

# Bumping the Umps

By Al Demaree



Any reference to Hank O'Day's sartorial taste brings immediate action

A WHITE line streaks into the green outfield, swiftly moving men flash into action all over the diamond, a roar from the stands, a long curving throw-in, and a puff of dust at the plate. "Yer out!" a blue-coated, pudgy man bellows, gesturing with a sharp upward jerk of his right arm.

And Evers, the great Johnny Evers, leaps to his feet like a panther and glowers over the shorter figure of the man in blue, jerking his head back and forth, jawing and raving and tearing up the dirt with his spikes. Most of what he is saying cannot go into print, but the ump seems to be taking it. Perhaps he is philosophic and realizes that all justice is not on one side.

The other players crowd in and take up the row. The fans in the stands roar in anger and disgust. The ump ignores the raving pack around him and steps forth to brush off the plate; then motions for the game to go on. Evers sulks away toward his dugout. Then suddenly he stops for one last shot. "Hey, you!" he shouts, "who's yer tailor, you big fathead?"

"You're out of the game," commands Hank O'Day immediately. All the other abuse had rolled off him like water off a duck's back. Only that one stuck. "Fifty bucks for that one," he adds.

Evers takes it. He knows he has gone too far. Sullenly, like a whipped wild beast, he struts off the field, inciting the fans to boo O'Day, but realizing somewhere down inside, where he is a great sportsman, that Hank was in the right. He had stepped on the ump's toes where they were sorest, for Hank O'Day was the proudest man in the world of his clothes, and the most sensitive.

## This One Never Fails

Perhaps it was because he was a bachelor, but never a day passed that he didn't appear in at least five changes of costume—shepherd plaids, tweeds, serges, broadcloths—all the product of the most exclusive tailors in the country.

A ball player could call Hank almost anything, but he couldn't say to him, "Who's your tailor, you big fathead?" If he did, it was curtains for that ball player for that day.

Bill Klem was just as sensitive about being called "catfish." He couldn't stand to have a batter look around at him after a called ball or strike, either. "Don't look around at me, busher," he

would snarl, "or I'll give you what you're looking for."

Jeff Tesreau used to slip over to the bench and yell "Catfish!" from a group of players and then walk out innocently to Klem, and say, "Well, I see they're on you again, Bill. Somebody just won't have enough sense to cut that out."

Then Jeff would ease over to the first base coaching line, and presently he'd be on the bench yelling, "Catfish!"

It drove Klem frantic. "Just give me an intimation," he pleaded to Jeff. "You don't have to tell me who it is, Jeff. I don't ask that. But just give me a little intimation. That's all I want."

Jeff started to say something, but Klem interrupted him: "Don't go any further. Don't say another word. I know who it is now."

And Bill rushed over to the bench and chased Walter Holke, a silent sort of chap who hadn't opened his mouth, out of the park and fined him \$25!

Bill wouldn't have made that mistake, though, if he had been as clever a Sherlock Holmes as "Bull Neck" Guthrie is.

Down at Nashville, where Guthrie was umpiring, the umps' dressing-room was right next to the players' quarters. One evening after a game a player was calling Guthrie everything in the rainbow. When he let up a moment to get his breath, he was petrified to hear Bull Neck yelling through the partition: "That's just cost you fifty bucks, young fellow."

As they came out of the clubhouse the player asked, "How'd you know who it was?"

"I recognized your voice," explained Bull Neck, "and that fine goes."

Ball players on that club believed ever afterward that the walls really did have ears.

Guthrie is one of the old-school tough-guy umpires. He knows he doesn't have to take anything from the players nowadays, and he doesn't. He canned Bib Falk of the White Sox one day because he overheard Bib "cussing his luck" be-

When you see a ball player kicking up the dust, waving his arms and glaring at the umpire, don't jump to conclusions. He's probably saying, "How's fishing down your way, Jim?" Not that he may not get thrown out of the game. He may. But it'll be for criticizing the ump's taste in clothes or his knowledge of football



Umpire Tim Hurst personally escorted Harry Hemphill on a furious dash around the bags for a homer and then informed the player he had hit a foul ball

cause the shortstop had just leaped up and speared a line drive to rob him of a hit during a long batting slump. Guthrie thought Falk was shooting at him.

A fellow slid into second when Bull Neck was umpiring and was called out. The player raved, as usual, and wound up by fuming, "Well, you gotta admit it was close, anyway."

"Nope," came back Bull Neck, "in dis game dere's no close ones. It's eider dis or dat, and dis time it's dat—so you're out o' da game."

## His Umps Can Also be Mean

It was Guthrie who, while firing one of the Yankees, instructed him, as Miller Huggins approached to take up the argument, to "take the bat boy along with you!"

On hot days, Heinie Zimmerman used to try to get thrown out of the game so he could go out to the race track or somewhere he could miss the heat of playing ball. Those days the umpires usually were on to him. "Go right ahead, Heinie!" they would say to him sweetly and exasperatingly as he kicked his head off. "Say anything you want to. Call me anything you like. I know you want to get thrown out of this game, but you ain't. You're going to stick right in there and sweat! See?"

A mean trick of the same gender was pulled once by Tim Hurst on Harry Hemphill, outfielder of the old Yankees, or Highlanders, as they were known then. One blistering day Hemphill had been riding Tim. Hemphill came to bat and hit a liner down the right-field foul line. Hemphill set out for first, with Tim after him, as there was only one umpire in those days.

"Don't forget to touch the bag," shouted Tim as they neared first. And Harry stomped the bag good.

As they neared second, Hurst yelled: "Don't miss the bag, you big bum!" Harry stomped that bag solid, too,

and set sail for third. "Don't miss third," screamed Tim from the rear.

They rounded third and headed for the plate. "Slide! Slide!" roared Hurst, and Harry made a beautiful dive into the dust.

When he stood up and started for the bench, Tim howled, "Hey! Come back here. Foul! That was a foul ball!"

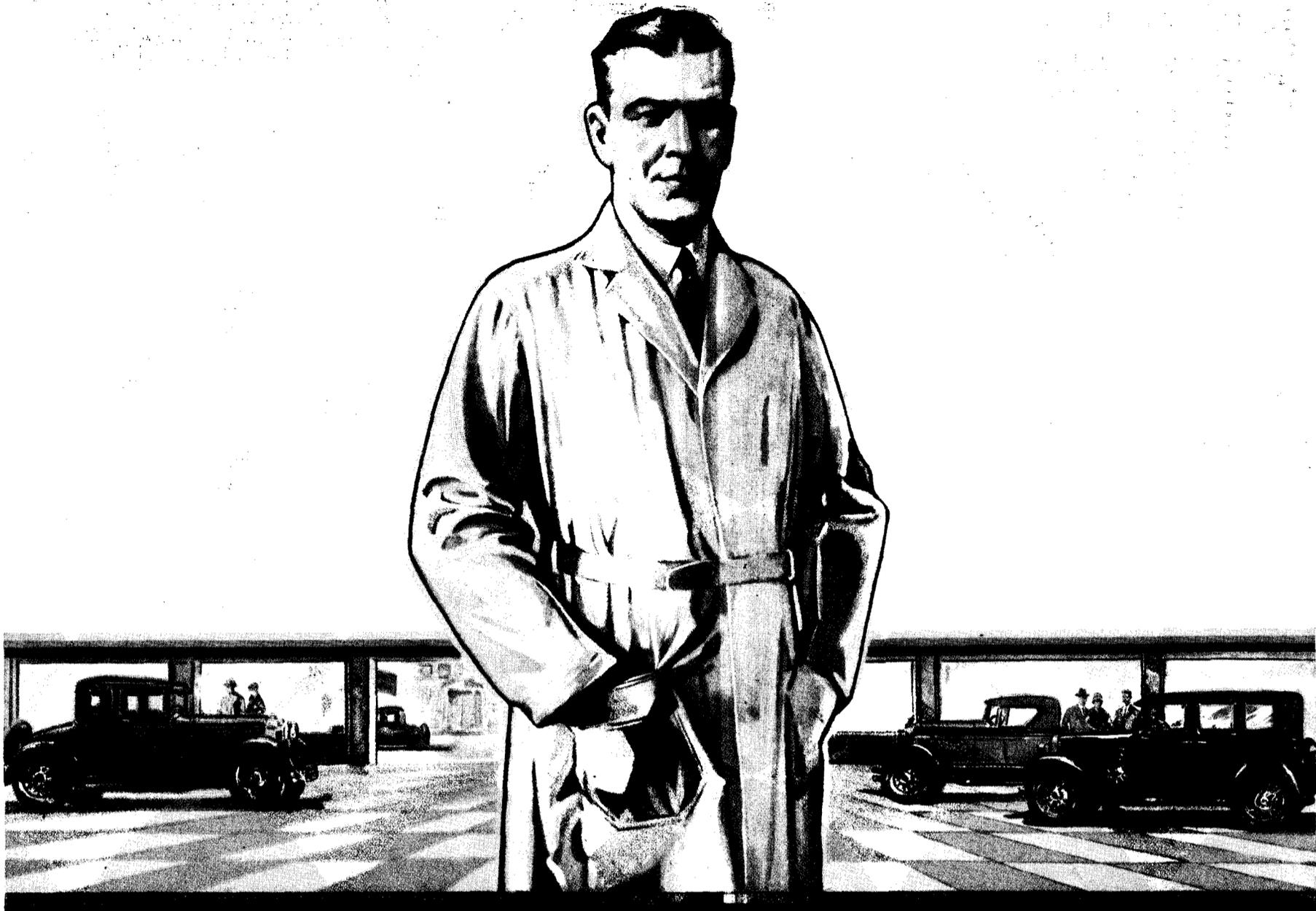
Things are not always what they seem in baseball, as in anything else. For instance, when men rant and rip around the umpire they are not always raising cain with him. Many players do all kinds of fake kicking at the umpire, either to make themselves look good, or to incite the crowd to razz the arbiter.

"Derby Day" Bill Clymer, former coach of the Cincinnati Reds and a successful manager in many minor leagues, won a reputation as a peppy player by kicking ferociously at the umpires, waving his arms and wagging his head, when all he was saying was, "How's fishin' down in the Old Mill Pond, Bill?" or "That tip you gave me on the horses last week was all wrong," or "Why'd you tell me you got fifteen fish last week, when you only got eight?"

And while Derby Day Bill was going through (Continued on page 38)



Some catchers will let a fast one get by to take the ump in the chin



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# Evil Intent

By Stephen  
Morehouse  
Avery

Hell is said to be paved  
with good intentions.  
Here's what happened  
to a bad one



He wondered if she realized he'd kissed her, he being himself still rather dizzy with it. "Do you mind, Anita? You're too adorable not to"

Illustrated by  
Nancy Fay

"I'D HAVE done just as you did—but I wouldn't lie about it." So runs that lively, well-known, and enduring anecdote, and in the face of its good-natured human cynicism one can but state the facts about Gilbert and Anita and hope for the best. Even the facts are not too convincing, unless one is romantic and generous-minded. But who isn't? Or—who is?

To begin, anyway, there was Gilbert Stannard, after two years in Europe at the beck and call of his fiancée of five years' standing, returned suddenly to New York without her and with certain definite evil intentions in his heart. One would like to say that the evil intentions sneaked into his heart through the cracks which Muriel Devon left in it, but it wouldn't be true. His heart was not even chipped.

No, to be honest, both of them had been aware after the first six months of their consequently long engagement that the curious *sine qua non* was missing. They were born to be friends, not lovers, and they ended that way finally with Muriel asking his advice in her mad romance with a shell-shocked Irish baronet. Gilbert promptly advised her to go to London and marry the beggar.

Muriel followed his advice to the letter and gave him some advice in return. "Gilbert, my dear old stick," she said, as they talked out to the Le Bourget flying field, "for heaven's sake, go back to New York and have some fun. If you could have even threatened occasionally during these years to be the least bit wicked, I might have loved you."

Waiting for the Handley-Page which was to land her in London and her mad baronet's arms, she was more explicit. Apparently she had something definite in mind for his fun. "And when you've found her, Gilbert, despoil and deceive her no matter how much you love her and, above all, don't—oh, don't idealize her, Gilbert. Myself a notable exception, you put such a pedestal under

every woman who looks at you that the poor things almost poor in the ratched atmosphere. At home, their kinship they say: 'What a brilliant and witty minded man that Gilbert Stannard is! My, but it's nice to relax.' And the next night they go out with Tony Nicolai, who can be counted upon to insult them and whose brains are in his tango shoes. Fortunately you're not too old to reform."

Whereupon, Muriel Devon stepped into the cabin of the huge passenger plane and flew away out of Gilbert Stannard's life and out of this story. She was not really a nice woman and both he and we are lucky to be rid of her so easily. Let the baronet worry about Muriel Devon.

Gilbert, indeed, was not too old to reform, very fair and blue-eyed and young for his thirty-six years, young in body and perhaps in spirit. In experience, world weariness, fatigue of life, he was, in his own opinion at any rate, antediluvian. Nothing remained that occurred to him as important. Love had been tried and found tiresome. Success had been fairly well achieved and found empty, though convenient. Nothing remained except the possible casual excitement of certain of those already mentioned intentions.

THEY, however, were important enough to cause him within three days after the *Ile de France* had put down her gangplank to get hold of some of his old furniture and to buy a little more. He put it all into a small but select apartment in the East Fifties which looked, when he was through with it, exactly the den of iniquity he hoped it would prove to be. He acquired a Japanese manservant Yohito, a tiny chap with just the correctly sinister expression. He bought some richly hued drapes and bed covers, hung a small Zulogga portrait of an Andalusian beauty, and ordered a crimson velvet smoking jacket. Then he telephoned every friend of adventurous propensities he knew in town.

Most of them failed him; invited him to charming and respectable dinners and theater parties. "Knew better than to drag you into the low company I usually enjoy, Gilbert," they said. "How are world affairs?"

"Not so good," he would reply, thinking up an excuse to avoid the charming dinner. The "world affairs" meant his mild renown as writer and lecturer on political science and as expert observer on committees at Genoa. "Call me up some other time, the first time you need an extra man. I guess I can stand any company you can. You see, I've changed since you knew me."

Bob Downs, his best and truest, was more useful, as Gilbert might have known. They were really more than friends, blood relations in a sense. They had flown through the war in the same squadron. Utterly different, utterly devoted, Gilbert had his intellectual ideas and Bob Downs had a good time. But Bob Downs was in Gilbert's apartment within ten minutes after he learned that Gilbert was in America.

Their uneasy greeting over, they began in the male fashion just where they'd left off two years before. "Well," said Bob Downs, glancing about the apartment, "has Europe done this to you? Who is the woman in the case?"

"In what sort of case?" asked Gilbert. "Have I forgotten something?"

"Nothing but the Rus-

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