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## COMISKEY'S LONG REIGN CONTINUED

THE NAME of Comiskey, associated with the White Sox since their organization in 1900, will continue at the head of the Chicago American League club's roster of officers. This was assured by the action taken last week by Mrs. Grace R. Comiskey, who became president and also gained the distinction of being the second woman in the history of the late Louis Comiskey's death and the present, the office of president was unfilled, hence there was no break in the continuity of a Comiskey heading the club, although a bank, serving as trustee, acted as administrator, with the organization being directed by Harry Grabiner, long associated with the Comiskies.

The Comiskey name has been connected with the White Sox for 40 years—longer than any other family has been identified with a club in the majors—and it is fitting that the widow of the founder's son should carry on until Charles A. Comiskey II becomes old enough to succeed to the presidency and make the line much longer.

Only one other family approaches the record of the Comiskies—the Shibes, who directed the Philadelphia Athletics from 1901 to 1936, a period of 36 years. In four families, a son has succeeded the father as head of a club—the Comiskies, Shibes, Stonehams and Wrigleys—while the Shibes are the second which have seen a brother follow a brother as head of the club, the first being Frank de Haes Robinson, 1899-1906, and M. Stanley Robinson, 1907-10, at St. Louis.

In most cases, the long tenure of one name as president of a major league club has been maintained by a single individual. Mrs. Schuyler P. Britton of St. Louis, a niece of the Robinsons, is the only other woman who followed her husband as president. Mrs. Barney Dreyfuss did not take active control following the death of the president of the Pittsburgh club, becoming chairman of the board, while the son-in-law, William E. Benswanger, was named head of the club.

As Mrs. Comiskey assures the continuation of the family name in association with the White Sox for a long period, as it already holds the lead of 40 years, with Charles A. Comiskey reigning from 1900 to 1930 and J. Louis Comiskey from 1931 to 1939, it is doubtful if the dynasty ever will be surpassed—certainly not for years to come.

Nine other clubs, besides the White Sox, have been identified with the same family for 20 years or more in the majors. Next to the Shibes, in order of their length of service, the list follows: Barney Dreyfuss, Pittsburgh, 1900-1931; Arthur H. Soden, Boston Nationals, 1877-1906; Alfred J. Reach, Philadelphia Nationals, 1883-1902; Frank Navin, Detroit, 1908-1935; August Heintzmann, Cincinnati, 1903-1927; Jacob Ruppert, New York Yankees, 1915-1938; Clark Griffith, Washington, 1920-1940; and Samuel Breadon, St. Louis Cardinals, 1920-40.

Thus, 11 of the 16 clubs have been headed by one or more individuals of one family for two decades or longer, showing the stability of major league ball. Mrs. Comiskey is stepping into distinguished company and is maintaining for her son a family tradition, of which both she and he may well be proud.

## FLORIDA BLOSSOMS A NEW TERRY

UNDER the hot sun of Miami, in a salubrious Florida, close to the benign, warming influence of the Gulf stream, a new Bill Terry has blossomed. Those who write about the Giants or New York newspapers report a startling transmigration, an amazing reformation. Like the caterpillar, Bill draped himself in his cocoon after the 1940 season, and like the vari-colored butterfly, he emerged from the chrysalis, an astounding sight.

The first indication that the new Terry had blossomed came early in the training season at Miami. Memphis Bill was affable to the newspapermen—not only to those from New York, but to the local scribes, as well. He was genial, informative, solicitous. "Do you like the hotel? Is there anything you can do for you? Is there anything you would like to know?" Such were the queries directed by Col. Bill to the surprised writers. Every day he holds a press conference. He is patient with any who ask foolish questions, and quick to reply to those who have intelligent queries. One afternoon, it is said the scribes were almost stricken dumb. They saw Terry walk off the field with his arm around the neck of a lad of 12, who had asked for and obtained Bill's autograph. The pilot of the Giants already had posed for amateur camera fiends, and even talked to the fans, residents and tourists, who assembled to watch the Giants work out.

This is the same Terry who once was quoted as having said he had no time to do newspaper reports, the opinions of \$50-a-week newspapermen; who had aroused the ire of writers from coast to coast on occasion had alienated old friends among the New York reporters; and, in general, had displayed a chilly attitude around the National League.

Upon what food hath this, our Caesar, fed, that he hath grown so different? Those seeking for the reasons, hint that a manager getting \$42,500 a year, with a contract running out in 1942, and two second-division finishes behind him, believes it is only sensible to be friendly. No matter what they have said about Terry, critics never have been able to fasten on him the tag of fool.

Terry came home in fifth place in 1939, after he had announced that he had the best club he yet had managed. In 1940, he dropped into sixth position.

Aroused over a drop in attendance figures, and a loss of patronage of Giant fans, it is said Horace Stoneham last summer went to work on Terry, in an effort to induce him to be more affable.

Perhaps the Stoneham campaign is the reason. Perhaps Terry saw the necessity of a new psychology. Perhaps nature had run its course with the Old Bill, and the new one is just a consequence of the physiological axiom that a man changes completely every seven years. In any event, Terry is to be felicitated on his transmigration with the hope he will stay transmuted.

## DANCING, BUT NOT PAYING THE FIDDLER

SEVERAL American League owners are said to be bewailing the fact they let Babe Dahlgren and Monte Pearson slip through their fingers because they didn't think the New York Yankees actually were serious when they asked waivers on the two, along with a group of other players, with even Joe DiMaggio, it is said, included on one list for dressing-up purposes. Nobody is likely to pay much attention to their howls, for they have a simple remedy at hand and one which has been available for years, though they have refused to take advantage of it. The remedy is to let all the clubs claim the players on waivers must pass into the possession of the claiming clubs.

Regardless of whether Joe DiMaggio's name was on a waiver list sent out by the Yankees, there is no doubt it included many names the New York club did not intend to erase from the roster. The Yankee organization is not the only one in the majors which indulges in the practice for various reasons. If there was a rule compelling the surrender of the contracts of claimed players, it is dollars to doughnuts the waiver lists would shrink appreciably and they would certainly not contain any Joe DiMaggios or Babe Dahlgrens.

Waivers are required for veteran players sent to another major league club or for drafted men shipped to the minors. The ostensible purpose of the rule is to give other clubs, which desire the players or seek to build up, an opportunity to claim those on whom waivers are asked. However, if the club holding the contract of the player doesn't want to lose possession of him, even in the minors, it withdraws the waiver request and the claimer cannot obtain him.

Outside the ranks of the game, the arrangement is a target for attack, as silly. And when proponents of the practice begin to drift off their contortions do not make any more sense than the waiver rule itself.

Illustrating the present operation of the rule, is the statement attributed to Clark Griffith: "Nearly all the major league clubs are putting out waiver lists of 40 and 50 players so they can get waivers on particular players and at the same time camouflage what they are up to. I would have grabbed Pearson or Dahlgren in a moment, but seeing them on that list with DiMaggio and all the rest, I passed them up and tried to figure out just who the Yankees were trying to get rid of and make my claims accordingly."

The Old Fox then added this very pertinent observation: "What the American League must do sooner or later is to go back to the old rule that once you offer a waiver list, anybody can claim any player on it and get him. He might have added the National League to the American, along with a belief that an interpretation to that effect by Commissioner Landis would be desirable, if neither circuit acts."

## LANDIS MEETS CLUBS HALF WAY

COMMISSIONER K. M. LANDIS demonstrated that he is not unyielding, if the opportunity is able to make a case, when he presented his bulletin of January 21, so far as it required waivers on draft eligibles brought up before the selection period, if they were sent back to the minors. Convinced that the ruling worked a hardship on certain clubs, and, in effect, amounted to retroactive legislation, the commissioner proved his ability to admit he might have made a mistake and modified his edict, although he had the power to enforce it, if he saw fit.

Landis, however, clings tenaciously to the principles he outlined at the time and rightly enough, insists the rights of players should be respected and that legislation should be enacted in the next annual meetings of the major and minor leagues toward that end in this and other cases.

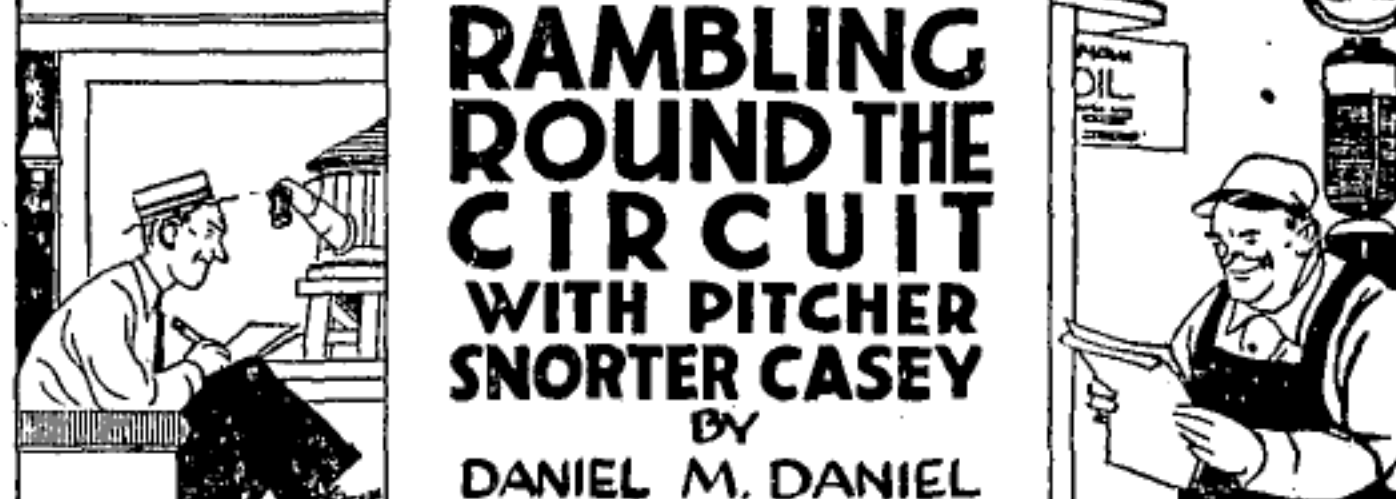
Such legislation is the logical way to handle the matter and, in respect to the views of the commissioner, ought to be incorporated in some form in the major-minor agreement to be considered by a joint committee of the major and minor leagues at St. Petersburg, March 10. Landis asks this in the interest of players and the general welfare of the game.

Undoubtedly, a few clubs will find their monopoly on talent hampered, but whatever may be for the best interests of the sport must prevail. The situation calls for a plan that will work the least hardship and bring the greatest benefits, not only to the players, but to the majority of clubs, as well.

## CHANGE OF PACE FOR SWEENEY



BILL SWEENEY, manager of the Hollywood Pacific Coast League Stars, has such a knack with youngsters on the diamond that Mrs. Sweeney decided to put him into training in the diaper league, too, this spring. So, when Dennis (Mike) Sweeney, ten months old, needed attention on a recent visit to the Stars' training field at Elsinore, Cal., Bill, a first baseman, found himself covering a new position. The problem offered some difficulties at first, but Bill quickly pinned them down.



"We Wuz Robbed," Grumbles Griff

ORLANDO, Fla., March 10.—Dear Hank—I could very easily label this note from Squawk, Fla. Because the air around here is loaded with hollers from Clark Griffith, which is the Old Fox. Griff says that in calling Babe Dahlgren to the Boston Bees, which is in the National League, the Yankees is guilty on several charges, to-wit: 1, Skulduggery; 2, Getting waivers on false pretenses; 3, Arson; 4, Habeas corpus; 5, Plain dirty work.

From what I get here, Griff, which is the Old Fox, and Bucky Harris, which is Fox, Jr., is not going around cheering their heads off for George Porgie, Archie, the new Washington first baseman from Seattle. George Porgie gets the Most Valuable Player shaving mug in the Pacific Coast League, over Louie the Daffy Russian Novikoff of the Cubs, which starts a lotta guys wondering if this Mad Russian is the real stuff, or another one of them Hollywood press yarns. After taking a long gander at Archie, it is reported, Griff says to Bucky, "This guy ain't only singles, and he hasn't the power, and howinell do we ever waive on Dahlgren, which his occasional homers and is the fanciest first sacker since the palmy days of Harold Prince Hal Chase, which I manage in New York."

Harris gives Griff a funny look, on account, if the absolute truth be told, Bucky also wonders how the Old Fox lets Dahlgren sneak outta the American League, which has a few first sackers which are not able to carry Babe's glove.

Barrow Outthinks Griff  
 W. L. Griffith issues a holler, and the next thing you know, it gets to Ed Barrow, and he sends a telegram to the Old Fox, and a copy to the N. Y. scribes at St. Pete. Barrow says, "Washington waives on Dahlgren November 18. It waives on Dahlgren, January 27. All clubs in National and American leagues waive on Dahlgren before he is sold to the Bees, and Washington has no right to be making any nasty cracks at the N. Y. Yankees, their heirs and assigns, to wit, to have and to hold."

The Old Fox is not letting the matter stand where it is. He says, "Yes, we do waive on Dahlgren. But how does Barrow get this waiver? He sends us a list of players to waive on, and who is on it with Dahlgren? Twenty guys, and one of them is Joe DiMaggio. What kind of stuff is that? They gotta change them rules. They gotta stop making a travesty out of the waiver lists—which is bad enough on account of here am I looking to grab off a pitcher for \$75,000 and the best I can get is some bird with sprains, halitosis and dandruff of the arm."

Well, Barrow does not allow the matter to rest. He says, "If Griffith is the smart guy which all the baseball history writers keep telling the world he is, why don't he claim DiMaggio? The Yankees is as pure as the driven snow."

Griff has the last word. "Pure as the sloop pile at Saratoga." By this time DiMaggio signs, and the writers is too busy to take down quotes on the great holler over Dahlgren.

Managers Get Conversational  
 W. L. Hank, the managers of the major leagues is hit by an epidemic of changing guys into something they wasn't. First, Joe McCarthy issues an official check which says Joe Gordon is the new first sacker of the Yankees, after DiMaggio.

Bill Terry reads this in the papers and he says, "There is this guy McCarthy hoggling the headlines again in the N. Y. gazettes. I gotta do something, think fast."

So Terry goes up to his room, eats one of them \$4.50 dinners at the Biltmore, and moves right into a tansom. He comes out smiling.

"Youzecca, I got it," he hollers. Panchito Snyder dashes in and asks, "Should I call the doctor? Is it something catching?"

"No," smiles Terry. "I got it, am turning Harry Danning into a left fielder."

Snyder gives Terry a funny look. "Boss," he says, putting Bill on the back, "Boss, you are working too hard lately. Just lie down and rest yourself. I think one of them snoring pills is just what you need. Do I hear you say, Danning in left field?"

Terry nods his toggles and Snyder looks him in the room and rushes for Willie Schaeffer. "The boss says Danning from now on is our left fielder," Panchito whispers in Willie's ear.

Willie grabs his tool chest, and puts in a call on Horace Stoneham and Boudy and the best brain specialist in Miami.

Where is the Angle?  
 W. L. Hank, the next day Danning shows up in left field. The scribes, which is the people in ballball at once begin to dope this thing out? What is the real angle? By moving Danning, the Giants gets a bad outfielder, and has to throw the big catching burden on Ken O'Dea, which his name is located on page 11 of the Spink Baseball Digest. It says, "Louie Kozuth O'Dea, born March 16, 1913, at Lima, N. Y. Batted .175 for the Giants in 1939; .239 in 1940." Assisting Ken in his arrangement is a kid by name of Leo Hartnett, aged 46. Where is the angle?

By moving Danning, Terry benches Aronovich, for which he pays \$22,000, and Joe Moore, as well. Where is the angle? The way I dope this thing is—Terry does not like the Danning holdout and decides to give him some work.

So he puts him where he has to shag flies, and then Shag flies, and finally has him SHAGGING flies, and Harry the

P.S.—I buy a box of them pills last week, but the curve ball still bothers me.

## Scribbled by ScribeS

**Powers Condemns Exhibition Contests**  
 AFTER looking over the teams in exhibition games in Florida, Jimmy Powers, sports editor of the New York Daily News, declares the club owners should drop the spring contests, and lists several arguments. "There are too many hazards involved and the games mean little, except to the club treasurer," declares Powers.

"Jake Powell's career was cut short in the big leagues by a game against the Dodgers when he ran into a brick wall. Hank Leiber lost a year of his athletic life when Bob Feller beamed him in a game against the Giants. Rabbit Maranville broke his leg at St. Petersburg in a game against the Yankees. Hugh Casey was injured in an exhibition during the regular season. The game didn't mean a thing to the team and it probably cost the Dodgers the pennant, because the club was only a game or two from the top at the time."

"Fans can become surfeited with box scores. Build up a little suspense and hunger, says we. The big league clubs should go to their training headquarters about March 15, a month before the season opens. They should play intra-club games. The schedule should run until April 16 and then practice from April 8 to April 14 on their home grounds and accustom their pitchers to the cold northern wind and their outfielders to the muddy outfield."

"You'd be surprised how strongly the players would vote for this idea. They wouldn't risk permanent injury on rickety diamonds. They wouldn't be dog-tired before opening day. And they'd find the fans impatiently waiting to look at those box scores that really mean something. Synthetic home runs in front-box parks. No change of pitchers every three innings, no over-night jumps, too frequent changes of food and water and back-breaking bus trips. Some clubs play from 38 to 50 exhibitions. Certainly they make money. But you lose it by endangering your key men."

**Asks Draft Aid for Players**  
 Opinion differs as to whether baseball should make an issue of the draft, especially when players are forced to lose two seasons of their work by being called in the middle of one. Fred Russell, sports editor of the Nashville Banner, is among those who contend something should be done about the situation.

"It strikes us that Judge Landis and the club owners may be making a mistake by adopting a hands-off policy on the matter of the ball players and the war draft," opines Russell. "The least thing Landis could do would be to get to Washington and get a ruling, one way or another, on how a ball player stands if he happens to be called in the middle of the season. What's the Judge getting \$65,000 for? By doing nothing, the club owners are leaving the whole matter up to the players themselves, putting them on the spot, getting them to sit back out their necks. They should be a national ruling, a definite set of regulations."

"Either the ball player goes as soon as he is called, or like a college student, he goes after completing his season or semester. In any case, the player himself should have to put his name on the individual draft board. That's certain to hurt his popularity. It's a problem to be handled impersonally, for the entire profession, by Landis. Baseball has no slackers. The men will serve, if and when called, but they don't like to lose part of two seasons."

**Red Ink on Red Sox**  
 BOSTON, Mass.—During their eight years of operation under Tom Yawkey's ownership, the Red Sox have lost \$1,384,112, or an average of \$173,014—but the deficit rate was cut sharply last year. This was revealed by the report of Yawkey's auditors to the Massachusetts Department of Corporations and Taxation. The figures do not take into consideration the original purchase price of the club or real estate.

Yawkey has spent \$4,280,612 in eight years on the Red Sox, but the net profit is scaled down to \$65,870 in 1940, probably because the Sox owner curtailed his former policy of buying expensive stars, his heaviest outfit last year being made for Don Dillinger, reputed to have cost \$75,000.

Hoss thinks he is out at Tropical Park getting a workout for the Kentucky Derby. Harry's tongue is hanging out, and whilst he catches his breath in short pants, he says, "Boss, this thing of playing the outfield is just—just—a breeze."

Hank, I never see a catcher which is back there for some years get the kinks out them thighs and make a first class outfielder in the major leagues. Out does it, but he is just up from the bush. Hank, what is the angle?

**Make Them Forget Jorges**  
 THERE is another possible solution of the great Danning mystery. The Giants is knocked down by the news that Jorges has new dizzy spells. The newspapers gives a lotta space to this sad news, and gives the Giants a black eye and ruins the training season.

Terry sees this right off, and he says, "I gotta do something to kill the bad effects of the Jorges news. I gotta give the boys some clothes to kill the odor. Why not Danning in left field? No harm to spring the story and try Harry out, meanwhile running him around so he gets into condition to catch 150 games, and has no time in the evening to sit around and wonder, does he sign for too little."

Of course, Terry may be developing Danning into an outfielder of a sort, so as to be able to trade Aronovich and Moore for another infielder. With Jorges out, Orenco must play short, and that means Mel Ott or Chiozza at third—unless Memphis Bill talks someone into giving him a third sacker for Morris and Joe. Yeah, there is angles and angles in this here Danning-for-the-Outfield-Lend-Lease Bill. Meanwhile, Gordon is playing first base for the Yankees with a three-buck mitt he buys in a drug store. Now Jimmie Wilson is thinking. They must be some way to reclaim something from the Dizzy Dean situation. Do not be surprised if Wilson announces he is making a third baseman outfit Dizz.

To get good publicity, you have to shove the players around. Put the catcher in the outfield, the second sacker on first, the first sacker on third, for the cover fielder in the box. This makes healthy conversation.

However, once you get the fans wondering, they get curious, and once they get curious, they start shelling out, and when they begin spending, the turnstiles click. It is a grand cycle, as the bridge-owners say when he finally sees Niagara Falls.

**Pink Pills for Pale Players**  
 ALL I hear around the training camps is Vitamines. In the hotel of the Cardinals in St. Pete, Sam Bredon says, "Beecone Vitamine is winning the pennant for us. I says, 'if never heard of the guy, which fact is he with last season? I gotta load of Walker Cooper and Larry Walker, but this Vitamine guy is all news to me.'"

I land at the camp of the Senators, and Harry says, "Griff buys Beecone Vitamine for the guys. Which fact is he with, anyway? I says, 'Breadon sells you this here Vitamine.'"

Well, Hank, it is Beecone Vitamine all over Florida, and finally I get hep. The Cards is taking pills. Vitamine pills. Florida is being swept by the pills.

From Orlando to Fort Myers, ball players is swallowing pink pills instead of garbling steaks. The whole country is going nuts. Hoping you are the same, I am, Your Pal,

**Snorters**  
 P.S.—I buy a box of them pills last week, but the curve ball still bothers me.

## "MEET MRS. BARNEY"

LITTLE did Florence Wolf dream, when as a young girl she attended games at Louisville in the old 12-club National League era, that some day her interest in baseball would go far beyond that of a mere fan and that she was destined for a life intimately connected with the game. In those days, just before the turn of the century, it was something of a fad for groups of Louisville girls to visit the ball park.

At a social gathering, Florence Wolf met Barney Dreyfuss, a young man who made his home with his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Bernheim of Louisville. . . . There was a mutual interest and in



—Photo by Underwood & Underwood  
**MRS. BARNEY DREYFUSS**

due time, they were married. . . . But even then, there was no indication the Dreyfuss name later was to assume an important role in baseball officialdom.

"Mr. Dreyfuss became a good friend of Dr. Thomas Hunt Stucky, who was interested in the ownership of the Louisville club," she recalled the other day. "Later, Dr. Stucky prevailed upon my husband to join the baseball corporation. . . . Mr. Dreyfuss was an official of the club when the franchise and a group of famous players were transferred to Pittsburgh in 1900 and he became president of the Pirates after the shift."

Barney Dreyfuss' name was synonymous with the game in Pittsburgh for more than 30 years. . . . At his death, February 5, 1932, his widow became chairman of the board of directors of the Pirates. . . . Her daughter, Eleanor, is the wife of William E. Benswanger, now president of the club. . . . A son, Samuel, became vice-president of the Pittsburgh club after his graduation from Princeton, but he died ten years ago.

Possessing an aristocratic bearing, Mrs. Dreyfuss might appear reserved and reticent to a superficial observer. . . . However, she has a good-natured disposition and an engaging personality, as a few minutes of conversation will develop. . . . Although she likes to remain in the background in the Pirates' affairs, she loves baseball and has a keen knowledge of the game. . . . At a recent sports round-up dinner in Pittsburgh, she was among the honored guests and made one of her few speeches. . . . It was a good talk, too.

Dreyfuss finds happiness in her two grandchildren, Billy Benswanger, Jr., and Barney Dreyfuss, Jr. And she gets a thrill out of ladies' days and children's days at Forbes Field — that beautiful park her husband built more than 30 years ago. . . . It's the kind of memorial which Mrs. Dreyfuss would prefer for her late husband — a park that stands as a symbol of the enjoyment which Barney Dreyfuss gave, and is continuing to give, to the fans of Pittsburgh.

time Hartnett was firm in demanding a player, we made every effort to get him. . . . Gabby—"Mr. Wrigley himself refused to sanction the Miller deal." . . . P. K.—"I know the Phils got \$100,000 for Miller, nor did the Bees ever make a specific offer for Gabby—"The front office passed up a chance to get Pee Wee Reese from Louisville for \$35,000; also passed up Martin Marion, Rochester, and took Bob Sturgeon, Columbus." . . . P. K.—"I have no recollection of Reese negotiations. (Boots Weber broke in to say "We've had a chance to discuss.) Hartnett himself picked Sturgeon and later wanted Marion." . . . Gabby—"The deal I recommended, sending Higbe and Joe Marty to the Philles for Claude Passeau, was the best damned bargain the club ever made. I know the Phils got \$100,000 for Higbe from Brooklyn, but Passeau is worth that much, too, right now." . . . P. K.—"The one player Hartnett was insistent on getting was Ray Harrell from the Cards. We gave up \$20,000 in cash and players to get Harrell. He couldn't win and was thrown into the Passeset deal." . . . And so on and so on. YOU figure it out. Incidentally, Gabby had his second look at Florida—and his first at Cuba in making the jaunt with the Giants this spring.

**ALTHOUGH** he has lived in the Pacific Coast all his life, Lou Novikoff, the Mad Muskovite, had never been on a steamship until he went to the Cubs' Catalina training camp. . . . Sam Nahem, bespicaled pitcher with the Cardinals, has a license to practice law in New York State. He is a graduate of St. John's College, Brooklyn. . . . The Harold Clifts are expecting another addition to the family sometime around August. They already have Harold Benton Clift, Jr., three years old. . . . Jerry Mitchell in the New York Post is a graduate of the line. "The baseball year can be considered officially opened. Luke Hamlin has served up his first home run ball." . . . Vernon Kennedy was responsible for the Browns taking on Frank Grube, veteran catcher. Vern always had a lot of luck with Grube catching him when both were with the White Sox.

Bill Klem, who is umpiring the Dodgers' games in Havana, doesn't like the Cuban grub and eats U. S. canned foods whenever possible. . . . Bill Terry's dairy farm at Gormanville, Tenn., is one of two permitted to sell milk to Memphis hospitals. Bill has nearly 40 cows producing what is labeled as Terrycrest milk. . . . Mel Preblich, outfielder with the Bees, makes a hobby of collecting Indian relics and staidly aborigine customs from "way back. . . . Because he split his employment between St. Louis and Brooklyn last season, Joe Medwick had to pay state income tax in Missouri and New York.

Terry Moore likes the job as captain of the Cardinals, but they say he'll put the extra 500 bucks he gets in a separate cup in the pantry to meet possible fines levied by the umpires against free speech. . . . Reports from Anaheim, Cal., indicate that Benny McCoy, for whom Connie Mack hocked the family jewels, will have to get a move on him to keep Crash Davis from crashing the second base job. . . . The three games between the Dodgers and Giants in Havana drew only 11,156 paying customers, and Larry Manigault is not in a hospital any more going through the rest of a year with a ringing in your ears and bells in your head."

**REPORTER** the presence of Pee Wee Reese, entirely recovered from his ankle injury of last season, Larry MacPhail keeps on prudding Lou Durocher to "get in there and play," even in the exhibition games. Leo posture that Reese can do a better job at short than he can, but MacPhail has the idea that Lippy is a better manager when he is on the grass doing the bossing.

While the Cardinals are eating Vitamine B1, the Reds are girdling oranges. The Cluzy buses have two gallons of it delivered at the Tampa clubhouse every day for the boys, so they'll lay off water as much as possible.

Speaking of holdouts, here's one for the book. He's Harry Hartmann, creek B. B. mickman for Station WPCO, Cincinnati, who refuses to sign until his terms are met. "Here I'm going into my fourth month of broadcasting with my first world's champion team and they'll have to pay me if they want me," chirps Harry without aid of his mike.

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