

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 outhitting 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.

Campanella... New Star in Dodger Camp

Negro Catcher Comes Back Clouting to Win Acclaim and Regular Job

Roy Won 1,300 Chickens With Homers for Nashua

Folks Stocked Poultry Farm With His Hitting Awards; 'When I Met Mr. Rickey, I Was Surprised to Find How Much He Knew About Me'

By LESTER BROMBERG

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Three seasons ago, at a Negro game in Ruppert Stadium, at Newark, N. J., somebody nudged the catcher for Baltimore's Elite Giants as he unsnapped his shin guards for his turn at bat.

"Look over there in the stands. That man in the aisle seat is a scout from the big leagues," was the whisper communicated to the player.

"Well, what of it?" he countered. "My job is to play ball, not worry about who's watching."

Roy Campanella, currently catching for the Brooklyn Dodgers, now admits he didn't believe the tipster, although later events proved that the Negro National League star was being scouted at that time. "If I had thought it was true, maybe I'd have tightened up," he says. "Anyway, I wouldn't let myself believe it. I only wanted one thing in my mind at a time."

He was being watched all right and subsequently got a call to see Branch Rickey, Brooklyn's president, a call which launched Roy on what has proved a rapid rise. But that's telling too much too quickly.

The important point is that Campanella never played an inning of any grade of ball that wasn't wholehearted effort, minus even a pennyweight of show-boating.

Today, in his twenty-seventh year, this powerfully-muscled, rather squat brown-skinned Negro from North Philadelphia can credit his acknowledged ability to virtually a lifetime of learning the game.

Ask Dad—He Knows

His father, John, an even shorter and chunkier Philadelphian of Italian extraction, was telling the other day, at their home, 1538 Kerbaugh street, that "Roy's heart was set on baseball when he was too small to swing a bat."

"First they let him be water boy, then bat boy," Dad Campanella said, "and when he got on his first uniform, well—that was just plain Heaven to him. He has worn 15 different uniforms since. I've kept count, and he never lets up trying to improve."

Roy's own recollections are that he used to haunt the sandlots of North Philadelphia, hoping to break into a game being played by the bigger boys of the neighborhood.

"I could throw kind of hard," he said, "and when I was 12 I was allowed to pitch and play in the outfield for a juvenile team called the Nicetown A. C."

When he was 13—and fairly close to his present proportions—he caught on with a faster club called the Nicetown Giants, which had a field up above Shibe Park.

"I was shy," he related, "but after playing a few games in my street clothes, I went up to the manager and said, 'Look, if I don't get a uniform, I can't be a ball player.' They gave it to me and I was flying."

Soon thereafter, he went out for the team at Simon Gratz High School. He still had ideas of pitching. The coach gave him a chance to start a game, but Roy just couldn't get the ball over—and this experience cured him.

In the summer of his sophomore year, Roy joined an American Legion Junior team, on which Jimmie Dykes' son played. They were permitted to use Baker Bowl for their games.

One day an umpire, noticing Campanella's physique, halted the game. "Son," he said, "you look pretty big for a junior. How old are you?"

Got Pro Bid When 15

When Roy said he was 14, the umpire's face took on a doubtful expression, but evidently he believed the youngster, for Roy remained a regular member of the team.

When he was 15, Tom Dixon of the Bacharach Giants requested his mother to let him catch and play in the outfield for that professional team.

"No," she said, "that probably means you'll play Sunday and Sunday is church-going day."

Dixon persisted. "Mrs. Campanella," he said, "your boy can go to church

Roy Has Brother-in-Law on Carolina College Faculty

GREENSBORO, N. C.—While Roy Campanella was making his big splash with his bat against the Giants in New York, July 4, students and faculty of the Agricultural and Technical College here listened to a loud speaker tie-up of the radio broadcast. Roy's brother-in-law is a member of the faculty and Campanella's activities with the Dodgers are a lively campus topic.

before we play. And there's \$25 a week-end in it."

With that, her resistance ebbed.

Tales of his long-ball hitting reached Biz Mackey, manager of the Baltimore Elite Giants, a Negro National League club. Biz persuaded Roy to come with his club, on a monthly salary. Without informing anybody at home, Campanella played with the Elites at 44th and Parkside, a well-known Philadelphia field.

He came home surging with pride, but his mother promptly said: "Where's your \$25?" Before Roy could explain that he had become a salaried athlete, she jumped down his throat for throwing away "such good money." In fact, she went further, she gave him a whipping.

The next day the neighbors gloomily relayed the story of his playing with Baltimore.

A week later Tom Wilson, president of the club, visited Roy's parents.

"We hesitate about taking a 15-year-old boy away from home to play ball," Wilson said, "but it would be a shame to hold Roy back, since he's ready. Suppose I promise you that I'll look after his associations? Will that be okay?"

He Traveled—and Traveled

Yes, it was, and, six months before his sixteenth birthday, Roy became a catcher for the Elites. He played 150 games a season, junketing all over the country.

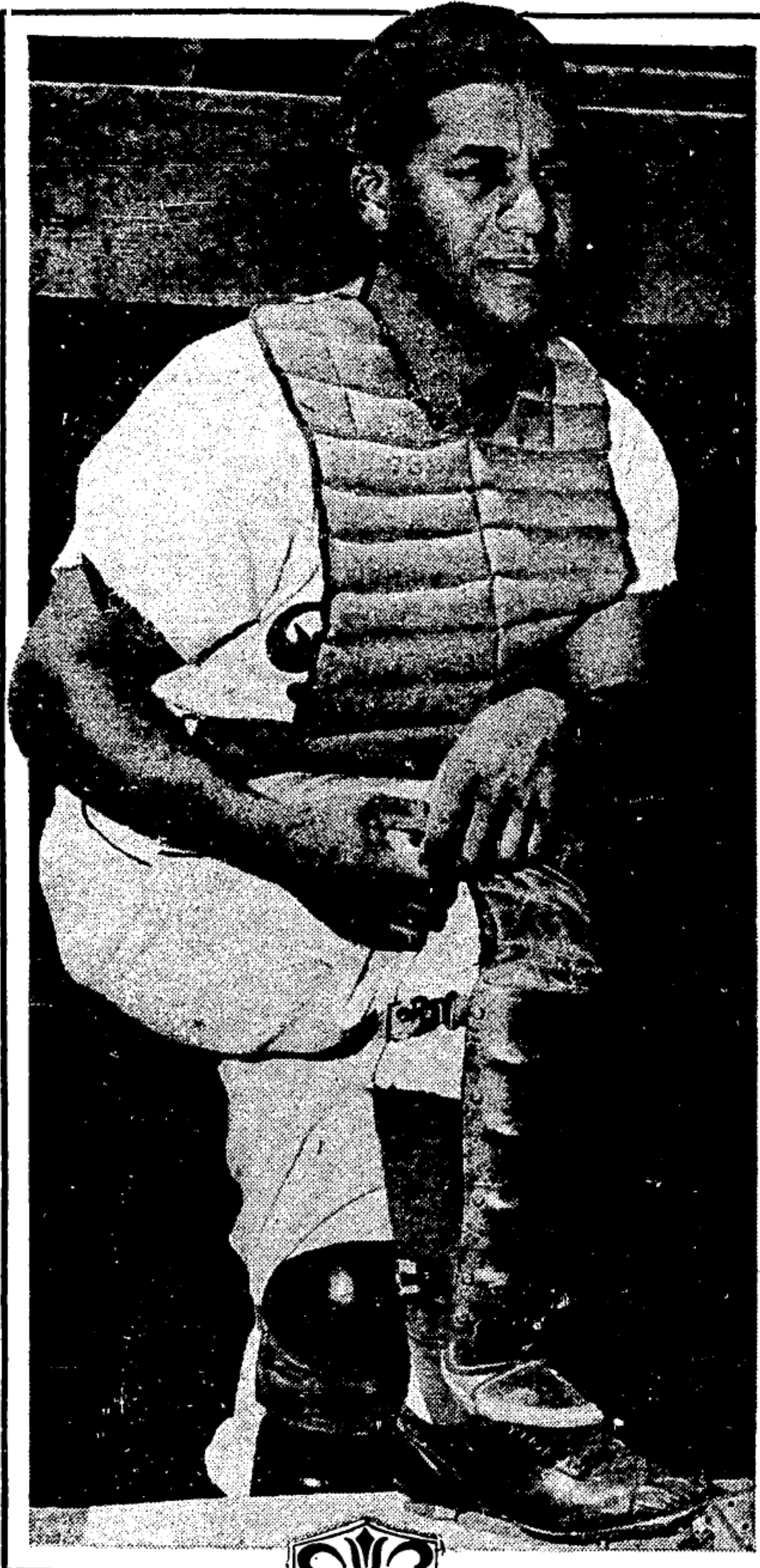
A few years after his break-in, when the first agitation to advance Negro players into Organized Ball came up, Campanella was recommended for a trial with the Pittsburgh Pirates. The Pirates never went through with the trials. But, as a result of the attention created, he got an offer to play in a charity game at Cleveland. He and another recommended big league prospect, Tom Hughes, promptly went to Cleveland for a quick \$200 each. But, when they returned to the Elites, they were out money. The club had fined them \$250 each.

By now Roy was in a receptive mood to all offers. A bid to play for Monterey in Jorge Pasquel's Mexican League sounded best. Thus he became one of the first to hear the siren call from south of the border. In his first season there he played 90 games, finishing second in homers, leading in doubles.

This was only the beginning of travel to Latin lands for Campanella. He went to Puerto Rico, where he played on a team with Luis Olmo, then a summer player with Richmond, Va. In one of these games Roy hit three homers, two in one inning, all off Dave Barnhill, the third of the players who was to have received the Pittsburgh trial. Barnhill now is with the New York Cubans. Roy's club won the title and he became home run champion.

Another winter he played in Cuba

Mr. Gravy and Dumplings



ROY CAMPANELLA . . . Steps into Dodger job.

under Bert Acosta, one-time big leaguer, and still another he returned to Puerto Rico.

Back with the Elites in the summer, Campanella had his first contact with Jackie Robinson.

"Jackie's club, the Kansas City Monarchs, came to Baltimore," Roy said, "and it was one of those wild games. We'd get three or four runs in an inning, then they would. Finally, Jackie and a couple of the other Monarchs noticed the scoreboard didn't correspond with their tally. They demanded to see the official score. They went up to the press box and there was no scorer. Could you blame them for yelling?"

The next winter Roy and Jackie went to Venezuela to play in an international series involving Venezuela, Cuba and the United States. The American team won 18 of 20, with Robinson at short and Campanella playing the outfield and catching.

Roy stayed around for the regular season. One of the rival clubs was managed by Lefty Gomez. Campanella remembers with gratitude the kindly interest of Lefty, who even took the trouble to work with Roy Welmaker, Roy's pitcher teammate, on faults in his delivery.

The next year Campanella became manager of his own club in Venezuela. "I was pretty young for the job," he said, "but I could speak Spanish pretty well and I got along with the people down there. I had a good pitching staff—Don Newcombe, who's now with Montreal, Johnny Wright and Verdel Mathis. And we won a good percentage of our games."

Actually, Campanella's first contract with Organized Ball came through his

selection on an all-star Negro squad to play a similar outfit from Organized Ball for a post-season series.

The majors' squad included his present teammate, Ralph Branca; Frank McCormick, Eddie Stanky, Buddy Kerr, Whitey Kurowski, Tommy Holmes, Vic Lombardi, Hal Gregg, Red Barrett and Van Mungo.

"We played five games, four at Ebbets Field and one in Newark," Roy related, "and we didn't win a one. Ralph shut us out, 9 to 0, in Newark. He was the best I'd ever batted against."

"But on the last day, Charley Dresen, who was handling the major leaguers, asked me to meet him after the game in front of the Newark park. I did and he told me to go over to Ebbets Field the next morning and meet Mr. Rickey. Well, I didn't even know the way to Ebbets Field."

Made Start in Class B

"When I met Mr. Rickey, I was surprised to find out how much he knew about me. He told me that the scouts had liked my arm and hitting. He asked me to come back to Brooklyn, March 1, of the next year, 1946."

The upshot of his return was a contract to go to Nashua in the Class B New England League.

With Nashua, Roy had a bang-up season. He was second in runs batted in, with 96 in 113 games, and he was selected as all-star catcher of the league. With 115 hits, he batted .290. He collected 13 homers and with each homer won a bonus offered by a nearby chicken farm—100 chickens. His folks stocked a farm with the 1,300 fowl.

Brooklyn advanced Campanella to

Campanella Once Caught Four Games in One Day

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Heavy duty? That's nothing to Roy Campanella, new Dodger catcher. When the receiver was with the Baltimore Elite Giants, he remembers catching four games in a day. First, he had a double-header at Crosley Field, Cincinnati, then a two-night twin-bill that evening at Middletown, O. Roy estimates that he averaged 250 ball games a year while combining Negro summer ball with winter league play in the Latin countries.

Montreal the next season, 1947. Again he hit his seemingly annual quota of 13 homers. He drove in 75 runs and hit 273. The all-star voting in the International League paid him a signal compliment—of a possible 33 votes he got 32.

"This spring Montreal trained at Santo Domingo with Brooklyn and I played against the Dodgers every day, sometimes in the outfield or at third, other times catching," Roy said.

"But the real thrill happened April 1 at Vero Beach, Fla., when I was shifted to the Brooklyn roster. I caught a couple of innings opening-day against the Giants. Then, up in Boston, I caught a whole game. Rex Barney pitched a good game, but a couple of singles by Bob Elliott beat us, 3 to 2."

With Catchers Bruce Edwards, Gil Hodges and Bobby Bragan rounding into shape, Campanella's opportunities were lessened. "I didn't rate with such experienced, good men," Roy volunteered, by way of explanation.

When he was optioned to St. Paul, May 23, Campanella was happy. It meant regular playing again. And it also meant being with Walter Alston, his Nashua manager.

He liked the club and the town. He brought his wife, Ruthie, to St. Paul (she was expecting a baby) and he managed to find an apartment.

Roy literally took over. In 34 games he got 40 hits, five doubles, two triples and the ever-present 13 homers. He gathered seven in a six-day period. His RBIs totaled 39.

Signed Off With Big Night

On the night of Wednesday, June 30, Campanella was with St. Paul in Toledo, for a game with the Mud Hens. His team won, 18 to 4. He helped with a single, double and homer. But when Roy walked into the clubhouse, Manager Alston had a long face.

"This is going to hurt us, but it will benefit you," he said.

"What do you mean?" Roy asked.

"Don't you know?" Alston replied.

"You've been recalled by Brooklyn. Bragan has gone to Fort Worth."

Later Campanella phoned his wife in St. Paul, where she was alone with their 12-day-old son. "Brooklyn wants me," he said. "Can you leave right away?"

Mother, baby and daddy flew from St. Paul to Brooklyn on Friday, July 2, and Roy played that night, then right through the Giants' series.

Roy made nine hits in his first 12 times at bat, including two spectacular homers into the upper deck of the left field stands, a region untouched by a Brooklyn batter in years. He proved that he has style behind the plate and a good arm.

Jackie Robinson is one of Campanella's most enthusiastic boosters, not on friendship or racial grounds, but on what Jackie has heard on the bench from pitchers who have worked with Campanella.

"They say he's nice and low behind the plate, all chest, a wonderful target," said Jackie.

Clyde Sukeforth, Dodger coach and a man who knows catching technique from his own experience, explained:

"He handles low balls better than anybody I've seen in some time. He calls plays. He does the things you expect of a big leaguer. As a matter of fact, he has shown us some things that weren't in the scouting report. He's a righthanded hitter who can place balls in right."

At this point, with an open vista to success, with glitter and adulation of his own people awaiting, some see a danger ahead for Campanella. But he's not the boy to lose his sense of values. He'll play his heart out from the first inning to last. He'll take the good breaks with the bad. He'll be a major leaguer at heart. Can anybody ask for more?

The Born-to-Play Story . . . of ROY CAMPANELLA

— Second of Two Installments —

Licked Many Injuries on Way to Top

Suffered Compound Thumb
Dislocation in '50, But
Was Back 11 Days Later

By ROSCOE MCGOWEN
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Since Roy Campanella has been so highly successful as a major league player, the handicaps this man overcame in the process of achieving that success have faded into the background of fandom's memory.

Today, as he approaches his eleventh year in Organized Ball and his ninth with the Brooklyn Dodgers, it is almost taken for granted that his climb to the baseball heights has been very steady and not particularly arduous.

Almost forgotten are the crippling injuries he has suffered—injuries that in some instances might have ended the career of one who was less determined.

Perhaps Roy's tragic season of 1954 is better remembered by Brooklyn fans than any other, but only because the condition of his left hand cost the Dodgers a pennant. That crippled hand was in the limelight because the real Campanella was so sadly missed in the Dodger lineup—because the fans were so sure that the flag (which the team didn't miss by much, at that) could have been won with a healthy Campanella.

Unforgettable Year of '51

But what do they recall of the year of 1951? Chiefly that for the first time Roy Campanella was voted the Most Valuable Player; that he played in 143 games, made 164 hits, including 33 home runs and as many doubles; that he batted in 108 runs, scored 90 and had a batting average of .325.

Consider, however, what happened to Campy, not only in 1951 but beginning late in the season of 1950.

That was the year of the Whiz Kids of Philadelphia. The Dodgers were playing them a two-night double-header on the night of September 6 at Connie Mack Stadium and big Don Newcombe, who had shut them out on three singles in the first game, was attempting the iron man stunt, at the behest of Barney Shotton, of pitching the second game, too.

In the eighth inning Newk had to leave and Dan Bankhead came in. Willie Jones top-tipped a curve ball—and a moment later Campy's bleeding right hand was dangling at his side.

It wasn't a break, but a compound dislocation of the right thumb, Dr. Harold Wendler, club trainer, told Campy.

"I'll be back there in a week, Doc," Campy said, and a few minutes later told reporters the same thing.

He wasn't quite correct. It was 11 days before he came back as a pinch-hitter, but two days later he was catching again.

Pitch That Cost Campy \$5,000

On the final day of the season, in Brooklyn, Campy suffered another blow, albeit not a physical one. That was Dick Sisler's tenth-inning homer off Newcombe on an outside pitch (after Roy had set the target for a close, inside pitch). With the pitch went the pennant and a \$5,000 World's Series share for Campy and all the rest of the Dodgers.

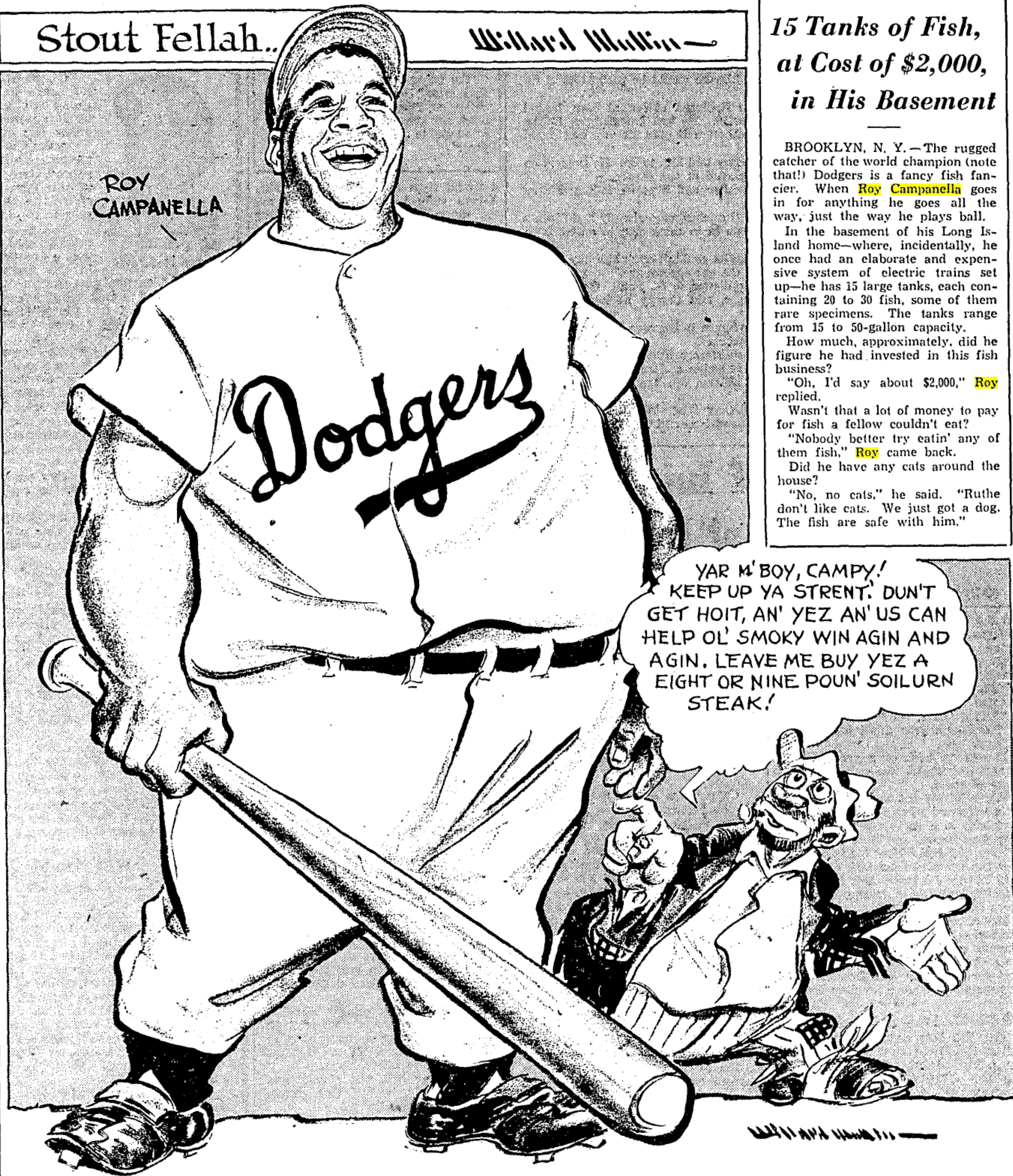
But 1951—that was a year! Campy, spending many of his evenings with under-privileged kids in the Harlem Y. M. C. A., came home late one early January evening to be told by his wife, Ruthe, that the hot water heater had gone out.

He promptly went to the basement

Stout Fella..

Willard Mullin

ROY
CAMPANELLA



15 Tanks of Fish, at Cost of \$2,000, in His Basement

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The rugged catcher of the world champion (note that!) Dodgers is a fancy fish fancier. When Roy Campanella goes in for anything he goes all the way, just the way he plays ball.

In the basement of his Long Island home—where, incidentally, he once had an elaborate and expensive system of electric trains set up—he has 15 large tanks, each containing 20 to 30 fish, some of them rare specimens. The tanks range from 15 to 50-gallon capacity.

How much, approximately, did he figure he had invested in this fish business?

"Oh, I'd say about \$2,000," Roy replied.

Wasn't that a lot of money to pay for fish a fellow couldn't eat?

"Nobody better try eatin' any of them fish," Roy came back.

Did he have any cats around the house?

"No, no cats," he said. "Ruthe don't like cats. We just got a dog. The fish are safe with him."

New Home for Little Campys in '56

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Campanella family will have a new home before next year has ended.

"I'm negotiating now to buy land to build a new home," Campy revealed right after the World's Series. "I can't say where it'll be, but it'll be in New York some place—not on Long Island."

"Ruthe (his wife) don't like it so well out here," he explained. "She thinks it's too damp. So we're going to build a new one somewhere else."

This was learned inadvertently when Campy was asked whether he

intended to set up his electric train layout in his basement again this winter.

In making his negative reply, Campy commented that he wouldn't "bother about that until we get in our new home."

About it's being "too damp" Campy said he didn't mean "any of that high water trouble" (suffered by many other Long Island residents because of the depredations of those feminine-named hurricanes).

"Our basement is as dry as a powder room," said Campy.

He had five children. If he couldn't play ball what else could he do?

Happily, the doctor's assurance was borne out. The Campanella eyes were as good as ever. But that was a crisis for Campanella. That was the injury that worried him more than mere broken bones, or dislocated, or pulled

muscles. A fellow could recover from those things, but he couldn't get another pair of eyes, could he?

It was during the next four days, when Roy still doubted the doctor could be right, that the idea of going

into business for himself was born. The result of that thinking is Campy's big liquor store in Harlem—the business that has not only made him a prosperous businessman, but also a landlord.

That was only the beginning of Campanella's 1951 troubles, however, although none that followed was as frightening.

In a game against the Athletics at Miami in the spring Eddie Joost tried to duck away from a close pitch, the ball caromed off his bat handle—and Roy's right thumb "had had it" again.

Not too bad, though. Only a chip fracture at the base of the upper bone, "but you'll be out about two weeks."

Chuck Dressen, the Brooks' manager, didn't like that two weeks' inactivity. His idea was that Campanella would get fat and not be in shape when the season started.

Chuck not only ordered Campy to run and run and run but to do knee bends. Then, to top this, he put Campy

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14, COL. 1)

Demand for Campanella Hastened Lippy's Flatbush Finale in 1948

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—There is a touch of irony in the fact that Roy Campanella, the catcher who was most admired by Leo Durocher when he managed the Giants, was one of the causes for Branch Rickey's decision to dispense with Leo as the Brooklyn manager.

Here is how it happened:

In 1948, following Durocher's suspension by Happy Chandler and Rickey's restoration of his job to Durocher, Campanella was on the Montreal roster. Both the Dodgers and Royals were training in Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic.

Campanella quite obviously could make the Dodgers as a catcher. Rickey knew it, all his aids knew it, and Durocher wanted Campanella. But Rickey wanted to break the color line in the American Association by sending Campy to St. Paul and had told Roy about it.

"I'll put you on the Brooklyn club," Rickey said, "but you won't make it. I'm putting you on as an outfielder, not a catcher. If I brought you up as a catcher I know you could make it."

Rickey salvaged Roy's wound by telling him he would be paid \$6,500 at St. Paul instead of \$5,000 in Brooklyn.

Then Rickey, wanting to play Jackie Robinson at second base, traded Eddie Stanky to the Braves, then in Boston. He had Gil Hodges, Bobby Bragan and Bruce Edwards as catchers, although Bragan already was slated for the managership at Fort Worth.

So Campanella could do only what Rickey told him to do. He became an "outfielder" on the Dodgers, but never played in the garden.

Durocher wanted Campanella as a catcher and kept on telling Rickey so—which did Leo no good then or later.

The season started badly and one day Durocher, who already had Hodges in mind as a first baseman, put Campanella in to catch despite orders from his boss not to do so.

The next day Leo had to tell Campy that he couldn't catch him any more—that Rickey had given him "what-for" for the one appearance.

On the cutdown date, Roy was duly optioned to St. Paul. On June 30, Walt (Smookey) Alston, the Saints' manager, told Campy he had been recalled to Brooklyn.

Roy joined the Dodgers, their fortunes began to improve and they moved up in the pennant race—but without Durocher.

Rickey had made his famous deal with Horace Stoneham which would rid him of a manager he had once asked to resign and on July 16, 1948, Leo became manager of the Giants and Burt Shotton was brought back to pilot the Dodgers.

Leo has departed from the Giants, Rickey long since left Brooklyn, a World's Series championship has come to Brooklyn—and Campy is still there.

Campy's List of Injuries Like Hospital Day Book

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

on the Mayo two-week diet—eggs and chicken, chicken and eggs, more eggs, more chicken, grapefruit, dry toast, fruit salad, eggs, once-in-a-while-steak . . .

"When do I start cackling?" Campy wanted to know.

"And no beer," said Chuck.

"Heck of a year this'll be," moaned Campy.

It was "a heck of a year" for injuries, but it also was quite a year in spite of them.

Eddie Miksis cut and bruised Campy's left hand when Roy slid into second base in a game against the Cubs. Roy was beamed by Turk Lown, Cub pitcher, the ball hitting his left ear below the protective helmet.

Whitey Lockman and Roy had a knockdown collision, jarring bone chips loose in his left elbow.

The next injury was only to Campy's feelings and finances. In Boston Frank Dascoli called a deciding Boston run safe at the plate and Roy's gestures and comments got him thrown out of the game and fined a hundred bucks.

A Thrill, Another Tough Break

On the last day of the season, when the Dodgers won that thriller in Philadelphia in 14 innings to tie the Giants for the pennant, Campy pulled his left thigh muscle running out a triple in the fourth inning.

He had finished a great season, despite his injuries, but that last one may have cost the Dodgers the pennant in the play-off with the Giants. Campy tried to play but his attempts to run were pitiful caricatures of a sound Campanella.

Dressen had to sideline Campy after the loss of the first game and put Rube Walker behind the plate. Rube did quite all right, too—three hits, including a home run—but Dressen wanted Campanella in the deciding game and Roy couldn't play. He just could not run.

So another pennant that was almost won soared away on the wings of Bobby Thomson's dramatic home run off Ralph Branca and another World's Series share vanished with that ball that disappeared into the Polo Grounds stands.

Maybe all this would have happened, anyway, had Campy been able to play. Maybe not. Dressen felt—almost everybody felt—that had Campanella been sound in the first game, there might never have been a third game.

The year 1952 wasn't free from injuries, either. Twice he had his right hand in a cast. Early in the season, in Chicago, he tried to pick a runner off first base and his hand hit Gene Her-

Six Blows at Ebbets Field, One 'Big One' at Stadium

BROOKLYN, N. Y. — Although Roy Campanella made only one hit in the three World's Series games played at the Yankee Stadium, that blow was a vital one.

It was his one-out double in the fourth inning of the seventh and deciding game. Roy then scored the first run of Johnny Podres' great 2 to 0 triumph on Gil Hodges' single.

Campy was one of the big guns in the first two games of the three-game sweep at Ebbets Field. He smacked two homers, two doubles and two singles to drive in four runs—his total RBI for the Series.

Roy never has batted .300 in any of the four Series in which he has played—his best was .273 in the 1953 classic—but his contributions as a catcher cannot be measured by any set of figures.

manski's bat, breaking it (the hand, not the bat).

After that healed—he wore the cast for ten days—he was back until later in the year when, in tagging a man coming into the plate at Philadelphia, his thumb caught in the fellow's shirt. Another break, and another cast for ten days.

This year wasn't so good, but not bad. Roy caught in 128 games, hit .269, with 22 homers, 18 doubles and 97 runs batted in. He also stole eight bases, his high in the majors.

In 1953 Roy was practically a shooin for the MVP award. His 142 RBIs made him the only catcher ever to reach that figure, eclipsing Bill Dickey's 133 in 1937 with the Yankees. Campy's 41 homers became the all-time top for a catcher in one season.

Then came another frustrating Series with the Yankees — and the start of Roy's left hand miseries. First up in the second inning of the opening game at the Yankee Stadium, Campy was hit hard on his upflung left hand by a "high and tight" pitch from Allie Reynolds. There were two strikes and no balls against Roy at the time.

It has been said by club officials, and written many times, that Campanella injured his hand sliding into second base the next spring in an exhibition game with the Yankees at Miami. The hand was hurt then, true. But your agent remains convinced that the blow from the ball Reynolds threw was the original cause of the trouble.

The history of Campanella's hand surgery is too recent in memory to require repetitious detail here. Roy tried in the spring to conceal the seriousness of the injury, hoping

Foul Tip Crash on Knee Most Serious Blow in '55

BROOKLYN, N. Y. — The chief injury to Roy Campanella during the 1955 season was a blow on his left knee by a foul tip. It happened on June 21 and on June 29 was diagnosed as a spur having been broken loose from the patella.

Originally, it had been feared the kneecap was fractured, after preliminary X-ray examination.

Campy was out of action completely from June 28 to July 14 and the day after he went back to work, he suffered a bruised left hand in a game against the Cardinals at Brooklyn.

It was partially the knee injury that caused Campanella to forego a barnstorming trip after the World's Series.

"I'm going to stay home and rest that knee," he said. "I won't be doing anything much but looking after my store and keeping myself in shape to get a good start next year."

it would right itself. In Tampa, Fla., X-rays were taken of the hand but the result not announced until long afterward.

Campy started the season, but it became increasingly evident that he couldn't swing a bat as he had done before. Finally, on May 4, he returned to New York and underwent surgery by Dr. Herbert C. Fett, Sr.

More than a month later he was back in action but his swing did not improve and his batting average was below .200. Roy occasionally muttered about the hand but not until mid-July or later in Chicago did he speak out.

"It's getting worse," he said, bitterly. "By this time it should be improving, but it's getting worse all the time."

He said something more ought to be done. He talked of seeing a nerve specialist and indicated he thought the club officials should see to this.

A \$9,500 Operation

After the season ended, Campy finally arranged for another operation—apparently on his own. Dr. Samuel Sherkman, a New York neurosurgeon, required four hours for the surgery in Queens Memorial Hospital.

Eventually, the bill submitted to Campanella by Dr. Sherkman was for \$9,500.

Walter O'Malley, president of the Dodgers, was moved to comment on receipt of the bill by Campanella—that Dr. Sherkman "thought he was operating on Roy's bankroll." O'Malley also expressed "shock" at the "exorbitant" charge "for what probably will prove to have been an unnecessary operation."

Whether Dr. Fett's original surgery, helped by time, cured Campanella, or whether Dr. Sherkman's operation did it still remains a mystery.

But Campy's play during the 1955 season and in the World's Series proved that a cure was effected, or enough of a cure so that he could play as before.

"I still can't move the third and little fingers laterally," Campy said just the other day, and displayed the lack of movement to prove it. "But I can grip a bat and I can grip the ball in my glove," he said, "and that's all that counts."

Strangely, the seemingly atrophied muscle between the thumb and the hand appears never to have been restored to its normal bulge. But that doesn't seem to affect his grip.

He can play ball, and play it well, and that truly is "all that counts" with Roy Campanella.

If ever a man was born to play baseball, Roy Campanella is that man.

Roy, 'Cover Boy of Dodgers,' Hits Time—With Clothes

BROOKLYN, N. Y. — "Cover Boy of the Dodgers." That's the distinction of a sort which has been won by Roy Campanella, according to Frank Graham, Jr., publicity director of the world champion Dodgers.

When Campy's picture appeared on Life two years ago, that publication also had another picture inside—a decidedly informal shot of the great Brooklyn catcher.

The photographer had caught the unaware Campanella, attired only in his birthday suit, as he was putting one leg into the whirlpool bath in the Dodger clubhouse.

"This year," relates Graham, "when I told Campy that Time was running his picture on its cover he seemed a little alarmed by the news. I wondered why, until he asked:

"Tell me one thing. Have I got any clothes on?"

Graham chuckled. "I assured Roy," he said, "that he was fully attired. He was much relieved."

Ex-Catcher Sukey Calls Campy Best Take-Charge Guy

Clyde Has Seen None Better in N. L. Since 1926;
'Good Backstop Directs Play Much Like Quarterback'

By LES BIEDERMAN

PITTSBURGH, Pa.



Clyde Sukeforth

Clyde Sukeforth's blue eyes light up when he hears ball players and even fans talk of great catchers, because he knows that sooner or later the name of Roy Campanella must enter the discussion.

Sukey, who was a Dodger coach when Campanella broke in with Brooklyn and has observed Campy from the sidelines as a member of the Pirate coaching staff since 1952, concedes the Dodger backstop is the best he has seen in the last ten or 15 years.

Sukey looks at Campanella from a strictly professional viewpoint, because Sukey himself was a pretty good receiver in his playing days in the National League that extended from the 1926 campaign through 1934.

"Campy is just what every good team needs, a take-charge fellow behind the plate," Sukey says. "I don't remember a team ever winning a pennant without a topflight catcher, a take-charge fellow."

"What I mean by a take-charge fellow is a catcher who is alert, keen, with a good head, a fellow who calls the cut-off plays, a fellow who yells at the pitcher where to throw the ball when he picks up a bunt."

"I've seen so many pitchers grab a bunt, straighten up, turn to throw to one base, then throw to another. They lose the runner, but the real catcher directs the play much like a quarterback on a football team. The real catcher calls the play right away."

The catcher must be a man in whom the entire team, not only the pitcher, has the utmost confidence.

"So many times a catcher can go out to the mound and help a pitcher with a word and break the tension, relax the pitcher as we call it," Sukey adds.

"Many times you see a pitcher who's in trouble and he can't wait until he gets the ball. He's lost his poise. So the catcher goes out and settles him down. The pitcher may be upset by an umpire's call but the catcher quiets him."

'Must Know Temperament of Pitchers'

"The good catchers know the different temperaments of their pitchers. Some pitchers have confidence they can do a certain thing at a certain time. It may be against the law of averages, but they have confidence in their pitch and in that case perhaps you cater to their whims."

Sukey points out that the top teams in the majors today owe their lofty status to great catchers—the take-charge fellows. He singles out Yogi Berra of the Yankees, Jim Hegan of the Indians, Sherman Lollar of the White Sox and Sammy White, a comer with the Red Sox.

"The best example of what a great catcher means to a team can be found in the National League," he continued. "Last year the Dodgers lost Campanella and lost the pennant. The Giants had Wes Westrum, an under-rated receiver and a take-charge fellow without a lot of noise."

"This year Westrum was hurt and was sidelined much of the year. The Giant pitching staff wasn't the same. But Campanella was on deck all season and look at the Dodgers."

'Will Gamble in Tight Situation'

"I pick out Campanella because I was with him when he came to the Dodgers and I know what he can do. He isn't afraid to gamble in a tight situation. He's really a throw-back to the old days. He's as good a catcher as I've seen while I've been in the National League since 1926 and this takes in quite a bit of territory because I played when Gabby Hartnett and Jimmie Wilson were in their prime. I believe Campy's arm is about as deadly as I've ever seen on a catcher."

"Campy does everything well. And he wants to play ball. Catching double-headers is fun for him. He has his whole heart and soul in the game. I remember kidding him a year or so ago when he opened that liquor store in Harlem. I told him he'd make so much money he'd eventually buy the ball club and play only when he wanted to."

"Not me," Camp said. "I like to play too much. I'd play even if I had a million dollars."

"Campy understands Don Newcombe better than any other catcher and that's why they work so well together. That Campanella is a wonder in my book, he's the core of the Dodgers."

'Yogi Best Self-Made Catcher'

Although he hasn't seen a great deal of Berra, Sukeforth has high regard for the Yankee backstop.

"For a self-made catcher, Yogi is about the best I've seen," Sukey declares. "He was a bad catcher in the minors, when he was shifting from the outfield to catching, but he's come a long way. Bill Dickey made him what he is today, but Dickey had a fellow to work with who was exceptionally eager and quick to learn."

"Yogi is a fine defensive catcher and he's smarter than most people give him credit for being. He has great baseball instinct. He means as much to the Yankees as Campanella to the Dodgers and he's another one of those take-charge fellows."

"The pitchers listen to these great catchers, rely on their judgment. Show me a good ball club and I'll show you a great catcher, a take-charge fellow, behind the bat."

Parked Caddy Sign Campy's on Job

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Roy Campanella's automobile is a very gaudy "Eldorado" Cadillac, a special job made possible by Bud Holman, the Dodger director and head of the Cadillac agency in Vero Beach, Fla.

Asked why he had such an expensive and ornate car, Roy had a ready and practical answer.

"When I go to my liquor store in Harlem," he said, "that car is parked right in front of the store. When people see that car—and how can they miss it?—they know I'm in the store."

"That's when they come in and start buying. It's just good business. It ain't vanity."

Campanella May Be Second Negro Big League Regular

Rickey Promised Promotion to Dodgers 'By 1948' If He Made Good

By LLOYD MCGOWAN
MONTREAL, Que.

One day last season, Roy Campanella, Negro catcher of the Royals, received a letter from Branch Rickey. It cautioned Campanella to stay out of disputes on the diamond, play ball all the way, turn a deaf ear to any taunts or sarcasm from opposing players. "Keep up your present good work," the letter said, "and some day you will play with Brooklyn, possibly next season."

Well, this is "next year" in Brooklyn, as the headline shouted the day after the World's Series.

If any catcher from the International League moves up, it should be Campanella. In the league all-star poll, 31 of the 32 scribes selected him as the best backstop in the loop.

Paul Richards, the Buffalo manager who still is something of a catcher himself, once said that Campanella was the best catcher in baseball. It wasn't stated whether Richards included the majors in his wide sweep, but Paul left no doubt about his high regard for the Royals' overworked receiver.

So, it's readily conceivable that Campanella will be the second full-fledged Negro major leaguer.

If there is one thing that might keep him out of the big show, it is his tendency to put on avoirdupois. Roy came into Camp Royal at Havana last spring tipping the scales at 203 pounds. When the season closed for him, on the night the Royals were ousted from the playoffs by the Syracuse Chiefs, he weighed out at 178. Somewhere along the route, he had dropped 25 pounds.

One-Man Staff for Royals

Campanella was virtually a one-man catching staff with the Royals. He caught 137 of the club's 157 games. His only assistance came from Mike Sandlock.

The Royals had a sieve-like infield, which was further weakened by injuries, and Sandlock appeared more often as the third baseman than he did as a backstop.

Campanella is a man of muscle, almost too tightly put together. He is taut and tense, but he is agile and he didn't drop a foul fly that he could get his mitt on all season.

At the start it appeared Roy would hit International League pitching well above .300. He was one of the few players to drive a home run over the Royals' distant and lofty left field fence. Batting righthanded, he cuts hard at the ball and can give it a ride.

Late in the campaign, Campanella seemed to become jaded. His swing at the ball lacked its usual swoosh, and more often he pushed the ball into right field. As the season neared the finish, he became less of a threat at the plate, particularly with men on bases.

"The man's weary," the savants sighed. "He has caught too many games in the heat, too many double-headers. His timing is off."

There were a lot of double-headers in the International League last season. They piled up from the inclement spring weather. Campanella toiled through all of them, uncomplaining, playing steadily and proficiently.

A Shrinking Violet

Although he enjoyed great popularity with Montreal fandom—almost as much as Jackie Robinson in 1946—off the field, Roy was retiring. He didn't chin with the fans and laugh with them as Jackie did. Always he was polite and friendly. Usually, he went home and read the Bible.

Campanella lived here with a great football favorite amongst Montreal gridiron fans, Herb Trawyck, a colored tackle on Les Alouettes.

"Roy is very studious and quiet," Trawyck said. "He likes to read the Bible. He doesn't do it for any religious fear. He was brought up to enjoy the Bible."

Trawyck said that often Campanella remained at home nights alone, rather than go to an uptown restaurant for dinner. He pursued a rigid training routine, followed religiously an early-to-bed, early-to-rise schedule.

As for meeting the public, Roy seemed to have an interior reticence, although there were thousands of Montreal fans who would have welcomed the chance to meet and talk with the backstop.

Campanella was an intrepid catcher with the Royals. There wasn't a dug-out in the league that he didn't dive

Faces Big Chance



ROY CAMPANELLA Headed for Big Tent

Heavy Hitter From Start

MONTREAL, Que.—The career of Roy Campanella has been studded with long-distance blows since Montreal's Negro catcher of 1947 joined the Baltimore Elite Giants of the Negro National League as a 15-year-old. In 1942, his heavy hitting earned him the outstanding player award in the Negro All-Star game at Chicago. He ranked second in the Mexican League in 1943 with 12 homers and the same year pounded two four-masters in one inning of Puerto Rico competition. In 1945, he hammered 36 home runs in Negro League and barnstorming play.

into while chasing foul flies. It wasn't until the final game of the playoffs, however, that he suffered an injury in these misadventures that was serious enough to prevent him from remaining in a game.

With the Royals fighting against elimination in the playoffs, Campanella risked life and limb trying to retire Hank Sauer, who had been bad news for the Royals all through the series. In chasing a high foul, he plunged into the Royal dugout head first, just failing to make the catch.

It was five minutes before the catcher reappeared. He had wrenched his back and in the next inning he was replaced by Sandlock. The Royals lost the game, 2 to 1, and the series.

At no time during the season did

Campanella encounter racial difficulty. He is soft-spoken, always polite. Not unlike Jackie Robinson, he has a rather engaging personality.

Claude Corbitt, the Syracuse leadoff man, said that Campanella brought a touch of Emily Post into the pastime. Starting each game, Roy would usually greet Corbitt warmly on his first trip to the plate. "Good evening, Mr. Corbitt," Roy would say politely. "How are you tonight?"

"The first time," Corbitt said, "I was so stunned by this friendliness that I could barely tap the ball back to the pitcher."

Campanella is a good receiver. His arm is ample and accurate. He turned two of the best defensive plays on the Royal field last season. Twice he raced to first base to trap runners who had turned towards second after hitting singles into right field.

Although squat in stature, Campanella has plenty of bounce and speed, and is unusually active for a catcher. There has been talk of Brooklyn switching him to the outfield, but the less arduous employment might work to his disadvantage, due to increasing weight.

Campanella batted .281 in 134 games in the regular run of the schedule. His power at bat is shown in the records—13 home runs, three triples and 23 doubles.

Spotted by Charley Dressen

Son of a white Italian father and a Negro mother, Roy was 26 years old November 19. He was born in Philadelphia, and attended Simon Gratz High School.

Campanella was playing with the Baltimore Elite Giants in the Negro National League when Charley Dressen spotted him for the Dodgers. Roy also played two seasons with the Monterrey club in the Mexican League, where, he said, "The pay was real good." He participated in winter ball with Jackie Robinson in Venezuela, and has returned there as manager of a club under an arrangement whereby he selected his own players and receives a basic salary, plus a percentage of the gate receipts. With Nashua in the New England League in 1946, Campanella batted .290 and swatted 13 homers.

The Royals now have Catcher Cliff Dapper from Mobile of the Southern Association, and it is expected that Campanella will not be back. Dapper is a righthanded batter and the geometrics of the Montreal park make it almost essential that one of the club's backstops be a lefthanded hitter.

Nobody has yet come along to question that Bible Student Roy Campanella has all the requirements to play in the major leagues. Whether or not it is with the Brooklyn club is a matter for Deacon Branch Rickey to decide.

Iron Receiver



Roy Campanella

Box Office Bonanza Seen in Blackie-Spahn Duels

Pairing Would Offer Top Mound Features in N. L. Since Dizzy Dean-Hubbell Battles in Mid-Thirties

By TOM SWOPE

CINCINNATI, O.



Ewell Blackwell



Warren Spahn

Although Warren Spahn of the Braves and Ewell Blackwell of the Reds, the No. 1 and 2 National League hurlers of 1947 in effectiveness, each did considerable pitching against the other's club last season, they did not clash a single time.

And that gives Managers Johnny Neun of the Reds and Billy Southworth of the Braves an opportunity to stage what might very well be some of the prize hurl-

ing duels of 1948 by matching the tall and willowy Blackwell and his buggypole delivery against the shorter and equally willowy Spahn and his deceptive southpaw offerings next season.

It isn't necessary to stretch the imagination to anticipate that Blackwell-Spahn duels could take rank with the famous mound battles between Carl Hubbell and Dizzy Dean in the middle thirties, when Dizzy was the National League's No. 1 righthander and Hubbell was its top southpaw.

There has been no pairing of pitching greats in the old league in recent years to compare with the battles Dizzy and Hub staged in their heydays, except for the Mort Cooper-Whit Wyatt series, but contests to take rank with the Dean-Hubbell duels seem to be in the making if Neun and Southworth elect to pitch Blackwell and Spahn against one another next season.

Blackwell made seven starts against the Braves last season, winning four and losing three, while Spahn started against the Reds five times, winning each of his first three by a shutout in Boston, then losing the other two, both pitched in Cincinnati, though hurling a brilliant game in each.

Joe Beggs, Ed Ewart and Johnny Vander Meer were Spahn's hurling opponents as he pitched his shutouts over the Reds. Red Lively and

Vandy in Santa Claus Role for Kids

CINCINNATI, O.—There were times last season when opposing batsmen thought Southpaw Johnny Vander Meer of the Reds was Santa Claus.

They didn't happen very often, but when the Cards nicked him for six runs in the eighth inning, June 29, and the Cubs banged him for seven in the fourth frame, September 23, Mr. Double No-Hit certainly took on the appearance of old St. Nick to his opponents. But Santa really doesn't play in the summer-time.

On December 25, a flock of Cincinnati children joined in believing Vandy was Santa. He stuffed a pillow under his shirt Christmas day, donned a red Santa suit and a white beard and visited more than 20 suburban Cincinnati homes, inquiring of the youngsters if they were satisfied with their Christmas gifts and admonishing them to be good so that they could look to Santa for more presents next Christmas.

Vandy and his family are wintering in Cincinnati. He is one of the few local nimrods who reports he has enjoyed good hunting without going very far from Cincinnati's city limits.

Kent Peterson collaborated to beat him, 3 to 2, in 12 innings, the first time he pitched in Cincinnati, and in his next start here Bucky Walters decisioned him, 2 to 0.

Blackwell twice drew John Sain and twice duelled with Red Barrett, each no mean opponent, in four of his seven 1947 starts against the Braves, breaking even with each.

Ed Wright was Boston's starting pitcher the night Blackie pitched his no-hit game against the Braves. Blackie also was a winner over Morton Cooper once and came a cropper with arm trouble when opposed by Clyde Shoun in a game Boston won, 8 to 0.

There now is every reason to believe that Blackwell and Spahn will be two of the league's pitching greats the coming season, and, if so, it would be good box office for their managers to match them a few times. Duels between these pitching greats certainly would add color to the pennant race.

Blackie Usually Faced Best on Other Clubs

Because Blackwell was liberally supported at bat by the Reds in numerous games last year, many persons gathered the idea that he was lucky, rather than good. His six shutouts, his no-hit game and the seven complete games he pitched in each of which he limited his opponents to one run failed to shake this belief.

The idea also spread that opposing managers practically conceded defeat when Blackie strode to Cincinnati's mound and didn't send their more capable hurlers out to oppose him, in some cases drawing "cry baby" criticism.

There were times when this was true, at least second-string pitchers opposed him in a few games. But Blackie matched his deception against the best the other clubs had to offer often enough to make him one of the most authentic pitching kings to grace the Ford Frick circuit in a decade or more.

Kirby Higbe started against Blackie three times for Pittsburgh, Sain and Barrett twice each, as did Joe Hatten of the Dodgers, the No. 4 flinger of the league in effectiveness. Dave Koslo of the Giants opposed Blackwell twice, as did Paul Erickson of the Cubs and Edson Bahr of the Pirates.

Among those who were given one shot each at tall Blackie were Cooper, Ralph Branca, Dutch Leonard, Larry Jansen, Harry Brecheen, Red Munger, Ken Heintzelman, John Schmitz and Howie Pollet, whom Blackwell decisioned on opening day when Pollet was regarded as the No. 1 St. Louis pitcher.

While pitching 16 straight victories, Blackwell took on Bill Lee, Hatten, Cooper, Bahr, Jansen, Ken Raffensberger, Branca, Koslo, Wright, Hatten again, Brecheen, Erickson, Preacher Roe, Sain, Al Jurisich, Koslo again and Heintzelman in that order. He retired from his game with Jansen with the score 3 to 3, because of a lame pitching elbow, the Reds winning for Blackie's roommate, Harry Gumbert.

Blackwell met the best available opponent often enough, while leading the majors in victories last season, to deserve the success he achieved. But he didn't match pitches with Spahn a single time and so the fans of Cincinnati and Boston seemingly have that treat coming to them in the forthcoming season.

Campanella Not Antique But Modernizer

Set Club Homer Mark for Catchers Last Season

Age Is 29,
After Start
as Pro at 15

Recalls That Parents Got
\$25 for Permitting Him
to Make Week-End Tour

By JOE KING
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Roy Campanella, the Dodgers' catching star, kept hitting to the fences last season in the 126 games in which he worked and connected for 31 home runs. In '49 he had a total of 22 circuit clouts. As a result of his two big years, he joined Walker Cooper and Gabby Hartnett among the elite National League receivers who have hit 20 or more homers in more than one season. For a dash of distinction, Roy is the first to hit 20 in successive years.

But the rubbery-looking, wrestler-like, five-foot-eight, 200-pound packet of atomic agility seems to get his big kick chuckling out denials that he is 30, 40 or 50. He is a youthful, bouncy 29, and no kidding about that, he says.

But it is no kidding, either, that when Roy was 23 he was deemed to be older than he is now, and that the "aged" tag slapped on him while in the colored leagues might have forestalled his chance in the majors, and his whack at the records.

Back in 1945, Campanella's talents were no secret. After long service with top quality colored clubs, and a term in the peso league of Senor Jorge Pasquel, Roy was back in the States with a touring All-Star Negro squad. He was recognized as the premier catcher of his race, at a time when Branch Rickey and others were on the prowl in the colored circuit.

How he hooked on is Clyde Sukeforth's story. The present Dodger coach was one of the master minds at the organizational meeting when Campanella was first discussed in 1945.

"Our general opinion, from what we had learned," Suke recalled, "was that Campanella was too old. But Mr. Rickey said, 'Before we decide, let's hear what Charleston has to say.'"

A Dodger Since '48

"That was Oscar Charleston, one of the great colored hitters whom Mr. Rickey had hired because Charleston could get in clubhouses and find out facts in the colored leagues. Charleston told us: 'That boy's not too old; he started early.'"

Campanella thereupon was put through the mill. . . . Class B at Nashua in '46. Triple-A at Montreal in '47. Brooklyn for a look in '48, and then to St. Paul while Leo Durocher screamed for him, and finally got him just before The Lip went to the Giants. Since then Roy has been a Dodger.

Sukeforth says: "He always had the catching equipment. I don't think he can do anything now he couldn't do then. The main difference is in his hitting. He has learned to wait for his pitch to hit, instead of going for anything."

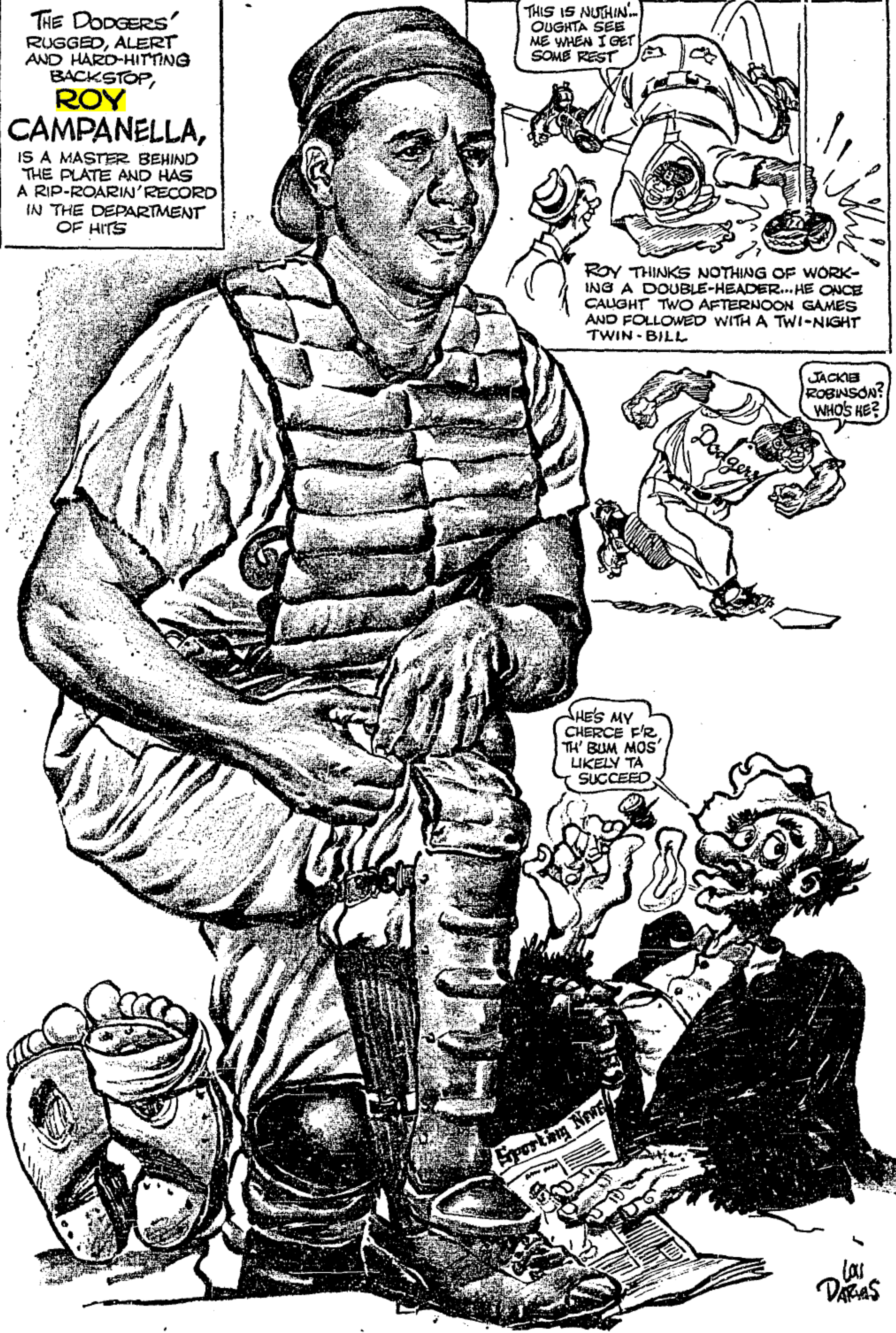
Campanella explains his "antiquity" by pointing out he was first hired by pros when he was 15, after two years with neighborhood teams in Philadelphia. "The Bacharach Giants paid my parents \$25 to let me play on a week-end tour in Hartford and Torrington, Conn., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and Beach

Training Boys Is Good Training, Says Busy Roy

BROOKLYN, N. Y. — Trains and training keep Roy Campanella moving around with his favorite people — kids. At home in St. Albans, Long Island, his hobby is an elaborate set-up of O Gauge electric trains, which his oldest boy is permitted to operate at times. In the winter he works out by fooling around with the kids at the Y. and officiating their basketball games. "If you don't think kids are good training, try them," he says.

'He'll Do,' Says All Brooklyn

THE DODGERS' RUGGED, ALERT AND HARD-HITTING BACKSTOP, ROY CAMPANELLA, IS A MASTER BEHIND THE PLATE AND HAS A RIP-ROARIN' RECORD IN THE DEPARTMENT OF HITS



Haven, N. J. The next year, when I was 16, I was with the Baltimore Elite Giants."

It was at Baltimore that Campy acquired his catching style, which is generally admired. As a boy he had paid his way into the Shibe Park bleachers to regale himself with the feats of Mickey Cochrane and Bill Dickey.

"At Baltimore," Roy recalls, "I worked under a very good colored catcher, Bizzy Mackey. He always emphasized to me that I should learn my own way of catching, and then pick up pointers from others. What happened was I followed Mackey's style as much as I could."

Whatever the style, it will do. Burt Shotton said of the catcher: "He is one of the great catchers to come into baseball. He is a great catcher, a great hitter, a great thrower, and a 100 per cent team man."

Team man fits Roy. When the perennial rumors of dissension which folks dream up about the Dodgers were ballooning last spring, a Boston writer asked Campanella to discuss the situation.

"Dissension?" he replied. "I dunno. Maybe we have no pitchers, but what we have got is harmony."

Campy suits the action to the word — harmony. He can be a clown or a gadfly, as the circumstances demand, to give tone to team temperament. He

Slimmed-Down Campanella Intends to Catch 'Em All

BROOKLYN, N. Y. — A slimmed-down Roy Campanella, who lost 14 pounds to achieve his lowest weight in four years, at 200, through Manager Chuck Dressen's "boiled egg and rabbit food" diet, figures he is fit enough to catch 'em all this year. Campy makes the reserve catcher at Brooklyn always seem on the verge of unemployment, and that's a reason the Flock was glad to see Bruce Edwards get a break, in his switch to Chicago.

is seldom idle or silent on the field or in the locker room.

In fact, he is the personification of the old-time theory that regulars should play 154 games for 154-game pay. He appeared in all but 28 of the 154 last season.

"If you had my family to support," he quips, "you would have to work hard, too."

Campanella has quite a family to support—his wife, the former Ruthie Willis of New York; two daughters Joyce, 10, and Beverly, 9, and three boys, David, 7; Roy, Jr., 2, and a new-comer who arrived last August 18. However, Campanella grew up on

hard work. He doesn't know any other way.

"It's just a question of getting used to it," he explains, "and I have caught winter and summer over eight years in a row. In the colored leagues a player who didn't play didn't get paid. There were no averages to go by. What paid off was being in the lineup. A fellow who was around all the time got the notice."

Roy began with Baltimore at \$60 a month, and received \$3,000 peak pay as a colored league player. He thinks nothing of working a double-header, and once caught two afternoon games and followed with a twi-night double-header.

Campanella is hardly a critic of catching, because his talents came naturally.

Asked how he had improved his technique since coming into Organized Ball, he pondered a minute, and then replied that Walter Alston, manager at Nashua, and Sukeforth taught him how to cock behind the ear for the throw to second, instead of bringing his arm far back.

The most difficult play for a catcher? Campanella shoots that one back at a questioner, because it is the one which requires the most practice.

"Take men on first and third with

Roy Is Also an Iron Man Behind Plate

Agrees With Old Pro Idea
That Regulars Should
Play 154 Games a Season

the steal sign on," he opens. "The trick is to feint the man back to third and still throw out the man going to second. The timing for that one takes a long time to work out. Of course, if the man on third doesn't stop and go back, you got him. But you got to make up your mind on him in a second, because if you hold that fake throw just an instant too long, they get a base on you for nothing at second."

Campanella is a master of this play, as he is of any attempt to run against his arm. His comments on stealing are interesting.

"The fellows don't run so much on me because they know I will throw," he says. "I will throw because I always think a runner is going to go. No matter who he is, I always remind myself, 'This man might go.' If you are not thinking that way, there are going to be lots of times when you don't see them breaking until they are half way down."

Vigilant With Pitchers, Too

His handling of pitchers is marked by the identical vigilance. And knowledge of hitters. You will seldom see a pitcher shake him off. "I got to know what all the hitters hit," he says. "I don't keep the books or cards like some, but what guys hit is within me all the time."

Ralph Branca comments: "He never forgets a bad habit a pitcher has, and never stops checking it. At the beginning of last year he reminded me on almost every pitch about the balk stop, and he does it from time to time even now. He is an excellent caller, and will take the breaking stuff as often as he thinks wise from our fast-ball staff. Personally, I won't shake him off more than two-three times a game, and that generally holds for the others. I would say Roy keeps a pitcher alert with his constant chatter. With a man on base, he has always a word or two to remind the pitcher what kind of lead the runner likes, and he is constantly pounding out the advice that the pitcher has to make the hitter hit. You might say he hates the base on balls, too."

So much for Campanella's catching technique, which is at the top of the list. But as style and finesse are not headings in the record book, Campy may be longest remembered for his hitting feats.

Babe Phelps was the only other Flock catcher to reach double figures in homers, at 13. Campanella, who socked 22 in 1949, was just one shy of Gil Hodges of the Dodgers, who had 32 in 1950. However, both passed the Brooklyn righty record of 23 set by Hack Wilson and equalled by Hodges in '49. Cooper wallowed 35 one year, 20 another. Hartnett made 22, 24 and 37, which is the top for a National League catcher.

Campanella, a 14-year baseball "veteran," at 29, still has several good years ahead of him and he has a strong chance to top a lot of star performers in The Book.

Reese: 'He's Good Even When He Isn't Perfect'

BROOKLYN, N. Y. — Only trouble with Roy Campanella as a catcher, according to Pee Wee Reese, is that he may be too good. The Dodger captain sums up Roy's throwing to second: "He gets rid of the ball awful fast, with real good stuff. In fact, if he has a fault, he tries to make the throw too good. With an arm like his, if he puts the ball anywhere near the bag, he has his man. He is so good he doesn't have to be perfect."

Honors Still Being Heaped on Campy's Big Shoulders

New York Scribes Choose
Brooklyn Backstop for
Player of Year Trophy

By ROSCOE MCGOWEN
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Honors continue to shower down upon the sturdy shoulders of **Roy Campanella**, the Dodgers' great catcher—and no pair of shoulders could bear them more happily.

The latest award to Campy came with the announcement by the New York Chapter, Baseball Writers' Association of America, that **Roy** is their unanimous selection as Player of the Year. A handsome plaque, designated as the Sid Mercer Memorial Award, will be presented to **Campanella** at the thirty-first annual dinner of the chapter, to be held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, January 31.

The previous winner of this award also is a Dodger—Pee Wee Reese, Brooklyn shortstop and captain.

Campy wasn't exactly overcome when told of his selection, but his normally soft voice was ever softer when he spoke.

"I'm really happy about this," he said, then stopped. But no doubt he'll recover his normal grace of expression when he gets to his feet the night of the dinner to respond to the presentation remarks made by Benny Epstein, the New York chapter's vice-chairman.

Won Earlier Awards

First among the honors accorded **Campanella** for his great 1953 season was THE SPORTING NEWS Award as National League Player of the Year, announced in the September 30 issue.

Next the Round Man was named the National League's Most Valuable Player, 17 of the 24 men on the baseball writers' committee giving him their first-place votes. Five seconds, one third and one fifth place ballot gave **Roy** the top total of 297 points.

He won the MVP award in 1951 with a total of 243 points.

Only three other National League players have won this honor more than once—Rogers Hornsby in 1925 and 1929, Carl Hubbell in 1933 and 1936, and Stan Musial. The Man stands alone as a three-time winner, 1943, 1946 and 1948.

Another high honor for **Campanella** came through THE SPORTING NEWS, which announced the results of a poll for the major league All-Star Team in the December 23 issue.

Campy was a "shoo-in" as the All-Star catcher, his name appearing on 208 of the 217 ballots cast, which was just 200 more than his closest competitor, Yogi Berra of the world champion Yankees, who received eight votes.

Topped Catchers' Marks

The base statistics on Campy's 1953 performance, which are impressive enough, scarcely need repeating. Every baseball follower must know by now that **Roy** topped all previous records held by catchers, most important of which were his 41 home runs, beating Gabby Hartnett's mark of 37, and his 142 runs batted in, which topped Bill Dickey's record of 133.

Campy's 807 putouts, which broke the 1905 record of Ossie Schreckengost (785), were important only in emphasizing the durability of the Round Man and his eagerness (not merely willingness) to catch every inning of every game. **Roy** didn't do that, but he never sat on the bench willingly and

Happy Warrior



Roy Campanella

Boosts for Reese, Snider, First Dodgers to Ink Pacts

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The first two players to agree to terms with Buzzie Bavasi, Dodger vice-president, represent approximately \$64,000 of the Brooklyn player payroll. They are Pee Wee Reese, captain and shortstop, and Edwin (Duke) Snider, ace center fielder.

Reese agreed to about \$34,000 in a phone conversation with Bavasi from his Louisville, (Ky.) home and the next day Snider's signing was announced for an estimated \$30,000—about a \$2,000 boost for Snider and \$1,000 for Reese.

In common with most of the 1953 Dodgers, each had one of his better seasons, especially Snider, who batted .336, led the league in slugging percentage with .627, was second to Eddie Mathews in home runs with 42 and set a new Dodger record for homers at Ebbets Field with 23.

Duke smacked 15 homers in August, one under the Ralph Kiner one-month record, and also had a 27-game hitting streak, from August 19 to September 14, during which he hit at a .450 clip. Snider hit homers in every park and at least four against every other club.

He was 28 last September 19. Reese will be 35 on July 23. MCGOWEN.

seized every opportunity to get into any game in which he wasn't the starting catcher.

There are some other figures, however, not previously published, which stress even more than the over-all statistics his transcendent value to the Dodgers. They show what he did against some of the better clubs.

Against the Cardinals **Roy** hit .385, with six homers and 29 runs batted in. He hit .354 against the Phillies, with eight homers and 28 RBIs. His average against the Giants dropped a bit—.341—but he smacked ten homers and drove in 28 runs.

His average against the runner-up Milwaukee Braves is not immediately available, but what he did against them must have impressed Manager Charlie Grimm, who said of **Campanella**:

"He is the key man on that club. He's their No. 1 man on offense and defense. You can't get any better than that."

On last November 19 Campy reached his thirty-second birthday. (That actually is his age, although there are persons here and there who still will insist he must be older.)

Seventh Dodger Season

This year he will be starting his seventh season (sixth complete) with a team which has won three pennants and barely missed two more with him behind the plate—and the one the Brooks missed in that 1951 playoff with the Giants probably wouldn't have been missed had **Roy** not suffered a leg injury that made it impossible for him to run.

He has been, without question, the No. 1 catcher for the Dodgers—and in the league, for that matter—since he was brought back to Brooklyn from St. Paul in the midst of the 1948 season. He was in 83 games for them in that first year and batted only .258—but he belted nine homers and drove in 45 runs.

So, in five campaigns and a little more than half of a sixth, Campy has hit 158 home runs, driven in 563 runs and has compiled a six-year batting average of .289. There have been better batting marks, but there certainly have been few catchers—not to mention other players—who can match that homer and RBI record.

When one adds to that great offensive

Roy Plans Hot Springs Visit;
Says He'll Report 'Light
as a Feather' in Florida

record his over-all excellence as a catcher—his skill in digging balls out of the dirt and still throwing out would-be base-stealers, the numerous pitches that otherwise would have been wild pitches or passed balls, his handling of pitchers, both mechanically and psychologically, his really good base-running despite his apparent bulk—there should be no wonder that he so often has been picked as the best.

It might be too much to expect that Campy could come close to duplicating his 1953 season, but it is not too much to expect that he will be trying with every ounce of his durable body to do so.

He has that effort in mind now and is doing everything to keep himself in shape to make such an effort. Unlike some other years, when he was a bit careless about picking up weight during the off-season, **Roy** is watching his poundage closely.

Checks Weight Daily

"I've got a pair of them doctors' scales," he said the other day. "Not those little platform things, but a real pair of scales. I got 'em in the bathroom where I can get on 'em every day and check my weight to see whether I've gained or lost even an ounce. 'I weigh just 210 right now,'" he added. "I'm going to Hot Springs about the second week in February—we don't report at Vero Beach until the twenty-third—and when I get to Vero I'll be light as a feather."

A slight exaggeration—unless **Roy** is talking about the feathers on a bronze statue of an eagle—but it indicates the catcher's determination to be ready for baseball business at the earliest possible moment.

This big, pleasant man with the unique skills has been quoted before now about how much he likes to play baseball, but it bears repeating, merely to emphasize how sincerely he means it when he declares:

"I love to play ball."

Long ago the late F.D.R. gave an old phrase undying fame when he designated the late Al Smith as "the Happy Warrior."

If we may move from politics to baseball—and why can't we?—there is no player in the game to which that same designation can be more aptly applied than **Roy Campanella**.

A Happy Warrior, indeed—and even his opponents are only temporarily unhappy about his prowess in baseball battle.

They know—the best of them—that **Roy** "comes to play" and for that he wins their admiration.

Dodgers Call Off Amateur Camp When Only 11 Apply

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Walter O'Malley, president of the Dodgers, has discovered with chagrin that an attempt to give something for practically nothing is a thankless undertaking.

He received only 11 applications to attend his proposed camp for amateur baseball leaders, which had been scheduled to run at Vero Beach, Fla., from February 13 through February 22, with such professional instructors as Manager Walt Alston, Pee Wee Reese, Carl Erskine and Umpire Larry Goetz.

"We had expected 350 recognized amateur leaders," wrote O'Malley, in announcing cancellation of the camp.

"I am convinced that the idea of the camp is still an excellent one, but I cannot for the life of me understand why we have not had a better response. . . . People had a chance to go to Florida during the height of the winter season at ridiculously low rates, because this was not to have been a profit-making activity. It puzzles me and I am greatly disappointed."

O'Malley was especially puzzled because of the great amount of favorable publicity the proposed venture had received in many publications, on radio and television.

He rated THE SPORTING NEWS story about the camp as one of the better mediums for reaching the people he felt would be most interested in the camp.

MCGOWEN.

What's In a Name? Yank Means to Win, Bum Signifies Loser

Woman Fan Blames Writers for Brooklyn's Plight
In World's Series, But O'Malley Is Against Change

By JOE WILLIAMS
Of the New York World-Telegram & Sun
NEW YORK, N. Y.

It wasn't Charley Dressen's fault that the Brooklyn lost the World's Series, after all. Nor the mitt Carl Furillo busted trying to give the Durocher chin a knuckle shave. And don't blame it on lack of pitching depth, either. Step up and tell the truth. It was the sports writers.

Who says so? Rebecca A. Brady, 714 E. Fifth street, Brooklyn, says so, that's who. . . . "In my opinion, you sports writers are to a great extent responsible," the lady writes. "For years you have been using the derogatory term, 'The Bums,' in poisonous contrast to the inspiring 'The Bombers' for the Yankees."

"I don't know and care less where the insulting nickname originated. I find it boring and degrading. It should be stopped."

"In this age when we all know something about psychology, we should



ARTIST WILLARD MULLIN of the New York World-Telegram & Sun and his famous cartoon creation, the Brooklyn Bum.

realize people respond to the name they are called. If you have children you would not call them 'Bums' if you expected them to amount to anything.

"Sports writers should set an example of fair play. Therefore, if you still think 'The Bums' is a good name to call these fine young men, then give the Yankees a similar nickname, 'The Tramps.'"

Every once in a while a protest of this nature arrives in the mail, but this is the first time it has been used to explain the Brooklyn's endless futility against the Yankees in the World's Series. Wondering how Walter O'Malley, president of the club, felt about the matter, I solicited his views.

Dodgers Symbol of Underdog—So Is Bum

"Although your correspondent professes not to be interested in the origin of the term," O'Malley answered by return mail, "for historical purposes it should be noted 'The Bums' is a brain child of your Willard Mullin and is, to my mind, a wonderful little creature indeed."

"The Dodgers, you know, are not just a baseball team. They mean something to people who have never seen a game. The Dodgers are the symbol of the underdog, and well—so is the Bum."

"A few years ago a movement was started in certain Brooklyn circles to transpose The Bums into 'The Ferocious Gentlemen.' I am most happy to state this pompous attempt at affection was utterly unsuccessful. It is too simple to explain to the outsider, but the exhortation, 'Come on, you Bums' is not approbrium. Rather, it is an endearment."

"Something of this quality is mirrored in the face of Mullin's character. There are signs of pain and turmoil in his features; on occasion, unhappily, bruises and contusions, and, of course, he is in tatters; but always in his eyes is a look of bold defiance and proud resolution. At the same time he is not without guile and often these noble aspects are masked by a sly twinkle."

"No, I cannot lend myself to any squeamish campaign which has as its objective the demise of The Bum. So far as we in Brooklyn are concerned the lovable little fellow is here to stay. Besides, most of us take ourselves too seriously. It's good for our souls to be lampooned now and then. And one of these days The Bum will have the laugh on everybody. Next October, I'd say, when we finally beat the Yankees."

Unlike Dressen, Bum Has Contract for Life

Well, this would seem to make it official. If the president of the ball club stands up for The Bum it's going to be difficult for anybody else to knock him down. And manifestly he doesn't blame The Bum for what happens every time the Brooklyn and the Yankees meet. Significantly, it was the manager, not The Bum, who took a train west.

And you will note O'Malley indicates The Bum has a contract for life. This implies a position of pre-eminence without contemporary parallel; for no other individual in the Brooklyn organization, from top executive to bull pen catcher, has a contract that calls for more than one year.

To be sure, The Bum does enjoy certain advantages which set him apart. One look at his unkempt beard and disreputable clothes is enough to suggest he is not exactly the highest paid man on O'Malley's salary list. And apparently the only time he ever eats is when Mullin feeds him.

It may be, too, that The Bum owes his unique security to the fact that he has no wife. Anyway, there's no record she ever wrote O'Malley a letter telling him off, as Mrs. Dressen did. Otherwise he'd be heading west, too. With Mullin following. For what would our man do for ideas without The Bum?