

Game's Officials Silent on **Robinson** Incident

VIEWS OF SPORT

By STANLEY WOODWARD

EDITOR'S NOTE—The report of the purported strike threat by some of the St. Louis Cardinals over the presence of **Jackie Robinson** in the Dodger lineup, published by the New York Herald Tribune on May 9 in a copyrighted article by Sports Editor Stanley Woodward, follows:

MAY 9

'General Strike Conceived'



Ford Frick

A National League players' strike, instigated by some of the St. Louis Cardinals, against the presence in the league of **Jackie Robinson**, Negro first baseman, has been averted temporarily and perhaps permanently quashed.

In recent days Ford Frick, president of the National League, and Sam Breadon, president of the St. Louis club, have been conferring with St. Louis players in the Hotel New Yorker. Mr. Breadon flew east when he heard of the projected strike. The story that he came to consult with Eddie Dyer, manager, about the lowly state of the St. Louis club was fictitious. He came on a much more serious errand.

The strike, formulated by certain St. Louis players, was instigated by a member of the Brooklyn Dodgers, who has since recanted. The original plan called for a St. Louis club strike on the occasion of the first game in Brooklyn, May 6.

Subsequently, the St. Louis players conceived the idea of a general strike within the National League on a certain date. That is what Frick and Breadon have been combating in the last few days.

It is understood that Frick addressed the players, in effect, as follows: "If you do this you will be suspended from the league. You will find that the friends you think you have in the press box will not support you, that you will be outcasts. I do not care if half the league strikes. Those who do it will encounter quick retribution. And will be suspended, and I don't care if it wrecks the National League for five years. This is the United States of America, and one citizen has as much right to play as another."

"The National League will go down the line with **Robinson** whatever the consequences. You will find if you go through with your intention that you have been guilty of complete madness."

Several anticipatory protests against the transfer of **Robinson** to the Brooklyn club were forthcoming during spring training when he was still a member of the Montreal Royals, Brooklyn farm. Prejudice has been subsequently curbed except on one occasion, when Ben Chapman, manager of the Phillies, undertook to ride **Robinson** from the bench in a particularly vicious manner.

It is understood that Frick took this matter up with the Philadelphia management and that Chapman has been advised to keep his bench comments above the belt.

It is understood the players involved—and the recalcitrants are not all Cardinals—will say if they decide to carry out their strike that their object is to gain the right to have a say on who shall be eligible to play in the major leagues. As far as is known, the move so far is confined entirely to the National League. Ringleaders apparently have not solicited the co-operation of American League players.

In view of this fact it is understood that Frick will not call the matter to the attention of Happy Chandler, the commissioner.

So far, it is believed, Frick has operated with the sole aid of Breadon. Other National League club owners apparently know nothing about it.

This story is factually and thoroughly substantiated. The St. Louis players involved unquestionably will deny it. We doubt, however, that Frick or Breadon will go that far. A return of "No comment" from either or both will serve as confirmation. On our own authority we can say that both of them were present at long conferences with the ringleaders and that both now feel that the overt act has been averted.

It is not generally known that other less serious difficulties have attended elevation of **Robinson** to the major leagues. Through it all, the Brooklyn first baseman, whose intelligence and degree of education are far beyond that of the average ball player, has behaved himself in an exemplary manner.

It is generally believed by baseball men that he has enough ability to play on any club in the majors. This ability has asserted itself in spite of the fact that he hasn't had anything resembling a fair chance. He has been so burdened with letters and telegrams from well-wishers and efforts to exploit him that he has had no chance to concentrate.

It is almost impossible to elicit comments about **Robinson's** presence in the National League from anyone connected with baseball. Neither club owners nor players have anything to say for publication. This leads to the conclusion that the caginess of both parties, plus natural cupidity which warns against loss of salaries of a gate attraction, will keep the reactionary element under cover.

When **Robinson** joined the Montreal club last year, there was resentment among some Royal players. There was also a fear on the part of league officials that trouble would be forthcoming when the Royals played in Baltimore. Both the resentment and the fear were dissipated in three months. **Robinson** was cheered as wholeheartedly in Baltimore as anywhere else. Incidentally, Baltimore had its biggest attendance in 1946 and the incidence of Negroes in the crowd was not out of proportion.

Since **Robinson** has played with Brooklyn, many difficulties have loomed, sometimes forbiddingly, but have been circumvented. This was in part due to the sportsmanship of the fans and in part to the intelligence and planning of the Brooklyn management.

It is understood the St. Louis players recently have been talking about staging the strike on the day that Brooklyn plays its first game in St. Louis. Publicity will render the move abortive.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—President Ford Frick of the National League, who reported he had been advised by Owner Sam Breadon of the Cardinals that a movement had existed among some of the St. Louis players to stage a protest strike against the appearance of **Jackie Robinson** in the Dodger lineup, subsequently stuck to his story.

"I didn't have to talk to the players myself," said Frick. "Mr. Breadon did the talking to them. From what he told me afterward, the trouble was smoothed over. I don't know what he said to them, who the ringleader, if any, was, or any other details."

The National League leader added that as far as his circuit was concerned, "we stand firmly behind **Robinson**."

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Jackie Will Get Equal Chance, Rest Up to Him

'Game Open to All,' Declares

Chandler, Refusing to Discuss 'Strike'

By EDGAR G. BRANDS
COLUMBUS, O.



A. B. Chandler

So far as official baseball is concerned, there is no **Jackie Robinson** incident, despite reports to the contrary, it was indicated here when heads of the majors and minors met for an Executive Council session.

Commissioner A. B. Chandler emphasized there was nothing officially before him and he had no statement to make, other than to reiterate his previous attitude.

"Baseball is an American game," Chandler declared. "It is open to all Americans, regardless of race, creed or color, with equal opportunity to all."

Beyond that, the commissioner would not discuss the subject, and refused to affirm or deny that an amendment to the Major League Rules—proposed by a big league club president as a member of the revision committee—that was rejected by the commissioner before the adoption of the revised rules, drew the color line. It is known that one amendment was ordered deleted by Chandler. The contents of this passage were never made known and the report it had to do with Negro players was revived, following the breaking of the story of the alleged threatened strike by the Cardinals.

Shortly after the players were given a voice in what should be incorporated in their contracts and what changes, in consequence, should be made in the Major League Rules, some of the performers are understood to have sought the right to determine who should play in the majors—ostensibly aimed at barring Negroes—but they were "shushed" and the controversial subject was not included in their final recommendations.

Philly Officials Called

The commissioner's office consistently has met questions concerning the alleged strike threat of the Cardinals with "No comment," although Walter Mulbry, secretary-treasurer for the commissioner and his spokesman, confirmed an earlier story that Philadelphia National League club officials had been called with reference to "jockeying" of **Robinson** and that the commissioner had been assured the incident would not be repeated. Brooklyn played a series at Philadelphia, beginning May 9, and there were no untoward incidents.

Manager Ben Chapman denied that **Robinson** had been singled out by the Phillies and asserted the Negro first baseman of the Dodgers was treated "just like anyone else." He admitted that other opposing players had been the subject of remarks regarding their nationalities, but declared: "Jockeying from the bench was a procedure long before I was born."

Sam Breadon of the Cardinals insisted that his recent visit to New York had nothing to do with the report that some of his players planned a strike. It was brought to his attention later and he said he conferred with some of his players, but found no dissatisfaction among them. It was intimated that he first had been disturbed about reports concerning another city of the league, as well as the possibility of an accidental spiking or other incident at his own park which might lead to an unpleasant situation.

Reports that fellow members of the Dodgers avoided **Robinson** also met with denials. It was claimed that **Jackie** was a sort of lone wolf and preferred it that way, his retiring nature being responsible for the rumors his teammates were giving him the brush-off.

With the issue now apparently clearly drawn from the commissioner down to the batboy, the universal opinion is that it is up to his admirers as well as **Robinson** himself whether he remains in the big leagues. What player feeling there may be is expected to be kept well repressed and officials of the game will see that he gets a square deal on his merits.

VIEWS OF SPORT

By STANLEY WOODWARD

EDITOR'S NOTE—The comment of Sports Editor Stanley Woodward of the New York Herald Tribune on May 10, the day following his revelation of a threatened strike by the Cardinals against the presence of **Jackie Robinson** in the Brooklyn lineup, follows:

MAY 10

'Essentially Right and Factual'

The blast of publicity which followed the New York Herald Tribune's revelation that the St. Louis Cardinals were promoting a players' strike against the presence of **Jackie Robinson**, Brooklyn's Negro first baseman, in the National League, probably will serve to quash further strolls down Tobacco Road. In other words, it can now be honestly doubted that the boys from the Hookworm Belt will have the nerve to foist their quaint sectional folklore on the rest of the country.

The New York Herald Tribune's story was essentially right and factual. The denial by Sam Breadon, St. Louis owner, that a strike was or is threatened is so spurious as to be beneath notice. The admission by Ford C. Frick, National League president, that the strike was contemplated was above and beyond the rabbitry generally adhered to by the tycoons of our National Game. Such frankness, when compared to the furtiveness of other baseball barons, makes Frick the Mister Baseball of our time, whoever gets the \$50,000.

From behind his iron curtain, Abie Chandler, through his front man, Walter Mulbry, denied any knowledge of the projected St. Louis players' strike. This is true. The commissioner was uninformed. Inasmuch as the projected strike did not transcend the boundaries of the National League, Abie was told nothing about it, or, at any rate, that was the reason ascribed.

When this department was investigating the story, it was discovered that almost no one except the St. Louis personnel and Frick knew anything about it. The Brooklyn management, including the astute Branch Rickey, president, had no knowledge of it, though numerous lesser **Robinson** impasses had badgered the Flatbush mahatma earlier in the season. Rickey declined to talk about the case, even though silence had not been imposed on him. The lack of such imposition was due to the fact that the commissioner, knowing nothing about it, had not got around to placing additional gags.

Frick also kept his peace, but, due to a leak similar to the one seeping from Abie's office to *The Sporting News*, we were able to discover he had knowledge of it. Knowing him to be an honest man, we decided he would not deny the story. Therefore, we went ahead and printed it. If Frick had denied it, its truth might still be unestablished. As it is, whatever Mr. Breadon may conjure up, people will laugh at him.

We made no pretense of quoting Frick verbatim in the ultimatum he delivered to St. Louis. We were wrong, apparently, in stating he personally delivered it to the players. It seems he delivered it to Breadon for relay to said operatives. In view of the fact that it obviously is the most noble statement ever made by a baseball man (by proxy or otherwise) we hereby reprint it, giving Ford full credit, if he wants it.

"If you do this (strike) you will be suspended from the league. You will find that the friends you think you have in the press box will not support you, that you will be outcasts. I do not care if half the league strikes. Those who do it will encounter quick retribution. All will be suspended and I don't care if it wrecks the National League for five years. This is the United States of America and one citizen has as much right to play as another."

"The National League will go down the line with **Robinson**, whatever the consequences. You will find if you go through with your intention that you have been guilty of complete madness."

Enough of sweetness and light. Just to supplement our story, let us say that **Robinson's** presence in Organized Ball has been attacked by minorities ever since he joined Montreal last year. There was nothing but trouble throughout training this spring. Extravagant measures have been taken to see that untoward incidents do not occur. Most of the trouble has been caused by players from the Hookworm Belt, but at least one major league owner has openly expressed his dim view of the situation. We hesitate to name him. He is fatherly and venerable.

It is also known that another tycoon, who has expressed no open disapproval, has filed with the commissioner a secret document in which he is supposed to have stated that the presence of a Negro in baseball jeopardizes the holdings of all the major league owners.

Boy, are the clients going to turn out to see **Robinson** when he tours the West!



Jackie Robinson

Good Conduct by Negro Fans Urged

The appearance of **Jackie Robinson** in the major leagues offers Negro America a real challenge, points out William G. Nunn, managing editor of the Pittsburgh Courier, Negro newspaper. In an editorial carried in a recent issue of the Courier, Nunn wrote that it was "the challenge of taking this tremendous victory in stride," and added:

"The challenge to keep our big mouths closed and give **Jackie** the chance to PROVE he's major league caliber!

"The challenge to NOT recognize the appearance of **Jackie Robinson** as the signal for a Roman holiday, with the Bacchanalian orgy complex!

"The challenge to leave whiskey bottles at home or on the shelves of the liquor stores . . . and to leave our loud talking, obscene language and indecent dress on the outside of the ball parks.

"The challenge to learn something about the game . . . in order that we will know what's going on out on the ball field, and won't humiliate **Jackie** by our lack of knowledge!

"The challenge to stop our booing over some untoward incident which might happen on the ball field. Remember that **Jackie** might be 'roughed up' some, because that's the way they play in the majors . . . for keeps!

"The challenge to refrain from holding 'Jackie Robinson Days' until he's made the grade.

"All of these things might distract his attention from the job he has ahead of him . . . and it's a full-time job, too!

"Rather than 'Jackie Robinson Days' . . . we believe it would be appropriate for civic groups, leaders, Negro newspapers and individuals to conduct 'Good Conduct' days wherever the famous 'Bums' appear.

"Remember . . . today Negro America, whose symbol is **Jackie Robinson** . . . is on trial! Mr. Rickey opened the door, and Jackie's foot is in!

"Whether he meets this latest challenge will depend largely on how you act . . . whether you take it in stride . . . or whether you make fools of yourselves."

Jackie's Wife and Son in Brooklyn Home



MRS. JACKIE ROBINSON AND SON, JACKIE, JR., INTERVIEWED BY JOAN CROSBY

Mrs. Robinson Roams Dodger Stands, Listening to Fans' Sizeups on Hubby

By JOAN CROSBY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mrs. Jackie Robinson declares the fans are giving her husband, the first Negro to play in the modern major leagues, a big break by judging him only as a player, and she bases her statement on comments of spectators, heard as she wanders in the stands at Ebbets Field.

"The fans don't realize I'm his wife," explained the former Rachel Isum. "so I hear what they really think. It's wonderful the way they're pulling for Jackie to make good. Sometimes I hear some of them say that he's the best player they've ever seen. Of course, there are others who say that he'll never be a first baseman, but the important part is that they're judging Jackie on his ability as a ball player."

Recalling opening day at Ebbets Field against Boston, the mother of seven-month-old Jackie, Jr., admits that she was nervous about the fans' reaction. "I felt that if Jackie could only get one hit it would be a boost to his morale," she said. "I knew that Jackie himself was tense and nervous, because that's the way I felt and I pick it up from him. It's a sympathetic reaction, I guess."

Gets Large Amount of Mail

The amount of mail that Jackie gets is amazing and, according to Rachel, the writers nearly always designate their race while at the same time wishing him luck. The majority of the letters from white fans indicate they're on Jackie's side, although some crank letters arrive. However, Rachel dismisses these by saying that they come from some "very prejudiced people."

"Jackie himself never gets discouraged," Rachel stated. "Not even last year when he was with Montreal, because he figures more people are for him than against him. I went down to spring training headquarters in Florida last season and we both expected some trouble there. I had to sit in Jim Crow stands and I couldn't hear any remarks the fans passed. However, in Baltimore, the first time around some of the fans screamed some terrible things. It was a night game and I think I was about the only Negro in the stands. The man sitting right next to me seemed to be the loudest of the group and he called Jackie some horrible names."

"There wasn't anything I could say, but I took it all personally. I couldn't be philosophical that night."

For the first month of the season, Rachel was not acquainted with the other wives of the Dodgers.

"At Ebbets Field we don't sit in the same place all the time, so it isn't as easy to meet people," she said. "However, a few times I sat near some of the girls—you can usually pick out players' wives, you know—but they didn't speak and neither did I. Prob-

Jackie Tops N. L. Players in Being Nicked by Pitches

By WATSON SPOELSTRA
Of The Detroit News

DETROIT, Mich.—There are viewers-with-alarm in baseball who are disturbed by this notation in the National League statistics—HB. Robinson, Brooklyn, 1.

It means, of course, that Jackie Robinson, first Negro player to reach the majors in modern times, has been nicked by pitched balls seven times this season. The season is roughly one-half gone. This suggests the total may go to 14 or 18.

Robinson has been hit by the pitchers more times than any National leaguer was hit last season (New York's Buddy Blattner led with six), but Jackie has a long way to go for the record.

Hughie Jennings, who brought Detroit its first pennant, was hit 49 times with Baltimore in 1896. The modern mark of 21 is shared by Stanley (Bucky) Harris, manager of the New York Yankees, while with the Senators in 1920, and Chick Stahl, with New York and Boston of the American League in 1908.

Jennings once was struck three times in one game. This has been duplicated by Mel Ott and others.

No one has yet come forward with the suggestion that Robinson is gaining free transportation to first base by artfully sliding a shoulder or hip into a pitch. There have been many artists of this type, with Jennings presumably the best.

Frankie Crosetti, now a Yankee coach, was the last of the noted disciples of this art in the American League.

ably they didn't know me. However, one day a young girl asked if I was Mrs. Robinson. When I said I was, she introduced herself as Mrs. Clyde King. After the game she took me down under the stands, showed me where the wives usually wait for their hus-



Jackie Robinson

bands and introduced me to the other girls.

"Up to that time I had been waiting for Jackie outside the park, because I didn't know where the girls met," Rachel continued. "I've met most of them by now and they're all congenial. When they gossip I join right in and gossip with them. Of course, they're more intimate by themselves. Most of them live near each other and they get together when the boys are on the road and that gives them a better chance to really get acquainted."

Rachel and Jackie met each other through mutual friends when he was a senior and she was a freshman at UCLA. Jackie graduated and went on later to a season of baseball with the Kansas City Monarchs (Rachel says that she thought baseball was only "an interlude" in Jackie's life). Rachel left UCLA after two years and went to the California Hospital at Berkeley, from which she graduated as a trained nurse.

Worked in New York Hospital

After graduation, Rachel came to New York, where she did orthopedic work at the Hospital for Joint Diseases. Even then, she knew that Jackie was being scouted by the Dodgers and felt he would eventually be signed, because "I never had any doubt about his ability."

Jackie went to South America after he was signed, and upon his return, he and Rachel were married.

Rachel doesn't use her nurse's training on Jackie's cuts and bruises. "It seems that last year in Montreal," she laughed, "Jackie would come home every day with something wrong. I'd look at the bruises and tell him to put hot compresses on them and he'd tell me that the trainer said to put cold compresses on them. Eventually, I gave up and left Jackie to the trainer."

At the ripe age of seven months, Jackie, Jr., is taking quite an interest in baseball. "At least, he loves crowds," his mother said. "However, when he's old enough to know what he wants to be, he's going to make his own decision. Of course, we hope he'll be athletically inclined, and we're going to see to it that he'll have a good education. You don't always realize until too late how important study is, and we don't want Jackie, Jr., to miss out."

That Jackie, with his good conduct, sportsmanship and playing ability, has opened the way for other Negroes to enter Organized Ball is apparent, but on that subject, clear-thinking Rachel says:

"For a long time any Negroes who make good in baseball will need a lot more than just the playing ability that other major leaguers have. They'll have to be well educated and have good character traits. I guess it's true in all professions that when a member of our race succeeds he has to be 'way above the others.'"

Bums Look Around, Ask 'Who's Better Than Us?'

Declare They've Seen Nobody They Can't Lick
—Then Memory of Four Games in St. Louis Bobs Up

By HAROLD BURR

BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Carl Furillo

Trail-weary, the Dodgers welcomed the interlude of the All-Star Game to care for their wounded. Yet the team considers that it's in an excellent strategic position, what with the Cardinals still struggling to get back into the pennant race. Manager Burt Shotton has had to overcome a wobbly staff and an injury-riddled outfield. Moreover, he had to go with young Gil Hodges as his first-string catcher, a big, strong kid who was in the Piedmont League last year, pending the full recovery of Bruce Edwards.

Harry Taylor and Ralph Branca have been the mainstays of the hurling corps. Rex Barney, after six shutout innings, has displayed an annoying tendency to tire. Hal Gregg continues to disappoint, and Hal's little roomie, Vic Lombardi, was just beginning to round into his 1946 form when the midget southpaw pulled a muscle in his back in a relief chore in Cincinnati. Joe Hatten has been pitching fairly good ball on occasion, but hasn't been winning. The return of Hank Behrman has eased up the burden on Hugh Casey. Behrman has turned in some splendid fireman's jobs since the Pirates spurned him.

The Dodger outfield is still endeavoring to get along without Pete Reiser. Gene Hermanski was filling the empty spot acceptably until he went to the sidelines with a Charley horse. Little Al Gionfriddo took over and was the victim of a sore leg. The experiment of trying to make an outfielder of Tom Brown was abandoned almost at its inception. Brown didn't get the jump on the ball as an outfielder should.

Dixie Shakes His Slump

However, in center, Carl Furillo is leading the club in hitting and performing well defensively and Dixie

Arky Moves to Garden

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Arky Vaughan has decided in his old age that travel is broadening or, rather, Manager Burt Shotton has made the decision for him. After spending his entire life, with the exception of one exhibition inning at Panama this past spring and one game as a Pirate, in the infield, the Dodger veteran went to left field at Shibe Park, Philadelphia, the night of June 30 against the Phillies.

The old boy did all right, too, in his debut. He got three hits and had a fourth stolen from him on a fine catch by Johnny Wyrostek near the fence. Vaughan himself handled three hard chances perfectly in the field and set his ancient legs to pumping and stole a base.

He's the eighth Brooklyn left fielder this year.

Walker has come out of his batting slump and is again driving in important runs.

The infield is again set with Jackie Robinson on first, Ed Stanky on second, Pee Wee Reese at short and Johnny Jorgensen on third.

Robinson, gaining confidence every day, is beginning to live up to his Montreal press notices. His batting average has soared well over .300 and he's a constant threat to the peace of mind of enemy pitchers while he's on base. He's up with the leaders in both leagues in runs scored and is showing his heels in stealing bases. His own people continue to swell the Dodger crowds on the road.

The pitchers owe a debt to Stanky and Reese, the little chaps who guard the midway for the Flock. Time and again they have been rescuing the faltering moundsmen by coming up with double plays to kill dangerous rallies and the expert speed with which they execute 'em has been a joy to watch. Jorgensen has completely recovered from an earlier injury and once more is the sure fielder and timely hitter he was in the spring.

So the Dodgers, rallying strongly from those four dreadful beatings they took from the Cardinals while in St. Louis, have been going at a championship clip. They still refuse to take the Giants and Braves too seriously and when Reiser gets back into the lineup, presumably some time when the western teams are in the East, the players are sure that they will open up a gap on the other contenders and consolidate first place. They haven't seen any team they can't beat, with the possible exception of the Cardinals.

Their triumphant tour of the West really set 'em up and no longer do they look forward to their two remaining invasions of the badlands beyond the Alleghenies with any fear in their hearts.

Giants' Homer Pace Perils Yank Mark for Majors

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The Giants' home-run pace, if maintained through the balance of the season, would bring a new major league record, supplanting the mark set by their cross-borough rivals, the Yankees, in 1936.

Led by Johnny Mize, Walker Cooper and Willard Marshall, the Polo Grounders had smashed 90 round-trippers in their first 62 games and they needed only one homer per game in their remaining 92 to tie the 182 four-masters of Joe McCarthy's Bombers of 11 seasons ago.

The Giants averaged 1.45 homers per game in their first 62 games, compared to the Yanks' 1.18 for the same period in their record year.

Ruhl Book

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

Newark being the tops. . . Papa-in-law Bernard Gimbel, millionaire department store tycoon, is reported to be Hank Greenberg's angel in his dickering for the Athletics. . . After being tagged for a recent defeat, Kirby Higbe is reported to have vented his frustration on the new console radio presented to the players by Bing Crosby, tossing a soda bottle right through the contraption, bugging up Bing's gift.

BLACKIE TO SHOW THE FOLKS

Ewell Blackwell started developing a "Stanky Pitch" the day after the Dodgers' second baseman broke up his double no-hit bid with one down in the ninth. But Coach George Kelly taboored the pitch—a knuckler when he discovered the experiment, fearing the string-bean pitcher would hurt his valuable whip. Blackie's dad and mother, who have never seen him pitch in a professional game, are coming up from California in August to see their son toss his magic in the Big Show. . . Lou Boudreau has hired a business representative who is said to be quoting testimonial prices on Lou at figures around \$1,000. . . Sam Breadon forgot to introduce Prexy Ford Frick of the National League during the ceremonies preceding the presentation of World's Series rings to the Cardinals on June 27. So Ford, taking over the microphone before the strange crowd, merely said, "I'm pinch-hitting for Commissioner Chandler," and then proceeded to dole out the rings. . . As the World's Championship flag was hoisted by the Cardinals after game time, the band played, "Only Five Minutes More."

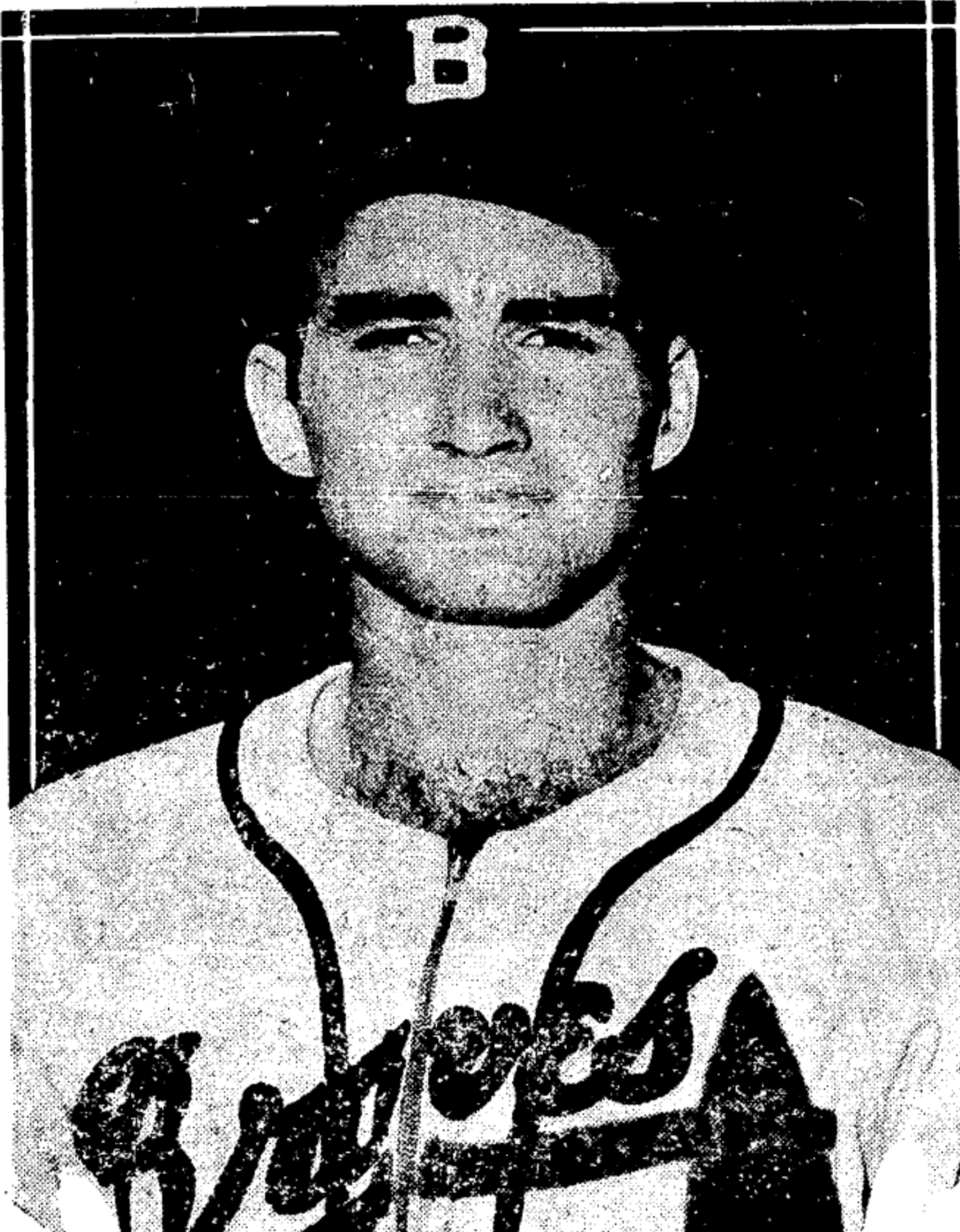
Alcoholics Anonymous will hold a "day" for one of their converts, Don Black, in Cleveland, August 10. . . One of the new books getting a thorough reading from ball players is "Twin Killing," a murder mystery involving a shortstop and a second baseman. . . Preacher Roe of the Pirates became quite indignant when he read a complaint in a "letters to the editor" column of a Pittsburgh paper over the Buc pitcher kicking the water bucket in a fit of anger. "I didn't kick that bucket," he explained to the Post-Gazette's Vince Johnson, "I threw it."



Ford Frick

Burris, Braves' New Catcher, Refugee From Sandwich Shop

Phone Call in '41 Brought Paul His First Chance in O. B.



By ROGER BIRTWELL
BOSTON, Mass.

"He looks like a good catcher, but we're not sure how well he will hit."

This one sentence epitomizes front office reaction to Paul Burris, new No. 3 catcher of the Boston Braves.

"Paul really can sling that ball down to second," remarked General Manager John Quinn of the Braves the other day. "And from what our Milwaukee fellows say, he can call for the right pitches."

Burris, who escaped from the Dodger farm system in the 1947 draft, spent most of the '48 season with Milwaukee. But, during the last three weeks of the season, he was with the Braves—and he received a minor slice of the Braves' World's Series swag.

Paul, who is 25 years old, attributes his progress thus far to a phone call he made back in 1941.

A Slap of Peanut Butter

"I had caught—and done a little pitching, too—for Derita High School, near Charlotte, N. C. But when I was through school, there seemed to be no chance for me to catch on with a ball team. So I got a job making peanut-butter sandwiches. Actually, I didn't make the sandwiches. A lot of girls made 'em, and I took the boxes of sandwiches out to the shipping department."

"I had been doing this about ten months, but I kept thinking about baseball. It was the only thing I ever really wanted to do."

"So the spring after I got out of school, I got up my courage one night and put in a phone call to the manager of the Hickory team in the North Carolina State League. I was sort of apprehensive about calling him, but, after all, you can't shoot a guy for calling you on the phone. And it turned out even better than I expected."

"I asked him for a tryout as a catcher and he said, 'Sure. Come over, and we'll take a look at you.'"

"Three days later I had a job. I was No. 2 catcher for a while. Then he sold his other catcher and I became

Peanuts to Pads



Paul Burris

the club's regular man. In September, I was sold to the Dodgers and they had me go to their farm team in Durham. I was delighted and didn't miss those peanut-butter sandwiches a bit.

Durham had two catchers, both of whom you've since seen with the Dodgers. Ferrell Anderson was No. 1, Bruce Edwards was No. 2, and I was No. 3. I caught three games before the season was over. The first pitcher I caught there was Hank Behrman. We lost, 1 to 0.

"The next season—and I still was only 12 months out of the sandwich factory—the Dodgers moved me back to Thomasville in the North Carolina State League. As a result, I was doing most of my ball playing only a hundred miles from home."

"But I wasn't around home very long. Uncle Sam moved me into a new league, and I started aiming for tougher targets than second base."

"I was a gunner in the artillery with

the 25th Division. I spent 31 months in the South Pacific. I didn't play any baseball at all. As far as baseball was concerned, of course, it was valuable time to miss. But this was something a lot more important than baseball."

"Did you see any action?" we asked.

"Yes," said Burris, "quite a bit. I was in New Georgia in '44. Then we spent eight months on Luzon. We went in at Lingayen Gulf in January of '45."

Burris was discharged from the Army in the winter of '46 and was shipped by the Dodgers to Danville in the Three-I League. In the fall of '47, the Braves' Milwaukee farm drafted him from Danville and ended his career as a Dodger.

He was the No. 2 catcher for Milwaukee at the start of the past season—with Norman Schlueter scheduled to do the lion's share of the catching. But Schlueter suffered a serious injury in one of the first games of the season and Burris became Milwaukee's top catcher for the remainder of the year.

Hurry Call on Labor Day

He received a hurry call to join the Braves Labor Day week, when Catcher Bill Salkeld came down with a severe cold at Philadelphia while the Boston club was fighting for a pennant.

Burris reported—by plane—with scant sleep and a big shiner over his left eye.

"How did you get the shiner?" we asked.

"In a pepper game an hour before the Braves sent for me. We were having a pepper game along the sidelines while St. Paul was having batting practice. Some batter hit a foul ball toward me. I reached down to grab it just as Ed Wright, who was tossing 'em to me in the pepper game, threw the ball to me. I didn't see the thrown ball and it plinked me in the eye."

"By the way," we inquired, "did you get banged up at all when you were in the service?"

"Not a scratch," replied the rookie catcher. "Ed Wright is the nicest guy in the world—but he marked me up more than the whole Jap army."

ALVIN DARK, crack young shortstop of the Boston Braves, won his second rookie laurels in as many seasons when he was named Rookie of the Year for 1948 by a poll of the Most Valuable Player committee of the Baseball Writers' Association. Dark, who was named the No. 1 American Association rookie while with Milwaukee last year, received 27 of the 48 votes. Gene Bearden, Cleveland lefthander, was second with eight votes, followed by Richie Ashburn of the Phillies, with seven, and Lou Brissie of the Athletics and Bill Goodman of the Red Sox, who polled three each. This is the second year the writers have named the Rookie of the Year, **Jackie Robinson** of the Dodgers being chosen in 1947.

Dark will receive the J. Louis Comiskey plaque, awarded annually by the Chicago Chapter of the Baseball Writers' Association. Since the chapter's Diamond Dinner will be abandoned this winter, the plaque will be presented to Dark on the Braves' first visit to Chicago next season.

Jackie Keeps on Jump in Off-Season --But Sidesteps Fried-Chicken Circuit

Follows Barnstorming Trip With Radio Programs and Y.M.C.A. Work

By HAROLD C. BURR
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Jackie Robinson has quit the fried chicken circuit for the sake of his figure. But the Dodger second baseman has been a busy beaver ever since the close of the National League season. He has been on a barnstorming tour to the Pacific Coast, worked in a Flatbush avenue clothing store, has a radio program and is doing a fine job for the underprivileged children of his own race in Harlem at the Y. M. C. A.

Jackie doesn't expect to play ball much longer. "Just until I can put away enough money to send my boy through college," says the proud father. **Jackie, Jr.**, is practically a Christmas baby—he became 3 years old recently.

"I've been taking part in athletics steadily for a long while now," continued **Robinson**. "It would be different if I'd just been playing baseball. But I've been in all sports—football, baseball, track, golf, tennis and basketball."

The father laid away some hay in the barn for Junior's education on his barnstorming junket. It was in excess of the individual winners' share of the World's Series. The team was all-Negro, and Roy Campanella was the star catcher. The tour consumed a month, and **Jackie** is in splendid shape to start another season. President Branch Rickey isn't going to behold an overstuffed second baseman in **Jackie**, when the Dodgers report for spring training at Vero Beach, Fla., come March. **Robinson** tipped the scales in the "Y" gym at an even 200,

'Good Evening, Sports Fans'



THIS MAY BE the off-season for **Jackie Robinson** as far as baseball is concerned, but the Dodger star is keeping busy with his radio and Y. M. C. A. work.

which is close to his mid-summer weight.

Up in Harlem, **Jackie** is out to check juvenile delinquency. He works out with the smaller boys at calisthenics and plays basketball with the teenagers. He always has had a liking for kids. There was an example of this trait in the **Robinson** makeup two years ago that has never been told. It didn't reach the newspapers because the Brooklyn club suppressed the story, thinking it would sound too much like a publicity yarn and that **Robinson**

would be accused of trying to be another Babe Ruth.

A boy was in a New Haven hospital, badly burned at play. **Jackie** heard about it the night before the Dodgers went to Boston for a series with the Braves. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, **Robinson** tumbled out of bed to catch a 7 o'clock morning train for a stopover at New Haven and had a long visit with the sick boy. Jackie's wife, a trained nurse by profession, went along.

"She would have liked to stay and

Fan Offers Two Plans on Negroes

Two proposals for settling the place of the Negro in baseball are offered by Sam Graham of Phoenix, Ariz., a reader of *THE SPORTING NEWS*, who has lived 34 of his 38 years in the South. Graham, during 35-months in the Army, worked with members of the colored race in uniform in the same job and had no trouble, he reports. He suggests either financial help for the Negro leagues or one complete Negro team in each of the majors.

Graham, in his first plan, would extend to the Negro leagues the same financial assistance that is given Legion teams. In many cases, he points out, the majors could furnish coaches and finance training and tryout camps to develop talent.

The alternative, furnished by Graham, is to have a complete Negro team for each major league, instead of only a few individuals on several clubs.

"The racial question is a threat

to our future peace as a nation," declares Graham, "and rabble rousers with selfish commercial interests are doing all they can to stir up trouble, where there is none. Recent developments plainly show that the Negro has not been convinced of sincerity in the help given their game."

"Their stars were taken for a mere pittance and thousands of dollars taken from the Negro League gate receipts."

"A few getting an average major league salary do not compensate for a lowered salary, or loss of a complete team, to the several hundred Negro players who will never make the big leagues."

"Let's be fair to the Negro in a true American way," argues Graham, "and help him have major caliber baseball in his own ranks and assist him in a way to allow him to take full credit for his own development."

take care of that kid until he got well," said **Jackie**.

Robinson has a steadily growing public with the small fry, who hang around the players' entrance at the ball parks. Many of them are white boys. Youth draws no color line when it picks its hero. They surround him, all but mob him, tear the buttons off his coat, climb all over his automobile in their eagerness. But as long as he has the elbow room, he keeps signing the autograph books and scorecards thrust up into his face by grimy little fists clutching stubs of pencils.

On his Coast barnstorming tour, Jackie played against Satchel Paige, who pitched for the Kansas City Monarchs when **Robinson** was the regular shortstop on the same club. **Robinson** caught on for a single game at Oakland with a team run by Gene Bearden. Satchel pitched and the Dodger infielder confesses that he hit him pretty well. "It was one day Satch didn't have it," explained the modest **Jackie**.

Rickey recently was a guest on Robinson's 15-minute sports broadcast. The

take care of that kid until he got well," said **Jackie**.

However, **Jackie** promises that the Deacon has nothing to fear. He was very happy to announce on the broadcast that Yale had elected Levi Jackson as its next year's football captain, a boy of his own color.

"That was a mighty fine thing Yale did," was Robinson's tribute to democracy under the elms. "Their coach, Herman Hickman, is a splendid gentleman from Tennessee, too."

"The old race barriers of prejudice are really falling."

Rickey also had a word to say about the decline of race prejudice. "It may interest you to know, **Jackie**," he said, "that we have scheduled exhibition games at Fort Worth again. Beaumont and Atlanta have been added, along with other southern towns, after we break camp at Vero Beach."

Jackie's All Jake at First With Dodger Coach Pitler

'Okay' Report Awaits Lippy

Pilot Will Pass on Robinson's
Ability at Gateway Bag
in Havana Games

By HAROLD C. BURR
HAVANA, Cuba.

The Dodgers are back at their main training base at Havana, but Manager Leo Durocher hasn't seen Jackie Robinson perform yet, although the Black Meteor was at first base for Montreal in three games against Brooklyn in Panama. The Lip quit the Isthmus on the morning of March 17 for California on private business, and didn't rejoin the team until the middle of the week here.

"I have never seen Robinson play," said the pepperpot pilot, the morning of his departure from Panama. "Naturally, I want to see him in action at first base. But Jake Pitler has been watching for a week in Havana and declares that he's marvelous. We've got nine more games with Montreal in Cuba and at Ebbets Field and there's still lots of time left for me to look him over."

Blades in Charge of Team
Durocher left Coach Ray Blades to run the club while he was away and with President Branch Rickey sitting in judgment on Robinson from the stands at Olympia Stadium, Panama City. The black population stormed the gates to pay homage to the member of their race who is fighting for a place in the National League lineup of the Dodgers. It was the day for which they had been waiting all winter.

Robinson flew in from Havana, March 15, with the rest of Royals' squad and the next day Montreal met General Electric, champions of the Panama Professional League and the only team to beat the Dodgers in the Canal Zone. The little wooden park was jammed to the rafters. The overflow crowd of 4,149 watched Jackie pound out a single and a home run and play a faultless first sack for eight innings in the Royals' 9 to 5 triumph. Roy Campanella, another colored Dodger farmhand, got a double and a home run. But the crowd came out to cheer for Jackie.

Robinson made good on the raves Pitler had for him. Jake checked in at Fort Clayton, Canal Zone, Panama, with Montreal and immediately mounted the soap box in behalf of the Negro star of last year's International League race. "It would be a crime not to let this boy come up because of his color," said Jake upon his arrival. "Wait until



Jackie Robinson

Durocher Dashes to Sweetie as Robinson Goes Into Action

By BILL ROEDER
Of the New York World-Telegram

BALBOA, C. Z.

Newspapermen accompanying the Dodgers awoke in a beautiful state of confusion the other morning and promptly agreed that the Canal Zone was beginning to feel just like home. As one terribly witty scribe put it, you can take the Dodgers out of Brooklyn, but you can't take the Brooklyn out of the Dodgers.

Reporters first sensed something pleasantly out of the ordinary when they managed to awaken without the assistance of Leo Durocher. The manager had been kenneled in the same barracks with several press peons, and it was his hearty practice to rout each and every sluggard out of bed at preposterous hours. Sometimes even before noon.

But the managerial bulge failed to blow on St. Patrick's morning, and when grateful journalists did arise they found a note left on the kitchen table. "Good-bye, boys," it read. "I'm flying to Los Angeles. Personal business, nothing important. See you in Havana, Leo."

So far, so good. It's nothing new for Durocher to take a brief leave, and besides, he isn't the only one. Six Dodgers were packed off to Havana the day before, and five more, including Dixie Walker and Cookie Lavagetto, left later. At the rate of the outgoing traffic, the Brooklyn camp figured to be emptied before you could say Jack Robinson.

Hold on there—come to think of it this was the day Robinson played his first exhibition against the Dodgers. Why wasn't Durocher around to look at his latest and most spectacular candidate? Well, maybe Branch Rickey would have something to say about Jackie. The Dodger prexy flew all the way from Pensacola presumably to supervise the Negro star's bid for promotion to the big leagues. We tried his room.

"Sorry," says Arthur Mann, Rickey's ubiquitous assistant. "Mister Rickey is groggy. He's had a long, hard trip. If you have nothing specific, I don't think he'll want to discuss it."

So all was confusion. There seemed little doubt now that the Brooklyn board of strategy intends to bring Robinson up to the Dodgers before the season opens. There is also little doubt many Brooklyn players will neglect to welcome Jackie with open arms and mind. In other words, Rickey's principal problem now is to break down any resentment toward Robinson which may exist in Dodger ranks. It will be interesting to see how the Mahatma goes about it, and how well he succeeds.



Leo Durocher

Rube's Fast Ball Conks Out

HAVANA, Cuba.—Rube Melton was among the first batch of Dodgers to quit Panama. He was sent back here, but before he departed the Rube had his itching arm X-rayed. Melton, with 26 other pitchers around, some of 'em eager young prospects, was worried about his future with the club. He had lost his fast ball and has been only able to throw up soft stuff. The pictures revealed a bone chip the size of a 25-cent piece.

President Branch Rickey wasn't ready to accept the report of the Isthmus doctor and he was ordered back to Baltimore for more pictures.

You see him in action! He's as much at home on first as if he had been playing the bag all his life. At bat, Jackie always gets a piece of the ball. He won't get many home runs for you, but he hits for a lot of extra bases between the outfielders, and he can run and bunt, too. You wait! He's terrific!" Jackie continued to do all right

against the Dodgers in Panama. On March 17, for instance, Jackie got a pair of hits off Hal Gregg and came up with a startling catch of a low throw at first. Then, on March 20, Robinson beat out a pair of bunts and an infield hit against the Bums, but also committed his first damaging error, throwing badly to home plate, permitting a pair of Dodgers to score.

In between these two games, Jackie was hitting the best pitching tossed his way by Panama teams, collecting four blows in one game.

Reiser Again Injured

Pete Reiser, meanwhile, is on the ailing list. He swung at a batting practice pitch in the Canal Zone and felt the old pain dart through his arm. Doc Wendler, club trainer, examined the injury and reported that he could feel a new shoulder separation.

"I think maybe it's a shoulder muscle," Pete said. Pete got Rickey's permission to return to St. Louis and have Dr. Robert Hyland, the Cardinal club physician, examine his arm again.

"I don't like the look of things," said the Deacon, shaking his head over the bad news.

Leo Keeps Lip Zippered While in California

HOLLYWOOD, Calif.

Leo Durocher continued playing the role of a deaf mute, March 19, after swashbuckling into Movietown for a reunion with Actress Laraine Day, his wife everywhere but in California.

The Dodgers' manager, his loquacious lip zippered, flew to California, but murky weather forced his plane down at Palmdale, 30 miles north of Hollywood. Durocher rode the rest of the way to Lockheed Air Terminal by bus.

After Miss Day, waiting impatiently at the airport, hugged and kissed the Brooklyn boss, Durocher turned on newsmen and shouted: "Whatever you have to say, boys, it's a great big 'No!'" Miss Day, hanging onto Lip, echoed dutifully, "No, no, no, no, no." Still shouting "No, no, no," the couple jumped into a waiting limousine and sped away.

Lippy's stay in Hollywood was short. He and his wife left approximately 24 hours later for the Dodgers' training camp in Havana. Miss Day must return to Los Angeles, April 28, when the hearing on her divorce from Ray Hendricks, Santa Monica airport manager, is set.

On March 14, Superior Judge John W. Bull refused to dismiss proceedings seeking to set aside Miss Day's California divorce. He denied without comment the motion for dismissal made for Hendricks and Miss Day, who received an interlocutory decree in Judge George Dockweiler's court, January 20.

Attorneys for Hendricks and Miss Day had contended there was no legal precedent for Judge Dock-



Laraine Day

weiler's "order to show cause" why the divorce should not be set aside. Judge Dockweiler started the "show cause" proceedings after Miss Day eloped to Juarez, Mex., with Durocher the next day, received a Mexican divorce that morning, then crossed the border to El Paso, Tex., married the Brooklyn manager, and returned immediately to Los Angeles.

By stipulation of all of the attorneys involved, Judge Bull, who was designated to hear the "show cause" following the disqualification of Judge Dockweiler, advanced the date of the hearing from May 6 to April 28.

Judge Bull stated the proceedings would "be conducted, not to retry the divorce action, but to determine whether the interlocutory decree of divorce granted under California law should be set aside by reason of a collusive agreement, if any, between the parties in obtaining the decree, or by reason of fraud, if any, practiced upon the court in obtaining said decree."

Attorneys, acting as "friends of the court," want to know the answers to several questions. Before the divorce, Hendricks openly accused Durocher of entering his home as a friend and later walking out with his wife. When the divorce action was heard, Hendricks did not fight the case. An out-of-court financial agreement between the Hendrickses had been reached. After the elopement and marriage of Miss Day and Durocher, Hendricks came to the aid of his ex-wife on the "show cause" court order.

These same "friends of the court," a committee of prominent members of the Los Angeles Bar Association, also claim they have not given up proposed court action against Durocher for allegedly maligning Judge Dockweiler in a printed publicity release which was distributed by agents of Miss Day's studio.

Another Bucco Blaster



FRANK KALIN, NEW PITTSBURGH HIPPER

Clouter Kalin Just Extra Hand in Power-Packed Pirate Patrol

Brings Up Record as .300 Hitter, But Faces
Tough Job in Breaking into Bucco Outfield

By CHARLES J. DOYLE

MIAMI BEACH, Fla.

As if interruption of his baseball career for almost three years of Army service were not enough to hurt Frank Kalin's chances, there's something akin to a stone wall in front of the Pittsburgh district athlete as he tries this spring to make the Pirates' outfield. With a better than .300 mark in a postwar effort at Hollywood, Calif., to recommend him, the self-effacing Frank has run into one of the most impenetrable outfield combinations the Bucs have boasted since the Waner Brothers-Cuyler trio.

Still on the lighter side of 30, Kalin, who played in the Western Steel League, was with the Buccos as a youngster. Throughout his minor career, including his years with Hollywood, he missed batting under .300 only once and on that occasion he posted .295. But as the roads now point around Pittsburgh, the strapping lad of Polish extraction will find it very difficult to win a regular berth, although he could land a utility position.

Hank Greenberg, Ralph Kiner and Jim Russell are conceded to be just about "in" as pasture pickets and the trio "could be as interesting as the Waner brothers and Cuyler, who strutted their stuff while the Bucs were winning their last pennant. That was just 20 years ago.

Kalin, whose drives in the practice drills have stolen the slugging show away from Hankus Pankus and Ozark Ike, the home run twins, says he was given his best batting tips by P. Waner when Frank first joined the Pirates.

Years later he was a part of a lonely chemical outfit in far-off India when he heard that brother Paul, Dixie Walker, Luke Sewell and one or two other notables were flying to India to entertain the soldiers.

"That cheered me up," said Kalin, "but, believe it or not, I could not get close to Paul when he arrived at our base. I always knew he was a popular fellow with fans, including the GIs, but I had no idea of the extent of his popularity until the plane landed. The GIs really stormed him so fiercely that I did not bother to push my way through the mess, although I was close enough to touch him. The soldiers really went wild every time he showed up and he gave them a real show."

Kalin, who was owned by the White Sox when he enlisted, is married and

Buc Chucked Embalming for Career in Baseball

MIAMI BEACH, Fla.—Frank Kalin, Pirate outfield recruit, had a choice of becoming a ball player or an undertaker in his youth, and, thanks to the assistance given by his mother, he selected baseball.

Kalin was taking training as an embalmer at his Weirton, Pa., home when he got the baseball bug. His father wanted him to continue his embalming work, but his mother sided with Frank, and provided the funds that paid his way to a school being conducted by Charley Dresen, then manager of the Reds, in Cincinnati.

This trial got him a start with Tallahassee in the Georgia-Florida League, from where he started a general tour of the minor leagues.

now resides in Minneapolis. One of the trying moments of his Army career developed when his wife became ill and he was given leave to fly from India to the United States. Approaching Cairo, the big plane had motor trouble and the trip was held up for two days until a new propeller was obtained. The trip then continued successfully by way of the Azores, Bermuda and Miami.

"I got as far as Birmingham before I had to take a train," said Kalin, who was happy when he found his wife recovering.

The Sporting News

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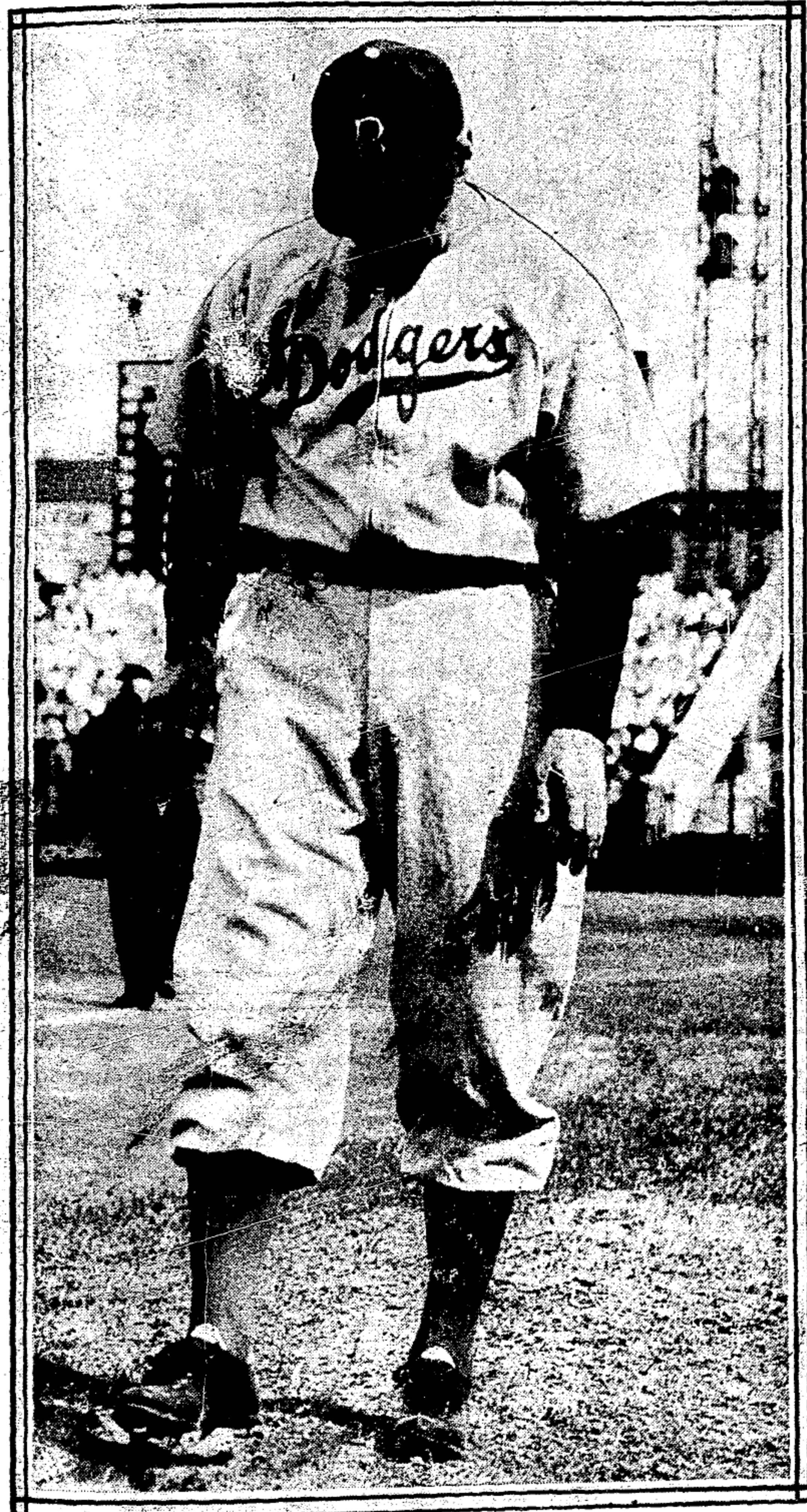
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CHANDLER ROLLS UP SLEEVES FOR NEW SWINGS

Too Many Slips of The Lip Sink Leo's Ship



DUROCHER IN FAMILIAR WALK—THIS TIME THUMSED BY COMMISSIONER A. B. CHANDLER

Lip Feels First Punch; Other Targets Rumored

Commissioner Said to Be Gunning for One Individual
in Particular; Believes Efforts to Run Game
With Kindly Hand Were Misconstrued

By DAN DANIEL

NEW YORK, N. Y.



A. B. Chandler

As a consequence of the charges filed with Commissioner Albert B. Chandler by Col. Larry MacPhail, these things have happened by decision of the boss of all baseball:

1—Leo Durocher has been adjudged guilty of conduct detrimental to the game and has been suspended for the entire 1947 major league season as manager of the Brooklyn club.

2—Colonel MacPhail has been fined \$2,000 for permitting Leo to use him in getting a 1947 contract from Branch Rickey, and for airing a squabble injurious to baseball.

3—The Brooklyn club has been fined \$2,000 because its officials engaged in a controversy hurtful to the game.

4—Harold Parrott, secretary of the Dodgers, has been fined \$500 for having ghosted the Brooklyn Eagle articles which helped to bar Leo.

The general impression now is that Chandler has stopped swinging. But he hasn't.

The commissioner has become convinced that the fans, press and radio, as well as most of the magnates, want a tough administration. He believes that his efforts to run the game with a kindly, benevolent hand have been misconstrued and that he has been taken for a softie who would stand for anything not too blatantly errant.

It is reported that there is one man in particular for whom the commissioner is gunning, and that he may summon this baseball figure to answer certain questions. Just who this man is, Chandler has not hinted to those who say they know he is on the war-path insofar as that individual is concerned.

There also may be some repercussions regarding the press conferences which Col. Larry MacPhail held in the Fifth Avenue offices of the Yankees the morning of April 10.

"Will Give Facts to Press"

MacPhail opened the conference with the statement that everybody involved in the case had been silenced by order of the commissioner. He added, "This does not mean that the commissioner has any right to prohibit release of factual information regarding any matter in which the press and public are properly concerned."

"This club will continue to release to the press, for information of the public, any and all factual information pertinent and proper to operation of this club."

"If we violate any baseball rule or go outside our own prerogatives and authority, we accept the responsibility."

This was a fairly outspoken challenge to the commissioner, and the commissioner may accept that challenge, because the commissioner is in a socking mood, if ever a commissioner of baseball was in that frame of mind.

MacPhail invited questions from the baseball writers assembled, asking them to put their queries in writing. He said he had received a lot of queries from writers over the telephone, and had written these down for reply in person.

He added that if Charley Dressen saw fit to ask the commissioner to reconsider his 30-day suspension, the New York club would support their coach.

MacPhail appeared to have called

Jackie Robinson Gets Chance With Flatbush Troupe

Likely to See Service
Mostly as Pinch Runner

By MICHAEL GAVEN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Brooklyn, for the first time in its 72 years in the National League, will have a Negro player within its ranks this season.

All doubt of Jackie Robinson's status was removed at 3:15 p. m., April 10, when Branch Rickey announced "The Brooklyn Dodgers today purchased the contract of Jackie Roosevelt Robinson from the Montreal Royals."

The 28-year-old graduate of UCLA was expected to continue his first base trial in the Yankee series which was to open the next day. However, it was not definite that he would be at the initial sack in the opening game of the season against the Braves on April 15. That decision was left to the new manager.

As a first baseman for Montreal in exhibition games against the Dodgers, he did not measure up to major league standards at the initial sack. Good reasons could have been the many mishaps that marred the spring training program mapped out for him by Rickey. When his carefully-laid plans did not jell, it was generally agreed that the major domo had little choice but to elevate the Negro, because he missed so many games at first base, a few in contradiction to Rickey's orders, when Montreal deemed it important to look at other first base candidates. There certainly would have been charge that he did not receive a fair trial.

So he evidently was rated on his 1946 record, a .349 average which led



Jackie Robinson

Giant Jinx Hitting Again; Whitey Lockman Tripped

Jackie's Trial Costliest Ever Given a Player

A's Keep Foes From Plate --Stay Away Themselves

On Hospital List



Whitey Lockman

Sox Find New Homer Punch

Kennedy, Michaels Display Unexpected Power as Long-Ball Hitters

By MILT WOODARD
CHICAGO, Ill.

Through all the laments of what the White Sox did not have in the way of home-run power, out breaks a silver lining which might easily snap the Comiskey's from their role as the powder-puff club of the American League.



Cass Michaels

Such a silver lining has been stitched mainly by Bob Kennedy and Cass Michaels, who together accumulated more than half of the Sox' 17 home runs during spring training. Should Murrell Jones come through as he can, the trio might well furnish the South Siders the power they've been lacking these many, many years.

"That Kennedy will keep right on hitting like he has during the regular season," the veteran Luke Appling has predicted. "And watch Michaels. I'm working on him, and he'll be a fine hitter."

Kennedy, now taking his first full-fledged fling at the outfield, has gained a new lease on his baseball life. He hit well over .300 for the spring exhibitions, and during the first 28 games accounted for six homers. Last year he clouted only five homers in 113 games. Bob also leads the Sox in all other extra-base departments with three triples and five doubles. He's taking a full, free swing from his righthanded stance, and there's no choking or lack of timing as of a year ago.

Michaels finds Homer Knack
Michaels' ascendancy to the role of a home-run hitter has been even more surprising. Last year, he clouted his one and only circuit blow in the majors. This spring, the 21-year-old regular hoisted three over various left field walls, two of which gave the Sox victories over major league opposition. Thanks to Kennedy and Michaels, the Sox were far above their normal spring production of home runs. Their 17 in the first 27 games presaged a huge pickup over the 1946 season, during which they collected only 37 homers in 155 games.

Stellar Outfielder Is Shelved for Several Months by Fracture of Leg

By KEN SMITH
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Hard luck struck the Giants in exactly the spot where they could least afford it when Whitey Lockman, 20-year-old center fielder whose speed and power epitomized the Polo Grounders' transition from a ponderous to a lively team, suffered a fracture of the fibula, six inches above the ankle, April 8, at Sheffield, Ala. Sliding into second base as Clint Hartung grounded to Lou Boudreau, starting a double play, the best base runner on the club snapped the bone.

Dr. G. F. Goodpage, of Colbert County Hospital, said the break was clean and that Lockman would be out of action three months. But it will take considerably longer before he can play like the real Lockman.

Lloyd Gearhart, who took his place, lacks Whitey's batting finesse and throwing ability. Al White, lefthanded batter, will alternate with Gearhart in center when Willard Marshall's cut hand mends and he returns to right field. To replace Lockman on the roster, Joe Lafata, who had been farmed to Minneapolis, was recalled to the Giants. All three are young speedsters who will keep things moving, though they lack Lockman's all-round ability. The Giants had hoped to surprise Eastern fans with their brilliant improvement from last year. The loss of

Hartung Slaps 'Em All

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Evidence of the latent natural power lurking in Clint Hartung's bat was displayed on April 5 at Albuquerque when Golden Boy, as his teammates dub him, slapped an outside pitch by Roger Wolff over the 330-foot right field fence. When Bob Lemon served another outside to prevent one of Hartung's favorite line hits to center, the big rookie also rode that one over the boards.

Lockman makes it impossible to tell how good they might have been.

"He's a great boy," commented Secretary Eddie Brannick, who, with Mel Ott, took Whitey to the hospital. "At the hospital he gave his cap to the head nurse for her 5-year-old boy." Brannick, who has seen hundreds of Giants come and go tabs Lockman one of the finest personalities of them all, as well as one of the best prospects in many years. Whitey was the No. 1 player developed in the 12-year-old Giant farm system.

Injury Jinx on Job

It looks as if the injury jinx is getting an early start on the Polo Grounders this year. Earlier this spring, Mickey Witke broke an arm and Larry Jansen a cheekbone. Last season Johnny Mize broke his hand, Walker Cooper two fingers and Witke an arm.

Meanwhile, three rookies are definitely in the first-string lineup; three others have a good chance for the 'varsity and at least one more is sticking with the club, so the Giants' harvest was a pronounced success this spring, with the team lining up for opening day buoyed by the presence of bright new talent.

The three front-row newcomers from the minors and the Army are Gearhart, center fielder; Hartung, left fielder, and Bill Ayers, regular starting pitcher.

The three on the threshold of the No. 1 lineup are Jack Lohrke, whose speed placed him in line for third base; Larry Jansen, the 30-game winner from San Francisco with the 1.57 earned-run average, and Bob Thomson, last-week-of-training entry at second base.

Temporarily avoiding the ax were Pitchers Hub Andrews, whose brief relief appearances were successful; the lefthanded Woody Abernathy, who was with the team half of last season; Andy Hansen, who had a sore arm; Catcher Jimmy Gladd and Outfielders Al White and Jack Maguire, plus the recalled Lafata.

The Giants will open the season with Johnny Mize, Walker Cooper and Buddy Kerr as the heart of the team. Willard Marshall, the spring star, and rugged Sid Gordon add a further touch of experience, with Buddy Blattner, who was unsteady at second, but hopeful of settling down as he did last season.

Hartung, holding down left field and batting No. 3, played like Frank Merriwell only occasionally, but he hit well considering that he was absent four years from civilian life.

Continued From Page 1

the International League. A shortstop in college and with the Kansas City Monarchs before the Dodgers signed him in the fall of 1945, he played second base for Montreal in 119 games. He committed only ten errors and Clay Hopper, his manager, said there was no doubt but that he could play the position in the majors.

But Eddie Stanky was entrenched there. Short and third were also closed against him. Only first base was open. His early role with the Dodgers will be a utility position, but he will undoubtedly receive an opportunity to improve himself around the initial sack, since his forte is speed. He stole 40 bases last year. It probably would be safe to say that he will do a lot of pinch-running.

Ironically enough, in his first appearance in Brooklyn, in the Dodger-Royal exhibition tilt on April 10, he made his poorest showing at the plate. In three official trips, he failed to hit a ball out of the infield. He walked once and scored on Don Lund's homer.

A Mark-Off in Red Ink

Thus has the most costly trial ever given a player come to an end. Because of the segregation laws in Florida and other southern states, the Dodgers had to leave the country. They were forced to do most of their training sans guarantee in Havana at an average cost of \$25 per day per player and had to fly 2,600 miles to Venezuela in order to get in three games against major leaguers, namely, the Yankees.

On the ledger, the approximate \$50,000 loss will be itemized as spring training expenses. But to the directors of the Brooklyn club and others interested in Dodger financial matters, the red ink will always spell Jackie Robinson. It will be an indelible mark that baseball will never forget.

Certainly there never was a trial like it before and it is doubtful that the future will produce anything to match it, what with the principal figure never even donning the uniform of the club he was trying to make during spring training and only casually meeting less than half his potential teammates. More unusual was the Montreal club's 2,000-mile flight from Havana to Panama for a \$6,000 guarantee when it knew even before it left that it was going to lose at least \$2,000.

The main idea was to give Robinson as many games as possible against the Dodgers, and to hell with the cost. It was Rickey's theory that the more games the Negro played against the Flock, the better he would look and the less resentment against him. No man ever had greater faith in the ability of a ball player. We believe that it was Branch's honest opinion that the Brooklyn players would come rushing to him and shout:

"Let's have that fellow. He can win the pennant for us."

To put it mildly, it didn't happen that way. However, a quiet poll conducted by the Flatbush Secret Service revealed that no one would quit the club if Robinson were made a member. A few said that they would ask to be traded. What little resentment was openly expressed came from unexpected sources.

If there were any clubhouse meetings to discuss the issue, none was admitted. Leo Durocher had said that one would be held to ask the players if they would object to Robinson joining the club, but later changed his mind. Rickey said he welcomed the opinions of all players on new men joining the club, often asked for them, but that

Dixie Walker Draws Boos at Jackie's Flatbush Bow

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—At Jackie Robinson's debut at Ebbets Field with Montreal, April 10, certain members of the Harlem delegation among the 14,282 fans vociferously booed Dixie Walker on his appearances at the plate. This was something distinctly new in Flatbush, where the People's Choice has been the big hero for years.

Walker has made only one comment on Robinson. That was last winter when he declared that he didn't have to worry about Robinson so long as he was in a Montreal uniform.

Now that Jackie's a full-fledged member of the Dodgers, Dixie will probably accept him with the same grace as the other players have done. Here recently the tide set strongly in favor of Robinson among the Brooklyn players. BURN.

On Relief Line



Russ Christopher

the management would make the decisions, regardless.

That Rickey had made a definite decision was first indicated on Wednesday, April 2, when he returned to Havana after an all-day fishing trip. There was no doubt that he had given considerable thought to the Robinson problem while casting about for the elusive tarpon, from the very minute he entered the room where the newspapermen sat awaiting his return.

Without even taking time to change from his fishing clothes, he announced: "Robinson will return to first base tonight and play there every remaining game with Montreal." It was the second time he had made such an announcement, for a few days previously the Negro had been taken off the initial sack to give the Royals an opportunity to eliminate Kevin Connors and break in Lou Ruchser.

Rickey Gone, But Robbie Back
But this time he indicated to the assembled scribes that he meant business by asking one of his aides to make sure that his instructions were conveyed to Clay Hopper, Montreal manager. Then the fun started. Hopper not only resented such indirect orders but told the boss about it in no uncertain manner in a star chamber battle that lasted well into the morning.

The next day Rickey was gone and, much to the amazement of all concerned, Robinson was back at second base for Montreal. Hopper acknowledged Rickey's orders but insisted that his duty to the Montreal club came first. Ruchser was his first baseman, and he wanted to give him a chance to play.

What was said over the telephone that night is not a matter of public record, but the next time the clubs met Robinson was back at first base. That was Saturday, April 4, and it proved to be the Negro's last game until the skirmishes at Ebbets Field. Bruce Edwards slid into him in getting back to first base in a run-down and Robinson, forced to leap for a high throw, tumbled over the runner.

He wasn't seriously injured, but was shaken up, had a pain in the back and was unable to play the next day. It was the second time in his short and strange trial that he was forced out of the lineup. Earlier he was laid low by a stomach disorder and there is small doubt but that he was still feeling its effects in the few games he played in the interim.

A's to Stress Bunt Attack; Dietrich Injury Fails to Dim Rosy Hill Picture

By ART MORROW
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

The Athletics returned from training in Florida, primed for the opener at Yankee Stadium, with no fewer than five players who batted over .300 in the 21 exhibition tests against major league opposition.

Don Richmond and Hank Majeski, rivals for the job at third base, headed the list with respective averages of .343 and .320, Richmond in 35 times at bat, Majeski in 50 tries. Left Fielder Sam Chapman, whose 26 hits included



four homers and a triple, not to mention 17 runs-driven-in, hit .317; Second Baseman Gene Handley, up 77 times, .312, and George Binks, the outfielder-first baseman acquired from Washington, .305 in 59 stabs.

Nevertheless, game-by-game developments offered venerable Connie Mack no reason to re-estimate the A's run-making potential, for the club, crossing 15 times to the opposition's combined 11, wore out no home plates. Only one team beaten by the Philadelphians scored more than three runs (the Browns' "B" club losing once by 18 to 6, the varsity by 12 to 6), and of the A's nine victories, three were shutouts and two others achieved by one-run margins.

They'll Stress the Sacrifice

The pattern to be followed by the A's became increasingly apparent as the exhibition tour waned. Forced to play their cards close, they laid increasing stress on sacrifices. Dick Adams, substitute first baseman, led in this department with five, but even the heftier hitters figured in the strategy. Binks, for instance, sacrificed twice, and Chapman, Majeski and Richmond also were called upon for bunts.

Pitching is paramount with the A's, and in this respect Connie Mack has every cause for satisfaction, even though in the last week of Florida drills his club suffered a jolt. In watching one of his fast curves pop high and drop harmlessly into Shortstop Eddie Joost's glove during a game with the Pirates, veteran Bill Dietrich cricked his neck too sharply and tore a muscle in the upper reaches of the back.

Dietrich had to leave camp early and return to Philadelphia for treatment by the team physician, Dr. Illarion Gopadze. No definite report is available yet as to how soon he'll be able to take his turn, but for the present, he is eliminated from the list of starting pitchers. So is Everett Fagan, who has a sore arm, while young Carl Scheib, who allowed only two singles and no earned runs in eight innings, needs more work.

Christopher in Relief Role

However, this leaves seven capable righthanders ready and willing, so many, indeed, that Connie and his advisers have about decided to use long lank Russ Christopher solely in relief. Being so thin—six feet three and one-half inches, and only 180 pounds, Russ, winner of 14 games in 1944 and 13 in '45, warms up quickly, a prerequisite for a fireman.

"Christopher is capable of a great deal of work, if given in small doses," says Mack. "Every day, maybe."

Ever since Jittery Joe Berry went to the Indians last year, the A's have needed a fireman, and the current crop of potential starters offers a timely opportunity to experiment with Chris.

Jesse Flores, Bob Savage, Bill McCahan, Joe Coleman, Phil Marchildon and Dick Fowler all were at or near their peak on the basis of late Florida performances, and none yet has been discarded from the group of possible starting pitchers.

Marchildon allowed 13 earned runs on 27 hits in 32 innings this spring, while Fowler was nicked for seven runs on 30 hits in 33 rounds. Four of the hits and two of the earned runs permitted by Marchildon came in the first two innings of the A's final big league exhibition in Florida, against the Pirates at Miami Beach. But after that the French-Canadian did not give up a hit, retiring the Bucs in order.

Debut 'Just Another Game' to Jackie

Negro Star Did His Thinking Night Before; 'Brooklyn Players Have Been Swell'

THE SPORTING NEWS, APRIL 23, 1947

Asks 'Just Five Years'

NOTE—Ward Morehouse, a native of Savannah, Ga., worked there and for four years in Atlanta before going to New York, where he is drama critic and Broadway columnist of the Sun. He also is the author of numerous books, including the Life of George M. Cohan. Morehouse, a close follower of baseball for years, was asked to get Jackie Robinson's reactions after his first major league game.

By WARD MOREHOUSE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

"I'm really a home boy," said Jackie Robinson as I called upon him two hours after he had finished the first major league game of his life. "Give me five years of this and that will be enough. If I can make enough money to build my own little place and give my boy a good education, everything will be all right. I realize I have been given a great opportunity, and I believe I can make it."

The strapping young Negro star, a magnificent specimen of athletic build and elasticity, was sitting on the edge of the bed, playing with the toys of unprotesting Jackie, Jr., aged 5 months, when I entered Room 1169 of Manhattan's Hotel McAlpin—small, square, cramped quarters for a family of three. The Robinsons had run head-on into the housing shortage the instant they arrived in the great city. Mrs. Robinson was out for a bite of dinner; the Dodgers' new first baseman was serving as his own sitter and baby-minder, as if an old hand at the assignment.

Well, how was it out there in the bedlam of Ebbets Field? How was it in the first game as the first member of his race to be recognized in the big leagues?

"Just Another Game"

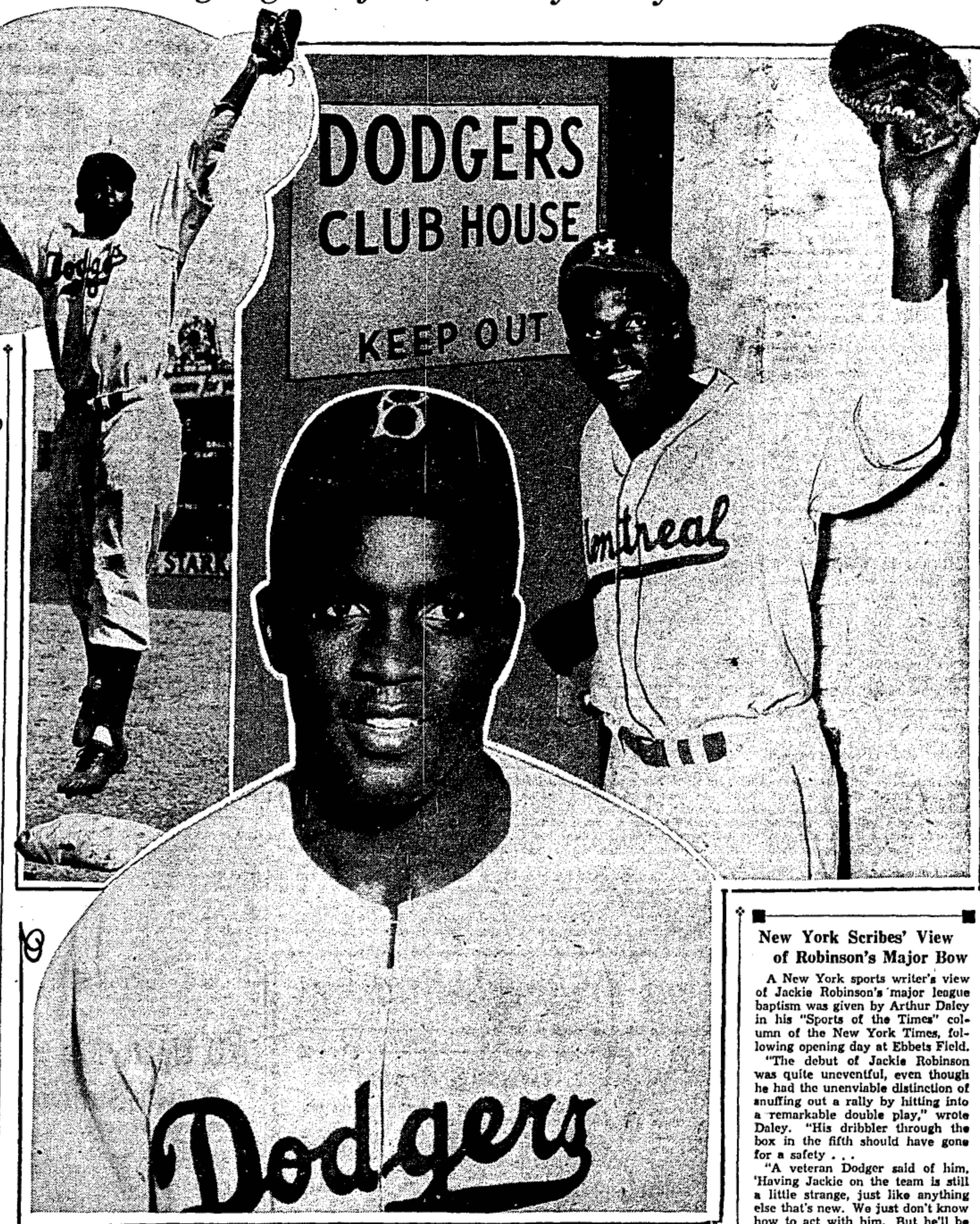
Jackie smiled, tickled his baby's toes, and then said quietly: "It was all right. I did all my thinking last night. Before I went to bed I thanked God for all that's happened, and for the good fortune that's come my way. I belong to the Methodist Church in Pasadena and I used to be a Sunday School teacher at U. C. L. A.; they gave me the bad little boys, and I liked it. I was determined not to give too much thought to it being my first game and that's the way I did it. I didn't want too much pressure. It was just another ball game and that's the way they're all going to be. If I make good—well, that will be perfectly wonderful. If I don't, my life won't be

Let Jackie Alone, Well-Wishers Told

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—President Branch Rickey of the Dodgers has appealed to well-wishers to let Jackie Robinson alone and give him a chance to make the grade with the club.

Rickey appeared much disturbed over the tremendous publicity that has resulted from the bringing of Robinson, first Negro to reach the modern major leagues, to the Brooklyn team, and the crowds that surround him after the games.

"He's not a ball player the way



JACKIE ROBINSON . . . NOW IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES

ruined. That's a way of looking at it. "I was comfortable on that field in my first game. The Brooklyn players have been swell and they were encouraging all the way. The Brooklyn crowd was certainly on my side, but I don't know how it will be in other parks. The size of the crowd didn't feaze me and it never will.

"Now I realize that to stay in the National League, I'll have to hit. I hit for .349 for Montreal last year and I

was pretty fast, but I already realize there's a difference. The big league pitchers are smarter. I realize that, although I haven't seen but a few of them. Take that fellow Sain of the Boston Braves. He works on you. He has good control. I'm aware that I have to make it this year—this is my great chance. Will I hit? I hope I'll hit. I believe I'll hit, I'm sure I'll hit."

Robinson, a sinewy young giant, 28 years old and a fraction of an inch under six feet, lifted his gurgling infant from the bed into the crib beside the closed window (crib courtesy of the McAlpin) and stood beside the crib, with an eye on Jackie, Jr., as he continued:

"I'm sticking to my style of playing ball. I'm supposed to be fast, but maybe I didn't look so fast on that double play today. I'm not a home run hitter and never was. I like to meet the ball and hope a lot of them fall safe. In the International League last year a lot of them did. I got quite a few doubles but only three home runs. That's somebody else's department. I stole 49 bases and I had the authority to go whenever I thought I had the jump, but I suppose I'll now be leaving my base running to club orders

here on the Dodgers for a while.

"I had a wonderful year in Montreal. The people were fine to me, and Rachel and I (Rachel Isum, who became Mrs. Robinson in February of 1946), had a nice apartment about five miles from the ball park. It's going to be exciting living in New York City. The first thing we've got to do is to find an apartment. Nearly anything will do. The Brooklyn club is working on that."

Jackie Robinson was born in Cairo, Ga., but before he was a year old his family moved to Pasadena, and he lived there until his marriage, when he and his bride moved into Los Angeles. He was an all-round star at U. C. L. A., served three years in the Army, played with those dauntless Negro professionals, the Kansas City Monarchs, and then went to Montreal. Now, following his spectacular year in the International League (he led the loop in hitting, was second in base stealing), he is first baseman for the Durocherless Dodgers.

"I know," he said slowly, still keeping an eye on the future star who was making 5-month-old sounds in the crib, "that a lot of players, particularly

New York Scribes' View of Robinson's Major Bow

A New York sports writer's view of Jackie Robinson's major league baptism was given by Arthur Daley in his "Sports of the Times" column of the New York Times, following opening day at Ebbets Field.

"The debut of Jackie Robinson was quite uneventful, even though he had the unenviable distinction of snuffing out a rally by hitting into a remarkable double play," wrote Daley. "His dribbler through the box in the fifth should have gone for a safety . . .

"A veteran Dodger said of him, 'Having Jackie on the team is still a little strange, just like anything else that's new. We just don't know how to act with him. But he'll be accepted in time. You can be sure of that. Other sports have had Negroes. Why not baseball? I'm for him if he can win games. That's the only test I ask.' And that seems to be the general opinion.

"Robinson's tremendous speed afoot did accomplish one thing, since it set up the winning run which he personally carried home. His deft sacrifice bunt was so well placed that Earl Torgeson had to make a hurried throw to Ryan at the bag, and his shot caromed off a Robinson shoulder blade into right field to give both runners an extra base. Then Pete Reiser doubled them both home."

Of the crowd of 25,623 fans who attended the Flatbush opener, 14,000 were Negroes.

Writing in the New York Post, Jimmy Cannon said:

"There was a big crowd waiting outside and when I came through the door the players use the people shouted for Robinson.

"They would of had a sellout today," a guy said. "You know why they didn't?"

"No," I said.

"They barred out all the gamblers," the guy said.

"Maybe that explains the 5,000 empty seats at that."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4, COL. 4)

Shotton Chosen to Pilot Dodgers After McCarthy Turns Down Job

Rickey, Left With Hill Staff Riddle, Irked by Lippy's Sudden Departure

By HAROLD C. BURR
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Branch Rickey sprang a surprise, April 18, by naming Burt Shotton as manager of the Dodgers to succeed Leo Durocher, banished for one year by edict of Commissioner A. B. Chandler. The announcement came after Acting Manager Clyde Sukeforth had directed the Dodgers to a pair of victories over the Braves, and after Rickey had failed to persuade Joe McCarthy to take the Flatbush helm.

The 62-year-old Shotton, an outfielder in his playing days, served with the Browns and Cardinals, and managed the Phillies from 1928 to 1933, inclusive. After coaching the Reds, he piloted at Rochester and Columbus and coached for Cleveland from 1942 to



Burt Shotton

Hangs Problems on Branch



LEO DUROCHER'S hasty departure for the West Coast, following his one-year suspension, provoked Branch Rickey, who was left with the problem of selecting the Dodgers' personnel without the Lip's advice.

Hanna in Middle

Irving Hoffman, writing in the Hollywood Reporter, reports: "Agent Mark Hanna handles Leo Durocher and Dan Parker. In Sports Magazine this month, Parker poked at Happy Chandler for being a creampuff commissioner. Sooo(cq). Chandler got tough and banned Hanna's other client, Durocher."

1945. Since then he has served as a Brooklyn scout.

Previously, Rickey had expressed disappointment at not being able to sign McCarthy. "We had been working on him for four or five days," said the Dodger president. "I know his ability to manage a ball club. But he had his own reasons for turning us down and no doubt they were good ones."

"Who'll Tell Me Things?"

Rickey was provoked at Durocher's sudden departure for Los Angeles. "I didn't expect he would leave town so soon," he said. "I left the picking of

the team up to Leo more than in other years. We have a great squad, but no definite team. For instance, I'm very much puzzled where it should be cut. We still have 19 pitchers around, but I need someone to tell me the 12 who will pitch for us."

Some of the Dodgers started a mild rebellion on opening day when the Mahatma tried to send them to Montreal. Ed Head compromised by going to Fort Worth, but Ed Heusser asked Rickey if he could make a trade for himself. The other player who objected to life on the Montreal farm was Butch Woyt.

The Dodgers made other changes in their dugout personnel the day before the start of the big Cardinal pursuit. They sent Walter Sessi outright to Montreal and Outfielder Dick Whitman and Pitcher Johnny Van Cuyk to the International League plantation on option. Almost with the same gesture,

Leo Keeps Lip Buttoned on Return to Hollywood

Gives 'No Comment' Answers to Reporters; Wife Calls Suspension 'Terribly Unfair'

By JOHN B. OLD
HOLLYWOOD, Calif.

When the 1947 major league season opened at Brooklyn, April 15, deposed Manager Leo Durocher was in far-away Lone Pine, Calif., at the hospital bedside of his wife, Actress Laraine Day.

On location, Miss Day was ordered to the hospital by the studio physician who diagnosed her illness as "nervous exhaustion and a touch of flu."

In or out of the hospital, however, The Lip wasn't talking about anything. Not so with Miss Day.

Upon her arrival here from New York, April 11, she talked freely to reporters at the Los Angeles airport. Always emphasizing she thought Leo's suspension was "terribly unfair," she made it clear to one and all that she loves him none the less because he was suspended by Commissioner Chandler.

"I think it was terribly unfair. Leo was condemned without a hearing and denied the right of appeal," she said.

When a reporter said: "And you say you still love him?" she replied:

"You don't fall in love and out of love in a hurry, do you? Well, I love him more than ever now that he is in trouble."

When still another reporter tried to remind her that last fall at Berkeley, Calif., Commissioner Chandler gave Lippy a warning, Miss Day turned away and left for a waiting car.

Leo, who followed her here two days later by plane, found no one to meet him except reporters. After posing for pictures, he explained there had been a misunderstanding about his arrival time. He said he had reached the airport an hour before he had told his actress-wife to expect him.

"Is it true that you plan court action?" he was asked.

"No comment."

"How about the New York report you may accept a night club engagement?" another inquirer asked.

"No comment."

"Have you anything to say about your suspension?"

"No comment."

"What are your future plans; how long are you going to stay on the Coast?"

Again the same answer: "No comment."

To those who had seen The Lip in his gayer, carefree days, it must be recorded he looked less than jaunty when he walked down the gangplank. Durocher, indeed, was a worried man, but he was keeping the silence—at least to reporters—that Chandler had ordered.

Later, when asked if he had anything to say about the report from New York that Larry MacPhail was planning to intercede with Chandler in his behalf, his voice seemed to sound a little more cheerful as he replied: "Sorry, still no comment."



Laraine Day

'Jackie Quick on Trigger'--Stanky

By LESTER BROMBERG of the New York World-Telegram
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Eddie Stanky was high on Jackie Robinson, following that chap's first game as a Dodger. The little second baseman, a shrewd enough baseball man to have been boosted by some for the post of manager, says: "He learns; you don't have to tell him twice."

Stanky, close to first base geographically and tactically, guided the Negro novitiate's moves unselfishly and intelligently at Ebbets Field, April 11, as 24,237 saw Brooklyn manhandle the Yankees, 14 to 6, in a sun-showered exhibition, with an 11-run fifth as a memento for Flatbush haters of all things New Yorkese.

Reducing to lucid terms a pertinent aspect of what had been whipped into a state occasion—historic is probably the word—Eddie explained in the near-deserted dressing room: "I don't remember whether it was the third or fourth inning, but I told him to play up nearer the bag. He had been too deep, making it tough to gauge the throw." Once corrected, Robinson didn't repeat the mistake, Eddie pointed out.

A naïve of Mobile, Ala., Stanky then volunteered a ball player's respect for a member of his craft performing under hardship, irrespective of personalities. "With all that pressure on, he did remarkably well," Eddie said thoughtfully.

A pleasing feature of Robinson's entrance as No. 42, Brooklyn, brought out by Ray Blades, Dodger coach, was that players and fans both were judging him with cool impartiality. The spectators indulged in no indiscriminate cheering for Jackie, nor did they boo his supposed detractors.

In the post-game relaxing, Robinson gratefully acknowledged Stanky's assistance. He also admitted, with a grin, that he felt sheepish one time when he missed a sacrifice sign. "I could hear a dozen voices from the bench," he said.

Robinson had been way up in the batting order with the Royals, and someone asked him how he liked hitting so far down as sixth. He replied directly: "I'm hitting where I belong."

His nerves were tested with the first fielding play of the game. Joe Hatten, Brooklyn's starting pitcher,



Eddie Stanky

First AB Report

AT BAT—First. Man on second, two out, two in: Popped to center, ending the inning.

Third. Men on first and third, one out: Flied to left, Reiser scoring easily after the catch to put Dodgers ahead, 3 to 1.

Fifth. Bases loaded, none out: Sent bouncer to short, which Rizzuto heaved wildly past Stirnweiss and into right field for two-run error (one run counting as RBI).

Fifth. Up for second time in inning with men on second and third and one out: Lined solidly to center, Tatum scoring handily after catch.

Seventh. Men on first and second, none out. Robby dumped sacrifice bunt on which Spud Chandler, hurrying peg against speedy runner, heaved wildly so that Stirnweiss, covering first, couldn't hold ball. Robby reached first on error, but when Snider overran third, Stirn's peg to Johnson nailed him.

AT FIRST BASE: Handled 15 putouts without incident. No assists, no errors.

threw over his head on a grounder by Phil Rizzuto. He paid the mishap no mind. Two plays later he moved gracefully on George McQuinn's ball down the first base line, and retired him unassisted. Frankly, he didn't get a real test in the field, but, for a shortstop-second baseman-first baseman in only his fifteenth or sixteenth game at the last-named spot, he looked all right.

Robinson's arrival on the Brooklyn roster had been almost as precipitous as Leo Durocher's suspension, and the clubhouse crew didn't have time to prepare a locker for him. He dressed in an alcove off the main room. A reporter reminded him that Boo Ferriss won ten games before the Red Sox got Boo a locker. Jackie smiled.

Hadn't he been on edge going into the game? Robinson lied magnificently, but understandingly. "I was more excited meeting my wife and baby coming from the Coast," he said. "Now, will you please excuse me? I've got to go up to the hotel. Junior has a cold."

'All Up to Me Now'--Jackie

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

the southern boys, won't be able to change their feelings over night on the matter of playing ball with a Negro. I can understand that. I have encountered very little antagonism, however; I really expected a great deal more.

"The Brooklyn team has been wonderful and I guess now it's all up to me. I regret very much that Leo Durocher isn't with us. I feel that if he were we could win the pennant, because we have a good club. First base is new for me, but I'll learn it. I'll learn to anticipate plays as I did at second. I bunted a lot last season and ran out a lot of hits and I'm sure I can do it again."

"Tomorrow Another Day"

Jackie Robinson, athlete, student and wartime lieutenant, intends playing today's game today and he's hoping to be

No Locker for Robinson

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—When Jackie Robinson joined the Dodgers, he found that no locker had been assigned to him in the Ebbets Field dressing quarters. The Negro infielder had to hang his clothes on three hooks until someone moved off the roster to make room for him.

Reminded that Dave Ferriss encountered the same situation when he broke in with the Red Sox, Jackie said: "I hope I can be one-tenth as good as he was in his first season." Ferriss won ten games in a row before he suffered his first defeat.

Laraine at Listening Post

In his April 16 column in the New York Daily Mirror, Columnist Walter Winchell wrote:

"This Sunday-nighter's signoff at 9:13½ p. m. 'If Chandler doesn't stop making himself a national clown—he will make Durocher a national hero.'"

Telegram sent from Hollywood at 9:15 (N. Y. time): "Thanks from the bottom of my heart. Laraine Day Durocher."

a big league star, but partial or complete failure would not crush him.

"I love baseball," he said, "but I can't say I liked it at school better than football or track. I try to put my heart into the game I'm playing. As I said, five years of this will be fine. I hope to make a way for little Jackie. We'd like to try to begin building a home on the outskirts of Los Angeles next year. It will be nice to make some good money, but I've never had any and it's not too important to me. My ambition, eventually, is to get a boys' club and to try to hold down juvenile delinquency."

"When I was in college I used to think that the time would come when Negroes would be in major league ball as they are in other sports, but I didn't think it would be in my time and I never dreamed that I would be the first."

"I know that I have a certain responsibility to my race, but I've got to try not to feel that way about it because it would be too much of a strain. I'll do my best and keep Joe Louis as my model. Joe's my favorite person. He's been a good friend. I've played golf with him and we've talked a bit. He has kept telling me to hang in there and work and he thinks I'll make it. Joe, you know, is crazy about baseball and in softball he plays a good game at first base."

Jackie Robinson, a black Apollo of a man, rose, reached into the crib, swung Jackie, Jr., back to the bed, and went into a practiced gurgling routine as the pretty Mrs. Robinson, who also went to U. C. L. A., returned to take over the duties.

"Just say," said the Georgia-born Negro, as I was taking my leave, "that I know that this year is the test and that I also know that I've got to hit. I'm going to hit, all right, and I'm not going to worry at any time."