

The Sporting News

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DYKES SEEKS TO BECOME ST. JAMES MANAGER JIMMIE DYKES of the Chicago White Sox, restored to duty after a full week in the American League doghouse for using "obscene and abusive language and trying to bulldoze umpires," is attempting a gradual reform.

On June 22, when he was suspended, Jimmie says, after which he will seek to suppress his anger by throwing a banquet for American League umpires.

If Skipper Jimmie succeeds in all these forms, he may throw a banquet for American League umpires. It is doubtful if the men in blue would attend such a feast, and if they did, they might suspect the endive of being poison oak and the cocktails of being laden with El Miguel Finnos.

We assume that Dykes is sincere in his intention to reform, though we understand he made no formal promises prior to his reinstatement.

That's what a pitcher says. The Sox hitters apparently aren't such keen analysts. They have come to blame the umpires for everything, including their ranking as the weakest-hitting team in the American League.

On June 22, the White Sox were in first place in the American League. Six weeks later—six weeks of bickering and fretting about umpires, which reached a climax with the Harridge banishment and denunciation of Dykes and his attitude—the Sox were 13 games off the pace, on the brink of the second division.

There seems to be some sort of a moral here, which should inspire Jimmie Dykes to remain firm in his resolution to reform. We hope so, Jimmie otherwise is too fine a baseball figure to allow his anti-umpire complex to blight what already has become a brilliant managerial career.

YANKEES MAKE THEIR RECORDS STICK

THE great Joe DiMaggio's amazing batting streak was stopped by Jim Bagby and Al Smith of the Cleveland Indians at 56 games, and the record set by the Yankee slapper still stands another half century.

The old mark of 41, put in the book by George Sisler, held up for 19 years, then Joe rolled past it like a runaway locomotive on a downgrade, and flew by the all-time major record of 44, set in 1897 by Wee Willie Keeler.

Feats like DiMaggio's are typical of the Yankees; when they write a record into the books, they mean for it to stick. It is likely that the mark of Lou Gehrig's participation in 2,130 consecutive games will last as long as baseball.

Everett Scott, while the National League record over 66 years, held by Gus Suhr, is 822 games. Thus, Gehrig's record is one more than the former American League record and the National League mark combined.

Babe Ruth's total of 714 homers also should stand the test of time. Jimmie Foxx, second high man in baseball's long history of home-run hitters, has 514 to his credit, so he has a long way to go.

As for the Yankee team records, perhaps few living persons will see them tied or exceeded. There is not likely to be another club powerful enough to win four consecutive World Series as did the Yankees in 1936, '37, '38 and '39.

In the last 13 years, the Yankees made clean sweeps in five of their seven World Series victories. Twice in successive years, in 1927 and 1928, and in 1938 and 1939, they put over double clean sweeps on harassed National League opponents.

Just how the wind is blowing is indicated by the fact that in the All-Star imbroglio in Detroit, while some of the American League pitchers were coming very close to easing the game in a list of National League success.

Now, THE SPORTING NEWS admires Waterloo. At the original Waterloo in Belgium, the English stopped Napoleon, and ever since then all Waterloos have won the admiration of civilization.

But Lyons' place that afternoon was on the mound for the American League in Detroit. Pitching Lyons in a mere exhibition game, while Sid Hudson and Edgar Smith, estimable and gifted young men they are, were working in the All-Star game, was not what you would call cricket.

It is becoming more apparent that the best way out of this dilemma is to place complete direction of the All-Star game in the hands of Commissioner Landis. Let the Baseball Writers' Association, with the help of the fans, name the teams, and let the Commissioner make it mandatory for the men designated to show up for the game.

One of the reasons why players are losing interest in the game has doubtless been due in a large measure to the fact that they no longer feel the satisfaction that went with a big popular vote when the fans selected the squads. Even the highest of stars can not but help value the honor that goes with such votes.

Twinkle, twinkle, major star; be no less than what you are!

FELLER NOW HAS CHANCE FOR 30 VICTORIES

CLEVELAND fans, as well as followers of the game in all other localities, were gratified by the news that Bob Feller of the Indians probably would not be called for Army service until late fall, thus permitting him to finish the season with the Tribe.

It is unlikely that Feller will be summoned until November. Previously, it had been believed that Bob might be inducted in August. With the Indians' young fireball ace able to put in a full 1941 season, he now has a chance to win 30 games, a victory total not achieved by any major league hurler since Dizzy Dean attained that figure with the St. Louis Cardinals in 1934.

Feller already has gained one high distinction this year, having reached the 100-mark in major league triumphs at the age of 22. Even Bob Grove, who owned 299 major league wins last week, was nowhere near Feller's total when Lefty was 22.

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Earning with Harrington

IT'S been a long time since both defending champions in the majors have curdled so thoroughly (current rating) as this year. After the Athletics climaxed three straight flags in 1931 and the Cards made it two in a row the same year, the Birds tailed-off into a tie for sixth position in 1932, while the Macs slipped to the No. 2 spot.

MEET THE MISSUS

HERE ARE no boys, only little girls—three of them—around the Floyd (Arky) Vaughan manage, but one would never believe it when Pittsburgh's hard-hitting shortstop is at home.

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Scribed by Scribe S

N. L. Bulletin Checked Ump-Baiting ESPITE the loud, off-stage noises coming from Jimmie Dykes, the present major league season, particularly in the National, is the most orderly for relations between players and umpires in history, observes Stanley Frank of the New York Post.

"Notorious firebrands and hell-raisers like Leo Durocher, Frank Frisch, Casey Stengel and Jimmie Wilson have been conducting themselves with such remarkable restraint on the National League side of the street that a rumor is in circulation to the effect that disturbers of the peace will be slapped down with unprecedented swiftness and severity," says Frank.

"This no longer is a rumor. It is a fact. Ford Frick admits he issued a warning, in the form of a bulletin, to all managers, that if they continued their unnecessary persecution of the long-suffering umpires would be tolerated in the National League. He confided further that he threw the book at the athletes a year ago.

I had to crack down hard before all the umpires were being built up through Ladies' Days and free days for kids was destroyed," he says. "The situation was pretty bad. I was getting complaints from fans every day telling me the language used by ball players was shocking. More than one umpire inquired whether the vocabulary of a ball player was confined to profanity.

"Everybody in baseball knows the players express themselves more succinctly. You and I know that's part of the tough-guy tradition. Players rarely are affected by it and I suppose the umpires have heard all the insults ever dreamed up. I don't object to profanity as such. But I cannot have the players yell so that the fans hear what they're saying.

"Umpires today is the best in the history of baseball," Frick says firmly. "That's the real reason for the smooth way things have been going. Our staff is the youngest we've ever had, but all the men working for me have settled down. The players know how far they can go with each one and they know what they can't say."

"Diplomacy forbids Frick from elaborating on this interesting theme, but he probably has reference to nicknames the heroes use to needle his Honor. You know Bill Klein responded with wonderful alacrity to 'Coffin' Big George Maguire's threat to dislocate his thumb bashing the blighter who whispers 'Meathead' from a distance of 50 feet. The boys are laying off the pet names.

"Managers know the umpires are doing a good job for them, that's why they don't say much to say anything continues. Besides, I believe they're making an honest effort to co-operate in running the game smoothly."

Sports Editor Arth Ward of the Chicago Tribune remarks: "Newspapermen are still talking about the perfect press coverage of the game which was granted for the All-Star game in Detroit. It has not always been thus, and are you listen! Yankee Stadium? ... Al Schecht, the funny man, is trying to get back with the Senators as a coach. ... Big Cubes return to Wrigley Field, baseball author will find the walls of the Pink Poodle, press lounge and recreation center, adorned with the long-awaited caricature frescoes by Otis Shepard, Wrigley company art director and caricaturist par excellence.

Gehring in Twilight of Active Career Writing from Detroit, Shirley Povich of the Washington Post said Charley Gehring of the Tigers has decided to retire as an active player after this season because he knows he isn't earning all the money the club is paying him, and because his hitting average is being average is offensive to the second baseman himself. "The rigors of the game are proving too tough for Gehring," wrote Povich. "For two seasons he has been playing with a lame back. Ground balls he used to get in front of with panther leaps have been whizzing past him and he doesn't like it. The greatest second baseman of his time, who used to beat out many an infield hit with his speed on the baselines, is now a victim of double-plays on the same sort of hits. There are days when he swings at a bat in pain.

"I don't feel it when I hit the ball," said Gehring. "The impact checks my swing and there's no pain. But when I miss and go all the way around, it's hell!"

"Baseball has done all right by the man who came out of Fowlerville, Mich., 18 years ago, and he doesn't mind it. For years he was one of the top-salaried men of the league, and three years ago when Detroit fans celebrated Gehring Day in Briggs Stadium with ceremonies at the plate, one of the girls was a simple-looking envelope of some contents were not announced. When Gehring went back to the dugout he extracted from the envelope a check for \$10,000 that was the gift of Owner Walter O. Briggs.

"The only person who might have felt bitter toward Gehring during those years when he possessed the pinhead of the art of playing second base is Buddy Myer. For years, Gehring's very perfection deprived Myer of All-Star honors. Even in 1935, when Myer won the American League batting championship, he was only the second-best second baseman in the league. Myer, himself, says Gehring had little trouble.

"I'd have come close to batting .400 that year if it hadn't been for Gehring," Myer was saying. "He robbed me of at least 20 hits. I'm a pull hitter and that Gehring would come up with impossible plays on balls I hit between first and second base. He's robbed more players of hits than any other infielder."

"Strange Interludes" May Pass Out Starting twin-bills in twilight and finishing under the lights, with only a short interval between games, may solve the problem of the "strange interlude" double. Long waits between, according to Bob French, sports editor of the Toledo Blade. "These days and dark double-headers came into vogue in the minor leagues a few years ago, when the magnates decided to avoid as possible daylight encounters, but discovered at times they would be forced to drag their athletes out into the perils of sunlight once in a while," says French. "Thus was inaugurated the endurance or 'strange interlude' double-header, which may now have run its course.

"One of these, still fresh in the minds of Toledo fans, took place on the Fourth of July, with the customers waiting around the park for about two hours between the games. It was tough on the ball players. It is difficult to figure out how the athletes had anything to eat for about eight hours that day, save hot dogs and peanuts.

On a recent Wednesday night, right here in Toledo, a Napoleonic move was made, one which may solve all the problems. The Mud Hens and Millers started their double-header that night at 7 o'clock, and played right through until the last man was out, with only a short interval between games.

"This twilight business isn't so bad if you start in the daylight and go right through until darkness shrouds the surrounding territory. Ball players have to wait in the twilight before they get used to it, but it seems that when twilight creeps up on you gradually, like old age, you hardly notice it.

So that's how it has been blazed. Double-headers may start at 6 or 7 o'clock and go on until midnight, which will give the players enough time to finish their two games."

Three and One Looking them over with J. Taylor Spink

HERMAN (GERMANY) SCHAEFER, the game's original funnyman, furnished the comedy relief for the Detroit Tigers in their three pennant-winning years under Hughey Jennings. Herman was so funny that he became a gate attraction in his own right. He was a natural comedian, whose humor was spontaneous. He did not build up situations and he seldom used props.

One of the rare occasions when he used props happened at old Bennett Park in Detroit a rainy afternoon. It was pouring, but Timothy Hurst, the umpire, had decided the game would be played and when Tim Hurst reached any decision, no human power could change it.

It was Schaefer's turn to lead off at bat in the third inning and here came a delay. When finally Schaefer stepped from the dugout, he wore a rain coat and rubber boots, which he had borrowed from the groundskeeper, over his uniform. He borrowed an umbrella from a spectator and when he arrived at the plate he opened the umbrella. There he stood, umbrella in one hand, bat in the other, spectators and players roaring. Hurst ordered Schaefer from the game, but under the conditions that Schaefer's appearance created, it was impossible to continue play and Hurst finally yielded and called the game.

Hurst never forgave Schaefer and every time he umpired behind the plate after that, and Schaefer was at bat, almost anything the pitcher threw was a strike.

Schaefer once obtained a trick mustache and when he faced the pitcher, he pushed the prop against his upper lip. The pitcher and infielders abandoned themselves to belly laughs and Hurst, standing behind the catcher, was trying to figure out what caused all the laughter. He knew that Schaefer was putting one over on him, but he could not guess just what it was. Tim spoke sharply to Herman and the batter jerked off the mustache turned around and looked at Hurst with all innocence. That left Hurst more dumfounded than ever. Schaefer faced the pitcher again, returned the mustache to his upper lip, and the laughter resumed.

"Y'er out of the ball game!" screamed Hurst. "What for?" asked Schaefer. "I dunno what fur, but y'er out," yelled Hurst, and out he went.

He Ran the Bases in Reverse SCHAEFER introduced the stunt of reaching second base, racing back to first on the pitch, then streaking back to second. He insisted he could not be tagged out for running back to first because he was entitled to second base, having reached there safely in the first play. He got away with it for a season and then the rules were changed to take care of Schaefer's act.

Charlie O'Leary was Germany's straight man. They were inseparable companions on and off the field. O'Leary was the Detroit shortstop. Schaefer played second base. They lived in Chicago between seasons, were together daily.

One of the well-known saloons in Chicago was owned by a local actor recognized by the name Hinky Dink. It was a dank, rowdy place frequented by a motley crew of sporting gentlemen. One of the regular winter customers was a famous umpire in his day. The umpire who sat in Hinky Dink's joint drink until he was stupefied.

Schaefer and O'Leary entertained Hinky Dink's one night and saw him in his favorite corner, leaning back on the table, in a drunken sleep. Next to the table was a drain pipe that ran from an empty room above. O'Leary and Schaefer went to the upstairs room and knelt on the floor, next to the drain pipe. Schaefer cupped his hands and moaned as loudly as he could.

"Editor's Note—Jones was not his name. A moment's pause and again: "Jack Jones, your time has come! Jones began to shake himself out of his stupor. The sound of the voice had restored him to semi-consciousness. Then it came again: "Jack Jones, your time has come! The time the umpire realized what was going on. Staring to his feet, he didn't stop at the sidewalk, but continued into the street and kept right in the middle of it as best he could.

That umpire never went into Hinky Dink's again. He didn't talk another drink for several weeks. Hinky Dink, mystified by his prolonged absence, spoke to Schaefer and O'Leary one night, wondering what had become of his pal Jack.

"He heard the place was haunted and he said he'd never come here again," was the reply.

Hinky Dink never discovered why the umpire thought the place was haunted, but he ordered his bartenders to keep a sharp lookout for stray spooks. One day Hinky Dink agreed with Jack, but it never occurred to Hinky Dink that those haunting sounds were not heard during the baseball season.

They Were Strictly Bushers Behind Footlights THEATRICAL agent in Chicago thought that Schaefer and O'Leary could make a lot of money for themselves (to say nothing of some for the agent) by appearing as a vaudeville act. The agent helped write their act and got some bookings in moving picture theaters. Their tour was short-lived, for the act was terrible. If you have any idea that it might have been good, consider this evidence: "O'Leary walked on the stage with an empty bird cage. "What you got there?" asked Schaefer. "A bird cage. What does it look like to you?" answered O'Leary. "What are you doing with it?" continued Schaefer. "I'm looking for a bird to gild," said O'Leary.

Later, O'Leary walked on the stage with a lighted lantern. He was looking here and there, searching for some object. "What you looking for?" asked Schaefer. "I'm trying to find my lantern. I don't know where I left it," explained O'Leary.

They told some jokes that were nearly as bad, and at the sudden termination of their tour, Schaefer and O'Leary concluded that the material they had to work with was probably not as good as the agent had guaranteed it to be.

The two never went back to the vaudeville stage. Their one experience was enough. They decided to confine their antics to the ball field and a few favored spots like Hinky Dink's place.

Herman a Smart, Aggressive Player THERE have been quite a few better second basemen than Schaefer and many better hitters, but he made up what he lacked in fielding skill and batting power with a competitive spirit that was hard to match. He held the infield together and he was smart. There wasn't a smarter infielder in his time and while he didn't hit often, he won his share of the Tigers' important games by hitting in the clutch. He revealed in clutch; that was when he was at his very best.

O'Leary was a good shortstop, but never a brilliant one. He had the reputation of being more proficient at tagging base runners than any other infielder in the league. Charlie was asked one day what his secret was. "Not tagging them," explained O'Leary. "Not tagging them!" exclaimed the interviewer, incredulously. "I haven't tagged one in five years. I just make a stab at 'em and the umpire calls 'em out. It's an optical illusion and it never fails to fool 'em," explained O'Leary. Then he added: "You don't think I'm going to get myself all cut up with them spikes do you?"

Schaefer died of tuberculosis, soon after his active career ended. Hughey Jennings died of the same malady. O'Leary continued coaching in the major leagues for years and died not long ago.

After Schaefer came Nick Altrock and they were contemporaries as ball players. However, where Schaefer was never above ordinary mechanical skill, Altrock was one of the great pitchers of the early years of the American League, tops with Big Ed Walsh, iron-man right

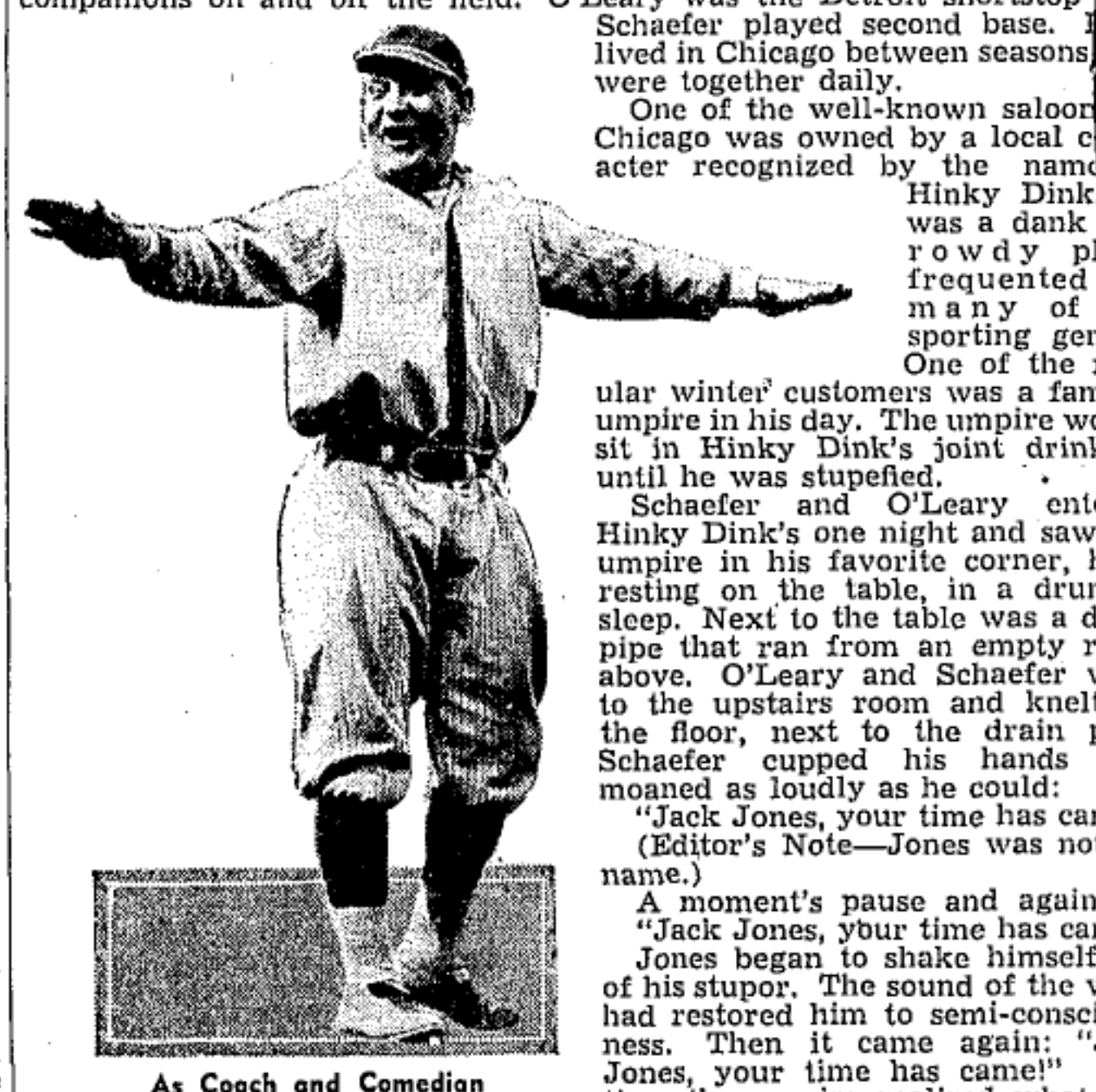
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10, COLUMN 6)



MRS. FLOYD VAUGHAN



Herman (Germany) Schaefer



As Coach and Comedian