

Dropo First Sick Sox Doctor Lou to Nurse Back to His Old Self

Boudreau Thinks He Can Instill New Spirit
in First Baseman by Giving Him Confidence

By BOB AJEMIAN

BOSTON, Mass.



Walt Dropo

Lou Boudreau notified the Red Sox front office the other day that he intends to stick with **Walt Dropo** at first base next season. Lou, in taking over as manager of the Carmine Hose, believes he can resurrect the giant first baseman, who suffered a miserable collapse in 1951.

Boudreau is confident **Dropo**, named rookie of the year in 1950, can stage a comeback and ignores suggestions on any trades involving the infielder. "I'm sure **Dropo** is a major league hitter," Boudreau told General Manager Joe Cronin. "I think I can boost him back to his 1950 form."

In his sensational freshman year, **Dropo** batted .322. He was co-leader of the American League with 144 runs batted in, and smashed out 34 homers in addition to scoring 101 runs. Last season **Dropo** fell flat on his face. He finished the campaign with a batting average of only .239, exactly 83 points below his previous mark. He chased home only 57 runs and connected for only 11 homers. He scored 37 runs.

At the end of the season he was striking out on wild pitches. Opposing hurlers, who tightened up a year ago when **Dropo** stepped to the plate, considered him a soft touch and working on him accordingly they made him look like a bum at times.

His complete reversal of form was startling not only to the Red Sox, but also to the players and managers in the entire league. No one could understand what had happened to the Big Moose.

"I Think I Can Help Him"—Lou Boudreau, having had a chance to observe **Dropo's** upset on the bench and on the field, is convinced **Walt** has lost none of his talent as a hitter. "He's just lost his confidence," said the new pilot, "and I think I can help him find it again. I roomed with **Walt** last year and I know his temperament. He needs to know the job is his. **Walt** is a worrier, and if he gets down he's really in trouble. He's got to be handled right."

Boudreau's decisive stand on **Dropo** stems from the first baseman's outstanding performance as a rookie. "If he had hit in spurts in 1950," said Lou, "I might have some doubts. But he was a consistent hitter right through the season."

"No one could hit that well in the majors a full year and not have the stuff. He still knows how to swing

Maury McDermott to Wed
Miami Beach, Florida, Girl

BOSTON, Mass.—The engagement of Maurice McDermott, 23-year-old southpaw of the Red Sox, and Miss Barbara Riley of Miami Beach, Fla., will be formally announced within two weeks by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bart Riley. The father owns the Adobar Hotel on Indiana Creek Drive, Miami Beach.

McDermott and Miss Riley met on a blind date last winter while the pitcher was staying at Miami Beach. No date for the wedding has been set.

Another Red Sox southpaw, Leo Kiely, a buddy of McDermott, announced his engagement in September before joining the Army.

last winter when he stated at a press conference that he didn't think **Dropo** would duplicate his 1950 batting performance, although he still believed the first sacker would provide a punch in the lineup.

This might have been intended by O'Neill to take some of the pressure off **Dropo**. Or it might have been the forerunner of things to come. In any event, after the first three games, when **Walt** was 12 times at bat and had only one hit, O'Neill benched him.

Strategy That Backfired for **Walt**
The move came just as the Red Sox opened a long home stand at Fenway Park—the one spot where **Dropo** was expected to be a powerhouse.

O'Neill's strategy—if it can be called that—was surprising to everyone, and most of all to **Dropo**. He never seemed to recover. The rest of the season he was in and out of the lineup. Periodically, he broke out of his slump but always slipped back into it. He was even sent back to the minors for a few weeks.

In a game in the middle of summer, after **Dropo** had been hitless at the plate for several contests, O'Neill told reporters: "If **Dropo** doesn't hit today he'll have to come out."

That afternoon, ruffled at the news, **Dropo** went hitless. His next stay on the bench was a sad one.

Boudreau, by contrast, intends to give the first baseman a long haul at the job. He believes **Dropo** will hit if he feels sure the position is his.

And Boudreau plans to give it to him.

Sox Shorts: Joe Cronin hopped to New York recently with Red Sox attorneys to complete the sale of the Scranton farm club. When the deal is made, the Hose will switch their negotiations to another Eastern League affiliate, rumored to be Albany. . . .

"We're not sure yet where it will be," Cronin said. . . . Ted Williams, after a month of fishing around his haunts at Princeton, Minn., home of his wife, took off for Florida the first week of this month where he'll fish for six weeks.

Lou's Confidence Peps Up
Dropo: 'I'm Not That Bad'

BOSTON, Mass.—**Walt Dropo**, who registered a bumpy sophomore season under Steve O'Neill, was elated at the news that new Red Sox Manager Lou Boudreau planned to stick with him at first base next season.

"I had a lousy year," said **Dropo** when he dropped in to the Sox office to chat with General Manager Joe Cronin, "but I'm positive I'm not that bad."

"It's really good to know Lou still has confidence in me," the first baseman said. "I'm not through as a hitter, I'll tell you that. I'm forgetting all about last year."

Dropo, who had been barnstorming with Birdie Tebbetts' troupe, was just back from a hunting trip with the Cleveland catcher and Teammate Pitcher Maury McDermott. Big **Walt** reported he landed a buck on his first trip.

that bat and it's up to me to convince him of that."

Dropo certainly didn't get any of the best of it last season—not even from Steve O'Neill—after he had made such a fine showing the year before. O'Neill planted a seed of suspicion

How About Rivera? Lane's Double-Talk Adds to Confusion

Chisox Fans Continue to Wonder Just Who Will
Be Involved in Deal With Veeck for Coast Hawk

By ED BURNS

CHICAGO, Ill.

General Manager Frank Lane of the White Sox, well-tanned from a month's sojourn at his home in St. Petersburg, Fla., and his new talent hunting grounds in Cuba, blew into Chicago with a big snowstorm on November 6. He forthwith dived into winter chores with characteristic vigor. He said he wanted to dig himself out of an accumulation of paper work before launching a series of announcements he has been composing during his stay in Florida and Cuba.

It could be that Frankie will wait till he arrives in his boyhood home town—Cincinnati—for the November 19 draft before tuning his restless vocal cords. Then he could tell of a few deals that have been made but which are supposed to be in process of negotiation—like the one with the St. Louis Browns which involves Outfielder Jim Rivera, whom the Sox purchased from Seattle last summer. The handling of the Rivera case has been an oddity from the outset. The Sox knew as much about his talents when they purchased him from Seattle as they learned since. Rogers Hornsby, Rivera's manager at Seattle, continued to rave about the outfielder's ability while Rog still was with Seattle, during the shadow-boxing interlude between his severance from the Rainiers and Rog's employment by the Browns, and since the announcement of Hornsby's signing with the Browns.

Uninhibited Rog pops off about his plans for Rivera, though he apparently is aware that Lane and Bill Veeck have been putting on a tease campaign. A tease campaign based on the plans of the Browns and the White Sox is a brave undertaking and it is said that Hornsby has been invited to pipe down until Lane and Veeck make the entire exciting revelation.

Only Knows He Won't Get Garver

Lane thus far has confined his public statements anent dealings with the Browns to announcements about how and why the White Sox are not going to acquire Ned Garver.

Frankie last year whetted the Chicago baseball appetite with circumscribed success and actual rise by the Sox to the first division. The fans were left down after July, but their hearts still pound with hopes of more prolonged excitement next season. Lane knows this and will not spend too much time appraising said fans of the names of players Chicago is not going to get.

Following Lane's return to Chicago, Eddie Short, head of the Sox statistical bureau and promotional department, released the most ambitious sheaf of statistics ever disseminated by a Chicago club.

The sheaf consisted of 25 closely mimeographed pages.

There seem to be about 1,000,000 entries in the compilation, but the different batting recordings show a predominance of accomplishments by Minnie Minoso and Nelson Fox, the 300 hitters, among the full-time workmen, and Jim Busby and Eddie Robinson, who hit .283 and .282, respectively, but who contributed a great deal to the success of the Sox.

Interesting, indeed, are the numerous classifications which include the accomplishments of Minoso, who led the American League ten weeks of the season, and finished with .326, as runner-up to Ferris Fain.

In daytime batting, Minoso hit .319



Frank Lane

Chico Is Quick on Uptake—
"\$20,000 Minimum for '52"

CARACAS, Venezuela—The reports that Chico Carrasquel might be traded by the White Sox got a quick rise from the Venezuelan shortstop, who said, "Whether it's Chicago, Boston, Cleveland or any other team that is bossing me, I'm going to ask for a minimum salary of \$20,000 for the coming year. If they would give me \$25,000, so much the better, but I will not play for less than \$20,000."

Carrasquel's countrymen insist their idol is about to be swapped to the Red Sox in a deal involving Ted Williams. The rumors persist, despite denials by Frank Lane, White Sox general manager. He also stated he expected no trouble with Chico over a contract.

Venezuelan fans point out that when the White Sox acquired Cuban Willie Miranda from Washington in exchange for the veteran third sacker, Floyd Baker, it was for the purpose of replacing Chico with Miranda, who hits a longer ball than Carrasquel. But the White Sox claim that the deal was made to get a replacement for Chico, "in case anything happens to him."

Manager Paul Richards, confronted with this report, said: "I saw Miranda play and liked him. That's why we made the deal."

Folks here, however, are hard to convince that their hero Chico is not bound for Boston.

in 367 times at bat. At night he batted .334 in 163 times. He knocked out five of his 14 triples and four of his ten home runs at night, but his ratio of doubles to times at bat was more on the day side—25 daytime doubles and nine night doubles.

In the table showing what all the White Sox batters did against left and righthanded pitching, Minnie crossed up those managerial masterminders. Against lefties, the righthanded Minnie batted .267 in 150 times at bat. In 366 times at bat after joining the White Sox, Minnie batted .347 against righties.

The page on attendance shows that the Yankees and Sox played to 303,942 in New York and 300,413 here.

Oh, yes, the Sox left 1,150 on base.

Ted-for-Chico Trade Discussed? Boudreau Says 'Yes' and Then 'No'

BOSTON, Mass.—Reports from Chicago on November 7 that the Red Sox and White Sox were negotiating a deal involving Slugger Ted Williams and Shortstop Chico Carrasquel appeared to have some basis of truth when both parties expressed reluctance to discuss it, the inference being there had been a leak somewhere and the clubs had done some negotiating.

"I'm afraid Paul Richards is going to have to worry along with Carrasquel for awhile longer," said Frank Lane, general manager of the White Sox, in commenting on the reports. Lou Boudreau, Red Sox pilot, who first was quoted in a wire service story as admitting the Williams-for-Carrasquel offer had been made and had been spurned by the White Sox, later denied all talk of such a trade.

"I haven't conferred with any team regarding a Williams trade," Boudreau stated from his Harvey, Ill., home. "We have some deals we are thinking about, but we won't have anything to announce until the winter meetings."

Previously, Boudreau had been quoted as saying: "We discussed a Williams-Carrasquel deal, but Lane turned us down." He explained that the discussion occurred before the White Sox acquired Guillermo (Willie) Miranda from the Washington Senators two weeks ago. Boudreau added, "Now that they've got Miranda, it might be different." BOB AJEMIAN.

Vet Boudreau to Dig Up Kids in Rebuilding as Boss of Bosox

By WATSON SPOELSTRA

HARVEY, Ill.



Lou Boudreau

Lou Boudreau, again a big league manager after a one-year interlude, feels he is better equipped for the job.

"You can't beat experience," said the new head man of the Boston Red Sox. "The nine years I managed Cleveland I picked up invaluable ideas on how to run a ball club. I guess you don't realize this when it happens, but in the last year I have had some time to think it over. That's why I figure I should have more know-how at Boston."

In what particular phases of the savvy?
"I'd say in the handling of players and the press," replied the dark-haired manager with the flashing eyes. "Remember, I hadn't quite reached my twenty-fifth birthday when I took over the Cleveland job in 1942. I was younger than most of the players."

"Now the situation is changed. I'm going on 35 and have a few years on practically everyone on the Boston club. That will give me a better perspective, I'm sure. This also goes for relations with newspaper and radio men. I have learned a great deal in that field, too."

It was here that Boudreau made the

Lou to Pilot From Bench

HARVEY, Ill.—Lou Boudreau has no intentions of starting the 1952 season as a playing manager.

"I intend to spend all my time in spring training working with the other boys," he said. "That means a slow conditioning process for myself. I won't even be on the active list at the start of the season. Later, if I feel I can help the club, I'll be a player again."

point that his job in Boston will require exceptional managerial skill.

"I am fully aware that we have an over-aged club," he said. "We must develop young players and get them into the lineup as fast as we can. But where are the young players of this quality?"

He turned his attention momentarily to the New York Yankees.

"They seem able to come up with the young players when they need them," he murmured. "Just think of it, Mickey Mantle, Gil McDougald and Tom Morgan all in the same year. At the same time, Boston picked up a good one in Leo Kiely, but he is in the Army now. The other clubs seem to be in the same boat on young players, all except the Yankees."

Boudreau expects that many mid-winter deals will be made in the American League.

"I have a feeling that several little ones already have been closed," he declared, "and that they will be announced around the time of the win-

ter meetings. Some bigger ones probably will be made at that time."

Will Ted Williams be included in a big swap?

"As I have said before," he replied earnestly, "Boston is willing to listen to a trade on anyone. Naturally, we'd expect to get plenty in return if we traded a player like Williams. He'd be more effective than ever, I believe, in Detroit and Cleveland parks that are friendly to a right-field hitter. We've certainly got to think of that angle, too."

Meanwhile, Boudreau made known his plans on present personnel.

"**Walt Dropo** is my first baseman," he said.

Billy Goodman Set for Second

"It, of course, then follow—that Billy Goodman will be the second baseman. There's really a top player, one of the most versatile I have ever seen. Vern Stephens can go some more at shortstop. He makes that double play and short is his position."

"At third we have Johnny Pesky backed up by Fred Hatfield. This Hatfield is a fine fielder. The job will be his if we are forced to move Pesky to second or short."

In the outfield and among the pitchers and catchers, the Red Sox currently have the same talent. This may be altered by winter deals.

Manager Boudreau thinks many will be made and he leaves the feeling that the Red Sox will figure in the bartering.

Meanwhile, he has the confidence that his nine years of stewardship in Cleveland will be a tremendous help in tackling this Boston job.

Recent Photo of the Collinses



EDDIE AND THE PRESENT MRS. COLLINS

COLLINS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

manager, Herb was just finishing a great career with the Yankees. When his playing days ended, I induced him to join the Red Sox in an executive capacity in the farm office. He did a good job for us, and I was sorry to see him leave.

He came into my office one day and announced that his lifelong friend, Bob Carpenter, had purchased the Philadelphia National League team, and he revealed that Bob had contacted Yawkey and received permission to talk with Herb about going along with him.

It was a proposition too tempting for Herb to reject. In many ways it was a proposition similar to the one I had received a few years earlier from Tom Yawkey. In both instances — his and mine — the most difficult job was cutting the strings that bound us to an organization in which we were happy and content.

Chaperoned the Pennocks

During our younger days, Mrs. Collins and I chaperoned Herb and his fiancée. After their marriage, the Collinses and the Pennocks became close friends, spending many winter evenings together. Our children played together, sometimes at our home in Roslindale, at other times in Herb's home at Kenmore Square.

There was a great deal of joy in both households when my son, Eddie, Jr., and Herb's daughter, Jane, found that a mutual attraction they always had for each other had blossomed into love, and they were wed.

There was great rejoicing in both homes when Eddie and Jane became the parents of a son. But joy was soon to give way to tragedy. My wife died in 1945 and Herb's untimely end from a heart attack cast a deeper pall of gloom over an already grief-burdened household. Neither Herb nor my wife lived to see the second son born of the marriage of Eddie Collins, Jr., and lovely Jane Pennock.

Herb's passing has left a void in my life that can never be bridged. But memories of our close association for more than 30 years and memories of the fine times we had in days gone by have combined with that great healing time, in dulling the pain his death caused me.

I've often been asked if I have any regrets that my son, Eddie, Jr., did not develop into a great baseball star. I have none. He was good enough and showed promise after his graduation from Yale to be signed by that most astute judge of baseball talent — Connie Mack. And he did play

Eddie Is Proud of Service With Rules Committees

BOSTON, Mass.—Herb's proud of many things, but Eddie Collins says one of the things he is most proud of is his years of service as a member of the baseball rules committees.

"With Clark Griffith," he said, "I did everything I could to aid the pitcher. I'm not on the committee any more, but I've said that in my place there was a man who was and always has been a credit to baseball. Joe Cronin, my friend and my colleague in the Red Sox front office."

acceptably in the American League.

However, war intervened and four years of service in Uncle Sam's Navy had taken their toll. When Eddie returned to the A's, he had left his best playing days behind. But he proved himself adaptable to the baseball scene and went to work for the Philadelphia Nationals. He's doing a splendid job for Bob Carpenter and I like to think that the 1950 National League champions will stand in baseball's annals as a tribute to my best friend and my son.

Pennock helped shape that team, personally selecting many of the young stars who were to give Philadelphia their greatest thrills since Mack's great teams of the early thirties. And I like to think my son, Eddie, had a small hand in helping shape the new Philadelphia champions.

Being a confirmed American leaguer, I sometimes find it a little hard to reconcile myself to the belief that two of those closest to me left our league to make their marks in the other. In other days I had a great deal of fun teasing Mrs. Pennock about her switch of allegiance.

"You're going to have a difficult time," I'd tell her. "After all, you've been an American League rooter all your life. How are you going to reconcile yourself to the belief that the National League is as good as ours?"

I never got a satisfactory answer from her. Nor have I ever got a satisfactory answer from Eddie, Jr., when I've asked him the same question.

In looking back over my 45 years in baseball, I have much to be thankful for, and little to regret. One of my great regrets, though, is that I never knew the great Honus Wagner and never had the opportunity of playing on the same field with him during our major league careers.

The only time I had personal contact with him was when we were both elected to the Hall of Fame and were chosen the rival captains to play an abbreviated game that dedicated the grounds at Cooperstown, N. Y., where the shrine of baseball is located.

And this may be regarded by some

Named Joe DiMaggio on 'B' Team, Williams as 'A' Sub

BOSTON, Mass.—Any doubts about the relative abilities of Ted Williams and Joe DiMaggio appear settled by Eddie Collins. The man who discovered Ted as a "gangling kid" in 1936 at San Diego places Jolting Joe as a regular member of his "B" all-star team, among the three teams he selected.

In naming the team, Eddie wasn't the least bit hesitant when he selected his center fielder. On the other hand he mulled over his "reserve" players and finally said, "And for the 'A' reserve outfielder put Ted Williams' name in there."

as heresy, it may evoke a storm of criticism, but in my opinion Grover Cleveland Alexander was the greatest pitcher the National League ever had. I rank him ahead of Mathewson.

I battled against both men. I battled against Mathewson in the 1911 World's Series and I was able to hit him. I battled against Alexander in City Series between the Cubs and White Sox and I couldn't hit him. They were both great — but Alexander was the greater.

Doerr 'A Real Master'

Every time I look down on the field from my seat in Yawkey's box at Fenway Park and I see Bob Doerr in action, a feeling of pride swells up within me. Bob was the first of the only two players I personally approved for purchase by the Red Sox. Ted Williams was the other.

I have seen him in action, and I have seen him in action in the Red Sox uniform. It is the Red Sox uniform and not the Yankees uniform and not the Boston Braves uniform that I think of when I see him. I think of him as a Red Sox player and as a Red Sox manager.

When Bob came to us in the spring of 1937 as a player, I was a manager and he was a player. I was a manager and he was a player. I was a manager and he was a player. I was a manager and he was a player.

He played an excellent game and was always seen in action in the Red Sox uniform. He was a Red Sox player and a Red Sox manager.

Cronin, who succeeded me as general manager of the Red Sox after the 1947 season when a long siege of ill health forced me to relinquish some of my duties, is another man I greatly admire. He, too, was a fine competitor and one of the best ball players of all time.

Then there is Lou Boudreau, whom I particularly admire. I have long marveled at his ability to play his position as well as he did while handling the great responsibility imposed on him as manager, as well as player.

There is still an ache in my heart when I think of it, but that 1948 playoff game is indicative of what I mean when I say Boudreau belongs with the greats of yesteryear. He broke the hearts of a million New England fans—mine included—by his batting and fielding that day, but he emerged from the gloom of Fenway Park along about 4:30 p. m. shining as only champions shine.

Cochrane Another Fighter

I like to dwell upon memories of another fighter as I reminisce about my career in the greatest game of all, baseball. That figure would be Mickey Cochrane. The Mick was one of the most dynamic and forceful ball players I ever knew.

Just think back to the season of 1934. The previous winter he was traded to Detroit by Connie Mack and given the job of managing the Tigers. The team had finished fifth in 1933. He and Goose Goslin were the only additions to the club, but he led them to a pennant. To my way of thinking, his work that year was the greatest illustration of what one great man can do to an otherwise ordinary ball club. He was a ball club himself.

Yes, it's been a good life. It's been a life filled with happy memories. When we get to be 63, we have little but memories to sustain us. Mine have given me peace and comfort.

For my part, I'll continue to be first and foremost an American leaguer—even though I recognize that the National League is essential to the continued success of baseball.

If there weren't a National League, there wouldn't be a World's Series for the American League representative to win.

Dropo, Bosox Bright Sparkler, 'Felt Like Quitting Last Winter'

Walt's Spirits Sagged When Joe Cronin Broke News He'd Be Sent to Louisville

By STEVE O'LEARY

BOSTON, Mass.



Walt Dropo

For a guy who felt last January that life wasn't going to be too kind to him in a baseball way this year, big Walt Dropo, the Red Sox first baseman, can look back today with the satisfaction of overcoming all obstacles while doing it the hard way.

For the kid base-

man from now on—and with no questions asked.

He proved that with his big bat and by his continually improving fielding all season long—a combination which won him an All-Star team berth as well as mention by a wire service for outstanding American League rookie honors, although he took part in some 11 major league games in 1949.

It's almost unbelievable and Dropo thanks Ferris Fain of the Athletics for playing a major part in his chance to turn in so spectacular a 1950 season. For it was Fain's collision at first base with slender Billy Goodman in Boston last April 30 which sidelined the American League's batting leader with a chip fracture of the ankle. That necessitated a hurry call to Louisville for Dropo and, after he broke into the lineup May 2, Goodman never got back to first base.

Broken Ankle Added to Woe

Until then, no one was giving much second thought to Dropo, who had come up with only a so-so season after the Sox shipped him to Sacramento in the Coast league in May, 1949, for more seasoning. To add to his woe, he had broken his ankle late in the season and no one could tell what effect that injury might have on his future.

Certainly, it was a thoroughly crushed young man who hung up the telephone at his Moosup, Conn. home one morning last January.

Joe Cronin, the Red Sox general manager, had called him to say that he and Joe McCarthy had decided that Dropo would be optioned to Louisville, that he wasn't even to be taken to the

McDermott Back on Job as an Instructor at Resort

BOSTON, Mass.—Maury McDermott, young Red Sox southpaw who took his Army physical examination at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., October 26, has returned to Grossingers, a resort in the Catskills, to serve as an instructor while awaiting developments on his military status.

Sox training camp in Sarasota, Fla.

"I almost went crazy," big Walt said, recalling the unhappy incident. "I begged and pleaded but he told me that it was for my own good. I wanted more than anything to go south with the Sox, because I was sure I could make the grade."

"I almost felt like quitting when I got the news, but then I thought to myself that would be the worst possible thing to do. I knew I had to go down to the minors again and hope and pray that my chance would come. And the chance came sooner than expected."

Walt agreed that his terrific hitting as soon as he broke into the Red Sox lineup had bolstered his confidence tremendously. He laughingly agreed, too, that Eddie Doherty, president of the Louisville club, hadn't hurt him either.

Dropo hadn't been hitting too well up until then for Louisville, and Doherty—when Walt was recalled by the Sox—had told Louisville writers that the big first baseman probably would be back with them in two or three weeks.

Glad Now Eddie Said It

"That got me a little mad at the time," grinned Walt. "But, now that I look back on it, I'm glad he said it. He gave me that much more determination to prove he was wrong. I guess, too, he was talking for local consumption and I hadn't been doing very much with his club to let him say much else about me."

Walt knows now, of course, that no one was more tickled than Doherty at being proved wrong on that particular prediction. The Louisville boss is one of his strongest boosters.

Walt is taking things easy right now, having returned from a New England barnstorming trip with the Birdie Tebbetts' All-Stars. He's giving that new Cadillac, presented to him by his home town fans during a barnstorming visit, a lot of work. But he's looking forward to next year.

"Got to have another good season," he says. "Got to prove that I can keep the job, now that I have it."

Collins Series Reveals to Eddie, Jr. Many Facts About His Modest Father

Eddie Collins, Jr., writing to compliment Jim Leonard on his handling of his Dad's story, also pointed out that the story revealed many incidents in the life of the Hall of Fame second baseman with which he had not been familiar, because of the lifelong modesty of his father.

Young Collins, now assistant director of the Phillies' farm clubs, wrote: "I have delayed writing you about the series on my father until the completion of the articles."

"It will be, I'm afraid, a dreary and disappointing issue of THE SPORTING NEWS when these splendid articles have been exhausted. It is difficult for you to imagine how much I look forward to and enjoy them. Because both my father and myself are inclined to be reticent, there are many things we never discussed and which I am learning for the first time in this series. The 1919 team was never much talked about around our house, for instance. Occasionally I would ask him something about Joe Jackson or Buck Weaver, but never a blunt question about the World's Series."

"I think the tribute he paid to some of the players on the 1917 team, who later were declared ineligible, was remarkably well expressed. I studied carefully in the third article and the phraseology used either by him or by Jim Leonard is deserving of praise. Buck Weaver, he says, 'played the best third base I ever saw.' I think that is quite different from saying he was the best third baseman. And 'Cicotte, in 1917, was a great pitcher.'"

"In spite of my father's great confidence in himself and cockiness on the field, he is very reluctant to pat himself on the back in public, which is, I think, commendable. It was surprising, therefore, that he went as far as he did in stating that if it had not been for Cobb he would have been considered much more outstanding. This is an undeniable truth generally overlooked. However, I'm afraid that his natural modesty makes him skim over many things which would be interesting reading. Then again the articles are better the way they are, because they are more like him."

"I have noticed one slight error in the fourth article. It fixed the death of Kid Gleason in 1933. It is only because this summer my father told me a little story about Kid that I think he died in 1929 or January of 1930. He said he remembered very well Kid sitting on a trunk in the clubhouse after the final game of the '29 Series shaking hands with and saying goodbye to all the players, knowing all the while that it was for the last time."

"Someday soon I hope to have a picture for you which ought to be of interest. That would be a picture of my two boys taken at the Museum in Cooperstown, the only two boys in the world with two grandfathers in the Hall of Fame."

(Editor's Note: Eddie Collins, Sr., had related in his interview with Jim Leonard that Gleason died in 1929. The copy was changed, since the Kid actually passed away on January 2, 1933.)

Brooklyn Learns Pee Wee Was Right About Giants

Reese Insisted From Start Lip's Pets Were Chief Threat

By JOE KING

BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Don Newcombe

The Dodgers will be leading the league on July 4, not a bad spot to be, whatever added value the midpoint tradition carries. But for the first time Manager Chuck Dressen is a little edgy, and the team must feel at least a slight apprehension that they, too, could blow, even as did those much-better-placed Dodgers of 1942.

The Giants are the reason. The loss of two out of three in the Polo Grounds was a stunning blow to Brooklyn. It cost the Dodgers face around here. The series had to convince them that their captain, Pee Wee Reese, was right from the start when he insisted it was the Giants who would have to be beaten.

Strategically, the Dodgers left the Polo Grounds in commanding position, with a five-game lead, June 28, and a bulge of seven on the losing side. Hardly the time to worry, except that the reversal by the Giants checked their runaway, and made it possible for the New Yorkers to recreate a race in the three-game return match in Ebbets Field, beginning July 4.

In the Polo Grounds, the Brooklynns had the opportunity to prove it was the overpowering team it is touted to be since Andy Pafko was added. The club could not. The damage will not be consequential if the Flock can take two out of three from New York in Ebbets Field, but if they cannot, the Giants are likely to carry the conflict into the stretch, because they have demonstrated they can play the rest of the league at least as well as the Dodgers.

The darkest point against Brooklyn in the Polo Grounds was the fact the team lost to a club crippled in its strongest department, pitching. Larry Jansen was ill, and could not face Brooklyn. Yet

The first game was a lockup. Sal Maglie never was better as he won, 4 to 0, for New York with a three-hitter. There could be no regret in Flatbush over that one. It was one of those 25 or so games a smart manager knows he is going to lose, before he begins the season, because he realizes there will be at least that many starts in which his hitters face pitchers who are too hot to be hurt, no matter what the strategy.

The second game was a breeze for Don Newcombe over Jim Hearn, with Pafko and Duke Snider smashing three-run homers. Newcombe won, 10 to 4, for his tenth victory, which he did not achieve in 1950 until July 30.

With that push, Brooklyn was a huge favorite to take the third game, because, although Preacher Roe, loser of his first decision after ten straight in the opener, and Newcombe had pitched, Dressen still had Ralph Branca, Leo Durocher, on the other hand, did

Run Out of Left Fielders

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Dodgers finally wound up without a left fielder. If you recall, they started training camp with nine left fielders, a whole team for the position, but on June 28, against the Giants, Chuck Dressen looked around the dugout in the ninth inning and discovered he didn't have a left fielder on hand when he wanted to sub a pinch-runner in that batting position.

Dick Williams had started. Cal Abrams pinch-hit for him. Don Thompson relieved. Hank Edwards pinch-hit for him, and singled to open the ninth. Dressen was ready to send in Dan Bankhead to run for Edwards, but Andy Pafko, his fifth left fielder, was unable to play. Next year, Dressen probably will be provided with 15 left fielders as a starter in camp.

not have Jansen. He had to guess. He guessed Sheldon Jones first, then Dave Koslo. Finally it was Koslo, and Jones in relief, who gained the 5 to 4 decision which kept the Giants and the race alive for July 4, and put perhaps the seed of fear in Dodger thinking.

Gopher Ball Beat Branca

Oddly, Branca lost through his old time fault, the homer ball. Monte Irvin blasted two off him, the second for three runs and the decision in the eighth. But Branca this season seemed to have reformed, and allowed only one homer, to John Pramesa, in 69 innings, until he hit Harlem.

Dressen was irritated, at least, if not jumpy, following the third game, because of the injury-complex of two of his stars, the same psychosis which had driven Burt Shotton to distraction.

In the third game, Pafko, suffering from a pulled muscle, claimed he wasn't able to work a half-inning in left, which would have permitted the manager to use a pinch-runner in a spot. Jackie Robinson, also leg-troubled, asked to be dropped from cleanup to sixth in the hitting order, because he felt he could not come through at No. 4. When Gil Hodges, hitting fourth, looked at a called third strike by Jones to end the game, Dressen second-guessed himself for failing to insist on maintaining the clutch-hitting Robinson in his usual position.

The Dodgers had lost four of five as they left the Polo Grounds, and there had to be alarm, not yet reflected in the standings that they were in a critical slump. It was urgent to snap out of it before the hungry Giants arrived in Ebbets Field, July 4.

Stunned Dropo Sent to San Diego Hopes to 'Hit Hell Out of Ball'

Goodman at First Base as O'Neill Moves to Get Red Sox on an Even Keel

By BOB AJEMIAN

WASHINGTON, D. C.



Billy Goodman

Dropo, locked in a deadly hitting slump and a dangerous dive in confidence, was hitting only .250 at the time of his slice from the Boston squad.

Manager Steve O'Neill installed Billy Goodman, who previously had replaced the benched **Dropo**, as permanent first sacker. Right field was wide open to three candidates, Clyde Vollmer, Karl Olson and Charley Maxwell, the last-named two recalled from the Louisville farm club. A lefthanded pitcher, Leo Kiely, also was brought up at the same time.

To make room for the trio of minor leaguers, the Red Sox sent Infielder Fred Hatfield and Outfielder Tom Wright to Louisville. Thus, the squad of 25 was once again intact.

Dropo's man-sized stumble was one of the most surprising in years. Last season, he was one of the most feared batters in the league. He tied Teammate Vern Stephens, an established slugger, for the American League leadership in runs batted in with 144, and was runner-up to Al Rosen in home runs with 34. Rosen paced the circuit with 37.

Wall Hit Only Four Homers

This season he was a welcome sight to rival pitchers. In 172 trips to the plate, he connected for only four home runs, far below his pace of a year ago.

But, even more important was his lack of production in Fenway Park, the spot where the Red Sox bosses expected him to excel. A strong right-handed power hitter, **Dropo** was tailor-made for the short left field fence.

Last season he hit an outstanding .374 at Fenway Park, and, despite a skinny .277 on the road, still was selected as the top first-year man in the American League.

This season, **Dropo** was batting an anemic .230 at Fenway, the one locale which might have been his salvation.

The Red Sox quit early on the giant infielder. After starting the season at first base **Dropo** made only one hit in the first three games, 12 trips to the plate. O'Neill, in a surprising move, immediately benched him.

Given a nine-game rest, he was returned to the lineup, hit the ball hard for a short stretch, then slumped and was benched once again.

The Red Sox attempted to trade him before the June 15 deadline, but no one would go for the deals the Boston

In Fast Slide



Walt Dropo

club wanted. They offered him to Detroit for Hoot Evers, and also to certain other teams. The answer always was no.

Finally, after **Dropo** looked pitiful striking out in a vital pinch-hitting appearance against the White Sox, Sunday, June 24, Steve O'Neill consulted with General Manager Joe Cronin and the decision was made.

"I'm sure he'll be back," were O'Neill's words to the press upon announcing the sudden news. "Going out again will help him regain his confidence."

"Walt has been swinging at too many bad pitches. And the people here were getting on him. That didn't help."

Dropo, himself, was stunned at the development. O'Neill called him in to break the news after the Chicago twin-bill, June 24. He had been sitting in front of his locker, greatly discouraged at striking out.

Before boarding a plane for the West Coast to join with Manager Del Baker, who was his boss two seasons ago at Sacramento, **Dropo** stated:

"The only way for me to get back

Ted Williams Makes Putout on Runner at Second Base

BOSTON, Mass.—Ted Williams, Red Sox left fielder, made a putout on the infield by tagging a runner out during a run-down play in the game with the Athletics, June 26. Joe Astroth, A's catcher, singled with one out in the eighth and as Pinch-Hitter Ray Murray was being thrown out, Johnny Pesky to Billy Goodman, Astroth, instead of stopping at second, decided he'd catch the Red Sox asleep and started for third.

Goodman fired the ball to Third Baseman Vern Stephens, who chased Astroth back toward second, tossing the ball to Bobby Doerr. Catcher Les Moss, who had raced down the base line, next handled the ball, chasing Astroth almost back to second, but finally tossed to Williams, who had slipped in unnoticed, from left field. Ted reached down and tagged out the runner and the official scorer announced the play as follows: Pesky to Goodman to Stephens to Doerr to Moss to Williams.

Lip's Unpredictable Crew Takes Form Chart for Fast Ride

Mays in Strong Comeback After Early Bat Troubles

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Willie Mays has made a remarkable comeback after going into a tailspin following his arrival in the major leagues from Minneapolis, where he had compiled a spectacular .477 batting mark. Collecting only one hit—a home run—in his first 26 times at bat as a Giant, Mays has been hitting at a near-.400 rate since he shook his slump. Since his 1-for-26 gait, the Negro hit at a .384 pace, through June 27, rapping out 38 blows, including six home runs, in 99 trips. His 26 hits also produced 26 RBIs.

First One and Then Another Performer Alternates in Slumps and Hot Streaks

By KEN SMITH

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Since the Giants changed from a .167 eighth-place outfit into .545 second-placers two months later, observers have witnessed a series of demonstrations illustrating the fallacy of picking up a newspaper and basing predictions on the current statistical situation. On June 2, Willie Mays was an .038 flop. Three weeks later he was a .316 sensation. Don Mueller was the fourth-string right fielder on May 17, passed over for Spider Jorgensen, Monte Irvin and Jack Maguire. But starting that day, Don batted .402 for five weeks, boosting his average 133 points.



Willie Mays

When the Giants were in Cincinnati on the recent western trip, the preceding batter was passed purposely three times to get at Whitey Lockman, who had been batting .133 in the last 11 games. A week later, a St. Louis pitcher put Whitey on base intentionally for fear he'd belt one, for the tow-head had been clouting at a .360 for a week. Irvin poked along at .210 for a fortnight in late May and early June and was benched. But the climax slugger of the western trip turned out to be Monte, who broke up two extra-inning struggles, walloping five homers.

They Keep Dopesters Dizzy

Dopesters threw up their hands trying to figure what Leo Durocher's boys would do next. Early in June they batted .200 against the Reds and Cardinals in six consecutive days, blowing four out of six games. A visiting reporter observed that they were the weakest hitters in the league and the club percentages backed him up. But later in the month at Cincinnati and St. Louis, they cleaned up four out of six, batting .255, twice giving 15-hit performances and socking half a dozen homers.

Then, just as they were stampeding an average of a dozen hits and six runs per contest for a week, they suddenly ran into a St. Louis air pocket, scoring only four runs in three consecutive games.

Al Dark and Eddie Stanky, spinning off double plays at a brisk pace, had been credited as the keystone of the club's exciting May rally. But they were a June fielding bust, Al making six errors in eight games while his companion, whose steady batting led the club for quite a stretch, had to take a rest after a hitting and fielding slow-down. The first thing fans knew, Bill Rigney, previously third-ranking infielder behind Jack Lohrke and Art Wilson, was holding down second base in the starting lineup. The club was supposedly invincible against Chicago, yet the three best pitchers, Sal Maglie, Larry Jansen and Jim Hearn, were knocked out in four June games against the Bruins.

Bob Thomson Next in Line

So as the club headed for July, who could tell what this impulsive cast would do? Maybe Bob Thomson, whose June average was .170, bringing him a bench seat, was destined for a batting spree while his torrid teammates were due for a slump. But for eight weeks they proved to be the most consistent team behind the Dodgers. In winning 34 out of 52 games, it was the individuals who took turns acting hot and cold.

Giant Glints: Though they led the way in total National League home runs, the Giants had no individual near the top, a tribute to their team. While the team was busy winning, decided improvement by Lockman as a first sacker was a big factor. . . . Gene Hermanski, Bruce Edwards and Eddie Miksis, refusing to acknowledge the Giants' jinx against the Cubs (W 24, L 7), behaved like Dodgers in their first series against the Polo Grounders, knocking in nine runs with 13 hits among them, in the three-game series.

Olson and Maxwell Recalled From Louisville, Hatfield and Wright Are Sent Back

up here is knock the hell out of the ball at San Diego. That's all I want to say. It's up to me now."

In Moosup, Conn., **Dropo's** home town, the news was received with indignation. Local fans were in a turmoil at seeing their favorite son farmed out for the second time by the Red Sox.

"It was a severe shock," said Mrs. **Dropo**, who reported that scores of friends had flooded her home with telephone calls of disappointment.

Teammate Bobby Doerr, a friend and counsellor to most everyone on the Red Sox club, said of **Dropo's** departure:

"The 24-hour clause in his option means he has every reason to work hard to get back into the groove. I still rate **Walt** a good prospect, and I believe he'll eventually clinch a big league job."

"You have to admire his earnestness," said Doerr. "He was a hard worker. **Walt** used to be out taking batting practice long after the games."

(**Dropo** wasted no time in joining San Diego, making his debut with the Padres, June 27. In four trips to the plate, however, **Dropo** failed to get the ball out of the infield, striking out, hitting into a double play, grounding out and forcing a runner at second.)

Rookie Olson Impresses Steve Meanwhile, Steve O'Neill was much enthused about the possibilities of 20-year-old Karl Olson. The talented rookie had a great season with Birmingham last year, batting .321, driving across 100 runs, and connecting for 23 homers.

"He's due for an Army call any day," O'Neill said. "In fact, he didn't even come east from California last February for spring training because he thought he was going then."

"Olson is a great prospect, probably the outstanding one in our farm system," said the manager. "He can run, throw, and hit with good power. We're going to try to use him as long as we can."

Sox Shorts: This was the second time **Dropo** had been shipped to the minors by Red Sox managers. In 1949 he opened the season at first base for Boston, but a short time later, Joe McCarthy sent him to Sacramento because of weak hitting. . . . Del Baker, who was manager there, is supposed to have helped him in batting. . . . Tom Wright was batting only .233 in 60 times up at the time of his trip back to Louisville. His fielding in right field was not sharp. Hatfield had been used mostly in pinch-hitting appearances. He had been up ten times, made only one hit. . . . Ted Williams boosted his average considerably during the last home stand, much the same as during the previous Fenway stint weeks before. In the last two home stays, he had collected 49 hits in 105 times at bat for a terrific .466 clip. . . . And 31 of the 49 hits were directed to left field. Through June 28, he was batting .341.