

Thank God for Nuts! They Flavor the Game

DAVID Q. VOIGT

Nonconformists like Mark Fidrych, Sparky Lyle, Jim Piersall, Art Shires and Charley Finley contributed to the sport's lore. The media and the fans also have produced some weirdos.

AMERICA'S ENDURING flirtation with major league baseball still challenges students of national character to try to explain the phenomenon. After all, a typical game offers as little as ten minutes of action during its two-and-one-half-hour course. Obviously other factors must invigorate the spectacle. Not the least of these are the antics of the ubiquitous nuts who are counted among the few constants in the known universe. Indeed, baseball is fortunate to be surfeited with perennial crops of nuts who sprout in all the game's constituencies. By their antics they enrich the game and contribute mightily to the dynamic flow of American humor.

Like the populace that wallows in it, American humor resembles a crazy quilt of diversity which shows little signs of merging into a singular form. Ever mixing and growing, the flood of American humor gains strength from media revolutions which have augmented spoken discourse with publications and broadcasts, thus lending credence to the late Marshall McLuhan's punning observation that the medium provides the massage!

And ever roiling in the flood of American humor is a whirlpool of nutty behavior. Indeed, nuts are almost as old as American society. Until 1800, according to Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of American Slang*, the word "nuts" designated commendable zealous behavior on the part of targeted individuals. But by 1858 the term had come to denote wrongheaded behavior. And so with other shadings the same meaning applies.

Major league baseball's strength owes to its plentiful nuts. This was a point well grasped by the late baseball historian Lee Allen, whose loving recollections of the game's nutty characters included the benediction, "Thank God for Nuts."

Baseball's history is dotted with memorable nutty episodes that have found their place in the humorous folklore of America. What aficionado has not heard of the

Cleveland Wanderers of 1899, losers of 134 games? Or of the 239 errors committed by the 1930 Phillies? Or bonehead Fred Merkle's failure to touch second base that contributed to the Giants' narrow defeat in the 1908 pennant race? Or Babe Ruth's still-debated called-shot homer in the 1932 World Series? Or the miracle Giant victory of 1951, an event that triggered joyous rioting at the Polo Grounds with one loving couple shucking off taboos and copulating in one of the box seats! And in 1983 the Yankees-Royals "Pine Tar" incident unleashed emotions that spilled into a New York appellate court, threatened counteraction from organized umpires and saddled the Yankee owner with a hefty fine for importunate remarks.

In its time each such incident seemed portentous and calamitous, but soon each was perceived as but another of the "silly season" episodes that dot baseball history. As such they become humorous sagas to be told and retold before gatherings of fans.

While designated nuts crop up among the game's heroes and villains, their natural habitat is in the ranks of the fools. As engagingly analyzed by sociologist Orrin E. Klapp, the fool is institutionalized in all major cultures, serving such useful functions as sublimating aggression, releasing tensions, maintaining social control and binding people into communities of laughter. In our highly diverse American society, Klapp dredged up at least 25 subtypes of fools which he lumped into five major categories. These categories are incompetents or ludicrous role failures (like baseball's bonehead Merkle), discounting types who serve to deflate authoritarians (like notorious umpire baiters), nonconformist types (like Alex Johnson refusing to run out ground balls), over-conformers (like Ted Williams, who busted more than one hotel room mirror while practicing his swing), and comic butts or jesters (like Tug McGraw, who parried a prying reporter's question to how he spent his salary by

quipping, "Ninety percent I spend on broads and Irish whiskey; the other ten percent I probably waste!")

Klapp's categories make a handy road map for chasing down and sampling baseball's nutty characters. While time and space limits insure notable omissions, the following "kook's tour" can provide a panoramic view of baseball nuts that could inspire more extensive foraging.

1. The Main Grove — the Player Nuts

In numbers and notoriety, nuts from the ranks of major league players lead all other constituencies of baseball. Among players branded as ludicrous role failures none tops the opprobrium heaped on "bonehead" Fred Merkle for failing to touch second base in a crucial 1908 game. But Merkle's all-round first base play was never questioned, which was not the case with latter-day first sackers like Zeke Bonura and Dick "Dr. Strangeglove" Stuart, who rank high in the annals of stone-fingered ineptitude. Recently another, "Marvelous Marv" Throneberry, cashed in on his dubious reputation with a lucrative pact for doing commercials for a beer company; Marv joined other ex-athletes turned barfly touts, including catcher Bob Uecker, who transcended a six-season .200 batting average.

Of course, any player is fated to perform ludicrously somewhere along the line. Indeed, awesome virtuosos like Warren Spahn and Joe DiMaggio had off-moments at the bargaining tables. Spahn once opted for a straight salary of \$25,000 over a club offer of ten cents for each paying fan; that blunder cost him an estimated pay of \$182,000 for 1953! A similar choice once cost DiMaggio an estimated \$50,000 in extra pay.

In what was truly a far-out, ludicrous performance Braves' pitcher Pascual Perez was dubbed "Wrong Way Pascual" in 1982. Slated to pitch at Atlanta Stadium, this Dominican rookie got lost on Atlanta's freeway system and circled the city three times before running out of gas. Yet Pascual's "lost patrol" performance was credited with jollying the slumping Braves out of a losing streak as the much-kidded Pascual, wearing "I-285" on his warmup jacket, later won four games in the team's stretch drive to a divisional championship.

A second Klapp category, that of discounting types, features the kind of nuts who grow in a society where sham, braggadocio, phony behavior and false fronting abound. In his time "King" Kelly was a notorious braggart as in our time was Reggie ("I'm the straw that stirs the drink!") Jackson. However, both managed to match big mouths with big deeds. This was less true of Art Shires, the self-styled "Arthur the Great" who joined the 1928 White Sox saying: "So this is the great American League . . . I'll hit .400." For a time the posturing Shires did well

enough, but he never played a full season. Even in his fourth and final season he brashly sent a telegram of acceptance to the Boston Braves which he signed, "Your latest sensation." Alas, in 82 games he hit .238.

Such effrontery was exceeded by Ken "Hawk" Harrelson, an overrated slugger of the 1960s and now a vice-president of the White Sox, who gained notoriety as a buckler of baseball's conservative dress code by affecting long hair, batting gloves, sweatbands and flamboyant dress. Although denounced as a fop, Harrelson saw his reputation grow when he defied A's owner Charley Finley, who cut him loose. To Finley's discomfiture Harrelson sold his dubious services to the Red Sox in 1968 for a \$75,000 bonus.

IF PLAYER POSEURS like these are themselves deflatable, Babe Ruth's ability to puncture the stuffed shirts of bigwigs had fans laughing with him rather than at him. On meeting Field Marshal Ferdinand Foch at Yankee Stadium, Ruth blithely quipped, "Hiya, Gen, I heard you were in the war!" On another occasion, on meeting President Calvin Coolidge at the Stadium he commented, "Hot as Hell, ain't it, Pres?" While such examples of *lèse majesté* are Olympian, Pete Rose's flip response to the congratulatory phone call from President Jimmy Carter at the close of the 1980 World Series is worthy of the genre. But anyone out to top Ruth in the debunking department would have to go all the way; indeed, Ruth helped to debunk his own funeral. Surely he'd have loved this exchange between his pall-bearing buddies Joe Dugan and Waite Hoyt. While serving at the funeral on the steamy day in 1948, Hoyt allowed that he could use a beer. "So could the Babe," quipped Dugan.

As a transgressor of societal norms, Ruth was a giant; his hearty appetite for wenching and carousing evokes astonishing gasps even in this hedonistic and revelatory age. In Ruth's time bowdlerizing reporters tidied up mention of many of his excesses, but enough seeped through to astonish even now.

If freer attitudes towards sex now lighten the onus placed on taboo violators, autobiographical revelations from the pens of players like Jim Bouton, Bo Belinsky, Kirby Higbe and Joe Pepitone still scandalized; thus, for tattle-taling such muckrackers were shunned. Proof may be seen by the stormy reception that greeted Bouton's blockbusting *Ball Four*. To this day Bouton is *persona non grata* at Yankee old-timer games, but his celebrity status dates from the book's appearance.

The sorriest of all player deviants would probably be the accused game-fixers. In this shady enterprise the eight damned Black Sox stand alone, but baseball history is pock-marked with names of others like Jim Devlin, un-

pire Dick Higham, Hal Chase and more recently Denny McLain and drug abusers.

The most memorable of nutty nonconformists may be those players who under game pressures express their frustration creatively. Thus, when outfielder Frenchy Bordagaray concluded an argument with an ump by spitting in the official's eye, he was fined \$500 and suspended. As Frenchy ruefully lamented, "The penalty is a little more than I expectorated." But that spitter was out-gobbed by Ted Williams, who on multiple occasions spat in the direction of heckling fans or the Fenway Park pressbox. In retaliation Boston writers hung the label of "The Splendid Spitter" on Ted.

IN A CAREER-LONG FEUD with his critics, Williams refused to doff his cap when applauded and at times vented frustrations by signaling hecklers with obscene finger gestures. Once, he angrily flung his bat into the stands and it happened to hit owner Tom Yawkey's housekeeper. For that and other outbursts Ted was targeted as a towering nonconformist.

A pole apart from such nonconformists are the overconformers. In this category Ty Cobb loomed large. His mania to be best fueled both his greatness and his pathetic alienation. On and off the field he was driven; once, upon returning to his hotel room and finding that his roommate had beaten him to the bathtub, he flew into a rage. Later he explained, "Don't you see, I have to be first in everything." Nor did he mellow much when his career ended.

It would seem that hard-driving players risk being branded special sorts of nuts. Thus, Pete Rose's "Charley Hustle" exertions evoke admiration and jeers. To an extent so does Steve Carlton's stoical training which included stuffing his left arm in a vat of rice, sometimes choosing his own catcher, stuffing his ears with cotton when pitching and refusing to communicate with the media. And nonconformists come in varied sorts. Rogers Hornsby eschewed movies lest they damage his batting eye, but steadfastly insisted on frequenting race tracks in defiance of Commissioner Landis' edict.

But some overconformers manage to enthrall fans. One, pitcher Mark Fidrych, became America's beloved "bird" (named after "Sesame Street's" Big Bird). In 1976 Fidrych's antics of talking to the ball, tidying up the mound and darting about thanking teammates after each win charmed fans. When interviewed at the end of his great season, Fidrych gushed, "I'm just loving it . . . what a dream!" Of his charisma his manager said, "Babe Ruth didn't cause this much excitement in his brightest day." Although that is debatable, Fidrych's appeal stemmed from an artful blending of over- and non-conformity. Thus, on meeting President Gerald Ford, he requested

that worthy to get his son to fix him up with a date.

Perhaps one of the keys to becoming a player hero is to avoid being branded as a singular kind of nut. If true, then for sheer variety the category of tricksters, jesters and comics stands alone.

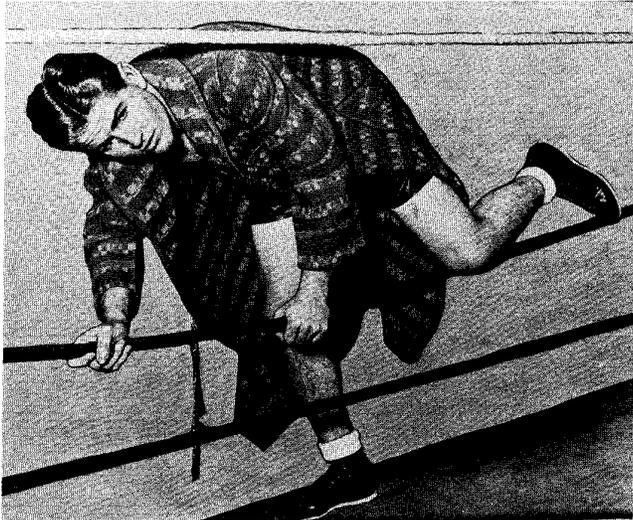
Today jesters and comic butts seem to get lumped together as "flakes," but baseball's broad historical landscape is dotted with unique zanies. Thus, who can forget Germany Schaefer, a turn-of-the-century speedster, stealing second base and then stealing first and being credited with another steal? His ploy had legislators speedily passing a rule forbidding such retreats. Or how about Gabby Street amazing a 1908 crowd by catching a ball which fell 555 feet from the Washington Monument? Ironically, Hank Helf of the 1940 Cleveland Indians caught one dropped from 700 feet and earlier on another Indian, Joe Sprinz, suffered a fracture of the jaw trying to catch an 800-foot drop — but only Street's feat is remembered. Or Lefty Gomez in a bases-loaded situation fielding a ball and tossing it to second baseman Tony Lazzeri, who had no play? Asked why, "Goofy" Gomez replied that he had been reading in the papers about what a smart player Lazzeri was!

At any time practical jokers infest clubhouses, dugouts and bullpens. Among the more notorious was reliever Moe Drabowsky, who used the bullpen phone to order pizzas and sometimes to falsely alert enemy relievers to get warmed up. In the Cardinal clubhouse Walker Cooper once managed to tie a mate's sweatshirt into 25 knots and Del Rice was the master at nailing shoes to floors. Elsewhere, there was Sparky Lyle imprinting his buttocks on the icing of a birthday cake, and Doug Rader picking his nose and planting the detritus on a nearby bare arm.

That such antics now are recorded in newspapers and magazines testifies to changing norms in American society. But if present standards admit grosser forms of behavior, the same standards appear less tolerant towards rule breakers or hecklers. Indeed, some observers have noted a recent decline in bench jockeying, which they blame on the player union movement; supposedly, brotherhood has added an environment of "legislated courtesy."

Because ballplayers always have lived highly pressurized lives, it is not surprising that some display symptoms of mental illness; indeed, it is a tribute to human resilience that so many adapt to the major league pressure cooker. But woebetide one who displays symptoms of mental illness, as our civilization is not that far removed from the days when inmates of Bedlam were objects of public gawking and ridicule.

Thus, the suicides of players like Marty Bergen, Chick Stahl and Willard Hershberger loom darkly in baseball



Art Shires entering the ring

history and are still topics of gossip. To a lesser extent gossip and ridicule are still heaped on players with known or suspected symptoms of mental illness. In the case of outfielder Jimmy Piersall such antics as running the bases backwards and climbing backstops were ridiculed and fans and enemy dugouts labeled him "nutsy"; later when his condition became known, his ordeal was received with mixed bad taste and understanding in a book and a movie. Today the stigmatized Piersall is still viewed as a head case; his recent dismissal from an announcer's job dredged up past examples of his quirky behavior.

Other players with milder symptoms played under the same shadows. Included are pitchers like Steve Blass, whose inability to find the plate ended his career; Steve Dalkowski, whose awesome promise as a fireballer ended in the minors for similar reasons, and Kevin Saucier, who had a fear of hitting batters that made him fearful of going to the park and forced his recent retirement at age 27.

Undoubtedly there are others who conceal their symptoms. For this, blame the societal taboo on mental illness which has many Americans so fearful of exposure that they refuse to draw on medical policies to pay for symptom treatment. And even if ballclubs now provide paid therapy, the strains of exposure still pose formidable obstacles.

On the whole the brighter side eclipses the seamy side in the world of nutty behavior. Indeed, the word nut is such a generalized catchword that nearly everyone has been on its receiving end at some time. Mostly the term evokes laughter and therein it is a source of strength for baseball. Moreover, players are by no means the only designated nuts as the game's other constituencies provide enough cases to deflect attention toward fans, owners, umps, media people and other auxiliaries of major league baseball.

2. The Peripheral Groves

1. *Shaking the Managerial Tree*

Any fan out to gather nuts in May will find good pickings among baseball's managers. In the early years bluff Cap Anson was targeted by fans because of his size and his aggressive, umpire-baiting style. As Anson grew older fans dubbed him "Unk," "Pappy" and "Grandpa" among other hoary terms. In retaliation, Anson once donned a long white beard and wore it during a game, performing well despite the prop and accompanying jeers. Yet fans never ceased ragging the big man, and his passing from the baseball scene left a lonesome gap.

Early in this century a new target, burdened with an even greater Napoleonic complex, appeared in the person of John McGraw. Like Anson, McGraw was targeted by fans everywhere. Some of McGraw's shrewd ploys, like the time he pinched one of his players to authenticate a hit-by-pitch claim, had fans screaming "Muggsy," an epithet he despised. When he loudly berated his 1916 team for quitting, home fans joined the chorus. So did his one-time buddy, then the victorious Dodger manager Wilbert Robinson.

By then Robinson's own nutty credentials were well established. His excess poundage had writers and fans calling him the "Round Robin" and chortling over his earlier attempt to catch a ball dropped from an airplane. Circling under the missile, the roly-poly ex-catcher got the heel of his glove on the missile, which deflected it into his chest. The blow felled him, and as he beheld his spattered chest, Robinson screamed, "I'm dead! I'm covered with blood!" But then, to his chagrin, he learned that the "ball" was really a burst grapefruit!

SIMILAR CHARGES of nutty incompetence dogged Casey Stengel for years — charges Stengel deflected by playing the role of comic jester. One of his more famous capers had him tipping his cap toward fans and releasing a captive bird. Later, as a winning Yankee manager and as a horrendous loser with the 1962 Mets, his mastery of confusing rhetoric charmed fans, even if they knew they were being conned. "We're a fraud," Stengel admitted after a defeat, adding, "The attendance got trimmed again."

Fans responded to nutty jester types like Stengel and his successor Yogi Berra. As a player Berra was already a celebrated malaprop, one who when roused out of bed by a phone call responded to the apologetic caller by saying, "That's okay. I had to get up to answer the phone anyhow." In actuality, Berra is not a very funny character, but like the Hollywood starlet he, too, was made to fit the part.

Of course, it's tough being a manager. Whatever one's

style the manager is a sure bet to be blamed for losses and targeted as some kind of nut. Knowing this, one can imagine ordinary managers thanking the gods that a towering nut like Billy Martin is (or was) around to take up much of the flak. His antics like feuding with players, sometimes punching them out, or kicking dust over umpers are too well known to dredge up here.

2. The Owners

Unlike dumped-on managers, baseball owners are better shielded from accusing critics. Still baseball history is dotted with owner nuts. Indeed, in the judgment of financiers, being a baseball owner is being a foolish investor; that so many opt to do so suggests that they are really seeking self-aggrandizement.

The list of nutty owners of baseball history is long. One could begin with Chris von der Ahe, the legendary owner of the St. Louis Browns who became the comic butt of so many funny Dutchman stories in the 1880s and '90s.

Echoes of von der Ahe's style characterized modern owners like Bill Veeck and Charley Finley. As a promoter Veeck's ability to charm fans was proved during four separate stints as a club owner. One of these included a hopeless stint with the St. Louis Browns which saw Veeck cut a legendary caper by signing and sending to bat midget (43" tall) Eddie Gaedel, armed with toy bat and wearing uniform No. 1/8. Such stunts, mingled with a solid knowledge of baseball, endeared the pixie-like Veeck to fans and cast him as a lovable folk character.

Not so with Charles Oscar Finley, whose erratic behavior cast him as a petulant nut. Although brilliantly successful at times, Finley lacked Veeck's comic genius touch. Such Finleyesque ploys as bribing his men to wear beards and mustaches, decking them in garishly-colored uniforms, plumping for orange-colored bases and balls, designating a mule as the team totem and coining corny nicknames were laboriously contrived; often as not they had fans laughing at the owner rather than with him.

Erratic behavior also characterizes incumbent owners Ted Turner and George Steinbrenner. Turner's nutty qualifications stem from his jousts with former Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, who fined Turner for tampering with other team's players and who sternly ended the Atlanta owner's quixotic attempt to function as field manager. And a Turner decision to evict the team totem, Chief Noc-A-Homa, from his wigwam in order to add more seats in 1982 and again in 1983 was followed each year by a serious losing streak. That caper cast Turner as the nut who brought down Noc-A-Homa's curse!

Happily for Turner, whose prowess as a yachtsman was redeeming, there was also the mighty presence of Steinbrenner to overshadow his foibles as a baseball owner.



"I would like to have the playing field entirely surrounded by a bunch of excitable, wild 'nuts.'"

The Yankee boss has won his spurs as the terrible-tempered Mr. Bang among owners by virtue of his frenzied spending at player auctions and his penchant for meddling in team affairs, for firing underlings (including a secretary for getting a wrong kind of sandwich), and for dueling with officials. Indeed, a decade of this stormy petrel finally caused a *New York Times* scribe to explode with this advice: "Go away, please, and take your favorite manager with you."

AMONG OWNERS vilified as meddling nuts Steinbrenner stands tall in baseball history, but at times nearly every owner has been targeted. Thus, reclusive Phil Wrigley's stubborn refusal to light up Wrigley Field, his team's woeful performance since 1945 and such abortive innovations as replacing the manager with a system of rotating coaches helped to certify this late owner. And the roll call of situational nuts among owners included cash-poor types like Gerry Nugent of the Phillies, who ran the club as a parasite team; Judge Emil Fuchs, whose pinchpenny practices at Boston extended to his personally chasing foul balls hit into the stands; Clark Griffith of the Senators, who once sold son-in-law Joe Cronin to make money, and Cal Griffith, whose racist statements and his inability to match his big spending colleagues cast him as a forlorn nut.

3. The Umpires

If being a clubowner facilitates one's nutty reputation, consider the lot of an umpire. From the moment these officials take the field to choruses of ritualized boos their competence is called into question. And once at work hardly a game is played without someone challenging their mental togetherness. Among the plenteous examples, umpire Red Jones used to bristle at being called

"Meat"; to his surprise he was targeted by orchestrated jeers from the White Sox bench which sounded, "We can't call you 'Meat' today!" And the refrain quickly followed, "Because it's Friday!" Then there was Beans Reardon, who was asked by a catcher how he managed to get his square head into a round mask, and plate ump Bill McGowan asking Nick Altrock what happened to the woman who was being carried from the stands on a stretcher and getting in reply, "You called one right and she fainted."

As baseball's manufactured villains, umps have long been cast as comic butts. But occasionally they fight back, as when one visited the hospitalized Leo Durocher; asked why he came by that notorious umpire baiter, the ump replied, "I came to see if you were dying."

4. *The Media*

That so many yarns become part of baseball's folklore owes to the game's vital media constituency. While free publicity has always been a powerful support for baseball, media men have also titillated fans with exposés of baseball's madcap sides.

As myth-makers generations of sportswriters coined and tagged players with nicknames like "The Little Napoleon," "The Duke of Tralee," "The Colossus of Clout" and "The Georgia Peach." And always there were snide labels like "The Splendid Spitter" which could tag players as nuts. Routinely the daily copy of sportswriters bristled with colorful comments that collectively and individually identified nuts.

Among the great sportswriters' sallies the late Red Smith's are treasured by his fans. Because Smith believed that a writer's tongue should ever repose in its natural habitat, the left cheek, he never failed his readers. As a nut designator Smith could call Bowie Kuhn "the greatest commissioner since Spike Eckert" and with barbed sarcasm could pronounce the "free agent system . . . the greatest thing to happen to baseball since Candy Cummings invented the curve."

Alas, it would take volumes to exhaust the witticisms and witlessisms of the media people. And along the way one would bump into deliriously nutty statisticians, dubbed "figure filberts" by one quipster. The original might have been Ernie Lanigan, a notorious flake who daily amazed historian Lee Allen by routinely ordering a breakfast of ham and eggs with a shot of whiskey. Usually he left the ham and eggs.

5. *The Fans*

Finally, any review of baseball's nutty characters must include the fans, that wellspring from which all other constituencies of the game arise. Like the term kranks

AN ALL-NUT TEAM FROM MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL

Pitchers — Bugs Raymond, Pascual Perez, Bo Belinsky, Lefty Gomez, Dizzy and Daffy Dean, and relievers Al Hrabosky and Moe Drabowsky.

Catchers — Yogi Berra, Clyde Kluttz and Earl Battey.

Infielders — Fred Merkle, Dick Stuart, Ed Bouchee, 1b; Billy Martin, 2b; Garry Templeton, ss, and Germany Schaefer, 3b.

Outfielders — Jim Piersall, Frenchy Bordagaray, Dizzy Nutter, Leon "Daddywags" Wagner, Babe Herman and Peanuts Lowrey.

Owners — Bill Veeck, Charley Finley, Chris von der Ahe, George Steinbrenner and Judge Emil Fuchs (consortium).

Manager — Casey Stengel.

Groundskeeper — Maury Wills.

Commissioner — Spike Eckert.

Chief Scout — Leon (John Dillinger) Hamilton.

Team Talisman — Charles "Victory" Faust.

which it replaced, the word fans is synonymous with nuts. Ubiquitous fans crop up as collectivities and as individuals. Collectivities include the ballpark crowds, the newspaper fans, radio and TV fans, and the collectors and fetish freaks. Among the latter sort, some now shell out money to players for autographs and one of the collector freaks recently paid \$25,000 for a 1910 Honus Wagner card.

AS FOR THE BALLPARK fans, their ranks have always shown madcap tendencies. The victorious pennant celebrations of fans have often been riotous; victory-sated fans tear up playing fields and sometimes trash cities as happened during the Big Buc Binge of 1970 and the Tigers' 1984 victory. Other notorious riots of recent vintage included the Cleveland Beer Riot of 1974 and Chicago's Disco Riot of 1979.

But in the annals of nutty ballpark fans it is the individual characters who stand out. Still remembered fondly in Brooklyn is Hilda Chester and her jangling cowbell and barbaric yawp; on one occasion she dispatched a note to manager Durocher telling him to pull his starting pitcher, and Durocher, thinking the note came from his boss, actually did. Another notorious individual was the curvaceous stripper, Morganna the Wild One, who on several occasions sallied onto the field at Cincinnati and confronted on-deck batters with her resistless demand of "Kiss me."

Certainly baseball's penchant for inspiring tomfoolery and laughter goes far to explain the game's mythic hold on the American populace. This is a point that major league promoters ought never to forget. When cursing hefty salaries or thanking the god Mammon for hefty TV contracts, such worthies should take time to breathe another prayer, "Thank God For Nuts."