

Fultz Recalls Rise of Players' Fraternity

Group Started Reforms, Declares Former Head

Death of Elberfeld, Reviving Memories of Cut-and-Slash Days, Stirs Recollection of Organization Formed Back in '12, Broken Up by Previous War

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Stories printed in local sports pages after the recent death of Norman (Kid) Elberfeld recalled a collision he had with Dave Fultz, when they were teammates on the Yankees in 1905. These stories indicated Fultz, an outfielder, had gone to High Valhalla, where he would talk about the old days with the Tabasco Kid.

Fultz, himself, has remonstrated. Dave is far from gone, in fact, he is very much alive, still practicing law, with offices at 165 Broadway.

"As Mark Twain said," Dave asserted, "Reports of my death are grossly exaggerated." Fultz laughed when the writer visited him the other day.

"You know, that was the second time the papers had me dead. The first time was on September 30, 1905. That afternoon, the Yankees were playing Cleveland. Nap Lajoie, who scarcely ever hit Texas leaguers, but drove a ball sharply, on a line, lofted one between short and center. I ran for it and Elberfeld ran for it, and neither of us saw the other. We smacked. I was taller. I broke my jaw, he suffered a fractured nose.

"My pal and later law partner, the late Fred Murphy, was officiating in a football game at Princeton that afternoon. As he arrived in New York and got the latest sports extra, he saw the headline: 'Dave Fultz seriously injured; ball player probably will die from effect of crash into Elberfeld.'

"Well, as you can see, I did not die in 1905. But that afternoon my professional career did end. I never played again. I had passed my bar examinations and had decided to go in with Murphy, and perhaps would have played another year. But I carried a splint in my jaw for six months.

"Yes, indeed, I have a very vivid recollection of Kid Elberfeld," Dave chuckled. "A most emphatic recollection.

"Tell you about the Kid? Well, you know that later on—I think it was the second half of the 1908 season, after the Tammany Hall group that ran the Yankees had fired Clark Griffith—Elberfeld managed the team. That was a mistake. He was not suited, temperamentally, for that sort of job. True he made good as a manager later on in the minors. But the majors and minors decidedly are different in many ways.

"Elberfeld was as tough, physically, as any player in the history of baseball. He was perhaps the toughest little guy the game has seen.

"Before coming to New York, he was with Detroit for a couple of years. Playing against the Kid—well, it was an experience you never forgot. When you slid into him, he skinned your shins. Every time, mind you. I always thought he wore metal shinguards, something like graters. When he came to the Yanks, I discovered that he had no shinguards, just the toughest legs any ball player ever had. He was cut and bruised all over."

In connection with Elberfeld's move to the Yankees, Ed Barrow, president of that club, confesses to some poignant memories. "The Kid was one of my few serious mistakes," Barrow related the other day. "I managed him in Detroit, and traded him to the Yanks for old Herman Long, who had just about wound up his career.

"The Kid was about as tough as any five foot seven, 155-pounder ever has been in the majors, and in New York, he developed into a really great shortstop."

When Hurst Took Tabasco Out of Kid

"Yeah, the Kid was tough, but I remember a day when he ran into someone tougher," broke in Paul Krichell, the Yankee scout.

"The Yanks were playing our Browns on the Hilltop and Elberfeld slid home, missed the plate and was tagged out by Catcher Krichell, who I might mention, was a great player in his day.

"Rough old Tim Hurst was umpiring. Elberfeld insisted he had been safe, Hurst merely sneered at him. The Kid even pointed to an imaginary line that he had cut into the dirt on his allegedly safe journey to the plate. Hurst never looked down. He merely took off his mask, swung it on the Kid's noggin, and knocked him cold.

"As Elberfeld lay at the plate, Hurst said quietly: 'I guess that will take care of all them Tabasco Kids.' It was no credit to Hurst. Talk about umpires' authority today. That would cost any umpire his job. But Tim was his own boss."

Branch Rickey was a catcher with the Yankees while Elberfeld was with them, and also had some eulogistic remarks. He said the Kid was the champion for letting himself get hit by pitched balls. Friends of Arthur Fletcher may raise a question in that respect, but the Kid got on plenty.

"Elberfeld would do anything to win," Rickey concluded. "Smart, tricky, ruthless in the field, he patted opposition and he refused to be a loser."

However, let us return to Dave Fultz, whom we left sitting in his Broadway offices.

"Our talk about Elberfeld serves to stress how times have changed, how players, managers, club owners and umpires have changed. Yes, and the fans, too," said Dave. "As you remember, I was head of the baseball players' fraternity which was organized around 1912 and was broken up by the first World War.

"I am asked, quite often, if I believe there is need for another fraternity. I say unhesitatingly that there is no likelihood of there ever again being any union or fraternity of major league players. There no longer is any need for it.

"The players' fraternity instituted a lot of important reforms. Had not those points been gained, there would be a place for an organization.

"But our agreement with the old National Commission cleared up a lot of evils.

"Now these old abuses could not return, because Judge Landis would not stand for them. He has been a tremendous help to the players.

"The players themselves are different and would not work under the old conditions. Not only that, but the club owners of today would not try to put over the conditions with which the players were confronted up to 1912. The owners of today have a healthier slant on their positions. They regard the player as a man with rights. In between is the fan, with a loftier idea of the game, the player and the magnate. It's great to be a baseball hero today."

Here Fultz dug out a booklet, the official manual and year book of the baseball players' fraternity for 1915, with the Spalding imprint.

The fraternity offices were at 41 Wall Street in New York. Fultz was president; Ray Collins, vice-president; Jake Daubert, vice-president; John B. Miller, vice-president; Eddie Zimmerman, vice-president, and Ed Reulbach, secretary.

The fraternity had as many vice-presidents as any New York bank of 1928.



ED BARROW
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Led Union of Performers



DAVE FULTZ, formerly a baseball and football star at Brown and outfielder for the Phillies, Orioles, Athletics and Yankees, created quite a furor in baseball three decades ago by unionizing major league players in an organization called the "Players' Fraternity." Fultz won some concessions for the players, but he and his organization discontinued operating in World War I. At one time he applied for admission for the Fraternity in the A. F. L. During World War I, Fultz, an official of big football games, served as Y. M. C. A. athletic director in France.

The directors included Sam Agnew, Leon Ames, Jimmy Archer, Ty Cobb, Sam Crawford, Rabbit Maranville, Fred Merkle and George Gibson.

The objects of the fraternity were listed as follows:

- 1—To exert the widest influence for a high standard of honor among all members.
 - 2—To instill into the player a pride in his profession.
 - 3—To use at all times the strongest possible influence to induce the player to keep himself in condition so that he may be able to give his employer and the public the best services of which he is capable.
 - 4—To have every reasonable obligation of the player's contract lived up to by both contracting parties.
 - 5—To secure adequate protection from abusive spectators.
 - 6—To discountenance and abolish, as far as possible, rowdiness on the ball field.
 - 7—To advise the players concerning any real or fancied grievances.
 - 8—To maintain the national honor of the game and foster a high degree of respect and esteem for the progressive development of America's favorite National Pastime.
 - 9—That membership in the baseball players' fraternity shall be a guarantee to the public of the player's reliability and stands.
- The constitution placed initiation fees at \$5 and major league dues at \$18 a year, payable in six installments. In time, the players got the feeling that \$18 a year was a lot of money. Also, the war in 1917 and 1918 called many of the members and the association just petered out.

How Cobb Figured in Fraternity

"How far did Ty Cobb figure in the fraternity?" we asked.

It was Cobb who furnished one of the impetuses to its life. He chased into the New York stands after a heckler and was fined and suspended by Ban Johnson, president of the American League.

"Oh, Cobb was active enough, though he was not an officer, just a director," Dave replied.

"He was very much alive to the things we wanted to institute. Very much alive in everything, as a matter of fact. He was the No. 1 ball player of his time, and still is No. 1 in my book.

"I do not recollect whether Babe Ruth joined our fraternity when he got into the American League. But, aside from that, I can't rate the Babe over Ty. Ruth could hit home runs, but Cobb was superlative, doing anything else on a ball field. And that man Lajoie was the greatest machine yet seen around second base. He was a marvel afield and at bat.

"Of course, it's rank nonsense to say that the development of the individual star stopped at a certain stage of the history of baseball. There have been some marvels in the last decade. But you can't take it away from Cobb, from Hal Chase, Willie Keeler and Lajoie. And I am not going to be dragged into talking about pitchers."

Would the old style of ball playing rough and tumble, slash and cut, be possible today?

"Well, don't forget that the slash and cut type of baseball traced to one primary factor, base running," Fultz replied. "They don't run any more. Don't have to. They just wait for the long hit.

"Not all the players of the old days filed their spikes and had mayhem in their hearts. Maybe that sort of stuff has been exaggerated."

Two callers brought the interview to a halt. One was Charles H. Ebbets, Jr., for whom Fultz handles certain matters connected with the Brooklyn club. The other was Andy Coakley, one-time major league pitcher, who now is coach at Columbia. The conversation took another tack. But Dave had had his say about Elberfeld, and had completed the denial of his demise.

Fultz was born at Staunton, Va., went to Staunton Military Academy and Brown University. He still holds his jaw when you mention Norman (Kid) Elberfeld, the Tabasco Kid.



TY COBB
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Giants Have 10 4-F's, but Face Call-Up for Ace

Adams Gets Draft Summons; Hubbell Busy Lining Up Teen-Age Players

By KEN SMITH

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Two news items tell the latest story about the Giants as they prepare for the spring training period:

(1) Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 21—Ace Adams, busiest pitcher since Doc White in 1879, revealed that he has been called by his draft board for examination. (2) Lakewood, N. J., Jan. 22—Mickey McMahon, groundkeeper of the Polo Grounds, is here preparing two diamonds for spring training, one for the New York Giants, the other for the Jersey City club.

Of all Mel Ott's dramatis personae (not stuff from the Baseball Writers' Show) the one for whom there can be no understudy is Adams, stubby denizen of the bullpen, who pitched in 70 games last season and 61 the year before. If Ace goes, he will be sorely missed.

But though they may have to scrape the bottom of the bin, the Giants are getting up a team. They have ten men turned down by the service for physical reasons: Harry Feldman, Frank Seward, Ewald Pyle, Bill Voiselle, Ray Berres, Ernie Lombardi, Gus Mancuso, Joe Stephenson, Bill Jurges and Johnny Ruckner. They also have a 38-year-old Johnny Allen.

Starting with Bill Lajestkie, Passaic (N. J.) high school athlete; for whose signature they paid \$10,000, the Polo Grounders have been lining up 16 and 17-year-olds by the dozens. Carl Hubbell expects to have 60 under leash.

It requires time before all able-bodied fathers are called. If the national serv-

It's 'Corral' Hubbell Now

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Six Staten Island boys inducted into Carl Hubbell's corral were honored at a dinner, January 22. Jack Hill and Vin O'Grady, keystone combination of the New Dorp Queens A. C., and First Baseman Bill Cannon, Outfielder Dan Siracusa and Catcher Bill Gorman, all of the same club, signed with Bristol, in the Appalachian League, while Pitcher Bob Johnston was taken by Jersey City. Soon they'll be calling him "Corral" Hubbell.

ice act passes, all hands become available for war plant duty, but all may not be summoned at once. And baseball may not be declared unessential during the summer, insofar as war work is concerned. As Bob Hope is more valuable in front of a mike than at a lothe, Stan Musial may be judged handier with a bat than a crowbar.

Officials of the Giants and Dodgers received an official okay from Mayor Fiorella H. LaGuardia, January 24, in regard to night games at the Polo Grounds and Ebbets Field next season. The Giants want only seven arc-light games, but may go to 14 if the Dodgers decide to play that number of contests under the arcs.

Mickey Witke has taken to the Coast Guard in salty style, at Manhattan Beach. "The courses are interesting," says the second baseman. "They are a swell bunch here and it is just like going to spring training and meeting a lot of different fellows for the first time." Atta boy, Mickey.

The Giants have a strong lineup in the service: Mize, 1b; Witke, 2b; Blattner, ss; Gordon, 3b; Arnovich, lf; Young, cf; Marshall, rf; Danning, c; Schumacher, Carpenter, East, p., and subs for all of them.

At Lakewood, the groundkeeper is laying out a diamond on the late John D. Rockefeller's front lawn, separate from the one on the golf course, which was used by both the New York and Jersey City forces last year. Gabby Hartnett will have so many youngsters that the two clubs will not share the field. Incidentally, McMahon, the groundkeeper, is in 1-A.



Ace Adams

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CUBAN CONGA LINE GETS LONGER

Scout Joe Cambria of the Washington Senators, who for years looked upon Cuba as his own private hunting preserve for diamond talent, now is having his monopoly challenged. The heads of other hunters are bobbing up above the canebrakes, through which Cambria blazed the trails.

Slipping quietly into Cuba, before Cambria could say "Cienfuegos," Frank D. Lawrence, owner of the Portsmouth Piedmont League club, looked over all shades of talent on the island and returned with a brief case bulging with the contracts of nine players.

Next came a report from Havana that a mysterious visitor who spoke Spanish with a Southern accent had been spotted there. The stranger turned out to be Earl Mann, president of the Atlanta Southern Association club, seeking players for his Crackers.

Senior Cambria, however, has not been idle. From the Caribbean campaigner of the Senators have come glowing reports on Roberto Ortiz, an original discovery of Cambria, recently repossessed by Washington from the Dodgers. The Nats also have signed Roberto's younger brother, Olivrio Ortiz, and Cabellero Cambria's latest find is one Epitacio Torres, an outfielder in the Cuban Winter League.

Clark Griffith long has taken a benevolent interest in the Cubans. In time, of course, they learn how to count in American currency, but no one can deny that Papa Griffith has opened the door to comparative affluence to many Spanish-speaking athletes and the difference between an occasional sirloin steak and a diet that chiefly featured frijoles.

Bucky Harris, it is said, looked over so many Havana importations each spring, while managing the Senators, that he became slightly allergic to the type. However, there probably is little truth in the apocryphal story that on being confronted by a Cuban delegation one spring, Harris asked their identity.

"We are Cubans and ball players," replied the spokesman.

"Okay," said Bucky, according to the tale. "Ball players line up on this side and Cubans on the other."

The record shows that Cuba has given many fine players to the American game. They develop into good fielders and pitchers, and also do well as batters when they are able to overcome a characteristic naivete toward a curve ball. In view of the manpower situation, it is likely that the Cuban conga line will get longer as the training season gets closer, and that we shall see more Cubans and Venezuelans, along with a sprinkling from other South and Central American countries—the game's contribution to good neighborliness and continental solidarity.

BETTER PICKINGS IN COTTON, BILL?

When William Harold Terry recently announced his retirement from the game to enter the cotton business, his decision created no great surprise, for the former manager of the New York Giants has been on the sidelines, at his home in Memphis, Tenn., for more than a year. However, when William Harold, in explaining his reasons, said "baseball is too cheap for me," there was some astonishment.

"I'm through with baseball," declared Bill, as quoted by an interviewer, "because it doesn't look as though you can get any money in it."

Well, that all depends upon what constitutes one's idea of "money." It is estimated that in his 20 years on the payroll of the New York club, Terry collected around \$500,000. Half a million dollars may not be regarded with much respect by William, but we know a lot of people—including some wearing our own laundry mark—who would rejoice in even a bowing acquaintance with such a sum.

"With the low salaries they're paying in the majors, there is nothing in it for me," Terry was further quoted. "There's a cheaper caliber of players, too."

Bill's admirers will regret that present-day major league salaries are not high enough to attract a man of his acknowledged talents. There is no doubt about those abilities, either on the playing field or as a business man. Nor is there much question that, under the present circumstances, some of the performers might be described in Terry's well-turned phrase as "a cheaper caliber of players." But has William reflected that this is because many of the finer players have gone into the service of Uncle Sam? If the resulting situation hastens the rise of some athletes from the minors, and retains some veterans beyond their time, is the competition less keen or the interest less great among those who, after all, regard the game as the thing?

Probably there will be envy of Terry's money-making talents, particularly among those baseball writers whom Bill once termed "S35 a week newspapermen." There also will be regret that he has seen fit to grace the cotton business with his talents instead of investing his diamond knowledge and his financial resources in the game which has represented so much to Bill himself, and still means much to the youth of the land, and to those fighting to preserve just such opportunities as baseball offers in security and fame.

CINCINNATI FANS NOT TO BE KEPT IN DARK

Even when the Cincinnati Reds play their games at night, those who sit in the stands are not to be kept in the dark. In fact, on all occasions at Crosley Field, there is going to be abundant light—as far as information is concerned—for those who pay the freight. General Manager Warren Giles gave this assurance with the announcement that this coming season, the management will explain all unusual developments to the customers, over loudspeakers.

The Cincinnati club deserves a vociferous vote of approval for this move. For some years, this publication has campaigned for at least as much information for those in the ball park as is afforded to outside listeners on the radio, who contribute no financial increment to the daily take.

If a player is ousted by an umpire, the fans in the park should be told about it—and why. If a manager continues a game under protest, the customers should be apprised of that interesting fact. If a knotty problem in rules arises, if some puzzling decision is made by the men in blue, the grandstand and bleachers should receive complete explanations.

An extension of the Giles idea would develop intriguing inside details. For example, suppose the announcer kept telling the customers what was going on down there at the plate. Suppose the squawks of the batters and the rejoinders of the umpires were made public property. Unquestionably, the attendance would rise. However, the time is not yet ripe for this revolutionary move. Giles says, "What goes on between the batter and the umpire is a military secret."

If the manager throws a wet towel at the umpire, it still is military, we take it. But no longer a secret, at least in Cincinnati—thanks to the progressive action of the Reds.

Weighed Only 135, But Tobasco Kid

Waded Into Big Guys

By FRED LIEB

They called him the "Tobasco Kid," and the name was no misnomer. He was plenty hot stuff, and made life miserable for many an umpire. His biting tongue also lashed out at ball players, friend and foe, especially when he thought the friend wasn't bearing down hard enough.

The Tobasco Kid, of course, was Norman Elberfeld, famous New York American shortstop, who was called out by the Great Umpire at Chattanooga, January 13, 1903. But, if there are some debit marks on the Kid's ledger, the Great Umpire may make allowances for mitigating circumstances.

"I was tough, and I guess mean, too," said Elberfeld, not long before his death. "I had only four years of schooling, and then had to hustle for myself. I was only a little squirt, five feet seven inches tall, and weighed only 135 pounds when I played my best ball."

"Well, they didn't give much encouragement to a runt when I broke in with the Phillies in the nineties. You know the Baltimore Orioles and Tebeau's Cleveland Spiders still were in the league. The only way I could prevent those other guys from picking on me was to be tougher than they were."

The Kid had one great regret—that he didn't get to play for John McGraw. He was with Detroit in the early years of the American League in 1900, '01, '02 and '03. He jumped to the Giants after the 1902 season, but under the peace terms Elberfeld was returned to Detroit. McGraw knew Elberfeld was headed for the New York Americans, and signed him, trying to prevent it.

"McGraw was baseball's greatest manager," said Elberfeld. "We played the same kind of ball, hard and to win."

Chosen Over Wagner

What gave the Kid his greatest chuckle in later life was that a Philly scout, Con Lucid, a pitcher on the club, passed up Hans Wagner to report favorably on Elberfeld and recommend his purchase.

"The Phillies had bought Lajoie in 1896, and wanted a shortstop to go with him," the Kid related. "So, in 1897, Col. Rogers of the Phillies asked Lucid to have a look at Hans Wagner, the big Dutchman, who was playing shortstop for Paterson in the Atlantic League. Well, in the game Lucid scouted, I was playing shortstop against Wagner for the Richmond club and had a great day. So Lucid went back and reported: 'The Dutchman is too clumsy; the fellow you want is the little guy, Elberfeld, who plays for Richmond.' So, they bought me, and let Louisville buy Wagner."

Elberfeld also was proud that his first roommate in the big leagues was big Ed Delahanty, the only man to lead both major leagues at bat. "Ball players were rough in those days, and I really mean rough," said the Kid. "And they didn't make it too easy for a kid breaking in. But, in other ways some of the old guys were more democratic. Can you imagine how a .390 hitter would act today if the club traveling secretary roomed some fresh punk of a rookie with him?"

The Tobasco Kid also wanted to set the record straight that he didn't undermine Clark Griffith as New York American manager in 1908. Elberfeld succeeded Griff as manager in June, after the Yanks fopped from first to last place on a long road jaunt.

"I wasn't the sweetest-tempered guy in the world, and had my run-ins with Griff. He managed the club from 1903 until I succeeded him. But Griff knows I always gave him the best I had. When Frank Farrell let him go, somebody had to manage the club. And he picked on me."

But the Kid was proudest of his family. The tough, little tobacco-chewing roughneck of the diamond, with four years of schooling, sent five daughters and a son through college.



Kid Elberfeld

OVER--

THE

FENCE

By DAN DANIEL

Goat Milk to Put Agility in Cubs and Sox

During this off-season, with so little of moment happening, it becomes the habit of the writers to treat of all sorts of trivial subjects. They wonder about postwar planning. They seek to peer into the uncertain future. They wander along the pathways of conjecture.

Now comes a truly vital matter. From the press department of the French Lick Springs (Ind.) Hotel comes the word that a strange experiment is to be tried there, with the Cubs and the White Sox as guinea pigs. The ball players, let it be remembered, will train there again in March and April.

The experiment will take the form of feeding two quarts of goat milk to each player, per diem.

Tom Taggart, who owns the hotel, also has the goats. They are a rare breed. Goat milk is easily digested, and according to Mr.



Taggart, the two quarts per diem will fill out the creases in the players caused by wartime food rationing.

It is quite evident, to begin with, that Mr. Taggart has seen few ball players reporting for spring training. They do not show any creases from intensive dieting. Nor are they going to be in creases from food rationing.

If the goat milk experiment is to be conducted solely for the purpose of increasing the heft of the poor, hungry, starved ball players, it can be dispensed with right now, and the milk sent to kids.

However, the experts say goat milk makes the drinker nimble. If that be true, the players of 1944 should go on a tremendous goat-milk spree. Those who will be left will need plenty of the old nimble. Bring on the goats!

Two Quarts a Day an Old System

Allotting two quarts a day to each Cub and Sox player will mean a return to an ancient system. Back in the days when ball players got \$100 a month, wore walrus mustaches, weren't allowed even in second-class hotels, and trained under the stands, two quarts a day was not regarded as an excessive allotment. However, it was NOT goat milk.

In fact, back in 1888, when Cap Anson took his Chicago Colts to Hot Springs, Ark., he ordered them off the two quarts a day. The boys had been drinking plenty of brew and had bloated somewhat. Cap decided to melt them down at the Spa.

Back in those days, the suggestion that ball players drink goat milk in training would have guffawed the victim club right off the baseball map.

However, the Cubs and the Sox are going to place themselves under the microscope. Scientists will watch the goat-milk-guzzling athletes from day to day, noting their increase in vigor, in agility, and in other items having to do with the daily life of the goat.

Just what goat milk will do for ball players I am not in a position to say. I remember, however, having eaten goat chops at a barbecue given by Phil Wrigley at his ranch 'way up in the hills on Catalina. I smelled like a goat for the next two weeks.

This is an Age of Scientific Progress

The Cubs and Sox will imbibe their goat milk, guaranteed from pedigreed, highborn ba-a-a-as, and other clubs will go off on other adventures related to calories, vitamins, corpuscles and general well-being. For this is an age of tremendous scientific progress, in baseball no less than in other avenues of life.

The Cardinals, for example, will go on a double dose of vitamin pills. They swallowed capsules of life-giving ingredients in 1942 and 1943, and both years won the pennant.

Now Sam Breadon says he wants more pills, and a more meticulous adherence to the daily dosage. It seems that after paying religious attention to the pills in 1942, some of the Redbirds sneaked off the vitamin diet, here and there, in 1943.

You know what resulted. The insidious effects were not recognizable in the pennant race, but when Southworth's vitamin-underprivileged nobles landed in the World's Series, their remissness showed up right in the first encounter with the Yankees.

The Bombers, on the other hand, went into the fight with a secret weapon. Trainer Eddie Froelich had shifted from the tablets fed under the Painter regime to another type of vitamin.

Now it can be told. THE YANKEES SWITCHED FROM CREAM-COLORED TABLETS TO RED PILLS.

"There is a pound of liver in each of these pills," said Eddie. "A pound of liver, two pounds of steak, two quarts of milk."

Ken Sears listened to this for some time and then announced Froelich had gone nuts. But, WHO WON THE WORLD'S SERIES?

All Sorts of Ideas Sprout in the Spring

In the good old springtime, when the sap runs, there are all sorts of peculiar ideas in baseball. One March, Pitcher Ray Francis, then sojourning briefly with the Yankees, appeared in St. Petersburg with a box containing a dozen white mice.

The pitcher explained that twice a day he released the mice in the hall of the sixth floor, and ran them down. He preferred this to rougher exercise on the field, where, he complained, it was too sandy.

Feeding milk to the boys is not exactly new. Some trainers have gone in for chocolate. One developed a special breakfast food built on a cracked wheat base, and the idea got around that the wheat wasn't the only thing that was cracked.

And so it has gone right down the years. But it was left for the Cubs and the White Sox, in 1944, to become involved in a goat milk stunt.

Much more could be said about all this, and doubtless the gravity of the subject will justify even more extended treatment in the future.