

Dykes' Dilemma

BY RAY KELLY

EVEN in fantastic Palm Beach, where the unusual is the usual, it was a strange sight indeed. Waving gently in the breeze from atop the flag pole in the Palm Beach ball park was a pair of pants.

The temporarily bewildered owner of the trousers stood at the base of the pole trying desperately to retain what dignity is left to a man in the middle of a baseball park attired in a pair of gaudy-colored shorts; while an hilarious group of baseball players gathered around him, giving out with advice to the good-natured victim — the zaniest, most likable baseball “bug” in the country.

The victim of this outrage was a gentleman named C. Lloyd Fisher. He’s a little fellow on the shady side of fifty who is remembered as the firebrand lawyer of the Lindbergh kidnapping case. His losing defense of the executed Bruno Hauptmann is still regarded in legal circles as masterful courtroom strategy.

Fisher seldom talks about the Lindbergh case any more — especially around a baseball camp. For, as he explains, “I work hard ten months a year and then go South to

forget business and have a good time.” It was the Fisher idea of a good time that brought on — or off — the pants episode.

The Philadelphia Athletics of the American League were only getting even with a big-league practical joker who has been hazing players since 1924. That was the year Fisher discovered the abundance of laughs to be had at a training camp.

Lloyd prefers to use Athletics’ manager Jimmy Dykes, or general manager Arthur Ehlers, as the main targets for his gags. But players and sports writers also receive his attention.

One afternoon when Dykes retired to the clubhouse, Fisher moved to the outfield and elected himself whip-cracker for the galley slaves. “Dykes sent me out here to see that you guys do this thing right,” he yelled. Then he followed up with a steady stream of invective directed at individual players. It made easy listening for the several hundred spectators, and Fisher was having the time of his life, when suddenly thirty-six brawny young men ganged up on him.

An amateur timer in the stands estimated that it required fifty-four seconds to separate Fisher from his trousers and get them hoisted. All the onlookers howled.

The "A's" wouldn't trade Fisher for any other fan. They like to have him around, and to prove it, Dykes, Ehlers, and the others went to much trouble arranging a roistering welcome for the Flemington, New Jersey, barrister early last March.

They hired a marching band with plenty of drum music, ordered huge placards with ribald legends, and recruited two of West Palm Beach's heftiest detectives, who had explicit instructions to march the arrival to the town calaboose — handcuffed, of course — for questioning as a suspicious character.

But they were dealing with one of the shrewdest attorneys in the country. Fisher spoiled the show. He arrived a day ahead of schedule, got off the rear of the train, and walked unannounced into his hotel lobby, which was packed with ball players.

"Afternoon, boys," he deadpanned.

He said exactly the same thing to Dykes and Ehlers two weeks later in a hotel room at Havana, Cuba. It was 4:30 A.M., and two of the most indefatigable guitar players in Latin America, plus a leather-lunged singer of rhumba songs, had just finished serenading the two club officials. For a full hour, no less.

Dykes sought retaliation. He sent the room clerk five dollars to give Fisher a 6 o'clock call. But Lloyd

forestalled this . . . he gave the same gent ten dollars *not* to make the call.

"Dees," said the bewildered room clerk, "is somtings." "Dos crazee Yonkees."

AS ONE might suspect, Fisher is a frustrated baseball player. His small size and "that curve ball" hampered his progress so much that, perforce, he fell into the directing end; but, of course, in mere vocal and business roles — playing them up to the frenetic hilt.

In 1920 Fisher organized the first big-time semi-pro baseball team in his part of the country. Among the players he drafted for this original project was Charlie Berry, later an A's catcher and now one of the top umpires in the American League.

He and Berry became fast friends, and it led to Fisher's first taste of life in the raw at a major-league training base. He accompanied Berry to the Athletics base at Fort Myers, Florida, in 1931.

"Had so much fun I just kept going back every spring," he says.

Fisher, who firmly believes Dykes to be the greatest manager in the game, is practically a commuter between Flemington, Philadelphia, and New York during the season.

Surprisingly enough, Lloyd is one of the few mortals unable to spot any big difference between old-time ball players and the present crop. "They all fall for the same gags," he chuckles.

COMMUNISTS

and the

NEW DEAL

By J. B. Matthews

THERE were a thousand Alger Hisses in the federal government in the New Deal-Fair Deal era.

Scarcely had Franklin D. Roosevelt taken his hand off the Bible at high noon of March 4, 1933, having solemnly sworn to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States," before word went out from Washington that the doors of federal employment were wide open to Communists and Socialists, to say nothing of the hordes of crackpot and fake liberals.

It is literally true that these ideologists of dubious loyalty, if not outright disloyalty, were in many instances circularized with the tidings that Washington thenceforth would be an open city.

What, one may ask, has become of the other nine hundred ninety-nine Hisses? At least two others, Carl Marzani and William W. Remington, were, like Hiss, convicted of perjury. The remaining nine hundred and ninety-seven, whenever exposed or detected, were smarter than Hiss and Remington. They ex-

ercised their constitutional privilege under the Fifth Amendment and refused to incriminate themselves, an escape which was equally open to Hiss and Remington. The latter agents of the Kremlin chose, however, to commit perjury and were caught. They might have gone scot-free, like the Abts, the Witts, the Pressmans, and the rest.

The number "one thousand" is strictly a figure of speech. There were, of course, many more than that number of security risks employed in the federal government during the New Deal-Fair Deal era; and some of them are still holding government jobs in Washington. In the summer of 1940, Martin Dies declared: "There are not less than two thousand outright Communists and Party-liners still holding jobs in the government in Washington." Dies' estimate was conservative.

Recognition of the Soviet Union

AFTER the election of 1932, but before the New Dealers took over Washington the following