 16 hits, New York Yankees ran their winning streak to six straight games today as they turned back the Senators, 14-6 at Washington.

The Yankees started their assault in the second when they batted around and scored five times to drive Hadley from the mound. Rogers took the remainder of the punishment.

The Indians blasted out 15 hits, including three home runs, at Cleveland to defeat Detroit Tigers, American League champions, 14-7.

First baseman Hal Trosky got his 25th homer of the season and catcher Roy Phillips hit his first as a member of the Indians. The third homer came from the bat of Odell Hale.

With two homers by Irving Burns, a vital part of their attack in each game, the Browns defeated the White Sox in both ends of a doubleheader at Chicago 3-0 and 6-3.

Jack Knott allowed only three hits in pitching the shutout for his season's 11th victory. After breaking a 3-3 tie by scoring when Vern Kennedy walked Clift with the bases filled in the eighth inning of the second game, Burns hit a homer with Larry on base in the ninth.

Red Sox Win Doubleheader Three wild Athletic pitching rookies, who dished out a total of 15 passes at Boston, enabled the Red Sox to sweep a doubleheader 8-2 and 6-5.

Bob "Lefty" Grove gained his 20th win of the season in the opener, when he held the Mackmen to three hits until the ninth inning. The Sox pushed over single runs in third, fourth and seventh and five more in the eighth, due to Boyle's lack of control.

Fink, another Philadelphia youngster, started the second game and passed two before yielding to Lieber with only one out.

#### 24 HOUR TAXI SERVICE

1030 IAN MacKENZIE

Buddy Baer weighed 236 1-2 and Smith 209 1-2.

### SPORTRAITS



### Fight Round By Round

(C. P. by Guardian's Special Wire)

up after the bell until Referee Donovan pulled him away. Louis round.

ROUND ONE Baer came slowly from his corner hunched in a half crouch, and Louis stabbed his face lightly with a half dozen times with lefts. Louis missed a left hook to the body and Baer ripped into him savagely with a right to the head.

They locked in a clinch, both cold and deadly, and poked carefully at each other. His face never changing, Louis flicked a stream of lefts into Baer's forehead, hooked a hard left to the head then smashed Baer's chin with both hands on the ropes. A right to the head brought blood trickling from Baer's nose and he forged in desperately, missing a long wild right.

Baer opened up with a savage attack but Louis survived the storm and drove Max into a corner where he hammered his head unmercifully. Baer reeled in the corner pinned there and Louis hammered him savagely up to the bell. Blood covered his face, Baer slumped dismally at the negro as he walked to his seat. Louis round.

ROUND TWO Again Baer came up slowly, pawing with his left and Louis snapped a left hook into his face. Baer crouched low as the calm negro stalked him and blood was trickling again from Max's nose. They boxed carefully in midring and suddenly Louis smashed Baer's right to the chin. Baer grimaced foolishly, utterly unable to solve Joe's attack as the negro nipped him first with a left hook, and another right to the jaw on the ropes. Baer's face was crimson from a stream of Louis left jabs. Joe whipped a left hook into Baer's head, then mashed his body, a smooth moving cheek-mouth up with a biting volley of left jabs. Louis missed a long right and they fell into a clinch. A long right floored Baer. He sank to his knees, dropped his hands to the canvas and stayed there helpless as Referee Donovan counted him out, a knockout victim in two minutes and 50 seconds after the start of the fourth.

ROUND THREE With fresh energy, Baer pawed at the negro's head with his left, but Joe stabbed steadily, flicking Baer's face with left jabs. Louis thudded a left hook on Baer's chin, but Max, gaining confidence, roughed Louis in a clinch, belting his head with both hands. Louis shot a clean right hard to the jaw, and poured a volley of left hooks into the side of the former champion's head. Baer took his lacing magnificently, stalking around the ring, lashing his face with lefts. Grinning through a bloody mask, Baer ripped a left hook into Louis' head, but the negro pinned him on the ropes and knocked him down with the barrage of left hooks but the bell saved him at the count of four. Dempsey ran out, dragged the bloodied white man to his corner and they sought desperately to restore him. Louis' round.

ROUND FOUR Baer came out haltingly and Louis stalked him like a panther after stricken game. He stabbed Baer's head with his long lefts. He was setting Max up for the kill. A left sank deep in Max's body and he stumbled back. Another left and right bent him at the middle. A left and right to the chin rocked Max and as he leaned back against the ropes he threw his first punch of the round, a light right to the head. Max backed into another corner, blood dribbling down his lips, and Referee Donovan warned him for backhanding. Louis was coldly deliberate as he flung a left hook into Baer's head, then mashed his mouth up with a biting volley of left jabs. Louis missed a long right and they fell into a clinch. A long right floored Baer. He sank to his knees, dropped his hands to the canvas and stayed there helpless as Referee Donovan counted him out, a knockout victim in two minutes and 50 seconds after the start of the fourth.

ROUND FIVE With two down the losers, suddenly taking a liking to the hurler's offering slammed out four safe blows and this combined with an error to pull the score to 6-4 before the side was retired. In Stewart's half of the same inning they pushed over what proved to be the winning counter. McNeill's first batter tripped to center. The next batter McLellan hit a long fly to right to score the runner after the catch; the next two men went out in order.

Starting the ninth Owen slammed a hot one to McNeill; the throw to first was juggled but the base judge ruled the runner out on the closest decision of the series. Matheson singled and Goss drew a pass

up after the bell until Referee Donovan pulled him away. Louis round.

ROUND ONE Baer came slowly from his corner hunched in a half crouch, and Louis stabbed his face lightly with a half dozen times with lefts. Louis missed a left hook to the body and Baer ripped into him savagely with a right to the head.

They locked in a clinch, both cold and deadly, and poked carefully at each other. His face never changing, Louis flicked a stream of lefts into Baer's forehead, hooked a hard left to the head then smashed Baer's chin with both hands on the ropes. A right to the head brought blood trickling from Baer's nose and he forged in desperately, missing a long wild right.

Baer opened up with a savage attack but Louis survived the storm and drove Max into a corner where he hammered his head unmercifully. Baer reeled in the corner pinned there and Louis hammered him savagely up to the bell. Blood covered his face, Baer slumped dismally at the negro as he walked to his seat. Louis round.

ROUND TWO Again Baer came up slowly, pawing with his left and Louis snapped a left hook into his face. Baer crouched low as the calm negro stalked him and blood was trickling again from Max's nose. They boxed carefully in midring and suddenly Louis smashed Baer's right to the chin. Baer grimaced foolishly, utterly unable to solve Joe's attack as the negro nipped him first with a left hook, and another right to the jaw on the ropes. Baer's face was crimson from a stream of Louis left jabs. Joe whipped a left hook into Baer's head, then mashed his body, a smooth moving cheek-mouth up with a biting volley of left jabs. Louis missed a long right and they fell into a clinch. A long right floored Baer. He sank to his knees, dropped his hands to the canvas and stayed there helpless as Referee Donovan counted him out, a knockout victim in two minutes and 50 seconds after the start of the fourth.

ROUND THREE With fresh energy, Baer pawed at the negro's head with his left, but Joe stabbed steadily, flicking Baer's face with left jabs. Louis thudded a left hook on Baer's chin, but Max, gaining confidence, roughed Louis in a clinch, belting his head with both hands. Louis shot a clean right hard to the jaw, and poured a volley of left hooks into the side of the former champion's head. Baer took his lacing magnificently, stalking around the ring, lashing his face with lefts. Grinning through a bloody mask, Baer ripped a left hook into Louis' head, but the negro pinned him on the ropes and knocked him down with the barrage of left hooks but the bell saved him at the count of four. Dempsey ran out, dragged the bloodied white man to his corner and they sought desperately to restore him. Louis' round.

ROUND FOUR Baer came out haltingly and Louis stalked him like a panther after stricken game. He stabbed Baer's head with his long lefts. He was setting Max up for the kill. A left sank deep in Max's body and he stumbled back. Another left and right bent him at the middle. A left and right to the chin rocked Max and as he leaned back against the ropes he threw his first punch of the round, a light right to the head. Max backed into another corner, blood dribbling down his lips, and Referee Donovan warned him for backhanding. Louis was coldly deliberate as he flung a left hook into Baer's head, then mashed his mouth up with a biting volley of left jabs. Louis missed a long right and they fell into a clinch. A long right floored Baer. He sank to his knees, dropped his hands to the canvas and stayed there helpless as Referee Donovan counted him out, a knockout victim in two minutes and 50 seconds after the start of the fourth.

ROUND FIVE With two down the losers, suddenly taking a liking to the hurler's offering slammed out four safe blows and this combined with an error to pull the score to 6-4 before the side was retired. In Stewart's half of the same inning they pushed over what proved to be the winning counter. McNeill's first batter tripped to center. The next batter McLellan hit a long fly to right to score the runner after the catch; the next two men went out in order.

### Brilliant Double Play By Cairns In 9th Halts Losers With Tying Run On Third

Turning back the sensational last inning rally of their opponents with the tying run on third base Stewart's Bakery softball team last night captured the City Softball championship for 1935 when they took their third victory from the defending champions, the 8th Battery squad by a 7-6 score. It was the deciding game of one of the most bitterly-fought playoff series in local history, the teams entering the fray deadlocked with two wins apiece. It was also the fourth straight game that the winners margin of victory had been decided by one run.

And to Loman Cairns, smart shortstop of the new champions goes the hero's mantle for last night's encounter for it was this player that nipped the tying run at the plate with a brilliant double play to end the game. Wilf Whalen was on third base with one out when Had McInnis hit a fly over short that looked like a sure hit. Cairns racing out with his back to the ball made the catch and then whirling fast pegged a perfect throw to his catcher to catch the runner attempting to score after the catch. It was another story-book finish to a game that had the fans in a frenzy of excitement throughout.

But in defeat the Bakery went down like true champions. The Bakery team opened in convincing fashion and in their first turn at bat put together five safe blows to garner four runs. An error by the losers gave them another run in the second and again in the third another miscue allowed them to count their sixth run. During all this Ray Stull, using a baffling change of pace had his opponents swinging futilely. Stewart's still led 6-0 at the end of the seventh but in the first half of the eighth the game took on a different complexion.

With two down the losers, suddenly taking a liking to the hurler's offering slammed out four safe blows and this combined with an error to pull the score to 6-4 before the side was retired. In Stewart's half of the same inning they pushed over what proved to be the winning counter. McNeill's first batter tripped to center. The next batter McLellan hit a long fly to right to score the runner after the catch; the next two men went out in order.

Starting the ninth Owen slammed a hot one to McNeill; the throw to first was juggled but the base judge ruled the runner out on the closest decision of the series. Matheson singled and Goss drew a pass

up after the bell until Referee Donovan pulled him away. Louis round.

ROUND ONE Baer came slowly from his corner hunched in a half crouch, and Louis stabbed his face lightly with a half dozen times with lefts. Louis missed a left hook to the body and Baer ripped into him savagely with a right to the head.

They locked in a clinch, both cold and deadly, and poked carefully at each other. His face never changing, Louis flicked a stream of lefts into Baer's forehead, hooked a hard left to the head then smashed Baer's chin with both hands on the ropes. A right to the head brought blood trickling from Baer's nose and he forged in desperately, missing a long wild right.

Baer opened up with a savage attack but Louis survived the storm and drove Max into a corner where he hammered his head unmercifully. Baer reeled in the corner pinned there and Louis hammered him savagely up to the bell. Blood covered his face, Baer slumped dismally at the negro as he walked to his seat. Louis round.

ROUND TWO Again Baer came up slowly, pawing with his left and Louis snapped a left hook into his face. Baer crouched low as the calm negro stalked him and blood was trickling again from Max's nose. They boxed carefully in midring and suddenly Louis smashed Baer's right to the chin. Baer grimaced foolishly, utterly unable to solve Joe's attack as the negro nipped him first with a left hook, and another right to the jaw on the ropes. Baer's face was crimson from a stream of Louis left jabs. Joe whipped a left hook into Baer's head, then mashed his body, a smooth moving cheek-mouth up with a biting volley of left jabs. Louis missed a long right and they fell into a clinch. A long right floored Baer. He sank to his knees, dropped his hands to the canvas and stayed there helpless as Referee Donovan counted him out, a knockout victim in two minutes and 50 seconds after the start of the fourth.

ROUND THREE With fresh energy, Baer pawed at the negro's head with his left, but Joe stabbed steadily, flicking Baer's face with left jabs. Louis thudded a left hook on Baer's chin, but Max, gaining confidence, roughed Louis in a clinch, belting his head with both hands. Louis shot a clean right hard to the jaw, and poured a volley of left hooks into the side of the former champion's head. Baer took his lacing magnificently, stalking around the ring, lashing his face with lefts. Grinning through a bloody mask, Baer ripped a left hook into Louis' head, but the negro pinned him on the ropes and knocked him down with the barrage of left hooks but the bell saved him at the count of four. Dempsey ran out, dragged the bloodied white man to his corner and they sought desperately to restore him. Louis' round.

ROUND FOUR Baer came out haltingly and Louis stalked him like a panther after stricken game. He stabbed Baer's head with his long lefts. He was setting Max up for the kill. A left sank deep in Max's body and he stumbled back. Another left and right bent him at the middle. A left and right to the chin rocked Max and as he leaned back against the ropes he threw his first punch of the round, a light right to the head. Max backed into another corner, blood dribbling down his lips, and Referee Donovan warned him for backhanding. Louis was coldly deliberate as he flung a left hook into Baer's head, then mashed his mouth up with a biting volley of left jabs. Louis missed a long right and they fell into a clinch. A long right floored Baer. He sank to his knees, dropped his hands to the canvas and stayed there helpless as Referee Donovan counted him out, a knockout victim in two minutes and 50 seconds after the start of the fourth.

ROUND FIVE With two down the losers, suddenly taking a liking to the hurler's offering slammed out four safe blows and this combined with an error to pull the score to 6-4 before the side was retired. In Stewart's half of the same inning they pushed over what proved to be the winning counter. McNeill's first batter tripped to center. The next batter McLellan hit a long fly to right to score the runner after the catch; the next two men went out in order.

Starting the ninth Owen slammed a hot one to McNeill; the throw to first was juggled but the base judge ruled the runner out on the closest decision of the series. Matheson singled and Goss drew a pass

up after the bell until Referee Donovan pulled him away. Louis round.

ROUND ONE Baer came slowly from his corner hunched in a half crouch, and Louis stabbed his face lightly with a half dozen times with lefts. Louis missed a left hook to the body and Baer ripped into him savagely with a right to the head.

They locked in a clinch, both cold and deadly, and poked carefully at each other. His face never changing, Louis flicked a stream of lefts into Baer's forehead, hooked a hard left to the head then smashed Baer's chin with both hands on the ropes. A right to the head brought blood trickling from Baer's nose and he forged in desperately, missing a long wild right.

Baer opened up with a savage attack but Louis survived the storm and drove Max into a corner where he hammered his head unmercifully. Baer reeled in the corner pinned there and Louis hammered him savagely up to the bell. Blood covered his face, Baer slumped dismally at the negro as he walked to his seat. Louis round.

ROUND TWO Again Baer came up slowly, pawing with his left and Louis snapped a left hook into his face. Baer crouched low as the calm negro stalked him and blood was trickling again from Max's nose. They boxed carefully in midring and suddenly Louis smashed Baer's right to the chin. Baer grimaced foolishly, utterly unable to solve Joe's attack as the negro nipped him first with a left hook, and another right to the jaw on the ropes. Baer's face was crimson from a stream of Louis left jabs. Joe whipped a left hook into Baer's head, then mashed his body, a smooth moving cheek-mouth up with a biting volley of left jabs. Louis missed a long right and they fell into a clinch. A long right floored Baer. He sank to his knees, dropped his hands to the canvas and stayed there helpless as Referee Donovan counted him out, a knockout victim in two minutes and 50 seconds after the start of the fourth.

ROUND THREE With fresh energy, Baer pawed at the negro's head with his left, but Joe stabbed steadily, flicking Baer's face with left jabs. Louis thudded a left hook on Baer's chin, but Max, gaining confidence, roughed Louis in a clinch, belting his head with both hands. Louis shot a clean right hard to the jaw, and poured a volley of left hooks into the side of the former champion's head. Baer took his lacing magnificently, stalking around the ring, lashing his face with lefts. Grinning through a bloody mask, Baer ripped a left hook into Louis' head, but the negro pinned him on the ropes and knocked him down with the barrage of left hooks but the bell saved him at the count of four. Dempsey ran out, dragged the bloodied white man to his corner and they sought desperately to restore him. Louis' round.

ROUND FOUR Baer came out haltingly and Louis stalked him like a panther after stricken game. He stabbed Baer's head with his long lefts. He was setting Max up for the kill. A left sank deep in Max's body and he stumbled back. Another left and right bent him at the middle. A left and right to the chin rocked Max and as he leaned back against the ropes he threw his first punch of the round, a light right to the head. Max backed into another corner, blood dribbling down his lips, and Referee Donovan warned him for backhanding. Louis was coldly deliberate as he flung a left hook into Baer's head, then mashed his mouth up with a biting volley of left jabs. Louis missed a long right and they fell into a clinch. A long right floored Baer. He sank to his knees, dropped his hands to the canvas and stayed there helpless as Referee Donovan counted him out, a knockout victim in two minutes and 50 seconds after the start of the fourth.

ROUND FIVE With two down the losers, suddenly taking a liking to the hurler's offering slammed out four safe blows and this combined with an error to pull the score to 6-4 before the side was retired. In Stewart's half of the same inning they pushed over what proved to be the winning counter. McNeill's first batter tripped to center. The next batter McLellan hit a long fly to right to score the runner after the catch; the next two men went out in order.

Starting the ninth Owen slammed a hot one to McNeill; the throw to first was juggled but the base judge ruled the runner out on the closest decision of the series. Matheson singled and Goss drew a pass

up after the bell until Referee Donovan pulled him away. Louis round.

ROUND ONE Baer came slowly from his corner hunched in a half crouch, and Louis stabbed his face lightly with a half dozen times with lefts. Louis missed a left hook to the body and Baer ripped into him savagely with a right to the head.

They locked in a clinch, both cold and deadly, and poked carefully at each other. His face never changing, Louis flicked a stream of lefts into Baer's forehead, hooked a hard left to the head then smashed Baer's chin with both hands on the ropes. A right to the head brought blood trickling from Baer's nose and he forged in desperately, missing a long wild right.

Baer opened up with a savage attack but Louis survived the storm and drove Max into a corner where he hammered his head unmercifully. Baer reeled in the corner pinned there and Louis hammered him savagely up to the bell. Blood covered his face, Baer slumped dismally at the negro as he walked to his seat. Louis round.

ROUND TWO Again Baer came up slowly, pawing with his left and Louis snapped a left hook into his face. Baer crouched low as the calm negro stalked him and blood was trickling again from Max's nose. They boxed carefully in midring and suddenly Louis smashed Baer's right to the chin. Baer grimaced foolishly, utterly unable to solve Joe's attack as the negro nipped him first with a left hook, and another right to the jaw on the ropes. Baer's face was crimson from a stream of Louis left jabs. Joe whipped a left hook into Baer's head, then mashed his body, a smooth moving cheek-mouth up with a biting volley of left jabs. Louis missed a long right and they fell into a clinch. A long right floored Baer. He sank to his knees, dropped his hands to the canvas and stayed there helpless as Referee Donovan counted him out, a knockout victim in two minutes and 50 seconds after the start of the fourth.

ROUND THREE With fresh energy, Baer pawed at the negro's head with his left, but Joe stabbed steadily, flicking Baer's face with left jabs. Louis thudded a left hook on Baer's chin, but Max, gaining confidence, roughed Louis in a clinch, belting his head with both hands. Louis shot a clean right hard to the jaw, and poured a volley of left hooks into the side of the former champion's head. Baer took his lacing magnificently, stalking around the ring, lashing his face with lefts. Grinning through a bloody mask, Baer ripped a left hook into Louis' head, but the negro pinned him on the ropes and knocked him down with the barrage of left hooks but the bell saved him at the count of four. Dempsey ran out, dragged the bloodied white man to his corner and they sought desperately to restore him. Louis' round.

ROUND FOUR Baer came out haltingly and Louis stalked him like a panther after stricken game. He stabbed Baer's head with his long lefts. He was setting Max up for the kill. A left sank deep in Max's body and he stumbled back. Another left and right bent him at the middle. A left and right to the chin rocked Max and as he leaned back against the ropes he threw his first punch of the round, a light right to the head. Max backed into another corner, blood dribbling down his lips, and Referee Donovan warned him for backhanding. Louis was coldly deliberate as he flung a left hook into Baer's head, then mashed his mouth up with a biting volley of left jabs. Louis missed a long right and they fell into a clinch. A long right floored Baer. He sank to his knees, dropped his hands to the canvas and stayed there helpless as Referee Donovan counted him out, a knockout victim in two minutes and 50 seconds after the start of the fourth.

ROUND FIVE With two down the losers, suddenly taking a liking to the hurler's offering slammed out four safe blows and this combined with an error to pull the score to 6-4 before the side was retired. In Stewart's half of the same inning they pushed over what proved to be the winning counter. McNeill's first batter tripped to center. The next batter McLellan hit a long fly to right to score the runner after the catch; the next two men went out in order.

Starting the ninth Owen slammed a hot one to McNeill; the throw to first was juggled but the base judge ruled the runner out on the closest decision of the series. Matheson singled and Goss drew a pass

up after the bell until Referee Donovan pulled him away. Louis round.

ROUND ONE Baer came slowly from his corner hunched in a half crouch, and Louis stabbed his face lightly with a half dozen times with lefts. Louis missed a left hook to the body and Baer ripped into him savagely with a right to the head.