

NEBRASKA INDIANS vs. ALL STARS

SUNDAY AND MONDAY

AT

GREENWOOD PARK.

STANDING OF CAPITAL CITY LEAGUE.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Black Sox	4	1	.888
Maroons	2	2	.500
Nationals	1	2	.333
B. H. Swifts	1	3	.250

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Dope.

The all-stars of the Capital City League is the strongest team in the South, defeating the Nebraska Indians June 11th 7 to 3.

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The Indians were outclassed in both games, as the Stars outplayed them in all the games, but luck beat them in the first game.

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I love my wife, but, O! you all-stars. Preston Taylor sure knew what he was doing when he selected Manager Ellison to pick his all-stars to play the Indians. That was not such a hard job for them, as he had all of the stars with the Nationals, except Stratton, Ware and Christman.

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Charlton playing name as Johnnie Red is sure a king in the outfield and a catcher among the best. There is nothing in sight, Red, that can beat you catching. Keep it up, boy, and there will come a day when you can make your living playing ball.

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Street, playing name Shine, is the best short stop in Nashville. Ask the Indians; the feature of the game was the great fielding of Ellis, playing name, "Money," the Nationals' great third baseman, with Shafter, our Texas kid, crying, "Get 'em in there, boy." We are with you, red. Johnnie was crying, "Shoot it, Williams. I pay them off to Shafter. Look out, big chief; but that curve ball, hit it, white folks, hit it," that was his cry.

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Manager Ellison pays his most due respect to Stratton, Ware and Christman for their great help in playing the Indians. That kid, Stratton, sure is a ball player. With Ware behind the bat crying, "Wait a minute, little boy, now shoot it, shoot it," and he was sure shooting it. Christman played field for the all-stars in great form. Mr. Whittsy, that's a great ball player. You've got to stick to that boy.

Myers, playing name, "Black Daddy," lost his hitting eye but he is a fielder by trade, getting everything that comes his way. I love my wife, but, O you Phillips. That Black Sox kid is a whang.

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Captain Hurt of the Nationals is a first baseman by trade, getting them in all styles. Keep it up, boy, you can't be beat in Nashville.

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Sad news came to Manager Ellison that his \$5,000 pitcher was on the sick list. Webster, known as "Shot." Be careful, little boy, and take care of yourself for the Nationals need your help.

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If the public wants to see good games come out to Greenwood Park every Sunday and support the Capital City League. That's the place to get your money's worth.

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The All-stars are ready to take on all visiting teams and can entertain Manager Foster's American Giants and Ben Taylor's A. B. C.'s. So our president is doing all he can to get those teams down here.

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Mr. Athletic, you ask the Nationals to come out and get their egg out of the bowl. We will be out if you bet \$25 that you can win. Call at 1410 Grant street and deposit \$10 at once, and we will see if we can break your egg on your bowl. Answer at once.

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Mr. Neal Boyd, known as "Woog," can sure hit the ball all around the lot. Quit your noise, Woog, and let in the game and you will be given a better chance.

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We thought those wee wee Athletics were dead; it has been so long since we heard of them, as they went down like the Titanic trying to break up the Capital City League. Mr. Whittaker said after the Indians' game it would be a long time before you would see the Athletics' faces again. I guess so, for if they play those hard-hitting Nationals they have to go north to work in some foundry to get on their feet aagin.

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Manager Ellison said with this lineup he can stop any machine that comes to Nashville, if it is a German machine gun:

Street, short stop.

Shafter, second base.

Ellis, third base.

Charlton, catcher.
Meyers, left field.
Ware, center field.
Christman, right field.
Williams, pitcher.
Hurt, first base.
Stratton, pitcher.
Webster, pitcher.
Boyd, pinch hitter.

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At Greenwood Park June 11, 1917.

At Greenwood Park June 11, 1917.
the All-Stars of the City League defeated the Nebraska Indians in a fast and exciting game by a score of 7 to 3. It was a good and fast played game with plenty of life. Venson of the Black Sox started the game but was rather wild; he couldn't get his curves to break right and was relieved by Mang Stratton of the Sox, who kept the wild men from putting them where they wanted to. The All-Stars had plenty of good base runners who made hits count runs and won easily. The fans weren't so thick Monday. They are waiting to see the Moroon-Indian game on Sunday, June the 17th.

Box Score.							
ALL-STAR				AB	R	H	PO A E
Street, ss	5	2	2	3 2 2
Stratton, 1b and p	.	.	.	4	2	2	5 3 0
Ellis, 3b	4	0	0	1 1 0
Charlton, lf	4	0	3	3 0 0
Ware, c	4	1	1	7 1 0
Shafter, 2b	2	2	1	2 0 0
Boyd, rf	3	0	2	0 0 0
Phillips, cf	3	0	0	1 0 0
Williams, 1b	4	0	1	5 0 2
Totals				33	7	12	27 7 4
INDIANS				AB	R	H	PO A E
Dizier, 3b	3	0	1	3 4 1
Two Dogs, ss	4	0	0	2 2 0
Polo, 2b	3	1	1	1 1 0
Snakein grass, 1b	4	0	0	12 0 0
Marteniz, lf	4	1	0	0 0 0
Crazy Snake, rf	4	1	0	1 0 0
White Bull, c	4	0	2	7 1 0
White Moon, cf	4	0	0	0 0 0
Lovernow, p	4	0	1	0 0 0
Totals				32	3	5	26 8 1
INNINGS				1	2	3	4 5 6 7 8 9
All-Stars	3	0	0	0 4 0 0 0
Indians	0	2	0	0 0 0 1 0

Summary: 2 base hit, Stratton; White and Bull; sacrifice hits, Shafter, Polow, Snakingrass; stolen base, Shafter 2, Two Dogs 1; struck out by Stratton 7, by Lovernow 3; bases on balls, Stratton 1, Lovernow 3; left on bases, All-Stars 3, Indians 4; Time of game, 1 hour. Attendance 150; Umpires, Miller and Green. Official Scorer, Wm. A. Glenn.

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