



By Joe Williams

Fat Man Babe Gives American Edge

Ruth Wins Game and Then Saves It

Some Question Starting of Hallahan

CHICAGO, July 7.—Maybe after all, the chief difference between the National League and the American League is an old fat fellow named George Herman Ruth.

They tossed all the stars of baseball together here Thursday, chose up sides and played a ball game for the old players' benefit fund, and when it was all over you had to admit that the old fat fellow was still king of 'em all.

Like King Tut and the silver dollar, the fat old fellow isn't what he used to be. He wheezes and puffs when he starts to run and he goes after those sharp liners in the outfield like a tipsy dowager doing the rhumba.

But put the old fat fellow in a spot where the pressure is tight and the ball game is at stake and watch him go. If the setting is such as it was Thursday, when every seat in Comiskey park, 49,000, was filled, so much the better. The old fat fellow is a dramatist at heart.

He kept seven K. C. blows scattered except in the eighth stanza and struck out six.

The Tribe righthander also punched out a single in the sixth that helped the Indians' first rally that produced a cluster of three runs.

You never saw so many stars in one ball game before. Men like Pepper Martin, Frankie Frisch, Chuck Klein, Paul Waner, Chick Hafey, Pie Traynor, Lefty O'Doul, Gabby Hartnett, Bill Hallahan, Lou Warneke and Carl Hubbell to name some of the Nationals.

And Ben Chapman, Earl Averill, Charley Gehringer, Lou Gehrig, Al Simmons, Joe Cronin, Jimmy Dykes, Rick Ferrell, Goofy Gomez, Alvin Crowder and Lefty Grove, to list some of the Americans.

And yet the inescapable fact was there was only one real star on the field—the old fat fellow.

ALL he did was win the game for the Americans and then keep them from losing it. The score was 4 to 2. The old fat fellow rifled one into the stands on a line in the third inning for a homer that yielded two runs, the margin by which the Americans won. Then in the eighth with one on, he backed against the wall and pulled down a drive from Hafey's bat that was a lifesaver for Grove.

The all-star game, the first of its kind ever played, was a complete success from every angle. Though the hired hands did not share in the receipts they played hard, fighting baseball all the way, with the result that the game was close, energetically conducted, and interesting to the last out.

Some of the stars did not even get a chance to break into the lineup. Behind almost from the start, John McGraw, who piloted the Nationals, made frequent changes in his lineup, and young Schumacher of the Giants, was the only one of the squad who did not get to start.

Reluctant to tamper with a winning combination, Connie Mack, who led the Americans, could find no way to use such men as Jimmy Foxx, Bill Dickey, Tony Lazzeri, Wesley Ferrell and Oral Hildebrand. This was a terrible tribute to the strength of the Americans. They were almost as strong on the bench as on the field.

The Americans won the game off Hallahan, scoring three runs in two innings with none out in the third. Hallahan was wild, giving five passes before he was taken out. The second guessers are saying today McGraw should not have started him because he was a tired pitcher, having worked as recently as Tuesday.

## Wood, Shute Tied for British Open Victory

United Press

ST. ANDREWS, July 7.—Denny Wood, young American pro, fired a 73 on his last eighteen holes to beat Craig Wood for the British open ad today.

ST. ANDREWS, Scotland, July 7.—Craig Wood, handsome blond golfing star from Del. N. J., held the lead in the British open golf championship today as most of the leaders had finished their final rounds.

Wood scored a 75 this afternoon after a blistering 68 in the morning and had a seventy-two-hole total of 292.

Three of the five leaders at the fifty-four-hole mark had finished. Henry Cotton of Belgium getting a 79 for 295, Leo Diegel of Mexico

taking a 77 for 293 and Joe Kirkwood of Florida winding up with an 81 and 297 total.

Gene Sarazen of New York, defending champion, fired a 75 on the final round to wind up with a 293.

Ed Dulphy of Georgia had a 78 on the last eighteen to finish with 295, while George Dunlap Jr., New York amateur, finished with an 80 and 306. Horton Smith of Chicago carded a 76 to aggregate 297.

Syd Easterbrook and Abe Mitchell, popular British professionals, were the others who were tied at the top at the fifty-four-hole mark with scores of 216. Walter Hagen slipped after pacing the first two rounds and got a 79 on the third eighteen to trail at 219. They had not finished the last round.

## Big Crowd to See Amateur Nines in Stadium Twin Bill

With more than 2,000 tickets already sold, four of the city's leading amateur diamond clubs wound up preparation today for Saturday's featured double-header at Perry Stadium.

Proceeds from the game will go to Indianapolis Amateur Baseball Association to defray season's expenses, including sending the local champion to the national title tournament.

The I. A. B. A. sponsors league play on city park diamonds throughout the summer on Saturdays and Sundays.

A near capacity crowd is expected when the Indianapolis Braves and Indianapolis Bleaching nine square off for the first battle at 2 p. m. The powerful Kroger A. C. nine tackles Eli Lilly club in the second struggle at 4 p. m. Admission is 25 cents, with children under 12 admitted free. Lineups:

Braves, 2b, R. E. Martin, 1b, C. C. Anderson, 3b, C. C. Akers, 1b, C. C. Schmitz, 2b, C. C. Adams, 1b, C. C. McClelland, 2b, C. C. Favos, 1b, C. C. Donnelly, p.

SECOND GAME:

Bleaching, 2b, R. E. Martin, 1b, C. C. Kramer, 3b, C. C. Heselgrave, 2b, C. C. Keller, 1b, C. C. Collier, 2b, C. C. Claborn, 1b, C. C. Ackers, 1b, C. C. Schmitz, 2b, C. C. Adams, 1b, C. C. McClelland, 2b, C. C. Favos, 1b, C. C. Donnelly, p.

Allen, Burns in Feature Event

Allen, Burns in Feature Event

Men of the lighter division will be seen in four bouts tonight at the South Meridian arena, with two events over the two-three fall route.

The feature will bring Roy Allen, star of last week, against Billy Love. The other half of the double top will show Cyclone Burns meeting Speedy O'Neal. Two supporting bouts of one fall each will bring together Joe Hollander and Jack Adams, and Jack Scott and Bill Honeycutt.

Meridian Flashes will book a game with a fast city team for Saturday. Stuck Coal and Hercules, notice. For games call G. W. Stuck, 200 W. Market, or G. W. Hercules, 200 W. Market, Saturday afternoon.

Mustangs lost a close game to the fast Yorkies, 11-10, in the first game of the night. The Mustangs play in the 17-year-old class and desire to enter games at Belvoir, 10 p. m. Saturday. Call H. C. Bussong, 200 W. Market, for games.

Meridian Flashes want a game for Saturday afternoon with a fast team. Call G. W. Stuck, 200 W. Market, Saturday afternoon.

Bedford Merchants defeated Flannery-Buchanan at Bedford Tuesday, 5 to 4. Their pitching featured for the winners, Becker and Gladden each getting a home run double for winners. For games, call G. W. Stuck, 200 W. Market, Saturday afternoon.

Spades A. C. plays State street at 10 a. m. Dearborn meets Mercury at Westinghouse in a double-header. Remington, 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. in a twin bill, and Woodsdale plays two games with Cheese company at Willard in Sports Club at 10 a. m. Saturday. Doubles headers start at 9:30 a. m.

Pounding Porter of nineteen hits, Indiana National Bank defeated Morris Pharmacy, Rhode Island, and Turner is defeated for the bankers, while Butch was

left for the losers.

## Entries for City Net Play Close

With several entries from out of town stars, the limit on the field in the men's singles division of the Indianapolis tennis tournament has been increased from thirty-two to forty-eight, it was announced today.

Entries close tonight at 6 p. m. in the juniors' and boys' singles. The deadline for women's singles and men's and juniors' doubles is Monday at 6 p. m. Action starts at Hawthorn courts Monday.

Earl Bussong, third ranking Cincinnati star who held the Indiana junior crown in 1939, and his doubles partner, Bill Fleming, are the chief out of town title threats. All of the local stars have entered.

## CITY SOFTBALL NOTES

The schedule for Sunday, July 8, in the Interfraternity Council indoor League follows: Phi Sigma Chi vs. Kappa Alpha Psi, 10 a. m.; Delta Sigma Theta, 1 p. m.; Lambda vs. Beta Phi Sigma, at Riverside.

Spades A. C. plays State street at 10 a. m.; Dearborn meets Mercury at Westinghouse in a double-header. Remington, 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. in a twin bill, and Woodsdale plays two games with Cheese company at Willard in Sports Club at 10 a. m. Saturday. Doubles headers start at 9:30 a. m.

Pounding Porter of nineteen hits, Indiana National Bank defeated Morris Pharmacy, Rhode Island, and Turner is defeated for the bankers, while Butch was

# Indianapolis Times Sports

INDIANAPOLIS, FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1933

PAGE 22

## Tribe Hits in Pinches

Indians Bunch Blows and Win, 6-2; Turner Holds Blues.

By Times Special

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 7.—The Indians opened their second invasion of the west under the lights here Thursday night and trounced the Kawtown Blues, 6 to 2, with Jim Turner turning in a high class article of pitching. He kept seven K. C. blows scattered except in the eighth stanza and struck out six. The Tribe righthander also punched out a single in the sixth that helped the Indians' first rally that produced a cluster of three runs.

Like King Tut and the silver dollar, the fat old fellow isn't what he used to be. He wheezes and puffs when he starts to run and he goes after those sharp liners in the outfield like a tipsy dowager doing the rhumba.

But put the old fat fellow in a spot where the pressure is tight and the ball game is at stake and watch him go. If the setting is such as it was Thursday, when every seat in Comiskey park, 49,000, was filled, so much the better. The old fat fellow is a dramatist at heart.

He kept seven K. C. blows scattered except in the eighth stanza and struck out six.

The Tribe righthander also punched out a single in the sixth that helped the Indians' first rally that produced a cluster of three runs.

They tossed all the stars of baseball together here Thursday, chose up sides and played a ball game for the old players' benefit fund, and when it was all over you had to admit that the old fat fellow was still king of 'em all.

Like King Tut and the silver dollar, the fat old fellow isn't what he used to be. He wheezes and puffs when he starts to run and he goes after those sharp liners in the outfield like a tipsy dowager doing the rhumba.

But put the old fat fellow in a spot where the pressure is tight and the ball game is at stake and watch him go. If the setting is such as it was Thursday, when every seat in Comiskey park, 49,000, was filled, so much the better. The old fat fellow is a dramatist at heart.

He kept seven K. C. blows scattered except in the eighth stanza and struck out six.

The Tribe righthander also punched out a single in the sixth that helped the Indians' first rally that produced a cluster of three runs.

They tossed all the stars of baseball together here Thursday, chose up sides and played a ball game for the old players' benefit fund, and when it was all over you had to admit that the old fat fellow was still king of 'em all.

Like King Tut and the silver dollar, the fat old fellow isn't what he used to be. He wheezes and puffs when he starts to run and he goes after those sharp liners in the outfield like a tipsy dowager doing the rhumba.

But put the old fat fellow in a spot where the pressure is tight and the ball game is at stake and watch him go. If the setting is such as it was Thursday, when every seat in Comiskey park, 49,000, was filled, so much the better. The old fat fellow is a dramatist at heart.

He kept seven K. C. blows scattered except in the eighth stanza and struck out six.

The Tribe righthander also punched out a single in the sixth that helped the Indians' first rally that produced a cluster of three runs.

They tossed all the stars of baseball together here Thursday, chose up sides and played a ball game for the old players' benefit fund, and when it was all over you had to admit that the old fat fellow was still king of 'em all.

Like King Tut and the silver dollar, the fat old fellow isn't what he used to be. He wheezes and puffs when he starts to run and he goes after those sharp liners in the outfield like a tipsy dowager doing the rhumba.

But put the old fat fellow in a spot where the pressure is tight and the ball game is at stake and watch him go. If the setting is such as it was Thursday, when every seat in Comiskey park, 49,000, was filled, so much the better. The old fat fellow is a dramatist at heart.

He kept seven K. C. blows scattered except in the eighth stanza and struck out six.

The Tribe righthander also punched out a single in the sixth that helped the Indians' first rally that produced a cluster of three runs.

They tossed all the stars of baseball together here Thursday, chose up sides and played a ball game for the old players' benefit fund, and when it was all over you had to admit that the old fat fellow was still king of 'em all.

Like King Tut and the silver dollar, the fat old fellow isn't what he used to be. He wheezes and puffs when he starts to run and he goes after those sharp liners in the outfield like a tipsy dowager doing the rhumba.

But put the old fat fellow in a spot where the pressure is tight and the ball game is at stake and watch him go. If the setting is such as it was Thursday, when every seat in Comiskey park, 49,000, was filled, so much the better. The old fat fellow is a dramatist at heart.

He kept seven K. C. blows scattered except in the eighth stanza and struck out six.

The Tribe righthander also punched out a single in the sixth that helped the Indians' first rally that produced a cluster of three runs.

They tossed all the stars of baseball together here Thursday, chose up sides and played a ball game for the old players' benefit fund, and when it was all over you had to admit that the old fat fellow was still king of 'em all.

Like King Tut and the silver dollar, the fat old fellow isn't what he used to be. He wheezes and puffs when he starts to run and he goes after those sharp liners in the outfield like a tipsy dowager doing the rhumba.

But put the old fat fellow in a spot where the pressure is tight and the ball game is at stake and watch him go. If the setting is such as it was Thursday, when every seat in Comiskey park, 49,000, was filled, so much the better. The old fat fellow is a dramatist at heart.

He kept seven K. C. blows scattered except in the eighth stanza and struck out six.

The Tribe righthander also punched out a single in the sixth that helped the Indians' first rally that produced a cluster of three runs.

They tossed all the stars of baseball together here Thursday, chose up sides and played a ball game for the old players' benefit fund, and when it was all over you had to admit that the old fat fellow was still king of 'em all.

Like King Tut and the silver dollar, the fat old fellow isn't what he used to be. He wheezes and puffs when he starts to run and he goes after those sharp liners in the outfield like a tipsy dowager doing the rhumba.

But put the old fat fellow in a spot where the pressure is tight and the ball game is at stake and watch him go. If the setting is such as it was Thursday, when every seat in Comiskey park, 49,000, was filled, so much the better. The old fat fellow is a dramatist at heart.

He kept seven K. C. blows scattered except in the eighth stanza and struck out six.

The Tribe righthander also punched out a single in the sixth that helped the Indians' first rally that produced a cluster of three runs.

They tossed all the stars of baseball together here Thursday, chose up sides and played a ball game for the old players' benefit fund, and when it was all over you had to admit that the old fat fellow was still king of 'em all.

Like King Tut and the silver dollar, the fat old fellow isn't what he used to be. He wheezes and puffs when he starts to run and he goes after those sharp liners in the outfield like a tipsy dowager doing the rhumba.

But put the old fat fellow in a spot where the pressure is tight and the ball game is at stake and watch him go. If the setting is such as it was Thursday, when every seat in Comiskey park, 49,000, was filled, so much the better. The old fat fellow is a dramatist at heart.

He kept seven K. C. blows scattered except in the eighth stanza and struck out six.

The Tribe righthander also punched out a single in the sixth that helped the Indians' first rally that produced a cluster of three runs.

They tossed all the stars of baseball together here Thursday, chose up sides and played a ball game for the old players' benefit fund, and when it was all over you had to admit that the old fat fellow was still king of 'em all.

Like King Tut and the silver dollar, the fat old fellow isn't what he used to be. He wheezes and puffs when he starts to run and he goes after those sharp liners in the outfield like a tipsy dowager doing the rhumba.

But put the old fat fellow in a spot where the pressure is tight and the ball game is at stake and watch him go. If the setting is