

Sport Graphs

Billy Hulén Says:

Craters Increase
Batting Average
In Last 2 Starts

Three weeks ago, after they had dropped their first two State league games, the Medford Craters possessed a microscopic team batting average of .134. Which was ample proof that it takes hits to win ball games.

Now, after splitting even in their last pair of circuit contests, the locals have boosted their clout-figure to an even .300. Which still is far above par for the State loop course, but which indicates the lads are beginning to know what it feels like to propel the horseshoe to unfieldable territory.

That .200 figure, as we said before, is certainly not one to call for loud cheers and a bottle of brew, but it does represent a substantial increase over the average produced in the first couple of tussles. Any improvement, we always say, is better than none at all.

Now, if the Craters keep on boosting their maul-mark every two games by 66 points, the number they picked up in their previous couple of tilts, it won't be long before the club boasts a very adequate attack. Pretty soon, in fact, the team will be batting .600 or .700, which is a slight exaggeration but which gives a rough idea of what can happen if the locals continue to improve their plate work.

It is expected the Craters will add help to their batting averages when they play the Eugene Athletics here this week-end, the Sunday afternoon affair counting in league standings and the Saturday night tilt being a kings-x exhibition. We do not mean to belittle Eugene and their pitcher, Pete Igoe, but the fact remains that Catcher Billy Calvert of the Craters was Igoe's battery mate all spring at the University of Oregon, and William will undoubtedly impart much valuable information as regards the Igoe stuff, to his current Crater pals.

Calvert probably knows more about the angle of break on Igoe's curve ball and the velocity of speed on Igoe's fast ball, not to mention his degree of accuracy, than Igoe does himself. Billy, we wouldn't be surprised, even knows what Igoe eats for breakfast and whether he draws three cards to a pair or holds a knocker. All that information inside Billy's head isn't going to hurt the Craters one little dab, and conversely it probably won't do Igoe and Eugene any good.

Of course, Manager Andy Hurney of the Athletics may double-cross the Craters and start somebody else on the mound Sunday. Like Joe Spencer, well-known here, or Al Linn. In which case the Craters, except in the case of Spencer, would be going in there "cold," as they say. However, the odds are lengthy that Igoe will start the clash, so hire yourself a hall, Will, and start giving.

Oh yes, those batting averages. Well, Calvert is the team leader with .429, not counting Pitcher Jack Brown with his one for one and McLean with his one for two. Some of the boys listed below may not play anymore with the team, but here they all are, in State league games only:

AB	H	Pct.
Brown	1	1.000
McLean	2	1.000
Calvert	7	.429
McDonald	12	.5
Volk	7	.286
Martenson	4	.250
Ellertsen	4	.250
Sauer	17	.435
Gray	18	.422
Schroer	14	.321
Fox	8	.125
Fleishman	11	.091
Lightner	16	.063
Monzo	5	.000
Johnson	4	.000
Swanson	4	.000

Gallant Billy Conn Knocked Out by Louis in 13th Round

SAVAGE INDIANS CRUSH A'S, 14-2 AND ADD TO LEAD

By Judson Bailey
Associated Press Writer

The light hitting Cleveland Indians suddenly have become ferocious at the plate and look capable of gobbling up the lesser lights of the American league in big gulps.

Yesterday they really opened up—getting 17 hits, including five home runs and four doubles to overwhelm Philadelphia, 14-2.

They scored seven runs in a rousing second inning and kept pouring on the power right on through the game. Hal Trosky hit two home runs and Lou Boudreau, Ray Mack and Ken Keltner one apiece.

This display of fireworks was accompanied by a four-hit pitching performance by Bob Feller, who coasted to his 14th victory of the campaign.

The Indians' first place margin was increased to three full games as the Chicago White Sox trimmed the New York Yankees by one run for the second day in succession, 3-2. Joe DiMaggio hit safely in his 14th consecutive game.

The Detroit Tigers tore into the Boston Red Sox for a 3-2 victory behind the steady eight-hitting of Lynwood (Schoolboy) Rowe, who gave up only one extra-base blow, a homer by Jimmie Fox.

The St. Louis Browns squeezed out a 3-2 verdict over the Washington Senators in a night game.

The St. Louis Cardinals continued their climb in the National league with a 7-3 triumph over the Phillies while the second-place Brooklyn Dodgers were dropping a 5-1 nod to the Chicago Cubs.

The Boston Braves beat the Cincinnati Reds, 4-2 with Al Javery besting Johnny Vander Meer in a pitching duel in which each allowed seven hits.

The Pacific Coast League Sacramento 0, Oakland 6. San Francisco 6, Portland 5. San Diego 15, Hollywood 12. Los Angeles at Seattle rained out.

Western International Yakima 8, Vancouver 2. Wenatchee 8, Spokane 6. Salem at Tacoma rained out.

ZEKE BONURA TAKES BIG BAT INTO ARMY

New Orleans, June 19.—(P)—Big Zeke Bonura's winding baseball road turned into an army camp today, and Zeke took the latest curve with mingled emotions.

The friendly cabbage farmer, dumped from the majors this year after seven slugging seasons, expressed disappointment at being called when he had just about batted his way back into the big show; but said he was determined to "give the army all I've got, just as I did in baseball."

Season Profitable
Yarmouth, Nova Scotia (U)—Lobstermen in this little Nova Scotian port are congratulating themselves on the close of one of the most successful seasons in recent years. Entire catch this year was sent to New England markets, fetching 14 to 29 cents per pound.

CHALLENGER HAS TITLE IN GRASP; FAILS IN GAMBLE

Five Rights to Jaw Ends Fight After Conn Elects to Punch With Champion

By Gayle Talbot
New York, June 19.—(P)—For fleeting, golden moments last night, Billy Conn of Pittsburgh held the heavyweight championship of the world within his grasp.

Then Billy gambled, tried to match punches with Joe Louis, and the big negro snapped out of his strange lethargy and knocked Conn kicking in the 13th round before a thrilled crowd at the Polo Grounds.

Conn, the 174-pound gamster, was well in front when the end came, suddenly and unexpectedly. Louis, drawn too fine in his training, had looked a slow, sullen defender of the crown.

Conn had danced around him for half the distance, tied him up in the clinches, then had come on to slap the bomber's teeth out.

At the end of the 11th round the Pittsburgh wonder boy had spread his mouth wide in a grin as he returned to his corner and waved triumphantly to the gallery stretching far back into the dark stands. He thought he was "in," and so did an amazed audience.

In the twelfth round, the slim, handsome challenger sent Louis reeling against the ropes with a vicious two-fisted attack. Louis looked slow, unable to take advantage of the targets offered him. The more than 54,000 electrified fans in the big ball yard were only waiting, tensed, for the final bell of the fight and the announcement that the "winnah and new champion" was Billy Conn.

Louis Worried
Then the 13th round began. Louis came out, looking worried, and Conn rushed to meet him. From the challenger's corner blurted the warning cry: "move around," as it had come from Conn's manager, Johnny Ray, from the opening bell on. But Billy was heedless. He went tearing to meet Louis.

A left hook caught Billy alongside the head and staggered him. He fell into a clinch. Louis, finally aroused, poured everything he had into the boy from Pittsburgh. Five consecutive rights landed flush on Conn's jaw before he finally crumpled to the canvas. He was down, still trying to struggle to his knees, when the count of 10 came and Referee Eddie Joseph signaled that it was all over.

Then they half-carried the striding back to his corner, the blood pouring from his nose and from a cut under his eye. He still had a smile on his lips, a full of courage and glory. Later he cried in his dressing room as though his heart would break, but the last the crowd saw of him he was holding out his hand in congratulation to the negro who had beat him down.

Seldom has a heavyweight fight crowd seen the scales of victory shift so suddenly. Up to the instant when Louis caught and downed his man, it looked as though Conn had made good his boast and bedazzled the champion, a far bigger man. Louis, for all his 199½ pounds and his vaunted punch, had looked like a slothful, disgusted fighter up to the instant when he connected.

Conn's Left Scores
Early in the fight, in the second round, Louis shuffled in and poured punches into Conn's stomach. The kid looked in bad shape. The fight-wise ringers nudged each other and said it was about over.

But the third round saw Billy open up in spectacular fashion and slap Louis all over the ring. Louis looked a sucker for Conn's left hook. The champion appeared unable to untrack himself. His handlers said later that they were fearful at that stage. Louis, soberly, admitted when it ended that Conn had surprised him with his speed and ability to take punishment.

Again in the fifth Louis came alive and belabored Conn's middle, sending the challenger wobbling to his corner when the

Huskies Wet Their Sweeps



The University of Washington Huskies wet their sweeps on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, going immediately into training for the regatta, June 25. Left to right: Coxswain Vic Fomo; Stroke Ted Garhart; Tom Taylor, Walter Wallace, Charles Jackson, Doyle Fowler, William Neill, Paul Sindars and John Bracken.

round closed, but that still didn't daunt Billy. He managed to get through the sixth on even terms, and the seventh began the rally that had the title won for him when he became too careless and confident in the 13th.

Champ Pounded
Conn won the eighth round and the ninth, lost the tenth, and then spurred to capture the eleventh and the twelfth. The roars of the crowd echoed across the nearby Harlem river as the boy who "didn't have a chance" increased his pace to step around Louis and pound the champion from every angle.

Louis up to this point had not reached Conn with a single right to the head. Billy had reason to feel confident. He had caught the over-trained champion with a flurry in the 12th that had sent Louis, befuddled, into the ropes. He had made a terrific fight of it every second of the way. He had the championship in his right fist.

And then it happened to him. He became in an instant only the 18th victim of Joe Louis since the big negro won the title.

STEERS WILL AIM AT 7-FOOT ROOF

Palo Alto, Calif., June 19.—(P)—Three world's records are apt to be in considerable danger at the national collegiate track and field championships here Friday and Saturday.

Grover Klemmer, University of California sophomore who has already tied Ben Eastman's 440-yard dash standard of 46.4 seconds, will be pushed by a fast field that includes three of the nation's finest quarter-milers, and coaches have predicted that he might run under 46 seconds.

Les Steers of the University of Oregon has bettered the official world high jump record three times, and will be aiming at a seven-foot ceiling at the two-day N.C.A.A. meet. He has cleared 6 feet 11 inches.

In the discus, Big Archie Harris of Indiana has been flirting with the 174 foot 2½ inch mark established by Willie Schroder of Germany, and may surpass it at any time. His best has been an inch and a half short of Schroder's heave.

STATE SHOOT STARTS AT GEARHART TODAY

Seaside, June 19.—(P)—The annual Oregon State trapshoot opened today at the Seaside-Gearhart gun club. Under auspices of the Pacific International Trapshooting association, it offers \$2010 in added prize money.

Major competitive shooting starts tomorrow with some of the coast's best known clay bird experts entered.

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Dog Runs Bases To Get Name In Regular Lineup

Charlotte, N. C., June 19.—(P)—A stray dog wandered into a baseball box score here.

Bob Ortiz, right fielder of the Charlotte Piedmont league team, clouted the ball to deep right field and tore out for first.

As he neared the bag, a spotted terrier, long of ear and tail, dashed from the stands. He caught Ortiz at first and stuck with him all the way to third, where Ortiz beat him and the ball by a slide. Then the terrier grabbed Ortiz's cap and made merry around the infield.

In the Charlotte lineup the News carried the footnote: "Stray dog."

In the summary: "Ran with Ortiz in the ninth."

HOW THEY STAND

National League	W.	L.	Pct.
St. Louis	41	18	.695
Brooklyn	37	20	.649
Cincinnati	30	28	.517
New York	28	27	.509
Chicago	28	29	.491
Pittsburgh	21	27	.438
Boston	19	33	.365
Philadelphia	17	39	.304

American League	W.	L.	Pct.
Cleveland	38	23	.623
New York	35	24	.593
Boston	30	24	.556
Chicago	31	28	.524
Detroit	32	28	.533
Philadelphia	26	31	.456
St. Louis	19	34	.358
Washington	19	38	.333

Pacific Coast League	W.	L.	Pct.
Sacramento	50	21	.704
San Diego	39	34	.534
Seattle	35	34	.507
San Francisco	36	37	.493
Los Angeles	33	39	.458
Oakland	31	40	.437
Hollywood	30	39	.435
Portland	30	40	.429

Picket Competitor
Middletown, N. Y., (U)—Now it is employers who are picketing. When Albert V. Graham, proprietor of a beauty shop, refused to close Saturday afternoon in summer, his competitors established a picket line outside his shop.

San Francisco (U)—Returns from the California state three per cent sales tax increased \$16,525,703, or 23.7 per cent, during the past 10 months, presumably because of national defense purchases.

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TWO CONTESTS ON SOFTBALL SLATE

Four more softball teams will inaugurate their 1941 campaign at the stadium tonight if the weather doesn't make playing conditions impossible.

Gasco and Fluhrer's are slated to collide in the 8 o'clock struggle, with Bear Creek Orchards and Medco tussling in the 9 o'clock fracas. The season opened Tuesday night.

Friday night's schedule will see Catholic Men and Rogue River Chevrolet facing off at 8 o'clock, and Jennings Tire and Coca Cola colliding an hour later.

Cyprus has been a British colony and base since 1914.

BEAR CREW ROWS FAST FOUR MILES

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 19.—(P)—Things are picking up in the crew camps along the Hudson. Day by day the eight varsity crews which, with M.I.T., will race four miles next Wednesday are taking time trials, and each new time trial brings the cry of "watch Cornell," "Watch California," or whoever it happens to be.

Yesterday afternoon it was California's turn, and the Golden Bears rowed down the four-mile course in what Coach Ky Ebright said was "less than 20 minutes" but most volunteer stopwatch holders called closer to 19.

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