

# The INSIDE GAME



The Official Newsletter of SABR's Deadball Era Committee

VOL. X, NO. 3: "LET'S GET THIS LUMPY, LICORICE-STAINED BALL ROLLING!" NOV. 2010

## THE CHAIRMAN'S COLUMN

by **John McMurray**

Thanks to all who attended the Deadball Era Committee annual meeting at SABR40 in Atlanta! In spite of the meeting being scheduled on Friday morning at 8 AM, it was well-attended, and we had a good discussion of several potential projects.

As I mentioned at the meeting, interest in the Committee remains very strong. We currently have about 550 active members, and about ten new books focused primarily on the Deadball Era are published every year.

Robert Peyton Wiggins, author of *The Federal League of Base Ball Clubs: The History of an Outlaw Major League, 1914-1915* was in attendance, and I was pleased to present him with the 2010 Ritter Award. Since Ritter Award subcommittee chair Gabriel Schechter could not be there, I read his remarks about the book, where he noted: "The research is groundbreaking and thorough, and the book is a comprehensive exploration of not only how the Federal League's brief history

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## EVERYBODY COMES TO JOE'S

by **Irv Goldfarb**

The thing that stands out most for me about the trip to Greenville at this year's SABR convention was the fact that I almost missed it.

Not to get into all the sad details of my increasing forgetfulness, nor these 'trying economic times' which I somehow always seem to be living in, but due to these factors among others, I didn't get around to registering for SABR40 until early July. The bus trip to Greenville, however, to visit the original home of Joe Jackson and attend a Greenville Drive minor league game, was number one on my list of convention priorities for a couple of reasons: First, I had been named interim chairman of the fledgling Black Sox Scandal Committee, founded by the late and legendary Gene Carney (and now led by the energetic young Jacob Pomrenke who will no doubt elevate that group to the highest possible level). Secondly, and more importantly from a purely selfish perspective, I had in my possession a letter written in the late 1940s by a well-known New York

### ***What's Inside...***

***A Second Look*** by Mark Fimoff

***Baseball's Offensive Greats of the Deadball Era:  
Best Producers Rated by Position, 1901-1919***

*Reviewed by William F. Ross*

***The Original Curse: Did the Cubs Throw the 1918  
World Series to Babe Ruth's Red Sox and Incite the  
Black Sox Scandal***

*Reviewed by Gabriel Schechter*

***Ray Schalk: A Baseball Biography***

*Reviewed by Mitchell Stinson*

theatre critic to Shoeless Joe, including the original envelope. It was addressed to "Joe Jackson; Liquor Store; Greenville, SC", the 'Liquor Store' line crossed out and replaced in pencil by Joe's actual address, no doubt by someone in the Greenville post office.

Since becoming an amateur student of baseball and its history, I had always wanted to donate something, anything, to a museum. So I wrote to Arlene Marley, curator of the Jackson house, and asked her if she'd like the letter for the museum. She quickly said yes.

I finally got around to registering for the convention sometime in early July, but to my horror was informed that the trip to Greenville was completely sold out! I went into immediate panic mode and contacted John Zajc to see if he had any ideas on how I could recover from this impending catastrophe; fortunately, just a few days later, I got an e-mail from the SABR office telling me that someone had canceled, and that I had my seat on the bus. (And if that person is reading this column, I owe you a beer or two at our next event.)

[Asst. Editor's Note: Irv owes those beers to me as I was the one who canceled.]

When the convention finally arrived, I discovered that not as many SABR members were as excited about this trip as I was. The reason most cited was "That Trip From Hell!" from the previous year's convention when, following a bus company mix-up, it took SABR members almost three hours to get from the hotel to the Orioles' game, as we sat in a traffic jam that seemed to include every motor vehicle in the greater Washington, DC area. The only positive of that trip was finding myself next to John Dillon, a 72-year-old former school teacher from the Bronx and spending time with him, trading New York baseball stories as seen from different generations. Despite his being a Yankee fan, I enjoyed the conversation.

But "I'm not sitting on a bus for three hours THIS year!" was the response I most often got about the Greenville trip and even my roommate for the convention backed out at the last minute, though he had already bought his ticket. (Made me wonder why I had been told the trip was sold out, when so few folks I asked seemed to be going...)

No matter. Armed with my Joe Jackson letter and my copy of Gene's *Burying the Black Sox* (yes, I was finally getting around to reading

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**The  
INSIDE GAME**  
The Official Newsletter of SABR's Deadball Era Committee

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**LETTER TO THE EDITOR**

As a Deadball Committee member, I enjoyed and was impressed by the latest issue of *The Inside Game*. As an author (who has recently coauthored a book on the 1921 season) who has had numerous reviews, I particularly enjoyed your discussion about book reviews. It is a complicated subject (perhaps "field" is a better word), one that can be fraught with a lot of emotion.

But it doesn't have to be.

A writer must have "thick skin" and realize that he's always putting himself "out there" when he publishes a work, by definition a courageous act.

**Steve Steinberg**



The 18th Annual NINE Spring Training Conference invites original, unpublished papers that study all aspects of baseball, with particular emphasis on history and social policy implications. Abstracts only, not to exceed 300 words, should be submitted by December 1, 2010, to Trey Strecker ([tstrecker@bsu.edu](mailto:tstrecker@bsu.edu))

Authors will be notified as quickly as possible whether their papers have been accepted. Authors are required to register for the conference and present their work in person. The 2011 conference program will be posted on the NINE Website in January 2011.

### **Keynote Speaker: Charles Alexander**

Dr. Alexander is the author of *Ty Cobb* (Oxford University Press, 1984), *John McGraw* (Viking, 1988), *Our Game: An American Baseball History* (Henry Holt, 1991), *Rogers Hornsby: A Biography* (Henry Holt, 1995), *Breaking the Slump: Baseball in the Depression Era* (Columbia University Press, 2002), and *Spoke: A Biography of Tris Speaker* (Southern Methodist University Press, 2007). *Breaking the Slump* was awarded the Seymour Medal by SABR. Alexander was a consultant for the Ken Burns/Florentine Films 1994 documentary "Baseball," and he serves on the editorial board of *Base Ball: A Journal of the Early Game*.

### **Registration:**

Conference registration forms are available online on the NINE website at: <http://nine.iweb.bsu.edu/registration.htm>.

The \$185 conference registration fee includes the Saturday evening banquet and tickets for two spring training games, if paid prior to January 20, 2011. After January 20, the conference fee will be \$205, and game tickets are not guaranteed.

Attendees can register in one of two ways. Those wishing to pay online may use Paypal through the link provided on the NINE Website. Those wishing to pay by check can print their registration information (name, mailing address, phone number, email and academic affiliation, if applicable) and send it along with their conference fee to:

Dan and Jean Ardell  
P. O. Box 482  
Corona del Mar, CA 92625

For further information about conference registration, please contact Jean Ardell at [jeanardell@yahoo.com](mailto:jeanardell@yahoo.com)

Registrants should make their hotel reservations directly with the Fiesta Resort Conference Center on the Web at <http://www.fiestaresortcc.com/> or by phone at 1-800-528-6481. Rates are:

\$99 per night single or double  
\$109 per night three per room  
\$119 per night four per room.

To ensure the conference rate rooms must be booked by February 23, 2011. Be sure to mention *NINE: A Journal of Baseball History & Culture*.

### **NEW DEADBALL COMMITTEE MEMBERS**

The Deadball Committee is happy to welcome newcomers to SABR who have expressed interest in the Deadball Era.

**Karl Green**  
**William Davis**  
**Michael Winland**  
**Victor Wilson**

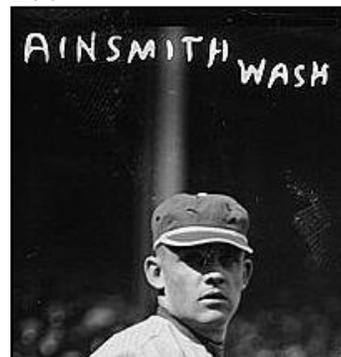
They, as well as all who contributed to this issue, can be contacted through the SABR directory and, of course, all participation and contributions are most welcome.

# A SECOND LOOK

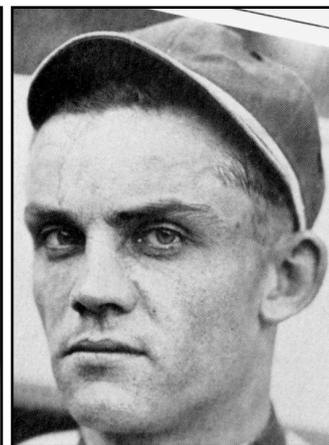
by **Mark Fimoff**

While perusing the previous fine issue of *The Inside Game*, I noticed the Library of Congress George Bain Collection photo 12175 on page 8, shown right, identified therein as Eddie Ainsmith. I knew that it wasn't Ainsmith. That should be evident to most people from just a subjective side by side comparison of the real Ainsmith, below left, to a magnified face shot from the Bain photo, below second from left.

LoC<sup>5</sup>



The photo actually depicts his more notorious teammate, Chick Gandil, whose face should be quite familiar to many readers of *The Inside Game*. When I notified editor, Mark Ruckhaus, he immediately agreed. However, he correctly pointed out that the photo is officially captioned as Ainsmith and "Ainsmith" is written on the glass negative. All seemingly very authoritative, but wrong. For reasons unknown, a fair number of Bain photos have erroneous IDs written on the negative. Not quite all of these incorrect photo captions have been corrected. The lesson is that no matter what an apparently good source says about an early baseball photo, you still have to really look at it. If it doesn't seem right, don't use it.



Eddie Ainsmith

LoC Bain Collection 12175

< ----- Chick Gandil ----- >

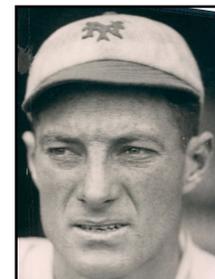
Back in the spring of 1986, SABR produced a special Deadball Era photo issue of *The National Pastime*. It included the photo near right, provided and identified by the Hall of Fame as Heinie Zimmerman. It bears absolutely no resemblance to the real Zimmerman, center and far right, who was certainly not an obscure Deadball Era figure. The same photo with the same incorrect identification ran in a non-SABR book published in 2001.

NBL<sup>4</sup>



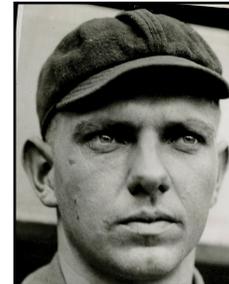
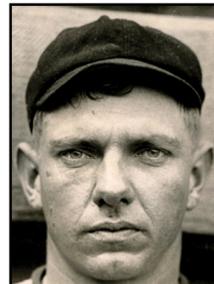
ID'd as Zimmerman

LoC<sup>5</sup>



< ---- Heinie Zimmerman ---- >

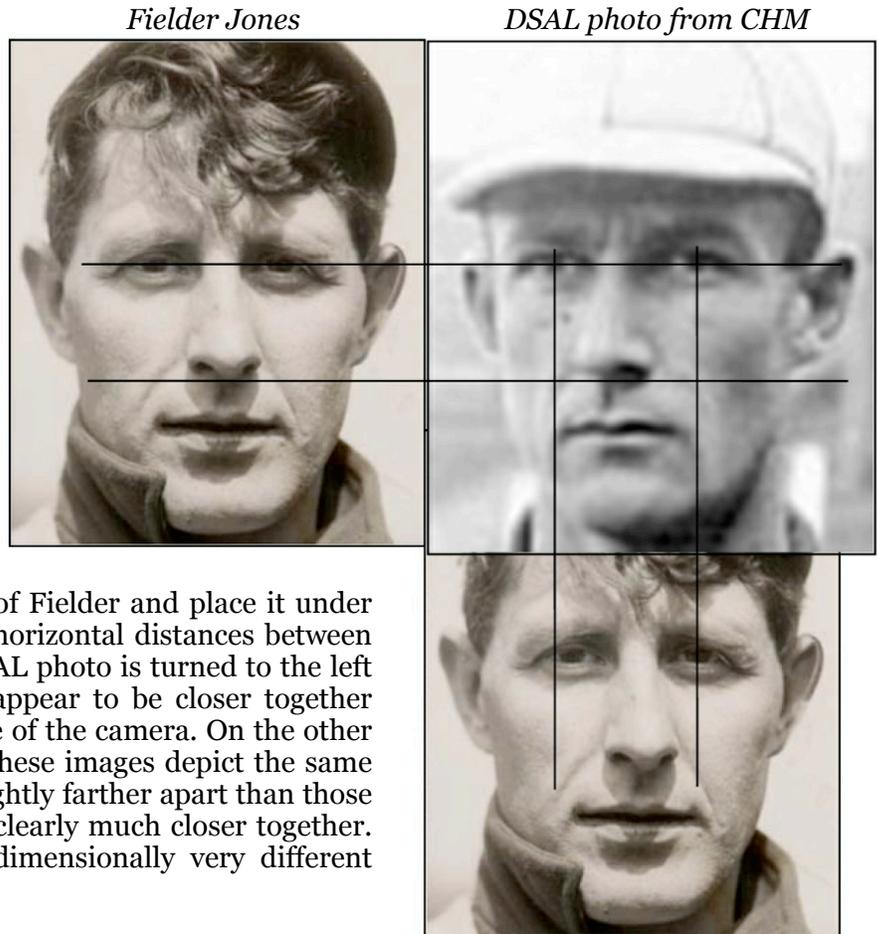
It should be clear that this guy was really Zimmerman's Cub teammate, Vic Saier. However, such clarity is not always the case and sometimes it can be difficult to get a consensus on a photo ID. People will disagree, and something more than a simple side-by-side subjective comparison may be needed. This is exemplified by the lead photo for the Fielder Jones bio in *Deadball Stars of the American League* (DSAL).



< ----- Vic Saier ----- >

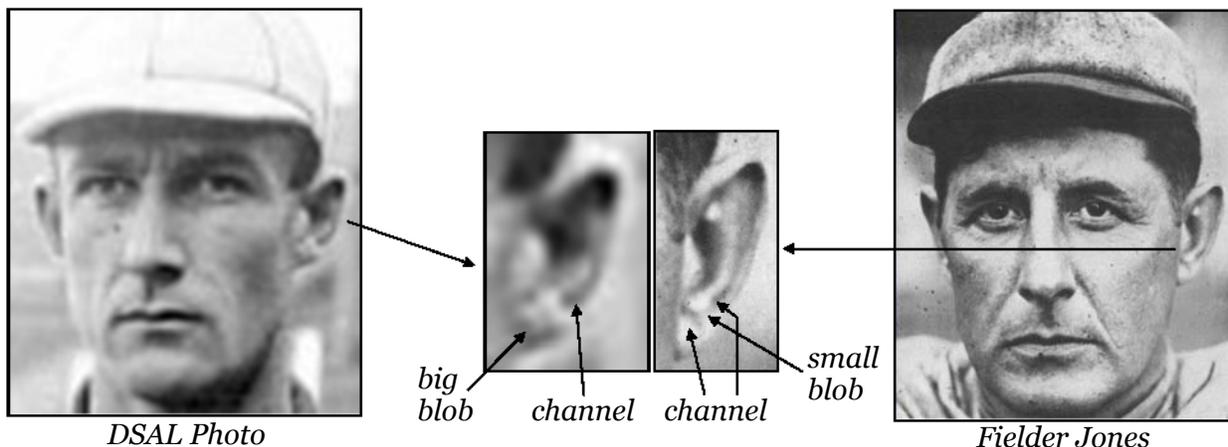
Back in 2007, soon after receiving my copy of DSAL, I noticed a familiar photo on the first page of the Fielder Jones bio. It was a Chicago History Museum (CHM) collection photo captioned by CHM as Fielder Jones (just below, far right). That photo had been on my personal list of CHM photo caption errors for some time. I knew it wasn't Fielder Jones, but I did not know who it was. It was one of SABR's best photo ID men, Matt Fulling, who showed me that it was Charlie (Charles Claude) Jones. I sent off an email to the editor, but his response was skeptical. To him, and undoubtedly a lot of other people, the guy did look like Fielder Jones.

There are less subjective means that can often be applied to resolving this type of disagreement. One can try to compare measurements involving major facial features<sup>1</sup>. While this example won't achieve sub-millimeter accuracy, it can reveal gross differences. We have the DSAL photo, far right, and a Fielder Jones photo, near right. First, proportionally resize one of the images so that they match vertically. In this case, we line up the pupils and then resize one of the images so that the distance from the line connecting the pupils to the base of the nose matches that same span in the other image.



After doing that, we make a second copy of Fielder and place it under the DSAL photo in order to compare the horizontal distances between the pupils. Note that the person in the DSAL photo is turned to the left somewhat. This will cause his pupils to appear to be closer together because his face is not parallel to the plane of the camera. On the other hand, Fielder is looking straight at us. If these images depict the same person, we expect Fielder's pupils to be slightly farther apart than those in the DSAL image. But, instead they are clearly much closer together. This tells us that there was something dimensionally very different about these two faces.

Another effective method is ear comparison. The ears of every human are unique, and many photos are clear enough to show some perceivable difference between different individuals<sup>2</sup>. In this case, though the outer shape of the ears is similar, the man pictured in DSAL has a large fleshy blob on his earlobe. The channel formed just inside the outer edge of his ear ends when it reaches the lobe. For the real Fielder, the blob is much smaller, and the channel passes through to the end of the lobe. This ear mismatch argument was presented and it did convince the DSAL editor that he had selected the wrong photo.



To make a long story short, that photo does match up forensically (and to me, at least, subjectively) with other Charlie Jones photos. The DSAL photo was taken in 1904, Charlie Jones's only year with the White Sox.



<----- Charlie Jones ----->

Another common mistake is misidentifying the depicted location. On the same page of that 1986 issue of *The National Pastime* that contained the aforementioned Saier/Zimmerman photo, there is a photo misidentified as the Cubs' home, West Side Grounds. The scene is actually the White Sox home, South Side Park<sup>3</sup>. The converse of that mistake occurred in the August 2005 issue of *The Inside Game*. A 1903 CHM photo, just below, was used in an article about South Side Park. The CHM caption said it was South Side Park, and that is White Sox hurler Patsy Flaherty warming up, but the location is the Cubs' home West Side Grounds during the 1903 City Series. This can be seen by comparing it to a 1903 West Side Grounds photo, bottom (as well as many other WSG photos), this one showing Cub pitcher Carl Lundgren.



*Patsy Flaherty gets loose at...?*

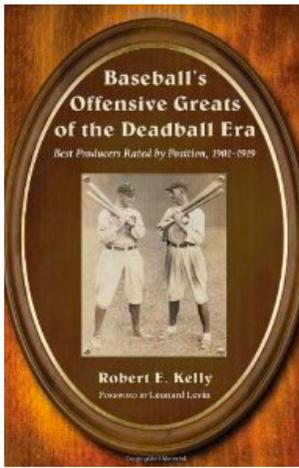


*Carl Lundgren warms up at West Side Grounds, 1903*

One thing SABR tries to do with its publications is to create a correct and accessible historical record. This should apply to all aspects of baseball history, including its imagery. The photos selected for SABR publications deserve the same care and review afforded the text. Each one deserves at least a second look.

Endnotes:

- [1] *Forensic Art and Illustration*, Ch. 9, K. T. Taylor, CR Press, 2001
- [2] *Ear Identification*, Forensic Identification Series, Alfred Iannarelli, Paramount Publishing, 1989
- [3] See PHC Newsletter Photo Supplement #3, Sept. 2008
- [4] National Baseball Hall of Fame Library, Cooperstown, NY
- [5] Library of Congress, George Bain Collection



**BASEBALL'S OFFENSIVE  
GREATS OF THE  
DEADBALL ERA: BEST  
PRODUCERS RATED BY  
POSITION, 1901—1919**  
BY ROBERT E. KELLY

2009. Jefferson, NC:  
McFarland and Company  
[ISBN 978-0-7864-4125-9.  
220 pages. \$45.00 USD,  
Paperback]

Reviewed by  
**William F. Ross**

Honus Wagner was pretty handy with a bat. So was Ty Cobb. In the raked-over coals of Deadball Era player rankings it can be difficult to find something new to say. That doesn't stop people from trying. In his new book, Robert Kelly's aim is to stir debate through his evaluation of the offensive abilities of Deadball Era players. This volume's focus is specific; offensive production is the sole topic here. The methodology Kelly presents is easy to follow, employing three offensive statistics: runs scored (RS), runs batted in (RBI), and home runs (HR).

His evaluation of players is based on a statistic he has created, PAB, which he defines as production average or production at bat. PAB is calculated as:

$$\frac{(RS - HR) + (RBI - HR) + HR}{At\ Bats}$$

Note that home runs are subtracted twice to remove the double-counting of that statistic in the RS and RBI totals (a home run results in both a run scored and a run batted in for the hitter). Kelly begins his rankings by identifying the top producers by PAB in each of four groups: catchers, first basemen, the other infield positions, and outfielders. Pitchers are not considered. He provides details on each ranked player's career, including well-written short biographical sketches. Kelly then further evaluates the top producers by another metric based on PAB. We don't need to explore this second statistic, however, since there is a flaw that invalidates PAB as a useful tool for ranking players. The problem can be seen by restating the PAB formula. Canceling out the repeated home run figures we get:

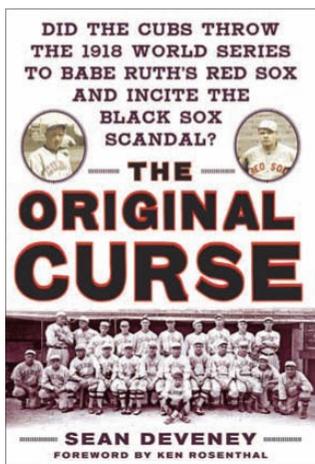
$$\frac{RS + RBI - HR}{At\ Bats}$$

Since the players of this era did not hit many home runs, relative to other hits, the majority of each batter's PAB turns out to be context-based. Most often, a player will score a run only when another batter drives him in, and he will record an RBI

only if a teammate is already on base. PAB is thus not a measure of individual ability. A light-hitting player surrounded by better batters could amass a higher PAB than a better hitter on an otherwise light-hitting team. The statistic Kelly uses to rank players depends on that player's team—something the author seems to have recognized. In describing Phillies outfielder Roy Thomas, for example, Kelly opines that, "had he played for a more competitive organization, his PAB would have been richer." This view is countered, though, by the author's direction to focus on the results, rather than the method of calculation. That would be difficult, given how central PAB is to the book. Without it, there is no basis for the results.

This book is also unfortunately plagued with editorial mistakes. Oftentimes these are merely annoying (leaving World Series winner Boston off a list of major league teams playing in 1903). Other times, they impact the author's arguments (figures that significantly change from table to table). In this statistics-driven book the steady accumulation of typos erodes the trust a reader has in the material. Kelly explains his methodology in clear language, and his PAB statistic is user-friendly, but the player rankings suffer in the end since the methodology is dependent on

team context. We already have statistics to measure individual offensive production—on-base percentage and slugging percentage; PAB is no improvement. And even if we were to disregard the method and focus instead on the results, there are no real surprises in the author’s rankings. Honus Wagner was pretty handy with a bat; so was Ty Cobb.



**THE ORIGINAL CURSE:  
DID THE CUBS THROW  
THE 1918 WORLD  
SERIES TO BABA  
RUTH'S RED SOX AND  
INCITE THE BLACK  
SOX SCANDAL?**

BY SEAN DEVENEY

2010. New York:  
McGraw Hill

[ISBN 978-0-07-162997-3  
242 pp. \$24.95 USD,  
Hardcover]

Reviewed by  
**Gabriel Schechter**

The saying that it’s the journey that matters, not the destination, usually applies more to fiction than to

more to fiction than to nonfiction. A novel’s entertaining style and captivating characters can overcome an inconclusive ending, while a nonfiction book is expected to deliver on its premise.

Sean Deveney’s *The Original Curse: Did the Cubs Throw the 1918 World Series to Babe Ruth’s Red Sox and Incite the Black Sox Scandal?* is an exception to the necessity of an author answering the prime question he poses. The subtitle is conjecture, not a statement, and Deveney hasn’t unearthed the smoking gun behind a 1918 conspiracy. What he has done, however, is unfold the compelling story of major league baseball’s unique crisis during that year of national turmoil and to present a convincing case that it wouldn’t be at all surprising to discover (someday) that the Cubs did indeed throw that year’s World Series.

Deveney, a reporter for *The Sporting News*, has a journalist’s knack for fitting small tales into the big picture. Here, the big picture is a nation going to war and sweeping up its citizens in a patriotic fervor. The “work or fight” order—requiring draft-age men to become either soldiers or workers in war-essential industries—took effect on July 1, right in the heart of the baseball season. Baseball magnates faced pressure from both sides, needing to save their franchises from having their talent gutted while doing

their part to support the war effort. After failing to get baseball declared an “essential” industry, owners knew that the very existence of professional baseball was at stake. Who knew how long the war would last, how the nation would recover, and how willing or able the public would be to support baseball once peace was secured?

The owners as a group felt this pinch, but it was the players who paid the immediate price. Each individual faced an uncertain future, and whatever choice he made—work or fight—his livelihood, if not his life, would be at risk. Baseball, the players’ avenue for security and income, would be denied to them after the end of the summer. When would they get another payday? They didn’t know.

Deveney’s powerful prose conveys the anguish of athletes forced to give up the thing they loved most. Late in the season, he tells us, “It wasn’t the integrity of baseball itself that concerned the players. Nor was it worry over the progress of the war or anxiety about the dwindling recreational choices faced by Americans in wartime. It was money. In the wake of [Newton] Baker’s ruling [to truncate the season], a number of questions were left unanswered, and they all seemed to concern money. Would players be paid for the whole season or only through

September 1? What would happen to multiyear contracts? Would there be a 1919 season? And the big question: Was there time to play a World Series [termed a “financial orgy” by Tillinghast Huston]?”

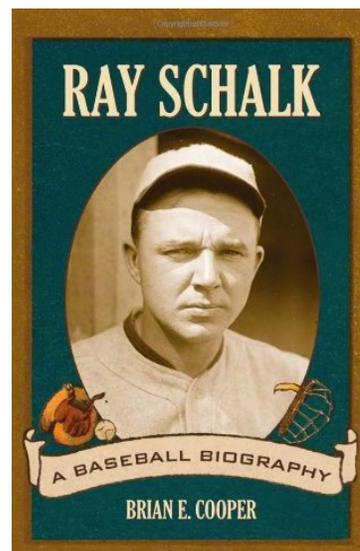
That uncertainty is the crux of Deveney’s thesis. Parallel to the story of the 1918 season are tales of the overall economics of the game, the general reduction in salaries after the collapse of competition from the Federal League, and the pervasive presence of gambling and game-throwing. Interspersed between chapters are capsule portraits of key figures on the seamy fringe of the game and susceptible players on the pennant-winning teams. These smaller tales flesh out Deveney’s vivid portrait of a season in turmoil.

Even in the best of circumstances, Deadball-era players faced the constant temptation to augment their salaries through chicanery. This temptation was multiplied as the 1918 season wound to a close that might be the end of the industry itself. Attendance had waned, and even a Series victory would not bring much of a windfall. Ballplayers who couldn’t count on a payday might still get gamblers’ money into their own pockets.

By keeping the reader involved in the daily events that shaped this unique season, by placing the national

pastime squarely in the context of a national struggle, and by movingly portraying the individuals trapped in an untenable moment in time, Deveney puts the reader in the players’ difficult place. What are we to believe? Would our fellow baseball fanatics betray the game for temporary financial gain? Suppose the game wasn’t going to exist after next month. What would anybody have to lose?

That is the strength of this compelling book. It does not try to convince us that this or that player threw this or that game in the 1918 World Series. Instead, it succeeds at convincing us that if there was ever a time ripe for self-serving conspiracy, it was the impossible summer of 1918.



**RAY SCHALK:  
A BASEBALL  
BIOGRAPHY**

**BY BRIAN E. COOPER**

*2009. Jefferson, NC:  
McFarland & Company  
[ISBN: 975-0-7864-4148-8  
338 pp. \$29.95 USD,  
Paperback]*

Reviewed by  
**Mitchell Stinson**

Most baseball fans remember Ray Schalk as that noble figure from the 1919 World Series, playing his heart out and scolding crooked teammates. Few know of the man's pre- or post-Black Sox life. In his meticulously researched biography, *Ray Schalk: A Baseball Biography*, author Brian Cooper demonstrates that Schalk's strength and character were lifelong attributes. Not only do we read the story of a good man's life, we see it too. The book is loaded with quality photographs, some from a Ray Schalk museum.

*Publishers' contacts for  
books reviewed in this  
issue:*

**McFarland**  
Box 611  
Jefferson, NC 28640  
(336-246-4460)

**McGraw-Hill**  
1221 Ave. of the Americas  
New York, NY 10020  
(212-904-2000)  
(212-512-2000)

As a physical specimen, Schalk certainly didn't inspire awe, especially in the early years. Undersized and baby-faced, he looked ill-suited for the toughest position in a rough-and-tumble game. His development into an elite defensive catcher provides a charming underdog-made-good backdrop.

Cooper gives relatively brief treatment to the Black Sox series. It is one notable stop on a boyhood-to-grave story. We feel the frustration of Schalk's refusal to tell what he knew, or suspected, about the 1919 developments. He seemed willing at first, making comments during and immediately after the series, and then clammed up -- forever. Cooper also offers an interesting account of a national exhibition tour in 1913 with a group of White Sox and New York Giants. From those early days, we follow Schalk through a long and surprisingly durable career that ends with his Hall of Fame induction. Stopping short of cheerleading for Schalk, Cooper implies that the catcher's defense and leadership were so extraordinary that it more than made up for his offensive shortcomings.

Cooper takes us through Schalk's post-playing days, when Schalk dabbled in minor league managing and collegiate coaching, before settling in as a businessman with a strong financial profile. The most poignant passages address Schalk's progeny. A troubled son had a misfortunate marriage to an unbalanced woman and, as a result, Ray became a surrogate parent to the grandchildren. Fortunately, he had plenty of help from his nurturing wife, Lavinia.

This is a definitive work on Schalk, a textbook treatment of sorts. Some readers may find the flow a bit slow, especially in the minor league years where so many games and Schalk's performances were chronicled. But if you want to know the Ray Schalk story and the times he lived through, this book should make you an expert.

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## CHAIRMAN'S COLUMN *continued from page 1*

unfolded on the field, but also how the league came together and ultimately fell apart. [Wiggins] takes care to show the reader how all the significant figures in the league's drama came to be on center-stage in that place and time and crafts his narrative with thoughtful intelligence and story-telling skill."



***Deadball Committee Chairman John McMurray (l.) presenting the Ritter Award to Robert Peyton Wiggins***

At the meeting, I introduced Trey Strecker as the new Vice-Chair of the Deadball Era Committee. Trey will be helping to oversee committee projects and is also working on redesigning the DEC website. Jan Finkel spoke at the meeting about opportunities to write original biographies of lesser-known players from the Deadball Era for the BioProject. Anyone who is interested in writing a player's biography may contact Jan at [jfinkeli@comcast.net](mailto:jfinkeli@comcast.net).

We also discussed Boiling Out, a bi-annual gathering in Hot Springs, Arkansas where members of the Committee simulate a spring training regimen from 100 years ago. A complete account of the Boiling Out held from March 4 to 7 was included in *The Inside Game*, Volume 10, No. 1, published in April 2010. This year's event had about 20 attendees, and the next one is scheduled for the spring of 2012.

In addition, Mark Ruckhaus discussed his role as

the new Editor of *The Inside Game*. Mark noted that it can be a challenge to view a 100-year-old era from a new perspective, and he would welcome articles from members chronicling their original research. He also mentioned how Gail Rowe, the new Book Review Editor of *The Inside Game*, has improved the quality of our reviews by using his background as a writer and editor.

Steve Steinberg spoke also about a new project that he and Tom Simon will co-direct. The project, which will get off the ground in the next year, will focus on telling the history of Deadball-Era World Series primarily through photographs. In that way, it will offer a perspective on these World Series which is new and innovative.

The remainder of the meeting was devoted to potential new Committee projects, both large and small. Prior to the meeting in Atlanta, I had distributed an online survey to gauge members' level of interest in some new project ideas and to see in what areas members would be most interested in volunteering. (If you have not yet taken the survey, you may do so at <http://www.surveymonkey.com/s/M37PNH9>). The results that I list below are through mid-October.

In the survey, I listed eight potential project areas which we might consider. They were: (a) Writing additional volumes of *Deadball Stars*; (b) Studying race in the Deadball Era; (c) Publishing a year-by-year history of the Deadball Era; (d) Compiling vintage audio and video footage from the period; (e) Focusing on writing bios for the BioProject; (f) Researching unique 'characters' from the Deadball Era; (g) A study of minor league (or semi-pro) teams from the Era; and (h) Team history projects in the Deadball Era.

Of the 81 DEC members who responded to the survey, 62.8 percent felt that a year-by-year history of the Deadball Era would make the most original contribution. Team history projects also received strong support, with 59 percent indicating that we should pursue this initiative. The only other project to receive support from at least half of respondents was compiling audio and video footage from the period (50 percent). While it would likely be on a smaller scale than the other two projects, the other idea received particularly

enthusiastic support, judging by respondents' comments.

Less than one-quarter (24.6 percent) of the Committee, however, felt that we should write additional volumes of *Deadball Stars*. In a representative comment, one respondent wrote: "More *Deadball Stars* seems like overkill. Whoever was missed the first time was pretty obscure." Another said: "I think we're tapped out on the *Deadball Stars* books."

Some respondents offered other potential ideas, including: writing a detailed biography of Harry Pulliam, researching ballparks of the Deadball Era, publishing a year-by-year history of the Deadball Era including the Negro Leagues, in conjunction with the Negro Leagues Committee, and focusing on pennant races in the Deadball Era.

If you have any comments on any of these potential projects, please e-mail me at [deadball@sabr.org](mailto:deadball@sabr.org) and be sure to take the project survey (if you have not done so already). I am currently assembling a panel to decide formally on the next Deadball Era Committee project(s), and if you would like to be involved with that effort or have a strong interest in overseeing research for any of the projects that I have mentioned, please let me know. We look forward to settling on a new committee-wide project and welcome your involvement!

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## **EVERYBODY COMES TO JOE'S *continued from page 2***

it), I boarded the second of two incredibly comfortable luxury buses and settled in for my trip through the American South. The ride was even shorter than advertised and when we arrived, it was a pleasure to discover that the Museum was in the same complex as Fluor Field —yes, they had actually picked up Joe's house and moved it right behind the ballpark! This allowed the bus to stop in one spot and us to unload, get a quick overview of the area, then go off on our own.

Most of us headed toward Shoeless Joe's, but due to the small stature of Jackson's house, only a dozen or so of us could be let in at one time. While outside, I met Ms. Marley, who carefully took my letter and said she'd find a spot for it in the museum as soon as she could. I had officially made my donation. And while waiting on the ramp to the house, I got to speak to Joe Jackson himself! (OK, it was a guy with a black bat, dressed in a 1919 White Sox uniform, but go with me on this.)



***SABR members visiting the Joe Jackson Museum. "Joe" is on the porch holding his black bat which he might consider using for crowd control.  
(Photo courtesy of museum website)***

When I finally got inside, the first thought that struck me was how tiny the house truly was and how a modern-day athlete would never be able to exist in a home this small. Despite the size, however, it was filled with lots of Jackson memorabilia: pictures of him with the Greenville Spinners, newspaper articles describing his Major League accomplishments and letters from fans around the country decrying his banishment from the game. A young man inside answered questions; he wore a watch which, if I remember correctly, was made from Jackson's championship pin.

Personally, I loved the kitchen, refurbished to look as it might have when Jackson and his wife Kate lived out their years in this home. Though not many of the items in here were authentic, the

home afforded the nostalgic feeling of your grandmother or aunt's kitchen from the 1950s. I spent the rest of my time in this room, talking minor league baseball with the local SABR rep.

Since it was almost time for the Drive game, I exited, but noticed an older man slowly making his way down the ramp ahead of me. When he sat down on a bench to rest, I realized it was John Dillon, my bus companion from last year's Oriole fiasco! He had had a rough year and his arthritis had made it difficult to walk. I helped him over to the park, and when we got to our section an incredibly friendly usher let us sit in the back row so John wouldn't have to walk too far. I got us some ballpark eats and we watched the Drive (the Red Sox Single-A team) trash the Rome Braves, 12-6. The park itself looked brand new and our usher pointed out that besides the obvious mini-Green Monster dominating left field, a Baltimore Orioles-influenced warehouse and a Wrigley Field-like apartment building hovered behind the left and center field walls.

It was a peaceful South Carolina night and, despite the number of runs scored, the game was over way too soon. I helped John down to the bus and we sat together on the ride home, talking baseball, the local school systems and, excuse the blasphemy, college basketball. (Get two old New York guys together and this usually occurs.)

Just before we got back to the hotel, John informed me that he was going on another trip the next morning: I hadn't realized it, but Sunday's lineup included a trip to Rickwood Field in Birmingham! God bless John, arthritis and all, he was planning on being at the bus bright and early the next morning. I begged off. John's stronger than I am. It was all I could do to pack and be ready for my flight the next day.

Many SABR members I spoke with during and since the convention have said that between the Black Sox and Atlanta Braves panels, and the many attractive side trips, SABR40 was the best national convention yet. I have to agree.

I just need somebody to remind me to register on time next year!

## THE LAST WORD

by **Mark Ruckhaus**  
Editor, *The Inside Game*

The SABR convention held in Atlanta back in early August was my first. Needless to say, like going to anyplace new, there's always doubt. "We're going to eat there?"

My wife jokingly called it the Star Trek convention with people wrapped up in the nuances and minutiae of the subject, some to the point of being disconnected with real life. The good news: While I saw a fair amount of uniform tops and other baseball-related apparel, no one was dressed up like a Klingon.

I must admit that at least part of me thought there would be lots of people rattling off obscure statistics, facts and arcana as part of a general atmosphere of geekiness.

Boy, was I wrong.

At this point, I'll refer you to the 'correction' box at the bottom of this page.



*This brief interlude brought to you by the Cobb marker at the Royston City Hall. It's .pdf, so feel free to zoom in. Speaking of corrections, didn't Cobb arrive in Detroit in 1905?*

OK, welcome back.

What the convention was, to me, was like visiting a baseball flea market. No, not the one where people sell their baseball-related artifacts, some (many?) of dubious vintage. Rather, it was one where people peddle their ideas and make you think. And it was filled with people like Mark Fimoff--people who readily and unhesitatingly share their knowledge.

### **CORRECTION:**

The photo in the previous issue identified as Eddie Ainsmith was actually Chick Gandil. Thanks to Mark Fimoff for catching that. *The Inside Game* regrets the error.

That three-page article earlier in the issue started out as an email from Mark. What it became was knowledge any person with a little diligence could use to make certain a photo doesn't get misidentified again. Sure, some of what I saw in Atlanta might have been from the realm of the obscure. But the majority of it gave the attendees food for thought and maybe a different way to look at the subject matter. Certainly, I was very impressed with the knowledge of those who presented and those who pooled their knowledge in the various panel discussions, such as the Black Sox and new technologies. And to have Bobby Cox stop by, as he had a game the previous night as well as one upcoming that evening along with a noontime ceremony to induct Tom Glavine into the Braves Hall of Fame, well, I found that mighty impressive--that SABR means as much to him as he does to SABR.

Meeting Norm Coleman, who portrayed Ty Cobb in his one-man show on Saturday night, was a pleasure. After having spoken with him extensively on the phone for the article which led the previous edition of *The Inside Game*, getting a chance to meet him in person and to sit down and talk--most of that on the Sheraton's third floor deli not long before he headed out to his next gig, Augusta, if I remember correctly--was also one of the highlights of my four days in Atlanta.

Speaking of Cobb and highlights, the trip to the Cobb Museum in Royston was most enjoyable. While, on one hand, it was sort of mundane as it's not a lot different than the nearby (for me, at least) Yogi Berra Museum with the requisite artifacts and videos, and taking a trip to a cemetery to see the biggest (only?) mausoleum in the place is not my idea of excitement, it still was the great Cobb, going to a place--rural northeast Georgia--which this city boy will likely never visit again and enjoying the southern hospitality, especially that of the police force, which took the time to provide an escort for our large group. Funny story, to me, at least: One of the officers outside the museum was named Brock, who turned out to be a transplanted northerner--one snowstorm too many, if I remember correctly. Well, I thought it to be funny or ironic that someone named Brock was sort of standing guard outside the Cobb Museum. Well, she didn't understand my sense of humor (she's not the only one) and I tried to explain. Near the end of the trip, Officer Brock was joined by Officer Adams and I went up to thank both for both the escort and their hospitality and mentioned to the latter about the Brock/Cobb connection. He mentioned that she had told him and he had gotten a laugh out of it. OK, maybe a chuckle. And I don't think she was still quite sure why.

All in all, did I leave knowing more than when I arrived and did I put faces and personalities with the names I knew only from emails, articles and books? And, would I do it again? The answer to both is an unqualified "yes."

