

CARDS GIVE YANKS DRUBBING

St. Louis Walks Away With Game With Great Ease

Strong Right Arm of Jesse Haines Shuts Out Yanks and Allows Only Five Hits Wildly Scattered

SPORTSMAN'S PARK, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 5.—(United News)—St. Louis' dream—watching the Cards win a world series game came true Tuesday in a manner to satisfy the most rabid of the 37,000 fans who jammed every corner and crevice of Sportsman's park.

Thanks to the strong right arm of big Jess Haines, who shut out the New York Yankees with five scattered hits, Rogers Hornsby's fighting ball club won the third game of the current classic of baseball, 4-0.

Haines Proves Wonder
A tremendous drive into the right field stands by this same Jess Haines in the fourth inning made certain the victory, although it was Mark Koenig's poor throw earlier in the inning which let Lester Bell romp home with the first and necessary run.

Such a chorus of cowbells, whistles, horns and howls of joy as went up from the crowded stands had never been heard before in a ball park. The fourth dimension of pandemonium was on tap.

Cards Show Class
The Cards not only won the ball game in a manner to delight their admirers, but in a way that convinced the experts that they soon will be champions of the world.

Before a crowd that outdid anything in the way of enthusiasm ever brought into a world's series, the St. Louis team put up as good an exhibition of baseball as any champion club ever produced.

Back Up Pitcher
While the glory went to Jess Haines, who was always master of the situation, and whose home run was the dramatic high spot, the Cards were always backing up their pitcher brilliantly, both on the defense and on the attack.

They drove the veteran, Dutch Ruether from the box early in the game and pounded Bob Shawkey when the lanky relief pitcher took up the burden. It was a game of sunshine, shadow and showers. In the fourth inning, when Babe Ruth was on second base, a downpour of rain put a temporary halt to the festivities. After 31 minutes' delay, Umpire Hildebrand ordered the game continued and it was nearly over before the next shower.

St. Louis Has Fans
The St. Louis fans, who naturally broke a record for attendance at Sportsman's park, refused to budge throughout the downpour. They had come to see the Cards win—and urge them on to victory if necessary. The climax came immediately after the rain ceased. Haines got the Yanks out promptly and then the Cardinals went to work.

Bell Makes Good
Lester Bell, whose batting had been as weak as his fielding was brilliant, drove a single to center. Hafee sacrificed, and Bob O'Farrell walked. Mark Koenig, trying for a double play after Tony Lazzeri had tossed him Thewenow's roller, threw low and wide to first base. It was a crucial error, for Bell dashed home before Lou Gehrig could recover the ball. The delirium that greeted this run was swallowed up a moment later in a greater delirium. Haines had hit a home run into the screaming mass of fans behind right field. It was almost too good to be true. The stands and bleachers exploded with joy.

Both Home Together
Thewenow and Haines came home together.

After that the Cards had nothing to worry about. They added another run in the fifth on singles by Southworth and Hornsby and Bottomley's infield out.

This Jess Haines is a big, unemotional farmer boy, who has been up with the Cards since 1919. He never pitched a better game for them than on this critical occasion of St. Louis' first world series game. In five different innings Haines put the first batter up on first base and then coolly, almost indifferently, mowed down the ensuing batsmen.

Nothing Got By
The Cardinal infield cut down some hard hit balls to help out, and Southworth and Hafee roamed over the distant meadows, pulling down potential doubles and triples, letting nothing get by.

Yankees Bewildered
The Yanks scarcely seemed to know they were in the ball game. Earl Coombs made a couple of brilliant running catches and Joe Dugan jumped in with the star fielding play of the day, but the New York outfit was a dispirited lot. They seem to have given up hope.

Earl Coombs started off the game by flying to Hafee in deep left. The fans were screaming encouragement each time Jess Haines waved his pitching arm, and went into ec-

Blanks the Yankees



JESSE HAINES

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 5.—(United News)—"It certainly is great to win for your team before all the home fans," said Jesse Haines, winning pitcher for the Cardinals.

"And to have that home run thrown in made my day complete."

"I guess 'Dutch' Ruether wasn't bearing down very hard when he threw that fast one in the groove, for it came up big as a balloon and all I had to do was lean on it."

"The boys certainly backed me up in great shape. Several times

stasies of delight when Koenig, second man up, fanned."

The Babe's first appearance was the signal for a mixed chorus of jeers and cheers. Haines carefully fed Ruth slow ones, and the dreaded slugger hit one down to Hornsby, whose toss to Bottomley ended the inning.

The score:

New York Yankees									
Player	ab.	r.	b.	po.	a.	e.			
Combs, rf.	3	0	1	4	0	0			
Koenig ss	4	0	0	2	3	1			
Ruth lf.	3	0	1	0	0	0			
Mengel rf	4	0	0	1	0	0			
Gehrig 1b	4	0	2	19	0	0			
Lazzeri 2b	4	0	0	4	0	0			
Dugan 3b	3	0	1	0	2	0			
Severide c	2	0	0	3	0	0			
Ruether p	2	0	0	0	2	0			
Shawkey p	0	0	0	0	0	0			
x Paschale	0	0	0	0	0	0			

Total 29 0 5 24 13 1
x Batted for Shawkey in eighth.

St. Louis Nationals

Player	ab.	r.	b.	po.	a.	e.
Douthitt, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Southworth rf	3	1	2	2	0	0
Hornsby 2b	4	0	1	1	5	0
Bottomley 1b	4	0	1	13	0	0
L. Bell 3b	4	1	1	0	4	0
Hafee lf	3	0	1	4	0	0
O'Farrell c	2	0	0	5	0	0
Thewenow ss	3	1	0	1	2	0
Haines p	3	1	2	0	2	0

Total 29 4 8 27 13 0
Umpires: Hildebrand at plate; Klem at first base; Dienen at second base; O'Day at third base.

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE

Club	R.	H.	E.
Los Angeles	8	15	3
Mission	10	13	0
Batteries—Sanders, Day and Sandberg; Ludolph, Eckert, Bryan and Whitney.			

Club	R.	H.	E.
Seattle	4	6	1
Oakland	5	13	1
Batteries—Hasty, Brandt, Bowers and E. Baldwin; Krause and Baker.			

Club	R.	H.	E.
San Francisco	13	17	3
Sacramento	6	10	3
Batteries—Williams and Agnew; Woodson, Bachat, Keating and Koehler.			

Portland at Hollywood, no games, teams traveling.

KNOCK ANGELS OVER WITH GREATEST EASE

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 5.—(United News)—With the Coast league pennant virtually assured for Los Angeles' flagpole, the Angels were handed a 10 to 8 beating by the Missions on the local lot. Hits were plentiful on both sides, 28

Big Boy Ritchie Knocks Battling Visitor for Goal

(By The Girl Reporter)
Earl Ritchie, Klamath Falls heavyweight, sent Jack Dill, 175-pounder from Tacoma, to the canvas for 19 counts at the end of the fourth round last night, winning the main event scheduled on Johnny Sylvester's fight card in Scandia Hall.

Ritchie, towering over Dill by at least two inches, was put through a series of tests that put Dill over strong as a favorite with the fight fans until he kissed the canvas good-bye.

The Tacoma boy's left hooks puzzled the Klamath Falls husky the first two rounds. Dill had Ritchie going in circles although the local man was on the offense during the entire game.

Big Boy Wondered So

When the gong sent the two heavyweights to the center of the ring, Dill landed a right hook to Ritchie's head that sent the bigger boy wondering. It was then that Ritchie changed his usual tactics and started a trot around the ring after the northern taxider. Dill continued a series of punches back of the head and landed a couple of fast blows to the body. During the third round Ritchie and Dill exchanged body punches until the referee called enough.

Ritchie caused a riot at the beginning of the second round when he slipped to the carpet taking with him a good upstart of Dill's. Dill's blows landed often and a strong punch on the side of Ritchie's head sent the Klamath fighter down on his left knee.

Maybe He Got Mad

If Ritchie got mad, like fight fans seemed to expect, it came in the beginning of the third round. The fight, for a heavyweights' battle, was a fast one and a few free-for-all slugging matches in neutral corners added a nice punch for rabid fans that seemed to bolster the Tacoma man.

When Earl Ritchie started from his corner at the opening of the fourth round, his blows had landed immediately, would have taken Dill off his feet. His blows glanced a bit wild, however, and once the local pugilist was sent against the ropes.

Things Get Lively

Things began to pick up for both Ritchie and Dill and their punches were well directed. In fact, Ritchie began to put his blows down where he first intended. A series of kidney punches against Dill's left side put him out temporarily and fight fans picked up their hats and started to leave the hall. The sight of Dill, squirming in a corner, served to end the main event for the several hundred fans, but

Prelims Mighty Interesting to One Lone Woman

(By UNKNOWN WOMAN)

The preliminaries to a main event prize fight are, for the most part, an exhibition of the "human form divine" and little or no true fighting technique. Nevertheless, they lend much amusement and no little delight to first nighters and old-timers alike.

Looking at it from the viewpoint of a woman, who has not made strict attendance on prize fights her chief aim in life, the battles at Scandia Hall last night registered something as follows:

Fighter Looked Lanky

First event: Enter Jack Davies, a tall, thin lad, and his opponent a short, stocky boy who was substituting for Herb Pruitt. From the start it was evident that these two boys were set on avoiding any and all blows, which they did by clinching most of the time. One of them did sit down hard on the floor once due to having slipped, but outside of this accident and a few side-swiping blows the event continued on to the end through four rounds and registered nothing more exciting than a draw.

Up Goes the Curtain

With a short intermission to mark the end of one feature and the ringing up of the curtain for a second, things again turned and centered around the roped arena. One of the thrilling things of the evening was in store for the fans as Jack O'Brien and Joe Coffman, both evenly matched, stood in their corners and permitted the audience to view them in all their youthful glory. Any witness to this whirlwind bout will testify that one

with the fight he had shown during the bout, he jumped to his feet to turn tables.

Whether Ritchie took the opportunity to gain wind and to figure things out a bit, or whether Dill was still groggy from his meet with the floor, the end was fast and furious.

Dill's blows glanced but fell short. He lost all perspective and Ritchie stepped in, got him under his arm and with a half dozen kidney blows, sent the visitor to the floor for the last time.

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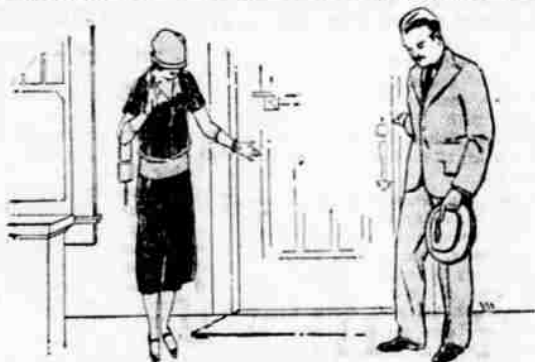
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