

# The INSIDE GAME

The Official Newsletter of SABR's Deadball Era Committee

Volume 7, Number 3: "Let's get this lumpy, licorice-stained ball rolling!" August 2007

## Chairman's Column

By **John McMurray**  
(deadball@sabr.org)

As the new Chair of the Deadball Era Committee, I wanted to thank all the SABR members who attended the Committee's annual meeting in St. Louis. I enjoyed getting to meet so many members at SABR 37 and to receive ideas for future projects. The DEC has always been one of SABR's most active committees, and I look forward to building on the committee's enthusiasm and productivity as we move ahead.

I would also like to thank outgoing Chair David Jones for his work on behalf of the DEC. During his three years as Chair, David worked tirelessly to edit and coordinate *Deadball Stars of the American League*, which included 136 player biographies by 89 different SABR members. David's devotion to this project was immense, and the book has since received several five-star reviews on Amazon.com. David has also been very helpful to me as I have prepared to become Chair of the DEC.

First, I wanted to announce some changes to the Committee leadership. Gabriel Schechter will be taking over for me as Chair of the DEC's Ritter Award subcommittee, which annually presents an award to the best book set primarily in the Deadball Era that was published during the year prior. Also, Mark Dugo will be replacing me as Assistant Editor of *The Inside Game*. Congratulations to both!

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## Thoughts on SABR37

By **David W. Anderson** (danderson46@comcast.net)

I have not been to a SABR Convention since having a stroke back in 2004. It was great to see many of the current members and hearing a good number of excellent presentations on baseball's past. I have missed that. I would like to recognize four of the presentations that were outstanding and gave me some things to think about.

R.J. Lesch's "Building a Pennant Winner," provided a valuable insight into how John McGraw built his 1911, 1912, and 1913 pennant winners. The players came from many sources, but most of them came from purchases or free agents. His conclusions—scouting was more advanced, farm systems were informal but real, and trades were a smaller part of team building—were on the money.

Peter Morris gave a great presentation on William Buckner. Buckner was head trainer of the Chicago White Sox; he was a black man in a game that took another 30 years to integrate. Amazingly, every time he answered a census form he aged only seven years, rather than ten. He also received a pension from Major League Baseball. Morris always does well in digging up people whom few know and then in making them real.

September 18, 1922 was a turning point for the St. Louis Browns, and Steve Steinberg again showed his ability to weave history within a dramatic pennant race between the Yankees and Browns.

Finally, Cait Murphy did two presentations entitled "Myths of the Deadball  
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## What's Inside...

David Stalker continues his Deadball monuments with Billy Sullivan  
Irv Goldfarb shows how Deadball came of age at SABR37

Book reviews:

- Burying the Black Sox, reviewed by R. J. Lesch
- A Great Day in Cooperstown, reviewed by David Lee Poremba
- Red Faber, reviewed by Les Masterson
- Ty Cobb, reviewed by Rich Bleakley



Billy Sullivan of the Chicago White Sox. See page 2 for more.

# One hundred years after White Sox defeat Cubs, Billy Sullivan is remembered

By **David Stalker** (attheballyard@yahoo.com)

On October 14<sup>th</sup> 2006, one hundred years to the day that the Chicago White Sox won the World Series with a victory over the Chicago Cubs, there was an open house to view a new monument in memory of the White Sox star catcher. At Jones Park, 615 Janesville Ave. in Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. Billy Sullivan was honored. This was the same park he played in during his youth and is located about five miles from the farm in Oakland, Wisconsin he grew up on.

At the open house I displayed my collection of pictures and baseball cards of Billy Sullivan and spoke with those in attendance. The high school baseball coach stated that the Fort Atkinson high school baseball team has always been known for its great catchers. He just had no idea that it went back as far as Billy. Sullivan's accomplishments will now be remembered forever in his hometown.

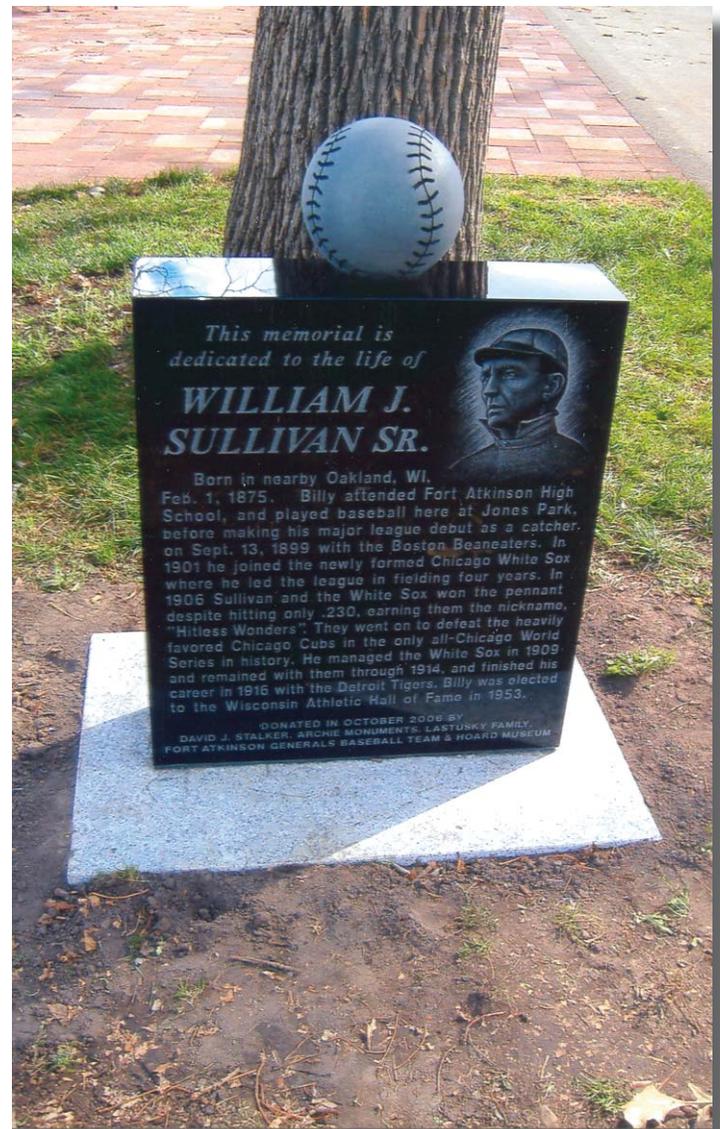
After baseball Billy lived in Newberg, Oregon and is buried in nearby McMinnville, next to his first wife Mollie. He did return to Fort Atkinson at least a couple of times after his playing days. On June 28, 1954, he was honored at a banquet, in recognition of his election into the Wisconsin Athletic Hall of Fame. Four hundred and fifty people attended the event, including baseball names such as Grimm, Comisky, Quinn, Faber, Schalk, and Fiene.

Along with the monument in Fort Atkinson, the Hoard Museum has an ongoing exhibit for Billy Sullivan. Included in this exhibit are items that were donated by Billy, such as the plaque he received when elected to the Wisconsin Athletic Hall of Fame and one of his catcher's mitts.

The Sullivan monument is the third in my series of Deadball Players. He follows the Fred Merkle memorial in Watertown, Wisconsin and the Davy Jones memorial in Cambria, Wisconsin. Pitcher Addie Joss and catcher Pete Kleinow will soon be joining the series in 2007, along with the Marion, Kansas native Charley Faust.

The inscription on the Sullivan memorial reads:  
"This memorial is dedicated to the life of William J. Sullivan Sr. Born in nearby Oakland, WI. Feb. 1, 1875. Billy attended Fort Atkinson High School, and played baseball here at Jones Park, before making his major league debut on Sept. 13, 1899 with the Boston Beaneaters. In 1901 he joined the newly formed Chicago White Sox where he led the league in fielding four years. In 1906 Sullivan and the White Sox won the pennant despite hitting only .230, earning them the nickname, "Hitless Wonders." They went on to defeat the heavily favored Chicago Cubs in the only all-Chicago World Series in history. He managed the White Sox in 1909 and remained with them through 1914, and finished his career in 1916 with the Detroit Tigers. Billy was elected to the Wisconsin Athletic Hall of Fame in 1953."

Donated in October 2006 by  
David J. Stalker, Archie Monuments, Lastusky Family,  
Fort Atkinson Generals Baseball Team & Hoard  
Museum ♦



Billy Sullivan's Monument in Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin.  
Photo courtesy of David Stalker.

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The Official Newsletter of SABR's Deadball Era Committee

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### **Thoughts on SABR 37, cont. from page 1.**

Era” and “Cover Up: Gambling and Corruption.” Both were top quality and gave valuable insights into the 1908 season.

I was eager to meet with Ms. Murphy because of my book, *More Than Merkle*. We used many of the same sources, except that she was able to get access to league meetings during 1908 and 1909, something I was unable to do. Her book *Crazy '08* gives us more insight into how close baseball came to a scandal that could have destroyed the game.

One note I want to make about the game Friday night: During the pre-game ceremonies, a SABR member made inappropriate remarks about the swearing in of soldiers. I am a Vietnam era veteran; I have a son-in-law who went to Iraq, and a cousin who joined the Air Force. My wife told the man that “Your right to say what you want to is protected by our people in the Armed Services.” He said something about 1918 and then shut up.

I know the war in Iraq has been a source of division in our country, but could we just watch a ball game and leave political opinions somewhere else? My cousin, who has worked in Human Resources all of her life, said the incident reflected badly upon SABR as an organization. I could not defend it. ♦



Cait Murphy, author of *Crazy '08* and presenter at SABR 37. Cait won the Doug Pappas Research Award sponsored by *USA Today Sports Weekly* for her presentation entitled “Cover-up: Gambling, Corruption, and the Wild Finish of the 1908 Season.”

Photo courtesy of Charles Crawley.



### **Chairman's Column, cont. from page 1.**

At the convention, I presented the 2007 Ritter Award to Gene Carney for *Burying the Black Sox: How Baseball's Cover-Up of the 1919 World Series Fix Almost Succeeded*. (Potomac Books, 2006). In addition, I would like to thank the thirteen authors of chapters in *Deadball Stars* who attended a book signing at the convention.

One of the first initiatives that I would like to pursue is updating and expanding the DEC page on the SABR website. Our site could serve as a comprehensive resource for Deadball Era researchers, and I welcome your input as to how it could be improved. Please be in touch if you would like to be involved with the redesign of our committee website.

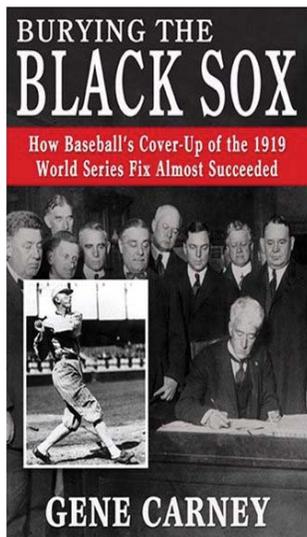
Furthermore, as Jan Finkel highlighted at our recent meeting, there are hundreds of Deadball Era subjects whose biographies need to be included in the BioProject. Nearly all of the players who were not included in *Deadball Stars* are available, and researching the life stories of lesser-known players can often provide the most interesting detective work.

Now for the big question: what will be our next major committee project? At SABR 37, enthusiasm was high for a committee project to research baseball journalism during the Deadball Era. Doing so could take the form of biographies of individual sportswriters of the period. Alternatively, it could focus on the writing rather than on the writers. Either approach would fill an important research niche.

Other potential project ideas that multiple committee members have recommended to me include a year-by-year history of the Deadball Era; a history of minorities in baseball during the Deadball Era, focusing particularly on the social and economic issues of the time; and a history of championship series during the Deadball Era.

If you are interested in any of the above project ideas, I encourage you to contact me at [deadball@sabr.org](mailto:deadball@sabr.org) to serve on a subcommittee to explore each one further. Of course, if you have other ideas for committee projects that we might not have considered, now is the time to let me know!

I am eager to hear your comments about any aspect of the DEC and to learn what you would like to research. Please also let me know if you would like to volunteer for any position with the committee, large or small. I would love to hear your thoughts and to have you become involved as we go forward. ♦



*Burying the Black Sox: How Baseball's Cover-Up of the 1919 World Series Fix Almost Succeeded* by Gene Carney  
 Washington DC: Potomac Books, Inc., 2006. [ISBN: 1-57488-072-9]. 392 pages. \$17.95, softcover.

Reviewed by **R. J. Lesch**  
 (rjlesch\_usa@yahoo.com)

Baseball books are usually not challenging. Baseball books are usually simply biography, hagiographies of the pastime's saints or exposés of its sinners. Or we get ecstatic rhapsodies about poetry in motion across green sunlit fields. It is rare that a book challenges us to think differently about the game and its significant events and personages. It is rarer still that the challenge is not to think differently, but to think for ourselves.

Gene Carney's *Burying the Black Sox* is the most challenging baseball book I have ever read. Carney's tone is calm, rational and conversational, and yet the challenge is there: to take one of the central events of baseball history and think about it in a clear objective manner. It is clearly written, well-composed, and well-researched. Carney has done his homework, and asks that the reader do more than soak up the result like a sponge.

The fixing of the 1919 World Series between the Chicago White Sox and the Cincinnati Reds is certainly baseball's best-known

scandal and yet one of its most hotly-debated mysteries. Carney picks an unexpected starting point: not Game One of the Series, not the conversations with gamblers beforehand, not the 1921 Cook County Court trial afterward. Carney starts the book in 1924, in Milwaukee, with Joe Jackson's suit against Charles Comiskey for back pay. In the course of that trial, a jury of twelve people was asked to review the evidence to determine whether Joe Jackson did anything to give the White Sox just cause for denying him the salary stipulated in the three-year contract he signed after the 1919 World Series. The court proceedings give a glimpse into the evidence available at the time.

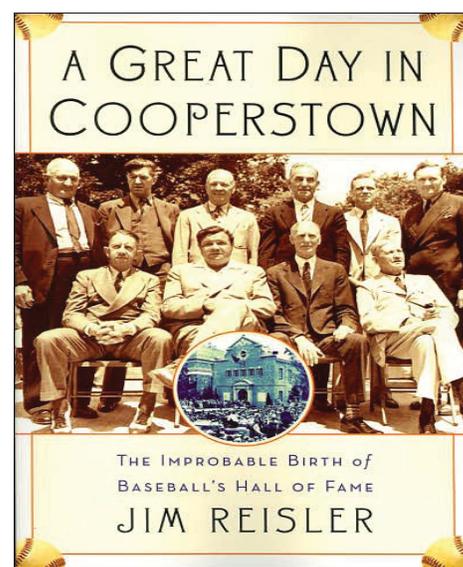
Reading this, I wanted Carney to just give me the answer. Was Joe Jackson guilty of conspiring with gamblers to throw the 1919 World Series, or was he an innocent dupe? Was Charles Comiskey a victim or a perpetrator? Was Ban Johnson a hero or a cad? Carney does not rise to the bait. Instead of taking sides or grinding axes, instead of advocating for this player's reinstatement or that person's execration, he presents the available evidence, and points to gaps in the record which might perhaps be filled in through future research. "The full story of the fix, its cover-up and its undoing may take many more decades to be told," Carney writes.

It's incredible that new evidence could be unearthed for an event over eighty years in the past, one with an almost iconic pop-culture status. "Say it ain't so" has been uttered by Bart Simpson and sung by Weezer. Yet Carney introduces us to Bert Collyer of *Collyer's Eye*, the gambling publication which first broke the story yet which was ignored by the mainstream media because it was a gambling publication. We also get the 1924 court proceedings, also ignored in traditional accounts of the affair, and a long-lost series of articles by Frank Menke covering the trial. What's more, though Carney looks at the actions of the players and the gamblers, he points the brightest part of his flashlight's beam toward the people who should have been responsible for keeping the sport clean: Comiskey, Johnson, and

Organized Baseball itself. Once they knew what was going on, what did they do?

Carney provides several insights into paths that other researchers have taken in trying to understand the scandal. One fun little hot-stove game we've all played is to analyze the play-by-play of the 1919 Series looking for suspicious plays. As we've all found, it's hard to say, definitively, whether a particular play was the result of a deliberate error or whether it was simply a mistake made under World Series pressure. "Players trying their best still make errors," Carney points out. "The best hitters can strike out in the clutch, the best pitchers can lose their effectiveness ... If you are convinced that 'the fix is in', you will find suspicious plays in *any* ballgame. If you are not on the lookout, you will not see anything except baseball." So while Carney does examine several of the best-known plays of that series, he does so with this warning firmly in place – and, again, with that maddening challenge to us to think for ourselves.

It's clear that this book will now be the starting point for any serious research into the scandal, supplanting Eliot Asinof's *Eight Men Out*, Victor Luhrs's *The Great Baseball Mystery*, and other studies. Carney's careful, thorough and rational account has earned the top spot. ♦



*A Great Day in Cooperstown: The Improbable Birth of Baseball's Hall of Fame*

By Jim Reisler

New York: Carroll & Graf Publishers, 2006. [ISBN 0-7867-1625-8] 241 pages. \$26.00, softcover.

Reviewed by **David Lee Poremba**  
(dporemba@tampabay.rr.com)

The mecca for baseball fans everywhere is the Hall of Fame, located, as everyone knows, in Cooperstown, New York. It is an institution so well known that, for the most part, it is largely taken for granted – something that always was – and no one knows the labors involved in its establishment. That is, until the publication of this book.

Jim Reisler has created a wonderful book using the inauguration of the Hall as a backdrop to relate the creation of the mythology of baseball's origins in America. While accurately recording the erroneous story of Abner Doubleday's invention of baseball, Albert Spalding, and the Mills Commission's support of that myth, Reisler subtly introduces the more accurate evolution of the game from cricket and town ball and the efforts of Alexander Cartwright and Henry Chadwick to set the story right.

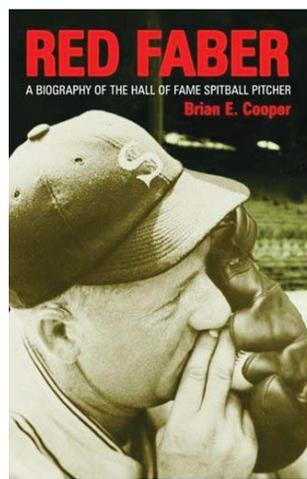
The main focus of this story is the creation of the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, the efforts behind it and the events that occurred on the inaugural day. The creation of the Hall was the result of the efforts primarily of two men: Stephen C. Clark, Jr. and Alexander Cleland.

Clark was a Cooperstown native whose family made a fortune with the Singer Sewing Machine Company. He never forgot his hometown amidst other philanthropic projects partnered up with Cleland, whom he knew since 1931, to make the Hall a reality. Emigrating to the United States in 1903, Cleland worked in a series of increasingly responsible reform jobs and ran Clark House, under the auspices of the Clark family.

Meeting with Clark in Cooperstown in 1934, Cleland saw workers renovating Doubleday Field in

preparation for celebrating baseball's centennial in 1939 and the idea for a museum took root. The two men had no interest in baseball to this point but they were definitely focused on philanthropy and public service.

Interwoven with this story are anecdotal pictures of the first eleven inductees to the Hall. Reisler introduces them in the order in which they spoke on that day in 1939. There are two exceptions to these speakers—Christy Mathewson, who had died of tuberculosis in 1925 and Ty Cobb—who got to the ceremony at the end. As each is called up to the microphone to say a few words, the author uses that instance as a springboard to launch into the history of each player. Here is described highlights from each man's career and, most informatively, each man's life after baseball; perhaps the saddest of all being Grover Cleveland Alexander, who tried to battle the alcoholism that ultimately took his life. In all of these stories Reisler pulls no punches and presents an objective picture, inviting the reader to voice his or her own opinion on, for example, Ruth's excessiveness or Cobb's aggressiveness. Reisler continues the story with Clark and Cleland and finishes with the Hall of Fame's place in the Cooperstown of today. This is a book that should be welcomed on every fan's bookshelf. ♦



*Red Faber: A Biography of the Hall of Fame Spitball Pitcher*

By Brian E. Cooper

Jefferson, NC: McFarland & Company, Inc., 2006. [ISBN 0-7864-2721-3] 256 pages. \$29.95, softcover.

Reviewed by **Les Masterson**  
(lmasterson27@comcast.net)

Brian E. Cooper's *Red Faber: A Biography of the Hall of Fame Spitball Pitcher* is as much a tale of a small town's love affair with a ballplayer as it is about the life of a Hall of Fame pitcher.

Cooper, executive editor and editorial board chairman of the *Telegraph Herald* of Dubuque, Iowa, uses his experience as a community journalist to tell the tale of Faber by exploring newspaper sources like the *Cascade Pioneer*, Faber's hometown paper, and two newspapers in Dubuque. Using these sources allows Cooper to uncover personal stories not found in the metropolitan papers – one such nugget is the tale of when Faber's Lozier roadster was snowbound on an Iowa road. It was three months before his vehicle was towed into town – a month after Faber left for spring training.

Faber's early years were spent living in a largely German area of Iowa. His ancestry was looked upon with scorn at the outbreak of World War I when Iowan leaders approved a law that made it illegal for people to speak German in public, and schools, including Faber's St. Mary's in Cascade, were no longer allowed to teach children in German.

In 1915 during the early years of World War I, Faber supported the German cause, which was reported by *Baseball Magazine*. But Cooper quickly tells the reader that Faber was not singled out for his stance. Once his home country entered the war, Faber backed the side of the red, white and blue. He enlisted as a chief yeoman in the U.S. Navy on June 7, 1918.

After returning from the service, Faber's off-year in Chicago was compounded by the disappointment of

***Continued on page 6.***

## **Red Faber, cont. from page 5.**

the 1919 World Series. While missing the series because of injury, Faber watched helplessly as the Cincinnati Reds bested his White Sox.

Being one of the so-called Clean Sox, Faber's career and life were touched by the Black Sox scandal. Cooper reports that catcher Ray Schalk believed that if Faber was healthy for the 1919 World Series, the scandal would not have happened. Cooper diplomatically calls Schalk's charges "conjecture."

If Faber had pitched in the World Series, Dickey Kerr—who had two wins in the series—would have been left off the starting rotation. That still left Eddie Cicotte and Lefty Williams—who were both linked to the scandal—in the rotation. Kerr won both of his starts; Faber could not have done any better. Cooper adds that the Black Sox's behavior not only cost the team a 1919 World Series win and a 1920 return trip to the Fall Classic, but also may have blown two of his starts.

In addition to the work that Cooper put into the research and writing of *Red Faber*, Cooper's collection of photos adds to the story. In so many books, authors spend all their effort toward researching a person's life through the written word, so that little time is devoted to piecing together interesting photos that add to the story. The result is often photos from the National Baseball Hall of Fame or baseball teams—many of which have been regurgitated a number of times.

Cooper, however, not only offers shots of Faber from the Hall of Fame, but also dips into the Chicago Historical Society and—most impressively—the Tri-State Historical Society of Cascade, Iowa.

Continuing on the major theme of the book—a local community's love affair with a ball player—Cooper offers photos that show Faber playing exhibition baseball in Dubuque, Iowa, and proudly holding up a fish he caught after the sportsman's playing days were over.

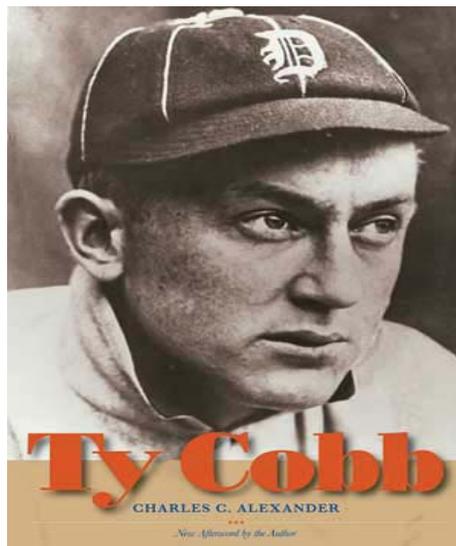
There is also a great shot of Faber sitting in a Comiskey Park dugout in the dead of winter. Staring off across a

snow-covered field, his breath shown against the frigid air, Faber is bundled up for a Chicago winter and looking forward to the next baseball season.

The subject of whether Red Faber is worthy of the Baseball Hall of Fame has been disputed in other books and articles. Faber, who along with other borderline but hallowed Hall hurlers like Eppa Rixey and Rube Marquard, have become a lightning rod for those dismayed with the way the Hall of Fame's stature has been diminished over the years, thanks to questionable calls by the Baseball Writers of America and Veterans Committee.

Rather than debating Faber's Hall of Fame legitimacy, Cooper leaves that analysis to someone else. Instead, the author touches upon his election, but doesn't provide his thoughts on Faber's worthiness for the Hall.

*Red Faber* goes beyond the usual historical biography of a baseball player. It's full of interesting stories about a pitcher who has fallen into the shadows of baseball history. It tells the tale not only of a pitcher, but of his family, hometown, and personality. In his first historical biography, Cooper educates and entertains, and gives the Hall-of-Fame pitcher his rightful place on baseball lovers' book shelves. ♦



## *Ty Cobb*

by Charles C. Alexander  
College Station, TX: Texas A&M University Press, 2006. [ISBN: 0-87074-509-3] 288 pages. \$17.95, softcover. Originally published by Oxford University Press, 1984.

Reviewed by **Rich Bleakley**  
(rb12fh1@msn.com)

Ty Cobb was a fascinating person as well as an all-time great ballplayer. Alexander does a wonderful job of relating his life in an interesting and fast-moving book.

Born in Georgia in 1886 to W.H. Cobb, the son of a Confederate officer, W.H. was a strict and educated man. Both he and his wife, Amanda, expected their children to be the same. W.H. Cobb thought of baseball as a "slacker's" pastime and wanted Ty to be a doctor or lawyer.

At the young age of 15, Ty showed he was a talented ballplayer. By the time he reached 18, the Detroit Tigers had expressed an interest in him and offered him a contract. To his surprise, W.H. said, "Don't come home a failure."

Soon thereafter, Amanda and W.H. separated, but when he tried to break into the home, she shot and killed him. She was tried and later acquitted of an accidental shooting. Ty stood by his mother during this ordeal and, at the same time, inherited and respected his father's dogged determination to succeed.

Obviously, he had great physical talent, but what made him even greater was his mind. Both in and out of baseball, he was smart. (During the Depression of the 1930s, he doubled his personal wealth from one to two million dollars.)

Well known is his highly intense play and his unwillingness to get along with those who he felt didn't dedicate themselves enough. Both teammates and opponents fought as well as admired Ty.

His baseball records are well known and documented. It is his life off the field, in addition to the changes that were occurring in the game of

***Continued on page 7.***

**Ty Cobb, cont. from page 6.**

baseball itself, that make this an outstanding book.

Upon Babe Ruth's bursting onto the scene and the advent of more, long home runs, the game began to change. Cobb felt for the worse. Stealing bases, hit and run, and other "smallball" were giving way to power baseball.

After twenty-four major league seasons, Cobb retired as a very wealthy man. Much of his affluence was the result of shrewd investing in companies like General Motors and Coca Cola.

Later in life, Cobb was benevolent to both friends and foes of old. He paid hospital bills for some, sent money to others and set up a college fund for poor students wanting to pursue medical careers. For his hometown of Royston, Georgia, he built a hospital.

As an older man, he was lonely, twice-divorced and estranged from his four children. Ty Cobb was, in many ways, a difficult man; but, unknown to many, he was a caring man. ♦



Cindy Thomson (far left) chats with Dan Desrochers (to her left) at the Deadball Authors Table at the SABR 37 Convention in St. Louis.

Photo courtesy of John McMurray.



Gene Carney (left) receives the Ritter Award from Deadball Chairman John McMurray for his book *Burying the Black Sox*, at the Deadball Committee Meeting of the SABR 37 Convention in St. Louis, July 27, 2007. This book is reviewed in this issue by R. J. Lesch.

Photo courtesy of Charles Crawley.

# Deadball comes of age: More thoughts on SABR 37

By **Irv Goldfarb** (Irvin.J.Goldfarb@abc.com)

Rather than focus on one or two of the Deadball Era presentations at this year's SABR Convention, I thought I'd make a quick observation about our committee and where it seems to stand in the mindset of other SABR members. This, of course, is merely a personal opinion:

By my decidedly *un*-official count, 12 of the 35 research presentations at this year's SABR centered around teams, players, and stories of the Deadball Era. This counted for over one-third of this year's features. (I was personally *thrilled* to see a decrease in the number of "Sabermetric"-centered talks, such as "Walter Johnson's Projected Strikeout Totals Had he USED HGH and Played in Camden Yards," but that's a yarn for a different column.) And I felt an inner warmth when I found myself shuffling from Ballroom D to Ballroom F/G and realized that I had simply shifted from one Deadball Era discussion to another. There were even times when I was forced to *chose* between Deadball presentations!

Even talking to some of my fellow SABR members, I found that late-night discussions around adult beverages centered more on players and seasons from the Deadball era than they ever had. Where in the past, I was usually debating why Derek Jeter was a better team player than A-Rod, or why Jim Rice should or should not be in the Hall of Fame, this time there seemed to be the same heated, and more importantly, *knowledgeable* discussions of pre-1920 baseball than I ever heard before.

At one point, I mentioned to a "casual fan"-type of SABR-ite how I had enjoyed a presentation which broached the subject that perhaps Merkle had shouldered too much blame for his gaff.

"Oh, that whole '08 season was screwy" my friend said. There was no need to outline who or what I was talking about. He had already purchased Cait Murphy's book and was well-versed enough in the subject to know what I meant and to immediately reply.

Though Deadball is not my only area of interest, I am most fascinated by baseball's past events and find that the Deadball Era contains more of the rich history I search for than any other. I am pleased to see that the more conventions I attend, the more my favorite era seems to be taking the forefront. ♦

## Boiling Out 2008

The Arlington Hotel, Hot Springs, Arkansas

March 15-18, 2008



SABR's Deadball Era Committee and Robinson-Kell Chapter presents the fourth Boiling Out, a celebration of Deadball-Era-style spring training. This year's attractions:

- ❖ **"Matty" Returns!** Eddie Frierson is Christy Mathewson, in his one-man show.
- ❖ **Babe Ruth Returns!** Bring your reproduction 1910s Red Sox jersey or 1920s Yankees uniform and join us as we march in "The World's Shortest St.Patrick's Day Parade" in the guise of the Bambino. You won't want to miss the fun.
- ❖ **The usual "Boiling Out" features:** great research presentations, the Hot Springs Ballpark Site Crawl, the Deadball Dice Baseball Tournament, and great SABR-style fellowship.
- ❖ **Hot Springs itself:** Oaklawn Racetrack, National Parks, historic bathhouses and spas, and much more.

We welcome research presentations on the Deadball Era, Spring Training, Arkansas baseball, or any combination of the three. Hotel reservation information will be available shortly. No charge to attend the conference, though we will pass the hat to cover the cost of the conference room. There will also be an admissions charge for "Matty".

Send us an email to get the latest info!

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or Mike Dugan <mduganhome@cablelynx.com>.