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## AN OUTFIELDER RETURNS AS A PITCHER

Byron Bancroft Johnson, a newspaperman with a vision, the man who created the American League and nursed it into a tremendous force in our American life, was a sage as well as a promoter.

"Never despair for the drama of baseball," Johnson once said, as things took a desultory turn in one of those early American League seasons.

Johnson's aphorism came to mind when Ben Chapman, who had gone back into the minor leagues as an outfielder, charged back into the majors, with Brooklyn, as a pitcher.

The history of baseball presents many cases of the drama of fletcher turned hurler, and vice versa.

But for a man to go back into the minors, remain there for years, and then emerge as a pitcher of major league skill is one of those developments sui generis, one of those grand theater circumstances which stress the game's many thrilling facets.

It will be recalled that Joe Bowman, now with the Red Sox, was an outfielder before he went to pitching. Bucky Walters was a third baseman when Jimmie Wilson converted him into a pitcher.

Babe Ruth was a pitcher when Ed Barrow decided to take advantage of his hitting, and shifted him to right field.

But you will search in vain for a parallel to the Chapman case. His progress will be watched with all the keener interest.

Chapman's transition into a pitcher was nothing that happened of a sudden. He had hurling aspirations away back in the days when he was chasing flies for the Yankees. This ambition grew when Ben was teamed by Joe McCarthy to the Senators, for Jake Powell.

"Let me become a pitcher," Ben pleaded with Bucky Harris, then managing the Washington club. But Harris thought the idea fantastic.

Back in the minors, Chapman was at last the master of his own decisions, and turned to the mound.

As he kept winning for Richmond this year, he pleaded with Clark Griffith to buy him, and prove that he could win in the American League.

Griffith was intrigued by the idea, but before he could make up his mind, Branch Rickey beat him to it and Ben showed up with Brooklyn, to win his first start, against the Braves.

It is recalled that Chapman failed as an infielder with the Yankees, because even then he was a pitcher.

Ben threw curve balls to first base. "That guy pitches as good a sinker as Cy Moore," said the baffled Lou Gehrig, who had his troubles with the errant relays from the Birmingham Flier.

Now Ben is doing just what he long wanted to do, and Brooklyn fans find in him a relief from the sad story they read in the daily standing of the clubs.

"Never despair for the drama of baseball," said Johnson.

## ROLLIE HEMSLEY GOES INTO SERVICE

When Rollie Hemsley came to bat for the first time for the Yankees against the Indians, August 17, the Stadium crowd arose and gave the veteran catcher an ovation.

When Hemsley appeared at the plate for the last time, in the eighth inning, there was a farewell salvo for him that would have done credit to Bill Dickey or Joe DiMaggio.

For with that game, Rollie Hemsley closed his professional baseball. It may be that the Yankees, the major leagues, will see the veteran no more even after the war, for he is tired and his farm near Vienna, Mo., will need his attention.

It was only out of great loyalty to the New York club that Hemsley changed his decision of last winter, to retire from baseball, and rejoined the Bombers in Boston on April 18.

Because of that loyalty, Hemsley, who had been rated 2-A on the farm, was reclassified 1-A. Despite the fact that he was close to the draft age limit, Rollie was taken.

On the surface, Hemsley is just another major league player called to the colors, just another star on the American League flag, just another service designation on the escutcheon of the Yankees.

But, for many reasons, Hemsley deserves the rich accolade. He deserves it for what he made of himself after he had wandered for a long time down the path of jollity, which leads back into the bushes, and down the chute to defeat and despair.

Hemsley caught himself in time. He joined Alcoholics Anonymous. He reformed, fought himself back into working shape, and with the Yankees achieved a new stature as a catcher and hitter he had not boasted in the palmiest days of his pre-reformation years.

With the Yankees this season, Hemsley caught in 81 games, drove in 26 runs, hit .269, got two homers and finished with a batting streak of five straight games.

For a stretch of two weeks, Hemsley caught despite a fractured finger. It was a week after his accident before he discovered he was suffering from a break. But even when he knew of the injury, he did not stop. "This club needs me," he said, "and I am going to catch until I can catch no more, or Joe McCarthy throws me out."

He caught—and now, insofar as the Yankees are concerned, he can catch no more, for Rollie now works for Uncle Sam. And both are fortunate in their choices.

## WHAT! NO ICEBOX IN THE CLUBHOUSE?

You can keep a ball player up past midnight—but you can't keep him from having an appetizing snack or a steak after a night game. His stomach demands satiating, even unto a fourth meal—and Vince DiMaggio looms as another leader of athletes into new benefits.

Major league clubs allow their athletes from \$4 to \$6 a day for meals, when the team is on the road, and the players are not expected to starve themselves, in order to chisel part of the dough, nor to go beyond that limit of eating expense. However, the figures were set on a basis of three meals a day—breakfast, light lunch and a hearty repast in the evening. This was all right by the husky pitchers and outfielders until changed conditions brought a majority of night games. The players were hungry when it was time to go to bed. There are few table d'hote cafes open at midnight under wartime conditions, and the swank a la carte foode shoppes mostly stick on extra charges for entertainment and the privilege of dancing.

So it seems not unreasonable that a player needs another dollar or so to enable him to take care of the swollen check for his midnight snack, when playing towns where night ball is served up as a regular diet, for, as DiMaggio pointed out in a row with his Pittsburgh employers, a fellow has to eat.

# from the RUHL BOOK by Oscar Ruhl

## BETS OFF ON CARDINALS



Frankie Frisch

The rampaging Cardinals have one distinction the Yankees never owned when they were the invincible team in their league. The Redbirds were pulled off the board (no bets) in Washington, when a listing of 4 to 1 against the opposing club was put on the board. In other words, no one would fall for the sucker bait of putting up five smackers to win 20 if the Birds lost. One could always get a bet down when the Bombers were in their heyday, and 2 to 1 was a big price against their foes, too. . . . Frank G. Menke's new Encyclopedia of Sports was a sellout before it hit the stands. A second printing of 6,000 copies was ordered by the publisher (A. S. Barnes & Company) after the original 7,500, expected to last eight months, was exhausted. It is said that this is probably the first time a sports book pulled such an early sale. . . . Release of Fred Lieb's book on the Cardinals (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$2.75) will be marked by personal presentations by the author to Pirate Frankie Frisch, old Gas House pilot, and all the Redbirds at Sportsman's Park on August 25.

## WORST GAG OF THE WEEK:

"See where Rickey landed a (Art) Herring with a (Frank) Wurm (southpaw sent to St. Paul)."

## INDIANS COOLED A'S DEAL

Indian chiefs, not Connie Mack, as reported, called off a proposed Cleveland - A's double waiver deal, which would have involved Jeff Heath, Mickey Rocco and Vernon Kennedy of the Tribe and Joyner White and Dick Siebert and Don Black of the Athletics in July. . . . At Pittsburgh, August 13, Frank Colman batted in three runs without getting a hit. He knocked in a run with an infield out in the first and sent home a pair by hitting into a force-out at second in the seventh. . . . Coming out of the Yankee Stadium last week, Catcher Vince Castino of the White Sox was besieged by youthful autograph hunters. "Aw, come on, Crosetti," one urchin pleaded. Whereupon another piped up: "That ain't Crosetti, you jerk. Crosetti ain't got no hair." . . . It's now Major Henry Greenberg of the Army Air Forces in India.

Following the skidding Senators' double win over the Indians, August 13, the Washington Post, in a six-column banner, said: "Nats Beat Tribe Twice, 2-1, 4-1—Honest!"

## FOHL CHEERS FOR BROWNS



Lee Fohl

Cleveland's most enthusiastic Brownie rooter is Lee Fohl, who piloted the 1922 St. Louis entry which was eased out of the pennant by a single game. Lee, now 67, is a sergeant of guards at the National Aluminum Cylinder Head Company. He gave up his gas station, which he operated for nine and one-half years, when rationing became effective. . . . Clark Griffith never took his Brown players off the payroll during their absence caused by a Selective Service ultimatum. . . . New disciplinary rules were in effect on the Dodgers' latest western swing. The Lip banned clubhouse rummy sessions and enforced his midnight curfew, with Johnny Griffin, assistant trainer, checking the boys in every evening. . . . Barney McCosky and Hugh Casey enlivened a recent Hawaiian League game with their fists, the embargo resulting from the ex-Tiger's dislike for the close proximity of some of the former Dodger's pitches. . . . The Vienna, Mo., draft board gave Rollie Hemsley a two months' deferment, on the appeal of his wife, but the Missouri Selective Service director squashed it, according to reports.



# OVER-- THE FENCE

By DAN DANIEL

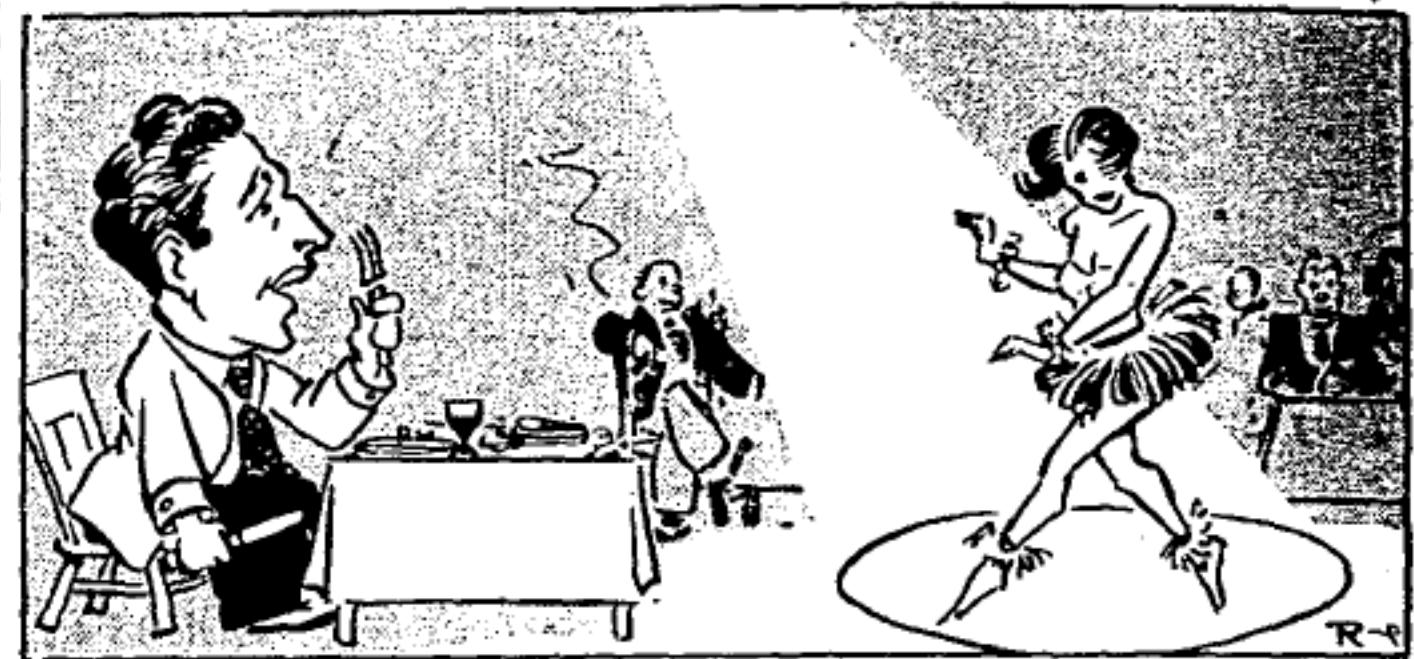
## Eating Deluxe, With Truffles!

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Not in years have major league baseball circles been stirred over matters concerning nourishment as they have been by the Incident **Vince DiMaggio**. The Pittsburgh outfielder recently got in dutch with the Pirate management for having piled up a dining room check of \$9.60 after a night game in Cincinnati.

Arguments about things to eat, how much and how little, and the type, of course, are not exactly new. John J. McGraw and Shanty Hogan, his 250-pound catcher, were in constant disagreement on that subject. Miller Huggins and one Sam Vick, who may have been the best eater in all Yankee history, were not exactly in accord on the general subject of food intake.

Why, there even was a debate on the topic of breakfast in bed. It came to the ears of the highly irascible and not always unjust Phil Ball, then owner of



It's 20 per cent extra, but a guy's gotta eat somewhere after a night game.

the Browns, that one Gene Robertson, a third baseman, a third baseman, the eating his breakfast before he climbed off his couch. On the road, there were items of service charges for this luxury.

"Where I eat is nobody's business," shouted Robertson. "Where you eat is my business no longer," yelled Ball, as the infielder was waived to the Yanks.

It is a general rule among major league clubs to allow each player \$4 worth of food a day on the road. Nearly all the clubs ask their men to sign checks in the dining room. There are some isolated cases where clubs give the players cash, and let them eat wherever they like.

Well, we'll recollect an outbreak of food poisoning in those Dodgers during their spring training at Jacksonville, Fla., back in 1919, because Charley Ebbets was giving each man \$2.50 per day in cash, and the boys were making \$1.50 do at the Greasy Spoon, Branch No. 7 of Acropolis De Luxe Foods, Inc.

## Vince Gorged, Joe Got Stomachache

At tremendous expense, the writer has obtained a transcript of the hearing which Francois Frisch held on glimpsing the \$9.60 check which Vincenzo DiMaggio rolled up in that Cincinnati hotel.

It is of interest to note that while **Vince** did the eating of this gargantuan repast—around midnight, it would seem—his brother Joe, in the Pacific, got the stomach ache. This bears out a most interesting medical theory. Even now, Joe is in a hospital in Hawaii, actually suffering from the effects of his brother's regal blowout. Well, here is what happened, as we got it by the Ivy Vine, when the Pilot called the Eater:

**FRISCH—Vince**, here is a check which seems to be signed by you. Just routine checkup, because the hotel seems to have made a mistake. The chit says you ate \$9.60 worth of vitamins and such after the game last night. Now, no player ever ran up a check like that, and I want you to take it up with the management and ram it down their throats.

**VINCE—Mr. Frisch**, there is no use in ramming it down anybody's throat. I done it—that is, I did it, I eat it. That is, I ate it. I signed it.

**FRISCH—Now**, you don't mean to tell me that at midnight, just before going to bed, on a club which is giving its very lifeblood to finish in second place, you gorged yourself, packed yourself, and otherwise jammed food down your gizzard to the extent, to wit, as herein stated, pretty near ten bucks. To get ten bucks at Crosley Field last night, we had to draw about 50 people. If all the players gobbled ten bucks worth of nourishment after every night game, we would have to stop playing nights. In fact, we would have to stop playing. Now, I was a teammate of one Shanty Hogan. But this check makes Hogan look like a shrinking violet with lockjaw and stomach ulcers.

## Those Truffles Pull It Up!

**VINCE—Mr. Frisch**, we are allowed four bucks and one-half a day. Many is the day I only eat \$3.95.

**FRISCH—I know**, Mr. Watters will give you a check for the difference when the season is over.

**VINCE—Last night**, after the game, there is no place to eat in the hotel except the joint where they run the night club, with the 20 per cent tax.

**FRISCH—Okeh**, where us deduct the 20 per cent. That still leaves you with the all-time record for the major leagues. I heard a lot about Jim Weaver eating, but that guy was six foot seven long. You don't seem to have any physical peculiarities—except this check for \$9.60. Casting aside the issue, I would appreciate some information. How did you do it?

**VINCE—Mr. Frisch**, actually it ain't tough to do, I don't want too much credit for this trick, because if you know how, the rest is easy. It's the truffles that count.

**FRISCH—Truffles?** Wotinell are truffles? I have been eating on the road, man and boy, since 1919, and when I am with the Giants I am in hotels which never before take ball clubs. I never run into truffles.

**VINCE—Well**, truffles is a sort of underground mushrooms which comes from France and is dug up by pigs.

**FRISCH—I could say something here**, but let it go. Keep explaining.

**VINCE—Well**, the pigs have masks on their snouts, so they can't eat the truffles. That's what makes them so expensive.

**FRISCH—I could say something again**, but I won't. Do you eat truffles at home?

**VINCE—No**, Mr. Frisch. I will tell you for why. When I am home, I do not play night baseball in Cincinnati. See? And when I don't play night ball in Cincinnati, I don't go for truffles. See? That's how come!

## How to Cook Spaghetti a la Vince

**FRISCH—Well**, truffles, and personally I do not care about them. But what else did you guzzle?

**VINCE—The main item is spaghetti.**

**FRISCH—Listen**, DiMaggio, there ain't a man living who can carry two bucks worth of spaghetti, let alone eat that much.

**VINCE—It's not the quantity, boss.** It's the quality. It's done to order. Spaghetti a la **Vince**, from a recipe which is in our family since the days of Garibaldi.

**FRISCH—What's Garibaldi got to do with this?** He is in the Coast league.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12, COL. 4.)