

Berra Basks in Most Valuable Award

'I Musta Been Pretty Good--Until the Last Two Weeks'

Says Reynolds Should Have Been Given Prize

By DAN DANIEL

NEW YORK, N. Y.

When the Baseball Writers' Association of America announced that 24 of its members, designated as an official committee, had picked Lawrence (Yogi) Berra, catcher of the Yankees, as the American League's Most Valuable Player for 1951, there was considerable surprise among the fans of the land.

It is conceivable that nobody was more astonished than Mr. Berra himself. He was sitting in the living room of his new ranch house at Woodcliff Lake, N. J., with a comic book, when a troupe of photographers representing New York newspapers broke in on his suburban privacy.

"Come on in," vociferated the hospitable Yogi, as he answered the bell announcing the group's arrival. "What are you guys doing out here?"

It took some time for the cameramen to explain their errand. Berra summoned his pretty wife, Carmen, and said, "They say

Bombers' Laughing Boy

But Yogi Adds 'I Ain't Gonna Toss It Back'

gridiron Giants. Yogi would have loved a career as a football pro. Berra's comments on football are very sound. In fact, he has a coherent outlook on all sports.

It's entertaining to listen to Yogi and Tommy Henrich in a gridiron debate. Henrich thinks that coaching started with Paul Brown of the Cleveland Browns and will end when Mr. Brown bids the game farewell.

Football and Hockey? Not for Yogi

"You know, they tried to make a football player out of me in high school in St. Louis, but the closest they came was to turn me into a soccer player," Berra recounted. "I could kick. Fact is, I could punt a football pretty good. I kicked a soccer ball as far as any around the school ranks."

"Do you know that they even tried to make a hockey player outta me? They got me down to the rink and put me on a pair of skates. But they had too much trouble keeping me off the



YOGI BERRA, MOST VALUABLE IN A. L. FOR '51 . . . HE HELPED HOLD UP THE YANKEES

I have been picked the American League's Most Valuable Player."

Carmen laughed, and announced, "Are you kidding?"

The photogs insisted there had been no error.

"Well, if you say so, it must be so, but I still think they shoulda picked Allie Reynolds," Berra emoted.

'Ain't Biting Hand That Feeds Me'

"Wahoo pitched seven shutouts, two of them no-hitters, and who ever before did that in the American League? He won 17 games, the way the records explain it, but actually he won a lot more. Yes, sir, I ain't biting the hand that feeds me, but Reynolds shoulda got it. In the meantime, I ain't gonna throw the award back into the lake. It's big, very big, and I thank the baseball writers for being so good to me."

"Sure, I figured I would be somewhere in the scoring. But first? Not by a few places."

Yogi stopped a while and laughed. "Hey, come to think of it, I musta been pretty good."

"But right now, you can knock me down with my batting average for the last two weeks of the season. That's what made me feel I could not get the award. My slump at the finish? What brought it on? Search me. I wasn't any more tired than anybody else." Berra's excitement mounted, and the disorganization

of the Yogi menage was accomplished to completion with the arrival of a television crew.

It took quite a time for the lights to be installed and the machinery set up. Then a brand new question was put to Berra. It was a new approach.

The astonishing query: "Yogi, are you glad you got the award?"

Berra looked sheepish. Was he glad? What did people think he was, on the verge of going into mourning after having won a citation for which so many players had yearned?

In time the cameramen departed. The Hacienda Berra returned almost to normal.

Yogi is keeping very busy this off-season. He has a job in a men's shop, and he also is a professor of batting, catching and modern poetry in the "Rizzuto College of Baseball," which, as the American Baseball Academy, functions five afternoons a week in the Armory at Columbus avenue and 62nd street in Manhattan.

Visited in the Armory, the good professor was quite dignified. He adjusted his cap and gown, made a short speech directing his pupils to their various duties, and launched into a discussion of football.

Berra is a close student and follower of the professional

ice. I like to watch hockey. They can have all them cuts and gashes they get playing that game.

"Baseball is the champ of them all. Like somebody said, the pay is good and the hours are short."

Has Interesting Ideas About Own Salary

Pay? That word linked up at once with the name Berra. What of the MVP's ideas about salary for the coming season? One writer had him demanding \$10,000 for 1952. Another quoted him as having said that, knowing George Weiss as he did, he would not be surprised if the general manager tried to cut his salary, which for 1951 was \$28,000.

Berra called up Weiss, according to Promotional Director Red Patterson, and denied that he had discussed his 1952 contract with anyone, or had cast any aspersion on Weiss. George assured Yogi that he had not paid any attention to the stories.

Berra finds life very pleasant. For one thing, he has his own home. He likes St. Louis, and it was right enough to live

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Yogi Makes Yanks Laugh —He's No Fun to Opposition

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with his folks for a while. But there wasn't enough room for the growing Yogi-Carmen family in a home on The Hill, and now he is a country squire in a beautiful place of his own, with space and privacy, and the chance to enjoy the company of his two children.

It is quite rural where the Berras live. But a short drive brings Yogi to the George Washington Bridge and another hop brings him right into the heart of New York City.

Berra's Most Valuable victory, and the excitement occasioned by it, reminded the writer of a day in Fenway Park, Boston. Berra was hitting homers with gusto. A local scribe sat at his right on the Yankee bench, and I was over on the left.

The local writer asked: "Mr. Berra to what do you attribute your remarkable success?"

The "Mr." business put Yogi on the alert. The rest of it puzzled him. He suspected an aspersation. Berra let the query sink in, then he whispered to me, "What is the jerk talking about?"

A "Necessary" Occasion

The writer was reminded, too, of that memorable night in Sportsman's Park, St. Louis, on which the American Legion presented various gifts to Yogi.

He had been warned that he would be expected to say something in acknowledgement, and a set speech was prepared for him. It consisted of ten words and was written out on a large card in large letters. The speech read: "I want to thank everyone who made this night possible."

Berra rehearsed this oration some twenty times. The gifts were piled around home plate, the customers huzzahed for their home hero.

Yogi stepped to the plate, and read his message with care. "I want to thank everyone who made this night necessary."

Of course, there was a great guffaw from the tremendous turnout of 4,657 paid. Berra stood nonplussed. What had he said that was so funny? It came to him later—a year later.

Just how much Berra's personality figured in his election as the Most Valuable Player no one may say definitely. Baseball writers named to elect the top player of the year are not supposed to pay any attention to the intangibles. They are asked to weigh values, strictly.

However, there is the human equation in this, as in everything else connected with baseball. So we are impelled to believe that Berra's happy-go-lucky way, his smile, his lack of "head," his total lack of hate and jealousy, his ingenuousness and his ability to laugh at his own mistakes must have figured in his election.

In that last series of the season with the Red Sox, Berra dropped a high foul from the bat of Ted Williams. Fans everywhere recollect the incident. It was the opening battle of the series. The first game of a double-header which was to clinch the pennant for the Bombers.

There were two out in the ninth. Reynolds was pitching his second no-hitter of the season.

Yogi's Favorite Nightmare

As it happened, Williams again raised a foul, and that time Berra held onto the ball, and the game was over.

But suppose Ted had hit safely in his second try? Berra's favorite nightmare had to do with this incident. He probably will go right on having the nightmare for the rest of his life.

In the clubhouse after the game, Berra was asked what had happened.

"I dropped the ball," he laughed. "I can laugh now, but suppose Williams had belted one after that!"

"It was a high foul, and I guess I lost the ball. But, I dropped it. No use kidding anybody, or myself. I don't think they will put that one in any comic books."

Yogi's deep concern about comic books has produced a lot of fun at his expense, and to him this is incomprehensible. Berra regards comic books as the most obvious contribution to our literature, the true Americana. He says he finds in them mystery, drama, suspense, all packed into easily assimilated doses.

Mrs. Berra is somewhat resentful of the fun poked at Yogi for his keen interest in this type of literature. In fact, she believes he has been made the butt of too many jokes. As a matter of fact, virtually every funny story about Berra is founded on fact. The practitioners of baseball writing have

Berra Could Hit, Dickey Made Him a Backstop, Too

By FRANK GRAHAM
Of the Journal-American
NEW YORK, N. Y.

This was the spring of 1949 at St. Petersburg and Bill Dickey had come back to the Yankees, this time as a coach. Bill was to coach the catchers, Casey Stengel said. But everybody knew Bill was there to coach a catcher by the name of Yogi Berra.

Yogi had baffled Stanley Harris. Stanley liked him and admired his hitting, but Yogi never could convince Stanley he was a catcher. Stanley wanted him in the lineup for his power at the plate and tried to make an outfielder of him, only to discover he was no outfielder. Stanley tried to cure him of swinging at so many bad balls and urged him to think when he was hitting. All he got for that was Yogi's practically deathless crack: "How the hell can a guy think and hit at the same time?"

Stengel had the better approach: Yogi was . . . and still is . . . a hero worshipper. Get somebody whose name would mean a great deal to him to teach him and virtually live with him. So Bill Dickey, the greatest catcher the Yankees ever had and one of the greatest that ever lived, was signed.

Early in the training season that spring, a newspaperman asked Bill if he thought he could make a catcher out of Yogi.

"No Clown" to Bill

"If I didn't think so," Bill said, "I wouldn't be here."

A little later the same newspaperman asked him how Yogi was progressing.

"Fine," he said. "My big job now is to make him alert."

"That," the newspaperman said, "will be the hardest part."

"You fellows make me tired," Bill said. "This boy is no clown. It's you who have made people think he is. If he's been just a hitter up to now and never showed he was a catcher, it's because nobody ever took the trouble to help him."

Whether or not Bill has worked on Yogi's hitting, too, I do not know. If he has, he has been defeated, just as Stengel has, for Yogi still hits without thinking and will chase a bad pitch as far as the law allows. Of course when he hits one nothing else matters, but as Stengel says:

"Yogi knows how to pitch to every hitter in the league but himself. If he ever gets wise and makes the pitchers come in with the ball before he swings at it, he'll get 150 bases on balls and lead the league in batting with an average like .485. But, you know, I've never been able to get him interested in a base on balls."

had no occasion to fabricate Yogi. He is a natural.

The chief trouble about those comic books, as Yogi sees them, is that they do not come out often enough.

About Berra's skills as a ball player, I recollect one very interesting incident. I was sitting in the press room of the Soreno Hotel in St. Petersburg, Fla., with Bucky Harris, in the spring of 1948.

Harris was talking about Berra, one of his favorite topics.

"Next year, Berra will be a more valuable player than Joe DiMaggio," Harris said.

"This is just between you and me, and I do not want it printed."

"But in 1949, Berra will drive in more runs than Joe."

In 1949, DiMaggio had that trouble with his heel, played in only 76 games, and accounted for 67 runs. Berra drove in 91.

As DiMaggio finds himself in the sere of his glittering career, Berra basks in the bright sunshine of the Most Valuable Award.

Catching Cinch Compared to Selling Clothes--Berra

Fans Crowd Newark Store to Congratulate Yogi on His Selection as A. L. Tops

By WILLIE KLEIN
NEWARK, N. J.

The American Shops, a swank clothing store situated in the heart of this city's bustling business district, added a part-time salesman recently—a stubby character named Larry Berra, who has full-time employment as a catcher for the World's Champion New York Yankees under the alias of Yogi.

After several weeks as a salesman and celebrity-at-large in the store, where teammate Phil Rizzuto, Gene Hermanski of the Cubs, Ralph Branca of the Dodgers and other big league stars are doing part-time stints by way of picking up some extra sawbucks, Berra has formed some interesting observations on the life of a clothing salesman.

"Now I know how it is to work for a living," he said the other night after the store doors had closed.

"I thought I had it tough because I did a lot of catching out in the sunshine or fresh night air all the time, battled a little with George Weiss for dough and managed to bring home a respectable pay check to the Missus. But that's a cinch compared to selling suits, believe me."

Just then Rizzuto appeared on the scene and, kidding on the square, asked Yogi why he had been flustered when he had waited on a youngster.

Out of the Mouths of Kids

"That's what I mean about it being tough to make a living in the winter," the catcher retorted. "I'm standing back a little like Phil told me . . . tape measure draped over my shoulder and waving my hands just like a concert band-master . . . to measure off the kid's sleeve length. The length looked okay to me, but I went through the act, anyway, because it makes a good impression."

"Well, the kid gives me plenty of rope. He's watching me pop-eyed and his old man is off in a corner drooling. Then all of a sudden the kid—he wasn't more than 8—pipes up:

"Be careful now, Yogi. Don't misjudge this like you did that foul ball on Ted Williams."

"Boy, but did that floor me? You don't know how much kidding I've taken about losing Ted's 'last-out' foul in Allie Reynolds' second no-hit game. I could write a book about it. I mean somebody else could write a book about it. This was the first day I hadn't heard any mention of it and I'm beginning to think the world has forgotten, which is about time. Then from out of the clear . . .

"For a minute I forgot about the customer being always right. I give the kid a big 'Y-a-a-h-h-h,' but I caught the next one, didn't I? I guess the kid got scared, the way he backed up. Even the smile disappeared from his old man's face. Then I remembered you gotta be nice to the customers, and I told him that in the American Shops it'll be right the first time, he's got nothing to worry about and if he wants I'll autograph both sleeves for him."

"I was glad when he finally told me I was his second-favorite catcher. But who do you think he put ahead of me? Sherm Lollar. He was a nice kid, though."

Another Winner in Rizzuto

The day after Yogi was named the A. L. Most Valuable, a larger-than-usual number of fans appeared at American Shops to congratulate him.

The store was crowded and, although they weren't all buying suits, the American Shops manager, Max Lomar, beamed.

"This is great for us. It won't bring customers now, but it gets people in the habit of coming here. Imagine my being lucky enough to employ two guys who win the MVP awards two years in a row. I think next season I'll start picking the pennant races," Lomar smiled.

Life as a clothing salesman for Yogi was the idea of Rizzuto, his roommate and pal. Last spring The Scooter convinced Yogi that he should cash in on the opportunities offered in the Metropolitan New York area in the off-season.

He told Yogi he could get a job for him in the American Shops and that he could also pick up some extra

Two MVPs Haberdashery Teammates



TWO MOST VALUABLES—Yogi Berra (left), chosen by the BBWAA as the American League's most valuable for 1951, with the 1950 honoree, Phil Rizzuto, snapped in the men's clothing store where both work as part-time salesmen during the winter.

money appearing on TV and radio in addition to making personal appearances.

So Berra left his friends and restaurant job at Ruggeri's in St. Louis for "The Promised Land," and the promise is being fulfilled. Already he has appeared on a number of TV and radio shows, and the "take" has been nothing to sneer at. Rizzuto also lined him up for a pretty fair-paying job at the American Academy of Baseball, and there'll be other sources of income as the winter moves on.

Berra is beginning to like the glitter of moving around in public, although he still insists on having Rizzuto at his side. As recently as the end of the World's Series, Yogi was on the shy side about speaking engagements and personal appearances. But he's breaking in fast with Rizzuto's assistance. He carries on conversations for long periods now, whereas all he could say before Rizzuto took him in hand was an awkward "Yes" or "No."

Berra has only one concern. All the extra dough he's raking in this winter he may have to give up to hire a secretary.

"I'm getting so many invitations I can't remember them all," he says.

Yogi is pleased over his decision to live in the East, where, as he puts it, he can help cut the Revenue Department.

On the subject of Joe DiMaggio's re-

'Good Lesson' in Stanky's Drop-Kick, Rizzuto Admits

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Yogi Berra made a perfect throw on the World's Series play in which Eddie Stanky kicked the ball from Phil Rizzuto's hand, said the Scooter in explaining the incident at a baseball clinic here.

"There's a good lesson in the mistake I made," admitted Rizzuto, as related by Joe Williams of the New York World-Telegram and Sun. "I held the ball for Stanky to slide into. Instead he kicked it into center field. Whenever you make a tag, don't hold your hand motionless. Tag the runner with a sweeping motion. And grip the ball firmly."

tiement he simply shrugs his shoulders.

"I don't know what Joe is going to do," he says. "One day he says he's quitting. The next day he changes his mind. I guess he won't decide for sure until spring training. Maybe not even then. I sure hope he sticks with us."

Berra recently moved into a new home he purchased in Woodcliff Lake, about 20 miles out of Newark, where the Eddie Lopats also are new residents.

His Employer Features Yogi in Ads

NEWARK, N. J.—When Yogi Berra was selected as the American League's Most Valuable Player for 1951, his part-time employer, American Shops, Newark clothing store, took advantage of the publicity by running large two-column advertisements in Newark's dailies.

The ad, headed "American Shops Hails Berra as A. L.'s MVP," carried a two-column photo of the Yankee catcher with the following reading matter:

"The pride of the American Shops is the toast of the American League! Congratulations from all over the nation were pouring in on Yogi Berra today following his selection as the American League's Most Valuable Player for 1951."

"Among the colorful Yankee's most enthusiastic well-wishers were the members of his off-season team—Phil Rizzuto, Gene Hermanski and Ralph Branca—who are lined up with Yogi to sell famous Hollywood Lounge clothes at Newark's popular American Shops—now the proud possessor of two MVP's."

"Yogi earned it all the way," declared Rizzuto, himself an MVP for 1950. "He was trying every minute at the bat and behind the plate. We couldn't have won without him."

"The same drive and teamwork has made Yogi—along with Rizzuto—a Most Valuable Salesman at American Shops. Hundreds of fans have already dropped in to say hello—and to buy men's coats, sport jackets and slacks now being featured in a special sale. Yogi's countless friends can congratulate him in person at the American Shops, 800 Broad street, Newark, N. J., next to the Newsreel Theater, open Wednesday, Friday and Saturday 'til 9; Thursday 'til 6."

WILLIE KLEIN.

Berra Passes Up Broadway to Barber on Hill

'Maybe Next Winter' He'll Stay in East

Passed Up 'Lot of Chances to Make Money' When He Returned to St. Louis

By **BOB BURNES**

ST. LOUIS, Mo.

One of the toughest decisions Lawrence Peter (The Great Yogi) Berra ever had to make occurred last summer.

He had to make up his mind whether to move to New York permanently or to return to his native St. Louis in the off-season.

At least, **Yogi** says it was a tough decision.

"Phil (Rizzuto) wanted me to stay in the East," he says. "I had a lot of chances to make money; lots of fellows offered me jobs in the winter at good pay. I think Carmen (Mrs. Berra) would have liked to stay in the East. We even had a spot picked out in New Jersey where we figured we would live."

During the summer, **Yogi** said farewell several times to old friends in St. Louis, telling them that he would return home only on visits.

His close buddies, however, never were impressed. Nor were they surprised when **Yogi** showed up less than a week after the season ended and bedded down for the winter.

Mother Was Injured

There were extenuating circumstances. Yogi's mother fell and broke her hip during the summer and still is confined to a wheel chair. Lawrence Peter felt his presence was needed at home; his mother had said several times she'd feel better if he were back in St. Louis. (They worry about him when he's in New York.)

In addition, Carmen's mother was seriously ill in Salem, Mo., and shortly after they returned home, Carmen went to Salem for an extended visit with her family.

"Maybe next year," **Yogi** says hopefully, "I'll live in the East."

"Bunk," say those who know **Yogi** best in St. Louis. "He'd die of loneliness. Besides, how are we going to make expenses over the winter if he stays in the East?"

His friends regard **Yogi** as a soft

Daily Scene on 'The Hill' When Sun Shines



THE **YOGI BERRAS** . . . Push Their Way Through the Park

touch in a card game, hence the crack about "making expenses." He's a whiz at gin rummy, but in most other games **Yogi** usually gives the party—in two ways, too. Most of the sessions are held in the basement of his family's home on Elizabeth avenue on The Hill with **Yogi** as mine host.

Life with **Yogi** this winter is a quiet, placid, uncomplicated sort of thing.

While the weather was nice he played golf often with Stan Musial at Sunset Country Club. When winter arrived, Stan, **Yogi** and a few buddies took off for Hot Springs, Ark. **Yogi**, however, was back in less than a week.

On the ordinary day, **Yogi** will awaken after eight to ten hours' sleep, which usually brings him up close to noon. Breakfast is a long-drawn-out affair for two reasons. First of all, **Yogi** likes to eat. In addition, breakfast is accompanied by a thorough perusal of all three St. Louis newspapers.

Despite all the jokes told at his expense, he doesn't turn first to the comic section. He reads the sports pages from cover to cover. His knowledge of all phases of sports even amazes sports writers who follow hockey and football. He can tell you how many points Ed Macauley, former St. Louis U. basketball star now with the Boston Celtics, has scored this year and how he stands in comparison with rivals Alex Groza and George Mikan.

Down to Charley's Place

When **Yogi** leaves his home without Carmen or the baby he usually will wend his way to Charley's Place, one of the oldest taverns on The Hill. Despite the fact that he just invested in a new sporty-looking Pontiac, **Yogi** walks, head-down, arms encased in a leather jacket, hatless and looking totally unlike one of the nation's most famous athletes.

The affairs of the world are beaten to death through the afternoon, following which **Yogi** heads for home for dinner.

If there is a hockey or basketball game, **Yogi** is on hand for it that night.

After that, he'll head either for Stan and Biggie's restaurant on Chippewa or Ruggeri's restaurant on Edwards street. His sentiments are torn between the two. His brother, John, works at Ruggeri's; **Yogi** was a greeter there last winter and Boss Henry Ruggeri has been one of his best friends for many years. But he met his wife, Carmen, at Biggie's and he likes to argue with voluble Biggie Garagnani.

As the evening wears on, **Yogi** gets on the telephone, finds how many

friends are available for a card game. If there aren't enough, or even if there are, **Yogi** will drop in at Bob's Place, another tavern, near closing time for more barbering. (Charley's Place is near the north end of The Hill, Bob's Place is on the south borderline, and **Yogi** walks a beat between the two.) He doesn't drink, just sits around and talks.

The program was changed recently

Banquet Bids Big Problem for Backstop

Stomach Finally Rebelled at Chicken, So Now He Usually Eats in Advance

when **Yogi** collected six friends and betook himself to Chicago for the week-end—to watch the Bears play the Detroit Lions in the afternoon, and the Black Hawks play the Rangers in hockey in the evening. The cost of the excursion was equally divided among the seven.

That's one thing about **Yogi**'s relations with his old buddies on The Hill. He's still just a guy in the neighborhood to them. Away from **Yogi**, they'll rave about his baseball ability. To his face, they give him a rough going-over.

Some misguided friends have urged **Yogi** to break away from many of his acquaintances. "It's not fair to them or to you," he has been told. "You're making five or ten times as much money as they are."

"They ain't complaining," **Berra** says, "and I ain't either. Any time they don't want me around, all they gotta do is say so. But I know they like me because I'm **Yogi** Berra, a guy they grew up with, not because I'm **Yogi** Berra of the Yankees."

He Can't Say "No"

One of Berra's toughest problems during the winter is that he can't say "No." He's invited to dozens of banquets and tries to duck all of them, but usually is mousetrapped into going, even when other and lesser-known players wriggle their way out. "A guy asks me why I can't come," **Yogi** says. "He tells me I'm not doing anything and I can't find any answer."

If sufficiently prodded and if someone will ask the questions, **Yogi** will get on his feet and make with the answers and usually it's hilarious. He rolled 'em in the aisles last winter when he described the time Umpire Cal Hubbard tossed him out of a game. "All I wanted Cal to do was admit he missed one," **Yogi** said. "He kept telling me to play ball. I told him I'd play when he admitted he missed the pitch. Finally, he got tired of it and gave me the pitch."

To make matters worse on the ban-

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'Get Big and Strong Like Papa'



POP BERRA ON MESS DUTY

Relaxation at Home



YOGI AND SON IN BIFFING WARMUP

Yanks, Still Hoping for Deal, Keep Two Roster Spots Open

Places Could Be Filled by Promoting Farmhands; Stengel Emphasizes All-Round Ability of '51 Squad

By DAN DANIEL

NEW YORK, N. Y.

In announcing the 1951 roster of the Yankees, with 38 entries, George Weiss said, "I am keeping two places open. They will be filled either through trades or promotion of players not now owned by the New York club whom Casey Stengel will inspect at Phoenix."

"Casey will be in charge of a preliminary camp for our farmhands, and he also will invite quite a few non-Yankees for the regular training sessions of the club."

"We were sure that we would make at least one deal in St. Petersburg, but there were exciting developments which took the minds of major league operatives off trades and even the regular order of business."

"We resumed our efforts on our return to New York, and while we have done nothing as yet, there may still be action."

"I say once again that the New York club does not feel that it must make a trade. I felt that way once and got myself into the Sanford deal. I do not want to make any more trades with that psychology actuating me."

"All of us here at 745 Fifth avenue, and Glendale, Calif., have gone into the new year with a feeling of optimism. We wish the world picture were happier. But insofar as our own situation is concerned, we have no complaints. Let's put in a call for Casey Stengel at Glendale and see how he feels about 1951."

Weiss soon had Stengel on the wire. "I haven't weakened on my club and my chances for the new year," Casey said. "I have been studying our roster, and I have been analyzing the records of some of our better-looking kids, and I feel very high on what we have, what we could command if we had to make quick replacements."

"I like the looks of our roster for mobility in my two-plateau system. So many of our men can play various positions."

Yogi Could Patrol Garden
"Now, you take Yogi Berra. He could do a job in right field if he were needed there."

"Gerald Coleman could play short, and good as he is around second, he would be even greater if he had to sub for Phil Rizzuto."

"Johnny Hopp, Fenton Mole, Joe Collins and Hank Workman, listed as first basemen, have played in the outfield, too."

"Gene Markland, whom we drafted from Buffalo, is as much at home around third as he is at second base."

"Billy Johnson, third sacker, has had some experience at first base. Dr. Robert Brown can play short or third and might even have possibilities as an outfielder."

"Jackie Jensen, outfielder, has potentialities at third and on the mound. He pitched at the University of California and has a really effective curve ball. Fast, too."

"Tommy Byrne and Ed Lopat, our lefties, double in brass as pinch-hitters, and Byrne could play first base acceptably in an emergency."

"You see, we have the most versatile bunch of ball players in the American League."

Casey said he was wintering well, staying away from dinners and speeches as much as possible. Doctors' orders, he added. He overdid the gutta percha chicken circuit last winter.

"Tell the fans of New York not to quit on us," Casey concluded. "We will give them a great show again. If

Versatile Infielder



GERRY COLEMAN

.... Backer-Up for Scooter

something, fine. If he doesn't, well, it may be just as well. We can't be doing anything new with the White Sox, because Frank Lane hasn't announced the names of any New York players offered to him."

Announcement by the Giants that, like the Dodgers, they would start week-day single daylight games in 1951 at 1:30 o'clock left the Yankees all alone at the 2:30 post.

There has been strong pressure from evening newspapers in an effort to induce Weiss to join the two other clubs in the earlier starting policy. But George refuses to be moved.

"We have drawn better than two million a season for the last five years, and this, to me, is sufficient argument that the fans want a 2:30 starting time," Weiss told me.

It was pointed out that he had not given the 1:30 idea a chance in the Stadium, and that, for all he knew, the box office returns would be even more satisfactory with a change.

As Horace Stoneham explained when he announced that the Giants would play at 1:30, this early "Play Ball" keeps the customers out of subway jams and gives suburban patrons a chance to get home in time for dinner.

Weiss says he is more interested in the business man who feels that he must stop in at the office after luncheon, before going to the Stadium.

The Giants say the chance to stop in at the office after the game is more valued by the customers.

In any event, the Giants and the Dodgers will get their nine-inning box scores into the local evening newspapers in 1951, and the Yankees will not. The newspapers feel that the nine-inning box score is important to the fans and the club and are non-plussed by the Yankees' refusal to give the 1:30 plan a trial.

Of course, Weiss' argument is not without merit. He says these are not times for experiment. Perhaps he will change his mind later.

Yogi Doesn't Like Chicken, But He's Good Egg at Feeds

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

quet circuit, Yogi's stomach and taste finally have rebelled at chicken. Consequently, he usually eats before going to dinners and now has banquet chairmen in a sweat as he explains that he is happy and contented, that he just doesn't want anything to eat.

Only once has he lost his temper. A few weeks ago, he received a call from a banquet chairman in a town 150 miles from St. Louis. Yogi admits he just didn't like the guy's tone of voice when he virtually ordered Berra to drop everything and drive to the town: "What's in it for me?" Yogi asked curiously.

"Well," said the chairman, sneering, "if you can't manage it on the salary the Yankees are paying you, I guess we can scrape up a couple of bucks down here to pay for your gasoline."

Yogi hung up on him. Yogi isn't mercenary. He doesn't receive a nickel for his appearances in St. Louis. And he's not going around with his hand out.

Carmen Can Figure

One of the more comical incidents surrounded his appearance on Ed Sullivan's television program, "Toast of the Town," shortly after the season ended. Sullivan appeared at Yogi's apartment in New York and asked him to stay over for the program. Yogi demurred. Sullivan mentioned the amount of the fee for appearing. Yogi was unmoved. About that time, Mrs. Berra appeared on the scene. "Mrs. Berra," Sullivan said, "I've just offered your husband such-and-such an amount for appearing on my program. But he doesn't seem interested." After gasping at the figure, Carmen Berra said: "Don't worry, Mr. Sullivan, he'll be there. We'll stay an extra day or two."

It isn't so much what they offer in the East for encroaching on a player's personal time, says Yogi, as the way they go about it. "When you're invited out up East," he says, "they have to contact you through the Yankee office. You know what's going to happen before you start out."

Counsel from Phil Rizzuto along these lines was one of the reasons for the early attachment of Yogi for the Yankee shortstop, his buddy, his roommate, god-father of the Berra's year-old youngster, and his personal idol.

"Phil does everything right," Yogi explained. "He dresses like I'd like to dress and can't. On him, collars and ties look good. He says the right thing. And he's a helluva guy on the ball club."

Rooming with Rizzuto on the road posed one early problem, Yogi said, with his usual grin.

"He sleeps later in the morning," Yogi explained. "So he'd wake up and tell me to call room service and order breakfast. So I'd call up and order a big breakfast and I'd just say 'make it two.' But Phil's eggs weren't done just right or his toast would be too burned so he'd give me the works. I finally told him we'd be better off if he did the ordering."

Long before the Berras' son was born, Yogi and Carmen had decided the Rizzutos were to be the god-parents. Phil had promised to be there.

"I called him up right away," Yogi said, "and kidded him about me getting a son while all he had was daughters."

Mrs. Rizzuto was "expecting" and transportation from the East was bad because of the weather. Phil was having trouble getting away from his job. So the baptism of the Berra heir was postponed a couple of times and might have gone on indefinitely had not Father Charles Koester, then assistant pastor of St. Ambrose Church on The Hill and the priest who had married Yogi and Carmen, called a halt.

God-Parents by Proxy

"Look, Yogi," he said. "We can't go on postponing this indefinitely. We'll just have to have proxies for Phil and his wife, but the baby has to be baptized."

That's the way it worked out, and so god-parents and god-child didn't meet each other until Carmen and the baby arrived in New York in May.

It is an understatement, of course, to point out that Yogi is an unusual character. All the stories told about him indicate that.

He's a great ball player and is aware of it. Yet his admiration for other athletes in other sports is unbounded. By his own admission, Yogi gets a big kick out of discussing hockey with Billy McComb, captain of the St. Louis Flyers, Yogi is unstinting in his praise

Yogi's Not the Only Yank Who Likes Comic Books

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Yogi Berra admitted that Phil Rizzuto had weaned him away from a steady diet of comic books.

In fact, Berra adds, if it hadn't been for the rest of the guys on the club, maybe it would have been a permanent thing.

"You know those guys on the ball club are all the time kidding me about reading those comic books," he says with a rueful grin. "But what happens when Phil gets me reading better stuff? The same guys come up and say, 'Yogi, what's with the comic books? What's the latest ones you got?' I tell 'em I ain't reading that stuff no more, Phil's got me on the books. So they all go away mad. Believe me, they kid me about those comic books, but they all say, 'Leave 'em for me when you get through with 'em.'"

of Charley Colombo, an athlete famous in his own sport but virtually unknown outside of St. Louis. He's the captain and star halfback of the national champion Simpkins soccer team. "I've known him all my life," Yogi says proudly.

As the Yankees know by now, he's well aware of the value of money, yet he makes no show of wealth in his native Hill area. He's always borrowing cigarettes to the despair of his pals.

And despite Rizzuto's instructions, Yogi is still thrown for an education loss now and then.

Recently, the American Association of Women Artists named Yogi among ten people possessing "the most interesting faces in America." Yogi's was described as being something of a throwback to the Neanderthal man, and there was a vague hint in the comment that his features brought out in women a romantic interest.

This was too good to keep. St. Louis newspapers played it up to the hilt, with pictures. A newspaperman tipped off Yogi's buddies in advance. They were waiting for the papers when they arrived on The Hill. But Yogi heard about it and went into hiding.

That evening he called his pal, Joe Garagiola, Cardinal catcher.

"You seen the papers?" he inquired cautiously. Joey admitted he had. "What the hell does all that stuff mean?" he asked.

"It means that gals go for you," Joe answered gleefully.

"Migawd," Yogi said, "I hope Carmen doesn't hear about this."

Yogi--Phil

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

course, you know he is a great guy.

"Phil tried to wean me away from those comic books. I know they ain't good literature. But they relax me."

"But, Rizzuto still picks out novels now and then and they are great, except they keep me up too late."

"I got a fine baseball education listening to Rizzuto as a roomie. He misses nothing in a game. Some day he will make a great manager."

"If I went 0 for 5, Phil would tell me what I had been doing wrong, and usually he helped me. However, you know me. I hit bad balls."

Asked what sort of roomie he had in Berra, the 21-year-old Whitey Ford replied: "Professor Berra delivers very interesting lectures on pitching." His big subject is control. He keeps telling me that a pass is as costly as a hit, and that baseball dope proves that most walks become runs."

I went back to Berra on the Rizzuto topic again. "Phil is a lucky guy. He has a great family and he don't have to fight weight," Yogi said.

"He gets better as he gets older, and if any of those young shortstops in the Yankee chain expect to take over within the next five years, they are bound to be disappointed."

"Bill Dickey was telling us the other day how three generations of young first basemen never got a chance with the Yankees while Lou Gehrig was on the job."

"The Rizzuto secret? Condition. Hustle. Being at the right spot in that infield. Getting lots of rest."

"Another thing. Rizzuto makes that impossible double play."

The Yogi had come a long way since that night in St. Louis when, after having been honored, he had announced, "I want to thank all those who made this night necessary."

Phil Rizzuto has had considerable to do with that progress.

Scott Quits as Road Sec to Become Player Agent

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Frank Scott, for the past four years traveling secretary of the Yankees, leaves the employ of the club on January 17. Scott retires from the New York organization with a fine record, and the 100 per cent regret of baseball writers and Yankee players.

Scott's successor has yet to be named. Meanwhile, Frank is setting himself up in a new line of business, as player agent for radio, television, testimonials and the like. He already has lined up Phil Rizzuto and other Yankees, as well as many other players around the major circuits.

Scott says he is more interested in the business man who feels that he must stop in at the office after luncheon, before going to the Stadium. The Giants say the chance to stop in at the office after the game is more valued by the customers.

In any event, the Giants and the Dodgers will get their nine-inning box scores into the local evening newspapers in 1951, and the Yankees will not. The newspapers feel that the nine-inning box score is important to the fans and the club and are non-plussed by the Yankees' refusal to give the 1:30 plan a trial.

Of course, Weiss' argument is not without merit. He says these are not times for experiment. Perhaps he will change his mind later.

Asked what he planned to do with Thomas D. Henrich, his new coach, Stengel replied, "I will decide that when we get to Phoenix. There will be plenty for Thomas to do. What a pity he had to retire from the playing ranks."

I asked Stengel about deals, and he said, "Weiss is right on the ball. He is conducting our negotiations. He knows my sentiments, and if he does

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Checking Yanks' Training Plans



SPRING TRAINING arrangements for the Yankees at Phoenix, Ariz., were checked by President Del Webb (seated) with Roy Hamey (right), assistant to Vice-President George Weiss, and Treasurer Bob Becker on Hamey's visit to Phoenix during the holidays. Hamey proceeded to the Pacific Coast to complete details for the Bombers' exhibition games there.

Scribes to Limit Dinner for Henrich to 125 Guests

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Pressure for expansion of the dinner to be given to Tommy Henrich by the New York baseball writers on January 22, two weeks before their big annual affair at the Waldorf, has been beaten down by the local association.

The Henrich valedictory to the playing ranks will be recited at Toots Shor's, before a very restricted group of not more than 125. There will be a very few guests invited by the association, and most of the diners will be members.

Last January the scribes honored Charlie Keller.

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CUT THE PATTERN TO FIT THE CLOTH

If there were any who believed that Branch Rickey was becoming discouraged by his lack of success with the Pirates, in his fourth year as general manager of that club, the interview with The Mahatma, carried in this issue, will dispel that notion.

While admitting disappointments with some players, the 72-year-old Rickey stoutly insists the development of the Pirates is proceeding "on schedule." He points to the expansion of the Pittsburgh farm system and to the many fine Pirate-owned prospects now in the service as the basis for a team that ultimately will win not one, but several pennants.

Meantime, the Pirates are reported to have lost approximately \$1,850,000 during the past four years, and to have piled up an indebtedness of more than \$1,000,000. Rickey himself is said to have put \$200,000 of his own money into the organization and to have waived six months of his salary last year. At least he is willing to back his convictions with his own resources—and perhaps he eventually will succeed in building a winning and a profitable team at Pittsburgh as he did in St. Louis and Brooklyn.

However, when such an experienced and astute baseball man as Rickey runs into prolonged difficulties and finds it necessary to pour out huge sums in an effort to build a successful baseball operation, it is symptomatic of the troubles now facing the game in general.

Boston already has lost its National League club and St. Louis now is without American League ball because of huge operational losses. In Philadelphia, the 91-year-old Connie Mack, builder of many great championship teams, fears the Athletics and the dynasty of the House of Mack are doomed to collapse.

Many point out that the first requirement for drawing crowds and profitable operation is a winning team. But the difficulty goes deeper. The Dodgers had a winning team in 1953, but it is reported that only the World's Series revenues enabled the Brooklyn organization to show a profit for the year.

The basic cause for much of baseball's troubles lies in the fact that expenditures have skyrocketed far beyond revenues, even when those revenues have shown an increase.

Baseball is not alone in this dilemma, of course. It is a problem faced by many businesses. The standard solution is to trim expenses and to increase volume—a difficult job, because it requires ruthless realism on the one hand and an imaginative approach on the other. But it has been accomplished in many instances in the business field.

Fantastic sums have been spent by baseball clubs on bonuses for untested young prospects, a large majority of whom have failed even to make the grade in the minors. Player payrolls have risen enormously in the postwar years, and executive salaries have kept pace. Scouting, training and other expenses have gone up in proportion.

Some fixed overhead expenses can be cut little, if any. But there is a great deal of fat in baseball which could be trimmed off, and this includes the tremendous sums spent for bonuses and swollen player and executive salaries.

Any attempt to trim some of the fat would bring agonized screams, and someone would get hurt. But someone is going to get hurt anyway, if present difficulties continue. Corrective surgery can save the patient before the illness becomes fatal.

The game faced tremendous problems in the depression and in wartime, but won through, by a combination of economies and a bolder, more imaginative promotional approach. It can do the same today, and shape a design for an even brighter future, if it realizes that, as in the past, it must cut its pattern to fit the cloth.

BRUSH-BACK PITCH SHOULD BE BARRED

The Joe Adcock incident already is a dimming memory—but it shouldn't be. Every time a player is hit on the head, whether accidentally or intentionally, baseball is reminded that its equipment includes a lethal weapon against which the safeguards are not as solid as they could be.

Ray Chapman died because his skull could not withstand the impact of a ball thrown from the pitcher's box. Mickey Cochrane heads a list of others whose careers were shortened or whose effectiveness was decreased as the result of similar mishaps.

Belatedly, most clubs did adopt protective helmets. But nobody yet has taken drastic action to eliminate the cause of all but a few such accidents—the intentional brush-back pitch.

Few pitchers have such superb control that they can guarantee a ball thrown at an opponent's ribs won't hit him on the head, or that the batter, in a confused effort to duck, won't stick his head in the path of the ball.

The rules provide, of course, for expulsion of a pitcher who, in the umpire's opinion, deliberately throws at a batter's head after he has been warned against such tactics. The rules should be amended to apply to any brush-back pitch.

Even if this were done, however, the umpire still would be required to judge the intention of the pitcher—and umpires consistently have refused to accept this responsibility. They're just not hired to read the athletes' minds.

But in view of the seriousness of the danger, why shouldn't they be ordered to act on their suspicions in these cases? They'd make a few mistakes. They know the pitchers who frequently are guilty. They know the circumstances under which the old duster comes whistling down the lane.

Control would improve amazingly if the penalty for hitting a batter, however accidentally, were made heavier. But an even better method of dealing with the period would be the simplest one. The game's top officials should crack down.

If a league president says he doesn't want the players fraternizing with gamblers—that's that. If a club owner decrees that his hired hands cannot bring their golf clubs to training camp, said players leave the sticks at home.

If everyone in authority, from the commissioner to the individual general manager, simultaneously ordered the brushback pitch out of existence, few batters of the future would hit the dirt and even fewer would be injured by pitched balls.

The pitchers would grumble, but they'd follow orders. And rightly so, both for the protection of all players—including themselves—and for the example of sportsmanship such conduct would set for America's youngsters.

The change would be drastic. But the failure to act could be tragic.

Salsinger Trout Hails '54 Season as Pitcher's Year

Ex-Tiger, Now Aircaster,
Points Out 6 A. L. Clubs
Still Need First Sackers

By H. G. SALSINGER
Of the Detroit News

DETROIT, Mich.



Dizzy Trout

Paul Howard Trout, who prefers to be called "Dizzy" so that none of his radio audience will confuse him with the seventeenth century English explorer and scientist, Paul Howard Trout, has been accused by a number of purists of recklessly splitting infinitives and indulging in various grammatical liberties. As for splitting infinitives, Mr. Trout can refer his critics to H. W. Fowler, one of the great authorities of modern English usage, who condones the splitting of infinitives. He can also quote a few other authorities who agree that an ungrammatical utterance may often be more potent than one grammatically correct.

Mr. Trout makes no pretense of being a grammarian. He is a product of Sandcut, a place in Indiana where the winds sometimes sweep a town away. He is steeped in baseball, a game for which he has a deep, abiding and passionate love.

In his playing days he answered the description that Neville Cardus, a famous cricket writer, gave to one of the immortals of that game:

"It is true that he was often capricious and nonconformist, difficult to handle, but not by anybody with imagination. He was really a lovable man who, seized by his genius and gusto for comedy, was impatient when procedure ran counter to fun, quicksilver improvisations of mood and action."

Seated in the broadcasting and television booths, high above the playing fields, Trout has had fine opportunity to study the pitchers and assay their possibilities. He knows pitching and he knows a great deal about baseball.

Bumper Crop of Curvers

It is his expert opinion that the current season has produced one of the finest crops of young pitchers in years. Asked to name the ones most likely to succeed he offered the following list:

DETROIT—Billy Hoelt.

CHICAGO—Bob Keegan, Miguel Fornieles, Jack Harshman.

CLEVELAND—Donald Mossi, Ray Narleski.

BALTIMORE—Bob Turley.

BOSTON—Tom Brewer, Franklin Sullivan.

NEW YORK—Bob Grim, Bob Wiesler.

WASHINGTON—Dean Stone, Camilo Pascual.

PHILADELPHIA—Arnold Portocarrero.

"There are a few others that I haven't seen, but that I'm told are exceptionally promising," added Commentator Trout. "I'm not rating them on their present records, simply picking them on their potentialities. I have named 14 and can you remember a season when there were that many young pitchers around who looked as if they were due for a long stay in the majors?"

Promising pitchers arrived on the American League scene this year, but at least six clubs are still in search of competent first basemen. The best in the league is 36-year-old James (Mickey) Vernon, and he is no Chase, Sisler or Gehrig as a fielder.

Since Lou Gehrig was forced to quit the game in 1939, the Yankees have tried 29 players at first base and they are still in search of one who can play the position regularly.

The Tigers are engaged in a similar search. At present they are alternating Walter Dropo and Wayne Belardi.

Cleveland has tried Rocky Nelson, Al Rosen, Vic Wertz and Bill Glynn at the position this season.

Managers continue experimenting, hoping to convert some infielder or outfielder into a regular first baseman.

Harmon Killebrew, who received \$30,000 for signing a Washington contract, came to the Senators as a third baseman. He has been tried at second base, shortstop and in the outfield. Now they plan to develop him into a first sacker.

JIMMY CANNON

Of the New York Post



Yogi and Joe Talk About Happy Days on The Hill NEW YORK, N. Y.

The district in St. Louis where Yogi Berra grew up is called The Hill. He lived at 5447 Elizabeth street. Joe Garagiola lived across the way in Number 5446. They sat in Toots Shor's the other night, two big league catchers, talking about their boyhood.

"We made our own ball field," said Garagiola. "It was between the city dump and an old clay mine. We cut down the weeds. We leveled off the ground."

"Tell him about our dugout," Berra coached.

"We used the chassis of an old car for a dugout," Garagiola said. "But one night some gang didn't like us, busted up the car and we had no dugout. They ruined the field, dug big holes in it. We had to work like hell to get it in shape."

"We even had a place for showers," Berra said. "There was a fire plug and we dug a hole and we'd fill up the hole with water and cool ourselves off."

"Did you know Yogi was a pitcher?" Garagiola asked. "He was a pretty good pitcher, too."

"How about the time I pitched with boils?" Yogi asked.

"Yogi said he can't pitch, he's got four boils under his arm," Garagiola said. "Bill Montgomery says you're going to pitch. Yogi said he can't pitch. So Bill takes Yogi down to the basement. He says 'I'll fix the boils.' All he



Anyway, Yogi Had an Educated Toe

did was put some adhesive tape on them. Yogi pitched the whole 18 innings, boils and all. We lost, 1 to 0."

"My arm," said Berra. "I couldn't move it. It stuck straight out, stiff."

'You Don't Need Any Books'

"Yogi," Garagiola said, "he could do anything. If he went to college, he'd been an All-American football player. I saw him kick a football with sneakers further than any college kid. A high school coach pleaded with Yogi. He said just come to high school. You don't need any books. Just show up. Come to school three days a week and do nothing and you'll be a football star."

"We played anything," Berra said, "but we wanted to play ball all day."

"We're both catchers of necessity," Garagiola said. "No one wanted to be a catcher. Yogi was always the best hitter. I played first when Yogi caught. Yogi played anything that was left when I caught."

"We played a little soccer and stick ball," Yogi said.

"Didn't you play lacrosse?" I asked.

"Lacrosse," Garagiola said. "We thought that was a salad or something on The Hill. Yogi boxed."

"I had 'round 15 fights," Berra said. "I fought for the Italian-American A. C. We used to fight other clubs. I lost one time. I fell off a sleigh out sleigh-riding. I scratched up my face. That night I had to fight. I stayed away from the guy. I didn't want to get hit. So I got beat."

"The name of our team was the Midgets when we were playing on the dump," Garagiola said. "We never had enough gloves."

"We borrowed from the other team," Berra said.

"We were the only team in the Y.M.C.A. league didn't have uniforms. We got the cracked bats from my brother's team, the Hawks. We'd nail up the bats. Some of our guys played barefooted."

"One thing we did," Garagiola said. "We beat the Edmonds. They had swell uniforms. A restaurant bought them. Those uniforms drew our fighting blood."

A Banana Sandwich—With Mustard

"What did I eat then?" Berra said. "If I tell people, they don't want to believe me."

"On Friday Yogi would take a loaf of Italian bread and cut it right down the middle," Joe said. "He'd put bananas on it—a banana sandwich. But wait. Then he'd put mustard on the bananas. He loved it."

"It tasted good," Berra said. "I liked it."

"You should see the way Yogi hit," Garagiola said. "I mean he was 16 and hitting balls a mile. We were around 16, playing in the WPA League. Yogi got a bunch of hits. So did I. So the Cardinals told us to come hang around the ball park. We caught batting practice and shagged fly balls for a whole year. We must of looked like big leaguers because we had on uniforms but we were frightened kids."

"We were just donkeys," Yogi said. "We ran errands for the players."

"One day I'm catching a guy in the morning," Garagiola said. "I'm just warming him up. I thought he was a mule like Yogi and me. Just a guy trying to get a job. A guy says you know who that is? I said no. He says that's Jack Kramer of the Browns. He got a sore back and he's working out. I got so frightened, I couldn't hold onto a pitch. 'Me, a mule, warming up Jack Kramer.'"

"Joey," Berra asked, "you playing any golf?"

"Yogi," Garagiola said, "you forgot. I'm with a second-division club. We don't play golf on off-days. We take batting practice."

(Copyright, 1954, New York Post Corp.)

Yogi Knew How to Steady Page in Pinch

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Yogi Berra is sometimes pictured as a clown, but he is regarded as one of the smartest catchers in the game. He is particularly valuable in settling down a pitcher.

Joe Page, former Yankee star, recently recalled what Yogi told him between pitches in the game which clinched the 1949 pennant by knocking off the Red Sox.

"The score was tied," related Page, "two Red Sox runners were on base, two out and Vern Stephens at the plate. I was in what you call a tough spot as Stephens was always a hard man with the chips down."

"Berra called time, walked out to me and said: 'Say, Joe. How long you been married?' 'Eleven years.' 'Got any kids?'"

"I told him we didn't have any children and he answered:

"You gotta have kids, Joe. Best thing in the world for a family."

"He walked back and I proceeded to strike out Stephens."

A Pork Chop, A Ring, An Engagement

Surprises? Yanks' Berra— He Has Million of Them

Bride Denies Catcher's Bashful or That He's a Clown;
Says Players Joke With St. Louis Boy to Hear Him Laugh

By BEULAH SCHACHT
Of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat

ST. LOUIS, Mo. The only time I ever met Yogi Berra, the stocky St. Louis boy who has clowning his way to fame as a catcher for the New York Yankees, I was under the impression he expected me to bite him.

He acknowledged the invitation warily, made an attempt at a smile and disappeared.

Then, when I had the opportunity to interview his wife, Carmen, relative to things concerning Yogi, my first question was: "Is Yogi bashful?"

Carmen's eyes widened and she was shocked. "Why, no," she said. "Why?" I told her he didn't seem very enthusiastic about greeting newcomers and she was at once relieved and a little embarrassed.

"I'll tell you," she assured me in confidence. "Yogi doesn't know what to make of newspaper and magazine people. He's always surprised by the things that are printed about him. He's just a little bit leery. Now, that story about his accident in Florida, for instance."

Carmen was referring to a now famous anecdote. Yogi, it is said, was driving along when he decided to reach into the glove compartment of his car for some gloves which weren't there. For some reason he became confused, stepped on the gas instead of the brake and demolished the car.

"Now, that's not the way it happened at all," his wife insisted. "Yogi told me what happened and I think Yogi is too honest if anything. Before he left me I gave him a bottle of cologne deodorant to take to the clubhouse. Instead of putting it in the glove compartment, he put it on the front seat. As he was driving, he glanced at the bottle and saw it start to roll off the seat. When he grabbed it he lost control of the car and that's how the accident happened."

Explains Yogi Nickname

Carmen has known Yogi for two years and has been closely associated with him through marriage for the past seven months, so she knows him pretty well. On the other hand, I have it on very good authority that, before the wedding took place, Yogi carried a pocketful of wedding invitations.

"You going to come to my wedding?" he'd ask. If the party said "Yes," Yogi would dip into his pocket and say: "Good—here's an invitation."

"I don't know about that," Carmen said when I told her the story. "He may have, but I don't know."

There's a story about the origin of the nickname Yogi. Berra's name is Lawrence and his family calls him that or Larry or Lawdie. Some say the ballplayers gave him the name. A recent magazine attributed the tag to "his bemused expression."

"He got the name as a wrestler," Mrs. Yogi swears. "He was a fine wrestler and he was able to break the holds so easily the other fellows said, 'He twists around like a yogi.'"

Around December the Berras will become a threesome. Not long ago a New York columnist printed: "Yogi Berra seen in Madison avenue baby shop."

"Why," Carmen gasped, "I couldn't drag him into a baby shop if I pleaded with him!"

Carmen, whose maiden name was Short, was a waitress in a St. Louis restaurant often patronized by ballplayers.

Larry Lets His Bat Answer Riding by Chisox Jockeys

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Yogi Berra, Yankee catcher, gets a pretty good riding from rival benches when he goes to bat, with the lowly White Sox being among the worst offenders.

"What do they say to you?" Yogi was asked.

"I don't like to say," Berra said. "But can you imagine a bunch of bums like that riding me? They ought to get in the league first before they start that stuff. But I don't pay any attention to them. I just make 'em cry when I swing that bat."

'The Laugh's Not Always on Yogi'



MRS. YOGI BERRA, a proud wife of a famous husband.

He Is Rated as 'Stopper' Even for Expert Kieran

NEW YORK, N. Y.—During the Red Sox' recent visit to New York, John Kieran, former New York Times columnist and star of the "Information, Please" radio program, dropped around to pay his respects to some of the members of the Boston contingent whom he has known over the years.

As Kieran was sauntering across the Yankee Stadium diamond, he was spotted by Phil Rizzuto. Turning to Yogi Berra, who was waiting his turn at the batting cage, Phil said, "Yogi, there's John Kieran, star of the 'Information, Please' program, who knows more than the president of a college."

Yogi studied Kieran for a minute and said, "Could he read my mind, Phil?"

"I believe you could stop him," smiled Scooter. DROHAN.

She followed the Cardinals, but not too closely. She didn't know there was such a person as Yogi Berra. She had been introduced to Mrs. Terry Moore, but never to Mr. Terry Moore.

"One day while I was working lunch," Carmen continued, "Yogi came into the place for the first time. I looked at him and—don't ask me why—but I thought that he was Terry Moore."

Carmen took care of her own tables and the owner of the place came over and pointed Yogi out to her. "He'd like to meet you and take you out," the man said.

Miss Short, who is a lovely brown-eyed, sun-tanned girl of 22, with dark blond hair, sneered: "You go right

back and tell him I do not go out with married men."

It took the folks around the place some time to convince her that the man was Yogi Berra and not Terry Moore. Carmen has never been sorry she was convinced, and the restaurant acquired a steady customer as long as she worked there.

"There was nothing funny about his proposal of marriage," Carmen re-

membered, "but it was kind of cute the way he gave me the engagement ring. I remember exactly what I was doing. I was sitting in the restaurant eating a pork chop when Yogi came in. I looked up and when I looked down again there was the ring right in front of my plate. It's a beautiful ring, too. Small like a kleig light."

The various laugh-provoking stories concerning the man Carmen feels highly superior to all others disturb her.

"Yogi," I ask him, "why don't they print that you laugh just as hard at the other players as they laugh at you?"

"Really," Carmen insisted, "when a whole bunch of the fellows are together, it's the other ones who tell the jokes and Yogi just laughs and laughs. Maybe," she said slowly, "they just like to hear him laugh."

"They tease him a lot, too. Sometimes they put their arms around me and I act like I like it just to make Yogi jealous. Sometimes he acts like he doesn't like it but he always breaks into a grin."

"I can tell when he's mad at me," he refers to me as "my wife." When he's not mad, he calls me Carmen."

Carmen hasn't gotten used to watching her husband play ball. During their entire engagement she never saw him hit a ball past the infield, because she

'Slug' Wants His Homers Sealed for Height, Too

CLEVELAND, O. Yogi Berra left an idea for Groundskeeper Emil Boscard when he was in Cleveland for a recent series.

"What's the matter?" complained Yogi. "Why don't they mark the distance upstairs? I wanna know how far I hit the ball." Yogi was referring to his home run, a healthy wallop into the second deck of the right field grandstand.

■ saw him only in St. Louis where he plays his worst—that is, he did until the Yankees' last visit here.

Once a ball hit him and knocked the wind out of him. He fell across the plate and Carmen nearly fainted. "The other ballplayers' wives told me I'd have to get over that, but I'm always afraid he'll get hurt."

Some of the stories about Yogi may be exaggerated and some untrue. His wife, of course, is prejudiced. But he probably will remain a target for comedy. After all, who but Yogi Berra would give his girl an engagement ring while she's eating a pork chop?

Somebody Else 'Loves' Yogi



V.C. RASCHI, Yankee ace, gleefully hugs his batterymate, Yogi Berra, after notching a recent victory.

Berra 'Jumped the Gun' on Pal Joe

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Joe Garagiola, Cardinal catcher and closest friend of Yogi Berra since they were kids together on The Hill in Southwest St. Louis, likes to tell about the Yankee catcher's "love-sick days" when he was courting Carmen Short, whom he finally married.

"When we were both working for a department store," Joe recalled, "we'd ride to work in Yogi's car. At the end of the day, he'd drive me home, but instead of going home, we'd have to drive all the way out to the restaurant where Carmen was employed so Yogi could spend a few hours admiring her. And there I'd sit, waiting to go home to my family while Yogi just sat there, without another care in the world."

Garagiola, who plans to marry Audrey Ross, a Southwest St. Louis girl, October 22, often complains that his pal Yogi "jumped the gun" on his wedding.

"Yogi and I shook hands on a plan to announce our engagements at the same time," explained Joe. "But that guy couldn't wait. Why, when the pre-arranged date of our engagement last Thanksgiving arrived, he was almost married. Instead of waiting for me, Yogi married Carmen last January 26. Sure, I was his best man."

Sporting Comment

By ERNEST MEHL
In the Kansas City Star

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

One of the most prolific of the major league baseball writers is Dan Daniel of the New York World Telegram & Sun. For a great many years, he has been traveling with the Yankees and his output is voluminous not only for his own paper, but for THE SPORTING NEWS.

After the Yankees had paid their first visit here, Dan wrote his impressions about the A's and Kansas City and it was inevitable that he resort to his favorite expression. Anything not entirely to Dan's liking is "strictly bush."

They say that a couple of year ago, when the Yankees switched their training base from Florida to Arizona, Dan stepped off the train in Phoenix, cast a contemptuous look about him and gave out with his masterpiece: "Strictly bush."

Dan runs the gamut of all emotions to which the average baseball follower is subjected and part of what he does is a pose which long since has been recognized by his fellow New York writers, who concede that in matters strictly bush this veteran is an admitted authority.

In his SPORTING NEWS essay, Dan rated the treatment given one of the games played between the A's and Yankees on the front page of The Star as bush, since it referred to the crowd and the occasion and mentioned only briefly the game itself. The reason, of course, was that the story of the game was contained in the sports section.

In his majestic solemnity Dan decided this was—and he groped for a word—strictly bush.

Writes an Answer to Daniel's Story

Since then, several writers about the country have been critical of the story. One was Gene Sullivan, former sports editor in St. Joseph, Mo., and now managing editor of the Coffeyville, Kan., Daily Journal. Gene sent an answer to Dan which THE SPORTING NEWS published. "I couldn't resist taking a shot at Daniel when he jumped on a news page yarn in The Star to make his point that Kansas City was bush," Gene explains.

Several SPORTING NEWS readers have applauded Gene. He sends us a card written by Dwight Chapin of Lewiston, Idaho. Mr. Chapin writes:

"Read with great interest your letter in THE SPORTING NEWS. I have long hated the partiality which Daniel has shown in his stories and think it is about time he woke up to the fact that there are teams other than the Yankees in the league, and that the fans are darn tired of his continuous drivel about the Yanks, in which he never shows any fairness for the other team, which a good sports writer must and should have."

Another reader expressed his feelings in verse to the tune of "What Am I Doing in Kansas City?"

Hugh Trader, one of the Baltimore writers, rushed to the defense of Kansas City, pointing out that the American League now would be in a rather serious situation if the Browns still were in St. Louis and the A's in Philadelphia.

The difference may be as much as a million and a half persons, or enough to represent an increase rather than a decrease.

The Climb Will Require Patience

We have had the feeling that all such stories have been of great benefit to this area. In condemning the Athletics, these writers have emphasized the task which is ahead for the new ownership and encouraged the virtue of patience here on the part of the team followers.

We met a fan on the street the other day and he said the most impressive feature about the support the A's have received is that it indicates the great force of truth. No attempt was made to delude anyone into believing the A's were stronger than the critics made them out to be and, so, any improvement, even though slight, has been accepted with great enthusiasm.

The ownership faces the task of helping itself and can count on no assistance from the other clubs. And, perhaps, that's the way it should be.

And, as for Daniel, let's hope this area remains strictly bush rather than completely naive. It's more fun that way as the crowds which so far have attended have discovered.

K. C. Supersensitive--Dan

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Ernie:

I consider the American and National leagues to be major, in a class all by themselves. I always have been militant for the notion that these leagues and everything in and concerning them must be of major quality. I have fought vigorously to keep anything bush out of our big circuits.

However, I never have written that Kansas City and the fresh baseball enterprise sponsored there by Arnold Johnson and his associates are bush.

In my piece in THE SPORTING NEWS about Kansas City and Baltimore, I gave praise where praise was due, and tossed a few brickbats where these, too, were merited.

After my visit to Kansas City with the Yankees, I was asked by the Times newspaper of that city to write my reaction to the baseball picture there.

I responded with a piece in which I gave Kansas City and its ball club their just dues. Incidentally, I never got a "Thank you" for this piece.

As a new member of the American League, Kansas City is inclined to be supersensitive. That is a feeling common to all new baseball enterprises, especially in the major leagues.

It expects the baseball world to holler, "Hurrah for Kansas City," merely because that metropolis fought its way out of the minors, into a place in the sun. It believes that its shortcomings should be overlooked.

I appreciate, as much as does anybody in these United States, what Kansas City has accomplished. I know the problems which the Kansas City club had to overcome in the reconstruction of its ball park within the limited time available. But if that left field fence gives the revised ball park a bush appearance, I reserve the right to write that.

Your column, Ernie, missed an important point when you wrote that I criticized the manner in which the Times newspaper covered the games with the Yankees.

I respect the skills of the men who get out the Times and the Star too highly to be guilty of strictures such as you ascribed to me.

What I wanted to bring out was that the Kansas City Times, representing the fans of the city, was not at all disturbed by defeat, but was more concerned with the size of the crowds as indications of the customers' appreciation of the city's presence in the American League.

Ernie, I hope that your city prospers in its baseball undertaking, and I wish you good health and happy columning. And remember this, always. If it is bush, I am not going to be afraid to say so even if Caruthersville doesn't like it.

As ever,

DAN DANIEL.

Povich

Campy Better Catcher--Yogi Hits Big One

Roy Could Top Berra 40 Points in Batting--But Not in Productiveness

By SHIRLEY POVICH
Of the Post & Times Herald
WASHINGTON, D. C.



Shirley Povich

The latest of the lively debates which, happily, always occur in our business, is the Yogi Berra vs. Roy Campanella proposition, and which of the two is the better ball player.

It appeared in a recent issue of the game's bible—THE SPORTING NEWS.

There was a debate about catchers 20 years ago when Bill Dickey of the Yankees and Mickey Cochrane of the Athletics were vying for No. 1 ranking. Clark Griffith resolved that one to almost everybody's satisfaction even though refusing to pick the better man.

"It's like trying to make a choice between two \$20 gold pieces," said Griffith.

There isn't much choice between Berra and Campanella, either. On sheer virtuosity, I'd have to take Campanella who, I think, can still teach Yogi a couple of things about the high art of performing with that mitt, but the preference for Campy begins to evaporate rapidly when you think in terms of Berra with a bat in his hands.

Maybe Berra should get some kind of special consideration for the fact that he is even being bracketed in the same class with Campanella as a catcher. That is the upset for those who remember Yogi as a sad-sack catcher when he first came up to the Yanks.

Bucky Harris was using Berra as the Yanks' catcher in 1947 only because he needed Yogi's bat in the lineup somewhere and he was more passable as a catcher than an outfielder. But even Bucky had to bench him during the 1947 World's Series, when Jackie Robinson stole everything except Yogi's dentures.

Yogi Seems Not What He Is

There aren't any better catchers than Yogi in the American League now. He has learned all the tricks. There was a slowness to acknowledge him as one of the fine catchers because, well, perhaps, he didn't look like a fellow who could be skilled at anything. His physical appearance, with those short legs and thick neck and sloping shoulders, was against him.

But it began to dawn on folks gradually that Yogi was doing a tremendous catching job with the Yanks, throwing runners out, handling pitchers, putting the tag on guys and giving the club a great performance.

It's when you get around to Yogi's bat, though, that you like him best. I think, like Yankee fans, that Campanella could be out-hitting Yogi by 40 points and Yogi still would be the more productive hitter. He just seems to get that big one.

Yogi hits a longer ball than Campanella despite Campy's bigger home run total. Some of Yogi's homers are real gone, unlike Campy's belts that barely clear the fences.

None of which is to mean that Campanella is not a fine hitter, too. The book says he is, and especially the RBI column. Brooklyn managers have had him batting fourth, and if some of them have not exactly been geniuses, neither are they crazy.

It's when Campanella is decked out in all of his catching equipment that he is a pure joy to watch. He's the greatest take-charge guy in the baseball business. None is so adept at blocking the plate, salvaging off-line pitches, pouncing on bunts and rifling guys out on the bases.

I like him best when he's expressing a great, initial disinterest in those high pop flies that are raised over the plate. That's when Campy is the complete pro. While the ball is still in the air, he talks to the umpire, or maybe looks over the house. Eventually he catches the ball, never misses it.

I asked him about that sort of thing one day and he said, sort of patronizingly toward Berra, I thought, "Like I always tell Yogi, you can't catch those high ones till they come down."

161 for Campanella to 117 for Berra in Letters From Fans

Response to McGowen-Daniel Debate Nation-Wide, With Convincing Arguments for Both Star Catchers

By HERB HEFT

ST. LOUIS, Mo.

Roy Campanella of the Dodgers is generally acknowledged to be the top catcher in the National League, while Yogi Berra of the Yankees is given a similar rating in the American. But which is better?

Experts Roscoe McGowen of the New York Times (for Campy) and Dan Daniel of the New York World-Telegram and Sun (for Berra) debated the point in adjoining columns of THE SPORTING NEWS of June 15, and then the readers were invited to express their opinions.

The response was nationwide, the arguments convincing, provocative and well stated. And the tally:

For Campanella, 161.

For Berra, 117.

Some letters were neatly typed, some penned in long hand, some smelled of feminine perfume, and a few were pencilled in the scrawling style of eight and nine-year-olds.

And an amazing thing is that there was no apparent sectional trend. Fans in Texas took both sides. So did those in Kansas, California, New York and everywhere else.

Envelope postmarks listed the names of such places as Tonganoxie, Kan.; Nappanee, Ind.; Blacksburg, Va.; Cleghorn, Ia.; Albuquerque, N. Mex.; Barnard, Mo.; Poteau, Okla., and Sheboygan Wis.

It is likely that some of the hamlets whence the letters originated don't even have television and that these fans hadn't seen either hero in action. Yet, they all had strong opinions and expressed them.

In the Fans' Own Words

The following excerpts were typical:

"There may be catchers who rate higher places in lifetime records, but no catcher has ever had as great a season as Campanella did in 1953. His 41 homers, 807 putouts, 142 RBIs are all records for a catcher."—Bob Cleaver, Poteau, Okla.

"They're equal on defense, and if Yogi was hitting in little Ebbets Field, he'd hit 50 homers a year. Also, Yogi is faster than Campy and won't hit into as many double plays."—Roger Meyer, Sheboygan, Wis.

"Campy is the more steady hitter. Yogi should be classified as a streak hitter and annually is a slow starter, while Campy gets his hits nearly every day, and seldom goes into a prolonged slump."—Verlin Dunker, Tonganoxie, Kan.

"Berra is steady, Campy is off-again, on-again. In 1952 and '54, Roy hit only .269 and .207. And you'd never hear Berra complain where Stengel put him in the batting order, like Campy did when Alston put him in the eighth spot."—Michael Garrity, Beloit, Wis.

"Campanella hits better in pinches, as he displayed in World's Series play by batting .246 to Berra's .230."—Clark Minton, age 13, Wichita, Kan.

"Yogi is as great a clutch player as there is because, even when the opposing pitcher doesn't want him to hit, Yogi can smack the bad pitch out of the park."—Nick Orth, Jr., Andale, Kan.

"Stop Campanella and you stop the Dodgers quick. That's how valuable he is. Look where the Dodgers are now with Roy in top shape and compare the standings to 1954, when Roy played with one hand. The Yanks could get by with Howard or Silvera, should anything happen to Yogi."—Gene Walters, White Plains, N. Y.

Strong Plug for Yogi

"Yogi, he's my guy, the backbone of the Yanks, one of the most feared batters in either league. He's faster, has the instinct to handle the pitchers better, and has a sense of humor that doesn't permit him to carry a grudge. And he shows great sportsmanship."—Jack W. Wilson, Clarksburg, W. V.

"If Berra was such a great catcher, why would Stengel say last winter that he might use Yogi at third base?" George Newburg, Sheboygan, Wis.

"Campy as well as the rest of the Dodgers can't play under pressure. For the game you must win, I'll take Yogi and the Yankees." Winfred Kennedy, Orlando, Fla.

"Campanella is better defensively. Last time I looked, Berra had made seven errors to three for Roy, and Roy had 29 assists to 17 for Yogi."—Clifford Waits, Harrison, Ark.

"Campy has more power. Last year, Berra played in 151 games and hit 22 homers. Campy, who played in 40 fewer games, hit only three fewer homers."—Leroy Michael, LaGrange, Tex.

"When there are two outs in the ninth and you need that big hit, Yogi always comes through."—Margery E. Fleigh, Hagerstown, Md.

And the argument raged on, pro and con. . . .

Dodgers Big Magazine Stuff --With The Sporting News

IN WEST WITH DODGERS—The Brooklyn Dodgers may not be endearing themselves to the hearts of rival managers as they go careening along toward the 1955 National League pennant, but they're a big hit with the national magazine editors. On the current western tour they were accompanied by three nationally known writers, preparing stories on varied subjects. James T. Farrell, creator of the Studs Lonigan series, is doing a piece on a novelist's view of a Dodger jaunt for "Sports Illus-

trated." Tom Meany, to whom a journey with the Brooks is no novelty, is interviewing Pee Wee Reese for "as told to Meany" job for "Collier's," and Don Connery is interrogating all and sundry for a cover piece on Roy Campanella for "Time." Earlier magazine jobs were done on "Life With the Dodgers," and another spread on Duke Snider in "Look." Strangely, none of the editors has assigned a man to the amazing Newcombe. However, the season is still young. And, see THE SPORTING NEWS, June 22 issue.

Sewell Springs New Idea in Hill Drills

LOOPING THE LOOPS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By J. G. T. SPINK

"Takes Dough to Be a Yankee"
PHOENIX, Ariz.



Yogi Berra

Lawrence Peter Berra, better known as Yogi, Pride of The Hill in St. Louis, took a legalistic-looking paper out of his jacket pocket and gazed upon it with a broad smile, and great pride.

"This thing is my contract for 1951," said Berra. "Let me say that I got what I wanted. George Weiss made out like he was fighting me hard. But when it came to the showdown, he was very kind to me and my family."

Berra did not display the figures in the agreement, but we learned that they were \$30,000, payable in installments on the first and the fifteenth of every month.

"I got responsibilities," the Yankee catcher continued. "I got to support my mom and dad. I have a wife and a son. I have to dress like a Yankee, live like a Yankee, act like a Yankee. That takes dough."

"Casey Stengel keeps telling us, 'There is a certain thing in being a Yankee. I was with the Giants when they were winning world's championships. But, there is something special about this here Yankee label.'"

"Well, Mr. Spink, Casey is right. In fact, Casey always is right. Casey is a great manager."

We asked if Berra was saving any money. He had come along fast, financially, starting with \$5,000 in 1947, then moving up to \$8,500, and in 1949 to \$12,500. Last year he collected \$18,000.

The Yogi now had the distinction of being the highest-paid catcher in the history of a club which had boasted the membership of Bill Dickey.

Dickey never got more than \$23,000 for a season with the Bombers, and here was his pupil beating his record.

Mickey Cochrane never collected \$30,000 just for catching. Walker Cooper had set the New York record with his \$30,000 contract on his arrival from the Cardinals to the Giants in 1946.

"A Home of My Own"

"I am paying in on annuities," Berra said. "I also am buying Savings Bonds. I figure them bonds are a fine investment. If they ain't—well, then nothing is worth a dime."

"I also am buying myself a house," Berra revealed. "I have been living with my folks. Carmen, Larry, Jr., and me. Now we are going to start housekeeping for ourselves."

Berra waited a while for this to soak in. "Know what? We are moving to the East. We are buying a home in Jersey, where Larry, Jr., can grow up in the country, and I can drive over the George Washington Bridge to the Stadium in not much more than half an hour."

"Carmen likes New York. I love the town. Mind, St. Louis is a great place. The Hill, and my pals there, my friends—well, it won't be easy to pull up stakes and move East."

"But I don't want to go on renting

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2, COL. 1)

Not-So-Tall Tactician

Willard Mullin



FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE AMERICAN LEAGUE STARTED 50 YEARS AGO THE ATHLETICS WILL GO TO THE POST WITHOUT CONNIE MACK IN ALL THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACES AND ALL THE OLD FAMILIAR ROSES

Cautious Dykes Bars Intra-Squad Games

By ART MORROW

WEST PALM BEACH, Fla.—Under the prodding force of James Dykes, the Athletics have intensified their workouts here, and Dr. Illarion Gopadze, in his fourteenth year as team physician, opines that he never has seen the Macks in such good condition so early in the spring. But J. J. Dykes, the Gay Rotundian, was

in no hurry to start separating the wheat from the chaff. Connie Mack always pored as close to the 25-player limit as he could when the team broke camp; but his successor has decided to take his time in get-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10, COL. 5)

Two Hurlers Alternate for Bat Practice

One Rests as Other Pitches; Interest in Luke's Plan Spreads Among Camps

By TOM SWOPE
TAMPA, Fla.

Luke Sewell is in the record books as a great catcher of less than 25 years ago and as the only manager to lead the St. Louis Browns to an American League pennant, a feat performed in 1944. Now, as pilot of the Cincinnati Reds, Luke is carving another niche for himself in the annals of the game with a new system for training pitchers.



Luke Sewell

It's an idea that hopped up in Luke's active brain last fall when he was trying to hit on a plan to improve the play of his club this year.

Boiled down to a few words, Luke's innovation simply is this:

Starting with the first day (February 28) that batting practice was held in the Cincinnati camp at Plant Field here, the Reds' flingers have pitched just as they would in a regulation game, instead of following the age-old custom of pitching ten to 15 minutes without relief, then calling it a day.

Two On a Mound Team

Here's how it works: Pitchers A and B form a mound team. A pitches to four or five batters, a minimum of five pitches to each hitter, then rests while B does likewise to four or five batters. Hurler A then takes over again and B rests until A has pitched to four or five hitters. Pitcher B then takes another turn on the hill and A rests.

This goes on until each pitcher, even from the first day of batting practice, has pitched at least 120 balls, approximately the number a hurler usually serves up in a nine-inning game.

As the arms gain strength, those pitching in batting practice increase their day's number of pitches to the hitters.

It is just like two hurlers pitching a game for opposing teams. While one is pitching, the other, unless he has to hit, is resting. The one who has been resting then takes the mound and the other fellow gets a breather.

Sewell's pitchers cannot say enough in praise of the system.

"It gives us three to four times as much actual time on the mound on the days we pitch to the hitters as we would get if one man pitched steadily until he tired, as has been the custom on all ball clubs ever since batting practice was introduced into the game," say veteran Red pitchers, such as Ken-ny Raffensberger, Ewell Blackwell, Howard Fox, Willard Ramsdell and Herman Wehmeier.

Hal Schumacher, former ace pitcher for the Giants, recently watched the way the Redleg hurlers kept throwing at full speed from the mound for a few days and remarked:

"If Carl Hubbell and I had pitched in batting practice that way, we probably would have lasted a few years longer as winning pitchers. Wonder

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2, COL. 5)

LOOPING THE LOOPS

By J. G. TAYLOR SPINK

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

other people's places in New York each season, and I want to have a home of my own.

"You see, I plan to stick around with the Yankees for a long time. I am a young man. Won't be 26 until May 12. If I behave myself and keep in shape, and keep fighting, what's to prevent me being with the Yankees another ten years?"

"Another thing. If I spend my winters in New York, I can get into some business. I believe I can make better connections than I could in St. Louis. Incidentally, they said I worked in a restaurant there this past winter. I did no such thing. I just took it easy."

"I played basketball three times a week in the gym in a new school near my home, and while I was no Ed Macauley, I did all right. Talking about basketball, them fix scandals in New York made me sick to my stomach. Terrible things."

Heeds The Scooter's Advice

We deplored the fact that St. Louis would lose a famous and estimable citizen, but admitted that there would be benefits which would accrue to Yogi with residence in the New York area.

"Phil Rizzuto told me I would do okay around New York," Berra went on. "He does okay."

It was suggested that, perhaps, Yogi could get a job as Gene Leone's official receptionist next winter, and Berra laughed. "I like Italian dishes. My mom is a great cook on them things."

We talked about technical matters. Berra asked, "Do you suppose I could win the batting championship in another couple years? Do you think I got a chance?"

Berra was assured that he was one of the coming great hitters, that he already ranked high, with his 322, 124 runs driven in, and 28 homers for 1950.

"Well, I liked 1950 for many reasons," he continued. "It did not have a lot of long hot spells. I don't like heat. You see, I worked in 151 games, and at one time I was down to only 181 pounds."

"Another thing. I did not get hurt so much. Maybe that was because I had more experience."

"And then, I waited out the pitchers more. In 1949, I got 22 walks and hit 277. Stengel said, 'Look, Yogi, you could be a great hitter if you scared them pitchers more. Stop swinging for them things up around your ears. Get more walks. Make them work.'"

"Well, Mr. Spink, I got 55 passes last season. Casey is very good in arithmetic, and he figures it out for me. If I get only 22 walks last season, I hit only 305, and that wouldn't be so good. "I have to get more walks in 1951. It would be great to draw around 80 or 85."

"I don't have too much trouble with any special pitcher, unless it is Feller. Sometimes I do okay against Bob, but other days he is very rough."

"No, lefties do not bother me too much. But I use a different bat against them. Against southpaws, I swing a Johnny Mize model, which weighs 36 ounces and is 35 inches long."

"Against righthanders, I use the Babe Ruth model, 35 and 35. Small differences, but they mean a lot."

"Can't Catch in Outfield"

Yogi was asked about his catching.

"Well, in 1948, I was used in right field and also behind the bat," he replied. "I got mixed up. I was new in the majors, having come up late in September in 1946."

"The writers said I never would be a catcher. Now they say I am the best in the business. I hope so."

"Well, when Casey Stengel came to the club, he brought back Bill Dickey as a coach, and that was the break of my life."

"Casey put me in the charge of all his experiences."

"Last season Dickey said, 'Yogi, it now is up to you. I have shown you everything I know. You have to stop

DiMag Can Do Anything If He Makes Up Mind—Yogi

PHOENIX, Ariz.—Yogi Berra was asked what he thought about Joe DiMaggio's plan to retire from the game after this year.

"I don't like to see that, and I hope Joe changes his mind," Berra said.

"How many games will Joe play this season?" Yogi was asked.

"Oh, it's hard to predict anything about Joe," he replied. "Last year at this time they were writing that he doesn't play 100, and he gets into 139, and hits over 300. He is a great athlete with a lot of determination. He can do anything he makes up his mind to do."

catching flat-footed. You got to move around more. You got to shift with the ball, and shift with your right foot, not the left."

"Dickey also showed me how to trap that low pitch in front of the plate, and he worked with me on my throwing. I think I improved very much in that last season. I think I showed them Phillies."

Still Green Pea at Banquets

Had he done much around the Rubber Chicken Circuit this past winter?

"I worked about a dozen banquets," Berra replied. "Amateur work. They tell me around New York some of our boys do okay. Is it right that Rizzuto got a grand for speaking at a dinner?"

"Well, when I go to a banquet, I don't make a speech. They would like me to do that, but I try to duck by answering questions."

"Some guy introduces me and then he says, 'Yogi, who will win the pennant in 1951? Why do you think DiMaggio is better than Ted Williams?' And so it goes. I tell them frankly what I think about everything, throw in a little joke here and there, and everybody has a fine time."

Did he pick up much weight around the dinner circuit?

"No, I minded my diet," Berra replied. "The big problem is to turn down fattening things at home."

"Mom and pop and my sister Josie live with us, and they don't have to play ball. My mom now understands what I mean by keeping down my weight. But it ain't easy."

"I support the house. My three brothers are married and have their own financial problems. Tony, the oldest, works for the Ward Baking people; Mike is in a shoe factory, and John is a waiter in a St. Louis restaurant."

"Boston Will Be Tough"

Berra took out a New York newspaper clipping. It carried a big headline, "Babe Ruth had his Lou Gehrig, Joe DiMaggio's got his Yogi Berra."

The Yogi puzzled over it a while and said, "What does this thing mean? Is it a boost or a knock? I showed it to Frank Shea and Joe Collins and they said this is supposed to be a compliment."

We told Berra that it was very much in the nature of a boost, and he folded up the clipping with great relief.

"Sometimes it is tough to tell what these guys write about me," he explained. "My wife, she don't like stories which make me out to be a dope. I don't like them myself."

It was explained to Berra that any ball player who, in a few years, had pulled himself up from five grand to a contract for \$30,000 hardly belonged in the dopey class. Berra chuckled.

Asked how the comic book market

Berra's \$30,000 Smile



YOGI BERRA had good reason to smile as he donned his catching equipment for the first time at the Yankees' camp. He had succeeded in winning a contract for \$30,000 as against \$18,000 last season. Yogi, who had refused to budge from St. Louis until he received satisfactory terms, now is the highest-paid catcher in Yankee history. Bill Dickey, who helped make Yogi a 30-grand catcher for the Yankees, drew the previous tops—\$28,000—for a Bomber backstop.

was going, Berra uttered a complaint. "It is tough to find them out here," he said. "In St. Louis and New York, I know where to get the latest. But around here, it is tough."

We shifted to talking about the American League race. "The Red Sox are going to be very tough," the catcher said.

"Ray Scarborough and Bill Wight will improve their pitching terrific. And don't overlook the importance of Lou Boudreau. Lou can play short or third, or even first base. He would have made a terrific player for our club."

"Well, suppose the season opens with Vern Stephens at short and Johnny Pesky at third, with Boudreau on the bench."

"Boudreau is ready to jump in and help. Okay. Then comes a chance to trade. Stephens for whatever Steve O'Neill needs most, so Pesky moves to short, and Boudreau goes to third. This makes Boudreau an important guy in the race."

We asked Yogi whether he thought Walt Dropo of the Red Sox would hit the way he did last season.

"We sort of think that he can be pitched to," said Berra. "That high ball inside should bother him a lot. However, I am not taking anything away from that guy. He was terrific, and maybe he can be that way again."

Berra went back to his own batting ambitions. "I put on a very strong finish last season," he reminisced. "That's the big thing, to wind up with style."

Berra picked himself out of the chair and announced that the time had come

Page, Lopat and Courtney Hurt on Yanks' Jinx Day

PHOENIX, Ariz.—Monday, March 5, was a day of alarm in the camp of the Yankees. The athletes decided that a whammy had been thrown over their menage and went about with crossed fingers to ward off the hex.

It was a tough day for Dr. Sidney Gaynor, the club surgeon. The mishaps began when Joe Page suffered a cut mouth and bridgework casualties from contact with a crazy curve thrown to him by Frank Shea. The ball bounded from the grass and hit Joe right in the kisser.

Ten minutes later, practicing the rundown play between third and home, Ed Lopat ran into Charley Silvera's knee and blacked out. Soon Silvera received word that his grandmother had died, and he left for the funeral in San Francisco.

Half an hour later, Catcher Clint Courtney was spiked in the right shin by Infielder Jerry Snyder. Dr. Gaynor took three stitches in the leg.

DANIEL.

to dash out to the park. "I like spring training," he announced. "I suppose that in another ten years I will be grousing about it, like them veterans around here do now. But it's fun."

The Pride of The Hill picked up a comic book, stuck it in his hip pocket and headed for the ball park.

Pitch-and-Rest Idea Attracts Wide Interest

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

why no one ever thought of working the pitchers that way until Sewell came up with it?"

George Toporcer, who will manage the Buffalo Bisons this year and who has been in the game a long time with numerous clubs, watched the new system for an hour his first day in the Redleg camp and said:

"Sewell has devised something brand new in baseball. I'm going to copy it as soon as we start batting practice in our camp at Avon Park. It gives each pitcher much more work than he ordinarily gets pitching in batting practice without tiring him as much as the old method. Pitchers should develop far more rapidly while pitching in batting practice under Sewell's system than any other method I have seen used. It is the nearest approach to actual game experience for a pitcher I ever have seen in batting practice."

This new system isn't a stunt Sewell devised for publicity purposes. He didn't even realize he was doing something revolutionary when he explained to his flingers how he wanted them to work when he started using the "pitch and rest, pitch and rest" system.

Word Quickly Spreads

But it took only a few days to demonstrate that he had hit on an idea which should be very beneficial to any group of pitchers. The word quickly spread around Florida, carried by men who visited other camps after watching the Reds train, that Luke had come up with something new. When the National League crowd gathered in Tampa the evening of March 3 for the dinner tendered by Ford Frick, president of the league, visitors from other camps asked Luke for details of this new batting practice pitching stunt.

There is no copyright on the idea and anyone who wishes is free to use it. Also, Sewell is happy to explain the system and what he believes to be its benefits.

Luke didn't have all this in mind when the germ of the idea began forming in his head last fall.

When the Reds trained here last spring, they frequently were bothered by chilling north winds which kept the pitchers from working up and holding perspiration. Seeking to combat that situation this spring, Luke first conceived the idea of having a sort of cage built in which his pitchers could be shielded from any cool winds while warming up preparatory to going into the clubhouse and sitting around while the sweat dripped from their bodies.

Out of that thinking came what has been dubbed "Sewell's Sweat Box," as pictured in the March 7 issue of *The Sporting News*.

Two regulation pitching mounds are within the box. The open side of the box faces the South. Only warm breezes, which will do no harm, blow into Plant Field from the South.

Helped by Weather

Discussing his "pitch and rest" innovation, Sewell explained: "My first thought was to put two pitchers in the box at the same time and have them take turns at throwing 20 to 30 balls. We did that a couple of days and the pitchers seemed to like it."

"When we were blessed with perfect baseball weather as we started our batting practice, I decided to experiment with this 'pitch and rest' idea from the mound on the diamond. When I saw how it worked out for the first two pitchers who tried it, I knew that as long as the weather held good, we had something which would give the pitchers more work and would be of more benefit than the old 'pitch until you are tired' system. Since we went well into our third week of training without any chilling winds blowing across our park, we have made the idea standard practice for our pitching staff."

While batting practice is taking place in the Reds' camp, the coach who "feeds" the ball to the pitchers is protected by a shoulder-high canvas screen erected between the mound and second base. The pitcher who is resting gets behind this screen, puts on his wind breaker and keeps it on for the time he is "off duty."

By giving pitchers longer workouts on the mound when pitching in batting practice, the new system is helping them improve their control, making for better batting practice for the hitters. Maybe Luke has hit on something not only interesting but a happy solution of improving a team's pitching while improving its hitting.

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The Lip's 'Offer' for Pafko Just a Hot-Foot for Onkle Fronk

Leo Durocher's purported "offer" of four Giants for Andy Pafko of the Cubs was just Lippy's way of needling Frankie Frisch, reveals Milt Gross of the New York Post.

During the Giants' batting practice at St. Petersburg, relates Gross, Durocher was carrying on a running commentary for writers, tossing superlatives about his players.

Finally, John Carmichael of the Chicago Daily News felt constrained to say, "Listening to you, this camp's just lousy with great play-

ers. Leo. Why don't you trade some of them to the Cubs and get that lefthanded pitcher and the other outfielder you're looking for?"

"Trade with the Cubs!" Leo countered. "How can you? Know what I offered them for Pafko at the December winter meetings? I told Frisch he could have his choice of one of two reserve infielders, a lefthanded pitcher, one of our regular righthanded pitchers and his choice of one of two lefthanded-hitting outfielders. Know what he

said? Nothing. How do you get that guy doing something?"

After Carmichael had departed, Durocher turned to the newspapermen and asked, "Did you get the wink with that trade business? I never had such a conversation with Frisch. I give it to Carmichael and then he writes it and Frisch gets himself in an uproar and we got a helluva rhubarb going."

"That Frisch. He'll pull out the few hairs he's got left."