



Hugh Bradley Says:

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Baseball Immortals Recall Days When Game Was Rough

BALLPLAYERS today — unlike those who starred through the last century from 1876 to 1926—must ever reserve true feelings from public gaze. They sit there in the shaded dugout, wishing somebody would get something started in the Old Timers' game.

Casey Stengel comes along, shoulders bowed under the toughest managerial job in baseball, head carried with proper pride because he has done his duty so well. A stout man attired in a sports costume that is a symphony of soft brown shades ambles up. They talk, unmindful of onlookers tingling with anticipation of conflict and the knowledge that this is another celebration of the birthday of the national game.

"Member when I first saw you, Babe," says Stengel. "We were playing an exhibition in Baltimore and you were just a long, lean, gangling kid. I played back a bit further than I ordinarily would for a pitcher, but, after you'd taken a cut or two, you slammed one over my head.

"When I came back to the bench Robby, who never liked to lose one and was particularly anxious to win in Baltimore anyhow, hopped all over.

"Hell," I says, "that was only a bush league pitcher and — Well, sir, that Robby really gets mad then. Lissen, young fellow," he says to me. "You get that stuff right outta your mind. When you see a guy take a cut like that, that ain't no pitcher even if he misses. That's —!"

A sturdy, elderly man attired in Pittsburgh uniform, has seen them and is coming across the field as fast as bowed legs will carry him.

"Every time I see you you get me arguing again, Hans," says Babe. "You were a swell fielder and of course you could outhit him, but I never could decide whether you or Heinie was the greatest Wagner I've ever seen. That Heinie was a swell fielder. When I was pitching for the Red Sox we used to have a signal to catch runners off second base.

"We'd count one, two, three, then wheel and throw. Heinie'd be right on top of the bag and we'd nearly always get the runner."

"Boys sure were tough," interrupts Stengel. "Remember, when you were a rookie and tried to get a turn at the plate, how those veterans really would pour it on you."

"Sure, sure," says Wagner. "And if you forced yourself in and got a turn up there, like as not they'd break up all your bats."

"Yeah," it is the Babe's turn. "When I joined the Red Sox I got in at noon and pitched my first game at 3 o'clock. Won it, 2 to 1. Next day I was warming up and I let a ball through and it sort of nudged Smokey Joe Wood. Joe threw one back and if I hadn't ducked just in time it'd have brained me."

"So I challenged him but somebody stopped it then and after the game somebody stopped it again. So I told Bill Carrigan, who was manager, that I had something to say I wanted everybody to hear. So Bill says go ahead and I say I don't care much for anybody on the club and I'd be willing to take them on one at a time.

"Well, nobody come on and after that I never did have a bit of trouble on that team."

"Quite a man that Carrigan," says Stengel. "Remember the time I first came up to bat against you birds in the '16 series? Carrigan's catching back there.

"You look like you might make a pretty fair hitter for a young fellow," he cons me. "Stand up there nice and everything like that. Don't want to make any mistakes about you. Guess we'll sort of have to pitch to you for a while and find out — Wham! I drop to the dirt just in time. Ernie Shore's out there pitching and he's thrown one right at my head.

But now more and more old timers have swarmed into the dugout. Burleigh Grimes, wearing a broad-rimmed black hat as befits the manager of the Louisville Colonels; Charley Hargreaves, Al Mamaux, Frank DeHaney, Mickey Welch, Arlie Latham, Chick Frazier.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

A spat which will make the National Open at Baltusora (where a reporter got himself sued for 100 G's) seem like a pink tea soon will edify the golfing public. This is because the ordinarily well-meaning Garden City Golf club has been so poorly advised as to issue a thinly veiled edict concerning reporters assigned to report the National Amateur. The press lugs have been informed that if they want to get the news they can come around to a new servant's entrance and like it. . . . During the five years when Joe McCarthy managed them the Cubs never played a Sunday doubleheader. The Sabbath turnstiles kept rattling so briskly during that time there was no need of trying new money-raising devices.

After making faces at one another for several weeks Jack Curley and Mike Jacobs have agreed to continue promoting wrestling at the Hippodrome. The rift in the firm came when numerous customers squawked about paying their money to a sports emporium which opened with such a woeful affair as that Lewis-Wyckoff mat thing. The two eminent gents made up when a peacemaker pointed out that the sad show really was the state athletic commission's child, the boxing bosses having ordered the match to be made and to be held in a downtown arena. . . . Watch for another Ohio State speedster next year. A diminutive white sophomore quarter-miler named Harley Howells is the prospective Buckeye Bullet. . . . Thirty years or so ago Colonel E. R. Bradley had a gee-gee which won a heat or two and was named (of all things) Captain Hugh Bradley.

Strange Things Happen Even in Football

More things you should know about this game called football. (With grateful acknowledgment to a gentleman who lives in the Juniata Branch of Altoona, Pa., and requests that his name shall not be used.)

George Washington U., Washington, D. C., plays teams from seven different states but makes no trips. St. Mary's college, California, has a student enrollment of 476—and a stadium seating 65,000; Oglethorpe "U," Atlanta, Ga., has an enrollment of 500—and a stadium seating 45,000.

In 1872 a football game between Columbia and Rutgers was called on account of darkness.

In 1921 Cornell defeated Dartmouth, 59 to 7—after leading by but a single touchdown at the half.

Walter Camp once placed a Nebraska player on his All-American team who had graduated the year before.

In 1916 Bill Fincher of the Georgia Tech team booted eighteen consecutive goals after touchdowns in a game that ended 222 to 0 against Cumberland.

Pat O'Dea drop-kicked 62 yards for Wisconsin in 1896 against Northwestern—in a snowstorm.

Homer Hazel of the 1923 Rutgers team kicked off to Villanova to open the game. A few seconds later he recovered a fumble—scoring on his own kickoff.

Walter Camp played on the Yale team six years; Foster Sanford played on the same team two years before even entering the institution.

The game of football was almost banished in 1897 in Georgia due to the fatal injury to Vonalbade Gammon of the Georgia squad.

Bradbury Robinson made an 87-yard pass in a St. Louis-Kansas game in 1906. In 1920 "Brick" Muller of Ohio State snapped the ball for a mere 70 yards.

Thad Brock of Davidson college's (N. C.) 1929 team made a run of 102 yards — yet failed to score against Duke. He had attempted to kick from eight yards behind his goal line, changed his mind, ran, and was downed on Duke's six-yard stripe.

Woodrow Wilson was the first Princeton football coach to defeat both Harvard and Yale; he originated the double pass and was responsible for the modern eligibility rules.

The outstanding David - Goliath football game is still Centre's conquest of Harvard in 1921. That was back when "Unk" Moran coached Centre. His last coaching assignment was at Catawba college, Salisbury, N. C., two years ago.

Centre college was one of the first Southern teams to defeat a Northern team on Northern soil.

Earle Clark of the Colorado college team scored all the points for both sides in 1929, the score standing 3 to 2 at the finish for a Colorado victory over Denver.

A University of North Carolina player, Ike Norwood, in 1908 played in the first game he had ever seen and then played in every game during the season except one.

Picked Up Here and There—Rumormongers whisper the only reason Gene Venzke does not turn pro is that nobody mentions the sort of money Jesse Owens expects to make. Also that if open track meets become any sort of success Gene immediately will hop on the band wagon but that, meanwhile, he doesn't dare chirp about such things for fear of getting in wrong with the badge-wearing poo-bahs. Gene, by the way, now carries a cane. It is a broken and discarded javelin he picked up on the Berlin Olympic field.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

The Passing of Thalberg.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Big an industry as the moving picture industry is, the death of one slender, shy, frail man has stunned it. The old guard of this business has lost its little corporal and the second generation of producing talent is left with a yawning gap where yesterday there loomed a leader who was both a pioneer and a progressive.

Irving Thalberg was an authentic genius of the films — a master showman, a deft interpreter of that tricky art which finds its medium through story and camera and screen.

It will be long before they breed another Thalberg out here. For men of his brain, his energy, his pathfinding instincts don't come in sets, don't often come singly.

The name Napoleon has been overworked to describe ability within some small body, but here, to the limits of his own craft, was not only a Napoleon but a Daniel Boone and a Balzac all rolled in one.



Irvin S. Cobb

Payroll Patriots.
SOME low industrial royalist has been checking up on the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of New Dealers who are on the federal payroll. We call that nepotism when the opposition does it, or family love when one of our own crowd is guilty.

'Twould seem Dixieland leads in this display of domestic affection. The champion is Senator Smith of South Carolina. There were all sorts of delegates at the Democratic national convention, but he was the only walking delegate — walked out twice, and each time walked right back again. He has five relatives drawing salaries from Uncle Sam. Even Uncle Jack Garner, the sphinx of Texas, has three.

This looks like an improvement on the old southern system, when kinfolks dropped in for a week-end and stayed the rest of their lives.

Summer Annoyances.
EVEN in sun-kicked California, summer is on its last legs. This one will go down in history as the summer which produced handies, knock-knocks; the dust storm and the campaign speech, these two being interchangeable terms in most cases; likewise the seventeen-year locust and the gentleman who was in active charge of our Olympic team's trip to Berlin. People were seriously annoyed in other ways, too.

Political Geysers.
CAN it be we made a mistake by plowing under cotton instead of orators? That famous phenomenon of nature in Yellowstone park, which spouts at such frequent intervals ought to be getting uneasy. Any moment it may lose its name of old faithful and become known as the Junior John Hamilton geyser.

And Secretary Ickes certainly is qualifying as the minute-man of the new revolution — or oftener than that, if there's an audience. Colonel Knox isn't doing so badly, either. In the modern version of "the spirit of '76," he's the one who's beating so hard on the eardrum. Still, it's a grand thing — but surprising — to find a newspaper editor who talks forcibly on his feet instead of writing feebly on his seat.

On the other hand, Uncle Jack Garner continues to be the ideal back-seat driver — the one who hasn't said a single word during the entire trip.

Dictators and Shirt Tails.
LET'S see. Among others, we now have the blue shirts in Ireland, the brown shirts in Germany, the red shirts in Russia, and, of course, the black shirts in Italy, which seems the most practical of all because you don't need to wash a black shirt for months and months.

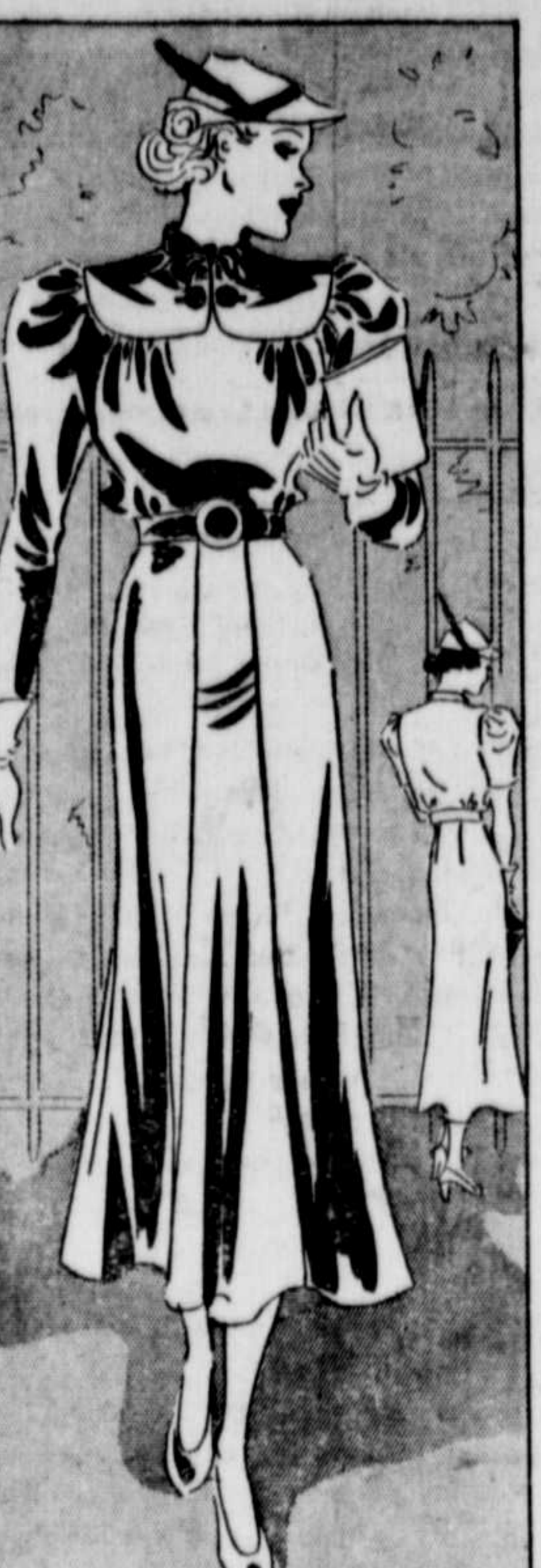
So maybe we're too quick. The alarmists among us are predicting an early dictatorship here. At the rate all the standard shaves are being snapped up, we'll have to think up a new color in shirts, and, unless we hurry, there may not be any new colors to think up, and you can't have a dictatorship without a shirt to match — that's the rule. Lavender hasn't been taken yet by anybody, but lavender seems kind of sissy, and, while, a gray-colored shirt might suit the careless eater, it lacks zing, don't you think?

In any event, our shirt ought to have a good long tail to it, because, by that time, the American taxpayer probably will have lost his pants.

IRVIN S. COBB
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"Length" in Horse Racing
In horse racing the measure of a "length" is the distance from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail. The average horse is over eight feet while running with neck outstretched.

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and gives the much desired flare to the hem.
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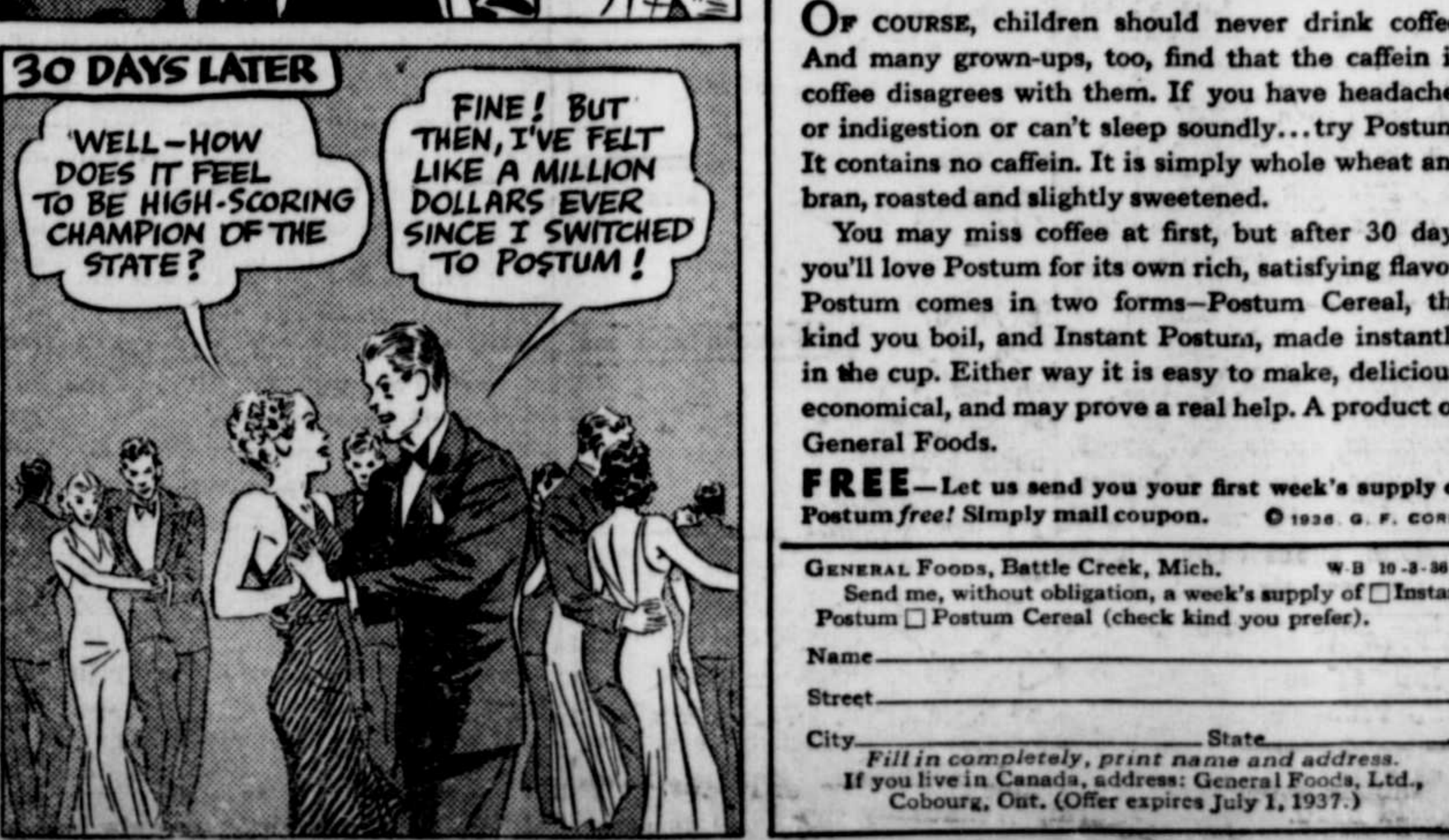
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