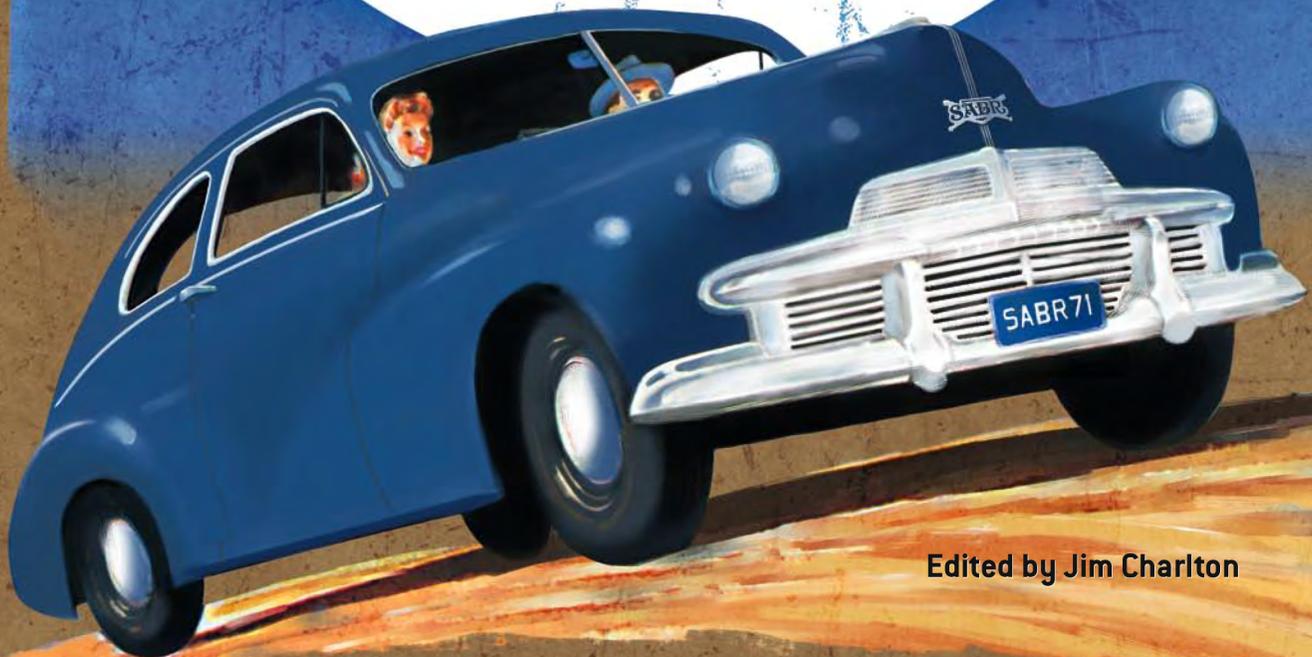


**SOCIETY ^{FOR} AMERICAN
BASEBALL RESEARCH**

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ROAD TRIPS

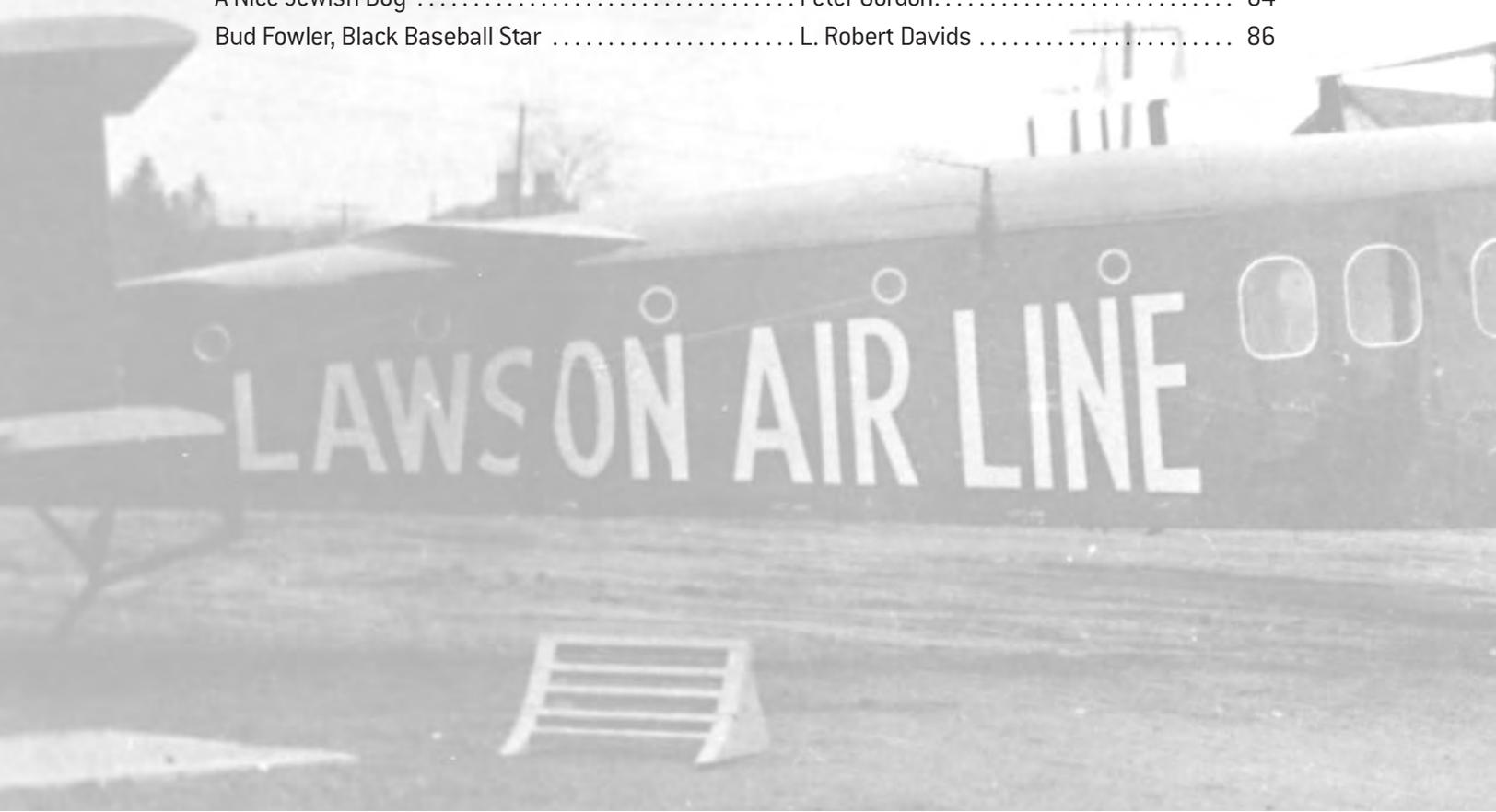
A TRUNKLOAD OF GREAT ARTICLES
FROM TWO DECADES OF
CONVENTION JOURNALS



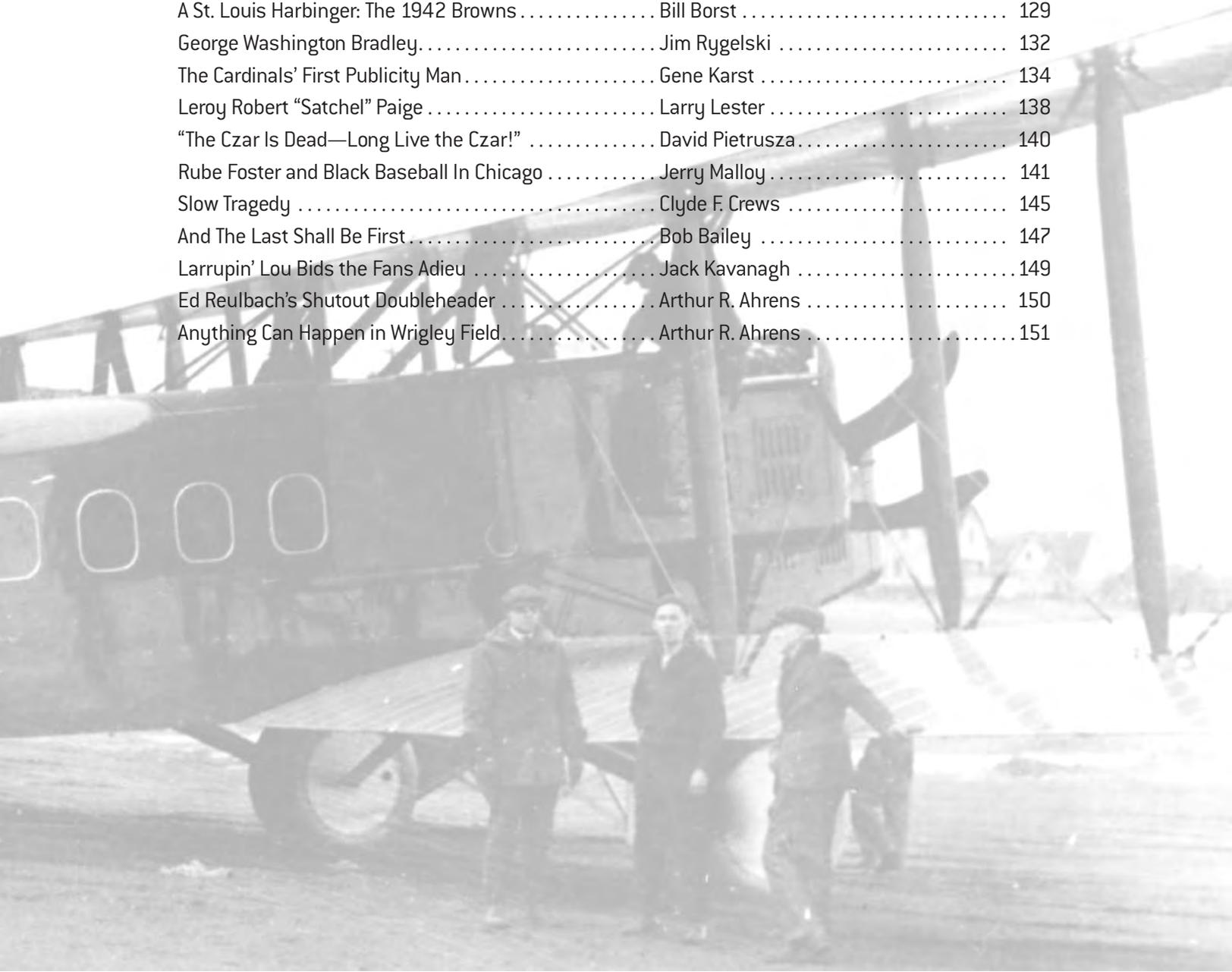
Edited by Jim Charlton

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INTRODUCTION

SABR had its first convention, if it can be described as that, in 1971 when 17 people heeded the call to meet in Cooperstown, New York. Arlington, Chicago, and Philadelphia, with an attendance of 40, followed. Attendance reached 100 in 1979 in St. Louis, 300 in 1984 in Oakland, and topped 700 in Boston in 2002.

Not until 1984, in Providence, was the first “convention journal” published. John Thorn and Mark Rucker discovered at the Hall of Fame a series of columns written in June-July 1928 by William Perrin, a sportswriter who was present during the 1878-85 years when Providence was a member of the National League. His lively writing, his meticulous research, and his recollections and anecdotes are fascinating to read even after all these years. Mark and John gathered these columns and this became SABR’s first convention publication. By 1986 in Chicago, the publication featured original articles written about ballparks, rivalries, players, and teams of that city. The convention journal was now firmly established.

I have not met anyone who has attended every convention, or at least has every convention journal. Even the SABR office has fewer than half on its shelves. So it is safe to say that no one has read all of these articles. Gathering together a complete set of journals was not easy. I want to thank John Zajc, Len Levin, Lyle Spatz, John Thorn, and Evelyn Begley who helped contribute to this full set. That was the difficult task; reading the articles was enjoyable part.

The two decades of writings represented here include essays by some of SABR’s finest researchers and authors, a number of whom have passed away since these first appeared. These include Bob Davids, Jack Kavanagh, Joe Overfield, and Gene Karst. I am pleased that their essays, as well as the others published here, will now be more widely read.

Something to note. Instead of asking members like David Smith and Norman Macht to supply anecdotal fillers for the occasional half-page blank, which we’ve done for the annual journals, we have used photographs instead. These all have a travel & baseball theme, and are set off from the photos that accompany articles.

Jim Charlton

Murdered Horsehide

by Mike Holden

On August 19, 1958, the Douglas Copper Kings of the Class-C Arizona-Mexico League recorded a home run feat never before accomplished in organized baseball—the Copper Kings hit nine home runs and every player in the lineup contributed one round-tripper.

In the record-setting contest, Douglas faced the Chihuahua Dorados in Ciudad Delicias, a small town about 50 miles southeast of Chihuahua, Mexico, before a slim crowd of 614. The Copper Kings connected for single home runs in the second and third innings, two in the fourth and four in the seventh. When catcher Dick Binford came to the plate for Douglas in the eighth inning, he was the only player who had not gone deep but he smashed a homer to secure his team's place in baseball history.

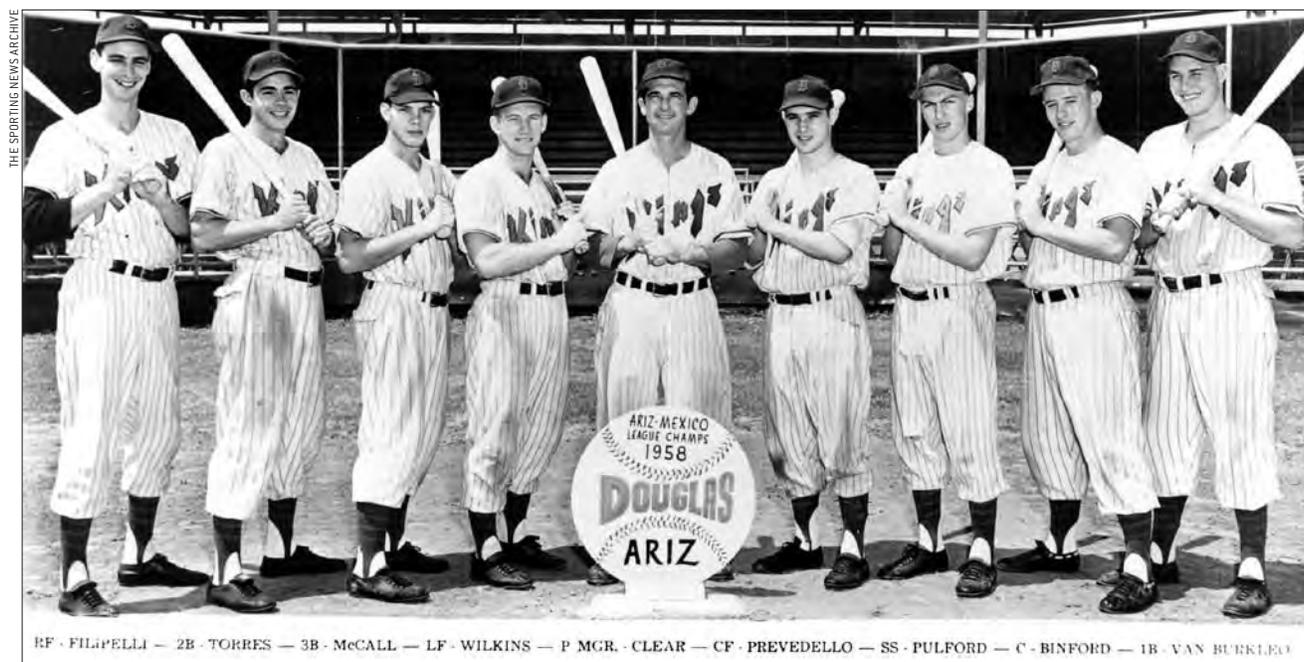
The nine home run hitters for Douglas were Don Pulford, ss; Andy Prevedello, cf; Ron Wilkins, lf; Frank Van Burkleo, 1b; Luis Torres, 2b; Fred Filipelli, rf; Darrel McCall, 3b; Rich Binford, c; and Manager Bob Clear, p. Douglas won the slugfest, 22-8. In addition to the homers, the Copper Kings collected 14 other hits, with Wilkins pacing the attack with a six-for-six performance. Douglas scored in all but one inning. Blanked in the sixth frame, the Copper Kings came back to score six runs in the seventh. The game was stopped after eight innings because of darkness.

Bob Clear, who was the Copper Kings' starting pitcher and manager in the contest, still works in pro baseball as the Anaheim

Angels' roving special assignment instructor. In an interview a couple of years ago, Clear described the 1958 event as "just one of those things that happens in baseball." When reflecting on Douglas' accomplishment, you would think that a homer from the pitcher's spot in the order would be the most difficult to get. Clear did recall that he hit his home run in the middle innings and he was happy that setting the record did not rest on his shoulders late in the ball game. But Clear, who played minor league baseball for 19 years, had demonstrated some power that season by belting four home runs in 119 at-bats. Looking back, Douglas' most unlikely home run hitter that afternoon was left fielder Ronnie Wilkins, who connected for only two round-trippers in 46 games.

The Douglas and Tucson newspapers the following day wrote that the Copper Kings' performance set "what is believed to be a minor league record." That claim has continued to be asserted over the next forty years and it appears no one has ever found another professional game where Douglas' feat of "nine homers by nine different players" had ever been accomplished. While nine players hitting home runs is clearly a "once-in-a-century" oddity, the Copper Kings' 22-run offensive barrage on August 19 was not overly surprising considering that the Arizona-Mexico League was a hitter's league in 1958. In fact, a brief article in *The Sporting News* on August 27, 1958 describing Douglas' accomplishment pointed out that "slugfests are a frequent occurrence in the Arizona-Mexico League." The overall league batting average that season was .302 and the circuit's most potent offensive club—the Nogales Mineros—batted .317 with 157 home runs and 924 runs scored, a average of 7.7 runs per contest.

Douglas went on to win the Arizona-Mexico League title in 1958 by two games over second-place Tucson. The Copper Kings finished with a 68-52 record. But 1958 proved to be the final year for the Arizona-Mexico League and for minor league baseball in the small mining town of Douglas, Arizona.



THE SPORTING NEWS ARCHIVE

RF · FILIPELLI — 2B · TORRES — 3B · McCALL — LF · WILKINS — P MGR · CLEAR — CF · PREVEDELLO — SS · PULFORD — C · BINFORD — 1B · VAN BURKLEO

SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

Gary Gentry's Gem

by Rodney Johnson

Courtesy of Arizona State University Sports Information Office.

On October 14, 1969, Gary Gentry pitched 6 $\frac{2}{3}$ shutout innings against the Orioles, and then got relief help from Nolan Ryan as New York beat Baltimore 5-0 to take a two-games-to-one lead in the World Series. Of course the Mets went on to shock Baltimore and win the Fall Classic in five games.

While that World Series victory 30 years ago may have represented the high point of Gentry's career, the right-handed hurler performed a far more remarkable feat two years earlier in what was probably the greatest game in the history of Arizona baseball.

On Friday, May 19, Arizona State hosted the University of Arizona in the first game of a three game series that would decide the Western Athletic Conference Southern Division championship. The game, played at Mesa's Rendezvous Park, was won by ASU behind a Gary Gentry shut out. It was the second time Gentry had shut out the Wildcats in the season, both times by identical 3-0 scores.

The next day the two teams split a double header with ASU winning the afternoon contest 3-0 and dropping the nightcap 7-2. The split left both clubs with 7-5 conference records and set up a one-game playoff for the division title. ASU's overall record stood at 43-9 while U of A was at 35-14. Athletic directors Clyde Smith of ASU and Dick Clausen of Arizona tossed a coin to see which school would host the playoff. Smith won the toss for the Devils. With a day off on Sunday, the playoff was scheduled for Monday night at 8:00 p.m. at Phoenix Municipal Stadium. The winner of the game would go on to play Brigham Young University, the northern division champ, for the WAC title and a district 7 playoff bid that could lead to the College World Series.

Sun Devil's coach Bobby Winkles tabbed Gentry to start the game on the mound even though it had been only two days since his complete game four-hitter against the 'Cats. Arizona's Frank Sancet named John Hosmer, a lefty with a 7-1 record, to oppose Gentry.

An overflow crowd of 8,314 was shoehorned into Phoenix Muni to watch the longtime rivals play for the league crown. Coming into the game, Arizona was ranked ninth nationally and ASU was number 11. The Arizona Republic reported that, "Since Gentry has had only two days rest, coach Bobby Winkles may be forced to use either Tom Burgess or Jeff Pentland, if help is needed in the later innings." Gentry, now a Phoenix businessman, said he had other ideas. "I didn't believe in relief pitchers. I always thought

you should finish what you started. Today they talk about quality starts. What the hell is that? A guy goes six innings then they go to a setup man, then to the closer. When I pitched, your starter would go until he couldn't go anymore. There was no way I was coming out of that game with Arizona until it was decided." What Gentry didn't know was that the game would last more than four hours and go on for 15 innings.

Arizona jumped out on top 1-0 in the first inning when outfielder Rich Hinton doubled to drive in Terry DeWald who had opened the game with a single and gone to second on a wild pitch. Hinton, a sophomore from Marana, was the hero of Saturday's game as he pitched a one-hitter against the Devils to force the playoff game. The Wildcats struck for another run in the fifth inning with the help of an error.

Hosmer reached first base on a walk. DeWald hit a grounder to shortstop Jack Lind who stepped on second for the force and then threw wildly to first, hitting Hosmer in the head. The ball bounced into the stands and DeWald was awarded second. He then scored on Hinton's single to right to make the score 2-0. The Sun Devils came back with a run in the bottom half of the inning when Gentry singled and scored on a triple by second baseman Fred Nelson

ASU tied the game in the sixth when Randy Bobb reached first on an error by third baseman Marty Hall, then went to second on a passed ball and scored on a double down the third base line by Dave Grangaard. Hosmer was done. He had pitched well, striking out the side in both the first and second innings and finished with nine strikeouts in 5 $\frac{1}{3}$ innings. Steve Brasher came on to pitch for the Wildcats.

On they played into the night. Each inning Winkles would ask Gentry how he felt. Every inning the answer was the same. "Fine." Before going out each inning, Gentry popped four sugar pills to give him a boost. "I don't know if they really helped or not," Gentry says today. "I thought they did at the time, so I guess that's all that matters. One thing they did for certain was keep me awake. When I got home after the game, I didn't get to sleep until about 5:00 a.m." Gentry took the last three remaining sugar tablets before he went to the mound for the 15th inning. After issuing a leadoff walk to Eddie Leon, Gentry struck out the side bringing his total to 18 for the game, a new WAC record.

John Olson, now one of three official scorers for the Diamondbacks, was there that night. "Even though we (the fans) wanted ASU to win, there was a part of us that didn't want to see the game end." Olson said. "What a great game it was."

In the bottom of the 15th, Randy Bobb opened the frame with a single to left and then went to second on Ralph Carpenter's sacrifice bunt. Gentry sat in the dugout thinking about not having any more sugar pills and hoping that the Devils could end the game right there. "I was thinking that no matter what, I was going to finish that game. I didn't want to have to go out there again, but I was ready to if it came to that," remembered Gentry. Then at 17 minutes past midnight, Jack Lind smashed a drive to deep right field to score the winning run and end the greatest game in the

history of ASU baseball. Bedlam broke loose as the Devils mobbed Lind. Winkles said "Considering the pressure, that has to be the greatest pitching performance I've ever seen. I'd have to say he's (Gentry) the greatest pitcher I've ever had."

That night Gentry threw 208 pitches, struck out 18, gave up two runs, one earned, on nine hits and walked five. He wasn't through. The following Saturday, Gentry went the distance in a 4-3 win against BYU to wrap up the WAC title.

He struck out 16 in that game. In the district 7 playoffs, Gentry won again, beating Air Force. In the College World Series he won two more games including another iron man performance in a complete game, 14-inning, 4-3 win against Stanford. The two marathon performances remain the longest outings for pitchers in ASU history. The Devils went on to win their second College World Series and Gentry was named to the CWS team as well as being named as an All-American and the 1967 Sporting News College Player of the Year. In all, Gentry went 17-1 with 13 complete games, six shut outs, a 1.14 ERA and a school record 229 strikeouts.

At Phoenix College in 1966, Gentry's team won the Jr. College National Championship, then the title at ASU in 1967 followed by minor league titles at Williamsport of the Eastern League and Jacksonville of the International League. Of course he followed those up with the 1969 World Series victory with the Mets. And which was the biggest thrill? "Of course it's nice to win, but none of them was really that big of a thrill," said Gentry. "I always expected to win so it was more of a shock when I lost as opposed to a thrill when I won."

Injuries finally ended his Major League career in 1975 but up until then, from his days at Camelback High School to pitching for the Atlanta Braves, Gentry was always ready to take the ball. While the Sun Devils were celebrating their dramatic win over Arizona, Gentry was in the shower. Finally Winkles called him out to be with the team. Clad only in a towel, Gary slyly smiled and said "What do you want coach? Want me to play a little catch with someone?" He was still ready.

GENTRY'S 15-INNING MASTERPIECE

ARIZONA	AB	R	H	BI	ARIZONA STATE	AB	R	H	BI
DeWald, 2b	7	2	1	0	Nelson, 2b	7	0	2	1
Hinton, lf	6	0	3	2	Davini, c	5	0	0	0
Leon, ss	6	0	0	0	Reid, cf, rf	5	0	3	0
Hall, 3b	7	0	1	0	Pentland, rf	5	0	0	0
Stitt, cf	7	0	0	0	Linville, cf	2	0	0	0
Welton, rf	3	0	1	0	Bobb, 1b	7	1	1	0
Sefferovich, rf	1	0	0	0	Detter, pr	0	1	0	0
Hunt, ph	0	0	0	0	Carpenter, lf	6	0	1	0
Worley, pr-lf	1	0	0	0	Grangaard, 3b	7	0	1	1
Wicklund, 1b	6	0	1	0	Lind, ss	7	0	3	1
McMackin, c	5	0	2	0	Gentry, p	6	1	1	0
Hosmer, p	1	0	0	0		-	-	-	-
Basher, p	3	0	0	0		-	-	-	-
	53	2	9	2		57	3	12	3

ARIZONA	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	-	2
ARIZONA STATE	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3

E: Hall, Sefferovich 2, Lind 2, Gentry. DP: Bobb, Lind, Bobb; Gentry, Lind, Nelson. LOB: Arizona 11; ASU 15. 2B: Grangaard, Lind. 3B: Nelson. SB: Leon SAC: Brasher, Carpenter.

PITCHING	IP	H	R	ER	BB	SO
Hosner	5.1	5	2	1	3	9
Brasher (L)	9	7	1	1	1	5
Gentry (W)	15	9	2	1	5	18

WP: Gentry, Hosmer; PB: McMackin.
 Umpires: Moore, Dossey, Castro, Cook.
 TIME 4:17 ATTENDANCE: 8,314

The Birth of the American League

by Bob Buege

Ask a baseball fan, what is the only city that has been the home of two different teams in the American League and two in the National League, all since 1900? Without thinking, many will say New York—which is, of course, wrong. The correct answer is Milwaukee. Beertown has been home to the National League Braves (1953-1965) and Brewers (1997-present). Before the Brewers switched leagues, they were an American League franchise (1970-1996). And long before the defunct Seattle Mariners moved to the shores of Lake Michigan, way back in 1901, the Milwaukee Brewers were charter members of baseball's junior circuit until they were unceremoniously transformed into the St. Louis Browns.

Even most baseball “experts,” though, including those who know about the 1901 Milwaukee Brewers, are not aware that Milwaukee was, in fact, the birthplace of the American League. More than a century ago, in a room inside a long-forgotten Milwaukee hotel, a small group of baseball entrepreneurs and pioneers met and changed the history of major league baseball.

The new league evolved slowly. In 1892 long-time St. Louis Browns first baseman-manager Charlie Comiskey took over the same positions with the Cincinnati club when the National League and the American Association merged. Comiskey had begun his professional baseball career in Milwaukee as a \$35-a-month pitcher for a team called the Alerts. In Cincinnati, Comiskey enjoyed only modest success, but he had the good fortune to become a drinking buddy of a pudgy sportswriter named Byron Bancroft “Ban” Johnson. Comiskey helped Johnson become president of the Western League, and in 1895 Comiskey joined his league. With the financial backing of Milwaukee businessman George Heaney, Comiskey became owner-manager of the Sioux City club, promptly moving it to St. Paul.

At the same time, Cornelius McGillicuddy (Connie Mack) was managing the Pittsburgh Pirates to a level of mediocrity. In 1897 he found his way to Milwaukee to manage the Brewers in the Western League. He took up residence in a downtown hotel called the Republican House. Another resident of the Republican House was Matthew Killilea, a Milwaukee attorney who was president and part owner of the Brewers. Also within the same hotel was the law office of Henry Killilea, brother of Matt and co-owner of the Milwaukee Brewers. What's more, Henry Killilea just happened to be the lawyer, confidant, and close friend of Ban Johnson. Henry Killilea would remain counsel to the American League for as long as Johnson remained president.

Whenever Ban Johnson visited Milwaukee, which was often, he

was a house guest of Henry Killilea. In summer and early autumn of 1899, Johnson and Killilea frequently discussed Johnson's long-held intention of making the Western League into a second major league, to challenge the National League. Killilea's daughter, Florence Boley, recalled at the time of Johnson's death, “My father often told the story of how the American League was organized at our old home at 1616 Grand Avenue.” She remembered Johnson, her father, and Charlie Comiskey, among others, laying the plans for the new league.

Also present in the meeting were Matt Killilea, Milwaukee meatpacker Fred C. Gross, and local boxing promoter Tom Andrews. By Andrews' description, this was no ordinary meeting. “Unlike most meetings among baseball men of that time,” Andrews said, “our gathering had no refreshments. As Johnson said, ‘Boys, we are here for business.’”⁶

The business was a new league to challenge the National League. Johnson's message in Killilea's parlor invoked fire and brimstone: “Our idea of forming a new major league is to invade the larger eastern cities. Don't be discouraged if the National League tries to bluff us. Fight them with fire, gentlemen!”⁷

The first visible sign of the fight occurred on October 11, 1899, when the Western League convened its annual meeting in the Great Northern Hotel in Chicago. The meeting began in late afternoon, and within five minutes, W. F. C. Golt of Indianapolis made a motion, seconded by James Franklin of Buffalo, to change the name of the league to the American League. Initially the Milwaukee contingent opposed the change, but after a brief discussion, the vote was announced as unanimous in favor of the new name.⁸

Despite its nominal existence, however, the American League had yet to be created. After conducting some routine business—formally awarding the pennant, reading and approving the annual report—the owners broke for the evening. At 11:00 the next morning they reconvened. After agreeing to lengthen the season to 140 games, the owners and representatives adjourned at 2:00 P.M. until the spring meeting on March 14. At adjournment the league still included teams in St. Paul and Grand Rapids, although both were expected to move. Comiskey's St. Paul club appeared headed for Toronto, but Cleveland was also mentioned.⁹

According to *Chicago Inter-Ocean* of October 12, 1899, “This much is certain, there will be a club in Chicago, with Tom Loftus [of Grand Rapids] at the head of it.”¹⁰ Loftus did not attend the meeting; he was attending the funeral of his former partner back in Michigan. The next day, however, the *Evening Wisconsin* reported, “The prospective holder of the prized Chicago franchise, it has developed, will not be Tom Loftus, as had been predicted, but Charley Comiskey . . . Loftus, if he wanted it, can have the other new location, which, if expectations are realized, will be Toronto.”¹¹

Completion of the new league's eight-team alignment faced several obstacles. First and foremost, the placing of a club in Chicago would constitute a clear challenge to baseball's National

Agreement. Under this agreement, all minor leagues pledged to respect the territorial rights of the National League and to yield their players to the "draft rights" of the established major league at established prices. Ban Johnson's clear intent was to violate that agreement.

Between the name change on October 11, 1899, and the start of March, 1900, surprisingly little was accomplished toward the creation of the new American League. Newspapers across the country reported continual rumors and threats concerning the future of major league baseball. The apparent strategy of the National League to combat an incursion on its Chicago territory was to intimidate Johnson and his allies with talk of placing rival minor league teams in American League cities. "That scheme of a revival of the old Western League is extremely practicable," said Jim Hart, president of Chicago's National League club, "and I have little doubt that it will be started."¹²

Hart went on to say, "The National League rarely bluffs. Baseball without the National Agreement don't amount to a pinch of snuff. This [Western] league can be organized under the protection of the National Agreement by simply sending out contracts and signing players. In a day or so, everything ready and no brain worry."¹³



Johnson received Hart's threat of competition with amusement. "The next thing we know," Johnson said, "he will be planning a baseball tour over to that region across the Styx with the idea of playing with snowballs and batting with icicles."¹⁴

Comiskey was no more intimidated than was Johnson. "I will either have a team in Chicago or else go on the police force," Commie said. "I am tired of being the filler for the Western League. . . . I shouldn't want to travel a beat, but I guess I could if worst came to the worst. I am pretty near six feet tall and weigh over 180 pounds. I ought to be able to qualify as a policeman."¹⁵

Meanwhile the National League faced internal troubles. With failing franchises in a number of cities, the league looked to reorganize and consolidate. After eight years as a 12-team league, it looked to reduce its number of clubs, preferably to eight. Less than two months before opening day, however, it remained in flux. Ban Johnson ignored the National League's threats and went about assembling his new American League. Besides Chicago, another obstacle Johnson encountered was Cleveland.

The NL team in that city in 1899, the Spiders, had set a new standard of futility, winning only 20 games while losing 134. The National League dropped the Cleveland franchise, but owner/president Robison refused to allow an American League club to play in old League Park. In exchange for the use of the ballpark, Robison demanded that Johnson abandon his plan to locate Comiskey's club in Chicago.¹⁶

Johnson traveled to Cleveland on February 28 to negotiate with Robison. The former Cleveland owner remained adamant. Johnson, though, was not to be denied. He arranged for two new owners, wealthy businessmen Charles Somers and J. F. Kilfoyle, to purchase the Grand Rapids club and move it to Cleveland. Rather than continue trying to deal with Robison, they made plans to construct a new ballpark in Cleveland for \$12,000, in a more upscale neighborhood, to be completed in five weeks.¹⁷

On the evening of March 3, before returning home to Chicago, Johnson said, "I have worked on the Cleveland situation for weeks and weeks, and I am going away tonight the happiest baseball man that there is in the country, because I have solved the problem."¹⁸ Before boarding his train, Johnson sent a telegram to President Killilea of the Milwaukee Brewers: "Closed Cleveland deal to-day. Highly satisfactory. Come to Chicago to-morrow."¹⁹

Killilea did. He met with Johnson and Comiskey at the Great Northern Hotel. They discussed the success in Cleveland and strategized about Detroit. While Johnson had been in Cleveland, emissaries from Milwaukee, Gus Koch and J. D. O'Brien, had journeyed to Detroit with Johnson's blessing to buy the ball club if the opportunity arose. The league wanted the club to remain in Detroit but wanted to oust owner George A. Van Derbeck. James Bums, of whom Johnson approved, was attempting to purchase the team from the reluctant Van Derbeck; complicating the situation was a lawyer seeking additional alimony for the former Mrs. Van Derbeck.²⁰ In the Great Northern meeting, Killilea and Comiskey agreed with Johnson that the sale to Bums appeared

likely, but they agreed to send Koch and O'Brien to Detroit just in case.

That night Killilea took the train back to Milwaukee. The next afternoon Johnson and Comiskey did the same. They caught a cab from Union Depot to the Republican House and met Killilea in Room 185. Also joining them were Connie Mack and Killilea's brother, Henry. In the ensuing six hours on the night of March 5, 1900, baseball history was made.²¹

The discussion in the meeting centered on Chicago. They had long since decided to move Comiskey's club into Chicago; now was the time to actually do so. With Cleveland in the fold and Detroit needing only to resolve a few legal issues, the final piece of the American League puzzle was the Chicago franchise. But this was a poker game. The National League and American League were playing for high stakes, and neither wanted to show its cards. The Nationals had not yet decided how many teams they would have or in which cities they would play. To illustrate the point, just before the annual spring meeting of the National League, on March 7, Ed Hanlon of Baltimore said confidently, "You may safely say that it will be a ten-club league. I am in a position to know and that is my prediction."²² By the conclusion of the meeting, the National League had eight teams and Baltimore had been bought out.

If Comiskey filed articles of incorporation for his club in Chicago, as expected, the Windy City newspapers would be all over the story. That open declaration of war might influence the National League's meeting and subsequent actions. Ban Johnson spoke defiantly when the National League threatened to place Western League teams in American League cities: "All right; let them go ahead. I think it is a bluff to scare us out."²³

But he was no fool. He was not seeking a challenge. What Comiskey and Johnson did instead was to incorporate not in Chicago but in Milwaukee—in Room 185 of the Republican House. Comiskey was not a Milwaukee or Wisconsin resident, so the signatory officers of the club were three Milwaukee businessmen: George Heaney, the insurance tycoon whose backing first allowed Comiskey to become an owner in Sioux City and who resided in the Republican House; William Lachemhaier, a clothier whose shop was near the Republican House; and Charles Friedrich, an attorney in Henry Killilea's office. The signing of the incorporation papers was witnessed by Moritz Well, a notary public with office in the Republican House. Henry Killilea actually notarized the document.²⁴

By eleven o'clock that Monday night, when the meeting broke up, the American League Base Ball Club of Chicago had been signed into existence. On Thursday the document was recorded by the Milwaukee County Register or Deeds.²⁵ Eight days later, after the National League had reduced to eight teams, Johnson announced officially at an American League meeting in Chicago that Comiskey's team would make its home at the old cricket club grounds at 39th and Wentworth in Chicago.²⁶

That completed the American League's eight-team alignment. The following day President Hart of the Chicago National League

club conceded, saying that Comiskey's team could play in Chicago without violating the National Agreement and could use the name "White Stockings," a former National League team name, with the stipulation that the word "Chicago" not be part of the team name.²⁷ This semantic face-saver was readily accepted by Johnson and Comiskey. They figured that fans would know which city the White Stockings called home.

The incipient American League played one year as a minor league. After the season ended, the league reorganized, dropped its clubs in Indianapolis, Buffalo, Minneapolis, and Kansas City, and added new teams in the East: Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore. With its new eastern members, the league went from regional to "American." With two more teams in National League cities, it clearly had flouted the National Agreement's territorial rights. It also stopped allowing its players to be drafted by the National League. The National Agreement was broken. The American League in 1901 was, by its own proclamation and in practice, baseball's second "major" league.

NOTES

1. *Milwaukee Journal*, October 26, 1931.
2. *Milwaukee Sentinel*, January 24, 1929.
3. *Milwaukee Sentinel*, March 29, 1931.
4. *Milwaukee Journal*, March 29, 1931.
5. *Ibid.*
6. *Ibid.*
7. *Milwaukee Journal*, October 12, 1899.
8. *Ibid.*
9. *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, October 12, 1899.
10. *Evening Wisconsin*, October 13, 1899.
11. *Chicago Daily News*, March 1, 1900.
12. *Ibid.*
13. *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, March 2, 1900.
14. *Chicago Tribune*, March 3, 1900.
15. *Chicago Tribune*, March 1, 1900.
16. *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, March 8, 1900.
17. *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, March 4, 1900.
18. *Milwaukee Sentinel*, March 4, 1900.
19. *Detroit Free Press*, March 1, 1900.
20. *Chicago Tribune*, March 6, 1900.
21. *Milwaukee Sentinel*, March 6, 1900.
22. *Chicago Daily News*, March 7, 1900.
23. *Chicago Tribune*, March 13, 1900.
24. Articles of Incorporation of the American League Base Ball Club of Chicago, March 5, 1900 and City of Milwaukee Directory, 1900.
25. Recorded Articles of Incorporation, Henry A. Verges, Register of Deeds, March 8, 1900.
26. *Chicago Tribune*, March 17, 1900.
27. *Chicago Tribune*, March 18, 1900.

Did Boston Stay Separate Spahn from 400 Wins?

by Dan Schlossberg

Had he not pitched for the Boston Braves, Warren Spahn might have won 400 games. For one thing, he had the bad fortune to play for Casey Stengel, in Spahn's words, "before and after he was a genius." Stengel won 10 pennants in 12 years as manager of the Yankees from 1949 through 1960 but managed Spahn earlier, with the Boston Braves and, later, with the New York Mets.

He was managing the Braves when Spahn made his major league bow on April 19, 1942, but took an instant dislike to the kid left hander. In fact, Stengel made the worst prediction of his managerial career when he said Spahn had no future in the majors.

After the lefty refused an order to deck Dodger shortstop Pee Wee Reese, the manager sent him to Hartford, then in the Eastern League. Spahn returned in time to pick up his first complete game in the majors but didn't get a decision.

Leading the Giants, 5-2, in the seventh inning of the September 26 game at Braves Field, Spahn could smell victory. But the smell turned sour when youngsters who had been admitted to the park in exchange for ten pounds of scrap metal (vital to the war effort) stormed the field. Umpire Ziggy Sears forfeited the game to the New York Giants, but all player records counted—with the exception of winning and losing pitcher.

The '42 Braves went 59-89, finishing a distant seventh in an eight-team league, and certainly could have used Spahn's services. Things were so bad for the ball club that the *Boston Record* actually praised the motorist who flattened Stengel, fracturing his leg and idling him for the start of the '43 season. He was gone after that campaign, while Spahn's baseball career was placed on hold by the war.

Though the pitcher later became the only major leaguer to receive a World War II battlefield commission, the bars on his collar also extended his stay halfway into the 1946 season. By the time he posted the first of his 363 victories, a record for a left hander, Warren Spahn was 25 years old. Time wasn't on his side, but tenacity was a factor in his future.

With Spahn on the staff, the Braves finished fourth in 1946, third a year later, and first in 1948, the first time the Boston Braves reached the World Series since 1914.

Then came the fall: fourth in '49, '50, and '51 and seventh in an eight-team league in 1952, the team's last year in Boston before escaping the shadow of the Red Sox by fleeing to Milwaukee. In fact, the Boston Braves finished over .500 only once (83-

71 in 1950) after losing the 1948 World Series to the Cleveland Indians.

All those losing seasons weren't Warren Spahn's fault but didn't help his record either. He lost a career-worst 19 games in 1952 (despite a 2.98 ERA) and dropped 17, the second-worst total of his 21-year career, during a 21-win season in 1950. Since Spahn finished his career 37 victories shy of the 400 plateau, it's easy to see where a better ball club, a better relationship with his manager, and an earlier military discharge might have fattened his win total.

Had Stengel kept him in 1942, for example, the lefty might have won 12-15 games. Pitching for Hartford instead, the Buffalo native had a record of 17-13 accompanied by a microscopic 1.96 ERA. It was the second year in a row Spahn's ERA in the minors had been below 2.00.

The winner of a Bronze Star and Purple Heart, Spahn fought in the Battle of the Bulge and helped the Allies take the bridge at Remagen. He later spent time in Germany with the occupying forces. But his commission caused a delay in his return.

Spahn could have doubled his eight wins of 1946 had the army sent him home sooner; it was July before he won the first of his 363 victories.

The lefty's win total was also shortchanged in 1952, when Boston's offense was offensive to the team's pitchers. He finished with only 14 victories, hardly a Spahn-like total for a full season.

Though he had four of his thirteen 20-win seasons in Boston and twice led the league in victories (1949 and 1950), the southpaw suffered when his team sputtered. Pitching for those bad ball clubs between 1949 and 1952 cost him dearly in the win column. In fact, it seems safe to say Spahn could have topped his career peak of 23 wins, achieved for the Milwaukee Braves in both 1953 and 1963, with decent help from his hitters. In fact, he probably would have won 25 or more in any of the four years 1949-52, when he led the National League in strikeouts.

This is not to say Spahn was a bad pitcher in Boston. *Au contraire, monsieur*. He led the NL in starts, complete games, innings pitched, wins, and shutouts twice each and ERA once, in addition to the four strikeout crowns. He also established Boston Braves club records with 122 wins, four 20-win seasons, and 1,000 strikeouts.

Though '48 was his worst overall season until his skills left him in 1964, the high-kicking lefty won the mid-September game that put the Braves into first place for good. Pitching the distance, Spahn beat the Dodgers, 2-1, in 14 innings (later in his career, he pitched complete games that lasted 15 and 16 innings).

Spahn topped 300 innings pitched in 1949, one of two years in his career that he endured such a workload, and had a pair of high-strikeout games for the sad-sack 1952 team that drew only 281,278 fans. He whiffed 13 men in a nine-inning game and 18 in a 15-inning game, both Boston Braves club records. (Spahn later fanned a career-best 15 in a nine-inning game for the Milwaukee Braves while pitching one of his two no-hitters.)

Boston batters were baffled by the Cubs in the 15-inning game on June 15, but Spahn was not. His home run, one of the 35 he hit to set an NL record for pitchers, was the only run in a 2-1 loss.

Spahn's frustration in 1952 was assuaged a bit with the arrival that season of a rookie slugger named Eddie Mathews. The only man to play for the Braves in three different cities, Mathews would eventually join Spahn in the Baseball Hall of Fame. But not for what he did in Boston. The pitcher was clearly the best player on the last edition of the Boston Braves. He meant so much to the franchise, in fact, that management offered him a contract that would have paid him 10 cents a head, based on the team's home attendance, Spahn declined, failing to realize the gold mine the team would strike when it suddenly shifted from Boston to Milwaukee during 1953 spring training.

The move to Wisconsin helped the great left hander win a World Championship, a goal that eluded him in Boston. The Braves won only one flag, in 1948, during Spahn's tenure but failed to defeat the Cleveland Indians, who won in six games. But Spahn picked up a win with 5 1/3 innings of one-hit relief in Game Five.

That was the year of "Spahn and Sain and pray for rain," though the Boston pitching rotation was deeper than the puddles suggested by the rhyme.

Johnny Sain led the league with 24 wins, but Spahn was merely mortal, managing only 15 wins and a fat 3.71 ERA one year after leading the Senior Circuit in that department. "Spahn & Sain & pray for rain" had a nice ring to it, but Bill Voiselle (13) and Vern Bickford (11) filled out a respectable rotation for manager Billy Southworth.

Sain called him "one of the smartest men ever to play the game," while Whitlow Wyatt seconded the motion by saying, "Every pitch he throws has an idea behind it."

In his early days, Spahn relied on a fastball, curveball, and good control but later added a slider and screwball to his repertoire. He

blamed himself for helping Willie Mays maintain his berth in the major leagues.

In 1951, Spahn yielded the first of Mays's 660 home runs. "For the first 55 feet, it was a great pitch," he said later. As an afterthought, the pitcher conceded, "If only I had gotten him out, we might have gotten rid of Willie forever." Mays had been 0-for-24 before connecting against Spahn in the Polo Grounds.

Spahn, a high school first baseman who switched to pitching only when he couldn't budge an incumbent, could always counteract an enemy home run by hitting one himself. His desire to help himself may have stemmed from Opening Day 1942, when Spahn saw teammate Jim Tobin connect twice.

By the time Spahn was finished, he would not only rank fourth on the career home list for pitchers but have the exact same number of hits (363) and victories (363). He once hit .300 and won 20 games in the same season, a rare feat.

Without Casey Stengel's faux pas, the nation's military needs, and the sudden slide of the Boston Braves from champions to vagabonds, Warren Spahn would have achieved something even more rare: membership in the 400-win club. Only Cy Young and Walter Johnson belong.

"People say that my absence from the major leagues may have cost me a chance to win 400 games," he once said. "But I really don't know about that. I matured a lot in three years and think I was better equipped to handle major-league hitters at 25 than I was at 22. And I pitched till I was 44. Maybe I wouldn't have been able to do that otherwise."

NOTES

1. *Total Braves* (New York: Penguin), 76.

World Tour, February 1889. Giza Pyramids



NATIONAL BASEBALL LIBRARY, COOPERSTOWN, NY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Boston Baseball Tragedy

The Sad Tale of Marty Bergen

by Kerry Keene

While many believe that the darkest day in Boston sports history was the day Babe Ruth was sold to the Yankees, January 19, 1900, may well qualify as its most tragic. It was in the early hours of that Friday morning in the town of North Brookfield, Massachusetts, that Marty Bergen, star catcher for Boston's National League team, killed his wife and two children with an ax, then sliced his own throat with a razor. Though the 28-year-old North Brookfield native was thought for some time to have been experiencing severe mental problems, few believed he was capable of such a horrific act.

The brutally grim discovery was made that morning by Bergen's father, Michael, who had stopped by the farmhouse two miles outside of town to do a few chores. As he entered the kitchen he witnessed the startling sight of Bergen in a pool of blood with his throat cut and a razor resting on a table nearby. His six-year-old daughter Florence lay beside him with severe damage to her skull inflicted by the blunt end of an ax. In the next room, Bergen's wife, Harriet, was found lying in bed next to their three-year-old son Joseph, both with traumatic head wounds. A bloody long-handled ax was leaning in a doorway a few feet away.

The tragic news spread quickly through the small central Massachusetts town not far from Worcester. The newspapers would write, "It was the deed of a maniac executed in the most brutal manner." It was also said of Bergen that he was a clean-living, deeply religious, and devoted family man, and "when in his right mind, a better fellow never lived."¹

The landscape of sports in 1900 was such that the Boston Beaneaters, later known as the Braves, were the only professional sports team in the city. The Red Sox franchise was still over a year away from its inaugural season, and the National League team had the area's baseball fans all to itself. Bergen had debuted with Boston in 1896 and had been an integral part of the National League championship teams of '97 and '98. Many regarded him as one of the finest catchers in the league at that time—a very competent batsman with a deadly accurate throwing arm.

Bergen had earned a reputation early in his career for his erratic behavior and extreme eccentricities. Displaying what was likely severe paranoia, he was described by acquaintances as constantly giving the impression that someone was out to do him an injustice.² This trait seemed to become even more pronounced as his playing career went on.

In the spring of 1899 while Bergen was on a road trip in

Washington, one of his young sons passed away, and that tragedy pushed him closer to the brink of insanity. Many of his teammates, concerned about his mental state, were said to fear him, avoiding him whenever possible. It had become fairly common for Bergen to abandon the team without notice for days at a time. Manager Frank Selee, who led Boston to five NL pennants in the 1890s, could no longer tolerate his actions and seriously considered trading him to Cincinnati. Contacted at his Melrose, Massachusetts, home shortly after the gruesome crime, Selee observed, "His mental derangement, although noticeable from the time he became a member of the club, seemed to grow worse the past season."

In the wake of the heinous incident, it was told that Bergen had consulted physicians and clergymen alike in an effort to seek relief from the mania and delusions that were gripping him. Reverend Humphrey Wren of St. Joseph's Church reported that Bergen had been in to discuss his troubles six weeks prior and had appeared comforted by the priest's kind words. His physician, Dr. Louis Dionne, characterized him as having "been a maniac for years" and said that "his disease had finally overcome him."³

With the advent of modern psychiatry decades away, there was no effective method to deal with a condition that has become relatively easy to treat a century later. Hall of Fame outfielder Hugh Duffy, captain of the Boston team, echoed the sentiments of many upon learning of the tragedy. While acknowledging Bergen's excellence as a ballplayer, he added, "I have realized for a long while that Bergen has not been right. His personality has been an enigma to me ever since he joined the team, and knowing his melancholy moods and understanding so thoroughly how false were his ideas that the boys were all against him, a more serious outbreak was not altogether unexpected by me."

Only one teammate, star outfielder and future Hall of Famer Billy Hamilton, attended the funeral service. Also in attendance was East Brookfield native Connie Mack, who would begin his legendary 50-year reign as manager of the Philadelphia Athletics the following year.

The memory of the murder/suicide has now long faded into obscurity to the baseball public with the passage of a century. Yet it is hard not to speculate on the utterly intense media coverage such an incident would create if the equivalent were to occur today. An All-Star caliber athlete in the prime of his life and career, playing for one of the most successful pro sports franchises in the country, murdering his family in a psychopathic rage. The sad occurrence would likely spawn a movie and a book and be the topic of discussion on numerous television and radio talk shows.

NOTES

1. *Boston Globe*, January 20, 1900.
2. *Worcester Evening Gazette*.
3. *Boston Globe*, January 20, 1900.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Roland Hemond, “King of Baseball” *An Oral History*

by Bill Nowlin

Like the sea captains of an earlier era, Roland Hemond is a native New Englander who has sailed far and wide and worked in many ports along the way. A kid with a fervor for baseball, he started at the bottom sweeping out Hartford’s Bulkeley Stadium, home of the Hartford Chiefs, only to rise through the ranks and become general manager of two major league teams—the White Sox and the Orioles. He’s been an executive for seven teams and three times was named Major League Executive of the Year—by *The Sporting News* in 1972 with the White Sox and in 1989 with Baltimore and by United Press International in 1983 for his work with the White Sox.

Through the years, Hemond groomed such executives as Dave Dombrowski, Walt Jocketty, Dan Evans, and Doug Melvin. He helped create the Arizona Fall League and played a significant role in Team USA’s preparation for the Pan American Games and the 2000 Olympics.

In 2001, Hemond was recognized by the Society for American Baseball Research for his contributions to scouting, as SABR instituted the annual Roland Hemond Award. Hemond himself was its first recipient.

In December 2001, he was crowned “King of Baseball” by Minor League Baseball at its 2001 annual winter meetings banquet. Each year the minor leagues salute a baseball veteran for his years of service. *Baseball America* gave him its Distinguished Service Award as well, on the occasion of its 20th anniversary. The award recognized 12 people who had 20 or more years of service in the game and Roland was one of the 12, including Cal Ripken Jr.

In January 2002, Hemond received the Boston Baseball Writers Association’s most prestigious award, the Judge Emil E. Fuchs Award for “long and meritorious contributions to baseball.”

Hemond still manifests his passion for the game. While working with the White Sox as a special adviser to GM Ken Williams, he is able to devote time and energy to providing care for baseball people in need, to honoring others who have served, and to promoting baseball to young people. He’s also active, inspiring baseball research through SABR as an active member of Team SABR.

Roland Hemond was born in 1929 in Central Falls, Rhode Island, a textile mill community next to Pawtucket. It was a French-Canadian community and Roland did not speak English until he was about six years old. His father, Ernest, who worked as a bread delivery man, was born and raised in Rhode Island;

his mother, Antoinette, a seamstress, moved to the area from a suburb of Montreal when she was about 18. One time at a baseball convention, Hemond announced a trade in French, just for the fun of it.

A neighborhood teenager, Leo Laboissiere, befriended and invited Roland to his first Fenway Park game. When Laboissiere had to cancel at the last minute, the 10-year-old Roland made his way to Fenway and back—before admitting to his parents that his escort had been unable to accompany him.

I conducted three interviews with Roland Hemond, two by telephone and one in person, all in late 2001. Hemond then read the transcriptions to ensure accuracy. This is an abridged version of the full oral history. The complete version is contained on the SABR32 convention CD.

“I first fell in love with baseball about 1938. I was going on eight years old at the time and just fell in love with the Red Sox. I started playing on the corner playgrounds. Jimmie Foxx was my first hero; he had that MVP year in ‘38. When I went to my first game at Fenway and I saw that green grass, I was hooked. Then Ted Williams came on and Bobby Doerr. I was just a diehard Red Sox fan like so many other New Englanders.

I was a Braves fan also, but not as fanatical. I spent a lot of time at Pawtucket, at McCoy Stadium. I was there when it opened in 1942. Bump Hadley pitched that day. He was out of the major leagues by then, and he was the starting pitcher for, I think it was the Lynn team [of the New England League] pitching against Pawtucket. The Pawtucket Slaters. It was a semi-pro team at that time. Later on [after World War II] they went into the Class B New England League.

“I got up to Fenway about two or three times a year. I used to get there before the gates opened, because I was always hoping that Ted would be taking some extra hitting. My mother let me play hooky twice. Once, to see Bob Feller pitch. I think that was 1940 or ‘41. I said to my mother, ‘Mom, this is one of the great pitchers of all time.’ And she said, ‘Well, I guess it’s OK.’ I think he won 2-1.

“And the 1946 World Series also. I saw the fourth game. St. Louis won, 12-3. I sat in the center-field bleachers. I was there at like six o’clock in the morning. I went with some friends and sat in that little triangle in the center-field bleachers.”

Hemond, who once played against future Red Sox GM Lou Gorman in a Rhode Island state baseball championship game, joined the Coast Guard in 1947 and advanced to storekeeper first class, in charge of the pay records. He was stationed at Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn, New York, but still made his way to watch the Red Sox.

“I used to get to Yankee Stadium every chance I had when the Red Sox were in town, but they didn’t have much luck in those games.

“I was there on that 1949 Fourth of July game. The Red Sox had the bases loaded and Al Zarilla was at the plate. During that inning, the rally looked like it was coming on, but it got real dark

and the winds were real weird. It started raining and the umpires finally stopped play with Zarilla at bat. There was a long rain delay. It looked like there was no chance to resume. There were a lot of people upended in their boats on Long Island Sound; there were a lot of drownings that day. It was an unpredictable quick electric storm. When the game resumed, it was real dark. They turned the lights on, but Zarilla hit a line drive over the head of Jerry Coleman at second, and Cliff Mapes came and fielded it.

"I was out by the left-field foul pole and I saw the umpire call the runner out at the plate. Berra got it on one hop and no tag. I said, 'He didn't tag him! He didn't tag him!' And I said, 'Oh, gosh. That's Pesky!' Pesky was out at the plate. Kiki Cuyler was the third base coach and I guess Pesky had started one step toward the plate and Cuyler told him to tag up because the ball went over Coleman's glove—except that Johnny had no chance then. He was definitely out on the force play.

"Then Doerr hit a fly ball down the right-field line, curving inside that pole, that low fence in those days. Mapes leaned in and caught the ball. He would have had a grand slam. The Red Sox lost the second game also. Casey Stengel said, 'Well, that takes care of the Red Sox.' It put them about 12½ games behind. It's the first time I sort of gave up on my old Red Sox.

"I was there that last weekend in '49, too, when they lost the last two games of the season. The Red Sox came all the way back—to come so close—and lost on the Saturday when Johnny Lindell hit a home run off Joe Dobson in the tenth inning. As history records, the Yankees won the next game, too—and the 1949 pennant."

How did Hemond move from being a fan to working in baseball? How did he get his start? It was actually a deliberate decision on his part. He wanted to work in baseball and so took a leave during spring training to visit a cousin, a pitcher in the Pirates system. Through a series of circumstances, he met Branch Rickey, who introduced him to Charlie Blossfield, GM of the Hartford (Connecticut) Boston Braves farm club. He landed a job working with Hartford for \$28.00 a week. These were modest beginnings, starting at the ground floor, but Hemond today stresses the importance of getting to know baseball at all levels.

"I used to unlock the ballpark in the morning and help Harvey Stone, the trainer, to sweep out the park. Clean it up and get the concession stands ready. Sell tickets in the afternoon and do some p.a. announcing sometimes. Then I would check in the ticket takers and the concessions people at the end of the night, and then lock up the park at 11, 11:30 at night. That still happens with young people in the minor leagues. You wear all sorts of hats, but you're getting your start. At the end of the season, Charlie said he couldn't afford me but he wanted me back the next year. About two weeks after I got home in Rhode Island, before I was going to leave for that course at Florida Southern, he called me and he said there's an opening in the Braves farm system office and, he said, I've recommended you. I had learned to type in the Coast Guard, so I went up to Boston and John Mullen, the farm director, was

going to need some help in the office so he said he'd give me a two-week tryout, and here I am today. That's how it all evolved. Being lucky to be at the right places at the right time.

"When I first started, I was like an intern. \$35 a week. I got a raise. I got to the big leagues and I got a \$7 a week raise."

Hemond was working for the Boston Braves, in Boston. Life took another turn, though, as life sometimes does—not only for the Braves with their departure for Milwaukee but for Hemond personally as well. Within 18 months of when he joined the Braves, Hemond had moved to Milwaukee with the club. In 1958, he married Morgo Quinn, "the boss's daughter"—though John Quinn resigned only six weeks or so afterward.

"I was eight full years in Milwaukee. That was a great experience. I officially became assistant to John Mullen—instead of being an apprentice or an intern—when he became official farm director in '53. I became the assistant to him for the remaining years in Milwaukee.

"Then I went to the Angels as farm and scouting director, when they became an expansion club. I reported to them January 3, 1961.

"We have five children. Susan did a lot of associate director's TV work with the San Diego Padres and ESPN and the West Coast teams, and Anaheim, etc. Bob is now part owner of the Sacramento franchise in the Pacific Coast League. Jay has done some work in baseball. He worked in the farm office of the Florida Marlins for a couple of years, and this past year managed a team in Winchester, Tennessee, in the All American Association.

"He worked for the Frederick Keys in the Carolina League for a while. Our daughter Tere and our youngest son, Ryan, not yet. He's 27. They all gravitate to the game, though, and have a great love for it.

"[In California] I was farm director and scouting director Fred Haney, who had been the manager of the Braves in the '50s, was the general manager, and he hired me. I was there for 10 years with them and then became general manager of the White Sox on September 14, 1970. The whole '60s with the Angels, and then from the last two weeks of the 1970 season through 1985, I was general manager of the White Sox. We [the White Sox] were never endowed with much money to work with. The White Sox team that I joined, that year they were 56 and 106. Chuck Tanner was our manager and we had worked together with the Angels, and we'd been in the Braves organization together. We worked extremely well together. At the first winter meetings in December of 1970, we moved 16 players in the first 18 hours of the convention. Coming and going. We improved by 23 games the first year. Then that next winter, we acquired Dick Allen and Stan Bahnsen in a couple of big deals and we made a heck of a run at it in '72. We weren't eliminated until the last week. Then we were under financial problems so it was hard to do much other than try to survive the next three years. Oakland, they were great. In '73, it looked like we were ready to make a good shot at it and we opened the season about six games in front. At the last part of May, Ken

Henderson, whom we had acquired that winter to play center field, tore up his knee badly at a play at the plate. Then Dick Allen also suffered an injury. Mike Epstein ran over him and broke the tibia bone. That robbed us of an opportunity. I think we would have had a shot at it that year.

“Then ’74 and ’75 the rumors were heavy that the club might move or be sold, so we couldn’t make very many moves. Then Bill Veeck came, and in ’77 we gave it a real good run again. We came back after a dismal ’76 season and made a good run that year against Kansas City. [Working with Veeck] was a tremendous experience that I greatly treasure and will forever relish. It was a fantastic experience to be with him. In all facets of life. Baseball as well. He was just an incredible man. He used to say, ‘Don’t bother preparing a budget, Roland. We don’t have any money. We’ll think of something.’ We had a lot of fun and competed as best we could.

“So we traded young players like Bucky Dent, Rich Gossage and Terry Forster to get Richie Zisk and Oscar Gamble. Signed Eric Soderholm as a free agent, and he was the Comeback Player of the Year. Zisk hit 30 home runs and Gamble hit 31. Soderholm hit 25. That was quite a fun year. It was hard for Bill, again, to compete on a financial basis, but I would never trade those five years for anything. Then Jerry Reinsdorf and Eddie Einhorn bought the club and we made some moves, signing Carlton Fisk as a free agent, and acquired Greg Luzinski. The club got better and better and we won the division by 20 games in ’83. We lost a tough postseason series against Baltimore.

“Then I went to the commissioner’s office for a year and a half, in about May of ’86. Peter Ueberroth [the commissioner] asked Jerry Reinsdorf—I’d been retained by the White Sox in a capacity as a special assistant. Peter asked permission, if they could have me in the front office, the commissioner’s office, because of my experience with ball clubs. I was there for a year and a half until the opportunity came to be general manager of the Baltimore Orioles. Edward Bennett Williams, the owner of the Orioles, I was interviewed by him and club president Larry Lucchino. He was impressed that I had been at Bulkeley Stadium in Hartford also, because as a young boy he had sold hot dogs and beer at Bulkeley Stadium. He was from Hartford. He said the hot dogs were cold and the beer was warm.

“Then I spent eight years with the Orioles, and then five years with the Diamondbacks and now back with the White Sox. I don’t regret it [not being with the Diamondbacks as they won the 2001 World Series]. I’m happy for them. I thoroughly enjoyed their accomplishment, and you know that during the period of time you were there you made some contributions that led to their success. I was thrilled to be asked by the White Sox to come back. I thoroughly enjoyed this year with the White Sox. I thought the club performed very well under a lot of adversity and kept battling.”

When Hemond first joined the Diamondbacks, it was just as they were forming up. Hemond came in at the ground level, one



COURTESY OF ROLAND HEMOND

Roland Hemond, Warren Spahn, and Margot Quinn Hemond

of their first hires. “As soon as Jerry Colangelo found my not being retained by the Orioles, then he contacted me and I joined the Diamondbacks and we all worked for the preparation for a couple of years for the expansion draft and then the next three years with them.

“We won 100 games our second year. I think people have a tendency to forget about that. They think about this year [2001], but we went to the postseason with 100 victories our second season. Played the Mets in the playoffs.

“Richard Dozier, the president of the club, and Joe Garagiola Jr. as general manager were already hired. I became executive vice president of baseball operations. Basically, the same type job that I now have with the White Sox. Jerry Colangelo hired me.

“He talked to Joe about it, and since it was a new position for Joe—first-time general manager— [it must have struck them as good] to have someone like me to help him. I was one of the originals, and then Buck Showalter was hired after me.

“There was no farm system, and I was in that position also when I joined the California Angels way back, which was the Los Angeles Angels, when I was named farm and scouting director. The Angels had already made the expansion selections in early December and I joined them January 3, but I started a farm system and scouting department right from scratch. When I first joined them, we put together one Class A ball club in Statesville, North Carolina, to get started and we got a limited working agreement in Triple A with Dallas/Fort Worth. That was the beginning. That gave us a place to send some of the players that we had selected. Then we needed sort of a rookie type club to get started.

“Then with the Diamondbacks, we didn’t play for two years in the major leagues, so when we started, we started a rookie club in Arizona and South Bend in a Class A league. We got an affiliation with South Bend and started a new club in the Arizona Rookie League. We had to hire minor league managers and coaches, instructors and scouts and all that stuff. And players. It’s exciting. It’s a great process to be involved in.”

After 15 years with the White Sox, Hemond had joined the

Office of the Commissioner in May of 1986. “Dr. Bobby Brown was the president of the American League. One of his duties was the grassroots baseball. Summer leagues, and the various programs. Babe Ruth program. American Legion. I helped him and I traveled around. Cape Cod League. The Northeastern League they had in New York State at that time. A new league in Ohio. The Great Lakes League. The Jayhawk League. I’d come back with reports on each of the franchises and what I thought could be improved and what we should do.

“Al Campanis unfortunately made his remarks, it turns out he was actually of great service to the game. . . It was in April 1987 when Al Campanis appeared on the TV show *Nightline* and made disparaging remarks regarding the capabilities of minorities—we all felt for Al. . . This was unfortunate. Al had helped and had given support to minorities throughout his baseball career. He had played shortstop in Montreal alongside Robinson, his teammate with the Montreal Royals when Jackie went from the Negro Leagues to the Brooklyn Dodgers farm system. “He could be classified as a hero now. It really sparked efforts to institute a program to help minorities to gain baseball employment other than within the playing ranks. Commissioner Ueberroth had spoken at length, and emphatically, that baseball should hire more minorities in various non-playing positions. . . I think in the past many of the minorities didn’t even let you know they’d be interested, because they figured they didn’t have a chance. Those were the facts of life. They hadn’t seen any action. Peter then hired Clifford Alexander and Grant Hill’s mother, Janet Hill.

“They had an agency in Washington, D.C., where they were helping minorities get placed in the corporate world. He also hired Harry Edwards, the sociology professor at the University of California in Berkeley and former Olympic track star. Then he had me meet with them, and we prepared questionnaires to send out to as many people as we could find out where they might be located, so they could indicate what they might like to do if they had an opportunity to get back into the game.

“Alexander and Hill concentrated mainly on front office positions and minor league jobs. Edwards was more for coaches and managers’ jobs. I was sort of the coordinator working with them.

“The commissioner also sent me to Australia. He assigned me to Japan with the Major League All-Star team to represent the commissioner’s office. People should spend some time in the commissioner’s office. There’s a tendency to say, “Well, what do they do up there?” Well, they do a lot of things. That’s why there’s more marketing now. There’s more TV. They work on a lot of programs to help our game. You have greater respect when you’re not working just with your own ball club. It helped me to broaden my scope of imagination. Not too long after, I got the job with Baltimore.

“Hank Peters preceded me in Baltimore. He had a fine career there, but they’d had a couple of bad years just before I arrived. They’d had a bad year in ’87 and then when I joined them in

November [as vice president and general manager], it wasn’t a good club. We lost the first 21 games in 1988. I used to tell myself, ‘Well, I didn’t create it. I inherited it.’ That’s why you get those jobs. Then the next year, we improved by 32½ games. And our payroll was only \$8.5 million, the whole payroll. Williams had been the owner for some time. He had the ’83 club. He bought the Orioles about 1978, ’79, I think. In ’83 I was with the White Sox and they beat us in the playoffs. Then they kind of slipped from then on and started going the other way. When I came in, the manager was Cal Ripken Sr. We made a change early in the ’88 season, after six games. Frank Robinson, we made him the manager, and we lost our next 15.

“We made some trades that summer. Mike Boddicker to the Red Sox for Curt Schilling and Brady Anderson. Traded Fred Lynn in late August for Chris Hoiles. We traded Eddie Murray that winter, after the season, at the winter meetings to the Dodgers for Juan Bell, Brian Holton, and the pitcher Ken Howell. We traded him immediately to Philadelphia for Phil Bradley. The next year we really improved by an enormous number of games. It was one of the biggest comebacks of all time.”

It was in fact a 32½-game turnaround—from last place and 34½ games out in 1988 to finishing just two games behind the Blue Jays in 1989. Hemond was named Executive of the Year again by *The Sporting News*. Two years later he was awarded the Distinguished Service Award from *Baseball America*.

“It was quite gratifying to me to receive the Distinguished Service Award. Cal Ripken was one of the recipients. John Schuerholz, on behalf of the Atlanta Braves, for the consistency in their organization over the last ten years. Paul Snyder, I was very, very happy to see him get recognition as their director of scouting. They say the scouts are the unsung heroes. I’ve heard that since I broke in, in the early ’50s, and I have recognized that they’re the unsung heroes, so I always say, ‘Well, let’s sing their praises.’ I want to see them get recognition that they so justly deserve. They never get any headlines. They never get any recognition. A lot of people take the bows, but without their good scouting staff and good scouts and their recommendations and their signings, you’re not successful. Many of us are working toward scouts getting better recognition in the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown.

“I see there are still quite a few general managers from New England. Tal Smith was from Massachusetts. Harry Dalton was Lou Gorman, from Rhode Island. Dave Littlefield is from Massachusetts, now with Pittsburgh. Jim Beattie is from New Hampshire. Dan Duquette and J.P. Ricciardi are from Massachusetts. I think it’s because of the rich baseball tradition here in New England. People are so much into it, maybe more so than in some other parts of the country where baseball is relatively new. The American League office used to be here in Boston. Before Cronin, Will Harridge was in Chicago. Cronin put it in New England.”

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

The 26-Inning Duel

by Norman L Macht

On Saturday morning, May 1, 1920, Joe Oeschger looked up from the newspaper and laughed. “The weather forecast says fair today,” the 6’1”, 195-pound Boston Braves pitcher said to his roommate, outfielder Les Mann. They both glanced out the window. It was raining steadily, a cold, gray, wet, and windy morning, not unusual for the first day of May in Boston.¹

They went down to the dining room of the Brunswick Hotel, where they shared a room when the team was home, ordered breakfast, and divided the newspaper. Oeschger read the *Globe’s* account of the Friday game. Braves pitcher Hugh McQuillan had shut out the Brooklyn Dodgers, 3-0. The game had taken just over an hour and a half. “Who’s pitching for the Dodgers today, if we play?” Mann asked.

“It looks like Leon Cadore. Golly,” Oeschger said, “I’d like to get even with him.” Ten days earlier the two had hooked up in an 11-inning duel, Cadore winning it, 1-0. There was no mention of the Boston starting pitcher.

Manager George Stallings liked to wait until just before game time to name his starter.

Oeschger checked the standings. Brooklyn, managed by Wilbert Robinson, was 8-4, in second place. They were fast, had some good hitters led by Zack Wheat, and a top-flight pitching staff. They had won the pennant in 1916 and some experts predicted they would give the favored Giants a run for it in 1920.

The Braves were 4-5. They had gotten great pitching so far, were strong defensively, but weak at the plate. Nobody was hitting over .250. Since their miracle finish and upset sweep of the Philadelphia Athletics in 1914, they had slid into the second division. “Looks like a day off,” Mann said. “What do you want to do?”

“Guess we’ll go to a show.”

They finished a leisurely breakfast at noon and went out on the porch. The rain had stopped. The cold wind had not. Stallings had a rule: All players had to report to the clubhouse even if it was pouring. So Oeschger and Mann went up to their room for sweaters, then walked up Commonwealth Avenue to Braves Field.

Oeschger watched the trainer, Jimmy Neery, put a clean bandage on shortstop Rabbit Maranville’s left hand. Maranville had continued to play with a bruised, lacerated hand. He’d had a few shots of whiskey already; it was never too early in the day for the Rabbit to down a few. Then Oeschger had a rubdown.

At 2:30 there was a brief, heavy shower. Then the clouds scudded quickly out to sea. About 3,500 hardy fans had huddled

in pockets scattered about the 38,000-seat stands. Just 15 minutes before the 3:00 game time, they decided to play the game. It was just one Saturday afternoon, early-season game, but it would put two sub-.500 pitchers into the record books forever.

George Stallings was very superstitious and given to playing hunches. Bats had to be placed in exact order and kept that way, especially during a rally. The drinking cup had to hang just so on the water cooler. Before the game, a Brooklyn player casually walked past the Braves dugout and scattered some peanuts. A few damp pigeons swooped down.

“Get those birds out of here,” Stallings roared. He hated pigeons, and the other teams knew it. He wore out his bench-warmers’ arms throwing pebbles to chase the birds. On the road—there was no Sunday baseball in Boston—he usually pitched Oeschger, a regular churchgoer, on Sundays.

A southern gentleman who had gone to Johns Hopkins intending to be a doctor, he usually wore street clothes in the dugout. Stallings held a meeting to go over the opponents lineup before every game. Today he gave the ball to Joe Oeschger to pitch.

In the visitors clubhouse Wilbert Robinson was entertaining the writers with stories of the good old Baltimore Orioles days. The popular, easygoing Uncle Robbie wasn’t much for pregame meetings.

Both Joe Oeschger and Leon Cadore had been their teams’ most effective hurlers in the early going. Oeschger, a power pitcher, had given up two earned runs in 35 innings. Cadore, a curveball artist, had pitched 35 scoreless innings against the Yankees coming north from spring training. He had shut out Boston in that 11-inning game on April 20, but had lost his last start against the Giants.

The umpires were William McCormick, a second-year man, behind the plate, and Robert F. Hart, a rookie, on the bases. The temperature was 49 when Oeschger threw the first pitch.

They ran off four fast, scoreless innings. In the top of the fifth, Oeschger dug a hole for himself. He walked catcher Ernie Krueger. Cadore then hit a sharp bouncer to the mound, a perfect double-play ball. In his rush to get two, Oeschger juggled the ball and had to settle for the out at first. With a two-strike count, Ivvy Olson hit a broken-bat blooper over Maranville’s head that scored Krueger.

When the inning ended, Oeschger stalked off the mound muttering to himself for his clumsiness. As if to make up for his misplay, he led off the bottom of the fifth with a long double, but was left stranded at second.

Outfielder Wally Cruise, first up in the bottom of the sixth, lined a triple off the scoreboard in left. Walt Holke then blooped a Texas Leaguer back of shortstop. Zack Wheat raced in and speared it off his shoe tops just beyond the infield dirt. Cruise, thinking it might drop in, was halfway to home plate. The third baseman had gone out after the ball, so there was nobody on third to take a throw from Wheat, and Cruise made it back safely. Tony Boeckel followed with a single to center, scoring Cruise with the tying run.

Maranville laced a double to right center. Wally Hood chased it down and threw home as Boeckel rounded third. Cadore cut off the throw and relayed it to the plate in time to nip Boeckel. The Brooklyn catcher, Krueger, was spiked on the play. Rowdy Elhott replaced him.

Joe Oeschger went out for the seventh inning even more angry with himself. But for his poor fielding in the fifth, he would have a 1-0 lead now, and the way he was going he was confident that would have been enough. He bore down and retired the side on three pitches.

Cadore had been hit hard, but was saved by several fielding gems. In the eighth, Mann led off with a single. Cruise sacrificed him to second. Holke lined one back through the box; instinctively down and threw him out. Twice more he stopped line drives that would have scored a run. Wheat and Nets were pulling off impossible catches.

The Braves, too, were on their toes. Catcher Mickey O'Neil picked off two runners at first base. Boston looked like they would win it in the ninth. Maranville led off with a base hit to left. Lloyd Christenbury pinch-hit for O'Neil and bunted down the first base line. Cadore fielded it, but the throw hit the runner in the back as he stepped on first. Oeschger sacrificed them to second and third. Ray Powell walked. With the bases full and one out, the Brooklyn infield played in. Charlie Pick hit a sharp hopper toward right. Second baseman Ivy Olson stabbed it, swiped at Powell coming down from first, and threw to first for the double play Powell had gone out of the baseline to avoid the tag and was called out.

So they went to the 10th, the 11th, the 12th, the 13th, the 14th. Three up, three down for the Dodgers, little more for the Braves. Hank Gowdy, one of the heroes of the 1914 world champions, replaced O'Neil behind the plate in the 15th. He had trouble holding on to Oeschger's pitches, boxing the ball, dropping it more often than catching it. Gowdy went to the mound. "What the hell are you throwing?" he asked.

"Just a fastball."

"God almighty, it's breaking one way one time and somewhere else the next time."

"Well," Oeschger replied, "I don't know which way it's going to move, either."

It began to drizzle in the 11th. Wind blew in from center field. It was getting colder. Necks, backs, and arms were chilled by the cold and dampness. Muscles tightened. Between innings, players on both benches put on heavy sweaters.

The Braves threatened in the 15th. Cruise walked. Holke hit a little dribbler toward third. Johnston's throw to second was too late. Two on, nobody out. Boeckel put down a bunt, but the ball stopped dead on the soggy third base line. Elliott picked it up and forced Cruise at third. Maranville hit a comebacker to Cadore, and Holke was forced at third. Gowdy flied out.

Oeschger led off the 16th determined to win his own game. He hit a shot that looked like it might clear the left-field scoreboard. Wheat, using the fence for a springboard, leaped up and caught it.

Oeschger kicked at the dirt near second base as he headed back to the dugout.

As they took the field for the 17th, Rabbit Maranville, never silent at shortstop, chirped, "Just one more inning, Joe. We'll get a run for you. Hold on."

Oeschger was beginning to tire. Still, he thought, if Stallings asks if I want to come out, my answer will be an emphatic no. Stallings never asked. "Hold them one more inning, Joe," was all he said. "We'll get them."

The Dodgers came close to winning it in the 17th. Zack Wheat opened with a single to right. Hood sacrificed him to second. First baseman Ed Konetchy grounded sharply to Maranville, who couldn't handle it. Base hit. First and third, one out. Chuck Ward bounced one to Maranville, who threw to third hoping to catch Wheat off the base. But Zack was wary and scrambled back ahead of me throw. Bases loaded, one out.

Rowdy Elliott was up. The catcher hit back to the mound. This time Oeschger fielded it cleanly and threw home to force Wheat. Gowdy's throw to first was over Elliott's head and to the right of the base. Hoike dove to his left and knocked the ball down as Elliott crossed the bag. Konetchy rounded third and bolted for home. The left-handed first baseman Hoike threw home while going down to the ground. The throw was on the first base side of the plate. Gowdy reached out and caught it and lunged through the air across home plate, the ball in his bare hand, into the spikes of Konetchy sliding in. Koney bumped the ball with his shin, but Gowdy held on and the threat was over. It was the last one for the Robins.

Ordinarily fans like to see plenty of hitting and scoring. This day they were getting more than their money's worth of pitching and fielding thrills. Despite the damp chill, nobody left the park. After the 18th inning they cheered each pitcher as he left the mound or came up to bat.

In the Brooklyn dugout, veteran pitcher Rube Marquard, who had pitched plenty of long games himself, said to Cadore's roommate, utility infielder Ray Schmandt, "I hope Leon won't be affected by this strain. I hate to see him stay in this long."

"Caddy is pure grit," Schmandt said. "He'll win out."

Uncle Robbie didn't have the heart to take him out. And Cadore wouldn't have come out if he had been asked. Cadore had been hit hard and often, and had at least one runner on base in each of the first nine innings. But now he was aided by the enclosing twilight and the soiled, discolored ball that remained in play.

Oeschger had allowed nine hits, all singles. He was tired, but he had been more fatigued in some nine-inning games when he had to pitch out of a lot of pinches. This was an easy outing. He seemed to grow stronger as the game went on. He figured he had the advantage in the deepening dusk and did not want the game to be called. He was a fastball pitcher, Cadore a curver. The hitters would have more trouble seeing his stuff. He saved his strength by bearing down only when he had to, which wasn't often. The Dodgers went out in order more often than not. After the 17th

Oeschger pitched a nine-inning no-hitter, giving up a walk in the 22nd.

Neither pitcher was looking for strikeouts, which take a lot of pitches. And their control was good. Oeschger wound up walking three, striking out four. Cadore walked five, struck out eight. They wasted little time or motion, routinely taking only three or four warm-up pitches at the start of an inning. Every inning might be the last, would probably be the last, they thought.

The feeling grew on both benches that it would be a shame for either pitcher to lose such a game. Even the home plate umpire, McCormick, later admitted that after the 22nd inning he hoped the game would end in a tie.

The fielders never flagged. Holke took away extra base hits by snaring foul-line-hugging smashes in the 21st and 24th. At the start of the 26th, somebody in the Braves dugout wondered how long Oeschger could pitch. "He could pitch 126 innings without running any risk," said Dick Rudolph, the pitching hero of the 1914 sweep of the A's. "He's in great shape."

In the last of the 26th, with two men out, Holke beat out a bunt but Boeckel flied out. It was 6:50 by the clock atop the scoreboard as the Dodgers came off the field. Umpire McCormick took off his mask, stepped in front of home plate and looked up at the sky. It still looked light enough to play, but for how long? Another whole inning?

Cadore watched the umpire out of the corner of his eye as he walked toward the dugout. Ivy Olson ran toward the umpire, one finger high in the air. "One more. One more." His shrill voice carried all the way to the press box above the grandstand.

Olson wanted to be able to say he had played the equivalent of three nine-inning games in one afternoon.

Both pitchers were willing and able to go one more inning. But McCormick said no. The game was over. The fans booed. The other players had had enough. Zack Wheat said, "I carried up enough lumber to the plate to build a house today." Charlie Pick's batting average had suffered the most; he went 0-for-11.

The darkness descended quickly at that point. Up in the press box there were no electric lights. The writers knew they were in for hours of work. In addition to the Boston writers, only Eddie Murphy of the *New York Sun* and Tommy Rice of the *Brooklyn Eagle* covered the game. As the innings had rolled by and other New York newspapers heard about it, the two writers were deluged with requests for special reports and stories. Somebody went out and bought a couple dozen candles. The official scorer, the writers, and the Western Union telegraphers worked into the night by candlelight. James C. O'Leary typed out his lead for the *Boston Globe*:

It was one of the greatest games ever played, but on account of the threatening weather only about 4,000 turned out. They stayed til the end. And saw the most wonderful pitching stunt ever performed, and some classy playing and thrilling situations. It was a battle of giants until both were exhausted

practically, but neither gave a sign of letting up. There was glory enough for both and it would have been a pity for either one to have been declared the loser.

Cadore had pitched to 95 batters, an average of fewer than four an inning. Oeschger faced 90. Cadore had 13 assists, a one-game record for a pitcher. Oeschger had 11. Oeschger had set a record for consecutive scoreless innings in one game: 21. Cadore had 20.

Boston first baseman Walter Holke had 32 putouts and one assist. Only three Dodgers had reached third: Krueger, who scored, and Wheat and Konetchy, who were erased in the double play in the 17th.

They didn't count pitches in those days. Cadore later estimated that he had thrown close to 300. Oeschger guessed about 250. Game time was 3 hours and 50 minutes.

That evening Joe Oeschger and Les Mann went to a restaurant they frequented. Nothing posh, just a neighborhood place with good food. It was later than usual for them, and the staff had heard about the game. The waitresses brought out a special cake they had made for the occasion.

The Robins had to hurry back to Brooklyn for a Sunday game against the Phillies. They were due back in Boston to play on Monday. Cadore stayed in the hotel with Ray Schmandt, Sherry Smith, and Rube Marquard.

On Sunday morning both pitchers received a telegram from National League president John A. Heydler. He congratulated them and said he was particularly gratified because the pitching was done under the new rules: This was the first year the spitball, emery ball, shine ball, and other trick pitches were banned.

The Sunday Boston papers filled their front pages with big headlines, photos, and box scores of the game. It was the talk of the baseball world. It has been written that, when the team returned on Monday, Cadore was still in bed, since Saturday night. But in fact he had kept pretty much to his hotel until Sunday afternoon, when he and his teammates went downtown to dinner, then to a picture show.

"I was a bit tired," Cadore later admitted in a classic understatement, "and naturally my arm stiffened. I couldn't raise it to comb my hair for three days. After seven days of rest I was back taking my regular turn. I never had a sore arm before or after the game. I suppose the nervous energy of trying to win had given me the strength and kept me going."

When Oeschger awoke Sunday morning, he was lame all over. His arm ached no more than his other limbs. His leg and back muscles had worked as hard as the arm ligaments. There was a little more soreness than usual around his elbow. Oeschger stayed in the Brunswick Hotel all day. He knew the cold, damp winds would do more injury to his body than twice the innings he had worked Saturday.

There was much speculation at the time as to what effect the long game would have on the two pitchers. Rube Marquard said,

"I've been lucky. I've been in a lot of overtime games without being much affected. But the physical and mental makeup of pitchers is not all the same. I pitched a 21-inning game against Babe Adams in 1914 . . . It didn't bother me. Three days later I shut out the Reds. But Adams was out of the big leagues the next year. He went to the American Association where he got his arm back, then came back with the Pirates and pitched until he was 43. "It would be good judgment," concluded Marquard, "to have both men sit on the bench for at least 10 days. They should work out a bit but not get into a game before then."

Cadore felt he never had the same stuff again. He finished that year with a 15-14 record, then won 13, 8, and 4. At 33, he was finished. It has also been written that Oeschger, too, was never the same. But the immediate aftermath doesn't support that.

"The 20-inning game with Brooklyn last year may have hurt my arm," he said the next day, "because I was not in the best of condition. I had passed the winter in the east and had not been able to enjoy hunting and fishing and working on my dad's ranch in California. But I'm in good condition this spring and do not expect any ill effects from yesterday's game."

Oeschger won 15 games that year, and had his best season in 1921, winning 20 and losing 14 with a second-division team. He pitched 299 innings each year. He fell off to 6-21 and 5-15 the next two years, was traded to the Giants, then the Phillies, and ended his career with a 1-2 record in—of all places—Brooklyn.

Both pitchers were remembered for that one afternoon's work for the rest of their lives. Ironically, but for his own fielding error, Joe Oeschger would have gone home happy with a nine-inning 1-0 win and never been heard of again when his playing days were over. But for the next 66 years he continued to receive requests for autographs and interviews from all over the world. He had a box score of the game printed and signed them and mailed them out.

Cadore experienced his fame in unusual ways. "I'm in a San Francisco bar one day in 1931," he recalled, "and the guy next to me is chewing the fat with his pal about extra inning ball games."

"Yeah," says the guy 'Once a bum in Brooklyn pitched 26 innings. Cuddle or Coodoo or something like that.'

"You're nuts," says his pal. 'Nobody could pitch that long.'

"I nudged the guy sitting next to me. 'You mean Cadore?' I said.

"Yeah, that was the bum. Cadore.'

"I took out my lifetime pass and let him look at it. 'I'm Cadore. I pitched that game.' He almost toppled off his stool."

When Cadore was in the hospital in 1958, the doctor told him they couldn't locate a vein. "A man your age," the doctor said, "should have a vein sticking right out, especially in that right arm that pitched those 26 innings."

"Doc," said Cadore, grinning, "I pitched that game with my head."²

NOTES

1. All quotations and references to Oeschger's actions and thoughts are from interviews by the author with Oeschger at his home in California in the early 1980s. Other details are from contemporary Boston newspapers.
2. Newspaper accounts at the time of Cadore's death, March 16, 1958.

Official Box Score of 1920 Record Game

(Box Score is reprinted from Oakland Tribune of May 2, 1920)

Joe Oeschger, Oakland boy and a product of St. Mary's College, was the hero of the world's record game played yesterday when the Brooklyn and Boston teams stepped twenty-six innings to a tie score. Joe pitched the entire game for Boston. Rowdy Elliott, former Oak, caught for the Brooklyn club. Here is the box score of the world's record game:

BROOKLYN	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Olson, 2b	10	0	1	9	0	0
Neis, rf	10	0	1	6	9	1
Johnston, 3b	10	0	2	3	1	0
Wheat, lf	9	0	2	3	0	0
Meyers, cf	2	0	1	2	0	0
Hood, cf	6	0	1	8	1	0
Konetchy, 1b	9	0	1	30	1	0
Ward, ss	10	0	0	5	3	1
Krueger, c	2	1	0	4	3	0
Elliott, c	7	0	0	7	3	0
Cadore, p	10	0	0	1	13	0
Totals	85	1	9	78	34	2

x—Batted for O'Neil in ninth.

BOSTON	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Powell, cf	7	0	1	8	0	0
Pick, 2b	11	0	0	5	10	2
Mann, lf	10	0	2	6	0	0
Cruise, rf	9	1	1	4	0	0
Holke, 1b	10	0	2	43	1	0
Borkel, 3b	11	0	3	1	7	0
Maranville, ss	10	0	3	1	9	0
O'Neil, c	2	0	0	4	3	0
Christenbury x	1	0	1	0	0	0
Gowdy, c	6	0	1	6	1	0
Oeschger, p	8	0	1	0	11	0
Totals	85	1	15	78	42	2

SCORE BY INNINGS:

Brooklyn	000	010	000	000	000	000	000	00	—1	9	2
Boston	000	001	000	000	000	000	000	00	—1	15	2

Summary: Two-base hits, Maranville, Oeschger. Three-base hits, Cruise. Stolen bases, Myers, Hood. Sacrifice hits, Hood, Oeschger, Powell, O'Neil, Holke, Cruise. Double plays, Olson to Konetchy, Oeschger to Gowdy to Holke to Gowdy. Left on bases, Brooklyn 11, Boston 16. Base on balls, off Cadore 5, off Oeschger 4. Struck out, by Cadore 6, by Oeschger 7. Wild pitch, Oeschger. Umpires, Hart and McCormick. Time, 3:50.

Reprinted October 6, 1966, by THE FERNDALE ENTERPRISE in a story about Joe Oeschger, Ferndale, California.

The American League's Longest Games

There must be something in the air or the beans or the brown bread in Boston: In addition to the 26-inning NL game of May 1, 1920—major league's longest—the first two record-length games in American League history that were completed in one afternoon also took place in Boston. As was true of the 26-inning job, every starting pitcher in those games went the route. And both games involved the Philadelphia Athletics.

On the afternoon of July 4, 1905, Rube Waddell started against Cy Young. At 38, Young had already won over 400 games.

Boston touched up Waddell for two quick runs in the first. The A's tied it in the sixth when Bris Lord singled and Harry Davis hit one of his league-leading eight home runs. At the end of nine it was still 2-2.

When fatigue set in, it was the Boston infield, not Young, who succumbed. Danny Murphy led off for the A's in the top of the 20th and hit a grounder to Jimmy Collins at third. Collins booted it. Young, who had not walked a batter, then threw his most erratic pitch of the day, a one-strike fastball that hit Jack Knight on the hand. Monte Cross ran for him. First and second, and no outs. Ossee Schreckengost popped a bunt toward second.

Second baseman Hobe Ferris hesitated, uncertain whether to stay on the bag and let Cy Young take it or go after it. When Young made no move for it, Ferris made a belated attempt. It fell at his feet. Bases loaded.

Rube Waddell hit a grounder. The throw went to third, forcing Cross, as Murphy scored. Danny Hoffman then singled in the second run. The A's won, 4-2.

Game time 3:31.

A's catcher Ossee Schreckengost caught all 29 innings that day, still a major league record. Three days later both pitchers were in the box again in Philadelphia. Cy Young pitched for another six years. Rube Waddell another five.

Of the three record games played in Boston, the 24-inning battle on Saturday, September, 1906, was by far the most exciting. Although no baserunners crossed home late from the seventh to the 24th, there were 31 hits—including two doubles and six triples hit into the overflow crowd of 18,000, eight walks, a hit batter, and seven stolen bases. Both pitchers spent the day working out of jams. Spectacular fielding plays helped stave off defeat for both teams.

Twenty-four-year-old righthander Joe Harris started for Boston against Jack Coombs, a June graduate of Colby College.

The A's took a 1-0 lead in the third. With one out, Coombs hit a swinging bunt down the third-base line. Harris fell trying to pick it up. Coombs stole second, went to third on an infield out, and scored on a single by Topsy Hartsel. Boston tied it in the sixth. Fred Parent tripled into the crowd and scored on Chuck Stahl's single.

From then on the tension built and broke with the regularity of ocean waves breaking on a beach. Every inning seemed to bring one or both teams to the brink of defeat.

It was getting dark as Harris began the top of the 24th by striking out Coombs. Hartsel singled and stole second. Lord struck out for the second out. Schreckengost singled over second and Hartsel scored. Joe Harris suddenly ran out of steam. Seybold and Murphy tripled into the outfield crowd for two more runs.

Coombs had no trouble retiring the weary Pilgrims in their last at-bats. Altogether he struck out 18; Harris fanned 14 and walked two.

Time of game 4:47.

In 1910 and 1911 Jack Coombs won 59 games and pitched almost 700 innings. Illness, not arm injury, ultimately curtailed his career.

Joe Harris couldn't win before that game and couldn't win after it. He was 2-21 for the year and 0-7 in 1907.

A Fan's-Eye View of the 1906 World Series

by Dennis Bingham

You and I embark on a wondrous journey as we are magically whisked away to a long-ago time and place. We stand on the corner of State and Madison. The familiar iron-facade entrance of Carson, Pirie Scott's is behind us . . . but the view in front is anything but familiar.

Cable cars, horse-drawn carriages, and crank-operated automobiles entangle themselves on "The World's Busiest Corner." We see a wagon filled with vegetables rumble across, and we watch our step after some plodding hooves pass by on the brick pavement. The attire of the people is fascinating. Men wear high-banded collars and derbies with little brims. Women wear wide flowery hats and muslin skirts that almost sweep the sidewalk.

The date is Monday, October 8, 1906. The day before the first intra-city World Series in history and the only one between the Chicago White Sox and Chicago Cubs. Usually on this date the talk of the town is "Chicago Day," the annual city holiday held in remembrance of the great fire. In fact, tomorrow marks the 35th anniversary of that devastating inferno. But a different blaze sweeps the city today—World Series fever.

The entire city is baseball crazy as the Series touches every citizen. Hotels overflow with the arrival of people from as far away as Europe and Mexico. A former Chicagoan living in China rushes back to attend the games.

Hundreds of grandmothers are unaware they are about to "die" as children scheme to be excused from school. A church bulletin announces that next Sunday's sermon will be on "The Moral of the Home Run." Various social clubs decorate chartered trolley cars and load them with wooden kegs of beer.

The natural habitat of the baseball fan, away from the ballpark, is the tavern, so we find ourselves sipping a five-cent beer with a foot on a brass rail. We discover that few give the White Sox any chance of winning. No team has ever won more games than these Cubs, and no team has ever won with weaker hitters than these Sox. The Cubs right fielder alone has hit as many homers as the entire White Sox team.

We rush to the Auditorium on Michigan Avenue where the National Commission, the supreme court of baseball, has assembled both teams to discuss the rules of the Series. It's here we get our first look at the players, looking out of place in their dapper street clothes and high-buttoned shoes. You nudge me and point out scrawny Johnny Evers, the feisty Cub second baseman with the jaw like Dick Tracy.

There's no need for travel dates so the best-of-seven series will be played straight through, opening at the Cubs' West Side Park and alternating every day with the Sox' South Side Grounds. (The site of the seventh game, if necessary, will be announced at a later time). The reserved seats for both parks have long since been sold, and every day long lines of people will wait for hours to purchase the remaining tickets. World Series tickets can be obtained for \$2.00 for box seats, \$1.50 for pavilion, \$1.00 for grandstand and 50 cents for bleachers—exactly double the regular season prices. Games begin at 2:30, a half-hour earlier than usual, to reduce the chance of the fun being cut short by darkness.

In this era of few player rights, owners Charles Comiskey of the Sox and Charles Murphy of the Cubs do all the talking for their athletes. Murphy boldly announces that his players have decided they should receive souvenir cuff buttons when they win. National League President Harry Pulliam pleads with the players for "clean play" and to refrain from inciting the crowd. "Any player disciplined for misconduct," he warns, "will have his portion of the prize money reduced by an amount assessed by the umpires!"

One final detail we find interesting is the depositing of a \$10,000 check as a forfeiture should one team fail to complete the Series. Chairman Garry Herrmann ends the meeting with the inevitable, "May the best team win!"

Ordered by their manager to relax, the Sox visit some vaudeville houses. The Cubs, however, head out to their ballpark for two hours of strenuous workouts. We watch, along with about 100 other fans, as rookie sensation Jack Pfiester tosses batting practice and neighborhood youths, having the time of their lives, shag flies in the outfield. In this day the players conduct their own practices and even take turns coaching the bases during games.

At a boarding house operated by an old woman taking advantage of the crowds invading her city, we pay triple the going rate for two rooms. As you fall asleep you realize you're about to attend a World Series game — and not just any World Series, one of the most remarkable of all time.

GAME ONE:

ONE BEARSKIN RUG, or "BRING IN THE CLOWN"

Everywhere we turn we are accosted by ticket scalpers. Two \$20 bills get us box seats behind third base. Street hawkers are stationed every few feet and peddle anything and everything that could be made into baseball paraphernalia. Postcards with players' pictures. Hand-made emblems to be pinned to your coat announcing your team's loyalty. Paper megaphones, seat cushions, and pennants. Horns striped with colors one vendor insists are the "official" colors of the teams. One unique item is a button, about the size of a half-dollar, printed with a bear wearing white stockings. If the Sox win you are to wear it with the bear on its back and the stockings on top. If the Cubs win, flip it over with the bear on its feet. We enter the park and are escorted to our seats by an usher wearing a white hat. What amazes us is the

heavy and open betting taking place in the stands. We hear wild rumors that either one or both managers have been kidnapped, all designed to affect the odds. It's said that members of the Board of Trade have made bets of up to \$30,000, a staggering amount for any day. Most people wager in five, 10, and 25 dollar increments — or for a box of cigars. The prevailing odds have the Cubs as 2 to 1 favorites, but some are offering 3 to 1. Nearby, several slicksters smile after coaxing Sox fans to bet heavily on their heroes.

Overcoats, earmuffs, hot water bottles, and flasks are the order of the day. It's bitterly cold and a misty rain smacks us in the face. Fans seated in the last row of the grandstand stick scorecards in their collars to protect themselves from the icy wind. When snow flurries start to fall, the guy next to us says it's an omen that the White Sox will win. Despite the weather the crowd's in good spirits and even begins to sing when a man with a cornet plays "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," a tune from the Spanish-American War fought eight years earlier.

A loud roar rips through the park when the Chicago Cubs walk slowly onto the field from their clubhouse in center field. Although the vast majority of the crowd is intensely partisan, there's always the few thousand who cheer for both clubs. One fan, with a waxed black mustache and a curl carefully plastered to one side of his forehead, actually says, "I hope each team wins three games and then it rains for three months so both will be World Champions." He has the same wimpish look as the modern Chicago fan who wears one of those split hats with the Sox on one side and the Cubs on the other.

Arrangements have been made for the visiting team to dress at the downtown Victoria Hotel and then be driven to the park in horse-drawn carriages. A parade of uniformed athletes is a common sight for the 1906 fan because few stadiums have facilities for either the visiting team or umpires. When the Sox arrive, another cheer shakes the park.

The field itself is in excellent shape, one of the finest in all of baseball and a tribute to Cubs groundskeeper Charlie Kuhn. You point out a common feature of old ballparks—the strip of dirt running from the plate to the mound. There are no dugouts, just two benches on each side of the field where bats and other equipment are scattered all about. We keep waiting to see if any player trips on the gear constantly underfoot but none ever do. We believe there had to be at least one player during the long season who pulled a Gary Cooper and went head-over-heels.

The bad weather has made for a disappointing crowd. Red, white and blue bunting peek through several bare sections of the mob. Even if you count the courageous fans standing on the windy rooftops behind the outfield and the newsmen and telegraph operators on the new white benches behind home plate, the total wouldn't exceed 14,000.

The old press box has been given over to the dignitaries. We see a young pencil-thin Connie Mack and the managerial mastermind Ned Hanlon. There's the dominating Ban Johnson, founder of the American League. And here comes Cap Anson, who

might be called the "Mr. Cub" of the day, entering to an ovation and bowing to the fans.

While the rules are essentially the same as they will be 80 years later, we prepare for a totally different brand of ball than what we're accustomed. We're in the heart of the deadball era and the pitchers rule as kings. The ball, without a lively cork-center, doesn't travel for much distance and loses its shape quickly. Often the same ball is used for innings on end. Foul balls hit into the stands are retrieved by umpires or ushers and put back into play. Before long the ball is scuffed-up to a dark gray color, its cover loosened and covered with dirt and tobacco stains. There's a flutter of excitement when the crowd learns the identities of the starting pitchers. Three Finger Brown, short on digits but long on talent, will do the honors for the Cubs. We can clearly see Brown's deformed right hand as he warms up. The farming accident which mangled the hand was a blessing in disguise because it gave Brown the most wicked drop-curve in the business.

The Sox counter with Nick Altrock, a southpaw just coming off his third consecutive 20-game winning season. On games he's not pitching he can be found coaching first base, where his good-natured joking with the fans has made him the team's most popular player. His antics go well with his clownish face. His large ears, curly Harpo-like hair, wide grin and putty features make it seem as if his head belongs on a ventriloquist's dummy. The more sarcastic sportswriters refer to him as "Handsome Nick." But he's all seriousness on the mound with a crossfire delivery and a wide assortment of breaking balls.

A wild surge of betting takes place when a man on the field, armed with a large megaphone, makes an announcement. White Sox shortstop George Davis, clean-up hitter and star performer, has a bad back and will not be playing! With the 17-year veteran knocked out of action, the team must move third baseman Lee Tannehill to short and place utility man George Rohe at the hot corner. It's a severe blow because not only do the Sox lose one of their few good hitters, they weaken one of their strengths—defense on the left side of the infield.

A loud bell rings at 2:30 signaling the start of the game. The two umpires, Jim Johnstone of the NL behind the plate and his AL counterpart Silk O'Loughlin on the bases, confer with the managers on the ground rules. Husky Cubs skipper Frank Chance leans over and shakes the hand of the wonderfully-named Fielder Jones, the genius who has brought the "Hitless Wonders" to the World Series.

The special ground rules, established because of the crowd lining the outfield, will prove to have a bearing on almost every game. Any ball that bounces into the crowd on fair territory is a triple, a live ball that scoots into the crowd in foul territory is a double. Any ball hit directly into the outfield crowd will be scored as a double and not a home run.

A local club, accompanied by a band, enters the field and presents silver loving cups to both teams. As someone makes a speech that nobody hears, we check out the Cubs as they'll bat

in the order, the exact same line-up they will use in every game except for the pitcher's slot.

In center and leading off is "Circus Solly" Hofman, a superb back-up man playing for the disabled Jimmy Slagle. (The diminutive Slagle, called "The Human Mosquito," will spend the Series as a base coach.) In left is Jimmy Sheckard, who has boasted he will bat .400 against Sox pitching to make up for not hitting .300 during the season. Right fielder Wildfire Schulte, league leader in triples and owner of a rifle for a right arm, bats third. First baseman Chance, stolen base champ, and third baseman Harry Steinfield, RBI king, provide a strong one-two punch. Skillful shortstop Joe Tinker follows. The bottom three are the kinetic Evers at second; Johnny Kling, often regarded as the best catcher of the decade; and pitcher Brown.

The first pitch is a strike and the Cub fans scream their approval. It's apparent early that this is going to be a fine exhibition of deadball play. There is no score after four complete innings with only one man reaching base.

The rapid retirement of batters gives us time to check out the South Siders around the diamond. At first is the incomparable fielder Jiggs Donahue, an excellent base runner and one of only three Sox to bat over .250. Frank Isbell, a member of the Sox ever since the team first came into existence, plays an erratic second base. Last year he took over the position when regular Gus Dundon suffered a broken jaw and lost half his teeth when hit with a bat during practice. Despite his fielding, Isbell has kept the spot because his hitting greatly improved after Comiskey himself suggested he use a heavier bat.

Tannehill, a veritable Brooks Robinson at third, can handle it defensively at short but is pathetic at the plate. One of the few things his bat has hit in recent years was Dundon's face. Catcher Billy Sullivan is also one-dimensional with both a reputation as a fine handler of pitchers and a terrible batter. Rohe is a decent substitute at third. The three outfielders, traditionally a strong offensive unit, are merely fair. Patsy Dougherty and little Eddie Hahn play left and right respectively and flank the superb fielder Jones in center.

Let's get back to the game because it could break open at any time. Top of the fifth, Rohe steps in and immediately drills a liner up the left field line. When it hits foul and he's called back, a Cubs fan behind us snickers. However, the towheaded substitute isn't discouraged and sends the next pitch to virtually the same spot, only this time fair! Sheckard frantically hustles over but the ball just eludes his mitt and bounces into a pile of lumber left by a construction crew. Rohe is awarded a triple.

Dougherty enters the box with hopes of hitting a sacrifice fly, takes a mighty cut but merely taps a dribbler to the third base side of the mound. Brown is off quickly, makes a nice play and tosses home as Rohe comes charging in from third. The runner is a dead duck—but wait—the ball hits the catcher's mitt and trickles away. The Cub fans let loose with a single low groan. Kling has made a classic Little League mistake by attempting to tag the

runner before having possession of the ball.

The following inning, Evers pulls a cute trick by bluffing he can catch a liner, causing Altrack to hesitate around third base. A second later Hofman's throw has the slow-footed Nick nailed at the plate. But Jones takes second on the play, reaches third when Kling lets another ball get away, and scores the second Sox run on a single by Isbell. As Chance walks to the mound to steady his ace, the Sox fans chant "one . . . two", "one . . . two!" It's a popular custom to chant the number of your team's runs to unnerve the opposition.

Brown shuts down the Sox for the remainder of the game, but it's obvious he's flustered and is probably thinking about the sudden impotence of his teammates' bats. In the seventh, Dougherty steals second while Brown holds the ball on the mound! Altrack also mows down his enemies, once being helped by a dazzling catch of a liner by Rohe.

With one out away from losing the first game of the Series, the Cub fans are troubled. They're not used to praying for ninth inning rallies. Steinfield sends a towering fly to left-center. Jones, his smile visible from the stands, spreads his hands in joy and clasps them around the ball just before it hits him in the noggin. The player-manager then dances a little jig.

David has defeated Goliath by a score of 2 to 1, the odds the Cub fans have offered all week.

Suddenly, we're shoved to the ground. First scores, then hundreds and finally thousands of fans rush onto the field, a swirling mass of humanity. Their target? The White Sox, of course. Several hoist Altrack on their shoulders. Dozens of police officers come to the rescue and hustle the pitcher, Rohe and Jones outside but several players fail to escape and are carried to the carriages. As the cops clear a path, we can see the Cubs looking down on the scene from the windows of their clubhouse. They're stunned by the defeat but remain confident. Chance holds a pep talk and emerges saying, "We will win the next four!"

The *Chicago Tribune*, which this season has never called the National League champs by the nickname "Cubs" but rather "Spuds" in honor of their Irish owner, runs a headline reading: "Mashed Potatoes!" Another paper, which this year has dubbed the team "The Killers," refers to them by the same name even in defeat. While the loss is a shock, many view it merely as a minor setback.

GAME TWO:

UNRAVELED WHITE SOX, or "A-ONE AND A-TWO"

A long wait in the ticket line rewards us with two seats in the left-field bleachers. Several fans bring canvas chairs and box lunches for the vigil. The wooden park is similar to that used by the Cubs except this one has a smaller capacity and some walk-in roofed dugouts. The field itself, however, is another story. The Cubs field can be compared to a fine pool table, the Sox play on one that is hilly, spongy and often dotted with puddles. Some baseball men claim that a few of the Sox (Davis, Donahue, Jones) would be



West Side Grounds ca. 1906

among the league's best hitters if only they played on another field.

With our teeth chattering, we order some hot sasparilla from a vendor. It's even colder than yesterday. Many fans are better prepared this time with fur coats, horse blankets and bedroom quilts. One fan isn't content with a knee-length overcoat, he has newspapers wrapped around his legs. "The wind is keen enough to cut your hair, sonny," says one old gent.

The Sox are slow going out to practice, choosing to stay near the clubhouse heater. When they do emerge a loud ovation greets Altrock and Rohe, heroes of yesterday's battle. Ironically, both

players share the same birthday (Rohe is a year older) and both played together as kids on the streets of Cincinnati.

Dozens of fans lining Chicago streets razz the Cubs as they make their way to the park by carriage. A few shut up when they see the fierce look in their eyes. Tall, graceful Ed Reulbach, the year's leader in winning percentage, is on the mound for the Cubs. Doc White, the little lefty with surprising endurance, is on the hill for the Sox. Both have great control with the former possessing vast speed and White the owner of a wondrous curve.

As White gets ready to deliver the first pitch, we look at the scene at home plate and are reminded how different the game will

become. The catcher doesn't get into a squat but remains almost completely upright with his knees slightly bent. He stands farther back from the batter than his modern counterpart. Shin guards won't be publicly introduced until next year, which leaves his legs unprotected. His face is covered with an unpadded thin wire mask, not unlike a bird cage, and his throat is exposed as the flat chest protector hangs loosely around his neck.

The umpire behind him stands erect and wears a similar mask and protector. A small whisk broom is in his back pocket and he holds an indicator. Just two years earlier, the umpires used a long-handled broom to clean the plate before tossing it aside. When a Chicago Cub named Jack McCarthy injured his ankle by stepping on one as he rounded third, the umps were ordered to use the whisk broom. And just recently the umpires took control of the game balls from the home team to prevent the balls from being doctored.

During the game there are several interruptions but the game still takes less than two hours. (The pitchers don't seem to scratch, stare and stall as much as they do in modern times.) In the bottom of the first, Fielder Jones is at bat and a pitch has already been delivered when his team charges from the dugout to the plate. They present their manager with a set of silver in a beautiful case, a speech is made and Jones stands there humbly with his cap in hand—all taking place while the game is in progress.

But that's the last of the cheering for the Sox supporters. The game itself proves to be an intriguing, complex (and for the Sox fans) frustrating contest. Although the Cubs are victorious by a convincing score of 7 to 1, the Sox could have won it (or at least made it more interesting) had they not booted the game away and were more patient at the plate.

The fact that Reulbach came within one ground ball of pitching a World Series no-hitter would indicate that he was in total command, but this was not the case. He had his catcher jumping all over the plate with his lack of control. He walked six (four to start an inning), made a wild pitch, hit a batter and would have walked half a dozen more if the Sox weren't swinging at pitches four inches off the plate.

For all practical purposes, the game was put to bed in the first 15 minutes. In the top of the second, with one out and men on first and second, Evers grounded weakly to Isbell. Instead of getting the sure out at first, Issy thinks he's Napoleon Lajoie and flips the ball backwards towards second. "Towards second" may be an exaggeration. The ball doesn't even come close and before the left fielder can run it down, one Cub has dented the plate and two are in scoring position. The error leads to three unearned runs.

In the next inning, another unearned run is scored by the Cubs on a wild throw into center by Sullivan. White, the league's leader in earned run average, leaves in disgust after three innings. But credit must also go to the Cubs. Bold base running, solid hits up the middle, three vicious liners to left by Steinfeldt, a beautiful squeeze bunt by Reulbach, a hit-and-run, several stolen bases including a double steal, and their speciality, the hard bunt

between infielders for singles, are executed—all elements that helped compile their astounding 116 wins.

While the Cub batters provide the offensive punch, Reulbach continues to do his job. In the seventh, with a two-strike count, Donahue hits a grounder up the middle and into center for the first and only White Sox hit. However, while the official records have Reulbach pitching a one-hitter, there was some confusion about it at the time.

Earlier in the game Jones hit a hard smash to right, Evers scooted over, and the ball bounced off his foot and into the crowd for a ground-rule double. At least most of the fans thought it was a double. Several newspapers did also and reported the game as a two-hitter. Only one paper had it as an one-hitter and even then questioned the judgment of awarding a hit on such a hot smash. A week later newspapers still report it as a two-hitter in their composite box score.

At the time of Jones' smash there was no discussion of its status because the game was only in the fourth inning. There are no modern scoreboards that flash the big "E" or "H" to assist the fans. And nobody jeered Evers for his "error" because most assumed it was a hit. It would be interesting to look at the official scorecard sent to the National Commission for any clues that might indicate that the scorers, A. J. Flanner and the great Frank Richter, had originally scored it as a hit but later changed it as Reulbach continued his masterpiece. We don't know. You and I couldn't get seats in the press box, we were out in left field.

With the lopsided score and bitter weather, half of the crowd had left the park by the ninth inning, and we're talking World Series game here, folks. It was cold! During a lull while the Sox were at bat, Sheckard and Hofman chased each other around the outfield playing tag in an effort to keep warm. Overcoats were worn on the bench and a few players of both teams would voice their complaints that the games should not have been played in such terrible weather. They were expecting crowds of nearly twice the size and are concerned because they share only in the receipts of the first four games.

There wasn't the wild fan demonstration of the first game although a small crowd did rush to congratulate Chance and his men and escorted them to their carriages. The Series is now simply tied at one game apiece—and these are the Cubs, they're expected to win. Murphy, with a big grin, says, "We have just started. Watch our smoke!"

GAME THREE EXPECTORATED RESULTS, or "LIGHTNING CAN STRIKE TWICE"

As we head out to Polk and Lincoln (now Wolcott) for game three, we pass nearby Cook County Hospital, where doctors claim the excitement over the Series by patients is proving to be excellent therapy. We manage to get tickets for seats on the benches lining left field.

We note the special old-time charm of the uniforms. The heavy flannel knickers, bunched just below the knees, and blousy shirts

are indeed baggy but not as much as they were at the start of the season. On Opening Day the players wore outrageously large outfits to compensate for the high shrinkage that occurs during washing.

Just before the game is to begin you point out a man rushing across the field. He reaches center, takes something from under his overcoat and then quickly disappears back into the crowd. The sound of laughter grows until it virtually rocks the wooden grandstands. There, in the middle of the outfield, sits a live hen wearing white stockings on both of its taloned feet. The Cub fans believe it's an appropriate symbol for the South Siders. The Sox fans hope the bird lays some goose eggs for their rivals. In any case, it's probably the only instance of a fowl in fair territory.

Throughout the entire game the bird sits in the outfield, occasionally dodging pop bottles thrown by fans and scooting out of the way of spiked shoes that come dangerously close. But on the whole it just sits comfortably and watches the action. The fat hen seems to prefer the company of White Sox right fielder Eddie Hahn, which proves the bird isn't a dumb cluck after all because, you see, "hahn" in German means chicken.

The bird provides some comic relief in a game featuring two pitchers locked in a fierce conflict. One of our greatest pleasures this entire trip is seeing the legendary Big Ed Walsh in person. When he first saunters out to the mound, we're immediately impressed. The 25-year-old right hander with the jet-black hair commands the attention of everyone—fans, rivals, teammates, umpires—with his cocky, confident walk.

The youngest of 13 children born to Irish immigrants, Walsh has been the pitching sensation of the year. Basically a second-rate pitcher before, he came on to record 10 shutouts and win 17 with a 1.88 ERA.

The spitball (which like the word "baseball" is often spelled as two words in these days) is perfectly legal. While many fans think of it as basically an unhittable trick pitch, it requires true talent to keep the wet sphere under control, and a steady diet of the pitch won't fool many major leaguers for long. Walsh supplements his spitter with a sweeping curve and a swift fastball.

Prior to the game you saw Walsh reach into his pocket for a tablet made from the bark of the slippery elm tree. Mixing it with chewing gum, he put it into his mouth to provide the substance with which he'll moisten the ball. Now as he faces the enemy, Walsh holds his glove directly in front of his face before each and every pitch. Sometimes he spits, sometimes he doesn't in the constant battle to keep the batter guessing. (In later years, Eddie Collins and Ty Cobb would both have an edge after independently noticing that when Big Ed spat, his temples would move causing his cap to wiggle slightly, thus signalling a spitter was on the way.)

Walsh is simply a master. During the entire season, nobody slapped around the Cubs the way Walsh did today. In all, 12 Cubs would strike out. A few such as Tinker rush forward in the box in an attempt to hit the spitter before it breaks, only to be fooled by

a curve instead. Frustrated, several try to bunt the infernal pitch but are also thwarted.

In the meantime, 28-year-old rookie Pfiester keeps his Cubs in the game with a fine pitching performance. He has made a name for himself this year, like his mound opponent, with a 19-9 record and 1.56 ERA.

White Sox fans are anxious for their team to score a run for Walsh and are surprised their heroes haven't been bunting against the weak-fielding Pfiester.

But then the sixth inning arrives, a historic one that would live long in the memories of the 1906 White Sox fan. Tannehill opens it by surprising the Cubs with a quick grounder that just tips Steinfeldt's glove for a single. Walsh follows with a walk. With two men on and no outs, Pfiester fires a high fastball to the next batter. Hahn attempts to dodge the pellet by falling backwards but it's too late. The ball smacks him squarely in the face, shattering his nose and spraying blood on the white plate. He drops the bat, raises his hands to his face and collapses.

The umpire grabs his megaphone and shouts, "Is there a doctor in the house?" We take up the call with the other fans in the stands until a man in a dark suit runs down an aisle and onto the field. A Dr. Slattery of Dubuque, Iowa has come to the rescue and attends to Hahn. We don't believe it. These are two champions engaging in the World Series! Don't they have any medical personnel on hand? We learn that the team trainers of the day have little, if any, medical training and are primarily there to rub down aching muscles. There's no team physician.

As Hahn is taken off the field, Bill O'Neill trots to first as the pinch runner. Bases loaded, no outs, Walsh in top form; it doesn't look too good for the Cubbies. But Kling retires Jones on an outstanding catch of a foul fly and Isbell makes it two outs by fanning.

Rohe, the substitute who shook the town with his triple in game one, steps in and stares back at the pitcher. In his last at-bat he thought he had a hit but was foiled by a nice play by Evers. The thought runs through Rohe's mind that the rookie southpaw might very well throw him the same pitch, a pitch the utility man knows he can handle.

The rookie winds up and delivers—and there it is, the same pitch, a straight fastball inside and just above the knees! Right fielder Sheppard sees Rohe turn on the ball and immediately starts for the foul line. The blond connects and the ball travels to within inches of the same spot as his game-one winning triple, just inside the foul line. The ball once again skips past Sheppard and rolls into the seats. The bases are cleared and the Sox lead 3-0. Rohe arrives at third base and is met by a committee of his teammates, who slap him on the back. Later, Rohe will tell reporters with a straight face, "I'm just glad the foul line on the West Side Grounds is located where it is!"

With the help of a spitter and a hitter, the little kid on the block has given another black eye to the big bully. A happy mob of Sox fanatics put on another exhibition by attacking their idols. It takes

the intervention of police officers to prevent a couple of fans from removing the horses from the Sox carriage and pulling the players to the hotel themselves.

Comiskey, standing in an open automobile waving two White Sox pennants, announces, "Whatever George Rohe may do from now on, he's signed for life with me!" (Nice try, Chuck. Rohe would be a semi-regular at third the next year, be released at the end of the season and never again play a major league game.)

GAME FOUR

INSIDE BASEBALL, or "THE FICKLE THREE-FINGER OF FATE"

Out in San Francisco, only a few months after its destructive earthquake, a woman by the name of Mrs. Cronin is giving birth to a chubby baby boy who will be named Joseph. Before we walk to the ballpark, we send a note of congratulations to the Cronin family on the arrival of the future Hall of Fame shortstop.

We arrive at South Side Grounds an hour before game time and realize we have made a big mistake. A large crowd surrounds the wooden park as Wentworth Avenue streetcars continue to arrive with people hanging on handrails and windows and riding on roofs. Thousands are being turned away at the gate and we're among the unfortunate.

How are we going to see the Series? Obviously, there's no radio or TV broadcast. Sales girls of large downtown stores have devised an ingenious way to relay play-by-play accounts between themselves, but that doesn't help us.

You then remember that the *Chicago Tribune* is sponsoring "an accurate reproduction" of the games at two locations. We rush to the Auditorium, purchase two tickets and enter the large hall. The audience munches on Cracker Jack and waves pennants as they await the first pitch. Vendors selling hot dogs walk up and down the aisles. Unable to find two empty seats next to each other, we are separated by a fat gentleman who refuses to move over one space.

With a little imagination we actually feel as if we are at the ballpark. On the stage is a 20-foot square scoreboard displaying a baseball diamond with a glass window for each base. When the lead-off man steps up to bat, the No. 1 appears in the home plate window. If he makes a hit, the number appears at first base and a No. 2 is displayed at home. The progress of the runners is thus easily followed by the audience.

Information is transmitted by wire to the hall an instant after there is any action at the ballpark. *Tribune* "experts" with megaphones announce the play-by-play as each inning, out, run, and ball-and-strike count are recorded on the board. With each play the crowd responds with shouts, screams and suggestions just as if they were at the ballpark.

A look around the hall reminds us that we rarely see a Chicago citizen dressed informally. Whether it's at a family picnic, at the theater or out at the ballpark, everyone gets decked out in their finest clothes. Three-piece suits, fine dresses, spats, top hats, stickpins, sharp porkpie hats and celluloid collars are all about.

There are plenty of beards and mustaches but only among the older generation. The safety razor, invented a decade earlier by King Gillette, with its comfortable shave has grown in popularity and is a huge success by 1906. Davis, the oldest member of both clubs, has been a clean-shaven clean-up man for years. And now with Monte Cross recently shedding his whiskers, the only major leaguers still sporting handlebar mustaches are John Titus and Old Eagle Eye Jake Beckley.

While we wait for the game to begin we try to have a little fun with the man sitting between us. You mention that some day there will be a player known as the designated hitter who will bat for the pitcher. The guy doesn't even blink. "Are they bringing that up again?" he asks and tells us the topic has been discussed at length in the previous decade.

The baseball fan of 1906 is quite used to continual, and often radical, rule changes in the game he loves. Just in the past five years he's seen the introduction of the foul strike rule and the shape of home plate changed. Until recently a

Prior to the game, members of the Board of Trade attempt to inspire the Cubs by leading two one-year-old black bear cubs by chains around the bases. The game itself features a match between the two "Big Eds"—Reulbach and Walsh, both outstanding in their last outings. The Cub fans around us are stunned when the South Siders take a four-run lead in the fourth inning.

In the box seats we can't miss a hatless white-haired judge named Kenesaw Mountain Landis arguing with a group of Sox fans and wishing he could throw the book at them. Landis has spent a great deal of the summer away from the bench and at the old ballpark watching his beloved Cubbies. A vociferous rooster, Landis will say at the end of the game, "How the hell did they do it?"

For the South Siders, their 8 to 6 victory was accomplished in a unique way. Defensively they played sloppily but their hitting, of all things, overcame their fielding mistakes. The "hitless" ones smash 12 hits, eight of which were for two bases, including one by Davis that might have gone for a home run had it not been for the overflow crowd. The good luck charms failed to do the trick for the Cubs while the only charms the White Sox needed were their bats and the presence of their official mascot on the bench—Cecil, Manager Jones' young son. It's Saturday and the boy was out of school.

Song-and-dance man George M. Cohan sent his stage manager to present expensive diamond watch fobs to both Chance and Jones. The managers accept them graciously but their minds are on the big game tomorrow. It's do-or-die for the Cubs while the White Sox are within one game of becoming World Champions.

GAME FIVE

A RIOT, A REGULAR RIOT, or "MA, I'M ON TOP OF THE WORLD!"

At two o'clock in the morning we join a few other fans at the ticket window. To kill the time we pick up an early Sunday paper and

read a feature article about an actual person—sane, allowed to vote and a respected citizen—who has never heard of baseball or the World Series. By seven o'clock the assembly has grown to approximately 200 people. Three hours later the mob begins to get uncontrollable. It increases with the arrival of every streetcar, elevated train, automobile, carriage and bicycle.

Comiskey has ordered additional police to arrive at 11:30, expecting the majority of the fans to arrive then. It's now 10:45. The mob begins demanding entry into the park but are told that the gates won't open until noon. A loudmouthed galoot next to us yells, "Tear down the fence!" The crowd, made bold by the lack of police, takes it as a command. A portion of the fence comes down with a crash just as we see a dozen police officers come charging around from 39th Street. Seconds later, another portion collapses at the other side of the gate. A large segment of the crowd rushes toward the open sections, into the park and toward some choice seats.

One officer is injured by splinters from the broken fence. We help carry to safety two women who have fainted. Under the feet of rushing fans, we hear the crunch of a broken arm. The officers, about 50 strong now, resort to the use of clubs to push back the frenzied throng. Order isn't maintained until the arrival of several more officers from surrounding precincts.

Cops collar many of the free-loaders who had run into the park, but it's estimated about 500 will watch the game free of charge after hiding under benches. To appease the mob the gates are opened an hour early. The mass pours in and, although quite intimidating, is a happy crowd and not unruly. Despite the chaos, we manage to get a good location in the third row of the overflow crowd in right-center field.

By 12:30 the gates are closed and no more tickets will be sold. Although in most sections of the park every crevice is filled by a fan, we can still see several bare benches in the outfield. The confusion has prevented a few thousand more fans from entering the park and witnessing the game. As it is the crowd encroaches as far into the playing field as police will permit, all the way around the outfield up both sides to behind home plate.

Those who thought they had arrived in plenty of time, two hours before the scheduled first pitch, remain outside and feel betrayed. The owners of reserved tickets have to fight through the sea of faces to get to the gate. As they make their way, onlookers almost drool at the precious piece of pasteboard in their hands. "Hey buddy, five bucks for that seat," yells one guy. The lucky owner shouts back, "Are you solid ivory or something? I wouldn't sell it for \$100!"

All flat rooftops behind the outfield are packed with people. On top of a school, a quarter of a mile away, stands a group watching through binoculars. One man crawls onto the steeple of St. George's Catholic Church and clings to the eaves until the eighth inning. Many suits are ruined by fans sitting on chimney tops, a popular vantage point. Every telegraph pole in the immediate area is spotted with human sparrows. A few who watch the entire game

from this position jump to the ground only to find they can't walk on cramped legs. A few fans watch the game between the poles by perilously standing on wires and maintain their balance clutching another wire above their heads. A black gentleman, watching the action from a tall pole, will deliver an eloquent account of the game to people below. When he finally comes down from his perch, he'll discover the appreciative fans have taken up a collection for him.

Having now attended five ball games in this long-ago day, we can confirm that the fans of 1906 are more vocal and noisier than their descendants. Every fan seems to carry some sort of noisemaker—clappers, cow bells, tin horns, gongs with potato mashers, whistles and cymbals. But a man roaming around the park here today takes the cake. Wearing a white stocking over his head, he operates an air-powered siren that emits an ear-piercing wail. To add to the racket, a band comprised of trombones, French horns and a snare drum plays tunes between innings.

The game bell rings at a little after two o'clock, almost a half-hour earlier than planned. The umpires see the maddening hordes getting overly anxious for the game's start and instruct the managers to finish their warm-ups early. Evers doesn't mind. It's a habit with* him when hitting good in batting practice to cut it short to save some hits for the ball game. It's a match between the ace of each club. Chance is going with Brown, despite the fact the three-fingered one has had only a single day's rest after his sparkling two-hit complete game. And Jones answers with White, just coming off three innings of relief work yesterday. As the game gets under way, an engineer of the Rock Island Railroad, whose tracks overlook the park, slows down his train to catch some of the contest.

The Cubs score a quick run and their fans start talking about a seventh game. White escapes the inning by virtue of his fine fielding.

In the Sox half of the first, to the amazement of even their most ardent supporters, the South Siders emerge with sizzling bats and bombard Brown with four hits to take a 3-1 lead. A question of interference mars the performance, but what's a World Series without at least one juicy controversy?

With two men on, Davis hits a deep drive directly at us! Schulte, whose loping style of running is deceptive because he has good speed, moves quickly back to the crowd. Sox fans attempt to rattle the outfielder with their noisemakers. As the ball draws closer, we are pushed back by the fans in front. Schulte suddenly stumbles and falls to the ground as the ball sails over our heads and hits some fan farther back. Chance looks like a madman as he storms over to Umpire O'Loughlin. Schulte then joins the argument, claiming that somebody had tripped him and that interference should be called. One report has a Sox fan committing the crime, but Schulte points out a police officer at the edge of the crowd as the culprit. The ump listens to as much as he can stand before ordering resumption of play.

We ask one fan, who was in a position to see the entire incident, what had happened. The man, proclaiming himself as a

dyed-in-the-wool Cubs fan, says it was simply a master bluff by Chance (quickly supported by Schulte) that had failed. Nice try but no cigar. "I'll wager a suit of clothes against a ham sandwich that Schulte will now admit that no one touched him," he says. The fan also says that had someone interfered, the offender would have had to contend with him.

The following frame, the South Siders continue their assault and score four more runs, all after two outs with Sullivan making the first and last out. The Sox feast on new baseballs as the spectators throw the day's ethics out the window and keep the balls as special World Series souvenirs. The ushers and security personnel have a tough time trying to identify the transgressors. Brown doesn't even make it to the end of the inning.

Meanwhile, White, an off-season dentist with his office within sight of Teddy Roosevelt's White House, doesn't exactly leave the Cubs toothless, but then again he doesn't have to. With the rare luxury of a nice cushion, the good doctor coasts to his victory by scattering seven hits, walking four and allowing three runs. The Sox fans are giddy with joy as the game drags on, aware that it's merely a matter of time before their team is on top of the baseball world.

The top of the ninth arrives and the Cubs are six runs down. The West Siders score a run and then load the bases with two outs and Schulte at the plate. The unlikelihood of a grand slam would bring them within one run. While the game's outcome was apparent more than an hour ago, at least the Cubs are making it interesting and are going down with a fight. The ever alert Donahue jiggles his feet around the first base bag, as White delivers. Donahue snares a grounder, steps on the bag, certifying the Chicago White Sox as the World's Champions. The crowd, which has been restrained with great difficulty the last inning, charges onto the field.

The White Sox players are well prepared and have charted their escape routes perfectly. They quickly make it to safety with only a few losing their caps to the excited fans. Jones displays his speed by hustling his wife and son away from the mob in an instant. Although their heroes have departed, the fans refuse to leave the park and hold a party that lasts for hours. They rush to the boxes containing the wives and sweethearts of the White Sox players and sing, drink, dance and proclaim toasts with them into the evening.

Debates begin in West Side taverns as to what had caused the great Cubs to crumble during the most important series of the year. Some blame Chance for not pitching Carl Lundgren or Jack Taylor in place of Brown in the last game. Others pin the blame on the collapse of the hitters, such as Sheckard, the man who boasted he would bat .400 but failed to get a hit in 21 at-bats. Tavern hoppers on the South Side have several heroes from which to choose from, but if the World Series MVP Award existed in 1906, George Rohe would be the one driving a new car.

Celebrations are being held in every section of the city and would continue well into the night and next morning. One poor man arrived in town late, had not heard the news and assumed

the Cubs had won. When he talked at length about how the Cubs would take the championship by winning game seven, he was finally attacked by a group of West Side fans. Another fan pinned black crepe on the doors of Cub headquarters and the gates to West Side Park.

We hear about an insane bet between a pair of Cub fans and two Sox supporters. The two losers would play the part of horses and pull the two winners in a buggy up Milwaukee Avenue from North to Chicago Avenues and back again. If the Sox fans had lost they would pull the buggy wearing only white stockings on their feet, while the losing Cub fans would perform the chore in their "bare" feet. The Sox fans were now demanding payment! When the two sorry Cub fans arrived at the take-off point, they found the winners in a buggy decorated with white stockings and the entire route lined with torches and friends of the Sox fans. The losers complied with the deal but on the return trip, with their feet aching with sores, figured it wasn't against the rules if they hitched a ride. So around Division Street they jumped on the back of a passing streetcar while still holding onto the buggy. A couple hundred feet later the fun ended when the buggy wheel caught in the cable slot, throwing the Sox fans to the brick pavement and pulling the Cub fans from the streetcar. All four gamblers suffered severe injuries.

As for us, we join a group that marches down 35th Street on the way to Fielder Jones' home. A huge bonfire on Cottage Grove blocks traffic, requiring the arrival of firemen to put out the blaze. Our group increases in size with each block as people learn we are heading for the home of the resident genius of Chicago. When we pass an intersection, a fan spots George Davis eating his dinner in a corner restaurant. Several members of the mob rush in, slap him on the back in congratulations and hustle him outside. Before he knows what hit him and his mouth still full of food, the star shortstop is being carried bodily over the heads of the ecstatic fans to the Jones house.

When they arrive at their destination the fans go berserk. Jones' dinner guest is none other than pitcher Doc White! The three players satisfy their adoring fans with tales of the Series before White suggests we visit Rohe at the Hotel Hayden. The mob continues its trek up the street, and by the time it reaches its goal nearly every resident of the neighborhood has joined the party. The crazed fans chant the World Series hero's name until he appears at a second-story window. As the people worship from the street as if the blond utility player were some god, Rohe tosses rolled-up white stockings as relics to his admirers below.

The crowd then decides to continue its all-night celebration at nearby White City Amusement Park with its two dance floors and roller skating rink. Standing in the middle of the street, we hear their shouts become more and more faint as we watch the happy mob disappear in the distance.

We must now return to our time. We're comforted to know we take with us some special World Series memories.

Addie Joss Day *An All-Star Celebration*

by John R. Husman

More than two decades before the first interleague All-Star game, the elite of the American League's players gathered at Cleveland's League Park. They played the Cleveland team July 24, 1911, to celebrate the career of one of the game's greats and to honor his memory.

Adrian Joss was among the game's best and the rest of the best turned out to play in his honor that day. Quite simply, Addie Joss was a whale of a pitcher. In an abbreviated nine-year career he amassed 160 wins, 46 by shutout, for a solid but never championship Cleveland club. Along the way he hurled two no-hitters, one of them a perfect game, and seven one-hitters, one in his major league debut.

His career ERA was an incredible 1.88 and ranks second among all pitchers ever. He gave up a meager 16 home runs for his entire career, remarkable in any era.

For his efforts, Joss was admitted to the National Baseball Hall of Fame in 1978 by vote of the Veterans Committee that waived the 10-year rule. Joss' brilliant career was cut short at its zenith by tubercular meningitis. He died April 14, 1911, two days after his 31st birthday.

Never before had a player of such stature, and one so respected, died while still in the game. The baseball world was stunned. Joss' funeral at Toledo, Ohio, where he had made his home, was a major event. The Cleveland team was scheduled to play in nearby Detroit. League President Ban Johnson granted a postponement at the last moment so Joss' teammates, along with a number of the Tigers, could attend the rites. Hundreds of others attended, including the entire spectrum of society. They all loved Addie. The funeral sermon was preached by ballplayer-turned-evangelist Billy Sunday.

The All-Star game was the brainchild of Cleveland management and Vice-President E. S. Barnard. He aimed to field "the greatest combination of All-Star players who ever appeared on one field in the history of the game." The All-Stars would play the Cleveland team for the benefit of Joss' widow and children. Tickets were offered on a subscription basis as "a great many patrons of the game expressed a willingness to pay more than the regular price for Joss Day tickets." Some paid \$100 for boxes.

Finding a day to play the game was difficult as the league schedule had no built-in break. Monday, July 24th, was selected as it was set aside for travel. The western clubs were about to make their second invasion of the season of the four eastern cities. Rain

would ruin the event. There was no other date available. After Sunday's game the field was carefully tarped.

Barnard and his executive committee were not bound by fan preferences as is the case today in selecting All-Stars. They went after the very best, first securing permission of the teams and then agreement from the players themselves. No one turned them down. All were anxious to be part of the event. The great Ty Cobb was one of the first to respond, saying he would surely be there. Famed Washington fireballer Walter Johnson said, "I'll do anything they want for Addie Joss' family." Chicago pitcher Ed Walsh was enthusiastic over being asked to take part and offered to pitch the entire game for Cleveland.

The players just mentioned are members of the Hall of Fame, an indication of the caliber of player that took the field that day. Future Hall of Famers Sam Crawford of Detroit and Tris Speaker of Boston joined Cobb in the outfield. Three of the infielders were destined for the Hall of Fame, the Philadelphia A's Eddie Collins at second and his teammate Frank "Home Run" Baker at third, along with Bobby Wallace of the St. Louis Browns at short. Hal Chase of New York, who is regarded as the best defensive first baseman ever by many, rounded out the infield.

There were baseball brains among them, as Chase and Wallace also managed their teams. Besides Johnson, "Smoky Joe" Wood of Boston and Russ Ford of the New York Highlanders shared pitching duties. Alas, the Chicago schedule prohibited Walsh from participating. His Sox were the only team not represented, but they sent \$140. If there was a weakness on the team it was at catcher, there being no premier receiver in the American League at the time. Gabby Street, Johnson's receiver at Washington, was chosen. His backup was the A's Paddy Livingston, no doubt selected because he was from Cleveland's West Side. Rounding out the squad were utility infielder Germany Schaefer and outfielder Clyde Milan, both of Washington. Manager was Jimmy McAleer of Washington, a former Cleveland skipper. That these players were the league's best is borne out in the numbers they put up. Led by Cobb's gaudy .442, the All-Stars, less pitchers, had a team .333 batting average going into the game. The four outfielders had a combined .380 average while the infield checked in at .334. The overall average was reduced greatly by the averages of the light-hitting catchers, both barely over .200.

The pitchers, likewise, were among the league's best. That year Johnson won 25 games. Wood 23, and Ford 22. These players were the best. The *Cleveland Press* reported that the team would cost \$500,000 to buy.

On the Cleveland side of the field were two more future members of the Hall of Fame. Manager/infielder Napoleon Lajoie was one. He was such a legend in his own time that the Cleveland team was named for him, the Naps. And another living legend, Cy Young, in his last season, started the game for Cleveland. Also playing for Cleveland was "Shoeless" Joe Jackson, a player of Hall of Fame quality, but never to be enshrined because of his involvement in the Black Sox scandal of 1919.



That these players would come together on the same field was the ultimate tribute to Joss. There was no lost love among several of the players. Many of the hard feelings revolved around the hated Cobb. He was not even on speaking terms with his fellow Tiger outfielder Sam Crawford. Cobb had left the marks of his spikes on Baker and was in a heated and close chase with Collins for the stolen base leadership. Cobb had just battled in 1910 with Lajoie for the league batting championship. Cobb endeared himself to no one when he sat out the last two games of the season to protect a seemingly safe lead.

On the final day, however, Lajoie got eight hits in a double header. Six of his hits were bunt singles and some say third baseman Red Corriden of St. Louis purposely played back allowing Lajoie safe passage. Baseball schedules then fostered the players knowing each other well, rivalries flourished and conflicts grew, and sometimes became bitter. Players were bound to teams and most often played with the same one for years. Teams played each other 22 times in a season. These players knew each other well. The game for Joss transcended all this.

The game was a celebration. The atmosphere was World Series-like, the only sign of mourning was the flag at half-mast. Germany Schaefer did not play, but was a star of the show. Using a megaphone, he announced the lineups and called the game. Schaefer, who once stole second, then first, then second again, was the comedian extraordinaire. He coached for both teams.

The pre-game warm ups were a highlight of the day. Everyone, including the Cleveland players, were in awe of the collective talent and skills displayed by All-Stars. Schaefer was at first for infield practice sitting on the bag, and demanding accurate throws.

The game itself was not a classic. Young started for Cleveland. Speaker, Collins, and Cobb started the game with hits for a quick two runs, and the Stars never looked back. Wood started so that he and Speaker could catch an early train to Boston. In a quick one hour and thirty-two minutes, the Stars coasted to a 5-3 win. The 15,272 fans that turned out, along with others, contributed \$12,931.60 to Mrs. Joss. The *Plain Dealer* said, "It is safe to say that never before in the history of the national game have so many real ball players appeared on one lot for a single game of the pastime." After 86 years, that may still be a true statement. But Mrs. Joss said it best of the game, "Addie had real friends, even amongst his bitterest rivals on the ball field."

The Score (Hall of Famers in capitals)

CLEVELAND	AB	R	H	O	A	E	ALL-STARS	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Graney, tf	4	0	1	0	0	0	SPEAKER, cf	2	1	2	0	0	0
Olson, ss	4	1	2	2	6	1	Milan, cf	3	1	2	3	0	0
Jackson, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0	COLLINS, 2b	5	1	2	3	6	0
Butcher, rf	2	0	1	1	0	0	COBB, rf	4	0	2	1	0	0
Stovall, 1b	2	1	1	2	2	0	BAKER, 3b	4	1	1	0	1	0
LAJOIE, 1b	2	0	0	6	0	0	CRAWFORD, lf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Birmingham, cf	4	0	1	9	3	1	Chase, 1b	3	1	3	17	1	0
BaH. 2b	4	0	0	3	1	0	WALLACE, ss	3	0	0	1	7	0
Turner. 3b	3	0	1	2	1	0	Street, c	2	0	1	1	0	0
Smith, c	1	0	0	0	2	0	Livingston, c	2	0	1	1	0	0
Easterly, c	3	0	0	2	0	0	Wood, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
YOUNG, p	0	0	0	0	0	0	JOHNSON, p	1	0	0	0	1	0
Kahter, p	1	0	0	0	0	0	Ford, p	2	0	0	0	1	0
Blanding, p	1	1	1	0	0	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Griggs†	1	0	0	0	0	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
	34	3	38	27	15	2		35	5	15	27	17	0

†batted for Young in 3rd.

ALL-STARS	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	-	5
CLEVELAND	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	-	3

2B: Birmingham, Speaker, Milan, Blanding. 3B: Coffins, Olson. SF: Wood, Chase. SB: Speaker, Graney, Milan, Livingston. DP: Olson, Ball to Stovall.

PITCHING: Young 6 hits in 3 inn, Kahter 4 hits in 3 inn, Blanding 5 hits in 3 inn, Wood 2 hits in 2 inn, Johnson 1 hit in 3 inn, Ford 5 hits in 4 inn. BOB: Off Kahter 1, Ford 1. K: Blanding 2, Johnson 1, Ford 1. LOB: Cleveland 5, All-Stars 1. TIME 1:32. UMPIRES: Egan and Connolly. ATTENDANCE: 15,272.

The Rocky Colavito– Harvey Kuenn Trade

by Allen Pfenninger

What most Cleveland fans regard as the beginning of the end of the Golden Era of Indians baseball can be traced to Easter Sunday, April 17, 1960. The Indians, who had finished second to the Chicago White Sox in 1959, were playing the American League champions in an exhibition game in Memphis, Tennessee.

Cleveland's right fielder and 1959 AL homer champ Rocky Colavito homered over the left field wall in his first at-bat that day. In his next at-bat, in the fourth inning, he reached first base on a fielder's choice and was removed from the game for a pinch runner. Upon returning to the dugout, he was informed by Indian manager Joe Gordon that he had been traded to Detroit for 1959 AL batting champion Harvey Kuenn.

Thus was launched the bombshell that immediately angered Cleveland fans, many of whom still regard the deal as the end of the glory days for the Tribe. The main players in this melodrama, from the Cleveland point of view:

FRANK LANE, aka "Trader Lane" and "Frantic Frank," Cleveland General Manager. Had been a general manager with the Cardinals and White Sox before replacing Hank Greenberg in Cleveland after the 1957 season. Trades were his first love, and his claim to fame was that every team he had worked for improved in the succeeding years' standings. Before Lane would leave the Indians just after the 1960 season, he was to make 95 deals. Lane was so proud of his trading ability that the 1960 Indians Sketchbook listed each of his transactions since joining the team. And Lane's contract with the Indians contained a clause that promised him a bonus based on the team's profitability. Attendance had been only 663,805 in 1958, but grew to 1,497,976 in 1959.

ROCCO DOMENICO "ROCKY" COLAVITO, 26-year-old right fielder. Arrived on the scene in 1955, and earned a starting role with the Indians in 1956. Known as an average hitter with good power, Colavito hit 129 home runs in his four seasons as a starter, leading the league with 42 round trippers in 1959, and his 111 RBI were just one fewer than Boston's Jackie Jensen. Over the 1958 and '59 seasons, Colavito's homer and RBI totals (83 and 224) outclassed those of both Willie Mays (63 and 200) and Mickey Mantle (73 and 172). Colavito achieved notoriety during the 1959 season by hitting four home runs in a single game at Baltimore. The handsome outfielder was a favorite with the fans and was popular with his teammates. He was rated as an average fielder, although his rifle arm was respected throughout the league (he was once a pitcher and appeared on a handful of occasions as

a reliever in the majors during his career). He was regarded as a liability on the bases, and, like most power hitters, was prone to strike out. A 1959 September batting slump, during the Indian pennant drive, was an albatross that was used in part by Lane to justify the trade.

HARVEY EDWARD KUENN, 29-year-old center fielder. Kuenn arrived with the Tigers in 1952, became the team's starting shortstop in 1953 and led the team with a .308 average. He followed that with .306 marks in 1954 and 1955. He led the league with 196 hits in 1956, batted .332 and had a career-high 88 RBI. His average dipped below .300 for the first time in 1957, to .277. His greatest year came in 1959, when he led the league in hits (198), average (.353) and doubles (42). He was rated as an excellent fielder, and had above-average speed. Through his eight seasons, he had hit only 53 home runs, with a high of 12 in 1956. The knocks on Kuenn in Detroit were that he couldn't drive in runs and that he was injury-prone.

Before making the Colavito trade. Lane was naturally busy at work making other trades, virtually breaking up a team that had missed out on the 1959 AL flag by only five games. Two of the biggest deals were made before 1959 was even over.

Lane traded the team's second-leading RBI man, Minnie Minoso, along with catcher Dick Brown and pitchers Don Ferrarese and Jake Striker, to the White Sox, for catcher Johnny Romano, third baseman Bubba Phillips, and unknown first baseman Norm Cash. Minoso was deemed expendable because of the emergence of Tito Francona, acquired from Detroit during the 1959 season. Ironically, Francona had a higher batting average than Kuenn in 1959 (.363) and might have won the batting title but for a lack of at-bats. Because Lane had slick-fielding Vic Power to play first, Cash was sent off to Detroit for third baseman Steve Demeter just five days before the Colavito trade.

In addition. Lane traded second baseman Billy Martin, who had failed to provide the team leadership Lane wanted in 1959, along with the 19-game winner Cal McLish and young first baseman Gordy Coleman to the Reds for second baseman Johnny Temple.

Meanwhile, Colavito proved to be difficult to sign, holding out for a contract befitting a home run champion. He eventually signed for \$35,000. But, not one to let Colavito forget his shortcomings. Lane included a \$ 1,000 bonus in the contract that would kick in only if Colavito hit *less* than 40 home runs, the idea being that Colavito was to cut down on his swing, reduce his strikeout totals and improve his average.

As the 1960 training camp convened, the Indian starting eight appeared to be set: Power, 1B; Temple, 2B; Woodie Held, SS; Phillips, 3B; Colavito, RF; Piersall, CF; Tito Francona, LF. But the emergence of a rookie outfielder from Class A, Walter Bond, turned the heads of both Lane and manager Joe Gordon. Invited to camp because of an off-season injury to backup outfielder Chuck Tanner, Bond batted .400 for the spring, with five home runs, and led the team in RBI. Despite his lack of experience, both Lane and Gordon were convinced that Bond was the real thing. Even *The Sporting News*

picked Bond as the AL's top rookie prospect as the season was about to begin.

This set the Lane trading machine back into motion. He had been talking about the possibility of Colavito-for-Kuenn with Detroit general manager Bill DeWitt since February, when both players were holding out. Before swinging the deal, Lane met with Gordon and the Cleveland coaching staff, none of whom were against the move. Bond would provide the power, along with Woodie Held, and play right field; Kuenn would be the table-setter and play center field.

When the trade was announced in Cleveland, all hell broke loose. The team was returning to Cleveland following the Easter Sunday exhibition game for its Tuesday home opener—ironically, against the Tigers. A crowd of 300 met the team at the airport to show support for Colavito, who checked out of his Cleveland hotel and moved to another to meet his new Tiger teammates.

Lane defended the deal by citing Colavito's September slump, saying that it had cost the team the pennant. He also was quoted as saying that the home run was overrated, citing the fact that Washington had led the league in home runs in 1959 but finished last (in fact, Cleveland had led the league in home runs with 167; Washington was second with 163). He summed it up by saying that the team had a better chance to win the pennant with Kuenn. He calculated that the team had given up 40 home runs for 40 doubles, added 50 singles and eliminated 50 strikeouts. Gordon echoed his support, adding that Kuenn was an all-around player.

Cleveland Plain Dealer sports editor Gordon Cobbledick weighed the pros and cons of each player and asked that the fans reserve judgment, while allowing for the fact that Colavito was probably one of the most popular players in team history. He concluded that "Kuenn may take the Rock's place in the lineup and fill it with distinction, but he cannot ever take the Rock's place in the hearts of the people—particularly the young people, who will be tomorrow's cash customers. If the team wins, the fans will applaud. But they'll be slow to forgive Lane for trading the Rock."

Reaction in Detroit was not nearly as negative. One newspaper headline summarized the trade in this way: "140 singles for 42 home runs."

On the Monday between the trade and the Opener, Lane made another deal, sending Colavito's best friend and roommate Herb Score to the White Sox for pitcher Barry Latman. With this trade, only two players—Russ Nixon and George Strickland—remained from the team that started the 1958 season, and Lane had actually traded Nixon to the Red Sox earlier in spring training in a deal that was cancelled by the Commissioner because catcher Sammy White chose to retire rather than report to the Indians.

Opening Day in Cleveland saw a crowd of 52,756 turn out, most of them to cheer for Colavito. Many fans carried banners supporting the Rock, while others hung Lane in effigy outside the stadium. Others simply boycotted the game in protest. Colavito went hitless in six at-bats, including four strikeouts—Lane later bought pitchers Gary Bell and Jim Grant a new hat for each

strikeout they recorded against Colavito. True to his reputation for injury, Kuenn pulled a muscle legging out a base hit in the extra-inning affair eventually won by Detroit, 4-2. Colavito got his revenge the next day, slugging a three-run home run, Detroit winning again.

Trades, of course, are measured over time, but the notoriety of this one led fans to compare the players throughout the season. It certainly appeared as though Cleveland had the early edge as Kuenn led the team in hitting throughout the early going, keeping his average at or near .300, with the expected low power and RBI output Colavito suffered through a slow start and slumped throughout June. *The Sporting News* gave the edge to Cleveland in a July 6 article, running a chart showing Kuenn leading Colavito in eight offensive statistics—notably in average (.314 to .226), hits (70 to 44) and even RBI (31 to 26). Colavito led in only one significant category—home runs (11 to 4), and had 32 strikeouts to Kuenn's six.

The Indians were in contention, shuffling between the league's top three spots, while the Tigers foundered in the middle of the pack, struggling to reach .500. Frank Lane looked like a genius. But was he? Walter Bond had mysteriously shown that he could not hit big league pitching and was back on the bench by the end of May with a .217 average and just three home runs. By mid-season, he was back in the minors, spending the majority of the year at Vancouver. He was replaced by Jimmy Piersall, no power hitter himself. And Woodie Held, the team's "other" power hitter, went down for six weeks with a broken finger. An unnamed American League pitcher was quoted July 27 in *The Sporting News*:

"Nobody in the Cleveland lineup scares you. The Yankees and White Sox have home run hitters, and one pitch can kill you. Cleveland has a bunch of singles hitters."

Worse for Lane (and his pocketbook), attendance was off despite the team's remaining in contention, and Colavito came out of his slump in July, registering a .256 average with 19 home runs and 50 RBI through the end of the month.

In the second week of August, Lane and his Detroit cousin DeWitt pulled a trade just as notorious as their outfielder swap by trading managers—Joe Gordon went to the Tigers, Jimmy Dykes to the Indians. At the time of the trade, Cleveland was in fourth place, seven games out, while Detroit was in sixth, twelve and a half games out. Gordon was reunited with his outfielder that struck out too much, and Lane, asked if he would still make the trade of outfielders, said, "No comment."

Kuenn continued to contend for the American League batting crown until he suffered a hand injury in early September and broke his foot after being hit by a foul tip in mid-September, finishing him for the season. He ended the year with a .308 average, but with just 474 at-bats, nine home runs and 54 RBI. The Indians finished fourth, 21 games behind New York. Attendance dropped dramatically, and Lane's bonus for 1960 was substantially lower than the \$35,000 he had received in 1959.

Colavito finished the year with a .249 mark, 35 home runs and 87 RBI as the Tigers finished sixth. General manager Bill DeWitt encouraged Colavito to swing for the fences by paying him the \$1,000 bonus in early September. Still, the season was considered to be an “off-year” for The Rock. He came back to slug 45 home runs in 1961, leading Detroit with 140 RBI as the team finished second to New York. He hit 37 round-trippers in 1962, 22 in 1963, and was traded to Kansas City, where he hit 34 in 1964.

Walter Bond, unfairly projected as the next Willie Mays, finished the 1960 season with just five home runs, 18 RBI and .221 average in 40 games. He never did play regularly for Cleveland, but shone briefly as the starting first baseman for Houston in 1965 and 1966, before dying of leukemia at age 30 in 1967.

And in Frank Lane’s final trade as General Manager of the Cleveland Indians, he sent Harvey Kuenn to the San Francisco Giants on December 3, 1960, for 30-year-old pitcher John Antonelli and 26-year-old outfielder Willie Kirkland, a promising slugger. Lane cited the fact that the team needed a) a veteran pitcher to head up its young starting staff and b) some power, plus the fact that Kuenn was injury-prone.

Kuenn went on to have a couple of productive years in San Francisco, setting the table for power hitters such as Willie Mays, Willie McCovey and Orlando Cepeda. Antonelli was a bust with Cleveland, going 0-4 before being sold to Milwaukee in midseason. Kirkland played for Cleveland through 1963; his best season was 1961, when he hit 27 home runs for 95 RBI and a .259 average.

He was traded to Baltimore before the 1964 season began for Al Smith, who was released before midseason. This left the Indians with nothing to show for the Colavito deal.

Lacking an identity, the Indians foundered in the middle of the pack through 1964, and fan support dwindled. Talk of moving the team to Seattle became a real possibility. In a final effort to spark fan interest and keep the team in Cleveland, General Manager Gabe Paul brought Rocky Colavito home in a three-way deal with the White Sox and Athletics on January 20, 1965. The price to bring Colavito home was steep—starting catcher Johnny Romano, plus the organization’s two brightest prospects, pitcher Tommy John and outfielder Tommy Agee.

The 31-year-old Colavito returned to Cleveland a hero, and responded with a 26-homer, league-leading 108 RBI season. The fans responded, and baseball was most likely saved in Cleveland as a result. Colavito had one good year left with the Tribe, but was traded again in 1967 for journeyman Jim King. He retired after the 1968 season after spending time with the White Sox, Dodgers and Yankees.

It is left to conjecture as to what the Tribe would have accomplished had Colavito never been traded. He was the last legitimate “star” produced by the Indians’ organization, and it took his return to bring attendance back to where it was in 1959. His trade in 1960—and the name of Frank Lane—have been vilified in Cleveland baseball lore ever since.

The Federal League of Base Ball Clubs

by E. Vernon Luse

In the spring of 1913, the Organized Base Ball monopoly seemed to have very successfully driven the “outlaw” organizations to cover. An eastern-based United States League was in the process of organization, but with little financial backing, and appeared—rightly—to have little future stability. In fact, no club would play more than two of the scheduled games before the league wilted into the dust. This league may still be “operating”—it was never formally disbanded!

Appearances are often deceiving, for, on March 8, 1913, John T. Powers called a meeting of interested baseball investors in Indianapolis; a new Federal League of Base Ball Clubs was formed, with Powers as President. Powers had been the president of the 1912 Columbian League, and was said to be connected with the USL Pittsburgh franchise which was reputed to have gained a profit before the US League fell apart.

Franchises were issued to Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and St. Louis (each home of at least one major league team) and Indianapolis, which was an American Association franchise. Two more franchises were to be placed by President Powers, with Detroit the most favored location.

Problems arose immediately at Cincinnati (site of a 1912 USL franchise). Many bills had been left unpaid at time of disbandment, and the National League team—the Reds—was opposing the location of a new ball park within the city by political action. An alternate site was chosen across the Ohio River at Covington, Kentucky, where the ball park could actually be placed closer to the city center of Cincinnati than the existing Reds’ field. Organized Base Ball had turned down Covington as a location for a Blue Grass League (Class D) franchise earlier in 1913, and had even “thrown out” the Blue Grass League, apparently for its temerity in suggesting competition for August Herrmann’s beloved Reds.

Each team was required to be incorporated (and capitalized at a minimum value of \$100,000). A forfeit of \$5,000 per team was required of each team. The league, incorporated under Indiana law, elected as officers M.R. Bromley (Cleveland) vice president; James A. Ross (Indianapolis) Secretary; and John A. George (Indianapolis) Treasurer. The Board of Managers was William T. McCullough (Pittsburgh); Michael Kenney (St. Louis); Charles X. Zimmerman (Cleveland); John A. Spinney (Cincinnati); Ross, George and John S. Powell (Indianapolis); and Charles L. Sherlock (Chicago).

In an effort to keep clear of Organized Ball, the Federal League

declared that it had no intention of trying to secure players from either the major or minor leagues, but would recruit its players from leagues not under the National Agreement.

With the season due to start soon after May 1, each new team began to sign their field managers—Chicago’s announcement of the signing of Burt Keeley leading the pack. Sam Leever signed up with Covington, “Deacon” Philippe resumed his USL post as manager in Pittsburgh and “Whoa Bill” Phillips, a former Indianapolis star pitcher, agreed to take the Indianapolis post. When Jack O’Connor agreed to terms in St. Louis, all teams but Cleveland had hired managers. The management in Cleveland, a conservative group with Luna ball park already in hand, announced that they were going to appoint old Cy Young as manager—but only when all other clubs had posted full forfeits. Young signed formally on April 24.

With the short time between signing their manager and the May 3 opening of the schedule, it was not surprising that several of the Cleveland players were never in later Federal lineups—they were local amateurs, some (probably) playing under pseudonyms. Luckily for Cleveland, and for their Covington opposition, the opener resulted in a 6-6, ten-inning tie. By the next day, both teams presented complete nines of true professionals, and the quality of the game improved, with a 4-1 Cleveland victory, followed, on May 5, by a 5-2 Covington triumph. In the series finale, on May 6, Covington eked out a ninth-inning run to produce a 2-1 win.

May 6 was also opening day at Pittsburgh and St. Louis. Both Indianapolis and Pittsburgh had well-organized teams and presented lineups which were indicative of their alignment for the rest of the season. Foreshadowing season-long results, the “Hoosier Feds” defeated the “Filipinos” 9 to 5. At St. Louis Manager Jack O’Connor was the best known man on his team, owing to his long career in the big leagues. He was also the St. Louis manager who had allowed Lajoie his famous eight-for-eight season-ending day to “beat out” Ty Cobb for the Chalmers automobile. The Chicago team was well organized, and with a complement of “permanent” players, while O’Connor had to recruit heavily from the local Trolley League for many of his players. Though the Trolley League was very strong, its players were just not up to Federal League play, so St. Louis opened with a 7-4 loss.

Chicago continued its good work throughout the month of May, leading on May 31 with a 14-8 record, while the amateurish Cleveland “Youngsters” (officially Green Sox) brought up the rear at 8-14.

Both Covington and Indianapolis had opened on the road, but each announced the attendance at their opening game—Covington, 6,000, and Indianapolis, 7,000. On May 11, their first at-home Sunday game, the Hoosier-Feds drew 18,507 to their new park—Riverside. Thanks to provision for auto parking on the grounds, over 200 auto parties were in the crowd.

On May 16, one of the eeriest no-hit games of baseball history was pitched by “Chief Raymer (Rehmer) of St. Louis. Actually, in the fourth inning, third baseman Warren, of Pittsburgh, singled

“and then was declared out for batting out of turn.” This was Pittsburgh’s only hit. Rehmer/Raymer was from Belleville, Illinois, an across-the-river suburb of St. Louis, and had previously played in the Trolley League. The Illinois littoral was littered with German settlements, including Belleville and Germantown, the village associated with “Red” Schoendienst. Thus, although the name was spelled Raymer in most boxes and game write ups, I feel very confident Rehmer was the proper spelling of this name. Conceding to the majority, we have spelled it Raymer in the statistics.

At Covington, May 28, Indianapolis introduced a new first baseman, O’Day. By the time O’Day had played four games, and the Hoosier Feds had returned to Indianapolis, O’Day had been recognized as a career minor leaguer, “Biddie” Dolan. Dolan finished out the season as the outstanding Indianapolis player, and played on the 1914 Federal League (major league) team.

June was the month of decision for the Federal League. Although the Federal League had been termed “independent” in most sources, the teams had carefully refrained from signing contracted Organized Base Ball players. The OB people proved to have less restraint, and, on June 15, signed pitcher Ben Taylor (7-3) and shortstop James Scott (.336) of the Indianapolis team.

Outfielder Charles H. “Silk” Kavanaugh (.488) and several other Chicago players were reputed to have jumped the Federal League, and the major leagues and American Association announced open warfare against the “outlaws.” Kavanaugh may have declined to leave Chicago because he was in the midst of a record hitting streak. Beginning May 11, and continuous until the second game on June 26, Kavanaugh hit in 37 consecutive games. During the streak, he had 66 hits in 140 times at bat, a .471 percentage. Kavanaugh’s streak-stopper was only five innings, and he had only one official at-bat in the game.

After the initial enthusiasm, the Covington team had been having trouble drawing paying crowds. Handicapped by a very small ballpark, games tended to be slugging matches. So short were the fences that “home run posts” had to be set so that balls out of the park outside the posts were only two-base hits. As the season wore on, the home run posts crept closer together, reflecting the greater skills of the hitters in the league. Finally, Covington backers announced their desire to give up their franchise; Toledo, Baltimore and Kansas City became the cities which were expected to replace Covington. Thus, although Covington’s team had a winning record (21-20) it played its last game June 26, after which it became the Kansas City Packers.

The month of June was excellent for two teams: Indianapolis and Cleveland. By month’s end, Indianapolis was leading Chicago by four full games, and Cleveland had achieved fourth place with a winning record. Pittsburgh had only a 5-22 won-lost record and had grabbed a firm hold on last place.

July was another good month for both Indianapolis and Cleveland. On July 31, Cleveland was in second place. Pittsburgh, with a winning record in July, was still in last place, while Kansas City, in spite of playing in a brand-new ball park, was sinking

rapidly toward last place. Meanwhile, Chicago and St. Louis were converging toward a battle for third and fourth place at or near .500.

One reason for the showing of the Chicago team had been erased July 5; the entire management team of the club resigned, and a new set of officers headed by President James A. Gilmore took over. Field Manager Bert Keeley received a vote of confidence and was retained.

August 2 saw an important league meeting, during which President Powers was placed on vacation and Gilmore, of Chicago, appointed acting president. Powers had been effective in organizing and starting up the league, but, as time went on, had made some bad, and arrogant, decisions which had agitated most of the money-men in the league. Under Gilmore, the Federal League promised to fight the raids by Organized Base Ball on a man-for-man basis.

August proved to be the last month of the “race” for the first Federal League pennant. Indianapolis, already with a substantial lead, played nearly .800 ball to completely swamp second-place Cleveland. Their success also caused the release of Samuel Leever (Covington, then Kansas City manager) on August 11, and his replacement by Hugo Swarding. Swartling, with a group of Steubenville (Interstate League) players, had joined Kansas City after the breakup of their league in mid-July. Swartling, a first baseman as well as Steubenville manager, was injured on August 12, but finished out the season as bench manager.

After the close of the season, plans were made for a series of exhibition games in Indianapolis, matching the Hoosier Fed champions against an All-Star aggregation of Federal League players. President Krause, of Indianapolis’ team, announced that all gate receipts would be divided between the opposing teams.

As so often happens, though, not until September 21 did the weather allow playing of even the first game. On that date, it was decided to play two games, both of which were won by the Hoosier Feds.

The appended statistics are based on 100 of games played by Federal League teams. Newspapers are the only source for these games. In those cases in which local box scores have differed from telegraph boxes in other cities, the local box—subject to check against the game account, if any—has been used in these compilations.

A research project of this magnitude is much greater than a one-man job, even over a two-year period. Ray Nemeck worked his way through several of the Chicago newspapers looking for just one which had printed the AB column. Bob Tiemann supplied copies of all the St. Louis boxes, as did Bill Carle the Kansas City boxes. Two Indianapolis newspapers, the *Cincinnati Enquirer* (Kentucky edition), the *Pittsburgh Post* and the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* were secured through Interlibrary loan, by either the Parkersburg, West Virginia, public library or the San Diego County Library, LaMesa branch.

Actually, there were four games played during the

championship season which are not included in these statistics. These included two tie games, the first game played in Kansas City's new stadium (apparently without ground rules) and the 4-1 victory of Indianapolis over Pittsburgh of June 3. This last decision was thrown out by President Powers; the controversy over the Powers action may very well have been influential in the relieving of President Powers at the league meeting August 2. Indianapolis feeling was expressed in the June 7 *Star*:

POWERS HAS STARTED SOMETHING

"President Powers of the Federal League sprung something on us Thursday night when he declared Monday's game between Indianapolis and Pittsburgh thrown out of the standings because an umpire made a bum decision at first base. This is indeed something new in baseball. A lot of games have been protested and thrown out of the standings because of technicalities violated by the umpires, but never before has a league hired an umpire and then because he erred in judgment as to whether a base runner was safe or out, thrown the game out of the standings. It's a bad move.

"There are a lot of bum decisions. Any umpire will admit that he kicks one once in awhile. The best of them do it. There are errors made everywhere and every day and if President Powers is going

to throw out every game of ball on which there was a questionable decision then he's going to be a busy man the rest of the season and the Federal League is also going to have a lot of postponed games to play over before winding up the 1913 schedule. The writer saw the game in question and fully agrees that Umpire Franklin made a very punk decision, favoring the Indianapolis Club in the game with Pittsburgh, but that decision doesn't justify Powers in throwing the game out of the standings and giving Pittsburgh another shot at it It's very bush."

A final, and most important, acknowledgement. Ray Nemeck, of Naperville, Illinois, typed up the alphabetized batting and pitching statistics of the Federal League on his special small-type IBM machine. He also reduced the fielding averages to a size which could easily be copied through some "Xerox" process. I stand in his debt for a job well done!

[Editor's note: E Vernon Luse, Jr. wrote this article in 1988. Mr. Luse, 1988 recipient of the Bob Davids Award, passed away in 1989. Space limitations preclude us from printing the 11 pages of the 1913 Federal League statistics that accompanied the original version of the article. The statistics did not appear in the convention journal.]



ROAD TRIPS



Chicago Whales players in a parade before the Federal League opener

Denver and Pueblo

Tales from the Wild, Wild Western League

by R. J. Lesch

In the so-called deadball era, the Western League supplied fans with some exciting pennant races. In 1902, Denver finished one and a half games behind pennant-winner Kansas City—but found themselves in *fourth* place in a six-team league! Both Colorado teams figured in the 1904 Western League race, with Denver half a game behind second-place finisher Colorado Springs and two games behind Omaha.¹

THE “ANGEL” OF THE LEAGUE

Pueblo, Colorado had two entries in the Western League during the deadball era. The Colorado Springs franchise relocated to Pueblo in 1905 and played there for five years, with indifferent success on the field, before moving along. In 1911, however, Pueblo had a second chance.

In 1911, the Western League adopted a 168-game schedule. Playing ball from April 21st through October 8th, the league generally enjoyed pleasant weather and good attendance. The trouble with fitting a 168-game season into a 171-day time span, however, is that it is impossible to play such a schedule profitably without scheduling Sunday games.

That was a problem in Wichita, Kansas, which forbade Sunday ball. The club owner and manager was Frank Isbell, the former Chicago White Sox first baseman and one of the 1906 “Hitless Wonders.” Isbell had spent too much money and effort fighting the anti-Sunday-ball forces in Wichita, and he was tired and broke. Boosters of Pueblo, Colorado, eager to get back into the league, approached Isbell with a juicy offer. On May 22, 1911, the Wichita ball club moved to Pueblo, Colorado.

When they moved, the team’s record was 15-9 and they were on top of the league. They played well in Pueblo, and the town was, at first, feverish over its new team, even on the Sabbath. The young Red Faber was on the mound for 29 of Pueblo’s games, posting a 12-8 record. Pitcher W.E. Ellis went 22-11 (with four agonizing ties) and earned a look from the White Sox, who took him in the September draft that year. Pueblo had little pitching depth beyond this, however, and relied on their powerful hitting attack. They could not maintain their early pace, and finished the 1911 season in third place.

Still, even facing the loss of Ellis and shortstop Joe Berger in the draft, Pueblo fans could dream of a pennant in 1912. Those dreams ended when Isbell sold his franchise to a stock company

of 300 businessmen in Wichita for \$25,000.² Isbell and Sioux City business manager Tom Fairweather then purchased the Des Moines club from Isbell’s old boss, Charles Comiskey, who had bought the failing club to keep it alive near the end of the 1911 season.³

Pueblo boosters threatened an injunction to prevent the move to Wichita. Isbell, it was claimed, had signed an agreement to keep the club in Pueblo for five years; for this he had been paid a \$5,000 bonus. The Pueblo fans and press barbecued Isbell, and even the national press took notice.

“[Pueblo] has been the ‘angel’ of the league,” wrote *The Sporting News* correspondent “Mile High” in the January 25, 1912 issue. “Twice it has stepped to the front and taken over a club which was not securing support elsewhere. It has loyally patronized base ball, whether its team be in first place or last, and a ‘turn down’ now would be poor return for such loyalty.”⁴

Isbell produced the documents he had signed, however, which showed that he had not signed a five-year deal, and in fact he had reserved the right to remove the franchise after the 1911 season. The \$5,000 bonus was for the first year in Pueblo only; the agreement included bonuses for each successive year, which Isbell agreed to forfeit if he moved the team. Isbell claimed that he had been open to offers from Pueblo interests for the Western League franchise, but received none that were on par with the Wichita offer. *The Sporting News* wrote, on February 1st, that “[Isbell’s] books show that even with the sale of two players to the Chicago White Sox his stay at Pueblo would have netted a financial loss had it not been for the \$5,000 bonus.” League President Norris “Tip” O’Neill agreed, and the league approved the transfer of the franchise to Wichita.⁵

Isbell took Red Faber with him to Des Moines, and made plans with Fairweather to open the season. The Jobbers returned to Wichita to find that town suddenly willing to let them play a schedule full of Sunday home games.⁶ Perhaps to the glee of the citizens of Pueblo, the Jobbers finished the 1912 season in seventh place.

Pueblo fans tried to work up enthusiasm for their entry in the new Rocky Mountain League. The league, alas, did not live to complete the season. Isbell had to stay out of Colorado during the summer of 1912 to avoid service of papers in a lawsuit for \$20,000, but that threat subsided.

When the Western League approached Pueblo later in the year to take on the ailing Topeka franchise, the league received a sound rebuff. The “angel” of the Western League did not return to the fold until 1930.

“IT’S ANYBODY’S FLAG”

Few people expected the 1912 Western League pennant race to be close when the season began. By July, though, all eyes were on the Class A league and the fierce contest raging across the Great Plains. The previous year, under fiery manager Jack Hendricks, Denver had romped to the Western League pennant

with a record of 111-54, an astonishing eighteen games over the St. Joseph (Missouri) Drummers. The 1911 Grizzlies featured outfielder Harry Cassidy, who batted .333, and pitcher Buck O'Brien, the league's best pitcher with a 26-7 record and 261 strikeouts. Most observers felt Denver would hoist the 1912 flag as well, assuming Denver remained in the league. During the winter league meetings, rumors flew that Denver might find its franchise moved to another city.

The Western League, under President Norris L. O'Neill, was a progressive league in many respects. The eight-team circuit played a 168-game schedule and used two umpires for games. In 1912, they considered the startling idea of putting numbers on players' uniforms.⁷ Perhaps most surprising, O'Neill proposed a revenue-sharing system. In this system, the league would have pooled a percentage of gate receipts to assist struggling teams. The Lincoln, Des Moines, Wichita, and Topeka clubs had each suffered financial difficulties in recent seasons. O'Neill wanted to make sure clubs in financial straits could at least complete their league schedule.

Denver owner James McGill opposed the scheme, because he felt Denver was already bearing too much of the league's financial burden. Denver was the most isolated city in the league. It was so far away from the other seven cities that under league rules Denver had to pay visiting teams 15 cents per paid admission, two and a half cents more than the other seven teams paid their visitors, to cover the added travel expense for those teams.⁸ McGill pointed out that Denver was the most populous city in the league (225,000), and generally had the best attendance, so the visitors' share would have been substantial even at the league standard.

O'Neill, from the league office in Chicago, dropped hints. "It is an actual fact," said McGill, "that we could make more money by putting in a club on the river, at say Burlington, Iowa, than we can under the present conditions by coming to Denver."⁹ Other writers reported that the league would drop Denver in favor of a Chicago franchise that would play at Comiskey Park while the White Sox were on the road. Nothing came of these rumors, but McGill and other Western League owners became more wary of Chicago baseball interests.

Manager Hendricks, in Hot Springs, Arkansas, with his pitchers and catchers in late March, was more concerned about the team he could put on the field. He had lost two of his best pitchers, O'Brien and Casey Hagerman, to the Boston Red Sox. Hendricks asked Red Sox manager Jake Stahl, who was also in Hot Springs, to farm some of his prospects to Denver during the season. (St. Joseph and Des Moines both made similar arrangements with the Chicago White Sox.) Stahl loaned him Hubert "Dutch" Leonard, a promising pitcher who, Stahl felt, needed more seasoning.

Hendricks had other hopes for pitching. David "Barney" Schreiber, who had gotten into three games with the Cincinnati Reds in 1911, had not joined Denver until mid-season but posted a 15-7 record. Hendricks looked forward to a full season from

Schreiber. Ed "Big Moose" Kinsella had shown potential. Denver fans hoped for a comeback from longtime Grizzly pitcher Henry Olmstead, who missed the bulk of 1911 due to his wife's illness and death. Olmstead, with Cassidy, had been with the club since the beginning of the 1907 season, and was a fan favorite.

Denver started well, but St. Joseph kept pace. The Drummers, sometimes called the Hollanders after owner-manager Jack Holland, featured several future major leaguers, including outfielders Edward "Dutch" Zwilling and Ray "Rabbit" Powell and first baseman William "Babe" Borton. The St. Joseph players had the batting and base running skills to go with the nicknames. Fans and press alike were amused to note that ten of the seventeen St. Joseph players were married, which was apparently unusual for Class A ball.¹⁰

Denver's pitching faltered early. Leonard was unhappy with Denver, and it showed in his work. Schreiber and Kinsella started slowly. Olmstead had control problems; in a May 14th game, he hit three Sioux City players in a row, all of whom scored.

The hitters picked up the slack for a while. During one seven-game stretch in Denver in May, 14 home runs were hit, 12 of them by Denver players. "As a tobacco company gives five pounds of smoking for every home run knocked on Western League parks," noted *The Sporting News*, "this means that the tobacco company has been stuck for 70 pounds of tobacco in a week at Denver."¹¹ Hendricks knew he couldn't count on that forever.

St. Joseph swept Denver in a series in late May, and took over first place. Then Omaha, Sioux City and Des Moines slipped past the Grizzlies. Hendricks, in fifth place on June 2nd, decided that he had seen enough. Hendricks sold or released six players, including Olmstead.¹² He spent \$750 to get catcher George Block from St. Paul, and another \$300 to get a former Grizzly outfielder, Grover Gilmore, back from Buffalo.¹³ Charlie French arrived from Montreal and took over second base. Later in the month Hendricks suspended the "sulking" Leonard and purchased Casey Hagerman back from Boston.¹⁴ Even Harry Cassidy, who had not missed a game in five years, was rumored to be on his way out. The club got the message.

The rest of the league gave little ground. Wichita rode pitcher W.E. Ellis's 13-game winning streak. Sioux City picked up outfielder Josh Clarke (the brother of Pittsburgh's Fred) in mid-season, and watched him bat .323 the rest of the way. Omaha's Marc Hall, building a 25-9 record, led the Rourkes' pitching staff. St. Joseph's Borton led the league in batting average, hitting .400 for a while and finishing at .364, while Zwilling provided power (including a three-homer game versus Sioux City on Sunday, June 30th). The front-page of the July 18th *Sporting News* carried the headline "IT'S ANYBODY'S FLAG" and proclaimed the Western League race "one of the best races in the country."¹⁵ The top five teams, St. Joseph, Omaha, Sioux City, Denver, and Wichita, were separated by only five games.

Two weeks later, Ellis's magic was gone and the rest of the Wichita club could not pick up the slack.¹⁶ Des Moines replaced

Wichita in the cluster near the top, though, and it was still a five-team race as August began.

Western League officials were elated. At a meeting of minor-league presidents that summer, Norris O'Neill was the only one to report his league's attendance was up.¹⁷ "A mixture of bad weather and politics served to cut down the attendance all over the country," *The Sporting News* reported, "and the Western League has probably suffered less than any other from both causes."¹⁸ Of course, the close race kept the turnstiles spinning, too.

In late July and early August, Denver reeled off a 13-game win streak of its own. Kinsella and Schreiber pitched like machines. Leonard, over his sulk, struck out 17 batters in an August 5th two-hitter.¹⁹ Even Denver outfielder Lester Channell's broken ankle didn't slow them down. Grover Gilmore stepped in. The streak put Denver back in first.

Pundits gave Denver the edge down the stretch, noting that the balance of schedule had Denver playing mostly at home.²⁰ They also took new notice of Jack Hendricks, after the manager's mid-season shakeup began to pay off. "Toss him in any league, with any material," wrote one correspondent, "and up he comes from the ruck in speedy time. They are 'dippy' about him in Denver and pay him a lot of money to sojourn—otherwise he might be winning battles in big league company."²¹

Injuries hampered Des Moines, and Sioux City faded. Omaha moved into second place. St. Joseph lost Babe Borton and pitcher George "Chief" Johnson to the White Sox in September, but moved Zwilling to first base and kept close behind.

Denver clinched the pennant on Friday, September 27th, with two days left in the season, when St. Joseph defeated Omaha. The Drummers then swept Omaha in a doubleheader on the last day of the season to snatch second place from the Rourkes.

The league season was over, but Denver had one more challenge. The American Association champion Minneapolis Millers came to Denver for a best-of-seven series on October 5th. The Grizzlies surprised the heavily-favored Millers four games to one, largely behind the workhorse pitching of Barney Schreiber and Dutch Leonard. Minneapolis ballplayers had the financial edge, though. Denver hosted the whole series, and club management had struck a deal with the players to split the proceeds. They also split the expenses, and after the bills were paid Denver players found their share for the five-game series amounted to only \$131.55 per player. The visiting Millers, who didn't have to share expenses, took home about \$300 apiece.²²

Harry Cassidy, who scored the game-winning run in the final Millers game, suffered less than his teammates. When he completed his sixth straight season without missing a game, Denver fans took up a collection to give him an automobile.²³

The close race gave other Western League teams hope for 1913. Denver lost four stars, including Leonard, to major league clubs, and observers thought a dark horse could win the race. It wasn't close. Hendricks rebuilt the team and Denver won the 1913 flag by ten games over Des Moines.

After the 1913 season, James McGill purchased the Indianapolis American Association ball club, and then he moved Hendricks to Indianapolis to manage the Indians.²⁴ Otto Floto, the *Denver Post* sports editor, bet American Association president George Tebeau that Hendricks would win a pennant within three years in that league. "I never saw a manager like this guy," said Floto, "but he must get out of Denver. He has ruined the Western League."²⁵

Floto lost his bet, but only by one year; Indianapolis won the American Association pennant in 1917.²⁶ The following season, Hendricks found himself in "big league company" at last, managing the St. Louis Cardinals.

NOTES

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2. *The Sporting News*, January 18, 1912: 1.
3. Christian, Ralph, "Never on Sunday: The Controversy over Sunday Baseball in Des Moines, Iowa, 1887-1912," presentation at SABR 31, Milwaukee, July 12, 2001.
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5. *The Sporting News*, February 1, 1912: 3, 4.
6. *The Sporting News*, February 22, 1912: 1.
7. *The Sporting News*, February 1, 1912: 1.
8. *The Sporting News*, February 29, 1912: 5.
9. *The Sporting Life*, March 9, 1912: 13.
10. *The Sporting News*, May 5, 1912.
11. *The Sporting News*, May 30, 1912.
12. Olmstead signed with the pennant-winning Oakland club of the Pacific Coast League, appearing in 10 games and winning two (Richter, Francis C., ed. *The Reach 1913 Base Ball Guide*. A.J. Reach Company [Philadelphia, Penn., 1913]: 263.) The year 1913 appears to have been his last season in professional baseball.
13. *The Sporting News*, August 22, 1912.
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15. *The Sporting News*, July 18, 1912: 1.
16. *The Sporting News*, August 1, 1912.
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18. *The Sporting News*, October 3, 1912.
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22. *The Sporting News*, October 24, 1912: 6.
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Baseball and Cultural Preservation *An Alternative View of the Meaning of Baseball in Japanese-American Community Formation*

by Monys A. Hagen

In San Jose, California, a bronze mural stands as a memorial to the Japanese and Japanese-Americans relocated from their homes on the West Coast during World War II. The memorial, documenting the relocation and subsequent internment in concentration camps contains images of events and elements of importance to those who endured the experience. On the panel entitled "Hysteria of War" is the depiction of Japanese playing baseball. The inclusion of baseball in the memorial is a testament to the importance that Japanese placed on the sport in their communities, and reflects the role that baseball played in recreating as normal a social/cultural environment as possible behind barbed wire with guards patrolling the perimeter of the camps. Japanese immigrants to America always embraced baseball. What distinguishes them from other ethnic groups arriving in the United States in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries was that they had made baseball their own prior to their arrival in the United States. In 1872, an American educator introduced the game to Japan and by the turn of the century, baseball had become Japan's most popular sport with teams vying in national championship competitions. The popularity of baseball in Japan has been attributed to its compatibility with Japanese cultural values of harmony and self-restraint.¹

The period of Japanese immigration to the United States coincided with the development and booming popularity of baseball in Japan. Japanese arrival in the United States began around 1890 and continued until 1924, when the Johnson-Reed Act effectively curtailed Asian immigration. During these years approximately 260,000 Japanese came to United States, first establishing themselves on the Hawaiian Islands and later migrating to the West Coast of the United States mainland. Until 1910 the vast majority of the immigrants were males engaged in agricultural employment, and in their masculine communities they quickly instated the baseball leagues that were so popular in Japan.² In the process, they achieved what most ethnic groups seek to accomplish: replicating in their new homeland, the cultural elements they most value from their country of origin. Ironically, bringing baseball to the United States as something they had come to embrace was a Japanese, not an American, pastime.

By 1899 Japanese immigrants in Hawaii formed the Excelsiors baseball club. The pattern replicated itself on the West Coast with the arrival of the Issei. The Fuji Club became the

first mainland baseball club founded in San Francisco in 1903. With continued immigration, baseball teams proliferated in the immigrant communities, and at the conclusion of the first decade of the 1910s cities with significant Japanese populations such as Los Angeles, Seattle, San Jose, and Honolulu had Japanese baseball leagues.³ As communities formed in the Rocky Mountain region, the Issei began baseball programs there as well. In Colorado, Japanese baseball had a firm hold by the 1920s in the communities of Denver and Las Animas, where sizable Issei communities had developed.

Historians focusing on the role of baseball in immigrant communities adhere to the thesis that baseball was an entree into mainstream society, a means to achieve respect and recognition from the dominant white society. This model was developed in large part through studies of European immigrant groups and fits well for urban groups such as the Italians and Jews. When research into Japanese-American baseball began, the Americanization, mainstreaming thesis was adopted. In *They Came to Play: A Photographic History of Colorado Baseball*, Mark Foster and Duane A. Smith maintained that "Japanese Americans in Colorado adopted the national pastime with enthusiasm" and that "baseball offered them a door to mainstream society."⁴ When assessing the specific functions fulfilled by Japanese-American baseball the major variation on the central thesis comes from Gary Otake, who argued that in the face of racial discrimination and race-based legislation, baseball united the Issei and Nisei community and "brought Japanese people into the mainstream, but ironically also built bridges back to Japan."⁵

Applying the interpretation that baseball provided Japanese an avenue to mainstream society, however, is not the only way to interpret the meaning of baseball to Japanese immigrants, and it may not provide the best understanding of how the sport functioned within the Japanese community. One initial fact that leads to questioning about the viability of the thesis is that during baseball's peak period of popularity among Japanese immigrants, 1920-1941, there was essentially no opportunity for the Japanese to utilize baseball to gain access to the dominant white society. The Japanese on the West Coast and in the Rocky Mountain region faced discrimination, both legal and social, and as a result participated only in segregated leagues competing against other Japanese teams. These teams and leagues flourished, providing a focal point of community pride and cohesion. Significantly, baseball attained its greatest following among the Issei and the older Nisei, the generations least inclined toward an assimilationist perspective. The experiences of the Japanese indicate that baseball may have been more a component of Japanese cultural preservation than assimilation. Having brought baseball from Japan, the immigrants established the sport they thought of as the Japanese team sport.

During World War II, with the implementation of Executive Order 9066, the federal government removed all Japanese, citizen and alien alike, from the coastal regions of California,

Washington, and Oregon. With little time to make arrangements, property and businesses were hastily sold for less than market value, and in the rapid departure for the assembly centers the Japanese left behind many belongings.⁶ The cultural shocks continued upon arrival at the internment camps. Camps such as Amache, Colorado, Heart Mountain, Wyoming, and Gila River, Arizona, were located in isolated areas with climate and geography alien to what the Japanese had experienced on the West Coast. The government provided crude barracks for the internees with each family allocated a living space of approximately twenty by twenty-five feet.⁷

Under these circumstances the Japanese sought to re-establish their social/cultural order as quickly and to greatest degree possible. To the Japanese this meant schools, churches, and baseball. At the Gila River Internment Camp at Butte, Arizona, Kenichi Zenimura, an experienced baseball park designer from Fresno, with the help of volunteers built a ball field. The endeavor in the inhospitable Arizona desert required digging an irrigation ditch and laying a water line of nearly three hundred feet. The field served as home to thirty-two teams.⁸ At Amache Internment Camp, Colorado, before the first winter ended plans for baseball and softball leagues had been made and were announced in the

Granada Pioneer, the camp newspaper.⁹ By the end of March, 1943, competition had already begun.

The standard interpretation offered is that under these extraordinary conditions the Japanese sought to attain a level of “normalcy” and baseball became a critical element in that endeavor. It is of primary importance, however, to determine whether “normalcy” meant seeking access to mainstream society and gaining approval from white America or did it mean preservation of Japanese culture. When faced with catastrophic events and uncertainties, people tend to hold onto the reassurance of traditional elements more dearly. Because of the United States government’s official recognition, the Japanese American Citizen’s League (JACL), noted for its adamant assimilationist stance, exerted tremendous influence in the internment camps. This would seemingly provide support for the mainstreaming/normalcy thesis, however, the JACL’s influence was primarily political, not social.¹⁰ The meaning of baseball to the communities could not be dictated by one favored organization.

The idea that baseball provided cultural preservation rather than assimilation can be illustrated by the rivalries that developed within and between the camps. The possibilities of attaining admission into mainstream society, while minimal before the



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Evacuees witness a baseball game Sunday, September 12, 1943, between the Prowers County all-star team and an Amache team. The Amache team won, 20-9.

war, were further diminished with internment. The teams within the camps competed fiercely with each for camp honors at several age and skill levels. Within the Rocky Mountain region, the top teams from Amache, Heart Mountain, and Gila River competed with each other before crowds of between four to six thousand fans. Through organized baseball the Japanese maintained a sense of pride, community, and self-respect in the face of the fears and racism that had uprooted them from their homes and separated them from participation in the mainstream.

Additional support for the cultural-preservation view is provided by the popularity of baseball not only among the more acculturated urban Japanese, but among the more traditional rural Japanese. Amache had two profoundly different cultural factions and the camp was marked by rural-urban tensions. One segment of the population had come from the Los Angeles area and to Amache via the Santa Anita Assembly Center. These Japanese had adopted many of the ways and mannerisms of white urban Los Angeles. Long exposed to and participating in Japanese baseball leagues in the Los Angeles area, the “Santa Anitans” seemingly supports the standard thesis. The other faction at Amache was rural agriculturists from central California. These Japanese lived in a more traditionalist culture with strong intergenerational ties.¹¹ Among this group, baseball proved equally popular. It had been a well-established feature in the agricultural communities, and once at Amache teams like the Livingston Dodgers resumed competition.¹²

Baseball like other social/cultural activities exists not only as a feature of “American culture” but it has occupied an important place within many American subcultures. It is the specific ethnic context that gives the sport meaning within immigrant and racial groups. In the case of the Japanese a unique meaning

and functioning emerged born of Japan's early introduction to the sport and the extreme racism faced by Asians in the West. During World War II, when confronted by uprootedness and “otherness” the internees turned to the Japanese cultural elements they valued the most to unite and preserve what it meant to be Japanese. Baseball was central to this process.

NOTES

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2. Vascalleros, 2-3, and Otake, 2-3.
3. Ibid.
4. Duane A. Smith and Mark S. Foster, *They Came to Play: A Photographic History of Colorado Baseball* (Boulder, Colorado: University Press of Colorado, 1997), 52, 38. Also adhering to this perspective was Page Smith in his *Democracy on Trial: The Japanese American Evacuation and Relocation in World War II* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1995): 80, 350.
5. Gary Otake, cited in Vascalleros, 3.
6. Executive Order 9066 was ostensibly a response to national security concerns. Approximately 120,000 Japanese, two-thirds of whom were American citizens, were removed from the West Coast.
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12. For a photograph of the Livingston Dodgers, see Vascalleros, 4.

DENVER, COLORADO

Into Thin Air

*What's All the Fuss About Coors Field?*¹

by Brian Page, Frederick Chambers,
and Clyde Zaidins

Since opening in April of 1995, Denver's Coors Field has received accolades for its architectural design and downtown location. The ball park echoes the scale and materials of adjacent brick warehouses and replicates the urban accessibility found in early 20th century ballparks like Wrigley Field and Ebbets Field. Yet, Coors Field, home of the Colorado Rockies, has acquired a much less favorable reputation as a place to play baseball. In fact, it has gained national notoriety as the ultimate home run hitter's park—a launching pad of historic proportions. Coors Field led all major league ball parks in both total home runs and home runs per at-bat during seven of its first eight seasons (James 1995-2001; STATS Inc. 2001; Carter et al. 2002). Nearly all observers, from noted physicists to veteran players to casual fans, attribute the dramatic home run output at Coors Field to the effect of thin air on the flight of a baseball. In theory, the ball should travel about 10% farther in Denver (elevation 5,280 feet) than it would in a ball park at sea level, an elevation-enhancement that prompted prominent sports columnist Thomas Boswell to call Coors Field “a beautiful joke” that “turns the sport into a third-rate freak show” (Boswell 1998). These comments are hardly atypical. Nationally syndicated radio talk show host Jim Rome routinely refers to the ball park as “Coors Canaveral.” Former Philadelphia manager Jim Fregosi calls baseball at altitude “arenaball” (Armstrong 2003). Throughout the nation, Coors Field is viewed as a curious anomaly that distorts our cherished national pastime and transforms mediocre hitters into stars.

But does the ball really fly that much farther in Denver? And, is thin air really to blame for the large number of home runs hit at Coors Field? We decided to put these assumptions to the test and came up with some surprising results: fly balls simply don't travel as far as they should in Denver. In fact, the effect of thin air on the flight of the baseball at Coors Field is overestimated, owing to the influence of prevailing weather patterns in and around Coors Field. Altitude clearly plays a role in Coors Field's home run rate, but it is not the only factor and it is perhaps not even the most important factor. Based on our research, a re-evaluation of the ball park's reputation is in order.

HOW FAR DO BALLS FLY IN NATIONAL LEAGUE BALL PARKS?

According to scientists Robert Adair and Peter Brancazio, a baseball hit 400 feet at sea level should travel 440 feet in Denver—10%

farther.² Of course, not all National League ball parks are situated at sea level, so comparing Coors Field to the rest of the league requires an adjustment to reflect actual elevations around the league. Compared to the elevation-adjusted average of the other National League ball parks, the ball should fly 9.3% farther in Denver. In order to determine if these theoretical relationships hold true on the field, we analyzed fly ball distance data for 14 National League ball parks for the years 1995-1998.³ These data provide an estimate of the distance traveled by every fly ball hit in fair territory for every game played in those ball parks over those four seasons. This is a total of nearly 8,000 fly balls per ball park and over 100,000 fly balls overall, more than enough to detect any systematic enhancement of fly ball distance due to altitude.

The fly ball distance data was obtained from STATS Inc. STATS records a wide range of information for each baseball game played in the major leagues, including the distance traveled by every ball put into play. Our analysis focuses only on fly balls, as these are the type of batted ball most affected by atmosphere and weather. In every major league ball park, STATS estimates the distance that each fly ball travels by locating the final position of the ball on a chart of the field. This method yields estimated distance, not precise distance. However, we believe that this data is reliable because a consistent method is used at each ball park, and because the sample size is more than large enough to account for any individual errors in fly ball measurement (that is, cases of over-estimation or under-estimation will cancel each other out).

Table 1. Average Fly Ball Distance in NL Ballparks.

Stadium	4-yr. avg. distance	d Coors (%)
Coors Field	302.8	—
Atlanta†	290.8	4.0
Chicago	283.8	6.3
Cincinnati	284.9	5.9
Florida	282.2	6.8
Houston	286.7	5.3
Los Angeles	291.6	3.7
Montreal	281.3	7.1
New York	282.5	6.7
Philadelphia	290.8	4.0
Pittsburgh	282.2	6.8
San Diego	277.6	8.3
San Francisco	271.1	10.5
St. Louis	293.1	3.2
NL Avg w/out Coors Field	284.5	6.0

†Composite of Fulton County and Turner stadiums.

While this reduction is significant, keep in mind that the boosting effect of altitude in Denver is further minimized by the generous outfield dimensions at Coors Field, the league's most spacious ball park. Indeed, in order to come up with a measure of just how much more likely it is for home runs to occur at Coors

Field due to low air density, one must take into consideration actual field dimensions around the league. We made this adjustment by calculating average fly ball distance as a percentage of average outfield dimension for 14 National League ball parks (Table 2).⁴ This calculation yields a measure of how far the average fly ball travels relative to the average position of the outfield fence in each ball park. As the table shows, when field dimensions are taken into account, the effective difference between Coors Field and the other National League stadiums is not even 6%—it is just 3%. Moreover, the difference between Coors Field and the stadiums in Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Atlanta is minimal, while the average fly ball actually carries closer to the outfield wall at St. Louis' Busch Stadium than it does at Coors Field.⁵ Faced with these numbers, the facile assumption that elevation enhancement of fly ball distance alone is responsible for the large number of home runs in Denver vanishes into so much thin air.

This raises two important questions. First, why do baseballs not fly 9.3% farther in Denver as the laws of physics would predict? And, second, if altitude enhancement of fly ball distance is not the only factor, what else explains the impressive home run statistics at Coors Field?

COORS FIELD METEOROLOGY: SOMETHING IN THE WIND

To answer the first question, we explored the possibility that shorter than expected fly ball distances at Coors Field could be explained by baseball factors alone. After all, no two at-bats are alike, and the distance that any batted ball travels is the result of a complicated and unique set of circumstances having to do with the particular pitcher and batter involved. It depends, for instance, on the pitcher's skill level and orientation (left or right handed), the type and speed of pitch thrown, the batter's orientation, the

batter's hand-eye coordination, and so forth. For these reasons, we would expect fly ball distances to vary somewhat from ball park to ball park over the course of several seasons. To determine the influence of this routine, baseball-driven variation in fly ball distance, we analyzed average fly ball distances for just those National League stadiums located at sea level, thus eliminating the elevation factor. We found a standard deviation of plus or minus 6 feet in fly ball distance for this set of ball parks over the four-year study period, which is far short of the 18.3 foot difference between average fly ball Coors Field distance and average fly ball distance at the other National League parks. According to our statistical analysis (a single tailed student's t-test) this means that the lower than expected difference between Coors Field and the other National League ball parks does not derive from baseball variables alone (at the 90% confidence level).

Next, we turned to an explanation based in the ball park's geographic situation, particularly its weather. We set up two meteorological stations inside Coors Field for the duration of the 1997 baseball season.⁶ These stations were constructed atop concession stands along the rear concourse of the ballpark. One station was located down the left field line, while the other was in straight away center field just beyond and above the bullpens (Figure 1). Measurements taken included temperature, relative humidity, barometric pressure, and wind as recorded by equipment that provides three-dimensional modeling of air flow. Measurements were taken continuously during game time and averaged every 15 minutes. For each game for which weather data was collected, averages of temperature, relative humidity, barometric pressure and wind were determined. This weather data was then related to average fly ball distance data for the same game.

Table 2. Average Fly Ball Distance vs. Stadium Dimension in NL Ballparks

Stadium	Avg. Outfield Dimension (ft)	d Coors (%)	Avg. Flyball Dist. *(100) Outfield Dimension	d Coors (%)
Coors Field	375.4	—	80.7	—
Atlanta†	366.7	2.3	79.3	1.7
Chicago	368.8	1.8	77.0	4.6
Cincinnati	362.8	3.4	78.5	2.6
Florida	369.8	1.5	76.3	5.4
Houston	360.0	4.1	79.6	1.3
Los Angeles	365.0	2.8	79.9	1.0
Montreal	360.8	3.9	78.0	3.3
New York	368.4	1.9	76.7	4.9
Philadelphia	362.0	3.6	80.3	0.4
Pittsburgh	364.0	3.0	77.5	3.9
San Diego	360.2	4.0	77.1	4.5
San Francisco	358.6	4.5	75.6	6.3
St. Louis	362.0	3.6	81.0	-0.4
NL Avg. w/out Coors Field	363.8	3.1	78.2	3.1

†Composite of Atlanta Fulton County and Turner stadiums.

There have been several previous attempts to link weather and baseball (Kingsley 1980; Skeeter 1988; Kraft and Skeeter 1995). These studies did not show any significant relationship between weather variables and fly ball distance. The results of our meteorological analysis indicate that of the measured variables, wind—especially the east-west vector—is the only statistically significant weather variable that is correlated with fly ball distance in Coors Field. In fact, almost 20% of the variation in fly ball distance at Coors Field can be attributed to differences in winds along the east-west vector.⁷ Average fly ball distances decreased with easterly winds (approximately 290 feet with easterly winds versus over 303 feet with a western component).⁸ Not surprisingly, easterly winds inside Coors Field were twice as strong as westerly winds—blowing at 12 versus 6 miles per hour.

A look at the regional wind pattern shows that easterly winds do indeed predominate in the vicinity of Coors Field daily from 12:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. (the time period in which almost all Rockies games are played) throughout the baseball season (April through September). These seasonal winds result from the daily upslope and downslope flow of air along the Colorado Front Range (Toth and Johnson 1985). The heating of the east-facing foothills in the morning hours causes air to flow up the South Platte River valley in the late morning through the evening hours. This flow reaches a peak in downtown Denver at around 4:00 p.m. Thereafter, winds weaken and eventually shift direction down the valley, becoming westerly around Coors Field between 10:00 p.m. and midnight. This downslope pattern persists until the process reverses itself the following morning (Figure 2).⁹ Certainly, westerly winds do occur, as we found during our data collection inside Coors Field. But these westerly winds are the exception to the rule, occurring due to local thunderstorms or the passage of frontal systems. Thus, westerly winds seem to be relatively brief events followed by a return to the “normal” upslope-downslope pattern.

Our assessment is that these daily easterly winds suppress fly ball distances at Coors Field.¹⁰ Easterly winds flow up the South Platte River valley and enter the vicinity of the ball park from the northeast. Within Coors Field, northeasterly winds blow from center field toward home plate into the face of the batter and into the path of batted balls hit to all parts of the outfield (Figures 3 and 4). The expected advantage of playing at mile-high elevation (as far as home runs are concerned) is decreased substantially under such conditions. However, when the winds are out of the west, the full advantage of altitude is realized, and then some. Thus, the effect of the wind is variable; during some games, the enhancement of altitude on fly ball distance will be realized and in other games it will be suppressed. However, it is our conclusion that over the course of a season—or several seasons—easterly winds act to minimize the effects of low air density and thus account for the shorter than expected fly ball distances at Coors Field.

Figure 1. Location of weather instruments within Coors Field.



Figure 2. Diurnal Wind Patterns in Northeastern Colorado

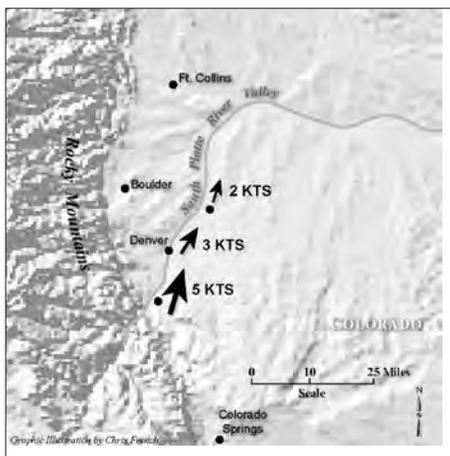


Figure 2a. 6:00 A.M.: Peak downvalley winds.

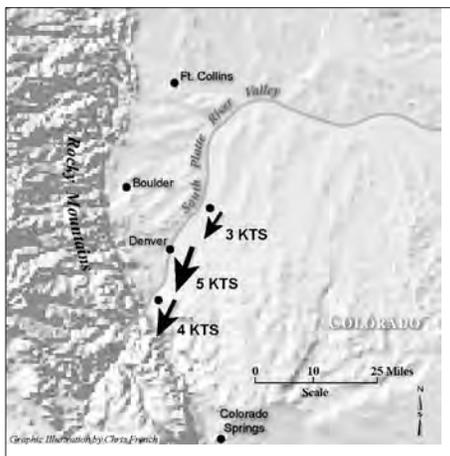


Figure 2b. 4:00 P.M.: Peak upvalley winds.

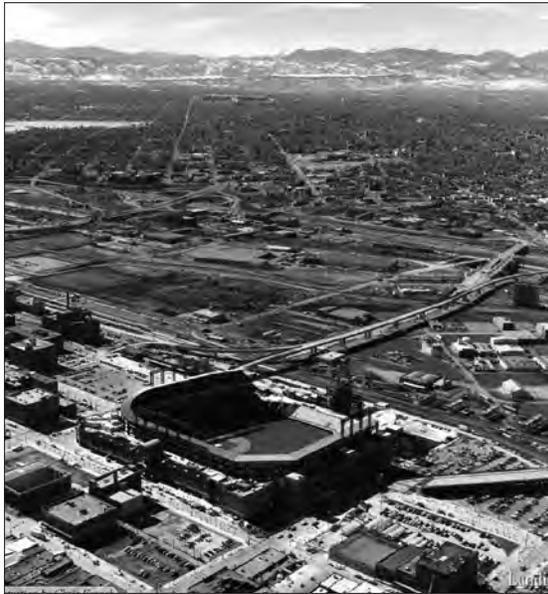


Figure 3. Proximity of Coors field to Platte River Valley and the Rocky Mountains.

THE COORS FIELD “EFFECT”

Now let’s turn to the second question: if not just thin air, then what else explains the impressive home run statistics at Coors Field? After all, during the 1995 through 2002 seasons, Coors Field witnessed a rate of .044 home runs per at-bat, while the combined average of the other National League parks was just .029 home runs per at-bat. In other words, home runs occur at Coors Field at a rate that is 52% greater than at the other ball parks—far more than would be expected even if the mile high atmospheric enhancement was realized to its fullest (James 1995-2000, STATS Inc. 2001, Carter et al. 2002). We believe that the answer to the question has to do with two factors: first, the personnel make-up of the Colorado Rockies ball club in terms of both hitters and pitchers; and, second, the general problems of pitching at altitude.

During the first several seasons played at Coors Field, the Rockies team was stacked with notable power hitters. Simply put, they were a team designed to produce large numbers of home runs. However, over the past several years, these “Blake Street Bombers” were traded or allowed to leave via free agency as team management shifted focus from home run hitters to high-average hitters with less power. This personnel shift is verified in the record of Coors Field hitting statistics. Since 1995, there is an overall downward trend in the number of home runs per at-bat—a trend that is accounted for by a reduction in the number of home runs hit by the Rockies (the trend in home runs per at-bat for the opposition at Coors Field has risen) (Figure 5). In fact, during the 2000 season, Coors Field was surpassed in home runs per at-bat by both Busch Stadium in St. Louis and Enron Field in Houston. Thus, the large number of home runs hit at Coors Field can be attributed, in part, to the specific group of hitters assembled early

on by the Rockies. Once the franchise changed the character of the team, the pre-eminence of Coors Field as the league’s ultimate home run ball park was somewhat diminished.

The Rockies have also lacked successful pitching for most of their history. Colorado pitchers have had more than their share of problems over the past eight years, both at home and on the road. Between 1995 and 2002, the team was either last or next to last in most pitching categories, leading the league in home runs allowed seven times. Had the Los Angeles or New York staffs pitched at Coors Field for 81 games per year, the ball park’s home run totals would most likely have been significantly less. Put Atlanta’s pitching staff in Denver for half of their games and this reduction is a virtual certainty. Remember that Atlanta’s Fulton County Stadium was known as the “launching pad” until the Braves put together the league’s premier group of pitchers in the early 1990s.

But perhaps the most important factor in explaining the home run numbers in Denver is the “Coors Field Effect”—the not so subtle influence of the ball park on pitchers from both the home and visiting teams. Most of these professional athletes are clearly intimidated by Coors Field. As one player recently observed, the ball park causes “an identity crisis” for pitchers, leading them to change their approach to the game, move away from their strengths, and ultimately lose confidence in their abilities.¹¹ Even the league’s best pitchers often come unglued in Denver. Pitching is undeniably more difficult in Coors Field than in other National League ball parks because of the very limited foul ground and the cavernous outfield spaces. This field configuration gives hitters more chances, allows more balls to drop in front of outfielders, and permits more balls to find the gaps for extra-base hits. Yet, beyond this, most pitchers are beset with a range of other problems once they take the mound. Chief among these are a sudden lack of control, breaking balls that don’t break, and sinker balls that don’t sink. The result is more pitches thrown straight and over the heart of the plate, and more balls hit high, deep, and out the park. Thus, what we suggest is that more home runs are hit at Coors Field not because routine fly balls carry farther, but because a higher percentage of pitched balls are hit harder than in other ball parks.

These pitching problems in Denver have also been attributed to low air density. Theoretically, thin air reduces ball-to-air friction, cutting down on ball movement between the mound and home plate and thus decreasing the overall control of the pitcher and the effectiveness of the pitches thrown. In addition, the low relative humidity at altitude promotes evaporation from the baseball itself, making the ball lighter, drier, and more slick in Denver than in other parks around the league. Because of this, pitchers at Coors Field have a very difficult time getting a proper grip on the ball, which, in all likelihood, further reduces their control as well as the movement on their pitches.¹² During the 2002 season, in an effort to counteract the presumed effects of thin air on pitching, the Colorado Rockies began using a “humidor” to store baseballs



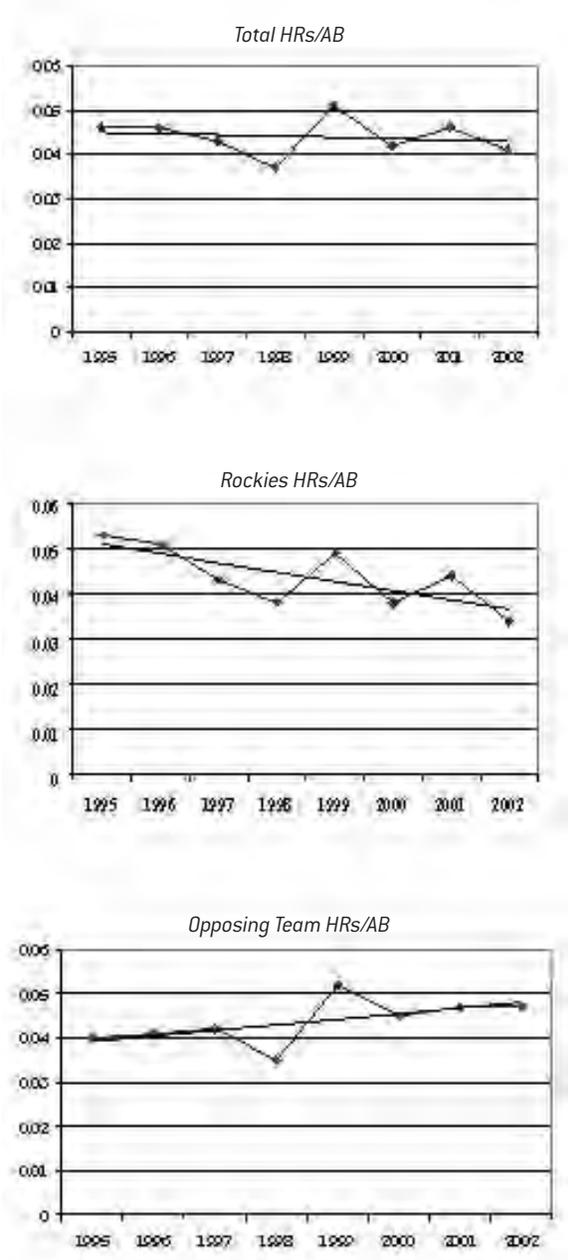
Figure 4. Relative location of Coors Field to South Platte River.

at Coors Field; this device maintains the balls in a controlled environment of 90 degrees and 40% humidity. According to the Rockies organization, the intent of the humidor is to ensure that the baseballs do not shrink to a weight less than the 5.0 to 5.25 ounce range specified by the league. The Rockies ball club also believes that these baseballs—having not yet lost water content to evaporation when they enter play—are easier to grip, and thus

will ‘level the playing field’ for pitchers in Denver. But this might be just wishful thinking: a comparison of the statistics for the 2002 season versus the previous seven seasons indicates that the humidor had little if any effect upon games played at Coors Field.¹³

Ultimately, these altitude-related issues may prove to be important contributors to the poor pitching in Denver, but, for now, difficulties on the mound would seem to be more the result of the fragile psychology of pitchers faced with the imagined specter of baseballs floating out of Coors Field like weather balloons. Based upon the analysis presented above, we believe that the answer to why so many home runs are hit at Coors Field lies as much on the field as it does in the air.

Figure 5. Coors Field home runs per at-bat, 1995-2002



COORS FIELD: KEEPER OF THE FLAME?

In 1998, the Colorado Rockies hosted the Major League All-Star Game. It was a very high-scoring affair won by the American League team. Upon departing Coors Field, the national sports media complained vociferously about the style of baseball played at the ball park. Baseball reporters and commentators focused on the large number of “cheap” home runs, and on the ways in which the ball park’s spaciousness allowed too many runners to circle the base paths.

Chief among these critics was Boswell of the *Washington Post*. He stated: “When baseball is played a mile in the air, all the game’s distances are suddenly off. Instead of being a thing of beauty, baseball suddenly becomes not only distorted, but actually defaced and displeasing. The activity conducted in Coors Field is simply not baseball any more. And, worse, it’s not some kind of new, novel, fun variant on baseball, either. What the All-Star Game put on display for tens of millions to see was a 20th century commerce-driven practical joke played on a 19th century American heirloom” (Boswell 1998: 6D). Thus, for Boswell—and for the many others that share these views—baseball played in Denver is “a confused, capricious mess” because it violates the game’s perfect dimensions.

There is no denying that the game played at Coors Field is a high-scoring, offensive brand of baseball. As we have shown, this is not the simple and direct result of Denver’s rare atmosphere, allowing routine fly balls to become home runs, but has as much or more to do with the personnel of the home team, the size of the outfield, limited foul territory, and assorted pitching problems. Yet, to dismiss Coors Field as an affront to baseball tradition is ludicrous and more than a little hypocritical. After all, what is Fenway Park’s beloved “Green Monster” if not a complete aberration of baseball’s perfect dimensions? Why is a short fly ball that ricochets off Fenway’s left field wall for a double thought to be charming while a bloop single in front of an outfielder at Coors Field is considered to be “an abomination”? To take this further, what was perfect about routine fly balls dropping for home runs over a short, waist-high right field wall at Yankee Stadium in its original configuration? And, could Willie Mays have made the most famous catch in baseball

history anywhere but in the horribly distorted center field of the Polo Grounds?

In our view, the self-appointed guardians of baseball tradition like Boswell miss the point entirely. The very heart and soul of the game's tradition lies not in some homogenous set of outfield dimensions, but in the individuality and distinctiveness of major league ball parks. This point was made forcefully when much of the game's appeal was destroyed by the proliferation of multi-purpose stadiums in the 1960s and 1970s. Most of these "cookie-cutter" venues had perfect dimensions but had absolutely no character or soul, and are now being replaced by ball parks explicitly designed to recall the variation and peculiarity of turn-of-the-century fields.

Sure, baseball played at the Denver ball park is a little different by virtue of its location. But, in this sense, Coors Field is anything but an aberration; it represents a continuation of a long-standing and cherished tradition of quirk-filled ball parks, which gives baseball a unique charm in every city where the game is played.

NOTES

1. This paper is based on a lengthier research article forthcoming in *The Professional Geographer*, a publication of the Association of American Geographers [AAG]. See Chambers, Page, and Zaidins [2003]. Permission to reuse the research material presented herein was granted by the AAG (<http://www.aag.org>).
2. See Adair [1990, 1994] and Brancazio [1984]. Ten% is the standard estimate of elevation enhancement for Denver versus sea level. We constructed a mathematical model for the fly ball based upon Adair and Brancazio. The key variable in this model is the drag coefficient, a measure of air resistance. We used various values for the drag coefficient and came up with predicted enhancements ranging from 7% to over 13%. Given this, the standard 10% prediction seems reasonably accurate. For further discussion see Chambers, Page, and Zaidins [2003].
3. Because the time frame of our analysis is 1995-1998, we used only those cities with ball parks that were used for National League games during each of these four years. County Stadium in Milwaukee and Bank One Ball Park in Phoenix were excluded from the analysis because National League games were played in these cities only in 1998.
4. Average outfield dimension was obtained by averaging the distances at five points along the outfield wall for each ball park: the left field line, left center field, center field, right center field, and the right field line. In a few cases, the dimensions of the outfield were changed in an existing ball park during our four-year study, or a team changed ball parks altogether. In these cases, we used an average of the old and new dimensions. The source used for establishing average outfield dimension was James [1995-1998].
5. If Mark McGwire had played for the Colorado Rockies during 1998, his pursuit of the single season home run record would have been hounded by the asterisk of elevation-enhanced play. Instead, McGwire conducted his quest in St. Louis, protected by a hallowed baseball tradition and unfettered by any lingering doubts, while nevertheless enjoying the advantages of a ball park that is every bit as conducive to home run production as Coors Field in terms of how far the average fly ball carries relative to the average position of the outfield fence.
6. The Colorado Rockies Baseball Club allowed us access to Coors Field in order to set up our weather stations and to periodically check on the equipment and download data. We would like to emphasize that the Rockies organization did not solicit this study nor did they offer or provide any support or remuneration for the research.
7. First, a correlation matrix was developed on the data, showing that temperature and relative humidity had little if any correlative value with fly ball distance. Only wind—specifically the "U" (east-west) vector—was correlative. Step-wise multiple regression analysis was then employed to determine the explanatory value [if any] that could be attributed to meteorological variables with respect to the fluctuation in fly ball distance at Coors Field. Only one variable, again the "U" (east-west) vector, was statistically significant (at a 95% confidence level) enough to enter the model in this test. This resulted in an r^2 value of 0.223, or an r^2 value of 0.192 when adjusted for degrees of freedom.
8. Correlation analysis of wind direction and fly ball distances verified these results. Average fly ball distances displayed a negative correlation with east winds (r -value = -0.45); while a positive correlation was yielded with west winds (r -value = 0.49).
9. These conclusions are drawn from our examination of data provided by the Colorado Department of Public Health and Environment, Air Pollution Control Division [APCD] for the years 1995-1998. The APCD has several air quality monitoring stations in and around the Denver metropolitan area. These stations measure pollution as well as wind direction and velocity. Wind data was analyzed from the two stations closest to the ballpark; one of these stations is within two city blocks of Coors Field. Data on wind direction and velocity from these stations were averaged hourly for each month of the baseball season, April through September, for the years in question. Easterly winds dominated the afternoon and evening hours of this four-year-long period. In fact, our results showed that during this time, there *never* was a westerly component to the average wind vector between the hours of noon and 10:00 PM.
10. For a more detailed discussion of our meteorological analysis of Coors Field, see Chambers, Page and Zaidins [2003].
11. This quote is from pitcher Denny Neagle of the Colorado Rockies [Renck 2003].
12. For years, manager Bobby Cox of the Atlanta Braves has blamed Denver's aridity for the pitching problems at Coors Field. He has claimed that the dryness of the ball causes pitchers to have problems with their grip [Moss 1999].
13. The statistics of the 2002 season do not provide much evidence that the humidified baseballs helped pitchers at Coors Field. On the one hand, supporting the idea that the humidifier had an effect, runs per at-bat and hits per at-bat were down from 2001. However, there was no dramatic change, and these numbers were very similar to those for past seasons. On the other hand, home runs per at-bat were actually higher than some previous years, strike outs per at-bat were significantly lower than the previous season, and base-on-balls per at-bat did not register historic lows as might have been expected [James 1995-2000; STATS, Inc. 2002; Carter et al. 2002].

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Imaginary Baseball in the Rockies

Ken Burns, Lewis and Clark, and the Nez Percé

by Thomas L. Altherr

In the second part of his 1997 PBS video, *Lewis & Clark*, American documentarian extraordinaire Ken Burns had his narrator declare that on June 8, 1806, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark and other members of the Corps of Discovery played a game of bat and ball with the Nez Percé indigenous peoples in what is now Idaho. The soundtrack ran as follows: “The men ran foot races with the Indians and taught them a new stick and ball game called base.”¹

Ah, Kenny, would that it were so! We baseball historians, who are always on the lookout for examples of pre-Abner Doubleday Myth, pre-1839 baseball and baseball-type games, could have celebrated mightily that these games so associated with the East went West so rapidly.² What a pity! There were already the famous “nine young men from Kentucky” along on the journey—a ready-made nine, if ever there was one! Would their boss back in Washington, Thomas Jefferson, have approved? He had written in 1785, “Games played with the ball and others of that nature, are too violent for the body and stamp no character on the mind.”³ What position would Sackagawea have played? Center scout? Oh, to be able to remark as well that the game crossed a racial divide and indigenous people took to the game so early.

But, alas, even the the quickest consultation of the primary sources reveal that Lewis and Clark *et al.* did *not* play a baseball-type game. They played a game called “prisoner’s base,” a long-time children’s game that much more resembled hide-and-seek than baseball. Both Lewis and Clark in their respective journals are clear about what recreation they enjoyed that day. Here is the actual excerpt from Meriwether Lewis:

Sunday, June 8th, 1806

Drewyer returned this morning from the chase without having killed anything . . . several foot races [sic] were run this evening between the indians and our men. the indians are very active; one of them proved as fleet as [our best runner] Drewer and R. Fields, our swiftest runners. When the racing was over the men divided themselves into parties and played prison base, by way of exercise which we wish the men to take previously to entering the mountain; in short those who are not hunters have had so little to do that they are getting rather lazy and slothfull . . . after dark we had the violin played and danced for the

*amusement of ourselves and the indians.*⁴

William Clark’s entry was somewhat less detailed, but it clearly paralleled Lewis’s:

*Drewyer returned this morning from the chase without killing any thing . . . in the evening Several foot races were run by the men of our party and the Indians; after which our party divided and played at prisoners base until night. after dark the fiddle was played and the party amused themselves in dancing.*⁵

Sergeant John Ordway, in his journal entry for the same day, noted the same activities: “Our party exercised themselves running and playing games called base.”⁶ The next day the assembly continued their frolicking. As Lewis noted about his group on June 9th: “[T]hey have every thing in readiness for a move, and notwithstanding the want of provision have been amusing themselves very merrily today in running footraces pitching quites [quoits], prison basse &c.”⁷ Clark echoed him in his own journal entry: “...amuse themselves by pitching quates [quoits], Prisoners bast running races &c.”⁸ None of the other Corps of Discovery journals cover this day or time period or discuss the recreational events of these days. Unless Ken Burns and his research staff have uncovered some source hitherto unknown to historians, the “sad” truth is that the groups played prisoner’s base.

Accounts of medieval and early modern sport occasionally refer to or describe prisoner’s base. Although there is a bit of fuzziness in some of the descriptions, it is clear that the game mixed early elements of hide-and-seek and Capture the Flag. None of the accounts mentioned balls, bats, sticks, or baseball-type bases. One description should suffice, this one from historian Sally Wilkins:

*In Europe, base, or prisoner’s base, was a game played by both girls and boys. Players divided into teams and defined the playing area—a street, field, or courtyard. Each team had a tree, pillar, or rock designated as their “base” and another as their “prison.” The teams lined up, linking hands, each chain with one player touching the base. One by one the players at the ends of the chain let go and chased each other. If one caught the other, the captive was brought to the prison, and soon chains of players were strung from each prison. Now the runners leaving their bases would try not only to capture new prisoners but also to liberate their teammates by touching the chain of prisoners. Once freed, prisoners ran back to their own bases, where they were safe until they set off again.*⁹

Elijah Harry Criswell pointed out in his 1936 dissertation on

Lewis and Clark's linguistic influences that Clark used a newer version of the term ("prisoner's base") and Lewis stuck with the older term ("prison base").¹⁰ But clearly prison base, or prisoner's base, was not a baseball-type game. The lesson here for baseball historians is that whenever we encounter an early reference to base, such as George Ewing's celebrated diary entry at Valley Forge in 1778, we have to be cautious assuming, without corroborating evidence, whether or not the game was baseball or prisoner's base.

NOTES

1. *Lewis & Clark, A Film by Ken Burns* (New York: Florentine Films, 1997), part II.
2. See my research in Thomas L. Altherr, "A Place Level Enough to Play Ball: Baseball and Baseball-Type Games in the Colonial Era, Revolutionary War, and Early American Republic," *NINE*, v. 8., n. 2 (Spring 2000), 15-49.
3. Thomas Jefferson to Peter Carr, August 19, 1785, in Julian P. Boyd, ed., *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson*, 23 vols. (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1953), v. 8, 407.
4. Meriwether Lewis, June 8, 1806, reprinted in Gary E. Moulton, ed., *The Journals of the Lewis & Clark Expedition March 23-June 9, 1806* (Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska Press, 1991), 346-347.
5. William Clark, June 8, 1806, reprinted in Moulton, ed., *The Journals of the Lewis & Clark Expedition March 23-June 9, 1806*, 347.
6. John Ordway, June 8, 1806, reprinted in Gary E. Moulton, ed., *The Journals of the Lewis & Clark Expedition: The Journals of John Ordway, May 14, 1804-September 23, 1806, and Charles Floyd. May 14-August 18, 1804* (Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska Press, 1995), 320; although Ordway simply referred to the games as base, there's not enough evidence here to contradict Lewis and Clark's more specific description of the game as prisoner's base.
7. Meriwether Lewis, June 9, 1806, reprinted in Moulton, ed., *The Journals of the Lewis & Clark Expedition March 23-June 9, 1806*, 349.
8. William Clark, June 9, 1806, reprinted in Moulton, ed., *The Journals of the Lewis & Clark Expedition March 23-June 9, 1806*, 349.
9. Sally Wilkins, *Sports and Games of Medieval Cultures* (Westport, Connecticut: Greenwood Press, 2002), 122-123.
10. Elijah Harry Criswell, *Lewis and Clark: Linguistic Pioneers, The University of Missouri Studies*, v. 15, n. 2 (Columbia, Missouri: University of Missouri, 1940), 68.

ROAD TRIPS



White Sox players in a parade outside South Side Park celebrating the winning of the 1906 World Series

A Half-Century of Springs *Vero Beach and the Dodgers*

by Andrew G. McCue

It was 1947, and Branch Rickey had two spring training problems, both of his own making. Bud Holman had one, but it loomed large for him.

It took Rickey and Holman a while to find each other, but they proved to be each other's solutions. The relationship they established, despite rocky moments, has endured for over half a century. Vero Beach, then a community of 3,000 people clinging to the east coast of Florida, has become a city of over 18,000 people identified with the Dodgers and spring training.

At the end of 1942, Rickey had taken over management of the Brooklyn Dodgers. He knew that for his new team to dominate, he could not just imitate the success he'd had with the St. Louis Cardinals. Too many other teams had begun to build minor league farm systems for him to think that tactic alone would propel the Dodgers to the top and keep them there.

Rickey took a couple of new directions. Unlike other baseball executives, he calculated World War II would end. Other teams cut back on their scouting because young men were going into the military. Rickey expanded his effort, and signed hundreds of promising players before they disappeared into the service. He also decided to break baseball's unwritten ban on African-American ballplayers. In late 1945, the Dodgers top farm team in Montreal announced they had signed Jackie Robinson, a shortstop for the Negro Leagues' Kansas City Monarchs.

The first decision meant he'd need a spring training site where he could work with the 700 or so ballplayers the Dodgers had under contract. The second decision meant he'd need a place where the weather as warm but the South's code of racial separation would not be enforced. In 1946, the Dodgers went to Daytona Beach. In 1947, it was Cuba, plus other Caribbean stops. The minor league organization had spent those years in the Florida cities of Sanford and Pensacola, where former military bases offered feeding and housing facilities.

Those experiments had been expensive and, in some senses, unsatisfactory. In 1947, the major league team had lost \$25,000 on spring training because of higher travel and lodging costs. The Pensacola minor league camp had cost \$127,000.¹ In both Daytona Beach and Havana, Robinson and other African-American players were placed in segregated housing. The Caribbean itinerary also meant the Dodgers didn't face major league teams for most of spring training. They played the Montreal Royals. This was part of Rickey's plan to let the Dodgers appreciate Robinson's skills in

preparation for his promotion, but it also reduced the overall level of competition. And, because the minor leaguers were elsewhere, Rickey hadn't been able to organize the training program as thoroughly as he would like.

Bud Holman's problem was the Navy's decision to turn back the flight training base it had created out of Vero Beach's prewar municipal airport.² Holman had parlayed exceptional skills as a mechanic into, first, a Cadillac dealership in Vero Beach, Florida, then acres of orange groves and cattle ranches in the area. He'd also managed to persuade Eastern Airlines to make Vero Beach a stop on its flights up and down the eastern seaboard despite the city's having little to offer the airline except Holman's reliable service. Holman had wound up on Eastern's board of directors.³

The Navy hadn't used the base for nearly two years, and its facilities, many built with the idea they only had to last a few years, had begun to deteriorate. Holman had browbeaten the Navy into repairing the runway lights and making sure three of the base's seven runways were operable, but he wasn't sure how the airport could be made to pay for itself and help Vero Beach grow.⁴

The 1947 experience in Pensacola had made Rickey aware of the advantages of former military bases. The facilities the military had built to house and feed thousands of men only a few years earlier meant the Dodgers were spared expensive construction. They merely had to create diamonds, batting cages, pitching mounds, sliding pits, and similar facilities. As the 1947 season unfolded, Rickey was looking for something more permanent and more profitable. He examined El Centre, California, and other sites in the west as well as prospecting around Florida.⁵

Holman, who acknowledged he hadn't known much about baseball, said he'd heard Rickey was looking for a former military base through a friend of one of Rickey's daughters.⁶ He'd also evidently tapped into friends at Eastern Airlines and at General Motors.⁷ In the early fall of 1947, Buzzie Bavasi took a train ride down to Vero Beach to look at the base and estimate the cost of converting it to meet the Dodgers' needs.⁸ Although the public announcement of a deal wasn't made until December 11, 1947, Rickey was telling the Dodgers' board of directors as early as October that he expected a "favorable" deal for next spring in Vero Beach.⁹

The five-year deal called for the Dodgers to pay \$1 a year in rent for 104 acres while taking over responsibility for maintaining the existing barracks facilities in their area and building their own baseball training facilities.¹⁰ The city of Vero Beach, while giving up any significant revenue from the property, was hoping the publicity attendant to spring training and the crowd of New York writers who would come with it would raise the city's tourism profile both in New York and around the country.

For 1948, the Vero Beach complex, which Rickey christened "Dodgertown," was still a minor-league site. The Dodgers trained in the Dominican Republic, where they received a \$60,000 subsidy from the government.¹¹ They played just a couple of quick exhibition games in Vero Beach against the Montreal Royals.

However, the organization lost money again and the strain of racial relationships continued to plague the team.¹² Sam Lacy, the veteran sportswriter for the *Baltimore Afro-American* who covered all of Jackie Robinson's early spring trainings, says one of the reasons the Vero Beach complex was so appealing was that the Dodgers would provide the police service on their property, reducing the possibility of confrontations between their growing cadre of black stars and the local police.¹³

In 1949 the Dodgers joined the minor-league teams for the early weeks of spring training before moving to Miami to begin exhibition play. This would set the pattern for most of the 1950s. The Dodgers would play up to four major-league exhibition games in Vero Beach each year, with the proceeds of one game going to the city to supplement the \$1 year rent. But, in an effort to offset the spring-training costs, many exhibition games would be played in Miami or on a barnstorming tour back to Brooklyn or Los Angeles. The spring-training costs also were offset by the sale of ballplayers force-fed through the Dodger system and the spring camps.

By 1951, Walter O'Malley had replaced Rickey as president of the team. While O'Malley had reservations about the original Vero Beach deal, he had come to accept it as useful, especially after Bavasi pointed out to him that the camp allowed players both to be pushed ahead with intensive instruction and to be showcased for sale to other organizations.¹⁴ Still, O'Malley hoped to get more. The Miami stay raised spring-training revenues but also hiked costs. He needed a stadium in Vero Beach to make money there but didn't want to make the investment until he had a more stable relationship with the city.

In 1952 O'Malley and the city negotiated a 21-year lease for the property, with a Dodger right of renewal for a second such period.¹⁵ The rent was still \$1 a year plus the proceeds of one exhibition game. The Dodgers' president, a lawyer by training, plowed through two densely printed pages of the contract specifying what would happen if the Dodgers didn't pay the rent. Then he peeled off \$21 in cash and handed it to a Vero Beach official.¹⁶ The long-term lease gave O'Malley the confidence to invest \$50,000 to build a stadium with just under 5,000 seats for spring training games.¹⁷ The stadium, named after Bud Holman, who had joined the Dodgers board of directors, opened in 1953. In building the stadium, the Dodgers had obtained dirt by hollowing out a nearby field. Afterwards, O'Malley filled it with water as a fishing hole and then, when a sulfurous smell appeared, named it Lake Gowanus after Brooklyn's odiferous canal.¹⁸ Later in 1953, he added a pitch-and-putt golf course.¹⁹

But all wasn't fishing and birdies. In 1951, Bavasi says, the mayor of Vero Beach came to him and complained about the growing number of African-American players on the Dodgers. Bavasi sent traveling secretary Lee Scott to the racetrack to bring back \$20,000 in \$2 bills. He then had his wife and Kay O'Malley stamp "Brooklyn Dodgers" on each \$2 bill. He gave each Dodger staffer some of the money and told them to spend it in town over

the weekend. The mayor called Monday morning to tell Bavasi he'd gotten the message.²⁰ Still, as late as 1971, black Dodgers were complaining that if they wanted to play golf, eat at a restaurant, or go to a movie in town, they couldn't.²¹ These complaints played a role in O'Malley's decision to improve the food, add a movie theater, and eventually to add golf facilities at Dodgertown. It also led O'Malley to unilaterally take down the segregated seating signs at Holman Stadium in 1962.²²

First, however, team and town had to survive the greatest threat to their relationship. It started in the late 1950s, as the new Federal Aviation Administration began to look into airports around the country. In Vero Beach, the FAA said, the city was violating the terms of the transfer of land from the federal government. Specifically, it was not making enough income from the land, and it was not using the money it did make purely for airport development and promotion.²³ If the FAA's complaints weren't resolved, the federal agency could repossess the entire airport, including Dodgertown.

Over the five years the dispute took to resolve itself, the FAA was at pains to say it had no quarrel with the Dodgers.²⁴ But it was saying to the city that the land leased to the Dodgers must generate more income. The figures varied a bit in the early years but eventually settled at \$12,000 a year.²⁵

Within the Vero Beach City Council, two schools of thought emerged. The Dodger supporters pointed to the economic benefits the team brought the city. They pointed to Dodger-related tourism, name recognition that helped broader tourism, and the team's direct expenditures. They had no figures to support this, but the team regularly received votes of support from the chamber of commerce, tourism interests, and similar groups.²⁶

Their opponents argued that the Dodgers were receiving 104 acres from the city that provided them with a wonderful training facility at next to no cost. The Dodgers, they said, should simply pay their fair share.²⁷

The dispute became intimately involved in the politics of Vero Beach. The FAA's action affected about 100 other tenants, including Holman, who actually ran the airport as a lessee (the Dodgers were his sublessee) and Piper Aircraft, which employed over 230 people at a factory on airport land.²⁸ Piper was the biggest industrial enterprise in the city. Holman, after nearly 40 years of civic affairs, had his enemies. There were multiple lawsuits between the city, Holman, and individual city council members.²⁹ There were whispers of fraud and missing money. "It was a bad time," said Sig Lysne, a flying-school operator who sued Holman over the airport contract. Allegations flew that the Dodgers' contract³⁰ had never been approved by the Civil Aviation Administration (the FAA's predecessor) and that a 21-year contract was illegal under the city charter.³¹

Walter O'Malley's position remained consistent. The Dodgers had signed a legal contract with the city. The Dodgers had met every one of the conditions of the contract and, in fact, had invested some \$3 million in developing Dodgertown over the dozen years

they had been there.³² This, he noted, came with a return of only \$122,000 from exhibition games. The Dodgers wanted to stay in Vero Beach and were happy to work with the city to resolve issues, but they weren't willing to pay more rent.³³ Other teams might pay rent for spring training facilities, but they didn't have to pay to build those facilities, he said.

That didn't stop people from approaching the Dodgers about moving, and O'Malley was only too happy to let that fact leak back to Florida to give him leverage in the Vero Beach discussions. The Dodgers looked at sites in California and considered other areas in Florida.³⁴ Former Dodger outfielder Lee Walls tried to interest them in 2,000 acres near Palm Springs.³⁵

In 1962, the issue apparently was solved when the city council agreed to make up the difference between the city's spring training benefit game and the \$12,000 minimum demanded by the FAA. But this wasn't particularly satisfactory. For the city, a poor matchup or rain could ruin the take from their game. For the Dodgers, they knew that each year, a possibly different city council would have to approve making up the difference.³⁶

The temporary solution was strong enough to hold until an idea that had been bandied about for nearly 20 years came to fruition. The idea of the Dodgers' purchasing the Dodgertown land had surfaced as early as 1949. The idea hadn't flown then because the Dodgers were offered a deal which cost them little cash at a time when O'Malley was pushing the board hard to conserve as much cash as possible to prepare to replace Ebbet's Field.³⁷ With the FAA problems, the idea had resurfaced but remained on the back burner.

With the tenuous city council resolution of 1962, the idea soon came to the fore.³⁸ The negotiations dragged on through much of 1964 and into early 1965.³⁹ Then the deal was struck. The Dodgers would buy 113 acres from the city. Some 13 acres of the original Dodgertown land, including the site of the first major league game played in Vero Beach, were to be turned over to an expansion-minded Piper Aircraft. The Dodgers would keep the core of the development and the city would add some additional property to the west. The price tag was \$133,087.50.⁴⁰

Title to the land gave O'Malley confidence to do make some considerable investments. A nine-hole golf course was begun on the new western property within four months of the sale.⁴¹ He entered into negotiations with the city that summer for an additional 180 acres northwest of Dodgertown.⁴² In 1971, that property would become the site of an 18-hole public golf course called Dodger Pines. It had eating facilities open to the public. The Dodgers eventually would own 413 acres in Vero Beach.⁴³ Peter O'Malley and his sister, Therese Seidler, also would buy 54 acres in the area.

Landlord O'Malley also turned to the housing problem. When the Dodgers moved in, one of the attractions was the two two-story barracks erected at the airport for the pilots in training. The barracks could house 480 people, had facilities for feeding the men, and provided space for offices, lounges, and similar

amenities. Although the buildings had looked good in 1947, they had been built to last out the war, not the centuries, and were beginning to look pretty shabby by the 1960s.

"The decor shows what can be done with plywood and a blank mind," said *Los Angeles Times* sports columnist Jim Murray, "They tell me this place used to be a barracks for the Navy. Up till now, I didn't know the Confederacy had a Navy."⁴⁴ Other commentators told of toilets that needed plungers and roofs that leaked.⁴⁵ "A deluxe room came with two buckets, which filled quickly during tropical rainstorms," said *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* sports columnist Melvin Durslag, "and the walls were so thin that one could lie awake and take his neighbor's pulse."⁴⁶

In 1969 the Dodgers announced the barracks would be replaced by new housing units.⁴⁷ In a burst of characteristic humor, O'Malley surreptitiously put up signs protesting the demolition of the barracks and calling for their return.⁴⁸ With the six- or seven-team minor league systems of the 1960s, the organization didn't need the same space as the 22-team systems of the late 1940s. The new housing was 90 units resembling rooms in a nicer motor court. They were completed in time for spring training 1972 and declared a "unanimous hit."⁴⁹

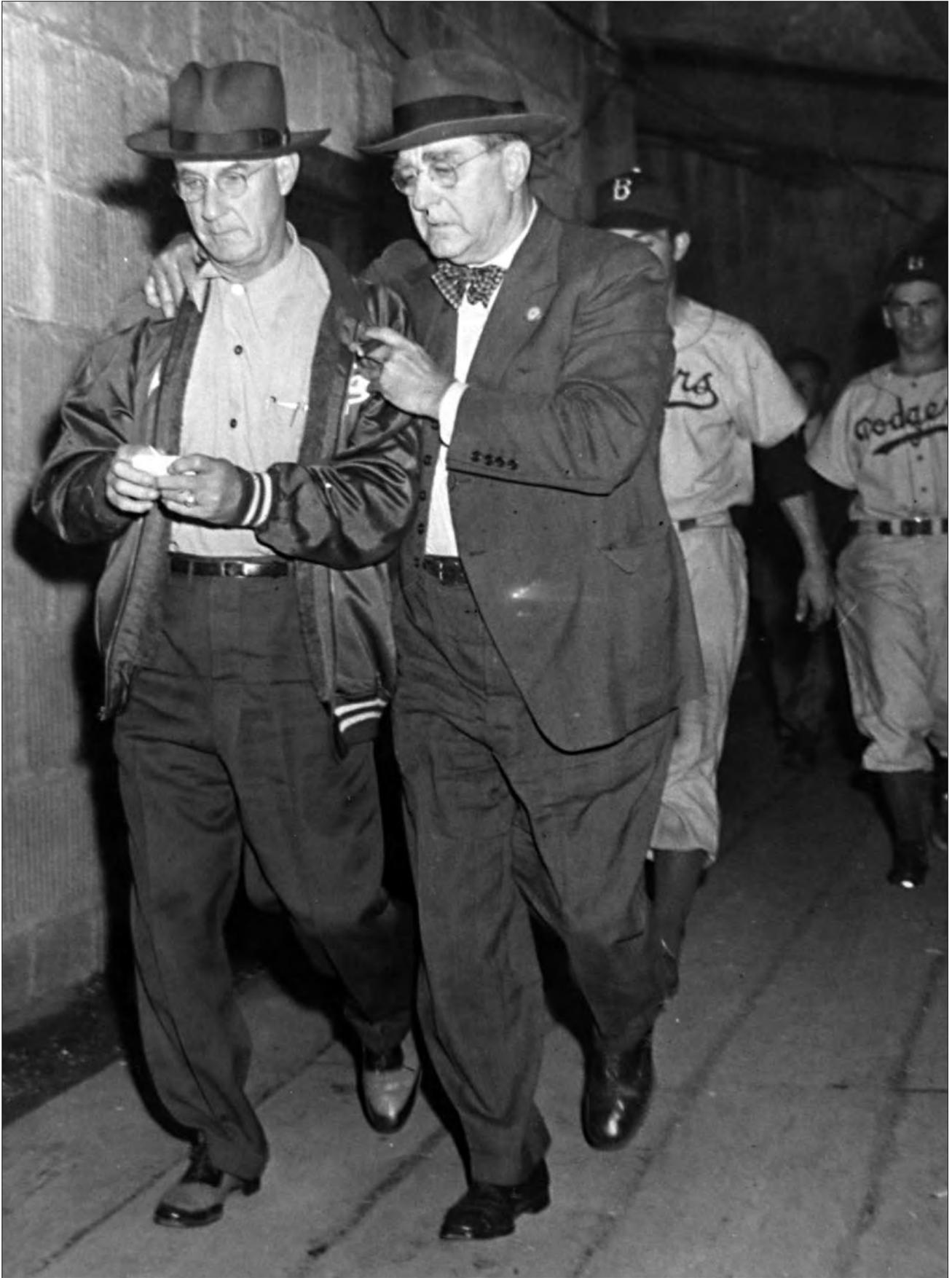
Over the next few decades, the Dodgers would invest further millions in the site, building conference rooms, weight rooms, a new clubhouse, tennis courts, a commercial laundry, a broadcasting studio, a new kitchen, and dining rooms. Housing would be built around the Dodger Pines Golf Course.⁵⁰

Some of O'Malley's investments were less successful. There was the "Dodger Cafeteria," a restaurant featuring Southern-style cooking and housed in an eatery formerly known as "The Shed." There was the papaya plantation that died in a winter freeze. There was the idea that the seeds of the Australian pines at Dodgertown were an exceptionally fine protein fertilizer for birds of paradise.⁵¹

The additional facilities were part of an attempt to turn Dodgertown into a year-round facility. The Dodger Conference Center opened in 1977, bringing in corporate groups for meetings where they easily could break for golf, tennis, swimming, or other recreation. The Dodgers put one of their minor-league clubs in the complex beginning in 1980. Fantasy camps, started in 1983, are run every year in November and February. National Football League clubs and major college programs have rented the facilities for training camp or to prepare for a big game.⁵²

For nearly 30 years from the land purchase, the relationship between team and city went smoothly. By the late 1970s, the team was playing its entire home schedule at Holman stadium. Then came Fox.

When Rupert Murdoch's Fox Television took over the Dodgers in 1998, the new management team looked at every facet of the organization. In Los Angeles, there was talk of dumping Dodger Stadium. In Florida, there was talk of dumping Vero Beach. An Indian tribe near Phoenix offered to build a \$20 million (later escalating to \$50 million) complex and lease it to the Dodgers at low prices. Vero Beach discussed the idea of buying Dodgertown



Branch Rickey with manager Burt Shotton

from the team and leasing it back.⁵³ Other cities surfaced, but were discarded.⁵⁴

Vero Beach responded. The chamber of commerce put together a study that showed the Dodgers were worth millions every year to the Vero Beach economy. The local annual payroll was more than \$4 million. Local purchases totaled \$1.2 million while another \$90,000 was donated to Indian River County charities. They noted that the O'Malley's properties in the city contributed \$320,000 in property taxes and \$450,000 in state and local sales taxes. They suggested that the city's growth from 3,000 people when the Dodgers arrived to almost 18,000 in 1998 was related to the image of the city as the spring home of the Dodgers.⁵⁵

Within a few months, the tribe's offer fell victim to financial questions. Their proposals weren't as attractive as first described, and the Dodgers declined their final offer. Vero Beach's special relationship survives, and with Dodger traditionalist Robert Daly running the team, the relationship seems stable, at least for now.

NOTES

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- The Sporting News*, April 11, 1962, p. 18.
- Los Angeles Times*, June 17, 1960, Pt. IV, p. 3. *Vero Beach Press-Journal*, June 23, 1960, pps. 1A and 2A, and Nov. 17, 1960, p. 1A.
- Vero Beach Press-Journal*, April 6, 1961, p. 5B.
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- Vero Beach Press-Journal*, April 13, 1961, p. 7B. Over time, the violation of the city charter seemed to be an accepted fact, but the Dodgers vehemently denied their contract was not approved and provided documents to newspapers that seemed to back their case. Their opponents and the FAA, however, offered other documents. Since the contract never went to court, there was never a resolution of this issue.
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- Vero Beach Press-Journal*, Feb. 9, 1961, p. 1A, Nov. 9, 1961, p. 1A and April 4, 1963, p. 1A. Also, *The Sporting News*, March 30, 1963.
- Vero Beach Press-Journal*, Feb. 20, 1964, p. 1A, June 18, 1964, p. 1A., June 18, 1964, p. 1A.
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Twice Champions

The 1923-24 Santa Clara Leopardos

by David C. Skinner

The 1923-24 Santa Clara Baseball Club is ranked by many historians and baseball aficionados as the greatest team in the long and storied history of the pre-revolutionary Cuban League. Their 11½ game margin of victory was the largest in 83 years of league play, and they have been compared to the 1927 New York Yankees. They were so dominant that attendance waned, and the league abruptly ended the season in midstream. Santa Clara was declared champion and summoned to the national capital to play in a tournament against runners-up Habana and Almendares, both bolstered by players from last place Marianao, which was dropped from the competition.

Forced to play all of their games in Havana, Santa Clara struggled to cap their league title with the Gran Premio as well, but the second season lingered a little too long. By the time it was over, most of the league's players, American and Cuban alike, had departed for spring training in the States, and nobody much cared who won.

Baseball first came to Cuba about the time of the U.S. Civil War and soon became the island's national pastime. Play began in the Cuban League in 1878, just two years after the National League's first season in the United States. Article 98 of the Cuban league statutes, which prohibited men of color from playing in the league (while failing to prevent teams from hiring exceptional blacks and mulattos), was abrogated in 1900. Afro-Cubans immediately took their rightful place among the league's top players. They were joined in 1907 by African Americans from leading U.S. black clubs, as well as U.S. whites, mostly from the minor leagues. Cubans, white and black, also were going to the U.S. to play in organized baseball or the Negro Leagues, and the Cuban League arranged its schedule to coincide with the winter off-season in the States.

Although Cuban teams integrated quickly after racial barriers fell, some were predominantly white, while others featured a majority of black players. Some teams were all Cuban, others predominantly North American. None, however, was more dominated by players from the U.S. Negro Leagues than the Santa Clara club of 1923-24. There were nineteen players on the roster over the course of the season, eighteen black and one white, eleven American and eight Cuban. Each of them played in the Negro Leagues, and were among those league's biggest stars. The manager was a club owner and manager in the Negro National League, making it easy for him to contact players seeking winter employment.

What brought this sterling collection of talent to a small provincial capital in Central Cuba to play in a league that had generally scheduled all of its games in one stadium in Havana is of some interest. That the team had begun only the season before—and quit the competition in mid-season over a questionable decision that the locals felt had been engineered to impede first-place Santa Clara's quest for a league championship—increases the intrigue. When the team was broken up the following season and failed to compete at its previous high level, the fans stayed away and the franchise was moved, again in mid-season. That the ball club only existed for two partial seasons and one truncated one plus an aborted tournament makes this an amazing story.

The most powerful figure in the Cuban League during the first three decades of the 20th century was Abel Linares. He owned both of the "eternal rivals," the Almendares and Habana clubs, as well as Havana's Almendares Park, where all league games were played. He held various positions in the league administration, but his power was supreme regardless of any official title. It is difficult for those familiar only with the structure of the U.S. Major Leagues to comprehend how one man could so dominate baseball in an entire country. His influence reached even from beyond the grave, as his widow owned both eternal rivals from the time of his death in 1930 until the mid-1940s.

Linares had owned an early Cuban Stars team in the U.S., but his influence stateside was limited. For that he was dependent on his right-hand man, Augustin (Tinti) Molina, a former player in Cuba and the U.S. who owned and managed the Cuban Stars in the Negro National League from 1921 through 1931. The Cuban League struggled to find teams to compete with the eternal rivals and fill out the league schedule. For the 1922-23 season the Marianao team, based like the rivals in Havana, was added, along with a club that Linares owned and Molina managed in Santa Clara, capital of the province of the same name which was ever, was more dominated by players from NegEQ to Las Villas and is now known in its much Leagues than the Santa Clara club of Villa Clara.

The city of Santa Clara had a population of 63,151 as of December 31, 1923, ranking sixth in a country whose capital was the only city of over 100,000. The hub of a vast agricultural region in the center of the island, Santa Clara's livelihood was originally based on livestock but diversified into a sugar and tobacco center with the coming of the railroad. The economy boomed as the city developed into a country whose economy boomed as the city developed into a major rail junction at the meeting place of north-south and east-west lines. The region's relative prosperity was one reason that Linares decided to locate a team there in an attempt to increase interest in the league and broaden its fan base. Surely another factor was its location, 190 miles east-southeast of Havana, which made it an easy train ride from the capital. Santa Clara also had a reputation as a good baseball town, with teams and leagues throughout the province from the earliest days of the sport in Cuba.

Slavery has had a definite impact on Cuban demographics. During the first half of the 19th century, Cuba had a majority of blacks and mulattos, although whites officially constituted the majority beginning in 1859. One-third of the slaves worked on sugar plantations, with a similar percentage initially on coffee estates, although that number declined to almost nothing by 1860. Historian Hugh Thomas believes that more than 50,000 slaves may have been brought to Cuba from 1820 to 1865, but none have been documented after that date. Slavery was abolished as of 1888, although with little change in the social status of Afro-Cubans. The non-white minority numbered just over 600,000 by 1907, which was less than 30% of the total population, but raised expectations after the 1895-98 war for independence from Spain were not realized. Black political solidarity, as expressed in a 1912 uprising, was diluted in the next decade, as over 150,000 black laborers were brought in from Haiti and Jamaica, and the farther removed from revolutionary wars, the more that blacks were excluded from political and cultural developments. Until 1959, black rights were virtually ignored, even by non-white politicians. American colonial domination, which replaced Spanish rule in 1898, was effectively ended by the communist revolution, as was racial segregation. Blacks and mulattos, however, remain a political and economic underclass in communist Cuba—this despite once again constituting (due to white emigration to the U.S.) a 62 majority on the island.

Santa Clara was an interesting choice for Linares and Molina to locate a nearly all-black baseball team in 1922. Despite a history of rigid racial segregation—the central Parque Vidal still features a double-wide sidewalk that once was divided by an iron fence to separate black and white strollers—the city had a reputation for tolerance that was manifested in fan acceptance of black players. Acceptance is perhaps not a strong enough word. Elderly fanatics today remember black players, especially Americans from the 1930s, with an awe bordering on reverence. It is perhaps appropriate in a city that has embraced ballplayers of all hues that the Villa Clara entry in the late 20th-century Serie Nacional, revolutionary Cuba's overwhelmingly black amateur major league, has more white players than most other teams.

Molina assembled a powerhouse that began league play with a home double header on November 26, 1922, at Boulanger Park on the west bank of the Rio Cubanacay, losing to Marianao 5-2 in the debut game for both new clubs and taking the nightcap 2-1 for Santa Clara's initial Cuban League victory. The outfield of native son Alejandro Oms and Pablo "Champion" Mesa from the nearby port of Caribbean flanking U.S. Hall of Famer Oscar Charleston was one of the finest to ever play the game, and Americans Oliver "Ghost" Marcelle and Frank Warfield were among the best at third and second. The American righty-lefty pitching tandem of Bill Holland and Dave Brown led a crew of talented Cubans that found itself in first place in mid-January 1923. The team was nicknamed the Leopardos, or Leopards, a powerful animal in the mode of the Habana Leones (lions) and Almendares Alacranes (scorpions). Like other Santa Clara teams in various sports over the years, however, they frequently were called the Pílongos.

Pílongos means those who are baptized in the same font, and in Santa Clara at the time that was literally true. There was a pool beneath a waterfall in the Cubanacay, near where it ran behind the since-demolished main church, where local babies received the baptismal rites. To this day, natives of Santa Clara are known as Pílongos.

The club, known to the press as "Santa" during its initial season, left the league at a time when it was battling for the lead, with Charleston and Oms 1-2 in batting with averages well over .400. The dispute came to light in the newspapers on January 14 with the publication of a formal document dated January 11 and signed by league officers. The situation stemmed from the reluctance of the Havana teams to participate in Sunday morning games in Santa Clara, with Marianao contending that its 8-5 loss to the home team on Sunday, January 7, violated a new league policy outlawing them. The officials declared the results and all statistics of that game null and void. Following a 12-7 loss to Habana on January 13, Santa Clara withdrew from the league in protest. At a meeting two days later, the league accepted that decision and ruled the club's remaining twenty-seven games forfeited. Havana newspaper comments, although expressing regret at the loss of the Santa Clara team, revealed a condescending prejudice



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Oscar Charleston in action

against the city that it represented, perhaps suggesting that the allegations of a plot by those in the more sophisticated capital city may not have been totally unfounded. Whatever his motive, Linares paid off the Santa Clara players and sent them home. By January 19, all of the Americans on the club had left the island, and Linares' eternal rivals were left to finish the season with Marianao at Almendares Park.

With no mention of the events of the previous season, and with the sole stipulation that games rained out or otherwise suspended in Santa Clara would be made up in Havana, Santa Clara entered the 1923-24 campaign with a stacked deck, a team so powerful that its supremacy could not be questioned or compromised by anyone.

From the onset of the season in October, the Leopardos dominated the Havana clubs, opening up by mid-January an 11½ game lead over Habana, with pre-season favorite Almendares standing 11 games below .500. Eight of the players would later join manager Molina in the Cuban Hall of Fame. Holdovers from the 1922-23 squad included American infielders Marcelle and Warfield, whose names would be forever linked in infamy, and American pitchers Holland and the mysterious Brown. Returning Cubans included catcher Julio Rojo, infielder Matias Rios, and pitcher Eustaquio "Bombin" Pedroso. Most significantly, the outfield of Oms, Charleston, and Mesa returned intact.

Homegrown left fielder Alejandro Oms was an example of the prodigious talent the Pioneros displayed at every position. The left hander was a natural hitter who possessed both speed and power. He had begun his Cuban career the previous season as a 27-year-old rookie, en route to a .351 average over fifteen seasons on the island, second by a point behind Cristobal Torriente as the best career mark by a Cuban player, and fourth best in league history. He also starred in the States with the Cuban Stars of the Eastern Colored League, where he was known as a great center fielder, and incomplete records show a .306 mark for 11 recorded Negro League campaigns. Known as "El Caballero" for his gentlemanly demeanor, he was said to have never argued with an umpire nor been in a fight.

He led the Cuban League once each in home runs and runs scored, twice in hits, and three times in average, including a record .432 for Habana in 1928-29. That season he was the second recipient of Cuba's version of a MVP award, "Player Most Useful to his Club." His 11 seasons hitting .300 or better tied a Cuban record, and he holds the mark for doing so in eight consecutive seasons (1922-23 through 1929-30). He was the first to get six hits in a Cuban game and ranked sixth in career runs scored.

Pablo Mesa played in the same outfield with Oms in the States as well, hitting .283 over six seasons with the Cuban Stars. A superb fielder, he was also an outstanding offensive player blessed with speed and power. He was a fine bunter and a baserunner who is remembered in Cuba as having been thrown out sometimes because he was so fast he tended to overrun a base. His best recorded mark in the Negro Leagues was 14 steals in 47 games

in 1924. In his best season as a hitter at home, he exceeded Oms with a .433 mark in 1926-27, when both played for Marianao in the Campeonato triangular, a rival league that played its games in the new Stadium Unversitario of the University of Havana. Oms and Mesa had begun the season with the Cuba club in the Cuban League but defected to the new league after a hurricane destroyed Almendares Park. Mesa's six-year Cuban average was .332.

Oscar Charleston was a player for whom so many superlatives have been used that the mind boggles at how good he must have been. Called the "Black Ty Cobb" for his speed and aggressive style, his power and build brought comparisons to Babe Ruth and his play in center to Tris Speaker. Some believe that such analogies fail to do justice to Charleston's talents. Umpire Jocko Conlan called him the best Negro player of his time. In an article about a 1999 SABR poll of the top Negro League figures, in which Charleston finished fourth (just ahead of Josh Gibson and Rube Foster) and appeared on 96.5 of ballots, Sports Collectors Digest called him "perhaps the greatest of Negro League players." But many who saw him play called him simply the greatest baseball player ever, including such authoritative voices as Giants' Manager John McGraw, Negro League player-managers Ben Taylor and Buck O'Neil, umpire George Moriarty, and sportswriter Grantland Rice. In the Negro leagues, available records show a .349 average over 26 seasons, most notably for his hometown Indianapolis ABC's, the Harrisburg Giants, Homestead Grays, and Pittsburgh Crawfords, where he switched to first base and was player-manager of what is generally considered to be the best black team ever. In Cuba, his .361 career average was exceeded only by fellow Negro Leaguer Jud Wilson. He twice led the Cuban League in runs and stolen bases, including 1923-24, when he swiped 31 bags, the third-best mark in league history and three less than his top Negro League mark. He also was the Cuban leader once each in average, home runs, triples, and hits during his nine years there.

Oliver Marcelle was one of the great third basemen in Negro League history, known for his defensive wizardry, baserunning skills, and a fierce temper. Regarded as the best at his positioning the 1920s, he was picked over Hall of Famers Judy Johnson and Roy Dandridge in a 1952 Pittsburgh Courier (GL-ital) poll and by John Henry Lloyd for his all-time team in 1953. Playing primarily for the Royal, Bacharach, and Lincoln Giants, he hit .304 over 13 U.S. seasons and .305 for eight years in Cuba. His .393 mark for the 1923-24 Leopardos led the Cuban League. Second baseman Frank Warfield was a great fielder and baserunner. He hit .264 in 17 Negro League seasons and .304 for four years in Cuba. Although the only starter for the 1923-24 Leopardos to hit below .300 for a regular season, he led the Grand Premio in stolen bases.

The starters were rested frequently and sometimes played out of position, giving reserves like Mayari a chance to shine. Molina was apparently getting players ready for the season in the U.S. and seemingly used the Grand Premio as sort of an extended spring training. After all, the Leopardos had nothing to prove, having already won a championship. Fatigue from playing all year was

also catching up to them, and they began a slump which lasted through the second series and found Santa Clara barely able to score as each player's hitting ability deserted him. After a 4-0 loss to Habana, the Leopardos regrouped and registered back-to-back triumphs against Almendares. They won 5-4 behind Oms' triple, then held on to win 10-9 after leading 10-0 with home runs by Marcelle and Mesa, giving themselves a half-game second-series lead over the Alacranes on March 2. That lead was short-lived, however, as Almendares recovered to pound Currie and Mendez for a 13-2 victory on March 5.

By this time all three teams were losing players, and with the departure of Charleston, then Douglass, and finally Duncan, the Pilogos were having difficulty just getting nine men on the field. After a 5-2 loss to the Leones on March 15, Santa Clara stood last at 4-6 for the second series, two games behind leader Almendares, and it was announced that those two clubs would play one game at 10:00 a.m. the next day to decide the winner of the Grand Premio, with Holland scheduled to pitch against Lucas Boada.

There was an urgency to determine a champion while there still were some players left on the island, but even after shortening the second series, it apparently was too late to save face with a one-game playoff. The game was never played, and with no further word of this proposed contest, final statistics were published on March 17, and standings were printed for each series. League officials were to meet that afternoon to clarify the situation, but no mention of the results of such a meeting can be found, nor is there any determination of prize money distribution noted. The same article in the *Diario de la Marina* that announced the meeting left no doubt about the reason for the abrupt ending of play, reporting the departure of Dibut and Habana pitcher-manager Adolfo Luque for the Cincinnati Reds' camp in Orlando, as well as other players from each Grand Premio squad to various minor-league training sites. Cumulative standings for the Grand Premio give Santa Clara a total record of 13-12, .520, a half-game better than Habana's 13-13 and one up on 12-13 Almendares. Historians recognize the Leopardos as Grand Premio champion, while contemporary accounts indicate that the tournament was met with ongoing fan indifference despite the closeness of teams.

Was the 1923-24 Santa Clara club Cuba's greatest professional team? Comparisons between eras are difficult, although the players and the numbers should speak for themselves. They cannot be called a dynasty, because the core group remained together for only three seasons, each of which was essentially terminated by mid-January. Linares apparently tired of allowing a team from outside Havana dominate league play, as Charleston, Duncan, Douglass, Moore, and some key pitchers and reserves were not kept on for the 1924-25 season. Fan support dwindled with the declining won-lost record. The season was divided into two series, with Santa Clara third at 14-15, .483 for the first half, which ended on Christmas Day. Santa Clara began the second series with a "home" game at Matanzas on December 27, losing 14-5 to Almendares, Charleston's new team, as the ex-Leopardo

cracked three doubles. The Pilogos stood at 1-6, .143 in Series Two when the franchise was officially shifted to Matanzas on January 8. The last game in Santa Clara had been on January 3, an 8-6 loss to Marianao.

The outfield of Oms, Charleston, and Mesa draws comparisons to other great combos but suffers from its scant two seasons as a unit. Oms, a great centerfielder in his own right, was forced to play out of position in deference to Charleston. The greatest outfield in the Negro Leagues is generally thought to have been that of the Eastern Colored League Cuban Stars, which had Oms in center flanked by Bernardino Baro (and later Martin Dihigo) and Mesa. The Baro-Oms-Mesa combine of 1923 and 1924, which played summers at the same time as the Santa Clara winner trio, must be considered inferior to the Leopardo outfield if only because of Charleston. The best Major League threesome probably was Duffy Lewis, Tris Speaker, and Harry Hooper of the 1910-15 Boston Red Sox. This grouping had the advantages of longevity and two U.S. Hall of Famers and probably should get the nod for all-time greatest, but for a brief period, the 1922-24 Leopardos outfield was unsurpassed as an offensive and defensive presence.

The Cuban League did not return to Santa Clara until 1929, and that team disbanded along with the league five days into the 1930-31 season. The next Santa Clara team in the league began play in 1935-36 and may be classified as a dynasty. Under Dihigo and then Lazaro Salazar, these Leopardos won three championships in their first four years and were denied four straight by losing a three-game playoff to Marianao in 1936-37 to settle a disputed first-place tie.

Santa Clara left the Cuban League for good in 1941 but had strong professional teams over the next two decades, playing as an independent or in regional circuits.

Teams representing the province fared well from the beginning of the post-revolutionary Serie Nacional, and the Villa Clara Naranjas are a power in Cuba today. The Naranjas are led by the heavy-hitting Eduardo Paret, Cuba's most dangerous base runner and an acrobatic shortstop who stands out in a country blessed with a number of greats at that position. A 1996 Olympian, Paret was suspended and lost his spot on the National Team for minor infractions marking him to the authorities as a threat to defect, but he returned to league play in 1998 without missing a beat. Catcher Ariel Pestano and left fielder Oscar Machado are currently on the National team. Boulanger Park is today configured for football (soccer), and is shared by the city's youth and adult soccer teams. The old wooden grandstand is gone. Just down the street and across the river is modern and spacious Estadio Augusto Cesar Sandfino, home of the Naranjas. Santa Clara is famed as a city where the revolutionary victory was won, and Che Guevara's remains now reside in a gigantic mausoleum/museum. The city still ranks sixth in population, at an estimated 205,400 in 1994.

A number of the participants in the 1923-24 Santa Clara championship season fared poorly in the years immediately



THE 1923-24 SANTA CLARA BASEBALL CLUB. L to R, TOP: José Méndez, Oscar Charleston, Oliver Marcelle, Esteban Montalvo, Frank Warfield, Julio Rojo. MIDDLE: Frank Duncan, Alejandro Oms, Pedro Mesa. BOTTOM: Rube Currie, Dave Brown, Dobie Moore, Pedro Dibut, Matias Rios, Eustadulo Pedroso.

following. At a time when life expectancies were generally in the low 30's for blacks in the U.S. as well as Cuba, careers and lives were prematurely snuffed out. Four of the American players had their careers ended in their primes, due to apparent acts of violence involving women, cocaine, and gambling. The well-liked Brown, an ex-con, was the first to disappear from baseball. Wanted for murder after a 1925 barroom fight, reputedly over cocaine, he barnstormed as a fugitive and played for semi-pro teams in small Midwestern cities under an alias. Some reports indicate that he died in Denver under mysterious circumstances. Next to go was Moore, who in 1926 was shot in the leg by a female acquaintance, suffering multiple fractures that ended his time as a player. The handsome Marcelle left first-class play, perhaps in embarrassment, after former teammate Warfield bit off part of his nose in a 1930 craps-game fight in Cuba. Warfield was in Pittsburgh as player-manager of the Washington Pilots in 1932 when he died of a heart attack in another unusual incident, after being rushed bleeding to the hospital in the company of a woman.

Three Cubans on the 1923-24 team died young from infectious disease. Rios was the first of the unfortunate trio, succumbing in July 1924, a month after having been sent home to recover his health while playing for the Cuban Stars. Mendez, who managed and pitched the Monarchs to victory in the first Colored World Series, died of bronchial pneumonia or tuberculosis in 1928, not many months after retiring as an active player. Montalvo died of

tuberculosis in 1930.

Not all of the erstwhile Leopardos were star-crossed. Oms died in 1946, honored in a proclamation by the mayor of Santa Clara as a great gentleman and ballplayer, and his funeral was a major event in his hometown. Dibut had a disappointing career with the Reds. After going 3-0 with a 2.21 ERA in 1924, he was unable to retire a batter in his first outing the following season and was banished from the majors, never to return. His life was as long as his big-league career was short. The last on the team to pass, he died in Hialeah in 1979 at age 87. Rojo managed and coached in Cuba and Mexico into the 1950s.

Douglas, who had been a player-manager for the Royal Giants, later operated a poolroom in New York City. Duncan, married to blues singer Julia Lee, ran a tavern in Kansas City after stints as a manager and umpire in the Negro Leagues. Like Marcelle, his son played briefly in the black leagues. Holland was another of the Pilongos to manage in the Negro Leagues.

The last of the players from 1923-24 to wear a uniform in the U.S. was the great Charleston. Even after integration, the old warhorse stayed in the Negro Leagues, managing the Philadelphia Stars through 1950. Though the surviving Negro American League was not as strong as in earlier days, Charleston got the best from his players. He made a comeback in 1954, and skippered the Indianapolis Clowns to the NAL title. In October of that year he fell down a flight of stairs after suffering a stroke or heart attack and died in Philadelphia eight days before his sixtieth birthday.

Baseball's Most Colorful Commissioner

"Happy" Chandler's Bold Moves Strengthened the Game but Alienated Powerful Owners

by Bill Marshall

Albert Benjamin "Happy" Chandler (1898-1991), born in Corydon, Kentucky, was a lifetime baseball fan who often attended Cincinnati Reds games during his first tenure as Governor of Kentucky. In 1945, he was the surprise choice of the owners to succeed the legendary Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis as Commissioner of Baseball. As a U.S. Senator, Chandler openly supported baseball during World War II, and his sponsor among the owners, Larry MacPhail, effectively argued that his political influence in Washington would help keep the game in operation.

Professional baseball reached new heights in popularity and prosperity during Chandler's commissionership (1945-1951) as attendance marks were shattered in both major and minor leagues. Although many owners expected Chandler to be malleable, he proved otherwise. In late 1945 he demanded and received the same powers in office held by his predecessor. Chandler dealt decisively with labor issues and attempted to protect baseball's image against gambling and other perceived menaces. In 1946, when American Baseball Guild attorney Robert Murphy brought the Pittsburgh Pirates to the brink of a strike, Chandler worked behind the scenes to defuse the situation. Moreover, when the Pasquel family enticed several major league players, including Mickey Owen, Max Lanier, Sal Maglie, and Vern Stephens to Mexico with generous contracts and large bonuses, the commissioner moved to stop the migration by banning the jumpers from the game for five years.

The aborted Pirates strike and the Mexican League incursions had a profound effect on baseball owners. In August 1946 they moved to protect baseball's reserve clause with a new uniform contract and to placate players with a \$5,000 minimum salary, spring training expenses (called Murphy Money), player representation, and a pension plan. With the owners' blessing, the players elected representatives and established a platform of their own, which also called for a pension plan, a minimum salary, and other benefits. Chandler publicly praised the players' plan, which he described as "comparatively modest." Moreover, he indicated that "organized baseball is willing to do all it can to keep its athletes happy." The greatest benefit was the pension plan, drafted independently by Marty Marion of the St. Louis Cardinals and Larry MacPhail of the Yankees. Initially funded through World Series and All-Star Game receipts, the plan enjoyed a tenuous

existence at best. Twice, in 1946 and again in 1950, Marion, the chief spokesman of the players, pleaded with Boston Red Sox and Philadelphia Phillies players to put a portion of their World Series earnings into the plan. Much to the dismay of several owners, the plan's solvency was assured in 1950 when Commissioner Chandler negotiated long-term multimillion-dollar contracts with the Gillette Razor Company for television and radio sponsoring of the two events.

The most monumental event of the period, the integration of baseball, also occurred during Chandler's tenure. The action had far-reaching implications which helped blacks and whites accept social and legal changes in America during the following two decades. Branch Rickey, in a carefully orchestrated move, signed former UCLA and Negro League athlete Jackie Robinson to a Montreal contract in 1945. The rationale behind Rickey's actions are as paradoxical and complicated as those that converted the Puritans into Yankee traders. While his religious and social background prepared him for the move, it was the profit motive that sealed his determination to sign Robinson. Chandler's election as commissioner provided the opportunity to break the barrier.

Although Chandler was a native of a segregated state and was subject to all of the ingrained prejudices of his region and period, he was quoted in the *Pittsburgh Courier*, the influential black newspaper, as saying, "If it's discrimination you are afraid of, you have nothing to fear from me." Moreover, in 1946 he told reporter Wendell Smith, "I think every boy in America who wants to play professional baseball should have the chance, regardless of race, creed or color. I have always said—and I repeat it now—that Negro players are welcome in baseball."

Chandler, who watched numerous games at Kentucky State University in Frankfort, knew that blacks could be great athletes. Imbued with a sense of fairness on the athletic field, Chandler, in a meeting between the two men in 1946, agreed to support Branch Rickey's experiment. During the major league meetings in Los Angeles in December 1946 Chandler praised Robinson in the *Pittsburgh Courier* when he said that the former Negro League star was "perhaps the best all-around athlete this country has ever produced."

Though most baseball owners opposed integration, Chandler's acquiescence stripped away the barrier previously upheld by Judge Landis and gave Rickey a green light. Moreover, Chandler operated behind the scenes during the 1947 season to ensure Robinson's safety. Without Chandler's support, baseball integration might have been forestalled for several years. In a 1956 letter to Chandler, Robinson himself recognized the commissioner's contribution when he wrote, "I will never forget your role in the so-called Rickey experiment."

Chandler's most controversial decision was the suspension of Dodger manager Leo Durocher during the entire 1947 season for conduct detrimental to baseball. Trapped in a feud between Rickey and New York Yankees president Larry McPhail, Durocher's indiscretions (his associations with gamblers, his well-publicized

role in the break-up of actress Laraine Day's marriage, and his anti-MacPhail comments in a ghost-written newspaper column] left him vulnerable to Chandler's action. The suspension was a key example of the omnipotent power the commissioner exercised over players and other baseball personnel. Had Durocher taken his case to a court of law, baseball's 1922 antitrust exemption might have been jeopardized. Yet, Chandler simply felt that he was maintaining baseball's integrity. The commissioner wanted to distance baseball from gambling, and Durocher was not a figure he wanted young people to emulate.

The gregarious Chandler was at his best when he was "on the stump" promoting baseball. While he did not create the conditions necessary for the game's popularity, the commissioner unquestionably served the game well as a promoter. Research in his trips' files verifies that he promoted baseball through hundreds of speeches across the country, in small towns as well as large cities.

Nevertheless, Chandler's folksy style, rich southern twang, toothy smile, and his ability to belt out "My Old Kentucky Home" in a beautiful tenor voice at the slightest urging, caused several eastern writers to consider him too undignified to hold office. Although he was the antithesis of Landis, the Judge cast a long shadow over Chandler's conduct and decisions. New York and Boston sportswriters, in particular, were unable to reconcile Chandler with the image projected by his predecessor.

In reply he once stated, "I followed a myth, and I'll tell you following a myth is not easy. I have Judge Landis' files for reference, but have had no present word from him on what to do in the many difficult situations which abound in my office."

Baseball's owners, and not its writers, however, caused Chandler's downfall. In 1950 and again in 1951, Chandler's attempts to be re-elected as commissioner failed as he lost by a 9-7 vote. New rules, adopted in 1945, which required approval of three-fourths of the owners (12 votes) for Chandler to be rehired, proved to be a formidable stumbling block. There were several reasons why Chandler might fail the owners' litmus test.

First, he was not the tractable defender of owners' rights that many had envisioned. Tom Yawkey of the Red Sox reportedly complained to his fellow owners that Chandler is "the players' commissioner, the fans' commissioner, the press and radio commissioner—everybody's commissioner but the men who pay him."

Second, in the owners' minds Chandler jeopardized baseball's structure by not reinstating the Mexican League players when it became clear that the league was no longer a threat. Instead of finding a means of repatriating the jumpers, his hard stance spawned lawsuits and a congressional investigation which challenged the reserve clause.

Third, some owners felt that Chandler played favorites. As sportswriter Red Smith charged, the owners "hired a man trained in the school of pork-barrel patronage and log-rolling politics. Happy's entire experience was calculated to teach one lesson:

reward your friends, blast your opponents."

Finally, Chandler's political acumen, applied with great success in Kentucky, failed him in baseball. Instead of cultivating Tom Yawkey, and up-and-coming power brokers like Bob Carpenter and Walter O'Malley, he chose as his allies the grand old men of baseball—Connie Mack, Clark Griffith, and Walter Briggs. These were his heroes. Chandler alienated St. Louis Cardinals' owner Fred Saigh with his handling of the Gardella case and other issues, and Del Webb of the Yankees when the latter discovered that Chandler was investigating his Las Vegas interests. Webb, who was the most influential owner in the American League, organized the owners' opposition to Chandler. Chandler's later claim that his stance on race was the major factor in his demise has little credence. There is no contemporary evidence that any of the owners credited or discredited Chandler because of his role in breaking the color barrier.

Chandler left baseball in a stronger position than he found it. He was at heart a baseball fan, a man who wanted to take the commissioner's position off a pedestal, to humanize it, and to share himself and the game with its followers. In this he succeeded admirably. Faced with difficult and even critical decisions during one of American history's most pivotal eras, he let his conscience guide him. Following his ouster, Chandler was almost ignored by his successors and by most other baseball officials. Not until the coming of Bowie Kuhn, a commissioner whose problems closely paralleled Chandler's, was the second commissioner of baseball even invited to an official baseball function—a hiatus of 17 years. Chandler was elected to the National Baseball Hall of Fame in 1982.



LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Bourbon, Baseball and Barney *Barney Dreyfuss, "Last of the Baseball Squires"*

by Dan Bonk and Len Martin

Barney Dreyfuss was the last president of the National League Louisville Colonels. Using business skills honed at a Louisville whiskey distillery, he made a commitment to succeed in baseball. Unfortunately for Louisville, Barney could only guide the Colonels for a year before the team was dropped by the league. In 1900 he moved to Pittsburgh to gain control of the fledgling Pirates. In the 13 National League seasons prior to his arrival, the Pirates had finished an average of 29 games out of first place. There were six Pirate presidents before Dreyfuss, few quality players, and a frustrated base of fans. By his second season the Pirates won their first of three consecutive National League pennants. During his 33-year stewardship, the Pirates won the National League pennant six times and the World Series twice, making Barney the most successful owner in the century-plus history of the team.

Dreyfuss was an unlikely baseball success story. German-born, he was small in stature and spoke English with a heavy accent. He could be obstinate, difficult, and argumentative to the extent that, at times, his peers sought ways to avoid his company. He was nevertheless respected because he brought much needed discipline, organization, and focus to league affairs. At times he was supportive and considerate of his players, but he could also be highly intimidating and critical. His son-in-law, Bill Benswanger, who succeeded Dreyfuss as president of the Pirates just prior to Barney's death in 1932, admitted, "Barney could be a stubborn man. He relied implicitly on his judgment. He was a man of pride and principle."

Brooklyn club president Charles Ebbets once told Dreyfuss, "Barney, you're a bulldog. You get hold of something and you never let it go." "He was a fighter for what he thought was right," declared American League founder Ban Johnson. One-time Pirate shortstop Dick Bartell, who didn't care much for Dreyfuss, recalled, "Dreyfuss was tough to talk to, tough to negotiate with, and a stickler on petty matters."

"He was the most intense diamond enthusiast I ever met," observed John K. Tener, National League president from 1913-1918. "No matter how a conversation began, he channeled into baseball within a brief time. Thereafter, all other topics were out." When arguing salaries, Dreyfuss could be unyielding even with Hall of Fame caliber stars. "You can't steal first base," is the famous baseball quote attributed to Dreyfuss during contract negotiations with Pirate all-time stolen base leader Max Carey. Perhaps the most balanced recollection of Dreyfuss, however,

was advanced by Rogers Hornsby in his autobiography *My War With Baseball*. Hornsby wrote, "He made baseball his life, and you couldn't take a magazine out of his office without him knowing it. But he did everything he could to improve baseball."

According to family records, he was born Bernard Dreyfuss in Freiburg, Germany on February 23, 1865. He was the second of four children and the only son of Samuel and Fanny Goldschmid Dreyfuss. Raised and educated in Germany, Barney apprenticed as a bank clerk as a teenager and aspired to come to America.

At age 17, Dreyfuss arrived in Paducah, Kentucky to work at a distillery owned by his cousins, the Bernheim Brothers who, years later, were known as the makers of I. W. Harper brand bourbon. Barney liked to claim that his first assignment was scrubbing whiskey barrels, but the brothers started him out as an assistant bookkeeper to utilize his bank training. While in Paducah, Dreyfuss took an interest in baseball, playing second base and operating a semipro team. In 1888, he became a naturalized citizen. That same year, the distillery moved its entire operation upstream to Louisville. Barney eventually worked his way to the important position of credit manager, where his efforts were rewarded with a lucrative equity interest in the company.

Shortly after his arrival in Louisville, Dreyfuss collected his savings and bought a small interest in the local American Association team. He gradually increased his financial stake until, just prior to the 1899 season, he gained control of what was now a National League franchise. In doing so, Dreyfuss took the biggest financial gamble of his life—resigning his position with the Bernheims and selling his stake in the distillery to finance the acquisition. Although his baseball venture reportedly came on the heels of advice from his physician to seek a more fresh-air-oriented profession, years later he commented, "I had a vision of what was coming, though I could not at the time see stadiums like Forbes Field. I saw that America was a nation of sport-loving people that liked to be out in the open. And I knew that baseball was a game of the people. It thrilled me, an immigrant from Germany. I decided to go on with the game."

The Louisville franchise was very tenuous when Barney took over. In his first season, Dreyfuss became embroiled in a battle with a faction of owners who tried to deprive him of lucrative Sunday playing dates. When his ballpark burned down late in the season, Dreyfuss knew Louisville was finished in the National League and began to search for options to remain in baseball.

Dreyfuss had two valuable assets at the end of the 1899 season, talented ball players under contract and investment capital. He bought the Pittsburgh Pirates as part of a deal that caught William W. "Captain" Kerr somewhat off guard, but found support among the other Pirate owners on the promise that he would deliver his best Louisville players. Dreyfuss replaced Kerr as Pirates president and, with the infusion of new talent that included Honus Wagner and Fred Clarke, the team went on to their best season since 1893. Kerr tried to unseat Dreyfuss prior to the 1901 season, but was rebuffed when Barney successfully challenged

him in court. Frustrated by Dreyfuss and perhaps jealous of his success, Kerr sold out. No sooner had Dreyfuss gained a foothold in Pittsburgh than he was threatened by Ban Johnson's upstart American League. Johnson courted Kerr as an owner, offering to shift the Detroit franchise to Pittsburgh. Dreyfuss was rightfully wary, as Kerr had the capital and experience to be a successful competitor. Seeking to shut the new league out of available playing venues, Dreyfuss signed leases at both Exposition Park and Recreation Park, the only two local ballparks considered suitable for major league baseball. Eventually, the deal fell through. Still feeling insecure, Dreyfuss immediately lobbied to make peace with the new league. When an agreement between the two leagues was hammered out in early 1903, it included specific provisions banning an American League team in Pittsburgh. Later that summer, in an effort to cement the partnership between the two leagues, the Pirates participated in the first World Series, losing to the Boston Americans. The results mattered little to Dreyfuss; in fact he even gave his losing squad his share of the Series receipts in gratitude for their efforts. More important to Barney, his baseball monopoly in Pittsburgh was safe and his prestige within baseball's inner circle was rising.

Dreyfuss championed various baseball issues he believed would improve business. He was fervent in his opinion that the game needed to be cleaned up to attract a higher class of clientele. He correctly reasoned that wealthier patrons would pay higher prices for the best seats and spend more money on the game in general. Players who cursed, fought, smoked, or drank to excess were the focus of his wrath.

Opinionated and not always consistent in his views, Dreyfuss vehemently opposed player gambling, but he was famous for his own wagers, which included large sums bet on his Pirates during the 1903 World Series. He disdained real estate ownership, preferring to rent rather than own his own home. However, he purchased a plot of land in a fashionable section of Pittsburgh and built the most extravagant ballpark of its era—Forbes Field. He squeezed extra profits out of his business wherever he could, but for years he was the only owner to ban advertising from the outfield walls of his ballpark.

Barney's baseball life reached its apex in 1909, the year he opened Forbes Field and his team captured its first World Championship. His critics labeled Forbes Field "Dreyfuss' Folly" because it was too big, too fancy, and too far from downtown Pittsburgh. Characteristically, Dreyfuss never doubted his decision to build it. On opening day, as he stood inside the main gate, he shook the hands of those who came to congratulate him and told a local reporter, "This is the happiest day of my life. I used to dream of such things as I see here today, but it was not until a comparatively [short] time ago that I ever thought to see them as realities."

Dreyfuss was competitive and liked to win. He was famous for maintaining extensive statistics and personal files on numerous major and minor players in an effort to gain an advantage. He

dubbed himself "First Division Barney," bragging of his teams' propensity to finish in the upper half of the league standings. The team achievement he most enjoyed citing was a record-setting six consecutive shutouts posted between June 2 and June 8, 1903.

Dreyfuss was proudest, however, of his effort to bring credibility, integrity, and organization to the new league scheduling process. He never forgot how he was slighted by the league in 1899. After arriving in Pittsburgh, he took on the daunting task of developing schedules for both leagues each year. Initially his schedules were challenged, but his skill and tenacity in this area came to be viewed as incomparable. "How can you beat a guy like that?" decried Ban Johnson. "He pulls out a schedule as soon as he gets to a meeting. If you object to that he produces a second. Finally, he will come up with a third one. Invariably, with a few minor changes, it will be just to both leagues."

On February 5, 1932, Barney Dreyfuss died after contracting pneumonia following prostate surgery. Many believe he simply lost his will following the death of his only son, 36-year-old Sam, a year earlier. Barney's tenure as president of the Pittsburgh Pirates was, at the time, the longest in the history of the game. Famed sportswriter Dan Daniel called him "The Last of the Baseball Squires" and the "Dean of the Major Leagues."

Barney Dreyfuss is buried in Pittsburgh. In 1980, he was posthumously inducted into the National Jewish Sports Hall of Fame at its second annual induction dinner in Los Angeles.



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LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Personal Memories of the '41 Colonels

by Tony Lupien

[Editor's note: This is an edited transcript of a 1996 recording.]

I went through spring training with the Boston club in 1941, in Sarasota, Florida. It was obvious that we had several first basemen on the roster and the chances were that when the spring training was over, I was going someplace, but not back to Boston. So my wife and my baby of eight months drove with me to Florida. We stayed at Sarasota for spring training until I was sent to the Louisville club, which was training over in Bradenton, Florida, about 20 miles from Sarasota.

We were only there a few days because it was the end of the spring training season and the club was going back to Louisville. So my wife and I and the baby drove from Bradenton, Florida, to Louisville, never having been in that part of the country in our lives. And finally, we met the club up at the Henry Clay Hotel in Louisville, three days before the season opened. At that time, Louisville was just starting to come alive with defense for the war. Aluminum plants and other industries were springing up all over the place. The city was bulging with people coming in there to work. Uniformed people were everywhere from Ft. Knox, and the place was a real beehive of activity.

We were in the hotel and looking for a place to live and just having no luck at all. And finally, after several days, we had pretty much given up the thought of finding a place, and very sadly my wife was talking about taking the baby and going back to Boston and staying there until the season was over. I could find a room someplace and stay the season in Louisville.

Out of nowhere a lady walked up to us and asked if we were the Lupiens, and we said yes. She said her name was Louise Lindley. She lived out on Taylor Boulevard and she said she and her husband had been baseball fans all their lives. They heard that we were looking for a place to live. Could we come out and take a look at their house? They would like to have us live with them for the summer. Of course we would! These were just the most wonderful people. They gave us the run of the first floor. They slept up in the attic (where it was hotter than hell!) and did their cooking down in the cellar.

They ended up just like being part of our family, and us part of theirs. It turns out they had been watching the ball games in Louisville all their lives. In fact, Jim Lindley had worked as a ticket taker at the ballpark years before. He enriched us with many stories of old-time Louisville ball players and people like Jay Kirke

and Joe McCarthy. I learned an awful lot about the tradition of Louisville baseball just listening to him sitting around the house.

I had been at Little Rock in the Southern League the year before, when it was in the midst of the worst of depressions. The town was in very bad shape, and to come to Louisville was just like going to heaven as far as we were concerned. Parkway Field was in very good shape. The fans were great and they came out in fine numbers. It was really a joy to join the Louisville ball club.

I might say, too, that now we were traveling in trains that were some of the best, going through Chicago to Minneapolis and Kansas City. No longer did we have the dregs of the Pullman cars that somebody had dumped on all the southern railroads. Conditions were excellent. We had a nice trainer there and clubhouse man. It was just like the big leagues to us after having been in other minor league situations.

In addition, there was the opportunity to play for a great man, Bill Burwell, who was the manager of that club. To me, I played for several managers in the big leagues and Triple-A, and I would say that this was the best handler of pitchers that I have ever met in my life. And some of the young pitchers that developed under his tutelage, people like Tex Hughson, learned so much that we would just sit in the railroad cars and listen to him talk. He could tell them more in five minutes than these smart executives that I see on the television today with stop watches and all kinds of equipment and don't know what town they're in.

This was a period where you played, and your object was to help the ball club. It was not a me, me, me world like it is today. There were no closers and set-up men and all of these fancy names. If you could relieve and get somebody out, you went in and relieved. And if you had to stay in the ball game and get a bad beating to straighten out your pitching staff, you did so without complaining and beefing about it. It seems like today, because of the emphasis on individual statistics and greed on the part of everyone, players and owners alike, that a fellow is more interested in his record than he is in how the team does. So, if he has to face a tough left hander on a certain day, or he just doesn't feel quite right, he has to get out of the line-up and rest for a day or two. In those days we played day in, day out, drunk or sober, sick or well, and as Bill Burwell would say, you're gonna have days when you face pitchers that you're not gonna hit, but you do something else to help the ball club. Maybe you'll get a base on balls; maybe you'll steal a base; maybe you'll go from first to third on a play that is gonna change the ball game. Maybe you will make a great defensive play and help us. Try to manufacture something to help the ball club, because you're not going to have people that you can hit every day. And I think this is a great lesson for a young hitter to learn. We never spent much time in the office in those days as ball players, but I know that we had a president of the club, Bruce Dudley, who was well-respected among baseball people, and ran a very efficient operation at Louisville. Our traveling secretary was a man named Harry Jenkins, who later had a good executive job in the Braves organization. I believe he was from Owensboro,

Kentucky. Nice guy. And our trainer was Frank Bidack, and he was a good man. A young guy who could do more for the training job, which in those days did not require a degree in kinesiology. It required a knowledge of human nature, just like it does today. And most of the ills are all up in the head and not in the body.

Don Hill was the radio broadcaster for the ball games in those days. He was eminently fair. And was good to the ball players, but he didn't pull any punches.

Let's talk about the roster of the ball club a little bit. It was not a time that rosters changed very much. You stayed pretty much with the ball club that you had from the beginning to the end. I think we had two or three pitching changes of new men that came and some that went, but that was about it.

The pitchers that we had were: Bill Butland, Owen Scheetz, Bill Sayles, Fred Shaffer, Oscar Judd, Bill Fleming, Bill Lefebvre, and Emerson Dickman. I want to point out that we did have for about a half a season Tex Hughson, who developed into one of the fine right-handed stars in the game and pitched well until he hurt his arm. I had played with Tex in Scranton and again in Louisville, and we were teammates in Boston.

Our catchers were: Joe Glenn, who had been with the Yankees as Dickey's understudy for a long time; George Lacy; and Fred Walters, who was with us for quite a bit of the time before he went to Montreal. He ended up later on managing in the Association and then the Southern League. He was from Laurel, Mississippi, and was one of my best friends on the club. Joe Glenn (one of the characters of the game), could tell us nine million stories about Lou Gehrig. And it was just at that time that they were talking about making a picture of Gehrig's life and Joe used to tell us all kinds of things, and he said he knew more about Gehrig than any movie director in Hollywood. He was a very entertaining guy to tell us about the past with the Yankees.

In the outfield we had Walter Cazen, who was a veteran minor league ball player. He had come over from Rochester in a deal, but he had played a long time in the International League and in the Texas League and he was a character in his own right. A funny man. Lot of characters that he could talk about and he knew a million old Texas League stories that would entertain you on the trains. He was full of hell and practical jokes and, of course, when you live that intimately on the trains for a full year and in the hotels, you have time on your hands to do the work of the devil.

In center field we had Chet Morgan, who had been a veteran Association player, lead-off man and a fine gentleman from Mississippi. Knew how to play. Played great position in the outfield and did a wonderful job for us in center field.

In right field we had Joe Vosmik, who had come over to the club in part of the deal that brought Pee Wee Reese to Brooklyn. It was an involved deal and Joe, we felt, belonged in the big leagues and did not belong in Louisville with us. But he pitched in and helped us; he was a fine right-handed hitter with a wealth of experience. A great person to have on the club. Artie Parks also had come over from Brooklyn and he was a left-handed outfielder; he was more

or less our back-up outfielder and spelled anybody who might be hurt in the outfield.

In the infield we had Junie Andres at third base, from the University of Indiana, who played at Louisville the year before. A great basketball player. Nice, big, easy-going guy. Had good power. Had it not been for the war, I'm sure that Junie would have had an excellent big league career somewhere.

John Pesky, who spent a life with the Red Sox organization, was our shortstop. He had played at Rocky Mount the year before and came to Louisville in one big jump and had just a phenomenal season. Somewhere in the .330s, I believe, at the plate, and the next year we went to Boston and he had a carbon copy of that same year. He knew how to play and was an excellent shortstop for us. He was named the league's most valuable player.

We had a boy named Al Mazur, who played second base, who would have been a fine big league second baseman had it not been for the war. You've got to realize, this was just the time when the draft was taking single men first, and some of these boys were going to be in the service before long. I played first base and was lucky enough to have been there. Paul Campbell, who had played first base the year before, was in Montreal. He was a hard man to follow because he was very popular in Louisville. A good hustler. Good attitude, and had been an excellent player at Louisville, so I was lucky to follow him and be accepted as a first baseman on that club.

We lost the pennant to Columbus. It was just that they had an outstanding group over there. Preacher Roe, Harry Brecheen, Harry Walker, etc. Practically everybody on the ball club went either to the Cardinals or one of the contenders in the National League from that club. And they beat us down the stretch. Then in the playoffs, we beat Minneapolis in the first round. Columbus beat Kansas City. And then we lost to Columbus to close out the playoffs. I never felt sadder or yet any more proud than on that final game that we got beat in Louisville to see Bill Burwell walk across that field after the last out and shake hands with Burt Shotton of Columbus. This was a class man, the likes of which baseball could use today.

Fifty-five years have passed since I played on that club and sometimes it's hard for me to remember everything that happened. I know that we had a good, fine hustling club. The makings of a club that would have become a perennial American Association contender had it not been for the war.

If I recall correctly, my salary for the year at Louisville was somewhere between \$3,500 and \$4,000, as an option ball player from the Red Sox. Today, I guess they can play in Class D and make that kind of money, but I know one thing, they can't have the fun we had in the game.

One of my great memories of the years I spent in the game was the year in Louisville. I don't think my wife and I were ever happier or treated better by anyone than we were in that town. And I hated to see Louisville go out of baseball when they did, but I'm sure glad to see that they're back in business today.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

The Louisville Scandal *1877 Was, Perhaps, the Bleakest Year* *in Falls City Sports*

by Daniel E. Ginsburg

The city of Louisville has a rich baseball history. Louisville was a charter member of the National League as well as the major league American Association. Pete Browning, perhaps the greatest hitter not in baseball's Hall of Fame, spent most of his career in Louisville. Honus Wagner, arguably the greatest shortstop in baseball history, launched his major league career in Louisville. Today, Louisville hosts one of the most successful minor league baseball franchises in the country—the Louisville Redbirds. However, despite all of these positive contributions to baseball history, the city of Louisville will forever be linked with the 1877 game-fixing scandal, one of the most notorious gambling scandals in the history of baseball.

Contrary to popular belief, the 1877 Louisville scandal was not the first gambling incident in baseball history. Games were fixed by gamblers as early as 1865, and the National Association was riddled with scandal during its five-year history beginning in 1871. While part of the blame for the problem can be attributed to the moral code at the time—corruption was also prevalent in America during this time frame in both politics and business—organized baseball must take the lion's share of the responsibility for winking at corruption rather than taking a strong stand against it. Baseball officials and owners, worried that the exposure of gambling scandals would hurt the popularity of the game and injure their business, chose not to strongly investigate rumors of corruption or to take strong action against suspect players. In fact, dishonesty in the National Association was a key factor in the demise of that organization and the founding of the National League in 1876. The National League promised to fight the venal practices, although initial rosters of National League teams contained most of the same players suspected of repeated game-fixing during the National Association days.

During the 1876 season, the Louisville team had taken a strong stand against corruption with the expulsion of George Bechtel for throwing a game and attempting to bribe teammates to throw future games. However, showing inconsistency typical of baseball's early days, the team acquired Bill Craver to play shortstop for the 1877 season, despite the fact that he had been a key figure in various underhanded deals going back to 1869.

Prospects looked bright for the Louisville Grays as the 1877 National League season began. In addition to Craver, the team had added outfielder George Hall, one of the great early sluggers.

During the 1876 season, Hall became the National League's first home run champion, and finished second in the league in batting with an average of .366. With holdovers such as Jim Devlin, rapidly developing into one of the league's best pitchers, and Joseph Gerhardt, one of the best second basemen in the league, Louisville was expected to contend for the 1877 pennant.

The Grays entered August with a comfortable lead over second-place Boston. In the opening days of that month, Gray's third baseman, Bill Hague, developed a painful boil in his left armpit, and based on the strong recommendation of George Hall, the club recruited Al Nichols to fill Hague's place. The light-hitting Nichols had been playing with an independent team in Pittsburgh. On August 13 the Grays had a record of 25-13, good for a 3½ game lead over Boston with 22 games left in the season. The Grays then went into a seven-game tailspin, including losing four straight to Boston to knock themselves out of first place.

It is believed by many that the seven-game losing streak was the result of crooked play by Craver, Devlin, Hall and Nichols. However, much of the testimony about the Louisville scandal is conflicting, and to this day no one has a clear picture of exactly what happened and which games were played on their merits.

It appears that the problems were triggered by a Brooklyn man named Frank Powell, who was George Hall's brother-in-law. According to Hall's later testimony, Powell had been urging Hall for over a year to increase his income by throwing games. At first Hall steadfastly refused, but finally, during the 1877 season, he began to weaken and proposed to Devlin that they work together.

At the same time Devlin had been approached by a New York gambler named McCloud. McCloud offered Devlin money to throw games and told him that if he was ever willing to do so he should send a telegram to McCloud containing the word "sash."

The first game to be thrown was an exhibition game in Cincinnati. It was common in those days for National League teams to supplement their income and fill up their schedule by playing non-league games around the country.

Devlin received \$100 from McCloud and gave \$25 to Hall. He told Hall that McCloud had sent \$50, and that he and Hall would split the proceeds 50-50.

The next game thrown was an exhibition at Indianapolis. Devlin was paid \$100 for this game but ended up giving none of it to Hall. Louisville lost this poorly played game 7-3. Hall and Nichols then conspired to lose an exhibition at Lowell, Massachusetts. Devlin was apparently not involved in this one.

In addition to the throwing of these non-league games, there is strong suspicion that some of the league games were also thrown by the players. Before a game against Hartford, club president Charles E. Chase received an anonymous telegram to "watch your men." Louisville lost badly to Hartford that day, primarily through errors by Hall, Craver, and Nichols.

Chase received a telegram before the next game predicting that Louisville would lose again, and when this prediction came true it raised suspicions of Chase. At the same time, the *Courier-Journal*

sportswriter John Haldeman became suspicious from watching the play of the Grays. An investigation was quickly launched. One of the key tip-offs for Chase was the fact that substitute Al Nichols was receiving a tremendous number of telegrams.

President Chase confronted Nichols, demanding permission to read these telegrams. Nichols indignantly refused, but relented after Chase said that refusal was an admission of guilt. While the telegrams were vaguely worded, two from P. A. Williams, a Brooklyn pool seller, raised a great deal of suspicion. At this point, the investigation began to pick up steam. Haldeman then expressed carefully worded suspicions in *The Courier-Journal* and Chase prepared to confront the players.

Chase's first target was Devlin. According to Chase, he told Devlin that he knew that he had been throwing games, and "I want a full confession. I'll give you until 8:00 p.m. to tell me the whole story." Before Chase could hear back from Devlin, George Hall approached him offering to confess. According to Chase, Hall explained, "I know I have done wrong, but as God is my judge, I have never thrown a league game. If I tell you all I know about this business, will you promise to let me down easy?"

Chase responded, "I know everything you have done, and I can't make any promises." Hall took this to mean that Devlin had confessed, and Hall did likewise. He admitted throwing the exhibition games and named Nichols as the prime culprit. In reality, it appears that Nichols was merely following Hall's and Devlin's leads and serving as a go-between from the players to the gamblers, which accounts for the large volume of telegrams.

The entire team was then summoned to a meeting at Chase's office and all the players were requested to sign an order giving the directors permission to inspect all telegrams sent or received by them. Chase added, "There is no reason not to grant this request. Refusal to go along with this order will be construed as an acknowledgment of guilt." All the team agreed to sign this order with one exception—Bill Craver. He had been under suspicion for his play throughout the year, and his past record certainly did nothing to inspire the confidence of Louisville management. Craver told Louisville management, "You can [open the telegrams] if you will pay me the two months salary you owe me." Craver's wires were not opened; Devlin, Nichols, and Hall had not set such a condition on the reading of theirs.

Hall's confession took place on October 27. Three days later a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Louisville club was held to hear the evidence. Based on this evidence, and with strong support from National League president William Hulbert, the board unanimously resolved to expel Hall, Craver, Devlin and Nichols from the Louisville club.

While it was proved that Hall, Devlin, and Nichols threw games, no real proof in this case was ever brought against Craver. In fact, other than his refusal to let the Louisville club open his telegrams, the only evidence against Craver was a statement by Nichols and teammate George Schaffer that Craver's play caused him (Schaffer) to make errors, and Schaffer's repetition

of a conversation with Nichols in which Nichols implied that he "thought some of the players were not working on the square. I understood him to mean Craver."

Craver denied all charges, and sent a blistering letter to the *Courier-Journal*. His protests fell on deaf ears, however, and at the National League's annual meeting in December, the Louisville four were permanently expelled from professional baseball. These expulsions, and the tremendous publicity they received, finally sent a message that the National League would not tolerate corruption and crooked play. While many worried that this public exposure would damage baseball, in fact the expulsions had the opposite effect by demonstrating to the fans and the press that the owners were serious about cleaning up the game.

While the banishments were good for baseball in general, the entire scandal proved disastrous for the Louisville Grays. Stripped of three of their best players, most observers felt that the club would quickly fold. However, the Grays managed to struggle on, trying to put together a team, before finally submitting their resignation to the National League on March 8, 1878.

In the aftermath of the Louisville scandal, a new era dawned for professional baseball. Because of the actions taken by the Louisville management, and the strong support of National League president William Hulbert, confidence in the game's integrity was restored. While the exposure gave baseball a black eye, the players' expulsion and Hulbert's unrelenting attitude to their pleas for reinstatement established a strong code for the National League, which held during the rest of the century. No gambling or game-fixing would be tolerated. This allowed the game to grow and prosper and truly become the national pastime.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Line Drives Then and Now

by William D. Perrin

The semi-pro baseball season of 1875 at Adelaide Park was so successful that Gen. Dennis and his associates placed a much faster team on the field in 1876, one that would hold its own with any independent team in New England and strong enough to battle teams of the newly organized National League in exhibition games. In those days the league teams did not play every-day as now and it was easy to get the crack nines here on the open dates.

At a considerable cost the best players available were signed to Rhode Island contracts. They came from all points of the compass and made a formidable combination that was ready to face any team, big or little, in the country. The line-up that took the field early in May and continued with but one or two exceptions to September included Keenan, c.; Critchley, p.; Tobin, 1b.; Brady, 2b.; Tom Burns, 3b.; Jerry Turbidy, s. s.; Shanley, l.f.; Mat Barry, c.f.; Ed. Hanlon, r.f., and Thomas, extra man. Barry was the only local player of the lot. For a time Fred Cory also acted as extra man on the team. The later-famous Ned Hanlon, for several years manager of the Baltimore National League champions, started the season in the outfield, but when Tom Burns, later third baseman of the old Chicago champions under Capt. Anson, had trouble with the management and was sent on his way, Hanlon played third base. So far as is known Hanlon is the only survivor of the team. Manager Arnold played a few games in right field.

To give the 1876 season a rousing start, an exhibition game was arranged between the Bostons and New Haven of the National League, and to the surprise of all hands the New Haven team won. The Bostons presented a battery that was considered one of the finest in the country in Joseph Borden, pitcher, and Ben McGinley behind the bat. A. G. Spalding had forsaken the Boston team to go to the newly-organized Chicago team, "The Giants of the West," and "Josephus," as Borden chose to be called, was signed in his place.

"Josephus" belonged in Philadelphia and had cut a wide swath the previous year in semi-pro circles. But he didn't last long with Boston, as the other teams batted him to a fare-thee-well.

Like Spalding, he used the old square-hand delivery, consisting of a free swing of the arm backwards nearly to the height of the shoulder and then forward like the pendulum of a clock, letting the ball go as the arm swung slightly forward of the body. The underhand throw was not common then. No curves were possible with the old-style delivery, the pitcher depending on change of pace to fool the batsman. "Tricky" Nichols, later a member of the

1878 Providence Grays of the National League, pitched for New Haven.

Critchley was a young giant, who possessed a world of speed, and followers of the game have claimed he had as much speed as Walter Johnson in his best days. He threw an underhand ball, and to catch this cannonball delivery Keenan, a slight youngster, held sway behind the bat for almost the entire season, Thomas going in occasionally. Both catchers caught Critchley's terrific delivery with bare hands, with no mask, chest protector, shin pads or glove.

But catching was not the hard task it is today, the catcher not going under the bat except when a batsman had two strikes or there were runners on the bases. The catcher stood in the shadow of the grandstand and took the ball on the bound when the bases were free and less than two strikes on the batter. Once a fan in the grandstand called to "Critch" to pitch a fast one, and he responded by hitting the backstop—135 feet away—without the ball touching the ground and holding its level nearly the whole distance.

Tobin, the first baseman, was a tall youngster and played the entire season without once using a glove. In fact nobody used a glove in those days. Brady at second was a big man, also, and wore a flowing moustache. Burns and Hanlon at third looked very much then as they did when holding berths in the big league, both wearing moustaches. Jerry Turbidy was a little fellow, but he could play shortstop and withal was a comedian. In one game he played the entire nine innings with a battered silk hat on his head.

Shanley came from Brooklyn and was a fine fielder. Mat Barry was a local boy and was well-known in Providence. Thomas was little known, but Fred Cory was a player of great promise and developed into one of the best pitchers in the country during the next two years, but was forced to quit baseball because of illness when at the height of his career. More about him later.

Semi-professional, teams were supported in Taunton, Fall River, New Bedford and other places and it was with these teams that the Rhode Islands of 1878 played. The players traveled from Providence to the city where they were playing, in moving wagons drawn by a pair of horses and it was a slow, bone-shaking ride over the roads of that day. Salaries were low, the entire payroll of the Rhode Islands for a month being less than some individual minor league players get today for the same period.

Getting to Adelaide Park was not the easiest job in the world, as the street car service was limited, but the park itself was a gem, so far as the playing field was concerned. It was somewhat smaller than the present Kinsley Park, but large enough for home run drives inside the fence although with the dead ball in use at that time circuit drives were a rarity and worth extended comment in the papers the following day.

The seating capacity was small, the grandstand holding not more than 300 with 1200 seats in the bleachers. On hot days the bleacher crowd always went to the park early to get a seat under the great tree that grew up through the right field bleachers and

spread over a goodly distance.

Occasionally a ball was batted into the tree, to bounce down from limb to limb, and fetch up, sometimes, on the heads of the fans beneath. That call was precious. Only one ball was used in a game then and play was held up until it was returned. It was the same with foul balls over the stands; until the ball returned play was suspended. This system had its advantages as well, for the crowd, anxious to see the game, forced the finder of the ball to return it. Under the present system of throwing in a new ball every time one goes over the fence or the cover becomes a trifle rough, the Rhode Island club would have gone into bankruptcy the first month.

Among the National League teams to play the Rhode Islands at Adelaide Park, then in its first year of existence, were the Louisville, Hartford, Chicago and Boston clubs.

* * *

The success of the 1876 Rhode Islands was one of the earliest examples of players capitalizing their good fortune in the history of baseball. When time came to talk business for the 1877 season Manager Arnold and every man on the team came out with demands that the local promoters, in baseball for the sole reason of furnishing Providence with good baseball and with no idea of profit, could not meet. Both sides were obdurate and as a result Manager Arnold took his whole team, with the exception of Matt Barry, to Auburn, N.Y.

At this time Dickie Pearce, for many years a player in the National League and other baseball organizations, and who was living near New Bedford, was out of a job. The year before he had played shortstop for the St. Louis team, but didn't care to play again in that city. Hearing of the situation here he came to Providence one day, had an interview with Gen. Dennis and others of the Rhode Island promoters and was hired as manager and directed to organize a team to possibly better the one of the preceding year.

Pearce was a fiery character and was approaching the age when the game was getting ahead of him. He was short and stout and wore a moustache with long waxed ends, giving him a somewhat fierce appearance, and tradition has it that he was as fierce as he looked. He had to be, as ball players of a half-century ago were a different lot from the present day brand.

It was a man's job to gather a team at that time that would be better than the Rhode Islands of the Centennial year. But although the promoters would not be held up for tribute by the Arnold team they were willing to go a bit further to gather a new combination that would fill the bill. Pearce set to work and the first man signed was Fred Cory, one of the most promising young pitchers in the country. He was a Providence boy and acted as substitute on the 1876 team. Then a catcher from the Cincinnati Reds of the year before, Pierson by name, was obtained. He started with the team, but couldn't get along with Pearce and was let go early in the

season, Dungan doing all the catching thereafter.

Little is known of Dungan, other than that as a backstop he filled the bill. He was a small man and wore a moustache and goatee. Imagine a catcher today going behind the plate without mask, glove, chest protector or shin pads, with whiskers blowing about with every fast pitch.

It was at this time that the famous "One Arm Dailey" came to the front. He was a big man with his left hand off at the wrist: He wore a chamois skin covering for the stump of his left arm and rubbed the ball against it when about to deliver to the batters. He had a fine assortment of curves and was a regular ball player. When it was announced that Dailey had been signed many fans about town lifted their brows. It took just one game to convince everybody that Dailey was all right.

In his first game at Adelaide Park he pitched fine ball and in addition contributed a three-base hit. He grasped the bat in his right hand and held the stump of the left arm against the bat. Later he played a few games in right field and pulled long flies out of the air as well as a two-handed man, taking the ball between his hand and the stump. He was too valuable a man to remain long with the Rhode Islands and after a few weeks left the club to join a big league team. His departure placed the entire pitching burden on Fred Cory, who pitched about all the games for the remainder of the season.

First base was the troublesome point with Manager Pearce and he had several men covering the position during the season. Sellman was the first regular, joining the team a few weeks after the start of the season. Evans, Cory and others having done temporary duty there. When the season was at its height and the Rhode Islands were making a fine record, a wild ball hit Sellman on the nose, breaking it so that he had to leave the team. A young player named Firth took his place.

Second base was in charge of Charley Sweasey, who played the previous year with the Cincinnati Red Stockings. Sweasey was credited with being the best second baseman outside of the National League. He was a fine fielder, could hit well and knew the game. His record was so good that he was selected as the regular second baseman for the Grays of the National League the following year. Pearce played shortfield all the season.

A red-headed youth named Reville started on third base, but never could get along with Pearce and after playing for about half the season was taken out and put in the box office selling tickets. Later he played a few games in the outfield. He was replaced on third base by Kessler, also a fine player, who later went to the National League.

The outfield was strong, with Stone of New Bedford in left; Evans, later with several National League teams, in centre, and a variety in right. Dailey, Cory, Reville, and Richmond of the Brown University team played the position at times.

No definite schedule was followed. Games were arranged a short time before they were played. The majority of games were with the Fall River team, Live Oaks of Lynn, Lowell, Manchester



1884 Providence Grays, Sweeney and Radbourne at left

and Auburn. Several National League teams were seen at Adelaide Park during the season. Because of the feeling between the Rhode Islands of 1876 and the team of 1877, the five games played with Auburn, the Rhode Islands of 1876 were fiercely fought affairs, with great crowds attending. Rooting for both teams was violent.

The records show that the two teams met five times, with one game a tie, one won by Auburn and three by the Rhode Islands. The first meeting was on Monday, July 23, with more than 4,000 attending. The teams battled for 15 Innings to a 3-3 tie and as darkness fell the game was ended. Four days later the teams met again with 2,500 present, but this time Auburn won by a score of 2 to 0.

As a fitting windup of the season a series of three games with the Auburns was played in September, the Rhode Islands winning all. There were hints of a scandal connected with the series, as for some unknown reason Critchley failed to show up and a man named Rossman pitched for the visitors. There was much betting and talk.

On the afternoon of Sept. 11 the Rhode Islands won by a score of 2 to 0; the next day the Rhode Islands won by a score of 7 to 3. The final game of the series was played Sept. 14 and also went to the Rhode Islands by a 6 to 2 score.

Of the exhibition games played by the Rhode Islands, two with the old Athletics of Philadelphia were the outstanding contests. The Athletics were in Providence for three days, defeating the Rhode Islands 2-0 June 2 and 3-2 two days later. Another game that was outstanding at the time was that of May 15 when the Lowell team won a 14-inning battle by a score of 12-8, Cory and Dailey dividing the pitching burden.

The Auburn games were the last of importance played at old Adelaide Park for the following year found Providence in the National League with new grounds on Messer street. Adelaide Park was located a few hundred feet from Broad street on Adelaide avenue, and some of the older fans of the city will remember the scramble that resulted on every hot day when everybody wanted

to get a seat in the first base bleachers under the wide-spreading oak tree that grew up almost in the centre of the bleachers. With many homes now on the site of the old park not a vestige remains, not even the tree.

* * *

Although a matter of but a few months more than a half century has elapsed since the movement to place a National League team in Providence was launched, nobody seems to remember the exact facts. 'Moat of the original movers in the venture are known, but as far as is known not one of the organizers is now alive. Old-time baseball men in Providence recall the circumstances of locating the National League franchise here.

The press of the day made little of baseball and diligent search in the files reveals little of importance bearing on the matter. Among the business men of the city who were responsible for locating the old Providence Grays here were Col. Henry B. Winship, Marsh Meade, Phil Case, Newton Dexter, Horace Bloodgood, J. Lippit Snow, Newton Earle, New Allen and Henry T. Root. There were a few others, but their identity is not known. Mr. Root was the first president of the club.

Hartford was not wanted in the circuit as it was then a small city and was felt to be more of a liability to the National League than an asset. But the promoters there made good every obligation and how to get the city out of the league was a problem. At the meeting of the League, held late in 1877 or early in 1878, a vote was passed that no city of less than 75,000 could hold a franchise in the League. This eliminated Hartford.

As nearly as can be learned Benjamin Douglas, Jr., son of a wealthy man in Hartford, with a liking for baseball, came to Providence one day early in 1878 and called on the prominent business men interested in the game. His visit resulted in the men spoken of above joining in subscribing the necessary capital to float the club. Col. Winship, apparently, was the prime mover for

whatever light the press of the day throws upon the matter shines on him. The first move was to obtain a site for the proposed ball park and a committee named by him, now unknown, finally settled on the Messer street location, part way between High, now Westminster street, and Cranston street, and the lease of the property was signed Feb. 26, 1878.

The land needed little grading and about April 1, while this was underway a gang of carpenters started work on the fence and stands. It was the intention of the promoters to erect the best baseball plant in the country, and this was carried out. Although far behind many minor league parks of the present day it was then a half century ago the last word in baseball park construction. It was 500 feet square with a grandstand to seat about 2,000 and bleacher capacity of about 4,000. The infield was as smooth as a billiard table, the base paths being the only break in the expanse of greensward. There was no wide patch of rolled dirt such as now features all baseball parks.

In the meantime Manager Douglas had arrived in Providence and began getting his team together. He signed the entire team, with the exception of Louis T. Brown, who was later obtained from Boston, but before the season opened Douglas was released, the cause being given as "incompetency." The real motives of the move are unknown. Douglas Allison was the catcher, Fred Cory and Tricky Nichols, pitchers. Cory was a Providence product. Tim Murnane was first base and Charles Sweasey second base. Hague was third base and Carey, shortstop and captain. In the outfield were Tommy York in left, Paul Hines in centre and Dick Higham in right. Mr. Root assumed the management of the team.

Practice was begun early in April. Dexter Training Ground was obtained by permission of the city authorities. Every fine day during the month the players assembled for practice. There were no Southern training trips in those days. The practice sessions on the Training Ground were watched by large gatherings, according to stories in the papers, considerable stress being placed on the fine way Allison caught for Cory and Nichols.

May Day was set for the opening of the park and the baseball season. The new park was not completed and the weather was doubtful, threatening rain. A gang of men worked until dark April 30 and began again almost at daylight. The final nail was driven and the last remnant of shavings and dirt was carted off the park just five minutes before Umpire Charles Daniels called "Play ball." And it did not rain. Six thousand attended, filling the park to capacity.

"The Providence Nine," as the directors named the team officially, made a bit of history on this opening day by appearing in steel gray uniforms trimmed with blue, the first team to break away from the white uniform. Across the breast of the shirts were the letters in large Old English characters "P. B. B. C."

Cheer after cheer greeted the teams as they took the field for the game. Cory and Bond were the pitchers, the lineups being: Providence—York, l.f.; Higham, r.f.; Murnane, 1b.; Hines, c.f.; Carey, s.s.; Brown, c.; Hague, 3b.; Cory, Jr., and Sweasey, 2b. Why

Sweasey was placed at the tail-end of the batting order has always been a mystery. Boston—Wright, s.s.; Leonard, l.f.; O'Rourke, c.f.; Manning, r.f.; Sutton, 3b.; Burdock, 2b.; Morrill, 1b.; Snyder, c., and Bond, p.

For the first three innings not a hit was made, but in the fourth York hit safely for the Providence's first base hit in the National League; Burdock in fumbling Hague's grounder made the first error at Messer Park. The only run of the game was made in the seventh inning when Leonard hit safely and stole second; he raced up to third as Murnane ran out O'Rourke at first and scored when Manning hit solidly to right for two bases. Boston won the game by a score of 1 to 0, making six hits off Cory and three errors. The Grays got but three hits off Bond and also made three errors.

To play every day was considered impossible in those days and it was the following Saturday before the teams again met, this time in Boston. Providence won by a score of 8 to 6. Nichols pitched for the Grays and Allison was behind the bat. Higham had a batting streak, his hitting alone winning for Providence; he made a single, a double and a home run, the ball going over the left fence and on to the railroad track for the first home run in the National League that year.

No games were played until Thursday of the following week when Providence won on the Messer street grounds by a score of 3 to 2. This game is probably more talked about than any of the thousands played since in organized ball as it was in this contest that the much-discussed triple play by Paul Hines was made, the first in the history of baseball. The circumstances of this play have afforded more arguments than any other known play. That the play was made is not disputed, but whether Hines made the play unassisted or whether Sweasey completed it by retiring the third man has been a subject for argument for more than 50 years. Here is what happened: O'Rourke drew a base on balls and scored when Sweasey threw Manning's drive over Murnane's head, Manning going to third on the error. Murnane muffed Button's fly, Manning holding third. Burdock was next up and dropped the ball just over Carey's head for what looked like a safe hit. The story in the *Providence Journal* of the next day thus describes the play:

"Manning and Sutton proceeded to the home plate," meaning that both rounded third. "Hines ran in and caught the ball, and kept going to tag third." The rule then as now requires that when a base runner is forced to retrace his steps he must retouch the bases passed in reverse order. As Hines touched third, with the ball in his hand after making the catch, before either Manning or Sutton could get back, both were out automatically. It is true that Hines then on a signal from Sweasey threw the ball to second, but this was unnecessary as both runners were out at third.

This description in the *Providence Journal* should settle the matter for all time, as it is evident that Hines made the triple play unassisted. The second largest crowd of the season saw the game, more than 6,000 attending.

It was a weird schedule the Grays and Bostons played in this eight-game series of 50 years ago, as the eight games were

played over a period of 25 days, whereas today the teams would play three times that number of games in the same time. The fourth game was played at Boston May 11 and was won by Boston by a score of 11 to 5. The box score of the game gives Providence 16 errors and Boston eight.

The fifth game, played at Messer Park, was another game that made history as the Grays defeated Boston 24 to 5, making 12 runs in the eighth inning and following this with seven in the ninth. The Grays made 26 hits off Bond and Manning, Hines getting a home run, Brown three two-base hits and York two triples. The Bostons made 16 errors, every man on the team getting at least one, Manning making four.

Providence won the sixth game 6 to 2, while Boston won the seventh 12 to 10 and the eighth 17 to 10, the series being split with four games each.

At the end of the first Boston series Milwaukee opened a series at Messer street, being the first Western team to come here, and, won the first game.

A few weeks after the opening of the season of 1878 Fred Cory was forced because of illness to stop pitching and Tricky Nichols lost his skill entirely, so the Grays were hard put for pitchers. For some time pitchers came and went. Healey of the Atlantics of Cranston pitched a few games, and in one game Lew Brown went into the box, following a short stay there of Allison, both players thus working at both ends of the battery. But a little later Johnny Ward was obtained from the Crickets of Binghamton and became the regular pitcher for the remainder of the season and for a few seasons thereafter.

At the end of the 1878 season the Grays were in third place, with 33 games won and 27 lost, the final standing of the league being: Boston, 41 won, 19 lost; Cincinnati, 37 and 23; Providence, 33 and 27; Chicago, 30 and 30; Indianapolis, 24 and 36, and Milwaukee, 15 and 45. The season's schedule calling for but 60 games as compared with 154 played by the major leagues today.

Following the league season the Grays played a number of exhibition games with teams playing independent ball and with other leagues, the season lasting almost to the first of November that year.

The Grays and Boston played for the "New England championship," with the Grays represented as challenging. Boston won three straight, two of the games being shutouts. Of the Providence players in this first game, Brown, Cory, Murnane, Sweasey, and Higham are known to be dead; York and Hines are still living, but nothing is known of Allison, Hague, or Carey.

* * *

Two innovations, one humorous and long since forgotten, the other the beginning of a regular custom, marked the next National League campaign. These were, respectively, the introduction of brightly-colored uniforms known as monkey coats, and the introduction of Cuban baseball players. The monkey coats are

gone from our midst, but Cuba is still sending good men to the major and minor leagues.

Starting the season of 1882, the fifth year in the National League, with the first professional manager since George Wright had piloted the Grays in 1879, the club made the year a sharp contrast to the previous season. This 1882 campaign was waged with vigor and the Grays held second place during the greater part of the schedule, with the Chicago champions never more than a lap ahead. The Providence nine was always dangerous and everything possible was done to produce a pennant-winning team.

Recognizing the necessity of having a manager at the head of affairs who knew the game and who would give his entire time to developing the team and leading it over the rough places that all baseball teams encounter occasionally the directors cast about for a man to fill the place. The experiment of placing one of the stockholders in charge of the team, in all cases proving unsatisfactory and a failure as the seasons of 1878, 1880 and 1881 had demonstrated. It was resolved that the affairs of the team should be placed in the hands of a man versed in handling men who, at that time, needed far more directing and ordering than could be given by a man, successful enough in business but innocent of baseball.

The Providence nine had received a great jolt at the annual meeting of the National League held on the last day in September, 1881, the date evidently being fixed on the final day of the championship season so the actions of the magnates could have no ill effects on the race. At this meeting three of the Grays were blacklisted, the trio including Emil Gross, Sadie Houck and Lew Brown, "the charges being general dissipation and insubordination.

At the same meeting a vote was passed permitting club officials to negotiate with players at once. The next day Manager Morrow approached seven players of the nine and obtained their promise to play with Providence the following season under salaries agreed upon at that time. Ward, Gilligan, Farrell, Denny, Radbourne, and Hines gave their promise, but York, while not declining, refused to give his answer then. Quick action was necessary as the American Association, an outlaw body, had made overtures to the players with promises of larger salaries than the National League would pay. The Directors realized that unless a better state of affairs existed and a team put in the field of championship calibre the public would not support the club. The National League held a meeting at Chicago, Dec. 7, 1881, at which the Providence delegates made the threat that unless the Providence players on the blacklist were reinstated the club would withdraw from the League. But this must have been more or less of a bluff, as no action was taken in the matter and the threatened resignation was not tendered.

It was at this meeting that the now famous, or infamous, rule was adopted to dress the players in what later were declared "monkey suits" in some quarters and "clown suits" in others. Who

perpetrated the joke is forever lost to history, but less than two months of the season had passed into the hereafter when the rule was rescinded and the clubs discarded the “coats of many colors” and returned to the regular uniforms. These “joke” uniforms made the diamond look something like the present day fences with all sorts of advertisements painted in every known color and some unknown. Here is the way the National League dressed its players at the start of the 1882 season, the colors applying to the caps, shirts and belts—Catchers, scarlet; pitchers, light blue; first basemen, scarlet and white stripes running vertically; second basemen, orange and blue stripes; third basemen, blue and white; shortstop, solid maroon; left fielder, solid white; centre fielder, red and black; right fielder, solid gray; substitutes, green and brown.

The knickerbockers were of white and very roomy. The stockings were the only distinguishing mark whereby one team could be had from another, the Grays being given light blue, Boston red. Chicago white, probably the origin of the nickname “White Sox” still held by the Chicago Americans; Detroit old gold, Buffalo gray, Troy green, which resulted in that team being called “The Shamrocks; Cleveland navy blue, Worcester brown. It was also ordered that each player wear a tie of the color of the stockings, and leather shoes.

When it came to ordering the material, however, considerable difficulty was met, but the only change made was to change the third baseman’s colors to gray and white as it was impossible to obtain the blue and white striped cloth. The kidding indulged in by the spectators was bad enough, but the growling among the players was worse. When runners were on the bases it was impossible for the players to tell which was which, especially when a first sacker, for instance, was on first, or a second baseman on second. The uniforms were exactly alike. The writer remembers well an incident that happened while the “monkey suits” were in vogue. He was sitting with the late John Dyer, one of the most widely known newspaper writers of his day, when the first baseman of the batting team occupied first base as a runner and the second baseman of the same team was on second. John called the attention of those about him to the singular coincidence and remarked that it might never occur again; it never did, as the kaleidoscopic mess was legislated out of existence a few days later.

There was a tragic end to the little affair, also, as Radbourne threw to Start to hold the runner on first and instead of shooting the ball to Start, “Rad” saw crooked and threw the ball to the visiting first baseman, who promptly ducked the ball and it rolled to the bleachers, the runner on second scoring and the man on first taking third. This happened many times and was one of the reasons for changing the rule.

But this is running out of the baseline and delaying the game.

Dec. 6, 1881, the Providence baseball club held one of the most important meetings of its existence. At this session held at President Root’s office a large majority of the 90 stockholders of the club were present. It was resolved to get a team that would

wipe Chicago from the face of the earth, if it took every cent the association could raise.

It was hinted, but not disclosed, that negotiations were pending with a veteran manager and that action might be expected before the end of the year. At this meeting President Winship expressed his regret that so many newspaper men attended the games on passes, and suggested that the scribes be limited to one from each paper, that one to be the man reporting the game. No action was taken at this meeting, but the resolution was adopted at a subsequent meeting.

Enough “inside” stuff was permitted to leak out a few days before Christmas to start something, the “leak” evidently dropping through a hole of the directors’ own punching, being to the effect that one of the leading managers of the United States had “approached” the directors, stating he was desirous of an engagement. After a few days of suspense it was announced that Harry Wright of the Boston club was the man and that he had been engaged.

Wright was given full charge of the team and grounds and was promised all authority in everything pertaining to the nine, no suggestions or advice from the board of directors to be offered. Up to this time there had been a suspicion that the club stockholders were secretly negotiating to dispose of the franchise to some other city, but the announcement that Harry Wright had been hired dispelled the gloom.

Tommy York was the first player to be signed for 1882, and was at once put to work obtaining subscriptions to meet the existing deficiencies. It was announced that subscriptions however small would be received. York did very well with the paper and the proceeds helped the club over a hard place.

The fifth annual meeting of the club was held Jan 29 and was a rousing affair. Col. Winship surprised the meeting by declaring two Cuban players had been signed for the 1882 team in Vincent Nava and a colt by the name of De Paugher, young stars who had played for the coast and were ripe for the National League. Nava was a catcher and the other Cuban a pitcher. It was proposed to use this pair as a pony battery, this being the first appearance of Cuban players in the United States in fast company, but they were the pioneers of a large contingent coming here from the island since that time. There was some opposition to the signing of the players because of their nationality, but the idea went through and the men reported. Nava made good and was a member of the team for several years, but his running mate failed to fill the bill and was released before playing a game.

* * *

Major league baseball in Providence reached its peak in 1884. All previous seasons were eclipsed, and this seventh year in the big show did more to put Providence in the baseball Hall of Fame than all the years that went before, or came afterward. The Grays not only won the National League pennant for the second time, but

won the first World Series. Radbourne set a record for pitching and winning consecutive games that has never been approached and probably never will be. Sweeney, although with the team but a part of the season, made a strike-out record that still stands, defying the onslaughts of hundreds of pitchers for more than 43 seasons. It is generally conceded among baseball men everywhere that the Providence team of 1884 was one of the greatest teams ever organized. The season started in any way but as a success. The result of the opening game. May 1, was a bitter disappointment to the stockholders, and a surprise to everybody concerned. To begin with, Cleveland won the game by a score of 2 to 1; but that was a minor consideration to the attendance figures, for where preparations had been made for a capacity crowd, the outfield roped off for the expected throngs, and excursions arranged from Worcester and other places at reduced fares, but 2,395 paid to see the game.

Light batting prevailed, the Grays hitting McCormick for but three hits, one a double by Hines. The Grays lost at least one run by careless base running, and according to the *Providence Journal's* report the next day, "showed signs of nervousness." Sweeney was given the game and his work was admirable. He fanned eight men, including three in a row in the second inning. He allowed nine hits, all for one base, and should have won the game. Radford's work in right field was brilliant and the feature of the contest. He made several grand running catches and completed a double play with Farrell that saved one run, and later threw a man out at the plate.

DOUBLE PLAY

In the double play with Farrell, Radford took the ball in territory that should have been covered by Hines. With a man on second base, Muldoon lifted a fly high over Hines's head that he misjudged, but Radford pulled it down, spoiling a potential home run, and then threw to Farrell to double the runner, who was half way home when the ball was caught, probably saving two runs.

The first run of the game was made in the seventh inning, when Murphy got his third scratch hit of the game and reached second when Start threw wild to Parrell as they had Murphy in a trap between the bases Muldoon hit past Farrell and Hines fumbled and then threw past Denny. Murphy scoring. In the eighth inning, with two out, Glasscock singled and made second on a wild pitch, crossing the plate on a hit by Phillips to centre that Hines fumbled, Phillips making third. Murphy hit safely to right field and Phillips ran for the plate. Radford gathered the ball and, on a peg that bounded squarely into Gilligan's hands, enabled the catcher to nip the runner as he slid in.

For the first seven innings, Providence got but five men to first base, including passes and other things. The ninth inning opened so well that the crowd rose to its feet and cheered wildly. Gilligan began with a hit and reached second on Murphy's muff of Radford's fly and scored the first run for the Grays when Farrell hit safely to right field. In the meantime Hines went out on a pop fly. With a run in two on and only one out, it looked as if the game

would be saved.

Evans threw the ball in, but Murphy dropped it and Radford took third, but was caught at the plate on a fast return by Phillips from Start's grounder. Farrell reached third on this play, but failed in his attempt to score the tying run, an attempted double steal, with Start, Brody to Ardner to Brody, ending the game.

UMPIRE "ROASTED"

All through the contest the crowd "roasted" Umpire Burns, a brother of Tom Burns of the White Stockings. His decisions on balls and strikes were resented and his base decisions were bad. If any man on the field was nervous it was the umpire.

The box score of this game follows:

CLEVELAND					PROVIDENCE						
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
Hotaling, m.	4	0	1	0	0	Hines, m.	4	1	0	0	1
Glasscock, 2.	4	2	3	3	1	Farrell, 2.	3	1	2	3	1
Phillips, 1.	4	2	10	1	0	Start, 1.	4	0	7	1	1
Murphy, 1.	4	4	1	0	1	Sweeney, p.	2	0	0	3	1
Muldoon, 3.	3	1	5	2	1	Irwin, s.s.	2	0	0	2	0
Evans, r.	2	0	1	1	0	Denny, 3.	3	0	1	0	0
Ardner, s.s.	3	0	2	4	0	Carroll, 1.	3	0	0	0	0
McCormick, p.	3	0	0	4	3	Gilligan, c.	3	1	10	0	1
Briody, c.	3	0	4	0	1	Radford, r.	3	0	4	2	1
TOTALS	30	9	27	19	7	TOTALS	27	3	24	11	6

Two-base hits—Hines. Struck out—By Sweeney 8, McCormick 3. Base on balls—By Sweeney 2, by McCormick 5. Double play—Muldoon and Phillips; Radford and Farrell. Time—1h. 35m. Umpire—Burns.

On this opening day, Boston defeated Buffalo 5 to 3, Philadelphia downed Detroit 13 to 2 and New York whipped Chicago 15 to 3. The attendance at New York passed the 15,000 mark, the total attendance for the being about 24,000.

Radbourne went to the box for the second game and was the master of Cleveland at all stages. He held the visitors to five singles and was given brilliant support by his mates, his own two errors being supplemented by one by Gilligan; but one of "Rad's" was a base on balls, the other a wild peg to first, while Gilligan's slip was a passed ball. Sweeney was played in right field as a precaution, Radbourne still suffering with a slight lameness in his shoulder. Radford "played" on the turnstile that day.

Boston, Philadelphia and New York again registered victories. The Boston fans took an incident in this second game as a bad omen, as Dan Brouthers hit the pennant pole on the fly for a three-base hit. Perhaps it was a bad omen, as Boston was hardly dangerous after the first few weeks.

TEAMS SHIFT

The teams shifted for the third day and Buffalo was handed a 3 to 0 shutout at Messer Park. Sweeney was again in this box and displayed a sample of his skill that was later to raise him to the greatest heights. He held the Buffalo team to one hit, a single by Big Dan Brouthers that was scratchy enough and might have been chalked up as an error without damaging Brouthers a cent's worth. Brouthers was the only man in a Buffalo uniform to reach first base during the entire game. Nine Bisons fell before

Sweeney's curves, but not a man walked and the Grays made no errors.

This was the second time Sweeney was robbed of a chance to join the no-hit-no-run circle. As Big Dan was caught napping by Sweeney on a quick peg to Start, but 27 Buffalo men went to bat.

Radford opened the sixth inning with a single and was followed by Hines with another bingo to safe territory. Both advanced on a wild pitch. Farrell's single scored Radford, Hines going to third. Farrell stole second, and, after Start had been thrown out, both crossed the plate on Irwin's single to left centre. No more scoring was done. On the same day, Boston, New York and Philadelphia won.

The opening week's play was surprising from several angles, notably the fine showing of New York and Philadelphia.

Providence defeated Buffalo in the second game, this time by a 5 to 2 score in a light-hitting game. Buffalo presented a Boston boy in the box, this being his first game in fast company; his name was Serad and he later became a strong pitcher. He passed the first three Grays to face him, but got the next two without a run sifting over, but Denny hit safely to score Hines and Farrell.

Serad was sent to right field and the veteran Jim O'Rourke went into the box and, although he gave the Grays nothing but straight balls, he got away with it pretty well. Radbourne pitched for Providence and gave Buffalo but five hits, and in addition made a three-base hit, for Radbourne was a great hitter, for a pitcher. Boston and New York again won, but Philadelphia's streak was broken by Chicago.

BOSTON LOSES

The schedule was so arranged that the teams scheduled to play at Boston and Providence alternated between the two cities with two games in each in each half series. The third Cleveland game was postponed by rain, but Buffalo broke Boston's clean record by winning, 3 to 2, Galvin holding Boston to one hit, a two-bagger by Hornung. In this game, the Boston rooters roasted Galvin, advising him to return the overcoat given him the previous fall by the Reds for beating the Grays.

Rain also prevented the finishing of the second game of the Cleveland half series, but Boston got square with Buffalo by winning 7 to 0, in a five-inning game. In the four innings the game at Messer Park lasted, the Grays had piled up seven runs, while the visitors had failed to score.

Manager Hackett of the Clevelands several times protested to Umpire Burns, against playing the game in the rain, but Burns refused to listen, although rain was falling steadily. A slight let-up in the rain and in Hackett's protests was the signal for Burns to call time. The Cleveland players, under orders from Manager Hackett, gathered up their belongings and walked out of the carriage gate as if intending to take their bus, they returned to the park and began playing leap frog and doing the hop, skip and jump. But the rain fell in torrents again, and continued through the following day.

On May 9, the Buffaloes returned and a game was played, although the park was little more than a sea of mud. The Grays won, 3 to 1, Radbourne and Galvin pitching great ball, "Rad" allowing five hits, one a double by O'Rourke, while Galvin was nicked for but four, including a two-bagger by Hines.

BRILLIANT FIELDING

Both teams fielded brilliantly, saving the pitchers repeatedly. Buffalo got away to a great start, but it petered out early. The Bisons got three on the based in the first inning with but one out, O'Rourke drawing a pass, followed by Richardson and Brouthers with singles. But Radbourne speeded up and forced Jim White to hit into a double play, ending the threat. In the Gray's half, Hines opened with a double to left centre and made third when Rowe missed Start's third strike, giving Joe first. Start stole second and scored a hit to right. Denny's walk and Carroll's single filled the bases, but no more scoring was done, as Gilligan went out for the third out.

At the end of the second week of the season, New York held first place with five won and none lost; Boston was second with six won and one lost; Providence third with four victories and one defeat; Philadelphia fourth with three and two; Chicago fifth with two and three; Buffalo and Cleveland tied with one victory and five defeats, for sixth place. Detroit had lost all its five starts.

In these five games in Providence, Radbourne had pitched three and Sweeney two; Radbourne had allowed 15 singles and one double and fanned 10, while Sweeney gave nine hits, each for one base, and struck out 17.

* * *

The season of 1886 was not only the final campaign of the Providence club and member of the National League, but the least satisfactory of any since the advent of the Grays in the National League. Starting out with a Southern trip that was fairly satisfactory, the club entered the pennant race with a team that was confidently expected to walk away again with the pennant. But fourth place was the best the team could get and fifth was narrowly escaped a few victories at the close of the schedule saving it from falling below Boston.

Strengthened by the addition of new and stronger players, the Grays started the league season with bright prospects, and the opening games at Messer Park were liberally patronized, but as the season wore on and the quality of ball was far inferior to that of the previous season, the attendance fell off alarmingly, and before the close of the race interest in the Grays had fallen so low that the accounts of the Providence games were given third consideration by the local press, the Chicago and New York games being given the leading places and the display heads with the Grays sunk low down in the column.

GRAYS SLUMP

At the end of the season the *St. Louis Sporting Times* printed a paragraph that told the situation to a letter, declaring that the team, always a weak hitting team, but strong in the field, had batted weaker than ever and fallen to next to last place in fielding. The paragraph closed as follows: "The team is completely gone, root and branch, and, apparently, is dying of dry rot."

Troubles among the players was not the only thing to blame, as there was discord among the directors and stockholders. Rumors were about town as early as the middle of the season that some of the officials were in league with Boston, and that a financial offer had been made for Radbourne and Gilligan, which was being considered. This did not materialize, however, until long after the championship season had ended and the directors had declared the team would be in the National League in 1886.

Things floated along in this way till cold weather, and even as late as October 17, when the National League had a special meeting in New York, it was declared at the session that the Providence club would be a member of the league the next season. But later developments showed that some of the officials at least had negotiated with another city for the disposal of the franchise, and that Radbourne and Gilligan and possibly one or two other players were to go to Boston. This was denied vigorously, but later developments showed the rumors were founded on fact. The franchise was sold and Boston got the players she needed to rebuild a team as badly demoralized as the Grays.

THINGS STIR UP

Manager Bancroft arrived in Providence early in March, accompanied by his bride and things began to stir around headquarters. An ambitious southern trip, to take the entire month of April, was arranged, planned on the successful southern trip of the year before. Among the new players signed were Tom Lovett of this city, Charley

Bassett of Pawtucket, who proved a valuable player when Denny was of but little use to the team because of malaria from which he suffered nearly all the season.

Jim McCormick of the Cleveland team of the previous year was signed, as was Con Dailey of Woonsocket, later one of the best catchers in the game. Dupee Shaw, a left bander and the first southpaw pitcher of the Grays of any account, since Richmond, was also signed, but only after a long and bitter fight with Boston, that club claimed Shaw because of its "Influence in getting Shaw reinstated after he had Jumped to the St. Louis club of the outlaw Union League.

Shaw was a member of the Grays all the season and was one of its strongest assets. McCormick did fair work while he was with the team, but was suffering with a lame arm and was of little use to the team. This signing of Shaw and McCormick with Radbourne as the mainstay, and the obtaining of Dailey, gave the Grays three batteries, Gilligan and Nava, being the other catchers.

DIFFICULT SIGNING

There was some difficulty in signing the players of the champion 1884 team as all of them demanded, and finally got, an increase in salaries. ShaSip was signed for \$3,500 and was worth it. Radbourne was willing to play again with Providence, although under the agreement with the club he was a free agent as the Grays won the championship in 1884. After the negotiations ft contract, with the salary item left blank, was sent Radbourne with instructions to fill it out himself.

The contract was returned with \$4,000 inserted as the figures. This was accepted by the directors and "Rad" reported here in March. This contract was later presented to Martin C. Day, for years city editor of the Providence Journal, and official scorer of the Grays for years. Mr. Day cherished this contract as one of his most precious souvenirs of his connection with baseball and kept it to the day of his death. The writer was shown the paper one day while "fanning" with "Mart" in his den in the old Journal Building.

Things looked bright when it was announced at the annual meeting of the Providence club. Jan. 30, 1885, that the 1884 season had been the moat successful in every way since the club was formed. The figures showed that a total of 64.409 paid admissions were received at Messer Park and that a "satisfactory bank balance was on hand." President Root was re-elected and Marsh B. Mead was elected treasurer. Mr. Mead later got control of the stock, and it was declared, when the franchise was sold, that he owned or controlled the majority of the stock. A vote of thanks and confidence in Manager Bancroft was passed.

CRANE NOT SO GOOD

Ed Crane, a pitcher of renown in his day. was <igned'> before the team went South, making five pitchers on the roll, but Crane didn't do the team much good and was used in the box but few times. Later Tom Lovett was sold to the Philadelphias.

The Grays started the season well by winning the opening game at Philadelphia, which had also been strengthened, 8 to 2, fielding the same team as won the pennant the previous year. After one game in Philadelphia the team jumped to New York, where an 8 to 5 defeat tacked on 'with Shaw in the box; he was hit hard. Radbourne pitched "the next day and the Grays won 4 to 3. Going back to Philadelphia. McCormick was sent to the box. He was wild and was beaten 9 to 6.

Although the Grays had batted Keefe hard in the World Series at the close of the 1884 season, when the Grays went against him on their return to New York, they could find him for 'but one hit, a single by Farrell. May 11 was the date of the opening championship game at Messer Park and a fair crowd sat in the World Series pennant was raised on one staff and the National League pennant on another. The series pennant was of white silk with black letters and trimmings, and a beautiful piece of work it was of the whip variety, and about 30 feet long. Radbourne was in the box and the Grays won 9 to 4 over Buffalo.' The next day Shaw

beat the Bisons 5 to 1 in a light hitting game, allowing but three singles, the Grays getting but four singles off Serad.

18 ERRORS

But possibly the light hitting may be laid to the fact that the Grays made 10 errors and the Bisons 18, as many of the errors would undoubtedly be given as hits nowadays. Serad gave nine bases on balls and these were counted as errors.

Everybody awaited the first St. Louis game, as it was announced that Radbourne and Sweeney would battle it out in the box in this game. When the St. Louis team took the field there were more than 3,000 spectators present. Where it was supposed Sweeney would meet with a frigid reception the reverse was the case, as when the former Providence star faced the Grays the big crowd broke out into a demonstration that had no equal at Messer Park from the day of its inauguration. Sweeney was cheered throughout the game.

It was a sweet morsel for Sweeney and he responded by holding the Grays to five scattered singles, striking out four men and beating the Grays 8 to 2. The St. Louis team batted Radbourne hard, collecting 12 hits with a total of 15. The Grays also fielded miserably, Hines alone making four errors in centre field. This game was the pioneer of the costly losses of the Grays and the beginning of the end.

SHAW GAINS

Shaw was rapidly gaining the good will of the Providence public as he was showing better form than any of the Grays's pitchers, not excepting Radbourn. He pitched a great game against Buffalo in his first home series, holding the Bisons in his hand and winning 3 to 0. The next day Radbourne also handed the Bisons a 3 to 0 shutout. The close of the second week of the season showed New York in first place with eight victories and two defeats, Chicago in second position with seven and three, and the Grays third with five won and four lost.

The Grays were somewhat crippled during this period as Denny was of little use to the club because of malaria, but Bassett played third base as well, as Jerry McCormick's lame arm was still lame.

Another big crowd gathered at Messer Park when St. Louis returned from its Boston engagement. If Sweeney had the laugh on Radbourne in that first tussle, the tables were turned with a vengeance in the second. The Grays batted Sweeney out of the box in the fourth inning, having made 12 hits off him, including two three-base hits by Carroll. Radbourne toyed with St. Louis.

McCormick was given a beating by Chicago and in addition to being batted hard he passed seven and made six wild pitches. More than 1500 saw this game go to Chicago 10 to 0, and great was the indignation about town. The fans would have sold the team for 30 cents about that time. More of the rumors that abounded in Providence went flying about town, and it was said that the Grays would not support Shaw or McCormick. Both pitchers published

a letter in the newspapers to the effect that they were perfectly satisfied with the support given them by their mates and the best of feeling existed in the team.

GRAYS SLIPPING

At the end of the first month the relative positions of the leading teams were the same as at the end of the first fortnight, with New York on top and Providence third, less than three games back, but apparently slipping. The high water mark of the season was reached Memorial Day, when 4000 saw the Grays defeat Chicago 4 to 1 in the morning game, and Detroit succumb in the afternoon 4 to 3, in ten innings, before 3000.

The Boston series was the best of the year, and encouraging crowds attended, but with the close of that series the interest waned rapidly, not only here, but in Boston, matters in that city being about as poorly as here. Things went from bad to worse, and all sorts of absurd statements were spread about town as to the team "laying down" and "dissipation of the players." This latter statement was true enough.

Going West badly crippled, disaster after disaster afflicted the team, and at one time or another about every man on the team was out because of injuries or other matters. Farrell had a broken arm, Bassett a broken finger and Denny "malaria." Radbourne had a badly bruised hand, and the fans panned the club for releasing Crane, although when he was let out everybody seemed glad. At St. Louis, Irwin sustained a broken finger and was sent home.

Returning to Providence, the team played to small and discouraging crowds, and the quality of ball displayed was as meagre as the crowds. Manning had been signed to play shortstop in Irwin's place, but was no better than when he wore a Providence uniform a few years before. About Aug. 1, President Root resigned, and J. Edward Allen was elected in his place. Both Radbourne and Shaw were sick and Edgar Smith of this city was obtained to help out.

ELEVEN GAMES IN RUCK

At this time the Grays were far down in the ruck, so far as first place was concerned, being 11 games back of the leading New York team.

Things were bad enough with the team and it was common knowledge that the players were being tampered with by other clubs, and that they were playing poor ball to force the club to disband at the end of the season, giving them their freedom so they could sign elsewhere for larger salaries. Then, too, it became known that the larger clubs, including Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis, were in a compact to force Providence, Buffalo and Detroit out of the league.

Hines was suspended for "breaking training," Carroll was sick, and the entire team was demoralized. Listless, indolent ball was played to empty benches. At that time the Providence Journal baseball writer printed a scathing article one morning charging the players with every sin on the calendar and urging the suspension

of the worst of the offenders and the signing of local amateurs to complete the season.

A league meeting was held on Aug. 2 to consider "changes in the rules," as announced by the league officials, but really to take measures to oust the Providence club. As Buffalo and Detroit were hanging by a thread the trio made a compact to fight the proposed ouster and succeeded, as unexpectedly the New York club took sides with the three intended victims and the measure failed to go through.

The Providence directors had a knife up their sleeves at this time, and in "the event of certain things coming up" the delegates—President Allen and George J. West—were empowered to pull the knife. The delegates, together with Stillman White, had been appointed a committee just before this meeting to arrange for a sale of the players at that time and to wind up the affairs of the club.

Owing to the action of the New York club, represented by John B. Day, the committee refrained from taking action, seeking a more favorable time to dispose of the property later on. Probably Mr. Day had some inkling of what was going on when he apparently forsook his co-conspirators, as it became known later that the Boston club practically had an option on the Providence players and franchise.

The stockholders held a meeting Sept. 9 and "voted to continue the team in 1886." That this was a colossal bluff became known later. Both sides evidently carried out their bluff, waiting for developments, as at a League meeting in New York Nov. 18, President Allen of the Grays was elected to the Board of Directors of the League.

In the mean time the team kept on its way to the goal aimed at and lost game after game until 13 straight defeats had been hung up. The quality of ball was of the most miserable nature, the players being indolent and listless in every contest. Yet so poor were the other teams holding lower places that the Providence team was kept in third place in the standing despite the efforts of the players to get to the bottom.

As the team lost its 13th straight game, one of the players let the cat out of the bag by declaring in a moment of hilarity that the whole thing had been cut and dried and that it had been figured out to lose that number and then jump in for the final game of the season at Messer Park and show just what sort of a team the Grays really were. They showed it, all right. Had the directors disbanded the team then and there, fined the players all they had coming and blacklisted the lot it would have been no more than the players and the rest of the National League deserved. But this would have spiked the contemplated deal with the Boston club, and it was allowed to pass.

The information printed in the above paragraph was conveyed to the writer by a man who was active in baseball at the time and who had several statements in black and white on paper, now yellowed with age, which he permitted the writer to read a short time ago.

BEST GAME OF THE YEAR

But the facts of this final National League game in Providence are that in this game the Grays played the best ball of the year. It was a day of many surprises. The Providence team from the catcher to the right fielder played magnificent ball. Not an error of any kind, battery or otherwise, marred the contest. The base running was the most spirited the players had shown since early in the spring; Radbourne pitched in superb form.

Philadelphia did all possible to win, but no team could have beaten the Grays that day and they won, 3 to 1.

But once on the road the same tactics that had disgusted the people and stockholders were followed and the road trip was a disastrous one. When the season was finished, Oct. 10, the Grays were in fourth place, the lowest they had been since the city joined the league. Chicago won the pennant with 87 victories and 35 defeats; New York was second with 85 and 27; Philadelphia third with 56 and 54, and the Grays fourth with 53 games won and 57 lost.

Although it was common knowledge that the stockholders had decided to quit and accept the offer of the Boston club, the matter was not announced until the morning of Nov. 30, when the doings of the stockholders' meeting of the night before were made public. It was announced that the franchise and players had been sold to the Boston club "for a consideration that repaid the stockholders for their holdings and cleared the debts of the club."

The statement of the stockholders was soft in the extreme. They declared that "after calm and thoughtful consideration it was thought best for all concerned that the club be sold, especially as the larger cities of the league wanted the franchise to be transferred to a larger city where the game would be more profitable.

Boston's main interest was to obtain Radbourne and Gilligan, and "Rad" was for several seasons thereafter a member of the Reds pitching staff. The other players were scattered all over the league.

Thus died the National League experiment of Providence in the eighth year of its age. Some of the sporting men of Providence died hard and an association was organized to place a team in the Eastern League of 1886, with such teams as Long Island City, Meriden, Conn., and a few cities of that calibre as members. The idea was that in a few years the National League would split into Eastern and Western divisions, and then Providence would be sought for as a member: by continuing in baseball the promoters thought it would keep Messer Park in exigence and Providence on the map.

There was nothing to it, as nobody went to the games and the club disbanded, after a few weeks of starvation. A few circuses showed at Messer Park and a few semi-pro teams played a few games there. After a few years of this the famous Messer Park was dismantled, cut into house lots and continued not.

A Nice Jewish Boy

by Peter Gordon

He had a chance to be Brooklyn's first home-grown Jewish baseball hero. It was his for the taking. In the last inning of the last game of the 1950 season, Cal Abrams, from Flatbush, had the chance to win the pennant for the Dodgers.

When Cal was growing up in Brooklyn during the Great Depression, he and his friends must have played a similar scene in empty lots and on city streets innumerable times. Score tied, bottom of the ninth, the pennant on the line for the Dodgers. Although his boyhood friends would go on to other pursuits, Calvin Coolidge Abrams would get the chance to live his dream. By the end of the decade, Cal had grown into a strong, swift six-footer, who hit the longest home run in the history of Brooklyn's James Madison High School.

The Dodgers signed him to a minor league contract in 1942, and he hit over .300. However, America was at war, and Cal joined the Army. He served through 1945, and then went to the Three I League in 1946. He took up where he left off, hitting over .330 in that league, and then .345 for Mobile in 1947.

Abrams' speed, hitting ability and religion quickly brought him to the attention of the New York media. In the late 1940s and early 1950s New York was then, as it is now, the city with the largest Jewish population in the world. Ever since the days of John McGraw, New York's ball teams searched high and low for a star Jewish ball player that could help them win a pennant and bring New York's large Jewish contingent to the ball park. In 1947, even with the hype surrounding Jackie Robinson, and the intense pennant race, some writers found the space to mention that the Dodgers had a "nice" Jewish outfielder hitting .340 in the minor leagues.

The Dodgers brought Abrams up for a cup of coffee in 1949, and he stayed on the team in 1950. However, for most of the year Dodger manager Burt Shotton, recognizing the value of Abrams' speed and contact hitting ability, used him mostly as a pinch runner, pinch hitter and defensive replacement.

Brooklyn expected to defend their 1949 pennant successfully in 1950. They did not count on the astonishing emergence of the Philadelphia Phillies, nicknamed the "Whiz Kids." In fact, the young Phillies led the Dodgers by nine games in early September. The Brooklyn veterans battled back to within one game of the Phillies with one games remaining in the season.

Coincidentally, the Phillies and the Dodgers were scheduled to play each other in that last game, in Ebbets Field. The teams pitched their best, Roberts vs. Newcombe, and each side scored

one run through the first eight and one half innings. Cal Abrams led off the bottom of the ninth, and worked Roberts for a walk. The Ebbets Field crowd, silent with tension, began to make some noise.

Captain Pee Wee Reese followed with a single, sending Abrams to second. The fans began to clap and plead for Duke Snider, the next batter, to get a hit. Abrams and Reese took their leads. Roberts pitched and Snider hit a hard line drive single to Richie Ashburn in center field. Abrams was one of the fastest Dodgers and Ashburn had one of the weakest arms in the league. Third base coach Milt Stock waved Abrams around third. Cal Abrams, of Flatbush, was about to live his dream of winning a pennant for his hometown team. Ebbets Field roared in anticipation of the apparent Dodger triumph.

However, Ashburn had been playing very shallow in center field, and Snider's liner came to him on one hop. Ashburn threw straight to catcher Stan Lopata. The ball got there in time for Lopata to have a cup of coffee before tagging Cal out. In one second Ebbets Field was transformed from deafening euphoria to an ear-piercing silence.

The Dodgers still had runners on second and third with one out. But Furillo and Hodges failed to drive them home. In the top of the tenth inning Dick Sisler hit a three-run homer for the Phillies, and the Dodgers went down with nary a whimper in their half of the inning. Despite other missed opportunities by the Dodgers, the fans and media singled out Cal Abrams as the goat.

After the game Ashburn said that he was creeping closer to second while Roberts was pitching to Snider because the pick-off play was on at second. But Roberts missed the sign, and pitched to Snider, who happened to hit it directly to Ashburn. Had Ashburn been playing at his normal depth for the power-hitting Snider, he very well might not have thrown Abrams out.

To say that Dodger fans were disappointed in Cal is putting it mildly. Peter Golenbock's book *Bums*, quotes Dodger fan Bill Reddy as saying, "I could have killed Cal Abrams for making that wide turn around third base. I could have killed him with my bare hands." Talk show host Larry King is a bit more charitable, but still obviously bitter. "We rooted for all the Jewish ball players. We loved Cal Abrams. [He] had a lot of speed and was a good outfielder. We love Cal Abrams—until he got thrown out at home."

Of course, Cal's career wasn't over. In 1951, new manager Charley Dressen said he would give Abrams a chance to win the left field job. For a while, Cal responded to the challenge magnificently. He hit well over .400 in May, and helped the Dodgers open up a big lead in the pennant race. In a game against the Phils in May, he even beat an Ashburn throw home for a game-winning run. However, when Abrams' hitting streak began to cool off, he found himself on the bench. In 1952, despite again saying they would give Abrams a chance, the Dodgers traded him for the older, slower Andy Pafko, and Cal ended up in Cincinnati.

Given a chance to play regularly with the Reds, and later the Pirates and Orioles, Cal performed very well. In 1953, as a regular

for Pittsburgh, Cal hit .286 with 15 home runs for a .435 slugging average. Had things worked out differently—had Cal scored that run—he could have been a valuable part of the pennant winners in 1952 and '53. He was a fast, left-handed hitter and fielder; Abrams could have caught Yogi Berra's fly in the last game of the 1955 series as well as Sandy Amoros, and been immortalized as the Dodger who saved Brooklyn's only World Championship. He could very well have become the Jewish baseball hero that Jewish fans, as well as marketing executives, in New York craved.

But, of course, Ashburn's throw was on the money. And Cal didn't score. Still, given the Dodgers' left field problems, and the box office potential of a good Jewish ball player on the field for Brooklyn, one has to wonder why the Dodgers didn't give him

more of a chance. Instead, as Cal said, "If I went 0-15, they'd say 'Abrams is in a slump' and I'd be out of the lineup. Yet other fellows like Jackie went 0-27 and they'd still play every day."

Did anti-Semitism play a part in the team's decision? Dodger publicist Irving Rudd said of the organization, "They were tolerant, but it helped to be Irish." I have to believe, though, had Cal scored in that last game of the 1950 season, they would have given him more of a chance. In any case, that play did help Cal be remembered forever as a Dodger. And he became philosophical about it. ". . . as it turned out, all these years I go out and make speeches and meet with people, and they remember the play so vividly, and I'm thankful they do. . . . Had I reached home, I don't think they would have remembered it as well."

Bud Fowler, Black Baseball Star

by L. Robert Davids

New York state made a significant contribution to black baseball in the 19th century. Not only did such great independent clubs as the Cuban Giants and the New York Gothams originate here, but several of the top Negro players performed on state teams in organized baseball. Frank Grant spent three seasons with Buffalo in the International League, 1886-1888; Moses Walker caught for Syracuse in 1888-1889; George Stovey pitched briefly for Troy in 1890; and Bud Fowler starred for Binghamton in 1887. Fowler, however, was the only one to have roots in the Empire State.

Census and family information indicate that he was born John W. Jackson in Fort Plain, N.Y., on March 16, 1858, the son of John and Mary Lansing Jackson. The New York census of 1860 placed the family in Cooperstown, where the father was a barber. The same applies to 1870, at which time son John was listed as 13 and "attended school within the year." It is good to know that a century before Satchel Paige was inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, an adolescent black boy was already familiar with that upstate village and developing his ballplaying talents.

No firm information is available on when Fowler began his baseball career—the *New York Age* of Feb. 25, 1909, said it was 1873 in Binghamton — or when and where he took the name of Fowler. It is known that the nickname "Bud" resulted from his inclination to call most others by that name.

FOWLER'S DEBUT

The first documented mention of Fowler as a player was in April 1878, when he pitched for the Chelsea team in Massachusetts. On April 24, he hurled an exhibition game victory over the Boston Nationals of George Wright, Jim O'Rourke and company, besting Tommy Bond 2-1. When the Lynn Live Oaks of the International Association (the first minor league) lost their lead pitcher to illness, they acquired Fowler from Chelsea. The *Boston Globe* reported on May 18 that "Fowler, the young colored pitcher of the Chelseas," held the Tecumsehs of London, Ont., to two hits and was leading 3-0 in the eighth inning when the Canadians became irked over an umpire's decision and left the field. Lynn won by forfeit. Fowler pitched two more league games, losing to Syracuse and Utica. However, he did break the color line in organized baseball.

Fowler pitched in the Boston area in 1879 and next surfaced in Guelph, Ont., in 1881 when the local Maple Leafs signed him to pitch for them. However, his presence on the otherwise all-white club was vigorously opposed by one vocal member who led a

revolt among his teammates. Fowler was dropped from the squad and wound up playing with the Petrolia Imperials. The *Guelph Herald* had this to say: "We regret that some members of the Maple Leafs are ill-natured enough to object to the colored pitcher Fowler. He is one of the best pitchers on the continent of America and it would be greatly to the interest of the Maple Leaf team if he was re-instated . . . He has forgotten more about baseball than the present team ever knew and he could teach them many points in the game."

Fowler was still primarily a pitcher when he was signed by Stillwater, Minn., in 1884 to play in the strong Northwestern League. Stillwater had one of the weaker franchises compared to Fort Wayne, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and St. Paul. In fact, the club lost its first 16 games before Fowler broke the spell with complete-game victories on May 26, 28, 29 and 31. He had several losses after that and started to play at other positions. On June 15 the *St. Paul Dispatch* noted that Fowler was presented with a \$10 bill and a suit of clothes for his strong contribution to the win over Fort Wayne.

On June 23, however, he was "fined \$10 for the wild throw he made in Saturday's game." He apparently was not asked to return the clothes. Stillwater dropped out of the league in August, one of several clubs that disintegrated for one reason or another while Fowler was a team member.

In 1885 he was with Keokuk, Iowa, for only eight games before that team collapsed. His next stop was Pueblo in the Colorado League, where he played five different positions in five games. Two interesting newspaper quotes resulted. The *Denver Rocky Mountain News* reported that "Fowler has two strong points: He is an excellent runner and proof against sunburn. He don't tan worth a cent." The *Pueblo Chieftain* of Aug. 18, 1885, stated: "Fowler bats right- or left-handed. It all depends on whether there is a man on first or third."

That last quote is the only recorded mention that Fowler might have been a switch hitter on occasion. Similarly, it should be noted that Carl Sandburg, the author and historian, mentioned in his 1954 autobiography *Always the Young Strangers* that he remembered as a youth in Galesburg, Ill., watching "its second baseman, professional named Bud Fowler, a left-handed Negro, fast and pretty in his work." That is the only recorded mention that Fowler ever threw left-handed. However, it is known that he played to the crowd, that he was innovative, unpredictable and superstitious. It is entirely possible that playing second without a glove he could throw left-handed. Surely, if he had been a natural southpaw, it would have been mentioned during his pitching career, for left-handed hurlers were rare in those days.

In 1886, Fowler led the Western League in triples and helped lead Topeka to the pennant. Returning to New York state the next year, he probably achieved his highest level of play with Binghamton. While he had been the only black in the Western League, there were seven in the International League in 1887. The list included pitcher George Stovey, who won 34 games for

Newark; Moses Walker, his catcher; and Frank Grant of Buffalo, who led the league with 11 home runs. In a game report on May 8, the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* said: "The main interest was centered on two colored second basemen, Grant of the Buffaloes and Fowler of the Binghamtons." The paper concluded that Fowler "played the best game and won much applause" as the Bingos triumphed 8-7.

The league acquired another black player on May 31 when Oswego signed a Negro second baseman by the name of Randolph Jackson. He was from Ilion, N.Y., and had been "recommended by Fowler of the Binghamtons." There is speculation that Jackson might have been a cousin of Fowler, aka John Jackson.

MOUNTING RACIAL PROBLEMS

In the meantime, racial problems were building on the Binghamton club. Their fielders played poorly behind pitcher William Renfroe, a black teammate of Fowler who had the same experience when he pitched for Stillwater in 1884. The *Chronicle* reported on July 5 that Fowler had been released "upon condition that he will not sign with any other International club." He had batted .350 in 34 games. The Bingos folded later in August, at which time Fowler was playing with Montpelier, where he "seemed to be the favorite with the spectators and was greeted with applause every time he stepped to the plate."

Fowler continued to play with white league teams whenever he could; however, his tenure was typically brief. He did play the full schedule with Greenville in the Michigan State League in 1889, and led the Nebraska State League in stolen bases in an aborted season in 1892. But in four seasons he played with 10 different teams. In 1893 to 1894 he played with an independent team in Findlay, Ohio, and served as a barber (his father's occupation) there in the off-season.

With the prospect of playing in white leagues virtually eliminated. Fowler, with Findlay teammate Grant (Home Run) Johnson, organized the Page Fence Giants and toured through the Middle West in 1895. Ironically, Fowler left the team on July 15 to play in the Michigan State League. He may have enjoyed more the individual attention he received playing on mostly white teams and this turned out to be his last opportunity to play in the minors. It was his 10th year as an official minor leaguer, four more than achieved by any other black player.

Fowler then returned to Findlay, where he continued to play until July 1899 when the white members drew the color line and said they would quit if Fowler was not ousted from the team. He then turned to organizing black clubs to play against college, independent and minor league teams. He also tried to organize a black league, but the financial resources were not forthcoming. A new generation of baseball fans was reminded of Fowler's contributions as player and manager when Sol White's *History of Colored Baseball* was published in 1907. White, who played on Fowler's Page Fence Giants in 1895, called him "the celebrated promoter of colored ball clubs and the sage of baseball."

On Feb. 25, 1909, the *New York Age* ran an article on Fowler saying he was ill at the home of his sister in Frankfort, N.Y., and plans were being made to hold a benefit game for him in Ridgewood, N.J., near where he had been living. The game was postponed because of difficulty in getting the players together and apparently never was played.

The next mention of Fowler was his obituary in the *Herkimer Evening Telegram* of March 1, 1913. He had been taken ill at his home in New York City and returned to his sister's home in Frankfort, where he died on Feb. 26, just short of his 58th birthday. He was buried in an unmarked grave in the Frankfort Cemetery.

On July 25, 1987, in a memorial program at the cemetery, the Society for American Baseball Research unveiled an appropriately engraved stone marker in the presence of the mayor, city and state officials, in addition to Monte Irvin and other former Negro League players, Little League team members and SABR members among a total audience of about 200. The black baseball pioneer who made a historically important impact on 19th-century baseball finally received the recognition he deserved.

The 1885 Keokuk club, with Bud Fowler

The 1878 Buffalo Bisons

Was It the Greatest Minor League Team of the Game's Early Years?

by Joseph Overfield

In baseball's modern era there have been many outstanding minor league teams. Coming to mind immediately are the 1937 Newark Bears, the 1934 Los Angeles Angels, the 1925 San Francisco Seals, the 1939-1940 Kansas City Blues, the 1933 Columbus Red Birds, the 1928-1931 Rochester Red Wings, and those special minor league dynasties, the 1919-1925 Baltimore Orioles of Jack Dunn and the 1920-1925 Fort Worth Panthers of Jake Atz.

To choose one as dominant from such a galaxy is a formidable task. Instead, a nomination will be offered for greatest minor league team of the game's early years. Certainly the Eastern (International) League, which traces its beginnings back to 1884 and is still going strong, boasted several outstanding teams in its early years, including George Stallings' pennant and Junior World Championship Buffalo clubs of 1904 and 1906. The Western League of 1899, which became the American League in 1900 and then achieved major league status in 1901, was loaded with major league players, past and future. The records of these teams and leagues notwithstanding, the vote here goes to the 1878 Buffalo Bisons of the International Association.

THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION

The International Association, the game's first minor league, was organized at Pittsburgh on Feb. 20, 1877, when representatives of various clubs met to formulate rules of operation and to elect officers. William A. (Candy) Cummings, reputedly the first curveball pitcher, representing Lynn, Mass., was elected president; Harry German of London, Ont., became vice president and James A. Williams of Columbus, Ohio, was elected secretary-treasurer and chief administrative officer. Also represented were clubs from Guelph, Ont., Manchester, N.H., Rochester, N.Y., and Pittsburgh. These were the seven which had paid an extra fee and would be competing for the championship. They were to play a set schedule of games, very short by modern standards, but there was no limit to the number of outside games. Twenty-five cents was the admission rate for championship games, and the visiting clubs received a \$75 guarantee, or half the gate, whichever was larger.

The league survived its first season and it is an oddity of baseball history that the first minor league championship was won by a Canadian ball club, the Tecumsehs of London. Its players, however, were American. Their roster included Joe Hornung and

Fred Goldsmith, the league's leading pitcher with a 14-4 mark. According to averages compiled by SABR member Ray Nemeo, the leading batter was Steve Brady of Rochester with a .358 mark. More famous names were the aforementioned Candy Cummings, who fared poorly for Lynn (1-7), King Kelly, who appeared in three games for Columbus, and Jim Galvin of the Alleghenies, who hurled the minors' first shutout—2-0 over Columbus on April 30.

During the winter, elaborate plans were made for the 1878 season. Not only was the league expanded to 11 teams (four including, the champion Londons were to drop out during the season), but also concerted efforts were made to sign National League players. The *New York Clipper* was a strong supporter of the Association and offered to donate a championship pennant and gold badges to players with the best fielding averages at each position.

Buffalo, one of the new cities, had been represented by a professional nine only since August of the previous summer. The 1877 Buffalo club was not league affiliated, but played an ambitious schedule against National League, International Association and independent clubs. While its record was unimpressive (10-27 with three ties), it did number on its roster three players who were to make names for themselves in the future—John Montgomery Ward, Larry Corcoran and James Roseman.

ASSEMBLING THE TEAM

Buffalo management cleaned house completely after the disappointing 1877 season, even dropping the promising teenage pitcher Corcoran ("He was a poor team player and showed no sympathy for his catcher") and proceeded to round up a group of young and promising players plus a sprinkling of experienced hands. With no reserve clause in effect, it was possible to negotiate with any ballplayer once the season was over. The distinction between major and minor league was not important, if indeed there was any distinction at all. That the National League of the day was a major league and the International Association a minor league was not recognized then, but was decided by historians long after the fact. It was therefore possible for the Buffalo club to sign the diminutive Davey Force, a capable shortstop with eight years' experience with National Association and National League clubs, as well as second baseman Charley Fulmer, a seven-year veteran.

But it was in the signing of young players that the Buffalo club showed its greatest perspicacity. Signed was the young battery of the Alleghenies of Pittsburgh, 22-year-old Jim Galvin and his 19-year-old catcher, husky Tom Dolan.

Center fielder Dave Egger was recommended by Alfred Wright, sports editor of the *Philadelphia Mercury*, and agreed to come for "seven months for seven hundred dollars." Another Philadelphian, Cyrus (Dick) Allen, a dental student-ballplayer, was signed for third base; Steve Libby, a rangy hard-hitter from Scarborough, Maine, was the first baseman, and Bill Crowley and Bill McGunnigle were the other two outfielders. McGunnigle was also the "change"

pitcher, while John "Trick" McSorley was the substitute on the squad. During the season second baseman Denny Mack and outfielder Joe Hornung were added to the team. George L. Smith was the manager and Fulmer was the captain, later succeeded by Force and then Galvin.

The payroll was substantial for the times. Salaries ranged from the \$700 paid to Egger, McGunnigle and McSorley to the \$1,000 for Allen and \$1,200 for Force. The year-end financial statement of the club, which is on record in the Erie County Clerk's Office in Buffalo, shows a total expenditure of \$11,068.23 for salaries of players and employees. From the total, \$81.77 for "fines imposed on players" can be deducted.

Almost as challenging as assembling the team was the task of getting a new ballpark ready. During the winter, a block of land on the city's west side had been leased, and there was precious little time considering Buffalo's disagreeable winter and spring weather. But by the dint of unflagging efforts by the contractor, Riverside Park was ready for practice by mid-April.

The practice game on April 15 against a local amateur nine was the first of a 116-game schedule that was not to end until Oct. 25. In that six-month period, the Bisons (they were called that from the beginning) won not only the International Association championship, the New York State championship and the bitter intercity competition between Buffalo and Rochester, but also defeated National League clubs in 10 of 17 games. Every one of the six National League clubs, including the famous Bostons, who were 41-19 in league play, were victimized at least once as the Bisons were 1-2 with Boston, 2-1 with Cincinnati, 2-2 with Providence, 3-2 with Chicago, and 1-0 with both Indianapolis and Milwaukee. Against all competition, the Bisons were 81-32 with three ties. They registered 17 shutouts and were shut out themselves just five times.

The Buffaloes were not a particularly hard-hitting team, relying instead on sharp fielding and the incredible pitching of Jim Galvin. With the pitching distance at just 45 feet and a dead ball in use, home runs were a rarity. The Bisons hit but two the entire season. The first, off the bat of Steve Libby, came on June 21 in a game at Buffalo against Binghamton and was reported as follows in the *Buffalo Express*: "Libby struck the ball squarely and it went on a beeline to the left field corner. For a few seconds the crowd did not comprehend the magnitude of the hit. Suddenly the fans became frantic and the applause was the loudest ever heard here, lasting several minutes. Several ladies threw bouquets at the blushing Libby as he crossed the plate." The other Buffalo home run was hit by Galvin at Utica. His drive bounced past the center fielder and lodged itself in the spring of a carriage parked against the fence. Before the ball could be retrieved, the Buffalo pitcher was able to round the bases.

On June 12 in a game at Buffalo, the Bisons suffered their most humiliating defeat of the year, bowing to the bitter rival Rochester, 16-3. Local fans, many of whom had bet heavily on the game, gave vent to their frustrations by attempting to mob umpire

George Campbell at the end of the game. Only prompt action by two stout policemen prevented serious trouble. A few days later, the *Buffalo Express* reported that the Buffalo club had hired two private detectives to investigate Campbell and that they had uncovered some shocking information. They learned that Campbell had sold out to two gamblers (one from Rochester and one from Syracuse) for \$200 with a resultant profit to the gamblers of \$1,600. Campbell, who lived in Syracuse, denied everything and immediately brought suit for libel against the newspaper.

The legal papers for this action are inconclusive because Campbell never showed up for the trial. It will never be known if he was the game's first dishonest umpire. Two of the year's most exciting games were played against National League clubs.



The first was a 13-inning, 4-2 victory against the Chicago White Stockings played at Buffalo on Aug. 19. It was a bitterly fought game and at one point manager Bob Ferguson of Chicago became so incensed at the umpire that he threatened to pull his team from the field. Only the soothing words of Cap Anson (“Of all things don’t leave the field. Bob,” according to the *Buffalo Courier*) kept him at his post. In this game, Galvin demonstrated his mastery of the pick-off play by knocking off no fewer than five White Stockings runners. The second notable game against a “league” club took place in Boston on Oct. 2, when Buffalo beat the champions in 12 innings, scoring six runs in the bottom of the 12th after Boston had scored one run in the top half.

THE IRONMAN PITCHER

The real story of the 1878 Bisons was Jim Galvin, the stocky, mild-mannered pitcher with a buggy whip for an arm. It is doubtful if any pitcher in baseball history, including Charles Radbourne in his epochal year with Providence in 1884, ever had a season to match Galvin’s ironman performance in 1878. Of the 116 league and non-league games played by the Bisons, he pitched in 101, of which 96 were complete games. He won 72, lost 25 and tied three. Seventeen of his wins were shutouts and he was 10-5 against National League clubs. He started and finished the first 23 games the team played and was finally relieved by McGunnigle in the 24th. The next day he “rested” by starting in right field, but then came on in relief. From Sept. 2 to Oct. 4, the Bisons played 22 games and Galvin started and finished every one of them.

On Oct. 2 he beat Boston in the 12-inning game previously mentioned; the next day he beat Providence in 13 innings and then the following day was the loser in another game at Boston, after which it was announced he had a sore arm. McGunnigle pitched the next two games, but Galvin came back on Oct. 8 to beat Utica in the game that clinched the International Association pennant for Buffalo.

How many innings did Galvin pitch that season? Unfortunately,

the box scores of five of his incomplete games do not indicate the number of innings he pitched. It can be stated, however, that he pitched a minimum of 895 innings and a maximum of 905.

Five players on the Buffalo team—Force, Libby, McGunnigle, Hornung and Galvin—were chosen on the *New York Clipper* all-star team, with the selections being based solely on fielding averages. With the exception of Steve Libby, whose record shows just one game for the 1879 Buffalo National League club, all of the 1878 Bisons went on to major league careers of varying lengths. Galvin, of course, became a Hall of Famer. Force continued in the majors until 1886 and Joe Hornung until 1890. The old campaigner returned to Buffalo in 1891 and 1892 to play with that city’s Eastern League club, still disdaining the use of a glove. Bill McGunnigle played and managed off and on in the majors until 1896 and along the way gained the distinction of being one of the first managers to be fired after winning a pennant (Brooklyn, 1890). Dick Allen, after a year of major league ball, became a dentist and later a lecturer in dentistry at Buffalo Dental School. Fulmer was in the majors until 1884 and later became a magistrate in Philadelphia.

Despite the team’s great record, the 1878 season was not a howling financial success. The team’s bank account at season’s end showed a balance of just \$248.94. Apparently this was enough of a nest egg to permit the team to apply for membership in the National League. The application was accepted and the team went on to play “league” ball until the tag end of the 1885 season, when the franchise was sold. It is interesting to note that the Bisons, with much the same team that won the International Association pennant in 1878, finished in a tie for third place in their first year in the National League.

As for the International Association, it struggled along for two more seasons before fading into oblivion. But it had played its role in the game’s history: it has been the first of the minor leagues and one of its teams, the 1878 Bisons, were baseball’s first great minor league club.



NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Johnny Evers

The Find of the 1902 Season

by Frank Keetz

In 1902, a 19-year-old, 110-pound Johnny Evers tried out for his hometown professional baseball team. Probably smaller than every player in the league and definitely younger than most of the professional players, Evers was given a tryout along with other hopefuls. He was not on the partial Troy roster printed in *The Sporting News* in February or on a complete roster announced in early April in the area press. However, on April 27, Evers appears in a box score of Troy's first exhibition game—playing right field! The opponent was the touring black Cuban Giants, which defeated the local Trojans, 14-9.

“Jack’ Evers, a South Troy boy, covered the right garden for the State League men in a creditable manner. He pulled down several skyscrapers which looked like safe hits and received a rousing reception from the crowd.” In subsequent exhibition games, his name fails to appear in some box scores. Then, in a May 7 exhibition game he played shortstop for the first time. Two days later, on May 9, Troy opened its regular season playing visiting Ilion on the local Laureate grounds. Appearing in the box score was:

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Evers, SS	3	0	0	3	3	0

A local newspaper reported, “Evers did not get a hit, and the crowd was disappointed.” Evers’ team lost that opening game before a meager crowd of 300 which “braved the chilly atmosphere.” Despite the presence of four future major leaguers (Edward Hillel, Alex Hardy, Chick Robertaille and George “Hooks” Wiltse) on the team. Troy would lose many more games, finishing in seventh place.

The youth had been signed to a \$60 per month contract by team owner and manager, Louis Bacon. The \$60 was more than young Evers ever earned in a variety of unskilled jobs. Bacon had a well-deserved reputation of being a low-paying, yet financially successful minor league team owner. Evers was receiving much less money than most other league players. But it was a chance to play professional baseball.

A BALLPLAYING FAMILY

John Joseph Evers had eight years of education at St. Joseph's Elementary School and no permanent job, but had gained a reputation as a promising player on the many amateur and semiprofessional teams in his home town of Troy. He came from

a working-class Irish family in south Troy, then a thriving upstate New York city. Some of his brothers, his father and his uncles were all ballplayers. Troy was one of eight upstate New York teams in the compact New York State League. The Class B league was about to start its sixth consecutive season. It was an established minor league with a remarkable degree of stability for 1902 under the strong leadership of its original president, John H. Farrell. A few of its players had gone directly to the major leagues; others reached the majors after further seasoning in the higher Class A minor leagues.

The skinny infielder hit amazingly well in his first year of organized baseball. A left-handed batter, he took advantage of the shallow right-field wall and actually led the league in home runs with 10 (even though he hit only 12 in 18 major league seasons). He got his first hit as a professional player in his second game, and Troy won its third game 4-3 over Utica when Evers doubled between two other hits during an eighth-inning rally. “The ball struck the top of the fence and bounded back into the diamond, knocking the Trojan out of a home run.”

Continuous praiseworthy comments appeared concerning the play of Troy's shortstop. Most of it referred to his defensive ability. During the first week of the season, the *Amsterdam Evening Recorder* said: “Evers, who plays shortstop for Troy, is a beardless youth who is said to be 19 years old. He bids fair to develop into a promising professional. Evers had eight chances yesterday, and he accepted every one of them.” A week later, “Evers took everything in a graceful way.” And a week after that, *The Sporting News* said, “Jack Evers, who is playing short, is conceded by the baseball writers in every city where he has appeared, to be the find of the season. He has more than made good.”

In early June, Troy beat Binghamton 12-6 and “Evers’ work at short, accepting 12 chances, was the feature.” Accolades continued. “‘Little’ Evers grabbed up a number of difficult ones and planked them over to first in fine style,” wrote the Schenectady press. The *Evening Recorder* in mid-June reported, “Young Evers



still keeps up his grand work at short for the Troy club, and his brilliant performances are conclusive proof that the kid is a natural ballplayer, and not an ‘accident.’” The same paper later said, “For Troy, there is always one player who is always to be found in the game, no matter how the contest is going. Evers. He can hit and field and his appearance calls for a generous reception from the spectators.”

Somewhat less complimentary, an Albany writer wrote that “Troy has a youth of rare promise in Evers, but his career in professional baseball covers less than two months, and he has much to learn.” The same writer said “the premier shortstops of this league are Chick Cargo (of Albany), Dutch Jordan (of Binghamton) and Jim Maguire (of Syracuse).” Cargo and Maguire, age 31 and 27, respectively, already had brief major league experience. Jordan, 22 years old, would play two seasons with Brooklyn in the future. Evers would play for almost two decades.

Professional baseball has an exciting glamour to it, but it is also a very competitive, hard daily grind. Young Evers was tripped by manager Wally Taylor of Utica in the third game of the season. He suffered a “severe wound in the left leg near the knee” when a Syracuse player spiked him in early June, but he continued to play. In late June, he injured his foot, but hit a home run over the right field fence as Troy lost, 8-1. In early July, the struggling team won one game in 15 days when “Little Johnny Evers” hit a home run in the 12th inning to beat Utica 4-3. He erred once in 14 chances that day. Reports of his defensive ability continued.

“Scarcely a day passes without Evers getting away with some almost impossible stunt. Evers filled the hole between second and third like a veteran, and his work was certainly the best of any as seen on the local grounds this season. The youngster from the South End got in front of scorching grounders and his throwing to the bases was accurate in every instance.”

He missed playing for five days in late July, but returned with a bang. Evers, who had “been out of the game with illness,” hit a home run against Johnstown in his first game back. On Aug. 16 the local press reported that he made three errors in a 4-2 loss to Binghamton, but it was learned after the game that “his father was near death’s door.” It was the first time all season that he played poorly. He then missed about a week of play after his father died on Aug. 21 in his home at 385 Third Street. The funeral, on Aug. 24, was “one of the largest ever witnessed in the city” with nearby St. Joseph’s Church thronged with mourners. Then it was back to work for John Evers, professional baseball player. “Troy won 2-1 in a game replete with sensational fielding. Evers for Troy excelling.”

GOOD RANGE, GOOD ARM

The young infielder made errors (“Troy lost 9-7 in 11 innings to Binghamton. Errors by Evers and Wiltse responsible”), but he evidently was able to cover much ground. He had range as well as a good arm. The Syracuse correspondent commented in early August how Evers had 478 chances compared to much lower numbers of two other shortstops who had higher fielding

percentages and appeared in a comparable number of games.

There are no recorded references to the youth’s well-known combative pugnacious personality. Known in his major league playing days as “the brainiest ballplayer in the business,” he was also called an “insolent, snarling, aggressive grouch” by the New York press. With jutting jaw and chin, he was known as “the crab” on the field. Umpire Bill Klem said, “Johnny Evers was the toughest and meanest man I ever saw [in 36 years of umpiring] on a ball field. His tongue knew neither fear nor control when he was crossed, and he thought everybody within eye or ear range was crossing him.” Evers said, “My favorite umpire is a dead one.”

Shortly after Evers’ death in 1947, longtime respected journalist Fred Lieb described him as a “truculent little gladiator who packed more aggressiveness in his frame than any other player of his size.”

In early September, *The Sporting News* simply reported, “SS Evers of Troy has been sold to the Chicago NL team. Has the goods, all right.” A few days earlier, one of his hometown papers had reported that he had “been sold to the Chicago NL team.” On Sept. 1, the same paper noted that “John J. Evers, Troy’s shortstop, left last night for Philadelphia, where he will join the Chicago NL team.” The youth left from the same railroad station where, a few years later, thousands of local fans would greet him on his return to Troy after completion of the major league baseball season. A day later, it is recorded that he had played in his first major league game, a 6-1 Chicago victory over Philadelphia. The box score simply recorded:

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Evers, SS	5	0	0	0	4	1

The *Philadelphia Ledger* noted that Evers “played his first game for Salee’s team and put up a fine game. He is very fast on his feet, takes hard hit grounders in great shape and hits the ball hard. He made a good impression on the crowd, and was applauded several times.” Within a week, Chicago papers praised Evers as “about the coolest man at handling a ball that has ever played on the Smoky City aggregation.” Again, it was his fielding ability that brought special attention, this time from the “big city” reporters in contrast to the reporters in the relatively small upstate New York towns.

Troy manager Bacon knew Chicago manager Frank Salee. When second baseman Bobby Lowe suffered a serious leg injury, Chicago took Evers. Bacon told young Evers to tell Salee that he was being paid \$100 per month with Troy. Bacon told Salee if Evers did not make the grade to send him back. If Evers were to make the team, Salee was to send Bacon a \$200 purchase price. Salee sent \$200.

With Troy that 1902 season, young Evers batted .285 in 84 games. He made 65 errors on the battered minor league diamonds and had a recorded fielding percentage of .880. Yet, erring only once in 97 chances with the Cubs, his fielding percentage jumped to .989 on the major league level. Most of his 25 late-season

Chicago games were played at second base where the first “Tinker to Evers to Chance” double play occurred on Sept. 15, 1902.

The rest is history. A long fiery, combative career, an integral part of the great Chicago Cubs champion teams, principal participant in the 1908 Merkle affair, most valuable player in the National League while playing for the 1914 “miracle” Boston Braves, a Hall of Fame plaque at Cooperstown, and lasting immortality as the middle man in *New York Evening Mail* sportswriter Franklin P. Adams’ famous poem [“Baseball’s Sad Lexicon”] describing the New York Giants’ plight when they played the Chicago Cubs.

These are the saddest of possible words:

“Tinker to Evers to Chance.”

Trio of bear Cubs and fleetier than birds,

“Tinker to Evers to Chance.”

Ruthlessly pricking our gonfalon bubble,

Making a Giant hit into a double—

Words that are heavy with nothing but trouble:

“Tinker to Evers to Chance.”



The Canadian–American League

by David Pietrusza

Upstate New York has certainly enjoyed its share of splendid baseball memories, but one of the warmest, enduring and most small-townish has been that of a vanished Class C circuit known as the Canadian-American League.

Formed in 1936 just as the National Association was struggling to get back on its feet, the Can-Am League started as a six-team circuit in the far northern St. Lawrence River valley featuring Ogdensburg, Oswego, and Watertown in New York and Ottawa, Brockville and Perth in Ontario.

Eventually the focus shifted east. After 1940 the only Canadian teams were in Quebec City and Three Rivers. Longtime league members included Amsterdam, Rome, Oneonta, Pittsfield, Schenectady and Johnstown-Gloversville. More transient franchises were found in Auburn, Utica, Smiths Falls and Kingston.

Its president from 1937 to 1944 was certainly a unique figure: the Rev. Harold J. Martin. Martin held more than one claim to fame; he was not only the sole Roman Catholic prelate heading a circuit, but he was also the only league president serving without salary. Beyond that he was a former Eastern League hurler (ambidextrous, by the way) and a fine semipro pitcher after that, hurling in Ogdensburg under the pseudonym Doc O'Reilly. When quizzed by the bishop about his unusual activity, Martin confessed that he was getting \$100 a game for his chores and was using the money to aid his parish. His superior retorted: "See if they need a \$50 first baseman."

MANY WELL-KNOWN PLAYERS

Players. Oh, yes. The league developed many fine ballplayers: Bob Lemon (an infielder at Oswego), Al Rosen, Vic Raschi, Lew Burdette, Gus Triandos, Tommy Lasorda (who one day struck out 25 Amsterdam batters while pitching for Schenectady, and on another day he missed the team bus to Canada, hailed a cab and presented the fuming owner with the bill), Frank Malzone, Dale Long, Bob Grim, Jim Lemon, Dick Littlefield, Johnny Blanchard, Spec Shea and Carl Sawatski.

There also was a fellow named Pete Gray. The Three Rivers Foxes was his first shot at organized ball and despite a rash of injuries he came through with flying colors, hitting .381 in 42 games in 1942.

Not everyone could make the big leagues. Outfielder Arnie Cohen appeared in more than 700 Can-Am contests. Duke Farrington won 13 games in a row for Amsterdam in 1938 before

throwing his arm out on a bet. Ogdensburg fly-hawk Tony Gridaitis "called his shot" in the Rome ballpark to win a shiny gold watch. The peripatetic Bill Sisler (who played for more than 40 minor league teams) got shots with three Can-Am franchises—Ogdensburg, Oneonta and Quebec.

The managerial ranks weren't to be sneered at either. Eddie Sawyer and Mayo Smith guided the Amsterdam Rugmakers; George Scherger and Frenchy Bordaragay did stints at Three Rivers; Wally Schang, at age 49 a playing manager at Ottawa; and Frank McCormick and George McQuinn at Quebec.

And, of course, there were the veteran minor leaguers, those pilots for whom the majors were a distant dream. Ogdensburg Colts owner and manager George "Knotty" Lee was one such individual. A co-founder of the circuit, he had chased his horsehide dream since the 1890s. Always a colorful umpire-baiter, he kept the Colts afloat by player sales and bluff. His low points included bankruptcy after transferring the squad to Auburn and his leaving of the team payroll in a Cornwall, Ont., hotel lobby one day.

Steve Yerkes at Perth-Cornwall had seen the glory decades ago. A one-time American League second baseman, he had scored the winning run for the Boston Red Sox in the fifth game of the 1912 World Series against the Giants. Now he was mired deep in the bushes, but he imparted warmth and baseball wisdom to his charges.

MAJOR LEAGUE EXHIBITIONS

Some of the league's headier moments came against big league competition. The Pittsburgh Pirates twice fell to Can-Am squads, as the 1936 Gloversville Glovers and the 1939 Rome Colonels both knocked off the Bucs in midseason exhibitions. Each local squad was managed by a grizzled bush leaguer with the unlikely name of Admiral J. "Pepper" Martin. The Rome victory was particularly bizarre. In the ninth inning Pittsburgh flyhawk Gus Suhr chased after a foul fly hit by Colonels shortstop Red Ermisch and then to ridicule Ermisch stayed at that very spot. Ermisch retaliated by banging the ball to Suhr's normal location, sparking the winning rally.

The Amsterdam Rugmakers held the World Champion Yankees at bay until extra innings in June 1942, but that was not the big story. Eight days earlier, the Mohawk Mills Park grandstand had been torched and burned to the ground. The whole town pitched in and miraculously a ball park—with increased seating capacity—rose from the ashes. The town declared a holiday and thousands of fans packed the still unpainted bleachers. Even hardboiled Gothamites were moved. Joe McCarthy for one even cheerfully signed autographs. Wrote Jack Smith of the *New York Daily News*, "For sheer love of baseball, enthusiasm and support [Amsterdam] outstrips major league owners, officials and fans. It reflects the pure, wholesome attachment of American people for the game and contrasts with the blasé 'give us a winner' attitude of the big cities."

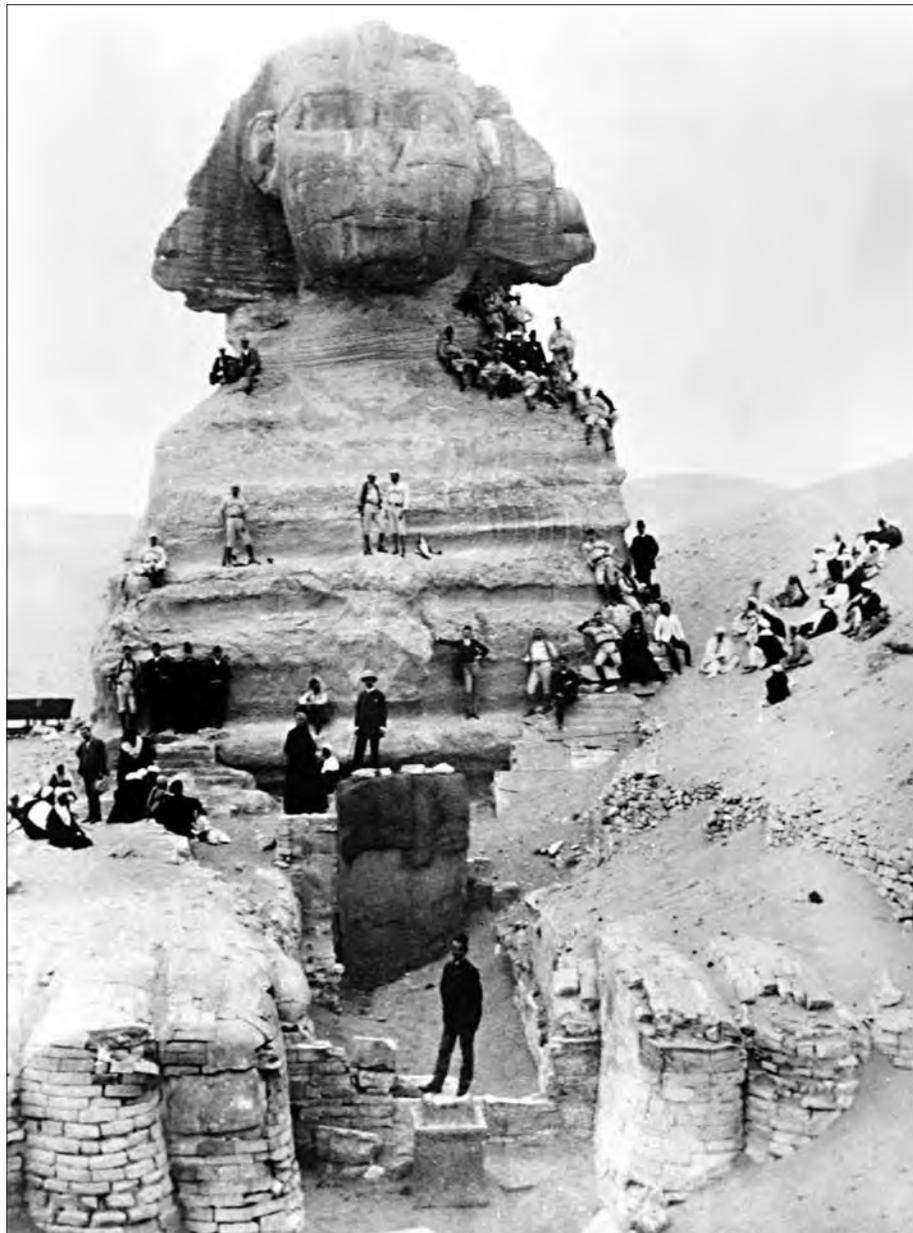
The Can-Am League struggled through the late 1930s (it was

one of the last unlit circuits) and was just reaching stability as war broke out. It pitched into the war effort, employed one-armed outfielders, held benefit games, faced immigration problems and (in Quebec and Three Rivers) the deadeast balls this side of the 19th century. The league, however, had to call it quits following the 1942 season.

Like all of baseball, boom times came after V-E Day and the league was resurrected after the conclusion of World War II. Attendance records were set, and set again. The sky seemed the limit. Integration came to the Can-Am League in 1946 as pitchers John Wright and Roy Partlow were sent down from Montreal to Three Rivers. Partlow set the circuit on its ear going 13-1 and hitting up a storm besides.

Television reared its ugly head in 1950, decimating minor league attendance all along the eastern seaboard including the Canadian-American League. The Quebec franchise transferred to the nearby Provincial League while Schenectady advanced to the Eastern League.

The loop struggled on, but the results were pathetic. "They didn't have enough baseballs to finish the game," recalls one Rugmakers fan. "They had to throw the balls back from the stands." And so in January 1952 the Can-Am League called it quits, leaving behind a lot of cherished memories for upstate New York baseball fans.



World Tour, February 1889, in Egypt

Why Cooperstown?

by William Guilfoile

Visitors wonder why this small village of 2,300 inhabitants located in central New York state should be the home of Baseball's Exciting Showcase. The answer to this often-asked question involves a commission, a tattered baseball, a philanthropist and a centennial celebration.

THE MILLS COMMISSION

The Mills Commission was appointed in 1905 to determine the origin of the game of baseball. The committee's formation was urged by Albert G. Spalding, one of the game's pioneers, following an article by Henry Chadwick, a famous early baseball writer, who contended that the sport evolved from the English game of rounders.

The commission comprised seven prominent men. They were Col. A. G. Mills of New York, who played baseball before and during the Civil War and was the third president of the National League (1882-1884); Hon. Morgan G. Bulkeley, former Governor and then U.S. Senator from Connecticut, who served as the National League's first president in 1876; Hon. Arthur P. German, U.S. Senator from Maryland, a former player and ex-president of the National Baseball Club of Washington, D.C.; Nicholas E. Young of Washington, D.C. (and a native of Amsterdam, N.Y.), a longtime player who was the first secretary and later fourth president of the National League (1884-1902); Alfred J. Reach of Philadelphia and George Wright of Boston, both well-known businessmen and two of the most famous players of their day; and the president of the Amateur Athletic Union, James E. Sullivan of New York.

During its three-year study, the committee was deluged with communications on the subject. The testimony of Abner Graves, a mining engineer from Denver, Colo., in support of Abner Doubleday figured prominently in the committee's inquiry.

Both Graves and Doubleday had attended school together in Cooperstown. Doubleday later was appointed to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, graduating in 1842. Subsequently, he served in the Mexican and Civil wars. As a captain, he fired the first gun for the Union at Fort Sumter, S.C.

In his letters to Spalding, Graves claimed to have been present when Doubleday made changes to the then popular game of "Town Ball," which involved 20 to 50 boys out in a field attempting to catch a ball hit by a "tossler" using a four-inch flat bat. According to Graves, Doubleday used a stick to mark out a diamond-shaped field in the dirt; and his other refinements ostensibly included limiting the number of players, adding bases (hence the name,

"baseball") and the concept of a pitcher and catcher.

The committee's final report on Dec. 30, 1907, stated in part that "the first scheme for playing baseball, according to the best evidence obtainable to date, was devised by Abner Doubleday at Cooperstown, N.Y., in 1839."

THE BASEBALL

The discovery of an old baseball in a dust-covered attic trunk 27 years later supported the committee's findings. In a farmhouse in Fly Creek, N.Y., a crossroads village about three miles from Cooperstown, were found the belongings of the aforementioned Graves and among his possessions was a baseball—undersized, misshapen and obviously homemade. The cover had been torn open, revealing stuffing of cloth instead of the wool and cotton yarn which comprise the interior of the modern baseball; but it had a stitched cover. It soon became known as the "Doubleday baseball."

THE PHILANTHROPIST

Soon after its discovery, the baseball was purchased for \$5 by Stephen C. Clark, a Cooperstown resident and philanthropist who had amassed considerable wealth through his association with the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Clark conceived the idea of displaying the baseball, along with other baseball objects, in a room in the Village Club, which now houses the Cooperstown village offices. The small one-room exhibition attracted tremendous public interest, and with the assistance of Alexander Cleland, who had been associated with Clark in other endeavors, support was sought for the establishment of a National Baseball Museum. Ford Frick, then president of the National League, was especially enthusiastic. He obtained the backing of Kenesaw Mountain Landis, baseball's first commissioner, and William Harridge, president of the American League. Contributions and priceless baseball memorabilia soon poured in from all parts of the country as the word spread.

BASEBALL'S CENTENNIAL

Coincidentally, in 1935 plans also were being formulated for an appropriate celebration in Cooperstown to mark baseball's upcoming 100th anniversary four years hence. Frick proposed that a Hall of Fame be established as part of the shrine to honor the game's immortals.

The cooperation of the Baseball Writers Association of America was enlisted to select the playing greats who were to be honored. The first election was conducted in January 1936 and five players were named—Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Honus Wagner, Christy Mathewson and Walter Johnson. The National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum was officially dedicated in colorful ceremonies on June 12, 1939.

The game's four ranking executives of the period—Landis, Frick, Harridge and William G. Bramham, president of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues—participated in



Induction Day, 1939, in Cooperstown

the ribbon-cutting. Of the 25 immortals who had been elected to the Hall of Fame to that point, 11 were still living and all of them journeyed to Cooperstown to attend the centennial celebration. A baseball postage stamp commemorating the occasion was placed on sale that day at the Cooperstown post office, with Postmaster General James A. Parley presiding.

Another Clark associate, Paul S. Kerr, played a major role in the growth and expansion of the baseball shrine. Kerr was elected treasurer in 1943 and served as president from 1960 (the year of Clark's death) until his retirement in 1977.

Edward W. Stack, former secretary of the museum, succeeded Kerr as president and, with the help of Howard C. Talbot Jr., Hall of Fame director since 1976, he spearheaded two major expansion/renovation programs, the most recent of which was completed on June 10, 1989. Between the original dedication in 1939 and the completion of the new annex 50 years later, several significant developments had taken place. New wings were dedicated on July 24, 1960, and on May 10, 1980, and the Hall of Fame Gallery was dedicated on Aug. 4, 1958. The National Baseball Library opened its doors on July 22, 1968.

Annual attendance at the Hall of Fame and Museum regularly exceeds 300,000. The shrine is open year round, and during July and August it is not unusual for the daily turnstile count to exceed Cooperstown's population.

The biggest day of the year, of course, is Hall of Fame Day, when the newly elected members are inducted. Ceremonies are held on the library steps facing Cooper Park. The Commissioner of

Baseball conducts the installation with many league executives, club officials and previously inducted Hall of Famers participating in the emotion-packed program, witnessed by thousands of baseball fans from all over the United States and Canada.

The next day, two major league teams representing each league clash in the annual Hall of Fame Game at Doubleday Field. The ball field, just a block from the museum, is located on the former Elihu Phinney cow pasture where baseball is believed to have been first played more than a century ago by Doubleday and his friends. The village Board of Trustees transformed the erstwhile pasture into a ballpark of major league specifications in 1939, and it now seats approximately 10,000 fans.

From time to time over the years, various critics have challenged the speculation on Doubleday, although most of the original documentation was lost in a fire in 1916. Abner Graves' credibility as a reliable witness has been questioned and Doubleday's diaries, surprisingly, made no mention of baseball. Some argue that Doubleday was not away from West Point at all in 1839, and to further complicate the situation, still others claim that there were two Abner Doubledays. Many of these contradictory theories have been well documented by their proponents. Whatever may or may not be proved in the future concerning baseball's true origin is in many respects irrelevant at this time. If baseball was not actually first played in Cooperstown by Doubleday in 1839, it undoubtedly originated about that time in a similar rural atmosphere. The Hall of Fame is in Cooperstown to stay, and at the very least, the village is certainly an acceptable symbolic site.

Silent George Burns *A Star in the Sunfield*

by Richard Puff

It might have been just a case of being in the right place at the right time. But whatever it was, it brought Utica's George Joseph Burns to professional baseball and eventually led him to a brilliant career as an outfielder in the National League.

Burns was in the grandstand with his father at the Utica Athletic Field on Oct. 18, 1908, set to watch the Class B Utica Harps play Syracuse in an exhibition game. The contest was held up because the Harps' catcher failed to appear. "Bus" Nicholson, an alderman from Utica, who knew Burns' prowess on the baseball diamond, suggested he be hired to handle the backstop duties for the game.

Burns, who was born in Utica on Nov. 24, 1890, gladly agreed and in no time was suited up for the game. The records of the game are lost, but Burns was congratulated heartily by the fans for a good game. Charley Dooley, the Harps' manager, was especially pleased and offered Burns a contract after the game. Three years later, Burns was sitting next to John McGraw on the Giants' bench learning all he could from one of the game's greatest masters.

But the transition wasn't that easy. Burns was a catcher with Utica in 1909 and 1910, and his talents went unrecognized. It was the 1911 season that proved to be the turning point in his career. Charley Carr had come from the Indianapolis team to take over the helm of the Harps. He brought with him Dan Howley, who took full charge of the catching duties—putting Burns back on the bench.

MOVING TO THE OUTFIELD

One day Ward Bastian, one of the team's outfielders, was hurt and Carr, realizing Burns' speed was being wasted behind the plate, asked him if he would like to play in the outfield. "I don't know," Burns told him, "but I'll try. I can't do much worse than get hit in the head."

Throughout his years playing sandlot and amateur ball, Burns was always a catcher or moundsman. "I never had played in the outfield as a kid, always wanting to be a pitcher or a catcher so that I could get as much action as possible" he said in a 1924 interview. He thought he'd give it a try anyway.

The move sent Burns to stardom, but not exactly from the first day. During his first game roaming in the outfield, Burns almost did get hit in the head by a fly ball. He ran in on a line drive, misjudged it and just managed to get his head out of the way as the ball sailed by him. "For a time I was bothered by line drives, but soon I began to judge them accurately," he remembered years

later.

Burns soon excelled in the outfield and his hitting also improved. He was permanently placed in right field and soon began thrilling Utica fans with spectacular catches. He also was made leadoff man for the squad. He finished the 1911 season batting .289 and stealing 40 bases.

Sometime during the 1911 season, John "Sadie" McMahon, a former pitcher and teammate of McGraw's with the Baltimore club and at the time a scout with the Giants, saw Burns play and noticed his capabilities. McMahon followed Burns around the league without the young player's knowledge. Late in the season, McGraw was convinced of Burns' potential and bought him from the Harps for \$4,000.

Burns quickly traveled to New York to play, but was kept on the bench by McGraw so he could learn as much about the game as possible. Burns managed to get into six games as the Giants wound down the season, winning the league championship.

The first of Burns' 2,077 major league hits came during the last game of the Giants' season. Facing Brooklyn's Pat Ragan, he stroked a single. It was his only hit that season in 17 at-bats. Burns was not eligible for the World Series that year since he spent so little time with the team. The Giants lost to Connie Mack's Athletics in six games.

Burns returned to New York in 1912 from his home in upstate New York, where he worked as a cigar maker in his father's shop. Again, he stayed seated on the bench, still learning all McGraw had to teach him. The Giants' regular outfield that year was Josh Devore in left, Snodgrass in center and Red Murray in right. Burns was the last of the subs, having to play behind Beals Becker and Harry "Moose" McCormick.

The speedster appeared in only 29 games in 1912 and batted .294. For the second year in a row, the Giants took the league championship and went into the Series against the Red Sox. And for the second consecutive year they lost, this time in eight games, and Burns did not play.

Things began to click for Burns in 1913. McGraw figured his youngster, who now lived in St. Johnsville, waited long enough and deserved a chance to start in his outfield McGraw moved Devore to the bench before he traded him to the Cincinnati Reds, and inserted Burns into left field at the Polo Grounds. A short time later, he was moved over to right field, switching with Murray.

During his first year as a regular, he batted .286, stole 40 bases and missed only four games. He ended in third place in the race for total hits with 173, second in doubles with 37 and fourth in stolen bases.

Soon Burns was moved back into left field, which was known as the sun field in the Polo Grounds because of the blinding sun that shone in that area. The sun never bothered Burns and he soon became known as the greatest sunfielder in the history of the Polo Grounds.

To help shield his eyes from the sun, Burns used a special cap with an extra long bill with blue sunglasses attached to it. When

he came to bat, the special cap would come off in favor of one with a short bill.

Burns was not only known as the best fielder in the Polo Grounds, but also throughout the league. Burns credited his ability to get any ball hit his way with his knowledge of the hitters and listening to the sound the ball made when it jumped off a bat. "If you can tell from the sound just about how far the ball with travel, you can turn your back on it and run, confident that when it comes down you'll be there to meet it."

LEADING THE LOOP

During his years with the Giants, Burns gained great recognition for not only his fielding (the great sportswriter Frederick Lieb said in a column that a Burns muff was so rare that it was talked about for weeks), but also for his base running and hitting. Five times he led the National League in runs and twice he paced the loop in stolen bases. As a leadoff batter he certainly received his chances at the plate. In 1915 and 1916 he led the league in at-bats, and in five other seasons he came to bat more than 600 times. His keen eye helped him to pace the pack in bases on balls five seasons.

Burns was one of the steadiest everyday players of his day. While with the Giants, he set a record, which has since been broken, by appearing in 459 consecutive games as an outfielder. The string stretched from the beginning of the 1915 season until just before the Giants took on the Chicago White Sox in the 1917 World Series, when McGraw decided to rest his star outfielder. While he rested, he joined fellow outfielder Benny Kauff and second baseman Buck Herzog in scouting the White Sox for the Series.

One of Burns' greatest series was the 1921 World Series against the cross-town rival Yankees. He batted .333 while leading the team in hits with 11. He belted four hits in the third game against four Yankee hurlers, and his two-run double in the fourth game was the margin for a Giant victory.

Using a Buck Herzog style bat 42 inches long and weighing 52 ounces with a very small handle wrapped with about six inches of tape, the 5-foot, 7-inch, 160-pound righty belted out hits at a rate of 169 per season while a regular in the Giants outfield. He also averaged 69 walks per season during his years in New York, four times leading the league.

While Burns was a quiet and reserved man, he still had quite a following in New York. A section of the left-field bleachers became known as "Burnsville," where his loyal fans cheered him. Even the New York police recognized his greatness. Burns' brother, Jack, later recalled a time when their father was driving to a game at the Polo Grounds. A little behind schedule, elder Burns had to drive a little faster than the speed limit and was ultimately pulled over by one of the city's finest. When he explained he was Burns' father and was hurrying so as not to miss any of that day's game, the officer instantly allowed him to be on his way.

Burns also was tagged with the moniker of "Silent George" by his teammates and New York sports writers. Well-behaved and

soft spoken, Burns was never ejected from a game in his career. He was also recognized as one of the best pool players ever to put on a baseball uniform. Players barred him from games unless he played left-handed. He was declared one of the best boxers in the game, too.

Before the 1918 season got under way, a New York sportswriter asked McGraw who was the greatest player after the immortal Christy Mathewson that he managed. Without hesitating, McGraw answered, "George Burns! He is a marvel in every department of play, a superb fielder, a wonderful thrower, a grand batsman and with few peers in baseball history as a run scorer. Best of all. Burns, modest and retiring to an extreme, is the easiest player to handle that ever stepped upon a field."

"That boy has more natural playing strength than any outfielder I've seen in a number of years," McGraw later added. "He may never be a Ty Cobb or a Tris Speaker, but by playing strength I mean he is more proficient in all the things required of an outfielder."

McGraw was not the only baseball notable throwing plaudits at Burns during his day. Eddie Collins called him "the most dangerous and best all around star on McGraw's splendid team." Hughie Jennings said, "He is as good a player as ever drew on a spiked shoe. There's nothing he doesn't or cannot do well on a ball field."

John B. Sheridan, the well-known sportswriter of the day, praised Burns highly in a 1920 *Sporting News* article where he rated the top 25 outfielders of all time. Burns placed fourth on the list, being surpassed only by Tris Speaker, Ty Cobb and James Sheppard, in that order. He was rated above such standouts as Willie Keeler, Harry Hooper, Duffy Lewis and Hugh Duffy. "I am one of those who think that Burns has been greatly underrated in New York and elsewhere. He is one of the great outfielders of all time. I have never seen him play a bad game of baseball," Sheridan wrote.

High tribute was paid to Burns after he was shipped off to the Reds on Dec. 6, 1921, with Mike Gonzalez and \$100,000 for third baseman Heinie Groh. The trade at the time was called the biggest deal since the Yankees got Babe Ruth from Boston.

On June 10, 1922, the Giants were scheduled to raise their 1921 World Series championship flag at the Polo Grounds. The day, in which the team was scheduled to play the Reds, was declared "George Burns Day." Fifteen minutes before the game was to begin, Burns was called out to home plate, where Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis stood waiting among a group of players from both teams, John Heydler, president of the National League, and several team officials. Landis praised Burns for his years of play while the crowd of 31,000 stood and cheered. Then Landis presented him with a platinum watch encrusted with diamonds, a gift from the Giants. He also was given a silver cigarette case from his admirers, the New York sportswriters. All the while Burns blushed and dug his spikes into the dirt.

Burns then led the procession of Giants to center field, where the championship flag was raised. During the game, Burns let a

ball drop in front of him in center field instead of catching it to begin a double play that snuffed out a Giants rally in the seventh inning. The Giants, though, went on to win the game in the ninth.

Burns' trade to the Reds greatly saddened him because he had hoped to finish his career with the Giants. "I surely do hate to leave New York," he said after the trade was announced. "That's baseball; you're here today and gone tomorrow." He played three seasons with the Reds, manning center and right fields. Playing in every Reds games his first two seasons with the team, he continued to hit as he did with the Giants, batting .285 and .274, respectively.

BACK TO THE MINORS

On Nov. 12, 1924, after a disappointing season in which he batted .256 and stole only three bases, the Reds gave Burns his unconditional release. Rumors said he would end his playing career and assume a manager's position with a Pacific Coast League team, but Burns had other ideas. "When you've played ball for a long time as I have and when you like baseball as much as I do, it isn't easy to quit," he said.

Offers came from various minor league clubs to both play and manage, but Burns wanted to play in the majors. On Feb. 24, 1925, he signed with the Phillies and appeared in 88 games that season, batting a respectable .292. One of the high points of the season came early in the year when Burns gathered two hits in one game to put himself over the 2,000 mark in career hits.

Burns requested and was given his release from the Phillies at

the end of the 1925 season. In 1926, he played in 163 games with Newark of the Class AA International League. He batted .301, led the league in doubles with 49, and stole 38 bases. The following two seasons he was player-manager with Williamsport of the Class B New York-Pennsylvania League, where he hit .295 and .327.

Near the end of the 1928 season he took over the Hanover Club in the Blue Ridge League (Class D). In only 18 games, Burns ripped the ball at a .354 pace. In 1929, he played with Springfield in the Eastern League, hitting .301 in 110 games.

He finished his professional career in San Antonio (Class A Texas League) with his lowest yearly average (.197) in 1930. Burns' last appearance in a major league uniform was as a coach with McGraw's Giants in 1931. After the season, he returned to central New York, where he ran his father's pool hall. Later he became a payroll clerk in a tannery in Gloversville. Meanwhile, he kept active in local baseball by playing first base with town teams.

In 1937, Burns was remembered by three sports writers on the ballot for induction into baseball's Hall of Fame. The following year he again received three votes, with one vote given to him in 1939 and also in 1949. Remaining his usual modest self, Burns said he never was bothered by the fact he wasn't selected for inclusion in the Hall of Fame.

Before Burns died in 1966 at the age of 75, he told his brother he realized how lucky he was to have played in the major leagues. "I guess the Lord just made me a ball player."



The Missions

San Francisco's Other Team

by Richard E. Beverage

In recent years there has been a degree of uncertainty about the Bay Area's ability to support two major league teams. That was not the case in 1925, when the question was: could the Bay Area support three teams? San Francisco and Oakland had franchises in the Pacific Coast League (PCL), that minor league of near major league quality, but that was not enough for the City. The politicians of the era needed and demanded continuous baseball, just like the great rival to the south, Los Angeles, had enjoyed since 1909. Southern California had two ball clubs in the Coast League, the Los Angeles Angels and the Vernon Tigers. The teams shared facilities, and one was always at home. But in November 1925 owner Eddie Maier of the Vernon club put his franchise up for sale.

The Salt Lake City team was moving to Los Angeles, and Maier did not have the resources to compete with two teams. In January 1926 he sold the Tigers to Stanley Dollar, a San Francisco shipping magnate who wanted to establish a second team in the City, and William McCarthy, the former president of the PCL who would be the president of the new club, for approximately \$250,000. The new owners received approval from the league to move the franchise, which was given the formal-sounding name of The Mission Club of San Francisco.

Almost immediately, there were problems for the new organization. The Oakland club had demanded an indemnity of \$140,000 to permit the Mission club to encroach upon its territory, an amount that Dollar and McCarthy considered outrageous. But finally, William Wrigley of Los Angeles and Bill Lane of the new Hollywood club agreed to pay half of the money with the rest of the PCL clubs sharing the balance. Shortly after that issue had been resolved, a controversy developed over the team's nickname. McCarthy announced that the club would be called the Mission Bears and would wear blue and gold trimmed uniforms with a bear emblem on the front. Unfortunately, the University of California, across the bay in Berkeley, had long identified its athletic teams as the Golden Bears with identical colors, and it considered the logo as its property. The University announced plans to file a lawsuit to force the Mission club to abandon its use of the bear. The problem simmered all during that first season until McCarthy finally agreed to pay a small settlement and coin a new name for the club in 1927, the Mission Bells.

Although Vernon had finished in the cellar in 1925, the new team was much improved with the addition of several new players, and the Mission club finished in third place in 1926. The

most important acquisitions were pitcher Bert Cole, a native of San Francisco, and outfielder Ike Boone. Cole came down from Detroit and posted a 29-12 mark, the best record ever by a Mission pitcher, while Boone became a fan favorite with his .380 average and 32 home runs. The club was strong up the middle with second baseman Mickey Finn, shortstop Gordon Slade, and center fielder Evar Swanson, all youngsters who would be with the club for the rest of the decade.

The Bears might have improved on that record were it not for managerial problems. Maier had selected Walter McCredie as his new manager for 1926, but that proved to be a bad decision. The Judge, who had a long history with the Portland club, was in declining health and was forced to give up the post by the middle of May. The decision was sudden, and while McCarthy decided who would replace him, coach Butch Schmidt ran the Bears. On August 13, Wild Bill Leard, a veteran Coast Leaguer who had been out of baseball for the previous two years, took over for the balance of the season. Although he had great difficulty in abiding by his own training rules and had little or no respect from his team, Leard was hired again for the 1927 season in what was one of McCarthy's worst decisions.

The Mission Bells fell to seventh place in 1927, as the club once again had three managers. Leard was fired after the season was two weeks old; McCarthy let him go after he missed a game in Seattle and showed up so drunk the next day that his players locked him in the clubhouse. Catcher Roxy Walters served as temporary boss until the end of the month, when Harry Hooper was given a two-year contract as playing manager. The only member of the Baseball Hall of Fame to ever grace a Mission roster, Hooper was a local product, having attended St. Mary's College before beginning his major league career with the Red Sox. He had been out of baseball for a year before assuming the Mission job, and it was hoped that his presence would help attendance. The club was in third place when Hooper took over, but it missed the big bat of Ike Boone, who had been drafted by the White Sox, and had no pitcher comparable to Cole, who was also in the major leagues.

At the end of the season McCarthy ousted Hooper even though his contract had another year to go. The new manager was Wade "Red" Killefer, who had already won PCL pennants at Los Angeles and Seattle, but had lost his job when the Seattle club changed ownership. It was under his leadership that the Missions enjoyed their greatest success. The 1928 team was improved to the point where it could challenge for the pennant. The PCL offered a split season that year, and the Bells finished in fourth place overall, winning more than half their games. They batted .301 as a team and featured an outfield with five men hitting over .340—Fuzzy Hufft, .379; Evar Swanson, .346; Ping Bodie, .352, were the regulars, and part-timer Wes Griffin hit .343. In July the Reds brought back Ike Boone in a trade with Portland, and he gave an inkling of what was ahead by hitting .407 in 72 Mission games.

The left-hand-hitting Hufft was acquired from Killefer's old Seattle team in May. He was a natural for Recreation Park, where

the Bells played. A western version of Philadelphia's infamous Baker Bowl, Old Rec had a right field fence that was only 235 feet from home plate with a chicken wire screen some 50 feet high. In order to be successful there, a hitter had to have an uppercut swing to clear that short fence, and this Hufft had. He remained with the Bells until June 1931, hitting .367 during that span with 107 home runs, most of which were hit at home. But he was an atrocious outfielder with a weak throwing arm, and that deficiency kept him from advancing to the major leagues. At one point in 1929 the exasperated Killefer benched Hufft for several games after an especially costly error, even though he was hitting .365 at the time!

Mission pitching had improved with veteran Herm Pillette and Carl Holling pitching consistently well with ERAs below 3.00. The big name on this staff was Ernie Nevers, an All-American football player at Stanford who later played professional football with such skill that he is a member of that sport's Hall of Fame. Nevers came down from the St. Louis Browns and posted a good record of 14-11, despite an ERA of 4.37. After falling to 7-8 in 1929, Nevers retired from baseball to devote his full effort to his football career. Late in the season the Bells picked up Clyde Nance, a young right-handed pitcher from Seattle who posted a brilliant 7-1 mark over the last five weeks of the season, including two shutouts and eight consecutive complete games. Only 22, Nance seemed destined for a great career, but his life ended abruptly on March 31, 1929, when he was killed in an automobile accident while returning to San Francisco from his home in Fowler, California.

At the end of the season, the Mission club was sold to a group of Los Angeles investors, who promptly fired McCarthy and appointed Killefer as the president of the club. This gave Red a great deal of latitude in acquiring players, and he was very active during the winter of 1928-29. He purchased third baseman Eddie Mulligan from Dallas, outfielder Pete Scott from Pittsburgh, and first baseman Jack Sheriok from Detroit, and sent incumbent first baseman Chili McDaniel to Seattle for the battery of Bert Cole and Fred Hofmann. Later he signed pitcher Dutch Ruether, who had been released by the Seals, and traded center fielder Evar Swanson to Cincinnati for Walter "Cuckoo" Christensen, another center fielder, who had a bit of a zany streak in him but was an extremely skilled outfielder. Among his many foibles was a tendency to turn cartwheels in the outfield after making a good catch. On one occasion with two runners on base in the ninth inning and the Missions ahead by a run with two out, a routine fly ball was hit in Christensen's direction. The center fielder decided to celebrate the apparent victory with a cartwheel before he caught the ball. Unfortunately, the ball went over his head, the runners scored and the Missions lost, and Killefer had to be restrained from attacking Cuckoo.

The club had a new nickname for 1929—the Reds—after Killefer. Whatever name they were called, the Missions became strong favorites to win the pennant after these moves. After a slow start, they took over the lead on April 25 following a nine-

game winning streak and were eight games ahead by Memorial Day. The club was batting .330 and had as awesome a group of hitters as the PCL had seen in years. Although there had been no plans for a split season in 1929, the club owners were fearful of a runaway that would kill attendance and agreed to end the first half on June 30, leaving the Reds as winners. The second half saw the Hollywood Sheiks come to the fore, and it was a dogfight. The two teams battled to the very last day, and the Missions blew a chance to win the pennant outright by losing a doubleheader to the last-place Seattle Indians to finish one game behind the Sheiks. That meant the two teams would play a seven-game series to decide the PCL championship, and once again the Reds were strong favorites. But after winning the first two games, the Reds lost the next four, including three straight at Wrigley Field in Los Angeles. Neither Ike Boone nor Fuzzy Hufft hit a home run in this series, an important factor in the demise of the Reds. It was as close as the Mission club would ever come to a PCL pennant.

The Reds of 1929 were one of the great clubs in PCL history. They batted .319 and scored over six runs a game. Ike Boone had one of the most memorable seasons in minor league history, hitting .407 with 55 home runs and 218 RBI. Needless to say, he led the league in all three categories. Hufft was almost as potent, hitting .379 and contributing 39 homers to go along with 187 RBI. Jack Sherlock was the third member of this team to surpass 150 RBI with 156. Only third baseman Eddie Mulligan among the regulars failed to hit .300. The defense was outstanding; shortstop Gordon Slade and catcher Fred Hofmann were considered the best in the league at their respective positions. That contributed greatly to the much improved pitching staff. Bert Cole and Herm Pillette led the way with records of 24-12 and 23-13, respectively. In a season when the average number of runs scored per game was in excess of 4.50, these aces boasted marks of 3.45 and 3.59. Mert Nelson, a youngster, came of age with a 17-10 record, and Dutch Ruether contributed 14 wins. The loss of Clyde Nance undoubtedly cost this club the pennant.

Everything was downhill for the Reds after 1929. The season was no sooner over than the stock market crashed, portending the onset of the Great Depression that would haunt this club for the balance of its existence. While still a potent offensive force, the 1930 club was weakened after Finn and Slade were sold to Brooklyn as a package for \$50,000, funds the Reds would badly need. The loss of these two, together with the decline of Bert Cole, weakened after a bout with pneumonia, brought the Reds down to second division level. They finished in sixth place during the first half of yet another split season and then slid all the way to the bottom of the league by September.

Ike Boone began the 1930 season determined to outdo his performance of 1929. By June 1 it appeared that he would succeed. He was hitting .467 at that point and dropped off only slightly from that mark during the next three weeks. But the Missions needed money; on July 1 Boone was sold to Brooklyn for \$40,000. He was hitting .448 with 96 RBI along with 22 home

runs. Had he stayed the entire year he might have broken several Coast League hitting records. The Reds were not the same after that, and attendance fell precipitously. They had drawn a very satisfactory 275,996 in 1929; 1930 crowds were half that number, and the Reds would never again draw over 200,000.

Having lost their star players, the Reds were about to lose their manager as well. At the winter meetings in December, 1930 Red Killefer took ill and was rushed to a hospital in Kalamazoo, Michigan, his hometown, where he was diagnosed with cancer. He underwent treatment, improving to the point where he felt able to participate in spring training, but he suffered an early relapse and was forced to leave the team in the middle of March. This left a tremendous void in the management of the club, both on the field and off, with the impending economic crisis of the Depression just ahead. Joe Bearwald was elected president and first baseman George Burns, a veteran of 16 major league seasons, became the manager. He did a creditable job through the first half of yet another split season in the PCL, but when Bearwald hired Joe Devine as a coach and scout for the Reds, the situation became uncomfortable for Burns, who thought Devine was after his job. He asked for and received his release at the end of June, and the new manager was Devine, of all people. Devine did not distinguish himself at the helm, as the club began the second half in last place and stayed there.

In the past the Missions had boasted a slugging team that usually ranked at or near the top of the PCL in most offensive categories, but that situation changed abruptly in 1931, when the club moved to the new Seals Stadium. If Old Rec park resembled a closet, Seals Stadium was more like an airport. The distances were 365 feet down the left field line, 404 to dead center and 385 feet to right field with power alleys as deep as 424 in right-center field, and the fences were 20 feet high all around. The days of the Mission power hitters were no more. In 1930 the Reds hit 98 home runs in Old Rec; in 1931 they hit 11 while playing in Seals Stadium, and several of those were of the inside the park variety.

Although Mission attendance climbed to 162,914 in 1931, partly because of the novelty of the new park and night baseball, which was played in San Francisco for the first time that year, the increased revenue was offset by the much higher rent for Seals Stadium, and the Missions had to regroup. No longer would they be able to acquire veteran players who were relatively expensive. They would have to rely on inexperienced youngsters, mostly from the sandlots of the Bay Area, who were much cheaper. This wasn't a totally negative development, for Devine was a good judge of talent, and during his time with the Reds he signed Dick Gyselman, Babe Dahlgren, Bud Hafey, Johnny Babich, Joe Coscarart and Bill Brenzel, all of whom were eventually sold to major league teams at considerable profit. That cash flow sustained the franchise during the severe economic conditions of the next three years when attendance fell drastically.

In one of Killefer's last moves he purchased outfielder Oscar "Ox" Eckhardt from the Detroit organization, and he was the heart

of the Mission offense during the next four years. Eckhardt was a minor league hitting star who never was able to make the grade in the major leagues, appearing in only 24 games with Brooklyn and Boston in the National League in a professional career of 12 years. Eckhardt had been a football star at the University of Texas and had a powerful physique at 6'1" and 200 pounds, but he was not a power hitter, a left-handed hitter with a pronounced closed stance, Eckhardt rarely pulled the ball, slicing the ball to left field most of the time. Opponents generally shifted the outfielders in that direction, and it was not unusual for the right fielder to catch one of his fly balls in left center field. Eckhardt had great speed, frequently beating out ground balls to the infield for base hits, and he was always in double figures in triples. In 1931 Eckhardt hit .369, winning the first of three straight PCL batting championships, and led the Reds with 117 RBI. He repeated in 1932, hitting .371, and then had the best season of his career in 1933 when he hit .414 with 143 RBI. His hitting was about all that Mission fans had to cheer about in those years; the club finished last in 1932 and seventh in 1933.

Gabby Street, the former manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, took over the manager's post in 1934, and the Missions had their best team since they moved to Seals Stadium. Unfortunately, that was the year that Los Angeles won 137 games to completely dominate the league, and the Missions were a distant second. This club was very entertaining with a fine defense and an outfield in Eckhardt, Bud Hafey and Lou Almada, each of whom hit better than .320. Babe Dahlgren was the best first baseman in the league, and Almada covered center field in spacious Seals Stadium like a blanket. The pitching staff was led by Clarence Mitchell, a spitballer who won 19 games at the age of 43, Johnny Babich, Dutch Lieber, and Holhs Thurston. Babich was 10-3 when he was sold to Brooklyn in July, and Lieber had his best year since joining the club in 1930 with a 19-13 record. But the Depression was probably at its worst in San Francisco that year with a Teamsters strike virtually shutting down the City for two weeks in July, and only 90,719 fans showed up at Seals Stadium to watch the team.

Street remained in charge in 1935, when the PCL elected to split its season once again. The Missions were strapped for cash and listed only 14 players on its reserve list when spring training opened. Three-fourths of the opening infield were Bay Area products: first baseman Roy Mort, second baseman Al Wright, and third baseman Eddie Joost. They, along with shortstop Clyde Beck, had to play every day, for there was no money for replacements. Eckhardt, Almada, and Fred Berger, the younger brother of National League slugger Wally Berger, were also iron men in the outfield. Berger hit 23 home runs as a Mission after coming over from Seattle in April, the highest total ever posted after the Reds moved over from Recreation Park. The club started poorly, suffering a 13-game losing streak in May, and finished last during the first half, but then made an abrupt change for the better for the second half and were legitimate pennant contenders. They reached first place on August 25 after splitting a doubleheader at

Portland, but the pitching staff led by Walter “Boom-Boom” Beck and Wayne Osborne, was overworked and the club was unable to sustain the championship pace, finishing in second place, three games behind the Seals.

1935 was the year that Ox Eckhardt and Joe DiMaggio waged a terrific battle for the league batting championship, and fan attention was focused on that event almost as much as the pennant race. Eckhardt had a torrid first half and was hitting 422 on June 1, but DiMaggio soon caught him and the two were only points apart through most of August and September. On the final day DiMaggio hit a fly ball that Seattle center fielder Bill Lawrence should have caught, but it fell for a double while Lawrence was clowning around. DiMaggio immediately motioned to the official scorer that it should be an error; later he said that he didn’t want to win the title on a play like that. Eckhardt finished at .399, one point better than the soon-to-be Yankee Clipper.

Street had a contract to manage the Missions in 1936, but at the winter meetings he renounced it, threatening retirement unless he could get a job near his home in Missouri. The Reds had little choice at that point and released him; after a month went by they signed Willie Kamm for the next two seasons. This was a popular choice, for Kamm was a local product who had starred for the Seals before advancing to the Chicago White Sox in 1923. Kamm had more talent to work with—the Sacramento club was in extreme distress and was forced to sell off its players at bargain prices. The Reds added outfielders Max West, a fine young prospect, and Harry Rosenberg, another Bay Area product. Rosenberg hit .334 with 99 RBI to lead the Reds as they won half their games to finish in a fifth-place tie with Los Angeles. The club had no power, hitting just 24 home runs, only two of them at Seals Stadium.

The Hollywood club had moved to San Diego for the 1936 season, and late in the year the first rumors that the Missions might replace the Sheiks in Los Angeles began to appear. Although attendance in Seals Stadium improved to 113,394 in 1936, that was not enough to sustain a viable PCL franchise. In addition Herbert Fleishhacker, the principal owner of the Reds, had suffered greatly during the Depression, and was unable to provide any finances for the club.

Secret negotiations began in earnest at the winter meetings of 1936, and it soon became known that the Missions were for sale. The rumors had an impact on the playing field. The Reds played poorly from the beginning of 1937 and were in last place after the first week of the season. In spite of good offensive performances by Rosenberg, West and catcher Chick Outen, they were unable to mount any consistent winning pattern. From July to the rest of the season, the Reds were merely playing out the string. They finished the season buried in the cellar behind seventh-place Oakland. The Reds ended the season at home when Joe Bearwald announced that the club was moving to Los Angeles. It had been sold to a group of Los Angeles businessmen headed by George Young and Don Francisco and would play in Wrigley Field in 1938.

The Mission club was jinxed almost from the beginning, and in retrospect it was not a good business decision to move a third baseball team into the Bay Area. The onset of the Depression and the move to Seals Stadium doomed the franchise; perhaps it could have survived had it remained in Recreation Park. But that is speculative, to say the least. A number of great players wore the Mission uniform in the 12 years in San Francisco. This lineup might have won that elusive pennant which could have kept the club in the City.

1B	George Bums	1930—.349, 22 HR, 131 RBI
2B	Mickey Finn	1929—.347, 5 HR, 64 RBI
SS	Gordon Slade	1929—.302, 16 HR, 115 RBI
3B	Bucky Walters	1933—.376, 16 HR, 91 RBI
LF	Ox Eckhardt	1933—414, 12 HR, 143 RBI
CF	EvarSwanson	1928—.346, 4 HR, 58 RBI
RF	IkeBoone	1929—.407, 55 HR, 218 RBI
C	Chick Outen	1935—.367, 7 HR, 62 RBI
P	Bert Cole	1926—29-12, 2.63 ERA
P	HermPilette	1929—23-13, 3.59 ERA
P	Dutch Lieber	1934—19-13, 2.50 ERA
P	Johnny Babich	1933—20-15, 3.62 ERA

Renaissance Baseball

Lefty and Casey Collide

by Dick Dobbins

The unveiling of the 1946 Pacific Coast League season after World War II was tantamount to exposing organized baseball's best kept secret to the world. This minor league, the Pacific Coast League, was playing a brand of baseball that would have made any city in the U.S.A. proud. It was a renaissance of baseball.

Organized baseball had suffered through a decade-long depression during the 1930s only to be plunged into world war as the 1940s arrived. While many minor leagues couldn't survive the pressures, the Pacific Coast League tottered, but stood its shaky ground. It was said, with a good deal of accuracy that it took each team the sale of one young prospect a year to the major leagues to keep the tide of red ink from submerging the ship. But when Johnny came marching home, baseball was saved. And possibly no section of the country benefited more than the West Coast.

During World War II, hundreds of thousands of troops from all over the country had left for the Pacific front through debarkation points in San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle. Many had liked what they saw and returned to stay after the war. War industries along the Pacific Coast attracted many more, and at the war's conclusion, they also remained. The result was a huge population increase on the West Coast in post-war America. These Americans had made good money during the war and had no place to spend it. When peace came they bought, and they also spent heavily entertaining themselves. Baseball was there for them.

In the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Area, things were active on the baseball front. New money was injected into both local teams. Clarence "Brick" Laws and Joe Blumenfeld, two wealthy theatre-chain operators, purchased the Oakland Oaks, while San Francisco's aging owner, Charles Graham, sold a partial team ownership to wealthy financier, Paul I. Fagan.

Back in Oakland, with Laws orchestrating the changes, the Oaks Ball Park was completely renovated and expanded. Over the previous 15 years, the ballpark had been allowed to deteriorate. New lights were installed. The clubhouse was renovated, new bleachers were installed and a new coat of paint appeared throughout. But of even greater significance was the hiring of Charles Dillon "Casey" Stengel to manage the Oaks in 1946. Stengel had only mediocre success in his previous managerial stints, but he came with high recommendations. Laws opened up the checkbook to him to acquire new players, and Stengel countered by pledging a championship to Oakland in three years.

Paul Fagan found the San Francisco situation in similar

stages of disrepair. Beautiful Seals Stadium had become dingy and unappealing, so Fagan set out to make it the most attractive ballpark in America. The park was painted, and the unsightly but profitable advertising signs were removed from the outfield fences. Flower boxes appeared in the front office windows, and a carriage entrance was constructed for Pagan's socially prominent friends. Attractively dressed usherettes were conspicuous by their presence, and a band played between innings. Indeed, Seals Stadium became the most beautiful ballpark in America.

On the field, Frank "Lefty" O'Doul had managed the team for a decade, but the past few seasons had been difficult. His talented players had all been in the service. But the prospects for 1946 looked good. Fagan owned a huge ranch on the island of Maui in the Hawaiian Islands, and he told Graham he would underwrite the costs of holding spring training in Hawaii. It would be a great local attraction, and the Seals could play the military teams that were still on the Islands.

His gamble was a total success, as a profit was actually made, and the team returned to San Francisco in excellent condition and relaxed. The only problem of the whole trip was getting the team back. With returning soldiers having priority for the limited travel accommodations, Seals players returned to the mainland in threes and fours.

Enthusiasm for the 1946 season was enormous. The Seals were at full strength and Seals Stadium sparkled like a diamond. O'Doul had an impressive squad, competently manned at every position. His stars included a stocky first baseman, Ferris Fain, a mercurial center fielder, Bemie "Frenchy" Uhalt, an underweight, light-hitting shortstop, Roy Nicely, and a balanced and marvelously talented pitching staff. Casey's job in Oakland wasn't that simple. The 1945 Oaks left little to work with. When the dust from spring training had settled, only four players from the previous season remained. But two of them were Les Scarsella, a two-time Most Valuable Player in the league, and Billy Raimondi, the perennial All-Star catcher.

Using his contacts throughout baseball, Stengel acquired veterans wherever he could. The Oakland clubhouse had a revolving door in 1946. But the team quickly became competitive. Throughout the season, the Seals and Oaks battled each other head-to-head for the league lead. As the two teams pulled away from the rest of the field, enthusiasm grew for the battle of the locals. The side-show of Casey and Lefty brought fans to the park in droves. As an experiment, the traditional Sunday doubleheader was split, with a morning game played on one side of the bay and an afternoon game played on the other. This was an immediate success.

O'Doul's pitching staff was anchored by Larry Jansen, who had been inactive during the war. Jansen developed a slider and won 30 games, losing only 6, and established an all-time PCL ERA standard of 1.57. Pitching behind Jansen was a balanced crew of lefties Cliff Melton, Al Lien, and Bill Werle and right handers Frank Seward, Ray Harrell, and Frank Rosso. With the exception of Lien,

who won eight each pitcher won at least 11, and Seward's ERA of 3.12 was the highest.

Fain was the offensive leader of a balanced attack, leading the league in runs scored and runs batted in, and the team in home runs with 11. While no offensive statistics were spectacular, the Seals knew how to hit when it counted.

But the team won with its defense. Fain was a master at first, and the double-play combination of Hugh Luby and Nicely was dependable and flawless. Roy Nicely was a poor hitter, but nobody denied he was a major league shortstop. He made the difficult plays look routine. To this day, old timers rave about his skills. And in the outfield, veteran Frenchy Uhalt provided the experience to cover for the young crop of outfielders, Don White, Dino Restelli, Neill Sheridan and Sal Taormina. Observers have called this one of the league's finest teams.

While the Seals and Oaks fought each other doggedly all season long, a spurt by the Seals at the end opened up a four-game lead. The Seals attracted 670,563 fans to establish a minor league attendance record that lasted almost four decades, and the Oaks, in their little bandbox, attracted 633,549. These attendance figures had to be attractive to the major leagues, as they topped the attendance of several of their major league brethren.

After the season concluded, Jansen was sold to the New York Giants and Fain and Wally Westlake of the Oaks were drafted, by Philadelphia [AL] and Pittsburgh respectively. At contract time, each received an initial contract for appreciably less than they had made on the Coast in 1946. This was a problem Coast Leaguers regularly faced as they moved up to the major leagues.

In 1947, a heated race developed between the Los Angeles Angels and the Seals, with the teams ending the season in a flat-footed tie. The Angels won a single-game playoff to defeat San Francisco for the league championship. The Oaks, facing a bout of injuries to key players, slipped to fourth. While the Seals were virtually the same team as in 1946, Stengel had continued his tinkering to improve his squad. They would be stronger in 1948.

At the end of spring training, the consensus of sportswriters was that the Seals were the favorite for the pennant. Young Bob Chesnes, a phenomenal athlete, had been sold to the Pittsburgh Pirates after going 22-8 for the Seals in 1947. Along with cash, the Seals received catcher Dixie Howell, pitcher Ken Gables and outfielder Gene Woodling. Woodling had been discarded by both Cleveland and Pittsburgh, but O'Doul felt Gene could still hit. Working long hours with him, O'Doul got Woodling to go into a Musial-type crouch. This allowed Woodling to pull the ball, something lacking in his earlier trials, and he started spraying the ball to all fields.

Although Woodling broke an ankle, causing him to miss six weeks of the season, he batted .385 with 107 RBI, a league-leading 13 triples and 22 home runs, plus the Most Valuable Player trophy. Woodling was so hot, he even pinch-hit with a cast on his ankle, legging out a single! But the surprise team in 1948 was Casey Stengel's Oakland Oaks.

Stengel's three-year pledge was due, and he didn't disappoint. The race developed into a two-team race, the Oaks and the Seals, as the Angels dropped off the pace in mid-season. The joke about Casey's Oaks was that there was one team leaving, another playing today, and a third team coming in. Not true, but Stengel kept making changes until he got what he wanted. Casey liked the veterans, especially if they were left-handed. With the right field wall being an inviting 300 feet away, he had his reasons. With Nick Etten at first, George Metkovich, Les Scarsella and Brooks Holder in the outfield, Merrill Combs at short and power hitting pitcher Will Hafey all portside, the Oaks had a hometown advantage.

In 1946, Lefty O'Doul had learned to juggle his pitching staff so that Cliff Melton, Al Lien, and Bill Werle got the assignments at Oakland, giving 30-game-winner Larry Jansen and the other right handers a week off. In 1948, Lien, Werle, Melton and newcomers Tommy Fine and Dewey Soriano got the duty, but some veteran right handers could also do Casey's calling. All-star catcher Bill Raimondi and future Hall of Famer Ernie Lombardi handled the catching, while brash Billy Martin and veterans Cookie Lavagetto and Dario Lodigiani got most of the calls at second and third. Casey Stengel's New York Yankees were known for their platooning. It was at Oakland that Stengel polished his technique. As a sample of Stengel's willingness to platoon, 13 pitchers recorded victories, 25 by Ralph Buxton and Floyd Speer, the designated relievers. No pitcher on the 1948 Oaks threw 200 innings. Whether it was Stengel's uncanny sense of timing or pitching coach Johnny Babich's knowledge of his pitching staff, the Oaks had the most effective staff in the league.

When the Oaks beat Sacramento in the first game of the final Sunday double-header to cinch the championship, the city of Oakland exploded with joy. For too many years, they had taken a back-seat to their more sophisticated West Bay rivals. The parade down Broadway in Oakland was huge, and Casey was the unchallenged star.

But the glory days in the Bay Area were ending. Stengel left for New York and many of his old stars were released. In San Francisco, beloved owner Charles Graham died late in the season, bringing gloom over the whole franchise.

And the winds of change were being felt. Baseball no longer had a captive audience. People were watching the upstart San Francisco 49ers, and the major leagues were starting to use that new device, television, to extend their influence over the minor leagues. By 1954 the Seals were bankrupt, and a year later the Oaks moved to Canada. Three years later, baseball would be back—the New York Giants would be in Seals Stadium. But for purist fans, the post-War era would have to live in their memories . . . Billy Raimondi, Gene Woodling, Casey and Lefty were all gone . . . but they could never be forgotten.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

The Forbes Field Catch *Giant Red Murray Made A Grab With A Flash*

by Dan Bonk and Jay Gauthreaux

While Forbes Field had its share of legendary home runs—Mazeroski's 1960 Game 7 World Series clout and Babe Ruth's final three—the old park was the scene of some memorable defensive moments as well: unassisted triple plays by Pirate shortstop Glenn Wright on May 7, 1925, and Cub shortstop Jimmy Cooney on May 30, 1927; and the bare-handed catch made by New York Giant right fielder Red Murray on August 16, 1909.

Murray's grab is the least remembered today, because it happened nearly 90 years ago and none of its principals are alive to retell it. But the story was a familiar favorite more than 40 years after it took place. The Gene Mack-style renderings of Forbes Field from the 1950s usually depict an "x" marking the spot where Murray made his dramatic grab, and no less than Honus Wagner frequently cited it as the greatest catch he ever saw.

In August of 1909, the Pirates were playing better than .700 ball and had healthy leads over the second-place Cubs (defending world champions) and the third-place New York Giants. On August 16, John McGraw's Giants visited Forbes Field and staked their ace, Christy Mathewson, to a 2-0 second-inning lead. But Buc hurler Vie Willis, Hall of Fame class of 1995, was equal to the task and kept the Pirates close.

In the bottom of the eighth inning, the Giants were clinging to a 2-1 lead. A strong wind began to swirl around the field. The crowd of roughly 11,000 could see a threatening sky approaching from the direction of Schenley Park, beyond the outfield wall. Willy veteran Mathewson stalled, hoping that the oncoming storm would douse the game with his team in the lead. Legendary umpire Bill Klem ordered the bottom of the eighth to begin, prompting Pirate manager Fred Clarke to bat his pinch-hitting specialist Ham Hyatt for Willis. Mathewson delivered the first ball as a crash of thunder bellowed and a zigzag flash of lightning lit the darkening grandstands. Hyatt met the ball and swatted a ringing triple to right field. The fireworks in the sky and on the field were followed by a brief lull during which Ed Abbaticchio was sent in to pinch run for Hyatt. Mathewson did his best to kill time but while the rain patiently held back, Abbaticchio came around to score on a Jap Barbeau sacrifice fly.

With the score tied, the storm's approach was heralded by multiple thunderous booms. The next batter, Tommy Leach, belted a double to right. Hall of Famers to-be Fred Clarke and Honus Wagner were coming up. The winds kicked up so much dust that the players were barely discernible from the stands. Large rain

drops began to fall. Mathewson induced Clarke to pop out weakly to short, and with first base open, Wagner was intentionally walked. With two outs, two on, and the sky near bursting, Dots Miller strode to the plate. In the darkness, Mathewson's pitches were difficult to see, but Miller met one squarely and drove it into deep right center. Center fielder Cy Seymour and right fielder Red Murray sprinted in all-out pursuit.

From the stands the ball looked to be heading for the wall, a home run or at least a two-run triple. Seymour pulled up, apparently losing sight of the ball. Murray continued into the gap at full speed, stretched his bare right hand as far as he could, and snared the sailing liner just as another lightning bolt cracked behind him, framing his body in light. Years later, Mathewson recalled, the accompanying crash of thunder "fairly jarred the earth." The inning and the rally were over in dramatic fashion. The deluge arrived. Soon the game was called, ending as a 2-2 tie.

Accounts of the game the following day profiled Murray's grab with descriptions such as marvelous, wonderful, and magnificent. The *Pittsburgh Leader* proclaimed in a headline, "Murray's Catch Greatest Ever Made on Ball Field," explaining that the play as well as the scene, "will never be duplicated."

More than a few eyebrows rose in disbelief when Honus Wagner told the story of Red Murray's lightning-lit catch to those who would listen. Sportswriter Sid Mercer, a founder of the Baseball Writers Association of America, nevertheless gave it credence. Mercer recalled that in later years the New York Giants re-enacted the miraculous barehanded catch on Pullman cars. With the large lamps of the train car dimmed, Murray would pose as though he were snagging the Miller line drive, while somebody struck a match behind him, silhouetting his form just the way the lightning had in Forbes Field.



NEW YORK					PITTSBURGH				
	AB	H	PO	A		AB	H	PO	A
Larry Doyle, 2b	4	2	1	1	Wm. Barbeau, 3b	3	1	1	0
Cy Seymour, cf	3	0	2	0	Tommy Leach, cf	4	1	1	0
Moose McCormick, lf	4	1	3	0	Fred Clarke, lf	4	0	3	0
Red Murray, rf	4	0	2	1	Honus Wagner, ss	3	1	5	0
Art Devlin, 3b	3	0	0	1	Dots Miller, 2b	4	1	2	4
Al Bridwell, ss	2	2	2	1	Bill Abstein, 1b	2	0	8	2
Fred Merkle, 1b	2	1	13	0	Owen Wilson, cf	3	0	1	0
Chief Meyers, c	2	0	1	1	George Gibson, c	3	2	2	4
Christy Mathewson, p	3	0	0	6	Vic Willis, p	2	0	1	4
	-	-	-	-	A- Ham Hyatt	1	1	0	0
	-	-	-	-	B - Ed Abbatichchio	0	0	0	0
	27	6	24	11		29	7	24	14

A—Tripled for Willis in 8th

B—Ran for Hyatt in 9th

NEW YORK 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 - 2
 BASE HITS 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 - 6

PITTSBURGH 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 - 2
 BASE HITS 0 1 2 1 1 0 0 2 - 7

R: Gibson, Abbatichchio, Murray, Devlin. E: Barbeau, Clark, Abstein. 2B: Leach. 3B: Gibson, Hyatt. SAC HIT: Bridwell, Merkle, Seymour. SAC FLY: Barbeau. DP: Murray and Merkle. LOB: Pittsburgh 6, New York, 5. First base on errors—New York, 3.

NEW YORK IP H R BB K
 Mathewson 8 7 2 2 1

PITTSBURGH IP H R BB K
 Willis 8 6 2 1 1

Umpires—Messrs. Klem and Kane.

Attendance: 10,811 Time: 1:30

Game called in eight, rain.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

A Long Week of Homers

The Stunning Dale Long Achievement Detailed — *Homer by Homer*

by Francis Kinlaw

Dale Long, who appeared in over 1,000 major league games and tagged 132 big league home runs, is one of a select number of former Pittsburgh Pirates whose name elicits immediate recognition from those familiar with baseball's rich heritage. When he slammed home runs in eight consecutive games in May of 1956, the first baseman secured a special place in baseball history by establishing a remarkable record while facing intense pressure and unfavorable circumstances.

Until 1955, Long's career had been marked by a trail of frustrating and sometimes embarrassing experiences. After entering professional baseball in 1944, the fellow who came to be known to his Pittsburgh teammates as "The Big Guy" bounced all over the baseball horizon, playing for 15 teams in 11 leagues.

During that 11-year period, he was the property of six different major league organizations. But while the left-handed slugger had moved around the minors enough to be termed a "journeyman," he had by no means been mediocre. He had been the home run champion of two minor leagues, as well as the Most Valuable Player in the Pacific Coast League after his 35 homers and 135 RBI helped bring the Hollywood Stars a pennant in 1953. When Long finally landed in Pittsburgh in 1955, he immediately became an offensive star with 16 homers, 79 RBI, and a .291 batting average.

He might have reached the fences more often had he not played so many of his 131 games in expansive Forbes Field. But the existence of that park's deep power alleys did enable him to rip 13 triples—enough to tie Willie Mays for the National League lead in that category. (Those three-baggers did not result from Long's speed or daring base running: the 6'4", 215-pounder did not steal a single base during the 1955 season!) Despite his contributions, however, the Pirates were mired in an era of futility, finishing in last place for the fourth consecutive year and deep in the National League's second division for the ninth time in 10 seasons since the end of World War II.

Both the career of the 30-year-old Long and the fortunes of the Pirates seemed to gain new life in the first month of the 1956 season, with Long's name often appearing in headlines above accounts of Pittsburgh victories. Exhibiting "high school enthusiasm," the young Pittsburgh club carried a respectable 12-12 record into a game with the Cubs on Saturday, May 19. Long, who was hitting .388 with six home runs and 18 RBI, had not

been the only productive Pittsburgh player. Shortstop Dick Groat, outfielders Frank Thomas and Gene Freese, and catcher Hank Foiles were also enjoying early success. Pitchers Bob Friend, Vernon Law, and Ron Kline were impressive as they assumed most of the mound duties.

On May 19, the most exciting week of the Pirate season—and of Dale Long's career—began in Forbes Field. Pittsburgh held a 5-3 lead in the bottom of the eighth inning when Long, who had already registered two RBI with a double, homered off left hander Jim Davis with one man on. After a mild Chicago rally was subdued in the ninth, the Bucs celebrated their 7-4 victory and advancement into fifth place, only three games behind the league-leading Milwaukee Braves.

The Pirates had an excellent opportunity to gain ground on the Braves the next day in a doubleheader with Milwaukee at Forbes Field. Brave right hander Ray Crone carried a 1-0 lead into the bottom of the fifth inning of the opener. But Long uncorked a three-run blast into the upper deck in right field to key a six-run uprising that carried the Pirates to victory. The crowd of 32,346—the largest gathering in Forbes Field in five years—was to derive additional joy from the nightcap of the twin bill.

With Roberto Clemente on base in the bottom of the first inning, Long jumped on an offering from high-kicking southpaw Warren Spahn and promptly put the Pirates ahead by two runs. Long also singled across a pair of runs in the seventh inning, but Ron Kline hardly needed the insurance as he checked the Braves until a 5-0 Pittsburgh win was in the books.

Following a day off, Long launched his 10th home run of the season—and the fourth of his streak—against the St. Louis Cardinals on Tuesday night, May 22. With the Pirates trailing 3-1 and no one on base in the bottom of the sixth inning, Long connected with a delivery from right hander Herm Wehmeier so solidly that the ball ricocheted off a girder in the second tier of Forbes Field's right-field stands. Stan Musial, a veteran of 14 National League seasons, commented that he had never seen a ball hit so far in Pittsburgh. For the Bucs, however, the home run was the highlight of the evening, as the Cardinals handed the local team its lone defeat of this incredible week.

Long performed another Mickey Mantle imitation the next night, depositing a seventh-inning pitch by Card Lindy McDaniel over the 436-foot marker in right-center field. The tape-measure shot was reportedly the first batted ball to clear that distant spot in Forbes Field's 47 years. The home run produced the final run in a 6-0 Pirate victory, but it possessed a drama of its own. Not only was the wallop compared to the 714th of Babe Ruth's career—which flew over the right-field roof in 1935—but Long tagged this one in his fourth (and last) at-bat of the evening.

This smash, despite its relative insignificance in the context of the game, brought loud cheers from the crowd of 19,917. For the second consecutive evening, attendance in Forbes Field was greater than it had been for any night game in four years, since June 6, 1952. Attention was focusing on the streak. Long later

admitted that he was affected by the changing environment, saying that he had been “feeling loose” until he extended his home-run streak to five games with the homer off McDaniel.

Two days later, Long went deep against left hander Curt Simmons in Philadelphia. The Pirates trailed the Phillies 3-2 in the fifth inning, and had Lee Walls aboard after drawing a base on balls, when Long rifled the blow that propelled Pittsburgh to an 8-5 triumph.

By homering in six straight contests, Long equaled a major league mark which had been reached by five men (Ken Williams in 1922, Long George Kelly in 1924, Lou Gehrig in 1931, Walker Cooper in 1947 and Willie Mays in 1955). But celebrity status came with a price. Long, a former semipro football star who had wandered for years through the baseball desert, would recall afterward that the hustle and bustle around him became a distraction after he had tied the existing record. Subtle pressure was applied, for example, when photographers asked Long to pose during the following day’s batting practice with seven of his 35-inch, 34-ounce bats “just in case he hit a homer in a seventh consecutive game.”

And he tried to do exactly that by aiming for the fences of Connie Mack Stadium with every swing of the bat on Saturday afternoon, May 26. The suspense was almost lifted in the first inning when Long faced right hander Stu Miller and belted a drive that struck a spot less than one foot below the top of the 32-foot right-field wall. He was forced to settle for a double. He then hit a high fly to center field in the third inning, and lined sharply to right in the fifth.

Long had one more opportunity to keep his streak alive. With the bases empty and the Pirates holding a 4-2 lead in the eighth inning, he came to the plate to face right hander Ben Flowers. The count progressed to two balls and two strikes, the latter resulting when Long took two big swings but missed. (“He looked terrible!” said Pittsburgh manager Bobby Bragan.) Then, suddenly, came the record-breaker, as Long timed a knuckleball perfectly and knocked it over the light tower in right field and onto the porch of a neighboring house. Long’s excited teammates bolted from their first-base dugout as soon as the ball was hit, mobbed him as he crossed home plate, and carried him to the dugout to the sound of applause from the sparse gathering of 4,614 Philadelphia fans. Frank Thomas, the next batter, then capped the celebration and ended the day’s scoring by racking a home run into the upper deck behind left field.

Rain caused postponement of a scheduled Sunday doubleheader against the Phillies, but the Sabbath brought no rest for baseball’s latest sensation. Deals were negotiated with companies on both sides of the health spectrum: Long endorsed not only a bakery and a dairy, but also a brewery and Viceroy cigarettes. A “Dale Long T-shirt” was rushed onto the market and an appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show* was arranged. And, with much fanfare, Pirates General Manager Joe L. Brown increased Long’s salary from \$13,500 to \$15,700. All of these developments

were unprecedented for a man who had struggled, as broadcaster Bob Prince once noted, “to get his name in a box score.”

When the Pirates returned to Forbes Field on the evening of May 28 to begin a series with the Brooklyn Dodgers, they were greeted by an enthusiastic throng of 32,221. Long was challenged by Carl Erskine, a pitcher with a splendid overhand curve ball, and the veteran hurler ruled in the initial confrontation by enticing Long—who was again batting third—to ground out.

But after the Dodgers had taken a 2-1 lead, Long led off the bottom of the fourth inning by stroking one of Erskine’s notorious low curves into the lower right-field stands, just above the 375 marker. Bob Prince called the scene his “most significant moment in broadcasting.” The cheers from the crowd had begun when Long stepped into the batter’s box to hit, and ended several minutes later when he reluctantly popped out of the dugout to doff his cap and wave. (While commonplace today, such a response was extraordinary at the time; Branch Rickey said that Long’s curtain call was the first one he had ever observed on a baseball field.) The game itself came to a halt as home plate umpire Lee Ballanfant called for a pause until the volume of noise lessened.

Though Long fanned in his last two plate appearances of the evening, the Pirates pushed one more run across for a 3-2 win. The local favorites had closed to within a single game of first place and continued to amaze nearly every so-called expert.

But the exhausting week was taking its toll on the team’s offensive leader. Though he needed rest to prepare for another game with the Dodgers the next afternoon (May 29), Long was unable to sleep until 2:30 a.m.. Less than two hours later he was awakened by a telephone solicitation to appear on *The Today Show* that very morning. At 7:00 a.m. he lumbered out of bed and headed to a Pittsburgh studio for the television interview. Then he ate breakfast and drove to Forbes Field to face hard-throwing Don Newcombe, who would win 27 games during the season and receive both the National League Most Valuable Player Award and the major leagues’ first Cy Young Award.

As Long kept his appointment with Newcombe, Senator James H. Duff of Pennsylvania was calling the attention of Congress to the eight-game streak. Unfortunately, at the ballpark, the Pirates and their star were experiencing an afternoon which did not match the sunny sky overhead. As the Dodgers rolled to a 10-1 victory, Long struck out on five pitches in the opening frame, flew to deep center in the third, and popped out in the sixth and eighth innings.

He did quicken the hearts of the 11,935 paying customers with his third-inning smash—Duke Snider was forced to make a running catch just in front of the ivy-covered outfield wall. But Forbes Field’s unforgiving dimensions and an undeniable fatigue factor combined to bring the streak to an end. Long would contend that newspaper reporters were mistaken when they wrote after the game that Newcombe had overpowered him. Long said that he was simply too tired to get his bat around on a fireballer of Newk’s quality.

In the eight games in which he had homered. Long had produced 19 runs and hit at a .500 clip (15 for 30). But just two weeks after the binge, Long fouled consecutive pitches off the same ankle, and his success hit the skids. The publicity of his streak had been so great that he received more votes for a position on the National League All-Star team than any other player. But he was in the midst of a deep slump when the game took place. After hitting 14 homers in the Pirates' first 33 games, Long tagged only 13 more over the remainder of the season.

The Pirates' fortunes followed suit. In second place with a proud 19-13 record on the last day of Long's streak, the club fell off the ledge and landed in seventh place with a 66-88 tally, a full 27 games short of the pennant.

Why was Long's streak so fascinating to baseball fans in 1956, and why is it still remembered fondly 39 years later? First and foremost, the pressure Long encountered and mastered

demands appreciation. Second, the big first sacker was an appealing character because he was not a major star of whom great achievement was expected. Third, though the Pirates were planting the first seeds of their 1960 world championship, Long's team was so identified with failure that a popular movie of the period, *Angels in the Outfield*, had exploited the club's futility. And finally, the streak is noteworthy because Long victimized three of baseball's best pitchers (Spahn, Simmons and Erskine) during the memorable week.

By the time Don Mattingly and Ken Griffey Jr. matched Long's feat, both those well-known players had tasted success and had appeared on the covers of numerous magazines. The relatively obscure Long, in contrast, had sparked the imagination of fans and gained much of his fame in only a few days. When Dale Long died of cancer in January of 1991, a large measure of that fame endured, and it will as long as baseball's great stories are told.



Boston mayor John "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, grandfather of JFK, standing. With him are Larry Gardner, Joe Wood, Jake Stahl, mascot Jerry McCarthy, and Forrest Cady.

Cal McVey Goes West

by Darryl Brock

Described as a “most genial boniface” when he opened a San Francisco saloon in 1885, Calvin Alexander McVey (“Mac” to his friends) got a kick out of patrons who marveled at his hands: big ham fists with discolored lumps and knobs, odd-angled joints, and mangled fingers. A formidable, wide-bodied individual (5’9”, 195 pounds in his playing prime), McVey doubtless served as his establishment’s bouncer; he had a talent for bare-knuckles pugilism, and back in his Boston days was given to sparring with heavyweight champ John L. Sullivan. But it was the newly ascendant “National Game,” not boxing, that had battered his hands. For 25 years, many of them as a catcher, McVey snared rocketing balls (“finger-breakers” in the parlance of the time) barehanded.

During those pre-glove decades, digital disfigurements were the proud emblems of a “ballist,” who was expected to play through all but truly disabling injuries. Even a considerate manager might say, as Harry Wright once did, on spotting McVey’s black and blue swollen masses, “Well, Mac, the hands look kind of bad. You can rest up today. Go out and play first base.”

The game shaped Cal McVey’s life as profoundly as it did his hands. Born in 1850, he learned “base ball” (it remained two words for a quarter century) as it spread over the nation in the wake of the Civil War. A husky boy still in his mid-teens, he faced Washington’s top-ranked Nationals when they toured his hometown Indianapolis in 1867. He lashed a hit his first time at bat, but afterward “burst” his hand, according to a reporter, trying to spear a liner, and had to leave the contest, his pain soothed only by glory.

Mac’s play for the Indianapolis Westerns the next season brought him to the attention of Wright, then recruiting the first openly all-paid squad. Mac signed on as the Cincinnati Red Stockings’ rookie right fielder—at 18, easily the youngest of those pioneer pros. In 1869, taking on all comers and winning 60 times without a loss, the team rode the new transcontinental railroad over hills and plains, bound for the “Pacific Slope,” where Mac first encountered the charms of California.

Dubbed the “Invincible Nine,” their exploits flashed across the country by telegraph, the Red Stockings were eagerly awaited in San Francisco. Poster-sized chromolithographs of the players sold briskly, and advertisers were busy dreaming up new angles. One merchant announced the sale of “Red Stockings and all kinds of underwear, shirts, ties, etc.,” while an ad for a marine aquarium began, “Those lionized Red Stockings are going out to see Captain

Foster’s educated sea lions!” More than 2,000 people mobbed the Broadway wharf the night they arrived by river steamer from Sacramento—a foreshadowing of what would come.

During their 11 days in the city the players enjoyed little privacy. Their rooms at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, located at Bush and Sansome, were often under virtual siege, and reporters shadowed them on their sightseeing tours through Chinatown’s alleys and across the expanse of dunes out to Cliff House near the Golden Gate. Rubberneckers thronged the music halls where they attended burlesque and minstrel shows, and gawked when they visited the bustling Mechanics’ Fair to view such Gilded Age marvels as Pullman’s opulent new Silver Palace Car and the golden spike recently pounded by Leland Stanford at Promontory Point.

The series of matches against top local clubs took place on the Recreation Grounds, at 25th and Folsom, the West Coast’s only fenced-in ballpark. Opened two years before by Australian immigrants August and William Hatton, the facility also hosted circuses and velocipede races, as well as cricket, ball and track (“pedestrian”) events—anything that would draw a paying crowd. On the Red Stockings’ game afternoons, streets around the ballpark were chaotic. Drivers maneuvered buggies, wagons, and delivery carts close to the fences, then climbed atop them, blocking traffic as they stubbornly refused to budge from their vantage points. Crowds tunneling into the ballpark’s narrow entrance gate were swelled by passengers from the Omnibus Railway Company’s horse-drawn shuttles arriving from downtown—round trip and ticket a bargain at 50 cents, coaches departing from Montgomery Street’s Metropolitan Hotel every five minutes.

Inside the grounds, over the wooden clubhouse, the rivals’ standards fluttered beneath Old Glory with her 37 stars. Next to the clubhouse stood the Ladies’ Pavilion, a covered grandstand for the fair sex and escorts, where satin-bedecked women fluttered colored team ribbons and twirled parasols. The outfield was ringed by carriages that had entered through a special gate on 26th Street. On the “bleaching boards” and in roped-off “bull pens” outside the baselines, men roared and tossed their derbies high; in these civilized times they were less prone than earlier in the city’s lurid history to distract fielders by shooting off guns.

Games were advertised to begin at two o’clock, but often started up to an hour late due to the jammed streets. Given their high scores and a 15-minute “intermission” after the seventh inning (regarded by an accompanying Cincinnati sportswriter as a “dodge” to sell liquor), most of the games required more than two hours to complete. Betting was furious—not on whether the locals would win (conceded an impossibility), but on whether they’d manage one-half (or less optimistically, one-third) the Red Stockings’ run totals.

The famed eastern visitors, playing 91 years before the advent of Candlestick Park, found the weather a greater challenge than anything posed by their outclassed opponents. The afternoon wind, “a fearful gale” in the words of the Cincinnati writer, swept over the city’s dunes, lifting clouds of sand “at times so violent

that the striker was almost blinded." Even on mild days, "a stiff breeze constantly blowing put a drawback to heavy batting."

Heavy batting was a relative concept, however. The Red Stockings racked up 50 hits per contest and swept the six games by the average score of 56 to 6. Mac shone among the team leaders. His 50 at-bats produced 34 hits (a nifty batting average of .680), including 22 doubles, a triple, and two home runs (slugging percentage 1.280). Scoring 42 runs and stealing safely six times, he was put out on the bases only twice. In the field he caught everything that came his way except one windblown fly that carried beyond his straining fingers—not the last time a visiting outfielder would be so bedeviled.

The Red Stockings took the measure of the city and its ball clubs all too quickly. Travel-weary and increasingly bored, most were ready to depart well before the games were finished—although they did marvel at the size and profusion of local vegetables, fruits, and flowers. Few of the players would return; none would opt to resettle in the Golden State.

None, that is, except Mac.

Baseball next took him to the opposite coast. In 1871 he accompanied Harry Wright to Boston, and for the next five seasons played in the National Association, averaging .362 and helping power the Red Stockings to a string of pennants. Mac had joined an elite handful of America's top-paid players. In 1876 he accepted \$3,000—an astonishing sum during a depression-mired decade—to play for Chicago's powerful entry in the newly formed National League. Mac and his mates promptly captured the first-ever NL flag. For three more seasons he starred, boasting later of slamming balls out of every National League park. By then he had married and begun a family. In an era when athletes' careers were generally shorter and far less lucrative than today's, Mac, after a decade of professional play, remained securely at the top.

Then, at age 29, he left it all behind.

It happened at the close of the '79 season, when he brought a touring club to the Bay Area. On the way, according to one source, he "won \$4,200 on a \$700 flyer in mining stocks and immediately

quit the baseball game for that of mining broker." Another account had him opting for the area's mild year-round weather, sandstorms notwithstanding. "Stricken with the climatic affliction," a local newspaper observed, "and ignoring all offers from the East [Cal McVey has] determined to make San Francisco his home."

Whatever the attraction, Mac sent for his family. Joining Oakland's Bay City Club, he was soon playing on diamonds in San Francisco, Alameda, San Jose, and Sacramento. In an important late-season 1880 contest he demonstrated that his skills had not slipped. Playing the alien position of second base, he went errorless while notching five putouts and ten assists, participated in a double play, and at the plate rapped two hits and scored twice. "The palm for superior playing," wrote an admiring San Francisco Chronicle sportswriter, "must be accorded to McVey."

Mac's share of gate receipts from such Sunday heroics rarely exceeded \$100, however—a far cry from big-league money. Moving around, he mixed baseball with a number of enterprises: saloon keeper, stock agent, mining supervisor, cigar store proprietor. As superintendent of a Hanford irrigation company, he formed a team "for my own diversion," he said, proudly adding, "From 1882 to 1885 we beat all the clubs in the surrounding country." Returning to San Francisco, he played briefly for the powerful Pioneers, averaging .308 late in 1885, at the age of 35. The next year he ventured to San Diego, where he organized a new ball club, the Hamiltons, and anchored them for three seasons. Finally, in 1891, after assisting the San Jose Dukes to the California League pennant, Mac hung up his spikes at age 41.

Devastated in later years by the loss of his beloved wife, Abbie, to injuries sustained in the Great Quake of '06, Mac lived on until 1926. He passed away at age 75 in San Francisco, his residence not many blocks from the site of the old ball grounds where he had first come to play nearly 57 years before. I withdrew from baseball, he once said, "but my heart has always been with the boys on the diamond." The same diamond, he might have added, that had swept him from one era into another and carried him across a continent.



Oakland and Sacramento in touring cars, circa 1905

George Van Haltren

by Frederick Ivor-Campbell

In his major league debut in Chicago with the White Stockings on June 27, 1887, Californian George Edward Martin Van Haltren struck out the first batter to face him, then went on to tie a National League record by walking 16 men in a 17–11 loss to Boston. (No National League pitcher has since walked more than 14 batters in a game.) But Van Haltren settled down after his shaky inaugural to win 11 of his 17 remaining starts that season, yielding on average fewer than three walks per game.

One of the most popular and highly regarded ballplayers to come of the West in the 19th century, Van Haltren was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on March 30, 1866, but he grew up and learned baseball in Oakland, California. He began his professional career in 1886 with Oakland's Greenhood and Morans, a club organized by tailors and clothing store owners Jacob Greenhood and James T. Moran. In May 1886, a few games into the summer season, the G&M's finished third in the four-team league. He batted only .237, but that was good enough to his team and rank third in the league.

That winter Van Haltren signed with Pittsburgh for \$1,400, but he was soon traded to Chicago for the brilliant but troublesome pitcher Jim McCormick. Van Haltren, offered a raise in pay to remain in Oakland, tried to back out of his big league contract, but Chicago president A.G. Spalding held on to his new pitcher by threatening to blacklist him and prevent other major leaguers from playing off-season in California. Before Van Haltren could report to Chicago, however, his mother became ill, and Rip (as he was called) obtained the club's OK to arrive late. He began the season in Oakland, but a month after his mother died, he reported to Chicago and embarked on a 17-year major league career.

The California League season extended into November, and Van Haltren would return after the National League season ended to finish out the year in California. But his fame lay in the East—as a hitter and baserunner.

Rip pitched in 20 big league games in 1887, 30 the next year, and 28 in 1890. But almost from the start of his major league career he was used primarily in the outfield. From 1891 on, he pitched only 15 more games, all but one of them in relief. He did well enough in the box—compiling a 40–31 big league record, with a six-inning no-hitter in 1888—but his potency at the bat and skill on the bases were too great for him not to be used every day. In the 13 years from 1889 through 1901 his batting average fell below .300 only once. In 11 of those seasons he scored more than 100 runs, and twice drove in more than 100. He stole over

30 bases 11 years in a row, with a high of 75 in 1891.

Chicago sold its difficult ace John Clarkson to Boston after the 1887 season, despite his 38 victories that year. Van Haltren was expected to take up much of the slack, and his pay was raised to \$2,500. But despite four shutouts, including the short-game no-hitter, Rip pitched only .500 ball (13-13) in 1888. In 1889 he was not used as a pitcher at all, and responded with his first .300 season at the bat, 126 runs scored, 81 driven in, and a career-high nine home runs.

Van Haltren, along with most of the National League's best players, jumped to the outlaw Players League for the 1890 season, signing with the Brooklyn club managed by John Montgomery Ward, the driving force behind the new league. Because Brooklyn had to scramble to assemble a team after some of its expected players from the Indianapolis club jumped back to the National League, nothing much was expected from the team. But "Ward's Wonders" surprised everyone with a second-place finish behind Boston. Once again alternating between the outfield and the pitcher's box, Van Haltren won 15 games against 10 losses as the club's third best pitcher. More significantly, his .335 batting was also the team's third best, and in slugging he ranked second only to the powerful Dave Orr.

When the Players League folded after one season, Brooklyn's National League club hoped to sign Van Haltren, but the offer of \$3,500 salary, \$1,000 of it in advance, lured him in 1891 to Baltimore in the American Association. Offensively, Rip's 1891 season was among his finest. His 251 total bases ranked second in the Association, both his 180 hits and 136 runs scored (in 139 games) tied for second, his 75 stolen bases ranked third, and his .318 batting average ranked fifth. He also duplicated his 1889 career-high nine home runs. When Orioles manager Bill Barnie quit just before the end of the season, Van Haltren filled his place for the final games and was named to manage the club in 1892.

In the American Association merger with the National League after the 1891 season, Baltimore was one of four AA clubs to survive. Van Haltren proved a disaster as manager and was relieved of his duties after a 1-10 start. Baltimore finished deep in the cellar of the 12-team league in the first half of its split season, but—now managed by Ned Hanlon—played around .500 in the middle of the pack for six weeks of the second half before fading to tenth place. Rip was not there for the finish, though. He was unhappy playing under Hanlon, and in September the new manager began the famous series of trades that built the Oriole powerhouse of the mid-1890s, sending Van Haltren to Pittsburgh for left fielder Joe Kelley and \$2,000. Rip was hitting over .300 (though at Pittsburgh he slipped to .293 for the season), and the young Kelley had not yet demonstrated his major league potential. But Hanlon must have seen something in him, for although Van Haltren remained a star player for another decade, Kelley outperformed him nearly every season en route to the Hall of Fame.

In 1893 Van Haltren's batting average rose 45 points to .338,

and his on-base average rose 49 points to a career-high .422. Seen in isolation, the rise appears significant, but in this first season of the new, longer 60'6" pitching distance, league batters as a whole improved nearly as much as Rip had done, so his relative offensive production remained about the same as the year before. Still, he was one of the top performers on a Pittsburgh team that finished second to Boston with the club's best record prior to its glory years at the start of the 20th century.

The first seven seasons of Van Haltren's major league career were divided among four clubs in three leagues; the remaining 10 Rip played for a single club, the New York Giants. His first Giant season found him once again under the leadership of Monte Ward, starring for a team that spurted from seventh place to third in one week at midseason, then in mid-September overtook Boston to finish second. But because 1894 inaugurated the postseason competition for the Temple Cup, Rip found himself in his first—and, as it turned out, only—World Series, facing the now mighty Baltimore Orioles. Though Baltimore had won the pennant, New York swept the Series, finishing with a 16-3 rout in Game 4. Van Haltren shone. He scored the Series' first run in the fifth inning of Game One after tripling, and garnered six more hits for a .500 Series average. (He had to leave the final game in the sixth inning after colliding with Oriole shortstop Hughie Jennings while trying to stretch a single into a double.) Following the Series, Rip was awarded a silver bat as the Giants' most popular player.

When entrepreneur and Tammany Hall politician Andrew Freedman purchased control of the Giants that winter, manager Ward retired to his law practice, and the Giants embarked upon eight dismal seasons under the oppressive reign of their abrasive new owner. Freedman ran through 13 managers during his ownership, if we count George Davis twice for his two tries at the job. Even John B. Day, who had founded the club in 1883, came back to manage the team briefly in 1899. Of all the managers, only Scrappy Bill Joyce—with a third-place finish in 1897—brought the club in higher than seventh.

Among the players, only Van Haltren remained a Giant through Freedman's full tenure. Although the club's performance in the Freedman years disappointed the fans, Van Haltren himself enjoyed several of his finest seasons. He reached a career high in slugging in 1895 (.503), and a new batting high of .340, which he topped the next season with his career peak .351. His career-best 21 triples in 1896 tied for the league lead, and his 136 runs scored tied his personal best. In 1898 he surpassed the 200-hit mark for

the only time as a major leaguer, with 204. In 1901, his final full big-league season, Rip extended to nine his consecutive seasons batting over .300.

Freedman's final season as owner also saw the beginning of the end of Van Haltren's major league career. On May 22, 1902, Rip, hitting only .261 at the time, broke his ankle sliding into second base and was out for the rest of the year. By the time he returned for the 1903 season, John T. Brush was the Giants' new majority stockholder, and John McGraw was the club's manager. In his brief stint as Baltimore skipper in 1892-92, Van Haltren had managed the then-teenage shortstop. Now a 30-year-old McGraw was the aging Van Haltren's manager. Rip played 84 games in 1903, but he batted only .257, and McGraw released him after the season's end. Just as he had been traded away from Baltimore as part of Ned Hanlon's Orioles rebuilding project, now he was released as part of McGraw's Giants rebuilding. Rip would not be around to enjoy the first of McGraw's 11 Giant pennants the next year.

No longer a major leaguer in 1904, Van Haltren was by no means out of baseball. He returned to the West Coast, where he played and managed five seasons and part of a sixth in the new Pacific Coast League. He never again hit above .300, but in the lengthy PCL seasons he compiled impressive hit totals of 253 in 1904 for Seattle (while setting a league record of 941 at-bats), and 220 the next year in 220 games for Oakland, where he played and managed until he was let go in June, 1909, at age 43. He finished the 1909 season as a PCL umpire, scouted for the Pittsburgh Pirates during the next two years, and umpired in the Northwestern League in 1912.

As Rip's active career in baseball wound down and ended, he continued to earn his way as a skilled lather and plasterer. He died September 29, 1945, in Oakland, at age 79.

Some believe that with his .316 lifetime major league batting average and his rank among the top 20 in stolen bases (583), top 30 in runs scored (1,639), and top 40 in triples (161), George Van Haltren belongs in baseball's Hall of Fame. He did receive one vote in the first veterans ballot cast in 1936, and it can be argued that lesser players have been enshrined. It is little consolation to know that other stars of his era—like Pete Browning, Bill Dahlen, Bid McPhee, Jimmy Ryan, and Harry Stovey—also remain outside the Hall. But it may be consolation enough to honor Van Haltren as one of the very best major leaguers—perhaps the best—to come out of California in the 19th century.

Cardinal Managers

From Huggins to Herzog

by Bob Broeg

When Miller Huggins found he couldn't own the Cardinals—or at least a good hunk of them—he opted for a job for which he had been recommended by Ban Johnson, the founder of the American League, and endorsed by J. G. Taylor Spink, salty young editor of *The Sporting News*.

Before Hug took the train to New York in late 1917 to be interviewed by the Yankees' Jacob Ruppert, Spink had a piece of advice for the pasty-faced little manager, then 38. "Don't wear that damned street cap," snapped Spink. "Ruppert doesn't like 'em and, besides, it makes you look like a jockey."

You know the rest, of course. Huggins got the job and managed the Yanks to six pennants and three world championships. Here, in a review of St. Louis Cardinal managers, the mighty midget may have rated as the best ever if he had stayed here. But he didn't, so who rates the top honors?

Through research, bull sessions, and observation, having watched the ball club since 1927 and covered them regularly or part-time since 1946, I'd vote for Eddie Stanky as the best teacher and Whitey Herzog as the best overall and all-around. I know it takes gall if not guts, but I guess I'm beginning to believe my press clippings, like Hall of Fame recognition, i.e., the Spink Award; the first University of Missouri journalism medal presented to a sportswriter; and St. Louis SABR's inexplicable move in naming the local chapter after me. Of course I flubbed Ralph Horton's question as to which St. Louis manager has won the most pennants. Before I could say Herzog and Southworth with three each, Ralph grinned and said, "Charley Comiskey with four." Sure, back in the 1880s, but nobody can go back that far now!

So this piece begins with Huggins, who twice brought the rag-tag Redbirds home third with second-division talent. He was succeeded by Branch Rickey, who came on board as president and business manager and soon became field manager to save expenses. At the time the club was so poor that B.R. "borrowed" his wife's finest rug to impress a visitor to the Cardinal offices.

After former New York bank clerk Sam Breadon took over full financial control and made himself club president, Rickey continued to manage, finishing third in 1921 and 1922. But the team then flattened out, and Singin' Sam wanted the teetotaling Rickey to step down before the 1925 season. B.R. resisted, but Breadon took a long look at the lousy Memorial Day advance-ticket sales and fired Rickey as manager.

Rickey was a good teacher and masterful at giving signs, using

a bat on the bench beneath his legs to wig-wag instructions. But maybe he did over-complicate a simple game. Breadon did Rickey a favor by broadening his base as general manager, where he expanded on the success his farm system was already starting to produce.

His successor as field manager was tough-talking Rogers Hornsby, whose first command was, "Throw that damned blackboard outta the clubhouse. This ain't a football team." Hornsby's simplified form paid off in a historic pennant and World Series in 1926, his first full year.

Trouble was, the Rajah's animosity toward his old field boss Rickey paid off in a brief fist fight. But Hornsby's biggest problem came after owner Breadon went into the clubhouse after a loss and informed his manager that he couldn't cancel a late-September exhibition game in New Haven. To quote sportswriter J. Roy Stockton, the irritated manager "recommended an utterly impossible disposition" of the game to the boss.

Nobody talked like that to Breadon, and the proud stubborn Irishman was determined that the equally-stubborn Texan had to go. When Hornsby demanded a three-year contract for \$50,000 per, Breadon offered a one-year deal, period. After a knock-down, drag-out office argument, Breadon shocked St. Louis just before Christmas by trading Hornsby to the Giants for Frankie Frisch and Jimmy Ring. The Chamber of Commerce condemned him by resolution, and fellow Key Club patrons walked out of their exclusive rooms when Breadon walked in. Fans festooned his Pierce Arrow auto agency and fashionable home with black crepe paper.

Fortunately, Frisch took Breadon off the hook with a spectacular season in 1927, and the Cardinals won three more games than the year before while drawing more people. If Ring hadn't hung around long enough to go 0-4, the Birds might have repeated as pennant winners. "I never again was afraid to trade a player," Sam recalled years later. "I knew then that it's the club and where it finishes that counts most." He learned not to be afraid to change managers, either, having six managers in a six-year stretch (counting Bill McKechnie twice) and still winning four pennants!

If Hornsby was too hard-nosed, his successor in 1927, catcher Bob O'Farrell, was as bland as he looked. The round-faced, fair-skinned blond backstop was injured much of the year, shortstop Tommy Thevenow suffered a broken leg, and the Cardinal came up a length and a half behind the Pirates. O'Farrell was eased back into the playing ranks and actually rewarded with a \$5,000 raise to \$30,000. But Rickey and Breadon got nervous any time a player's salary approached \$15,000, and O'Farrell was soon traded to the Giants. Between Hornsby and Musial, Frisch's \$28,000 was the top Cardinal salary.

Bill McKechnie, who had already won a pennant for Pittsburgh, was the next manager. Frisch praised him highly, saying, "Bill really knew how to handle pitchers, and he was the best I saw at withholding his best pinch-hitter until the proper moment." The Cards won the pennant but were ripped four straight in the World

Series, and Breadon thought the Deacon hadn't had himself or the ball club sufficiently animated.

As a result, McKechnie swapped jobs with Billy Southworth, who had piloted Rochester in his first year after retiring as a player. At 36 years old, Billy the Kid was abrasive, probably too aggressive, and certainly unwise in trying to handle his ex-teammates. When Southworth addressed the 1929 spring squad with a military air about a train trip from Bradenton to Miami for a few exhibition games, star catcher Jimmy Wilson said, "If you don't mind, Bill, I'll drive. I'd like to take Mrs. Wilson and my son."

"If you do it'll cost you 500," snapped the manager, using a figure with boxcar proportions at the time. One of the future Hall of Famers, Chick Hafey or Jim Bottomley, was heard to growl under his breath, "Heel!"

By mid-season the Cardinals were out of the race and Breadon reversed himself, sending Southworth back to Rochester and bringing McKechnie back to St. Louis. Breadon was content to stay with McKechnie for 1930, but Deacon Will knew better and took a long-term contract with Boston. So Sam turned to coach Charles "Gabby" Street, a droll man with World War I stories that prompted all to address him as "Sarge." Coaching for McKechnie, Gabby had flunked a key test, keeping Grover Cleveland Alexander in playing shape, but heck, he worked cheaply, signing for only \$7,500.

By August the team seemed out of it again, in fourth place 11½ games back, when Breadon did a most unusual thing. He rehired Street for '31 and '32. Gabby's guys, bolstered by the mid-season addition of Burleigh Grimes to the pitching rotation, immediately caught fire, taking four out of five from first-place Brooklyn. The hot streak continued through 39 wins in the last 50 games for a miracle pennant. A year later that well-seasoned team won the pennant handily and took the world championship, too.

Late in spring training in 1932, traveling secretary Clarence Lloyd asked close friend and drinking buddy J. Roy Stockton if he foresaw another Series check ahead. The cagey Stockton saw Frisch come in heavy from a round-the-world cruise after a post-season series in Japan, and other members of the World Champions were living the high life on the Gulf Coast. So J. Roy told Clarence that the Cardinals were in for a fall. And fall they did, all the way to a tie for sixth place.

One reason was that Street was beginning to think of himself as a smart manager. All along, capable veterans like Frisch, Bottomley, Wilson and Grimes had made helpful suggestions. This aid from others had been subtle. Like in the seventh game of the '31 series. As Grimes pitched shutout ball in a bid for the decisive win, catcher-coach Mike Gonzalez had strolled from the bullpen to the dugout, ostensibly for a drink of water.

There, the Cuban later recalled in his cracked-ice English, "To look at Grime eyes. Ah, she tire. So I go back and holler to 'Moong' [Bill Hallahan], 'Hey Moong, you get ready. Grime, she tire. No game tomorrow, amigo.'" Hallahan was warmed up and ready to get the last out after Grimes collapsed with two down and allowed two runs. Now in 1932, however, ol' Gabby testily told the others

to keep their ideas to themselves.

Street took out his displeasure on captain Frisch, who jogged to first on some infield grounders. Before Street insisted on a \$5,000 fine for "laying down," Stockton confronted Frisch with the accusations. The overweight star took the writer to his room and pulled down his pants, showing both legs taped from thigh to ankle. "Dammit, Roy," Frisch said, "I've apologized to Sarge for not getting into shape after too many weeks shipboard, but he's playing me because I'm better on one leg [than Jimmy Reese is on two]. I don't want the old bastard's job, but if ever I do manage a ball club and use a player not perfect, I'll be damned certain the press knows about it." And in his later years as a skipper, Frisch always said when he used a player who was less than 100.

The five grand fine was never levied, and Frisch eventually took Street's job in July of 1933. Frank had wanted to succeed John McGraw in New York a year earlier, but Breadon was not about to trade him, so Bill Terry got the Giant job. Frisch got to head the Gas House Gang, winning one pennant and finishing second twice.

The Cardinals sagged to fourth in 1937, and Rickey insisted that Frisch hold an advance camp in Winter Haven before the start of spring training in 1938. Demonstrating sliding to the rookies, Frank broke a bone and was through as a player.

With the Cardinals in sixth place in September, Frisch was fired by a tearful Breadon. Uncle Frank summed himself up pretty well, I thought. "Managing when playing hurt me as a player, but once I couldn't lead by example, I lost something as a manager."

Frisch's successor, Ray Blades, was hand picked by Rickey. Brisk and brusque, he did a helluva job in 1939, finishing a close second by using a bullpen almost as fully and adroitly as now. He turned two of the three players acquired from Chicago for Dizzy Dean (along with a cool \$185,000) to profitable use. Blades made southpaw Clyde "Hard Rock" Shoun into a good short reliever. And he used rangy, side arming right hander Curt Davis so much in and out of turn that the pale-faced "Coonskin" was 22-16 and also served as the team's top right-handed pinch-hitter.

Early in 1940 the bullpen and the team flopped, and Breadon blamed Rickey and Blades. Without telling his general manager, Sam flew to Rochester and brought back Southworth, who had turned out repeated pennant winners in the minors. This was a different Southworth from the insecure young manager of '29. After he had taken a swing at Bill Terry while coaching for the Giants in 1933, Billy had quit drinking and become one of Rickey's reclamation projects. Southworth was now quick, alert, and orderly, using a clipboard for efficient organization. He was definitely the right man at the right time.

Rickey's double-decade farm system was at its booming peak. Southworth rallied the Cards from seventh to third in '40, then almost won in '41 despite an incredible string of injuries. Their pitching was so deep that one prospect, Hank Gomicki, pitched a one-hitter in his only start and was still shipped out at the cut-down date! Southworth knew how to handle men by this time, and he had plenty of speed, defensive ability and pitching



Frankie Frisch



Billy Southworth, Cards' manager. TSN named him manager of the year in 1941 and 1942.

to work with. The St. Louis Swifties came from far behind to win the 1942 pennant. They had a dazzling 43-8 record in the final third of the season and won 106 games overall, yet didn't clinch the pennant over the Dodgers until the final day. Although G. M. Rickey left the club that fall, Terry Moore was the only regular over 30 on this brilliant young club, and despite losses to the armed services, the Cardinals breezed to pennants in 1943 and '44. Not until Stan Musial joined Moore and Enos Slaughter in the service in '45 did the Cards lose a close race to the Cubs to break their championship run.

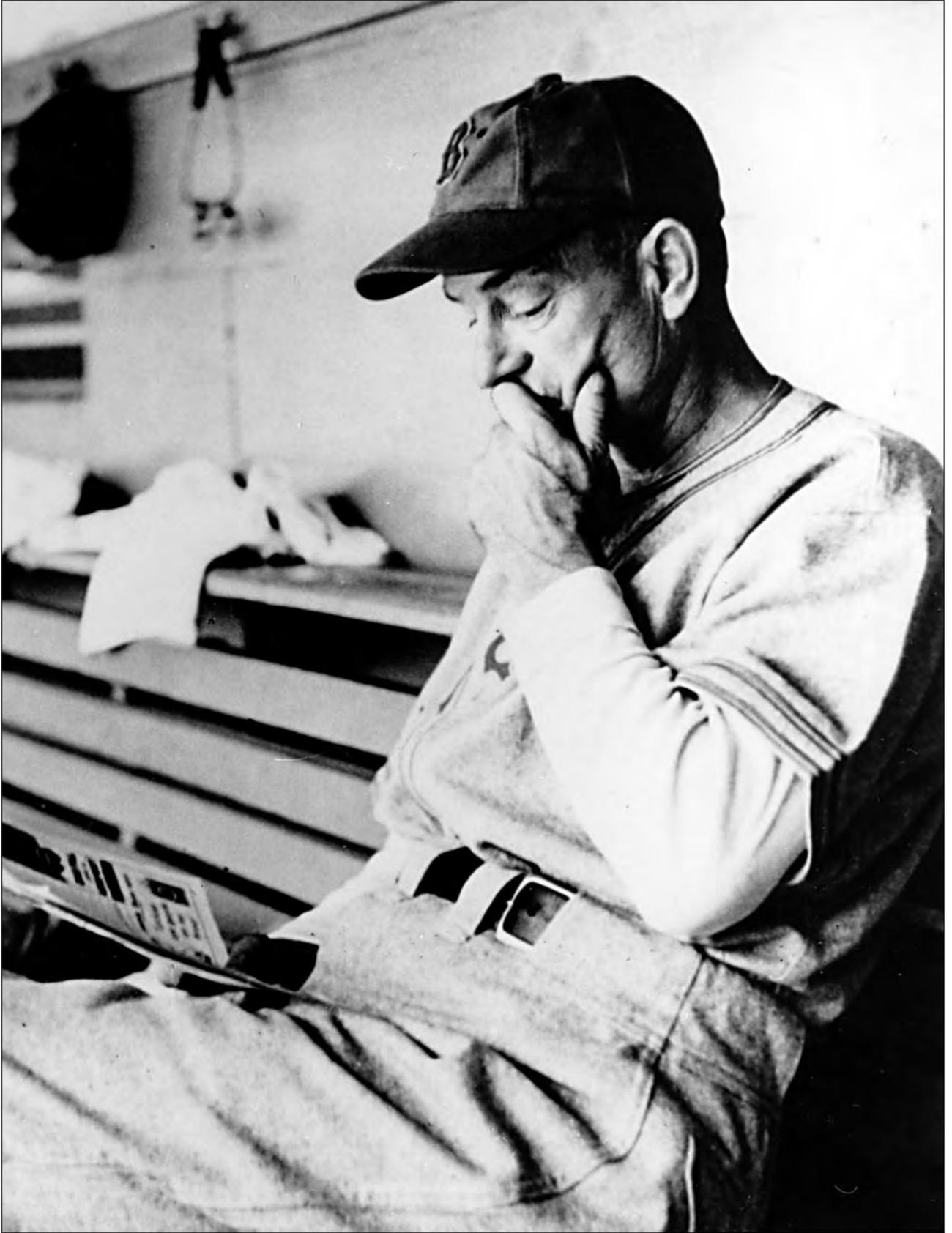
With the war over, Southworth fled to Boston, where the owners had an open checkbook. Relying largely on St. Louis castoffs. Billy led the Cape Cod Cards to the 1948 pennant. Back in St. Louis, new manager Eddie Dyer was expected to win the 1946 pennant with ease. But '42 pitching heroes Johnny Beazley and Ernie White had sore arms, and Mort Cooper had been sold to the Braves.

Lefty Max Lamer started 6-0 but then jumped to the Mexican League with teammates Fred Martin and Lou Klein. Dyer, an Irish-Cajun from Houston who had been a college football star at Rice, had a shrill, exciting manner that tensed some players. As he would say almost in self-recrimination, "Football and baseball are different games. In football you can have at 'em physically.

Baseball is a game of loose wrists, a game that requires physical relaxation."

Indeed, Pepper Martin's cacophonous Mudcat Band had kept the Gas House Gang loose. So did Doc Weaver's mandolin and jukebox in the immediate postwar clubhouse. But the Cardinals couldn't bunt and run like they had before the war, Breadon had dealt away many still-useful players, and the team finished the regular season tied with the Dodgers. At what was to have been a season-ending victory party, Roy Stockton irritated Breadon with the remark that, "Looks to me, Sam, that you might have sliced the baloney too thin." The Cardinals did win the playoff and World Series in 1946, but gaps existed. Farm-system superiority was gone, and St. Louis was late in entering the pursuit of black players. It would be 18 years until they won another pennant. Dyer brought them home second in 1947, '48, and '49 before a late slump in his last year (1950) dropped them to fifth.

New owner Fred Saigh, who had teamed with politician Bob Hannegan to buy out the ailing Breadon in 1947, hired lanky shortstop star Marty Marion to manage in 1951. His playing career diminished by an aching back, Marion missed himself at short yet still won 85 games and finished third. But Saigh canned him, maintaining that for home dates when he expected the manager



Bill McKechnie

to sit in and help him run the club, Marion wasn't available. Still, I suspect that losing 18 of 22 to traditional rival Brooklyn had been a bitter subliminal blow.

For a replacement, pint-sized Saigh viewed with attraction another short-snorter, Eddie Stanky, who had been on pennant winners with the Braves, Dodgers and Giants. To get the Brat, the Cards traded aging left hander Lanier and defensive outfielder Chuck Diering.

Musial worked hard in the off season to get into good condition, but still played a platoon role in 1960. Hemus' handling of The Man didn't impress the fans or the press, but Musial played his way back into the lineup with a torrid three-week stretch just for the 1960 All-Star Games. The Cardinals stayed in the pennant race into late August, aided by three late-inning homers by Musial against first-place Pittsburgh. St. Louis finished third in 1960, up dramatically from seventh in '59.

But Hemus' feuding and fussing with umpires, even if it was funny ("Hey Landes, move around, you're tilting the infield!") helped do him in. Devine unloaded him in Los Angeles in early July, 1961. Hemus didn't take the dismissal pleasantly, questioning the loyalty of his old friend and mentor, Johnny Keane, who had been brought in as a coach. I was ashamed of the Mouse then, but not years later when he quietly and anonymously donated \$5,000 toward the cost of Ken Boyer's cancer treatments.

Keane made two quick changes. Staff ace Larry Jackson had been in the bullpen since suffering a broken jaw in spring training. Keane said he'd go nine innings in a game during the next series in San Francisco. He did, winning a sloppy 9-7 game, and was back in the rotation. And Keane told part-time center fielder Curt Flood that he was in the lineup to stay.

Musial had hit .288 in 123 games in 1961, and I asked Keane before the World Series if Stan would play even less in '62. Surprisingly, Johnny replied, "I want him to play more, not less. I told him that if next season would be his last, I wanted it to be one we'd all remember."

It was. Buoyed by Keane's confidence and expansion pitching, Musial played 135 games and hit .330 with 19 homers and 82 RBI. He turned 42 one month after the season ended. The Cardinals came home in sixth place in the new 10-team circuit.

When Musial and Devine decided late in the summer of '63 that it was time to quit, I made the announcement at a players' family picnic at Grant's Farm. Near tears, soberly, Musial said, "I'd like to go out with one more winner." The Cardinals nearly did it. In late August and September they won 19 out of 20 to close to within one game of Los Angeles. Musial's bat played a prominent part in the drive, and he hit his final home run in the first game of the showdown series against the Dodgers. But L.A. swept an extremely well-played series to put the race away.

In 1964, the Cardinals got off slowly but Devine called up young Mike Shannon and old Barney Schultz, and acquired Lou Brock in trade. When Devine didn't dismiss assistant Art Rutzong, and Gussie misread a bit of gossip, Busch fired both men. Keane

would be next, a strong rumor made stronger by the way new G. M. Bob Howsam avoided him like the plague.

The turning point came in New York. The Cards lost a game to finish the first half 40-41, but that night Dick Groat apologized for having popped off after Keane removed Groat's automatic hit-and-run privilege. Trouble was. Groat had told Eddie Mathews, who was then courting Busch's daughter Elizabeth. Liz told Pop, and Gussie later confronted Devine and Keane about withholding information from him. In their minds, the Groat matter had been patched up long before, so it didn't occur to them that was what Busch was talking about. Devine and Rutzong were fired in August, with Keane scheduled to go any time. But the Cardinals rallied to win the pennant in a breathtaking finish and capped it off by beating the Yankees in the Series.

Now Busch had to withdraw his private offer to Leo Durocher and called a news conference to announce Keane's rehiring. But on the same day that China dropped its first hydrogen bomb and the Soviet Communists ousted Nikita Khrushchev, Keane resigned (as in quit) rather than re-sign (as in approve a new contract). He then signed with the Yankees, suggesting that he had been contracted previously, where he lasted just over one season.

With St. Louis native Keane gone and Durocher out of the picture for P. R. reasons, the Cardinals turned to the popular redhead, Albert Fred Schoendienst. The freckled farm kid from nearby Germantown, MI., had just finished his career as a pinch-hitter with the Birds and had stayed on as a coach. When he signed as manager, his old roommate Musial said, "I think he's going to be such an effective, relaxed manager, he'll last a long time, like Walter Alston." Bingo! Red lasted 12 years on the job, the club record. He outlasted G. M. Howsam, who quit after 1966, and G. M. Musial, who spent just 1967 on the job, and served most of his tenure under Devine, who was rehired in 1968.

After second-division finishes in his first two seasons, Schoendienst adopted a five-man pitching rotation and won a pennant in 1967. A mid-season broken leg for Bob Gibson didn't stall the team, as youngster Nellie Briles came out of the bullpen and won nine in a row. Schoendienst wanted Gibby ready to pitch three World Series games, if necessary. They were and he did, winning all three to lead the Cards to a seven-game win over the Red Sox.

Schoendienst managed the way he played, low-keyed. With highly professional play from the likes of Roger Maris, Curt Flood, Brock, Gibson, and the rest, his Redbirds repeated in '68. After that there were no more pennants, but Red's Birds came close a couple of times, finishing just a game-and-a-half back in both 1973 and '74. In the last game of that latter year, Schoendienst allowed the battling Gibson to face left-handed Mike Jorgenson with one on in the eighth inning of a one-run game even though he had ace lefty Al Hrabosky in the bullpen. Jorgenson hit a two-run homer to kill the Cardinal pennant chances, but the Redhead and Gibby were so popular that complaints about the strategy were limited.

After the team slipped badly in 1976, Busch wanted a tougher

manager. He got one in former hometown catcher Vern Rapp, who had been a minor league straw boss for Howsam in the Cincinnati organization. Maybe Rapp was too tough, but I don't think he got a fair shake. After a third-place finish in 1977, he hurt himself in '78 with a injudicious remark, describing Ted Simmons as a "loser." Simmons may not have been the greatest catcher, but he was one of the toughest, a durable competitor and a good hitter. Rapp took the rap for that slip and was fired in '78, just when he was honestly trying to ease up.

Rapp's successor, Ken Boyer, had gone out of the organization to manage in the minors. Now he returned with an easy-does-it manner like Schoendienst and just a touch of sarcasm, too. But he wasn't helped when Devine was fired for the second time after the '78 season. Still, Boyer's Cardinals had an encouraging 86-76 season in 1979.

The G. M. job had gone to John Claiborne, whom Devine had picked off the Washington University campus. Claiborne acquired expensive over-the-hill Bobby Bonds but did nothing to strengthen the woeful bullpen. It was so bad that on Opening Night 1980, Pete Vuckovich was permitted to battle into the ninth inning with a 1-0 lead and the bases loaded. He struck out the next three batters. But the need caught up to Boyer and the ball club. Claiborne sat on his hands even though I all but laid out a deal that could have gotten Bruce Sutter from the Cubs. Boyer was ousted in June, 1980, and Claiborne let out on Labor Day.

Meanwhile, Lou Susman, an attorney in Busch's tight inner circle, came up with a bell-ringer replacement, crew-cut, cotton-topped Whitey Herzog. From Day One, Herzog hit it off with Busch, speaking as positively and profanely as the baron from Grant's Farm. Given the boss's backing and both the G. M. and manager's jobs, Herzog's dealing was dramatic. He signed his old Kansas City catcher Darrell Porter to the free-agent contract, then dealt promising backstop Terry Kennedy to San Diego in an 11-man trade that brought Rollie Fingers. He traded Leon Durham, Ken Reitz, and Tye Waller to the Cubs for Sutter. This allowed him to send Fingers along with Simmons and Vuckovich to Milwaukee for Sixto Lezcano, David Green, Larry Sorenson, and Dave LaPoint. An extra outfielder went to Houston for inconsistent fastballer Joaquin Andujar. The revamped Redbirds finished with the best record in the East in 1981, though they missed out on the split-season playoffs.

The next winter he was back at it, trading highly regarded but headstrong Garry Templeton to San Diego for defensive wizard Ozzie Smith. Minor leaguer Willie McGee was picked out of the Yankee organization for next to nothing, and the leadoff man Lonnie Smith came in through a three-team deal. This time the team went all the way.

Herzog's teams had great defense and adequate pitching most of the time. And they turned the base hit, stolen base, and squeeze play into many runs. His double-switching substitutions were most adroit, and he even maneuvered by putting pitchers in the outfield for a batter so he could bring them back to the mound

later.

So until Joe Torre's tenure proves to be long and successful, I've got to vote Herzog as No. 1 among Cardinal managers. But if Miller Huggins and his Cincinnati friends had been given first choice to buy the club for \$300,000 back in 1917, baseball might have been different. As it was, a group of small local investors pooled their nickels and made the deal. Then they hired Branch Rickey out of the Browns' front office. Now if the Browns owner Phil Ball had just kept Rickey on and listened to his plan to build a system of farm clubs . . . well, then this might be a too-lengthy review of *Browns* managers!

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

The St. Louis City Series

by Jerry Lansche

There was a time in baseball history when exhibition games meant something. There was a time when rival teams met each other on the field of play, and even though the exhibition contests did not figure in the regular season standings, the outcome of the games was important to both teams.

In those long-ago, pre-commissioner days, this was how the World Series found its origin—a series of post-season exhibition games between pennant-winning teams to determine the championship of the United States. And along with the early Fall Classics another of baseball's early traditions was founded—the City Series matching rival teams from the same area. In Ohio, the Cincinnati–Cleveland series dated from 1882; in Philadelphia and New York the city series dated from 1883; in Chicago from 1903; in Boston from 1905. Some lasted longer than others. The Boston City Championship was played only in 1905 and 1907, while the Philadelphia, New York and Ohio series lasted into the teens. The Chicago exhibitions began in 1903 and were played on-again, off-again through 1942. (Even today the Cubs and White Sox play an exhibition game at some point during the regular season.)

The St. Louis City Series lasted from 1885 through 1917, and its total of 14 fall series was exceeded only by the Windy City's 27. In the first two St. Louis City Championships, the American Association powerhouse St. Louis Brown Stockings defeated the National League St. Louis Maroons handily, three games to none in 1885 and five games to one in 1886. The Browns were pennant winners both years, and they opened the first City Series between Games Four and Five of the 1885 World Series. Little right hander Bob Caruthers, a 40-game winner during the regular season, was staked to an early four-run lead and beat the Maroons easily 5-2 before a crowd of 10,000. St. Louis fans were obviously more eager to see the Browns play the Maroons than to see the World Championship, since a total of only 8,000 came out to see three World Series games that fall. After the Browns had downed the Chicago White Stockings in the World Series, they returned to beat the Maroons again, Caruthers winning 6-0. Two days later, the Association champs finished off their National League rival with an 11-1 laugher, capturing the first St. Louis City Series. Maroons' owner Henry Lucas, upset by the lopsided score, swore, "Well, you can count me out of the baseball business. This game has sickened me." True to his word, Lucas sold his club before the next season was finished. His club had been held to just 11 hits in that first series.

The next year, 1886, saw the Browns capture their second

successive American Association pennant. Dave Foutz (41-16 on the year) spun a five-hit, 3-0 shutout in the opening game against the Maroons, and when the Browns scored 10 times in the seventh inning of Game Two to cruise to a 10-1 victory, none of the spectators were under any illusions as to the inevitable outcome of the second St. Louis City Series. Foutz rolled to a 7-2 win in Game Three and first baseman Charlie Comiskey, one of the game's early legends, slammed an RBI double in Game Four to give the Browns a 4-2 win.

The Association champs then took a week off to beat the Chicago White Stockings in the World Series. When they resumed the local series they found a somewhat renewed Maroon club. After falling behind 2-0, the Browns rebounded in the middle innings and pulled out a 6-5 squeaker, but they needed the services of both their pitching aces, Foutz and Caruthers. That game gave the Browns the City Championship, but a week later, on Halloween, Egyptian Healy bested Nat Hudson 2-1 to give the Maroons their only victory in two series. It was the last game the Maroons ever played. Before the 1887 season opened the club had been moved to Indianapolis.

With no crosstown rival for the Brown Stockings, the St. Louis City Series lay dormant until after the formation of the American League. (In 1889, however, the Browns played a series with the Kansas City Cowboys for the championship of Missouri—a slate of seven sloppy games won by the Browns, four games to three.)

The St. Louis City Series resumed in 1903, when the last-place Cardinals met the fifth-place American League Browns in the first of 12 ongoing fall series between the two teams. The Cardinal club was rife with dissension, and many players refused to give their best for manager Patsy Donovan. The American Leaguers started like a house afire, winning the first four games easily, 5-0 behind Jack Powell's three-hitter, 9-2 behind Willie Sudhoff, 10-2 with 15 hits to back Ed Siever, and 11-3 with a 17-hit onslaught in Game Four. The Redbirds exploded in the fifth game, blasting Sudhoff for seven third-inning runs in the first game of a doubleheader, cruising to a 12-1 win. (Perhaps not entirely by coincidence, manager Donovan was absent from the ballpark due to illness.) In the nightcap the Browns scored four late runs and rolled to a 6-2 victory, officially clinching the best-of-nine championship. The series ended the next afternoon with a lackluster 9-5 Cardinal victory, but the Browns won the series five games to two.

The following season, 1904, marked the first of two tie series in the history of the championship. In Game One, Mike Grady blasted a dramatic, tenth-inning, two-run homer to win for Jack Taylor and the Cardinals. But the Redbirds couldn't stand prosperity, made eight errors the next afternoon, and went down to an ignominious 6-3 defeat at the hands of Ed Siever.

Cardinal pitcher-manager Kid Nichols started Game Three and gave up just two hits over the last eight innings, but the damage was already done by two first-inning runs and the Browns won 2-1 behind Harry Howell's two-hitter. The Cards jumped off to a 2-0 lead in the first inning of Game Four, but the Brownies tallied three in

the fifth off of Chappie McFariand and squeaked out a 3-2 victory. The National Leaguers rebounded the following day with a 13-hit attack and an 8-2 victory, Taylor's second of the series. The final inning featured a bench-clearing brawl after Browns catcher Mike Kahoe slammed a shoulder into John Butler, who had just legged out an inside-the-park home run. The Browns hit Nichols freely in the early going of Game Six, building a 4-0 lead, but the Cards sent 14 men to the plate in the bottom of the third, blasting Willie Sudhoff for nine runs and a 10-6 victory. The Cardinal ballplayers, whose contracts expired at the end of the day, then announced they were through playing unless they got half of the next day's gate receipts. When management on both sides rejected this idea, the series ended in a 3-3 tie.

The 1905 City Series promised to be a financial and artistic disaster as the last-place Browns (99 losses) and the sixth-place Cardinals (96 losses) met for the dubious honor of the championship of St. Louis. The Redbirds tallied for four runs in the seventh inning of Game One to pull out a 4-1 decision, but the Browns reversed the tables in Game Two, scoring six in the eighth for an 8-3 victory. The Nationals won Game Three handily, 9-1, but the fourth contest ended in a 1-1 tie—both runs were unearned—when darkness halted the proceedings after 11 innings. Browns' hurler Harry Howell outlasted Jack Taylor in Game Five, 2-1, setting the stage for the most exciting confrontation of the series. Through the first eight innings of the sixth contest, Buster Brown held the Browns to five safeties while Fred Glade handcuffed the Redbirds on just one hit, a harmless double by Art Hoelskoetter. But in the top of the ninth the Cards eked out a 1-0 win when Spike Shannon tripled with two out and scored on Homer Smoot's infield single when no one covered first base. The next afternoon the Cardinals needed only one victory in a doubleheader to clinch the series, and they held a 6-2 lead before the Browns erupted for five runs in the 8th inning.

The big hit was a bases-loaded triple by Emil Frisk that put the Americans into the lead. The nightcap was limited to seven innings by prior agreement, but darkness prevented the final frame from being played. The Browns roughed up Jack Taylor in the fifth and won 3-0 to emerge as city champions for the second time in three years.

The clubs were back at it again the next year, the fifth-place Browns (76-73) looking to annihilate a hapless Cardinal team (52-98) that had barely avoided the NL cellar. Although the series went eight games, three of them were ties, and the Browns won in five decisions, four games to one. The Americans won the opener 4-3 on an unearned run in the eighth, then fell behind 4-0 in the first inning of the second game but rebounded to tie the game two innings later. Darkness and cold forced a halt in the proceedings after nine, and the first tie of the series was recorded. Two days later, Brown hurler Jack Powell outlasted Stoney McGlynn 2-1 in a tightly pitched contest, and Game Four saw the American Leaguers continue their winning ways by pulling out a 4-3 victory with an unearned run in the eleventh. The next afternoon Harry Howell

clinched the championship for the Browns with a nifty three-hitter in the opening game of a double-header, but the second game was scoreless when it was called because of darkness at the end of five innings. The final two games of the series were scheduled for October 14. Cardinal starter Stoney McGlynn made a first-inning run stand up for a 1-0 win in the opener, and the nightcap went five scoreless innings before darkness halted play for the 1906 season.

The 1907 Cardinals (52-101) had dropped into last place, and it looked as if the Browns (69-83) would capture yet another City Series. But baseball is nothing if not unpredictable, and the Cards proved it by taking the series by showing an amazing ability to score runs in bunches. The opening game on October 7 saw the Birds rough up Barney Peltz for five runs in the fifth and cruise to the 6-1 victory. But the Browns rebounded the next day when Jack Powell stifled the Cardinal offense on four hits and eked out a 1-0 win on Ollie Pickering's seeing-eye single in the top of the ninth.

The Browns raked Bugs Raymond for five runs through three innings of Game Three and were poised to take a 2-1 lead in the series, but the Redbirds struck for two in the eighth and six in the ninth to prevail 8-5. The Americans came back the next day to win an 11-7 slugfest and tie the series. The Cardinals held a slim 3-2 lead in Game Five before erupting for four runs in the eighth and an easy 7-2 decision. Leading 1-0 in Game Six, the Nationals mauled Harry Howell and reliever Bill Bailey for six runs in the second and another soft win, this one by a 9-2 score. The series finished the next day when the Redbirds won 3-1 as Stoney McGlynn held the Browns to five hits and no earned runs.

By 1911 the Browns (45-107) had become comfortably mired in last place and looked to be an easy mark for the Cardinals (75-74), who had broken the .500 mark for the first time since 1901. Game One was scoreless when darkness halted play after nine innings. A sixth-inning RBI double by future manager Miller Huggins gave the Redbirds an exciting 3-2 victory in Game Two, but the Browns came off the carpet in the third contest with a rollicking 10-2 rout, scoring in every inning but the second. On October 15, the teams played a doubleheader. The Browns made short work of the Nationals in the opener, scoring four in the third and coasting to a 6-2 win, then the Browns won a pitchers' nightmare, 10-8 before it became too dark to start play in the sixth. The Cards took a 5-0 lead in the sixth game and managed to hang on for a 9-5 verdict with the aid of three ninth-inning runs. October 17 saw the two clubs exchange 5-1 victories, the Browns officially clinching the City Series in the opening game.

The next year, 1912, saw a bad (63-90) Cardinal team face an even worse (53-101) Browns team in what surprisingly turned out to be one of the best city championships ever. The Cards took an early 3-0 lead in the first game, but the Browns tallied six unanswered runs in the middle innings to go ahead, 6-3. The Nationals rallied to tie with three in the eighth, then won the game on a bases-loaded walk in the tenth. Game Two was a 3-2 squeaker

won by the Redbirds with a solo tally in the eighth. Browns' rookie Carl Weilman made his City Series debut in the third game and began a mastery of his National League rivals, the likes of which has rarely been seen. The Browns won the game handily, 4-0, while Weilman shut down the Cardinal offense on one hit, a single by right fielder Steve Evans. The Americans took a two-run lead in Game Four, but the Redbirds came back with two in the fourth to tie, and Cardinal spitballer Bill Steele matched pitches with Earl Hamilton for ten innings and a 2-2 tie.

The Americans jumped off to another early lead in Game Five, but the Cards made mincemeat of three Brownie hurlers, capturing a 10-4 decision and a 3-1 lead in the series. Cardinal lefty Slim Sallee gave up two eighth-inning runs in Game Six and went down to a 3-1 defeat, setting the stage for Carl Weilman to duplicate his shutout of the third game in Game Seven. Weilman wasn't quite as sharp as in his debut but nevertheless managed to handcuff the Cards on six hits for a 2-0 victory that squared the series at three games apiece. That put it all up to the eighth and deciding game. Steele and Hamilton, the ten-inning pitchers of Game Four, were matched in the series finale, with Steele winning easily, 6-1, on a four-hitter to give the Cardinals the series.

The St. Louis city championship reached its pinnacle of futility in 1913 as the Cardinals (51-99) and the Browns (57-96), both last-place teams, turned out to be so ineffectual that neither team could win the series. Browns' hurler Carl Weilman held the Cardinals to one hit in Game One, a harmless single by third baseman Mike Mowrey, yet suffered a 1-0 loss when his teammates failed to mount so much as a whisper of an offense against pitcher Slim Sallee. Game Two lasted just seven innings before it was called due to darkness, the Cardinals emerging 4-2 winners. On October 11 the two teams played the first of three doubleheaders in three days. The Browns rallied for eight runs in the middle innings of the first game and came away 8-5 winners, but the second contest ended as a 2-2 tie after six innings. Weilman took the mound against Slim Sallee in Game Five and for once was unable to contain his National League opponents.

The Cards hit Weilman freely, taking a 5-3 lead with five runs in the fourth, but the Americans pecked away and then scored two in the ninth to win a 7-6 slugfest. Although ineffective, Weilman nevertheless posted the win, with George Baumgardner working the ninth in relief. In the nightcap the Browns pounded Pol Perritt 6-2 to win a game limited to six innings. In the opener of the October 13 doubleheader, the Redbirds managed just seven hits but captured a 5-2 verdict nonetheless. Browns first baseman Derrill Pratt was thrown out of the game for fighting, and when he took his position on the field for the nightcap, the Cardinals objected, insisting that Pratt had been ejected for the day. Browns manager Branch Rickey refused to let his team start unless Pratt was allowed to play, but the umpires steadfastly supported the Cardinals' contention. At long last, Frank Crossin took first base for the Americans, but only five innings could be played and a 1-1 tie resulted. Because of the bad feelings between the two clubs,

Rickey and Cardinal manager Miller Huggins decided to end the series in a tie.

A Cardinal triumph would have given each team four City Series apiece. The Cardinals (81-72) had risen to third place in 1914 and would have been favored in the City Series. But several of their players were preparing to jump their contracts for teams in the Federal League, and speculation had it that they were going to give less than their best efforts. The series opened with Cardinal nemesis Carl Weilman outdueling Bill Doak 2-1, and the Browns continued their winning ways the next afternoon with a 7-4 victory behind Earl Hamilton. (Hamilton celebrated his win a little too vigorously that evening and ended up crashing his car into a railing on the Eads Bridge.) After two days of rain, the series resumed with a doubleheader.

Browns hurler Bill James spun a four-hit, 2-0 shutout in the opening game, but Cardinal starter Dan Griner returned the favor with a 2-0 blanking in the five-inning nightcap. Browns manager Branch Rickey, reckoning that his team couldn't beat 20-game-winner Doak twice in the same series, offered up reliever Harry Hoch as his sacrificial starter in Game Five. But Hoch surprised everyone by twirling a one-hit shutout for a 2-0 win. The only Cardinal hit came when Hoch fell down attempting to field Dots Miller's scratch grounder to the left side. Had he allowed third baseman Jimmy Austin to take the ball, Hoch would have had a no-hitter. The victory clinched the City Series for the Browns, but the second game of the doubleheader was played anyway. Weilman and Perdue pitched seven innings for a 2-2 tie that was called on account of darkness.

Cardinal-killer Weilman opened the 1915 City Series by scattering eight hits and eking out a 3-2 win over the Redbirds. Game Two saw the Cardinals blow the lead three times, and when darkness set in after 12 innings they had to settle for a 3-3 tie. The Browns captured both ends of a doubleheader on October 9, 5-1 and 6-2, to take a three-to-none lead in the series. The Americans pounded Slim Sallee for four runs in the first inning of the opener, and Weilman won on a five-hitter, his last City Series outing. His lifetime record in eight starts was 6-1, and in only one game had he allowed more than two runs. In the nightcap of the doubleheader, the Redbirds staked Lee Meadows to a 2-0 lead but then made six errors behind him as the Browns pulled out the 6-2 win.

Another twin bill was scheduled for the next afternoon. The Cards pummeled Earl Hamilton and Ernie Koob for 13 hits in the opener, winning 7-2 behind Bill Doak's masterful two-hitter. But the Browns came back to win the nightcap and take the City Series when rookie Tim McCabe blanked the Birds on 7 hits, 5-0.

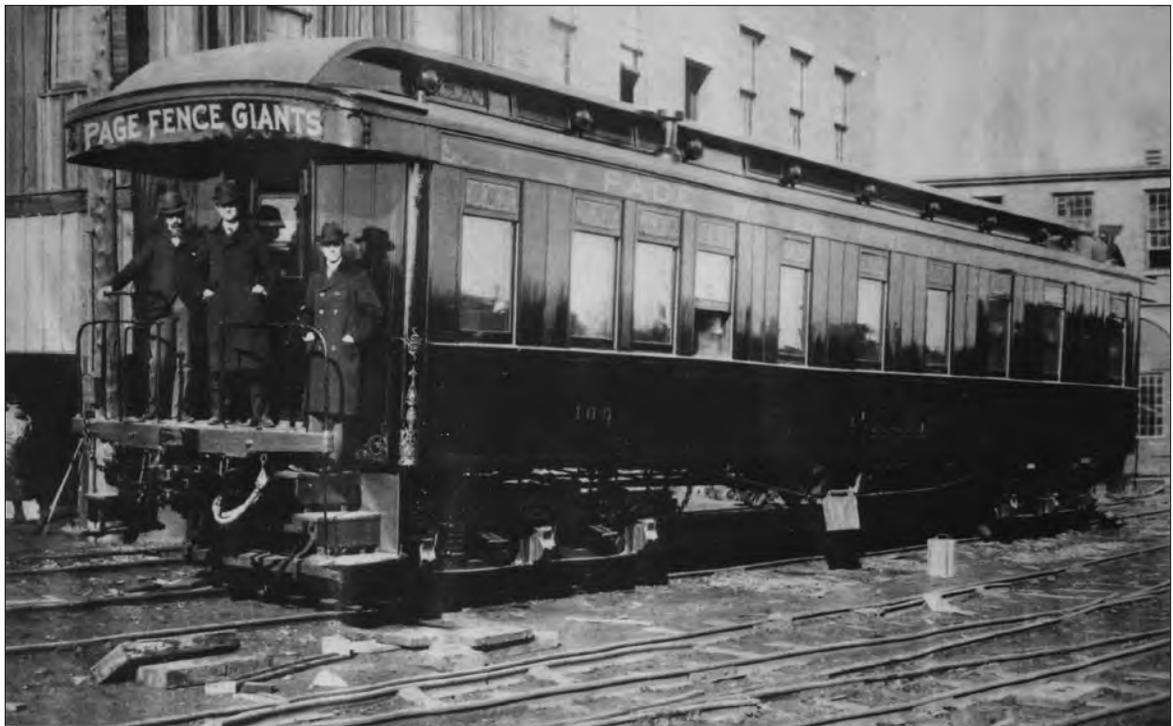
The 1916 City Series opened October 4 with the Browns staking former Federal Leaguer Dave Davenport to a 5-0 lead, which he converted into a 5-3 final score. Bob Groom held the Cards to just three safeties in Game Two and came away with a 4-3 victory. Game Three saw Cardinal starter Bill Steele take a 5-2 lead into the eighth before he weakened and was replaced by reliever Red Ames. The Birds held on to win that one 5-4, but the Browns swept

a doubleheader on October 8 and took the City Series four games to one. In the opening game of the twin bill, veteran Eddie Plank, at the tail end of his long and distinguished career, scored two of the Browns' runs and drove home the other while also pitching a seven-hit, 10-inning, 3-2 win. The Americans then rapped out ten hits against Lee Meadows in the nightcap and were winning 4-1 when the game was ended by darkness.

In 1917, Miller Huggins marked his last year at the Cardinal helm by leading the Birds to an 82-70 record and a third-place finish. Huggins then moved on to the Yankees, whom he managed to six pennants and an average of 89 wins over the next twelve seasons. The Browns had finished 43 games off the pace in 1917, escaping last place only because of Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics, who were in the midst of a string of seven consecutive cellar finishes. Game One of the St. Louis City Series opened at Cardinal Field (previously known as Robison Field) on October 3. The Browns tied the contest in the ninth at two-all, but the Redbirds eked out a run in the bottom of the inning to make a 3-2 winner out of Gene Packard. Spitballer Bill Doak stifled the Browns' offense on six hits the next afternoon, 3-1, to give the Cards a 2-0 lead in the series as the clubs prepared for a doubleheader October 6. The Americans staked Bob Groom to a 4-0 lead in the opener, but the Cards scored four in the eighth to tie the game. The comeback

went for naught, however, when George Sisler and Grover Hartley slammed back-to-back triples in the tenth to give the Brownies a 5-4 victory. The nightcap went just five innings, but the Cardinals won in convincing fashion, 6-1 behind Lee Meadows, to take a three-games-to-one lead in the series. A second doubleheader was scheduled for October 7, and with the Cardinals needing just one win to wrap up the championship, the Browns had their backs to the wall. Brownie hurler Grover Lowdermilk held the Birds to seven hits in the opener, winning 2-0, then took the mound and worked nine scoreless innings in the nightcap. But his second-game effort was wasted when his teammates failed to mount a scoring threat, and the game ended 0-0, the 11th tie in the history of the St. Louis City Series. Only Eddie Reulbach of the 1908 Cubs has ever duplicated Lowdermilk's feat of two complete-game shutouts in the same day. The next afternoon the Cardinals rebounded with a 10-hit attack against Dave Davenport and Bob Groom and captured the championship with a 6-1 victory.

Even though the Browns remained in St. Louis for another 36 years, this was the last St. Louis City Series to be played in the fall. The Browns emerged as clear winners, with seven series won, three lost, and two tied. In games, the Browns had a 42-31 -11 edge over the Cardinals.



Before “The Bible of Baseball” *The First Quarter Century of The Sporting News*

by Steve Gietschier

In the late 1920s, John George Taylor Spink, publisher of *The Sporting News*, a weekly newspaper produced then as now in St. Louis, embarked on a European vacation with his wife, Blanche. The Spinks were in the French port of Cherbourg waiting to board an ocean liner when a voice from the bridge hailed the publisher. “I had no idea who was calling me from the captain’s bridge,” Spink recalled, “but when I looked up, I recognized Jack Potter [son of the former president of the Philadelphia Phillies] and, believe it or not, there was a copy of *The Sporting News* in his pocket.”

Potter turned to the ship’s captain and said, “There is the man who wrote the Bible.” “Who is he,” asked the captain, “Matthew, Mark, Luke or John?” “That’s Taylor Spink,” Potter replied, “and he writes the Baseball Bible.” Spink knew a catchy phrase when he heard one, and was smitten by the authority suggested by Potter’s alliteration. Henceforth, “The Bible of Baseball” became the paper’s unofficial title, a handy synonym that crisply described its editorial focus and the respect in which it was held. Indeed, some baseball addicts loved the paper so intensely that they willingly turned the metaphor inside out and insisted that the Bible, that is, the Old Testament and the New, was *The Sporting News* of religion.

Fitting though it was, “The Bible of Baseball” was not an original turn of phrase. The sport historian John R. Betts tells us that the nickname had earlier been bestowed on Frank Queen’s *New York Clipper*, founded in 1853. Potter’s usage, however, seemed particularly apt and has persisted. But the simple truth is that *The Sporting News* was exclusively a baseball paper for only a segment of its 106 years. It neither started out that way nor does it appear that way today.

Taylor Spink was the third of four Spinks to run this family-owned business before the paper was sold to the Times Mirror Corporation in 1977. He was the son of Charles Claude Spink and the nephew of Alfred Henry Spink, who published the first weekly issue on March 17, 1886. The Spink brothers (there were four in all and four sisters) were born in Quebec Province. The second and third sons, William and Alfred, were especially close.

They attended Quebec High School, read Tom Brown’s *School Days at Rugby*, and played on the school cricket eleven. We have Al’s testimony that the boys learned “that there was nothing so fair as a game at fisticuffs and down the hill from the high school there was a platform on which was settled with the fists all real differences that came up.” The family moved to Chicago during the American Civil War, and shortly thereafter the second oldest

son, Billy, a crack telegrapher for Western Union, went on to St. Louis. Al soon followed his brother. Billy switched careers when the telegraphers’ union, of which he was secretary, lost a strike. He swore he would never work again for Western Union, a promise he kept, and became a newspaperman, eventually sports editor of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. Al, after a few years with Joseph Pulitzer’s *Post-Dispatch* and the *Missouri Republican*, became sports editor of the *St. Louis Chronicle*.

The brothers seem to have been fully involved in the city’s sporting and journalistic subculture, what Betts calls “the barroom fraternity.” They knew its saloons and boardinghouses, its politicians and policemen, its ladies and gentlemen of leisure, and were interested in horse racing, boxing, and the stage. Most importantly, they had easily translated their youthful love of cricket into an adult zest for baseball. They were instrumental in organizing St. Louis’ first professional baseball team, the Browns, in 1875, and soon thereafter, with the financial backing of Chris Von der Ahe, they bought a local ballpark under the name Sportsman’s Park and Club Association. Al left the *Chronicle* in 1881 and helped establish the American Association, a league that challenged the National League, then five years old. He worked for Von der Ahe as press agent and secretary and saw a new version of the Browns win four Association championships from 1885 to 1888.

In the midst of this success, Al began his own newspaper for reasons which are no longer clear. He called it *The Sporting News*. In the paper’s first issue, where it was traditional for the publisher to set out some sort of editorial philosophy, Spink remained purposely vague. “*The Sporting News*,” he wrote, “intends to ignore this custom and let its readers guess out what its aims and objects are.” Perhaps Al had been motivated by his friend Pulitzer, who had argued with him for years before that “Given a good business manager and an editor who can really write, any newspaper should fast become a good paying institution.” Perhaps he was encouraged that the competition was limited primarily to *Sporting Life*, published in faraway Philadelphia. Or maybe he was simply driven to find a vehicle for seeking riches and greater stature among the gentry in the burgeoning metropolis that was St. Louis. At any rate, *The Sporting News*, eight pages long, hit the streets for the first time on St. Patrick’s Day, 1886. Parenthetically, we should add that there is some evidence that *The Sporting News*, or at least an earlier version, began in 1884. Spink himself says so twice in his book, *The National Game*, published in 1910. But there is no other evidence to support this claim, and the book, while valuable in many respects, is rife with errors.

There was baseball in the first issue, of course. Front page stories, written in the form of letters to the editor, covered “The Game in Gotham,” “The White Stockings,” “Harry Wright’s Team,” and “The Northwestern League.” But the longest piece on page one was about harness racing, “Ready for the Road,” and an equally interesting note concerned two wrestlers, one Japanese and one English, who had visited *The Sporting News* office during the week. Here we have evidence that Spink intended to publish a



The press room of The Sporting News in the early 1900s. Charles C. Spink, Alfred's brother and J.G. Taylor's father, is at the extreme right, wearing a cowboy-style hat.

paper not just to satisfy his own enthusiasm for baseball, but to appeal to the broader interests of his friends.

The other six pages of editorial matter [there was one full page of ads] confirm this view. Page two was devoted entirely to baseball, including the first installment of "Caught on the Fly," a column that still runs today. But in addition, there were sections on "The Wheel," "The Gun," "The Stage," "The Ring," and "The Turf." Subscription rates were set at \$2 a year (a single copy was five cents), and advertising cost 20 cents an agate line for the first insertion and fifteen cents thereafter.

The paper was an immediate hit, or at least enough of a success so that Al Spink buckled under the weight of multiple duties. He summoned his younger brother Charles to abandon a homesteading adventure in South Dakota for a \$50 a week offer as business manager. Charles arrived in St. Louis with \$10 in his pocket. Al borrowed the money and bought his brother dinner with it. Thus, we can surmise that it was Charles who would fit Pulitzer's mold for a "good business manager."

In May, 1886, the paper proclaimed that it had "the largest circulation of any sporting paper published west of Philadelphia" and that it was "for sale weekly at every news stand from New Orleans to St. Paul, and west to San Francisco." In October, 1887, just a year and a half later, the publisher boasted, probably with exaggeration, that circulation stood at 40,000.

The editorial mix continued: the first "extra" issue in July, 1886, on the heavyweight fight between John L. Sullivan and Charles Mitchell; a special front page on October 30, 1886, to celebrate the triumph of the Browns over the National League's Chicago White Stockings in the early version of the World Series; extensive coverage and support of the Brotherhood and the Players' League beginning with a scoop in June, 1889; and on-the-spot reporting by Al Spink of the July, 1889, fight between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain in New Orleans.

Slowly, baseball news began to predominate although other sports were not yet excluded. Starting in early 1887, the paper devoted a separate section to each league and then, over the next few months, was named the official organ of the Western League, the Central Inter-State League, and the Texas League, meaning that "the official scores of these organizations will now be published in *The Sporting News* only." These relationships were engineered by Charles Spink, who also announced in May, 1887, that the paper would issue a daily edition commencing on June 6. Little is known of the daily since no copies survive. Apparently, it concentrated on baseball and horse racing and faded away after the summer.

Charles Spink also took a larger editorial role after 1890. In fact, the demise of the Brotherhood and the Players' League, which hurt circulation badly, seemed to have doused Al's interest in much of what the paper was trying to accomplish. He turned

instead to his other passion, the theater. Al wrote and directed *The Derby Winner*, a play that required a cast of 42 persons, including jockey Tod Sloan, and six horses. The Spink name helped make it a success in St. Louis, but when Al took a year's leave to take the play on the road, it flopped monumentally. He was wiped out, even using his *Sporting News* stock as collateral for the loans he could not repay. He tried homesteading in the Dakotas, too, with nephew Ernest J. Lanigan, later a prominent baseball statistician, but soon came back to St. Louis. Charles had bought up his brother's stock, so when Al rejoined the paper, he did so as an employee. He left *The Sporting News* for good in 1899 and thereafter worked as a sportswriter and an author of books on baseball. He sued Charles in 1913 over the sale of his stock, but the suit was never tried. The brothers reconciled in time for Al to write a eulogy for his younger brother in 1914. It was his last contribution to the paper. He died in 1928 at the age of 74. Kenesaw Mountain Landis gave the eulogy.

With Charles Spink in control by the turn of the century, the paper devoted even more space to baseball. Gone were "The Stage" and "The Gun" and the patent medicine ads of earlier years. Horse racing and boxing remained, however, as the masthead from 1901 indicated: "A weekly journal devoted to baseball, the turf, ring, general sports and pastimes." The paper employed the quaint custom, too, of using space on the masthead for transmitting information to newsdealers and correspondents: "Special Notice: Newsdealers supplied direct from this office. Unsold copies fully returnable. Correspondence on sporting topics solicited from all sections of the world. Communications, intended for publication, should be written on one side of the paper only."

Charles was aided in this transition by the paper's first non-Spink editor, Alonzo Joseph Planner. A native of New Bern, North Carolina, Joe Planner, too, was a South Dakota homesteader. After finishing a law apprenticeship, Planner served as the first state's attorney for Lawrence County. We can presume that he knew the Spinks, for in 1892, after sixteen years at the bar, Planner left South Dakota for St. Louis and was immediately named sports editor of the *Post-Dispatch*. He joined *The Sporting News* three years later, and when Al Spink left the paper for good, Planner was named editor.

He brought a crisp, incisive style to his work along with a real devotion to baseball. He campaigned strenuously against liquor peddling in the stands, gambling abuses, and assaults upon umpires. In his desire to clean up baseball, Planner was joined by Ban Johnson, then in the process of turning the Western League into the American League. *The Sporting News* supported Johnson squarely and earned his lifelong appreciation. In 1903, Planner helped draft the National Agreement, which brought an end to the feud between the two major leagues and established the first modern World Series. Type for the agreement was set

in the composing room of *The Sporting News* and forwarded to Cincinnati, where it was adopted without alteration.

During Planner's tenure, the paper printed its first photograph, a picture of pitcher Charles Harper in 1902, followed in the next issue, by a four-column of three St. Louis Browns and in the fall of that year by two special supplements, "handsome, full-page half tones" of the champions of the 1902 season, the Pittsburgh team and the Athletics of Philadelphia. Planner's other contribution was the elimination of all non-baseball material. There was, for example, no coverage of the 1904 St. Louis Olympics. The masthead for March 10, 1906, reflected this change. It read: "*The Sporting News*, a weekly journal devoted to the advancement of the interests of organized baseball." A while later, the little box in the upper left corner of page 1, which had read "Largest Circulation of any Sporting paper," was itself changed to "Official Organ, National Commission, Authority of Game." The transition was complete. In 1909, Planner left *The Sporting News* after a dispute with Charles Spink. He joined the American League office as official statistician and secretary to Ban Johnson.

Two years later, he became assistant to Carry Herrmann, chairman of the National Commission, baseball's ruling body before the commissioner system was adopted. In 1914, with Charles Spink dead, the paper fell into the hands of young Taylor Spink, a driven man if ever there was one. Taylor had been born in 1888 and first worked for the paper in 1909. Shortly thereafter, he commenced to badger Ban Johnson to let him serve as American League official scorer for the World Series. Johnson consented partly out of exasperation and partly out of affection for the Spink family. Taylor performed his duties creditably, and was reappointed to the post seven more times. He and his wife also reciprocated Johnson's kindness by naming their only son Charles Claude Johnson Spink.

Under Taylor Spink's intense leadership, *The Sporting News* lived up to the nickname bestowed upon it by Jack Potter. Its history became intertwined with that of baseball itself, so that no one in any phase of the game could be fully informed without reading it every week year round. Its lists of correspondents, recruited from the staffs of newspapers throughout the major cities, read like a Who's Who of American sports journalism.

The paper's editorial focus remained fixed exclusively on baseball until 1942. That fall the monopoly ended as coverage of football was added, followed in turn by basketball and hockey. There has been no turning back. Coverage of these sports, plus the Olympics, tennis, golf, auto racing, boxing, and horse racing is now year round. *The Sporting News* has in a sense come full circle in 106 years, back to an attempt to satisfy, as Al Spink did, the entire sports community. From "The Bible of Baseball" the paper has evolved into "The Bible of All Sports," a name not so euphonious but one of which the founder would no doubt approve.

A St. Louis Harbinger: The 1942 Browns

by Bill Borst

“They’re making me feel famous and I love it!”

—Chet Laabs in July

After suffering through one of the most dismal decades in baseball history in the 1930s, the St. Louis Browns began to turn things around in the early 1940s. In 1940 they bounced back from their worst year ever to finish in sixth place, and in 1941 they improved to their best won-lost record since the 1920s. But it was the 1942 season that brought the real breakthrough: the club's first over-.500, first division season since 1929 and its best winning percentage since 1922. Although the team fell back to sixth place in 1943, the seeds had been sown for the Browns' one surpassing triumph, the 1944 pennant. For St. Louis Browns fans, 1942 was a harbinger of better things ahead.

Unfortunately for the Browns, Branch Rickey's St. Louis Cardinals grabbed all the headlines in St. Louis in the summer of 1942. The Cardinals experienced a bumper crop as their farm system paid off handsome dividends. A 21-year-old former pitcher named Stan Musial made his impact felt with a .426 average in the waning days of the 1941 season. In '42 he gave evidence of a Hall of Fame career in the making by hitting .315. The cash register rang with a melody that was sweet music to Rickey's ears as fans poured into Sportsman's Park when the National League teams came to town to play the “St. Louis Swifties.” Though they lost a dogfight with Brooklyn in 1941, nearly 650,000 laid down their money to see the Cardinals, and when they overcame a big Dodger lead to win the pennant in '42, Red Bird attendance was over 550,000. The Browns, on the other hand, usually played before family and a few loyal diehards who showed up to cheer their team on no matter how poorly they played.

Crowds of 500 were not unusual, while crowds of 4,000 to 6,000 were more the exception than the rule. Despite an improvement on the field, the Browns' bottom line had been disappointing in 1941, as only 176,000 had paid to see the Browns play. The team ran a \$100,000 deficit, miniscule by 1992 standards but enough to put a team in severe trouble just before the nation entered World War II. To save money, the club dropped five of its minor league franchises. And the American League, which had contributed to the deficit by limiting the Browns to just seven night games in 1941, was forced to chip in with \$25,000 to get them over the hump. The constant losing had taken its toll on owner Donald Barnes' bank account, and Brownie stock that fans

had purchased for \$5 a share dropped to a mere \$2. Furthermore, under the terms of their leases, the Browns and Cardinals split the ushering and cleanup costs at Sportsman's Park, in effect making the Browns underwrite part of the Cardinals' success.

Barnes had planned to move the team to Los Angeles, but America's entrance into World War II stopped the move. In February of 1942 a white knight rode in to save the day for the Browns. Richard D. Muckerman, an ice magnate and owner of the St. Louis Ice and Fuel Company, had purchased \$300,000 worth of new stock and was named Vice President of the club. Muckerman's money gave Donald Barnes, the DeWitts, Bill and Charley, and manager Luke Sewell enough financial backing to maintain their policy of keeping their most promising players and acquiring others to fill their key needs, albeit at bargain basement prices. For the St. Louis Browns, 1942 was thought to be a rebuilding year. Since coming over to the team in June of 1941, Sewell had generated a new spirit of optimism long absent from the franchise. Under his leadership the team had played .500 ball to finish with its best record in a dozen years.

Sewell was unhappy with his keystone combination. The 1941 incumbents, the ever-popular Johnny Berardino and Don Heffher, were not Sewell's kind of ballplayers. To replace them, Sewell had to buck the advice of the Brownie brain trust Fred Haney, who had become the Toledo Mud Hen's manager after Sewell replaced him in St. Louis, was not impressed with the abilities of his slugging shortstop Vem Stephens, who had impressive statistics as a Mud Hen. According to Haney, “Stephens will never play shortstop in the major leagues as long as he's got a hole in his ass.” Sewell figured that even without radical reconstructive surgery Stephens would be an improvement. As the pride of Akron put it, “It doesn't take too much to be better than the man we got at shortstop.” Stephens was brought up and quickly became a key player.

Third baseman Don Gutteridge had been demoted to the minor leagues at age 30 after five mediocre seasons with the Cardinals and had hit .309 and scored 113 runs with the Sacramento Solons in 1941. His 46 stolen bases had led the league, yet he was passed over in the major league draft. Frustrated at the demotion and lack of interest by the big leagues, Gutteridge said he would quit baseball rather than spend another year in the minors. So the Cardinals offered him for sale to the Browns for \$7,500 on a contingency basis, Rickey offering the opinion that Gutteridge could not make the switch to second base. The ever-realistic Sewell saw an opportunity since, “the man we've got can't play second.” Gutteridge turned out to be an excellent second sacker and a good leadoff man.

The Browns also picked up another National League discard from the 1941 Sacramento team, pitcher Al “Boots” Hollingsworth, who had been battered around the National League for a 33-67 record in five years. Sewell was cleaning house to get rid of those players who did not share his aggressive passion for winning or his distaste for losing. In June, Roy Cullenbine was dispatched to Washington for pitcher Steve Sundra and outfielder-first baseman

Mike Chartak.

Cullenbine was a great statistical hitter, but DeWitt recalled that the rap on him was that "Cullenbine wouldn't swing the bat! Sewell would give him the hit sign and he's take, trying to get a base on balls. Laziest human being you ever saw!" In his ten-year major league career, Cullenbine amassed 1072 hits and 852 walks, an amazing ratio for a player who did not lead off or hit for great power.

Most teams still had their major stars in 1942. The perennial favorite Yankees were as strong as ever. Joe DiMaggio, Charlie Keller, Tommy Henrich, Phil Rizzuto, Bill Dickey, Red Ruffing, and Ernie Bonham all suited up to start the season. The Red Sox had Ted Williams, Bobby Doerr, Dom DiMaggio, Jim Tabor, and Tex Hughson. The only big-name stars in the military were Hank Greenberg of the Tigers and the Indians' Bob Feller. Sewell realized he had his work cut out for him if he wanted the Browns to rise in the standings. Yet the patchwork performed well enough to rank one of the best in Browns' history. Its 82-69 mark (.543) ranked it in a tie with the 1928 team for the third best win total in franchise history behind the 1908 team and the 1922 team. In many ways the 1942 season served as a prelude to the '44 club which would win the pennant.

The Browns started out on the right foot, winning their first four contests. After slumping badly in the spring, they advanced in the summer, jumping into the first division in July and nosing ahead of Cleveland, their highest standing since 1928. They wound up 19½ games behind the Yankees and nine games in back of the Red Sox.

The high point of the season was an eight-game winning streak in July that vaulted the Browns into fourth place. A tall, dark Venezuelan, Alejandro Aparicio Elroy Carrasquel of the Senators, stopped the streak with a 3-0 shutout. Chet Laabs powered the offense with a Ruthian display of punch that had too often been absent from Brownie box scores. He went 16-for-29 during the heart of the streak, personally producing 25 of the team's 46 runs during the skein. In a four-game series in Philadelphia, Laabs poled five homers, including a grand slam. There was talk that the slugger, who had come to the Browns with Mark Christman and others for Bobo Newsom, Red Kress, and Beau Bell in 1939, would be the first Brownie to win the home run title since Kenny Williams had unseated Babe Ruth in 1922. After six seasons of mediocrity, he got hot in July, and Chesty Chet was suddenly mobbed by reporters. He loved all the attention.

When the Browns came home in late July, there was some genuine fan interest. Their largest crowd of the year and second-largest in a dozen years, 20,812 paid, came out for a twi-night doubleheader against the second-place Red Sox. The Sox won the opener, but Laabs' homer in the 11th inning gave pitcher Johnny Niggeling a 3-1 win in the nightcap. It was Chet's 19th of the season, tying him with Williams temporarily. Niggeling would wind up beating Boston six times in seven decisions, seriously dampening the Red Sox' ability to catch the Yankees.

The Browns suffered a great loss of momentum during a doubleheader loss to the Detroit Tigers on August 9th. The team, which fielded well all season long, fell apart defensively and committed 11 errors in losing 9-3 and 3-1. A total of eight unearned runs crossed the plate for Detroit that day. Seven different players contributed to the fielding breakdown, with the regular infielders (George McQuinn, Don Gutteridge, Vern Stephens, and Harlond Clift) making two miscues each. Johnny Berardino, Frankie Hayes, and Mike Chartak chipped in with one apiece. This display did not come close to the league record of 16 errors set by Cleveland against Washington in a doubleheader in 1901.

The twin disaster dropped the Browns' record to 56-56, but they played at a .667 (26-13) clip down the stretch to finish at 82-69. But disappointing attendance and sluggish cash flow continued to be vexing problems. The league allowed 14 night games, and the Browns averaged 9,000 per date under the lights. Sunday doubleheaders did even better, but Monday-thru-Saturday games averaged less than 1,200. The twin disaster against the Tigers drew only 4,842 on a Sunday, while that same day over 48,000 fans filled Comiskey Park in Chicago to watch Satchel Paige lose the Negro East-West All-Star Game. With the Cardinals' late pennant drive diverting the fans, St. Louis fans ignored the Browns in September. When they drew over 8,000 fans for an exhibition game against the Pirates in Council Bluffs, Iowa, on September 23rd, it was more than any of the games on the homestand they had just finished. Even the Yankees could attract just 2,200 per game. And when the Browns clinched third place with a thrilling 5-4, 16-inning win over the A's on September 14th, the paying crowd was a paltry 732. Total home attendance was 256,000, an increase of 45% from 1941 and the club's highest since 1929, but it was still far-and-away the worst in the American League.

The most magnificent individual performance was turned in by Laabs, who finished second in the league with 27 homers and drove in 99 runs. Stephens proved that Haney knew as little about baseball as about anatomy, hitting 14 homers and batting .294 to begin a string of several seasons as the league's premier slugging shortstop. Though there was no official recognition of rookies in 1942, the consensus among American League beat writers was that Stephens was second only to Boston's Johnny Pesky, who hit .331. Center fielder Walter Judnich batted .313 and hit 17 homers. He was one of the team's quiet heroes. An outstanding defensive player as well, his .991 fielding average led the league, yet he failed to attract much newspaper attention. The city belonged to Terry Moore, who made one more error than Judnich in four fewer games and handled fewer chances, 284 to Judnich's 337. Even when the Browns were playing solid ball down the stretch, Enos Slaughter's marital problems drew more ink than the Browns' box scores.

The Sporting News called Sewell a sorcerer. "His pitching staff is haunted!" wrote J.G. Taylor Spink. "Graybeards like Al Hollingsworth, Eldon Auker, Johnny Niggeling, Denny Galehouse,

and George Caster live in a bygone day, but pitch decidedly in the present." Niggeling was 15-11, submariner Auker was 14-13, Hollingsworth 10-6, Galehouse 12-12, Sundra 8-3, and Caster, pitching in relief, 8-2. Fritz Ostermueller chipped in with a 3-1 mark after his recall from Toledo. He would later make a career out of beating the Cardinals as a member of the Pittsburgh Pirates. It was a very old pitching staff. Of the 16 pitchers who appeared in 1942, 11 of them were over 30 years of age. Niggeling turned 39 in July, and Ostermueller, Caster, and Hollingsworth, heart of the relief corps, were all 34.

Leadoff hitter Gutteridge hit .255 and led the league's second basemen in putouts and assists. Veterans McQuinn and Gift manned the comers well. Laabs and Judnich anchored a productive outfield. The weakest link in the Browns' armament was definitely behind the plate. At age 36 future Hall of Famer Rick Ferrell could muster just a .223 batting mark in 99 games. His backup Frankie Hayes hit .252 in 56 games.

Sewell did a marvelous job in getting his players to play over their heads. A harbinger of the scrapping '44 Browns appeared on August 1st in a game with the Yankees. Manager Sewell was behind the plate in a rare start. In the first inning, Tommy Henrich attempted to score from second on a hit to right. Chartak came up firing and gunned a strike to Sewell. Henrich elected not to slide, and he bumped the 42-year-old general less than lovingly as the tag was being made, causing Sewell to react with fighting words. The play fired up the Browns, who won easily, 7-3. Sewell also got his only hit of the season in the game. Although the team was only 7-15 against New York in '42, they would sweep the Yankees in a four-game set at the end of the '44 season to get into the only World Series in their history.

Along with Mel Ott's New York Giants, the Browns were the real Cinderella stories of baseball in 1942. They had moved up three positions in the standings and increased their win total by 12. Despite this big improvement, it was difficult for fans and players alike to get too excited about the progress that the Browns had made. The game's future seemed in jeopardy, despite President Roosevelt's "green light letter" about the importance of baseball as a morale booster. Most owners, players, and fans were resigned to the belief that the total number of regular season games would have to be greatly reduced, maybe even as far as to just 100 games, because of increasing demands in manpower that the World War would inevitably put on baseball. Some pessimists envisioned the game being shut down altogether. The real tragedy for St. Louis was that just when the Browns were becoming competitive and had a chance to make some money, the war put baseball's future in doubt.

1942 ST. LOUIS BROWNS

PLAYER	BATTING						
	G	AB	R	H	HR	RBI	BA
George McQuinn	145	554	86	145	12	78	.262
Don Gutteridge	147	616	90	157	1	50	.255
Vern Stephens	145	575	84	169	14	92	.294
Harlond Clift	143	541	108	148	7	55	.274
Chet Laabs	144	520	90	143	27	99	.275
Walt Judnich	132	457	78	143	17	82	.313
Glenn McQuillen	100	339	40	96	3	47	.283
Rick Pencil	99	273	20	61	0	26	.223
Tony Criscola	91	158	17	47	1	13	.297
Mike Chartak	73	237	37	59	9	43	.249
Frankie Hayes	56	159	14	40	2	17	.252
Roy Cullenbine	38	109	15	21	2	14	.193
Johnny Berardino	29	74	11	21	1	10	.284
Bob Swift	29	76	3	15	1	8	.197
Don Heffner	19	36	2	6	0	3	.167
Alan Strange	19	37	3	10	0	5	.270
Luke Sewell	6	12	1	1	0	0	.083
Babe Dahlgren	2	2	0	0	0	0	.000
Ray Hayworth	1	1	0	1	0	0	1.000
TOTALS	151	5229	730	1354	98	668	.259

PLAYER	PITCHING						
	W	L	G	SO	BB	SHO	ERA
Johnny Niggeling	15	11	28	107	93	3	2.67
Elden Auker	14	13	35	62	86	2	4.08
Denny Galehouse	12	12	32	75	79	3	3.61
Al Hollingsworth	10	6	33	60	52	1	2.96
George Caster	8	2	39	34	39	0	2.81
Steve Sundra	8	3	20	26	29	0	3.81
Bob Muncrief	6	8	24	39	31	1	3.90
Fritz Ostermueller	3	1	10	21	17	0	3.68
Stan Ferens	3	4	19	23	21	0	3.78
Pete Appleton	1	1	14	12	11	0	3.00
Loy Hanning	1	1	11	9	12	0	7.94
Bob Harris	1	5	6	9	17	0	5.56
Frank Biscan	0	1	11	10	11	0	2.33
Bill Trotter	0	1	3	0	2	0	18.00
John Whitehead	0	0	4	0	1	0	6.75
Ewald Pyle	0	0	2	1	4	0	7.20
TOTALS	82	69	151	488	505	12	3.59

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

George Washington Bradley

St. Louis Hero/St. Louis Villain

by Jim Rygelski

George Washington Bradley, author of the National League's first no-hitter, left his mark on St. Louis baseball in a couple of important ways. At the beginning of his career he helped cement the city's interest in the "national game" by being the ace of its first professional nine; toward the end of it he helped prevent St. Louis from claiming its first major league pennant.

Throughout a career that saw him play nearly every position, Bradley remained a dependable player who avoided the vices that curtailed not only the careers but also the lives of some of his contemporaries. A look at his life shows that ballplayers then, as now, wanted to be paid handsomely, wanted to play for a team close to home, and wanted to show they still had it when others had concluded that their best days were long gone.

Bradley was born July 13, 1852, in Reading, Pennsylvania. A right-handed thrower, he first pitched professionally for a club in Easton, Pennsylvania, in 1874. The following season he was a member of the St. Louis Browns, one of two "Mound City" teams entered in the National Association, America's first professional league. When the N.A. was reorganized as the National League for 1876, Bradley was counted on heavily to help the Browns bid for the league's "whip pennant."

"It must suffice to say that the chief credit of most of the victories gained by the 'Brown Stockings' undoubtedly belonged to Bradley's wonderfully effective delivery," read an 1881 account of his life in the *New York Clipper*, then perhaps the most respected source of baseball information.

Making that wonderfully effective delivery was no easy task. Hurlers then were required by the rules to put the pitch where the batter wanted it (either a high ball or a low ball) by a submarine-style motion requiring the hand to pass below the hip while pitching from a ground-level box just over 45 feet from the plate. Pitching records from that era had none of the detail that today's do, but it appears that Bradley was indeed effective. In 1875 he was in the box for 33 of the Browns' 39 wins, and in 1876 he pitched all but four of the team's 577 innings, helping the Browns win 45 of their 64 matches, good enough for third place. (NL standings were then based on games won, not percentage, and the Browns won two fewer games than Hartford and seven less than Chicago.)

"The batting of the visitors was weak, as it usually is against Bradley's pitching," read an 1876 newspaper account of one of his games. "The pitching of Bradley may, therefore, be said to have been very effective, for the Louisville boys are all big men and hard

hitters," read another account from that season, this one after he and the Browns had whitewashed Louisville by a 3-0 score.

A shutout was a team effort in those days, and no finer example exists of this from that season than Bradley's and the Browns' 2-0 win over Hartford at St. Louis's Grand Avenue Park on July 15. Sportswriters of the day gave much ink to the fact that this was the third straight shutout the Browns had registered over Hartford that week but barely noted (and usually well into their stories) that this was a no-hitter. (J. Lee Richmond, who tossed a perfect game in 1880, confirmed in an interview with *The Sporting News* founder Alfred Spink that this was a prevailing attitude, noting that he didn't recall "any particular fuss was made about [the perfect game] by any newspaper.")

Bradley pitched 16 shutouts that season, still the big league record, and the modern encyclopedias list his earned-run average as a league-leading 1.23. The 1877 Spalding Guide, using the standards of the time, lowers that to 1.12, still the best in the NL Bradley was, of course, aided by fine fielding support and by the rule that allowed the home team to choose the ball. Since the Browns stressed defense, they usually used a very dead ball at their Grand Avenue Park, and 11 of the shutouts were registered at home. The league adopted a standard ball the following season.

Bradley had made other news just two weeks before his no-hitter. Wanting to play closer to home, he had signed a contract for 1877 with the Athletics of Philadelphia. The league's constitution allowed players to sign during the season with a different club for the following year just as long as they honored their current commitment. Signings such as Bradley's were common until the NL instituted the reserve clause in 1879.

The Athletics, however, didn't finish their 1876 schedule and were tossed out of the league because of it. Bradley was then lured to the champion Chicago White Stockings for 1877. On his first appearance in St. Louis in a Chicago uniform, Bradley received "a rather hearty round of applause," then beat the Browns 4-2. But neither Bradley nor the Chicagoans fared well in the NL second season. The White Stockings tumbled to fifth place, and Bradley lost 23 of his 41 decisions. He was not re-signed.

After a year with a minor-league team in New Bedford, Massachusetts, he was back in the NL in 1879 with Troy. It was the last year that he was primarily used as a pitcher, and Bradley was in the box for 40 of the 56 Troy losses.

The beginning of the new decade found Bradley with a new team, the Providence Grays, and a new role, that of "change pitcher" behind the club's ace, John Montgomery Ward. When he wasn't pitching, Bradley usually played third base, and he was there when Ward recorded the majors' second perfect game, on July 17, 1880.

After two undistinguished seasons in Cleveland, the 31-year-old Bradley finally made it to Philadelphia in 1883, this time signing with the Athletics of the American Association. The Athletics held a slim lead over the St. Louis Browns most of the summer and had a 2½-game margin with just seven games left to play when they

came to St. Louis in late September.

In the first game of the series, Bradley started at third base but was switched to center field after making four errors to help the Browns stay close. But in the bottom of the ninth he redeemed himself with a spectacular over-the-shoulder catch to thwart a St. Louis rally and preserve his club's victory. After the Browns won the second game, Bradley was the surprise choice to pitch the finale of the three-game showdown series.

Six years later he visited St. Louis and shared with *The Sporting News* his reflections on that September 23, 1883, game: "I remember how the Browns smiled when they heard I was going to pitch. Oh what pie and oh what pudding. When I got in the square, however, it was though I was born again. 'Go in, old Brad,' I heard someone say, 'and let the folks know you have come to life again.' Well, I went in and you know the rest."

The Browns got only three hits and didn't score until the eighth inning. But then it was too late, as the Athletics won easily 9-2 and hung on to edge St. Louis by one game for the pennant Bradley was rewarded with his release. "[They] sent me adrift just as you would a broken-down horse," he told *The Sporting News*. "But that was strictly business, you know."

He pitched credibly for Cincinnati in the short-lived Union Association of 1884, suing the club for \$3,100 (quite a princely sum in those days) that it owed him when it went out of business, eventually settling for about half. He called it quits as a player after one game with Baltimore in 1888.

He turned to minor league managing and, in the 1890s, police work in Philadelphia. An 1899 account of Bradley said, "He looks well and as young as he did 20 years ago." As a police officer, he often pulled duty at the two 20th century ballparks in Philadelphia.

A non-smoker and non-drinker, Bradley lived in Philadelphia until age 79. He died on October 2, 1931, during the World Series between the Cardinals and Athletics, two teams for whose precursors he had been such a star.

June 15, 1876

ST. LOUIS	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	HARTFORD	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Cuthbert, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0	Remsen, cf	4	0	0	3	0	0
Claff, c	4	1	3	3	0	2	Burdock, 2b	4	0	0	3	0	0
McGeary, 2b	4	0	0	3	5	0	Higham, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Pilce, cf	4	0	1	1	0	0	Ferguson, 3b	3	0	0	2	1	0
Rattin, 1h	4	0	0	2	4	1	Carey, ss	3	0	0	0	3	0
Blong, rf	4	1	1	0	0	0	Bond, p	3	0	0	0	0	1
Bradley, p	4	0	0	0	4	0	York, lf	2	0	0	3	0	1
Dehlman, 1b	3	0	1	16	0	1	Mills, 1b	3	0	0	11	0	1
Pearce, ss	3	0	1	0	3	1	Harbidge, c	3	0	0	4	2	1
TOTALS	34	2	7	27	16	5		29	0	0	27	6	4

ST. LOUIS 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 - 2
HARTFORD 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 - 0

LOB: St. Louis 5, Hartford 3. Reached on Error—St. Louis 1, Hartford 3. DP: Battin to Dehlman. 2B: Clapp. [RBI—McGeary, Dehlman. SB—Dehlman, pffie. CS—Bradley.] BOB: off Bradley (York). K: by Bradley (Remsen), by Bond 3 (Cuthbert, Battin, Bradley). ER: none. TIME: 1:50. ATTENDANCE: 2,000. UMPIRE: Chas. Daniels.

September 23, 1883

ST. LOUIS	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	ATHLETIC	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Gleason, ss	4	0	0	1	2	U	Birchall, lf	5	2	3	0	0	0
Comiskey, 1b	4	0	0	8	0	0	Stovey, 1b	5	3	3	14	1	1
Lewis, cf	4	0	0	3	U	1	Knight, rf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Nicol, rf	4	0	1	2	U	1	Moynahan, ss	4	0	0	0	3	1
Quest, 2b	4	1	2	1	1	u	O'Brien, c	4	0	0	6	0	0
Latham, 3b	4	0	0	1	3	U	Corey, 3b	2	2	2	1	5	1
Strief, lf	4	U	0	U	U	U	Blakiston, cf	4	1	1	2	0	0
Murnane, p	j	1	u	l	u	u	Bradley, p	4	0	0	1	2	0
Dolan, c	3	u	u	/	ffi	A	Stricker, 2b	4	1	2	1	4	1
TOTALS	34	2	3	24	8	3	TOTALS	36	9	11	27	15	4

ST. LOUIS 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 - 2
ATHLETIC 2 0 0 0 3 1 1 2 x - 9

LOB: St. Louis 5, Athletic 5. Reached on Error: St. Louis 4, Athletic 1. 2B: Stovey 2, Stricker, Birchall. [RBI—Birchall 3, Stovey, Knight, Stricker, Comiskey. SB: Cory, Stricker, Mullane. ER: off Mullane 7, off Bradley 0.] BOB: off Mullane 2 (Corey 2). K: by Mullane 8 (Knight 2, Moynahan 3, Bradley 2, Stricker), by Bradley 3 (Lewis, Quest, Dolan). WP: Mullane 5. PB: Dolan, O'Brien. TIME: 1:40. ATTENDANCE: 16,800. UMPIRE: Chas. Daniels.

The Cardinals' First Publicity Man

by Gene Karst

Sixty years ago there were no millionaire ballplayers in St. Louis. No night baseball, no artificial turf, no exploding scoreboards, no plane travel, no West Coast baseball teams, no television, no helmets, no batting gloves, no blacks in the grandstand, no luxury air-conditioned boxes, no stadium club. No parking problems—most people used a street car or a bus—and oftentimes no crowds!

Sam Breadon owned the Cardinals and Phil Ball was the owner of the Browns. Anheuser-Busch, the brewery which owns the Cardinals nowadays, had nothing to do with baseball back then. In fact, the brewery had nothing to do with Michelob, Budweiser, Bud Light or even Busch beer—it was manufacturing Diesel engines, truck bodies, soft drinks, “near beer,” corn sugar, syrups, whatnot. August A. Busch and son Gussie, just 32, were too busy with the problems of doing business in the days of the Depression and Prohibition.

You could get into the Missouri Theater for 25 cents in the afternoon until 6:30, after which it cost 50 cents to see a double bill like this: *Dude Ranch* with Jack Oakie, Mitzie Green, Stewart Irwin, June Collier and Gene Palette; and *Too Young to Marry* starring Loretta Young, Grant Withers and O. P. Heggie (Who was he? Do any of you remember?)

Hellrung and Grimm was ready to sell a “distinctive” four-piece bedroom suite for \$89, reduced from \$139. Newspapers featured used car ads for sedans and coupes in fine condition, one or two years old, for \$415 and all the way down to \$275—or less. Two bars of Lifebuoy soap could be had at Walgreen’s for 11 cents. That’s when a new world opened up for me, not long out of St. Louis University and my days as a cub reporter for the *Globe-Democrat* helping to pay my college tuition. Branch Rickey, then vice president and general manager of the Cardinals, liked my scheme to do publicity work for the club, the first time any major league team had employed a publicity man. Nowadays all sports organizations have publicity departments, usually with several hands grinding out statistics and information, to say nothing of promotion and marketing specialists.

Rickey sent me to spring training in Florida that year, 1931, and soon I was getting acquainted with the likes of Frankie Frisch, Jimmy Wilson, Chick Hafey, Jim Bottomley, Charlie Gelbert, Jesse Haines, Burleigh Grimes and the rest of that great ball club. By mid-May the Redbirds were on top with a record of 14 wins and four defeats, while the hapless old Browns, who had players like Goose Goslin, Oscar Melillo, Red Kress, Rick Ferrell, George

Blaeholder, Sam Gray and Dick Coffman, held title to last place in the American League. The Cardinals, of course, went on to win the pennant by 13 games. The Browns, under Bill Killefer, rose to fifth place before the season ended.

The Cards and the Browns had interlocking schedules which meant that the old ballpark, Sportsman’s Park at Grand and Dodier, was in use almost every day from early April to October, save for an occasional rainy day or a rare time when there was an open date. The infield grass got browner and scragglier as the summer progressed. The outfield wasn’t much better.

Ballparks were more restful, relaxed in those days. The scoreboards were simple affairs which gave the ball and strike count, the number of outs and the line scores from other major league games. No messages about visiting groups from Carbondale, Decatur or Festus. No animated cartoons, no instant replays. No “hit” or “error signs—Sam Breardon believed posting an error on the scoreboard might make a home player unduly nervous.

No canned music blaring out charge between plays. “The Star Spangled Banner” was played before the game only on opening day. We did come up with a Cardinal Boys Band, which played at the ballpark occasionally, but generally you could talk to your friend at the next seat without shouting.

Umpires on the field wore coats and ties as part of their dignity. And everybody, from players in their wool uniforms to spectators in the stands to scribes in the press box, sweltered, sweated, ate peanuts, Eskimo Pies and soft drinks. Prohibition did not end until midnight, April 7, 1933, when Gussie Busch declared, “It was the greatest moment of my life, the greatest, I guess, that I will ever know.” At that moment trucks loaded with Budweiser—real beer—began rolling out of the Anheuser-Busch brewery.

In the 1980s, when Busch hired Whitey Herzog to manage the Cardinals, they won three pennants and one world championship. Busch used to ride that big wagon led by a team of Clydesdales triumphantly around Busch Memorial Stadium, and we believe he did enjoy those moments more than he had the end of Prohibition.

But back to 1931, when Sam Breardon, Cardinal owner, also owned the Pierce-Arrow automobile agency. They were like the Cadillacs and Lincolns of today, and were selling for \$2,895 delivered. Gabby Street was field manager of the Cardinals, reportedly earning \$7,500 in annual salary. Gabby, as a player, had gained some notoriety as the catcher for Walter Johnson with the old Washington Senators. Gabby also got some passing attention for catching a baseball from the top of the Washington Monument.

Gabby had been a sergeant in the army (he lived on Sergeant Street in Joplin, MO). At one time Branch Rickey, in an off-the-record remark, confided to me the difference between Street’s strategy running a ballclub with that of John McGraw, the master minding the New York Giants. “Gabby was a sergeant—but McGraw would have been at least a major general.”

Gabby had so many good pitchers in 1931 that he didn't need Dizzy Dean, still in the minors at the Cardinal farm club in Houston. Undoubtedly he could have been a winning pitcher in the majors that year. On May 17 Dizzy experienced a victory and defeat pitching against Dallas. He won his ball game 7 to 1. But during the contest he threw a "purpose pitch" dangerously close to the skull of Al Todd, husky Dallas catcher. Todd promptly dashed to the mound, decked Dizzy with quick blows to the arm, the eye and the mouth, knocking him to the ground. Thus ended any idea Dizzy might have had for a boxing career. From then on, he used his pitching arm and his hyperactive tongue, which earned him good money over the airwaves long after his arm went dead.

In 1931 Paul Dean, Dizzy's brother, was just getting started at the Cardinal farm club in Springfield, Mo., where Eddie Dyer was getting his first managerial experience in the Class C Western Association. Tex Carlton and Joe Medwick were teammates of Dizzy's at Houston, then managed by the original Joe Schultz, the St. Louisian who had been a Cardinal outfielder in the 1920s.

It was a colorful, glorious, fun year for an awful lot of people in St. Louis, despite the ominous, growing national economic depression. The Cardinals traded Taylor Douthit, "the ball hawk," to the Reds in mid-June, paving the way for Pepper Martin to bat .300 for the season, en route to a fabulous World Series against the Philadelphia Athletics.

Thomas Patrick and Bob Thomas [the Convey father and son] regaled radio fans with their enthusiastic boosting of the Cardinals on KWK, headquarters at the Chase Hotel. France Laux did a calmer, more workmanlike job covering baseball for KMOX, whose studios were located on Twelfth Street, about a block south of Market Street. My job included singing the praises of the Cardinals to newspaper editors, sportswriters and announcers in places like Princeton and Terre Haute, Indiana; Cairo, Peoria and Springfield, Illinois; Union City, Tennessee; Paducah, Kentucky; Moberly, Jefferson City and Cape Girardeau, Missouri—and most towns and hamlets in between. It also included writing and editing "The Cardinal News," the first fan publication.

I dug up statistics, made them available to sportswriters like J. Roy Stockton, John E. "Ed" Wray, Sid Keener, Red Smith, Jim Gould, Dick Farrington, Glen Waller, Martin J. "Mike" Haley, Herman Wecke, Kid Regan and Sam Muchnick, predecessors of guys like Bob Broeg, Bob Burnes, Dick Kaegel, Rick Hummel and other later scribes. J. G. Taylor Spink of *The Sporting News* used our material occasionally, as did some of the sportswriters for New York and other metropolitan dailies.

What a season! It came to a climax October 10 when the Redbirds vanquished the Philadelphia Athletics by a score of 4 to 2. The Cardinals had overcome a powerful team which included Lefty Grove, Al Simmons, Jimmy Foxx, Mickey Cochrane, Rube Walberg, Jimmy Dykes, George Earnshaw and managed by Connie Mack.

Pepper Martin, alias the Wild Horse of the Osage, was the superstar of that series, earning a salary of \$4,500. All he did was

bat .500, stole a lot of bases and completely discombobulated Mickey Cochrane and the Philadelphia pitchers. Old Burleigh Grimes, the last of the legal spitballers, pitched most of that final game of the 1931 series. He was on the mound despite an inflamed appendix and finally had to be taken out of the game in the ninth inning. Bill Hallahan relieved him, got the final out when Martin squeezed a fly ball in center. By that time Martin had captured the imagination of the American people through his stellar World Series play and was besieged with offers for stage appearances, requests for endorsements, business propositions, to say nothing of those who merely wanted his autograph.

Pepper accepted an offer to go on stage for \$1,500 a week. After a few weeks the call of the great outdoors overcame any latent ideas he might have had about acting. "Hell, I ain't no actor," said Pepper, "I'm a ballplayer." So he turned down a chance for additional weeks and returned to St. Louis.

They gave me the job of handling Pepper's mail. Every day brought letters and telegrams by the basketful. We sorted out offers of contracts and business propositions, and turned them over to Bill DeWitt, Cardinal treasurer who was acting as Martin's business manager. We tried to answer all other letters with form letters. Most of the mail was filled with superlatives, congratulating Martin on his exploits, his modesty in the face of national adulation, with a sprinkling of mash notes, requests for handouts, invitations to turkey dinners, hunting trips and requests to speak at service club luncheons, church suppers and boys' clubs.

We packaged the fan mail in several large bales and presented it to Pepper when he was ready to drive back to Oklahoma. He loaded it onto his trailer and took off for the winter. Soon he was out quail hunting, duck hunting and tramping through the wilder sections of Oklahoma.

Next spring when Pepper appeared at the Cardinal training camp in Bradenton, Florida, I asked him what he thought of all those flattering congratulatory letters he had taken home with him. "You know, Gene," he said, "I never got around to opening those bales of mail all winter long. Maybe I will someday." I doubt that he ever did.

In 1932 the world champion Cardinals fell on evil days. Pepper came up with an insect bite which led to infection. He broke a bone in his hand. He tried too hard, slumped, and couldn't get out of the doldrums. The rest of the team also faltered badly and finished a poor sixth. When the 1933 season rolled around it looked like Martin might not even make the club. The Cardinals had problems at many positions, among them third base. Sparky Adams had faded as Redbird hot corner man, and in desperation Gabby Street gave Martin a chance at the job. After all, he had started out as an infielder in the minors and still had a powerful throwing arm. Pepper was an incredibly horrible third baseman. He couldn't field cleanly. When he did pick up the ball after it hit his chest, his great arm often sent the ball miles above the first baseman's head or into the dirt. He wasn't hitting, either.

Then came a Sunday game when he was particularly futile,

fumbling grounders, making wild throws and striking out two or three times. After his last strikeout he threw his bat toward the dugout. His head down and mumbling imprecations, when he reached the bat rack he kicked at the collection of bats. One of them uncannily bounced into the box seats and landed in the lap of Mrs. Sam Breadon, wife of the Cardinal owner. When the crowd saw this they roared their disapproval with resounding boos. It was a tragic moment for the fallen star—the hero of 1931. Probably no hometown player had ever suffered such ignominy in St. Louis.

The Cardinals fortunately went on the road that night. Gabby Street kept Pepper in the lineup. If he made errors or struck out on the road it wasn't the same as suffering before the home fans. Martin couldn't get worse than he had been on that fateful Sunday. He bounced back. By the time the team returned home he had settled down and become a pretty fair third baseman.

The nation's fans voted for players to be on the National League All-Star team—the first time ever—and apparently they remembered Martin's 1931 World Series, as he was one of those selected. So was Pie Traynor, at that time the greatest third baseman anywhere. John McGraw, managing the National League team, used Martin as his third baseman throughout the contest. Traynor rode the bench. Quite a compliment for the comeback of a man who had been on the verge of being relegated to the minors a few weeks earlier.

Locally, that 1933 season wasn't much of an improvement over 1932. Rogers Hornsby, after managing the Cardinals to their first pennant and World Series ever in 1926, came back to the team contrite and penitent. He and Breadon had come to a parting of the ways late in 1926 after Rogers demanded a three-year contract at \$50,000 a season. Breadon countered with a one-year contract at \$50,000 or a three-year pact at \$40,000 a year.

St. Louis fans at the time thought of Hornsby as a demigod and a miracle worker, and the Rajah fully expected Breadon to capitulate. Instead, Breadon grabbed the phone and traded Hornsby to New York for Frankie Frisch and a mediocre pitcher, Jimmy Ring.

St. Louis fans were furious at the Cardinal owner, and wanted to lynch him or run him out of town. They talked about court action to nullify the trade. But it stood. During that period between 1926 and 1933 Hornsby had become playing manager at Boston and again for the Chicago Cubs. In the field he had slowed down considerably, but still could hit. Though he made big money for those days, he frittered it away at race tracks and elsewhere. So when the Cubs fired him well into the 1932 season he was unemployed and broke. The Cardinals signed him to a 1933 contract. He hit .325 as a sub and pinch hitter, but the team continued to flounder. Frisch was also slowing down. Changes were in order, so in mid-season Hornsby was released so he could become manager of the Browns, and Frisch replaced Gabby Street as boss of the Cardinals. The Redbirds finished above the .500 mark but still ended up in fifth place.

When the 1934 spring training season rolled around, the

Cardinals had the nucleus of the team which later would become "The Gas House Gang": Dizzy Dean, Rip Collins, Joe Medwick, Lippy Leo Durocher, Pepper Martin, Virgil Davis, and three rookies of considerable promise, Paul Dean, a pitcher, catcher Bill Delancey, and Burgess Whitehead, an infielder. Rickey took me to spring training camp in Bradenton, Florida. I helped him drive, took care of his voluminous correspondence—mostly telegrams in those days—and roomed with him in the old Dixie Grande Hotel.

After watching the team workouts a few days, Rickey told me he had spotted two glaring weaknesses in the Cardinal lineup—catching and second base. "We can't win the pennant with Davis catching and Frisch playing second base," he said. "What I really ought to do is try to trade for a catcher and put Whitehead at second base. I'm sure I could trade Frisch to Boston for catcher Al Spohrer. What I should do would be to catch a plane and sell the idea to Sam Breadon."

Rickey toyed with the idea quite a while, swearing me to secrecy. "Mike Gonzalez could manage the team and we could win," he ruminated. But he soon realized that Breadon probably would not go along with the idea of trading Frisch, so Rickey gave up the idea completely.

Still the 1934 Cardinals weren't going to win the pennant without a struggle. They were headed nowhere in particular as the pennant race went along into August. Dizzy and Paul were the starting pitchers in a Sunday doubleheader. Both of them lost. Unhappy about their fate. Dizzy stayed in St. Louis that night when he should have been on a train headed for Detroit, where the club was scheduled to play an exhibition game the next day. Frisch, with Breadon's approval, plastered a modest fine on Dizzy, who was making \$6,500 that year. In the argument which ensued, Dizzy tore up his uniform, complained to the press that Paul also was underpaid, and both of the Deans walked out of the clubhouse. Suspensions followed and both were off the payroll. Paul's 1934 salary was \$3,000.

During their absence the Cardinals had just 19 men on their roster. The player limit at the time was 23 but the Cardinals were carrying just 21 players. Short-handed, the remaining 19 players "came together" as a team and seemed to be showing what they could do without Dizzy and Paul. Pepper Martin volunteered to pitch—and did. When the Cards began to win consistently, first Paul, and later Dizzy, decided to get back on the payroll. Both promised to be good boys, and they were for the rest of the season. Paul won 19 games and Dizzy came up with 30 victories despite missing at least two or three starts during the strike.

Rickey believed the strike of the Dean brothers was a blessing in disguise. He felt the rest of the team had resented the Deans hogging the limelight and that during the strike they proved they could win a lot of games without Dizzy and Paul. When the Deans repented, a spirit of togetherness bolstered the unity of the club. Manager Frisch, slowed down by aching legs, was stimulated by the chase, and proved himself still a great "money player." Leo Durocher, who had been called "the All-American Out," found



Joe Medwick. "Ducky" won the Triple Crown in 1937

romance with a classy St. Louis fashion designer. Grace Dozier. At first Rickey tried to discourage Leo from marrying Miss Dozier until after the season. But the couple was married anyway and matrimony seemed to result in great play in the field for Leo. He fielded in top form and got numerous timely hits.

Frisch, like Rickey, wasn't too happy with Virgil Davis as a catcher, and gave rookie Bill Delancey more and more time behind the bat. By the season's close, Bill was definitely the Cardinals' first-string catcher—and he hit a healthy .316 in 93 games. The Cardinals went 33-12 after the Deans' walkout, and when the Giants collapsed at the wire, St. Louis had a surprise pennant.

No need to repeat the stories about the 1934 World Series against the Detroit Tigers, a formidable club with stars like Hank Greenberg, Goose Goslin, Charlie Gehringer, Bill Rogell, Schoolboy

Rowe, Eldon Auker, Tommy Bridges and Fred Marberry. Mickey Cochrane managed the team and was still a fine catcher and a good hitter. But we who were rooting for the Cardinals suffered a terrible shock during the fourth game of the series, played in St. Louis on Saturday, October 6. The Redbirds were leading at the time, two games to one. But in that fourth game after three-and-a-half innings the Tigers were ahead, 4 to 2. In the last of the fourth inning the Cardinals were trying to get back in the game. Pinch-hitter Virgil Davis got a single and Frisch sent Dizzy Dean in to run for him. Dizzy was much faster than Davis, of course. But, trying to break up a double-play moment later, Dizzy tried to go into second base standing up. Shortstop Billy Rogell's throw hit Dizzy in the noggin and he dropped to the ground like he was shot. He was carried from the field with his lanky arms and legs flopping over the makeshift stretcher. Cardinal fans feared the worst. Would he be out of the picture for the rest of the World Series? Had he suffered a fractured skull? Would he ever pitch again? After play resumed the Tigers continued to bash Redbird pitchers and won the game, 10-4.

Fortunately Dizzy must have had an awfully hard head. X-rays showed no fracture and Dizzy was ready for the seventh and crucial game the following Tuesday. All he did was hold the Tigers to six scattered hits, got a single and a double and won the game, 11 to 0. The rejuvenated Frankie Frisch held his own, driving the first three runs of the game with a double with the bases loaded. The Cardinals made 17 hits in all. Pepper Martin, Jack Rothrock, Leo Durocher and Dizzy had two hits each. Fun-loving first baseman Rip Collins came up with four hits. That also was the game when Judge Landis removed Joe Medwick from the premises when Detroit fans took out their frustrations by pelting him with all kinds of garbage and debris, threatening to stop the game.

Thus ended my four eventful years as publicity man for the Cardinals—two pennants, two world championships in four seasons. As they say, I didn't make much money, but I certainly had a lot of fun. Before the pennant had been decided, Larry MacPhail, general manager of the Cincinnati Reds, came to town and offered me a 50 salary increase and a contract for the 1935 season. I accepted Larry's offer, spent a couple of years with the Reds and later did publicity work for the Hollywood Stars in the Pacific Coast League, and spent three wonderful years in Montreal with the Royals in the Brooklyn Dodger organization.

Leroy Robert “Satchel” Paige

by Larry Lester

Satchel Paige, the tall, talented, tan, talkative traveler from Mobile, Alabama, was known for his athletic achievement, phenomenal longevity and crowd-pleasing charisma which earned him the distinction of being baseball's greatest gate attraction. Satchel was boastful and unpredictable, a brilliant pitcher with an infectious personality. The entertaining Paige had impeccable control and four different windups. One was called a hesitation or hiccup delivery—that major league baseball banned. His pitching arsenal included the Blooper, the Trouble ball, Long Tom (a super fastball) and the microscopic Bee-Ball (“it be where I want it to be”). Former St. Louis Cardinal pitcher Dizzy Dean claimed: “I've seen all of them fellows except Matty and Johnson and I know who's the best pitcher I ever seen, and it be old Satchel Paige, that big, lanky colored boy.”

He was born in 1906, the sixth child of 12 (including a set of twins) to John Paige, a gardener, and Lula Coleman, a domestic worker. Paige acquired his nickname as a seven-year-old by carrying passengers' luggage or satchels on long poles across his shoulders at the Mobile train station. At age 12, he was found guilty of shoplifting and truancy from W. C. Council School and sent to the Industrial School for Negro Children in Mount Meigs, Alabama. He developed his pitching skills at the school and joined the semipro Mobile Tigers in 1924. After two years with the Tigers, he signed his first professional contract with the Chattanooga Black Lookouts of the Negro Southern League. He made his professional pitching debut on May 1, 1926, defeating the Birmingham Black Barons, 5-4.

In 1928 the Negro National League Birmingham team purchased his contract, and paid him \$275 a month. He stayed with the Black Barons until 1930, when he joined the Baltimore Black Sox for the remainder of the season. The following year, the Nashville Elite Giants purchased the tall (6'3½") hard-throwing right hander. The financially troubled Nashville franchise moved to Cleveland (Cubs) in mid-season, and eventually disbanded.

Businessman Gus Greenlee encouraged Paige to join his Pittsburgh Crawfords in 1932. There his life took a new direction. In Pittsburgh, he met waitress Janet Howard and married her on October 26, 1934. Famed toe-tapper Bill “Bojangles” Robinson served as the best man. In 1935, the power-packed Crawfords became league champions. The team had four other future Hall of Fame members: Oscar Charleston, James “Cool Papa” Bell, William “Judy” Johnson, and Josh Gibson. He stayed with the Crawfords until 1937, when the Dominican Republic dictator Rafael Trujillo

enticed him and other prominent Negro League stars to play on his politically-motivated team. Stripped of his team's nucleus, an angered Gus Greenlee sold Paige's contract to Effa Manley's Newark Eagles. Paige refused to report to the Eagles and headed for Mexico, where he quickly developed a sore arm. His future was in doubt.

In 1939 Paige joined the Kansas City Monarchs' B-team, called either the Stars or the Travelers, depending on what part of the country they were playing. He pitched a few innings every week, but mostly played first base. After many therapeutic rub-down sessions with a special potion supplied by trainer Jewbaby Floyd, his once lame arm was rejuvenated. Monarch owner J. L. Wilkinson immediately called for Paige to rejoin the parent club, where he soon became the ace of the Monarch pitching staff. He led the Monarchs to World Series appearances in 1942 and 1946. In the first series, the Monarchs swept the powerful Homestead Grays in four games. Paige appeared in all four contests, winning three of the games. Always popular with the fans, they voted him to the annual East-West All-Star classic in 1934 and 1936 as a Pittsburgh Crawford and in 1941, 1942 and 1943 as a Kansas City Monarch. Paige's All-Star career netted him a record ERA of 0.60 in 15 innings pitched. His All-Star won-lost record was 2-1.

Paige remained with the Monarchs until 1948, when owner Bill Veeck of the Cleveland Indians signed him to a major league contract. It just happened to be Satch's 42nd birthday. Many fans viewed the signing of this middle-aged man as a box office promotion. It was a huge success. A record night-game crowd of 78,383 fans watched Paige make his first appearance in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium. Later, in his first starting role, he defeated the Washington Senators 5-3 in front of 72,434. In his third big league appearance, 51,013 fans jammed into Comiskey Park. Despite being baseball's oldest rookie, in less than three months he claimed six victories and one loss, guiding the Indians to a pennant and making his only World Series appearance against the Boston Braves. To capitalize on this media frenzy, writer Hal Lebovitz and Paige collaborated on a semi-autobiography, *Pitchin' Man: Satchel Paige's Own Story* (1948).

In 1949, Veeck sold his controlling interest in the Indians. Paige was forced to seek employment elsewhere. However, two years later Veeck purchased the lowly St. Louis Browns and promptly signed Satchel again. Incredibly, the next year, at age 46, Paige enjoyed one of his finest major league seasons. He won 12 games and was selected to the American League All-Star team, becoming baseball's oldest major league All-Star.

After the 1953 season, Paige was released again. He barnstormed across the country until the Miami Marlins signed him in 1956. Once again, under the guidance of Bill L. Veeck, now club vice-president, he spent three years with the International League team. In the three years, the great Satch walked only 54 batters in 340 innings. Quite an achievement for a player now in his fifties.

A change of mind in 1961 found Paige returning to baseball



with the Portland Beavers of the Pacific Coast League. At Portland, the ageless wonder, now 55, struck out 19 batters in 25 innings. Timely, he wrote his second semi-autobiography with David Lipman, called *Maybe I'll Pitch Forever* (1961). It was complete with anecdotes and travels of the baseball legend. Baseball fans thought the final chapter of Paige's had been written.

However, in 1965, he signed a two-month contract for \$4,000 with Charlie O. Finley of the Kansas City Athletics. On September 5, Paige made his final major league appearance against the Boston Red Sox at Municipal Stadium in Kansas City. The 59-year-old legend pitched three scoreless innings, yielding one stingy hit to future Hall of Fame member Carl Yastrzemski. At last, Paige appeared to retire permanently from baseball.

He later served as a deputy sheriff in Kansas City before losing a Democratic primary bid for the state legislature on August 6, 1968. He gathered only 382 votes against 3,870 votes for political veteran Leon M. Jordan.

A week later, on August 12, Atlanta Braves president William Bartholomay announced the signing of Paige as an advisor and part-time pitcher. The Braves assigned Paige his retirement age, 65, as his jersey number. Although Paige never pitched for the Braves, he was able to get the 158 days needed to qualify for his major league pension as a coach.

Fittingly, on August 9, 1971, he became the first player from the Negro Leagues to be elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York. With Hall of Fame credentials, Paige's popularity surged with a guest appearance on the popular Ralph Edwards show, *This Is Your Life* on January 26, 1972. Special guest appearances were made by his old catcher Frank Duncan, friends and family.

Paige, aged 75, suffering from lingering emphysema, made his last appearance on June 5, 1982. Only three days before his death, speaking from a wheelchair with the aid of a respirator, he graciously received recognition at the dedication of Satchel Paige Memorial Stadium, a \$250,000 renovated park in Kansas City, Missouri.

Funeral services were held at the Watkins Brothers Memorial Chapel with the Rev. Emanuel Cleaver (later mayor of Kansas City) giving the eulogy. A 1938 Packard hearse carried Paige's body to Forest Hill Memorial Park Cemetery in the city. He was survived by his wife and eight children. Later, in 1989, the original headstone was removed and replaced with a 6'8" tall, 7,000-pound granite monument, on a remote island along Racine Avenue, a street within the cemetery.

Despite little formal education, Paige was honored on October 9, 1991, with the dedication of a new magnet school in Kansas City, Missouri, called the Leroy "Satchel Paige Classical Greek Academy. The academy promoted the Greek philosophy of "body and spirit." Over a span of five decades, Paige established himself as one of the most physically talented bodies to play the sport of baseball.

“The Czar is Dead— Long Live the Czar!” *How Kansas City Played a Role in Creating the Commissioner’s Office*

by David Pietrusza

In the wake of the Black Sox scandal, baseball ownership searched for new leadership to salvage the game’s rapidly sinking reputation. When Chicagoan Albert Lasker proposed a new three-member commission, to be headed by fiery Federal Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis to rule baseball, many applauded. But American League president Byron “Ban” Johnson did not. Jealous of losing—or even of sharing—control of the game, Johnson retained the support of five of his eight club presidents. It appeared that baseball might split asunder, with eleven clubs following Landis and the “loyal five” still pledging fealty to Johnson.

On Tuesday, November 9, 1920, major league owners assembled at Kansas City’s Hotel Muehlebach, where the National Association was to meet the following day.

Johnson was belligerent as ever. Not only were his “loyal five” threatening to go their own way, but rumors swirled by pro-Johnson forces were scheming to oust National Association secretary John H. Farrell and replace him with a friendlier individual. Addressing the convention for the first time in his career, Johnson laughed at the threat of war and called it “the best cleanser.” He attacked “undesirable owners” who tolerated gambling in their parks and declared that only his “loyal five” had aided him in any meaningful sense in battling the gaming scourge. Albert Lasker, he declared, was “one who has not shed his swaddling clothes in baseball.” The National Association, warned Johnson, should steer clear of the new league and Lasker’s plan.

Aside from such bluster, the Johnson forces did manage to present their own version of baseball’s future. American League attorney George W. Miller proposed an unwieldy nine-member commission, composed of three members named by the National League, three by the American, and three by the National Association.

The minor league delegates seemed impressed by Johnson’s enthusiastic rhetoric, but while he had been orating, his major league allies were clearly wavering. In a Hotel Muehlebach corridor, Barney Dreyfuss, Bob Quinn (representing Browns owner Phil Ball), Clark Griffith and Garry Herrmann assembled. “If my two boys wanted to fight over anything so silly,” Quinn sadly observed over the coming baseball war, “I would spank them both.” The Johnsonites concurred, and it was agreed Griffith and Quinn would sit in on a meeting with the “eleven” to represent the

“loyal five’s” interests.

During the session Herrmann raised the issue: “Judge Landis has been chosen as head of the new Commission at a salary of \$50,000 a year. It is now proposed that his two associates be selected at a salary of \$25,000. It seems to me that considerable trouble will result unless we pay these associates as much as Judge Landis. They will naturally be prominent men who will consider themselves as competent as the Judge and deserving of as much salary.”

Quinn now raised an entirely new issue. “Personally,” he stated, “I see no necessity for having three commissioners. In my mind one would do as well. A man like Judge Landis, who is a Federal Judge and accustomed to handling large business interests, can certainly be trusted to administer any business Organized Baseball may give him.”

Herrmann interrupted. He wanted to know if Quinn spoke on his own or represented Ball. “I have not consulted Mr. Ball on this matter,” Quinn admitted, “but I will say that he has never failed to back me up in any reasonable measure. I consider this measure reasonable. I am sure the St. Louis Browns would never be involved in any difficulties they would not trust to the hands of Judge Landis.”

The proposal failed to meet with any enthusiasm. Shortly thereafter, when Clark Griffith proposed a six-member joint committee (three members from each faction) the session nearly collapsed. But when the owners reconvened, Garry Herrmann endorsed Quinn’s one-commissioner proposal. In the interim all the owners had swung around to Ball’s thinking.

Detroit owner Frank Navin and Herrmann spoke to the National Association convention the next morning. As Herrmann addressed the minor leaguers, he was handed a note. He stunned the gathering with its contents. His fellow owners had agreed to meet the next day in Chicago. No attorneys, no stenographers, and most significantly, no league presidents would be present.

The *Kansas City Journal* headlined “Moguls Leave Determined to Fight It Out,” but it was all over for Johnson. His loyalists had realized the futility of a new baseball war. Before the next opening day, they would have to create three new franchises and staff them. If they tried to place new clubs in Boston, New York, and Chicago, they would have to find not only new owners but new ballparks. In New York that would be virtually impossible. In bidding for talent they would have to go against such millionaires as Jake Ruppert and Charles Stoneham. They knew resistance would be folly.

A new czar of baseball was about to be crowned.

Rube Foster and Black Baseball in Chicago

by Jerry Malloy

Obviously, no history of major league baseball in Chicago could ignore the White Sox or Cubs. So, too, no account of the national pastime in Chicago would be complete if it did not include black baseball. The central role Chicago played in the history of the Negro Leagues can be indicated by considering (1) the astonishing career of Andrew "Rube" Foster, the Father of Black Baseball, and (2) the annual celebration of black baseball excellence that took place each year at Comiskey Park, the Negro League's East-West All-Star Game. Both are as much a part of the rich fabric of Chicago's baseball history as the "Homer in the Gloamin'" or the interminable foul balls off the bat of "Old Aches and Pains" himself.

First, there's Rube Foster. Historian John Holway is right: "White baseball has never seen anyone quite like Rube Foster," although I suspect that Al Spalding comes closest. Foster was a giant of a man who took giant steps in everything he did. He fit right into Chicago about the time that city planner Daniel Burnham was exhorting: Make No Little Plans! When Thomas Carlyle wrote that history is the biography of great men, he might be summing up black baseball for the entire first quarter of the 20th century. Rube Foster, cutting an unimaginably wide swath through Negro baseball, proved impervious to the Peter Principle; he never found a level of incompetence as a player, manager, team owner, league founder, or commissioner.

Foster's later multifarious success in baseball can obscure his talent as a player. For the first decade of the century, he may have been the best pitcher in black (perhaps even white) baseball. He signed on with Frank Leland's Chicago Union Giants, a powerful all-black team, in 1901, for \$40 a month plus 15 (GL_cents sign) per meal. He was a strapping, pistol-toting, 22-year-old, right-handed son of a preacher from Calvert, Texas. His chief baseball weapon was a nasty screwball thrown from a submarine delivery. Later, he pitched in Philadelphia and New York. Along the way, he met a lot of people and made a lot of fans. White sportswriters compared him with the likes of Joss, Rusie, Radbourne, and Cy Young. Indeed, he got his nickname by whipping the A's Waddell in an exhibition game. Some say that John McGraw hired him as a pitching coach and that he taught Christy Mathewson his "fadeaway." There's no denying that he certainly could pitch. No less a hitter than Honus Wagner called him "one of the greatest pitchers of all time. He was the smartest pitcher I have ever seen in all my years in baseball."

The cleverness and guile that Wagner recognized in Rube's makeup became increasingly apparent as his baseball presence expanded into larger and more extensive realms. In 1907 he returned to Chicago, this time to stay, as player-manager of the Leland Giants. Upset at the team's share of the gate when the Giants played white teams, Foster convinced Frank Leland to let him try his hand at negotiating the split. Soon he was able to demand a 50-50 split, and never again did a Rube Foster team play for less than half the proceeds.

The Leland Giants played in Auburn Park at 79th and Wentworth (and, at 69th and Halsted and, at 61st and Racine) became a perennial powerhouse in Chicago's strong, integrated city league. This circuit included the talented semi-pro teams with large followings such as the Logan Squares, Gunthers, and Duffy Florals. Major leaguers such as Johnny Kling, Joe Tinker, and Johnny Evers often picked up a few extra bucks by playing as ringers on these teams. The Leland Giants (and, later, Chicago American Giants) also had great success during the harvest season, when, for about a month each year, the best touring teams from the Midwest converged on Chicago for some ferocious baseball battles.

The 1907 Leland Giants had a record of 110-10, including 48 straight wins. Following the 1909 season, the Leland Giants played a three-game exhibition series against the Cubs, who had finished second in the National League that season. The Cubs won all three games, by scores of 6-5, 4-1, and 1-0. Mordecai "Three Finger" Brown won two games and Orval Overall won one in the hard-fought series, which was covered by the white press, including the Tribune's (GL-ital) young sportswriter Ring Lardner. Foster tried throughout the remainder of his career to get the Cubs to consent to a rematch, but never succeeded. This was partly due to Commissioner Landis, who, during the 1920s put the kibosh on annual exhibition series that the Chicago American Giants played against a team of white major leaguers put together by Harry Heilmann.

By 1910, Foster had compiled what he considered to be the greatest team of all time, back or white. Featuring such stars as John Henry Lloyd, Pete Hill, Grant "Home Run" Johnson, Bruce Petway, Frank Wickware, and Pat Dougherty, the Leland Giants won 123 games and lost only six!

In 1911 Foster entered into a partnership with a white businessman named John Schorling. Together they bought the ballpark that Charles Comiskey was vacating as he moved his White Sox into their sparkling new stadium, the current Comiskey Park, on 35th and Shields. The Old Roman's old ball park, at 39th and Wentworth, thus became the first home for one of the greatest sustained success stories in the history of Negro sport in America: the Chicago American Giants. This great team would cast a giant shadow for the remaining years of apartheid baseball in the United States. So vast was this team's impact that the inclusion of the word "American" in its title, whether due to greatness or good fortune, proved apt indeed. And so clear was Rube Foster's imprint



Rube Foster, in his rookie year with the Leland Giants, 1907. He is in the upper right.



on them, that they were often referred to as simply “Rube Foster’s Giants.”

Like all successful black baseball teams, the Chicago American Giants could survive only by touring extensively and abandoning the notion of an “off season.” Traveling to areas as remote from Chicago as the West Coast and Cuba, Rube Foster’s team created excitement, a festive carnival atmosphere wherever it played. With Foster insisting on nothing less than first-class accouterments, what a spectacle it must have been when the American Giants burst into town in the epitome of opulence: their own private Pullman coach! Dave Malarcher, Foster’s star third baseman, who later succeeded him as manager of the team, recall:

I never shall forget the first time I saw Rube Foster. I never saw such a well-equipped ball club in my whole life! I was astounded. Every day they came out in a different set of beautiful uniforms, all kinds of bats and balls, all the best kind of equipment.

The American Giants traveled everywhere, as you know. No other team travel as many miles as the American Giants. When Rube gave them the name American Giant, he really selected a name. That was a good idea, because it became the greatest ball club that ever was. That’s right: the way he played, the way he equipped his team, the way he paid his men, the way he treated his men, the miles that they traveled.

As a manager, Foster’s style was ruthlessly aggressive. He built his attack around relentless speed and hustle. He consistently defeated teams that hit for higher averages or more power by using bold base running. He was an exponent of the hit-and-run bunt, wherein a fast base runner would advance two bases on a bunt play, usually going from first to third, but often scoring from second base. All of Foster’s players, even his rare power hitters, such as the Cuban Cristobal Torriente, were expected to be excellent bunters. Bunting drills included laying down bunts into Rube’s own strategically placed hat. Foster’s passion for the bunted ball was demonstrated in a 1921 game against the Indianapolis ABCs. The American Giants fell behind by the score of 18-0, with only two innings left. Foster signaled for bunts on eleven (11!) straight hitters. A couple of grand slams later, the Giants had scored nine runs in each inning to tie the game, 18-18. Foster often used his ubiquitous pipe to send in plays, waving it in certain ways, or sending up a couple puffs of smoke. He also used it as an implement of discipline, thumping the skull of a player who missed or played through one of his signs.

Off the field, Foster could be charming. He often entertained players, writers, and fans with stories from his colorful career, addressing everyone, male and female alike, as “Darling” in his Texas drawl. But once a game began, he was strictly business, and would not tolerate disobedience. One of Rube’s players, Arthur Hardy, recalled Foster’s firm manner: I wouldn’t call him reserved, but he wasn’t free and easy. You see, Rube was a natural

psychologist.

Now he didn’t know what psychology was and he probably couldn’t spell it, but he realized that he couldn’t fraternize and still maintain discipline. He wasn’t harsh, but he was strict. His dictums were not unreasonable, but if you broke one he’d clamp down on you. If he stuck a fine on you, you paid it—there was no appeal from it. He was dictatorial in that sense.

He was able to command the respect and admiration of his players, many of whom went on to successful careers as managers after their playing days were over. There are those who speculate that he purposely cultivated his acquaintanceships with white managers such as Connie Mack and John McGraw in the hope that one day he would be asked to form a black major league team. Perhaps. But baseball minds surely would recognize a fellow member in the brotherhood of great managers.

As great a player, owner, and manager as he was, Rube Foster’s most impressive accomplishment was the creation of the Negro National League in 1920. (An all-Negro Eastern League was formed in 1923). Among the many changes wrought by World War I was a redistribution of the black population of the country. When Rube Foster first arrived in Chicago at the turn of the century, Negroes comprised only about two percent of the population of the city. By the middle of the century’s second decade, however, blacks from the South were pouring into Chicago and the other large urban centers in the North. This great migration occurred just as Foster was in the process of establishing the Chicago American Giants. In 1917 alone, the black population of Chicago increased by 65,000. But this unprecedented population boom was not an unmixed blessing. After the war, racial tensions throughout the nation intensified, resulting in a series of race riots, the worst one occurring in Chicago, where 23 blacks and 15 whites died. (Foster’s team was on the road at the time and had to postpone its return home since their ballpark was occupied by soldiers.)

While the advantages of creating a Negro League were obvious to many, it had been unsuccessfully attempted several times, as far back as 1887 and as recently as 1906 and 1911. But it remained for someone of the prominence and perspicacity of Rube Foster to accomplish the Bismarkian task of pulling together the divergent independent teams into a united league. What Hulbert and Spalding did for the National League and Johnson and Comiskey did for the American League, Rube Foster alone did for the Negro National League. Created at a meeting held in Kansas City in February 1920, the NNL’s charter members, besides Foster’s Chicago American Giants, were: Joe Green’s Chicago Giants, the Indianapolis ABCs, Kansas City Monarchs, St. Louis Giants, Detroit Stars, Cuban Stars, and Dayton Marcos.

Rube Foster was the de facto czar of this league until his disabling illness in 1926. From his office at Indiana and Wentworth, he ran the NNL as a benevolent autocrat. Realizing the need for a semblance of balanced competition, he moved players around from team to team, even depriving his own Chicago American Giants of the great Oscar Charleston, whom he sent to Indianapolis. When

the Dayton franchise, which he financed out of his own pocket, failed, he moved it to Columbus, Ohio.

When teams ran out of money on the road, he wired money so they could return home. When teams ran short of dough and had problems meeting their payroll, Foster advanced loans for players' pay. Even among such energetic and successful owners as J. L. Wilkinson of the Kansas City Monarchs and C. Taylor of the Indianapolis ABCs, Foster was acknowledged as the undisputed kingpin of the league, overseeing matters great and small. He even composed the league's motto: "We Are the Ship, All Else the Sea," an accurate analogy for Rube's role within the league itself.

The Negro National League never totally established stability and unity over a long period of time. Compromises had to be made to accommodate more traditional forms of income (such as exhibitions and barnstorming), and teams played unbalanced schedules. The league turned out to be an aggregation of essentially independent teams. But it did succeed in giving concrete form to the model of self-help and self-reliance, free from white interference or control, envisioned by Booker T. Washington as the best hope for the well-being of the race. In forming the NNL, Foster said he wanted "to create a profession that would equal the earning capacity of any other profession," to "keep Colored baseball from the control of whites," and "do something concrete for the loyalty of the Race." The Chicago American Giants provided a paragon of black excellence. He set a standard for those who followed to admire and emulate. That was his real genius.

Rube Foster died December 9, 1930, after spending the last four years of his life in an asylum for the mentally ill in Kankakee, Illinois. One of the greatest baseball minds of all time suddenly and sadly collapsed, and he was remanded to the institution by a judge. Black Chicagoans did not forget his contribution to their community. Thousands paid homage as the body of the most famous black in Chicago lay in state at a funeral home. Fifty-one years later, Rube Foster became the tenth veteran of the Negro Leagues to be enshrined in baseball's Hall of Fame.

Neither the Chicago American Giants nor the Negro National League as Foster built them survived long after his death. The Great Depression had a devastating impact upon the already impoverished black baseball fans of the country. However, in the 1930s a new league was formed, largely under the leadership of Pittsburgh Crawfords owner Gus Greenlee. The Chicago American Giants were revived, and continued to play a prominent (though less opulent) role in Negro baseball through the remaining years of segregated baseball.

In the 1930s and 1940s Chicago became the mecca of Negro baseball, as Comiskey Park was the site of the most spectacular annual event in black sports: The East-West

All-Star Game. The Negro League World Series, which pitted the East Coast and Midwest champions against each other, never attained the glamour or aura of historical moment that the major league World Series did. Instead, the focal point of the season in the Negro leagues was the mid-season East-West Game. [Several

times second games, usually called "All-Star Classics," were played in various eastern cities, but never achieved the heights of the annual Comiskey Park extravaganza]. When the current owners of the White Sox desert that fine and noble structure known as Comiskey Park, they will be abandoning the home of one of the most distinguished elements of the heritage of black baseball in America.

The East-West Game originated as the brainchild of Roy Sparrow, an aide to Gus Greenlee, in 1932, a year before the major leagues' first midsummer classic, which also was played at Comiskey Park. The game quickly established itself as the undisputed centerpiece of the black baseball season, an unsurpassed festival of black baseball pride. Chicago's Grand Hotel became the center of the Negro League universe as thousands flocked to Chicago for the East-West Game. League cities even sent bathing beauties to represent their teams, adding to the hoopla. In 1935, the game was tied in with Joe Louis' fight with King Levinsky. Year after year, railroads added cars to all trains headed to Chicago to accommodate the fans eager to see their all-stars play. By the 1940s, the game had become such an event that the Chicago Defender, one of the major Negro newspapers in the country, would refer to a crowd of 35,000 as "disappointing!"

The Negro League's All-Star Game preceded the major league's by a year. In fact, the black event often outdrew its white counterpart's during the 1940s.

Attendance figures were regarded as omens for eventual integration by many. At a time when attendance in many major league cities was slipping, the Negro Leagues showed impressive growth. The Kansas City Monarchs regularly outdrew the Blues, the Yankees' minor league team in that city. In 1942, the Monarchs, with Satchel Paige, defeated a team of white major leaguers in Wrigley Field before 30,000 fans, while only 19,000 watched the White Sox host the St. Louis Browns on the same day. Such figures encouraged many Negro leaders to hope that this would be their entree into the major leagues. A market this vast, they calculated, would simply be too lucrative for organized baseball to ignore. And, in fact, one of the motives frequently attributed to Branch Rickey in his decision to sign Jackie Robinson was his desire to capitalize on the expanding Negro market that he was shrewd enough to notice.

And attendance figures at Comiskey Park for the East-West Games were very imposing indeed. By the time the fourth game was played, in 1936, the Negro League All-Star Game attendance exceeded that of the major league counterpart. The black game also outdrew the white game in 1938, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1946, and 1947—with no game held by the major leagues in 1945 due to wartime restraints. Attendance hit its peak in 1943, when 51,723 fans jammed into Comiskey Park. In the following year, 46,247 watched the East-West Game, while only 29,589 watched the major league All-Star game at Forbes Field.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Slow Tragedy *The Saga of Pete Browning*

by Clyde F. Crews

A native Louisvillian, Louis “Pete” Browning was born June 17, 1861, in the first summer of America’s Civil War. One of eight children (four sons and four daughters) born to Samuel and Mary Jane Sheppard Browning, Pete grew up in the city’s near West End. The family was geographically well-rooted, for when Pete died, a bachelor, in the late summer of 1905, it was at the old family homestead at 1427 West Jefferson, where he had made his residence at the end with his old mother and two sisters.

The tragic aspects of the Browning story begin early in “The Gladiator’s” life and course through his days like dark threads in a once bright tapestry. As a boy and a young man who loved not only baseball but skating, marbles, and fishing, Pete was afflicted with ear and hearing maladies that made learning difficult. (In those youthful years, he did not learn to read or write.) The diagnosis was mastoiditis, and in the still primitive days of surgery, Browning had two operations for his condition, neither of lasting help.

He was to spend 13 seasons in major league baseball (1882-1894), with an average above .300 for seven consecutive years. He topped out in 1887 at .402. Two years later, he spent two months on suspension for the alcohol problem that plagued him throughout his adult years.

Browning first achieved notice as a pitcher, but spent his time in the majors as a fielder, staying permanently in the outfield after 1885. As a fielder, writes Philip Von Borries, Browning was “atrocious” and “wielded hands of stone.” His elegant hours, of course, were to be spent at the plate, armed with one of his formidable bats. There, in the glory days with Louisville, he regularly electrified his fans. An editorialist for the *Louisville Herald* wrote:

“. . . when “Old Pete” Browning walked with easy grace to the plate with his bat under his arm, and rubbed his hands with dirt, all of us youngsters in the bleachers raised our voices in wild acclaim . . . With breathless interest we watched him as he took his position, crouching panther-like over the plate, his keen eye watching for the pitcher . . . And when “Pete” found one to his liking and let go at it for a fair hit, how we rose with the other exultant fans and shouted for the pure joy of shouting.”

“Old Pete” stayed with the Louisville team through their disastrous 1889 season (27-111) and switched to the Players

League and Cleveland in 1890, batting .373 that year. Before his career ended in 1894, he had done stints with Pittsburgh and four other National League clubs.

Browning maintained that he reformed and stopped drinking when he left Louisville. The *New York Herald* noted in 1891 that some reports had made a dupe of the real Browning, providing a “spin” that the Gladiator was ignorant and simple. “On the contrary,” the *Herald* reported, “he appeared to be decidedly sensible and well-read.” The columnist continued:

“Pete is one of the characters in professional baseball. He has figured in more scrapes and skirmishes with managers than practically any other ballplayer in the country. Two years ago he was a confirmed drunkard; now he is a reformer, sober, hard-working and respected.”

The transformed Mr. Browning visited Louisville during the “World Series” of 1890 between his native city and Brooklyn. He spoke of himself to the press in the third person: “When Pete was here he wasn’t nobody. Now Pete comes back to town and everybody calls him Mr. Browning. When he got with good people, he became good people himself.” Asked about the chances for a Louisville victory, the feisty old Gladiator replied: “All the Brooklyns might be killed in a wreck and then the Louisvilles would have to win.”

It was during the 1884 season playing with “the Louisvilles” that Browning cracked his bat, an event destined to become the Crack Heard ‘Round the World. For Pete turned to John Andrew “Bud” Hillerich, son of the owner of the J. F. Hillerich Co., purveyor of bed posts and butter churns, to create a round, barrel-shaped bat especially for him, and the Louisville Slugger tradition was born.

Browning was a man who was shot through with eccentricities—always stepping on third base with his left foot when he came off the field; pampering his “lamps” (eyes) and bushy eyebrows. But, foremost among his quirks was what might be called a “bat mysticism.” He named all his bats, often turning to the Bible as a source. He believed that each of his wood sluggers had just so many hits within them. When they were exhausted, they were given a respectful retirement in the basement of Pete’s mother’s home. Reportedly, over 200 ended up there in repose.

After his diamond career was completed, Browning returned to Louisville, where he kept a saloon (not the best of occupations for a man with his personal history) at the corner of 13th and Market streets. He also tried cigar sales for a time. But his health—both mental and physical—began to deteriorate significantly.

In the summer of 1905, he was committed by order of a local circuit court to the Central Kentucky Lunatic Asylum (Lakeland). After barely two weeks of residence there, he was removed by his sister. Within a month he was taken to City Hospital in Louisville and underwent surgeries on the ear and chest. He died at his mother’s home on September 10, 1905.

The Louisville papers next day could not resist puns in their obituary headlines: “Called Out For All Time On Life’s Field” read the morning *Courier-Journal*; and “Pete Browning ‘Out’ of Life’s Game” came from the evening *Times*. Old teammates—including John Reccius and Charles Pfeiffer—were among the pallbearers who brought “Old Pete” to his final resting place, Louisville’s Cave Hill Cemetery.

Pete Browning’s life, to all outward appearances, was a story of slow tragedy. His saga is one of great ability and performance that played itself out and finally wound down against a backdrop of ongoing incapacity, isolation, and misunderstanding.

Even in death, the tragedy has continued, for, despite outstanding achievement, Browning has never been inducted into

the Hall of Fame. In his insightful study of Browning in *Legends of Louisville*, Philip Von Borries makes a studied and impassioned appeal that such an omission be remedied in the future. He writes of the failure of the Gladiator’s contemporaries and some later historians to recognize “the ravaging mastoidal condition that lay at the root of all his lifelong personal and professional problems.” Von Borries concludes:

“Today, nearly a century after he last played major league baseball, Browning is imprisoned by both that media-created legend and historical prejudice against American Association luminaries. When those shackles are finally broken, the way will be clear for Browning to enter Cooperstown.”



LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

And the Last Shall Be First

Louisville Club Zooms

From Cellar To Pennant in 1890

by Bob Bailey

The baseball season of 1890 was a tumultuous season on and off the field. It was the year of open battle in the Brotherhood War, with the players forming their own league and fielding a full schedule of games in competition with the established National League and American Association. Franchises shifted leagues, cities hosted multiple teams, and new cities joined the ranks of the major leagues. It was great for fans. The surfeit of baseball games gave them many choices in attending games and lower ticket prices as the competing organizations vied for fan support.

On the field, rosters were shuffled as never before. Many major leaguers jumped to the Players League and the National League. In addition to trying to reacquire some of their stars, clubs made raids on Association teams. But one team was relatively immune to all this—the lowly Louisville Colonels.

Louisville had a mixed history in organized baseball going back to 1876 when they were a charter member of the fledgling National League. Some of the luster dimmed two years later when they quietly dropped out of the league in the wake of the gambling scandal that shook the franchise in 1877. But in 1882 the Kentucky city was again a charter member of a new major league, the American Association. For several years Louisville was a respectable club that occasionally contended for the pennant. But by the end of the 1880s they were a perennial second division club, typically out of the race by the Fourth of July.

Until 1890. That crazy year of three major leagues—players jumping from roster to roster and baseball wars being fought on the field and in the press—ended with Louisville's capturing their first and only big league pennant. The story of Louisville's rise to the top of the American Association was all the more remarkable since they rose from the cellar in 1889. This is not the story of a bad team catching a few breaks, it is the tale of a woeful squad catching lightning in the bottle for one glorious season.

The opening day roster contained past-their-prime veterans Pete Browning, Guy Heckler, and Dude Esterbrook along with pitchers Red Ehret and Scott Stratton and a cast of unknowns, except for Chicken Wolf, a solid performer in the outfield. Stratton and Browning had contentious dealings with owner Mordecai Davidson before signing their 1889 contracts. Davidson had assumed the club presidency the previous season when he bought out several other club directors over a disagreement about spending money to acquire better ball players to improve the club.

Davidson was against it. His tight-fisted approach toward players and club fiscal management was not merely a reflection of a robber baron mentality. It was well-grounded in the reality that the Louisville club was pitifully undercapitalized and operated by a group of owners that, while individually comfortable financially, did not possess personal wealth sufficient to build a contending squad.

The Colonels opened with six straight losses and ended the first road trip at 3-14. On the ensuing home stand things did improve. The 5-8 record included what would be the season's longest winning streak, three games. The third win in the streak was also the last the club would experience for close to a month. Louisville was swept in Cincinnati and Columbus before boarding a train for Philadelphia. The Kentucky boys were due in Philly on June 3. However, they were a no-show. Likewise June 4. Nobody knew where they were. The papers derided the squad with a headline of "Lost Again." Finally, they arrived in Philadelphia on June 5 as victims of the Johnstown Flood. It seems that the train carrying the team was stuck in high water in extreme western New York, and was unable to communicate with the outside world because the telegraph lines were down. Once in Philadelphia they returned to their losing ways, dropping four games in both Philadelphia and Brooklyn.

Back in Louisville, Davidson was busily trying to sell players or the franchise to survive the financial disaster that was building. He was unsuccessful in finding a local buyer for the club in Louisville and had been called on the carpet by the Association president for attempting to dismantle the squad. As part of his effort to save some cash, Davidson instituted a system of fines for various player misdeeds on the diamond. The players naturally rebelled at these measures and demanded the fines to be rescinded. Davidson refused. When threatened with the players' refusal to take the field in Baltimore, he blithely instituted fines for refusing to play.

On June 14, 1889, the first major league players strike started. Six Louisville players declined to report to the park in Baltimore. They were pitcher Red Ehret, catcher Paul Cook, infielders Guy Hecker, Dan Shannon, and the Old Gladiator himself, Pete Browning. After some cajoling by Association leaders and assurances that the league would investigate the players' grievances, the Louisville six returned to the field after missing one game.

On the field the team completed the 21-game road trip with a perfect 0-21 record and returned to the bluegrass with a 23-game losing streak intact. After dropping three more to St. Louis they scored an easy 7-3 victory over the Browns to end the horror at 26 games.

Unhappily, the remainder of the season was not any better. The Colonels finished with a 27-111-2 record for a measly .196 percentage. The offense had turned in a middle-of-the-pack record, but the fielding and pitching ranked among some of the worst ever. In July, 1889, some of the local stockholders bought out Davidson. They released Hecker and Browning, and hired

Jack Chapman as manager. Chapman was making a return trip to Louisville since he had been the manager of Louisville's original entry in the National League in 1876.

No doubt about it, Chapman had his work cut out for him. Opportunely, help was on its way. Chapman used his extensive knowledge of the baseball world to sign newcomers Harry Taylor, Herb Goodall, Tim Shinnock, and Louisville native Charlie Hamburg. All would play key roles in the Colonels' 1890 rise. Just as important was what was happening to the competition. The Players League signed over a quarter of the players on the American Association's reserve lists. Hardest hit were St. Louis, Baltimore, and the Athletic Club of Philadelphia. Stars like Charlie Comiskey, Henry Larkin, and Lave Cross jumped to the new league. Louisville lost five players, but none had hit over .260 the previous season, and they didn't figure to be much of a loss.

In addition to player movement, Louisville was helped by franchise movement. The National League, trying to shore up its ranks to compete with the Players League, induced Brooklyn and Cincinnati to jump from the AA to the NL. Brooklyn had won the AA pennant in 1889 and Cincinnati was one of the stronger contenders in the Association. So, by opening day 1890, Louisville found itself with a younger squad, new leadership, in a league that had lost its strongest clubs, and its competitors crippled by Players League raids.

Louisville, now nicknamed the Cyclones by the local press due to their fast start and a twister that swept through Louisville that spring, found themselves in first place after the first two weeks of the season. This rarefied atmosphere was so alien to the players that they slipped to 27-25 through June and were in fourth place, nine games behind the Athletics. A 20-game home stand to start July began with 12 straight wins, including three over the Athletics, and saw Louisville vault into first place by percentage points ahead of Philadelphia. Through August Louisville continued to play at .600 clip as teams fell out of the race. By late August they were seven games in front of second-place St. Louis. A 16-8 September led to an early October pennant-clinching victory over

Columbus.

They had done it! Louisville became the first team to go from worst to first in a single season. The Cyclones finished with an 88-44 record, a 61-game improvement over the previous season. Certainly the unusual environment in the major leagues was a major contributor to the rise of the team, but they still had to win the games on the field. Louisville did so by improving every aspect of their game. They increased their run production by 28% while the Association as a whole declined 11%. They turned in a league-best batting average of .279, led by Chicken Wolf's league-leading .363. On defense they cut their opposition runs to 588 from 1,091 the previous season. In 1889 they committed the most errors in the league and had the second-worst fielding percentage. In 1890 they were the best in both categories.

The worst-to-first story continued for the pitching staff, too. In 1890, Louisville won the most games, surrendered the least runs, and dropped their ERA over two runs a game. Walks declined 40%. Scott Stratton turned in a 34-14 season with an ERA of 2.36. He led the league in ERA and winning percentage. Red Ehret chipped in with a 25-14 record and trailed only Stratton with a 2.58 ERA.

By capturing the American Association pennant, Louisville earned a berth in the World Series against NL pennant winner (and 1899 AA pennant winner) Brooklyn.

The series opened in Louisville in wet, cold weather. When they moved on to Brooklyn it was worse. After seven games each team had three wins and a tie. Since the weather forecast called for snow in Brooklyn, the teams postponed the deciding game, with a vague agreement to settle things the next spring. When the Players League collapsed, tensions between the AA and NL heightened and the series was never completed.

In the ensuing season, Louisville quickly settled back into the second division, where they would reside for most of their remaining years in the big leagues. But there was that one shining season when the presence of a baseball war, new ownership, and career years by a group of overachieving players vaulted Louisville to the top of the baseball world.



Joe Wood with Jim Murnane, player, manager, and finally sports editor of the Boston Globe

Larrupin' Lou Bids the Fans Adieu

by Jack Kavanagh

There was no bounce in Lou Gehrig's step as he walked into the depot dining room of Union Station in Kansas City. His roommate, Bill Dickey, carried two equipment bags, his and Lou's. The World Champion New York Yankees were in town to play an exhibition game with their AAA farm team, the Kansas City Blues of the American Association. Back east, the new Baseball Hall of Fame was being dedicated in Cooperstown, N.Y. It was June 11, 1939.

During the night a westbound Union Pacific train had dropped the two Pullmans used by the Yankees on a siding. The team, sleepy-eyed and wearing rumpled suits, their manager insisted they must, would have breakfast in the depot dining room before riding cabs to the ball park for the sold-out game. When the game was over, only Lou Gehrig would check into a hotel after his teammates left. The next day Gehrig would take a train to Rochester, Minnesota, and visit the Mayo Clinic. Someone there might be able to tell him why, at 36, he felt like a man in his 60s.

The Yankees owners, taking advantage of an off day in the major league schedules for the Hall of Fame ceremony, had added this stop to their western swing. The day before they had brushed aside the last-place Browns twice before a sprinkling of depression-era fans in St. Louis. Today would be different. Over 20,000 tickets had been sold to fans eager to see the famous Yankees. The new star, Joe DiMaggio, would face off against his older brother, Vince, a center fielder like Joe. Vince was leading the American Association in batting and home runs. Local enthusiasts argued Vince was the best of the ball playing DiMaggio brothers.

The newspapers had warned that Lou Gehrig would not play. He had been missing from the Yankees lineup since May 2, when his consecutive game string had ended 2, 130 straight games. As the team's captain, he traveled with the team, carrying the lineup cards to the umpires before each game, then returning to the dugout to puzzle over his lost strength and coordination.

Later that day, Lou Gehrig would explain to reporters, "I guess everybody wonders why I'm going to the Mayo Clinic. But I can't help believe there's something wrong with me. It's not conceivable that I could go to pieces so suddenly. I feel fine, feel strong and have the urge to play, but without warning this year I've apparently collapsed. I'd like to play some more and I want somebody to tell me what's wrong. Usually a fellow slows up gradually."

When Gehrig handed the starting lineup card to the home plate umpire, surprisingly his name was on it. His replacement in the

Yankee lineup, Babe Dahlgren, had been crossed out and Gehrig would bat eighth. He explained that as long as so many people had come to see him, he would try to play a few innings for them. He handled four putouts at first base and it was the third inning before Gehrig came to bat.

The wide stance in the left-handed batter's box was familiar. Gehrig squared off the way he always had. The bat was held the same way. But the menace was gone. He made contact and the box score tells us that he grounded out, second to first. When the Yankees took the field again, Dahlgren was at first base. Larrupin' Lou Gehrig had batted for the last time as a New York Yankee. He would never play the game of baseball again.

The fans got their money's worth. The Yankees, winning 4-1, kept their stars, Gordon, Keller, Rolfe, Henrich, Crosetti on the field for six innings. Joe DiMaggio, with a bandaged right wrist, was hitless in three times at bat. His brother, Vince, singled in his three times up. Neither hit a home run. A brisk wind was blowing in on an otherwise ideal sunny June afternoon.

After the game the police had to rescue the Yankees from crowds of autograph seekers. Inside the clubhouse, the Blues' youngest player, the future Yankee shortstop Phil Rizzuto, was a happy youngster gathering autographs for himself.

On July 4, after he had learned his fate from the Mayo Clinic, Lou Gehrig would make his formal farewell to the fans in special ceremonies at Yankee Stadium. The scene is familiar, both from the newsreels which show a tearful Gehrig saying, "Today, I'm the luckiest man on the face of the earth," or Gary Cooper recreating the scene in the movie *The Pride of the Yankees*.

However, it was to a typical midwestern baseball crowd, few of whom had ever seen him play before, that the once-indestructible Iron Horse said his last goodbye as a player. The slugger called "Larrupin' Lou" for the velocity of base hits crashing off his bat, had made one final, awkward appearance. The time left to Larrupin' Lou was short. He died on June 2, 1941, not quite two years after his last ball field appearance, playing first base in the uniform of the Yankees in Kansas City, far from New York City and the Yankee Stadium.

Ed Reulbach's Shutout Doubleheader

by Arthur R. Ahrens

Pitchers winning two complete games in one day, extinct since Emil Levsen of Cleveland last turned the trick on August 28, 1926, were a rare breed of men even in their heyday. From the time Candy Cummings set the precedent on September 9, 1876, until Levsen rang down the final curtain nearly half a century later, only 39 pitchers could successfully perform the act. Joe McGinnity accomplished the feat three times in one month (August, 1903), while Mark Baldwin, Ed Walsh, and Grover Alexander each managed it twice. The other 35 could only do it once, making a total of 44 occasions in which a pitcher went the distance twice in the same day, beating his foes both times.

Of singular importance was Cub pitcher Ed Reulbach's double-barrelled blast to the Brooklyn Superbas on September 26, 1908. This performance was unique in that it marked the only time anyone pitched a shutout doubleheader in the major leagues.

Spitballer "Kaiser" Wilhelm was on the mound for Brooklyn, and for the first six innings he pitched almost as well as Reulbach, allowing Chicago only one run.

During this time Reulbach fell into but one jam, that, too, coming in the fifth, when Tom Sheehan and Joe Dunn led off with back-to-back singles. With two on and nobody out, it looked as if the Superbas would tie the game when first baseman Frank Chance appeared to overrun Wilhelm's pop-up. But before the ball touched the ground Chance slapped it into the air with his right hand and, regaining his balance, grabbed it with his left for the first out. Tom Catterson then fouled out to Harry Steinfeldt at third, after which Harry Lumley bounced back to Reulbach to end the rally and the inning.

Wilhelm began to weaken in the seventh and the Cubs touched him for seven hits and four runs during the last three innings.

In the eighth Johnny Evers singled, took second on Frank Schulte's sacrifice, then scored on Steinfeldt's single after Chance had popped out. Not content to remain on first, Steinfeldt stole second and was driven across by Hofman's single for the fourth Cub run of the game. Chicago put one more run across in the top of the ninth when Kling singled, stole second, and scored on Evers' double to center field.

But the additional scoring turned out to be mere on the cake as Reulbach held the Brooklynites hitless for the last four innings. One more touch of excitement came in the Brooklyn eighth when Catterson slapped a towering pop foul in back of the plate. Racing

hard, catcher Kling crashed into the wire netting of the backstop and caught the ball barehanded to a loud cheer from the generally partisan Brooklyn crowd.

With one shutout in his pocket, the elated Reulbach asked his manager, Frank Chance, if he could pitch the second contest as well. Chance had originally planned on assigning the second contest to Jack Pfiester or Chick Fraser but, playing a hunch, agreed to Reulbach's request. He was not disappointed.

Surprisingly, Reulbach was stronger in the second game than he had been in the first, blanking the Superbas 3-0 on three singles. After Harry Lumley had singled with one out in the first inning, Reulbach was invincible until Tom Catterson led off the seventh with a safety. In between, the Cub ace had dispatched 14 Superbas in succession.

The Cubs in the meantime had taken a 1-0 lead in the third. With one out and Kling on second, John Hayden grounded to shortstop McMillan, who threw wildly to first, enabling Kling to score.

Two more were added in the eighth. After Tinker and Kling flied out, Reulbach walked. Hayden singled to center and Evers did the same. On Evers' hit, Burch threw the ball over catcher Joe Dunn's head, allowing Reulbach and Hayden to score, making it 3-0 Chicago.

The extra padding, of course, proved to be unnecessary, as Reulbach was never better. When the final out was made, the Cub pitcher had carved himself an exclusive and enviable niche in the record books.



Anything Can Happen in Wrigley Field

by Arthur R. Ahrens

The 1986 season marks the 70th anniversary of the Cubs' occupancy of Wrigley Field. Originally known as Weeghman Park, it was opened in 1914 for the Chicago Whales of the short-lived Federal League. The Cubs became residents in 1916, and the past 70 years have been like the script out of an old Marx brothers picture.

Old-time Brooklyn Dodger fans might insist that Ebbets Field was the zaniest of all the old ballparks. With all due respect to the denizens of Flatbush, this writer must vote for Wrigley Field.

True, Ebbets Field once witnessed three Dodgers on one base concurrently, but were there ever two balls in play at the same time? No. That only happened at Wrigley Field in the Cub-Cardinal game of June 30, 1959.

The mayhem occurred in the top of the fourth inning. On a three-and-one count, Cub pitcher Bob Anderson delivered one to Stan Musial that either tickled his bat or was a wild pitch. The ball bounced toward the screen and Cub catcher Sammy Taylor ignored it as if it were foul. Cub third baseman Al Dark rushed in to retrieve the ball, but the batboy picked it up and flipped it to field announcer Pat Pieper.

Musial, thinking it was ball four, headed toward first base. Plate umpire Vic Delmore pulled out another ball and handed it to Anderson, while Pieper gave the original ball to Dark. Musial ran for second base as Dark and Anderson both fired in that direction. Anderson's throw sailed into center field while Dark's went straight to shortstop Ernie Banks, who tagged Stan the man sliding into second.

Musial ignored the tag and streaked toward third. Center fielder Bobby Thomson retrieved the other ball and lobbed it into the Cub dugout. Play was stopped as Delmore ruled Musial out at second and umpire Al Barlick ruled him safe at first. They then conferred, and Musial was ruled out, although the base was not specified. Cardinal manager Solly Hemus announced he was playing the game under protest but after the Cardinals won, 4-1, the protest was dropped. And the National League dropped Delmore at the end of the season. Even Brooklyn could never match confusion like this.

Wrigley Field has long been known as a pitchers' graveyard. Yet it was here that the only double no-hitter in baseball history took place. On May 2, 1917, Jim Vaughn of the Cubs and Fred Toney of the Reds held their opponents hitless for nine innings before

Cincinnati eked out two safeties in the 10th to win, 1-0. So much for the graveyard theory.

Then came the lively ball and Wrigley Field became the site of the two highest-scoring contests in big league annals. On August 25, 1922, the Cubs outlasted the Phillies, 26-23. Forty-seven years later, the Phillies wreaked a belated vengeance in a 23-22 victory on May 17, 1979. There was not another no-hitter on Chicago's North Side until May 12, 1955, when Sam Jones turned the trick on the Pirates, 4-0. Back to the graveyard theory.

Wrigley Field is the only park with vines, without lights, and with a scoreboard that is primarily manually operated. All of these characteristics have inspired bizarre stories.

Back in the 1940s the Cubs had a pint-sized outfielder named Dom Dallessandro, also known as "the fireplug who walked like a man." As legend has it, "Dim Dom" once got stuck in the vines while attempting to make a leaping catch. During the same era Cub outfielder Lou Novikoff was afraid to go near the vines because he thought they were poison ivy. In 1942 the "Mad Russian" batted .300 but his fielding average was not much higher since he never went beyond the warning track for a fly ball.

It has often been rumored that the Wrigley Field scoreboard crew includes shifty-eyed spies who use binoculars to steal the signals of the enemy. However, if the Cubs do employ such devious tactics, they have apparently been of little use since about 1945 (excluding 1984). And the lack of lights? Cynics say that the Cubs will never need night ball because they are always in the dark, anyway.

Wrigley Field is also the only place where a pitcher had to be relieved before he even threw a pitch. On June 21, 1957, the Cubs and the Giants were knotted up at 10 apiece when Jim Brosnan came to the mound in the 10th inning. Following a few warm-up tosses, Jim's jersey caught in his zipper, he fell of the mound and had to be carried off on a stretcher. Dave Hillman was hurriedly brought in, served up a couple of gopher balls, and the Cubs went down to a 12-10 loss.

Addison and Clark has been the scene of historic hits as well as hysterical ones. On May 13, 1958, Cardinal great Stan Musial claimed hit number 3,000 of his career. Nearly five years later to a day—on May 8, 1963—Cub pitcher Bob Buhl came to the plate after having gone hitless in his last 88 at-bats. By the grace of the Wrigley Field wind currents, he was granted a windblown bloop single to end his suffering.

Brooklyn fans were long remembered as umpire haters and rightly so. But it is unlikely that any Ebbets Field frolic could have matched the Wrigley Field rumble of September 16, 1923. In the eighth inning Cub runner Sparky Adams was called out at second base in a close play by umpire Charlie Moran. Within moments the field was littered with pop bottles, pocket flasks, cushions and other debris while fans swarmed the field, threatening physical violence.

Judge Landis shook his cane at the crowd as play was held up for 20 minutes. After the Giants beat the Cubs, 10-6, manager

John McGraw and the umpires needed a police escort to escape the lynch mob that assembled. (And the Mets used to whine about the Bleacher Bums!)

Cub fans have been on the receiving end also, as was the case on June 21, 1928. The Cubs had won the first game of a doubleheader with the Cardinals, 2-1, and were losing the nightcap, 4-1, when Hack Wilson grounded out for the second out in the bottom of the ninth. Suddenly Wilson charged into the grandstand and attacked Edward Young, a milkman who had been drinking something other than milk and had made disparaging remarks about Wilson's birth. Gabby Hartnett and Joe Kelly broke up the fight, after which Riggs Stephenson popped up to end the game. National League president John Heydler fine Wilson \$100 while Young got off with a \$1.00 slap from Judge Francis P. Allegritti. Who says those things only happen in Brooklyn?

From Babe Ruth's "called shot" to Gabby Hartnett's "homer in the gloamin,'" Wrigley Field home runs always possessed an aura of the unearthly, in spite of the fact that there are so many of them. In fact, it is the only place where homers have been hit off successive pitches with the same baseball.

The hated Dodgers were in town on July 30, 1943. Johnny Allen was on the mound for Brooklyn in the third inning when Phil Cavarretta smashed one off the right-field foul pole for an automatic homer. The ball dropped back onto the outfield grass and was returned to Allen. Bill Nicholson the belted Johnny's next offering into the bleachers. Two pitches, two homers, one horsehide. The Cubs went on to win, 12-3, behind pitcher Hiram Bithorn, who made Wrigley Field history about a year earlier when he fired a fastball at Leo Durocher in the visitor's dugout.

The most controversial home run of the postwar era took place at Wrigley Field on April 30, 1949, in a game against the Cardinals. With Bob Rush on the mound and Bob Scheffing as his receiver, the Cubs nursed a 3-1 lead into the ninth inning. Rush fanned the awesome Stan Musial for out number one. Then Enos Slaughter doubled and took third when Ron Northey grounded out. Eddie Kazak singled home Slaughter to make it 3-2. Chuck Deering was sent in to run for Kazak as the redoubtable Rocky Nelson strode to the plate.

Nelson knocked Rush's first pitch into left center, as Cub center fielder Andy Pafko came charging in. Pafko dived, somersaulted, and emerged with the ball, seemingly triumphant. But no, said second base ump Al Barlick, it was only a trap, not a catch. While teammates restrained the fuming Pafko, Cardinal coach Tony Kaufman began waving Deering and Nelson around the bags. Deering crossed as Rush, Scheffing, and manager Charlie Grimm all screamed for the ball. But Andy's throw was too late and Nelson scored. Bullpen ace Ted Wilks made easy work of the Cubs in their half of the ninth, as a 3-2 Cub win was turned into a 4-3 Cub loss by a freakish "home run."

So much for the inside-the-glove homer. Now for the one that was inside-the-drain. It was July 1, 1958, when Cub second baseman Tony Taylor pulled one down the left field line. Giant left

fielder Leon Wagner lost sight of the ball, then made the mistake of taking instructions from the Cub bullpen as to its whereabouts. While Wagner was frantically searching in all the wrong places—the ball had actually rolled into a gutter drain—Taylor circled the bases for another bizarre Wrigley Field "homer," as the Cubs went on to a 9-5 victory.

But the all-time classic came on August 6, 1919, back in the days when the outfield fence was made out of wire mesh. Grover Alexander was on the rubber for the Cubs when Braves pitcher Ray Keating came to bat with a man on in the top of the third. Keating hit a line fly to left center which eluded the Cub outfielders and finally *bounced through a hole in the fence* for a perfectly legitimate home run under the ground rules of the time.

For Keating, a life-time .170 batter, it was the only homer of his career as he blanked the Cubs 2-0 on a three-hitter. Whether or not this was a contributing factor in Alexander's drinking habits can only be speculated upon. In any case, it could only happen at Wrigley Field.

Planting ivy at Wrigley Field Credit: Brace photos

A Cincy Legend

A Narrative of Bumpus Jones' Baseball Career

by Chris Rainey

On Saturday, October 15, 1892, Charles Leander Jones of Cedarville, Ohio, pitched a no-hitter for the Cincinnati Redlegs against the Pittsburghs. It was Jones' first major league game and the first National League no-hitter for the Reds. Additionally it was the last game of the last season with a pitching distance of 50 feet. Yet this highly noteworthy event earns less than a line of print in Harry Ellard's classic history *Base Ball in Cincinnati* (1907). Is it any wonder that local, oral historians took over to spin a fanciful tale about this fellow known as "Bumpus"?

The legend begins with Jones as the local, teen-aged, hero who pitched for his town team and struck out 27 batters on the rival West Jefferson team. He would later pitch for Cedarville College and also hire out his talents to other town teams for \$7 or \$8 a game. One version of the tale has him playing a Cincinnati semi-pro team. The tale has the under-educated Bumpus, either 3rd or 4th grade, working at the local lime company stoking wood into the kilns. In the summer of 1892, the legend insists, Jones was recruited by a Wilmington, Ohio, team to pitch an exhibition game against the Reds on the 4th of July. In true Hollywood fashion he won! Here the tale takes two diverse paths. In one version, Red manager Charles Comiskey travels by train to Cedarville to take Jones out of the kilns to come to Cincinnati to pitch for the Reds. Another version has the audacious lad walking into the Reds locker room announcing himself ready to pitch in the majors.

No matter how Bumpus got to the Reds, the tale turns to historical reality, when Jones hurls his no-hitter in his first major league game, and becomes the toast of the town. He is immediately signed to a contract and tours with the Reds around the state for the rest of October.

In the Spring of 1893 his career takes an immediate slide. He is beamed in a pre-season game by Tony Mullane. Unable to regain his form, he runs up a 1-3 record in regular season games with an astronomical ERA and is released to the New York Giants. He pitches horribly in his only start and never appears in the major leagues again.

Then the legend continues to assert that in the big city, tortured by headaches from a blood clot, the country lad falls prey to the evil of drink. In 1920 he is discovered destitute in the county home in Dayton, Ohio. A benefit exhibition is held for him and a small pension provided and he lives out his years in Cedarville and remains a hero to the local youth.

This fascinating tale appears in various Reds' histories over the decades and makes an appearance every 10-15 years in the *Dayton Daily News*, most recently on June 29, 2003. As with every legend, some facets stir curiosity. One "red flag" is the reported 4th of July exhibition. The Reds would never schedule an exhibition against a team town on the 4th holiday when they could receive a decent gate with a major league opponent. (In fact on that 4th they split a doubleheader with Boston.) It is also implausible that Bumpus could come from "nowhere" and spin a major league no-hitter.

I determined to seek out the "truth" behind the legend as best I could. Lonnie Wheeler's book, *The Cincinnati Game*, has a vignette concerning Bumpus which mentions he was still a hero to local school boys when he died in 1938. I began my search meeting with some of those "school boys" who by the mid 1990s had become the "old timers" but still spoke of Bumpus with great respect. Curtis Hughes had played in a town game in the 1920s and was awarded a bat from Bumpus for his efforts. The bat was treated like the Holy Grail by the remaining contingent of Bumpus admirers.

At a breakfast meeting, these gentlemen recounted the legend, with embellishments, and offered some clues where to start the search for Jones. It seems he was not the only baseball star in Cedarville in the late 1880s. A lad named Cal Morton was his catcher and the locals thought they went to Illinois together. It was hard to imagine Bumpus in college, but the first stop in the journey did begin in Monmouth, Illinois, where Morton was enrolled in college in 1890 and Jones pitched for the local team. Jones started the season with Monmouth in the Illinois-Iowa League, and was the winning pitcher on May 15. Sometime in June, Bumpus joined the Aurora team and is reported to have had a successful season. It was now clear that Bumpus did not appear from "nowhere" in September 1892 to pitch his no-hitter.

In 1891, Jones returned to the area and opened the season with Ottumwa, despite claims from Aurora that he was rightfully their property. Bumpus pitched for Ottumwa for about three weeks, with a 3-2 record. He also pitched in relief and played center field. League President Nic Young was asked to settle the dispute with Aurora and suspended Jones pending a decision which prompted a May 22 ditty in the *Ottumwa Daily Democrat*:

*There is a young pitcher called Bumpus
Who has raised a considerable rumpus.
But Ottumwa, you know, don't wish him go
As without him the other clubs thump us.*

A few days later Young's decision awarded Bumpus to Aurora, a team with a losing record of 3-18 when Bumpus arrived. They were poor batsmen and even worse in the field. Jones debuted on May 28 in a loss to Joliet, but won his next three games to raise the hopes of Aurora fans. Problems arose when the manager left and the team resumed their slide. The final straw came on June 17



NATIONAL BASEBALL LIBRARY, COOPERSTOWN, NY

Bumpus Jones stands proud in middle of back row in team photo of 1894 Sioux City Base Ball Club. To his right at end of back row is "Cincinnati" Bill Hart. Manager William Watkins is in civilian dress.

when Jones allowed league-leading Quincy only six hits, yet lost 9-8 when his team committed 11 errors that led to nine unearned runs. The team directors disbanded the team the next day. Jones had a 3-3 record with Aurora.

Bumpus and Aurora catcher Brandenburg were signed within hours by league-leading Quincy. In his first appearance Jones struck out 14 Joliet batters but controversy continued to haunt him. Reports say he had promised Ottumwa he would return if Aurora folded. Once again, Jones' fate was in the hands of President Young. Bumpus pitched six games for the Quincy Ravens with a 5-1 record before Young sent letters to all franchises awarding Jones to Ottumwa. Quincy hoped to ignore the decision but the Joliet team prevented Jones from pitching against them by producing a copy of Young's letter. Jones went to Ottumwa in early August and earned a 4-3 record before his sale to Portland, Oregon of the Pacific North West League for \$200. His travel across the U.S. must have been a grand adventure for the 21 year old from Cedarville.

Bumpus was immediately thrust into a pennant race as Portland chased Spokane for the league title. Jones pitched very well but had only a 5-6 record. Portland settled for second place. Lost amidst all the team-shuffling is the fact that Jones won 20 games in 1891.

In 1892 Bumpus was back in the Illinois-Iowa League with Joliet who had put together a dominating ball club. Jones was in top form and by the end of June was 15-0 with six shutouts. His fast ball was blazing ("as hard to find as a match in a dark room") and his curve ball left batters shaking their heads. Joliet lead was so large, the league redrew the schedule, declared Joliet the first half champs, allowing all teams to start even for the last half of the season. Joliet lost their touch, played .500 ball, but Bumpus was still overpowering. When Joliet folded in early August Jones has a 24-3 record. The Joliet directors anticipated the demise of the League and sold two players to the Chicago Nationals for \$1,000 and after the season's premature end six players went to the Southern League, Bumpus among them. As was his custom, Jones was again in an "ownership dispute." While

making arrangements to play with Atlanta, he accepted a salary advance from Montgomery. He went to Atlanta and Montgomery filed a complaint with the league office which pushed it up to the National League President who ruled in Atlanta's favor, possibly because Jones returned the advance to Montgomery.

Jones made his debut with Atlanta in a September 1 game versus Macon. The *Constitution* reported, "every lover of baseball . . . is enthusiastic over the little pitcher. He is very speedy, with a good head and a hard worker." A ninth inning Macon home run spoiled his debut. His next outing, also at Macon, came a day after a near riot at the ball park when umpire Crowell made several calls against Atlanta, and refused to umpire the next day. Macon brought in a local umpire. Bumpus was breezing along with a 3-0 lead when suddenly everything changed in the sixth inning. The *Constitution* reported "Then the fun begins, Every ball Jones pitched was called a ball. Instead of retiring Macon with no runs nine were scored and Atlanta robbed of an honestly earned victory." Late in September, Jones returned to Cedarville.

He was probably working again in the kilns when the Wilmington Clintons recruited him to pitch an October 12 exhibition with the Redlegs. Clintons pitcher David Reese started the game and gave up nine runs before Bumpus took the mound. He held the Reds hitless the last three innings and the *Wilmington Democrat* stated that Jones was invited by Comiskey to come to play in Cincinnati. The October 13 *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette* made the same claim.

Three days later Bumpus pitched his historic no-hitter against the Pittsburghs, noted in the Bumpus legend as "the best hitting team in the league." Once again the legend overreached. Pittsburg finished ninth in 1892 with a .236 team batting average. No matter, a no-hitter will always be the highest measure of pitching excellence. Jones walked two batters in the first inning before settling down. According to the *Commercial Gazette*, "after the first Bumpus was all wool and a yard wide." The only blemish was in the third inning when Bumpus walked Patsy Donovan, then made a throwing error that allowed him to score. The *Commercial Gazette* mentions there were only two tough plays, both line

drives that center fielder Bug Holliday hauled in. Comiskey and George Smith were the batting stars in a 7-1 Reds victory.

The Reds immediately made plans for Jones on the squad in 1893. They embarked on a two week exhibition tour and Comiskey, a wise showman, put Bumpus in charge of the game in Springfield, Ohio, ten miles from Jones' home town. Bumpus tossed a seven-hitter and won 12-0. Estimates of the crowd ranged from one to two thousand.

The 1893 season introduced the plate at 60 feet, six inches. The Redlegs opted to train in Cincinnati with exhibitions in the mid-west. On April 9 Bumpus faced St. Louis and won 12-3. The *Commercial Gazette* reported he pitched a "splendid game" with good speed on his "inshoots" that foiled the visitors. In his first regular season action, Jones could not loosen up and was quickly yanked. Three days later he threw a complete game against Chicago but lost 7-1. It was decided he should go home and get "the kinks out of his arm." When he returned he pitched poorly throughout May and June, with many days of inaction. With the Reds ahead of Louisville 14-0 on June 18, Bumpus was called in to mop up so starter Chamberlin could be rested. Despite his lackluster performance, six walks and many hits, the Reds won a lopsided 30-12 win. It was Jones' second major league victory and his last game for Cincinnati.

In mid-July, the Giants added Bumpus to their roster. He started against Cleveland and Cy Young on July 14 with mediocre results. Jones walked ten, hit a batter, made an error on way to a 6-2 loss. He remained with the Giants through July but never saw action again. His major league career was over with two wins and four losses. And a no-hit game.

But Bumpus' career as a baseball professional was not over. He left the New York Giants to join the Providence Grays of the Eastern League who needed pitching in their struggle to get out of the league cellar. Bumpus did not report when expected after signing his contract which may have been caused by a drinking binge following his departure from the big leagues. On August 11, he was reported to show "terrific speed" but also poor control with nine walks leading to an 8-4 loss. Three more appearances left him with a 1-2 Eastern League record and on Sept 2 the Providence paper reported Jones had jumped to Reading. But the Reading papers show no evidence of Jones taking the field.

Jones had become a baseball vagabond. He played for at least seventeen teams, several of them more than once with other teams in between. One reason may have been his reputation as a "hot weather" pitcher, a notoriously slow starter. Another may be his reputation as a player with a drinking problem. What was not under his control was the frequent demise of some teams.

From 1894 through 1899 Bumpus played in Ban Johnson's very competitive Western League, with periods of considerable success in a league known as a hitter's circuit. In 1894 he was with Sioux City as the number three pitcher behind Bill Hart and Bert Cunningham, both with major league experience. By mid-June Sioux City was 31-9 and Bumpus was 8-4. When traded near

the end of the season to Grand Rapids, he was 13-14. In seven games with Grand Rapids he had a 3-3 record including a revenge win over Sioux City when he hit a three-run homer in a 23-2 rout.

Bumpus' longest stay with one club was 1896-1899 with Columbus. In his first year he was again mediocre and earned a dedicated acerbic critic, Salvator of the *Columbus Dispatch*. His remarks included, "Bumpus had nothing but a slow ball and a wild pitch" and "two out-of town writers say Bumpus was at his best today (in a 12-8 win), if this be his best pray tell what is his worst."

Finally the tide turned and Jones had the two best years of his professional career. In 1897 he went 17-6 with an ERA of 1.45 and became an undisputed ace in 1898 winning 27 games and losing 13. After the 1897 season, the *Detroit Free Press* sponsored a Cup Series between Indianapolis and Columbus, won by Indianapolis three games to two. It was reported the Columbus players received \$75 each for the series. To Bumpus it meant rent for six months. Opening Day of 1898 Bumpus beat Connie Mack's Milwaukee team with a four hitter, and in August twirled a one hitter against St. Joseph.

Ban Johnson was determined to move his Western League to major league status and changed the league name to American League in 1900. It would not happen until 1902 but the Western, now American League, was by far the strongest minor league. Bumpus moved from Columbus to Grand Rapids, and to Cleveland in 1900. He was the first player to report to the Lakeshores, trained in Cleveland in horrible weather and was named the starting pitcher for the first game. Bumpus became the winner in Cleveland's first game in the newly named American League.

By May, however, he was released to Ft. Wayne of the Interstate League. He pitched well but in early August was released. The *Sentinel* reported that he and others were let go because their behavior had not been "suitable," hinting the players were enjoying the nightlife too often. In 1901 his career ended after two starts with St. Paul and a stay in the hospital. There were reports of benefits to raise money for his hospital expenses in varied papers, but his hometown paper, the *Cedarville Herald*, was surprisingly silent about his plight.

Knowledge about Jones' final 19 years is sketchy. Writer Fred Marshall of the *Dayton Journal Herald* wrote the story about Jones being destitute in the county home in 1920. For the remainder of his life he lived mainly in Cedarville. His death on June 25, 1938 was the result of complications from a stroke he suffered in the mid-1930s.

A poorly-educated kiln worker parlayed his baseball talents into an 11 year career, with three 20-win seasons. He played with the likes of Pete Browning, Connie Mack, John McGraw, Rube Wadell and Cy Young. And he pitched a no-hitter in his first major league game.

Brewery Jack Taylor

Big Talent, Big Problem

by Peter J. Mancuso, Jr.

Jack (John Budd) Taylor had already earned his salty nickname, “Brewery Jack,” when he became the property of the Cincinnati Reds before the start of the 1899 season. The Reds purchased Taylor from St. Louis. Taylor, only 25 years old, had already appeared in eight major league seasons, achieving 20 or more wins three times (1894-96) with the Phillies. He was released by the Phillies in a trade with St. Louis in November 1897. Unfortunately, one of his hardest working seasons, 1898 (50 games, 47 starts, 42 complete games, 397 innings and a 3.90 ERA) was wasted on one of the all-time worst teams in baseball history, the 1898 Browns. Jack led St. Louis with 15 wins, but he also headed the league with 29 losses. At the end of the season, however, he was one of baseball’s most sought after pitchers.

Cincinnati Reds’ owner John T. Brush was everything that Brewery Jack wasn’t. He was highly self-disciplined, frugal and a man focused on financial success. Brush had started as a major league magnate in one of baseball’s smallest markets (Indianapolis) and would finish in baseball’s largest, as the owner of the New York Giants. He achieved this while afflicted with a painful degenerative spinal disease. As the driving force behind the league’s salary structure of the 1890s, he also crusaded against players imbibing and crafted a “temperance clause,” in all his players’ contracts. This clause called for a \$700 fine for a player who could not perform due to the affects of consuming alcohol.

In 1899 the Cincinnati finished sixth in the 12-team NL with Taylor appearing in only 24 games. He started 18 times and finished with nine wins and 10 losses. Jack’s \$2,400 salary was the maximum allowed that year, under the league owners’ agreement. After two defeats, he won his first game at the end of April.

Then, in Cincinnati, on May 28, Jack Taylor had a terrible outing in relief. The supposed reason for his poor performance was alluded to the following Thursday, a day after the Reds started play in New York.

New York, (Wednesday) May 31 -- The story from Cincinnati that one of the Reds’ pitchers—undeniably Jack Taylor was referred to—had been out late Saturday night (May 27) and had indulged in the flowing bowl to the extent that he was unable to do himself justice on the rubber in Sunday’s game,

has aroused the greatest indignation among Cincinnati players. It also set Captain Ewing [future Hall of Famer, Buck Ewing, then the Reds manager] about making an investigation, which came to a satisfactory result, and by which Taylor was exonerated of the charges. Miller [Reds CF Dusty Miller] and Steinfeldt [Reds 3B Harry Steinfeldt] were the principal witnesses for Taylor, and it was their testimony that Taylor was cleared of the charges. Both men told Captain Ewing that they were in front of the Gerdes Hotel [in Cincinnati] Saturday evening when Taylor and his wife came in and that was a long time before they themselves retired. They claim that they had sat up for a long time after Taylor had gone to his room and that he did not come down again. (*The Cincinnati Enquirer*)

Meanwhile, Jack’s wife remained at their inseason hotel residence in Cincinnati. On Tuesday, May 30, before a large Decoration Day crowd at the Polo Grounds, Jack Taylor started the first game of a doubleheader. It proved to be a hotly contested outing, with Cincinnati losing as the result of a disputed call. After the game, Taylor asked manager Ewing for permission to go to Staten Island [his home community] for that evening.

Jack Taylor failed to appear at the Polo Grounds for the next two games. Then on Friday, June 2, as the Reds were losing their opener in Boston, Cincinnati fans were greeted by the following headline: “Jack Taylor Is In Very Serious Trouble. He Has Been Indefinitely Suspended By Captain Ewing.”

New York, (Wednesday) June 1 -- Jack Taylor has been suspended indefinitely On Tuesday Taylor received permission . . . to spend that night at the home of his mother, with the understanding that he was to be back Wednesday . . . He failed to show up. When Captain Ewing returned to the hotel Wednesday night he found a message there from Taylor informing him that he would spend another night on Staten Island and promised to turn up today [Thursday] . . . Again he failed to materialize.

The following day, Cincinnati fans heard that Reds owner John Brush was, “waiting to see what action Taylor will take.”

Boston, (Friday) June 3 -- Jack Taylor has been here and has gone. He arrived on an early morning train, and before the whistle blew for the noon hour he had started back to Staten Island . . . Taylor saw Captain Ewing about nine o’clock and was informed for the first time that he was indefinitely suspended without pay. He tried to explain to Captain Ewing that he had gone fishing off Coney Island in a small sailboat, a calm came up and he could not return to land earlier than to get there this morning. Ewing expressed the opinion that Taylor could have swam ashore in that time, and then proceeded to lay down the law to the recalcitrant pitcher . . . Taylor tried to square himself by saying that he had not been drunk during his absence, but



John T. Brush, owner, Cincinnati Reds, 1891-1902

that did not soften Ewing, and he ordered Taylor back to New York, informing him that he would notify him in due time when he would again draw salary from the club. President Brush said that the punishment of Taylor was entirely in Ewing's hands, and that the club would stand by anything he did. [*Cincinnati Enquirer*]

Months later, one newspaper revealed that Jack's two sailing companions that fateful day were none other than the daredevil, Steve Brodie, who survived a jump from the Brooklyn Bridge in 1886 and a well known and popular turn-of-the-century, bantam weight prize fighter, Patsy Haley.

For five weeks the Cincinnati press followed Jack's suspension. Although Taylor made several promises to reform and pleaded for reinstatement, management held firm. He was not allowed to travel with the team, but was ordered instead to work out at the Brooklyn team's Washington Park to get into shape. As the weeks passed, Taylor realized the resolution of the Reds' management and continued to work out in earnest. Meanwhile, Mrs. Taylor remained in Cincinnati, the loyal wife lobbying for Jack's reinstatement:

Ever since Jack's suspension the loving wife has been trying to have Jack restored to the good graces of the club. She has written a number of letters to President Brush asking that

Jack be given another trial. Yesterday, [June 23] Mrs. Taylor received a letter from President Brush to the effect that Jack would be allowed to join the Reds when they start on their Eastern trip...on the 11th of July . . . Mrs. Taylor was at the game yesterday. She was overjoyed at the news. She will leave for her home at Staten Island tomorrow. [*Cincinnati Enquirer*]

True to his word, John Brush reinstated Taylor, who pitched his first returning game July 12. Back from suspension, Jack began pitching nearly as good as he ever had in his career. He continued to do so for most of the remainder of the season. About a week after returning, however, Taylor publicly complained that the Cincinnati management had been overly punitive and that he wanted to be traded:

Jack Taylor is bent on getting away from the Cincinnati team. He realizes that the only way he can get his release is by the trading route. He said yesterday [July 23] that he intended to do such good work for the Reds from now on that he would be in demand. "I'll pitch good ball and do my best," said Taylor. "I have worked during my vacation and I am lighter now than I have been this season. The report about my [sic] suspension cost me is all wrong." "In what way?" was asked. "The reports have it that I lost \$500 by my suspension." was the reply. "That isn't a marker. It isn't half what that lay off cost me. I am out just \$1,200." "In what way?" was asked. "Well, I lost \$100 a week for the five I laid off," said Taylor. "Then the Cincinnati Club is holding out \$700 to enforce the temperance clause. Captain Ewing tells me I will lose that also. Do you blame me for wanting to get away from Cincinnati? Twelve hundred is pretty expensive for a little fun. [*Cincinnati Enquirer*]

In late August, Jack was being revered on the Cincinnati sports pages. He recorded a save against the Giants, the team for which he pitched his very first game, nine seasons before:

Jack Taylor is back again in the good graces of the rooters. Jack jumped in and took Phillips' place on short notice. He pitched in the last three innings in excellent style. His command of the ball was first class. He did not allow a batter to get him in the "hole." Right over the center of the "pan" was his object, and he did it nicely . . . Taylor seems to be himself again. When he is right there is no pitcher in the country that has anything on the big pitcher. On Labor Day, Taylor squared off against Cleveland in the second game of a doubleheader played before a huge crowd. Jack Taylor and the Reds won by a score of 8 to 1. The win was the big pitcher's 120th and final career victory; [against 117 career losses]. [*Cincinnati Enquirer*]

JACK TAYLOR'S DEATH

On Tuesday, September 12, 1899, Jack Taylor took to the rubber for his last game. It was in Washington, against the Nationals. Taylor got off to a rough start; he struggled into the fourth inning and gave up four runs (three earned) on five hits. Then suddenly, "he was pitching, as usual, and had just entered the box and was preparing to throw the ball when his right arm fell powerless to his side and the ball rolled from his fingers. A physician was called and it was learned that he strained his right side. He was taken to his hotel and was compelled to stop playing for the remainder of the season." The following evening, "Jack Taylor was sent back to Cincinnati . . ."

By season's end Jack Taylor returned to his home in Staten Island. He died the following February. Several accounts of his death indicated that he was still pursuing a trade, and many speculated that he was going to get one. One Cincinnati writer at the news of Jack's death reported that he had seen Taylor at the annual meeting of the NL in New York in December [1899] and that Jack "was in excellent health" (undoubtedly, John T. Brush was there too). Another report stated that Taylor had written to Ewing only a few days before his death requesting the Reds to trade him to the New York club.

Some clues to understanding the cause of Taylor's death may be connected to the death of his 64-year-old mother, Phoebe Ann Taylor, who resided with the ballplayer and his wife. Some evidence indicates that Jack's mother had been ailing in mid-August. Phoebe Ann Taylor died of pneumonia on January 20, 1900, just seventeen days before her son Jack's death. On Wednesday, February 7, 1900 Jack Taylor died at age 26 years, 8 months and 16 days. The cause of death was "Brights Disease", (acute nephritis, kidney failure). One local Staten Island paper reported the following:

John B. Taylor, aged 27 [sic], otherwise known as "good natured" Jack for several years a prominent baseball player in the National League, and a resident of West New Brighton, died on Wednesday morning in the Smith Infirmary from a complication of diseases, after a brief illness. His mother died two weeks ago, and after that Taylor began to complain of feeling unwell, but did not think he was seriously ill. On Wednesday of last week [January 30th] he was taken worse and a physician was called in. His condition became serious

and it was decided to remove him to Smith Infirmary, where an operation was performed, and death ensued in a few hours afterward. Taylor began playing ball 13 years ago with the old Corinthian team. Five years later he joined the Lebanon team in the Eastern League, and two years later he signed with the Philadelphias as a pitcher and afterwards played with the St. Louis and Cincinnati teams. Late last September he played his last game with the latter team in Washington, DC. Several weeks afterward he returned to his home to recuperate. He was expecting to sign with the Cincinnati this year, and the day that he was removed to the hospital he was looking for his new contract. He leaves a widow, but no children. The Funeral was held yesterday afternoon at his late home. The interment was in Fairview cemetery. (*Staten Islander*, February 10, 1900)

In Cincinnati, Reds fans read in part:

ONE OF THE REDS IS MISSING -- The Death of Pitcher Jack Taylor. His End Came Suddenly and Was Unexpected . . . Poor Jack was his own worst enemy. Although nearly 30 years of age his conduct was that of a youngster just starting in his professional career. He never got over "being a boy," and he was in his best humor when in company with a party of congenial spirits. His good fellowship and love of fun cost him dearly with the Cincinnati Club last season. Although he signed a "limit" contract with the Reds he did not get over half of \$2,400 for his services. Poor Jack lived up to the requirement of his strict temperance contract fairly well until the team started on its first Eastern trip. At New York Jack fell from grace. He was a New York boy, and a return to the old atmosphere was too much for him. Jack joined a yachting party . . . missed the train and did not go with the team to Boston.. Although Taylor was on the Cincinnati Club's reserve list, it is hardly likely he would have played here this season. In all probability he would have been found with the New York club . . . Taylor was one of the best pitchers in America when in condition and in the humor to give his club his best services . . . For five or six years he was the crack pitcher of the Quaker City team...On account of his habits his work with the Reds last year was a big disappointment. (*Cincinnati Times-Star*)

The Cincinnati Base Hit

by Norman L. Macht

The evolution of baseball's playing and scoring rules was a slow and turbulent process beginning in the nineteenth century. Apart from the early establishment of such basics as four bases and their 90-foot separations, there was plenty of experimenting along the way. Nor was consistency in place when the American League broke in in 1901. At various times, the foul strike, infield fly and balk rules differed between the leagues. World Series games, as today, were played by different rules in the NL and AL parks.

The lack of uniformity infected the scoring rules even more. Lacking an authoritative code, individual scorers used their own judgment and predilections, which raises questions of the validity of comparing certain stats from one era to another. There were times and places, for example, where base runners got credit for steals even if the pitch they ran on was put in play by the batter.

Later the leagues differed over what constituted an earned run. There were no standards for assigning wins and losses to pitchers; it was up to the official scorer. The autocratic Ban Johnson sometimes overruled a scorer and changed a WP or LP days or weeks after a game.

In 1913, when the number of complete games declined sharply in the American League, Philadelphia writer William Weart complained, "When there are so many changes in the box as there have been this season, it is more than the human mind can do to figure out who has won and who has lost the game. The won and lost column is bound to lead to ceaseless arguments."

As if there wasn't enough chaos, NL president John Heydler once suggested that scorers add errors of judgment to the box scores. The major league meetings in February 1913 were dull. There was little news. The two leagues spent more time discussing ways to speed up the game than anything else. (Truly, nothing has changed in baseball.) Average times in 1912 had been just under two hours.

The baseball writers spent most of their meeting wrangling over the lack of uniformity among the scorers. They agitated for someone to establish standards for pitchers' wins and losses, and railed against the varying heights of pitchers' mounds.

But the most contentious issue was the disparate treatment of a play in which the batter hit a ground ball to an infielder, with men on base, and the fielder attempted to throw out a base runner other than the batter, and failed. Example: man on second, one out, grounder to shortstop, runner heads for third, shortstop throws to third, runner slides in safely. Some scorers gave the batter a

hit; some called it a fielders choice; some scored it as a sacrifice, since it advanced the runner.

Jack Ryder of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* was the most outspoken advocate for crediting the batter with a hit. He spoke so earnestly on the subject that the play was quickly dubbed a "Cincinnati Base Hit."

Fred Lieb, *New York Press*, supported him. William Hanna, *New York Sun*, led the opposition, calling the idea "ridiculous." At least one writer declared that he would never score it as a hit unless the league ordered him to do so.

Chairman Tom Rice, *Brooklyn Eagle*, appointed a committee to try to straighten out and reconcile the conflicting interpretations of the play. In addition to Rice, Lieb, Hanna and Ryder, the committee included George McLinn, *Philadelphia Press*. The committee failed to come to an agreement. So, in the interests of uniformity—not reason—Ban Johnson decreed that the Cincinnati base hit would be the official way to score the play. *The Sporting News* supported the decision, asking only for a clearer definition of the rule.

It lasted for one season.

During its lifetime, the rule resulted in the rare occurrence of a batter singling into a triple play. The Athletics were at Cleveland on May 16. In the bottom of the seventh, Doc Johnston was on third,

Ray Chapman on second, and Ivy Olson at bat. Olson hit a grounder to short. Barry bobbed the ball slightly. Johnston stuck close to third, but Chapman started toward third. Johnston then started for home. Barry threw to the catcher and Johnston was caught in a rundown. The catcher, Thomas, threw to Baker, who chased Johnston and threw to the pitcher Houck, who had come over to the third base line. Houck threw back to Barry who was now covering third. Barry tagged out Johnston. Chapman had held up between second and third. Meanwhile, Olson was heading for second. Barry threw to Collins, who tagged Olson for the second out. While that was going on, Chapman had rounded third and headed for the plate. Collins threw to Baker, who was now standing on home plate. Left fielder Rube Oldring, seeing third base unguarded, raced in from his position, took the throw from Baker and tagged Chapman trying to get back to third.

The official scorer gave Olson a single, one of only three known instances of a batter singling into a triple play.

The last Cincinnati base hit occurred on a play in which Fred Merkle was embroiled in another boner, less-remembered than his fateful 1908 base running adventure. It happened in the last game of the 1913 World Series between the Giants and Athletics. In the top of the third, the A's had Eddie Murphy on third and Rube Oldring on second with one out. Frank Baker hit a dribbler down the first base line. Merkle raced in and picked it up. Baker started toward first, then stopped. Murphy started toward home, then stopped. A bewildered Merkle held the ball. The action froze like a tableau vivant. Murphy inched back toward third, then suddenly dashed for the plate. By the time Merkle woke up and threw to McLean at home, it was too late. Murphy scored while Baker sprinted past Merkle to first base. The official scorers credited

Baker with a single.

The play provoked William Hanna to comment in the *Sun*, "The absurdity of the Cincinnati base hit never was more clearly illustrated than in the fifth game of the World Series . . . Under the obnoxious scoring rule, Baker received credit for a base hit, when as a matter of common sense it should have been scored as a fielders choice. The attempt to give batsmen hits under such ridiculous conditions is decidedly unfair to pitchers and the rule has been condemned by practically all the managers and scorers."

The *Sun* declared the Cincinnati base hit "doomed."

And it was.

The Cincinnati Base Hit never made it into the official scoring rules. At the time Ban Johnson decreed it, nothing in the rules could be taken as either permitting or prohibiting it.

That winter the BBWAA conducted a mail vote on several proposed rule changes. The 187 members approved all the changes except the one that would have legitimized the Cincinnati Base Hit. Instead, they approved rule 85 section 4, defining a fielder's choice in such a way as to seal its doom.

