INJURIES TEAR HOLE IN THE WHITE HOSE

ABSENCE OF DYKES, SIMMONS, HAAS REFLECTED IN MORALE

Long Home Stand Expected to Provide Chance to Cement Hold on Third Place; Club Prospers at Gate

CHICAGO, Ill.—The White Sox don't seem to be able to dodge the injury jinx. It has hit them hard at other times this season, but recently dealt a real blow where it hurt by removing three regulars from action. It so happened that the three who encountered physical difficulties were the ex-Athletic triumvirate of Manager Jim Dykes, and Outfielders Al Simmons and Mule Haas. Simmons was the first to go on an extended vacation. He pulled a muscle in his groin while throwing a ball in a game at Philadelphia. Next came Dykes with a charleyhorse which he ignored until it fairly screamed for attention. Then Haas became the victim of a peculiar mishap, at least it would be considered peculiar for others, but it had happened to him once before.

Haas received his injury while swinging a bat in pre-game practice. In some way a muscle in his right wrist slipped out of place and refused to remain where it belonged. It was necessary to put the hand in a cast and the arm in a sling. The cast probably will not be removed for another four or five days at the earliest, which means the old fly hawk will not be available for this week's important series with the Tigers at Detroit. And the Mule has been death for the Tigers this year.

Simmons' absence wasn't so noticeable, because it gave Vernon Washington a chance to perform and he made the most of it. He went to right field, Haas moving to center, and for several days his hitting was the dominant factor in a few Sox victories. But when Haas had to quit there was only one outfielder, Jocko Conlan, available and the bounding Celt, while a swell fielder and hustler, is not of a heavy hitting type.

Adversity Lowers Club Morale.

The loss of the three men apparently cut deeply into the team morale, which all season had been its biggest asset. It seemed to affect the pitchers, at least some of them, and this was evident for four successive days last week. On Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, during which there was one game with the Indians and four with the Browns, the Sox pitchers were pounded for nothing less than 39 runs and 62 hits. Four of the games resulted in defeats and the other was called with the score tied in the tenth. However, there have been other short stretches during the season when the Sox pitchers went into a decline, so they probably will snap out of this one just as they did before.

One of the pitchers in the games mentioned above was John Whitehead, the Texas Leaguer who won his first eight starts and has since lost nine while winning only two. The big fellow started out August 3 with the idea of recording his eleventh victory and apparently had it sewed up by a 4 to 1 score in five innings, during which he allowed only two hits.

With that sort of a margin against them the Browns must have recalled that they had been able to give Whitehead plenty of trouble on at least two other occasions. They suddenly started after him with a shower of base hits and that he wasn't beaten was due to the fact that his mates tied it in the ninth, one inning before rain and darkness intervened.

Long Home Stand Ahead.

It was the Browns who gave the big recruit his first major league beating, on June 5, when Jack Knott blanked the Sox on two hits. And the Browns beat him again on July 28, when they knocked him out in the ninth on three straight hits, making a total of 17 off him in that game. That is the hardest he has been hit.

What Dykes now hopes for is that the cripples, including himself, will be intact when the long home stay opens and that there will be no more strokes of misfortune.

The lengthy Comiskey Park stand opens next week and involves more than 20 games with the various eastern clubs. If the going proves good, the Sox will be able to fight off any threats to oust them from third place and if things turn out exceptionally well, they might move up into second.

What the sudden rise of the Sox from the tail-end of the league has meant financially is shown by the count on their home games to date. They are already more than 150,000 ahead of last season's attendance for the same period and also ahead of the total of last year's road attendance. This is pretty good when you figure that a Sunday game, just when the fever was at its height in early May, was washed out and that another Sunday game was halted in less than four innings with 49,000 people in the park.

If these two big gates hadn't been erased the Sox would have a big edge over the Cubs in home attendance.

IRVING VAUGHAN.

SCRANTON SHUNS FARM IDEA

Directors Willing to Sell Club, But Demand Miners Continue to Be Home Owned.

SCRANTON, Pa.—Flat denial that the Scranton club is to be sold to Messrs. Sam Breadon and Branch Rickey of the St. Louis Cardinals, or, for that matter, to any other major league club to be used as a farm, was made by Business Manager William Schroeder, who voiced the opinion of the club directors and officials, following a special meeting in the club's offices prior to the team's departure on the longest trip of the second half semester.

"We'd rather see the club go into the hands of receivers before we'd turn it over to a chain system," continued the hustling business head of the first-half pennant winners. "Why let some group from outside the city chisel in and take our money out of here to spend it elsewhere? If, and when the Scranton Miners are sold, it will be to local sportsmen, and to no outsiders.

"We won't deny the club will be sold if we can get a local group interested to meet our price at $8,000. The officials and club directors all are interested in other businesses and took the club over last season to save it from going to where press dispatches and others would have it go now. However, the same owners will be back again in the saddle next season if a Scranton sportsman or sportsmen are not interested."

CYRIL McGINIS.

MUSKOGEE HITTING HIGH SPOTS

Addition of Bob Cole Sends Wally Schang's Club Off on Winning Streak.

MUSKOGEE, Okla. — Manager Wally Schang's Muskogee Tigers, goats of the Western Association for many years, appear well on their way to their most successful season in a half-decade.

After a disastrous first half and a poor start in the second, the Tigers hit their first winning streak ten days ago and it pulled them out of the cellar and placed them in the running as a title contender. The Tigers had won ten of their last 14 games when this was typed.

Schang recently said that all his club needed was a good pitcher and this has been substantiated by the good showing made by his team since the addition of Bob Cole, right-hander. Cole won his fourth game August 3, when he relieved Lefty Grant in the fifth to beat Bartlesville, 4 to 0.

The Tigers have displayed an improvement in hitting, fielding and pitching during the past week. The Muskogee outfielders continued their heavy stick work to boost the team average up three points for a .295 percentage, seven points better than Bartlesville and Ponca City, which are tied for second place honors. Muskogee's defense tightened noticeably to raise the locals from the bottom for the first time this year.

RAY KIRKLAND.

Hank Leiber, Only Arizonan in Majors, Was Corralled by Veteran Artie Nehf to Fulfill Pledge to John McGraw

Former Moundsman Promised Little Napoleon That He'd Discover Real Player for the New York Giants

By FREDERICK G. LIEB

ARTIE NEHF, left-handed pitching ace of the champion New York Giants of 1921, 1922, 1923 and 1924, had a very high regard for his old boss, John J. McGraw. And John J. McGraw had a very good opinion of Artie Nehf. With the possible exception of Ross Youngs, a player particularly dear to McGraw's heart, Nehf was No. 1 boy in the "Old Man's" affections on that talented ball club.

When Nehf procured a job in Phoenix, Ariz., because of the illness of one of his children, McGraw said: "If you see anything that looks like a ball player out there, send him along." Artie promised he would keep an eye open.

After the little left-hander had spent several years out in the desert, McGraw chided him for not producing any players.

"Mac," said Arthur, "when I send you a ball player, I want to be sure that he is a ball player."

In the early spring of 1932, Nehf delivered his player in the lobby of the Los Angeles Biltmore, the swank California hostelry where the Giants were staying during the training season. Arthur delivered his man on the hoof, taking no chances.

He was a big, husky blond-haired Arizona collegian, a senior at the University of Arizona, a football star as well as a baseball player and something of a wrestler. He wore a trick suit and no hat.

"Hank, I want you to meet some of my old New York friends," said Nehf. "Fellows, I want you to know Hank Leiber. He looks like a hitter and I think he can show the 'Old Man' something."

We chatted a while with the husky red-faced boy from Phoenix. From the start, Hank did not hide his light under a bushel.

"Is that right? Can you hit them as far as Artie Nehf says?" I asked.

"I hit 'em a mile," admitted the Arizona Senor.

Perhaps my face displayed a little lack of doubt.

"Well, you see we have no fence up there in Phoenix, and the air is quite rare. If I get it over the heads of the outfielders, it just keeps on a-rolling and a-rolling."

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"Ach du Leiber," How Hank Could Drive That Ball

THE next day they dressed Hank in one of Sam Leslie's extra uniforms. Or, was it Shanty Hogan's? Leiber is a big boy today and he was a husky young man then. Once he got up to the plate and started slashing the deliveries of big Fitz, Hubbell, Schumacher, Luque and Parmelee to the fences, there no longer was any doubt that he could hit 'em a mile.

"Ach du Leiber," yelled Garry Schumacher of the New York Journal. "How that Dutchman can lay the wood into the ball!"

Then and there was born the Hank Leiber Boosting and Admiration Society. Baseball writers have their favorite "boys" among the rookies. To this day, Schumacher still claims 65 per cent of Leiber and is willing to let Dick Vidmer and Ken Smith split the minority 35 per cent. It was partly for Leiber's sake and partly for Artie Nehf. Nehf was such a favorite when he was a member of the club that everyone wanted to see his player make good. As for Leiber, Nehf is almost a demigod. Some ball players want to make good to please a sweetheart, to do nice things for the family, to make a good impression on their friends. Throughout his struggles for a regular outfield post, there has been one thought uppermost in Hank's mind. He must make good for the sake of Artie Nehf; he must justify the faith Nehf put in him. Since leaving the big leagues, Nehf has recommended only one ball player. It never would do for that player to fail.

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Only Native Born Arizonan to Get Into Big Show

HANK was born in Phoenix, Ariz., and still lives there. He is the only native-born Arizonan to make his way in the big leagues. He first started them a-rolling and a-rolling for the Phoenix High School. Later, at the University of Arizona, he became that college's outstanding baseball and football star. During his undergraduate career in Arizona, the desert college eleven played one of Howard Jones' crack University of Southern California teams at Los Angeles. Arizona took her usual shellacking, but at one stage Leiber marched through that sturdy U. S. C. line for 92 yards and a touchdown. Nine yards was his biggest gain, but by biting off five, seven and eight yards at a clip he carried the ball over for Arizona's only score.

"Leiber was one of the greatest plunging backs I ever saw," said the great Jones.

However, his strong forte was destined to be baseball. To help pay his way through college, he played summer baseball. He played in one game against Hal Chase when the former Prince Hal was trying to eke out a living by playing in the mining towns along the Mexican border. Nehf had an independent team in Phoenix in the summer of 1931. They beat everything in the state. Leiber's big bat was one of the reasons.

'He can pitch, play first base or in the outfield," Nehf told McGraw. "You'll have to decide where he will fit in best."

McGraw's decision was the outfield. He also recognized the fact that Leiber was a diamond in the rough. There was plenty of rough. There was need for much polishing.

"He can hit," said McGraw in the spring of 1932. "That is, he can hit a fast straight ball. But smart pitching will stop him. He has it in him to be a great hitter, but he still is several years away."

Some members of the Leiber Boosting Club thought the former chief was unduly pessimistic, but they saw his judgment vindicated.

Hank didn't crash right into the big leagues. There were setbacks and disappointments. He had to learn how to field and how to hit a curve ball. And from that spring in Los Angeles three years ago, his progress was slow but sure.

In 1932, the Giants sent Hank to Winston-Salem down in the Carolinas, where they then operated an unsuccessful farm team. The gate was lean, but Leiber showed the Tar Heels a batting average of .353. By the time Leiber was back with the New York club for a second trial in the spring of 1933, Bill Terry, one of Nehf's old teammates, had succeeded McGraw as manager of the Giants. From the start, Terry was strong for the Arizonan.

Bill carried Hank for a while that spring, but curve balls again were throwing Leiber for a loss. Leiber was shipped across the river to Jersey City, then winding up its stay in the International League. Late in the spring Terry made a deal with Brooklyn whereby the Giants acquired Lefty O'Doul and Watson Clark for Sam Leslie. One of the stipulations of the deal was to send Leiber to Memphis, so that club would deliver Joe Hutcheson, a big outfielder, to Brooklyn immediately. It was printed in some of the Manhattan and Brooklyn dailies that Hank was included in the deal and when all the strings were unravelled Leiber would wind up the property of the Dodgers.

"Not a chance! Not a chance!" stormed Terry. "He's a better prospective ball player than anyone concerned in the deal."

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Learns to Hit Curves Into Home Run Zones

LEIBER hit .355 for Memphis and Terry gave him a chance to work regularly in the spring of 1934. After several weeks, his batting average was no higher than that of Johnny Broaca of the Yanks. Even some of his boosters began to weaken on "Ach du Leiber." Terry sent him out again, this time to Nashville. In 45 games, he smashed out an average of .423 and had all Dixie talking. Bill Terry is a daily subscriber to a Memphis newspaper. He read so much about Hank that he yanked him back. He stuck Hank in center field to help bolster his attack in the fag end of the race. Between his lean spring and greatly improved fall, Hank finished with a National League average of .241 for 63 games. Still far from a Wagner or a Hornsby.

Then came 1935. Hank started the season as a stubborn hold-out. He was late in reporting at Miami Beach and when he did report he showed no hurry to use a fountain pen. During the winter, Terry had regained George Davis from the Phillies in exchange for Watkins and Davis was expected to return to center field, the position he filled so acceptably for the world champion Giants in 1933.

Hank began laying the wood, as Schumacher put it in 1932, to all the American League pitchers the New York team encountered during its spring training. He looked better than ever in the outfield. It was Hank, not Davis, who was in center field for New York when the Giants opened the season. He jumped into the .300 set in the first week of the season and has been there ever since. He located the home run zones in New York and became the most adept Giant in driving in runs. He became the barometer for the team. When he hit, all was smooth sailing; if he slumped, then it was time to hoist storm warnings.

Almost overnight "Ach du Leiber" had arrived!

AN END RUN THAT CARRIED TO DIAMOND

EARLE COMBS SLOWLY SLIPPING, PLAYING LAST SEASON AS YANKEE

Popular Veteran Likely to Manage Club in Minors Next Year; Johnny Allen's Sore Arm Continues to Worry McCarthy; Castleman Rallies Giants' Mound Staff

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Uneasy lies the head that is in first or second place in baseball. Right here in Bagdad-on-the-Subway, we have two such uneasy heads, and they belong to Joseph Vincent McCarthy and William Harold Terry. The past week saw the Yankees driven into second place and it saw the Giants harassed by the suddenly renaissant Cubs.

New York fans don't know just what to make of the Yankee and Giant situations. They had been led to believe that a World's Series in New York was only a matter of date this year. Certainly, they had been led to feel that insofar as the Giants were concerned, a World's Series would be merely the result of the formality of playing out the schedule.

But these be parlous times. The Yanks currently are running behind a Detroit club which recently has looked superior in every manner of comparison and technical adjudgment. Were the Yankees possessed of all their component parts in fine physical condition, it might be different.

But Time plays pranks. McCarthy finds himself worrying about John Thomas Allen, who has been his best pitcher, and who has won 11 games.

And Terry discovers that for the type of race which has developed, he is shy one experienced and hard-hitting infielder.

Hughie Critz still plays an irridescent second base. But the little Gentleman from Mississippi has faded out as a hitter and it is believed he has reached the end of his career in the major leagues.

Allen is not the only Yankee whose condition is giving McCarthy a chance to stage a series of those sleepless nights, without which he would figure no season complete. There also is one Earle Combs, who has grown very tired.

As we write, Jess Hill, former all-round athlete of the University of Southern California, is the man in possession in left field, while Combs' destinies with the Yankees hang in the balance.

Managerial Career Awaits Colonel.

It would not surprise the writer if this turned out to be the Colonel's last season with the Yankees, and the forerunner of a career as manager in the AA leagues—and perhaps, as leader in the majors later on.

It was a miracle that Combs survived his skull fracture in St. Louis last summer. It was a grand tribute to his gameness and determination to find him in the Yankee training camp this year, set for another hard season.

But the years have taken a lot out of Combs, who for many seasons played between Babe Ruth and Bob Meusel. The mishap of 1934 took a lot more out of the Kentuckian than even Combs himself had feared. As a result, in the Stadium last week, Earle slowed down to a walk in hitting, and his throwing arm just quit on him. Three weeks of severe heat also had taken their toll, and the Colonel was forced to confess that he was all in.

It seems unlikely that the Yankees ever again will have another Combs—a ball players' ball player, a fans' idol, a manager's delight, a grand sportsman and a regular feller. He never failed to bear down, he never failed to fight hard until the last out, and it is a source of keen regret, sadness, to see him fading out.

Combs knows how to handle men and he knows baseball. He will make his mark as a manager, just as he has made it as a player. Last winter he turned down the leadership of the Louisville Colonels. Perhaps that is where he will start his apprenticeship as a pilot.

Allen's case is a serious one and may remain that way all season. Johnny hurt his arm in the third inning of a game with Washington, July 28. The club physician said Johnny would be ready in a week. The club physician was too optimistic. Allen has told McCarthy his arm is bad, and now Joe is making Herculean efforts to get Pat Malone ready to go nine innings and for the time being take Allen's place as a starter.

On top of the injury to Allen, Shortstop Frank Crosetti is lost to the Yanks for probably a month, with a torn cartilage in the left knee, and Pitcher Johnny Murphy may not be of service for two weeks as the result of being smashed on the hand by a line drive in the Washington series.

Crosetti used a most novel means of injuring himself. Frankie was on the train the night of August 4, moving from Washington to Boston with his mates. He climbed into his berth and in lifting his leg to untie a shoe lace, the cartilage popped out of place.

As a result of Crosetti's loss, Manager McCarthy immediately moved to bring in Don Heffner from the Newark club.

Although Vernon Gomez hurled good ball, August 3, to beat Washington, your correspondent is bound to report that the southpaw is not the Gomez of last year. He has neither the speed nor the curve. Why? Gomez himself does not know, because he will not admit that he hasn't the curve or speed of 1934. However, Luck, which has been against Gomez, surely cannot frown upon Lefty all year.

Castleman Back, Fitzsimmons Still Out.

The Giants' pitching staff has begun to right itself with the return of Clyde Castleman. But Freddy Fitzsimmons still is out. In fact, Terry does not look for any help from the knuckle ball artist until the Giants go into the West for their last trip in September.

Bill is not so sure Freddy will be a big help even then. However, the situation is very encouraging, even if Roy Parmelee and Carl Hubbell did fail to win over the Phillies last week.

The Giants could use another good infielder. Mark Koenig really is the only spare infielder Terry can command. Al Cuccinello, a freshman second baseman, is not suited for the current emergency.

Dick Bartell's recent demonstrations at the plate and in the field have not been up to the mark. But Terry and the fans know that Bartell has the stuff, and are confident that Dick will show at his best when his best will be needed most.

Fortunately, the outfield continues to hammer in the runs. Mel Ott, as yet shows no signs of the slump which gripped him late last season. Moore is thin as a rail but playing good ball and Leiber remains among the league's best batsmen.

In summarization—the New York managers live in worry and trepidation, but the fans are confident that they will have at least half of the World's Series here. And as they said years ago, "Half a loaf is better than none."

DANIEL M. DANIEL.

INJURIES SLOW DOWN TOURISTS

Asheville Prexy, Seeking to Bolster Before Deadline, Obtains Mike Pociask.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Dan Hill's Piedmont League, enjoying its most successful seasons in years, financially, is also blessed with a fine second-half race between three clubs for the right to meet the Asheville Tourists in the championship play-off.

While the end of the season is nearly six weeks away, it appears that either Wilmington, Richmond or Portsmouth will finish on top, leaving the second division to Asheville, Norfolk and the unfortunate Bees of Charlotte.

The Tourists, suffering a let-down after winning the first-half honors, had no sooner regained their stride until injuries set in and at present the club is fighting to hold fourth place. Mike Pociask, southpaw flinger, has been obtained from Rochester to bolster a weak mound staff, and President Oliver French is hopeful of landing more help before August 11, the date when players eligible for the play-off must be on the roster.

Catcher Gene Hollifield is out with a bad knee, and Dykes Potter, one of the most dependable right-handers, has a bad arm. Even with Pociask joining the club, Skipper Southworth must get along with five flingers until more aid arrives.

Pociask gives the Tourists three left-handers, with Herb Moore and Maywood Belcher also on the staff. The right-handers are Lee Sherrill and Vernon Taylor.

While the club has suffered from injuries to important members, the let-down in hitting by First Baseman Foster, Second Baseman Concannon and Outfielder Wagner has been the worst blow to the team.

PAUL S. JONES.

SEALS, MISSIONS GIVING BAY FANS DOUBLE THRILL

Two San Francisco Clubs Fight for Lead in Coast's Tight Race; Al Wright Back After Being Beaned

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. — The Seals and Missions have been running neck and neck in the race for first place and the recent clash between the city rivals resulted in a bitter series. The Seals took the first four games, but the Missions came back and won the next three. The Missions played the series under a severe handicap, for Al Wright, their capable second baseman, was struck on the head by a pitched ball by Sam Gibson in the first inning of the first game and did not play in any of the other games. He is, however, back in harness now. The injury to Wright was particularly trying because the Missions had no reserve infielder. Finally a young fellow named George McDermott, who once played with St. Mary's College, was taken on and he showed improvement with every game, but just a few days later he was out of the fray in a peculiar way.

The Missions were playing Hollywood and Myatt fouled off a ball. A new ball was put in play and Catcher Frankovich, a former football star and full of the old college spirit, whipped the ball to McDermott, expecting him to toss it around the infield to keep up the pepper. But McDermott did not see the ball and it struck him over the right eye, inflicting a gash so deep that he was taken to a hospital.

That mishap forced Wright back into the line-up, but at the bat he showed the effects of the hard crack he got on the head.

Van Haltren Hurls for Old-Timers.

Old-Timers' Day, started by the Missions club, drew a big crowd in the last game between the Seals and Missions. Old ball players from all over the Coast attended and had a grand time. They played a three-inning game, after which they adjourned to one of the clubhouses, where they had sandwiches and beer and the yarns they told caused many a laugh.

George Van Haltren, who broke in with the Baltimore Orioles in 1887, and who was later captain and center fielder of the New York Giants, admits to 69 years, yet he pitched the first inning of the game. The Old-Timers' Day is now an annual event.

Something has happened to put new life into the game at Portland, for President Baggerly says the Oregon city led all the others in attendance the last week in July. Portland has a strong club, with the best infield in the league and is capably handled by Bill Cissell.

Joe Bearwald, president of the Mission club, has just returned from a swing around the eastern cities and all he brought back was recollections of the hot weather. He did not pick up any players. Joe said that most of the major league club owners he talked with were looking for players.

ED. R. HUGHES.

STENGEL READY TO USE BALANCE OF SEASON TRYING OUT ROOKIES

Johnny McCarthy May Be Brought in by Dodgers from Farm Club for Another Fling at First Base; Van Mungo's Bad Hand Vital Blow at Uncertain Mound Staff

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—As the Dodgers continue their peregrinations through the rest of the National League schedule, Manager Casey Stengel talks more and more of devoting the remaining games to ivory experiments. Chief of his difficulties, however, is that he has pitifully little with which to operate. They may bring Johnny McCarthy back from the minors to see whether the limber young fellow from Chicago really has what it takes to play first base in the majors, or whether it is all a snare and a delusion.

McCarthy was the five-star special sensation of Brooklyn spring training operations for 1934. Farmed to Dayton that summer, he had a fair season. His first stop after this year's southern trip was Sacramento, where he did fairly well, only to be released in the interests of a Pacific Coast economy wave. Then he landed at the Brooklyn ivory plantation at Reading, later shifted to Allentown. His high batting average in the New York-Pennsylvania indicates the possibility, at least, that McCarthy may be one of the four or five good ball players the Dodgers need to cut some ice in the National League.

The young Irishman is about the only Brooklyn farm hand extant whose record is encouraging. The Brooklyn proving grounds are doing even more poorly than the home office. Dayton is down in the Mid-Atlantic League, Allentown is in the New York-Pennsylvania cellar and Sacramento hasn't annoyed the contenders out on the Pacific Coast.

It is a very sad state of affairs and will continue to be very sad until the club steps out and makes some purchases.

Young Hurler Brought In.

A farm hand pitcher was added last week when it became necessary to place Catcher Babe Phelps on the disabled list. A badly fractured thumb on the big catcher's throwing hand precludes the possibility of his seeing any more service this season.

A tall, rangy young fellow named Thomas Calvin Baker was the gentleman who joined the Dodgers. Baker is a right-handed batter, 20 years old, a native of Texas and owns a brief record in the minors that is odd and unusual. He started his career in the spring of 1934, when he caught on with a club in the Evangeline League down among the bayous of Louisiana. He was released after a short time. Another club in the same league signed him and released him. Then he caught on with New Iberia, also of that circuit, and was purchased for the Dodgers by Scout Nap Rucker about a week later.

Baker was the last player excavated by the old left-handed scout and the only player Rucker recommended to the Dodgers last year. At the end of the campaign, statisticians discovered that Baker's record in a Class D league was four victories and 11 defeats—and Rucker was released.

Five victories and nine defeats was Baker's record at Allentown when he joined the Dodgers and that sort of a mark with a Class B club doesn't indicate that the rookie will greatly bolster a big league club that is trying to stay out of seventh place. But the odd part of it is that both Manager Stengel, who examined Baker at Orlando, and Zach Taylor, who handled Baker at Allentown, believe that he has a real chance.

Right now the Dodgers can use all the capable pitching they can get, especially since Van Mungo is still very much on the side lines. The big right-hander's pitching paw is still crippled, his middle finger encased in a splint. It shows slow improvement, and Van may be out for a week or two more and he already has been idle, except for two brief relief appearances, for more than a month.

The precarious nature of Mungo's immediate future is upsetting to those who care whether the Dodgers finish fifth or seventh and the injury effectively bars the way for the really great season this formidable young pitcher is bound to have one of these years. He is a potential 25-game winner in any company. His present record is 12 victories and seven defeats.

TOMMY HOLMES.

NO EARNED RUNS IN 30 INNINGS

Oakland Pitcher Close to League Mark as Seattle Snaps His String.

OAKLAND, Cal.—Ken Douglas, the angular left-handed hurler of the Oakland club, has just completed a pitching achievement that has become altogether too rare in this Pacific Coast League, what with the lively ball, some short fences and the increase in numbers of home run hitters.

Douglas pitched a total of 30 and one-third innings without yielding a single earned run, this streak ending on August 1 at Seattle, when the Indians touched him for a score in the second inning.

The Oakland portsider commenced his string of goose eggs here on July 11, when he hurled two and one-third innings of shut-out ball against Seattle. On July 16, also in Oakland, he blanked Los Angeles with eight hits. On July 21, he again tackled the Angels and held them to six blows and no earned runs. Moving into Portland, Douglas blanked the Beavers on July 26 with eight hits. He reached his thirtieth inning against Seattle on August 1, but the streak ended as it started, against the Indians.

The Pacific Coast League record for consecutive scoreless innings, according to the offices of President Hi Baggerly, is 36. This mark was hung up in 1905 by Jimmy Whalen of the Seals.

The long stretch of scoreless innings hurled by Douglas was slightly soiled when, in the second Los Angeles game, an error at shortstop by Keith Molesworth allowed an unearned run to come home. Outside of this, very few men reached third base.

Douglas is not the only Oakland pitcher who has turned in sensational work this year. Hank McDonald, the towering right-hander who joined the club in mid-season, had, at this time, seven wins in a row. His record for the season at this writing was ten wins against three losses.

The pitching of Douglas and McDonald has come at a most opportune time, for the Oaks' firing squad was left in a rather uncertain state when doctors announced that Jim Tobin was through for the rest of the season. Tobin popped a cartilage in his left knee recently while backing up third base.

AL VERMEER.

Turning Back the Pages

FIVE YEARS AGO THIS WEEK.

PRESIDENT SAM BREADON reappointed Gabby Street as manager of the St. Louis Cardinals for another season, as a declaration of confidence in his pilot. Street was the first Cardinal manager since 1926 to lead the club two seasons in succession.

Pitcher Vernon Gomez, recently obtained by St. Paul from the New York Yankees, let down Columbus with four hits.

Bill Hallahan, St. Louis Cardinal southpaw, fanned ten Brooklyn batters in winning a 4 to 0 decision.

TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK.

Cleveland purchased Third Baseman Johnny Hodapp from Indianapolis, outbidding the New York Giants in making the deal.

Lloyd Davis, New Haven southpaw sensation, had allowed one run in his last six games in the Eastern League and had a total of 11 shut-outs for the season.

Dickey Kerr, veteran pitcher, who had been restored to good standing after jumping to an outlaw Wisconsin league, was reinstated and rejoined the Chicago White Sox.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK.

While Billy Evans and George Hildebrand were umpiring a game in New York, thieves entered their dressing room, stealing their street clothes, jewelry and money. They had to go to their hotel in their blue umpiring outfits.

Hans Wagner, former Pittsburgh star, signed a new contract to continue as baseball coach at Carnegie Tech.

COCHRANE JITTERY ABOUT HIS PITCHING

ADMITS INABILITY TO FIND ANYBODY TO HELP SEVEN-MAN STAFF

Rowe Beats Sentence to Bullpen by Good Job Against Indians; Greenberg Presses Batting Leaders

DETROIT, Mich.—As the pennant campaign moves into August with the Tigers riding in first place, the Detroit baseball public is once more aroused to a pitch of enthusiasm bordering on hysteria. In the minds of the fan flock, there is small doubt that 1934 history is repeating to send the Battling Bengals into a second successive World's Series. Here and there may be found a conservative voice to warn of the Yankees, but a majority of Tiger followers appear to think the race is over.

Needless to add, Mickey Cochrane does not subscribe to any such view. The man who is chiefly responsible for Detroit's being on top, is aware of the hardships lying ahead. He understands the strain to which his seven-man pitching staff will be subjected; he is experienced enough to consider the possibility of injuries; he knows something of the perverseness of fate that sometimes delights in dealing damaging blows at the most unexpected moments.

Cochrane thinks the Tigers will win, of course, but not without a struggle through September. He is counting on the present long home stand to give the club a lead sufficiently large to offset a slump on the road in the closing month. He would feel much better if he had another pitcher, but he doesn't know where to find one, and that is that.

For the moment, Cochrane is most concerned about the White Sox, who come to Navin Field this week-end for four games. A few weeks ago Mickey was quoted in an eastern interview as saying that the fight had narrowed down to the Tigers and Yankees. His old teammate, Jimmy Dykes, took violent exception to the opinion, informing all and sundry that his Chicago team was still very much in the running. He threatened, in effect, to make Cochrane "eat them words." Although the Sox have slipped considerably recently, this incident promises to enliven this week's series.

Ahead of Tigers on Season.

Incidentally, the Chicago team already has beaten the Tigers eight times in 12 starts this season. The Sox, however, built up the margin in the spring when the Tigers were playing like anything but champions. The Detroit team at present is far different. It is leading the American League in batting, in runs batted in and in the manufacture of extra-base hits of every variety—doubles, triples and home runs.

Hank Greenberg is the chief personal factor in the home run leadership. The big first baseman took occasion on August 4 to increase his total to 30 when he drove the ball out of the park twice in the first game of a double-header against Cleveland. The value of each circuit clout that came with bases empty can be measured by the fact that the Tigers finally beat the Indians, 5 to 4, in the twelfth inning.

Incidentally, Greenberg made his first home run and his thirtieth off the same pitcher, Lloyd Brown.

Greenberg has by no means confined his hits to homers. He has been collecting many of lesser dimensions with the result that his batting average has soared to around .340. He is engaged in a four-cornered contest with Charley Gehringer, Pete Fox and Cochrane for distinction of topping the Tiger regulars.

Concentrated hitting by this quartette, with considerable help from Goose Goslin, enabled Detroit to take two out of three games from the Browns.. The trouble-making St. Louis club snared the opener, but the Tigers came back to win the next day behind the effective pitching of Tommy Bridges.

General Retreats in Ninth.

The deciding engagement found Alvin Crowder in brilliant form for eight innings. Over that period he held the Browns to four hits and only Ray Pepper, a pinch-hitter, who doubled in the eighth, advanced as far as second base. In the ninth, Crowder weakened and was relieved by Elon Hogsett. Before the side was retired the Browns scored three runs and had the bases filled when Hogsett fanned Jack Burns for the third out.

Rain delayed the start of the Cleveland series and necessitated the double-header on August 4. It proved to be Schoolboy Rowe's lucky day. Getting into the first game as a pinch-hitter in the eleventh inning, Rowe was called on to pitch the twelfth and when the Tigers won the game in their half of the same frame, his name went into the records as the winner.

Cochrane started Rowe in the second game and he lasted the full distance to win, 7 to 3, as the Tigers pounded Monte Pearson and beat the Indians for the fourteenth time this year.

Rowe's double victory was scored four days after Cochrane had announced his intention to assign the Schoolboy to bullpen duty. The big right-hander had tried three times for his tenth triumph of the season. When he failed against the Browns, Cochrane decided to withdraw him from the ranks of starting pitchers temporarily. The Schoolboy got another chance earlier than he expected and made the most of it.

Since the Tigers came home, they have been without the services of Vic Sorrell, whose defeat of the Yankees in the stadium materially helped to pull the New York club out of first place. Sorrell was excused from duty because of the serious illness of his daughter. SAM GREENE.

CHARLOTTE HORNETS STINGLESS

Records Show O'Rourke's Crew Leads Loop in Leaving Runners Stranded.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—The Charlotte Hornets have encountered a nest of trouble that has prevented them from making any headway in the second-half race. Lack of punch with men on the paths and erratic heaving seem to be the causes of Manager Frank O'Rourke's difficulties. The club is dropping game after game by a one-run margin and the insects are leading the league in the left-on-bases department.

Adding to the harassed pilot's woes was the temporary loss of Outfielder Zeke Trent, who was leading the club in hitting when he was called to his home in Missouri by the serious illness of his father. The same day Trent departed, Catcher-Outfielder Glenn Short left the club on the road because of the death of his brother. The latter is back on the job, but Trent, at this writing, was still absent.

Pitcher Lefty Burgess has been ailing, while Pitcher Byron Humphries has a sore arm. The parent club, the Boston Red Sox, has promised aid, but so far it has not been delivered. Scout Bib Falk of the Red Hose is scouring the highways and hedges in search of material to bolster the wobbling Bees.

JACK HERNDON.

STILL COMING AND GOING AT ALBANY

George Caster Makes Fifty-Sixth Player to Wear Senators' Flannels This Season.

ALBANY, N. Y.—Albany fans have not seen the Senators win many games this season, but they have viewed new faces galore. When Pitcher George J. Caster, 25-year-old, 188-pound right-hander, obtained by Owner Joe Cambria from the Philadelphia Athletics via option, started a game last week, he became the twenty-fifth hurler to toe the mound, and the fifty-sixth player to participate in an International League game for the locals. And the tireless Cambria is still gunning for reinforcements. Cambria has worked hard on his friend, Clark Griffith, but most of the Washington players mentioned as likely to come here wind up on the Chattanooga farm. Albany transferred Roy Hansen to Chattanooga several weeks ago, but neither Bob Burke nor any others tabbed as likely to be optioned to Albany in the deal, have arrived.

R. J. CONNERS.