

pair of men on the highest-geared publicity experts, the sport of baseball has a way of getting space in the sports columns Summer, Winter, Spring and Fall. If there were any more seasons, it would doubtless still be to the fore.

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Right now, when all the managers have been fired, the new ones hired and promised that "we'll have a hustling team this year," live baseball news is rather scarce; so now comes the balloting for the— if anyone is—to be elected to Baseball's Hall of Fame. In his New

Arthur Daley

The door to the Baseball Hall of Fame operates like a door controlled by a electric eye which has gone out of whack. The dang thing just won't open nohow. Every year at this time a ballot arrives in the mail from the indefatigable secretary of the Baseball Writers Association, Kenesaw Mountain Smith, who has been trying to resign as secretary for twenty years only to have the boys ignore him. The frustrated and unrelieved Smitty dispatches his ballots to the electorate and notes

The press box tenants again failed to agree last year by the required 75 per cent ratio on any candidate for the Valhalla in Cooperstown. Melvin Thomas Ott, a midget slugger who played at being a Giant, came closest and almost got one foot on the threshold. He drew 115 votes. He needed 126 to

in his face. This meant that fifty-two baseball writers, fellows who supposedly know what they are doing, didn't think Master Melvin rated a niche among the diamond

Why Ottie didn't land in Cooperstown on the very first bounce will remain an unfathomable mystery to this reporter. He has every thing in his favor. The stocky little fellow is the undisputed home-run king of the National League, third in rank on the all-time lists to Babe Ruth and Jimmy Foxx. He holds a bushel basket full of records, H

and hid one of the strongest, deadliest of throwing arms. As an all-around player he rates ahead of lots of those already in the Hall of Fame. Master Melvin even has running in his favor the not unimportant element of popularity. Admittedly the election to Cooperstown is not a popularity contest but those writers who let their emotions rule their vote for those they like, by-passing those they dislike. But Ottie can close to being No. 1 in the election of most baseball tenants. His no-

If he doesn't make it this time, there should be a Congressional

Let's not drop that popular business until we've discussed the second of the ten names that the ballot demands. Bill Terry enjoyed not even a fraction of Ottie's popularity. Few typewriter pounders regarded him as a pin-up boy. Most of them hated him. However, there has been a noticeable change in recent years. Old hatreds buried themselves out and Terry, the traveler, began coming into his

On the basis of these facts

CUTTING DOWN TWO PLASTIC CLOTHESPIN AND
ATTACHING PRONGS TO DRAWER SIDE WITH SHORT

These annual elections are limited to ball players who operated in the previous quarter century. This one includes those from 1925 on. That indicates that the clock is be-

Whoops! We're running out of space with room left in the column on the ballot for just two names. Here they are, Ted L. and Dizzy Dean.

Actually, he is not touching Senesky.

Lydia E. Plinkham's WASSER