

WHITE SOX NOTES

THE hopes of the fans in Comiskey's neighborhood of the Windy City seem to be pretty largely pinned on the work of Jimmy Callahan. The team is one of great inherent strength with some notably strong points and some which are not so strong. But the main strength of the White Sox has always been not so much in the presence of one or two individual stars as in the fighting spirit of the whole club. The genius of fielder Jones was made evident not alone in his wonderful work in the outfield but even more in the vim and energy with which he was wont to enthuse his men. And the way he sailed through a season, beating down a number of stronger competitors by the way, won a pennant when no one even conceded him a possible chance and then defeated the matchless team with which Frank Chance had downed his hated rivals, the Giants, in the very season when the Cubs were at their strongest and best, is an admirable illustration of his wonderful fighting spirit.

To be sure the Sox were always good fielders, and then there was Ed Walsh to be reckoned with. But, after all, a pitcher cannot take part in all the games of a season like an outfielder or a shortstop; and Walsh, while he has always been a tower of strength, and while he may always be counted upon to win his full share of games—he alone cannot wring from seven other clubs single handed the pennant for which all are striving so strenuously. Walsh, to be sure, is not the only star, though he is the most conspicuous one, but the White Sox will not win—if they do win—on their stars. They will win on that combination of team play and wonderful fighting enthusiasm which has made them dreaded on every battlefield in the American League and which has made them triumph repeatedly over their intrinsically stronger foes, the Cubs.

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And this spirit can be rightly instilled into a club only by their manager. It is the leader who leads, who directs and who inspires his men, and if he be deficient in fighting spirit his team mates cannot be expected to supply the required energy. So it is strictly up to Jimmy Callahan.

And Chicago supporters of the American League do not think for a minute that their confidence has been misplaced in the choice of a leader who will lead them to victory. Callahan has won a reputation for gameness which it would be hard to equal. And while he has never before had an opportunity to show his talents in the position of major league manager, he has had a long and useful training in directing the affairs of a scrappy club which, for several years, held a high place in the esteem of their fellow towns people.

Callahan is the only genuine dyed in the wool come back of recent years. Donlin, of the Giants, demonstrated his ability to hit in the closing weeks of last season, and he showed pretty conclusively that the old-time temper which has made him the popular hero of many a diamond scrimmage in the old days was still as hot and energetic as ever. But after all, Donlin did not succeed in shaking all the stiffness out of his legs, though he may be expected to do so this year before the season is ended. Donlin, therefore, was not a complete thorough come back, but at best merely showed possibilities. But there was no doubt whatever about Jimmy Callahan and his condition. From the first he took a foremost place among the most energetic of his team mates and showed that he could make the very youngest hustle to keep up with him, and he showed also those rough ready qualities of leadership which have stamped him from the first as a logical choice for big League management.

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