

Father's Preaching on Control Pays Victory Dividends for Jim Wallace

Delivery Polished by Practice Produces Pitching Machine



Indians' Southpaw Becomes Leading A. A. Pitcher in Freshman Year

By LESTER P. KOELLING
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

Methodic and painstaking training in his youth has germinated into lush success for Slim Jim Wallace, a frail-appearing but durable southpaw on the pitching staff of the Indianapolis Indians. From the patient tutoring of his father, H. C. Wallace, from whom Jim acquired his pitching cunning through daily workouts in an Evansville, Ind., backyard, young Wallace has sprouted into the American Association's leading hurler in his freshman season—and after spending nearly three years in military service.

On option to the Indians from the Boston Braves, the 23-year-old Wallace has compiled 14 victories against four defeats and a skein of nine straight triumphs, halted by Louisville, 2 to 0, August 26. His record contains 12 complete games and five shutouts.

Appearing in 23 games for Indianapolis, toiling in a total of 152 innings, Wallace gave only 46 runs (33 earned) for an earned-run mark of 1.95. He was tagged for 136 hits, issued the paltry total of 55 bases on balls and struck out 101 batsmen. Wallace has defeated every club in the American Association at least once and holds double triumphs over Milwaukee, Kansas City, Louisville, Toledo and Columbus, and three over Minneapolis.

A cool, deliberate, boyish-looking figure on the mound, Wallace holds no fear for opposing batters. He belies his five-foot-eleven-inch stature and 160 pounds and instead looks the part of a skinny kid who easily could be blown away by a hard line drive. But Wallace has repelled the most dangerous hitters in the league with the ease and grace of a veteran.

This is all part of the schooling administered by the elder Wallace, formerly a crafty semi-pro southpaw in the Evansville area, who labored for years with his son in an effort to develop him into a major league hurler. That goal seemingly is not far distant. In fact, there are managers in the A. A. who believe Wallace could win his Big Time spurs this season.

Nicknamed Cyclone Kid in Inter-State League

Jim Wallace, Indianapolis' southpaw, earned the nickname of "Cyclone Kid" while hurling for Bridgeport in the Inter-State League in 1941.

Jim was the champion strikeout artist in the league, whiffing 130 in 152 innings. Bush of Hagerstown had 171 whiffs, but he worked 201 innings, an average of .8057 strikeouts per inning compared to Wallace's .8552 average.

Wallace, like all pitchers, prides himself as a hitter. In his first turn at bat in O. B., he socked a home run, and hit a single in his initial major league plate bow.

thought Jim had mastered control and he consented to look at a curve. When the workout was over, the elder Wallace said to his son:

"I'm going to get you a job with Bob Coleman." Coleman then was manager of the Evansville club in the Three-I League. The kid was signed by Coleman, and was optioned to Owensboro, where he won 17 and lost 12 in 1940. He started with Bridgeport in 1941, winning 11 and dropping eight, and won one and lost two on his return to Evansville that fall.

Defeated Bucs in First Start

Young Wallace went to the Braves in the spring of 1942 and in his first major league start defeated the Pittsburgh Pirates, 7 to 1, allowing only six hits. But Jim was military bait and went to war in August of that year. During his hitch in the Army, Wallace won 33 games and lost only nine. He received an honorable discharge last November, because of a trick knee.

Wallace spent the spring training period and early weeks of the 1945 season with the Boston Braves and then was sent to Indianapolis on option. His first job for the Indians, May 19, was a four-hit, no-run relief chore against Kansas City for six and two-thirds innings. But his first start ended in disaster when Minneapolis batted him from the box in the fifth round after having accumulated seven runs, five unearned.

Undismayed by this discouraging start, Wallace came back five days later and stopped Louisville with two hits and one run. His next triumph was a six-hit, two-run job against St. Paul and then Milwaukee sent him to defeat, June 10, although he yielded but two earned runs. His only other defeat was administered by the Columbus Red Birds, who routed him, July 9, for a 7 to 1 victory.

Control—the ability to pitch where he wants to—has been Wallace's greatest asset. His performances have been heady, smooth and polished. He is always calm and his frigid deliberateness makes him a pitching machine.

Bench Method Used on Bucs

Jim Russell Bounces Back With Grand-Slam Homer After Dugout Duty

By CHARLES J. DOYLE
PITTSBURGH, Pa.

The Pirates have their sights leveled on third place, despite the spectre of dissatisfied players, plus inconsistent hitting and pitching. When the Bucs opened their home stay with Bob Elliott and Jim Russell in the "doghouse," many fans in the generous outpouring of Pittsburgh rooters out to welcome the slumping team, wondered why two youngsters who potentially should be up among the best performers in the country were not in the lineup. And when the Bucs continued their el fold tactics, after winning the first of five battles with the Reds, the wonderment increased.

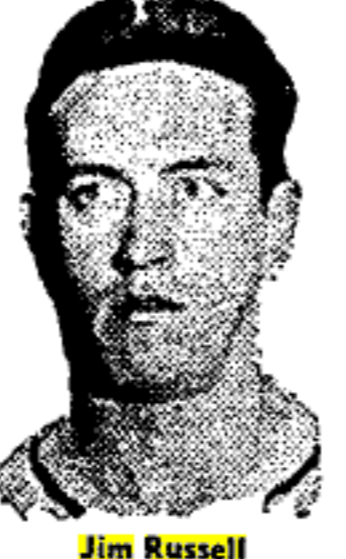
Elliott happens to be one of the highest paid of the Pirate brigade; he is a five-figure man who earned his varsity letter in two previous seasons in which he drove in more than 100 runs. But Plaster City Bob, who doubles in brass at third base and the outfield, was benched, along with Russell, and Boss Frisch made no secret of his belief that the two sluggers showed too much concern over base hits, to the detriment of their play. So apparently the Pittsburgh pilot figured that a few days on the bench would help the stars of the 1944 club.

Benched When Hitting .300

Russell was the best of the Pirate batters in the 1944 season; in fact, he was the only regular to hit over .300, and there was no left gardener in the league who could come up to Fayette City Jim defensively. Moreover, Russell is one of the fastest runners in the game. Yet he was taken out of the lineup at a time when he was hitting close to .300.

However, after the Bucs dropped two one-run decisions in a row to the Reds, the colorful Jim went back to his post with his bat blazing. The fleet-footed slugger came through with a grand-slam homer in the second inning of the first game, August 26, and the Bucs followed through with an uphill victory.

In the nightcap, Russell clicked with a single in the eighth to break a deadlock and score Gionfriddo with the winning run. Both Elliott and Russell are congenial athletes possessed of a fine sense of humor, and both love to win. Yet both went into a slump on the recent eastern trip and the hard-pressed Frisch, whose own future is in doubt, had to make some kind of a change in an effort to get the Bucs out of the mediocre stride that has plagued the club since opening day.



Jim Russell

That Moan From Chicago Is 'The St. Louis Blues'

Cards Drub Cubs and Grimm Shakes Up Lineup for Trip to Pittsburgh; Browns Trim White Sox, Knocking Them From Third to Sixth Place

By ED BURNS

CHICAGO, Ill.

Those St. Louis clubs certainly raised a lot of merry hell with Chicago's teams the latter part of last week. It was pretty hard on the Cook County eyes looking at the scoreboard. Persons who were amusing themselves with dreams of an all-Chicago World's Series suddenly have shrunk into the size of a gnat. Maybe it will be that all-St. Louis business all over again.

The Cardinals, who take the Cubs just about as easily as Cholly Grimm's boys take the Reds, smacked back the North Siders three straight games before three full houses at Wrigley Field, and what once looked like a fairly fool-proof lead has faded to two games, counting a virtually certain Cub defeat in a suspended game with Brooklyn to be completed September 15. As for the White Sox down in St. Louis, the Brownies bowled them over five straight and the Sox tumbled from third place to sixth. Starting last week seven and a half games to the good, the Cubs came tumbling down so fast that a lot of good folk still are groggy. Hasten, doctor, bring the smellin' salts! Just when it looked as though everything was nice and rosy, somebody pulled up the false bottom.

It really started in New York, August 20 and 21, when the Cubs lost the last two games of a great trip. As the Cards won on each of those days, it clipped the Chicago lead to five and a half games. However, the club had won 15 and lost seven in a trip to Cincinnati and the East, which was most satisfactory, and everything seemed ready for the homecoming. In the spring, the Cardinals had won seven out of ten from the Cubs, but we told ourselves that this was before the Cubs hit their stride, and anyway, that law of average was bound to work.

It worked beautifully in reverse; the Cubs still are faithful cousins of the Cards. The town was all het up as for a World's Series. The crowds filled Wrigley Field to the brim in each of the games, and Sam Breadon got away with a fat check in addition to his three games. The games drew around 125,000, with approximately 110,000 of it paid, and the faithful were rewarded with a chance to whoop it up for two runs in 27 innings.

Bad Throw Beats Borowy Borowy, the former Yank, did his part in the opener, giving up only three hits against four off Brecheen, one of Southworth's sore-arm pitchers. But with two out in the sixth, Len Merullo's wild throw saved Kurowski and Sanders' double scored him with the lone run of the game. The next day, with the Cubs outhitting St. Louis, ten to six, Schoendienst cleaned the bases with a second-inning triple, after Hack fozzled on a play which would have retired the side runless. Prim lost this one to Burkhardt. In the Sunday game, the Cubs could make only five hits off Red Barrett's soft stuff, while the Cards pecked away at four pitchers and won handily, 5 to 1.

It made five straight defeats and was one shy of the Cubs' longest losing streak of the year, as they lost six on their first trip east. Charlie Grimm didn't take it lying down, and immediately swung into action. Before departing on a trip to Pittsburgh and St. Louis, August 27, Cholly announced a drastic shakeup of his lineup. Bill Nicholson, N. L. home run and runs-batted-in champ has been benched.

In the shake-up, Captain Phil Cavaretta, who returned to first base during the Cardinal series after a 13-day absence with a shoulder injury, goes to right field. Heinz Becker, who filled in for Phil most brilliantly, returns to first base. Heinzie bats third, Phil fourth, while Peanuts Lowrey is dropped from third to sixth. Stan Hack still leads off, even though he didn't make a hit in the Cardinal series.

Nick hadn't missed an inning this season; he played every game in 1943 and 1944 and 152 in 1942. He didn't join the Cubs until opening day last spring and had batted in 75 runs in 117 games.

Just as the Giants greased the chutes for the Cubs, so it was the Yankees who put bear grease on the toboggan for the Sox. After mauling the Athletics and Red Sox, the White Sox got themselves within five and one-half games of the top. Then the Yankees brought their nine-game losing streak to Comiskey Park. Just when persons were beginning to feel sorry for McCarthy, his Bombers, reinforced by Charley Keller, slapped the White Hose four out of six. There was a respite as the Sox won a 6 to 5, 11-inning game from New York just before leaving home, and then the Browns proceeded to drub the Dykesmen.



Phil Cavaretta

Redlegs Reel to 8-Year Low

Likely to Be First Cincy Club Since 1937 to Wind Up Below .500 Mark

By TOM SWOPE

CINCINNATI, O.

Defeats continue to pile up at such a rapid rate for the Reds that the now seem likely to finish in the red, in respect to their winning percentage, for the first time since 1937. Two of the feats at Pittsburgh, August 27 and 28, in each of which they scored in and in the first game of which they enjoyed an early 4 to 0 lead, ran the losses for the season to 72, with 35 tests remaining on their schedule.

It doesn't seem likely that this practically defenseless ball club can finish losing at least six of those remaining 35 games. If, by chance, it should win all except five and finish with a winning percentage, the season will be considered a success.

But as matters stood when the club returned home from a trip to the Browns and Pittsburgh, on which it won four games while losing 19, the Reds are one of the most disappointing teams ever to represent this city in the National League. We've had worse teams, but knew they were bad all the time. This one acted as if it had a chance to become a flag contender before enough to raise hopes for a first division club, then went into a tailspin and now has lost 31 of its last 35 games.

Pitching Dulls Reds

Even though the club gets an occasional well-pitched game (and Ed Heusser, Vernon Kennedy and Bob Bowman delivered three such in a five game series at Pittsburgh ending the last long trip), pitching troubles are the base of the decline. There are some who believe the trouble goes deeper and that the pitching would be much better if the club had a high-class catcher.

The fielding has held up, while the hitting continues to be of the sort which teams do not brag. Al Likke did some nifty swatting on this trip, but so did Eric Tipton, Dain Clay and Eddie Miller. But on the whole, the team's hitting, like its pitching, leaves much to be desired.

Ordinary years, were the team to play most of its remaining games at home, as is this club, with no prospects of making it a winning season, a flock of rookies would be brought in for fall trials. But if the club's plan anything like that for this year they have kept the arrangements secret. Nate Andrews was added to the pitching staff by being claimed from the Braves last week on waivers after he had absented himself from that team for a week without permission. Deacon Bill McKechnie managed the team in Pittsburgh, where it won games of five, but when the club turned home it was not certain would leave his sick wife and here to continue at the helm.



Ed Heusser