

Lindstrom and Benton Sign Giant Contracts, Leaving Roush Only Regular Not at Camp

PLAYERS ACCEPT REDUCED SALARY AFTER COMPROMISE

White Sox Appear Chief Ailment of McGraw's Club as Bush Builds Team

ALIBIS FOR POLD GROUNDS ROYS DON'T HOLD WATER

By HUGH BRADLEY
Star Correspondent of Evening Post
SAN ANTONIO, Tex., March 13.—Eddie Roush now is the only Giant player to remain unsigned. Freddie Lindstrom and Larry Benton were in the fold today as a result of having affixed their signatures to 1930 contracts after a long conference with Manager John J. McGraw late last night.

It required considerable forensic skill on McGraw's part to induce Lindstrom and Benton to sign, because they were forced to accept substantial cuts in salary. Neither would discuss the terms of their documents, but it is understood they agreed to a compromise.

With Lindstrom and Benton now safely in the fold, the question remaining to be answered is, "What's the matter with our Giants?" The answer seems to be "The White Sox."

That's this expert's story and he is willing to be stuck with it. Anyhow he is flattered that somebody thinks he knows what is the matter with something.

Of course, your Giant hitters are not hitting at the proper time and your Giant pitchers do not do their pitching during ball games, but the White Sox seem to be the cause of it all.

If you are magnanimous (a pretty fair dictionary word) you will give credit to Donie Bush. If you are a good baser, he is the chap you must give upon having. He is the manager who is making a good ball club out of a bunch of persons who finished in seventh place last season.

Mr. Bush Makes Good
When Donie left the Pirates to take charge of the White Sox, most people felt he was emulating the gentleman who hopped out of the frying pan into the fire. Ball players felt he was going from one front-office club to another. That official interference would ruin his chances.

But Mr. Bush is making good. His team will be lucky to get out of the second division this year, yet it must be given due credit. Being a general manager, Donie has established a spirit of good fellowship. Being a competent manager, he has yet to be known who is boss. As a result, his athletes both obey and respect him.

They have been playing that way against your favorites, Donie pipes all kinds on deck with his shrill voice as soon as practice commences. They are set for action for the rest of the afternoon.

An one who leaps with delight when your Giants win by a mile, and does without beer when they are down, this expert would like to alibi for them. For the case is too perilous. Naturally, your Giants will look better with Freddy Lindstrom and Bill Terry in action. So will the White Sox, with Willie Kamm, and Art Shires. Meanwhile Mr. Bush is winning ball games just the same.

Fitzsimmons Blows Up
Sadly but truly, we lost another one yesterday. The score was 10 to 6. We had nine hits to twelve for the opposition.

Everything started off serenely. Your Giants were leading, 1 to 0, with two men out in the third. Then came the explosion. Four doubles, a home run and two singles provided Chicago with seven runs. Fred Fitzsimmons was the victim.

Fred, who is never a good spring-time pitcher, disappeared at the end of the next session. For the rest of the afternoon Mr. Joe Hoiving, lately of Memphis, burlied in excellent fashion. But the damage had been done.

Travis Jackson, Eddie Marshall and Bill Terry accounted for driving in the Giant runs. Jackson and Terry each hit homers. Mr. Terry hitting the longest ball ever seen in the local park.

Barney McGee from West Fifty-second Street has a black eye today. He struck the car in front of a line drive propelled by Ralph Judd, the hitting pitcher.

Although games had been scheduled for today and tomorrow, your athletes will have more than usual. McGraw and Bush decided to cancel the contests. They feared the players were getting too much action.

Edna Marshall was the leading Giant hitter. He had a single and a double in four times at bat.

Yesterday and Sunday the Giant second team will play games in towns along the Mexican border. The parents will accompany them, thanks.

Richards to Play Kenny in Palm Beach Semifinal
PALM BEACH, Fla., March 13.—Vincent Richards of New York today faces Jimmy Kenny of Palm Beach in the semifinals of the Southern professional lawn tennis championship tournament on the courts of the Palm Beach Tennis Club. Richards yesterday defeated John Cardenas of Ardsley, N. Y., 7-5, 6-4, 6-3, while Kenny eliminated Arthur Rudolph of Hartford, Conn., 6-4, 10-8, 6-4, 6-4. Paul Heston of Washington, D. C. meets Charles Wood of Kingston, N. Y., in the other

Full Speed Ahead

By GUS EDSON



Cutting the Plate with Red Ditch

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla., March 13.

EVERY baseball man or sports writer who comes along this way asks after Herb Pennock, the veteran left-hander, whose arm went back on him late in the 1928 season and who never quite regained his former cunning since then.

"How is Herb Pennock?" is the general question. "He's one chap we sure are rooting for."

Baseball friend and foe join in wishing the gentlemanly farmer of Kennett Square, Pa., nothing but the best.

The same kind of affection is springing up for Pennock that had done so to feel for the immortal Matty. When Matty's arm showed signs of playing out in 1913 there was the same regret as though a great writer had burned himself out or a star humorist had dried up his vein of humor.

And to a certain degree that's how people feel toward Pennock, one of the greatest artists who ever stepped on the mound.

There are some persons who always are ready to drag down some idol of the sports world. In fact, their mental slant is such that they take enjoyment out of seeing some outstanding figure knocked off his pedestal. Ruth has the great majority of fans pulling for him, but there is a small minority, perhaps persons who contrast Ruth's big earning capacity with their own, who cannot wait until the Bambino topples or is toppled from his throne.

Yet I believe there is scarcely a person who follows baseball who is not rooting for Pennock's comeback and would regret to see Herb's name disappear from the big league rosters.

Leads League in Length of Service
PENNOCK is only thirty-six, not particularly old for a ball player, but he has a long and strenuous career behind him. Ruth actually is twelve days older than Pennock and the Yanks have just agreed to give Babe \$160,000 for the next two years. Both celebrated their birthdays in February, shortly before the Yanks started their late winter training.

"Doc" Painter Has Good News
PENNOCK never again is likely to win twenty-three games, his high mark in 1926, but "Doc" Painter, the new

Yankee trainer, promises to get him into such shape that he will be good for from a dozen to fifteen victories this year.

"There is nothing the matter with Pennock's arm," said the new trainer. "And I think by nursing it and with intelligent handling it will enable Pennock to remain a useful member of this ball club."

The trouble with a veteran player usually is that he can be primed for some particular occasion but to get the best use of a pitcher he should work at least once a week. I believe that under such a program Pennock is likely to retain his greatest effectiveness.

"Pitchers often think their arms go back on them, when really it is their legs. Their legs no longer support them as when they were younger and as a result they put a harder tax on their arms. It is this additional strain which then hurts the arm and is responsible for the pitcher losing what he calls his 'stuff' and control."

Exercises to Strengthen Legs

I AM now giving Pennock exercises to strengthen his legs and to keep that necessary spring in them. Pennock has this advantage: He has such a free, easy motion that he has been able to pitch major league ball for eighteen years despite his slender physique."

There is another thing about Pennock's pitching which must not be overlooked. He is one of the smartest pitchers we ever have had in baseball. Herb doesn't need half the stuff of the average pitchers. He has made pitching a science and knows the weakness of every batsman he works against.

The boys call him "Peanuts" Pennock. I don't exactly know why, but for pitching craftsmanship "Peanuts" has had no superior. Others with greater physiques have won more games and established greater records, but no pitcher could have been more sensitive than was Pennock in the 1927 World Series when no Pittsburgh batsman reached base until the eighth inning.

And whether or not Pennock pitches another ball, his name is safe among those left-handed pitching immortals—Waddell, Plank, Rucker and Marquard.

Cornell Oarsmen Work Indoors
Special Dispatch to the Evening Post
ITHACA, March 13.—Although regular outdoor work for Cornell University crews is not expected to begin for a fortnight, more than 100 candidates are drilling on the machines in the gymnasium.

LACK OF PITCHERS APT TO KEEP CARDS OUT OF 1ST DIVISION

Street and Bredon Are Optimistic Despite Lack of Young Mound Talent

TEAM CHANGED BUT LITTLE SINCE HORNSBY'S REGIME

BRADENTON, Fla., March 13 (AP).—On their record as pennant winners in 1926 and 1928, the St. Louis Cards have had sufficient interval to furnish impetus for another pennant drive.

Their new manager, Charles "Gabby" Street, has tackled his job with a spirit of enthusiasm, manifesting no concern for the short-shrift experienced by his immediate crop of predecessors. "Some people may not think we have a great club, but I think we have a real chance to win," remarked Street. His employer and club president, Sam Bredon, was even less conservative as he added: "This is the best club we have had in recent years."

Unfortunately, it will take more than this optimism, more than the excellent record of past performances to put the Cardinals in anything approaching a contending position this year. The club's extensive "farm system" has failed to produce all the replacements needed to check the decline of the two-time championship machine.

With only a few changes, some of which have not been for the better, the Red Birds are the same flock that Rogers Hornsby piloted to the pennant in 1926 and Bill McKechnie led to the top in 1928. The veteran pitching staff, featuring Willie Sherdel, Jess Haines and Clarence Mitchell, has gone somewhat rapidly downhill, with no immediate reinforcements in sight to measure up to their old standards.

Pitching Vital Factor

If anything is to be accomplished this year by the Cards—In fact, if they are to stick in the first division—they must uncover at least two or three new pitchers capable of carrying on where the veterans weaken or leave off.

"Gabby" Street, who handled Walter Johnson's fast ones in the days of the Coffeyville Cyclones' prime, knows his pitchers, but he has a man-sized job on his hands to develop an effective corps out of the material on hand.

Of the principal veterans, Mitchell is thirty-nine, Haines, thirty-six, and Sherdel, thirty-three. All possess a lot of the old stuff, but their experience counts considerably, but, as Street admits, "they need a lot of rest between starts."

Sylvester Johnson, a courageous right-hander, is only twenty-nine and should be a mainstay. Jim Lindsey, who had a fine record with Houston, one of the Card farms, may be the best of the newcomers. He is a big right-hander with lots of stuff.

Street has the task of finding two or three other steady workers from among Herman Bell, Bill Hallahan, an erratic southpaw; Fred Frankhouse, Carmen Hill, the bespectacled former Pirate flinger, and Al Grabowski. Bell has come back after a term with Rochester and Grabowski with Danville, Ill., most of last season.

Charles Flint Rehm, if he fulfills a promise to reform his training habits, may contribute some right-handed effectiveness. Hal Heid is the chief reliever man.

Rest of Team Set

Behind the bat the veterans, Earl Smith and Jimmy Wilson, will do most of the work again, with Gus Mancuso ready to step in.

When the Cards obtained Earl "Sparkey" Adams from the Pirates, the assumption was he would play second and Frankie Frisch would move to third. Street, however, vetoed this plan. He will keep Frisch at second base, because of his double-play skill; work Andy High, a great spring performer, at third, and hold Adams in reserve.

Charley Gelbert is expected to improve at short and Jim Bottomley is still among the hardest hitting first sackers. Joel Hunt, former Texas A. and M. quarterback, has shown ability at third and may land a utility post.

Chick Hafey, his eyesight improved, and Taylor Douthett, have no serious rivals for their regular jobs in left and center. With the speedy movie actor, Ernest Orsatti, in right, there is a 330 pound or better in every outfield post, enough to satisfy the most exacting Homer Peal, obtained from the Phillies. He has hit hard enough in training to insure himself at least a relief job.

Speaking Out On Sports

By Westbrook Pegler

GOLF has lost prestige in the White House since Warren G. Harding

Sheathed his blades for the last time, for Calvin Coolidge never has had a club in his hands and Herbert Hoover's only known athletic indulgence is hurling the medicine ball against the abdomens of his Cabinet members, with the exception, I suppose, of Uncle Andy Mellon, whose abdomen is merely nominal, and letting them hurl it back at his own. This is a depraved taste in sport, to my way of thinking, and I doubt that even the Presidential sanction will make it popular if only because a medicine ball is so conspicuous. Around the house it can't be dropped into a drawer or umbrella stand and probably requires a room of its own, which would make it expensive as well as peculiar. Trudy Ederle carried a medicine ball to France with her when she went to swim the Channel, and not only was it always falling out of taxicabs in Paris but the Customs inspector at Cherbourg was very suspicious and wanted to rip the seams to look for undeclared firearms, cigarettes, matches or other dutiable or contraband goods. At last he relented, but I think he had his doubts even then, for as Trudy walked out of the Customs shed he was still insisting that that ball was much too big to be thrown any distance or knocked any distance with a club, even by a mad American.

THE last of the golfing Presidents to date, Mr. Harding, golfed enough to do for several succeeding Administrations though. One winter he played every course on the East Coast of Florida from Jacksonville to Miami and in Washington. An attested card for a 72 on any fairly respectable golf course was as good as a letter of introduction to the President, and an invitation to lunch as well. He was an unhappy golfer, forever asking and trying to act upon advice. The famous pros who came through the capital in his time would show him their many contradictory grips and swings and stances, and he was always unlearning all that had been told him on very high authority the week before and trying to learn some new way.

Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen went out with him in turn and he watched their sharp, crisp iron shots go arching to the greens with that longing which only the hopeless duffer can understand, feeling in his soul, no doubt, that there were other fulfillments in life as much to be desired as the Presidency of the U. S. A. He struggled and persevered, but when, by chance, he had grooved the swing of his woods for a few holes, his short irons began to wobble or his putts would lie down and die yards from the cup so that sevens and eights and nines and even the ghastly tens accumulated on his card just the same.

He may have broken 100 once or twice on some pool-table course, but he always came trudging in, sad and beaten from his rounds on the standard layouts. And, as President, he explored few easy pastures, for the more pretentious clubs were always eager to do themselves the honor of entertaining him, and they confronted him with a maddening variety of traps, thickets, quarries, lagoons and tall grasses.

WOODROW WILSON had been a golfer, too, in his vigorous days, but where Harding was gregarious, Wilson was a cold and unyielding loner. He sometimes golfed with the second Mrs. Wilson, who played an interesting game and seldom needed more than 98, and before their marriage he was seen occasionally stalking over the hilly grounds of the Washington Country Club in Virginia with one of his daughters. But he did not play golf with men and generally he played solo, a fairly consistent 95 golfer, on sub-dub as you might say, who never entered the clubhouse or allowed himself more than a perfunctory "thank you" to the people who deferred to his office and let him go through. His stroke was commonplace and like so many quiet, methodical players of his age, he made no lunges for distance, but rapped his woods about 175 yards in a straight line and went on with his irons instead of crashing along and surrounding the green, with great loss of strokes, as Harding did. Nobody ever learned from him where he had learned his golf, but long experience showed in his game, nor, for that matter, did he ever tell where he learned his horsemanship, although he surprised his Secret Service detail on his first ride by demanding a thoroughbred and riding like one who had followed the dogs. They brought him a drowsy old nag that day of his first ride, not knowing whether he would need a ladder to mount or whether he could sit there, once aloft.

"Must I ride this cow?" he asked petulantly. "Can't the remount station find a thoroughbred for the President of the United States?"

So they got him a gay brute from the army's stables and within five minutes the men of the Presidential guard saw themselves being fired in shame and dishonor as the steed went straight up and waved the President in mid-air like a plume. But there was no struggling and Wilson came down when the horse did, still in the saddle and undisturbed.

MR. TAFT played golf, but the game was only a diversion, not an obsession nor a challenge to him as it was to Harding, and in his later year he gave it up. Theodore Roosevelt was no golfer, nor had he any interest in baseball, but, always strenuous, he played tennis and boxed and, of course, rode horses like a cavalry man.

The White House stables have not been overworked since Wilson's time. President Coolidge installed his iron horse or liver-shaker in the basement, but the absurdity of the idea of a President jiggling on a mechanical horse on a stationary pedestal exaggerated the importance of this synthetic charger in the papers. He mounted the thing only a few times, as a kid might experiment with a new toy at Christmas, then forgot it. Now and again he would turn on the current and stand back, with his equivalent of an amused smile on his never-hilarious features, then close the switch and go for his morning walk on the White House grounds.

But one day in the Black Hills of Dakota he called for a shotgun and amazed the newspaper detail by exploding twenty out of twenty-three clay pigeons. There was no little surprise at this score and one of the writers told him so.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I could always shoot fairly well. I learned it when I was a boy. I had a muzzle-loading gun and plenty of powder, but shot was too expensive. So I used to load her up with dried beans and toss tin cans up in the air and shoot them full of holes."

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RAIN HALTS YANKS DRILL FIRST TIME IN SEVERAL YEARS

Famous Sunshine of "St. Pete" Turned Off as Downpour Prevents Practice

ATHLETICS-BRAVES GAME TODAY IS POSTPONED

By FREDERICK G. LIEB
Star Correspondent of Evening Post
ST. PETERSBURG, Fla., March 13.—Somebody forgot to turn on "St. Pete's" famous sunshine this morning and the Yankees spent one of their first days of complete idleness in the air year in which the club has been training here. A cold, penetrating rain started falling in the morning and it soon became evident that it would last all day.

According to one legend the Phillies, who trained here in 1915, 1916, 1917 and 1918, missed only one workout in four years. This is the first time to recall the Yankees being completely idle here in several years.

The players huddled around the hotel lobby waiting for something to turn up. It was too wet for golf, or even the miniature putting course, which has made quite a hit with the Yankees' young men. Rain not only put a wet blanket on Yankee training, but it drenched out the Athletic-Braves game scheduled for this afternoon. As there are many Pennsylvanians, especially Philadelphians, here, the two games with the world's champs were expected to be one of the bright spots of the local baseball calendar. All Lang was almost as copiously as the heavens. The Mackmen will try to get in a game with the Braves tomorrow.

There was not visiting or fraternizing between the new world's champion and the old. There is little love between the Yanks and the A's, the rivalry between them being almost as keen as that which used to exist between the Giants and the old-time Cubs.

Connie Mack, manager of the A's, and Tom Shibe, president of the Philadelphia club, beat their team to St. Petersburg by a day. Connie and Tom wandered unobserved into the St. Petersburg ball park while the Cardinals and Braves were mixing it up. They took a seat in the rear row of the grand stand before Judge Fuchs discovered them.

Connie naturally admits there will be plenty of trouble for him in the American League this season, but he seems to think that the Philadelphia club next fall again will have to tackle the problem of trying to squeeze 100,000 World Series applicants into only 30,000 seats.

The A's broke even in four games with the Cardinals, winning the first one with a 5 to 0 shut-out. Moss Grove pitched the first three innings of the first game and struck out seven of the nine men who faced him.

"That guy doesn't pitch a baseball," was the lament of the St. Louis players. "He pitches either a golf ball or a pea. You can't hit what you can't see."

"Gabby" Street, the fifth manager employed by Sam Bredon since 1926, already has taken off a dozen pounds in his efforts to whip his team into shape. Street is working like a beaver with his own pitchers and looks trimmer than he did when he caught for the Yankees eighteen years ago. But he had better not lose eighteen pounds.

The Cardinal troupe, which was brought over to St. Petersburg by Street yesterday, ran mostly to members of the St. Louis team's Yanigan squad. Frisch, Hafey and Bottomley, the three leading stars of the club, were not in action when the Braves nosed out the former National League champions by a score of 1 to 0.

Frisch has been a hold-out and just came to terms with Sam Bredon. Understand Frankie also was somewhat disappointed that he did not get crack at the management of the club but why he should have wanted an insecure managerial post is beyond me. The "Fordham Flash" reported Street last night.

Bottomley came over from Bradenton with the Cardinal squad, but he beat his happy smile from the grand old sunny Jim is out for the next ten days with a pair of mashed digits.

Hafey is being held back by his until his blunderbuss is fixed in April campaigning. From what I have seen of the Cards, I doubt if they be any better than the fourth pl club of 1929.

After three games with the Braves Bob Shiveley decided his team had enough of ball games for a while. No practice ball game was played yesterday. It was just a routine day on practice lot, batting practice, field practice and taking care of bunts.

Having nothing to do yesterday afternoon, most of the Yanks looked up ball games and watched the Braves I the Cardinals. Others played golf.

In the Rough

By Howard Freeman



MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
FRIDAY EVE., MAR. 14
3 STAR 10-ROUND BOUT
TONY CANZONERI
vs. STANISLAUS LOAYZA
SAMMY DORFMAN
vs. FRANK JACOB
PILKINGTON
TWO TICKETS
\$1.00
\$2.00
\$3.00
\$4.00
\$5.00
\$6.00
\$7.00
\$8.00
\$9.00
\$10.00
ALSO ONE SIX AND ONE 4-RO
RES. \$2.10, \$3.10, \$4.60, and \$5
TAX INC.—ADMISSION \$